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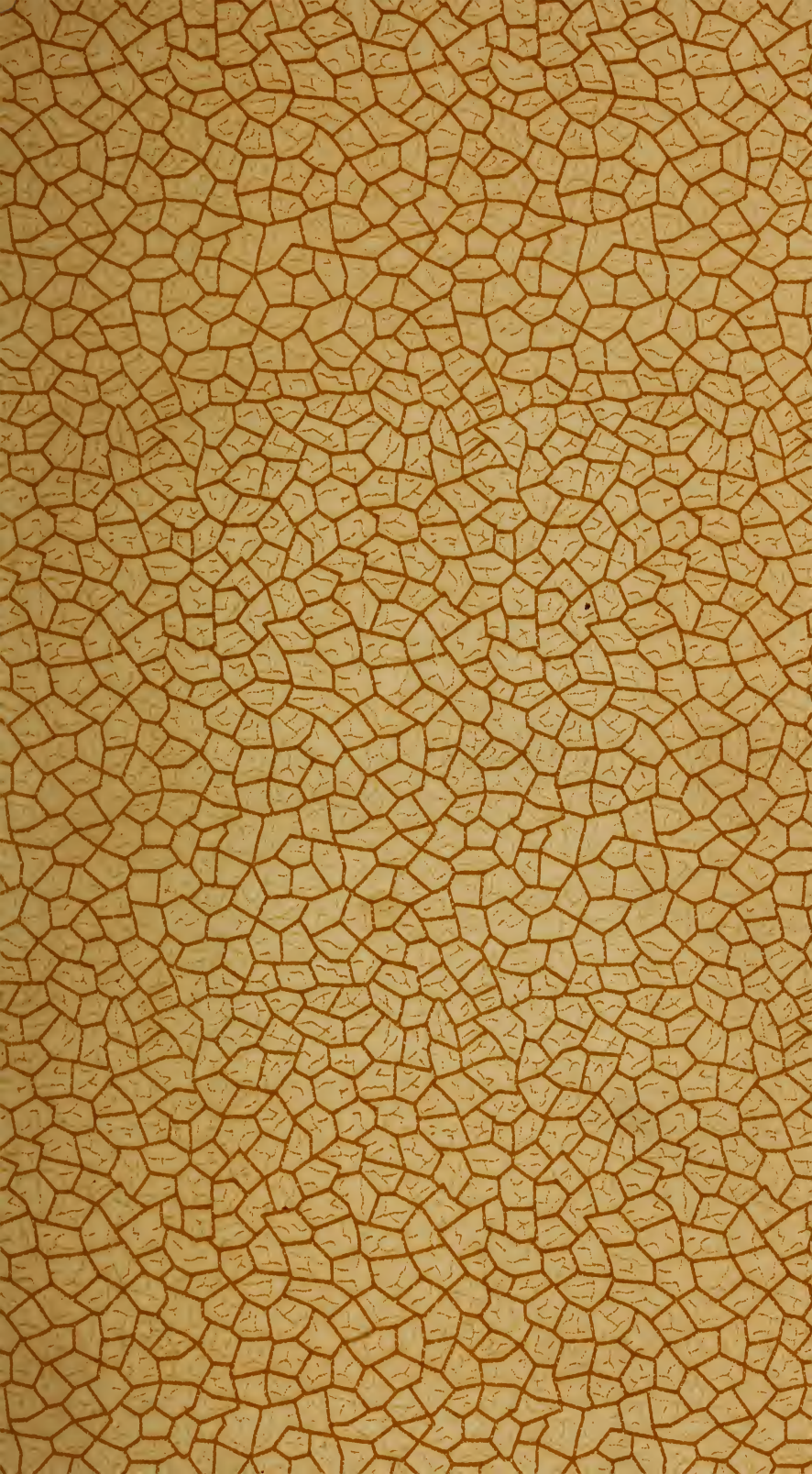
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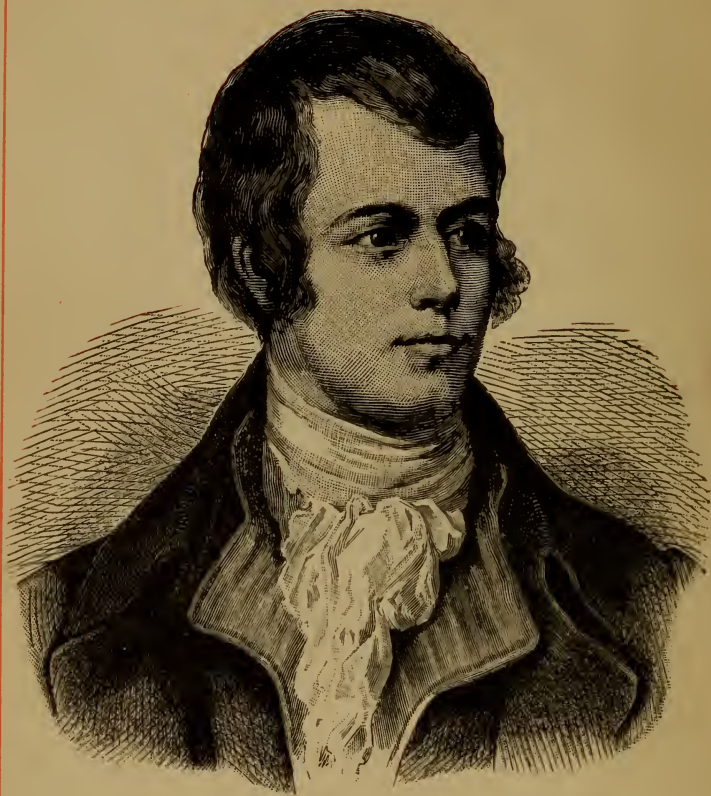
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Robert Burns

Poems
by
Robert Burns

With Index & Glossary



TAM O' SHANTER



GLASGOW
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GLOSSARY.

THE following rules should be noted regarding the distinctions between English and Scottish orthography in words which are originally the same, having only one letter changed for another, or sometimes a letter taken away or added.

1. In many words ending with an *l* after an *a*, *o*, or *u*, the letter *l* is rarely sounded; thus all=*a'*; call=*ca'*; small=*sma'*; false=*fause*; malt=*maut*; full=*fu'*; pull=*pu'*; etc.

2. The *l* changes to a *w* or *u* after *a* or *o*, and is frequently dropped before another consonant; thus balm=*bawm*; balk=*bauk*; boll=*bow*; poll=*pow*; etc.

3. An *o* before *ld* changes to *a* or *au*; thus old=*auld*; bold=*bauld*; cold=*cauld*; told=*tauld*; etc.

4. The *o*, *oe*, *ow* are changed to *a*, *ae*, *ai*; thus off=*aff*; toe=*tae*; own=*ain*; cloth=*claith*; most=*maist*; song=*sang*; etc.

5. The *o* or *u* are frequently changed into *i*; thus another=*anither*; brother=*brither*; foot=*fit*; honey=*hinney*; nuts=*nits*; run=*rin*; etc.

<p>ABEIGH, at shy distance. ABREAD, abroad, in sight. ABREED, in breadth. ADLE, putrid water. AFF LOOF, off hand. AGLEY, off the straight. AIBLINS, perhaps. AIK, oak. AIRL-PENNY, AIRLES, earnest-money. AIRN, iron. AIRT, <i>v.</i> direct; <i>n.</i> direction. AITH, oath. AITS, oats. AIVER, old horse. AIZLE, hot cinder. ALAKE, alas! AN', and, if. ASE, ashes. ASKLENT, aslant. AUGHT, possession. AULDFARRANT, sagacious, prudent. AULD LANG SYNE, days of old. AULD SHOON, old shoes; discarded lover.</p>	<p>AUMOUS, alms. AUMOUS-DISH, church collection plate for poor. AUMRY, close cupboard. AVA, at all. AWN, beard of barley, etc. AWNIE, bearded. BACKET, BAIKEY, wooden coal scuttle. BACKETS, ash boards. BACKLINS, backwards. BAIDE, endured, did stay. BAGGIE, belly. BAINIE, with large bones. BAIRNTIME, family, brood. BANG, <i>v.</i> beat, excel; <i>n.</i> blow, great number. BANNOCKS, bread (round and thicker than cake). BARLEY - BREE, malt-liquor, ale or beer. BATTS, botts, colic (disease of horses). BAUCHIE-BIRD, bat. BAUDRONS, cat.</p>
--	--

- BAWK**, bark, strip of unpouged inn.
BAWNT, with a white stripe down the face.
BEAR, barley.
BEDESMAN, one who prays for or is poor pensioner.
BEEK, task.
BEET, add fuel to fire.
BEGGOTD, began.
BEGUNK, cheat, trick.
BEILD, hold.
BELYVE, by and by.
BEN, spence or parlour, inner apartment.
BENMOST BORE, innermost hole.
BENSIK, blessing.
BENT, kind of grass; **TA'EN THE BENT**, run away.
BETHANKIT, grace after meat.
BUCKER, wooden dish; short race.
BIDE, stay, endure.
BIE, **BIELD**, shelter.
BIEK, wealthy, comfortable.
BIG, build.
BIGGONET, linen cap or collar.
BILLIE, brother, young fellow.
BIRKEN-SHAW, birchenwood-shaw.
BIRKIE, forward, lively fellow.
BIRLE, club for drink.
BIRLIN THE BAWBER, clubbing for drink.
BIRSES, vestibles.
BUTTOCK, little bit, short distance.
BLASTIE, stiveled dwarf (term of contempt).
BLATE, bashful, sheepish.
BLAID, flat piece; v. slap.
BLAW Y' MY LUG, father.
BLEERT, bedimmed with weeping.
BLELLUM, idle-talking fellow.
BLETHERIN, talking idly.
BLUE-DOWN, one of those beggars who got every king's birthday a blue drink or gown with a badge.
BLUNTIE, snivelling.
BLUPE, shred, large piece.
BOCK, vomit, gush intermittently.
BODDLE, small copper coin.
BOGLES, spirits, hobgoblins.
BOORTREE, **BUTREE**, shrub elder.
BOOST, beloved, must needs.
BOUSSING, drinking.
BOW-KAIL, cabbage.
BRACK, kind of burrow.
BRANKIE, gandy.
BRANKS, wooden cart for horses.
BRASH, sudden illness.
BRATS, coarse clothes; children.
BRATTLE, short race, hurry.
BRAWLYS, **BRAWLIE**, finely.
BRAXIE, morbid sheep, mutton of sheep smothered in the snow.
BRECKEN, tent.
BRENT, smooth, clear.
BRUE, juice, liquid.
BRISKET, breast, bosom.
BROCK, badger.
BROGUE, hum, trick.
BROUSE, race at country weddings—who shall first reach bridegroom's house on returning from church.
BROWN, brewing, what is brewed at one time.
BRULETE, head, combustion.
BUCHAN-BULLERS, boiling sea, Buchan coast.
BUCHSKIN, Virginia.
BUGHT, sheep-pen.
BURDLY, strong made.
BURM-CLOCK, humming beetle that flies in summer evenings.
BUMBLER, blunderer.
BUNKER, window-seat; chest with hinged lid that serves for seat.
BURE, endured.
BURNEWIX, blacksmith (burn the wind).
BUSHE, bushy.
BUSLE, v. v. bustle.
BUSS, shelter.
BUT, **BOT**, without, void of.
BUT AN' BEK, country clothes and parlour.
BY-HENSEL, distracted, lunatic.
CA'T, **CA'D**, called; dices; cabed.
CAFF, chaff.

- CAIRD, tinker.
 CANTRIP, charm, spell.
 CAREERING, moving cheerfully.
 CARL, old man.
 CARL-HEMP, male stalk of hemp.
 CARLIN, stout old woman.
 CAUK AND KEEL, chalk and red clay.
 CAVIE, hen-coop.
 CESSSES, taxes.
 CHANTER, part of bagpipe.
 CHIMLA LUG, fireside.
 CHOW, chew; CHEEK FOR CHOW, side by side.
 CHUCKIE, brood hen.
 CHUFFIE, fat faced.
 CLARTY, dirty.
 CLARKIT, wrote.
 CLAUGHT, snatched at.
 CLAUT, clean, scrape.
 CLAVERS, idle stories.
 CLECKIN, chicken brood.
 CLEED, *v.* clothe.
 CLEEDS, *n.* clothes.
 CLEEKIT, having caught.
 CLEG, gad-fly.
 CLINKUMBELL, church-bell ringer.
 CLOCK, *v.* hatch; *n.* beetle.
 CLOOT, hoof of cow or sheep.
 CLUNK, sound of liquor in emptying bottle or cask.
 COCKERNONNY, lock of hair tied on girl's head; cap.
 COFT, bought.
 COILA, Kyle (from "auld King Coil").
 COLLIESHANGIE, quarrel.
 COOKIT, appeared and disappeared by fits.
 COUTHIE, kind, loving.
 COWE, *v.* terrify, lop; *n.* fright; bunch of furze.
 COWP, *v.* barter; tumble over; *n.* gang.
 COWTE, colt.
 CRAIG, neck.
 CRAMBO-CLINK, rhymes, doggerel.
 CRANREUCH, hoar frost.
 CROOD, CROUD, coo as a dove.
 CROUCHIE, crook-backed.
 CROULIN, crawling.
 CROUSE, cheerful, courageous.
- CROWDIE, oatmeal and boiled water, sometimes from broth of beef.
 CRUMMOCK, cow with crooked horns.
 CUMMOCK, short staff with crooked head.
 CURMURRIN', murmuring.
 CURPIN, crupper.
 CUTTY-STOOL, stool of repentance in church.
- DAIMEN, rare, now and then.
 DAIMEN-ICKER, an ear of corn now and then.
 DAUD, *v.* thrash, abuse; *n.* large piece; knock.
 DAURG, day's labour.
 DAWTIT, fondled, caressed.
 DIGHT, wipe, clean corn from chaff.
 DOITED, silly from age.
 DONZIE, unlucky.
 DOOL, sorrow; SING DOOL, mourn.
 DORTY, saucy, nice.
 DOUCE, DOUSE, sober, prudent.
 DOUGHT, was able.
 DOUR AND DIN, sullen, sallow.
 DOW, am or are able.
 DOWFF, pithless.
 DOWIE, weary, half-asleep.
 DOYLT, stupid.
 DRODDUM, breech.
 DRONE, part of bagpipe.
 DROOP, rumpl't, hanging down.
 DROUKIT, wet.
 DROUNTIN', drawing.
 DRUMMOCK, meal and water mixed.
 DWAM, qualm, swoon.
 DYVOUR, bankrupt; ill-dressed idle fellow.
- EERIE, frightsome, fearing spirits.
 EILD, old age.
 ELBUCK, elbow.
 ELDRITCH, ghastly.
 ETTLE, try, intend.
 EYDENT, diligent
- FA'ARD, favoured.
 FAIKET, unknown, unemployed, abated.

- FAWSONT, decent, seemly.
 FEAL, *n.* field; *a.* smooth.
 FEAT, neat, spruce.
 FECK, many, plenty.
 FECKET, waistcoat, under-flannel.
 FECKFU', large, brawny.
 FECKLESS, puny, weak.
 FEIDE, feud, enmity.
 FELL, *a.* keen, biting; *n.* flesh next skin; fairly level field; hill side or top.
 FEND, live comfortably.
 FERLIE, FERLEY, *v.n.* wonder (term of contempt).
 FIEL, soft, smooth.
 FIENT (fiend) A HAET, not a bit.
 FIER, *a.* sound, healthy; *n.* brother, friend.
 FITTIE-LAN, nearer horse of hindmost pair in plough.
 FLAINEN, flannel.
 FLAUGHTERING, light shining fitfully.
 FLEECH, supplicate coaxingly.
 FLEG, kick, random blow.
 FLETHER, decoy by fair words.
 FLEY, scare, frighten.
 FLINDERS, shreds, broken pieces.
 FLINGIN-TREE, partition timber between horses in stable.
 FLISK, fret at the yoke.
 FORBEARS, forefathers.
 FORFAIRN, FORFOUGHTEN, worn out, distressed.
 FORJESKET, jaded with fatigue
 FOUTH, enough, plenty.
 FOW, bushel; pitchfork.
 FREATH, froth.
 FUD, tail of hare or rabbit.
 FUR-AHIN, hindmost horse on right hand when ploughing.
 FYKE, *n.* trifling cares; *v.* fuss about trifles.
 FYLE, soil, dirty.
 GABERLUNZIE, beggar-man.
 GADSMAN, boy that rides horses in plough.
 GANGREL, vagrant.
 GAR, force to.
 GASH, *a.* wise, talkative; *v.* converse.
 GECK, toss the head in scorn.
 GED, pike.
 GET, child, young one.
 GIGLETS, playful girls.
 GILPEY, romp, hoyden.
 GIMMER, ewe from one to two years old.
 GIN, if, against.
 GIZZ, periwig.
 GLAIVE, sword.
 GLAUM'D, aimed, snatched.
 GLECK, GLEG, sharp, ready.
 GLEY, squint; AGLEY, off the straight.
 GLIB-GABBET, that speaks readily.
 GRAIN'D AND GRUNTED, groaned and grunted.
 GRAITH, accoutrements, gear.
 GREE, agree; BEAR THE GREE, be victorious.
 GROAT. "Get the whistle o' one's groat," play a losing game.
 GROUSOME, loathsomely grim.
 GRUNZIE, mouth.
 GRUSHIE, thick, of thriving growth.
 GULLY, large folding knife.
 GUMILIE, muddy.
 GUSTY, tasteful.
 GYRE-CARLINE, hag.
 HAET, thing (see *fient a haet*).
 HAFFET, temple, side of head.
 HAFFLINS, nearly half, partly.
 HAG, scar; gulf in mosses.
 HAIN, spare, save.
 HAIRST, harvest.
 HAITH, a petty oath.
 HALLAN, cottage partition wall; turf seat outside.
 HALLAN-SHAKER, sturdy beggar.
 HALLIONS, rogues.
 HALLOWMAS, 31st October.
 HANTLE, a good deal.
 HARKIT, hearkened.
 HARN, very coarse linen.
 HASH, one that cannot dress or act properly.
 HAUGH, low lying rich land.
 HAVER-MEAL, oat-meal.
 HAVINS, good manners, good sense.
 HAWKIE, cow (with white face).
 HEALSOME, wholesome, healthful.

- HEARSE, hoarse.
 HECHT, foretold, offered.
 HECKLE, board for dressing hemp, flax, etc.
 HEEZE, elevate, raise.
 HEUGH, crag, ravine, coal-pit.
 HILCH, hobble, halt.
 HIRSEL, herd of cattle (as many as one person can tend).
 HISTIE, dry, chapt, barren.
 HICHT, loop, knot.
 HODDIN, humble; HODDIN-GREY, coarse woollen cloth.
 HOG-SCORE, curling term.
 HOG-SHOUTHER, kind of horse play; justle.
 HOOL, outer skin, nut-shell.
 HOOLIE, slowly, leisurely.
 HOST, HOAST, cough.
 HOULET, owl.
 HOWDIE, midwife.
 HOWEBACKIT, sunk in the back (of horses).
 HOY, urge.
 HOYSE, pull upwards.
 HOYTE, amble crazily.
 HURCHEON, hedgehog.
 HUSHION, cushion.

 ICKER, ear of corn.
 IEROE, great-grandchild.
 ILKA, every.
 INGINE, genius, ingenuity.
 INGLE, fire-place.
 ISE, I shall or will.

 JAUk, dally, trifle.
 JIMP, *v.* jump; *a.* slender handsome.
 JIMPLY, barely, scarcely.
 JOCTELEG, large knife (for *Jacques de Liege*).
 JOUGS, the pillory.
 JOW, verb implying swinging motion and pealing sound of large bell.
 JUNDIE, justle.

 KAE, daw.
 KAIN, fowls, etc.; part of farm rent.
 KEBARS, rafters.
 KEBBUCK, cheese.
 KELPIE, mischievous spirits at fords on stormy nights.

 KET, *a.* matted, hairy; *n.* fleece of wool.
 KIAUGH, carking anxiety.
 KING'S-HOOD, part of cow's entrails.
 KINTRA COOSER, country stallion.
 KIUTTLE, cuddle.
 KNAGGIE, like *knags*, or points of rocks.
 KNURL, dwarf.
 KYTE, belly.
 KYTHE, show one's self.

 LAGGAN, angle between side and bottom of wooden dish.
 LAIR, learning.
 LAIRING, wading and sinking in snow, mud, etc.
 LAITHFU', bashful, sheepish.
 LALLANS, Lowlands.
 LAN'-AFORE, LAN'-AHIN, foremost or hindmost horse in plough.
 LAVE, rest, remainder.
 LAWIN, shot; reckoning.
 LEA-RIG, grassy ridge.
 LEE-LANG, livelong.
 LEESOME, pleasant; LEA-SOME LANE, dear self alone.
 LEEZE-ME, congratulatory phrase, happy in, proud of.
 LEISTER, three-pronged fishing dart.
 LIBBET, gelded.
 LIFT, sky.
 LIMMER, mistress.
 LINK, trip along.
 LINT I' THE BELL, flax in flower.
 LINTWHITE, linnet; *a.* flaxen-coloured.
 LOAN, LOANIN, milking place.
 LOOPY, crafty.
 LUGGIE, small wooden dish with handle.
 LUNT, *v.* smoke; *n.* column of smoke.
 LYART, of mixed colour, grey.

 MAHOUN, Satan.
 MAILEN, farm.
 MALISON, curse.
 MAR'S YEAR, 1715.
 MARROW, mate, one of a pair.

- MASHLUM, MESLIN, mixed corn.
 MASKIN-PAT, tea-pot.
 MAUKIN, hare.
 MELDER, corn, etc., sent to mill to be ground.
 MELL, be intimate, meddle; *n.* mallet.
 MELVIE, soil with meal.
 MENSE, good manners, decorum.
 MENSELESS, ill-bred.
 MERLE, blackbird.
 MESSIN, dog of low breed.
 MIM, prim, affectedly meek.
 MINNIE, mother, dam.
 MIRK, MIRKEST, dark, darkest
 MISLEAR'D, mischievous, unmannerly.
 MISLIPPEN, neglect.
 MOOP, nibble as a sheep.
 MOSS-HAGS, pits and sloughs in a bog.
 MOUDIWORT, mole.
 MUSLIN-KAIL, broth of water, shelled barley, and greens.

 NAIG, nag, horse.
 NAPPY, *n.* ale; *v.* tipsy.
 NIEST, next.
 NIEVE, fist.
 NIFFER, *n. v.* exchange.
 NOWTE, black cattle.

 OE, OYE, grandchild.
 OR, for *ere*, before.
 ORRA, odd, not matched, what may be spared.
 OURIE, shivering, drooping.
 OUTLERS, cattle not housed.
 OWRE-HIP, way of using hammer.
 OWSEN, oxen.

 PACK, intimate; *n.* 12 stones of wool.
 PAKS, blows.
 PAIRTRICK, partridge.
 PATTLE, PETTLE, plough-staff.
 PAUGHTY, proud, haughty.
 PECHAN, crop, stomach.
 PETTLE, cherish (see *Pattle*).
 PHILABEG, Highland kilt.
 PICKLE, small quantity.
 PINE, pain; uneasiness.

 PLACK, old Scotch coin=two bodles = third of English penny.
 PLISKIE, trick.
 POIND, seize goods for rent.
 POORTITH, poverty.
 POUT, poult, chick.
 PREEN, pin.
 PRENT, printing.
 PRIE, taste.
 PRIEF, proof.
 PRIG, cheapen.
 PRIMSIE, demure, precise.
 PROPINE, present, gift.
 PYLE, PYLE O' CAFF, single grain of chaff.

 QUAICH, small cup.
 QUAT, quit.
 QUEAN, young woman, wench.
 QUEY, cow from one to two years old.

 RAIBLE, rattle nonsense.
 RAIR, roar.
 RAIZE, madden, inflame.
 RAM-FEEZL'D, fatigued; over-spread.
 RAPLOCH, coarse cloth; *a.* coarse.
 RAUCLE, rash, stout.
 RAUGHT, reached.
 RAVE, tore.
 RAW, row.
 RAX, stretch.
 REAM, *n. v.* cream.
 REAMIN', brimful, frothing.
 REAVE, rove.
 REAVIN', open, violent thieving.
 REDE, *v. n.* counsel, separate, put to rights.
 RED-WAT-SHOD, walking in blood over shoe tops.
 RED-WUD, stark mad.
 REE, half-drunk.
 REISTED, stopped, stuck fast; smoke-dried.
 REST, stand restive.
 RICKLES, shooks of corn, stooks.
 RIEF, REEF, plenty.
 RIEF RANDIES, sturdy beggars.
 RIP, handful of unthreshed corn.

- RIPLING-KAME, instrument for dressing flax.
 RISKIT, made noise like tearing of roots.
 ROCKIN', spinning on *rock* or distaff.
 ROON, shred.
 ROOSE, praise.
 ROUPET, hoarse.
 ROUTHIE, plentiful.
 ROWTH, ROUTH, plenty.
 ROZET, rosin.
 RUG, *v.* pull; *n.* dog-cheap bargain.
 RUNG, cudgel.
 RUTH, woman's name; sorrow.
 RYKE, reach.
 SACKLESS, innocent.
 SAIN, bless against evil influence.
 SCAITH, *n. v.* harm.
 SCAITHLESS, unharmed.
 SCAUR, *a.* apt to be scared; *n.* steep earth bank overhanging river.
 SCRIEVE, glide swiftly.
 SCROGGIE, covered with underwood.
 SHANGAN, stick cleft at one end.
 SHANGLIN', shambling.
 SHAVIE, do an ill turn.
 SHAW, small wood in hollow place.
 SHEEN, bright, shining.
 SHEEP-SHANK, *think one's self nae sheepshank*, be conceited.
 SHIEL, shed.
 SHILL, shrill.
 SHILPIT, weak, insipid.
 SHOG, shock, push off at one side.
 SHORE, offer, threaten.
 SIBB, related by blood.
 SICKER, sure, severe.
 SILKEN-SNOOD, fillet of silk (worn by virgins).
 SKELLUM, worthless fellow.
 SKELPY-LIMMER, term used by scolding woman.
 SKEPS, bee-hives.
 SKEIGH, proud, nice, high-mettled.
 SKINKLIN', small portion.
 SKOUTH, scope, free action.
 SKYTE, glide rapidly off; *n.* worthless fellow.
 SLAP, gate, breach in fence.
 SLEE, SLEEKIT, sly.
 SLOKEN, quench, slake.
 SLYPE, fall over (as wet furrow from plough).
 SMEDDUM, dust; mettle; sense.
 SMOOR, smother.
 SMOUTIE, smutty, ugly.
 SMYTRIE, large number.
 SNAPPER, stumble.
 SNAW-BROO, melted snow.
 SNED, lop, cut off.
 SNICK, SNECK, door latch.
 SNICK-DRAWING, trick contriving.
 SNOOD, fillet for tying maiden's hair.
 SNOOL, one whose spirit is broken by oppression; *v.* sneak, submit tamely.
 SNOOVE, sneak.
 SNOWK, scent or snuff (like dog).
 SONSIE, pleasant looking, jolly, fat.
 SORNERS, hardy beggars.
 SOUTER, shoemaker.
 SOWENS, seeds of oatmeal soured and boiled.
 SOWTH, try over a tune with low whistle.
 SPAUL, limb.
 SPAIRGE, dash; soil (as with mire).
 SPENCE, country parlour.
 SPLEUCHAN, tobacco pouch.
 SPORRAN, purse.
 SPRIT, tough plant (like rushes)
 SPUNKIE, mettlesome; *n.* will o' wisp.
 STAIG, unbroken young horse.
 STANG, pole, tree branch.
 STARK, stout.
 STAUMREL, blockhead.
 STAW, stole, surfeit.
 STECH, cram the belly.
 STEEK, *v.* shut; *n.* stitch.
 STEEVE, firm, compact.
 STEN, rear (as a horse).
 STENTS, tribute, dues.
 STERNS, stars.
 STEY, steep.
 STIBBLING, leading reaper in harvest.

- STICK AN' STOW, totally, altogether.
 STICKED, stuck; murdered.
 STILT, *n.* crutch; *v.* limp.
 STIMPART, eighth of Winchester bushel.
 STIRK, year-old cow or bullock.
 STOITIN', staggering.
 STOOR, sounding hollow, strong and hoarse.
 STOUR, stern, gruff.
 STOURE, dust (in motion).
 STOWLINS, by stealth.
 STOW, cut off, lop.
 STOWN, stolen.
 STRAE, straw; DIE A FAIR STRAE DEATH, die in one's bed.
 STUDDIE, anvil.
 STRUNT, spirituous liquor; *v.* walk sturdily; TAK' THE STRUNTS, take the pet.
 STUFF, corn or pulse.
 STURT, trouble; STURTIN, frightened.
 SUNKETS, provisions, delicacies.
 SUNKIE, low stool.
 SWARF, swoon.
 SWEER, lazy, averse; DEAD-SWEER, extremely averse.
 SWIRLIE, knaggy, knotty.
 SWITH, get away, quickly.
 SYND, rinse; SYNDINGS, rinsings.
 SYNE, since, in that case.
 SYVER, gutter.
 TAIRGE, target.
 TAIT, small quantity.
 TAPETLESS, heedless.
 TAPPIT-HEN, drinking vessel with knob at top (holds a quart).
 TARROW, murmur at one's allowance.
 TARRY-BREEKS, sailor.
 TASSE, TASSIE, cup.
 TAUTED, TAUTIE, matted (of hair or wool).
 TAWIE, that lets itself be peaceably handled (of horse, cow, etc.).
 TEDDING, spreading after mower.
 TEN-HOURS'-BITE, slight feed to horses in forenoon.
 TENT, field pulpit; heed; *v.* take heed.
 THAIRMS, small guts, fiddle strings.
 THEEKIT, thatched.
 THIEVELESS, cold, dry (of one's demeanour).
 THOWLESS, with no force (threw).
 THREAP, assert positively.
 THROUTHER, pell-mell, confusedly.
 TINE, lose; TINT, lost; TINT THE GATE, lost the way.
 TIP, TOOP, ram.
 TIRL, slight noise; uncover.
 TOCHER, marriage portion.
 TOD, fox.
 TOUT, *n.* blast of horn; *v.* blow horn.
 TOWMOND, twelvemonth.
 TOY, very old fashion of female head-dress.
 TRANSMUGRIFY'D, changed, metamorphosed.
 TROW, believe.
 TUG, raw hide (for making plough traces).
 TULZIE, *v. n.* quarrel.
 TWAL-PENNIE-WORTH, small quantity; an English penny's worth.
 TWIN, part.
 TYKE, large coarse dog.
 UGSOME, disgusting.
 UNCO, strange; uncouth; very.
 UNCOS, news.
 UNSICKER, unsure, unsteady.
 UNWEETING, unknowingly.
 UPHAUDEN, supported.
 WABSTER, weaver.
 WAD, would; *n. v.* bet.
 WAESUCKS | alas |
 WAFF, shabby.
 WAFT, woof.
 WAIR, expend.
 WALE, choice, choose.
 WALIE, large; jolly; cry of distress.
 WANCHANSIE, unlucky.
 WANRESTFU', restless.
 WARK-LUME, work tool.

- WARSL'D, wrestled.
WAT, wet; I WAT (wot),
know.
WAUBLE, swing, reel.
WAUKIT, thickened (as fullers
do cloth).
WAUKRIFE, sleepless.
WEARIE, weary; MONY A
WEARIE BODY, many a
different person.
WEASON, wind-pipe.
WEIRD, fate.
WE'SE, we shall.
WHATRECK, nevertheless.
WHEEP, fly nimbly; jerk;
PENNY WHEEP, small beer.
WHID, hare's motion; lie.
WHIDDEN, running like hare
or rabbit.
WHIGMELEERIES, whims,
crotchets.
WHIRLIGIGUMS, useless orna-
ments.
WHITTER, hearty drink of
liquor.
WICK, curling term.
WICKER, small willow.
WIEL, small whirlpool.
WILLYARD, wild; strange;
shy.
WINNOCK, window.
WINTLE, stagger.
WINZE, an oath.
WONS, dwells.
WOODIE, rope (of withs); gal-
lows.
WOOER-BAB, garter with two
loops below knee.
WRACK, teeze, vex.
WREETH, drifted snow.
WUD, mad, distracted.
WUZZENT, withered, dried.
WYLIECOAT, flannel vest.
WYTE, *n. v.* blame.
YALD, supple, active.
YELL, barren; that gives no
milk.
YELLOW-YELDRING, yellow-
hammer.
YERK, lash, jerk.
YILL, ale.
YIRD, earth.
YOKIN, yoking; a bout.
YOWE, ewe.
YULE, Christmas.



POEMS.

THE TWA DOGS.

'Twas in that place o' Scotland's isle,
That bears the name o' Auld King Coil,
Upon a bonnie day in June,
When wearing thro' the afternoon,
Twa dogs that were na thrang at hame,
Forgather'd ance upon a time.

The first I'll name, they ca'd him Cæsar,
Was keepit for his Honour's pleasure :
His hair, his size, his mouth, his lugs,
Shew'd he was nane o' Scotland's dogs ;
But whalpit some place far abroad,
Whare sailors gang to fish for Cod.

His locked, letter'd, braw brass collar,
Shew'd him the gentleman and scholar :
But tho' he was o' high degree,
The fient a pride—nae pride had he ;
But wad hae spent an hour caressin',
E'en wi' a tinkler-gipseys messan.
At kirk or market, mill or smiddie,
Nae tawted tyke, tho' e'er sae duddie,
But he wad stan't, as glad to see him,
An' stroan't on stanes an' hillocks wi' him.

The tither was a ploughman's collie,
A rhyming, ranting, roving billie,
Wha for his friend an' comrade had him,
And in his freaks had Luath ca'd him,
After some dog in Highland sang,
Was made lang syne—Lord knows how lang.

He was a gash an' faithfu' tyke,
As ever lap a sheugh or dyke.
His honest, sonsie, baws'nt face,
Aye gat him friends in ilka place.
His breast was white, his touzie back
Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy black ;
His gawcie tail, wi' upward curl,
Hung o'er his hurdies wi' a swirl.

Nae doubt but they were fain o' ither,
An' unco pack an' thick thegither ;
Wi' social nose whyles snuff't and snowkit,
Whyles mice and moudieworts they howkit ;

Whyles scour'd awa in lang excursion,
 An' worried ither in diversion ;
 Until wi' daffin weary grown,
 Upon a knowe they sat them down,
 An' there began a lang digression
 About the lords o' the creation.

CÆSAR.

I've aften wonder'd, honest Luath,
 What sort o' life poor dogs like you have ;
 An' when the gentry's life I saw,
 What way poor bodies liv'd ava.

Our Laird gets in his racked rents,
 His coals, his kain, an' a' his stents :
 He rises when he likes himsel ;
 His flunkies answer at the bell ;
 He ca's his coach, he ca's his horse ;
 He draws a bonnie, silken purse
 As lang's my tail, whare thro' the steeks,
 The yellow letter'd Geordie keeks.

Frae morn to e'en, it's nought but toiling,
 At baking, roasting, frying, boiling ;
 An' tho' the gentry first are stechin,
 Yet ev'n the ha' folk fill their pechan,
 Wi' sauce, ragouts, an' such like trashtrie,
 That's little short o' downright wastrie.
 Our Whipper-in, wee blastit wonner,
 Poor worthless elf, it eats a dinner,
 Better than ony tenant man
 His Honour has in a' the lan' :
 An' what poor cot-folk pit their painch in,
 I own it's past my comprehension.

LUATH.

Trowth, Cæsar, whyles they're fash't enough :
 A cotter howkin' in a sheugh,
 Wi' dirty stanes biggin' a dyke,
 Barring a quarry, and siclike,
 Himsel, a wife, he thus sustains,
 A smytrie o' wee duddie weans,
 An' nought but his han' darg, to keep
 Them right an' tight in thack an' rape.

An' when they meet wi' sair disasters,
 Like loss o' health, or want o' masters,
 Ye maist wad think, a wee touch langer,
 An' they maun starve o' cauld and hunger,
 But, how it comes, I never kenn'd yet,
 They're maistly wonderfu' contented ;
 An' buirdly chiels, an' clever hizzies,
 Are bred in sic a way as this is.

CÆSAR.

But then to see how ye're negleckit,
 How huff'd, an' cuff'd, an' disrespeckit!
 Lord, man, our gentry care as little
 For delvers, ditchers, an' sic cattle,
 They gang as saucy by poor folk,
 As I wad by a stinkin' brock.

I've notic'd on our Laird's court-day,
 An' mony a time my heart's been wae,
 Poor tenant bodies, scant o' cash,
 How thae man thole a factor's snash:
 He'll stamp an' threaten, curse an' swear,
 He'll apprehend them, poind their gear;
 While they maun stan', wi' aspect humble,
 An' hear it a', and fear an' tremble!

I see how folk live that hae riches:
 But surely poor folk maun be wretches.

LUATH.

They're no sae wretched's ane wad think,
 Tho' constantly on poortith's brink:
 They're sae accustom'd wi' the sight,
 The view o't gi'es them little fright.

Then chance an' fortune are sae guided,
 They're aye in less or mair provided;
 An' tho' fatigu'd wi' close employment,
 A blink o' rest's a sweet enjoyment.

The dearest comfort o' their lives,
 Their grushie weans an' faithfu' wives:
 The prattling things are just their pride,
 That sweetens a' their fire-side.

An' whyles twalpennie worth o' nappy
 Can mak the bodies unco happy;
 They lay aside their private cares,
 To mind the Kirk and State affairs;
 They'll talk o' patronage an' priests,
 Wi' kindling fury i' their breasts,
 Or tell what new taxation's comin,
 An' ferlie at the folk in Lon'on.

As bleak-fac'd Hallowmas returns,
 They get the jovial, ranting kirns,
 When rural life o' ev'ry station,
 Unite in common recreation:
 Love blinks, Wit slaps, an' social Mirth
 Forgets there's Care upo' the earth.

That merry day the year begins,
 They bar the door on frosty win's;
 The nappy reeks wi' mantling ream,
 An' sheds a heart-inspiring steam;

The luntin pipe, an' sneeshin mill,
 Are handed round wi' right guid will;
 The cantie auld folks crackin crouse,
 The young anes rantin' thro' the house.—
 My heart has been sae fain tae see them,
 That I for joy hae barkit wi' them.

Still it's owre true that ye hae said,
 Sic game is now owre aften play'd.
 There's mony a creditable stock
 O' decent, honest, fawsont folk,
 Are riven out baith root an' branch,
 Some rascal's pridefu' greed to quench,
 Wha thinks to knit himsel' the faster
 In favour wi' some gentle Master,
 Wha, ablins, thrang a parliamentin',
 For Britain's guid his saul indentin'—

CÆSAR.

Haith, lad, ye little ken about it:
 For Britain's guid! guid faith! I doubt it.
 Say rather, gaun as Premiers lead him,
 An' saying *aye* or *no's* they bid him:
 At operas an' plays parading,
 Mortgaging, gambling, masquerading:
 Or maybe, in a frolic daft,
 To Hague or Calais taks a waft,
 To make a tour, an' tak a whirl,
 To learn *bon ton* an' see the worl'.

There, at Vienna or Versailles,
 He rives his father's auld entails;
 Or by Madrid he taks the route,
 To thrum guitars, an' fecht wi' nowte;
 Or down Italian vista startles,
 Whore-hunting amang groves o' myrtles:
 Then houses drumly German water,
 To mak himsel' look fair and fatter,
 An' clear the consequential sorrows,
 Love-gifts of Carnival Signoras.
 For Britain's guid!—for her destruction!
 Wi' dissipation, feud, an' faction!

LUATH.

Hech man! dear sirs! is that the gate
 They waste sae mony a braw estate?
 Are we sae foughten an' harass'd
 For gear to gang that gate at last?

O would they stay aback frae courts,
 An' please themsels wi' country sports,
 It wad for ev'ry ane be better,
 The Laird, the Tenant an' the Cotter!

For thae frank, rantin, ramblin billies,
 Fient haet o' them's ill-hearted fellows:
 Except for breaking o' their timmer,
 Or speaking lightly o' their limmer,
 Or shootin o' a hare or moor-cock,
 The ne'er-a-bit they're ill to poor folk.

But will ye tell me, Master Cæsar,
 Sure great folk's life's a life o' pleasure?
 Nae cauld or hunger e'er can steer them,
 The very thought o't need na fear them.

CÆSAR.

Lord, man, were ye but whyles whare I am,
 The gentles ye wad ne'er envy 'em.

It's true, they needna starve or sweat,
 Thro' winter's cauld, or simmer's heat;
 They've nae sair wark to craze their banes,
 An' fill auld age wi' grips an' granes:
 But human bodies are sic fools,
 For a' their colleges and schools,
 That when nae real ills perplex them,
 They mak enow themsels to vex them,
 An' aye the less they hae to sturt them,
 In like proportion less will hurt them.

A country fellow at the pleugh,
 His acre's till'd, he's right enough;
 A country girl at her wheel,
 Her dizzen's done, she's unco weel:
 But Gentlemen, an' Ladies warst,
 Wi' ev'n down want o' wark are curst.
 They loiter, lounging, lank an' lazy;
 Tho' deil haet ails them, yet uneasy;
 Their days insipid, dull, an' tasteless;
 Their nights unquiet, lang an' restless;

An' ev'n their sports, their balls an' races,
 Their galloping thro' public places,
 There's sic parade, sic pomp an' art,
 The joy can scarcely reach the heart.

The men cast out in party-matches,
 Then sowther a' in deep debauches,
 Ae nicht they're mad wi' drink an' whoring,
 Niest day their life is past enduring.
 The Ladies arm-in-arm in clusters,
 As great an' gracious a' as sisters;
 But hear their absent thoughts o' ither,
 They're a' run deils an' jads thegither,
 Whyles, owre the wee bit cup an' platie,
 They sip the scandal potion pretty;
 Or lee-lang nights, wi' crabbit leuks,
 Pore owre the devil's pictur'd beuks;

Stake on a chance a farmer's stackyard,
An' cheat like ony unhang'd blackguard.

There's some exceptions, man an' woman ;
But this is Gentry's life in common.

By this, the sun was out o' sight,
An' darker gloamin brought the night :
The bum-clock humm'd wi' lazy drone,
The kye stood rowtin i' the loan ;
When up they gat, an' shook their lugs,
Rejoic'd they were na *men* but *dogs* ;
An' each took aff his several way,
Resolv'd to meet some ither day.

SCOTCH DRINK.

*" Gie him strong drink, until he wink,
That's sinking in despair ;
An' liquor guid to fire his bluid,
That's prest wi' grief an' care ;
There let him bouse, an' deep carouse,
Wi' bumpers flowing o'er,
Till he forgets his loves or debts,
An' minds his griefs no more."*

SOLOMON'S PROVERBS, xxxi., 6, 7.

LET other Poets raise a fracas
'Bout vines, an' wines, an' drucken Bacchus,
An' crabbit names an' stories wrack us,
An' grate our lug,
I sing the juice Scotch beer can mak us,
In glass or jug.

O thou, my Muse ! guid auld Scotch Drink,
Whether thro' wimplin worms thou jink,
Or, richly brown, ream owre the brink,
In glorious faem,
Inspire me, till I lisp an' wink,
To sing thy name !

Let husky Wheat the haughs adorn,
An' Aits set up their awnie horn,
An' Pease an' Beans at e'en or morn,
Perfume the plain,
Leeze me on thee, John Barleycorn,
Thou King o' grain !

On thee aft Scotland chows her cood,
In souple scones, the wale o' food !

Or tumblin in the boiling flood
 Wi' kail an' beef ;
 But when thou pours thy strong heart's blood,
 There thou shines chief.

Food fills the wame, an' keeps us livin' ;
 Tho' life's a gift no worth receivin',
 When heavy-dragg'd wi' pine an' grievin',
 But oil'd by thee,
 The wheels o' life gae down-hill, scrievin',
 Wi' rattlin glee.

Thou clears the head o' doited Lear :
 Thou cheers the heart o' drooping Care ;
 Thou strings the nerves o' Labour sair,
 At's weary toil ;
 Thou even brightens dark Despair
 Wi' gloomy smile.

Aft, clad in massy, siller weed,
 Wi' Gentles thou erects thy head ;
 Yet humbly kind, in time o' need,
 The poor man's wine,
 His wee drap parritch, or his bread,
 Thou kitchens fine.

Thou art the life o' public haunts ;
 But thee, what were our fairs and rants ?
 Ev'n godly meetings o' the saunts,
 By thee inspir'd,
 When gaping they besiege the tents,
 Are doubly fir'd.

That merry night we get the corn in !
 O sweetly, then, thou reams the horn in !
 Or reekin on a New-Year mornin'
 In cog or bicker,
 An' just a wee drap sp'ritual burn in,
 An' gusty sucker !

When Vulcan gies his bellows breath,
 An' ploughmen gather wi' their graith,
 O rare ! to see thee fizz an' freath
 I' th' lugget caup !
 Then Burnewin comes on like Death
 At ev'ry chaup.

Nae mercy, then, for airn or steel ;
 The brawnie, banie, ploughman chiel,
 Brings hard owrehip, wi' sturdy wheel,
 The strong forehammer,
 Till block an' studdie ring an' reel
 Wi' dinsome clamour.

When skirlin' weanies see the light,
 Thou maks the gossips clatter bright,
 How fumblin' cuifs their dearies slight,
 Wae worth the name!
 Nae Howdie gets a social night,
 Or plack frae them.

When neebors anger at a plea,
 An' just as wud as wud can be,
 How easy can the barley-bree
 Cement the quarrel!
 It's aye the chéapest Lawyer's fee,
 To taste the barrel.

Alake! that e'er my Muse has reason
 To wyte her countrymen wi' treason!
 But mony daily weet their weason
 Wi' liquors nice,
 An' hardly, in a winter's season
 E'er spier her price.

Wae worth that brandy, burning trash!
 Fell source o' mony a pain an' brash!
 Twins mony a poor, doylt, drucken hash,
 O' half his days;
 An' sends, besides, auld Scotland's cash
 To her warst faes.

Ye Scots, wha wish auld Scotland well,
 Ye chief, to you my tale I tell,
 Poor plackless devils like mysel',
 It sets you ill,
 Wi' bitter, dearthfu' wines to mell,
 Or foreign gill.

May gravels round his blather wrench,
 An' gouts torment him, inch by inch,
 Wha twists his gruntle wi' a glunch
 O' sour disdain,
 Out owre a glass o' Whisky punch
 Wi' honest men!

O Whisky! soul o' plays an' pranks!
 Accept a Bardie's gratefu' thanks!
 When wanting thee, what tuneless cranks
 Are my poor verses!
 Thou comes—they rattle i' their ranks
 At ither's a—s!

Thee, Ferintosh! O sadly lost!
 Scotland, lament frae coast to coast!
 Now colic-grips, an' barkin hoast,
 May kill us a';
 For loyal Forbes' charter'd boast
 Is ta'en awa!

Thae curst horse-leeches o' th' Excise,
 Wha mak the Whisky Stells their prize!
 Haud up thy han', Deil! ance, twice, thrice!
 There, seize the blinkers!
 An' bake them up in brunstane pies
 For poor damn'd drinkers.

Fortune! if thou'll but gie me still
 Hale breeks, a scone, an' Whisky gill,
 An' rowth o' rhyme to rave at will,
 Tak a' the rest,
 An' deal't about as thy blind skill
 Directs thee best.

THE AUTHOR'S EARNEST CRY AND PRAYER.

TO THE SCOTCH REPRESENTATIVES IN THE HOUSE
 OF COMMONS.

*"Dearest of Distillation! last and best—
 —How art thou lost!"*

PARODY ON MILTON.

YE Irish Lords, ye Knights an' Squires,
 Wha represent our burghs an' shires,
 An' doucely manage our affairs
 In Parliament,
 To you a simple Bardie's prayers
 Are humbly sent.

Alas! my roopit muse is hearse;
 Your Honours' heart wi' grief 'twad pierce,
 To see her sitten on her a—
 Low i' the dust,
 An' screechin out prosaic verse,
 An' like to burst!

Tell them wha hae the chief direction,
 Scotland an' me's in great affliction,
 E'er sin' they laid that curst restriction
 On Aquavitæ;
 An' rouse them up to strong conviction,
 An' move their pity.

Stand forth, an' tell yon Premier Youth
 The honest, open, naked truth:
 Tell him o' mine an' Scotland's drouth,
 His servants humble:
 The muckle devil blaw you south,
 If ye dissemble!

Dempster, a true blue Scot I'se warran ;
 Thee, aith-detesting, chaste Kilkerran ;
 An' that glib-gabbet Highland Baron,
 The Laird o' Graham ;
 An' ane, a chap that's damn'd auldfarran,
 Dundas his name.

