

**THE POETICAL  
WORKS OF ANDREW  
STEEL, PP. 1-246**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649675395

The Poetical Works of Andrew Steel, pp. 1-246 by Andrew Steel

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.  
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

[www.triestepublishing.com](http://www.triestepublishing.com)

**ANDREW STEEL**

**THE POETICAL  
WORKS OF ANDREW  
STEEL, PP. 1-246**



*Mrs. Conseter*  
— THE —

POETICAL WORKS

OF

**A**ndrew **S**teel.

SECOND EDITION,

*Condensed from the First Volume.*

DEDICATED BY PERMISSION TO THE

RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF HOME.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY JOHN FORSYTH,

82 SOUTH BRIDGE.

MDCCLXIII.

## P R E F A C E

---

IN appearing the second time at the bar of the most illustrious and enlightened nation upon earth, I confidently believe that I have much to hope and but little to fear from the decisions of public opinion, owing to the circumstance of having been both so frequently and favourably noticed and critically reviewed by the Press, upwards of twelve years ago. My only apology, therefore, for again coming before the world, is solely owing to the repeated solicitations of a select and valued circle of friends and wellwishers, whose judgment of my effusions I highly esteem, and heartily appreciate.

The reader will, I doubt not, be gratified to observe some fresh pieces in this, which were not in the First Edition. These productions, I regret to add, were written under extreme relative affliction :

a dispensation of Providence, the writer sincerely trusts he shall never forget.

It is hoped that a judicious selection, as well as a happy arrangement, has been made of the various subjects, and that the distinctive classification of the Poems and Songs will meet the public approval.

With these few very short premises, I must again enquire that prince of writers, the illustrious Byron, and say :

“Go, little Book, from this my solitude :  
I cast thee on the waters—go thy ways.”

At the same time, and finally, it is with feelings of no ordinary gratitude and esteem, that I again tender to my numerous and influential supporters the expression of my most cordial, sincere, and heartfelt thanks, in consideration of their spontaneous and almost unprecedented benevolence and generosity towards me.

Coldstream, July 1863.

## CONTENTS.

	PAGE
<b>Poems.</b>	
The Flowers, . . . . .	1
Home, . . . . .	5
Ode to the Deity, . . . . .	7
Address to a Thrush while Singing, . . . . .	10
To the Memory of M. S., my Wife, . . . . .	11
To a Snowdrop, . . . . .	14
A Few Short Years, . . . . .	16
Home Recollections of a Bereaved Lover, . . . . .	17
* Love not the World, . . . . .	22
Ode to the Ocean, . . . . .	24
The Christian, . . . . .	28
To my Dog Nailer, . . . . .	29
The Free Kirk, . . . . .	30
To a Child while Sleeping, . . . . .	39
The Creation, . . . . .	40
A Scold, . . . . .	44
To the Honourable Commissioners of Coldstream, . . . . .	45
To a Lamb, . . . . .	56
Reflections on the Year 1848, . . . . .	58
Twelve o'Clock—Midnight, . . . . .	61
Elegy on the Memory of John Brown of Coldstream, . . . . .	63
Lament for the Premature and Sudden Death of R. T., . . . . .	66
To the Memory of an Old Friend, . . . . .	67



	PAGE
Tale of a Barber, . . . . .	68
Our Visit to the West of Scotland, . . . . .	77
The Drunkard's Soliloquy and Dream, . . . . .	91
Lines Addressed to John S—E, . . . . .	103
Thoughts on God, . . . . .	106
Portraiture of Real Life, . . . . .	108
Answer to Robert Gilfillan, . . . . .	110
Written on a Visit to Roalin—1844, . . . . .	115
The Wandering Poor, . . . . .	130
On the Wreck of the Pegasus, . . . . .	132
On the Death of a Lady, . . . . .	140
Epitaph on a Well-known One, . . . . .	144
Lennel Churchyard, . . . . .	145
My Native Border Home, . . . . .	147
Address to Manchester, . . . . .	149
The Emigrant's Return, . . . . .	151
Lament for the Sudden Death of an Intimate Acquaintance, . . . . .	157
The Friendly Wish, . . . . .	159
Parody on the Burial of Sir John Moore, . . . . .	161
On the Death of T. J., Esquire, . . . . .	163
On the Millennium, . . . . .	165
On Mesmerism, . . . . .	167

#### Songs.

The Favourite's Return, . . . . .	191
Tell me, dear Annie, are ye Gaun Awa? . . . . .	193
Hey for a Wife wi' a Hunner or Twa, . . . . .	194
The Tryste, . . . . .	196
The Auld Man's Soliloquy, . . . . .	198
Farewell to Polton, . . . . .	200
We'll ne'er hae Peace till the Siller's sent Hame, . . . . .	202
The Love-Sick Maid, . . . . .	204
Blue-Eyed Mary, . . . . .	206
The Hirsal yet for me, . . . . .	208
The Barrow, . . . . .	210

## CONTENTS.

vii

	PAGE
The Lily o' the West . . . . .	212
To Arrochar away, Lassie . . . . .	214
The Lover's Lament, . . . . .	216
The Elm Tree, . . . . .	218
Thou art Faithfu' ever, Willie, . . . . .	220
Flora, . . . . .	222
I Lo'ed a Lassie Young and Fair, . . . . .	224
We had a Rowth o' Clink Yestreen, . . . . .	226
Dark Lowers the Mist on the White Towering Cheviot, . . . . .	228
APPENDIX, . . . . .	231



## THE FLOWERS.

"Flowers are the alphabet of angels, by which  
They write on every hill and vale things unutterable."

*Mrs Hemans.*

**S** LOVE the flowers of every clime and season,  
The lovely flowers of every class and hue;  
An impulse holy, sanctified by reason,  
I feel divinely all my powers renew.  
When brightly spangle they the mead and mountain,  
Light up the garden, and the grove bestrew,  
Or gem the sunny banks of rill and fountain,  
Oh but their glowing footsteps to pursue,  
O'er Nature's common; there alone for hours,  
To dwell in sweet communion with the flowers.

I love the flowers: the flowers who ever slighted,  
Of reason, sympathy, or love possessed?  
Aught else of virtue Heaven in man hath lighted,  
Aught with the symbolled Deity impressed;