

The Poetical Works of Susannah Hawkins

Susannah Hawkins

Table of Contents

<u>The Poetical Works of Susannah Hawkins</u>	1
<u>Susannah Hawkins</u>	2
<u>TO THE MOST NOBLE THE MARCHIONESS OF QUEENSBERRY</u>	3
<u>POEMS</u>	4
<u>THE PRAISE OF B ——</u>	6
<u>THE DEATH OF THOMAS STODDART</u>	9
<u>THE FALSE SWEARER</u>	15
<u>THE LOSS OF MAN'S HAPPINESS</u>	17
<u>TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD</u>	19
<u>ADDRESS TO DOGGERELS</u>	20
<u>SELF-CONCEIT</u>	22
<u>A FEW LINES ON A GENTLEMAN AND LADY</u>	23
<u>LINES ON A YOUNG GENTLEMAN</u>	26
<u>GUILT AND INNOCENCE</u>	27
<u>THE UNCERTAINTY OF HAPPINESS</u>	28
<u>ART AND NATURE</u>	29
<u>LINES ON A GENTLEMAN'S SON</u>	33
<u>PASSION AND REASON</u>	35
<u>ADDRESS TO SATAN</u>	38
<u>THE MISER'S GLUNDIE WIFE</u>	41
<u>A LETTER TO A BROTHER</u>	43
<u>ON THE DEATH OF PRINCESS CHARLOTTE</u>	45
<u>THE DEATH OF OUR LATE KING</u>	47
<u>A FEW LINES CONCERNING THE WEATHER, IN 1818</u>	48
<u>ON THE WEATHER, 1819</u>	50
<u>THE SEASONS OF THE YEAR COMPARED TO THE LIFE OF MAN</u>	52
<u>A HYMN</u>	54
<u>LINES ON THE ROYAL FAMILY</u>	56
<u>VIRTUE AND VICE</u>	57
<u>SONGS</u>	61
<u>A SHEPHERD'S SONG</u>	62
<u>SONG</u>	63
<u>BANKS OF MILK</u>	64
<u>SONG</u>	65
<u>CUPID'S GARDEN</u>	66
<u>FAIR NEWBIE</u>	67

The Poetical Works of Susannah Hawkins

Susannah Hawkins

This page copyright © 2002 Blackmask Online.

<http://www.blackmask.com>

- TO THE MOST NOBLE THE MARCHIONESS OF QUEENSBERRY
- POEMS.
- THE PRAISE OF B -----.
- THE DEATH OF THOMAS STODDART.
- THE FALSE SWEARER.
- THE LOSS OF MAN'S HAPPINESS.
- TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD.
- ADDRESS TO DOGGERELS.
- SELF-CONCEIT.
- A FEW LINES ON A GENTLEMAN AND LADY.
- LINES ON A YOUNG GENTLEMAN.
- GUILT AND INNOCENCE.
- THE UNCERTAINTY OF HAPPINESS.
- ART AND NATURE.
- LINES ON A GENTLEMAN'S SON.
- PASSION AND REASON.
- ADDRESS TO SATAN.
- THE MISER'S GLUNDIE WIFE.
- A LETTER TO A BROTHER.
- ON THE DEATH OF PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.
- THE DEATH OF OUR LATE KING.
- A FEW LINES CONCERNING THE WEATHER, IN 1818.
- ON THE WEATHER, 1819.
- THE SEASONS OF THE YEAR COMPARED TO THE LIFE OF MAN.
- A HYMN.
- LINES ON THE ROYAL FAMILY.
- VIRTUE AND VICE.
- SONGS.
- A SHEPHERD'S SONG.
- SONG.
- BANKS OF MILK.
- SONG.
- CUPID'S GARDEN.
- FAIR NEWBIE.

**TO THE
MOST NOBLE
THE
MARCHIONESS OF QUEENSBERRY**

MY LADY,

A Scottish Poetess, highly favoured with the patronage of your exalted name, humbly dedicates the following pages to your Ladyship. I was born near the famed camp of Burnswark, where the brave Caledonians fought against the Romans. 'Twas there, tending my master's cattle, the Muse first inspired me with a wish to sing the praises of the great God, who favoured my country with the light of truth, a righteous king, and just laws; likewise the beauties of nature, love, admiration, and curiosity. She likewise whispered in my ear to keep by the Protestant Faith—the Established Religion of the kingdom—to look around me, and Nature would tell me I had but one God to serve, and one faith to believe.

These, my Lady, were the feelings which prompted me to write the following verses. Unaccustomed, as I am, to address a Lady of your elevated rank, I trust you will overlook the blunt and unsophisticated manner in which I have taken the liberty of addressing your Ladyship. With heartfelt thanks, I am,

My Lady,

Your obliged humble servant,

SUSANNAH HAWKINS.

POEMS.

EACH morn in June, at Phoebus' rise,
The air serene, and clear the skies;
What lustre o'er the earth then flies
With golden ray;
The darksome night its power denies,
Gives place to day.

The earth doth then right gay appear—
A flowery mantle she doth wear;
The fruitful trees do blossoms bear,
Their leaves so green;
Being all surcharged with evening tear,
Fair to be seen.

Virtue more beautiful doth shine,
Her flow'ry paths are more divine,
And more delightful to the min',
That's filled with love;
Whose heart with gratitude incline
To powers above.

A noble lady, rich and gay,
Who walks in virtue's flow'ry way,
Like Phoebus with his golden ray,
A beam doth shine;
In darksome night or cloudy day,
Doth not resign.

The Marchioness of Queensberry,
A duke's daughter of high degree,
The noble Marquis's Lady,
Of great renown,
Come of a noble family,
True to the Crown.

The brave Buccleuch of ancient fame,
The valiant Douglas is the same,
Through Britain their renowned name,
Being lords of state;
Of noble ancestors they came,

The Poetical Works of Susannah Hawkins

Whose fame is great.

She to the poor is always kind,
To them she bears tender mind,
Tho' few to equal her can find
For charity;
For tenderness her heart doth bind
If them she see.

May Heaven, upon that Lady gay,
Pour down a blessing every day,
That while she lives, that still she may,
Be blessed from high;
With angels join a solemn lay,
After she dies.

THE PRAISE OF B —.

GAY Annandale, with fields so fair,
And pleasant hills, and valleys there;
Resounding groves, none can compare,
When nature crowns;
They join the warblers in the air,
With vocal sounds.

But Hoddam parish is her pride,
With Burnswark hill on her north side;
'Tis Scotland's beauty, England's guide,
To Annandale;
And ships that's coming in the tide,
With favouring gale.

When nature openeth her arms,
And smiling shews her beauteous charms;
Her bosom nourishes and warms
The plant and flower;
Likewise her pleasant voice alarms
The shady bower.

Then Burnswark hill in beauty blows,
Bespangled with each flower that grows;
Far sweeter than the blooming rose,
When it's new blown;
And pure the crystal stream that flows
From springs thereon.

When Phoebus riseth with his power,
His golden beams adorn each hour;
And openeth the budding flower,
That decks the fell;
Each dewy morn or gentle shower,
Has a sweet smell.

