

The Song of the Carbons  
over Eucharist's Tomb

Blest be thy soul, son - some, thou wert  
mighty in battle - Thy strength was like the  
strength of a stream - thy speed like the  
eagle's wing - thy path in the battle was swift -  
the hills of death were behind thy sword.  
Blest be thy father, son of Carmo, carbon chief  
of Democrite!

Thou hast not fallen sweet, & the mighty neither  
was thy blood on the spear of the villain - The  
warrior came like the sting of death, in a blast, nor  
did the helms hand which drew the bow receive  
it - Peace to thy soul in thy grave, chief of the  
Line of Carmo!

The mighty are dispersed at Carmo, there is none  
in Carmo's hall - he has no mourning in his tent,  
nor he has not beheld the morning - he would of  
thy shield is covered, his feet are gathered in  
- it is the way in the cave, chief of  
Carmo's line!

Carbala will not hope the return, or see the  
sails in Ocean's bay - her steps are not in the  
hall - nor her ear open to the voice of the towers.  
She sits in the hall of shells, and sees the name  
of him that is no more - She weeps as well  
of tears, daughter of Carbon's sorrows!

Blest be thy soul in death, O chief of  
Thady Carmo!

Of Ocean's Soliloquy  
on the Death of his Son Oscar

Father - Ocean! the storm! the winter! the winter  
in eddying winds! when the dark red comes  
of thunder, marks the trail of clouds! -  
Open then the stormy halls, and let the  
boards of old be near, let them draw near  
with their songs and their happy, restless  
sails! - So the winter of misty valley comes,  
no hunter, embosomed at his streams, but the  
Carbon Oscar from the fields of war!

Sudden is thy change, my son, from what  
thou wert on dark Alcibiades! The blast  
folded thee in its shirt, and rustled along  
the sky - Dost thou not behold thy Father  
at the stream of night? - The Child of  
Morion sleep far distant - they have  
lost in son - But we have lost a hero,  
chief of Ocean's Morion!

He could equal his strength, when  
the battle rolled against his side like  
the darkness of crowded waters! -

Why this cloud in Ocean's soul - it  
ought to form in danger - Ocean is near  
with her hat - The News of Morion is alone -  
- Alone thou shalt not be, my Father,  
whiles Ocean left the spear!

From the Shade of MacHummer, the Piper of Blye,  
to MacHummer the Merchant of Sittin, a loud cry!

MacHummer! MacHummer! you let me dwell  
Where drows might be bribed, & house bags swelling,  
Where in long nights of winter the fire might burn,  
And the stockings & the tales of old times might go round,  
When my children to such a feast might repair,  
While my shadow self in their pleasures might share.

MacHummer! MacHummer! you let me dwell  
In the hair of the wild & ill-reverend mouse!  
But of these I complain not, for soon is their pres-  
-ent provident President's care well cover'd  
In the hole over the fire place the candle each night,  
And were for other accidents worthy their life.

MacHummer! MacHummer! you let me dwell  
On its floor there is water, & slime on its wall!  
Yet to these I complain not, a piper would soon  
In the hearth nest withdraw, or thicket in the storm,  
My children while time to the music they beat  
Drap on the chimney cheek heat their cold feet,  
The floods & the blizzards of the winter despise,  
And the mouldy sheet hangs down the damps that arise.

MacHummer! MacHummer! you let me dwell  
A field of red yellow that never has become!  
Where your plank in the corner is rotted with age,  
There's an eyeless black mole who regards not my rage,  
That mole's burrows eat that mole's barren's nest,  
And his eyes & counter are never at rest,  
His long mines beneath the foundation he leads,  
He'll wonder the roof how he'll remain for our heads,  
His mine of red with the roll of the waves of the North  
Or stand high as the pine covered hills of the North.

— The Piper Retired —

When auld man ~~time~~ ~~the~~ wrinkles  
Has wrinkled up his wrinkles  
And all the joys that now we prize,  
Have well nigh passed away,  
When this world is changed from that of youth  
To that which auld men know,  
And sixty years have shown the truth  
Of "all is vain below"?

Perhaps then fate my lot may fix  
Adorn in my native vale  
And in the east some sweets will mix  
That these ills may not prevail;  
With rest by the streams where at hostings  
Their life was wrought but less,  
A lot, and enough to keep me from want,  
I ask no more than this.

Now think I get a little auld man,  
And seated before my door,  
With wrinkled face where on my cheek  
Full sixty years or more,  
And once upon a summer eve,  
When every leaf was still,  
I saw a strut and stalwart knight  
Come stotter down the hill.

