



COLLECTED POEMS

WILLIAM MCGONAGALL

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COLLECTED POEMS

OF

WILLIAM MCGONAGALL

1887-1902

Collected Poems of William McGonagall.

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AN ADDRESS TO THE REV. GEORGE GILFILLAN

All hail to the Rev. George Gilfillan of Dundee,
He is the greatest preacher I did ever hear or see.
He is a man of genius bright,
And in him his congregation does delight,
Because they find him to be honest and plain,
Affable in temper, and seldom known to complain.
He preaches in a plain straightforward way,
The people flock to hear him night and day,
And hundreds from the doors are often turn'd away,
Because he is the greatest preacher of the present day.
He has written the life of Sir Walter Scott,
And while he lives he will never be forgot,
Nor when he is dead,
Because by his admirers it will be often read;
And fill their minds with wonder and delight,
And wile away the tedious hours on a cold winter's night.
He has also written about the Bards of the Bible,
Which occupied nearly three years in which he was not idle,
Because when he sits down to write he does it with might and main,
And to get an interview with him it would be almost vain,
And in that he is always right,
For the Bible tells us whatever your hands findeth to do,
Do it with all your might.
Rev. George Gilfillan of Dundee, I must conclude my muse,
And to write in praise of thee my pen does not refuse,
Nor does it give me pain to tell the world fearlessly, that when
You are dead they shall not look upon your like again.

THE RAILWAY BRIDGE OF THE SILVERY TAY

Beautiful Railway Bridge of the Silvery Tay!
 With your numerous arches and pillars in so grand array
 And your central girders, which seem to the eye
 To be almost towering to the sky.
 The greatest wonder of the day,
 And a great beautification to the River Tay,
 Most beautiful to be seen,
 Near by Dundee and the Magdalen Green.

Beautiful Railway Bridge of the Silvery Tay!
 That has caused the Emperor of Brazil to leave
 His home far away, incognito in his dress,
 And view thee ere he passed along en route to Inverness.

Beautiful Railway Bridge of the Silvery Tay!
 The longest of the present day
 That has ever crossed o'er a tidal river stream,
 Most gigantic to be seen,
 Near by Dundee and the Magdalen Green.

Beautiful Railway Bridge of the Silvery Tay !
 Which will cause great rejoicing on the opening day
 And hundreds of people will come from far away,
 Also the Queen, most gorgeous to be seen,
 Near by Dundee and the Magdalen Green.

Beautiful Railway Bridge of the Silvery Tay!
 And prosperity to Provost Cox, who has given
 Thirty thousand pounds and upwards away
 In helping to erect the Bridge of the Tay,
 Most handsome to be seen,
 Near by Dundee and the Magdalen Green.

Beautiful Railway Bridge of the Silvery Tay!
I hope that God will protect all passengers
By night and by day,
And that no accident will befall them while crossing
The Bridge of the Silvery Tay,
For that would be most awful to be seen
Near by Dundee and the Magdalen Green.

Beautiful Railway Bridge of the Silvery Tay!
And prosperity to Messrs Bouche and Grothe,
The famous engineers of the present day,
Who have succeeded in erecting
The Railway Bridge of the Silvery Tay,
Which stands unequalled to be seen
Near by Dundee and the Magdalen Green.

A REQUISITION TO THE QUEEN

Most August! Empress of India, and of great Britain the Queen,
 I most humbly beg your pardon, hoping you will not think it mean
 That a poor poet that lives in Dundee,
 Would be so presumptuous to write unto Thee

Most lovely Empress of India, and Englands generous Queen,
 I send you an Address, I have written on Scotlands Bard,
 Hoping that you will accept it, and not be with me too hard,
 Nor fly into a rage, but be as Kind and Condescending
 As to give me your Patronage

Beautiful Empress, of India, and Englands Gracious Queen,
 I send you a Shakespearian Address written by me.
 And I think if your Majesty reads it, right pleased you will be.
 And my heart it will leap with joy, if it is patronized by Thee.

Most Mighty Empress, of India, and Englands beloved Queen,
 Most Handsome to be Seen.
 I wish you every Success.
 And that heaven may you bless.
 For your Kindness to the poor while they are in distress.
 I hope the Lord will protect you while living
 And hereafter when your Majesty is ... dead.
 I hope the Lord above will place an eternal Crown! upon your Head.
 I am your Gracious Majesty ever faithful to Thee,
 William McGonagall, The Poor Poet,
 That lives in Dundee.

AN ADDRESS TO SHAKESPEARE

Immortal! William Shakespeare, there's none can you excel,
You have drawn out your characters remarkably well,
Which is delightful for to see enacted upon the stage
For instance, the love-sick Romeo, or Othello, in a rage;
His writings are a treasure, which the world cannot repay,
He was the greatest poet of the past or of the present day
Also the greatest dramatist, and is worthy of the name,
I'm afraid the world shall never look upon his like again.

His tragedy of Hamlet is moral and sublime,
And for purity of language, nothing can be more fine
For instance, to hear the fair Ophelia making her moan,
At her father's grave, sad and alone....

In his beautiful play, "As You Like It," one passage is very fine,
Just for instance in the forest of Arden, the language is sublime,
Where Orlando speaks of his Rosilind, most lovely and divine,
And no other poet I am sure has written anything more fine;
His language is spoken in the Church and by the Advocate at the bar,
Here and there and everywhere throughout the world afar;
His writings abound with gospel truths, moral and sublime,
And I'm sure in my opinion they are surpassing fine;

In his beautiful tragedy of Othello, one passage is very fine,
Just for instance where Cassio loses his lieutenancy

... By drinking too much wine;

And in grief he exclaims, "Oh! that men should put an
Enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains."

In his great tragedy of Richard the III, one passage is very fine

Where the Duchess of York invokes the aid of the Divine

For to protect her innocent babes from the murderer's uplifted hand,
And smite him powerless, and save her babes, I'm sure 'tis really grand.

Immortal! Bard of Avon, your writings are divine,

And will live in the memories of your admirers until the end of time;

Your plays are read in family circles with wonder and delight,
While seated around the fireside on a cold winter's night.

AN ODE TO THE QUEEN

All hail to the Empress of India, Great Britain's Queen!
Long may she live in health, happy and serene;
Loved by her subjects at home and abroad;
Blest may she be when lying down
To sleep, and rising up, by the Eternal God;
Happy may her visions be in sleep ...
And happy her thoughts in the day time;
Let all loyal subjects drink to her health
In a flowing bumper of Rhenish Wine.
And when the final hour shall come to summon her away,
May her soul be wafted to the realms of bliss,
I most sincerely do pray, to sing with saints above,
Where all is joy, peace and love –
In Heaven, for evermore to reign,
God Save the Queen. Amen.

ROBERT BURNS

Immortal Robert Burns of Ayr,
There's but few poets can with you compare;
Some of your poems and songs are very fine:
To "Mary in Heaven" is most sublime;
And then again in your "Cottar's Saturday Night,"
Your genius there does shine most bright,
As pure as the dewdrops of the night.

Your "Tam O'Shanter" is very fine,
Both funny, racy, and divine,
From John O'Groats to Dumfries
All critics consider it to be a masterpiece,
And, also, you have said the same,
Therefore they are not to blame.

And in my own opinion both you and they are right,
For your genius there does sparkle bright,
Which I most solemnly declare
To thee, Immortal Bard of Ayr!

Your "Banks and Braes of Bonnie Doon"
Is sweet and melodious in its tune,
And the poetry is moral and sublime,
And in my opinion nothing can be more fine.

Your "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled"
Is most beautiful to hear sung or read;
For your genius there does shine as bright,
Like unto the stars of night

Immortal Bard of Ayr! I must conclude my muse
To speak in praise of thee does not refuse,
For you were a mighty poet, few could with you compare,
And also an honour to Scotland, for your genius it is rare

THE BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN

SIR ROBERT the Bruce at Bannockburn
Beat the English in every wheel and turn,
And made them fly in great dismay
From off the field without delay.

The English were a hundred thousand strong,
And King Edward passed through the Lowlands all along.
Determined to conquer Scotland, it was his desire,
And then to restore it to his own empire.

King Edward brought numerous waggons in his train,
Expecting that most of the Scottish army would be slain,
Hoping to make the rest prisoners, and carry them away
In waggon-loads to London without delay.

The Scottish army did not amount to more than thirty thousand strong;
But Bruce had confidence he'd conquer his foes ere long;
So, to protect his little army, he thought it was right
To have deep-dug pits made in the night;

And caused them to be overlaid with turf and brushwood
Expecting the plan would prove effectual where his little army stood,
Waiting patiently for the break of day,
All willing to join in the deadly fray.

Bruce stationed himself at the head of the reserve,
Determined to conquer, but never to swerve,
And by his side were brave Kirkpatrick and true De Longueville,
Both trusty warriors, firm and bold, who would never him beguile.

By daybreak the whole of the English army came in view;
Consisting of archers and horsemen, bold and true;
The main body was led on by King Edward himself,
An avaricious man, and fond of pelf.

The Abbot of Inchaffray celebrated mass,
And all along the Scottish lines barefoot he did pass,
With the crucifix in his hand, a most beautiful sight to see,
Exhorting them to trust in God, and He would set them free.

Then the Scottish army knelt down on the field,
And King Edward he thought they were going to yield,
And he felt o'erjoyed, and cried to Earl Percy
"See! See! the Scots are crying for mercy."

But Percy said, "Your Majesty need not make such a fuss,
They are crying for mercy from God, not from us;
For, depend upon it, they will fight to a man, and find their graves
Rather than yield to become your slaves."

Then King Edward ordered his horsemen to charge,
Thirty thousand in number, it was very large;
They thought to o'erwhelm them ere they could rise from their knees,
But they met a different destiny, which did them displease;
For the horsemen fell into the spik'd pits in the way,
And, with broken ranks and confusion, they all fled away,
But few of them escap'd death from the spik'd pits,
For the Scots with their swords hack'd them to bits;
De Valence was overthrown and carried off the field,
Then King Edward he thought it was time to yield.

And he uttered a fearful cry
To his gay archers near by,
Ho! archers! draw your arrows to the head,
And make sure to kill them dead;
Forward, without dread, and make them fly,
Saint George for England, be our cry!

Then the arrows from their bows swiftly did go,
And fell amongst them as thick as the flakes of snow;
Then Bruce he drew his trusty blade,
And in heroic language said,
Forward! my heroes, bold and true!

And break the archers' ranks through and through!
And charge them boldly with your swords in hand,
And chase these vultures from off our land,
And make King Edward mourn
The day he came to Bannockburn.

So proud Edward on his milk-white steed,
One of England's finest breed,
Coming here in grand array,
With horsemen bold and archers gay,
Thinking he will us dismay,
And sweep everything before him in his way;
But I swear by yon blessed sun
I'll make him and his army run
From off the field of Bannockburn.

By St. Andrew and our God most high,
We'll conquer these epicures or die!
And make them fly like chaff before the wind
Until they can no refuge find;
And beat them from the field without delay,
Like lions bold and heroes gay
Upon them! — charge! — follow me,
Scotland's rights and liberty!

Then the Scots charged them with sword in hand,
And made them fly from off their land;
And King Edward was amazed at the sight,
And he got wounded in the fight;
And he cried, Oh, heaven! England's lost, and I'm undone,
Alas ! alas! where shall I run?
Then he turned his horse, and rode on afar,
And never halted till he reached Dunbar

Then Bruce he shouted, Victory!
We have gained our rights and liberty;
And thanks be to God above

That we have conquered King Edward this day,
A usurper that does not us love.

Then the Scots did shout and sing
Long live Sir Robert Bruce our King'
That made King Edward mourn
The day he came to Bannockburn!

THE BONNIE LASS O' DUNDEE

O' a' the toons that I've been in,
 I dearly love Dundee,
 It's there the bonnie lassie lives,
 The lass I love to see. Her face is fair, broon is her hair,
 And dark blue is her e'e,
 And aboon a' the lasses e'er I saw,
 There's nane like her to me
 The bonnie broon-hair'd lassie o' Bonnie Dundee.

I see her in my night dreams,
 Wi' her bonnie blue e'e,
 And her face it is the fairest,
 That ever I did see;
 And aboon a' the lassies e'er I eaw,
 There's nane like her to me,
 For she makes my heart feel lichtsome,
 And I'm aye richt glad to see
 The bonnie broon-hair'd lassie o' Bonnie Dundee.

Her eyes, they beam with innocence,
 Most lovely for to see,
 And her heart it is as free from guile,
 As a child on its mother's knee;
 And aboon a' the lasses e'er I saw,
 There's nane like her to me,
 For she aye seems so happy, And has a blythe bhnk in her e'e
 The bonnie broon-hair'd lassie o' Bonnie Dundee.

The lassie is tidy in her claes,
 Baith neat and clean to see;
 And her body's sma and slender,
 And a neat foot has she;
 And aboon a' the lassies e'er I saw,

There's nane like her to me
The bonnie broon-hair'd lassie o' Bonnie Dundee.

She sings like the nightingale,
Richt merrily, or a wee lintie,
Wi' its heart fou' o' glee,
And she's as frisky as a bee;
And aboon a' the lassies e'er I saw,
There's nane like her to me
The bonnie broon-hair'd lassie o' Bonnie Dundee.

The lassie is as handsome
As the lily on the lea,
And her mou' it is as red
As a cherry on the tree;
And she's a' the world to me,
The bonnie broon-hair'd lassie
Wi' the bonnie blue e'e,
She's the joy o' my heart
And the flower o' Dundee.

A SUMMARY HISTORY OF SIR WILLIAM WALLACE

Sir William Wallace of Ellerslie,
I'm told he went to the High School in Dundee,
For to learn to read and write,
And after that he learned to fight,
While at the High School in Dundee,
The Provost's son with him disagree,
Because Wallace did wear a dirk,
He despised him like an ignorant stirk,
Which with indignation he keenly felt,
And told him it would become him better in his belt.

Then Wallace's blood began to boil,
Just like the serpent in its coil,
Before it leaps upon its prey;
And unto him he thus did say:
'Proud saucy cur, come cease your prate,
for no longer shall i wait,
For to hear you insult me,
At the High School in Dundee;
For such insolence makes my heart to smart,
And I'll plunge my dagger in you heart,'

Then his heart's blood did quickly flow,
And poor Wallace did not know where to go;
And he stood by him until dead.
Then far from him he quickly fled,
Lamenting greatly the deed he had done,
the murdering of the Provost's son.

The scene shifts to where he was fishing on day,
Where three English soldiers met him by the way,
And they asked him fo give them some fish,
And from them they would make a delicious dish,

then Wallace gave them share of his fish,
For to satisfy their wish;
But they seemed dissatisfied with the share they got,
So they were resolved to have all the lot.

Then Wallace he thought it was time to look out,
When they were resolved to have all his trout;
So he swung his fishing-rod with great force round his head,
And struck on of them a blow that killed him dead;
So he instantly seized the fallen man's sword,
And the other two fled without uttering a word.

Sir William Wallace of Ellerslie,
You were a warrior of great renown,
And might have worn Scotland's crown;
Had it not been for Monteith, the base traitor knave,
That brought you to a premature grave;
Yes! you were sold for English gold,
And brought like a sheep from the fold,
To die upon a shameful scaffold high,
Amidst the derisive shouts of your enemies standing by.

But you met your doom like a warrior bold,
Bidding defiance to them that had you sold,
And bared your neck for the headsman's stroke;
And cried, 'Marion, dear, my heart is broke;
My lovely dear I come to thee,
Oh! I am longing thee to see!'
But the headsman was as stolid as the rock,
And the axe fell heavily on the block,
And the scaffold did shake with the terrible shock,
As the body of noble Wallace fell,
Who had fought for Scotland so well.

A DESCRIPTIVE POEM ON THE SILVERY TAY

Beautiful silvery Tay,
With your landscapes, so lovely and gay,
Along each side of your waters, to Perth all the way;
No other river in the world has got scenery more fine,
Only I am told the beautiful Rhine,
Near to Wormit Bay, it seems very fine,
Where the Railway Bridge is towering above its waters sublime,
And the beautiful ship Mars,
With her Juvenile Tars,
Both lively and gay,
Does carelessly lie
By night and by day,
In the beautiful Bay
Of the silvery Tay.
Beautiful, beautiful! silvery Tay,
Thy scenery is enchanting on a fine summer day,
Near by Balmerino it is beautiful to behold,
When the trees are in full bloom and the cornfields seems like gold –
And nature's face seems gay,
And the lambkins they do play,
And the humming bee is on the wing,
It is enough to make one sing,
While they carelessly do stray,
Along the beautiful banks of the silvery Tay,
Beautiful silvery Tay, rolling smoothly on your way,
Near by Newport, as clear as the day,
Thy scenery around is charming I'll be bound...
And would make the heart of any one feel light and gay on a fine summer
day,
To view the beautiful scenery along the banks of the silvery Tay.

BONNIE DUNDEE IN 1878

Oh, Bonnie Dundee! I will sing in thy praise
 A few but true simple lays,
 Regarding some of your beauties of the present day
 And virtually speaking, there's none can them gainsay;
 There's no other town I know of with you can compare
 For spinning mills and lasses fair,
 And for stately buildings there's none can excel
 The beautiful Albert Institute or the Queen's Hotel,
 For it is most handsome to be seen,
 Where accommodation can be had for Duke, Lord or Queen,
 And the four pillars of the front are made of Aberdeen granite, very fine,
 And most beautiful does shine, just like a looking glass,
 And for beauty and grandeur there's none can them surpass.
 And your fine shops in Reform Street,
 Very few can with them compete
 For superfine goods, there's none can excel,
 From Inverness to Clerkenwell.
 And your Tramways, I must confess,
 That they have proved a complete success,
 Which I am right glad to see ...
 And a very great improvement to Bonnie Dundee.
 And there's the Royal Arch, most handsome to be seen,
 Erected to the memory of our Most Gracious Queen –
 Most magnificent to see,
 And a very great honour to the people of Dundee.
 Then there's the Baxter Park, most beautiful to see,
 And a great boon it is to the people of Dundee,
 For there they can enjoy themselves when they are free from care
 By inhaling the perfumed air,
 Emanating from the sweet flowers and green trees and shrubs there.
 Oh, Bonnie Dundee! I must conclude my muse,

And to write in praise of thee, my pen does not refuse,
Your beauties that I have alluded to are most worthy to see,
And in conclusion, I win call thee Bonnie Dundee!

GENIUS

What is genius?

'Tis a thing seldom rewarded;

If you are in poverty

'Tis sure to be disregarded.

But if you are a rich man

Your company is courted

By the high and the low,

Throughout the world wherever you go.

Whereas the poor man

By his fellow-workmen is spurned;

They look on him with a jealous eye,

And their noses upturn'd,

And they say to themselves,

You are no greater than we;

If you are, show it,

And we'll all worship thee.

And rally around you,

And applaud you to the skies;

And none of us all

Will ever you despise,

Because you can help yourself,

You are a very great man,

And every one of us

Will do all that we can,

You for to please,

And never will tease,

Nor try to offend you,

By any misbehaviour;

And to court your favour

We will always endeavour.

That is the way genius

Is rewarded;
But if you are in poverty
'Tis sure to be disregarded.

AN ADDRESS TO PRINCE LEOPOLD

All hail! to Prince Leopold so handsome and gay,
Welcome! thrice welcome to Dundee this day
To open the Railway Bridge of the silvery Tay.

Let us give him three cheers,
Until it deafens our ears,
And is heard from shore to shore
Like the loud cannon's roar —

Far, far away, along the silvery Tay
Until it is remembered for many a long day,
The inauguration day of the Railway Bridge of the silvery Tay.

I hope God will guard our noble Prince all the day
At the opening of the Railway Bridge of the silvery Tay;
And may the people thank him to-day
For being so condescending to open the Railway Bridge of the silvery Tay.

May God prosper long our noble Prince, most handsome to be seen,
And prosperity to his mother, our most beloved Queen,
Long may she be happy and gay,
Hoping she will never regret the day
That her son came to open the Railway Bridge of the silvery Tay.

THE CASTLE OF MAINS

Ancient castle of the Mains,
With your romantic scenery
And surrounding plains,
Which seem most beautiful to the eye,
And the little rivulet running by,
Which the weary traveller can drink of when he feels dry.
And the heaven's breath smells sweetly there,
And scented perfumes fill the air,
Emanating from the green trees and beautiful wild flowers growing there.

There the people can enjoy themselves
And wile away the time,
By admiring the romantic scenery
In the beautiful sunshine;
And pull the little daisy,
As they carelessly recline
Upon the grassy green banks,
Which is most charming to see,
Near by the Castle of the Mains,
Not far from Dundee.

Then there's the old burying-ground,
Most solemn to see,
And the silent dead reposing silently
Amid the shady trees,
In that beautiful fairy dell
Most lovely to see,
Which in the summer season
Fills the people's hearts with glee,
To hear the birds singing and the humming of the bee.

THE SORROWS OF THE BLIND

PITY the sorrows of the poor blind,
For they can but little comfort find;
As they walk along the street,
They know not where to put their feet.
They are deprived of that earthly joy
Of seeing either man, woman, or boy;
Sad and lonely through the world they go,
Not knowing a friend from a foe:
Nor the difference betwixt day and night,
For the want of their eyesight;
The blind mother cannot see her darling boy,
That was once her soul's joy.
By day and night,
Since she lost her precious sight;
To her the world seems dark and drear,
And she can find no comfort here.
She once found pleasure in reading books,
But now pale and careworn are her looks.
Since she has lost her eyesight,
Everything seems wrong and nothing right.

The face of nature, with all its beauties and livery green,
Appears to the blind just like a dream.
All things beautiful have vanished from their sight,
Which were once their heart's delight.
The blind father cannot see his beautiful child, nor wife,
That was once the joy of his life;
That he was wont to see at morn and night,
When he had his eyesight.
All comfort has vanished from him now,
And a dejected look hangs on his brow.

Kind Christians all, both great and small,
Pity the sorrows of the blind,
They can but little comfort find;
Therefore we ought to be content with our lot,
And for the eyesight we have got,
And pray to God both day and night
To preserve our eyesight;
To be always willing to help the blind in their distress,
And the Lord will surely bless
And guard us by night and day,
And remember us at the judgment day.

LOCH NESS

Beautiful Loch Ness,
The truth to express,
Your landscapes are lovely and gay,
Along each side of your waters, to Fort Augustus all the way,
Your scenery is romantic...
With rocks and hills gigantic...
Enough to make one frantic,
As they view thy beautiful heathery hills,
And their clear crystal rills,
And the beautiful woodlands so green,
On a fine summer day...
From Inverness all the way...
Where the deer and the doe together doth play;
And the beautiful Falls of Foyers with its crystal spray,
As clear as the day,
Enchanting and gay,
To the traveller as he gazes thereon,
That he feels amazed with delight,
To see the water falling from such a height,
That his heed feels giddy with the scene,
As he views the Falls of Foyers and the woodlands so green,
That he exclaims in an ecstasy of delight –
Oh, beautiful Loch Ness!
I must sincerely confess,
That you are the most beautiful to behold,
With your lovely landscapes and water so cold.
And as he turns from the scene, he says with a sigh –
Oh, beautiful Loch Ness! I must bid you good-bye.

THE NEWPORT RAILWAY

Success to the Newport Railway,
Along the braes of the Silvery Tay,
And to Dundee straightway,
Across the Railway Bridge o' the Silvery Tay,
Which was opened on the 12th of May,
In the year of our Lord 1879,
Which will clear all expenses in a very short time
Because the thrifty housewives of Newport
To Dundee will often resort,
Which will be to them profit and sport,
By bringing cheap tea, bread, and jam,
And also some of Lipton's ham,
Which will make their hearts feel light and gay,
And cause them to bless the opening day
Of the Newport Railway.

The train is most beautiful to be seen,
With its long, white curling cloud of steam,
As the Train passes on her way
Along the bonnie braes o' the Silvery Tay.

And if the people of Dundee
Should feel inclined to have a spree,
I am sure 'twill fill their hearts with glee
By crossing o'er to Newport,
And there they can have excellent sport,
By viewing the scenery beautiful and gay,
During the livelong summer day,

And then they can return at night
With spirits light and gay,
By the Newport Railway,

By night or by day,
Across the Railway Bridge o' the Silvery Tay.

Success to the undertakers of the Newport Railway,
Hoping the Lord will their labours repay,
And prove a blessing to the people
For many a long day
Who live near by Newport
On the bonnie braes o' the Silvery Tay.

BALMORAL CASTLE

Beautiful Balmoral Castle,
Most handsome to be seen,
Highland home of the Empress of India,
Great Britain's Queen.

Your woods and waters and
Mountains high are most
Beautiful to see,
Near by Balmoral Castle
And the dark river Dee.

Then there's the hill of Cairngorm
To be seen from afar,
And the beautiful heathery hills
Of dark Lochnagar,
And the handsome little village-
The Castleton o' Braemar-
Which is most beautiful to see,
Near by Balmoral Castle
And the dark river Dee.

Then there's the handsome little church
Of Crathie- most beautiful to be seen ;
And the Queen goes there on Sunday
To hear the Word of God Most solemn and serene,
Which is most beautiful to see,
Nor far from Balmoral Castle
And the dark river Dee.

Then, when she finds herself
At leisure, she goes for to see
Her old female acquaintances
That lives on the river Dee,

And reads the Bible unto them,
Which is most beautiful to see,
Near by Balmoral Castle
And the dark river Dee.

THE SPITTAL OF GLENSHEE

The Spittal of Glenshee
 Which is the most dismal to see –
 With its bleak, rocky mountains,
 And clear, crystal fountains,
 With their misty foam;
 And thousands of sheep there together do roam,
 Browsing on the barren pasture, blasted-like to see,
 Stunted in heather, and scarcely a tree;
 And black-looking cairns of stones, as monuments to show,
 Where people have been found that were lost in the snow –
 Which is cheerless to behold –
 And as the traveller gazes thereon it makes his blood run cold,
 And almost makes him weep,
 For a human voice is seldom heard there,
 Save the shepherd crying to his sheep.

The chains of mountains there is most frightful to see,
 Along each side of the Spittal o' Glenshee;
 But the Castleton o' Braemar is most beautiful to see,
 With its handsome whitewashed houses, and romantic scenery,
 And bleak-looking mountains, capped with snow,
 Where the deer and the roe do ramble to and fro,
 Near by the dark river Dee,
 Which is most beautiful to see.

And Balmoral Castle is magnificent to be seen,
 Highland home of the Empress of India, Great Britain's Queen,
 With its beautiful pine forests, near by the river Dee,
 Where the rabbits and hares do sport in mirthful glee,
 And the deer and the roe together do play
 All the live long summer day,
 In sweet harmony together,

While munching the blooming heather,
With their hearts full of glee,
In the green woods of Balmoral, near by the river Dee.

LINES IN MEMORIAM OF THE LATE REV. GEORGE GILFILLAN

Alas! the Reverend George Gilfillan is gone at last
To the better world, I hope, where all sorrows are past
He was a liberal gentleman, which no one dare gainsay,
Besides, he was the greatest preacher in his day.

He was very good to the poor in distress,
And many a shilling he gave me, I must confess;
He was a man beloved by the people at home and abroad,
And I hope his soul is now in heaven at the right hand of God.

He was a man of genius bright, deny it who can!
And let it be inscribed on his tombstone – Here lies an honest man.
Alas! alas! he is gone, which gives me great pain
To tell the world it shall never look on his like again.

Fellow citizens on Dundee of high and low degree,
I beg to be excused for making it known to ye,
I am the first man that read passages from his poem called “Night”
Before him, in his own house, which filled his heart with delight.

Farewell to the great Gilfillan of Dundee,
Who wont to fill his hearers’ hearts with glee,
But now he has left them to mourn,
Because unto them he can never return.

The poor his death will very much deplore,
Because they always received alms at his door;
And the people will lament for him in vain,
For they will never hear his eloquent voice again.

THE BURIAL OF THE REVEREND GEORGE GILFILLAN

On the Gilfillan burial day,
 In the Hill o' Balgay,
 It was a most solemn sight to see,
 Not fewer than thirty thousand people assembled in Dundee,
 All watching the funeral procession of Gilfillan that day,
 That death had suddenly taken away,
 And was going to be buried in the Hill o' Balgay.

There were about three thousand people in the procession alone,
 And many were shedding tears, and several did moan,
 And their bosoms heaved with pain,
 Because they knew they would never look upon his like again.

There could not be fewer than fifty carriages in the procession that day,
 And gentlemen in some of them that had come from far away,
 And in whispers some of them did say,
 As the hearse bore the precious corpse away,
 Along the Nethergate that day.

I'm sure he will be greatly missed by the poor,
 For he never turned them empty-handed away from his door;
 And to assist them in distress it didn't give him pain,
 And I'm sure the poor will never look upon his like again.'

On the Gilfillan burial day, in the Hill o' Balgay,
 There was a body of policemen marshalled in grand array
 And marched in front of the procession all the way;
 Also the relatives and friends of the deceas'd,
 Whom I hope from all sorrows has been releas'd,
 and whose soul I hope to heaven has fled away,
 To sing with saints above for ever and aye.

The provost, magistrates, and town council were in the procession that day;
 Also Mrs Gilfillan, who cried and sobbed all the way

For her kind husband, that was always affable and gay,
Which she will remember until her dying day.

When the procession arrived in the Hill o' Balgay,
The people were almost as hush as death, and many of them did say —
As long as we live we'll remember the day
That the great Gilfillan was buried in the Hill o' Balgay.

When the body of the great Gilfillan was lowered into the grave,
'Twas then the people's hearts with sorrow did heave;
And with tearful eyes and bated breath,
Mrs Gilfillan lamented her loving husband's death.

Then she dropped a ringlet of immortelles into his grave,
Then took one last fond look, and in sorrow did leave;
And all the people left with sad hearts that day,
And that ended the Gilfillan burial in the Hill o' Balgay.

THE CHRISTMAS GOOSE

Mr. SMIGGS was a gentleman,
And he lived in London town;
His wife she was a good kind soul,
And seldom known to frown.

'Twas on Christmas eve,
And Smiggs and his wife lay cosy in bed,
When the thought of buying a goose
Came into his head.

So the next morning,
Just as the sun rose,
He jump'd out of bed,
And he donn'd his clothes,

Saying, "Peggy, my dear.
You need not frown,
For I'll buy you the best goose
In all London town."

So away to the poultry shop he goes,
And bought the goose, as he did propose,
And for it he paid one crown,
The finest, he thought, in London town.

When Smiggs bought the goose
He suspected no harm,
But a naughty boy stole it
From under his arm.

Then Smiggs he cried, "Stop, thief!
Come back with my goose!"
But the naughty boy laugh'd at him,
And gave him much abuse.

But a policeman captur'd the naughty boy,
And gave the goose to Smiggs,
And said he was greatly bother'd
By a set of juvenile prigs.

So the naughty boy was put in prison
For stealing the goose.,
And got ten days' confinement
Before he got loose.

So Smiggs ran home to his dear Peggy,
Saying, "Hurry, and get this fat goose ready,
That I have bought for one crown;
So, my darling, you need not frown."

"Dear Mr Smiggs, I will not frown:
I'm sure 'tis cheap for one crown,
Especially at Christmas time —
Oh! Mr Smiggs, it's really fine."

"Peggy. it is Christmas time,
So let us drive dull care away,
For we have got a Christmas goose,
So cook it well, I pray.

"No matter how the poor are clothed,
Or if they starve at home,
We'll drink our wine, and eat our goose,
Aye, and pick it to the bone."

THE RATTLING BOY FROM DUBLIN

I'M a rattling boy from Dublin town,
 I courted a girl called Biddy Brown,
 Her eyes they were as black as sloes,
 She had black hair and an aquiline nose.

Chorus —

Whack fal de da, fal de darelido,
 Whack fal de da, fal de darelay,
 Whack fal de da, fal de darelido,
 Whack fal de da, fal de darelay.

One night I met her with another lad,
 Says I, Biddy, I've caught you, by dad,
 I never thought you were half so bad
 As to be going about with another lad.

Chorus

Says I, Biddy, this will never do,
 For to-night you've prov'd to me untrue,
 So do not make a hullabaloo,
 For I will bid farewell to you.

Chorus

Says Barney Magee, She is my lass,
 And the man that says no, he is an ass,
 So come away, and I'll give you a glass,
 Och, sure you can get another lass.

Chorus

Says I, To the devil with your glass,
 You have taken from me my darling lass,

And if you look angry, or offer to frown,
With my darling shillelah I'll knock you down.

Chorus

Says Barney Magee unto me,
By the hokey I love Bidy Brown,
And before I'll give her up to thee,
One or both of us will go down.

Chorus

So, with my darling shillelah, I gave him a whack,
Which left him lying on his back,
Saying, botheration to you and Bidy Brown,—
For I'm the rattling boy from Dublin town.

Chorus

So a policeman chanced to come up at the time,
And he asked of me the cause of the shine,
Says I, he threatened to knock me down
When I challenged him for walking with my Bidy Brown.

Chorus

So the policeman took Barney Magee to jail,
Which made him shout and bewail
That ever he met with Bidy Brown,
The greatest deceiver in Dublin town.

Chorus

So I bade farewell to Bidy Brown,
The greatest jilter in Dublin town,
Because she proved untrue to me,
And was going about with Barney Magee.

MARY, THE MAID OF THE TAY

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Tay,
 Whaur me and my Mary oft did stray;
 But noo she is dead and gone far away,
 Sae I maun mourn for lovely Mary, the Maid o' the Tay,

The first time I met her 'twas in the month of May,
 And the sun was shining bricht on the Silvery Tay;
 I asked her name and she modestly did say,
 "Some fouks ca's me lovely Mary, the Maid o' the Tay."

Oh, charming Mary o' the Tay,
 Queen o' my soul by nicht and day;
 But noo thou'rt gane and left me here
 To weep for you, sweet Mary dear.

Oh, bonnie Mary o' the Tay,
 Joy o' my heart and Queen o' May;
 With thee I aye felt happy and gay
 While rambling with thee on the banks o' the Tay.

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Tay,
 With my Mary ye seemed ever gay;
 But noo ye seem baith dark and drear,
 For my puir heart ye canna cheer.

My Mary was handsome and fair to be seen,
 She had bonnie fair hair and twa blue een;
 And she was, aye happy while we carelessly did stray
 Alang the banks o' the Silvery Tay.

Oh, Mary dear, I mourn thy loss,
 To me the world seems nought but dross;
 Sae I maun mourn baith nicht and day
 For my lovely Mary, the Maid o' the Tay.

SONG DEDICATED TO MR BARRY SULLIVAN, TRAGEDIAN WITHOUT PERMISSION (A FRAGMENT)

He is an actor of great fame
He play'd King Richard in Drury Lane,
He fill'd the house from ceiling to floor,
For upwards of three months or more.

While performing in Drury Lane,
A theatre of wide world fame,
Mr Sullivan in combat cut his eye,
But it didn't make him cry

THE MOON

Beautiful Moon, with thy silvery light,
Thou seemest most charming to my sight;
As I gaze upon thee in the sky so high,
A tear of joy does moisten mine eye.

Beautiful Moon, with thy silvery light,
Thou cheerest the Esquimau in the night;
For thou lettest him see to harpoon the fish,
And with them he makes a dainty dish.

Beautiful Moon, with thy silvery light,
Thou cheerest the fox in the night,
And lettest him see to steal the grey goose away
Out of the farm-yard from a stack of hay.

Beautiful Moon, with thy silvery light,
Thou cheerest the farmer in the night,
and makes his heart beat high with delight
As he views his crops by the light in the night.

Beautiful Moon, with thy silvery light,
Thou cheerest the eagle in the night,
And lettest him see to devour his prey
And carry it to his nest away.

Beautiful Moon, with thy silvery light,
Thou cheerest the mariner in the night
As he paces the deck alone,
Thinking of his dear friends at home.

Beautiful Moon, with thy silvery light,
Thou cheerest the weary traveller in the night;
For thou lightest up the wayside around
To him when he is homeward bound.

Beautiful Moon, with thy silvery light,
Thou cheerest the lovers in the night
As they walk through the shady groves alone,
Making love to each other before they go home.

Beautiful Moon, with thy silvery light,
Thou cheerest the poacher in the night;
For thou lettest him see to set his snares
To catch the rabbit and the hares.

LITTLE JAMIE

Ither laddies may ha's finer claes, and may be better fed,
 But nane o' them a'has sic a bonnie curly heid,
 O sie a blythe blink in their e'e,
 As my ain curly fair-hair'd laddie, Little Jamie.

When I gang oot tae tak' a walk wi' him, along the Magdalen Green,
 It mak's my heart feel lichtsome tae see him sae sharp and keen,
 And he pu's the wee gowans, and gie's them to me,
 My ain curly fair-hair'd laddie, Little Jamie.

When he rises in the mornin' an' gets oot o' bed,
 He says, mither, mind ye'll need tae toast my faither's bread.
 For he aye gie's me a bawbee;
 He's the best little laddie that ever I did see,
 My ain curly fair-hair'd laddie, Little Jamie.

When I gang oot tae tak' a walk along the streets o' Dundee,
 And views a' the little laddies that I chance to see,
 Nane o' them a' seems sae lovely to me,
 As my ain curly fair-hair'd laddie, Little Jamie.

The laddie is handsome and fair to be seen,
 He has a bonnie cheerie mou', and taw blue e'en,
 And he prattles like an auld grandfather richt merrily;
 He's the funniest little laddie that ever I did see,
 My ain curly fair-hair'd laddie, Little Jamie.

Whene'er that he kens I am coming hame frae my wark,
 He runs oot tae meet me as cheerful as the lark,
 And he says, faither, I'm wanting just a'e bawbee,
 My ain curly fair-hair'd laddie, Little Jamie.

THE CITY OF PERTH

Beautiful Ancient City of Perth,
 One of the fairest on the earth,
 With your stately mansions and scenery most fine,
 Which seems very beautiful in the summer time;
 And the beautiful silvery Tay,
 Rolling smoothly on its way,
 And glittering like silver in the sunshine –
 And the Railway Bridge across it is really sublime.
 The scenery is very beautiful when in full bloom,
 It far excels the river Doon –
 For the North Inch and South Inch is most beautiful to behold,
 Where the buttercups do shine in the sunshine like gold.

And there's the Palace of Scone, most beautiful to be seen,
 Near by the river Tay and the North Inch so green,
 Whereon is erected the statue of Prince Albert, late husband of the Queen,
 And also the statue of Sir Walter Scott is most beautiful to be seen,
 Erected on the South Inch, which would please the Queen,
 And recall to her memory his novels she has read –
 And came her to feel a pang for him that is dead.

Beautiful City of Perth, along the river Tay,
 I must conclude ms lay,
 And to write in praise of thee my heart does not gainsay,
 To tell the world fearlessly, without the least dismay –
 With your stately mansions and the beautiful river Tay,
 You're one of the fairest Cities of the present day.

THE INAUGURATION OF THE HILL O' BALGAY

Beautiful Hill o' Balgay,
With your green trees and flowers fair,
'Tis health for the old and young
For to be walking there,
To breathe the fragrant air
Emanating from the green bushes
And beautiful flowers there,
Then they can through the burying-ground roam,
And read the epitaphs on the tombstones
Before they go home.
There the lovers can wander safe arm in arm,
For policemen are there to protect them from harm
And to watch there all day,
So that no accident can befall them
In the Hill o' Balgay.
Then there's Harry Scott's mansion,
Most beautiful to be seen,
Also the Law Hill, likewise the Magdalen Green,
And the silvery Tay,
Rolling on its way.
And the coast of Fife,
And the beautiful town of St. Andrews,
Where Cardinal Beaton lost his life;
And to be seen on a clear summer day,
From the top of the beautiful Hill o' Balgay.
On the opening day of the Hill o' Balgay,
It was a most beautiful sight to see
Numerous bands, with flags and banners, assembled in Dundee,
All in grand procession, with spirits light, that day,
March'd out the Blackness Road to the Hill o' Balgay.
The Earl o' Dalhousie was there on the opening day,

Also Harry Scott, the young laird o' Balgay,
And he made a great speech to the people there,
And they applauded him with cries that rent the air.
The Earl o' Dalhousie made a fine speech in his turn,
And said there was only one thing that caus'd him to mourn,-
There was no protection from the rain in the Hill o' Balgay,
And he would give another five hundred pounds away
For to erect a shed for the people upon a rainy day,
To keep them dry and comfortable on the Hill o' Balgay.
Then the people applauded him with three loud cheers,
For their hearts were all opened, and flowed with joyous tears,
So they all dispers'd quietly with spirits light that day,
And that ended the inauguration of the Hill o' Balgay.

THE IRISH CONVICT'S RETURN

Ye mountains and glens of Old Ireland,
I've returned home to ye again;
During my absence from ye
My heart always felt great pain.

Oh, how I long'd to see you dear Nora,
And the old folks at home;
And the beautiful Lakes o' Killarney,
Where we oft together did roam.

Ye beautiful Lakes of Killarney,
Ye are welcome to me again;
I will now reform my character,
And from all bad company refrain.

Oh, how I have long'd to see my old father
And my mother dearer than all;
And my favourite dog Charlie
That wont to come at my call.

Ye green hills and lakes of Old Ireland,
Ye are dearer than life unto me;
Many sleepless nights I have had
Since my banishment from thee.

But to-night I will see the old folks
And my dear Nora too ...
And she and I will get married,
And I'm sure we will never rue.

And we may have plenty of children,
And for them I will work like a man.
And I hope Nora and I will live happy,
And do the best we can.

For my own part, I will never grumble,
But try and be content ...
And walk in the paths of virtue,
And remember my banishment.

And at night at the fireside with Nora,
I will tell her of my limbs being bound,
And all my great hardships endured,
And how I was lash'd like a hound.

And when my story is ended,
Nora will sympathise with her tears,
Which will help to drown my sorrow,
And help me through coming years.

FORGET-ME-NOT

A gallant knight and his betroth'd bride,
Were walking one day by a river side,
They talk'd of love, and they talk'd of war,
And how very foolish lovers are.

At length the bride to the knight did say,
'There have been many young ladies led astray
By believing in all their lovers said,
And you are false to me I am afraid.'

'No, Ellen, I was never false to thee,
I never gave thee cause to doubt me;
I have always lov'd thee and do still,
And no other woman your place shall fill.'

'Dear Edwin, it may be true, but I am in doubt,
But there's some beautiful flowers here about,
Growing on the other side of the river,
But how to get one, I cannot discover.'

'Dear Ellen, they seem beautiful indeed,
But of them, dear, take no heed;
Because they are on the other side,
Besides, the river is deep and wide.'

'Dear Edwin, as I doubt your love to be untrue,
I ask one favour now from you:
Go! fetch me a flower from across the river,
Which will prove you love me more than ever.'

'Dear Ellen! I will try and fetch you a flower
If it lies within my power
To prove that I am true to you,
And what more can your Edwin do?'

So he leap'd into the river wide,
And swam across to the other side,
To fetch a flower for his young bride,
Who watched him eagerly on the other side.

So he pluck'd a flower right merrily
Which seemed to fill his heart with glee,
That it would please his lovely bride;
But, alas! he never got to the other side.

For when he tried to swim across,
All power of his body he did loss,
But before he sank in the river wide,
He flung the flowers to his lovely bride.

And he cried, 'Oh, heaven! hard is my lot,
My dearest Ellen! Forget me not:
For I was ever true to you,
My dearest Ellen! I bid thee adieu!'

Then she wrung her hands in wild despair,
Until her cries did rend the air;
And she cried, 'Edwin, dear, hard is out lot,
But I'll name this flower Forget-me-not.

'And I'll remember thee while I live,
And to no other man my hand I'll give,
And I will place my affection on this little flower,
And it will solace me in a lonely hour.'

THE CONVICT'S RETURN

Ye mountains and glens of fair Scotland I'm with ye once again,
During my absence from ye my heart was like to break in twain;
Oh! How I longed to see you and the old folks at home,
And with my lovely Jeannie once more in the green woods to roam.

Now since I've returned safe home again
I will try and be content
With my lovely Jeannie at home,
And forget my banishment.

My Jeannie and me will get married,
And I will be to her a good man,
And we'll live happy together,
And do the best we can.

I hope my Jeannie and me
Will always happy be,
And never feel discontent;
And at night at the fireside
I'll relate to her the trials of my banishment.

But now I will never leave my Jeannie again
Until the day I die;
And before the vital spark has fled
I will bid ye all good-bye.

THE DEATH OF THE OLD MENDICANT

THERE was a rich old gentleman
Lived on a lonely moor in Switzerland,
And he was very hard to the wandering poor,
'Tis said he never lodged nor served them at his door.

'Twas on a stormy night, and Boreas blew a bitter blast,
And the snowflakes they fell thick and fast,
When a poor old mendicant, tired and footsore,
Who had travelled that day fifteen miles and more,
Knocked loudly at the rich man's door.

The rich man was in his parlour counting his gold,
And he ran to the door to see who was so bold,
And there he saw the mendicant shivering with the cold.

Then the mendicant unto him said,
My dear sir, be not afraid,
Pray give me lodgings for the night,
And heaven will your love requite;
Have pity on me, for I am tired and footsore,
I have travelled fifteen miles to-day and more.

Begone! you vagabond, from my door!
I never give lodgings to the poor;
So be off, take to your heels and run,
Or else I'll shoot you with my gun!
Now do not think I'm making fun;
Do you hear, old beggar, what I say?
Now be quick! and go away.

Have mercy, sir, I cannot go,
For I shall perish in the snow;
Oh! for heaven's sake, be not so hard
And God will your love reward.

My limbs are tired, I cannot go away,
Oh! be so kind as let me stay.
'Twas vain! the rich man said, I shan't,
And shut his door on the mendicant,
And said, That is the way I'll serve the poor
While I live on this lonely moor.

Then the old mendicant did go away,
And, murmuring to himself, did say,
Oh, woe's me that ever I was born!
Oh, God, protect me from the storm!
My feeble limbs refuse to go,
And my poor heart does break with woe.
Then he lay down and died among the snow.

He was found by the rich man's shepherd next day,
While he was searching for sheep that had gone astray;
And he was struck with fear and woe
To see the body lying dead among the snow.

So the shepherd ran home and told his master
About the very sad disaster;
That he had found a dead body in the snow,
But whose it was he did not know.

Then the rich man ordered the body to be brought to his house
And to be instantly dressed by his loving spouse,
For his conscience smote him with fear and woe,
When he heard of the old mendicant being found dead in the snow.

So the poor old mendicant was buried without delay
In a very respectable way,
And from that very day the rich man was kind to the poor
And never turned any one away from his door.

A TRIBUTE TO THE REV. MR MACRAE

All hail to the Rev. Mr Macrae!

He is an eloquent preacher I venture to say:

And his religious views I appreciate right well,

Because he doesn't believe in the endless punishment of Hell

He has boldly rejected the Westminster Confession of Faith,

Which will long be remembered after his death.

He is a man I love right well,

Better than my pen can tell;

And I wish him every success —

Hoping the Lord will him bless.

And the late congregation of the great Gilfillan

To support him, I hope, will always be willing;

Because his struggles has been hard and trials not a few,

But in the midst of them all, the Lord brought him through.

And I hope to God and his congregation he will always prove true,

Because God has endowed him with wisdom, his truths to tell,

To reveal unto his people there's no endless punishment in Hell;

And the proofs he adduces against it, I am sure they are very strong,

For Shakspeare has said, an honourable man cannot still remember wrong.

And my opinion is, Shakspeare is right,

And seems most reasonable to sensible men's eyesight;

Because, God's love must be greater than mere man's by far,

And to try to lessen his love it would be an unequal par.

Oh horrible! most horrible! for the Westminster Confession of Faith to tell,

That God will inflict eternal punishment on unbaptised babes in Hell.

The Rev. Mr Macrae has acted a noble part,

And I trust his congregation will not from him depart,

But rally around him when he comes to Dundee,

And adhere to him through life and do not from him flee —
Because he has refuted the Westminster foolery.

Therefore try to console him and fill his heart with glee,
And I hope ye will never regret the day he came to Dundee.

Rev. Mr Macrae, I must conclude my lay,
And tell the world fearlessly, without the least dismay,
That you are the Second Gilfillan of the present day
And in conclusion I must say, Dundonians remember,
He will preach his Induction Sermon on the First Sabbath of November,
In the year of our Lord 1879,
Which will be remembered for a very long time.

THE TAY BRIDGE DISASTER

Beautiful Railway Bridge of the Silv'ry Tay!
Alas! I am very sorry to say
That ninety lives have been taken away
On the last Sabbath day of 1879,
Which will be remember'd for a very long time.

'Twas about seven o'clock at night,
And the wind it blew with all its might,
And the rain came pouring down,
And the dark clouds seem'd to frown,
And the Demon of the air seem'd to say-
"I'll blow down the Bridge of Tay."

When the train left Edinburgh
The passengers' hearts were light and felt no sorrow,
But Boreas blew a terrific gale,
Which made their hearts for to quail,
And many of the passengers with fear did say-
"I hope God will send us safe across the Bridge of Tay."

But when the train came near to Wormit Bay,
Boreas he did loud and angry bray,
And shook the central girders of the Bridge of Tay
On the last Sabbath day of 1879,
Which will be remember'd for a very long time.

So the train sped on with all its might,
And Bonnie Dundee soon hove in sight,
And the passengers' hearts felt light,
Thinking they would enjoy themselves on the New Year,
With their friends at home they lov'd most dear,
And wish them all a happy New Year.

So the train mov'd slowly along the Bridge of Tay,
Until it was about midway,
Then the central girders with a crash gave way,
And down went the train and passengers into the Tay!
The Storm Fiend did loudly bray,
Because ninety lives had been taken away,
On the last Sabbath day of 1879,
Which will be remember'd for a very long time.

As soon as the catastrophe came to be known
The alarm from mouth to mouth was blown,
And the cry rang out all o'er the town,
Good Heavens! the Tay Bridge is blown down,
And a passenger train from Edinburgh,
Which fill'd all the peoples hearts with sorrow,
And made them for to turn pale,
Because none of the passengers were sav'd to tell the tale
How the disaster happen'd on the last Sabbath day of 1879,
Which will be remember'd for a very long time.

It must have been an awful sight,
To witness in the dusky moonlight,
While the Storm Fiend did laugh, and angry did bray,
Along the Railway Bridge of the Silv'ry Tay,
Oh! ill-fated Bridge of the Silv'ry Tay,
I must now conclude my lay
By telling the world fearlessly without the least dismay,
That your central girders would not have given way,
At least many sensible men do say,
Had they been supported on each side with buttresses,
At least many sensible men confesses,
For the stronger we our houses do build,
The less chance we have of being killed.

STIRLING CASTLE

The ancient Castle of Stirling is built upon a rock,
Which in the days of warfare withstood many a shock;
And the views from the castle are lovely to see
Especially the bonnie green braes of Airthrey.

From the Castle can be seen the battlefield of Bannockburn,
Likewise the beautiful river Forth, which smoothly doth run,
And the old Bridge of Stirling is attractive to see,
Also famous Touch House and Cambuskenneth Abbey.

And within the Castle are to be seen the House of Parliament,
Built by James III, and an enormous sum of money on it was spent,
Besides the Chapel Royal, and now the Armoury,
And the palace, built by James the Fifth are worthy to see.

And the Wallace Monument on Abbey Craig is charming to be seen,
With its rugged rockery and shrubbery green,
It is rather attractive and amazing to the eyesight,
Because it is erected upon such a perpendicular height.

And the town of Stirling occupies a beautiful seat,
And the streets are very clean and neat,
And the shops are beautiful to behold,
Stocked full with goods for the young and old.

And the surrounding country is most lovely to be seen,
Especially in the summer time when Nature's face in green,
And the beautiful river Forth, rolling on its way,
Is enough to make the tourist's heart feel light and gay.

As from the Castle he views the scenery below,
His heart will fill with joy all aglow,
And with delight he'll exclaim, Oh! How grand,
There's nothing can equal you in fair Scotland.

DESCRIPTIVE JOTTINGS OF LONDON

As I stood upon London Bridge and viewed the mighty throng
Of thousands of people in cabs and 'busses rapidly whirling along,
All furiously driving to and fro,
Up one street and down another as quick as they could go:

Then I was struck with the discordant sound of human voices there,
Which seemed to me like wild geese cackling in the air:
And the river Thames is a most beautiful sight,
To see the steamers sailing upon it by day and by night.

And the Tower of London is most gloomy to behold,
And the crown of England lies there, begemmed with precious stones and
gold;

King Henry the Sixth was murdered there by the Duke of Glo'ster,
And when he killed him with his sword he called him an impostor.

St. Paul's Cathedral is the finest building that ever I did see;
There's nothing can surpass it in the city of Dundee,
Because it's most magnificent to behold
With its beautiful dome and spire glittering like gold.

And as for Nelson's Monument that stands in Trafalgar Square,
It is a most stately monument I most solemnly declare,
And towering defiantly very high,
Which arrests strangers' attention while passing by.

Then there's two beautiful water-fountains spouting up very high,
Where the weary travellers can drink when he feels dry;
And at the foot of the monument there's three bronze lions in grand array,
Enough to make the stranger's heart throb with dismay.

Then there's Mr Spurgeon, a great preacher, which no one dare gainsay
I went to hear him preach on the Sabbath-day.

And he made my heart feel light and gay
When I heard him preach and pray.

And the Tabernacle was crowded from ceiling to floor,
And many were standing outside the door;
He is an eloquent preacher, I solemnly declare,
And I was struck with admiration as I on him did stare.

Then there's Petticoat Lane I venture to say,
It's a wonderful place on the Sabbath day;
There wearing apparel can be bought to suit the young or old
For the ready cash— silver, coppers, or gold.

Oh! mighty city of London! you are wonderful to see,
And thy beauties no doubt fill the tourist's heart with glee;
But during my short stay, and while wandering there,
Mr Spurgeon was the only man I heard speaking proper English I do declare.

FAREWELL ADDRESS AT THE ARGYLE HALL, TUESDAY, JUNE 22, 1880

Fellow Citizens of Dundee.

I now must bid farewell to ye.

For I am going to London far away.

But when I will return again I cannot say.

Farewell! Farewell! to the bonnie banks o' the Silvery Tay.

Also the beautiful Hill o' Balgay.

And the ill fated Bridge o' the Silvery Tay.

Which I will remember when I am far away.

Farewell! to my friends and, patrons all.

That rallied around me in the Music Hall.

And those that has rallied around me to night,

I shall not forget when out of sight.

And, if I ever return to Dundee again,

I hope it will be with the laurels of fame.

Plac'd on my brow by dame fortune that fickle Jade.

And, to Court her favour I am not afraid.

Farewell! to every one in the Argyle Hall.

That has Come to hear McGonagall.

Recite, and sing, his Songs to night.

Which I hope will long be remember'd when I'm out of sight.

Adieu to all my enemies that want to mock me when passing by.

But I excuse them for their ignorance and leave them to the most high.

And, once again, my friends, and enemies. I bid ye all good bye.

And when I am gone ye will for me heave a sigh :-

I return my thanks to my Chairman and my Committee,

For the Kindness they have always shown to me.

I hope the Lord! will protect them when I am far away.
And prosper them in all their undertakings by night and by day.

THE BURNS STATUE (A FRAGMENT)

This Statue, I must confess, is magnificent to see,
And I hope will long be appreciated by the people of Dundee;
It has been beautifully made by Sir John Steell,
And I hope the pangs of hunger he will never feel.

This statue is most elegant in its design,
And I hope will defy all weathers for a very long time;
And I hope strangers from afar with admiration will stare
On this beautiful statue of thee, Immortal Bard of Ayr.

Fellow-citizens, this Statue seems most beautiful to the eye,
Which would cause Kings and Queens for such a one to sigh,
And make them feel envious while passing by
In fear of not getting such a beautiful Statue after they die.

See where he sits on the stump of that tree
His eyes tuned to heaven his Mary to see,
A scroll at his feet, a pen in his hand
Writing to his Mary in the Better Land

BONNIE MONTROSE

Beautiful town of Montrose, I will now commence my lay,
And I will write in praise of thee without dismay,
And in spite of all your foes,
I will venture to call thee Bonnie Montrose.

Your beautiful Chain Bridge is magnificent to be seen,
Spanning the river Esk, a beautiful tidal stream,
Which abounds with trout and salmon,
And can be had for the catching without any gammon.

Then as for the Mid Links, it is most beautiful to be seen,
And I'm sure is a very nice bowling green,
Where young men can enjoy themselves and inhale the pure air,
Emanating from the sea and the beautiful flowers there.

And as for the High Street, it's most beautiful to see,
There's no street can surpass it in the town of Dundee,
Because it is so long and wide,
That the people can pass on either side
Without jostling one another
Or going to any bother.

Beautiful town of Montrose, near by the seaside,
With your fine shops and streets so wide,
'Tis health for the people that in you reside,
Because they do inhale the pure fragrant air,
Emanating from the sea waves and shrubberies growing there;
And the inhabitants of Montrose ought to feel gay,
Because you are one of the bonniest towns in Scotland at the present day.

THE BEAUTIFUL CITY OF GLASGOW

O, beautiful city of Glasgow, which stands on the river Clyde,
 How happy should the people be which in ye reside;
 Because it is the most enterprising city of the present day,
 Whatever anybody else may say.

The ships which lie at the Broomielaw are most beautiful to see,
 They are bigger and better than any in Dundee;
 Likewise the municipal buildings, most gorgeous to be seen,
 Near to Ingram Street, not far from Glasgow Green.

Then the warehouses are filled from the floor to the topmost storey,
 With goods which brings Glasgow money and glory,
 And the men who own them are most liberal, I do declare,
 Because I got money from them when there.

O, wonderful city of Glasgow, with your triple expansion engines,
 At the making of which your workmen get many singeins;
 Also the deepening of the Clyde, most marvellous to behold,
 Which cost much money, be it told.

Then there is a grand picture gallery,
 Which the keepers thereof are paid a very large salary;
 Therefore, citizens of Glasgow, do not fret or worry,
 For there is nothing like it in Edinburgh.

And the happiest night I ever spent
 Was in Glasgow, where I got as much as pay my rent
 From your merchant princes most fine,
 Who likewise sang a song to me called Clementine.

Which was most beautiful to hear, also a dance
 Round and round, all singing at once;
 And the treatment I got in Glasgow, I must confess,
 Was better even than Inverness.

Oh, beautiful city of Glasgow, I must conclude my lay,
By calling thee the greatest city of the present day:
Fore your treatment of me, was by no means churlish,
Therefore I say, "Let Glasgow Flourish."

THE ROYAL REVIEW, AUGUST 25, 1881

ALL hail to the Empress of India, Great Britain's Queen—
 Long may she live in health, happy and serene—
 That came from London, far away,
 To review the Scottish Volunteers in grand array:
 Most magnificent to be seen,
 Near by Salisbury Crags and its pastures green,
 Which will long be remembered by our gracious Queen—

And by the Volunteers, that came from far away,
 Because it rain'd most of the day.
 And with the rain their clothes were wet all through,
 On the 25th day of August, at the Royal Review.
 And to the Volunteers it was no lark,
 Because they were ankle deep in mud in the Queen's Park,
 Which proved to the Queen they were loyal and true,
 To ensure such hardships at the Royal Review.

Oh! it was a most beautiful scene
 To see the Forfarshire Artillery marching past the Queen:
 Her Majesty with their steady marching felt content,
 Especially when their arms to her they did present.

And the Inverness Highland Volunteers seemed very gran',
 And marched by steady to a man
 Amongst the mud without dismay,
 And the rain pouring down on them all the way.
 And the bands they did play, God Save the Queen,
 Near by Holyrood Palace and the Queen's Park so green.

Success to our noble Scottish Volunteers!
 I hope they will be spared for many long years,
 And to Her Majesty always prove loyal and true,
 As they have done for the second time at the Royal Review.

To take them in general, they behaved very well,
The more that the rain fell on them pell-mell.
They marched by Her Majesty in very grand array,
Which will be remembered for many a long day,
Bidding defiance to wind and rain,
Which adds the more fame to their name.

And I hope none of them will have cause to rue
The day that they went to the Royal Review.
And I'm sure Her Majesty ought to feel proud,
And in her praise she cannot speak too loud,
Because the more that it did rain they did not mourn,
Which caused Her Majesty's heart with joy to burn,
Because she knew they were loyal and true
For enduring such hardships at the Royal Review.

THE WRECK OF THE "THOMAS DRYDEN" IN PENTLAND FIRTH

As I stood upon the sandy beach
One morn near Pentland Ferry,
I saw a beautiful brigantine,
And all her crew seem'd merry.

When lo! the wind began to howl,
And the clouds began to frown,
And in the twinkling of an eye
The rain came pouring down.

Then the sea began to swell,
And seem'd like mountains high,
And the sailors on board that brigantine
To God for help did loudly cry.

Oh! it was an awful sight
To see them struggling with all their might,
And Imploring God their lives to save
From a merciless watery grave.

Their cargo consisted of window-glass,
Also coal and linseed-oil,
Which helped to calm the raging sea
That loud and angry did boil.

Because when the bottoms of the barrels
Were with the raging billows stove in,
The oil spread o'er the water,
And smoothed the stormy billows' din!

Then she began to duck in the trough of the sea,
Which was fearful to behold;

And her crossyards dipped in the big billows
As from side to side she rolled.

She was tossed about on the merciless sea,
And received some terrible shocks,
Until at last she ran against
A jagged reef of rocks.

'Twas then she was rent asunder,
And the water did rush in —
It was most dreadful to hear it,
It made such a terrific din.

Then the crew jumped into the small boats
While the Storm-fiend did roar,
And were very near being drowned
Before they got ashore.

Then the coal-dust blackened the water
Around her where she lay,
And the barrels of linseed-oil
They floated far away.

And when the crew did get ashore,
They were shaking with cold and fright,
And they went away to Huna inn,
And got lodgings for the night!

BEAUTIFUL EDINBURGH

Beautiful city of Edinburgh, most wonderful to be seen,
With your ancient palace of Holyrood and Queen's Park Green,
And your big, magnificent, elegant New College,
Where people from all nations can be taught knowledge.

The New College of Edinburgh is certainly very grand
Which I consider to be an honour to fair Scotland,
Because it's the biggest in the world, without any doubt,
And is most beautiful in the inside as well as out.

And the Castle is wonderful to look upon,
Which has withstood many angry tempests in years bygone;
And the rock it's built upon is rugged and lovely to be seen
When the shrubberies surrounding it are blown full green.

Morningside is lovely and charming to be seen;
The gardens there are rich with flowers and shrubberies green
And sweet scented perfumes fill the air,
Emanating from the sweet flowers and beautiful plants there.

And as for Braidhill, it's a very romantic spot,
But a fine place to visit when the weather is hot;
There the air is nice and cool, which will help to drive away sorrow
When ye view from its summit the beautiful city of Edinburgh.

And as for the statues, they are very grand-
They cannot be surpassed in any foreign land;
And the scenery is attractive and fascinating to the eye,
And arrests the attention of tourists as they pass by.

Lord Melville's Monument is most elegant to be seen,
Which is situated in St. Andrew's Square, amongst shrubberies green,
Which seems most gorgeous to the eye,
Because it is towering so very high.

The Prince Albert Consort Statue looks very grand,
Especially the granite blocks whereon it doth stand,
Which is admired by all tourists as they pass by,
Because the big granite blocks seem magnificent to the eye.

Princes Street West End Garden Is fascinating to be seen,
With its beautiful big trees and shrubberies green,
And its magnificent water fountain in the valley below
Helps to drive away from the tourist all care and woe.

The Castle Hotel is elegant and grand,
And students visit it from every foreign land,
And the students of Edinburgh often call there
To rest and have luncheon, at a very cheap fare.

Queen Street Garden seems charming to the eye,
And a great boon it is to the tenantry near by,
As they walk along the grand gravel walks near there,
Amongst the big trees and shrubberies, and inhale pure air.

Then, all ye tourists, be advised by me,
Beautiful Edinburgh ye ought to go and see.
It's the only city I know of where ye can wile away the time
By viewing its lovely scenery and statues fine.

Magnificent city of Edinburgh, I must conclude my muse,
But to write in praise of thee I cannot refuse.
I will tell the world boldly without dismay
You have the biggest college in the world at the present day.

Of all the cities in the world, Edinburgh for me;
For no matter where I look, some lovely spot I see;
And for picturesque scenery unrivalled you do stand.
Therefore I pronounce you to be the Pride of Fair Scotland.

A TRIBUTE TO MR MURPHY AND THE BLUE RIBBON ARMY

ALL hail to Mr Murphy, he is a hero brave,
That has crossed the mighty Atlantic wave,
For what purpose let me pause and think-
I answer, to warn the people not to taste strong drink.

And, I'm sure, if they take his advice, they never will rue
The day they joined the Blue Ribbon Army in the year 1882;
And I hope to their colours they will always prove true,
And shout, Hurrah ! for Mr Murphy and the Ribbon of Blue.

What is strong drink? Let me think- I answer 'tis a thing
From whence the majority of evils spring,
And causes many a fireside with boisterous talk to ring,
And leaves behind it a deadly sting.

Some people do say it is good when taken in moderation,
But, when taken to excess, it leads to tribulation,
Also to starvation and loss of reputation,
Likewise your eternal soul's damnation.

The drunkard, he says he can't give it up,
For I must confess temptation's in the cup;
But he wishes to God it was banished from the land,
While he holds the cup in his trembling hand.

And he exclaims in the agony of his soul —
Oh, God, I cannot myself control
From this most accurs'd cup!
Oh, help me, God, to give it up!

Strong drink to the body can do no good;
It defiles the blood, likewise the food,

And causes the drunkard with pain to groan,
Because it extracts the marrow from the bone:

And hastens him on to a premature grave,
Because to the cup he is bound a slave;
For the temptation is hard to thole,
And by it he will lose his immortal soul.

The more's the pity, I must say,
That so many men and women are by it led astray,
And decoyed from the paths of virtue and led on to vice
By drinking too much alcohol and acting unwise.

Good people all, of every degree,
I pray, ye all be warned by me:
I advise ye all to pause and think,
And never more to taste strong drink.

Because the drunkard shall never inherit the kingdom of God
And whosoever God loves he chastens with his rod:
Therefore, be warned, and think in time,
And don't drink any more whisky, rum, or wine.

But go at once— make no delay,
And join the Blue Ribbon Army without dismay,
And rally round Mr Murphy, and make a bold stand,
And help to drive the Bane of Society from our land.

I wish Mr Murphy every success,
Hoping he will make rapid progress;
And to the Blue Ribbon Army may he always prove true,
And adhere to his colours— the beautiful blue.

ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF THE QUEEN

God prosper long our noble Queen,
And long may she reign!
Maclean he tried to shoot her,
But it was all in vain.

For God He turned the ball aside
Maclean aimed at her head;
And he felt very angry
Because he didn't shoot her dead.

There's a divinity that hedges a king,
And so it does seem,
And my opinion is, it has hedged
Our most gracious Queen.

Maclean must be a madman,
Which is obvious to be seen,
Or else he wouldn't have tried to shoot
Our most beloved Queen.

Victoria is a good Queen,
Which all her subjects know,
And for that God has protected her
From all her deadly foes.

She is noble and generous,
Her subjects must confess;
There hasn't been her equal
Since the days of good Queen Bess.

Long may she be spared to roam
Among the bonnie Highland floral,
And spend many a happy day
In the palace of Balmoral.

Because she is very kind
To the old women there,
And allows them bread, tea, and sugar,
And each one get a share.

And when they know of her coming,
Their hearts feel overjoy'd,
Because, in general, she finds work
For men that's unemploy'd.

And she also gives the gipsies money
While at Balmoral, I've been told,
And, mind ye, seldom silver,
But very often gold.

I hope God will protect her
By night and by day,
At home and abroad,
When she's far away.

May He be as a hedge around her,
As he's been all along,
And let her live and die in peace
Is the end of my song.

THE BATTLE OF TEL-EL-KEBIR

YE sons of Great Britain, come join with me,
And sing in praise of Sir Garnet Wolseley;
Sound drums and trumpets cheerfully,
For he has acted most heroically.

Therefore loudly his praises sing
Until the hills their echoes back doth ring;
For he is a noble hero bold,
And an honour to his Queen and country, be it told.

He has gained for himself fame and renown,
Which to posterity will be handed down;
Because he has defeated Arabi by land and by sea,
And from the battle of Tel-el-Kebir he made him to flee.

With an army about fourteen thousand strong,
Through Egypt he did fearlessly march along,
With the gallant and brave Highland brigade,
To whom honour is due, be it said.

Arabi's army was about seventy thousand in all,
And, virtually speaking, it wasn't very small;
But if they had been as numerous again,
The Irish and Highland brigades would have beaten them, it is plain.

'Twas on the 13th day of September, in the year of 1882,
Which Arabi and his rebel horde long will rue;
Because Sir Garnet Wolseley and his brave little band
Fought and conquered them on Kebir land.

He marched upon the enemy with his gallant band
O'er the wild and lonely desert sand,
And attacked them before daylight,
And in twenty minutes he put them to flight.

The first shock of the attack was borne by the Second Brigade,
Who behaved most manfully, it is said,
Under the command of brave General Grahame,
And have gained a lasting honour to their name.

But Major Hart and the 18th Royal Irish, conjoint,
Carried the trenches at the bayonet point;
Then the Marines chased them about four miles away,
At the charge of the bayonet, without dismay!

General Sir Archibald Alison led on the Highland Brigade,
Who never were the least afraid.
And such has been the case in this Egyptian war,
For at the charge of the bayonet they ran from them afar!

With their bagpipes playing, and one ringing cheer,
And the 42nd soon did the trenches clear;
Then hand to hand they did engage,
And fought like tigers in a cage.

Oh! it must have been a glorious sight
To see Sir Garnet Wolseley in the thickest of the fight!
In the midst of shot and shell, and the cannons roar,
Whilst the dead and the dying lay weltering in their gore

Then the Egyptians were forced to yield,
And the British were left masters of the field;
Then Arabi he did fret and frown
To see his army thus cut down.

Then Arabi the rebel took to flight,
And spurred his Arab steed with all his might:
With his heart full of despair and woe,
And never halted till he reached Cairo.

Now since the Egyptian war is at an end,
Let us thank God! Who did send
Sir Garnet Wolseley to crush and kill
Arabi and his rebel army at Kebir hill.

THE WRECK OF THE STEAMER "LONDON", WHILE ON HER WAY TO AUSTRALIA

'Twas in the year of 1866, and on a very beautiful day,
That eighty-two passengers, with spirits light and gay,
Left Gravesend harbour, and sailed gaily away
On board the steamship "London,"
Bound for the city of Melbourne,
Which unfortunately was her last run,
Because she was wrecked on the stormy main,
Which has caused many a heart to throb with pain,
Because they will ne'er look upon their lost ones again.

'Twas on the 11th of January they anchored at the Nore;
The weather was charming — the like was seldom seen before,
Especially the next morning as they came in sight
Of the charming and beautiful Isle of Wight,
But the wind it blew a terrific gale towards night,
Which caused the passengers' hearts to shake with fright,
And caused many of them to sigh and mourn,
And whisper to themselves, We will ne'er see Melbourne.

Amongst the passengers was Gustavus V. Brooke,
Who was to be seen walking on the poop,
Also clergymen, and bankers, and magistrates also,
All chatting merrily together in the cabin below;
And also wealthy families returning to their dear native land,
And accomplished young ladies, most lovely and grand,
All in the beauty and bloom of their pride,
And some with their husbands sitting close by their side.

'Twas all on a sudden the storm did arise,
Which took the captain and passengers all by surprise,
Because they had just sat down to their tea,

When the ship began to roll with the heaving of the sea,
And shipped a deal of water, which came down on their heads,
Which wet their clothes and also their beds;
And caused a fearful scene of consternation,
And amongst the ladies great tribulation,
And made them cry out, Lord, save us from being drowned,
And for a few minutes the silence was profound.

Then the passengers began to run to and fro,
With buckets to bale out the water between decks below,
And Gustavus Brooke quickly leapt from his bed
In his Garibaldi jacket and drawers, without fear or dread,
And rushed to the pump, and wrought with might and main;
But alas! all their struggling was in vain,
For the water fast did on them gain;
But he enacted a tragic part until the last,
And sank exhausted when all succour was past;
While the big billows did lash her o'er,
And the Storm-fiend did laugh and roar.

Oh, Heaven! it must have really been
A most harrowing and pitiful scene
To hear mothers and their children loudly screaming,
And to see the tears adown their pale faces streaming,
And to see a clergyman engaged in prayer,
Imploring God their lives to spare,
Whilst the cries of the women and children did rend the air.

Then the captain cried, Lower down the small boats,
And see if either of them sinks or floats;
Then the small boats were launched on the stormy wave,
And each one tried hard his life to save
From a merciless watery grave.

A beautiful young lady did madly cry and rave,
“Five hundred sovereigns, my life to save!”
But she was by the sailors plainly told

For to keep her filthy gold,
Because they were afraid to overload the boat,
Therefore she might either sink or float,
Then she cast her eyes to Heaven, and cried, Lord, save me,
Then went down with the ship to the bottom of the sea,
Along with Gustavus Brooke, who was wont to fill our hearts with glee
While performing Shakespearian tragedy.

And out of eighty-two passengers only twenty were saved,
And that twenty survivors most heroically behaved.
For three stormy days and stormy nights they were tossed to and fro
On the raging billows, with their hearts full of woe,
Alas! poor souls, not knowing where to go,
Until at last they all agreed to steer for the south,
And they chanced to meet an Italian barque bound for Falmouth,
And they were all rescued from a watery grave,
And they thanked God and Captain Cavassa, who did their lives save.

THE DEN O' FOWLIS

Beautiful Den o' Fowlis, most charming to be seen
 In the summer season, when your trees are green;
 Especially in the bright and clear month of June,
 When your flowers and shrubberies are in full bloom.

There visitors can enjoy themselves during the holidays,
 And be shaded by the trees from the sun's rays,
 And admire the beautiful primroses that grow there;
 And inhale their sweet perfume that fills the air.

There the little children sport and play,
 Blythe and gay during the live-long summer day,
 In its beautiful green and cool shady bowers,
 Chasing the bee and butterfly, and pulling the flowers.

There the Minnows loup and play;
 In the little rivulet all the day;
 Right in the hollow of that fairy-like Den,
 Together in little shoals of nine or ten

And the Mavis and Blackbird merrily sing,
 Making the Den with their notes to ring;
 From high noon till sunset at night,
 Filling the visitor's heart with delight.

Tis most lovely to see the trees arched overhead,
 And the little rivulet rolling o'er its pebbly bed,
 Ane near by is an old Meal Mill;
 Likewise an old Church and Churchyard where the dead lie still.

The Den is always cool in the summer time,
 Because it is so closely shaded from the sunshine,
 By the spreading branches of the trees,
 While the murmuring of the rivulet is heard on the night breeze.

It is a very magnificent spot the Den o' Fowlis,
And where oft the wintry wind it howls,
Among its bare and leafless withered trees,
And with fear would almost make one's heart to freeze.

To be walking through it on a dark wintry night,
Because the bare trees seem like spectres to your sight,
And everything around seems dark and drear,
And fills the timid mind with an undefinable fear.

But in the summer season it is most lovely to see;
With its fair flowers and romantic scenery,
Where the people can enjoy themselves all the day,
In the months of July, June, or May.

There the people can drink pure water when they are dry;
From the wells of spring water in the Den near by,
Which God has provided for his creatures in that lonely spot,
And such a blessing to the people shouldn't be forgot.

SAVING A TRAIN

'Twas in the year of 1869, and on the 19th of November,
Which the people in Southern Germany will long remember,
The great rain-storm which for twenty hours did pour down,
That the rivers were overflowed and petty streams all around.

The rain fell in such torrents as had never been seen before,
That it seemed like a second deluge, the mighty torrents' roar,
At nine o'clock at night the storm did rage and moan
When Carl Springel set out on his crutches all alone —

From the handsome little hut in which he dwelt,
With some food to his father, for whom he greatly felt,
Who was watching at the railway bridge,
Which was built upon a perpendicular rocky ridge.

The bridge was composed of iron and wooden blocks,
And crossed o'er the Devil's Gulch, an immense cleft of rocks,
Two hundred feet wide and one hundred and fifty feet deep,
And enough to make one's flesh to creep.

Far beneath the bridge a mountain-stream did boil and rumble,
And on that night did madly toss and tumble;
Oh! it must have been an awful sight
To see the great cataract falling from such a height.

It was the duty of Carl's father to watch the bridge on stormy nights,
And warn the on-coming trains of danger with the red lights;
So, on this stormy night, the boy Carl hobbled along
Slowly and fearlessly upon his crutches, because he wasn't strong.

He struggled on manfully with all his might
Through the fearful darkness of the night,
And half-blinded by the heavy rain,
But still resolved the bridge to gain.

But when within one hundred yards of the bridge, it gave way with an awful crash,
And fell into the roaring flood below, and made a fearful splash,
Which rose high above the din of the storm,
The like brave Carl never heard since he was born.

Then; 'Father! father!' cried Carl in his loudest tone,
'Father! father!' he shouted again in very pitiful moans;
But no answering voice did reply,
Which caused him to heave a deep-fetched sigh.

