

THE POEMS OF ROBERT BURNS



THE SKIRVING PORTRAIT OF BURNS.

Burns was born at Alloway, near Ayr, January 25, 1759. He died at Dumfries, July 21, 1796.

"The simple Bard, rough at the rustic plough,
Learning his tuneful trade from ev'ry bough;
The chanting linnet, or the mellow thrush,
Hailing the setting sun, sweet, in the green thorn bush;
The soaring lark, the perching red-breast shrill,
Or deep-ton'd plovers grey, wild-whistling o'er the hill."

—From "*The Brigs of Ayr.*"

Sir Walter Scott wrote, "I never saw such another eye in a human head as the eye of Burns, though I have seen the most distinguished men of my time."

THE POEMS
OF
ROBERT BURNS

*THE POET OF RELIGION,
DEMOCRACY, BROTHERHOOD
AND LOVE*

EDITED BY

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GROWTH," "CHILDHOOD'S PARADISE," ETC.



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FOREWORD

Two things are to be regretted in regard to Burns. First, some of his biographers magnified what they regarded as his weaknesses, and devoted far too much space to them. It is strange that even yet some people in speaking of Burns devote so much time to the weaker elements in his life, instead of trying to reveal his divine elements of power. Second, some poems which Burns himself did not write for publication were published.

In his last interview with Mrs. Maria Riddell a few days before his death he said he had written things which he "earnestly wished to have buried in oblivion." He lamented that "he had written many epigrams on persons against whom he entertained no enmity, and whose characters he would be sorry to wound; and many indifferent poetical pieces which he feared would now, with all their imperfections on their head, be thrust upon the world. On this account he deeply regretted having deferred to put his papers in a state of arrangement."

To publish his greatest masterpieces of universal importance would seem to be in harmony with the deepest wish of Burns himself. It is done by one who regards Burns as one of the greatest interpreters and revealers of the highest thought of humanity in re-

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gard to religion and ethics, to human freedom, to brotherhood and to love.

Burns was a genius worthy to rank with Shakespeare. As an interpreter of Christ's philosophy of democracy and brotherhood, Burns is greater than any other poet. His religious and ethical poems and his love songs are unequalled; yet many people fear to have the poems of Burns in their libraries, so thousands miss the uplift and clearer vision which they might receive from his truly great poems.

Some of his most brilliant poems are, in the light of present standards, indelicate, but nearly all such poems relate to local people, events, and conditions that do not exist at the present time.

Great poetry is universal in its appeal to the minds of men. Burns wrote so many profoundly kindling and elevating poems that it seems reasonable to publish them, omitting those that are merely local but presenting those in which his great love of nature is evidenced.

This book is published with the view of securing a wider reading and study of the universal poems of Burns, especially by young people. I have arranged the poems in four classes: 1. Poems of Nature; 2. Religious and Ethical Poems; 3. Poems of Democracy and Brotherhood; 4. Love Songs.

In order to help readers of Burns to understand the conditions under which he lived and wrote, and the beauty of the rivers, the woods, the hills and glens of his native district, I personally made the photographs used for illustrations in this volume, except the por-

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traits. I hope these illustrations of places associated with the life of Burns, which he made immortal by associating them with his poems, may enable readers to understand the atmosphere of the great lover of nature in her fairest and, to Burns, most inspiring forms.

While the great poem, "Tam o' Shanter" may be regarded as mainly local, it is included in this collection because in addition to being a great poem, it is associated with Alloway, where Burns was born, and it is an evidence of his remarkable powers, as he wrote it in a single day sitting on the bank of the Nith at Ellisland farm.

JAMES L. HUGHES.

Toronto, Canada.

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PART ONE: TAM O' SHANTER AND OTHER
POEMS RELATING TO THE AYR AND
ALLOWAY DISTRICTS

PART ONE

TAM O'SHANTER AND OTHER POEMS RELATING TO THE AYR AND ALLO-WAY DISTRICTS

A THOUSAND beautiful pictures of the Ayr might be made, as it "rins wimplin to the sea." The neighborhood in which Burns was born and lived is beautified by many charming rivers. Ayr, Afton, Doon, Lugar, Irvine, Faile and Cessnock Water all run in Ayrshire near where Burns lived. Beside these rivers Burns sat or walked in the gloaming, when his heart was full of music and his mind illumined by great thoughts, and composed the songs that live on through the years. Hamilton Wright Mabie says: "Scotland was rich in material for lyric poetry; hills and rivers, moors and highlands lay under a beautiful mist of legend and tradition. To Burns the very air was charged with poetry, and his heart responded to every appeal made to his imagination."

The pictures of the Ayr refer to places connected with Burns. All the river scenes in this book show that Rev. L. McLean Watt was right when he said: "Burns was really set by heaven in an en-

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vironment uniquely suitable for a poetic mind like his." In his later years the winding Nith amply supplied the inspiration of the Ayrshire rivers in earlier years.

The great centres of the life development of Burns were Alloway, Mauchline, Ellisland farm, and Dumfries.

Alloway is a small village about two miles from Ayr. Ayr is a large town on the Ayr River near the Firth of Clyde. Burns was born in Alloway near the Doon River. Alloway Kirkyard was made celebrated by Burns as the place where the witches were dancing when Tam O' Shanter was on his way home from Ayr one market night after he had been drinking late with Souter Johnnie. Souter (Shoemaker) Johnnie lived in Kirkoswald, eleven miles from Ayr, and Tam O' Shanter (Douglas Graham) lived fourteen miles from Ayr, and three miles from Kirkoswald. Burns when seventeen went to school in Kirkoswald and knew Tam O' Shanter and Souter Johnnie, whose home was only a few doors away from the school Burns attended.

Mount Oliphant farm on the Carrick border was near Alloway. Burns was seven years old when his father moved to Mount Oliphant, and eighteen when he left it. Under proper conditions the years from eleven to eighteen have a transforming influence in awakening the deep centres of a man's strongest powers. When Burns was fifteen he loved his harvest mate, Nellie Kirkpatrick, and he always said the love of his girl sweetheart made him a poet. Love during

AYR AND ALLOWAY DISTRICTS

the adolescent period will not make every boy a poet; but the entrancing love of a sweet, pure girl between fourteen and seventeen will kindle a youth's highest power more surely and more productively than any other influence, and the central image of God in Burns was the power of poesy.

Burns was sent to school in Kirkoswald, about ten miles from Mt. Oliphant, to learn mathematics, mensuration, surveying, etc., when he was seventeen. Next door to the school lived his second sweetheart, Peggy Thompson. To Peggy he wrote "Now Westlin Winds," and "Lines to an Old Sweetheart." In the Kirk yard of Kirkoswald are the graves of Tam O' Shanter, Souter Johnnie, Kirkton Jean, the Schoolmaster of Burns in the Village, and the Grandmother of Burns, Mrs. Brown.

Mauchline was the centre of some of the vital stages of the development of Burns. It is about two miles from Mossgiel Farm to which he went when he was 25 years of age. Here he met Jean Armour and Highland Mary. Jean was born in Mauchline, Mary was a servant in the home of Gavin Hamilton, who was a leader among the laymen in the new religious movement against the "auld lights." Burns was naturally opposed to Rev. William Auld and Holy Willie, and association with Gavin Hamilton intensified his sympathy with vital religion, and his dislike for superstition, hypocrisy, bigotry, and some of the doctrines of the "auld licht" preachers. His soul was full of reverence for vital religion. He wrote "The Cottar's Saturday Night" at Mossgiel. He and Jean were married

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in Gavin Hamilton's home. After their marriage he lived next door to Dr. McKenzie, "Common Sense" of The Holy Fair, who was a balancing element in the life of Burns. Here he continued his interest in the Masonic order, and here, too, he formed a Bachelor's Club, for debating and social brotherhood.

Ellisland is a farm on the right bank of the river Nith six miles north of Dumfries. Here Burns hoped to make a living for Jean Armour and his family. He was not a successful farmer and soon removed to Dumfries, where he died at the age of 37. He wrote many of his fine poems at Ellisland, among them *To Mary in Heaven*; several to Jean his wife; several to Chloris, Jean Lorimer; *Tam O' Shanter* written in a single day on the Nith near his house; *To a Wounded Hare*, and to the *Starving Thrush*—two poems that rank with his poems to *The Mouse* and *The Daisy* written at *Mossgiel*.

Glenriddell, the fine estate of his great friend Robert Riddell, bordered *Ellisland* on the north.

Burns lived in two homes in Dumfries, a picturesque city through which and around which the Nith runs like a silver strand. He was buried in Dumfries. Jean Armour lived on for 38 years after his death in the house in which her husband died.

While at *Mount Oliphant* farm Burns founded a club for debating and social brotherhood in *Tarbolton*, a village not far away, and laid the basis for the growth of his remarkable powers as an orator, which his brother Gilbert said were even greater than his powers as a poet.

TAM O' SHANTER

TAM O' SHANTER

A TALE

WHEN chapman billies leave the street,
And drouthy neibors, neibors meet;
As market days are wearing late,
An' folk begin to tak the gate;
While we sit bowsing 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, whom ne'er a town surpasses,
For honest men and bonie lasses).

O Tam! hadst thou but been sae wise,
As taen thy ain wife Kate's advice!
She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum,
A bletherin', blusterin', drunken bhellum;
That frae November till October,

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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 roarin' fou on;
That at the L—— house, ev'n on Sunday,
Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday.¹
She prophesied that, late or soon,
Thou wad 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 Johnie,
His ancient, trusty, drouthy cronie:
Tam lo'ed him like a very brither;
They had been fou for weeks thegither.
The night drave on wi' sangs an' clatter;
And ay the ale was growing better:
The Landlady and Tam grew gracious,
Wi' secret favours, sweet and precious:
The Souter tauld his queerest stories;

¹ Miss Kennedy, Kirkton Jean and her sister kept a reputable inn at Kirkoswald, when Burns went to school there.

TAM O' SHANTER

The Landlord's laugh was ready chorus:
The storm without might rair and rustle,
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drown'd himsel among 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 snowfall 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 nor tide,
The hour approaches Tam maun ride—
That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane,
That dreary hour Tam 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 showers rose on the blast;
The speedy gleams the darkness wallow'd;

AYR AND ALLOWAY DISTRICTS

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 gray 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 an 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,
Where in the snaw the chapman smoor'd;
And past the birks and meikle stane,
Where drunken Charlie brak 's neck-bane,
And thro' the whins, and by the cairn,
Where hunters fand the murder'd bairn;
And near the thorn, aboon the well,
Where Mungo's mither hang'd hersel.
Before him Doon pours all his floods,
The doubling storm roars thro' the woods,
The lightnings flash frae 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.
[28]

TAM O' SHANTER

Inspiring, bold John Barleycorn!
What dangers thou canst make us scorn!
Wi' tippenny ale we fear nae evil;
Wi' usquabae, we'll face the devil!
The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's noddle
Fair play, he car'd na deils a boddle,
They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit,
Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,
And coost her duddies on 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 linen!—¹
Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,
That ance were plush, o' guid blue hair,
I wad hae gien them off my hurdies,
For ae blink o' the bonie burdies!
But wither'd beldams, auld and droll,
Rigwoodie hags wad spean a foal,
Louping an' flinging on a crummock,
I wonder did na turn thy stomach.

But Tam kent what was what fu' brawlie:
There was ae winsome wench and waulie,
That night enlisted in the core,
Lang after kenn'd on Carrick shore
(For mony a beast to dead she shot,

¹ A manufacturer's term for very fine linen woven in a reel of 1,700 divisions.

AYR AND ALLOWAY DISTRICTS

And perish'd mony a bonie boat,
And shook baith meikle corn and bear,
And held 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 kent 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 o' witches!

But here my Muse her wing maun cour,
Sic flights are far beyond her power;
To sing how Nannie lap and flang
(A souple jade she was and strang),
But Maggie stood, right sair astonish'd,
Till, by the heel and hand admonish'd,
She ventur'd forward on the light;
And, wow! Tam saw a 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 winnock-bunker in the east,
There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast;
A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large,
To gie them music was his charge:
He screw'd the pipes, and gart them skirl,
[30]

TAM O' SHANTER

Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.—
Coffins stood round, like open presses,
That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses;
And (by some devilish cantraip sleight)
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 a rape,
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;
Five tomahawks, wi' blude red-rusted;
Five scymitars, wi' murder crusted;
A garter, which a babe had strangled;
A knife, a father's throat had mangled,
Whom his ain son of life bereft,
The gray hairs yet stack to the heft;
Wi' mair of horrible and awfu',
Which even 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,
And how Tam stood, like ane bewitch'd,
And thought his very een 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,

AYR AND ALLOWAY DISTRICTS

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 skriech 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 o' the brig;
There, at them thou thy tail may toss,
A running stream they dare na 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:
[32]



THE BIRTHPLACE OF ROBERT BURNS, ALLOWAY.

The old home is near Alloway Kirk-yard, made celebrated by Burns in his brilliant poem, "Tam O' Shanter."

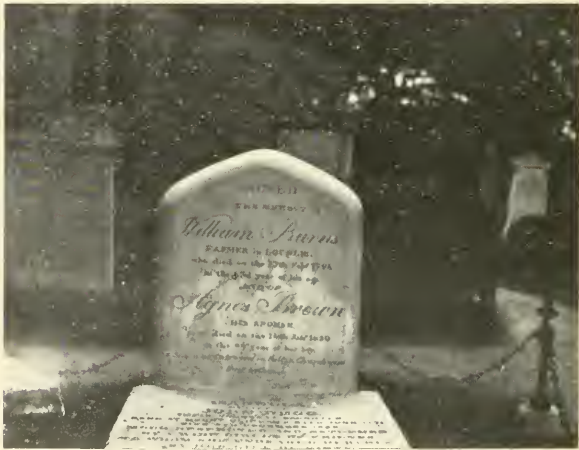
Alloway is about two miles from Ayr.

Mr. John Murdock, one of the "best teachers of Burns," wrote: "In this mean cottage . . . I really believe there dwelt a larger portion of content than in any palace of Europe."



THE MONUMENT TO BURNS IN ALLOWAY.

In the Museum under the monument are many interesting relics, among them the Bible presented to Mary Campbell (Highland Mary), and which she and Burns held, one standing on one side of the Faile, and the other on the other side, when they made their Vows of Marriage on Sunday, May 14, 1786.



TOMBSTONE ERECTED IN MEMORY OF WILLIAM BURNS, THE POET'S FATHER, AND AGNES BROWN, HIS MOTHER.



THE TAM O' SHANTER INN, AYR.

Douglas Graham's—"Tam O' Shanter's"—farm lies fourteen miles from Ayr, on the Firth of Clyde. He often drank late in Ayr on market days.



THE RUINS OF ALLOWAY KIRK.

Showing "A winnock bunker in the east," where Auld Nick sat playing music for the dancing witches that stirred the enthusiasm of Tam O' Shanter. "Winnock bunker" means window seat.



THE WEST END OF ALLOWAY KIRK.



ALLOWAY KIRK-YARD.



THE SHANTER FARM.

Fourteen miles from Ayr, on the Firth of Clyde, and about three miles from Kirkoswald, where Tam is buried.



KIRK-YARD, KIRKOSWALD.

Where Tam O' Shanter and Souter Johnnie are buried. Oswald was a son of the last King of the Heptarchy in England. He was brought up by the King of Carrick. He became a soldier and defeated the English, when they invaded Carrick, where Kirkoswald now stands. He vowed the night before the battle that if the Lord would help him to win he would establish a shrine which was followed by a kirk known as the Kirk o' Oswald.



A B

FIVE GRAVES IN KIRKOSWALD CEMETERY ARE ASSOCIATED WITH THE MEMORY OF BURNS.

A—The grave of Agnes Brown, the grandmother of Burns—mother of his mother—whose maiden name was Agnes Renie.
B—the grave of Douglas Graham—"Tam O' Shanter."



THE GRAVE OF HUGH ROGER, THE SCHOOLMASTER OF BURNS, IN KIRKOSWALD.

Burns, when seventeen years of age, was sent to the parish school in Kirkoswald to study mensuration and surveying. Hugh Roger was the teacher at the time.



THE SHOP OF SOUTER JOHNNIE (Shoemaker Johnnie).

Where the boys are standing. The house is now a Burns Museum. The Souter, whose name was John Davidson, drank with Tam O' Shanter in Ayr the night Tam saw the witches.



THE BANNOCK BURN.

Running past the Battlefield near Stirling.



THE AULD BRIG O' DOON.

It was over this bridge that Tam O' Shanter galloped the night he saw the witches dancing in Alloway Kirk, on his way home from Ayr. The picture was made from the new brig.

TAM O' SHANTER

The carlin caught her by the rump,
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

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

AYR AND ALLOWAY DISTRICTS

EPITAPH ON MY EVER HONOURED
FATHER

O YE whose cheek the tear of pity stains,
Draw near with pious rev'rence, and attend!
Here lie the loving husband's dear remains,
The tender father, and the gen'rous friend;
The pitying heart that felt for human woe,
The dauntless heart that fear'd no human pride;
The friend of man—to vice alone a foe;
For 'ev'n his failings lean'd to virtue's side.'

RANTIN', ROVIN' ROBIN

RANTIN', ROVIN' ROBIN

THERE was a lad was born in Kyle,¹
But whatna day o' whatna style,²
I doubt it's hardly worth the while
To be sae nice wi' Robin.

Chorus—Robin was a rovin' boy,
Rantin', rovin', rantin', rovin',
Robin was a rovin' boy,
Rantin', rovin' Robin!

Our monarch's hindmost year but ane
Was five-and-twenty days begun,
'Twas then a blast o' Janwar' win'
Blew hansel in on Robin.
Robin was, etc.

The gossip keekit in his loof,
Quo' scho, Wha lives will see the proof,
This waly boy will be nae coof:
I think we'll ca' him Robin.
Robin was, etc.

¹ Kyle is the Central district of Ayrshire.

² Which day of which style. Both styles of computing time were used in Scotland. The new style had recently been introduced.

AYR AND ALLOWAY DISTRICTS

He'll hae misfortunes great an' sma',
But ay a heart abov' on them a'.
He'll be a credit till us a'—
We'll a' be proud o' Robin.
Robin was, etc.

But sure as three times three mak nine,
I see by ilka score and line,
This chap will dearly like our kin',
So leeze me on thee! Robin.
Robin was, etc.

FAREWELL TO THE BANKS OF AYR

FAREWELL TO THE BANKS OF AYR

THE gloomy night is gath'ring fast,
Loud roars the wild, inconstant blast,
Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,
I see it driving o'er the plain;
The hunter now has left the moor,
The scatt'ered coveys meet secure;
While here I wander, prest with care,
Along the lonely banks of Ayr.

The Autumn mourns her rip'ning corn
By early Winter's ravage torn;
Across her placid, azure sky,
She sees the scowling tempest fly:
Chill runs my blood to hear it rave;
I think upon the stormy wave,
Where many a danger I must dare,
Far from the bonie banks of Ayr.

'Tis not the surging billow's roar,
'Tis not that fatal, deadly shore;
Tho' death in ev'ry shape appear,
The wretched have no more to fear:

AYR AND ALLOWAY DISTRICTS

But round my heart the ties are bound,
The heart transpierc'd with many a wound;
These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,
To leave the bonie banks of Ayr.

Farewell, old Coila's hills and dales,¹
Her heathy moors and winding vales;
The scenes where wretched Fancy roves,
Pursuing past, unhappy loves!
Farewell, my friends! farewell, my foes!
My peace with these, my love with those:
The bursting tears my heart declare—
Farewell, the bonie banks of Ayr!

¹ Kyle was named after King Coil who was buried near Montgomery Castle, which is sometimes called Coilsfield House.

THE BANKS O' DOON

THE BANKS O' DOON

YE banks and braes o' bonie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary fu' o' care?
Thou'll break my heart, thou warbling bird,
That wantons thro' the flowering thorn:
Thou minds me o' departed joys,
Departed never to return.

Aft hae I rov'd by bonie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine;
And ilka bird sang o' its Luvie,
And fondly sae did I o' mine;
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree!
And my fause Luvie staw my rose,
But ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

AYR AND ALLOWAY DISTRICTS

THE FAREWELL¹

TO THE BRETHREN OF ST. JAMES'S LODGE, TARBOLTON

ADIEU! a heart-warm, fond adieu;
Dear brothers of the *mystic tye!*
Ye favoured, ye *enlighten'd* few,
Companions of my social joy;
Tho' I to foreign lands must hie,
Pursuing Fortune's slidd'ry ba';
With melting heart, and brimful eye,
I'll mind you still, tho' far awa'.

Oft have I met your social band,
And spent the cheerful, festive night:
Oft, honour'd with supreme command,
Presided o'er the *sons of light:*
And by that *hieroglyphic* bright,
Which none but *Craftsmen* ever saw!
Strong Mem'ry on my heart shall write
Those happy scenes, when far awa'

May Freedom, Harmony, and Love,
Unite you in the *grand Design,*
Beneath th' Omniscient Eye above—
The glorious *Architect* Divine,

¹ Written when he expected to sail to Jamaica.

THE FAREWELL

That you may keep th' *unerring line*,
Still rising by the *plummet's law*,
Till *Order* bright completely shine,
Shall be my pray'r when far awa'.

And *you*, farewell! whose merits claim
Justly that *highest badge* to wear:
Heav'n bless your honour'd, noble name,
To *Masonry* and *Scotia* dear!
A last request permit me here—
When yearly ye assemble a',
One *round*, I ask it with a *tear*,
To him, *the Bard that's far awa'*.

EPITAPH ON MY OWN FRIEND AND MY
FATHER'S FRIEND, WM. MUIR IN TAR-
BOLTON MILL

AN honest man here lies at rest,
As e'er God with his image blest;
The friend of man, the friend of truth,
The friend of age, and guide of youth:

Few hearts like his—with virtue warm'd,
Few heads with knowledge so informed:
If there's another world, he lives in bliss;
If there is none, he made the best of this.

SWEET AFTON

SWEET AFTON

Flow gently, sweet Afton! among thy green braes,
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds thro' the glen,
Ye wild whistling blackbirds, in yon thorny den,
Thou green-crested lapwing thy screaming forbear,
I charge you, disturb not my slumbering Fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills,
Far mark'd with the courses of clear, winding rills;
There daily I wander as noon rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
Where, wild in the woodlands, the primroses blow;
There oft, as mild Ev'ning weeps over the lea,
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides;
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As, gathering sweet flowerets, she stems thy clear
wave.

AYR AND ALLOWAY DISTRICTS

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

TO GAVIN HAMILTON

TO GAVIN HAMILTON

DEDICATION OF THE KILMARNOCK EDITION OF THE
POEMS OF BURNS

SPEAKING of Mr. Hamilton, one of his most intimate friends, in a humorous vein he said :

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 no refus't,
Till aft his guidness is abus'd;
And rascals whyles 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 Ponataxi,
Wha never heard of orthodoxy.

AYR AND ALLOWAY DISTRICTS

That he's the poor man's friend in need,
The gentleman in word and deed,
It's no thro' terror of d-mn-t-n;
It's just a carnal inclination.

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

Learn three-mile pray'rs, an' half-mile graces,¹
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.