Erskine, a spunkie Norland billie ;
 True Campbells, Frederick an' Ilay ;
 An' Livingstone, the bauld Sir Willie :
 An' mony ithers,
 Whom auld Demosthenes or Tully
 Might own for brithers.

Arouse, my boys ! exert your mettle,
 To get auld Scotland back her kettle ;
 Or faith ! I'll wad ma new plough-pettle,
 Ye'll see't or lang,
 She'll teach you wi' a reekin' whittle
 Anither sang.

This while she's been in crankous mood,
 Her lost Militia fir'd her bluid ;
 (Deil na they never mair do guid,
 Play'd her that pliskie !)
 An' now she's like to run red-wud
 About her Whisky.

An' Lord, if ance they pit her till't,
 Her tartan petticoat she'll kilt,
 An' dirk an' pistol at her belt,
 She'll tak the streets,
 An' rin her whittle to the hilt,
 I' th' first she meets !

For God sake, Sirs ! then speak her fair,
 An' straik her cannie wi' the hair,
 An' to the *muckle house* repair,
 Wi' instant speed,
 An' strive wi' a' your wit an' lear,
 To get remead.

Yon ill-tongu'd tinkler, Charlie Fox,
 May taunt you wi' his jeers an' mocks ;
 But gie him't het, my hearty cocks !
 E'en cove the cadie !
 An' send him to his dicing box
 An' sportin' lady.

Tell yon guid bluid o' auld Boconnock's
 I'll be his debt twa mashlum bannocks,
 An' drink his health in auld Nanse Tinnock's
 Nine times a-week,
 If he some scheme, like tea an' winnocks,
 Wad kindly seek.

Could he some commutation broach,
 I'll pledge my aith in guid braid Scotch,
 He need na fear their foul reproach
 Nor erudition,
 Yon mixtie-maxtie queer hotch-potch,
 The Coalition.

Auld Scotland has a raucle tongue ;
 She's just a devil wi' a rung ;
 An' if she promise, auld or young,
 To tak their part,
 Tho' by the neck she should be strung,
 She'll no desert.

An' now, ye chosen Five-and-Forty,
 May still your Mither's heart support ye ;
 Then, though a Minister grow dorty,
 An' kick your place,
 Ye'll snap your fingers, poor an' hearty,
 Before his face.

God bless your Honours a' your days,
 Wi' sowps o' kail an' brats o' claise,
 In spite o' a' the thievish kaes
 That haunt St. Jamie's !
 Your humble Bardie sings an' prays
 While Rab his name is.

POSTSCRIPT.

LET half-starv'd slaves, in warmer skies,
 See future wines, rich-clust'ring, rise ;
 Their lot auld Scotland ne'er envies,
 But blythe an' frisky,
 She eyes her free-born, martial boys,
 Tak aff their Whisky.

What tho' there Phœbus kinder warms,
 While fragrance blooms an' beauty charms !
 When wretches range in famish'd swarms,
 The scented groves,
 Or hounded forth, dishonour arms
 In hungry droves.

Their gun's a burden on their shouter ;
 They downa bide the stink o' powther ;
 Their bauldest thought's a hank'ring swither
 To stan' or rin,
 Till skelp—a shot—they're aff, a' throwther,
 To save their skin.

But bring a Scotchman frae his hill,
 Clap in his cheek a Highland gill,

Say, such is royal George's will,
 An' there's the foe,
 He has nae thought but how to kill
 Twa at a blow.

Nae cauld, faint-hearted doubtings tease him :
 Death comes, wi' fearless eye he sees him ;
 Wi' bluidy han' a welcome gies him ;
 An' when he fa's,
 His latest draught o' breathin lea'es him
 In faint huzzas.

Sages their solemn een may steek,
 An' raise a philosophic reek,
 An' physically causes seek,
 In clime an' season ;
 But tell me Whisky's name in Greek,
 I'll tell the reason.

Scotland, my auld, respected Mither !
 Tho' whyles ye moistify your leather,
 Till whare ye sit, on craps o' heather,
 Ye tine your dam ;
 Freedom and Whisky gang thegither !
 Tak aff your dram !

THE HOLY FAIR.

*A robe of seeming truth and trust
 Hid crafty Observation ;
 And secret hung, with poisoned crust,
 The dirk o' Defamation ;
 A mask that like the gorget show'd,
 Dye-varying on the pigeon :
 And for a mantle large and broad,
 He wrapt him in Religion.*

HYPOCRISY-A-LA-MODE.

UPON a simmer Sunday morn,
 When Nature's face is fair,
 I walked forth to view the corn,
 An' snuff the caller air.
 The risin' sun, owre Galston muirs,
 Wi' glorious light was glintin' ;
 The hares were hirplin down the furs,
 The lav'rocks they were chantin
 Fu' sweet that day.

As lightsomely I glowr'd abroad,
 To see a scene sae gay,
 Three hizzies, early at the road,
 Cam skelpin' up the way.

Twa had manteeles o' dolefu' black,
 But ane wi' lyart lining ;
 The third, that gaed a wee a-back,
 Was in the fashion shining
 Fu' gay that day.

The twa appear'd like sisters twin,
 In feature, form, an' claes ;
 Their visage wither'd, lang an' thin,
 An' sour as ony slaes :
 The third cam up, hap-stap-an'-lowp,
 As light as ony lambie,
 An' wi' a curchie low did stoop,
 As soon as e'er she saw me,
 Fu' kind that day.

Wi' bonnet aff, quoth I, ' Sweet lass,
 I think ye seem to ken me ;
 I'm sure I've seen that bonnie face,
 But yet I canna name ye.'
 Quo' she, an' laughin' as she spak,
 An' tak's me by the han's,
 ' Ye, for my sake, hae gi'en the feck
 Of a' the ten comman's
 A screed some day.

' My name is Fun—your cronie dear,
 The nearest friend ye hae ;
 An' this is Superstition here,
 An' that's Hypocrisy.
 I'm gaun to Mauchline Holy Fair,
 To spend an hour in daffin' :
 Gin ye'll go there, yon runkl'd pair,
 We will get famous laughin'
 At them this day.'

Quoth I, ' With a' my heart I'll do't ;
 I'll get my Sunday's sark on,
 An' meet ye on the holy spot ;
 Faith, we'se hae fine remarkin' !'
 Then I gaed hame at crowdie-time,
 An' soon I made me ready ;
 For roads were clad, frae side to side,
 Wi' mony a wearie bodie,
 In droves that day.

Here, farmers gash, in ridin graith,
 Gaed hoddin by their cotters ;
 There, swankies young, in braw braid-claith,
 Are springin owre the gutters.
 The lasses, skelpin barefit, thrang,
 In silks an' scarlets glitter ;

Wi' sweet-milk cheese in mony a whang,
 An' farls, bak'd wi' butter,
 Fu' crump that day.

When by the plate we set our nose,
 Weel heaped up wi' ha'pence,
 A greedy glowr Black Bonnet throws,
 An' we maun draw our tippence.
 Then in we go to see the show,
 On ev'ry side they're gath'rin,
 Some carryin' dails, some chairs, an' stools,
 An' some are busy bleth'rin
 Right loud that day.

Here stands a shed to fend the show'rs,
 An' screen our countra gentry ;
 There, racer Jess, an' twa-three whores,
 Are blinkin at the entry.
 Here sits a raw o' tittlin jades,
 Wi' heavin breast and bare neck,
 An' there, a batch o' wabster lads,
 Blackguarding frae Kilmarnock
 For fun this day.

Here, some are thinkin o' their sins,
 An' some upo' their claes ;
 Ane curses feet that fyl'd his shins,
 Anither sighs an' prays :
 On this hand sits a chosen swatch,
 Wi' screw'd up, grace-proud faces ;
 On that, a set o' chaps, at watch,
 Thrang winkin on the lasses
 To chairs that day.

O happy is that man an' blest !
 Nae wonder that it pride him !
 Wha's ain dear lass, that he likes best
 Comes clinkin down beside him !
 Wi' arm repos'd on the chair-back,
 He sweetly does compose him ;
 Which, by degrees, slips round her neck,
 An's loof upon her bosom
 Unkend that day.

Now a' the congregation o'er
 Is silent expectation ;
 For Moodie speels the holy door,
 Wi' tidings o' damnation.
 Should Hornie, as in ancient days,
 'Mang sons o' God present him,
 The vera sight o' Moodie's face
 To's ain het hame had sent him
 Wi' fright that day.

Hear how he clears the points o' faith
 Wi' rattlin an' wi' thumpin !
 Now meekly calm, now wild in wrath,
 He's stampin an' he's jumpin !
 His lengthen'd chin, his turned-up snout,
 His eldritch squeel an' gestures,
 O how they fire the heart devout,
 Like cantharidian plasters,
 On sic a day !

But, hark ! the tent has chang'd its voice ;
 There's peace an' rest nae langer :
 For a' the real judges rise,
 They canna sit for anger.
 Smith opens out his cauld harangues,
 On practice and on morals ;
 An' aff the godly pour in thrangs,
 To gie the jars an' barrels
 A lift that day.

What signifies his barren shine
 Of moral pow'rs an' reason ?
 His English style an' gesture fine
 Are a' clean out o' season.
 Like Socrates or Antonine,
 Or some auld pagan Heathen,
 The moral man he does define,
 But ne'er a word o' faith in
 That's right that day.

In guid time comes an antidote
 Against sic poison'd nostrum ;
 For Peebles frae the water-fit
 Ascends the holy rostrum :
 See, up he's got the word o' God,
 An' meek an' mim has view'd it,
 While Common Sense has ta'en the road,
 An' aff, an' up the Cowgate
 Fast, fast, that day.

Wee Miller, niest, the Guard relieves,
 An' Orthodoxy raibles,
 Tho' in his heart he weel believes,
 An' thinks it auld wives' fables :
 But, faith ! the birkie wants a manse,
 So, cannily he hums them ;
 Altho' his carnal wit an' sense
 Like hafflins-wise o'ercomes him
 At times that day.

Now, butt an' ben, the Change-house fills,
 Wi' yill-caup Commentators :

Here's crying out for bakes an' gills,
 An' there the pint-stowp clatters;
 While thick an' thrang, an' loud an' lang,
 Wi' logic, an' wi' Scripture,
 They raise a din, that in the end
 Is like to breed a rupture
 O' wrath that day.

Leeze me on Drink ! it gi'es us mair
 Than either School or College :
 It kindles Wit, it waukens Lair,
 It pangs us fou o' Knowledge.
 Be't whisky gill, or penny wheep,
 Or ony stronger potion,
 It never fails, on drinkin deep,
 To kittle up our notion
 By night or day.

The lads an' lasses blythely bent
 To mind baith saul an' body,
 Sit round the table, weel content,
 An' steer about the toddy.
 On this ane's dress, an' that ane's leuk,
 They're makin observations ;
 While some are cozie i' the neuk,
 An' formin assignations
 To meet some day.

But now the Lord's ain trumpet touts,
 Till a' the hills are rairin,
 An' echoes back return the shouts ;
 Black Russel is na spar in :
 His piercing words, like Highlan' swords,
 Divide the joints an' marrow ;
 His talk o' Hell, whare devils dwell,
 Our vera ' sauls does harrow '
 Wi' fright that day !

A vast, unbottom'd, boundless pit,
 Fill'd fou o' lowin brunstane,
 Wha's ragin flame, an' scorchin heat,
 Wad melt the hardest whun-stane !
 The half asleep start up wi' fear,
 An' think they hear it roarin,
 When presently it does appear
 'Twas but some neebor snorin
 Asleep that day.

'Twad be owre lang a tale to tell
 How mony stories past,
 An' how they crowded to the yill,
 When they were a' dismissit :

How drink gaed round, in cogs an' caups,
 Amang the forms and benches;
 An' cheese an' bread, frae women's laps,
 Was dealt about in lunches,
 An' dauds that day.

In comes a gaucie, gash Guidwife,
 An' sits down by the fire,
 Syne draws her kebbuck an' her knife;
 The lasses they are shyer.
 The auld Guidmen, about the grace,
 Frae side to side they bother,
 Till some ane by his bonnet lays,
 An' gi'es them't like a tether,
 Fu' lang that day.

Waesucks ! for him that gets nae lass,
 Or lasses that hae naething !
 Sma' need has he to say a grace,
 Or melvie his braw claithing !
 O Wives, be mindfu', ance yoursel
 How bonnie lads ye wanted,
 An' dinna, for a kebbuck-heel,
 Let lasses be affronted
 On sic a day !

Now Clinkumbell, wi' rattling tow,
 Begins to jow an' croon ;
 Some swagger hame, the best they dow,
 Some wait the afternoon.
 At slaps the billies halt a blink,
 Till lasses strip their shoon :
 Wi' faith an' hope, an' love an' drink,
 They're a' in famous tune
 For crack that day.

How mony hearts this day converts
 O' sinners and o' lasses !
 Their hearts o' stane, gin night, are gane
 As soft as ony flesh is.
 There's some are fou o' love divine,
 There's some are fou o' brandy ;
 An' mony jobs that day begin,
 May end in Houghmagandie
 Some ither day.

'Guid-e'en,' quo' I; 'Friend! hae ye been mawin,
When ither folk are busy sawin?'

It seem'd to mak a kind o' stan',
But naething spak;
At length, says I, 'Friend, whare ye gaun,
Will ye go back?'

It spak right howe—'My name is Death,
But be na fley'd.'—Quoth I, 'Guid faith,
Ye're maybe come to stap my breath;
But tent me, billie:

I red ye weel, tak care o' skaith,
See, there's a gully!'

'Gudeman,' quo' he, 'put up your whittle,
I'm no design'd to try its mettle;
But if I did, I wad be kittle

To be mislear'd,
I wad na mind it, no that spittle
Out-owre my beard.'

'Weel, weel!' says I, 'a bargain be't;
Come, gi'es your hand, an' sae we're greet;
We'll ease our shanks an' tak a seat,

Come gie's your news;
This while ye hae been mony a gate,
At mony a house.'

'Ay, ay!' quo' he, an' shook his head,
'It's e'en a lang, lang time indeed
Sin' I began to nick the thread,
An' choke the breath:

Folk maun do something for their bread,
An' sae maun Death.

'Sax thousand years are near-hand fled,
Sin' I was to the butching bred,
An' mony a scheme in vain's been laid,
To stap or scour me;

Till ane Hornbook's ta'en up the trade,
An' faith, he'll waur me.

'Ye ken Jock Hornbook i' the Clachan,
Deil mak his king's-hood in a spleuchan!
He's grown sae well acquant wi' Buchan

An' ither chaps,
The weans haud out their fingers laughin
And pouk my hips.

'See, here's a scythe, and there's a dart,
They hae pierc'd mony a gallant heart;
But Doctor Hornbook, wi' his art
And cursed skill,
Has made them baith no worth a f—t,
Damn'd haet they'll kill.

‘Twas but yestreen, nae farther gaen,
 I threw a noble throw at ane ;
 Wi’ less, I’m sure, I’ve hundreds slain :
 But deil-ma-care,
 It just play’d dirl on the bane,
 But did nae mair.

‘ Hornbook was by, wi’ ready art,
 And had sae fortified the part,
 That when I looked to my dart,
 It was sae blunt,
 Fient haet o’t wad hae pierc’d the heart
 O’ a kail runt.

‘ I drew my scythe in sic a fury,
 I near-hand cowpit wi’ my hurry,
 But yet the bauld Apothecary
 Withstood the shock ;
 I might as weel hae tried a quarry
 O’ hard whin rock.

‘ E’en them he canna get attended,
 Altho’ their face he ne’er had kend it,
 Just sh— in a kail-blade, and send it,
 As soon’s he smells’t,
 Baith their disease, and what will mend it,
 At once he tells’t.

‘ And then, a’ doctor’s saws and whittles,
 Of a’ dimensions, shapes, an’ mettles,
 A’ kinds o’ boxes, mugs, an’ bottles,
 He’s sure to hae ;
 Their Latin names as fast he rattles
 As A B C.

‘ Calces o’ fossils, earths, and trees ;
 True Sal-marinum o’ the seas ;
 The Farina of beans and pease,
 He has’t in plenty ;
 Aqua-fontis, what you please,
 He can content ye.

‘ Forbye some new, uncommon weapons,
 Urinus Spiritus of capons ;
 Or Mite-horn shavings, filings, scrapings,
 Distill’d *per se* ;
 Sal-alkali o’ Midge-tail clippings,
 And mony mae.’

‘ Waes me for Johnny Ged’s Hole now,’
 Quoth I, ‘ if that thae news be true !
 His braw calf-ward whare gowans grew,
 Sae white and bonnie,
 Nae doubt they’ll rive it wi’ the pleugh ;
 They’ll ruin Johnny !’

THE BRIGS OF AYR.

A POEM.

INSCRIBED TO JOHN BALLANTINE, ESQ., AYR.

THE simple Bard, rough at the rustic plough,
 Learning his tuneful trade from ev'ry bough;
 The chanting linnet, or the mellow thrush; [bush;
 Hailing the setting sun, sweet, in the green thorn
 The soaring lark, the perching red-breast shrill,
 Or deep-ton'd plovers, grey, wild-whistling o'er the
 Shall he, nurst in the Peasant's lowly shed, [hill—
 To hardy independence bravely bred,
 By early poverty to hardship steel'd,
 And train'd to arms in stern Misfortune's field;
 Shall he be guilty of their hireling crimes,
 The servile, mercenary Swiss of rhymes?
 Or labour hard the panegyric close,
 With all the venal soul of dedicating Prose?
 No! though his artless strains he rudely sings,
 And throws his hand uncouthly o'er the strings,
 He glows with all the spirit of the Bard,
 Fame, honest fame, his great, his dear reward.
 Still, if some Patron's gen'rous care he trace,
 Skill'd in the secret, to bestow with grace;
 When Ballantyne befriends his humble name
 And hands the rustic Stranger up to fame,
 With heartfelt throes his grateful bosom swells,
 The godlike bliss, to give, alone excels.

'Twas when the stacks got on their winter-hap,
 And thack and rape secure the toil-won crap;
 Potato-bings are snugged up frae skaith
 O' coming Winter's biting, frosty breath;
 The bees, rejoicing o'er their summer toils,
 Unnumber'd buds and flow'rs, delicious spoils,
 Seal'd up with frugal care in massive waxen piles,
 Are doomed by Man, that tyrant o'er the weak,
 The death o' devils, smoor'd wi' brimstone reek:
 The thund'ring guns are heard on ev'ry side,
 The wounded coveys, reeling, scatter wide;
 The feather'd field-mates, bound by Nature's tie,
 Sires, mothers, children, in one carnage lie:
 (What warm, poetic heart but inly bleeds,
 And execrates man's savage, ruthless deeds!)
 Nae mair the flow'r in field or meadow springs;
 Nae mair the grove with airy concert rings,
 Except perhaps the Robin's whistling glee,
 Proud o' the height o' some bit half-lang tree:

The hoary morns precede the sunny days,
 Mild, calm, serene, wide spreads the noontide blaze,
 While thick the gossamour waves wanton in the rays.
 'Twas in that season; when a simple Bard,
 Unknown and poor, simplicity's reward,
 Ae night, within the ancient brugh of Ayr,
 By whim inspir'd, or haply prest wi' care,
 He left his bed and took his wayward route,
 And down by Simpson's wheel'd the left about:
 (Whether impell'd by all-directing Fate,
 To witness what I after shall narrate;
 Or whether, rapt in meditation high,
 He wander'd out he knew not where nor why:)
 The drowsy Dungeon clock had number'd two,
 And Wallace Tow'r had sworn the fact was true:
 The tide-swoln Firth, wi' sullen-sounding roar,
 Through the still night dash'd hoarse along the shore:
 All else was hush'd as Nature's closed e'e;
 The silent moon shone high o'er tow'r and tree:
 The chilly frost, beneath the silver beam,
 Crept, gently-crusting, owre the glittering stream.—

When, lo! on either hand the list'ning Bard,
 The clanging sugh of whistling wings is heard;
 Two dusky forms dart thro' the midnight air,
 Swift as the Gos drives on the wheeling hare;
 Ane on th' Auld Brig his airy shape uprears,
 The ither flutters o'er the rising piers;
 Our warlock Rhymer instantly descry'd
 The Sprites that owre the Brigs of Ayr preside.
 (That Bards are second-sighted is nae joke,
 And ken the lingo of the sp'ritual folk;
 Fays, Spunkies, Kelpies, a', they can explain them,
 And ev'n the vera deils they brawly ken them.)
 Auld Brig appear'd o' ancient Pictish race,
 The vera wrinkles Gothic in his face:
 He seem'd as he wi' Time had warstl'd lang,
 Yet, teughly doure, he bade an unco bang.
 New brig was buskit in a brow new coat,
 That he, at Lon'on, frae ane Adams got;
 In's hand five taper staves as smooth's a bead,
 Wi' virls an' whirlygigums at the head.
 The Goth was stalking round with anxious search,
 Spying the time-worn flaws in ev'ry arch;
 It chanc'd his new-come neebor took his e'e,
 And e'en a vex'd and angry heart had he!
 Wi' thieveless sneer to see his modish mien,
 He, down the water, gies him this guid-een:—

AULD BRIG.

I doubt na, Frien', ye'll think ye're nae sheep-shank,
 Ance ye were streekit owre frae bank to bank!

But gin ye be a brig as auld as me,
 Tho', faith! that date, I doubt, ye'll never see;
 There'll be, if that day come, I'll wad a boddle,
 Some fewer whigmeleeries in your noddle.

NEW BRIG.

Auld Vandal, ye but show your little mense,
 Just much about it wi' your scanty sense;
 Will your poor, narrow foot-path of a street,
 Where twa wheel-barrowes tremble when they meet,
 Your ruin'd, formless bulk o' stane and lime,
 Compare wi' bonnie Brigs o' modern time?
 There's men of taste wou'd tak the Ducat-stream,
 Tho' they should cast the vera sark an' swim,
 Ere they would grate their feelings wi' the view
 O' sic an ugly, Gothic hulk as you.

AULD BRIG.

Conceited gowk! puff'd up wi' windy pride!
 This mony a year I've stood the flood an' tide;
 And tho' wi' crazy eild I'm sair forfairn,
 I'll be a Brig, when ye're a shapeless cairn!
 As yet ye little ken about the matter,
 But twa-three winters will inform ye better.
 When heavy, dark, continued, a'-day rains,
 Wi' deepening deluges o'erflow the plains;
 When from the hills where springs the brawling Coil,
 Or stately Lugar's mossy fountains boil,
 Or where the Greenock winds his moorland course
 Or haunted Garpal draws his feeble source,
 Arous'd by blust'ring winds an' spotting thowes;
 In mony a torrent down his snaw-broo rowes;
 While crashing ice, borne on the roaring spate,
 Sweeps dams, an' mills, an' brigs, a' to the gate;
 And from Glenbuck, down to the Ratton-key,
 Auld Ayr is just one lengthen'd, tumbling sea;
 Then down ye'll hurl, deil nor ye never rise!
 And dash the gumlie jaups up to the pouring skies.
 A lesson sadly teaching, to your cost,
 That Architecture's noble art is lost!

NEW BRIG.

Fine Architecture, trowth, I needs must say't o't;
 The Lord be thankit that we've tint the gate o't!
 Gaunt, ghaistly, ghaist-alluring edifices,
 Hanging with threat'ning jut, like precipices:
 O'er-arching, mouldy, gloom-inspiring coves,
 Supporting roofs, fantastic, stony groves:
 Windows and doors in nameless sculptures drest,
 With order, symmetry, or taste unblest;
 Forms like some bedlam Statuary's dream,
 The craz'd creations of misguided whim;

Forms might be worshipp'd on the bended knee,
 And still the second dread command be free,
 Their likeness is not found on earth, in air, or sea.
 Mansions that would disgrace the building taste
 Of any mason reptile, bird, or beast ;
 Fit only for a doited monkish race,
 Or frosty maids forsworn the dear embrace,
 Or cuifs of later times, wha held the notion,
 That sullen gloom was sterling, true devotion ;
 Fancies that our guid Brugh denies protection,
 And soon may they expire, unblest with resurrection !

AULD BRIG.

O ye, my dear-remember'd, ancient yealins,
 Were ye but here to share my wounded feelings !
 Ye worthy Proveses, an' mony a Bailie,
 Wha in the paths o' righteousness did toil aye ;
 Ye dainty Deacons, an' ye douce Conveeners,
 To whom our moderns are but causey-cleaners !
 Ye godly Councils wha hae blest this town ;
 Ye godly Brethren o' the sacred gown,
 Wha meekly gie your hurdies to the smiters ;
 And (what would now be strange) ye godly Writers :
 A' ye douce folk I've borne aboon the broo,
 Were ye but here, what would ye say or do !
 How would your spirits groan in deep vexation,
 To see each melancholy alteration ;
 And agonizing, curse the time and place
 When ye begat the base, degen'rate race !
 Nae langer Rev'rend Men, their country's glory,
 In plain braid Scots hold forth a plain braid story ;
 Nae langer thrifty Citizens, an' douce,
 Meet owre a pint, or in the Council-house ;
 But staumrel, corky-headed, graceless Gentry,
 The herryment and ruin of the country ;
 Men, three-parts made by Tailors and by Barbers,
 Wha waste your weel-hain'd gear on damn'd new
 Brig and Harbours !

NEW BRIG.

Now haud you there! for faith you've said enough,
 And muckle mair than ye can mak to through ;
 As for your Priesthood, I shall say but little,
 Corbies and Clergy are a shot right kittle :
 But, under favour o' your langer beard,
 Abuse o' Magistrates might weel be spar'd :
 To liken them to your auld-warld squad,
 I must needs say, comparisons are odd.
 In Ayr, Wag-wits nae mair can hae a handle
 To mouth ' a Citizen,' a term o' scandal :
 Nae mair the Council waddles down the street,
 In all the pomp of ignorant conceit ;

Men wha grew wise priggin owre hops an' raisins,
 Or gather'd lib'ral views in bonds and seisins.
 If haply knowledge, on a random tramp,
 Had shor'd them wi' a glimmer of his lamp,
 And would to Common-Sense for once betray'd them,
 Plain, dull Stupidity stept kindly in to aid them.

What farther elishmaclaver might been said,
 What bloody wars, if Sprites had blood to shed,
 No man can tell; but all before their sight
 A fairy train appear'd in order bright:
 Adown the glittering stream they featly danc'd;
 Bright to the moon their various dresses glanc'd:
 They footed o'er the wat'ry glass so neat,
 The infant ice scarce bent beneath their feet:
 While arts of Minstrelsy among them rung,
 And soul-ennobling Bards heroic ditties sung.
 O had M'Lachlan, thairm-inspiring sage,
 Been there to hear this heavenly band engage,
 When thro' his dear strathspeys they bore with
 Highland rage,

Or when they struck old Scotia's melting airs,
 The lover's raptur'd joys or bleeding cares;
 How would his Highland lug been nobler fir'd,
 And ev'n his matchless hand with finer touch inspir'd!
 No guess could tell what instrument appear'd,
 But all the soul of Music's self was heard;
 Harmonious concert rung in every part,
 While simple melody pour'd moving on the heart.

The Genius of the Stream in front appears,
 A venerable Chief, advanc'd in years;
 His hoary head with water-lilies crown'd,
 His manly leg with garter tangle bound.
 Next came the loveliest pair in all the ring,
 Sweet Female Beauty hand in hand with Spring;
 Then, crown'd with flow'ry hay, came Rural Joy,
 And Summer, with his fervid-beaming eye:
 All-cheering Plenty, with her flowing horn,
 Led yellow Autumn wreath'd with nodding corn;
 Then Winter's time-bleach'd locks did hoary show,
 By Hospitality with cloudless brow;
 Next follow'd Courage with his martial stride,
 From where the Feal wild-woody coverts hide;
 Benevolence, with mild, benignant air,
 A female form, came from the tow'rs of Stair:
 Learning and Worth in equal measures trode
 From simple Catrine, their long-lov'd abode:
 Last, white-rob'd Peace, crown'd with a hazel wreath,
 To rustic Agriculture did bequeath
 The broken, iron instruments of death: [wrath.
 At sight of whom our Sprites forgot their kindling

THE ORDINATION.

*“ For sense they little owe to frugal Heav'n—
To please the mob they hide the little giv'n.”*

KILMARNOCK Wabsters, fidge and claw,
An' pour your creeshie nations ;
An' ye wha leather rax an' draw,
Of a' denominations ;
Swith to the Laigh Kirk, ane an' a',
An' there tak up your stations,
Then aff to Begbie's in a raw,
An' poor divine libations
For joy this day.

Curst Common-sense, that imp o' hell,
Cam in wi' Maggie Lauder ;
But Oliphant aft made her yell
An' Russel sair misca'd her ;
This day M'Kinlay takes the flail,
An' he's the boy will blaud her !
He'll clap a shangan on her tail,
An' set the bairns to daud her
Wi' dirt this day.

Mak haste an' turn King David owre,
An' lilt wi' holy clangor ;
O' double verse come gie us four,
An' skirl up the Bangor :
This day the Kirk kicks up a stoure,
Nae mair the knaves shall wrang her,
For Heresy is in her pow'r,
An' gloriously she'll whang her
Wi' pith this day.

Come, let a proper text be read,
An' touch it off wi' vigour,
How graceless Ham leugh at his Dad,
Which made Canaan a nigger :
Or Phineas drove the murdering blade,
Wi' whore-abhorning rigour ;
Or Zipporah, the scauldin' jad,
Was like a bluidy tiger
I' th' Inn that day.

There, try his mettle on the creed,
And bind him down wi' caution,
That Stipend is a carnal weed
He taks but for the fashion ;
An' gie him o'er the flock, to feed,
And punish each transgression ;

See, see auld Orthodoxy's faes
 She's swingein thro' the city;
 Hark, how the nine-tail'd cat she plays !
 I vow it's unco pretty !
 There, Learning, with his Greekish face,
 Grunts out some Latin ditty ;
 And Common-sense is gaun, she says,
 To mak to Jamie Beattie
 Her plaint this day.

But there's Morality himsel,
 Embracing all opinions ;
 Hear, how he gie's the tither yell,
 Between his twa companions ;
 See, how she peels the skin an' fell,
 As ane were peelin onions !
 Now there, they're packed aff to hell,
 And banish'd our dominions,
 Henceforth this day.

O happy day ! rejoice, rejoice !
 Come bouse about the porter !
 Morality's demure decoys
 Shall here nae mair find quarter :
 M'Kinlay, Russel are the boys
 That heresy can torture ;
 They'll gie her on a rape a hoise,
 And cove her measure shorter
 By th' head some day.

Come, bring the tither mutchkin in,
 An' here's for a conclusion,
 To every New Light mother's son,
 From this time forth, Confusion :
 If mair they deave us wi' their din,
 Or Patronage intrusion,
 We'll light a spunk, and, ev'ry skin,
 We'll rin them aff in fusion
 Like oil, some day.

THE CALF.

TO THE REV. MR. JAMES STEVEN, ON HIS TEXT,
 MALACHI, CH. IV. VER. 2.

" And ye shall go forth and grow up as calves of the stall."

RIGHT, Sir ! your text I'll prove it true,
 Tho' Heretics may laugh ;
 For instance, there's yoursel just now,
 God knows, an unco Calf !

And should some Patron be so kind
 As bless you wi' a kirk,
 I doubt na, Sir, but then we'll find
 Ye're still as great a Stirk.

But, if the Lover's raptur'd hour
 Shall ever be your lot,
 Forbid it, ev'ry heavenly Power,
 You e'er should be a Stot!

Tho', when some kind, connubial Dear,
 Your but-and-ben adorns,
 The like has been that you may wear
 A noble head of horns.

And, in your lug, most reverend James,
 To hear you roar and rowte,
 Few men o' sense will doubt your claims
 To rank among the Nowte.

And when ye're number'd wi' the dead,
 Below a grassy hillock,
 Wi' justice they may mark your head—
 'Here lies a famous Bullock!'

- ADDRESS TO THE DEIL.

*"O Prince! O Chief of many throned Pow'rs,
 That led th' embattled Seraphim to war."*

—MILTON.

O THOU! whatever title suit thee,
 Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie,
 Wha in yon cavern grim an' sootie,
 Clos'd under hatches,
 Spairges about the brunstane cootie,
 To scaud poor wretches!

Hear me, auld Hangie, for a wee,
 An' let poor damned bodies be;
 I'm sure sma' pleasure it can gie,
 Ev'n to a deil,
 To skelp an' scaud poor dogs like me,
 An' hear us squeel!

Great is thy pow'r, an' great thy fame;
 Far kend an' noted is thy name;
 An' tho' yon lowin heugh's thy hame,
 Thou travels far;
 An' faith! thou's neither lag nor lame,
 Nor blate nor scaur.

When thowes dissolve the snawy hoord,
 An' float the jinglin' icy-boord,
 Then, Water-kelpies haunt the foord,
 By your direction,
 An' nighted Trav'lers are allur'd
 To their destruction.

An' aft your moss-traversing Spunkies
 Decoy the wight that late an' drunk is :
 The bleezin', curst, mischievous monkeys
 Delude his eyes,
 Till in some miry slough he sunk is
 Ne'er mair to rise.

When Masons' mystic word an' grip
 In storms an' tempests raise you up,
 Some cock or cat your rage maun stop,
 Or, strange to tell !
 The youngest Brother ye wad whip
 Aff straught to hell.

Lang syne, in Eden's bonnie yard,
 When youthfu' lovers first were pair'd,
 An' all the soul of love they shar'd,
 The raptur'd hour,
 Sweet on the fragrant, flow'ry swaird,
 In shady bow'r :

Then you, ye auld, sneck-drawing dog !
 Ye came to Paradise incog.,
 An' play'd on man a cursed brogue,
 (Black be your fa' !)
 An' gied the infant warld a shog,
 'Maist ruin'd a'.

D'ye mind that day, when in a bizz,
 Wi' reekit duds, an' reestit gizz,
 Ye did present your smootie phiz
 'Mang better folk,
 An' sklented on the man of Uzz,
 Your spitefu' joke ?

An' how ye gat him i' your thrall,
 An' brak him out o' house an' hall,
 While scabs an' blotches did him gall,
 Wi' bitter claw,
 An' lows'd his ill-tongu'd, wicked Scawl,
 Was warst ava ?

But a' your doings to rehearse,
 Your wily snares an' fechtin' fierce,
 Sin' that day Michael did you pierce,
 Down to this time,
 Wad ding a' Lallan tongue, or Erse,
 In prose or rhyme.

'O, bid him save their harmless lives,
 Frae dogs, an' tods, an' butchers' knives!
 But gie them guid cow-milk their fill,
 Till they be fit to fend themsel :
 An' tent them duly, e'en an' morn,
 Wi' teats o' hay an' rippis o' corn.

'An' may they never learn the gaets
 Of ither vile wanrestfu' pets!
 To slink thro' slaps, an' reave an' steal,
 At stacks o' pease, or stocks o' kail.
 So may they, like their great Forbears,
 For mony a year come thro' the sheers ;
 So wives will gie them bits o' bread,
 An' bairns greet for them when they're dead.

'My poor toop-lamb, my son an' heir,
 O, bid him breed him up wi' care !
 An', if he live to be a beast,
 To pit some havins in his breast !
 An' warn him, what I winna name,
 To stay content wi' yowes at hame ;
 An' no to rin an' wear his cloots,
 Like ither menseless, graceless brutes.

'An' niest my yowie, silly thing,
 Gude keep thee frae a tether string !
 O, may thou ne'er forgather up
 Wi' ony blastit, moorland toop ;
 But ay keep mind to moop an' mell
 Wi' sheep o' credit like thysel !

'And now, my bairns, wi' my last breath
 I lea'e my blessin' wi' you baith :
 An' when you think upo' your Mither,
 Mind to be kind to ane anither.

'Now, honest Hughoc, dinna fail,
 To tell my Master a' my tale ;
 An' bid him burn this cursed tether,
 An' for thy pains thou'se get my blether.

This said, poor Mailie turn'd her head,
 An' closed her een amang the dead !

POOR MAILIE'S ELEGY.

LAMENT in rhyme, lament in prose,
 Wi' saut tears trickling down your nose ;
 Our Bardie's fate is at a close,
 Past a' remead ;
 The last, sad cape-stane of his woes ;
 Poor Mailie's dead !

It's no the loss o' warl's gear,
 That could sae bitter draw the tear,
 Or mak our Bardie, dowie, wear
 The mourning weed.
 He's lost a friend and neebor dear
 In Mailie dead.

Thro' a' the toun she trotted by him;
 A lang half-mile she could descry him;
 Wi' kindly bleat, when she did spy him,
 She ran wi' speed:
 A friend mair faithfu' ne'er cam nigh him
 Than Mailie dead.

I wat she was a sheep o' sense,
 An' could behave hersel wi' mense;
 I'll say't, she never brak a fence,
 Thro' thievish greed.
 Our Bardie, lanely, keeps the spence
 Sin' Mailie's dead.

Or, if he wanders up the howe,
 Her living image in her yowe
 Comes bleating to him, owre the knowe,
 For bits o' bread;
 An' down the briny pearls rowe
 For Mailie dead.

She was nae get o' moorland tips,
 Wi' tawted ket, an' hairy hips;
 For her forbears were brought in ships
 Frae yont the Tweed:
 A bonnier fleesh ne'er cross'd the clips
 Than Mailie's dead.

Wae worth the man wha first did shape
 That vile, wanchancie thing—a rape!
 It maks guid fellows girn an' gape,
 Wi' chokin' dread;
 An' Robin's bonnet wave wi' crape
 For Mailie dead.

O, a' ye Bards on bonnie Doon!
 An' wha on Ayr your chanters tune!
 Come, join the melancholious croon
 O' Robin's reed;
 His heart will never get aboon!
 His Mailie's dead!

TO JAMES SMITH.

*"Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul!
Sweet'ner of Life, and solder of Society!
I owe thee much——"*

—BLAIR.

DEAR Smith, the slee'est, paukie thief,
That e'er attempted stealth or rief,
Ye surely hae some warlock-breef
Owre human hearts;
For ne'er a bosom yet was prief
Against your arts.

For me, I swear by sun an' moon,
And ev'ry star that blinks aboon,
Ye've cost me twenty pair o' shoon
Just gaun to see you;
And ev'ry ither pair that's done,
Mair taen I'm wi' you.

That auld, capricious carlin, Nature,
To mak amends for scrimpit stature,
She's turned you aff, a human creature
On her first plan,
And in her freaks, on ev'ry feature,
She's wrote, 'The Man.'

Just now I've ta'en the fit o' rhyme,
My barmie noddle's working prime,
My fancie yerkit up sublime
Wi' hasty summon:
Hae ye a leisure-moment's time
To hear what's comin'?

Some rhyme a neebor's name to lash;
Some rhyme (vain thought!) for needfu' cash;
Some rhyme to court the countra clash,
An' raise a din;
For me, an *aim* I never fash;
I rhyme for fun.

The star that rules my luckless lot,
Has fated me the russet coat,
An' damn'd my fortune to the groat;
But, in requit,
Has blest me with a random shot
O' countra wit.

This while my notion's taen a sklent,
To try my fate in guid, black prent,
But still the mair I'm that way bent,
Something cries, 'Hoolie!
I red you, honest man, tak tent!
Ye'll shaw your folly.

' There's ither poets, much your betters,
 Far seen in Greek, deep men o' letters,
 Hae thought thae had ensured their debtors,
 A' future ages ;
 Now moths deform in shapeless tatters
 Their unknown pages.'

Then farewell hopes o' laurel-boughs,
 To garland my poetic brows !
 Henceforth I'll rove where busy ploughs
 Are whistlin' thrang,
 An' teach the lanely heights an' howes
 My rustic sang.

I'll wander on wi' tentless heed
 How never-halting moments speed,
 Till fate shall snap the brittle thread ;
 Then, all unknown,
 I'll lay me with th' inglorious dead,
 Forgot and gone !

But why o' Death begin a tale !
 Just now we're living sound and hale ;
 Then top and maintop crowd the sail
 Heave Care o'er side !
 And large, before Enjoyment's gale,
 Let's tak the tide.

This life, sae far's I understand,
 Is a' enchanted fairy-land,
 Where pleasure is the magic wand,
 That, wielded right,
 Maks hours like minutes, hand in hand,
 Dance by fu' light.

The magic wand then let us wield :
 For ance that five-an'-forty's speel'd,
 See, crazy, weary, joyless Eild,
 Wi' wrinkl'd face,
 Comes hostin, hirplin owre the field,
 Wi' creepin pace !

When ance life's day draws near the gloamin',
 Then fareweel vacant careless roamin' ;
 An' fareweel cheerfu' tankards foamin',
 An' social noise ;
 An' fareweel dear deluding woman,
 The joy o' joys !

O life ! how pleasant in thy morning,
 Young Fancy's rays the hills adorning !
 Cold-pausing Caution's lesson scorning,
 We frisk away,
 Like schoolboys, at th' expected warning,
 To joy and play.

We wander there, we wander here,
 We eye the rose upon the brier,
 Unmindful that the thorn is near,
 Among the leaves :
 And tho' the puny wound appear,
 Short while it grieves.

Some, lucky, find a flow'ry spot
 For which they never toil'd nor swat ;
 They drink the sweet and eat the fat,
 But care or pain ;
 And, haply, eye the barren hut
 With high disdain.

With steady aim, some Fortune chase ;
 Keen hope does ev'ry sinew brace ;
 Thro' fair, thro' foul, they urge the race,
 And seize the prey ;
 Then cannie, in some cozie place,
 They close the day.

And others, like your humble servan',
 Poor wights! nae rules nor roads observin',
 To right or left, eternal swervin',
 They zig-zag on ;
 Till curst with age obscure an' starvin',
 They aften groan.

Alas! what bitter toil an' straining—
 But truce wi' peevish poor complaining!
 Is Fortune's fickle Luna waning?
 E'en let her gang!
 Beneath what light she has remaining,
 Let's sing our sang.

My pen I here fling to the door,
 And kneel, 'Ye pow'rs!' and warm implore,
 'Tho' I should wander Terra o'er,
 In all her climes,
 Grant me but this, I ask no more,
 Aye rowth o' rhymes.

' Gie dreeping roasts to countra Lairds,
 Till icicles hing frae their beards ;
 Gie fine braw claes to fine Life-guards,
 And Maids of Honour ;
 And yill an' whisky gie to Cairds,
 Until they sconner.

' A Title, Dempster merits it ;
 A Garter gie to Willie Pitt ;
 Gie Wealth to some be-ledger'd Cit,
 In cent per cent ;
 But gie me real, sterling Wit,
 And I'm content.

‘ While ye are pleased to keep me hale,
 I’ll sit down o’er my scanty meal,
 Be’t water-brose, or muslin-kail,
 Wi’ cheerfu’ face,
 As land’s the muses dinna fail
 To say the grace.’

An anxious e’e I never throws
 Behint my lug, or by my nose ;
 I jouk beneath Misfortune’s blows
 As weel’s I may ;
 Sworn foe to Sorrow, Care, and Prose,
 I rhyme away.

O ye douce folk, that live by rule,
 Grave, tideless-blooded, calm, and cool,
 Compar’d wi’ you—O fool ! fool ! fool !
 How much unlike !
 Your hearts are just a standing pool,
 Your lives, a dyke !

Nae hair-brain’d, sentimental traces,
 In your unletter’d, nameless faces !
 In arioso trills and graces
 Ye never stray,
 But gravissimo, solemn basses
 Ye hum away.

Ye are sae grave, nae doubt ye’re wise ;
 Nae ferly tho’ ye do despise
 The hairum-scairum, ram-stam boys,
 The rattlin squad :
 I see you upward cast your eyes—
 Ye ken the road.—

Whilst I—but I shall haud me there—
 Wi’ you I’ll scarce gang ony where—
 Then, Jamie, I shall say nae mair,
 But quat my sang,
 Content with You to mak a pair,
 Whare’er I gang.

A DREAM.

*“ Thoughts, words, and deeds, the Statute blames with reason ;
 But surely DREAMS were ne’er indicted Treason.”*

[On reading, in the public papers, the Laureate’s Ode, with the other parade of June 4, 1786, the author was no sooner dropt asleep, than he imagined himself transported to the Birth-day Levee ; and in his dreaming fancy, made the following ADDRESS.]

GUID-MORNIN to your Majesty !
 May heaven augment your blisses,

On ev'ry new birth-day ye see
 A humble Bardie wishes !
 My Bardship here, at your Levee,
 On sic a day as this is
 Is sure an uncouth sight to see,
 Among the Birth-day dresses
 Sae fine this day.

I see ye're complimented thrang,
 By mony a lord an' lady ;
 ' God save the King ! ' 's a cuckoo sang
 That's unco easy said aye ;
 The Poets, too, a venal gang,
 Wi' rhymes weel-turn'd and ready,
 Wad gar you trow ye ne'er do wrang,
 But aye unerring steady,
 On sic a day.

For me ! before a Monarch's face,
 Ev'n *there* I winna flatter ;
 For neither pension, post, nor place,
 Am I your humble debtor ;
 So, nae reflection on Your Grace,
 Your Kingship to bespatter ;
 There's mony waur been o' the Race,
 An ablins ane been better
 Than you this day.

'Tis verra true, my sovereign King,
 My skill may weel be doubted ;
 But Facts are chiels that winna ding,
 An' downa be disputed :
 Your Royal nest, beneath your wing,
 Is e'en right reft an' clouted,
 And now the third part of the string,
 An' less, will gang about it
 Than did ae day.

Far be't frae me that I aspire
 To blame your legislation,
 Or say, ye wisdom want, or fire,
 To rule this mighty nation ;
 But, faith ! I muckle doubt, my Sire,
 Ye've trusted Ministration
 To chaps, wha, in a barn or byre,
 Wad better fill'd their station
 Than courts yon day.

And now ye've gien auld Britain peace,
 Her broken shins to plaister ;
 Your sair taxation does her fleece
 Till she has scarce a tester ;

For me, thank God, my life's a lease
 Nae bargain wearing faster ;
 Or, faith ! I fear that with the geese,
 I shortly boost to pasture
 I' the craft some day.

I'm no mistrusting Willie Pitt,
 When taxes he enlarges,
 (An' Will's a true guid fallow's get,
 A name not envy spaarges,)
 That he intends to pay your debt,
 An' lessen a' your charges ;
 But, God's sake ! let nae saving-fit
 Abridge your bonnie barges
 An' boats this day.

Adieu, my Liege ! may freedom geck
 Beneath your high protection ;
 An' may ye rax Corruption's neck,
 And gie her for dissection !
 But since I'm here, I'll no neglect,
 In loyal, true affection,
 To pay your Queen, with due respect,
 My fealty an' subjection
 This great Birth-day.

Hail, Majesty most Excellent !
 While nobles strive to please ye,
 Will ye accept a compliment
 A simple Poet gies ye ?
 Thae bonnie bairntime, Heav'n has lent,
 Still higher may they heeze ye
 In bliss, till Fate some day is sent,
 For ever to release ye
 Frae care that day.

For you, young Potentate o' Wales,
 I tell your Highness fairly,
 Down Pleasure's stream, wi' swelling sails,
 I'm tauld ye're driving rarely ;
 But some day ye may gnaw your nails,
 An' curse your folly sairly,
 That ere ye brak Diana's pales,
 Or rattl'd dice wi' Charlie,
 By night or day.

Yet aft a ragged cowte's been known
 To mak a noble aiver ;
 Sae, ye may doucely fill a Throne,
 For a' their clish-ma-claver :
 There, him at Agincourt wha shone,
 Few better were or braver ;

And yet, wi funny, queer Sir John,
 He was an unco shaver
 For mony a day.

For you, right rev'rend Osnaburg,
 Nane sets the lawn-sleeve sweeter,
 Altho' a ribbon at your lug
 Wad been a dress completer :
 As ye disown yon paughty dog
 That bears the Keys of Peter,
 Then, swith ! an' get a wife to hug,
 Or, trowth ! ye'll stain the Mitre
 Some luckless day.

Young, royal Tarry Breeks, I learn,
 Ye've lately come athwart her ;
 A glorious galley, stem and stern,
 Weel rigg'd for Venus' barter ;
 But first hang out, that she'll discern
 Your hymeneal charter,
 Then heave aboard your grapple airn,
 An', large upon her quarter,
 Come full that day.

Ye, lastly, bonnie blossoms a',
 Ye royal Lasses dainty,
 Heav'n mak you guid as weel as braw,
 An' gie you lads a-plenty :
 But sneer na British boys awa',
 For Kings are unco scant aye ;
 An' German Gentles are but sma',
 They're better just than want aye
 On ony day.

