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Poems

By Robert Pender

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OLYMPIAN LYRICAL CONTEST

Mr. Moffat, in a jocular strain,
I try my han' a prize to gain;
But if I am a lucky man,
A chap like me could never stan'
Before the folk in the Clark Toon Hall
And read to them this wee bit scrawl.
Yet, in spite o' that I've made a dash
To ease you o' your surplus cash,
And if I do secure a prize,
It shall be a great surprise.
It would be gran' if a chap like me
Smartly collared three pound three;
Or, if I deeper down could dive,
And smartly collar five pound five;
'Twould be better still if my fountain pen
Won for me ten pound ten.

OLD PAISLEY WORTHIES

“All, all are gone—the old familiar faces.”-- (Lamb)

Ae nicht, while I did ramble roon
The busy streets o' Seestu toon,
A New- Year Card to me was sold,
In memory of the days of old.

That card depicted Daunie Weir,
Whase husky voice I used to hear
Telling hoo Meg wi' Watty quarrelled
(As married folk s will in this warld),
An' hoo they cam' again to 'gree-
The hale accoont for ae bawbee.

There's Willie Love, that cantie chiel
Whase face I used to ken sae weel;
Fu' mony a curious wee nick-nack
Was stowed in his capacious pack:
I've heard it said that ance he went
To get Her Majesty's consent
To fill Prince Albert's vacant place-
He wis sae like in form and face;
But, och! Puir willie ne'er was seen
Upon the throne beside the Queen.

There's Hungry Jamie an' the wee Quack
Wha aftentimes wad stan' an' crack
Aboot their sorrow an' their woe,
Then tae the dram shop aff wad go,
Discuss there, owre a friendly “jull”,
Hoo best they could the people gull;
An' when their plan was a' complete,
Wad seek the much-frequented street
An' try wi a' their wit an' art,
Tae gar the folk an' their siller part.

And, there's oor auld freen', Jock the Rat,
Wha had sae much auld-fashioned chat;

Tae learning he made nae pretence,
Nor ocht but canny, common sense
A weaver tae his trade was Jock,
But left the loom to wield the pock;
His pock's contents I couldna tell—
That task would tackle Jock himsel'

I see the Charleston Puddock there,
The picture o' abject despair.
I've seen him weep, and heard him sigh
For sympathy frae passers-by;
I've seen him try tae crack the croons
O' tricky, rude, tormenting loons;
Yet Willie ne'er forgot the way
The Master taught His folks to pray,
And whiles "Our Father" wad repeat
Before some scanty meal o' meat.

O, puir auld Paisley "bodies"! noo
Ye've bad yer toon a lang adieu;
Nae mair ye'll stan' as aft ye stood,
The centre o' a motley crood;
Ye'll carry on yer pranks nae mair
On Ne'erday nicht or James' day Fair,
Nor trauchle ower, wi' weary feet,
The Cross, Jail Square, or Sneddon Street.

Life's weary facht ye've warsled thro';
Nae mair ye'll feel Misfortune's frown,
Or poortith's cauld han' haud ye doon;
For Death has cleekit ye awa'
Frae scenes familiar, ane an' a';
An' jist a memory remains
That ye were some o' Seestu's weans,
An' leaved and dee'd here: rest yer banes.

THE BONNIE BANKS O' CART

Strolling ower the banks o' Cart,
When the bloom is on the rye,
When the fields are green and birdies sing
Melodious thro' the sky.
Tho' in the stream there is nae trout,
I sing with a cheerful heart,
Strolling ower the heichts and howes
On the bonnie banks o' Cart.

Weel hae I min' my boyhood days,
When the hawthorn was in bloom,
When bare-stript boys – braw sturdy chiels –
Plunged thro' the tide tae soom.
Fain wad they noo, tho' faur awa',
Wi' maist o' their siller part
Tae see ance mair the heichts and howes
On the bonnie banks o' Cart.

THE MAVIE IN THE CROFT

Ilka bonnie morn, bricht and fair,
When fresh and caller is the air,
When birds are piping thro' the sky,
When the cairts and cabs are whirling by,
When the clattering tramp o' feet
Soun's ower ilka causey street,
Spite a' the soun's that rise aloft,
I hear the mavie in the Croft.

Ilka bonnie morn, bricht and clear,
The birdie's sang ye aye can hear;
When the chiming loudly ring,
Ye aye can hear the birdie sing.
Ye chiels wha never heard its tune,
It's worth yer while tae dauner roon;
Ye music critics faur and near,
The birdies sang should come tae hear.

AULD SEESTU TOON

All hail to ye, auld Seestu toon
Your gallant fame there's nane surpasses
By the River Cart's winding stream
You've reared braw sturdy lads and lasses
You're famed for patent starch and flour,
Harness plaid and tartan shawl
You're famed for Anchor and Ferguslie
Fancy spool and crochet ball.

All hail to ye auld Seestu toon,
Your Craigie linn and flowery dell,
Where lovers roam 'midst wild perfume,
And drink from the cup at Robin's Well,
Your gallant lads, sae bold and free,
Aye stan' their ain wi' sword and pen,
'Mid shot and shell, wi' a hip hooray,
Shouther tae shouther they fight like men.

All hail to ye, auld Seestu Toon,
Your ancient Abbey and Sounding Aisle,
Your public parks and noble halls,
The offspring of Dame fortune's smile.
May health and wealth thy portion be
While the wheel of life's aye turning roon
Is my best and dearest wish
To ye, my dear auld native toon.

YE MAUN AYE KEEP MOVING ON

Noo, freen's, I've lately come tae hear,
To keep our busy corners clear,
Though ye've not had a drop of beer,
Ye maun aye keep moving on.

When stan'in' crackin' on the street,
A bobby ye should chance tae meet,
He'll gar ye quickly lift yer feet –
Gar ye aye keep moving on.

Yestreen when I was hurrying hame,
An auld acquaintance called my name;
But whene'er I halted a bobby came,
Gar'd us keep moving on.

Noo, freen's, when stan'in' in the street,
Ye maun watch the bobby on his beat,
Or he'll land ye in a snug retreat,
Or gar ye keep moving on.

“PAST ELEVEN”

In the good auld days gone by,
Every evening, wet or dry,
Ye always heard the police cry,
“Past eleven”

When the beer shop lights were out,
If ye chanced tae be about,
Ye always heard the police shout,
“Past eleven”

When the bairns in bed did snore,
If ye slippit ower the door,
Ye always heard the police roar,
“Past eleven”

Noo at nicht, when soun' asleep,
When cunning thieves slyly creep,
Ye never hear a mortal cheep,
“Past eleven”

HALLOWE'EN

Ance mair, ance mair, ma cantie freen,
We've had a visit o' hallowe'en,
The couthie chap is keepin' weel,
And aye as rough as Tam the deil,
In honour o' his visit here.
The lasses made sic an unco steer;
Wi' lang tile hats a' buskit braw,
Coat and vest and breeks and a',
They louped and ran like the very de'il,
They gar'd the bairnies loodly squeal;
Thro' closes, up stairs, banging doors,
Ye might hae heard their fearfu' roars.
We'd sic a lively nicht yestreen,
We'll aye keep mind o' Halloween

ALEXANDER WILSON LODGE OF ODDFELLOWS DIAMOND JUBILEE

Full sixty years away have flown,
Since our lodge started in the town.
The good it's done I truly own
Has really been surprising.
When confined at home sick and sore,
A howling wolf outside the door,
Our lodge was aye true tae the core,
And aye was sympathising.
When trouble made my heart strings throb,
Made me no fit tae work ma job,
Ilk week I promptly got ten bob,
That kept our faces smiling.
Noo, ye working chaps, blithe and gay,
Gin ye be wise, do what I say,
Put something by for a rainy day,
It'll keep the pot a-boiling.

AULD SEESTU'S CLIQUE

Auld Seestu's clique, fat and sleek,
Are fu' o' curious fancies;
They're fond o' sprees and cosy teas
And fancy ballroom dances.
Cake and wine, they like it fine
When at a burgess dinner;
'Mang clouds o' smoke, they crack and joke,
Hoodwinking mony a sinner.

They are fond o' bowls and rugby rules,
And ilk fine sport in simmer,
Without a tear, grabbing gowden gear,
They praise ilka sonsie kimmer.
They like a sneeze o' the evening breeze
When fishing ower the water;
The trout and brace they can fairly chase,
And gar them quickly scatter.

Auld Seestu's clique do always seek
To increase their gowden treasure,
Laughing up their sleeve, the loons believe
We've nae need for joy nor pleasure.
When a change is made they snub a' trade
And gar ye loup wi' anger
Tae gat oot the scrape, when fares are chape
We a' should go tae Bangor.

