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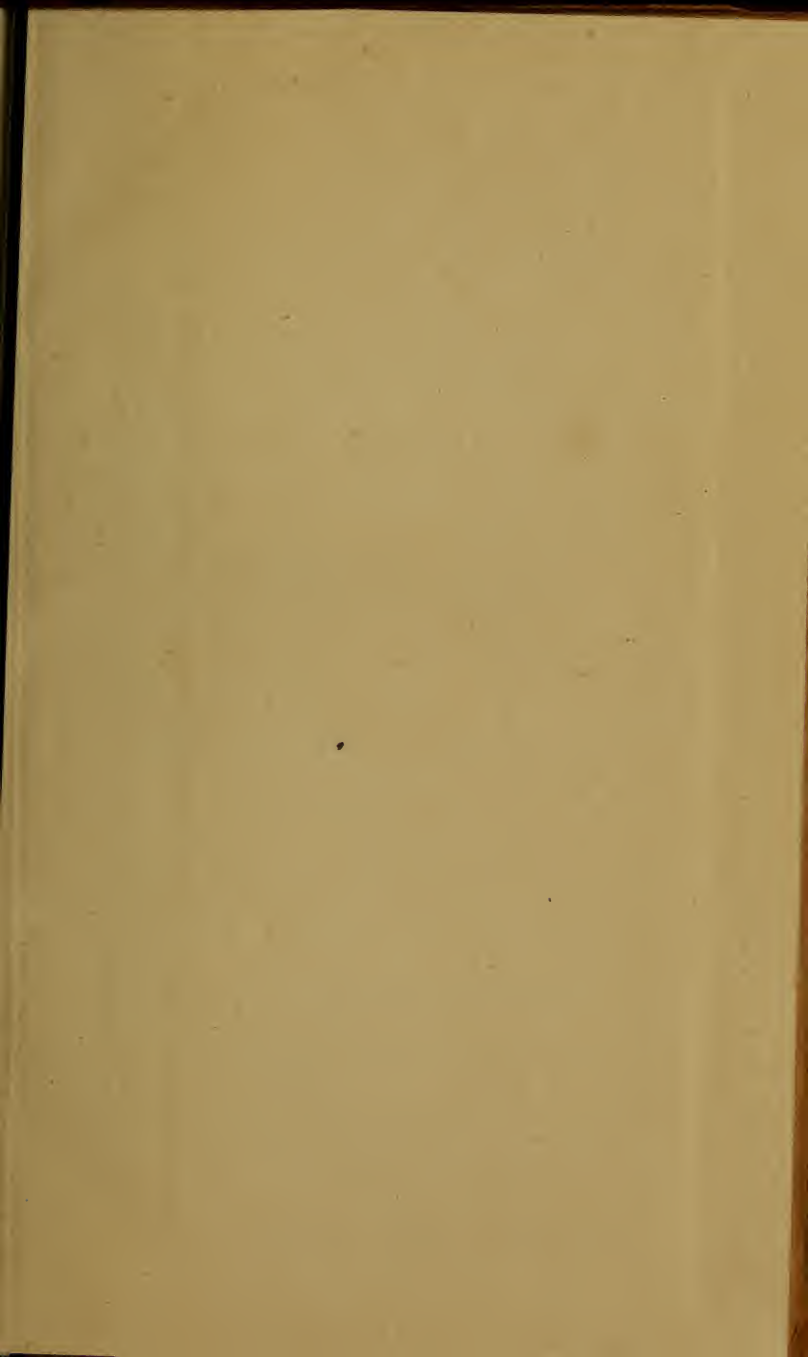
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POEMS,

CHIEFLY IN THE
SCOTTISH DIALECT.

BY
ROBERT BURNS.



TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

Several other Pieces,

NOT CONTAINED IN ANY FORMER EDITION OF HIS POEMS;

TOGETHER WITH

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF;

AND

ELEGANT EXTRACTS FROM HIS LETTERS.

WILMINGTON:

PRINTED AND SOLD BY BONSAI AND NILES, IN MARKET
STREET.—ALSO SOLD AT THEIR BOOK-STORE,
MARKET-STREET, BALTIMORE.

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1804.

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LIFE OF

ROBERT BURNS,

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BY HIMSELF,

IN A LETTER TO DR. MOORE.

Mauchline, 2d Aug. 1787.

SIR,

For some months past I have been rambling over the country, but I am now confined with some lingering complaints, originating, as I take it, in the stomach. To divert my spirits a little in this miserable fog of *ennui*, I have taken a whim to give you a history of myself. My name has made some little noise in this country; you have done me the honor to interest yourself very warmly in my behalf; and I think a faithful account of what character of a man I am, and how I came by that character, may perhaps amuse you in an idle moment. I will give you an honest narrative, though I know it will be often at my own expence; for I assure you, I have, like Solomon, whose character, excepting in the trifling article of *wisdom*, I sometimes think I resemble—I have, I say, like him, *turned my eyes to behold madness and folly*, and like him, too, frequently shaken hands with their intoxicating friendship. After you have perused these pages, should you think them trifling and impertinent I only beg leave to tell you, that the poor author wrote them under some

twitching qualms of conscience, arising from a suspicion that he was doing what he ought not to do; a predicament he has more than once been in before.

I have not the most distant pretensions to assume that character which the pyecoated guardians of escutcheons call a Gentleman. When at Edinburgh last winter, I got acquainted in the Herald's office; and looking through that granary of honors, I there found almost every name of the kingdom; but for me,

*My ancient but ignoble blood,
Has crept thro' scoundrels ever since the flood.*

Gules, Purpure, Argent, &c. quite disowned me.

My father was of the north of Scotland, the son of a farmer, and was thrown by early misfortune on the world at large; where after many years wanderings and sojourning, he picked up a pretty large quantity of observation and experience, to which I am indebted for most of my little pretensions to wisdom. I have met with few who understood *men, their manners and ways*, equal to him; but stubborn, ungainly integrity, and headstrong ungovernable irascibility, are disqualifying circumstances; consequently, I was born a very poor man's son. For the first six or seven years of my life, my father was gardener to a worthy gentleman of small estate in the neighbourhood of Ayr. Had he continued in that station, I must have marched off to be one of the little underlings about a farm house; but it was his dearest wish and prayer to have it in his power to keep the children under his own eye till they could discern between good and evil; so, with the assistance of his generous master, my father ventured on a small farm on his estate. At those years I was by no means a favorite with any body; I was a great deal noticed for a retentive memory, a stubborn, sturdy something in

my disposition, and an enthusiastic ideot piety. I say ideot piety, because I was then but a child. Though it cost the school-master some thrashings, I made an excellent English scholar; and by the time I was ten or eleven years of age, I was a critic in substantives, verbs, and participles. In my infant and boyish days too, I owed much to an old woman who resided in the family, remarkable for her ignorance, credulity and superstition. She had, I suppose, the largest collection in the country of tales and songs concerning devils, ghosts, fairies, brownies, witches, warlocks, spunkies, kelpies, elf candles, dead lights, wraiths, apparitions, cantraips, giants, enchanted towers, dragons, and other trumpery. This cultivated the latent seeds of poetry; but had so strong an effect on my imagination, that to this hour, in my nocturnal rambles, I sometimes keep a sharp look out in suspicious places; and though nobody can be more sceptical than I am in such matters, yet it often takes an effect of philosophy to shake off these idle terrors. The earliest composition that I recollect taking pleasure in, was *the Vision of Mirza*, and a hymn of Addison's beginning, "*How are thy servants blest, O Lord!*" I particularly remember one half stanza which was music to my boyish ear—

“ *For though on dreadful whirls we hung,
“ High on the broken wave.”—*

I met with these pieces in *Mason's English Collection*, one of my school books. The two first books I ever read in private, and which gave me more pleasure than any two books I ever read since, were *The Life of Hannibal*, and *the History of Sir William Wallace*. Hannibal gave my young ideas such a turn that I used to strut in raptures up and down after the recruiting drum and bagpipe, and wish myself tall enough to be a soldier; while the story of Wallace poured a Scottish

prejudice into my veins, which will boil along there, till the flood gates of life shut in eternal rest.

Polemical divinity about this time was putting the country half mad, and I, ambitious of shining in conversation parties on Sundays between sermons, &c. used a few years afterwards to puzzle Calvinism with so much heat and indiscretion, that I raised a hue and cry of heresy against me, which has not ceased to this hour.

My vicinity to Ayr was some advantage to me. My social disposition, when not checked by some modification of spirited pride, was like our catechism definition of infinitude, *without bounds or limits*. I formed several connections with other youngers who possessed superior advantages: the youngling actors who were busy in the rehearsal of parts in which they were to appear on the stage of life, when alas! I was destined to drudge behind the scenes. It is not commonly at this green age that our young gentry have a just sense of the immense distance between them and their ragged play-fellows. It takes a few dashes into the world to give the young great man that proper, decent, unnoticing disregard for the poor, insignificant, stupid devils, the mechanics and peasantry round him, who were, perhaps, born in the same village. My young superiors never insulted the *cloutery* appearance of my plough-boy carcass, the two extremes of which were often exposed to all the inclemencies of all the seasons. They would give me stray volumes of books; among them, even then, I could pick up some observations; and one, whose heart, I am sure, not even the *Munny begum* scenes have tainted, helped me to a little French. Parting with these my young friends and benefactors, as they occasionally went off for the East or West-Indies, was often to me a sore affliction; but I was soon called to more serious evils.

My father's generous master died ; the farm proved a ruinous bargain ; and to clinch the misfortune, we fell into the hands of a factor who sat for the picture I have drawn in my *Tale of Two Dogs*. My father was advanced in life when he married ; I was the eldest of seven children ; and he, worn out by early hardships, was unfit for labor. My father's spirit was soon irritated but not easily broken. There was a freedom in his lease in two years more ; and to weather these two years, we retrenched our expenses. We lived very poorly : I was a dexterous ploughman for my age ; and the next eldest to me was a brother (Gilbert) who could drive the plough very well, and help me to thrash the corn. A novel writer might, perhaps, have viewed these scenes with some satisfaction, but so did not I ; my indignation yet boils at the recollection of the s——l factor's insolent threatening letters, which used to set us all in tears.

This kind of life—the cheerless gloom of a hermit, with the unceasing moil of a galley slave, brought me to my sixteenth year ; a little before which period I first committed the sin of rhyme. You know our country customs of coupling a man and woman together as partners in the labors of harvest. In my sixteenth autumn, my partner was a bewitching creature, a year younger than myself. My scarcity of English denies me the power of doing her justice in that language, but you know the Scotch idiom ; she was a *bonnie, sweet, sonsie lass*. In short, she altogether unwittingly to herself initiated me into that delicious passion, which, in spite of acid disappointments, gin-horn prudence, and book-worm philosophy, I hold to be the first of human joys, our dearest blessing here below ! How she caught the contagion I cannot tell ; yet medical people talk much of infection from breathing the same air, the touch, &c. but I never expressly said I loved her. Indeed I did not know myself why I liked so

much to loiter behind with her, when returning in the evening from our labors; why the tones of her voice made my heart strings thrill like an Æolian harp; and particularly, why my pulse beat such a furious ratan when I looked and fingered over her little hand to pick out the cruel nettle stings and thistles. Among her other love-inspiring qualities, she sung sweetly; and it was her favorite reel to which I attempted giving an embodied vehicle in rhyme. I was not so presumptuous as to imagine that I could make verses like printed ones, composed by men who had Greek and Latin; but my girl sung a song which was said to be composed by a country laird's son, on one of his father's maids, with whom he was in love: and I saw no reason why I might not rhyme as well as he; for excepting he could sheer sheep, and cast peats, his father living in the moorlands, he had no more scholar-craft than myself.

Thus with me began love and poetry; which at times have been my only, and, till within the last twelve months, have been my highest enjoyment. My father struggled on till he reached the freedom of his lease, when he entered on a larger farm, about ten miles further in the country. The nature of the bargain he made, was such as to throw a little ready money into his hands at the commencement of the lease, otherwise the affair would have been impracticable. For four years we lived comfortably here; but a difference commencing between him and his landlord as to terms, after three years tossing and whirling in the vortex of litigation, my father was just saved from the horrors of a jail, by a consumption, which, after two years promises, kindly stepped in, and carried him away, to *where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest.*

It is during the time we lived on this farm that my story is most eventful. I was at the beginning of this

period, perhaps, the most ungainly awkward boy in the parish—no solitaire was less acquainted with the ways of the world. What I knew of ancient story was gathered from Salmons' and Guthrie's Geographical Grammars; and the ideas I had formed of modern manners, of literature, and criticism, I got from the Spectator. These with Pope's Works, some plays of Shakespeare, Tull and Dickinson on Agriculture, The Pantheon, Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding, Stackhouse's History of the Bible, Justice's British Gardener's Dictionary, Bayle's Lectures, Allan Ramsay's Works, Taylor's Scripture Doctrine of Original Sin, A Select Collection of English Songs, and Harvey's Meditations, had formed the whole of my reading. The collection of songs was my vade mecum. I pored over them driving my cart, or walking to labor, song by song, verse by verse; carefully noting the true tender, or sublime, from affectation and fustian. I am convinced I owe to this practice much of my critic craft, such as it is.

In my seventeenth year, to give my manners a blush, I went to a country dancing school. My father had an unaccountable antipathy to those meetings, and my going was, what to this moment I repent, in opposition to his wishes. My father, as I said before, was subject to strong passions; from that instance of disobedience in me, he took a sort of dislike to me, which, I believe, was one cause of the dissipation which marked my succeeding years. I say dissipation, comparatively with the strictness and sobriety, and regularity of a presbyterian country life; for though the Will-o'-Wisp meteors, of thoughtless whim were also the sole lights of my path, yet early ingrained piety and virtue kept me for several years afterwards within the line of innocence. The great misfortune of my life was to want an aim. I had felt early some stirrings of ambition, but they were the blind gropings of Homer's Cyclop

round the walls of his cave. I saw my father's situation entailed on me perpetual labor. The only two openings by which I could enter the temple of fortune, was the gate of niggardly œconomy, or the path of little chicaning bargain-making. The first is so contracted an aperture, I never could squeeze myself into it; the last I always hated—there was contamination in the very entrance! Thus abandoned of aim or view in life, with a strong appetite for sociability, as well from native hilarity, as from a pride of observation and remark; a constitutional melancholy or hypochondriasm made me fly solitude; add to these incentives to social life, my reputation for bookish knowledge, a certain wild logical talent, and a strength of thought, something like the rudiments of good sense, and it will not seem surprising that I was generally a welcome guest where I visited, or any great wonder that always where two or three met together, there was I among them. But far beyond all other impulses of my heart was *un penchant à l'adorable moitié du genre humain*. My heart was completely tinder, and was eternally lighted up by some goddess or other; and, as in every other warfare in this world, my fortune was various; sometimes I was received with favour and sometimes I was mortified by a repulse. At the plough, scythe, reap-hook, I feared no competitor, and thus I set absolute want at defiance; and as I never cared farther for my labors than while I was in actual exercise, I spent the evenings in the way after my own heart. A country lad seldom carries on a love adventure without an assisting confidant. I possessed a curiosity, zeal, and intrepid dexterity, that recommended me as a proper second on these occasions; and I dare say I felt as much pleasure in being in the secret of half the loves of the parish of Tarbolton, as ever did statesman in knowing the intrigues of half the courts of Europe. The very goose feather in my hand seems to know instiuctively the well-known path of my ima-

gination, the favorite theme of my song ; and is with difficulty restrained from giving me a couple of paragraphs on the love adventures of my compeers, the humble inmates of the farmer-house and the cottage ; but the grave sons of science, ambition, or avarice, baptize these things by the name of follies. To the sons and daughters of labor and poverty, they are matters of the most serious nature ; to them the ardent hope, the stolen interview, the tender farewell, are the greatest and most delicious parts of their enjoyments.

Another circumstance in my life, which made some alteration in my mind and manners, was, that I spent my nineteenth summer on a smuggling coast, a good distance from home, at a noted school, to learn mensuration, surveying, dialling, &c. in which I made a pretty good progress. But I made a greater progress in the knowledge of mankind. The contraband trade was at that time very successful ; and it sometimes happened to me to fall in with those who carried it on. Scenes of swaggering, riot, and roaring dissipation, were till this time new to me, but I was no enemy to social life. Here, though I learned to fill my glass, and to mix without fear in a drunken squabble, yet I went on with a high hand with my geometry, till the Sun entered Virgo, a month which is always a carnival in my bosom, when a charming *fillettie*, who lived next door to the school, overset my trigonometry, and set me off at a tangent from the sphere of my studies. I, however, struggled on with my *sines* and *co-sines* for a few days more ; but stepping into the garden one charming noon to take the Sun's altitude, there I met my angel,

*Like Proserpine gathering flowers,
Herself a fairer flower.—*

It was in vain to think of doing any more good at school. The remaining week I stayed I did nothing

but craze the faculties of my soul about her, or steal out to meet her; and the two last nights of my stay in the country, had sleep been a mortal sin, the image of this modest girl had kept me guiltless.

I returned home very considerably improved. My reading was enlarged with the very important addition of *Thompson's* and *Shenstone's* works: I had seen human nature in a new phasis; and I engaged several of my school-fellows to keep up a literary correspondence with me. This improved me in composition. I had met with a collection of letters by the wits of Queen Ann's reign, and I pored over them most devoutly. I kept copies of any of my own letters that pleased me, and a comparison between them and the composition of most of my correspondents, flattered my vanity. I carried this whim so far, that though I had not three farthings worth of business in the world, yet almost every post brought me as many letters as if I had been a broad plodding son of day-book and ledger.

My life flowed on much in the same course till my twenty-third year. *Vive l'amour, et vive la bagatelle*, were my sole principles of action. The addition of two more authors to my library gave me great pleasure, *Sterne* and *M'Kensie*. *Tristram Shandy* and *Man of Feeling* were my bosom favorites. Poesy was still a darling walk for my mind; but it was only indulged in according to the humor of the hour. I had usually half a dozen, or more pieces on hand. I took up one or other as it suited the momentary tone of the mind, and dismissed the work as it bordered on fatigue. My passions, when once lighted up, raged like so many devils, till they got vent in rhyme; and then the conning over my verses, like a spell soothed all into quiet! None of the rhymes of those days are in print, except, *Winter, a Dirge*, the eldest of my printed pieces: *The Death of poor Maillie, John Barleycorn*, and songs first,

second, and third. Song second was the ebullition of that passion which ended the forementioned school business.

My twenty-third year was to me an important æra. Partly through whim, and partly that I wished to set about doing something in life, I joined a flax-dresser in a neighboring town (Irvin,) to learn his trade. This was an unlucky affair. My —; and to finish the whole, as we were giving a welcoming carousal to the new year, the shop took fire, and burnt to ashes; and I was left, like a true poet, not worth a six-pence.

I was obliged to give up this scheme; the clouds of misfortune were gathering thick round my father's head; and what was worst of all, he was visibly far gone in a consumption, and to crown my distresses, a *belle fille*, whom I adored, and who had pledged her soul in the field of matrimony, jilted me, with peculiar circumstances of mortification. The finishing evil that brought up the rear of this infernal file, was my constitutional melancholy being increased to such a degree, that for three months I was in a state of mind scarcely to be envied by the hopeless wretches who have got their *mittimus*—*depart from me ye cursed*.

From this adventure I learned something of a town life; but the principal thing which gave my mind a turn, was a friendship I formed with a young fellow, a very noble character, but a hapless son of misfortune. He was the son of a simple mechanic; but a great man in the neighbourhood taking him under his patronage, gave him a genteel education, with a view of bettering his situation in life—The patron dying just as he was ready to launch out into the world, the poor fellow in despair went to sea; where after a variety of good and ill fortune, a little before I was acquainted with him,

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he had been set ashore, by an American privateer on the wild coast of Connaught, stripped of every thing. I cannot quit this poor fellow's story without adding, that he is at this time master of a large West-Indiaman belonging to the Thames.

His mind was fraught with independence, magnanimity, and every manly virtue. I loved and admired him to a degree of enthusiasm, and of course strove to imitate him. In some measure I succeeded: I had pride before, but he taught it to flow in proper channels. His knowledge of the world was vastly superior to mine, and I was all attention to learn. He was the only man I ever saw who was a greater fool than myself where woman was the presiding star; but he spoke of illicit love with the levity of a sailor, which hitherto I had regarded with horror. Here his friendship did me a mischief; and the consequence was, that soon after I resumed the plough I wrote the *Poet's Welcome*. My reading only increased while in this town by two stray volumes of *Pamela*, and one of *Ferdinand Count Fathom*, which gave me some idea of novels. Rhyme, except some religious pieces that are in print, I had given up; but meeting with *Ferguson's Scottish Poems*, I strung anew my wildly sounding lyre with emulating vigour. When my father died, his all went among the hell-hounds that growl in the kennel of justice; but we made a shift to collect a little money in the family amongst us, with which, to keep us together, my brother and I took a neighboring farm. My brother wanted my hair-brained imagination, as well as my social and amorous madness; but in good sense, and every sober quality, he was far my superior.

I entered on this farm with a full resolution, *come, go to, I will be wise!* I read farming books; I calculated crops; I attended markets; and, in short, in spite,

of the devil, the world, and the flesh, I believe I should have been a wise man; but the first year, from unfortunately buying bad seed, the second from a late harvest, we lost half our crops. This overset all my wisdom, and *I returned like a dog to his vomit, and the sow that was washed, to her wallowing in the mire.*

I now began to be known in the neighborhood as a maker of rhymes. The first of my poetic offspring that saw the light, was a burlesque lamentation on a quarrel between two reverend Calvinists, both of them *dramatis personæ* in my *Holy Fair*. I had no notion myself that the piece had some merit; but to prevent the worst, I gave a copy of it to a friend who was fond of such things, and told him that I could not guess who was the author of it, but that I thought it pretty clever. With a certain description of the clergy, as well as laity, it met with a roar of applause. *Holy Willie's Prayer* next made its appearance, and alarmed the Kirk Session so much, that they held several meetings to look over their spiritual artillery, if haply any of it might be pointed against profane rhyme. Unluckily for me, my wanderings led me on another side, within point blank shot of their heaviest metal. This was a most melancholy affair, which I cannot yet bear to reflect on, and had very nearly given me one or two of the principal qualifications for a place among those who have lost the chart, and mistaken the reckoning of rationality. I gave up my part of the farm to my brother; in truth it was only nominally mine; and made what little preparation was in my power for Jamaica. But before leaving my native country forever, I resolved to publish my poems. I weighed my productions as impartially as was in my power; I thought they had merit; and it was a delicious idea that I should be called a clever fellow, even though it should never reach my ears—a poor negro driver—or perhaps a victim to that inhospitable clime, and gone to the world of spi-

rits! I can truly say, that *pauvre inconnu* as I then was, I had pretty nearly as high an idea of myself and of my works as I have at this moment, when the public has decided in their favor.

It ever was my opinion, that the mistakes and blunders, both in a rational and religious point of view, of which we see thousands daily guilty, are owing to the ignorance of themselves. To know myself had been all along my constant study. I weighed myself alone; I balanced myself with others; I watched every means of information, to see how much ground I occupied as a man and as a poet; I studied assiduously nature's design in my formation, where the lights and shades in my character were intended. I was pretty confident my poems would meet with some applause; but at the worst, the roar of the Atlantic would deafen the voice of censure, and the novelty of West-Indian scenes make me forget neglect. I threw off six hundred copies, of which I had got subscriptions for about three hundred and fifty. My vanity was highly gratified by the reception I met with from the public; and besides I pocketed, all expences deducted, nearly twenty pounds. This sum came very seasonably, as I was thinking of indenting myself, for want of money to procure a passage. As soon as I was master of nine guineas, the price of wafting me to the torrid zone, I took a steerage passage in the first ship that was to sail from the Clyde, for,

Hungry ruin had me in the wind.

I had been for some days sculking from covert to covert, under all the horrors of a jail; as some ill-advised people had uncoupled the merciless pack of law at my heels. I had taken the last farewell of my few friends; my chest was on the road to Greenock; I had composed the last song I should ever measure in Cale-

donia, *The gloomy night is gathering fast*, when a letter from Dr. Blacklock to a friend of mine overthrew all my schemes, by opening new prospects to my poetic ambition. The Doctor belonged to a set of critics for whose applause I had not dared to hope. His opinion that I should meet encouragement in Edinburgh for a second edition fired me so much, that away I posted for that city, without a single acquaintance, or a single letter of introduction. The baneful star that had so long shed its blasting influence in my zenith, for once made a revolution to the Nadir; and a kind providence placed me under the patronage of the noblest of men, the Earl of Glencairn. *Oublie moi, grand Dieu, si jamais je l'oublie.*

I need relate no further. At Edinburgh I was in a new world; I mingled among many classes of men, but all of them new to me; and I was all attention to *catch* the characters and *the manners living as they rise*. Whether I have profited, time will shew.