God bless you a' ! consider now
 Ye're unco muckle dautet ;
 But, e'er the course o' life be through,
 It may be bitter sautet :
 An' I hae seen their coggie fou,
 That yet hae tarrow't at it ;
 But or the day was done, I trow,
 The laggen they hae clautet
 Fu' clean that day.

THE VISION.

DUAN FIRST.

THE sun had clos'd the winter day,
The Curlers quat their roarin play,

My heart did glowing transport feel,
 To see a Race heroic wheel,
 And brandish round the deep-dy'd steel
 In sturdy blows ;
 While back-recoiling seem'd to reel
 Their Suthron foes.

His COUNTRY'S SAVIOUR, mark him well !
 Bold Richardton's heroic swell ;
 The Chief on Sark who glorious fell,
 In high command ;
 And He whom ruthless fates expel
 His native land.

There, where a sceptr'd Pictish shade
 Stalk'd round his ashes lowly laid,
 I mark'd a martial Race, pourtray'd
 In colours strong ;
 Bold, soldier-featur'd, undismay'd
 They strode along.

Thro' many a wild, romantic grove,
 Near many a hermit-fancy'd cove,
 (Fit haunts for Friendship or for Love
 In musing mood,)
 An aged Judge, I saw him rove,
 Dispensing good.

With deep-struck reverential awe
 The learned Sire and Son I saw,
 To Nature's God and Nature's law
 They gave their lore :
 This, all its source and end to draw ;
 That, to adore.

Brydon's brave Ward I well could spy,
 Beneath old Scotia's smiling eye ;
 Who call'd on Fame, low standing by,
 To hand him on,
 Where many a Patriot name on high
 And Hero shone.

DUAN SECOND.

WITH musing-deep, astonish'd stare,
 I view'd the heavenly-seeming Fair ;
 A whisp'ring throb did witness bear,
 Of kindred sweet,
 When with an elder Sister's air
 She did me greet.

'All hail ! my own inspired Bard !
 In me thy native Muse regard !

ADDRESS TO THE UNCO GUID, OR
THE RIGIDLY RIGHTEOUS.

*“ My son, these maxims make a rule,
And lump them aye thegither ;
The RIGID RIGHTEOUS is a fool,
The RIGID WISE anither :
The cleanest corn that e'er was dight
May hae some piles o' caff in ;
So ne'er a fellow-creature slight
For random fits o' daffin.”*

SOLOMON.—ECCLES. vii. 16.

O YE wha are sae guid yoursel,
Sae pious and sae holy,
Ye've nought to do but mark and tell
Your Neebour's fauts and folly !
Whase life is like a weel-gaun mill,
Supply'd wi' store o' water,
The heapet happer's ebbing still,
And still the clap plays clatter.

Hear me, ye venerable Core,
As counsel for poor mortals,
That frequent pass douce Wisdom's door,
For glaikit Folly's portals ;
I, for their thoughtless, careless sakes,
Would here propone defences.
Their donsie tricks, their black mistakes,
Their failings and mischances.

Ye see your state wi' theirs compar'd,
And shudder at the niffer,
But cast a moment's fair regard,
What maks the mighty differ ;
Discount what scant occasion gave
That purity ye pride in,
And (what's aft mair than a' the lave)
Your better art o' hidin'.

Think, when your castigated pulse
Gi'es now and then a wallop,
What raging must his veins convulse,
That still eternal gallop :
Wi' wind and tide fair i' your tail,
Right on ye scud your sea-way ;
But in the teeth o' baith to sail,
It maks an unco leeway.

See Social Life and Glee sit down,
All joyous and unthinking,
Till, quite transmugrify'd, they're grown
Debauchery and Drinking :

O would they stay to calculate
 Th' eternal consequences ;
 Or your more dreaded hell to state,
 Damnation of expenses !

Ye high, exalted, virtuous Dames,
 Tied up in godly laces,
 Before ye gie poor Frailty names,
 Suppose a change o' cases ;
 A dear lov'd lad, convenience snug,
 A treacherous inclination—
 But, let me whisper i' your lug,
 Ye're ablins nae temptation.

Then gently scan your brother Man,
 Still gentler sister Woman ;
 Tho' they may gang a kennin' wrang,
 To step aside is human :
 One point must still be greatly dark,
 The moving *Why* they do it ;
 And just as lamely can ye mark,
 How far perhaps they rue it.

Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
 Decidedly can try us,
 He knows each chord, its various tone ;
 Each spring, its various bias :
 Then at the balance let's be mute,
 We never can adjust it ;
 What's *done* we partly may compute,
 But know not what's *resisted*.

TAM SAMSON'S ELEGY.

“ *An honest man's the noblest work of God.*”

—POPE.

HAS auld Kilmarnock seen the Deil ?
 Or great M'Kinlay thrawn his heel ?
 Or Robertson again grown weel,
 To preach an' read ?
 'Na, waur than a' !' cries ilka chiel,
 ' Tam Samson's dead !'

Kilmarnock lang may grunt an' grane,
 An' sigh, an' sab, an' greet her lane,
 An' cleed her bairns, man, wife, and wean,
 In mourning weed ;
 To Death, she's dearly paid the kane,
 Tam Samson's dead !

The Brethren o' the mystic level
 May hing their head in woefu' bevel,

While by their nose the tears will revel,
 Like ony bead ;
 Death's gi'en the Lodge an unco devel,
 Tam Samson's dead !

When Winter muffles up his cloak,
 And binds the mire like a rock ;
 When to the loch the Curlers flock
 Wi' glesome speed,
 Wha will they station at the *cock*,
 Tam Samson's dead ?

He was the king o' a' the Core,
 To guard, or draw, or wick a bore,
 Or up the rink like Jehu roar
 In time o' need ;
 But now he lags on Death's *hog-score*,
 Tam Samson's dead !

Now safe the stately Sawmont sail,
 And Trouts bedropp'd wi' crimson hail,
 And Eels weel kenn'd for souple tail,
 And Geds for greed,
 Since dark in Death's *fish-creel* we wail
 Tam Samson's dead !

Rejoice, ye birring Paitricks a' ;
 Ye cootie Moorcocks, crouselly craw ;
 Ye Maukins, cock your fud fu' braw,
 Withouten dread ;
 Your mortal Fae is noo awa',
 Tam Samson's dead !

That woefu' morn be ever mourn'd
 Saw him in shootin' graith adorn'd,
 While pointers round impatient burn'd,
 Frae couples freed ;
 But, Och ! he gaed and ne'er return'd !
 Tam Samson's dead !

In vain auld age his body batters ;
 In vain the gout his ancles fetters ;
 In vain the burns came down like waters,
 An acre braid !
 Now ev'ry auld wife, greetin', clatters,
 'Tam Samson's dead !'

Owre mony a weary hag he limpit,
 An' ay the tither shot he thumpit,
 Till coward Death behind him jumpit,
 Wi' deadly feide ;
 Now he proclaims, wi' tout o' trumpet,
 Tam Samson's dead !

When at his heart he felt the dagger,
 He reel'd his wonted bottle-swagger,
 But yet he drew the mortal trigger
 Wi' weel-aim'd heed;
 'Lord, five!' he cried, an' owre did stagger;
 Tam Samson's dead!

Ilk hoary hunter mourn'd a brither;
 Ilk sportsman youth bemoan'd a father;
 Yon auld gray stane, amang the heather,
 Marks out his head,
 Whare Burns has wrote in rhyming blether,
 'Tam Samson's dead!'

There, low he lies, in lasting rest;
 Perhaps upon his mould'ring breast
 Some spitefu' muirfowl bigs her nest,
 To hatch and breed;
 Alas! nae mair he'll them molest!
 Tam Samson's dead!

When August winds the heather wave,
 And sportsmen wander by yon grave,
 Three volleys let his mem'ry crave
 O' pouter an' lead,
 Till Echo answer frae her cave,
 Tam Samson's dead!

Heav'n rest his saul, whare'er he be!
 Is th' wish o' mony mae than me:
 He had twa faults, or maybe three,
 Yet what remead?
 Ae social, honest man want we:
 Tam Samson's dead!

THE EPITAPH.

TAM SAMSON'S weel-worn clay here lies:
 Ye canting zealots, spare him!
 If honest worth in heaven rise,
 Ye'll mend or ye win near him.

PER CONTRA.

Go, Fame, an' canter like a filly
 Thro' a' the streets an' neuks o' Killie,
 Tell ev'ry social, honest billie
 To cease his grievin';
 For yet, unskait'h'd by Death's gleg gullie,
 Tam Samson's leevin'!

HALLOWEEN.

*“ Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
The simple pleasures of the lowly train;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art.”*

GOLDSMITH.

UPON that night, when Fairies light
On Cassilis Downans dance,
Or owre the lays, in splendid blaze,
On sprightly coursers prance;
Or for Colean the rout is ta'en,
Beneath the moon's pale beams;
There, up the Cove, to stray an' rove
Amang the rocks and streams
To sport that night;

Amang the bonnie, winding banks,
Where Doon rins, wimplin, clear,
Where Bruce ance rul'd the martial ranks,
An' shook his Carrick spear,
Some merry, friendly, countra folks
Together did convene,
To burn their nits, an' pou their stocks,
An' haud their Halloween
Fu' blythe that night.

The lasses feat, an' cleanly neat,
Mair braw than when they're fine;
Their faces blythe, fu' sweetly kythe,
Hearts leal, an' warm, an' kin:
The lads sae trig, wi' wooer-babs,
Weel knotted on their garten,
Some unco blate, an' some wi' gabs
Gar lasses' hearts gang startin
Whyles fast at night.

Then, first an' foremost, thro' the kail,
Their stocks maun a' be sought ance:
They steek their een, an' grape an' wale,
For muckle anes, an' straught anes.
Poor hav'rel Will fell aff the drift,
An' wander'd thro' the Bow-kail,
An' pou't, for want o' better shift,
A runt was like a sow-tail,
Sae bow't that night.

Then, straught or crooked, yird or nane,
They roar an' cry a' throu'ther;
The very wee things, toddlin', rin,
Wi' stocks out-owre their shouther:

An' gif the custock's sweet or sour,
 Wi' joctelegs they taste them ;
 Syne coziely, aboon the door,
 Wi' cannie care, they've plac'd them
 To lie that night.

The lasses staw frae 'mang them a'
 To pou their stalks o' corn ;
 But Rab slips out, an' jinks about,
 Behint the muckle thorn :
 He grippet Nelly hard an' fast ;
 Loud skirl'd a' the lasses ;
 But her tap-pickle maist was lost,
 When kittlin i' the fause-house
 Wi' him that night.

The auld guidwife's weel-hoordet nits
 Are round an' round divided,
 An' mony lads' and lasses' fates
 Are there that night decided :
 Some kindle, couthie, side by side,
 An burn thegither trimly ;
 Some start awa, wi' saucy pride,
 An' jump out-owre the chimlie
 Fu' high that night.

Jean slips in twa, wi' tentie e'e ;
 Wha 'twas, she wadna tell ;
 But this is Jock, and this is me,
 She says in to hersel :
 He bleez'd owre her, an' she owre him,
 As they wad never mair part ;
 Till fuff ! he started up the lum,
 An' Jean had e'en a sair heart
 To see't that night.

Poor Willie, wi' his bow-kail runt,
 Was brunt wi' primsie Mallie,
 An' Mary, nae doubt, took the drunt,
 To be compar'd to Willie :
 Mall's nit lap out, wi' pridefu' fling,
 An' her ain fit it brunt it ;
 While Willie lap, an' swore by jing,
 'Twas just the way he wanted
 To be that night.

Nell had the fause-house in her min',
 She pits hersel an' Rob in ;
 In loving bleeze they sweetly join,
 Till white in ase they're sobbin' :
 Nell's heart was dancin at the view ;
 She whisper'd Rob to leuk for't :

Rob, stownlins, prie'd her bonnie mou,
Fu' cozie in the neuk for't,
Unseen that night.

But Merran sat behint their backs,
Her thoughts on Andrew Bell;
She lea'es them gashin' at their cracks,
An' slips out by hersel:
She thro' the yard the nearest taks,
An' to the kiln she goes then,
An' darklins grapit for the bauks,
And in the blue-clue throws then,
Right fear't that night.

An' ay she win't, an' ay she swat,
I wat she made nae jaukin';
Till something held within the pat,
Guid Lord! but she was quaukin'!
But whether 'twas the Deil himsel,
Or whether 'twas a bauk-en',
Or whether it was Andrew Bell,
She did na wait on talkin'
To spier that night.

Wee Jenny to her Granny says,
'Will ye go wi' me, Granny?
I'll eat the apple at the glass,
I gat frae uncle Johnny:'
She fuff't her pipe wi' sic a lunt,
In wrath she was sae vap'rin',
She notic't na, an aizle brunt
Her braw new worset apron
Out thro' that night.

'Ye little Skelpie-limmer's face!
I daur you try sic sportin',
As seek the foul Thief ony place,
For him to spae your fortune?
Nae doubt but ye may get a sight!
Great cause ye hae to fear it;
For mony a ane has gotten a fright,
An' liv'd an' di'd deleeret,
On sic a night.

'Ae Hairst afore the Sherra-moor,
I mind't as weel's yestreen,
I was a gilpey then, I'm sure
I was na past fifteen:
The simmer had been cauld an' wat,
An' stuff was unco' green;
An' ay a rantin' kirn we gat,
An' just on Halloween
It fell that night.

‘ Our stibble-rig was Rab M’Graen,
 A clever, sturdy fallow :
 His sin gat Eppie Sim wi’ wean,
 That liv’d in Achmacalla ;
 He gat hemp-seed, I mind it weel,
 An’ he made unco light o’t ;
 But mony a day was *by himsel*,
 He was sae sairly frighted
 That vera night.’

Then up gat fechtin Jamie Fleck,
 An’ he swore by his conscience,
 That he could saw hemp-seed a peck ;
 For it was a’ but nonsense :
 The auld guidman raught down the pock,
 An’ out a handfu’ gied him ;
 Syne bad him slip frae ’mang the folk,
 Sometime when nae ane see’d him,
 An’ try’t that night.

He marches thro’ amang the stacks,
 Tho’ he was something sturtin ;
 The graip he for a harrow taks,
 An’ hurls at his curpin :
 An’ ev’ry now an’ then he says,
 ‘ Hemp-seed, I saw thee,
 An’ her that is to be my lass,
 Come after me an’ draw thee
 As fast this night.’

He whistl’d up Lord Lenox’ march,
 To keep his courage cheery ;
 Altho’ his hair began to arch,
 He was sae fley’d an’ eerie :
 Till presently he hears a squeak,
 An’ then a grane an’ gruntle ;
 He by his shouther gae a keek,
 An’ tumbl’d wi’ a wintle
 Out-owre that night.

He roar’d a horrid murder-shout,
 In dreadfu’ desperation !
 An’ young an’ auld come rinnin’ out,
 An’ hear the sad narration :
 He swore ’twas hilchin Jean M’Craw,
 Or crouchie Merran Humphie,
 Till stop ! she trotted thro’ them a’ ;
 An’ wha was it but *Grumphie*
 Asteer that night !

Meg fain wad to the barn gaen
 To winn three wechts o’ naething ;

But for to meet the Deil her lane,
 She pat but little faith in :
 She gies the Herd a pickle nits,
 And twa red-cheekit apples,
 To watch, while for the barn she sets,
 In hopes to see Tam Kipples
 That very night.

She turns the key, wi' cannie thraw,
 An' owre the threshold ventures ;
 But first on Sawnie gies a ca',
 Syne bauldly in she enters ;
 A ratton rattl'd up the wa',
 An' she cry'd, Lord preserve her !
 An' ran thro' midden-hole an' a',
 An' pray'd wi' zeal an' fervour,
 Fu' fast that night.

They hoy't out Will, wi' sair advice ;
 They hecht him some fine braw ane ;
 It chanc'd the stack he faddom't thrice
 Was timmer-propt for thrawin' :
 He taks a swirlie, auld moss-oak,
 For some black, grousome Carlin ;
 An' loot a winze, an' drew a stroke,
 Till skin in blypes cam haulin
 Aff's nieves that night.

A wanton widow Leezie was,
 As cantie as a kittlin ;
 But Och ! that night, among the shaws,
 She gat a fearfu' settlin !
 She thro' the whins, an' by the cairn,
 An' owre the hill gaed scrievin,
 Whare three lairds' lands met at a burn,
 To dip her left sark-sleeve in,
 Was bent that night.

Whyles owre a linn the burnie plays,
 As thro' the glen it wimpl't ;
 Whyles round a rocky scaur it strays ;
 Whyles in a wiel it dimpl't ;
 Whyles glitter'd to the nightly rays,
 Wi' bickering, dancing dazzle ;
 Whyles cookit underneath the braes,
 Below the spreading hazel,
 Unseen that night.

Amang the brachens on the brae,
 Between her an' the moon,
 The Deil, or else an outler Quey,
 Gat up an' gae a croon :

And knapsack a' in order ;
 His doxy lay within his arm,
 Wi' usquebae and blankets warm,
 She blinket on her sodger ;
 An' aye he gies the towsie drab
 The tither skelpin' kiss,
 While she held up her greedy gab
 Just like an aymous dish ;
 Ilk smack still did crack still,
 Just like a cadger's whip,
 Then staggering, and swaggering,
 He roar'd this ditty up—

AIR.

Tune—' *Soldier's Joy.*'

I AM a son of Mars, who have been in many wars,
 And show my cuts and scars wherever I come :
 This here was for a wench, and that other in a trench,
 When welcoming the French at the sound of the drum.
 Lal de daudle, etc.

My 'prentiship I pass'd where my leader breath'd
 his last,
 When the bloody die was cast on the heights of Abram ;
 I serv'd out my trade when the gallant game was play'd,
 And the Morro low was laid at the sound of the drum.
 Lal de daudle, etc.

I lastly was with Curtis, among the floating batt'ries,
 And there I left for witness an arm and a limb :
 Yet let my country need me, with Elliot to head me,
 I'd clatter on my stumps at the sound of a drum.
 Lal de daudle, etc.

And now, tho' I must beg, with a wooden arm and leg,
 And many a tatter'd rag hanging over my bum,
 I'm as happy with my wallet, my bottle, and my callet,
 As when I us'd in scarlet to follow a drum.
 Lal de daudle, etc.

What tho' with hoary locks, I must stand the winter
 shocks,
 Beneath the woods and rocks oftentimes for a home ;
 When the t'other bag I sell, and the t'other bottle tell,
 I could meet a troop of hell at the sound of the drum.
 Lal de daudle, etc.

RECITATIVO.

He ended ; and the kebars sheuk
 Aboon the chorus roar ;
 While frighted rattons backward leuk
 And seek the benmost bore ;

A fairy fiddler frae the neuk,
 He skirl'd out 'Encore'!
 But up arose the martial chuck,
 And laid the loud uproar.

AIR.

Tune—'Soldier Laddie.'

I ONCE was a maid, tho' I cannot tell when,
 And still my delight is in proper young men;
 Some one of a troop of dragoons was my daddie,
 No wonder I'm fond of a sodger laddie.

Sing, Lal de lal, etc.

The first of my loves was a swaggering blade,
 To rattle the thundering drum was his trade;
 His leg was so tight, and his cheek was so ruddy,
 Transported I was with my sodger laddie.

Sing, Lal de lal, etc.

But the godly old chaplain left him in the lurch,
 So the sword I forsook for the sake of the church:
 He ventur'd the soul, I risked the body,
 'Twas then I prov'd false to my sodger laddie.

Sing, Lal de lal, etc.

Full soon I grew sick of my sanctified sot,
 The regiment at large for a husband I got;
 From the gilded spontoon to the fife I was ready,
 I asked no more but a sodger laddie.

Sing, Lal de lal, etc.

But the peace it reduc'd me to beg in despair,
 Till I met my old boy at a Cunningham fair:
 His rags regimental they flutter'd so gaudy,
 My heart it rejoic'd at my sodger laddie.

Sing, Lal de lal, etc.

And now I have liv'd—I know not how long,
 And still I can join in a cup or a song;
 But whilst with both hands I can hold the glass
 steady,

Here's to thee, my hero, my sodger laddie.

Sing, Lal de lal, etc.

RECITATIVO.

Poor Merry Andrew, in the neuk,
 Sat guzzling wi' a tinkler hizzie;
 They mind't na wha the chorus teuk,
 Between themselves they were sae busy.
 At length, wi' drink and courting dizzy,
 He stoitered up an' made a face;
 Then turn'd, and laid a smack on Grizzly,
 Syne tun'd his pipes wi' grave grimace.

AIR.

Tune—'Auld Sir Simon.'

SIR WISDOM's a fool when he's fou,
 Sir Knave is a fool in a session;
 He's there but a prentice I trow,
 But I am a fool by profession.
 My granny she bought me a beuk,
 And I held awa to the school;
 I fear I my talent misteuk,
 But what will ye hae of a fool?
 For drink I would venture my neck;
 A hizzie's the half o' my craft;
 But what could you other expect,
 Of ane that's avowedly daft?
 I ance was ty'd up like a stirk,
 For civilly swearing and quaffing;
 I ance was abus'd i' the kirk,
 For touzling a lass i' my daffing.
 Poor Andrew that tumbles for sport,
 Let naebody name wi' a jeer;
 There's ev'n, I'm tauld, i' the court,
 A tumbler ca'd the Premier.
 Observ'd ye, yon reverend lad
 Maks faces to tickle the mob;
 He rails at our mountebank squad—
 It's rivalship just i' the job.
 And now my conclusion I'll tell,
 For faith I'm confoundedly dry;
 The chiel that's a fool for himsel',
 Gude Lord, is far dafter than I.

RECITATIVO.

Then niest outspak a raucle carlin,
 Wha kent fu' weel to cleek the sterling,
 For mony a pursie she had hooked,
 And had in mony a well been dooked;
 Her dove had been a Highland laddie,
 But weary fa' the waefu' woodie!
 Wi' sighs and sabs she thus began
 To wail her braw John Highlandman:

AIR.

Tune—'O, an' ye were dead, guidman.'

A HIGHLAND lad my love was born,
 The Lawlan' laws he held in scorn:
 But he still was faithfu' to his clan,
 My gallant braw John Highlandman.

CHORUS.

Sing, hey, my braw John Highlandman!
 Sing, ho, my braw John Highlandman!
 There's no a lad in a' the lan'
 Was match for my John Highlandman.

With his philibeg an' tartan plaid,
 And gude claymore down by his side,
 The ladies' hearts he did trepan,
 My gallant braw John Highlandman.
 Sing, hey, etc.

We ranged a' from Tweed to Spey,
 And liv'd like lords and ladies gay;
 For a Lowlan' face he feared nane
 My gallant braw John Highlandman.
 Sing, hey, etc.

They banish'd him beyond the sea,
 But ere the bud was on the tree,
 Adown my cheeks the pearls ran,
 Embracing my John Highlandman.
 Sing, hey, etc.

But, oh! they catch'd him at the last,
 And bound him in a dungeon fast;
 My curse upon them every ane,
 They've hang'd my braw John Highlandman.
 Sing, hey, etc.

And now a widow, I must mourn
 The pleasures that will ne'er return;
 No comfort but a hearty can,
 When I think on my John Highlandman.
 Sing, hey, etc.

RECITATIVO.

A pigmy Scaper wi' his fiddle,
 Wha us'd at trysts and fairs to driddle,
 Her strappin limb and gaucy middle
 (He reach'd nae higher)
 Had hol't his heartie like a riddle,
 And blawn't on fire.

Wi' hand on haunch, and upward e'e,
 He croon'd his gamut, one, two, three,
 Then, in an Arioso key,
 The wee Apollo
 Set aff, wi' Allegretto glee,
 His giga solo.

AIR.

Tune—' *Whistle owre the lave o't.*'

LET me ryke up to dight that tear,
And go wi' me and be my dear,
And then your every care and fear
May whistle owre the lave o't.

CHORUS.

I am a fiddler to my trade,
And a' the tunes that e'er I play'd,
The sweetest still to wife or maid,
Was whistle owre the lave o't.

At kirns and weddings we'se be there,
And oh! sae nicely's we will fare;
We'll bouse about, till Daddie Care
Sings whistle owre the lave o't.

I am, etc.

Sae merrily's the banes we'll pyke,
And sun oursels about the dyke,
And at our leisure, when ye like,
We'll whistle owre the lave o't.

I am, etc.

But bless me wi' your heav'n o' charms,
And while I kittle hair on thairms,
Hunger, cauld, an a' sic harms,
May whistle owre the lave o't.

I am, etc.

RECITATIVO.

Her charms had struck a sturdy Caird,
As well as poor Gut-scraper:
He taks the fiddler by the beard,
And draws a roosty rapier—

He swore, by a' was swearing worth,
To spit him like a pliver,
Unless he wad from that time forth
Relinquish her for ever.

Wi' ghastly e'e, poor tweedle-dee
Upon his hunkers bended,
And pray'd for grace, wi' ruefu' face,
And sae the quarrel ended.

But tho' his little heart did grieve
When round the tinkler prest her,
He feign'd to snirtle in his sleeve,
When thus the Caird address'd her:

AIR.

Tune—'Clout the Cauldron.'

My bonnie lass, I work in brass,
 A tinkler is my station ;
 I've travell'd round all Christian ground
 In this my occupation ;
 I've ta'en the gold, I've been enroll'd
 In many a noble squadron ;
 But vain they search'd, when off I march'd
 To go and clout the cauldron.

I've ta'en the gold, etc.

Despise that shrimp, that wither'd imp,
 Wi' a' his noise and cap'rin',
 And tak a share wi' those that bear
 The budget and the apron ;
 And by that stoup, my faith and houp,
 And by that dear Kilbagie,
 If e'er ye want, or meet wi' scant,
 May I ne'er weet my craigie.
 And by that stoup, etc.

RECITATIVO.

The Caird prevail'd—th' unblushing fair
 In his embraces sunk,
 Partly wi' love o'ercome sae sair,
 And partly she was drunk.
 Sir Violino, with an air
 That show'd a man o' spunk,
 Wish'd unison between the pair,
 And made the bottle clunk
 To their health that night.

But hurchin Cupid shot a shaft
 That play'd a dame a shavie,
 The fiddler rak'd her fore and aft,
 Behint the chicken cavie.
 Her lord, a wight o' Homer's craft,
 Tho' limpin wi' the spavie,
 He hirpl'd up, and lap like daft,
 And shor'd them Dainty Davie
 O' boot that night.

He was a care defying blade
 As ever Bacchus listed,
 Tho' Fortune sair upon him laid,
 His heart she ever miss'd it.
 He had nae wish, but—to be glad,
 Nor want but—when he thirsted ;
 He hated nought but—to be sad,
 And thus the Muse suggested
 His sang that night.

AIR.

Tune—' *For a' that, and a' that.*'

I AM a bard of no regard
 Wi' gentlefolks, an' a' that ;
 But Homer-like, the glowrin byke,
 Frae town to town I draw that.

CHORUS.

For a' that, and a' that,
 And twice as muckle's a' that ;
 I've lost but ane, I've twa behin',
 I've wife enough for a' that.

I never drank the Muses' stank,
 Castalia's burn, an' a' that ;
 But there it streams, and richly reams,
 My Helicon I ca' that.

For a' that, etc.

Great love I bear to a' the fair,
 Their humble slave, an' a' that ;
 But lordly will, I hold it still
 A mortal sin to thraw that.

For a' that, etc.

In raptures sweet, this hour we meet,
 Wi' mutual love, an' a' that ;
 But for how lang the flie may stang,
 Let inclination law that.

For a' that, etc.

Their tricks and craft hae put me daft,
 They've ta'en me in, and a' that ;
 But clear your decks, and here's the sex !
 I like the jads for a' that.

For a' that, and a' that,
 And twice as muckle's a' that,
 My dearest bluid, to do them guid,
 They're welcome till't, for a' that.

RECITATIVO.

So sang the bard—and Nansie's wa's
 Shook with a thunder of applause,
 Re-echo'd from each mouth ;
 They toom'd their pocks, and pawn'd their duds,
 They scarcely left to co'er their fuds,
 To quench their lowan drouth.

Then owre again, the jovial thrang
 The poet did request,

To lowse his pack, an' wale a sang,
 A ballad o' the best;
 He, rising, rejoicing,
 Between his twa Deborahs,
 Looks round him, an' found them
 Impatient for the chorus.

AIR.

Tune—' *Jolly Mortals, fill your Glasses.*'

SEE ! the smoking bowl before us,
 Mark our jovial ragged ring;
 Round and round take up the chorus,
 And in raptures let us sing :

CHORUS.

A fig for those by law protected !
 Liberty's a glorious feast !
 Courts for cowards were erected,
 Churches built to please the priest.

What is title ? what is treasure ?
 What is reputation's care ?
 If we lead a life of pleasure,
 'Tis no matter, how or where !
 A fig, etc.

With the ready trick and fable,
 Round we wander all the day ;
 And at night, in barn or stable,
 Hug our doxies on the hay,
 A fig, etc.

Does the train-attended carriage
 Thro' the country lighter rove ?
 Does the sober bed of marriage
 Witness brighter scenes of love ?
 A fig, etc.

Life is all a variorum,
 We regard not how it goes ;
 Let them cant about decorum
 Who have characters to lose.
 A fig, etc.

Here's to budgets, bags, and wallets !
 Here's to all the wandering train !
 Here's our ragged brats and callets !
 One and all cry out, Amen !
 A fig, etc.

THE AULD FARMER'S NEW-YEAR
MORNING SALUTATION TO HIS
AULD MARE MAGGIE.

ON GIVING HER THE ACCUSTOMED RIPP OF CORN
TO HANSEL IN THE NEW YEAR.

A GUID New-Year I wish thee, Maggie!
Hae, there's a ripp to thy auld baggie;
Tho' thou's howe-backit, now, an' knaggie,
I've seen the day,
Thou could hae gaen like ony staggie
Out-owre the lay.

Tho' now thou's dowie, stiff, an' crazy,
An' thy auld hide's as white's a daisie,
I've seen thee dappl't, sleek, an' glaizie,
A bonnie gray:
He should been tight that daur't to raize thee,
Ance in a day.

Thou ance was i' the foremost rank,
A filly buirdly, steeve, an' swank,
An' set weel down a shapely shank,
As e'er tread yird;
An' could hae flown out-owre a stank,
Like ony bird.

It's now some nine-an'-twenty year,
Sin' thou was my guid-father's meare;
He gied me thee, o' tocher clear,
An' fifty mark;
Tho' it was sma', 'twas weel-won gear,
An' thou was stark.

When first I gaed to woo my Jenny,
Ye then was trottin' wi' your minnie:
Tho' ye was trickie, slee, an' funny,
Ye ne'er was donsie;
But hamely, tawie, quiet, an' cannie,
An' unco sonsie.

That day, ye pranc'd wi' muckle pride,
When ye bure hame my bonnie bride;
An' sweet an' gracefu' she did ride,
Wi' maiden air!
Kyle-Stewart I could bragged wide,
For sic a pair.

Tho' now ye dow but hoyte and hobble,
An' wintle like a saumont-coble,

A daimen-icker in a thrave
 'S a sma' request :
 I'll get a blessin wi' the lave,
 And never miss't !

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin !
 Its silly wa's the win's are strewin' !
 An' naething, now, to big a new ane,
 O' foggage green !
 An' bleak December's winds ensuin',
 Baith snell an' keen !

Thou saw the fields laid bare and waste,
 An' weary winter comin' fast,
 An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
 Thou thought to dwell,
 Till crash ! the cruel coulter past
 Out thro' thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble
 Has cost thee mony a weary nibble !
 Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,
 But house or hald,
 To thole the winter's sleety dribble
 An' cranreuch cauld !

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane,
 In proving foresight may be vain :
 The best laid schemes o' mice an' men
 Gang aft a-gley,
 An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain,
 For promis'd joy.

Still thou art blest, compar'd wi' me !
 The present only toucheth thee :
 But, Och ! I backward cast my e'e
 On prospects drear !
 An' forward, tho' I canna see,
 I guess an' fear !

A WINTER NIGHT.

*" Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
 That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm !
 How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
 Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
 From seasons such as these ?" —*

—SHAKESPEARE.

WHEN biting Boreas, fell and doure,
 Sharp shivers thro' the leafless bow'r ;

When Phœbus gies a short-liv'd glow'r
 Far south the lift,
 Dim-dark'ning thro' the flaky show'r,
 Or whirling drift:

Ae night the storm the steeples rocked,
 Poor Labour sweet in sleep was locked,
 While burns, wi' snawy wreaths up-choked,
 Wild-eddying swirl,
 Or thro' the mining outlet bocked,
 Down headlong hurl.

List'ning the doors' an' winnocks' rattle,
 I thought me on the ourie cattle,
 Or silly sheep, wha bide this brattle
 O' winter war,
 And thro' the drift, deep-lairing, sprattle
 Beneath a scaur.

Ilk happing bird, wee, helpless thing !
 That, in the merry months o' spring,
 Delighted me to hear thee sing,
 What comes o' thee?
 Whare wilt thou cow'r thy chittering wing
 An' close thy e'e?

Ev'n you on murd'ring errands toil'd,
 Lone from your savage homes exil'd,
 The blood-stain'd roost, and sheep-cot spoil'd,
 My heart forgets,
 While pitiless the tempest wild
 Sore on you beats.

Now Phœbe, in her midnight reign,
 Dark-muffl'd view'd the dreary plain;
 Still crowding thoughts, a pensive train,
 Rose in my soul,
 When on my ear this plaintive strain,
 Slow, solemn, stole—

‘ Blow, blow, ye winds, with heavier gust !
 And freeze, thou bitter-biting frost !
 Descend, ye chilly, smothering snows !
 Not all your rage, as now, united shows
 More hard unkindness, unrelenting,
 Vengeful malice unrepenting,
 Than heav'n-illumin'd man on brother man bestows !
 See stern Oppression's iron grip,
 Or mad Ambition's gory hand,
 Sending, like blood-hounds from the slip,
 Woe, want, and murder o'er a land !
 Ev'n in the peaceful rural vale,
 Truth, weeping, tells the mournful tale,

How pamper'd Luxury, Flatt'ry by her side,
 The parasite empoisoning her ear,
 With all the servile wretches in the rear,
 Looks o'er proud property, extended wide;
 And eyes the simple rustic hind,
 Whose toil upholds the glitt'ring show,
 A creature of another kind,
 Some coarser substance, unrefin'd,
 Plac'd for her lordly use thus far, thus vile, below.

' Where, where is Love's fond, tender throe,
 With lordly Honour's lofty brow,
 The pow'rs you proudly own ?
 Is there, beneath Love's noble name,
 Can harbour, dark, the selfish aim,
 To bless himself alone !
 Mark maiden-innocence a prey
 To love-pretending snares,
 This boasted honour turns away,
 Shunning soft pity's rising sway,
 Regardless of the tears, and unavailing pray'rs !
 Perhaps this hour, in mis'ry's squalid nest,
 She strains your infant to her joyless breast,
 And with a mother's fears shrinks at the rocking
 blast !

' Oh ye ! who, sunk in beds of down,
 Feel not a want but what yourselves create,
 Think, for a moment, on his wretched fate,
 Whom friends and fortune quite disown !
 Ill-satisfied keen nature's clam'rous call,
 Stretch'd on his straw he lays himself to sleep,
 While thro' the ragged roof and chinky wall,
 Chill o'er his slumbers, piles the driftty heap !
 Think on the dungeon's grim confine,
 Where guilt and poor misfortune pine !
 Guilt, erring man, relenting view !
 But shall thy legal rage pursue
 The wretch, already crushed low,
 By cruel fortune's undeserved blow ?
 Affliction's sons are brothers in distress ;
 A brother to relieve, how exquisite the bliss !'

I heard nae mair, for Chanticleer
 Shook off the pouthery snaw,
 And hail'd the morning with a cheer,
 A cottage-rousing crow.

But deep this truth impress'd my mind—
 Thro' all His works abroad,
 The heart benevolent and kind
 The most resembles God.

EPISTLE TO DAVIE, A BROTHER POET.

January—[1784].

WHILE winds frae aff Ben-Lomond blaw,
 And bar the doors wi' driving snaw,
 And hing us owre the ingle,
 I set me down, to pass the time,
 And spin a verse or twa o' rhyme
 In hamely, westlin jingle.
 While frosty winds blaw in the drift,
 Ben to the chimla lug,
 I grudge a wee the Great-folks' gift,
 That live sae bien an' snug :
 I tent less, and want less
 Their roomy fire-side ;
 But hanker and canker
 To see their cursed pride.

It's hardly in a body's pow'r
 To keep, at times, frae being sour,
 To see how things are shar'd ;
 How best o' chiels are whiles in want,
 While coofs on countless thousands rant,
 And ken na how to wair't :
 But, Davie, lad, ne'er fash your head,
 Tho' we hae little gear,
 We're fit to win our daily bread
 As lang's we're hale and fier :
 ' Mair spier na, nor fear na,'
 Auld age ne'er mind a feg ;
 The last o't, the warst o't,
 Is only but to beg.

To lie in kilns and barns at e'en,
 When banes are craz'd, and bluid is thin,
 Is, doubtless, great distress !
 Yet then content could mak us blest ;
 Ev'n then, sometimes, we'd snatch a taste
 Of truest happiness.
 The honest heart that's free frae a'
 Intended fraud or guile,
 However fortune kick the ba',
 Has aye some cause to smile :
 And mind still, you'll find still,
 A comfort this nae sma' ;
 Nae mair then, we'll care then,
 Nae farther can we fa'.

What tho', like commoners of air,
 We wander out, we know not where,

But either house or hall ?
 Yet nature's charms, the hills and woods,
 The sweeping vales, and foaming floods,
 Are free alike to all.
 In days when daisies deck the ground,
 And blackbirds whistle clear,
 With honest joy our hearts will bound
 To see the coming year :
 On braes when we please, then,
 We'll sit and sowth a tune ;
 Syne rhyme till't, we'll time till't,
 And sing't when we hae done.

It's no in titles nor in rank,
 It's no in wealth like Lon'on bank,
 To purchase peace and rest ;
 It's no in making muckle *mair*,
 It's no in books, it's no in lear,
 To make us truly blest :
 If happiness hae not her seat
 And centre in the breast,
 We may be wise, or rich, or great,
 But never can be blest :
 Nae treasures, nor pleasures,
 Could make us happy lang ;
 The heart ay's the part ay
 That makes us right or wrang.

Think ye, that sic as you and I,
 Wha drudge and drive thro' wet an' dry,
 Wi' never-ceasing toil ;
 Think ye, are we less blest than they,
 Wha scarcely tent us in their way,
 As hardly worth their while ?
 Alas ! how aft in haughty mood,
 God's creatures they oppress !
 Or else, neglecting a' that's guid,
 They riot in excess !
 Baith careless, and fearless,
 Of either heav'n or hell !
 Esteeming, and deeming
 It's a' an idle tale !

Then let us cheerfu' acquiesce ;
 Nor make our scanty pleasures less,
 By pining at our state ;
 And, even should misfortunes come,
 I, here wha sit, hae met wi' some,
 An's thankfu' for them yet.
 They gie the wit of age to youth ;
 They let us ken oursel ;

They mak us see the naked truth,
 The real guid and ill.
 Tho' losses and crosses
 Be lessons right severe,
 There's wit there, ye'll get there,
 Ye'll get nae other where.

But tent me, Davie, ace o' hearts!
 (To say aught less wad wrang the cartes,
 And flatt'ry I detest)
 This life has joys for you and I;
 And joys that riches ne'er could buy:
 And joys the very best.
 There's a' the pleasures o' the heart,
 The lover an' the frien';
 Ye hae your Meg, your dearest part,
 And I my darling Jean!
 It warms me, it charms me,
 To mention but her name:
 It heats me, it beets me,
 And sets me a' on flame!

O all ye pow'rs who rule above!
 O Thou, whose very self art love!
 Thou know'st my words sincere!
 The life-blood streaming thro' my heart,
 Or my more dear immortal part,
 Is not more fondly dear!
 When heart-corroding care and grief
 Deprive my soul of rest,
 Her dear idea brings relief
 And solace to my breast.
 Thou Being, All-seeing,
 O hear my fervent pray'r;
 Still take her, and make her
 Thy most peculiar care!

All hail, ye tender feelings dear!
 The smile of love, the friendly tear,
 The sympathetic glow!
 Long since, this world's thorny ways
 Had number'd out my weary days,
 Had it not been for you!
 Fate still has blest me with a friend
 In every care and ill;
 And oft a more endearing band,
 A tie more tender still.
 It lightens, it brightens
 The tenebrific scene,
 To meet with, and greet with
 My Davie or my Jean.

O, how that name inspires my style!
 The words come skelpin, rank and file,
 Amaist before I ken!
 The ready measure rins as fine,
 As Phœbus and the famous Nine
 Were glowrin owre my pen.
 My spaviet Pegasus will limp,
 Till ance he's fairly het;
 And then he'll hilch, and stilt, and jimp,
 An' rin an unco fit:
 But lest then, the beast then,
 Should rue this hasty ride,
 I'll light now, and dight now
 His sweaty, wizen'd hide.

THE LAMENT,

OCCASIONED BY THE UNFORTUNATE ISSUE OF A
 FRIEND'S AMOUR.

*"Alas! how oft does Goodness wound itself,
 And sweet AFFECTION prove the spring of woe!"*

—HOME.

O THOU pale Orb, that silent shines,
 While care-untroubled mortals sleep!
 Thou seest a wretch that inly pines,
 And wanders here to wail and weep!
 With woe I nightly vigils keep,
 Beneath thy wan unwarming beam;
 And mourn, in lamentation deep,
 How life and love are all a dream.

I joyless view thy rays adorn
 The faintly marked, distant hill:
 I joyless view thy trembling horn
 Reflected in the gurgling rill:
 My fondly-fluttering heart be still!
 Thou busy pow'r, Remembrance, cease!
 Ah! must the agonizing thrill
 For ever bar returning peace?

No idly feign'd poetic pains,
 My sad, love-lorn lamentings claim;
 No shepherd's pipe—Arcadian strains;
 No fabled tortures, quaint and tame:
 The plighted faith; the mutual flame;
 The oft attested Pow'rs above;
 The promis'd father's tender name:
 These were the pledges of my love!

Encircled in her clasping arms,
 How have the raptur'd moments flown!
 How have I wish'd for fortune's charms,
 For her dear sake, and hers alone!
 And must I think it! is she gone,
 My secret heart's exulting boast?
 And does she heedless hear my groan?
 And is she ever, ever lost?

Oh! can she bear so base a heart,
 So lost to honour, lost to truth,
 As from the fondest lover part,
 The plighted husband of her youth!
 Alas! life's path may be unsmooth!
 Her way may lie through rough distress!
 Then, who her pangs and pains will soothe,
 Her sorrows share, and make them less?

Ye winged hours that o'er us passed,
 Enraptur'd more, the more enjoy'd,
 Your dear remembrance in my breast
 My fondly treasur'd thoughts employ'd.
 That breast how dreary now, and void,
 For her too scanty once of room!
 Ev'n ev'ry ray of hope destroy'd,
 And not a wish to gild the gloom!

The morn that warns th' approaching day
 Awakes me up to toil and woe:
 I see the hours in long array,
 That I must suffer, lingering, slow.
 Full many a pang, and many a throe,
 Keen recollection's direful train,
 Must wring my soul, ere Phœbus, low,
 Shall kiss the distant, western main.

And when my nightly couch I try,
 Sore harass'd out with care and grief,
 My toil-beat nerves, and tear-worn eye,
 Keep watchings with the nightly thief:
 Or, if I slumber, Fancy, chief,
 Reigns, haggard-wild, in sore affright:
 Ev'n day, all-bitter, brings relief
 From such a horror-breathing night.

O! thou bright Queen, who o'er the expanse
 Now highest reign'st, with boundless sway!
 Oft hast thy silent-marking glance
 Observ'd us, fondly wand'ring stray!
 The time, unheeded, sped away,
 While love's luxurious pulse beat high,
 Beneath thy silver-gleaming ray,
 To mark the mutual-kindling eye.

Oh ! scenes in strong remembrance set !
 Scenes, never, never to return !
 Scenes, if in stupor I forget,
 Again I feel, again I burn !
 From ev'ry joy and pleasure torn,
 Life's weary vale I'll wander thro' ;
 And hopeless, comfortless, I'll mourn
 A faithless woman's broken vow.

DESPONDENCY.

AN ODE.

OPPRESS'D with grief, oppress'd with care,
 A burden more than I can bear,
 I set me down and sigh ;
 O life ! thou art a galling load,
 Along a rough, a weary road,
 To wretches such as I !
 Dim-backward as I cast my view,
 What sick'ning scenes appear !
 What sorrows yet may pierce me thro',
 Too justly I may fear !
 Still caring, despairing,
 Must be my bitter doom ;
 My woes here shall close ne'er,
 But with the closing tomb !

Happy, ye sons of busy life,
 Who, equal to the bustling strife,
 No other view regard !
 Ev'n when the wished end's deny'd,
 Yet while the busy means are ply'd,
 They bring their own reward :
 Whilst I, a hope-abandon'd wight,
 Unfitted with an aim,
 Meet ev'ry sad returning night
 And joyless morn the same ;
 You, bustling, and justling,
 Forget each grief and pain ;
 I, listless, yet restless,
 Find every prospect vain.

How blest the Solitary's lot,
 Who, all-forgetting, all-forgot,
 Within his humble cell,
 The cavern wild with tangling roots,
 Sits o'er his newly-gather'd fruits,
 Beside his crystal well !

Or, haply, to his ev'ning thought,
 By unfrequented stream,
 The ways of men are distant brought,
 A faint-collected dream :
 While praising, and raising
 His thoughts to Heav'n on high,
 As wand'ring, meand'ring,
 He views the solemn sky.

Than I, no lonely hermit plac'd
 Where never human footstep trac'd,
 Less fit to play the part ;
 The lucky moment to improve,
 And just to stop, and just to move,
 With self-respecting art :
 But ah ! those pleasures, loves, and joys,
 Which I too keenly taste,
 The Solitary can despise,
 Can want, and yet be blest !
 He needs not, he heeds not,
 Or human love or hate,
 Whilst I here, must cry here
 At perfidy ingrate !

Oh ! enviable, early days,
 When dancing thoughtless pleasure's maze,
 To care, to guilt unknown !
 How ill exchang'd for riper times,
 To feel the follies, or the crimes,
 Of others, or my own !
 Ye tiny elves that guiltless sport
 Like linnets in the bush,
 Ye little know the ills ye court,
 When manhood is your wish !
 The losses, the crosses,
 That active man engage !
 The fears all, the tears all,
 Of dim-declining age.

WINTER.

A DIRGE.

THE wintry west extends his blast,
 And hail and rain does blow ;
 Or, the stormy north sends driving forth
 The blinding sleet and snaw :
 While, tumbling brown, the burn comes down,
 And roars frae bank to brae :
 And bird and beast in covert rest,
 And pass the heartless day.

“ The sweeping blast, the sky o’ercast,”
 The joyless winter-day,
 Let others fear, to me more dear
 Than all the pride of May :
 The tempest’s howl, it soothes my soul,
 My griefs it seems to join ;
 The leafless trees my fancy please,
 Their fate resembles mine !

Thou Pow’r Supreme, whose mighty scheme
 These woes of mine fulfil,
 Here, firm, I rest, they must be best,
 Because they are Thy will !
 Then all I want, (Oh ! do thou grant
 This one request of mine !)
 Since to enjoy thou dost deny,
 Assist me to resign.

THE COTTAR’S SATURDAY NIGHT.

INSCRIBED TO ROBERT AIKEN, ESQ., OF AYR.

“ *Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys and destiny obscure ;
 Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
 The short and simple annals of the Poor.*”

—GRAY.

My lov’d, my honour’d, much respected friend !
 No mercenary bard his homage pays :
 With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end ;
 My dearest meed, a friend’s esteem and praise.
 To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,
 The lowly train in life’s sequester’d scene ;
 The native feelings strong, the guileless ways !
 What Aiken in a cottage would have been ;
 Ah ! tho’ his worth unknown, far happier there, I ween.

November chill blows loud wi’ angry sough :
 The short’ning winter-day is near a close ;
 The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh ;
 The black’ning trains o’ craws to their repose :
 The toil-worn Cottar frae his labour goes,
 This night his weekly moil is at an end,
 Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
 Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend, [bend.
 And, weary, o’er the moor, his course does homeward

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
 Beneath the shelter of an aged tree ;
 Th’ expectant wee-things, toddlin’, stacher through
 To meet their Dad, wi’ flichterin’ noise an’ glee.

His wee bit ingle, blinkin' bonnilie,
 His clean hearth-stane, his thrifty wifie's smile,
 The lispin' infant prattling on his knee,
 Does a' his weary carking cares beguile,
 An' makes him quite forget his labour an' his toil.