UNDERWOOD WEAVING MILL SOIREE, 1901.

Last Friday night, in the Templar Hall,
At the Underwood Mill soiree and ball,
In the best o' trim, on pleasure bent,
Tae enjoy masel' I thither went.
After praise and prayer, we got oor tea,
An' ilka lass was blithe and free;
'Mang merry smiles and cheerie jokes
We soon began tae toom oor pocks.
But I must noo begin and tell,
Tho' as quate's a moose I kept masel',
A sweet cam' swiftly spinning doon,
An' feth it nearly crack'd ma croon;
But never mind, 'twas soon a' richt,
And I joined the fun wi' a' ma nicht;
The cunning wretch I tried tae reach,
The chairman then began his speech;
But deuce the word o't I could hear,
Tho' fine I heard the lasses cheer;
An' tho' at times they were rather wild,
At A' their fun the chairman smiled.
A blither nicht I ne'er hae seen
Sin' I was a lad o' seventeen.
But ah! Ma freen's, it's a' ower noo;
May we meet again in Nineteen- Two

LINES TO A FREEN' ACROSS THE SEA.

Ma dear auld freen' tae you I sen'
Thae twa-three lines tae let you ken,
If e'er you come tae Seestu toon
Tae view the fancy sights aroon,
Wi' shanks' naggie, ma sonsie chiel;
Wi' mirthfu' glee we'll loup and rin,
An' view ance mair the Craigie Linn;
Tannahill's Glen we'll ramble thro',
And nature's grandeur there shall view.
The Newton Wuds we shall explore,
As we have done in days of yore;
Wild flowers bonnie there we'll smell,
And be refreshed by the woodland well. (*No doubt he means The Lexwell*)
Then we'll stroll tae the Peesweep Inn,
Awa' frae a' the noise and din.
And if oor banes are no' that sair,
Tae Corkindale Law we'll gang ance mair;
There we shall sit and rest awhile,
And view the heather growin' wild.
O' the days gane by there we will crack,
Tae hame ance mair the road we tak',
And, ere we end our favourite stroll,
We'll peep ance mair at Tannahill's Hole;
Then we'll stroll ower a' the toon,
And view the fancy sights aroon',
Wi' pride we'll view oor fine Dunn Square
And the noble statues standing there.
St James' Brig and Clark Town Hall,
Where the Nabrie meet for Bachelor ball;
The Ancient Abbey and the Sounding Aisle,
Coats's Kirk and oor famous Jile;
The FountainGardens next we'll view,
There Rabbie burns stan's wi' his ploo'.
But Noo ma gallant sonsie chiel,
The change o' time I maun reveal,
And tell ye whit ye'll see nae mair,
Tho' your auld heartwi' grief gat sair,
Pattison's mound is noo awa' –
Nae mair there will ye play yer ba';

The Canal sae bonnie, has met its doom,
And there nae mair ye'll gang tae soom;
Nae mair ye'll stroll the Water Wynd –
Thae scenes hae vanished lang syne.
These landmarks dear o' days o' yore
In Seestu toon ye'll find no more;
But if you come to Underwood mill
There you'll find your auld freen' still.

“YOU’VE SLEEPIT IN!”

You’ve sleepit in, the bell’s bye,
I’ve often heard the auld wife cry;
Gat oot o’ this, ye crazy loon,
Or by feth i’ll crack yer croon.

You’ve sleepit in, it’s efter six,
Wis ever a wuman in sic a fix;
Surse the day, d’ye hear me, Bob,
Rise and rin, you’ll lose your job.

You’ve sleepit in, yer late again,
I’d raither live in the hoose ma lain,
Than be fashed wi’ you, ye lazy loon,
There’s no an equal in a’ the toon!

A BIT ADVICE TO WIVES AN' MEN

Ye wives an' men, gin ye'd always agree,
Jist tak' a bit advice frae me,
And ye shall find, thro' marrit life,
Ye'll aye be free o' bitter strife;
Ye'll also find, in this sinfu' warl',
How to prevent many a quarrel.

As ye are marrit for better or worse,
The wife should always carry the purse;
But aye when for siller the gove'nor seeks,
She never should try tae put on the breeks;
To keep her ain place is the only safe plan,
Aye to be able to please the guidman.

Gin there be a clash at the heid o' the stairs,
Aye watch number one, min' yer ain hoose affairs;
Aye love ye yer nee'bour as ye wad yer ain sel',
Ne'er let yer tongue be an auld clinkum bell;
Be kindly and civil to both friend an' foe,
But yer family affairs let nobody know.

Noo a bit of advice for the gove'nor's ear –
Gin ye spend a' yer cash on gambling or beer,
Gin ye, when in company, be rather outspoken,
Yer acquaintance for you'll no care a doken,
But gin ye behave an' yer hame no neglected,
Wherever you go, ye'll be highly respected.

PAISLEY BURGH CLEANSING BRIGADE

Wha couldnae soop the streets,
An' keep the pavements clean,
An' keep oor handsome public square
Fit for the King or Queen?

Gin ye be some foreign tramp,
An' painter-like brush roon a lamp –
Gin ye're no forty-five year auld,
Nor feart to catch a waff o' cold –

Gin ye keep doon the crimson blush,
An' shouther high a monster brush –
Gin ye're fit tae handle pick or spade,
There's a chance for you in the Cleansing Brigade.

But gin ye be a Paisley loon,
An' poverty's sting haud ye doon—
Gin ye be forty-six year auld,
Your whisker grey, pow turning bald,

Gin ye seek to find an honest living,
An' your trade be done, like hand-loom weaving—
According to the rule the Coouncil's made,
There's nae chance for you in the Cleansing Brigade.

Tho' you be strong like Wallace or Bruce,
Ye maun seek for a place in the Craw Road Hoose!
But don't matter much what folk may endure,
It's a privilege, ye ken, to have with us the poor.

BOYS' BRIGADE INSPECTION AT FERGUSLIE PARK

I am highly pleased, the colonel said,
To inspect the Paisley Boys' Brigade;
The Royal Salute was cleverly done –
My best opinions were nobly won:
Which squad was best I scarce can tell,
Each company behaved so well.
When the gallant lads marched past the flag
Not one of them was seen to fag.
And, spite the storm of wind and rain,
Sweet music sounded o'er the plain;
Tho' a' the clouds were tinged wi' grey,
Pipes, drums, and horns played all day.
But a louder sound came to our ears –
For Coats and Paylor three hearty cheers.
Hip,hip, hooray was the gallant cry;
Hip,hip, hooray, the battle's by;
Hip,hip, hooray – now for a pie.

PAISLEY FAIR SATURDAY – DOON THE WATER

Doon cam' the rain splashing in torrents,
The sheughs and the sivers were a' rinnin'ower;
Jaunters, gey doolie, sair drookit and chit'rin',
At the wild-rinnin' waters did yaumer and glower.
Faur frae their hame, seekin' for pleasure,
The jaunters had gane, but nane could they fin'
Burnies and rivers fiercely were loupin'
Lood was the soun' o' the wild autumn wind.
'Midst the gloom in the clouds the sun it was hidden,
Dowfu' was the sigh for the weather tae fair;
Sonsie young kimmers wi' fine silken blouses,
At their draigled appearance ye couldnae but stare.
When the storm it was endit, purses were lichter,
Lood was the speches on the street we did hear, -
Laddies and lassies and sturdy auld billies
'Gainst the change of the holidays loodly did swear.

AFTER THE FAIR

The Fair it is endit,
We're working again,
Thrapples are roostie,
Siller there's nane
Licht-fingert gentry,
The Bookies an' a',
The maist o' the siller
Ha'e cairrit awa'.
Tip Tam and his cronie
Are maist in despair,
They've solemnly vowed
To gamble nae mair

OOR TAM

Oor Tam has joined the Templars
His sportin' days are dune;
He disna fash his noddle noo
Whit horse shall rin an' win.
The bookies noo may go to France –
He's become a reg'lar swell,
The bobs he used to gie to them
He keeps them noo himsel'.
His midnight sprees are endit noo,
An' the doctors' soothin' pills;
He's slippit clear o' Cloutie's claws
An' a host o' other ills.
Wi' the bookie an' the publican
The cash he used to spend,
He tak's it to the Savings Bank,
An' gets a dividend.

THE AULD “WAGGITY-WA”

The auld waggity-wa has stoppit at last,
Its lood ting-a-ling’s noo a thing o’ the past;
Winter and simmer, autumn and spring,
It aye gar’d us jump when it started to ring.
When the hoose wis a’ dark, the street covered wi’ snaw,
We aye could depend on the auld waggity-wa’.

