

**THE ENGLISH  
LAKES, AND  
OTHER POEMS**

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The English Lakes, and Other Poems by Alexander Mitchell

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**ALEXANDER MITCHELL**

**THE ENGLISH  
LAKES, AND  
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The English Lakes,

AND OTHER POEMS.

BY

ALEXANDER MITCHELL,

DALKEITH.

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Printed for Private Circulation.

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EDINBURGH:

ANDREW ELLIOT, 17 PRINCES STREET.

1873.

*The greater number of the following verses were written for the DALKEITH HERALD, and appeared in that journal during the years 1867 to 1873. They are republished in the present form, along with some pieces of an earlier date, to enable the Author to present copies to a few friends, and also—he may as well acknowledge—to gratify that love of literary appreciation by which amateurs in rhyming are known to be distinguished. It is proper to add that the poem entitled “The English Lakes” has already appeared in a separate form, having been printed in 1862, at the request of a local Association with which the Author is connected.*

DALKEITH, August, 1873.

## CONTENTS.

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	PAGE
THE ENGLISH LAKES, . . . . .	1
THE MONTHS, . . . . .	17
SONNETS :—	
1. Queen, Lords, and Commons, . . . . .	53
2. What art thou, Earth ? . . . . .	55
3. To Immensity, . . . . .	55
4. Enoch, . . . . .	56
5. To the River Forth, . . . . .	56
6. Yarrow, . . . . .	57
7. St. Mary's Churchyard, . . . . .	58
8. Vox Populi, Vox Dei, . . . . .	58
9. The late Sir James Y. Simpson, Bart., . . . . .	59
10. "The Day is Thine," . . . . .	60
11. "The Night also is Thine," . . . . .	60
12. In the Old Oak Wood, Dalkeith Park, . . . . .	61
13. The Shortest Day, . . . . .	62
14. Life in Death, . . . . .	63
15. Chialchurst, . . . . .	63
MISCELLANEOUS :—	
Bannockburn, . . . . .	69
Robert Burns, . . . . .	71
Ben Ledi, . . . . .	73
Roslin, . . . . .	75
Brotherhood, . . . . .	77
"Consider the Lilies," . . . . .	79
"The Earth is the Lord's," . . . . .	80
Mont Blanc, . . . . .	81
Carsaig, . . . . .	81

---

MISCELLANEOUS :—	PAGE
Another Year, . . . . .	82
The Two Voices, . . . . .	83
Christmas Carol, . . . . .	87
Past and Present, . . . . .	88
Once more unto the Breach, . . . . .	91
“ My soul Thirsteth for God,” . . . . .	92
What will the Year bring ? . . . . .	93





THE ENGLISH LAKES.



## THE ENGLISH LAKES.



### I.

**G**OOD-BYE, dear scenes of too engrossing toil !  
Home, business, garden, books, a short farewell ;  
Be native cares confined to native soil,  
Nor with ungenial blight our spirits quell.  
On speeds the train, by meadow, strath, and dell,  
Through vales where Autumn's ripening treasures glow,  
O'er trackless moors whose mossy depths repel  
All forms of life ; like arrow from the bow,  
With bounding hearts we sweep to fairer fields below.

### II.

Across the summit, whence diverging rills  
Bear their soft tribute down to rival floods ;  
These rush the Annan's willowy banks to fill,  
Those break in foam 'mid Lanark's ancient woods.  
O'er the deep chasm the smoke for ever broods,  
While from its boiling fount the spacious Clyde  
Sweeps to the western main, whose roughest moods  
Serve but to still those River-depths where ride  
The wealth of every shore, the gifts of every tide.

## III.

Sweet mountain streams appear, by bard unsung,  
Which well might wake the minstrel's proudest lyre ;  
For oft to vows of love their banks have rung,  
Oft have they nursed the patriot's noble fire.  
'Mid scenes like these have glow'd, in son and sire,  
That life which forms a nation's noblest dower,  
When love of truth and scorn of wrong conspire  
Their choicest blessings on a land to shower,  
To guard the people's rights, to shield the monarch's power.

## IV.

The Border-land, how calm the region now !  
Not swept by robber-chiefs with ruthless haste,  
The ravaged glebe uncheered by spade or plough,  
The people savage, and the land a waste.  
Now peace hath knit the kingdoms ; order, taste,  
Religion, freedom, law, the land adorn ;  
Wealth spreads her treasures, art her trophies chaste,  
Old feuds are hushed, mute is the bugle-horn,  
The hills are white with sheep, the valleys wave with corn.

## V.

Mark yon grey tower, with moss and ivy crowned,  
Where haughty earls erewhile kept warlike state,  
Fit symbol of a yoke that galled and ground  
Their hapless country with disastrous weight.  
Bowered 'mid ancestral woods, serenely great,  
From verdant lawn the modern palace springs,  
Whose glittering spires may type the nobler fate  
Which, now, patrician birth to chieftain brings,  
Raising his mission high o'er that of feudal kings.