

**LOCHLOMOND  
SIDE  
AND OTHER POEMS**

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Lochlomond Side and Other Poems by John Young

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**JOHN YOUNG**

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# LOCHLOMOND SIDE

and

*Other Poems.*

By JOHN YOUNG,

*Author of "Lays from the Poorhouse," "Lays from the Ingle Nook,"  
"Homely Pictures in Verse," "Poems and Lyrics," &c.*

Footprints of a Rhymer's numbers,  
Hobbling round his own distress,  
Dreading much to face the presence  
Of that lynx-eyed Judge, "The Press":—  
From the scraggy wilds of Dogg'rel,  
Crack-brained, floundering, and lame,  
To a modest place in "Letters,"  
And a niche in local fame.

GLASGOW:

George Gallie, 99 Buchanan Street.

1872.

## P R E F A C E .

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ADDRESSING myself, somewhat reluctantly I must confess, to the (to me) tantalising task of concocting a Preface for this, the fifth volume of my poetical productions, and beating about among our literary grandees for an apt quotation which might serve me as a *cue* to begin with, I, by the merest chance, alighted upon the following from the pen of the renowned "Christopher North," which falls in beautifully with my case, and expresses my sentiments most admirably. The passage occurs in vol. first of "Recreations," and in a paper entitled "Morning Monologue," where, addressing discontented Poets, a pretty numerous class I rather suspect, our modern Athenian thus delivers himself:—"Many who think themselves neglected, are far more thought of than they suppose; just as many who imagine the world ringing with their name, are in the world's ears nearly anonymous. Only one edition or two of your poems have sold—but is it not pretty well that five hundred, or a thousand copies have been read, or glanced over, or looked at, or skimmed, or skipped, or fondled, or petted, or tossed aside between 'malice and true love,' by ten times that number of your fellow-creatures, not one of whom ever saw your face; while many millions of men.

nearly your equals, and not a few millions your superiors far, have contentedly dropt into the grave, at the close of a long life, without having once 'invoked the Muse,' and who would have laughed in your face had you talked to them, even in their greatest glee, about their genius?" Truthfully and beautifully said, beloved "Kit;" and if ever mortal Poet could, with a clear conscience, add his "Amen" to every syllable of your wise *dicta*, it is surely your humble servant and ardent admirer. Is not this the fifth volume he has published within the last eleven years, or so. And although none of them, as yet, have gone through a second edition, was it not because, having always a *rowth o' prime stuff by him*, he chose rather to treat his numerous friends to a dish of fresh sweets than to "*cauld hail het again*." And did not the smallest of his editions number a thousand copies. And is not the present volume a *two thousand pounder*. And is it not a fact that within two years and a-half, or so, of the publication of any of his volumes hitherto, not a single copy of them was to be had "for either love or money?" Let none whom the above facts may more immediately concern look upon their production here as but the vapid sputterings of the *Braggadocio*; but let them go forth to my little world of readers as being, what in truth they really are, the genuine breathings of heart-felt gratitude; for, while addressing the Muse, I can sing, with Goldsmith:—

"Thou found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so,"

just as honestly can I add:—

*For full eleven years, warm-hearted Maid,  
Hast thou assisted me and mine to bread.*

As to the literary value, pure and simple, of my productions, past and present, it falls not within my province to compute; but with the adjudication of the critics, the duly accredited umpires in such matters, I am well pleased to rest content. This much at least I dare venture to affirm, I have always striven to be on the side of virtue, and, while sensible that my *forte* lay rather on the confines than within the hallowed domains of Sacred Poetry, I have never let slip an opportunity of permeating my verses with the spirit of "religion pure and undefiled." Neither have I shrunk from upholding the dignity of honest poverty, when assailed by the arrogance of pretentious pelf. In the advancement of the Temperance cause I have ever felt the deepest interest, and done what little in me lay to do battle against the drinking customs of my country. The leading Poem of the present volume, being by far the longest and most ambitious of my performances hitherto, must, almost of necessity, be of very unequal merit throughout. And yet I am hopeful that as many really meritorious passages may be found in it as shall help, at least, to make the piece something more than readable as a whole. As such I commend it to the tender mercies of my old friends, the critics, and the priggishly inclined of my readers, old and new.

