

THE COMICAL STORY

15

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OF

# THRUMMY CAP

AND THE

# GHAIST.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

*THE HIGHLAND STORY OF*

# DONALD & HIS DOG.



GLASGOW:  
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DOUGLASS HIS DOG

THE HISTORY OF

TO WHICH IS ADDED

CHIVIL

AND

THE HISTORY OF

THE COMING STORY

# THRUMMY CAP.

## A TALE.

IN ancient times, far i' the north,  
 A hunder miles ayont the forth,  
 Upon a stormy winter day,  
 Twa men forgather'd o' the way,  
 Ane was a sturdy bardoeh chiel,  
 An' frae the weather happit weel,  
 Wi' a mill'd plaiding jockey-coat,  
 And eke he on his head had got  
 A thrummy cap baith large and stont,  
 Wi' flaps ahind, as weel's a snout,  
 Whilk button'd close aneath his chin,  
 To keep the cauld frae getting in:  
 Upon his legs he had gammashes,  
 Whilk sodgers term their spatterdashes,  
 An' on his hands, instead o' gloves,  
 Large doddy mittens, whilk he'd roose  
 For warmness, an' an aiken stick,  
 Nae verra lang, but unco thick,  
 Intill his nieve—he drave awa';  
 But car'd for neither frost nor snaw,  
 The ither was just the reverse,  
 O' claes and courage baith was scarce,  
 Sae in our tale, as we go on,  
 I think we'll ca' him cow'rldy John.  
 Sae on they gade at a gude scowe'r,  
 'Cause that they saw a gath'ring shower,

Grow verra thick upon the wind,  
 Whilk to their wae they soon did find;  
 A mighty show'r o' snaw and drift,  
 As ever dang down frae the lift!  
 Right wild and boistrous Boreas roar'd,  
 Preserves! quoth John, we'll baith be smor'd.  
 Our trystic end we'll ne'er make out;  
 Chear up, says Thrummy, never dout.  
 But I'm some fly'd we've tint our way,  
 Howe'er at the neist house we'll stay,  
 Until we see gif it grow fair,  
 Gin no, a' night we'll tarry there.  
 Weel, weel, says Johnny, we shall try,  
 Syne they a mansion house did spy,  
 Upo' the road a piece afore,  
 Sae up they gade unto the door,  
 Where Thrummy chappit wi' his stick,  
 Syne to the door came verra quick,  
 A meikle dog, wha barked fair,  
 But Thrummy for him didna care;  
 He handied weel his aiken staff,  
 An' spite o's teeth he kept him aff  
 Until the Landlord came to see,  
 and ken fat might the matter be;  
 Then verra soon the dog did cease  
 The Landlord then did spear the case  
 Quoth Thrummy, Sir, we ha'e gane rill;  
 we thought we'd ne'er a house get till,  
 We near were smor'd amo' the drift,  
 and sae gudeman, ye'll mak' a shift  
 To gi'e us quarters a' this night,  
 For now we dinna ha'e the light,  
 Farer to gang, tho' it were fair,  
 See gin ye hae a bed to spare,

Whate'er ye charge we canna grudge,  
 But satisfy ye, ere we budge  
 To gang awa'--and fan 'tis day,  
 We'll pack out all, and tak the way.  
 The Landlord said, O' beds I've nane,  
 Our ain fowks they will scarce contain;  
 But gin ye'll gang but twa miles foret  
 Aside the Kirk dwalls Robbie Dorret,  
 Wha keeps a Change-house, sells guide drink,  
 His house ye may mak out I think.  
 Quoth Thrummy, that's owre far awa',  
 The roads are sae blawn up wi' snaw,  
 To mak it is na in our power;  
 For, look ye, there's a gathering shower  
 Just coming on-- you'll let us bide,  
 Tho' we should sit by the fire side.  
 The Landlord said to him, Na, na,  
 I canna let you bide ava,  
 Chap aff, for 'tis na worth your while  
 To bide, when ye hae scriup twa mile  
 To gang--sae quickly aff you'll steer,  
 For faith, I doubt ye'll na be here.  
 Twa mile I quo' Thrummy, deil speed me,  
 If frae your house this night I jee,  
 Are we to starve in Christian land?  
 As lang's my stick bides in my hand,  
 An' siller plenty in my pouch,  
 To nane about your house I'll cronch,  
 Landlord, ye needna be sae rude,  
 For faith we'll mak our quarters good.  
 Come, John, let's in, we'll tak a sate,  
 Fat sorrow gars you look so blate?  
 Sae in he gangs, and sets him down,  
 Says he, there's nae about your town.

Sall put me ont till a new day,  
 Lang as I've siller for to pay,  
 The Landlord said, Ye're rather rash,  
 To turn you out I canna fash,  
 Since ye're so positive to bide,  
 But troth yese sit by the fire-side;  
 I tald ye else of beds I've name,  
 Unoccupied, except bare ane;  
 In it, I fear, ye wiuna ly;  
 For stoutest heart has aft been shy  
 To venture in within the room,  
 After the night begins to gloom;  
 For in it they can ne'er get rest,  
 'Tis haunted by a frightful ghaist;  
 Oursels are terrified a' night,  
 Sae ye may chance to get a sight,  
 Like that which some o' our fowk saw,  
 Gar better still ye gang awa',  
 Or else ye'll maybe rue the day,  
 Guide faith quo' John, I'm thinking sae;  
 Better into the neuk to sit,  
 Than fla'd, Gude keep's, out o' out wit;  
 Preserve us ever frae all evil,  
 I widna like to see the devel!  
 Whisht gowk, quo' Thrummy, haud your peace  
 That sanna gar me quit this place;  
 Nor great nor sma' I ne'er did ill,  
 The ghaist nor deil my rest shall spill.  
 I will defy the meikle deil,  
 And a' his warks I wat fu' weel;  
 What the sorrow then maks you sae erry?  
 Fling by your fears, and come be cheery,  
 Landlord gin ye'll mak up that bed,  
 I promise I'll be verra glad,

Within the same a' night to lie,  
 If that the room be warm and dry,  
 The Landlord says, Ye se get a fire,  
 And candle too gin ye desire,  
 Wi' beuks to read; and for your bed,  
 I'll orders gie, to get it made.  
 John says, as I'm a Christian man,  
 Who never likes to curse nor ban,  
 Nor steal, nor lie, nor drink, nor roar,  
 I'll never gang within its door,  
 But sit by the fireside a' night,  
 And gang awa' where'er 'tis light.  
 Says Thrummy till him, wi' a glow'r,  
 Ye cowardly gowk I'll mak ye cow'r;  
 Come up the stair alang wi' me,  
 And I shall caution for ye be.  
 Then Jonny faintly gaed consent,  
 Sine up the stairs to the room they went,  
 Where soon they gat baith fire and light,  
 To haud them hearty a' the night;  
 The Landlord likewise gae them meat;  
 Meikle as they baith could eat;  
 Shew'd then their bed and bade them gang  
 To it, whene'er they did think lang;  
 Sae wishing them a gnde repose  
 Straight syne to his ain bed he goes.  
 Our travellers now being left alane,  
 'Cause that the frost was nipping keen,  
 Coost aff their shoon, and warme'd their feet,  
 Then syne gaed to their bed to sleep.  
 But cowardly John wi' fear was quaking,  
 He coudna sleep but still lay waking,  
 Sae troubled with his panic fright,  
 When near the twalt hour o' night,

That Thrummy waken'd; and thus spoke,  
 Preserv's! quoth he, I'm like to chock  
 Wi' thirst, and I maun hae a drink,  
 I will gang down the stair, I think,  
 And grapple for the water-pail,  
 O for a waught o' caller ale!  
 Johnny grips till him, and says, Na,  
 I winna let you gang awa':  
 Wow will you gang and leave me here  
 Alane to die wi' perfect fear?  
 Rise and gae wi' nie then, quoth Thrummy,  
 Ye senseless guide-for-naething bummy,  
 I'm only gaen to seek some water,  
 I will be back just in a clatter.  
 Na na says John, I'll rather lie,  
 But as I'm likewise something dry  
 Gif ye can get a jug or cap,  
 Fesh up to me a little drap.  
 Ay ay, quoth Thrummy that I will,  
 Altho ye shouldna get a gill,  
 Sae down he goes to seek a drink,  
 But then he sees a little blink  
 O' light that shoné upon the floor,  
 Out through the lock-hole o' the door,  
 Which wasna fast, but stood a gee,  
 Whatever's there he thinks he'll see:  
 Sae bauldly o'er the threshold ventures,  
 Then in within the door he enters.  
 But reader judge of the surprise  
 That there he saw with wondering eyes  
 A spacious vault well stored wi' casks  
 O' reaming ale and some big flasks,  
 And stride-legs o'er a cask o' ale  
 He saw the likeness o' himself:



Just in the dress that he coost aff,  
 A thrummy and an aiken staff,  
 Gammashes and the jockey coat;  
 And in its hand the Ghaist had got  
 A big four-legged timber bicker,  
 Fill'd to the brim wi' nappy liquor,  
 Our hero at the spectre stared,  
 But neither daunted was not car'd,  
 But to the Ghaist stright up did step,  
 An' says, dear brother, 'Thrummy, Cap,  
 The warst ye surely dinna drink,  
 So I wi' you will taste I think;  
 Syne took a jug, pou'd out the pail,  
 And fill'd it up wi' the same ale,  
 Frae under where the spectre sat,  
 And then up stairs wi' it he gat;  
 Took a gude drink, gae John anither,  
 But never tald him o' his brither  
 That he inta the cellar saw,  
 Mair than he'd naething seen ava,  
 Light brown and nappy was the beer:  
 Whar did you get it? John did speir,  
 Says Thrummy, sure ye needna care,  
 I'll gae and try and get some mair,  
 Sae down the stair again he goes,  
 To get o' drink anither dose.  
 Being positive to hae some mair,  
 But still he fand the Ghaist was there,  
 Now on a butt behind the door:  
 Says he, ye didna ill before,  
 Dear brother Thrummy, sae I'll try  
 You ance again, because I'm dry.  
 He filis his jug stright out below,  
 An' up the stair again does go.

John marvelled sair, but didna speir  
 Again where he did get the beer,  
 For it was stronger then the first,  
 Sae they baith drank till like to burst,  
 Syne did compose themsels to rest,  
 To sleep a while they thought it best.  
 One hour in bed they hadna been,  
 They scarcely weel had closed their een,  
 When just into the neighbouring cham'er  
 They heard a dreadfu' din and clamour.  
 Beneath the bed-claes John did cow'r,  
 But Thrummy jump'd upon the floor,  
 Him by the sark tail John did haud ;  
 Lye still, quoth he, fat are ye mad ?  
 Thrummy then gaed hasty jump,  
 Syne took John on the ribs a thump,  
 Till on the bed he tumbled down,  
 In little better then a swoon,  
 While Thrummy fast as he could rin,  
 Sets aff to see what made the din.  
 The chamber seem'd to him as light,  
 Gif as the sun where shining bright,  
 The Ghaist was stanen at the door ;  
 In the same dress he had afore ;  
 And o'er anent it, at the wa',  
 Were ither apparitions twa.  
 Thrummy beheld them for a-wee,  
 But deil a word as yet spake he  
 The spirits seeme'd to kick a ba',  
 The Ghaist against the ither twa ;  
 whilk close they drave baith back and fore,  
 Atween the chimney and the door.  
 He stops a while and sees the play,  
 Syne, rinnin up, he this did say,

Ane for ane may weel compare,  
 But twa for ane is rather sair ;  
 The play's nae equal, say I vow,  
 Dear brother Thrummy, I'll help you.  
 Then wi' his fit he kicked the ba',  
 Gard it play stot against the wa';  
 Quick then, as lightning fra the sy,  
 The spectres with a horrid cry,  
 A' vanished in a clap o' thun'er.  
 While Thrummy at the same did won'er.  
 The room was quiet now aud dar',  
 An' Thrummy striping in his sark;  
 Glauming the gate back to his bed,  
 He thinks he hears a parson tread,  
 An' ere he gat without the door,  
 The Ghaist again stood him before,  
 And in his face did staring stand,  
 Wi' a big candle in its hand.  
 Quoth Thrummy, Friend, I want to know  
 what brings you frae the shades below,  
 I in goodness' name command  
 You tell your story just aff hand ?  
 Fat wad ye hae? ---I'll do my best  
 For you, to let you be at rest.  
 Then says the Ghaist, 'Tis thirty year  
 Sinse I've been doom'd to wander here ;  
 In all that time there has been none  
 Behave'd sae bold as ye have done :  
 Sae if you'll do a job for me,  
 Disturbance mair I'll never gie.  
 Sae on your tale, quoth Thrummy  
 To do ye justice sure will try.  
 Then mark me weel, the Ghaist replied  
 And ye shall soon be satisfied:

Frae this aback near forty year,  
 I of this place was overseer,  
 When this Laird's father had the land,  
 A' thing was then at my command,  
 Wi' power to do as I thought fit,  
 In ilka cause I chief did sit:  
 The Laird paid great respect for me,  
 But I an ill return did gie,  
 The Title-Deeds of his Estate  
 Out of the same I did him cheat,  
 And stalc them frae whare they did lie  
 Some days before the Laird did die.  
 His son at that time was in France,  
 And sae I thought I'd hae a chance,  
 Gif he sud never come agai,  
 That the Estate would be my ain.  
 But scaicely three bare weeks were past,  
 When death did come and grip me fast,  
 Sae sudden that I hadna pow'r  
 The charter back for to restore,  
 Soon after that hame came the heir,  
 And syne got up the reefu rair,  
 What sorrow was come o' the Rights?  
 They sought them several days and nights,  
 But never yet hae they been seen,  
 As I aneath a muckle stane  
 Did hide them i' this chaure' wa',  
 Weel sew'd up in a leather ba',  
 But I was ne'er allow'd to rest  
 Untill that I the same confest;  
 But this to do I hadna power,  
 Frae yon time to this verra hour  
 That I've revealed it a to you,  
 and now I'll tell you what to do.

Till nae laugsyhe nae mony kent,  
 That this same laird the rights did want;  
 But now they ha'e him at the law,  
 And the neist week the laird maun shaw,  
 Before the court the rights o's land,  
 This pat him to an unco stand,  
 For if he didna shaw them there,  
 O' a' his lands he'll be striped bare,  
 Nae hopes has he to save his state,  
 This makes him sour and unco blate,  
 He canna think whar's rights may be,  
 And ne're expects them mair to see,  
 But now my friend mark what I tell'd  
 And ye'll get something to yoursel.  
 Tak out the stane there in the wa',  
 And there ye'll get the leather ba',  
 Tis just ihe same that you did see,  
 When you said that you would help me,  
 The rights are sewed up in its heart,  
 But see you dinna wis their part,  
 Until the laird shall pay you down  
 Just fifty guineas and a crown,  
 Whilk at my death was due to me,  
 This for thy trouble I'll give thee,  
 And I'll disturb this house nae mair,  
 'Cause I'll be free frae all my care,  
 This Thrummy promised to do,  
 And syne the Ghaist bid him adieu  
 And vaushed with a pleasant sound  
 Down through the laft and thro' the ground.  
 Thrummy gaed back sine to his bed,  
 And cowardly John was verra glad,  
 That he his neighbour saw ance mair,  
 For of his life he did despair.

Wow man, quo' John, whare hae you been.  
 Come tell me a' fat ye hae seen.  
 Na, bide, says Thrummy, till day-light,  
 And syne I'll tell you hale and right.  
 Sae baith lay still and took a nap,  
 Until the ninth hour it did chap.  
 Thrummy syne raise, put on his claes,  
 And to the chamber quick he gaes,  
 Taks out the stane into the wa';  
 And soon he found the leathern ba';  
 Took ont the Rights, replac'd the stane,  
 Ere John did ken whar he had been :  
 Then baith came stapping' down the stair,  
 The morning now was calm and fair.  
 Weel, quoth the Laird, my trusty frien',  
 Hae ye ought in our chamber seen ?  
 Quoth Thrummy, Sir, I naething saw  
 That did me ony ill ava.  
 Weel, quoth the Laird, ye now may gang,  
 Ye ken the day's verra lang ;  
 In the meantime its calm and clear,  
 Ye lose your time in biding here.  
 Quoth Thrummy, Sir, mind what I tell,  
 I've mair right here than you yoursel.  
 Sae till I like I here shall bide,  
 The Laird at this began to chide :  
 Says he, my friend, you're turning rude.  
 Quoth Thrummy, I'll my claim make good,  
 For here I just before you a',  
 The Rights o' this Estate can shaw,  
 And that is mair than ye can do.  
 What ! quo' the Laird, can that be true ?  
 Tis true, quoth Thrummy, look and see,  
 D'ye think that I would tell a lie.

The Parchments frae his pouch then drew,  
 And down upon the table threw.  
 The Laird at this up to him ran,  
 And cried, Whar did you get them, man?  
 Syne Thrummy tald him a' the tale,  
 As I've tald you, baith clear and hale.  
 The Laird at this was fidgin' fain,  
 That he had gat his Rights again:  
 And fifty guineas down did tell,  
 Besides a present frae himsel.  
 Thrummy thanked him, an' syne his gowd  
 Intil a muckle purse he stow'd.  
 And cramm'd it in his oxter-pouch,  
 And syne sought out his aiken crutch:  
 And fare-ye-weel, I maun awa,  
 And see gin I get thro' the sna';  
 Weel, fare-ye-weel, replied the Laird:  
 But how comes it ye hanna' shar'd  
 Or gien your neibor o' the money?  
 Na, by my saul I, Sir, quo' Thrummy,  
 When I the siller, Sir, did win,  
 (To ha'e done this wad be a sin.)  
 Before that I the Ghaist had laid,  
 The nasty beast had —— the bed.  
 And sae my tale I here do end,  
 I hope no one it will offend:  
 My muse will na assist me langer,  
 The dorty jade sometimes does anger,  
 I thought her ance a gay smart lass,  
 But now she's come to sic a pass,  
 That a' my cudgeling ond weeping,  
 Will hardly wake her out o' sleeping;  
 To plagne her I winna try,  
 But dight my pen and lay it by.

# D O N A L D

AND HIS

## DOG.

Atween twa hills that tower'd up to the clouds,  
Clad o'er with heather, bent, and wuds;  
'Mang rocks, and steeps, and waters falling,  
Was Highland Donald's humble dwelling.  
Aroun' his hut, beneath his eye,  
Fed bout a score o' stirks and key,  
Whilk, wi' his wife and family, were  
His pleasure and peculiar care:  
Amang sic barren heights and howes,  
Whar grain for food but scanty grows,  
His family were but sparely fed—  
Right coarse, and barely were they clad;  
For he had wi' the laird for years  
Had, 'gainst his will been in arrears  
For whilk he had to thole the snarl  
And threats o' the tyrannic carl  
Till Donald's independent spirit



Nae langer was resolved to bear it,  
 And hardships was resolved to scorn—  
 As the saying is, to mak' a spoon or spoil á  
 horn.  
 He shrewd and clever was, I trow ;  
 Spak' Gaelic weel, and Lawlan's, too ;  
 And, as he was an honest chiel,  
 By a' his neighbours likèt weel.  
 Ae day—contrivin' what to dae  
 To keep himsel' aboon the brae—  
 A plan he modell'd in his head,  
 And thus it down before them laid:—  
 That twa weeks hence in 'England, there  
 Wad be a great black cattle fair,  
 Whar kye as he learnt frae men o' dealings  
 Gied double price gi'en in the Highlands.  
 Now if, wi' what he could himsel  
 Spare safely frae his flock to sell,  
 They wad mak' up a drove amang them,  
 He pledged his word he wadna wrang them,  
 But render, at his comin' back,  
 A just account o' ilka plack ;  
 Allowing him for recompense  
 Some sma' còmmission and 's expense.  
 On this they quickly greed to gie

Out o' their floeks sonie twa, some three  
 Till a handsome drove colleekit,  
 And to the south his way direekit.  
 He mounted was upon a pony,  
 A dog his servant was, and crony;  
 And by his side, like ony lord,  
 There hung a braid sheep-headed sword—  
 No as a weaçon o' offence;  
 But, in case o' need, for se'f-defence;  
 For they wha liket, rich or poor,  
 Might wear a sword in days o' yore.  
 Baith ear' and late—baith wat and dry—  
 The dog and Donald drave the kye;  
 And, after muckle toil and care  
 A' safe and sound they reached the fair.  
 The kye were 'sald—the price was paid—  
 'Twas down in yellow guineas laid;  
 The guineas in his purse was sneekit—  
 The price was mare than he expeekit.  
 Whilk raised his heart—and he wat weel  
 He thought himsel' a clever chiel.  
 Instead o' Donald longin' careless  
 About the fair, to keek at fairlies,  
 Or bouze wi limmers, or to gamble,  
 Or spend his cash in ony ramble,

He wisely mounts his Highland shely;  
 And took the road on helty skelty.  
 As he rode on and cracked his whup,  
 Y gentleman came riding up,  
 Wha bade ' Good day, ' wi friendly air,  
 And spiered ' if he'd been at the fair?'  
 When Donald, without vain parade,  
 Returned him thanks, and said ' he had ;'  
 And a' his business, tap and tail o't,  
 When at the fair, he tauld the hale o't.  
 Right erouse they grew wi' ane anither,  
 And mony stories tauld to ither,  
 Bout kings an' priests an' great commanders,  
 The wars in Britain, France, and Flanders.  
 When mony mile's they'd rode in leagne,  
 They in a hollow reached a brig  
 Across a burn, that ran wi' ease  
 Down through a glen adorned wi' trees.  
 Now 'twas a bonnie summer's day,  
 When a' the fields were clothed and gay,  
 They stopped, and dropped there tales and jo-  
 kin',  
 Their horses' lowing drouth to sloken,  
 And greed some little time to pass,  
 To let them rest and eat some grass.

Now, as Donald and his comrade sat  
 Upon the green, they resumed their chat;  
 And Donald's dog before their feet  
 Lay stretched, and panting wi' the heat—  
 And Donald's sword, which he did carry  
 Beneath his hodden-grey havarry,  
 The Englishman's attention seized,  
 He begged a sight o't, if he pleased  
 Whilk Donald drew and frankly gave him,  
 In confidence he'd not deceive him.  
 The billy thanked him for the sight o't,  
 Then praised the size, the mak, an weight o't.  
 And asked at Donald, on his word,  
 If maist he trusted to the dog or sword,  
 Supposing the case, that any pad  
 Should demand the money that he had?  
 'The sword,' quoth Donald, 'I can wield,  
 And should sic wretch, by road or field,  
 E'er daur demand frae me a shilling,  
 I'd plunged with freedom in the villain;  
 Yet ne'ertheless, for a' my cracks o't,  
 I wadna gie the dog for sax o't.  
 Wi' this the fellow, at the word,  
 Chapped aff the dog's head with the sword;  
 Syne pointed it to Donald's heart,

And swore he with his cash should part,  
 Or instantly, with stabs and cuts,  
 He'd pierce his heart and rip his guts.  
 'O!' says Donald, 'spare my life,  
 For sake o' my poor weans and wife  
 Hae, there's the cash; but wi' what shame  
 And grief maun I face friends at hame  
 They'll no believe a word o't neither—  
 Lord help's, we're ruined a thegither.  
 'Stop,' says the fellow, 'cease your crying;  
 Your friends will not suppose you lying;  
 They will believe what you say to them,  
 By evidence which you shall give them  
 From ever man I rob I've credit,  
 By giving me his hand I did it;  
 My comrades and I together  
 This token give to one another;  
 So one of your hands must go with me  
 So take your choice, which shall it be.  
 My dog is gane and darling purse,  
 And now my hand—still worse and worse  
 Hae mercy on me,' Donald prays,  
 'I'll be a beggar a' my days.'  
 'No mercy for you,' cried the wretch;  
 'Come, down wi't—I'll make quick dispatch.'

' Weel then,' says Donald, ' I submit,  
 But ae repuest grant, if it's fit ;  
 That is, since my left hand must go,  
 Drive't aff at ae most desperate blow ;  
 No on the saft green, there perhaps  
 Ye'll pine me sair by several chaps,  
 But ye'll at ance mair siccar do't  
 On yonder smooth tree's spreading root.  
 Puir Donald's prayer was heard, he then  
 Made bare his left hand shackle-bane,  
 And on the tree root laid it quaking ;  
 The robber now his aim was taking—  
 Baith hands raised the vengfu' whittle,  
 And, as he drew with awful ettle,  
 Sly Donald slipped his arm a-jee,  
 When firm the sword stuck in the tree.  
 ' Have at ye now, ye cruel wretch,'  
 Quoth Donald, ' I am now your match !'  
 With that he caught him by the collar,  
 Gied him a jerk that garred him gollar ;  
 Donald's blood boiled in a passion,  
 He gied his face a horrid bashin,  
 His cravate Donald squeesed sae tight,  
 That faith he strangled him maist outright.  
 By this means Donald manned to mak

His hands secure ahint his back,  
Syne on the horse he put the billy,  
His feet he tied beneath his belly;  
The dog, whom Donald mourned full sore,  
A frightfu' sight of reeking gore,  
He on ahint the fellow placed  
Across the hurdies of the beast.  
Syne, Donald's triumph to evince,  
He mounts his horse proud as a prince—  
Brandished the sword, and dared the blade  
To move his hands, feet, tongue, or head;  
That if he did, he warn'd him now  
Up to the hilt he'd run him through.  
Sae on the road they moved along,  
And Donald croon'd a Highland sang;  
They reach'd the town, folks were surpris'd  
The rober soon was recognized;  
The magistrates they brawly kent him,  
For mair nor ance he'd been fornent them.  
For many years his deeds of horror  
Had kept baith far and near in terror,  
For whilk, whae'er wad apprehend him,  
And to the nearest prison send him,  
Wad he entitled to regard,  
And twenty guineas of reward,

While Donald got in word and deed,  
 With honours heaped upon his head.  
 The rober, too, got his reward—  
 Stern Justice at him awfu' stared;  
 Guilt and remorse his bosom stung,  
 Hence he was tried, condemned, and hung.  
 Bauld Donald soon arrived at hame,  
 Paid aff his laird and ilka claim,  
 Mair o' him ye'd tire to hear me tell,  
 But he was soon a laird himsel,  
 Yet ne'er forgot the awfu' shock,  
 When his left hand lay on the block.

**THE END OF DONALD AND HIS DOG**