

A
TALE

OF

THREE BONNETS.

Three Bonnets



Written in the broad Scots dialect.



IN

FOUR CANOS.

Four Canos



STIRLING:

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A
T A L E
OF
THREE BONNETS.

C A N T O I.

B A R D.

WHEN men of mettle thought it non-^{sense,}
To heed that cleping thing ca'd conscience,
And by free-thinking had the knack,
Of jeering every word it spake;
And as a learned author speaks.
Employ'd it as a pair o' breaks
To hide their lewd and nasty sluices,
Whilk eith slipt down for baits these uses,
Then Dunwhistle worn with years,
And sawe the gate of his forbears,
Command'd his three sons to come,
And wait upon him in his room:
Bad Bristle steek the door: and syne;
He thus began——

Dunwhistle —— Dear bairns of mine,
quickly man submit to Fate,
And leave you three a good estate,

Which has been honourably won,
And handed down from sire to son,
But clag or claim for ages past ;
Now that ye mayna prove the last,
Here's three permission Bonnets for ye.
Which our Grand Gutcher purchas'd for
And if ye'd hae nae man betray ye,
Let naething ever wile them frae ye ;
But keep the bonnets on your heads,
And hands frae signing foolish deeds,
And ye shall never want sic things,
Shall gar be made of by kings :
But if you ever with them part,
Fou fair ye'll for your folly smart,
Bare-headed then ye'll look like snools,
And dwindle down to silly tools ;
Haud up your hands :—now swear and say
As ye shall answer on a day,—
Ye'll faithfully observe my will,
And all its premises tu' fill.

Bris. My worthy father I shall strive,
To keep your name and fame alive,
And never shew a faul that s dastard,
To gar fouk tak me for a bastard ;
If e'er by me ye're disobey'd,
May witches nightly on me ride.

Jouk. Whae'er shall dare, by force or
This bonnet aff my head to wile,
For sic a bauld attempt shall rue,
And ken I was begot by you ;
Else may I like a gypsie wander.
Or for my daily bread turn paunder,

Baw. May I be jyb'd by great and sma,
And kytch'd like ony tennis ba',
Be the disgrace of a' my kin,
If e'er I with my bonnet twin.

Bard. Now soon as each had given his aith,
The auld man yielded up his breath,
Was row'd in linen white as snaw,
And to his fathers borne awa',
But scarcely he in mools was rotten,
Before his fest-meat was forgotten,
As ye shall hear frae future sonnet,
How Joukum finder'd wi' his bonnet,
And bought frae senseless billy Bawfy,
His to propine a giglet lassie;
While worthy Bristle, not sae doner'd,
Preserves his bonnet and is honor'd,
Thus Caractacus did behave,
Although, by fate of war, a slave,
His body only,——for his mind,
No Roman power could break or bind,
With bonnet on he bauldly spake,
Until he gart his fetters crack,
The victor did his friendship claim,
And sent him with new glories hame.

But leave we Birks and simisie,
And to our tale with ardour flee

Beyond the hills where lang the billies,
Had bred up queys, and kids, and fillies,
And foughten mony a bloody battle,
With thieves that came to lift their cattle
There liv'd a lass kept rare thews,
And fiddlers ay about her house,

Wha at her table fed and ranted,
 With the stour ale she never wanted.
 She was a winsome wench and waly,
 And could put on her claithes fu' brawly.
 Ramble to i'ka market town,
 And drink and fight like a dragoon:
 Just sic like her wha far aff wander'd,
 To get hersel well Alexander'd,
 Rose had a word o' meikle fillar,
 Whilk brought a hantle wooers till her.
 Among the rest young Master Jouk,
 She conquer'd ae day wi' a look:
 Frae that time forth he ne'er could stay,
 As bame to mind his corn or hay,
 But grew a beau and did adorn
 Himself with fifty bows o' corn,
 Forby what he took on, to rigg
 Him out with linen, shoon and wig,
 Snuff boxes sword-knots canes and washes,
 And sweeties to bestow on lasses,
 Could newest aiths gentealy swear,
 And had a course of flaws perquire;
 He drank and danc'd, and sigh'd to move,
 Fair Rosie to accept his love,
 After dumb signs he thus began,
 And spake his mind to'er like a man.

Joukum. O tak me, Rose, to your arms,
 And let me revel o'er your charms;
 If ye say na, I needna care
 For ropes or tethers made of hair,
 Pen-knives nor pools I winna need,
 That minute ye say na, I'm dead,

O let me lie within your breast :
 And at your dainty table feast ;
 Well do I like your gowd to finger,
 And fit to hear your —— singer ;
 While on this sun shine o' the brae,
 Belongs to y u my limbs I'll lay.

