

**SUN-GLEAMS THROUGH THE
MIST OF TOIL, POEMS, SONGS,
DIALOGUES, RECITATIONS
AND SACRED VERSES**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649545933

Sun-Gleams through the Mist of Toil, Poems, Songs, Dialogues, Recitations and Sacred Verses
by John W. Lyall

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Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

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JOHN W. LYALL

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Sun-Gleams
Through the Mist of Toil.

SUN-GLEAMS
THROUGH THE MIST OF TOIL

POEMS, SONGS, DIALOGUES, RECITATIONS
AND SACRED VERSES.

BY JOHN W. LYALL.

WITH

*Autobiographical Sketch and Narrative of the Author's
Experiences in America, &c.*



BRECHIN: ADVERTISER OFFICE.
EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW: JOHN MENZIES & CO.
1885.

280.f.210.

AS A TOKEN OF HONOUR AND RESPECT

TO OUR MUCH-REVERED FRIEND

D. D. Edwards, Esq., F.R.S., &c.,

Editor of "Modern Scottish Poets,"

THE FRIEND OF THE BARDS OF SCOTLAND,

I Respectfully Dedicate

THIS VOLUME.



PREFATORY NOTE.



My Book, let no discouragement
Hinder thy travels: behold ! thou art sent
To friends, not foes.

—BUNYAN.

IN submitting to the reader "Sun-Gleams Through the Mist of 'Toil'" I trust he will pardon me if he finds the "Gleams" a little obscure in some parts. It is not without a considerable amount of misgiving that I place this little volume before the public. When it is taken into consideration that I am a hard-working son of toil, I trust a lenient view will be taken of the slips and want of finish which may be met with in the perusal of this humble production.

I make no pretensions to literature; I simply write from my heart, and, as near as possible, take Truth for my guide. On no occasion did I ever lift my pen with the intention of giving offence to anyone. I never yet penned a line to hurt the feelings of a fellow brother.

As this selection of my verses is principally written for the working-class, perhaps my simple language will suit them fully as well as if it had

been the production of a classical scholar. I have been unable to adorn my lines with flowers of a tropical growth. I had just to make the best use I could of those that grew by the hedgerows or in the meadows of my own native soil, and weave them into a humble posy.

I may add that, in the composition of these lines, I have spent many hours—some weary, and some happy.

Every one who has attempted to write verse has experienced the bitter disappointment of crushed hopes, when the editor failed to see any beauty or promise in the first poem sent for publication. I have been no exception to this rule. My earliest effort was refused and commented upon by three different editors, and rewritten and revised as often, until at length I was rewarded by seeing my nursling in print. The reader has now the piece in this little volume—"The friend that can feel for another." I have since experienced that my judges were truly friends that could feel for me.

In conclusion, I may add that if I succeed here in touching a tender chord in the heart of any of my kind readers, I will consider my labour well repaid. I have to thank those who have taken an interest in my humble efforts, and my subscribers who have substantially aided me in bringing my little book to the light.

JOHN W. LYALL.

PORT-GLASGOW, August, 1885.



INTRODUCTION.



“**P**OEMS AND SONGS” by a working man is, in these days, by no means a curious or rare phenomenon. The tuneful sons of labour are a numerous band, and those who read with a warm feeling, and take into consideration the many disadvantages and trials that the working man has often to contend with, will overlook an occasional want of finish in the gentle Muse in her lowly flights. A kindly feeling often does more good to forward the views of a humble and deserving individual than the fault-finding of an exacting critic, who may read only to condemn, and rend to pieces the web he could not perhaps have woven. It is unfair to compare men in the position of our poet with authors of great talent, possessed of all the advantages afforded by a liberal education, although, without doubt, public taste has been formed by the reading of immortal productions. Taking these as models, some critics condemn mediocrity as being unworthy of notice. The towering oak may overshadow the forest, but there are other trees