

**THE MOORLAND
MINSTREL**

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The Moorland Minstrel by Thomas Macqueen

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THOMAS MACQUEEN

**THE MOORLAND
MINSTREL**

THE
MOORLAND MINSTREL.

By THOMAS MACQUEEN,

MASON,

BARKIP, NEAR BEITH,

AUTHOR OF "THE EXILE," AND OTHER POEMS.

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THE MOORLAND MINSTREL.

AN ADDRESS TO GARNOCK.

*Respectfully inscribed, as a token of Friendship, to Mr. Wm. DOBIE,
Grangeons.*

Oh! Garnock, oft on this lone spot,
In boyhood's brighter day,
With feelings ne'er to be forgot,
I mark'd thy waters onward float—
Wave after wave away.

And I was young—and on this brow
Grief ventured not to trace
Those furrows that becloud it now,
Nor had my young soul learned to bow
Beneath the world's disgrace.

And I marvell'd much, as speedily
Thy dark waves floated on ;
What length and breadth had glided by ?
Whence wast thou—whither went'st—and why
Thy waters ne'er went done ?

But years on years have sped away,
And in their devious course
Have blent my auburn locks with grey,
And scattered wrinkles and decay,
And tremblings of remorse.

The sacred ties of life's young day
Were long since forced to sever,
And the holy sounds of love's sweet lay—
Youth's melody and mirth so gay—
Are silent now for ever.

Less lovely spring's green robes appear—
Less bright the moon's pure beam ;
The summer sun looks dull and drear,
And the former charms of nature wear
The semblance of a dream.

The lightsome heart—the laughing eye—
The hope that lured me on—
The voice that sung my lullaby,
And the youthful peers that shared my joy—
These all are dead and gone.

The budding spring—the blooming May—
The blackbird's soothing strain—
The schoolboy's gambols on the way,
But bring to mind a happier day,
That cannot come again.

I've drank the common cup of woe
From friendship's frozen hand ;
I've wandered heartless to and fro,
And suffered pangs that none can know,
Mid simp'ring follies bland.

Again I come—but changed in all
Save the unhonoured name,
To list thy once-loved waterfall
Pour forth its midnight madrigal,
Eternally the same.