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.
But I'se repeat each poor man's pray'r,
That kens or hears about you, Sir —

'May ne'er Misfortune's growling bark,
Howl thro' the dwelling o' the clerk!²
May ne'er his gen'rous, honest heart,
For that same gen'rous spirit smart!

¹ This was in ridicule of the auld light teaching of Rev. M. Auld who often criticised Edwin Hamilton.

² Mr. Hamilton was a clerk or lawyer; and one of the leaders in condemning what he believed to be errors in the religious teaching of the "auld light" preachers.

TO GAVIN HAMILTON

May Kennedy's far-honor'd name
Lang beet his hymeneal flame,
Till Hamiltons, at least a dizzen,
Are frae their nuptial labors risen:
Five bonie lasses round their table,
And sev'n braw fellows, stout an' able,
To serve their king an' country weel,
By word, or pen, or pointed steel!
May health and peace, with mutual rays,
Shine on the ev'ning o' his days.'

AYR AND ALLOWAY DISTRICTS

VERSIFIED NOTE TO DR. MACKENZIE
MAUCHLINE

FRIDAY first's the day appointed
By the Right Worshipful anointed,
 To hold our grand procession;
To get a blad o' Johnie'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 wad 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.



BURNS' BACHELORS' CLUB ROOM IN TARBOLTON.

Burns had a debating society in Tarbolton, in Kirkoswald, and in Mauchline, to develop his varied powers. The upper room in this picture was his Bachelors' Club Room in Tarbolton.



THE "NEW BRIG" O' DOON FROM THE AULD BRIG.



THE MASONIC LODGE-ROOM, WHERE BURNS WAS MASTER, IN TARBOLTON.

The house on the left was the Masonic Lodge-room, where Burns was master in Tarbolton. The house on the right is the one in which he learned to dance. He was initiated in St. David's Lodge, but after a time he and other members seceded and established St. James Lodge in this house.



WHERE BURNS MET "DEATH."

The stone at the side of the road marks the place where Burns met Death on his way home from the Masonic lodge in Tarbolton, in the moonlight, as described in "Death and Dr. Hornbook." Hornbook was a teacher in Tarbolton, and he kept a drug store and treated sick people. Burns makes Death say in his poem that his work was being done by Dr. Hornbook! Burns and Hornbook had a dispute in the Masonic Hall.



THE DOON LOOKING DOWN FROM THE "AULD BRIG."

The first school of Burns was the "Mihl School" beside the Mill in the distance.



“WILLIE’S MILL.”

A hundred yards from the stone of the last picture. Burns said he “was toddling down to Willie’s Mill.” William Muir, the miller, was a great friend of Burns and of his father. On lodge nights Burns often slept at Willie Muir’s home at the mill. Jean Armour lived with Mr. and Mrs. Muir when her father turned her out.



THE FAILE RIVER AT "WILLIE'S MILL."

About a mile from Montgomery Castle grounds through which it flows.



THE AYR RIVER NEAR CATRINE.

Where Professor Dugald Stewart, a friend of Burns, lived. He was a Professor in Edinburgh University.

LINES TO SIR JOHN WHITEFORD

LINES TO SIR JOHN WHITEFORD¹

Sent with a Copy of "The Lament"

THOU, who thy honor 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 honor, all the world approved:
We'll mourn till we too go as he has gone,
And tread the shadowy path to that dark world
unknown.

¹The "Whiteford Arms" was named after the Whiteford family who owned the beautiful estate of Ballochmyle on the Ayr, about a mile from Mauchline. On a tablet on the roof in front of the chimney is the following inscription:

"This is the house tho' built anew,
Where Burns cam weary from the Pleugh
To hae a crack wi' Johnny Doo,
On nights at e'en and whiles taste, too,
Wi' Bonie Jean his mountain dew.

The Bachelors' Club of Mauchline, of which Burns was leader, held its meetings in the "Whiteford Arms." Debating was usually a part of the programme.

AYR AND ALLOWAY DISTRICTS

EPITAPH ON JOHN DOVE, INNKEEPER¹

HERE lies Johnie Pigeon·
What was his religion
 Whaever desires to ken,
To some other warl'
Maun follow the carl,
 For here Johnie Pigeon had nane!

¹John Dove was mine host at "Whiteford Arms."

THE LASS O' BALLOCHMYLE

THE LASS O' BALLOCHMYLE

'Twas even; the dewy fields were green,
On every blade the pearls hang;
The zephyr wantoned round the bean,
And hove its fragrant sweets along;
In ev'ry glen the mavis sang,
All nature list'ning seemed the while,
Except where greenwood echoes rang,
Among the braes o' Ballochmyle.

With careless step I onward strayed,
My heart rejoiced in Nature's joy.
When musing in a lonely glade
A maiden fair I chanced to spy;
Her look was like the morning's eyes
Her air like Nature's vernal smile;
Perfection whispered, passing by,
"Behold the lass o' Ballochmyle."

Fair is the morn in flowering May,
And sweet is night in Autumn wild;
When roving through the garden gay,
Or wandering in the lonely wild.

AYR AND ALLOWAY DISTRICTS

But woman, Nature's charming child!
There all her charms she does compile;
Even there her other works are foiled
By the bonie lass o' Ballochmyle.

O, had she been a country maid,
And I the happy country swain,
Though sheltered in the lowest shed
That ever rose on Scotland's plain!
Through weary Winter's wind and rain
With joy, with rapture, I would toil;
And nightly to my bosom strain
The bonie lass o' Ballochmyle.

Then pride might climb the slippery steep
Where fame and honors lofty shine;
And thirst of gold might tempt the deep,
Or downward seek the Indian mine;
Give me the cot below the pine,
To tend the flocks or till the soil;
And ev'ry day have joys divine
With the bonie lass o' Ballochmyle.

Note: While walking on the banks of the Ayr River one beautiful evening Burns saw Miss Alexander, the sister of the owner of the Ballochmyle estate. Though he saw her but a moment, as she crossed his path she made a deep impression on him. He sent her a copy of the poem and asked her permission to publish it. She did not reply to his letter; but she afterwards showed it with pride. It is now in the Mossgiel Museum.

FAREWELL TO BALLOCHMYLE

FAREWELL TO BALLOCHMYLE¹

THE Catrine woods were yellow seen,
The flowers decay'd on Catrine lee,
Nae lav'rock sang on hillock green,
But nature sicken'd on the e'e.
Thro' faded groves Maria sang,
Hersel in beauty's bloom the while;
And ay the wild-wood echoes rang,
Fareweel the braes o' Ballochmyle.

Low in your wintry beds, ye flowers,
Again ye'll flourish fresh and fair;
Ye birdies dumb, in with'ring bowers,
Again ye'll charm the vocal air.
But here, alas! for me nae mair
Shall birdie charm, or floweret smile;
Fareweel the bonie banks of Ayr,
Fareweel, fareweel! sweet Ballochmyle!

¹The Maria referred to in this poem was Miss Maria Whiteford, daughter of Sir John Whiteford, the owner of Ballochmyle, when Burns first went to Mossgiel Farm.

Catrine woods and lee belonged to Dugald Stuart, a professor in Edinburgh University, a great friend of Burns.

Burns often sat in the Ballochmyle woods on a seat still named after him, formed by the twisted over-ground roots of a large tree.

AYR AND ALLOWAY DISTRICTS

THE BANKS OF NITH

THE Thames flows proudly to the sea,
Where royal cities stately stand;
But sweeter flows the Nith to me,
Where Comyns ance had high command.
When shall I see that honor'd land,
That winding stream I love so dear!
Must wayward Fortune's adverse hand
For ever, ever keep me here?

How lovely, Nith, thy fruitful vales,
Where bounding hawthorns gayly bloom;
And sweetly spread thy sloping dales,
Where lambkins wanton through the broom.
Tho' wandering now must be my doom,
Far from thy bonie banks and braes,
May there my latest hours consume,
Among the friends of early days!

Note: The Nith, in his last seven years, took the place of the beautiful Ayr in the heart of Burns; it flowed a few feet from his home on Ellisland Farm near Dumfries. He composed his poems on its banks, or, later in Dumfries, sitting in the gloaming in Lincluden Abbey ruins, close to his beloved river.

PART TWO: RELIGIOUS AND ETHICAL POEMS

PART TWO

RELIGIOUS AND ETHICAL POEMS

Not Latimer, not Luther, struck more telling blows against false theology than did this brave singer. . . . He is so substantially a reformer that I find his grand plain sense in close chain with the greatest masters—Rabelais, Shakespeare (in Comedy), Cervantes, Butler, Burns.

EMERSON.

Burns was a wise religious teacher.

DEAN STANLEY.

The "Auld licht" preachers regarded Burns as an irreligious man, and many still believe that he attacked religion. He did not attack religion; he did attack the many evils that blighted the religious teaching of his time.

1. He attacked superstition. In a letter to Clarinda he said, "I hate the superstition of a fanatic, but I love the religion of a man."

In the "Tree of Liberty" he attributes the degradation of the French peasantry to "Superstition's wicked brood."

RELIGIOUS AND ETHICAL POEMS

- In his "Epistle to John Gowdie" he speaks of
"Poor gapin', glow'rin superstition."
2. He despised hypocrisy. In his Epistle to Rev. John McMath, a progressive "new light" preacher, he said:
"God knows I'm no' the thing I should be;
Nor am I even what I could be;
But twenty times I rather would be
 An atheist clean,
Than under gospel colors hid be
 Just for a screen."
 3. He attacked bigotry. In his Epistle to John Gowdie he speaks of "Sour bigotry on its last legs."
 4. He attacked the doctrine of predestination so earnestly preached during his time. He ridiculed it in Holy Willie's prayer, making Holy Willie say he "deserved damnation five thousand years before he was born."
 5. He also made Holy Willie proclaim the awful doctrine that "God sends ain to heaven and ten to hell for his ain glory," a doctrine preached freely in his time, and long since.
 6. He attacked the wicked practice of using the fear of hell as a basis of genuine religion. Fear never kindled a human soul. In his Epistle to a Young Friend (Andrew Aiken) he says:
"The fear of hell's a hangman's whip
 To haud the wretch in order."
 7. He attacked the fearful solemnity of those who claimed to be Christians. When Gavin Hamilton

RELIGIOUS AND ETHICAL POEMS

was persecuted by the Church in Mauchline,
Burns in a fine poem advised him to

“Learn three mile prayers and half mile graces.
Wi’ weel spread looves and lang wry faces
Grunt up a solemn lengthened groan;
Condemn a’ pairties¹ but your own
I warrant then you’re nae deceiver;
A steady, sturdy, starnch believer.”

8. He despised the “unco guid,” who dearly loved to compare their holiness with the wickedness of their neighbors.

“The rigid righteous is a fool,
The rigid wise another.”

He sums up his wise philosophy of Christian sympathy in his poem the “Unco Guid” in the beautiful stanza:—

“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.”

Burns attacked the things that he believed to be evils in connection with religion, but never religion. He made his position clear in his epistle to Rev. John McMath, when he said:—

¹ Churches.

RELIGIOUS AND ETHICAL POEMS

“All hail, religion! maid divine,
Pardon a muse sae mean as mine,
Wha in her rough, imperfect line
Thus dares to name thee;
To stigmatize false friends o’ thine
Can ne’er defame thee.”

“But,” objectors say, “Burns was a skeptic, so he could not be a religious man.” Let Burns answer this by three of many similar quotations from his own letters.

To Mrs. Dunlop he wrote:

“My idle reasonings sometimes make me a little skeptical, but the necessities of my heart always give to my cold philosophizings the lie.”

To Dr. Candlish he wrote:

“Despising old women’s stories, I ventured in the daring path Spinoza trod, but experience of the weakness—not the strength of human powers made me glad to grasp revealed religion.”

To Mrs. Dunlop he wrote:

“In vain do we reason and pretend to doubt. I have myself done so to a very daring pitch, but when I reflected that I was opposing the most ardent wishes and the most darling hopes of good men, and flying in the face of all human belief in all ages, I was shocked at my own conduct.”

In his Epistle to a Young Friend, he says:

“An atheist’s laugh’s a poor exchange
For Deity offended.”

Burns was a deeply religious man.

RELIGIOUS AND ETHICAL POEMS

He wrote to Mrs. Dunlop:

“Religion all my life has been my chief dependence and my dearest enjoyment.”

To Allan Cunningham he said:

“I will imbue the mind of every child of mine with religion.”

In his Epistle to a Young Friend he wrote:

“A correspondence fixed wi’ heaven
Is sure a noble author.”

Burns held correspondence with heaven, by having family worship every day that he was at home.

In a friendly letter to Robert Aiken he wrote:

“Almighty God, who has lighted reason in my breast, and blest me with immortality, I have frequently wandered from Thee, but Thou hast never left me nor forsaken me.”

His exquisite love letters to Allison Begbie are lighted by a truly religious spirit.

No one can read “The Cottar’s Saturday Night” without being convinced that Burns was a reverently religious man.

RELIGIOUS CREED OF ROBERT BURNS

In his own language, selected from his letters

1. Religion should be a simple business, as it equally concerns the ignorant and the learned, the poor and the rich.
2. There is a great and incomprehensible Being to whom I owe my existence.

RELIGIOUS AND ETHICAL POEMS

3. The Creator perfectly understands the being he has made.
4. There is a real and eternal distinction between vice and virtue.
5. There must be a retributive scene of existence beyond the grave.
6. From the sublimity, the excellence, and the purity of His doctrines and precepts, I believe Jesus Christ came from God.
7. Whatever is done to mitigate the woes, or increase the happiness of humanity is goodness.
8. Whatever injures society or any member of it is iniquity.
9. I believe in the immaterial and immortal nature of man.
10. I believe in eternal life with God.

MY FATHER WAS A FARMER

MY FATHER WAS A FARMER

My father was a farmer upon the Carrick border,
And carefully he bred me in decency and order;
He bade me act a manly part, though I had ne'er a
farthing;
For without an honest manly heart, no man was worth
regarding.

Then out into the world my course I did determine;
Tho' to be rich was not my wish, yet to be great was
charming:
My talents they were not the worst, not yet my edu-
cation.
Resolv'd was I, at least to try, to mend my situation.

In many a way, and vain essay, I courted Fortune's
favour;
Some cause unseen still stept between, to frustrate
each endeavour;
Sometimes by foes I was o'erpower'd, sometimes by
friends forsaken;
And when my hope was at the top, I still was worst
mistaken.

RELIGIOUS AND ETHICAL POEMS

Then sore harass'd, and tir'd at last, with Fortune's
vain delusion,

I dropt my schemes, like idle dreams, and came to
this conclusion:

The past was bad, and the future hid, its good or ill
untrièd;

But the present hour was in my pow'r, and so I would
enjoy it.

No help, nor hope, nor view had I, nor person to
befriend me;

So I must toil, and sweat, and moil, and labour to
sustain me;

To plough and sow, to reap and mow, my father bred
me early;

For one, he said, to labour bred, was a match for
Fortune fairly.

Thus all obscure, unknown, and poor, thro' life I'm
doom'd to wander,

Till down my weary bones I lay in everlasting slumber;
No view nor care, but shun whate'er might breed me
pain or sorrow;

I live to-day as well's I may, regardless of to-morrow.

But cheerful still, I am as well as a monarch in his
palace,

Tho' Fortune's frown still hunts me down, with all
her wonted malice:

I make indeed my daily bread, but ne'er can make it
farther:

But as daily bread is all I need, I do not much regard
her.



THE STATUE OF BURNS, AYR.



THE AYR NEAR BARSKIMMING ESTATE.

Sir Thomas Miller, owner of the estate, was Lord Justice Clerk. Burns described him in "The Vision":

"Through many a wild romantic grove,
Near many a hermit fancied cove,
(Fit haunts for friendship or for love)
In musing mood,
An aged judge I saw him rove
Dispensing good."

This verse refers to Barskimming. Ballochmyle and Barskimming were near Mauchline.



"AYR RINS WIMPLIN TO THE SEA."



THE "AULD BRIG" O' AYR.

This bridge and the "New Brig" were made the characters in a clever poem, "The Brigs of Ayr," in which each attacks the construction of the other:

"'Auld Brig' appear'd of ancient Pictish race,
The very wrinkles Gothic in his face;
He seem'd as he wi' Time had warst'd lang,
Yet teughly doure, he bade an unco bang."

—From "*The Brigs of Ayr.*"



THE "NEW BRIG" O' AYR.

"'New Brig' was *buskit* in a *braw* new coat, (*Tastefully dressed, fine.*)
That he, at Lon'on, frae ane Adams got;
In's hand five taper staves as smooth's a bead
Wi' virls an' *whirlygiguns* at the head." (*Rings, tawdry ornaments.*)
—From "*The Brigs of Ayr.*"



THE WALLACE MONUMENT IN AYR.

Referred to in "The Brigs of Ayr," erected in honor of Sir William Wallace,
Scotland's great patriot;
"Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled."



THE AYR RIVER IN AYR, NEAR THE CLYDE.



THE AYR
NEAR BARSKIMMING.

The Lugar enters the Ayr
near here.



THE DOON ON CASSILIS ESTATE.

Near the romantic hills (Cassilis Downans) :
"Upon that night where fairies light
On Cassilis Downans dance"

—*"Halloween."*



THE VIEW ACROSS THE CARRICK BORDER.

Seen from Mt. Oliphant farm. This picture is typical of the beauty of Carrick district of Ayrshire, of which district Maybole is the Capital.



MT. OLIPHANT FARM BUILDINGS.

Near the Carrick border, the first farm rented by the father of the poet.
"My father was a farmer upon the Carrick border."
Here Burns lived from 1766 to 1777, from seven to eighteen years of age;
within reach of Tarbolton and Dalrymple.



LOCHLEA FARM BUILDINGS.

About two miles from Mossgiel farm, and nearly four miles from Mauchline. The father of Burns died here. In this home and the one on Mt. Oliphant farm Burns had the experiences he describes in his great religious poem, "The Cottar's Saturday Night."



MOSSGIEL FARM.

About two miles from Mauchline, rented by Robert Burns and his brother Gilbert.

The mouse's nest about which he wrote the poem addressed to "A Mouse," Burns turned up on the field in front of this house. He ploughed down the daisy on the field at the back of the house.

"Knockhaspie's land" was at the end of the field shown in the picture to the right.

"I wad gie a' Knockhaspie's Land
For Highland Harry back again."

—*"Highland Harry Back Again."*



ELLISLAND FARM.

And the farms nearer to Dumfries. A hundred yards behind, where the house stands, Burns wrote "Tam O' Shanter"—beyond the trees on the Nith.



THE FARM HOME OF BURNS AT ELLISLAND.

Six miles from Dumfries on the Nith. The trees behind the house are on the Nith, only a few yards away from the house. About two hundred yards from the house, on a path beside the river, Burns wrote "Tam O' Shanter" one afternoon. Burns built this home after he was married. He was married in April, 1788, and the house was ready to welcome Jean in December, 1788.

MY FATHER WAS A FARMER

When sometimes by my labour, I earn a little money,
Some unforeseen misfortune comes gen'rally upon
me;

Mischance, mistake, or by neglect, or my good-natur'd
folly:

But come what will, I've sworn it still, I'll ne'er be
melancholy.

All you who follow wealth and power with unremit-
ting ardour,

The more in this you look for bliss, you leave your
view the farther:

Had you the wealth Potosi boasts, or nations to adore
you,

A cheerful honest-hearted clown I will prefer before
you.

RELIGIOUS AND ETHICAL POEMS

THE COTTAR'S SATURDAY NIGHT

INSCRIBED TO R. AIKEN, ESQ.

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 honor'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! though his worth unknown, far happier there
I ween!

November chill blows loud wi' angry sigh;
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 labor goes—
This night his weekly moil is at an end,
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
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THE COTTAR'S SATURDAY NIGHT

Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
And weary o'er the moor, his course does hame-
ward bend.

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' flicterin' noise and glee.
His wee bit ingle, blinkin' bonilie,
His clean hearth-stane, his thrifty wifie's smile,
The lisping infant, prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary kiaugh and care beguile,
An' makes him quite forget his labour and his
toil.

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

With joy unfeign'd, brothers and sisters meet,
And each for other's welfare 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;

RELIGIOUS AND ETHICAL POEMS

Anticipation forward points the view ;
The mother, wi' her needle and her sheers
Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new ;
The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

Their master's and their mistress's command,
The younkens a' are warned to obey ;
And mind their labours wi' an eydent hand,
And ne'er tho' out o' sight, to jauk or play ;
'And O! be sure to fear the Lord alway,
And mind your duty, duly, morn and night ;
Lest in temptation's path you 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 neibor lad came 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 ;
With heart-struck anxious care, inquires his
name,
While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak ;
Weel-pleas'd, the mother hears, it's nae wild,
worthless rake.

Wi' kindly welcome, Jenny brings him ben ;
A strappin' youth, he takes the mother's eye ;
Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill taen ;
The father cracks of horses, pleughs, and kye.
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THE COTTAR'S SATURDAY NIGHT

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' and sae
grave;

Well-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 pacèd 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,

Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the
evening gale.'

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 truth,

Points to the parents fondling o'er their child!

Then paints the ruin'd maid, and their distraction
wild?

RELIGIOUS AND ETHICAL POEMS

But now the supper crowns their simple board,
The halesome parritch, chief of Scotia's food;
The sowpe 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 well-hain'd kebbuck, fell;
And aft he's prest, and aft he ca's it guid:
The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell
How 'twas a twomond 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, with patriarchal grace,
The big ha'-bible, ance his father's pride:
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets wearing thin and 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' beets the heavenward flame,
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays:
Compar'd with these, Italian trills are tame;
The tickled ears no heart-felt raptures raise;
Nae unison hae they, with our Creator's praise.
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THE COTTAR'S SATURDAY NIGHT

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 Jacob's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire;
Or other sacred 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 banishèd,
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;
While circling Time moves round in an eternal
sphere.

RELIGIOUS AND ETHICAL POEMS

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 cottager far apart,
May hear, well-pleas'd, the language of the soul;
And in His Book of Life the inmates poor enroll.

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 Heaven 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 pre-
side.

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 cottager 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.
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THE COTTAR'S SATURDAY NIGHT

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 O! may Heaven their simple lives prevent
From luxury's contagion, weak and vile!

Then, howe'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!

RELIGIOUS AND ETHICAL POEMS

EPISTLE TO WILLIAM SIMSON

SCHOOLMASTER, 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,
 And 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 ye hinted
Ironic satire, sidelins sklented
 On my poor music;
Tho' in sic phraisin' terms ye've penn'd it,
 I scarce excuse ye.

Yet when a tale comes in my head
Or lasses gie my heart a screed
As whiles they're like to be my dead
 (O sad disease!)
I kittle up my rustic reed;
 It gies me ease.

EPISTLE TO WILLIAM SIMSON

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.

We'll sing auld Coila's plains and fells,
Her moors red-brown wi' heather bells,
Her banks and braes, her dens and dells,
 Where glorious Wallace
Aft bure the gree, as story tells,
 Frae Suthron 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,
Where lintwhites chant amang the buds,
And jinkin' hares, in amorous whids,
 Their loves enjoy;
While thro' the braes the cushat croods
 With wailfu' cry!