Rosie. I own, Sweet Sir, ye woo me frankly
 But a' your courtship sars see ranky
 Of selfish int'rest, that I'm fied,
 My person least employ's your head. (ing,

Jouk. What a distinction's this you're mak-
 When your poor lover's heart is breaking ;
 Wi' little logic I can shew,
 That every thing you have is you ;
 Besides the beauties of your person,
 These beds of flow'rs you set your a—— on,
 Your claites, your land your lying pelf,
 Are ev'ry ane your very self,
 And add fresh lustre to those graces.
 With which adorned your saul and face is.

Rosie. Ye seem to have a loving flame
 For me, and hate your native hame,
 That gars me ergh to trust you meikle,
 For fear you should prove fale and sickle.

Jouk. In troth my rugged billy Bristle,
 About his gentry maks sick fittle,
 That if a body contradict him
 He's ready wi' a durk to stick him ;
 That wearies me o' hame, I vow
 And fain' would live and die wi' you.

Bard. Observing Jouk. a wee tate tipsy,
 Smirking reply'd the pauky gipsy,

Rosie. I wad be very wae to see
 My lover tak the pet and die,
 Wherefore I am inclin'd to ease ye,
 And do what in me lies to please ye;
 But first e'er we conclude the paction,
 You must perform some vailant action,
 To prove the truth of what you've said.
 Else I, for you, will die a maid.

Jouk. My dearest jewel gie't a name,
 That I may win baith you and fame:
 Shall I gae fight with forest bulls,
 Or hew down troops with thicker skulls;
 Or shall I duck the deepest sea,
 And coral pou for beads to thee,
 Penty the Pope upon the nose,
 Or p— upon a hundred beax?

Rosie. In troth, dear lad, I wad be laith,
 To risk your life or do you skaith;
 Only employ your canny skill,
 To gain, and rive your father's Will,
 With the consent of Birks and Bawly,
 And I shall in my bosom hawse ye,
 Soon as the fatal bonnets three,
 Are ta'en frae them, and gi'en to me,

Jouk. Which to preserve I gied my aith;
 But now the cause is life and death,
 I must, or with my bonnet part,
 Or twin with you and break my heart,
 Sae, though the aith we took was awfu',
 To keep it now appears unlawfu'.
 Then love I'll answer your demands,
 And fly to fetch them to your hands.

Bard. The famous wh—re of Palestine,
 Thus drew the hooks o'er Samson's een,
 And gart him tell where lay his strength,
 Of which she twin'd him at the length,
 Then gied him up in chains to rave,
 And labour like a galley-slave:
 But Rosie mind when growing hair,
 His loss o' pith 'gan to repair,
 He made of thousands an example,
 By crushing them beneath their temple.

C A N T O II.

B A R D.

THE supper sowin cogs and bannoeks,
 Stood cooling on the soles o' winnoeks,
 And cracking at the westlin gavels,
 The wives sat beeking o' their navels,
 When Jouk his brither Brittle found,
 Fetching his evening walk around
 A score o' ploughmen of his ain,
 Who blythey whistled on the plain.

Jouk three times conge'd, Brittle anes,
 Then thook his hand, and thus begins.

Bris. Wow brither Jouk, whar hae ye been?
 I scarce can trow my looking een,
 Ye're grown sae braw, now weirds defend me,
 Gip that I had nae maist milkend ye,
 And whar gat ye that braw blue stringing,
 That's at your houghs and shoulders hinging

'E look as sprush as ane that's wooing,
feriy^e lad, what ye've been doing.

Jouk. My very much respected brither,
Should we hide ought frae ane anither!
And not, when warm'd by the same blood,
Consult ilk ane anither's good;
And be it kend t'ye; my design,
Will profit prove to me and mine.

Bris. And brither, troth it much commends
Your virtue thus to love your friends,
It maks me blyth, for all I said,
Ye were a clever mett'l'd lad.

Jouk. And sae I hope will ever prove,
If ye befriend me in my love;
For Rosie bonny rich and gay,
And sweet as flowers in June and May;
Her gear I'll get, nor sweets I'll rife,
If ye'll but yield me up a trifle.
Promise to do't and ye's be free,
With ony thing pertains to me.

Bris. I lang to answer your demand,
And never shall for trifles stand.

