

Passing thoughts R.M.S. Corinthic.
4th Oct 1913

While gliding o'er the raging sea
And naething got tae dae
I think upon the days by gone
The gladsome and the wee

I think upon the landy spot.
Where started my career
It stan's amang the heath and rocks
Upon the banks o' Dee
I likewise think of Upper Ken
Moorbrock amang the bent.
This place I'll ever ca' my hame
My boyhood there I spent.

I think aboot the Moor o' Deuch
The Afton and the Kith
The rugged hills aroon Loch Doon,
Where gladsome I've been aft.

I'll noo wi' pleasure name potrail
For here amang its daisies
I pu'd a flo'er and tuth tae tell
Its turned a bunch of roses

I've been upon the banks o' Daur,
And by the River Clyde
The Logan and the Kithan Hills
Their steps I aft hae climbed

Though frae these scenes I take my way
Sae me they'll aye be dear.
Although my course in southern clime
At present I maun steer.

Should fortune favours on me blaw
And firmly pack her kit
I'll aiblins spend some happy days
In bonnie Scotland yet.

But fortune is a tattle soon
Get ease me as she pleases
My heart she never will subdue
Though pressed wi grief and cares

Sae let oor anchors a' be fixed.
For we are not our own.
In him that lived and died and played
For us before the throne. A.M.



(7)

Poems