RELIGIOUS AND ETHICAL POEMS

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

O Nature! a' thy shews 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, grumbling hive
 Bum owre their treasure.

LAMENT FOR JAMES, EARL OF GLENCAIRN

PART OF LAMENT FOR JAMES, EARL OF GLENCAIRN ¹

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 craigy steep, a Bard,
Laden with years and meikle pain,
In loud lament bewail'd his lord,
Whom Death had all untimely taen.

.

'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!

¹The kindest of the patrons of Burns.

RELIGIOUS AND ETHICAL POEMS

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.

· · · ·
"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 has done for me!"

EPISTLE TO REV. JOHN McMATH

EPISTLE TO REV. JOHN McMATH

He was a leader among the "new lights" in the church. This epistle was an attack on the "auld lights," especially on Rev. William Auld of Mauchline, and his elder, "Holy Willie," William Fisher.

I OWN 'twas rash, an' rather hardy,
That I, a simple, country bardie,
Shou'd meddle wi' a pack sae sturdy,
 Wha, if they ken me,
Can easy, wi' a single wordie,
 Louse h—ll upon me.

But I gae mad at their grimaces,
Their sighin' cantin', grace-proud faces,
Their three-mile prayers, an' half-mile graces,
 Their raxin conscience,
Whase greed, revenge, and pride disgraces
 Waur nor their nonsense.

There's Gaw'n¹ misca'd waur than a beast,
Wha has mair honour in his breast
Than mony scores as guid's the priest
 Wha sae abused him:
And may a bard no crack his jest
 What way they've us'd him?

¹ Gavin Hamilton, a fine man in Mauchline. He was a leader among the laymen who were "new lights," or progressives in theology.

RELIGIOUS AND ETHICAL POEMS

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' not a muse erect her head
 To cove the blellums?

O Pope, had I thy satire's darts
To gie the rascals their deserts,
I'd rip their rotten, hollow hearts,
 An' tell aloud
Their jugglin' 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 cou'd be,
But twenty times I rather would be
 An atheist clean,
Than under gospel colours hid be
 Just for a screen.

.
They take religion in their mouth;
They talk o' mercy, grace, an' truth,
For what? to gie their malice skouth
 On some puir wight,
An' hunt him down, owre right and ruth.
 To ruin streicht.



REV. JOHN MC MATH'S CHURCH, TARBOLTON.

Burns esteemed Rev. John McMath very highly as a leader among the "new light" theologians of his time.



HOUSE IN WHICH BURNS AND JEAN ARMOUR LIVED IN MAUCLINE.

The first house on the left is the house in which Burns and Jean Armour lived in Mauchline. The dilapidated house across the street was the front of Nause Tillock's Inn. The house next to the home of Burns was Dr. McKenzie's home. He was the "Common Sense" of "The Holy Fair." Burns addressed a Masonic Poem to him.



THE REAR OF MAUCLINE KIRK-YARD.

Where the Holy Fair was held. The small house in the center of the picture was the rear of Nause Tillock's Inn.



THE WHITEFORD ARMS, MAUCLINE.

Jean Armour's birthplace was the first house around the corner on Cowgate Street. The Bachelors' Club and Debating Society of Burns in Mauchline was held in the Whiteford Arms. This building was erected since the time of Burns.



POOSIE NANSIE'S INN.

In which the "Jolly Beggars" caroused on Saturday nights.



THE AFTON AT NEW CUMNOCK.

The hills in the distance are those referred to by Burns in "Death and Dr. Hornbook":

"The rising sun began to *glowre* *stare*
The distant Cumnock hills out *owre*." *over*



SWEET AFTON.

Twenty-one miles from Ayr
Town,
Afton enters the Nith at New
Cumnock.

EPISTLE TO REV. JOHN McMATH

All hail, Religion! maid divine!
Pardon a muse sae mean as mine,
Who in her rough imperfect line
 Thus daurs to name thee;
To stigmatise false friends of thine
 Can ne'er defame thee.

O Ayr! my dear, my native ground,
Within thy presbyterial bound
A candid liberal 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 gies ye honour)
Even, sir, by them your hearts 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 you,
But to his utmost would befriend
 Ought that belang'd ye.

EPISTLE TO A YOUNG FRIEND ¹

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 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;

¹ Andrew Aiken, son of R. Aiken, to whom he inscribed "The Cot-
 tar's Saturday Night."

EPISTLE TO A YOUNG FRIEND

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 shouldna censure;
For still, th' important end o' life
They equally may answer;
A man may hae an honest heart,
Tho' poortith hourly stare him;
A man may tak a neibor's part,
Yet hae nae cash to spare him.

To catch Dame Fortune's golden smile,
Assiduous wait upon her;
And gather gear by ev'ry wile
That's justify'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 you feel your honour grip,
Let that ay be your border:
Its slightest touches, instant pause—
Debar a' side-pretences;
And resolutely keeps its laws,
Uncaring consequences.

RELIGIOUS AND ETHICAL POEMS

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 reckon the rede,
Than ever did th' adviser!

MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN

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 spied 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 they 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;—

RELIGIOUS AND ETHICAL POEMS

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 gives 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—
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,
All wretched and forlorn,
Thro' weary life this lesson learn,
That man was made to mourn.

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 heav'n-erected face
The smiles of love adorn—
Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn!

'See yonder poor, o'er-labour'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 best!

RELIGIOUS AND ETHICAL POEMS

The poor, oppressèd, 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 for those
That weary-laden mourn!

TO A MOUSE

TO A MOUSE

ON TURNING HER UP IN HER NEST WITH THE PLOUGH
NOVEMBER, 1785

WEE sleeket, cowerin' tim'rous beastie,
O, what a panic's in thy breastie!
Thou need na start awa' sae hasty,
 Wi' bickerin' brattle!
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,
 Wi' murderin' pattle!

I'm truly sorry man's dominion,
Has broken nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion,
 Which makes thee startle
At me, thy poor, earth-born companion,
 An' fellow-mortal!

I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve;
What then? poor beastie, thou maun live!
A daimen icker in a thrave
 'S a ma' request;
I'll get a blessin' wi' the lave,
 An' never miss't!

RELIGIOUS AND ETHICAL POEMS

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 an' 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 agley,
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!

TO A MOUSE

An' forward, tho' I canna see,
I guess an' fear!

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.

Such is the fate of simple bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd!
Unskilful he to note the card
Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to suffering worth is giv'n,
Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,
By human pride or cunning driv'n
To mis'ry's brink;
Till wrench'd of ev'ry stay but Heav'n,
He, ruin'd, sink!

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date;
Stern Ruin's plough-share drives elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
Shall be thy doom!

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 bonie gem.

Alas! it's no thy neibor sweet,
The bonie lark, companion meet,
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weat,
 Wi' spreckl'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.

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY

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 snawie bosom sun-ward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
 In humble guise;
But now the share uptears thy bed,
 And low thou lies!

THE WOUNDED HARE ¹

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

Go live, poor wand'rer of the wood and field!
 The bitter little that of life remains:
 No more the thickening brakes and verdant plains
 To thee a 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.

Perhaps a mother's anguish adds its woe;
 The playful pair crowd fondly by thy side;
 Ah! helpless nurslings, who will now provide
 That life a mother only can bestow!

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 arm, and mourn thy hapless
 fate.

¹ Written at Ellisland after seeing a wounded hare limp past. It is appropriate to associate this and next three poems with the preceding two, to form a group of poems showing his deep and tender sympathy with all living creatures and even with flowers.

ON SCARING SOME WATER-FOWL

ON SCARING SOME WATER-FOWL IN LOCH-TURIT

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:

RELIGIOUS AND ETHICAL POEMS

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 borne,
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.



BALLOCHMYLE HOUSE, A MILE FROM MAUHLINE.

The house stands near the woods in which Burns sat, when Miss Alexander, who lived with her brother in this house, crossed the path near him. Her beauty so impressed him that he wrote the poem, "The Lass O' Ballochmyle."



THE AYR AT BALLOCHMYLE ESTATE.

Near the place where Burns sat when he saw Miss Alexander, as she crossed near him. Her brother owned the estate. Burns immediately wrote "The Lass O' Ballochmyle."



A VIEW OF BALLOCHMYLE DRIVE.



BARSKIMMING ESTATE IS ON THE
AYR NEXT TO BALLOCHMYLE.

In Burns' time it was owned by Sir Thomas Miller, President of the Court of Sessions, of whom Burns wrote in "The Vision." The picture represents a small portion of the garden on Barskimming estate.



THE AYR RIVER NEAR HAUGH CLOSE TO BARSKIMMING.

Where Burns walked when he composed "Man Was Made to Mourn" in one evening.



VIEW OF BALLOCHMYLE DRIVE.



THE LUGAR AT OCHILTREE.

"Behind the hills where Lugar flows
Mang moors and mosses many, O'
The wintry sun the day has closed
And I'll awa' to Nannie, O.

—*My Nannie.*



HILTREE ON THE LUGAR.

William Simpson, to whom Burns wrote a long poem, was the schoolmaster in Ochiltree. Simpson, after leaving Ochiltree, became the schoolmaster in Old Cumnock.



E IRWINE RIVER AT
KILMARNOCK.

"Lord Gregory, mindst thou
not the grove
By bonnie Irwine side?"
—"*Lord Gregory.*"



THE OFFICE, ON TOP FLOOR, WHERE THE "KILMARNOCK EDITION" OF
POEMS OF BURNS WAS PUBLISHED.

SONNET WRITTEN ON AUTHOR'S BIRTHDAY

SONNET WRITTEN ON THE AUTHOR'S
BIRTHDAY ¹

ON HEARING A THRUSH SING IN HIS MORNING WALK

SING on, sweet thrush, upon the leafless bough,
Sing on, sweet bird, I listen to thy strain,
See agèd Winter, 'mid his surly reign,
At thy blythe carol, clears his furrowed 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 ought to hope or fear.

I thank thee, Author of this opening day!
Thou whose bright sun now gilds yon 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 Heaven bestow'd, that mite with thee
I'll share.

¹ Written at Ellisland.

RELIGIOUS AND ETHICAL POEMS

EPISTLE 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'st, pawkie 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,
An' ev'ry star that blinks aboon,
Ye've cost me twenty pair o' shoon,
Just gaun to see you;
An' ev'ry ither pair that's done,
Mair taen I'm wi' you.

That auld, capracious carlin, Nature,
To mak amends for scrimpet stature,
She's turn'd you aff, a human-creature
On her first plan,
And in her freaks, on ev'ry feature
She's wrote the Man.

EPISTLE TO JAMES SMITH

Just now I've taen the fit o' rhyme,
My barnie noddle's working prime.
My fancy yerket up sublime,
 Wi' hasty summon;
Hae ye a leisure-moment's time
 To hear what's comin'?

Some rhyme a neibor'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 they had ensur'd their debtors,

RELIGIOUS AND ETHICAL POEMS

A' future ages;
Now moths deform, in shapeless tatters,
Their unknown pages.'

Then farewell hopes of 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 an' 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,
Mak's hours like minutes, hand in hand,
Dance by fu' light.

EPISTLE TO JAMES SMITH

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 of 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 school-boys, at th' expected warning,
 To joy an' 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,

RELIGIOUS AND ETHICAL POEMS

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,
An' 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 with peevish, poor complainin'
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.

EPISTLE TO JAMES SMITH

'Gie dreepin' roasts to countra lairds
Till icicles hing frae their beards;
Gie fine braw claes to fine life-guards,
 And maids of honour;
An' yill an' whisky gie to cairds,
 Until they sconner.

'A title, Dempster¹ merits it;
A garter gie to Willie Pitt;
Gie wealth to some be-ledger'd cit,
 In cent. per cent. ;
But give me real, sterling wit,
 And I'm content.

'While ye are pleas'd to keep me hale,
I'll sit down o'er my scanty meal,
Be't water brose or muslin-kail,
 Wi' cheerfu' face,
As lang'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 an' cool,
Compar'd wi' you—O fool! fool! fool!

¹ A conspicuous orator in Parliament, and a true patriot.

RELIGIOUS AND ETHICAL POEMS

How much unlike!
Your hearts are just a standing pool,
Your lives, a dyke!

Nae hare-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 rattling squad:
I see ye 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 wi' you to mak a pair,
Whare'er I gang.

WRITTEN IN FRIARS CARSE HERMITAGE

WRITTEN IN FRIARS CARSE HERMITAGE,
ON NITHSIDE

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 siren 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 high,
Dost thou spurn the humble vale?
Life's proud summits wouldst thou scale?
Check thy climbing step, elate,
Evils lurk in felon wait :

RELIGIOUS AND ETHICAL POEMS

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 younkèrs 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,

WRITTEN IN FRIARS CARSE HERMITAGE

Till future life, future no more,
To light and joy the good restore,
To light and joy unknown before.
Stranger, go! Heav'n be thy guide!
Quod the Beadsman of Nithside.

RELIGIOUS AND ETHICAL POEMS

THE DAY RETURNS ¹

THE day returns, my bosom burns,
The blissful day we twa did meet:
Tho' winter wild in tempest toil'd,
Ne'er summer-sun was half sae sweet.
Than a' the pride that loads the tide,
And crosses o'er the sultry line;
Than kingly robes, than crowns and globes,
Heav'n gave me more—it made thee mine!

While day and night can bring delight
Or Nature aught of pleasure give;
While joys above my mind can move,
For thee, and thee alone, I live.
When that grim foe of life below
Comes in between to make us part
The iron hand that breaks our band,
It breaks my bliss—it breaks my heart!

¹ Written on the anniversary of Burns' meeting "one of the happiest and worthiest couples in the world, Robert Riddell, Esq., of Glenriddell, and his lady. At their fireside I have enjoyed more pleasant evenings than at all the houses of fashionable people in this country put together; and to their kindness and hospitality I am indebted for many of the happiest hours of my life."—R. B.

GLENRIDDELL'S FOX

GLENRIDDELL'S FOX

THESE things premised, I sing—a Fox
Was caught among his native rocks,
And to a dirty kennel chained,
How he his liberty regained.

Glenriddell! a Whig without a stain,
A Whig in principle and grain,
Couldst thou enslave a free-born creature,
A native denizen of Nature?

How couldst thou, with a heart so good
(A better ne'er was sluiced with blood),
Nail a poor devil to a tree,
That ne'er did harm to thine or thee?

SONNET ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT
RIDDELL,

OF GLENRIDDELL AND FRIARS CARSE

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 flowers, 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 the untimely tomb where
Riddell lies.

Yes, pour, ye warblers! pour the notes of woe,
And soothe the Virtues weeping o'er his bier:
The man of worth—and hath not left his peer!
Is in his 'narrow house,' for ever darkly low.

Thee, Spring! again with joy shall others greet;
Me, memory of my loss will only meet.

NEW YEAR'S DAY [1790]

NEW YEAR'S DAY [1790]

TO MRS. DUNLOP

THIS day, Time winds th' exhausted chain;
To run the twelvemonths' length again:
I see the old, bald-pated fellow,
With ardent eyes, complexion fallow,
Adjust the unimpair'd machine,
To wheel the equal, dull routine.
From housewife cares a minute borrow
(That grandchild's cap will do to-morrow),
And join with me a-moralising;
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 here?
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.

RELIGIOUS AND ETHICAL POEMS

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 woeful 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 who never die.

AULD LANG SYNE

AULD LANG SYNE

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And auld lang syne?

Chorus.—For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

And surely ye'll be your pint stowp!
And surely I'll be mine!
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.
For auld, etc.

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pou'd the gowans fine;
But we've wander'd mony a weary fitt,
Sin' auld lang syne.
For auld, etc.

RELIGIOUS AND ETHICAL POEMS

We twa hae paidl'd in the burn,
Frae morning sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
Sin' auld lang syne.
For auld, etc.

And there's a hand, my trusty fiere!
And gies a hand o' thine!
And we'll tak a right gude-willie waught,
For auld lang syne.
For auld, etc.

EPISTLE TO DAVIE: A BROTHER POET

EPISTLE TO DAVIE: A BROTHER POET

SELECTIONS

WHAT tho', like commoners of air,
We wander out, we know not where,
 But either house or hal',
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 an' sowth a tune;
 Syne rhyme till't, we'll time till't,
 An' 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 makin' muckle, mair;
It's no in books, it's no in lear,
 To make us truly blest:

RELIGIOUS AND ETHICAL POEMS

If happiness hae not her seat
An' 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 an' drive thro' wet and 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 oft in haughty mood,
God's creatures they oppress!
Or else, neglecting a' that's good,
They riot in excess!
Baith careless and fearless
Of either heaven or hell;
Esteeming, and deeming
It a' an idle tale!

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,
An' sets me a' on flame!

EPISTLE TO DAVIE: A BROTHER POET

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!

RELIGIOUS AND ETHICAL POEMS

THE VISION

DUAN FIRST

THE sun had clos'd the winter day,
The curlers quat their roarin' play,
And hunger'd maukin' taen her way,
 To kail-yards green,
While faithless snaws ilk step betray
 Whare she has been.

The thresher's weary flingin'-tree,
The lee-lang day had tirèd me;
And when the day had clos'd his e'e,
 Far i' the west,
Ben i' the spence, right pensivelie,
 I gaed to rest.

There, lanely by the ingle-cheek,
I sat and ey'd the spewing reek,
That fill'd, wi' hoast-provoking smeek,
 The auld clay biggin';
An' heard the restless rattons squeak
 About the riggin'.

All in this mottie, misty clime,
I backward mus'd on wasted time,
How I had spent my youthfu' prime,

THE VISION

An' done naething,
But stringing blethers up in rhyme,
For fools to sing.

Had I to guid advice but harket,
I might, by this, hae led a market,
Or strutted in a bank and clarket
My cash-account;
While here, half-mad, half-fed, half-sarket,
Is a' th' amount.

I started, mutt'ring 'blockhead! coof!
And heav'd on high my wauket loof,
To swear by a' yon starry roof,
Or some rash aith,
That I henceforth wad be rhyme-proof
Till my last breath—

When click! the string the snick did draw;
An' jee! the door gaed to the wa';
An' by my ingle-lowe I saw,
Now bleezin' bright,
A tight, outlandish hizzie, braw,
Come full in sight.

Ye need na doubt, I held my whisht;
The infant aith, half-form'd, was crusht;
I glowr'd, as eerie's I'd been dusht,
In some wild glen;
When sweet, like modest Worth, she blusht,
An' steppèd ben.

RELIGIOUS AND ETHICAL POEMS

Green, slender, leaf-clad holly-boughs
Were twisted, gracefu' round her brows;
I took her for some Scottish Muse,
By that same token;
And come to stop those reckless vows,
Would soon be broken.

A 'hare-brain'd, sentimental trace'
Was strongly markèd in her face;
A wildly-witty, rustic grace
Shone full upon her;
Her eye, ev'n turn'd on empty space,
Beam'd keen with honour.

Down flow'd her robe, a tartan sheen,
Till half a leg was scrimply seen;
An' such a leg! my bonie Jean
Could only peer it;
Sae straught, sae taper, tight an' clean—
Nane else came near it.

Her mantle large, of greenish hue,
My gazing wonder chiefly drew;
Deep lights and shades, bold-mingling, threw
A lustre grand;
And seem'd, to my astonish'd view,
A well-known land.

Here, rivers in the sea were lost;
There, mountains to the skies were toss't:
Here, tumbling billows mark'd the coast,
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THE VISION

With surging foam;
There, distant shone Art's lofty boast,
The lordly dome.

Here, Doon pour'd down his far-fetch'd floods;
There, well-fed Irwine stately thuds:
Auld hermit Ayr staw thro' his woods,
On to the shore;
And many a lesser torrent scuds,
With seeming roar.

Low, in a sandy valley spread,
An ancient borough rear'd her head;¹
Still, as in Scottish story read,
She boasts a race
To ev'ry nobler virtue bred,
And polish'd grace.²

By stately tow'r, or palace fair,
Or ruins pendent in the air,
Bold stems of heroes, here and there,
I could discern;
Some seem'd to muse, some seem'd to dare,
With feature stern.

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

¹The town of Ayr.

²The descendants of the hero Wallace.

RELIGIOUS AND ETHICAL POEMS

His Country's Saviour, mark him well!³
Bold Richardton's heroic swell;⁴
The chief, on Sark who glorious fell⁵
 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,⁶
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,⁷
Near many a hermit-fancied 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:⁸
To Nature's God, and Nature's law,
 They gave their lore;
This, all its source and end to draw,
 That, to adore.

³ William Wallace.

⁴ Adam Wallace—cousin of William.

⁵ Lord Wallace.

⁶ Coilus King of the Picts, after whom Kyle part of Ayrshire was named.

⁷ Barskimming, an estate next to Ballochmyle near Mauchline on the Ayr River.

⁸ Prof. Dougal Stewart and his father, who lived at Catrine on Ayr.

THE VISION

Brydon's brave ward^o 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 whispering throb did witness bear
 Of kindred sweet,
When with an elder sister's air
 She did me greet.

'All hail! my own inspirèd bard!
In me thy native Muse regard;
Nor longer mourn thy fate is hard,
 Thus poorly low;
I come to give thee such reward,
 As we bestow!

'Know, the great genius of this land
Has many a light aerial band,
Who, all beneath his high command
 Harmoniously,
As arts or arms they understand,
 Their labours ply.

* Col. Fullerton Brydone was a distinguished traveller.

RELIGIOUS AND ETHICAL POEMS

'They Scotia's race among them share:
Some fire the soldier on to dare;
Some rouse the patriot up to bare
Corruption's heart:
Some teach the bard—a darling care—
The tuneful art.

'Mong swelling floods of reeking gore,
They, ardent, kindling spirits pour;
Or, 'mid the venal senate's roar,
They, sightless, stand,
To mend the honest patriot-lore,
And grace the hand.

'And when the bard, or hoary sage,
Charm or instruct the future age,
They bind the wild poetic rage
In energy,
Or point the inconclusive page
Full on the eye.

'Hence, Fullarton, the brave and young:
Hence, Dempster's zeal-inspirèd tongue;¹⁰
Hence, sweet, harmonious Beattie sung
His "Minstrel" lays;
Or tore, with noble ardour stung,
The sceptic's bays.

'To lower orders are assign'd
The humbler ranks of human-kind,
The rustic bard, the laboring hind,

¹⁰ A distinguished orator.

THE VISION

The artisan;
All chuse, as various they're inclin'd,
The various man.

'When yellow waves the heavy grain,
The threat'ning storm some strongly rein;
Some teach to meliorate the plain,
With tillage-skill;
And some instruct the shepherd-train,
Blythe o'er the hill.

'Some hint the lover's harmless wile;
Some grace the maiden's artless smile;
Some soothe the laborer's weary toil
For humble gains,
And make his cottage-scenes beguile
His cares and pains.

'Some, bounded to a district-space,
Explore at large man's infant race,
To mark the embryotic trace
Of rustic bard;
And careful note each opening grace,
A guide and guard.

'Of these am I—Coila my name:¹¹
And this district as mine I claim,
Where once the Campbells, chiefs of fame,
Held ruling pow'r:
I mark'd thy embryo-tuneful flame,
Thy natal hour.

¹¹ Coila, the genius of Kyle.