When Nature turns herself around,
And casts her verdure to the ground;
The scowling of the air resound,
To lay her low;
On Burnswark hill pleasures abound,
When clad with snow.

The Poetical Works of Susannah Hawkins

On the south side, three knowes so gay,
Around them camps, which people say,
In former war, the armies lay,
For battle there;
When each king strove to won the day,
And honour share.

Great Britain now in peace doth smile,
Since Wellington did France beguile,
Made them resign in a short while,
At Waterloo;
He there their tyrant did exile,
And him undo.

So gallant is that hero brave,
So valiantly he did behave;
He Britain freed from being a slave,
Pull'd Boney down;
The sceptre unto Louis gave,
Likewise the crown.

The sovereign Power on high who reigns,
Who knows the thoughts of all mankind,
And pours unto the human mind,
What he intends:
And purposes the heart's design,
To work his ends.

He shows great favour to our land,
He all our armies did command,
By means he made them understand,
A second cause;
He gave our foes into our hand,
Under our laws.

Our laws all kingdoms doth excell,
Our lot unto us happy fell,
In vision of the light we dwell,
In our abode;
In France their tyrant, proud rebel,
Denied a God.

Unto our Maker praises sing,
Who gave to us so mild a king,

THE PRAISE OF B —.

The Poetical Works of Susannah Hawkins

And saved us from the deadly sting,
Tho' we offend;
To us no foe can danger bring,
If he defend.

THE DEATH OF THOMAS STODDART.

WHEN stormy winter, cold, did reign,
And Phoebus did his strength resign,
When Cynthia was in her decline,
Being dark at night;
Through gloomy clouds the stars did shine,
And gave their light.

The pleasant dawn with smiling ray,
Which promised us the new born day,
And made the darksome night decay,
Loud crew the cock;
The gentle shepherd took his way,
To view his flock.

He walked Burnswark hill around,
Until his harmless flock he found,
The flowers from off the pasture ground,
Will fade away;
Until the pleasant spring come round,
With milder ray.

Confined below the turf and clod,
The vegetable tribe abode,
He o'er the lifeless fabric trode,
But did not know,
He was to lie below the sod,
Ere long ago.

The fatal hour was drawing nigh,
He quickly to his house did hie,
The rapid moments they did fly,
Which brought the time,
He was by cruelty to die—
A dreadful crime.

A girl came the night before,
To him her case she did deplore;
Her father turn'd her out of door,
It being late,
He sheltered her, and pitied sore
Her wretched fate.

The Poetical Works of Susannah Hawkins

She in the morning rose indeed,
And did the porridge make with speed,
Which did cause many hearts to bleed,
Who did not see;
But to herself took beer and bread,
And let them be.

The shepherd now came from the hill,
Where his last footsteps did fulfil,
He little ween'd they would him kill,
Or do him harm,
His appetite received a fill,
When they were warm.

This girl she took immediately,
Unto his wife, who sick did lie,
Some of these porridge, them to try
If she would sup;
Tho' she was urg'd, she did deny,
That bitter cup.

Then poison did the shepherd seize,
He thought his bed it would him ease,
But being such a sore disease,
No comfort gave;
This poison never did appease,
Till in the grave.

His servant girl all sickly lay,
Her aunt had come a while to stay,
Some of the porridge took away,
Into her room;
Unto the bed where her niece lay,
Which proved her doom.

Upon her bolster they were placed,
She could take few for a bad taste,
And these did vomit up in haste.
And sore was pain'd;
Her Aunt, not willing they should waste,
Took what remained.

Then poison did her seize also,
Upon a bed herself did throw,

The Poetical Works of Susannah Hawkins

She no more able was to go,
Upon the ground;
Her visage dismal was unto
Spectators round.

The girl who made that fatal meal
Pretended sickness, but was heal,
She went to bed, did nothing ail
But policy;
For her pretence not proving real,
Raised jealousy.

The shepherd and his family,
They were all poisoned like to die,
Except his wife, who sick did lie,
Obliged to rise;
To hear their mournful groans and cries,
Did her surprise.

The servant girl's father came,
A brisk young man along with him,
Those that were poisoned looked so grim,
Did soon them fright.
And made them tremble every time,
To see the sight.

The shepherd lying in great pain,
One moment's ease he could not gain,
The sweat did fall like drops of rain
Where he did lie;
To send for help it was in vain,
He soon did die.

They for physicians quickly sent,
But or they came the time was spent,
Death king of terror's bow was bent,
Had aimed his dart;
Ere any skill they could invent,
He pierc'd his heart.

These two physicians did agree
To open him, that they might see
What cut him off so suddenly,
To fulfil law;
Then poison, a great quantity,

THE DEATH OF THOMAS STODDART.

The Poetical Works of Susannah Hawkins

They quickly saw.

The servant girl's aunt did lie,
Some few days after she did die,
Who left two orphans sore to cry,
And her old mother;
In sorrow great they heaved a sigh,
They could not smother.

The suspected they took away,
Upon a dark and dreary day,
To Dumfries prison, where she lay
Until her trial;
For all that they could do or say,
She made denial.

When she before the judge did stand,
That noble lord did give command,
For evidence to come to hand,
One at a time;
And all to let them understand
That wicked crime.

Her advocate did plead full sore,
That he her freedom might restore,
The noble judge had still the more
Another mind;
By evidence in whom, therefore,
The truth did find.

The jury in the room was set,
About the casting vote were met,
The chosen man said she should get,
Her liberty;
These jurymen agreed to let
The panel free.

The noble lord to her did say,
"Upon the earth you're judg'd this day,
But when all earthly things decay,
Ye must appear;
No jury there with you to sway,
And set you free.

The Poetical Works of Susannah Hawkins

"And there no evidence shall see,
The Judge of all will witness be,
He's advocate alone to free,
And plead the cause;
For an impartial judge is he,
And just his laws.

'At his tribunal ye'll appear—
The wicked tremble there with fear,
The guilty will by no means clear,
Condemn he will;
To them in judgment will come near,
That blood do spill.

"But while on earth ye do remain,
Seek ye his pardon soon to gain,
A wounded conscience feels a pain,
And none but he
Can wash away our guilt and stain,
And set us free."

That noble lord of high renown,
Did end his speech, then he sat down;
Against the panel then did frown
The crowd at large;
And to dismiss her from the town
Was a great charge.

She out of prison now has got,
Which happened to be her lot;
Her name will ever bear a blot,
Where'er she go;
While she on earth doth walk about
She'll find a foe.

But who a greater foe can find,
Than rests within a guilty mind?
Within the bosom close confined,
Just like a thief;
The eye of conscience ne'er is blind,
Beholding grief.

May she to paths of virtue flee,
And turn from sin and misery,
And she, a chosen one may be,

The Poetical Works of Susannah Hawkins

At her decease;
And there with all that do her see,
May die in peace.

THE FALSE SWEARER.

