# **POEMS**

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Poems by William M'Hutchison

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## WILLIAM M'HUTCHISON

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WILLIAM M'HUTCHISON,



AIRDRIE:
PRINTED BY JAMES CHRISTIE.
1868.

### Anthor's Address.

It has been the invariable practice of most writers, in all times and ages, and under every variety of circumstance, in giving their productions to the world, to write a Dedication. It has occurred to me, in their doing so, that often under the mask of sincere and real friendship might be found some pecuniary or other selfish motive. To avoid this idea as much as possible in my particular case, I have refrained from writing one—heartly ignoring all such fashions and forms as being meaningless, and at best, quite useless, except for some such purpose.

However, I would humbly beg leave sincerely to thank

my fellow-townsmen and others, for their hearty response to my proposal of publication, in adhibiting their names as Subscribers for my present volume. I also feel truly grateful to those gentlemen who were holders of the Subscription Sheets, who used their time and influence to secure a sufficient number of Subscribers, so as to enable me to bring out the present edition of my Poems. Also, I must thank Dr. Eaton, of Airdrie, for his assistance to me, in arranging and writing up the Manuscripts for the press.

In regard to the Poems themselves, the very writing of them acted as a panacea to me in many an hour of deep sorrow, and caused me to enjoy a pleasure I would otherwise never have felt; and one aim I have in publishing is, that it may act as a stimulant to some other over-wrought son of toil, to devote his spare moments to some such relaxation from the toils and cares of a workman's life.

In conclusion, I would have the public view them from this standpoint—namely, that they are the productions of an uneducated working-man, and generously to say with the Poet-

"Aiblins tho' they mayna' stan' the test, Wink hard, and say the chiel has dune his best."

S7 Commonside Street, Airdeie, December, 1868.

## Preface.

The following Poems are the productions of a self-educated working man, composed during his spare moments. They are always brief and emphatic—are invariably the result of some passing scene or circumstance in his experience, and, with few exceptions, have been unpremeditated. Carefully perused, they will be found to contain a faithful account of the author's circumstances, thoughts, sympathies, and aspirations; and apart altogether from their intrinsic literary merit, manly dignity of sentiment, and patriotic spirit—their melting pathos, occasional humour and satire, and genuine sympathy for the labouring classes—they will be found to possess a peculiar interest, especially to natives of the Monklands. Here, many of the scenes familiar to us are embodied in simple and expressive language—many old memories we would not willingly let die are stereotyped in beautiful and harmonious verse—many of our local worthics are brought prominently before us, and stories of our fathers' time—always fraught with interest from their tender associations—are told in a simple and delightful style. We have no hesitation in saying that this is a volume which every native of the Monklands, here or elsewhere, ought to possess.

The majority of these Poems have already appeared separately in our local journals, but there are several in this collection which are quite recent, and have never before been printed. From the desultory and almost extemporaneous manner of their composition, and the great variety of subjects they embrace, they are of very unequal merit. Of the authorship of some of them—such as "The wee Empty Chair," "Airdrie aul' North Burn," "A Mornin' Lesson frae the Book o' Nature," "Mither an' Bairn," "The Poor Man's Grave," "The Wallace Monument," &c.—the majority of men might well be

proud, though some of the others are not so meritorious.

What we mean to insist upon is this: not that the book is faultless, but that its general merit and local interest are so great that it certainly deserves to be preserved.

The author is a respectable man, a native of Airdrie, and one who has hitherto, in no small degree, contributed to our amusement by his writings. His ability is considerable—he has an intense love for, and a just appreciation of poetry—and his intellectual attainments are, undoubtedly, above the average of working men. Should he attain a position in literature, it will shed a halo around the place of our birth. We, therefore, think it is a sacred duty, due to him, our native place, and ourselves, to assist our fellow-townsman in his praiseworthy career.

We feel confident this book will, at least, prove an interesting, amusing, and instructive volume. Should it only be the means of raising the author's social position, our labour will not have been in vain; and should it establish his fame as a Scottish Poet, our joy will be