Jouk. Then she desires as a propine,
These Bonnets, Bawfy's yours and mine,
And well I wat, that's nae great matter,
If I sae easily can get her.

Bris. Ha, ha! ye Judas, are ye there?
The D---l then nor the ne'er get mair,
Is that the trifle that ye spoke of?
Wha think ye Sir, ye mak a mock of?
Ye silly, mansworn, scant o' grace,
Swith, let me never see your face,

ek my auld bonnet aff my head!
With that's a bonny ane indeed,
Require a thing I'll part wi' never;
Ye's get as soon the lap o' my liver,
The whore and jade the woody hang her.
Bard. Thus said, he said nae mair for anger
Out curs'd and bann'd, and was nae far,
Nae treading Jouk among the glar,
While Jouk with language glib as oolie,
Right pawkily kept aff a toolie,
Well masked with a wedders skin,
Although he was a tod within.
He hum'd and ha'd, and with a cant,
Held forth as he had been a saint,
And quoted texts to prove we'd better,
Part wi' a sma' thing for a greater,
Jouk. Ah! Brither, may the furies rack me
If I mean'd ill, but ye mistak me;
But gin your Bonnet's sic a jewel,
Pray giet or keep it, Sir, as you will,
Since your auld fashion'd fancy rather,
Inclines til't than a hat and feather;
But I'll go try my brither Bawly,
Poor man he's nae sae dast and launcy,
With empty pride to cook his mou,
And hinder his ain good like you;
If he and I agree, ne'er doubt ye,
We'll mak the bargain up without ye,
Byne your draw Bonnet and your noddle,
Will hardly baith be worth a bodle.

Bard. At this dauld Bristle's colour chang'd
He swors on Rose to be reveng'd,

For he began now to be ffeed,
She'd wile the honers frae his head ;
Syne with a stern and canker'd look,
He thus reprov'd his brither Jouk.

Bris. Thou vile disgrace of our forbears,
Wha lang with valiaht dint of weirs,
Maintain'd their rights 'gainst a intrusions,
Of our auld faes the Rosycrucians,
Dost thou design at last to catch,
Us in a gin, by this base match,
And for the hauding up thy pride,
Upon thy brithers' riggins ride,
I'll see you hang'd and her the gither,
As high as Haman in a tether.

Ere I with my ain bonnet quat,
For ony borrow'd beaver hat.
Whilk I as Rosy takes the fikes,
Maun wear or no, just as she likes,
Then let me hear nae mair about her,
For if ye dare again to mutter
Sic vile propola's in my hearing,
Ye needna trust to my forbearing ;
For soon my beard will tak a low.
And I shall crack your crazy paw,

Bard. This said, brave Bristle said nae mair,
But cock'd his bonnet with an air.
Wheel'd round wi' gloomy brows & muddy,
And left his brither in a study.

CANTO III.

BARD.

Now Sol wi' his lang whip gae cracks,
 Upon his nighering coofers' ozacks,
 To gar them tak the Olympian brae,
 With a cart load of bleizing day :
 The country hind ceases to snore,
 Bangs frae his bed, unlocks the door,
 His bladder tooms, and gies a rift,
 Then tentily surveys the lift,
 And weary of his wife and fleas,
 To their embrace prefers his claes ;
 Scarce had the lark forsook her nest,
 When Jock wha had got little rest,
 For thinking on his plot and lassie,
 Got up to gang and deal wi' Bawfy :
 Awa' fast o'er the bent he gade,
 And fand him dozing in his bed,
 His blankets creeshy, foul his fark,
 His curtains trim'd wi' spiders' wark ;
 Foot draps hang trae his roof and kipples,
 His floor was a' tobacco spittles :
 Set on the antlets of a deer,
 A g mony an auld claymore and spear,
 With coats o' mail, and targets trusty,
 Each thick of dirt and unco rusty ;
 Though appear'd to shew his billy,
 That he was lazy, poor and filthy,
 And wadna mak the great a bustle,
 Pout his bonnet as did Bristle,

Jouk three times ruged at his shoulder, (er ;
 Cry'd three times laigh, and three times loud-
 At angrun Bawfy rak'd his een,
 And cries, What's that! What do you mean!
 Then looking up he sees his brither,

Bawfy Good morrow Jouk, what brings you
 You're early up — as I'm a sinner, (hither,
 I seely rise before my dinner ;
 Well, what's your news, and how goes a'!
 Ye've been an uice while awa'.