And now to brave Carl the truth was clear
That he had lost his father dear,
And he cried, 'My poor father's lost, and cannot be found,
He's gone down with the bridge, and has been drowned.'

But he resolves to save the on-coming train,
So every nerve and muscle he does strain,
And he trudges along dauntlessly on his crutches,
And tenaciously to them he clutches.

And just in time he reaches his father's car
To save the on-coming train from afar,
So he seizes the red light, and swings it round,
And cried with all his might, 'The bridge is down! The bridge is down!'

So forward his father's car he drives,
Determined to save the passengers' lives,
Struggling hard with might and main,
Hoping his struggle won't prove in vain.

So on comes the iron-horse snorting and rumbling,
And the mountain-torrent at the bridge kept roaring and tumbling;
While brave Carl keeps shouting, 'The bridge is down! The bridge is down!'
He cried with a pitiful wail and sound.

But, thank heaven, the engine-driver sees the red light
That Carl keeps swinging round his head with all his might;

But bang! bang! goes the engine with a terrible crash,
And the car is dashed all to smash.

But the breaking of the car stops the train,
And poor Carl's struggle is not in vain;
But, poor soul, he was found stark dead,
Crushed and mangled from foot to head!

And the passengers were all loud in Carl's praise,
And from the cold wet ground they did him raise,
And tears for brave Carl fell silently around,
Because he had saved two hundred passengers from being drowned.

In a quiet village cemetery he now sleeps among the silent dead,
In the south of Germany, with a tombstone at his head,
Erected by the passengers he saved in the train,
And which to his memory will long remain.

THE BEAUTIFUL SUN

Beautiful Sun! with thy golden rays,
To God, the wise Creator, be all praise;
For thou nourisheth all the creation,
Wherever there is found to be animation.

Without thy heat we could not live,
Then praise to God we ought to give;
For thou makest the fruits and provisions to grow,
To nourish all creatures on earth below.

Thou makest the hearts of the old feel glad,
Likewise the young child and the lad,
And the face of Nature to look green and gay,
And the little children to sport and play.

Thou also givest light unto the Moon,
Which certainly is a very great boon
To all God's creatures here below,
Throughout the world where'er they go.

How beautiful thou look'st on a summer morn,
When thou sheddest thy effulgence among the yellow corn,
Also upon lake, and river, and the mountain tops,
Whilst thou leavest behind the most lovely dewdrops!

How beautiful thou seem'st in the firmament above,
As I gaze upon thee, my heart fills with love
To God, the great Creator, Who has placed thee there,
Who watches all His creatures with an eye of care!

Thou makest the birds to sing on the tree,
Also by meadow, mountain, and lea;
And the lark high poised up in air,
Carolling its little song with its heart free from care.

Thou makest the heart of the shepherd feel gay
As he watches the little lambkins at their innocent play;
While he tends them on the hillside all day,
Taking care that none of them shall go astray.

Thou cheerest the weary traveller while on his way
During the livelong summer day,
As he admires the beautiful scenery while passing along,
And singing to himself a stave of a song.

Thou cheerest the tourist while amongst the Highland hills,
As he views their beautiful sparkling rills
Glittering like diamonds by the golden rays,
While the hills seem to offer up to God their praise.

While the bee from flower to flower does roam
To gather honey, and carry it home;
While it hums its little song in the beautiful sunshine,
And seemingly to thank the Creator divine —

For the honey it hath gathered during the day,
In the merry month of May,
When the flowers are in full bloom,
Also the sweet honeysuckle and the broom.

How beautiful thy appearance while setting in the west,
Whilst encircled with red and azure, 'tis then thou look'st best!
Then let us all thank God for thy golden light
In our prayers every morning and night!

THE SUNDERLAND CALAMITY

'Twas in the town of Sunderland, and in the year of 1883,
That about 200 children were launch'd into eternity
While witnessing an entertainment in Victoria Hall,
While they, poor little innocents, to God for help did call.

The entertainment consisted of conjuring, and the ghost illusion play,
Also talking waxworks, and living marionettes, and given by Mr. Fay;
And on this occasion, presents were to be given away,
But in their anxiety of getting presents they wouldn't brook delay,
And that is the reason why so many lives have been taken away;
But I hope their precious souls are in heaven to-day.

As soon as the children began to suspect
That they would lose their presents by neglect,
They rush'd from the gallery, and ran down the stairs pell-mell,
And trampled one another to death, according as they fell.

As soon as the catastrophe became known throughout the boro'
The people's hearts were brim-full of sorrow,
And parents rush'd to the Hall terror-stricken and wild,
And each one was anxious to find their own child.

Oh! it must have been a most horrible sight
To see the dear little children struggling with all their might
To get out at the door at the foot of the stair,
While one brave little boy did repeat the Lord's Prayer.

The innocent children were buried seven or eight layers deep,
The sight was heart-rending and enough to make one weep;
It was a most affecting spectacle and frightful to behold
The corpse of a little boy not above four years old,

Who had on a top-coat much too big for him,
And his little innocent face was white and grim,

And appearing to be simply in a calm sleep-
The sight was enough to make one's flesh to creep.

The scene in the Hall was heart-sickening to behold,
And enough to make one's blood run cold.
To see the children's faces, blackened, that were trampled to death,
And their parents lamenting o'er them with bated breath.

Oh! it was most lamentable for to hear
The cries of the mothers for their children dear;
And many mothers swooned in grief away
At the sight of their dead children in grim array.

There was a parent took home a boy by mistake,
And after arriving there his heart was like to break
When it was found to be the body of a neighbour's child;
The parent stood aghast and was like to go wild.

A man and his wife rush'd madly in the Hall,
And loudly in grief on their children they did call,
And the man searched for his children among the dead
Seemingly without the least fear or dread.

And with his finger pointing he cried. "That's one! two!
Oh! heaven above, what shall I do;"
And still he kept walking on and murmuring very low.
Until he came to the last child in the row;

Then he cried, "Good God! all my family gone
And now I am left to mourn alone;"
And staggering back he cried, "Give me water, give me water!"
While his heart was like to break and his teeth seem'd to chatter.

Oh, heaven! it must have been most pitiful to see
Fathers with their dead children upon their knee
While the blood ran copiously from their mouths and ears
And their parents shedding o'er them hot burning tears.

I hope the Lord will comfort their parents by night and by day,
For He gives us life and He takes it away,
Therefore I hope their parents will put their trust in Him,
Because to weep for the dead it is a sin.

Her Majesty's grief for the bereaved parents has been profound,
And I'm glad to see that she has sent them £50;
And I hope from all parts of the world will flow relief
To aid and comfort the bereaved parents in their grief.

THE DEATH OF CAPTAIN WEBB

Alas brave Captain Webb has acted the part of a fool
By attempting to swim the mighty Niagara whirlpool,
Which I am sorry to say and to relate,
Has brought him to an untimely fate.

'Twas in the year Eighteen hundred and eighty-three,
With the people of America he did agree,
For \$10,000, to swim through that yawning whirlpool;
But alas! He failed in doing so — the self-conceited fool.

Captain Webb, he courted danger for the sake of worldly gain
And the thought of gaining for himself — world wide fame;
And although many people warned him not to throw his life away,
He rushed madly to his fate without the least dismay.

Which clearly proves he was a mad conceited fool,
For to try to swim o'er that fearful whirlpool,
When he knew so many people had perished there,
And when the people told him so, he didn't seem to care.

Had it not been for the money that lured him on
To the mighty falls of Niagara, he never would have gone
To sacrifice his precious life in such a dangerous way;
But I hope it will be a warning to others for many a long day.

On Tuesday the 24th of July, Webb arrived at the falls,
And as I view the scene in my mind's eye, my heart it appalls
To think that any man could be such a great fool,
Without the help of God, to think to swim that great whirlpool;

Whereas, if he had put his trust in God before he came there,
God would have opened his blinded eyes and told him to beware;
But being too conceited in his own strength, the devil blinded his eyes,
And all thought of God and the people's advice he therefore did despise.

But the man the forgets God, God will forget him;
 Because to be too conceited in your own strength before God it is a sin;
 And the devil will whisper in your ear — there's no danger in the way,
 And make you rush madly on to destruction, without the least dismay.

At half-past three o'clock Webb started for the river,
 Which caus'd many of the spectators with fear to shiver,
 As they wondered in their hearts if he would be such a fool
 As to dare to swim through that hell — whirlpool.

Webb was received by the people with loud and hearty cheers;
 And many a heart that day was full of doubts and fears;
 A many a one present did venture to say —
 "He only came here to throw his life away."

The Webb entered a boat, in waiting, and was rowed by the ferry-man;
 And many of the spectators seem'd to turn pale and wan;
 And when asked by the boatman how much he'd made by the channel
 swim,
 He replied \$25,000 complete every dim.

Have you spent it all? Was the next question McCloy put to him,
 No, answered Webb, I have yet \$15,000 left, every dim;
 "Then" replied McCloy, "You'd better spend it before you try this swim;"
 Then the captain laugh'd heartily but didn't answer him.

When the boat arrived at point opposite the "Maid of the Mist"
 The captain stripped, retaining only a pair of red drawers of the smallest
 grist;
 And at two minutes past four o'clock Webb dived from the boat;
 While the shouts and applause of the crowd on the air seem'd to float.

Oh, Heaven! it must have been an awe inspiring sight,
 To see him battling among that hell of waters with all his might,
 And seemingly swimming with ease and great confidence;
 While the spectators held their breath in suspense.

At one moment he was lifted high on the crest of a wave;
 But he battled most manfully his life to save;

But alas! all his struggling prov'd in vain,
Because he drown'd in that merciless whirlpool God did so ordain.

He was swept into the neck of that hell — whirlpool,
And was whirl'd about in it just like a light cotton spool;
While the water fiend laughingly cried "Ha! ha! you poor silly fool,
You have lost your life, for the sake of gain, in that hell — whirlpool

I hope the Lord will be a father to his family in their distress,
For they ought to be pitied, I really must confess;
And I hope the subscribers of the money, that lured Webb to his fate,
Will give the money to Mrs. Webb, her husband's loss to compensate.

THE DEATH OF JOHN BROWN, DEDICATED EXPRESSLY TO HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY

Alas! faithful John Brown he is dead,
Who often did the heather tread
By the side of his most gracious Queen,
Near by Balmoral Palace and its pine trees so green.

I hope he now traverses that Heavenly Shore
Where peace, love and joy does last for evermore;
In that happy land of bliss where the Sun shines bright,
Where God's family adores Him day and night.

He now lies buried in Crathie Churchyard,
And Her Majesty had for him a great regard,
Because he was her faithful servant for many years,
And at his grave betimes, no doubt, she will shed tears.

He was a man of honesty and trust,
But his body now lies mouldering in the dust;
But such is the doom of all mankind,
From the king to the beggar, and also the hind.

He was modest and manly in his way,
A kind of shy and had little to say;
But he was loving and true to his Queen at the heart,
And he was ever ready to take her part.

He was a man of most stately mein
And most handsome to be seen,
And ever watchful of his Queen
By mountain, and lake, or forest green.

A Glengary Bonnet and Kilt did his body adorn,
Which enhanced the beauty of his form;

And at Crathie was he born,
Where the pine trees grow, and yellow corn.

I'm sure her Majesty will miss him now,
As she wanders by the mountains' brow,
And among the bonnie highland floral,
Near by the river Dee and the Palace of Balmoral.

He went to cheer her Majesty by the way,
As cheerfully together they did stray
Among the bonnie, highland, heathery hills,
To view their clear, crystal, sparkling rills.

Strength and courage he did not lack-
Many times he carried the Queen upon his back
O'er little rivulets, and waters wide,
And the marshy grounds by the hillside.

Her Majesty, now, will feel a great loss,
Because she has no one, now, to carry her across
The marshy grounds, or the boggy moss;
Therefore the world to her will seem as dross.

No doubt her spirits will be cast down
For the loss of her faithful servant, John Brown,
Who went to fill her heart with glee,
While hunting the wild deer on the banks of the Dee.

But the best of friends, 'tis said must part!
Therefore, I hope her Majesty will keep up her heart,
And no longer lament the death of John Brown,
For fear the Almighty does on her frown;

Because He gives us life, and He takes it away,
And watches all His creatures by night and by day;
So, therefore, let her put all her trust in Him,
And He will fill her heart with joy to the brim.

I hope God will be her Comforter by night and by day,
At home, and abroad, when she's far away,
And in her daily walks around Balmoral,
As she views mountain and lake, and the bonnie highland floral.

God Save Our Gracious Queen and long may she reign;
And let all subjects say, Amen!-
For she is a generous Queen, indeed,
And ready to help the poor when they are in need.

THE INAUGURATION OF THE UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, DUNDEE

Good people of Dundee, your voices raise,
And to Miss Baxter give great praise;
Rejoice and sing and dance with glee,
Because she has founded a College in Bonnie Dundee.

Therefore loudly in her praise sing,
And make Dundee with your voices ring,
And give honour to whom honour is due,
Because ladies like her are very few.

'Twas on the 5th day of October, in the year of 1883,
That the University College was opened in Dundee,
And the opening proceedings were conducted in the College Hall,
In the presence of ladies and gentlemen both great and small.

Worthy Provost Moncur presided over the meeting,
And received very great greeting;
And Professor Stuart made an eloquent speech there,
And also Lord Dalhousie, I do declare.

Also, the Right Hon W. E. Baxter was there on behalf of his aunt,
And acknowledged her beautiful portrait without any rant,
And said that she requested him to hand it over to the College,
As an incentive to others to teach the ignorant masses knowledge,

Success to Miss Baxter, and praise to the late Doctor Baxter, John Boyd,
For I think the Dundonians ought to feel overjoyed
For their munificent gifts to the town of Dundee,
Which will cause their names to be handed down to posterity.

The College is most handsome and magnificent to be seen,
And Dundee can now almost cope with Edinburgh or Aberdeen,

For the ladies of Dundee can now learn useful knowledge
By going to their own beautiful College.

I hope the ladies and gentlemen of Dundee will try and learn knowledge
At home in Dundee in their nice little College,
Because knowledge is sweeter than honey or jam,
Therefore let them try and gain knowledge as quick as they can.

It certainly is a great boon and an honour to Dundee
To have a College in our midst, which is most charming to see,
All through Miss Baxter and the late Dr Baxter, John Boyd,
Which I hope by the people of Dundee will long be enjoyed

Now since Miss Baxter has lived to see it erected,
I hope by the students she will long be respected
For establishing a College in Bonnie Dundee,
Where learning can be got of a very high degree.

“My son, get knowledge,” so said the sage,
For it will benefit you in your old age,
And help you through this busy world to pass,
For remember a man without knowledge is just like an ass.

I wish the Professors and teachers every success,
Hoping the Lord will all their labours bless;
And I hope the students will always be obedient to their teachers
And that many of them may learn to be orators and preachers.

I hope Miss Baxter will prosper for many a long day
For the money that she has given away,
May God shower his blessings on her wise head,
And may all good angels guard her while living and hereafter when dead.

GLASGOW

Beautiful city of Glasgow, with your streets so neat and clean,
 Your stateley mansions, and beautiful Green!
 Likewise your beautiful bridges across the River Clyde,
 And on your bonnie banks I would like to reside.

Chorus —

Then away to the west — to the beautiful west!
 To the fair city of Glasgow that I like the best,
 Where the River Clyde rolls on to the sea,
 And the lark and the blackbird whistle with glee.

'Tis beautiful to see the ships passing to and fro,
 Laden with goods for the high and the low;
 So let the beautiful city of Glasgow flourish,
 And may the inhabitants always find food their bodies to nourish.

Chorus

The statue of the Prince of Orange is very grand,
 Looking terror to the foe, with a truncheon in his hand,
 And well mounted on a noble steed, which stands in the Trongate,
 And holding up its foreleg, I'm sure it looks first-rate.

Chorus

Then there's the Duke of Wellington's statue in Royal Exchange Square —
 It is a beautiful statue I without fear declare,
 Besides inspiring and most magnificent to view,
 Because he made the French fly at the battle of Waterloo.

Chorus

And as for the statue of Sir Walter Scott that stands in George Square,
 It is a handsome statue — few with it can compare,

And most elegant to be seen,
And close beside it stands the statue of Her Majesty the Queen.

Chorus

And then there's the statue of Robert Burns in George Square,
And the treatment he received when living was very unfair;
Now, when he's dead, Scotland's sons for him do mourn,
But, alas! unto them he can never return.

Chorus

Then as for Kelvin Grove, it is most lovely to be seen
With its beautiful flowers and trees so green,
And a magnificent water-fountain spouting up very high,
Where the people can quench their thirst when they feel dry.

Chorus

I have mixed with all kinds of people – of low and high degree,
But the most unmannerly people are the people of Dundee.
The fact is they don't know how to treat a poet;
But the Glasgow people does, and I do know it.

Chorus

Beautiful city of Glasgow, I now conclude my muse,
And to write in praise of thee my pen does not refuse;
And, without fear of contradiction, I will venture to say
You are the second grandest city in Scotland at the present day!

Chorus

SAVED BY MUSIC

At on time, in America, many years ago,
Large gray wolves wont to wander to and fro;
And from the farm yards they carried pigs and calves away,
Which they devoured ravenously, without dismay.

But, as the story goes, there was a negro fiddler called old Dick,
Who was invited by a wedding party to give them music,
In the winter time, when the snow lay thick upon the ground,
And the rivers far and near were frozen all around.

So away went Dick to the wedding as fast as he could go,
Walking cautiously along o'er the crisp and crackling snow,
And the path was a narrow one, the greater part of the way
Through a dark forest, which filled his heart with dismay.

And when hurrying onward, not to be late at the festival,
He heard the howl of a wolf, which did his heart appal,
And the howl was answered, and as the howl came near
Poor Old Dick, fiddle in hand, began to shake with fear.

And as the wolves gathered in packs from far and near,
Old Dick in the crackling bushes did them hear,
And they ran along to keep pace with him,
Then poor Dick began to see the danger he was in.

And every few minutes a wolf would rush past him with a snap,
With a snapping sound like the ring of a steel trap,
And the pack of wolves gathered with terrible rapidity,
So that Dick didn't know whether to stand or flee.

And his only chance, he thought, was to keep them at bay
By preserving the greatest steadiness without dismay,
Until he was out of the forest and on open ground,
Where he thought a place of safety might be found.

He remembered an old hut stood in the clearing,
And towards it he was slowly nearing,
And the hope of reaching it urged him on,
But he felt a trifle dispirited and woe-begone.

And the poor fellow's heart with fear gave a bound,
When he saw the wolves' green eyes glaring all around,
And they rushed at him boldly, one after another,
Snapping as they passed, which to him was great bother.

And Dick sounded his fiddle and tried to turn them back,
And the sound caused the wolves to leap back in a crack,
When Dick took to his heels at full run,
But now poor Dick's danger was only begun:

For the wolves pursued him without delay,
But Dick arrived at the hut in great dismay,
And had just time to get on the roof and play,
And at the strains of the music the wolves felt gay.

And for several hours he sat there in pain,
Knowing if he stopped playing the wolves would be at him again,
But the rage of the wolves abated to the subduing strains,
And at last he was rewarded for all his pains:

For the wedding-party began to weary for some music,
And they all came out to look for old Dick,
And on top of the hut they found him fiddling away,
And they released him from his dangerous position without delay.

THE FAMOUS TAY WHALE

'T WAS in the month of December, and in the year 1883,
That a monster whale came to Dundee,
Resolved for a few days to sport and play,
And devour the small fishes in the silvery Tay.

So the monster whale did sport and play
Among the innocent little fishes in the beautiful Tay,
Until he was seen by some men one day,
And they resolved to catch him without delay.

When it came to be known a whale was seen in the Tay,
Some men began to talk and to say,
We must try and catch this monster of a whale,
So come on, brave boys, and never say fail.

Then the people together in crowds did run,
Resolved to capture the whale and to have some fun!
So small boats were launched on the silvery Tay,
While the monster of the deep did sport and play.

Oh! it was a most fearful and beautiful sight,
To see it lashing the water with its tail all its might,
And making the water ascend like a shower of hail,
With one lash of its ugly and mighty tail.

Then the water did descend on the men in the boats,
Which wet their trousers and also their coats;
But it only made them the more determined to catch the whale,
But the whale shook at them his tail.

Then the whale began to puff and to blow,
While the men and the boats after him did go,
Armed well with harpoons for the fray,
Which they fired at him without dismay.

And they laughed and grinned just like wild baboons,
While they fired at him their sharp harpoons:
But when struck with, the harpoons he dived below,
Which filled his pursuers' hearts with woe.

Because they guessed they had lost a prize,
Which caused the tears to well up in their eyes;
And in that their anticipations were only right,
Because he sped on to Stonehaven with all his might:

And was first seen by the crew of a Gourdon fishing boat
Which they thought was a big coble upturned afloat;
But when they drew near they saw it was a whale,
So they resolved to tow it ashore without fail.

So they got a rope from each boat tied round his tail,
And landed their burden at Stonehaven without fail;
And when the people saw it their voices they did raise,
Declaring that the brave fishermen deserved great praise.

And my opinion is that God sent the whale in time of need,
No matter what other people may think or what is their creed;
I know fishermen in general are often very poor,
And God in His goodness sent it drive poverty from their door.

So Mr John Wood has bought it for two hundred and twenty-six pound,
And has brought it to Dundee all safe and all sound;
Which measures 40 feet in length from the snout to the tail,
So I advise the people far and near to see it without fail.

Then hurrah! for the mighty monster whale,
Which has got 17 feet 4 inches from tip to tip of a tail!
Which can be seen for a sixpence or a shilling,
That is to say, if the people all are willing.

THE BATTLE OF EL-TEB

YE sons of Great Britain, I think no shame
To write in praise of brave General Graham!
Whose name will be handed down to posterity without any stigma,
Because, at the battle of El-Teb, he defeated Osman Digna.

With an army about five thousand strong,
To El-Teb, in the year 1884, he marched along,
And bivouacked there for the night;
While around their fires they only thought of the coming fight.

They kept up their fires all the long night,
Which made the encampment appear weird-like to the sight;
While the men were completely soaked with the rain,
But the brave heroes disdained to complain.

The brave heroes were glad when daylight did appear,
And when the reveille was sounded, they gave a hearty cheer
And their fires were piled up higher again,
Then they tried to dry their clothes that were soaked with the rain.

Then breakfast was taken about eight o'clock,
And when over, each man stood in the ranks as firm as a rock,
And every man seemed to be on his guard —
All silent and ready to move forward.

The first movement was a short one from where they lay —
Then they began to advance towards El-Teb without dismay,
And showed that all was in order for the fray,
While every man's heart seemed to feel light and gay.

The enemy's position could be seen in the distance far away
But the brave heroes marched on without delay —
Whilst the enemy's banners floated in the air,
And dark swarms of men were scattered near by there.

Their force was a large one — its front extended over a mile,
And all along the line their guns were all in file;
But as the British advanced, they disappeared,
While our brave kilty lads loudly cheered.

Thus slowly and cautiously brave General Graham proceeded
And to save his men from slaughter, great caution was needed,
Because Osman Digna's force was about ten thousand strong;
But he said, Come on, my brave lads, we'll conquer them ere long!

It was about ten o'clock when they came near the enemy's lines,
And on the morning air could be heard the cheerful chimes
Coming from the pipes of the gallant Black Watch,
Which every ear in the British force was eager to catch.

Then they passed by the enemy about mid-day,
While every Arab seemed to have his gun ready for the fray
When a bullet strikes down General Baker by the way,
But he is soon in the saddle again without delay,

And ready for any service that he could perform;
Whilst the bullets fell around them in a perfect storm
That they had to lie down, but not through fear,
Because the enemy was about 800 yards on their left rear.

Then General Graham addressed his men,
And said, If they won't attack us, we must attack them,
So start to your feet, my lads, and never fear,
And strike up your bagpipes, and give a loud cheer.

So they leapt to their feet, and gave a loud cheer,
While the Arabs swept down upon them without the least fear,
And put aside their rifles, and grasped their spears;
Whilst the British bullets in front of them the earth uphears.

Then the British charged them with their cold steel,
Which made the Arabs backward for to reel;
But they dashed forward again on their ranks without dismay,
But before the terrible fire of their musketry they were swept away.

Oh, God of Heaven! it was a terrible sight
To see, and hear the Arabs shouting with all their might
A fearful oath when they got an inch of cold steel,
Which forced them backwards again and made them reel.

By two o'clock they were fairly beat,
And Osman Digna, the false prophet, was forced to retreat
After three hours of an incessant fight;
But Heaven, 'tis said, defends the right.

And I think he ought to be ashamed of himself;
For I consider he has acted the part of a silly elf,
By thinking to conquer the armies of the Lord
With his foolish and benighted rebel horde.

THE CLEPINGTON CATASTROPHE

'Twas on a Monday morning, and in the year of 1884,
That a fire broke out in Bailie Bradford's store,
Which contained bales of jute and large quantities of waste,
Which the brave firemen ran to extinguish in great haste.

They left their wives that morning without any dread,
Never thinking, at the burning pile, they would be killed dead
By the falling of the rickety and insecure walls;
When I think of it, kind Christians, my heart it appals!

Because it has caused widows and their families to shed briny tears,
For there hasn't been such a destructive fire for many years;
Whereby four brave firemen have perished in the fire,
And for better fathers or husbands no family could desire.

'Twas about five o'clock in the morning the fire did break out,
While one of the workmen was inspecting the premises round about—
Luckily before any one had begun their work for the day—
So he instantly gave the alarm without delay.

At that time only a few persons were gathered on the spot,
But in a few minutes some hundreds were got,
Who came flying in all directions, and in great dismay;
So they help'd to put out the fire without delay.

But the spreading flames, within the second flats, soon began to appear,
Which filled the spectators' hearts with sympathy and fear,
Lest any one should lose their life in the merciless fire,
When they saw it bursting out and ascending higher and higher.

Captain Ramsay, of the Dundee Fire Brigade, was the first to arrive,
And under his directions the men seemed all alive,
For they did their work heroically, with all their might and main,
In the midst of blinding smoke and the burning flame.

As soon as the catastrophe came to be known,
The words, Fire! Fire! from every mouth were blown;
And a cry of despair rang out on the morning air,
When they saw the burning pile with its red fiery glare.

While a dense cloud of smoke seemed to darken the sky,
And the red glaring flame ascended up on high,
Which made the scene appear weird-like around;
While from the spectators was heard a murmuring sound.

But the brave firemen did their duty manfully to the last,
And plied the water on the burning pile, copiously and fast;
But in a moment, without warning, the front wall gave way,
Which filled the people's hearts with horror and dismay:

Because four brave firemen were killed instantaneously on the spot,
Which by the spectators will never be forgot;
While the Fire Fiend laughingly did hiss and roar,
As he viewed their mangled bodies. with the debris covered o'er.

But in the midst of dust and fire they did their duty well,
Aye! in the midst of a shower of bricks falling on them pell-mell,
Until they were compelled to let the water-hose go;
While the blood from their bruised heads and arms did flow.

But brave James Fyffe held on to the hose until the last,
And when found in the debris, the people stood aghast.
When they saw him lying dead, with the hose in his hand,
Their tears for him they couldn't check nor yet command.

Oh, heaven! I must confess it was no joke
To see them struggling in the midst of suffocating smoke,
Each man struggling hard, no doubt, to save his life,
When he thought of his dear children and his wife.

But still the merciless flame shot up higher and higher;
Oh, God! it is terrible and cruel to perish by fire;
Alas! it was saddening and fearful to behold,
When I think of it, kind Christians, it makes my blood run cold.

What makes the death of Fyffe the more distressing,
He was going to be the groomsman at his sister's bridal dressing,
Who was going to be married the next day;
But, alas! the brave hero's life was taken away.

But accidents will happen by land and by sea,
Therefore, to save ourselves from accidents, we needn't try to flee,
For whatsoever God has ordained will come to pass;
For instance, ye may be killed by a stone or a piece of glass.

I hope the Lord will provide for the widows in their distress,
For they are to be pitied, I really must confess;
And I hope the public of Dundee will lend them a helping hand;
To help the widows and the fatherless is God's command.

THE DEATH OF PRINCE LEOPOLD

ALAS! noble Prince Leopold, he is dead!
Who often has his lustre shed:
Especially by singing for the benefit of Esher School,
Which proves he was a wise prince. and no conceited fool.

Methinks I see him on the platform singing the Sands o' Dee,
The generous-hearted Leopold, the good and the free,
Who was manly in his actions, and beloved by his mother;
And in all the family she hasn't got such another.

He was of a delicate constitution all his life,
And he was his mother's favourite, and very kind to his wife,
And he had also a particular liking for his child,
And in his behaviour he was very mild.

Oh! noble-hearted Leopold, most beautiful to see,
Who was wont to fill your audience's hearts with glee,
With your charming songs, and lectures against strong drink:
Britain had nothing else to fear, as far as you could think

A wise prince you were, and well worthy of the name,
And to write in praise of thee I cannot refrain;
Because you were ever ready to defend that which is right,
Both pleasing and righteous in God's eye-sight.

And for the loss of such a prince the people will mourn,
But, alas! unto them he can never more return,
Because sorrow never could revive the dead again,
Therefore to weep for him is all in vain.

'Twas on Saturday the 12th of April, in the year 1884,
He was buried in the royal vault, never to rise more
Until the great and fearful judgment-day,
When the last trump shall sound to summon him away.

When the Duchess of Albany arrived she drove through the Royal Arch,—
 A little before the Seaforth Highlanders set out on the funeral march;
 And she was received with every sympathetic respect,
 Which none of the people present seem'd to neglect.

Then she entered the memorial chapel and stayed a short time,
 And as she viewed her husband's remains it was really sublime,
 While her tears fell fast on the coffin lid without delay,
 Then she took one last fond look, and hurried away.

At half-past ten o'clock the Seaforth Highlanders did appear,
 And every man in the detachment his medals did wear;
 And they carried their side-arms by their side,
 With mournful looks, but full of love and pride.

Then came the Coldstream Guards headed by their band,
 Which made the scene appear imposing and grand;
 Then the musicians drew up in front of the guardroom
 And waited patiently to see the prince laid in the royal tomb.

First in the procession were the servants of His late Royal Highness,
 And next came the servants of the Queen in deep mourning dress,
 And the gentlemen of his household in deep distress,
 Also General Du Pla, who accompanied the remains from Cannes.

The coffin was borne by eight Highlanders of his own regiment,
 And the fellows seemed to be rather discontent
 For the loss of the prince they loved most dear,
 While adown their cheeks stole many a silent tear

Then behind the corpse came the Prince of Wales in field marshal uniform,
 Looking very pale, dejected, careworn, and forlorn;
 Then followed great magnates, all dressed in uniform,
 And last, but not least, the noble Marquis of Lorne.

The scene in George's Chapel was most magnificent to behold,
 The banners of the knights of the garter embroidered with gold;
 Then again it was most touching and lovely to see
 The Seaforth Highlanders' inscription to the Prince's memory:

It was wrought in violets, upon a background of white flowers,
And as they gazed upon it their tears fell in showers;
But the whole assembly were hushed when Her Majesty did appear,
Attired in her deepest mourning, and from her eye there fell a tear.

Her Majesty was unable to stand long, she was overcome with grief,
And when the Highlanders lowered the coffin into the tomb she felt relief;
Then the ceremony closed with singing "Lead, kindly light,"
Then the Queen withdrew in haste from the mournful sight.

Then the Seaforth Highlanders' band played "Lochaber no more,"
While the brave soldiers' hearts felt depressed and sore;
And as homeward they marched they let fall many a tear
For the loss of the virtuous Prince Leopold they loved so dear.

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO

'Twas in the year 1815, and on the 18th day of June,
That British cannon, against the French army, loudly did boom,
Upon the ever memorable bloody field of Waterloo;
Which Napoleon remembered while in St. Helena, and bitterly did rue.

The morning of the 18th was gloomy and cheerless to behold,
But the British soon recovered from the severe cold
That they had endured the previous rainy night;
And each man prepared to burnish his arms for the coming fight.

Then the morning passed in mutual arrangements for battle,
And the French guns, at half-past eleven, loudly did rattle;
And immediately the order for attack was given,
Then the bullets flew like lightning till the Heaven's seemed riven.

The place from which Bonaparte viewed the bloody field
Was the farmhouse of La Belle Alliance, which some protection did yield;
And there he remained for the most part of the day,
Pacing to and fro with his hands behind him in doubtful dismay.

The Duke of Wellington stood upon a bridge behind La Haye,
And viewed the British army in all their grand array,
And where danger threatened most the noble Duke was found
In the midst of shot and shell on every side around.

Hougemont was the key of the Duke of Wellington's position,
A spot that was naturally very strong, and a great acquisition
To the Duke and his staff during the day,
Which the Coldstream Guards held to the last, without dismay.

The French 2nd Corps were principally directed during the day
To carry Hougemont farmhouse without delay;
So the farmhouse in quick succession they did attack,
But the British guns on the heights above soon drove them back.

But still the heavy shot and shells ploughed through the walls;
 Yet the brave Guards resolved to hold the place no matter what befalls;
 And they fought manfully to the last, with courage unshaken,
 Until the tower of Hougemont was in a blaze but still it remained untaken.

By these desperate attacks Napoleon lost ten thousand men,
 And left them weltering in their gore like sheep in a pen;
 And the British lost one thousand men— which wasn't very great,
 Because the great Napoleon met with a crushing defeat.

The advance of Napoleon on the right was really very fine,
 Which was followed by a general onset upon the British line,
 In which three hundred pieces of artillery opened their cannonade;
 But the British artillery played upon them, and great courage displayed.

For ten long hours it was a continued succession of attacks;
 Whilst the British cavalry charged them in all their drawbacks;
 And the courage of the British Army was great in square at Waterloo,
 Because hour after hour they were mowed down in numbers not a few.

At times the temper of the troops had very nearly failed,
 Especially amongst the Irish regiments who angry railed;
 And they cried: "When will we get at them? Show us the way
 That we may avenge the death of our comrades without delay"

"But be steady and cool, my brave lads," was their officers' command,
 While each man was ready to charge with gun in hand;
 Oh, Heaven! if was pitiful to see their comrades lying around,
 Dead and weltering in their gore, and cumbering the ground.

It was a most dreadful sight to behold,
 Heaps upon heaps of dead men lying stiff and cold;
 While the cries of the dying was lamentable to hear;
 And for the loss Of their comrades many a soldier shed a tear.

Men and horses fell on every aide around,
 Whilst heavy cannon shot tore up the ground;
 And musket balls in thousands flew,
 And innocent blood bedewed the field of Waterloo.

Methinks I see the solid British square,
Whilst the shout of the French did rend the air,
As they rush against the square of steel.
Which forced them back and made them reel.

And when a gap was made in that square,
The cry of "Close up! Close up!" did rend the air,
"And charge them with your bayonets, and make them fly!
And Scotland for ever! be the cry."

The French and British closed in solid square,
While the smoke of the heavy cannonade darkened the air;
Then the noble Picton deployed his division into line,
And drove back the enemy in a very short time.

Then Lord Anglesey seized on the moment, and charging with the Greys,
Whilst the Inniskillings burst through everything, which they did always;
Then the French infantry fell in hundreds by the swords of the Dragoons;
Whilst the thundering of the cannonade loudly booms.

And the Eagles of the 45th and 105th were all captured that day,
And upwards of 2000 prisoners, all in grand array;
But, alas! at the head of his division, the noble Picton fell,
While the Highlanders played a lament for him they loved so well.

Then the French cavalry receded from the square they couldn't penetrate,
Still Napoleon thought to weary the British into defeat;
But when he saw his columns driven back in dismay,
He cried, "How beautifully these English fight, but they must give way."

And well did British bravery deserve the proud encomium,
Which their enduring courage drew from the brave Napoleon;
And when the close column of infantry came on the British square,
Then the British gave one loud cheer which did rend the air.

Then the French army pressed forward at Napoleon's command,
Determined, no doubt, to make a bold stand;
Then Wellington cried, "Up Guards and break their ranks through,
And chase the French invaders from off the field of Waterloo!"

Then, in a moment, they were all on their feet,
And they met the French, sword in hand, and made them retreat;
Then Wellington in person directed the attack,
And at every point and turning the French were beaten back.

And the road was choked and encumbered with the dead;
And, unable to stand the charge, the French instantly fled,
And Napoleon's army of yesterday was now a total wreck,
Which the British manfully for ten long hours held in check.

Then, panic-struck, the French were forced to yield,
And Napoleon turned his charger's head, and fled from the field,
With his heart full of woe, no doubt
Exclaiming, "Oh, Heaven! my noble army has met with a total rout!"

THE BATTLE OF FLODDEN FIELD

'T WAS on the 9th of September, a very beautiful day,
That a numerous English army came in grand array,
And pitched their tents on Flodden field so green
In the year of our Lord fifteen hundred and thirteen.

And on the ridge of Braxton hill the Scottish army lay,
All beautifully arrayed, and eager for the fray,
And near by stood their noble king on that eventful day,
With a sad and heavy heart, but in it no dismay.

And around him were his nobles, both in church and state,
And they felt a little dispirited regarding the king's fate;
For the independence of bonnie Scotland was at stake,
And if they lost the battle, many a heart would break.

And as King James viewed the enemy he really wondered,
Because he saw by them he was greatly outnumbered,
And he knew that the struggle would be desperate to the last,
And for Scotland's weal or woe the die was cast.

The silence of the gathered armies was very still
Until some horsemen began to gallop about the brow of the hill,
Then from rank to rank the signal for attack quickly flew,
And each man in haste to his comrade closely drew.

Then the Scottish artillery opened with a fearful cannonade;
But the English army seemed to be not the least afraid,
And they quickly answered them by their cannon on the plain;
While innocent blood did flow, just like a flood of rain.

But the artillery practice very soon did cease,
Then foe met foe foot to foot, and the havoc did increase,
And, with a wild slogan cry, the Highlanders bounded down the hill,
And many of the English vanguard, with their claymores, they did kill.

Then, taken by surprise and the suddenness of the attack,
The vanguard of the English army instantly fell back,
But rallied again immediately– to be beaten back once more,
Whilst beneath the Highlanders' claymores they fell by the score.

But a large body of horsemen came to the rescue,
And the wing of the Scottish army they soon did subdue;
Then swords and spears clashed on every side around,
While the still air was filled with a death-wailing sound.

Then King James thought he'd strike an effective blow-
So he ordered his bodyguard to the plain below,
And all the nobles that were in his train,
To engage the foe hand to hand on that bloody plain.

And to them the din of battle was only a shout of glory:
But for their noble king they felt a little sorry,
Because they knew he was sacrificing a strong position,
Which was to his army a very great acquisition.

But King James was resolved to have his own will,
And he wouldn't allow the English to come up the hill,
Because he thought he wasn't matching himself equally against the foe;
So the nobles agreed to follow their leader for weal or woe.

'Twas then they plunged down into the thick of the fight,
And the king fought like a lion with all his might;
And in his cause he saw his nobles falling on every side around,
While he himself had received a very severe wound.

And the English archers were pouring in their shafts like hail
And swords and spears were shivered against coats of mail,
And the king was manfully engaged contesting every inch of ground,
While the cries of the dying ascended up to heaven with a pitiful sound.

And still around the king the battle fiercely raged,
While his devoted followers were hotly engaged,
And the dead and the dying were piled high all around,
And alas! the brave king had received the second wound.

The Scottish army was composed of men from various northern isles,
Who had travelled, no doubt, hundreds of miles;
And with hunger and fatigue many were like to faint,
But the brave heroes uttered no complaint.

And heroically they fought that day on behalf of their king,
Whilst around him they formed a solid ring;
And the king was the hero of the fight,
Cutting, hacking, and slashing left and right.

But alas! they were not proof against the weapons of the foe,
Which filled their hearts with despair and woe;
And, not able to maintain their close form, they were beaten back,
And Lennox and Argyle, their leaders, were slain, alack!

And the field became so slippery with blood they could scarcely stand,
But in their stocking-feet they fought hand to hand,
And on both sides men fell like wheat before the mower,
While the cheers from both armies made a hideous roar.

Then King James he waved his sword on high,
And cried, "Scotsmen, forward! and make the Saxons fly;
And remember Scotland's independence is at stake,
So charge them boldly for Scotland's sake."

So grooms, lords, and knights fought all alike,
And hard blows for bonnie Scotland they did strike,
And swords and spears loudly did clatter,
And innocent blood did flow like water.

But alas! the king and his nobles fought in vain,
And by an English billman the king was slain;
Then a mighty cheer from the English told Scotland's power had fled,
And King James the Fourth of Scotland, alas! was dead!

THE GREAT FRANCHISE DEMONSTRATION, DUNDEE, 20TH SEPTEMBER 1884

'Twas in the year of 1884, and on Saturday the 20th of September,
Which the inhabitants of Dundee will long remember
The great Liberal Franchise Demonstration,
Which filled their minds with admiration.

Oh! it was a most magnificent display,
To see about 20 or 30 thousand men all in grand array;
And each man with a medal on his breast;
And every man in the procession dressed in his best.

The banners of the processionists were really grand to see-
The like hasn't been seen for a long time in Dundee;
While sweet music from the bands did rend the skies,
And every processionist was resolved to vote for the Franchise.

And as the procession passed along each street,
The spectators did loudly the processionists greet;
As they viewed their beautiful banners waving in the wind,
They declared such a scene would be ever fresh in their mind.

The mustering of the processionists was very grand,
As along the Esplanade each man took his stand,
And as soon as they were marshalled in grand array,
To the Magdalen Green, in haste, they wended their way.

And when they arrived on the Magdalen Green,
I'm sure it was a very beautiful imposing scene-
While the cheers of that vast multitude ascended to the skies,
For the "Grand Old Man," Gladstone, the Hero of the Franchise,

Who has struggled very hard for the people's rights,
Many long years, and many weary nights;

And I think the "Grand Old Man" will gain the Franchise,
And if he does, the people will laud him to the skies.

And his name should be written in letters of gold :
For he is a wise statesman- true and bold-
Who has advocated the people's rights for many long years;
And when he is dead they will thank him with their tears.

For he is the man for the working man,
And without fear of contradiction, deny it who can;
Because he wishes the working man to have a good coat,
And, both in town and country, to have power to vote.

The reason why the Lords won't pass the Franchise Bill :
They fear that it will do themselves some ill;
That is the reason why they wish to throw it out,
Yes, believe me, fellow citizens, that's the cause without doubt.

The emblems and mottoes in the procession, were really grand,
The like hasn't been seen in broad Scotland;
Especially the picture of Gladstone- the nation's hope,
Who is a much cleverer man than Sir John Cope.

There were masons and ploughmen all in a row,
Also tailors, tenters, and blacksmiths, which made a grand show;
Likewise carters and bakers which was most beautiful to be seen,
To see them marching from the Esplanade to the Magdalen Green.

I'm sure it was a most beautiful sight to see,
The like has never been seen before in Dundee;
Such a body of men, and Gladstone at the helm,
Such a sight, I'm sure, 'twould the Lords o'erwhelm.

Oh! it was grand to see that vast crowd,
And to hear the speeches, most eloquent and loud,
That were made by the speakers, regarding the Franchise;
While the spectators applauded them to the skies.

And for the "Grand Old Man" they gave three cheers,
Hoping he would live for many long years;
And when the speeches were ended, the people's hearts were gay,
And they all dispersed quietly to their homes without delay.

WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE

Fellow men! why should the lords try to despise
And prohibit women from having the benefit of the parliamentary
Franchise?

When they pay the same taxes as you and me,
I consider they ought to have the same liberty.

And I consider if they are not allowed the same liberty,
From taxation every one of them should be set free;
And if they are not, it is really very unfair,
And an act of injustice I most solemnly declare.

Women, farmers, have no protection as the law now stands;
And many of them have lost their property and lands,
And have been turned out of their beautiful farms
By the unjust laws of the land and the sheriffs' alarms.

And in my opinion, such treatment is very cruel;
And fair play, 'tis said, is a precious jewel;
But such treatment causes women to fret and to dote,
Because they are deprived of the parliamentary Franchise vote.

In my opinion, what a man pays for he certainly should get;
And if he does not, he will certainly fret;
And why wouldn't women do the very same?
Therefore, to demand the parliamentary Franchise they are not to blame.

Therefore let them gather, and demand the parliamentary Franchise;
And I'm sure no reasonable man will their actions despise,
For trying to obtain the privileges most unjustly withheld from them;
Which Mr. Gladstone will certainly encourage and never condemn.

And as for the working women, many are driven to the point of starvation,
All through the tendency of the legislation;

Besides, upon members of parliament they have no claim
As a deputation, which is a very great shame.

Yes, the Home Secretary of the present day,
Against working women's deputations, has always said- nay;
Because they haven't got the parliamentary Franchise-,
That is the reason why he does them despise.

And that, in my opinion, is really very unjust;
But the time is not far distant, I most earnestly trust,
When women will have a parliamentary vote,
And many of them, I hope, will wear a better petticoat.

And I hope that God will aid them in this enterprise,
And enable them to obtain the parliamentary Franchise;
And rally together, and make a bold stand,
And demand the parliamentary Franchise throughout Scotland.

And do not rest day nor night-
Because your demands are only right
In the eyes of reasonable men, and God's eyesight;
And Heaven, I'm sure, will defend the right.

Therefore go on brave women! and never fear,
Although your case may seem dark and drear,
And put your trust in God, for He is strong;
And ye will gain the parliamentary Franchise before very long.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

WELCOME, sweet Christmas, blest be the morn
 That Christ our Saviour was born!
 Earth's Redeemer, to save us from all danger,
 And, as the Holy Record tells, born in a manger.

Chorus —

Then ring, ring, Christmas bells,
 Till your sweet music o'er the kingdom swells,
 To warn the people to respect the morn
 That Christ their Saviour was born.

The snow was on the ground when Christ was born,
 And the Virgin Mary His mother felt very forlorn
 As she lay in a horse's stall at a roadside inn,
 Till Christ our Saviour was born to free us from sin.

Oh! think of the Virgin Mary as she lay
 In a lowly stable on a bed of hay,
 And angels watching O'er her till Christ was born,
 Therefore all the people should respect Christmas morn.

The way to respect Christmas time
 Is not by drinking whisky or wine,
 But to sing praises to God on Christmas morn,
 The time that Jesus Christ His Son was born;

Whom He sent into the world to save sinners from hell
 And by believing in Him in heaven we'll dwell;
 Then blest be the morn that Christ was born,
 Who can save us from hell, death, and scorn.

Then he warned, and respect the Saviour dear,
 And treat with less respect the New Year,

And respect always the blessed morn
That Christ our Saviour was born.

For each new morn to the Christian is dear,
As well as the morn of the New Year,
And he thanks God for the light of each new morn.
Especially the morn that Christ was born.

Therefore, good people, be warned in time,
And on Christmas morn don't get drunk with wine
But praise God above on Christmas morn,
Who sent His Son to save us from hell and scorn.

There the heavenly babe He lay
In a stall among a lot of hay,
While the Angel Host by Bethlehem
Sang a beautiful and heavenly anthem.

Christmas time ought to be held most dear,
Much more so than the New Year,
Because that's the time that Christ was born,
Therefore respect Christmas morn.

And let the rich be kind to the poor,
And think of the hardships they do endure,
Who are neither clothed nor fed,
And Many without a blanket to their bed.

THE BATTLE OF THE ALMA, FOUGHT IN 1854

'Twas on the heights of Alma the battle began.
But the Russians turned and fled every man;
Because Sir Colin Campbell's Highland Brigade put them to flight,
At the charge of the bayonet, which soon ended the fight.

Sir Colin Campbell he did loudly cry,
Let the Highlanders go forward, they will win or die,
We'll hae nane but Hieland bonnets here,
So forward, my lads, and give one ringing cheer.

Then boldly and quickly they crossed the river,
But not one amongst them with fear did shiver,
And ascended the height, forming quietly on the crest,
While each man seemed anxious to do his best.

The battle was fought by twenty against one,
But the gallant British troops resolved to die to a man,
While the shot was mowing them down and making ugly gaps,
And shells shrieking and whistling and making fearful cracks.

On the heights of Alma it was a critical time,
And to see the Highland Brigade it was really sublime,
To hear the officers shouting to their men,
On lads, I'll show you the way to fight them.

Close up! Close up! Stand firm, my boys,
Now be steady, men, steady and think of our joys;
If we only conquer the Russians this day,
Our fame will be handed down to posterity for ever and aye.

Still forward! Forward! My lads was the cry,
And from the redoubt make them fly;
And at length the Russians had to give way,
And fled from the redoubt in wild dismay.

Still the fate of the battle hung in the balance,
But Sir Colin knew he had still a chance,
But one weak officer in fear loudly shouted,
Let the Guards fall back, or they'll be totally routed.

Then Sir Colin Campbell did make reply,
'Tis better, Sir, that every man of the Guards should die,
And to be found dead on this bloody field,
Than to have it said they fled and were forced to yield.

Then the Coldstreams on the highlanders' right
Now advanced to engage the enemy in the fight,
But then they halted, unable to go forward,
Because the Russians did their progress retard.

But now came the turning point of the battle,
While the Russian guns loudly did rattle;
Then Sir Colin turned to the plumed Highland array,
And in stirring tones to them did say—

Be steady, keep silence, my lads, don't be afraid,
And make me proud of my Highland Brigade;
Then followed the command, sharp and clear,
While the war notes of the 42d bagpipes smote the ear.

The soldiers, though young, were cool and steady,
And to face the enemy they were ever ready,
And still as the bare-kneed line unwavering came on
It caused the Russians to shake and look woebegone.

And now as the din of the fight grew greater,
Fear filled the hearts of the Russian giants in stature,
Because the kilted heroes they fought so well
That they thought they had come from the regions of hell.

Oh! it was a most beautiful and magnificent display
To see the Highland Brigade in their tartan array,
And their tall bending plumes in a long line,
The scene was inspiring and really sublime.

Then, terror-stricken by this terrible advancing line,
The Russians broke down and began to whine,
And they turned round and fled with a moaning cry,
Because they were undone and had to fly.

Then the crisis was past and the victory won,
Which caused Sir Colin Campbell to cry, Well done,
And, raising his hand, gave the signal to cheer,
Which was responded to by hurrahs, loud and clear.

THE BATTLE OF ABU KLEA

YE sons of Mars, come join with me,
And sing in praise of Sir Herbert Stewart's little army,
That made ten thousand Arabs flee
At the charge of the bayonet at Abu Klea.

General Stewart's force was about fifteen hundred all told,
A brave little band, but, like lions bold,
They fought under their brave and heroic commander,
As gallant and as skilful as the great Alexander.

And the nation has every reason to be proud,
And in praise of his little band we cannot speak too loud,
Because that gallant fifteen hundred soon put to flight
Ten thousand Arabs, which was a most beautiful sight.

The enemy kept up a harmless fire all night,
And threw up works on General Stewart's right;
Therefore he tried to draw the enemy on to attack,
But they hesitated, and through fear drew back.

But General Stewart ordered his men forward in square,
All of them on foot, ready to die and to dare;
And he forced the enemy to engage in the fray,
But in a short time they were glad to run away.

But not before they penetrated through the British square,
Which was a critical moment to the British, I declare,
Owing to the great number of the Arabs,
Who rushed against their bayonets and received fearful stabs.

Then all was quiet again until after breakfast,
And when the brave little band had finished their repast,
Then the firing began from the heights on the right,
From the breastworks they had constructed during the night;

By eight o'clock the enemy was of considerable strength,
With their banners waving beautifully and of great length,
And creeping steadily up the grassy road direct to the wells,
But the British soon checked their advance by shot and shells.

At ten o'clock brave General Stewart made a counter-attack,
Resolved to turn the enemy on a different track;
And he ordered his men to form a hollow square,
Placing the Guards in the front, and telling them to prepare.

And on the left was the Mounted Infantry,
Which truly was a magnificent sight to see;
Then the Sussex Regiment was on the right,
And the Heavy Cavalry and Naval Brigade all ready to fight.

Then General Stewart took up a good position on a slope,
Where he guessed the enemy could not with him cope,
Where he knew the rebels must advance,
All up hill and upon open ground, which was his only chance.

Then Captain Norton's battery planted shells amongst the densest mass,
Determined with shot and shell the enemy to harass;
Then came the shock of the rebels against the British square,
While the fiendish shouts of the Arabs did rend the air.

But the steadiness of the Guards, Marines, and Infantry prevailed,
And for the loss of their brother officers they sadly bewailed,
Who fell mortally wounded in the bloody fray,
'Which they will remember for many a long day.

For ten minutes a desperate struggle raged from left to rear
While Gunner Smith saved Lieutenant Guthrie's life without dread or fear;
When all the other gunners had been borne back,
He took up a handspike, and the Arabs he did whack.

The noble hero hard blows did strike,
As he swung round his head the handspike;
He seemed like a destroying angel in the midst of the fight
The way he scattered the Arabs left and right.

Oh! it was an exciting and terrible sight,
To see Colonel Burnaby engaged in the fight:
With sword in hand, fighting with might and main,
Until killed by a spear-thrust in the jugular vein.

A braver soldier ne'er fought on a battle-field,
Death or glory was his motto, rather than yield;
A man of noble stature and manly to behold,
And an honour to his country be it told.

It was not long before every Arab in the square was killed.
And with a dense smoke and dust the air was filled;
General Stewart's horse was shot, and he fell to the ground.
In the midst of shot and shell on every side around.

And when the victory was won they gave three British cheers.
While adown their cheeks flowed many tears
For their fallen comrades that lay weltering in their gore;
Then the square was re-formed, and the battle was o'er.

GENERAL GORDON, THE HERO OF KHARTOUM

ALAS! now o'er the civilised world there hangs a gloom
For brave General Gordon, that was killed in Khartoum,
He was a Christian hero, and a soldier of the Cross,
And to England his death will be a very great loss.

He was very cool in temper, generous and brave,
The friend of the poor, the sick, and the slave;
And many a poor boy he did educate,
And laboured hard to do so early and late.

He was a man that did not care for worldly gear,
Because the living and true God he did fear;
And the hearts of the poor he liked to cheer,
And by his companions in arms he was loved most dear.

He always took the Bible for his guide,
And he liked little boys to walk by his side;
He preferred their company more so than men,
Because he knew there was less guile in them.

And in his conversation he was modest and plain,
Denouncing all pleasures he considered sinful and vain,
And in battle he carried no weapon but a small cane,
Whilst the bullets fell around him like a shower of rain.

He burnt the debtors' books that were imprisoned in Khartoum,
And freed them from a dismal prison gloom,
Those that were imprisoned for debt they couldn't pay,
And sent them rejoicing on their way.

While engaged in the Russian war, in the midst of the fight,
He stood upon a rising ground and viewed them left and right,
But for their shot and shell he didn't care a jot,
While the officers cried, Gordon, come down, or else you'll be shot.

His cane was christened by the soldiers Gordon's wand of victory
And when he waved it the soldiers' hearts were filled with glee
While with voice and gesture he encouraged them in the strife,
And he himself appeared to possess a charmed life.

Once when leading a storming party the soldiers drew back,
But he quickly observed that courage they did lack,
Then he calmly lighted a cigar, and turned cheerfully found,
And the soldiers rushed boldly on with a bound.

And they carried the position without delay,
And the Chinese rebels soon gave way,
Because God was with him during the day,
And with those that trust Him for ever and aye.

He was always willing to conduct meetings for the poor,
Also meat and clothing for them he tried to procure,
And he always had little humorous speeches at command,
And to hear him deliver them it must have been grand.

In military life his equal couldn't he found,
No! if you were to search the wide world around,
And 'tis pitiful to think he has met with such a doom
By a base traitor knave while in Khartoum.

Yes, the black-hearted traitor opened the gates of Khartoum,
And through that the Christian hero has met his doom,
For when the gates were opened the Arabs rushed madly in,
And foully murdered him while they laughingly did grin.

But he defended himself nobly with axe and sword in hand,
But, alas! he was soon overpowered by that savage band,
And his body received a hundred spear wounds and more,
While his murderers exultingly did loudly shriek and roar.

But heaven's will, 'tis said, must be done,
And according to his own opinion his time was come;
But I hope he is now in heaven reaping his reward.
Although his fate on earth was really very hard.

I hope the people will his memory revere,
And take an example from him, and worship God in fear,
And never be too fond of worldly gear,
And walk in General Gordon's footsteps, while they are here.

THE CAPTURE OF LUCKNOW

'Twas near the Begum Kothie the battle began,
Where innocent blood as plentiful as water ran;
The Begum Kothie was a place of honour given to the 93rd,
Which heroically to a man they soon did begird.

And the 4th Punjaub Rifles were their companions in glory,
And are worthy of their names enrolled in story,
Because they performed prodigious wonders in the fight,
By killing and scattering the Sepoys left and right.

The 93rd Highlanders bivouacked in a garden surrounded by mud walls,
Determined to capture the Begum Kothie no matter what befalls–,
A place strongly fortified and of enormous strength,
And protected by strong earthworks of very great length.

And added to these obstacles was the most formidable of all–
A broad deep ditch that ran along the wall,
Which the storming party not even guessed at before;
But this barrier the British soon did climb o'er.

But early the next morning two batteries of Artillery were pounding away,
And the fight went on for the whole day;
And the defenders of the building kept up rattling musketry fire,
And when night fell the British had to retire.

Next day the contest was renewed with better success,
And the 93rd in all their beauty forward did press,
And moved on toward the position without firing a shot,
And under cover of some ruined buildings they instantly got.

And here for a few minutes they kept themselves under cover,
While each man felt more anxious than another
To attack the merciless rebels while it was day,
Because their blood was up and eager for the fray.

Still the enemy kept up a blazing fire at them pell-mell,
 But they fired too high and not a man of them fell;
 And the bullets whistled around them again and again,
 Still on went the unwavering Highlanders with might and main.

But when they reached the ditch they were taken by surprise,
 By the unexpected obstacle right before their eyes;
 But Captain Middleton leapt into the ditch and showed them the way,
 And immediately the whole of the men were after him without delay.

Leith Hay himself was among the first across,
 And gained a footing on the other side without any personal loss;
 And he assisted in helping the rest out of the ditch,
 While the din of war was at the highest pitch.

'Twas then the struggle commenced in terrible earnest:
 While every man was resolved to do his best;
 And the enemy barricaded every entrance so as a single man could only
 pass,
 Determined to make a strong resistance, and the British to harass.

But barrier after barrier soon was passed;
 And the brave men no doubt felt a little harassed,
 But they fought desperately and overturned their foes at every point,
 And put the rebels to flight by shot and bayonet conjoint.

The Sheiks and the Horse Guards behaved right well—
 Because beneath their swords, by the score, the Sepoys fell;
 And their beautiful war steeds did loudly neigh and roar,
 While beneath their hoofs they trampled them all o'er.

And as for John McLeod— the pipe-major of the 93rd,
 He kept sounding his bagpipes and couldn't be stirred—
 Because he remembered his duty in the turmoil,
 And in the battlefield he was never known to recoil.

And as for Major General McBain— he was the hero in the fight;
 He fought heroically— like a lion— with all his might;

And again and again he was met by desperate odds,
But he scattered them around him and made them kiss the sods.

And he killed eleven of the enemy with sword in hand,
Which secured for him the proudest of all honours in the land,
Namely, that coveted honour called the Victoria Cross,
Of which many a deserving hero has known the loss.

And as for brave Hodson– he was a warrior born,
And military uniform did his body adorn;
And his voice could be heard in the battle afar,
Crying– “Come on my boys there is nothing like war!”

But, in a moment, a volley was discharged at him,
And he fell mortally wounded, while the Sepoys did grin;
Then the Highlanders closed with their foes and made them retreat,
And left them not till every rebel lay dead at their feet.

Then Sir Colin Campbell to his men did say,–
“Men, I feel proud that we have captured Lucknow this day;
Therefore strike up the bagpipes and give one hearty cheer,
And enjoy yourselves, my heroes, while ye are here.”

THE REBEL SURPRISE NEAR TAMAI

TWAS on the 22nd of March, in the year 1885,
That the Arabs rushed like a mountain torrent in full drive,
And quickly attacked General McNeill's transport-zereba,
But in a short time they were forced to withdraw.

And in the suddenness of surprise the men were carried away,
Also camels, mules, and horses were thrown into wild disarray,
By thousands of the Arabs that in ambush lay,
But our brave British heroes held the enemy at bay.

There was a multitude of camels heaped upon one another,
Kicking and screaming, while many of them did smother,
Owing to the heavy pressure of the entangled mass,
That were tramping o'er one another as they lay on the grass.

The scene was indescribable, and sickening to behold,
To see the mass of innocent brutes lying stiff and cold,
And the moaning cries of them were pitiful to hear,
Likewise the cries of the dying men that lay wounded in the rear.

Then General McNeill ordered his men to form in solid square,
Whilst deafening shouts and shrieks of animals did tend the air,
And the rush of stampeded camels made a fearful din,
While the Arabs they did yell, and fiendishly did grin.

Then the gallant Marines formed the east side of the square,
While clouds of dust and smoke did darken the air,
And on the west side the Berkshire were engaged in the fight,
Firing steadily and coolly with all their might.

Still camp followers were carried along by the huge animal mass,
And along the face of the zereba 'twas difficult to pass,
Because the mass of brutes swept on in wild dismay,
Which caused the troops to be thrown into disorderly array.

Then Indians and Bluejackets were all mixed together back to back,
And for half-an-hour the fire and din didn't slack;
And none but steady troops could have stood that fearful shock,
Because against overwhelming numbers they stood as firm as a rock.

The Arabs crept among the legs of the animals without any dread,
But by the British bullets many were killed dead,
And left dead on the field and weltering in their gore,
Whilst the dying moans of the camels made a hideous roar.

Then General McNeill to his men did say,
Forward! my lads, and keep them at bay!
Come, make ready, my men, and stand to your arms,
And don't be afraid of war's alarms

So forward! and charge them in front and rear,
And remember you are fighting for your Queen and country dear,
Therefore, charge them with your bayonets, left and right,
And we'll soon put this rebel horde to flight.

Then forward at the bayonet-charge they did rush,
And the rebel horde they soon did crush;
And by the charge of the bayonet they kept them at bay,
And in confusion and terror they all fled away.

The Marines held their own while engaged hand-to-hand,
And the courage they displayed was really very grand;
But it would be unfair to praise one corps more than another,
Because each man fought as if he'd been avenging the death of a brother.

The Berkshire men and the Naval Brigade fought with might and main,
And, thank God! the British have defeated the Arabs again,
And have added fresh laurels to their name,
Which will be enrolled in the book of fame.

'Tis lamentable to think of the horrors of war,
That men must leave their homes and go abroad afar,
To fight for their Queen and country in a foreign land,
Beneath the whirlwind's drifting scorching sand.

But whatsoever God wills must come to pass,
The fall of a sparrow, or a tiny blade of grass;
Also, man must fall at home by His command,
Just equally the same as in a foreign land.

JACK O' THE CUDGEL, PART I

TWAS in the famous town of Windsor, on a fine summer morn,
Where the sign of Windsor Castle did a tavern adorn;
And there sat several soldiers drinking together,
Resolved to make merry in spite of wind or weather.

And old Simon the landlord was at the head of the table,
Cutting slices of beef as quick as he was able;
And one of the soldiers was of rather superior rank,
And on his dress trinkets of gold and silver together did clank.

He was a free companion, but surly and hard,
And a soldier of fortune, and was named Croquard;
And he had all the appearance of his martial calling,
But on this particular morning he was rudely bawling.

So the other soldiers laughed, for their spirits felt gay,
And they applauded his jokes, and let him have his own way,
Because he could command as desperate a gang of men as any in the world,
So many a joke and slur at the soldiers he hurled.

And the mirth increased as the day wore on,
And Croquard didn't seem the least woe-begone;
But, as he was trolling out a very merry song,
A wandering minstrel sat down beside him, and thought it no wrong.

By my troth, shouted Croquard, Come here, minstrel,
And give us a stave of love or war, which is my will:
But the minstrel didn't appear to comply with this request,
And he tried to withdraw, as he thought it was best.

Ho ! didst thou hear me, varlet? then Croquard did cry:
Oh! gentle sir, replied the minstrel, I cannot with your wish comply;
Believe me, I sing best to the ladies at the court,
And, in doing so, find it more profitable sport.

What, varlet! cried Croquard, Dost thou refuse me?
By heaven, proud cur, you shall see
And feel the weight of my hand before you are much older:
Then he instantly sprang up, and seized the minstrel by the shoulder.

Then the youth began to tremble, and seemed terrified to death,
And appeared ready to faint for the want of breath;
While Croquard shook him roughly, just like an ugly whelp,
And he looked from one to another, imploring help

At this moment a youth observed what was going on,
And he cried out to Croquard, Inhuman monster, begone!
Leave the minstrel, thou pig-headed giant, or I'll make you repent,
For thou must know my name is Jack, and I hail from Kent.

Then Croquard relaxed his hold of the minstrel boy,
Which caused the minstrel's heart to leap with joy;
As Jack placed himself before Croquard the giant,
And stood on his guard with a stout oak cudgel defiant.

Then the fist of the giant descended in a crack,
But Jack dealt Croquard a heavy blow upon the back
With his cudgel, so that the giant's hand fell powerless down by his side,
And he cursed and roared with pain, and did Jack deride.

Then the giant tried to draw his sword for to fight,
But Jack danced around him like a young sprite,
And struck him a blow with his cudgel upon the back of the head,
And from the effects of the blow he was nearly killed dead.

Then down sank the carcase of the giant to the ground,
While the soldiers about Jack did quickly gather round;
And Jack cried, Ha! lie thou there overgrown brute,
And defiantly he spurned Croquard's body with his foot.

There, lad, cried Vintner Simon, thou hast shown English spirit to-day,
By chastising yon overbearing giant in a very proper way;
So come, my lad, and drink a flagon of my very best sack,
For you handled your cudgel well, and no courage did lack.

Then no sooner had our hero finished his goblet of sack,
He cried, Go and fetch the minstrel back;
For the giant by this time had fled far away,
Therefore the minstrel's tender heart need not throb with dismay.

Then the minstrel was brought back without delay,
Which made Jack's heart feel light and gay,
And the minstrel thanked Jack for saving him on that eventful day,
So the soldiers drank to Jack's health, and then went away.

And when King Edward III. heard what Jack had done,
He sent for Jack o' the Cudgel, the noble Saxon,
And he made him his page, and Jack uttered not a word,
But he unwillingly gave up the cudgel for the honour of the sword.

THE BATTLE OF ALEXANDRIA OR THE RECONQUEST OF EGYPT

It was on the 21st of March in the year of 1801,
The British were at their posts every man;
And their position was naturally very strong,
And the whole line from sea to lake was about a mile long.

And on the ruins of a Roman Palace, rested the right,
And every man amongst them was eager for the fight,
And the reserve was under the command of Major General Moore,
A hero brave, whose courage was both firm and sure.

And in the valley between the right were the cavalry,
Which was really a most beautiful sight to see;
And the 28th were posted in a redoubt open in the rear,
Determined to hold it to the last without the least fear.

And the Guards and the Inniskillings were eager for the fray,
Also the Gordon Highlanders and Cameron Highlanders in grand array;
Likewise the dismounted Cavalry and the noble Dragoons,
Who never fear'd the cannons shot when it loudly booms.

And between the two armies stretched a sandy plain,
Which the French tried to chase the British off, but it was all in vain,
And a more imposing battle-field seldom has been chosen,
But alack the valour of the French soon got frozen.

Major General Moore was the general officer of the night,
And had galloped off to the left and to the right,
The instant he heard the enemy briskly firing;
He guessed by their firing they had no thought of retiring.

Then a wild broken huzza was heard from the plain below,
And followed by a rattle of musketry from the foe;

Then the French advanced in column with their drums loudly beating,
While their officers cried forward men and no retreating.

Then the colonel of the 58th reserved his fire,
Until the enemy drew near, which was his desire;
Then he ordered his men to attack them from behind the palace wall,
Then he opened fire at thirty yards, which did the enemy appal.

And thus assailed in front, flank and rear,
The French soon began to shake with fear;
Then the 58th charged them with the bayonet, with courage unshaken,
And all the enemy that entered the palace ruins were killed or taken.

Then the French Invincibles, stimulated by liquor and the promise of gold,
Stole silently along the valley with tact and courage bold,
Proceeded by a 6 pounder gun, between the right of the guards,
But brave Lieutenant-Colonel Stewart quickly their progress retards.

Then Colonel Stewart cried to the right wing,
Forward! My lads, and make the valley ring,
And charge them with your bayonets and capture their gun,
And before very long they will be glad to run.

Then loudly grew the din of battle, like to rend the skies,
As Major Stirling's left wing faced, and charged them likewise;
Then the Invincibles maddened by this double attack,
Dashed forward on the palace ruins, but they soon were driven back.

And by the 58th, and Black Watch they were brought to bay, here,
But still they were resolved to sell their lives most dear,
And it was only after 650 of them had fallen in the fray,
That the rest threw down their arms and quickly ran away.

Then unexpected, another great body of the enemy was seen,
With their banners waving in the breeze, most beautiful and green;
And advancing on the left of the redoubt,
But General Moore instantly ordered the Black Watch out.

And he cried, brave Highlanders you are always in the hottest of the fight,
Now make ready for the bayonet charge with all your might;
And remember our country and your forefathers
As soon as the enemy and ye foregather.

Then the Black Watch responded with a loud shout,
And charged them with their bayonets without fear or doubt;
And the French tried hard to stand the charge, but it was all in vain,
And in confusion they all fled across the sandy plain.

Oh! It was a glorious victory, the British gained that day,
But the joy of it, alas! Was unfortunately taken away,
Because Sir Ralph Abercrombie, in the hottest of the fight, was shot,
And for his undaunted bravery, his name will never be forgot.

THE BATTLE OF CRESSY

'T WAS on the 26th of August, the sun was burning hot,
In the year of 1346, which will never be forgot,
Because the famous field of Cressy was slippery and gory,
By the loss of innocent blood which I'll relate in story.

To the field of Cressy boldly King Philip did advance,
Aided by the Bohemian Army and chosen men of France,
And treble the strength of the English Army that day,
But the lance thrusts of the English soon made them give way.

The English Army was under the command of the Prince of Wales,
And with ringing cheers the soldiers his presence gladly hails,
As King Edward spoke to the Prince, his son, and said,
My son put thou thy trust in God and be not afraid,
And he will protect thee in the midst of the fight,
And remember God always defends the right.

Then the Prince knelt on one knee before the King,
Whilst the soldiers gathered round them in a ring;
Then the King commanded that the Prince should be carefully guarded,
And if they were victorious each man would be rewarded.

These arrangements being made, the Prince rode away,
And as he rode past the ranks, his spirits felt gay;
Then he ordered the men to refresh themselves without delay,
And prepare to meet the enemy in the coming deadly fray.

Then contentedly the men seated themselves upon the grass,
And ate and drank to their hearts content, until an hour did pass;
Meanwhile the French troops did advance in disorganised masses,
But as soon as the English saw them they threw aside their glasses.

And they rose and stood in the ranks as solid as the rock,
All ready and eager to receive the enemy's shock;

And as the morning was advancing a little beyond noon,
They all felt anxious for the fight, likewise to know their doom.

Then the French considered they were unable to begin the attack,
And seemed rather inclined for to draw back;
But Count D'Alencon ordered them on to the attack,
Then the rain poured down in torrents and the thunder did crack.

Then forward marched the French with mock shrill cries,
But the English their cries most bravely defies;
And as the sun shone out in all its brilliant array,
The English let fly their arrows at them without the least dismay.

And each man fought hard with sword and lance pell mell,
And the ranks were instantly filled up as soon as a man fell;
And the Count D'Alencon, boldly charged the Black Prince.
And he cried, yield you, Sir Knight, or I'll make you wince,

Ha, by St. George! thou knowest not what thou sayest,
Therefore yield thyself, Sir Frenchman, for like an ass thou brayest;
Then planting his lance he ran at the Count without fear,
And the Count fell beneath the Black Prince's spear.

And the Black Prince and his men fought right manfully,
By this time against some forty thousand of the enemy,
Until the Prince recognised the banner of Bohemia floating in the air;
Then he cried that banner shall be mine, by St. George I do swear.

On! on! for old England, he cried, on! gentlemen on!
And spur your chargers quickly, and after them begone;
Then the foremost, a slight youth, to the Prince did reply,
My Prince, I'll capture that banner for you else I will die.

Ha! cried the Prince, is it thou my gallant Jack of Kent,
Now charge with me my brave lad for thou has been sent
By God, to aid me in the midst of the fight,
So forward, and wield your cudgel with all your might.

Then right into the midst of the Bohemian Knights they fought their way,
Brave Jack o' the Cudgel and the Prince without dismay;
And Jack rushed at the Standard Bearer without any dread,
And struck him a blow with his cudgel which killed him dead.

Then Jack bore off the Standard, to the Prince's delight,
Then the French and the Bohemians instantly took to flight;
And as the last rays of the sun had faded in the west,
The wounded and dying on both sides longed for rest.

And Philip, King of France, was wounded twice in the fray,
And was forced to fly from the field in great dismay;
And John of Hainault cried, come sire, come away,
I hope you will live to win some other day.

Then King Edward and his army, and the Prince his son,
Knelt down and thanked God for the victory won;
And the King's heart was filled with great delight,
And he thanked Jack for capturing the Bohemian Standard during the fight.

A TRIBUTE TO DR. MURISON

Success to the good and skilful Dr Murison,
For golden opinions he has won
From his patients one and all,
And from myself, McGonagall.

He is very skilful and void of pride;
He was so to me when at my bedside,
When I turned badly on the 25th of July,
And was ill with inflammation, and like to die.

He told me at once what was ailing me;
He said I had been writing too much poetry,
And from writing poetry I would have to refrain,
Because I was suffering from inflammation on the brain.

And he has been very good to me in my distress,
Good people of Dundee, I honestly confess,
And to all his patients as well as me
Within the Royal city of Dundee.

He is worthy of the public's support,
And to his shop they should resort
To get his advice one and all;
Believe me on him ye ought to call.

He is very affable in temper and a skilful man,
And to cure all his patients he tries all he can;
And I wish him success for many a long day,
For he has saved me from dying, I venture to say;
The kind treatment I received surpasses all
Is the honest confession of McGonagall.

JACK O' THE CUDGEL, PART II

AFTER the battle of Calais, King Edward returns to fair England,
And he invited his nobles to a banquet most grand,
That the like hadn't been in England for many a day;
And many of the guests invited had come from far away.

The large hall of Windsor Castle was ablaze with light,
And there sat King Edward and his Queen, a most beautiful sight-
To see them seated upon two thrones of burnished gold;
And near the King sat Jack o' the Cudgel, like a warrior bold.

And when the banquet was prepared, King Edward arose,
And said, My honoured guests, I have called you together for a special
purpose!

To celebrate our victories so gloriously achieved in France
By my noble and heroic troops at the charge of the lance.

And now, since the war in France with us is o'er,
And Edward, our son, about to marry the lady he does adore,
The most amiable and lovely Countess of Kent;
Therefore, I hope they will happy live together and never repent.

Then King Edward took the Countess by the hand, and said,
Come, Edward, take your bride by the hand, and don't be afraid;
And do not think, my beloved son, that with you I feel wroth,
Therefore, take the Countess by the hand, and plight your troth.

Then the Prince arose and took the fair Countess by the hand,
As King Edward, his father, had given the royal command;
Then he led the Countess Joan to the foot of the throne,
Then King Edward and his Queen welcomed the Countess to their palatial
home.

Then the Prince unto his father said, I must not forget whatever betide,
That to Sir Jack o' the Cudgel I do owe my bride;

Because he rescued her from the hands of a fierce brigand,
Therefore 'twould be hard to find a braver knight in fair England.

Then a cheer arose, which made the lofty hall to ring,
As Jack advanced towards the throne, on the motion of the King;
Then Jack fell on one knee before King Edward,
Then said the Monarch, Arise, brave youth, and I will thee reward.

Sir Jack, I give thee land to the value of six hundred marks
In thine own native county of Kent, with beautiful parks,
Also beautiful meadows and lovely flowers and trees,
Where you can reside and enjoy yourself as you please.

And remember, when I need your service you will be at my command,
Then Jack o' the Cudgel bowed assent, and kissed King Edward's hand;
Then the Countess Joan took a string of rarest pearls from her hair,
And placed the pearls around Jack's neck, most costly and rare.

Then the tumult became uproarious when Jack received the presentation,
And he thanked the Lady Joan for the handsome donation;
Then all the ladies did loudly cheer, and on Jack smilingly did fan,
And Sir Walter Manny cried aloud, Sir Jack, you are a lucky man.

Then the mirth increased, and louder the applause,
And the Countess Joan asked, after a pause,
Tell me who has gained the love of the Knight o' the Cudgel;
Then Jack replied, My lady, you know her right well.

She is the lovely daughter of noble John of Aire,
Then, replied the Countess, she is a lovely creature, I must declare;
And I hope the choice that you have made won't make you grieve,
Then Jack kissed the Countess's hand, and took his leave.

And he wended his way to his beautiful estate in Kent,
And many a happy day there he spent;
And he married the lovely daughter of John of Aire,
And they lived happy together, and free from all care.