.....

Burns died on the 21st of July, 1796. The gentlemen volunteers of Dumfries, had determined to bury their associate with military honours. The funeral took place on the 26th of July, when the remains of Burns were interred in the southern church-yard, and three vollies marked the return of the poet to his parent earth.

PASSAGES TRANSCRIBED

FROM

BURNS' LETTERS.*

By John Evans, A.M.

THE appellation of a *Scottish Bard* is by far my highest pride, to continue to deserve it is my most exalted ambition. Scottish scenes and Scottish stories are the themes I could wish to sing. I have no dearer aim than to have it in my power, unplagued with the routine of business, for which, heaven knows, I am unfit, enough to make leisurely pilgrimages through Caledonia; to sit on the fields of her battles—to wander on the romantic banks of the rivers—and to muse by the stately towers, or venerable ruins, once the honoured abodes of her heroes!

.....

The most placid good-nature and sweetness of disposition, a warm heart gratefully devoted with all its powers to love me, vigorous health and sprightly cheerfulness set off to the best advantage, by a more than commonly handsome figure, these, I think, in a *woman*,

* It was the opinion of Dr. Robertson, the celebrated historian, that the *prose* of Burns was still more extraordinary than even his *poetry*.

may make a good wife, though she should never have read a page, but the *Scriptures of the Old and New Testament*, nor have danced in a brighter assembly than a *penny-pay* wedding.

.....

I shall transcribe you a few lines I wrote in an hermitage belonging to a gentleman in my *Nithsdale* neighbourhood. They are almost the only favours the muses have conferred on me in that country.

Thee whom chance may hither lead,
Be thou clad in rustic weed ;
Be thou deck'd in silken stole,
'Grave these maxims on thy soul.

Life is but a day at most,
Sprung from night, in darkness lost,
Hope not sunshine ev'ry hour,
Fear not clouds will ever lour.
Happiness is but a name,
Make *content* and *ease* thy aim.
Ambition is a meteor-gleam,
Fame an idle restless dream ;
Peace the tender'st flower of spring,
Pleasures—insects on the wing !
Those that sip the dew alone,
Make the butter-flies thy own :
Those that would the bloom devour,
Crush the locusts, save the flower.
For the future be prepar'd,
Guard wherever thou canst guard ;
But thy utmost duty done,
Welcome what thou canst not shun.
Follies past give thou to air,
Make their consequence thy care ;
Keep the name of MAN in mind,
And dishonour not thy kind.

Reverence, with lowly heart,
 Him whose wond'rous works thou art;
 Keep his goodness still in view,
 Thy trust, and thy example too.
 Stranger, go! heaven be thy guide!
 Quoth—the beadsman of Nithside.

.....

After all that has been said on the other side of the question, MAN is by no means a happy creature. I do not speak of the selected few, favoured by partial heaven, whose souls are tuned to gladness amid riches and honours, and prudence and wisdom. I speak of the neglected many, whose nerves, whose sinews, whose days are sold to the minions of fortune. It is this way of thinking, it is these melancholy truths, that made religion precious to the poor miserable children of men. If it is mere phantom, existing only in the heated imagination of enthusiasm—

“ What truth on earth so precious as the lie.”

My idle reasoning sometimes makes me little sceptical, but the necessities of my heart always give the cold philosophisings the lie. Who looks for the heart weaned from earth—the soul affianced to her God—the correspondence fixed with heaven—the pious supplication and the devout thanksgiving, constant as the vicissitudes of even and morn,—who thinks to meet these in the court, the palace, in the glare of public life! No; to find them in their precious importance and divine efficacy, we must search among the obscure recesses of disappointment, affliction, poverty, and distress.

.....

I approve of set times and seasons of more than ordinary acts of devotion, for breaking in on that habitu-

ated routine of life and thought, which is so apt to reduce our existence to a kind of instinct, or even sometimes, and with some minds, to a state very little superior to mere machinery.

.....

We know nothing, or next to nothing, of the substance or structure of our souls, so cannot account for those seeming caprices in them, that one should be particularly pleased with this thing, or struck with that, which, on minds of a different cast, makes no extraordinary impression. I have some favourite flowers in in spring, among which are the mountain-daisy, the hare-bell, the fox-glove, the wild brier-rose, the budding-birch, and the hoary hawthorn, that I view and hang over with particular delight. I never hear the loud solitary whistle of the curlew in a summer noon, or the wild mixing cadence of a troop of grey-plovers in an autumnal morning, without feeling an elevation of soul like the enthusiasm of devotion, or poetry. Tell me, my dear friend, to what can this be owing? Are we a piece of machinery, which like the Eolian harp, passive takes the impression of the passing accident? Or do these workings argue something within us above the trodden clod? I own myself partial to such proofs of those awful and important realities—a God that made all things—man's immaterial and immortal nature—and a world of weal or woe beyond death and the grave!

.....

Often as I have glided with humble stealth through the pomp of Prince's-street, (Edinburgh), it has suggested itself to me as an improvement on the present human figure, that a man in proportion to his own conceit of his consequence in the world, could have

pushed out the longitude of his common size as a snail pushes out his horns, or as we draw out a perspective. This trifling alteration, not to mention the prodigious saving it would be in the tear and wear of the neck, limbs, and sinews of many of his majesty's liege subjects, in the way of tossing his head, and tiptoe-strutting, would evidently turn out to vast advantage, in enabling us at once to adjust the ceremonials in making a bow, or making way to a great man, and that too within a second of the precise spherical angle of reverence, or an inch of the particular point of respectful distance which the important creature itself requires—as a measuring glance at its towering altitude, would determine the affair like instinct!

.....

O frugality! thou mother of ten thousand blessings—thou cook of fat beef and dainty greens!—thou manufacturer of warm Shetland hose and comfortable surtouts;—thou old housewife darning thy decayed stockings with thy ancient spectacles on thy aged nose!—lead me, hand me in thy clutched, palsied fist, up those heights, and through those thickets hitherto inaccessible and impervious to my anxious weary feet:—not those Parnassian crags, bleak and barren, where the hungry worshippers of fame are breathless, clambering, hanging between heaven and hell; but those glittering cliffs of Potosi, where the all-sufficient, all-powerful deity wealth, holds his immediate court of joys and pleasures; where the sunny exposure of plenty and the hot walls of profusion produce those blissful fruits of luxury, exotics in this world and natives of paradise!—Thou withered sylph, my sage conductress, usher me into the refulgent and adored presence!—the power splendid and potent as he now is, was once the puling nursling of thy faithful care and tender arms!—Call me thy son, thy cousin, thy kinsman, favourite,

and adjure the god by the scenes of his infant years, no longer to repulse me as a stranger or an alien, but to favour me with his peculiar countenance and protection! He daily bestows his greatest kindnesses on the undeserving and worthless—assure him that I bring ample documents of meritorious demerits!—pledge yourself for me, that for the glorious cause of LUCRE, I will do any thing, be any thing—but the horse-leech of private oppression, or the culture of public robbery!

.....

Religion, my honoured friend, is surely a simple business, as it equally concerns the ignorant and the learned, the poor and the rich. That there is an incomprehensible Great Being, to whom I owe my existence, and that he must be intimately acquainted with the operations and progress of the internal machinery, and consequent outward deportment of this creature which he has made, these are, I think self-evident propositions. That there is a real and eternal distinction between virtue and vice, and consequently, that I am an accountable creature; that from the seeming nature of the human mind, as well as from the evident imperfection, nay, positive injustice in the administration of affairs, both in the natural and moral worlds, there must be a retributive scene of existence beyond the grave, must, I think, be allowed by every one, who will give himself a moment's reflection. I will go farther and affirm, that from the sublimity, excellence, and purity of his doctrines and precepts, unparalleled by all the aggregated wisdom and learning of many preceding ages, though, *to appearance*, he himself was the obscurest and most illiterate of our species—therefore Jesus Christ was from God!

Whatever mitigates the woes, or increases the happiness of others, this is my criterion of goodness; and whatever injures society at large, or any individual in it—this is my measure of iniquity. What think you, madam, of my creed?

.....

Religion, my dear friend, is the true comfort! A strong persuasion in a future state of existence; a proposition so obviously probable, that setting revelation aside, every nation and people, so far as investigation has reached, for at least 4000 years, have in some form or other firmly believed it. In vain would we reason and pretend to doubt. I have myself done so to a very daring pitch, but when I reflected that I was opposing the most ardent wishes and the most darling hopes of good men, and flying in the face of all ages, I was shocked at my own conduct. I know not whether I have ever sent you the following lines, or if you have ever seen them, but it is one of my favourite quotations, which I keep constantly by me in my progress through life, in the language of the book of Job:

“ Against the day of battle and of war,”

spoken of religion.

'Tis *this*, my friend, that streaks our morning bright,
 'Tis *this* that gilds the horror of our night.
 When wealth forsakes us, and when friends are few,
 When friends are faithless, or when foes pursue;
 'Tis this that wards the blow, or stills the smart,
 Disarms affliction, or repels his dart;
 Within the breast bids purest raptures rise,
 Bids smiling conscience spread her cloudless skies!

What strange beings we are! Since we have a portion of conscious existence equally capable of enjoying pleasure, happiness, and rapture, or of suffering pain, wretchedness, and misery, it is surely worthy of an enquiry, whether there be not such a thing as a *science of life*; whether method, economy, and fertility of expedients be not applicable to enjoyment; and whether there be not a want of dexterity in pleasure, which renders our little scantling of happiness still less, and a profuseness, an intoxication in bliss, which leads to satiety, disgust, and self abhorrence. There is not a doubt but that health, talents, character, decent competency, respectable friends, are real substantial blessings; and yet, do we not daily see those who enjoy many, or all these good things, contrive, notwithstanding, to be as unhappy as others, to whose lot few of them have fallen? I believe one great source of this mistake, or misconduct, is owing to a certain stimulus with us, called ambition, which goads us up the hill of life, not as we ascend other eminences for the laudable curiosity of viewing an extended landscape, but rather for the dishonest pride of looking down on others of our fellow creatures seemingly diminutive in humbler stations.

.....

I am out of all patience with this vile world for one thing. Mankind are by nature benevolent creatures, except in a few scoundrelly instances. I do not think that avarice of the good things we chance to have, is born with us; but we are placed here among so much nakedness and hunger, and poverty and want, that we are under a necessity of studying selfishness, in order that we may **EXIST!** Still there are, in every age, a few souls that all the wants and woes of life cannot debase into selfishness, or even to the necessary alloy of caution and

prudence. If ever I am in danger of vanity, it is when I contemplate myself on this side of my description and character. God knows, I am no saint; I have a whole host of follies and sins to answer for; but if I could, and I believe I do as far as I can, I would wipe away all tears from all eyes. Adieu!

What, my dear C. is there in *riches*, that they narrow and harden the heart so? I think that were I as rich as the sun, I should be as generous as the day, but as I have no reason to imagine my soul a nobler one than any other man's, I must conclude that wealth imparts a *bird-lime* quality to the possessor, at which the man in his native poverty would have revolted.

.....

This world of ours, notwithstanding it has many things in it, yet it has ever had this curse, that two or three people who would be the happier the oftener they met together, are almost, without exception, always so placed as never to meet but once or twice a year, which, considering the few years of a man's life, is a very great *evil under the sun*, which I do not recollect that Solomon has mentioned in his catalogue of the miseries of man. I hope, and believe, that there is a state of existence beyond the grave, where the worthy of this life will renew their former intimacies, with this endearing addition, that *we meet to part no more!*

.....

———“ Tell us, ye dead,
Will none of you in pity disclose the secret,
What 'tis you are, and we must shortly be!”

A thousand times have I made this apostrophe to the departed sons of men, but not one of them has ever

thought fit to answer the question. "O that some courteous ghost would blab it out!" but it cannot be; you and I, my friend, must make the experiment *by ourselves* and *for ourselves*. However, I am so convinced that an unshaken faith in the doctrines of religion is not only necessary, by making us better men, but also by making us happier men, that I shall take every care that your little godson, and every little creature that shall call me father, shall be taught them. So ends this heterogenous letter, written at this wild place of the world, (Annan Water Foot, Aug. 22, 1792,) in the intervals of my labour of discharging a vessel of rum from Antigua.

.....

Alas, Madam! who would wish for many years! What is it but to drag existence until our joys gradually expire and leave us in a night of misery—like the gloom, which blots out the stars one by one from the face of night, and leaves us without a ray of comfort in the howling waste!

.....

Of all the qualities we assign to the author and director of nature, by far the most enviable is—to be able to *wipe away all tears from all eyes*. O what insignificant sordid wretches are they, however chance may have loaded them with wealth, who go to their graves, to their magnificent *mausoleums*, with hardly the consciousness of having made one *poor honest heart* happy!

.....

Still there are two great pillars that bear us up amid the wreck of misfortune and misery. The ONE is com-

posed of the different modifications of a certain noble stubborn something in man, known by the names of courage, fortitude, magnanimity. The OTHER is made up of these feelings and sentiments which, however the sceptic may deny them, or the enthusiast disfigure them, are yet, I am convinced, original and component parts of the human soul, those *senses of the mind*, if I may be allowed the expression, which connect us with, and link us to those awful obscure realities, an all-powerful and equally beneficent God, and a world to come beyond death and the grave! The first gives the nerve of combat, while a ray of hope beams on the field—the last pours the balm of comfort into the wounds which time can never cure.

.....

I do not remember, my dear Cunningham, that you and I ever talked on the subject of religion at all. I know some who laugh at it, as the trick of the crafty FEW to lead the undiscerning MANY; or, at most, as an uncertain obscurity, which mankind can never know any thing of, and with which they are fools if they give themselves much to do. Nor would I quarrel with a man for his irreligion any more than I would for his want of a musical ear. I would regret that he was shut out from what, to me and others, were such superlative sources of enjoyment. It is in this point of view, and for this reason, that I will deeply imbue the mind of every child of mine with religion. If my son should happen to be a man of feeling, sentiment and taste, I shall thus add largely to his enjoyments. Let me flatter myself that this sweet little fellow, who is just now running about my desk, will be a man of a melting, ardent; glowing heart, and an imagination delighted with the painter, and rapt with the poet. Let me figure him wandering out in a sweet evening, to inhale the balmy gales and enjoy the grow-

ing luxuriance of the spring, himself the while in the blooming youth of life. He looks abroad on all nature, and through nature up to nature's God! His soul by swift delighting degrees is wrapt above this sublunary sphere, until he can be silent no longer, and burst out into the glorious enthusiasm of Thompson:—

“ These, as they change, Almighty Father, these
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of thee!”

And so on in all the spirit and ardour of that charming hymn. These are no ideal pleasures—they are real delights—and I ask, what of the delights among the sons of men are superior, not to say equal, to them? And they have this precious vast advantage, that *conscious virtue* stamps them for *heaven*, and lays hold on them to bring herself into the presence of a witnessing, judging, and approving God!

.....

There had much need be many pleasures annexed to the estates of husband and father, for, God knows, they have many peculiar cares. I cannot describe to you the anxious sleepless hours these ties frequently give me. I see a train of helpless little folks—me and my exertions all their stay; and on what a brittle thread does the life of man hang! If I am wipt off at the command of fate—even in all vigour of manhood, as I am—such things happen every day—gracious God! what would become of my little flock! 'Tis here that I envy your people of fortune. A father on his death-bed, taking an everlasting farewell of his children, has, indeed, woe enough, but the man of competent fortune leaves his sons and daughters independency and friends—while I—but I shall run distracted if I think

any longer on the subject. (His salary, as exciseman, was only 70l. a year).

.....

I have nothing to say to any one as to which sect he belongs to, or what creed he believes, but I look on the man who is firmly persuaded of infinite wisdom and goodness superintending and directing every circumstance that can happen in his lot—I felicitate such a man, as having a solid foundation for his mental enjoyment, a firm prop and sure stay in the hour of difficulty, trouble and distress, and a never failing anchor of hope when he looks beyond the grave!

.....

TO MRS. DUNLOP.

Brow, on the Solway Frith,
12th July, 1796.

MADAM,

I have written you so often, without receiving any answer, that I would not trouble you again but for the circumstances in which I am. An illness, which has long hung about me, in all probability will speedily send me beyond that *bourne whence no traveller returns*. Your friendship, with which for many years you have honoured me, was a friendship dearest to my soul. Your conversation, and especially your correspondence, were at once highly entertaining and instructive. With what pleasure did I use to break up the seal! The remembrance yet adds one pulse more to my poor palpitating heart. Farewell!!! R. B.

N. B. The *above letter* was supposed to be his *last production*.

DEDICATION.

TO THE

NOBLEMEN *and* GENTLEMEN

OF THE

CALEDONIAN HUNT.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

A SCOTTISH Bard, proud of the name, and whose highest ambition is to sing in his country's service, where shall he so properly look for patronage as to the illustrious names of his native Land; those who bear the honours and inherit the virtues of their Ancestors? The Poetic Genius of my Country found me, as the prophetic Bard Elijah did Elisha—at the *Plough*; and threw her inspiring *mantle* over me. She bade me sing the loves, the joys, the rural scenes and rural pleasures of my natal Soil, in my native tongue: I tuned my wild, artless notes, as she inspired.—She whispered me to come to this ancient Metropolis of Caledonia, and lay my Songs under your honoured protection: I now obey her dictates.

Though much indebted to your goodness, I do not approach you, my Lords and Gentlemen, in the usual style of dedication, to thank you for past favours: that path is so hackneyed by prostituted Learning, that honest Rusticity is ashamed of it.—Nor do I present this Address with the venal soul of a

servile Author, looking for a continuation of those favours: I was bred to the Plough, and am independent. I come to claim the common Scottish name with you, my illustrious Countrymen; and to tell the world that I glory in the title.—I come to congratulate my country, that the blood of her ancient heroes still remains uncontaminated; and that, from your courage, knowledge, and public spirit, she may expect protection, wealth, and liberty.—In the last place, I come to proffer my warmest wishes to the Great Fountain of honour, the Monarch of the Universe, for your welfare and happiness.

When you go forth to waken the Echoes, in the ancient and favourite amusement of your Forefathers, may Pleasure ever be of your party; and may Social Joy await your return! When harrassed in courts or camps with justlings of bad men and bad measures, may the honest consciousness of injured worth attend your return to your native seats; and may domestic Happiness, with a smiling welcome, meet you at your gates! May corruption shrink at your kindling indignant glance; and may tyranny in the Ruler, and licentiousness in the People, equally find you an inexorable foe!

I have the honour to be,

With the sincerest gratitude and highest respect,

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

Your most devoted humble servant,

ROBERT BURNS.

EDINBURGH, }
 April 4, 1787. }

BURNS—THE POET.

.....

The last London papers inform, that the patrons and admirers of that sweet bard—the “Ayrshire Poet,” will meet annually, on the 25th January, to celebrate his birthday. At the last meeting, the following Ode, composed for the occasion by one of the company, was read :

.....

LET others enamour'd of seasons more gay,
 Their harps to the primrosy April attune!
 Let them carol the sweets of the lilly-rob'd May,
 Or garnish their lays with the rose-bud of June!
 Not the season of beauty, the prime of the year,
 So charming, so lovely, to me can appear ;
 As the day, when the Poet, to *Scotia* so dear,
 First open'd his eyes on the bank of the Doon.

Oh, that the lov'd Bard, ere his spirit was flown,
 Ere he bade a short life of misfortune adieu,
 Wide over my shoulders his mantle had thrown :
 I'd have breath'd a strain worthy of him and of you :
 But, alas! cold for ever's the soul-kindling fire,
 Mute the tongue that could captivate, ravish, inspire,
 While the hands of the feeble awaken the lyre
 And the Muses sigh out, “ Our adorers are few.”

Yet duly will we, as this season returns,
 With joy, to the lowly-roof'd cottage repair,
 And as we pour out a libation to BURNS,
 We'll toast the sweet dames of the Doon and the
 Ayr!
 And sing till each river, his woodlands among,
 Bid his rocks and his caverns re-echo the song,
 And the winds on their wings, waft delighted along
 Our esteem of the Bard, and our love to the Fair!

CONTENTS.

Life of the Author	iii
Extracts from his Letters	xxii
The Twa Dogs. A Tale	
Scotch Drink	1
The Author's Earnest Cry and Prayer to the Scotch Representatives in the House of Commons	9
The Holy Fair	14
Death and Dr. Hornbook	21
The Brigs of Ayr	31
The Ordination	38
The Calf	46
Address to the Deil	52
The Death and Dying Words of Poor Maillie	53
Poor Maillie's Elegy	58
To J. S****	61
A Dream	63
A Vision	69
Address to the Unco Guid, or the Rigidly Righteous	75
Tom Sampson's Elegy	85
Halloween	88
The Auld Farmer's New-Year Morning's Salutation to his Auld Mare, Maggie	93
To a Mouse	107
A Winter Night	111
Epistle to Davie, a Brother Poet	113
The Lament	116
Despondency. An Ode	122
Winter. A Dirge	126
The Cotter's Saturday Night	129
Man was made to mourn. A Dirge	130
A Prayer in the Prospect of Death	138
Stanzas on the same occasion	142
Verses left at a Friend's House	143
The First Psalm	145
A Prayer	147
The First Six Verses of the Ninetieth Psalm	148
	149

To a Mountain Daisy	150
To Ruin	152
To Miss L——, with Beattie's Poems for a New-year's Gift	154
Epistle to a Young Friend	155
On a Scotch Bard gone to the West-Indies	159
To a Haggis	161
A Dedication to G*****H***** Esq.	163
To a Louse on seeing one on a Lady's Bonnet at Church	167
Address to Edinburgh	169
Epistle to J. L****, an old Scotch Bard	172
To the same	176
Epistle to W. S****, Ochiltree	180
Epistle to J. R*****, inclosing some Poems	186
John Barleycorn. A Ballad	189
A Fragment, "When Guildford good our pilot stood,"	193
Song "It was upon a Lammas-night,"	196
Song, "Now westlin winds and slaughtering guns,"	198
Song, "Behind yon hills where Stinchar flows,"	200
Green grow the Rashes. A Fragment	202
Song, "Again rejoicing Nature sees,"	204
Song, "The gloomy night is gathering fast,"	206
Song, "From thee Eliza, I must go,"	208
The Farewell. To the Brethren of St James's Lodge, Tarbolton	209
Song, "No churchman am I for to rail and to write,"	211
Written in Friar's Carse Hermitage	213
Ode to the memory of Mrs——of——	215
Elegy on Captain M——H——	216
Lament of Mary Queen of Scots	221
To R** G*** of F***, Esq.	223
Lament for James Earl of Glencairn	226
Lines sent to Sir John Whiteford with the foregoing	229
Tam O' Shanter. A Tale	230
On seeing a wounded hare a fellow had shot at	237
Address to the Shade of Thomson	238
Epitaph on a celebrated Ruling Elder	239
—— on a Noisy Polemic	ibid.
—— on Wee Johanie	240
—— For the Author's Father	ibid.
—— For R. A. Esq.	ibid.
—— For G. H. Esq.	241
A Bard's Epitaph	ibid.
On Captain Grose's Perigrinations	242
On Miss C*****	245
Song, "Anna thy charms my besom fires,"	246
On the Death of J——M'L——	ibid
Humble Petition of Bruar Water	248
On scaring some water-fowl	251

Written at the Inn at Taymouth	- - - -	252
Written at the Fall of Fyers	- - - -	254
On the Birth of a Posthumous Child	- - - -	ibid.
The Whistle	- - - -	256
The Jolly Beggars	- - - -	260
The Kirk's Alarm	- - - -	276
Song, written at a General Meeting of the Excise-Officers in Scotland	- - - -	277
The 'Twa Herds	- - - -	278
Holy Willie's Prayer	- - - -	282
The Inventory	- - - -	285
Epitaph on a Wag in Mauchline	- - - -	288
On Miss J. Scott, of Ayr	- - - -	289
Toast given at the Commemoration of Rodney's Victory	- - - -	ibid
Song, The Lass that made the bed to me	- - - -	290
Verses written on a window of the Inn at Carron	- - - -	291
Lines on seeing my favorite Walks stripped of their ornament—	- - - -	292
Song—the Brave	- - - -	294

P O E M S

CHIEFLY

SCOTTISH.



THE TWA DOGS:

A TALE.

'T WAS in that place o' Scotland's isle,
That bears the name o' *Auld King Coil*,
Upon a bonnie day in June,
When wearing thro' the afternoon,
Twa dogs that were na thrang at hame,
Forgather'd ance upon a time.

