

Transactions

OF THE

BANFFSHIRE FIELD CLUB.



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www.banffshirefieldclub.org.uk

A POETICAL ADDRESS.

Dr Cramond then read "a poetical address to the members of the Banffshire Club," dated 1818. What Club exactly had been honoured in the poetic effusion was not known, but from the nature of the composition it was suggested that it might have been a Banffshire Club in some large city, another suggestion being that it might refer to the Club formerly in connection with the Academy. The "address" was as follows:

Frae Dev'ron's banks, an' Spey's hoarse roaring
tide,

Frae fertile Boyne, an' Isla's haunted side,
Frae birk-clad A'en, an' Livat's lovely glen,
An' mony a stream, that nameless shall remain,
Here are we met: frae these scenes, far awa'!
Welcome! my Frien's and Brothers, ane an' a'!
Here are we met, in frien'ly craks to join,
Live o'er again "the days o' auld lang syne,"
Recall to mind each boyish prank an' ploy,
An' consecrate the hour to social joy.

Each by his side here meets his youth's compeer!
His chosen frien'! his bosom cronie dear!
The same wha' wi' him, in the days o' yore,
Turned o'er the page of antient classic lore;
Or lap the burn, or wi' him shook a fa',
Or ran a race, or kicked the bounding ba',
Or danced wi' lightsome heart, or pat the stane,
And kiss'd the lasses o'er and o'er again.
Since then, far scattered o'er this world so wide,
A Scotsman's enterprise our only guide,
In search of Honour's wreath, or Fortune's smile,
We've shar'd the Merchant's care, the Soldier's
toil,—

An' brav'd each danger of the stormy main,
Inspir'd by Glory's call, or lured by gain:
Yet 'mid our days o' woe, our hours of mirth,
Could ne'er forget the spot that gave us birth;
But aft have paus'd amid our worldly strife,
An' sighed! to find the bliss of real life
(E'en while we bask'd in Pleasure's sunny beams)
Fall so far short of Youth's romantic dreams;
Then turn'd to scenes "endear'd by joys gone by"
By all the treasur'd sweets of Memory.
To nurse those friendships form'd in life's glad
morn,

Ere Care had planted in our breasts a thorn—

Ere Sorrow wrung the heart or dimm'd the eye,
 While Love was true, and Hope's young pulse
 beat high:

To nurse those friendships—fan the sacred flame
 Of warm attachment to our native hame,
 Awaken feelings that have slept for years,
 Forgot 'mid worldly hopes and worldly fears;
 In short to exercise each social power,
 And snatch from life's dull round the happy hour—
 For this we meet; and who around this board
 But feels e'en now, as if by magic word,
 His heart-strings vibrate, as they did erewhile
 When first he parted from his native soil;
 Feels thro' his veins life's current warmer flow,
 And his whole soul with kindling rapture glow?
 Fill high the glass, and raise the merry sang
 Till age forgets that he has lived sae lang!
 Fill high the glass till sparkle every eye,
 Mantle on every cheek the smile of joy,
 An' loud! loud swell the note of glad'ning revelry.

From the *Gentleman's Magazine*, March 1818.