Jouk Bawfy I'm blyth to see you well,
 For me thank God, I keep me heal:
 Get up, get up, you lazy mart.
 I have a secret to impart,
 Of which, when I give you an inkling,
 It will set baith your tugs a tinkling,

Bard. Straight Bawfy riles, quickly cresses,
 While haste his youkie mind impresses ;
 Now rigg'd and morning drink brought in,
 Thus did flee gabber Jouk begin.

Jouk. My worthy brither, weel I wat,
 O'er seckle's is your wee estate,
 For sic a meikle faul as yours,
 That to things greater higher towers ;
 But ye ly loitering here at hame
 Neglectu baith of wealth and fame,
 Though as I said, ye have a mind,
 That is for higher things design'd.

Bawfy, That's very true thanks to the skie,
 But how to get them there it nes,

Jouk. I'll tell ye Baws.—I've laid a plot,
 That only wants your casting vote,

and if you'll gie't your bread is baken ;
at first accept of this love taken ;
ere tak this gowd and never want
nough to gar you drink and rant ;
and this is but an arie penny,
what I afterward design ye ;
and in return I'm sure that I
all naething seek that ye il deny.
Bawfy, And troth now Jouk. and neither
after never ca'me Billy ; [will I,
I refuse was light upon me,
his gowd O vow ! tis wondrous bonny,
Jouk. Aye that it is——tie e'en the a'
at gars the plow of living draw,
his gowd gars fogers fight the fiercer,
without it preaching wad be scarcer ;
his gowd that makes the great men witty,
and puggy lassies fair and pretty ;
without it ladies nice wad dwindle,
down to a wife that snorves the spindle.
But to the point and wave digression,
make a free and plain confession,
that I'm in love and as I said,
I demand from you a little aid,
to gain a bride that eithly can
mak me fou blest, and you a man :
Give me your bonnet to present
my mistress with ——and your consent,
to give the datt auld fashio'd deed
that bids ye wear it on your head.
Bawfy. O gosh ! O gosh ! then Jouk. ha'e
that be a' 'tis nae great matter. (at her,

Jouk. These granted she demands nae mair,
 To let us in her riches share ;
 Nor shall our herds, as heretofore,
 Rin aff wi' ane anither's store,
 Nor ding out ane anither's heras.
 Whan they forgather 'mang the cairns,
 But freely may drive up and down,
 And sell in ilka market town
 Whate'er belongs to her ; which soon ye'll see,
 If ye'll be wise, belong to me :
 And when that happy day will come,
 My honest Bawfy there's my thumb,
 That while I live I'll ne'er beguile ye,
 Ye's baith get gowd and be a bailey.

Bawfy. Faith Jock, I see but little skaith,
 In breaking of a senseless aith,
 That is impos'd by doited dads,
 (To please their whims) on thoughtless lads,
 My bonnet ! welcome to my bonnet !
 And meikle good may ye mak on it,
 Our Father's Will !—I'll mak' nae din,
 Though Rose should apply't behin' :
 But say, does binly Bristle ken,
 This, your design, to mak us men ?
 Ay that he does, but the stiff ass
 Bears a heart-hatred to the lass,
 And rattles out a hantla stories,
 Of blood and dirt and ancient glories,
 Meaning foul feuds that us'd to be,
 Between curs and her family ;
 Bans like a blockhead, that he'll ne'er
 Twin wi' his bonnet for a'er gear :

But you and I conjoin'd can ding him ;
 And by a vo'e to reason bring him ;
 If she stand c'ose, 'tis unco eith,
 To rive the Test'ment spite o's teeth.
 And gar him ply for a' his clavers,
 To lift his bonnet to our beavers.

Baw Then let the fool delight in drudging,
 What cause hae we to tent his grudging ;
 Though Rosie's flocks feed on the fells,
 If you and I be weel oursel.

Bard. Thus Jouk and Bawly were agreed,
 And Bris maun yield, it was decreed.

Thus far I've sung in Highland straits,
 Of Jouk's amours and pawky pains.
 To gain his ends wi' ilka brither,
 Sae opposite to ane anither ;
 Of Brittle's hardy resolutions,
 And hatred to the Rosycrucians :
 Of Bawly put in slavery neck-fast,
 Selling his bonne for a breakfast ;
 What follows on't of gain or skaith,
 I'll tell when we hae ta'en our breath,

C A N T O IV.

B A R D.

NOW soon as e'er the WILL was torn,
 Jouk wi' twa bonnets on the morn,
 Frae Fairyland fast bang'd away,
 The prize at Rosie's feet to lay ;
 Wha fleely when he did appear,
 About his success 'gan to pier.