RELIGIOUS AND ETHICAL POEMS

'With future hope I oft would gaze
Fond, on thy little early ways,
Thy rudely caroll'd chiming phrase,
 In uncouth rhymes;
Fir'd at the simple, artless lays
 Of other times.

'I saw thee seek the sounding shore,
Delighted with the dashing roar;
Or when the North his fleecy store
 Drove thro' the sky,
I saw grim Nature's visage hoar
 Struck thy young eye.

'Or when the deep green-mantled earth
Warm cherish'd ev'ry floweret's birth,
And joy and music pouring forth
 In ev'ry grove;
I saw thee eye the general mirth
 With boundless love.

When ripen'd fields and azure skies
Call'd forth the reapers' rustling noise,
I saw thee leave their ev'ning joys,
 And lonely stalk,
To vent thy bosom's swelling rise,
 In pensive walk.

'When youthful love, warm-blushing, strong,
Keen-shivering, shot thy nerves along,
Those accents grateful to thy tongue,

THE VISION

Th' adorèd *Name*,
I taught thee how to pour in song,
To soothe thy flame.

'I saw thy pulse's maddening play,
Wild send thee Pleasure's devious way,
Misled by Fancy's meteor-ray,
By passion driven;
But yet the light that led astray
Was light from Heaven.¹²

'I taught thy manners-painting strains,
The loves, the ways of simple swains,
Till now, o'er all my wide domains
Thy fame extends;
And some, the pride of Coila's plains,¹³
Become thy friends.

'Thou canst not learn, nor I can show,
To paint with Thomson's landscape glow;
Or wake the bosom-melting throe,
With Shenstone's a-t; ;
Or pour, with Gray, the moving flow
Warm on the heart.

'Yet, all beneath th' unrivall'd rose,
The lowly daisy sweetly blows;
Tho' large the forest's monarch throws

¹² The last two lines reveal the profundity of Burns as a philosopher. Plato, Goethe, and Ruskin expounded the truth that "evil springs from misused good." It makes the truth more clear to substitute "misused" for "used."

¹³ Kyle.

RELIGIOUS AND ETHICAL POEMS

His army-shade,
Yet green the juicy hawthorn grows,
Adown the glade.

'Then never murmur nor repine;
Strive in thy humble sphere to shine;
And trust me, not Potosi's mine,
Nor king's regard,
Can give a bliss o'ermatching thine,
A rustic bard.

'To give my counsels all in one,
Thy tuneful flame still careful fan:
Preserve the dignity of Man,
With soul erect;
And trust the Universal Plan
Will all protect.

'And wear thou *this*'—she solemn said,
And bound the holly round my head:
The polish'd leaves and berries red
Did rustling play;
And, like a passing thought, she fled
In light away.

ADDRESS TO THE UNCO GUID

ADDRESS TO THE UNCO GUID

OR THE RIGIDLY RIGHTEOUS

My Son, these maxims make a rule,
An' lump them ay thegither;
The *Rigid Righteous* is a fool,
The *Rigid Wise* anither:
The cleanest corn that e'er was dight
May hae some pyles o' caff in;
So ne'er a fellow-creature slight
For random fits o' daffin.

SOLOMON.—Eccles. ch. vii. verse 16

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

Hear me, ye venerable core,
As counsel for poor mortals
That frequent pass douce Wisdom's door
For glakit Folly's portals:

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RELIGIOUS AND ETHICAL POEMS

I, for their thoughtless, careless sakes,
Would here propone defences—
Their donsie tricks, their black mistakes,
Their failings and mischances.

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.

HEADSTONE OF FERGUSSON THE POET

INSCRIPTION FOR THE HEADSTONE OF FERGUSSON THE POET

No sculptured 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 the Poet's dust.

She mourns, sweet tuneful youth, thy hapless fate;
 Tho' all the powers of song thy fancy fired,
Yet Luxury and Wealth lay by in state,
 And, thankless, starv'd what they so much admired.

This tribute, with a tear, now gives
 A brother Bard—he can no more bestow;
But dear to fame thy Song immortal lives,
 A nobler monument than Art can show.

RELIGIOUS AND ETHICAL POEMS

ADDRESS TO YOUTH

SPOKEN IN A THEATER

YE sprightly youths, quite flush with hope and spirit,
Who think to storm the world by dint of merit,
To you the dotard has a deal to say,
In his sly, dry, sententious, proverb way!
He bids you mind, amid your thoughtless rattle,
That the first blow is ever half the battle;
That tho' some by the skirt may try to snatch him,
Yet by the forelock is the hold to catch him;
That whether doing, suffering, or forbearing,
You may do miracles by persevering.

WINTER: A DIRGE

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 Power 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—O do Thou grant
This one request of mine!—
Since to *enjoy* Thou dost deny,
Assist me to *resign*.

RELIGIOUS AND ETHICAL POEMS

VERSES 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, imbosomed '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 wood-fring'd in Nature's native taste,
The hillocks dropt in Nature's careless haste,
The arches striding o'er the new-born stream,
The village glittering in the noontide beam—

.

Poetic ardors in my bosom swell,
Lone wand'ring by the hermit's mossy cell;

VERSES WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL

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.

A WINTER NIGHT

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
 That bide the pelting of this pityless 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-ëddying 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.

A WINTER NIGHT

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 murdering errands toil'd,
Lone from your savage homes exil'd,
The blood-stain'd roost, and sheep-cote spoil'd,
 My heart forgets,
While pityless the tempest wild
 Sore on you beats!

Now Phœbe, in her midnight reign,
Dark-muff'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 heaven-illumin'd Man on brother Man
 bestows!

RELIGIOUS AND ETHICAL POEMS

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 the 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!

'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-satisfy'd keen nature's clamorous 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 drift 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

A WINTER NIGHT

The wretch, already crushèd low
By Cruel Fortune's underservèd 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.

RELIGIOUS AND ETHICAL POEMS

PARAPHRASE OF 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.

FIRST SIX VERSES OF NINETIETH PSALM

FIRST SIX VERSES OF THE NINETIETH
PSALM VERSIFIED

O THOU, at 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!'

RELIGIOUS AND ETHICAL POEMS

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.

LAMENT OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS

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 o'er 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 wild, wi' mony 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:

RELIGIOUS AND ETHICAL POEMS

The meanest hind in fair Scotland
 May rove thae sweets amang;
But I, the Queen of a' Scotland,
 Maun lie in prison strang.

I was the Queen o' bonie France,
 Where happy I hae been;
Fu' lightly rase 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.

O! 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 of death,
 Let Winter round me rave;
And the next flow'rs that deck the Spring,
 Bloom on my peaceful grave!

SELECTIONS FROM EPISTLES TO J. LAPRAIK

SELECTIONS FROM EPISTLES TO J. LAPRAIK

AN OLD SCOTTISH BARD

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

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

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.

RELIGIOUS AND ETHICAL POEMS

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 leave, 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 taen up spades and shoos,
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, tho' hamely in attire,
May touch the heart.

• • • • •
Awa' ye selfish, warl'y race,
Wha think that havins, sense, an' grace,

SELECTIONS FROM EPISTLES TO J. LAPRAIK

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!

'O Thou wha gies us each guid gift!

Gie me o' wit an' sense a lift,

Then turn me, if Thou please adrift,
 Thro' Scotland wide;

Wi' cits nor laird 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 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—

RELIGIOUS AND ETHICAL POEMS

'Tis he fulfils great Nature's plan,
And none but he.'

O mandate glorious and divine!
The followers o' the ragged nine—
Poor, thoughtless devils—yet may shine
 In glorious light;
While sordid sons o' Mammon's line
 Are dark as night!

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.

PART THREE: POEMS OF DEMOCRACY AND
BROTHERHOOD

PART THREE

POEMS OF DEMOCRACY AND BROTHERHOOD

BURNS was a profound exponent of the great fundamental principles of Christ's teaching—the value of the individual as a basis for true human brotherhood; the dignity of man; freedom for the individual and for nations; and genuine democratic principles. He saw both sides of the relations between despotism and democracy. In lines written in a young lady's pocket-book, he says:

'Deal freedom's sacred treasures free as air
Till slave and despot be but things that were.'

In the "Inscription on the Altar of Independence" he says the ideal man is one

"Who will not be nor have a slave."

In the Toast to Admiral Rodney, he says:—

"May anarchy perish; be tyrants condemned."

In the Poem to the Dumfries Volunteers, he demands individual freedom, but strongly condemns "the Wretch who'd set the mob above the throne."

DEMOCRACY AND BROTHERHOOD POEMS

“The wretch that wad a tyrant own,
And the wretch his true born brother
Who’d set the mob above the throne
Let them be damned together.
Wha will not sing, God save the King
Shall hang as high’s the steeple;
But, while we sing God save the King,
We’ll ne’er forget the people.”

He crystallized Christ’s basis for democracy in “The Vision” in the imperishable sentence:

“Preserve the dignity of man
With soul erect.”

and in the illuminating lines from “A Man’s a Man for a’ That”:

“The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man’s the gowd for a’ that.”

He had no frenzied ideals of freedom, but wished to secure it by constitutional means.

In “Man Was Made to Mourn,” he asks:

“If I’m designed you lordling’s slave,—
By Nature’s law designed,—
Why was an independent wish
E’er planted in my mind?”

Bruce’s address to his soldiers at Bannockburn will live on through coming ages, as the bugle call of true freemen to stand ever for liberty, as the brave Scotchmen had to fight for it:

DEMOCRACY AND BROTHERHOOD POEMS

“By oppression’s woes and pains;
By your sons in servile chains;
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free.

“Lay the proud usurper low;
Tyrants fall in ev’ry foe;
Liberty’s in ev’ry blow;
Let us do or die.”

Burns asked the unanswered question:

“Why should ae’ man better be
And a’ men brothers?”

In his “Epistle to Rev. John Lapraik,” he says:

“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.”

He wrote a poem to Clarinda, when he presented her with two wine glasses, in which he said:

“And fill them high with generous juice
As generous as your mind,
And pledge me in the generous toast
‘The whole of human kind!’ ”

In “The Tree of Liberty,” he says:

“Wi’ plenty o’ sic trees I trow
The world would live at peace, man,

DEMOCRACY AND BROTHERHOOD POEMS

The sword would help to mak' a plough
The din o' war would cease, man.

“Like brothers in a common cause
We'd on each other smile, man,
And equal rights and equal laws
Would gladden ev'ry isle, man.”

In the last verse of “A Man's a Man for a' That,”
he says :

“Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,
That sense and worth o'er all the earth
May bear the gree, and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that
It's coming yet for a' that,
That man to man the world o'er
Shall brothers be for a' that.”

In a love letter to Allison Begbie, he wrote :

“I grasp the whole of humanity in the arms
Of universal benevolence.”

This showed a comprehensive understanding of
Christ's highest teaching.

A VISION

PART I: A VISION

As I stood by yon roofless tower,
Where the wa' flower scents the dewy air,
Where the howlet mourns in her ivy bower,
And tells the midnight moon her care.

The winds were laid, the air was still,
The stars they shot along the sky,
The fox was howling on the hill,
And the distant echoing glens reply.

The stream adown its hazelly path
Was rushing by the ruined wa's,
To join yon river on the strath.¹
Whase distant roaring swells and fa's.

The cauld blae North was streaming forth
Her lights wi' hissing eerie din;
Athwart the lift they start and shift
Like fortune's favors tint as win.

By heedless chance I turned my eyes,
And, by the moonbeam, shook to see
A stern and stalwart ghaist arise,
Attired as minstrels wont to be.

¹ The River Nith.

DEMOCRACY AND BROTHERHOOD POEMS

Had I a statue been o' stane,
His daring look had daunted me;
And on his bonnet graved was plain,
The sacred posy, "Libertie."

And frae his harp sic strains did flow,
Might rous'd the slumbering dead to hear;
But O, it was a tale of woe,
As ever met a Briton's ear!

PART II: THE ODE TO LIBERTY

(The Song the Minstrel Sang)

ODE FOR GENERAL WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

No Spartan tube, no Attic shell,
No lyre Æolian I awake;
'Tis Liberty's bold note I swell,
Thy harp, Columbia, let me take!
See gathering thousands, while I sing,
A broken chain exulting bring,
And dash it in a tyrant's face,
And dare him to his very beard,
And tell him he no more is feared—
No more the despot of Columbia's race!
A tyrant's proudest insults brav'd,
They shout—a People freed! They hail an Em-
pire saved.

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ODE FOR WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

Where is man's godlike form?

Where is that brow erect and bold—
That eye that can unmov'd behold
The wildest rage, the loudest storm
That e'er created fury dared to raise?

Avaunt! thou caitiff, servile, base,
That tremblest at a despot's nod,
Yet, crouching under the iron rod,
Canst laud the hand that struck th' insulting
blow!

Art thou of man's Imperial line?
Dost boast that countenance divine?
Each skulking feature answers, No!

But come, ye sons of Liberty,
Columbia's offspring, brave as free,
In danger's hour still flaming in the van,
Ye know, and dare maintain, the Royalty of
Man!

Alfred! on thy starry throne,
Surrounded by the tuneful choir,
The bards that erst have struck the patriot lyre,
And rous'd the freeborn Briton's soul of fire,
No more thy England own!
Dare injured nations form the great design,
To make detested tyrant's bleed?
Thy England execrates the glorious deed;

DEMOCRACY AND BROTHERHOOD POEMS

Beneath her hostile banners waving,
Every pang of honour braving,
England in thunder calls, 'The tyrant's cause is
mine!
That hour accurst how did the fiends rejoice,
And hell, thro' all her confines, raise the exulting
voice,
That hour which saw the generous English name
Linkt with such damned deeds of everlasting
shame!

Thee, Caledonia! thy wild heaths among,
Fam'd for the martial deed, the heaven-taught
song,
To thee I turn with swimming eyes;
Where is that soul of Freedom fled?
Immingled with the mighty dead,
Beneath that hallow'd turf where Wallace lies!
Hear it not, WALLACE! in thy bed of death.
Ye babbling winds! in silence weep,
Disturb not ye the hero's sleep,
Nor give the coward secret breath!
Is this the ancient Caledonian form,
Firm as the rock, resistless as the storm?

Show me that eye which shot immortal hate,
Blasting the despot's proudest bearing;
Show me that arm which, nerv'd with thundering
fate

ODE FOR WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

Crush'd Usurpation's boldest daring!—
Dark-quench'd as yonder sinking star,
No more that glance lightens afar;
That palsied arm no more whirls on the waste
of war.

THE TREE OF LIBERTY¹

HEARD ye o' the tree o' France,
 And wat ye what's the name o't?
 Around it a' the patriots dance
 Weel Europe kens the fame o't.
 It stands where once the Bastile stood,
 A prison built by Kings, man,
 When Superstition's hellish brood
 Kept France in leading strings, man.

Upon this tree there grows sic fruit
 Its virtues a' can tell, man;
 It raises him aboon the brute,
 It makes him ken himsel, man.
 Gif ance the peasant taste a bit,
 He's greater than a lord, man,
 And wi' the beggar shares a mite
 O' all he can afford, man.

This fruit is worth a' Afric's wealth,
 To comfort us 'twas sent, man,
 To gie the sweetest blush o' health,
 And mak us a' content, man.

¹Rejoicing that the French Revolution had rid France of tyrants; the ruler, and the worse tyrants who throughout France treated the peasants so harshly.



THE BURNS MONUMENT IN
KILMARNOCK.

The finest monument to Burns
in Scotland.



THE LOWER PART OF THE MONUMENT
TO BURNS IN KILMARNOCK.

Showing the detail of this fine
monument.



THE SECOND SCHOOL THAT BURNS ATTENDED.

It is in Dalrymple. Burns attended this school when he lived on Mt. Olinph farm.



THE NATIONAL MONUMENT TO BURNS.

A mile from Mauchline, half way between Mossgiel and Mauchline.



FRIAR'S CARSE, THE HOME OF ROBERT RIDDELL.

The dearest friend of Burns, when he lived on Ellisland farm, near Dunfries. His fine estate, Glenriddell, was next to Ellisland farm. Burns prepared for Robert Riddell the Glenriddell manuscripts of many of his poems. The drinking competition for the Danish whistle took place in Friar's Carse, as described by Burns in "The Whistle":

"Gay pleasure ran riot as bumpers ran o'er."

—*"The Whistle."*



A QUIET PLACE IN
LOCH-TURIT.



URNS STATUE IN GLASGOW.



THE HOUSE AND BLACKSMITH'S SHOP OF THE FATHER OF NELLIE KIRKPATRICK
"Handsome Nell."

"Handsome Nell," to whom the first poem of Burns was written, was four years of age and Burns fifteen when he wrote the poem. She was his companion on the harvest field. She was a sweet singer and he composed his first song to her favorite tune.



THE MAIN STREET IN KIRKOSWALD.

Burns went to school in Kirkoswald to study mensuration, surveying, etc., with Hugh Roger, a mathematician of local repute. His school was in the house where the nearest little girl stands. The house next door beyond was the home of Peggy Thompson, his second love, to whom he wrote two fine poems, "Now Westlin Winds"; and "Lines to an Old Sweetheart." "Once fondly loved and still remembered dear." Peggy and her husband remained warm friends of Burns in later years.



THE HOME IN WHICH ALLISON BEGBIE LIVED.

"The Lass O' Cessnock Banks." Burns asked her to marry him, and she refused to do so, when he was twenty-two.



CESSNOCK WATER NEAR THE HOME WHERE
ALLISON BEGBIE WAS A SERVANT.



THE "COWGATE STREET," MAUCHLINE.

Jean Armour's birthplace and home was the first house on the right, now being made into a business place.



GAVIN HAMILTON'S HOUSE, MAUCLINE.

In which Burns and Jean Armour were married. It is close to Mauchline Kirk, about fifty yards from Jean's birthplace, and close to her first home with Burns.



FIRST HOME OF BURNS.

The house on the left was the first home of Burns and "Bonnie Jean" after their marriage. Next door is the house of his friend, Dr. McKenzie.



GRAVE OF JEAN ARMOUR AND THREE OF THE CHILDREN OF BURNS.

The monument was erected by the Armour family. The birthplace, the wedding place and the first home of Jean Armour are close together. She died sixty miles from Mauchline in Dumfries, in the house in which the poet died thirty-eight years before.

THE TREE OF LIBERTY

It clears the een, it cheers the heart,
Mak's high and low gude friends, man;
And he wha acts the traitor's part
It to perdition sends, man.

My blessings aye attend the chiel²
Wha pitied Gallia's slaves, man,
And staw a branch, spite o' the deil,
Frae yont the western waves, man.
Fair virtue watered it wi' care
And now she sees wi' pride, man,
How weel it buds and blossoms there,
Its branches spreading wide, man.

But vicious folks aye hate to see
The works o' Virtue thrive, man;
The courtly vermin's banned the tree,
And grat to see it thrive, man;
King Loui' thought to cut it down,
When it was unco sma, man;
For this the watchman cracked his crown,
Cut off his head and a', man.

A wicked crew³ syne, on a time,
Did tak' a solemn aith, man,
It ne'er should flourish to its prime,
I wat they pledged their faith, man.
Awa' they gaed wi' mock parade,
Like beagles hunting game, man,
But soon grew weary o' the trade,
And wished they'd been at hame, man.

² La Fayette.

³ The thrones of Europe combined to crush the French republic, but failed.

DEMOCRACY AND BROTHERHOOD POEMS

Fair freedom standing by the tree,
Her sons did loudly ca', man;
She sang a song o' liberty,⁴
Which pleased them ane and a', man.
By her inspired, the new-born race
Soon drew the avenging steel, man;
The hirelings ran—her friends gied chase,
And banged the despot weel, man.

Let Britain boast her hardy oak
Her poplar and her pine, man,
Auld Britain ance could crack her joke
And o'er her neighbours shine, man:
But seek the forest round and round
And soon 'twill be agreed, man,
That sic a tree cannot be found
'Twixt London and the Tweed, man.

Without this tree, alake this life
Is but a vale of woe, man;
A scene o' sorrow mixed wi' strife,
Nae real joys we know, man.
We labour soon, we labour late,
To feed the titled knave, man;
And a' the comfort we're to get
Is that ayont the grave, man.

Wi' plenty o' sic trees I trow
The world would live at peace, man;
The sword would help to mak' a plough,
The din o' war wad cease, man.

⁴ The Marseillaise

THE TREE OF LIBERTY

Like brethren in a common cause;
We'd on each other smile, man;
And equal rights and equal laws
Wad gladden every isle, man.

Wae worth the loon wha wadna eat
Sic haesome, dainty cheer, man;
I'd gie the shoon frae aff my feet
To taste the fruit o't here, man.
Syne let us pray auld England may
Sure plant this far famed tree, man;
And blythe we'll sing and hail the day
That gave us liberty, man.

NOTE: While England had been a leader for freedom, her leaders had fought against tyrant Kings, not for freedom of the people from the tyranny and abuse of the Aristocracy, some of whom were heartless in their treatment of the peasantry. Burns championed the cause of the poor.

A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT

Is there for honest Poverty
 That hings his head, an' a' that;
 The coward slave—we pass him by,
 We dare be poor for a' that!
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 Our toils obscure an' a' that,
 The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
 The Man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
 Wear hoddin gray, an' a' that;
 Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
 A Man's a Man for a' that:
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 Their tinsel show, an' a' that;
 The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,
 Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie ca'd 'a lord,'
 Wha struts, an' stares, an' a' that;
 Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
 He's but a coof for a' that:
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 His ribband, star, an' a' that;
 The man o' independent mind
 He looks an' laughs at a' that.

A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT

A prince can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, an' a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Gude faith, he mauna fa' that!
For a' that, an' a' that,
Their dignities, an' a' that;
The pith o' sense, an' pride o' worth,
Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may
(As come it will for a' that),
That Sense and Worth o'er a' the earth,
Shall bear the gree, an' a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
It's comin' yet for a' that,
That Man to Man, the world o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

DEMOCRACY AND BROTHERHOOD POEMS

ROBERT BRUCE'S MARCH TO BANNOCKBURN

Scots, wha hae wi' WALLACE bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to Victorie!

Now's the day and now's the hour;
See the front o' battle lour;
See approach proud EDWARD's power—
Chains and Slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's King and Law,
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
FREE-MAN stand, or FREE-MAN fa'
Let him follow me!

By Oppression's woes and pains!
By your Sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they *shall* be free!

Lay the proud Usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
LIBERTY's in every blow!
Let us Do—or Die!

DOES HAUGHTY GAUL INVASION THREAT?

DOES HAUGHTY GAUL INVASION THREAT?

DOES haughty Gaul invasion threat?

Then let the louns beware, Sir;
There's WOODEN WALLS upon our seas,
And VOLUNTEERS on shore, Sir:
The Nith shall run to Corsincon,¹
And Criffel sink in Solway,
Ere we permit a Foreign Foe
On British ground to rally!
We'll ne'er permit a Foreign Foe
On British ground to rally!

O let us not, like snarling curs,
In wrangling be divided,
Till, slap! come in an unco loun,
And wi' a rung decide it!
Be Britain still to Britain true,
Amang ourselves united;
For never but by British hands
Maun British wrangs be righted!
No! never but by *British hands*
Shall British wrangs be righted!