The auld waggity-wa played its part well –
It aye had us up a wee ‘fore the bell;
Morn, noon, an’ nicht, healthy or sick,
We aye could hear its cheerie bit tick.
Noo it’s awa’, an’ up near the brace
Another bit nock hangs in its place

The auld waggity-wa, tho’ it ne’er was a beauty,
It aye was exact performing its duty;
It kep’ a guid haud o’ gay-hearted wooers –
It gar’d them tak tent an’ keep elders’ hours.
Noo its wheels are a’ gyte, an’ the pendulum’s broke,
An’ we hear the lood tick o’ a new-fashioned clock

PAISLEY POETS

Ye Paisley poets young an' aul'
Rich an' puir, short an' tall,
Radical, Tory, or I.L.P.,
No matter what your creed may be,
You a' hae got a special invite
To lift your pen a poem to write.
An' tho' you be a teetotal chap
It doesn't matter a single rap;
If you can make a good sonnet,
A purse o' guineas you may get.
But you maun watch your P's an' Q's,
Or the gowden prize you will lose.
Noo hurry up an' come awa',
A fortune awaits you at Barshaw.

THE PAISLEY WEAVER

Fingetum, Fungetum – this auld fashioned rhyme,
Was the auld weaver's sang in the good olden time,
The cantie auld carle, year oot and year in,
Made a clatterin' noise wi' the auld pookin' pin;
Wi' a breakfast o' parritch, an egg an' a roll,
The couthie auld chap wis a merry auld soul,
Wi' tatties and' kail each day for a dinner,
The hamely auld man wis a kind-hearted sinner.

The cheerie auld weaver, his treddle he tred,
Morn, noon, and nicht, till time for his bed;
Baith winter and simmer it aye was the same,
He treddled awa' for the sake o' his hame.
When Ne'erday cam' roon, he got a cheese an' a ham,
An' an extra bit baccy an' a guid heilan' dram,
An' aye at the Fair, 'mid the din an' the clatter,
He got a bit sail awa' doon the watter.

The sturdy auld chiel, thro' sunshine or rain,
In spite o' the shouther that fash'd him wi' pain,
To keep the wife an' the bairnies a' buskit braw,
As blithe as a lark he kept peggin' awa' .
As prood as a lord at every week-end,
When in his breek-pooch he'd a tanner tae spend;
Tho' siller was scarce an' speerits were dear,
He aye on a Saturday could man' a drap beer.

The cheery auld buddie, on each Sabbath day,
Wi' lum-hat an' "surtou" he sauntered away,
Straucht as a thrash, same's the toon was his ain,
He aye gaed tae hear the parson explain,
Hoo baith men an' women, tho' feeble an' frail,
Wad ne'er thirst again for a tanker o' ale –
Hoo every puir sinner, tho' as black as the de'il,
Wad ne'er cam' tae want for a nievefu' o' meal.

But time had its changes, the auld weaver an' a',
His bonnie black pow got as white as the snaw;
A' the bairnies got mairrit, an' got hames o' their ain,

An' left the auld man and Janet their lane;
But the sturdy auld boy, thro' thick an' thro' thin,
Had aye a bit hope o' the mansions abune.
Noo the sun has gone doon, it has sunk in the west,
An' the cheerie auld weaver has gane tae his rest.

SPRING

To welcome again the beauties of Spring
The lark and the mavis in harmony sing.
Their melody sweet ascending the sky,
Resounds o'er the meadows, "The winter is by."
And ilka bit birdie, in rapturous glee,
By Crookston and Staneley and famed Colinslee,
By Cartha's dark stream and dear Erskine Ferry,
The birdies are singing gladly and merry.

To welcome the Spring in melodious song
The birdies are singing all the daylong.
The fiddle and cornet, fife and trombone
Ne'er sounded a sweeter and merrier tone.
Music sae sweet ne'er ascended the sky
Than the blithe little birdies sweet lullaby.
Their rapturous joy, 'neath rays of sunshine,
Recall unto memory the days o' lang syne.

SUMMER

In rapture we sing the winter is gane,
Its terrific storm, the sleet and the rain.
The wild howling' winds have a' flown awa',
And the valleys in splendour are buskit sae braw.
Ance mair Dame Fortune's sweet smiling face
Reveals unto man God's bounteous grace.
The bonnie bluebell, the white daisy and gowan,
The bramble and hip, the haw and the rowan,
And the sturdy Scotch thistle that jags like a preen,
And the dark mountain heather are now to be seen.
There's roses and posies o' the sweetest perfume,
And geraniums and fuchsias for the invalid's room.
By the murmuring streams the fields they are gay,
The corn, wheat, and barley are in gorgeous array.
The meadows sae green and the mountains sae blue,
And the vines and the orchards are pleasant tae view.
The luxuries of life, all over the land,
Are granted to all by a kind Father's hand.

AUTUMN

Brightly beams the Autumn sun,
Its annual course has now begun.
The summer months have passed away,
The flowers that bloom shall soon decay

All nature shall soon in silence lie,
Frail mortal man is doomed to die.
The wise and foolish, the rich and poor,
The pangs of death they must endure.

But ah! There is prepared for man
A resting place o'er Jordan's strand,
Where the heavy laden, sick and sore,
Shall rest in peace for evermore.

WINTER

The Simmer days are noo awa'
The winter's come ance mair.
A' the hills are clad wi' snaw
The fields are black and bare.

The birdies noo hae come tae grief
There's nae meat for them ava
Upon the trees there's no a leaf
They've a' been blown awa'

The hay and straw are a' stowed bye
The barns are fu' o' grain,
Wi' lots o' meat for horse and kye,
But the birdies they've got nane.

The birdies noo shall hungry be
Before the winter's thro'
And mony a ane shall drap and dee
And the barns a' stowed sae fu'.

IT'S WINTER AGAIN

The simmer days are noo awa',
Dowf and doolie sits the crow,
The winter winds have come again
Pitter patter fa's the rain;

The butterfly and busy bee
Have flown awa' frae Colinslee,
The heather bell and gowden broom
Wi' cauld and sleet have met their doom.

The bowling-green's deserted noo,
Fitba fields are a' crammed fu',
Bats and wickets are a' stowed by,
The model yachts in harbour lie;

Our gallant oarsmen, smart and bien,
Nae mair upon the Cart are seen;
Wild flower lovers, cantie chieils,
Nae mair can ramble through the field

Nae mair ye see fine lovely dames
At tennis court and croquet games
The sonsie kimmers are a' doon in the moo',
Their favourite sport is ended noo,

Nae mair ye see, when oot at night,
Braw, sturdy billies, pitch the quoit;
Sair 'gainst the grain, the cycle flier
To other sports maun noo retire.

APRIL SHOWERS

Sweet, refreshing showers of rain,
On hill and dale have come again
To deck the fields and bring forth flowers
God sends to earth sweet April showers
The seedlings scattered all around
Shall soon come springing from the ground,
And everywhere they raise their head
Shall provide for us our daily bread
Sweet, refreshing showers of rain
Revive our thankful hearts again

Fisher buddies, wi' line and rod,
Nae mair ye see them gaun abroad;
The couthie chaps ha'e quat their game,
There's nowt for't noo but bide at hame;
On Saturday nicht, there is nae doot,
Ye'll feast nae mair on caller trout,
The scene is changed, Summer's done
Winter sport has now begun.

MARCH DUST

A stourie wave o' fine March dust,
In seedhill road has made a fuss,
Mixed wi' rain it's turned tae glaur-
It maist wad sink a man-o'-war.

On the narrow kerb and on the road,
A buddie can scarcely keep dry shod,
When to jump a hole you make a dash,
Ye always get a dirty splash.

Frae early morn till late at e'en,
Boots and shoes are never clean,
While through the glaur puir buddies wade,
They're much in need o' the Shoe-black Brigade.

ANOTHER YEAR

Another year away has flown,
And the spend thrift has no wiser grown,
Though every chance was freely given
To lead him on his way to heaven.
Poor simple soul! He seemed to think
True pleasure's only found in drink.

Though swift the years are rolling on,
Man shall reap what he has sown.
The good seed scattered all around
Shall at harvest time be found.
The bad seed sown, you may depend,
Shall breed corruption at the end.

YESTERDAY

Yesterday has speedily passed away,
And swiftly vanishing is today.
'Midst Pleasure's smile and Sorrow's frown,
The hands of Time go speedily round.
Yesterday's plans and yesterday's schemes,
Though they are but idle dreams,
Though they were castles in the air
Others today we now prepare.
Yesterday's joy and yesterday's mirth
Gladdened many a soul on earth,
Yesterday's sin and yesterday's shame
Tarnished many an honoured name.
A sob, a cry, a groan, a tear,
And a gladsome hope our heart to cheer,
As yesterday, the same shall be today,
And shall be till the world shall pass away.