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

A

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

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

He was a gash an' faithful 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 gawcy tail, wi' upward curl,
 Hung o'er his hurdies wi' a swirl.

Nae doubt but they were fain o' ither,
 An unco pack an' thick thegither ;
 Wi' social nose whyles snuff'd an' snowkit,
 Whyles mice an moudieworts they howkit ;
 Whyles scour'd awa in lang excursion,
 An' worry'd ither in diversion :
 Until wi' daffin weary grown,
 Upon a knowe they sat them down,

* Cuchullin's Dog in Ossian's Fingal.

And there began a lang digression
About the *lords o' the creation*.

CÆSAR.

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

Our Laird gets in his racked rents,
His coals, his kain, 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 bonie silken purse,
As lang's my tail, whare, thro' the steeks,
The yellow letter'd Geordie keeks.

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

LUATH.

Trowth, *Cæsar*, whyles they're fash't enough,
A cotter howkin in a sheugh,

Wi' dirty stanes biggin a dyke,
 Baring a quarry, and siclike,
 Himsel, a wife, he thus sustains,
 A smytrie o' wee duddie weans,
 An' nought but his han' daurg, to keep
 Them right and tight in thack an' rape.

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

CÆSAR.

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

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

I see how folk 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 an' fortune are sae guided,
 They're ay in less or mair provided;
 An' tho' fatigu'd wi' close employment,
 A blink o' rest's a sweet enjoyment.

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

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

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

That merry day the year begins,
 They bar the door on frosty winds;

The nappy reeks wi' mantling ream,
 An' sheds a heart-inspiring steam;
 The luntin pipe, an' sneeshin mill,
 Are handed round wi' right guid will;
 The cantie auld folks, crackin crouse;
 The young anes rantin thro' the house,—
 My heart has been sae fain to see them,
 That I for joy hae barkit wi' them.

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

CÆSAR.

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

There, at *Vienna* or *Versailles*,
 He rives his father's auld entails;
 Or by *Madrid* he takes the rout,
 To thrum guitar's, and fecht wi' nowt;

Or down Italian vista startles,
 Wh—re-hunting among groves o' myrtles :
 Then bouses drumly German water,
 To mak himsel look fair and fatter,
 An' clear the consequential sorrows,
 Love-gifts of Carnival signoras.
For Britain's guid! for her destruction!
 Wi' dissipation, feud, an' faction.

LUATH.

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

O would they stay aback frae courts,
 An' please themselves wi' countra sports,
 It would for ev'ry ane be better,
 The Laird, the Tenant, an' the Cotter!
 For thae frank, rantin, ramblin billies,
 Fient hate o' them's ill-hearted fellows;
 Except for breakin o' their timmer,
 Or speakin lightly o' their limmer,
 Or shootin o' a hare or moor-cock,
 The ne'er a bit they're ill to poor folk.

But will you tell me, Master *Cæsar*,
 Sure great folks life's a life o' pleasure;
 Nae cauld or hunger e'er can steer them,
 The vera thought o't need na fear them.

CÆSAR.

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

It's true, they need na starve or sweat,
 Thro' winter's cauld, or simmer's heat;
 They've nae sair wark to craze their banes,
 An' fill auld age wi' gripes an' granes:
 But human bodies are sic fools,
 For a' their colleges and schools,
 That when nae real ills perplex them,
 They mak enow themsels to vex them;
 An' ay the less they hae to sturt them;
 In like proportion less will hurt them.
 A country fellow at the pleugh,
 His acre's till'd, he's right enough;
 A country girl at her wheel,
 Her dizzen's done, she's unco weel:
 But Gentlemen, an' Ladies warst,
 Wi' ev'ndown want o' wark are curst.
 They loiter, lounging, lank, an' lazy;
 Tho' deil haet ails them, yet uneasy;
 Their days insipid, dull, an' tasteless;
 Their nights unquiet, lang an' restless;
 An' ev'n their sports, their balls, an' races,
 Their galloping through public places.
 There's sic parade, sic pomp, an' art,
 The joy can scarcely reach the heart.
 The men cast out in party matches,
 Then sowther a' in deep debauches;
 Ae night they're mad wi' drink an' wh—ring,
 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 an' jads thegither.
 Whyles, owre the wee bit cup and platie,
 They sip the scandle potion pretty;
 Or lee-lang nights, wi' crabbit leuks,
 Pore owre the devil's pictur'd beuks;
 Stake on a chance a farmer's stackyard,
 An' cheat like onie unhang'd blackguard.

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

By this, the sun was out o' sight,
An' darker gloaming 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 were na *men* but *dogs*;
An' each took aff his several way,
Resolv'd to meet some ither day.

SCOTCH DRINK.

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

SOLOMON'S PROVERBS, xxxi. 6, 7.

LET other Poets raise a fracas
'Bout vines, an' wines, an' drunken *Bacchus*,
An' crabbit names an' stories wrack us,
An' grate our lug,
I sing the juice *Scots bear* can make us,
In glass or jug.

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

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

On thee aft Scotland chows her cood,
 In souple scones, the wale o' food!
 Or tumblin in the boiling flood
 Wi' kail an' beef;
 But when thou pours thy strong heart's blood,
 There thou shines chief.

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

Thou clears the head o' doited Lear;
 Thou chears the heart o' drooping Care;
 Thou strings the nerves o' Labor sair,
 At's weary toil;
 Thou ev'n brightens dark Despair
 Wi' gloomy smile.

Aft' clad in massy siller weed,
 Wi' gentles thou erects thy head;

Yet humbly kind in time o' need,
The poor man's wine,
His wee drap parritch, or his bread,
Thou kitchens fine.

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

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

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

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

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

When wanting thee, what tuneless cranks
 Are my poor verses!
 Thou comes—they rattle i' their ranks
 At ither's a—s!

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

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

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

THE AUTHOR'S

EARNEST CRY AND PRAYER†

TO THE SCOTCH REPRESENTATIVES IN THE
HOUSE OF COMMONS.

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

PARODY ON MILTON.

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

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

Alas! my roupet Muse is hearse!
 Your Honors heart wi' grief 'twad pierce,
 To see her sittin on her a—
 Low i' the dust,
 An' screechin out prosaic verse,
 An' like to burst!

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

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

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

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

Paint Scotland greeting owre her thristle;
 Her mutchkin stoup as toom's a whistle;

And d-mn'd Excisemen in a bussle,
 Seizin' a *Stell*,
 Triumphant crushin't like a mussel
 Or lampit shell.

Then on the tither hand present her,
 A blackguard Smuggler right behint her,
 An' cheek-for-chow, a chuffie Vintner,
 Colleaguin join,
 Picking her pouch as bare as Winter,
 Of a' kind coin.

Is there, that bears the name o' *Scot*,
 But feels his heart's bluid rising hot,
 To see his poor auld Mither's *pot*,
 Thus dung in staves,
 An' plunder'd o' her hindmost goat
 By gallows knaves?

Alas! I'm but a nameless wight,
 Trode i' the mire out o' sight!
 Bút cou'd I like *Montgom'ries* fight,
 Or gab like *Boswell*,
 There's some sark-necks I wad draw tight,
 An' tie some hose well.

God bless your Honors, can ye see't,
 The kind, auld cantie Carlin greet,
 An' no get warmly to your feet,
 An' gar them hear it,
 An' tell them wi' a patriot-heat,
 Ye winna bear it!

Some o' you nicely ken the laws,
 To round the period an' pause,
 A n' wi' rhetoric clause on clause
 To mak harangues;

Then echo thro' Saint Stephen's wa's
Auld Scotland's wrangs.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

P O S T S C R I P T.

Let half-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 freeborn, martial boys
 Tak aff their Whisky.

What tho' their Phœbus kinder warms,
 While Fragrance blooms and Beauty charms!
 When wretches range, in famish'd swarms,
 The scented groves,
 Or hounded forth, dishonor arms
 In hungry droves.

Their gun's a burden on their shouther;
 They downa bide the stink o' powther;
 Their bauldest thought's a hank'ring swither
 To stan' or rin,

Till skelp—a shot—they're aff, a throuter,
To save their skin.

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

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

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

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

THE
HOLY FAIR.*



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

HYPOCRISY A-LA-MODE:

I.

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

* *Holy Fair* is a common phrase in the West of Scotland for a sacramental occasion.

II.

As lightsomely I glowr'd abroad,
 To see a scene sae gay,
 Three hizzies, early at the road,
 Came skelpin up the way :
 Twa had manteeles o' dolefu' black,
 But ane wi' lyart lining ;
 The third, that gaed a-wee a-back,
 Was in the fashion shining,
 Fu' gay that day.

III.

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

IV.

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

V.

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

VI.

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

VII.

Here farmers gash, in ridin graith,
 Gaed hoddin by their cotters;
 There, swankies young, in braw braid-claith
 Are springin o’er the gutters.
 The lasses, skelpin barefit, thrang,
 In silks an’ scarlets glitter;
 Wi’ *sweet-milk cheese*, in monie a whang,
 An’ *farls* bak’d wi’ butter
 Fu’ crump that day.

VIII.

When by the *plate* we set our nose,
 Weel heapit up wi' ha'pence,
 A greedy glowr Black Bonnet throws,
 An' we maun draw our tippence.
 Then in we go to see the show,
 On ev'ry side they're gathrin;
 Some carrying dales, some chairs an' stools,
 An' some are busy blethrin
 Right loud that day.

IX.

Here stands a shed to fend the show'rs,
 An' screen our countra Gentry,
 There, *racer Jess*, an' twa-three wh-res,
 Are blinkin at the entry.
 Here sits a raw of tittlin jades,
 Wi' heaving breast and bare neck,
 An' there a batch o' wabster lads,
 Blackguarding frae K———ck
 For *fun* this day.

X.

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

XI.

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

XII.

Now a' the congregation o'er
 Is silent expectation;
 For ***** speels the holy door,
 Wi' tidings o' d-mn-t-on.
 Should *Hornie*, as in ancient days,
 'Mang sons o' G— present him,
 The vera sight o' *****'s face,
 To 's ain het hame had sent him
 Wi' a fright that day.

XIII.

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

XIV.

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

XV.

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

XVI.

In guid 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—,
 An' meek an' mim has view'd it;
 While *Common Sense* has ta'en the road,
 An' aff, an' up the Cowgate,*
 Fast, fast, that day.

* A street so called, which faces the *tent* in —

XVII.

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

XVIII.

Now but an' ben, the Change-house fills,
 Wi' yill-caup Commentators :
 Here's crying out for bakes and gills,
 An' there the pint-stowp clatters ;
 While thick an' thrang, an' loud an' lang,
 Wi' Logic, an' wi' Scripture,
 They raise a din, that, in the end,
 Is like to breed a rupture
 O' wrath that day.

XIX.

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

XX.

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

XXI.

But now the L—d's ain trumpet touts,
 'Till a' the hills are rairin,
 An' echoes back return the shouts;
 Black ***** is na spairin:
 His piercing words, like Highlan' swords,
 Divide the joints an' marrow;
 His talk o' H—ll, whare devils dwell,
 Our vera sauls does harrow,*
 Wi' fright that day.

XXII.

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

* Shakespeare's Hamlet.

XXIII.

'Twad be owre lang a tale, to tell
 How monie stories past,
 An' how they crowded to the yill,
 When they were a' dismissit:
 How drink gaed round, in cogs an' caups,
 Amang the furms and benches;
 An' cheese an' bread, frae women's laps,
 Was dealt about in lunches,
 An' dawds that day.

XXIV.

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

XXV.

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

XXVI.

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

XXVII.

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

D E A T H

AND

DOCTOR HORNBOOK,

A TRUE STORY.

SOME books are lies frae end to end
And some great lies were never penn'd:
Ev'n Ministers they hae been kenn'd,
In holy rapture,
A rousing whid, at times, to vend,
And nail't wi' Scripture.

But this that I am gaun to tell,
Which lately on a night befel,
Is just as true's the Deil's in h-ll,
Or Dublin city:
That e'er he nearer comes oursel
'S a muckle pity.

The Clachan yill had made me canty,
Was na fou, but just had plenty;

I stacher'd whyles, but yet took tent ay
 To free the ditches;
 An' hillocks, stanes, an' bushes, kenn'd ay
 Frae ghaists an' witches.

The rising Moon began to glow
 The distant *Cumnock* hills out-owre:
 To count her horns, wi' a' my pow'r,
 I set mysel;
 But whether she had three or four,
 I cou'd na tell.

I was come round about the hill,
 And todlin down on *Willie's mill*,
 Setting my staff wi' a' my skill,
 To keep me sicker;
 Tho' leeward whyles, against my will,
 I took a bicker.

I there wi' *Something* did forgather,
 That pat me in an eerie swither;
 An awfu' scythe, out-owre ae shouter,
 Clear-dangling, hang;
 A three-tae'd leister on the ither
 Lay, large an' lang.

Its stature seem'd lang Scotch ells twa,
 The queerest shape that e'er I saw,
 For fient a wame it had ava;
 And then its shanks,
 They were as thin, as sharp an' sma'
 As cheeks o' branks.

“ Guid-een”, quo’ I; “ Friend hae ye been mawin,
 “ When ither folk are busy sawin?”*
 * This rencounter happened in seed-time, 1785.

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

It spak right howe,—“My name is *Death*,
 “But be na' fley'd.”—Quoth I, “Guid faith!
 “Ye're maybe come to stap my breath;
 “But tent me billie;
 “I red ye weel, tak care o' skaith,
 “See there's a gully!”

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

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

“Ay, ay!” quo' he, an' shook his head,
 “It's e'en a lang, lang time indeed
 “Sin I began to nic the thread,
 An' choke the breath:
 “Folk maun do something for their bread,
 “An' sae maun *Death*.”

“Sax thousand years are near hand fled,
 “Sin I was to the butching bred,

* An epidemical fever was then raging in that country.

- “ An’ mony a scheme in vain’s been laid,
 “ To stap or scar me ;
 “ Till ane *Hornbook*’s * ta’en up the trade,
 “ An’ faith, he’ll waur me.
- “ Ye ken *Jock Hornbook* i’ the Clachan,
 “ Deil mak’ his king’s-hood in a spleuchan!
 “ He’s grown see weel acquaint wi’ *Buchan* †
 “ An’ ither chaps,
 “ The weens haud out their fingers laughin,
 “ And pouk my hips.
- “ See, here’s a scythe, and there’s a dart,
 “ They hae pierc’d mony a gallant heart ;
 “ But Doctor *Hornbook*, wi’ his art,
 “ And cursed skill,
 “ Has made them baith no worth a f—t,
 “ D—mn’d haet they’ll kill !
- “ ’Twas but yestreen, nae farther gaen,
 “ I threw a noble throw at ane ;
 “ Wi’ less I’m sure I’ve hundreds slain ;
 “ But deil ma-care,
 “ It just play’d dirl on the bane,
 “ But did nae mair.
- “ *Hornbook* was by, wi’ ready art,
 “ And had sae fortify’d the part,
 “ That when I looked to my dart,
 “ It was sae blunt,
 “ Fient haet o’t wad hae pierc’d the heart
 “ Of a kail-runt.

* This gentleman, Dr. *Hornbook*, is, professionally, a brother of the sovereign Order of the Ferula, but, by intuition and inspiration, is at once an Apothecary, Surgeon, and Physician.

† *Buchan*’s Domestic Medicine.

“ I drew my scythe in sic a fury,
 “ I nearhand cowpit wi’ my hurry,
 “ But yet the bauld *Apothecary*
 “ Withstood the shock;
 “ I might as weel-hae try’d a quarry
 “ O’ hard whin rock.

“ Ev’n them he canna get attended,
 “ Although 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 once he tells’t.

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

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

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

“ Waes me for *Johnny Ged’s Hole* * now,”
 Quoth I, “ if that thae news be true !

* The grave-digger.

“ His braw calf-ward whare gowans grew,
 “ Sae white and bonnie,
 “ Nae doubt they’ll rive it wi’ the pleugh;
 “ They’ll ruin *Jonnie!*”

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

“ Whare I kill’d ane a fair strae death,
 “ By loss o’ blood 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 an’ pill.

“ An honest Wabster to his trade,
 “ Whase 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 ta’en the batts,
 “ Or some curmurring in his guts,
 “ His only son for *Hornbook* sets,
 “ An pays him well,
 “ The lad, for twa guid gimmer-pets,
 “ Was Laird himsel.

“ Abonnie lass, ye kend her name,
 “ Some ill-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, an’ slay,

“ An’s weel paid for ’t ;

“ Yet stops me o’ my lawfu’ prey,

“ Wi’ his d-mn’d dirt :

“ But, hark ! I’ll tell you of a plot,

“ Tho’ dinna ye be speakin o’t ;

“ I’ll nail the self-conceited Sot,

“ As dead’s a herrin ;

“ Niest 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 sae did *Death*.

THE
BRIGS OF AYR,

A POEM.

INSCRIBED TO J. B*****, ESQ. AYR.

THE simple Bard, rough at the rustic plough,
 Learning his tuneful trade from ev'ry bough ;
 The chanting linnet, or the mellow thrush,
 Hailing the setting sun, sweet, in the green thorn bush ;
 The soaring lark, the perching red-breast shrill,
 Or deep-ton'd plovers, grey, wild-whistling o'er the hill ;
 Shall he, nurs't in the Peasant's lowly 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-won crap;
 Potato-bings are snugged up frae skaith
 Of coming Winter's biting, frosty breath;
 The bees, rejoicing ov'r their summer toils,
 Unnumber'd buds an' 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' devils smoor'd wi' brimstone 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 bit half-lang tree:
 The hoary morns precede the sunny days,
 Mild, calm, serene, wide spreads the noon-tide blaze,
 While thick the gossamour waves wanton in the
 rays.

'Twas in that season, when a simple Bard,
 Unknown and poor, simplicity's reward,
 Ae night, within the ancient brugh of *Ayr*,

By whim inspir'd, or haply prest wi' care,
 He left his bed, and took his wayward 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 nor why),
 The drowsy *Dungeon-clock* † had number'd two,
 And *Wallace Tow'r* † had sworn the fact was true :
 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 e'e ;
 The silent moon shone high o'er tow'r and tree :
 'The chilly frost, beneath the silver beam,
 Crept, gently-crusting, 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 *Gos* ‡ drives on the wheeling hare ;
 Ane on th' *Auld Brig* his airy shape uprears,
 The ither flutters o'er the *rising piers* :
 Our warlock Rhymer instantly descry'd
 'The Sprites that o'er the *Brigs of Ayr* preside.
 (That Bards are second-sighted is nae joke,
 And ken the lingo of the sp'ritual folk ;
 Fays, Spunkies, Kelpies, a', they can explain them,
 And ev'n the vera deils they brawly ken them).
Auld Brig appear'd of ancient Pictish race,
 'The vera wrinkles Gothic in his face :
 He seem'd as he wi' Time had warstl'd lang,
 Yet teughly doure, he bade an unco bang.
New Brig was buskit in a braw new coat,

* A noted tavern at the *Auld Brig* end.

† The two steeples.

‡ The gos-hawk, or falcon.

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 with anxious search,
 Spying the time-worn flaws in ev'ry arch ;
 It chanc'd his new-come neebor took his e'e,
 And e'en a vex'd and angry heart had he !
 Wi' thieveless sneer to see his modish mien,
 He, down the water, gies him this guideen—

AULD BRIG.

I doubt na, frien', ye'll think ye're nae sheep-shank,
 Ance ye were streekit o'er frae bank to bank !
 But gin ye be a brig as auld as me,
 Tho' faith that day, I doubt, ye'll never see ;
 There'll be, if that day come, I'll wad a boddle,
 Some fewer whigmeleeries in your noddle.

NEW BRIG.

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

* A noted ford, just above the Auld Brig.

AULD BRIG.

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

NEW BRIG.

Fine *Architecture*, trowth, I needs must say't o't!
 The L—d be thankit that we've tint the gate o't!

* The banks of *Garpal Water* is one of the few places in the West of Scotland, where those fancy scaring beings, 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 key.

Gaunt, ghastly, ghaist-alluring edifices,
 Hanging, with threat'ning jut, like precipices;
 O'er-arching mouldy, gloom-inspiring coves,
 Supporting roofs fantastic, stony groves:
 Windows and doors, in nameless sculptures drest,
 With order, symmetry, or taste unblest;
 Forms like some bedlam Statuary's dream,
 The craz'd creations of misguided whim;
 Forms might be worshipp'd on the bended knee,
 And still the *second* dread *command* be free,
 Their likeness is not found on earth, in air, or sea. }
 Mansions that would disgrace the building taste
 Of any mason reptile, bird or beast;
 Fit only for a doited Monkish race,
 Or frosty maids forsworn the dear embrace,
 Or Cuifs of latter times, wha held the notion
 That sullen gloom was sterling true devotion;
 Fancies that our guid Brugh denies protection,
 And soon may they expire, unblest wi' resurrection!

AULD BRIG.

O ye, my dear-remember'd, ancient yealings,
 Were ye but here to share my wounded feelings!
 Ye worthy *Proveses*, an' mony a *Bailie*,
 Wha in the paths o' righteousness did toil ay;
 Ye dainty *Deacons*, an' ye douce *Conveeners*,
 To whom our moderns are but causey cleaners;
 Ye godly *Councils* wha hae blest this town;
 Ye godly *Brethren* of the sacred gown,
 Wha meekly gae your *hurdies* to the *smiters*;
 And (what would now be strange) ye godly *Writers*:
 A' ye douce folk 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 degen'rate race!
 Nae langer Rev'rend Men, their country's glory,
 In plain braid Scots hold forth a plain braid story!
 Nae langer thrifty Citizens, an' douce,
 Meet owre a pint, or in the Council-house;
 But staumrel, corky-headed, graceless Gentry,
 The herryment and ruin of the country;
 Men, three-parts made by Taylors and by Barbers,
 Wha waste your wheel-hain'd gear on d—d *new Brigs*
 and *Harbours!*

NEW BRIG,

Now haud you there! for faith ye've said enough,
 And muckle mair than ye can mak to through.
 As for your Priesthood, I shall say but little,
Corbies and *Clergy* are a shot right kittle:
 But under favour o' your langer beard,
 Abuse o' Magistrates might weel be spar'd:
 To liken them to your auld-warld squad,
 I must needs say, comparisons are odd.
 In *Ayr*, Wag-wits nae mair can hae a handle
 To mouth ' a Citizen,' a term o' scandal:
 Nae mair the Council waddles down the street,
 In all the pomp of ignorant conceit;
 Men wha grew wise priggin owre hops an' raisins,
 Or gather'd lib'ral views in Bonds and Seisins.
 If haply Knowledge, on a random tramp,
 Had shor'd them with a glimmer of his lamp,
 And would to common sense, for once betray'd them,
 Plain, dull Stupidity stept kindly in to aid them.



What farther clishmaclavar might been said,
 What bloody wars, if Sprites had blood to shed,

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

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

The Genius of the Stream in front appears,
 A venerable Chief advanc'd in years ;
 His hoary head with water-lilies crown'd,
 His manly leg with garter tangle bound.
 Next came the loveliest pair in all the ring,
 Sweet Female Beauty hand in hand with Spring ;
 Then crown'd with flow'ry hay, came Rural Joy,
 And Summer, with his fervid-beaming eye :
 All-cheering Plenty, with her flowing horn,
 Led yellow Autumn wreath'd with nodding corn ;
 Then Winter's time-bleach'd locks did hoary show,
 By Hospitality with cloudless brow.
 Next follow'd Courage with his martial stride,
 From where the *Feal* wild-woody coverts hide ;

* A well known performer of Scottish music on the violin.

Benevolence, with mild, benignant air,
 A female form, came from the tow'rs of *Stair*:
 Learning and Worth in equal measures trode,
 From simple *Catrine*, their long-lov'd abode:
 Last, white-rob'd Peace, crown'd with a hazle wreath
 To rustic Agriculture did bequeath
 The broken, iron instruments of death;
 At sight of whom our Sprites forgat their kindling
 wrath.

THE
 ORDINATION.

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

I.

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

II.

Curst common-sense, that imp o' h-ll,
 Cam in wi' Maggie Lauder ‡;
 But O*****aft made her yell,
 An' R**** sair misca'd her ;
 This day M***** taks the flail,
 An' he's the boy will blaud her !
 He'll clap a *shangan* on her tail,
 An' set the bairns to daud her
 Wi' dirt this day.

III.

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

IV.

Come, let a proper text be read,
 An' touch it aff wi' vigour,
 How graceless *Ham** leugh at his Dad,
 Which made *Canaan* a niger ;

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

* Genesis, ch. ix. ver. 22.