Jouk. Here bonny lass, your humble slave,
 Presents you with the thing you crave,
 The riven Will and Bonnets twa,
 Which maks the third worth nought ava.
 Our pow'r given up, now I demand
 Your promis'd love, and eke your hand.

Bard. Rose smil'd to see the lad outwitted,
 And bonnets to the flames committed;
 Immediately an awfu' sound,
 As ane wad thought raise frae the ground,
 And syne appear'd a stalwart Ghaisht,
 Whase stern and angry looks amaist
 Unhool'd their souls,——shaking they saw,
 Him frae the fire the Bonnets draw.
 Then came to Jouk, and wi' twa rugs,
 Encreas'd the length of baith his lugs,
 And said,——

Ghaisht.——Be a' thy days an afs,
 And hackney to this cunning Lass;
 But for these bonnets I'll preserve them,
 For bairns unborn that will deserve them.

Bard. With that he vanish'd from their eea'
 And left poor Jouk wi' breeks not clean
 He shakes, while Rosie rants and capers
 And ca's the vision nought but vapours:
 Rubs o'er his cheeks and gab wi' ream,
 Till he believ's't to be a dream:
 Syne to the closet leads the way,
 To loup him up with usqurbae.

Rosie. Now bonny lad, ye may be frise,
 To handle aught pertains to me;
 And ere the sun though he be dry,
 Has driven down the weillin sky.

To drink his wamefu' o' the sea,
 There be but ane o' you and me,
 In carriage ye shall hae my hand;
 Bot I maun hae the sole command,
 In Fairyland to saw and plant,
 And to send there for ought I want.

Bard Ay ay, cries Jounk, all in a fire,
 And stiff'ning into strong desire.

Jounk Come haste thee, let us sign and seal
 And let my Bilies gae to the deil.

Bard. Here it would make o'er lang a tale,
 To tell how meikle cakes and ale,
 And beef, and broe, and gryce, and geese,
 And pies a running o'er with creese
 Was serv'd upon the wedding table,
 To mak the lads and lasses able
 To do ye ken what we think shame
 [Tho' ilk ane does't] to gi'et a name.

But true it is they soon were buckled,
 And soon she made poor Jounk a cuckold,
 And play'd her bawdy sports before him,
 With chieks that card'na tippence for him,
 Besides a Rosycrucian tricks.
 She had a dealing wi' AULD NICK;
 And when'er Jounk began to grumble,
 AULD NICK in the neist room would rumble,
 She drank and fought and spent her gear,
 Wi' dice, and selling o' the mare.
 Thus living like a Belzi's get
 She ran herself sae deep in debt,
 By borrowing money at a' hands,
 That yearly income of her lands,
 Scarce paid the interest of her bands.

Jouk, ay ca'd wife ahint the hand,
 The daffing of his doings fand ;
 O'er late he now began to see,
 The ruin of his family ;
 But past relief, lair'd in a midden,
 He's now oblig'd to do her biddin',
 Awa' wi' strict command he's sent,
 To Fairyland to lift the rent.
 And with him mony a catterpillar,
 To rug frae Briss and Bawfy filler,
 For her braid table maun be serv'd,
 Though Fairy fouk should a be starv'd.
 Jouk thus surrounded with his guards,
 Now plunder hay stacks barns and yards,
 They drive the nout frae Bristle's fauld,
 While he can nought but ban and scauld.

Bris Vile slave to a hissey ill begotten,
 By mony dads, wi' clap half rotten,
 Wert na for honor o' my mither,
 I should na think ye were my brither.

Jouk. Dear brither why this rude reflection
 Learn to be grateful for protection ;
 The Petereneans, bloody beasts
 That gars towks lick the dowps of priests,
 Eke on a brander, like a haddock,
 Be breited, sprawling like a paddock.
 These moasters lang e'er now had come,
 With faggots, taws, and tuck o' drum,
 And twin'd you of your wealth and lives,
 Syne without speering ——— your wives,
 Had not the Roicyrucians stood,
 The buiwark of your rights and blood ;

And yet forsooth ye girn and grumble,
And with a gab unthankfu mumble
Out mony a black unworty curse,
When Rosie bids ye draw your purse,
When she's sae generously content,
With not above thirty per cent.

Bris Damn you and her tho' now I'm bla'e
I'm hopeful yet to see the day,
I'll gar ye baith repeat that e'er
Ye reav'd by force awa my gear,
Without gien thanks, or making price,
Or ever spiering my advice.