BILL BOWLS THE SAILOR (VERSION I)

'Twas about the beginning of the present century,
Bill Bowls was pressed, and sent to sea;
And conveyed on board the Waterwitch without delay,
Scarce getting time to bid farewell to the villagers of Fairway ·

And once on board the “Waterwitch,” he resolved to do his duty,
And God willing, he'd marry Nelly Blyth, the village beauty;
And he'd fight for Old England, like a jolly British tar,
But he'd think of Nelly Blyth during the war.

The poor fellow little imagined what he had to go through,
But in ail his trials at sea, he never did rue;
No; the brave tar became reconciled to his fate,
And he felt proud of his commander, Captain Ward the great.

And on board the “Waterwitch” was Tom Riggles, his old comrade,
And with such a one as Tom Riggles he seldom felt afraid,
Because the stories they told on board made the time fly away,
And made the hearts of their messmates feel light and gay.

'Twas on a sunny morning, and clear to the view,
Captain Ward the close attention of his men he drew:
Look ! he cried, there's two Frenchmen of war on our right,
Therefore, prepare my men immediately to commence the fight.

Then the “Waterwitch” was steered to the ship most near,
While every man resolved to sell his life most dear;
But the French commander, disinclined to commence the fight,
Ordered his men to put on a press of canvas and take to flight.

But Captain Ward quickly gave the order to fire,
Then Bill Bowls cried, Now we'll get fighting to our heart's desire!
And for an hour and more a running fight was maintained,
Until the two ships of the enemy near upon the “Waterwitch” gained.

Captain Ward walked the deck with a firm tread,
When a shot from the enemy pierced the ship's side above his head;
And with a splinter Bill Bowls was wounded on the left arm,
And he cried, Death to the frog-eaters! they have done me little harm.

Then Captain Ward cried, Fear not, we will win the day,
Now, courage my men, pour in broadsides without delay;
Then they sailed round the "St. Denis" and the "Gloire,"
And in at their cabin windows they poured a deadly fire.

The effect on the two ships was fearful to behold,
But still the Frenchmen stuck to their guns with courage, be it told;
And the crash and din of artillery was deafening to the ear,
And the cries of the wounded men on deck were pitiful to hear.

Then Captain Ward to his men did say,
We must board these French ships without dismay;
Then he seized his cutlass, as he fearlessly spoke,
And jumped on board the "St. Denis" in the midst of the smoke.

Then Bill Bowls and Tom Riggles quickly followed him,
Then hand to hand the battle in earnest did begin;
And the men sprang upon their foes and beat them back,
And they hauled down their colours, and hoisted the Union Jack.

But the men on board the "St. Denis" fought desperately hard,
But, alas! as the "St Denis" was captured, a ball struck Captain Ward
Right on the forehead, and he fell dead with a groan,
And for the death of Captain Ward the sailors did cry and moan.

Then the first lieutenant, who was standing by,
Loudly to the men did cry:
Come men, and carry your noble commander to his cabin below,
But there is one consolation, we have beaten the foe.

And thus fell Captain Ward in the prime of his life,
And I hope he is now in the better land, free from strife:
But, alas! 'tis sad to think he was buried in the mighty deep,
Where too many of our brave seamen do silently sleep.

The "St. Denis" and the "Gloire" were towed to Gibraltar, the nearest port,
But by capturing of them, they felt but little sport,
Because, for the loss of Captain Ward, the men felt woebegone,
Because in bravery, they said, he was next to Admiral Nelson.

BILL BOWLS, THE SAILOR (VERSION II)

Bill Bowls was an amiable gentle youth,
And concerning him I'll relate the truth;
His mother wanted to make him a Tailor,
But Bill's Father said he was cut out for a Sailor.

Dancing bareheaded under heavy rain was his delight,
And wading in ponds and rivers by day and by night;
And he was as full of mischief as an Egg is full of meat,
And tumbling and swimming in deep pools to him was a treat.

His Father was a Mill Wright, and lived near a small lake,
And many a swim in that lake, Bill used to take;
And many a good lesson his good dad gave to him,
To keep always in shoal water till he could swim.

One day he got hold of a very big plank,
And with it he resolved to play some funny prank,
So he launched the plank into the lake,
Crying now I'll have some rare fun and no mistake.

And on the plank he went with a piece of broken paling for an oar,
But suddenly a squall came down on the lake which made him roar,
And threw him on his beam ends into the water,
And the clothes he had on him were drenched every tatter.

'Twas lucky for Bill his Father heard his cries,
And to save poor Bill he instantly flies,
And he leaped into the lake and dragged Bill ashore,
While Bill for help did lustily roar.

Then after that he joined a ship bound for China,
With a pair of light breeches and his heart full of glee,
His heart soon became less bouyant
When he discovered his captain was a great tyrant.

One evening as Bill stood talking to the steersman,
And the weather at the time was very calm;
Tom Riggles said, Bill we're going to have dirty weather,
But with the help of God, we'll weather it together.

That night the Captain stood holding to on the shrouds,
While scudding across the sky were thick angry clouds
And the ship was running unsteady before the wind,
And the Captain was drunk must be borne in mind.

Then a cry is heard which might have chilled the stoutest heart,
Which caused every man on board with fear to start;
Oh! heavens, rocks ahead, shouted the mate, above the gale,
While every face on board turned ghastly pale.

Then, port! port! hard-a-port! shouted the men
All over the ship, from bow to stern,
And the order was repeated by the mate
Who sprang to the wheel, fearlessly resigned to his fate.

At last a heavy wave struck the ship with a terrible dash,
Which made every plank quiver and give way with a crash,
While wave on the back of wave struck her with fearful shocks,
Until at last she was lifted up and cast on the rugged rocks.

Oh! heaven, it must have been an awful sight,
To witness in the dusky moon-light;
Men clinging to the rigging with all their might,
And others trying to put the ship all right.

Then the wind it blew a terrific blast,
Which tore the rigging away and the missen-mast;
And the big waves lashed her furiously,
And the Captain was swept with the wreck into the sea.

Then every man struggled manfully to gain the shore,
While the storm fiend did loudly laugh and roar,
But alas! They all perished but Tom Riggles and Bill Bowsls,
And they were cast on a rocky islet where on the tempest howls

And they lived on shell fish while they were there,
Until one day they began to despair,
But thank God they espied a vessel near at hand,
And they were taken on board and landed safe in fair England.

A NEW TEMPERANCE POEM, IN MEMORY OF MY DEPARTED PARENTS, WHO WERE SOBER LIVING & GOD FEARING PEOPLE

My parents were sober living, and often did pray
For their family to abstain from intoxicating drink alway;
Because they knew it would lead them astray
Which no God fearing man will dare to gainsay.

Some people do say that God made strong drink,
But he is not so cruel I think;
To lay a stumbling block in his children's way,
And then punish them for going astray.

No! God has more love for his children, than mere man.
To make strong drink their souls to damn;
His love is more boundless than mere man's by far,
And to say not it would be an unequal par.

A man that truly loves his family wont allow them to drink,
Because he knows seldom about God they will think,
Besides he knows it will destroy their intellect,
And cause them to hold their parents in disrespect.

Strong drink makes the people commit all sorts of evil,
And must have been made by the Devil
For to make them quarrel, murder, steal, and fight,
And prevent them from doing what is right.

The Devil delights in leading the people astray,
So that he may fill his kingdom with them without delay;
It is the greatest pleasure he can really find,
To be the enemy of all mankind.

The Devil delights in breeding family strife,
Especially betwixt man and wife;
And if the husband comes home drunk at night,
He laughs and crys, ha! ha! what a beautiful sight.

And if the husband asks his supper when he comes in,
The poor wife must instantly find it for him;
And if she cannot find it, he will curse and frown,
And very likely knock his loving wife down.

Then the children will scream aloud,
And the Devil no doubt will feel very proud,
If he can get the children to leave their own fireside,
And to tell their drunken father, they won't with him reside.

Strong drink will cause the gambler to rob and kill his brother,
Aye! also his father and his mother,
All for the sake of getting money to gamble,
Likewise to drink, cheat, and wrangle.

And when the burglar wants to do his work very handy,
He plies himself with a glass of Whisky, Rum, or Brandy,
To give himself courage to rob and kill,
And innocent people's blood to spill.

Whereas if he couldn't get Whisky, Rum, or Brandy,
He wouldn't do his work so handy;
Therefore, in that respect let strong drink be abolished in time,
And that will cause a great decrease in crime.

Therefore, for this sufficient reason remove it from society,
For seldom burglary is committed in a state of sobriety;
And I earnestly entreat ye all to join with heart and hand,
And to help to chase away the Demon drink from bonnie Scotland.

I beseech ye all to kneel down and pray,
And implore God to take it away;
Then this world would be a heaven, whereas it is a hell,
And the people would have more peace in it to dwell.

THE WRECK OF THE BARQUE “LYNTON”, WHILE BOUND FOR ASPINWALL, HAVING ON BOARD 1000 TONS OF COAL

A sad tale of the sea, I will unfold,
About Mrs Lingard, that Heroine bold;
Who struggled hard in the midst of the hurricane wild,
To save herself from being drowned, and her darling child.

'Twas on the 8th of September, the Barque “Lynton” sailed for Aspinwall,
And the crew on board, numbered thirteen in all;
And the weather at the time, was really very fine,
On the morning that the ill-fated vessel left the Tyne.

And on the 19th of November, they hove in sight of Aspinwall,
But little did they think there was going to be a squall;
When all on a sudden, the sea came rolling in,
And a sound was heard in the heavens, of a rather peculiar din.

Then the vivid lightning played around them, and the thunder did roar,
And the rain came pouring down, and lashed the barque all o'er;
Then the Captain's Wife and Children were ordered below,
And every one on board began to run to and fro.

Then the hurricane in all its fury, burst upon them,
And the sea in its madness, washed the deck from stem to stem;
And the rain poured in torrents, and the waves seemed mountains high,
Then all on board the barque, to God for help, did loudly cry.

And still the wind blew furiously, and the darkness was intense,
Which filled the hearts of the crew with great suspense,
Then the ill-fated vessel struck, and began to settle down,
Then the poor creatures cried. God save us, or else we'll drown!

Then Mrs Lingard snatched to her breast, her darling child,
While loudly roared the thunder, and the hurricane wild;
And she cried, oh! God of heaven, save me and my darling child,
Or else we'll perish in the hurricane wild.

'Twas then the vessel turned right over, and they were immersed in the sea,
Still the poor souls struggled hard to save their lives, most heroically;
And everyone succeeded in catching hold of the keel garboard streak,
While with cold and fright, their hearts were like to break.

Not a word or a shriek came from Mrs Lingard, the Captain's wife,
While she pressed her child to her bosom, as dear she loved her life;
Still the water dashed over them again and again,
And about one o'clock, the boy, Hall, began to complain.

Then Mrs Lingard put his cold hands into her bosom,
To warm them because with cold he was almost frozen,
And at the same time clasping her child Hilda to her breast,
While the poor boy Hall closely to her prest.

And there the poor creatures lay huddled together with fear,
And the weary night seemed to them more like a year,
And they saw the natives kindling fires on the shore,
To frighten wild animals away, that had begun to roar.

Still the big waves broke over them, which caused them to exclaim,
Oh! God, do thou save us for we are suffering pain;
But, alas, the prayers they uttered were all in vain,
Because the boy Hall and Jonson were swept from the wreck and never rose
again.

Then bit by bit the vessel broke up, and Norberg was swept away,
Which filled the rest of the survivors hearts with great dismay;
But at length the longed for morning dawned at last,
Still with hair streaming in the wind, Mrs Lingard to the wreck held fast.

Then Captain Lingard still held on with Lucy in his arms,
Endeavouring to pacify the child from the storms alarms;

And at last the poor child's spirits began to sink,
And she cried in pitiful accents, papa! papa! give me a drink.

And in blank amazement the Captain looked all round about,
And he cried Lucy dear I cannot find you a drink I doubt,
Unless my child God sends it to you,
Then he sank crying Lucy, my dear child, and wife, adieu! adieu!

'Twas then a big wave swept Lucy and the Carpenter away,
Which filled Mrs Lingard's heart with great dismay,
And she cried Mr Jonson my dear husband and child are gone,
But still she held to the wreck while the big waves rolled on.

For about 38 hours they suffered on the wreck,
At length they saw a little boat which seemed like a speck,
Making towards them on the top of a wave,
Buffetting with the billows fearlessly and brave.

And when the boat to them drew near,
Poor souls they gave a feeble cheer,
While the hurricane blew loud and wild,
Yet the crew succeeded in saving Mrs Lingard and her child.

Also, the Steward and two sailors named Christophers and Eversen,
Able-bodied and expert brave seamen.
And they were all taken to a French Doctor's and attended to,
And they caught the yellow fever, but the Lord brought them through.

And on the 6th of December they embarked on board the ship Moselle,
All in high spirits, and in health very well,
And arrived at Southampton on the 29th of December,
A day which the survivors will long remember.

THE WRECK OF THE "COLUMBINE"

Kind Christians, all pay attention to me,
And Miss Mouat's sufferings I'll relate to ye;
While on board the Columbine, on the merciless sea,
Tossing about in the darkness of night in the storm helplessly.

She left her home (Scatness), on Saturday morning, bound for Lerwick,
Thinking to get cured by a man she knew, as she was very sick;
But for eight days she was tossed about on the stormy main,
By a severe storm of wind, hail, and rain.

The waves washed o'er the little craft, and the wind loudly roared,
And the Skipper, by a big wave, was washed overboard;
Then the crew launched the small boat on the stormy main,
Thinking to rescue the Skipper, but it was all in vain.

Nevertheless, the crew struggled hard his life to save,
But alas! the Skipper sank, and found a watery grave;
And the white crested waves madly did roar,
Still the crew, thank God, landed safe on shore.

As soon as Miss Mouat found she was alone,
Her mind became absorbed about her friends at home;
As her terrible situation presented itself to her mind,
And her native place being quickly left far behind.

And as the big waves lashed the deck with fearful shocks,
Miss Mouat thought the vessel had struck upon a reef of rocks;
And she thought the crew had gone to get help from land,
While she held to a rope fastened to the cabin roof by her right hand.

And there the poor creature was in danger of being thrown to the floor,
Whilst the heavy showers of spray were blown against the cabin door,
And the loosened sail was reduced to tatters and flapping with the wind,
And the noise thereof caused strange fears to arise in her mind.

And after some hours of darkness had set in,
The table capsized with a lurch of the sea which made a fearful din,
Which helped to put the poor creature in a terrible fright,
To hear the drawers of the table rolling about all the night.

And there the noble heroine sat looking very woe-begone,
With hands uplifted to God making her moan,
Praying to God above to send her relief,
While in frantic screams she gave vent to her pent up grief.

And loud and earnestly to God the noble heroine did cry,
And the poor invalid's bosom heaved many a sigh;
Oh! heaven, hard was the fate of this woman of sixty years of age,
Tossing about on the briny deep, while the storm fiend did rage.

Oh! think of the poor soul crouched in the cabin below,
With her heart full of fear, cold, hunger, and woe,
And the pitiless storm of rain, hail, and snow,
Tossing about her tiny craft to and fro.

And when the morning came she felt very sick,
And she expected the voyage would be about three hours to Lerwick,
And her stock of provisions was but very small,
Only two half-penny biscuits and a quart bottle of milk in all

Still the heavy snow kept falling, and the sky was obscured,
And on Sabbath morning she made her first meal on board,
And this she confined to a little drop of milk and half a biscuit,
Which she wisely considered was most fit.

And to the rope fastened to the cabin roof she still held on
Until her hands began to blister, and she felt woe-begone,
But by standing on a chest she could look out of the hatchway,
And spend a little time in casting her eyes o'er the sea each day.

When Wednesday morning came the weather was very fine,
And the sun in the heavens brightly did shine,
And continued so all the live long day;
Then Miss Mouat guessed that land to the norward lay.

Then the poor creature sat down to her last meal on board,
And with heartfelt thanks she praised the Lord;
But when Thursday morning came no more food could be had,
Then she mounted a box about seven o'clock while her heart felt sad.

And she took her usual gaze o'er the sea with a wistful eye,
Hoping that some passing vessel she might descry,
And to the westward she espied a bright red light,
But as the little craft passed on it vanished from her sight.

But alas; no vessel could she see around anywhere,
And at last the poor soul began to despair,
And there the lonely woman sat looking out to the heavens above,
Praying to God for succour with her heart full of love.

At last the Columbine began to strike on submerged rocks,
And with the rise and fall of the sea she received some dreadful shocks,
And notwithstanding that the vessel was still rolling among the rocks,
Still the noble heroine contrived once more to raise herself upon the box.

Still the Columbine sped on, and ran upon a shingly beach,
And at last the Island of Lepsoe, Miss Mouat did reach,
And she was kindly treated by the inhabitants in every way that's grand,
And conveyed to Aalesund and there taking steamer to fair England.

THE WRECK OF THE BARQUE “WM. PATERSON” OF LIVERPOOL

Ye landsmen all attend my verse, and I'll tell to ye a tale
Concerning the barque “Wm. Paterson” that was lost in a tempestuous gale;
She was on a voyage from Bangkok to the Clyde with a cargo of Teakwood,
And the crew numbered fifteen in all of seamen firm and good.

'Twas on the 11th of March, when a violent gale from the southward broke
out,
And for nine days during tempestuous weather their ship was tossed about
By the angry sea, and the barque she sprang a leak,
Still the crew wrought at the pumps till their hearts were like to break.

And the pumps were kept constantly going for fourteen long hours,
And the poor men were drenched to the skin with sea spray showers;
Still they wrought at the pumps till they became rather clogged
Until at last the barque became thoroughly water-logged.

Oh! hard was the fate of these brave men,
While the water did rush in from stern to stem,
Poor souls, 'twas enough to have driven them frantic,
To be drifting about water-logged in the Atlantic.

At last she became unmanageable and her masts had to be cut away,
Which the brave crew performed quickly without delay;
Still gales of more or less violence prevailed every day,
Whilst the big waves kept dashing o'er them, likewise the spray.

And with the fearful hurricane the deckhouse and galley were carried away,
Yet the thought of a speedy deliverance kept up their courage day by day,
And the captain prepared for the breaking up of the ship without dismay,
And to save his rations he reduced each man to two biscuits a day.

The brave heroes managed to save a pinnace about fifteen feet long,
And into it thirteen of the crew quickly and cautiously did throng,

With two bags of biscuits and a cask of water out of the tank.
And for these precious mercies, God they did thank;

Who is the giver of all good things,
And to those that put their trust in him often succour brings
And such has been the case with these brave men at sea,
That sent Captain McMullan to save them and bring them to Dundee.

When once into the pinnace they improvised a sail into a tent,
Which to the crew some little shelter lent;
Still every day they were drifting towards the coast of Greenland,
Yet they hoped in God that speedy deliverance might be near at hand.

And as every day passed by they felt woe begone,
Because no sail could they see on the horizon;
And they constructed a sea anchor to keep the boat's head to sea,
And not withstanding their hardships they stood out bravely.

And on the 19th of March a ship hove in sight,
Which proved to be the "Slieve Roe" to their delight;
Then they hoisted a signal of distress when they espied the "Slieve Roe,"
But it was not seen on account of the wreck being in the water so low.

But as soon as Captain McMullan knew it was a signal of distress,
Then heroically and quickly his men he did address,
He cried! come my men keep the ship close to the wind,
And let's try if we can these unfortunate souls find.

And as the "Slieve Roe" to them drew near,
Poor souls they gave a hearty cheer;
Then they were immediately taken on board,
And they thanked Captain McMullan for saving them, likewise the Lord.

Then a crew from the "Slieve Roe" were sent away,
For the two remaining members of the crew without delay;
The Captain and a Sailor, together with a cat and a pet dog,
Which had been the companions of the sailors, and seemed as frisky as a frog.

And when they had all got safe on board,
With one accord they thanked the Lord;
And Captain McMullan kindly did them treat,
By giving them dry clothing and plenty of meat.

And for his kind treatment unto them he deserves great praise,
For his many manly and kindly ways,
By saving so many lives during the time he has been at sea,
And in particular for fetching the "Wm. Paterson" safe to
Dundee.

A TALE OF THE SEA

A PATHETIC tale of the sea I will unfold,
 Enough to make one's blood run cold;
 Concerning four fishermen cast adrift in a dory.
 As I've been told I'll relate the story.

T'was on the 8th April on the afternoon of that day
 That the village of Louisburg was thrown into a wild state or dismay,

And the villagers flew to the beach in a state of wild uproar
 And in a dory they found four men were cast ashore.
 Then the villagers, in surprise assembled about the dory,
 And they found that the bottom of the boat was gory;
 Then their hearts were seized with sudden dread,
 when they discovered that two of the men were dead.

And the two survivors were exhausted from exposure, hunger, and cold,
 Which used the spectators to shudder when them they did behold;
 And with hunger the poor men couldn't stand on their feet,
 They felt so weakly on their legs for want of meat.

They were carried to a boarding-house without delay,
 But those that were looking on were stricken with dismay,
 When the remains of James and Angus McDonald were found in the boat,
 Likewise three pieces of flesh in a pool of blood afloat.

Angus McDonald's right arm was missing from the elbow,
 and the throat was cut in a sickening manner which filled the villagers hearts
 with woe,
 Especially when they saw two pieces of flesh had been cut from each thigh,
 'Twas then the kind-hearted villagers did murmur and sigh.

Angus McDonald must have felt the pangs of hunger before he did try
 to cut two pieces of fiesh from James McDonald's thigh,
 But, Oh heaven! the pangs of hunger are very hard to thole,
 And anything that's eatable is precious unto an hungry soul.

Alas it is most pitiful and horrible to think
 That with hunger christians will each other's blood drink
 And eat each other's flesh to save themselves from starvation;
 But the pangs or hunger makes them mad, and drives them to desperation.

An old American soldier that had passed through the Civil War,
 Declared the scene surpassed anything he's seen by far,
 And at the sight, the crowd in horror turned away,
 which no doubt they will remember for many a day.

Colin Chisholm, one of the survivors was looking very pale,
 Stretched on a sofa at the boarding-house, making his wail:
 Poor fellow! his feet was greatly swollen, and with a melancholy air,
 He gave the following account of the distressing affair:

We belonged to the American fishing schooner named "Cicely",
 And our captain was a brave man, called McKenzie;
 And the vessel had fourteen hands altogether
 And during the passage we had favourable weather.

'Twas on March the 17th we sailed from Gloucester on the Wednesday
 And all our hearts felt buoyant and gay;
 And we arrived on the Western banks on the succeeding Tuesday,
 While the time unto us seemed to pass merrily away.

About eight O'clock in the morning, we left the vessel in a dory,
 And I hope all kind christians will take heed to my story;
 Well, while we were at our work, the sky began to frown,
 And with a dense fog we were suddenly shut down

Then we hunted and shouted, and every nerve did strain,
 Thinking to find our schooner but, alas! it was all in vain:
 Because the thick fog hid the vessel from our view,
 And to keep ourselves warm we closely to each other drew.

We had not one drop of water , nor provisions of any kind,
 Which, alas soon began to tell on our mind;
 Especially upon James McDonald who was very thinly clad,
 And with the cold and hunger he felt almost mad.

And looking from the stern where he was lying,
he said Good bye, mates, Oh! I am dying!
Poor fellow we kept his body thinking the rest of us would be saved,
Then, with hunger, Angus McDonald began to cry and madly raved.

And he cried, Oh, God! send us some kind of meat,
Because I'm resolved to have something to eat;
Oh! do not let us starve on the briny flood
Or else I will drink of poor Jim's blood.

Then he suddenly seized his knife and cut off poor Jim's arm,
Not thinking in his madness he'd done any harm;
Then poor Jim's blood he did drink and his flesh did eat,
Declaring that the blood tasted like cream, and was a treat.

Then he asked me to taste it, saying It was good without doubt,
Then I tasted it, but in disgust I instantly spat it out;
Saying, if I was to die within an hour on the briny flood,
I would neither eat the flesh nor drink the blood.

Then in the afternoon again he turned to me,
Saying, I'm going to cut Jim's throat for more blood d'ye see;
Then I begged of him, for God's sake not to cut the throat of poor Jim,
But he cried, Ha! ha! to save my own life I consider it no sin.

I tried to prevent him but he struck me without dismay
And cut poor Jim's throat in defiance of me, or all I could say,
Also a piece of flesh from each thigh, and began to eat away,
But poor fellow he sickened about noon, and died on the Sunday.

Now it is all over and I will thank all my life,
Who has preserved me and my mate, McEachern, in the midst of danger and
strife;
And I hope that all landsmen of low and high degree,
Will think of the hardships of poor mariners while at sea.

GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS

GREENLAND'S icy mountains are fascinating and grand,
And wondrously created by the Almighty's command;
And the works of the Almighty there's few can understand:
Who knows but it might be a part of Fairyland?

Because there are churches of ice, and houses glittering like glass,
And for scenic grandeur there's nothing can it surpass,
Besides there's monuments and spires, also ruins,
Which serve for a safe retreat from the wild bruins.

And there's icy crags and precipices, also beautiful waterfalls,
And as the stranger gazes thereon, his heart it appals
With a mixture of wonder, fear, and delight,
Till at last he exclaims, Oh! what a wonderful sight!

The icy mountains they're higher than a brig's topmast,
And the stranger in amazement stands aghast
As he beholds the water flowing off the melted ice
Adown the mountain sides, that he cries out, Oh! how nice!

Such sights as these are truly magnificent to be seen,
Only that the mountain tops are white instead of green,
And rents and caverns in them, the same as on a rugged mountain side,
And suitable places, in my opinion, for mermaids to reside.

Sometimes these icy mountains suddenly topple o'er
With a wild and rumbling hollow-starting roar;
And new peaks and cliffs rise up out of the sea,
While great cataracts of uplifted brine pour down furiously.

And those that can witness such an awful sight
Can only gaze thereon in solemn silence and delight,
And the most Godfearless man that hath this region trod
Would be forced to recognise the power and majesty of God.

Oh! how awful and grand it must be on a sunshiny day
 To see one of these icy mountains in pieces give way!
 While, crack after crack, it falls with a mighty crash
 Flat upon the sea with a fearful splash.

And in the breaking up of these mountains they roar like thunder,
 Which causes the stranger no doubt to wonder;
 Also the Esquimaux of Greenland betimes will stand
 And gaze on the wondrous work of the Almighty so grand.

When these icy mountains are falling, the report is like big guns,
 And the glittering brilliancy of them causes mock-suns,
 And around them there's connected a beautiful ring of light,
 And as the stranger looks thereon, it fills his heart with delight.

Oh! think on the danger of seafaring men
 If any of these mighty mountains where falling on them;
 Alas! they would be killed ere the hand of man could them save
 And, poor creatures, very likely find a watery grave!

'Tis most beautiful to see and hear the whales whistling and blowing,
 And the sailors in their small boats quickly after them rowing,
 While the whales keep lashing the water all their might
 With their mighty tails, left and right.

In winter there's no sunlight there night or day,
 Which, no doubt, will cause the time to pass tediously away,
 And cause the Esquimaux to long for the light of day,
 So as they will get basking themselves in the sun's bright array.

In summer there is perpetual sunlight,
 Which fill the Esquimaux's hearts with delight;
 And is seen every day and night in the blue sky,
 Which makes the scenery appear most beautiful to the eye.

During summer and winter there the land is covered with snow,
 Which sometimes must fill the Esquimaux' hearts with woe
 As they traverse fields of ice, ten or fifteen feet thick,
 And with cold, no doubt, their hearts will be touched to the quick.

And let those that read or hear this feel thankful to God
That the icy fields of Greenland they have never trod;
Especially while seated around the fireside on a cold winter night,
Let them think of the cold and hardships Greenland sailors have to fight.

OBAN

OH! beautiful Oban with your lovely bay,
 Your surroundings are magnificent on a fine summer-day;
 There the lover of the picturesque can behold,
 As the sun goes down, the scenery glittering like gold.

And on a calm evening, behind the village let him climb the hill,
 And as he watches the sun go down, with delight his heart will fill
 As he beholds the sun casting a golden track across the sea,
 Clothing the dark mountains of Mull with crimson brilliancy.

And on a sunny morning 'tis delightful to saunter up the Dunstaffnage road,
 Where the green trees spread out their branches so broad;
 And as you pass the Lovers' Loan your spirits feel gay
 As you see the leaflet float lightly on the sunny pathway.

And when you reach the little gate on the right hand,
 Then turn and feast your eyes on the scene most grand,
 And there you will see the top of Balloch-an-Righ to your right,
 Until at last you will exclaim, Oh! what a beautiful sight!

And your mind with wonder it must fill
 As you follow the road a couple of miles further, till
 You can see Bennefure Loch on the left hand,
 And the Castle of Dunstaffnage most ancient and grand.

Then go and see the waters of Loch Etive leaping and thundering
 And flashing o'er the reef, splashing and dundering,
 Just as they did when Ossian and Fingal watched them from the shore,
 And, no doubt, they have felt delighted by the rapids' thundering roar.

Then there's Ganevan with its sparkling bay,
 And its crescent of silver sand glittering in the sun's bright array,
 And Dunolly's quiet shores where sea crabs abide,
 And its beautiful little pools left behind by the tide.

Then take a sail across to Kerrera some day,
And see Gylen Castle with its wild-strewn shore and bay,
With its gigantic walls and towers of rocks
Shivered into ghastly shapes by the big waves' thundering shocks.

Then wander up Glen Crootyen, past the old village churchyard,
And as you pass, for the dead have some regard;
For it is the road we've all to go,
Sooner or later, both the high and the low!

And as you return by the side of the merry little stream,
That comes trotting down the glen most charming to be seen,
Sometimes wimpling along between heather banks,
And slipping coyly away to hide itself in its merry pranks.

Then on some pleasant evening walk up the Glen Shellach road,
Where numberless sheep the green hillside often have trod,
And there's a little farmhouse nestling amongst the trees,
And its hazel woods climbing up the brae, shaking in the breeze.

And Loch Avoulyen lies like a silver sea with its forests green,
With its fields of rushes and headlands most enchanting to be seen,
And on the water, like a barge anchored by some dreamland shore,
There wild fowls sit, mirrored, by the score.

And this is beautiful Oban, where the tourist seldom stays above a night,
A place that fills the lover of the picturesque with delight;
And let all the people that to Oban go
View it in its native loveliness, and it will drive away all woe.

Oh! beautiful Oban, with your silvery bay,
'Tis amongst your Highland scenery I'd like to stray
During the livelong summer-day,
And feast my eyes on your beautiful scenery, enchanting and gay.

LOCH KATRINE

BEAUTIFUL Loch Katrine in all thy majesty so grand,
Oh! how charming and fascinating is thy silver strand!
Thou certainly art most lovely, and worthy to be seen,
Especially thy beautiful bay and shrubberies green.

Then away to Loch Katrine in the summer time,
And feast on its scenery most lovely and sublime;
There's no other scene can surpass in fair Scotland,
It's surrounded by mountains and trees most grand.

And as I gaze upon it, let me pause and think,
How many people in Glasgow of its water drink,
That's conveyed to them in pipes from its placid lake,
And are glad to get its water their thirst to slake.

Then away to Loch Katrine in the summer time,
And feast on its scenery most lovely and sublime;
There's no other scene can surpass in fair Scotland,
It's surrounded by mountains and trees most grand.

The mountains on either side of it are beautiful to be seen,
Likewise the steamers sailing on it with their clouds of steam:
And their shadows on its crystal waters as they pass along,
Is enough to make the tourist burst into song.

Then away to Loch Katrine in the summer time,
And feast on its scenery most lovely and sublime;
There's no other scene can surpass in fair Scotland,
It's surrounded by mountains and trees most grand.

'Tis beautiful to see its tiny wimpling rills,
And the placid Loch in the hollow of a circle of hills,
Glittering like silver in the sun's bright array,
Also many a promontory, little creek, and bay.

Then away to Loch Katrine in the summer time,
And feast on its scenery most lovely and sublime;
There's no other scene can surpass in fair Scotland,
It's surrounded by mountains and trees most grand.

Then to the east there's the finely wooded Ellen's Isle,
There the tourist can the tedious hours beguile,
As he gazes on its white gravelled beautiful bay,
It will help to drive dull care away.

Then away to Loch Katrine in the summer time,
And feast on its scenery most lovely and sublime;
There's no other scene can surpass in fair Scotland,
It's surrounded by mountains and trees most grand.

The mountains Ben-An and Ben-Venue are really very grand
Likewise the famous and clear silver strand;
Where the bold Rob Roy spent many a happy day,
With his faithful wife, near by its silvery bay.

Then away to Loch Katrine in the summer time,
And feast on its scenery most lovely and sublime;
There's no other scene can surpass in fair Scotland,
It's surrounded by mountains and trees most grand.

YOUNG MUNRO THE SAILOR

TWAS on a sunny morning in the month of May,
 I met a pretty damsel on the banks o' the Tay;
 I said, My charming fair one, come tell to me I pray,
 Why do you walk alone on the banks o' the Tay.

She said, Kind sir, pity me, for I am in great woe
 About my young sailor lad, whose name is James Munro;
 It's he has been long at sea, seven years from this day,
 And I come here sometimes to weep for him that's far, far away.

Lovely creature, cease your weeping and consent to marry me,
 And my houses and all my land I will give to thee,
 And we shall get married without any delay,
 And live happy and contented on the banks o' the Tay.

Believe me, my sweet lady, I pity the sailor's wife,
 For I think she must lead a very unhappy life;
 Especially on a stormy night, I'm sure she cannot sleep,
 Thinking about her husband whilst on the briny deep.

Oh, sir! it is true, what you to me have said,
 But I must be content with the choice I've made;
 For Munro's he's young and handsome, I will ne'er deny,
 And if I don't get him for a husband, believe me, I will die.

Because, when last we parted, we swore to be true,
 And I will keep my troth, which lovers ought to do;
 And I will pray for his safe return by night and by day,
 That God may send him safe home to the banks o' the Tay.

Forgive me, noble heart, for asking to marry you,
 I was only trying your love, if it was really true;
 But I've found your love is pure towards your sailor lad,
 And the thought thereof, believe me, makes my heart feel glad.

As homeward we retraced our steps her heart seemed glad,
In hopes of seeing again her brave sailor lad,
He had promised to marry her when he would return,
So I bade her keep up her spirits and no longer mourn.

Dear creature, the lass that's true to her sweetheart deserves great praise,
And I hope young Munro and you will spend many happy days,
For unto him I know you will ever prove true,
And perchance when he comes home he will marry you.

What you have said, kind sir, I hope will come true,
And if it does, I'll make it known to you;
And you must come to the marriage, which you mustn't gainsay,
And dance and rejoice with us on the marriage-day.

When we arrived in Dundee she bade me good-bye,
Then I told her where I lived, while she said with a sigh,
Kind sir, I will long remember that morning in May,
When I met you by chance on the banks o' the Tay.

When three months were past her sailor lad came home,
And she called to see me herself alone,
And she invited me to her marriage without delay,
Which was celebrated with great pomp the next day.

So I went to the marriage with my heart full of joy,
And I wished her prosperity with her sailor boy;
And I danced and sang till daylight, and then came away,
Leaving them happy and contented on the banks o' the Tay.

So all ye pretty fair maids, of high or low degree,
Be faithful to your sweethearts when they have gone to sea,
And never be in doubts of them when they are far away,
Because they might return and marry you some unexpected day.

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO THE EXHIBITION

'Twas in the year of 1886, and in August the 18th day,
Her Majesty came to Edinburgh, with spirits light and gay,
To view the International Exhibition, most wonderful to behold,
Which will be remembered for many a day by the young and the old.

And though the hour was early, when she arrived in Edinboro,
The people's hearts seemed glad and free from sorrow,
Because a very large number of the people were astir,
All anxious to see, and to welcome her.

The Dragoon escort was early in their places.
With their gorgeous Uniform, and their smiling faces,
All ready to guard Her Majesty, to the south arrival platform,
And among the rest was Mr Skinner, in scarlet uniform.

When the Pilot engine steamed into the station,
And the people's hearts were filled with admiration
When they saw a stalwart ghillie, in the highland costume,
Jump out of a compartment, at the end of the Royal Saloon.

Then, with cap in hand, he approached the Royal Saloon,
And got out some wraps, and rugs, very soon,
And he prepared Her Majesty's carriage in grand array;
Then returned and assisted Her Majesty, from the Saloon, without dismay.

Sir Henry Ponsonby, had in the meantime appeared
A gentleman, that by Her Majesty is highly revered,
Because, as purser to Her Majesty he has been true and kind,
And a more loyal subject, than he, would be hard to find.

Then the Lord Provost Clark, stepped forward, and said
Your Gracious Majesty need not be afraid,
And on behalf of the citizens, I have to welcome you here,
To your Capital of Scotland, which we love most dear.

Then the greeting, by a stately bow, was acknowledged by the Queen,
Who wore a black dress, with bonnet, most lovely to be seen;
Especially the Lord Provost's daughter who was prettily dressed in white,
And led by her father before Her Majesty, a very imposing sight.

Then she presented a large and beautiful bouquet of flowers to the Queen,
Which certainly was lovely to be seen,
And which Her Majesty was graciously pleased to accept,
Then with a bow, Miss Lilian Clark, from Her Majesty crept.

The the Queen was conducted to her carriage without delay,
And by her side sat the Princess Beatrice, lovely and gay;
Also Prince Henry of Battenberg, of good repute,
And when known at the Castle the big guns fired a Royal Salute.

Then at eight o'clock the Royal Party started for Holyrood,
While thousands of people in silence stood;
And the Bells of the City rang out loud and clear,
While behind the royal carriage rode several mounted policemen without
fear.

But very few persons waited the arrival of Her Majesty at Holyrood,
And about twenty police officers patiently stood,
And their countenances beaming with joy during the while;
Also a military guard of Seaforth Highlanders numbering forty rank and file.

Then at quarter-past eight the Queen and party drove into the palace yard,
And in front of the Palace gates was placed a double guard;
And the band of the Seaforth Highlanders played God save the Queen,
Then the spectators dispersed from Holyrood Palace, most beautiful to be
seen.

The processions of the Corporations were magnificent to see,
Especially the Bailies of Bonnie Dundee,
Who were dressed in new ermine robes and new cocked hats,
In honour of Her Majesty, which proves they were no flats.

The Dundee Magistrates had a fine appearance in their new dress,
Also those that came from Portobello, Leith, Hawick, and Inverness,

Likewise from Kilmarnock, Glasgow, Perth, Greenock, Stirling and Aberdeen,
Also Galashiels, Dunfermline, Edinburgh, and Linlithgow, very imposing
scene.

Her Majesty left Holyrood Palace at half-past three,
Which certainly was a most gorgeous sight to see;
The a Royal Salute was fired from the Castle at the time,
Which enhanced the beauty of the scene, and made it sublime.

At twenty minutes to four, the Royal Party left the Palace yard,
While the spectators, for her Majesty felt deep regard,
By cheering her loud and hearty, as she passed along,
Their chorus of hurrahs, were unceasing, like unto a hearty Song.

The prolonged cheering was something really grand,
Especially from the people on the Grand Stand,
That cheered most lustily, one and all,
When her Most Gracious Majesty entered the hall.

Then the Queen took her seat on the Throne,
And the Choral Union sung the National Anthem, in a sweet tone,
And at the end of the Anthem, the Marquis of Lothian read an Address,
Which he presented to her, in a Silver Casket, highly burnished no less.

Then the Queen her heart-felt thanks did express,
And most graciously accepted the address,
Then she afterwards read a brief reply,
And then rose from the throne, and bade them good-bye.

The 1st Forfarshire Volunteers were really grand to see,
And has gained an honour to themselves and the town of Dundee;
By being permitted to guard the Palace Gates at Holyrood,
And each man to his post firmly stood.

And in the Evening there was a grand illumination,
Which thousands of people witnessed with admiration,
And West Princes Street Gardens were illuminated with lights,
And betwixt the Exhibition and Illumination there was no end of sights.

At three o'clock, the magistrates of Edinburgh, presented Her Majesty with
the keys,
Also with an address, which did her Majesty please,
The Her Majesty made a gracious reply,
Then the Lord Provost, and Bailies Roberts, and Turnbull, bade her good-
bye.

Now since the Edinburgh International Exhibition has been visited by the
Queen,
I hope the commodities there by millions of people may be seen;
And I trust Her Majesty will be spared for many a day,
And let all loyal subjects, say Amen, to simple lay.

THE BATTLE OF THE NILE

'Twas on the 18th of August in the year of 1798,
That Nelson saw with inexpressible delight
The City of Alexandria crowded with the ships of France,
So he ordered all sail to be set, and immediately advance.

And upon the deck, in deep anxiety he stood,
And from anxiety of mind he took but little food;
But now he ordered dinner and prepared without delay,
Saying, I shall gain a peerage to-morrow, or Westminster Abbey.

The French had found it impossible to enter the port of Alexandria,
Therefore they were compelled to withdraw;
Yet their hearts were burning with anxiety the war to begin,
But they couldn't find a pilot who would convey them safely in.

Therefore Admiral Brueyes was forced to anchor in Aboukir Bay,
And in a compact line of battle, the leading vessel lay
Close to a shoal, along a line of very deep water,
There they lay, all eager to begin the murderous slaughter.

The French force consisted of thirteen ships of the line,
As fine as ever sailed on the salt sea brine;
Besides four Frigates carrying 1,196 guns in all,
Also 11,230 men as good as ever fired a cannon ball.

The number of the English ships were thirteen in all,
And carrying 1012 guns, including great and small;
And the number of men were 8,068,
All jolly British tars and eager for to fight.

As soon as Nelson perceived the position of the enemy,
His active mind soon formed a plan immediately;
As the plan he thought best, as far as he could see,
Was to anchor his ships on the quarter of each of the enemy.

And when he had explained his mode of attack to his officers and men,
He said, form as convenient, and anchor at the stern;
The first gain the victory, and make the best use of it you can,
Therefore I hope every one here to-day, will do their duty to a man.

When Captain Berry perceived the boldness of the plan,
He said, my Lord, I'm sure the men will do their duty to a man;
And, my Lord, what will the world say, if we gain the victory?
Then Nelson replied, there's no if in the case, and that you'll see.

Then the British tars went to work without delay,
All hurrying to and fro, making ready for the fray;
And there wasn't a man among them, but was confident that day,
That they would make the French to fly from Aboukir Bay.

Nelson's fleet did not enter Aboukir Bay at once,
And by adopting that plan, that was his only chance;
But one after another, they bore down on the enemy;
Then Nelson cried, now open fire my heroes, immediately!

Then the shores of Egypt trembled with the din of the war,
While sheets of flame rent the thick clouds afar;
And the contending fleets hung incumbent o'er the bay,
Whilst our British tars stuck to their guns without the least dismay.

And loudly roared the earthly thunder along the river Nile,
And the British ship Orion went into action in splendid style;
Also Nelson's Ship Vanguard bore down on the foe,
With six flags flying from her rigging high and low.

Then she opened a tremendous fire on the Spartiate,
And Nelson cried, fear not my lads we'll soon make them retreat!
But so terrific was the fire of the enemy on them,
That six of the Vanguards guns were cleared of men.

Yet there stood Nelson, the noble Hero of the Nile,
In the midst of death and destruction on deck all the while;
And around him on every side, the cannon balls did rattle,
But right well the noble hero knew the issue of the battle.

But suddenly he received a wound on the head,
And fell into the arms of Captain Berry, but fortunately not dead;
And the flow of blood from his head was very great,
But still the hero of the Nile was resigned to his fate.

Then to the Cockpit the great Admiral was carried down,
And in the midst of the dying, he never once did frown;
Nor he didn't shake with fear, nor yet did he mourn,
But patiently sat down to wait his own turn.

And when the Surgeon saw him, he instantly ran,
But Nelson said, Surgeon, attend to that man;
Attend to the sailor you were at, for he requires your aid,
Then I will take my turn, don't be the least afraid.

And when his turn came, it was found that his wound was but slight,
And when known, it filled the sailors hearts with delight;
And they all hoped he would soon be able to command in the fight,
When suddenly a cry arose of fire! Which startled Nelson with affright.

And unassisted he rushed upon the deck, and to his amaze,
He discovered that the Orient was all in a blaze;
Then he ordered the men to lower the boats, and relieve the enemy,
Saying, now men, see and obey my orders immediately.

Then the noble tars manned their boats, and steered to the Orient,
While the poor creatures thanked God for the succour He had sent;
And the burning fragments fell around them like rain,
Still our British tars rescued about seventy of them from the burning flame,

And of the thirteen sail of the French the British captured nine,
Besides four of their ships were burnt, which made the scene sublime,
Which made the hero of the Nile cry out thank God we've won the day,
And defeated the French most manfully in Aboukir Bay.

Then the victory was complete and the French Fleet annihilated,
And when the news arrived in England the peoples' hearts felt elated,
Then Nelson sent orders immediately through the fleet,
That thanksgiving should be returned to God for the victory complete.

THE DUNDEE FLOWER SHOW, DEDICATED TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE EARL OF DALHOUSIE

Twass in the year of 1886 and in the 2nd day of September
Which the lovers of horticultural beauty will long remember
Especially those that visited the Flower Show, on the Magdalen Green,
Dundee,
Must confess it was really a most magnificent sight to see

The Right Honourable Earl of Dalhousie, he was there,
And delivered an eloquent opening address, I do declare
To the ladies and gentlemen that had come to see the show
Which was received with hearty pleasure by the high and low

The 4th Hussars Band were there in grand military array,
Good looking soldiers all young and gay
And at the opening ceremony they played God Save The Queen
In the grand flower show on the Magdalen Green

And the Mars Boys band were there on Friday afternoon
And their Instruments seemed to be in very good tune
They discoursed sweet music until six o clock
While the people around them did flock

I hope the noble boys will be spared for many a day
While on board the good ship in the silvery Tay
May they always be obedient to their officers in command
And may God enable them to discourse sweet music by sea and by land

The Industrial School Boys Band were there on Saturday
And played most eloquent music both plaintive and gay
Which met with the appreciation of the people there
And for the time being helped drive away dull care

For beauty such plants and flowers here have been seen
That were displayed in the Flower Show on the Magdalen Green

Especially plants in pots, were most lovely to see
Belonging to W. P. Laird & Sinclair, Dundee

As for beautiful plants they were there by the score,
And some belonging to William Alliance and Peter Balmore
Also exotic Ferns most charming to be seen
In the Grand Flower Show on the Magdalen Green

There were also some beautiful Chrysanthemums, distinct
All in full bloom, with a charming tint
Some of them short and some of them tall
And some of them belonging to Provost Ballingall

And there were twenty four roses distinct to be seen
Belonging to James Cocker and Sons Aberdeen
Also some beautiful roses as ever sprang from the earth
And some of them belonging to Dickens & Turnbull Perth

There was also a collection of eight varieties of Fruit
And two varieties of Grapes and pines to boot
Which certainly was magnificent to see
And belonging to Colonel Moray of Abercairney

Likewise there were beautiful Apples there to be seen
Also beautiful pears which enchanted the scent
Besides red Gooseberries and White currants
And distinct six fine foliage Plants

As fine as ever sprang from the earth or sod
Which shows the handiwork of God
That he has created Flowers and Plants to let us see
The beauties of horticulture in its grandest majesty

There were also Potatoes Leeks and Onions there to be seen
Likewise Turnips and Cabbage green
Also two heads of parsley and two curled greens
Besides twenty five pods of full grown broad beans

Besides there was extracted honey in a show glass
And for quality 'twas said none could it surpass
Likewise in a glass a variety of busy little bees
All working away in their cells at their ease.

Success to the undertakers of the grand Flower Show
And to those that helped make the beautiful flowers grow
That tended them most carefully and brought them to Dundee
So that the beauties of the wise creator the people might see.

HANCHEN, THE MAID OF THE MILL

NEAR the village of Udorf, on the banks of the Rhine,
There lived a miller and his family, once on a time;
And there yet stands the mill in a state of decay,
And concerning the miller and his family, attend to my lay.

The miller and his family went to Church one Sunday morn,
Leaving behind their darling child, the youngest born,
In charge of brave Hanchen, the servant maid,
A kind-hearted girl and not the least afraid.

As Hanchen was engaged preparing dinner for the family
She chanced to turn round, and there she did see
Heinrich Bottler, her lover, and she sincerely loved him,
Then she instantly got him something to eat and bade him begin.

And in the midst of her business she sat down beside him,
While he did justice to the meat and thought it no sin,
But while he was eating he let fall his knife,
Then he commanded Hanchen to pick it up or else he'd take her life.

Then as she stooped down to pick up the knife,
The villain caught her by the throat, and swore he'd take her life,
Then he drew a dagger from under his coat,
Crying, tell me where your master's money is, or I'll cut your throat.

And still he threatened to kill her with the dagger in his hand,
If the poor girl didn't comply with his demand,
While in his choking grasp her breath was fleeting faster and faster,
Therefore she had no other choice but to die or betray her master.

Then she cried, mercy, for Heaven's sake let go thy hold.
And I'll tell thee where my master keeps his gold;
Then he let go his hold without delay,
And she unto him thus boldly did say.

Here, take this axe and use it, while I run upstairs,
To gather all my money, besides all my wares,
Because I'm resolved to fly along with you,
When you've robbed my master of his gold and bid France adieu.

Then deceived by her plan he allowed her to leave the room,
Telling her to make haste and come back very soon,
Then to her master's bedroom she led the way,
And showed him the coffer where her master's money lay

Then Heinrich with the axe broke the coffer very soon,
While Hanchen instead of going upstairs to her room,
Bolted all the doors upon him without dismay,
While Heinrich was busy preparing to carry her master's money away.

Then she rushed to the mill to give the alarm,
Resolved to protect her master's money, while she could wield an arm;
And the only being in sight was her master's boy of five years old,
Then she cried, run! run! and tell father there's a robber taking his gold.

Then the boy did as she bid him without any doubt,
And set off, running on the road she pointed out;
But at this moment, a shrill whistle made her stand aghast,
When she heard Heinrich, crying, catch that child that's running so fast.

But still the boy ran on with might and main,
Until a ruffian sprang up from the bed of a natural drain;
And snatching the boy in his arms, and hastening towards the mill,
While brave Hanchen was afraid the boy would he kill.

Then the villain came rushing with the boy towards the mill,
Crying, open the door, or the child I'll kill;
But she cried, never will I open the door to thee,
No! I will put my trust in God, and He'll save the child and me.

Then the ruffian set down the child, for a moment to look about,
Crying, open the door, or I'll fire the mill without doubt;
And while searching for combustibles, he discovered an inlet to the mill,
Saying, my pretty maid, once I get in, it's you I will kill.

Then he tied the hands and feet of the poor child,
Which caused it to scream with fear, very wild;
Then he stole back to the aperture to effect an entrance,
And when Hanchen saw him, she said now is my chance.

So the ruffian got safely in the great drum wheel,
Then Hanchen set on the engine, which made the ruffian reel;
And as he was whirled about, he screamed aloud,
And when Hanchen saw him like a rat in a trap, she felt very proud.

At length the master arrived and his family,
And when she heard his kindly voice her heart was full of glee,
Then she opened the mill door and let him in,
While her eyes with tears of joy were full to the brim.

Then the master set off the engine without delay,
And the ruffian was dragged forth while he shook with dismay,
And Heinrich and he were bound together under a strong escort,
And conveyed to Bonn Prison where villains resort.

So thus ends the story of Hanchen, a heroine brave,
That tried hard her master's gold to save,
And for her bravery she got married to the miller's eldest son,
And Hanchen on her marriage night cried Heaven's will be done.

AN AUTUMN REVERIE

Alas! Beautiful Summer now hath fled,
And the face of Nature doth seem dead,
And the leaves are withered, and falling off the trees,
By the nipping and chilling autumnal breeze.

The pleasures of the little birds are all fled,
And with the cold many of them will be found dead,
Because the leaves of the trees are scattered in the blast,
And makes the feathered creatures feel downcast.

Because there are no leaves on the trees to shield them from the storm
On a windy, and rainy, cloudy morn;
Which makes their little hearts throb with pain,
By the chilling blast and the pitiless rain.

But still they are more contented than the children of God,
As long as they can pick up a worm from the sod,
Or anything they can get to eat,
Just, for instance, a stale crust of bread or a grain of wheat.

Oh! Think of the little birds in the time of the snow,
Also of the little street waifs, that are driven to and fro,
And trembling in the cold blast, and chilled to the bone,
For the want of food and clothing, and a warm home.

Besides think of the sorrows of the wandering poor,
That are wandering in the cold blast from door to door;
And begging, for Heaven's sake, a crust of bread,
And alas! Not knowing where to lay their head.

While the rich are well fed and covered from the cold,
While the poor are starving, both young and old;
Alas! It is the case in this boasted Christian land,
Where as the rich are told to be kind to the poor, is God's command.

Oh! Think of the working man when he's no work to do,
Who's got a wife and family, perhaps four or two,
And the father searching for work, and no work can be had,
The thought, I'm sure, 'tis enough to drive the poor man mad.

Because for his wife and family he must feel,
And perhaps the thought thereof will cause him to steal
Bread for his family, that are starving at home,
While the thought thereof makes him sigh heavily and groan.

Alas! The pangs of hunger are very hard to hide,
And few people can their temper control,
Or become reconciled to their fate,
Especially when they cannot find anything to eat.

Oh! Think of the struggles of the poor to make a living,
Because the rich unto them seldom are giving;
Whereas they are told he that giveth to the poor lendeth unto the Lord,
But alas! they rather incline their money to hoard.

Then there's the little news-vendors in the street,
Running about perhaps with bare feet;
And if the rich chance to see such creatures in the street,
In general they make a sudden retreat.

BALDOVAN MANSION

Stately Mansion of Baldovan,
Most beautiful to see,
Belonging to Sir John Ogilvy,
Ex M.P. of Dundee.

The scenery of Baldovan
Is most lovely to see,
Near by Dighty Water,
Not far from Dundee.

'Tis health for any one
To be walking there,
O'er the green swards of Baldovan,
And in the forests fair.

There the blackbird and the mavis
Together merrily do sing
In the forest of Baldovan,
Making the woodlands to ring.

'Tis delightful to hear them
On a fine summer day,
Carolling their cheerful notes
So blythe and so gay.

Then there's the little loch near by,
Whereon can be seen every day
Numerous wild ducks swimming
And quacking to each other in their innocent play.

Sir John Ogilvy is a very good man,
Long may he live to enjoy Baldovan
Because he is kind unto the poor,
And allows everyone to be served at his door.

BROUGHTY FERRY

ANCIENT Castle of Broughty Ferry
 With walls as strong as Londonderry;
 Near by the sea-shore,
 Where oft is heard and has been heard the cannon's roar
 In the present day and days of yore,
 Loudly echoing from shore to shore.

From your impregnable ramparts high
 Like the loud thunder in the sky
 Enough to frighten a foreign foe away
 That would dare to come up the river Tay,
 To lay siege to Bonnie Dundee,
 I'm sure your cannon-balls would make them flee—

Home again to their own land
 Because your cannon shot they could not withstand,
 They would soon be glad to get away
 From the beautiful shores of the silvery Tay.

Ancient Castle, near by Tayside,
 The soldiers ought to feel happy that in you reside,
 Because from the top they can have a view of Fife,
 Which ought to drown their sorrow and give them fresh life,
 And make their spirits feel light and gay
 As they view the beautiful scenery of the silvery Tay.

The village of Broughty Ferry is most beautiful to see,
 With its stately mansions and productive fishery,
 Which is a great boon to the villagers and the people of Dundee,
 And ought to make them thankful, and unto God to pray
 For creating plenty of fish for them in the beautiful Tay.

And the city of Dundee seems beautiful to the eye
 With her mill stacks and Old Steeple so high,

Which can be seen on a clear summer day
From the top of Broughty Castle near the mouth of Tay.

Then there's beautiful Reres Hill,
Where the people can ramble at their will
Amongst its beautiful shrubberies and trees so green
Which in the summer season is most charming to be seen,
And ought to drive dull care away,
Because the people can see every clear day
From the top the ships sailing on the silvery Tay.

LOCH LEVEN

BEAUTIFUL Loch Leven, near by Kinross

For a good day's fishing the angler is seldom at a loss,
For the Loch it abounds with pike and trout,
Which can be had for the catching without any doubt;
And the scenery around it is most beautiful to be seen,
Especially the Castle, wherein was imprisoned Scotland's ill-starred Queen.

Then there's the lofty Lomond Hills on the Eastern side,
And the loch is long, very deep, and wide;
Then on the Southern side there's Benarty's rugged hills,
And from the tops can be seen the village of Kinross with its spinning mills.

The big house of Kinross is very handsome to be seen,
With its beautiful grounds around it, and the lime trees so green
And 'tis a magnificent sight to see, on a fine summer afternoon,
The bees extracting honey from the leaves when in full bloom.

There the tourist can enjoy himself and while away the hours,
Underneath the lime trees shady bowers,
And listen to the humming of the busy bees,
While they are busy gathering honey from the lime trees.

Then there's the old burying ground near by Kinross,
And the dead that lie there turned into dusty dross,
And the gravestones are all in a state of decay,
And the old wall around it is mouldering away.

TO MR JAMES SCRYMGEOUR, DUNDEE

Success to James Scrymgeour,
He's a very good man,
And to gainsay it,
There's few people can;

Because he makes the hearts
Of the poor o'erjoyed
By trying to find work for them
When they're unemployed.

And to their complaints
He has always an attentive ear,
And ever ready to help them
When unto him they draw near.

And no matter what your occupation is.
Or what is your creed.
He will try to help you
In the time of need;

Because he has the fear
Of God within his heart,
And the man that fears God
Always takes the poor's part.

And blessed is the man
That is kind to the poor;
For his reward in heaven,
'Tis said in the Scripture, is sure.

And I hope heaven will be
Mr James Scrymgeour's reward;
For his struggles on behalf of the poor
Are really vexatious and hard.

For he is to be seen daily
Walking along our streets,
With a Christian-looking countenance,
And a kind word to all he meets.

Besides, he is void of all pride,
And wouldn't feel ashamed
To be seen with a beggar
Or a tinker walking by his side.

Fellow-citizens of Dundee,
Isn't it really very nice
To think of James Scrymgeour trying
To rescue fallen creatures from the paths of vice?

And in the winter he tries to provide
Hot dinners for the poor children of Dundee,
Who are starving with hunger no doubt,
And in the most abject poverty.

He is a little deaf, no doubt,
But not deaf to the cries of hungry men,
No! he always tries to do his best
To procure bread for them.

And at the Sabbath-morning free-breakfasts
He is often seen there,
Administering to the wants of the hungry,
And joining in prayer.

He is a man of noble principles,
As far as I can think,
And the noblest principle he has got
Is, he abhors the demon drink.

And, in my opinion, he is right
As far as I can see,
And I hereby proclaim that such a man
Is an honour to Dundee:

Because he is always working
For the poor people's good.
Kind soul, trying hard
To procure for them clothing and food

Success to him and his family.
And may God them defend:
Why? fellow citizens of Dundee,
Because he is the poor man's friend.

WRECK OF THE SCHOONER "SAMUEL CRAWFORD"

'Twas in the year of 1886, and on the 29th of November,
Which the surviving crew of the "Samuel Crawford" will long remember,
She was bound to Baltimore with a cargo of pine lumber;
But, alas! the crew suffered greatly from cold and hunger.

'Twas on December 3rd when about ten miles south-west
Of Currituck light, and scudding at her best;
That a heavy gale struck her a merciless blow,
Which filled the hearts of the crew with fear and woe.

Then the merciless snow came down, hiding everything from view,
And as the night closed in the wind tempestuous blew;
Still the brave crew reefed the spanker and all the sails,
While not one amongst them with fear bewails.

Still the gallant little schooner ploughed on the seas,
Through the blinding snow and the stormy breeze;
Until it increased to a fearful hurricane,
Yet the crew wrought manfully and didn't complain.

But during the night the wind it harder blew,
And the brave little schooner was hove to;
And on the morning of December the 4th the wind died out,
But it rent the schooner from stem to stern without any doubt.

And the seas were running mountains high,
While the poor sailors, no doubt, heaved many a sigh;
Because they must have felt cold, and the schooner sprung a leak,
Still they wrought while their hearts were like to break.

Then the wind it sprang up in terrific fury again,
But the crew baled out the water with might and main;
But still the water fast on them did gain,
Yet the brave heroes disdained to complain.

On the morning of December the 4th she was scudding before a hurricane,
And the crew were exhausted, but managed the poop to gain;
And the vessel was tossed like a cork on the wave,
While the brave crew expected to meet with a watery grave.

And huge beams and pine planks were washed overboard,
While Captain Tilton looked on and said never a word;
And the crew likewise felt quite content,
Until the fore-and-aft rigging overboard went.

Then loudly for help to God they did cry,
And to their earnest prayer He did draw nigh;
And saved them from a watery grave,
When help from Him they did crave.

Poor souls they expected to be engulfed every hour,
And to appease their hunger they made dough with salt water and flour;
And made a sort of hard cake placed over a griddle hole,
To satisfy their hunger, which, alas! is hard to thole.

And two of these cakes each man got per day,
Which the poor creatures devoured in a ravenous way;
Along with a little fresh water to wash it down,
Which they most thankfully praised God for and didn't frown.

And on the 10th of December when they had burned their last light,
The ship "Orinoco" bound for New York hove in sight;
And they were rescued safely and taken on board,
And they thanked the Captain, and likewise the Lord.

Then the Captain of the "Orinoco" ordered her to be set on fire,
Which was quickly done as he did desire;
Which caused the rescued crew to stare in amaze,
And to take the last look of their schooner in a blaze.

JOTTINGS OF NEW YORK

Oh, mighty city of New York, you are wonderful to behold—
 Your buildings are magnificent— the truth be it told—
 They were the only thing that seemed to arrest my eye,
 Because many of them are thirteen storeys high;
 And as for Central Park, it is lovely to be seen—
 Especially in the summer season when its shrubberies are green
 And the Burns Statue is there to be seen,
 Surrounded by trees on the beautiful sward so green;
 Also Shakespeare and the immortal Sir Walter Scott,
 Which by Scotchmen and Englishmen will never be forgot.

There are people on the Sabbath day in thousands resort—
 All lov'd, in conversation, and eager for sport;
 And some of them viewing the wild beasts there,
 While the joyous shouts of children does rend the air—
 And also beautiful black swans, I do declare.

And there's beautiful boats to be seen there,
 And joyous shouts of children does rend the air,
 While the boats sail along with them o'er Lohengrin Lake,
 And fare is 5 cents for children, and adults ten is all they take.

And there's also summer-house shades, and merry-go-rounds
 And with the merry laughter of the children the Park resounds,
 During the live-long Sabbath day
 Enjoying themselves at the merry-go-round play.

Then there's the elevated railroads about five storeys high,
 Which the inhabitants can hear night and day passing by;
 Of, such a mass of people there daily do throng—
 No less than five 100,000 daily pass along;
 And all along the city you can get for five cents—
 And, believe me, among the passengers there's few discontent.

And the top of the houses are mostly all flat,
And in the warm weather the people gather to chat;
Besides, on the housetops they dry their clothes;
And, also, many people all night on the housetops repose.

And numerous ships and steamboats are there to be seen,
Sailing along the East River water, which is very green—
Which is certainly a most beautiful sight
To see them sailing o'er the smooth water day and night.

And as for Brooklyn Bridge, it's a very great height,
And fills the stranger's heart with wonder at first sight;
And with all its loftiness I venture to say
It cannot surpass the new railway bridge of the Silvery Tay.

And there's also ten thousand rum-sellers there—
Oh, wonderful to think of, I do declare!
To accommodate the people of New York therein,
And to encourage them to commit all sorts of sin

And on the Sabbath day ye will see many a man
Going for beer with a big tin can,
And seems proud to be seen carrying home the beer
To treat his neighbours and his family dear.

Then at night numbers of the people dance and sing,
Making the walls of their houses to ring
With their songs and dancing on Sabbath night,
Which I witnessed with disgust, and fled from the sight.

And with regard to New York and the sights I did see—
Believe me, I never saw such sights in Dundee;
And the morning I sailed from the city of New York
My heart it felt as light as a cork.

AN ADDRESS TO THE NEW TAY BRIDGE

Beautiful new railway bridge of the Silvery Tay,
 With your strong brick piers and buttresses in so grand array,
 And your thirteen central girders, which seem to my eye
 Strong enough all windy storms to defy.
 And as I gaze upon thee my heart feels gay,
 Because thou are the greatest railway bridge of the present day,
 And can be seen for miles away
 From North, South, East or West of the Tay
 On a beautiful and clear sunshiny day,
 And ought to make the hearts of the "Mars" boys feel gay,
 Because thine equal nowhere can be seen,
 Only near by Dundee and the bonnie Magdalen Green.

Beautiful new railway bridge of the Silvery Tay,
 With thy beautiful side-screens along your railway,
 Which will be a great protection on a windy day,
 So as the railway carriages won't be blown away,
 And ought to cheer the hearts of the passengers night and day
 As they are conveyed along thy beautiful railway,
 And towering above the Silvery Tay,
 Spanning the beautiful river shore to shore
 Upwards of two miles and more,
 Which is most beautiful to be seen
 Near by Dundee and the bonnie Magdalen Green,

Thy structure to my eye seems strong and grand,
 And the workmanship most skilfully planned;
 And I hope the designers, Messrs Barlow and Arrol, will prosper for many a
 day
 For erecting thee across the beautiful Tay.
 And I think nobody need have the least dismay
 To cross o'er thee by night or by day,

Because thy strength is visible to be seen
Near by Dundee and the bonnie Magdalen Green.

Beautiful new railway bridge of the Silvery Tay,
I wish you success for many a year and a day,
And I hope thousands of people will come from far away,
Both high and low without delay,
From the North, South, East and West,
Because as a railway bridge thou art the best;
Thou standest unequalled to be seen
Near by Dundee and bonnie Magdalen Green.

And for beauty thou art most lovely to be seen
As the train crosses o'er thee with her cloud of steam;
And you look well, painted the colour of marone,
And to find thy equal there is none,
Which, without fear of contradiction, I venture to say,
Because you are the longest railway bridge of the present day
That now crosses o'er a tidal river stream,
And the most handsome to be seen
Near by Dundee and the bonnie Magdalen Green.

The New Yorkers boast about their Brooklyn Bridge,
But in comparison to thee it seems like a midge,
Because thou spannest the Silvery Tay
A mile and more longer I venture to say;
Besides the railway carriages are pulled across by a rope,
Therefore Brooklyn Bridge cannot with thee cope;
And as you have been opened on the 20th day of June,
I hope Her Majesty Queen Victoria will visit thee very soon,
Because thou art worthy of a visit from Duke, Lord or Queen,
And strong and securely built, which is most worthy to be seen
Near by Dundee and the bonnie Magdalen Green.

AN ODE TO THE QUEEN ON HER JUBILEE YEAR

Sound drums and trumpets, far and near!
 And Let all Queen Victoria's subjects loudly cheer!
 And show by their actions that they revere,
 Because she's served them faithfully fifty long year!

All hail to the Empress of India and Great Britain's Queen!
 Long may she live happy and serene!
 And as this is now her Jubilee year,
 I hope her subjects will show their loyalty without fear.

Therefore let all her subjects rejoice and sing,
 Until they make the welkin ring;
 And let young and old on this her Jubilee be glad,
 And cry, "Long Live our Queen!" and don't be sad.

She has been a good Queen, which no one dare gainsay,
 And I hope God will protect her for many a day;
 May He enable her a few more years to reign,
 And let all her lieges say – Amen!

Let all hatred towards her be thrown aside
 All o'er dominions broad and wide;
 And let all her subjects bear in mind,
 By God kings and queens are put in trust o'er mankind.

Therefore rejoice and be glad on her Jubilee day,
 And try and make the heart of our Queen feel gay;
 Oh! try and make her happy in country and town,
 And not with Shakespeare say, "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

And as this is her first Jubilee year,
 And will be her last, I rather fear:
 Therefore, sound drums and trumpets cheerfully,
 Until the echoes are heard o'er land and sea.

And let the innocent voices of the children at home or abroad
Ascend with cheerful shouts to the throne of God;
And sing aloud, "God Save our Gracious Queen!"
Because a good and charitable Sovereign she has been.

Therefore, ye sons of great Britain, come join with me,
And welcome in our noble Queen's Jubilee;
Because she has been a faithful Queen, ye must confess,
There hasn't been her equal since the days of Queen Bess.

Therefore let all her lieges shout and cheer,
"God Save our Gracious Queen!" for many a year;
let such be the cry in the peasant's cot, the hall,
With stentorian voices, as loud as they can bawl.

And let bonfires be kindled on every hill
And let her subjects dance around them at their freewill;
And try to drive dull care away
By singing and rejoicing on the Queen's Jubilee day.

May God protect her for many a day,
At home or abroad when she's far away;
Long may she be spared o'er her subjects to reign,
And let each and all with one voice say – Amen!

Victoria is a good Queen, which all her subjects know,
And for that may God protect her from every foe;
May He be as a hedge around her, as He's been all along.
And let her live and die in peace – is the end of my song

ADVENTURES OF KING ROBERT THE BRUCE

KING ROBERT THE BRUCE'S deadly enemy, John of Lorn,
Joined the English with eight hundred Highlanders one morn,
All strong, hardy, and active fearless mountaineers,
But Bruce's men attacked them with swords and spears.

And while they were engaged, a new enemy burst upon them,
Like a torrent of water rushing down a rocky glen:
It was John of Lorn and his Highlanders that came upon them,
So the tide of battle was too much for them to stem.

And with savage yells they made the valley ring,
Then made a long circuit, and stole in behind the King,
Whirling their broadswords and Lochaber axes left and right;
And the enemy being thrice their number, they relinquished the fight

Then to a certain house Bruce quickly hied,
And sitting by the door the housewife he spied;
And she asked him who he was, and he said, A wanderer,
Then she said, All wanderers are welcome here, kind sir.

Then the King said, Good dame, tell me the reason why,
How you respect all wanderers that chance to pass by,
And for whose sake you bear such favour to homeless men?
Then she said, King Robert the Bruce, if you want to ken,

The lawful King of this country, whom I hope to see;
Then the Bruce said, My good woman, your King stands before thee;
And she said, Ah! Sire, where are your men gone?
Then the King told her that he's come alone.

Then she said, Ah, my lawful King, this must not be,
For I have two stout sons, and they shall follow thee,
And fight to the death for your Majesty,
Aye, in faith, my good King, by land or sea.

Then she brought her sons before the King, and thus did say,
Now swear, my sons, to be true to your King without dismay;
Then they knelt and cried, Mother, we'll do as you desire,
We willingly will fight on behalf of our noble sire.

Who has been hunted like a felon by night and by day,
By foul plotters devising to take his life away;
But God will protect him in the midst of the strife,
And, mother dear, we'll fight for him during life.

Then the King said, Noble lads, it's you shall follow me,
And ye shall be near me by land or sea,
And for your loyalty towards me your mother I'll reward;
When all on a sudden the tramping of horses was heard.

Then the King heard voices he knew full well,
But what had fetched his friends there he couldn't tell;
'Twas Edward his brother and Lord Douglas, with one hundred and fifty
men,
That had travelled far, to find their King, o'er mountain and glen.

And when they met they conversed on the events of the day,
Then the King unto them quickly did say,
If we knew where the enemy were, we would work them skaith;
Then Lord James said, I'll lead you where they are, by my faith.

Then they marched on the enemy just as the morning broke,
To a farm-house where they were lodged, and, with one bold stroke,
They, the Scots, rushed in and killed two-thirds of them dead;
And such was the life, alas! King Robert the Bruce led!

GRACE DARLING OR THE WRECK OF THE “FORFARSHIRE”

As the night was beginning to close in one rough September day
In the year of 1838, a steamer passed through the Fairway
Between the Farne Islands and the coast, on her passage northwards;
But the wind was against her, and the steamer laboured hard.

There she laboured in the heavy sea against both wind and tide,
Whilst a dense fog enveloped her on every side;
And the mighty billows made her timbers creak,
Until at last, unfortunately, she sprung a leak.

Then all hands rushed to the pumps, and wrought with might and main.
But the water, alas! alarmingly on them did gain;
And the thick sleet was driving across the raging sea,
While the wind it burst upon them in all its fury.

And the fearful gale and the murky aspect of the sky
Caused the passengers on board to Lament and sigh
As the sleet drove thick, furious, and fast,
And as the waves surged mountains high, they stood aghast.

And the screaming of the sea-birds foretold a gathering storm,
And the passengers, poor souls, looked pale and forlorn,
And on every countenance was depicted woe
As the “Forfarshire” steamer was pitched to and fro.

And the engine-fires with the water were washed out,
Then, as the tide set strongly in, it wheeled the vessel about
And the ill-fated vessel drifted helplessly along;
But the fog cleared up a little as the night wore on.

Then the terror-stricken crew saw the breakers ahead,
And all thought of being saved from them fled,
And the Farne lights were shining hazily through the gloom,
While in the fore-cabin a woman lay with two children in a swoon.

Before the morning broke, the "Forfarshire" struck upon a rock,
And was dashed to pieces by a tempestuous shock,
Which raised her for a moment, and dashed her down again,
Then the ill-starred vessel was swallowed up in the briny main

Before the vessel broke up, some nine or ten of the crew intent
To save their lives, or perish in the attempt,
Lowered one of the boats while exhausted and forlorn,
And, poor souls, were soon lost sight of in the storm.

Around the windlass on the forecastle some dozen poor wretches clung,
And with despair and grief their weakly hearts were rung
As the merciless sea broke o'er them every moment;
But God in His mercy to them Grace Darling sent.

By the first streak of dawn she early up had been,
And happened to look out upon the stormy scene,
And she descried the wreck through the morning gloom;
But she resolved to rescue them from such a perilous doom

Then she cried, Oh! father dear, come here and see the wreck,
See, here take the telescope, and you can inspect;
Oh! father, try and save them, and heaven will you bless;
But, my darling, no help can reach them in such a storm as this.

Oh! my kind father, you will surely try and save
These poor souls from a cold and watery grave;
Oh! I cannot sit to see them perish before mine eyes,
And, for the love of heaven, do not my pleading despise!

Then old Darling yielded, and launched the little boat,
And high on the big waves the boat did float;
Then Grace and her father took each an oar in hand,
And to see Grace Darling rowing the picture was grand.

And as the little boat to the sufferers drew near,
Poor souls, they tried to raise a cheer;
But as they gazed upon the heroic Grace,
The big tears trickled down each sufferer's face.

And nine persons were rescued almost dead with the cold
By modest and lovely Grace Darling, that heroine bold;
The survivors were taken to the light-house, and remained there two days,
And every one of them was loud in Grace Darling's praise.

Grace Darling was a comely lass, with long, fair floating hair,
With soft blue eyes, and shy, and modest rare;
And her countenance was full of sense and genuine kindness,
With a noble heart, and ready to help suffering creatures in distress.

But, alas! three years after her famous exploit,
Which, to the end of time, will never be forgot,
Consumption, that fell destroyer, carried her away
To heaven, I hope, to be an angel for ever and aye.

Before she died, scores of suitors in marriage sought her hand;
But no, she'd rather live in Longstone light-house on Farne island,
And there she lived and died with her father and mother,
And for her equal in true heroism we cannot find another.

LITTLE PIERRE'S SONG

In a humble room in London sat a pretty little boy,
By the bedside of his sick mother her only joy,
Who was called Little Pierre, and who's father was dead;
There he sat poor boy, hungry and crying for bread.

There he sat humming a little song, which was his own,
But to the world it was entirely unknown,
And as he sang the song he felt heartsick,
But he resolved to get Madame Malibran to sing his song in public

Then he paused for a moment and clasped his hands,
And running to the looking-glass before it he stands,
Then he smoothed his yellow curls without delay,
And from a tin box takes a scroll of paper worn and grey.

Then he gave one fond eager glance at his mother,
Trying hard brave boy his grief to smother,
As he gazed on the bed where she lay,
But he resolved to see Madame Malibran without delay.

Then he kissed his mother while she slept,
And stealthily from the house he crept,
And direct to Madame Malibran's house he goes,
Resolved to see her no matter who did him oppose.

And when he reached the door he knocked like a brave gallant
And the door was answered by her lady servant,
Then he told the servant Madame Malibran he wished to see
And the servant said, oh yes, I'll tell her immediately.

Then away the servant goes quite confident,
And told her a little boy wished to see her just one moment
Oh! well, said Madame Malibran, with a smile,
Fetch in the little boy he will divert me a while.

So Little Pierre was brought in with his hat under his arm
And in his hand a scroll of paper, thinking it no harm,
Then walked straight up to Madame Malibran without dread
And said, dear lady my mother is sick and in want of bread.

And I have called to see if you would sing my little song,
At some of your grand concerts, Ah! Say before long,
Or perhaps you could sell it to a publisher for a small sum,
Then I could buy food for my mother and with it would run.

Then Madame Malibran rose from her seat most costly and grand
And took the scroll of paper from Pierre's hand
And hummed his little song, to a plaintive air,
Then said, your song is soul stirring I do declare.