Belyve, the elder bairns come drapping in,
 At service out, amang the farmers roun';
 Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin
 A cannie errand to a neebor town:
 Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman-grown,
 In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,
 Comes hame, perhaps, to shew a braw new gown,
 Or deposit her sair-won penny-fee,
 To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

With joy unfeign'd brothers and sisters meet,
 An' each for other's weelfare kindly spiers:
 The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnotic'd fleet;
 Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears;
 The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years;
 Anticipation forward points the view.
 The mother, wi' her needle an' her sheers,
 Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new;
 The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

Their master's an' their mistress's command,
 The younkers a' are warned to obey;
 An' mind their labours wi' an eydent hand,
 An' ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jauk or play:
 An' O! be sure to fear the Lord alway,
 'An' mind your duty, duly, morn an' night!
 Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
 Implore His counsel and assisting might:
 They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright!'

But hark! a rap comes gently to the door;
 Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
 Tells how a neebor lad cam o'er the moor,
 To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
 The wily mother sees the conscious flame
 Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek;
 Wi' heart-struck, anxious care, inquires his name,
 While Jenny haffins is afraid to speak; [rake.
 Weel pleas'd the mother hears, it's nae wild, worthless

Wi' kindly welcome, Jenny brings him ben;
 A strappan youth; he takes the mother's eye;
 Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill ta'en;
 The father cracks of horses, pleughs, and kye.
 The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
 But blate and laithfu', scarce can weel behave;
 The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy

What makes the youth sae bashfu' an' sae grave ;
Weel-pleas'd to think her bairn's respected like the
lave.

O happy love ! where love like this is found !
O heart-felt raptures ! bliss beyond compare !
I've paced much this weary, mortal round,
And sage experience bids me this declare—
If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair
In other's arms breathe out the tender tale, [gale.
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the ev'ning

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart—
A wretch ! a villain ! lost to love and truth !
That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth ?
Curse on his perjur'd arts ! dissembling smooth !
Are honour, virtue, conscience, all exil'd ?
Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
Points to the parents fondling o'er their child ?
Then paints the ruin'd maid, and their distraction wild !

But now the supper crowns their simple board,
The halesome parritch, chief o' Scotia's food :
The soupe their only Hawkie does afford,
That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cood ;
The dame brings forth in complimental mood,
To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck, fell.
An' aft he's prest, an' aft he ca's it guid ;
The frugal wife, garrulous, will tell,
How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' lint was i' the bell.

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
They, round the ingle, form a circle wide ;
The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
The big ha' Bible, ance his father's pride :
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets wearing thin an' bare ;
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He wales a portion with judicious care,
And 'Let us worship God !' he says, with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise ;
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim :
Perhaps Dundee's wild warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy of the name ;
Or noble Elgin beats the heav'nward flame,
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays :
Compar'd with these, Italian trills are tame ;
The tickl'd ears no heartfelt raptures raise ;
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
 How Abram was the friend of God on high ;
 Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage
 With Amalek's ungracious progeny ;
 Or how the royal Bard did groaning lie
 Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire ;
 Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry ;
 Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire ;
 Or other holy Seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,
 How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed ;
 How He, who bore in Heaven the second name,
 Had not on earth whereon to lay His head ;
 How His first followers and servants sped ;
 The precepts sage they wrote to many a land ;
 How he, who lone in Patmos banished,
 Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand,
 And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounc'd by
 Heaven's command.

Then kneeling down, to Heaven's Eternal King,
 The saint, the father, and the husband prays :
 Hope 'springs exulting on triumphant wing,'
 That thus they all shall meet in future days :
 There ever bask in uncreated rays,
 No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
 Together hymning their Creator's praise,
 In such society, yet still more dear ; [sphere.
 While circling Time moves round in an eternal

Compar'd with this, how poor Religion's pride,
 In all the pomp of method, and of art,
 When men display to congregations wide
 Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the heart !
 The Power, incens'd, the pageant will desert,
 The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole ;
 But haply, in some cottage far apart,
 May hear, well pleas'd, the language of the soul ;
 And in His Book of Life the inmates poor enrol.

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way ;
 The youngling cottagers retire to rest :
 The parent-pair their secret homage pay,
 And proffer up to Heav'n the warm request,
 That He who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,
 And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,
 Would, in the way His wisdom sees the best,
 For them and for their little ones provide ;
 But chiefly, in their hearts with grace divine preside.
 From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
 That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad :

Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
'An honest man's the noblest work of God :'
And certes, in fair virtue's heavenly road,
The cottage leaves the palace far behind ;
What is a lordling's pomp ? a cumbrous load,
Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refin'd !

O Scotia ! my dear, my native soil !
For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent !
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content !
And, oh, may Heaven their simple lives prevent
From luxury's contagion, weak and vile ;
Then, how'er crowns and coronets be rent,
A virtuous populace may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much-lov'd Isle.

O Thou ! who pour'd the patriotic tide
That stream'd thro' Wallace's undaunted heart ;
Who dar'd to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the second glorious part,
(The patriot's God peculiarly Thou art,
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward !)
O never, never, Scotia's realm desert,
But still the patriot, and the patriot-bard,
In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard !

MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN.

A DIRGE.

WHEN chill November's surly blast
Made fields and forests bare,
One ev'ning as I wander'd forth
Along the banks of Ayr,
I spy'd a man, whose aged step
Seem'd weary, worn with care ;
His face was furrow'd o'er with years,
And hoary was his hair.
Young stranger, whither wand'rest thou ?
Began the rev'rend Sage ;
Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,
Or youthful pleasure's rage ?
Or, haply, prest with cares and woes,
Too soon thou hast began
To wander forth, with me, to mourn
The miseries of Man.
The sun that overhangs yon moors,
Out-spreading far and wide,

Where hundreds labour to support
 A haughty lordling's pride ;
 I've seen yon weary winter-sun
 Twice forty times return ;
 And ev'ry time has added proofs
 That Man was made to mourn,
 O man ! while in thy early years,
 How prodigal of time !
 Mis-spending all thy precious hours,
 Thy glorious youthful prime !
 Alternate follies take the sway ;
 Licentious passions burn ;
 Which tenfold force give nature's law
 That Man was made to mourn.

Look not alone on youthful prime,
 Or manhood's active might ;
 Man then is useful to his kind,
 Supported is his right.
 But see him on the edge of life,
 With cares and sorrows worn,
 Then age and want, Oh ! ill-match'd pair t
 Show Man was made to mourn.

A few seem favourites of fate,
 In pleasure's lap carest ;
 Yet, think not all the rich and great
 Are likewise truly blest.
 But, Oh ! what crowds in ev'ry land
 Are wretched and forlorn ;
 Thro' weary life this lesson learn,
 That Man was made to mourn.

Many and sharp the num'rous ills
 Inwoven with our frame !
 More pointed still we make ourselves,
 Regret, remorse, and shame !
 And man, whose heaven-erected face
 The smiles of love adorn,
 Man's inhumanity to man
 Makes countless thousands mourn !

See yonder poor, o'erlabour'd wight,
 So abject, mean, and vile,
 Who begs a brother of the earth
 To give him leave to toil ;
 And see his lordly fellow-worm
 The poor petition spurn,
 Unmindful, tho' a weeping wife
 And helpless offspring mourn.

If I'm design'd yon lordling's slave,
 By nature's law design'd,

Why was an independent wish
 E'er planted in my mind?
 If not, why am I subject to
 His cruelty or scorn?
 Or why has man the will and pow'r
 To make his fellow mourn?
 Yet, let not this too much, my son,
 Disturb thy youthful breast;
 This partial view of human-kind
 Is surely not the last!
 The poor, oppressed, honest man
 Had never, sure, been born,
 Had there not been some recompense
 To comfort those that mourn!
 O Death! the poor man's dearest friend,
 The kindest and the best!
 Welcome the hour my aged limbs
 Are laid with thee at rest!
 The great, the wealthy, fear thy blow,
 From pomp and pleasure torn;
 But, Oh! a blest relief to those
 That weary-laden mourn!

A PRAYER, IN THE PROSPECT OF DEATH.

O THOU unknown, Almighty Cause
 Of all my hope and fear!
 In whose dread presence, ere an hour,
 Perhaps I must appear!
 If I have wander'd in those paths
 Of life I ought to shun;
 As something, loudly in my breast,
 Remonstrates I have done;
 Thou know'st that Thou hast form'd me
 With passions wild and strong;
 And list'ning to their witching voice
 Has often led me wrong.
 Where human weakness has come short,
 Or frailty stept aside,
 Do Thou, All-Good! for such Thou art,
 In shades of darkness hide.
 Where with intention I have err'd,
 No other plea I have,
 But, Thou art good; and Goodness still
 Delighteth to forgive.

STANZAS ON THE SAME OCCASION.

WHY am I loth to leave this earthly scene?
 Have I so found it full of pleasing charms?
 Some drops of joy with draughts of ill between:
 Some gleams of sunshine 'mid renewing storms;
 Is it departing pangs my soul alarms?
 Or Death's unlovely, dreary, dark abode?
 For guilt, for guilt, my terrors are in arms;
 I tremble to approach an angry God,
 And justly smart beneath His sin-avenging rod.
 Fain would I say, 'Forgive my foul offence!'
 Fain promise never more to disobey;
 But, should my Author health again dispense,
 Again I might desert fair virtue's way;
 Again in folly's path might go astray;
 Again exalt the brute, and sink the man;
 Then how should I for Heavenly mercy pray,
 Who act so counter Heavenly mercy's plan?
 Who sin so oft have mourn'd, yet to temptation ran?
 O Thou, great Governor of all below!
 If I may dare a lifted eye to Thee,
 Thy nod can make the tempest cease to blow,
 And still the tumult of the raging sea:
 With that controlling pow'r assist ev'n me,
 Those headlong furious passions to confine,
 For all unfit I feel my powers to be,
 To rule their torrent in th' allowed line;
 O, aid me with Thy help, Omnipotence Divine!

 LYING AT A REVEREND FRIEND'S
 HOUSE ONE NIGHT.

THE AUTHOR LEFT THE FOLLOWING VERSES
 IN THE ROOM WHERE HE SLEPT.

O THOU dread Pow'r, who reign'st above,
 I know Thou wilt me hear;
 When for this scene of peace and love
 I make my pray'r sincere.

The hoary sire—the mortal stroke,
 Long, long, be pleas'd to spare,
 To bless his little filial flock,
 And show what good men are.

She, who her lovely offspring eyes
 With tender hopes and fears,

O, bless her with a mother's joys,
But spare a mother's tears!

Their hope, their stay, their darling youth,
In manhood's dawning blush;
Bless him, thou God of love and truth,
Up to a parent's wish.

The beauteous, seraph sister-band,
With earnest tears I pray,
Thou know'st the snares on ev'ry hand,
Guide Thou their steps always.

When soon or late they reach that coast,
O'er life's rough ocean driven,
May they rejoice, no wand'rer lost,
A family in Heaven!

THE FIRST PSALM.

THE man, in life wherever plac'd,
Hath happiness in store,
Who walks not in the wicked's way,
Nor learns their guilty lore:

Nor from the seat of scornful pride
Casts forth his eyes abroad,
But with humility and awe
Still walks before his God.

That man shall flourish like the trees
Which by the streamlets grow;
The fruitful top is spread on high,
And firm the root below.

But he whose blossom buds in guilt
Shall to the ground be cast,
And like the rootless stubble tost
Before the sweeping blast.

For why? that God the good adore
Hath giv'n them peace and rest,
But hath decreed that wicked men
Shall ne'er be truly blest.

A PRAYER, UNDER THE PRESSURE OF VIOLENT ANGUISH.

O THOU great Being! what Thou art
Surpasses me to know:

Yet sure I am, that known to Thee
Are all Thy works below.

Thy creature here before Thee stands,
All wretched and distress;
Yet sure those ills that wring my soul
Obey Thy high behest.

Sure, Thou; Almighty, canst not act
From cruelty or wrath!
O, free my weary eyes from tears,
Or close them fast in death!

But if I must afflicted be,
To suit some wise design;
Then, man my soul with firm resolves
To bear and not repine!

THE FIRST SIX VERSES OF THE NINETEENTH PSALM.

O THOU, the first, the greatest friend
Of all the human race!
Whose strong right hand has ever been
Their stay and dwelling-place!

Before the mountains heav'd their heads
Beneath Thy forming hand,
Before this ponderous globe itself
Arose at Thy command;

That pow'r which rais'd and still upholds
This universal frame,
From countless, unbeginning time
Was ever still the same.

Those mighty periods of years
Which seem to us so vast,
Appear no more before Thy sight
Than yesterday that's past.

Thou giv'st the word; Thy creature, man,
Is to existence brought;
Again, Thou say'st, 'Ye sons of men,
Return ye into nought!'

Thou layest them, with all their cares,
In everlasting sleep;
As with a flood Thou tak'st them off
With overwhelming sweep.

They flourish like the morning flow'r,
In beauty's pride array'd ;
But long ere night cut down it lies
All wither'd and decay'd.

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY,
ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLOUGH,
IN APRIL, 1786.

WEE, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r,
Thou's met me in an evil hour ;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem.
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
Thou bonnie gem.

Alas ! it's no thy neebor sweet,
The bonnie Lark, companion meet !
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet !
Wi' speckl'd breast,
When upward-springing, blythe, to greet
The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth ;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce rear'd above the parent-earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flow'rs our gardens yield,
High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield,
But thou, beneath the random bield
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie stibble-field,
Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawy bosom sun-ward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise ;
But now the share uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies !

Such is the fate of artless Maid,
Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade !
By love's simplicity betray'd,
And guileless trust,
Till she, like thee, all soil'd, is laid
Low i' the dust.

TO MISS LOGAN, WITH BEATTIE'S
POEMS,

FOR A NEW-YEAR'S GIFT, JANUARY 1, 1787.

AGAIN the silent wheels of time
Their annual round have driv'n,
And you, tho' scarce in maiden prime,
Are so much nearer Heav'n.

No gifts have I from Indian coasts
The infant year to hail ;
I send you more than India boasts,
In Edwin's simple tale.

Our sex with guile and faithless love
Is charg'd, perhaps too true ;
But may, dear Maid, each lover prove
An Edwin still to you !

EPISTLE TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

MAY, 1786.

I LANG hae thought, my youthfu' friend,
A something to have sent you,
Tho' it should serve nae ither end
Than just a kind memento ;
But how the subject theme may gang,
Let time and chance determine ;
Perhaps it may turn out a sang,
Perhaps turn out a sermon.

Ye'll try the world fu' soon, my lad,
And, Andrew dear, believe me,
Ye'll find mankind an unco squad,
And muckle they may grieve ye :
For care and trouble set your thought,
Ev'n when your end's attained ;
And a' your views may come to nought,
Where ev'ry nerve is strained.

I'll no say men are villains a' ;
The real, harden'd, wicked,
Wha hae nae check but human law,
Are to a few restricked :
But Och ! mankind are unco weak,
An' little to be trusted ;
If self the wavering balance shake,
It's rarely right adjusted !

Yet they wha fa' in fortune's strife,
 Their fate we should na censure,
 For still th' important end of life
 They equally may answer ;
 A man may hae an honest heart,
 Tho' poortith hourly stare him ;
 A man may tak a neebor's part,
 Yet hae nae cash to spare him.

Aye free, aff han' your story tell,
 When wi' a bosom crony ;
 But still keep something to yoursel
 Ye scarcely tell to ony.
 Conceal yoursel as weel's ye can
 Frae critical dissection ;
 But keek thro' ev'ry other man
 Wi' sharpen'd, sly inspection.

The sacred lowe o' weel-plac'd love,
 Luxuriantly indulge it ;
 But never tempt th' illicit rove,
 Tho' naething should divulge it ;
 I waive the quantum o' the sin,
 The hazard o' concealing ;
 But Och ! it hardens a' within,
 And petrifies the feeling !

To catch dame Fortune's golden smile,
 Assiduous wait upon her ;
 And gather gear by ev'ry wile
 That's justifi'd by honour ;
 Not for to hide it in a hedge,
 Nor for a train attendant ;
 But for the glorious privilege
 Of being independent.

The fear o' hell's a hangman's whip
 To haud the wretch in order ;
 But where ye feel your honour grip,
 Let that aye be your border :
 It's slightest touches, instant pause —
 Debar a' side pretences ;
 And resolutely keep its laws,
 Uncaring consequences.

The great Creator to revere,
 Must sure become the creature ;
 But still the preaching cant forbear,
 And ev'n the rigid feature :
 Yet ne'er with wits profane to range,
 Be complaisance extended ;
 An Atheist-laugh's a poor exchange
 For Deity offended !

When ranting round in pleasure's ring,
 Religion may be blinded ;
 Or, if she gie a random sting,
 It may be little minded :
 But when on life we're tempest-driv'n,
 A conscience but a canker—
 A correspondence fix'd wi' Heav'n
 Is sure a noble anchor !

Adieu, dear, amiable Youth !
 Your heart can ne'er be wanting !
 May prudence, fortitude, and truth,
 Erect your brow undaunting !
 In ploughman phrase, 'God send you speed'
 Still daily to grow wiser ;
 And may you better reck the rede
 Than ever did th' Adviser !

ON A SCOTCH BARD, GONE TO THE WEST INDIES.

A' YE wha live by sowps o' drink,
 A' ye wha live by crambo-link,
 A' ye wha live an' never think,
 Come mourn wi' me !
 Our billie's gi'en us a' a jink,
 An' owre the sea.

Lament him a' ye rantin core,
 Wha dearly like a random-splore,
 Nae mair he'll join the merry roar,
 In social key ;
 For now he's ta'en anither shore,
 An' owre the sea.

The bonnie lasses weel may miss him,
 And in their dear petitions place him :
 The widows, wives, an' a' may bless him,
 Wi' tearfu' e'e ;
 For weel I wat they'll sairly miss him
 That's owre the sea !

O Fortune, they hae room to grumble !
 Hadst thou ta'en aff some drowsy bummle,
 Wha can do nought but fyke an' fumble,
 'Twad been nae plea ;
 But he was gleg as ony wumble,
 That's owre the sea !

Auld, cantie Kyle may weepers wear,
 An' stain them wi' the saut, saut tear ;

'Twill mak her poor, auld heart, I fear,
 In finders flee;
 He was her Laureat mony a year
 That's owre the sea!

He saw misfortune's cauld nor'-west
 Lang mustering up a bitter blast:
 A jillet brak his heart at last,
 Ill may she be!
 So, took a berth afore the mast,
 An' owre the sea.

To tremble under Fortune's cummock,
 On scarce a bellyfu' o' drummock,
 Wi' his proud independent stomach,
 Could ill agree;
 So, row't his hurdies in a hammock,
 An' owre the sea.

He ne'er was gi'en to great misguidin';
 Yet coin his pouches wad na bide in;
 W' him it ne'er was under hidin',
 He dealt it free:
 The Muse was a' that he could pride in,
 That's owre the sea.

Jamaica bodies use him weel,
 An' hap him in a cozie biel;
 Ye'll find him aye a dainty chiel,
 An' fu' o' glee;
 He wad na wrang'd the very deil,
 That's owre the sea.

Fareweel, my rhyme-composing billie!
 Your native soil was right ill-willie;
 But may ye flourish like a lily,
 Now bonnilie!
 I'll toast ye in my hindmost gillie,
 Tho' owre the sea!

TO A HAGGIS.

FAIR fa' your honest, sonsie face,
 Great chieftain o' the puddin'-race!
 Aboon them a' ye tak your place,
 Painch, tripe, or thairm:
 Weel are ye wordy o' a grace
 As lang's my arm.

The groaning trencher there ye fill,
 Your hurdies like a distant hill,

Your pin wad help to mend a mill
 In time o' need,
 While thro' your pores the dew's distil
 Like amber bead.

His knife see rustic labour dight,
 An' cut you up wi' ready slight,
 Trenching your gushing entrails bright
 Like ony ditch ;
 And then, O what a glorious sight,
 Warm-reekin, rich !

Then, horn for horn they stretch an' strive,
 Deil tak the hindmost, on they drive,
 Till a' their weel-swallow'd kytes belyve
 Are bent like drums ;
 Then auld guidman, maist like to rive,
 Bethankit hums.

Is there that o'er his French ragout,
 Or olio that wad staw a sow,
 Or fricassee wad mak her spew
 Wi' perfect scunner,
 Looks down wi' sneering, scornfu' view
 On sic a dinner ?

Poor devil ! see him owre his trash,
 As feckless as a wither'd rash,
 His spindle shank a guid whip-lash,
 His nieve a nit :
 Thro' bloody flood or field to dash,
 O how unfit !

But mark the rustic, haggis-fed,
 The trembling earth resounds his tread,
 Clap in his walie nieve a blade,
 He'll mak it whistle ;
 An' legs, an' arms, an' heads will sned,
 Like taps o' thrissle.

Ye Pow'rs, wha mak mankind your care,
 And dish them out their bill o' fare,
 Auld Scotland wants nae skinking ware
 That jaups in luggies ;
 But, if you wish her gratefu' prayer,
 Gie her a Haggis !

A DEDICATION TO GAVIN
 HAMILTON, ESQ.

EXPECT na, Sir, in this narration,
 A fleechin', fleth'rin' Dedication,

To roose you up, an' ca' you guid,
 An' sprung o' great an' noble bluid,
 Because ye're sirmam'd like his Grace,
 Perhaps related to the race ;
 Then when I'm tir'd—and sae are ye,
 Wi' mony a fulsome, sinfu' lie,
 Set up a face, how I stop short,
 For fear your modesty be hurt.

This may do—maun do, Sir, wi' them wha
 Maun please the great folk for a wamefou ;
 For me ! sae laigh I needna bow,
 For, Lord be thankit, I can plough ;
 And when I downa yoke a naig,
 Then, Lord be thankit, I can beg :
 Sae I shall say, an' that's nae flatt'rin',
 It's just sic Poet an' sic Patron.

The Poet, some guid angel help him,
 Or else, I fear, some ill ane skelp him !
 He may do weel for a' he's done yet,
 But only—he's no just begun yet.

The Patron (Sir, ye maun forgi'e me,
 I winna lie, come what will o' me),
 On ev'ry hand it will allow'd be,
 He's just—nae better than he should be.

I readily and freely grant,
 He downa see a poor man want ;
 What's no his ain he winna tak it,
 What ance he says he winna break it ;
 Ought he can lend he'll not refus't,
 Till aft his guidness is abus'd ;
 And rascals whiles that do him wrang,
 Ev'n that, he does na mind it lang :
 As master, landlord, husband, father,
 He does na fail his part in either.

But then, nae thanks to him for a' that ;
 Nae godly symptom ye can ca' that ;
 It's naething but a milder feature
 Of our poor, sinfu', corrupt nature :
 Ye'll get the best o' moral works,
 Mang black Gentoos and pagan Turks,
 Or hunters wild on Ponotaxi,
 Wha never heard of orthodoxy.
 That he's the poor man's friend in need,
 The gentleman in word and deed,
 It's no thro' terror of damnation ;
 It's just a carnal inclination.

Morality, thou deadly bane,
 Thy tens o' thousands thou hast slain!
 Vain is his hope, whase stay and trust is
 In moral mercy, truth, and justice!

No—stretch a point to catch a plack;
 Abuse a brother to his back;
 Steal thro' the winnock frae a whore,
 But point the rake that tak's the door:
 Be to the poor like ony whunstane,
 And haud their noses to the grunstane,
 Ply ev'ry art o' legal thieving;
 No matter—stick to sound believing.

Learn three-mile pray'rs, an' half-mile graces,
 Wi' weel-spread looves, an' lang, wry faces:
 Grunt up a solemn, lengthen'd groan,
 And damn a' parties but your own:
 I'll warrant then, ye're nae deceiver,
 A steady, sturdy, staunch believer.

O ye wha leave the springs of Calvin,
 For gumlie dubs of your ain delvin'!
 Ye sons of heresy and error,
 Ye'll some day squeel in quaking terror!
 When vengeance draws the sword in wrath,
 And in the fire throws the sheath;
 When Ruin, with his sweeping bosom,
 Just frets till Heav'n commission gies him:
 While o'er the harp pale mis'ry moans,
 And strikes the ever-deep'ning tones,
 Still louder shrieks, and heavier groans!

Your pardon, Sir, for this digression,
 I maist forgat my dedication;
 But when divinity comes 'cross me,
 My readers still are sure to lose me.

So, Sir, ye see 'twas nae daft vapour,
 But I maturely thought it proper,
 When a' my works I did review,
 To dedicate them, Sir, to You:
 Because (ye need na tak it ill)
 I thought them something like yoursel'.

Then patronise them wi' your favour,
 And your petitioner shall ever—
 I had amaist said ever pray:
 But that's a word I need na say;
 For prayin' I hae little skill o't;
 I'm baith dead-sweer, an' wretched ill o't,
 But I'se repeat each poor man's pray'r,
 That kens or hears about you, Sir.

' May ne'er Misfortune's gowling bark
 Howl thro' the dwelling o' the Clerk !
 May ne'er his gen'rous, honest heart
 For that same gen'rous spirit smart ;
 May Kennedy's far-honour'd name
 Lang beat his hymeneal flame,
 Till Hamiltons at least a dizzen
 Are frae their nuptial labours risen :
 Five bonnie lasses round their table,
 And seven braw fellows, stout an' able
 To serve their King and Country weel,
 By word, or pen, or pointed steel !
 May health and peace, with mutual rays,
 Shine on the evening o' his days ;
 Till his wee curlie John's ier-oe,
 When ebbing life nae mair shall flow,
 The last, sad, mournful rites bestow !

I will not wind a lang conclusion,
 Wi' complimentary effusion :
 But whilst your wishes and endeavours
 Are blest with Fortune's smiles and favours,
 I am, dear Sir, with zeal most fervent,
 Your much indebted, humble servant.

But if (which Pow'rs above prevent)
 That iron-hearted carl, Want,
 Attended in his grim advances,
 By sad mistakes, and black mischances,
 While hopes, and joys, and pleasures fly him,
 Make you as poor a dog as I am,
 Your humble servant then no more ;
 For who would humbly serve the poor ?
 But, by a poor man's hopes in heaven !
 While recollection's pow'r is given,
 If, in the vale of humble life,
 The victim sad of fortune's strife,
 I, thro' the tender gushing tear,
 Should recognise my Master dear,
 If friendless, low, we meet together,
 Then, Sir, your hand—my Friend and Brother !

TO A LOUSE,

ON SEEING ONE ON A LADY'S BONNET AT
CHURCH.

HA! whare ye gaun, ye crawlin ferlie !
 Your impudence protects you sairly :

I canna say but ye strunt rarely,
 Owre gauze and lace;
 Tho', faith, I fear ye dine but sparely
 On sic a place.

Ye ugly, creepin', blastit wonner,
 Detested, shunn'd, by saunt an' sinner,
 How dare ye set your fit upon her,
 Sae fine a lady!
 Gae somewhere else, and seek your dinner
 On some poor body.

Swith, in some beggar's haffet squattle;
 There ye may creep, and sprawl, and sprattle
 Wi' ither kindred, jumping cattle,
 In shoals and nations;
 Whare horn nor bane ne'er dare unsettle
 Your thick plantations.

Now haud ye there, ye're out o' sight,
 Below the fatt'rels, snug an' tight;
 Na, faith ye yet! ye'll no be right
 Till ye've got on it,
 The vera tapmost, tow'ring height
 O' Miss's bonnet.

My sooth! right bauld ye set your nose out,
 As plump and gray as ony grozet;
 O for some rank, mercurial rozet,
 Of fell, red smeddum,
 I'd gie you sic a hearty dose o't,
 Wad dress your droddum!

I wad na been surpris'd to spy
 You on an auld wife's flainen toy;
 Or aiblins some bit duddie boy,
 On 's wyliecoat;
 But Miss's fine Lunardi! fie,
 How daur ye do't?

O, Jenny, dinna toss your head,
 An' set your beauties a' abroad!
 Ye little ken what cursed speed
 The blastie's makin'!
 Thae winks and finger-ends, I dread
 Are notice takin'!

O wad some Pow'r the giftie gie us
 To see oursels as others see us!
 It wad frae mony a blunder free us
 And foolish notion:
 What airs in dress an' gait wad lea'e us,
 And ev'n Devotion!

ADDRESS TO EDINBURGH.

EDINA! Scotia's darling seat!
 All hail thy palaces and tow'rs,
 Where once beneath a monarch's feet
 Sat Legislation's sov'reign pow'rs!
 From marking wildly-scatter'd flow'rs,
 As on the banks of Ayr I stray'd,
 And singing, lone, the ling'ring hours,
 I shelter in thy honour'd shade.

Here Wealth still swells the golden tide,
 As busy Trade his labours plies;
 There Architecture's noble pride
 Bids elegance and splendour rise;
 Here Justice, from her native skies,
 High wields her balance and her rod;
 There Learning, with his eagle eyes,
 Seeks Science in her coy abode.

Thy sons, Edina, social, kind,
 With open arms the stranger hail;
 Their views enlarg'd, their lib'ral mind,
 Above the narrow, rural vale;
 Attentive still to sorrow's wail,
 Or modest merit's silent claim:
 And never may their sources fail!
 And never envy blot their name!

Thy daughters bright thy walks adorn,
 Gay as the gilded summer sky,
 Sweet as the dewy milk-white thorn,
 Dear as the raptur'd thrill of joy!
 Fair Burnet strikes th' adoring eye,
 Heaven's beauties on my fancy shine;
 I see the Sire of Love on high,
 And own his work indeed divine!

There watching high the least alarms,
 Thy rough, rude fortress gleams afar;
 Like some bold vet'ran, gray in arms,
 And mark'd with many a seamy scar:
 The pond'rous wall and massy bar,
 Grim-rising o'er the rugged rock,
 Have oft withstood assailing war,
 And oft repell'd th' invader's shock.

With awe-struck thought, and pitying tears,
 I view that noble, stately dome,
 Where Scotia's kings of other years,
 Fam'd heroes, had their royal home;

Alas, how chang'd the times to come!
 Their royal name low in the dust!
 Their hapless race wild-wand'ring roam!
 Tho' rigid law cries out, 'twas just!

Wild beats my heart to trace your steps,
 Whose ancestors, in days of yore,
 Thro' hostile ranks and ruin'd gaps
 Old Scotia's bloody lion bore:
 Ev'n I who sing in rustic lore,
 Haply my sires have left their shed,
 And fac'd grim danger's loudest roar,
 Bold-following where your fathers led!

Edina! Scotia's darling seat!
 All hail thy palaces and tow'rs,
 Where once beneath a monarch's feet
 Sat Legislation's sov'reign pow'rs!
 From marking wildly-scatter'd flow'rs,
 As on the banks of Ayr I stray'd,
 And singing, lone, the ling'ring hours,
 I shelter in thy honour'd shade.

EPISTLE TO JOHN LAPRAIK, AN OLD SCOTTISH BARD.

April 1, 1785.

WHILE briers an' woodbines budding green,
 An' paitricks scraichin' loud at e'en,
 An' morning poussie whiddin' seen,
 Inspire my Muse,
 This freedom, in an unknown frien',
 I pray excuse.

On Fasten-e'en we had a rockin',
 To ca' the crack and weave our stockin';
 And there was muckle fun and jokin',
 Ye need na doubt;
 At length we had a hearty yokin'
 At sang about.

There was ae sang amang the rest,
 Aboon them a' it pleas'd me best,
 That some kind husband had address
 To some sweet wife:
 It thirl'd the heart-strings thro' the breast,
 A' to the life.

I've scarce heard ought describ'd sae weel,
 What gen'rous manly bosoms feel;

Thought I, ' Can this be Pope, or Steele,
Or Beattie's wark !'
They tald me 'twas an odd kind chiel
About Muirkirk.

It pat me fidgin'-fain to hear't,
And sae about him there I spier't ;
Then a' that ken'd him round declar'd
He had ingine,
That nane excell'd it, few cam near't,
It was sae fine.

That, set him to a pint of ale,
An' either douce or merry tale,
Or rhymes an' sangs he'd made himsel',
Or witty catches,
'Tween Inverness and Teviotdale,
He had few matches.

Then up I gat, an' swear an aith,
Tho' I should pawn my pleugh and graith,
Or die a cadger pownie's death,
At some dyke-back,
A pint an' gill, I'd gie them baith,
To hear your crack.

But, first an' foremost, I should tell,
Amaist as soon as I could spell,
I to the crambo-jingle fell,
Thro' rude an' rough,
Yet crooning to a body's sel'
Does weel enough.

I am nae Poet, in a sense,
But just a Rhymer, like, by chance,
An' hae to learning nae pretence,
Yet, what the matter ?
Whene'er my Muse does on me glance,
I jingle at her.

Your critic-folk may cock their nose,
And say, ' How can you e'er propose,
You wha ken hardly verse frae prose,
To mak a sang ?'
But, by your leaves, my learned foes,
Ye're maybe wrang.

What's a' your jargon o' your schools,
Your Latin names for horns an' stools ;
If honest Nature made you fools,
What sairs your grammars ?
Ye'd better ta'en up spades and shools,
Or knappin'-hammers.

A set o' dull, conceited hashes,
 Confuse their brains in college classes!
 They gang in stirks, and come out asses,
 Plain truth to speak;
 An' syne they think to climb Parnassus
 By dint o' Greek!

Gie me ae spark o' Nature's fire,
 That's a' the learning I desire;
 Then tho' I drudge thro' dub an' mire
 At pleugh or cart,
 My Muse, though hamely in attire,
 May touch the heart.

O for a spunk o' Allan's glee,
 Or Ferguson's, the bauld an' slee,
 Or bright Lapraik's, my friend to be,
 If I can hit it!
 That would be lear enough for me,
 If I could get it.

Now, Sir, if ye hae friends enow,
 Tho' real friends, I b'lieve, are few,
 Yet, if your catalogue be fou,
 I'se no insist,
 But gif ye want ae friend that's true,
 I'm on your list.

I winna blaw about mysel',
 As ill I like my fauts to tell;
 But friends, an' folks that wish me well,
 They sometimes roose me;
 Tho' I maun own, as mony still
 As far abuse me.

There's ae wee faut they whiles lay to me,
 I like the lasses—Gude forgi'e me!
 For mony a plack they wheedle frae me,
 At dance or fair;
 Maybe some ither thing they gi'e me
 They weel can spare.

But Mauchline race, or Mauchline fair,
 I should be proud to meet you there;
 Wes gie ae night's discharge to care,
 If we forgather,
 An' hae a swap o' rhymin'-ware
 Wi' ane anither.

The four-gill chap, we'se gar him clatter,
 An' kirsen him wi' reekin' water;
 Syne we'll sit down an' tak our whitter
 To cheer our heart:
 An' faith we'se be acquainted better
 Before we part.

Awa', ye selfish, warly race,
 Wha think that havins, sense, an' grace,
 Ev'n love an' friendship, should give place
 To catch-the-plack!

I dinna like to see your face,
 Nor hear your crack.

But ye whom social pleasure charms,
 Whose hearts the tide of kindness warms,
 Who hold your being on the terms,
 'Each aid the others,'

Come to my bowl, come to my arms,
 My friends, my brothers!

But to conclude my lang epistle,
 As my auld pen's worn to the grissle;
 Twa lines frae you wad gar me fistle,
 Who am, most fervent,
 While I can either sing or whistle,
 Your friend and servant.

TO THE SAME.

April 21, 1785.

WHILE new-ca'd kye rowte at the stake,
 An' pownies reek in pleugh or braik,
 This hour on e'enin's edge I take,
 To own I'm debtor,
 To honest-hearted, auld Lapraik
 For his kind letter.

Forjesket sair, wi' weary legs,
 Rattlin' the corn out-owre the rigs,
 Or dealing thro' amang the naigs
 Their ten-hours' bite,
 My awkward Muse sair pleads and begs
 I would na write.

The tapetless, ramfeeze'd hizzie,
 She's saft at best, and something lazy,
 Quo' she, 'Ye ken, we've been sae busy,
 This month an' mair,
 That trouth my head is grown right dizzie,
 An' something sair.'

Her dowff excuses pat me mad;
 'Conscience,' says I, 'ye thowless jad!
 I'll write, an' that a hearty blaud,
 This very night;
 So dinna ye affront your trade,
 But rhyme it right.

‘ Shall bauld Lapraik, the King o’ hearts,
 Tho’ mankind were a pack o’ cartes,
 Roose you sae weel for your deserts,
 In terms sae friendly,
 Yet ye’ll neglect to shaw your parts,
 And thank him kindly!’

Sae I gat paper in a blink,
 An’ down gaed stumpie in the ink:
 Quoth I, ‘ Before I sleep a wink,
 I vow I’ll close it,
 An’ if ye winna mak it clink,
 By Jove I’ll prose it!’

Sae I’ve begun to scrawl, but whether
 In rhyme, or prose, or baith thegither,
 Or some hotch-potch that’s rightly neither,
 Let time mak proof;
 But I shall scribble down some blether
 Just clean aff-loof.

My worthy friend, ne’er grudge an’ carp,
 Tho’ fortune use you hard an’ sharp;
 Come, kittle up your moorland harp
 W’ gleesome touch!
 Ne’er mind how fortune waft an’ warp;
 She’s but a bitch.

She’s gi’en me mony a jirt an’ fleg,
 Sin’ I could striddle owre a rig;
 But, by the Lord, tho’ I should beg
 Wi’ lyart pow,
 I’ll laugh, an’ sing, an’ shake my leg,
 As lang’s I dow!

Now comes the sax an’ twentieth simmer,
 I’ve seen the bud upo’ the timmer,
 Still persecuted by the limmer
 Frae year to year;
 But yet, despite the kittle kimmer,
 I, Rob, am here.

Do ye envy the city Gent,
 Behind a kist to lie an’ sklent,
 Or purse-proud, big wi’ cent per cent;
 An’ muckle wame,
 In some bit Brugh to represent
 A Bailie’s name?

Or is’t the paughty feudal Thane,
 Wi’ ruffled sark an’ glancing cane,
 Wha thinks himsel’ nae sheep-shank bane,
 But lordly stalks,
 While caps and bonnets aff are ta’en,
 As by he walks?

' O Thou wha gi'es us each guid gift !
 Gi'e me o' wit an' sense a lift,
 Then turn me, if Thou please, adrift,
 Thro' Scotland wide ;
 Wi' cits nor lairds I wadna shift
 In a' their pride !'
 Were this the charter of our state,
 ' On pain o' hell, be rich an' great,'
 Damnation then would be our fate,
 Beyond remead ;
 But, thanks to Heaven ! that's no the gate
 We learn our creed ;
 For thus the royal mandate ran,
 When first the human race began,
 ' The social, friendly, honest man,
 Whate'er he be,
 'Tis he fulfils great Nature's plan,
 And none but he !'
 O mandate glorious and divine !
 The followers of the ragged Nine,
 Poor, thoughtless devils ! yet may shine
 In glorious light,
 While sordid sons of Mammon's line
 Are dark as night.
 Tho' here they scrape an' squeeze an' growl,
 Their worthless nievefu' of a soul
 May in some future carcase howl,
 The forest's fright ;
 Or in some day-detesting owl
 May shun the light.
 Then may Lapraik and Burns arise,
 To reach their native, kindred skies,
 And sing their pleasures, hopes, an' joys,
 In some mild sphere,
 Still closer knit in friendship's ties
 Each passing year !

TO WILLIAM SIMPSON,
 OCHILTREE.

May, 1785.

I GAT your letter, winsome Willie ;
 Wi' gratefu' heart I thank you brawlie ;
 Tho' I maun say't, I wad be silly,
 An' unco vain,
 Should I believe, my coaxin' billie,
 Your flatterin' strain.

But I'se believe ye kindly meant it,
 I sud be laith to think you hinted
 Ironic satire, sidelins sklented
 On my poor Musie ;
 Tho' in sic phraisin terms ye've penn'd
 I scarce excuse ye.

My senses wad be in a creel,
 Should I but dare a hope to speel,
 Wi' Allan, or wi' Gilbertfield,
 The braes o' Fame ;
 Or Ferguson, the writer-chiel—
 A deathless name.

O Ferguson ! thy glorious parts
 Ill suited law's dry, musty arts !
 My curse upon your whunstane hearts,
 Ye Enbrugh Gentry !
 The tythe o' what ye waste at cartes
 Wad stow'd his pantry.

Yet when a tale comes i' my head,
 Or lass'es gi'e my heart a screed,
 As whiles they're like to be my dead,
 (O sad disease !)

I kittle up my rustic reed ;
 It gi'es me ease.

Auld Coila, now, may fidge fu' fain,
 She's gotten Poets o' her ain,
 Chiels wha their chanters winna hain,
 But tune their lays,
 Till echoes a' resound again
 Her weel-sung praise.

Nae Poet thought her worth his while
 To set her name in measur'd style ;
 She lay like some unkerd-of isle,
 Beside New Holland,
 Or whare wild-meeting oceans boil
 Besouth Magellan.

Ramsay an' famous Ferguson
 Gied Forth an' Tay a lift aboon ;
 Yarrow an' Tweed, to mony a tune,
 Owre Scotland rings,
 While Irwin, Lugar, Ayr, and Doon,
 Naebody sings.

Th' Ilissus, Tiber, Thames, an' Seine,
 Glide sweet in mony a tunefu' line !
 But, Willie, set your fit to mine,
 An' cock your crest,
 We'll gar our streams an' burnies shine
 Up wi' the best.

We'll sing auld Coila's plains an' fells,
 Her moors red-brown wi' heather bells,
 Her banks an' braes, her dens an' dells,
 Where glorious Wallace
 Aft bure the gree, as story tells,
 Frae Southern billies.

At Wallace' name, what Scottish blood
 But boils up in a spring-tide flood!
 Oft have our fearless fathers strode
 By Wallace' side,
 Still pressing onward, red-wat-shod,
 Or glorious died.

O, sweet are Coila's haughs an' woods,
 When lintwhites chant amang the buds,
 And jinkin hares, in amorous whids,
 Their loves enjoy,
 While thro' the braes the cushat croods
 Wi' wailfu' cry!

Ev'n winter bleak has charms to me
 When winds rave thro' the naked tree;
 Or frosts on hills of Ochiltree
 Are hoary grey;
 Or blinding drifts wild furious flee,
 Dark'ning the day!

O Nature! a' thy shows an' forms
 To feeling, pensive hearts hae charms!
 Whether the summer kindly warms
 Wi' life an' light,
 Or winter howls, in gusty storms,
 The lang, dark night!

The Muse, nae Poet ever fand her,
 Till by himsel' he learn'd to wander,
 Adown some trottin' burn's meander,
 An' no think lang;

O sweet to stray an' pensive ponder
 A heart-felt sang!

The warly race may drudge an' drive,
 Hog-shouther, jundie, stretch, an' strive,
 Let me fair Nature's face describe,
 And I, wi' pleasure,
 Shall let the busy, grumblin' hive
 Bum owre their treasure.

Fareweel, my rhyme-composing brither!
 We've been owre lang unkenn'd to ither:
 Now let us lay our heads thegither
 In love fraternal:
 May Envy wallop in a tether,
 Black fiend, infernal!

While Highlandmen hate tolls an' taxes ;
 While moorlan' herds like guid, fat braxies ;
 While Terra Firma on her axis
 Diurnal turns,
 Count on a friend, in faith an' practice,
 In Robert Burns.

POSTSCRIPT.

My memory's no worth a preen ;
 I had amaist forgotten clean
 You bade me write you what they mean
 By this New-Light,
 'Bout which our herds sae aft hae been
 Maist like to fight.

In days when mankind were but callans
 At grammar, logic, an' sic talents,
 They took nae pains their speech to balance,
 Or rules to gi'e,
 But spak their thoughts in plain, braid Lalans,
 Like you or me.

In thae auld times they thought the moon
 Just like a sark or pair o' shoon,
 Wore by degrees, till her last roon
 Gaed past their viewin',
 An' shortly after she was done,
 They gat a new one.

This pass'd for certain, undisputed ;
 It ne'er cam i' their heads to doubt it,
 Till chieles gat up an' wad confute it,
 An' ca'd it wrang ;
 An' muckle din there was about it,
 Baith loud an' lang.

Some herds, weel learn'd upo' the beuk,
 Wad threap auld folk the thing misteuk ;
 For 'twas the auld moon turn'd a neuk,
 An' out o' sight,
 An' backlins-comin', to the leuk,
 She grew mair bright.

This was denied, it was affirmed ;
 The herds an' hirssels were alarm'd :
 The rev'rend gray-beards rav'd an' storm'd,
 That beardless laddies
 Should think they better were inform'd
 Than their auld daddies.

Frae less to mair it gaed to sticks ;
 Frae words an' aiths to clours an' nicks ;

An' mony a fallow gat his licks,
 Wi' hearty crunt;
 An' some, to learn them for their tricks,
 Were hang'd an' brunt.

This game was play'd in mony lands,
 An' auld-light caddies bure sic hands,
 That, faith, the youngsters took the sands
 Wi' nimble shanks,
 Till lairds forbad, by strict commands,
 Sic bluidy pranks.

But new-light herds gat sic a cove,
 Folk thought them ruin'd stick-an-stowe,
 Till now amaist on ev'ry knowe
 Ye'll find ane plac'd;
 An' some, their new-light fair avow,
 Just quite barefac'd.

Nae doubt the auld-light flocks are bleatin';
 Their zealous herds are vex'd an' sweatin';
 Mysel', I've even seen them greetin'
 Wi' girnin' spite,
 To hear the moon sae sadly lie'd on
 By word an' write.

But shortly they will cove the louns!
 Some auld-light herds in neebor towns
 Are mind't, in things they ca' balloons,
 To tak a flight,
 An' stay ae month amang the moons
 An' see them right.

Guid observation they will gi'e them;
 An' when the auld moon's gaun to lea'e them,
 The hindmost shaird, they'll fetch it wi' them,
 Just i' their pouch,
 An' when the new-light billies see them,
 I think they'll crouch!

Sae, ye observe that a' this clatter
 Is naething but a 'moonshine matter';
 But tho' dull-prose folk Latin splatter
 In logic tulzie,
 I hope we Bardies ken some better
 Than mind sic brulzie.

EPISTLE TO JOHN RANKINE,

ENCLOSING SOME POEMS.

O ROUGH, rude, ready-witted Rankine,
 The wale o' cocks for fun an' drinkin'!

There's mony godly folks are thinkin'
 Your dreams an' tricks
 Will send you, Korah-like, a-sinkin',
 Straight to auld Nick's.

Ye hae sae mony cracks an' cants,
 And in your wicked, drucken rants
 Ye mak a devil o' the saunts,
 An' fill them fou;
 And then their failings, flaws, an' wants
 Are a' seen thro'.

Hypocrisy, in mercy spare it!
 That holy robe, O dinna tear it!
 Spare't for their sakes wha aften wear it,
 The lads in black;
 But your curst wit, when it comes near it,
 Rives't aff their back.

Think, wicked sinner, wha ye're skaithing,
 It's just the blue-gown badge and claithing
 O' saunts; tak that, ye lea'e them naething
 To ken them by,
 Frae ony unregenerate heathen
 Like you or I.

I've sent you here some rhyming ware,
 A' that I bargain'd for, an' mair;
 Sae, when ye hae an hour to spare,
 I will expect
 Yon sang; ye'll sen't, wi' cannie care,
 And no neglect.

Tho', faith, sma' heart hae I to sing!
 My Muse dow scarcely spread her wing!
 I've play'd mysel' a bonnie spring,
 An' danc'd my fill!
 I'd better gaen an' sair't the king
 At Bunker's Hill.

'Twas ae night lately, in my fun,¹
 I gaed a roving wi' the gun,
 An' brought a paitrick to the grun,
 A bonnie hen,
 And, as the twilight was begun,
 Thought nane wad ken.

The poor wee thing was little hurt;
 I strakit it a wee for sport,
 Ne'er thinkin' they wad fash me for't;
 But, Deil-ma-care!
 Somebody tells the poacher-court
 The hale affair.

Some auld, us'd hands had ta'en a note
 That sic a hen had got a shot;
 I was suspected for the plot;
 I scorn'd to lie;
 So gat the whistle o' my groat,
 An' pay't the fee.

But, by my gun, o' guns the wale,
 An' by my pouter an' my hail,
 An' by my hen, an' by her tail,
 I vow an' swear!
 The game shall pay, o'er moor an' dale,
 For this, neist year.

As soon's the clockin-time is by,
 An' the wee pouts begun to cry,
 Lord, I'se hae sportin' by an' by,
 For my gowd guinea;
 Tho' I should herd the buckskin kye
 For't, in Virginia.

Trowth, they had muckle for to blame!
 'Twas neither broken wing nor limb,
 But twa-three draps about the wame
 Scarce thro' the feathers;
 An' baith a yellow George to claim,
 An' thole their blethers!