Jouk Peace gowk we naething do at a',
But by the letter of the law,
'Then nae mair wi' your din torment us,
Growling like ane *non compos mentis*,
Else Rosie issue may a writ,
To tie ye up baith hand and fit,
In dungeon strong, no meat or driak,
Till ye be starv'd or die in stink.

Bard. Thus Jouk and Bristle when they met
With sic braw language ither treat.
Just fury glows in Bristle's veins:
And though his boanet he retains,
Yet on his crest he may not cock it,
But in a coffer close maun lock it.
Bare headed thus he e'en knocks under,
And lets them drive away the plunder,
Sae hae I seen beside a tower,
The king o' brutes oblig'd to cour;
And on his royal paunches trole,
A dwarf to prob him with a pole!

While he wad shaw his fangs and rage,
With bootless brangling in his cage.

Now follows that we tak a peep
At Bawfy; looking like a sheep,
By Brist'e hated and despis'd,
By Jouk and Rose as little priz'd.

Soon as the Hors had heard his Brither,
Jouk and Rose were pric'd t're gither,
Awa' he scours o'er height and how,
Fou sidging fain, whate'er he dow,
Counting what things he now did mister,
That wad be gien him by his sister.
Like shallow Bards whae think they flee,
Because they live sax stories high,
To some poor lifeless lueubration,
Prefix a fleecing dedication,
And blythly dream they'll be restor'd,
To a house credit by my Lord.
Thus Bawfy's mind in plenty row'd
While he thought on his promis'd gowd
And Baileyship, which he with fines,
Wad mak like the West Indian mines.
Arrives, with future greatness dizzy,
Ca's, Whar's Mest Jouk?

Beef. — Mest Jouk, is bisy,

Baw. My Lady Rosie, is she at leisure?

Beef. No Sir, My Lady's at her pleasure,

Baw. I wait for her or him, go thew.—

Beef. And pray ye master what are you?

Baw. Upo' my saut, this porter's saucy,

Sirrah, Go tell my name is Bawfy,

Their brither that made up the Marriage.

Beef. And so I thought it by your carriage

Between your houghs gae clap your gelding
 Swith hame, and feast upon a spelding,
 For there's nae room beneath this roof,
 To entertain a simple coof.

The like o' you that nae can trust,
 Wha to your ain had been unjust,

Bard, this said he daddet to the yate,
 And left poor Bawfy in a fret,

Wha loudly gowl'd and made a din,
 That was overheard by a' within,

Quoth Rose to Juk, come let's away,
 And see wna's yon maks a' this fray,

Away they went, and saw the creature,
 Sair ruckling ilka silly feature,

Of his dull phiz, with grins and glooms,
 Stamping and biting at his thumbs.

They tented him a little while,

They came full on him with a smi'e,
 Which soon gert him forget the torture,

Was rais'd within him by the porter.

Sae, will a sucking weane yell,

But shake a rattle or a bell,

It hauds its tongue—Let that alane.

It to its yammering fa's again :

Lilt up a sang, and straight it's seen

To laugh with tears into its een.

Thus eithly anger'd eithly pleas'd,

Weak Bawfy lang they tantaliz'd,

When promises right wide extended,

They ne'er perform'd nor ne'er intended

But now and then, when they did need

A supper and a pint they gied him!

hat done, they bae nae mair to say,
And scarcely ken him the next day.
Poor fellow now this mony a year,
Wi' some faint hope and routh o' fear,
He has been wrestin' wi' hie fate,
A drudge to Joukum and his mate ;
While Bristle saves his manly look,
Regardless baith o' Rose and Jouk ;
Maintains right quietly 'yont the cairns,
His honor, conscience, wife and bairns ;
Jouk and his rumelgary wife,
Drive on a drunken gaming life,
Cause feber they can get nae rest.
For Nick, and Duniwhistle's Ghaist,
Wha in the garrets often toolie,
And shore them with a bloody gully.

Thus I have sung in hamlet rhyme,
A sang that scorns the teeth o' time,
Yet modestly I hide my name,
Admiring virtue mair than fame:
But tent ye wha despise instruction,
And gie my wark a wrang construction,
Irae 'hiud the Cartain mind I tell ye,
I'll shoot a satire through your belly,
But wha wi' havine jees his bonnet,
And says, Thanks t'ye for your Sonnet,
Ye shanna want the praises due,
O generosity. Adieu.

FINIS: