

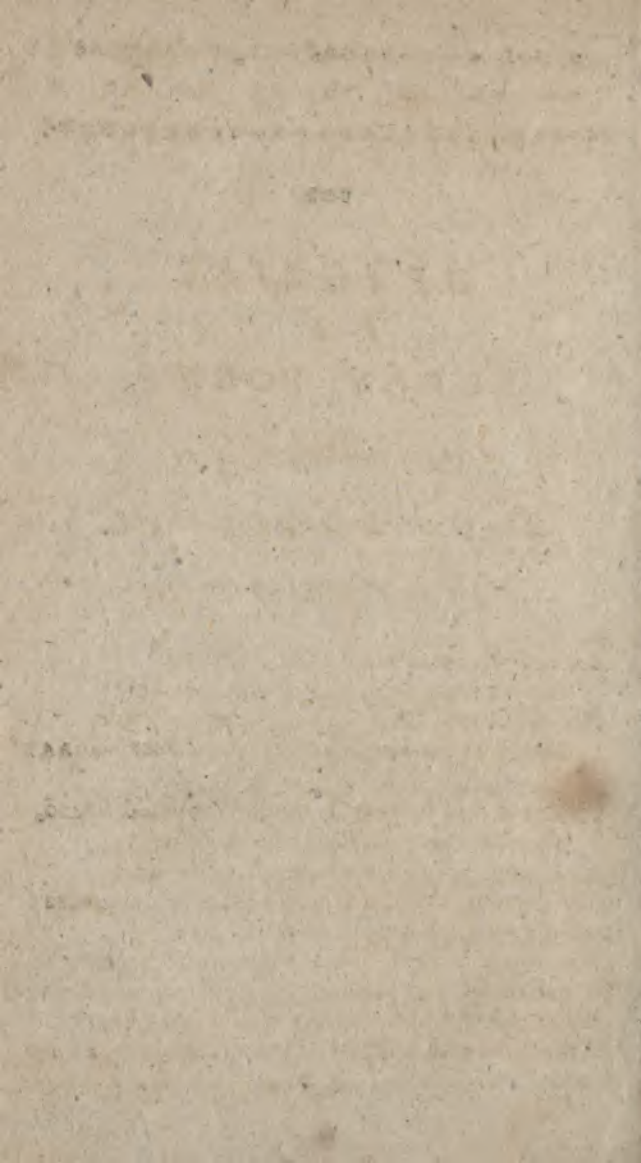
THE
BEAUTIES
OF
Burn's Poems:

CONSISTING OF
THE MOST ADMIRABLE PIECES
OF THAT CELEBRATED
SCOTS POET.



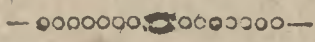
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THE
 BEAUTIES
 OF
 BURNS' POEMS.



The Cotter's Saturday-Night.

INSCRIBED TO R. A****, Esq.

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

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

November chill blaws loud wi' angry sigh;
 The short'ning winter day is near a close;
 The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh;
 The black'ning train o' craws to their repose:
 The toil-worn Cotter frae his labour goes,
 This night his weekly toil is at an end,
 Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
 Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
 And weary, owre the muir, his course does
 homeward bend.

At length his lonely Cot appears in view,
 Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;
 Th' expecting wee-things, to'lin-stacher through
 To meet their Dad, wi' flighterin noise and glee.
 His wee-bit ingle blinkin bonny,
 His clean hearth-stane, his thrifty Wife's smile,
 The lispin infant, prattling on his knee,
 Does a' his weary carking cares beguile,
 And maks him quite forget his labour and his toil.

Belyve the elder bairns come drappin in,
 At service out amang the farmers roun';
 Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin
 A cannie errand to a neibour town:
 Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,
 In youthful bloom love sparklin in her ee,
 Comes home, perhaps, to shew a braw new gown,
 Or deposit her sair-won penny-fee,
 To help her parents dear, if they in hard-ship be,
 Wi' joy, unfeign'd brothers and sisters meet,
 And each for other's wiefare kindly spiers;
 The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnotic'd fleet;
 Each tells the uncós that he sees or hears;

The parents, partial, ee their hopefu' years;
 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 younkers 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 ye gang astray.
 Implore his counsel and assisting might:
 They never sought in vain, that sought the Lord
 aright.

But hark! a rap comes gently to the door:
 Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
 Tells how a neibour lad came owre the moor,
 To do some errands, and ccavoy her hame.
 The wily mother sees the conscious flame-
 Sparkle in Jenny's ee, and flush her cheek;
 Wi' heart-struck anxious care inquires his name,
 While Jenny hassins is afraid to speak:
 Weel pleas'd, the mother hears it's nae wild worth-
 less rake.

With kindly welcome Jenny brings him ben;
 A strappin youth; he tak's the mother's eye;
 Blythe Jenny sees the visit's nò ill ta'en.
 The father cracks o' horses, pleugh, and kye.
 The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
 But blate and laithfu', scarce can weel behave;

The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
 What makes the youth sae bashfu' and sae grave;
 Weel pleas'd to think her bairn's respectit like the lave

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

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

But now the supper crowns the simple board,
 The healsome Parritch, chief of Scotia's food,
 The sorce 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 kebbeck fell,
 And aft he's prest, and aft he ca's it gude;
 The frugal Wise, garrulous, will tell
 How 'twas a townond 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 haffats wearing thin and bare;
 Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
 He wails a portion with judicious care;
 And 'Let us worship God,' he says, wi' solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
 They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim;
 Perhaps Dundee's wild-warbling measures rise,
 Or plaintive Martyrs', worthy of the name;
 Or noble Elgin beats the heav'n-ward flame,
 The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays;
 Compar'd with these, Italian trills are tame:
 The tickl'd ears nae heart-felt raptures raise;
 Nae unison they hae with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like Father reads the sacred page,
 How Abram was the Friend of God on high;
 Or Moses had eternal warfare rage
 With Amalek's ungracious progeny;
 Or how the royal Bard did groaning lie
 Beneath the stroke of Heav'n's avenging ire;
 Or Job's pathetic 'plaint, and wailing cry;
 Or wrapt Isaiah's wild seraphic fire;
 Or other Holy Seers, that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian Volume is the theme,
 How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
 How He, who bore in heaven the second name,
 Had not on earth whereon to lay his head:

How his first followers and servants sped;
 The precepts sage they wrote to many a land;
 How he, who 'lone in Patmos banished,
 Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand!
 And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounc'd by
 Heaven's command!

Then kneeling down to Heav'n'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.

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 every grace, except the heart!
 The Power, incens'd, the pageant will desert,
 The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole:
 But, hap'ly, in some cottage, far apart,
 May hear, well-pleas'd, the language of the soul,
 And in His Book of Life the inmates poor enrol.

Then homeward all take off their several way;
 The youngling Cottagers retire to rest;
 The parent-pair their secret homage pay,
 And proffer up to Heav'n the warm request,
 That He, who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,
 And decks the lily fair in flowery pride,

† POPE'S *Windsor-Forest*.

Would, in the way His wisdom sees the best,
 For them and for their little ones provide;
 But chiefly in their hearts with Grace divine preside.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
 That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad:
 Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
 ' An honest man's the noblest work of God.'
 And certes, in fair Virtue's heavenly road,
 The Cottage leaves the Palace far behind:
 What is a lordship's pomp? a cumbrous load,
 Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
 Studied in arts of Hell, is wickedness refin'd!

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

O Thou who pour'd the patriotic tide,
 That stream'd thro' Wallace's undaunted heart,
 Who dar'd to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
 Or nobly die, the second glorious part!
 The patriot's GOD peculiarly thou art,
 His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!
 O never, never Scotia's realm desert,
 But still the Patriot and the patriot-Bard,
 In bright succession rise, her Ornament and Guard.

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

Gudeman, quo' he, put up your whittle,
I'm no design'd to try its mettle;
But if I did, it wad be kittle
To be mislear'd,
I wadna mind it, no that spittle
Out-owre my beard.

Weel, weel, says I, a bargain be't;
Come, gies your hand, and sae we're gree't;
We'll ease our shanks and tak a seat:
Come gies your news;
This while * ye hae been mony a gate,
At mony a house.

Ay, ay! quo he, and shook his head,
It's e'en a lang, lang time indeed,
Sin' I began to nick the thread,
And choke the breath:
Fock maun dō something for their bread,
And sae maun Death.

Sax thousand years are nearhand fled,
Sin' I was to the butching bred;
And mony a scheme in vain's been laid
To stap or scar me;
Till ane Hornbook's † taen up the trade,
And faith he'll waur me.

* *An epidemical fever was then raging in that country.*

† *This Gentleman, Dr. HORNBOOK, is professionally a brother of the Sovereign Order of the*

Ye ken *Jock Hornbook* i' the Clachan,
 Deil mak his king's-hood in a splenchan !
 He's grown sae weel acquaint wi' Buchan *,
 And ither chaps,
 The weans had cut their fingers, laughin,
 And pouk my hips.

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

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

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

I drew my scythe in sic a fury,
 I near-hand cowpit wi' my hurry:

Ferula; but, by intuition and inspiration, is at once
 an Apothecary, Surgeon, and Physician.

* BUCHAN'S Domestic Medicines

But yet the bauld Apothecary
 Withstood the shock;
 I might as weel hae tried a quarry
 O' hard whin-rock.

Ev'n them he canna get attended,
 Altho' their face he ne'er had kend it,
 Just — in a kail-blade, and send it,
 As soon's he smells't,
 Baith their disease, and what will mend it,
 At ance he tells't.

And then o' doctors' saws and whittlss,
 Of a' dimensions, shapes, and mettles,
 A' kinds o' boxes, mugs, and bottles,
 He's sure to hae:
 Their Latin names as fast he rattles,
 As A, B, C.

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

Forbye some new, uncommon weapons,
 Urinus spiritus o' capons;
 Or mite-horn shavings, filings, scrapings;
 Distill'd per se;
 Sal alkali o' midge-tail clippings,
 And mony mae.

Waes me for Johnny Ged's hole * new,
 Quoth I, if that thae news be true!
 His braw calf-ward, whare gowans grew
 Sae white and bonny,
 Nae doubt they'll rive it wi' the plow;
 They'll ruin Johnny!

The creature grain'd an eldritch laugh,
 And says, Ye needa yoke the pleugh,
 Kirkyards will soon be till'd enough,
 Tak ye nae fear:
 They'll a' be trench'd wi' mony a sheugh,
 In twa-three year.

Whare I kill'd ane a fair strae death,
 By loss o' blude, or want o' breath,
 This night I'm free to tak my aith,
 That *Hornbook's* skill;
 Has clad a score i' their last claith,
 By drap and pill.

An honest wabster to his trade,
 Wha's wife's twa nieves were scarce weel-bred,
 Gat tippence worth to mend her head,
 When it was sair;
 The wife slade cannie to her bed,
 But ne'er spak mair!

A countra Laird had taen the bats,
 Or some curmurring in his guts,
 His only son for *Hornbook* sets,
 And pays him well;

* *The Grave-digger.*

The lad, for twa gude gimmer pets,
Was Laird himsel.

A bonny lass, ye ken her name,
Some ih-brewn drink had hov'd her wame,
She trusts hersel, to hide the shame,
In *Hornbook's* care :
Horn sent her aff to her lang hame,
To hide it there.

That's just a swatch o' *Hornbook's* way ;
Thus goes he on from day to day,
Thus does he poison, kill, and slay,
An's weel paid for't :
Yet stops me o' my lawfu' prey,
Wi' his d—n'd dirt.

But hark ! I'll tell you o' a plot,
Tho' dinna ye be speaking o't,
I'll nail the self-conceited sot
As dead's a herrin ;
Neist time we meet, I'll wad a groat,
He gets his fairin,

But just as he began to tell,
The auld kirk hammer strak the bell,
Some wee short hour ayont the twal,
Which rais'd us baith .
I took the way that pleas'd mysel,
And see did Death.

The Brigs of Ayr.

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 piercing red-breast shrill.
 Or deep-ton'd plovers, grey, wild-whistling o'er
 the hill;

Shall he, nurst in the peasant's lonely shed,
 To hardy Independence bravely bred,
 By early Poverty to hardship steel'd,
 And train'd to arms in stern Misfortune's field;
 Shall he be guilty of their hireling crimes,
 The servile, mercenary Swiss of rhymes!
 Or labour hard the panegyric close,
 With all the venal soul of dedicating Prose!
 No! though his artless strains he rudely sings,
 And throws his hand uncouthly o'er the strings,
 He glows with all the spirit of the Bard,
 Fame, honest fame, his great, his dear reward.
 Still, if some Patron's gen'rous care he trace,
 Skill'd in the secret, to bestow with grace;
 When B.,..... befriends his humble name,
 And hands the rustic stranger up to fame,
 With heart-felt throes his grateful bosom swells,
 The godlike bliss, to give, alone excels.

.....

