

**LILTS ON THE DORIC LYRE: A
COLLECTION OF HUMOROUS
POEMS AND VERSIFIED SKETCHES
OF SCOTTISH MANNERS AND
CHARACTERS**

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Lilts on the Doric Lyre: A Collection of Humorous Poems and Versified Sketches of Scottish Manners and Characters by Alex. G. Murdoch

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ALEX. G. MURDOCH

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L I L T S
ON THE
D O R I C L Y R E :

A COLLECTION OF
HUMOROUS POEMS AND VERSIFIED SKETCHES
OF
SCOTTISH MANNERS AND CHARACTER.

BY
ALEX. G. MURDOCH.

*"Auld chimes an' auld rhymes
Gar us think on auld times."*

OLD SCOTCH PROVERB.

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P R E F A C E.

THE phenomenon of a Scottish artizan challenging public attention by casting a poetic glove at the feet of criticism has long since lost the gloss of novelty. The ages repeat themselves; and the restless wheel of life, which, in its infinite gyrations casts up everything odd as well as common, periodically discovers to the eyes of men the unique side of literature—when, lo, from a shining spoke of the wheel, off leaps the working-man poet—cap in hand, and with a bundle of rhymes to the fore. Well, it seems a necessity that it should be so. Think ye not the swarthy brows of toil worthy of invigorating and appreciative song? And if the manhood of labour is to be sung at all, gifted with the requisite enthusiasm, the practical son of toil is surely the man to do it, and not the ideal outsider who indulges a remote and bird's-eye view of the restless activities of the modern workshop through a literary eye-glass, and esteems himself qualified to "do up the business," forsooth. Not at all. Such artistic handling of the hammer won't do. In the lyric entitled "Brecks o' Hodden Grey," and elsewhere, I have drawn from the rich armoury of facts and daily experiences, such massive and glowing imagery as the factory, the dockyard, the forge, and the furnace afford; and I feel proud to think that the fidelity of the pictures will appeal to hundreds of my fellow-workmen on the Clyde, and elsewhere.

As a working-man, I frankly accept the destiny of toil as an honourable and enviable privilege, repudiating the effervescing gingerbeer oratory of the paid agent of Trades' Unionism, who

enlarges on the wrongs and grievances affecting our social condition, which abuses, by the way, press so lightly on our senses that we have to be periodically reminded of their existence.

In the selection and elaboration of themes, I have not meddled much with the romance of idealism. The whole book, in fact, is toned with a localism of scenery, incident, and character—peculiar, perhaps, to the condition of one who has never lived out of Glasgow a whole week in his life, and who honestly esteems the English rose as being only less beautiful than the Scotch thistle, and the blue skies of Italy the finest skies in the world—Scottish skies excepted.

Finally, I dedicate my little book to the manly keeping of my brethren in toil, the engineers of the Clyde, assured that, if there is to be found therein, aught that reflects the intelligence, sturdy independence, and moral worth characteristic of our class, these rhymes shall neither be cursorily dismissed nor lie negligently unread.

ALEX. G. MURDOCH.

7 Campbellfield Street,
GLASGOW, *May*, 1873.

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L I L T S
ON THE
D O R I C L Y R E.

The Waukrife Lykewake.

THE rose-licht o' my younger time,
Lies roun' me like a glow o' rhyme ;
My heart is fu' o' memories auld,
An' sunny dreams o' Westerfauld—

Auld Westerfauld, where Uncle Wattie,
The Laird, beside the lum-cheek sat aye,
An' tell'd, to a' the household roun',
The last news o' the burgh toun—

Hoo cattle shows an' markets gangit ;
An' wha was deid an' wha was hangit ;
Wha's yarn was bocht, what wab's were clickin ;
An' wha was fortune's foot-ba' kickin'.

What unco folks had got to say,
An' wha had rumb'l'd doun the brae ;
An' hoo, 'tween Criffel Hills an' Stirling,
The wheel o' kintra life was whirlin'.

Sic cracks as thae were nichtly tauld
In Uncle Wat's o' Westerfauld ;
W'ither idle clish-ma-clash,
Wad only gie the reader fash.