A TEETOTAL SPEECH

Noo, freen's, I've lately come tae think
Gin folk wad just gie up the drink
They'd aye ha'e lots o' ready clink
Guid claes tae buy.
In misery's sheugh they'd never sink
Nor helpless lie.
Gin ye quat takin' beer and wine,
In dool despair ye'll ne'er repine.
Your humble hame wad brightly shine
Believe you me.
On better things you'd feast and dine,
An' happier be.
Quat ye at ance yer fav'rite gless
The brewer's trade wad soon get less.
You'd land him in an awkward mess,
And spoil his pleasure,
But never mind, aye dae whit's be
Ye'll pooch the treasure

SUNDAY DRINKING

Woe unto you, ye Sunday breakers,
Ye wild, marauding, heartless wreckers
O' the Sabbath day;
Spite o' the parson's earnest preachin'
An' a' your mither's hamely teachin'
Ye're gey faur astray.
Ilk Sunday morn, wi' sic fearfu' din,
That seems tae you tae be nae sin,
Ye weet yer mou'
In the famous howff near Cum'erlan' Mill,
In high class style ye drink yer yill,
Till stoitin' fu'.
Ye harum-scarum thochtless chiels,
Gin Cloutie catch ye by the heels
He'll stap the tide.
He'll quickly spoil your drinkin' game,
An' cast ye in tae sic a flame,
An' tan yer hide.

Gin I yer drinkin' sprees could check,
Ye ne'er wad drink anither peck,
Tho' ye'd kneel an' pray,
I'd pass a Sunday Closing bill,
Ye ne'er wad taste anither gill,
On the Sabbath day...

A TEMPERANCE DEBATE

John Mucklewham and Robin Black
Ae winter nicht sat doon tae crack,
'Bout a' the topics o' the day
The noble worthies had their say.
The couthie chiels were aye contrary,
Ye ne'er saw a pair sae blithe and merry,
Sin' they were ladies in their teens
The gallant pair had aye been freen's.
John voted blue and Robin red –
Their party's colour ne'er was hid.
And on that dreary winter's night
They toed the scratch prepared tae fight.
John made a gallant dash wi' a rigmarole
Hoo whisky aft did cheer his soul.
He said he wis like the maist o' men –
Aye fond tae pree the tappit hen.
He said it aye wis fine and handy
In a secret corner a wee drap brandy.
When doon in the mou', sair vexed wi' grief,
It picked ye up an' gave relief.
Robin then began to sermonize,
An' the liquor laws to criticize.
John then began tae speak again
An' brawly he could stan' his ain.
In the finest language he boldly said
In favour of the liquor trade:
“As lang's I've siller for to spare,
For preachin' folk I dinna care,
But min' ye Rab, I'd like tae hear,
The harm that's in a glass o' beer.
Mony a ane ye've ta'en yoursel'
An' you aye enjoyed them well.
Come on noo, Rab, dinna stand an' think,
Let's hear the harm that's in the drink”.
“Weel, Jock, Ye brawly ken yersel'
It was the drink that killed Archie Bell,
It respects no person, rank, nor fame,
An' drives mony a soul to sin an' shame.
It drives mony a soul tae the asylum too,

An keeps the jile an' puihooose fu'.
The cash you spend in your Sunday club
Wad keep you snug wi' claes and grub,
Your mutual improvement tipling scheme
Is nothing but an idle dream
Gin ye dinna watch what your doin',
It'll bring you quickly to your ruin.
Wi' the barley you'd better part,
Or break your pui auld mither's heart."
"Weel, Rab, ma man, 'tween you and me,
I'll bid fairwell tae the barley bree,
Wi' Scotia's famous mountain dew
I'll gang nae mair stottin' fu',
Nae mair shall proud old Boniface
Mak' me the picture o' disgrace..
I'll gang nae mair tae the auld 'greyhound',
An' spend ma yellow, white and brown
Wi' new ideas firmly wedged
I shall sign the temperance pledge.
This very nicht I shall abstain,
An' never mair shall drink again."

THE TALLAMAN

Have ye seen the Tallaman
Wi' his bag o' fancy wares?
Have ye seen him march alang,
Wi' sic majestic airs?
Have ye seen him ply his trade
Like some big London swell,
Seekin' wi' mony a curious way,
His fancy wares tae sell?
A blither chap ye've never seen –
He'd always be yer bosom freen'.
He banter every housewife
His fancy wares tae try,
In a better market
He swears ye canna buy.
A washin' brod or scrubber,
Claes powls , pins and rape,
There's no anither agency,
Sic wares can sell sae cheap.
A smarter man ye've never seen –
He'd always be your bosom freen'
From a needle tae an anchor,
By him can be supplied.
Every sort o' tradesman
By him are a' defied,
Gin ye want a set o' studs,
Sleeve links or silver watch,
From the noble Tallaman
Ye're shair tae get a catch,
A cuter chiel ye've never seen –
He'd always be your bosom freen'.

THE CHARMS OF TOBACCO

Thou most powerful, enticing weed,
Thou hast peculiar charms indeed.
Wee bits o' callans no oot o' schule,
The wiseacre and the thochtless fule,
In thy praise hae learnt tae speak,
And squirt on high thy famous reek.

Carters and cabbies and statesmen too,
And the jolly fermer at the ploo',
The city masher and the millionaire,
And the idle loafer at the square,
With thy juicy substance in their jaw,
Are rapidly spitting their lungs awa'.

The enchantment of thy famous smoke
Has charms for every kind o' folk,
Yet tho' thy fumes float through the air,
There are lonely hearts maist in despair.
Wha trusts in thee leans on a broken reed,
Cunningly gulled by a deceptive weed.

Ye chiels wha smoke, if ye condescend tae look,
Ye'll find it written in the good old Book,
"Take a little wine for your stomach's sake."
But a little smoke ye are not told to take,
Ye'll find the good Book also mentions,
"Man has sought out many inventions."

'MANG THE GENTRY AT AYR

Ance mair again we're doon the water,
A change of Air we've come tae seek,
The best o' lodgin's we hae gotten,
Our bill, it's fifteen bob a week.
At Shanter's Green we're a' residin',
'Mang the very best o', gentry folk.
Oor landlady is a winsome body,
Aye ready for to crack a joke
Sae gin ye come tae see oor mansion,
We'll mak' a shake doon on the flair.
And ye shall get a thousand welcomes,
W' the best o' cheer, In dear auld Ayr.
Noo a' ye chaps wha seek for pleasure,
Pack up yer duds and come awa';
At Ayr there's lots o' winsome lasses,
The likes o' them ye never saw.

AT THE HARBOUR O' AYR

The handsomest picture that ever was seen
Of keen winter frost or bright summer sheen,
The street o' the city, or lone highland glen,
Cleverly drawn by the brush or the pen;
Whenever the skies are drap'd in their best,
And the sons o' labour enjoying sweet rest,
There's nothing so bright, so gorgeous, and fair
As beautiful sunset at the Harbour o' Ayr.

When lovers are strolling down by the shore,
List'ning to hear the wild breakers roar,
When into the waves dogs fearlessly dash,
When light'hearted bairns paidle and splash,
When donkeys are galloping over the sand,
Elevating the sportive mind of man,
There's nothing so bright, so gorgeous, and fair
As beautiful sunset at the Harbour o' Ayr.

NEVER PLEASED.

Greatly annoyed, and grumbling again –
Some folk are no' pleased 'cause it's pouring o' rain,
But there ne'er was a storm, that ever I've mind,
But aye brocht a glint o' lovely sunshine.
But such is life, wherever ye gang,
There's always a somebody wi' a pityfu' sang.

When it's fine, lovely weather, bright as can be,
An' the beauties o' nature pleasant to see –
When the trade's at its best an' wages increased,
There's always a somebody that never is pleased.
But such is life, wherever ye gang,
There's always a somebody wi' a pitifu' sang.

When suspended from work, little cash in your purse,
There's always a somebody that seems to be worse,
Tho' oot-at-the-elbow, and scanty your fare,
Ye maun aye contribute relief to the puir,
But such is life, wherever you gang,
There's always a somebody wi' a pitifu' sang.

Why should this be in this land of ours,
'Mid the richest of perfume of sweet scented flowers?
The land that produces a rich millionaire
Should never require an almshouse for the puir.
But such is life, wherever you gang,
There's always a somebody wi' a pitifu' sang.