'Twas when the stacks get on their-winter hap,
 And thack and rape secure the toil-worn crap;
 Potatoe-bings are snugged up frae skaith
 Of coming Winter's biting frosty breath;

The bees rejoicing o'er their summer toils,
 Unnumber'd buds and flow'rs, delicious spoils,
 Seal'd up with frugal care in massive waxen piles,
 Are doom'd by man, that tyrant o'er the weak,
 The death o' dseivils, smoor'd wi' brunstane reek!
 The thundering guns are heard on ev'ry side,
 The wounded coveys reeling, scatter wide:
 The feather'd field-mates, bound by nature's tie,
 Sires, mothers, children, in one carnage lie:
 (What warm, poetic heart but inly bleeds,
 And execrates man's savage, ruthless deeds!)
 Nae mair the flow'r in field or meadow springs;
 Nae mair the grove with airy concert rings,
 Except, perhaps, the Robin's whistling glee,
 Proud o' the height o' some but hauf-lang tree;
 The hoary morn precedes the sunny days,
 Mild, calm, serene, wide spreads the noontide blaze,
 While thick the gossamer waves wanton in the rays. }
 'Twas in that season when a simple Bard,
 Unknown and poor, simplicity's reward,
 Ae night, within the ancient Brugh o' Ayr,
 By whim inspir'd, or hap'ly prest wi' care,
 He left his bed, and took his wayward rout,
 And down by Simpson's * wheel'd the left about
 (Whether impell'd by all-directing Fate,
 To witness what I after shall narrate;
 Or whether, rapt in meditation high,
 He wander'd out he knew not where or why).
 The drowsy Dungeon-clock had number'd two,
 And Wallace's Tow'r † had sworn the fact was true;

* A noted Tavern at the Auld Brig-end.

† The two Steeples.

'The tide-swoln Frith, with sullen sounding roar,
 Through the still night dash'd hoarse along the shore :
 All else was hush'd as Nature's closed ee ;
 The silent moon shone high o'er tow'r and tree :
 The chilly frost, beneath the silver beam,
 Crept, gently cruising, o'er the glittering stream—]
 When lo ! on either hand, the list'ning Bard,
 The clanging sigh of whistling wings is heard ;
 Two dusky forms dart thro' the midnight air,
 Swift as the Goss * drives on the wheeling hare ;
 Ane on the Auld Brig his airy shape uprears,
 The ither flutters o'er the rising piers.
 Our warlock Rhymer instantly descry'd
 The Sp'rits that owre the Brigs of Ayr preside :
 (That Bards are second-sighted is nae joke,
 And ken the lingo o' the spiritual folk ;
 Fays, Spankies, Kelpies, a', they can explain them ;
 And ev'n the very Diels they brawly ken them) :
 Auld Brig appear'd of ancient Pictish race,
 The very wrinkles Gothic in his face ;
 He seem'd as he wi' time had warsl'd lang,
 Yet, toughly doure, he bade an unco bang.
 New Brig was buskit in a braw new coat,
 That he, at Lon'on, frae ane Adams, got ;
 In's hand five taper-staves, as smooth's a bead,
 Wi' virls and whirlygigums at the head.
 The Goth was stalking round wi' anxious search,
 Spying the time-worn flaws in ev'ry arch ;
 It chanc'd his new come neibour took his ee,
 And e'en a vex'd and langry heart had he :
 Wi' thieveless sneer to see his modish mein,
 He, down the water, gies him thus gude-e'en.—

* *The Goss-hawk, or Falcon.*

AULD BRIG.

I doubtna' frien', ye'll think ye're nae sheep-shank,
 Ance ye were streakit out frae bank to bank,
 But gin ye be a brig as lang as me,
 Tho' faith that day, I doubt, ye'll never see,
 There'll be, if that date come, I'll wad a boddle,
 Some fewer whigmeleeries in your noddle.

NEW BRIG.

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

AULD BRIG.

Conceited gowk! puff'd up wi' windy pride!
 This mony a year I've stood the flood and tide;
 And tho' wi' crazy eild I'm sair forfairn,
 I'll be a brig wher ye're a shapeless cairn!
 As yet ye little ken about the matter,
 But twa-three winters will inform you better,
 When heavy, dark, continued a'-day rains,
 Wi' deepening deluges o'erflow the plains;
 When from the hills whare springs the brawling Col,
 Or stately Lugar's mossy fountains boil,

* A noted ford, just above the Auld Brig.

Or whare the Greenock winds his moorland course,
 Or haunted Garpel † draws his feeble source,
 Arous'd by blust'ring winds, and spotting thowes,
 In many a torrent down the snaw-broo rowes;
 While crashing ice, borne on the roaring speat,
 Sweep dams, and mills, an' brigs, a' to the gate:
 And from Glenbuck ‡ down to the Ratton-Key §,
 Auld Ayr is just one lengthen'd tumbling sea:
 Then down ye hurl,—deil nor ye never rise;
 And dash the jumblic jaups up to the pouring skies:
 A lesson sadly teaching, to your cost,
 That Architecture's noble art is lost.

NEW BRIG.

Fine Architecture, trowth, I needs must say o't!
 The D—l bethankit that we've tint the gate o't:
 Gaunt, ghastily, ghaist-alluring edifices,
 Hanging, with threat'ning, just like precipieces,
 O'er-arching mouldy, gloom-inspiring coves,
 Supporting roof's fantastic, stony groves;
 Windows and floors in nameless sculptures drest,
 With order, symmetry, or taste unblest;
 Forms, like some bedlam-statuary dream,
 The craz'd creations of misguided whim;
 Forms might be worship'd on the bended knee,
 And still the second dread command be free,
 Their likeness is not found in earth, or air, or sea; }

† *The banks of Garpel-Water is one of the few places in the Wst of Scotland, where those fancy-scarings, known by the name of Ghaists, still continue pertinaciously to inhabit.*

‡ *The source of the river of Ayr.*

§ *A small landing-place above the large quay.*

Mansions that would disgrace the building-taste,
 Of any mason, reptile, bird, or beast;
 Fit only for a doited monkish race,
 Or frosty maids, forsworn the dear embrace;
 Or cuifs of latter times, wha held the notion,
 That sullen gloom was sterling, true devotion.
 Fancies that our gude Burgh denies protection,
 And soon may they expire, unblest with resurrection.

AULD BRIG.

O ye, my dear remember'd, ancient yealings,
 Were ye but here to share my wounded feelings:
 Ye worthy Provosses and mony a Bailie,
 Wha in the paths o' righteousness did toil ay;
 Ye dainty Deacons, and ye douce Conveeners,
 To whom our moderns are but causey-cleaners;
 Ye godly Councils, wha hae blest this town;
 Ye godly brethren of the sacred gown,
 Wha meekly gae our hudies to the smiters;
 (And what would now be strange) ye godly Writers:
 And ye douce fock I've born aboon the broo,
 Were ye but here, what would ye say or do?
 How would your spirits groan in deep vexation,
 To see each melancholy alteration:
 And, agonizing, curse the time and place
 When ye begat the base degenerate race!
 Nae langer Rev'fend Men, their country's glory,
 In plain braid Scots hold forth a plain braid story!
 Nae langer thrifty Citizens and douce,
 Meet owre a pint, or in the Council house;
 Nae stummel, corky-headed, graceless Gentry,
 The herriment and ruin o' the country;
 Men, three parts made by Tailors and by Barbers,
 Wha waste your weel-hain'd gear on a—d new brig
 and harbours!

NEW BRIG.

Now hand you there! for faith ye've said enow,
 And muckle mair than ye can mak to through,
 And for your Priesthood, I shall say but little,
 Corbies and Clergy are a shot right kittle:
 But, under favour of your langer beard,
 Abuse o' Magistrates might weel be spar'd;
 To liken them to your auld warl's quad,
 I must needs say, comparisons are odd.
 In Ayr, Wag-wits nae mair can hae a handle
 To mouth a *Citizen*, a term o' scandai;
 Nae mair the Council waddles down the street,
 In a' the pomp of ignorant conceit;
 Men wha grew wise prigg'in owre hōps and raisins,
 Or gather'd lib'ral views in bonds and seisins.
 If hap'ly Knowledge, on a random tramp,
 Had shor'd them with a glimmer o' his lamp,
 And wad to Common-sense for once betray'd them,
 Plain dull Stupidity stept kindly in to aid them.

.....

What farther clishmaclaver might have been said,
 What bloody wars, if Sp'rits had blood to shed,
 No man can tell; but all before their sight,
 A fairy train appear'd in order bright!
 Adown the glittering stream they featly danc'd,
 Bright to the moon their various dresses glanc'd,
 While arts of minstrelsy among them rung,
 And soul-enobling Bards heroic ditties sung!
 O had M'Lauchlan †, thairm-inspiring Sage,
 Been there to hear this heavenly band engage,
 When thro' his dear Strathspeys they bore with
 Highland rage!

† A well-known Professor of Scottish Music.

Or when they struck old Scotia's melting airs,
 The lover's raptur'd joys or bleeding cares;
 How would his Highlan^r. lug been nobler fir'd,
 And ev'n his matchless hand with finer touch inspir'd,
 No guess could tell what instrument appear'd,
 But all the soul of Music's self was heard;
 Harmonious concert rung in ev'ry part,
 While simple melody pour'd moving on the heart.
 The Genius of the stream in front appears,
 A venerable chief advanc'd in years,
 His hoary head with water-lillies crown'd,
 His manly leg with garter tangle bound.
 Next came the loveliest pair in all the ring,
 Sweet female Beauty, hand in hand with Spring:
 Then crown'd with flowery bay, came Rural Joy,
 And Summer, with his fervid beaming eye:
 All-cheering Plenty, with her flowing horn,
 Led yellow Autumn wreath'd with nodding corn:
 Then Winter's time-bleach'd locks did hoary show,
 By Hospitality with cloudless brow.
 Next follow'd Courage, with his martial stride,
 From whence the Feal wild woody coverts hide:
 Benevolence, with mild, benignant air,
 A female form, came from the towers of Stair:
 Learning and worth in equal measures trode,
 From simple Catrine, their long-liv'd abode:
 They footed o'er the watery glass so neat,
 The infant Ice, scarce bent beneath their feet.
 Last white-rob'd Peace, crown'd with a hazle wreath,
 To rustic Agriculture did bequeath
 The broken iron instruments of death:
 At sight of which, our Sp'rits fergat their kindling
 wrath.

The Twa Dogs.—A TALE.

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

The first I'll name, they ca'd him Cæsar,
Was keepit for his Honor's pleasure;
His hair, his size, his mouth, his lugs,
Shaw'd he was nane o' Scotland's dogs,
But whaipit some place far abroad,
Where sailors gang to fish for cod.

His locked, letter'd braw brass collar,
Shaw'd him the gentleman and scholar
But though he was of high degree,
The fient a pride, nae pride had he,
But wad hae spent an hour caressin
E'n a wi' a tinkler gypsey's messin:
At kirk or market, mill or smiddie,
Nae tawted tyke though e'er sae duddie,
But he wad stant't as glad to see him,
And stroan't on stanes and hillocks wi' him.

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

† CUCHULLIN'S Dog, in OSSIAN'S Fingal.

He was a gash and 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 touzie back
 Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy black;
 His gaucie tail, wi' upward curl,
 Hung o'er his hardies wi' a swirl.

Nae doubt but they were fain o' ither;
 And naco pack and thick thegither;
 Wi' social nose whyles snuff'd and snowkit:
 Whyles rice and moudieworts they howkit;
 Whyles scout'd awa in lang excursion,
 And worry'd ither in diversion,
 Until wi' daffin weary grown,
 Upon a knowe they sat them down,
 And there began a lang digression
 About the lards o' the creation.

CÆSAR.

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

Our Laird gets in his racket rents,
 His coals, his kain, and 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 bonny silken purse
 As lang's my tail, whare, through the steeks,
 The yellow-letter'd Geordie keeks.

Frae morn to e'en it's nought but tailing,
 At baking, roasting, frying, boiling;

And though the gentry first are stechin,
 Yet e'en the ha' fock fill their pechan
 Wi' sauce, ragouts, and sicklike trashtrie,
 That's little short o' downright waistrie,
 Our whipper-inn, wee blastit wonner,
 Boor worthless elf, it eats a dinner
 Petter than ony tenant man
 His Honour has in a' the lan'!
 And what poor cõt-fock put their painch in.
 I own it's past my comprehension.

LUATH.

Trowth. Cæsar. wiryles they're fash't enough:
 A cotter howkin in a sleugh,
 Wi' dirty stanes biggin a dyke,
 Baring a quarry, and sicklike,
 Himsel, a wife, he thus sustains,
 A smytrie o' wee duddie weans,
 And nought but his han'-daurg, to keep
 Thes tight and tight in thack and rape.

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

CÆSAR.

But then, to see how ye're neglectit,
 How huff'd, and cuff'd, and disrespectit!
 —d, man, our gentry care as little
 For delvers, ditchers, as for cattle;
 They gang as saucy by poor fock,
 As I wad by a stinking brock.