¹ Corsincon—a high hill at the source of the River Nith. Criffel mountain at the mouth of the Nith.

DEMOCRACY AND BROTHERHOOD POEMS

The Kettle o' the Kirk and State,
Perhaps a clout may fail in't;
But deil a foreign tinkler loun
Shall ever ca' a nail in't.

Our FATHER'S BLUDE the Kettle bought,
And wha wad dare to spoil it;
By Heav'ns! the sacrilegious dog
Shall fuel be to boil it!
By Heav'ns! the sacrilegious dog
Shall fuel be to boil it!

The wretch that would a tyrant own,
And the wretch, his true-born brother,
Who would set the Mob aboon the Throne.
May they be damn'd together!
Who will not sing 'God save the King'
Shall hang as high's the steeple;
But while we sing 'God save the King,'
We'll ne'er forget THE PEOPLE!
But while we sing 'God save the King,'
We'll ne'er forget THE PEOPLE!

Burns became a member of the Dumfries Volunteers.

SELECTION FROM EPISTLE TO BLACKLOCK

SELECTION FROM EPISTLE TO DR.
BLACKLOCK

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 fireside clime
 To weans and wife,
That's the true pathos and sublime
 Of human life.

LINES ON THE COMMEMORATION OF
RODNEY'S VICTORY

INSTEAD of a song, boys, I'll give you a toast;
Here's to the memory of those we have lost!
That we *lost*, did I say?—nay, by Heav'n, that
we *found*;

For their fame it will last while the world goes
round.

The next in succession I'll give you 's THE KING!
Who'er would betray him, on high may he
swing!

And here's the grand fabric, the free CONSTITU-
TION,

As built on the base of our great Revolution!
And longer with Politics not to be cramm'd,
Be ANARCHY curs'd, and be TYRANNY damn'd!
And who would to LIBERTY e'er prove disloyal,
May his son be a hangman—and himself his first
trial!

THE SOLEMN LEAGUE AND COVENANT

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.

TO CLARINDA, WHEN PRESENTING TWO WINE 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."

INSCRIPTION FOR AN ALTAR OF INDEPENDENCE

AT KERROUGHTREE, THE SEAT OF MR. HERON

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.

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DEMOCRACY AND BROTHERHOOD POEMS

LINES INSCRIBED IN A LADY'S POCKET
ALMANAC

GRANT me, indulgent Heaven, that I may live,
To see the miscreants feel the pains they give;
Deal Freedom's sacred treasures free as air,
Till Slave and Despot be but things that were.

"I'm naebody's lord,
I'll be slave to naebody"
From "I hae a wife o' my ain."

Peace thy olive wand extend
And bid wild war his ravage end,
Man with brother man to meet,
And as a brother kindly greet.
From "On the seas and far away."

May Liberty meet wi' success!
May Prudence protect her frae evil!
May tyrants and tyranny tine i' the mist,
And wander their way to the devil!
From "Here's a health to them that's awa'."

THE TWA DOGS

THE TWA DOGS

A TALE

'Twas in that place o' Scotland's isle,
That bears the name o' auld 'King Coil,'
Upon a bonie day in June,
When wearin' 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 keepet for 'his Honor's' pleasure:
His hair, his size, his mouth, his lugs,
Shew'd he was nane o' Scotland's dogs;
But whalpet some place far abroad,
Whare sailors gang to fish for cod.

His lockèd, letter'd, braw brass collar
Shew'd him the gentleman an' scholar;
But tho' he was o' high degree,
The fient a pride, nae pride had he;
But wad hae spent an hour caressin',
Ev'n wi' a tinkler-gipsej's messan:

NOTE.—Burns' beautiful dog was killed in wanton cruelty by some one the night before the father of the poet died. He wrote this poem partly in memory of his companion; partly to expose the squandering of wealth by the aristocracy; partly to reveal to them the hardships of the poor; and that at the same time they were happy; partly to intimate to the aristocrats that they would be much happier with simpler pleasures; and partly to make the poor understand their blessings and appreciate their joys, by showing that in the highest tests of happiness they were better off than the rich and idle.

DEMOCRACY AND BROTHERHOOD POEMS

The tither was a ploughman's collie—
A rhyming, ranting, raving billie,
Wha for his friend an' comrade had him,
And in his freaks had 'Luath' ca'd him,
After some dog in Highland sang,¹
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
Ay gat him friends in ilka place;

His breast was white, his tousie back
Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy black;
His gawsie tail, wi' upward curl,
Hung owre his hurdies wi' a swirl.

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 rackèd rents,
His coals, his kane, 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 bonie silken purse,
As lang's my tail, where, thro' the steeks,
The yellow letter'd Geordie keeks.

¹ Cuchullin's dog in Ossian's Fingal.

THE TWA DOGS

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, ragoust, an' sic like trashtrie
That's little short o' downright wastrie.
Our whipper-in, wee, blasted 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 cottar howkin' in a sheugh,
Wi' dirty stanes biggin' a dyke,
Baring a quarry, an' sic like;
Himsel, a wife, he thus sustains,
A smytrie o' wee duddie weans,
An' nought but his han'-daurg, to keep
Them right an' tight in thack an' raep.

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 an' hunger:
But how it comes, I never kent yet,
They're maistly wonderfu' contented;
An' buirdly chiels, an' clever hizzies,
Are bred in sic a way as this is.

DEMOCRACY AND BROTHERHOOD POEMS

CÆSAR

But then to see how ye're neglectet,
How huff'd, an' cuff'd, an' disrespeket!
L—d man, our gentry care as little
For delvers, ditchers, an' sic cattle;
They gang as saucy by poor folk,
As I wad by a stinking 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 they maun 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', an' fear an' tremble!²

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 gies them little fright.

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

² The sad experiences of Burns' father clouded his young life.



MONTGOMERY CASTLE, OR COILSFIELD HOUSE.

King Coil—after whom Kyle is named—is said to be buried in the field near this house. Mary Campbell, "Highland Mary," was a servant in Montgomery Castle. Burns and Mary spent most of their parting day in the beautiful woods on the grounds near the Castle. In the evening they went out of the grounds and on the banks of the Faile made their final vows of marriage. The Faile runs through the Castle grounds for a mile and a half, and flows immediately behind the Castle.



THE FAILE RIVER IMMEDIATELY BEHIND MONTGOMERY CASTLE.



THE FAILE IN MONTGOMERY CASTLE GROUNDS.

Near the tree where Burns carved Mary Campbell's name and his own on the day of their final parting

"That sacred hour can I forget?

Can I forget the hallow'd grove

Where, by the winding Ayr, we met,

To live one day of parting love?"

—*"To Mary in Heaven."*



THE FAILE OUTSIDE MONTGOMERY CASTLE GROUNDS AT FAILEFORD.

About a hundred yards below the part shown in this picture the Faile enters the Ayr. The final parting was made at the narrow part of the river opposite the tree, still called "Mary's Thorn." Burns standing on one side of the river and Mary on the other, holding the open Bible, and promising to marry.

"Wi' many a Vow and locked embrace
Our parting was fu' tender,"

—*Highland Mary.*"



HIGHLAND MARY'S MONUMENT, GREENOCK.

The Kirkyard was sold near the close of 1919 to a shipbuilding company, but the British Parliament passed an act preserving "Highland Mary's" grave from desecration.



THE STOCKYARD AT ELLISLAND.

In the same place as it was, when Burns worked the farm, six miles Dumfries. Burns lay out in this yard all night on the third anniversary the death of Highland Mary, and wrote the beautiful poem "To Mary in Heaven."



AYR NEAR FAILEFORD.

Faileford is a small village not far from the grounds of Montgomery Castle. The Faile enters the Ayr at Faileford. The final parting between Burns and Highland Mary took place at Faileford.

"Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild-woods, thickening green."

—*To Mary in Heaven.*"



MRS. MC ELHOSE.

The love letters of Burns—Sylvander, to Mrs. McElhose—Clarinda, form the finest collection of love letters ever written. Clarinda's husband was absent when he had left her and gone to the West Indies. Had Clarinda been situated where she would undoubtedly have been the wife of Burns. He met her in Edinburgh where she lived. The only picture left of Clarinda was a poor portrait in a bonnet. The picture given here was made from a clay bas-relief made by the great sculptor, Mr. H. S. Gamley of Edinburgh, which is to be cast in bronze and placed on her tombstone in the churchyard on the Canongate.

THE TWA DOGS

The dearest comfort o' their lives,
Their grushie weans an' faithfu' wives;
The prattin' things are just their pride,
That sweetens a' their fireside.
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 Hallowmass returns,
They get the jovial, rantin' kirns,
When rural life, of 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 ranting thro' the house—
My heart has been sae fain to see them,
That I for joy hae barket 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,

DEMOCRACY AND BROTHERHOOD POEMS

Some rascal's proudfu' greed to quench,
Wha thinks to knit himsel' the faster,
In favour wi' some gentle master,
Wha, aiblins, 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 takes a waft,
To mak 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;³
Or by Madrid he takes the rout,
To thrum guitars an' fecht wi' nowt;
Then bowses drumlie German-water,
To mak himsel' look fair an' fatter,
An' clear the consequential sorrows,
Love-gifts of Carnival signoras.
For Britain's guid! for her destruction!
Wi' dissipation, feud an' faction.

³ Entails were prohibitions of property sales.

THE TWA DOGS

LUATH

Hech man! dear sirs! is that the gate
They waste sae mony a brow 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' countra sports,
It wad for ev'ry ane be better,
The laird, the tenant, an' the cottar!
For thae frank, rantin', ramblin' billies,
Feint haet o' them's ill-hearted fellows;
Except for breakin' o' their timmer,⁴
Or speakin' 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 nor hunger e'er can steer them,
The very thought o't need na fear them.

CÆSAR

L—d, man, were ye but whyles whare I am,
The gentles, ye wad ne'er envy them!

It's true, they need na 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;

⁴ Taking wood.

DEMOCRACY AND BROTHERHOOD POEMS

But human bodies are sic fools,
For a' their colleges an' 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 dune, 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 through 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.

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' plaitie
They sip the scandal-potion pretty;

Or lee-lang nights, wi' crabbet leuks
Pore owre the devil's pictur'd beuks;

THE TWA DOGS

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 of 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.

EPISTLE TO MRS. SCOTT ¹

THE GUDEWIFE OF WAUCHOPE HOUSE, ROXBURGHSHIRE

I MIND it weel in early date,
When I was beardless, young and blate,
An' first could thresh the barn,
Or haud a yokin' at the pleugh;
An' tho' forfoughten sair eneugh,
Yet unco proud to learn:

When first amang the yellow corn
A man I reckon'd was,
An' wi' the lave ilk merry morn
Could rank my rig and lass,
Still hearing, and clearing
The tither stookèd raw,
Wi' claivers and haivers,
Wearing the day awa'.

E'en then, a wish (I mind its pow'r),
A wish that to my latest hour
Shall strongly heave my breast,
That I for poor auld Scotland's sake
Some usefu' plan or book could make,
Or sing a sang at least.

¹ Written in reply to a complimentary poem the poet received from Mrs. Scott.

EPISTLE TO MRS. SCOTT

The rough burr-thistle, spreading wide
Amang the bearded bear,
I turn'd the weeder-clips aside,
An' spar'd the symbol dear:
 No nation, no station,
 My envy e'er could raise;
A Scot still, but blot still,
 I knew nae higher praise.

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 firèd, inspired,
 At every kindling keek,
 But bashing, and dashing,
 I fearèd ay 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 heaven below,
 Is rapture-giving woman.

DEMOCRACY AND BROTHERHOOD POEMS

Ye surly sumphs, who hate the name,
Be mindfu' o' your mither;
She, honest woman, may think shame
That ye're connected wi' 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 and 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 mair vauntie o' my hap,
Douce hingin' owre my curple,
Than ony ermine ever lap,
Or proud imperial purple.
Farewell then, lang hale then,
An' plenty be your fa';
May losses and crosses
Ne'er at your hallan ca'!

CASTLE GORDON

CASTLE GORDON

STREAMS that glide in orient plains
Never bound by Winter's chains;
 Glowing here on golden sands,
There inmixed with foulest stains
 From tyranny's empurpled hands:
These thy richly gleaming waves,
I leave to tyrants and their slaves;
Give me the stream that sweetly laves
 The banks by Castle Gordon.

Spicy forests ever gay,
Shading from the burning ray
 Hapless wretches sold to toil;
Or the ruthless native's way,
 Bent on slaughter, blood, and spoil:
Woods that ever verdant wave,
I leave the tyrant and the slave;
Give me the groves that lofty brave
 The storms by Castle Gordon.

DEMOCRACY AND BROTHERHOOD POEMS

Wildly here without control
Nature reigns and rules the whole;
 In that sober, pensive mood
Dearest to the feeling soul,
 She plants the forest and the flood:
Life's poor day I'll musing rave,
And find at night a sheltering cave,
Where waters flow, and wild woods wave,
 By bonie Castle Gordon.

PART FOUR: LOVE SONGS

PART FOUR

LOVE SONGS

There are no other love songs so exquisitely sweet as those of Burns. He wrote his love songs to music. His wife or some of his friends sang the old Scotch melodies over and over to him till his soul responded to their rhythmic charm, and then in the gloaming or in the moonlight he walked by the riverside, or sat under a favorite tree in the depth of the woods or in later years in the ruins of Lincluden Abbey to compose them. He refused to accept any money from the publishers of his songs—poor though he was. They form his sacred gift to humanity.

Many people regard Burns as a faithless lover. He had in reality not many loves for a man of his temperament. He was fond of Nellie Kirkpatrick, when he was 15, and of Peggy Thompson, when he was 17. The boy and girl love of these years is natural and profoundly developing of some of the best elements in character. He deeply loved Alison Begbie when 22 and 23 but she refused to marry him. He met Jean Armour when 25. He gave her a private marriage document perfectly legal in Scotland in his time. Her father made her burn it. His heart then

LOVE SONGS

turned to Mary Campbell (Highland Mary). No one can doubt the depth and sincerity of his love for her. They were engaged to be married, but Mary died three months after. Three years after her death he lay out all night in the stackyard and wrote, "To Mary in Heaven." In the height of his glory in Edinburgh he met and deeply loved Clarinda (Mrs. McElhose). They would undoubtedly have been married, but her husband who had left her was still alive. He was fond of Margaret (Peggy) Chalmers. He wrote many poems to Chloris (Jean Lorimer) after he was married, but in a copy of his poems which he presented to her, he wrote that they were "Fictitious reveries." She sang sweetly and he composed his songs to Chloris to her music, but she was just a friend to the family; to Mrs. Burns as well as to the Poet.

When Burns became celebrated Jean Armour's father gave consent to her marriage to Burns, and she made him an excellent wife.

Burns loved Nature as few men ever did, and he glorified his love songs by using the sweetest and truest emotions stirred in his soul by Nature to interpret the emotions of the heart. The rapturous music of the bird songs, the beauty of the sky, the flowers, the trees, the hills, the valleys—these are the elements he used to typify and reveal human love.

HANDSOME NELL

HANDSOME NELL

O ONCE I lov'd a bonie lass,
Ay, and I love her still;
And whilst that virtue warms my breast,
I'll love my handsome Nell.

As bonie lasses I hae seen,
And mony full as braw;
But, for a modest gracefu' mien,
The like I never saw.

A bonie lass, I will confess,
Is pleasant to the e'e;
But, without some better qualities,
She's no a lass for me.

But Nelly's looks are blythe and sweet,
And what is best of a',
Her reputation is complete,
And fair without a flaw.

She dresses ay sae clean and neat,
Both decent and genteel;
And then there's something in her gait
Gars ony dress look weel.

LOVE SONGS

A gaudy dress and gentle air
 May slightly touch the heart;
But it's innocence and modesty
 That polishes the dart.

'Tis this in Nelly pleases me,
 'Tis this enchants my soul;
For absolutely in my breast
 She reigns without control.

LINES TO AN OLD SWEETHEART

LINES TO AN OLD SWEETHEART ¹

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 MAUCLINE LADY ²

WHEN first I came to Stewart Kyle,
My mind it was na steady;
Where'er I gaed, where'er I rade,
A mistress still I had ay:

But when I came roun' by Mauchline toun,
Not dreadin' anybody,
My heart was caught, before I thought,
And by a Mauchline lady.

¹ To Peggy Thompson.

² Jean Armour.

LOVE SONGS

NOW WESTLIN WINDS ¹

Now westlin winds and slaught'ring guns
Bring Autumn's pleasant weather;
The moorcock springs on whirring wings,
Among the blooming heather:
Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain,
Delights the weary farmer;
And the moon shines bright, when I rove at
night,
To muse upon my charmer.

The partridge loves the fruitful fells,
The plover loves the mountains;
The woodcock haunts the lonely dells,
The soaring hern the fountains:
Thro' lofty groves the cushat roves,
The path of man to shun it;
The hazel bush o'erhangs the thrush,
The spreading thorn the linnet.

Thus ev'ry kind their pleasure find,
The savage and the tender;
Some social join, and leagues combine,
Some solitary wander:

¹To Peggy Thompson.

NOW WESTLIN WINDS

Avaunt, away, the cruel sway!
Tyrannic man's dominion;
The sportsman's joy, the murd'ring cry,
The flutt'ring, gory pinion!

But, Peggy dear, the evening's clear,
Thick flies the skimming swallow;
The sky is blue, the fields in view,
All fading-green and yellow:
Come let us stray our gladsome way,
And view the charms of Nature;
The rustling corn, the fruited thorn,
And ev'ry happy creature.

We'll gently walk, and sweetly talk,
Till the silent moon shine clearly;
I'll grasp thy waist, and, fondly prest,
Swear how I love thee dearly:
Not vernal show'rs to budding flow'rs,
Not Autumn to the farmer,
So dear can be as thou to me,
My fair, my lovely charmer!

LOVE SONGS

THE LASS OF CESSNOCK BANKS

ON Cessnock banks a lassie dwells;
 Could I describe her shape and mien;
Our lasses a' she far excels,
 An' she has twa sparkling rougeish een.

She's sweeter than the morning dawn,
 When rising Phœbus first is seen;
And dew-drops twinkle o'er the lawn;
 An' she has twa sparkling rougeish een.

She's stately like yon youthful ash,
 That grows the cowslip braes between,
And drinks the stream with vigour fresh;
 An' she has twa sparkling rougeish een.

She's spotless like the flow'ring thorn,
 With flow'rs so white and leaves so green
When purest in the dewy morn;
 An' she has twa sparkling rougeish een.

Her looks are like the vernal May,
 When ev'ning Phœbus shines serene;
While birds rejoice on every spray;
 An' she has twa sparkling rougeish een.

THE LASS OF CESSNOCK BANKS

Her bosom's like the nightly snow,
When pale the morning rises keen;
While hid the murm'ring streamlets flow;
An' she has twa sparkling rogueish een.

Her lips are like yon cherries ripe,
That sunny walls from Boreas screen;
They tempt the taste and charm the sight;
An' she has twa sparkling rogueish een.

Her hair is like the curling mist,
That climbs the mountain-sides at e'en,
When flow'r-reviving rains are past;
An' she has twa sparkling rogueish een.

Her forehead's like the show'ry bow,
When gleaming sunbeams intervene
And gild the distant mountain's brow;
An' she has twa sparkling rogueish een.

Her cheeks are like yon crimson gem,
The pride of all the flowery scene;
Just opening on its thorny stem;
An' she has twa sparkling rogueish een.

Her teeth are like a flock of sheep,
With fleeces newly washen clean;
That slowly mount the rising steep;
An' she has twa sparkling rogueish een.

LOVE SONGS

Her breath is like the fragrant breeze,
That gently stirs the blossom'd bean;
When Phœbus sinks behind the seas;
An' she has twa sparkling rogueish een.

Her voice is like the ev'ning thrush,
That sings on Cessnock banks unseen;
While his mate sits nestling in the bush;
An' she has twa sparkling rogueish een.

But it's not her air, her form, her face,
Tho' matching beauty's fabled queen;
'Tis the mind that shines in ev'ry grace,
An' chiefly in her rogueish een.

BONIE PEGGY ALISON

BONIE PEGGY ALISON ¹

Chorus—And I'll kiss thee yet, yet,
And I'll kiss thee o'er again;
And I'll kiss thee yet, yet,
My bonie Peggy Alison.

ILK care and fear, when thou art near
I ever mair defy them, O!
Young kings upon their hansel throne
Are no sae blest as I am, O!
And I'll kiss thee yet, yet, etc.

When in my arms, wi' a' thy charms,
I clasp my countless treasure, O:
I seek nae mair o' heaven to share
Than sic a moment's pleasure, O!
And I'll kiss thee yet, yet, etc.

And by thy een sae bonie blue,
I swear I'm thine forever, O!
And on thy lips I seal my vow,
And break it shall I never, O!
And I'll kiss thee yet, yet, etc.

¹ Alison Begbie. His love for her as shown in his letters and in "The Lass of Cessnock Banks," "Bonie Peggy Alison," and "Mary Morison," was a sweet and reverent love.

LOVE SONGS

MARY MORISON ¹

O MARY, at thy window be,
It is the wish'd, the trysted hour!
Those smiles and glances let me see,
That make the miser's treasure poor:
How blythely wad I bide the stoure,
A weary slave frae sun to sun,
Could I the rich reward secure,
The lovely Mary Morison.

Yestreen, when to the trembling string
The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha',
To thee my fancy took its wing,
I sat, but neither heard nor saw:
Tho' this was fair, and that was braw,
And yon the toast of a' the town,
I sigh'd, and said among them a',
'Ye are na Mary Morison.'

¹ Mary Morison is a name given to Ellison or Alison Begbie. A stone in Mauchline kirk-yard to a lady states that she was the Mary Morison to whom Burns wrote this poem. The lady at whose grave the stone stands was a young child when the poem was written.

MARY MORISON

Oh, Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,
Wha for thy sake wad gladly die?
Or canst thou break that heart of his,
Whase only faut is loving thee?
If love for love thou wilt na gie,
At least be pity to me shown;
A thought ungentle canna be
The thought o' Mary Morison.

THO' CRUEL FATE

Tho' cruel fate should bid us part,
Far as the pole and line,
Her dear idea round my heart,
Should tenderly entwine.
Tho' mountains rise, and deserts howl,
And oceans roar between;
Yet, dearer than my deathless soul,
I still would love my Jean.

LOVE SONGS

I'LL AY CA' IN BY YON TOWN

Chorus—I'll ay ca' in by yon town,
And by yon garden-green again;
I'll ay ca' in by yon town,
Anr see my bonie Jean again.¹

THERE'S nane shall ken, there's nane can guess
What brings me back the gate again,
But she, my fairest, faithfu' lass,
And stow'n'lins we sall meet again.
I'll ay ca' in, etc.

She'll wander by the aiken tree,
When' trystin' time draws near again;
And when her lovely form I see,
O haith! she's doubly dear again.
I'll ay ca' in, etc.

¹ Burns first met Jean Armour at a dance in Mauchline. They were not partners, but she overheard him say, when his dog followed him in the dance, "I wish I could find a lassie as fond of me as my dog."

A short time afterwards Jean, then 18 years of age, was carrying water to bleach her clothes on the bleaching green, and she asked Burns as he was passing, "Have you found a lassie yet to love you as well as your dog?"