SANTA CLAUS

Once more again old Santa Claus,
In good old-fashioned style,
Has come to see his bonny bairns,
An' bless them wi' a smile.
Wi' mirthful glee an sparkling e'e,
Merrily he did come,
Wi' horses and sheep, cuddys and coos,
He cam' rattling doon the lum.
An' spite o' the noise an' din he made,
The bairns kep' sleepin' soun' –
Naebody saw him cross ower the flair,
But the auld man in the moon.
He brocht wi' him a Christmas- box,
To suit a girl or boy,
Wi' thingummy-jigs, bells and rings,
An' mony a curious toy.
He'd Jack-in-the-box an' a jugglin' mouse,
An' a fancy spinning-top
Tiddly-winks an' a ping-pong game,
Indian clubs an' skipping rope.
But before the bairns had wakened up,
Good old Santa Claus,
Had vanished through the key-hole
An' speedily jink'd awa'.

“NEVER GEE YOUR BEAVER”

When fortune smiles upon your broo,
An' gars ye think you're a'richt noo,
Dinna mak' a great ado,
“Never gee your beaver”.

When far beyond the prime o' life,
An' misfortune cuttin' like a knife,
Haud up your heid abune the strife,
“Never gee your beaver”.

When you meet a fellow in distress,
Or find one in an awkward mess,
When you ease the pain within the breast,
“Never gee your beaver”.

CORONATION VERSE.

Ye chieftains of the Highland Clans,
Ye belted knights and artisans,
Ye patrons of our Scottish games,
Ye radical maids and primrose dames,
Ye loyal patriots leal and true,
Wi' banners red and banners blue,
Wi' banners white and banners green,
In honour of our king and Queen,
Let us be merry, blithe and gay,
All hail the King's Coronation Day,
With one accord we'll rise and sing,
Long live our gracious King.

MY UNDERWOOD LASS.

As lang as I live an' blest wi' guid health,
Though friends may be few an' I've little wealth,
As lang as my back its burden can bear,
I'll never sit doonin gloomy despair;
Though time fly away like bird on the wing,
As lang as I'm able to whustle an sing,
Until the world I silently pass,
I'll always remember my Underwood lass.

Whenever Death's messenger knocks at my door,
And bids me prepare for eternity's shore,
Whenever I've safely crossed o'er the Bourne,
And down to the dust my body return,
Whenever I've seen the kind Shepherd's face,
And my body confined to its last resting place,
I pray that my hopes shall a' come to pass,
And be united again with my Underwood lass

ROTHESAY BAY

Tho' cockneys brag o' London scenes,
Stylish lords and winsome queens,
The strand, Pall Mall, and Piccadilly,
Drury Lane and the famed Old Bailey,
Tho' they speak in praise o' Isle I' Man,
Isle o' Wight, an' Brighton sand,
In a bonnier place ye'll never reside
Than Rothesay Bay upon the Clyde.

Tho' the sons o' Erin for Ireland's sake
Proudly boast o' Killarney's lake,
The Giant's Causeway and County Down,
And Dublin city of great renown.
Tho' they speak in praise o' Tipperary,
Portrush and famous Londonderry,
In a bonnier place ye'll ne'er reside
Than Rothesay Bay upon the Clyde.

Tho' brither Scots may loodly craw
And praise their hielan' hills sae braw,
Tho' they brag o' Stirling and the famous North,
The Brig o' Allan, and the links o' Forth,
Tho' they speak in praise o' Largs and Troon,
And the Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon,
In a bonnier place ye'll ne'er reside
Than Rothesay Bay upon the Clyde.

THE FALL OF KING COTTON.

Dan. Sully, the cotton millionaire,
Comfortably sat on his easy chair;
Avariciously he cunningly planned
To grab a' the siller that's in our land;
But ere he'd filled his gowden purse
His gigantic plans suddenly burst.
Wives and weans, poorly fed,
Now will have a bit more bread –
The horny-handed sons of toil
Once more will cheerf'ly smile.

DOONFIT.

(Called now, I believe , DOONFOOT)

With a cheerful heart, a'e Paisley Fair,
Within three miles o' dear auld Ayr,
In a cosy nook near Doonfit,
To rest a wee, I there did sit.
While all alone I there did rest,
The sun was sinking in the West;
The surging billows did loudly roar,
And boldly leaped towards the shore.
But suddenly came down the gloaming gray,
And warned me to seek my homeward way:
But ere I reached Green Street Lane,
Curious thoughts ran through my brain.
I thocht if Robin were alive noo,
He'd sit nae mair wi' a boozin' crew,
Nor fondly caress the whisky bottle;
He'd sign the pledge and become teetotal.
But I needna bother wastin' ink,
Enough's been said aboot the drink;
The maist o' folk ken o' its fau't;
By the good old Book they have been taught,
Wine is a mocker, and at the end
It robs us of our dearest friend.
But I maun noo change my tune,
There's ither fancies in my croon,
If Robin saw the esplanade
And the great improvement that's been made,
The tramway cars, and the electric light,
Illuminating the streets at night;
If he saw Turner's brig on the river Ayr
And the Soldier's statue in the Station Square;
If he saw himself cut oot in stane,
Queer thochts wad flash a' through his brain;
If he saw the hoose whaur he wis born,
Ancc mair again he'd soond his horn.
But ere this story's at an and,
I've one thing more to let you ken;
If I was a wealthy millionaire,

I'd build a hoose in dear auld Ayr.
On summer nights I'd often sit
In the cosy nook near Doonfit;
With contented heart I'd roam the shore,
Until my time on earth was o'er.

THE FALL OF THE LEAF.

When the summer time has passed away,
And people prepare for the winter day,
When the farmer's fields are dark and drear,
And darksome clouds are hovering near,
In every land upon the earth,
'Mid abundant wealth and gladsome mirth,
Many a soul doth come to grief,
And passes away like the fall of the leaf.

When the stately ship upon the wave,
With a daring crew, bold and brave,
Is helplessly driven, to and fro,
'Mid storms of wind and blinding snow,
When the thunders roar and the lightnings flash,
And upon the rocks there's a terrible crash,
Many a soul doth come to grief,
And passes away like the fall of the leaf.

When the steam horse gallops along the rails,
'Mid heath-clad knowes, hills and dales,
When its cargo is a human freight,
And it speedeth along in the silent night,
When at full speed it's swiftly driven,
And by some mistake the wrong signal's given,
Many a soul doth come to grief,
And passes away like the fall of the leaf.

When nations growl at one another,
And badly use a weaker brother,
When they plan and scheme with subtle brain
Another bit of land to gain,
When the soldiers' bugles sounding loud,
And the seamstress wearily sews the shroud,
Many a soul doth come to grief,
And passes away like the fall of the leaf.

RELIGIOUS POEMS

THE DEAR AULD BOOK

Read unto me the dear auld book,
The Book that stands for aye;
The Book that teaches young and auld
To humbly kneel and pray.
Read unto me the precious word
Which clearly shows the way,
Which leadeth to the golden land
Which shineth bright for aye.

Read unto me of Calvary's Cross,
Where Christ was crucified;
Read unto me how he patiently there
Suffered and bled and died,
Our sinful hearts to make free
From sorrow, sin, and shame,
That we might rise and safe return
Back to our Father's hame.

Read unto me of good Saint Paul,
Who of sinners was the chief;
Read unto me of the paradise
Where dwells the pardoned thief.
Read unto me the guid auld psalms,
In words sae clear and plain;
Read unto me of the noble deeds
Of the Lamb for sinners slain.

Read unto me how He healed the sores
Of the weary, sick and lame,
Read unto me how He showed the bless'd
The narrow way for hame.
Read unto me of brave old Peter,
How he walked the stormy wave.
Read unto me how Christ the lord
Brave Peter's life did save.

Read unto me of the fiery furnace,
And its dreadful, roaring blast;
Read unto me of the gallant three
Who in the flames were cast.
Read unto me of the grand old man
Who stood in the lion's den,
A better lesson ne'er can be taught
Unto the sons of men.
Read unto me the dear Auld Book,
It's better far than gold;
It bringeth back the wandering sheep
Once more to the Shepherd's fold.
Read unto me of the pardon free
Unto sinners that is given;
Read unto me of the starry crown
That waits for us in heaven.

WHEN OOR ACCOUNTS ARE SQUARE

We needna fret nor pine awa,
Tho' frien's are deid and gane;
Tho' in a garret near the sky
We noo maun live oor lane.
Tho' wild and eerie is the nicht,
Oor herts wi' grief are sare,
We shall a' be welcome hame
When oor accounts are square.