He took frae his pouch a wa'wee pipe  
And squeezed its bags wi' a birt,  
And shrilly吹 his soft can air that sets  
The chords o' my heart astir.

To face me sat I lanoo't wi' speed,  
And huddled my hat to the ground,  
And wot not wi' a step and a jump,  
And danced the cottage round,  
You're man, but wha the Deil are ye?  
And wha are ye that come?  
He the same o' the "Gathering man" says he  
And I am Robbie Rume.

Ho lang, lang since I play'd this air,  
And lang, lang since we met,  
The cares o' this world have aged me sair,  
(And I'm no dune wi' it, yet)  
But i' spirit's there left to keep up heart,  
(And strength to blow a strain)  
So up he got wi' "Ye riann Corit",  
And off he set, again,  
Now hae or three mil'ans haud gathered  
And wonder'd much to see,  
The Piper chield wi' their auld, doer's pair,  
Dancin' sae merrily!  
And they join'd & danced a fairsom' dail,  
Till each was like to fa',  
And we brach'd the ale, King o' the  
Lair we met in "Gathering Hall".

# Hebrew Melodies

O' woe for thee that wip'st by Jordan's stream  
 Thy shores are desolate, where liquid air  
 Drops for the harp of Suddas broken shell!  
 Mourn - when their God hath dwelt the Sadder  
 of well

And where shall Israel have her chiding yell?  
 And where shall joys of songs again seem sweet?  
 And Judas melody once more revive?  
 The hearts that leaped up to heavening note.

Tribes of the wandering feet - & weary tread -  
 How shall ye give away & be at rest?  
 The wild doe hath her nest - the peewee  
 Her kind - their country - Israel but the grave!

O' land of the gods, how low I stand!  
 Thy tribes wander friendless, thy glory is gone,  
 Thy prophets are silent - their visions departed,  
 And hush'd is the voice of the Mesopotamian song!

Mourn the towers of thy Salem the low wall is  
 No the wreck of thy temple the wild wail  
 Among the tombs of thy fathers, the hour is  
 A woe we remember the fame of thy days!

No longer the sounds of rejoicing & gladness,  
 No longer the voice of thy harp thrills the ear,  
 Thy mouth is departed, thy joy changed to wail,  
 Thy relic is ruin - thy fate is - despair!

On Jordan's banks the Arab camels stray  
 On Sion hill the Sabe once retains pray  
 The Baal-adorer bows on Sion's steep -  
 Yet there - even there - Oh God! his thunder sleeps.

Show - wave thy finger ~~at~~ the tablet stone!  
 Show - when thy shadow to thy people shone!  
 Thy glory shrouded in its grave of fire:  
 Thyself - now living live, & not expire!

Oh! in the lightning let thy glances appear,  
 Sweep from his throned heights the oppressors spear,  
 How long by Tyrian shall thy lanes be trade,  
 How long thy temple worshipp'd, Oh God!

And the Bag Pipe

Hail! Auld Caledon! with better might  
 We heard the humming, the music, night,  
 We turned to ancient days of fiercest fight  
 When Scythians lurch'd thee with blood dy'd light?  
 When a foreigner there the Lord hath smil'd,  
 Listening thy voice of martial minstrelsy  
 When hero'd war around us round to ring  
 Or brought of peevish drops from beauty's eye  
 Or thought of flowers that spring o'er valour's honours

Long may thy lays be heard on Scotia's hills  
 Which call no more her clare in song to mat  
 And dye with kindred blood their native hills  
 And, as by the echoes the shrill notes repeat,  
 May Scottish hearts with kindling raptures  
 For valour thro' not more doer the call  
 Then laughs the eye with mirthful jollity  
 Have thy voice rings at village, festival,  
 In each plover, loved Pibroch, have the music

Urs! thy soul stirring voice has scanned the flame  
 That rights should set in the hero's breast -  
 His own true deeds, of death's dying name  
 Rose in his view by vivid fancy dress -  
 And high resolve each warrior thought would  
 And while he saw the plow that may it around  
 Or cut that proudly plough'd the bonnet o'er  
 He heard the trumpet's Death or Victory sound -  
 For recurrent never yet these hallow'd emblems bore

She from her hall let heartless fashion spring  
 For softer warblings of the Scottish string,  
 Let Luxury or wanton Dullness bring  
 Cut into hearts that round our Scotland ring  
 With thy dear lays shall patriot labours  
 And to who can see faded glory sigh,  
 Who to depression children gives the fear,  
 Will say, while awful formid't lights his eye,  
 No generous soul is thine, immersed thy strains who hear