OF A' THE AIRTS THE WIND CAN BLAW

OF A' THE AIRTS THE WIND CAN BLAW

OF a' the airts the wind can blaw,
I dearly like the west,
For there the bonie lassie lives,
The lassie I lo'e best:
There's wild-woods grow, and rivers row,
And mony a hill between:
But day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
I see her sweet and fair:
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
I hear her charm the air:
There's not a bonie flower that springs,
By fountain, shaw, or green;
There's not a bonie bird that sings
But minds me o' my Jean.

LOVE SONGS

IT IS NA, JEAN, THY BONIE FACE

IT IS na, Jean, thy bonie face
Nor shape that I admire;
Altho' thy beauty and thy grace
Might weel awauk desire.

Something, in ilka part o' thee,
To praise, to love, I find,
But dear as is thy form to me,
Still dearer is thy mind.

Nae mair ungenerous wish I hae,
Nor stronger in my breast,
Than, if I canna mak thee sae,
At least to see thee blest.

Content am I if heaven shall give
But happiness to thee;
And as wi' thee I'd wish to live,
For thee I'd bear to die.

BONIE JEAN

BONIE JEAN

THERE was a lass, and she was fair,
At kirk and market to be seen;
When a' our fairest maids were met,
The fairest maid was bonie Jean.

And ay she wrought her mammie's wark,
And ay she sang sae merrilie;
The blythest bird upon the bush
Had ne'er a lighter heart than she.

But hawks will rob the tender joys
That bless the little lintwhite's nest;
And frost will blight the fairest flowers,
And love will break the soundest rest.

Young Robie was the brawest lad,
The flower and pride of a' the glen;
And he had owsen, sheep, and kye,
And wanton naigies nine or ten.

He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryste,
He danc'd wi' Jeanie on the down;
And, lang ere witless Jeanie wist,
Her heart was tint, her peace was stown!

As in the bosom of the stream,
The moonbeam dwells at dewy e'en;

LOVE SONGS

So trembling, pure, was tender love
 Within the breast of bonie Jean.

And now she works her mammie's wark,
 And ay she sighs wi' care and pain;
Ye wist na what her ail might be,
 Or what wad make her weel again.

But did na Jeanie's heart loup light,
 And did na joy blink in her e'e;
As Robie tauld a tale of love:
 Ae e'enin' on the lily lea?

The sun was sinking in the west,
 The birds sang sweet in ilka grove;
His cheek to hers he fondly laid,
 And whisper'd thus his tale o' love:

O Jeanie fair, I lo'e thee dear;
 O canst thou think to fancy me,
Or wilt thou leave thy mammie's cot,
 And learn to tent the farms wi' me?

'At barn or byre thou shalt na drudge,
 Or naething else to trouble thee;
But stray amang the heather-bells,
 And tent the waving corn wi' me.'

Now what could artless Jeanie do?
 She had na will to say him na:
At length she blush'd a sweet consent,
 And love was ay between them twa.

THE BRAW WOOER

THE BRAW WOOER

LAST May a braw wooer cam doun the lang glen,
And sair wi' his love he deave me;
I said there was naething I hated like men—
The deuce gae wi'm, to believe me, believe me;
The deuce gae wi'm to believe me.

He spake o' the darts in my bonie black een,
And vow'd for my love he was diein',
I said he might die when he liket—for Jean—
The Lord forgie me for liein', for liein';
The Lord forgie me for liein'!

A weel-stocket mailen, himsel for the laird,
And marriage aff-hand, were his proffers;
I never loot on that I keen'd it, or car'd,
But thought I might have waur offers, waur
offers;
But thought I might hae waur offers,

But what wad ye think?—in a fortnight or less—
The deil tak his taste to gae near her!
He up the *Gate-slack* to my black cousin, Bess—

LOVE SONGS

Guess ye how, the jad! I could bear her, could
bear her;
Guess ye how, the jad! I could bear her.

But a' the neist week, as I petted wi' care,
I gaed to the tryst o' Dalgarnock;¹
And wha but my fine fickle wooer was there,
I glower'd as I'd seen a warlock, a warlock,
I glower'd as I'd seen a warlock.

But owre my left shouther I gae him a blink,
Lest neibours might say I was saucy;
My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,
And vow'd I was his dear lassie, dear lassie,
And vow'd I was his dear lassie.

I spier'd for my cousin fu' couthy and sweet,
Gin she had recover'd her hearin',
And how her new shoon fit her auld shachl't feet,
But heavens! how he fell a swearin', a swearin',
But heavens! how he fell a swearin'.

He begged, for gudesake, I wad be his wife,
Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow;
So e'en to preserve the poor body in life,
I think I maun wed him to-morrow, to-
morrow;
I think I maun wed him to-morrow.

¹ In the neighborhood of Ellisland.

I HAE A WIFE O' MY AIN

I HAE A WIFE O' MY AIN

I HAE a wife o' my ain,
I'll partake wi' naebody;
I'll take cuckold frae nane,
I'll gie cuckold to naebody.

I hae a penny to spend,
There—thanks to naebody!
I hae naething to lend,
I'll borrow frae naebody.

I am naebody's lord,
I'll be slave to naebody;
I hae a gude braid sword,
I'll tak dunts frae naebody.

I'll be merry and free,
I'll be sad for naebody;
Naebody cares for me,
I care for naebody.

LOVE SONGS

MY WIFE'S A WINSOME WEE THING

Chorus.—She is a winsome wee thing,
She is a handsome wee thing,
She is a lo'esome wee thing,
This dear wee wife o' mine.

I NEVER saw a fairer,
I never lo'ed a dearer,
And neist my heart I'll wear her,
For fear my jewel tine.
She is a winsome, etc.

The world's wrack we share o't;
The warstle and the care o't;
Wi' her I'll blythely bear it,
And think my lot divine.
She is a winsome, etc.

He wrote in an Epistle to Dr. Blacklock :—

To make a happy fireside clime
To weans and wife
Is the true pathos and sublime
Of human life.

I REIGN IN JEANIE'S BOSOM

I REIGN IN JEANIE'S BOSOM

BURN'S LINES WELCOMING HIS WIFE TO
ELLISLAND FARM

LOUIS,¹ what reck I by thee,
Or Geordie² on his ocean?
Dyvor beggar lonns to me
I reign in Jeanie's bosom.

Let her crown my love her law,
And in her breast enthrone me;
Kings and nations swith awa
Reif randies I disown ye.

¹ King of France.

² King George III. of England.

LOVE SONGS

O WERE I ON PARNASSUS HILL ¹

O WERE I on Parnassus hill,
Or had o' Helicon my fill,
That I might catch poetic skill,
 To sing how dear I love thee!
But Nith maun be my Muse's well,
My Muse maun be thy bonie sel,
On Corsincon I'll glow'r and spell,
 And write how dear I love thee.

Then come, sweet Muse, inspire my lay!
For a' the lee-lang simmer's day
I couldna sing, I couldna say,
 How much, how dear, I love thee.
I see thee dancing o'er the green,
Thy waist sae jimp, thy limbs sae clean,
Thy tempting lips, thy roguish een—
 By Heav'n and Earth I love thee!

By night, by day, a-field, at hame,
The thoughts o' thee my breast inflame;
And ay I muse and sing thy name—
 I only live to love thee.

¹Written in honor of his wife, Jean Armour.

O WERE I ON PARNASSUS HILL

Tho' I were doom'd to wander on,
Beyond the sea, beyond the sun,
Till my last weary sand was run ;
 Till then—and then I love thee!

LOVE SONGS

THE POSIE¹

O LUVE will venture in where it daur na weel be seen,
O luve will venture in where wisdom ance hath been;
But I will doun yon river rove, amang the wood sae
green,
And a' to pu' a Posie to my ain dear May.

The primrose I will pu', the firstling o' the year,
And I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my dear;
For she's the pink o' womankind, and blooms without
a peer,
And a' to be a Posie to my ain dear May.

I'll pu' the budding rose, when Phœbus peeps in view,
For it's like a baumy kiss o' her sweet, bonie mou';
The hyacinth's for constancy wi' its unchanging blue,
And a' to be a Posie to my ain dear May.

The lily it is pure, and the lily it is fair,
And in her lovely bosom I'll place the lily there;
The daisy's for simplicity and unaffected air,
And a' to be a Posie to my ain dear May.

¹This poem was written to music sung by Jean Armour.

THE POSIE

The hawthorn I will pu', wi' its locks o' siller gray,
Where, like an aged man, it stands at break o' day;
But the songster's nest within the bush I winna tak
away,
And a' to be a Posie to my ain dear May.

The woodbine I will pu', when the e'ening star is near,
And the diamond draps o' dew shall be her een sae
clear;
The violet's for modesty, which weel she fa's to wear,
And a' to be a Posie to my ain dear May.

I'll tie the Posie round wi' the silken band o' luvie,
and I'll place it in her breast, and I'll swear by a'
above,
That to my latest draught o' life the band shall ne'er
remove,
And this will be a Posie to my ain dear May.

LOVE SONGS

HIGHLAND MARY

YE banks and braes and streams around
The castle o' Montgomery!
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
' Your waters never drumlie:
There Simmer first unfauld her robes,
And there they langest tarry;
For there I took the last Fareweel
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay, green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As underneath their fragrant shade,
I clasp'd her to my bosom!
The golden Hours on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my Dearie;
For dear to me, as light and life,
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender;
And, pledging aft to meet again,
We tore oursels asunder;

HIGHLAND MARY

But oh! fell Death's untimely frost,
That nipt my Flower sae early!
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay
That wraps my Highland Mary!

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly!
And clos'd for ay, the sparkling glance
That dwelt on me sae kindly!
And mouldering now in silent dust,
That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.

LOVE SONGS

MY HIGHLAND LASSIE, O

NÆ gentle dames, tho' ne'er sae fair,
Shall ever be my muse's care :
Their titles a' are empty show ;
Gie me my Highland lassie, O.

Chorus.—Within the glen sae bushy, O.
Aboon the plain sae rashy, O.
I set me down wi' right guid will,
To sing my Highland lassie, O.

O were yon hills and vallies mine,
Yon palace and yon gardens fine !
The world then the love should know
I bear my Highland lassie, O.

But fickle fortune frowns on me,
And I maun cross the raging sea ;
But while my crimson currents flow,
I'll love my Highland lassie, O.

Altho' thro' foreign climes I range,
I know her heart will never change,
For her bosom burns with honour's glow,
My faithful Highland lassie, O.

MY HIGHLAND LASSIE, O

For her I'll dare the billow's roar,
For her I'll trace a distant shore,
That Indian wealth may lustre throw
Around my Highland lassie, O.

She has my heart, she has my hand,
By secret troth and honour's band!
'Till the mortal stroke shall lay me low,
I'm thine, my Highland lassie, O.

Farewell the glen sae bushy, O!
Farewell the plain sae rashy, O!
To other lands I now must go,
To sing my Highland lassie, O.

LOVE SONGS

WILL YE GO TO THE INDIES, MY MARY?

WILL ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
And leave auld Scotland's shore?
Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
Across th' Atlantic's roar?

O sweet grows the lime and the orange,
And the apple on the pine;
But a' the charms o' the Indies
Can never equal thine.

I hae sworn by the Heavens to my Mary,
I hae sworn to the Heavens to be true;
And sae may the Heavens forget me,
When I forget my vow!

O plight me your faith, my Mary,
And plight me your lily-white hand;
O plight me your faith, my Mary,
Before I leave Scotia's strand.

We hae plighted our troth, my Mary,
In mutual affection to join;
And curst be the cause that shall part us!
The hour and the moment of time.

THE TEAR-DROP

THE TEAR-DROP

WAE is my heart, and the tear's in my e'e;
Lang, lang has Joy been a stranger to me:
Forsaken and friendless, my burden I bear,
And the sweet voice o' Pity ne'er sounds in my ear.

Love, thou hast pleasures, and deep hae I lov'd;
Love, thou hast sorrows, and sair hae I prov'd;
But this bruised heart that now bleeds in my breast,
I can feel by its throbbings, will soon be at rest.

Oh, if I were—where happy I hae been—
Down by yon stream, and yon bonie castle-green;
For there he is wand'ring and musing on me,
Wha wad soon dry the tear-drop that clings to my e'e.

LOVE SONGS

TO MARY IN HEAVEN

THOU ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget?
Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
Where, by the winding Ayr, we met,
To live one day of parting love?
Eternity can not efface
Those records dear of transports past,
Thy image at our last embrace,
Ah, little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild-woods, thickening green;
The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar,
'Twin'd amorous round the raptur'd scene:

TO MARY IN HEAVEN

The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on every spray;
Till too, too soon, the glowing west,
Proclaim'd the speed of wingèd day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
And fondly broods with miser-care;
Time but th' impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

LOVE SONGS

MONTGOMERIE'S PEGGY ¹

ALTHO' my bed were in yon muir,
Amang the heather, in my plaidie;
Yet happy, happy would I be,
Had I my dear Montgomerie's Peggy.

When o'er the hill beat surly storms,
And winter nights were dark and rainy;
I'd seek some dell, and in my arms
I'd shelter dear Montgomerie's Peggy.

Were I a Baron proud and high,
And horse and servants waiting ready;
Then a' 'twad gie o' joy to me,—
The sharin't with Montgomerie's Peggy.

¹ A lady with whom Burns had a very warm friendship which might have developed into love but for the fact that she was already engaged to another. She lived at Montgomery Castle.



THE EARL OF GLENCAIRN.

"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!"

—*Lament for James, Earl of Glencairn.*"



ST. JOHN'S MASONIC LODGE ROOM IN EDINBURGH.

In which Burns received high honors.



"MILKWHITE THORN" ON THE NITH.



ALLAN STREAM.



BURNS MONUMENT, EDINBURGH, ON CALTON HILL.

Arthur's Seat in the distance.



TAKEN IN FRIAR'S CARSE GROVE, NEAR ELLISLAND.

"Their groves of green myrtle let foreign lands reckon
Far dearer to me yon lone glow o' green bracken."



SWEET AFTON.

Below the dam above New Cummock. The town is supplied with water from
Afton.



BUTTER ROW, EDINBURGH.

On which Clarinda lived, while Burns was in Edinburgh.



LINCLUDEN ABBEY FROM A DISTANCE.

The ruins are close to Dumfries. The roofless tower is seen at the left of the picture.



LINCLUDEN ABBEY.

Where Burns composed most of his great poems during the last few years of his life.



INCLUDEN ABBEY.

One of the most sacred places connected with the life of Burns.



INCLUDEN ABBEY.

Where Burns wrote his "Vision of Liberty." The ruins of the Abbey occupy a romantic situation on a piece of rising ground at the junction of Cluden water, with the Nith. The son of Burns wrote that "his father passed most of his musing hours amid the Lincluden ruins," while he lived in Dumfries.



THE NITH RIVER AT LINCLUDEN ABBEY.

Flowing around the promontory on which the ruins of Lincluden Abbey stand
"The burn adown its hazelly path,
Was rushing by the ruined wa',
Hasting to join the sweeping Nith,
Whose roarings seem'd to rise and fa'."

—*A Vision.*



THE NITH
AT DUMFRIES.



THE NITH AT DUMFRIES.

It is said to surround Dumfries like a silver strand.



THE NITH NEAR DUMFRIES.

CLARINDA, MISTRESS OF MY SOUL

CLARINDA, MISTRESS OF MY SOUL

CLARINDA, mistress of my soul,
The measur'd time is run!
The wretch beneath the dreary pole
So marks his latest sun.

To what dark cave of frozen night
Shall poor Sylvander hie;
Depriv'd of thee, his life and light,
The sun of all his joy.

We part—but by these precious drops,
That fill thy lovely eyes,
No other light shall guide my steps,
Till thy bright beams arise!

She, the fair sun of all her sex,
Has blest my glorious day;
And shall a glimmering planet fix
My worship to its ray?

LOVE SONGS

THINE AM I, MY FAITHFUL FAIR

THINE am I, my faithful Fair,
Thine, my lovely Nancy;
Ev'ry pulse along my veins,
Ev'ry roving fancy.
To thy bosom lay my heart,
There to throb and languish;
Tho' despair had wrung its core,
That would heal its anguish.

Take away those rosy lips,
Rich with balmy treasure;
Turn away thine eyes of love,
Lest I die with pleasure!
What is life when wanting Love?
Night without a morning:
Love's the cloudless summer sun,
Nature gay adorning.

MY NANIE'S AWA'

MY NANIE'S AWA'

Now in her green mantle blythe Nature arrays,
And listens the lambkins that bleat o'er the braes,
While birds warble welcome in ilka green shaw,
But to me it's delightless—my Nanie's awa'.

The snawdrap and primrose our woodlands adorn,
And violets bathe in the weet o' the morn;
They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw,
They mind me o' Nanie—and Nanie's awa'.

Thou lav'rock that springs frae the dews of the lawn
The shepherd to warn o' the gray-breaking dawn,
And thou mellow mavis that hails the night-fa'.
Give over for pity—my Nanie's awa'.

Come Autumn, sae pensive, in yellow and gray,
And sooth me wi' tidings o' Nature's decay:
The dark, dreary Winter, and wild-driving snaw
Alane can delight me—now Nanie's awa'.

LOVE SONGS

POEM ON SENSIBILITY

SENSIBILITY, how charming,
Dearest Nancy, thou canst tell;
But distress, with horrors arming,
Thou alas! hast known too well!

Fairest flower, behold the lily
Blooming in the sunny ray;
Let the blast sweep o'er the valley,
See it prostrate in the clay.

Hear the woodlark charm the forest,
Telling o'er his little joys;
But alas! a prey the surest
To each pirate of the skies.

Dearly bought the hidden treasure
Finer feelings can bestow:
Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure
Thrill the deepest notes of woe.

THOU GLOOMY DECEMBER

THOU GLOOMY DECEMBER

ANCE mair I hail thee, thou gloomy December,
Ance mair I hail thee wi' sorrow and care;
Sad was the parting thou makes me remember,
Parting wi' Nancy, oh, ne'er to meet mair!

Fond lovers' parting is sweet, painful pleasure,
Hope beaming mild on the soft parting hour;
But the dire feeling, O farewell for ever!
Anguish unmingled, and agony pure!

Wild as the winter now tearing the forest,
Till the last leaf o' the summer is flown,
Such is the tempest has shaken my bosom,
Till my last hope and last comfort is gone.

Still as I hail thee, thou gloomy December,
Still shall I hail thee wi' sorrow and care;
For sad was the parting thou makes me remember,
Parting wi' Nancy, oh, ne'er to meet mair.

LOVE SONGS

BEHOLD THE HOUR, THE BOAT ARRIVE ¹

BEHOLD the hour, the boat arrive;
Thou goest, the darling of my heart;
Sever'd from thee, can I survive,
But Fate has will'd and we must part.

I'll often greet the surging swell,
Yon distant Isle will often hail:
'E'en here I took the last farewell;
There, latest mark'd her vanish'd sail.'

Along the solitary shore
Where flitting sea-fowl round me cry,
Across the rolling, dashing roar,
I'll westward turn my wishful eye.

'Happy thou Indian grove,' I'll say,
'Where now my Nancy's path shall be!
While thro' your sweets she holds her way,
O tell me, does she muse on me?'

¹ To Clarinda, when she went to the West Indies.

WANDERING WILLIE

WANDERING WILLIE

HERE awa', there awa', wandering Willie,
Here awa', there awa', haud awa' hame;
Come to my bosom, my ain only dearie,
Tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the same.
Winter winds blew loud and cauld at our parting,
Fears for my Willie brought tears to my e'e,
Welcome now Simmer, and welcome my Willie,
The Simmer to Nature, my Willie to me.

Rest, ye wild storms, in the cave of your slumbers,
How your dread howling a lover alarms!
Wauken, ye breezes, row gently, ye billows,
And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.
But oh, if he's faithless, and mind na his Nannie,
Flow still between us, thou wide roaring main!
May I never see it, may I never trow it,
But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain.

LOVE SONGS

PARTING SONG TO CLARINDA

Æ fond kiss, and then we sever;
Æ fareweel, and then for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee,
Who shall say that Fortune grieves him,
While the star of hope she leaves him?
Me, nae cheerful twinkle lights me;
Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
Naething could resist my Nancy:
But to see her was to love her;
Love but her, and love for ever.
Had we never lov'd sae kindly,
Had we never lov'd sae blindly,
Never met—or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.¹

¹ Sir Walter Scott said the last four lines of verse two "contain the essence of a thousand love songs."
Byron used the same four lines as the motto for his poem, "The Bride of Abydos."

PARTING SONG TO CLARINDA

Fare-thee-weel, thou first and fairest!
Fare-thee-weel, thou best and dearest!
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, Enjoyment, Love and Pleasure!
Ae fond kiss, and then we sever!
Ae fareweel, alas, for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

LOVE SONGS

MY PEGGY'S CHARMS ¹

My Peggy's face, my Peggy's form,
The frost of hermit Age might warm;
My Peggy's worth, my Peggy's mind,
Might charm the first of human kind.

I love my Peggy's angel air,
Her face so truly, heavenly fair,
Her native grace, so void of art,
But I adore my Peggy's heart.

The lily's hue, the rose's dye,
The kindling lustre of an eye;
Who but owns their magic sway!
Who but knows they all decay!

The tender thrill, the pitying tear,
The generous purpose, nobly dear,
The gentle look that rage disarms—
These are all immortal charms.

¹ "Peggy" was Miss Margaret Chalmers, whose "immortal charms" made a deep impression on the heart of Burns; so deep that his last Poem, written nine days before he died, was written about her. He told Clarinda of his fondness for Peggy, so it is appropriate to place this poem and the following at the end of the poems he wrote to Clarinda.

BRAVING ANGRY WINTER'S STORMS

BRAVING ANGRY WINTER'S STORMS ¹

WHERE, braving angry winter's storms,
The lofty Ochils rise,
Far in their shade my Peggy's charms
First blest my wondering eyes;
As one who by some savage stream
A lonely gem surveys,
Astonish'd, doubly marks its beam
With art's most polish'd blaze.

Blest be the wild, sequester'd shade,
And blest the day and hour,
Where Peggy's charms I first survey'd,
When first I felt their pow'r!
The tyrant Death, with grim controul,
May seize my fleeting breath;
But tearing Peggy from my soul
Must be a stronger death.

¹ To Peggy Chalmers.

LOVE SONGS

FAIREST MAID ON DEVON BANKS¹

Chorus.—Fairest maid on Devon banks,
Crystal Devon, winding Devon,
Wilt thou lay that frown aside,
And smile as thou wert wont to do?

FULL well thou know'st I love thee dear,
Could thou to malice lend an ear?
O did not Love exclaim, 'Forbear,
Nor use a faithful lover so.'
Fairest maid, etc.

Then come, thou fairest of the fair,
Those wonted smiles, O let me share;
And by thy beauteous self I swear,
No love but thine my heart shall know.
Fairest maid, etc.

¹ This his last song was written to Peggy Chalmers. She said Burns asked her to marry him at one time. He certainly greatly admired her. The song was written nine days before he died.