It pits me aye as mad's a hare;
 So I can rhyme nor write nae mair;
 But pennyworths again is fair
 When time's expedient:
 Meanwhile I am, respected Sir,
 Your most obedient.

WRITTEN IN FRIARS' CARSE
 HERMITAGE,

ON NITH-SIDE.—June 28th, 1788.

FROM THE MS.

THOU whom chance may hither lead,
 Be thou clad in russet weed,
 Be thou deckt in silken stole,
 Grave these maxims on thy soul.
 Life is but a day at most,
 Sprung from night, in darkness lost;
 Hope not sunshine every hour,
 Fear not clouds will always lour,
 Happiness is but a name,
 Make content and ease thy aim.

Ambition is a meteor gleam,
 Fame, an idle, restless dream :
 Peace, the tenderest flower of spring ;
 Pleasures, insects on the wing ;
 Those that sip the dew alone,
 Make the butterflies thy own ;
 Those that would the bloom devour,
 Crush the locusts, save the flower.
 For the future be prepar'd,
 Guard, wherever thou canst guard ;
 But thy utmost duly done,
 Welcome what thou canst not shun.
 Follies past give thou to air,
 Make their consequence thy care :
 Keep the name of Man in mind,
 And dishonour not thy kind.
 Reverence, with lowly heart,
 HIM whose wondrous work thou art :
 Keep His goodness still in view,
 Thy Trust, and thy Example too.
 Stranger, go ! Heaven be thy guide !
 Quod the Beadsman of Nithe-side.

EXTENDED COPY.

THOU whom chance may hither lead,
 Be thou clad in russet weed,
 Be thou deckt in silken stole,
 Grave these counsels on thy soul.

Life is but a day at most,
 Sprung from night, in darkness lost ;
 Hope not sunshine ev'ry hour,
 Fear not clouds will always lour.

As Youth and Love, with sprightly dance,
 Beneath thy morning star advance,
 Pleasure, with her syren air,
 May delude the thoughtless pair ;
 Let Prudence bless Enjoyment's cup,
 Then raptur'd sip, and sip it up.

As thy day grows warm and high,
 Life's meridian flaming nigh,
 Dost thou spurn the humble vale ?
 Life's proud summits wouldst thou scale ?
 Check thy climbing step, elate,
 Evils lurk in felon wait :
 Dangers, eagle-pinioned, bold,
 Soar around each cliffy hold,
 While cheerful Peace, with linnet song,
 Chants the lowly dells among.

As the shades of ev'ning close,
 Beck'ning thee to long repose ;

As life itself becomes disease,
 Seek the chimney-nook of ease.
 There ruminatè, with sober thought,
 On all thou'st seen, and heard, and wrought;
 And teach the sportive younkers round,
 Saws of experience, sage and sound.
 Say, man's true, genuine estimate,
 The grand criterion of his fate,
 Is not—art thou high or low?
 Did thy fortune ebb or flow?
 Did many talents gild thy span?
 Or frugal Nature grudge thee one?
 Tell them, and press it on their mind,
 As thou thyself must shortly find,
 The smile or frown of awful Heav'n
 To Virtue or to Vice is giv'n.
 Say, to be just, and kind, and wise,
 There solid self-enjoyment lies;
 That foolish, selfish, faithless ways
 Lead to be wretched, vile, and base.
 Thus resign'd and quiet, creep
 To the bed of lasting sleep;
 Sleep, whence thou shalt ne'er awake,
 Night, where dawn shall never break,
 Till future life, future no more,
 To light and joy the good restore,
 To light and joy unknown before.
 Stranger, go! Heaven be thy guide!
 Quod the Beadsman of Nith-side.

ODE, SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
MRS. OSWALD.

DWELLER in yon dungeon dark,
 Hangman of creation, mark!
 Who in widow-weeds appears,
 Laden with unhonour'd years,
 Noosing with care a bursting purse,
 Baited with many a deadly curse!

STROPHE.

View the wither'd beldam's face—
 Can thy keen inspection trace
 Aught of humanity's sweet melting grace?
 Note that eye, 'tis rheum o'erflows,
 Pity's flood there never rose.
 See those hands, ne'er stretch'd to save,
 Hands that took but never gave.
 Keeper of Mammon's iron chest,

Lo, there she goes unpitied and unblest.
She goes, but not to realms of everlasting rest !

ANTISTROPHE.

Plunderer of armies, lift thine eyes,
(A while forbear, ye tot'ring fiends,)
See'st thou whose step unwilling hither bends?
No fallen angel, hurl'd from upper skies ;
'Tis thy trusty quondam mate,
Doom'd to share thy fiery fate,
She, tardy, hell-ward plies.

EPODE.

And are they of no more avail,
Ten thousand glitt'ring pounds a year !
In other worlds can Mammon fail,
Omnipotent as he is here ?
O, bitter mock'ry of the pompous bier,
While down the wretched vital part is driv'n !
The cave-lodg'd beggar, with a conscience clear,
Expires in rags, unknown, and goes to Heav'n.

ELEGY ON CAPT. MATTHEW
HENDERSON,

A GENTLEMAN WHO HELD THE PATENT FOR HIS
HONOURS IMMEDIATELY FROM ALMIGHTY GOD.

*But now his radiant course is run,
For Matthew's course was bright ;
His soul was like the glorious sun,
A matchless, Heav'nly Light.*

O DEATH ! thou tyrant fell and bloody !
The meikle devil wi' a woodie
Haurl thee hame to his black smiddie,
O'er hurcheon hides,
And like stock-fish come o'er his studdie
Wi' thy auld sides !

He's gane, he's gane ! he's frae us torn,
The ae best fellow e'er was born !
Thee, Matthew, Nature's sel' shall mourn
By wood and wild,
Where, haply, Pity strays forlorn,
Frae man exil'd.

Ye hills, near neebors o' the starns,
That proudly cock your cresting cairns !
Ye cliffs, the haunts of sailing yearns,
Where echo slumbers !
Come join, ye Nature's sturdiest bairns,
My wailing numbers !

Mourn, ilka grove the cushat kens !
 Ye haz'lly shaws and briery dens !
 Ye burnies, wimplin' down your glens,
 Wi' toddlin' din,
 Or foaming strang, wi' hasty stens,
 Frae lin to lin.

Mourn, little harebells o'er the lee ;
 Ye stately foxgloves fair to see ;
 Ye woodbines hanging bonnilie
 In scented bow'rs ;
 Ye roses on your thorny tree,
 The first o' flow'rs.

At dawn, when ev'ry grassy blade
 Droops with a diamond at its head,
 At ev'n, when beans their fragrance shed,
 I' th' rustling gale,
 Ye maukins, whiddin' thro' the glade,
 Come join my wail.

Mourn, ye wee songsters o' the wood ;
 Ye grouse that crap the heather bud ;
 Ye curlews calling thro' a clud ;
 Ye whistling plover ;
 And mourn, ye whirring patrick brood ;
 He's gane forever.

Mourn, sooty coots, and speckled teals,
 Ye fisher herons, watching eels :
 Ye duck and drake, wi' airy wheels
 Circling the lake :
 Ye bitterns, till the quagmire reels,
 Rair for his sake.

Mourn, clam'ring craiks at close o' day
 'Mang fields o' flow'ring clover gay ;
 And when ye wing your annual way
 Frae our cauld shore
 Tell thae far warlds wha lies in clay
 Wham we deplore.

Ye houlets, frae your ivy bow'r,
 In some auld tree, or eldritch tow'r,
 What time the moon, wi' silent glowr,
 Sets up her horn,
 Wail thro' the dreary midnight hour
 Till waukrife morn !

O rivers, forests, hills, and plains !
 Oft have ye heard my canty strains :
 But now, what else for me remains
 But tales of woe ;
 And frae my e'en the drapping rains
 Maun ever flow.

Here lies wha weel had won thy praise,
For Matthew was a bright man.

If thou at friendship's sacred ca'
Wad life itself resign, man ;
The sympathetic tear maun fa',
For Matthew was a kind man.

If thou art staunch, without a stain,
Like the unchanging blue, man ;
This was a kinsman o' thy ain,
For Matthew was a true man.

If thou hast wit, and fun, and fire,
And ne'er guid wine did fear, man ;
This was thy billie, dam, and sire,
For Matthew was a queer man.

If ony whiggish whingin' sot,
To blame poor Matthew dare, man ;
May dule and sorrow be his lot,
For Matthew was a rare man.

LAMENT OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

Now Nature hangs her mantle green
On every blooming tree,
And spreads her sheets o' daisies white
Out-owre the grassy lea :
Now Phœbus cheers the crystal streams,
And glads the azure skies ;
But nought can glad the weary wight
That fast in durance lies.

Now laverocks wake the merry morn,
Aloft on dewy wing ;
The merle, in his noontide bow'r,
Makes woodland echoes ring ;
The mavis mild wi' many a note
Sings drowsy day to rest :
In love and freedom they rejoice,
Wi' care nor thrall opprest.

Now blooms the lily by the bank,
The primrose down the brae ;
The hawthorn's budding in the glen,
And milk-white is the slae :
The meanest hind in fair Scotland
May rove their sweets amang :
But I, the Queen of a' Scotland,
Maun lie in prison strang.

I was the Queen o' bonnie France,
 Where happy I hae been,
 Fu' lightly rose I in the morn,
 As blythe lay down at e'en ;
 And I'm the sov'reign of Scotland,
 And mony a traitor there ;
 Yet here I lie in foreign bands,
 And never-ending care.

But as for thee, thou false woman,
 My sister and my fae,
 Grim vengeance yet shall whet a sword
 That thro' thy soul shall gae :
 The weeping blood in woman's breast
 Was never known to thee ;
 Nor th' balm that draps on wounds of woe
 Frae woman's pitying e'e.

My son ! my son ! may kinder stars
 Upon thy fortune shine ;
 And may those pleasures gild thy reign
 That ne'er wad blink on mine !
 God keep thee frae thy mother's faes,
 Or turn their hearts to thee :
 And where thou meet'st thy mother's friend
 Remember him for me !

Oh ! soon to me may summer-suns
 Nae mair light up the morn !
 Nae mair to me the autumn winds
 Wave o'er the yellow corn !
 And in the narrow house o' death
 Let winter round me rave ;
 And the next flow'rs that deck the spring
 Bloom on my peaceful grave !

EPISTLE TO R. GRAHAM, ESQ.

WHEN Nature her great master-piece design'd,
 And fram'd her last, best work, the human mind,
 Her eye intent on all the mazy plan,
 She form'd of various parts the various man.

Then first she calls the useful many forth ;
 Plain plodding industry and sober worth :
 Thence peasants, farmers, native sons of earth,
 And merchandise' whole genus take their birth ;
 Each prudent cit a warm existence finds,
 And all mechanics' many-apron'd kinds.
 Some other rarer sorts are wanted yet,
 The lead and buoy are needful to the net :

The caput mortuum of gross desires
 Makes a material for mere knights and squires ;
 The martial phosphorus is taught to flow,
 She kneads the lumpish philosophic dough,
 Then marks the unyielding mass with grave designs,
 Law, physic, politics, and deep divines :
 Last, she sublimes th' Aurora of the poles,
 The flashing elements of female souls.

The order'd system fair before her stood,
 Nature, well-pleas'd, pronounc'd it very good ;
 But ere she gave creating labour o'er,
 Half-jest, she try'd one curious labour more ;
 Some spumy, fiery, ignis fatuus matter,
 Such as the slightest breath of air might scatter ;
 With arch alacrity and conscious glee
 (Nature may have her whim as well as we,
 Her Hogarth-art, perhaps she meant to show it)
 She forms the thing, and christens it—a Poet.
 Creature, tho' oft the prey of care and sorrow,
 When blest to-day, unmindful of to-morrow.
 A being form'd t' amuse his graver friends,
 Admir'd and prais'd—and there the homage ends :
 A mortal quite unfit for Fortune's strife,
 Yet oft the sport of all the ills of life ;
 Prone to enjoy each pleasure riches give,
 Yet haply wanting wherewithal to live :
 Longing to wipe each tear, to heal each groan,
 Yet frequent all unheeded in his own.

But honest Nature is not quite a Turk,
 She laugh'd at first, then felt for her poor work.
 Pitying the propless climber of mankind,
 She cast about a standard tree to find ;
 And, to support his helpless woodbine state,
 Attach'd him to the generous truly great,
 A title, and the only one I claim,
 To lay strong hold for help on bounteous Graham.

Pity the tuneful muses' hapless train,
 Weak, timid landsmen on life's stormy main !
 Their hearts no selfish stern absorbent stuff,
 That never gives—tho' humbly takes enough ;
 The little fate allows, they share as soon,
 Unlike sage, proverb'd, wisdom's hard wrung boon.
 The world were blest did bliss on them depend.
 Ah, that ' the friendly e'er should want a friend !'
 Let prudence number o'er each sturdy son
 Who life and wisdom at one race begun,
 Who feel by reason, and who give by rule,
 (Instinct 's a brute, and sentiment a fool !)
 Who make poor ' will do ' wait upon ' I should '—
 We own they're prudent, but who feels they're good ?

Ye wise ones, hence ! ye hurt the social eye !
 God's image rudely etch'd on base alloy !
 But come ye who the godlike pleasure know,
 Heav'n's attribute distinguish'd—to bestow !
 Whose arms of love would grasp the human race :
 Come thou who giv'st with all a courtier's grace ;
 Friend of my life, true patron of my rhymes !
 Prop of my dearest hopes for future times.
 Why shrinks my soul, half-blushing, half-afraid,
 Backward abash'd to ask thy friendly aid ?
 I know my need, I know thy giving hand,
 I crave thy friendship at thy kind command ;
 But there are such who court the tuneful nine—
 Heavens ! should the branded character be mine !
 Whose verse in manhood's pride sublimely flows,
 Yet vilest reptiles in their begging prose.
 Mark, how their lofty, independent spirit
 Soars on the spurning wing of injur'd merit !
 Seek not the proofs in private life to find ;
 Pity the best of words should be but wind !
 So, to heaven's gate the lark's shrill song ascends,
 But grovelling on the earth the carol ends.
 In all the clam'rous cry of starving want,
 They dun benevolence with shameless front ;
 Oblige them, patronize their tinsel lays,
 They persecute you all your future days !
 Ere my poor soul such deep damnation stain,
 My horny fist assume the plough again ;
 The piebald jacket let me patch once more ;
 On eighteen-pence a week I've liv'd before.
 Tho', thanks to Heaven, I dare even that last shift,
 I trust, meantime, my boon is in thy gift ;
 That, plac'd by thee upon the wish'd-for height,
 Where, man and nature fairer in her sight,
 My muse may imp her wing for some sublimer flight.

TO ROBERT GRAHAM, OF FINTRAY,
ESQ.

LATE crippl'd of an arm, and now a leg,
 About to beg a pass for leave to beg ;
 Dull, listless, teas'd, dejected, and deprest
 (Nature is adverse to a cripple's rest) :
 Will generous Graham list to his Poet's wail ?
 (It soothes poor misery, heark'ning to her tale,
 And hear him curse the light he first survey'd,
 And doubly curse the luckless rhyming trade ?
 Thou, Nature, partial Nature, I arraign ;
 Of thy caprice maternal I complain.

The lion and the bull thy care have found,
 One shakes the forests, and one spurns the ground :
 Thou giv'st the ass his hide, the snail his shell,
 Th' envenom'd wasp, victorious, guards his cell.—
 Thy minions, kings defend, control, devour,
 In all th' omnipotence of rule and power.—
 Foxes and statesmen, the subtile wiles ensure ;
 The cit and polecat stink, and are secure.
 Toads with their poison, doctors with their drug,
 The priest and hedgehog in their robes, are snug.
 Ev'n silly woman has her warlike arts,
 Her tongue and eyes, her dreaded spear and darts.

But Oh ! thou bitter step-mother and hard,
 To thy poor, fenceless, naked child—the Bard !
 A thing unteachable in world's skill,
 And half an idiot too, more helpless still.
 No heels to bear him from the op'ning dun ;
 No claws to dig, his hated sight to shun ;
 No horns, but those by luckless Hymen worn,
 And those, alas ! not Amalthea's horn ;
 No nerves olfact'ry, Mammon's trusty cur,
 Clad in rich Dulness' comfortable fur,
 In naked feeling, and in aching pride,
 He bears th' unbroken blast from ev'ry side :
 Vampyre booksellers drain him to the heart,
 And scorpion critics cureless venom dart.

Critics—appall'd I venture on the name,
 Those cut-throat bandits in the paths of fame :
 Bloody dissectors, worse than ten Monroes ;
 He hacks to teach, they mangle to expose.

His heart by causeless, wanton malice wrung,
 By blockheads' daring into madness stung ;
 His well-won bays, than life itself more dear,
 By miscreants torn, who ne'er one sprig must wear :
 Foil'd, bleeding, tortur'd in th' unequal strife,
 The hapless Poet flounders on thro' life,
 Till fled each hope that once his bosom fir'd,
 And fled each Muse that glorious once inspir'd.
 Low sunk in squalid, unprotected age,
 Dead, even resentment, for his injur'd page,
 He heeds or feels no more the ruthless critic's rage !

So, by some hedge, the generous steed deceas'd,
 For half-starv'd snarling curs a dainty feast ;
 By toil and famine worn to skin and bone,
 Lies, senseless of each tugging bitch's son.

O Dulness ! portion of the truly blest !
 Calm shelter'd haven of eternal rest !
 Thy sons ne'er madden in the fierce extremes
 Of Fortune's polar frost, or torrid beams.
 If mantling high she fills the golden cup,

With sober, selfish ease they sip it up ;
 Conscious the bounteous meed they well deserve,
 They only wonder ' some folks ' do not starve.
 The grave sage hern thus easy picks his frog,
 And thinks the mallard a sad worthless dog.
 When disappointment snaps the clue of hope,
 And thro' disastrous night they darkling grope,
 With deaf endurance sluggishly they bear,
 And just conclude that ' fools are fortune's care.'
 So heavy, passive to the tempest's shocks,
 Strong on the sign-post stands the stupid ox.

Not so the idle Muses' mad-cap train,
 Not such the workings of their moon-struck brain ;
 In equanimity they never dwell,
 By turns in soaring heav'n, or vaulted hell.

I dread thee, Fate, relentless and severe,
 With all a poet's, husband's, father's fear !
 Already one stronghold of hope is lost—
 Glencairn, the truly noble, lies in dust ;
 (Fled, like the sun eclips'd as noon appears,
 And left us darkling in a world of tears :)
 Oh ! hear my ardent, grateful, selfish pray'r !
 Fintray, my other stay, long bless and spare !
 Thro' a long life his hopes and wishes crown,
 And bright in cloudless skies his sun go down !
 May bliss domestic smooth his private path ;
 Give energy to life ; and soothe his latest breath,
 With many a filial tear circling the bed of death !

LAMENT FOR JAMES, EARL OF GLENCAIRN.

THE wind blew hollow frae the hills,
 By fits the sun's departing beam
 Look'd on the fading yellow woods
 That wav'd o'er Lugar's winding stream :
 Beneath a craigie steep, a Bard,
 Laden with years and meikle pain,
 In loud lament bewail'd his lord,
 Whom death had all untimely ta'en.

He lean'd him to an ancient aik,
 Whose trunk was mould'ring down with years ;
 His locks were bleached white wi' time,
 His hoary cheek was wet wi' tears ;
 And as he touch'd his trembling harp,
 And as he tun'd his doleful sang,
 The winds, lamenting thro' their eaves,
 To echo bore the notes along.

‘Ye scatter’d birds that faintly sing,
 The reliques of the vernal quire!
 Ye wood that shed on a’ the winds
 The honours of the aged year!
 A few short months, and glad and gay
 Again ye’ll charm the ear and e’e;
 But nocht in all revolving time
 Can gladness bring again to me.

‘I am a bending aged tree,
 That long has stood the wind and rain;
 But now has come a cruel blast,
 And my last hold of earth is gaen:
 Nae leaf o’ mine shall greet the spring,
 Nae simmer sun exalt my bloom;
 But I maun lie before the storm,
 And ithers plant them in my room.

‘I’ve seen so many changefu’ years,
 On earth I am a stranger grown;
 I wander in the ways of men,
 Alike unknowing and unknown:
 Unheard, unpitied, unreliev’d,
 I bare alane my lade o’ care,
 For silent, low, on beds of dust
 Lie a’ that would my sorrows share.

‘And last (the sum of a’ my griefs!)
 My noble master lies in clay;
 The flow’r amang our barons bold,
 His country’s pride, his country’s stay:
 In weary being now I pine,
 For a’ the life of life is dead,
 And hope has left my aged ken,
 On forward wing for ever fled.

‘Awake thy last sad voice, my harp!
 The voice of woe and wild despair;
 Awake, resound thy latest lay,
 Then sleep in silence evermair!
 And thou, my last, best, only friend,
 That fillest an untimely tomb,
 Accept this tribute from the Bard
 Thou brought from Fortune’s mirkest gloom.

‘In Poverty’s low barren vale,
 Thick mists, obscure, involv’d me round;
 Though oft I turn’d the wistful eye,
 No ray of fame was to be found:
 Thou found’st me, like the morning sun
 That melts the fogs in limpid air,
 The friendless Bard, and rustic song,
 Became alike thy fostering care.

‘ O ! why has worth so short a date ?
 While villains ripen grey with time !
 Must thou, the noble, gen’rous, great,
 Fall in bold manhood’s hardy prime ?
 Why did I live to see that day ?
 A day to me so full of woe ;
 O ! had I met the mortal shaft
 Which laid my benefactor low !

‘ The bridegroom may forget the bride
 Was made his wedded wife yestreen ;
 The monarch may forget the crown
 That on his head an hour has been ;
 The mother may forget the child
 That smiles sae sweetly on her knee ;
 But I’ll remember thee, Glencairn,
 And a’ that thou hast done for me !

LINES SENT TO SIR JOHN WHITE-
 FORD, OF WHITEFORD, BART.,

WITH THE FOREGOING POEM.

THOU, who thy honour as thy God rever’st,
 Who, save thy mind’s reproach, nought earthly fear’st,
 To thee this votive offering I impart,
 The tearful tribute of a broken heart.
 The friend thou valued’st, I, the Patron, lov’d ;
 His worth, his honour, all the world approv’d.
 We’ll mourn till we too go as he has gone,
 And tread the dreary path to that dark world un-
 known.

TAM O’ SHANTER.

A TALE.

“ *Of Brownys and of Bogilis full is this Buke.*”

—GAWIN DOUGLAS.

WHEN chapman billies leave the street,
 And drouthy neebors neebors meet,
 As market-days are wearing late,
 An’ folk begin to tak the gate ;
 While we sit bousing at the nappy,
 An’ getting fou and unco happy,
 We think na on the lang Scots miles,
 The mosses, waters, slaps, and styles,
 That lie between us and our hame,
 Where sits our sulky, sullen dame,

Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest Tam o' Shanter
As he frae Ayr ae night did canter,
(Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses
For honest men and bonnie lasses).

O Tam ! hadst thou but been sae wise
As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice !
She tauld thee weel thou wast a skellum,
A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum ;
That frae November till October,
Ae market-day thou was na sober ;
That ilka melder, wi' the miller,
Thou sat as lang as thou had siller ;
That ev'ry naig was ca'd a shoe on,
The smith and thee gat roaring fou on ;
That at the Lord's house, ev'n on Sunday,
Thou drank wi' Kirton Jean till Monday.
She prophesy'd that, late or soon,
Thou would be found deep drown'd in Doon ;
Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk,
By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames ! it gars me greet
To think how mony counsels sweet,
How mony lengthen'd, sage advices,
The husband frae the wife despises !

But to our tale : Ae market night
Tam had got planted unco right,
Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
Wi' reaming swats that drank divinely ;
And at his elbow, Souter Johnny,
His ancient, trusty, drouthy, crony ;
Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither ;
They had been fou for weeks thegither.
The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter ;
And ay the ale was growing better :
The landlady and Tam grew gracious,
Wi' favours, secret, sweet, and precious :
The souter tauld his queerest stories ;
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus :
The storm without might rair and rustle,
Tam didna mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en 'drown'd himsel' amang the nappy :
As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure ;
Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious !

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed,

Or, like the snow-falls in the river,
 A moment white—then melts for ever ;
 Or like the borealis race,
 That flit ere you can point their place ;
 Or like the rainbow's lovely form
 Evanishing amid the storm.—
 Nae man can tether time or tide ;—
 The hour approaches, Tam maun ride ;
 That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane,
 That dreary hour he mounts his beast in ;
 And sic a night he taks the road in,
 As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last ;
 The rattling show'rs rose on the blast ;
 The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd ;
 Loud, deep, and lang the thunder bellow'd :
 That night, a child might understand
 The Deil had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his grey mare Meg—
 A better never lifted leg—
 Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire,
 Despising wind, and rain, and fire ;
 Whiles holding fast his gude blue bonnet :
 Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet :
 Whiles glow'ring round wi' prudent cares,
 Lest bogles catch him unawares ;
 Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
 Where ghaists and houlets nightly cry.—

By this time he was cross the ford,
 Whare, in the snaw, the chapman smoor'd ;
 And past the birks and meikle stane,
 Whare drunken Charlie brak's neck-bane ;
 And thro' the whins, and by the cairn,
 Whare hunters fand the murder'd bairn ;
 And near the thorn, aboon the well,
 Whare Mungo's mither hang'd hersel'.—
 Before him Doon pours all his floods ;
 The doubling storm roars thro' the woods ;
 The lightnings flash from pole to pole ;
 Near and more near the thunders roll :
 When, glimmering thro' the groaning trees,
 Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a bleeze ;
 Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancing,
 And loud resounded mirth and dancing.—

Inspiring, bold John Barleycorn !
 What dangers thou canst make us scorn !
 Wi' tippenny, we fear nae evil ;
 Wi' usquebae, we'll face the devil !—
 The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's noddle,
 Fair play, he car'd na deils a boddle.

But Maggie stood right sair astonish'd,
 Till, by the heel and hand admonish'd,
 She ventur'd forward on the light ;
 And, vow ! Tam saw an unco sight !
 Warlocks and witches in a dance ;
 Nae cotillion brent new frae France,
 But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,
 Put life and mettle in their heels.

A winnok-bunker in the east,
 There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast ;
 A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large,
 To gi'e them music was his charge :
 He screw'd the pipes and gart them skirl,
 Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.—
 Coffins stood round like open presses,
 That show'd the dead in their last dresses ;
 And by some devilish cantraip slight
 Each in its cauld hand held a light,
 By which heroic Tam was able
 To note upon the haly table
 A murderer's banes in gibbet airns ;
 Twa span-lang, wee, unchristen'd bairns ;
 A thief, new-cuttet frae the rape,
 Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape ;
 Five tomahawks, wi' blude red-rusted ;
 Five scimitars, wi' murder crusted ;
 A garter, which a babe had strangled ;
 A knife, a father's throat had mangled,
 Whom his ain son o' life bereft,
 The grey hairs yet stack to the heft ;
 Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',
 Which ev'n to name wad be unlawfu'.

As Tammie glowr'd, amaz'd, and curious,
 The mirth and fun grew fast and furious :
 The piper loud and louder blew,
 The dancers quick and quicker flew ;
 They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit,
 Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,
 And coost her duddies to the wark,
 And linket at it in her sark !

Now Tam, O Tam ! had thae been queans,
 A' plump and strapping in their teens ;
 Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,
 Been snaw-white seventeen hunder linnen !
 Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,
 That ance were plush, o' gude blue hair,
 I wad hae gi'en them off my hurdies
 For ae blink o' the bonnie burdies !

But wither'd beldams, auld and droll,
 Rigwooddie hags wad spean a foal,

Louping and flinging on a crummock,
I wonder didna turn thy stomach.

But Tam kend what was what fu' brawlie :
There was a winsome wench and walie,
That night enlisted in the core
(Lang after kend on Carrick shore ;
For mony a beast to dead she shot,
And perish'd mony a bonnie boat,
And shook baith meikle corn and bere,
And kept the country-side in fear),
Her cutty sark, o' Paisley harn,
That while a lassie she had worn,
In longitude tho' sorely scanty,
It was her best, and she was vauntie.—
Ah! little kend thy reverend grannie,
That sark she coft for her wee Nannie,
Wi' twa pund Scots ('twas a' her riches),
Wad ever grac'd a dance of witches!

But here my muse her wing maun cour :—
Sic flights are far beyond her pow'r ;
To sing how Nannie lap and flang
(A souple jade she was, and strang),
And how Tam stood, like ane bewitch'd,
And thought his very e'en enrich'd ;
Even Satan glowr'd, and fidg'd fu' fain,
And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main :
Till first ae caper, syne anither,
Tam tint his reason a' thegither,
And roars out ' Weel done, Cutty-sark !
And in an instant all was dark :
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,
When plundering herds assail their byke ;
As open pussie's mortal foes,
When, pop! she starts before their nose ;
As eager runs the market-crowd,
When ' Catch the thief ! ' resounds aloud ;
So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
Wi' mony an eldritch skreech and hollow.

Ah, Tam ! ah, Tam ! thou'll get thy fairin' !
In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin' !
In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin' !
Kate soon will be a woefu' woman !
Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
And win the key-stane of the brig :
There at them thou thy tail may toss,
A running stream they darena cross.
But ere the key-stane she could make,
The fient a tail she had to shake !

For Nannie, far before the rest,
 Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
 And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle ;
 But little wist she Maggie's mettle—
 Ae spring brought off her master hale,
 But left behind her ain grey tail :
 The carlin claught her by the rump,
 And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
 Ilk man and mother's son, take heed :
 Whene'er to drink you are inclin'd,
 Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,
 Think, ye may buy the joys o'er dear,
 Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare.

ON THE LATE CAPTAIN GROSE'S
 PEREGRINATIONS THRO'
 SCOTLAND,

COLLECTING THE ANTIQUITIES OF THAT KINGDOM.

HEAR, Land o' Cakes, and brither Scots,
 Frae Maidenkirk to John o' Groats :—
 If there's a hole in a' your coats,
 I rede you tent it :
 A chield's amang you taking notes,
 And, faith, he'll prent it.

If in your bounds ye chance to light
 Upon a fine, fat, fodgeg wight,
 O' stature short, but genius bright,
 That's he, mark weel—
 And wow ! he has an unco slight
 O' cauk and keel.

By some auld, houlet-haunted biggin',
 Or kirk deserted by its riggin', ;
 It's ten to ane ye'll find him snug in
 Some eldritch part,
 Wi' deils, they say, Lord save's ! colleaguin'
 At some black art.—

Ilk ghaist that haunts auld ha' or chammer,
 Ye gipsy-gang that deal in glamour,
 And you, deep-read in hell's black grammar,
 Warlocks and witches,
 Ye'll quake at his conjuring hammer,
 Ye midnight bitches.

It's tauld he was a sodger bred,
 And ane wad rather fa'n than fled ;

But now he's quat the spurtle-blade
 And dog-skin wallet,
 And ta'en the—Antiquarian trade,
 I think they call it.

He has a fouth o' auld nick-nackets;
 Rusty airn caps and jinglin' jackets,
 Wad haud the Lothians three in tackets,
 A towmont gude;
 And parritch-pats, and auld saut-backets,
 Before the Flood.

Of Eve's first fire he has a cinder;
 Auld Tubalcain's fire-stool and fender;
 That which distinguished the gender
 O' Balaam's ass;
 A broom-stick o' the witch of Endor,
 Weel shod wi' brass.

Forbye, he'll shape you aff, fu' gleg,
 The cut of Adam's philibeg;
 The knife that nicket Abel's craig,
 He'll prove you fully—
 It was a faulding jocteleg,
 Or lang-kail gullie.—

But wad ye see him in his glee,
 For meikle glee and fun has he,
 Then set him down, and twa or three
 Gude fellows wi' him;
 And port, O port! shine thou a wee,
 And then ye'll see him!

Now, by the Pow'rs o' verse and prose!
 Thou art a dainty chield, O Grose!—
 Whae'er o' thee shall ill suppose,
 They sair misca' thee;
 I'd take the rascal by the nose,
 Wad say, Shame fa' thee!

ON SEEING A WOUNDED HARE
 LIMP BY ME,

WHICH A FELLOW HAD JUST SHOT AT.

April, 1789.

INHUMAN man! curse on thy barb'rous art,
 And blasted be thy murder-aiming eye;
 May never pity soothe thee with a sigh,
 Nor ever pleasure glad thy cruel heart!

Go, live, poor wanderer of the wood and field,
 The bitter little that of life remains ;
 No more the thickening brakes and verdant plains
 To thee shall home, or food, or pastime yield.
 Seek, mangled wretch, some place of wonted rest,
 No more of rest, but now thy dying bed !
 The sheltering rushes whistling o'er thy head,
 The cold earth with thy bloody bosom prest.
 Oft as by winding Nith, I, musing, wait
 The sober eve, or hail the cheerful dawn,
 I'll miss thee sporting o'er the dewy lawn,
 And curse the ruffian's aim, and mourn thy hapless
 fate.

ADDRESS TO THE SHADE OF
 THOMSON,

ON CROWNING HIS BUST AT EDNAM, ROXBURGH-
 SHIRE, WITH BAYS.

While virgin Spring, by Eden's flood,
 Unfolds her tender mantle green,
 Or pranks the sod in frolic mood,
 Or tunes Eolian strains between ;
 While Summer with a matron grace
 Retreats to Dryburgh's cooling shade,
 Yet oft, delighted, stops to trace
 The progress of the spiky blade ;
 While Autumn, benefactor kind,
 By Tweed erects his aged head,
 And sees, with self-approving mind,
 Each creature on his bounty fed ;
 While maniac Winter rages o'er
 The hills whence classic Yarrow flows,
 Rousing the turbid torrent's roar,
 Or sweeping, wild, a waste of snows ;
 So long, sweet Poet of the year,
 Shall bloom that wreath thou well hast won ;
 While Scotia, with exulting tear,
 Proclaims that Thomson was her son.

TO MISS CRUICKSHANK, A VERY
 YOUNG LADY.

WRITTEN ON THE BLANK LEAF OF A BOOK,
 PRESENTED TO HER BY THE AUTHOR.

BEAUTEOUS rose-bud, young and gay,
 Blooming in thy early May,

Never may'st thou, lovely Flow'r,
 Chilly shrink in sleety show'r!
 Never Boreas' hoary path,
 Never Eurus' pois'nous breath,
 Never baleful stellar lights,
 Taint thee with untimely blights!
 Never, never reptile thief
 Riot on thy virgin leaf!
 Nor even Sol too fiercely view
 Thy bosom blushing still with dew!
 May'st thou, long, sweet crimson gem,
 Richly deck thy native stem;
 Till some evening, sober, calm,
 Dropping dews, and breathing balm,
 While all around the woodland rings,
 And every bird thy requiem sings;
 Thou, amid the dirgeful sound,
 Shed thy dying honours round,
 And resign to parent earth
 The loveliest form she e'er gave birth.

ON READING, IN A NEWSPAPER,
 THE DEATH OF JOHN M'LEOD, ESQ.,
 BROTHER TO A YOUNG LADY, A PARTICULAR
 FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR'S.

SAD thy tale, thou idle page,
 And rueful thy alarms;
 Death tears the brother of her love
 From Isabella's arms,

 Sweetly deckt with pearly dew
 The morning rose may blow;
 But cold successive noontide blasts
 May lay its beauties low.

 Fair on Isabella's morn
 The sun propitious smil'd:
 But, long ere noon, succeeding clouds
 Succeeding hopes beguil'd.

 Fate oft tears the bosom chords
 That Nature finest strung:
 So Isabella's heart was form'd,
 And so that heart was wrung.

 Dread Omnipotence, alone,
 Can heal the wound He gave;
 Can point the brimful grief-worn eyes
 To scenes beyond the grave.

Virtue's blossoms there shall blow,
 And fear no withering blast ;
 There Isabella's spotless worth
 Shall happy be at last.

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF BRUAR
 WATER TO THE NOBLE DUKE
 OF ATHOLE.

MY Lord, I know your noble ear
 Woe ne'er assails in vain ;
 Embolden'd thus, I beg you'll hear
 Your humble Slave complain,
 How saucy Phœbus' scorching beams,
 In flaming summer-pride,
 Dry-withering, waste my foamy streams,
 And drink my crystal tide.

The lightly-jumping glowrin' trouts,
 That thro' my waters play,
 If, in their random, wanton spouts,
 They near the margin stray ;
 If hapless chance! they linger lang,
 I'm scorching up so shallow,
 They're left the whitening stanes amang,
 In gasping death to wallow.

Last day I grat wi' spite and teen,
 As Poet Burns came by,
 That to a Bard I should be seen
 Wi' half my channel dry ;
 A panegyric rhyme, I ween,
 Even as I was he shor'd me ;
 But had I in my glory been,
 He, kneeling, wad ador'd me.

Here, foaming down the shelvy rocks,
 In twisting strength I rin ;
 There, high my boiling torrent smokes,
 Wild-roaring o'er a linn ;
 Enjoying large each spring and well
 As Nature gave them me,
 I am, altho' I say't mysel',
 Worth gaun a mile to see.

Would then my noble master please
 To grant my highest wishes,
 He'll shade my banks wi' tow'ring trees
 And bonnie spreading bushes.

Delighted doubly then, my Lord,
 You'll wander on my banks,
 And listen mony a grateful bird
 Return you tuneful thanks.

The sober laverock, warbling wild,
 Shall to the skies aspire ;
 The gowdspink, Music's gayest child,
 Shall sweetly join the choir :
 The blackbird strong, the lintwhite clear,
 The mavis mild and mellow ;
 The robin pensive Autumn cheer,
 In all her locks of yellow :

This, too, a covert shall ensure
 To shield them from the storm ;
 And coward maukin sleep secure
 Low in her grassy form :
 Here shall the shepherd make his seat
 To weave his crown of flowers ;
 Or find a sheltering safe retreat
 From prone-descending show'rs.

And here, by sweet endearing stealth,
 Shall meet the loving pair,
 Despising worlds with all their wealth
 As empty, idle care :
 The flow'rs shall vie in all their charms
 The hour of heav'n to grace,
 And birks extend their fragrant arms
 To screen the dear embrace.

Here haply too at vernal dawn
 Some musing bard may stray,
 And eye the smoking, dewy lawn,
 And misty mountain grey :
 Or, by the reaper's nightly beam
 Mild-chequering thro' the trees,
 Rave to my darkly dashing stream,
 Hoarse-swelling on the breeze.

Let lofty firs and ashes cool
 My lowly banks o'erspread,
 And view deep-bending in the pool
 Their shadows' wat'ry bed !
 Let fragrant birks in woodbines drest
 My craggy cliffs adorn ;
 And, for the little songster's nest,
 The close embow'ring thorn.

So may old Scotia's darling hope,
 Your little angel band,
 Spring, like their fathers, up to prop
 Their honour'd native land !

So may thro' Albion's farthest ken,
 To social-flowing glasses,
 The grace be 'Athole's honest men,
 And Athole's bonnie lasses!'

THE KIRK'S ALARM.

A SATIRE.

A Ballad Tune—' *Push about the Brisk Bowl.*'

ORTHODOX, Orthodox, wha believe in John Knox,
 Let me sound an alarm to your conscience :
 There's a heretic blast has been blawn i' the wast,
 ' That what is not sense must be nonsense.'

Dr. Mac, Dr. Mac, you should stretch on a rack,
 To strike evil-doers wi' terror ;
 To join faith and sense upon ony pretence
 Is heretic, damnable error.

Town of Ayr, town of Ayr, it was mad, I declare,
 To meddle wi' mischief a-brewing ;
 Provost John is still deaf to the church's relief,
 And orator Bob is its ruin.

D'rymple mild, D'rymple mild, tho' your heart's
 like a child,
 And your life like the new driv'n snaw,
 Yet that winna save ye, auld Satan must have ye,
 For preaching that three's ane and twa.

Rumble John, Rumble John, mount the steps wi'
 a groan,
 Cry the book is wi' heresy cramm'd ;
 Then lug out your ladle, deal brunstane like adle,
 And roar ev'ry note of the damn'd.

Simper James, Simper James, leave the fair Killie
 dames,
 There's a holier chase in your view ;
 I'll lay on your head, that the pack ye'll soon lead,
 For puppies like you there's but few.

Singet Sawney, Singet Sawney, are ye herding
 the penny,
 Unconscious what evils await ?
 Wi' a jump, yell, and howl, alarm every soul,
 For the foul thief is just at your gate.

Daddy Auld, Daddy Auld, there's a tod in the fauld,
 A tod meikle waur than the Clerk ;

Tho' ye downa do skaith, ye'll be in at the death,
And gif ye canna bite ye may bark.

Davie Bluster, Davie Bluster, if for a saint ye do
muster,

The corps is no nice of recruits :
Yet to worth let's be just, royal blood ye might boast,
If the ass was the king of the brutes.

Jamie Goose, Jamie Goose, ye hae made but toom roose
In hunting the wicked Lieutenant ;
But the Doctor's your mark, for the L——d's haly ark
He has cooper'd and caw'd a wrang pin in't.

Poet Willie, Poet Willie, gi'e the Doctor a volley,
Wi' your ' liberty's chain ' and your wit :
O'er Pegassus' side ye ne'er laid a stride,
Ye but smelt, man, the place whare he sh—t.

Andro Gouk, Andro Gouk, ye may slander the book,
And the book no the waur, let me tell ye !
Ye are rich and look big, but lay by hat and wig,
And ye'll hae a calf's head o' sma' value.

Barr Steenie, Barr Steenie, what mean ye ? what
mean ye ?

If ye'll meddle nae mair wi' the matter,
Ye may hae some pretence to havins and sense
Wi' people wha ken ye nae better.

Irvine Side, Irvine Side, wi' your turkeycock pride,
Of manhood but sma' is your share !
Ye've the figure 'tis true, even your faes will allow,
And your friends they dare grant you nae mair.

Muirland Jock, Muirland Jock, when the Lord
makes a rock
To crush common sense for her sins,
If ill manners were wit, there's no mortal so fit
To confound the poor Doctor at ance.

Holy Will, Holy Will, there was wit i' your skull
When ye pilfer'd the alms o' the poor !
The timmer is scant when ye're ta'en for a saunt,
Who should swing in a rape for an hour.

Calvin's sons, Calvin's sons, seize your spiritual guns,
Ammunition you never can need :
Your hearts are the stuff will be powther enough,
And your skulls are storehouses o' lead.

Poet Burns, Poet Burns, wi' your priest-skelping turns,
Why desert ye your auld native shire ?
Your muse is a gipsy, e'en tho' she were tipsy
She could ca' us nae waur than we are.

ADDRESS TO THE TOOTHACHE.

WRITTEN WHEN THE AUTHOR WAS GRIEVOUSLY
TORMENTED BY THAT DISORDER.

My curse upon your venom'd stang
That shoots my tortur'd gums alang ;
And thro' my lugs gi'es mony a twang,
 Wi' gnawing vengeance ;
Tearing my nerves wi' bitter pang,
 Like racking engines !

When fevers burn, or ague freezes,
Rheumatics gnaw, or cholick squeezes :
Our neighbour's sympathy may ease us,
 Wi' pitying moan :
But thee—thou hell o' a' diseases,
 Aye mocks our groan !

Adown my beard the slavers trickle !
I throw the wee stools o'er the meikle,
As round the fire the giglets keckle
 To see me loup :
While, raving mad, I wish a heckle
 Were in their doup.

O' a' the numerous human dools,
Ill har'sts, daft bargains, cutty stools,
Or worthy friends rak'd i' the mools,
 Sad sight to see,
The tricks o' knaves, or fash o' fools,
 Thou bear'st the gree.

Where'er that place be priests ca' hell,
Whence a' the tones o' mis'ry yell,
And ranked Plagues their numbers tell
 In dreadfu' raw,
Thou, Toothache, surely bear'st the bell
 Amang them a' !

O thou grim mischief-making chiel,
That gars the notes of discord squeel,
Till daft mankind aft dance a reel
 In gore a shoe-thick ;—
Gi'e a' the faes o' Scotland's weal
 A towmont's Toothache !

WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL

OVER THE CHIMNEY-PIECE IN THE PARLOUR
OF THE INN AT KENMORE, TAYMOUTH.

ADMIRING Nature in her wildest grace,
These northern scenes with weary feet I trace ;

O'er many a winding dale and painful steep,
 Th' abodes of covey'd grouse and timid sheep,
 My savage journey, curious, I pursue,
 Till fam'd Breadalbane opens to my view.—
 The meeting cliffs each deep-sunk glen divides ;
 The woods, wild scatter'd, clothe their ample sides ;
 Th' outstretching lake, embosom'd 'mong the hills,
 The eye with wonder and amazement fills ;
 The Tay meand'ring sweet in infant pride ;
 The palace rising on his verdant side ;
 The lawns wool-fringed in Nature's native taste ;
 The hillocks dropt in Nature's careless haste ;
 The arches striding o'er the newborn stream ;
 The village glittering in the moontide beam—

Poetic ardours in my bosom swell,
 Lone wand'ring by the hermit's mossy cell :
 The sweeping theatre of hanging woods ;
 Th' incessant roar of headlong tumbling floods—

Here Poesy might wake her heav'n-taught lyre,
 And look through Nature with creative fire :
 Here, to the wrongs of Fate half reconcil'd,
 Misfortune's lighten'd steps might wander wild :
 And Disappointment, in these lonely bounds,
 Find balm to soothe her bitter rankling wounds :
 Here heart-struck Grief might heav'nward stretch
 her scan,
 And injur'd Worth forget and pardon man.

ON THE BIRTH OF A POSTHUMOUS CHILD,

BORN IN PECULIAR CIRCUMSTANCES
 OF FAMILY DISTRESS.

SWEET flow'ret, pledge o' meikle love,
 And ward o' mony a prayer,
 What heart o' stane wad thou na move,
 Sae helpless, sweet, and fair ?
 November hirples o'er the lea,
 Chill, on thy lovely form ;
 And gane, alas ! the shelt'ring tree,
 Should shield thee frae the storm.
 May He who gives the rain to pour,
 And wings the blast to blaw,
 Protect thee frae the driving show'r,
 The bitter frost and snaw.

May He, the friend of woe and want,
 Who heals life's various stounds,
 Protect and guard the mother plant,
 And heal her cruel wounds.

But late she flourish'd, rooted fast,
 Fair in the summer morn :
 Now feebly bends she in the blast,
 Unshelter'd and forlorn.

Blest be thy bloom, thou lovely gem,
 Unscath'd by ruffian hand !
 And from thee many a parent stem
 Arise to deck our land.

WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL,
 STANDING BY THE FALL OF FOYERS, NEAR
 LOCHNESS.

AMONG the heathy hills and ragged woods
 The roaring Foyers pours his mossy floods ;
 Till full he dashes on the rocky mounds,
 Where, thro' a shapeless breach, his stream resounds
 As high in air the bursting torrents flow,
 As deep recoiling surges foam below,
 Prone down the rock the whitening sheet descends,
 And viewless Echo's ear, astonished, rends.
 Dim-seen, thro' rising mists and ceaseless show'rs,
 The hoary cavern, wide-surrounding, low'rs.
 Still, thro' the gap the struggling river toils,
 And still, below, the horrid cauldron boils—

.

SECOND EPISTLE TO DAVIE, A
 BROTHER POET.

AULD NEEBOR,

I'm three times doubly o'er your debtor,
 For your auld-farrant, frien'ly letter ;
 Tho' I maun say't, I doubt ye flatter,
 Ye speak sae fair,
 For my puir, silly, rhymin' clatter
 Some less maun sair.

Hale be your heart, hale be your fiddle ;
 Lang may your elbuck jink and diddle,
 To cheer you through the weary widdle
 O' war'ly cares,
 Till bairns' bairns kindly cuddle
 Your auld gray hairs.

But Davie, lad, I'm red ye're glaikit;
 I'm tauld the Muse ye hae negleckit;
 An' gif it's sae, ye sud be licket
 Until ye fyke;
 Sic hauns as you sud ne'er be falkit,
 Be hain't wha like.

For me, I'm on Parnassus' brink,
 Rivin' the words to gar them clink;
 Whyles daz't wi' love, whyles daz't wi drink,
 Wi' jades or masons;
 An' whyles, but aye ower late, I think,
 Braw sober lessons.

Of a' the thoughtless sons o' man,
 Commend me to the Bardie clan;
 Except it be some idle plan
 O' rhymin' clink,
 The devil-haet, that I sud ban,
 They ever think.

Nae thought, nae view, nae scheme o' livin',
 Nae cares to gie us joy or grievin';
 But just the pouchie put the nieve in,
 An' while ought's there,
 Then hiltie, skiltie, we gae scrievin',
 An' fash nae mair.

