

**POETIC TALES:
WITH OTHER POEMS
AND SONGS**

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Poetic Tales: With Other Poems and Songs by James Struthers

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JAMES STRUTHERS

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BY

JAMES STRUTHERS,

STRATHAVEN.

GLASGOW:

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MDCCCXXXVIII.

PREFACE.

NOTWITHSTANDING the little encouragements the Author has received, it is with the utmost diffidence, and most anxious solicitude, that he ushers this little volume into the world; as he is fully aware that there are persons who will censure it as an act of the grossest presumption in him, an obscure individual, without learning, and withal without experience and opportunities of observation, to intrude himself on the public in the character of an Author. To such he would beg leave to suggest, that all have their foibles, and that the simple mind may be as highly gratified in bringing to existence, and reviewing its little productions, as the most exalted minds are with theirs, (the monuments of literature and genius,) also that those of the poet may be in some measure excusable, as there is an uncontrollable something, a mysterious influence hangs over him and impels

him on from piece to piece, and at last to the ambition, or vanity, of being distinguished by laying them before the public.

Thus, as if some destiny acted secretly on the inclination, the author tremblingly submits himself to the mercy of the candid and forgiving reader, trusting, however, that if his situation, circumstances, and education are duly considered, they will perhaps enable him to mingle a little lenity with the acrimony of criticism, and assist him to remember, that if a mite can be thrown into the general treasury, it will add to its amount.

STRATHAVEN, *August 1st, 1888.*

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POEMS.

LARA AND EMMA.

A TALE.

Ye tender maids, in whose pathetic souls
Compassion's sacred stream impetuous rolls,
Oh! warn'd by Friendship's counsel, learn to shun
The fatal path where thousands are undone.

W. Falconer.

PART I.

EMMA was a farmer's daughter,
Come o' lynsge fair and gude;
Up 'mang trees aboon a water,
Kything sweet her dwellin' stude.

Stack-yard, byre, and barn in order,
Like a hamlet raise to view;
Fir and beech's fringy border,
Screen'd it frae ilk blast that blew.

Walth within it's wa's resided,
Peace sat on ilk smilin' face;
While content, wi' baith presided,
To adorn the rural place.

Fair her garden flowers, tho' common,
 Bloom'd beneath industry's care;
 Sweet their sweets at dewy gloamin',
 Scented n' the neighbouring air.

Here sweet Emma, when at leisure,
 Lightly wi' her comrades dear
 Spent the simmer day in pleasure—
 Sangs and melting tales their cheer.

Here, their little toils to soften,
 Wad they social a' convene;
 Twin'd their little garlands often,
 Often gambol'd on the green.

Whiles at a'enin', buskit brawly,
 Youngster lads and lasses roun',
 Here in sportive mood wad rally,
 And the night wi' daffin' crown.

Pleas'd, their sires wad sometimes gather,
 Fond to mark the sports of youth;
 Whiles wad laugh, and whiles wad bletcher,
 Whiles wad hark their sangs sae smooth.

Circlin' whiles the bleezin' ingle,
 While the young anes took the barn,
 Couth and cracky wad they mingle,
 Gash remarks, or notions stern.

Emma thus ilk day enjoying,
 Pleasure dimpl'd ilka cheek;
 Youth and beauty's lips employing,
 Blythe was ilka word she'd speak.