

**MUSINGS AMONG THE  
HEATHER, BEING  
POEMS CHIEFLY IN  
THE SCOTTISH DIALECT**

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Musings among the heather, being poems chiefly in the Scottish dialect by David Thomson

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**DAVID THOMSON**

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# MUSINGS AMONG THE HEATHER:

BEING

Poems chiefly in the Scottish Dialect.

BY THE LATE

DAVID THOMSON,

HILLEND, NEAR AIRDRIE.

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*ARRANGED AND EDITED.*

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PREFATORY.

**D**AVID THOMSON, the Author of the following Poems, was born at Roseneath, Dumbartonshire, in 1806, the youngest of a family of seven sons and four daughters. His father was a shepherd, and belonged to Little Clyde, in the Upper Ward of Lanarkshire, but for a number of years resided at various places in the West Highlands. When about four years of age his father removed to Burnfoot, near Caldercruix, and shortly afterwards to Forrestfield, in the parish of Shotts, at which place David received the little education he got. As he grew up to manhood he was engaged in the various labouring employments usual in country life. In 1829 he married, and after a short time settled at Caldercruix,

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where he remained until 1849, when he removed to Hillend, on being appointed keeper of Hillend Reservoir, Lily and Black Lochs, for supplying the Monkland and Forth and Clyde Canals, and where he remained until his death, which took place in 1870. Hillend is situated in the parish of Shotts,  $4\frac{1}{2}$  miles east from Airdrie on the Edinburgh and Glasgow road.

Of a genial disposition, he was much respected in the district among a large circle of friends. From early manhood he was a close observer and great lover of nature, but it was only late in life that he attempted poetical composition, and on the encouragement of several of his acquaintances he persevered to gain that facility of expression so necessary for that form of composition. His earliest efforts appeared in the local newspapers, and attracted considerable attention, several of his pieces having established themselves as favourites, and even beyond his own district their merits commanded attention. As a poet he appears in his happiest mood in those pieces descriptive of rural scenery, wherein he depicts with great accuracy the scenes in which he so delighted



to revel—the rugged hill, the rocky glen, the wimpling burn, the shaggy wood, with feathery warblers adding their chorus to the hymn of universal nature—but he is not the less successful when he descends to social scenes and phases of life where his warm heart and sympathy with the poor, oppressed, and helpless, find ready expression; and even in his humorous pieces he shows himself to be no one-sided sentimentalist, but one who saw the various shades of human nature, who could detect its foibles, avoid its errors, and laugh at its vagaries.

He took great interest in all the political and social movements of his time, and gives expression to his sentiments on them with a vigour and directness which leaves no room for misunderstanding as to the leaning of his sympathies. A healthy moral tone pervades all his works, and the biography of the later years of his life may be said to be contained therein. Full of kindness and charity, his heart was grieved and wept at the miseries to be seen in this life, and he did his utmost to overcome or alleviate those conditions on which they are contingent. In a life so smooth and void of incident there is little to

chronicle beyond the few facts above given. Content with the sphere in life which Providence had assigned him, his years were passed as his days in the quiet retirement and routine of the duties of his situation. Though still hale and vigorous, his death took place after a short illness, somewhat suddenly, in the beginning of August, 1870. The legacy of Poems left behind him, have now been arranged and gathered together in this volume, the merits of which judicious readers are now confidently invited to judge of for themselves.

W. W.

LOCHEE, *March, 1881.*





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