Leeze me on rhyme! it's aye a treasure,
 My chief, amaist my only pleasure,
 At hame, a-fiel', at wark, or leisure,
 The Muse, poor hizzie!
 Tho' rough an' raploch be her measure,
 She's seldom lazy.

Haud to the Muse, my dainty Davie:
 The warl' may play you mony a shavie;
 But for the Muse, she'll never leave ye,
 Tho' e'er sae puir,
 Na, even tho' limpin' wi' the spavie
 Frae door tae door.

THE INVENTORY,

IN ANSWER TO THE USUAL MANDATE SENT BY A
 SURVEYOR OF THE TAXES, REQUIRING A RETURN
 OF THE NUMBER OF HORSES, SERVANTS,
 CARRIAGES, ETC., KEPT.

SIR, as your mandate did request,
 I send you here a faithfu' list
 O' gudes an' gear, an' a' my graith,
 To which I'm clear to gie my aith.

Imprimis then, for carriage cattle,
 I have four brutes o' gallant mettle
 As ever drew afore a pettle ;
 My han' afore's a gude auld has-been,
 An' wight an' wilfu' a' his days been ;
 My han' ahin's a weel gaun fillie,
 That aft has borne me hame frae Killie
 An' your auld burgh mony a time,
 In days when riding was nae crime—
 But ance whan in my wooing pride
 I, like a blockhead, boost to ride ;
 The wilfu' creature sae I pat to
 (Lord, pardon a' my sins an' that too !),
 I play'd my fillie sic a shavie,
 She's a' bedevil'd wi' the spavie.
 My furr-ahin's a wordy beast,
 As e'er in tug or tow was trac'd,
 The fourth's a Highland Donald, hastie,
 A damn'd red-wub Kilburnie blastie,
 Foreby a cowte, o' cowtes the wale,
 As ever ran afore a tail ;
 If he be spar'd to be a beast
 He'll draw me fifteen pun at least.

Wheel carriages I hae but few,
 Three carts, an' twa are feckly new :
 Ae auld wheelbarrow, mair for token,
 Ae leg an' baith the trams are broken ;
 I made a poker o' the spin'le,
 An' my auld mother brunt the trin'le.

For men, I've three mischievous boys,
 Run de'ils for rantin' an' for noise ;
 A gaudsman ane, a thrasher t'other—
 Wee Davock hauds the nowte in fother.
 I rule them, as I ought, discreetly,
 An' often labour them completely.
 An' ay on Sundays duly nightly
 I on the questions tairge them tightly ;
 Till faith, wee Davock's grown sae gleg,
 Tho' scarcely langer than my leg,
 He'll screed you aff Effectual Calling
 As fast as ony in the dwelling.

I've nane in female servan' station
 (Lord, keep me ay frae a' temptation !)
 I hae nae wife, and that my bliss is,
 An' ye have laid nae tax on misses ;
 An' then if Kirk folks dinna clutch me,
 I ken the devils darena touch me.
 Wi' weans I'm mair than weel contented,
 Heav'n sent me ane mae than I wanted.
 My sonsie, smirking dear-bought Bess,

She stares the daddy in her face,
 Enough of ought ye like but grace.
 But her, my bonnie sweet wee lady,
 I've paid enough for her already,
 An' gin ye tax her or her mither,
 B' the Lord, ye'se get them a' thegither.

And now, remember, Mr. Aiken,
 Nae kind of license out I'm takin';
 Frae this time forth, I do declare,
 I'se ne'er ride horse nor hizzie mair;
 Thro' dirt and dub for life I'll paidle,
 Ere I sae dear pay for a saddle;
 My travel a' on foot I'll shank it,
 I've sturdy bearers, Gude be thankit!—
 The Kirk an' you may tak' you that,
 It puts but little in your pat;
 Sae dinna put me in your buke,
 Nor for my ten white shillings luke.

This list wi' my ain han' I wrote it,
 Day an' date as undernotit:
 Then know all ye whom it concerns,
 Subscripsi huic,

ROBERT BURNS.

Mossgiel,
 February 22nd, 1786.

THE WHISTLE.

A BALLAD.

I SING of a Whistle, a Whistle of worth,
 I sing of a Whistle, the pride of the North,
 Was brought to the court of our good Scottish king,
 And long with this Whistle all Scotland shall ring.

Old Loda, still rueing the arm of Fingal,
 The god of the bottle sends down from his hall—
 'This Whistle's your challenge, to Scotland get o'er,
 And drink them to hell, Sir, or ne'er see me more!'

Old poets have sung, and old chronicles tell,
 What champions ventur'd, what champions fell;
 The son of great Loda was conqueror still,
 And blew on the Whistle this requiem shrill.

Till Robert, the lord of the Cairn and the Scaur,
 Unmatch'd at the bottle, unconquer'd in war,
 He drank his poor godship as deep as the sea—
 No tide of the Baltic e'er drunker than he.

Thus Robert, victorious, the trophy has gain'd,
 Which now in his house has for ages remain'd;

Till three noble chieftains, and all of his blood,
The jovial contest again have renew'd.

Three joyous good fellows, with hearts clear of flaw;
Craigdarroch, so famous for wit, worth, and law;
And trusty Glenriddel, so skill'd in old coins;
And gallant Sir Robert, deep-read in old wines.

Craigdarroch began, with a tongue smooth as oil,
Desiring Glenriddel to yield up the spoil,
Or else he would muster the heads of the clan,
And once more, in claret, try which was the man.

'By the gods of the ancients!' Glenriddel replies,
'Before I surrender so glorious a prize
I'll conjure the ghost of the great Rory More,
And bumper his horn with him twenty times o'er.'

Sir Robert, a soldier, no speech would pretend,
But he ne'er turn'd his back on his foe—or his
friend,

Said 'Toss down the Whistle, the prize of the field,'
And, knee-deep in claret, he'd die ere he'd yield.

To the board of Glenriddel our heroes repair,
So noted for drowning of sorrow and care;
But for wine and for welcome not more known to
fame

Than the sense, wit, and taste of a sweet lovely
dame.

A bard was selected to witness the fray,
And tell future ages the feats of the day;
A bard who detested all sadness and spleen,
And wish'd that Parnassus a vineyard had been.

The dinner being over, the claret they ply,
And ev'ry new cork is a new spring of joy;
In the bands of old friendship and kindred so set,
And the bands grew the tighter the more they were
wet.

Gay Pleasure ran riot as bumpers ran o'er;
Bright Phœbus ne'er witness'd so joyous a core,
And vow'd that to leave them he was quite forlorn,
Till Cynthia hinted he'd see them next morn.

Six bottles a-piece had well wore out the night,
When gallant Sir Robert, to finish the fight,
Turn'd o'er in one bumper a bottle of red,
And swore 'twas the way that their ancestors did.

Then worthy Glenriddel, so cautious and sage,
No longer the warfare ungodly would wage;
A high-ruling elder to wallow in wine!
He left the foul business to folks less divine.

The gallant Sir Robert fought hard to the end;
 But who can with Fate and quart bumpers contend?
 Tho' Fate said, a hero should perish in light,
 So up rose bright Phœbus, and down fell the knight.

Next up rose our bard, like a prophet in drink:—
 ' Craigdarroch, thou'lt soar when creation shall sink!
 But if thou would flourish immortal in rhyme,
 Come—one bottle more—and have at the sublime!

' Thy line, that have struggled for freedom with
 Bruce,

Shall heroes and patriots ever produce:
 So thine be the laurel, and mine be the bay;
 The field thou hast won, by yon bright god of day!'

SKETCH

INSCRIBED TO THE RIGHT HON. C. J. FOX.

How Wisdom and Folly meet, mix, and unite:
 How Virtue and Vice blend their black and their
 white;

How Genius, th' illustrious father of fiction,
 Confounds rule and law, reconciles contradiction—
 I sing; if these mortals, the Critics, should bustle,
 I care not, not I—let the Critics go whistle!

But now for a Patron, whose name and whose glory
 At once may illustrate and honour my story.

Thou first of our orators, first of our wits;
 Yet whose parts and acquirements seem just lucky
 hits;

With knowledge so vast, and with judgment so
 strong,

No man with the half of 'em e'er could go wrong;

With passions so potent, and fancies so bright,
 No man with the half of 'em e'er could go right;

A sorry, poor, misbegot son of the Muses

For using thy name offers fifty excuses.

Good Lord, what is man! for as simple he looks,

Do but try to develop his hooks and his crooks,
 With his depths and his shallows, his good and his
 evil,

All in all, he's a problem must puzzle the devil.

On his one ruling passion Sir Pope hugely labours,
 That, like th' old Hebrew walking-switch, eats up
 its neighbours;

Mankind are his show-box—a friend, would you
 know him?

Pull the string, Ruling Passion, the picture will
show him.

What pity, in rearing so beauteous a system,
One trifling particular, Truth, should have miss'd
him!

For, spite of his fine, theoretic positions,
Mankind is a science defies definitions.

Some sort all our qualities each to its tribe,
And think human-nature they truly describe;
Have you found this, or t'other? there's more in
the wind,

As by one drunken fellow his comrades you'll find.
But such is the flaw, or the depth of the plan
In the make of the wonderful creature call'd Man;
No two virtues, whatever relation they claim,
Nor even two different shades of the same,
Though like as was ever twin-brother to brother
Possessing the one shall imply you've the other.

But truce with abstraction, and truce with a muse
Whose rhymes you'll perhaps, Sir, ne'er deign to
peruse:

Will you leave your justings, your jars, and your
quarrels,

Contending with Billy for proud-nodding laurels!
My much-honour'd Patron, believe your poor Poet,
Your courage much more than your prudence you
show it,

In vain with Squire Billy for laurels you struggle;
He'll have them by fair trade, if not, he will smuggle;
Not cabinets even of kings would conceal 'em,
He'd up the back-stairs, and by G— he would
steal 'em.

Then feats like Squire Billy's you ne'er can achieve
'em,

It is not, outdo him—the task is, out-thieve him.

TO DR. BLACKLOCK.

Ellisland, 21st Oct., 1789.

Wow, but your letter made me vauntie!
And are ye hale, and weel, and cantie?
I kenn'd it still your wee bit jauntie

Wad bring ye to:

Lord send you ay as weel's I want ye,
And then you'll do.

The ill-thief blaw the Heron south!
And never drink be near his drouth!

He tauld mysel' by word o' mouth,
 He'd tak' my letter;
 I lippen'd to the chiel in trouth,
 And bade nae better.

But aiblins honest Master Heron
 Had at the time some dainty fair one
 To ware his Theologic care on,
 And holy study;
 And tir'd o' sauls to waste his lear on,
 E'en tried the body.

But what d'ye think, my trusty fier,
 I'm turn'd a gauger—Peace be here!
 Parnassian queens, I fear, I fear
 Ye'll now disdain me!
 And then my fifty pounds a year
 Will little gain me.

Ye glaikit, gleesome, dainty damies,
 Wha by Castalian's wimplin' streamies
 Loup, sing, and lave your pretty limbies,
 Ye ken, ye ken,
 That strang Necessity supreme is
 'Mang sons o' men.

I hae a wife and twa wee laddies,
 They maun hae brose and bits o' duddies;
 Ye ken yoursels my heart right proud is—
 I needna vaunt,
 But I'll sned besoms—thraw saugh woodies,
 Before they want.

Lord help me thro' this warld o' care!
 I'm weary sick o't late and air!
 Not but I hae a richer share
 Than mony ithers;
 But why should ae man better fare,
 And a' men brithers?

Come, Firm Resolve, take thou the van,
 Thou stalk o' carl-hemp in man!
 And let us mind, faint heart ne'er wan
 A lady fair;
 Wha does the utmost that he can
 Will whyles do mair.

But to conclude my silly rhyme,
 (I'm scant o' verse, and scant o' time,)
 To make a happy fire-side clime
 To weans and wife,
 That's the true pathos and sublime
 Of human life.

ELEGY ON THE LATE MISS BURNET,
OF MONBODDO.

LIFE ne'er exulted in so rich a prize
As Burnet, lovely from her native skies ;
Nor envious death so triumph'd in a blow,
As that which laid th' accomplish'd Burnet low.

Thy form and mind, sweet maid, can I forget ?
In richest ore the brightest jewel set !
In thee, high Heaven above was truest shown,
As by his noblest work the Godhead best is known.

In vain ye flaunt in summer's pride, ye groves ;
Thou crystal streamlet with thy flowery shore,
Ye woodland choir that chant your idle loves,
Ye cease to charm—Eliza is no more !

Ye heathy wastes, immix'd with reedy fens ;
Ye mossy streams, with sedge and rushes stor'd ;
Ye rugged cliffs o'erhanging dreary glens,
To you I fly, ye with my soul accord.

Princes, whose cumb'rous pride was all their worth,
Shall venal lays their pompous exit hail !
And thou, sweet excellence ! forsake our earth,
And not a Muse in honest grief bewail ?

We saw thee shine in youth and beauty's pride,
And virtue's light that beams beyond the spheres :
But like the sun eclips'd at morning tide,
Thou left'st us darkling in a world of tears.

The parent's heart that nestled fond in thee,
That heart how sunk, a prey to grief and care ;
So deck'd with woodbine sweet yon aged tree,
So, from it ravish'd, leaves it bleak and bare.

THE FOLLOWING POEM
WAS WRITTEN TO A GENTLEMAN

WHO HAD SENT HIM A NEWSPAPER, AND OFFERED
TO CONTINUE IT FREE OF EXPENSE.

KIND Sir, I've read your paper through,
And, faith, to me 'twas really new !
How guess'd ye, Sir, what maist I wanted !
This mony a day I've grain'd and gaunted
To ken what French mischief was brewin' ;
Or what the drumlie Dutch were doin' ;

That vile doup-skelper, Emperor Joseph,
 If Venus yet had cut his nose off;
 Or how the collieshangie works
 Atween the Russians and the Turks;
 Or if the Swede, before he halt,
 Would play anither Charles the Twalt:
 If Denmark, anybody spak o't;
 Of Poland, wha had now the tack o't;
 How cut-throat Prussian blades were hingin';
 How libbet Italy was singin':
 If Spaniard, Portuguese, or Swiss,
 Were sayin' or takin' aught amiss:
 Or how our merry lads at hame,
 In Britain's court kept up the game:
 How royal George, the Lord leuk o'er him!
 Was managing St. Stephen's quorum;
 If sleekit Chatham Will was livin',
 Or glaikit Charlie got his nieve in;
 How daddie Burke the plea was cookin',
 If Warren Hastings' neck was yeukin':
 How cesses, stents, and fees were rax'd,
 Or if bare a—s yet were tax'd;
 The news o' princes, dukes, and earls,
 Pimps, sharpers, bawds, and opera-girls;
 If that daft buckie, Geordie Wales,
 Was threshin' still at hizzies' tails;
 Or if he was grown oughtlins douser,
 And no a perfect kintra cooser.—
 A' this and mair I never heard of;
 And, but for you, I might despair'd of.
 So gratefu', back your news I send you!
 And pray a' guid things may attend you!

Ellisland, Monday Morning, 1790.

REMONSTRANCE TO THE GENTLEMAN TO WHOM
 THE FOREGOING POEM WAS ADDRESSED.

Dear Peter, Dear Peter,
 We poor sons of metre
 Are often negleckit, ye ken;
 For instance, your sheet, man
 (Though glad I'm to see't, man),
 I get it no ae day in ten.—R. B.

LINES ON AN INTERVIEW WITH
 LORD DAER.

THIS wot ye all whom it concerns,
 I Rhymer Robin, alias Burns,
 October twenty-third,

A ne'er to be forgotten day,
 Sae far I sprachled up the brae,
 I dinner'd wi' a Lord.

I've been at drucken writers' feasts,
 Nay, been bitch-fou 'mang godly priests,
 Wi' reverence be it spoken ;
 I've even join'd the honour'd jorum,
 When mighty Squireships of the quorum
 Their hydra drouth did sloken.

But wi' a Lord—stand out my shin ;
 A Lord—a Peer—an Earl's son,
 Up higher yet, my bonnet !
 And sic a Lord—lang Scotch ells twa,
 Our Peerage he o'erlooks them a',
 As I look o'er my sonnet.

But, O for Hogarth's magic pow'r !
 To show Sir Bardie's willyart glow'r !
 And how he star'd and stammer'd,
 When goavan, as if led wi' branks,
 An' stumpin' on his ploughman shanks,
 He in the parlour hammer'd.

I sidling shelter'd in a nook,
 An' at his lordship steal't a look,
 Like some portentous omen ;
 Except good sense and social glee,
 An' (what surprised me) modesty,
 I marked nought uncommon.

I watch'd the symptoms o' the Great,
 The gentle pride, the lordly state,
 The arrogant assuming ;
 The fient o' pride, nae pride had he,
 Nor sauce, nor state that I could see,
 Mair than an honest ploughman.

Then from his lordship I shall learn,
 Henceforth to meet with unconcern
 One rank as weel's another ;
 Nae honest worthy man need care
 To meet with noble, youthful Daer,
 For he but meets a brother.

THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN.

PROLOGUE, SPOKEN BY MISS FONTENELLE
 ON HER BENEFIT NIGHT.

Nov. 26, 1792.

WHILE Europe's eye is fix'd on mighty things,
 The fate of Empires and the fall of Kings ;

While quacks of State must each produce his plan,
 And even children lisp The Rights of Man ;
 Amid this mighty fuss just let me mention,
 The Rights of Woman merit some attention.

First, in the Sexes' intermix'd connexion,
 One sacred Right of Woman is Protection—
 The tender flower that lifts its head elate,
 Helpless, must fall before the blasts of Fate,
 Sunk on the earth, defac'd its lovely form,
 Unless your shelter ward th' impending storm.

Our second Right—but needless here is caution,
 To keep that Right inviolate's the fashion.
 Each man of sense has it so full before him,
 He'd die before he'd wrong it—'tis decorum.
 There was indeed in far less polish'd days,
 A time when rough rude man had naughty ways :
 Would swagger, swear, get drunk, kick up a riot,
 Nay, even thus invade a Lady's quiet!—
 Now, thank our stars! these Gothic times are fled ;
 Now well-bred men—and you are all well-bred!—
 Most justly think (and we are much the gainers)
 Such conduct neither spirit, wit, nor manners.

For Right the third, our last, our best, our dearest,
 That Right to fluttering female hearts the nearest,
 Which even the Rights of Kings, in low prostration,
 Most humbly own—'tis dear, dear admiration !
 In that blest sphere alone we live and move ;
 There taste that life of life—immortal love.—
 Sighs, tears, smiles, glances, fits, flirtations, airs,
 'Gainst such an host what flinty savage dares—
 When awful Beauty joins with all her charms,
 Who is so rash as rise in rebel arms ?

But truce with kings, and truce with constitutions,
 With bloody armaments and revolutions !
 Let Majesty your first attention summon,
 Ah! *ça ira!* THE MAJESTY OF WOMAN !

ADDRESS,
 SPOKEN BY MISS FONTENELLE,

ON HER BENEFIT-NIGHT, DECEMBER 4, 1795,
 AT THE THEATRE, DUMFRIES.

STILL anxious to secure your partial favour,
 And not less anxious, sure, this night, than ever,
 A Prologue, Epilogue, or some such matter,
 'Twould vamp my bill, said I, if nothing better ;
 So sought a Poet, roosted near the skies,
 Told him I came to feast my curious eyes ;

Said nothing like his works was ever printed ;
 And last, my Prologue-business silyly hinted.
 'Ma'am, let me tell you,' quoth my man of rhymes,
 'I know your bent—these are no laughing times :
 Can you—but Miss, I own I have my fears—
 Dissolve in pause—and sentimental tears ?
 With laden sighs, and solemn-rounded sentence,
 Rouse from his sluggish slumbers fell Repentance ;
 Paint Vengeance as he takes his horrid stand,
 Waving on high the desolating brand,
 Calling the storms to bear him o'er a guilty land ?'

I could no more—askance the creature eyeing.
 D'ye think, said I, this face was made for crying ?
 I'll laugh, that's poz—nay, more, the world shall
 know it ;

And so, your servant ! gloomy Master Poet !

Firm as my creed, Sirs, 'tis my fix'd belief,
 That Misery's another word for Grief ;
 I also think—so may I be a bride !

That so much laughter, so much life enjoy'd.

Thou man of crazy care and ceaseless sigh,
 Still under bleak Misfortune's blasting eye ;
 Doom'd to that sorest task of man alive—
 To make three guineas do the work of five :
 Laugh in Misfortune's face—the beldam witch !
 Say, you'll be merry, tho' you can't be rich.

Thou other man of care, the wretch in love,
 Who long with jiltish arts and airs hast strove ;
 Who, as the boughs all temptingly project,
 Measur'st in desperate thought—a rope—thy neck—
 Or, where the beetling cliff o'erhangs the deep,
 Peerest to meditate the healing leap :
 Wouldst thou be cur'd, thou silly, moping elf ?
 Laugh at her follies—laugh e'en at thyself :
 Learn to despise those frowns now so terrific,
 And love a kinder—that's your grand specific.

To sum up all, be merry, I advise ;
 And as we're merry, may we still be wise.

VERSES TO A YOUNG LADY,

WITH A PRESENT OF SONGS.

HERE, where the Scottish Muse immortal lives,
 In sacred strains and tuneful numbers join'd,
 Accept the gift ; tho' humble he who gives,
 Rich is the tribute of the grateful mind.

So may no ruffian-feeling in thy breast
 Discordant jar thy bosom-chords among !

But Peace attune thy gentle soul to rest,
 Or Love, ecstatic, wake his seraph song!
 Or Pity's notes, in luxury of tears,
 As modest Want the tale of woe reveals;
 While conscious Virtue all the strain endears,
 And heaven-born Piety her sanction seals!

POEM ON PASTORAL POETRY.

HAIL, Poesie! thou nymph reserv'd!
 In chase o' thee what crowds hae swerv'd
 Frae common sense, or sunk unnerv'd
 'Mang heaps o' clavers;
 And och! o'er aft thy joes hae starv'd
 'Mid a' thy favours!

Say, Lassie, why thy train amang,
 While loud the trump's heroic clang,
 And sock or buskin skelp alang
 To death or marriage:
 Scarce ane has tried the shepherd-sang
 But wi' miscarriage?

In Homer's craft Jock Milton thrives;
 Æschylus' pen Will Shakespeare drives;
 Wee Pope, the knurlin, 'till him rives
 Horatian fame;
 In thy sweet sang, Barbauld, survives
 Even Sappho's flame.

But thee, Theocritus, wha matches?
 They're no herd's ballads, Maro's catches;
 Squire Pope but busks his skinklin' patches
 O' heathen tatters:
 I pass by hunders, nameless wretches,
 That ape their betters.

In this braw age o' wit and lear,
 Will nane the Shepherd's whistle mair
 Blaw sweetly in its native air
 And rural grace;
 And wi' the far-fam'd Grecian share
 A rival place?

Yes! there is ane; a Scottish callan—
 There's ane; come forrit, honest Allan!
 Thou needna jouk behint the hallan,
 A chiel sae clever;
 The teeth o' Time may gnaw Tantallan,
 But thou's for ever!

Thou paints auld Nature to the nines
 In thy sweet Caledonian lines ;
 Nae gowden stream thro' myrtles twines
 Where Philomel,
 While nightly breezes sweep the vines,
 Her griefs will tell !

In gowany glens thy burnie strays,
 Where bonnie lasses bleach their claes ;
 Or trots by hazelly shaws and braes,
 Wi' hawthorns gray,
 Where blackbirds join the shepherd's lays
 At close o' day.

Thy rural loves are Nature's sel' ;
 Nae bombast spates o' nonsense swell ;
 Nae snap conceits ; but that sweet spell
 O' witchin' love ;
 That charm that can the strongest quell,
 The sternest move.

WRITTEN ON THE BLANK LEAF OF
 THE LAST EDITION OF HIS POEMS,

PRESENTED TO THE LADY WHOM HE HAD OFTEN
 CELEBRATED UNDER THE NAME OF CHLORIS.

'Tis Friendship's pledge, my young, fair friend,
 Nor thou the gift refuse,
 Nor with unwilling ear attend
 The moralizing Muse.

Since thou, in all thy youth and charms,
 Must bid the world adieu
 (A world 'gainst peace in constant arms),
 To join the friendly few.

Since thy gay morn of life o'ercast,
 Chill came the tempest's lower,
 (And ne'er misfortune's eastern blast
 Did nip a fairer flower).

Since life's gay scenes must charm no more,
 Still much is left behind ;
 Still nobler wealth hast thou in store—
 The comforts of the mind !

Thine is the self-approving glow,
 On conscious honour's part ;
 And, dearest gift of heaven below,
 Thine friendship's truest heart.

The joys refin'd of sense and taste,
 With every muse to rove :
 And doubly were the poet blest,
 These joys could he improve.

POETICAL ADDRESS TO MR. WILLIAM
 TYTLER,

WITH THE PRESENT OF THE BARD'S PICTURE.

REVERED defender of beauteous Stuart,
 Of Stuart, a name once respected,
 A name which to love was the mark of a true heart,
 But now 'tis despis'd and neglected.

Tho' something like moisture conglobes in my eye,
 Let no one misdeem me disloyal ;
 A poor friendless wand'rer may well claim a sigh,
 Still more, if that wand'rer were royal.

My fathers that name have rever'd on a throne ;
 My fathers have fallen to right it ;
 Those fathers would spurn their degenerate son,
 That name should he scoffingly slight it.

Still in prayers for King George I most heartily join,
 The Queen, and the rest of the gentry,
 Be they wise, be they foolish, is nothing of mine ;
 Their title's avow'd by my country.

But why of this epoch make such a fuss,
 That gave us the Hanover stem ?
 If bringing them over was lucky for us,
 I'm sure 'twas as lucky for them.

But, loyalty, truce ! we're on dangerous ground,
 Who knows how the fashions may alter ?
 The doctrine to-day that is loyalty sound,
 To-morrow may bring us a halter.

I send you a trifle, a head of a bard,
 A trifle scarce worthy your care ;
 But accept it, good Sir, as a mark of regard,
 Sincere as a saint's dying prayer.

Now life's chilly evening dim shades in your eye
 And ushers the long dreary night ;
 But you, like the star that athwart gilds the sky,
 Your course to the latest is bright.

SKETCH.—NEW-YEAR'S DAY (1790).

TO MRS. DUNLOP.

THIS day Time winds th' exhausted chain,
 To run the twelvemonth's length again :
 I see the old, bald-pated fellow,
 With ardent eyes, complexion sallow,
 Adjust the unimpaired machine
 To wheel the equal, dull routine.

The absent lover, minor heir,
 In vain assail him with their prayer ;
 Deaf as my friend he sees them press,
 Nor makes the hour one moment less.
 Will you (the Major's with the hounds,
 The happy tenants share his rounds ;
 Coila's fair Rachel's care to-day,
 And blooming Keith's engaged with Gray)
 From housewife cares a minute borrow—
 That grandchild's cap will do to-morrow—
 And join with me a moralizing,
 This day's propitious to be wise in.

First, what did yesternight deliver ?
 ' Another year has gone for ever.'
 And what is this day's strong suggestion ?
 ' The passing moment's all we rest on !'
 Rest on—for what ? what do we hear ?
 Or why regard the passing year ?
 Will Time, amus'd with proverb'd lore,
 Add to our date one minute more ?
 A few days may, a few years must,
 Repose us in the silent dust ;
 Then is it wise to damp our bliss ?
 Yes—all such reasonings are amiss !
 The voice of Nature loudly cries,
 And many a message from the skies,
 That something in us never dies ;
 That on this frail, uncertain state
 Hang matters of eternal weight ;
 That future-life in worlds unknown
 Must take its hue from this alone ;
 Whether as heavenly glory bright,
 Or dark as misery's woful night.

Since then, my honour'd, first of friends,
 On this poor being all depends,
 Let us th' important Now employ,
 And live as those that never die.

Tho' you, with days and honours crown'd,
 Witness that filial circle round

(A sight—life's sorrows to repulse ;
 A sight—pale Envy to convulse),
 Others may claim your chief regard ;
 Yourself, you wait your bright reward.

EXTEMPORE, ON MR. WILLIAM
 SMELLIE,

AUTHOR OF THE PHILOSOPHY OF NATURAL HISTORY
 AND MEMBER OF THE ANTIQUARIAN AND ROYAL
 SOCIETIES OF EDINBURGH.

To Crochallan came,
 The old cock'd hat, the grey surtout, the same ;
 His bristling beard just rising in its might,
 'Twas four long nights and days to shaving night ;
 His uncomb'd grizzly locks, wild staring, thatch'd
 A head for thought profound and clear, unmatch'd.
 Yet tho' his caustic wit was biting, rude,
 His heart was warm, benevolent, and good.

INSCRIPTION FOR AN ALTAR

TO INDEPENDENCE, AT KERROUGHTRY, SEAT OF
 MR. HERON, WRITTEN IN SUMMER, 1795

THOU of an independent mind,
 With soul resolv'd, with soul resign'd ;
 Prepar'd Power's proudest frown to brave,
 Who wilt not be, nor have a slave ;
 Virtue alone who dost revere,
 Thy own reproach alone dost fear,
 Approach this shrine, and worship here.

MONODY ON A LADY FAMED FOR
 HER CAPRICE.

How cold is that bosom which folly once fired,
 How pale is that cheek where the rouge lately
 glisten'd !
 How silent that tongue which the echoes oft tir'd,
 How dull is that ear which to flattery so listen'd !
 If sorrow and anguish their exit await,
 From friendship and dearest affection remov'd ;
 How doubly severer, Maria, thy fate,
 Thou diedst unwept, as thou livedst unlov'd.

Loves, Graces, and Virtues, I call not on you ;
 So shy, grave, and distant, ye shed not a tear :
 But come, all ye offspring of Folly so true,
 And flowers let us cull for Maria's cold bier.

We'll search thro' the garden for each silly flower,
 We'll roam through the forest for each idle weed ;
 But chiefly the nettle, so typical, shower,
 For none e'er approached her but rued the rash deed.

We'll sculpture the marble, we'll measure the lay ;
 Here Vanity strums on her idiot lyre ;
 There keen Indignation shall dart on her prey,
 Which spurning Contempt shall redeem from
 his ire.

THE EPITAPH.

Here lies, now a prey to insulting neglect,
 What once was a butterfly, gay in life's beam :
 Want only of wisdom denied her respect,
 Want only of goodness denied her esteem.

SONNET, ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT
RIDDEL, ESQ. OF GLENRIDDEL.

April, 1794.

No more, ye warblers of the wood—no more !
 Nor pour your descant, grating on my soul ;
 Thou young-eyed Spring, gay in thy verdant stole,
 More welcome were to me grim Winter's wildest roar.

How can ye charm, ye flow'rs, with all your dyes ?
 Ye blow upon the sod that wraps my friend :
 How can I to the tuneful strain attend ?
 That strain flows round th' untimely tomb where
 Riddel lies.

Yes, pour, ye warblers, pour the notes of woe !
 And soothe the Virtues weeping o'er his bier :
 The Man of Worth, and has not left his peer,
 Is in his ' narrow house ' for ever darkly low.

Thee, Spring, again with joys shall others greet ;
 Me, mem'ry of my loss will only meet.

IMPROMPTU, ON MRS. RIDDEL'S
BIRTHDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1793.

OLD Winter, with his frosty beard,
 Thus once to Jove his prayer preferr'd,

'What have I done of all the year,
 To bear this hated doom severe?
 My cheerless suns no pleasure know;
 Night's horrid car drags, dreary slow;
 My dismal months no joys are crowning,
 But spleeny English, hanging, drowning.
 Now, Jove, for once be mighty civil,
 To counterbalance all this evil;
 Give me, and I've no more to say,
 Give me Maria's natal day!
 That brilliant gift will so enrich me,
 Spring, Summer, Autumn, cannot match me;'

'Tis done!' says Jove; so ends my story,
 And Winter once rejoic'd in glory.

TO A YOUNG LADY, MISS JESSY
LEWARS, DUMFRIES,

WITH BOOKS WHICH THE BARD PRESENTED HER.

June 26th, 1796.

THINE be the volumes, Jessy fair,
 And with them take the Poet's prayer—
 That fate may in her fairest page,
 With every kindest, best presage
 Of future bliss, enrol thy name;
 With native worth, and spotless fame,
 And wakeful caution still aware
 Of ill—but chief, man's felon snare;
 All blameless joys on earth we find,
 And all the treasures of the mind—
 These be thy guardian and reward;
 So prays thy faithful friend, the Bard.

VERSES,

WRITTEN UNDER VIOLENT GRIEF.

ACCEPT the gift a friend sincere
 Wad on thy worth be pressin';
 Remembrance oft may start a tear,
 But oh! that tenderness forbear,
 Though 'twad my sorrows lessen.

My morning rase sae clear and fair,
 I thought sair storms wad never
 Bedew the scene; but grief and care
 In wildest fury hae made bare
 My peace, my hope, forever!

You think I'm glad; oh, I pay weel
 For a' the joy I borrow,
 In solitude—then, then I feel
 I canna to mysel' conceal
 My deeply-ranklin' sorrow.

Farewell! within thy bosom free
 A sigh may whiles awaken;
 A tear may wet thy laughin' e'e,
 For Scotia's son—ance gay like thee—
 Now hopeless, comfortless, forsaken!

EXTEMPORE TO MR. SYME,

ON REFUSING TO DINE WITH HIM, AFTER HAVING
 BEEN PROMISED THE FIRST OF COMPANY AND
 THE FIRST OF COOKERY.

17th December, 1791.

No more of your guests, be they titled or not,
 And cook'ry the first in the nation;
 Who is proof to thy personal converse and wit,
 Is proof to all other temptation.

TO MR. SYME,

WITH A PRESENT OF A DOZEN OF PORTER.

O, HAD the malt thy strength of mind,
 Or hops the flavour of thy wit,
 'Twere drink for first of human kind,
 A gift that e'en for Syme were fit.

Jerusalem Tavern, Dumfries.

SONNET,

ON HEARING A THRUSH SING IN A MORNING WALK
 IN JANUARY, WRITTEN 25TH JAN., 1793, THE
 BIRTHDAY OF THE AUTHOR.

SING on, sweet Thrush, upon the leafless bough;
 Sing on, sweet bird, I listen to thy strain:
 See aged Winter, 'mid his surly reign,
 At thy blythe carol clears his furrow'd brow.

So in lone Poverty's dominion drear
 Sits meek Content with light unanxious heart,
 Welcomes the rapid moments, bids them part,
 Nor asks if they bring aught to hope or fear.

I thank thee, Author of this opening day !
 Thou whose bright sun now gilds the orient skies !
 Riches denied, thy boon was purer joys,
 What wealth could never give nor take away !

Yet come, thou child of poverty and care ;
 The mite high Heav'n bestow'd, that mite with thee
 I'll share.

POEM, ADDRESSED TO MR.
 MITCHELL,

COLLECTOR OF EXCISE, DUMFRIES.

December, 1795.

FRIEND of the Poet, tried and leal,
 Wha, wanting thee, might beg or steal ;
 Alack, alack, the meikle Deil
 Wi' a' his witches
 Are at it, skelpin' ! jig and reel,
 In my poor pouches.

I modestly fu' fain wad hint it,
 That one pound one, I sairly want it :
 If wi' the hizzie down ye sent it,
 It wad be kind ;
 And while my heart wi' life-blood dunted,
 I'd bear't in mind.

So may the auld year gang out moaning
 To see the new come laden, groaning,
 Wi' double plenty o'er the loanin'
 To thee and thine ;
 Domestic peace and comforts crowning
 The hale design.

POSTSCRIPT.

Ye've heard this while how I've been licket,
 And by fell death was nearly nicket :
 Grim loon ! he gat me by the fecket,
 And sair me sheuk ;
 But by guid luck I lap a wicket,
 And turn'd a neuk.

But by that health, I've got a share o't,
 And by that life, I'm promis'd mair o't,
 My heal and weal I'll tak a care o't
 A tentier way :
 Then fareweel folly, hide and hair o't,
 For ance and aye.

SENT TO A GENTLEMAN WHOM HE
HAD OFFENDED.

THE friend whom wild from wisdom's way
 The fumes of wine infuriate send ;
 (Not moony madness more astray ;)
 Who but deplores that hapless friend ?
 Mine was th' insensate frenzied part.
 Ah why should I such scenes outlive ?
 Scenes so abhorrent to my heart !
 'Tis thine to pity and forgive.

POEM ON LIFE,

ADDRESSED TO COLONEL DE PEYSTER, DUMFRIES,
 1796.

My honour'd Colonel, deep I feel
 Your interest in the Poet's weal ;
 Ah ! now sma' heart hae I to speel
 The steep Parnassus,
 Surrounded thus by bolus pill,
 And potion glasses.
 O what a canty warld were it
 Would pain, and care, and sickness spare it ;
 And Fortune favour worth and merit,
 As they deserve :
 (And aye a rowth, roast beef and claret ;
 Syne wha wad starve ?)
 Dame Life, tho' fiction out may trick her,
 And in paste gems and fripp'ry deck her ;
 Oh ! flick'ring, feeble, and unsicker
 I've found her still,
 Aye wav'ring like the willow wicker,
 'Tween good and ill.
 Then that curs'd carmagnole, auld Satan,
 Watches, like baudrons by a rattan,
 Our sinfu' saul to get a claut on
 Wi' felon ire ;
 Syne, whip ! his tail ye'll ne'er cast saut on,
 He's off like fire.
 Ah Nick ! ah Nick ! it isna fair,
 First showing us the tempting ware,
 Bright wines and bonnie lasses rare,
 To put us daft ;
 Syne weave unseen thy spider snare
 O' hell's damn'd waft.

VERSES WRITTEN AT SELKIRK,
ADDRESSED TO MR. CREECH, 13TH MAY, 1787.

AULD chuckie Reekie's sair distrest,
Doon draps her ance weel burnish't crest,
Nae joy her bonnie buskit nest
Can yield ava ;
Her darling bird that she lo'es best,
Willie's awa' !

O Willie was a witty wight,
And had o' things an unco sight ;
Auld Reekie ay he keepit tight,
An' trig an' braw :
But now they'll busk her like a fright,
Willie's awa' !

The stiffest o' them a' he bow'd ;
The bauldest o' them a' he cow'd ;
They durst na mair than he allow'd,
That was a law :
We've lost a birkie weel worth gowd,
Willie's awa' !

Now gawkies, tawpies, gowks, and fools,
Frae colleges and boarding-schools,
May sprout like simmer puddock-stools
In glen or shaw ;
He wha could brush them down to mools,
Willie's awa' !

The brethren o' the Commerce-Chaumer
May mourn their loss wi' doolfu' clamour ;
He was a dictionar and grammar
Amang them a' ;
I fear they'll now mak mony a stammer,
Willie's awa' !

Nae mair we see his levee door
Philosophers and Poets pour,
And toothy critics by the score,
In bloody raw,
The adjutant o' a' the core,
Willie's awa' !

Now worthy Gregory's Latin face,
Tytler's and Greenfield's modest grace,
Mackenzie, Stewart, sic a brace,
As Rome ne'er saw ;
They a' maun meet some ither place,
Willie's awa' !

Poor Burns e'en Scotch drink canna quicken,
 He cheeps like some bewilder'd chicken
 Scar'd frae its minnie and the cleckin

By hoodie-craw ;
 Grief's gi'en his heart an unco kickin',
 Willie's awa' !

Now ev'ry sour-mou'd grinnin, blellum,
 And Calvin's folk, are fit to fell him ;
 And self-conceited critic skellum
 His quill may draw ;
 He wha could brawlie ward their bellum,
 Willie's awa' !

Up wimplin' stately Tweed I've sped,
 And Eden scenes on crystal Jed,
 And Ettrick banks now roaring red,
 While tempests blaw ;
 But every joy and pleasure's fled,
 Willie's awa' !

May I be Slander's common speech ;
 A text for infamy to preach ;
 And lastly, streekit out to bleach
 In winter snaw ;
 When I forget thee, WILLIE CREECH,
 Tho' far awa' !

May never wicked Fortune toozle him !
 May never wicked men bamboozle him !
 Until a pow as auld's Methusalem
 He canty claw !
 Then to the blessed New Jerusalem
 Fleet wing awa' !

INSCRIPTION ON THE TOMBSTONE

ERECTED BY BURNS TO THE MEMORY OF
 FERGUSSON.

“ Here lies Robert Fergusson, Poet,
 Born September 5th, 1751—
 Died 16th October, 1774.”

No sculptur'd marble here, nor pompous lay,
 ‘ No storied urn nor animated bust ;’
 This simple stone directs pale Scotia's way
 To pour her sorrows o'er her Poet's dust.

She mourns, sweet tuneful youth, thy hapless fate :
 Tho' all the powers of song thy fancy fir'd,
 Yet Luxury and Wealth lay by in state,
 And thankless starv'd what they so much admired.

This humble tribute with a tear he gives
 A brother Bard, he can no more bestow :
 But dear to fame thy Song immortal lives,
 A nobler monument than Art can show.

A GRACE BEFORE DINNER.

O THOU, who kindly dost provide
 For every creature's want!
 We bless Thee, God of Nature wide,
 For all thy goodness lent :
 And, if it please Thee, Heavenly Guide,
 May never worse be sent ;
 But whether granted or denied,
 Lord, bless us with content!

AMEN !

A VERSE

COMPOSED AND REPEATED BY BURNS TO THE
 MASTER OF THE HOUSE, ON TAKING LEAVE AT
 A PLACE IN THE HIGHLANDS WHERE HE HAD
 BEEN HOSPITABLY ENTERTAINED.

WHEN Death's dark stream I ferry o'er—
 A time that surely shall come—
 In Heaven itself I'll ask no more
 Than just a Highland welcome.

LIBERTY.

A FRAGMENT.

THEE, Caledonia, thy wild heaths among,
 Thee, famed for martial deed and sacred song,
 To thee I turn with swimming eyes ;
 Where is that soul of Freedom fled ?
 Immingled with the mighty dead !
 Beneath the hallow'd turf where Wallace lies !
 Hear it not, Wallace, in thy bed of death !
 Ye babbling winds in silence sweep ;
 Disturb not ye the hero's sleep,
 Nor give the coward secret breath.

Is this the power in Freedom's war
 That wont to bid the battle rage ?
 Behold that eye which shot immortal hate,

Crushing the despot's proudest bearing,
 That arm which, nerved with thundering fate,
 Brav'd usurpation's boldest daring!
 One quench'd in darkness like the sinking star,
 And one the palsied arm of tottering, powerless age.

FRAGMENT OF AN ODE

TO THE MEMORY OF PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD
 STUART.

FALSE flatterer, Hope, away!
 Nor think to lure us as in days of yore;
 We solemnize this sorrowing natal-day
 To prove our loyal truth; we can no more;
 And owning Heaven's mysterious sway,
 Submissive low adore.

Ye honour'd mighty dead!
 Who nobly perish'd in the glorious cause,
 Your king, your country, and her laws!
 From great Dundee, who smiling victory led,
 And fell a martyr in her arms
 (What breast of northern ice but warms!)
 To bold Balmerino's undying name,
 Whose soul of fire, lighted at heaven's high flame,
 Deserves the proudest wreath departed heroes claim.

Nor unavenged your fate shall be,
 It only lags the fatal hour;
 Your blood shall with incessant cry
 Awake at last th' unsparing power;
 As from the cliff, with thundering course,
 The snowy ruin smokes along,
 With doubling speed and gathering force,
 Till deep it crashing 'whelms the cottage in the vale!
 So vengeance

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT
 RUISSEAU.

Now Robin lies in his last lair,
 He'll gabble rhyme nor sing nae mair;
 Cauld poverty, wi' hungry stare,
 Nae mair shall fear him:
 Nor anxious fear, nor canker't care,
 E'er mair come near him.

But still the elements o' sang
 In formless jumble, right an' wrang,
 Wild floated in my brain;
 Till on that har'st I said before,
 My partner in the merry core,
 She rous'd the forming strain:
 I see her yet, the sonsie quean,
 That lighted up my jingle,
 Her witching smile, her pawky een,
 That gart my heart-strings tingle;
 I fired, inspired,
 At ev'ry kindling keek,
 But bashing, and dashing,
 I feared aye to speak.

Health to the sex, ilk guid chiel says,
 Wi' merry dance in winter days,
 An' we to share in common:
 The gust o' joy, the balm of woe,
 The saul o' life, the heav'n below,
 Is rapture-giving woman.
 Ye surly sumpsh who hate the name,
 Be mindfu' o' your mither:
 She, honest woman, may think shame
 That ye're connected with her.
 Ye're wae men, ye're nae men,
 That slight the lovely dears;
 To shame ye, disclaim ye,
 Ilk honest birkie swears.

For you, no bred to barn or byre,
 Wha sweetly tune the Scottish lyre,
 Thanks to you for your line:
 The marled plaid ye kindly spare,
 By me should gratefully be ware;
 'Twad please me to the nine.
 I'd be more vauntie o' my hap,
 Douce hingin' owre my curple,
 Than ony ermine ever lap,
 Or proud imperial purple.
 Farewell then, lang heal then,
 An' plenty be your fa':
 May losses and crosses
 Ne'er at your hallan ca'.

March, 1787.

TO J. LAPRAIK.

September 13th, 1785.

Guid speed an' further to you, Johnny,
 Guid health, hale han's, and weather bonnie;

But stooks are cowpet wi' the blast,
 An' now the sun keeks in the west,
 Then I maun rin amang the rest
 An' quit my chanter ;
 Sae I subscribe mysel' in haste,
 Yours, Rab the Ranter.

THE TWA HERDS (APRIL, 1785).

*"Blockheads with reason wicked wits abhor,
 But Fool with Fool is barbarous civil war."*

POPE.

O a' ye pious godly flocks
 Weel fed on pastures orthodox,
 Wha now will keep you frae the fox,
 Or worrying tykes?
 Or wha will tent the waifs and crocks,
 About the dykes?

The twa best herds in a' the wast,
 That e'er gae gospel horn a blast,
 These five-and-twenty summers past,
 O dool to tell!
 Hae had a bitter, black out-cast
 Atween themsel'.

O, Moodie, man, and wordy Russel,
 How could you raise so vile a bustle?
 Ye'll see how new-light herds will whistle,
 And think it fine!
 The Lord's cause ne'er gat sic a twistle
 Sin' I hae min'.

O, Sirs, whae'er wad had expeckit,
 Your duty ye wad sae negleckit,
 Ye wha were ne'er by lairds respeckit,
 To wear the plaid,
 But by the brutes themselves eleckit
 To be their guide.

What flock wi' Moodie's flock could rank,
 Sae hale and hearty every shank,
 Nae poison'd, soor Arminian's tank
 He let them taste,
 Frae Calvin's well, aye clear, they drank:
 O' sic a feast!

The thummart wil'-cat, brock, and tod,
 Weel kend his voice thro' a' the wood,

He smell'd their ilka hole and road,
 Baith out and in,
 And weel he lik'd to shed their bluid,
 And sell their skin.

What herd like Russel tell'd his tale,
 His voice was heard thro' muir and dale ;
 He kend the Lord's sheep, ilka tail,
 O'er a' the height,
 And saw gin they were sick or hale
 At the first sight.

He fine a mangy sheep could scrub,
 Or nobly fling the gospel club,
 And new-light herds could nicely drub,
 Or pay their skin,
 Could shake them owre the burning dub,
 Or heave them in.

Sic twa—O ! do I live to see't,
 Sic famous twa should disagreeet,
 An' names like 'villain,' 'hypocrite,'
 Ilk ither gi'en,
 While new-light herds, wi' laughin' spite,
 Say 'neither's liein' ' !

A' ye wha tent the gospel fauld,
 There's Duncan deep, and Peebles shaul,
 But chiefly thou, apostle Auld,
 We trust in thee,
 That thou wilt work them, hot and cauld,
 Till they agree.

Consider, Sirs, how we're beset,
 There's scarce a new herd that we get
 But comes frae 'mang that cursed set
 I winna name,
 I hope frae heaven to see them yet
 In fiery flame.

Dalrymple has been lang our fae,
 M'Gill has wrought us meikle wae,
 And that curs'd rascal ca'd M'Quhae,
 And baith the Shaws,
 That aft hae made us black and blae
 Wi' vengefu' paws.

Auld Wodrow lang has hatch'd mischief—
 We thought aye death wad bring relief—
 But he has gotten, to our grief,
 Ane to succeed him,
 A chiel wha'll soundly buff our beef ;
 I meikle dread him.

And mony a ane that I could tell,
 Wha fain would openly rebel,
 Forby turncoats amang oursel' ;
 There's Smith for ane,
 I doubt he's but a grey nick quill,
 And that ye'll fin'.

O ! a' ye flocks, owre a' the hills,
 By mosses, meadows, moors, and fells,
 Come join your counsels and your skills
 To cowe the lairds,
 And get the brutes the power themsels
 To choose their herds.

