

**POEMS, LOCAL,
LYRIC, AND
MISCELLANEOUS**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649674619

Poems, Local, Lyric, and Miscellaneous by James S. McCulloch

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

JAMES S. M'CUCCLOCH

**POEMS, LOCAL,
LYRIC, AND
MISCELLANEOUS**

POEMS BY JAMES S. M'ULLOCH.

P O E M S

LOCAL, LYRIC, AND MISCELLANEOUS.

BY

JAMES S. M'CUCCLOCH.

"The lanes, the ways of simple swains." — BURNS.

EDINBURGH :

JAMES GEMMELL, GEORGE IV. BRIDGE.

1885.

CONTENTS.



	PAGE
DEDICATION,	vii
PREFACE,	ix

LOCAL POEMS.

Knockgray : A Picture for a Poem,	3
The Oddfellow's Ball,	9
Greenlaw, Past and Present,	28
A New April Idyll,	34

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Sing Me the Sangs o' Scotland,	51
The Galloway Flail,	53
The Skylark,	55
Haud up Your Heid,	57
A Rift o' the Blue,	60
Gentle Stream. (A Reminiscence.)	62
Fræe Hame,	63
Lines. On being Taunted with Honest Poverty,	66
My ain Auld Wife,	68
To a Rose. (Written in Winter.)	69
Ye Deuil onne ane Reconnaissance,	71
The Lapbrod an' the Bill,	76
Robin an' the Premier. Recollections of an Incident during the Campaign of 1884. By an ultra Radical, <i>or so,</i>	79

	PAGE
Two Reveries,	82
Lament for My Whiskers,	87
The Lazy Herd ; or, Wakening the Wrong Man,	89
The Preachin',	91
Wha But Findlay,	94
Master John's Seven Ages ; or, " Filed for Insertion,"	96
Ye Laye of ane American Editor. To the aire of " Ane Fine Olde Englishe Gentlemanne,"	99
The Ceety an' Kintra Moose. An auld Scotch Parable.	103
The Auld Beggar Man. A Fragment,	106
<i>Hic Jacet</i> Dermid,	108
"Where is He?"—Job xiv. 10. In Memory of an aged and much-esteemed Friend,	110
In Memoriam. Wee Bruce, aged 10 months,	111
The Lark is Come Again,	113
Sing not to Me,	116
LILTS O' LOVE.	
To———,	119
What is Luvè ?	120
My Dream Bride,	123
Mine no More,	125
Restored,	127
Will ye Buckle wi' Me ?	130
Maggie, when Thou art Beside me,	132
Peggy's Portrait,	134
My Lassie Far Awa,	136
A Lover's Complaynt,	138
Bonnie Winsome Jessie,	142
The Highland Chieftain's Serenade,	143
The Maggies o' the Manse,	145
Veni. Vidi. Vici,	150

Contents.

v

	PAGE
Sweet is the Moonlight,	150
Colin's Lament,	153
I Kenna What's Come Ower Me,	154
Dinna Let us Pairt,	156
My Dawtie,	157
The Belles o' Barbieston,	159
My Bonnie Maggie's Wraith,	161
Laddie, Will Ye Loo Me Then?	164
A Toast,	167
Life is Lâstless,	168
The Bonnie Wee Sparrow,	170
Margaret—A Pearl,	172
Sweet Jeannie Bell,	175
Maggie wi' the Dark-Blue Een,	176

TO
CAPT. A. W. M. CLARK KENNEDY, F.R.G.S., ETC.
OF KNOCKGRAY,

Author of "Robert the Bruce," etc. etc.

To him whose tuneful high-aspiring muse
Invoked the fortunes of our Royal Bruce ;
In lofty strains who taught his harp to ring
With Scotland's sorrows, and her Hero King :
How freedom groan'd in Albyn's humbled land
Beneath a crafty tyrant's ruthless hand,
Bending her nerveless neck to vaunting power,
While fraud and carnage ruled the fatal hour ;
And how her patriot sons indignant rose
In martial phalanx 'gainst her haughty foes,
In grim array their serried ranks withstood,
And dyed the russet heath with Southron blood,
Or glorious fell, and, with their parting breath,
Shouted their slogan—"Victory or Death !"
How he, the Hero of a hundred songs—
The stern avenger of his country's wrongs—
Though baffled oft, yet, ever unsubdued,
With martial skill the varying war pursued,
Till laurel'd victory burst the enthralling coil,
And smiling freedom blessed his native soil :
To him my muse her rustic tribute pays,
To him I dedicate my humble lays.