

**WEE TIBBIE'S GARLAND
AND OTHER POEMS
AND READINGS**

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Wee Tibbie's Garland and Other Poems and Readings by James Nicholson

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JAMES NICHOLSON

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CUTTY-SARK.

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Other Poems and Readings.

By JAMES NICHOLSON,

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"Idylls o' Home," etc.*

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1888.

WEE TIBBIE'S GARLAND.

I.

TIBBIE HER LANE.

It's eerie, oh it's eerie! here,
To bide ans's leesome lane
In this cauld hoose sae comfortless,
Especially for a wean;
Gin faither were but at his wark
I wadna care a preen,
But a' day in the public hoose
He tines his senses clean!
It's no that he has ocht to spen',
But drouthies like himsel'
Find ways an' means to get the drink,
Yet hoo, it's hard to tell;
An' Kirsty Broon the change-hoose wife,
Nae doot, is sair to blame,
In giein' credit, kennin' weel
Hoo things are here at hame!

▲

Oh gin he wad but fa' to wark
 An' crush the fall desire,
 I wadna need to sit my lane
 Withoot ae' spunk o' fire;
 But noo that dreary winter's gane—
 The lang dark nights near by,
 An' the frosty winds ootside the door
 Nae langer moan an' sigh,
 I'll no be feart to sit my lane,
 To bed I winna creep
 To hide my heid an' nurse the thochts
 That winna let me sleep.
 An' wha kens but the Lord abune
 May hear my fervent prayer,
 An' sen' my faither hame to me
 A sober man ance mair.

My claes are wearin' a' to rags,
 My cheeks are pale an' thin;
 My very banes, the neebors say,
 Are wearin' through my skin.
 Upon my feet, for months an' mair
 I hae'na had a shae,—
 An' oh, to think! that Kirsty Broon
 Should sen' the ither day
 An' auld pair o' her laddie's buite—
 No worth a broon bawbee;
 But I heav'd them at his muckle heid;
 My sang! I let him see
 That though we're puir, we hae a pride
 That Puirtith canna tame—

Me! to insult wi' her auld trash;
 Atweel she nicht think shame!
 It's no through kindness, weel I ken,
 She sen's sic things to me,
 Her conscience winna let her rest,—
 She kens she has to dee!
 The siller that should clead me weel
 She kens for drink she's ta'en;
 An' mair sae when she minds that she
 Has bairnies o' her ain!
 Oh happy days! oh blissfu' times!
 Ere nither pass'd awa';—
 They say I was a weel-faur'd wean,
 An' keepit bien an' braw;
 The only cloud that dim'd oor sky
 Was when the pay-nicht cam',
 When nither saw, wi' bodin' fear
 His likin' for the dram.

Oh nither! but I'm glad to think
 Ye are'na here to share
 Wi' me this weary, weary life
 O' sorrow, want, an' care!
 My waefu' thochts ye dinna ken,
 My tears ye dinna see,
 Or in my dreams ye wadna come
 An' smile sae sweet on me!
 Sweet dreams an' visions o' the night!
 Ye've a' the bliss I hae,
 For I see the angels in my sleep
 An' hear the harpers play;

An' mither sings a sweet, sweet sang,
 An' the words are wondrous fine,
 For they bid me put my trust in Him
 Wha blest wee bairns langsyne.

Nae won'er at that blessed name
 My heart within me warms,
 To think he should love bairns like me,
 An' clasp them in his arms!
 The griefs that weigh upon my heart
 To him I'll freely tell,
 An' when he hears, he'll mind that he
 Was ance a bairn himsel'!
 For ane amang thy human flock—
 For ane gane far astray—
 My faither, lang the slave o' Drink
 For him, dear Lord, I pray!
 O shed the licht o' thy rich love
 Upon his precious soul;
 An' save him frae the demon Drink,
 For thou can'st mak' him whole.

 II.

TIBBIE AND MADGE.

MADGE.

WHAT ails thee, Tibbie, cousin mine?
 Ye look sae pale an' wae;
 Guid bairns should aye be blythe at heart,
 I've heard my mither say;

Wi' lauchin' an' wi' daffin' we
 Should haud the hoose in glee,
 While in an' oot we jink about,
 Like maukens on the lea.

Dae ye ken the Spring has come, my lass?
 The hedges budded green,
 Ance mair the gowans on the lea
 Look up wi' lauchin' een;
 An' the daft wee lambs are loupin' thrang
 Through a' the sunny day;
 An' the burnie singin' to itsel'
 Beneath the breckan brae.

TIBBIE.

Oh Madie, dearest! dinna speak
 To me about sic things,
 E'en Simmer wi' its scented breath
 To me nae pleasure brings;
 To me, a' seasons are alike,
 'Tis Winter a' the year,
 The sun o' joy that shines to bless
 Sheds nae warm sunlight here!

[Laying her hand on her heart.]

Sae lonely is the life I lead,
 Sae cheerless noo oor hame;
 Gin folk but look me in the face
 I hing my heid wi' shame;
 An' a' nicht lang this waefu' thocht
 Ne'er lets me sleep a wink,—