Then Orthodoxy yet may prance,
 And Learning, in a woody dance,
 And that fell cur ca'd Common Sense,
 That bites sae sair,
 Be banish'd owre the seas to France ;
 Let him bark there.

Then Shaw's and D'rymple's eloquence,
 M'Gill's close nervous excellence,
 M'Quhae's pathetic manly sense,
 And guid M'Math,
 Wi' Smith, wha thro' the heart can glance,
 May a' pack aff.

TO THE REV. JOHN M'MATH,

ENCLOSING A COPY OF HOLY WILLIE'S PRAYER,
 WHICH HE HAD REQUESTED.

Sept. 17th, 1785.

WHILE at the stook the shearers cow'r
 To shun the bitter blaudin' show'r,
 Or in gulravage rinnin' scour
 To pass the time,
 To you I dedicate the hour
 In idle rhyme.

My Musie, tir'd wi' mony a sonnet
 On gown, an' ban', an' douse black bonnet,
 Is grown right eerie now she's done it,
 Lest they should blame her,
 An' rouse their holy thunder on it,
 And anathem her.

I own 'twas rash, and rather hardy,
 That I, a simple countra bardie,

Shou'd meddle wi' a pack so sturdy,
 Wha, if they ken me,
 Can easy wi' a single wordy
 Lowse hell upon me.

But I gae mad at their grimaces,
 Their sighin', cantin', grace-proud faces,
 Their three-mile prayers, and half-mile graces,
 Their raxin' conscience,
 Whase greed, revenge, an' pride disgraces
 Waur nor their nonsense.

There's Gaun misca'd waur than a beast,
 Wha has mair honour in his breast
 Than mony scores as guid's the priest
 Wha sae abus'd him :
 An' may a bard no crack his jest
 What way they've us'd him ?

See him, the poor man's friend in need,
 The gentleman in word an' deed,
 An' shall his fame an' honour bleed
 By worthless skellums
 An' no a Muse erect her head
 To cove the blellums ?

O Pope, had I thy satire's darts
 To gi'e the rascals their deserts,
 I'd rip their rotten, hollow hearts,
 An' tell aloud
 Their jinglin' hocus-pocus arts
 To cheat the crowd.

God knows, I'm no the thing I shou'd be,
 Nor am I even the thing I could be,
 But, twenty times, I rather would be
 An atheist clean
 Than under gospel colours hid be,
 Just for a screen.

An honest man may like a glass,
 An honest man may like a lass,
 But mean revenge, an' malice fause,
 He'll still disdain,
 An' then cry zeal for gospel laws,
 Like some we ken.

They tak religion in their mouth ;
 They talk o' mercy, grace, an' truth—
 For what ? To gi'e their malice skouth
 On some puir wight,
 An' hunt him down, o'er right an' ruth,
 To ruin straight.

All hail, Religion! maid divine!
 Pardon a muse sae mean as mine,
 Who in her rough, imperfect line
 Thus daurs to name thee:
 To stigmatize false friends of thine
 Can ne'er defame thee.

Tho' blotch'd an' foul, wi' mony a stain,
 An' far unworthy of thy train,
 Wi' trembling voice I tune my strain
 To join wi' those
 Who boldly daur thy cause maintain
 In spite o' foes;

In spite o' crowds, in spite o' mobs,
 In spite of undermining jobs,
 In spite o' dark banditti stabs
 At worth an' merit,
 By scoundrels, even wi' holy robes,
 But hellish spirit.

O Ayr! my dear, my native ground!
 Within thy presbyterial bound
 A candid lib'ral band is found
 Of public teachers,
 As men, as Christians too, renown'd,
 An' manly preachers.

Sir, in that circle you are nam'd;
 Sir, in that circle you are fam'd;
 An' some by whom your doctrine's blam'd
 (Which gi'es you honour),
 Even, Sir, by them your heart's esteem'd,
 An' winning manner.

Pardon this freedom I have ta'en,
 An' if impertinent I've been,
 Impute it not, good Sir, in ane
 Whase heart ne'er wrang'd ye,
 But to his utmost would befriend
 Ought that belang'd ye.

HOLY WILLIE'S PRAYER.

O THOU, wha in the Heavens dost dwell,
 Wha, as it pleases best thysel',
 Sends ane to heaven and ten to hell,
 A' for thy glory,
 And no for ony guid or ill
 They've done afore thee!

I bless and praise thy matchless might,
 When thousands thou hast left in night,
 That I am here afore thy sight,
 For gifts an' grace,
 A burnin' an' a shinin' light
 To a' this place.

What was I, or my generation,
 That I should get sic exaltation?
 I, wha deserve sic just damnation
 For broken laws,
 Five thousand years 'fore my creation,
 Thro' Adam's cause.

When frae my mither's womb I fell,
 Thou might hae plunged me in hell,
 To gnash my gums, to weep and wail
 In burnin' lake,
 Where damned devils roar an' yell,
 Chain'd to a stake.

Yet I am here a chosen sample,
 To show thy grace is great and ample;
 I'm here a pillar in thy temple,
 Strong as a rock;
 A guide, a buckler, an example
 To a' thy flock.

O Lord, thou kens what zeal I bear,
 When drinkers drink and swearers swear,
 And singin' there and dancin' here,
 Wi' great an' sma':
 For I am keepit by thy fear
 Free frae them a'.

But yet, O Lord! confess I must,
 At times I'm fash'd wi' fleshy lust,
 An' sometimes too, wi' warldly trust,
 Vile self gets in;
 But thou remembers we are dust,
 Defil'd in sin.

O Lord! yestreen, thou kens, wi' Meg—
 Thy pardon I sincerely beg—
 O! may't ne'er be a livin' plague
 To my dishonour,
 An' I'll ne'er lift a lawless leg
 Again upon her.

Besides I farther maun allow
 Wi' Lizzie's lass three times I trow;
 But, Lord, that Friday I was fou
 When I came near her,
 Or else thou kens thy servant true
 Wad ne'er hae steer'd her.

Maybe thou lets this fleshy thorn
Beset thy servant e'en and morn,
Lest he owre high and proud should turn,
 'Cause he's sae gifted ;
If sae, thy hand maun e'en be borne
 Until thou lift it.

Lord, bless thy chosen in this place,
For here thou hast a chosen race ;
But God confound their stubborn face,
 And blast their name,
Wha bring thy elders to disgrace
 An' public shame.

Lord, mind Gaun Hamilton's deserts,
He drinks, an' swears, and plays at cartes,
Yet has sae mony takin' arts
 Wi' great an' sma',
Frae God's ain priest the people's hearts
 He steals awa'.

An' whan we chasten'd him therefor,
Thou kens how he bred sic a splore,
As set the warld in a roar
 O' laughin' at us ;
Curse thou his basket and his store,
 Kail and potatoes.

Lord, hear my earnest cry an' pray'r
Against that presbyt'ry o' Ayr ;
Thy strong right hand, Lord, make it bare
 Upo' their heads ;
Lord, weigh it down, and dinna spare,
 For their misdeeds.

O Lord my God, that glib-tongu'd Aiken,
My very heart and soul are quakin',
To think how we stood sweatin', shakin',
 An' p——d wi' dread,
While he wi' hingin' lips an' snakin'
 Held up his head.

Lord, in the day of vengeance try him ;
Lord, visit them wha did employ him,
And pass not in thy mercy by 'em,
 Nor hear their pray'r :
But, for thy people's sake, destroy 'em,
 And dinna spare.

But, Lord, remember me and mine
Wi' mercies temp'ral and divine,
That I for gear and grace may shine,
 Excell'd by nane ;
An' a' the glory shall be thine,
 Amen, Amen.

EPITAPH ON HOLY WILLIE.

HERE Holy Willie's sair worn clay
Taks up its last abode ;
His saul has ta'en some other way—
I fear the left-hand road.

Stop ! there he is, as sure's a gun,
Poor silly body, see him ;
Nae wonder he's as black's the grun,
Observe wha's standing wi' him.

Your brunstane devilship, I see,
Has got him there before ye ;
But haud your nine-tail cat a-wee,
Till ance you've heard my story.

Your pity I will not implore,
For pity ye have nane ;
Justice, alas ! has gi'en him o'er,
And Mercy's day is gane.

But hear me, Sir, deil as ye are,
Look something to your credit ;
A coof like him wad stain your name,
If it were kent ye did it.

ON SCARING SOME WATER FOWL

IN LOCH TURRET, A WILD SCENE AMONG
THE HILLS OF OCHTERTYRE.

WHY, ye tenants of the lake,
For me your wat'ry haunt forsake ?
Tell me, fellow-creatures, why
At my presence thus you fly ?
Why disturb your social joys,
Parent, filial, kindred ties ?—
Common friend to you and me,
Nature's gifts to all are free :
Peaceful keep your dimpling wave,
Busy feed, or wanton lave ;
Or, beneath the sheltering rock,
Bide the surging billow's shock.

Conscious, blushing for our race,
Soon, too soon, your fears I trace.
Man, your proud, usurping foe,
Would be lord of all below ;
Plumes himself in Freedom's pride,
Tyrant stern to all beside.

The eagle, from the cliffy brow,
 Marking you his prey below,
 In his breast no pity dwells—
 Strong Necessity compels.
 But Man, to whom alone is giv'n
 A ray direct from pitying Heav'n,
 Glories in his heart humane—
 And creatures for his pleasure slain.

In these savage, liquid plains,
 Only known to wand'ring swains,
 Where the mossy riv'let strays,
 Far from human haunts and ways:
 All on Nature you depend,
 And life's poor season peaceful spend.

Or, if man's superior might
 Dare invade your native right,
 On the lofty ether born,
 Man, with all his pow'rs, you scorn;
 Swiftly seek on clanging wings
 Other lakes and other springs;
 And the foe you cannot brave,
 Scorn at least to be his slave.

TO GAVIN HAMILTON, ESQ.,
 MAUCHLINE,

RECOMMENDING A BOY.

Mosgaville, May 3, 1786.

I HOLD it, Sir, my bounden duty
 To warn you how that Master Tootie,
 Alias Laird M'Gaun,
 Was here to lure the lad away
 'Bout whom ye spak the ither day,
 An' wad hae don't aff han':
 But lest he learn the callan tricks,
 As faith I muckle doubt him,
 Like scrapin' out auld Crummie's nicks,
 An' tellin' lies about them;
 As lieve then I'd have then,
 Your clerkship he should sair,
 If sae be, ye may be
 Not fitted otherwhere.

Altho' I say't, he's gleg enough,
 An' 'bout a house that's rude an' rough
 The boy might learn to swear;
 But then, wi' you, he'll be sae taught,
 And get sic fair example straught,
 I hae na ony fear.

Ye'll catechize him every quirk,
 An' shore him weel wi' hell,
 An' gar him follow to the kirk—
 Ay when ye gang yersel'.
 If ye, then, maun be then
 Frae hame this comin' Friday,
 Then please, Sir, to lea'e, Sir,
 The orders wi' your lady.

My word of honour I hae gi'en,
 In Paisley John's that night at e'en
 To meet the warld's worm :
 To try to get the twa to gree,
 An' name the airles an' the fee
 In legal mode an' form :
 I ken he weel a snick can draw,
 When simple bodies let him :
 An' if a Devil be at a',
 In faith he's sure to get him.
 To phrase you an' praise you,
 Ye ken your Laureate scorns :
 The pray'r still you share still
 Of grateful Minstrel

BURNS.

EPISTLE TO MR. M'ADAM,

OF CRAIGEN-GILLAN, IN ANSWER TO AN OBLIGING
 LETTER HE SENT IN THE COMMENCEMENT OF
 MY POETIC CAREER.

SIR, o'er a gill I gat your card,
 I trow it made me proud ;
 ' See wha taks notice o' the Bard !
 I lap and cry'd fu' loud.
 ' Now deil-ma-care about their jaw,
 The senseless gawky million :
 I'll cock my nose aboon them a'—
 I'm roos'd by Craigen-Gillan !'
 'Twas noble, Sir ; 'twas like yoursel',
 To grant your high protection :
 A great man's smile, ye ken fu' weel,
 Is aye a blest infection.
 Tho', by his banes wha in a tub
 Match'd Macedonian Sandy !
 On my ain legs, thro' dirt and dub,
 I independent stand ay.

And when those legs to gude warm kail
 Wi' welcome canna bear me,
 A lee dyke-side, a sybow-tail,
 And barley-scone shall cheer me.
 Heaven spare you lang to kiss the breath
 O' mony flow'ry simmers!
 And bless your bonnie lassies baith,
 I'm tald they're loosome kimmers.
 And God bless young Dunaskin's laird,
 The blossom of our gentry!
 And may he wear an auld man's beard,
 A credit to his country.

TO CAPTAIN RIDDEL, GLENRIDDEL.

EXTEMPORE LINES ON RETURNING A
 NEWSPAPER.

Ellisland, Monday Evening.

YOUR News and Review, Sir, I've read through
 and through, Sir,
 With little admiring or blaming;
 The papers are barren of home news or foreign—
 No murders or rapes worth the naming.
 Our friends the Reviewers, those chippers and hewers,
 Are judges of mortar and stone, Sir;
 But of meet, or unmeet, in a fabric complete,
 I'll boldly pronounce they are none, Sir.
 My goose-quill too rude is to tell all your goodness
 Bestow'd on your servant, the Poet;
 Would to God I had one like a beam of the sun,
 And then all the world, Sir, should know it!

VERSES

INTENDED TO BE WRITTEN BELOW A NOBLE
 EARL'S PICTURE.

WHOSE is that noble, dauntless brow?
 And whose that eye o' fire?
 And whose that generous princely mien
 Even rooted foes admire?
 Stranger, to justly show that brow,
 And mark that eye of fire,
 Would take His hand whose vernal tints
 His other works admire.

Bright as a cloudless summer sun,
 With stately port he moves :
 His guardian seraph eyes with awe
 The noble ward he loves.

Among the illustrious Scottish sons
 That chief thou may'st discern ;
 Mark Scotia's fond returning eye,
 It dwells upon Glencairn.

TO MR. MAXWELL OF TERRAUGHTY,
 ON HIS BIRTHDAY.

HEALTH to the Maxwells' vet'ran Chief !
 Health, aye unsour'd by care or grief :
 Inspir'd, I turn Fate's sibyl leaf
 This natal morn,
 I see thy life is stuff o' prief,
 Scarce quite half worn.

This day thou meets threescore eleven,
 And I can tell that bounteous Heaven
 (The second-sight, ye ken, is given
 To ilka Poet)
 On thee a tack o' seven times seven
 Will yet bestow it.

If envious buckies view wi' sorrow
 Thy lengthen'd days on this blest morrow,
 May Desolation's lang-teeth'd harrow,
 Nine miles an hour,
 Rake them, like Sodom and Gomorrah,
 In brunstane stoure.

But for thy friends, and they are mony,
 Baith honest men and lassies bonnie,
 May couthie Fortune, kind and cannie,
 In social glee,
 Wi' mornings blythe and e'enings funny
 Bless them and thee !

Fareweel, auld birkie ! Lord be near ye,
 And then the Deil he daurna steer ye ;
 Your friends aye love, your faes aye fear ye ;
 For me, shame fa' me
 If neist my heart I dinna wear ye
 While BURNS they ca' me.

TO CLARINDA,

WITH A PRESENT OF A PAIR OF
DRINKING GLASSES.

FAIR Empress of the Poet's soul,
And Queen of Poetesses;
Clarinda, take this little boon,
This humble pair of glasses.

And fill them high with generous juice,
As generous as your mind;
And pledge me in the generous toast—
'The whole of human kind!'

'To those who love us!'—second fill:
But not to those whom we love;
Lest we love those who love not us!
A third—'to thee and me, Love!'

THE VOWELS.

A TALE.

'TWAS where the birch and sounding thong are ply'd,
The noisy domicile of pedant pride;
Where ignorance her darkening vapour throws,
And cruelty directs the thickening blows;
Upon a time, Sir Abece the great,
In all his pedagogic powers elate,
His awful chair of state resolves to mount,
And call the trembling Vowels to account.

First entered A, a grave, broad, solemn wight,
But ah! deform'd, dishonest to the sight!
His twisted head look'd backward on his way,
And, flagrant from the scourge, he grunted, *ai!*

Reluctant, E stalk'd in; with piteous race
The jostling tears ran down his honest face!
That name, that well-worn name, and all his own,
Pale he surrenders at the tyrant's throne!
The pedant stifles keen the Roman sound
Not all his mongrel diphthongs can compound;
And next, the title following close behind,
He to the nameless, ghastly wretch assigned.

The cobweb'd gothic dome resounded, Y!
In sullen vengeance, I disdain'd reply:
The pedant swung his felon cudgel round,
And knock'd the groaning vowel to the ground!

In rueful apprehension enter'd O,
The wailing minstrel of despairing woe:

Th' Inquisitor of Spain the most expert
 Might there have learn't new mysteries of his art :
 So grim, deform'd, with horrors entering U,
 His dearest friend and brother scarcely knew!

As trembling U stood staring all aghast,
 The pedant in his left hand clutch'd him fast,
 In helpless infants' tears he dipp'd his right,
 Baptiz'd him *eu*, and kicked him from his sight.

SKETCH.

[WILLIAM CREECH.]

A LITTLE, upright, pert, tart, tripping wight,
 And still his precious self his dear delight ;
 Who loves his own smart shadow in the streets
 Better than e'er the fairest she he meets :
 A man of fashion, too, he made his tour,
 Learn'd vive la bagatelle, et vive l'amour ;
 So travell'd monkeys their grimace improve,
 Polish their grin, nay, sigh for ladies' love.
 Much specious lore, but little understood ;
 Veneering oft outshines the solid wood ;
 His solid sense, by inches you must tell,
 But mete his cunning by the old Scots ell ;
 His meddling vanity, a busy fiend,
 Still making work his selfish craft must mend.

PROLOGUE

FOR MR. SUTHERLAND'S BENEFIT-NIGHT,
 DUMFRIES. [1790.]

WHAT needs this din about the town o' Lon'on,
 How this new play an' that new sang is comin' ?
 Why is outlandish stuff sae meikle courted ?
 Does nonsense mend, like whisky, when imported ?
 Is there nae poet, burning keen for fame,
 Will try to gie us sang and plays at hame ?
 For comedy abroad he need na toil,
 A fool and knave are plants of every soil ;
 Nor need he hunt as far as Rome and Greece
 To gather matter for a serious piece ;
 There's themes enow in Caledonian story
 Would show the tragic muse in a' her glory.

Is there no daring Bard will rise, and tell
 How glorious Wallace stood, how hapless fell ?
 Where are the muses fled that could produce
 A drama worthy o' the name o' Bruce ;

How here, even here, he first unsheath'd the sword
 'Gainst mighty England and her guilty lord ;
 And after mony a bloody, deathless doing,
 Wrench'd his dear country from the jaws of ruin ?
 O for a Shakespeare or an Otway scene,
 To draw the lovely, hapless Scottish Queen !
 Vain all the omnipotence of female charms
 'Gainst headlong, ruthless, mad Rebellion's arms.
 She fell, but fell with spirit truly Roman,
 To glut the vengeance of a rival woman ;
 A woman, tho' the phrase may seem uncivil,
 As able and as cruel as the devil !
 One Douglas lives in Home's immortal page,
 But Douglases were heroes every age :
 And tho' your fathers, prodigal of life,
 A Douglas follow'd to the martial strife,
 Perhaps, if bowls row right, and Right succeeds,
 Ye yet may follow where a Douglas leads !

As ye hae generous done, if a' the land
 Would tak' the Muses' servants by the hand ;
 Not only hear, but patronize, befriend them,
 And where ye justly can commend, commend them ;
 And aiblins when they winna stand the test,
 Wink hard and say the folks hae done their best !
 Would a' the land do this, then I'll be caution
 Ye'll soon hae poets o' the Scottish nation
 Will gar Fame blaw until her trumpet crack,
 And warsle Time and lay him on his back !

For us and for our stage should ony spier,
 ' Whase aught thae chiels maks a' this bustle here ?'
 My best leg foremost, I'll set up my brow,
 We hae the honour to belong to you !
 We're your ain bairns, e'en guide us as ye like,
 But, like good mithers, shore before ye strike—
 And gratefu' still I hope ye'll ever find us,
 For a' the patronage and meikle kindness
 We've got frae a' professions, sets and ranks :
 God help us ! we're but poor—ye'se get but thanks.

ELEGY ON THE YEAR 1788.

SKETCH.

FOR Lords or Kings I dinna mourn,
 E'en let them die—for that they're born :
 But oh ! prodigious to reflec' !
 A towmont, Sirs, is gane to wreck !
 O Eighty-eight, in thy sma' space
 What dire events hae taken place !

Of what enjoyments thou hast reft us !
 In what a pickle thou hast left us !

The Spanish empire's tint a head,
 And my auld teethless Bawtie's dead !
 The tulzie's sair 'tween Pitt an' Fox,
 An' our gudewife's wee birdy cocks—
 The ane is game, a bluidie devil,
 But to the hen-birds unco civil ;
 The ither's something dour o' treadin',
 But better stuff ne'er claw'd a midden.

Ye ministers, come mount the poupit,
 An' cry till ye be hearse an' roupet,
 For Eighty-eight he wish'd you weel,
 And gied ye a' baith gear an' meal ;
 E'en mony a plack, and mony a peck,
 Ye ken yoursels, for little feck.

Observe the very nowt an' sheep,
 How dowf and dowie they creep ;
 Nay, even the yerth itsel' does cry,
 For E'mburgh wells are grutten dry.

O Eighty-nine, thou's but a bairn,
 An' no ower auld, I hope, to learn !
 Thou beardless boy, I pray tak care,
 Thou now has got thy daddie's chair,
 Nae hand-cuff'd, mizzl'd, hap-shackl'd Regent,
 But, like himsel', a full free agent.
 Be sure ye follow out the plan
 Nae waur than he did, honest man :
 As muckle better as you can.

January 1, 1789.

VERSES WRITTEN UNDER THE
 PORTRAIT OF FERGUSSON
 THE POET,

IN A COPY OF THAT AUTHOR'S WORKS PRESENTED
 TO A YOUNG LADY IN EDINBURGH, MARCH
 19th, 1787.

CURSE on ungrateful man that can be pleas'd,
 And yet can starve the author of the pleasure !
 O thou, my elder brother in misfortune,
 By far my elder brother in the Muses,
 With tears I pity thy unhappy fate !
 Why is the Bard unpitied by the world,
 Yet has so keen a relish of its pleasures ?

LAMENT,

WRITTEN AT A TIME WHEN THE POET WAS
ABOUT TO LEAVE SCOTLAND.

O'ER the mist-shrouded cliffs of the lone mountain
straying,

Where the wild winds of winter incessantly rave,
What woes wring my heart while intently surveying
The storm's gloomy path on the breast of the wave.

Ye foam-crested billows, allow me to wail

Ere ye toss me afar from my lov'd native shore,
Where the flower which bloom'd sweetest in Coila's
green vale,

The pride of my bosom, my Mary's no more.

No more by the banks of the streamlet we'll wander,
And smile at the moon's rimpled face in the wave;
No more shall my arms cling with fondness around
her,

For the dew-drops of morning fall cold on her grave.

No more shall the soft thrill of love warm my breast,
I haste with the storm to a far-distant shore,
Where unknown, unlamented, my ashes shall rest,
And joy shall revisit my bosom no more.

DELIA.

AN ODE.

FAIR the face of orient day,
Fair the tints of op'ning rose;
But fairer still my Delia dawns,
More lovely far her beauty glows.

Sweet the lark's wild-warbl'd lay,
Sweet the tinkling rill to hear;
But, Delia, more delightful still
Steal thine accents on mine ear.

The flower-enamour'd busy bee
The rosy banquet loves to sip;
Sweet the streamlet's limpid lapse
To the sun-brown'd Arab's lips;

But, Delia, on thy balmy lips
Let me, no vagrant insect, rove!
O let me steal one liquid kiss!
For oh! my soul is parch'd with love!

ON THE DEATH OF SIR JAMES
HUNTER BLAIR.

THE lamp of day, with ill-presaging glare,
Dim, cloudy, sunk beneath the western wave;
Th' inconstant blast howl'd thro' the dark'ning air,
And hollow whistl'd in the rocky cave.

Lone as I wander'd by each cliff and dell,
Once the lov'd haunts of Scotia's royal train;
Or mus'd where limpid streams, once hallow'd well,
Or mould'ring ruins mark the sacred fane.

Th' increasing blast roar'd round the beetling rocks,
The clouds swift-wing'd flew o'er the starry sky,
The groaning trees untimely shed their locks,
And shooting meteors caught the startled eye.

The pale moon rose in the livid east,
And 'mong the cliffs disclos'd a stately form
In weeds of woe that frantic beat her breast,
And mixed her wailings with the raving storm.

Wild to my heart the filial pulses glow,
'Twas Caledonia's trophied shield I view'd:
Her form majestic droop'd in pensive woe,
The lightning of her eye in tears imbued.

Revers'd that spear, redoubtable in war;
Reclin'd that banner, erst in fields unfurl'd,
That like a deathful meteor gleam'd afar,
And brav'd the mighty monarchs of the world.

'My patriot son fills an untimely grave!'
With accents wild and lifted arms she cried;
'Low lies the hand that oft was stretch'd to save,
Low lies the heart that swell'd with honest pride!

'A weeping country joins a widow's tear,
The helpless poor mix with the orphan's cry;
The drooping arts surround their patron's bier,
And grateful science heaves the heartfelt sigh.

'I saw my sons resume their ancient fire;
I saw fair Freedom's blossoms richly blow;
But, ah! how hope is born but to expire!
Relentless Fate has laid their guardian low.

'My patriot falls, but shall he lie unsung,
While empty greatness saves a worthless name?
No; every Muse shall join her tuneful tongue,
And future ages hear his growing fame.

' And I will join a mother's tender cares,
 Thro' future times to make his virtues last,
 That distant years may boast of other Blairs,'—
 She said, and vanish'd with the sweeping blast.

TO MISS FERRIER,

ENCLOSING THE ELEGY ON SIR J. H. BLAIR.

NÆ heathen name shall I prefix
 Frae Pindus or Parnassus ;
 Auld Reekie dings them a' to sticks
 For rhyme-inspiring lasses.

Jove's tunefu' dochters three times three
 Made Homer deep their debtor ;
 But, gi'en the body half an e'e,
 Nine Ferriers wad done better !

Last day my mind was in a bog,
 Down George's Street I stoitied ;
 A creeping cauld prosaic fog
 My very senses doited.

Do what I dought to set her free,
 My saul lay in the mire ;
 Ye turned a neuk—I saw your e'e—
 She took the wing like fire !

The mournfu' sang I here enclose,
 In gratitude I send you,
 And wish and pray in rhyme sincere
 A' gude things may attend you !

WRITTEN ON THE BLANK LEAF

OF A COPY OF THE FIRST EDITION [OF HIS POEMS],
 PRESENTED TO AN OLD SWEETHEART, THEN
 MARRIED.

ONCE fondly lov'd, and still remember'd dear,
 Sweet early object of my youthful vows,
 Accept this mark of friendship, warm, sincere ;
 Friendship ! 'tis all cold duty now allows.

And when you read the simple, artless rhymes,
 One friendly sigh for him, he asks no more,
 Who distant burns in flaming torrid climes,
 Or haply lies beneath th' Atlantic roar.

THE POET'S WELCOME TO HIS
ILLEGITIMATE CHILD.

Thou's welcome, wean! mischanter fa' me,
If ought of thee, or of thy mammy,
Shall ever daunton me, or awe me,
 My sweet wee lady,
Or if I blush when thou shalt ca' me
 Tit-ta or daddy.

Wee image of my bonnie Betty,
I fatherly will kiss and daut thee;
As dear an' near my heart I set thee
 Wi' as gude will,
As a' the priests had seen me get thee
 That's out o' hell.

What tho' they ca' me fornicator,
An' tease my name in kintra clatter:
The mair they talk I'm kent the better—
 E'en let them clash;
An auld wife's tongue's a feckless matter
 To gi'e ane fash.

An' if thou be what I wad ha'e thee,
An' tak the counsel I shall gi'e thee,
A lovin' father I'll be to thee,
 If thou be spar'd;
Thro' a' thy childish years I'll e'e thee,
 An' think't weel war'd.

Gude grant that thou may aye inherit
Thy mither's person, grace, an' merit,
An' thy poor worthless daddy's spirit,
 Without his failin's,
'Twill please me mair to hear an' see't,
 Than stockit mailins.

LETTER TO JOHN GOUDIE, KIL-
MARNOCK,

ON THE PUBLICATION OF HIS ESSAYS.

O GOUDIE! terror of the Whigs,
Dread o' black coats and rev'rend wigs,
Sour Bigotry, on her last legs,
 Girnin' looks back,
Wishin' the ten Egyptian plagues
 Wad seize you quick.

Poor gapin', glowrin' Superstition,
 Waes me ! she's in a sad condition ;
 Fy, bring Black Jock, her state physician,
 To see her water ;
 Alas ! there's ground o' great suspicion
 She'll ne'er get better.

Auld Orthodoxy lang did grapple,
 But now she's got an unco ripple ;
 Haste, gi'e her name up i' the chapel,
 Nigh unto death ;
 See how she fetches at the thrapple,
 An' gasps for breath.

Enthusiasm's past redemption,
 Gaen in a galloping consumption,
 Not a' the quacks, with a' their gumption,
 Will ever mend her ;
 Her feeble pulse gi'es strong presumption
 Death soon will end her.

'Tis you and Taylor are the chief
 Wha are to blame for this mischief ;
 But gin the Lord's ain folks gat leave,
 A toom tar-barrel
 An' twa red peats wad send relief,
 An' end the quarrel.

LETTER TO JAMES TENNANT, GLENCONNER.

AULD comrade dear and brither sinner,
 How's a' the folk about Glenconner :
 How do you this blae eastlin' wind,
 That's like to blaw a body blind ?
 For me, my faculties are frozen,
 And ilka member nearly dozen'd.
 I've sent you here by Johnny Simpson
 Twa sage philosophers to glimpse on—
 Smith, wi' his sympathetic feeling,
 An' Reid, to common sense appealing.
 Philosophers have fought an' wrangled,
 An' meikle Greek an' Latin mangled,
 Till wi' their logic-jargon tir'd,
 An' in the depth of Science mir'd,
 To common sense they now appeal,
 What wifes an' wabsters see an' feel.
 But, hark ye, friend, I charge you strictly,
 Peruse them, an' return them quickly,
 For now I'm grown sae cursed douse,
 I pray an' ponder butt the house,

My shins, my lane, I there sit roastin',
 Perusing Bunyan, Brown, an' Boston ;
 Till by an' by, if I haud on,
 I'll grunt a real Gospel-groan :
 Already I begin to try it,
 To cast my e'en up like a pyet
 When by the gun she tumbles o'er,
 Flutt'ring an' gaspin' in her gore :
 Sae shortly you shall see me bright,
 A burning an' a shining light.

My heart-warm love to guid auld Glen,
 The ace an' wale of honest men :
 When bending down wi' auld grey hairs
 Beneath the load of years and cares,
 May He who made him still support him,
 An' views beyond the grave comfort him.
 His worthy fam'ly far and near,
 God bless them a' wi' grace and gear !

My auld school-fellow, Preacher Willie,
 The manly tar, my mason Billie,
 An' Auchenbay, I wish him joy ;
 If he's a parent, lass or boy,
 May he be dad, and Meg the mither,
 Just five-and-forty years thegither !
 An' no forgetting wabster Charlie—
 I'm tauld he offers very fairly.
 An' Lord, remember singing Sannock,
 Wi' hale breeks, saxpence, an' a bannock.
 An' next, my auld acquaintance, Nancy,
 Since she is fitted to her fancy ;
 An' her kind stars hae airted till her
 A good chiel wi' a pickle siller.
 My kindest, best respects I sen' it
 To cousin Kate an' sister Janet ;
 Tell them frae me, wi' chiels be cautious,
 For, faith, they'll aiblins fin' them fashious.
 An' lastly, Jamie, for yoursel',
 May guardian angels tak a spell,
 An' steer you seven miles south o' hell :
 But first, before ye see heav'n's glory,
 May ye get mony a merry story,
 Mony a laugh, and mony a drink,
 An' aye enough o' needfu' clink.

Now fare ye weel, an' joy be wi' you,
 For my sake this I beg it o' you,
 Assist poor Simpson a' ye can—
 Ye'll fin' him just an honest man ;
 Sae I conclude and quat my chanter,
 Your's, saint or sinner,

ROB THE RANTER.

EPISTLE FROM ESOPUS TO MARIA.

FROM those drear solitudes and frowzy cells,
 Where infamy with sad repentance dwells ;
 Where turnkeys make the jealous portal fast,
 And deal from iron hands the spare repast ;
 Where truant 'prentices, yet young in sin,
 Blush at the curious stranger peeping in ;
 Where strumpets, relics of the drunken roar,
 Resolve to drink, nay, half to whore, no more ;
 Where tiny thieves, not destin'd yet to swing,
 Beat hemp for others riper for the string :
 From these dire scenes my wretched lines I date,
 To tell Maria her Esopus' fate.
 ' Alas ! I feel I am no actor here ! '
 'Tis real hangmen, real scourges bear !
 Prepare, Maria, for a horrid tale
 Will turn thy very rouge to deadly pale ;
 Will make thy hair, tho' erst from gipsy poll'd,
 By barber woven, and by barber sold,
 Though twisted smooth with Harry's nicest care,
 Like hoary bristles to erect and stare.
 The hero of the mimic scene, no more
 I start in Hamlet, in Othello roar ;
 Or haughty Chieftain, 'mid the din of arms,
 In Highland bonnet woo Malvina's charms ;
 While *sans culottes* stoop up the mountain high,
 And steal from me Maria's prying eye.
 Bless'd Highland bonnet ! once my proudest dress,
 Now prouder still, Maria's temples press.
 I see her wave thy tow'ring plumes afar,
 And call each coxcomb to the wordy war.
 I see her face the first of Ireland's sons,
 And even out-Irish his Hibernian bronze ;
 The crafty colonel leaves the tartan'd lines
 For other wars, where he a hero shines ;
 The hopeful youth, in Scottish senate bred,
 Who owns a Bushby's heart without the head,
 Comes 'mid a string of coxcombs to display,
 That *veni, vidi, vici*, is his way ;
 The shrinking bard adown an alley skulks,
 And dreads a meeting worse than Woolwich hulks :
 Though there his heresies in church and state
 Might well award him Muir and Palmer's fate :
 Still she undaunted reels and rattles on,
 And dares the public like a noontide sun.
 (What scandal call'd Maria's jaunty stagger
 The ricket reeling of a crooked swagger ?
 Whose spleen e'en worse than Burns's venom when
 He dips in gall unmix'd his eager pen

And pours his vengeance in the burning line.
 Who christen'd thus Maria's lyre divine,
 The idiot strum of vanity bemused,
 And even th' abuse of poesy abused ;
 Who call'd her verse a parish workhouse, made
 For motley, foundling fancies, stolen or stray'd ?
 A workhouse ! ah, that sound awakes my woes,
 And pillows on the thorn my rack'd repose !
 In durance vile here must I wake and weep,
 And all my frowzy couch in sorrow steep ;
 That straw where many a rogue has lain of yore,
 And vermin'd gipsies litter'd heretofore.

Why, Lonsdale, thus thy wrath on vagrants pour,
 Must earth no rascal, save thyself, endure ?
 Must thou alone in guilt immortal swell,
 And make a vast monopoly of hell ?
 Thou know'st the virtues cannot hate thee worse,
 The vices, also, must they club their curse ?
 Or must no tiny sin to others fall,
 Because thy guilt's supreme enough for all ?

Maria, send me too thy griefs and cares ;
 In all of thee sure thy Esopus shares,
 As thou at all mankind the flag unfurls,
 Who on my fair-one satire's vengeance hurls
 Who calls thee pert, affected, vain coquette,
 A wit in folly, and a fool in wit ?
 Who says that fool alone is not thy due,
 And quotes thy treacheries to prove it true ?
 Our force united on thy foes we'll turn,
 And dare the war with all of women born ;
 For who can write and speak as thou and I ?
 My periods that deciphering defy,
 And thy still matchless tongue that conquers all reply.

EPISTLE TO ROBERT GRAHAM, ESQ.,
 OF FINTRY,

ON THE CLOSE OF THE DISPUTED ELECTION
 BETWEEN SIR JAMES JOHNSTONE AND CAPTAIN
 MILLER, FOR THE DUMFRIES DISTRICT OF
 BURGHS.

FINTRY, my stay in worldly strife,
 Friend o' my Muse, friend o' my life,
 Are ye as idle's I am ?
 Come then, wi' uncouth kintra fleg,
 O'er Pegasus I'll fling my leg,
 And ye shall see me try him.

I'll sing the zeal Drumlanrig bears,
 Who left the all-important cares
 Of princes and their darlings,
 And, bent on winning burgh towns,
 Cam shaking hands wi' wabster loons,
 And kissing barefit carlins.

Combustion thro' our burghs rode
 Whistling his roaring pack abroad
 Of mad unmuzzl'd lions;
 As Queensberry buff and blue unfurl'd,
 And Westerha' and Hopeton hurl'd
 To every Whig defiance.

But cautious Queensberry left the war—
 Th' unmanner'd dust might soil his star:
 Besides, he hated bleeding;
 But left behind him heroes bright,
 Heroes in Cæsarean fight,
 Or Ciceronian pleading.

O! for a throat like huge Mons-Meg,
 To muster o'er each ardent Whig
 Beneath Drumlanrig's banner!
 Heroes and heroines commix
 All in the field of politics,
 To win immortal honour.

M'Murdo and his lovely spouse
 (Th' enamour'd laurels kiss her brows!)
 Led on the loves and graces:
 She won each gaping burgess heart,
 While he, all-conquering, play'd his part
 Among their wives and lasses.

Craigdarroch led a light-arm'd corps,
 Tropes, metaphors, and figures pour,
 Like Hecla streaming thunder:
 Glenriddle, skill'd in rusty coins,
 Blew up each Tory's dark designs,
 And bared the treason under.

In either wing two champions fought,
 Redoubted Staig, who set at nought
 The wildest savage Tory:
 And Welsh, who ne'er yet flinch'd his ground,
 High-waved his magnum-bonum sound
 With Cyclopean fury.

Miller brought up th' artillery ranks,
 The many pounders of the Banks—
 Resistless desolation!

While Maxwelton, that baron bold,
 'Mid Lawson's port entrench'd his hold,
 And threaten'd worse damnation.

To these what Tory hosts oppos'd,
 With these what Tory warriors clos'd,
 Surpasses my describing ;
 Squadrons extended long and large,
 With furious speed rush to the charge,
 Like raging devils driving.

What verse can sing, what prose narrate,
 The butcher deeds of bloody Fate
 Amid this mighty tulzie !
 Grim Horror girn'd—pale Terror roar'd,
 As Murder at his thrapple shor'd,
 And Hell mix'd in the brulzie.

As Highland crags by thunder cleft,
 When lightnings fire the stormy lift,
 Hurl down with crashing rattle ;
 As flames among a hundred woods ;
 As headlong foam a hundred floods ;
 Such is the rage of battle !

The stubborn Tories dare to die ;
 As soon the rooted oaks would fly
 Before th' approaching fellers :
 The Whigs come on like ocean's roar,
 When all his wintry billows pour
 Against the Buchan Bullers.

Lo, from the shades of Death's deep night,
 Departed Whigs enjoy the fight,
 And think on former daring :
 The muffled murtherer of Charles
 The Magna Charta flag unfurls,
 All deadly gules its bearing.

Nor wanting ghosts of Tory fame,
 Bold Scrimgeour follows gallant Graham—
 And Covenanters shiver.
 (Forgive, forgive, much wrong'd Montrose !
 Now Death and hell engulf thy foes,
 Thou liv'st on high for ever !)

Still o'er the field the combat burns,
 The Tories, Whigs, give way by turns ;
 But Fate the word has spoken,
 For woman's wit and strength o' man,
 Alas ! can do but what they can !
 The Tory ranks are broken.

O that my e'en were flowing burns !
 My voice a lioness that mourns
 Her darling cubs' undoing !
 That I might greet, that I might cry,
 While Tories fall, while Tories fly,
 And furious Whigs pursuing !

What Whig but melts for good Sir James ?
 Dear to his country by the names
 Friend, patron, benefactor ?
 Not Pulteney's wealth can Pulteney save !
 And Hopeton falls, the generous brave !
 And Stewart, bold as Hector !

Thou, Pitt, shalt rue this overthrow ;
 And Thurlow growl a curse of woe ;
 And Melville melt in wailing !
 How Fox and Sheridan rejoice !
 And Burke shall sing, ' O Prince, arise,
 Thy power is all prevailing !'

For your poor friend, the Bard, afar
 He only hears and sees the war,
 A cool spectator purely !
 So, when the storm the forest rends,
 The robin in the hedge descends,
 And sober chirps securely.

STANZAS ON THE DUKE OF QUEENS- BERRY.

How shall I sing Drumlanrig's Grace,
 Discarded remnant of a race
 Once great in martial story ?
 His forbears' virtues all contrasted—
 The very name of Douglas blasted—
 His that inverted glory.

Hate, envy, oft the Douglas bore ;
 But he has superadded more,
 And sunk them in contempt :
 Follies and crimes have stained the name,
 But, Queensberry, thine the virgin claim,
 From aught that's good exempt.

VERSES

ON THE DESTRUCTION OF THE WOODS NEAR DRUMLANRIG.

As on the banks o' wand'ring Nith
Ae smiling simmer-morn I stray'd,
And traced its bonnie howes and haughs,
Where linties sang and lambkins play'd,
I sat me down upon a craig,
And drank my fill o' Fancy's dream,
When, from the eddying deep below,
Uprose the Genius of the stream.

Dark, like the frowning rock, his brow,
And troubled, like his wintry wave,
And deep, as soughs the boding wind
Amang his eaves, the sigh he gave.
'And came ye here, my son,' he cried,
'To wander in my birken shade?
To muse some favourite Scottish theme,
Or sing some favourite Scottish maid?

'There was a time, it's nae lang syne,
Ye might hae seen me in my pride,
When a' my banks sae bravely saw
Their woody pictures in my tide;
When hanging beech and spreading elm
Shaded my stream sae clear and cool,
And stately oaks their twisted arms
Threw broad and dark across the pool;

'When glinting through the trees appear'd
The wee white cot aboon the mill,
And peacefu' rose its ingle reek,
That slowly curled up the hill.
But now the cot is bare and cauld,
Its branchy shelter's lost and gane,
And scarce a stinted birk is left
To shiver in the blast its lane.'

'Alas!' said I, 'what ruefu' chance
Has twined ye o' your stately trees?
Has laid your rocky bosom bare?
Has stripped the cleeding o' your braes?
Was it the bitter eastern blast
That scatters blight in early spring?
Or was't the wil'fire scorch'd their boughs,
Or canker-worm wi' secret sting?'

‘ Nae eastlin’ blast,’ the sprite replied ;
 ‘ It blew na here sae fierce and fell,
 And on my dry and halesome banks
 Nae canker-worms get leave to dwell :
 Man ! cruel man ! ’ the Genius sigh’d—
 As through the cliffs he sank him down—
 ‘ The worm that gnaw’d my bonnie trees,
 That reptile wears a ducal crown.’

EPISTLE TO MAJOR LOGAN.

HAIL, thairm-inspirin’, rattlin’ Willie !
 Though Fortune’s road be rough an’ hilly
 To every fiddling, rhyiming billie,

We never heed,
 But take it like the unback’d filly,
 Proud o’ her speed.

When idly goavan whyles we saunter,
 Yirr, fancy barks, awa’ we canter
 Up hill, down brae, till some mischanter,

Some black bog-hole
 Arrests us, then the scathe an’ banter
 We’re forced to thole.

Hale be your heart ! hale be your fiddle !
 Lang may your elbuck jink and diddle,
 To cheer you through the weary widdle

O’ this wild warl’,
 Until you on a crummock driddle
 A gray-hair’d carl.

Come wealth, come poortith, late or soon,
 Heaven send your heart-strings ay in tune,
 And screw your temper-pins aboon,

A fifth or mair,
 The melancholious, lazy croon
 O’ cankrie care.

May still your life from day to day
 Nae ‘ lente largo ’ in the play,
 But ‘ allegretto forte ’ gay

Harmonious flow,
 A sweeping, kindling, bauld strathspey—
 Encore ! bravo !

A blessing on the cheery gang
 Wha dearly like a jig or sang,
 An’ never think o’ right an’ wrang
 By square an’ rule,

But as the clegs o’ feeling stang
 Are wise or fool.

But when in Ayr, some half-hour's leisure,
 Be't light, be't dark,
 Sir Bard will do himself the pleasure
 To call at Park.

ROBERT BURNS.

Mossgiel, 30th October, 1786.

A FAREWELL.

FAREWELL, dear Friend ! may guid luck hit you,
 And 'mang her favourites admit you !
 If e'er Detraction shore to smit you,
 May nane believe him !
 And ony Deil that thinks to get you,
 Good Lord, deceive him.

THE FAREWELL.

FAREWELL, old Scotia's bleak domains,
 Far dearer than the torrid plains
 Where rich ananas blow !
 Farewell, a mother's blessing dear !
 A brother's sigh ! a sister's tear !
 My Jean's heart-rending throe !
 Farewell, my Bess ! tho' thou'rt bereft
 Of my paternal care ;
 A faithful brother I have left,
 My part in him thou'lt share !
 Adieu, too, to you too,
 My Smith, my bosom frien' !
 When kindly you mind me,
 O then befriend my Jean !

When bursting anguish tears my heart
 From thee, my Jeannie, must I part !
 Thou weeping answ'rest 'no !'
 Alas ! misfortune stares my face,
 And points to ruin and disgrace—
 I for thy sake must go !
 Thee, Hamilton, and Aiken dear,
 A grateful, warm adieu !
 I with a much-indebted tear
 Shall still remember you !
 All-hail then, the gale then
 Wafts me from thee, dear shore !
 It rustles, and whistles,
 I'll never see thee more !

ON A SUICIDE.

EARTH'D up here lies an imp o' hell,
 Planted by Satan's dibble—
 Poor silly wretch, he's damn'd himsel'
 To save the Lord the trouble.

EPITAPH ON THE POET'S
DAUGHTER.

HERE lies a rose, a budding rose,
 Blasted before its bloom ;
 Whose innocence did sweets disclose
 Beyond that flower's perfume.
 To those who for her loss are grieved
 This consolation's given—
 She's from a world of woe relieved,
 And blooms a rose in heaven.

EPITAPH ON GABRIEL RICHARDSON.

HERE Brewer Gabriel's fire's extinct,
 And empty all his barrels :
 He's blest—if, as he brew'd, he drink
 In upright honest morals.

ON STIRLING.

HERE Stuarts once in glory reign'd,
 And laws for Scotland's weal ordain'd ;
 But now unroof'd their palace stands,
 Their sceptre's sway'd by other hands ;
 The injured Stuart line is gone,
 A race outlandish fills their throne—
 An idiot race to honour lost,
 Who know them best despise them most.

LINES

ON BEING TOLD THAT THE ABOVE VERSES
 WOULD AFFECT HIS PROSPECTS.

RASH mortal, and slanderous poet, thy name
 Shall no longer appear in the records of fame ;
 Dost not know that old Mansfield, who writes like
 the Bible,
 Says the more 'tis a truth, sir, the more 'tis a libel ?

REPLY TO THE MINISTER OF
GLADSMUIR.

LIKE Esop's lion, Burns says, Sore I feel
All others' scorn—but damn that ass's heel.

EPISTLE TO HUGH PARKER.

IN this strange land, this uncouth clime,
A land unknown to prose or rhyme ;
Where words ne'er crost the Muse's heckles,
Nor limpit in poetic shackles ;
A land that prose did never view it,
Except when drunk he stacher't through it ;
Here, ambush'd by the chimla cheek,
Hid in an atmosphere of reek,
I hear a wheel thrum i' the neuk,
I hear it—for in vain I leuk.
The red peat gleams, a fiery kernel
Enhusked by a fog infernal :
Here, for my wonted rhyming raptures,
I sit and count my sins by chapters ;
For life and spunk, like ither Christians,
I'm dwindled down to mere existence,
Wi' nae converse but Gallowa' bodies,
Wi' nae kend face but Jenny Geddes.
Jenny, my Pegasean pride !
Dowie she saunters down Nithside.
And aye a westlin' leuk she throws,
While tears hap o'er her auld brown nose !
Was it for this, wi' canny care,
Thou bure the Bard through many a shire ?
At howes or hillocks never stumbled,
And late or early never grumbled ?
O, had I power like inclination,
I'd heeze thee up a constellation,
To canter with the Sagitarre,
Or loup the ecliptic like a bar ;
Or turn the pole like any arrow ;
Or, when auld Phœbus bids good-morrow,
Down the zodiac urge the race,
And cast dirt on his godship's face ;
For I could lay my bread and kail
He'd ne'er cast saut upo' thy tail.
Wi' a' this care and a' this grief,
And sma', sma' prospect of relief,
And nought but peat-reek i' my head,
How can I write what ye can read ?