THEIR GROVES O' SWEET MYRTLE

THEIR GROVES O' SWEET MYRTLE ¹

THEIR groves o' sweet myrtle let Foreign Lands
reckon,

Where bright beaming summers exalt the perfume;
Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green breckan,

Wi' the burn stealing under the lang, yellow broom.
Far dearer to me are yon humble broom bowers,

Where the blue-bell and gowan lurk, lowly, unseen:
For there, lightly tripping, among the wild flowers,
A-list'ning the linnet, aft wanders my Jean.

Tho' rich is the breeze in their gay, sunny valleys,
And cauld Caledonia's blast on the wave;
Their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt the proud
palace,

What are they?—the haunt of the Tyrant and Slave.
The Slave's spicy forests, and gold-bubbling fountains,
The brave Caledonian views with disdain;
He wanders as free as the winds of his mountains,
Save Love's willing fetters—the chains o' his Jean.

¹ To Jean Lorimer.

LOVE SONGS

'Twas NA HER BONIE BLUE E'E¹

'Twas na her bonie blue e'e was my ruin,
Fair tho' she be, that was ne'er my undoin';
'Twas the dear smile when nae body did mind us,
'Twas the bewitching, sweet, stoun glance o' kindness,
'Twas the bewitching, sweet, stoun glance o' kindness.

Sair do I fear that to hope is denied me,
Sair do I fear that despair maun abide me,
But tho' fell fortune should fate us to sever,
Queen shall she be in my bosom for ever:
Queen shall she be in my bosom for ever.

Chloris, I'm thine wi' a passion sincerest,
And thou hast plighted me love o' the dearest!
And thou'rt the angel that never can alter,
Sooner the sun in his motion would falter:
Sooner the sun in his motion would falter.

¹Written to Jean Lorimer.

O BONIE WAS YON ROSY BRIER

O BONIE WAS YON ROSY BRIER

O BONIE was yon rosy brier,
That blooms sae far frae haunt o' man;
And bonie she, and ah, how dear!
It shaded frae the e'enin' sun.

Yon rosebuds in the morning dew,
How pure, amang the leaves sae green;
But purer was the lover's vow
They witness'd in their shade yestreen.

All in its rude and prickly bower,
That crimson rose, how sweet and fair;
But love is far a sweeter flower,
Amid life's thorny path o' care.

The pathless wild, and wimpling burn,
Wi' Chloris¹ in my arms, be mine;
And I the world, nor wish, nor scorn,
Its joys and griefs alike resign.

¹ Jean Lorimer.

PHILLIS THE QUEEN O' THE FAIR ¹

ADOWN winding Nith I did wander,
To mark the sweet flowers as they spring;
Adown winding Nith I did wander,
Of Phillis to muse and to sing.

Chorus.—Awa' wi' your Belles and your Beauties,
They never wi' her can compare,
Whaever has met wi' my Phillis,
Has met wi' the queen o' the Fair.

The Daisy amus'd my fond fancy,
So artless, so simple, so wild;
Thou emblem, said I, o' my Phillis—
For she is Simplicity's child.
Awa' wi' your Belles, etc.

The Rosebud's the blush o' my charmer,
Her sweet balmy lip when 'tis prest;
How fair and how pure is the Lily!
But fairer and purer her breast.
Awa' wi' your Belles, etc.

¹ Inspired by Jean Lorimer ("Chloris" generally).



THE FAVORITE WALK OF BURNS.

The Nith river at Dumfries, the path along which he walked to the ruins of Lincluden Abbey nearly every afternoon or evening for nearly seven years while he lived in Dumfries.



THE STREET ON WHICH BURNS DIED IN DUMFRIES, NOW CALLED BURNS STREET



BONNIE JEAN ARMOUR (MRS. BURNS) AND ONE OF HER GRANDCHILDREN.

—From a painting by S. McKenzie, S. A.



BURNS STATUE, DUMFRIES.



GREEK TEMPLE OVER THE GRAVE OF BURNS IN DUMFRIES.

"There's a road through the field of crowded graves—a road that leads from all the continents, all the towns—the moving feet of millions have trod it as holy ground; and men walk bare-headed and are silent as they seek the poet's grave. No King of all the world wins that remembrance. The temples and palaces of Babylon and Egypt have not that reverence. That track worn by the feet of pilgrims out of all the earth is the final answer of the world to the plea of Robert Burns."

—*Lauchlan Maclean Watt.*

PHILLIS THE QUEEN O' THE FAIR

Yon knot of gay flowers in the arbour,
They ne'er wi' my Phillis can vie:
Her breath is the breath of the woodbine,
Its dew-drop o' diamond her eye.
Awa' wi' your Belles, etc.

Her voice is the song o' the morning,
That wakes thro' the green-spreading grove
When Phœbus peeps over the mountains,
On music, and pleasure, and love.
Awa' wi' your Belles, etc.

But, Beauty, how frail and how fleeting!
The bloom of a fine summer's day;
While worth in the mind o' my Phillis,
Will flourish without a decay.
Awa' wi' your Belles, etc.

LOVE SONGS

THE RIGS O' BARLEY

It was upon a Lammas night,
When corn rigs are bonie,
Beneath the moon's unclouded light,
I held awa' to Annie;
The time flew by, wi' tentless heed;
Till, 'tween the late and early,
Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed
To see me thro' the barley.

Corn rigs, an' barley rigs,
An' corn rigs are bonie:
I'll ne'er forget that happy night,
Amang the rigs wi' Annie.

The sky was blue, the wind was still,
The moon was shining clearly;
I set her down, wi' right goodwill,
Amang the rigs o' barley:
I ken't her heart was a' my ain;
I lov'd her most sincerely;
I kiss'd her owre and owre again,
Amang the rigs o' barley.
Corn rigs, an' barley rigs, etc.

THE RIGS O' BARLEY

I lock'd her in my fond embrace;
Her heart was beating rarely:
My blessings on that happy place,
Amang the rigs o' barley!
But by the moon and stars so bright,
That shone that hour so clearly!
She ay shall bless that happy night
Amang the rigs o' barley.
Corn rigs, an' barley rigs, etc.

I hae been blythe wi' comrades dear;
I hae been merry drinking;
I hae been joyfu' gath'rin' gear;
I hae been happy thinking:
But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,
Tho' three times doubl'd fairly—
That happy night was worth them a',
Amang the rigs o' barley.
Corn rigs, an' barley rigs, etc.

LOVE SONGS

ADDRESS TO THE WOODLARK ¹

O STAY, sweet warbling woodlark, stay,
Nor quit for me the trembling spray,
A hapless lover courts thy lay,
 Thy soothing, fond complaining.
Again, again that tender part,
That I may catch thy melting art;
For surely that wad touch her heart
 Wha kills me wi' disdainin.

Say, was thy little mate unkind,
And heard thee as the careless wind?
Oh, nocht but love and sorrow join'd,
 Sic notes o' woe could wauken!
Thou tells o' never-ending care;
O' speechless grief, and dark despair:
For pity's sake, sweet bird, nae mair!
 Or my poor heart is broken.

¹ Written when thinking of Jean Lorimer (Chloris).

LASSIE WI' THE LINT-WHITE LOCKS

LASSIE WI' THE LINT WHITE LOCKS ¹

Chorus.—Lassie wi' the lint-white locks,
Bonie lassie, artless lassie,
Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks,
Wilt thou be my Dearie, O?

Now Nature cleeds the flowery lea,
And a' is young and sweet like thee,
O wilt thou share its joys wi' me,
And say thou'lt be my Dearie, O.
Lassie wi' the, etc.

The primrose bank, the wimpling burn,
The cuckoo on the milk-white thorn,
The wanton lambs at early morn,
Shall welcome thee, my Dearie, O.
Lassie wi' the, etc.

And when the welcome summer shower
Has cheer'd ilk drooping little flower,
We'll to the breathing woodbine-bower,
At sultry noon, my Dearie, O.
Lassie wi' the, etc.

¹ Cunningham assigns this beautiful poem to the Dumfries period. It was probably addressed to Jean Lorimer.

LOVE SONGS

When Cynthia lights, wi' silver ray,
The weary shearer's hameward way,
Thro' yellow waving fields we'll stray,
And talk o' love, my Dearie, O.
Lassie wi' the, etc.

And when the howling wintry blast
Disturbs my lassie's midnight rest,
Enclaspèd to my faithfu' breast,
I'll comfort thee, my Dearie, O.
Lassie wi' the, etc.

FOR THE SAKE O' SOMEBODY

FOR THE SAKE O' SOMEBODY

My heart is sair—I dare na tell,
My heart is sair for Somebody;
I could wake a winter night
For the sake o' Somebody.
O-hon! for Somebody!
O-hey! for Somebody!
I could range the world around,
For the sake o' Somebody.

Ye Powers that smile on virtuous love,
O, sweetly smile on Somebody!
Frae ilka danger keep him free,
And send me safe my Somebody!
O-hon! for Somebody!
O-hey! for Somebody!
I wad do—what wad I not?
For the sake o' Somebody.

LOVE SONGS

BEHOLD, MY LOVE, HOW GREEN THE GROVES ¹

BEHOLD, my love, how green the groves,
The primrose banks how fair;
The balmy gales awake the flowers,
And wave thy flowing hair.

The lav'rock shuns the palace gay,
And o'er the cottage sings:
For Nature smiles as sweet, I ween,
To Shepherds as to Kings.

Let minstrels sweep the skilfu' strings,
In lordly lighted ha':
The Shepherd stops his simple reed,
Blythe in the birken shaw.

The Princely revel may survey
Our rustic dance wi' scorn;
But are their hearts as light as ours,
Beneath the milk-white thorn?

¹ Written to Chloris, Jean Lorimer.

BEHOLD, MY LOVE, HOW GREEN THE GROVES

The shepherd, in the flowery glen;

In shepherd's phrase, will woo:

The courtier tells a finer tale,

But is his heart as true?

These wild-wood flowers I've pu'd, to deck

That spotless breast o' thine;

The courtier's gems may witness love,

But, 'tis na love like mine.

LOVE SONGS

THE LEA-RIG ¹

WHEN o'er the hill the e'ening star
Tells bughtin' time is near, my jo,
And owsen frae the furrow'd field
Return sae dowf and weary O;
Down by the burn, where birken buds
Wi' dew are hangin' clear, my jo,
I'll meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind Dearie O.

At midnight hour, in mirkest glen,
I'd rove, and ne'er be eerie O,
If thro' that glen I gaed to thee,
My ain kind Dearie O;
Altho' the night were ne'er sae wild,
And I were ne'er sae weary O,
I'll meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind Dearie O.

The hunter lo'es the morning sun,
To rouse the mountain deer, my jo;
At noon the fisher takes the glen
Adown the burn to steer, my jo:
Gie me the hour o' gloamin' gray,
It maks my heart sae cheery O,
To meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind Dearie O.

¹ An old pasture field.

O FOR ANE AN' TWENTY, TAM

O FOR ANE AN' TWENTY, TAM

Chorus.—An' O for ane an' twenty, Tam!
And hey, sweet ane an' twenty, Tam!
I'll learn my kin a rattlin' sang,
An' I saw ane an' twenty, Tam.

THEY snool me sair, and haud me doon,
An' gar me look like bluntie, Tam;
But three short years will soon wheel roon',
An' then comes ane an' twenty, Tam.
An' O for, etc.

A glieb o' lan', a claut o' gear,
Was left me by my Auntie, Tam;
At kith or kin I need na spier,
An I saw ane an' twenty, Tam.
An' O for, etc.

They'll hae me wed a wealthy coof,
Tho' I mysel hae plenty, Tam;
But hear'st thou, laddie! there's my loof,
I'm thine at ane an' twenty, Tam
An' O for, etc.

LOVE SONGS

PHILLY AND WILLY

- He.* O Philly, happy be that day,
When roving thro' the gather'd hay,
My youthfu' heart was stown away,
And by thy charms, my Philly.
- She.* O Willy, ay I bless the grove
Where first I own'd my maiden love,
Whilst thou did pledge the Powers above,
To be my ain dear Willy.
- He.* As songsters of the early year
Are ilka day mair sweet to hear,
So ilka day to me mair dear
And charming is my Philly.
- She.* As on the brier the budding rose
Still richer breathes and fairer blows,
So in my tender bosom grows
The love I bear my Willy.
- He.* The milder sun and bluer sky
That crown my harvest cares wi' joy,
Were ne'er sae welcome to my eye
As is the sight o' Philly.
- She.* The little swallow's wanton wing,
Tho' wafting o'er the flowery Spring,
Did ne'er to me sic tidings bring,
As meeting o' my Willy.

THOU FAIR ELIZA

THOU FAIR ELIZA¹

TURN again, thou fair Eliza!
Ae kind blink before we part;
Rue on thy despairing lover,
Canst thou break his faithfu' heart?

Turn again, thou fair Eliza!
If to love thy heart denies,
Oh, in pity hide the sentence
Under friendship's kind disguise!

Thee, sweet maid, hae I offended?
My offence is loving thee;
Canst thou wreck his peace for ever,
Wha' for thine would gladly die?
While the life beats in my bosom,
Thou shalt mix in ilka throe:
Turn again, thou lovely maiden,
Ae sweet smile on me bestow.

Not the bee upon the blossom,
In the pride o' sinny noon;
Not the little sporting fairy,
All beneath the simmer moon;

¹ Written for James Thompson, who published the *Musical Museum*.
He wrote to him, "Have you ever had a fair Goddess that leads you a
wild-goose chase of amorous devotion? Let me know a few of her qualities
and choose your air and I shall task my muse to celebrate her."

LOVE SONGS

Not the Minstrel, in the moment
Fancy lightens in his e'e,
Kens the pleasure, feels the rapture,
That thy presence gies to me.

YON WILD MOSSY MOUNTAINS

YON WILD MOSSY MOUNTAINS

YON wild mossy mountains sae lofty and wide,
That nurse in their bosom the youth o' the Clyde,
Where the grouse lead their coveys thro' the heather
to feed,
And the shepherd tents his flock as he pipes on his
reed.

Not Gowrie's rich valley, nor Forth's sunny shores,
To me hae the charms o' yon wild, mossy moors;
For there, by a lanely, sequesterèd stream,
Resides a sweet lassie, my thought and my dream.

Amang thae wild mountains shall still be my path,
Ilk stream foaming down its ain green, narrow strath;
For there, wi' my lassie, the day-lang I rove,
While o'er us unheeded flie the swift hours o' love.

She is not the fairest, altho' she is fair;
O' nice education but sma' is her share;
Her parentage humble as humble can be;
But I lo'e the dear lassie because she lo'es me.

LOVE SONGS

To Beauty what man but maun yield him a prize,
In her armour of glances, and blushes, and sighs?
And when wit and refinement hae polish'd her darts,
They dazzle our een, as they flie to our hearts.

But kindness, sweet kindness, in the fond-sparkling e'e,
Has lustre outshining the diamond to me;
And the heart beating love as I'm clasp'd in her arms,
O, these are my lassie's all-conquering charms!

THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY

THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY

Chorus.—Bonie lassie, will ye go,
Will ye go, will ye go,
Bonie lassie, will ye go
To the birks of Aberfeldy!

Now Simmer blinks on flowery braes,
And o'er the crystal streamlet plays;
Come, let us spend the lightsome days,
In the birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonie lassie, etc.

The little birdies blythely sing,
While o'er their heads the hazels hing,
Or lightly flit on wanton wing,
In the birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonie lassie, etc.

The braes ascend like lofty wa's,
The foamy stream deep-roaring fa's,
O'erhung wi' fragrant spreading shaws—
The birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonie lassie, etc.

LOVE SONGS

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,
White o'er the linns the burnie pours,
And rising, weets wi' misty showers
The birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonie lassie, etc.

Let Fortune's gifts at random flee,
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me;
Supremely blest wi' love and thee,
In the birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonie lassie, etc.

GREEN GROW THE RASHES

GREEN GROW THE RASHES

Chorus.—Green grow the rashes, O;
Green grow the rashes, O;
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,
Are spent among the lasses, O.

THERE'S nought but care on ev'ry han',
In every hour that passes, O.
What signifies the life o' man,
An' 'twere na for the lasses, O:
Green grow, etc.

The warl'y race may riches chase,
An riches still may fly them, O;
An' tho' at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.
Green grow, etc.

But gie me a cannie hour at e'en,
My arms about my dearie, O;
An' warl'y cares, an' warl'y men,
May a' gae tapsalteerie, O!
Green grow, etc.

LOVE SONGS

For you sae douce, ye sneer at this;
Ye're nought but senseless asses, O:
The wisest man the warl' e'er saw,
He dearly lov'd the lasses, O.
Green grow, etc.

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes, O:
Her 'prentice han' she try'd on man,
An' then she made the lasses, O.
Green grow, etc.

THE SILVER TASSIE

THE SILVER TASSIE¹

Go, fetch to me a pint o' wine,
And fill it in a silver tassie;
That I may drink before I go,
A service to my bonie lassie.
The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith;
Fu' loud the wind blaws frae the Ferry;
The ship rides by the Berwick-law,²
And I maun leave my Bonie Mary.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
The glittering spears are rankèd ready:
The shouts o' war are heard afar,
The battle closes deep and bloody;
It' not the roar o' sea or shore,
Wad mak me langer wish to tarry;
Nor shouts o' war that's heard afar—
It's leaving thee, my bonie Mary!

¹ A goblet.

² Berwick-law is a conical hill (law is a synonym for hill) that is a conspicuous object clearly seen from the pier o' Leith. Burns wrote this favorite song after seeing a young officer saying good-bye to his lover as he went on board a ship at the pier starting for war.

LOVE SONGS

TAM GLEN

My heart is a-breaking, dear Tittie,
Some counsel unto me come len',
To anger them a' is a pity,
But what will I do wi' Tam Glen?

I'm thinking, wi' sic a braw fellow,
In poortith I might mak a fen';
What care I in riches to wallow,
If I mauna marry Tam Glen?

There's Lowrie the Laird o' Dumeller—
'Gude day to you'—brute! he comes ben:
He brags and he blows o' his siller,
But when will he dance like Tam Glen?

My minnie does constantly deave me,
And bids me beware o' young men;
They flatter, she says, to deceive me,
But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen?

My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,
He'd gie me gude hunder marks ten;
But, if it's ordain'd I maun take him,
O wha will I get but Tam Glen?

TAM GLEN

Yestreen at the Valentine's dealing,
My heart to my mou' gied a sten;
For thrice I drew ane without failing,
And thrice it was written 'Tam Glen!'

The last Halloween I was waukin'
My droukit sark-sleeve, as ye ken,
His likeness came up the house staukin',
And the very gray breeks o' Tam Glen!

Come, counsel, dear Tittie, don't tarry;
I'll gie ye my bonie black hen,
Gif ye will advise me to marry
The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.

LOVE SONGS

MY NANIE, O

BEHIND yon hills where Lugar flows,
'Mang moors an' mosses many, O,
The wintry sun the day has clos'd,
And I'll awa' to Nanie, O.

The westlin wind blows loud an' shrill;
The night's baith mirk and rainy, O;
But I'll get my plaid an' out I'll steal,
An' owre the hill to Nanie, O.

My Nanie's charming, sweet, an' young;
Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O:
May ill befa' the flattering tongue
That wad beguile my Nanie, O.

Her face is fair, her heart is true;
As spotless as she's bonie, O;
The op'ning gowan, wat wi' dew,
Nae purer is than Nanie, O.

A country lad is my degree,
An' few there be that ken me, O;
But what care I how few they be,
I'm welcome ay to Nanie, O.

MY NANIE, O

My riches a's my penny-fee,
An' I maun guide it cannie, O;
But warl's gear ne'er troubles me,
My thoughts are a'—my Nanie, O.

Our auld guidman delights to view
His sheep an' kye thrive bonie, O;
But I'm as blythe that hauds his pleugh
An' has nae care but Nanie, O.

Come weel, come woe, I care na by;
I'll tak what Heav'n will sen' me, O:
Nae ither care in life have I,
But live, an' love my Nanie, O.

LOVE SONGS

LOVELY YOUNG JESSIE ¹

TRUE hearted was he, the sad swain o' the Yarrow,
And fair are the maids on the banks of the Ayr,
But by the sweet side o' the Nith's winding river,
Are lovers as faithful, and maidens as fair :
To equal young JESSIE seek Scotland all over ;
To equal young JESSIE you seek it in vain,
Grace, beauty, and elegance fetter her lover,
And maidenly modesty fixes the chain.

Fresh is the rose in the gay, dewy morning,
And sweet is the lily at evening close ;
But in the fair presence o' lovely young JESSIE,
Unseen is the lily, unheeded the rose.
Love sits in her smile, a wizard ensnaring ;
Enthron'd in her een he delivers his law :
And still to her charms SHE alone is a stranger ;
Her modest demeanour's the jewel of a'.

¹ To Jessie Lewars.

MY BONIE BELL

MY BONIE BELL¹

THE smiling Spring comes in rejoicing,
And surly Winter grimly flies;
Now crystal clear are the falling waters,
And bonie blue are the sunny skies.
Fresh o'er the mountains breaks forth the
morning,
The ev'ning gilds the ocean's swell;
All creatures joy in the sun's returning,
And I rejoice in my Bonie Bell.

The flowery Spring leads sunny Summer,
The yellow Autumn presses near;
Then in his turn comes gloomy Winter,
Till smiling Spring again appear:
Thus seasons dancing, life advancing,
Old Time and Nature their changes tell;
But never ranging, still unchanging,
I adore my Bonie Bell.

¹ No one has ever suggested the name of the lady Burns named My Bonie Bell. It is an exquisite poem for its sentiments in regard to Nature and Love.

LOVE SONGS

BY ALLAN STREAM

By Allan stream I chanc'd to rove,
While Phœbus sank beyond Benledi;
The winds were whispering through the grove,
The yellow corn was waving ready:
I listen'd to a lover's sang,
An' thought on youthfu' pleasures mony;
And ay the wild-wood echoes rang—
'O, dearly do I lo'e thee, Annie!

O happy be the woodbine bower,
Nae nightly bogle make it eerie;
Nor ever sorrow stain the hour,
The place and time I met my dearie!
Her head upon my throbbing breast,
She, sinking, said, "I'm thine for ever!"
While mony a kiss the seal imprest—
The sacred vow we ne'er should sever.'

The haunt o' Spring's the primrose-brae,
The Summer joys the flocks to follow;
How cheery thro' her short'ning day,
Is Autumn in her weeds o' yellow;
But can they melt the glowing heart,
Or chain the soul in speechless pleasure?
Or thro' each nerve the rapture dart,
Like meeting her, our bosom's treasure?

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN

WHEN wild war's deadly blast was blawn,
And gentle peace returning,
Wi' mony a sweet babe fatherless,
And mony a widow mourning;
I left the lines and tented field,
Where lang I'd been a lodger,
My humble knapsack a' my wealth,
A poor but honest sodger.

A leal, light heart was in my breast,
My hand unstain'd wi' plunder;
And for fair Scotia, hame again,
I cherry on did wander:
I thought upon the banks o' Coil,
I thought upon my Nancy,
I thought upon the witching smile
That caught my youthful fancy.

