

**BALLADS  
AND POEMS**

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Ballads and Poems by William Martin

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**WILLIAM MARTIN**

**BALLADS  
AND POEMS**



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# Ballads and Poems.

BY  
WILLIAM MARTIN.

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the  $\mathbb{R}^n$  is a  $\mathbb{R}^n$ -valued function of  $t$  and  $x$  and  $\mathbb{R}^n$ -valued functions of  $t$  and  $x$  are assumed to be smooth.

Let  $\mathcal{L}$  be a Lagrangian function of  $t, x, \dot{x}$  and  $\mathcal{H}$  be the Hamiltonian function of  $t, x, p$  defined by

$$\mathcal{L}(t, x, \dot{x}) = \mathcal{H}(t, x, p) \quad (2.1)$$

where  $p$  is the momentum conjugate to  $x$  and is defined by

$$p = \frac{\partial \mathcal{L}}{\partial \dot{x}} \quad (2.2)$$

Let  $\mathcal{H}$  be a Hamiltonian function of  $t, x, p$  and  $\mathcal{L}$  be a Lagrangian function of  $t, x, \dot{x}$  defined by

$$\mathcal{L}(t, x, \dot{x}) = \mathcal{H}(t, x, p) \quad (2.3)$$

where  $p$  is the momentum conjugate to  $x$  and is defined by

$$p = \frac{\partial \mathcal{L}}{\partial \dot{x}} \quad (2.4)$$

Let  $\mathcal{H}$  be a Hamiltonian function of  $t, x, p$  and  $\mathcal{L}$  be a Lagrangian function of  $t, x, \dot{x}$  defined by

$$\mathcal{L}(t, x, \dot{x}) = \mathcal{H}(t, x, p) \quad (2.5)$$

where  $p$  is the momentum conjugate to  $x$  and is defined by

$$p = \frac{\partial \mathcal{L}}{\partial \dot{x}} \quad (2.6)$$

Let  $\mathcal{H}$  be a Hamiltonian function of  $t, x, p$  and  $\mathcal{L}$  be a Lagrangian function of  $t, x, \dot{x}$  defined by

$$\mathcal{L}(t, x, \dot{x}) = \mathcal{H}(t, x, p) \quad (2.7)$$

where  $p$  is the momentum conjugate to  $x$  and is defined by

$$p = \frac{\partial \mathcal{L}}{\partial \dot{x}} \quad (2.8)$$

Let  $\mathcal{H}$  be a Hamiltonian function of  $t, x, p$  and  $\mathcal{L}$  be a Lagrangian function of  $t, x, \dot{x}$  defined by

$$\mathcal{L}(t, x, \dot{x}) = \mathcal{H}(t, x, p) \quad (2.9)$$

where  $p$  is the momentum conjugate to  $x$  and is defined by

$$p = \frac{\partial \mathcal{L}}{\partial \dot{x}} \quad (2.10)$$





## Ballads and Poems.

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### THE LOST DRAVE OF DUNBAR.

The incident on which the following ballad is founded occurred towards the close of the sixteenth century, at which period Dunbar was the most important fishing station in Scotland. The Drave is the local designation of the herring fleet.

WHERE the rich lap of Lothian sinks  
Down to the widening Forth,  
Dunbar looks from its craggy brinks  
To the fierce waves of the north—  
A drowsy burgh, dim and old,  
And clothed with legends manifold,  
Gleams of a fiery past and fiercer life,  
And lingering echoes of the vanished strife,  
And shadowy presences, whose fame  
Tosses like tempestuous flame,  
Ensanguined with the hue of crime,  
Upon the beacon heights of time ;  
Cromwell and Mary, and in dimmer light,  
That ill starred monarch in distracted flight  
Breathless from Bannockburn, upon whose rear  
Fierce Douglas hung, and shook his vengeful spear.  
But leave unsung the lofty doom,  
The stormy splendour and the gloom,  
And choose a humbler tale,

That like a voice of wail,  
Borne faintly from the sea,  
Floats down through centuries three.

It was, when summer sheds the bloom,  
And corn is in the ear,  
When the Lothian farmer whets the hook,  
And brews the harvest cheer,  
And the herring drave sails forth at eve  
From the harbour of Dunbar,  
To reap the harvest of the wave  
By the light of moon and star.

The sea was calm, the sky was clear,  
Red rose the Sabbath dawn,  
The nets upon the beach were spread,  
The boats on shore were drawn ;  
And the fishers gazed in idle mood  
Across the harbour wall,  
And mourned a week of weary toil  
And ever an empty haul.

And some there were, who shook sage heads,  
And well the cause could tell,  
It was the sail's new-fangled trim,  
It was the new kirk bell.  
Some to the withered beldame's hut  
Their scowling glances turned,  
And cursed the provost's lack of zeal,  
That left the witch unburned.

But lo ! a change—a charm that makes  
Each heart leap hot and fast,

Hands point, and bonnets wave, ahoy !  
Ahoy ! the shoal at last !  
See yonder where the thickening waves  
With oily glimmer shine !  
See where the busy wings and beaks  
Are dipping in the brine !

“ Heave down the boats, heaven sends the chance  
Let fool and coward stay ! ”  
So ran the cry, and not a voice  
Breathed counsel or delay.  
A thousand hands tug at the boats  
With a ringing “ yo, heave ho ! ”  
When o'er the din the Sabbath bell  
Pealed solemnly and slow,

Dread as the warning voice of heaven  
Upon their ears it rung,  
Down sank the straining arm, the cheer  
Died on the shouting tongue.  
But, like a fierce flame beaten down  
One moment by the blast,  
So sank the tumult at the sound  
And rose again as fast.

For eyes that fell at first abashed  
On other eyes looked round,  
And caught incitement from their glance  
And fanned the fire they found.  
“ The minister shall have his tithe,  
The kirk shall have her due,  
And if a penance must be done,  
Why, penance we will do.”