

What ails you now ye louse —
To labour me, at sic a puleh
With Ellward Lapsboun, Hoove and Vateh
And Hodken Hauld
I did not suffer half so much
From Mr. —

What tho' at times when I hear cross
I gie their Names a random pouse
So that enough for you to stouae
Your servant sees
Gae mind your stean poor frae the Louse
And jagg the flae

Tho' I wou'd had poe'li' brief
' Many Pezzies he edrowght sic mischief
As fill'd his after life with grief
And bloody rants
And yet he's ranked among the Chief
Of Langsyne Saints

See who can say for a my cants
My rough-spun Rymes and drunken rants
But I may gie auld Hornie's haunts
A cunning sleep
And snugly set among the Saints
At Davids Hips

But Macchlene Sessien says I maun
Gae fa' 'epon some ither plan
Than her young hyslets coups the Cran
Wi' lawless tumble
Till they maun thole their Mennies bann
And heek folk's Grumble

This leads me on to tell for sport
How I did with the Sessien sort
Auld Clunkum at the ither port
Gives three times Robin
Came neither sad and answers partly
Gie blam'd for jobbing

I put a jumental sae on
And ventur'd in afore the Sessien
And made an open heart Confession
I wou'd to lie
And then they a' wi' grave Expression
Began on me

Am and Offending you. They held me
And said my faults were. It left I expect me
I found a' was true, they held me

Quoth I my God what the Mother
Said unless ye held me
I'll never be better

And why not held said they - Ye know
How our right Eye Hand Foot or Toe
I shall ever prove your Spiritual foe

You must remember
Do cut it off - and wherefore no

Even my Member
I struck by the force of this Revolution

I say with a Joy pointed out
I left them, full'd with perurbation

I should I glad had they
I should I'd with Zeal for my Castration

I say away

Kinsley 119

minor variants. 20

Poem Burns
in Ans. to Walker