We needna fret nor pine awa,
Tho' hard oor lot in life,
Tho' no sae fit tae stan' oor ain
Nor battle in the strife.
Tho' in the back hauf o' the day
Oor auld coat's maist threadbare,
We shall a' be welcome hame
When oor accounts are square.

We needna fret nor pine awa',
Tho' trudging doon the brae,
Tho' oor tousie pow's turning bauld,
Oor beard is showing grey.
Tho' fortune's smiles a' pass us bye
And leaves oor pooches bare,
We shall a' be welcome hame
When oor accounts are square.

THE SABBATH BELLS

The Sabbath bells are ringing,
The morn is bright and clear,
The birds are warbling sweetly
Their love song in the air.
The good old parson's waiting
Once more his flock to see,
To tell the gospel message
Of pardon, full and free.

The Sabbath bells are ringing,
God's Word to come and hear –
Prepare ye for the kingdom
The crowning day is near.
The good old parson's waiting,
With gladsome news in store –
All ye who trust the Master
Shall live for evermore.

The Sabbath bells are ringing,
Come, boldly take your stand,
Come' cast down all your sorrow,
Come, join our little band.
The good old parson's waiting
Come, lay your burden down,
All ye who trust the Master
Shall wear a starry crown.

BEYOND THE GOWDEN STAIR

Ae nicht when I lay doon tae rest,
My thochts got in a curious mess –
Whit the deuce wis wrang I couldna guess,
Nor fin' oot ava,
I thocht I'd bid the warl' adieu,
An' ta'en the road tae pastures new,
The lovely sights I there did view,
I'll tell ye a'.
I thocht I'd climbed the gowden stair,
Marched thro' the gorgeous mansions fair,
Wi' Adam and Eve I feasted there,
An' a' wis free.
Nae squabbling man nor wife wis there,
Each soul wis free o' canker care,
Sweeter harmony, I solemnly swear,
I ne'er did see.
A prood, disdainfu', selfish man
I never met in a' that lan',
An' everywhere I chanced tae stan'
I was finely treated,
Tho' I was but a stranger there,
O' a' the sweets I got a share,
An' I pree'd their dainty fare,
I was nicely seated.
Sceptic loons who aye do criticise,
An' aye the gospel truth denies,
Tae cheat folk oot the heavenly prize
I could na' see.
Drunkards, gamblers and tyrants too,
Not a single one I there could view,
Nor yet a soul o' the sanctimonious crew,
Wha deceitfu' be.
Nae miserly chiels were living there,
Nor folk wha aye screw doon the puir –
Lazarus was the happiest soul there,
So it did seem
For missing frien's I kindly speired –
'Bout a' their welfare I was feared –
but suddenly the mansions disappeared,

An' spoiled my dream.

ALL IS VANITY

It's appointed once for man to die,
And in the grave forgotten lie,
As flowers that bloom 'neath Nature's sway,
Mankind is doomed to pass away –
All is vanity.

Tho' ye be parson, priest or knave,
Wealthy, noble, or servile slave,
Tho' ye be statesman, poet, or preacher,
Mighty monarch, or Hebrew teacher –
All is vanity.

Tho' ye have reached the heights of fame,
And the gods of earth applaud thy name,
Tho' ye possess a diamond cross,
Thy riches are but counted dross –
All is vanity.

Tho' ye be peasant, prince or king,
And the Psalms o' David sweetly sing,
Tho' ye walk the way the saints have trod,
And always seek to serve the lord –
All is vanity.

Tho' ye the Master's time redeem,
And preach beneath the moonlight gleam,
Tho' countless souls ye seek to save,
And cheer the way to the dark, cold grave –
All is vanity.

DISCONTENTMENT

Discontentment, thou fractious loon,
Why do ye wander the warl' aroon,
Scattering envy everywhere
Clouds o' gloom and dark despair?
Why is your speech sae bitter and gruff?
O' riches and grandeur hae ye no' got enough?

Discontentment, greedy auld carle,
You'd like a' the siller that's made in the warl',
In your sleeky e'e and hawklike face
The picture o' greed I can easily trace,
Why don't ye listen quietly to reason,
And quat a' your capers that are just for a season?

Discontentment, hard miserly chiel,
Your actions in life dinna look weel,
You deserve the name Rogue, Knave, or Cheat,
For aye when simple folk ye meet
You put in their heart a venomous sting
That covets and grabs at everything.

Discontentment, ye ocht tae think shame,
Your fine cairry-ons hae blackened your name;
The terrible prices for victuals and coal,
Wi' taxes and rent, we scarcely can thole.
In the struggle for life there are thousands that fa',
Yet spite o' the sorrow you're aye grabbin' awa'.

Discontentment, for the sake o' yoursel',
A lang-faced story ye needna noo tell;
Gin it be true what I've oft heard say,
It's time for ye noo tae alter your way,
And part wi' a' your ill-gat booty,
Or be nabbed at the last by dear auld Cloutie

GOD'S ALL-SEEING EYE

When busy scheming to gather gold,
And poor, helpless souls around ye die
When secretly your ends are gained,
You're watched by God's all-seeing eye.
When your garner's full of golden grain,
And at your door a poor beggar lies,
When to him ye say, "Be gone, ye scamp!"
You're watched by god's all-seeing eye.
When gathered round the festive board,
A poor starving child for help does cry;
When you give away the fallen crumb,
You're watched by God's all-seeing eye.
When auld and dune, and shoved aside,
And your weel-aff frien's a' pass ye by,
When sighing sair for your hame abune,
You're watched by God's all-seeing eye.
When ye bow the knee unto the Lord,
Who rules the earth, the sea, and sky,
When you thank him for your daily bread,
You're watched by God's all-seeing eye.

MUSINGS BY THE SEASIDE

One night at the gloaming, on Ayr esplanade,
When at the Low Green, the Burgh Band played,
I suddenly started tae ponder and think
If my scattered ideas together would clink.

I thought if our statesmen were really sincere,
And would give us the veto to prohibit the beer;
If they'd keep to their word and their promise fulfill,
We'd astonish our friends with a new Liquor Bill.

I thought if Carnegie the famed millionaire,
With all his poor friends his fortune would share,
And give to each one a cheque for ten pounds,
He'd drive from our midst dread Poverty's frown.

I thought if the wealthy contented would be,
Sweet, smiling faces we always would see;
If the lamb and the lion together would sleep,
The eleventh commandment would be easy to keep.

I thought if trade struggles were things of the past,
If preventives for them were discovered at last,
And everyman's wage was not less than ten pound,
Starvation on earth would no longer be found.

I thought if some people would listen to reason,
And their action in life did ne'er become treason,
The African war would speedily cease,
And the Boer and the Briton live happy in peace.

IN MEMORIAM

In memory of Robert Orr, 3 Lawn Street, Paisley,
who died suddenly at Failford, Tarbolton,
11th May, 1899, aged 59.

In answer to a sudden call,
Our comrade's gone, he's free from all
The grief and sorrow, sin and strife,
All flesh is heir to in this life.

His earthly toil at last is done,
The Jordan's crossed, the victory won.
He's found a never failing Friend,
His sorrow now is at an end.

IN MEMORIAM OF OUR BELOVED QUEEN,

Who died at Osborne, January 22, 1901,

In her 82nd year.

Alas! alas! our Queen is dead,

Her spirit has upward flown,

She has laid aside her earthly jewels,

To wear a heavenly crown.

All o'er the world from Pole to Pole,

To people in sad distress,

She always had a bounteous hand,

Kind sympathy was in her breast.

But, ah, she's gone! Her spirit fled

Far beyond the narrow bourne,

Her task is o'er, she'll weep no more,

In sorrow we sadly mourn.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

Ring out ye merry Christmas bells,
All o'er the earth where man dwells,
Wake within each mortal soul,
How the wheels of time do swiftly roll.

Ring out ye merry Christmas bells
All o'er the earth where man dwells!
Wake within each sinner's heart
A desire to find the "better part"
Wake within each aching breast
A desire to find eternal rest.

Ring out, ye merry Christmas bells,
All o'er the earth where man dwells!
Wake drowsy souls, e'er eternity's horn
Shall wake the world on the judgement morn

NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1902.

Yestreen we bade the auld year adieu,
To-day we welcome Nineteen Hundred an' two;
'Mid grief and sorrow, and pleasure gay,
Nineteen Hundred an' one has passed away.

While steadily marching, homeward boun',
As bygone years, it has quickly flown;
While busy toiling for our daily bread,
Away from our vision it has fled.

Though time is short and quickly rolls away,
An' tousy pows turn bald and grey,
The sons of men all o'er the earth,
Gladly welcome the New Year's birth.

