

**BLACK EVAN: A TALE
OF THE "FORTY-FIVE"
IN VERSE**

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Black Evan: A Tale of The "Forty-Five" in Verse by Julia Ditto Young

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JULIA DITTO YOUNG

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A TALE OF THE "FORTY-FIVE"
IN VERSE

BY
JULIA DITTO YOUNG
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"Prince Charles was so sweet a prince that flesh and blood could not resist following him. If I had a thousand lives I would lay them all down here in the same cause."—

SPEECH OF ARTHUR LORD BALMORING, AT HIS EXECUTION.

*"I once had sons, I now hae none,
I bred them toiling sairly,
And I would bear them a' again,
And lose them a' for Charlie."*

*"We'll over the water and over the sea,
We'll over the water to Charlie,
Come weal, come woe, we'll gather and go,
And live or die wi' Charlie!"*

JACOBITE REVERIE.

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BLACK EVAN.

I.

A Bran and a Waid.

*"My love she's but a lassie yet,
A lightsome lovely lassie yet,
It scarce would do to sit and woo
Down by the stream sae glassy yet,—
But O to meet my lassie yet,
Up in yon glen sae grassy yet,
For a' I see are naught to me
Save her that's but a lassie yet!"*

JAMES HOGG.

All molten glowed the occidental sky,
Where purple clouds, deep-luminous, rose high.
Toward the zenith, mass on masses rolled,
Each lanced and laced with that same ardent
gold