Or *Phineas*† drove the murdering blade,
 Wi' wh—re-abhorring rigour;
 Or *Zipporah* ‡, the scauldin jad,
 Was like a bluidy tiger
 I' th' inn that day.

V

There, try his mettle on the creed,
 And bind him down wi' caution,
 That *stipend* is a carnal weed
 He taks but for the fashion;
 And gie him o'er the flock, to feed,
 And punish each transgression;
 Especial, *rams* that cross the breed,
 Gie them sufficient threshin,
 Spare them nae day.

VI.

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

VII.

Nae mair by *Babel's streams* we'll weep,
 To think upon our *Zion*;

† Numbers, ch. xxv. v. 8.

‡ Exodus, ch. iv. ver. 25.

And hing our fiddles up to sleep,
 Like baby-clouts a-dryin;
 Come, screw the pegs wi' tunefu' cheep,
 And o'er the thairms be tryin;
 Oh, rare! to see our elbucks wheep,
 And a' like lamb-tails flyin
 Fu' fast this day!

VIII.

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! *Glencairn*,
 He saw mischief was brewin;
 And like a godly elect bairn,
 He's wal'd us out a true ane,
 And sound this day,

IX.

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

X.

M***** and you were just a match,
 We never had sic twa drones:
 E

Auld *Hornie* did the *Laigh Kirk* watch,
 Just like a winkin baudrons :
 And ay 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.

XI.

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

XII.

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

XIII.

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'il gie her on a rape a hoise,

And cow her measure shorter

By th' head some day.

XIV.

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 with their din,

Or Patronage intrusion,

We'll light a spunk, and, ev'ry skin,

We'll rin them aff in fusion

Like oil, some day.

† *New-light* is a cant phrase, in the West of Scotland, for those religious opinions which Dr. Taylor of Norwich has defended so strenuously.

THE
C A L F.

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,
Though Heretics may laugh;
For instance, there's yoursel just now,
God knows, an unco *Calf!*

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

But, if the Lover's raptur'd hour
Shall ever be your lot,
Forbid it, ev'ry heav'nly Pow'r,
You e'er should be a *Stot!*

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

And in your lug, most rev'rend J——
To hear you roar and rowte,
Few men o' sense will doubt your claims
To rank amang the *nowte*.

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

A D D R E S S

TO THE

D E I L.

*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, Satan, Nick, or Cloutie,
Wha in yon cavern grim an' sootie,
Clos'd under hatches,
Spairges about the brunstane cootie,
To scaud poor wretches!

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

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

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

I've heard my rev'rend *Graunie* say,
 In lanely glens ye like to stray,
 Or where auld-ruin'd castles, gray,
 Nod to the moon,
 Ye fright the nightly wand'rer's way,
 Wi' eldritch croon.

When twilight did my *Graunie* summon
 To say her pray'rs, douce, honest woman!
 Aft yont the dyke she's heard you bummin,
 Wi' eerie drone;
 Or, rustlin, thro' the boortries comin,
 Wi' heavy groan.

Ae dreary, windy, winter night,
 The stars shot down wi' sklent in light,

Wi' you, mysel, I gat a fright,
 Ayont the lough:
 Ye, like a rash-buss, stood in sight,
 Wi' waving sugh.

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

Let *warlocks* grim, an' wither'd *hugs*,
 Tell how wi' you on ragweed nags,
 They skim the muirs, an' dizzy crags,
 Wi' wicked speed;
 And in kirk-yards renew their leagues,
 Owre howkit dead.

Thence countra wives, wi' toil and pain,
 May plunge an' plunge the kirn in vain;
 For, Oh! the yellow treasure's taen
 By witching skill;
 An' dawtit, twal-pint *Hawkie's* gaen
 As yell's the Bill.

Thence mystic knots mak great abuse,
 On young Guidmen, fond, keen, an' crouse;
 When the best wark-lume i' the house,
 By cantraip wit,
 Is instant made no worth a louse,
 Just at the bit.

When thowes dissolve the snawy hoord,
 An' float the jinglin icy-boord,
 Then *Water-kelpies* haunt the foord,
 By your direction,

An' nighted Trav'lers are allur'd
To their destruction.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

And now, auld *Cloots*, I ken ye're thinkin,
 A certain Bardie's rantin, drinkin,
 Some luckless hour will send him linkin,
 To your black pit;
 But, faith! he'll turn a corner jinkin,
 An' cheat you yet.

But fare you weel, auld *Nickie-ben*!
 O wad ye tak a thought an' men'!
 Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—
 Still hae a *stake*—
 I'm wae to think upo' yon den,
 Ev'n for your sake!

• Vide MILTON, Book VI.

THE
DEATH AND DYING WORDS
OF
P O O R M A I L I E,

THE AUTHOR'S ONLY PET YOWE:

AN UNCO MOURNFU TALE.

AS *Mailie*, an' her lambs thegither,
Was ae day nibbling on the tether,
Upon her cloot she coost a hitch,
An' owre she wars'd in the ditch:
There, groaning, dying, she did lie,
When *Hughoc** he came doytin by.

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

* A neibor herd-callan.

“ O thou, whase lamentable face
Appears to mourn my woefu' case!
My *dying words* attentive hear,
An' bear them 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,
An' let them wander at their will:
So may his flock increase, an' grow
To scores o' lambs, an' packs o' woo'!

“ Tell him, he was a Master kin',
An' aye was guid to me and mine;
An' now my dying charge I gie him,
My helpless lambs I trust them wi' him.

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

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

“ My poor *toop-lamb*, my son an' heir,
O, bid him breed him up wi' care!

An' if he live to be a beast,
 To pit some havins in his breast!
 An' warn him what I winna name,
 To stay content wi' yowes at hame;
 An' no to rin an' wear his cloots,
 Like ither menseless, graceless, brutes.

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

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

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

This said, poor *Mailie* turn'd her head,
 An' clos'd her een amang the dead.

POOR MAILIE'S

ELEGY.

LAMENT in rhyme, laiment 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' warl's gear,
 That could sae bitter draw the tear,
 Or mak our Bardie, dowie, wear
 The mourning weed:
 He's lost a friend and neebor dear,
 In *Mailie* dead.

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

I wat she was a sheep o' sense,
 An' could behave hersel wi' mense:

T O

J. S * * * * .

*Friendship ! Mysterious Cement of the Soul !
Sweet'ner of Life, and Solder of Society !
I owe thee much. —————*

BLAIR.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

" There's ither poets, much your betters,
 " Far seen in *Greek*, deep men o' letters,
 " Hae thought they had ensur'd their debtors,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

And others, like your humble servan',
 Poor wights! nae rules nor roads observin';

To right or left, eternal swervin,
They zig-zag on;
Till curst with age, obscure an' starvin,
They aften groan.

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

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

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

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

"While ye are pleas'd to keep me hale,
"I'll sit down o'er my scanty meal,
"Be't *water-brose* or *muslin-kail*,
" Wi' chearfu' face,
"As lang's the Muses dinna fail
" To say the grace."

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

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

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

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

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

A

DREAM.



*Thoughts, words, and deeds, the Statute blames with reason ;
But surely Dreams were ne'er indicted Treason.*

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

I.

GUID-MORNING to your *Majesty*,
May heav'n augment your blisses,
On ev'ry new *Birth-day* ye see,
A humble Poet wishes !
My Bardship here, at your Levee,
On sic a day as this is,
[s sure an uncouth sight to see,
Amang thae *Birth-day* dresses
Sae fine this day.

II.

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

III.

For me! before a Monarch's face,
 Ev'n *there* I winna flatter;
 For neither Pension, Post, nor Place,
 Am I your humble debtor:
 So, nae reflection on *your Grace*,
 Your Kingship to bespatter;
 There's monie waur been o' the race,
 And aiblins ane been better
 Than you this day.

IV.

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

V.

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

VI.

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

VII.

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

VIII.

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

IX.

Hail, *Majesty Most Excellent* !
 While nobles strive to please ye,
 Will ye accept a compliment
 A simple poet gies ye ?
 Thae bonnie bairntime, Heaven 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.

X.

For you, young Potentate o' W——,
 I tell your *Highness* fairly,
 Down Pleasure's stream, wi' swelling sails,
 I'm taudid ye're driving rarely ;
 But some day ye may gnaw your nails,
 An' curse your folly sairly,
 That e'er ye brak *D'ana's* pales,
 Or ratti'd dice wi' *Charlie*,
 By night or day.

XI.

Yet aft a ragged *Cowte's* been known
 To mak a noble *Aiver*:
 So, ye may doucely fill a throne,
 For a' their clish-ma-claver:
 There, him* at *Agincourt* wha shone,
 Few better were or braver;
 An' yet, wi' funny, queer *Sir John*, †
 He was an unco shaver
 For monie a day.

XII.

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

XIII.

Young, royal *Tarry Breeks*, I learn,
 Ye've lately come athwart her;

* King Henry V.

† Sir John Falstaff, *Vide* Shakespeare.

A glorious *Galley*†, stem an' stern,
 Weel rigg'd for *Venus* barter;
 But first hang out, that she'll discern,
 Your hymeneal charter,
 Then heave aboard your grapple airn,
 An' large upo' her quarter,
 Come full that day.

XIV.

Ye, lastly, bonnie blossoms a',
 Ye royal Lasses dainty,
 Heaven mak you guid as well as braw,
 And gie you lads a-plenty:
 But sneer na *British Boys* awa',
 For Kings are unco scant ay;
 An' German gentles are but *sma'*,
 They're better just than *want ay*
 On onie day.

XV.

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

† Alluding to the News-paper account of a certain Royal Sailor's amour.

THE
VISION.



DUAN FIRST.*

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

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

There, lanely, by the ingle-cheek,
I sat and ey'd the spewing reek,

* *Duan*, a term of Ossian's for the different divisions of a digressive Poem. See his *Cath-Loda*, vol 2. of M'Pherson's Translation.

When sweet, like modest worth, she blusht,
And stepped ben.

Green, slender, leaf-clad *Holly-boughs*
Were twisted, gracefu', round her brows,
I took her for some *Scottish Muse*,
By that same token ;
An' come to stop those reckless vows,
Wou'd soon been broken.

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

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

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

Here rivers in the sea were lost ;
There, mountains to the skies were tost
Here, tumbling billows mark'd the coast,
With surging foam ;
There, distant shone art's lofty boast,
The lordly dome.

And *he* whom ruthless fates expell
His native land.

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

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

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

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 Cragie, who died of his wounds after the action.

* Coilus, King of the Picts, from whom the district of Kyle is said to take its name, lies buried, as tradition says, near the family-seat of the Montgomeries of Coils-field, where his burial place is still shown.

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

‡ Catrine, the seat of the late Doctor, and present Professor Stewart.

Bryden's brave ward † I well could spy,
Beneath old *Scotia's* smiling eye ;
Who call'd on Fame, low standing by,
To hand him on,
Where many a patriot-name on high
And hero shone.

DUAN SECOND.

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

“ All hail ! my own inspired Bard !
“ In me thy native Muse regard !
“ Nor longer mourn thy fate is hard,
“ Thus poorly low !
“ I come to give thee such reward
“ As we bestow.

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

“ They *Scotia's* race among them share ;
“ Some fire the soldier on to dare ;
“ Some rouse the patriot up to bare
“ Corruption's heart :

- “ Some teach the bard, a darling care,
“ The tuneful art.
- “ ’Mong swelling floods of reeking gore,
“ They ardent, kindling spirits pour ;
“ Or, mid the venal senate’s roar,
“ They sightless, stand,
“ To mend the honest patriot-lore,
“ And grace the hand.
- “ And when the bard, or hoary sage,
“ Charm or instruct the future age,
“ They bind the wild, poetic rage
“ In energy,
“ Or point the inconclusive page
“ Full on the eye.
- “ Hence *Fullarton*, the brave and young ;
“ Hence *Dempster*’s zeal-inspired tongue ;
“ Hence, sweet harmonious *Beattie* sung
“ His “ Minstrel lays ;”
“ Or tore, with noble ardour stung,
“ The *Sceptic*’s bays.
- “ To lower orders are assign’d
“ The humbler ranks of human kind,
“ The rustic bard, the lab’ring hind,
“ The artisan ;
“ All chuse, as various they’re inclin’d,
“ The various man.
- “ When yellow waves the heavy grain,
“ The threat’ning storm some, strongly rein ;
“ Some teach to meliorate the plain,
“ With tillage-skill ;
“ And some instruct the shepherd-train,
“ Blythe o’er the hill,

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

" Some, bounded to a district-space,
 " Explore at large Man's infant race,
 " To mark the embryotic trace
 " Of *rustic Bard* ;
 " And careful note each op'ning grace,
 " A guide and guard.

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

" 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-mantl'd earth
 " Warm cherish'd ev'ry flow'ret's birth,

- “ And joy and music pourin forth
 “ In ev’ry 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 youthful 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 thy manners-painting strains,
“ The loves, the ways of simple swains,
“ Till now, o’er all my wide domains
 “ Thy fame extends;
“ And some, the pride of *Coila’s* plains,
 “ 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,
“ A down the glade.

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

“ To give my counsels all in one,
“ Thy tuneful flame still careful fan ;
“ Preserve *the dignity of man*,
“ With soul erect ;
“ And trust, the *universal plan*
“ Will all protect.

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

ADDRESS
TO THE
UNCO GUID,
OR THE
RIGIDLY RIGHTEOUS.

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

SOLOMON.—Eccles. ch. vii. ver. 16.

I.

O YE wha are sae guid yoursel,
Sae pious and sae holy,
Ye've nought to do but mark and tell
Your neebours' fauts and folly!

H

Whase 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.

II.

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

III.

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

IV.

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 leeway.

V

See social-life and glee sit down,
All joyous and unthinking,
Till, quite transmugrify'd, they're grown
Debauchery and drinking :
O would they stay to calculate
Th' eternal consequences ;
Or your more dreaded h-ll to state,
D-mnation of expences !

VI.

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

VII.

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

VIII.

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

TAM SAMSON'S ELEGY.*

An honest man's the noblest work of God.

POPE.

HAS auld Kilmarnock seen the deil ?
 Or great M*****† thrawn his heel ?

* 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.

Or R***** † again grown weel,
 To preach an' read?
 " Na, waur than a'!" cries ilka chiel,
 " Tam Samson's dead !"

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

The brethren of the mystic *level*
 May hing their head in wofu' bevel,
 While by their nose the tears will revel,
 Like ony bead ;
 Death's gien the Lodge an unco devel,
 Tam Samson's dead !

When winter muffles up his cloak,
 And binds the mire like a rock,
 When to the loughs the curlers flock,
 Wi' gleesome speed,
 Wha will they station at the *cock*,
 T'am Samson's dead ?

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

† Another preacher, an equal favourite with the few, who was at that time ailing. For him see also the ORDINATION, stanza IX.

But yet he drew the mortal trigger
Wi' weel-aim'd heed ;
“ L—d, five ! ” he cry'd, an' owre did stagger ;
Tam Samson's dead !

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

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

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

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

T H E E P I T A P H .

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

P E R C O N T R A .

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

* *Killie* is a phrase the country-folks sometimes use for the name of a certain town in the West.

THE following POEM will, by many Readers, be well enough understood ; but for the sake of those who are unacquainted with the manners and traditions of the country where the scene is cast, NOTES are added, to give some account of the principal Charms and Spells of that night, so big with prophecy to the peasantry in the West of Scotland. The passion of prying into futurity, makes a striking part of the history of human nature in its rude state, in all ages and nations ; and it may be some entertainment to a philosophic mind, if any such should honour the Author with a perusal, to see the remains of it, among the more unenlightened in our own.

HALLOWEEN.*

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

GOLDSMITH.

I.

UPON that night when faries light,
On *Cassilis Downans* † dance,
Or owre the lays in splendid blaze,
On sprightly coursers prance ;
Or for *Colean* the rout is ta'en,
Beneath the moon's pale beams ;

* Is thought to be a night when Witches, Devils, and other mischief-making beings, are all abroad on their baneful midnight errands ; particularly those aerial people, the Fairies, who 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.

There, up the *Cove**, to stray an' rove
 Among the rocks an' streams
 To sport that night.

II.

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

III.

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

* 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.

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

VI.

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

VII.

The auld Guidwife's weel-hoordet *nits* *
 Are round an' round divided,
 An' monie lads an' lasses fates
 Are there that night decided:
 Some kindle, couthie, side by side,

† 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.

‡ 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 fairest 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 course and issue of the courtship will be.

An' burn thegither trimly ;
 Some start awa, wi' saucy pride,
 And jump out-owre the chimlie
 Fu' high that night.

VIII.

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

IX.

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

X.

Nell had the Fause-house in her min' ;
 She pits hersel an' Rob in ;
 In loving bleeze they sweetly join,
 Till white in ase they're sobbin :

Nell's heart was dancin at the view,
 She whisper'd Rob to leuk for't:
 Rob, stownlins, prie'd her bonnie mou,
 Fu' cozie in the neuk for't,
 Unseen that night.

XI.

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

XII.

An' ay she win't, an' ay she swat,
 I wat she made nae jaukin;
 Till something held within the pat;
 Guid L—d! but she was quakin!
 But whether 'twas the deil himsel,
 Or whether 'twas a bauk-en',
 Or whether it was Andrew Bell,

† 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; demand, *wha hauds?* i. e. who holds; and answer will be returned from the *kiln-pot*, by naming the Christian name and surname of your future spouse.

She did na wait on talkin
To spier that night.

XIII.

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

XIV.

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

XV.

“ Ae Hairst afore the Sherra-muir,
“ I mind’t as weel’s yestreen,

* Take a candle, and go alone to a looking glass ; eat an apple before it, and some traditions say, you should comb

- “ I was a gilpey then, I’m sure
“ I was na past fyfteen :
“ The simmer had been cauld an’ wat,
“ An’ stuff was unco green ;
“ An’ ay a rantin kirn we gat,
“ And just on *Halloween*
“ It fell that night.

XVI.

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

your hair all the time ; the face of your conjugal companion, *to be*, will be seen in the glass, as if peeping over your shoulder.

* Steal out, unperceived, and sow a handful of hemp-seed ; harrowing 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 shaw thee,’ that is, shew thyself ; in which case, it simply appears. Others omit the harrowing, and say, ‘ Come after me, and harrow thee.’

XVII.

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

XVIII.

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

XIX.

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

XX.

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

XXI.

Meg fain wad to the *barn* hae gaen,
 To *winn three wechts o' naething*;^{*}
 But for to meet the deil her lane,
 She pat but little faith in:
 She gies the herd a pickle nits,
 An' twa red cheekit apples,
 To watch, while for the *barn* she sets,
 In hopes to see Tam Kipples
 That vera night.

^{*} This charm must likewise be performed, unperceived, and alone. You go to the *barn*, and open both doors, taking them off the 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 or retinue, marking the employment or station in life.

XXII.

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

XXIII.

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

XXIV.

A wanton widow Leezie was,
 As canty as a kittlen;
 But, Och! that night, amang the shaws,
 She gat a fearfu' settlin!

* Take an opportunity of going, unnoticed, to a *bear stack*, 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.

She thro' the whins, an' by the cairn,
 An' owre the hill gaed scievin,
 Whare *three Lairds' lands met at a burn* †
 To dip her left sark-sleeve in,
 Was bent that night.

XXV.

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

XXVI.

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

† 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;

XXVII.

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:
 Auld uncle John, wha wedlock's joys
 Sin *Mar's-year* did desire,
 Because he gat the toom-dish thrice,
 He heav'd them on the fire
 In wrath that night.

XXVIII.

Wi' merry sangs, an' friendly cracks,
 I wat they did na weary;
 An' unco tales, an' funnie jokes,
 Their sports were cheap an' cheary;
 Till *butter'd So'ns*,* wi' fragrant lunt,
 Set a' their gabs a-steerin;
 Syne, wi' a social glass o' strunt,
 They parted aff carreerin
 Fu' blythe that night.

and, some time near 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.

* Take three dishes; put clean water in one, foul water in another, 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 foretells, with equal certainty, no marriage at all. It is repeated three times; and every time the arrangement of the dishes is altered.

* Sowens, with butter instead of milk to them, is always the *Halloween supper*.

THE
AULD FARMER'S
NEW-YEAR MORNING SALUTATION

TO HIS

AULD MARE, MAGGIE,

*On giving her the accustomed Ripp of Corn to hansel
in the New Year.*

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

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

Thou ance was i' the foremost rank,
A *filly* buirdly, steeve, an swank,
An' set weel down a shapely shank,
As e'er tread yird ;

An' cou'd hae flown out-owre a stank,
Like ony bird.

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

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

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

Tho' now ye dow but hoyte and hoble,
An' wintle like a saumont-coble,
That day ye was a jinker noble,
For heels an' win' !
An' ran them till they a' did wauble,
Far, far, behin'.

When thou an' I were young an' skiegh,
An' stable-meals at fairs were driegh,
How thou wad prance, an' snore, an' skriegh,
An' tak the road !
Town's bodies ran an' stood abiegh,
An' ca't thee mad.

Thou never lap, an' sten't, an' breastit,
 Then stood to blaw;
 But just thy step a wee thing hastit,
 Thou snoov't awa.

My *pleugh* is now thy bairn-time a';
 Four gallant brutes as e'er did draw;
 Forbye sax mae, I've sell't awa,
 That thou hast nurst:
 They drew me thretteen pund an' twa,
 The vera warst.

Monie a sair daurg we twa hae wrought,
 An' wi' the weary warl' fought!
 An' monie an anxious day, I thought
 We wad be beat!
 Yet here to crazy age we're brought,
 Wi' something yet.

An' think na, my auld, trusty servan',
 That now, perhaps thou's less deservin,
 An' thy auld days may end in starvin,
 For my last *fow*,
 A heapit *stimpart*, I'll reserve ane
 Laid by for you.

We've worn to crazy years thegither;
 We'll toyte about wi' ane anither;
 Wi' tentie care I'll flit thy tether,
 To some hain'd rig,
 Whare ye may nobly rax your leather,
 Wi' sma' fatigue.

TO A

MOUSE,

*On turning up her Nest, with the Plough,
November 1785.*

WEE, sleekit, cawrin, tim'rous beastie,
O, what a panic's in thy breastie!
Thou need na start awa sae hasty,
 Wi' bickering brattle!
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,
 Wi' murd'ring *pattle!*

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

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

A

WINTER NIGHT.



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

SHAKESPEARE.

WHEN biting *Boreas*, fell and doure,
Sharp shivers thro' the leafless bow'r;
When *Phæbus* gies a short-liv'd glow'r,
Far south the lift,
Dim-dark'ning thro' the flaky show'r,
Or whirling drift,

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

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

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

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

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

“ Blow, blow, ye winds, with heavier gust !
 “ And freeze, thou bitter-biting frost !
 “ Descend, ye chilly, smothering snows !
 “ Not all your rage, as now united shows
 “ More hard unkindness, unrelenting,
 “ Vengeful malice, unrepenting,
 “ Than heav'n-illumind Man on brother Man bestows !
 “ See stern Oppression's iron grip,
 “ Or mad Ambition's gory hand,
 “ Sending, like blood-hounds from the slip,

- “ Woe, want, and murder, o’er a land!
 “ Ev’n in the peaceful rural vale,
 “ Truth, weeping, tells the mournful tale,
 “ How pamper’d Luxury, Flatt’ry by her side,
 “ The parasite empoisoning her ear,
 “ With all the servile wretches in the rear,
 “ Looks o’er proud Property, extended wide;
 “ And eyes the simple rustic Hind,
 “ Whose toil upholds the glitt’ring show,
 “ A creature of another kind,
 “ Some coarser substance, unrefin’d,
 “ Plac’d for her lordly use thus far, thus vile, below!
 “ Where, where is Love’s fond, tender throe,
 “ With Lordly Honor’s lofty brow,
 “ The pow’rs you proudly own?
 “ Is there, beneath Love’s noble name,
 “ Can harbour, dark, the selfish aim,
 “ To bless himself alone!
 “ Mark Maiden-innocence a prey
 “ To love-pretending snares,
 “ This boasted Honor turns away,
 “ Shunning soft Pity’s rising sway,
 “ Regardless of the tears, and unavailing pray’rs!
 “ Perhaps, this hour, in Mis’ry’s squalid nest,
 “ She strains your infant to her joyless breast,
 “ And with a Mother’s fears, shrinks at the rocking
 blast:
 “ Oh ye! who, sunk in beds of down,
 “ Feel not a want but what yourselves create,
 “ Think, for a moment, on his wretched fate,
 “ Whom friends and Fortune quite disown!
 “ Ill-satisfy’d, keen Nature’s clam’rous call,
 “ Stretch’d on his straw he lays himself to sleep,
 “ While thro’ the ragged roof and chinky wall,
 “ Chill, o’er his slumbers, piles the drift heap!
 “ Think on the dungeon’s grim confine,
 “ Where Guilt and poor Misfortune pine!

“ Guilt, erring Man, relenting view !
“ But shall thy legal rage pursue
“ The wretch, already crushed low,
“ By cruel Fortune’s undeserved blow ?
“ Affliction’s sons are brothers in distress !
“ A brother to relieve, how exquisite the bliss !”

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

But deep this truth impress’d my mind—
Thro’ ail his works abroad,
The heart benevolent and kind
The most resembles GOD.

E P I S T L E

T O

D A V I E,

A

BROTHER POET.

January—

I.

W H I L E winds frae aff *Ben-Lomond* blaw,
And bar the doors wi’ driving snaw,
And hing us owre the ingle,
I set me down, to pass the time,
And spin a verse or twa o’ rhyme,
In hamely westlin jingle.

While frosty winds blaw in the drift,
 Ben to the chimla lug,
 I grudge a wee the great folks' gift,
 That live sae bien an' snug :
 I tent less, and want less
 Their roomy fire-side ;
 But hanker and canker,
 To see their cursed pride.

II.

It's hardly in a body's pow'r,
 To keep, at times, frae being sour,
 To see how things are shar'd ;
 How best o' chiels are whiles in want,
 While coofs on countless thousands rant,
 And ken na how to wair't :
 But *Davie*, lad, ne'er fash your head,
 Tho' we hae little gear,
 We're fit to win our daily bread,
 As lang's we're hale and fier :
 " Mair spear na, no fear na," *
 Auld age ne'er mind a feg,
 The last o't, the warst o't,
 Is only but to beg.

III.

To lie in kilns and barns at e'en,
 When banes are craz'd, and bluid is thin,
 Is, doubtless, great distress !
 Yet then content could make us blest ;
 Ev'n then, sometimes we'd snatch a taste
 Of truest happiness.

* Ramsay.

The honest heart that's free frae a'
 Intended fraud or guile,
 However Fortune kick the ba',
 Has ay some cause to smile,
 And mind still, you'll find still,
 A comfort this nae sma';
 Nae mair then, we'll care then,
 Nae farther can we fa'.

IV.

What tho', like commoners of air,
 We wander out we know not where,
 But either house or hal'!
 Yet Nature's charms, the hills and woods,
 The sweeping vales, and foaming floods,
 Are free alike to all.
 In days when daisies deck the ground,
 And blackbirds whistle clear,
 With honest joy our hearts will bound,
 To see the coming year:
 On braes when we please, then,
 We'll sit and sowth a tune;
 Syne *rhyme* till't, we'll time till't,
 And sing't when we hae done.

V.

It's no in titles nor in rank;
 It's no in wealth like Lon'on Bank,
 'To purchase peace and rest;
 It's no in makin muckle *mair*;
 It's no in books; it's no in lear,
 To make us truly blest:
 If Happiness hae not her seat
 And centre in the breast,

We may be wise, or rich, or great,
But never can be blest :
Nae treasures, nor pleasures,
Could make us happy lang ;
The *heart* ay's the part ay,
That makes us right or wrang.

VI.

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

VII.

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

Tho' losses and crosses,
 Be lessons right severe,
 There's wit there, ye'll get there,
 Ye'll find nae other where.

VIII.

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

IX.

O, all ye Pow'rs who rule above!
 O, *Thou*, whose very self art *love*!
Thou know'st my words sincere!
 The life-blood streaming thro' my heart,
 Or my more dear immortal part,
 Is not more fondly dear!
 When heart-corroding care and grief
 Deprive my soul of rest,
 Her dear idea brings relief
 And solace to my breast.
 Thou *Being*, All-seeing,

O hear my fervent pray'r;
 Still take her, and make her
Thy most peculiar care!

X.

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

XI.

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

THE
L A M E N T.
OCCASIONED BY THE
UNFORTUNATE ISSUE
OF A
FRIEND'S AMOUR.

*Alas ! how oft does Goodness wound itself !
And sweet Affection prove the Spring of Woe.*

HOME.

I.

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

II.

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

III.

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

IV.

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

V.

Oh! can she bear so base a heart,
So lost to honour, lost to truth,
As from the fondest lover part,

The plighted husband of her youth?
 Alas! Life's path may be unsmooth!
 Her way may lie thro' rough distress!
 Then, who her pangs and pains will soothe,
 Her sorrows share, and make them less?

VI.

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

VII.

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

VIII.

And when my nightly couch I try,
 Sore harass'd out with care and grief,
 My toil-beat nerves, and tear-worn eye,
 Keep watchings with the nightly thief:

Or if I slumber, Fancy, chief,
Reigns haggard-wild, in sore affright :
Ev'n day, all-bitter, brings relief,
From such a horror-breathing night.

IX.

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

X.

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

DESPONDENCY.

AN

O D E.



I.

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

II.

Happy, ye sons of busy-life,
Who, equal to the bustling strife,

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

III.

How blest the solitary's lot,
 Who, all-forgetting, all-forgot,
 Within his humble cell,
 The cavern wild with tangling roots,
 Sits o'er his newly-gather'd fruits,
 Beside his crystal well!
 Or haply, to his ev'ning thought,
 By unfrequented stream,
 The ways of men are distant brought,
 A faint-collected dream:
 While praising, and raising
 His thoughts to Heav'n on high,
 As wand'ring, meand'ring,
 He views the solemn sky.

IV.

Than I, no lonely hermit plac'd
 Where never human footstep trac'd,
 Less fit to play the part;
 The lucky moment to improve,

And *just* to stop, and *just* to move,
 With self-respecting art:
 But ah! those pleasures, loves, and joys,
 Which I too keenly taste,
 The *solitary*, can despise,
 Can want, and yet be blest!
 He needs not, he heeds not,
 Or human love or hate,
 Whilst I here must cry here,
 At perfidy ingrate!

V.

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

W I N T E R :

A DIRGE.



I.

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

II.

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

Dr. Young.

III.

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

THE
 C O T T E R ' S
 S A T U R D A Y N I G H T.

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.

I.

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!

II.

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

III.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
 Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;
 Th' expectant *wee-things*, todlin, stacher through
 To meet their dad, wi' flichterin noise an' glee.
 His wee bit ingle, blinkin bonnily,
 His clean hearth-stane, his thriftie *wife's* smile,
 The lispin infant prattling on his knee,
 Does a' his weary carking cares beguile,
 An' makes him quite forget his labor an' his toil.

IV.

Belyve the elder bairns come drapping in,
 At service out, amang the farmers roun';

Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin
 A cannie errand to a neebor town:
 Their eldest hope, their *Jenny*, woman grown,
 In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,
 Comes hame, perhaps to shew a braw new gown
 Or deposite her sair-won penny fee,
 To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

V.

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

VI.

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

VII.

But hark! a rap comes gently to the door;
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,

Tells how a neebor lad cam o'er the moor,
 To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
 The wily mother sees the conscios flame
 Sparkle in *Jenny's* e'e, and flush her cheek;
 With heart-struck anxious care, inquires his name,
 While *Jenny* hafflins is afraid to speak;
 Weel pleas'd the mother hears, it's nae wild, worthless
 rake.

VIII.

Wi' kindly welcome *Jenny* brings him ben;
 A strappan youth: he takes the mother's eye;
 Blythe *Jenny* sees the visit's no ill ta'en;
 The father cracks of horses, pleughs, and kye.
 The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
 But blate and laithfu', scarce can weel behave;
 The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
 What makes the youth sae bashfu' and sae grave;
 Weel pleas'd to think her *bairn's* respected like the
 lave.

IX.

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 heav'nly pleasure spare,
 " One cordial in this melancholy vale,
 " 'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
 " In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,
 " Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening
 " gale."

X.

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

XI.

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

XII.

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

XIII.

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 *Martyr's*, worthy of the name ;
 Or noble *Elgin* beets 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 no heart-felt raptures raise ;
 Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

XIV.

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

XV.

Perhaps the *Christian Volume* is the theme,
 How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed ;
 How *He*, who bore in Heav'n 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
Heav'n's command.

XVI.

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

XVII.

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

XVIII.

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way ;
The youngling cottagers retire to rest :

* Pope's Windsor Forest.

The parent-pair their *secret homage* pay,
 And proffer up to Heav'n the warm request,
 That *He* who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,
 And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,
 Would in the way His wisdom sees the best,
 For them and for their little ones provide ;
 But chiefly, in their hearts with *grace divine* preside.

XIX.

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 heav'nly road,
 The *cottage* leaves the *palace* far behind ;
 What is a lordling's pomp ! a cumbrous load,
 Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
 Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refin'd !

XX.

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, howe'er *crowns* and *coronets* be rent,
 A *virtuous populace* may rise the while,
 And stand a wall of fire around their much-lov'd *isle*.

XXI.

O *Thou* ! who pour'd the patriotic tide
 That stream'd thro' *Wallace's* undaunted heart ;

Who dar'd to, nobly, stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the second glorious part,
(The patriot's *God*, peculiarly thou art,
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!)
O never; never, *Scotia's* realm desert:
But still the *patriot*, and the *patriot-bard*,
In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard!

MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN :

A DIRGE.

I.

WHEN chill November's surly blast
Made fields and forests bare,
One ev'ning, as I wand' red forth
Along the banks of *Ayr*,
I spy'd a man, whose aged step
Seem'd weary, worn with care;
His face was furrow'd o'er with years,
And hoary was his hair.

II.

Young stranger, whither wand'rest thou!
(Began the rev'rend sage;)

Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,
 Or youthful pleasure's rage?
 Or haply, prest with cares and woes,
 Too soon thou hast began,
 To wander forth, with me, to mourn
 The miseries of man.

III.

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

IV.

O man! while in thy early years,
 How prodigal of time!
 Mispending 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.

V.

Look not alone on youthful prime,
 Or manhood's active might :
 Man then is useful to his kind,
Supported is his right.

But see him on the edge of life,
 With cares and sorrows worn,
 Then age and want, Oh ! ill-match'd pair !
 Show man was made to mourn.

VI.

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

VII.

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 !

VIII.

See yonder poor, o'erlabour'd wight,
 So abject, mean, and vile,
 Who begs a brother of the earth
 To give him leave to toil ;
 And see his lordly *fellow worm*
 The poor petition spurn,

Unmindful, tho' a weeping wife,
And helpless offspring mourn.

IX.

If I'm design'd yon lordling's slave,
By Nature's law design'd,
Why was an independent wish
E'er planted in my mind?
If not, why am I subject to
His cruelty, or scorn?
Or why has man the will and pow'r
To make his fellow mourn?

X.

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

XI.

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

A P R A Y E R

IN THE

P R O S P E C T O F D E A T H .

I.

O THOU unknown, Almighty Cause
Of all my hope and fear!
In whose dread presence, ere an hour,
Perhaps I must appear!

II.

If I have wander'd in those paths
Of life I ought to shun;
As *something*, loudly, in my breast,
Remonstrates I have done;

III.

Thou know'st that thou hast formed me
With passions wild and strong;
And list'ning to their witching voice,
Has often led me wrong.

IV.

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

V.

Where with *intention* I have err'd,
No other plea I have,
But, *thou art good*; and goodness still
Delighteth to forgive.

STANZAS

ON THE

SAME OCCASION.

WHY am I loth to leave this earthly scene!
Have I so found it full of pleasing charms?
Some drops of joy with draughts of ill between:
Some gleams of sunshine mid renewing storms:
Is it departing pangs my soul alarms?

Or death's unlovely, dreary, dark abode?
 For guilt, for guilt, my terrors are in arms;
 I tremble to approach an angry God,
 And justly smart beneath his sin-avenging rod.

Fain would I say, "Forgive my foul offence?"
 Fain promise never more to disobey;
 But, should my Author health again dispense,
 Again I might desert fair virtue's way;
 Again in folly's path might go astray;
 Again exalt the brute, and sink the man;
 Then how should I for heav'nly mercy pray,
 Who act so counter heav'nly mercy's plan?
 Who sin so oft have mourn'd, yet to temptation ran?

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

*Lying at a Reverend Friend's house one night, the Author
left the following Verses in the room where he slept.*

I.

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

II.

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

III.

She, who her lovely offspring eyes
With tender hopes and fears,
O bless her with a mother's joys,
But spare a mother's tears!

IV.

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

V.

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

VI.

When soon or late they reach that coast,
O'er life's rough ocean driv'n,
May they rejoice, no wand'rer lost,
A family in heav'n.

THE

FIRST PSALM.

THE man in life where-ever plac'd,
Hath happiness in store,
Who walks not in the wicked's way,
Nor learns their guilty lore!

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

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

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

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

A

P R A Y E R

Under the Pressure of Violent Anguish.

O THOU great Being! what Thou art
Surpasses me to know:
Yet sure I am, that known to Thee
Are all Thy works below.

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

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

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

THE
FIRST SIX VERSES
OF THE
NINETIETH 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 ere night cut down it lies
All wither'd and decay'd.

TO A

MOUNTAIN DAISY,

On turning one down, with the Plough, in April 1786.

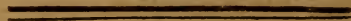
—●—

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

Unskilful he to note the card
Of *prudent lore*,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er!

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

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



TO

R U I N.



I.

ALL hail! inexorable lord!
At whose destruction-breathing word,
The mightiest empires fall!
Thy cruel, woe-delighted train,
The ministers of grief and pain,
A sullen welcome, all!

With stern-resolv'd, despairing eye,
 I see each aimed dart;
 For one has cut my *dearest tye*,
 And quivers in my heart.
 Then low'ring, and pouring,
 The *storm* no more I dread;
 Tho' thick'ning and black'ning,
 Round my devoted head.

II.

And thou grim pow'r, by life abhorr'd,
 While life a *pleasure* can afford,
 Oh! hear a wretch's pray'r!
 No more I shrink appall'd afraid;
 I court, I beg thy friendly aid,
 To close this scene of care!
 When shall my soul, in silent peace,
 Resign life's *joyless* day;
 My weary heart its throbbings cease,
 Cold mould'ring in the clay;
 No fear more, no tear more,
 To stain my lifeless face,
 Enclasped, and grasped
 Within thy cold embrace!

TO

M I S S L——,

With BEATTIE'S POEMS for a *New-year's Gift*.
Jan. 1. 1787.

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

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

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

E P I S T L E

TO A

YOUNG FRIEND.

May—1786.

I.

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

II.

Ye'll try the world soon, my lad,
And *Andrew* dear, believe me,
Ye'll find mankind an unco squad,
And muckle they may grieve ye:
For care and trouble set your thought,
Ev'n when your end's attained;

And a' your views may come to nought,
Where ev'ry nerve is strained.

III.

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

IV.

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

V.

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

VI.

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

VII.

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

VIII.

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

IX.

The great *Creator* to revere,
 Must sure become the *creature*;

But still the preaching cant forbear,
 And ev'n the rigid feature :
 Yet ne'er with wits profane to range,
 Be complaisance extended ;
 An atheist-laugh's a poor exchange
 For deity offended !

X.

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

XI.

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

ON A

SCOTCH BARD,

GONE TO THE WEST INDIES.



A' YE wha live by sowps o' drink,
A' ye wha live by crambo-clink,
A' ye wha live and never think,
 Come mourn wi' me!
Our *billie's* gien us a' a jink,
 An' owre the sea.

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

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

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

Auld, cantie *Kyle* may weepers wear,
 An' stain them wi' the saut, saut tear;
 'Twill make her poor auld heart, I fear,
 In flinders flee:
 He was her *Laureat* monie a year,
 That's owre the sea!

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

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

He ne'er was gien to great misguiding,
 Yet coin his pouches wad nae bide in;
 Wi' him it ne'er was *under hiding*;
 He dealt it free:
 'The muse was a' that he took pride in,
 That's owre the sea.

Jamaica bodies, use him weel,
 An' hap him in a cozie biel:

Ye'll find him ay a dainty chiel,
And fou o' glee:
He wad na wrang'd the vera deil,
That's owre the sea.

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

TO A
H A G G I S

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ye pow'rs wha mak mankind your care,
 And dish them out their bill o' fare,

Auld Scotland wants nae stinking ware
That jaups in luggies;
But, if ye wish her gratefu' pray'r,
Gie her a *haggis*!

A

D E D I C A T I O N

TO

G***** H***** , Esq.

EXPECT na, Sir, in this narration,
A fleechin, fleth'rin dedication,
To roose you up, an' ca' you guid,
An' sprung o' great an' noble bluid,
Because ye're sirnam'd like *his Grace*
Perhaps related to the race;
Then when I'm tir'd—and sae are *ye*
Wi' mony a fulsome, sinfu' lie,
Set up a face, how I stop short,
For fear your modesty be hurt.

This may do—maun do, Sir, wi' them wha
Maun please the great folk for a wamefou;
For me! sae laigh I need na bow,
For, Lord be thankit, *I can plough*;

And when I downa yoke a naig,
 Then, Lord be thankit, *I can beg*;
 Sae I shall say, an' that's nae flatt'rin,
 It's just *sic poet*, an' *sic patron*.

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

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

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

But then, nae thanks to him for a' that;
 Nae *godly symptom* ye can ca' that;
 It's naething but a milder feature,
 Of our poor, sinfu' corrupt nature:
 Ye'll get the best o' moral works,
 'Mang black Gentoos and pagan Turks,
 Or hunters wild on *Ponotaxi*,
 Wha never heard of orth-d xy,
 That he's the poor man's friend in need,
 The gentleman in word and deed,
 It's no thro' terror of d-mn-t-n;
 It's just a carnal inclination.

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

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

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

O ye wha leave the springs of *C-lv-n*,
 For *grumlie dubs* of your ain delvin!
 Ye sons of heresy and error,
 Ye'll some day squeel in quaking terror;
 When vengeance draws the sword in wrath
 And in the fire throws the sheath;
 When ruin, with her sweeping *besom*,
 Just frets till heav'n commission gies him;
 While c'er the *harp* pale mis'ry moans,
 And strikes the ever-deep'ning tones,
 Still louder shrieks, and heavier groans }
 }
 }
 }

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

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

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

“ May ne'er misfortune's gowling bark,
 “ Howl thro' the dwelling o' the *Clerk* !
 “ May ne'er his gen'rous, honest heart,
 “ For that same gen'rous spirit smart !
 “ May K*****'s far-honoured name
 “ Lang beet his hymeneal flame,
 “ Till H*****'s, at least a dizen,
 “ Are frae their nuptial labours risen :
 “ Five bonnie lasses round their table,
 “ And seven braw fellows, stout an' able,
 “ To serve their king and country weel,
 “ By word, or pen, or pointed steel !
 “ May health and peace, with mutual rays,
 “ Shine on the ev'ning o' his days ;
 “ Till his wee, curlie *John's* ier-oe,
 “ When ebbing life nae mair shall flow,
 “ The last, sad, mournful rites bestow.” }
 }

I will not wind a lang conclusion,
 Wi' complimentary effusion :
 But whilst your wishes and endeavours,
 Are blest with fortune's smiles and favours,

I am, dear Sir, with zeal most fervent,
Your much indebted, humble servant.

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



TO A

L O U S E,

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

O, *Jenny*, dinna toss your head,
 An' set your beauties a' abroad!

Ye little ken what cursed speed
The blastie's makin!
Thae *winks* and *finger-ends*, I dread,
Are notice takin!

A wad some pow'r the giftie gie us,
To see ourselves as others see us!
It wad frae monie a blunder free us,
And foolish notion:
What airs in dress an' gait wad lea'e us,
And ev'n devotion!

A D D R E S S

T O

E D I N B U R G H.

I.

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

P

II.

Here wealth still swells the golden tide,
 As busy trade his labour plies;
 There architecture's noble pride
 Bids elegance and splendor rise;
 Here justice, from her native skies,
 High wields her balance and her rod;
 There learning, with his eagle eyes,
 Seeks science in her coy abode.

III.

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

IV.

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

V.

There watching high the least alarms,
 Thy rough rude fortress gleams afar;
 Like some bold vet'ran, gray in arms,

And mark'd with many a seamy scar :
 The pond'rous wall and massy bar,
 Grim-rising o'er the rugged rock ;
 Have oft withstood assailing war,
 And oft repell'd the invader's shock.

VI.

With awe-struck thought, and pitying tears,
 I view that noble, stately dome,
 Where *Scotia's* kings of other years,
 Fam'd heroes, had their royal home :
 Alas, how chang'd the times to come !
 Their royal name low in the dust !
 Their hapless race wild-wand'ring roam !
 Tho' rigid law cries out, 'twas just !

VII.

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

VIII.

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

E P I S T L E

TO

J. L*****K,

AN OLD SCOTTISH BARD.

April 1, 1785.

W HILE briers an' woodbines budding green,
An' paitricks scaichin loud at e'en,
An' morning pousie whidden seen,
 Inspire my muse,
This freedom, in an *unknown* frien',
 I pray excuse.

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

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

I've scarce heard ought describ'd sae weel,
What gen'rous, manly bosoms feel ;
Thought I, " Can this be Pope, or Steele,
" Or Beattie's wark !"
They tald me 'twas an odd kind chiel
About *Muirkirk*.

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

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

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

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

I am nae *poet*, in a sense,
But just a *rhymmer*, like, by chance,

That would be *lear* enough for me,
If I could get it.

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

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

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

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

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

Awa ye selfish warly race,
Wha think that havins, sense, an' grace,
Ev'n love an' friendship, should give place
 To catch-the-plack!
I dinna like to see your face,
 Nor hear your crack.

But ye whom social pleasure charms,
Whose hearts the tide of kindness warms,
Who hold your *being* on the terms,
 "Each aid the others,"
Come to my bowl, come to my arms,
 My friends, my brothers!

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

TO THE SAME.

April 21, 1785.

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

Forjesket sair, with weary legs,
Rattlin the corn out-owre the rigs,
Or dealing thro' amang the naigs
 Their ten hours bite,
My awkart muse sair pleads and begs,
 I wou'd na write.

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

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

" Shall bauld L*****k, the king o' hearts,
" Tho' mankind were a pack o' cartes,
" Roose you sae weel for your deserts,
 " In terms sae friendly,
" Yet ye'll neglect to shaw your parts,
 " An' thank him kindly !"

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

Sae I've begun to scrawl, but whether
In rhyme, or prose, or baith thegither,

Or some hotch-potch that's rightly neither,
Let time mak proof ;
But I shall scribble down some blether
Just clean aff-loof.

My worthy friend, ne'er grudge an' carp,
Tho' fortune use you hard an' sharp ;
Come, kittle up your *moorland harp*
Wi' gleesome touch !
Ne'er mind how fortune *waft* an' *warp* ;
She's but a b-tch.

She's gien me monie a jirt and fleg,
Sin I could striddle owre a rig ;
But, by the L—d, tho' I should beg
Wi' lyart pow,
I'll laugh, an' sing, an' shake my leg,
As lang's I dow !

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

Do ye envy the city *Gent*,
Behint a kist to lie and sklent,
Or purse-proud, big wi' *cent, per cent.*
And muckle wame,
In some bit brugh to represent
A *Bailie's* name ?

Or is't the paughty, feudal thane,
Wi' ruffl'd sark an' glancing cane,
Wha thinks himsel nae sheep-shank bane,
But lordly stalks,

While caps and bonnets aff are taen,
As by he walks?

“ O *Thou* wha gies us each guid gift!
“ Gie me o’ wit an’ sense a lift,
“ Then turn me, if *Thou* please, adrift,
“ Thro’ Scotland wide ;
“ Wi’ cits nor lairds I wadna shift,
“ In a’ their pride !”

Were this the *charter* of our state,
“ On pain o’ hell be rich an’ great,”
Damnation then would be our fate,
Beyond remead ;
But, thanks to Heav’n, that’s no the gate
We learn our creed.

For thus the royal mandate ran,
When first the human race began,
“ The social, friendly, honest man,
“ Whate’er he be,
“ ’Tis he fulfils *great Nature’s plan*,
“ An’ none but *he* !”

O mandate glorious and divine !
The followers of the ragged Nine,
Poor thoughtless devils ! yet may shine,
In glorious light,
While sordid sons of Mammon’s line
Are dark as night.

Tho’ here they scrape, an’ squeeze an’ growl,
Their worthless nievefu’ of a soul
May in some *future carcase* howl,
The forest’s fright ;
Or in some day detesting owl
May shun the light,

Wi' *Allan*, or wi' *Gilbertfield*,
 The braes o' fame ;
 Or *Fergusson*, the writer-chiel,
 A deathless name.

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

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

I kittle up my *rustic reed* ;
 It gies me ease.

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

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

Ramsay an' famous *Fergusson*
 Gied *Forth* an' *Tay* a lift aboon ;
Yarrow an' *Tweed*, to monie a tune,
 Owre Scotland rings,

While *Irwin, Lugar, Ayr, an' Doon* ,
Naebody sings.

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

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

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

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

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

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

The muse, nae poet ever fand her,
Till by himsel' he learn'd to wander,
A down some trotting burn's meander,
 An' no think lang;
O sweet, to stray an' pensive ponder
 A heart-felt sang!

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

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

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

P O S T S C R I P T.

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

In days when mankind were but callans
 At *Grammar*, *Logic*, an' sic talents,
 'They took nae pains their speech to balance,
 Or rules to gie,
 But spak their thoughts in plain, braid Lallans,
 Like you or me.

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

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

Some *herds*, weel learn'd upo' the beuk,
 Wad threap auld fock the thing misteuk ;
 For 'twas the *auld moon* turn'd a neuk,
 An' out o' sight,

An' backlins-comin, to the leuk,
 She grew mair bright.

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

Frae less to mair it gaed to sticks ;
 Frae words an' aiths to clours an' nicks ;
 An' monie a fallow gat his licks,
 Wi' hearty crunt ;
 An' some, to learn them for their tricks,
 Were hang'd an' brunt.

This game was play'd in monie lands,
 An' *auld-light* caddies bure sic hands,
 That faith the youngsters took the sands
 Wi' nimble shanks,
 Till Lairds forbade, by strick commands,
 Sic bluidy pranks.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* A certain humorous *dream* of his was then making a noise in the country-side.

† A *Song* he had promised the Author.

Tho' faith sma' heart hae I to sing !
 My muse dow scarcely spread her wing !
 I've play'd mysel a bonnie spring,
 An' danc'd my fill ;
 I'd better gaen an' sair'd the King,
 At *Bunker's Hill*.

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

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

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

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

As soon's the clockin-time is by,
 An' the wee pouts begun to cry,

L—d, I'se hae sportin by an' by,
For my gowd guinea:
Tho' I should herd the *buckskin* kye
For't, in Virginia,

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

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

JOHN BARLEYCORN*.

A

B A L L A D.

I.

THERE was three kings into the east.
Three kings both great and high,

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

An' they hae sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn should die.

II.

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

III.

But the chearful Spring came kindly on,
And show'rs began to fall ;
John Barleycorn got up again,
And sore surpris'd them all.

IV.

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

V.

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

VI.

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

VII.

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 forgerie.

VIII.

They laid him down upon his back,
And cudgell'd him full sore ;
They hung him up before the storm,
And turn'd him o'er and o'er

IX.

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

X.

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.

XI.

They wasted, o'er a scorching flame,
The marrow of his bones ;
But a miller us'd him worst of all,
For he crush'd him between two stones.

XII.

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

XIII.

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

XIV.

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

XV.

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

A FRAGMENT.

Tune,—*Killicrankie*.



I.

WHEN *Guilford* good our pilot stood,
An' did our hellim thraw, man ;
Ae night, at tea, began a plea,
Within *America*, man :
Then up they gat the maskin-pat,
And in the sea did jaw, man ;
An' did nae less, in full Congress,
Than quite refuse our law, man.

II.

Then thro' the lakes *Montgomery* takes,
I wat he was na slaw, man ;
Down *Lowrie's burn* he took a turn,
And *C-rl-t-n* did ca', man :
But yet, whatreck, he, at *Quebec*,
Montgomery like did fa', man,
Wi' sword in hand, before his band,
Amang his en'mies a' man.

III

Poor *Tammy G-ge* within a cage
Was kept at *Boston ha'*, man ;

Till *Willie H-e* took o'er the knowe
 For *Philadelphia*, man ;
 Wi' sword an' gun he thought a sin
 Guid christian blood to draw, man ;
 But at *New-York*, wi' knife an' fork,
 Sir Loin he hacked sma', man.

IV.

B-rg--ne gaed up, like spur an' whip,
 Till *Fraser* brave did fa', man ;
 Then lost his way, ae misty day,
 In *Saratoga* shaw, man.
C-rnw-ll-s fought as lang's he dought,
 An' did the Buckskins claw, man ;
 But *Cl-nt-n's* glaive frae rust to save
 He hung it to the wa', man.

V.

Then *M-nt-gue*, an' *Guilford* too,
 Began to fear a fa', man ;
 And *S-ckv-ll-e* doure, wha stood the stoure,
 The German chief to thraw, man :
 For Paddy *B-rke* like ony Turk,
 Nae mercy had at a', man ;
 An' *Charlie F-x* threw by the box,
 An' lows'd his tinkler jaw, man.

VI.

Then *R-ck-ngh-m* took up the game ;
 Till death did on him ca', man ;
 When *Sh-lb-rne* meek held up his cheek,
 Conform to gospel law, man :

Saint Stephen's boys, wi' jarring noise,
 They did his measures thraw, man :
 For *N-rth* an' *F-x* united stocks,
 An' bore him to the wa', man.

VII.

Then clubs an' hearts were *Charlie's* cartes,
 He swept the stakes awa', man,
 Till the diamond's ace, of *Indian* race,
 Led him a sair-*faux pas*, man :
 The Saxon lads, wi' loud placads,
 On *Chatham's Boy* did ca', man :
 An' Scotland drew her pipe an' blew,
 " Up, Willie, waur them a', man !"

VIII.

Behind the throne then *Gr-nv-lle's* gone,
 A secret word or twa, man ;
 While slee *D-nd-s* arous'd the class
 Be-north the Roman wa', man :
 An' *Chatham's* wraith, in heavenly graith,
 (Inspired bardies saw, man)
 Wi' kindling eyes cry'd, " *Willie*, rise !
 " Would I hae fear'd them a', man !"

IX.

But, word an' blow, *N-rth, F-x and Co.*
 Gowff'd *Willie* like a ba', man,
 Till *Suthron* raise, and coost their claise
 Behind him in a raw, man :
 An' *Caledon* threw by the drone,
 An' did her whittle draw, man :
 An' swear fu' rude, thro' dirt an' blood
 To mak it guid in law, man.

S O N G.

Tune,—*Corn rigs are bonnie.*



I.

IT was upon a Lammas night,
 When corn rigs are bonnie,
 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.

II.

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

III.

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

My blessings on that happy place,
Amang the rigs o' barley!
But by the moon and stars so bright,
That shone that hour so clearly!
She ay shall bless that happy night,
Amang the rigs o' barley.

IV.

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

C H O R U S.

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

S O N G.

COMPOSED IN AUGUST.

Tune,—*I had a horse, I had nae mair.*



I.

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

II.

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

III.

Thus ev'ry kind their pleasure 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'ring cry,
The flutt'ring, gory pinion !

IV.

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

V.

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

S O N G.

Tune,—*My Nanie, O.*

I.

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

II.

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

III.

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

IV.

Her face is fair, her heart is true,
As spotless as she's bonnie, O ;

The op'ning gowan, wat wi' dew,
Nae purer is than Nanie, O.

V.

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

VI.

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

VII.

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

VIII.

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

GREEN GROW THE RASHES.

A FRAGMENT.



CHORUS.

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

I.

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

II.

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

III.

But gie me a canny hour at e'en,
My arms about my dearie, O;
An' warly cares, an' warly men,
May a' gae tapsalteeie, O.
Green grow, &c.

IV.

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 lov'd the lasses, O.
Green grow, &c.

V.

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

* * * * *

S O N G.

Tune,—*Jockey's Grey Brecks.*

I.

AGAIN rejoicing Nature sees
Her robe assume its vernal hues,
Her leafy locks wave in the breeze
All freshly steep'd in morning dews.

C H O R U S. *

*And maun I still on Menie † doat,
And bear the scorn that's in her e'e!
For it's jet, jet black, an' it's like a hawk,
An' it winna let a body be!*

II.

In vain to me the cowslips blaw,
In vain to me the vi'lets spring;

* This Chorus is part of a Song composed by a gentleman in Edinburgh, a particular friend of the Author's.

† *Menie* is the common abbreviation of *Mariamne*.

In vain to me, in glen or shaw,
The mavis and the lintwhite sing.
And maun I still, &c.

III.

The merry ploughboy chears his team,
Wi' joy the tentie seedsman stalks,
But life to me's a weary dream,
A dream of ane that never wauks.
And maun I still, &c.

IV.

The wanton coot the water skims,
Amang the reeds the ducklings cry,
The stately swan majestic swims,
And ev'ry thing is blest but I.
And maun I still, &c.

V.

The sheep-herd steeks his faulding slap,
And owre the moorlands whistles shill,
Wi' wild, unequal, wand'ring step
I meet him on the dewy hill.
And maun I still, &c.

VI.

And when the lark, 'tween light and dark,
Blythe waukens by the daisy's side,
And mounts and sings on flittering wings,
S

A woe-worn ghaist I hameward glide.
And maun I still, &c.

VII.

Come Winter, with thine angry howl,
And raging bend the naked tree;
Thy gloom will soothe my chearless soul,
When Nature all is sad like me!

*And maun I still on Menie doat,
And bear the scorn that's in her e'e!
For it's jet; jet black, an' it's like a hawk,
An' it winna let a body be.*

S O N G

Tune,——*Roslin Castle.*

I.

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

II.

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

III.

'Tis not the surging billow's roar,
 'Tis not that fatal, deadly shore;
 Tho' death in ev'ry shape appear,
 The wretched have no more to fear:
 But round my heart the ties are bound,
 That heart transpierc'd with many a wound;
 These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,
 To leave the bonnie banks of *Ayr*.

IV.

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

S O N G.

Tune,——*Gilderoy.*

I.

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!

II.

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,—*Goodnight, and joy be wi' you a'.*

I.

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

II.

Oft have I met your social band,
And spent the chearful, festive night;
Oft, honour'd with supreme command,
Presided o'er the *sons of light*;

And by that *hieroglyphic* bright,
 Which none but *craftsmen* ever saw!
 Strong mem'ry on my heart shall write
 Those happy scenes when far awa'.

III.

May freedom, harmony, and love,
 Unite you in the *grand design*,
 Beneath th' Omniscient eye above,
 The glorious *Architect* divine!
 That you may keep th' *unerring line*,
 Still rising by the *plummet's law*,
 Till *order* bright completely shine,
 Shall be my pray'r when far awa'.

IV.

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'*.

S O N G.

Tune, *Prepare, my dear brethren, to the tavern let's
fly, &c.*

I.

NO churchman am I for to rail and to write,
No statesman nor soldier to plot or to fight,
No sly man of business contriving a snare,
For a big-belly'd bottle's the whole of my care.

II

The peer I don't envy, I give him his bow;
I scorn not the peasant, tho' ever so low;
But a club of good fellows, like those that are here,
And a bottle like this, are my glory and care.

III.

Here passes the squire on his brother—his horse;
There centum per centum, the cit with his purse;
But see you the crown how it waves in the air,
There a big-belly'd bottle still eases my care.

IV.

The wife of my bosom, alas! she did die;
 For sweet consolation to church I did fly;
 I found that old Solomon proved it fair,
 That a big-belly'd bottle's a cure for all care.

V.

I once was persuaded a venture to make;
 A letter inform'd me that all was to wreck;
 But the pury old landlord just waddled up stairs,
 With a glorious bottle that ended my cares.

VI.

“ Life's cares they are comforts*”—a maxim laid
 down
 By the bard, what d'ye call him, that wore the black
 gown;
 And faith I agree with th' old prig to a hair;
 For a big-belly'd bottle's a heav'n of care.

A Stanza added in a Mason Lodge.

Then fill up a bumper, and make it o'erflow,
 And honours masonic prepare for to throw;
 May every true brother of th' compass and square
 Have a big-belly'd bottle when harass'd with care.

* Young's Night Thoughts.

WRITTEN IN
FRIARS-CARSE HERMITAGE,

ON NITH-SIDE.

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

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

As youth and love, with sprightly dance,
Beneath thy morning star advance,
Pleasure with her siren air
May delude the thoughtless pair;
Let prudence bless enjoyment's cup,
Then raptur'd sip, and sip it up.

As thy day grows warm and high,
Life's meridian flaming nigh,
Dost thou spurn the humble vale?
Life's proud summits wouldst thou scale?
Check thy climbing step, elate,
Evils lurk in felon wait:

Dangers, eagle-pinioned, bold,
 Soar around each cliffy hold,
 While chearful peace, with linnets song,
 Chants the lowly dells among.

As the shades of ev'ning close,
 Beck'ning thee to long repose;
 As life itself becomes disease,
 Seek the chimney-nook of ease.
 There ruminatè with sober thought,
 On all thou'st seen, and heard, and wrought;
 And teach the sportive younkers round,
 Laws of experience, sage and sound.
 Say, man's true, genuine estimate,
 The grand criterion of his fate,
 Is not, art thou high or low?
 Did thy fortune ebb or flow?
 Did many talents gild thy span?
 Or frugal Nature grudge thee one?
 Tell them, and press it on their mind,
 As thou thyself must shortly find,
 The smile or frown of awful Heav'n,
 To virtue or to vice is giv'n.
 Say, to be just, and kind, and wise,
 There solid self-enjoyment lies;
 That foolish, selfish, faithless ways,
 Lead to be wretched, vile, and base.

Thus resign'd and quiet, creep
 To the bed of lasting sleep;
 Sleep, whence thou shalt ne'er awake,
 Night, where dawn shall never break,
 Till future life, future no more,
 To light and joy the good restore,
 To light and joy unknown before. }

Stranger, go! Hea'v be thy guide!
 Quod the Beadsman of Nith-side.

O D E,

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF

MRS. ——— OF ———.

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

STROPHE.

View the wither'd beldam's face—
Can thy keen inspection trace
Aught of humanity's sweet melting grace ?
Note that eye, 'tis rheum o'erflows,
Pity's flood there never rose.
See those hands, ne'er stretch'd to save,
Hands that took——but never gave.
Keeper of Mammon's iron chest,
Lo, there she goes, unpitied and unblest
She goes, but not to realms of everlasting rest !

ANTISTROPHE.

Plunderer of armies, lift thine eyes !
(A while forbear, ye tort'ring fiends),

Seest thou whose step, unwilling, hither bends?
 No fallen angel, hurl'd from upper skies;
 'Tis thy trusty *quondam mate*,
 Doom'd to share thy fiery fate,
 She, tardy, hell-wards plies.

EPODE.

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

 E L E G Y

ON

CAPT. M—— H——,

*A Gentleman who held the Patent for his Honours
 immediately from Almighty God!*

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

O DEATH! thou tyrant fell and bloody!
 The mickle devil wi' a woodie

Haurl thee hame to his black smiddie,
 O'er hurcheon hides,
 And like stock-fish come o'er his studdie
 Wi' thy auld sides !

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

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

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

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

At dawn, when ev'ry grassy blade
 Droops with a diamond at his head,
 At ev'n, when beans their fragrance shed,
 I' th' rustling gale,

Ye maukins whiddin thro' the glade
Come join my wail.

Mourn, ye wee songsters o' the wood;
Ye grouss that crap the heather bud;
Ye curlews calling thro' a clud;
Ye whistling plover;
And mourn, ye whirring pairrick brood;
He's gane for ever!

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

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

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

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

Mourn, Spring, thou darling of the year!
 Ilk cowslip cup shall kep a tear:
 Thou, Simmer, while each corny spear
 Shoots up its head,
 Thy gay, green, flow'ry tresses shear,
 For him that's dead!

Thou, Autumn, wi' thy yellow hair,
 In grief thy fallow mantle tear!
 Thou, Winter, hurling thro' the air
 The roaring blast,
 Wide o'er the naked world declare
 The worth we've lost!

Mourn him, thou Sun, great source of light!
 Mourn, Empress of the silent Night!
 And you, ye twinkling starnies bright,
 My Matthew mourn!
 For through your orbs he's taen his flight
 Ne'er to return.

O, H*****! the man! the brother!
 And art thou gone, and gone for ever!
 And hast thou crost that unknown river,
 Life's dreary bound!
 Like thee, where shall I find another,
 The world around!

Go to your sculptur'd tombs, ye great,
 In a' the tinsel trash o' state!
 But by thy honest turf I'll wait,
 Thou man of worth!
 And weep the ae best fellow's fate
 E'er lay in earth.

THE EPITAPH.

STOP, passenger! my story's brief,
 And truth I shall relate, man;

I tell nae common tale o' grief,
For Matthew was a great man.

If thou uncommon merit hast,
Yet spurn'd at Fortune's door, man ;
A look of pity hither cast,
For Matthew was a poor man.

If thou a noble sodger art,
That passest by this grave, man,
There moulders here a gallant heart ;
For Matthew was a brave man.

If thou on men, their works and ways,
Canst throw uncommon light, man ;
Here lies, wha weel had won thy praise,
For Matthew was a bright man.

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

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

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

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

LAMENT OF
MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

ON THE
APPROACH OF SPRING.

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

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

Now blooms the lily by the bank,
The primrose down the brae ;

The hawthorn's budding in the glen,
 And milk-white is the slae :
 The meanest hind in fair Scotland,
 May rove their sweets amang ;
 But I, the queen of a' Scotland,
 Maun lie in prison strang.

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

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

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

O! soon, to me, may summer-suns
 Nae mair light up the morn !
 Nae mair, to me, the autumn winds
 Wave o'er the yellow cora !

And in the narrow house o' death
 Let winter round me rave;
 And the next the flow'rs that deck the spring,
 Bloom on my peaceful grave.

T O

R***** G***** OF F*****, Esq.

LATE crippl'd of an arm, and now a leg,
 About to beg a *pass* for leave to beg;
 Dull, listless, teas'd, dejected, and deprest,
 (Nature is adverse to a cripple's rest);
 Will generous G***** list to his poet's wail?
 (It sooths poor misery, hearkning to her tale),
 And hear him curse the light he first survey'd,
 And doubly curse the luckless rhyming trade.

Thou, Nature, partial Nature, I arraign;
 Of thy caprice maternal I complain.
 The lion and the bull thy care have found,
 One shakes the forests, and one spurns the ground:
 Thou giv'st the ass his hide, the snail his shell,
 Th' envenom'd wasp, victorious guards his cell.—
 Thy minions, kings defend, controul, devour,
 In all th' omnipotence of rule and power.—
 Foxes and statesmen, subtile wiles ensure;
 The cit and polecat stink, and are secure.

Toads with their poison, doctors with their drug,
 The priest and hedgehog in their robes, are snug.
 Ev'n silly woman has her warlike arts,
 Her tongue and eyes, her dreaded spear and darts.

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

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

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

So, by some hedge, the gen'rous steed deceas'd,
 For half-starv'd snarling curs a dainty feast;

By toil and famine worn to skin and bone,
Lies, senseless of each tugging bitch's son.

O Dulness! portion of the truly blest!
Calm shelter'd haven of eternal rest!
Thy sons ne'er madden in the fierce extremes
Of fortune's polar frost or torrid beams,
If mantling high she fills the golden cup,
With sober selfish ease they sip it up:
Conscious the bounteous meed they well deserve,
They only wonder "some folks" do not starve.
The grave sage hern thus easy picks his frog,
And thinks the mallard a sad worthless dog.
When disappointment snaps the clue of hope,
And thro' disastrous night they darkling grope,
With deaf endurance sluggishly they bear,
And just conclude that "fools are fortune's care."
So, heavy, passive to the tempest's shocks,
Strong on the sign-post stands the stupid ox.

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

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

LAMENT

FOR

JAMES, EARL OF GLENCAIRN.

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

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

“ Ye scatter'd birds that faintly sing,
“ The reliques of the vernal quire!
“ Ye woods that shed on a' the winds
“ The honours of the aged year!

- “ A few short months, and glad and gay,
 “ Again ye’ll charm the ear and e’e;
 “ But nocht in all revolving time
 “ Can gladness bring again to me.
- “ I am a bending aged tree,
 “ That long has stood the wind and rain;
 “ But now has come a cruel blast,
 “ And my last hold of earth is gane;
 “ Nae leaf o’ mine shall greet the spring,
 “ Nae simmer sun exalt my bloom;
 “ But I maun lie before the storm,
 “ And ithers plant them in my room.
- “ I’ve seen sae mony changefu’ years,
 “ On earth I am a stranger grown;
 “ I wander in the ways of men,
 “ Alike unknowing and unknown:
 “ Unheard, unpitied, unreliev’d,
 “ I bear alane my lade o’ care,
 “ For silent, low, on beds of dust,
 “ Lie a’ that would my sorrows share.
- “ And last, (the sum of a’ my griefs !)
 “ My noble master lies in clay;
 “ The flow’r amang our barons bold,
 “ His country’s pride, his country’s stay:
 “ In weary being now I pine,
 “ For a’ the life of life is dead,
 “ And hope has left my aged ken,
 “ On forward wing for ever fled,
- “ Awake thy last sad voice, my harp!
 “ The voice of woe and wild despair!
 “ Awake, resound thy latest lay,
 “ Then sleep in silence evermair!
 “ And thou, my last, best, only friend,
 “ That fillest an untimely tomb,

- “ Accept this tribute from the Bard
“ Thou brought from Fortune’s mirkest gloom.
- “ In poverty’s low barren vale,
“ Thick mists, obscure, involv’d me round ;
“ Though oft I turn’d the wistful eye,
“ Nae ray of fame was to be found :
“ Thou found’st me, like the morning sun
“ That melts the fogs in limpid air,
“ The friendless Bard and rustic song,
“ Became alike thy fostering care.
- “ O! why has worth so short a date ?
“ While villains ripen grey with time !
“ Must thou, the noble, gen’rous, great,
“ Fall in bold manhood’s hardy prime !
“ Why did I live to see that day ?
“ A day to me so full of woe ?
“ O! had I met the mortal shaft
“ Which laid my benefactor low !
- “ The bridegroom may forget the bride
“ Was made his wedded wife yestreen ;
“ The monarch may forget the crown
“ That on his head an hour has been ;
“ The mother may forget the child
“ That smiles sae sweetly on her knee ;
“ But I’ll remember thee, Glencairn,
“ An’ a’ that thou hast done for me !”

L I N E S,

SENT TO

Sir JOHN WHITEFORD of WHITEFORD, *Bart.*
with the foregoing Poem.

THOU, who thy honour as thy God rever'st,
Who, save thy *mind's reproach*, nought earthly fear'st,
To thee this votive off'ring I impart,
The tearful tribute of a broken heart.

The *Friend* thou valued'st, I the *Patron* lov'd;
His worth, his honour, all the world approv'd.
We'll mourn till we too go as he has gone,
And tread the dreary path to that dark world unknown.

TAM O' SHANTER:

A

T A L E.



Of Brownys and of Bogillis full is this Buke.

GAWIN DOUGLAS.



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

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

O *Tam!* hadst thou but been sae wise,
 As ta'en 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 ev'ry naig was ca'd a shoe on,
 The smith and thee gat roaring fou on ;
 That at the L—d's house, ev'n on Sunday,
 Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday.
 She prophesy'd, that, late or soon,
 Thou would be found deep drown'd in Doon :
 Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk,
 By *Alloway's* auld haunted kirk.

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

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

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
 E'en drown'd himself 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 of life victorious!

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

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

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

By this time he was cross the ford,
Whare in the snaw the chapman smoor'd;

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

Inspiring bold *John Barleycorn* !
 What dangers thou canst make us scorn !
 Wi' tippeny, we fear nae evil ;
 Wi' usquabae we'll face the devil !—
 The swats sae ream'd in *Tammie's* noddle,
 Fair play, he car'd na deils a boddle.
 But *Maggie* stood right sair astonish'd,
 Till, by the heel and hand admonish'd,
 She ventur'd forward on the light :
 And, vow ! *Tam* saw an unco sight !
 Warlocks and witches in a dance :
 Nae cotillion brent new frae *France*,
 But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,
 Put life and mettle in their heels.
 A 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' blude red-rusted;
 Five scymitars, wi' murder crusted;
 A garter, which a babe had strangled,
 A knife, a father's throat had mangled,
 Whom his ain son o' life bereft,
 The grey hairs yet stack to the heft:
 Wi' mair o' horrible and awefu',
 Which ev'n to name wad be unlawfu'.

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

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

But wither'd beldams, auld and droll,
 Rigwoodie hags wad spean a foal,
 Lowping an' flinging on a crummock,
 I wonder didna turn thy stomach.

But *Tam* kend what was what fu' brawlie,
 There was ae winsome wench and wawlie,
 That night enlisted in the core,
 (Lang after kend on *Carrick* shore;
 For mony a beast to dead she shot,
 And perish'd mony a bonnie boat,
 And shook baith meikle corn and bear,
 And kept the country-side in fear;)

Her cutty sark, o' Paisley harn,
 That while a lassie she had worn,
 In longitude tho' sorely scanty,
 It was her best, and she was vauntie.—
 Ah! little kend thy reverend grannie,
 That sark she coft for her wee Nannie,
 Wi' twa pund Scots, ('twas a' her riches,)

Wad ever grac'd a dance of witches!

But here my muse her wing maun cour;
 Sic flights are far beyond her pow'r;
 To sing how Nannie lap and flang,
 (A souple jade she was and strang,)

And how *Tam* stood, like ane bewitch'd,
 And thought his very een enrich'd;
 Even Satan glowr'd, and fidg'd fu' fain,
 And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main:
 Till first ae caper, syne anither,
Tam tint his reason a' thegither,
 And roars out, "Weel done, cutty-sark!"
 And in an instant all was dark;
 And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
 When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,
 When plundering herds assail their byke;
 As open pussie's mortal foes,
 When, pop! she starts before their nose;
 As eager runs the market-crowd,
 When "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud;

So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
Wi' mony an eldritch skreech and hollow.

Ah, *Tam* ! Ah, *Tam* ! thou'll get thy fairin !
In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin !
In vain thy *Kate* awaits thy comin !
Kate soon will be a woefu' woman !
Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
And win the key-stane* of the brig ;
There at them thou thy tail may toss,
A running stream they dare na cross.
But ere the key-stane she could make,
The fient a tail she had to shake !
For Nannie, far before the rest,
Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
And flew at *Tam* wi' furious ettle ;
But little wist she Maggie's mettle—
Ae spring brought off her master hale,
But left behind her ain grey tail :
The carlin claught her by the rump,
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

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

* 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 of the next running stream.—It may be proper likewise to mention to the benighted traveller, that when he falls in with *bogles*, whatever danger may be in his going forward, there is much more hazard in turning back.

ON SEEING A WOUNDED HARE

LIMP BY ME, WHICH A FELLOW HAD JUST SHOT AT.



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

Go live, poor wanderer of the wood and field,
The bitter little that of life remains:
No more the thickening brakes and verdant plains
To thee shall home, or food, or pastime yield.

Seek, mangled wretch, some place of wonted rest,
No more of rest, but now thy dying bed!
The sheltering rushes whistling o'er thy head,
The cold earth with thy bloody bosom prest.

Oft as by winding Nith, I, musing, wait
The sober eve, or hail the chearful dawn,
I'll miss thee sporting o'er the dewy lawn,
And curse the ruffian's aim, and mourn thy hapless fate.

A D D R E S S

TO THE

S H A D E O F T H O M S O N ,

*On crowning his BUST, at Ednam, Roxburghshire,
with BAYS.*



WHILE virgin Spring, by Eden's flood,
Unfolds her tender mantle green,
Or pranks the sod in frolic mood,
Or tunes Eolian strains between :

While Summer with a matron grace
Retreats to Dryburgh's cooling shade,
Yet oft, delighted, stops to trace
The progress of the spiky blade :

While Autumn, benefactor kind,
By Tweed erects his aged head,
And sees, with self-approving mind,
Each creature on his bounty fed :

While maniac Winter rages o'er
The hills whence classic Yarrow flows,

Rousing the turbid torrent's roar,
Or sweeping, wild, a waste of snows :

So long, sweet Poet of the Year,
Shall bloom that wreath thou well hast won ;
While Scotia, with exulting tear,
Proclaims that *Thomson* was her son.

E P I T A P H S.

ON A CELEBRATED RULING ELDER.

HERE Sowter **** in Death does sleep :
To H-ll, if he's gane thither,
Satan, gie him thy gear to keep,
He'll haud it weel thegither.

ON A NOISY POLEMIC.

BELOW thir stanes lies Jamie' banes ;
O Death, it's my opinion,
Thou ne'er took such a bleth'rin b-tch
Into thy dark dominion !

ON WEE JOHNNIE.

Hic jacet wee Johnnie.

WHOE'ER thou art, O reader, know,
That Death has murder'd Johnnie !
An' here his *body* lies fu' low——
For *saul* he ne'er had ony.

FOR THE AUTHOR'S FATHER.

O YE whose cheek the tear of pity stains,
Draw near with pious rev'rence, and attend !
Here lie the loving husband's dear remains,
The tender father, and the gen'rous friend.

The pitying heart that felt for human woe ;
The dauntless heart that fear'd no human pride ;
The friend of man, to vice alone a foe ;
“ For ev'n his failings lean'd to virtue's side*.”

FOR R. A. Esq.

KNOW thou, O stranger to the fame
Of this much lov'd, much honour'd name !
(For none that knew him need be told)
A warmer heart death ne'er made cold.

*Goldsmith.

FOR G. H. Esq.

THE poor man weeps—here G——n sleeps,
 Whom canting wretches blam'd :
 But with *such as he*, where'er he be,
 May I be *sav'd* or *d——d'*!



A BARD'S EPITAPH.

IS there a whim-inspired fool,
 Owre fast for thought, owre hot for rule,
 Owre blate to seek, owre proud to snool,
 Let him draw near ;
 And owre this grassy heap sing dool,
 And drap a tear.

Is there a bard of rustic song,
 Who, noteless, steals the crowds among,
 That weekly this area throng,
 O, pass not by !
 But, with a frater-feeling strong,
 Here, heave a sigh.

Is there a man, whose judgment clear,
 Can others teach the course to steer,
 Yet runs, himself, life's mad career,
 Wild as the wave ;
 Here pause—and, through the starting tear,
 Survey this grave.

The poor inhabitant below
 Was quick to learn and wise to know,

And keenly felt the friendly glow,
And *softer flame* ;
But thoughtless follies laid him low.
And stain'd his name !

Reader, attend—whether thy soul
Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole,
Or darkling grubs this earthly hole,
In low pursuit ;
Know, prudent, cautious, *self-controul*,
Is wisdom's root.

ON THE
L A T E C A P T A I N G R O S E ' S

PEREGRINATIONS THRO' SCOTLAND,

Collecting the Antiquities of that Kingdom.

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

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

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

Ilk ghaist that haunts auld ha' or chamer,
 Ye gipsy-gang that deal in glamor,
 And you deep-read in hell's black grammar,
 Warlocks and witches ;
 Ye'll quake at his conjuring hammer,
 Ye midnight b—es.

Its tauld he was a sodger bred,
 And ane wad rather fa'n than fled ;
 But now he's quat the spurtle-blade,
 And dog-skin wallet,
 And taen the——*Antiquarian trade*,
 I think they call it.

He has a fouth o' auld nick-nackets :
 Rusty airn caps and jinglin jackets, †
 Wad haud the Lothians three in tackets,
 A towmont gude ;

* Vide his *Antiquities of Scotland*.

† Vide his *Treatise on Ancient Armour and Weapons*.

And parritch-pats, and auld saut-buckets,
Before the flood.

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

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

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

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

T O

MISS C*****

A VERY YOUNG LADY.

*Written on a blank leaf of a Book, presented to her
by the Author.*



BEAUTEOUS rose-bud, young and gay,
Blooming on thy early May,
Never may'st thou, lovely flow'r,
Chilly shrink in sleety show'r!
Never Boreas' hoary path,
Never Eurus' pois'nous breath,
Never baleful stellar lights,
Taint thee with untimely blights!
Never, never reptile thief,
Riot on thy virgin leaf!
Nor even Sol too fiercely view!
Thy bosom blushing still with dew!

Mayst thou long, sweet crimson gem,
Richly deck thy native stem;
Till some ev'ning, sober, calm,
Dropping dews, and breathing balm,
While all around the woodland rings,
And every bird thy requiem sings;
Thou, amid the dirgeful sound,
Shed thy dying honours round,
And resign to parent earth
The loveliest form she e'er gave birth.

SONG.

Bootsy
ANNA, thy charms my bosom fire,
And waste my soul with care;
But ah! how bootless to admire,
When fated to despair!

Yet in thy presence, lovely fair,
To hope may be forgiv'n;
For sure 'twere impious to despair
So much in sight of Heav'n.

*On reading, in a NEWSPAPER, the DEATH of J——
M'L——, ESQ. Brother to a YOUNG LADY, a par-
ticular friend of the AUTHOR'S.*

SAD thy tale, thou idle page,
And rueful thy alarms;
Death tears the brother of her love
From Isabella's arms.

Sweetly deckt with pearly dew
The morning rose may blow ;
But cold successive moontide blasts
May lay its beauties low.

Fair on Isabella's morn
The sun propitious smil'd ;
But, long ere noon, succeeding clouds
Succeeding hopes beguil'd.

Fate oft tears the bosom chords
That Nature finest strung :
So Isabella's heart was form'd,
And so that heart was wrung.

Dread Omnipotence, alone,
Can heal the wound he gave ;
Can point the brimful grief-worn eyes
To scenes beyond the grave.

Virtue's blossoms there shall blow,
And fear no withering blast ;
There Isabella's spotless worth
Shall happy be at last.

THE
HUMBLE PETITION
OF
BRUAR WATER,*
TO THE
NOBLE DUKE OF ATHOLE.

MY Lord, I know your noble ear
Woe ne'er assails in vain :
Embolden'd thus, I beg you'll hear
Your humble slave complain,
How saucy Phœbus' scorching beams,
In flaming summer-pride,
Dry-withering, waste my foamy streams,
And drink my crystal tide.

The lightly-jumping, glowrin trouts,
That thro' my waters play,
If, in their random, wanton spouts,
They near the margin stray ;

† Bruar Falls, in Athole, are exceedingly picturesque and beautiful ; but their effect is much impaired by the want of trees and shrubs.

If, hapless chance! they linger lang,
 I'm scorching up so shallow,
 They're left, the whitening stanes amang,
 In gasping death to wallow.

Last day I grat wi' spite and teen,
 As poet B**** came by,
 That, to a bard, I should be seen
 Wi' half my channel dry:
 A panegyric rhyme, I ween,
 Even as I was he shor'd me:
 But had I in my glory been,
 He, kneeling, wad ador'd me.

Here, foaming down the skelvy rocks,
 In twisting strength I rin:
 There, high my boiling torrent smokes,
 Wild-roaring o'er a linn:
 Enjoying large each spring and well,
 As Nature gave them me,
 I am, altho' I say't mysel,
 Worth gaun a mile to see.

Would then my noble master please
 To grant my highest wishes,
 He'll shade my banks wi' tow'ring trees,
 And bonnie spreading bushes.
 Delighted doubly then, my Lord,
 You'll wander on my banks,
 And listen mony a grateful bird
 Return you tuneful thanks.

The sober laverock, warbling wild,
 Shall to the skies aspire;
 The gowdspink, Music's gayest child,
 Shall sweetly join the choir:
 The blackbird strong, the lintwhite clear,
 The mavis mild and mellow:

The robin pensive Autumn chear,
 In all her locks of yellow :

This too, a covert shall ensure,
 To shield them from the storm ;
 And coward maukin sleep secure,
 Low in her grassy form :
 Here shall the shepherd make his seat,
 To weave his crown of flow'rs ;
 Or find a sheltering safe retreat,
 From prone descending show'rs.

And here, by sweet endearing stealth,
 Shall meet the loving pair,
 Despising worlds with all their wealth
 As empty idle care :
 The flow'rs shall vie in all their charms
 The hour of heav'n to grace,
 And birks extend their fragrant arms
 To screen the dear embrace.

Here haply too, at vernal dawn,
 Some musing bard may stray,
 And eye the smoking, dewy lawn,
 And misty mountain, grey ;
 Or, by the reaper's nightly beam,
 Mild-chequering thro' the trees,
 Rave to my darkly-dashing stream,
 Hoarse-swelling on the breeze.

Let lofty fires, and ashes cool,
 My lowly banks o'erspread,
 And view, deep-bending in the pool,
 Their shadows' wat'ry bed :
 Let fragrant birks in woodbines drest
 My craggy cliffs adorn ;
 And, for the little songster's nest,
 The close embow'ring thorn.

So may, old Scotia's darling hope,
 Your little angel band
 Spring, like their fathers, up to prop
 Their honour'd native land !
 So may thro' Albion's farthest ken,
 To social flowing glasses,
 The grace be——“ Athole's honest men,
 “ And Athole's bonnie lasses !”

*On scaring some WATER-FOWL in LOCH-TURIT,
 A wild scene among the HILLS of OUGHTERTYRE.*

WHY, ye tenants of the lake,
 For me your wat'ry haunt forsake?
 Tell me, fellow creatures, why
 At my presence thus you fly?
 Why disturb your social joys,
 Parent, filial, kindred ties?—
 Common friend to you and me,
 Nature's gifts to all are free:
 Peaceful keep your dimpling wave,
 Busy feed, or wanton lave;
 Or, beneath the sheltering rock,
 Bide the surging billow's shock.

Conscious, blushing for our race
 Soon, too soon, your fears I trace.
 Man your proud usurping foe,
 Would be lord of all below:

Plumes himself in freedom's pride,
Tyrant stern to all beside.

The eagle, from the cliffy brow,
Marking you his prey below,
In his breast no pity dwells,
Strong necessity compels.
But, man, to whom alone is giv'n
A ray direct from pitying Heav'n,
Glories in his heart humane——
And creatures for his pleasures slain.

In these savage, liquid plains,
Only known to wand'ring swains,
Where the mossy riv'let strays,
For from human haunts and ways ;
All on Nature you depend,
And life's poor season peaceful spend.

Or, if man's superior might
Dare invade your native right.
On the lofty ether borne,
Man with all his pow'rs you scorn ;
Swiftly seek, on clanging wings,
Other lakes and other springs ;
And the foe you cannot brave,
Scorn at least to be his slave.

*Written with a PENCIL over the CHIMNEY-PIECE,
in the PARLOUR of the INN at KENMORE, TAY-
MOUTH.*

ADMIRING Nature in her wildest grace,
These northern scenes with weary feet I trace ;

O'er many a winding dale and painful steep,
 Th' abodes of covey'd grouse and timid sheep,
 My savage journey, curious I pursue,
 Till fam'd Breadalbane opens to my view.—
 The meeting cliffs each deep-sunk glen divides,
 The woods, wild-scatter'd, clothe their ample sides,
 Th' outstretching lake, imbosomed 'mong the hills,
 The eye with wonder and amazement fills;
 The Tay meand'ring sweet in infant pride,
 The palace rising on his verdant side;
 The lawns wood-fring'd in Nature's native taste;
 The hillocks dropt in Nature's careless haste;
 The arches striding o'er the new-born stream;
 The village glittering in the noontide beam—

* * * * *

Poetic ardors in my bosom swell,
 Lone wand'ring by the hermit's mossy cell:
 The sweeping theatre of hanging woods;
 Th' incessant roar of headlong tumbling floods—

* * * * *

Here poesy might wake her heav'n taught lyre,
 And look through Nature with creative fire;
 Here, to the wrongs of Fate half reconcil'd,
 Misfortune's lighten'd steps might wander wild;
 And disappointment, in these lonely bounds,
 Find balm to soothe her bitter rankling wounds:
 Here heart-struck grief, might heav'nward stretch her
 scan,

And injur'd worth forget and pardon man.

* * * * *

*Written with a PENCIL, standing by the FALL of
FYERS, near LOCH-NESS.*

AMONG the heathy hills and ragged woods
The roaring Fyers pours his mossy floods ;
Till full he dashes on the rocky mounds,
Where, thro' a shapeless breach, his stream resounds.
As high in air the bursting torrents flow,
As deep recoiling surges foam below,
Prone down the rock the whitening sheet descends,
And viewless Echo's ear, astonished, rends.
Dim-seen, through rising mists and ceaseless show'rs,
The hoary cavern, wide-surrounding, low'rs.
Still thro' the gap the struggling river toils,
And still, below, the horrid caldron boils——
* * * * *

ON THE

BIRTH of a POSTHUMOUS CHILD, *born in peculiar
Circumstances of FAMILY-DISTRESS.*

SWEET flow'ret, pledge o' meikle love,
And ward o' mony a prayer,

What heart o' stane wad thou na move,
Saehelpless, sweet, and fair.

November hirples o'er the lea,
Chill, on thy lovely form ;
And gane, alas ! the shelt'ring tree,
Should shield thee frae the storm.

May He who gives the rain to pour,
And wings the blast to blaw,
Protect thee frae the driving show'r,
The bitter frost and snaw.

May He, the friend of woe and want,
Who heals life's various stounds,
Protect and guard the mother plant,
And heal her cruel wounds.

But late she flourish'd, rooted fast,
Fair on the summer morn :
Now, feebly bends she, in the blast,
Unshelter'd and forlorn.

Blest be thy bloom, thou lovely gem,
Unscath'd by ruffian hand !
And from thee many a parent stem
Arise to deck our land.

THE WHISTLE :

A BALLAD.



As the authentic *prose* history of the WHISTLE is curious, I shall here give it.—In the train of Anne of Denmark, when she came to Scotland with our James the VI. there came over also a Danish gentleman of gigantic stature and great prowess, and a matchless champion of Bacchus. He had a little ebony Whistle, which, at the commencement of the orgies, he laid on the table; and whoever was last able to blow it, every body else being disabled by the potency of the bottle, was to carry off the Whistle as a trophy of victory.—The Dane produced credentials of his victories, without a single defeat, at the courts of Copenhagen, Stockholm, Moscow, Warsaw, and several of the petty courts in Germany; and challenged the Scots Bacchanalians to the alternative of trying his prowess, or else of acknowledging their inferiority.—After many overthrows on the part of the Scots, the Dane was encountered by Sir Robert Lowrie of Maxwelton, ancestor to the present worthy baronet of that name; who, after three days and three nights, hard contest, left the Scandinavian under the table,

“ *And blew on the Whistle his requiem shrill.*”

Sir Walter, son of Sir Robert before mentioned, afterwards lost the Whistle to Walter Riddel of Glenriddel who had married a sister of Sir Walter's.—On Friday the 16th of October 1790, at Friars-Carse, the Whistle was once more contended for, as related in the Ballad, by the present Sir Robert Lowrie of Maxwelton; Robert Riddel, Esq. of Glenriddel, lineal descendant and representative of Walter Riddel, who won the Whistle, and in whose family it had continued; and Alexander Ferguson, Esq. of Craigdarroch, likewise descended of the great Sir Robert; which last gentleman carried off the hard-won honours of the field.

I SING of a Whistle, a Whistle of worth,
 I sing of a Whistle, the pride of the North,
 Was brought to the court of our good Scottish king,
 And long with this Whistle all Scotland shall ring.

Old Loda*, still rueing the arm of Fingal,
 The god of the bottle sends down from his hall—
 “ This Whistle’s your challenge, to Scotland get o’er,
 “ And drink them to hell, Sir! or ne’er see me more!”

Old poets have sung, and old chronicles tell,
 What champions ventur’d, what champions fell;
 The son of great Loda was conqueror still,
 And blew on the Whistle his requiem shrill.

Till Robert, the lord of the Cairn and the Scaur,
 Unmatch’d at the bottle, unconquer’d in war,
 He drank his poor god-ship as deep as the sea,
 No tide of the Baltic e’er drunker than he.

* See Ossian’s Caric-thura.

Thus Robert, victorious, the trophy has gain'd,
Which now in his house has for ages remain'd;
Till three noble chieftains, and all of his blood,
The jovial contest again have renew'd.

Three joyous good fellows, with hearts clear of flaw;
Craigdarroch, so famous for wit, worth, and law;
And trusty Glenriddel, so skill'd in old coins;
And gallant Sir Robert, deep-read in old wines.

Craigdarroch began, with a tongue smooth as oil,
Desiring Glenriddel to yield up the spoil;
Or else he would muster the heads of the clan,
And once more, in claret, try which was the man.

“ By the gods of the ancients!” Glenriddel replies,
“ Before I surrender so glorious a prize,
“ I'll conjure the ghost of the great Rorie More*,
“ And bumper his horn with him twenty times o'er.”

Sir Robert, a soldier, no speech would pretend,
But he ne'er turned his back on his foe—or his friend,
Said, toss down the Whistle, the prize of the field,
And, knee-deep in claret, he'd die or he'd yield.

To the board of Glenriddel our heroes repair,
So noted for drowning of sorrow and care;
But for wine and for welcome not more known to
fame,
Than the sense, wit, and taste of a sweet lovely dame.

A bard was selected to witness the fray,
And tell future ages the feats of the day;
A bard who detested all sadness and spleen,
And wish'd that Parnassus a vineyard had been.

* See Johnson's Tour to the Hebrides.

The dinner being over, the claret they ply,
 And ev'ry new cork is a new spring of joy;
 In the bands of old friendship and kindred so set,
 And the bands grew the tighter the more they were
 wet.

Gay pleasure ran riot as bumpers ran o'er;
 Bright Phœbus ne'er witness'd so joyous a core,
 And vow'd that to leave them he was quite forlorn,
 Till Cynthia hinted he'd see them next morn.

Six bottles a piece had well wore out the night,
 When gallant Sir Robert, to finish the fight,
 Turn'd o'er in one bumper a bottle of red,
 And swore 'twas the way that their ancestor did.

Then worthy Glenriddel, so cautious and sage,
 No longer the warfare, ungodly would wage!
 A high ruling elder to wallow in wine!
 He left the foul business to folks less divine.

The gallant Sir Robert fought hard to the end;
 But who can with fate and quart bumpers contend?
 Though fate said,—a hero should perish in light;
 So uprose bright Phœbus—and down fell the knight.

Next uprose our bard, like a prophet in drink:—
 “ Craigdarroch, thou'lt soar when creation shall sink!
 “ But if thou would flourish immortal in rhyme,
 “ Come—one bottle more—and have at the sublime!
 “ Thy line, that have struggled for freedom with
 Bruce,
 “ Shall heroes and patriots ever produce:
 “ So thine be the laurel, and mine be the bay;
 “ The field thou hast won, by yon bright god of day!”

THE JOLLY BEGGARS:

A CANTATA.

RECITATIVO.

WHEN lyart leaves bestrow the yird,
 Or wavering like the * Bauckie-bird,
 Bedim cauld Boreas' blast ;
 When hailstones drive wi' bitter skyte,
 And infant frosts begin to bite,
 In hoary cranreuch drest ;
 Ae night at e'en a merry core
 O' randie, gangrel bodies,
 In Poesie-Nansie's held the splore,
 To drink their orra duddies :
 Wi' quaffing and laughing,
 They ranted and they sang ;
 Wi' jumping and thumping,
 The vera girdle rang.

First neist the fire in auld red rags,
 Ane sat, weel brac'd wi' mealy bags,
 And knapsack a' in order !
 His doxy lay within his arm,
 Wi' usquebae an' blankets warm,
 She blinkit on her sodger :

* The old Scotch name for the Bat.

An' ay he gies the tozie drab
 The tither skelpin kiss,
 While she held up her greedy gab
 Just like an aumos dish.
 Ilk smack still, did crack still,
 Just like a cadger's whip,
 Then staggering and swaggering
 He roar'd this ditty up—

AIR.

Tune—*Soldier's Joy.*

I.

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

II.

My prenticeship I past where my leader breath'd his
 last,
 When the bloody die was cast on the heights of
 Abram ;
 I served out my trade when the gallant game was
 play'd
 And the Moro low was laid at the sound of the drum.
 Lal de daudle, &c.

III.

I lastly was with Curtis among the floating batt'ries,
 And there I left for witness an arm and a limb !

Yet let my country need me, with Elliot to head me,
I'd clatter on my stumps at the sound of a drum.
Lal de daudle, &c.

IV.

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

V.

What tho' with hoary locks, I must stand the winter
shocks,
Beneath the woods and rocks oftentimes for a home,
When the tother bag I sell, and the tother bottle tell,
I could meet a troop of hell, at the sound of the drum.
Lal de daudle, &c.

RECITATIVO.

He ended; and the kebars sheuk,
Aboon the chorus roar;
While frighted rattons backward leuk,
And seek the benmost bore;
A fairy fiddler frae the neuk,
He skirl'd out encore!
But up arose the martial chuck,
And laid the loud uproar.

AIR.

Tune—*Soldier Laddie.*

I.

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

Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

II.

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

Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

III.

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

Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

IV.

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

Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

V.

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

Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

VI.

And now I have liv'd—I know not how long,
 And still I can join in a cup or a song;
 But whilst with both hands I can hold the glass steady,
 Here's to thee, my hero, my sodger laddie.

Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

RECITATIVO.

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

AIR.

Tune—*O an ye were dead gudeman.*

I.

A Highland lad my love was born,
 The Lalland laws he held in scorn;

But he still was faithfu' to his clan,
My gallant braw John Highlandman.

CHORUS.

Sing, hey my braw John Highlandman !
Sing, ho my braw John Highlandman !
There's not a lad in a' the lan'
Was match for my John Highlandman.