I've natic'd on our Laird's court day,
 And 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, and threaten, curse and swear,
 He'll apprehend them, poind their gear;
 While they maun stan' wi' aspect humble,
 And hear it a', and fear and tremble!
 I see how fock live that hae riches;
 But surely poor folk maun be wretches.

LUATH.

They're nae 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;
 And tho' fatigu'd wi' close employment,
 A blink o' rest's a sweet enjoyment.

The dearest comfort o' their lives,
 Their gushie weans, and faithfu' wives;
 The pratting things are just their pride,
 That sweetens a' their fireside.

And whiles twalpennieworth o' nappy
 Can mak the bodies unco happy;
 They lay aside their private cares,
 To mind the Kirk and State affairs:
 They'll talk o' patronage and priests,
 Wi' kindling fury in their breasts!
 Or tell what new taxation's comin,
 And ferlie at the fock in Lon'on.

As black-fac'd Hallomas returns,
 They get the jovial, rantin kirns,

When rural life, o' ever station,
 Unite in common recreation ;
 Love blinks, Wit slaps, and Social Mirth
 Forgets there's care upo' the earth.

That merry day the year begins,
 They bar the door on frosty winds ;
 The nappy reeks wi' mantling ream,
 And sheds a heart-inspiring stream :
 The lunting pipe, and sneeshing mill,
 Are handed round wi' right gude will ;
 The cantie auld focks, cracking crouse ;
 The young anes rantin thro' the house—
 My heart has been sae fain to see them,
 That I for joy hae barkit wi' them.
 Still it's owre true that ye hae said,
 Sic game is now owre aften play'd.
 There's monie a creditable stock
 O' decent, honest fawsent fowk,
 Are riven out baith root and branch,
 Some rascal's pridefu' greed to quench,
 Wha thinks to knit himsel the faster
 In favour wi' some gentle Master,
 Wha, siblins, thrang a-parliamentia,
 For Britain's guid his saul indentia.

CÆSAR.

Haith, lad, ye little ken about it ;
 For Britain's gude!—gude faith I doubt ;
 Say rather, gaun as Premiers lead him,
 And saying Ay or No's they bid him !
 At Operas and Plays parading,
 Montgaging, gambling, masquerading ;
 Or, maybe, in a frolic daft,
 To Hague or Calais takes a waft.

To mak a tour, and tak a whirl,
 To learn *bon-ton*, and see the warl,
 There, at Vienna or Versailles,
 He rives his father's auld entails ;
 Or by Madrid he takes the rout,
 To thrum guitars, and fight wi' nowt ;
 Or down Italian vista startles,
 Wh—re-hunting groves o' myrtles.
 Then bouses drumly German-water,
 To mak himsel look fair and fatter,
 And clear the consequential sorrows,
 Love-gifts of carnival signoras,
 nor Britain's gude ! for her destruction !
 Wi' dissipation, fewd, and faction.

LUATH.

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

O wade they stay aback frae courts,
 And please themselves wi' co:untry sports,
 It wad for every ane be better,
 The Laird, the Tenant, and the Cotter !
 For thae frank, rantin, ramblin billies,
 Elent haet o' them's ill-hearted fellows ;
 Except for breakin o' their timmer,
 Or speaking lightly o' their lummer,
 Or shooting o' a hard or moorcock ;
 The ne'er a bit they're ill to poor fock.

But will ye tell me, Master Cæsar,
 Sure great focks life's a life o' pleasure ?
 Nae cauld or hunger e'er can steer them,
 The vera thought o't needna fear them

CÆSAR.

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

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

A country fellow at the plough,
His acre's till'd, he's right enough;
A country lassie at her wheel,
Her dizzen's done, she's unco weel:
But Gentlemen and Ladies warst,
Wi' ev'ndown want o' wark are curst!
They loiter, lounging, lank and lazy,
Tho' deil haet ails them, yet uneasy.

Their days insipid, dull, and tasteless;
Their nights unquiet, lang, and restless;
And ev'n their sports, their balls and races,
Their galloping through public places,
There's sic parade, sic pomp and art,
The joy can scarcely reach the heart.
The men ca' out in party-matches,
Then souther a' in deep debauches!
Ae night they're mad wi' drink and whoring,
Niest day their life is past enduring.
The Ladies arm-in-arm in clusters,
As great and gracious a' as sisters;

But hear their absent thoughts o' ither,
 They're a' run deils and jades thegitler.
 Whyles owre the wee bit cup and platie,
 They sip the scandal potion pretty;
 Or lee-lang nights, wi' crabbit leuks,
 Pore owre the devil's pictur'd beuks;
 Stake on a chance a farmer's stack yard,
 And cheat like ony uphang'd blackguard.

There's some exception, man and woman,
 By this, the sum was out o' sight,
 And darker gloamin brought the night:
 The bum-clock humm'd wi' lazy drone,
 The kye stood rowtin i' the loan;
 When up they gat, and shook their lugs,
 Rejoic'd they werena men, but dogs:
 And each took aff his severai way,
 Resolv'd to meet some ither day.



THE HOLY FAIR*.

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

UPON a simmer Sunday-morn,
 When Nature's face is fair,
 I walked forth to view the corn,
 And snuff the cauler air :
 The rising sun o'er Galston-muir,
 Wi' glorious light was glintin ;
 The hares were hurpling down the furs,
 The lav'rocks they were chantin
 Fu' sweet that day.
 As lightsomely I glowr'd abroad,
 To see a scene so gay,
 Three lizies, early at the road,
 Came skelpin up the way ;
 Twa had manteeles o' dolefu' black,
 But ane wi' lyort lining ;
 The third, that gaed a-wee a-back,
 Was in the fashion shining,
 Fu' gay that day.

* *Holy Fair is a common phrase in the West of Scotland for a Sacramental Occasion.*

The twa appear'd like sisters twin,
 In feature, form, and claes!
 Their visage, wither'd, lang and thin,
 And sour as ony slaes;
 The third cam up, hap-stap-and-loup,
 As light as ony lambie,
 And wi' a kurtchie low did stoop,
 As soon as e'er she saw me,

Fu' kind that day.

Wi' bannet aff, quoth I, 'Sweet lass,
 ' I think ye seem to ken me;
 ' I'm sure I've seen that bonny face,
 ' But yet I canna name ye.'

Quo' she, and laughing as she spak,
 And taks me by the hands,
 ' Ye, for my sake, hae gi'en the feck
 ' Of a' the ten commands

' A screed some day.

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

At them this day.

Quoth I, ' with all my heart I'll do't;
 ' I'll get my Sunday's sark on,
 ' And meet you on the holy spot:
 ' Faith we'se hae fine remarkin!

Then I gaed hame at crowdie-time,
 And soon I made me ready.

For roads were clad frae side to side,

Wi' mony a weary body,

In droves that day.

Here farmers gash, in riding graith,

Gaed hodden by their cotters;

There, swankies young, in braw braid claita,

Are springin' o'er the gutters:

The lasses, skelpin' barefoot, thrang,

In silks and scarlet glitter;

Wi' sweet-milk cheese in mony a whang,

And faris bak'd wi' butter,

Fu' crump that day.

When by the plate we set our nose,

Weel heaped up wi' ha'pence,

A greedy glowr Black Bonnet throws,

And we maun draw our tippence.

Then in we go to see the show:

On ev'ry side they're gatherin';

Some carrying dales, some chairs and stools,

And some are busy blethrin'

Right loud that day.

Here stands a shed to fend the showers,

And screen our countra gentry,

There Racer Jess, and twa-three wh—s,

Ase blinkin' at the entry.

Here sits a raw of tittlin jades,

Wi' heaving breast and bare neck;

And there a batch o' Wabster lads,

Blackguardin frae K-----ck

For fun this day.

Here some are thinking on their sins,

And some upon their claes;

Ane curses feet that fyl'd his shing,

Another sighs and prays:

On this hand sits a chosen swatch,
 Wi' screw'd-up grace-proud faces;
 On that a set o' chaps at watch,
 Thrang winkin on the lasses
 To chairs that day:

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

Now a' the congregation o'er
 Is silent expectation,
 For ——— speels the holy door,
 Wi' tidings o' d—m—n—n!
 Shou'd Hornie, as in ancient days,
 'Mang sons o' G— present him,
 The very sight o' ——'s face
 To's ain het hame had sent him

Wi' fright that day:
 Hear how he clears the points o' faith,
 Wi' rattlin and wi' thumpin!
 Now meekly calm,—now mild in wrath,
 He's stampin and he's jumpin!
 His lengthen'd chin, his turn'd-up snout;
 His eldritch squeel and gestures,
 Oh! how they fire the heart devout,
 Like cantharidian plaisters,
 On sic a day.

But hark! the tent has chang'd its voice,
 There's peace and rest nae langer;

For a' the real judges rise,
 They canna sit for anger.
 — opens out his cauld harangues,
 On practice and on morals;
 And aff the godly pour in thrangs,
 To gie the jars and barrels
 A lift that day.

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

In good time comes an antidote
 Against sic poison'd nostrum;
 For —, frae the water-fit,
 Ascends the holy rostrum:
 See, up he's got the word o' G—,
 And meek and minn has view'd it,
 While Common-Sense has taen the road,
 And aff, and up the Cowgate †,
 Fast, fast, that day.

Wee —, neist, the guard relieves,
 And Orthodoxy rables,
 Tho' in his heart he weel believes,
 And thinks it auld wives' fables:
 But faith the birkie wants a Manse,
 So cannily he hums them;

† A Street so called, which faces the Tent in —

Altho' his carnal wit and sense
 Like haffins-way o'ercomes him
 At times that day.

Now butt and ben the change-house fills,
 Wi' yill-cap commentators:
 Here's crying out for bakes and gills,
 And there the pint-stoup clatters;
 While thick and thrang, and loud and lang;
 Wi' Logic, and wi' Scripture,
 They raise a din that, in the end,
 Is like to breed a rapture
 O' wrath that day.

Leeze me on Drink! it gies us mair
 Than either School or Collège;
 It kindles Wit, it waukens Lair,
 It pangs us fu' o' Knowledge:
 Be't whisky-gill, or penny-wheep,
 Or ony stronger potion,
 It never fails, on drinking deep,
 To kittle up eur notion
 By night or day.

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

But now the L—d's ain trumpet touts,
 Till all the hills are rairin,
 And echoes back return the sheuts;
 Black ——— is na spairin;

His piercing words, like Highland swords,
 Divide the joints and marrow;
 His talk o' hell, whare devils dwell,
 Our very sauls dō harrow.*

—i' fright that day!

A vast unbottom'd, boundless pit,
 Fill'd fou o' lowin brunstane,
 Wha's ragin flame, and scorchin heat
 Wad melt the hardest whun-stane!
 The ha'f asleep start up wi' fear,
 And think they hear it roarin!

When presently it does appear,
 'Twas but some neighbour snorin
 Asleep that day.

'Twad be owre lang a tale to tell,
 How mony storics past,
 And how they crouded to the yill,
 When they were a' dismiss;
 How drink gad round in cogs and caups,
 Amang the furms and benches,
 And cheese and bread, frae women's laps,
 Was dealt about in lunches,
 And dauds that day.

In comes a gaucie, gash gudewife,
 And sits down by the fire,
 Syne draws her kebbeck and her knife;
 The lasses they are shyer.

The auld gudemen, about the grace,
 Frae side to side they bother,
 Till some ane by his bonnet lays,
 And gies them't-like a tether,
 Fu' lang that day..

* SHAKESPEARE'S *Hamlet*.

Waesneck's for him that gets nae lass!

Or lasses that hae naething!

Sraa' need has he to say a grace,

Or melvie his braw claithing.

O wives be mindfu', ance yoursel,

How bonnie lads ye wanted,

And dinna, for a kebbeck-heel,

Let lasses be affronted

On sic a day.

Now Clinkumbell, wi' rattlin tow,

Begins to jow and croon;

Some stagger hame the best they dow,

Some wait the afternoon.

At slaps the billies halt a blink,

Till lasses slip their shoon,

Wi' faith and hope, and love and drink,

They're a' in famous tune

For crack that day.

How monie hearts this day converts,

O' sinners and o' lasses!

Their hearts o' stane gin night are gane,

As saft as ony flesh is:

There's some are fou o' love divine,

There's some are fou o' brandy;

And monie jobs that day begin,

May end in houghmagandie

Some ither day.



HALLOWE'EN. *

*Yes! let the Rich deride, the Proud disdain,
The simple pleasure of the lowly train;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art.*

GOLDSMITH.

UPON that night, when Fairies light,
On Cassilis-Downans † dance,
Or owre the lays, in splendid blaze,
On sprightly coursers prance;
Or from Colean the rowte is ta'en,
Beneath the moon's pale beams:
There, up the Cove ‡, to stray and rove,
Among the rocks and streams,
To sport that night.

* It is thought to be a night when Devils, Witches, and other mischief making beings are all abroad on their baneful midnight errands, particularly those aerial people the Fairies, are said, on that night, to hold a grand anniversary.