Dear child did you compose the words she asked Pierre,
Oh yes my dear lady just as you see,
Well my dear boy I will sing your song to-night,
And you shall have a seat near me on the right.

Then Pierre, said, Oh! lady I cannot leave my mother,
But my dear boy, as for her you need not bother,
So dear child don't be the least cast down,
And in the meantime here is a crown.

And for your mother you can buy food and medicine,
So run away and be at the concert to-night in time
Then away he ran and bought many little necessary things
And while doing so his little song he hums and sings.

Then home to his poor sick mother he quickly ran,
And told her of his success with Madame Malibran,
Then his mother cried, Oh! Pierre, you are a very good boy,
And to hear of your success my heart is full of joy.

Dear mother, I am going to the concert hall to-night,
To hear Madame Malibran, which will my heart delight,
Oh! well said his mother, God speed you my little man,
I hope you will be delighted to hear Madame Malibran.

So to the concert hall he goes, and found a seat there,
And the lights and flashing of diamonds made him stare,
And caused a joyous smile to play upon his face,
For never had he been in so grand a place.

There the brave boy sat and Madame Malibran came at last
And with his eyes rivetted on her he stared aghast,
And to hear her sing, Oh! how he did long,
And he wondered if the lady would really sing his song.

At last the great singer commenced his little song,
And many a heart was moved and the plaudits loud and long
And as she sang it Pierre clapped his hands for joy.
That he felt as if it were free from the world's annoy.

When the concert was over his heart felt as light as the air
And as for money now he didn't seem to care,
Since the great singer in Europe had sung his little song,
But he hoped that dame fortune would smile on him ere long

The next day he was frightened by a visit from Madame Malibran
And turning to his mother, she said your little boy Madame
Will make a fortune for himself and you before long,
Because I've been offered a large sum for his little song.

And Madame thank God you have such a gifted son,
But dear Madame heavens will must be done,
Then Pierre knelt and prayed that God would the lady bless
For helping them in the time of their distress.

And the memory of Pierre's prayer made the singer do more good
By visiting the poor and giving them clothing and food
And Pierre lightened her last moments ere her soul fled away
And he came to be one of the most talented composers of the day.

THE FIRST GRENADIER OF FRANCE

'T WAS in a certain regiment of French Grenadiers,
A touching and beautiful custom was observed many years;
Which was meant to commemorate the heroism of a departed comrade,
And when the companies assembled for parade,
There was one name at roll call to which no answer was made

It was that of the noble La Tour d'Auvergne,
The first Grenadier of France, heroic and stern;
And always at roll call the oldest sergeant stepped forward a pace,
And loudly cried, "Died on the field of battle," then fell back into his place.

He always refused offers of high promotion,
Because to be promoted from the ranks he had no notion;
But at last he was in command of eight thousand men,
Hence he was called the first Grenadier of France, La Tour d'Auvergne.

When forty years of age he went on a visit to a friend,
Never thinking he would have a French garrison to defend,
And while there he made himself acquainted with the country.
But the war had shifted to that quarter unfortunately.

But although the war was there he felt undaunted,
Because to fight on behalf of France was all he wanted;
And the thought thereof did his mind harass,
When he knew a regiment of Austrians was pushing on to occupy a narrow
pass.

They were pushing on in hot haste and no delaying,
And only two hours distant from where the Grenadier was staying,
But when he knew he set off at once for the pass,
Determined if 'twere possible the enemy to harass.

He knew that the pass was defended by a stout tower,
And to destroy the garrison the enemy would exert all their power;

But he hoped to be able to warn the French of their danger,
But to the thirty men garrisoned there he was quite a stranger.

Still the brave hero hastened on, and when he came there,
He found the thirty men had fled in wild despair;
Leaving their thirty muskets behind,
But to defend the garrison to the last he made up his mind.

And in searching he found several boxes of ammunition not destroyed,
And for a moment he felt a little annoyed;
Then he fastened the main door, with the articles he did find,
And when he had done so he felt satisfied in mind.

Then he ate heartily of the provisions he had brought,
And waited patiently for the enemy, absorbed in thought;
And formed the heroic resolution to defend the tower,
Alone, against the enemy, while he had the power.

There the brave hero sat alone quite content,
Resolved to hold the garrison, or die in the attempt;
And about midnight his practised ear caught the tramp of feet,
But he had everything ready for the attack and complete.

There he sat and his mind absorbed in deep distress,
But he discharged a couple of muskets into the darkness;
To warn the enemy that he knew they were there,
Then he heard the Austrian officers telling their men to beware.

So until morning he was left unmolested,
And quietly till daylight the brave Grenadier rested;
But at sunrise the Austrian commander called on the garrison to surrender,
But the Grenadier replied, "Never, I am its sole defender."

Then a piece of artillery was brought to bear upon the tower,
But the Grenadier from his big gun rapid fire on it did shower;
He kept up a rapid fire, and most accurate,
And when the Austrian commander noticed it he felt irate.

And at sunset the last assault was made,
Still the noble Grenadier felt not the least afraid;
But the Austrian commander sent a second summons of surrender,
Hoping that the garrison would his injunctions remember.

Then the next day at sunrise the tower door was opened wide,
And a bronzed and scarred Grenadier forth did glide;
Literally laden with muskets, and passed along the line of troops,
While in utter astonishment the Austrian Colonel upon him looks.

Behold! Colonel, I am the garrison, said the soldier proudly,
What! exclaimed the Colonel, do you mean to tell me —
That you alone have held that tower against so many men,
Yes, Colonel, I have indeed, replied La Tour d’Auvergne.

Then the Colonel raised his cap and said, you are the bravest of the brave,
Grenadier, I salute you, and I hope you will find an honourable grave;
And you’re at liberty to carry the muskets along with you,
So my brave Grenadier I must bid thee adieu.

At last in action the brave soldier fell in June 1800,
And the Emperor Napoleon felt sorry when he heard he was dead;
And he commanded his regiment to remember one thing above all,
To cry out always the brave Grenadier’s name at the roll call.

BURNING OF THE EXETER THEATRE

'Twas in the year of 1887, which many people will long remember,
The burning of the Theatre at Exeter on the 5th of September,
Alas! that ever-to-be-remembered and unlucky night,
When one hundred and fifty lost their lives, a most agonising sight.

The play on this night was called "Romany Rye,"
And at act four, scene third, Fire! Fire! was the cry;
And all in a moment flames were seen issuing from the stage,
Then the women screamed frantically, like wild beasts in a cage.

Then a panic ensued, and each one felt dismayed,
And from the burning building a rush was made;
And soon the theatre was filled with a blinding smoke,
So that the people their way out had to grope.

The shrieks of those trying to escape were fearful to hear,
Especially the cries of those who had lost their friends most dear;
Oh, the scene was most painful in the London Inn Square,
To see them wringing their hands and tearing their hair!

And as the flames spread, great havoc they did make,
And the poor souls fought heroically in trying to make their escape;
Oh, it was horrible to see men and women trying to reach the door!
But in many cases death claimed the victory, and their struggles were o'er.

Alas! 'twas pitiful the shrieks of the audience to hear,
Especially as the flames to them drew near;
Because on every face were depicted despair and woe,
And many of them jumped from the windows into the street below.

The crushed and charred bodies were carried into London Hotel yard,
And to alleviate their sufferings the doctors tried hard;
But, alas! their attendance on many was thrown away,
But those that survived were conveyed to Exeter Hospital without delay.

And all those that had their wounds dressed proceeded home,
Accompanied by their friends, and making a loud moan;
While the faces and necks of others were sickening to behold,
Enough to chill one's blood, and make the heart turn cold.

Alas! words fail to describe the desolation,
And in many homes it will cause great lamentation;
Because human remains are beyond all identification,
Which will cause the relatives of the sufferers to be in great tribulation.

Oh, Heaven! it must have been an awful sight,
To see the poor souls struggling hard with all their might,
Fighting hard their lives to save,
While many in the smoke and burning flame did madly rave!

It was the most sickening sight that ever anybody saw,
Human remains, beyond recognition, covered with a heap of straw;
And here and there a body might be seen, and a maimed hand,
Oh, such a sight, that the most hard-hearted person could hardly withstand!

The number of people in the theatre was between seven and eight
thousand,
But alas! one hundred and fifty by the fire have been found dead;
And the most lives were lost on the stairs leading from the gallery,
And these were roasted to death, which was sickening to see.

The funerals were conducted at the expense of the local authority,
And two hours and more elapsed at the mournful ceremony;
And at one grave there were two thousand people, a very great crowd,
And most of the men were bareheaded and weeping aloud.

Alas! many poor children have been bereft of their fathers and mothers,
Who will be sorely missed by little sisters and brothers;
But, alas! unto them they can ne'er return again,
Therefore the poor little innocents must weep for them in vain.

I hope all kind Christian souls will help the friends of the dead,
Especially those that have lost the winners of their bread;

And if they do, God surely will them bless,
Because pure Christianity is to help the widows and orphans in distress.

I am very glad to see Henry Irving has sent a hundred pounds,
And I hope his brother actors will subscribe their mite all round;
And if they do it will add honour to their name,
Because whatever is given towards a good cause they will it regain.

GRIF, OF THE BLOODY HAND

In an immense wood in the south of Kent,
There lived a band of robbers which caused the people discontent;
And the place they infested was called the Weald,
Where they robbed wayside travellers and left them dead on the field.

Their leader was called Grif, of the Bloody Hand,
And so well skilled in sword practice there's few could him withstand;
And sometimes they robbed villages when nothing else could be gained,
In the year of 1336, when King Edward the III. reigned.

The dress the robbers wore was deep coloured black,
And in courage and evil deeds they didn't lack;
And Grif, of the Bloody Hand, called them his devils,
Because they were ever ready to perform all kinds of ills.

'Twas towards the close of a very stormy day,
A stranger walked through the wood in search of Grif, without dismay;
And as the daylight faded he quickened his pace and ran,
Never suspecting that in his rear he was followed by a man.

And as the man to the stranger drew near,
He demanded in a gruff voice, what seek you here;
And when the stranger saw him he trembled with fear,
Because upon his head he wore a steel helmet, and in his hand he bore a
spear.

What seek you here repeated the dark habited man,
Come, sir, speak out, and answer me if you can;
Are you then one of the devils demanded the stranger faintly,
That I am said the man, now what matters that to thee.

Then repeated the stranger, sir, you have put me to a stand,
But if I guess aright, you are Grif, of the Bloody Hand;

That I am replied Grif, and to confess it I'm not afraid,
Oh! Well then I require your service and you'll be well paid.

But first I must know thy name, I, that's the point,
Then you shall have the help of my band conjoint;
Before any of my men on your mission goes,
Well then replied the stranger call me Martin Dubois.

Well sir, come tell me what you want as quick as you can,
Well then replied Dubois do you know one Halbert Evesham
That dwells in the little village of Brenchley,
Who has a foster child called Violet Evesham of rare beauty.

And you seek my aid to carry her off,
Ha! Ha! A love affair, nay do not think I scoff;
For you shall enjoy her sir before this time to-morrow,
If that will satisfy you, or help to drown your sorrow.

And now sir what is your terms with me,
Before I carry off Violet Evesham from the village of Brenchley;
Well Grif, one thousand marks shall be the pay,
'Tis agreed then cried Grif, and you shall enjoy her without delay.

Then the bargains struck, uttered Grif, how many men will you require,
Come sir, speak, you can have all of my band if you desire;
Oh, thanks sir, replied Dubois, I consider four men will do,
That's to say sir, if the four men's courage be true.

And to-morrow sir send the men to Brenchley without delay,
And remember one thousand marks will be the pay;
And the plan I propose is to carry her to the wood,
And I will be there to receive her, the plan is good.

And on the next morning Grif, of the bloody Hand,
Told off four of his best men and gave them strict command;
To carry off Violet Evesham from the village of Brenchley,
And to go about it fearlessly and to make no delay.

And when ye have captured her carry her to the wood,
Now remember men I wish my injunctions to be understood;
All right, captain, we'll do as we've been told,
And carry her off all right for the sake of the gold.

So on the next morning before the villagers were out of bed,
The four robbers marched into the village of Brenchley without any dread;
And boldly entered Violet Evesham's house and carried her, away,
While loudly the beautiful girl shrieked in dismay.

But when her old father missed her through the village he ran,
And roused the villagers to a man;
And a great number of them gathered, and Wat Tyler at their head,
And all armed to the teeth, and towards the wood they quickly sped.

And once within the wood Wat Tyler cried, where is Violet Evesham,
Then Grif, of the Bloody Hand cried, what ails the man;
My dear sir I assure you that Violet Evesham is not here.
Therefore good people I advise ye to retire from here.

No! I'll not back cried Wat Tyler, until I rescue Violet Evesham,
Therefore liar, and devil, defend thyself if you can;
Ay replied Grif, that I will thou braggart loon,
And with my sword you silly boy prepare to meet thy doom.

Then they rained their blows on each other as thick as hail,
Until at last Grif's strength began to fail;
Then Wat leaped upon him and threw him to the ground,
Then his men fled into the wood that were standing around.

Then the villagers shouted hurrah for Wat Tyler and victory,
And to search for Violet Evesham they willingly did agree;
And they searched the wood and found her at the foot of a tree,
And when she was taken home the villagers danced with glee.

And 'tis said Wat Tyler married Violet Evesham,
And there was great rejoicing among the villagers at the marriage so grand;
And Wat Tyler captured Dubois, and bound him to a tree,
And left him there struggling hard to gain his liberty.

THE DEMON DRINK

Oh, thou demon Drink, thou fell destroyer;
Thou curse of society, and its greatest annoyer.
What hast thou done to society, let me think?
I answer thou hast caused the most of ills, thou demon Drink.

Thou causeth the mother to neglect her child,
Also the father to act as he were wild,
So that he neglects his loving wife and family dear,
By spending his earnings foolishly on whisky, rum and beer.

And after spending his earnings foolishly he beats his wife-
The man that promised to protect her during life-
And so the man would if there was no drink in society,
For seldom a man beats his wife in a state of sobriety.

And if he does, perhaps he finds his wife fou',
Then that causes, no doubt, a great hullaballo;
When he finds his wife drunk he begins to frown,
And in a fury of passion he knocks her down.

And in that knock down she fractures her head,
And perhaps the poor wife she is killed dead,
Whereas, if there was no strong drink to be got,
To be killed wouldn't have been the poor wife's lot.

Then the unfortunate husband is arrested and cast into jail,
And sadly his fate he does bewail;
And he curses the hour that ever was born,
And paces his cell up and down very forlorn.

And when the day of his trial draws near,
No doubt for the murdering of his wife he drops a tear,
And he exclaims, "Oh, thou demon Drink, through thee I must die,"
And on the scaffold he warns the people from drink to fly,

Because whenever a father or a mother takes to drink,
 Step by step on in crime they do sink,
 Until their children loses all affection for them,
 And in justice we cannot their children condemn.

The man that gets drunk is little else than a fool,
 And is in the habit, no doubt, of advocating for Home Rule;
 But the best Home Rule for him, as far as I can understand,
 Is the abolition of strong drink from the land.

And the men that get drunk in general wants Home Rule;
 But such men, I rather think, should keep their heads cool,
 And try and learn more sense, I most earnestly do pray,
 And help to get strong drink abolished without delay.

If drink was abolished how many peaceful homes would there be,
 Just, for instance in the beautiful town of Dundee;
 then this world would be heaven, whereas it's a hell,
 An the people would have more peace in it to dwell

Alas! strong drink makes men and women fanatics,
 And helps to fill our prisons and lunatics;
 And if there was no strong drink such cases wouldn't be,
 Which would be a very glad sight for all Christians to see.

O admit, a man may be a very good man,
 But in my opinion he cannot be a true Christian
 As long as he partakes of strong drink,
 The more that he may differently think.

But no matter what he thinks, I say nay,
 For by taking it he helps to lead his brother astray,
 Whereas, if he didn't drink, he would help to reform society,
 And we would soon do away with all inebriety.

Then, for the sake of society and the Church of God,
 Let each one try to abolish it at home and abroad;
 Then poverty and crime would decrease and be at a stand,
 And Christ's Kingdom would soon be established throughout the land.

Therefore, brothers and sisters, pause and think,
And try to abolish the foul fiend, Drink.
Let such doctrine be taught in church and school,
That the abolition of strong drink is the only Home Rule.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE LIFE OF KING JAMES V OF SCOTLAND

ON one occasion King James the Fifth of Scotland, when alone, in disguise,
Near by the Bridge of Cramond met with rather a disagreeable surprise.
He was attacked by five gipsy men without uttering a word,
But he manfully defended himself with his sword.

There chanced to be a poor man threshing corn in a barn near by,
Who came out on hearing the noise so high;
And seeing one man defending himself so gallantly,
That he attacked the gipsies with his flail, and made them flee.

Then he took the King into the barn,
Saying, "I hope, sir, you've met with no great harm;
And for five men to attack you, it's a disgrace;
But stay, I'll fetch a towel and water to wash your face."

And when the King washed the blood off his face and hands,
"Now, sir, I wish to know who you are," the King demands.
"My name, sir, is John Howieson, a bondsman on the farm of Braehead."
"Oh, well," replied the King, "your company I need not dread."

"And perhaps you'll accompany me a little way towards Edinburgh,
Because at present I'm not free from sorrow.
And if you have any particular wish to have gratified,
Let me know it, and it shall not be denied."

Then honest John said, thinking it no harm,
"Sir, I would like to be the owner of Braehead farm;
But by letting me know who you are it would give my mind relief."
Then King James he answered that he was the Gudeman of Ballingeich.

"And if you'll meet me at the palace on next Sunday,
Believe me, for your manful assistance, I'll you repay.

Nay, honest John, don't think of you I'm making sport,
I pledge my word at least you shall see the royal court."

So on the next Sunday John put on his best clothes,
And appeared at the palace gate as~you may suppose.
And he inquired for the Gudeman of Ballingeich;
And when he gained admittance his heart was freed from grief.

For John soon found his friend the Gudeman,
And the King took John by the han',
Then conducted John from one apartment to another,
Just as kindly as if he'd been his own brother.

Then the King asked John if he'd like to see His Majesty.
"Oh, yes," replied John, "His Majesty I would really like to see."
And John looked earnestly into the King's face,
And said, "How am I to know His Grace?"

"Oh, John, you needn't be the least annoyed about that,
For all heads will be uncovered: the King will wear his hat."
Then he conducted John into a large hall,
Which was filled by the nobility, crown officers, and all.

Then said John to the King, when he looked round the room,
"Sir, I hope I will see the King very soon."
Because to see the King, John rather dreaded,
At last he said to the King, "'Tis you! the rest are bare-headed."

Then the King said, "John, I give you Braehead farm as it stands,
On condition you provide a towel and basin of water to wash my hands,
If ever I chance to come your way.

Then John said, "Thanks to your Majesty, I'll willingly obey."

THE BLACK WATCH MEMORIAL

Ye Sons of Mars, it gives me great content
 To think there has been erected a handsome monument
 In memory of the Black Watch, which is magnificent to see,
 Where they first were embodied at Aberfeldy.

And as a Highland regiment they are worthy of what has been done for
 them,
 Because a more courageous regiment we cannot find of men
 Who have bravely fought and bled in defence of their country,
 Especially in the Russian War and Soudan War they made their enemies flee.

The monument I hope will stand secure for many a long day,
 And may the people of Aberfeldy always feel gay;
 As they gaze upon the beautiful Black Watch monument,
 I hope they will think of the brave soldiers and feel content.

'Twas in the year of 1887, and on Saturday the 12th of November,
 Which the people of Aberfeldy and elsewhere will remember,
 Who came all the way from Edinburgh, Glasgow, Perth and Dundee,
 Besides the Pitlochry Volunteers headed the procession right manfully.

And the Perthshire Rifles joined the procession with their pipe band,
 Then followed a detachment of the 42nd Highlanders so grand,
 Under the command of Lieutenant McCleod,
 Whose duty it was to represent the regiment of which he felt proud.

The pipe band of the Glasgow Highlanders also were there,
 And Taymouth Brass Band, which discoursed sweet music I do declare;
 Also military officers and the magistrates of Aberfeldy,
 While in the rear came the members of Committee.

There were also Freemasons, Foresters, all in a row,
 And wearing their distinctive regalias, which made a great show;

And the processionists were formed into three sides of a square
Around the monument, while the music of the bands did rend the air.

The noble Marquis of Breadalbane arrived on the ground at 1.30,
Escorted by a guard of honour and his pipe band;
Then the bands struck up, and the pipes were set a bumming,
And all with one accord played up the "Campbells are Coming."

Then his Lordship ascended a platform on the north side of the monument,
And the bands played cheerfully till their breath was almost spent;
Then his Lordship received three ringing cheers from the people there,
Then he requested the Rev. John McLean to open the proceedings with
prayer.

And after the prayer, Major Menzies stepped forward
And said, "Ladies and gentlemen, for the Black Watch I have great regard;
And the duty I have to perform gives me great content,
And that is to ask the noble Marquis to unveil this monument."

Then he handed the noble Marquis a Lochaber axe to unveil the Monument,
And the Marquis said, "Sir, to your request I most willingly consent."
Then he unveiled the monument in memory of the gallant Forty-twa,
While the bands played up the "Highland Laddie" as loud as they could
blaw.

And when the bands ceased playing the noble Marquis said,
"This monument I declare is very elegantly made,
And its bold style is quite in keeping with the country I find,
And the Committee were fortunate in obtaining so able a designer as Mr.
Rhind."

Then, turning to the Chief Magistrate of Aberfeldy,
He said, "Sir, I have been requested by the Committee
To give you the deed conveying the monument to your care,
With the feu-charter of the ground, therefore, sir, I'd have you beware."

Then the Chief Magistrate Forbes to Lord Breadalbane said,
"My noble Lord, I accept the charge, and you needn't be afraid."

Really it gives me much pleasure in accepting as I now do from thee
This Memorial, along with the deeds, on behalf of Aberfeldy.”

Then Major Menzies proposed three cheers for the burgh of Aberfeldy,
And three cheers were given right heartily.

Then the Taymouth Band played “God Save the Queen,”

Then the processionists marched to the New Public School, happy and
serene.

Then there was a banquet held in the school,

At which three hundred sat down and ate till they were full;

And Lord Breadalbane presided, and had on his right,

Magistrates, Colonels, and Provosts, a most beautiful sight.

And the toast of “The Queen,” “Prince and Princess of Wales,” were given,
Wishing them prosperity while they are living;

Then the noble Chairman proposed “The Army, Navy and Volunteers,”

Which was loudly responded to with three loud cheers.

Then Colonel Smith, of the Highland Volunteers, from Bonnie Dundee

Replied for the Volunteers right manfully.

Then the noble Chairman said, “The toast I have now to propose

Is long life and prosperity to the Royal Highlanders in spite of their foes.”

Then the toast was drunk with Highland honours and hearts

While Pipe-Major McDougall played “The 42nd March at Waterloo.”

So ended the proceedings in honour of the Black Watch, the bravest of men,

And the company with one accord sung the National Anthem.

THE DEATH OF LORD AND LADY DALHOUSIE

ALAS! Lord and Lady Dalhousie are dead, and buried at last,
Which causes many people to feel a little downcast;
And both lie side by side in one grave,
But I hope God in His goodness their souls will save.

And may He protect their children that are left behind,
And may they always food and raiment find;
And from the paths of virtue may they ne'er be led,
And may they always find a house wherein to lay their head.

Lord Dalhousie was a man worthy of all praise,
And to his memory I hope a monument the people will raise,
That will stand for many ages to come
To commemorate the good deeds he has done.

He was beloved by men of high and low degree,
Especially in Forfarshire by his tenantry:
And by many of the inhabitants in and around Dundee,
Because he was affable in temper. and void of all vanity.

He had great affection for his children, also his wife,
'Tis said he loved her as dear as his life;
And I trust they are now in heaven above,
Where all is joy, peace, and love.

At the age of fourteen he resolved to go to sea,
So he entered the training ship Britannia belonging the navy,
And entered as a midshipman as he considered most fit
Then passed through the course of training with the greatest credit.

In a short time he obtained the rank of lieutenant,
Then to her Majesty's ship Galatea he was sent;
Which was under the command of the Duke of Edinburgh,
And during his service there he felt but little sorrow.

And from that he was promoted to be commander of the Britannia,
 And was well liked by the men, for what he said was law;
 And by him Prince Albert Victor and Prince George received a naval
 education,
 Which met with the Prince of Wales' most hearty approbation.

'Twas in the year 1877 he married the Lady Ada Louisa Bennett,
 And by marrying that noble lady he ne'er did regret;
 And he was ever ready to give his service in any way,
 Most willingly and cheerfully by night or by day.

'Twas in the year of 1887, and on Thursday the 1st of December,
 Which his relatives and friends will long remember
 That were present at the funeral in Cockpen, churchyard,
 Because they had for the noble Lord a great regard.

About eleven o'clock the remains reached Dalhousie,
 And were met by a body of the tenantry.
 They conveyed them inside the building all seemingly woe begone
 And among those that sent wreaths was Lord Claude Hamilton.

Those that sent wreaths were but very few,
 But one in particular was the Duke of Buccleuch;
 Besides Dr. Herbert Spencer, and Countess Rosebery, and Lady Bennett,
 Which no doubt were sent by them with heartfelt regret.

Besides those that sent wreaths in addition were the Earl and Countess of
 Aberdeen,
 Especially the Prince of Wales' was most lovely to be seen,
 And the Earl of Dalkeith's wreath was very pretty too,
 With a mixture of green and white flowers, beautiful to view.

Amongst those present at the interment were Mr Marjoribanks, M.P.,
 Also ex-Provost Ballingall from Bonnie Dundee;
 Besides the Honourable W. G. Colville, representing the Duke and Duchess
 of Edinburgh,
 While in every one's face standing at the grave was depicted sorrow.

The funeral service was conducted in the Church of Cockpen
By the Rev. J. Crabb, of St. Andrew's Episcopal Church, town of Brechin;
And as the two coffins were lowered into their last resting place,
Then the people retired with sad hearts at a quick pace.

THE TRAGIC DEATH OF THE REV. A. H. MACKONOCHIE

FRIENDS of humanity, of high and low degree,
 I pray ye all come listen to me;
 And truly I will relate to ye,
 The tragic fate of the Rev. Alexander Heriot Mackonochie.

Who was on a visit to the Bishop of Argyle,
 For the good of his health, for a short while;
 Because for the last three years his memory had been affected,
 Which prevented him from getting his thoughts collected.

'Twas on Thursday, the 15th of December, in the year of 1887,
 He left the Bishop's house to go and see Loch Leven;
 And he was accompanied by a little skye terrier and a deerhound,
 Besides the Bishop's two dogs, that knew well the ground.

And as he had taken the same walk the day before,
 The Bishop's mind was undisturbed and easy on that score;
 Besides the Bishop had been told by some men,
 That they saw him making his way up a glen.

From which a river flows down with a mighty roar,
 From the great mountains of the Mamore;
 And this route led him towards trackless wastes eastward,
 And no doubt to save his life he had struggled very hard.

And as Mr Mackonochie had not returned at dinner time,
 The Bishop ordered two men to search for him, which they didn't decline;
 Then they searched for him along the road he should have returned,
 But when they found him not, they sadly mourned.

And when the Bishop heard it, he procured a carriage and pair,
 While his heart was full of woe, and in a state of despair;
 He organised three search parties without delay,
 And headed one of the parties in person without dismay.

And each party searched in a different way,
But to their regret at the end of the day;
Most unfortunately no discovery had been made,
Then they lost hope of finding him, and began to be afraid.

And as a last hope, two night searches were planned,
And each party with well lighted lamps in hand
Started on their perilous mission, Mr Mackonochie to try and find,
In the midst of driving hail, and the howling wind.

One party searched a distant sporting lodge with right good will,
Besides through brier, and bush, and snow, on the hill;
And the Bishop's party explored the Devil's Staircase with hearts full of woe,
A steep pass between the Kinloch hills, and the hills of Glencoe.

Oh! it was a pitch dark and tempestuous night,
And the searchers would have lost their way without lamp light;
But the brave searchers stumbled along for hours, but slow,
Over rocks, and ice, and sometimes through deep snow.

And as the Bishop's party were searching they met a third party from
Glencoe side,
Who had searched bracken and burn, and the country wide;
And sorrow was depicted in each one's face,
Because of the Rev. Mr Mackonochie they could get no trace.

But on Saturday morning the Bishop set off again,
Hoping that the last search wouldn't prove in vain;
Accompanied with a crowd of men and dogs,
All resolved to search the forest and the bogs.

And the party searched with might and main,
Until they began to think their search would prove in vain;
When the Bishop's faithful dogs raised a pitiful cry,
Which was heard by the searchers near by.

Then the party pressed on right manfully,
And sure enough there were the dogs guarding the body of Mackonochie;

And the corpse was cold and stiff, having been long dead,
Alas! almost frozen, and a wreath of snow around the head.

And as the searchers gathered round the body in pity they did stare,
Because his right foot was stained with blood, and bare;
But when the Bishop o'er the corpse had offered up a prayer,
He ordered his party to carry the corpse to his house on a bier.

So a bier of sticks was most willingly and quickly made,
Then the body was most tenderly upon it laid;
And they bore the corpse and laid inside the Bishop's private chapel,
Then the party took one sorrowful look and bade the corpse, farewell.

THE BURNING OF THE STEAMER “CITY OF MONTREAL”

A SAD tale of the sea I will relate, which will your hearts appal
Concerning the burning of the steamship “City of Montreal,”
Which had on board two hundred and forty-nine souls in all,
But, alas! a fearful catastrophe did them befall.

The steamer left New York on the 6th August with a general cargo,
Bound for Queenstown and Liverpool also;
And all went well until Wednesday evening the 10th,
When in an instant an alarming fire was discovered at length.

And most of the passengers had gone to their berths for the night,
But when the big bell rang out, oh! what a pitiful sight;
To see mothers and their children crying, was most heartrending to behold,
As the blinding smoke began to ascend from the main hold.

And the smoke before long drifted down below,
Which almost choked the passengers, and filled their hearts with woe;
Then fathers and mothers rushed madly upon the deck,
While the crew were struggling manfully the fire to check.

Oh, it was a soul-harrowing and horrible sight,
To see the brave sailors trying hard with all their might;
Battling furiously with the merciless flames —
With a dozen of hose, but still the fire on them gains.

At length it became apparent the steamer couldn't be saved,
And the passengers were huddled together, and some of them madly raved;
And the family groups were most touching to see,
Especially husbands and wives embracing each other tenderly.

The mothers drew their little ones close to them,
Just like little lambs huddled together in a pen;
While the white foaming billows was towering mountains high,
And one and all on God for protection did cry.

And when the Captain saw the steamer he couldn't save,
He cried, come men, prepare the boats to be launched on the briny wave;
Be quick, and obey my orders, let each one bear a hand-
And steer the vessel direct for Newfoundland.

Then the men made ready the boats, which were eight on board,
Hurriedly and fearlessly with one accord;
And by eight o'clock on Thursday morning, everything was ready
For the passengers to leave the burning steamer that was rolling unsteady.

Then Captain Land on his officers loudly did call,
And the cheery manliness of him inspired confidence in all;
Then he ordered the men to lower the boats without delay,
So the boats were launched on the stormy sea without dismay.

Then women and children were first put into them,
Also a quantity of provisions, then followed the men;
And as soon as the boats were loaded they left the steamer's side,
To be tossed to and fro on the ocean wide.

And just as they left the burning ship, a barque hove in sight,
Which filled the poor creatures' hearts with delight;
And the barque was called the "Trebant," of Germany,
So they were all rescued and conveyed to their homes in safety.

But before they left the barque, they thanked God that did them save
From a cold and merciless watery grave;
Also the Captain received their thanks o'er and o'er,
Whilst the big waves around the barque did sullenly roar.

So good people I warn ye ail to be advised by me,
To remember and be prepared to meet God where'er ye may be;
For death claims his victims, both on sea and shore,
Therefore be prepared for that happy land where all troubles are o'er.

THE DEATH OF THE REV. DR. WILSON

'Twas in the year of 1888 and on the 17th of January
That the late Rev. Dr. Wilson's soul fled away;
The generous-hearted Dr. had been ailing for some time,
But death, with his dart, did pierce the heart of the learned divine.

He was a man of open countenance and of great ability,
And late minister of Free St. Paul's Church, Dundee,
And during the twenty-nine years he remained as minister in Dundee
He struggled hard for the well-being of the community.

He was the author of several works concerning great men,
In particular the Memoirs of Dr. Candlish and Christ turning His face towards
Jerusalem;
Which is well worthy of perusal, I'm sure,
Because the style is concise and the thoughts clear and pure.

And as for his age, he was in his eightieth year,
And has left a family of one son and five daughters dear,
And for his loss they will shed many a tear,
Because in their hearts they loved him most dear.

He was a man of a very kindly turn,
And many of his old members for him will mourn,
Because as a preacher he was possessed of courage bold,
Just like one of Covenanting heroes of old.

But I hope he is landed safe on Canaan's bright shore,
To sing with bright angels for evermore
Around that golden throne where God's family doth meet
To sing songs night and day, most sacred and sweet.

The coffin containing the remains was brought on Tuesday evening from
Edinboro,
And as the relatives witnessed its departure their hearts were full of sorrow,

And the remains were laid inside Free St. Paul's Church, Dundee,
And interred on Wednesday in the Western Cemetery.

The funeral service began at half-past one o'clock in the afternoon,
And with people the church was filled very soon,
And the coffin was placed in the centre of the platform,
And the lid was covered with wreaths which did the coffin adorn.

There were beautiful wreaths from the grandchildren of the deceased,
Whom I hope is now from all troubles released
Also there were wreaths from Mrs and Miss Young, Windsor Street, Dundee,
Which certainly were most beautiful to see.

Besides the tributes of Miss Morrison and Miss H. Morrison were a beautiful
sight,
Also the tributes of Miss Strong and Mr I. Martin White,
Also Mrs and the Misses Henderson's, West Park, Dundee,
Besides the Misses White Springrove were magnificent to me.

The members and office-bearers of the church filled the pews on the right,
Which was a very impressive and solemn sight;
And psalms and hymns were sung by the congregation,
And the Rev. W. I. Cox concluded the service with great veneration.

Then the coffin was carried from the church and placed in the hearse,
While the congregation allowed the friends to disperse,
Then followed the congregation without delay,
Some to join the procession, while others went home straightaway.

The procession consisted of the hearse and 47 carriages no less,
Which were drawn up in the Nethergate, I do confess,
And as the cortege passed slowly along the Nethergate,
Large crowds watched the procession and ungrudgingly did wait.

And when the hearse reached the cemetery the Rev. R. Waterson offered
up a prayer,
Then the coffin was lowered into the grave by the pall-bearers there;
'Twas then the friends began to cry for their sorrow was profound,
Then along with the people assembled there they left the burying-ground.

ANNIE MARSHALL THE FOUNDLING

ANNIE MARSHALL was a foundling, and lived in DOWNDERRY,
And was trained up by a coast-guard'sman, kind-hearted and merry
And he loved Annie Marshall as dear as his life,
And he resolved to make her his own loving wife.

The night was tempestuous, most terrific, and pitch dark,
When Matthew Pengelly rescued Annie Marshall from an ill-fated barque,
But her parents were engulfed in the briny deep,
Which caused poor Annie at times to sigh and weep.

One day Matthew asked Annie if she would be his wife,
And Annie replied, I never thought of it in all my life;
Yes, my wife, Annie, replied Matthew, hold hard a bit,
Remember, Annie, I've watched you grow up, and consider you most fit.

Poor Annie did not speak, she remained quite mute,
And with agitation she trembled from head to foot,
The poor girl was in a dilemma, she knew not what to say,
And owing to Matthew training her, she couldn't say him nay.

Oh! Matthew, I'm afraid I would not make you a good wife,
And in that respect there would be too much strife,
And the thought thereof, believe me, makes me feel ill,
Because I'm unfit to be thy wife, Matthew, faltered the poor girl

Time will prove that, dear Annie, but why are you so calm?
Then Annie put her hand shyly into Matthew's brown palm
Just then the flashing lightning played upon Annie's face,
And the loud thunder drowned Matthew's words as Annie left the place.

But Matthew looked after her as she went home straightway,
And his old heart felt light and gay,
As he looked forward for his coming marriage day,
Because he knew that Annie Marshall couldn't say him nay.

Then the sky drew dark, and the sea lashed itself into foam,
But he heeded it not as he sat there alone,
Till the sound of a gun came booming o'er the sea,
Then Matthew had to attend to his duty immediately.

A ship, he muttered, Lord, help them! and coming right in by the sound,
And in a few minutes she will run aground.
And the vessel was dashed against the rocks with her helpless crew,
Then in hot haste for assistance Matthew instantly flew.

Then Matthew returned with a few men all willing to lend their aid,
But amongst them all Matthew seemed the least afraid;
Then an old man cried, Save my boy, for his mother's sake,
Oh! Matthew, try and save him, or my heart will break!

I will, Heaven helping me, Matthew said solemnly,
Come, bear a hand, mates, and lower me over the cliff quietly;
Then Matthew was lowered with ropes into what seemed a watery grave,
At the risk of his own life, old Jonathan Bately's son to save.

So Matthew Pengelly saved Jonathan Bately's son,
And the old man thanked God and Matthew for what he had done,
And the mother's heart was full of gratitude and joy,
For the restoration of her darling boy.

So Matthew resolved to marry Annie Marshall,
But first he'd go to sea whatever did befall,
To earn a few pounds to make the marriage more grand,
So he joined a whaling vessel and went to Greenland

And while Matthew was away at Greenland,
David Bately wanted to marry Annie Marshall right off hand,
But Annie refused to marry David Bately,
So in anger David Bately went another voyage to sea.

A few nights after David Bately had gone to sea,
Annie's thoughts reverted to Matthew Pengelly,
And as she sat in the Donderry station watching the boiling waves below,
The wind blew a terrific gale, which filled her heart with woe.

And as she sat there the big waves did loudly roar,
When a man cried, Help! help! there's a corpse washed ashore;
Then Annie rushed madly to the little beach,
And when she saw the corpse she gave a loud screech

So there is but little more to tell of this sad history,
Only that Annie Marshall mourned long for Matthew Pengelly,
Who had floated home to be buried amongst his own kin,
But, alas! the rest of the crew were buried in the sea, save him.

JOHN ROUAT THE FISHERMAN

MARGARET SIMPSON was the daughter of humble parents in the county of Ayr,
With a comely figure, and face of beauty rare,
And just in the full bloom of her womanhood,
Was united to John Rouat, a fisherman good.

John's fortune consisted of his coble, three oars, and his fishing-gear,
Besides his two stout boys, John and James, he loved most dear.
And no matter how the wind might blow, or the rain pelt,
Or scarcity of fish, John little sorrow felt.

While sitting by the clear blazing hearth of his home,
With beaming faces around it, all his own.
But John, the oldest son, refused his father obedience,
Which John Rouat considered a most grievous offence.

So his father tried to check him, but all wouldn't do,
And John joined a revenue cutter as one of its crew;
And when his father heard it he bitterly did moan,
And angrily forbade him never to return home.

Then shortly after James ran away to sea without his parent's leave,
So John Rouat became morose, and sadly did grieve.
But one day he received a letter, stating his son John was dead,
And when he read the sad news all comfort from him fled.

Then shortly after that his son James was shot,
For allowing a deserter to escape, such was his lot;
And through the death of his two sons he felt dejected,
And the condolence of kind neighbours by him was rejected.

'Twas near the close of autumn, when one day the sky became o'ercast,
And John Rouat, contrary to his wife's will, went to sea at last,

When suddenly the sea began to roar, and angry billows swept along,
And, alas! the stormy tempest for John Rouat proved too strong.

But still he clutched his oars, thinking to keep his coble afloat,
When one 'whelming billow struck heavily against the boat,
And man and boat were engulfed in the briny wave,
While the Storm Fiend did roar and madly did rave.

When Margaret Rouat heard of her husband's loss, her sorrow was very
great,
And the villagers of Bute were moved with pity for her sad fate,
And for many days and nights she wandered among the hills,
Lamenting the loss of her husband and other ills.

Until worn out by fatigue, towards a ruinous hut she did creep,
And there she lay down on the earthen floor, and fell asleep,
And as a herd boy by chance was passing by,
He looked into the hut and the body of Margaret he did espy.

Then the herd boy fled to communicate his fears,
And the hut was soon filled with villagers, and some shed tears.
When they discovered in the unhappy being they had found
Margaret Rouat, their old neighbour, then their sorrow was profound.

Then the men from the village of Bute willingly lent their aid,
To patch up the miserable hut, and great attention to her was paid.
And Margaret Rouat lived there in solitude for many years,
Although at times the simple creature shed many tears.

Margaret was always willing to work for her bread,
Sometimes she herded cows without any dread,
Besides sometimes she was allowed to ring the parish bell,
And for doing so she was always paid right well.

In an old box she kept her money hid away,
But being at the kirk one beautiful Sabbath day,
When to her utter dismay when she returned home,
She found the bottom forced from the box, and the money gone.

Then she wept like a child, in a hysteric fit,
Regarding the loss of her money, and didn't very long survive it.
And as she was wont to descend to the village twice a week,
The villagers missed her, and resolved they would for her seek.

Then two men from the village, on the next day
Sauntered up to her dwelling, and to their dismay,
They found the door half open, and one stale crust of bread,
And on a rude pallet lay poor Margaret Rouat cold and dead.

THE GREAT YELLOW RIVER INUNDATION IN CHINA

'Twas in the year of 1887, and on the 28th of September,
Which many people of Honan, in China, will long remember;
Especially those that survived the mighty deluge,
That fled to the mountains, and tops of trees, for refuge.

The river burst its embankments suddenly at dead of night,
And the rushing torrent swept all before it left and right;
All over the province of Honan, which for its fertility,
Is commonly called by historians, the garden of China.

The river was at its fullest when the embankment gave way,
And when the people heard it, oh! horror and dismay;
'Twas then fathers and mothers leaped from their beds without delay,
And some saved themselves from being drowned, but thousands were
swept away.

Oh! it was a horrible and most pitiful scene,
To hear fathers and mothers and their children loudly scream;
As the merciless water encircled they bodies around,
While the water spirits laughed to see them drowned.

Oh! heaven, it must have been an appalling sight,
To witness in the dead stillness of the night
Frantic fathers and mothers, struggling hard against the roaring flood,
To save themselves and little ones, their own. flesh and blood.

The watchmen tried to patch the breach, but it was all in vain,
Because the banks were sodden with the long prolonged rain;
And driven along by a high wind, which brought the last strain,
Which caused the water with resistless fury to spread o'er the plain.

And the torrent poured into the valley of the La Chia river,
Sweeping thousands of the people before it ere a helping hand could them
deliver;

Oh! it was horrible to hear the crashing of houses fallen on every side,
As the flood of rushing waters spread far and wide.

The Chinese offer sacrifices to the water spirits twice a year,
And whether the water spirits or God felt angry I will not aver;
But perhaps God has considered such sacrifices a sin,
And has drowned so many thousands of them for not worshipping Him.

How wonderful are the works of God,
At times among His people abroad;
Therefore, let us be careful of what we do or say,
For fear God doth suddenly take our lives away.

The province of Honan is about half the size of Scotland,
Dotted over with about 3000 villages, most grand;
And inhabited by millions of people of every degree,
And these villages, and people were transformed into a raging sea.

The deluge swept on over the fertile and well-cultivated land,
And the rushing of the mighty torrent no power could withstand;
And the appalling torrent was about twenty feet deep,
And with resistless fury everything before it it did sweep.

Methinks I see the waste of surging waters, and hear its deafening roar,
And on its surface I see corpses of men and women by the score;
And the merciless torrent in the darkness of the night,
Sportively tossing them about, oh! what a horrible sight.

Besides there were buffaloes and oxen, timber, straw, and grain,
Also three thousand villages were buried beneath the waters of the plain;
And multitudes beneath their own roofs have found a watery grave,
While struggling hard, no doubt, poor souls their lives to save.

Therefore good people at home or abroad,
Be advised by me and trust more in God,
Than the people of Honan, the benighted Chinese,
For fear God punished you likewise for your iniquities.

THE FUNERAL OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR

YE sons of Germany, your noble Emperor William now is dead.
Who oft great armies to battle hath led;
He was a man beloved by his subjects all,
Because he never tried them to enthrall.

The people of Germany have cause now to mourn,
The loss of their hero, who to them will ne'er return;
But his soul I hope to Heaven has fled away,
To the realms of endless bliss for ever and aye.

He was much respected throughout Europe by the high and the low,
And all over Germany people's hearts are full of woe;
For in the battlefield he was a hero bold,
Nevertheless, a lover of peace, to his credit be it told.

'Twas in the year of 1888, and on March the 16th day,
That the peaceful William's remains were conveyed away
To the royal mausoleum of Charlottenburg, their last resting-place,
The God-fearing man that never did his country disgrace.

The funeral service was conducted in the cathedral by the court chaplain, Dr.
Kogel,
Which touched the hearts of his hearers, as from his lips it fell,
And in conclusion he recited the Lord's Prayer
In the presence of kings, princes, dukes, and counts assembled there.

And at the end of the service the infantry outside fired volley after volley,
While the people inside the cathedral felt melancholy,
As the sound of the musketry smote upon the ear,
In honour of the illustrious William. whom they loved most dear.

Then there was a solemn pause as the kings and princes took their places,
Whilst the hot tears are trickling down their faces,
And the mourners from shedding tears couldn't refrain;

And in respect of the good man, above the gateway glared a bituminous flame.

Then the coffin was placed on the funeral car,
By the kings and princes that came from afar;
And the Crown Prince William heads the procession alone,
While behind him are the four heirs-apparent to the throne.

Then followed the three Kings of Saxony, and the King of the Belgians also,
Together with the Prince of Wales, with their hearts full of woe,
Besides the Prince of Naples and Prince Rudolph of Austria were there,
Also the Czarevitch, and other princes in their order I do declare.

And as the procession passes the palace the blinds are drawn completely,
And every house is half hidden with the sable drapery;
And along the line of march expansive arches were erected,
While the spectators standing by seemed very dejected.

And through the Central Avenue, to make the decorations complete,
There were pedestals erected, rising fourteen to fifteen feet,
And at the foot and top of each pedestal were hung decorations of green bay,
Also beautiful wreaths and evergreen festoons all in grand array.

And there were torches fastened on pieces of wood stuck in the ground;
And as the people gazed on the weird-like scene, their silence was profound;
And the shopkeepers closed their shops, and hotel-keepers closed in the doorways,
And with torchlight and gaslight, Berlin for once was all ablaze.

The authorities of Berlin in honour of the Emperor considered it no sin,
To decorate with crape the beautiful city of Berlin;
Therefore Berlin I declare was a city of crape,
Because few buildings crape decoration did escape.

First in the procession was the Emperor's bodyguard,
And his great love for them nothing could it retard;
Then followed a squadron of the hussars with their band,
Playing "Jesus, Thou my Comfort," most solemn and grand.

And to see the procession passing the sightseers tried their best,
Especially when the cavalry hove in sight, riding four abreast;
Men and officers with their swords drawn, a magnificent sight to see
In the dim sun's rays, their burnished swords glinting dimly.

Then followed the footguards with slow and solemn tread,
Playing the "Dead March in Saul," most appropriate for the dead;
And behind them followed the artillery, with four guns abreast,
Also the ministers and court officials dressed in their best.

The whole distance to the grave was covered over with laurel and bay,
So that the body should be borne along smoothly all the way;
And the thousands of banners in the procession were beautiful to view,
Because they were composed of cream-coloured silk and light blue.

There were thousands of thousands of men and women gathered there,
And standing ankle deep in snow, and seemingly didn't care
So as they got a glimpse of the funeral car,
Especially the poor souls that came from afar.

And when the funeral car appeared there was a general hush,
And the spectators in their anxiety to see began to crush;
And when they saw the funeral car by the Emperor's charger led,
Every hat and cap was lifted reverently from off each head.

And as the procession moved on to the royal mausoleum,
The spectators remained bareheaded and seemingly quite dumb;
And as the coffin was borne into its last resting-place,
Sorrow seemed depicted in each one's face.

And after the burial service the mourners took a last farewell
Of the noble-hearted William they loved so well;
Then rich and poor dispersed quietly that were assembled there,
While two batteries of field-guns fired a salute which did rend the air
In honour of the immortal hero they loved so dear,
The founder of the Fatherland Germany, that he did revere.

THE WRECK OF THE WHALER "OSCAR"

'Twas on the 1st of April, and in the year of Eighteen thirteen,
That the whaler "Oscar" was wrecked not far from Aberdeen;
'Twas all on a sudden the wind arose, and a terrific blast it blew,
And the "Oscar" was lost, and forty-two of a gallant crew.

The storm burst forth with great violence, but of short duration,
And spread o'er a wide district, and filled the people's hearts with
consternation,
And its effects were such that the people will long mind,
Because at Peterhead the roof was torn off a church by the heavy wind.

The "Oscar" joined other four ships that were lying in Aberdeen Bay,
All ready to start for Geenland without delay,
While the hearts of each ship's crew felt light and gay,
But, when the storm burst upon them, it filled their hearts with dismay.

The wind had been blowing westerly during the night,
But suddenly it shifted to the North-east, and blew with all its might,
And thick and fast fell the blinding snow,
Which filled the poor sailors' hearts with woe.

And the "Oscar" was exposed to the full force of the gale,
But the crew resolved to do their best, allowing they should fail,
So they weighed anchor, and stood boldly out for sea,
While the great crowds that had gathered cheered them encouragingly.

The ill-fated "Oscar," however, sent a boat ashore
For some of her crew that were absent, while the angry sea did roar,
And 'twas with great difficulty the men got aboard,
And to make the ship allright they wrought with one accord.

Then suddenly the wind shifted, and a treacherous calm ensued,
And the vessel's deck with snow was thickly strewed;

And a heavy sea was running with a strong flood tide,
And it soon became apparent the men wouldn't be able the ship to guide.

And as the "Oscar" drifted further and further to leeward,
The brave crew tried hard her backward drifting to retard,
But all their efforts proved in vain, for the storm broke out anew,
While the drifting snow hid her from the spectators' view.

And the position of the "Oscar" was critical in the extreme,
And as the spray washed o'er the vessel, O what a soul-harrowing scene!
And notwithstanding the fury of the gale and the blinding snow,
Great crowds watched the "Oscar" as she was tossed to and fro.

O heaven! it was a most heart-rending sight
To see the crew struggling against the wind and blinding snow with all their
might,
While the mighty waves lashed her sides and angry did roar,
Which to their relatives were painful to see that were standing on shore.

All eagerly watching her attempt to ride out the storm,
Especially their friends and relatives, who seemed very forlorn,
Because the scene was awe-inspiring and made them stand aghast,
For every moment seemed to be the "Oscar's" last.

Oh! it was horrible to see the good ship in distress,
Battling hard against wind and tide to clear the Girdleness.
A conspicuous promontory on the south side of Aberdeen Bay,
Where many a stout ship and crew have gone down passing that way.

At last the vessel was driven ashore in the bay of Greyhope,
And the "Oscar" with the elements no longer could cope.
While the big waves lashed her furiously, and she received fearful shocks,
Until a mighty wave hurled her among large boulders of rocks.

And when the vessel struck, the crew stood aghast,
But they resolved to hew down the mainmast,
Which the spectators watched with eager interest,
And to make it fall on the rocks the brave sailors tried their best.

But, instead of falling on the rocks, it dropped into the angry tide,
Then a groan arose from those that were standing on the shore side;
And the mainmast in its fall brought down the foremast,
Then all hope of saving the crew seemed gone at last.

And a number of the crew were thrown into the boiling surge below,
While loud and angry the stormy wind did blow,
And the good ship was dashed to pieces from stern to stem,
Within a yard or two from their friends, who were powerless to save them.

Oh! it was an appalling sight to see the "Oscar" in distress,
While to the forecastle was seen clinging brave Captain Innes
And five of a crew, crying for help, which none could afford,
Alas! poor fellows, crying aloud to God with one accord!

But their cry to God for help proved all in vain,
For the ship and men sank beneath the briny main,
And out of a crew of forty-four men, only two were saved,
But, landsmen, think how manfully that unfortunate crew behaved.

And also think of the mariners while you lie down to sleep,
And pray to God to protect them while on the briny deep,
For their hardships are many, and hard to endure,
There's only a plank between them and a watery grave, which makes their
lives unsure.

JENNY CARRISTER, THE HEROINE OF LUCKNOW-MINE

A HEROIC story I will unfold,
Concerning Jenny Carrister, a heroine bold,
Who lived in Australia, at a gold mine called Lucknow,
And Jenny was beloved by the the miners, somehow.

Jenny was the only daughter of the old lady who owned the mine-
And Jenny would come of an evening, like a gleam of sunshine,
And by the presence of her bright face and cheery voice,
She made the hearts of the unlucky diggers rejoice.

There was no pride about her, and day after day,
She walked with her young brother, who was always gay,
A beautiful boy he was, about thirteen years old,
And Jenny and her brother by the miners were greatly extolled.

Old Mrs Carrister was every inch a lady in her way,
Because she never pressed any of the miners that weren't able to pay
For the liberty of working the gold-field,
Which was thirty pounds per week for whatever it might yield.

It was in the early part of the year 1871,
That Jack Allingford, a miner, hit on a plan,
That in the mine, with powder, he'd loosen the granite-bound face,
So he selected, as he thought, a most suitable place.

And when all his arrangements had been made,
He was lowered down by a miner that felt a little afraid,
But most fortunately Jenny Carrister came up at the time,
Just as Jack Allingford was lowered into the mine.

Then she asked the man at the windlass if he'd had any luck,
But he picked up a piece of candle and then a match he struck;
Then Jenny asked the miner, What is that for?
And he replied to blast the mine, which I fear and abhor.

Then with a piece of rope he lowered the candle and matches into the mine,
While brave Jenny watched the action all the time;
And as the man continued to turn round the windlass handle,
Jenny asked him, Isn't it dangerous to lower the matches and candle?

Then the man replied, I hope there's no danger, Jenny, my lass,
But whatsoever God has ordained will come to pass;
And just as he said so the windlass handle swung round,
And struck him on the forehead, and he fell to the ground.

And when Jenny saw the blood streaming from the fallen man's head,
She rushed to the mouth of the shaft without any dread,
And Jenny called loudly, but received no reply,
So to her brother standing near by she heaved a deep sigh.

Telling him to run for assistance, while she swung herself on to the hand-
rope,
Resolved to save Jack Allingford's life as she earnestly did hope;
And as she proceeded down the shaft at a quick pace,
The brave heroine knew that death was staring her in the face.

And the rope was burning her hands as she descended,
But she thought if she saved Jack her task would be ended;
And when she reached the bottom of the mine she did not hesitate,
But bounding towards Jack Allingford, who was lying seemingly inanimate.

And as she approached his body the hissing fuse burst upon her ears,
But still the noble girl no danger fears;
While the hissing of the fuse was like an engine grinding upon her brain,
Still she resolved to save Jack while life in her body did remain.

She noticed a small jet of smoke issuing from a hole near his head,
And if he'd lain a few seconds longer there he'd been killed dead,
But God had sent an angel to his rescue,
For seizing him by the arms his body to the air shaft she drew.

It was a supernatural effort, but she succeeded at last,
And Jenny thanked God when the danger was past,

But at the same instant the silence was broke
By a loud explosion, which soon filled the mine with smoke.

But, oh, God be thanked! the greatest danger was past,
But when Jenny saw Jack Allingford, she stood aghast,
Because the blood was issuing from his nose and ears,
And as Jenny viewed his wounds she shed many tears.

But heroic Jenny was not one of the fainting sort,
For immediately to the mouth of the mine she did resort,
And she called loudly for help, the noble lass,
And her cry was answered by voices above at the windlass.

So there were plenty to volunteer their services below,
And the rope was attached to the windlass, and down they did go,
And Jack Allingford and Jenny were raised to the top,
While Jenny, noble soul, with exhaustion was like to drop.

And when the miners saw her safe above there was a burst of applause,
Because she had rescued Jack Allingford from death's jaws;
So all ye that read or hear this story, I have but to say,
That Jenny Carrister was the noblest heroine I've ever heard of in my day.

BEAUTIFUL NAIRN

All ye tourists who wish to be away
From the crowded city for a brief holiday;
The town of Nairn is worth a visit, I do confess,
And it's only about fifteen miles from Inverness.

And in the summer season it's a very popular bathing-place,
And the visitors from London and Edinburgh finds solace,
As they walk along the yellow sand beach inhaling fresh air;
Besides, there's every accommodation for ladies and gentlemen there.

Then there's a large number of bathing coaches there,
And the climate is salubrious, and very warm the air;
And every convenience is within the bathers' reach,
Besides, there's very beautiful walks by the sea beach.

The visitors to Nairn can pass away the time agreeably,
By viewing Tarbetness, which slopes downwards to the sea;
And Queen Street is one of the prettiest thoroughfares,
Because there's splendid shops in it, and stocked with different wares.

And there's ornamental grounds, and lovely shady nooks,
Which is a great advantage to visitors while reading their books;
And there's a certain place known as the Ladies' Beach,
So private that no intruder can them reach.

And there's many neat cottages with gardens very nice,
And picturesque villas, which can be rented at a reasonable price;
Besides, there's a golf course for those that such a game seeks,
Which would prove a great attraction to the knights of clubs and cleeks.

The surrounding scenery of Nairn is magnificent to be seen,
Especially its fertile fields and woodlands so green;
Besides, not far from Nairn, there's Cawdor Castle, the ancient seat
Of the noble Thanes of Cawdor, with its bold turrets so neat.

And its massive proportions is very imposing to see,
Because the arched entrance is secured by a drawbridge and a fosse;
And visitors will be allowed all over the grounds to roam,
Besides shown over the castle if the Earl is not at home.

The scenery surrounding the castle is charming in the summertime,
And the apples in the orchard there is very fine,
Also the flower-beds are most beautiful to see,
Especially in the month of June, when the birds sing merrily.

Then there's the ancient stronghold of the Bays of Lochloy,
And visitors when they see it will it heartily enjoy;
And a little further on there's the blasted heath of Macbeth,
And a hillock where the witches are wont to dance till out of breath.

And as the visitors to Nairn walk along the yellow sand,
They can see, right across the Moray Firth, the Black Island so grand,
With its productive fields and romantic scenery,
And as the tourist gazes thereon his heart fills with ecstasy.

And Darnaway Castle is well worthy of praise,
And to oblige all visitors there are open days,
When they can see the castle where one thousand warriors in all
Oft have assembled in the Earl of Randolph's Hall.

And in conclusion I will say for good bathing Nairn is the best,
And besides its pleasant scenery is of historical interest;
And the climate gives health to many visitors while there,
Therefore I would recommend Nairn for balmy pure air.

THE DEATH OF FRED MARSDEN, THE AMERICAN PLAYWRIGHT

A pathetic tragedy I will relate,
Concerning poor Fred. Marsden's fate,
Who suffocated himself by the fumes of gas,
On the 18th of May, and in the year of 1888, alas!

Fred. Marsden was a playwright, the theatrical world knows,
And was highly esteemed by the people, and had very few foes;
And in New York, in his bedroom, he took his life away,
And was found by his servant William in his bedroom where he lay.

The manner in which he took his life : first he locked the door,
Then closed down the window, and a sheet to shreds he tore
And then stopped the keyholes and chinks through which air might come,
Then turned on the single gas-burner, and soon the deed was done.

About seven o'clock in the evening he bade his wife good-night,
And she left him, smoking, in his room, thinking all was right,
But when morning came his daughter said she smelled gas,
Then William, his servant, called loudly on him, but no answer, alas!

Then suspicion flashed across William's brain, and he broke open the door,
Then soon the family were in a state of uproar,
For the room was full of gas, and Mr Marsden quite dead,
And a more kind-hearted father never ate of the world's bread.

And by his kindness he spoiled his only child,
His pretty daughter Blanche, which made him wild;
For some time he thought her an angel, she was so very civil,
But she dishonoured herself, and proved herself a devil.

Her father idolised her, and on her spared no expense,
And the kind-hearted father gave her too much indulgence,

Because evening parties and receptions were got up for her sake,
Besides, he bought her a steam yacht to sail on Schroon Lake.

His means he lavished upon his home and his wife,
And he loved his wife and daughter as dear as his life;
But Miss Blanche turned to folly, and wrecked their home through strife,
And through Miss Marsden's folly her father took his life.

She wanted to ride, and her father bought her a horse,
And by giving her such indulgences, in morals she grew worse;
And by her immoral actions she broke her father's heart;
And, in my opinion, she has acted a very ungrateful part.

At last she fled from her father's house, which made him mourn,
Then the crazy father went after her and begged her to return,
But she tore her father's beard, and about the face beat him,
Then fled to her companions in evil, and thought it no sin.

Then her father sent her one hundred dollars, and found her again,
And he requested her to come home, but it was all in vain;
For his cruel daughter swore at him without any dread,
And, alas! next morning, he was found dead in his bed.

And soon theatrical circles were shocked to learn,
Of the sudden death of genial Fred Marsden,
Whose house had been famous for its hospitality,
To artists, litterateurs, and critics of high and low degree.

And now dear Mrs Marsden is left alone to mourn
The loss of her loving husband, whom to her will ne'er return;
But I hope God will be kind to her in her bereavement,
And open her daughter's eyes, and make her repent

For being the cause of her father's death, the generous Fred,
Who oft poor artists and mendicants has fed;
But, alas! his bounties they will never receive more,
Therefore poor artists and mendicants will his loss deplore.

Therefore, all ye kind parents of high and low degree,
I pray ye all, be advised by me,
And never pamper your children in any way,
Nor idolise them, for they are apt to go astray,

And treat ye, like pretty Blanche Marsden,
Who by her folly has been the death of one of the finest men;
So all kind parents, be warned by me,
And remember always this sad Tragedy!

AN EXCURSION STEAMER SUNK IN THE TAY

'Twas in the year of 1888, and on July the 14th day,
That an alarming accident occurred in the River Tay.
Which resulted in the sinking of the Tay Ferries' Steamer "Dundee,"
Which was a most painful and sickening sight to see.

The Steamer was engaged by the Independent Order of Rechabites,
And all were resolved to see some rural sights;
And the place they selected was the village of Newburgh;
While each heart was happy and free from sorrow.

And the weather was sunny, and really very fine,
And 900 souls had agreed to while away the time;
And they left the Craig Pier at half-past two o'clock,
Never thinking they would meet with an accidental shock.

And after passing underneath the Bridge of Tay,
Then they took the Channel on the south side without dismay;
And Captain Methven stood on the Steamer's bridge, I do declare,
And for the passengers he seemed to have very great care.

And all went well on board for some time,
And the silvery Tay shone beautiful in the sunshine;
And the passengers' hearts felt light and gay,
While they gazed on the bonnie banks of the silvery Tay.

To do justice to the passengers, they were a goodly band,
For their behaviour, 'tis said, was truly grand;
But to the eastward of Newburgh, the Steamer was too close inshore,
And on passing a boatman, he warningly to them did roar,-

Warning them not to come inshore so near,
But his warning voice the helmsman didn't hear;
Neither the Captain or passengers his warning dreads,
Until the Steamer struck a number of boulders, known as The Heads.

And close to the point where the Pow falls into the Tay,
Which the people that escaped drowning will remember for many a day,
Because many of the passengers were thrown off their balance;
But, most fortunately, they were all saved merely by chance.

And owing to the suddenness of the shock, many women fainted away,
Which filled the rest of the passengers' hearts with dismay;
But they soon regained their composure when close to the land,
Especially when they saw that succour was near at hand.

The engines were kept going at full speed,
And God helped His people in time of need;
And in a short time Newburgh was reached,
While many women wept bitterly, and loudly screeched.

Because by this time the forehold was nearly filled with water,
Which caused the passengers' teeth with fear to chatter;
Because the Steamer was settling down forward,
While to land the passengers safe Captain Methven struggled hard.

But before one-half of them had got ashore,
The women and children were in a state of uproar,
Because the forepart of the Steamer was submerged in the Tay,
Which filled the passengers' hearts with dismay.

But, thanks be to God! all the passengers were sent to Dundee
By the Steamers Renown, Forfarshire, Protector, and the Lass o' Gowrie,
Which certainly was a most beautiful sight to see,
When they landed 900 passengers safe on the pier at Dundee.

Then, good people, away to the mountains, glens, and lakes,
And drink of milk and pure water, and eat oaten cakes;
And sit down on the margin of a little burn in the sunshine,
And enjoy yourselves heartily during the holiday time.

DROWNING OF THE REV. WM. HORNE, LATE OF DUNDEE

'Twas in the year of 1888, and on August the 1st day,
That the Rev. Wm. Horne was drowned (while bathing) in Scarborough Bay,
And that place is considered to be a very dangerous spot;
And by his church members his sad fate won't be forgot.

He was observed to be in distress by a gentleman near by,
So, to save him from being drowned, he resolved to try;
Then to him he boldly swam, and kept him afloat
Until the arrival of the safety boat.

And into the boat the unfortunate rev. gentleman was laid,
And when he landed every attention to him was paid;
The usual restoratives were medically applied
By Dr. J. W. Taylor, but in a short time he died.

The rev. gentleman was a powerful swimmer, it is said,
And had bathed at dangerous places where other swimmers were afraid;
Just for instance in St. Andrew's bay-
But many times he bathed there without dismay.

But the more he escaped there, his time wasn't come,
But at Scarborough he's been drowned, so Heaven's will be done;
Which alas! kind Christians, I'm sorry to relate,
That the rev. gentleman has met with such a fate.

The Rev. Wm. Horne was a native of Dunfermline,
And in the office of a linen manufacturer there an apprentice he did begin;
And he was remarkable for his studious habits in search of knowledge,
And accordingly he was sent to St. Andrew's College.

And he soon carried off a prize offered by the late Mr John Stuart Mill,
Particularly in metaphysics and philosophic skill;
And for the best essay on The Principle of Inseparable Association,
And he also received #100 for an essay on Scripture Revelation.

Mr Horne was also minister of Lindsay Street Congregational Church,
Dundee,

And for a period of five years he acted most faithfully;
And he also carried off the Baxter Scholarship of £100:
In truth his great intellect was stored with knowledge profound.

He was an able preacher, which nobody can deny,
And no doubt his relatives for him bitter tears will cry;
Besides, his church members in Dreghorn
The loss of their pastor will greatly mourn.

While minister in Dundee there's few could him surpass,
Because he started a mission for working girls, and a Young Men's Class;
And he soon became a familiar figure in Dundee,
And succeeded in reforming many of however low degree.

During his five years' ministry in Lindsay Street
As a preacher he wielded an influence good and sweet;
His preaching had great influence on the young men in the congregation,
And they always looked up to him with an eye of veneration.

Mr Horne was on his marriage tour when he was drowned,
Which filled Mrs Horne's heart with sorrow profound;
Because he was expected to return to the manse at Dreghorn;
And for the ministry his enthusiasm surpassed any man ever born.

His congregation at Dreghorn dearly did him love,
And I hope the good man's soul now rests in Heaven above,
For the good he done to sinners while he this earthly stage trod,
But I trust he is now a bright angel at the right hand of God.

And Mr George Paish, that swam out to him,
For his gallantry ought to be rewarded, which I consider no sin,
Because if he hadn't swam out, his body might never have been found,
And for such gallantry he deserves no less than £100.

THE HORRORS OF MAJUBA

'Twas after the great Majuba fight:
And the next morning, at daylight,
Captain Macbean's men were ordered to headquarters camp,
So immediately Captain Macbean and his men set out on tramp.

And there they were joined by the Blue Jackets and 58th men,
Who, for unflinching courage, no man can them condemn;
And that brave little band was commissioned to bury their dead,
And the little band numbered in all about one hundred.

And they were supplied with a white flag, fit emblem of death,
Then they started off to O'Neill's farm, with bated breath,
Where their comrades had been left the previous night,
And were lying weltering in their gore, oh! what a horrible sight.

And when they arrived at the foot of Majuba Hill,
They were stopped by a Boer party, but they meant no ill,
Who asked them what they wanted without dismay,
And when they said, their dead, there was no further delay.

Then the brave heroes marched on, without any dread,
To the Hill of Majuba to collect and bury their dead;
And to see them climbing Majuba it was a fearful sight,
And much more so on a dark pitch night.

And on Majuba there was a row of dead men,
Numbering about forty or fifty of them;
There were also numbers of wounded men lying on the ground,
And when Captain Macbean's party gazed on them their sorrow was profound.

Oh, heaven! what a sight of blood and brains!
While the grass was red all o'er with blood-stains;

Especially at the edge of the Hill, where the 92nd men were killed,
'Twas there that the eyes of Macbean's party with tears filled,

When they saw their dead and dying comrades in arms,
Who were always foremost in the fight during war's alarms;
But who were now lying dead on Majuba Hill,
And, alas! beyond the aid of all human skill.

They then went about two hundred yards down the Hill,
And collected fourteen more bodies, which made their blood run chill;
And, into one grave, seventy-five bodies they buried there,
All mostly 92nd men, who, I hope, are free from all care.

Oh! think of that gallant British band,
Who, at Majuba, made such a heroic stand,
And, take them altogether, they behaved like brave men,
But, alas! they were slaughtered like sheep in a pen.

Poor fellows! there were few of them left to retire,
Because undauntedly they faced that murderous fire,
That the mighty host poured in upon them, left and right,
From their numerous rifles, day and night.

The conduct of the 92nd was most brave throughout,
Which has always been the case, without any doubt;
At least, it has been the case in general with the Highland Brigade,
Because in the field they are the foremost, and seldom afraid.

And to do the British justice at Majuba they behaved right well,
But by overwhelming numbers the most of them fell,
Which I'm very sorry to relate,
That such a brave little band met with such a fate.

The commanders and officers deserve great praise,
Because they told their men to hold Majuba for three days;
And so they did, until the most of them fell,
Fighting nobly for their Queen and country they loved right well.

But who's to blame for their fate I'm at a loss to know,
But I think 'twas by fighting too numerous a foe;
But there's one thing I know, and, in conclusion, will say,
That their fame will be handed down to posterity for many a day!

THE QUEEN AT THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, GLASGOW

'Twas in the year of 1888, and on August the 22nd day,
That Her Majesty arrived in Glasgow, dressed in mourning array;
And on Wednesday Glasgow put on her best holiday attire,
Which Her Majesty graciously seemed to admire

The decorations along the streets were magnificent to be seen;
And the people paid great prices to look upon their Queen;
And the decorations along the route from St. Enoch's Station
To the Municipal Buildings, filled every eye with admiration.

And thence to the International Exhibition, all the way,
Each householder seemed to vie with his neighbour in decorations gay—
Such as flags, trophies, and festoons of cloth and flowers, mixed with green
bay,
In fact there has seldom been such a grand display.

Red and yellow were the prevailing colours of the day,
But, here and there, was a mass of blue and white in grand array;
And Sauchiehall Street was the most beautiful in style,
And its appearance the spectators will remember for a very long while.

The royal train was timed to arrive at St. Enoch's station
About four o'clock in the afternoon, which caused a great sensation,
Because the streets were almost impassable, with sightseers bustling about
there,
All anxious to see Her Majesty enter the Municipal Buildings, I do declare.

At the Exhibition, in front of the main entrance, a porch was erected,
Also a dais in the grand hall, which Her Majesty highly respected;
And the woodwork was covered with gold and crimson cloth, the best in
town,
And both porch and dais were surmounted with a crown.

And there were companies of military and volunteers moving here and there,

Which rendered the scene lively, and helped to drive away dull care;

And as for the reception of Her Majesty, the Magistrates didn't fail,

Because everything was complete and satisfactory in every detail

And shortly military dignitaries began to arrive,

And the streets with sightseers seemed all alive,

All anxious to see Her Majesty as she alighted from the train,

And to get one glimpse of her every nerve they did strain.

The Royal Navy Artillery Volunteers were in front of the railway station,
To the number of over two hundred, who looked most splendid in their
decoration,

And under the noble Marquis of Ailsa's command;

Besides one hundred men of the Seaforth Highlanders, who looked robust
and grand.

And the 15th Hussars were there also in readiness

To form Her Majesty's escort, who looked beautiful in their dress;

Besides, the Lord Provost of Glasgow, Sir James King, was there,

Wearing his robes and massive gold chain, which made the people stare.

Besides Lady King, and Dr Marwick the town clerk, were there,

Also, Lord Hamilton of Dalzell, who seemed happy and free from care,

Besides the Marchioness of Lothian, and the Duchess of Buccleuch,

Mistress of the royal robes, to whom honour is due.

Besides there were Sheriff-Principal Berry, and Major-General Annesley,
Commander of the forces in Scotland, who waited the arrival of the train
patiently;

And when the royal train steamed slowly into the station at half-past four,

Owing to its late arrival amongst the spectators there was quite a furore.

Then the Marquis of Lothian presented to Her Majesty

The Lord Provost and Lady King, and Sheriff-Principal Berry,

And Lord Hamilton, and Major-General Annesley;

Then Lady King handed the Queen and Princess Beatrice each a beautiful bouquet.

Then the royal party walked across the platform,
Which the railway officials with crimson did adorn,
To honour and welcome Her Majesty to beautiful Glasgow,
Which certainly was a magnificent show.

Her Majesty was accommodated in a landau, semi-dress,
And on her left sat Princess Beatrice, who looked charming I do confess;
Besides the Duke and Princess Alice of Hesse,
With her sweet smiling countenance which was most lovely to see.

Then Her Majesty and escort proceeded on their way to St. Enoch's station,
All seemingly quite happy and in a state of admiration;
And the procession moved on to the Municipal Buildings, George Square,
While every available spot was crowded with spectators there.

There were thousands of crushing and pushing loyal subjects assembled there,
While the shouts and jeers of the sightseers did rend the air;
And much praise is due to the Corporation who had the arrangements in hand,
For erecting large platforms to accommodate the Lord Provost and Magistrates most grand.

The seats on the platform were draped in red baize,
And there were police officers placed at the gateways;
And half-an-hour before the arrival of Her Majesty;
The Magistrates and Town Council took up their position allotted their official dignity.

And about half-past four the Queen appeared,
And by the populace she was loudly cheered;
Then in a few seconds the outriders appeared in grand array,
And entered by the entrance of the quadrangle straight way.

Then they were followed by the officers of State and the Queen,
In a semi-state carriage, most beautiful to be seen;

And accompanied, in the carriage, by the Princess Beatrice,
Besides the Princess Alice and the Duke of Hesse, which looked very nice.

Then to the Magistrates' platform the royal carriage drew near,
And the Lord Provost prevented a gold casket to Her Majesty without fear,
Which the Queen most graciously received, as well as the key
For the opening of the Municipal Buildings, which was a grand sight to see.

Then Her Most Gracious Majesty read a short reply,
Which was only heard by the audience near by;
Then she drove to the Exhibition, where a crowd had collected,
And she was met by Sir Archibald Campbell, and courteously respected.

Then he conducted her to the throne, in the grand hall,
And the National Anthem was sung by the Choral Union, heartily one and all,
But the music was drowned by the firing of artillery on the neighbouring
heights,
But Her Majesty was pleased with the Exhibition sights.

And after Sir Archibald Campbell had read the Exhibition address,
Then the Queen visited the Exhibition, and she was highly pleased she did
confess;
And she ordered samples to be sent on to her at Blythswood
From the Scotch, English, Welsh, and Irish Courts, which she considered
good.

THE BATTLE OF SHINA, IN AFRICA, FOUGHT IN 1800

KING SHUAC, the Giant of Mizra, war did declare
Against Ulva, King of Shina, telling him to prepare
And be ready for to meet him in the fight,
Which would commence the next morning before daylight.

When King Ulva heard the news, he told his warriors to prepare,
Then suddenly the clatter of arms sounded in the night air;
And the pale beams of the moon shone on coats of mail,
But not one bosom beneath them with fear did quail.

And bugles rang out their hoarse call,
And armed men gathered quickly, not in dread of their downfall;
For King Ulva resolved to go and meet Shuac,
So, by doing so, King Ulva's men courage didn't lack.

Therefore, the temple was lighted up anew,
And filled with armed warriors, bold and true;
And the King stood clad in his armour, and full of pride,
As he gazed upon his warriors, close by his side.

And he bowed himself to the ground,
While there was a deep silence around;
And he swore, by his false god of the all-seeing eye,
That he would meet Shuac, King of Mizra, and make him fly.

And I swear that in Shina peace shall remain,
And whatever thou desireth, supreme one, will not be in vain;
For thou shalt get what thou considereth to be most fit,
Though it be of my own flesh and blood, I swear it.

Then, when all was in readiness, they marched before the dawn,
Sixty thousand in number, and each a picked man;
And they marched on silently to take Shuac's army by surprise,
And attack him if possible, before sunrise.

King Shuac's army were about one hundred thousand strong,
And, when King Ulva heard so, he cried, We'll conquer them ere long,
Therefore, march on, brave men, we'll meet them before daybreak,
So, be resolute and conquer, and fight for Shina's sake.

Within a mile of the enemy's camp they lay all night,
Scarcely taking well-earned repose, they were so eager for the fight;
And when the morning broke clear and cloudless, with a burning sky,
Each warrior was wishing that the fight was begun.