WHEN thou, O man! dost make an oath,
Beware and do not lie;
Do not swear falsely by His name,
Who made the earth and sky.

Before that thou express thy words,
Do his assistance crave;
Then he will thee direction give,
And will thy mind relieve.

The man that falsely swears, and doth
In vain his Maker take
To witness his deceitful lies,
That man for fear may quake.

His crime is great, his time's unsure,
One moment but may have;
And no repentance is for him,
When he is in the grave.

He doth the holy law of God
Most wickedly profane;
He doth despise the Saviour,
He takes God's name in vain.

And he his neighbour doth defraud,
Of right that he should have;
That may his guilty conscience wound,
Ere he go to his grave.

Look up, false swearer, and behold
God's marv'lous works on high;
How could'st thou take the matchless Three
To witness a vain lie.

Thy Maker's curse thou may'st expect,
Within thy house to have;
On earth thy punishment may be,
Or thou go to thy grave.

The Poetical Works of Susannah Hawkins

Look down, false swearer, and behold
A place of endless woe;
The wicked are turned into it,
When off the earth they go.

And they that falsely swear, do there
Just punishment receive;
Although their bodies moulder down,
All in the silent grave.

But thou, O man! the wond'rous love
Thy Maker shews to thee!
He made thee lord o'er earthly things,
Chief of them all to be.

He gave his Son for sinners lost,
Who perished them to save;
And when the evil day doth come,
He'll raise them from the grave.

False swearer, do confess thy fault,
To ease thy guilty mind;
Unto thy God for mercy cry,
Whose love is ever kind.

That he may pardon thee at death,
And do thy soul receive;
None else but he can thee assist,
Or from distress relieve.

THE LOSS OF MAN'S HAPPINESS.

AT first, when man received his form,
Nae sin nor guilt did him deform,
In Eden's garden free frae storm,
A lovely flower;
But soon became like a vain worm,
And lost his power

When Satan saw man's happy state,
He thought he soon wad him defeat;
Did wait till he received a mate,
A weaker frame;
Wi' pride, envy, and vile deceit,
To them he came.

He to the woman thus did say,
"If ye these apples eat, ye may
Know good and evil both this day."
In a short space
They both did eat, and did betray
Their unborn race.

And ay since man fell from his joy,
Auld Satan doth himsel' employ,
The human bosom to annoy—
He it beguiles,
Still striving mortals to decoy
Wi' unseen wiles;

Gars guffish men, wi' women battle,
And puts the auld wives' tongues a-fettle;
Against their neebors canna settle,
Tho' th'ave scarce breath;
Canna speak plain what they do ettle,
For want o' teeth.

While others do for mischief strive,
Envy their neebors when they thrive;
To steal and murder, some contrive,
And do prevail;
Sic guests within auld Satan's hive
Will never fail.

The Poetical Works of Susannah Hawkins

Of all the ills that do befall,
Auld Nick is blamed, and ever shall—
He did the infant race enthrall
When time began;
Brought death and trouble on us all,
And weaken'd man.

Ye who love good, when ye do hear
Deceit and wrong, lend not an ear,—
Since man did fall, Satan's career
Still on doth run:
Be virtuous, live in love and fear,
And still him shun.

TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD.

I WALKED one evening on a bank,
While musing in my mind,
I saw Envy spring from a bush,
With Falsehood him behind;
And Cruelty at his right hand,
With bow and arrow keen,
But Falsehood walked behind their back,
Her weapon was not seen.
Envy had armed his spouse and son,
With weapons most severe,
Gave Cruelty a bow and dart,
And Falsehood a sharp spear.
In a deep vale these three met Truth,
And wounded him full sore;
Falsehood put on Truth's graceful cloak,
Then she did walk before.
These tyrants three, did meet a man,
Of them he dread no ill;
He never knew they did intend,
That moment him to kill.
Falsehood, below the cloak of Truth,
Her fatal spear did hide,
Then she did come behind his back,
And wound him in the side;
Then Cruelty he drew his bow,
And wounded him again,
Then Envy greatly did rejoice,
To see his grief and pain.
Long and full sore his wounds did bleed,
Much pain did undergo;
By them he sore afflicted was,
While Truth was lying low.
For in below the cloak of Truth,
These tyrants did remain;
Time after time they wounded him,
Till Truth revived again.
When Truth revived, she was well armed,
And unto them drew nigh,
She took from them her graceful cloak,
Then they away did fly.

ADDRESS TO DOGGERELS.

YE Dog'rels who do take delight
Against your neebour lads to write,
Ye mak' your sapless verse through spite,
Against these men;
If ye nae better can indite,
Lay by your pen.

When folk their neebors do invite,
Unto a dainty meal of meat,
Through malice, ye are like to greet,
Ye nurse envy,
Because nane of their dainties sweet,
They let ye try.

For that ye were so discontent,
To rhyme them a while ye spent,
And idle names ye did invent,
To ca' the folk,
Sic vulgar rhyme nae man will prent,
But will ye mock.

Ye are as ignorant as mules,
That never yet were taught at school,
But little knowledge in your skull,
Ye plainly show;
Ye have comparisons like fools,
Which set you low.

When did you ever see a man,
That was the likeness of a Pan?
Of action ye have nae command,
When ye compare;
Ye had far better lift your hand,
And write nae mair.

The shape and look that ye did faut,
Ye canna make amends to that,
Ye had far better hold your chat,
Against the man,
For fear he does gae you a bat,
For weel he can.

The Poetical Works of Susannah Hawkins

Then self-conceit would press your skill,
To toddle up Parnassus hill,
Then ignorance did lift a quill,
To write your verse;
Ye thought your neebors o'er a gill,
Would it rehearse.

I make nae doubt some senseless guff,
May draw his mull, and take a snuff,
And blatter o'er your lifeless stuff,
Wi' sumphish glee,
But men o' knowledge will him scuff,
An' say ye lie.

When them ye hear ye do think shame,
Of them ye do deny the name,
Ye think it proper me to blame,
For your dull works;
But keep your dog'rel verse at hame,
Ye senseless stirks.

A man that takes delight to tell
His neebor's fauts that by him dwell,
If he do see them prosper well,
He'll ridicule;
Whene'er he look unto himsel',
He sees a fool.

SELF-CONCEIT.

WHEN self-conceit doth lead the blind,
Then ignorance doth walk behind—
These two are close companions still,
But with the humble walks good will.

A FEW LINES ON A GENTLEMAN AND LADY.

I WALKED one morning in a grove,
When nature did rejoice;
The birds did sing their vocal notes,
With a melodious voice.
The scented breezes did resound
Among the blossoms fine,
With rising beams bright Phoebus he
Most beautiful did shine.

A dwelling place amid the grove,
That's pleasing to be seen;
A gentleman and lady there,
Dwelt near the banks of Mien.
The summer's drought cast o'er the land
A scarcity of food;
But to the poor this gentleman
Was liberal and good.

When many men did tyrannise,
Over both man and beast—
And strove to keep the markets high,
The people to oppress;
This gentleman, with Christian love,
Had pity on the poor;
And far below the market rate
Did distribute his store.