† Certain little, romantic, rocky green hills, in the neighbourhood of the ancient seat of the Earls of Cassilis.

‡ A noted Cavern near Colean-house, called the Cove of Colean; which, as well as Cassilis Downans, is famed, in country story, for being a favourite haunt of Fairies.

Amang the bonny winding banks,
 Whar Doon rins, wimplin, clear,
 Whar Bruce * ance rul'd the martial ranks,
 And shook his Carrick spear,
 Some merry, friendly, countra focks,
 Together did conveen,
 To burn their nits, and pou their stocks,
 To haud their Hallowe'en,
 Fu' blythe that night.

The lasses feat, and cleanly neat,
 Mair braw than when they're fine;
 Their faces blythe, fu' sweetly kythe;
 Hearts leel and warnr, and kin';
 The lads sae trig, wi' woøer-babs,
 Weel knotted on their gartin,
 Some unco blate, and some wi' gabs,
 Gar lasses' hearts gang störtin,
 Whyles fast that night.

Then, first and foremost, thro' the kail,
 Their stocks † maun a' be sought ance;

* *The famous family of that name, the ancestors of ROBERT, the great Deliverer of his country, were Earls of Carrick.*

† *The first ceremony of Hallowe'en is pulling each a stock or plant of Kail. They must go out hand in hand, with eyes shut, and pull the first they meet with; its being big or little, straight or crooked, is prophetic of the size and shape of the grand object of all their spells—the husband or wife. If any yird, or earth, stick to the root, that is tocher, or fortune; and the taste of the castock, that is, the heart of the stem, is indicative of the natural temper and disposition.—*

They steek their een, and graip and wale
 For muckle anes, and straight anes.
 Poor hav'rel Will fell aff the drift,
 And wander'd through the Bow-kail,
 And pou't, for want o' better shift,
 A runt was like a sow-tail,
 Sae bow't that night.

Then, straught or crooked, yird or nane,
 They roar and cry a' throu'ther;
 The vera wee things, toddlin, rin,
 Wi' stocks out-owre their shouther,
 And if the castock's sweet or sour
 Wi' jocktelegs they taste them;
 Syne coziely aboon the door,
 Wi' cannie care they've plac'd them,
 To lie that night.

The lasses staw frae 'mang them a',
 To pou their stalks o' corn † ;
 But Rab slips out, and jinks about
 Behint the muckle thorn :

Lastly, the stems, or, to give them their ordinary appellation, the runts, are placed somewhere above the head of the door; and the Christian names of the people whom chance brings into the house, are, according to the priority of placing the runts, the names in question.

† They go to the barn-yard, and pull each, at three several times, a stalk of oats. If the third stalk wants the top-pickle, that is, the grain at the top of the stalk, the party in question will come to the marriage-bed any thing but a Maid

He grippit Nelly hard and fast;

Loud skirl'd a' the lasses;

But her tap-pickle maist was lost,

When kittlin i' the Fause-house *

Wi' him that night.

The auld Gudewife's weel hoordit nits †,

Are round and round divided,

And monie lads' and lasses' fates

Are there that night decided:

Some kindle, couthie, side by side,

And burn thegither trimly;

Some start awa, wi' saucy pride,

And jump out-owre the chimlie

Fu' high that night.

Jean slips in twa, wi' tentie ee;

Wha 'twas she wadna tell;

But this is Jock, and that is me,

She says in to hersel:

He bleez'd owre her, and she owre him,

As they wad never mair part,

Till fuff! he started up the lum,

And Jean had e'en a sair heart

To see't that night.

* *When the corn is in a doubtful state, by being too green or wet, the stack-builder, by means of old timber, &c. makes a large apartment in his stack, with an opening in the side which is most exposed to the wind; this he calls a Fause-house.*

† *Burning the Nuts is a favourite charm.— They name the Lad and Lass to each particular Nut, as they lay them in the fire; and accordingly as they burn quietly together, or start from beside one-another, the issue of the courtship will be.*

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

Nell had the Fause-house in her min',
 She pits hersel and Rob in;
 In loving bleeze they sweetly join,
 Till white in ase they're sobbin:
 Nell's heart was dancin at the view;
 She whisper'd Rob to leuk for't:
 Rob, stow'ns, pried her bonny mou,
 Fu' cozie in the neuk for't,
 Unseen that night.

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

† *Whoever would, with success, try this spell, must strictly observe these directions. Steal out, all alone, to the kiln, and, darkling, throw into the pot a clue of blue yarn; wind it in a new clue off the old one; and, towards the latter end, something will hold the thread;*

And ay she wint, and aye she swat,
I wat she made nae jaukin;

Till something held within the pat,
Gude L—d! but she was quakin!

But whether 'twas the Deil himsel,
Or whether 'twas a bauk-en',

Or whether it was Andrew Bell,
She did na wait on talkin

To spier that night.

Wee Jenny to her Grannie says,

Will ye gae wi' me, Grannie?

I'll eat the apple * at the glass

I ga: frae uncle Johnnie.

She fuff't her pipe wi' sic a lunt,

In wrath she was sae vap'rin,

She notic't nae an isle brunt

Her braw new worset apron

Out-thro' that night.

Ye little skelpie Jimmer's face,

I daur you try sic sportin,

As seek the foul thief ony place,

For him to spae your fortune;

Nae doubt but ye may get a sight,

Great cause ye hae to fear it;

demand. Wba bauds? that is, Who holds? An answer will be returned from the kiln pot, by naming the Christian and Surname of your future Spouse.

* Take a Candle, and go alone to a Locking-glass; eat an Apple before it, and some traditions say you should comb your hair all the time, the face of your conjugal companion to be, will be seen in the glass, as peeping over yo: shoulder.

For monie ane has gotten a fright,
 And liv'd and di'd deleeret,
 On sic a night.

Ae Har'st afore the Sherra-muir,
 I mind it as weel's yestreen,
 I was a gilpy then, I'm sure
 I was nae past fifteen:
 The Simmer had been cauld and wat,
 And stuff was unco green,
 And aye a rantin kirn was gat,
 And just on Hallowe'en
 It fell that night.

Our stibble-rig was Rob M'Graen,
 A clever sturdy fallow:
 His Sin gat Eppie Sim wi' wean,
 That liv'd in Achmacalla:
 He gat hemp-seed *, I mind it weel,
 And he made unco light o't,
 But monie a day was by-himself,
 He was sae sairly frighted
 That vera night.

* Steal out unperceived, and sow a handful of hemp-seed, barrowing it with any thing you can conveniently draw after you. Repeat now and then, 'Hemp-seed I saw thee. Hemp-seed I saw thee; and him (or her) that is to be my true-love, come after me and pou thee.' Look over your left shoulder, and you will see the appearance of the person invoked, in the attitude of pulling hemp. Some traditions say, 'Come after me, and show thee;' that is, Show thyself; in which case it simply appears. Others omit the barrowing, and say, 'Come after me and barrow thee.'

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

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

He whistl'd up Lord Lennox' march,
 To keep his courage cheery,
 Altho' his hair began to arch,
 He was sae fley'd and eerie;
 Till presently he hears a squeek,
 And then a grane and gruntle!
 He by his shouther gae a keek,
 And tumbled wi' a wintle
 Out-owre that night,

He roar'd a horrid murder-shout,
 In dreadful desperation!
 And young and auld came rinnin-out,
 To hear the sad narration:
 He swore 'twas hilchin Jean M'Craw,
 Or crouchie Merran Humphie,

Till, stop! she trotted thro' them a';
 And wha was it but Grumphie,
 Asteer that night.

Meg fain wad to the Barn hae gane,
 To win' thrée wechts o' naething*;
 But for to meet the Deil her lane,
 She pat but little faith in:
 She gies the herd a pickle nits,
 And twa red-cheekit apples,
 To watch, while for the Barn she sets,
 In hopes to see Tam Kipples
 That vera night.

She turns the key wi' cannie thraw,
 And owre the threshold ventures;
 But first on Sawnie gies a ca',
 Syne bauldly in she enters;
 A ratton rattl'd up the wa',
 And she cried, L—d preserve her!

* This charm must likewise be performed unperceived and alone. You go to the Barn, and open both doors, taking them off their hinges, if possible; for there is danger that the Being about to appear, may shut the doors, and do you some mischief. Then take that instrument used in winnowing the corn, which, in our country-dialect, we call a wecht, and go through all the attitudes of letting down corn against the wind: Repeat it three times, and the third time an apparition will pass through the Barn, in at the windy door, and out at the other, having both the figure in question, and the appearance and retinue marking the employment or station in life.

And ran thro' midden-hole and a',
 And pray'd wi' zeal and fervour,
 Fu' fast that night,
 They hoy't out Will, wi' fair advice,
 They hecht him some fine braw a:re:
 It chanc'd the stack he faddom't thrice *,
 Was timmer-propt for thrawin:
 He tak's a swirlie auld moss-oak,
 For some black, grousome Carlin;
 And loot a winze, and drew a stroke,
 Till skin in blypes cam haulin
 Aff's nieves that night.
 A wanton widow Leezie was,
 As' cantie as a kittlin;
 But, och! that night, amang the shaws,
 She gat a fearfu' settlin!
 She thro' the whins, and by the cairn,
 And o'er the hill gaed scrievin,
 Whar three Lairds' lands met at a burn †,
 To dip her left sark-sleeve in,
 Was bent that night.

* Take an opportunity of going, unnoticed, to a Bear-stack, and fathom it three times round. The last fathom of the last-time, you will catch in your arms the appearance of your future conjugal yoke-fellow.

† You go out, one or more (for this is a social spell) to a south running spring or rivulet, where three Lairds' lands meet, and dip your left shirt-sleeve; go to bed, in sight of a fire, and hang your wet sleeve before it to dry; lie awake, and some time before midnight, an apparition, having the exact figure of the grand object in question, will come and turn the sleeve, as if to dry the other side of it.

Whyles owre a linn the burnie plays,
 As thro' the glen it wimpl'd;
 Whyles round a rocky scaur it strays;
 Whyles in a wiel it dimpl'd;
 Whyles glitter'd to the nightly rays,
 Wi' bickering, dancing dazzle;
 Whyles cockit underneath the braes,
 Below the spreading hazel,
 Unseen that night.

Amang the branches, on the brae,
 Between her and the moon,
 The Deil, or else some outler Quey,
 Gat up and gae a croon:
 Poor Leezie's heart maist lap the hool;
 Near lav'rock-height she jumpit,
 But mist a fit, and in the pool,
 Out owre the lugs she plumpit,
 Wi' a plunge that night

In order, on the clean hearth-stane,
 The Luggies three † are ranged;
 And every time great care is ta'en
 To see them duly changed:

† *Take three dishes, put clean water in one. foul water in another, and leave the third empty; blindfold a person, and lead him to the hearth, where the dishes are ranged; he or she dips the left hand: If, by chance, in the clean water, the future husband or wife will come to the bar of Matrimony a Maid; if in the foul, a Widow; if in the empty dish, it foretels, with equal certainty, no marriage at all. It is repeated three times; and every time the arrangement of the dishes is altered.*

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

His Country's Saviour †, mark him well;
 Bold Richardton's ‡ heroic swell;
 The chief on Sark ||, who glorious fell,
 In high command;
 And He whom ruthless Fates expel
 His native land.

There where a scepter'd Pictish § shade
 Stalk'd round his ashes lowly laid,

* *The WALLACES. † WILLIAM WALLACE.*

‡ *ADAM WALLACE of Richardton, cousin to the immortal Preserver of Scottish Independence.*

|| *WALLACE, Laird of Craigie, who was second in command under DOUGLAS, Earl of Ormond, at the famous battle on the banks of Sark, fought Anno 1448. That glorious victory was principally owing to the judicious conduct and intrepid valour of the gallant Laird of Craigie, who died of his wounds after the action.*

§ *COILUS, King of the Picts, from whom the district of Kyles is said to have taken its name, lies buried, as tradition says, near the family-seat of the MONTGOMERIES, of Coilfield, where his burial-place is still shewn.*

I mark'd a martial race pourtray'd
 In colours strong;
 Bold, soldier-featur'd, undismay'd
 They strode along.

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

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

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

* *Barskimming, the seat of the Lord-Justice-Clerk.*

† *CATRINE, the seat of the late Doctor, and also
 Professor STEWART.*

‡ *Colonel FULLARTON.*

To mend the honest Patriot-lore,
And grace the land.

And when the Bard, or hoary sage,
Chara 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-inspired tongue;
Hence sweet, harmonious Beatie sung
His Minstrel-Lays,
Or tore, with noble ardour stung,
The Sceptic's bays.

The lower orders are assign'd
The humbler ranks of Human-kind,
The rustic Bard, the lab'ring Hind,
The Artisan;
All choose, as various they're inclin'd,
The various man.

When yellow waves the heavy grain,
The threaten'ing storm some strongly reign;
Some teach to meliorate the plain,
With tillage-skill;
And some instruct the Shepherd-train,
Blythe owre the hill.

Some hint the Lover's harmless wile;
Some grace the Maiden's artless smile;
Some soothe the Lab'ers weary toil
For humble gains,

And mak 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 op'ning grace,
A guide and guard.

Of these I am—Coila my name;
And these districts as mine I claim,
Where once the Campbells, chiefs of fame,
Held ruling pow'r;
I mark'd thy embryo tunefu' flame,
Thy natal hour.

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 every flow'ret's birth,
And joy and music pouring forth
In every grove,

I saw thee eye the gen'ral mirth
 With boundless love.

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

When youthfu' Love, warm-blushing strong,
 Keen-shivering shot thy nerves along,
 Those accents, grateful to thy tongue,
 Th' adored 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.

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

Thou canst not learn, nor can I show,
 To paint with Thomson's landscape glow;
 Or wake the bosom-melting throe
 With Shenstone's art;

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
 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 Gude,
 OR,
 THE RIGIDLY RIGHTEOUS.

*My son, these Maxim's mak a rule,
 And lump them a' thegither;
 The Rigid Righteous is a fool,
 The Rigid Wise anither:
 The cleanest corn that e'er was dight,
 May hae some piles o' cass in;
 Sae ne'er a fellow-creature slight
 For random fits o' dassin.*

SOLOMON—Eccls. vii. 16.

O Ye wha are sae gude yoursel,
 Sae pious, and sae holy,
 You've nougth to do but mark and tell
 Your neighbour's faults and folly!
 Whause life is like a weel-gaun mill,
 Supply'd wi' store o' water,
 The heaped happer's ebbing still,
 And still the clap plays clatter.

Hear me, ye venerable Core,
 As Counsel for poor mortals,
 That frequent, pass douce Wisdom's door,
 For glaiiket Folly's portals;
 I, for their thoughtless, careless sakes,
 Wad here propone defencés,
 Their donsiè tricks, their black mistakes,
 Their failings and mischances.

Ye see your state wi' their's compar'd,
 And shudder at the differ !
 But cast a moment's fair regard,
 What mak's the mighty differ :
 Discount what scant occasion gave
 That purity ye pride in,
 And (what airt mair than a' the lave)
 Your better art o' hiding.

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

See social life and glee sit down,
 A' joyous and unthinking,
 Till, quite transmugrify'd, they're grown
 Debauchery and Drinking :
 O wad they stay to calculate
 Th' eternal consequences !
 Or your more dreadful h—ll to state,
 Damnation of expences !

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

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

Wha 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 ken na what's resisted.

TO A HAGGIS.

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

The groanin trencher there ye fill,
 Your hurdies like a distant hill,
 Your pin wad help to mend a mill
 In time o' need,
 While thro' your pores the dew distill,
 Like amber bead.

I see your complimenting thrang
 By wony a lord and lady;
 'God save the King!' 's a cuckoo sang,
 That's unco easy said aye:
 The Poets too, a yenal gang,
 Wi' rhymes weel turn'd and ready,
 Wad gar me trow ye ne'er did wrang,
 But ay unerring steady,
 On sic a day.

For me, before a Monarch's face,
 Ev'n there I wiinna flatter;
 For neither Pension, Post, nor Place,
 Am I your humble debtor;
 Sae nae reflection on your Grace,
 Your Knightship to bespatter,
 There's mony waur been o' the Race,
 And aiblins ane been better
 Than you this day.

'Tis very true, my sov'reign King,
 My skill may weel be doubted,
 But facts are chiels that wiinna ding,
 And downa be disputed:
 Your Royal Nest, beneath your wing,
 Is e'en right rest and clouted;
 And now the third part of the string,
 And less, will gang about it
 Than did ae day.

Far be't frae me that I aspire
 To blame your Legislation,
 Or say, ye wisdom want, or fire,
 To rule this mighty nation:

But, faith, I muckle doubt, my Sire,
 Ye've trusted 'Ministration
 To chaps wha in a barn or byre
 —ad better fill their station
 Than Courts you day.

And now ye've gien auld Britain peace,
 Her broken shins to plaister,
 Your sair taxation does her flecce,
 Till she has scarce a tester.
 For me, thank God! my life's a lease,
 Nae bargain wearing faster,
 Or, faith, I fear, that wi' the geese
 I shortly boot to pasture
 I' the craft some day.

I'm no mistrusting Willie Pitt,
 When taxes he enlarges.
 (And Will's a true gude fallow's gett,
 A name not envy spairges),
 That he intends to pay your debt,
 And lessen a' your charges:
 But, G—d-sake! let nae saving sit
 Abridge your bonny Barges
 And Boats this day.

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

Hail, Majesty most excellent!

While nobles strive to please ye,

Will ye accept a compliment

A simple Bardie gies ye?

Thae bonny bairn-time Heav'n has lent,

Still higher may they heeze ye

In bliss, till Fate some day is sent

For ever to release ye

Frae care that day.

For you, young Potentate of —,

I tell Your Highness fairly,

Down Pleasure's stream, wi' swelling sails,

I'm tauld, ye're driving rarely!

But some day ye may gnaw your nails,

And curse your folly sairly,

That e'er ye brak Diana's pales,

Or rattl'd dice wi' Charlie

By night or day.

Yet aft a ragged Cowte's been known

To make a noble Aiver;

Sae ye may doucely fill a throne,

For a' their clishmacláver:

There him,* at Agincourt wha shone,

Few better were, or braver,

And yet wi' funny, queer Sir John †,

He was an unco shaver

For monie a day.

* King HENRY V.

† Sir JOHN FALSTAFF—See SHAKESPEARE:

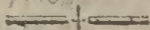
For you, right rev'rend O—g,
 Name sets the lawn-sleeve sweeter,
 Although a ribband at your lug
 Wad be a dress completer :
 As you disown yon paughty dog,
 That bears the keys o' Peter,
 Then swith ! and get a wife to hug,
 Or, troth, ye'll stain the mitre
 Some luckless day.

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

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

† Alluding to the Newspaper account of a certain
 Royal Sailor's amour.

God bless you a'! consider now
 Ye're unce muckle dabbit;
 But ere the course of life be through,
 It may be better sautit:
 And I hae seen their coggie foa,
 That yet hae tarrow't at it;
 But or the day was done, I trow,
 The laggen they hae clautit
 Ha' clean that day.



THE ORDINATION.

*For sense, they little owe to frugal Heav'n...
 To please the Mob, they hide the little giv'n.*

K—— Wabsters, fidge and claw,
 And pour your creeshie nations;
 And ye waa leather rax and draw,
 Of a' denominations;
 Swith to the Laigh Kirk, ane and a',
 And there take up your stations;
 Then aff to Babel—s in a raw,
 And pour divine libations
 Far joy that day.
 Curst Common-sense, that imp o' hell,
 Cam in wi' Maggie Lauder,

* Alluding to a scoffing Ballad which was made
 on the admission of the late Reverend and worthy
 Mr. L—— to the Laigh Kirk.

But O—— a't made her yell,
 And R—— sair misca'd her,
 This day M'—— tak's the flail,
 And he's the boy will blaud her :
 He'll clap a shangan to her tail,
 And set the bairns to daud her
 Wi' dirt that day.

Make haste and turn king David owre,
 And lilt wi' holy clangour ;
 O' double verse come gie us four,
 And skirl up the Bangor :
 This day the Kirk kicks up a stoure,
 Nae mair the knaves shall wrang her,
 For Heresy is in her pow'r,
 - And gloriously she'll whang her
 Wi' pith that day.

Come, let a proper text be read,
 And touch it aff wi' vigour,
 How graceless Ham * leugh at his dad,
 Which made Canaan a Niger ;
 Or Phineas † drove the murdering blade,
 Wi' wh-re-abhorring rigour ;
 Or Zipporah ‡, the scaulding jade,
 Was like a bluidy tiger
 I' the Inn that day.

There, try his mettle on the Creed,
 And bind him down wi' caution,

* Genesis, ch. ix. ver. 22.

† Numbers, ch. xxv. ver. 2.

‡ Exodus, ch. iv. ver. 25.

That stipend is a carnal weed
 He taks but for the fashion;
 And gie him o'er the flock to feed,
 And punish each transgression;
 Especial rains that cross the breed,
 Gie them sufficient threshin,
 Spare them nae days

Now auld K—— cock thy tail,
 And toss thy horns fu' canty;
 Nae mair thou'lt rout out-owre the dale,
 Because thy pasture's scanty;
 For lapfu's large o' gospel-kail
 Shall fill thy crib in plenty,
 And runts o' grace, the pick and wale,
 No gi'en by way o' dainty,
 But ilka day.

Nae mair by Babel's streams we'll weep,
 To think upon our Zion;
 And hang our fiddles up to dreep,
 Like baby-clouts a-drying:
 Come screw the pegs wi' tunefu' cheep,
 And o'er the thairms be trying;
 Oh rare! to see our elbucks wheep,
 And a' like lamb-tails flyin
 Fu' fast this day!

Lang Patronage, wi' rod o' airn,
 Has shor'd the Kirk's undoin,
 As lately F—nw—ck, sair forfairn,
 Has proven to its ruin;
 Our Patron, honest man! G——
 He say mischief was brewin;

And like a godly elect bairn,
 He's wal'd us out a true ane,
 And sound this day,

Now R——- harangue nae mair,
 But steek your gab for ever;
 Or try the wicked town o' A——,
 For there they'll think you clever;
 Or, nae reflection on your lear,
 Ye may commence a Shaver;
 Or to the N——-rt——-n repair,
 And turn a carpet-weaver
 Aff-hand this day.

M—— and you were just a match,
 We never had sic twa drones;
 Auld Hornie did the Laigh Kirk watch,
 Just like a winkin baudrons;
 And aye he catch'd the tither wretch,
 To fry them in his caudrons;
 But now his Honour maun detach,
 Wi' a' his brimstone squadrons,
 Fast, fast this day.

See, see, auld Orthodoxy's faes,
 She's swingin through the city!
 Mark how the nine-tail'd cat she plays!
 I vow it's unco pretty.
 There Learning, wi' his Greekish face,
 Grunts out some Latin ditty;
 And Common-Sense's gain, she says,
 To make it Jamie Beattie
 Her plaint this day.

But there's Morality himsel,
 Embracing a' opinions;
 Hear how he gies the tither yell,
 Between his twa companions;
 See, how she peels the skin, and fell,
 As an were peelin onions!
 Now there they're packed aff to h--ll,
 And banish'd our dominions,

Henceforth this day.

O happy day! rejoice, rejoice,
 Come bouse about the porter:
 Morality's demure decoys,
 Shall here nae mair find quarter:
 M'—, R—, are the boys
 That Heresy can torture;
 They'll gie her on a rape a hoise,
 And cow her measure shorter

By the head some day.

Come, bring the tither mutchkin in,
 And here's for a conclusion
 To ev'ry New-light * mother's son,
 From this time forth confusion!
 If mair they deave us wi' their din,
 Or patronage intrusion,
 We'll light a spunk, and, every skin,
 We'll rin them aff in fushion,

Like oil, some day.

* New-light is a cant phrase for certain religious opinions.

THE CALF.

To the Rev. Mr. ———,

On his Text, MALACHI, ch. iv. ver. 2,

*And they shall go forth, and grow up like Calves
of the stall.*

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

And should some Patron be so kind,
— As bliss you wi' a Kirk,
I doubtna, Sir, but then we'll find,
Ye're still as great a Stirk.

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

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

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

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

ADDRESS to the DIEL.

*O Prince! O Chief of many-throned Pow'rs,
 That led th' embattl'd Seraphim to war—*

MILTON.

O THOU, whatever title suit thee,
 Auld Hornie, S., or Nick, or Clottie,
 Wha in your cavern grim or Sootie,
 Clos'd under hatches,
 Spairges about the brumstane cootie,
 To scauld poor wretches!

Hear me, auld Hangie, for a wee,
 And let poor daimed bodies be;
 I'm sure sma pleasure it can gie,
 Evn' to a diel,
 To skelp and scauld poor dogs like me,
 And heat us squeel!

Great is thy pow'r, and great thy fame!
 Far kend and noted is thy name,
 And thou' thou' low an' heugh's thy name,
 Thou' travels far:
 And faith thou's neither lag nor lame,
 Nor blate, nor scaur,

Whyles ragin like a roarin lion;
 For prey, a' holes and corners tryin;
 Whyles, on the strong-wing'd tempest flyin,
 • Tirlin' the kirks;
 Whyles in the human bosom pryin,
 Unseen thou lurks.

I've heard my rev'rend Grannie say,
 In lanely glens ye like to stray;
 Or whare auld ruin'd castles grey
 Nod to the moon,
 Ye fright the nightly wandirer's way
 Wi' eldritch croon!

When twilight did my Grannie summon
 To say her prayers, douce, honest woman,
 Aft 'yont the dyke she's heard you hummin,
 Wi' eerie drone;
 Or, rustlin thro' the hourtries, comin
 Wi' heavy groan.

Ae dreary, windy, winter-night,
 The stars shot down wi' sklentim light,
 Wi' you, mysel, I gat a fright,
 Ayont the loch;
 Ye, like a rash-bugh stood in sight,
 Wi' wayin sugh.

The cudgel in my nieve did shake,
 Each bristled hair stood like a stake,
 When wi' an eldritch stoor quaick, quaick,
 Among the springs,
 Awa ye squatter'd like a drake,
 On whistling wings,

Let warlocks grin, and wither'd hags
 Tell how wi' you, on ragweed nags,
 They skim the mairs and dizzy crags,
 Wi' wicked speed;
 And in kirk-yards renew their leaguers,
 Owre howkit dead.

Thence countra wives, wi' toil and pain,
 May plunge and plunge the kirn in vain;
 For O the yellow treasure's taen
 By witchin skill;
 And dawtit, twal-pint Hawkie's gane
 As yell's the Bill.

Thence mystic knots mak great abuse,
 On young Gudemen, fond, keen, and crest,
 When the best wark-loom in the house,
 By cantrip wit,
 Is instant made no worth a louse,
 Just at the bit.

When thowes dissolve the snawy hoord,
 And float the jinglin icy-board,
 Then Water-kelpies haunt the ford,
 By your direction,
 And 'nighted travellers are allur'd
 To their destruction.

And aft your moss-traversing Spurkies
 Decoy the wight that late and drunk is;
 The bleezin, curst, mischievous monkies,
 Delude his eyes,
 Till in some miry slough he sunk is,
 Ne'er mair to rise.

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

Lang syne, in Eden's bonny yard,
When youthfu' lovers first were pair'd,
And a' the soul of love they shar'd,
The raptur'd hour,
Sweet on the fragrant, flowery swaird,
In shady bow'r!

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

D'ye mind that day, when in a bizz,
Wi' reekit duds, and reestit gizz,
Ye did present your smoutie phiz
Mang better sock,
And sklented on the man of Uz
Your spitefu' joke?

And how you got him in your thrall,
And brak him out o' house and hall,
While scabs and blotches did him gall,
Wi' bitter claw,
And loos'd his ill-tongu'd, wicket scam,
Was warst ava?

But yet, O L—d, confess I must,
 At times I'm fash'd wi' fleshly lust;
 And sometimes too wi' wardly trust,
 Vile self gets in;
 But thou remembers we are dust,
 Defil'd in sin.

© L—d, yestreen, thou kens, wi' Meg,
 Thy pardon I sincerely beg,
 O! may't ne'er be a livin' plague
 To my dishonour,
 And I'll ne'er lift a lawless l—g
 Again upon her.

Besides, I farther maun avow,
 Wi' Lizzie's lass, three times, I trow;
 But L—d, that Friday I was fou,
 When I came near her,
 Or else, thou kens, thy servant true
 Wad ne'er hae steer'd her.

Maybe thou lets this fleshly thorn
 Beset thy servant e'en and morn,
 Lest he owre high and proud shou'd turn,
 'Cause he's sae gifted;
 If sae, thy han' maun e'en be born,
 Until thou lift it,

L—d bless thy chosen in this place,
 For here thou hast a chosen race;
 But G—d confound their stubborn face,
 And blast their name,
 Wha bring thy elders to disgrace,
 And public shame

TAM O' SHANTER.

A TALE.

Of Brownie and of Bogie full is this Book.

GAWIN DOUGLAS.

WHEN Chapman billies leave the street,
 And drouthy neighbours neighbours meet,
 As market-days are wearin late,
 And fock begin to tak the gate;
 While we sit bousing at the nappy,
 And getting fou and unco happy,
 We think na on the lang Scotch miles,
 The mosses, waters, slaps, and stiles,
 That lie between us and our hame,
 Whare sits our sulky, sullen dame,
 Gath'ring her brows like gath'ring storm,
 Nursin her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest Tam o' Shanter,
 As he frae Ayr ae night did canter,
 (Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses,
 For honest men and bonny 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 blethering, blustering, drunken blellum,
 That frae November till October,
 Ae market-day thou was nae sober:

That ilka melder, wi' the miller,
 Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;
 That every nag was ca'd a shoe on,
 The smith and thee gat roaring fou on;
 That at the L—d's house, even on Sunday,
 Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday;
 She prophesy'd, that late or soon,
 Thou wad be found deep drown'd in Doon;
 Or catch'd wi' warlocks i' the mirk,
 To 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
 East by an ingle, bleezing finely,
 Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely;
 And at his elbow, Souter Johnny.
 His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony:
 Tam lo'ed him like a very brither;
 They had been fou for weeks thegither.
 The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter,
 Ae: aye the ale was growing better:
 The landlady and Tam grew graecious.
 Wi' favours, secret, sweet, and precious:
 The Souter tauld his queerest stories;
 The landlord's laugh was ready chorus:
 The storm without might rair and rustle,
 Tam did not mind the storm a whistle.
 Care, mad to see a man so happy,
 Even crown'd himsel amang the nappy.

As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
 The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure:
 Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
 O'er a' the ills o' life victorious!

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

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

Weel mounted on his grey mare Meg,
 A better never lifted leg,
 Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire,
 Despisin wind, and rain, and fire;
 Whyles haddin fast his gude blue bonnet,
 Whyles croonin owre some auld Scots sonnet;

Whyles glow'rin round wi' prudent cares,
 Lest bogles catch him unawares;
 Kirk-Alloway was drawn nigh,
 Whar ghaists and howlets nightly cry—

By this time he was cross'd the ford,
 Whar in the snaw the chapman smoor'd;
 And past the birks and muckle stane,
 Whar drunken Charlie brak's neck-bane;
 And thro' the whins, and by the cairn,
 Whar hunters fand the murder'd bairn;
 And near the thorn, aboon the well,
 Whar Mungo's mother hang'd hersel.—
 Before him Doon pours a' his floods,
 The doublin storm pours a' his floods,
 The lightnings flash frae pole to pole;
 Near and more near the thunders roll!
 When, glimmerin thro' the groaning tree,
 Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a bleeze!
 Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancin!
 And loud resounded mirth and dancin.—

Inspirin bold John Barleycorn!
 What dangers thou can mak us scorn!
 Wi' tippeny we fear nae evil;
 Wi' usquebae we'll face the devil!—
 The swats sae ream'd in Tammy's noddie,
 Fa' play, he car'd na deils a hoddie;
 But Maggie stood right sair astonish'd,
 Till, by the heel and hand admonish'd,
 She ventur'd forward on the light;
 And, vow! Tam saw an unco sight!
 Warlocks and witches in a dance,
 Nae cotillion brent new frae France,

But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,
 Pat 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,
 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 cantrip slight,
 Each in its cauld hand held a light !—
 By which heroic Tam was able
 To note upon the haly table,
 A murderer's banes in gibbet-airns !
 Twa span-lang, wee, unchristen'd bairns ;
 A thief, new cutted frae a rape,
 Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape !
 Five tomahawks, wi' blade 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 o' life bereft,
 The grey hairs yet stack to the heft !
 Three lawyers' tongues turn'd inside-out,
 Wi' lies seem'd like a beggar's clout :
 And priests' hearts, rotten black as much,
 Lay stinkin vile in every neuk !
 Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu' !
 Which ev'n to name wad be unlawfu' !
 As Tammie glow'd, amaz'd and curious,
 The mirth and fun grew fast and furious !
 The piper loud and louder blew,
 The dancers quick and quicker flew !

They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit,
 Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,
 And koost her duddies to the wark,
 And linkit at it in her sark!

Now Tam, O Tam! had thae been queens,
 A' plump and strappin in their teens,
 Their sarks, instead o' creechie flannen,
 Been snaw-white se'enteen hunder linen,
 Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,
 That ance were plush, o' gude blue hair,
 I wad hae gi'en them aff my hurdies,
 For ae blink o' the bonny burdies!

But wither'd beldams, auld and droll,
 Rigwoodie hags wad spean a foal;
 Louping and flinging on a crummock,
 I wonder't didna turn my stomach.

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

But here my Muse her wing maun cow'r;
 Sic flights are far beyond her pow'r;
 To sing how Nannie lap and sang,
 (A souple jad she was and strang);
 And how Tam stood lik ane bewitch'd,
 And thought his very een enrich'd!
 Ev'n Satan glowr'd, and sidg'd in' fain,
 And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main!
 Till first ae caper, syne anither,
 Tam tint his reason a' thegither,
 And roars out, Well done Cutty-Sark!
 And in an instant a' was dark!
 And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
 When out the hellish legion sallied,
 As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,
 When plund'ring 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 rins, the witches follow,
 Wi' mony an eldritch skreech and hollow!

Ah, Tam! ah, Tam! thou'll get thy fairin,
 In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin!
 In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin;
 Kate soon will be a woofu' woman!
 Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
 And win the key-stane * o' the brig;

* It is a well-known fact, that Witches, or any evil spirits, have no power to follow a poor wight any farther than the middle o' the next running stream.—It may be proper likewise to

There at them thou thy tail may toss,
 A rinnin stream they darena cross.
 But ere the key-stane she could make,
 The fient a tail she had to shake !
 For Nannie, far before the rest,
 Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
 And flew at Tam-wi' furious ettle ;
 But little wist she Maggie's mettle—
 Ae spring brought aff her master hale,
 But left behint her ain grey tail :
 The carlin caught her by the rump,
 And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

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



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,

mention to the benighted traveller, that when he falls in with bogles, whatever danger may be in his going forward, there is much more danger in turning back.

I spy'd a man, whose aged step
 Seem'd weary, worn with care;
 His face was furrow'd o'er with years,
 And hoary was his hair.

Young stranger, whither wand'rest thou?
 (Began the rev'rend Sage;)
 Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,
 Or youthful pleasure rage?
 Or haply prest with cares and woes,
 Too soon thou hast began
 To wander forth with me, to mourn
 The miseries of man.

The Sun that overhangs yon moors,
 Out-spreading far and wide,
 Where hundreds labour to support
 A haughty lordling's pride;
 I've seen yon weary winter's sun
 Twice forty times return,
 And every 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,
 Shew man was made to mourn.

A few seem'd 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 every land,
 Are wretched and forlorn !
 Thro' weary life this lesson learn,
 That man was made to mourn.

Many and sharp the num'rous ills
 Inwoven with our frame ;
 More pointed still we make ourselves,
 Regret, Remorse, and Shame :
 And Man, whose heav'n-erected face,
 The smiles of love adorn,
 Man's inhumanity to Man,
 Makes countless thousands mourn.

See yonder poor o'erlabour'd wight,
 So abject, mean, and vile,
 Who begs a Brother of the Earth
 To give him leave to toil ;
 And see his lordly Fellow-worm
 The poor petition spurn,
 Unmindful, though 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 or pow'r
 To make his fellow mourn?

Yet let not that too much, my Son,
 Disturb thy youthful breast;
 This partial view of human kind
 Is surely not the last:
 The poor, oppressed, honest man,
 Had never sure been born,
 Had there not been some recompence
 To comfort those that mourn.

Death, the poor man's dearest friend,
 The kindest and the best,
 Welcome the hour my aged limbs
 Are laid with thee at rest.
 The Great, the Wealthy, fear thy blow,
 From pomp and pleasure torn;
 But oh! a blest relief to those
 That weary laden mourn.

*The Death and Dying Words
of Poor MAILIE,*

THE AUTHOR'S ONLY PET YOWL.

An unco mournfu' TALE.

AS Mailie and her lambs thegither,
Was ae day nibbling on the tether,
Upon her cloot she coost a hite,
And owre she warsl'd in the ditch;
There, groaning, dyin, she did lie,
When Hughoc * he came doytin by.

Wi' glowrin een, and lifted han's,
Poor Hughoc like a statue stan's!
He saw her days were near-hand ended,
But, waes my heart, he cou'dna mend it!
He gaped wide, but naething spak,
At length poor Mailie silence brak.

O thou, whase lamentable face
Appears to mourn my woeful case,
My dying-words attentive hear,
And bear it to my Master dear:

Tell him, if e'er again he keep
As muckle gear as buy a sheep,
O bid him never tie them mair
Wi' wicked strings o' hemp or hair,
But ca' them out to park or hill,
And let them wander at their will;

* A neighbour herd-callen.

So may his flock increase and grow
To scores o' lambs, and packs o' woo.

Tell him, he was a master kin',
And aye was good to me and mine;
And now my dying-charge I gie him,
My helpless lambs I trust them wi' him.

O bid him save their harmless lives
Frae dogs, and tods, and butchers' knives;
Gie them o' gudē cow-milk their fill,
Till they be fit to fend themsel;
And teat them dully, e'en and morn,
Wi' teats o' hay and rips o' corn.

And may they never learn the gates
Of ither vile wanrestfu' pets,
To slink thro' slaps, and reave and steal
At stacks o' pease, or stocks o' kail.
So may they, like their great forbears,
For monie a year come thro' the sheers:
So wives will gie them hits o' bread,
And bairns greet for them when they're dead.

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

And neist, my yowie, silly thing,
Gude keep thee frae a tether-string!
O may thou ne'er foregather up
Wi' any blastit moorland toop,

But aye keep mind to moop and mell
Wi' sheep o' credit like thysel.

And now, my Bairns, wi' my last breath,
I leave my blessin wi' you baith:
And when you think upon your Mither,
Mind to be kind to aye-anither.

Now, honest Hughoc, dinna fail
To tell my Master all my tale;
And bid him lbra this cursed tether,
And for thy pains thou's get my bletcher.

This said, poor Mailie turn'd her head,
And clos'd her een among the dead.

—○○○○○○○○—
Poor Mailie's Elcgy.

LAMENT in rhyme, lament in prose,
Wi' saut tears trickling down your nose,
Our Bardie's fate is at a close,

Past a' remead
The last sad cap-stane of his woes,
Poor Mailie's dead!

It's no the loss o' warld's gear
That could sae bitter draw a tear,
Or mak our Bardie, dowie, wear

The mourning weed;
He's lost a friend and neighbour dear,
In Mailie dead.

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

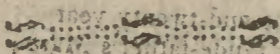
I wat she was a sheep o' sense,
And cou'd behave hersel wi' mense;
I'll say't, she never brak a fence,
Thro' thievish greed.
Our Bardie, lanely, keeps the spence,
Sin' *Mailie's* dead.

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

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

Wae worth the man that first did shape
That vile wanchansie thing—a rāpeto—
It maks gude fellows girth and gape,
Wi' chunkin dread!
And Robin's bannet wave wi' crape,
For *Mailie* dead.

O a' ye bards on bonny Doon,
 And wha on Ayr your chaunters tane,
 Come join your melancholy croon
 O' Robin's reed;
 His heart will never get aboon,
 His Maillie's dead!



THE AULD FARMER'S

New-Year Morning Salutation

TO
 His Auld Mare, MAGGIE,

On giving her the hick-tommed Ripp of Corn,
 to Hansel in the New-Year.

A Gude New-Year I wish thee, Maggie,
 Hae, there's a ripp to thy auld haggie,
 Tho' thou's how-backit now, and knaggie,
 I've seen the day,
 Thou could hae gien, like any staggie,
 Out-owre the lay.

Tho' now thou's dowie, stiff, and crazy,
 And thy auld hide's as white's a daisy,
 I've seen thee dappit, sleek, and glazie,
 A bonny grey;
 We shou'd been tight that daunt to raise thee
 Aice in a day.

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

It's now some nine-and-twenty year
Sin' thou was my Gude-father's Mare;
He gied me thee o' tocher clear,
And fifty mark;

Tho' it was sma', 'twas weel-won gear,
And thou was stark,

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

That day ye pranc'd wi' muskiet pride,
When ye bure hame my bonny Bride;
And sweet and gracefu' strou'd ye hid,
Wi' maiden fair!

Kyle-Stewart I cou't hae bragged wide,
For sic a pair,

Tho' now ye dow but hoyte and hobbie,
And wintle like a saumont-cobble,
That day ye was a jinker noble,
For heels and win,
And ran the race till they a' did wauble
Far, far bein'.

When frosts lay lang, and snaws were deep,
 And threaten'd labour back to keep,
 I gied thy cog a wee bit heap

Aboon the timmer ;

I kend my Maggie wadna sleep

For that, or simmer,

In cart nor car thou never reedit ;

The stayest brae thou wad hae fac't it ;

Thou never lap, and stent, and breastit,

Then stood to blaw ;

But just thy step a wee thing hastit,

Thou snov't awa.

My plough is now thy hairntime a',

Four gallant brates as e'er did draw ;

Forbye sax mae, I've sell't awa,

That thou hast nurst ;

They drew me thretteen pund and twa,

The very warst.

Monie a sair darg we twa hae wrought,

And wi' the weary warl' fought ;

And monie an anxious day I thought

We wad been beat ;

Yet here to crazy age we're brought,

Wi' something yet.

And think na, my auld trusty servan,

That now, perhaps, thou's less deservin,

And thy auld days may end in starvin,

For my last fou,

A heapit simpart, I'll reserye ane

Laid by for you.

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

That merry night we get the corn in,
O sweetly then thou reanis the horn in !
Or reekin on a New-year's mornin
In cog or bicker,
And just a wee drap spiritual burn in,
And gusty sucker.

When Vulcan gies his bellows breath,
And ploughmen gather wi' their graith,
O rare ! to see thee fizz and freath
I' the tuggit caup !
Then Burnewin comes on like death
At ev'ry chaup.

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

When skirlin weanies see the light,
Thou maks the gossips clatter bright,
How fumblin cuifs their dearies slight,
Wacworth the name !
Nae howdie gets a social night,
Or plac'd frae them.

When neighbors anger at a plea,
And just as wud as wud can be,
Low easy can the barley-bree
Cement the quarrel!
It's aye the cheapest Lawyer's fee
To taste the barrel.

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

Wacworth the brandy, burning trash!
Fell source o' monie a pain and brash!
Twins monie a poor doylt drucken lash
O' hauf his days;
And sends, beside, auld Scotland's cash
To her warst faes.

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

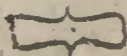
May gravels round his bladder wrench,
And gouts torment him, inch by inch,
Wha twists his gruntle wi' a glunch
O' sour disdain,
Out-owre a glass o' whisky-punch
Wi' honest men.

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

Thee, Fairntosh, O sadly lost!
 Scotland, lament frae coast to coast;
 Now cholic grips, and barking hoast,
 May kill us a',
 For loyal Forbes' charter'd hoast
 Is ta'en awa!

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

Fortune, if thou'lt but gie me still
 Hale breck, a scone, a Whisky-gill,
 And rowth o' rhyme to rove at will,
 Tak a' the rest,
 And deal't about as thy blind skill
 Directs thee best.



THE AUTHOR'S
EARNEST CRY AND PRAYER *

To the Scottish Representatives in the
HOUSE OF COMMONS.

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

PARODY ON MILTON.

YE Scottish Lords, ye Knights and 'Squires,
Wha represent our Burghs and Shires,
And doucely manage our affairs
In Parliament,
To you a simple Poet's pray'rs
Are humbly sent.

Alas! my rupet Muse is hearse,
Your Honours' hearts wi' grief 'twad pierce,
To see her sitting on her a—
Low i' the dust,
And screechin out prosaic verse,
And like to burst!

Tell them wha hae the chief direction,
Scotland and me's in great affliction,

* This was wrote before the Act anent
the Scotch Distilleries, of Session 1786,
for which Scotland and the Author return
their most grateful thanks.

E'er since they laid that curst restriction
 On Aquavitæ;
 And rouse them up to strong conviction,
 And move their pity.

Stand forth, and tell your Premier Youth,
 The honest, open, naked truth;
 Tell him o' mine and Scotland's drouth,
 His servants humble:
 The muckle devil blaw ye south,
 If ye dissemble.

Does ony great man glunch and gloom,
 Speak out, and never fash your thumb,
 Let posts or pensions sink or soom
 Wi' them wha grant 'em,
 If honestly they canna come,
 Far better want 'em.

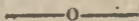
In gath'rin votes you were nae slack,
 Now stand as tightly by your tack;
 Ne'er claw your lug, and fidge your back,
 And hum and haw,
 But raise your arm, and tell your crack
 Before them a'.

Paint Scotland greeting owre her thrissel,
 Her matchkin stoup as toom's a whissel,
 And damn'd Excisemen, in a bussel,
 Seizin a Stell,
 Triumphant, crush'nt like a mussel,
 Or lampit-shell.

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

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

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



POSTSCRIPT.

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

What tho' their Phoebus kinder warms,
While Fragrance blooms, and Beauty charms,

When wretches range in famish'd swarms
The scented groves,
Or hounded forth, dishonour arms
In hunger-droves.

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

But bring a Scotsman frae his hill,
Clap in his cheek a Highland gill,
Say, Sic is royal George's will,
And there's the foe;
He has nae thought but how to kill
Twa at a blow.

Nae cauld, faint-hearted doubting tease him;
Death comes!—wi' fearless ee he sees him;
Wi' bludy hand a welcome gies him;
And when he fa's,
His latest draught o' breathin lea'es him
In faint huzzas.

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

The fourth a Highland-Donald, hastie;
 A d—n'd red-wud Kilburnie blastie:
 Forbye a cowte, o' cowtes the wale,
 As ever ran afore a tail;
 Gin he be spar'd to be a beast,
 He'll draw me fifteen pund at least.—
 Wheel carriages I hae but few,
 Three carts, and twa are feckly new;
 An auld wheel-barrow, mair for token,
 Ae leg and baith the trams are broken;
 I made a poker o' the spindle,
 And my auld mother burnt the trundle.—
 For men, I've three mischievous boys,
 Run-deils for rantin and for noise!
 A gadsman ane, a thrasher t'other,
 Wee Davock hauds the nowte in fother.
 I rule them, as I ought, discreetly,
 And aft-n labour them completely;
 And aye on Sundays, duly nightly,
 I on the questions tairge them tightly;
 Till, faith, wee Davock's turn'd sae gleg;
 Tho' scarcely langer than my leg,
 He'll screed you aff Effectual-Calling
 As fast as ony in the dwelling.—
 I've nane in female servin station,
 (L—d keep me aye frae a' temptation!)
 I hae nae wife, and that my bliss is,
 And ye hae laid nae tax on misses;
 For weans, I'm mair than weel contented,
 Heav'n sent me ane mair than I wanted;
 My sonsie, smirking, dear-bought Bess,
 She stares the daddy in her face,
 Enough of ought you like but grace;

And justifies that ill opinion,
 Which makes thee startle
 At me, thy poor, earth-born companion,
 And fellow-mortal.

I doubt na, whiles, but ye may thieve;
 What then? poor beastie, thou maun live;
 A daimen-icker, in a thrave -

'S a sma' request;
 I'll get a blessin wi' the lave,
 And never miss't.

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin!
 It's silly wa's the win's are strewin!
 And naething now to big a new ane,
 O' foggage green;
 A bleak December's winds ensuin,
 Baith snell and keen.

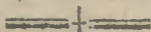
Thou saw the fields laid bare and waste,
 And weary Winter co. in fast,
 And cozie here, beneath the blast,
 Thou thought to dwell,
 Till, crash! the cruel couter past
 Out-thro' thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves and stibble,
 Has cost thee monie a weary nibble;
 Now thou's turn'd out for a' thy trouble,
 But house or hauld,
 To thole the Winter's sleety dribble,
 And cranreuch cauld.

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane
 In proving foresight to be vain;

The best-laid schemes o' Mice and Men
 Gang aft' a-gley,
 And lea'e us nought but grief and pain,
 For promis'd joy.

Still thou art blest, compar'd wi' me,
 The present only toucheth thee;
 But, och! I backward cast my ee
 On prospects drear!
 And forward tho' I cannot see,
 I guess and fear!



TO A LOUSE,

On seeing one on a Lady's Bonnet at Church.

HA! whar ye gaun, ye crowlin ferlie?
 Your impudence protects you fairly;
 I canna say but ye strunt rarely
 Owre gauze and lace;
 Tho' faith, I fear, ye dine but sparely
 On sic a place.

Ye ugly, creepin. blastit wonner,
 Detested, shun'd by saint and sinner;
 How dare you set a fit upon her,
 Sae fine a Lady?
 Gae somewhere else, and seek your dinner,
 On some poor body.

● wad some Pow'r the giftie gie us,
 To see ourselves as others see us,
 It yad frae mony a blunder free us,
 And foolish notions;
 What airs in dress and gait wad leave us,
 And e'en Devotion.



TAM SAMSON'S * ELEGY.

An honest man's the noblest work of God.—POPE.

HAS auld Kilnarnock seen the diel?
 Or great M'—— † thrawn his heel?
 Or R—— ‡ again grown weel,
 To preach and read?
 Na, waur than a', cries ilka chiel,
 Tam Samson's dead!

* *When this worthy old Sportsman went out last Muirfowl Season; he supposed it was to be, in OSSIAN'S phrase, "the last of his fields," and expressed an ardent wish to die and be buried in the Muirs. On this hint, the Author composed his Elegy and Epitaph.*

† *A certain Preacher, a great favourite with the Million. Vide the ORDINATION, p. 72.*

‡ *Another Preacher, an equal favourite with the few, who were at that time sailing. For him, see also the ORDINATION, Stanza ix.*

K— lang may grunt and grane,
And sigh, and sab, and greet her lane,
And clead her bairns, man, wife, and wean,
In mourning weed,
To death she's dearly paid the kanē,
Tam Samson's dead.

The Brethren o' the mystic level,
May hing their heads in woeful bevel,
While by their nose the tears will revel,
Like ony bead;
Death's gien our lodge an unco devel.
Tam Samson's dead.

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

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

Now safe the stately Saumons sail;
And Trouts bedroop'd wi' crimson hail,
And Eels, weel kend for souple tail,
And Geds for greed,
Since dark, in Death's fish-creel, we wait
Tam Samson's dead.

Where human weakness has come short,
 Or frailty stept aside,
 Do Thou, All-Good! for such Thou art,
 In shades of darkness hide.

Where with intention I have err'd,
 No other plea I have,
 But—Thou art good, and Goodnes still
 Delighteth to forgive.

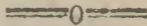
STANZAS

ON THE SAME OCCASION.

WHY am I loath to leave this earthly scene?
 Have I so found it full of pleasing charms?
 Some drops of joy, with draughts of ill between;
 Some gleams of sunshine mid renewing storms.
 Is it departing pangs my soul alarms?
 Or Death's unlovely, dreary, dark abode?
 For guilt, for guilt, my terrors are in arms!
 I tremble to approach an angry God!
 And justly smart beneath his sin-avenging rod.

Fain would I say, Forgive my foul offence!
 Fain promise never more to disobey;
 But should my Author health again dispense,
 Again I might desert fair Virtue's way,
 Again in Folly's path might go astray,
 Again exalt the brute, and sink the man,
 Then how should I for heav'nly Mercy pray,
 Who act so counter heav'nly Mercy's plan?
 Who sin so oft have mourn'd, yet no temptation
 ran!

O Thou Great Governor of all below!
 If I may dare a lifted eye to Thee,
 Thy nod can make the tempest cease to blow,
 Or still the tumult of the raging sea:
 With that controlling pow'r assist ev'n me.
 Those headlong furious passions to confine;
 For all unfit I feel my powers to be,
 To rule their torrent in th' allowed line:
 O aid me with Thy help, Omnipotence Divine!



The First PSALM.

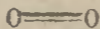
THE man, in life wherever plac'd,
 Hath happiness in store,
 Who walks not in the wicked's way,
 Nor learns their guilty lore:

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, test
 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.



The First Six Verses

Of the Nintieth PSALM.

O THOU, the first, the greatest Friend,
 Of all the human race!

Whose strong right-hand has ever been
 Their stay and dwelling-place:

Before the mountains heav'd their heads
 Beneath thy forming hand,
 Before this pond'rous globe itself
 Arose at Thy command.

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

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

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

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

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

——*

ADDRESS to the TOOTHACH.

*Written by the Author at a time when he was
 grievously tormented with that Disorder.*

MY curse on your envenom'd stang,
 That shoots my tortur'd gums along,
 And thro' my lugs gies mony a bang,
 Wi' gnawing vengeance!
 Tearing my nerves wi' bitter twang,
 Like racking engines.

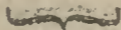
Adown my beard the slavers trickle,
 I cast the wee stools o'er the meikle,
 While round the fire the hav'rels keckle,
 To see me loup;
 I curse and ban, and wish a heckle
 Were i' their doup.

When fevers burn, or agues freeze us,
 Rheumatics gnaw, or cholics squeeze us,
 Our neighbours sympathize to ease us,
 Wi' pitying mean;
 But thou—the hell o' a' diseases,
 They mock our groans

O' a' the numerous human dools,
 Ill barsts, daft bargains, cutty-stools,
 Or worthy friends laid i' the mools,
 Sad sight to see!
 The tricks o' knaves, or fast o' fools,
 Thou bear'at the gre...

Whare'er that place be, priests ca' hell;
 Whar a' the tones o' mis'ry yell,
 And plagues in ranked number tell
 In deadly raw,
 Thou, Toothach, surely bear'st the bell;
 Aboon them a'.

O thou grim mischief-makin chiel;
 That gars the chords o' discord squeel,
 Till human-kind aft dance a reel
 In gore, a shree-thick,
 Gae a' the faes o' Scotland's weel
 A townmond's tootthack.



SONGS.

John Barleycorn *.

A BALLAD.

THERE were three Kings into the east,
Three Kings baith great and high,
And they hae sworn a solemn oath,
John Barleycorn should die.

They took a plow and plow'd him down,
Put clods upon his head;
And they hae sworn a solemn oath,
John Barleycorn was dead.

But the cheerful Spring came kindly on,
And show'rs began to fall;
John Barleycorn gat up again,
And sore surpriz'd them all!

The sultry Suns of Summer came,
And he grew thick and strong,
His head well arm'd with pointed spears,
That no one should him wrong.

* This is partly composed on the plan of
an old Song known by the same name.

The sober Autumn enter'd mild,
 When he grew wan and pale;
 His bending joints, and drooping head,
 Show'd he began to fail.

His colour sicken'd more and more,
 He fac'd into age;
 And then his enemies began
 To show their deadly rage.

They've taen a weapon, long and sharp,
 And cut him by the knee;
 Then ty'd him fast upon a cart,
 Like a rogue for forgery.

They laid him down upon his back,
 And eudgel'd him full sore:
 They laid him up before the storm,
 And turn'd him o'er and o'er.

The filled up a darksome pit
 With water to the brim,
 They heaved in John Barleycorn,
 There let him sink or swim.

They laid him out upon the floor,
 To work him farther woe;
 And still as signs of life appear'd,
 They toss'd him to and fro.

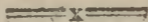
They wasted, o'er a scorching flame,
 The marrow of his banes;
 But a Miller us'd him worst of all,
 For he crush't him 'tween twa stanes!

And they have taen his very heart's blood,
 And drunk it round and round;
 And still the more and more they drank,
 Their joy did more abound!

John Barleycorn was a hero bold,
 Of noble enterprise,
 For if you do but taste his blood,
 'Twill make your courage rise!

'Twill make a man forget his woe,
 'Twill heighten all his joys!
 'Twill make the widow's heart to sing,
 Tho' tear were in her eye.

Then let us toast John Barleycorn,
 Each man a glass in hand;
 And may his great posterity
 Ne'er fail in old Scotland.



Green grow the Rashes.

A FRAGMENT.

THERE's nought but care on ev'ry han',
 In ev'ry hour that passes, O:
 What signifies the life o' man,
 And 'twere na for the lasses, O?

CHORUS.

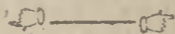
Green grow the rashes, O,
 Green grow the rashes, O;
 The sweetest hours that e'er I spent,
 Were spent among the lasses, O.

The wardly race may riches chace,
 And riches still may flee them, O;
 And tho' at last they catch them fast,
 Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O,
 Green grow, &c.

Gie me a cannie hour at e'en,
 My arms about my deary, O,
 And warldly cares, and warldly men,
 May a' gae tapsalteerie, O.
 Green grow, &c.

For you, sae douse, ye sneer at this,
 Ye're nought but senseless asses, O;
 The wisest man the warl' e'er saw,
 He dearly lo'ed the lasses, O.
 Green grow, &c.

Auld Nature swears, the lovely Dears
 Her noblest work she classes, O;
 Her prentice-han' she try'd on man,
 And then she made the lasses, O.
 Green grow, &c.



S O N G,

TUNE—*Corn-Rigs are bonny.*

IT was upon a Lammas night,
 When' corn-rigs are benny,
 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.

The sky was blue, the wind was still,
 The moon was shining clearly,
 I set her down, wi' right gude-will,
 Among the rigs o' barley.

I kent her heart was a' my ain;
 I lov'd her most sincerely:

I kiss'd her o'er and o'er again,
 Among the rigs o' barley.

I lock'd her in my fond embrace;
 Her heart was beatin' rarely;

My blessing on that happy place,
 Among the rigs o' barley.

But by the moon and stars so bright,
 That shene that hour sae clearly,

She aye shall bless that happy night,
 Among the rigs o' barley.

I hae been blythe wi' comrades dear,
 I hae been merry drinkin,

I hae been joyfu' gath'rin gear,
 I hae been happy thinkin;

But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,
 Tho' three times doubled fairly,

That happy night was worth them a',
 Among the rigs o' barley.

CHORUS.

Corn-rigs, and barley-rigs,

And corn-rigs are bonny:

I'll ne'er forget that happy night,

Among the rigs wi' Annie.

S O N G.

COMPOSED IN AUGUST.

TUNE—*I had a Horse, &c.*

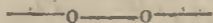
NOW Westlin winds, and slaught'ring guns,
 Bring Autumn's pleasant weather;
 The Muircock springs on whirring wings,
 Among the blooming heather:
 Now waving grain, wide owre the plain,
 Delights the weary Farmer;
 The moon shines bright, when I rove at night,
 To muse upon my Charmer.

The Partridge loves the fruitful fell,
 The Plover loves the mountains,
 The Woodcock haunts the lonely dales,
 The soaring Heron the fountains,
 Thro' lofty groves the Cushat roves,
 The paths of man to shun it,
 The hazel bush o'erhangs the Thrush,
 The spreading thorn the Linnet,

Thus ev'ry kind their nature find,
 The savage and the tender;
 Some social join, and leagues combine;
 Some solitary wander:
 Avaunt, away! the cruel sway,
 Tyrannic man's dominion;
 The Sportsman's joy, the murd'rer's cry,
 The flutt'ring gory pinions

But Peggy dear, the ev'ning's clear,
 Thick flies the skimmin Swallow;
 The sky is blue, the fields in view,
 All waving 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!
 No vernal show'rs to buddin flow'rs,
 Not Autumn to the Farmer,
 So dear can be, as thou to me,
 My fair, my lovely Charmer.



S O N G . .

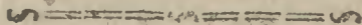
TUNE—*My Nannie, O.*

BEHIND yon hills where Lugar flows,
 'Mang muirs and mosses many, O,
 The wintry sun the day has clos'd,
 And I'll awa to Nannie, O.
 The westlin winds blaw loud and shrill,
 And it's baith mirk and rainy, O;
 I'll get my plaid, and out I'll steal,
 And owre the hills to Nannie, O.
 My Nannie's charming, sweet, and young,
 Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O;

May ill befa' the flattering tongue
 That wad beguile my Nannie, O.
 Her face is fair, her heart is true,
 As spotless as she's bonny. O;
 The op'ning gowan, wat wi' dew,
 Nae purer is than Nannie, O.

A country lad is my degree,
 And few there be that ken me, O,
 But what care I how few there be,
 I'm welcome ay to Nannie, O.
 My riches a's my penny fee,
 And I maun guide it cannie, O;
 But warl's gear ne'er troubles me,
 My thoughts are a' my Nannie, O.

Our auld gudeman delights to view
 His sheep and bye thrive bonny, O;
 But I'm as blythe that hauds his pleugh,
 And has nae care but Nannie, O.
 Come weel, come woe, I carena by,
 I'll tak what Heav'n will sen' me, O;
 Nae ither care in life hae I,
 But live, and love my Nannie, O.



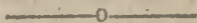
S O N G,

TUNE—*Gilderoy.*

FROM thee, Eliza, I must go,
 And from my native shore:
 The cruel Fates between us throw
 A boundless ocean's roar!

But boundless oceans, roaring wide,
Between my love and me,
They never, never can divide
My heart and soul from thee!

Farewell, farewell, Eliza dear,
The maid that I adore!
A boding voice is in mine ear,
We part to meet no more!
But the last throb that leaves my heart,
While death stands victor by,
That throb, Eliza, is thy part,
And thine that latest sigh!



THE FAREWELL,

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

TUNE—*Gude Night and Joy be wi' you a'.*

A DIEU! a heart-warm fond adieu!
Dear Brothers of the mystic tie;
Ye favour'd, ye enlighten'd few,
Companions of my social joy!
Tho' I to foreign lands must hie,
Pursuing Fortune's sliddery 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 Men'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!
 That you may keep the 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.

Finis.

CONTENTS.

COTTERS' Saturday-Night,	PAGE	9
Death and Doctor Hornbook,		10
The Brigs of Ayr, 17—The Twa Dogs, a Tale,		25
The Holy Fair, 33—Hallowe'en,		41
The Vision,		52
Address to the Unco Gude,		63
To a Fat Haggis,		65
A Dream, 67—The Ordinatton, 72—The Calf,		77
Address to the Diel,		78
Holy Willie's Prayer, 82—His Epitaph,		86
Tam o' Shanter and his Mare Maggie,		87
The Death and Dying Words of Poor Mailie,		98
Poor Mailie's Elegy,		100
The Farmer's Salutation to his auld Mare,		102
Scotch Drink,		106
The Author's Earnest Cry,		111
The Inventory,		118
Address to a Mouse, 120—To a Louse,		122
Tam Samson's Elegy,		124
A Prayer in Prospect of Death,		128
Stanzas on the same Occasion,		129
New Version of the First Psalm,		130
First Six Verses of the Ninetieth Psalm,		131
Address to the Toothach,		132
John Barleycorn,		134
Green grow the Rash's,		136
The Rigs o' Barley,		137
The Westlin Winds,		139
My Nannie O,		140
From thee, Eliza, I must go,		141
Farewell to the Brethren of St. James's Lodge,		142