And as the armies neared one another, across the fertile land,
It was a most imposing sight, and truly grand,
To see the warriors clad in armour bright,
Especially the form of Shuac, in the midst of the fight.

The royal guard, forming the vanguard, made the first attack,
Under the command of King Ulva, who courage didn't lack;
And cries of "King Ulva!" and "King Shuac!" rent the air,
While Shuac cried, I'll burn Shina to the ground, I now do swear!

King Shuac was mounted on a powerful steed,
Which pressed its way through the ranks with lightning speed;
And with its hoofs the earth it uptears,
Until, with a bound, it dashes through the ranks of opposing spears.

Then the two Kings met each other at last,
And fire flashed from their weapons, and blows fell fast;
But Shuac was the strongest of the two,
But King Ulva was his match with the club, Ulva knew.

Then, with his club, he gave Shuac a blow, which wounded him deep,
Crying out, Shuac, thy blood is deserting thee! thou art a sheep!
Cried Ulva, dealing him another fearful blow,
Then Shuac raised his club and rushed on his foe.

Then his blow fell, and knocked Ulva's club from his hand,
While both armies in amazement stand
To watch the hand-to-hand fight,
While Shuac's warriors felt great delight.

But there chanced to be a Scotchman in Ulva's army,
That had a loaded pistol, and he fired it immediately,
And shot King Shuac through the head,
And he toppled over to the ground killed stone dead!

Then the men of Mizra laid down their arms and fled
When they saw that their King was killed dead;
Then King Ulva said to the Scotchman, I am thy servant for ever,
For to thee I owe my life, and nought but death will us sever.

THE MIRACULOUS ESCAPE OF ROBERT ALLAN, THE FIREMAN

'Twas in the year of 1888, and on October the fourteenth day,
That a fire broke out in a warehouse, and for hours blazed away;
And the warehouse, now destroyed, was occupied by the Messrs R. Wylie,
Hill & Co.,
Situated in Buchanan Street, in the City of Glasgow.

The flames burst forth about three o'clock in the afternoon,
And intimation of the outbreak spread very soon;
And in the spectators' faces were depicted fear and consternation;
While the news flew like lightning to the Fire Brigade Station.

And when the Brigade reached the scene of the fire,
The merciless flames were ascending higher and higher,
Raging furiously in all the floors above the street,
And within twenty minutes the structure was destroyed by the burning
heat.

Then the roof fell in, pushing out the front wall,
And the loud crash thereof frightened the spectators one and all,
Because it shook the neighbouring buildings to their foundation,
And caused throughout the City a great sensation.

And several men were injured by the falling wall,
And as the bystanders gazed thereon, it did their hearts appal;
But the poor fellows bore up bravely, without uttering a moan,
And with all possible speed they were conveyed home.

The firemen tried to play upon the building where the fire originated,
But, alas! their efforts were unfortunately frustrated,
Because they were working the hose pipes in a building occupied by Messrs
Smith & Brown,
But the roof was fired, and amongst them it came crashing down.

And miraculously they escaped except one fireman,
The hero of the fire, named Robert Allan,
Who was carried with the debris down to the street floor,
And what he suffered must have been hard to endure.

He travelled to the fire in Buchanan Street,
On the first machine that was ordered, very fleet,
Along with Charles Smith and Dan. Ritchie,
And proceeded to Brown & Smith's buildings that were burning furiously.

And in the third floor of the building he took his stand
Most manfully, without fear, with the hose in his hand,
And played on the fire through a window in the gable
With all his might, the hero, as long as he was able.

And he remained there for about a quarter of an hour,
While from his hose upon the building the water did pour,
When, without the least warning, the floor gave way,
And down he went with it: oh, horror! and dismay!

And with the debris and flooring he got jammed,
But Charlie Smith and Dan. Ritchie quickly planned
To lower down a rope to him, without any doubt,
So, with a long pull and a strong pull, he was dragged out.

He thought he was jammed in for a very long time,
For, instead of being only two hours jammed, he thought 'twas months
nine,
But the brave hero kept up his spirits without any dread
Then he was taken home in a cab, and put to bed.

Oh, kind Christians! think of Robert Allan, the heroic man
For he certainly is a hero, deny it who can?
Because, although he was jammed, and in the midst of the flame,
He tells the world fearlessly he felt no pain.

The reason why, good people, he felt no pain
Is because he put his trust in God, to me it seems plain,

And in conclusion, I most earnestly pray,
That we will all put our trust in God, night and day.

And I hope that Robert Allan will do the same,
Because He saved him from being burnt while in the flame;
And all that trust in God will do well,
And be sure to escape the pains of hell.

THE COLLISION IN THE ENGLISH CHANNEL

'T WAS on a Sunday morning, and in the year of 1888,
The steamer "Saxmundham," laden with coal and coke for freight,
Was run into amidships by the Norwegian barque "Nor,"
And sunk in the English Channel, while the storm fiend did roar.

She left Newcastle on Friday, in November, about two o'clock,
And proceeded well on her way until she received a shock;
And the effects of the collision were so serious within,
That, within twenty minutes afterwards, with water she was full to the brim.

The effects of the collision were so serious the water couldn't be staunched,
So immediately the "Saxmundham's" jolly-boat was launched;
While the brave crew were busy, and loudly did clatter,
Because, at this time, the stem of the steamer was under water.

Then the bold crew launched the lifeboat, without dismay,
While their hearts did throb, but not a word did they say;
They tried to launch the port lifeboat, but in that they failed,
Owing to the heavy sea, so their sad fate they bewailed.

Then into the jolly-boat and lifeboat jumped fifteen men in all,
And immediately the steamer foundered, which did their hearts appal,
As the good ship sank beneath the briny wave,
But they thanked God fervently that did them save.

Oh! it was a miracle how any of them were saved,
But it was by the aid of God, and how the crew behaved;
Because God helps those that help themselves,
And those that don't try to do so are silly elves.

So the two boats cruised about for some time,
Before it was decided to pull for St. Catherine;
And while cruising about they must have been ill,

But they succeeded in picking up an engineer and fireman, also Captain Milne.

And at daybreak on Sunday morning the men in the lifeboat
Were picked up by the schooner "Waterbird" as towards her they did float,
And landed at Weymouth, and made all right
By the authorities, who felt for them in their sad plight.

But regarding the barque "Nor," to her I must return,
And, no doubt, for the drowned men, many will mourn;
Because the crew's sufferings must have been great,
Which, certainly, is soul-harrowing to relate.

The ill-fated barque was abandoned in a sinking state,
But all her crew were saved, which I'm happy to relate;
They were rescued by the steamer "Hagbrook" in the afternoon,
When after taking to their boats, and brought to Portland very soon.

The barque "Nor" was bound from New York to Stettin,
And when she struck the "Saxmundham," oh! what terrible din!
Because the merciless water did rush in,
Then the ship carpenters to patch the breach did begin.

But, alas! all their efforts proved in vain,
For still the water did on them gain;
Still they resolved to save her whatever did betide,
But, alas! the ill-fated "Nor" sank beneath the tide.

But thanks be to God, the major part of the men have been saved,
And all honour to both crews that so manfully behaved;
And may God protect the mariner by night and by day
When on the briny deep, far, far away!

THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE EX-PROVOST ROUGH, DUNDEE

'Twas in the year of 1888, and on the 19th of November,
Which the friends of the late Ex-Provost Rough will long remember,
Because 'twas on the 19th of November his soul took its flight
To the happy land above, the land of pure delight.

Take him for all in all, he was a very good man,
And during his Provostship he couldn't be equalled in Great Britain,
Which I proclaim to the world without any dread,
Because while Provost he reduced the public-houses to three hundred.

Whereas at the time there were 620 public-houses in the town,
But being a friend of the temperance cause he did frown,
Because he saw the evils of intemperance every day
While sitting on the bench, so he resolved to sweep public-houses away.

And in doing so the good man, in my opinion, was right,
Because the evils of intemperance is an abomination in God's sight;
And all those that get drunk are enemies to Him,
Likewise enemies to Christ's kingdom, which is a great sin.

The late Ex-Provost Rough was President of the Dundee Temperance
Society,
An office which he filled with great ability;
Besides Vice-President of the Scottish Temperance League for many years,
And no doubt the friends of temperance for his loss will shed tears.

Because many a hungry soul he relieved while in distress,
And for doing so I hope the Lord will him bless,
For his kindness towards the poor people in Dundee,
Besides for his love towards the temperance cause, and his integrity.

And when the good man's health began to decline
The doctor ordered him to take each day two glasses of wine,

But he soon saw the evil of it, and from it he shrunk,
The noble old patriarch, for fear of getting drunk.

And although the doctor advised him to continue taking the wine,
Still the hero of the temperance cause did decline,
And told the doctor he wouldn't of wine take any more,
So in a short time his spirit fled to heaven, where all troubles are o'er.

I'm sure very little good emanates from strong drink,
And many people, alas! it leads to hell's brink!
Some to the scaffold, and some to a pauper's grave,
Whereas if they would abstain from drink, Christ would them save.

'Twas on Friday afternoon, in November the 23rd day,
That the funeral cortege to the Western Cemetery wended its way,
Accompanied by the Magistrates, and amongst those present were-
Bailie Macdonald and Bailie Black, also Lord Provost Hunter I do declare.

There were also Bailie Foggie, Bailie Craig, and Bailie Stephenson,
And Ex-Provost Moncur, and Ex-Provost Ballingall representing the Royal
Orphan Institution;
Besides there were present the Rev. J. Jenkins and the Rev. J. Masson,
With grief depicted in their faces and seemingly woe-begone.

There were also Mr Henry Adams, representing the Glover trade,
Also Mr J. Carter, who never was afraid
To denounce strong drink, and to warn the people from it to flee,
While agent of the Temperance Society in Dundee.

And when the funeral cortege arrived at the Western burying-ground,
Then the clergyman performed the funeral service with a solemn sound;
While from the eyes of the spectators fell many a tear
For the late Ex-Provost Rough they loved so dear.

And when the coffin was lowered into its house of clay,
Then the friends of the deceased homewards wended their way,
Conversing on the good qualities of the good man,
Declaring that the late Ex-Provost Rough couldn't be equalled in Great
Britain.

THE DESTROYING ANGEL, OR THE POET'S DREAM

I dreamt a dream the other night
That an Angel appeared to me, clothed in white.
Oh! it was a beautiful sight,
Such as filled my heart with delight.

And in her hand she held a flaming brand,
Which she waved above her head most grand;
And on me she glared with love-beaming eyes,
Then she commanded me from my bed to arise.

And in a sweet voice she said, "You must follow me,
And in a short time you shall see
The destruction of all the public-houses in the city,
Which is, my friend, the God of Heaven's decree."

Then from my bed in fear I arose,
And quickly donned on my clothes;
And when that was done she said, " Follow me
Direct to the High Street, fearlessly."

So with the beautiful Angel away I did go,
And when we arrived at the High Street, Oh! what a show,
I suppose there were about five thousand men there,
All vowing vengeance against the publicans, I do declare.

Then the Angel cried with a solemn voice aloud
To that vast and Godly assembled crowd,
"Gentlemen belonging the fair City of Dundee,
Remember I have been sent here by God to warn ye.

"That by God's decree ye must take up arms and follow me
And wreck all the public-houses in this fair City,
Because God cannot countenance such dens of iniquity.
Therefore, friends of God, come, follow me.

“Because God has said there’s no use preaching against strong drink,
Therefore, by taking up arms against it, God does think,
That is the only and the effectual cure
To banish it from the land, He is quite sure.

“Besides, it has been denounced in Dundee for fifty years
By the friends of Temperance, while oft they have shed tears.
Therefore, God thinks there’s no use denouncing it any longer,
Because the more that’s said against it seemingly it grows stronger.”

And while the Angel was thus addressing the people,
The Devil seemed to be standing on the Townhouse Steeple,
Foaming at the mouth with rage, and seemingly much annoyed,
And kicking the Steeple because the public-houses wore going to be
destroyed.

Then the Angel cried, ” Satan, avaunt! begone!”
Then he vanished in the flame, to the amazement of everyone;
And waving aloft the flaming brand,
That she carried in her right hand

She cried, “Now, friends of the Temperance cause, follow me:
For remember it’s God’s high decree
To destroy all the public-houses in this fair City;
Therefore, friends of God, let’s commence this war immediately.”

Then from the High Street we all did retire,
As the Angel, sent by God, did desire;
And along the Perth Road we all did go,
While the Angel set fire to the public-houses along that row.

And when the Perth Road public-houses were fired, she cried, ” Follow me,
And next I’ll fire the Hawkhill public-houses instantly.”
Then away we went with the Angel, without dread or woe,
And she fired the Hawkhill public-houses as onward we did go.

Then she cried, “Let’s on to the Scouringburn, in God’s name.”
And away to the Scouringburn we went, with our hearts aflame,

As the destroying Angel did command.
And when there she fired the public-houses, which looked very grand.

And when the public-houses there were blazing like a kiln,
She cried, " Now, my friends, we'll march to the Bonnet Hill,
And we'll fire the dens of iniquity without dismay,
Therefore let's march on, my friends, without delay."

And when we arrived at the Bonnet Hill,
The Angel fired the public-houses, as she did well.
Then she cried, "We'll leave them now to their fate,
And march on to the Murraygate."

Then we marched on to the Murraygate,
And the Angel fired the public-houses there, a most deserving fate.
Then to the High Street we marched and fired them there,
Which was a most beautiful blaze, I do declare.

And on the High Street, old men and women were gathered there,
And as the flames ascended upwards, in amazement they did stare
When they saw the public-houses in a blaze,
But they clapped their hands with joy and to God gave praise.

Then the Angel cried, "Thank God, Christ's Kingdom's near at hand,
And there will soon be peace and plenty throughout the land,
And the ravages of the demon Drink no more will be seen."
But, alas, I started up in bed, and behold it was a dream!

THE WRECK OF THE STEAMER “STORM QUEEN”

Ye landsmen, all pray list to me,
While I relate a terrible tale of the sea,
Concerning the screw steamer “Storm Queen”
Which was wrecked, alas! a most heart-rending scene.

From Sebastopol, with a cargo of grain, she was on her way,
And soon after entering the Bay of Biscay,
On the 21st of December, they experienced a fearful storm
Such as they never experienced since they were born.

The merciless sea was running mountains high,
And to save themselves from a watery grave manfully they did try;
But the vessel became unmanageable, but still they worked away,
And managed to launch two small boats without dismay.

They wrought most manfully and behaved very well,
But a big wave smashed a small boat before they left the vessel;
Still the Captain, Mr Jaques, and five of the crew
Clung to the “Storm Queen” until she sank beneath the waters blue.

While the sea lashed itself into white foam and loudly did roar,
And with a gurgling sound the big waves covered the vessel o’er;
So perished Captain Jaques and five of the crew
Who stuck to the vessel, as brave sailors would do.

But before the vessel sank a raft was made,
And a few men got on to it who were not afraid;
And oh! it was enough to make one’s blood to freeze
To see them jumping off the steamer into the yawning seas.

So they were tossed about on the big billows the whole night,
And beneath the big waves they were engulfed before daylight;
But 22 that reached the boats were saved in all
By the aid of God, on whom they did call.

And on the next morning before daylight
The Norwegian barque "Gulvare" hove in sight;
Then they shouted and pulled towards her with all their might,
While the seas were running high, oh! what a fearful sight.

The poor souls were prevented from getting along side
Of the barque "Gulvare" by the heavy seas and tide;
And as the boats drew near the barque the storm increases
Until the boats struck against her and were dashed to pieces.

It was almost beyond human efforts with the storm to cope
But most fortunately they were hauled on board by a rope,
While the big waves did lash the barque all over,
But by a merciful providence they were landed safely at Dover.

The survivors when rescued were in a destitute state,
But nevertheless they seemed resigned to their fate,
And they thanked God that did them save
Most timely from a cold and watery grave.

And during their stay in Dover they received kind treatment,
For which they, poor creatures, felt very content;
And when they recovered from their ills they met at sea,
The authorities sent them home to their own country.

But as for Captain Jaques, few men like him had been,
Because he couldn't be persuaded to desert the "Storm Queen,"
As he declared he wouldn't leave her whatever did betide;
So the brave hero sank with her beneath the waters wide.

RICHARD PIGOTT, THE FORGER

Richard Pigott, the forger, was a very bad man,
And to gainsay it there's nobody can,
Because for fifty years he pursued a career of deceit,
And as a forger few men with him could compete.

For by forged letters he tried to accuse Parnell
For the Phoenix Park murders, but mark what befell.
When his conscience smote him he confessed to the fraud,
And the thought thereof no doubt drove him mad.

Then he fled from London without delay,
Knowing he wouldn't be safe there night nor day,
And embarked on board a ship bound for Spain,
Thinking he would escape detection there, but 'twas all in vain.

Because while staying at a hotel in Spain
He appeared to the landlord to be a little insane.
And he noticed he was always seemingly in dread,
Like a person that had committed a murder and afterwards fled.

And when arrested in the hotel he seemed very cool,
Just like an innocent schoolboy going to school.
And he said to the detectives, "Wait until my portmanteau I've got."
And while going for his portmanteau, himself he shot.

So perished Richard Pigott, a forger bold,
Who tried to swear Parnell's life away for the sake of gold,
But the vengeance of God overtook him,
And Parnell's life has been saved, which I consider no sin.

Because he was a man that was very fond of gold,
Not altogether of the miser's craving, I've been told,
But a craving desire after good meat and drink,
And to obtain good things by foul means he never did shrink.

He could eat and drink more than two ordinary men,
And to keep up his high living by foul means we must him condemn,
Because his heart's desire in life was to fare well,
And to keep up his good living he tried to betray Parnell.

Yes, the villain tried hard to swear his life away,
But God protected him by night and by day,
And during his long trial in London, without dismay,
The noble patriot never flinched nor tried to run away.

Richard Pigott was a man that was blinded by his own conceit.
And would have robbed his dearest friend all for good meat,
To satisfy his gluttony and his own sensual indulgence,
Which the inhuman monster considered no great offence.

But now in that undiscovered country he's getting his reward,
And I'm sure few people have for him little regard,
Because he was a villain of the deepest dye,
And but few people for him will heave a sigh.

When I think of such a monster my blood runs cold,
He was like Monteith, that betrayed Wallace for English gold;
But I hope Parnell will prosper for many a day
In despite of his enemies that tried to swear his life away.

Oh! think of his sufferings and how manfully he did stand.
During his long trial in London, to me it seems grand.
To see him standing at the bar, innocent and upright,
Quite cool and defiant, a most beautiful sight.

And to the noble patriot, honour be it said,
He never was the least afraid
To speak on behalf of Home Rule for Ireland,
But like a true patriot nobly he did take his stand.

And may he go on conquering and conquer to the end,
And hoping that God will the right defend,
And protect him always by night and by day,
At home and abroad when far away.

And now since he's set free, Ireland's sons should rejoice
And applaud him to the skies, all with one voice,
For he's their patriot, true and bold,
And an honest, true-hearted gentleman be it told.

A TALE OF ELSINORE

A little child stood thinking, sorrowfully and ill at ease,
In a forest beneath the branches of the tall pine trees –
And his big brown eyes with tears seemed dim,
While one soft arm rested on a huge dog close by him.

And only four summers had passed o'er his baby head,
And, poor little child, his twin brother was dead,
Who had died but a few days before,
And now he must play alone, for he'd see him no more.

And for many generations 'tis said for a truth
That the eldest bairn of the Cronberg family died early in youth,
Owing to a curse that pursued them for many a day,
Because the Cronberg chief had carried a lovely maiden away,

That belonged, 'tis said, to the bold Viking chief,
And her aged mother could find no relief;
And she cursed the Cronberg family in accents wild,
For the loss of her darling, beautiful child.

So at last the little child crept back to its home,
And entered the silent nursery alone,
Where he knew since morning his twin brother had lain,
But, alas! they would never walk hand in hand again.

And, pausing breathless, he gazed into the darkened room,
And there he saw in the dark gloom
The aged Gudrun keeping her lonely watch o'er the dead,
Sad and forlorn at the head of the bed.

Then little Olaf sprang joyfully into the room,
And bounding upon the bed, not fearing the corpse in the gloom;
And crept close beside the white form,
That was wont to walk by his side night and morn.

And with his dimpled hands his brother he did stroke,
And with grief his little heart almost broke;
And he whispered in baby talk his brother's name,
But, alas! to him no answer came.

But his good old nurse let little Olaf be,
The more it was very sad to see;
But she could not check the child, nor on him frown,
And as she watched him, the tears came trickling down.

Then Olaf cried, "Oh, nurse, when will he speak again?"
And old Gudrun said, "My lamb, 'tis all in vain,
He is singing sweet songs with the angels now,"
And kissed him fondly on cheek and brow.

And the same evening, Olaf wandered out on the green,
Which to him and his brother oft a playground had been;
And lying down on the messy bank, their old play place,
He fell asleep with a heavenly smile upon his face.

And as he slept it seemed to him an angel drew near,
And bending o'er him seemed to drop a tear,
And swept his closed eyes with her downy wing,
Then in whispers softly she did sing –

"Love God and be good to all, and one day
You'll meet your brother in Heaven in grand array,
On that bright and golden happy shore,
Where you and your brother shall part no more."

Then the angel kissed him and vanished away,
And Olaf started to his feet in great dismay;
Then he turned his eyes to Heaven, for his heart felt sore,
And from that day the house of Cronberg was cursed no more.

THE PENNSYLVANIA DISASTER

'T WAS in the year of 1889, and in the month of June,
Ten thousand people met with a fearful doom,
By the bursting of a dam in Pennsylvania State,
And were burned, and drowned by the flood— oh! pity their fate!

The embankment of the dam was considered rather weak,
And by the swelled body of water the embankment did break,
And burst o'er the valley like a leaping river,
Which caused the spectators with fear to shiver.

And on rushed the mighty flood, like a roaring big wave,
Whilst the drowning people tried hard their lives to save;
But eight thousand were drowned, and their houses swept away,
While the spectators looked on, stricken with dismay.

And when the torrent dashed against the houses they instantly toppled o'er,
Then many of the houses caught fire, which made a terrific roar;
And two thousand people, by the fire, lost their lives,
Consisting of darling girls and boys, also men and their wives.

And when the merciless flood reached Johnstown it was fifty feet high,
While, in pitiful accents, the drowning people for help did cry;
But hundreds of corpses, by the flood, were swept away,
And Johnstown was blotted out like a child's toy house of clay.

Alas! there were many pitiful scenes enacted,
And many parents, for the loss of their children, have gone distracted,
Especially those that were burned in the merciless flame,
Their dear little ones they will never see again.

And among the sad scenes to be witnessed there,
Was a man and his wife in great despair,
Who had drawn from the burning mass a cradle of their child,
But, oh, heaven! their little one was gone, which almost drove them wild.

Oh, heaven! it was a pitiful and a most agonising sight,
To see parents struggling hard with all their might,
To save their little ones from being drowned,
But 'twas vain, the mighty flood engulfed them, with a roaring sound.

There was also a beautiful girl, the belle of Johnstown,
Standing in bare feet, on the river bank, sad and forlorn,
And clad in a loose petticoat, with a shawl over her head,
Which was all that was left her, because her parents were dead.

Her parents were drowned, and their property swept away with the flood,
And she was watching for them on the bank where she stood,
To see if they would rise to the surface of the water again,
But the dear girl's watching was all in vain.

And as for Conemaugh river, there's nothing could it surpass;
It was dammed up by a wall of corpses in a confused mass;
And the charred bodies could be seen dotting the burning debris,
While the flames and sparks ascended with a terrific hiss.

The pillaging of the houses in Johnstown is fearful to describe,
By the Hungarians and ghouls, and woe betide
Any person or party that interfered with them,
Because they were mad with drink, and yelling like tigers in a den.

And many were to be seen engaged in a hand-to-hand fight,
And drinking whisky, and singing wild songs, oh! what a shameful sight!
But a number of the thieves were lynched and shot
For robbing the dead of their valuables, which will not be forgot.

Mrs Ogle, like a heroine, in the telegraph office stood at her post,
And wired words of warning, else more lives would have been lost;
Besides she was warned to flee, but from her work she wouldn't stir,
Until at last the merciless flood engulfed her.

And as for the robbery and outrage at the hands of the ghouls,
I must mention Clara Barton and her band of merciful souls,
Who made their way fearlessly to the wounded in every street,
And the wounded and half-crazed survivors they kindly did treat.

Oh, heaven! it was a horrible sight, which will not be forgot,
So many people drowned and burned—oh! hard has been their lot!
But heaven's will must be done, I'll venture to say,
And accidents will happen until doomsday!

THE POACHER AND HIS FAMILY

'Twas a cold night in November many years ago,
And the winter had set in with frost and snow:
And the villagers of Dusterly were very poor,
And, for want of work, they scarcely could bread procure.

Because the four-pound loaf was ninepence-halfpenny.
Besides, the winter had set in with great severity,
And the bread was going to be dearer — the baker said —
All through the severe winter, and for the want of trade.

And the public house in the village was called the “Crooked Billet,”
And in the evenings hard drinkers helped to fill it;
So night after night the big kitchen was filled,
And with the noisy tipplers fighting, innocent blood was spilled.

So, to proceed with my story, 'twas on a Saturday night,
And the kitchen fire in the public house was burning bright,
And the landlord sat in the chimney corner smoking his pipe,
While the servant girl was busy cooking potatoes and tripe.

Men of all ages — country labourers — were assembled there,
Cursing and shouting about their rights, I do declare,
Never thinking about their wives and families at home,
That were starving for want of bread, and could find none.

At least, the poacher's family were crying for bread,
And their mother didn't like to send them supperless to bed,
So she gathered up the dried crumbs, saved through the week,
While poor little Willie and Fanny wondered, but they didn't speak.

Then she divided the crumbs, with a mother's tender care,
So that Wille and Fanny might have an equal share;
Then she put the crumbs into two small bowls,
To appease the hunger of two hungry souls.

Then with boiling water she filled the little bowls,
While in amazement sat the two innocent souls;
Then she gave each child a spoon to sup the bread-sop,
Saying, now, my dear children, try and sup it every drop.

So Willie and Fanny made quick work of the bread-sop,
And in the little bowls they didn't leave one single drop;
And they blessed their kind mamma, and thanked God for the food,
Crying, oh! Dear mamma, taste it; it's really good.

Then the kind mother tasted it to please her children dear,
While adown her pale cheeks stole a silent tear,
When she thought of their father, who was poaching in Dusterly Wood,
And spending money on drink he should have spent on food.

At last, poor Willie, the eldest child said:
Mother, some harm has befell papa, I'm afraid,
And father will be wet when he comes home, won't he?
Yes, indeed he will my dear, kind-hearted Willie.

As Mrs Strickland spoke, a noise was heard,
But to the noise she paid very little regard,
Until a tap at the window did her attention engage,
Then the door was opened, and her husband staggered into the cottage.

Then he cried — Bring a light! Mary, bring a light!
For I feel faint and a dimness coming o'er my eyesight,
And fetch me some water, Mary, quick if you can,
For I fear in a short time I will be a dead man.

Then poor Mary gave him some water, and put him to bed,
And little Willie and Fanny thought their father was killed dead;
And they asked mamma to tell them, and earnestly did beg,
So she told them he was wounded in the right leg.

Then their father cried — Children dear, come near to me,
I've been shot by the gamekeepers above the right knee,
And oh! My dear children, it gives me great pain,
But, my dear Willie and Fanny, I will never poach again!

So, the next morning, he was taken away to Dusterly Hall
To appear before the Magistrates, which did his heart appal,
When the judge sentenced him to ten years' transportation,
He almost fainted with fear and consternation!

Then far across the sea he was sent,
And during his banishment he sincerely did repent,
And resolved to lead a better life,
And, if spared, be an affectionate husband to his wife.

So when ten long years were past,
Edward Strickland returned home at last,
And as it chanced to be on a Christmas Day,
It made his wife and children's hearts feel gay.

So he settled down as a shepherd near Farmer Franks
In a little cottage, and every night God he thanks
For protecting him twelve thousand miles away from home,
And in conclusion, he never as a poacher again did roam!

LINES IN PROTEST TO THE DUNDEE MAGISTRATES

Fellow citizens of Bonnie Dundee
 Are ye aware how the magistrates have treated me?
 Nay, do not stare or make a fuss
 When I tell ye they have boycotted me from appearing in Royal Circus,
 Which in my opinion is a great shame,
 And a dishonour to the city's name.

Fellow citizens, I consider such treatment to be very hard;
 'Tis proof for me they have little regard;
 Or else in the circumstances they would have seen to my protection;
 Then that would have been a proof of their affection,
 And how Genius ought to be rewarded,
 But instead my Genius has been disregarded
 Why should the magistrates try and punish me in such a cruel form?
 I never heard the like since I was born.
 Fellow citizens, they have taken from me a part of my living
 And as Christians they should have been giving;
 But instead of that they have prevented Baron Ziegler from engaging me,
 Which certainly is a disgrace to Bonnie Dundee

Who was't that immortalised the old and the new railway bridges of the
 Silvery Tay?
 Also the inauguration of the Hill of Balgay?
 Likewise the Silvery Tay rolling on its way?
 And the Newport Railway?
 Besides the Dundee Volunteers?
 Which met with their approbation and hearty cheers.
 And has it come to this in Bonnie Dundee?
 But, fellow-citizens, I will not submit to such an indignity
 For I am resolved to leave the city
 And bid the city a long farewell,
 For I cannot get protection in it to dwell,

Therefore I'm resolved from it to flee
For a prophet has no honour in his own country,
And try to live in some other town
Where the magistrates won't boycott me or try to keep me down

No more shall the rougths of Bonnie Dundee
Get the chance of insulting or throwing missiles at me
For I'm going off to the beautiful west
To the fair city of Glasgow that I like the best,
Where the River Clyde rolls on to the sea,
And the lark and the blackbird whistles with glee.
And your beautiful bridges across the River Clyde,
And on your bonnie banks I'm going to reside

JACK HONEST, OR THE WIDOW AND HER SON

Jack Honest was only eight years of age when his father died,
And by the death of his father, Mrs Honest was sorely tried;
And Jack was his father's only joy and pride,
And for honesty Jack couldn't be equalled in the country-side.

So a short time before Jack's father died,
'Twas loud and bitterly for Jack he cried,
And bade him sit down by his bedside,
And then told him to be honest whatever did betide.

John, he said, looking him earnestly in the face,
Never let your actions your name disgrace,
Remember, my dear boy, and do what's right,
And God will bless you by day and night.

Then Mr Honest bade his son farewell, and breathed his last,
While the hot tears from Jack's eyes fell thick and fast;
And the poor child did loudly sob and moan,
When he knew his father had left him and his mother alone.

So, as time wore on, Jack grew to be a fine boy,
And was to his mother a help and joy;
And, one evening, she said, Jack, you are my only prop,
I must tell you, dear, I'm thinking about opening a shop.

Oh! that's a capital thought, mother, cried Jack,
And to take care of the shop I won't be slack;
Then his mother said, Jackey, we will try this plan,
And look to God for his blessing, and do all we can.

So the widow opened the shop and succeeded very well,
But in a few months fresh troubles her befell—
Alas! poor Mrs Honest was of fever taken ill,
But Jack attended his mother with a kindly will.

But, for fear of catching the fever, her customers kept away,
And once more there wasn't enough money the rent to pay;
And in her difficulties Mrs Honest could form no plan to get out,
But God would help her, she had no doubt.

So, one afternoon, Mrs Honest sent Jack away
To a person that owed her some money, and told him not to stay,
But when he got there the person had fled,
And to return home without the money he was in dread.

So he saw a gentleman in a carriage driving along at a rapid rate,
And Jack ran forward to his mansion and opened the lodge-gate,
Then the gentleman opened his purse and gave him, as he thought, a shilling
For opening the lodge-gate so cleverly and so willing.

Then Jack stooped to lift up the coin, when lo and behold!
He found to his surprise it was a piece of gold!
And Jack cried oh! joyful, this will make up for my mother's loss,
Then he ran home speedily, knowing his mother wouldn't be cross.

And when he got home he told his mother of his ill success,
And his adventure with the gentleman, then she felt deep distress;
And when Jack showed her the sovereign, the gentleman gave him,
She cried, We mustn't keep that money, it would be a sin.

Dear mother, I thought so, there must be some mistake,
But in the morning, to Squire Brooksby, the sovereign I'll take;
So, when morning came, he went to Squire Brooksby's Hall,
And at the front door for the Squire he loudly did call.

Then the hall door was opened by a footman, dressed in rich livery,
And Jack told him he wished Mr Brooksby to see;
Then to deliver Jack's message the footman withdrew,
And when the footman returned he said, Master will see you.

Then Jack was conducted into a rich furnished room,
And to Mr Brooksby he told his errand very soon,
While his honest heart, with fear, didn't quake,
Saying, Mr Brooksby, you gave me a sovereign yesterday in a mistake.

Why, surely I have seen you before, said Mr Brooksby;
Yes, Sir, replied Jack Honest, bowing very politely;
Then what is your name, my honest lad? Asked Mr Brooksby;
John Honest, sir, replied Jack, right fearlessly.

The, my brave lad, you are Honest by name, and honest by nature,
Which, really, you appear to be in every feature,
But, I am afraid, such boys as you are very few,
But, I dare say, your mother has taught you.

Then Jack laid the sovereign down on the table before Mr Brooksby;
But Mr Brooksby said, No! my lad, I freely give it to thee;
Then Jack said, Oh, sir, I'm obliged to you I'm sure,
Because, sir, this money will help my mother, for she is poor.

Mrs Brooksby came to see Mrs Honest in a few days,
And for Jack's honesty she was loud in praise;
And she took Jack into her service, and paid him liberally,
And she gave Mrs Honest a house, for life, rent free.

Now, I must leave Jack Honest and his mother in fresh found glory,
Hoping my readers will feel interested in this story,
And try always to imitate the hero- Jack Honest-
And I'm sure they will find it the safest and the best!

THE SPRIG OF MOSS

THERE lived in Munich a poor, weakly youth,
But for the exact date, I cannot vouch for the truth,
And of seven of a family he was the elder,
Who was named, by his parents, Alois Senefelder.

But, poor fellow, at home his father was lying dead,
And his little brothers and sisters were depending upon him for bread,
And one evening he was dismissed from his employment,
Which put an end to all his peace and enjoyment.

The poor lad was almost mad, and the next day
His parent's remains to the cemetery were taken away;
And when his father was buried, distracted like he grew,
And he strolled through the streets crying, What shall I do!

And all night he wandered on sad and alone,
Until he began to think of returning home,
But, to his surprise, on raising his head to look around,
He was in a part of the country which to him was unknown ground.

And when night came on the poor lad stood aghast,
For all was hushed save the murmuring of a river which flowed past;
And the loneliness around seemed to fill his heart with awe,
And, with fatigue, he sat down on the first stone he saw.

And there resting his elbows and head on his knees,
He sat gazing at the running water, which did him please;
And by the light of the stars which shone on the water blue,
He cried, I will drown myself, and bid this harsh world adieu.

Besides, I'm good for nothing, to himself he said,
And will only become a burden to my mother, I'm afraid
And there, at the bottom of that water, said he,
From all my misfortunes death will set me free.

But, happily for Alois, more pious thoughts rushed into his mind,
And courage enough to drown himself he couldn't find,
So he resolved to go home again whatever did betide,
And he asked forgiveness of his Creator by the river side.

And as he knelt, a few incoherent words escaped him,
And the thought of drowning himself he considered a great sin,
And the more he thought of it, he felt his flesh creep,
But in a few minutes he fell fast asleep.

And he slept soundly, for the stillness wasn't broke,
And the day was beginning to dawn before he awoke;
Then suddenly he started up as if in a fright,
And he saw very near him a little stone smooth and white,

Upon which was traced the delicate design of a Sprig of Moss
But to understand such a design he was at a loss,
Then he recollected the Sprig of Moss lying on the stone,
And with his tears he'd moistened it, but it was gone.

But its imprint was delicately imprinted on the stone;
Then, taking the stone under his arm, he resolved to go home,
Saying, God has reserved me for some other thing,
And with joy he couldn't tell how he began to sing.

And on drawing near the city he met his little brother,
Who told him his uncle had visited his mother,
And on beholding their misery had left them money to buy food,
Then Alois cried, Thank God, the news is good!

Then 'twas on the first day after Alois came home,
He began the printing of the Sprig of Moss on the stone;
And by taking the impressions of watch-cases he discovered, one day,
What is now called the art of Lithography.

So Alois plodded on making known his great discovery,
Until he obtained the notice of the Royal Academy,
Besides, he obtained a gold Medal, and what was more dear to his heart,
He lived to see the wide extension of his art.

And when life's prospects may at times appear dreary to ye,
Remember Alois Senefelder, the discoverer of Lithography,
How God saved him from drowning himself in adversity,
And I hope ye all will learn what the Sprig of Moss teaches ye.

And God that made a way through the Red Sea,
If ye only put your trust in Him, He will protect ye,
And light up your path, and strew it with flowers,
And be your own Comforter in all your lonely hours.

A TRIBUTE TO HENRY M STANLEY, THE GREAT AFRICAN EXPLORER

WELCOME, thrice welcome, to the city of Dundee,
The great African explorer Henry M Stanley,
Who went out to Africa its wild regions to explore,
And travelled o'er wild and lonely deserts, fatigued and footsore.

And what he and his little band suffered will never be forgot,
Especially one in particular, Major Edmund Barttelot,
Alas! the brave heroic Officer by a savage was shot,
The commandant of the rear column – Oh hard has been his lot!

O think of the noble Stanley and his gallant little band,
While travelling through gloomy forests and devastated land,
And suffering from all kinds of hardships under a burning sun!
But the brave hero has been successful and the victory's won.

While in Africa he saw many wonderful sights,
And was engaged, no doubt, in many savage fights,
But the wise Creator was with him all along
And now he's home again to us, I hope quite strong.

And during his travels in Africa he made strange discoveries,
He discovered a dwarfish race of people called pigmies,
Who are said to be the original natives of Africa,
And when Stanley discovered them he was struck with awe.

One event in particular is most worthy to relate,
How God preserved him from a very cruel fate:
He and his Officers were attacked, while sailing their boat,
By the savages of Bumbireh, all eager to cut his throat.

They seized him by the hair and tugged it without fear,
While one of his men received a poke in the ribs with a spear;

But Stanley, having presence of mind, instantly contrives
To cry to his men, Shove off the boat, and save your lives!

Then savages swarmed into three canoes very close by,
And every bow was drawn, while they savagely did cry;
But thee heroic Stanley quickly shot two of them dead,
Then the savages were baffled and immediately fled.

This incident is startling, but nevertheless true,
And in midst of all dangers the Lord brought him through
Then, welcome him,. thrice welcome him, right cheerfully,
Shouting, Long live the great African explorer, Henry M Stanley!

Therefore throw open the gates of the city of Dundee,
And receive him with loud cheers, three time three,
And sound your trumpets and beat your drums,
And play up, See the Conquering Hero Comes!

THE CRUCIFIXION OF CHRIST, COMPOSED, BY SPECIAL REQUEST, 18TH JUNE 1890

Then Pilate, the Roman Governor, took Jesus and scourged Him,
And the soldiers platted a crown of thorns, and thought it no sin
To put it on His head, while meekly Jesus stands;
They put on Him a purple robe, and smote Him with their hands.

Then Pilate went forth again, and said unto them,
Behold, I bring Him forth to you, but I cannot Him condemn,
And I would have you to remember I find no fault in Him,
And to treat Him too harshly 'twould be a sin.

But the rabble cried. Hail, King of the Jews, and crucify Him;
But Pilate saith unto them, I find in Him no sin;
Then Jesus came forth, looking dejected and wan,
And Pilate saith unto them, Behold the Man.

Then the Jews cried out, By our laws He ought to die,
Because He made Himself the Son of God the Most High;
And when Pilate heard that saying the Jews had made,
He saw they were dissatisfied, and he was the more afraid.

And to release Jesus Pilate did really intend,
But the Jews cried angrily, Pilate, thou art not Caesar's friend,
Remember, if thou let this vile impostor go,
It only goes to prove thou art Caesar's foe.

When Pilate heard that he felt very irate,
Then he brought Jesus forth, and sat down in the judgment-seat,
In a place that is called the Pavement,
While the Blessed Saviour stood calm and content.

The presence of His enemies did not Him appal,
When Pilate asked of Him, before them all,

Whence art Thou, dost say from on High?
But Jesus, the Lamb of God, made no reply.

Then saith Pilate unto Him, Speakest Thou not unto me,
Remember, I have the power to crucify Thee;
But Jesus answered, Thou hast no power at all against me,
Except from above it were given to thee.

Then Pilate to the Jews loudly cried,
Take Him away to be crucified;
Then the soldiers took Jesus and led Him away,
And He, bearing His Cross, without dismay.

And they led Him to a place called Golgotha,
But the Saviour met His fate without any awe,
And there crucified Him with two others, one on either side,
And Jesus in the midst, whilst the Jews did Him deride.

Then Pilate tried to pacify the Jews, they felt so morose,
And he wrote a title, and put it on the Cross;
And the title he wrote did the Jews amuse,
The writing was, Jesus of Nazareth the King of the Jews.

This title read many of the Jews without any pity;
And the place where Jesus was crucified was nigh to the city;
And the title was written in Hebrew, and Greek, and Latin,
And while reading the title the Jews did laugh and grin.

While on the Cross the sun refused to shine,
And there was total darkness for a long time;
The reason was God wanted to hide His wounds from view,
And He kept the blessed sun from breaking through.

And to quench His thirst they gave Him vinegar and hyssop,
While the blood from His wounded brow copiously did drop,
Then He drank of it willingly, and bowed His head,
And in a few minutes the dear Saviour was dead.

Then Joseph of Arimathea sadly did grieve,
And he asked if Pilate would give him leave
To take the body of Jesus away,
And Pilate told him to remove it without delay.

Then Joseph took the body of Jesus away,
And wound it in linen, which was the Jewish custom of that day,
And embalmed his body with spices sweet,
Then laid it in a new sepulchre, as Joseph thought meet.

But death could not hold Him in the grave,
Because He died poor sinners' souls to save;
And God His Father took Him to Heaven on high;
And those that believe in Jesus shall never die.

Oh! think of the precious Blood our Saviour did lose,
That flowed from His wounds while on the Cross,
Especially the wound in His side, made with a spear,
And if you are a believer, you will drop a silent tear.

And if you are not a believer, try and believe,
And don't let the devil any longer you deceive,
Because the precious Blood that Jesus shed will free you from all sin,
Therefore, believe in the Saviour, and Heaven you shall enter in!

BEAUTIFUL MONIKIE

BEAUTIFUL Monikie! with your trees and shrubberies green
And your beautiful walks, most charming to be seen:
'Tis a beautiful place for pleasure-seekers to resort,
Because there they can have innocent sport,
Taking a leisure walk all round about,
And see the anglers fishing in the pond for trout.

Besides, there's lovely white swans swimming on the pond,
And Panmure Monument can be seen a little distance beyond;
And the scenery all round is enchanting I declare,
While sweet-scented fragrance fills the air.

Then away, pleasure-seekers of bonnie Dundee,
And have a day's outing around Monikie,
And inhale the pure air, on a fine summer day,
Which will help to drive dull care away;
As ye gaze on the beautiful scenery there,
Your spirits will feel o'erjoyed and free frozen care.

Then near to the pond there's a beautiful green sward,
Where excursionists can dance until fatigue does them retard;
And if they feel thirsty, the Monikie water's near by,
Where they can quench their thirst if very dry.

Then, after that, they can have a walk at their ease,
Amongst the green shrubbery and tall pine trees;
And in the centre of the pond they can see
Three beautiful little islets dressed in green livery.

Monikie is as bonnie a place as ye could wish to see,
And about eleven or twelve miles from bonnie Dundee;
It's the only place I know of to enjoy a holiday,
Because there's a hall of shelter there to keep the rain away.

Then there's a large park, a very suitable place,
For the old and the young, if they wish to try a race;
It's there they can enjoy themselves during the live-long summer day,
Near to the little purling burn, meandering on its way,
And emptying itself into the pond of Monikie,
Which supplies the people with water belonging to Dundee,

WILLIAM FLY, THE PIRATE

William Fly was a pirate bold,
But his birthplace is unknown, I've been told;
All that is known, Captain Green shipped Fly as boatswain,
But in that capacity he didn't long remain.

'Twas in the year of 1726, he sailed in the Elizabeth Snow,
Bound for the coast of Guinea, blow high or low;
And he soon found some of the men ripe for villainy,
Therefore he and the men resolved to murder the Captain immediately.

And Fly resolved to take command himself and turn pirate,
And his brothers in iniquity were all reconciled to their fate;
Therefore at one in the morning on the 27th of May,
The conspirators commenced their murderous work without dismay.

The Fly began to act like a wild brute,
And he said to the steersman, if you stir hand or foot
I certainly will blow your brains out,
Which he would have done without any doubt.

And tucking up his shirt above the elbows,
And with a cutlass in his hand into the Captain's cabin he goes,
And told him to turn out, or his brains he would scatter,
Then the Captain asked him what was the matter.

Then the conspirators pulled him out of his bed,
While Captain Green entreated them not to kill him dead;
But he was seized by the villains with one accord,
And without any remorse they threw him overboard.

However, the captain caught hold of the mainsheet and cried for mercy,
But his hand was chopped off and he was swallowed up by the sea;
When the captain was thus despatched, Thomas Jenkins the mate
Was next brought up on deck to share the same fate.

And the mate pleaded for mercy, but his cries were in vain,
Alas! they were deaf to his cries and did so remain,
They jested with his agonies while he did cry for mercy,
Until at last they threw him overboard into the merciless sea.

Then the conspirators next held a long debate,
What should be the doctor's fate;
And some were for sending him after the mate,
But in that the majority did feel irate.

Therefore the doctor's life was spared because he was a useful man,
Then the conspirators began to make merry, and a carousal began;
And they pledged each others' health in punch; resolved to do or die,
And true to their new commander, Captain William Fly.

Then from Nantucket they sailed away to the eastward,
When the wind began to blow very hard;
And they espied a fishing schooner at the run,
So, when she drew near they fired at her a gun.

Then Fly hoisted his black flag, and told them to bring to,
Or if they didn't they certainly would rue;
But the schooner obeyed and sent her boat on board the Snow,
While the poor captain's heart was full of woe.

And about twelve at noon, the same day,
Another schooner hove in sight while all on board seemed gay;
Which was the twenty-third day of June,
Which proved to be an unlucky day, because it sealed Fly's doom.

Because other fishing vessels hove in sight,
Which filled Captain Fly's heart with affright,
Because they attacked him left and right,
And, unfortunately, Captain Fly was captured that night.

So at the court-house of Boston they were brought to trial,
And when asked if they were guilty they made no denial;
And in the year 1726, and on the twelfth day of July,
Three other pirates were executed along with Captain Fly.

Thus ended the short reign of an inhuman wretch, who only wanted skill
To be as infamous as any who scoured the seas in ill;
But God in his goodness otherwise did will,
Because he was hanged along with Samuel Cole, George Condick, and Henry
Greenvil.

THE LATE SIR JOHN OGILVY

ALAS! Sir John Ogilvy is dead, aged eighty-seven,
But I hope his soul is now in heaven;
For he was a generous-hearted gentleman I am sure,
And, in particular, very kind unto the poor.
He was a Christian gentleman in every degree,
And, for many years, was an M.P. for Bonnie Dundee,
And, while he was an M.P., he didn't neglect
To advocate the rights of Dundee in every respect.
He was a public benefactor in many ways,
Especially in erecting an asylum for imbecile children to spend their days;
Then he handed the institution over as free,–
As a free gift and a boon to the people of Dundee.
He was chairman of several of the public boards in Dundee,
And among these were the Asylum Board and the Royal Infirmary;
In every respect he was a God-fearing true gentleman,
And to gainsay it there's nobody can.
He lived as a Christian gentleman in his time,
And he now lies buried in the family vault in Strathmartine;
But I hope his soul has gone aloft where all troubles cease,
Amongst the blessed saints where all is joy and peace.
To the people around Baldovan he will be a great loss,
Because he was a kind-hearted man and a Soldier of the Cross.
He had always a kind word for every one he met,
And the loss of such a good man will be felt with deep regret
Because such men as Sir John Ogilvy are hard to be found,
Especially in Christian charity his large heart did abound,
Therefore a monument should be erected for him most handsome to
behold,
And his good deeds engraven thereon in letters of gold.

THE BATTLE OF LANGSIDE

'Twas in the year 1558 and on the 13th of May,
 Queen Mary saw the Regent's army advancing in grand array,
 With their pennons fluttering in the breeze, and their proud horses
 prancing,
 While the claymores of Mary's troops were in the sunshine glancing.

To the south of Glasgow the suburbs of Langside stand upon a hill,
 And on a summer day the fragrance of the flowers the air does fill;
 And Langside stands upon a height commanding the valley,
 Which Argyll resolved to take possession of immediately.

Mary was attended by George Douglas and Walter Ker,
 Both trustworthy gentlemen, who loved her most dear,
 And Mary knowing their dispositions she assigned the parts they were to
 play,
 Commanding Douglas to advance with the cavalry, and bring her news of
 the fray.

"And do you, my dear friend Walter, keep near me,
 To comfort and protect me if need be;"
 Then both the young men bowed to her commands,
 While Mary bade them goodbye, and with them shook hands.

On the top of a knoll, from the battlefield about a mile,
 Queen Mary took up her position, and remained there all the while,
 With Walter Ker and Lady Livingstone by her side,
 And one or two others, resolved to watch the struggle whatever did betide.

The May Sun shine bright in the heavens afar,
 But the song of the birds would soon be drowned by the clamours of war;
 And the face of Nature's carpet that looked beautiful and green,
 Would soon be dyed red with blood, most ghastly to be seen.

All at once there was a bright flash of flame,
Which told that from Argyll's cannon it quickly came,
And Mary started at the sound, and her face turned pale
When she saw the havoc wrought by the cannonading, and loudly did
bemoan.

The Lord Arbroath was ordered to advance upon Langside,
And attack the Regent's army which did them deride,
Then the fight began from the roofs of houses and from behind walls,
While Mary's men for a Douglas and a Hamilton loudly call.

Then the Regent's hagbutters poured a deadly volley into the foe,
Which filled the ill-starred Queen's heart with woe,
When she saw her brave men falling under the enemy's fire,
She cried "Oh! My brave fellows, you will have to retire."

"See! see! They fall, and are wounded for my unworthy sake,
God pity me, why did I leave Loch Leven? My poor heart will break."
"Gracious Madam," said Walter Ker, "they count it joy to die for you,
And rest assured, dear madam, every man will prove true."

Meantime the clash of war rose and fell like the waves of the sea,
And the Queen's men fought with the Regent's men most fiercely;
Each man with frantic hate glowing in his eyes,
While the blood of wounded men the green sward dyes.

The spearmen drove at each other with all their might,
While their lances entered the joints of their armour, a most exciting sight,
And by pulling hard, the lances from the armour were torn,
And as Queen Mary looked on she seemed sad and forlorn.

It soon became known the day was going against the Queen,
Which was to Mary Stuart a very sad scene,
To see here royal army beaten by the rebels that day,
Which will be long remembered, the 13th of May.

Argyll's men were borne back right steadily,
And their line was broken and they were forced to flee,

Then the fight was over and the Queen's troops ill-requited,
And the hope that Mary built on them hopelessly blighted.

When Mary saw troops beaten, she cried, "God pity me!"
Then Lord Herries rode up, and cried, "To horse, to horse immediately,
For soon Murray's cavalry will be here to seize your Majesty,
Which, believe me, madam I would be sorry to see."

Without a word Mary suffered herself to be lifted to her horse,
While the ill-fated Queen looked pale and ashen as a corpse;
Then Mary and Lord Herries galloped off with all their might,
And poor Mary reached the house of Lord Herries, and refuge for the night.

THE NITHSDALE WIDOW AND HER SON

'T WAS in the year of 1746, on a fine summer afternoon,
 When trees and flowers were in full bloom,
 That widow Riddel sat knitting stockings on a little rustic seat,
 Which her only son had made for her, which was very neat.

The cottage she lived in was in the wilds of Nithsdale,
 Where many a poor soul had cause to bewail
 The loss of their shealings, that were burned to the ground,
 By a party of fierce British dragoons that chanced to come round.

While widow Riddel sat in her garden she heard an unusual sound,
 And near by was her son putting some seeds into the ground,
 And as she happened to look down into the little strath below
 She espied a party of dragoons coming towards her very slow.

And hearing of the cruelties committed by them, she shook with fear.
 And she cried to her son, "Jamie, thae sodgers are coming here!"
 While the poor old widow's heart with fear was panting,
 And she cried, "Mercy on us, Jamie, what can they be wanting?"

Next minute the dragoons were in front of the cottage door,
 When one of them dismounted, and loudly did roar,
 "Is there any rebels, old woman, skulking hereabouts?"
 "Oh, no, Sir, no! believe my word without any doubts."

"Well, so much the better, my good woman, for you and them;
 But, old girl, let's have something to eat, me, and my men":
 "Blithely, sir, blithely! ye're welcome to what I hae,"
 When she bustled into the cottage without delay.

And she brought out oaten cakes, sweet milk, and cheese,
 Which the soldiers devoured greedily at their ease,
 And of which they made a hearty meal,
 But, for such kind treatment, ungrateful they did feel.

Then one of the soldiers asked her how she got her living:
 She replied, "God unto her was always giving;
 And wi' the bit garden, along wi' the bit coo,
 And wi' what the laddie can earn we are sincerely thankfu'."

To this pitiful detail of her circumstances the villain made no reply,
 But drew a pistol from his holster, and cried, "Your cow must die!"
 Then riding up to the poor cow, discharged it through her head,
 When the innocent animal instantly fell down dead.

Not satisfied with this the merciless ruffian leaped the little garden wall,
 And with his horse trod down everything, the poor widow's all,
 Then having finished this barbarous act of direst cruelty,
 The monster rejoined his comrades shouting right merrily:

"There, you old devil, that's what you really deserve,
 For you and your rascally rebels ought to starve";
 Then the party rode off, laughing at the mischief that was done,
 Leaving the poor widow to mourn and her only son.

When the widow found herself deprived of her all,
 She wrung her hands in despair, and on God did call,
 Then rushed into the cottage and flung herself on her bed,
 And, with sorrow, in a few days she was dead.

And, during her illness, her poor boy never left her bedside,
 There he remained, night and day, his mother's wants to provide,
 And make her forget the misfortunes that had befallen them,
 All through that villainous and hard-hearted party of men.

On the fourth day her son followed her remains to the grave.
 And during the burial service he most manfully did behave,
 And when the body was laid in the grave, from tears he could not refrain,
 But instantly fled from that desolated place, and never returned again.

Thirteen years after this the famous battle of Minden was fought
 By Prince Ferdinand against the French, who brought them to nought;
 And there was a large body of British horse, under Lord George Sackville,
 And strange! the widow's son was at the battle all the while.

And on the evening after the battle there were assembled in a tavern
A party of British dragoons, loudly boasting and swearing,
When one of them swore he had done more than any of them—
A much more meritorious action— which he defied them to condemn .

“What was that, Tam, what was that, Tam?” shouted his companions at
once.

“Tell us, Tam; tell us, Tam, was that while in France?”

“No!” he cried, “it was starving an old witch, while in Nithsdale,
By shooting her cow and riding down her greens, that is the tale.”

“And don’t you repent it?” exclaimed a young soldier, present.

“Repent what?” cried the braggart; “No! I feel quite content.”

“Then, villain!” cried the youth, unsheathing his sword,

“That woman was my mother, so not another word!

“So draw, and defend yourself, without more delay,

For I swear you shall not live another day!”

Then the villain sprang to his feet, and a combat ensued,

But in three passes he was entirely subdued.

Young Riddell afterwards rose to be a captain

In the British service, and gained a very good name

For being a daring soldier, wherever he went,

And as for killing the ruffian dragoon he never did repent.

CAPTAIN TEACH ALIAS “BLACK BEARD”

Edward Teach was a native of Bristol, and sailed from that port
 On board a privateer, in search of sport,
 As one of the crew, during the French War in that station,
 And for personal courage he soon gained his Captain’s approbation.

’Twas in the spring of 1717, Captain Harnigold and Teach sailed from
 Providence

For the continent of America, and no further hence;
 And in their way captured a vessel laden with flour,
 Which they put on board their own vessels in the space of an hour.

They also seized two other vessels and took some gallons of wine,
 Besides plunder to a considerable value, and most of it most costly design;
 And after that they made a prize of a large French Guinea-man,
 Then to act an independent part Teach now began.

But the news spread throughout America, far and near,
 And filled many of the inhabitants’ hearts with fear;
 But Lieutenant Maynard with his sloops of war directly steered,
 And left James River on the 17th November in quest of Black Beard,
 And on the evening of the 21st came in sight of the pirate;
 And when Black Beard spied his sloops he felt elate.

When he saw the sloops sent to apprehend him,
 He didn’t lose his courage, but fiendishly did grin;
 And told his men to cease from drinking and their tittle-tattle,
 Although he had only twenty men on board, and prepare for battle.

In case anything should happen to him during the engagement,
 One of his men asked him, who felt rather discontent,
 Whether his wife knew where he had buried his pelf,
 When he impiously replied that nobody knew but the devil and himself.

In the Morning Maynard weighed and sent his boat to sound,
Which, coming near the pirate, unfortunately ran aground;
But Maynard lightened his vessel of the ballast and water,
Whilst from the pirates' ship small shot loudly did clatter.

But the pirates' small shot or slugs didn't Maynard appal,
He told his men to take their cutlasses and be ready upon his call;
And to conceal themselves every man below,
While he would remain at the helm and face the foe.

Then Black Beard cried, "They're all knocked on the head,"
When he saw no hand upon deck he thought they were dead;
Then Black Beard boarded Maynard's sloop without dismay,
But Maynard's men rushed upon deck, then began the deadly fray.

Then Black Beard and Maynard engaged sword in hand,
And the pirate fought manfully and made a bold stand;
And Maynard with twelve men, and Black Beard with fourteen,
Made the most desperate and bloody conflict that ever was seen.

At last with shots and wounds the pirate fell down dead,
Then from his body Maynard severed the pirate's head,
And suspended it upon his bowsprit-end,
And thanked God who so mercifully did him defend.

Black Beard derived his name from his long black beard,
Which terrified America more than any comet that had ever appeared;
But, thanks be to God, in this age we need not be afeared,
Of any such pirates as the inhuman Black Beard.

THE BONNIE LASS OF RUILY

Twas in the village of Ruily there lived a bonnie lass
With red, pouting lips which few lasses could surpass,
And her eyes were as azure the blue sky,
Which caused Donald McNeill to heave many a love sigh

Beyond the township of Ruily she never had been,
This pretty maid with tiny feet and aged eighteen;
And when Donald would ask her to be his wife,
“No,” she would say, “I’m not going to stay here all my life.”

“I’m sick of this life,” she said to Donald one day,
“By making the parridge and carrying peats from the bog far away.”
“Then marry me, Belle, and peats you shall never carry again,
And we might take a trip to Glasgow and there remain.”

Then she answered him crossly, “I wish you wouldn’t bother me,
For I’m tired of this kind of talk, as you may see.”
So at last there came a steamer to Ruily one day,
So big that it almost seemed to fill the bay.

Then Belle and Effie Mackinnon came to the door with a start,
While Belle’s red, pouting lips were wide apart;
But when she saw the Redcoats coming ashore
She thought she had never seen such splendid men before.

One day after the steamer “Resistless” had arrived,
Belle’s spirits seemed suddenly to be revived;
And as Belle was lifting peats a few feet from the door
She was startled by a voice she never heard before.

The speaker wore a bright red coat and a small cap,
And she thought to herself he is a handsome chap;
Then the speaker said, “’Tis a fine day,” and began to flatter,
Until at last he asked Belle for a drink of watter.

Then she glanced up at him shyly, while uneasy she did feel,
At the thought of having to hoist the peat-creel;
And she could see curly, fair hair beneath his cap,
Still, she thought to herself, he is a good-looking chap.

And his eyes were blue and sparkling as the water in the bay,
And he spoke in a voice that was pleasant and gay;
Then he took hold of the peat-creel as he spoke,
But Belle only laughed and considered it a joke.

Then Belle shook her head and lifted the peats on her back,
But he followed her home whilst to her he did crack;
And by and by she brought him a drink of watter,
While with loving words he began Belle to flatter.

And after he had drank the watter and handed back the jug,
He said, "You are the sweetest flower that's to be found in Ruily";
And he touched her bare arm as he spoke,
Which proved to be sailor Harry's winning stroke.

But it would have been well for Belle had it ended there,
But it did not, for the sailor followed her, I do declare;
And he was often at old Mackinnon's fireside,
And there for hours on an evening he would abide.

And Belle would wait on him with love-lit eyes,
While Harry's heart would heave with many love sighs.
At last, one night Belle said, "I hear you're going away."
Then Harry Lochton said, "'Tis true, Belie, and I must obey.

But, my heather Belle, if you'll leave Ruily with me
I'll marry you, with your father's consent, immediately."
Then she put her arms around his neck and said, "Harry, I will."
Then Harry said, "You'll be a sailor's wife for good or ill."

In five days after Belie got married to her young sailor lad,
And there was a grand wedding, and old Mackinnon felt glad;
And old Mackinnon slapped his son-in-law on the back
And said, "I hope good health and money you will never lack."

At last the day came that Harry had to go away,
And Harry said, "God bless you, Belle, by night and day;
But you will come to Portsmouth and I will meet you there,
Remember, at the railway platform, and may God of you take care."

And when she arrived in Portsmouth she was amazed at the sight,
But when she saw Harry her heart beat with delight;
And when the train stopped, Harry to her quickly ran,
And took her tin-box from the luggage van.

Then he took her to her new home without delay,
And the endless stairs and doors filled her heart with dismay;
But for that day the hours flew quickly past,
Because she knew she was with her Harry at last.

But there came a day when Harry was ordered away,
And he said, "My darling, I'll come back some unexpected day."
Then he kissed her at parting and "Farewell" he cries,
While the tears fell fast from her bonnie blue eyes.

Then when Harry went away she grew very ill,
And she cried, "If Harry stays long away this illness will me kill."
At last Harry came home and found her ill in bed,
And he cried, "My heather Belle, you're as pale as the dead."

Then she cried, "Harry, sit so as I may see your face,
Beside me here, Harry, that's just the place."
Then on his shoulder she gently dropped her head;
Then Harry cried, "Merciful heaven, my heather Belle is dead!"

THE WRECK OF THE “ABERCROMBIE ROBINSON”

Twass in the year of 1842 and on the 27th of May
That six Companies of the 91st Regiment with spirits light and gay,
And forming the Second Battalion, left Naas without delay,
Commanded by Captain Bertie Gordon, to proceed to the Cape
straightaway.

And on the second of June they sailed for the Cape of Good Hope
On board the “Abercrombie Robinson,” a vessel with which few vessels
could cope;
And in August the 25th they reached Table Bay,
Where a battalion of the 91st was warned for service without delay.

To relieve the 91st, which was to be stationed at Cape Town,
An order which the 91st obeyed without a single frown;
And all the officers not on duty obtained leave to go ashore,
Leaving only six aboard, in grief to deplore.

There were 460 men of the 91st seemingly all content,
Besides a draft of the Cape Mounted Rifles and a draft of the 27th Regiment;
But, alas an hour after midnight on the same night
A strong gale was blowing, which filled the passengers’ hearts with fright.

The ship pitched heavily and could be felt touching the ground,
Then Captain Gordon warned the Sergeant-Major and officers all round,
That they might expect a storm, to him it seemed plain;
And, as he predicted, it blew a terrific hurricane.

And the passengers’ hearts were filled with dismay,
And a little after three o’clock in the morning the cable broke away,
Then the ship drifted helplessly before the merciless storm,
While the women and children looked sad, pale and forlorn.

Then the thunder roared and the lightning dashed in bright array,
And was one of the greatest storms ever raged over Table Bay,

And the ill-fated vessel drove in towards the shore,
While the Storm Fiend did laugh and loudly did roar.

And the ship rolled and heaved with the raging tide,
While the seas poured down the hatchways and broke over her side,
And the ship wrought for herself a bed in the sand;
Still Captain Bertie hoped all might get safely to land.

'Twas about seven o'clock when daylight did appear,
And when the storm ceases the passengers gave a cheer,
Who had been kept below during the awful night,
Then in small groups they came on deck, a most pitiful sight.

Alas! sad and dejected, sickly looking, pale and forlorn,
Owing to the close confinement during the storm;
And for a time attempts were made to send a rope ashore,
But these proved futile owing to the raging billows which loudly did roar.

Then one of the ship's cutters was carefully lowered over the side,
And her crew towards the shore merrily did glide,
And succeeded in reaching the shore with a leading line,
And two boats were conveyed to the sinking ship just in time.

And to save the women and children from being drowned,
Captain Gordon gave orders to the 91st all round
For the women and children to disembark immediately,
Who to God were crying for help most, frantically.

And the 91st made a most determined stand,
While lowering the women and children it was awful and grand,
As they lowered them gently into the boats over the ship's side,
Regardless of their own lives whatever would betide.

Then the sick were to disembark after the women and children,
And next the 27th Regiment and Cape Mounted Riflemen;
And from half-past eight till ten o'clock the disembarkation went on,
While the women and children looked ghastly pale and woe begone.

The disembarkation of the 91st came at last,
And as there were only two boats available they stood aghast,
Because the boats only carried each time thirty;
Still, the work went on for four hours most manfully.

And at half-past three the last boat left the ship's side,
And o'er the raging billows the small boats did glide,
Containing the officers and crew who remained to the last,
To see the women and children saved and all danger past.

And after a night of great danger and through a raging sea
Seven hundred souls were carried from a sinking ship providentially
And among them were trembling children and nervous women also
And sick men who were dying with their hearts full of woe.

But thank God they were all saved and brought to land,
All through Colonel Bertie Gordon, who wisely did command
The 91st to see to the women and children's safety,
An order which they obeyed right manfully;
And all honour is due to the 91st for their gallantry,
Likewise Captain Bertie Gordon, who behaved so heroically.

BEAUTIFUL NEWPORT ON THE BRAES O' THE SILVERY TAY

Bonnie Mary, the Maid o' the Tay,
 Come! Let's go, and have a holiday
 In Newport, on the braes o' the silvery Tay,
 'Twill help to drive dull care away.

The scenery there is most enchanting to be seen,
 Especially the fine mansions with their shrubbery green;
 And the trees and ivy are beautiful to view
 Growing in front of each stately home in the avenue.

There the little birds and beautiful butterflies
 Are soaring heavenwards almost to the skies,
 And the busy bees are to be seen on the wing,
 As from flower to flower they hummingly sing,

As they gather honey all the day,
 From flowery gardens of Newport on the braes o' the Tay.
 And as we view the gardens our hearts will feel gay
 After being pent up in the workshop all the day.

Then there's a beautiful spot near an old mill,
 Suitable for an artist to paint of great skill,
 And the trees are arched o'erhead, lovely to be seen,
 Which screens ye from the sunshine's glittering sheen.

Therefore, holiday makers, I'd have ye resort
 To Newport on the braes o' the Tay for sport,
 And inhale the pure air with its sweet perfume,
 Emanating from the flowery gardens of Newport and the yellow broom.

And when bright Sol sinks in the West
 You'll return home at night quite refreshed,
 And dream in your beds of your rambles during the day
 Along the bonnie braes o' the silvery Tay.

BEAUTIFUL ROTHESAY

Beautiful Rothesay, your scenery is most grand,
You cannot be surpassed in fair Scotland.
Tis healthy for holiday makers, to go there,
For the benefit of their health, by inhaling the pure air

And to hear the innocent birds, on a fine Summer day,
Carolling their sweet songs, so lively and gay,
Therefore, holiday makers, be advised by me,
And visit beautiful Rothesay, by the side of the Sea.

Then sweet Jessie, let us go,
To Scotland's garden of Eden O!
And spend the lovely Summer day,
In the beautiful village of Rothesay.

There you can see the ships, passing to and fro,
Which will drive away dull care, and woe,
And, the heavens breath smells woingly there,
Therefore, let's away dear Jessie, to inhale the balmy air.

The mansions, there, are most beautiful to be seen,
Likewise the trees, and shrubberies, green.
Therefore, we will feel happy and gay,
Walking hand in hand, together the live long day.

Along the beautiful walks with our hearts fu' cheerie,
My dear love! Until we grow weary.
Then, return home at night, with our spirits light and gay,
After viewing the beautiful scenery of Rothesay.

THE BONNIE SIDLAW HILLS

Bonnie Clara, will you go to the bonnie Sidlaw hills
 And pu' the blooming heather, and drink from their rills?
 There the cranberries among the heather grow,
 Believe me, dear Clara, as black as the crow.

Chorus —

Then, bonnie Clara, will you go
 And wander with me to and fro?
 And with joy our hearts will o'erflow
 When we go to the bonnie Sidlaws O.

And the rabbits and hares sport in mirthful glee
 In the beautiful woods of Glen Ogilvy,
 And innocent trout do sport and play
 In the little rivulet of Glen Ogilvy all the day.

Chorus

And in the bonnie woods of Sidlaw the blackbird doth sing,
 Making the woodlands with his notes to ring,
 Which ought to make a dull heart feel gay,
 And help to cheer us on our way.

Chorus

And there the innocent sheep are to be seen
 Browsing on the purple heather and pastures green;
 And the shepherd can be heard shouting to his dog
 As he chases the sheep from out of the bog.

Chorus

And from the tops of the Sidlaws can be seen
 The beautiful Howe of Strathmore with its trees and shrubberies green;

Likewise Lochee and its spinning mills
Can be seen on a clear day from the Sidlaw hills.

Chorus

Therefore, bonnie Clara, let's away
To Sidlaw hills without delay,
And pu' the cranberries and bonnie blooming heather
While we wander to and fro on the Sidlaws together.

Chorus

There the lovers can enjoy themselves free from care
By viewing the hilly scenery and inhaling the fresh air,
And return home at night with their hearts full of glee
After viewing the beauties of the Sidlaw hills and Glen Ogilvy.

Chorus

THE TROUBLES OF MATTHEW MAHONEY

In a little town in Devonshire, in the mellow September moonlight,
 A gentleman passing along a street saw a pitiful sight,
 A man bending over the form of a woman on the pavement.
 He was uttering plaintive words and seemingly discontent.

“What’s the matter with the woman?” asked the gentleman,
 As the poor, fallen woman he did narrowly scan.

“There’s something the matter, as yer honour can see,
 But it’s not right to prate about my wife, blame me.”

“Is that really your wife?” said the gentleman.

“Yes, sor, but she looks very pale and wan.”

“But surely she is much younger than you?”

“Only fourteen years, sor, that is throe.”

“It’s myself that looks a deal oulder nor I really am,
 Throuble have whitened my heir, my good gintleman,
 Which was once as black as the wings of a crow,
 And it’s throuble as is dyed it as white as the snow.

Come, my dear sowl, Bridget, it’s past nine o’clock,
 And to see yez lying there it gives my heart a shock.”
 And he smoothed away the raven hair from her forehead,
 And her hands hung heavily as if she had been dead.

The gentleman saw what was the matter and he sighed again,
 And he said, “It’s a great trial and must give you pain,
 But I see you are willing to help her all you can.”
 But the encouraging words was not lost upon the Irishman.

“Thrial!” he echoed, “Don’t mintion it, yer honour,
 But the blessing of God rest upon her.

Poor crathur, she’s good barrin’ this one fault,
 And by any one I don’t like to hear her miscault.”

“What was the reason of her taking to drink?”

“Bless yer honour, that’s jest what I oftentimes think,
Some things is done without any rason at all,
And, sure, this one to me is a great downfall.

‘Ah, Bridget, my darlin’, I never dreamt ye’d come to this,”
And stooping down, her cheek he did kiss.
While a glittering tear flashed in the moonlight to the ground,
For the poor husband’s grief was really profound.

“Have you any children?” asked the gentleman.
“No, yer honour, bless the Lord, contented I am,
I wouldn’t have the lambs know any harm o’ their mother,
Besides, sor, to me they would be a great bother.”

“What is your trade, my good man?”
“Gardening, sor, and mighty fond of it I am.
Kind sor, I am out of a job and I am dying with sorrow.”
“Well, you can call at my house by ten o’clock to-morrow.

“And I’ll see what I can do for you.
Now, hasten home with your wife, and I bid you adieu.
But stay, my good man, I did not ask your name.”
“My name is Matthew Mahoney, after Father Matthew of great fame,”

Then Mahoney stooped and lifted Bridget tenderly,
And carried her home in his arms cheerfully,
And put her to bed while he felt quite content,
Still hoping Bridget would see the folly of drinking and repent.

And at ten o’clock next morning Matthew was at Blandford Hall,
And politely for Mr Gillespie he did call,
But he was told Mrs Gillespie he would see,
And was invited into the parlour cheerfully.

And when Mrs Gillespie entered the room
She said, “Matthew Mahoney, I suppose you want to know your doom.
Well, Matthew, tell your wife to call here to-morrow.”
“I’ll ax her, my lady, for my heart’s full of sorrow.”

So Matthew got his wife to make her appearance at Blandford Hall,
And, trembling, upon Mrs Gillespie poor Bridget did call,
And had a pleasant interview with Mrs Gillespie,
And was told she was wanted for a new lodge-keeper immediately.

“But, Bridget, my dear woman, you mustn’t drink any more,
For you have got a good husband you ought to adore,
And Mr Gillespie will help you, I’m sure,
Because he is very kind to deserving poor.”

And Bridget’s repentance was hearty and sincere,
And by the grace of God she never drank whisky, rum, or beer,
And good thoughts come into her mind of Heaven above,
And Matthew Mahoney dearly does her love.

TOO LATE

William Hepworth was an orphan and well provided for,
And under the tender guardianship of a near neighbour,
And an intimate friend of Florence Dalton's father,
And in the hearts of the young people love commenced to gather.

And for Florence Dalton William Hepworth had great affection,
And to his union with Florence Dalton there could be no objection.
Her father was the manager of a wealthy banking firm in London,
And could very well provide for his godson.

William Hepworth had chosen the army as his profession,
A post he preferred and admired to his own confession.
So the marriage was agreed on, the time it was set
At the expiry of three years, which caused Florence to fret.

Because Willie's regiment was ordered to India without delay,
And but for the separation Florence would have been quite gay,
Because she wouldn't see Willie again for three long years,
And with the thought of parting she shed many tears.

And on the last evening there was a chill at Willie's heart,
As though from a dying friend he was about to depart,
But he said, Florence the sun shines on me to the last,
And when he looked upon her white face he stood aghast.

Oh, darling! Don't look like that, Willie did cry,
Than Florence said, Dear Willie, I'll try, I'll try!
And throwing herself upon his manly breast,
But alas! poor Florence could find no rest.

Dear Willie! I can't let you go away, my heart will break.
No it won't, Florence, it will be strong for my sake,
So be cheerful, dear Floy, and courage don't lack,
And give me a loving welcome when I come back.

But three long years, Willie, three long years!
For while you are away I will live in doubts and fears;
And my heart will feel sad and full of pain,
In dread you will never return home again.

They wont be long to look back upon, my dear Floy!
While we have life before us, my soul's joy!
Besides, we can write to each other by every mail,
So keep up your courage and never say fail.

There's one thing you haven't given me yet, Floy!
What's that, dear Willie? my only greatest joy!
Just one of those golden curls, my lovely dear!
Which as a talisman next to my heart I shall wear.

Next to my heart always, in remembrance of you,
And to you, dearest Floy! I will ever prove true,
Whatever happens to me until the day I die,
Believe me, my soul's joy! there it shall lie.

Come, Floy, we must part, the time's wearing on,
I've only half-an-hour and then I'm gone,
And from the Beeches Willie was fain to tear himself away,
Because there with Florence he had spent many a happy day.

And in far-off India Willie pursued his career,
Upright and respected, counting the days of the year,
As they lessened and seemed to fly by,
And as he gazed on Floy's golden hair he heaved a sigh.

Florence Dalton's heart one night was seized with sudden dread,
And she soon learned that her father was dead,
How he had shot himself, alas! at home,
Which caused poor Florence to sigh and moan.

And she soon discovered that her father had become insolvent,
And had shot himself because he felt so discontent,
Because he knew hundreds of trusting women and men
Would call him thief, liar, and forger and would him condemn.

So Florence Dalton and her mother were reduced to beggary,
All through Mr Dalton's unfortunate insolvency,
And they were forced to remove to a miserable garret,
Which caused Florence Dalton and her mother deep regret.

And in a few days Florence grew very unwell,
And their jewelry for food they had to sell,
While Willie Hepworth was coming home with plenty of gold,
And perhaps before he arrived Florence might be dead and cold.

One night, when Florence was trying to sell Willie's locket for bread,
She saw a brown sunburnt man who filled her heart with dread,
And he was making frantic inquiries for Mrs Dalton,
But no one could tell him and he looked woebegone.