At length I reach'd the bonie glen,
Where early life I sported;
I pass'd the mill and trysting thorn,
Where Nancy aft I courted:

LOVE SONGS

Wha spied I but my ain dear maid,
Down by her mother's dwelling!
And turn'd me round to hide the flood
That in my een was swelling.

Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, Sweet lass,
Sweet as yon hawthorn's blossom,
O! happy, happy may he be,
That's dearest to thy bosom:
My purse is light, I've far to gang,
And fain would be thy lodger;
I've served my king and country lang—
Take pity on a sodger.

Sae wistfully she gaz'd on me,
And lovelier was than ever;
Quo' she, A sodger ance I lo'ed,
Forget him shall I never:
Our humble cot, and hamely fare,
Ye freely shall partake it;
That gallant badge—the dear cockade,
Ye're welcome for the sake o't.

She gaz'd—she redden'd like a rose—
Syne pale like ony lily;
She sank within my arms, and cried,
Art thou my ain dear Willie?
By Him who made yon sun and sky:
By whom true love's regarded,
I am the man; and thus may still
True lovers be rewarded!

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN

The wars are o'er, and I'm come hame,
And find thee still true-hearted;
Tho' poor in gear, we're rich in love,
And mair we'se ne'er be parted.
Quo' she, My grandsire left me gowd,
A mailen plenish'd fairly;
And come, my faithfu' sodger lad,
Thou'rt welcome to it dearly!

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
The farmer ploughs the manor;
But glory is the sodger's prize,
The sodger's wealth is honour:
The brave poor sodger ne'er despise,
Nor count him as a stranger;
Remember he's his country's stay,
In day and hour of danger.

LOVE SONGS

BRAW LADS O' GALLA WATER

BRAW, braw lads on Yarrow braes,
They rove amang the blooming heather;
But Yarrow braes, nor Ettrick shaws
Can match the lads o' Galla Water.

But there is ane, a secret ane,
Aboon them a' I lo'e him better;
And I'll be his, and he'll be mine,
The bonie lad o' Galla Water.

Altho' his daddie was nae laird,
And tho' I hae na meikle tocher,
Yet rich in kindest, truest love,
We'll tent our flocks by Galla Water.

It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,
That coft contentment, peace, or pleasure;
The bands and bliss o' mutual love,
O that's the chiefest world's treasure.

MY LUVE IS LIKE A RED, RED ROSE

MY LUVE IS LIKE A RED, RED ROSE

My Luve is like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June:
My Luve is like the melodie,
That's sweetly play'd in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonie lass,
So deep in luve am I;
And I will luve thee still, my Dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my Dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;
And I will luve thee still, my Dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare-thee-weel, my only Luve!
And fare-thee-weel a while!
And I will come again, my Luve,
Tho' 'twere ten thousand mile!

LOVE SONGS

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO

JOHN ANDERSON, my jo, John,
When we were first acquent;
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonie brow was brent;
But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snaw;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither;
And mony a cantie day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither:
Now we maun totter down, John,
And hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo.

JOCKEY'S TAEN THE PARTING KISS

JOCKEY'S TAEN THE PARTING KISS

JOCKEY's taen the parting kiss,
O'er the mountain he is gane,
And with him is a' my bliss,
Nought but griefs with me remain.
Spare my Love, ye winds that blaw,
Plashy sleets and beating rain!
Spare my Love, thou feath'ry snaw,
Drifting o'er the frozen plain!

When the shades of evening creep
O'er the day's fair, gladsome e'e,
Sound and safely may he sleep,
Sweetly blythe his waukening be.
He will think on her he loves,
Fonly he'll repeat her name;
For where'er he distant roves,
Jockey's heart is still the same.

LOVE SONGS

LORD GREGORY

O Mirk, mirk is this midnight hour,
And loud the tempest's roar;
A waefu' wanderer seeks thy tower,
Lord Gregory, ope thy door.
An exile frae her father's ha',
And a' for sake o' thee;
At least some pity on me shaw,
If love it may na be.

Lord Gregory, mind'st thou not the grove
By bonie Irwine side,
Where first I own'd that virgin love
I lang, lang had denied.
How aften didst thou pledge and vow,
Thou wad for ay be mine!
And my fond heart, itsel sae true,
It ne'er mistrusted thine.

Hard is thy heart, Lord Gregory,
And flinty is thy breast:
Thou bolt of Heaven that flashest by,
O, wilt thou bring me rest!
Ye mustering thunders from above,
Your willing victims see;
But spare and pardon my fause Love,
His wrangs to Heaven and me.

YOUNG PEGGY

YOUNG PEGGY

YOUNG PEGGY blooms our boniest lass,
Her blush is like the morning,
The rosy dawn, the springing grass,
With early gems adorning.
Her eyes outshine the radiant beams
That gild the passing shower,
And glitter o'er the crystal streams,
And cheer each fresh'ning flower.

Her lips, more than the cherries bright,
A richer dye has graced them ;
They charm th' admiring gazer's sight,
And sweetly tempt to taste them ;
Her smile is as the evening mild,
When feather'd pairs are courting,
And little lambkins wanton wild,
In playful bands disporting.

Were Fortune lovely Peggy's foe,
Such sweetness would relent her ;
As blooming spring unbends the brow
Of surly savage winter.

LOVE SONGS

Detraction's eye no aim can gain,
Her winning pow'rs to lessen;
And fretful Envy grins in vain
The poison'd tooth to fasten.

Ye Pow'rs of Honour, Love and Truth
From ev'ry ill defend her!
Inspire the highly-favour'd youth
The destinies intend her:
Still fan the sweet connubial flame
Responsive in each bosom;
And bless the dear parental name
With many a filial blossom.

A HEALTH TO ANE I LOE DEAR

A HEALTH TO ANE I LOE DEAR¹

Chorus.—Here's a health to ane I loe dear,
Here's a health to ane I loe dear;
Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers
meet,
And soft as their parting tear—Jessie.

ALTHO' thou maun never be mine,
Altho' even hope is denied;
'Tis sweeter for thee despairing,
Than aught in the world beside—Jessie.
Here's a health, etc.

I mourn thro' the gay, gaudy day,
As hopeless I muse on thy charms;
But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber,
For then I am lockt in thine arms—Jessie.
Here's a health, etc.

I guess by the dear angel smile,
I guess by the love-rolling e'e;
But why urge the tender confession,
'Gainst Fortune's fell, cruel decree—Jessie.
Here's a health, etc.

¹ This song and the next, written to Jessie Lawars, the young girl who nursed him in his last sickness, and the poem, "Fairest Maid on Devon's Banks" (see page 236), written to Margaret Chalmers (Peggy) nine days before his death, were the last three songs Burns wrote.

LOVE SONGS

O WERT THOU IN THE CAULD BLAST¹

O WERT thou in the cauld blast,
On yonder lea, on yonder lea,
My plaidie to the angry airt,
I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee;
Or did Mistfortune's bitter storms
Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,
Thy bield should be my bosom,
To share it a', to share it a'.

Or were I in the wildest waste,
Sae black and bare, sae black and bare,
The desert were a Paradise,
If thou wert there, if thou wert there;
Or were I Monarch o' the globe,
Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign,
The brightest jewel in my crown
Wad be my Queen, wad be my Queen.

¹ Jessie Lewars sang the beautiful air to which this fine song was composed, accompanying herself on her harpsichord while Burns wrote the song. Jean Armour, his wife, was a sweet singer and she sang the old Scotch airs to Burns over and over to him till his heart was kindled into rhythmic movement in harmony with the music. Then he planned his poem and in the gloaming walked by the Nith or in some well-loved woods and composed his lines. Burns composed his songs to music; other poets wrote their poems, and the music was written to the words. Burns had a distinct advantage.

GLOSSARY OF SCOTCH WORDS

A number of Scotch words differ from corresponding English words by a single vowel, such as: aften *often*; blaw *blow*; saul *soul*; etc. Such words are not in this list.

a' <i>all</i>	bicker <i>hurrying</i>
aboon <i>above</i>	bide <i>endure</i>
ae <i>one</i>	big <i>to build</i>
aiblins <i>perhaps</i>	biggin <i>house</i>
aik <i>oak</i>	billies <i>comrades</i>
ain <i>own</i>	birks <i>birches</i>
airns <i>irons</i>	biel'd <i>shelter</i>
airts <i>directions</i>	birkie <i>proud fellow</i>
aiths <i>oaths</i>	blae <i>bleak</i>
alak <i>alas</i>	blate <i>bashful</i>
amaist <i>almost</i>	blellum <i>blusterer</i>
an <i>if</i>	blether <i>idle talk</i>
auld <i>old</i>	blinks <i>glasses</i>
ava <i>at all</i>	bluid <i>blood</i>
ay <i>ever</i>	bluntie <i>a stupid person</i>
ba' <i>ball</i>	bocket <i>gushed</i>
baith <i>both</i>	boddle <i>cent</i>
barmy <i>yeastie</i>	bogie <i>a hobgoblin</i>
bashing <i>abashed</i>	boisses <i>drinks</i>
bawsnt <i>having a white</i> <i>stripe on a horse's face</i>	bracken <i>fern</i>
bear <i>barley</i>	braes <i>heights</i>
beets <i>warms</i>	braid <i>broad</i>
ben <i>in</i>	brattle <i>outburst</i>
beuk <i>book</i>	braw <i>gay</i>
	brawly <i>heartily</i>
	braxies <i>dead sheep</i>

GLOSSARY OF SCOTCH WORDS

<p> brent <i>polished</i> brock <i>badger</i> brulyie <i>broil</i> brunt <i>burned</i> buirdly <i>stately</i> bum <i>to hum</i> bunker <i>recess</i> bure <i>did bear</i> burn <i>stream</i> bum clock <i>night beetle</i> buskit <i>dressed</i> but <i>without</i> byke or bike <i>bees' nest</i> byre <i>cow stable</i> </p> <p> ca' <i>call</i> caff <i>chaff</i> cairds <i>tinkers</i> callans <i>boys</i> canna <i>cannot</i> cannie <i>carefully, gentle</i> cantie <i>cheery</i> cantraip <i>magic</i> carl-hemp <i>male stalk of hemp</i> carlin <i>dame</i> cartes <i>cards</i> cast-out <i>quarrel</i> cauld <i>cold</i> chanters <i>tunepipe in bag- pipes</i> chapman <i>pedler</i> chiels <i>good fellows</i> chittering <i>shivering</i> claes <i>clothes</i> clavers <i>gossiping</i> clarkit <i>clerked</i> clash <i>gossiping</i> claut <i>handful</i> cleads <i>clothes</i> </p>	<p> cleekit <i>linked</i> clout <i>to patch</i> cood <i>cud</i> coofs <i>blockheads</i> core <i>corps</i> couthie <i>loving</i> coft <i>bought</i> cowe <i>humbling</i> cowrin <i>cowering</i> crackin <i>conversing</i> cracks <i>stories</i> cranreuch <i>hoar frost</i> crambo <i>jingle, rhyming</i> craze <i>wear out</i> creel <i>whirl</i> creechie <i>greasy</i> croods <i>coos</i> croon <i>a moan</i> crooning <i>humming</i> crouse <i>gleefully</i> crummock <i>staff</i> crunt <i>knock on head</i> cushat <i>wood pigeon</i> cutty <i>short</i> </p> <p> daffin <i>frollicking</i> daft <i>foolish</i> dashing <i>ashamed</i> daur <i>dare</i> deave <i>deafen</i> dens <i>heights</i> describe <i>describe</i> dight <i>to winnow</i> dine <i>noon</i> dinna <i>do not</i> dirl <i>vibrate</i> dizen <i>day's work in spinning</i> donsie <i>neat</i> douce <i>prudent</i> </p>
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GLOSSARY OF SCOTCH WORDS

dour *stubborn*
 dowf *spiritless*
 downa *cannot*
 dreeping *dripping*
 drouthy *thirsty*
 drumlie *muddy*
 droukit *drenched*
 dub *mud*
 duddies *ragged clothing*
 dunts *blows*
 dusht *attacked*
 dyke *sod fence*
 dyvor *bankrupt*

e'e *eye*
 een *eyes*
 eerie *ghostly*
 eild *old age*
 eldritch *unearthly*
 ettle *attempt*
 eydent *diligent*

fa' *fall or lot*
 fain *fond or glad*
 fand *found*
 fash *trouble*
 fause *false*
 fauts *faults*
 fawsant *decent*
 fecht *fight*
 fell *keen*
 fells *uplands*
 fen *shift*
 ferlie or ferly *marvel*
 fidge *fidget*
 fient *deuce*
 fier *sound*
 fiere *a friend*
 fit *foot*
 flichter *flutter*

flingin'-tree *a flail*
 foggage *green growth*
 forfoughten *worn out*
 frae *from*
 fyke *to fret*

gab *mouth*
 gaed *went*
 gae *to go*
 gang *to go*
 gars *makes*
 gart *made*
 gash *wise*
 gate *manner*
 gaun *going*
 gawsie *large*
 gear *wealth*
 gentle *gentry*
 gie *give*
 gif *if*
 glint *to shine briefly*
 gloamin' *twilight*
 girnin *grinning*
 glaikit *giddy*
 gowan *daisy*
 gowd *gold*
 granes *groans*
 gree *victory*
 greet *cry*
 groat *4 pence*
 gude *good*
 guid *good*
 grushie *large growth*

ha' *hall*
 hae *have*
 haffets *temples (of head)*
 hafflins *half*
 ha'-folk *servants*
 hain *to spare*

GLOSSARY OF SCOTCH WORDS

haith <i>a petty oath</i>	jo <i>sweetheart</i>
hale <i>whole or health</i>	jouk <i>dodge</i>
halesome <i>wholesome</i>	
hallan <i>threshold, partition</i>	keek <i>a peep</i>
hap <i>a wrap</i>	kennin <i>slight degree</i>
happing <i>hopping</i>	kens <i>knows</i>
har'st <i>harvest</i>	kent <i>knew</i>
harn <i>flax</i>	kiaugh <i>anxiety</i>
hashes <i>fools</i>	kirn <i>a churn</i>
haud <i>hold</i>	kittle <i>difficult</i>
haughs <i>lowlana</i>	knap <i>to strike</i>
havers <i>nonsense</i>	knowe <i>knoll</i>
havins <i>manners</i>	kye <i>cow</i>
hawkie <i>a cow</i>	
hech <i>alas</i>	lairing <i>sinking</i>
herds <i>shepherds</i>	laith <i>loath</i>
her'n <i>heron</i>	lallans <i>lowlands</i>
hie <i>high</i>	lane <i>alone</i>
hirplin <i>limping</i>	lank <i>listless</i>
hirsels <i>flocks</i>	lap <i>wrapt</i>
histie <i>parched</i>	lave <i>the rest</i>
hizzies <i>lively girls</i>	lav'rock <i>lark</i>
hog-shouther <i>to jostle</i>	lea'e <i>leave</i>
hoolie <i>softly</i>	lear <i>learning</i>
hostin <i>coughing</i>	lift <i>sky</i>
howlets <i>owls</i>	limmer <i>a low woman</i>
howes <i>valleys</i>	lint <i>flax</i>
howket <i>dug up</i>	lintwhites <i>linnets</i>
hurdiess <i>hips</i>	loe <i>love</i>
	loof <i>palm of hand</i>
i' <i>in</i>	louns <i>rascals</i>
ilk <i>each</i>	louping <i>leaping</i>
ilka <i>every</i>	lowe <i>flame</i>
ingle <i>fire place</i>	luntin <i>smoking</i>
ither <i>each other</i>	lyart <i>gray</i>
jads <i>jades</i>	mailen <i>farm</i>
jauk <i>to trifle</i>	maist <i>almost</i>
jimp <i>small, slender</i>	maukin <i>hare</i>
jinkin' <i>dodging</i>	marled <i>parti-colored</i>

GLOSSARY OF SCOTCH WORDS

<p> maun <i>must</i> mavis <i>thrush</i> meikle <i>big, much</i> meldar <i>grist</i> messan <i>cur</i> minnie <i>mother</i> mirk <i>dark</i> mistauk <i>mistook</i> moil <i>drudgery</i> mondieworts <i>moles</i> monie <i>many</i> mou' <i>mouth</i> muckle <i>much</i> muslin-kail <i>broth without</i> <i>meat</i> na <i>not</i> nae <i>no</i> naig <i>horse</i> nappy <i>ale</i> neuk <i>nook</i> neist <i>next</i> noddle <i>brain</i> nor <i>than</i> nowt <i>bulls</i> ourie <i>outlying</i> owre <i>over</i> owsen <i>oxen</i> paidl'd <i>waded</i> paitrick <i>partridge</i> parritch <i>porridge</i> pattle <i>plow spade</i> paunch <i>stomach</i> pawkie <i>roguish</i> pechan <i>the stomach</i> pechin <i>panting</i> penny fee <i>wages</i> plaitie <i>saucer</i> </p>	<p> plenished <i>stocked</i> pleugh <i>plow</i> poind <i>attach or seize</i> poortith <i>poverty</i> pouch <i>pocket</i> pou'd <i>pulled</i> pow <i>head</i> propone <i>to propose</i> pyles <i>grains</i> quean <i>girl</i> rair <i>roar</i> ram-stam <i>thoughtless</i> rant <i>rampage</i> raxin <i>clastic</i> ream <i>froth</i> reeks <i>smokes</i> red <i>advise</i> rief <i>robbery</i> rigs <i>ridges</i> rives <i>tears up</i> roon <i>salvage</i> rowes <i>rolls</i> rowte <i>to bellow</i> rowth <i>plenty, abundance</i> rowtin <i>lowing</i> rung <i>a cudgel</i> sae <i>so</i> sair <i>sore or to serve</i> sairs <i>serves</i> sall <i>shall</i> sark <i>shirt</i> schach'lt <i>mis-shapen</i> scaur <i>a jutting cliff</i> scho <i>she</i> sraichin <i>screeching</i> screed <i>a rent</i> scrimpit <i>scant</i> </p>
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GLOSSARY OF SCOTCH WORDS

scum <i>bluff</i>	stents <i>dues</i>
sconner <i>disgust, nauseate</i>	stirk <i>a young bullock</i>
shackl'd <i>shapeless</i>	stowp <i>measure</i>
shaird <i>a shred</i>	stowed <i>stored</i>
shaws <i>woods</i>	stoure <i>turmoil</i>
shearer <i>reaper</i>	stown <i>stolen</i>
shearing <i>reaping</i>	stow'nlins <i>stealthily</i>
sheuch <i>ditch</i>	stowrie <i>dusty</i>
shoon <i>shoes</i>	strath <i>vale</i>
shools <i>shovels</i>	sturt <i>distress</i>
sic <i>such</i>	sud <i>should</i>
sidelins <i>side-long</i>	sugh <i>a sighing sound</i>
sin' <i>since</i>	sumph <i>stupid fellow</i>
skellum <i>scallywag</i>	swat <i>swated</i>
skelpit <i>hurried</i>	swats <i>new ale</i>
sklent <i>slant</i>	swith <i>swift</i>
skouth <i>slope</i>	syne <i>then, since</i>
slap <i>gate</i>	
sma' <i>small</i>	taen <i>taken</i>
smytrie <i>trifle</i>	tak' <i>take</i>
snash <i>insolence</i>	tassie <i>cup</i>
smeek <i>smoke</i>	tent <i>notice</i>
snell <i>biting</i>	tentless <i>careless</i>
snick <i>latch</i>	tentie <i>attentively</i>
snool <i>sneak</i>	tether <i>halter</i>
sonsie <i>jolly, plump</i>	thack <i>thatch</i>
souter <i>shoemaker</i>	thae <i>those</i>
sowth <i>whistle softly</i>	thole <i>endure</i>
spean <i>wean</i>	thrang <i>busy</i>
speel <i>climb</i>	thrave <i>24 sheaves</i>
spier <i>ask</i>	threap <i>maintain</i>
sprattle <i>scramble</i>	till <i>to</i>
stacher <i>stagger</i>	timmer <i>timber</i>
staulkin' <i>walking with</i>	tint <i>lost</i>
<i>dignity</i>	tippeny <i>two penny ale</i>
staw <i>stole</i>	tittie <i>sister</i>
stechin <i>panting from</i>	tocher <i>dowry</i>
<i>overeating</i>	tousie <i>shaggy</i>
steer <i>to stir</i>	trashrie <i>trash</i>
sten <i>bound</i>	trowth <i>indeed</i>

GLOSSARY OF SCOTCH WORDS

twad <i>would</i>	wauket-loof <i>hand</i> <i>hard-</i>
tyke <i>dog</i>	<i>ened by work</i>
unco <i>strange, very</i>	wauket <i>thickened</i>
uncos <i>strange things</i>	waulie <i>loveable</i>
usquabae <i>whisky</i>	weans <i>children</i>
vauntie <i>boastful</i>	weet <i>wet</i>
wa' <i>wall</i>	whalpit <i>whelped</i>
wad <i>would</i>	whiddin' <i>running</i>
wae <i>sad or woe</i>	whids <i>capers</i>
walie <i>jolly, large</i>	whins <i>furze</i>
wales <i>selects</i>	whyles <i>sometimes</i>
wallop <i>struggle</i>	wi' <i>with</i>
waly <i>goodly</i>	wimple <i>to wind</i>
ware <i>worn</i>	wrack <i>trouble</i>
warlock <i>wizard</i>	wyle <i>beguile</i>
warsle <i>wrestle</i>	yerket <i>jerked</i>
I wat <i>I know</i>	yestreen <i>yestere'en</i>
	yill <i>ale</i>
	yowes <i>ewes</i>

GLOSSARY OF SCOTCH PHRASES

<p>Adaimen icker in a thrave <i>one ear of grain in a large shock</i> clant o' gear <i>deal of money</i> court day <i>rent day</i> deil haett <i>deil a whit</i> fain o' ither <i>fond of each other</i> far seen <i>deeply learned</i> fient hate o' <i>not a whit of</i> forfoughten sair enough <i>tired enough</i> gae wi'm <i>go with him</i> gang aft agley <i>often mis-carry</i> gude willie-waught <i>a friendly drink</i> han'daurg <i>hand labor</i> i your tail <i>abaft</i> lang syne <i>long since</i> lee lang night <i>whole night</i> lettered Geordie <i>stamped guinea</i> no think lang <i>not find it dull</i> pack an' thick <i>friendly and intimate</i></p>	<p>rantin kirns <i>jolly harvest-homes</i> reaming swats <i>foaming ale</i> reck the rede <i>attend to the advice</i> sneeshin mill <i>snuffbox</i> stick and stoure <i>totally snuffed and snowkit</i> <i>smelled and powked</i> stookit raw <i>row of shocks of grain</i> tak tent <i>be cautious</i> tak the gate <i>set out home-ward</i> tapsalterie <i>topsey turvey</i> the fient <i>not a bit</i> took the sands <i>fled to the sea-shore</i> to the nine <i>to perfection</i> thack and rape <i>thatch and rope; in proper condition</i> wearin' through <i>getting in late</i> wee blastit wonner <i>blasted little sinner</i> weel haimed kebbuck fell <i>well saved cheese</i></p>
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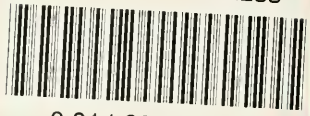
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