LIFE IS BUT A GAME

All alone and not alone,
I sit in my easy chair;
All alone and not alone,
I build castles in the air.
Plan and scheme, work or play,
The world is still the same –
Light or dark, wet or dry,
Life is but a game.
All alone and not alone,
We hurry towards the end;
All alone and not alone,
We always have a friend.
Mourn and fret, sing or pray,
The world is still the same –
Rich or poor, sad or glad,
Life is but a game.

NEVER

Never tell a tale outside the school,
Carefully tend to the golden rule;
Never be caught in the tempter's snare,
Of the rogue and the cheat always beware.

Never be biased to sect or faction,
Always be honest in every transaction;
Never in life be a dealer in lies,
And a poor humble never despise.

Never speak a word in a person's ear,
To cause a sigh or cause a tear;
Never act the cruel deceiver's part,
And crush forever a maiden's heart.

Never rejoice at another one's loss,
Remember your riches are counted but dross;
Never reject the advice of a friend,
God's day of grace may suddenly end.

GOD'S LOVE TO MAN

Ye people who in sadness mourn,
Unto thy Father's house return,
All thy wants shall be supplied,
All thy craving satisfied,
Turn ye today, why will ye die,
God's day of grace is passing by.

Come all ye weary souls oppressed,
Come all ye anxious ones distressed,
Ere ye lose the victor's crown,
Lay thy weary burden down,
Come with thy sin, thy grief and pain,
You shall be welcome home again.

Ye weary pilgrims seeking rest,
Thy Father's house is still the best,
Come ye now, the table's spread,
Hungry soul, thou shalt be fed,
Confess thy sin, hide not thy shame,
God's love is still the same.

COME.

Come, hearken to the Saviour's voice,
And praise him evermore,
Come bless Him for His precious Word,
Behold I am the door.

Come to the fountain free to all,
There living waters flow,
There you'll find a soothing balm,
For all thy earthly woe.

Come boldly to the throne of grace,
Thy Saviour's kindly hand
Will guide you o'er the hills of time,
Into the Better Land.

THE NARROW WAY.

Aye keep pressin' on, watch and pray;
Aye walk in wisdom's narrow way;
Whene'er you see the crowning day,
You shall be blest,
On Canaan's shore 'mid bright array,
Enjoy sweet rest.

Aye keep trusting the Sinner's Friend,
On Him you safely may depend,
And though you cannot comprehend
His precious love,
You will reach at journey's end
The realm above.

Although you've run the downward grade,
A ransom has for all been paid,
With boundless love the Lord has said,
Be of good cheer,
Poor anxious soul, be not afraid,
Thy Lord is near.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

Homeward bound to Canaan's shore,
Soon the journey will be o'er,
Soon the harbour we shall reach,
Soon we'll stand upon the beach,
Soon will vanish Death's dark gloom,
Soon shall in the Upper Room,
'Mid joyful song, loud and sweet,
Friends gone before there we'll meet,
And in the happy home above,
Taste more full our Father's love.

THE LORD'S MY SHEPHERD.

“The Lord’s my shepherd; I’ll not want,”
I learned to sing at my mother’s knee;
Though but a boy it gave me joy
To know the Shepherd cared for me.

When marching thro’ the busy street,
Where’er my business chance to be,
By night or day where’er I stray,
My Shepherd always watches me.

On tramway car, in railway train,
Or sailing on the dark blue sea,
‘Tis grand to know, where’er I go,
My Shepherd always watches me.

At evening when I sit at home,
Although His face I cannot see,
Blest be His name, He’s still the same,
And kindly watches over me.

Whene’er my earthly task is o’er,
And my trembling soul strives to be free;
When Death’s cold hand breaks the silver band,
My Shepherd still shall care for me.

SEEKERS AFTER TRUTH

Buy the truth and sell it not;
Ne'er heed what sceptics say,
Buy the truth and sell it not
And provide for a rainy day.

Gin sorrow's sting jag ye sair,
And gar ye in terror start,
Buy the truth and sell it not,
It'll cheer your fainting heart.

Buy the truth and sell it not;
Ne'er trust an idle blether,
Seek pastures new, put in the pin,
And sell your wee bit leather.

PAISLEY POLITICS

PAISLEY BURGH ELECTION, 1895

The Liberal champion, Sir William Dunn,
The election fight has nobly won,
He has beaten Moffatt and the Tory crew
By thirteen hundred and forty-two;
He has beaten them a' baith fair and square –
An honest man could dae nae mair –
And without the Labour party's vote
This glorious victory was got;
And, when the fight was focht and won,
There were sic cheers for good old Dunn.

ON THE EVE OF THE PARLIAMENT DISSOLVING

Ye Tory chiels, I'm gled tae hear
Your tether end is drawing near
Tho' in the shade we've been this while,
We're forming up in richt guid style;
Oor forces noo are maist perfection,
And fit tae fight at the coming election.
But noo, ma freen's, I maun tell ye a'
Nae muckle langer will ye crawl;
In Westminster Hoose, as faur's I can see,
Nae langer there you chiels can be;
We want a change, and you've ta'en the hint,
The reason why you'll find in print.
The dissolution's signed on your ain accord,
You've boldly drawn the ballot sword;
But min' ye, when you toe the scratch,
You'll find ance mair you've met your match,
And tho' you look gey prood and game,
When the tussle's bye you'll gang sadly hame.

PAISLEY BURGH ELECTION, 1900

Hip, hip, hooray! We've won the day;
The Tory loons are scattered;
Their big-hearted freen' was beat yestreen –
Their dearest hopes were shattered.

All along the line our lights did shine –
Peace, Retrenchment, and Reform;
For Freedom's cause and mair righteous laws,
We rode safely through the storm.

Our chieftain Dunn well stood his grun',
And made Captain Swinton sorry;
Wi' the best o' skill our trusty Bill
Vanquished the famous Tory.

SEESTU'S SYMPATHY FOR AULD SAINT MUNGO

Puir auld Mungo, I'm awfu' sorry,
Your leading lights have a' turned Tory;
Ma he'rt the noo is like tae break
To think oor cause is maist a wreck.
Come, rouse ye up, quit ye like men,
Auld Seestu yet shall be your friend.

PAROCHIAL BOARD VERSUS PARISH COUNCIL

The Parochial Board is doomed at last,
Its lofty towers are a' doon cast,
And in our midst there now doth live
A Board that shall more freedom give.
It was in the year o' ninety-five
This new board began to thrive,
And began to look a' roon'
At the sad affairs o' oor toon.
Aft ha'e they sat wi' ane anither,
Plans and schemes to consider
Which would be the better plan
To assist oor fellow-man,
Who's pulling hard against the stream
His sad condition to redeem.
May these big-hearted buddies noo,
Wha ha'e their haun' upon the ploos,
Aye try tae dae their very best
To help their brither in distress,
And may they never cease from toiling
Until wi' joy each face is smiling.
I now do hope to see the day
When there shall be swept away
Every law that's vile and base,
And something better put in place.
I also hope you're prood to see
The Board that shall mair freedom gi'e,
An' I do hope you'll min' the year
The Parochial Board did disappear.

NEW CANDIDATES FOR TOON COUNCIL

HONOURS

Ma sonsie chiel, come tak' a seat,
And a wee bit story I'll relate,
Hoo the busy buddies o' oor toon
For council candidates have socht aroon'.

Mum's the word, min noo I say,
They've socht a man, his name's P.K.,
Ower a' the land he's famed for reeds
For wabster buddies tae haud their threeds.

The gallant chiel he did reply –
“Some ither day I'll have a try”.
The worthies didna lose a' hope,
They've got anither that's famed for soap.

North, south, east west, all ower the land,
Ye aye can find the Thistle brand.
This gallant fellow, without a lee,
At the Council Board wad suit tae a tee.

Anither chap's for the nomination roll –
Ower a' the toon he's famed for coal,
Neither millionaire nor titled Lord,
He's the richt sort o' chap for a Coouncil Board.

Noo, Ma cantie frien', at the coming election,
Gin ye want a Coouncil that's maist perfection,
Secure your coal and your Thistle soap,
And the Racecourse squabble will suddenly stop.

POEMS OF THE BOER WAR

PULLING KRUGER DOWN

Ye men of dear old England,
List to Britannia's call,
Freedom's rights to maintain,
Away to the dark Transvaal.
Our kinsmen are in danger,
Their safety to secure,
Hip, hip, hooray! March away,
Go ye and fight the Boer.
To arms the bugle's sounding,
Freedom's banner rally round;
Yours shall be the glory, boys,
Pulling Kruger down.