But he found out Florence the next day,
In a most miserable garret where she lay;
A sight he never forgot till his dying day,
Poor Florence looking like a corpse, which smote him with dismay.

Then he said, Mrs Dalton, don't you remember me,
But Florence extended her arms and cried, My own Willie!
Yes, Willie! cried Mrs Dalton, you have come to see her die.
Yes! saved from wreck and fire, cried Willie with a sigh.

Then bitter tears from the two fell on her head,
And Willie felt stunned and helpless because Florence was dead;
And Mrs Dalton often mourns o'er her sad fate,
And wails into Willie's ear that he has come Too Late! Too Late!

BONNIE CALLANDER

Chorus —

Bonnie Helen, will you go to Callander with me
 And gaze upon its beauties and romantic scenery
 Dear Helen, it will help to drive all sorrow away;
 Therefore come, sweet Helen, and let's have a holiday.

Callander is a pretty little town most lovely to see,
 Situated in the midst of mountains towering frowningly;
 And Ben Ledi is the chief amongst them and famous in history,
 Looking stern and rugged in all its majesty.

Chorus

And as for Bracklinn Falls, they are impressive to sight,
 Especially the Keltie, which will the visitor's heart delight,
 With its bonnie banks bordered with beautiful trees,
 And the effect would be sure the spectator to please.

Chorus

The hawthorn hedges and the beautiful wild flowers
 Will help to enliven the scene and while away the hours;
 And as the spectator gazes upon Keltie waterfall,
 The rumbling and fumbling of the water does his heart appall.

Chorus

As it makes one fearful plunge into a yawning abyss below,
 Fifty or sixty feet beneath, where it splashes to and fro,
 And seethes and boils in a great deep pool,
 And the sweet, fragrant air around it is very cool.

Chorus

'Tis said two lovers met there with a tragic fate.
 Alas! poor souls, and no one near to extricate.

The rail of the bridge upon which they were leaning gave way,
And they were drowned in the boiling gulf. Oh, horror and dismay!

Chorus

The Pass of Leny is most wild and amazing to see,
With its beetling crags and towering mountains and romantic scenery;
And the brawling Leny, with its little waterfalls,
Will repay the visitor for the time occupied any time he calls.

Chorus

Then lovers of the picturesque make haste and go away
To the pretty little village of Callander without delay,
And breathe the fresh air in the harvest time,
And revel amongst romantic scenery in the beautiful sunshine.

BONNIE KILMANY

Bonnie Kilmany, in the County of Fife,
Is a healthy spot to reside in to lengthen one's life.
The scenery there in the summer time is truly grand,
Especially the beautiful hills and the woodland.

Chorus —

Then, bonnie Annie, will you go with me
And leave the crowded city of Dundee,
And breathe the pure, fragrant air
In the Howe of Kilmany, so lovely and fair?

And the little village in the Howe is lovely to see,
In the midst of green trees and shrubbery;
And the little rivulet, as it wimples along,
Can be heard singing aloud an aquatic song.

Chorus

And the old church there is built on a knoll,
And on the Sabbath mornings the church bell does toll,
Inviting the people to join in prayer,
While the echoes of the bell is heard in mid-air.

Chorus

Then there's a little schoolroom, surrounded by trees,
A favourite haunt for butterflies and busy bees,
And an old red-tiled smithy near by,
And the clink of the hammers can be heard sounding high.

Chorus

And there's a wood sawmill by the roadway,
And the noise can be heard by night and day,

As the circular saw wheels round and round,
Making the village with its echoes resound.

Chorus

And in the harvest time on a fine summer morn
The Howe looks most beautiful when the corn is shorn;
And to hear the beautiful lark singing on high
Will make you exclaim, "Dull care, good-bye."

Chorus

DEATH AND BURIAL OF LORD TENNYSON

Alas! England now mourns for her poet that's gone-
The late and the good Lord Tennyson.
I hope his soul has fled to heaven above,
Where there is everlasting joy and love.

He was a man that didn't care for company,
Because company interfered with his study,
And confused the bright ideas in his brain,
And for that reason from company he liked to abstain.

He has written some fine pieces of poetry in his time,
Especially the May Queen, which is really sublime;
Also the gallant charge of the Light Brigade-
A most heroic poem, and beautifully made.

He believed in the Bible, also in Shakespeare,
Which he advised young men to read without any fear;
And by following the advice of both works therein,
They would seldom or never commit any sin.

Lord Tennyson's works are full of the scenery of his boyhood,
And during his life all his actions were good;
And Lincolnshire was closely associated with his history,
And he has done what Wordsworth did for the Lake Country.

His remains now rest in Westminster Abbey,
And his funeral was very impressive to see;
It was a very touching sight, I must confess,
Every class, from the Queen, paying a tribute to the poet's greatness.

The pall-bearers on the right of the coffin were Mr W. E. H. Lecky,
And Professor Butler, Master of Trinity, and the Earl of Rosebery;
And on the left were Mr J. A. Froude and the Marquis of Salisbury,
Also Lord Selborne, which was an imposing sight to see.

There were also on the left Professor Jowett,
Besides Mr Henry Whyte and Sir James Paget,
And the Marquis of Dufferin and the Duke of Argyll,
And Lord Salisbury, who seemed melancholy all the while.

The chief mourners were all of the Tennyson family,
Including the Hon. Mr and Mrs Hallam Tennyson, and Masters Lionel and
Aubrey,
And Mr Arthur Tennyson, and Mr and Mrs Horatio Tennyson;
Also Sir Andrew Clark, who was looking woe begone.

The bottom of the grave was thickly strewn with white roses,
And for such a grave kings will sigh where the poet now reposes;
And many of the wreaths were much observed and commented upon,
And conspicuous amongst them was one from Mrs Gladstone.

The Gordon boys were there looking solemn and serene,
Also Sir Henry Ponsonby to represent the Queen;
Likewise Henry Irving, the great tragedian,
With a solemn aspect, and driving his brougham.

And, in conclusion, I most earnestly pray,
That the people will erect a monument for him without delay,
To commemorate the good work he has done,
And his name in gold letters written thereon!

THE HILL OF KINNOUL

Beautiful and gigantic Hill of Kinnoul,
Where the heaven's breath blows very cool,
Your scenery is romantic and beautiful to the eye,
And a splendid view can be got from your summit so high.

The beautiful river Tay can be seen
Glittering like silver in the sun's sheen,
Which seems most lovely to the eye,
As ye gaze upon it near by.

Which is magnificent in the summer-time
When the trees are green and the woodbine,
And the face of nature looks green and gay-
'Tis then you see the beauties of the Tay.

As you gaze downward from Kinnoul height
You will see a most delightful sight:
You will see the beautiful City of Perth,
One of the grandest on the earth.

The romantic scenery of Kinnoul will fill your heart with awe;
'Tis said a gipsy king lived there of the name of Johnny Fa,
Who kept the country-side in fear, he and his band,
Until they were exterminated by the king's command.

Beautiful Hill of Kinnoul with your rugged rockery,
Likewise your woodlands and shrubbery,
'Tis enchanting to be there on a fine summer day,
To gaze upon your scenery and the beautiful Tay.

Then away to the gigantic Hill of Kinnoul,
Where the sweet zephyrs blow refreshing and cool,
And inhale the fragrant air on a fine summer day,
It will help to chase dull care away.

THE LIFE-BOAT DEMONSTRATION

'Twas in the year of 1892, and on the 24th of September,
Which the inhabitants of Dundee will long remember,
The great Life-Boat Demonstration,
Which caused a great sensation.

Such a sight was really magnificent to see,
The like was never witnessed in the City of Dundee,
To see so many trades and bodies all in rotation,
It certainly filled the spectators' minds with admiration.

The Mars boys were there with their band,
Leading the van, which looked very grand,
And there were various trades and bodies following behind,
With numerous beautiful banners waving in the wind.

There were a body of Sailors all in a row,
And Firemen, Brassfounders, and Operative Masons also,
Besides Carpenters and Joiners, and Manchester Oddfellows,
Also Boilermakers and Blacksmiths that can blow the bellows.

There were also Irish Foresters and Mr Lennie's Boys,
And Shepherds, and Hammermen that can make a noise;
Also Free Gardeners, Pastry Bakers, and Shipwrights,
Besides Bolton Oddfellows, Tailors and Rechabites.

There were Mill and Factory Workers there of every degree,
And Boot and Shoemakers, a pleasant sight. to see,
And Pattern Makers, and Painters, most beautiful to be seen,
All marching in the procession towards the Magdalen Green.

There were Engineers, Plasterers and Bakers also,
And Grimond's Boys, and Sailmakers, which made a great show,
Along with the A.O. Foresters, and a model Lifeboat,
With their beautiful banners in the air afloat.

The Bakers looked well in red caps and white aprons, I must confess,
And were observed by the sightseers for their tidiness,
And amongst the spectators caused great admiration,
Because they bore several striking features in the Demonstration:

Such as a big Loaf of over fifty pounds,
And the cheers of the spectators had no bounds,
When they saw it held aloft along with a sheaf of corn,
They declared they never saw the like since they were born.

And according to the spectators' own confession,
The Life-Boat Samuel Shawcross was the greatest show in the procession,
Drawn by eight beautiful brown horses, belonging the Messrs Wordie & Co.,
Which inspired the hearts of the spectators as onward they did go.

And along the route it received ovation after ovation,
Because the magnificent sight caused quite a sensation;
And from the spectators showers of coppers followed it,
All willingly subscribing their *mite* as they thought most fit.

And as for Whitehall Crescent and Whitehall Street,
It was an imposing sight and quite a treat;
And the money-collectors were running into the thickest of the crowd,
Rattling their boxes and shouting aloud.

Come, good people, with your coppers, and man the Life-Boat,
While along the line the banners were waving in the air afloat;
And the windows and balconies with spectators were fully occupied,
And never have the inhabitants of Dundee such a sight espied.

The Pipes did skirl, and the Bands did play
The Death of Nelson and the Bay of Biscay,
And the Hearts of Oak and the White Squall,
But the Red, White, and Blue surpassed them all.

While the Raging Seas, varied now and then by Scotland Yet,
Not forgetting Pullar's Band which certainly was a treat;
The music they discoursed from their famous Band
Is now well-known throughout Scotland.

The Dundee Artillery and Rifle Bands were as usual to the front,
Discoursing high class music, as they wont;
And the Bands of the Bowbridge Boys were delightful to hear,
Also the Mars Boys, and along the route they received many a cheer.

And, in conclusion, I most earnestly pray
That God will protect the mariners by night and by day;
May He protect them on land, and while afloat,
And send them subscriptions to support the Life-Boat!

Oh! think on the mariner while on the briny deep,
Good people, every night, when ye lie down to sleep;
Think of the tempest-tossed mariner while on the sea,
And pray to God every night for his safety.

HAWTHORNDEN

In all fair Scotland there's no spot within my ken,
Like the bonnie classic shades of Hawthornden,
Which is a very sweet and solitary seat,
And would suit a poet well for a calm retreat.

The House of Hawthornden is magnificent to see,
Situated on the edge of a precipitous cliff towering majestically,
And at the base the river Esk doth smoothly run,
Shaded by the copsewood and shrubbery from the sun.

And on the south side of the house there's an old tower,
Likewise the Cypress Grove, where the poet Drummond spent many an
hour,
While composing the Poem called Cypress Grove,
A seat in the adjacent rock which the Poet did love.

The caves underneath the house are attractive to see,
And will help to excite the visitor to a degree,
Because they are less rude than other river-side caves in Scotland,
They were used by our savage ancestors, whom together there did band.

And no doubt they have given shelter to many a refugee,
Thankful for a secluded spot to lie in security,
For a time at least, from the pursuit of their enemies,
Who had hunted them o'er hill and dale, their wicked hearts to please.

That was in the reign of David the Second, a long time ago,
When the people in Scotland were hunted to and fro:
But, thank God! We live in a more peaceable age,
And the thought does our trials and troubles assuage.

ROYAL VISIT OF THE PRINCESS LOUISE AND THE MARQUIS OF LORNE

The generous Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne,
Came to Dundee on a Friday morn,
On the 29th of October in the year 1892,
Resolved the Sick Nurses' Home to view.

The visit of the Princess roused enthusiasm to a great degree,
Which has rarely been witnessed in the City of Dundee,
It was evident that something unusual was to be enacted,
And on the High Street groups of loiterers seemed distrected.

Loudly talking about the coming great event of the day,
The maddening crowds on the pavement and the roadway,
And between the High Street and the Tay Bridge Station,
There was a detachment of mounted Police which caused a sensation.

The street; decorations were magnificent to be seen,
There were beautiful flags, and flowers, and ivy green,
And the Tay Bridge Station was a splendid sight,
Especially the north Platform where the party were to alight.

The Platform was with crimson cloth spread,
For the beautiful Princess thereon to tread,
While flags and banners floated o'er the Station,
Which the people gazed upon with great admiration.

And the Royal Arch was gay with bunting too,
And over the Custom House floated the red, white, and blue,
And several buildings in Whitehall Street were beautiful to behold,
They were draped in blue and crimson cloth fringed with gold.

Mr Hurrie's buildings were ablaze with flags and draperies,
Which did the sight-seers greatly please,

And on the opposite side, and facing Whitehall Street,
Mr Melville's establishment was very neat.

The two lamp-posts in front were wreathed with ivy green,
Intertwined with flowers and bannerettes most lovely to be seen,
And the flags on the front of the building made a grand show,
Which was very much admired by the high and the low.

And the Shipping in the Harbour seemed beautiful to the eye,
With flags waving in the breeze, topmast high,
In honour of the Royal visit to the City of Dundee,
Which certainly was a very imposing sight to see.

But the most attractive sight was at the Town Hall,
So magnificent that it surpassed them all,
Within the Pillars, fitted up there was a grand entrance,
Which would have pleased the king of France.

And the City Arms were beautifully coloured and tastefully executed,
Which by the sight-seers wasn't disputed,
And from the top of the spire a string of flags floated in the breeze,
Which undoubtedly did the spectators please.

The decorations were most splendid in Reform Street,
Especially Strathtay House decorations were very neat,
From pavement to roof flags of all nations floated in the air,
Which was a most gorgeous sight people did declare.

And the City warehouse, Messrs Sprence and Co.,
Their decorations were also a grand show,
It was crowned with a line of streamers blown out of fold,
While the front was draped with crimson cloth relieved with gold.

Lamb's Hotel also had a very grand Show,
The National Flag of Scotland floating to and fro,
The Rampant Lion of Scotland floating over all,
Which in the days of yore did the English appal.

A Guard of Honour took up a position in front of the Station,
100 men of the Royal Highlanders, without any hesitation,
And a detachment of the 1st Forfar Light Horse were there,
Which looked most beautiful, I do declare

And as the Royal Party reached the Station;
The spectators were struck with admiration;
While the band played God save the Queen
Which helped to enhance the grandeur of the scene.

Then the Forfar Light Horse fell in as an escort immediately,
Which really was a grand sight to see;
And as the Royal Party passed along, the spectators made great din,
By cheering and shouting — that's her! that's him!

And when they arrived at the Town House, they received an address,
Which the Marquis of Lorne thanked the Provost for, on behalf of the
Princess.

Then after receiving the Civic Address, they visited the Nurses' Home,
Also Ex-Provost Moncur's — to partake of luncheon,
Then they went to Balmoral — Her Majesty's Highland Home,
Where the Deer and the Roe together doth roam

THE FOUNDERING OF THE STEAMER "SPREE", WHILE ON HER WAY TO NEW YORK

'Twas on the 23rd of November, and in the year 1892,
The steamer Spree sailed from Bremen, with 753 passengers including the crew,
And their spirits were as light as a cork,
And bound for that famous city called New York.

The great ship was steaming along at a rapid rate,
And the passengers were never dreaming of their coming fate,
When a big wave struck the propeller of the ship,
Which rendered her quite helpless to finish her trip.

The steamer's stern was damaged to such an extent,
That the water rushed in through the gaping rent,
And the passengers were thrown into a state of excitement,
Until women became hysterical and very discontent.

Then every one on board was in a state of alarm,
Because they knew to the ship there had been done serious harm,
And the weather was bad, and the sea mountains high rolled,
Which tossed the ship from side to side, which was fearful to behold.

And the tossing of the water in the ship made a great din,
And the pumps were at work to save the bulkheads from being stove in,
And many of the women began to swoon,
Through fear of being drowned: 'tis an awful doom.

Mr Moody the Evangelist, he was there,
And amongst the passengers he engaged in prayer,
Whilst the passengers knelt in the saloon all round,
He prayed fervently to God to save them from being drowned.

When prayer was finished the passengers ran to and fro,
Poor souls, with their hearts full of woe,

Whilst their cries rose high in mid air,
Crying to God for help in their despair.

One young man, an Austrian, became so much excited,
That he jumped overboard he was so far frightened,
Whilst the angry billows covered him o'er,
And the Storm Fiend did laugh and did roar.

The great ship was tossed about with her three bare poles,
At the mercy of the elements with 753 precious souls,
And the stern of the ship had sunk in the water so low,
That the sight filled the passengers' hearts with woe.

Sunday morning broke on them without any help in sight,
Which filled all the passengers' hearts with fright,
And the thought alarmed them, for many felt sickly,
While Mr Moody prayed to God to send assistance quickly.

And to prevent the waves from breaking over the ship,
Bags of oil were thrown over her sides which did dip,
And spread around the ship, and calmed the water where she lay,
Which helped to chase from the passengers' hearts all dismay.

Very few could sleep among the passengers or crew,
But numerous passengers kept a look out for a vessel in view,
When, to their joy, a steamer was sighted at half-past two,
Which proved to be the Lake Huron with a gallant crew.

Then there were shouts of delight by women and men,
Because the steamer had come to rescue them;
Then a wire cable was attached to the Spree,
And she was then towed ahead immediately

And the steamer Huron proceeded on her way,
And anchored her prize inside Queenstown Harbour on Friday,
And the passengers thanked God that did timely succour send,
Also the captain and crew of the Huron that did them befriend.

A NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION TO LEAVE DUNDEE

Welcome! thrice welcome! to the year 1893,
For it is the year I intend to leave Dundee,
Owing to the treatment I receive,
Which does my heart sadly grieve.
Every morning when I go out
The ignorant rabble they do shout
'There goes Mad McGonagall'
In derisive shouts as loud as they can bawl,
And lifts stones and snowballs, throws them at me;
And such actions are shameful to be heard in the city of Dundee.
And I'm ashamed, kind Christians, to confess
That from the Magistrates I can get no redress.
Therefore I have made up my mind in the year of 1893
To leave the ancient City of Dundee,
Because the citizens and me cannot agree.
The reason why? — because they disrespect me,
Which makes me feel rather discontent.
Therefore to leave them I am bent;
And I will make my arrangements without delay,
And leave Dundee some early day.

A SOLDIER'S REPRIEVE

'Twas in the United States of America some years ago
 An aged father sat at his fireside with his heart full of woe,
 And talking to his neighbour, Mr Allan, about his boy Bennie
 That was to be shot because found asleep doing sentinel duty.

"Inside of twenty-four hours, the telegram said,
 And, oh! Mr Allan, he's dead, I am afraid.
 Where is my brave Bennie now to me is a mystery."
 "We will hope with his heavenly Father," said Mr Allen, soothingly.

"Yes, let us hope God is very merciful," said Mr Allan.
 "Yes, yes," said Bennie's father, "my Bennie was a good man.
 He said, 'Father, I'll go and fight for my country.
 Go, then, Bennie,' I said, 'and God be with ye.' "

Little Blossom, Bennie's sister, sat listening with a blanched cheek,
 Poor soul, but she didn't speak,
 Until a gentle tap was heard at the kitchen door,
 Then she arose quickly and tripped across the floor.

And opening the door, she received a letter from a neighbour's hand,
 And as she looked upon it in amazement she did stand.
 Then she cried aloud, "It is from my brother Bennie.
 Yes, it is, dear father, as you can see."

And as his father gazed upon it he thought Bennie was dead,
 Then he handed the letter to Mr Allan and by him it was read,
 And the minister read as follows: "Dear father, when this you see
 I shall be dead and in eternity.

"And, dear father, at first it seemed awful to me
 The thought of being launched into eternity.
 But, dear father, I'm resolved to die like a man,
 And keep up my courage and do the best I can.

“You know I promised Jemmie Carr’s mother to look after her boy,
Who was his mother’s pet and only joy.
But one night while on march Jemmie turned sick,
And if I hadn’t lent him my arm he’d have dropped very quick.

“And that night it was Jemmie’s turn to be sentry,
And take poor Jemmie’s place I did agree,
But I couldn’t keep awake, father, I’m sorry to relate,
And I didn’t know it, well, until it was too late.

“Good-bye, dear father, God seems near me,
But I’m not afraid now to be launched into eternity.
No, dear father, I’m going to a world free from strife,
And see my Saviour there in a better, better life.”

That night, softly, little Blossom, Bennie’s sister, stole out
And glided down the footpath without any doubt.
She was on her way to Washington, with her heart full of woe,
To try and save her brother’s life, blow high, blow low.

And when Blossom appeared before President Lincoln,
Poor child, she was looking very woebegone.
Then the President said, “My child, what do you want with me?”
“Please, Bennie’s life, sir,” she answered timidly.

“Jemmie was sick, sir, and my brother took his place.”
“What is this you say, child? Come here and let me see your face.”
Then she handed him Bennie’s letter, and he read it carefully,
And taking up his pen he wrote a few lines hastily.

Then he said to Blossom, “To-morrow, Bennie will go with you.”
And two days after this interview
Bennie and Blossom took their way to their green mountain home,
And poor little Blossom was footsore, but she didn’t moan.

And a crowd gathered at the mill depot to welcome them back,
And to grasp the hand of his boy, Farmer Owen wasn’t slack,
And tears flowed down his cheeks as he said fervently,
“The Lord be praised for setting my dear boy free.”

LINES IN REPLY TO THE BEAUTIFUL POET WHO WELCOMED NEWS OF MCGONAGALL'S DEPARTURE FROM DUNDEE

Dear Johnny, I return my thanks to you;
But more than thanks is your due
For publishing the scurrilous poetry about me
Leaving the Ancient City of Dundee.

The rhymster says, we'll weary for your schauchlin' form;
But if I'm not mistaken I've seen bonnier than his in a field of corn;
And, as I venture to say and really suppose,
His form seen in a cornfield would frighten the crows.

But, dear Johnny, as you said, he's just a lampoon,
And as ugly and as ignorant as a wild baboon;
And, as far as I can judge or think,
He is a vendor of strong drink.

He says my nose would make a peasemeal warrior weep;
But I've seen a much bonnier sweep,
And a more manly and wiser man
Than he is by far, deny it who can!

And, in conclusion, I'd have him to beware,
And never again to interfere with a poet's hair,
Because Christ the Saviour wore long hair,
And many more good men, I do declare.

Therefore I laugh at such bosh that appears in print.
So I hope from me you will take the hint,
And never publish such bosh of poetry again,
Or else you'll get the famous Weekly News a bad name.

A POET'S COMPLAINT

Sir, — A practical joke has been done to me
Within the burgh of Dundee,
Which I consider to be a sin,
To present me with a stick ornamented with tin.

Which they said was silver-plated,
But they will find I'm not to be cheated;
Because I've found it is only tin.
And at them I'm resolved to laugh and grin.

Because it will never be used by me;
The reason why?— Because it's a disgrace to Dundee;
And, as for the purse, it's a shame to be seen
Near by Dundee and the Magdalen Green.

And the contents therein was but small —
Five shillings and fourpence, that is all;
Which didn't pay me for one recitation.
Which is a disgrace to the nation.

And in conclusion I will say
I will remember such treatment for many a day,
And he is unworthy to be called brother
That would try to wound the feelings of another.

A TRIBUTE TO MR J. GRAHAM HENDERSON, THE WORLD'S FAIR JUDGE

Thrice welcome home to Hawick, Mr J. Graham Henderson,
For by your Scotch tweeds a great honour you have won;
By exhibiting your beautiful tweeds at the World's Fair
You have been elected judge of Australian and American wools while there.

You had to pass a strict examination on the wool trade,
But you have been victorious, and not the least afraid,
And has been made judge of wools by Sir Henry Truman Good,
And was thanked by Sir Henry where he stood.

You have been asked by Sir Henry to lecture on wools there,
And you have consented to do so, which made your audience stare
When you let them see the difference betwixt good wool and bad;
You'll be sure to gain fresh honours, they will feel so glad.

To think they have found a clever man indeed,
That knows good wool and how to manufacture Scotch tweed,
I wish you success for many a long day,
Because your Scotch tweeds are the best, I venture to say.

May you always be prosperous wherever you go,
Always gaining fresh friends, but never a foe,
Because you are good and a very clever man,
And to gainsay it there's few people can.

BEAUTIFUL ABERFOYLE

The mountains and glens of Aberfoyle are beautiful to sight,
Likewise the rivers and lakes are sparkling and bright;
And its woods were frequented by the Lady of the Lake,
And on its Lakes many a sail in her boat she did take.

The scenery there will fill the tourist with joy,
Because 'tis there once lived the bold Rob Roy,
Who spent many happy days with his Helen there,
By chasing the deer in the woods so fair.

The little vale of Aberfoyle and its beautiful river
Is a sight, once seen, forget it you'll never;
And romantic ranges of rock on either side
Form a magnificent background far and wide.

And the numerous lochs there abound with trout
Which can be had for the taking out,
Especially from the Lochs Chon and Ard,
There the angler can make a catch which will his toil reward.

And between the two lochs the Glasgow Water Works are near,
Which convey water of Loch Katrine in copious streams clear
To the inhabitants of the Great Metropolis of the West,
And for such pure water they should think themselves blest.

The oak and birch woods there are beautiful to view,
Also the Ochil hills which are blue in hue,
Likewise the Lake of Menteith can be seen far eastward,
Also Stirling Castle, which long ago the English besieged very hard.

Then away to Aberfoyle, Rob Roy's country,
And gaze on the magnificent scenery.
A region of rivers and mountains towering majestically
Which is lovely and fascinating to see.

But no words can describe the beautiful scenery.
Aberfoyle must be visited in order to see,
So that the mind may apprehend its beauties around,
Which will charm the hearts of the visitors I'll be bound.

As for the clachan of Aberfoyle, little remains but a hotel,
Which for accommodation which will suit the traveller very well.
And the bedding there is clean and good,
And good cooks there to cook the food.

Then away to the mountains and lakes of bonnie Aberfoyle,
Ye hard-working sons and daughters of daily toil;
And traverse its heathery mountains and view its lakes so clear,
When the face of Nature's green in the spring of the year.

LINES IN PRAISE OF MR. J. GRAHAM HENDERSON, HAWICK

Success to Mr J. Graham Henderson, who is a good man,
And to gainsay it there's few people can,
I say so from my own experience,
And experience is a great defence.

He is a good man, I venture to say,
Which I declare to the world without dismay,
Because he's given me a suit of Tweeds, magnificent to see,
So good that it cannot be surpassed in Dundee.

The suit is the best of Tweed cloth in every way,
And will last me for many a long day;
It's really good, and in no way bad,
And will help to make my heart feel glad.

He's going to send some goods to the World's Fair,
And I hope of patronage he will get the biggest share;
Because his Tweed cloth is the best I ever did see,
In the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and ninety-three.

At the International Exhibition, and the Isle of Man Exhibition,
He got a gold medal from each, in recognition
Of his Scotch Tweeds, so good and grand,
Which cannot be surpassed in fair Scotland.

Therefore, good people, his goods are really grand,
And manufactured at Weensforth Mill, Hawick, Scotland;
Where there's always plenty of Tweeds on hand,
For the ready cash at the people's command.

Mr Tocher measured me for the suit,
And it is very elegant, which no one will dispute,

And I hope Mr Henry in Reform Street
Will gain customers by it, the suit is so complete.

THE ANCIENT CITY OF ST ANDREWS

The ancient City of St. Andrews stands on a rocky foundation,
Which has but a very small population;
And the principal edifices are on the northern side of the town,
Namely, St. Leonard's, and St. Salvator's, and the old College of renown.

Then there's St. Mary's, or the Divinity Hall, in the South Street,
A building of ancient structure, elegant and complete;
And the Cathedral is supposed to have been founded in the year 1159,
Which was demolished by a mob in John Knox's time.

And the University is the oldest in Scotland,
And the interior of it is really grand;
Besides, there are numerous relics of bygone days,
Also monuments, which are all worthy of praise.

St. Andrews is a place of great antiquity,
And has been the scene of remarkable events in history:
Wishart was burnt there before Cardinal Beaton, a very sad doom,
And the Cardinal was murdered the same year in his own room.

St. Andrews is the healthiest town in fair Scotland,
And the Links, for the game of golf, are truly grand;
And the golf course is fully two miles in length,
Where the lovers of that game can expend their strength.

And the sea-bathing is excellent in the summer time;
And visitors flock to the city from many a clime;
'Tis the finest city I know of for healthy recreation,
And where visitors can have the best accommodation.

There are also open and covered tennis-courts and a bowling-green,
Which in the summer season is lovely to be seen;
And 'tis health for visitors during their stay there
To bathe in the pure salt water, and inhale the sea air.

St. Andrews is a beautiful resort in the summer time,
And the surrounding scenery is very fine,
With the blue sky above and the lark singing merrily,
And soaring high above the lovely calm sea.

'Tis delightful to look upon, on a fine summer day,
And to see the shipping passing along the silvery bay,
Laden with goods for different parts of the world,
With their beautiful white sails to the breeze unfurled.

The to hear and see St. Andrews fishermen trimming their nets,
The brave hardy men who seldom fret,
Only when they fail to catch some fish
To make for them a dainty dish.

And many scenes in the life of Queen Mary took place there,
When she was hunted from place to place in a state of despair,
With her heart full of woe, and all comfort fled,
And at times, poor soul, not knowing where to lay her head.

The away, pleasure-seekers, without delay,
And view St. Andrews and its lovely bay;
Also its venerable towers and spires shooting in the air,
Which is well worthy of a visit, I solemnly declare!

**LINES IN MEMORIAM REGARDING THE ENTERTAINMENT I
GAVE ON THE 31ST MARCH, 1893, IN REFORM STREET
HALL, DUNDEE**

'Twas on the 31st of March, and in the year of 1893,
I gave an entertainment in the city of Dundee,
To a select party of gentlemen, big and small,
Who appreciated my recital in Reform Street Hall.

The meeting was convened by J. P. Smith's manager, High Street,
And many of J. P. Smith's employees were there me to greet,
And several other gentlemen within the city,
Who were all delighted with the entertainment they got from me.

Mr Green was the chairman for the night,
And in that capacity he acted right;
He made a splendid address on my behalf,
Without introducing any slang or chaff.

I wish him success during life;
May he always feel happy and free from strife,
For the kindness he has ever shown to me
During our long acquaintance in Dundee.

I return my thanks to Mr J. P. Smith's men,
Who were at my entertainment more than nine or ten;
And the rest of the gentlemen that were there,
Also deserves my thanks, I do declare.

Because they showered upon me their approbation,
And got up for me a handsome donation,
Which was presented to me by Sir Green,
In a purse most beautiful to be seen.

Which was a generous action in deed,
And came to me in time of need.
And the gentlemen that so generously treated me
I'll remember during my stay in Dundee.

LINES IN PRAISE OF THE ARBROATH ODDFELLOWS

'Twas on the 10th of May, in the year of 1893,
 I left Dundee with my heart full of glee.
 To give an entertainment to the Oddfellows in Arbroath,
 And to see to my protection they plighted their troth.

I will ever remember their gentlemanly treatment for many a day.
 Which I defy any one, virtually speaking, to gainsay.
 I partook of a fine supper, I most solemnly declare.
 Also every one that was assembled there.

Mr William Fraser he was there —
 A very good man, and Mr Bryan occupied the chair;
 Also another good man, called A. Brown,
 Which, for kindness to me, cannot be surpassed in any town.

Goodwill and good-humour are the features of the society.
 And friendship, love, and truth is the motto of the fraternity;
 Which, I must declare to the world, they bestowed on me.
 And without fear of contradiction, they are a goodly company.

The entertainment I gave them was received with loud applause.
 So much, I was afraid some one would have raxed his jaws;
 And all I gave them was highly appreciated,
 And, the best of all, I was kindly treated.

The songs rendered by various gentlemen couldn't be bet.
 Especially "A' the airts the wind can blaw" I'll never forget.
 And in conclusion, the proceedings were very entertaining.
 Believe me, Oddfellows, I am yours truly,
 Jointly and severally one and all,

Remaining, William McGonagall, Poet.

THE FAITHFUL DOG FIDO

Little Fido's master had to go on a long journey,
So Fido followed her master, and ran cheerfully,
And often the master would speak kindly to the dog,
As along the road together they did jog.

Her master rode on a very beautiful steed,
And Fido followed behind at slow speed,
And so they travelled on and on,
And the road was dusty, and they felt woe-begone.

The sun shone hot, and the horse was covered with sweat,
And poor Fido was tired and began to fret,
And she felt so tired that no farther could she go,
So Fido lay down and whined with her heart full of woe.

Then the master dismounted near a cool shady wood,
And tied his horse to a tree while in an angry mood;
Then he took from the saddle his heavy bags of gold,
And laid them beside Fido, and to watch them she was told.

Then he drew his cloak about him, and lay down
With the saddle bags under his head, without a frown;
Then little Fido close to her master did creep,
And in a short, time was fast asleep.

But she didn't sleep sound, because her master had her told,
Not to fall asleep, but to watch the bags of gold,
So she pricked up her ears in fear any one coming,
And around the bags of gold she kept running.

Her master was tired and slept right soundly,
But little Fido began to feel rather weary,
And she thought her master was long enough in that place,
And at last she awakened her master by licking his face.

The dog knew it was time for her master to go,
And for fear of sleeping too long Fido's heart was full of woe,
And she began to bark loud and strong,
Then her master jumped up, troubled because he'd slept so long.

Then he quickly mounted his beautiful steed,
And rode away at a very quick speed,
And calling Fido! but Fido paid no heed,
Which caused Fido's master to feel angry indeed,

She ran after the horse and bit at his heels,
But poor Fido's master indignant feels;
This she did several times, but her master paid no heed,
And he began to think Fido was going mad indeed.

At last the dog sat down by the road side,
And looked sorrowfully after her master, as onward he did ride,
Then she ran after him, and him she overtook,
Just as he had stopped to water his horse in a brook.

And there she stood beside the brook, and barked so savagely,
That her master thought her really mad, she acted so strangely,
Then she ran down the road barking with all her might,
Until her master was now convinced Fido wasn't right.

And taking out his pistol, he aimed at the dog,
And fired, and poor Fido lay there as dead as a log;
Then with a sad heart he rode hastily away,
Spurring on his noble steed without delay.

But he hadn't ridden far, when he stopped as in dismay,
And searched for his bags of gold, but they were away,
And pondering in his mind as spell-bound he stood,
Had he dropped them, or left them behind in the wood.

Then he turned and rode back as fast as he could go,
And crying on his little, dog, with his heart full of woe,
And all along the road he still saw drops of blood,
Which brought tears into his eyes in a flood.

And oh! how guilty he felt as he galloped by the road side,
And found the bags of gold, and there lay beside
The faithful dog Fido alas! quite dead,
And when he saw her he was terror-stricken with dread.

And taking the bags of gold with him he rode away,
lamenting the death of Fido, who's life he'd taken that day,
Who was true to her trust in protecting her master's gold,
And an ill reward for doing to, be it told.

THE LOSS OF THE VICTORIA

Alas! Now o'er Britannia there hangs a gloom,
Because over 400 British Tars have met with a watery tomb;
Who served aboard the "Victoria," the biggest ship in the navy,
And one of the finest battleships that ever sailed the sea.

And commanded by Sir George Tyron, a noble hero bold,
And his name on his tombstone should be written in letters of gold;
For he was skilful in naval tactics, few men could with him cope,
And he was considered to be the nation's hope.

'Twas on Thursday, the twenty-second of June,
And off the coast of Syria, and in the afternoon,
And in the year of our Lord eighteen ninety-three,
That the ill-fated "Victoria" sank to the bottom of the sea.

The "Victoria" sank in fifteen minutes after she was rammed,
In eighty fathoms of water, which was smoothly calmed;
The monster war vessel capsized bottom uppermost,
And, alas, lies buried in the sea totally lost.

The "Victoria" was the flagship of the Mediterranean Fleet,
And was struck by the "Camperdown" when too close they did meet,
While practising the naval and useful art of war,
How to wheel and discharge their shot at the enemy afar.

Oh, Heaven! Methinks I see some men lying in their beds,
And some skylarking, no doubt, and not a soul dreads
The coming avalanche that was to seal their doom,
Until down came the mighty fabric of the engine room.

Then death leaped on them from all quarters in a moment,
And there were explosions of magazines and boilers rent;
And the fire and steam and water beat out all life,
But I hope the drowned ones are in the better world free from strife.

Sir George Tyron was on the bridge at the moment of the accident
With folded arms, seemingly quite content;
And seeing the vessel couldn't be saved he remained till the last,
And went down with the "Victoria" when all succour was past.

Methinks I see him on the bridge like a hero brave,
And the ship slowly sinking into the briny wave;
And when the men cried, "Save yourselves without delay,"
He told them to save themselves, he felt no dismay.

'Twas only those that leaped from the vessel at the first alarm,
Luckily so, that were saved from any harm
By leaping into the boats o'er the vessel's side,
Thanking God they had escaped as o'er the smooth water they did glide.

At Whitehall, London, mothers and fathers did call,
And the pitiful scene did the spectators' hearts appal;
But the most painful case was the mother of J. P. Scarlet,
Who cried, "Oh, Heaven, the loss of my son I'll never forget."

Oh, Heaven! Befriend the bereaved ones, hard is their fate,
Which I am sorry at heart to relate;
But I hope God in His goodness will provide for them,
Especially the widows, for the loss of their men.

Alas! Britannia now will mourn the loss of her naval commander,
Who was as brave as the great Alexander;
And to his honour be it fearlessly told,
Few men would excel this hero bold.

Alas! 'Tis sad to be buried in eighty fathoms of Syrian sea,
Which will hide the secret of the "Victoria" to all eternity;
Which causes Britannia's sorrow to be profound
For the brave British Tars that have been drowned.

THE HORSE PARADE, OR DEMONSTRATION IN RESPECT OF THE ROYAL WEDDING

'Twas on the 6th July, and in the year of 1893,
There was a grand Horse Parade in the City of Dundee,
In respect of the Royal Wedding, which was magnificent to see,
And the beautiful sights filled the citizens' hearts with glee.

The bells of the Old Steeple a merry peal rang out,
Which caused the school children with joy to shout,
And the Town House on the High Street was beautiful to view,
It was decorated with crimson cloth and true blue.

And banners floated at every window and surmounting a double line,
And the flags from the east and west gables looked very fine,
And meeting in an apex on the top of the spire,
The beautiful scene the people seemed to admire.

And Strathtay House, Reform Street, seemed beautiful to the eye,
And arrested the attention of pedestrians while passing by,
And many of them said, Mr A. Smail deserved great praise,
For having the large block with coloured flags ablaze.

And Messrs James Spence's & Co.'s City Warehouse was grand to see,
It was decorated with flags and magnificent drapery,
And the whole length of the shop windows were adorned with crimson
cloth,
Which surpassed any of the decorations in the town of Abroath.

Besides, there was a splendid scroll fluttering in the air,
And on it was inscribed, Health and happiness to the Royal pair,
Also, long curtains in orange, shaded with blue,
Which seemed most lovely to the view.

The Bank of Scotland Buildings were adorned in grand array,
With bunting from the first flat, which made a grand display,

Besides, to the terraced roof, high and low,
Which really was a very gorgeous show.

Mr Lamb's Hotel in Reform, Street,
The appearance of it was gay and neat,
From every window flags stretched in lines across the street:
Which made Reform Street decorations quite complete.

Mr W. H. Melville's shop at the west end of the High Street,
The decorations there were really a great treat,
The whole front was wreathed with laurel green,
And pretty little flags which enhanced the scene.

Above the main door a canopy was erected,
Which, by the sightseers, was highly respected;
It was draped with coloured banners the whole length of the elevation,
And as the people gazed upon the scene, they were struck with admiration.

There was an little girl dressed like Cupid ringing imitation marriage-bells
On the balcony, while the tinkling music on the air swells,
Which to the people seemed to give great satisfaction,
And was declared by them to be the greatest attraction.

At the West Port. the Messrs Philip & Co.,
Drapers, and Mr Hynd, clothier, made a grand show,
And G. B. Craig — their decorations were lovely to be seen,
For on a streamer was inscribed, Long live our future King and Queen.

The decorations throughout the City were really grand,
And surpassed many towns in fair Scotland,
All in respect of the Duke of York and the Princess May,
In recognition of their Royal Bridal day.

The procession was headed by Mr John Henry Cooke
And the members of his company, and gorgeous they did look
Mounted on beautiful carparisoned steeds which made a fine display,
And as the people gazed thereon, their hearts felt gay.

There were three lorries belonging the Messrs Malcolm, Ogilvie & Co.
And they were beautifully decorated and made a splendid show,
And there were girls on the lorries dressed in red, white, and blue,
Which really was a lovely sight to view.

There were Cobs, and Ponies, and Donkeys, all in grand array,
Beautifully decorated with flowers and garlands gay;
And the Coal Merchants' horses were magnificent to be seen,
With their beautiful saddles glittering in the Sun's sheen.

On the back of one was displayed the portraits of the Royal Pair,
Which looked very lovely, I do declare,
And such a magnificent procession I will venture to say,
Hasn't been witnessed in the City for many a day;
All in respect of the Duke of York and the Princess May,
Which I hope will be happy and prosperous for many a day.

THE BLIND GIRL

Kind Christians, pray list to me,
And I'll relate a sad story,
Concerning a little blind girl, only nine years of age,
Who lived with her father in a lonely cottage.

Poor girl, she had never seen the blessed light of day,
Nor the beautiful fields of corn and hay,
Nor the sparrows, that lifted their heads at early morn
To bright Sol that does the hills adorn.

And near the cottage door there was an elm tree;
But that stunted elm tree she never did see,
Yet her little heart sometimes felt gay
As she listened to the thrushes that warbled the live-long day.

And she would talk to the wren when alone,
And to the wren she would her loneliness bemoan,
And say, "Dear little wren, come again to-morrow;
Now be sure and come, your singing will chase away my sorrow."

She was motherless, but she had a drunken father,
Who in his savage moods drank all he could gather,
And would often cruelly beat her until she would cry,
"Dear father, if you beat me I will surely die."

She spent the days in getting ready her father's food,
Which was truly for her drunken father's good;
But one night he came home, reeling drunk,
And the poor child's heart with fear sunk;

And he cried, "You were at the door when I came up the lane;
Take that, you good-for-nothing slut; you're to blame
For not having my supper ready; you will find
That's no excuse, Sarah, because you are blind."

And with a stick he struck her as he spoke
Across the shoulders, until the stick almost broke;
Crying aloud, "I'll teach you better, you little sneak;"
And with the beating, Sarah's heart was like to break.

Poor little Sarah had never seen the snow;
She knew it was beautiful white, some children told her so;
And in December, when the snow began to fall,
She would go to the door and make a snowball.

One day she'd been very cheerless and alone,
Poor child, and so cold, almost chilled to the bone;
For her father had spent his wages in drink,
And for want of fire she was almost at death's brink.

Her face was pinched with hunger but she never complained,
And her little feet with cold were chilblained,
And her father that day had not come home for dinner,
And the dull grey sky was all of a shimmer.

So poor Sarah was very sick when her father came home;
So bad, little dear, that she did sigh and moan,
And when her father saw her in bed
He was heart-stricken with fear and dread.

So within a few days poor Sarah did die,
And for the loss of Sarah the drunken father did cry,
So the loss of his child soon converted him
From drinking either whiskey, rum or gin.

LITTLE POPEET: THE LOST CHILD

Near by the silent waters of the Mediterranean,
And at the door of an old hut stood a coloured man,
Whose dress was oriental in style and poor with wear,
While adown his furrowed cheeks ran many a tear.

And the poor coloured man seemed very discontent,
And his grief overcame him at this moment;
And he wrung his hands in agony wild,
And he cried, "Oh! help me, great God, to find my child."

"And Ada, my dear wife, but now she is dead,
Which fills my poor heart with sorrow and dread;
She was a very loving wife, but of her I'm bereft,
And I and my lost child are only left.

And, alas! I know not where to find my boy,
Who is dear to me and my only joy;
But with the help of God I will find him,
And this day in search of him I will begin."

So Medoo leaves Turkey and goes to France,
Expecting to find his boy there perhaps by chance;
And while there in Paris he was told
His boy by an Arab had been sold

To a company of French players that performed in the street,
Which was sad news to hear about his boy Popeet;
And while searching for him and making great moan,
He was told he was ill and in Madame Mercy's Home.

Then away went Medoo with his heart full of joy,
To gaze upon the face of his long-lost boy;
Who had been treated by the players mercilessly,
But was taken to the home of Madame Celeste.

She was a member of the players and the leader's wife,
And she loved the boy Popeet as dear as her life,
Because she had no children of her own;
And for the poor ill-treated boy often she did moan.

And when Popeet's father visited the Home,
He was shown into a room where Popeet lay alone,
Pale and emaciated, in his little bed;
And when his father saw him he thought he was dead.

And when Popeet saw his father he lept out of bed,
And only that his father caught him he'd been killed dead;
And his father cried, "Popeet, my own darling boy,
Thank God I've found you, and my heart's full of joy."

Then Madame Mercy's tears fell thick and fast,
When she saw that Popeet had found his father at last;
Then poor Popeet was taken home without delay,
And lived happy with his father for many a day.

LOST ON THE PRAIRIE

In one of the States of America, some years ago,
There suddenly came on a violent storm of snow,
Which was nearly the death of a party of workmen,
Who had finished their day's work – nine or ten of them.

The distance was nearly twenty miles to their camp,
And with the thick falling snow their clothes felt damp,
As they set out for their camp, which was in a large grove,
And to reach it, manfully against the storm they strove.

The wind blew very hard, and the snow was falling fast,
Still, they plodded on, but felt a little downcast,
And the snow fell so fast they could scarcely see,
And they began to think they were lost on the wild prairie.

And they suddenly noticed marks of footsteps in the snow,
Which they found were their own tracks, as onward they did go,
Then they knew they were lost on the great prairie,
And what could they do in such a fearful extremity?

Then their hearts began to sink with woe,
In dread of having to pass the night in the snow,
And they cried, "Oh, God help us to find our way,
Or else we are lost on the lonely prairie."

And while they stood shivering with the cold,
One of the party a particular horse did behold,
Which was known by the name of Old Jack,
So to take off his bridle they were not slack.

When the horse was let free he threw up his head and tail,
Which seemed to say, "Follow me, and ye will not fail.
So come on, boys, and follow me,
And I'll guide ye home safely."

And they cried, "Old Jack can show us the way,
So let's follow his tracks without dismay";
And with the falling snow they were chilled to the bone,
But the horse seemed to say, "I'll show ye home."

And at last they gave a shout of delight
When they saw their camp fire burning bright,
Which was to them a cheerful sight,
And they caressed Old Jack for guiding them home that night.

And they felt thankful to God for their safety,
And they danced around Old Jack with their hearts full of glee,
And Old Jack became a favourite from that day,
Because he saved them from being lost on the wild prairie.

THE TERRIFIC CYCLONE OF 1893

'Twas in the year of 1893, and on the 17th and 18th of November,
Which the people of Dundee and elsewhere will long remember,
The terrific cyclone that blew down trees,
And wrecked many vessels on the high seas.

All along the coast the Storm Fiend did loudly roar,
Whereby many ships were wrecked along the shore,
And many seamen lost their lives,
Which caused their children to mourn and their wives.

Alas! they will never see their husbands again,
And to weep for them 'tis all in vain,
Because sorrow never could revive the dead,
Therefore they must weep, knowing all hope is fled.

The people's hearts in Dundee were full of dread
For fear of chimney-cans falling on their heads,
And the roofs of several houses were hurled to the ground,
And the tenants were affrighted, and their sorrow was profound,

And scores of wooden sheds were levelled to the ground,
And chimney stalks fell with a crashing rebound :
The gale swept everything before it in its way;
No less than 250 trees and 37 tombstones were blown down at Balgay.

Oh! it was a pitiful and a terrible sight
To see the fallen trees lying left and right,
Scattered about in the beautiful Hill of Balgay,
Also the tombstones that were swept away.

At Broughty Ferry the gale made a noise like thunder,
Which made the inhabitants shake with fear and wonder
If their dwellings would be blown to the ground,
While the slates and chimney-cans were falling all around.

Early on the 18th a disaster occurred on the Tay :
The wreck of the steamer "Union,"- Oh! horror and dismay!
Whereby four lives have been taken away,
Which will make their friends mourn for many a day.

The steamer left Newburgh for Dundee with a cargo of sand,
And the crew expected they would safely land,
But by the time the steamer was opposite Dundee,
Alas! stronger blew the gale, and heavier grew the sea.

And in order to prevent stranding the anchor was let go,
And with the cold the hearts of the crew were full of woe,
While the merciless Storm Fiend loudly did roar,
As the vessel was driven towards the Fife shore.

Then the crew took shelter in the stokehole,
From the cold wind they could no longer thole,
But the high seas broke over her, one finding its way
Right into the stokehole, which filled the crew's hearts with dismay.

Then one of the crew, observing that the steamer had broached to,
Immediately went on deck to see what he could do,
And he tried hard to keep her head to the sea,
But the big waves dashed over her furiously.

Then Strachan shouted that the "Union" was sinking fast,
Which caused his companions to stand aghast,
And Strachan tried to lower the small boat,
But alas! the vessel sunk, and the boat wouldn't float,

And before he could recover himself he was struggling in the sea,
And battling with the big waves right manfully,
But his companions sank with the "Union" in the Tay,
Which filled Strachan's heart with sorrow and dismay,

And after a great struggle he reached the beach,
Fortunately so, which he never expected to reach,
For often he was drawn back by the back-wash,
As the big waves against his body did dash.

But, when nearly exhausted, and near to the land,
A piece of wreckage was near him, which he grasped with his hand,
Which providentially came within his reach,
And bruised, and battered, he was thrown on the beach.

He was so exhausted, he was unable to stand upright,
He felt so weakly, he was in such a plight,
Because the big waves had done him bodily harm,
Yet on hands and knees he crept to a house at Northfield farm.

He arrived there at ten minutes past four o'clock,
And when he awakened the inmates, their nerves got a shock,
But under their kind treatment he recovered speedily,
And was able to recount the disaster correctly.

Oh! it was a fearful, and a destructive storm!
I never mind the like since I was born,
Only the Tay Bridge storm of 1879,
And both these storms will be remembered for a very long time.

LINES IN PRAISE OF THE ROYAL MARRIAGE

God bless, the lovely, and sweet Princess May,
Also, the Duke of York, so handsome and gay.
Long life, and happiness to them, in married life.
May they always, be prosperous and free from strife.
May their hearts, always be full of glee.
And, be kind, to each other, and ne'er disagree.
And, may the demon, discontent, never mar their happiness.
And, may God be their comforter, in time of distress...
And, if they have children, may they grow grace.
And, be an honour, to the royal race.
Of the empress of India, and Great Britain's Queen.
Who is faithful to her subjects, and ever has been.

THE LITTLE MATCH GIRL

It was biting cold, and the falling snow,
Which filled a poor little match girl's heart with woe,
Who was bareheaded and barefooted, as she went along the street,
Crying, "Who'll buy my matches? for I want pennies to buy some meat!"

When she left home she had slippers on;
But, alas! poor child, now they were gone.
For she lost both of them while hurrying across the street,
Out of the way of two carriages which were near by her feet.

So the little girl went on, while the snow fell thick and fast;
And the child's heart felt cold and downcast,
For nobody had bought any matches that day,
Which filled her little mind with grief and dismay.

Alas! she was hungry and shivering with cold;
So in a corner between two houses she made bold
To take shelter from the violent storm.
Poor little waif! wishing to herself she'd never been born.

And she grew colder and colder, and feared to go home
For fear of her father beating her; and she felt woe-begone
Because she could carry home no pennies to buy bread,
And to go home without pennies she was in dread.

The large flakes of snow covered her ringlets of fair hair;
While the passers-by for her had no care,
As they hurried along to their homes at a quick pace,
While the cold wind blew in the match girl's face.

As night wore on her hands were numb with cold,
And no longer her strength could her uphold,
When an idea into her little head came:
She'd strike a match and warm her hands at the flame.

And she lighted the match, and it burned brightly,
And it helped to fill her heart with glee;
And she thought she was sitting at a stove very grand;
But, alas! she was found dead, with a match in her hand!

Her body was found half-covered with snow,
And as the people gazed thereon their hearts were full of woe;
And many present let fall a burning tear
Because she was found dead on the last night of the year,

In that mighty city of London, wherein is plenty of gold –
But, alas! their charity towards street waifs is rather cold.
But I hope the match girl's in Heaven, beside her Saviour dear,
A bright reward for all the hardships she suffered here.

LINES IN PRAISE OF SUNLIGHT SOAP

Ye charwomen, where'er ye be,
I pray ye all be advised by me,
Nay, do not think that I do joke,
When I advise ye to wash with Sunlight Soap.

In my time I've tried many kinds of soap,
But no other soap can with it cope,
Because it makes the clothes look nice and clean,
That they are most beautiful to be seen.

Ye can use it, with great pleasure and ease,
Without wasting any elbow grease,
And, while washing the most dirty clothes,
The sweat won't be dripping off your nose.

Therefore think of it, charwomen, one and all,
And, when at any shop ye chance to call,
Be sure and ask for Sunlight Soap,
For, believe me, no other soap can with it cope.

You can wash your clothes with little rubbing,
And without scarcely any scrubbing,
And I tell you once again without any joke,
There's no soap can surpass Sunlight Soap;
And believe me, charwomen, one and all,
I remain, yours truly, the Poet McGonagall.

LINES IN PRAISE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ST. ANDREWS LIBERAL ASSOCIATION ANNUAL DINNER

'Twas on the 9th of February, in the year 1894,
I was invited to St. Andrews, near by the sea-shore,
Where a dinner was given by the members of the Liberal Association,
Which, I must confess, met with my appreciation.

The dinner was held in the Marine Hotel,
And a very sumptuous dinner, few could it excel;
There was beef and potatoes, bread, fruits, and ham,
And we ate until we were as full as we could cram.

There were M.P.'s and clergymen present there,
And, in particular, an old minister, who offered up a prayer—
A most beautiful prayer – invoking God to bless the food,
So it might do our sinful bodies good.

There were eloquent speeches delivered by several gentlemen,
Numbering, I daresay, about nine or ten,
Which made the company's hearts feel light and gay,
And helped to drive dull care away.

There were several songs sung by gentlemen there;
And some of them were well sung, I do declare,
Which were loudly applauded by the social company,
And such a social company was most beautiful to see.

It was the most select company ever I was in;
And to make such a confession I commit no sin;
Because each one was more kinder than another,
And all went smoothly, without any bother.

The Marine Hotel is the grandest ever I did see;
And for grandeur it cannot be surpassed in the City of Dundee,

Because the bedding and the furniture is magnificent to be seen,
Which would please either Duke, Lord, or Queen.

And, as for the landlord, Mr Rusack, he's very kind,
Also Mrs Rusack; more kinder people would be hard to find,
I wish them every success for their kindness to me,
Long may they live, and their family.

NORA, THE MAID OF KILLARNEY

Down by the beautiful Lakes of Killarney,
Oft times I have met my own dear Barney,
In the sweet summer time of the year,
In the silvery moonlight so clear,
I've rambled with my sweetheart Barney,
Along the green banks of the Lakes of Killarney.

The Lakes of Killarney are most lovely to be seen
In the summer season when nature's face is green,
Especially in the beautiful silvery moonlight,
When its waters do shine like silver bright;
Such was the time when me and my Barney
Went to walk by the purty Lakes of Killarney.

My Barney was beautiful, gallant, and gay,
But, alas, he has left me and gone far away,
To that foreign country called Amerikay;
But when he returns we will get married without delay,
And again we will roam by the Lakes of Killarney,
Me and my sweetheart, charming Barney.

And until he returns I will feel rather sad,
For while walking with Barney I always felt glad;
May God send him home again safe to me,
And he will fill my sad heart with glee,
While we walk by the Lakes of Killarney.

I dreamt one night I was walking with Barney,
Down by the beautiful Lakes of Killarney,
And he said, "Nora, dear Nora, don't fret for me,
For I will soon come home to thee;
And I will build a nice cabin near the Lakes of Killarney,
And Nora will live happy with her own dear Barney."

But, alas, I awoke from my beautiful dream,
For, och, it was a most lovely scene;
But I hope it will happen some unexpected day,
When Barney comes home from Amerikay;
Then Barney will relate his adventures to me,
As we walk by the silvery Lakes of Killarney.

We will ramble among its green trees and green bushes,
And hear the sweet songs of the blackbirds and thrushes,
And gaze on its lovely banks so green,
And its waters glittering like crystal in the moonlight's sheen;
Och! how I long to be walking with Barney,
Along the green banks of the Lakes of Killarney.

Of all the spots in Ireland, Killarney for me,
For 'twas there I first met my dear Barney:
He was singing, I remember, right merrily;
And his singing filled my heart with glee,
And he said, "Nora, dear Nora, will you walk with me,
For you are the prettiest girl I ever did see."

"Now, Barney," I said, "you are just mocking me,
When you say no other girl like me you can see";
Then he said, "Nora, you are the only girl I do love,
And this I do swear by the saints above,
I will marry you, dear Nora, without delay,
When I come home from Amerikay."

But when Barney landed in Amerikay,
He courted another girl without dismay,
And he married her in the month of May,
And when I heard it I fainted away;
So maidens beware of such men as Barney,
Or else they will deceive ye with their flattering blarney.

THE KESSACK FERRY-BOAT FATALITY

'Twas on Friday the 2nd of March, in the year of 1894,
That the Storm Fiend did loudly laugh and roar
Along the Black Isle and the Kessack Ferry shore,
Whereby six men were drowned, which their friends will deplore.

The accident is the most serious that has occurred for many years,
And their relatives no doubt will shed many tears,
Because the accident happened within 200 yards of the shore,
While Boreas he did loudly rail and roar.

The ferry-boat started from the north or Black Isle,
While the gusty gales were blowing all the while
From the south, and strong from the south-west,
And to get to land the crew tried their utmost best.

The crew, however, were very near the land,
When the gusts rose such as no man could withstand,
With such force that the ferry-boat flew away
From her course, down into the little bay,

Which opens into the Moray Firth and the River Ness,
And by this time the poor men were in great distress,
And they tried again and again to get back to the pier,
And to save themselves from being drowned they began to fear.

And at last the poor men began to despair,
And they decided to drop anchor where they were,
While the Storm Fiend did angry roar,
And the white-crested billows did lash the shore.

And the water poured in, but was baled out quickly,
And the men's clothes were wet, and they felt sickly,
Because they saw no help in the distance,
Until at last they blew the fog-horn for assistance.

And quickly in response to their cry of distress,
Four members of the coastguard, in coastguard dress,
Whose station overlooked the scene, put off in a small boat,
And with a desperate struggle they managed to keep her afloat.

Then the coastguards and boat drifted rapidly away,
Until they found themselves in the little bay,
Whilst the big waves washed o'er them, again and again,
And they began to think their struggling was all in vain.

But they struggled on manfully until they came upon a smaller boat,
Which they thought would be more easily kept afloat,
And to which the hawser was soon transferred,
Then for a second time to save the ferrymen all was prepared.

Then the coastguards drifted down alongside the ferry-boat,
And with great difficulty they kept themselves afloat,
Because the big waves were like mountains high,
Yet the coastguards resolved to save the ferrymen or die.

Then at last the ferrymen got into the coastguard boat,
And they all toiled manfully to keep her afloat,
Until she was struck as she rose on the crest of the wave,
Then each one tried hard his life to save.

And the poor men's hearts with grief were rent,
For they were thrown into the merciless sea in a moment,
And out of the eight men two have been saved,
All owing to their swimming abilities, and how they behaved.

Oh! it must have been a fearful sight,
To see them striving hard with all their might
To save themselves from a watery grave,
While the Storm Fiend did laugh and angry did rave.

THE BEAUTIFUL CITY OF PERTH

Beautiful Ancient City of Perth,
One of the grandest on the earth,
With your stately mansions and streets so clean,
And situated between two Inches green,
Which are most magnificent to be seen

The North Inch is beautiful to behold,
Where the daisies and butter-cups their petals unfold,
In the warm summer time of the year,
While the clear silvery Tay rolls by quite near,
And such a scene will your spirits cheer.

The South Inch is lovely, be it said,
And a splendid spot for military parade,
While along the highway there are some big trees,
Where the soldiers can rest or stand at ease,
Whichever way their commanders please.

The surrounding woodland scenery is very grand,
It cannot be surpassed in fair Scotland,
Especially the elegant Palace of Scone, in history renowned,
Where some of Scotland's kings were crowned.

And the Fair Maid of Perth's house is worthy to be seen,
Which is well worth visiting by Duke, Lord, or Queen;
The Fair Maid of Perth caused the battle on the North Inch
'Twixt the Clans Chattan and Kay, and neither of them did flinch,
Until they were cut up inch by inch.

The scenery is lovely in the month of June,
When trees and flowers are in full bloom,
Especially near by the Palace of Scone,
Where the blackbird is heard whistling all day
While near by rolls on the clear silvery Tay.

Of all the cities in Scotland, beautiful Perth for me,
For it is the most elegant city that ever I did see,
With its beautiful woodland scenery along the river Tay,
Which would make the tourist's heart feel gay,
While fishing for trout on a fine summer day.

There, the angler, if he likes to resort
For a few day's fishing, can have excellent sport,
And while he is fishing during the day,
He will feel delighted with the scenery along the river Tay.
And the fish he catches will drive dull care away,
And his toil will be rewarded for the fatigues of the day.

Beautiful city of Perth, magnificent to be seen,
With your grand statues and Inches green,
And your lovely maidens fair and gay,
Which, in conclusion, I will venture to say,
You cannot be surpassed at the present day.

THE BEAUTIFUL RIVER DEE

Bonnie Jeannie, will you go with me,
And view the beautiful scenery of the river Dee,
And the bonnie deer browsing on the heathery hills,
While down their sides run clear sparkling rills?

Which the traveller can drink of when he feels dry,
And admire the dark river Dee near by,
Rolling smoothly and silently on its way,
Which is most lovely to see on a fine summer day.

There the trout doth sport and play
During the livelong summer day;
Also, plenty of salmon are there to be seen
Glittering like silver in the sun's sheen.

And the mountains are rugged and wild to be seen,
But the woodlands are beautiful when Nature's face is green.
There numerous rabbits do gambol all day,
Which will make Jeannie's heart feel light and gay.

There's one charming spot, most beautiful to be seen,
Beautiful Balmoral, the Highland home of Great Britain's Queen.
The Castle with its surrounding scenery is lovely to see,
While, near by, rolls past the dark river Dee.

So, bonnie Jeannie, will you go with me,
And beautiful Balmoral you will see,
And love will fill our hearts with glee,
As we walk together on the banks of the Dee?

A TRIBUTE TO THE REV. ALEXANDER C. HENDERSON, PREVIOUS TO HIS LEAVING FOR AUSTRALIA

I wish the Rev. Alexander Henderson every success,
Hoping that God will him always bless,
Because an immense deal of good he has done
While among the Gilfillan Memorial Congregation.

And during his time of preaching to the Congregation
His preaching always met with their appreciation,
Because he is a man possessed of a big heart,
And who has always acted a Christian's part.

He is affable in temper, and has an ear for the poor,
His big heart cannot their pleadings endure,
He's ever willing to help the needy in distress,
And sometimes he's helped myself I confess.

And since he is about to Australia to go,
His leaving will fill many hearts with woe,
And during his absence their thoughts will revert to him
Who taught them the danger of falling into sin.

I wish him God-speed wherever he goes;
May his friends always outnumber his foes:
And I hope the ship that bears him away
Will sail smoothly and swiftly by night and by day.

I bid him to-night a long and sad farewell,
Because I love him better than my pen can tell,
And I hope every one here will do the same,
Because we may never look upon his like again:
May God be with him while on the briny deep,
And watch and guard him while asleep.

THE VILLAGE OF TAYPORT AND ITS SURROUNDINGS

All ye pleasure-seekers, where'er ye be,
 I pray ye all be advised by me,
 Go and visit Tayport on the banks o' the Tay,
 And there ye can spend a pleasant holiday.

The village and its surroundings are magnificent to be seen,
 And the shops on the High Street are tidy and clean,
 And the goods, I'm sure, would please the Queen,
 They cannot be surpassed in Edinburgh or Aberdeen.

And the villagers' gardens are lovely to be seen,
 There sweet flowers grow and gooseberries green.
 And the fragrant air will make you feel gay
 While viewing the scenery there on the banks of the Tay.

Scotsraig is an ancient and a most charming spot,
 And once seen by visitors will never be forgot.
 'Twas there that Archbishop Sharp lived long ago,
 And the flower-garden there is a very grand show.

The flower beds there are very beautiful to see,
 They surpass the Baxter Park flower beds in Dundee,
 And are all enclosed in a round ring,
 And there the bee and the butterfly are often on the wing.

Scotsraig farm-house is magnificent to see
 With its beautiful rich fields of wheat and barley,
 And the farm-house steading is certainly very fine,
 And the scenery is charming in the summer time.

The Serpentine Walk is a secluded spot in Scotsraig wood,
 And to be walking there 'twould do one's heart good.
 There the lovers can enjoy themselves in its shady bowers
 By telling tales of love to wile away the tedious hours.

There innocent rabbits do sport and play
During the livelong summer day
Amongst the ivy and shrubberies green,
And screened all day from the sun's sheen.

Then, lovers of the picturesque, off and away
To the village of Tayport on the banks o' the Tay,
And ramble through Scotsraig wood,
It will, I'm sure, do your bodies good.

And, as ye walk along the Serpentine Walk,
With each other ye can have a social talk,
And ye will hear the birds singing away,
Which will make your hearts feel light and gay.

And while walking underneath the branches of the trees,
Ye will hear the humming of the bees.
Therefore, pleasure-seekers, make no delay,
But visit Scotsraig wood on a fine summer day.

There visitors can be shaded from the sun in the summer time,
While walking along the secluded Serpentine,
By the spreading branches of the big trees,
Or from the undergrowth ivy, if they please.

Do not forget to visit the old Tower,
Where Archbishop Sharp spent many an hour,
Viewing the beautiful scenery for miles away
Along the bonnie banks o' the silvery Tay.

**LINES IN PRAISE OF THE LYRIC CLUB BANQUET WHICH
WAS HELD IN THE QUEENS HOTEL, PERTH, ON THE
EVENING OF 5TH SEPTEMBER 1894**

'Twas in the year of 1894, and on the 5th of September,
Which for a long time I will remember,
And the gentlemen I entertained in the city of Perth,
Which is one of the grandest cities upon the earth.

At the Banquet there were gentlemen of high degree,
And the viands they partook of filled their hearts with glee;
There was Beef, Fish, and Potatoes galore,
And we all ate until we could eat no more

The gentlemen present were very kind to me,
And the entertainment I gave them filled their hearts with glee;
Especially the Recital I gave them from "Macbeth",
They were so much fascinated they almost lost their breath.

The audience were orderly and all went well,
As cheerily and as smoothly as a marriage bell.
Mr James Speedie was the chairman, and behaved right manfully,
And sang a beautiful song, which filled our hearts with glee.

But when I sang my "Rattling Boy from Dublin Town",
The audience were like to pull the house down
With the hearty applause they showered upon me,
Because I sang the song so merrily.

But, in conclusion, I must honestly say
I haven't been so well treated for many a day;
Because I got a Splendid Bed in the Queen's Hotel,
And the breakfast I got there I liked right well.

The treatment I received there would please the Queen,
Because the cooking is most excellent and the beds are clean;
And, in conclusion, I return my thanks to one and all,
Especially the members of the Lyric Club, big and small,
Also the landlord of the Queen's Hotel, yours truly,
McGonagall.

THE FAIR MAID OF PERTH'S HOUSE

All ye good people, afar and near,
To my request pray lend an ear;
I advise you all without delay to go
And see the Fair Maid's House – it is a rare show.

Some of the chairs there are very grand,
They have been cut and carved by a skilful hand;
And kings, perchance, if the truth were told,
Have sat on them in days of old.

King James the First of Scotland was murdered there,
And his cries for mercy rent the air.
But the Highland robbers only laughed at him,
And murdered him in the dungeon and thought if no sin.

Then there's an ancient shrine upstairs,
Where the Monks and Saints said their prayers,
To the Holy Virgin, be it told;
And the house, it is said, is six hundred years old.

The old cruisie lamps are there to be seen,
Which let the monks see to write from their sheen,
And if the walls could speak, they could tell a fearful tale,
Which would make the people's cheeks turn pale.

Then there's an old claymore dug up from Culloden Moor,
Which in its time shed innocent blood, I am sure,
If not at Culloden Moor, some other place,
Which no doubt the truth of its history might trace.

The interior of the house is magnificent to be seen,
And the wood panelling, I'm sure, would please the Queen;
And the old fire-place, with its big fire,
Is all that visitors could desire.

Then there's a ring in a big stone near by the door,
Where gentlemen tethered their horses in days of yore;
And on the staircase door there's a firling pin
For making a rattling noise when anyone wanted in.

The mistress of the house is very kind,
A more affable woman would be herd to find;
And to visitors she is very good,
And well versed in history, be it understood.

THE HEATHERBLEND CLUB BANQUET

'Twas on the 16th of October, in the year 1894,
I was invited to Inverness, not far from the sea shore,
To partake of a banquet prepared by the Heatherblend Club,
Gentlemen who honoured me without any hubbub.

The banquet was held in the Gellion Hotel,
And the landlord, Mr Macpherson, treated me right well;
Also the servant maids were very kind to me,
Especially the girl that polished my boots, most beautiful to see.

The banquet consisted of roast beef, potatoes, and red wine;
Also hare soup and sherry and grapes most fine,
And baked pudding and apples lovely to be seen;
Also rich sweet milk and delicious cream.

Mr Gossip, a noble Highlander, acted as chairman,
And when the banquet was finished the fun began;
And I was requested to give a poetic entertainment,
Which I gave, and which pleased them to their hearts' content.

And for my entertainment they did me well reward
By entitling me there the Heather Blend Club bard;
Likewise I received an Illuminated Address,
Also a purse of silver, I honestly confess.

Mr A.J.Stewart was very kind to me,
And tried all he could to make me happy;
And several songs were sung by gentlemen there—
It was the most social gathering I've been in, I do declare.

Oh, magnificent city of Inverness,
And your beautiful river, I must confess,
With its lovely scenery on each side,
Would be good for one's health there to reside.

There the blackbird and the mavis doth sing,
Making the woodlands with their echoes to ring
During the months of July, May, and June,
When the trees and the shrubberies are in full bloom.

And to see the River Ness rolling smoothly along,
Together with the blackbird's musical song,
While the sun shines bright in the month of May,
'Twill help to drive dull care away.

And Macbeth's Castle is grand to be seen,
Situated on Castle Hill, which is beautiful and green.
'Twas there Macbeth lived in days of old,
And a great tyrant he was, be it told.

I wish the Heatherblend members every success,
Hoping God will prosper them and bless;
Long May Dame Fortune smile upon them,
For all of them I've met are kind gentlemen.

And in conclusion, I must say
I never received better treatment in my day,
Than I received from my admirers in bonnie Inverness.
This on my soul and conscience I do confess.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

What ho! sickly people of high and low degree
I pray ye all be warned by me;
No matter what may be your bodily ills
The safest and quickest cure is Beecham's Pills.

They are admitted to be worth a guinea a box
For bilious and nervous disorders, also smallpox,
And dizziness and drowsiness, also cold chills,
And for such diseases nothing else can equal Beecham's Pills

They have been proved by thousands that have tried them
So that the people cannot them condemn.
Be advised by me one and all
Is the advice of Poet McGonagall.

LINES IN PRAISE OF PROFESSOR BLACKIE

Alas! the people's hearts are now full of sorrow
 For the deceased Professor Blackie, of Edinboro';
 Because he was a Christian man, affable and kind,
 And his equal in charitable actions would be hard to find

'Twas in the year of 1895, March the 2nd, he died at 10 o'clock.
 Which to his dear wife, and his adopted son, was a great shock;
 And before he died he bade farewell to his adopted son and wife.
 Which, no doubt, they will remember during life.

Professor Blackie celebrated his golden wedding three years ago,
 When he was made the recipient of respect from high and low.
 He leaves a widow, but, fortunately, no family,
 Which will cause Mrs. Blackie to feel less unhappy.

Professor Blackie will be greatly missed in Edinboro;
 Especially those that met him daily will feel great sorrow,
 When they think of his never-failing plaid and hazel rung,
 For, although he was an old man, he considered he was young.

He had a very striking face, and silvery locks like a seer,
 And in the hearts of the Scottish people he was loved most dear;
 And many a heart will mourn for him, but all in vain,
 Because he never can return to them again.

He was a very kind-hearted man, and in no way vain,
 And I'm afraid we ne'er shall look upon his like again;
 And to hear him tell Scotch stories, the time did quickly pass,
 And for singing Scotch songs few could him surpass.

But I hope he is in heaven, singing with saints above,
 Around God's throne, where all is peace and love;
 There, where God's children daily doth meet
 To sing praises to God, enchanting and sweet.

He had visited almost every part of Europe in his time,
And, like Lord Byron, he loved the Grecian clime;
Nor did he neglect his own dear country,
And few men knew it more thoroughly than he.

On foot he tramped o'er most of bonnie Scotland,
And in his seventies he climbed the highest hills most grand.
Few men in his day could be compared to him,
Because he wasn't hard on fallen creatures when they did sin.

Oh, dearly beloved Professor Blackie, I must conclude my muse,
And to write in praise of thee my pen does not refuse;
Because you were a very Christian man, be it told,
Worthy of a monument, and your name written thereon in letters of gold.

EDINBURGH

Beautiful city of Edinburgh!
Where the tourist can drown his sorrow
By viewing your monuments and statues fine
During the lovely summer-time.
I'm sure it will his spirits cheer
As Sir Walter Scott's monument he draws near,
That stands in East Prince's Street
Amongst flowery gardens, fine and neat.

And Edinburgh Castle is magnificent to be seen
With its beautiful walks and trees so green,
Which seems like a fairy dell;
And near by its rocky basement is St Margaret's Well,
Where the tourist can drink at when he feels dry,
And view the castle from beneath so very high,
Which seems almost towering to the sky.

Then as for Nelson's monument that stands on Calton Hill,
As the tourist gazes thereon, with wonder his heart does fill
As he thinks on Admiral Nelson who did the Frenchmen kill,
Then, as for Salisbury Crags, they are most beautiful to be seen,
Especially in the month of June, when the grass is green;
There numerous mole-hills can be seen,
And the busy little creatures howking away,
Searching for worms among the clay;
And as the tourist's eye does wander to and fro
From the south side of Salisbury Crags below,
His bosom with admiration feels all aglow
As he views the beautiful scenery in the valley below;
And if, with an observant eye, the little loch beneath he scans,
He can see the wild ducks about and beautiful white swans.

Then, as for Arthur's Seat, I'm sure it is a treat
Most worthy to be seen, with its rugged rocks and pastures green,
And the sheep browsing on its sides
To and fro, with slow-paced strides,
And the little lambkins at play
During the livelong summer day,
Beautiful city of Edinburgh! the truth to express,
Your beauties are matchless I must confess,
And which no one dare gainsay,
But that you are the grandest city in Scotland at the present day!

THE RIVER OF LEITH

As I stood upon the Dean Bridge and viewed the beautiful scenery,
I felt fascinated and my heart was full of glee,
And I exclaimed in an ecstasy of delight,
In all my travels I never saw such a sight.

The scenery is so enchanting to look upon
That all tourists will say, "Dull care, be gone."
'Tis certainly a most lovely spot,
And once seen it can never be forgot.

Then away! away! to the River of Leith,
That springs from the land of heather and heath,
And view the gorgeous scenery on a fine summer day.
I'm sure it will drive dull care away.

The water-fall near the Bridge is most beautiful to be seen,
As it falls and shines like crystal in the sunsheen;
And the sound can be heard all day long,
While the innocent trouts sing an aquatic song.

The glen is a cool spot in the summer time.
There the people can be shaded from the sunshine
Under the spreading branches of the big trees,
And there's seats there to rest on if they please.

Then near St. Bernard's Well there's a shady bower,
Where the lovers, if they like, can spend an hour;
And while they rest there at their ease
They can make love to each other if they please.

The water of St. Bernard's Well is very nice,
But to get a drink of it one penny is the price.
I think in justice the price is rather high,
To give a penny for a drink when one feels dry.

The braes of the River Leith is most charming to be seen,
With its beautiful trees and shrubberies green,
And as the tourist gazes on the river in the valley below,
His heart with joy feels all aglow.

There the little trouts do sport and play
During the live-long summer day,
While the bee and butterfly is on the wing,
And with the singing of birds the glen doth ring.

