WEIR OF HERMISTON; AN UNFINISHED ROMANCE

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649126118

Weir of Hermiston; an unfinished romance by Robert Louis Stevenson

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ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

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Trieste

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An Unfinished Romance by ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON



NEW YORK CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS 1896

College Library PR 5487 W3 1896

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MY WIFE

I saw rain falling and the rainbow drawn On Lammermuir. Hearkening I beard again In my precipitous city beaten bells Winnow the keen sea wind. And here afar, Intent on my own race and place, I wrote.

Take thou the writing : thine it is. For who Burnished the sword, blew on the drowsy coal, Held still the target higher, chary of praise And prodigal of counsel — who but thou? So now, in the end, if this the least be good, If any deed be done, if any fire Burn in the imperfect page, the praise be thine.

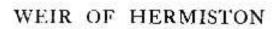
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Introductory

In the wild end of a moorland parish, far out of the sight of any house, there stands a cairn among the heather, and a little by east of it, in the going down of the braeside, a monument with some verses half defaced. It was here that Claverhouse shot with his own hand the Praying Weaver of Balweary, and the chisel of Old Mortality has clinked on that lonely gravestone. Public and domestic history have thus marked with a bloody finger this hollow among the hills; and since the Cameronian gave his life there, two hundred years ago, in a glorious folly, and without comprehension or regret, the silence of the moss has been broken once again by the report of firearms and the cry of the dying.

The Deil's Hags was the old name. But the place is now called Francie's Cairn. For a while it was told that Francie walked. Aggie Hogg met him in the gloaming by the