Tarbolton, twenty-fourth o' June,
 Ye'll find me in a better tune ;
 But till we meet and weet our whistle,
 Take this excuse for nae epistle.

ROBERT BURNS.

ADDRESS OF BEELZEBUB

TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE HIGHLAND SOCIETY.

LONG life, my Lord, an' health be yours,
 Unskaith'd by hunger'd Highland boors ;
 Lord grant nae duddie desperate beggar,
 Wi' dirk, claymore, or rusty trigger,
 May twin auld Scotland o' a life
 She likes—as lambkins like the knife.
 Faith, you and Applecross were right
 To keep the Highland hounds in sight,
 I doubt na ! they wad bid nae better
 Than let them ance out owre the water.
 Than up amang the lakes and seas
 They'll mak' what rules and laws they please.
 Some daring Hancock, or a Franklin,
 May set their Highland bluid a ranklin' ;
 Some Washington again may head them,
 Or some Montgomery fearless lead them,
 Till God knows what may be effected
 When by such heads and hearts directed ;
 Poor dunghill sons of dirt and mire
 May to Patrician rights aspire !
 Nae sager North now, nor sager Sackville,
 To watch and premier o'er the pack vile,
 An' whare will ye get Howes and Clintons
 To bring them to a right repentance,
 To cowe the rebel generation,
 An' save the honour o' the nation ?
 They, an' be d——d ! what right hae they
 To meat, or sleep, or light o' day !
 Far less to riches, pow'r, or freedom,
 But what your lordship likes to gi'e them ?

But hear, my Lord ! Glengarry, hear !
 Your hand's owre light on them, I fear ;
 Your factors, grieves, trustees, and bailies,
 I canna say but they do gaylies ;
 They lay aside a' tender mercies,
 An' tirl the hallions to the birses ;
 Yet while they're only poind't and herriet,
 They'll keep their stubborn Highland spirit ;

But smash them ! crash them a' to spails !
 An' rot the dyvors i' the jails !
 The young dogs, swinge them to the labour !
 Let wark an' hunger mak' them sober !
 The hizzies, if they're aughtlins fawsont,
 Let them in Drury Lane be lesson'd !
 An' if the wives an' dirty brats
 E'en thigger at your doors an' yetts,
 Flaffan wi' duds an' grey wi' beas',
 Frightin' awa your deucks and geese,
 Get out a horsewhip or a jowler,
 The langest thong, the fiercest growler,
 An' gar the tatter'd gipsies pack
 Wi' a' their bastards on their back !
 Go on, my lord ! I long to meet you,
 An' in my house at hame to greet you ;
 Wi' common lords ye shanna mingle,
 The benmost neuk beside the ingle,
 At my right han' assign'd your seat
 'Tween Herod's hip an' Polycrate,—
 Or if you on your station tarry
 Between Almagro and Pizarro,
 A seat, I'm sure, ye're weel deservin't ;
 An' till ye come—Your humble servant,
BEELZEBUB

June 1, Anno Mundi 5790. [A.D. 1786.]

TO MR. JOHN KENNEDY.

Now, Kennedy, if foot or horse
 E'er bring you in by Mauchline Cross,
 Lord, man, there's lasses there wad force
A hermit's fancy,
 And down the gate in faith they're worse,
And mair unchancy.

But, as I'm sayin', please step to Dow's
 And taste sic gear as Johnny brews,
 Till some bit callan brings me news
That you are there,
 And if we dinna haud a bouse
I'se ne'er drink mair.

It's no I like to sit an' swallow,
 Then like a swine to puke an' wallow,
 But gi'e me just a true good fallow
Wi' right ingine,
 And spunkie ance to make us mellow,
And then we'll shine.

Now if ye're ane o' warl's folk,
 Wha rate the wearer by the cloak,
 An' sklent on poverty their joke
 Wi' bitter sneer,
 Wi' you no friendship I will troke
 Nor cheap nor dear.

But if, as I'm informed weel,
 Ye hate as ill's the vera deil
 The flinty hearts that canna feel,
 Come, Sir, here's tae you ;
 Hae, there's my han', I wish you weel,
 And gude be wi' you.

ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT
 DUNDAS, ESQ.,

OF ARNISTON, LATE LORD PRESIDENT OF THE
 COURT OF SESSION.

LONE on the bleaky hills the straying flocks
 Shun the fierce storms among the sheltering rocks ;
 Down from the rivulets, red with dashing rains,
 The gathering floods burst o'er the distant plains ;
 Beneath the blasts the leafless forests groan ;
 The hollow caves return a sullen moan.

Ye hills, ye plains, ye forests, and ye caves,
 Ye howling winds, and wintry swelling waves !
 Unheard, unseen, by human ear or eye,
 Sad to your sympathetic scenes I fly ;
 Where, to the whistling blast and water's roar,
 Pale Scotia's recent wound I may deplore.

O heavy loss thy country ill could bear !
 A loss these evil days can ne'er repair !
 Justice, the high vicegerent of her God,
 Her doubtful balance eyed, and sway'd her rod ;
 Hearing the tidings of the fatal blow,
 She sank abandon'd to the wildest woe.

Wrongs, injuries, from many a darksome den,
 Now gay in hope explore the paths of men :
 See from his cavern grim Oppression rise,
 And throw on Poverty his cruel eyes ;
 Keen on the helpless victim see him fly,
 And stifle dark the feeble bursting cry :

Mark ruffian Violence, distain'd with crimes,
 Rousing elate in these degenerate times ;
 View unsuspecting Innocence a prey,
 As guileful Fraud points out the erring way :

While subtle Litigation's pliant tongue
 The life-blood equal sucks of Right and Wrong :
 Hark, injur'd Want recounts th' unlisten'd tale,
 And much-wrong'd Mis'ry pours the unpitied wail !

Ye dark waste hills, and brown unsightly plains,
 To you I sing my grief-inspired strains :
 Ye tempests rage ! ye turbid torrents roll !
 Ye suit the joyless tenor of my soul.
 Life's social haunts and pleasures I resign,
 Be nameless wilds and lonely wanderings mine,
 To mourn the woes my country must endure,
 That wound degenerate ages cannot cure.

TO JOHN M'MURDO, ESQ.

O, COULD I give thee India's wealth,
 As I this trifle send !
 Because thy joy in both would be
 To share them with a friend.
 But golden sands did never grace
 The Heliconean stream ;
 Then take what gold could never buy—
 An honest Bard's esteem.

ON THE DEATH OF A LAP-DOG,
 NAMED 'ECHO.'

IN wood and wild, ye warbling throng,
 Your heavy loss deplore ;
 Now half-extinct your powers of song,
 Sweet Echo is no more,
 Ye jarring, screeching things around,
 Scream your discordant joys ;
 Now half your din of tuneless sound
 With Echo silent lies.

LINES WRITTEN AT LOUDON
 MANSE.

THE night was still, and o'er the hill
 The moon shone on the castle wa'.
 The mavis sang, while dew-drops hang
 Around her, on the castle wa'.
 Sae merrily they danced the ring,
 Frae e'enin' till the cock did crow :
 And aye the o'erword o' the spring
 Was Irvine's bairns are bonnie a'.

Cry the book is with heresy cramm'd ;
 Then lug out your ladle,
 Deal brimstone like aidle,
 And roar every note o' the damn'd,
Rumble John,
 And roar every note o' the damn'd.

Simper James, Simper James,
 Leave the fair Killie dames,
 There's a holier chase in your view ;
 I'll lay on your head
 That the pack ye'll soon lead,
 For puppies like you there's but few,
Simper James,
 For puppies like you there's but few.

Singet Sawnie, Singet Sawnie,
 Are ye hurding the penny,
 Unconscious what danger awaits ?
 With a jump, yell, and howl,
 Alarm every soul,
 For Hannibal's just at your gates,
Singet Sawnie,
 For Hannibal's just at your gates.

Andrew Gowk, Andrew Gowk,
 Ye may slander the book,
 And the book nought the waur—let me tell you ;
 Tho' ye're rich and look big,
 Yet lay by hat and wig,
 And ye'll hae a calf's-head o' sma' value,
Andro Gowk,
 And ye'll hae a calf's-head o' sma' value.

Poet Willie, Poet Willie,
 Gi'e the doctor a volley,
 Wi' your 'liberty's chain' and your wit :
 O'er Pegasus' side,
 Ye ne'er laid a stride,
 Ye only stood by when he sh—,
Poet Willie,
 Ye only stood by when he sh—.

Barr Steenie, Barr Steenie,
 What mean ye ? what mean ye ?
 If ye'll meddle nae mair wi' the matter,
 Ye may hae some pretence, man,
 To havins and sense, man,
 Wi' people that ken ye nae better,
Barr Steenie,
 Wi' people that ken ye nae better.

Jamie Goose, Jamie Goose,
 Ye hae made but toom roose
 O' hunting the wicked lieutenant;
 But the doctor's your mark,
 For the Lord's holy ark
 He has cooper'd and ca'd a wrong pin in't,
Jamie Goose,
 He has cooper'd and ca'd a wrong pin in't.

Davie Bluster, Davie Bluster,
 For a saunt if ye muster,
 It's a sign they're no nice o' recruits,
 Yet to worth let's be just,
 Royal blood ye might boast
 If the ass were the king o' the brutes,
Davie Bluster,
 If the ass were the king o' the brutes.

Muirland Jock, Muirland Jock,
 Whom the Lord made a scourge
 To claw common sense for her sins;
 If ill-manners were wit,
 There's no mortal so fit
 To confound the poor doctor at ance,
Muirland Jock,
 To confound the poor doctor at ance.

Cessnockside, Cessnockside,
 Wi' your turkey-cock pride,
 O' manhood but sma' is your share!
 Ye've the figure, it is true,
 Even your foes maun alloo,
 And your friends daurna say ye hae mair,
Cessnockside,
 And your friends daurna say ye hae mair.

Daddie Auld, Daddie Auld,
 There's a tod i' the fauld,
 A tod meikle waur than the clerk;
 Tho' ye downa do skaith,
 Ye'll be in at the death,
 And if ye canna bite ye can bark,
Daddie Auld,
 And if ye canna bite ye can bark.

Poet Burns, Poet Burns,
 Wi' your priest-skelping turns,
 Why desert ye your auld native shire?
 Tho' your Muse is a gipsy,
 Yet were she even tipsy,
 She could ca' us nae waur than we are,
Poet Burns,
 She could ca' us nae waur than we are.

POSTSCRIPT.

Afton's Laird, Afton's Laird,
 When your pen can be spared,
 A copy o' this I bequeath,
 On the same sicker score
 I mentioned before,
 To that trusty auld worthy, Clackleith,
Afton's Laird,
 To that trusty auld worthy, Clackleith.

THE SELKIRK GRACE.

SOME hae meat and canna eat,
 And some wad eat that want it;
 But we hae meat, and we can eat,
 And sae the Lord be thankit.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF PEG
NICHOLSON.

PEG NICHOLSON was a gude bay mare
 As ever trode on airn;
 But now she's floating down the Nith,
 An' past the mouth o' Cairn.

Peg Nicholson was a gude bay mare,
 An' rode thro' thick an' thin;
 But now she's floating down the Nith,
 An' wantin' even the skin.

Peg Nicholson was a gude bay mare,
 An' ance she bare a priest;
 But now she's floating down the Nith,
 For Solway fish a feast.

Peg Nicholson was a gude bay mare,
 An' the priest he rode her sair;
 An' meikle oppress'd an' bruis'd she was,
 As priest-rid cattle are.

ON SEEING MISS FONTENELLE

IN A FAVOURITE CHARACTER.

SWEET *naivete* of feature,
 Simple, wild, enchanting elf,
 Not to thee, but thanks to Nature,
 Thou art acting but thyself.

Wert thou awkward, stiff, affected,
Spurning nature, torturing art,
Loves and graces all rejected,
Then indeed thou'dst act a part.

THE SOLEMN LEAGUE AND COVENANT.

THE Solemn League and Covenant
Now brings a smile, now brings a tear ;
But sacred Freedom, too, was theirs :
If thou'rt a slave, indulge thy sneer.

INSCRIPTION ON A GOBLET.

WRITTEN IN THE HOUSE OF MR. SYME.

THERE's death in the cup—sae beware !
Nay, more—there is danger in touching ;
But wha can avoid the fell snare ?
The man and his wine's sae bewitching !

THE BOOK-WORMS.

THROUGH and through the inspired leaves,
Ye maggots, make your windings ;
But, oh ! respect his lordship's taste,
And spare his golden bindings.

ON ROBERT RIDDEL.

To Riddel, much lamented man,
This ivied cot was dear ;
Reader, dost value matchless worth ?
This ivied cot revere.

WILLIE CHALMERS.

W'r braw new branks in meikle pride,
And eke a braw new brechan,
My Pegasus I'm got astride,
And up Parnassus pechin' ;

While owre a bush wi' downward crush
 The doited beastie stammers ;
 Then up he gets, and off he sets
 For sake o' Willie Chalmers.

I doubt na, lass, that weel-kenn'd name
 May cost a pair o' blushes ;
 I am nae stranger to your fame,
 Nor his warm urg'd wishes.
 Your bonnie face sae mild and sweet
 His honest heart enamours,
 And faith ye'll no be lost a whit
 Tho' waired on Willie Chalmers.

Auld Truth hersel' might swear ye're fair,
 And Honour safely back her,
 And Modesty assume your air,
 And ne'er a ane mistak' her :
 And sic twa love-inspiring een
 Might fire even holy palmers ;
 Nae wonder, then, they've fatal been
 To honest Willie Chalmers.

I doubt na Fortune may you shore
 Some mim-mou'd pouter'd priestie,
 Fu' lifted up wi' Hebrew lore,
 And band upon his breastie :
 But oh ! what signifies to you
 His lexicons and grammars ;
 The feeling heart's the royal blue,
 And that's wi' Willie Chalmers.

Some gapin', glowrin' countra laird
 May warsle for your favour ;
 May claw his lug, and streak his beard,
 And hoast up some palaver.
 My bonnie maid, before ye wed
 Sic clumsy-witted hammers,
 Seek Heaven for help, and barefit skelp
 Awa' wi' Willie Chalmers.

Forgive the Bard ! my fond regard
 For ane that shares my bosom,
 Inspires my muse to gi'e 'm his dues,
 For deil a hair I roose him.
 May powers aboon unite you soon,
 And fructify your amours,—
 And every year come in mair dear
 To you and Willie Chalmers.

TO JOHN TAYLOR.

WITH Pegasus upon a day,
 Apollo weary flying,
 Through frosty hills the journey lay,
 On foot the way was plying.

Poor slip-shod giddy Pegasus
 Was but a sorry walker ;
 To Vulcan then Apollo goes,
 To get a frosty calker.

Obliging Vulcan fell to work,
 Threw by his coat and bonnet,
 And did Sol's business in a crack ;
 Sol paid him with a sonnet.

Ye Vulcan's sons o' Wanlockhead,
 Pity my sad disaster ;
 My Pegasus is poorly shod—
 I'll pay you like my master.

LINES WRITTEN ON A BANK-NOTE

WAE worth thy power, thou cursed leaf !
 Fell source o' a' my woe and grief !
 For lack o' thee I've lost my lass !
 For lack o' thee I scrimp my glass !
 I see the children of affliction
 Unaided thro' thy cursed restriction.
 I've seen the oppressor's cruel smile
 Amid his hapless victim's spoil.
 For lack o' thee I leave this much-loved shore,
 Never, perhaps, to greet old Scotland more.

R. B., *Kyle*.

THE LOYAL NATIVES' VERSES.

YE sons of sedition, give ear to my song,
 Let Syme, Burns, and Maxwell pervade every throng,
 With Cracken the attorney, and Mundell the quack,
 Send Willie the monger to hell with a smack.

These verses were handed over the table to Burns at a convivial meeting, and he endorsed the subjoined reply :

BURNS—EXTEMPORE.

YE true 'Loyal Natives' attend to my song,
 In uproar and riot rejoice the night long;
 From envy and hatred your corps is exempt;
 But where is your shield from the darts of contempt?

RE MORSE.

OF all the numerous ills that hurt our peace,
 That press the soul, or wring the mind with anguish,
 Beyond comparison the worst are those
 That to our folly or our guilt we owe.
 In every other circumstance, the mind
 Has this to say—'It was no deed of mine;'
 But when to all the evils of misfortune
 This sting is added—'Blame thy foolish self!'
 Or worsèd far, the pangs of keen Remorse;
 The torturing, gnawing consciousness of guilt—
 Of guilt, perhaps, where we've involved others:
 The young, the innocent, who fondly lov'd us.
 Nay, more, that very love their cause of ruin!
 O burning hell! in all thy store of torments,
 There's not a keener lash!
 Lives there a man so firm, who, while his heart
 Feels all the bitter horrors of his crime,
 Can reason down his agonizing throbs;
 And, after proper purpose of amendment,
 Can firmly force his jarring thoughts to peace?
 O, happy! happy! enviable man!
 O glorious magnanimity of soul!

THE TOAD-EATER.

WHAT of earls with whom you have supt,
 And of dukes that you dined with yestreen?
 Lord! a louse, Sir, is still but a louse,
 Though it crawl on the curls of a Queen.

TO —.

Mossgiel, —, 1786.

SIR,

Yours this moment I unseal,
 And faith I'm gay and hearty!
 To tell the truth an' shame the deil,
 I am as fu' as Bartie:

But fooraday, Sir, my promise leal,
 Expect me o' your party,
 If on a beastie I can speel,
 Or hurl in a cartie.

R. B.

“IN VAIN WOULD PRUDENCE.”

IN vain would Prudence, with decorous sneer,
 Point out a cens'ring world, and bid me fear ;
 Above that world on wings of love I rise,
 I know its worst—and can that worst despise.
 ‘Wrong'd, injur'd, shunn'd ; unpitied, unredrest,
 The mock'd quotation of the scorner's jest.’
 Let Prudence' direst bodements on me fall,
 Clarinda, rich reward ! o'erpays them all !

“THOUGH FICKLE FORTUNE.”

THOUGH fickle Fortune has deceived me,
 She promis'd fair and perform'd but ill ;
 Of mistress, friends, and wealth bereav'd me,
 Yet I bear a heart shall support me still.
 I'll act with prudence as far's I'm able,
 But if success I must never find,
 Then come misfortune, I bid thee welcome,
 I'll meet thee with an undaunted mind.

“I BURN, I BURN.”

‘I BURN, I burn, as when thro' ripen'd corn
 By driving winds the crackling flames are borne,’
 Now maddening, wild, I curse that fatal night ;
 Now bless the hour which charm'd my guilty sight.
 In vain the Laws their feeble force oppose :
 Chain'd at his feet they groan, Love's vanquish'd foes,
 In vain Religion meets my sinking eye ;
 I dare not combat—but I turn and fly ;
 Conscience in vain upbraids th' unhallow'd fire ;
 Love grasps his scorpions—stifled they expire !
 Reason drops headlong from his sacred throne,
 Your dear idea reigns and reigns alone :
 Each thought intoxicated homage yields,
 And riots wanton in forbidden fields !

By all on high adoring mortals know !
 By all the conscious villain fears below !
 By your dear self !—the last great oath I swear ;
 Nor life nor soul were ever half so dear !

EPIGRAM ON A NOTED COXCOMB.

LIGHT lay the earth on Billy's breast,
His chicken heart so tender;
But build a castle on his head,
His skull will prop it under.

TAM THE CHAPMAN.

As Tam the Chapman on a day
Wi' Death forgather'd by the way,
Weel pleas'd he greets a wight sae famous,
And Death was nae less pleas'd wi' Thomas.
Wha cheerfully lays down the pack,
And there blaws up a hearty crack;
His social, friendly, honest heart
Sae tickled Death they couldna part:
Sae after viewing knives and garters,
Death takes him hame to gi'e him quarters.

ON MISS JESSY LEWARS.

TALK not to me of savages
From Afric's burning sun,
No savage e'er could rend my heart,
As, Jessy, thou hast done.

But Jessy's lovely hand in mine,
A mutual faith to plight,
Not ev'n to view the heavenly choir
Would be so blest a sight.

EPITAPH ON MISS JESSY LEWARS.

SAY, Sages, what's the charm on earth
Can turn Death's dart aside?
It is not purity and worth,
Else Jessy had not died.

THE RECOVERY OF JESSY LEWARS.

BUT rarely seen since Nature's birth,
The natives of the sky,
Yet still one Seraph's left on earth,
For Jessy did not die.

THE TOAST.

FILL me with the rosy wine,
 Call a toast, a toast divine ;
 Give the Poet's darling flame,
 Lovely Jessy be the name ;
 Then thou mayest freely boast,
 Thou hast given a peerless toast.

THE KIRK OF LAMINGTON.

As cauld a wind as ever blew,
 A caulder kirk, and in't but few ;
 As cauld a minister's e'er spak,
 Ye'se a' be het ere I come back.

WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF

OF ONE OF MISS HANNAH MORE'S WORKS, WHICH
 SHE HAD GIVEN HIM.

THOU flattering mark of friendship kind,
 Still may thy pages call to mind
 The dear, the beauteous donor :
 Though sweetly female every part,
 Yet such a head, and more the heart,
 Does both the sexes honour.
 Show'd her tastes refined and just
 When she selected thee,
 Yet deviating, own I must,
 For so approving me.
 But kind still, I'll mind still
 The giver in the gift ;
 I'll bless her and wiss her
 A Friend above the Lift,

TO DR. MAXWELL,

ON MISS JESSY STAIG'S RECOVERY.

MAXWELL, if merit here you crave,
 That merit I deny :
 You saved fair Jessy from the grave ?
 An angel could not die.

FRAGMENT.

Now health forsakes that angel face,
 Nae mair my dearie smiles ;
 Pale sickness withers ilka grace,
 And a' my hopes beguiles.

The cruel powers reject the prayer
 I hourly mak' for thee ;
 Ye heavens, how great is my despair,
 How can I see him dee ?

THERE'S NAETHIN' LIKE THE
HONEST NAPPY.

THERE'S naethin' like the honest nappy !
 Whaur'll ye e'er see men sae happy,
 Or women sonsie, saft, an' sappy,
 'Tween morn an' morn,
 As them wha like to taste the drappie
 In glass or horn.

I've seen me daz't upon a time ;
 I scarce could wink or see a styme ;
 Just ae hauf mutchkin does me prime,
 Ought less is little,
 Then back I rattle on the rhyme
 As gleg's a whittle !

PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN BY MR. WOODS ON HIS BENEFIT NIGHT,
 MONDAY, APRIL 16, 1787.

WHEN by a generous public's kind acclaim
 That dearest meed is granted—honest fame ;
 When here your favour is the actor's lot,
 Nor even the man in private life forgot ;
 What breast so dead to heav'nly virtue's glow,
 But heaves impassion'd with the grateful throe ?
 Poor is the task to please a barb'rous throng,
 It needs no Siddons' power in southern's song :
 But here an ancient nation, fam'd afar
 For genius, learning high, as great in war—
 Hail, Caledonia ! name for ever dear !
 Before whose sons I'm honour'd to appear !
 Where every science, every nobler art
 That can inform the mind, or mend the heart,
 Is known ; as grateful nations oft have found,
 Far as the rude barbarian marks the bound.

Philosophy, no idle, pedant dream,
Here holds her search, by heaven-taught Reason's
beam;

Here History paints with elegance and force
The tide of Empire's fluctuating course;
Here Douglas forms wild Shakespeare into plan,
And Harley rouses all the god in man.

When well-form'd taste and sparkling wit unite,
With manly love, or female beauty bright
(Beauty, where faultless symmetry and grace
Can only charm us in the second place),

Witness my heart, how oft with panting fear,
As on this night, I've met these judges here!
But still the hope Experience taught to live,
Equal to judge—you're candid to forgive.

No hundred-headed Riot here we meet,
With decency and law beneath his feet,
Nor Insolence assumes fair Freedom's name;
Like Caledonians, you applaud or blame.

O Thou, dread Power! whose empire-giving hand
Has oft been stretch'd to shield the honour'd land,
Strong may she glow with all her ancient fire;
May every son be worthy of his sire;
Firm may she rise with generous disdain
At Tyranny's, or direr Pleasure's chain;
Still self-dependent in her native shore,
Bold may she brave grim Danger's loudest roar,
Till Fate the curtain drop on worlds to be no more.

NATURE'S LAW.

A POEM HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO G. H., ESQ.

"Great Nature spoke, observant man obeyed."

POPE.

LET other heroes boast their scars,
The marks of sturt and strife;
And other poets sing of wars,
The plagues of human life;
Shame fa' the fun; wi' sword and gun
To slap mankind like lumber!
I sing his name and nobler fame,
Wha multiplies our number.

Great Nature spoke, with air benign,
'Go on, ye human race!
This lower world I you resign;
Be fruitful and increase.
The liquid fire of strong desire
I've pour'd it in each bosom;

Here, in this hand, does Mankind stand,
And there is Beauty's blossom ! '

The Hero of these artless strains
A lowly Bard was he,
Who sung his rhymes in Coila's plains
With meikle mirth an' glee ;
Kind Nature's care had given his share,
Large, of the flaming current ;
And, all devout, he never sought
To stem the sacred torrent.

He felt the powerful, high behest,
Thrill, vital, thro' and thro' ;
And sought a correspondent breast
To give obedience due ;
Propitious Powers screen'd the young flow'rs
From mildews of abortion ;
And lo ! the Bard, a great reward,
Has got a double portion !

Auld, cantie Coil may count the day,
As annual it returns,
The third of Libra's equal sway,
That gave another Burns,
With future rhymes, an' other times,
To emulate his sire ;
To sing auld Coil in nobler style
With more poetic fire.

Ye powers of peace, and peaceful song,
Look down with gracious eyes,
And bless auld Coila large and long
With multiplying joys.
Long may she stand to prop the land,
The flow'r of ancient nations ;
And Burnses spring, her fame to sing,
To endless generations !

THE CATS LIKE KITCHEN.

THE cats like kitchen ;
The dogs like broo ;
The lasses like the lads weel,
And th' auld wives too.

CHORUS.

And we're a' noddin',
Nid, nid, noddin',
We're a' noddin' fou at e'en.

TRAGIC FRAGMENT.

ALL devil as I am, a damned wretch,
 A harden'd, stubborn, unrepenting villain,
 Still my heart melts at human wretchedness ;
 And with sincere tho' unavailing sighs
 I view the helpless children of distress.
 With tears of indignation I behold th' oppressor
 Rejoicing in the honest man's destruction,
 Whose unsubmitting heart was all his crime.
 Even you, ye helpless crew, I pity you ;
 Ye, whom the seeming good think sin to pity ;
 Ye poor, despis'd, abandon'd vagabonds,
 Whom Vice, as usual, has turn'd o'er to Ruin.
 O but for kind, tho' ill-requited friends,
 I had been driven forth like you forlorn,
 The most detested, worthless wretch among you.
 O injur'd God ! Thy goodness has endow'd me
 With talents passing most of my compeers,
 Which I in just proportion have abus'd,
 As far surpassing other common villains,
 As Thou in natural parts hadst given me more.

EXTEMPORE

ON PASSING A LADY'S CARRIAGE [MRS.
 MARIA RIDDEL'S].

IF you rattle along like your mistress's tongue,
 Your speed will out-rival the dart :
 But, a fly for your load, you'll break down on the road,
 If your stuff be as rotten's her heart.

EPITAPH ON WILLIAM NICOL.

YE maggots, feast on Nicol's brain,
 For few sic feasts ye've gotten ;
 And fix your claws in Nicol's heart,
 For de'il a bit o'ts rotten.

ANSWER TO A POETICAL EPISTLE

SENT THE AUTHOR BY A TAILOR.

WHAT ails ye now, ye lousie bitch,
 To thresh my back at sic a pitch ?

'Geld you!' quo' he, 'and whatfor no?
If that your right hand, leg-or toe,
Should ever prove your spiritual foe,
You should remember
To cut it aff, an' whatfor no
Your dearest member?'

'Na, na,' quo' I, 'I'm no for that,
Gelding's nae better than 'tis ca't;
I'd rather suffer for my fau't
A hearty flewit,
As sair owre hip as ye can draw't,
Tho' I should rue it.

'Or gin ye like to end the bother,
To please us a', I've just ae ither,
When next wi' yon lass I foregather,
Whate'er betide it,
I'll frankly gi'e her't a' thegither,
An' let her guide it.'

But, Sir, this pleas'd them warst ava,
An' therefore, Tam, when that I saw
I said, 'Gude night,' and cam' awa
And left the Session;
I saw they were resolved a'
On my oppression.

EXTEMPORE LINES,

IN ANSWER TO A CARD FROM AN INTIMATE FRIEND
OF BURNS, WISHING HIM TO SPEND AN HOUR
AT A TAVERN.

THE King's most humble servant I
Can scarcely spare a minute;
But I'll be wi' ye by an' bye;
Or else the Deil's be in it.

MY bottle is my holy pool,
That heals the wounds o' care an' dool,
And pleasure is a wanton trout,
An' ye drink it ye'll find him out.

LINES

WRITTEN EXTEMPORE IN A LADY'S POCKET-BOOK.
[MISS KENNEDY, SISTER-IN-LAW OF GAVIN
HAMILTON.]

GRANT me, indulgent Heaven, that I may live
To see the miscreants feel the pain they give;

Deal Freedom's sacred treasures free as air,
Till slave and despot be but things which were.

THE HENPECK'D HUSBAND.

CURS'D be the man, the poorest wretch in life,
The crouching vassal to the tyrant wife !
Who has no will but by her high permission ;
Who has not sixpence but in her possession ;
Who must to her his dear friend's secret tell ;
Who dreads a curtain lecture worse than hell.
Were such the wife had fallen to my part,
I'd break her spirit, or I'd break her heart :
I'd charm her with the magic of a switch,
I'd kiss her maids, and kick the perverse bitch.

EPITAPH ON A HENPECK'D COUNTRY SQUIRE.

As father Adam first was fool'd
(A case that's still too common,)
Here lies a man a woman rul'd—
The Devil rul'd the woman.

EPIGRAM ON SAID OCCASION.

O DEATH, hadst thou but spar'd his life
Whom we this day lament !
We freely wad exchang'd the wife,
And a' been weel content.

Ev'n as he is, cauld in his graff,
The swap we yet will do't ;
Take thou the carlin's carcasse aff,
Thou'se get the saul to boot.

ANOTHER.

ONE Queen Artemisia, as old stories tell,
When depriv'd of her husband she lov'd so well,
In respect for the love and affection he'd show'd her,
She reduc'd him to dust and she drank up the powder.

But Queen Netherplace, of a diff'rent complexion,
When call'd on to order the fun'ral direction,
Would have eat her dead lord, on a slender pretence,
Not to show her respect, but—to save the expense.

VERSES

WRITTEN ON A WINDOW OF THE INN AT
CARRON.

WE came na here to view your warks
In hopes to be mair wise,
But only, lest we gang to hell,
It may be nae surprise.

But when we tirl'd at your door,
Your porter dought na hear us ;
Sae may, should we to hell's yetts come,
Your billy Satan sair us.

LINES

ON BEING ASKED WHY GOD MADE MISS DAVIES
SO LITTLE AND MRS. . . . SO LARGE.

Written on a Pane of Glass in the Inn at Moffat.

ASK why God made the gem so small,
An' why so huge the granite ?
Because God meant mankind should set
The higher value on it.

EPIGRAM

WRITTEN AT INVERARAY.

WHOE'ER he be that sojourns here,
I pity much his case,
Unless he come to wait upon
The Lord their God, his grace.

There's naething here but Highland pride,
And Highland scab and hunger ;
If Providence has sent me here,
'Twas surely in his anger.

A TOAST

GIVEN AT A MEETING OF THE DUMFRIESSHIRE
VOLUNTEERS, HELD TO COMMEMORATE THE
ANNIVERSARY OF RODNEY'S VICTORY, APRIL
12th, 1782.

INSTEAD of a Song, boys, I'll give you a Toast,—
Here's the memory of those on the twelfth that we lost :

That we lost, did I say? nay, by heaven, that we found,
 For their fame it shall last while the world goes round.
 The next in succession, I'll give you the king,
 Whoe'er would betray him, on high may he swing!
 And here's the grand fabric, our free Constitution,
 As built on the base of the great Revolution;
 And longer with Politics not to be crammed,
 Be Anarchy cursed, and be Tyranny damn'd;
 And who would to Liberty e'er prove disloyal,
 May his son be a hangman, and he his first trial.

VERSES ADDRESSED TO J. RANKINE,
 ON HIS WRITING TO THE POET THAT A GIRL IN
 THAT PART OF THE COUNTRY WAS WITH CHILD
 TO HIM.

I AM a keeper of the law
 In some sma' points, altho' not a';
 Some people tell me gin I fa',
 Ae way or ither,
 The breaking of ae point, tho' sma',
 Breaks a' thegither.

I hae been in for't ance or twice,
 And winna say owre far for thrice,
 Yet never met with that surprise
 That broke my rest,
 But now a rumour's like to rise,
 A whaup's i' the nest.

ON SEEING THE BEAUTIFUL SEAT
 OF LORD GALLOWAY.

WHAT dost thou in that mansion fair?
 Flit, Galloway, and find
 Some narrow, dirty, dungeon cave,
 The picture of thy mind!

ON THE SAME.

No Stewart art thou, Galloway,
 The Stewarts all were brave;
 Besides, the Stewarts were but fools,
 Not one of them a knave.

ON THE SAME.

BRIGHT ran thy line, O Galloway,
 Thro' many a far-fam'd sire!
 So ran the far-fam'd Roman way,
 So ended in a mire!

TO THE SAME,
ON THE AUTHOR BEING THREATENED WITH HIS
RESENTMENT.

SPARE me thy vengeance, Galloway,
In quiet let me live :
I ask no kindness at thy hand,
For thou hast none to give.

VERSES TO J. RANKINE.

Æ day, as Death, that gruesome carl,
Was driving to the tither warl'
A mixtie-maxtie motley squad,
And mony a guilt-bespotted lad ;
Black gowns of each denomination,
And thieves of every rank and station,
From him that wears the star and garter,
To him that wintles in a halter ;
Asham'd himsel' to see the wretches,
He mutters, glowrin' at the bitches,
' By God, I'll not be seen behint them,
Nor 'mang the sp'ritual core present them,
Without at least æ honest man,
To grace this damn'd infernal clan.'
By Adamhill a glance he threw,
' Lord God ! ' quoth he, ' I have it now,
There's just the man I want, i' faith,'
And quickly stoppit Rankine's breath.

EXTEMPORANEOUS EFFUSION,
ON BEING APPOINTED TO THE EXCISE.

SEARCHING auld wives' barrels,
Och, hon ! the day !
That clarty barm should stain my laurels :
But—what'll ye say ?
These movin' things, ca'd wives and weans,
Wad move the very heart o' stanes !

POVERTY.

IN politics if thou wou'dst mix,
And mean thy fortunes be,
Bear this in mind—be deaf and blind,
Let great folks hear and see.

ON HEARING THAT THERE WAS
FALSEHOOD IN REV. DR. B——'S
VERY LOOKS.

THAT there is falsehood in his looks
I must and will deny ;
They say their master is a knave—
And sure they do not lie.

ON A SCHOOLMASTER
IN CLEISH PARISH, FIFESHIRE.

HERE lie Willie Michie's banes ;
O Satan, when ye tak him,
Gie him the schoolin' of your weans,
For clever deils he'll mak them !

LINES

WRITTEN AND PRESENTED TO MRS. KEMBLE, ON
SEEING HER IN THE CHARACTER OF "YARICO,"
IN THE DUMFRIES THEATRE, 1794.

KEMBLE, thou cur'st my unbelief
Of Moses and his rod ;
At Yarico's sweet notes of grief
The rock with tears had flow'd.

LINES.

I MURDER hate by field or flood,
Tho' glory's name may screen us ;
In wars at hame I'll spend my blood,
Life-giving war of Venus.
The deities that I adore
Are social Peace and Plenty.
I'm better pleased to make one more
Than be the death of twenty.

LINES

WRITTEN ON A WINDOW, AT THE KING'S ARMS
TAVERN, DUMFRIES.

YE men of wit and wealth, why all this sneering
'Gainst poor Excisemen? give the cause a hearing ;

What are your landlords' rent-rolls? taxing ledgers ;
What premiers, what? even Monarchs' mighty
gaugers ;
Nay, what are priests, those seeming godly wise men?
What are they, pray, but spiritual Excisemen?

LINES

WRITTEN ON THE WINDOW OF THE GLOBE TAVERN,
DUMFRIES.

THE graybeard, Old Wisdom, may boast of his
treasures,
Give me with gay Folly to live :
I grant him his calm-blooded, time-settled pleasures,
But Folly has raptures to give.

EXTEMPORE IN THE COURT OF
SESSION.

Tune—' Killiecrankie.'

LORD ADVOCATE.

HE clenched his pamphlets in his fist,
He quoted and he hinted,
Till in a declamation-mist
His argument he tint it :
He gaped for't, he graped for't,
He fand it was awa, man ;
But what his common sense came short
He eked it out wi' law, man.

MR. ERSKINE.

Collected Harry stood a wee,
Then open'd out his arm, man ;
His lordship sat wi' ruefu' e'e,
And ey'd the gathering storm, man ;
Like wind-driv'n hail it did assail,
Or torrents owre a linn, man ;
The bench sae wise lift up their eyes,
Half-wauken'd wi' the din, man.

LINES

WRITTEN UNDER THE PICTURE OF MISS BURNS.

CEASE, ye prudes, your envious railing,
Lovely Burns has charms—confess :
True it is, she had one failing—
Had a woman ever less?

ON MISS J. SCOTT, OF AYR.

OH! had each Scot of ancient times
 Been, Jeannie Scott, as thou art,
 The bravest heart on English ground
 Had yielded like a coward.

EPIGRAM ON CAPTAIN FRANCIS
 GROSE,

THE CELEBRATED ANTIQUARY.

THE Devil got notice that Grose was a-dying,
 So whip! at the summons, old Satan came flying;
 But when he approach'd where poor Francis lay
 moaning,
 And saw each bed-post with its burden a-groaning,
 Astonish'd! confounded! cry'd Satan, 'By God,
 I'll want 'im, ere I take such a damnable load.'

EPIGRAM ON ELPHINSTONE'S
 TRANSLATION OF MARTIAL'S
 EPIGRAMS.

O THOU whom Poetry abhors,
 Whom Prose had turned out of doors,
 Heard'st thou yon groan?—proceed no further,
 'Twas laurel'd Martial calling 'Murther.'

EPITAPH ON A COUNTRY LAIRD,

NOT QUITE SO WISE AS SOLOMON.

BLESS Jesus Christ, O Cardoness,
 With grateful lifted eyes,
 Who said that not the soul alone,
 But body too, must rise:
 For had he said, 'The soul alone
 From death I will deliver,'
 Alas, alas! O Cardoness,
 Then thou hadst slept for ever!

EPITAPH ON A NOISY POLEMIC.

BELOW these stanes lie Jamie's banes:
 O Death, it's my opinion
 Thou ne'er took such a bleth'rin' bitch
 Into thy dark dominion!

EPITAPH ON JOHN BUSHBY,
WRITER IN DUMFRIES.

HERE lies John Bushby, honest man!
Cheat him, devil, if you can.

EPITAPH ON A WAG IN MAUCLINE.

LAMENT him, Mauchline husbands a',
He aften did assist ye;
For had ye stay'd whole weeks awa,
Your wives they ne'er had miss'd ye.

Ye Mauchline bairns, as on ye pass
To school in bands thegither,
O tread ye lightly on his grass,
Perhaps he was your father.

EPIGRAM.

WHEN —, deceased, to the devil went down,
'Twas nothing would serve him but Satan's own crown;
'Thy fool's head,' quoth Satan, 'that crown shall
wear never,
I grant thou'rt as wicked, but not quite so clever.'

LINES INSCRIBED ON A PLATTER.

MY blessings on ye, honest wife,
I ne'er was here before:
Ye've wealth o' gear for spoon and knife—
Heart could not wish for more.

Heaven keep you clear of sturt and strife
Till far ayont four score,
And by the Lord o' death and life,
I'll ne'er gae by your door!

TO ———.

YOUR billet, sir, I grant receipt
Wi' you I'll canter ony gate,
Though 'twere a trip to yon blue warl',
Where birkies march on burnin' marl:
Then, sir, God willing, I'll attend ye,
And to his goodness I commend ye.

R. BURNS.

ON MR. M'MURDO.

BLEST be M'Murdo to his latest day,
 No envious cloud o'er cast his evening ray ;
 No wrinkle furrow'd by the hand of care,
 Nor even sorrow add one silver hair !
 Oh ! may no son the father's honour stain,
 Nor ever daughter give the mother pain.

TO A LADY

WHO WAS LOOKING UP THE TEXT DURING
 SERMON.

FAIR maid, you need not take the hint,
 Nor idle texts pursue :
 'Twas *guilty sinners* that he meant—
 Not *angels* such as you !

IMPROMPTU.

How daur ye ca' me howlet-faced,
 Ye ugly, glow'ring spectre ;
 My face was but the keekin' glass,
 An' there ye saw your picture.

EPITAPH ON A PERSON NICKNAMED
 "THE MARQUIS,"

WHO DESIRED BURNS TO WRITE ONE ON HIM.

HERE lies a mock Marquis, whose titles were sham'd.
 If ever he rise, it will be to be damn'd.

EPITAPH ON WALTER R—— [RIDDEL].

Sic a reptile was Wat,
 Sic a miscreant slave,
 That the worms ev'n damn'd him
 When laid in his grave.
 ' In his flesh there's a famine,'
 A starv'd reptile cries ;
 ' An' his heart is rank poison,'
 Another replies.

ON HIMSELF.

Here comes Burns
 On Rosinante ;
 She's d—— poor,
 But he's d—— canty !

GRACE BEFORE MEAT.

O LORD, when hunger pinches sore,
 Do Thou stand us in need,
 And send us from Thy bounteous store
 A tup or wether head. Amen.

ON COMMISSARY GOLDIE'S BRAINS.

LORD, to account who dares Thee call,
 Or e'er dispute Thy pleasure?
 Else why within so thick a wall
 Enclose so poor a treasure?

IMPROMPTU

ON AN INNKEEPER NAMED BACON, WHO INTRUDED
 HIMSELF INTO ALL COMPANIES.

At Brownhill we always get dainty good cheer,
 And plenty of bacon each day in the year;
 We've all things that's nice, and mostly in season,
 But why always *Bacon*—come, give me a reason?

ADDRESSED TO A LADY

WHOM THE AUTHOR FEARED HE HAD OFFENDED.

RUSTICITY's ungainly form
 May cloud the highest mind;
 But when the heart is nobly warm,
 The good excuse will find.

Propriety's cold, cautious rules
 Warm fervour may o'erlook;
 But spare poor sensibility
 The ungentle, harsh rebuke.

TO MR. MACKENZIE, SURGEON,
 MAUCLINE.

FRIDAY first's the day appointed
 By the Right Worshipful anointed,
 To hold our grand procession:
 To get a blad o' Johnnie's morals,
 And taste a swatch o' Manson's barrels
 I' the way of our profession.

The Master and the Brotherhood
 Would a' be glad to see you ;
 For me, I would be mair than proud
 To share the mercies wi' you.
 If Death, then, wi' skaith, then,
 Some mortal heart is hechtin',
 Inform him, and storm him,
 That Saturday you'll fecht him.

ROBERT BURNS.

Mossgiel, *An. M.* 5790.

TO A PAINTER.

DEAR —, I'll gie ye some advice,
 Ye'll tak' it no uncivil :
 You shouldna paint at angels mair,
 But try and paint the devil.
 To paint an angel's kittle wark,
 Wi' Auld Nick there's less danger ;
 You'll easy draw a weel-kent face
 But no sae weel a stranger.

LINES WRITTEN ON A TUMBLER.

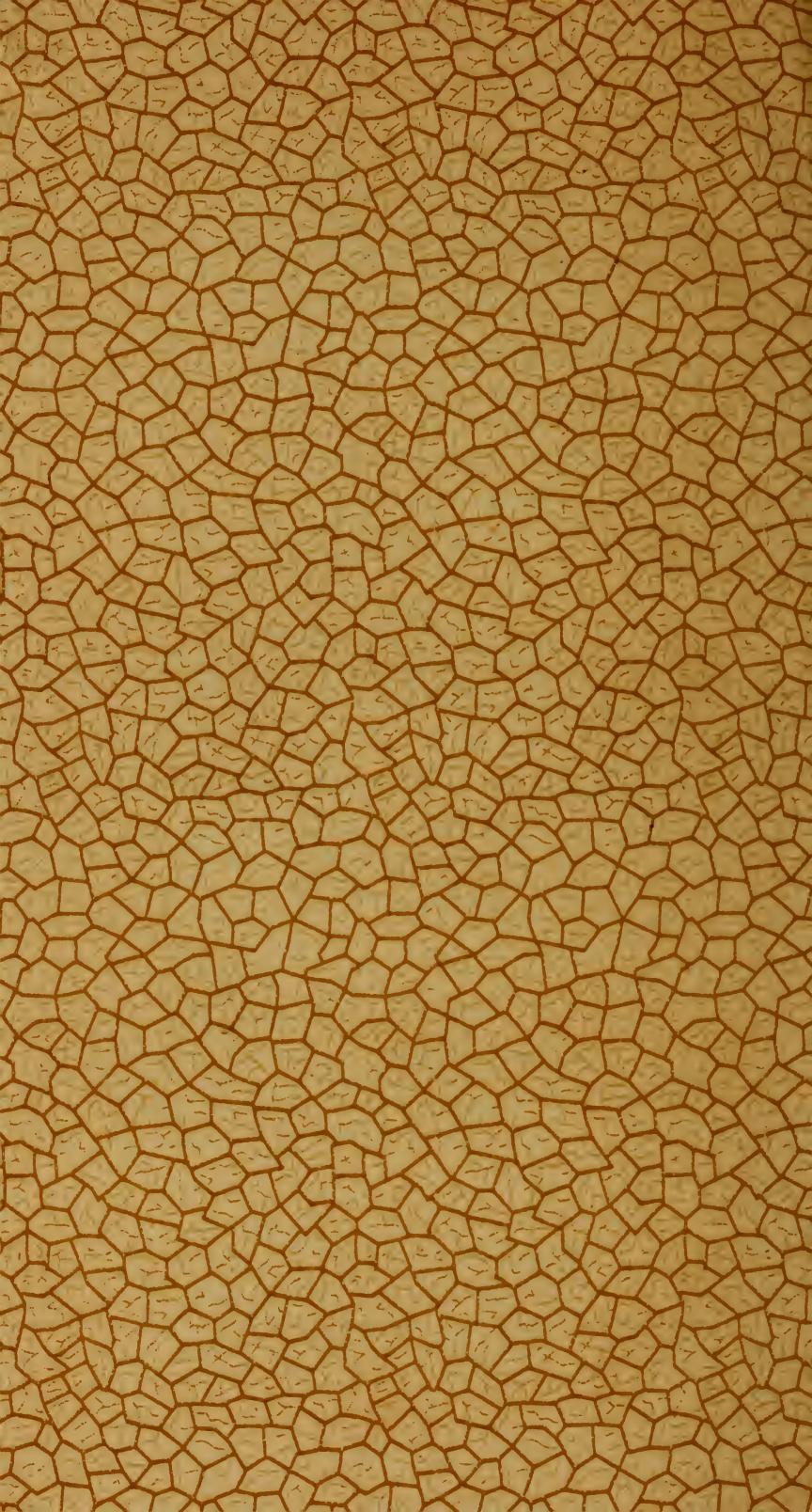
YOU'RE welcome, Willie Stewart ;
 You're welcome, Willie Stewart ;
 There's ne'er a flower that blooms in May
 That's half sae welcome's thou art.

Come, bumpers high, express our joy,
 The bowl we maun renew it ;
 The tappit-hen, gae bring her ben
 To welcome Willie Stewart.

May foes be strang, and friends be slack,
 Ilk action may he rue it ;
 May woman on him turn her back
 That wrangs thee, Willie Stewart !

ON MR. W. CRUIKSHANK, OF THE HIGH SCHOOL, EDINBURGH.

HONEST Will to heaven is gane,
 And mony shall lament him ;
 His faults they a' in Latin lay,
 In English nane e'er kent them.





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