His lady did encourage him,
On that agreed well;
For beauty and for virtue true
There's few can her excel.
As Phoebus with his golden beams,
Adorns each morning bright,
The beams of virtue imitate,
Bring darkness into light.

On Milk's gay banks a building fine
So fair and beautiful doth shine,
The spreading trees around it twine,
And blooming flowers;
The rising sun with beams divine,

The Poetical Works of Susannah Hawkins

Shines through their bowers.

The gentleman that there doth dwell,
A steward had, few could excell—
Being true and just, as I heard tell,
Simpson by name;
The rich and poor did love him well,
And spread his fame.

At Dumfries town was a great fair,
That day for it he did prepare,
Business did him require there;
He had in view
Unto his lord to get a share,
Of what was due.

That morn from east the dawn did spy,
Which spread across the gloomy sky;
He on his steed alone did hie
Unto the Fair,
'Till a young gentleman drew nigh,
With him went there.

To the young gentleman he said,
That he wou'd make the bridge his aid,
The raging Annan he afraid,
Was roaring loud;
For through the day till night's dark shade,
Increased the flood.

When Simpson came unto the Fair,
He many a pound received there;
Into his purse, with eager care,
He put them all;
At payment, spirits he did share,
Which caused his fall.

For like the vapour in the brain,
Derived from sickness, or from pain;
The spirits they did flow amain,
Into his head;
Then homewards he returned again,
With all his speed.

The Poetical Works of Susannah Hawkins

A young man after him did ride,
Who strove to keep close by his side,
He wish'd to be a proper guide,
That night to him;
For Annan raged like the tide,
Swell'd o'er the brim.

But Simpson's time was almost gone,
He left that young man all alone;
His message would not wait upon,
No man at all;
Along the way he hasted on,
At death's sharp call.

He rode unto the river deep,
Which down both him and horse did sweep;
In death's pale vision fell asleep,
He was no more;
Which did cause many men to weep
For him full sore.

Some hundreds down the river ran,
For the remains of that young man;
Sought both the water and the san',
For many days;
Till floods by the Amighty hand,
His frame did raise,

Some of his flesh was eat, they say,
On which the fish had made their prey;
Which in the waters did decay,
Below each wave;
Along with him there's none can lay
It in the grave.

Though scattered his dust doth lie,
The day and hour is drawing nigh;
A seraph on the clouds will fly,
To strike the sound;
It animate will at the cry,
'Mong thousands round.

LINES ON A YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

IN June, when flowers bespangled o'er
The fields and meadows green,
One evening, as I walk'd along
The flow'ry banks of Mien,
A gentle youth I saw pass by,
Was fairer far to see,
Than roses red, or blooming thorn,
More beautiful was he.

With modest air, and graceful mien,
His manner it was mild;
On Milk's fair banks he once did dwell,
When that he was a child.
Then came he to the banks of Mien,
Where he remaineth still;
Both rich and poor doth love him well—
He hath their right good will.

For learning and for merit, few
Can with this youth compare;
And what's committed to his charge,
He guides with skilful care.
As doth the bonnie blooming rose,
The daisies far excell;
This blooming youth excels all those,
That near by him do dwell.

GUILT AND INNOCENCE.

WHEN Guilt and Innocence do meet,
They never do each other greet;
For Jealousy leads Guilt away,
With Innocence they dare not stay.

THE UNCERTAINTY OF HAPPINESS.

O! I have seen the morning sun,
Adorn the rising day;
Then I have seen a dark'ning cloud
O'ershed his golden ray.
The joy comes like the morning sun—
The joy within the breast;
The grief comes like the dark'ning cloud,
Disturbs the peaceful rest.

When greatest pleasure doth abound,
And nothing can annoy,
The dark'ning clouds of sorrow soon
O'ershade the beams of joy.
Ye who do fret when trouble comes,
Do ye not understand,
All must bear the chast'ning rod,
By God's Almighty hand.

Ye who do think ye walk aright,
As if ye had no guide,
Ye do not see the slippery path
Whereon your feet doth slide.
Ye sons of Adam's guilty race,
Draw near unto your God;
All whom he loves he doth correct,
And will not spare his rod.

ART AND NATURE.

ONE morn in June, as Phoebus bright,
Commenced the day, dispelled the night,
The darkness fled approaching light,
That paint the sky;
Adorning beams shone on the heights
Of mountains high.

The flowers were gilt with glittering dew,
The rose in bloom was sweet to view,
The scented breezes mildly blew,
Through groves so gay;
The songsters did their voice renew,
And welcom'd day.

I walk'd down by a river clear,
Where hawthorn bloom'd and rosy brier;
Two lovers to the stream drew near,
Out from the grove;
I unperceived lay down to hear
Their words of love.

The nymph was lovely to be seen,
Her bloom did far excell a queen;
With modest air and graceful mien,
She sweetly smiled;
Her rich attire, both neat and clean,
Her humour mild.

The swain was brisk, his visage fair,
His stature tall, majestic air;
His sparkling eyes their lustre were,
Like stars so clear;
Entangled by the nymph so fair,
To her drew near.

Said he, "Dear nymph, Nature is your nam
And universal is your fame;
And I am Art, to you I came,
A lover kind;
I hope you'll be to me the same,
And ease my mind."

The Poetical Works of Susannah Hawkins

She mildly made him this reply,
"I know by your alluring eye,
Your ways subtle, your words are sly,
To gain my heart;
That vain attempt ye need not try,
Tho' ye are Art."

He then, with speeches more polite,
Again addressed the nymph so sweet,
"My dear, with scorning do not treat
Your lover so;
Your lovely form doth me invite,
Your mind to know."

Said she, "Ye wish to know my mind,
To wear my crown is your design;
But of my ideas you are blind,
And shall be so;
No man shall my perfection find
On earth below."

He then with words more soft express'd.
With kindness thus the nymph address'd;
"Although I have my love confess'd,
Ye may disdain;
Your form doth in my bosom rest,
And gives me pain."

The nymph, as pleasant as the dawn,
When darkness vanish from the lan',
Adorn'd with beauty she did stan',
And thus said she,
"If ye my works could understan',
We would agree."

Said he, "The earth her beauty shows,
The fragrant flowers, the blooming rose,
These spreading trees their blossoms blows,
Where birds do sing;
The vegetables all that grows,
How do they spring?"

Said she, "When Phoebus draweth nigh,
By His decrees decreed from high,

The Poetical Works of Susannah Hawkins

He runs his course along the sky,
His circuit round;
His golden beams from him do fly,
And warms the ground.

"The fruitful earth then forth doth bring;
The vegetable tribes do spring;
The show'rs do fall, the groves do ring,
They all rejoice;
The birds their Maker's praise do sing;
With passive voice."

Said he "How doth that river flow,
From whence he comes, thither to go?
Likewise the ocean, to and fro,
How doth it swell?
And Cynthia's change and height doth know,
The time so well?"

Said she, "Behold the clouds, and when
From them fall down the drops of rain,
Fly by extraction from the main,
Up in the air;
And to the sea return again,
From whence they were.

"The flowing tide full well doth know
A certain time to come and go;
Each hour appointed it doth flow;
The reason why,
No mortal man on earth doth know,
But Powers on high.

"When Cynthia change, or full doth shine
On earth, with lustre more divine,
The tides do swell, the waves combine,
Then by command;
That's far beyond the human mind
To understand."

Said Art to Nature, "Teach me skill,
That I a wonder may fulfil,
A motion make perpetual,
And not to rest;
As breath of life, keeps moving still

ART AND NATURE.

The Poetical Works of Susannah Hawkins

Within the breast."

Said Nature, "Cease to try that plan,
The first of all put into man,
The breath of life when time began,
By his great power;
Ye cannot imitate his hand,—
Behold that flower!

He made the earth, likewise the sea
And sky, and all that in them be,
I, Nature, work by his decree,
I'm second cause;
The work he has ordained for me,
Will come to pass."

Then Art he would no longer stay
When Nature plainly said him nay,
Resolved to meet another day,
And learn more skill;
He o'er the river took his way—
Nature stood still.

LINES ON A GENTLEMAN'S SON.

IN summer, flowers bedeck the fields,
And have a pleasant smell—
The fragrant lily and the rose,
In gardens far excell.

The spreading trees, with leaves so green,
Adorn each river side;
The rosy brier and blooming thorn
Do flourish in their pride.

Each morn, when Nature's fairest robe
Most beautiful appears,
The hawthorn has a pleasant swell,
When gilt with evening tears.

Robert, your little infant form,
Like nature is complete—
With innocence a graceful mien,
Adorned with smiles so sweet.

Your lovely neck and breast are like
The fragrant lily fair;
Your lips and cheeks are like the rose—
Few can with you compare.

Your eyes are like the drops of dew
That's on the rose at morn;
Your breath is like the scented breeze
Blown from the blooming thorn.

May virtue grace your infant mind,
As nature doth your frame;
From powers above that changeth not,
But evermore the same.

Unto your honoured parents dear,
A wise obedient son—
To walk in wisdom's flow'ry path,
And path of vice to shun.

PASSION AND REASON.

ONE evening as the moon shone clear,
And in full brightness did appear,
The cold hoar frost was most severe,
The wind blew chill.
I went, tho' sore oppressed wi' fear,
Out o'er a hill.

Upon a hill I met a man,
Whose visage put me to a stan'—
Brings thousands under his comman'
When he doth chide;
From him no human mortal can
Turn to a side.

His look was gloomy as the sky
When roaring thunder draweth nigh;
A light did shine from his bright eye
With frightful beam—
Like lightning that doth rapid fly
Through darkness gleam

[Final "m" (and period) is not fully printed in original text.]

Said I to him, "What is your name?"
"Passion," said he, "and great's my fame,
Of many deaths I am the blame,
And will be so;
Soon after man was formed I came,
A deadly foe."

This dreadful spectre did me fright,
Being near the mid hour of the night,
The twinkling stars gave a clear light,
Along the sky;
The moon was full, and shining bright,
When he passed by.

A maid called Reason did appear,
With graceful air, she did draw near;
Her manner mild, her eyes were clear,

The Poetical Works of Susannah Hawkins

As stars by night—
Her smiles so sweet they did me cheer,
And beauty bright.

Two armed men I saw near by,
Then Passion unto them drew nigh,
But Reason instantly did cry,
Bid him begone;
For on the ground he'll make you lie,
Here all alone.

But Reason's voice they would not hear,
For Passion was strong and severe;
Did cause each man to draw his spear,
That shines so bright;
The one did not the other fear,
They sore did fight.

To each of them he did pretend,
To be their seconder, and friend;
At every blow they would amend,
And have more skill;
He did by cruelty intend,
Them both to kill.

But when the blood began to flow,
Fair Reason she away did go;
But where she went I do not know,
No man can tell;
Till one received a deadly blow,
And down he fell.

When Passion saw his deadly wound,
As he lay bleeding on the ground,
With dismal look, a mournful sound,
A clay cold bed;
Then Passion, swifter than a hound,
Away he fled.

Then Reason unto them drew nigh,
Where she did see the victim die—
All on the earth he low did lie,
In purple gore;
His mortal foe, that stood him by,
Did him deplore.

PASSION AND REASON.

The Poetical Works of Susannah Hawkins

He unto Reason thus did say,
"Your counsel I would not obey,
But unto Passion I did sway,
When he drew nigh,
Which caused me this man to slay,
That here doth lie.

Then Reason said,—"Your crime is great,
You see how wretched is your fate,
O! how unhappy is the state,
That you are in;
You do repent, when far too late,
For your rash sin."

He said,—" Take warning old and young,
Be on your guard, for Passions' strong,
Continually he strives to wrong,
Both man and beast,
And by his false deluding tongue;
I am oppress'd."

ADDRESS TO SATAN.

DECEMBER winds did chilly blaw,
Wi' heavy show'rs o' hail and snaw,
Ae gloomy night the cluds did lour,
And mist did on the mountains tow'r;

Auld Satan strove, and did prevail,
To rise in show'rs o' rattling hail;
He in the air took wings and flew,
And strongly he his bellows blew;

He shatter'd ships upon the sea,
And gart their masts and riggin' flee,
And some he drave fast in the sand,
And after that he came to land.

O'er Criffel hill, he loudly roar'd,
O'er Burnswark hill, he wildly snor'd;
Through entries blew wi' sic a birl,
Baith ricks and houses he did tirl;

He tirl'd mony houses bare,
He took their thack up in the air;
And strong trees out o' root did blaw,
And blew down mony an ancient wa';

Auld carlins wi' their flainen toys,
Did loudly cry, Fye rin out boys!
Auld curls wi' their pinnies red,
Were like to be the younger's dead,

Misca'd them for a lazy set,
When young like you we scarce were bet;
Wi' a strong blast he loud did blaw,
To gather in his brownies a',

Till near about the midnight hour,
He lighted in a haunted tower;
Within the tow'r, a light did rise,
Which did the neighbourhood surprise;

The Poetical Works of Susannah Hawkins

In shape o' man, he there was seen,
Wi' twa large fiery glouring een.
Witches and warlocks ran with speed,
Unto auld Nick, to learn their creed.

Murderers and robbers ran
To get a wag o' his black han';
The liars joining wi' the thieves,
To see if he would sign their briefs;

If he would help them to a post,
Their labour it would not be lost.
The hypocrites wi' blunt-like een,
Were unco laith they should be seen;

Pretended they came out to pray,
But they had wander'd off their way;
At Satan they did gae a tug,
And whisper'd slowly in his lug,

That he might learn them to be sly,
Right cunningly to cheat and lie.
Witches and warlocks got their creed,
To shoot both horse and kye to deed;

Wi' murderers he did agree,
To help them wi' a cruelty.
He likewise did the thieves enlist,
In time o' need they might assist;

He signed the liars their black card,
To be where they would best be heard;
The hypocrites got a receipt,
To wrang their neebors by deceit,

An' envy, slander, sigh, and pray,
An' cheat, an' lie, a' in a day;
Auld Satan did his brownies lead,
To places where they cam' good speed;

Wi' selfish cunning where few saw,
The hypocrites were wurst ava'.

ADDRESS TO SATAN.

The Poetical Works of Susannah Hawkins

Satan, you are still on ye'r watch,
Ye auld black rogue, ye strive to catch,
And lead the human race astray,
But ye'll be catch'd yoursel' some day.

THE MISER'S GLUNDIE WIFE.

WHEN winter storms begin to rise,
Wi' breezes cauld, and cloudy skies,
The piercing tempest wildly flies,
Then cauld the blast;
And snaw upon the mountain lies,
And lang doth last.

But when the tempests loudly roar,
And heavy clouds begin to low'r,
Then instantly the rain did pour,
Or hail or snaw,
A miser's glundie wife, that's doure,
Doth ding them a'.

Tho' she hae geer about her hand,
Both sheep and kye, houses and land,
And likewise gold at her command,
But yet I hear,
No mony servants wi' her can
Stay half-a-year.

The goodman gaes his son a share
Of geer, when he it best can spare,
Which grieves their auld stepdame right sair
Wi' it to part,
For nothing else but worldly care
Doth grieve her heart.

Ilk morning when she lifts her een,
She glimmering then peeps by the screen,
Before a blast is often seen,
A gloomy sky,
But not so gloomy as between
Her brows do lie.

She turns herself, and makes a main,
About the warld's geer doth grane,
As if e'er lang she wad be gane,
But wait a wee,
If ye auld luckie let alane,
She'll show ye glee.

The Poetical Works of Susannah Hawkins

She o'er the stock, in haste doth strunt,
And syne she gars her cutty lunt,
A singed collie when its burnt,
Will bark an yowl;
Like grumbles this auld reeker runt,
She'll grane and growl.

She naked skips about the floor,
An' scolds her servants for an hour;
Her winter face wi' anger dour,
If her ye saw;
She glooms like a December shower,
Before it fa'.

This is the miser's glundie wife,
No ane but a wha stirs up strife;
Their ways are sharper than a knife,
And most severe;
Those wha by virtue leads their life,
I'll not mark here.

Ye critics wha do grammar ken,
If ye do think that ye can men'
These sapless lines that I have pen'd,
The leaf ye'll turn,
For Nature's fire near the end
Did cease to burn.

A LETTER TO A BROTHER.

O BROTHER dear, these lines that's here,
I send to you with speed;
To tell, your friends are in good health,
No more of them are dead;
But I do hope ye'll make no stop,
To write me back again,
That you, your wife, and children dear,
Are likewise in the same.

I'm sorry so, to let you know
Of such a mortal time—
That many men, the present year,
Cut off the stage of time.
A fever sore, and still the more,
Is going all around;
Of it doth many sickly lie—
Sends many to the ground.

The winter soft, and very oft
The weather misty was;
Physicians do that greatly blame,
For what has come to pass.
When spring appear'd, it proved severe,
It fatal was indeed;
About this place, within one day,
Eight persons were all dead;

Unto the dust return we must,
And that we plainly see;
We hear of death at every hand,
And from it cannot flee.
The Powers above, who do men love,
Tho' wicked are their crimes,
In his good time, when he thinks fit,
Will different make the times.

When this receive, my service give
Unto my friends with care;
To write a letter to each one,
I have not time to spare.
These lines, tho' few, I send to you,
Of them I'll make an end;
I add no more, but I remain

The Poetical Works of Susannah Hawkins

Your sister and your friend.

ON THE DEATH OF PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

GREAT BRITAIN may her grief display,
In mourning robe herself array,
The dark'ning cloud o'ershade the day,
That shone so bright;
These hopeful beams, with cheering ray,
Did lose their light.

Give glory to the Highest Powers,
Who judgment sendeth forth his showers!
His heavy clouds in darkness lowers,
O'er every land;
The present chastening is ours,
Come from his hands.

Our King and royal train full sore
Do Princess Charlotte's death deplore;
Lament for her who is no more,
Till time doth end;
Till from the clouds a voice doth pour,
The graves to rend.

The Royal Princess of renown,
She was the heir of Britain's crown;
The breath of fame her praise did soun',
Both far and near,
Till death gave her a deadly wound,
With his sharp spear.

Royal Prince Leopold sore did mourn,
His consort lying in her urn;
She shall no more to him return
To earthly joy;
Her absence doth his bosom spurn,
And sore annoy.

Tho' he for her lament and cry,
His sorrow doth not come her nigh;
She doth not hear him mourn and sigh,
For her oppress'd;
She in the grave doth silent lie—
A bed of rest.

THE DEATH OF OUR LATE KING.

OUR Sovereign King has left the throne
Of Britain, which he long reign'd on;
Unto the silent grave is gone,
Among the dead,
And left the kingdom to his son,
Him to succeed.

Great Britain, in his reign, was bless'd,
Both peace and plenty she possess'd;
No persecution her distress'd,
While he was king;
A faithful heart within his breast,
Did safety bring.

Proud Boney threaten'd to invade—,
He thought Great Britain was dismay'd;
Our king for him was not afraid—
He God did fear;
In time of war He was his aid,
And did him cheer.

He did proud Boney overthrow,
The powers of France he laid them low,
For God did with his armies go,
Them to defend;
And fought against their deadly foe,
Till war did end.

Great Britain is a favour'd land,
Protected by God's mighty hand;
His way who, then, can understand,
He proves each hour;
The universe he doth command
By his great power.

**A FEW LINES CONCERNING THE WEATHER, IN
1818.**

O! APRIL , with thy scowling wind,
Thy aspect threatened sore;
And left thy work for May behind,
Caused Nature to deplore.

When May commenced, each morn appear'd
As early in the spring;
The birds in mournful strains forbear'd,
Their cheerful notes to sing.

But mild and warm the weather grew,
Before that month did end;
Instead of chill, hoar frost, the dew
From heaven did descend;

Which did array the earth in green,
Within a little while;
The fields were pleasant to be seen,
Caused Nature then to smile.

When June commenced each gilded morn,
The rose was wet with dew;
Each spreading tree and blooming thorn,
Were pleasant to the view.

The air serene, the sun did shine,
In his full strength and power;
With scorching heat the earth did pine
For a refreshing shower.

The showers did fall, the corn did grow,
The birds did change their voice;
The fragrance o'er the earth did blow,
Then Nature did rejoice.

Give thanks to Him who reigns on high,
Who doth his people feed;
To every creature, sends supply,
And help in time of need.

The Poetical Works of Susannah Hawkins

Tho' dark and gloomy was the morn
Ere noon, the day shone clear;
He pour'd his blessing on the corn,
And did dispel our fear.

ON THE WEATHER, 1819.

THE earth in June her beauty lost,
Her fragrance did decay;
All blasted by the chill hoar frost,
In latter end of May.

The groves did to each other cry,
With a December sound;
"In June our leaves do fade and die,
And fall unto the ground."

Ye fruitful trees, ye shady bowers,
Your fading leaves do pine;
O'er every field the blooming flowers,
Their beauty do resign.

From louring clouds pour'd down the rain,
Which on the earth did fall;
The trees and flowers did bud again,
Nature renewed them all.

In July did the clouds dispell,
At evening fell the dew;
Each day the trees his power did tell,
Who clothed them all anew.

The corn and grass their wither'd blade,
Revived every day;
All vegetables that did fade,
Were clothed in new array.

August commenced, each rising dawn,
A dew was on the flowers;
A pleasant smell o'er all the land,
On all the shady bowers.

The sultry sun, with scorching ray,
Did bring the harvest near;
The corn did ripen every day,
Which bless'd the circling year.

The Poetical Works of Susannah Hawkins

But when September in did come,
Nature still wore her crown;
The trees and flowers were all in bloom,
While reapers glean'd the ground.

October, favourable also,
Till half the month was past;
Then coldly came both frost and snow,
And chilly blew the blast.

Autumn doth mourn her beauteous form,
Which nature did bestow;
For early winter's scowling storm,
Did lay her verdure low.

**THE SEASONS OF THE YEAR COMPARED TO
THE LIFE OF MAN.**

THE stormy winter most severe,
O! it is gone and past;
This pleasant spring which now appear,
Will fly away as fast.

The spring brings forth the springing flowers,
That deck the meadows green;
The trees bud forth—the shady bowers,
More pleasant will be seen.

The time away doth quickly pass,
That they are in full blow;
They are like dew upon the grass,
Or like the winter's snow.

When snow did fall, then did the ground
In winter's robe appear;
It covered all the fields around,
The storm was most severe.

Until the wind did softly blow,
And melted it away;
It quickly off the earth did go,
And quickly did decay.

The flowers that from the earth do spring,
Like snow but short remain;
The gentle wind the blossoms bring,
Of flowers that deck the plain.

Some flowers that are upon the field,
Do stand till they decay;
And there are some which pleasure yield,
In bloom are pull'd away.

Others there are that do not bloom,
Which tender are and green,
They are pull'd up, and in their room,
Some other flowers are seen.

The Poetical Works of Susannah Hawkins

But thou, O man! look at the flowers
That from the earth do spring—
They shew to thee thy days and hours
Are ever on the wing.

For thou art like unto the flowers
That grow upon the field;
Uncertain are thy days and hours,
As flowers that blossoms yield.

Some men live long till age doth make
Their mortal frame decay;
While others do this life forsake,
When they are young and gay.

The prime of youth cannot them save,
When death to them draws nigh;
They must submit unto the grave,
And low in earth must lie.

And some do die in tender years,
Not reach'd to manhood's powers;
While others in their room appears,
Just like unto the flowers.

The summer verdure in full blow,
The winter storm severe;
They unto us doth plainly show,
That time's uncertain here.

A HYMN.

The sun and moon and stars so bright,
That spangle o'er the sky,
They glorify the living God
Who ever reigns on high.

The moon and swelling waves agree,
Their Maker's power display;
They glorify the living God,
And serve him night and day.

All rivers run into the sea,
Which spring from every land;
And thither they return again,
Obeying his command.

All vegetables that do spring,
Declare the works of God;
They glorify none else but He,
O'er all the earth abroad.

All various kinds of animals,
Of sea and land and air;
They glorify the living God,
His wond'rous works declare.

It is a grievous sin to men,
To bow to stock or stone;
Or worship any being else,
But the true God alone.

For man was by his Maker made,
The noblest work on earth;
He died by sin, yet God did him
Restore to a new birth.

Then why should men blind-folded be,
Of their determin'd fate;
To think that mortals can assist
Him in a future state.

The Poetical Works of Susannah Hawkins

None can grant pardon to their soul,
But He who made their frame;
That God who is unchangeable,
And evermore the same.

Who serve strange gods, behold the earth!
And nature will ye show;
That none else but the living God,
Such marvellous works can do.

The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Doth execute one power;
They're one God from eternity,
They prove that every hour.

LINES ON THE ROYAL FAMILY.

Long life to our king, may he long live in peace,
And may all the blood royal in virtue increase;
May the faith of our fathers still guard Britain's throne,
And be nothing adored but the true God alone.

VIRTUE AND VICE.

ONE morning in the month of May,
When flowers were budding fine and gay;
From orient, sprang the infant day,
And did repair;
I in a pleasant grove did stray,
And wandered there.

I saw a nymph all clothed in white,
Virtue by name, fair as the light,
And all bedeck'd with diamonds bright,
Her clothes so fine;
Their lustre dazzled my sight,
So clear did shine.

I saw another clothed in green,
With subtle heart and wileing een;
Her name was Vice, being wrote between
Her artful eyes;
Her visage real it was not seen,
Being in disguise.

She had a fair mask on her face,
Which still deludes the human race;
Caus'd many in her paths to trace,
Who cannot turn;
She leads them into great disgrace,
Then they do mourn.

I saw two youths pass through the grove,
Their passions wild did make them rove,
They followed Vice, and quickly strove
Her to o'ertake;
But Virtue cries, "Your way remove,
And her forsake.

In her dark path ye sure will slide,
"Come follow me I will you guide,
If in my path ye do abide,
You'll ne'er repent."
One of these youths did turn aside,
With Virtue went.

The Poetical Works of Susannah Hawkins

Vice on the other youth did smile,
She spake with a deluding wile;
"Come follow me one single mile,
A pleasant way;"
She did the simple youth beguile,
And lead astray.

She led him through a darksome path,
By her there many suffer death;
Who follow her, while they have breath
She'll lead them wrong;
For there is falsehood underneath
Her artful tongue,

Sometimes a thorn, sometimes a brier,
The youth did wound, his clothes did tear,
But still he loved Vice more dear,
Would not her leave;
For subtly she did him cheer,
And sore deceive.

She led him up unto a height,
And robb'd him of his gold so bright,
Then soon appear'd unto his sight,
Most grim to see,
A wither'd hag who did him fright,
Call'd Infamy.

Infamy to the youth did say,
"From you I will not go away;
Then Vice threw her fair mask away,
Show'd, her grim face;
The youth then cried, "I'm led astray
To great disgrace.

"I have my time in folly spent,
For want of grace could not repent,
Indeed to spare I now lament,
My wretched fate;
My wicked heart did sore relent,
When far too late.

"When Virtue unto me drew nigh,
I gave no ear but did pass by;

VIRTUE AND VICE.

The Poetical Works of Susannah Hawkins

For that until the day I die,
Rue sore I will,
With ragg'd infamy must I
Remain here still."

We leave the youth whom Vice indeed,
Both robb'd of money, clothes, and bread,
And further on the youth proceed,
Who her forsook;
And unto Virtue turn with speed,
Who him uptook.

Fair Virtue to the youth did say,
Come in my path that's fine and gay,
The fragrant flowers along the way,
Did smell so sweet;
The daisies all bespangled lay,
Below their feet.

