

# **SCRAPS FROM A PEDLER'S WALLET**

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Scraps from a pedler's wallet by Alexander Cargil

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**ALEXANDER CARGIL**

**SCRAPS FROM A  
PEDLER'S WALLET**



"Time hath, my Lord, a wallet at his back" - Troilus & Cressida -

SCRAPS FROM  
A PEDLAR'S WALLET.  
By  
Alexander Cargill.



Am

EDINBURGH

# Scraps from a Pedlar's Wallet

BEING ORIGINAL SONNETS, SONGS, ETC.

BY

ALEXANDER CARGILL.

*"Time hath, my Lord, a Wallet at his back."*—SHAKSPERE.



Edinburgh:

OLIPHANT, ANDERSON, & FERRIER.

1883.

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PREFATORY SONNET.

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A BOOK ; my book ! come then, my book, thy name !  
One's book must have a name whate'er one calls it :  
The better name the better hap befalls it ?  
Not so ; beware : what parent is't would shame  
His innocent that is purblind or lame  
By Argus dubbing him, or Hercules ?  
Or who would to a fellow say, " An't please  
Your honour !"—fooling with another's fame  
And dignity ? Beware : yet if thou'lt forth  
(But who i' the crowd will note a thing like thee ?)  
To meet the common challenge of thy worth,  
Thy name may not belie thy poor degree,  
Since all thou art holds but a Pedlar's wares,  
Who sometimes by renown'd Parnassus dares.

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**I.—Sonnets.**

*SCOTTICE.*

## TO A SNAWDRAP.

WHEN frae the womb o' winter dark an' dour,  
Thou, Snawdrap, art delivered cauldly forth,  
I spy in thee a sign o' mickle worth,  
Tho' Boreas, that blusterin' carle an' sour,  
Rave spitefullie against thy natal hour,  
Thrillin' thee thro' wi' monie an icy pang :  
(Oh, pity that his sharpest, sairest stang  
Should be maist tho'd by sic a modest flower !)  
For when thou com'st, tho' in a snawy sheet  
Swaddl'd fu' meanly like the infant Christ,  
My 'een are blythe thy bonnie face to meet,  
For then I ken that, faithfu' to her tryst,  
Spring comes to woo the floweret frae the mool,  
Sangs frae the birds and dull hearts frae their dool.