The walk underneath the Dean Bridge is lovely to see.
And as ye view the scenery it will fill your heart with glee.
It is good for the people's health to be walking there
As they gaze on the beauties of Nature and inhale pure air.

The Dean Bridge is a very magnificent sight,
Because from the basement it is a great height.
And it seems most attractive to the eye,
And arrests the attention of strangers as they pass by.

The braes of Belgrave Crescent is lovely to see,
With its beautiful walks and green shrubbery.
'Tis health for the people that lives near by there
To walk along the bonny walks and breathe the sweet air.

Therefore all lovers of the picturesque, be advised by me
And the beautiful scenery of the River Leith go and see,
And I am sure you will get a very great treat,
Because the River of Leith scenery cannot be beat.

THE INAUGURATION OF THE TALLA WATER SCHEME

Rejoice all ye people of Edinburgh and Leith who are alive
 In this year Eighteen Hundred and Ninety-Five!
 Because of the Talla Water Scheme which the Trustees did inaugurate
 On Saturday last, September the Twenty-Eight,
 About which I now something to you relate.
 For on that day a new supply was to be found out.
 Which over the rugged stones and heath did rush and spout,
 And so beautiful appeared the silvery stream
 It made the Trustees murmur, and sob, and scream;
 For delightful was the sweet water and heather-bell,
 Also all the Trustees, and the Provost's Lady was a great swell.
 And the Engineer presented Mrs Provost with a silver spade
 So that it might never from her memory fade.
 Then the Provost's Lady the first, sod she did cut.
 Which she did most excellent well by the aid of her fut.
 And after that upon her spade she did most graceful lean,
 Which was a sight most beautiful to be seen.
 While Bailie Archibald put the sod in a little barrow,
 And wheeled it along a plank quite narrow.
 Tumbling it over just like the fall of a sparrow.

All the while in brown-study Poet Colston sat,
 But, jumping up, in mid-air he threw his big hat,
 And with majestic mien and mighty force
 Shouted out a lot of poetry, which made him hoarse,
 Yes! Poet Colston into a wild poetic fire did blaze,
 Which was very grand, and did every one amaze;
 For though the poetry is not so good as mine,
 Yet, for all that, it is very fine.

Then one and all partook of the water, so sparkling and so pure,
 Because it is the gift of God both to rich and poor,

Which all should rejoice at, I am sure.
For it is far superior to whisky, beer, or rum,
And will be quite plentiful for many years to come.
Above everything water no one can afford to scorn,
And now Edinburgh and Leith has a supply for generations yet unborn.

After that the Trustees took their good things, which the Council always
allows,
Which was better far than going into a public-house.
And they enjoyed the refreshments very well.
Even better than the beauties of that shady dell.

Surely all will agree with me when I do say
That long shall be remembered this great day;
For though it will be many years till it is paid,
It is bound in the long run to increase our trade.
And may it add fresh laurels to our name,
Which will be enrolled in the book of fame;
And may the Talla long flow with health and happiness to all,
Is the sincere wish of Poet McGonagall.

LINES IN DEFENCE OF THE STAGE

Good people of high and low degree,
 I pray ye all be advised by me,
 And don't believe what the clergy doth say,
 That by going to the theatre you will be led astray.

No, in the theatre we see vice punished and virtue rewarded,
 The villain either hanged or shot, and his career retarded;
 Therefore the theatre is useful in every way,
 And has no inducement to lead the people astray.

Because therein we see the end of the bad men,
 Which must appall the audience – deny it who can
 Which will help to retard them from going astray,
 While witnessing in a theatre a moral play.

The theatre ought to be encouraged in every respect,
 Because example is better than precept,
 And is bound to have a greater effect
 On the minds of theatre-goers in every respect.

Sometimes in theatres, guilty creatures there have been
 Struck to the soul by the cunning of the scene;
 By witnessing a play wherein murder is enacted,
 They were proven to be murderers, they felt so distracted,

And left the theatre, they felt so much fear,
 Such has been the case, so says Shakespeare.
 And such is my opinion, I will venture to say,
 That murderers will quake with fear on seeing murder in a play.

Hamlet discovered his father's murderer by a play
 That he composed for the purpose, without dismay,
 And the king, his uncle, couldn't endure to see that play,
 And he withdrew from the scene without delay.

And by that play the murder was found out,
And clearly proven, without any doubt;
Therefore, stage representation has a greater effect
On the minds of the people than religious precept.

We see in Shakespeare's tragedy of Othello, which is sublime,
Cassio losing his lieutenancy through drinking wine;
And, in delirium and grief, he exclaims –
“Oh, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their
brains!”

A young man in London went to the theatre one night
To see the play of George Barnwell, and he got a great fright;
He saw George Barnwell murder his uncle in the play,
And he had resolved to murder his uncle, but was stricken with dismay.

But when he saw George Barnwell was to be hung
The dread of murdering his uncle tenaciously to him clung,
That he couldn't murder and rob his uncle dear,
Because the play he saw enacted filled his heart with fear.

And, in conclusion, I will say without dismay,
Visit the theatre without delay,
Because the theatre is a school of morality,
And hasn't the least tendency to lead to prodigality.

THE NEW NORTH BRIDGE CEREMONIALS

'Twas in the year 1896, and on the 25th of May,
Which was a very beautiful, sunshiny day,
That thousands of Free Masons came far from home
To be present at the laying of the foundation stone,
Of the new North Bridge of beautiful Edinburgh,
Which was laid without any one coming to sorrow.

And, as the procession passed along beautiful Princes Street,
The craftsmen in their attire looked tidy and neat,
While flags floated from the principal buildings and hotels,
And the stirring music of the bands on the air swells,
And bright sunshine prevailed lighting up Princes Street,
So warm that the spectators were almost burnt with heat.

The balconies were occupied by a number of lady sightseers,
And from them the craftsmen received hearty cheers,
As they viewed their beautiful banners, unfurled to the breeze,
And with their banners and regalia, they did them please,
While the sweet strains of the bagpipes made them feel gay,
And which will be remembered for many a day.

And, though the crowd was big, it was very orderly.
Which I'm sure was a pleasant sight to see,
Because the craftsmen were allowed to pass by easily,
And to step out with heads erect, right gallantly;
And with their jewels and insignia, they made a grand show,
While marching to the music quick and slow.

About a quarter to two o'clock the civic dignitaries took their stand,
Behind the Grand Lodge, and looked very grand,
At the rear of the procession, which made it complete;
Then the march was continued to the end of the street,

Which was certainly a very grand display,
And which was the first part of the ceremony of the day.

The policemen in the procession looked very gran',
And marched past steady to a man.
Although the sun was warm and strong,
Yet quite fearlessly they marched along,
With spirits light and gay along Princes Street,
And their stalwart appearance was very neat.

Near the bridge was erected a commodious platform,
And covered by a canopy which did it adorn,
And surmounted by the Royal Standard, unfurled to the breeze,
Also the Scottish Standard, which did Scottish hearts please;
And the Inniskilling Dragoon Band was also there,
And discoursed sweet, and thrilling music, I do declare.

And on the platform were lords and earls in a row,
And ladies in bright summer dresses, which made a grand show;
Likewise, city Councillors and Magistrates,
And a great number of big Magnates;
And all of them looked quite happy and gay,
The more that they had come from far away.

Besides, there was a great number of the craftsmen there,
Which helped to enhance the scene, I do declare;
And the police arrangements were admirably carried out,
By Chief Constable Henderson and Superintendent Bain without any doubt,

And, about half-past two o'clock, the Lord Provost took the chair.
And made a very eloquent speech to the bystanders there,
And the plaudits from the spectators rent the air,
Then the bands played "God Save the Queen,"
Which was most beautiful to hear – and to be seen
Near by Princes Street's flowery gardens and its shubberies green.

Then the Grand Master Mason delegated the Lord Provost to lay the stone,
Which he did most willingly, without a moan,

In accordance with the ancient rites of Freemasonry,
Which certainly was a most imposing sight to see;
And in the cavity of the stone coins and papers were laid,
By the Grand Secretary and the Grand Treasurer, who weren't afraid,
Because its an honour to do so, be it said.

Then a prayer was said, and the hundredth psalm was played,
Then the stone was then lowered, and laid,
With three distinct stops during music by the band,
Then the Lord Provost stepped forward with a silver trowel and mallet in
hand,
And gave the stone three gentle knocks,
And the people, wishing to be nearer the platform, eagerly flocks.

Then the Provost asked God their present undertaking to bless,
Hoping that the bridge in course of time would prove a success;
And that God would protect the builders every day,
So that every stone would be laid secure, without delay.

Then the "Merry Masons" was played by the band,
And really the scene was inspiring and grand;
Then the ceremonial concluded with three hearty cheers,
While the loud music from the bands deafens the bystanders ears;
Then the people dispersed quietly with spirits light and gay,
Saying they would long remember 1896, and the 25th of May.

THE EDINBURGH LIFEBOAT PROCESSION, (A FRAGMENT)

It was on the 20th day of June, 1896,
That the Life Boat Procession took its stand
On Bruntfield Links so grand,
With Councillor Waterson in command.

To see them was a sight most grand,
Which was good enough for the noblest in the land.
Their banners were most beautiful to be seen,
And the silk they were made of was of the finest green.

Then the bands were most lovely to hear,
Who the people often did cheer,
And when the procession did advance
It was quite enough to make you dance.

In the Park it was lovely to see
How the people did dance in their glee
When the lifeboat was launched on the Loch,
The money came largely, of course.

COLINTON DELL AND ITS SURROUNDINGS

Ye lovers of the picturesque, away! away!
To the beautiful Dell of Colinton, and have a holiday;
And bask in the sunshine and inhale the pure air
Emanating from the beautiful trees and shrubberies there.
There the butterfly and the bee can be seen on the wing
And with the singing of the birds the Dell doth ring;
While the innocent trout do sport and play
In the pools of water all the day.
Therefore, lovers of the beautiful and who are fond of recreation
Go visit the Dell of Colinton without hesitation;
And revel among the scenery on a fine summer day,
And it will elevate your spirits, and make you feel gay.

THE BURNING OF THE PEOPLE'S VARIETY THEATRE, ABERDEEN

'Twas in the year of 1896, and on the 30th of September,
Which many people in Aberdeen will long remember;
The burning of the People's Variety Theatre, in Bridge Place
Because the fire spread like lightning at a rapid pace.

The fire broke out on the stage, about eight o'clock,
Which gave to the audience a very fearful shock;
Then a stampede ensued, and a rush was made pell-mell,
And in the crush, trying to get out, many people fell.

The stage flies took fire owing to the gas
Not having room enough by them to pass;
And with his jacket Mr. Macaulay tried to put out the flame,
But oh! horrible to relate, it was all in vain.

Detective Innes, who was passing at the time of the fire,
Rendered help in every way the audience could desire,
By helping many of them for to get out,
Which was a heroic action, without any doubt.

Oh! it was a pitiful and fearful sight,
To see both old and young struggling with all their might,
For to escape from that merciless fire,
While it roared and mounted higher and higher.

Oh! it was horrible to hear the cries of that surging crowd,
Yelling and crying for "Help! help!" aloud;
While one old woman did fret and frown
Because her clothes were torn off when knocked down.

A lady and gentleman of the Music Hall company, Monti & Spry,
Managed to make their escape by climbing up very high

To an advertisement board, and smashing the glass of the fanlight,
And squeezed themselves through with a great fight.

But accidents will happen both on sea and land,
And the works of the Almighty is hard to understand;
And thank God there's only a few has fallen victims to the fire,
But I hope they are now in Heaven, amongst the Heavenly choir.

THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE PRINCE HENRY OF BATTENBERG

Alas! Prince Henry of Battenberg is dead!
And, I hope, has gone to heaven, its streets to tread,
And to sing with God's saints above,
Where all is joy and peace and love.

'Twas in the year of 1896, and on the 5th of February,
Prince Henry was buried at Whippingham – a solemn sight to see.
As the funeral moved off, it was a very impressive sight –
First came the military, and police, and volunteers from the Isle of Wight.

Then came the carriage party of the Scots Guards;
While the people uncovered their heads as it passed onwards
And many of them did sob and sigh
When the gun carriage with the coffin was passing by.

Prince Henry's charger was led by Richter, his stud groom;
And depicted in the people's faces there was a sad gloom
When they saw the noble charger of the dead-
It seemed that all joy from them had fled.

The Queen's carriage was followed by the Princess of Wales, and other
Princesses,
All clad in gorgeous mourning dresses;
And there was a number of military representatives, which enhanced the
scene;
And as the procession moved along it was solemn in the extreme.

Her Majesty looked very sad and serene,
Leaning back in her carriage could plainly be seen;
And the carriage was drawn by a pair of greys in grand harness;
And Her Majesty seemed to be in deep distress.

By Her Majesty's side sat the Princess Beatrice
 And the two younger Battenberg children, looking very nice;
 And by the coffin walked the elder Prince, immediately
 Between Prince Louis and Prince Joseph, holding their hands tenderly.

The "Dead March" was played by the Marine Band;
 And the music was solemn and very grand,
 And accompanied by the roll of muffled drums;
 Whilst among the spectators were heard sighs and hums.

And when the procession arrived at the church of Whippingham,
 Then the coffin was carried inside- of the good man-
 And was then laid in its resting place,
 While sorrow was depicted in every face.

Then there was the firing of guns, with their earthly Thunder
 Which made the people start and wonder;
 And the tolling of the village bells,
 While the solemn music on the air swells.

And the people said, "Prince Henry was a good man,
 But now he's laid low in the church of Whippingham."
 But when the Grim King his dart does throw,
 None can escape death, high or low.

The funeral service was certainly very nice-
 Which was by the request of Princess Beatrice-
 Which was the rendering of Sullivan's anthem, "Brother, before us thou art
 gone"-
 I hope unto thy heavenly home.

No Doubt the Princess Beatrice will mourn for him-
 But to mourn for the dead it is a sin!
 Therefore I hope God will comfort her always,
 And watch o'er her children night and day.

Prince Henry was a God-fearing man-
 And to deny it few people can-

And very kind to his children dear,
And for the loss of him they will drop a tear.

His relatives covered the coffin lid with wreaths of flowers,
While adown their cheeks flowed tears in showers.
Then the service concluded with “Christ will gather His own”;
And each one left with a sad heart and went home.

THE MILITARY REVIEW BY LORD WOLSELEY

'Twas on the 5th of December, in the year of 1896.
Lord Wolseley reviewed the military in their tactics,
Near by Edinburgh, in the Queen's Park,
While the accoutrements of the soldiers shone like diamonds in the dark.

The time gun, from the castle, belched forth earthly thunder.
Which made the people start and wonder;
But when they knew it was the signal for the review
To the Queen's Park they ran in numbers not a few.

Fortunately the weather was really very fine,
And helped to make the scene look more sublime,
And of people there was a very great crowd,
And in praise of Lord Wolseley they all spoke very loud.

The troops paraded in the Queen's Park at half-past eleven o'clock
Still multitudes of people to the Park did flock;
And when the Inniskilling Dragoons did appear,
The gorgeous sight of them did the people's hearts cheer.

The Dragoons were under command of Colonel Thomson, with the band on
the right,
Which certainly was a most stirring sight;
And on the left formed right of the line,
And detachments of Artillery from Leith made the scene sublime.

And from Leith there was the Royal Engineers, from H.M.S. Dido,
And they looked beautifully dressed up all in a row;
And the 1st Royal Scots looked very fine,
Then on the left were the Volunteer Infantry in front of the line.

Lord Wolseley by the centre staff rode along the line,
With his spirits light while the sun did shine

On the burnished arms of the soldiers in grand array,
While he seemed to be highly pleased with their grand display.

Then preparations were made for the march past,
First came the Head-Quarter's Staff-Captain Elliot riding very fast;
Then came Lieutenant Smyth and Captain Pollock,
Also Colonels Street, Patten and Rooke, and General Chapman all in a flock,
Who alone of the number saluted with his sword,
While the spectators in admiration spoke not a word;
Then followed the Dragoons in squadrons at the walk,
Bearing lances, while followed contingents of Artillery, and Royal Engineers
at their back.

Then followed the Royal Scots, while their pipes loudly thrums,
And most beautiful their band played "Dumbarton's Drums";
The last movement of all was an advance of the whole line,
Which Lord Wolseley declared was really very fine.

Then the Royal Scots band played "Blue Bonnets over the Border,"
Then the line halted and gave the general salute in good order;
And that concluded the military review for the day,
And the spectators returned to their homes with spirits light and gay.

I wish success to Lord Wolseley for he's a good man,
And to deny it there's few people can;
Because he is a great military commander,
And as brave as the great Alexander.

AN ODE TO THE IMMORTAL BARD OF AYR, ROBERT BURNS

Ye sons of Scotland, my heart often mourns
When I think of the treatment of Robert Burns;
Because, while he was living,
The people unto him were seldom giving.

Alas, by the people, you were neglected,
Which caused your spirits to be dejected,
And made thee in agony, for to groan
With hunger and sorrow, sad and forlorn.

Oh, pity the sorrows of a poor *poet*
When in want of *bread*;
And help him while living,
For he requires no help when he's *dead*.

Immortal Robert Burns of Ayr,
There's but few *poets* can with you compare;
Some of your poems and songs are very fine –
To Mary in Heaven is most sublime.

And, then again, in your *Cottar's Saturday Night*,
Your genius there does shine most bright,
And fills the *readers' hearts* with delight,
As pure as the dew drops of night.

Your *Tam o'Shanter* is very fine,
Funny, racey, and divine;
And from *John O'Groats* to *Dumfries*
All critics consider it to be a masterpiece.

And, also, you have said the same,
Therefore you are not to blame;
And in my own opinion both you and them are right,

For your genius there does sparkle bright,
Like unto the stars of night,
Which I most solemnly declare
To thee, immortal *bard* of Ayr.

Your Banks and Braes of Bonnie Doon
Are sweet and melodious in its tune,
Because the poetry is moral and sublime,
And in my opinion nothing can be more fine.

Your Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled
Is most beautiful to hear sung or read;
For your genius there does shine bright,
And fills Scots hearts with delight.

Immortal bard of Ayr, I must conclude my muse,
And to write in praise of thee my pen does not refuse,
For you were a mighty *poet*, few could with you compare,
And also an honour to Scotland,
For your *genius* it is fair.

THE QUEEN'S DIAMOND JUBILEE CELEBRATIONS

Tw'as in the year of 1897, and on the 22nd of June,
Her Majesty's Diamond Jubilee in London caused a great boom;
Because high and low came from afar to see,
The grand celebrations at Her Majesty's Diamond Jubilee.

People were there from almost every foreign land,
Which made the scene really imposing and grand;
Especially the Queen's carriage, drawn by eight coloured bays,
And when the spectators saw it joyous shouts they did raise.

Oh! it was a most gorgeous sight to be seen,
Numerous foreign magnates were there for to see the queen;
And to the vast multitude there of women and men,
Her Majesty for two hours showed herself to them.

The head of the procession looked very grand –
A party of the Horse Guards with their gold-belaced band;
Which also headed the procession of the Colonial States,
While slowly they rode on until opposite the Palace gates.

Then the sound of the National Anthem was heard quite clear,
And the sound the hearts of the mighty crowd it did cheer;
As they heard the loyal hymning on the morning air,
The scene was most beautiful and surpassing fair.

On the house tops thousands of people were to be seen,
All in eager expectation of seeing the queen;
And all of them seemed to be happy and gay,
Which enhanced the scene during the day.

And when Field Marshal Roberts in the procession passed by,
The cheers from thousands of people arose very high;
And to see him on his war horse was inspiring to see,
Because he rode his charger most splendidly.

The Natal mounted troops were loudly cheered, they looked so grand,
And also the London Irish Emerald Isle Band;
Oh if was a most magnificent sight to see.

The Malta Militia and Artillery,
And the Trinidad Artillery, and also bodies of infantry,
And, as the crowd gazed thereon, it filled their hearts with glee.

Her Majesty looked well considering her years,
And from the vast crowd burst forth joyous cheers;
And Her Majesty bowed to the shouts of acclamation,
And smiled upon the crowd with a loving look of admiration.

His Excellency Chan Yin Hun in his carriage was a great attraction,
And his Oriental garb seemed to give the people great satisfaction;
While the two little Battenberg's carriage, as it drove along,
Received from the people cheering loud and long.

And when the Dragoon Guards and the Huasars filed past at the walk,
Then loudly in their praise the people did talk;
And the cavalry took forty minutes to trot past,
While the spectators in silent wonder stood aghast.

Her Majesty the Empress Frederick a great sensation made,
She was one of the chief attractions in the whole cavalcade;
And in her carriage was the Princess Louise, the Marchioness of Lorne,
In a beautiful white dress, which did per person adorn.

The scene in Piccadilly caused a great sensation,
The grand decorations there were the theme of admiration;
And the people in St. James Street were taken by surprise,
Because the lovely decorations dazzled their eyes

The 42nd Highlanders looked very fine,
When they appeared and took up a position on the line;
And the magnificent decorations in the Strand,
As far east as the Griffin wets attractive and grand.

And the grandstand from Buckingham Palace to Temple Bar,
Was crowded with eager eyes from afar,

Looking on the floral decorations and flags unfurled,
Which has been the grandest spectacle ever seen in the world.

The corner building of St. James Street side was lovely to view,
Ornamented with pink and white bunting and a screen of blue;
And to the eye, the inscription thereon most beautiful seems:
“Thou art alone the Queen of earthly Queens.”

The welcome given to Commander-in-Chief Lord Wolseley was very
flattering,

The people cheered him until the streets did ring;
And the foreign princes were watched with rivetted admiration,
And caused among the sight-seers great consternation,

And private householders seemed to vie with each other,
In the lavishness of their decorations, and considered it no bother;
And never before in the memory of man,
Has there been a national celebration so grand.

And in conclusion, I most earnestly do pray,
May God protect Her Majesty for many a day;
My blessing on her noble form and on her lofty head,
And may she wear a crown of glory hereafter when dead.

THE STORMING OF THE DARGAI HEIGHTS

'Twas on the 20th of November, and in the year of 1897,
That the cheers of the Gordon Highlanders ascended to heaven,
As they stormed the Dargai heights without delay,
And made the Indian rebels fly in great dismay.

“Men of the Gordon Highlanders,” Colonel Mathias said,
“Now, my brave lads, who never were afraid,
Our General says ye must take Dargai heights to-day;
So, forward, and charge them with your bayonets without dismay!”

Then with a ringing cheer, and at the word of command,
They bounded after their leaders, and made a bold stand;
And, dashing across the open ground with their officers at their head,
They drove the enemy from their position without any dread.

In that famous charge it was a most beautiful sight
To see the regimental pipers playing with all their might;
But, alas! one of them was shot through both ankles, and fell to the ground,
But still he played away while bullets fell on every side around.

Oh! it must have been a gorgeous sight that day,
To see two thousand Highlanders dressed up in grand array,
And to hear the pibroch sounding loud and clear
While the Highlanders rushed upon the foe with a loud cheer.

The Gordon Highlanders have gained a lasting fame
Which for ages to come will long remain :
The daring gallantry they displayed at the storming of Dargai,
Which will be handed down to posterity.

Methinks I see that gallant and heroic band
When brave Colonel Mathias gave them the command,
As they rushed upon the rebel horde, which was their desire,
Without the least fear through a sheet of fire.

Then the rebels fled like frightened sprites,
And the British were left masters of the Dargai heights;
But, alas! brave Captain Robinson was mortally wounded and cut down,
And for his loss many tears from his comrades fell to the ground.

Success to the Gordon Highlanders wherever they go.
May they always be enabled to conquer the foe;
And may God guard them always in the fight,
And give them always strength to put their enemies to flight.

CALAMITY IN LONDON, FAMILY OF TEN BURNED TO DEATH

'Twas in the year of 1897, and on the night of Christmas day,
That ten persons' lives were taken away,
By a destructive fire in London, at No. 9 Dixie Street,
Alas! so great was the fire, the victims couldn't retreat.

In Dixie Street, No. 9, it was occupied by two families,
Who were all quite happy, and sitting at their ease;
One of these was a labourer, David Barber and his wife,
And a dear little child, he loved as his life.

Barber's mother and three sisters were living on the ground floor,
And in the upper two rooms lived a family who were very poor,
And all had retired to rest, on the night of Christmas day,
Never dreaming that by fire their lives would be taken away.

Barber got up on Sunday morning to prepare breakfast for his family,
And a most appalling sight he then did see;
For he found the room was full of smoke,
So dense, indeed, that it nearly did him choke.

Then fearlessly to the room door he did creep,
And tried to arouse the inmates, who were asleep;
And succeeded in getting his own family out into the street,
And to him the thought thereof was surely very sweet.

And by this time the heroic Barber's strength was failing,
And his efforts to warn the family upstairs were unavailing;
And, before the alarm was given, the house was in flames,
Which prevented anything being done, after all his pains.

Oh! it was a horrible and heart-rending sight
To see the house in a blaze of lurid light,

And the roof fallen in, and the windows burnt out,
Alas! 'tis pitiful to relate, without any doubt.

Oh, Heaven! 'tis a dreadful calamity to narrate,
Because the victims have met with a cruel fate;
Little did they think they were going to lose their lives by fire,
On that night when to their beds they did retire.

It was sometime before the gutted house could be entered in,
Then to search for the bodies the officers in charge did begin;
And a horrifying spectacle met their gaze,
Which made them stand aghast in a fit of amaze.

Sometime before the firemen arrived,
Ten persons of their lives had been deprived,
By the choking smoke, and merciless flame,
Which will long in the memory of their relatives remain.

Oh, Heaven! if was a frightful and pitiful sight to see
Seven bodies charred of the Jarvis' family;
And Mrs Jarvis was found with her child, and both carbonised,
And as the searchers gazed thereon they were surprised.

And these were lying beside the fragments of the bed,
And in a chair the tenth victim was sitting dead;
Oh, Horrible! Oh, Horrible! what a sight to behold,
The charred and burnt bodies of young and old.

Good people of high and low degree,
Oh! think of this sad catastrophe,
And pray to God to protect ye from fire,
Every night before to your beds ye retire.

THE BATTLE OF ATBARA

Ye Sons of Great Britain, pray list to me,
And I'll tell ye of a great victory.
Where the British defeated the Dervishes, without delay,
At the Battle of Atbara, without dismay.

The attack took place, 'twas on the 8th of April, in the early morning dawn,
And the British behaved manfully to a man;
And Mahmud's front was raked fearfully, before the assault began,
By the disposition of the force under Colonel Long :
Because the cannonading of their guns was very strong.

The main attack was made by General Gatacre's British Brigade,
And a heroic display they really made;
And General Macdonald's and General Maxwell's Brigade looked very fine,
And the Cameron Highlanders were extended along the line.

And behind them came the Lincolnshire Regiment, on the right,
And the Seaforth Highlanders in the centre, 'twas a most gorgeous sight,
And the Warwickshire Regiment were on the left,
And many of the Dervishes' heads by them were cleft.

General Macdonald's Brigade was on the right centre in similar formation,
And the 9th Battalion also in line in front rotation;
Then the whole force arrived about four o'clock,
And each man's courage was as firm as the rock.

At first the march was over a ridge of gravel,
But it didn't impede the noble heroes' travel;
No, they were as steady as when marching in the valley below,
And each man was eager to attack the foe.

And as the sun shone out above the horizon,
The advancing army, with banners flying, came boldly marching on;

The spectacle was really imposing to see,
And a dead silence was observed throughout the whole army.

Then Colonel Murray addressed the Seaforth Highlanders, and said,
“Come now my lads, don’t be afraid,
For the news of the victory must be in London to-night,
So ye must charge the enemy with your bayonets, left and right.”

General Gatacre also delivered a stirring address,
Which gave courage to the troops, I must confess:
He told the troops to drive the Dervishes into the river,
And go right through the zereba, and do not shiver.

Then the artillery on the right opened fire with shrapnel and percussion
shell,
Whereby many of the Dervishes were wounded and fell,
And the cannonading raked the whole of the Dervishes’ camp, and did great
execution,
Which to Mahmud and his followers has been a great retribution.

Then the artillery ceased fire, and the bugles sounded the advance,
And the Cameron Highlanders at the enemy were eager to get a chance;
So the pipers struck up the March of the Cameron Men,
Which reminded them of the ancient Camerons marching o’er mountain and
glen.

The business of this regiment was to clear the front with a rifle fire,
Which to their honour, be it said, was their greatest desire;
Then there was a momentary pause until they reached the zereba,
Then the Dervishes opened fire on them, but it did not them awe.

And with their pipes loudly sounding, and one ringing cheer,
Then the Cameron Highlanders soon did the zereba clear.
And right through the Dervish camp they went without dismay,
And scattered the Dervishes across the desert, far, far away.

Then the victory was complete, and the British gave three cheers,
While adown their cheeks flowed burning tears

For the loss of their commanders and comrades who fell in the fray,
Which they will remember for many a day.

Captain Urquhart's last words were "never mind me my lads, fight on,"
While, no doubt, the Cameron Highlanders felt woebegone
For the loss of their brave captain, who was foremost in the field,
Death or glory was his motto, rather than yield.

There have been 4,000 prisoners taken, including Mahmud himself,
Who is very fond of dancing girls, likewise drink and pelf;
Besides 3,000 of his followers have been found dead,
And the living are scattered o'er the desert with their hearts full of dread.

Long life and prosperity to the British army,
May they always be able to conquer their enemies by land and by sea,
May God enable them to put their enemies to flight,
And to annihilate barbarity, and to establish what is right.

THE BURIAL OF MR GLADSTONE, THE GREAT POLITICAL HERO

Alas! the people now do sigh and moan
For the loss of Wm. Ewart Gladstone,
Who was a very great politician and a moral man,
And to gainsay it there's few people can.

'Twas in the year of 1898, and on the 19th of May,
When his soul took its flight for ever and aye,
And his body was interred in Westminster Abbey;
But I hope his soul has gone to that Heavenly shore,
Where all trials and troubles cease for evermore.

He was a man of great intellect and genius bright,
And ever faithful to his Queen by day and by night,
And always foremost in a political fight;
And for his services to mankind, God will him requite.

The funeral procession was affecting to see,
Thousands of people were assembled there, of every degree;
And it was almost eleven o'clock when the procession left Westminster Hall,
And the friends of the deceased were present- physicians and all.

A large force of police was also present there,
And in the faces of the spectators there was a pitiful air,
Yet they were orderly in every way,
And newspaper boys were selling publications without delay.

Present in the procession was Lord Playfair,
And Bailie Walcot was also there,
Also Mr Macpherson of Edinboro-
And all seemingly to be in profound sorrow.

The supporters of the coffin were the Earl Rosebery,
And the Right Honourable Earl of Kimberley,

And the Right Honourable Sir W. Vernon he was there,
And His Royal Highness the Duke of York, I do declare.

George Armitstead, Esq., was there also,
And Lord Rendal, with his heart full of woe;
And the Right Honourable Duke of Rutland,
And the Right Honourable Arthur J. Balfour, on the right hand;
Likewise the noble Marquis of Salisbury,
And His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, of high degree.

And immediately behind the coffin was Lord Pembroke,
The representative of Her Majesty, and the Duke of Norfolk,
Carrying aloft a beautiful short wand,
The insignia of his high, courtly office, which looked very grand.

And when the procession arrived at the grave, Mrs Gladstone was there,
And in her countenance was depicted a very grave air;
And the dear, good lady seemed to sigh and moan
For her departed, loving husband, Wm. Ewart Gladstone.

And on the opposite side of her stood Lord Pembroke,
And Lord Salisbury, who wore a skull cap and cloak;
Also the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Rutland,
And Mr Balfour and Lord Spencer, all looking very bland.

And the clergy were gathered about the head of the grave,
And the attention of the spectators the Dean did crave;
Then he said, "Man that is born of woman hath a short time to live,
But, Oh, Heavenly Father! do thou our sins forgive."

Then Mrs Gladstone and her two sons knelt down by the grave,
Then the Dean did the Lord's blessing crave,
While Mrs Gladstone and her some knelt,
While the spectators for them great pity felt.

The scene was very touching and profound,
To see all the mourners bending their heads to the ground,
And, after a minute's most silent prayer,
The leave-taking at the grave was affecting, I do declare.

Then Mrs Gladstone called on little Dorothy Drew,
And immediately the little girl to her grandmamma flew,
And they both left the grave with their heads bowed down,
While tears from their relatives fell to the ground.

Immortal Wm. Ewart Gladstone! I must conclude my muse,
And to write in praise of thee my pen does not refuse-
To tell the world, fearlessly, without the least dismay,
You were the greatest politician in your day.

THE ALBION BATTLESHIP CALAMITY

'Twas in the year of 1898, and on the 21st of June,
The launching of the Battleship Albion caused a great gloom,
Amongst the relatives of many persons who were drowned in the River
Thames,
Which their relatives will remember while life remains.

The vessel was christened by the Duchess of York,
And the spectators' hearts felt light as cork
As the Duchess cut the cord that was holding the fine ship,
Then the spectators loudly cheered as the vessel slid down the slip.

The launching of the vessel was very well carried out,
While the guests on the stands cheered without any doubt,
Under the impression that everything would go well;
But, alas! instantaneously a bridge and staging fell.

Oh! little did the Duchess of York think that day
That so many lives would be taken away
At the launching of the good ship Albion,
But when she heard of the catastrophe she felt woebegone.

But accidents will happen without any doubt,
And often the cause thereof is hard to find out;
And according to report, I've heard people say,
'Twas the great crowd on the bridge caused it to give way.

Just as the vessel entered the water the bridge and staging gave way,
Immersing some three hundred people which caused great dismay
Amongst the thousands of spectators that were standing there,
And in the faces of the bystanders, were depicted despair.

Then the police boats instantly made for the fatal spot,
And with the aid of dockyard hands several people were got,

While some scrambled out themselves, the best way they could—
And the most of them were the inhabitants of the neighbourhood.

Part of them were the wives and daughters of the dockyard hands,
And as they gazed upon them they in amazement stands;
And several bodies were hauled up quite dead.
Which filled the onlookers' hearts with pity and dread.

One of the first rescued was a little baby,
Which was conveyed away to the mortuary;
And several were taken to the fitter's shed, and attended to there
By the firemen and several nurses with the greatest care.

Meanwhile, heartrending scenes were taking place,
Whilst the tears ran down many a Mother and Father's face,
That had lost their children in the River Thames,
Which they will remember while life remains.

Oh, Heaven! it was horrible to see the bodies laid out in rows,
And as Fathers and Mothers passed along, adown their cheeks the tears
flows,
While their poor, sickly hearts were throbbing with fear.

A great crowd had gathered to search for the missing dead,
And many strong men broke down because their heart with pity bled,
As they looked upon the distorted faces of their relatives dear,
While adown their cheeks flowed many a silent tear.

The tenderest sympathy, no doubt, was shown to them,
By the kind hearted Police and Firemen;
The scene in fact was most sickening to behold,
And enough to make one's blood run cold,
To see tear-stained men and women there
Searching for their relatives, and in their eyes a pitiful stare.

There's one brave man in particular I must mention,
And I'm sure he's worthy of the people's attention.
His name is Thomas Cooke, of No. 6 Percy Road, Canning Town,
Who's name ought to be to posterity handed down,

Because he leapt into the River Thames and heroically did behave,
And rescued five persons from a watery grave.

Mr. Wilson, a young electrician, got a terrible fright,
When he saw his mother and sister dead– he was shocked at the sight,
Because his sister had not many days returned from her honeymoon,
And in his countenance, alas! there was a sad gloom.

Her Majesty has sent a message of sympathy to the bereaved ones in
distress,
And the Duke and Duchess of York have sent 25 guineas I must confess.
And £1000 from the Directors of the Thames Ironworks and Shipbuilding
Company.
Which I hope will hope to fill the bereaved one's hearts with glee.

And in conclusion I will venture to say,
That accidents will happen by night and by day;
And I will say without any fear,
Because to me it appears quite clear,
That the stronger we our houses do build,
The less chance we have of being killed.

THE DISASTROUS FIRE AT SCARBOROUGH

'Twas in the year of 1898, and on the 8th of June,
A mother and six children met with a cruel doom
In one of the most fearful fires for some years past
And as the spectators gazed upon them they stood aghast

The fire broke out in a hairdresser's, in the town of Scarborough,
And as the fire spread it filled the people's hearts with sorrow;
But the police and the fire brigade were soon on the ground,
Then the hose and reel were quickly sent round.

Oh! it was horrible to see the flames leaping up all around,
While amongst the spectators the silence was profound,
As they saw a man climb out to the parapet high,
Resolved to save his life, or in the attempt to die!

And he gave one half frantic leap, with his heart full of woe,
And came down upon the roof of a public-house 20 feet below;
But, alas! he slipped and fell through the skylight,
And received cuts and bruises: oh, what a horrible sight!

He was the tenant of the premises, Mr Brookes,
And for his wife and family he enquires, with anxious looks,
But no one could tell him, it did appear,
And when told so adown his cheeks flowed many a tear.

He had been sleeping by himself on the second floor,
When suddenly alarmed, he thought he'd make sure,
And try to escape from the burning pile with his life,
And try and save his family and his wife.

The fire brigade played on the first door with greet speed,
But the flames had very inflammable fuel upon which to feed,
So that the fire spread with awful rapidity,
And in twenty minutes the building was doomed to the fourth storey.

The firemen wrought with might and main,
But still the fire did on them gain,
That it was two hours before they could reach the second floor,
The heat being so intense they could scarcely it endure.

And inside all the time a woman and six children were there,
And when the firemen saw them, in amazement they did stare;
The sight that met their eyes made them for to start
Oh, Heaven! the sight was sufficient to rend the strongest heart.

For there was Mrs Brookes stretched dead on the floor,
Who had fallen in trying her escape for to procure.
She was lying with one arm over her ten months old child,
And her cries for help, no doubt, were frantic and wild;
And part of her arm was burned off as it lay above
The child she was trying to shield, which shows a mother's love.

For the baby's flesh was partly uninjured by the flames,
Which shows that the loving mother had endured great pains;
It, however, met its death by suffocation,
And as the spectators gazed thereon, it filled their hearts with
consternation.

The firemen acted heroically, without any dread,
And when they entered the back premises they found the six children dead;
But Mr Brookes, 'tis said, is still alive,
And I hope for many years he will survive.

Oh, Heaven! it is cruel to perish by fire,
Therefore let us be watchful before to our beds we retire,
And see that everything is in safe order before we fall asleep,
And pray that God o'er us in the night watch will keep.

THE BATTLE OF OMDURMAN

Ye Sons of Great Britain! come join with me
And King in praise of the gallant British Armie,
That behaved right manfully in the Soudan,
At the great battle of Omdurman.

'Twas in the year of 1898, and on the 2nd of September,
Which the Khalifa and his surviving followers will long remember,
Because Sir Herbert Kitchener has annihilated them outright,
By the British troops and Soudanese in the Omdurman fight.

The Sirdar and his Army left the camp in grand array,
And marched on to Omdurman without delay,
Just as the brigades had reached the crest adjoining the Nile,
And became engaged with the enemy in military style.

The Dervishes had re-formed under cover of a rocky eminence,
Which to them, no doubt, was a strong defence,
And they were massed together in battle array
Around the black standard of the Khalifa, which made a grand display.

But General Maxwell's Soudanese brigade seized the eminence in a short
time,
And General Macdonald's brigade then joined the firing line;
And in ten minutes, long before the attack could be driven home,
The flower of the Khalifa's army was almost overthrown.

Still manfully the dusky warriors strove to make headway,
But the Soudanese troops and British swept them back without dismay,
And their main body were mown down by their deadly fire-
But still the heroic Dervishes refused to retire.

And defiantly they planted their standards and died by them,
To their honour be it said, just like brave men;

But at last they retired, with their hearts full of woe,
Leaving the field white with corpses, like a meadow dotted with snow.

The chief heroes in the fight were the 21st Lancers;
They made a brilliant charge on the enemy with ringing cheers,
And through the dusky warriors bodies their lances they did thrust,
Whereby many of them were made to lick the dust.

Then at a quarter past eleven the Sirdar sounded the advance,
And the remnant of the Dervishes fled, which was their only chance,
While the cavalry cut off their retreat while they ran;
Then the Sirdar, with the black standard of the Khalifa, headed for
Omdurman.

And when the Khalifa saw his noble army cut down,
With rage and grief he did fret and frown;
Then he spurred his noble steed, and swiftly it ran,
While inwardly to himself he cried, "Catch me if you can!"

And Mahdism now has received a crushing blow,
For the Khalifa and his followers have met with a complete overthrow;
And General Gordon has been avenged, the good Christian,
By the defeat of the Khalifa at the battle of Omdurman.

Now since the Khalifa has been defeated and his rule at an end,
Let us thank God that fortunately did send
The brave Sir Herbert Kitchener to conquer that bad man,
The inhuman Khalifa, and his followers at the battle of Omdurman.

Success to Sir Herbert Kitchener! he is a great commander,
And as skilful in military tactics as the great Alexander,
Because he devised a very wise plan,
And by it has captured the town of Omdurman.

I wish success to the British and Soudanese Army,
May God protect them by land and by sea,
May he enable them always to conquer the foe,
And to establish what's right wherever they go.

THE WRECK OF THE STEAMER "MOHEGAN"

Good people of high and low degree,
I pray ye all to list to me,
And I'll relate a terrible tale of the sea
Concerning the unfortunate steamer, Mohegan,
That against the Manacles Rocks, ran.

'Twas on Friday, the 14th of October, in the year of ninety-eight,
Which alas! must have been a dreadful sight;
She sailed out of the river Thames on Thursday,
While the hearts of the passengers felt light and gay.

And on board there were 133 passengers and crew,
And each one happier than another seemingly to view;
When suddenly the ship received some terrible shocks,
Until at last she ran against the Manacles Rocks.

Dinner was just over when the shock took place,
Which caused fear to be depicted in every face;
Because the ship was ripped open, and the water rushed in,
It was most dreadful to hear, it much such a terrific din.

Then the cries of children and women did rend the air,
And in despair many of them tore their hair
As they clung to their babies in wild despair,
While some of them cried- 'Oh, God, do Thou my babies spare!'

The disaster occurred between seven and eight o'clock at night,
Which caused some of the passengers to faint with fright;
As she struck on the Manacles Rocks between Falmouth and Lizard Head,
Which filled many of the passengers' hearts with dread.

Then the scene that followed was awful to behold,
As the captain hurried to the bridge like a hero bold;

And the seamen rushed manfully to their posts,
While many of the passengers with fear looked as pale as ghosts.

And the poor women and children were chilled to the heart,
And crying aloud for their husbands to come and take their part;
While the officers and crew did their duty manfully,
By launching the boats immediately into the sea.

Then lifebelts were tied round the women and children
By the brave officers and gallant seamen;
While the storm fiend did laugh and angry did roar,
When he saw the boats filled with passengers going towards the shore.

One of the boats, alas! unfortunately was swamped,
Which caused the officers and seamens' courage to be a little damped;
But they were thankful the other boats got safely away,
And tried hard to save the passengers without dismay.

Then a shriek of despair arose as the ship is sinking beneath the wave,
While some of the passengers cried to God their lives to save;
But the angry waves buffeted the breath out of them,
Alas, poor sickly children, also women and men.

Oh, heaven, it was most heartrending to see
A little girl crying and imploring most piteously,
For some one to save her as she didn't want to die,
But, alas, no one seemed to hear her agonizing cry.

For God's sake, boys, get clear, if ye can,
Were the captain's last words spoken like a brave man;
Then he and the officers sank with the ship in the briny deep,
Oh what a pitiful sight, 'tis enough to make one weep.

Oh think of the passengers that have been tempest tossed,
Besides, 100 souls and more, that have been lost;
Also, think of the mariner while on the briny deep,
And pray to God to protect him at night before ye sleep.

BEAUTIFUL BALMERINO

Beautiful Balmermo on the bonnie banks of Tay,
It's a very bonnie spot in the months of June or May;
The scenery there is charming and fascinating to see,
Especially the surroundings of the old Abbey,

Which is situated in the midst of trees on a rugged hill,
Which visitors can view at their own free will;
And the trees and shrubberies are lovely to view,
Especially the trees on each side of the avenue

Which leads up to the Abbey amongst the trees;
And in the summer time it's frequented with bees,
And also crows with their unmusical cry,
Which is a great annoyance to the villagers that live near by.

And there in the summer season the mavis sings,
And with her charming notes the woodland rings;
And the sweet-scented zephyrs is borne upon the gale,
Which is most refreshing and invigorating to inhale.

Then there's the stately Castle of Balmerino
Situated in the midst of trees, a magnificent show,
And bordering on the banks o' the silvery Tay,
Where visitors can spend a happy holiday.

As they view the castle and scenery around
It will help to cheer their spirits I'll be bound;
And if they wish to view Wormit Bay
They can walk along the braes o' the silvery Tay.

THE EXECUTION OF JAMES GRAHAM, MARQUIS OF MONTROSE, A HISTORICAL POEM

'T WAS in the year of 1650, and on the twenty-first of May,
The city of Edinburgh was put into a state of dismay
By the noise of drums and trumpets, which on the air arose,
That the great sound attracted the notice of Montrose.

Who enquired at the Captain of the guard the cause of it,
Then the officer told him, as he thought most fit,
That the Parliament dreading an attempt might be made to rescue him,
The soldiers were called out to arms, and that had made the din.

Do I, said Montrose, continue such a terror still?
Now when these good men are about my blood to spill,
But let them look to themselves, for after I am dead,
Their wicked consciences will be in continual dread.

After partaking of a hearty breakfast, he commenced his toilet,
Which, in his greatest trouble, he seldom did forget.
And while in the act of combing his hair,
He was visited by the Clerk Register, who made him stare,

When he told him he shouldn't be so particular with his head,
For in a few hours he would be dead;
But Montrose replied, While my head is my own I'll dress it at my ease,
And to-morrow, when it becomes yours, treat it as you please.

He was waited upon by the Magistrates of the city,
But, alas! for him they had no pity.
He was habited in a superb cloak, ornamented with gold and silver lace;
And before the hour of execution an immense assemblage of people were
round the place.

From the prison, bareheaded, in a cart, they conveyed him along the
Watergate

To the place of execution on the High Street, where about thirty thousand people did wait,
Some crying and sighing, a most pitiful sight to see,
All waiting patiently to see the executioner hang Montrose, a man of high degree.

Around the place of execution, all of them were deeply affected,
But Montrose, the noble hero, seemed not the least dejected;
And when on the scaffold he had, says his biographer Wishart,
Such a grand air and majesty, which made the people start.

As the fatal hour was approaching when he had to bid the world adieu,
He told the executioner to make haste and get quickly through,
But the executioner smiled grimly, but spoke not a word,
Then he tied the Book of Montrose's Wars round his neck with a cord.

Then he told the executioner his foes would remember him hereafter,
And he was as well pleased as if his Majesty had made him Knight of the Garter;
Then he asked to be allowed to cover his head,
But he was denied permission, yet he felt no dread.

He then asked leave to keep on his cloak,
But was also denied, which was a most grievous stroke;
Then he told the Magistrates, if they could invent any more tortures for him,
He would endure them all for the cause he suffered, and think it no sin.

On arriving at the top of the ladder with great firmness,
His heroic appearance greatly did the bystanders impress,
Then Montrose asked the executioner how long his body would be suspended,
Three hours was the answer, but Montrose was not the least offended.

Then he presented the executioner with three or four pieces of gold,
Whom he freely forgave, to his honour be it told,
And told him to throw him off as soon as he uplifted his hands,
While the executioner watched the fatal signal, and in amazement stands.

And on the noble patriot raising his hands, the executioner began to cry,
Then quickly he pulled the rope down from the gibbet on high,
And around Montrose's neck he fixed the rope very gently,
And in an instant the great Montrose was launched into eternity.

Then the spectators expressed their disapprobation by general groan,
And they all dispersed quietly, and wended their way home
And his bitterest enemies that saw his death that day,
Their hearts were filled with sorrow and dismay.

Thus died, at the age of thirty-eight, James Graham, Marquis of Montrose,
Who was brought to a premature grave by his bitter foes;
A commander who had acquired great military glory
In a short space of time, which cannot be equalled in story.

SAVING A TRAIN (VERSION II)

A poor old woman lived on the line of the Ohio Railway,
Where the train passed near by night and day:
She was a widow, with only one daughter,
Who lived with her in a log-hut near a deep gorge of water.

Which was spanned o'er from ridge to ridge,
By a strong metal railway bridge;
And she supported herself by raising and selling poultry,
Likewise eggs and berries, in great variety.

She often had to walk to the nearest town,
Which was many miles, but she seldom did frown;
And there she sold her basket of produce right quickly,
Then returned home with her heart full of glee.

The train passed by her hut daily to the town.
And the conductor noticed her on the line passing down,
He gave her a lift, poor soul, many a time,
When he chanced to see her travelling along the line.

The engineman and brakesman to her were very good,
And resolved to help her all they could;
And thought they were not wronging the railway company
By giving the old woman a lift when she felt weary.

And by thinking so, they were quite right,
For soon an accident occurred in the dead of night,
Which filled the old woman's heart with fright,
When she heard the melted torrents of snow descending the night.

Then the flood arose, and the railway bridge gave way
With a fearful crash and splash,— oh, horror and dismay!
And fell into the seething and yawning gulf below,
Which filled the old woman's heart with woe.

Because in another half-hour the train would be due,
So the poor old woman didn't know what to do;
And the rain fell in a flood, and the wind was howling,
And the heavens above seemed angry and scowling.

And alas! there was no telegraph along the line,
And what could she do to warn the train in time,
Because a light wouldn't live a moment in the rain,
But to save the train she resolved to strain every vein.

Not a moment was to be lost, so to work she went,
And cut the cords of her bed in a moment;
Then shouldered the side-pieces and head-pieces in all,
Then shouted to her daughter to follow as loud as she could bawl.

Then they climbed the steep embankment, and there fearlessly stood,
And piled their furniture on the line near the roaring flood,
And fired the dry combustibles, which blazed up bright,
Throwing its red light along the line a weird-like sight.

Then the old woman tore her red gown from her back,
And tying it to the end of a stick she wasn't slack;
Then ran up the line, waving it in both hands,
While before, with a blazing chair-post, her daughter stands.

Then round a curve the red eye of the engine came at last;
Whilst the poor old woman and her daughter stood aghast,
But, thank God, the engine stopped near the roaring fire,
And the train was saved, as the old woman did desire.

And such an old woman is worth her weight in gold,
For saving the train be it told;
She was a heroine, true and bold,
Which should be written on her tombstone in letters of gold.

THE HERO OF RORKE'S DRIFT

Tw'as at the camp of Rorke's Drift, and at tea-time,
And busily engaged in culinary operations was a private of the line;
But suddenly he paused, for he heard a clattering din,
When instantly two men on horseback drew rein beside him.

"News from the front!" said one, "Awful news!" said the other,
"Of which, we are afraid, will put us to great bother,
For the black Zulus are coming, and for our blood doth thirst,"
"And the force is cut up to pieces!" shouted the first.

"We're dead beat," said both, "but we've got to go on,"
And on they rode both, looking very woebegone;
Then Henry Hook put all thought of cooking out of his mind,
For he was surrounded with danger on every side he did find.

He was a private of the South Wales Borderers, Henry Hook,
Also a brave soldier, and an hospital cook;
A soldier of the Queen, who was always ready to obey,
And willing to serve God by night and day.

Then away to the Camp he ran, with his mind all in a shiver,
Shouting, "The force is cut up, sir, on the other side of the river!"
Which caused the officer in command with fear to quiver,
When Henry Hook the news to him did deliver.

Then Henry Hook saluted, and immediately retired,
And with courage undaunted his soul was fired,
And the cry rang out wildly, "The Zulus are coming!"
Then the alarm drums were instantly set a-drumming.

Then "Fall in! Fall in!" the commanders did cry,
And the men mustered out, ready to do and to die,
As British soldiers are always ready to do,
But, alas, on this occasion their numbers were but few.

They were only eighty in number, that brave British band,
And brave Lieutenant Broomhead did them command;
He gave orders to erect barricades without delay,
“It’s the only plan I can see, men, to drive four thousand savages away.”

Then the mealie bags and biscuit boxes were brought out,
And the breastwork was made quickly without fear or doubt,
And barely was it finished when some one cried in dismay,
“There’s the Zulus coming just about twelve hundred yards away.”

Methinks I see the noble hero, Henry Hook,
Because like a destroying angel he did look,
As he stood at the hospital entrance defending the patients there,
Bayoneting the Zulus, while their cries rent the air,
As they strove hard the hospital to enter in,
But he murdered them in scores, and thought it no sin.

In one of the hospital rooms was stationed Henry Hook,
And every inch a hero he did look,
Standing at his loophole he watched the Zulus come,
All shouting, and yelling, and at a quick run.

On they came, a countless host of savages with a rush,
But the gallant little band soon did their courage crush,
But the cool man Henry Hook at his post began to fire,
And in a short time those maddened brutes were forced to retire.

Still on came the savages into the barricade,
And still they were driven back, but undismayed.
Again they came into the barricade, yet they were driven back,
While darkness fell swift across the sun, dismal and black.

Then into the hospital the savages forced their way,
And in a moment they set fire to it without dismay,
Then Henry Hook flew to assist the patients in the ward,
And the fighting there was fearful and hard.

With yell and shriek the Zulus rushed to the attack,
But for the sixth time they were driven back

By the brave British band, and Henry Hook,
Who was a brave soldier, surgeon, and hospital cook.

And when Lord Chelmsford heard of the victory that day,
He sent for Henry Hook without delay,
And they took the private before the commander,
And with his braces down, and without his coat, in battle array grandeur.

Then Lord Chelmsford said, "Henry Hook, give me your hand,
For your conduct to day has been heroic and grand,
And without your assistance to-day we'd been at a loss,
And for your heroic behaviour you shall receive the Victoria Cross."

BEAUTIFUL CRIEFF

Ye lovers of the picturesque, if ye wish to drown your grief,
 Take my advice, and visit the ancient town of Crieff;
 The climate is bracing, and the walks lovely to see.
 Besides, ye can ramble over the district, and view the beautiful scenery.

The town is admirably situated from the cold winter winds,
 And the visitors, during their stay there, great comfort finds,
 Because there is boating and fishing, and admission free,
 Therefore they can enjoy themselves right merrily.

There is also golf courses, tennis greens, and good roads,
 Which will make the travelling easier to tourists with great loads,
 And which will make the bicyclists' hearts feel gay,
 Because they have everything there to make an enjoyable holiday.

The principal river there is the Earn, rolling on its way,
 And which flows from Loch Earn, and joins the silvery Tay
 Above Newburgh, after a course of more than thirty miles;
 And as the tourist views the scene with joy he smiles.

The princely domain of Drummond Castle is most beautiful to be seen,
 Especially when the woody landscape is blown full green,
 And from the entrance gate to the castle an avenue extends all the way,
 And to view the branches of the frees interlacing makes the heart feel gay.

Drummond Castle's flowery gardens are really very grand;
 They cannot be surpassed in Great Britain,
 And in the summer-time the bee and the butterfly are there on the wing,
 And with the carolling of birds the gardens doth ring.

And from Knock Hill on the north and west,
 The view from its summit is considered the best;
 Because the Grampians and the Ochils can be seen,
 While the beautiful rich fertile valley lies between.

And there are many seats where the weary traveller can rest,
And there is also a fountain of water, the very best,
While visitors can drink of while resting there,
And gaze on the magnificent scenery and inhale the pure air.

Then there's Lady Mary's Walk near the Bridge of Turret,
Which I hope visitors will go and see and not forget,
Because near by grows a magnificent oak most lovely to see,
Which is known by the name of Eppie Callum's Tree.

And at each end of this walk the visitors can ascend Laggan Hill,
And as they view the woods and fields with joy their hearts will thrill;
And they will find seats plenteous on this elevated bower,
On which they may rest and wile away the hour.

The Hydropathic is situated on an eminence most grand,
And is one of the largest buildings in fair Scotland;
And capable of accommodating five hundred visitors, who often call there,
To recuperate their health and breathe the fragrant air.

Then there's Abercairny, which is most beautiful to view,
And Her Majesty the Queen visited the grounds in 1842;
And the park and the trees has the aspect of a southern scene,
And the lovely appearance of it gladdened the heart of our Queen.

Then there's the village of Foulis, which tourists ought to see,
Because the scenery there is charming and pretty;
And there's a sycamore tree there that was planted 300 years ago,
And I'm sure the sight thereof will please both high and low.

Therefore, in conclusion, to all lovers of the beautiful I will say,
If ye really wish to spend an enjoyable holiday,
I would recommend Crieff for lovely scenery and pure air;
Besides, the climate gives health to many visitors during their stay there.

THE ANCIENT TOWN OF LEITH

Ancient town of Leith, most wonderful to be seen,
With your many handsome buildings, and lovely links so green,
And the first buildings I may mention are the Courthouse and Town Hall,
Also Trinity House, and the Sailors' Home of Call.

Then as for Leith Fort, it was erected in 1779, which is really grand,
And which is now the artillery headquarters in Bonnie Scotland;
And as for the Docks, they are magnificent to see,
They comprise five docks, two piers, 1,141 yards long respectively.

And there's steamboat communication with London and the North of
Scotland,
And the fares are really cheap and the accommodation most grand;
Then there's many public works in Leith, such as flour mills,
And chemical works, where medicines are made for curing many ills.

Besides, there are sugar refineries and distilleries,
Also engineer works, saw-mills, rope-works, and breweries,
Where many of the inhabitants are daily employed,
And the wages they receive make their hearts feel overjoyed.

In past times Leith shared the fortunes of Edinboro',
Because it withstood nine months' siege, which caused them great sorrow;
They fought against the Protestants in 1559 and in '60,
But they beat them back manfully and made them flee.

Then there's Bailie Gibson's fish shop, most elegant to be seen,
And the fish he sells there are, beautiful and clean;
And for himself, he is a very good man,
And to deny it there's few people can.

The suburban villas of Leith are elegant and grand,
With accommodation that might suit the greatest lady in the land;

And the air is pure and good for the people's health,
And health, I'm sure, is better by far than wealth.

The Links of Leith are beautiful for golfers to play,
After they have finished the toils of the day;
It is good for their health to play at golf there,
On that very beautiful green, and breathe the pure air.

The old town of Leith is situated at the junction of the River of Leith,
Which springs from the land of heather and heath;
And no part in the Empire is growing so rapidly,
Which the inhabitants of Leith are right glad to see.

And Leith in every way is in itself independent,
And has been too busy to attend to its own adornment;
But I venture to say and also mention
That the authorities to the town will pay more attention.

Ancient town of Leith, I must now conclude my muse,
And to write in praise of thee my pen does not refuse,
Because the inhabitants to me have been very kind,
And I'm sure more generous people would be hard to find.

They are very affable in temper and void of pride,
And I hope God will always for them provide;
May He shower His blessings upon them by land and sea,
Because they have always been very kind to me.

THE WRECK OF THE STEAMER "STELLA"

'Twas in the month of March and in the year of 1899,
Which will be remembered for a very long time;
The wreck of the steamer "Stella" that was wrecked on the Casquet Rocks,
By losing her bearings in a fog, and received some terrible shocks.

The "Stella" was bound for the Channel Islands on a holiday trip,
And a number of passengers were resolved not to let the chance slip;
And the hearts of the passengers felt light and gay,
As the "Stella" steamed out of the London Docks without delay.

The vessel left London at a quarter-past eleven,
With a full passenger list and a favourable wind from heaven;
And all went well until late in the afternoon,
When all at once a mist arose, alas! too soon.

And as the Channel Islands were approached a fog set in,
Then the passengers began to be afraid and made a chattering din;
And about half-past three o'clock the fog settled down,
Which caused Captain Reeks and the passengers with fear to frown.

And brave Captain Reeks felt rather nervous and discontent,
Because to him it soon became quite evident;
And from his long experience he plainly did see
That the fog was increasing in great density.

Still the "Stella" sailed on at a very rapid rate,
And, oh, heaven! rushed headlong on to her fate,
And passed o'er the jagged rocks without delay,
And her side was ripped open: Oh! horror and dismay!

Then all the passengers felt the terrible shock,
As the "Stella" stuck fast upon the first ledge of rock;
And they rushed to the deck in wild alarm,
While some of them cried: "Oh! God protect us from harm."

Then men clasped wives and daughters, and friends shook hands,
And unmoved Captain Reeks upon the bridge stands;
And he shouted, "Get out the boats without delay!"
Then the sailors and officers began to work without dismay.

Again Captain Reeks cried in a manly clear voice,
"Let the women and children be our first choice!"
Then the boats were loaded in a speedy way,
And with brave seamen to navigate them that felt no dismay.

Then the "Stella" began rapidly for to settle down,
And Captain Reeks gave his last order without a frown,
Shouting, "Men, for yourselves, you'll better look out!"
Which they did, needing no second bidding, without fear or doubt.

Then the male passengers rushed to the boats in wild despair,
While the cries of the women and children rent the air;
Oh, heaven! such a scene! 'twas enough to make one weep,
To see mothers trying to save their children that were fast asleep.

Brave Captain Reeks stood on the bridge till the ship went down,
With his eyes uplifted towards heaven, and on his face no frown;
And some of the passengers jumped from the ship into the sea,
And tried hard to save their lives right manfully.

But the sufferings of the survivors are pitiful to hear,
And I think all Christian people for them will drop a tear,
Because the rowers of the boata were exhausted with damp and cold;
And the heroine of the wreck was Miss Greta Williams, be it told.

She remained in as open boat with her fellow-passengers and crew,
And sang "O rest in the Lord, and He will come to our rescue";
And for fourteen hours they were rowing on the mighty deep,
And when each man was done with his turn he fell asleep.

And about six o'clock in the morning a man shrieked out,
"There's a sailing boat coming towards us without any doubt";
And before the sailing boat could get near, a steamer hove in sight,
Which proved to be the steamer "Lynx," to their delight.

And they were conveyed to Guernsey without delay,
Poor souls, with their hearts in a state of joy and dismay;
But alas! more than eighty persons have been lost in the briny deep,
But I hope their souls are now in heaven in safe keep.

A SUMMARY HISTORY OF LORD CLIVE

About a hundred and fifty years ago,
History relates it happened so,
A big ship sailed from the shores of Britain
Bound for India across the raging main.

And many of the passengers did cry and moan
As they took the last look of their old home,
Which they were fast leaving far behind,
And which some of them would long bear in mind.

Among the passengers was a youth about seventeen years old,
Who had been a wild boy at home and very bold,
And by his conduct had filled his parent's hearts with woe,
Because to school he often refused to go.

And now that he was going so far away from home,
The thought thereof made him sigh and groan,
For he felt very sad and dejected were his looks,
And he often wished he had spent more time at his books.

And when he arrived in India he searched for work there,
And got to be a clerk in a merchant's office, but for it he didn't care;
The only pleasure he found was in reading books,
And while doing so, sad and forlorn were his looks.

One day while feeling unhappy he fired a pistol at his own head,
Expecting that he would kill himself dead;
But the pistol wouldn't go off although he tried every plan,
And he felt sorry, and resolved to become a better man.

So Clive left his desk and became a soldier brave,
And soon rose to be a captain and manfully did behave;
For he beat the French in every battle,
After all their foolish talk and prattle.

Then he thought he would take a voyage home to his friends,
And for his bad behaviour towards them he would make some amends;
For he hadn't seen them for many years,
And when he thought of them he shed briny tears.

And when he arrived in London
The people after him in crowds did run;
And they flocked to see him every minute,
Because they thought him the most famous man in it.

And all the greatest people in the land
Were proud to shake him by the hand;
And they gave him a beautiful sword because he had fought so well
And of his bravery the people to each other did tell.

And when his own friends saw him they to him ran,
And they hardly knew him, he looked so noble a man;
And his parents felt o'erjoyed when they saw him home again,
And when he left his parents again for India it caused them great pain.

But it was a good thing Clive returned to India again,
Because a wicked prince in his territory wouldn't allow the british to remain,
And he resolved to drive them off his land,
And marched upon them boldly with thousands of his band.

But the bad prince trembled when he heard that Clive had come,
Because the British at the charge of the bayonet made his army run;
And the bad prince was killed by one of his own band,
And the British fortunately got all his land.

And nearly all India now belongs to this country,
Which has been captured by land and by sea,
By some of the greatest men that ever did live,
But the greatest of them all was Robert Clive.

BEAUTIFUL COMRIE AND ITS SURROUNDINGS

Ye lovers of the picturesque, away, away!
To beautiful Comrie and have a holiday;
And bask in the sunshine and inhale the fragrant air
Emanating from the woodlands and shrubberies there.

The charming village of Comrie is most lovely to be seen,
Especially in the summer season when the trees are green;
And near by is Loch Earn and its waters sparkling clear,
And as the tourist gazes thereon his spirits it will cheer.

Then St. Fillans is a beautiful spot, I must confess,
It is really a picture of rural loveliness;
Because out of the quiet lake the river ripples merrily,
And all round are hills beautiful in shape and nothing uncomely.

The rocky knoll to the south is a most seductive place,
And in the hotel there visitors will find every solace;
And the flower-decked cottages are charming to see,
Also handsome villas suitable for visitors of high and low degree.

Then there's St. Fillan's Hill, a prehistoric fort,
And visitors while there to it should resort;
And to the tourist the best approach is from the west,
Because in climbing the hill his strength it will test.

And descending the hill as best one may,
The scene makes the tourist's heart feel gay;
And by the west side is reached a wooded dell,
And about two hundred yards from that there's St. Fillan's Well.

Oh, charming Comrie! I must conclude my lay,
And to write in praise of thee I virtually do say
That your lovely mountains and silver birches will drive dull care away:
Therefore lovers of the picturesque, away, away!

To beautiful Comrie and have a holiday,
And I'm sure you will return with spirits, light and gay,
After viewing the Sylvan beauties and hoary beeches there,
Also pines, ferns, and beautiful oaks, I do declare.

BEAUTIFUL NORTH BERWICK AND ITS SURROUNDINGS

North Berwick is a watering-place with golfing links green,
With a fine bathing beach most lovely to be seen;
And there's a large number of handsome villas also,
And often it's called the Scarborough of Scotland, as Portobello.

The greatest attraction is Tantallon Castle, worthy of regard,
About three miles distant to the eastward;
Which in time of war received many a shock,
And it's deemed impregnable and built on a perpendicular rock

The castle was built in times unknown to history,
But 'tis said it belonged to the Douglas family;
And the inside is a labyrinth of broken staircases,
Also ruined chambers and many dismal places.

Then there's the Berwick Law Hill, 612 feet high,
Which no doubt is very attractive to the eye,
And skirted with a wood and a public walk,
Where visitors can enjoy themselves and have a social talk.

The wood is really lovely and enchanting to be seen,
In the spring or summer season when the trees are green;
And as ye listen to the innocent birds singing merrily there,
'Twill help to elevate your spirits and drive away dull care.

Then near by Tantallon is the fishing village of Canty Bay,
Where boats can be hired to the Bass Rock, about two miles away;
And the surrounding scenery is magnificent to see,
And as the tourists view the scene it fills their hearts with glee.

Then away! then away! pleasure-seekers in bands,
And view Gullane with its beautiful sands,
Which stretch along the sandy shores of Fife,
Where the tourist can enjoy himself and be free from strife

THE LAST BERKSHIRE ELEVEN, THE HEROES OF MAIWAND

'Twas at the disastrous battle of Maiwand, in Afghanistan,
Where the Berkshires were massacred to the last man;
On the morning of July the 27th, in the year eighteen eighty,
Which I'm sorry to relate was a pitiful sight to see.

Ayoub Khan's army amounted to twelve thousand in all,
And honestly speaking it wasn't very small,
And by such a great force the Berkshires were killed to the last man,
By a murderous rebel horde under the command of Ayoub Khan.

The British force amounted to about 2000 strong in all,
But although their numbers were but few it didn't them appal;
They were commanded by General Burrows, a man of courage bold,
But, alas! the British army was defeated be it told.

The 66th Berkshire Regiment stood as firm as a wall,
Determined to conquer or die whatever would befall,
But in the face of overwhelming odds, and covered to the last,
The broken and disordered Sepoys were flying fast

Before the victorious Afghan soldiers, whose cheers on the air arose,
But the gallant band poured in deadly volleys on their foes;
And, outnumbered and surrounded, they fell in sections like ripe grain;
Still the heroes held their ground, charging with might and main.

The British force, alas! were shut up like sheep in a pen,
Owing to the bad position General Burrows had chosen for his men;
But Colonel Galbraith with the Berkshires held the enemy at bay,
And had the Sepoys been rallied the Afghans would not have won the day.

But on the Berkshires fell the brunt of the battle,
For by the Afghan artillery they fell like slaughtered cattle;

Yet the wild horsemen were met with ringing volleys of musketry,
Which emptied many a saddle; still the Afghans fought right manfully.

And on came the white cloud like a whirlwind;
But the gallant Berkshires, alas! no help could find,
While their blood flowed like water on every side around,
And they fell in scores, but the men rallied and held their ground

The brave Berkshires under Colonel Galbraith stood firm in the centre there,
Whilst the shouts of the wild Ghazis rent the air;
But still the Berkshires held them at bay,
At the charge of the bayonet, without dismay.

Then the Ghazis, with increased numbers, made another desperate charge
On that red line of British bayonets, which wasn't very large;
And the wild horsemen were met again with ringing volleys of musketry,
Which was most inspiring and frightful to see.

Then Ayoub concentrated his whole attack on the Berkshire Regiment,
Which made them no doubt feel rather discontent,
And Jacob's Rifles and the Grenadiers were a confused and struggling mass,
Oh heaven! such a confused scene, nothing could it surpass.

But the Berkshires stood firm, replying to the fire of the musketry,
While they were surrounded on all sides by masses of cavalry;
Still that gallant band resolved to fight for their Queen and country,
Their motto being death before dishonour, rather than flee.

At last the gallant British soldiers made a grand stand,
While most of the officers were killed fighting hand to hand,
And at length the Sepoys fled from the enclosure, panic-stricken and irate,
Alas! leaving behind their European comrades to their fate.

The Berkshires were now reduced to little more than one hundred men,
Who were huddled together like sheep in a pen;
But they broke loose from the enclosure, and back to back,
Poured volley after volley in the midst of the enemy, who weren't slack.

And one by one they fell, still the men fought without dismay,
And the regimental pet dog stuck to the heroes throughout the day;
And their cartridge pouches were empty, and of shot they were bereft,
And eleven men, most of them wounded, were all that were left.

And they broke from the enclosure, and followed by the little dog,
And with excitement it was barking savagely, and leaping like a frog;
And from the field the last eleven refused to retire,
And with fixed bayonets they charged on the enemy in that sea of fire.

Oh, heaven! it was a fearful scene the horrors of that day,
When I think of so many innocent lives that were taken away;
Alas! the British force were massacred in cold blood,
And their blood ran like a little rivulet in full flood.

And the Ghazis were afraid to encounter that gallant little band
At the charge of the bayonet : Oh! the scene was most grand;
And the noble and heroic eleven fought on without dismay,
Until the last man in the arms of death stiff and stark lay.

THE HERO OF KALAPORE, AN INCIDENT OF THE INDIAN MUTINY

The 27th Regiment has mutinied at Kalapore;
That was the substance of a telegram, which caused great uproar,
At Sattara, on the evening of the 8th of July,
And when the British officers heard it, they heaved a bitter sigh.

'Twas in the year of 1857,
Which will long be remembered: Oh! Heaven!
That the Sepoys revolted, and killed their British officers and their wives;
Besides, they killed their innocent children, not sparing one of their lives.

There was one man there who was void of fear,
He was the brave Lieutenant William Alexander Kerr;
And to face the rebels boldly it was his intent,
And he assured his brother officers his men were true to the Government.

And now that the danger was so near at hand,
He was ready to put his men to the test, and them command;
And march to the rescue of his countrymen at Kalapore,
And try to quell the mutiny and barbarous uproar.

And in half an hour he was ready to start,
With fifty brave horsemen, fearless and smart;
And undaunted Kerr and his horsemen rode on without dismay,
And in the middle of the rainy season, which was no child's play.

And after a toilsome march they reached Kalapore,
To find their countrymen pressed very hard and sore;
The mutineers had attacked and defeated the Kalapore Light Infantry,
Therefore their fellow countrymen were in dire extremity.

Then the Sepoys established themselves in a small square fort;
It was a place of strength, and there they did resort;

And Kerr had no guns to batter down the gate,
But nevertheless he felt undaunted, and resigned to his fate.

And darkness was coming on and no time was to be lost,
And he must attack the rebels whatever be the cost;
Therefore he ordered his troopers to prepare to storm the fort,
And at the word of command towards it they did resort.

And seventeen troopers advanced to the attack,
And one of his men, Gumpunt Row Deo Kerr, whose courage wasn't slack;
So great was his courage he couldn't be kept back,
So he resolved with Lieutenant Kerr to make the attack.

Then with crowbars they dashed at the doors vigorously,
Whilst bullets rained around them, but harmlessly;
So they battered on the doors until one gave way,
Then Lieutenant Kerr and his henchmen entered without dismay.

Then Kerr's men rushed in sword in hand,
Oh! what a fearful onslaught, the mutineers couldn't it withstand,
And Kerr's men with straw set the place on fire,
And at last the rebels were forced to retire.

And took refuge in another house, and barricaded it fast,
And prepared to defend themselves to the last;
Then Lieutenant Kerr and Row Deo Kerr plied the crowbars again,
And heavy blows on the woodwork they did rain.

Then the door gave way and they crawled in,
And they two great heroes side by side did begin
To charge the mutineers with sword in hand, which made them grin,
Whilst the clashing of swords and bayonets made a fearful din.

Then hand to hand, and foot to foot, a fierce combat began,
Whilst the blood of the rebels copiously ran,
And a ball cut the chain of Kerr's helmet in two,
And another struck his sword, but the man he slew.

Then a Sepoy clubbed his musket and hit Kerr on the head,
But fortunately the blow didn't kill him dead;
He only staggered, and was about to be bayoneted by a mutineer,
But Gumpunt Kerr laid his assailant dead without fear.

Kerr's little party were now reduced to seven,
Yet fearless and undaunted, and with the help of Heaven,
He gathered his small band possessed of courage bold,
Determined to make a last effort to capture the stronghold.

Then he cried, "My men, we will burn them out,
And suffocate them with smoke, without any doubt!"
So bundles of straw and hay were found without delay,
And they set fire to them against the doors without dismay.

Then Kerr patiently waited till the doors were consumed,
And with a gallant charge, the last attack was resumed,
And he dashed sword in hand into the midst of the mutineers,
And he and his seven troopers played great havoc with their sabres.

So by the skillful war tactics of brave Lieutenant Kerr,
He defeated the Sepoy mutineers and rescued his countrymen dear;
And but for Lieutenant Kerr the British would have met with a great loss,
And for his great service he received the Victoria Cross.

A HUMBLE HEROINE

Tw'as at the Seige of Matagarda, during the Peninsular War,
That a Mrs Reston for courage outshone any man there by far;
She was the wife of a Scottish soldier in Matagarda Port,
And to attend to her husband she there did resort.

'Tw'as in the Spring of the year 1810,
That General Sir Thomas Graham occupied Matagarda with 150 men;
These consisted of a detachment from the Scots Brigade,
And on that occasion they weren't in the least afraid.

And Captain Maclaine of the 94th did the whole of them command,
And the courage the men displayed was really grand;
Because they held Matagarda for fifty-four days,
Against o'erwhelming numbers of the French – therefore they are worthy of
praise.

The British were fighting on behalf of Spain,
But if they fought on their behalf they didn't fight in vain;
For they beat them manfully by land and sea,
And from the shores of Spain they were forced to flee.

Because Captain Maclaine set about repairing the old fort,
So as to make it comfortable for his men to resort;
And there he kept his men at work day by day,
Filling sand-bags and stuffing them in the walls without delay.

There was one woman in the fort during those trying days,
A Mrs Reston, who is worthy of great praise;
She acted like a ministering angel to the soldiers while there,
By helping them to fill sand-bags, it was her constant care.

Mrs Reston behaved as fearlessly as any soldier in the garrison,
And amongst the soldiers golden opinions she won,

For her presence was everywhere amongst the men,
And the service invaluable she rendered to them.

Methinks I see that brave heroine carrying her child,
Whilst the bullets were falling around her, enough to drive her wild;
And bending over it to protect it from danger,
Because to war's alarms it was a stranger.

And while the shells shrieked around, and their fragments did scatter,
She was serving the men at the guns with wine and water;
And while the shot whistled around, her courage wasn't slack,
Because to the soldiers she carried sand-bags on her back.

A little drummer boy was told to fetch water from the well,
But he was afraid because the bullets from the enemy around it fell;
And the Doctor cried to the boy, Why are you standing there?
But Mrs Reston said, Doctor, the bairn is feared, I do declare.

And she said, Give me the pail, laddie, I'll fetch the water,
Not fearing that the shot would her brains scatter;
And without a moment's hesitation she took the pail,
Whilst the shot whirred thick around her, yet her courage didn't fail.