Sometimes a dark cloud did appear,
Which threatened a storm severe,
The youth to Virtue drew more near,
To guide his way;
Her lustre shone with beams so clear;
Made night like day.

The more he Virtue did pursue,
The fragrant lilies fairer grew;
The roses red all gilt with dew,
Did scent the air,
Then soon appeared unto his view,
A lady fair.

Her name was Fame, fair to behold,
Arrayed in silk, bedeck'd in gold,
Who follow Virtue, young or old,
She doth love dear;
The youth whom Vice had not controlled,
She did draw near.

Virtue far fairer did appear,
Her lustre shone with beams more clear,
When met with Fame, her comrade dear,
These ladies gay;
Bedeck'd the youth with diamonds clear,

The Poetical Works of Susannah Hawkins

In rich array.

He being clothed in rich attire,
Had Fame and Virtue to admire;
Had gold, whate'er he doth require,
He lives at ease;
What more on earth can he desire,
But die in peace.

The Poetical Works of Susannah Hawkins

SONGS.

A SHEPHERD'S SONG.

TUNE—*"The banks of the Devon."*

IN summer when flowers in beauty do flourish,
Bespangles the meadows and every lea,
How pleasant's the gay groves, when nature doth nourish,
The green spreading fragrance of every tree.
The hawthorn in blossom, with sweet odour blowing,
The breezes are scented that come from the grove,
Alone on the bank by the clear streams that's blowing,
The small birds sing sweetly the notes of true love.
The Shepherds are feeding their flocks on the mountains,
All nature in beauty, their passion doth move,
For pleasure retires, by the clear crystal fountains,
Along with the small birds, their song is of love.
The dew in the evening doth gild the flowers springing,
Among the fair blossom the breezes do blow;
The twilight repairing, the small birds are singing,
By beautiful rivers that gently do flow.

SONG.

NEAR by gliding crystal Mien,
On a pleasant flowery green,
Burnfoot stands, fair to be seen,
 A building fair and bonny O!
Winter's breezes mildly blow,
From a fragrant grove below;
Fields where blooming flowers do grow,
 Where bees do gather honey O!
Phoebus with his golden ray,
Doth adorn each rising ray.
Shines upon the building gay,
 And on the garden bonny O!

Many flowers whose leaves are fair,
Roses red few can compare,
Apple trees do blossom there,
 In numbers very mony O!
Trees are cloth'd in rich array,
Blossom in the month of May;
Sweetly smile, and look so gay,
 Then Nature's crown is bonny O!
Vegetable tribes are fair,
Feather'd tribes do charm the air,
Vocal music still is there,
 Their songs are sweet and mony O.

Many places I do see,
Among noble company,
There's no place like home for me,
 I see no place sae bonny O!
I do see the rivers glide,
Run to meet the swelling tide,
Turn without an earthly guide,
 Old Nature's works are mony O!
I along the shore do roam,
Where the roaring billows foam,
Joys are greater far at home,
 I think no place sae bonny O!

BANKS OF MILK.

TUNE— "*Banks of Doon.*"

YE banks of Milk, why do ye fade,
Why do the leaves fall from the tree?
Ah! I have seen you beautiful,
Bedeck'd with blossoms fair to see.
When hawthorns bloom'd with sweetest smell,
When roses red sprang from the brier;
When birds did sing, and flowers adorn'd
The pleasant banks of Milk so clear.

One ev'ning as I walked out,
The sky was clear, and calm the air;
I walked along the banks of Milk,
When that the twilight did impair.
I saw two briers with brambles green,
Around each other did entwine;
I thought their fruit it would be sour—
To pull it I had no design.

I then espied a lovely flower,
Mild as a new-blown rose in June,
By ev'ning cold, does not impair,
Nor yet by scorching beams at noon.
The lily in the garden gay,
Can not that lovely flower excell;
The hawthorn blossom gilt with dew,
Had never such a pleasant smell.

When midnight hour approached nigh,
That flower enclos'd out of my sight;
These prickling briers they wounded me,
My wounds did bleed throughout the night;
By false deceit they wounded me,
Beside them I could not remain;
When day did dawn, and birds did sing,
Then homeward I return'd again.

SONG.

TUNE— *"Of a' the airts the win' can blaw."*

OF all the pretty maids that trip
Along the flow'ry lea,
My Jeanie was the fairest maid,
And sweeter far to me.
Her rosy hue, her eyes like dew—
Sae sweetly she did smile—
Her shape so neat, and so complete,
She did my heart beguile.

When little lambs do sport and leap
Upon the mountain side—
When blooming trees were flourishing
Along the river side;
All joys to me when her I see,
Or meet her in the grove,
When gone away, nae joys I hae,
When absent from my love.

One morn I saw my Jeanie trip
Along the pleasant green,
I thought she was more beautiful,
And fairer than a queen.
I sought the aid of this fair maid,
For she had gain'd my heart,
She did agree to wed with me,
Which eased me of my smart.

I met my Jeanie at the church,
Then wedded we were there,
And now we do live happily,
Which softens all our care.
I hope through life we'll have no strife,
But live in unity;
She has my heart, till death us part
To her I'll constant be.

CUPID'S GARDEN.

ONE morning in December cold,
When flowers their beauty did resign,
I walked into a garden gay—
Bedecked with blooming flowers so fine;
With roses red, and lilies white,
And many other flowers also,
Though piercing was the winter storm,
One leaf from them there did not blow.

Within the garden was a bower,
Bedecked with blooming flowers so fair;
There was an archer in the bower,
Both day and night he tarried there;
He had a bow, made of pure gold,
A thousand darts of silver clear—
To keep the garden was his care,
His punishment was most severe.

Both nymphs and swains there many walked,
Each one to pull their favourite flower:
The archer soon their heart did wound,
Altho' he was within the bower.
Some of their wounds did bleed full sore,
By cunning Cupid's fatal dart;
Their favourite flower they soon did heal,
Their painful wounds that sore did smart.

While many there, by sore mischance,
The flow'rs by others pull'd away;
No surgeon there to cure their wound,
They sore do mourn that fatal day.
While others there tho' deadly wound,
Heal'd by a weed they call'd Disdain,
They walk'd out of the garden gay,
And tripped along the wither'd plain.

FAIR NEWBIE.

TUNE— "*Harper of Mull.*"

WITH you, my true love, I am sorry to part,
For you are the darling and joy of my heart;
And likewise my comrade, whom I love so dear,
Since absent from you I shed many a tear.
Though nature bedecks the fields with gay flowers,
And likewise with blossoms the green shady bowers;
Although they are pleasant, no joy do I see,
The winter dark months yield more pleasure to me.

When you, my dear sweetheart, and comrade also,
Did walk on the shore when the tide it did flow;
When we there saw the ships sailing every day,
While some were returning—some going away.
Farewell to fair Newbie that stands on the shore,
And you, my dear sweetheart, whom I do adore;
And likewise my comrade, both faithful and true,
And all my good neighbours, I bid you adieu.