Ye lads of dear Auld Scotland,
Now as in days of old,
As ye charged Alma's height
March ye as warriors bold.
Our kinsmen are in danger,
Their safety to secure,
Scotland forever, now or never,
Go ye and fight the Boer.
To arms the bugle's sounding,
Freedom's banner rally round;
Yours shall be the glory, boys,
Pulling Kruger down.

Ye sons of dear old Ireland,
Who to the wars have been,
And fought for Britain's glory
As the soldiers of the Queen,
Our kinsmen are in danger,
Their safety to secure;
Fagh a Balagh! Clear the way,
Go ye and fight the Boer.
To arms the bugle's sounding,
Freedom's banner rally round,
Yours shall be the glory, boys,
Pulling Kruger down.

TO GALLANT TOMMY ATKINS

Ye gallant lads, here's tae you and yours;
Bad luck tae the crafty Transvaal Boers;
Three cheers for our good and noble Queen,
The Rose, the Thistle, and the Shamrock green;
Health, wealth, and pleasure to good old John Bull,
And a speedy end to Kruger'

TOMMY ATKIN'S ALPHABET

- A** stands for Africa, away in the east;
B for the British at the Ladysmith feast;
C for the coward who fired 'neath the white flag;
D for the dauntless who gave him the jag;
E for the excitement Long Tom has made;
F for the firing of the Naval Brigade;
G for the guns that silenced Long Tom;
H for the Hurras of the civilians at home;
I for the invasion on the borders of Natal;
J for Joubert, the Boer commander in battle;
K for the kilties who brought him to grief;
L for the laager of the commando and thief;
M for the mother who prays for her son;
N for the nurse whose work is well done;
O for the Orange State engaged in the fight;
P for Plumer who gave them a fright;
Q for the Queen, the Empress of the waves;
R for the Rooineks, who ne'er shall be slaves;
S for the shackles they could no longer endure;
T for the treachery of the cowardly Boer;
U for the Uitlander who demanded his right
V for the volunteer, who joined in the fight;
W for the wounded, the weeping widow and wean;
X for xylography, which I cannot explain;
Y for the Yankee, whom none can excel;
Z for the zeal that does everything well.

MODDER RIVER

On the banks of the Modder River,
'Neath Afric's burning sun,
British heroes peaceful slumber,
Life's duties bravely done,
No more when pipes are sounding,
Shall they march as warriors brave,
On the banks of Modder River
They've found a soldier's grave.
Muffled drums are softly beating,
Loving hearts grieving sore,
For our country's noble heroes
Who died on Afric's shore.

No more when pipes are sounding,
Shall they march as warriors brave;
On the banks of Modder River
They've found a soldier's grave.

THE FALL OF PRETORIA

Pretoria's fallen, Lord Roberts is there,
Oom Paul Kruger is now in despair;
To "stagger humanity" war he proclaimed,
The pious old sinner now shall be tamed.

He counted his chickens before they were hatched,
His planning and scheming have been overmatched;
He thought he could tramp on our good Union Jack,
But the tail of the lion soon gave him a whack.

The fall of Pretoria sounds sweet in our ear,
Oom Paul's tyranny shall soon disappear;
Freedom and justice all over the Vaal,
Shall be scattered and given to all.

JAGERSFONTEIN

In the dark silent midnight
Our soldiers were sleeping,
While our country's fierce foemen
Were silently creeping
With no thought of the morrow
Nor of death drawing nigh,
Our brave soldiers were dreaming
Of the sweet By-and By.
When the daylight came shining
They woke from their slumbers,
All surrounded by foemen
Twice their own number;
Crash, crash came the fierce bullets;
Our lads quickly replied;
As stout-hearted bold soldiers,
Bravely fighting they died.

TO AN UNPATRIOTIC SOUL.

Unpatriotic soul! The die is cast;
Your little game's found out at last.
While at the war our heroes fight,
You're scattering forth with all your might,
'Gainst our country and our Queen,
Language full of bitter spleen.
Your ignoble action toward our nation
May bring you yet due compensation;
Were Bruce and Wallace to the fore,
They soon would knock at your mansion door.

OUR GALLANT HOME DEFENDERS.

The soldier boys o' Seestu Toon,
Fof honour bright, the Queen and Croon,
Shouther tae shouther, blithe and gay,
To Dublin town have marched away.

Chorus:-

Hip, hip, hooray! Our gallant boys
They fear no foes, wild battle noise
Wi' pipes and drum, bayonet and gun,
They soon shall make the enemy run.

Our bonnie lassies, dark and fair,
Doon in the mou' maist in des[air,
Sobbing sae lood, were heard tae cry,
"Tommy, ma boy, goodbye, goodbye!"

Our gallant boys, sae brave and bold,
Are really worth their weight in gold,
Safe at home or in tented field,
They aye can dance the Scottish reel.

WELCOME HOME

Welcome home tae bonnie Scotland,
Ye stout-hearted volunteers;
For honour bright ye well have battled –
Now ye get our hearty cheers.
At duty's call yr quick did rally,
And did cross the rolling wave

To the burning sands of Afric',
Thine own kith and kin to save.

Welcome home, ye gallant yeomen,
Ye who rode the dark Transvaal,
'Midst Pom-pom and Mauser bullets,
Lyddite shell and cannon ball;
Ye have bravely done your duty
'Neath the good old Union Jack,
Now, today in bonnie Scotland,
We are proud to see you back.

OUR GALLANT MILITIA BOYS

With Buller and Bobs and Kitchener too,
The brave lads of Paisley town,
Far away on the African veldt,
Have fought for our Queen and crown.
'Midst tge sound of the drum and bagpipe,
All over the famous Vaal,
They kept pegging away, night and day,
To hasten old Kruger's fall.

Chorus:-

Now here's to the gallant soldiers,
Reared on the banks o' Cart
Tho' slippery De Wet they never could get,
They bravely played their part.
When the foreigners 'gainst us loudly roared,
And made such a terrible noise,
Aye ready to fight for Freedom's right
Were our gallant soldier boys.
Oom Paul to "stagger humanity",
And not the least bit shamed,
'Gainst our good old flag deceptive was,
And 'gainst us war proclaimed.
But his secret plans were soon upset,
He was quickly brought to bay;
But cunning old Kru', bade us adieu,
And quickly marched away.

ALL'S WELL

Hark how glad the people sing,

All's well;

Sweet chiming bells loudly ring,

All's well;

The Dreadfu' war has come to cease,

All o'er the Veldt there's joy and peace,

Our country's trade shall now increase,

All's well.

The Deadly conflict now is o'er,

All's well;

Peace reigneth now on Afric's shore,

All's well;

The Mighty Lord that rules the wave,

His mighty Arm protection gave,

From freedom's foe He did us save,

All's well.

ENIGMAS AND PUZZLES

The following appeared in the "Newcastle weekly chronicle"

My first is in poverty, but never in riches;
My second is in seam, but never in stitches;
My third is in rags, but never in waste;
My fourth is in speed , but never in haste;
My fifth it is written in the ancient old story;
My sixth is in marching onward to glory;
My whole is the passport to the Kingdom of Heaven,
And all that do seek it to them it is given.

My first is in church, but never in steeple;
My second is in house , but never in people;
My third is in Rome , but not in the Pope;
My fourth is in faith, but never in hope;
My fifth is in song, but never in time;
My sixth is in tune, but never in rhyme;
My seventh is in marriage, but not in the feast;
My eighth is in parson, but not in the priest;
My ninth is in scripture, but not in teaching;
My tenth is in sermon, but not in the preaching;
My whole unto man once in a year
Bringeth glad joy and merry good cheer.

My first is in pleasure gorgeously shining;
My second's in prison penniless pining;
My third is in everything and wherever you be;
In curious corners my fourth you can see;
My fifth's in the thoughts of a cute sort of stranger;
My sixth is in safety and also in danger;
My seventh is seen in a nice cheery face;
My eighth it is found in a loose looking place;
My ninth it is seen in all foreign climes;
My tenth is aye seen in the "News" and the "Times";
My whole unto man, a seamstress, or Queen,
When needed is aye a reliable freen'.

What is aye in the country and aye in the town,
And aye in the Queen's magnificent crown,
It's aye in London and Newcastle-on-Tyne,

It's aye in your stocking ans always in mine.

I'm a little word of letters four,
I'm sought for at every workshop door,
My first in the clouds you can easily trace,
My second is in the sun's beautiful face;
My third is seen in the bright evening star,
My fourth in the havoc created by war;
My whole it is sought for morn, noon, and night,
It's the cause of many a terrible fight.

What has travelled the world o'er and o'er,
And entered every mansion house door,
At Buckingham palace it never was seen,
Yet oft times there it saluted the Queen.