And to see that heroic woman the scene was most grand,
Because as she drew the water a shot cut the rope in her hand;
But she caught the pail with her hand dexterously,
Oh! the scene was imposing end most beautiful to see.

The British fought bravely, as they are always willing to do,
Although their numbers were but few;
So they kept up the cannonading with their artillery,
And stood manfully at their guns against the enemy.

And five times the flagstaff was shot away,
And as often was it replaced without dismay;
And the flag was fastened to an angle of the wall,
And the British resolved to defend it whatever did befall.

So the French were beaten and were glad to run,
And the British for defeating them golden opinions have won
Ah through brave Captain Maclaine and his heroes bold,
Likewise Mrs Reston, whose name should be written in letters of gold.

THE WRECK OF THE “INDIAN CHIEF”

'Twas on the 8th of January 1881,
That a terrific gale along the English Channel ran,
And spread death and disaster in its train,
Whereby the “Indian Chief” vessel was tossed on the raging main.

She was driven ashore on the Goodwin Sands,
And the good captain fearlessly issued hie commands,
“Come, my men, try and save the vessel, work with all your might,”
Although the poor sailors on board were in a fearful plight.

They were expecting every minute her hull would give way,
And they, poor souls, felt stricken with dismay,
And the captain and some of the crew clung to the main masts,
Where they were exposed to the wind’s cold blasts.

A fierce gale was blowing and the sea ran mountains high,
And the sailors on board heaved many a bitter sigh;
And in the teeth of the storm the lifeboat was rowed bravely
Towards the ship in distress, which was awful to see.

The ship was lifted high on the crest of a wave,
While the sailors tried hard their lives to save,
And implored God to save them from a watery grave,
And through fear some of them began to rave.

The waves were miles long in length;
And the sailors had lost nearly all their strength,
By striving hard their lives to save,
From being drowned in the briny wave.

A ration of rum and a biscuit was served out to each man,
And the weary night passed, and then appeared the morning dawn;
And when the lifeboat hove in sight a sailor did shout,
“Thank God, there’s she at last without any doubt.”

But, with weakness and the biting cold,
Several of the sailors let go their hold;
And, alas, fell into the yawning sea,
Poor souls! and were launched into eternity.

Oh, it was a most fearful plight,
For the poor sailors to be in the rigging all night;
While the storm fiend did laugh and roar,
And the big waves lashed the ship all o'er.

And as the lifeboat drew near,
The poor sailors raised a faint cheer;
And all the lifeboat men saw was a solitary mast,
And some sailors clinging to it, while the ship was sinking fast.

Charles Tait, the coxswain of the lifeboat, was a skilful boatman,
And the bravery he and his crew displayed was really grand;
For his men were hardy and a very heroic set,
And for bravery their equals it would be hard to get.

But, thank God, out of twenty-nine eleven were saved,
Owing to the way the lifeboat men behaved;
And when they landed with the eleven wreckers at Ramsgate,
The people's joy was very great.

LINES IN PRAISE OF TOMMY ATKINS

Success to Tommy Atkins, he's a very brave man,
And to deny it there's few people can;
And to face his foreign foes he's never afraid,
Therefore he's not a beggar, as Rudyard Kipling has said.

No, he's paid by our Government, and is worthy of his hire;
And from our shores in time of war he makes our foes retire,
He doesn't need to beg; no, nothing so low;
No, he considers it more honourable to face a foreign foe.

No, he's not a beggar, he's a more useful man,
And, as Shakespeare has said, his life's but a span;
And at the cannon's mouth he seeks for reputation,
He doesn't go from door to door seeking a donation.

Oh, think of Tommy Atkins when from home far away,
Lying on the battlefield, earth's cold clay;
And a stone or his knapsack pillowing his head,
And his comrades lying near by him wounded and dead.

And while lying there, poor fellow, he thinks of his wife at home,
And his heart bleeds at the thought, and he does moan;
And down his cheek flows many a silent tear,
When he thinks of his friends and children dear.

Kind Christians, think of him when far, far away,
Fighting for his Queen and Country without dismay;
May God protect him wherever he goes,
And give him strength to conquer his foes.

To call a soldier a beggar is a very degrading name,
And in my opinion it's a very great shame;
And the man that calls him a beggar is not the soldier's friend,
And no sensible soldier should on him depend.

A soldier is a man that ought to be respected,
And by his country shouldn't be neglected;
For he fights our foreign foes, and in danger of his life,
Leaving behind him his relatives and his dear wife.

Then hurrah for Tommy Atkins, he's the people's friend,
Because when foreign foes assail us he does us defend;
He is not a beggar, as Rudyard Kipling has said,
No, he doesn't need to beg, he lives by his trade.

And in conclusion I will say,
Don't forget his wife and children when he's far away;
But try and help them all you can,
For remember Tommy Atkins is a very useful man.

THE BATTLE OF GLENCOE

Tw'as in the month of October, and in the year of 1899,
Which the Boers will remember for a very long time,
Because by the British Army they received a crushing blow;
And were driven from Smith's Hill at the Battle of Glencoe.

The Boers' plan of the battle was devised with great skill,
And about 7000 men of them were camped on Smith's Hill;
And at half-past five the battle began,
And the Boers behaved bravely to a man.

At twenty minutes to six two of the British batteries opened fire,
And early in the fight some of the Boers began to retire;
And in half an hour the Boers' artillery had ceased to fire,
And from the crest of the hill they began to retire.

And General Symons with his staff was watching every detail,
The brave hero whose courage in the battle didn't fail;
Because he ordered the King's Royal Rifles and the Dublin Fusiliers,
To advance in skirmishing order, which they did with three cheers.

Then they boldly advanced in very grand style,
And encouraged by their leaders all the while;
And their marching in skirmishing order was beautiful to see,
As they advanced boldly to attack the enemy.

For over an hour the advance continued without dismay,
Until they had to take a breath by the way;
They felt so fatigued climbing up Smith's Hill,
But, nevertheless, the brave heroes did it with a will.

Then they prepared to attack the enemy,
And with wild battle-cries they attacked them vigorously;
And with one determined rush they ascended the hill,
And drove the Boers from their position sore against their will.

But, alas, General Symons received a mortal wound,
Which caused his soldiers' sorrow to be profound;
But still they fought on manfully without any dread;
But, alas, brave General Symons now is dead.

Oh! It was a most inspiring and a magnificent sight,
To see the Hussars spurring their steeds with all their might;
And charging the Boers with their lances of steel,
Which hurled them from their saddles and made them reel.

The battle raged for six hours and more,
While British cannon Smith's Hill up tore;
Still the Boers fought manfully, without dismay,
But in a short time they had to give way.

For the Gordon Highlanders soon put an end to the fight,
Oh! it was a most gorgeous and thrilling sight,
To see them with their bagpipes playing, and one ringing cheer,
And from Smith's Hill they soon did the Boers clear.

And at the charge of the bayonet they made them fly,
While their leaders cried, "Forward, my lads, do or die",
And the Boers' blood copiously they did spill,
And the Boers were forced to fly from Smith's Hill.

And in conclusion I hope and pray
The British will be successful when from home far away;
And long may the Gordons be able to conquer the foe,
At home or abroad, wherever they go.

THE BATTLE OF THE MODDER RIVER

'Twas at the Modder River there was a great battle,
Where British shells and cannons loudly did rattle;
Oh! it was a long and very heroic fight,
It lasted fourteen hours, but the Boers were put to flight.

The battle was fought in November in the year 1899,
Which will cause many wives for to repine
For the loss of their husbands that were killed in Boerland,
Who fell fighting heroically in combat hand to hand.

At Modder River the Boers were on the right side,
Determined to hold that position whatever did betide;
They were strongly entrenched with a frontage about eight miles long,
And their strength was about 11,000 strong.

Their position was semicircular, and the British had but one chance,
For up the semicircle they had to advance;
Because they were enfiladed on both sides,
Yet, not the least daunted, they marched on with quick strides.

The battle opened with an artillery duel on the right,
And they wrought hard at their guns with all their might;
And the Grenadier Guards and Scots Guards behaved manfully in the fray,
While in the midst of a shower of bullets without dismay.

The River was forded by the Guards on the right,
Also the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders all eager for the fight;
Which certainly was a most beautiful sight,
To see them fording the river on the left and right.

When the British infantry moved towards the river they met with a terrible
fire,
But, to their honour be it said, they didn't retire;

While the Boer sharpshooters simply mowed them down,
But they, brave heroes, held their own and didn't frown.

Yes, for hours they fought on and didn't retreat an inch,
Resolved to fight it out, but never to flinch;
While the sharpshooters upon them their fearful fire showers,
While the battle raged fearfully for fourteen hours.

At last they lay down to escape their fearful fire,
They thought it more brave to do so rather than retire;
But one of the most heroic deeds of the day
Was a party of the Coldstream Guards who swam across the river without
dismay.

And as the sun was setting the fire slackened its fearful din,
But the musketry was still proceeding as darkness set in;
Then the British retired, and a camp was formed near the battlefield
For the Boers had had enough of it, and had to yield.

The scene on the Boer side of the river was fearful to behold,
It was enough to make one's blood run cold,
To see the field strewn with dead bodies all around;
And in a few houses dead bodies of the Boers were found.

The Naval Brigade played a very noble part,
Because they were skilled in the gunnery art;
They drove the Boers from their position and made them run,
Until they cried, "Heaven save us, or we are undone."

It was the British superior artillery which won the day,
And the courage of the gunners, who wrought without dismay;
And also through brave Lord Methuen, who encouraged them in the fight
By crying, "Forward, my lads, and give it them left and right."

He congratulated the force on its hard won victory,
Which helped to fill the brave heroes' hearts with glee:
Long may the British Army be victorious in the fight,
And may Heaven always guard the right.

THE RELIEF OF LADYSMITH

Ye sons of Great Britain come join with me,
And sing in praise of the British Army,
And the Canadian Troops' great bravery;
Because by them and the British Ladysmith has been relieved,
Which will cause Cronje to feel aggrieved.

'Twas in the year of 1900, and on the 28th of February,
That the British marched to Ladysmith in grand array,
Commanded by General Buller, Lord Roberts, and Sir George White,
Three noble heroes, be it said, that know how to fight.

Lord Roberts was well informed regarding the Boer camp,
And when they heard of him coming their courage it did damp;
And they began to tremble and amazed with fright,
When he began to bombard their entrenchments in the morning light.

Oh! It was a magnificent dash they made in the morning light,
Conjointly, the Canadians, Gordons, and Shropshires, a most inspiring sight;
At the charge of the bayonet a brave rush was made,
Then Cronje he surrendered because he was afraid.

And he gave himself up as a prisoner with 4,000 men,
Because they had him hemmed in like sheep in a pen;
And now he is banished to St. Helena, like the great Napoleon,
And in his exile no doubt he will feel woe-begone.

No more the fighting Cronje will lead the Boers into the field
Against the British Army — no, he has been forced to yield;
Because at the charge of the bayonet he lost all his path,
And was glad to surrender himself a prisoner at Ladysmith.

The sufferings of the besieged garrison must have been great,
Oh, merciful Heaven! Hard has been their fate;

The garrison were on half a pound of meat a day,
But, thank God, at last they have been relieved without dismay.

Alas! sickness and death have laid many low,
And filled wives' and children's hearts with woe;
Because their hopes of relief were often dashed to the ground,
Therefore their grief must have been profound.

But thanks to General Buller, Lord Roberts, and Sir George White,——
Long may they live and be able to fight;
And may Heaven always defend the right,
And watch o'er them by day and night.

And in conclusion I will say,
The Boers will remember their defeat at Ladysmith for many a day;
And Majuba Hill has been avenged to the fullest extent,
Which will cause them to feel rather discontent.

Success to the British Army and our brave Volunteers,
For their conduct in the Boer War Her Majesty reveres;
Bravely they helped to put the Boers to flight,
Along with the Canadians, which certainly was a most beautiful sight.

And as for the Gordons and Shropshires they behaved bravely,
At the relief of Ladysmith which was magnificent to see;
Therefore, Ladysmith has been relieved,
And, thank God, the garrison no longer will feel aggrieved.

BEAUTIFUL BALMORAL

Ye lovers of the picturesque, away and see
Beautiful Balmoral, near by the River Dee;
There ye will see the deer browsing on the heathery hills,
While adown their sides run clear sparkling rills.

Which the traveller can drink of when he feels dry,
And admire the dark River Dee near by,
Rolling smoothly and silently on its way,
Which is most lovely to see on a summer day.

There the trout do sport and play
During the live-long summer day;
Also plenty of salmon are there to be seen,
Glittering like silver in the sun's sheen.

And the mountains are rugged and wild to be seen,
But the woodlands are beautiful when Nature's face is green;
There numerous rabbits do gambol all day
Amongst the green shrubbery all lively and gay.

There's one charming spot most magnificent to be seen,
'Tis Balmoral Castle, the Highland Home of our Queen;
The surrounding scenery is enchanting to see,
While near by rolls past the lovely River Dee.

Therefore, ye lovers of the picturesque, away and see
Beautiful Balmoral Castle and its grand scenery,
And the sight will fill your hearts with glee,
As ye walk along the bonnie banks o' the River Dee.

THE BEAUTIFUL VILLAGE OF PENICUIK

The village of Penicuik, with its neighbouring spinning mills,
Is most lovely to see, and the Pentland Hills;
And though of a barren appearance and some parts steep,
They are covered with fine pasture and sustain flocks of sheep.

There, tourists while there should take a good look,
By viewing the surrounding beauties of Penicuik;
About three miles south-west is the romantic locality
Of Newhall, which is most fascinating and charming to see.

Then about half a mile above Newhall the River Esk is seen,
Which sparkles like crystal in the sun's sheen;
And on the Esk there's a forking ridge forming a linn
Betwixt two birch trees, which makes a noisy din.

And on a rocky protuberance close by is Mary Stuart's bower
Where Scotland's ill-starred Queen spent many an hour,
Which is composed of turf and a nice round seat
Commanding a full view of the linn- the sight is quite a treat.

Then there's Habbie's Howe, where the beauties of summer grow,
Which cannot be excelled in Scotland for pastoral show;
Tis one of the most beautiful landscapes in fair Scotland,
For the scenery there is most charming and grand.

Then ye tourists to the village of Penicuik haste away,
And there spend the lovely summer day
By climbing the heathy, barren Pentland Hills,
And drink the pure water from their crystal rills.

LORD ROBERTS' TRIUMPHAL ENTRY INTO PRETORIA

'Twas in the year of 1900, and on the 5th of June,
Lord Roberts entered Pretoria in the afternoon;
His triumphal entry was magnificent to see,
The British Army marching behind him fearlessly.

With their beautiful banners unfurled to the breeze,
But the scene didn't the Boers please;
And they immediately made some show of fight,
But at the charge of the bayonet they were put to flight.

The troops, by the people, were received with loud cheers,
While many of them through joy shed joyous tears;
Because Lord Roberts from bondage had set them free,
Which made them dance and sing with glee.

Lord Roberts' march into Pretoria was inspiring to see,
It is reckoned one of the greatest achievements in our military history;
Because the Boers were watching him in front and behind,
But he scattered them like chaff before the wind.

Oh! it was a most beautiful and inspiring sight
To see the British bayonets glittering in the sunlight,
Whilst the bands played "See the conquering hero comes,"
While the people in ecstasy towards them run.

The British marched into Pretoria like the rushing tide,
And the Boers around Pretoria there no longer could abide,
Because the British at the charge of the bayonet made them run with fear,
And fly from Pretoria just like wild deer.

Then Lord Roberts cried, "Pull down the Transvaal Flag,
And hoist the Union Jack instead of the Transvaal rag;
And shout 'Britannia for ever,' and 'Long live our Queen,'
For she is the noblest Queen the world has ever seen."

Then the Union Jack was hoisted and unfurled to the breeze,
Which certainly did the Boers displease,
When they saw the Union Jack flying o'er their capital,
The sight thereof amazed them, and did them appall.

And when old Kruger saw Lord Roberts he shook with fright,
Then he immediately disguised himself and took to flight,
Leaving his poor wife in Pretoria behind,
But the British troops have treated her very kind.

Now let us all thank Lord Roberts for his great bravery,
Who has gained for the people of Pretoria their liberty,
By his skillful tactics and great generalship, be it told,
And the courage of his soldiers, who fought like lions bold.

Lord Roberts is a brave man, be it said,
Who never was the least afraid
To defend his Queen and country when called upon;
And by his valorous deeds great battles he has won.

Then success to Lord Roberts and the British Army,
May God protect them by land and by sea;
And enable them always to conquer the Boers,
And beat all foreign foes from our shores.

THE RELIEF OF MAFEKING

Success to Colonel Baden-Powell and his praises loudly sing,
For being so brave in relieving Mafeking,
With his gallant little band of eight hundred men,
They made the Boers fly from Mafeking like sheep escaping from a pen.

'Twas in the year of 1900 and on the 18th of May,
That Colonel Baden-Powell beat the Boers without dismay,
And made them fly from Mafeking without delay,
Which will be handed down to posterity for many a day.

Colonel Baden-Powell is a very brave man,
And to deny it, I venture to say, few men can;
He is a noble hero be it said,
For at the siege of Mafeking he never was afraid.

And during the siege Colonel Baden was cheerful and gay,
While the starving population were living on brawn each day;
And alas! the sufferings of the women and children were great,
But they all submitted patiently to their fate.

For seven months besieged they fought the Boers without dismay,
Until at last the Boers were glad to run away;
Because Baden-Powell's gallant band put them to flight
By cannon shot and volleys of musketry to the left and right.

Then long live Baden-Powell and his brave little band,
For during the siege of Mafeking they made a bold stand
Against yelling thousands of Boers who were thirsting for their blood,
But as firm as a rock against them they fearlessly stood.

Oh! think of them living on brawn extracted from horse hides,
While the inhuman Boers their sufferings deride,
Knowing that the women's hearts with grief were torn
As they looked on their children's faces that looked sad and forlorn.

For 217 days the Boers tried to obtain Mafeking's surrender,
But their strategy was futile owing to its noble defender,
Colonel Baden-Powell, that hero of renown,
Who, by his masterly generalship, saved the town.

Methinks I see him and his gallant band,
Looking terror to the foe: Oh! The sight was really grand,
As he cried, "Give it them, lads; let's do or die;
And from Mafeking we'll soon make them fly,
And we'll make them rue their rash undertaking
The day they laid siege to the town of Mafeking."

Long life and prosperity to Colonel Baden-Powell,
For there's very few generals can him excel;
And he is now the Hero of Mafeking, be it told,
And his name should be engraved on medals of gold.

I wish him and his gallant little band every success,
For relieving the people of Mafeking while in distress;
They made the Boers rue their rash undertaking
The day they laid siege to the town of Mafeking.

For during the defence of Mafeking
From grief he kept the people's hearts from breaking,
Because he sang to them and did recite
Passages from Shakespeare which did their hearts delight.

THE CAPTURE OF HAVANA

'Twas in the year 1762 that France and Spain
Resolved, allied together, to crush Britain;
But the British Army sailed from England in May,
And arrived off Havana without any delay.

And the British Army resolved to operate on land,
And the appearance of the British troops were really grand;
And by the Earl of Albemarle the British troops were commanded,
All eager for to fight as soon as they were landed.

Arduous and trying was the work the British had to do,
Yet with a hearty goodwill they to it flew;
While the tropical sun on them blazed down,
But the poor soldiers wrought hard and didn't frown.

The bombardment was opened on the 30th of June,
And from the British battleships a fierce cannonade did boom;
And continued from six in the morning till two o'clock in the afternoon,
And with grief the French and Spaniards sullenly did gloom.

And by the 26th of July the guns of Fort Moro were destroyed,
And the French and Spaniards were greatly annoyed;
Because the British troops entered the Fort without dismay,
And drove them from it at the bayonet charge without delay.

But for the safety of the city the Governor organised a night attack,
Thinking to repulse the British and drive them back;
And with fifteen hundred militia he did the British attack,
But the British trench guards soon drove them back.

Then the Spaniards were charged and driven down the hill,
At the point of the bayonet sore against their will;
And they rushed to their boats, the only refuge they could find,
Leaving a trail of dead and wounded behind.

Then Lieutenant Forbes, at the head of his men,
Swept round the ramparts driving all before them;
And with levelled bayonets they drove them to and fro,
Then the British flag was hoisted over the bastions of Moro.

Then the Governor of the castle fell fighting sword in hand,
While rallying his men around the flagstaff the scene was grand;
And the Spaniards fought hard to save their ships of war,
But the British destroyed their ships and scattered them afar.

And every man in the Moro Fort was bayonet or shot,
Which in Spanish history will never be forgot;
And on the 10th of August Lord Albemarle sent a flag of truce,
And summoned the Governor to surrender, but he seemed to refuse.

Then from the batteries the British opened a terrific fire,
And the Spaniards from their guns were forced to retire,
Because no longer could they the city defend;
Then the firing ceased and hostilities were at an end.

Then the city of Havana surrendered unconditionally,
And terms were settled, and the harbour, forts, and city,
With a district of one hundred miles to the westward,
And loads of gold and silver were the British troops' reward.

And all other valuable property was brought to London,
The spoils that the British Army had won;
And it was conveyed in grand procession to the Tower of London,
And the Londoners applauded the British for the honours they had won.

GENERAL ROBERTS IN AFGHANISTAN

'Twas in the year of 1878, and. the winter had set in,
Lord Roberts and the British Army their march did begin,
On their way to Afghanistan to a place called Cabul;
And the weather was bitter cold and the rivers swollen and full.

And the enemy were posted high up amongst the hills,
And when they saw the British, with fear their blood thrills;
The savages were camped on the hillsides in war array,
And occupying a strong position which before the British lay.

And viewed from the front their position was impregnable,
But Lord Roberts was a general of great skill;
Therefore to surprise the enemy he thought it was right,
To march upon the enemy in the dead of night.

Then the men were mustered without delay,
And each man of them was eager for the fray;
And in the silent darkness they felt no dismay,
And to attack the enemy they marched boldly away.

And on they marched bravely without fear or doubt,
And about daybreak the challenge of an Afghan sentinel rang out,
And echoed from rock to rock on the frosty biting air;
But the challenge didn't the British scare.

Then the Highlanders attacked them left and right,
And oh! it was a gorgeous and an inspiring sight;
For a fierce hand to hand struggle raged for a time,
While the pibrochs skirled aloud, oh! the scene was sublime.

Then the Ghoorkas did the Afghans fiercely attack,
And at every point and turning they were driven back;
And a fierce hand to hand struggle raged for a time,
While in the morning sunshine the British bayonets did shine.

And around the ridge or knoll the battle raged for three hours,
And British bullets fell amongst them in showers;
For Captain Kelso brought us his mountain battery,
And sent his shells right into the camp of the enemy,
Then the left of the Afghans was turned, and began to flee.

Meanwhile, on the enemy's strong position Lord Roberts launched an
attack,
And from their position they could hardly be driven back
Because the Afghans were hid amongst the woods and hills,
Still with undaunted courage, the British blood thrills.

And the Afghans pressed the British hotly, but they didn't give way,
For the 8th Ghoorkas and the 72nd kept them at bay;
And the mountain guns shells upon them did fire,
Then the 8th Punjaub, bounding up the heights, made them retire.

Then Major White seized a rifle from one of his men and did retire,
And levelled the piece fearlessly and did fire;
And with a steady and well-timed shot
He shot the Afghan leader dead on the spot.

Then the British with a wild cheer dashed, at them,
And on each side around they did them hem;
And at the bayonet charge they drove them down the hill,
And in hundreds they did them kill.

Then in a confused mass they fled down the opposite side of the hill
In hundreds, driven by sheer force sore against their will;
And helter-skelter they did run,
For all their positions were carried and the victory won.

Then on the 8th of August again Lord Roberts' march began
For to fight the rebel Ayooob Khan;
And with an army about seven thousand strong
On his way to Candahar he fearlessly marched along.

And the battle that followed at Candahar was a complete victory,
And Lord Roberts' march to Candahar stands unrivalled in history;

And let's thank God that sent Lord Roberts to conquer Ayoob Khan,
For from that time there's been no more war in Afghanistan.

Success to Lord Roberts; he's a very brave man,
For he conquered the Afghans in Afghanistan,
With an army about seven thousand strong,
He spread death and desolation all along.

THE BATTLE OF CORUNNA

'Twas in the year of 1808, and in the autumn of the year,
Napoleon resolved to crush Spain and Portugal without fear;
So with a mighty army three hundred thousand strong
Through the passes of the Pyrenees into Spain he passed along.

But Sir John Moore concentrated his troops in the north,
And into the west corner of Spain he boldly marched forth;
To cut off Napoleon's communications with France
He considered it to be advisable and his only chance.

And when Napoleon heard of Moore's coming, his march he did begin,
Declaring that he was the only General that could oppose him;
And in the month of December, when the hills were clad with snow,
Napoleon's army marched over the Guadiana Hills with their hearts full of woe.

And with fifty thousand cavalry, infantry, and artillery,
Napoleon marched on, facing obstacles most dismal to see;
And performed one of the most rapid marches recorded in history,
Leaving the command of his army to Generals Soult and Ney.

And on the 5th of January Soult made his attack,
But in a very short time the French were driven back;
With the Guards and the 50th Regiment and the 42d conjoint,
They were driven from the village of Elnina at the bayonet's point.

Oh! It was a most gorgeous and inspiring sight
To see Sir John Moore in the thickest of the fight,
And crying aloud to the 42d with all his might,
"Forward, my lads, and charge them with your bayonets left and right."

Then the 42d charged them with might and main,
And the French were repulsed again and again;

And although they poured into the British ranks a withering fire,
The British at the charge of the bayonet soon made them retire.

Oh! That battlefield was a fearful sight to behold,
'Twas enough to make one's blood run cold
To hear the crack, crack of the musketry and the cannon's roar,
Whilst the dead and the dying lay weltering in their gore.

But O Heaven! It was a heartrending sight,
When Sir John Moore was shot dead in the thickest of the fight;
And as the soldiers bore him from the field they looked woebegone,
And the hero's last words were "Let me see how the battle goes on."

Then he breathed his last with a gurgling sound,
And for the loss of the great hero the soldier's sorrow was profound,
Because he was always kind and served them well,
And as they thought of him tears down their cheeks trickling fell.

Oh! it was a weird and pathetic sight
As they buried him in the Citadel of Corunna at the dead of night,
While his staff and the men shed many tears
For the noble hero who had commanded them for many years.

Success to the British Army wherever they go,
For seldom they have failed to conquer the foe;
Long may the highlanders be able to make the foe reel,
By giving them an inch or two of cold steel.

THE BURNING OF THE SHIP “KENT”

Good people of high and low degree,
I pray ye all to list to me,
And I'll relate a harrowing tale of the sea
Concerning the burning of the ship “Kent” in the Bay of Biscay,
Which is the most appalling tale of the present century.

She carried a crew, including officers, of 148 men,
And twenty lady passengers along with them;
Besides 344 men of the 31st Regiment,
And twenty officers with them, all seemingly content.

Also the soldiers' wives, which numbered forty-three,
And sixty-six children, a most beautiful sight to see;
And in the year of 1825, and on the 19th of February,
The ship “Kent” sailed from the Downs right speedily,
While the passengers' hearts felt light with glee.

And the beautiful ship proceeded on her way to Bengal,
While the passengers were cheerful one and all;
And the sun shone out in brilliant array,
And on the evening of the 28th they entered the Bay of Biscay.

But a gale from the south-west sprang up that night,
Which filled the passengers' hearts with fright;
And it continued to increase in violence as the night wore on,
Whilst the lady passengers looked very woe-begone.

Part of the cargo in the hold consisted of shot and shell,
And the vessel rolled heavily as the big billows rose and fell;
Then two sailors descended the forehold carrying a light,
To see if all below was safe and right.

And they discovered a spirit cask and the contents oozing rapidly,
And the man with the light stooped to examine it immediately;

And in doing so he dropped the lamp while in a state of amaze,
And, oh horror! in a minute the forehold was in a blaze.

It was two o'clock in the morning when the accident took place,
And, alas! horror and fear was depicted in each face;
And the sailors tried hard to extinguish the flame,
But, oh Heaven! all their exertions proved in vain.

The inflammable matter rendered their efforts of no avail,
And the brave sailors with over-exertion looked very pale;
And for hours in the darkness they tried to check the fire,
But the flames still mounted higher and higher.

But Captain Cobb resolved on a last desperate experiment,
Because he saw the ship was doomed, and he felt discontent;
Then he raised the alarm that the ship was on fire,
Then the passengers quickly from their beds did retire.

And women and children rushed to the deck in wild despair,
And, paralysed with terror, many women tore their hair;
And some prayed to God for help, and wildly did screech,
But, alas! poor souls, help was not within their reach.

Still the gale blew hard, and the waves ran mountains high,
While men, women, and children bitterly did cry
To God to save them from the merciless fire;
But the flames rose higher and higher.

And when the passengers had lost all hope, and in great dismay,
The look-out man shouted, "Ho! a sail coming this way";
Then every heart felt light and gay,
And signals of distress were hoisted without delay.

Then the vessel came to their rescue, commanded by Captain Cook,
And he gazed upon the burning ship with a pitiful look;
She proved to be the brig "Cambria," bound for Vera Cruz,
Then the captain cried, "Men, save all ye can, there's no time to lose."

Then the sailors of the “Cambria” wrought with might and main,
While the sea spray fell on them like heavy rain;
First the women and children were transferred from the “Kent”
By boats, ropes, and tackle without a single accident.

But, alas! the fire had reached the powder magazine,
Then followed an explosion, oh! what a fearful scene;
But the explosion was witnessed by Captain Babby of the ship “Carline,”
Who most fortunately arrived in the nick of time.

And fourteen additional human beings were saved from the “Kent,”
And they thanked Captain Babby and God, who to them succour sent,
And had saved them from being burnt, and drowned in the briny deep;
And they felt so overjoyed that some of them did weep;
And in the first port in England they landed without delay,
And when their feet touched English soil their hearts felt gay.

A TALE OF CHRISTMAS EVE

'Twas Christmastide in Germany,
And in the year of 1850,
And in the city of Berlin, which is most beautiful to the eye;
A poor boy was heard calling out to passers-by.

“Who’ll buy my pretty figures,” loudly he did cry,
Plaster of Paris figures, but no one inclined to buy;
His clothes were thin and he was nearly frozen with cold,
And wholly starving with hunger, a pitiful sight to behold.

And the twilight was giving place to the shadows of approaching night,
And those who possessed a home were seeking its warmth and light;
And the market square was dark and he began to moan,
When he thought of his hungry brother and sisters at home.

Alas! The poor boy was afraid to go home,
Oh, Heaven! hard was his lot, for money he’d none;
And the tears coursed down his cheeks while loudly he did cry,
“Buy my plaster of Paris figures, oh! please come buy.”

It was now quite dark while he stood there,
And the passers-by did at the poor boy stare,
As he stood shivering with cold in the market square;
And with the falling snow he was almost frozen to the bone.
And what would it avail him standing there alone,
Therefore he must make up his mind to return home.

Then he tried to hoist the board and figures on to his head,
And for fear of letting the board fall he was in great dread;
Then he struggled manfully forward without delay,
But alas! He fell on the pavement, oh! horror and dismay.

And his beautiful figures were broken and scattered around him,
And at the sight thereof his eyes grew dim;

And when he regained his feet he stood speechless like one bowed down,
Then the poor boy did fret and frown.

Then the almost despairing boy cried aloud,
And related his distress to the increasing crowd;
Oh! What a pitiful sight on a Christmas eve,
But the dense crowd didn't the poor boy relieve,

Until a poor wood-cutter chanced to come along,
And he asked of the crowd what was wrong;
And twenty ready tongues tells him the sad tale,
And when he heard it the poor boy's fate he did bewail.

And he cried, "Here! Something must be done and quickly too,
Do you hear! Every blessed soul of you;
Come, each one give a few pence to the poor boy,
And it will help to fill his heart with joy."

Then the wood-cutter gave a golden coin away,
So the crowd subscribed largely without delay;
Which made the poor boy's heart feel gay,
Then the wood-cutter thanked the crowd and went away.

So the poor boy did a large subscription receive,
And his brother, mother, and sisters had a happy Christmas eve;
And he thanked the crowd and God that to him the money sent,
And bade the crowd good-night, then went home content.

THE DEATH OF CAPTAIN WARD

'Twas about the beginning of the past century
Billy Bowls was pressed into the British Navy,
And conveyed on board the "Waterwitch" without delay,
Scarce getting time to bid farewell to the villagers of Fairway.

And once on board the "Waterwitch" he resolved to do his duty,
And if he returned safe home he'd marry Nelly Blyth, his beauty;
And he'd fight for old England like a jolly British tar,
And the thought of Nelly Blyth would solace him during the war.

Poor fellow, he little thought what he had to go through,
But in all his trials at sea he never did rue;
No, the brave tar became reconciled to his fate,
And felt proud of his commander, Captain Ward the Great.

And on board the "Waterwitch" was Tom Riggles, his old comrade,
And with such a comrade he seldom felt afraid;
Because the stories they told each other made the time pass quickly away,
And made their hearts feel light and gay.

'Twas on a Sunday morning and clear to the view,
Captain Ward the attention of his men he drew;
"Look!" he cried, "There's two French men-of-war our right,
Therefore prepare, my lads, immediately to begin the fight."

Then the "Waterwitch" was steered to the ship that was most near,
While every man resolved to sell their lives most dear;
But the French commander disinclined to engage in the fight,
And he ordered his men to put on a press of canvas and take to flight.

Then Captain Ward gave the order to fire,
Then Billy Bowls cried, "Now we'll get fighting to our hearts' desire";
And for an hour a running fight was maintained,
And the two ships of the enemy near upon the "Waterwitch" gained.

Captain Ward walked the deck with a firm tread,
When a shot from the enemy pierced the ship, yet he felt no dread;
But with a splinter Bill Bowls was wounded on the left arm,
And he cried, "Death to the frog-eaters, they have done me little harm."

Then Captain Ward cried, "Fear not, my men, we will win the day,
Now, men, pour in a broadside without delay
Then they sailed around the "St. Denis" and the "Gloire,"
And in their cabin windows they poured a deadly fire.

The effect on the two ships was tremendous to behold,
But the Frenchmen stuck to their guns with courage bold;
And the crash and din of artillery was deafening to the ear,
And the cries of the wounded men were pitiful to hear.

Then Captain Ward to his men did say,
"We must board the Frenchman without delay";
Then he seized his cutlass as he spoke,
And jumped on board the "St. Denis" in the midst of the smoke.

Then Bill Bowls and Tom Riggles hastily followed him,
Then, hand to hand, the battle did begin;
And the men sprang upon their foe and beat them back,
And hauled down their colours and hoisted the Union Jack.

But the men on board the "St. Denis" fought desperately hard,
And just as the "St. Denis" was captured a ball struck Captain Ward
Right on the forehead, and he fell without a groan,
And for the death of Captain Ward the men did moan.

Then the first lieutenant who was standing near by,
Loudly to the men did cry,
"Come, men, and carry your noble commander below;
But there's one consolation, we have beaten the foe."

And thus fell Captain Ward in the prime of life,
But I hope he is now in the better world free from strife;
But, alas! 'tis sad to think he was buried in the mighty deep,
Where too many of our brave seamen silently sleep.

THE DEATH OF THE QUEEN

Alas! our noble and generous Queen Victoria is dead,
And I hope her soul to Heaven has fled,
To sing and rejoice with saints above,
Where ah is joy, peace, and love.

'Twas on January 22, 1901, in the evening she died at 6.30 o'clock,
Which to the civilised world has been a great shock;
She was surrounded by her children and grandchildren dear,
And for the motherly, pious Queen they shed many a tear.

She has been a model and faithful Queen,
Very few like her have been;
She has acted virtuously during her long reign,
And I'm afraid the world will never see her like again.

And during her reign she was beloved by the high and the low,
And through her decease the people's hearts are full of woe,
Because she was kind to her subjects at home and abroad,
And now she's receiving her reward from the Eternal God.

And during her reign in this world of trouble and strife
Several attempts were made to take her life;
Maclean he tried to shoot her, but he did fail,
But he was arrested and sent to an asylum, which made him bewail.

Victoria was a noble Queen, the people must confess,
She was most charitable to them while in distress;
And in her disposition she wasn't proud nor vain,
And tears for her loss will fall as plentiful as rain.

The people around Balmoral will shed many tears
Owing to her visits amongst them for many years;
She was very kind to the old, infirm women there,
By giving them provisions and occasionally a prayer.

And while at Balmoral she found work for men unemployed,
Which made the hearts of the poor men feel overjoyed;
And for Her Majesty they would have laid down their lives,
Because sometimes she saved them from starving, and their wives.

Many happy days she spent at Balmoral,
Viewing the blooming heather and the bonnie Highland floral,
Along with Prince Albert, her husband dear,
But alas! when he died she shed many a tear.

She was very charitable, as everybody knows,
But the loss of her husband caused her many woes,
Because he cheered her at Balmoral as they the heather trod,
But I hope she has met him now at the Throne of God.

They ascended the Hill of Morven when she was in her fortieth year,
And Her Majesty was delighted as she viewed the Highland deer;
Also dark Lochnagar, which is most beautiful to see,
Not far from Balmoral and the dark River Dee.

I hope they are walking in Heaven together as they did in life
In the beautiful celestial regions, free from all strife,
Where God's family together continually meet,
Where the streets are paved with gold, and everything complete.

Alas! for the loss of Queen Victoria the people will mourn,
But she unto them can never return;
Therefore to mourn for her is all in vain,
Knowing that she can never return again.

Therefore, good people, one and all,
Let us be prepared for death when God does on us call,
Like the good and noble Queen Victoria of renown,
The greatest and most virtuous Queen that ever wore a crown.

THE SIEGE OF SERINGAPATAM

'Twas on the evening of the 5th April 1799,
Which will be remembered for a very long time;
The ever memorable Siege of Seringapatam,
Where the British resolved to fight to a man.

The British Army was commanded by General Harris, which seemed very grand,
And Sir David Baird was second in command;
And prominent amongst the officers was Sir Arthur Wellesley,
Who at the siege behaved very heroically.

The British Army was about twenty thousand strong,
And fearlessly through Indian territory they marched along,
Determined to conquer Tippoo Sahib they were bent,
Or to die — rather than surrender — in the attempt.

Tippoo Sahib was a savage despot — a devotee to the Mohammedan faith,
And had tortured many of the English and put them to death;
But thanks be to God, that did send
The British to crush and bring him to an untimely end.

Then the trenches were opened without delay,
And each man was eager to join in the fray,
And drive the enemy from two strong points where they lay,
So they made a stealthy dash upon them without dismay.

But the enemy were on the look-out and burned red light,
Which lighted up the heavens and made a very weird sight;
And by the light the British were revealed,
But British hearts with courage against them were steeled.

Then the enemy assailed the British without dismay,
And the British ranks were thrown into disarray

Owing to the showers of rockets which moved them down,
But Major Shaw ordered the men to lay themselves on the ground.

Then the Sepoy Army closely upon the British did draw,
But "Up and at them, 12th," shouted the gallant Major Shaw;
Then up sprang the soldiers, and Major Shaw rushed at the enemy,
And the enemy cried, "The English are upon us," and did flee.

Then Colonel Wellesley and his men onward did press,
And on the following day orders were given to storm the fortress;
And the hour for the assault was one o'clock in the afternoon,
While from the fort occasionally the cannons did boom.

And after three days' cannonade a breach was made in the walls,
And the sight thereof the hearts of the enemy appals;
Because the Highlanders were leaping from rock to rock,
And the foot of the breach was gained shortly after one o'clock.

Then the gallant Sergeant Graham planted the British Flag on the walls,
And loudly unto his men he calls,
"Come, men! let's give three cheers without dread";
But the words had barely escaped his lips when he fell dead,
Owing to a musket ball that passed through his head.

Then the defenders from the fort began to retreat,
Because the Highlanders at the bayonet charge drove them into the street;
Oh! the sight was inspiring and grand,
While Tippoo Sahib little thought his doom was near at hand.

But when he heard that the breach had been carried,
No longer in his beautiful palace he tarried;
And at the head of his men he rushed into the field,
But in a short time he was forced to yield.

Tippoo Sahib's Army was more than a hundred thousand strong,
But although the British were less in number their courage it was strong;
And the British made a bold charge and made them retreat,
And Tippoo Sahib and his rebel army were fairly beat.

Then with a handful of followers Tippoo Sahib took to flight,
And spurred his horse to the palace with all his might;
But the British overtook him and shot him dead,
Therefore the tyrant was conquered, and his followers fled.

So thus fell Tippoo Sahib, a very cruel man,
And his great fortress of Seringapatam;
And the spoil that fell into the British hands was great,
Money, jewels, and arms, likewise costly silver plate.

THE DOWNFALL OF DELHI

'Twas in the year of 1857 and on the 14th of September
That the Sepoy rebels at Delhi were forced to surrender;
The attack was first to be made by Brigadier Nicholson,
And he was ordered to attack the Cashmere Bastion.

The British were entirely in command.
Of Major-General Reid, assisted by Brigadier-Generals Wilson and Burnand;
After a long march, fighting through a hostile country,
And the brave heroes took up a position before the city.

Delhi gates were encircled with a fringe of fire,
But the British resolved to die rather than retire;
And the brave fellows rushed, towards the gate
Carrying the powder bags that were to seal the Sepoys' fate.

Here their progress was checked, for the drawbridge was destroyed,
But the British felt very little annoyed,
Because a few planks were across the chasm thrown,
Then a match was applied to the powder bags, and into atoms the gate was
blown.

Then the rebel artillerymen with terror fled,
For the streets were strewn by the Sepoy dead;
Then the British charged them without fear,
Shouting "On boys, on, for our Queen and Country dear."

Then Lieutenant Home gave orders to advance,
And charge them with your bayonets, it is our only chance;
And with a ringing British cheer they charged, them fearlessly,
And. they drove the enemy before them through the streets of the city.

Then the young bugler blew a blast loud and clear,
Which was answered by a British ringing cheer;

But General Nicholson was killed, which was a great loss,
And afterwards the bugler was decorated with the Victoria Cross.

General Jones formed a junction with Colonel Campbell's Regiment,
And to enter by the Cashmere Gate they were bent;
And they advanced through the streets without delay,
And swept all before them through the gate without dismay.

The streets were filled with mutineers who fought savagely,
Determined to fight to the last and die heroically,
While the alarm drums did beat, and the cannons did roar,
And the dead and the dying lay weltering in their gore.

And the rebels fought for King Timour like tigers in a cage,
He was a very old man, more than ninety years of age;
And their shouts and yells were fearful to hear,
While the shrill sound of the bugle smote on the ear.

The British dash at Delhi will never be forgot,
For the chief instigators of the mutiny were shot;
And their bodies in the Mayor's Court were hung,
And as the people gazed thereon, their hearts with anguish were wrung.

And that evening General Wilson drank the health of the Queen,
Also his officers hailed her Empress of India, which enhanced the scene;
While the assembled thousands shouted "God save the Queen!"
Oh! it was a most beautiful scene.

Delhi was a glorious prize, for the city was full of jewels and gold,
Besides a hundred pieces of cannon, be it told;
But dearly was the victory gained,
But in the book of fame the British are famed;
Oh, it was a glorious and heroic victory,
And will be handed down to posterity.

AN ALL NIGHT SEA FIGHT

Ye sons of Mars, come list to me,
And I will relate to ye
A great and heroic naval fight,
Which will fill your hearts with delight.

The fight was between the French Frigate “Pique” and the British Frigate
“Blanche,”

But the British crew were bold and staunch;
And the battle was fought in West Indian waters in the year of 1795,
And for to gain the victory the French did nobly strive.

And on the morning of the 4th of January while cruising off Gadulope,
The look-out man from the foretop loudly spoke,
And cried, “Sail ahoy!” “Where away?”
“On the lee bow, close in shore, sir,” was answered without delay.

Then Captain Faulkner cried, “Clear the decks!”
And the French vessel with his eyeglass he inspects;
And he told his men to hoist the British flag,
And “prepare my heroes to pull down that French rag.”

Then the “Blanche” made sail and bore away
In the direction of the “Pique” without delay;
And Captain Faulkner cried, “Now, my lads, bear down on him,
And make ready quickly and begin.”

It was about midnight when the Frenchman hove in sight,
And could be seen distinctly in the starlight;
And for an hour and a half they fired away
Broadsides into each other without dismay.

And with the rapid flashes the Heavens were aflame,
As each volley from the roaring cannons came;

And the incessant roll of musketry was awful to hear,
As it broke over the silent sea and smote upon the ear.

The French vessel had nearly 400 men,
Her decks were literally crowded from stem to stern;
And the musketeers kept up a fierce fire on the "Blanche,"
But still the "Blanche" on them did advance.

And the "Blanche's" crew without dismay
Fired a broadside into the "Pique" without delay,
Which raked her fore and aft, and knocked her to smash,
And the mizzen mast fell overboard with a terrible crash.

Then the Frenchmen rushed forward to board the "Blanche,"
But in doing so they had a very poor chance,
For the British Tars in courage didn't lack,
Because thrice in succession on their own deck they were driven back.

Then "Brave, my lads!" Captain Faulkner loudly cries,
"Lash her bowsprit to our capstan, she's our prize";
And he seized some ropes to lash round his foe,
But a musket ball pierced his heart and laid him low.

Then a yell of rage burst from the noble crew,
And near to his fallen body they drew;
And tears for his loss fell fast on the deck,
Their grief was so great their tears they couldn't check.

The crew was very sorry for their captain's downfall,
But the sight didn't their brave hearts appal;
Because they fastened the ropes to the "Pique" at the capstan,
And the "Pique" was dragged after the "Blanche," the sight was grand.

Yet the crew of the "Pique" maintained the fight,
Oh! most courageously they fought in the dead of night;
And for two hours they kept up firing without dismay,
But it was a sacrifice of human life, they had to give way.

And about five o'clock in the morning the French cried for quarter,
Because on board there had been a great slaughter;
Their Captain Consail was mortally wounded in the fight
Along with many officers and men; oh! it was a heartrending sight
To see the wounded and dead weltering in their gore
After the cannonading had ceased and the fighting was o'er.

THE BATTLE OF GUJRAT

'Twas in the year of 1849, and on the 20th of February,
Lord Gough met and attacked Shere Sing right manfully.
The Sikh Army numbered 40,000 in strength,
And showing a front about two miles length.

It was a glorious morning, the sun was shining in a cloudless sky;
And the larks were singing merrily in the heavens high;
And 'twas about nine o'clock in the morning the battle was begun,
But at the end of three hours the Sikhs were forced to run.

Lord Gough's force was a mixture of European and native infantry,
And well supported with artillery and cavalry;
But the British Army in numbers weren't so strong,
Yet, fearlessly and steadily, they marched along.

Shere Sing, the King, had taken up a position near the town,
And as he gazed upon the British Army he did frown;
But Lord Gough ordered the troops to commence the battle,
With sixty big guns that loudly did rattle.

The Sikhs were posted on courses of deep water,
But the British in a short time soon did them scatter.
Whilst the British cannonading loudly hums,
And in the distance were heard the enemy's drums.

The the Sikhs began to fight with their artillery,
But their firing didn't work very effectively;
Then the British lines advanced on them right steadily,
Which was a most inspiring sight to see.

Then the order was given to move forward to attack,
And again- and again- through fear the enemy drew back.
Then Penny's brigade, with a ringing cheer, advanced briskly,
And charged with their bayonets very heriocrally.

Then the Sikhs caught the bayonets with their left hand,
And rushed in with their swords, the scene was heroic and grand.
Whilst they slashed and cut with great dexterity,
But the British charge was irresistible, they had to flee.

And with 150 men they cleared the village of every living thing,
And with British cheers the village did ring;
And the villagers in amazement and terror fled,
Because the streets and their houses were strewn with their dead.

The chief attack was made on the enemy's right
By Colin Campbell's brigade— a most magnificent sight.
Though they were exposed to a very galling fire,
But at last the Sikhs were forced to retire.

And in their flight everything was left behind,
And the poor Sikhs were of all comfort bereft,
Because their swords, cannon, drums, and waggons were left behind,
Therefore little pleasure could they find.

Then Shere Sing fled in great dismay,
But Lord Gough pursued him without delay,
And captured him a few miles away;
And now the Sikhs are our best soldiers of the present day,
Because India is annexed to the British Dominions, and they must obey.

THE ASHANTEE WAR, THE FALL OF COOMASSIE

'Twas in the year of 1874, and on New Year's Day,
The British Army landed at Elmina without dismay,
And numbering in all, 1400 bayonets strong,
And all along the Cape Coast they fearlessly marched along,
Under the command of Sir Garnet Wolseley, a hero bold,
And an honour to his King and country, be it told.

And between them and Coomassie, lay a wilderness of jungle,
But they marched on boldly without making a stumble,
And under a tropical sun, upwards of an hundred miles,
While their bayonets shone bright as they marched on in files.

Coomassie had to be reached and King Coffee's power destroyed,
And, before that was done the British were greatly annoyed,
Lieutenant Lord Gifford, with his men gained the Crest of the Adenisi Hills,
And when they gained the top, with joy their hearts fills.

Sir John McLeod was appointed General of the Black Brigade;
And a great slaughter of the enemy they made,
And took possession of an Ashantee village,
And fought like lions in a fearful rage.

While the British troops most firmly stood,
And advanced against a savage horde concealed in a wood,
Yet the men never flinched, but entered the wood fearlessly,
And all at once the silence was broken by a roar of musketry.

And now the fight began in real earnest,
And the Black Watch men resolved to do their best,
While the enemy were ambushed in the midst of the wood,
Yet the Highlanders their ground firmly stood.

And the roar of the musketry spread through the jungle,
Still the men crept on without making a stumble,

And many of the Black Watch fell wounded and dead,
And Major Macpherson was wounded, but he rallied his men without dread.

The battle raged for five hours, but the Highlanders were gaining ground,
Until the bagpipes struck up their wild clarion sound,
Then the dusky warriors fled in amazement profound,
Because their comrades were falling on every side around.

Sir Archibald Alison led on the Highland Brigade,
And great havoc amongst the enemy they made,
And village after village they captured and destroyed,
Until King Coffee lost heart and felt greatly annoyed.

Sir John McLeod took the command of his own regiment,
And with a swinging pace into the jaws of death they went,
Fearlessly firing by companies in rotation,
Add dashed into a double zone of Fire without hesitation.

And in that manner the Black Watch pressed onward,
And the enemy were powerless their progress to retard,
Because their glittering bayonets were brought into play,
And panic stricken the savage warriors fled in great dismay.

Then Sir Garnet Wolseley with his men entered Coomassie at night,
Supported by half the rifles and Highlanders- a most beautiful sight,
And King Coffee and his army had fled,
And thousands of his men on the field were left dead.

And King Coffee, he was crushed at last,
And the poor King felt very downcast,
And his sorrow was really profound,
When he heard that Coomassie was burned to the ground.

Then the British embarked for England without delay,
And with joy their hearts felt gay,
And by the end of March they reached England,
And the reception they received was very grand.

MCGONAGALL'S ODE TO THE KING

Oh! God, I thank Thee for restoring King Edward the Seventh's health again,
And let all his subjects throughout the Empire say Amen;
May God guard him by night and day,
At home and abroad, when he's far away.

May angels guard his bed at night when he lies down,
And may his subjects revere him, and on him do not frown;
May he be honoured by them at home and abroad,
And may he always be protected by the Eternal God.

My blessing on his noble form, and on his lofty head,
May all good angels guard him while living and when dead;
And when the final hour shall come to summons him away,
May his soul be wafted to the realms of bliss I do pray.

Long may he reign, happy and serene,
Also his Queen most beautiful to be seen;
And may God guard his family by night and day,
That they may tread in the paths of virtue and not go astray.

May God prosper King Edward the Seventh wherever he goes,
May he always reign victorious over his foes;
Long may he be spared to wear the British Crown,
And may God be as a hedge around him at night when he lies down;
May God inspire him with wisdom, and long may he reign
As Emperor of India and King Edward the VII. –Amen.

THE CORONATION OF KING EDWARD THE VII

'Twas in the year of 1902, and on August the 9th, a beautiful day,
That thousands of people came from far away,
All in a state of excitement and consternation,
Resolved to see King Edward the VII's coronation.

Westminster Abbey doors were opened at Seven o'clock,
Then the people and invited guests began to flock,
And one of the first to arrive was Mr. Seddon,
Resplendent in his Privy Councillor's uniform,
Which did his body magnificently adorn.

There were judges in white wigs sat in the front row,
Accompanied by their wives, which made a grand show,
And the Maharajahs, with dazzling robes, were grand to behold,
glittering with diamonds and silver and cloth of gold.

When the seats were all occupied, I must confess
The scene was dazzling to see. The ladies in full dress,
Glittering with jewels and pearls and golden brocade,
The scene was fascinating, and on the guests a deep impression made.

It was some time before the procession began to arrive,
And each one in the crowd hard did strive,
And craned their necks with great anxiety,
All anxious to see King Edward the VII in pomp and pageantry.

The coronation ceremony was really very grand,
There were countesses present, and duchesses from many a foreign land,
All dressed in costly dresses, glittering with diamonds and gold,
Oh, the scene was most beautiful to behold!

And, from without the Abbey, cheering was distinctly heard,
Which showed that the people for the King had great regard,

For with one voice they cried, God Save the King!
Then the band struck up the National Anthem, which made the streets ring.

Then the standard-bearers lowered their flags as the King did arrive,
Then the crowd of people there forcibly did strive
To see their noble King, as he passed along,
But few people saw him, the crowd was so throng.

After the standard-bearers came four Knights of the Garter right jauntily,
And conspicuous among whom were Lord Rosebery
And Lord Spencer, the tall red Earl looking very airy,
And Mr. Balfour followed as Lord Privy Seal, and walking side by side
With the Duke of Devonshire, in whom he could confide.

The Queen, from first to last, was the crowning glory of the ceremony,
Her beauty, her grace, her exquisite dress was lovely to see,
And her train of crimson and gold was borne by eight gentlemen,
Which certainly was a great honour conferred upon them.

And the Duchess of Buccleuch brought up the rear without delay,
Which was the most lovely picture witnessed in the Abbey that day,
And as she entered, the choir boys cried, Long Live the Queen!
The scene was so fascinating and thrilling to be seen.

King Edward throughout the ceremony seemed quite content,
And when the Archbishop administered the oath of good government
The King's response was "I am willing," must have been heard down the
nave,
So said the King without fear, his courage was brave.

And as the Archbishop approached to put the crown on his head,
A silence fell on the great congregation, as of the dead,
Because they saw the Archbishop seemed pale and shaky with dread,
And felt unable to put the crown on the King's head,
But the King saw what was wrong, but he didn't frown,
And with the aid of his own hands he put on the crown.

And oh! what a majestic appearance, but he didn't flinch,
And in his royal robes of state he looked the King every inch,

Then the Heir-apparent and the princes passed His Majesty,
That incident was the most touching of the ceremony,
Then the King took the Prince by the hand and pressed it warmly,
And kissed him lovingly on cheek and brow, which was beautiful to see.

When Queen Alexandra was being crowned she looked lovely and gay,
And the ceremony took only a few minutes' delay,
And the King permitted the Archbishop to retire to his chair,
Likewise the Primate felt very weak, he was well aware.

Then came the Queen, wearing her crown, and carrying a sceptre in one
hand
And an ivory rod in the other, which looked very grand,
Then walks towards the King, and bowed herself reverently,
Then the King returns the salutation with respectful dignity.

Then the King and Queen walked to the altar in silence profound,
Then the harmony of the choir and organ began to sound,
Then the King and Queen removed their crowns and knelt side by side,
Then the Archbishop prayed to God to be their Guide.

Then at the close of that solemn rite they both put on their crowns,
And take their sceptres in their hands, while neither of them frowns,
Then robed in purple and velvet, they prepare to take their departure,
The Queen goes first, and the King follows after.

Then the King entered his beautiful coach, the sides were made of glass,
Especially made so that his subjects might see him pass,
And he seated himself by his Queen, most lovely and gay,
Then the royal coach was driven by eight beautiful bays away.

And the people cried, Long Live King Edward and his beautiful Queen!
Declaring such a sight they had never seen,
And which they would remember for many a day,
Because they had seen their King and Queen on Coronation day.

BEAUTIFUL TORQUAY

All ye lovers of the picturesque, away
To beautiful Torquay and spend a holiday
'Tis health for invalids for to go there
To view the beautiful scenery and inhale the fragrant air,
Especially in the winter and spring-time of the year,
When the weather is not too hot, but is balmy and clear.

Torquay lies in a very deep and well-sheltered spot,
And at first sight by strangers it won't be forgot;
'Tis said to be the mildest place in ah England,
And surrounded by lofty hills most beautiful and grand.

Twas here that William of Orange first touched English ground,
And as he viewed the beautiful spot his heart with joy did rebound;
And an obelisk marks the spot where he did stand,
And which for long will be remembered throughout England.

Torquay, with its pier and its diadem of white,
Is a moat beautiful and very dazzling sight,
With its white villas glittering on the sides of its green hills,
And as the tourist gases thereon with joy his heart fills.

The heights around Torquay are most beautiful to be seen,
Especially when the trees and shrubberies are green,
And to see the pretty houses under the cliff is a treat,
And the little town enclosed where two deep valleys meet.

There is also a fine bathing establishment near the pier,
Where the tourist can bathe without any fear;
And as the tourists there together doth stroll,
I advise them to visit a deep chasm called Daddy's Hole.

Then there's Bablicome, only two miles from Torquay,
Which will make the stranger's heart feel gay,

As he stands on the cliff four hundred feet above the sea,
Looking down, 'tis sure to fill his heart with ecstasy.

The lodging-houses at Bablicome are magnificent to be seen,
And the accommodation there would suit either king or queen,
And there's some exquisite cottages embowered in the woodland,
And sloping down to the sea shore, is really very grand.

You do not wonder at Napoleon's exclamation
As he stood on the deck of the "Bellerophon," in a fit of admiration,
When the vessel was lying to windbound,
He exclaimed – "Oh, what a beautiful country!" his joy was profound.

And as the tourist there in search of beautiful spots doth rove,
Let them not forget to enquire for Anstey's Cove,
And there they will see a beautiful beach of milky white,
And the sight will fill their hearts with delight.

Oh! beautiful Torquay, with your lovely scenery,
And your magnificent cottages sloping down to the sea,
You are the most charming spot in all England,
With your picturesque bay and villas most grand.

And, in conclusion, to tourists I will say,
Off! off to Torquay and make no delay,
For the scenery is magnificent, and salubrious the air,
And 'tis good for the health to reside there.

DROGHEDA AND ITS SURROUNDINGS

The town of Drogheda is situated on the river Boyne, a few miles from the sea,
And is its head-quarters for the exploration of its scenery;
And portions of its ancient walls and two gate towers remain,
And one of them is quite perfect – St. Laurence by name.

The west gate is in a good state of preservation,
And is well worth the tourist's observation,
Because it will stir in him great admiration,
And raise his spirits to a great elevation.

The ruined Church of St. Mary I must mention,
The tower of which is very fine and worthy of attention,
A structure dating from the fourteenth century,
And deserves special notice, because it is wonderful to see.

Then there's King William's Glen and the Boyne valley to be seen,
The spot where King William's troops charged across the stream;
And an imposing obelisk is there, which marks the spot
Where the Battle of the Boyne was fought, which will never be forgot.

And as the tourist for beautiful spots there doth range
I advise him to view the chambered Tumulus of New Grange,
And there he will see remarkable caves, wonderful to be seen,
And in the summer-time the entrance is beautiful with shrubberies green.

The Monastery of Mellifont is most wonderful to see,
And will repay the tourist who visits the locality,
For within the enclosure is a tower standing 110 feet high,
Which arrests the attention of strangers while passing by.

Then there's the celebrated Hill of Slane,
Which is a very great height and of historical fame,

Because on Easter Eve St. Patrick lighted the paschal fire
And worshipped God there to his heart's desire.

Then the tourist should visit the Castle of Dunmoe,
And the scene there will drive from him all woe;
And spend a day or two in visiting Tara and Bective Abbey,
For around there is some great curiosities to see.

Then there's Lough Erne, most beautiful to be seen,
And dotted with beautifully wooded isles, charming and green,
And freely thrown open for public inspection
For the visitor's amusement, and to which the proprietor has no objection.

There the tourist will find comfortable accommodation,
And nothing short of pleasant recreation;
For there's boating and fishing if the tourist wishes,
Which will be excellent sport while catching the big and little fishes.

Then ye lovers of beautiful scenery away! away!
To Drogheda, in Ireland, and have a holiday,
And view the romantic scenery and inhale pure air,
Emanating from the sea and wild flowers and woodlands there.

THE BATTLE OF INKERMANN

'Twas in the year of 1854, and on the 5th November,
Which Britain will no doubt long remember,
When the Russians plotted to drive the British army into the sea,
But at the bayonet charge the British soon made them flee.

With fourteen hundred British, fifteen thousand Russians were driven back,
At half-past seven o'clock in the morning they made the attack,
But the Grenadiers and Scottish Fusilier Guards, seven hundred strong,
Moved rapidly and fearlessly all along.

And their rifles were levelled ready for a volley,
But the damp had silenced their fire which made the men feel melancholy,
But the Russians were hurled down the ravine in a disordered mass
At the charge of the bayonet— an inspiring sight!— nothing could it surpass.

General Cathcart thought he could strike a blow at an unbroken Russian line;
Oh! the scene was really very sublime,
Because hand to hand they fought with a free will,
And with one magnificent charge they hurled the Russians down the hill.

But while General Cathcart without any dread
Was collecting his scattered forces, he fell dead,
Pierced to the heart with a Russian ball,
And his men lamented sorely his downfall.

While the Duke of Cambridge with the colours of two Regiments of Guards
Presses forward, and no obstacle his courage retards,
And with him about one hundred men,
And to keep up their courage he was singing a hymn to them.

Then hand to hand they fought the Russians heroically,
Which was a most inspiring sight to see;
Captain Burnaby with thirteen Guardsmen fighting manfully,
And they drove the Russians down the hillside right speedily.

The French and Zouaves aided the British in the fight,
And they shot down and killed the Russians left and right,
And the Chasseurs also joined in the fight,
And the Russians fell back in great afright.

Then the Russians tried again and again
To drive the British from the slopes of Inkermann, but all in vain,
For the French and British beat them back without dismay,
Until at last the Russians had to give way.

And the French and British fought side by side
Until the Russians no longer the bayonet charge could abide,
And the Russians were literally scorched by the musketry fire,
And in a short time the Russians were forced to retire.

Then the British and the French pursued them into the depths of the ravine,
Oh! it was a grand sight– the scene was really sublime–
And at half-past one o'clock the Russians were defeated,
And from the field of Inkermann they sullenly retreated.

Then the Battle of Inkermann was won,
And from the field the Russians were forced to run,
But the loss of the British was terrible to behold;
The dead lay in heaps stiff and cold,
While thousands of Russians were dying with no one to aid them,
Alas! Pitiful to relate, thousands of innocent men.

THE BATTLE OF TOULOUSE

'Twas in the year of 1814, and on April the 10th day,
That Wellington with the British army came in grand array,
Prepared to attack the city of Toulouse without dismay,
And his heavy guns he planted there without delay.

Wellington called in his divisions and brought up nine thousand Spaniards
strong,
And followed the retreating French, harassing them all along,
And the position held by Soult was ridges two miles in length,
And fortified by redoubts and of very great strength.

General Soult led on the French without dismay,
But the British and Spanish armies soon made them give way,
For Picton and Allan with the Portuguese advanced to the canal,
And smote the French with ringing volleys of musketry which did them
appal.

The British and Spanish armies advanced in grand array
In a kind of semi-circle, and they made a beautiful display
As they marched on boldly and a heroic charge they made,
For they swept the French before them in the face of a heavy cannonade.

Oh! it was a fearful and melancholy sight
To see innocent men shooting each other with all their might,
While heavy cannon balls the earth uptore,
And the dead and the dying lay weltering in their gore.

The French kept shouting, "Vive L'Empereur," as their battle-cry,
But the British sent a shower of rockets which made them fly,
And terror-stricken they retreated without delay
To their positions on the heights in great dismay.

Then Lambert's division dashed fearlessly up the slope,
But the French against his division couldn't cope,

And musketry fire blazed from rank to rank, and General Taupin fell dead,
And Lambert's brigade drove the French from the heights without any
dread.

Then the French cavalry charged, but all in vain,
But Lambert's brigade repulsed them again and again,
And the French were fighting on three sides of a square,
While their derisive shouts did rend the air.

And the French on every side were falling back,
But General Soult rallied his men for a last attack,
Then the 42nd and 79th Highlanders joined in the fight,
And at the charge of the bayonet they scattered them left and right.

Then the Spaniards were rallied and they made a fresh attack,
And at every point and turning, the French were driven back,
And to continue the fight longer Soult thought it no use,
And he abandoned the heights and fell back into the city of Toulouse.

And on that night he evacuated the city without delay,
And retired with the main body of his army in disordered array,
Leaving behind four Generals and sixteen thousand men,
As prisoners confined there like sheep in a pen.

Thus ended the long war, and the French were disbanded,
And the British soldiers were sent home again and all safely landed,
And mothers, sisters, and brothers were glad to see them again,
While many of them couldn't from tears refrain.

THE CITY OF SLIGO, AND ITS ADJACENT SURROUNDINGS

Beautiful City of Sligo, most charming to be seen,
With your lovely Glencar Lake and shrubberies green;
Situated in the centre of a richly wooded plain,
Where the tourist can enjoy himself while he does there remain.

While on one side is Lough Gill, which is very grand,
Which is equal to any lake in Ireland,
And row boats can be had for exploring the lake at Sligo,
And the tourists hearts will feel gay while on it they do row.

Then there's the seat of the Honourable John A. Wynne,
Which is famous for its timber being so very fine;
The domain is certainly very lovely and grand,
And is one of the finest estates in Ireland.

The ruins of Sligo Abbey are behind the Imperial Hotel,
And the principal building is the Roman Catholic Cathedral;
Then there's Glencar, where there's a waterfall 300 feet in height,
And as the tourist gazes thereon it will his heart delight.

The visitors are told in Sligo the water runs up hill,
And when told so with wonder their hearts does fill;
The fact is when the wind blows south the water doesn't fall,
And strange thoughts to the minds of the tourists it does recall.

Then the tourist can go by steamer or car 5 miles away
From Sligo to Rosses Point, and spend the day
At golf, there's a good golf course there,
And there the tourist can enjoy himself free from care.

The golf course there is most beautiful to be seen,
And most suitable for the game, its so level and green,
Whilst the pure air will strengthen them while at play,
And help to drive from their hearts dull care away.

Then there's Bundoran, a most charming spot,
Which once seen by tourists will never be forgot;
There the tourist if he wishes can have excellent sport,
And there tourists from foreign lands often resort.

The scenery there is magnificent to be seen,
When the trees and fields wear their livery of green,
And the blackbird and thrush there doth sing,
Making the woodlands with their musical notes to ring.

Then there's splendid fishing can be had on Loughs Melvin and Macnean,
And the trouts caught there are most beautiful to be seen;
And a few miles from Bundoran is the best fishing centre in Ireland,
And the scenery there is enchanting and grand.

Then, then! ye sons of toil, away! away!
To Sligo in Ireland, and have a holiday,
And climb the green hills and ramble through forests fair,
It will strengthen your bodies and drive away dull care.

MONTROSE

Beautiful town of Montrose, I will now commence my lay,
And I will write in praise of thee without dismay,
And in spite of all your foes,
I will venture to call thee Bonnie Montrose.
Your beautiful Chain Bridge is magnificent to be seen,
Spanning the river Esk, a beautiful tidal stream,
Which abounds with trout and salmon,
Which can be had for the catching without any gammon.

Then as for the Mid Links, it is most beautiful to be seen,
And I'm sure is a very nice bowling green,
Where young men can enjoy themselves and inhale the pure air,
Emanating from the sea and the beautiful flowers there,
And as for the High Street, it's most beautiful to see,
There's no street can surpass it in the town of Dundee,
Because it is so long and wide,
That the people can pass on either side
Without jostling one another or going to any bother.

Beautiful town of Montrose, near by the seaside,
With your fine shops and streets so wide,
'Tis health for the people that in you reside,
Because they do inhale the pure fragrant air,
Emanating from the pure salt wave and shrubberies growing there;
And the inhabitants of Montrose ought to feel gay,
Because it is one of the bonniest towns in Scotland at the present day.

THE BATTLE OF CULLODEN, A HISTORICAL POEM

'T WAS in the year of 1746, and in April the 14th day,
That Prince Charles Stuart and his army marched on without delay,
And on the 14th of April they encamped on Culloden Moor,
But the army felt hungry, and no food could they procure.

And the calls of hunger could not brook delay,
So they resolved to have food, come what may;
They, poor men, were hungry and in sore distress,
And many of them, as well as officers, slipped off to Inverness.

The Prince gave orders to bring provisions to the field,
Because he knew without food his men would soon yield
To the pangs of hunger, besides make them feel discontent,
So some of them began to search the neighbourhood for refreshment.

And others, from exhaustion, lay down on the ground,
And soon in the arms of Morpheus they were sleeping sound;
While the Prince and some of his officers began to search for food,
And got some bread and whisky, which they thought very good.

The Highland army was drawn up in three lines in grand array,
All eager for the fray in April the 16th day,
Consisting of the Athole Brigade, who made a grand display
On the field of Culloden on that ever-memorable day.

Likewise the Camerons, Stewarts, and Macintoshes, Maclachlans and
Macleans,
And John Roy Stewart's regiment, united into one, these are their names;
Besides the Macleods, Chisholms, Macdonalds of Clanranald and Glengarry,
Also the noble chieftain Keppoch, all eager the English to harry.

The second line of the Highland army formed in column on the right,
Consisting of the Gordons, under Lord Lewis Gordon, ready for the fight;

Besides the French Royal Scots, the Irish Piquets or Brigade,
Also Lord Kilmamock's Foot Guards, and a grand show they made.

Lord John Drummond's regiment and Glenbucket's were flanked on the
right

By Fitz-James's Dragoons and Lord Elcho's Horse Guards, a magnificent
sight;

And on the left by the Perth squadron under Lord Strathallan,
A fine body of men, and resolved to fight to a man.

And there was Pitsligo, and the Prince's body guards under Lord Balmerino,
And the third line was commanded by General Stapleton, a noble hero;
Besides, Lord Ogilvie was in command of the third line or reserve,
Consisting of the Duke of Perth's regiment and Lord Ogilvy's— men of firm
nerve.

The Prince took his station on a very small eminence,
Surrounded by a troop of Fitz-James's horse for his defence,
Where he had a complete view of the whole field of battle,
Where he could see the front line and hear the cannons rattle.

Both armies were about the distance of a mile from each other,
All ready to commence the fight, brother against brother,
Each expecting that the other would advance
To break a sword in combat, or shiver a lance.

To encourage his men the Duke of Cumberland rode along the line,
Addressing himself hurriedly to every regiment, which was really sublime;
Telling his men to use their bayonets, and allow the Highlanders to mingle
with them,
And look terror to the rebel foe, and have courage, my men.

Then Colonel Belford of the Duke's army opened fire from the front line,
After the Highlanders had been firing for a short time;
The Duke ordered Colonel Belford to continue the cannonade,
To induce the Highlanders to advance, because they seemed afraid.

And with a cannon-ball the Prince's horse was shot above the knee,
So that Charles had to change him for another immediately;

And one of his servants who led the horse was killed on the spot,
Which by Prince Charles Stuart was never forgot.

'Tis said in history, before the battle began
The Macdonalds claimed the right as their due of leading the van,
And because they wouldn't be allowed, with anger their hearts did burn,
Because Bruce conferred that honour upon the Macdonalds at the Battle of
Bannockburn.

And galled beyond endurance by the fire of the English that day,
Which caused the Highlanders to cry aloud to be led forward without delay,
Until at last the brave Clan Macintosh rushed forward without dismay,
While with grape-shot from a side battery hundreds were swept away.

Then the Athole Highlanders and the Camerons rushed in sword in hand,
And broke through Barrel's and Monro's regiments, a sight most grand;
After breaking through these two regiments they gave up the contest,
Until at last they had to retreat after doing their best.

Then, stung to the quick, the brave Keppoch, who was abandoned by his
clan,
Boldly advanced with his drawn sword in hand, the brave man.
But, alas! he was wounded by a musket-shot, which he manfully bore,
And in the fight he received another shot, and fell to rise no more.

Nothing could be more disastrous to the Prince that day,
Owing to the Macdonalds refusing to join in the deadly fray;
Because if they had all shown their wonted courage that day,
The proud Duke of Cumberland's army would have been forced to run away.

And, owing to the misconduct of the Macdonalds, the Highlanders had to
yield,
And General O'Sullivan laid hold of Charles's horse, and led him off the field,
As the whole army was now in full retreat,
And with the deepest concern the Prince lamented his sore defeat.

Prince Charles Stuart, of fame and renown,
You might have worn Scotland's crown,
If the Macdonalds and Glengarry at Culloden had proved true;

But, being too ambitious for honour, that they didn't do,
Which, I am sorry to say, proved most disastrous to you,
Looking to the trials and struggles you passed through.

THE BATTLE OF SHERIFFMUIR, A HISTORICAL POEM

'T WAS in the year 1715, and on the 10th of November,
Which the people of Scotland have cause to remember;
On that day the Earl of Mar left Perth bound for Sheriffmuir,
At the same time leaving behind a garrison under Colonel Balfour.

Besides leaving a force of about three thousand men quartered in different
parts of Fife,
To protect the people's property, and quell party strife,
The army along with him amounted to three thousand foot and twelve
hundred cavalry,
All in the best of order, a most pleasant sight to see.

The two armies bivouacked near Sheriffmuir during the night,
And around their camp-fires they talked concerning the coming fight.
The Duke of Argyle's English army numbered eight thousand strong,
Besides four hundred horse, posted in the rear all along.

And the centre of the first line was composed of ten battalions of foot,
Consisting of about four thousand, under the command of Clanranald and
Glengarry to boot;
And at the head of these battalions Sir John Maclean and Brigadier Ogilvie,
And the two brothers of Sir Donald Macdonald of Sleat, all in high glee.

The Marquis of Huntly's squadron of horse was also there;
Likewise the Stirling squadron, carrying the Chevalier's standard, I do
declare;
And the Perthshire squadron formed the left wing,
And with their boisterous shouts they made the welkin ring.

The centre of the second line consisted of eight battalions of infantry,
And three of the Earl of Seaforth's foot, famous for their bravery;
There were also two battalions of the Marquis of Huntly,
Besides the Earl of Panmure's battalion, all men of high degree.

And those of the Marquis of Tullibardine, commanded by the Viscount of Strathallan,
 And of Logie Almond, and likewise Robertson of Strowan;
 Besides two squadrons of horse under the Earl Marischal,
 And the Angus squadron was on the left: these include them all.

During this formation, the Duke of Argyle was watching all the time,
 But owing to the ground occupied by them he couldn't see their line,
 Which was unfortunately obstructed by the brow of a hill,
 At the thought thereof the Duke's heart with fear did fill.

The hill was occupied by a party of Earl Mar's troops looking towards Dunblane,
 Which the Earl of Mar no doubt resolved to maintain;
 Then the Duke returned to the army, and ordered the drums to beat,
 But an hour elapsed before his army were ready Mar's to meet.

As soon as the Earl of Mar perceived Argyle's line was partially formed,
 He gave orders that Argyle's army should be instantly stormed.
 Then Mar placed himself at the head of the clans, and led forward his men,
 As a noble hero would do, which no one can condemn.

Then he pulled off his hat, which he waved in his right hand,
 And when he arrived within pistol-shot the Highlanders made a bold stand,
 And they poured in a volley upon the English infantry,
 And to the dismay of the Highlanders the English returned fire instantly.

And to the horror of the Highlanders Alan Muidartach was wounded mortally,
 Then he was carried off the field, a most pitiful sight to see;
 And as his men clustered around him they stood aghast,
 And before he died he told them to hold their posts fast.

While lamenting the death of the Captain of Clanranald most pitifully,
 Glengarry at this juncture sprang forward right manfully,
 And throwing his bonnet into the air, he cried, heroically,
 Revenge! revenge! revenge to-day ! and mourning to-morrow ye shall see!

No sooner had he pronounced these words than the Highlanders rushed forward, sword in hand,
Upon the royal battalions with the utmost fury, which they could not withstand,
And with their broadswords among the enemy they spread death and dismay,
Until the three battalions of Argyle's left wing instantly gave way.

Then a complete rout ensued, and the Earl of Mar pursued them half-a-mile;
Then he ordered his men to halt and rest a while,
Until he should put them into order right speedily,
Then follow the enemy at the double-march and complete the victory.

Then the Highlanders chased them and poured in a volley,
Besides they hewed them down with their broadswords mercilessly;
But somehow both armies got mixed together, and a general rout ensued,
While the Highlanders eagerly the English army hotly pursued.

The success on either side is doubtful to this day,
And all that can be said is, both armies ran away;
And on whichsoever side success lay it was toward the Government,
And to allay all doubts about which party won, we must feel content.

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