And now it only remains for me to distribute the awards of the author, circumstanced as I am.

My most hearty thanks are due to the many leal Patrons who, from the outset of my humble literary career until now, have honoured me with their support; among whom, were I so disposed, I could mention



names that have long been familiar as household words in not a few homes of the truly great and the good. To those friends who have exerted themselves in swelling my list of subscribers, and *they*, I am proud to say, have been far more numerous on the present than on any previous occasion, I also feel deeply indebted, and shall not soon forget their disinterested goodness to me and mine.

To all and sundry who, even in the most distant way, have done me a service, it must surely be a pleasant reflection to know that, under the blessing of God, they have helped a brother-man to help himself, and made the fireside chimes ring out much more cheerily for him and his, than by any possibility they could otherwise have done.

JOHN YOUNG.

1 SWAN LANE, PORT-DUNDAS,  
GLASGOW, *February, 1872.*

## CONTENTS.

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LOCHLOMOND SIDE:—	PAGE
Part I.—Introduction—Old Kilpatrick, . . . . .	9
Part II.—From Old Kilpatrick to Balloch, . . . . .	15
Part III.—From Balloch to Auchindenan, . . . . .	21
Part IV.—From Auchindenan to the Fruin Brig, . . . . .	27
Part V.—From the Fruin Brig to Rossdhu, . . . . .	33
Part VI.—From Rossdhu to Bandy, . . . . .	39
Part VII.—From Bandy to Camstradden Bay, . . . . .	45
Part VIII.—From Camstradden Bay to Camstradden Hill Farm, . . . . .	52
Part IX.—From Camstradden Hill Farm to Strone Brae, Luss, . . . . .	59
Part X.—The Auld Kirkyard of Luss, . . . . .	66
Part XI.—From Luss to Balmaha, . . . . .	73
Part XII.—From Balmaha to Balloch, . . . . .	80
Conclusion, . . . . .	89
<b>A MOONLIGHT SAIL ON LOCHLOMOND,</b> . . . . .	90
<b>BLYTHE JENNY, THE MAID O' THE MILL,</b> . . . . .	93
<b>TO JAMES SALMON, ESQ., OF BROOM KNOWE,</b> . . . . .	95
<b>WINTER WEATHER,</b> . . . . .	100
<b>ANNIE; OR THE FIRST BEREAVEMENT,</b> . . . . .	105
<b>BABY MARGARET: AN OW'RE TRUE TALK,</b> . . . . .	108
<b>TO MY GOLDFINCH PEAT WHILE MOULTING,</b> . . . . .	110
<b>LINES TO MR. ROBERT BROWN,</b> . . . . .	115
<b>EPISTLE TO MY RESPECTED FRIEND, JOHN TODD, ESQ.,</b> <b>LONDON,</b> . . . . .	119

	PAGE
TO MASTER DANIEL DUNN M'LEAN, GOVAN, . . . . .	130
TO MY MUCH ESTEEMED FRIEND, WM. S. MALCOM, . . . . .	132
NOVEMBER—A SKETCH, . . . . .	136
TO THE LAVEROCK, . . . . .	141
ON APPROACHING BLINDNESS :—	
Part I.—Midnight, . . . . .	143
Part II.—Daybreak, . . . . .	147
Part III.—Sunlight, . . . . .	151
A MAY-DAY MADRIGAL, . . . . .	152
FOOTPRINTS, . . . . .	155
SONG—MY HOLIDAY SUIT, . . . . .	157
THE MIDDIN'S ON FIRE—A SONG OF FACTS, . . . . .	159
PROLOGUE, . . . . .	163
THE BEGGAR WEAN, . . . . .	165
“DON'T FALL, MAMMY,” . . . . .	168
SONG—RALLY ROUND OUR BANNER, BOYS, . . . . .	171
A GOOD TEMPLAR LILT, . . . . .	172
SONG—BASHFU' WILLIE, . . . . .	174