

**EVAN BANE; A
HIGHLAND LEGEND:
AND OTHER POEMS**

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Evan Bane; A Highland Legend: And Other Poems by D. M. Ferguson

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D. M. FERGUSON

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—
BY
D. M. FERGUSON.
—



Ita procul Mors, si nihil late valent.
Tibullus, Book ii. Eleg. 4.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR
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1832.

471.

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RYAN BARR.

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DEDICATION

TO

GEORGE ALFRED CURRIE, ESQ.,

67th REGIMENT.

Annan-Hill, 13th August, 1830.

BREATHES there a wretch, so low, so lost,
Though poor, despised, misfortune-tost—
Tormented, tortured, wrung, and riven
By every suffering under heaven ;
Who yet — as on his memory pour
The dear departed days of yore ;
When heedless boyhood lightly strayed
Through holm, and wood, and sunny glade ;
Or wandered by the silver stream,
Indulging many a golden dream,
Which all-substantial then and there,
Behoved at last, to melt in air——

Feels not, howe'er to be repressed,
One spark of rapture in his breast,
That sheds around his darkest night
A sun-gleam of celestial light;
And brightening shades by distance dimmed,
Rests on the sacred name of—Friend?
Away!—to seek a soul so base,
Fair Charity forbids the chase:
If such there be, e'en man's worst foe
Could wish the wretch no deeper woe!

Standing on this long-hallowed spot,
By magic memory ne'er forgot;
And gazing round on many a scene
That wake the thoughts of what hath been;
Dear Alfred! it were crime in me
To gaze—and not remember THEE!

Remember *thee*? ay! close entwined
With every feeling of my mind;
And part of every visioned joy
That stirred my fancy from a boy;
And linked to every fairy-nook,
And wood, and hill, and stream, and brook,
Which, from this favourite station, lie
Within the circuit of mine eye,

Thou art!—and true to friendship still,
Mid every change of good and ill:—
A truth—which, even in verse like mine,
Might shame the morals of the time!

While yellow autumn's matin gale
Floats softly down our native vale—
The sweet, romantic Annandale!—
And the grey mists are lingering still
On Saddle-back and Burnswark Hill; (1)
Nor yet have shewed, in prospect fair,
Repentance-Tower and Woodcock-air; (2)
And through the morning's hazy screen,
Mount-Annan yet is scarcely seen, (3)
Where beauty, dignity, and grace,
And genius have their dwelling-place;
And brighter, nobler, greater far—
Truth shines like a resplendent star,
Not shedding beams that warp the mind,
And make the owner doubly blind,
But such as clear the mental eye,
And ope a vista to the sky;
And Warmanbie—where all around
Is sacred and enchanted ground—(4)
Peeps, indistinctly, through the shade,
By dusk of early twilight made;

And songsters pour their wakening note
 From Violetbank and Bruce's Moat: (5)
 Say, Alfred, shall I bid thee come,
 And leave the trump and rolling drum—
 The noise—the vanities of life—
 The roar—the laugh—the varied strife,
 Ne'er grateful to thine ear,—
 To trace with me familiar views,
 Whence oft we've brushed the early dews;
 And kneel a moment here!
 Sooth 'twere a pleasure—but 'twere vain
 To ramble o'er those scenes again;—
 All-glowing in thy generous breast,
 They cannot—will not be suppressed;
 Portrayed in brightest colouring there,
 I know—I feel—how void it were
 To stamp upon this transient leaf—
 Whose frail existence must be brief—
 Memorials of our school-boy state
 Which claim a more enduring date;
 And which stern death alone can part
 From their own tenement—the heart!

There let them rest: no lengthened page—
 Too much the mania of the age—
 Would now thy friendly eye engage;