II.

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

III.

We ranged a' from Tweed to Spey,
An' liv'd like lords and ladies gay ;
For a Lalland face he feared none,
My gallant braw John Highlandman.
Sing, hey, &c.

IV.

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

AIR.

Tune—*Whistle owre the lave o't.*

I.

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

CHORUS

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

II.

At kirns an' weddings we'se be there,
An' O! sae nicely's we will fair;
We'll bouse about till Daddie Care
Sing, whistle owre the lave o't.
I am, &c.

III.

Sae merrily's the banes we'll pyke,
An' sun oursells about the dyke,
An' at our leisure when ye like,
We'll whistle owre the lave o't.
I am, &c.

IV.

But bless me wi' your heaven o' charms,
And while I kittle hair on thairms,
Hunger, could an' a' sic harms,
May whistle owre the lave o't.
I am, &c.

RECITATIVO.

Her charms had struck a sturdy Caird,
As weel as poor Gutscraper;
He taks the fiddler by the beard,
And draws a roosty rapier.—
He swear by a' was swearing worth,
'To speet him like a pliver,
Unless he would from that time forth,
Relinquish her for ever.

Wi' ghastry e'e, poor tweedle-dee
Upon his huukers bended,
And pray'd for grace wi' ruefu' face,
An' so the quarrel ended.
But tho' his little heart did grieve,
When round the tinker prest her,
He feign'd to snirtle in his sleeve,
When thus the Caird address'd her.

▲IR.

Tune—*Clout the Caudron.*

I.

My bonny lass I work in brass,
A tinker is my station;

I've travell'd round all Christian ground
In this my occupation.
I've ta'en the gold, I've been enroll'd
In many a noble squadron;
But vain they search'd, when off I march'd
To go and clout the caudron.
I've ta'en the gold, &c.

II.

Despise that shrimp, that wither'd imp,
Wi' a' his noise and caprin,
An' tak' a share wi' those that bear
The *budget* an' the *apron*.
An' *by* that stowp! my faith an' houpe,
An' *by* that dear* Keilbaigie,
If e'er ye want, or meet wi' scant,
May I ne'er weet my craigie.
An' by that stowp, &c.

RECITATIVO.

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

* A peculiar sort of Whisky so called; a great favourite with Poosie-Nansie's clubs.

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

He was a care-defying blade,
 As ever Bacchus listed,
 Tho' Fortune sair upon him laid,
 His heart she ever miss'd it.
 He had no wish but—to be glad,
 Nor want but—when he thirsted;
 He hated nought but—to be sad,
 And thus the muse suggested
 His sang that night.

AIR.

Tune—*For a' that, an' a' that.*

I.

I am a bard of no regard,
 Wi' gentle folks, an' a' that;
 But *Homer-like*, the glowran byke,
 Frae town to town I draw that.

C H O R U S.

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

* Homer is allowed to be the oldest ballad singer on record.

II.

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

III.

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

IV.

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

V.

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

For a' that, an' a' that,
An' twice as muckle's a' that;
My *dearest bluid*, to do them guid,
They're welcome till't for a' that.

RECITATIVO.

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

Then owre again, the jovial thrang,
 The poet did request,
 To lowse his pack an' wale a sang,
 A ballad o' the best:
 He rising, rejoicing
 Between his twa *Deborahs*,
 Looks round him, an' found them
 Impatient for the chorus.

AIR.

Tune—*Jolly Mortals fill your Glasses.*

I.

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

C H O R U S.

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

II.

What is title? what is treasure?

What is reputation's care?

If we lead a life of pleasure,

'Tis no matter *how* or *where*!

A fig, &c.

III.

With the ready trick and fable,

Round we wander all the day;

And at night, in barn or stable,

Hug our doxies on the hay.

A fig, &c.

IV.

Does the train-attended *carriage*,

Through the country lighter rove?

Does the sober bed of marriage

Witness brighter scenes of love?

A fig, &c.

V.

Life is all a *variorum*,

We regard not how it goes;

Let them cant about *decorum*,

Who have characters to lose.

A fig, &c.

VI.

Here's to budgets, bags and wallets!

Here's to all the wand'ring train!

Here's our ragged *brats* and *callets*!

One and all cry out, Amen!

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

THE
KIRK'S ALARM:*

A SATIRE.

ORTHODOX, orthodox, wha believe in John Knox,
Let me sound an alarm to your conscience;
There's a heretic blast has been blawn i' the wast,
That what is no sense must be nonsense.

Dr. Mac†, Dr. Mac, you should stretch on a rack,
To strike evil doers wi' terror;
To join faith and sense upon ony pretence,
Is heretic, damnable error.

Town of Ayr, town of Ayr, it was mad I declare,
To meddle wi' mischief a-brewing;
Provost John is still deaf to the church's relief,
And orator Bob § is its ruin.

* This Poem was written a short time after the publication of Dr. M^cGill's Essay.

† Dr. M^c——ll.

§ R——t A——n.

Drymple mild*, Drymple mild, tho' your heart's like
a child,

And your life like the new driven snaw,
Yet that winna save ye, auld Satan must have ye,
For preaching that three's ane and twa.

Rumble John¶, Rumble John, mount the steps wi' a
groan,

Cry the book is wi' heresy cramm'd ;
Then lug out your ladle, deal brimstone like adle,
And roar every note of the damn'd.

Simper James‡, Simper James, leave the fair Killie
dames,

There's a holier chace in your view ;
I'll lay on your head, that the pack ye'll soon lead,
For puppies like you there's but few.

Singet Sawney†, Singet Sawney, are ye herding the
penny,

Unconscious what evils await ;
Wi' a jump, yell and howl, alarm every soul,
For the foul thief is just at your gate.

Daddy Auld||, Daddy Auld, there's a tod in the fauld,
A tod meikle waur than the Clerk ;

Tho' ye can do little skaith, ye'll be in at the death.
And gif ye canna bite, ye may bark.

Davie Bluster§, Davie Bluster, if for a saint ye do
muster,

The corps is so nice of recruits ;
Yet to worth let's be just, royal blood you might boast,
If the ass was the king of the brutes.

* Dr. D——e. ¶ Mr. R——ll. ‡ Mr. M'——y.

† Mr. M——y. || Mr. A——d. § Mr. G——, O——.

Jamy Goose¶, Jamy Goose, ye ha'e made but toom
roose,

In hunting the wicked Lieutenant ;
But the Doctor's your mark, for the L—d's haly ark,
He has cooper'd and ca'd a wrang pin in't.

Poet Willie§, Poet Willie, gi' the Doctor a volly,
Wi' your liberty's chain and your wit ;
O'er Pegasus' side ye ne'er laid astride,
Ye but smelt, man, the place where he s--t.

Andro Gouk||, Andro Gouk, ye may slander the book,
And the book not the waur let me tell ye ;
Ye are rich, and look big, but lay by hat and wig,
And ye'll ha'e a calf's head o' sma' value.

Barr Steennie†, Barr Steennie, what mean ye? what
mean ye?

If ye'll meddle nai mair wi' the matter,
Ye may hae some pretence to havins and sense,
Wi' people wha ken ye nae better.

Irvid side‡, Irvine side, wi' your turkey-cock pride,
Of manhood but sma' is your share ;
Ye've the figure, 'tis true, ev'n your faes will allow,
And your friends they dare grant you nae mair.

Muirland Jock||, Muirland Jock, when the L—d makes
a rock,

To crush common sense for her sins,
If ill manners were wit, there's no mortal so fit
To confound the poor Doctor at ance.

¶ Mr. Y—g, C—k. § Mr. P—s, A—r. || Dr. A.
M—ll. † Mr. S—n Y—, B—r. ‡ Mr. S—h,
G—n. || Mr. S—d.

Holy Will, || Holy Will, there was wit i' your skull,
 When ye pilfer'd the alms o' the poor;
 The timmer is scant, when ye're ta'en for a saint,
 Wha should swing in a rape for an hour.

Calvin's sons, Calvin's sons, seize your sp'ritual guns,
 Ammunition you never can need;
 Your hearts are the stuff, will be powther enough,
 And your skulls are storehouses o' lead.

Poet Burns, Poet Burns, wi' your priest-skelping turns,
 Why desert ye your auld native shire;
 Your muse is a gipsie, e'en tho' she were tipsie,
 She cou'd ca' us nae waur than we are.

S O N G,

*Written and sung at a General Meeting of the EXCISE-
 OFFICERS in SCOTLAND.*

I.

THE de'il cam' fiddling thro' the town,
 And danc'd awa' wi' the Exciseman;
 And ilk auld wife cry'd, "Auld Mahoun,
 "We wish you luck o' the prize man.

|| An E——r in M———e.
 Z

CHORUS.

“ We’ll mak’ our maut, and brew our drink,
“ We’ll dance and sing and rejoice man ;
“ And mony thanks to the muckle black de’il,
“ That danc’d awa’ wi’ the Exciseman.

II.

“ There’s threesome reels, and foursome reels,
“ There’s hornpipes and strathspeys, man ;
“ But the ae best dance e’er cam’ to our lan’,
“ Was the deil’s awa’ wi’ the Exciseman.

CHORUS.

“ We’ll mak’ our maut, &c.

THE
TWA HERDS†.

O A’ ye pious godly flocks,
Weel fed on pastures orthodox,
Wha now will keep you frae the fox,
Or worrying tykes,

† This piece was among the first of our Author’s productions which he submitted to the public ; and was occasioned by a dispute between two Clergymen, near Kilmarnock.

Or wha will tent the waifs and crocks,
About the dykes.

The twa best herds in a' the wast,
That e'er ga'e gospel horn a blast,
These five and twenty summers past,
O! dool to tell,
Ha'e had a bitter black out-cast
Atween themsel.

O, M——y, man, and wordy R——ll,
How could you raise so vile a bustle,
Ye'll see how new-light herds will whistle,
And think it fine!
The Lord's cause ne'er gat sic a twisle,
Sin' I ha'e min.

O, sirs! whae'er wad ha'e expekkit,
Your duty ye wad sae neglekit,
Ye wha were ne'er by lairds respekkit,
To wear the plaid,
But by the brutes themselves elekit,
To be their guide.

What flock wi' M——y's flock could rank,
Sae hale and hearty every shank,
Nae poison'd soor Arminian stank,
He let them taste,
Frae Calvin's well, ay clear they drank,
O' sic a feast!

The thummart, willcat, brock and tod,
Weel kend his voice thro' a' the wood,
He smell'd their ilka hole and road,
Baith out and in,
And weel he lik'd to shed their bluid,
And sell their skin.

What herd like R—ll tell'd his tale,
 His voice was heard thro' muir and dale,
 He ken'd the Lord's sheep ilka tail,
 O'er a' the height,
 And saw gin they were sick or hale,
 At the first sight.

He fine a mangy sheep could scrub,
 Or nobly fling the gospel club,
 And new-light herds could nicely drub,
 Or pay their skin,
 Could shake them o'er the burning dub,
 Or heave them in.

Sic twa, O! do I live to see't,
 Sic famous twa should disagreeet,
 And names, like villain, hypocrite,
 Ilk ither gi'en,
 While new-light herds wi' laughin spite,
 Say niether's liein'.

A' ye wha tent the gospel fauld,
 There's D—n deep and P—s, shaul,
 But chiefly thou, apostle A—d,
 We trust in thee,
 That thou wilt work them, hot and cauld,
 Till they agree.

Consider, Sirs, how we're beset,
 There's scarce a new herd that we get,
 But comes frae 'mang that cursed set,
 I winna name,
 I hope frae heav'n to see them yet
 In fiery flame.

D——e has been lang our fae,
 M'—ll has wrought us meikle wae,
 And that cursed rascal ca'd M'—e,

And baith the S—s,
That aft ha'e made us black and blae,
Wi' vengefu' paws.

Auld W—w lang has hatch'd mischief,
We thought ay death wad bring relief,
But he has gotten to our grief,
Ane to succeed him,
A chield wha'll soundly buff our beef;
I meikle dread him.

And mony a ane that I could tell,
Wha fain would openly rebel,
Forby turn-coats amang oursel,
There's S—h for ane,
I doubt he's but a grey nick quill,
And that ye'll fin'.

O! a' ye flocks, o'er a' the hills,
By mosses, meadows, moors, and fells,
Come join your counsel and your skills,
To cow the lairds.
And get the brutes the power themsells,
To choose their herds.

Then orthodoxy yet may prance,
And learning in a woody dance,
And that fell cur ca'd common sense,
That bites sae sair,
Be banish'd o'er the sea to France,
Let him bark there.

T'hen Shaw's and Dalrymple's eloquence,
M'—ll's close nervous excellence,
M'Q—e's pathetic manly sense,
And guid M'—h.
Wi' S—th wha thro' the heart can glance.
May a' pack aff.

HOLY WILLIE'S PRAYER.

O THOU, wha in the heavens dost dwell,
Wha, as it pleases best thysel',
Sends ane to heaven and ten to hell,
 A' for thy glory,
And no for ony guid or ill
 They've done afore thee!

I bless and praise thy matchless might,
Whan thousands thou hast left in night,
That I am here afore thy sight,
 For gifts an' grace,
A burnin' an' a shinin' light,
 To a' this place.

What was I, or my generation,
That I should get such exaltation,
I wha deserve sic just damnation,
 For broken laws,
Five thousand years 'fore my creation,
 Thro' Adam's cause.

When frae my mither's womb I fell,
Thou might hae plunged me in hell,
To gnash my gums, to weep and wail,
 In burnin lake,
Whar damned devils roar and yell,
 Chain'd to a stake.

Yet I am here a chosen sample,
To show thy grace is great an' ample ;
I'm here a pillar in thy temple,
Strong as a rock,
A guide, a buckler, an' example
To a' thy flock.

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

O L—d! yestreen, thou kens, wi' Meg,
Thy pardon I sincerely beg,
O! may it ne'er be a livin' plague,
To my dishonour,
An' I'll ne'er lift a lawless l—g
Again upon her.

Besides, I farther maun allow,
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 ha'e 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' 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,
 An public shame.

L—d mind G——n H——n's deserts,
 He drinks, an' swears, an' plays at carts,
 Yet has sae mony takin arts,
 Wi' grit an' sma',
 Frae G—d's an' priests the people's hearts
 He steals awa'.

An' whan we chasten'd him therefore,
 Thou kens how he bred sic a splore,
 As set the warld in a roar
 O' laughin' at us;
 Curse thou his basket and his store,
 Kail an' potatoes.

L—d hear my earnest cry an' pray'r,
 Against that presbyt'ry o' Ayr;
 Thy strong right hand, L—d make it bare,
 Upo' their heads,
 L—d weigh it down, and dinna spare,
 For their misdeeds.

O L--d my G-d, that glib-tongu'd A—n,
 My very heart an' saul are quakin',
 To think how we stood sweatin', shakin',
 An' pi—d wi' dread,
 While he wi' hingin' lips and snakin',
 Held up his head.

L—d in the day of vengeance try him,
 L--d visit them wha did employ him,
 And' pass not in thy mercy by 'em,
 Nor hear their pray'r;

But for thy people's sake destroy 'em,
And dinna spare.

But L--d remember me and mine,
Wi' mercies temp'ral and divine,
That I for gear and grace may shine,
Excell'd by nane;
An' a' the glory shall be thine,
Amen, Amen.

THE INVENTORY.

In answer to a Mandate by the Surveyor of the Taxes.

[*This Poem has been printed in the Liverpool edition, but is here given with additions from a manuscript of the Author. The lines added are printed in Italics.*]

SIR, as your mandate did request,
I send you here a faithfu' list,
O' gudes an' gear, an' a' my graith,
To which I'm clear to gi'e my aith.

Imprimis then, for carriage cattle,
I have four brutes o' gallant mettle,
As ever drew afore a pettle.

My * *Lan' afore's* a gude auld *has been,*
 An' wight an' wilfu' a' his days been.
 My † *Lan' ahin's* a weel gaun fillie,
 That aft has borne me hame frae Killie ‡,
 And your auld burrough mony a time,
 In days when riding was nae crime—
But ance whan in my wooing pride
I like a blockhead boost to ride,
The wilfu' creature sae I pat to,
(L—d pardon a' my sins an' that to !)
I play'd my fillie sic a shavie,
She's a' bedevil'd wi' the spavie.
 My || *Furr ahin's* a wordy beast,
 As e'er in tug or tow was trac'd.—
 The fourth's a Highland Donald hastie,
 A d—n'd red-wud Kilburnie blastie ;
 Foreby a *Cowt*, o' *Cowt's* the wale,
 As ever ran afore a tail.
 If he be spar'd to be a beast,
 He'll draw me fifteen pun' at least.—
 Wheel carriages I ha'e but few,
 Three carts, an' twa are feckly new :
 Ae auld wheelbarrow, mair for token,
 Ae leg an' baith the trams are broken ;
 I made a poker o' the spin'le,
 An' my auld mother brunt the trin'le.—
 For men, I've three mischievous boys,
Run deils for rantin and for noise ;
 A gaudsman ane, a thrasher t'other,
 Wee Davock hau'ds the nowt in fother.

* The fore horse on the left-hand in the plough.

† The hindmost on the left-hand in the plough.

‡ Kilmarnock.

|| The hindmost horse on the right-hand in the plough.

I rule them as I ought, discreetly,
 An' aften labour them compleatly.
 An' ay on Sundays duly nightly,
 I on the questions *targe* them tightly;
 Till faith, wee Davock's turn' sae gleg,
 Tho' scarcely langer than your leg,
 He'll screed you aff Effectual Calling,
 As fast as ony in the dwelling.—
 I've nane in female servan' station,
 (L—d keep me ay frae a' temptation!)
 I ha'e nae wife: and that my bliss is,
 An' ye have laid nae tax on misses;
 An' then if kirk folks dinna clutch me,
 I ken the devils dare na touch me.
 Wi' weans I'm mair than weel contented,
 Heav'n sent me ane mae than I wanted.
 My sonsie smiring dear-bought Bess,
 She stares the daddy in her face,
 Enough of ought ye like but grace: }
 But her, my bonnie sweet wee lady,
 I've paid enough for her already,
 An' gin ye tax her or her mither,
 B' the L—d! ye'se get them a' thegither.

And now, remember Mr. A-k-n,
 Nae kind of licence out I'm takin';
Frae this time forth, I do declare,
I'se ne'er ride horse nor hizzie mair;
 Thro' dirt and dub for life I'll paidle,
 Ere I sae dear pay for a saddle;
 My travel a' on foot I'll shank it,
 I've sturdy bearers, Gude be thankit.—

The Kirk and you may tak' you that,
It puts but little in your pat;
Sae dinna put me in your buke,
Nor for my ten white shillings luke.

This list wi' my ain han' I wrote it,
Day an' date as under notit,
Then know all ye whom it concerns,
Subscripsi huic, ROBERT BURNS.

Mossgiel, February 22d, 1786.



E P I T A P H

ON A

WAG IN MAUCLINE.



LAMENT 'im Mauchline husbands a',
He aften did assist ye;
For had ye staid whole weeks awa',
Your wives they ne'er had miss'd ye.

Ye Mauchline bairns, as on ye pass
To school in bands thegither,
O tread ye lightly on his grass,
Perhaps he was your father.

ON MISS J. SCOTT,

OF AYR.



OH! had each SCOT of ancient times,
 Been, JEANY SCOTT, as thou art,
 The bravest heart on English ground,
 Had yielded like a coward.



AT a meeting of the Dumfrieshire Volunteers, held to commemorate the anniversary of Rodney's Victory, (April 12th, 1782,) BURNS was called upon for a Song, instead of which he delivered the following lines extempore.



INSTEAD of a song, boys, I'll give you a toast,
 Here's the memory of those on the twelfth that we lost;
 That we lost, did I say, nay, by Heav'n that we found,
 For their fame it shall last while the world goes round.
 The next in succession, I'll give you the King,
 Whoe'er would betray him, on high may he swing;
 And here's the grand fabric, our free Constitution,
 As built on the base of the great Revolution;
 And longer with Politics, not to be cramm'd,
 Be Anarchy curs'd, and be tyranny damn'd;
 And who wou'd to Liberty e'er prove disloyal,
 May his son be a hangman, and he his first trial.

A a

The Lass that made the bed to me :—A song.

WHEN January winds were blawing cauld,
 As to the north I bent my way,
 The darksome night did me enfauld,
 I kend na where to lodge till day :
 By my good luck a lass I met,
 Just in the middle of my care,
 And kindly she did me invite,
 To walk into a chamber fair.

I bow'd fu' low to this sam' maid,
 And thank'd her for her courtesie ;
 I bow'd fu' low to this fair maid,
 And bade her make a bed for me :
 She made the bed both large and wide,
 Wi' her twa white hands she spread it down ;
 She put the cup to her rosy lip,
 And drank, " Young man, now sleep ye sound."

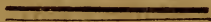
She snatch'd the candle in her hand,
 And frae my chamber went wi' speed ;
 But I call'd her quickly back again,
 To lay some mair beneath my head.
 A cod she laid beneath my head,
 And served me with due respect ;
 Syne to salute her wi' a kiss,
 I flang my arms about her neck.

" Haud aff your hands, young man," said she,
 And dinna sae uncivil be ;
 Gif ye ha'e ony luv for me,
 O wrang na my virginity !
 Her hair was like the links o' gowd,
 Her teeth were like the ivory,
 Her cheeks like lilies dipt in wine,
 The lass that made the bed to me.

I kiss'd her o'er and o'er again,
 And ay she wist na what to say ;
 I laid her 'tween me and the wa',
 The lassie thought na lang till day.
 Her bosom was the driven snaw,
 Twa drifted heaps sae fair to see,
 Her limbs the polish'd marble stane,
 The lass that made the bed to me.

Upon the morrow when we raise,
 I thank'd her for her courtesie ;
 But ay she sigh'd and cry'd, " Alas !
 " Alas ! young man, ye've ruin'd me."
 I look'd her in her bonny face,
 While the tear stood twinklin' in her e'e ;
 And said, Sweet lassie dinna cry,
 Ye ay shall mak' the bed to me.

She took her mither's holland sheets,
 And made them a' in sarks to me ;
 Blythe and merry may she be,
 The lass that made the bed to me ;
 The braw lass made the bed to me,
 The bonnie lass made the bed to me,
 I'll ne'er forsake till the day I die,
 The lass that made the bed to me.



Verses written on a window of the INN at CARRON.

WE cam na hear to view your warks,
 In hopes to be mair wise,
 But only, lest we gang to hell,
 It may be nae surprise :
 But whan we tirl'd at your door,
 Your porter dought na hear us ;
 Sae may, shou'd we to hell's yetts come,
 Your billy Satan sair us !

[Written by the Poet, on seeing his favorite walks stripped of their ornament, by the rapacity of a superannuated nobleman, who, seeing himself the last of his race, and knowing that after his death, his possessions would go to a distant branch of the family, was despoiling them of their wood. The poem was not published by Dr. Currie, in his edition of Burns' works, lest the influence of the person alluded to* should prejudice the sale of them, the profits of that edition being devoted to the benefit of the widow and children of the Poet. But these motives for withholding them now no longer exist.]

AS on the banks o' wandering Nith,
 Ae smiling simmer morn I stray'd,
 And trac'd its bonny howms and haughs,
 Where linties sang, and lambkins play'd,

I sat me down upon a craig,
 And drank my fill o' Fancy's dream ;
 When from the edying deep below
 Uprose the Genius of the stream.

Dark like the frowning rock his brow ;
 And troubled like his wintry wave ;
 And, deep as sughs, the boding wind
 Among his caves, the sigh he gave.

“ And came ye here, my son, he cried,
 To wander in my birkin shade,
 To muse some favorite Scottish theme,
 Or sing some favorite Scottish maid ?

There was a time, its nae lang syne,
 Ye might hae seen me in my pride ;

* The Duke of Queensbury.

When a' my bauks sae bravely saw
Their woody pictures in my tide;

When hanging beech and spreading elm
Shaded my stream sae clear and cool,
And stately aiks their twisted arms
Threw broad and dark across the pool;

When, glinting through the trees, appear'd
That wee white cot aboon the mill,
And peacefu' rose its ingle reek
That slowly curled up the hill.

But now the cot is bare and cauld,
Its branchy shelters lost and gane,
And scarce a stinted birk is left,
To shiver in the blast its lane."

" Alas! said I, what ruefu' chance
Has twin'd ye o' your stately trees?
Has laid your rocky bosom bare?
Has stripp'd the cleading o' your braes?"

Was it the bitter eastling blast
That scatters blight in early spring,
Or was't the wilfire scorch'd their boughs?
Or canker-worm wi' secret sting?"

" Nae eastlin blast, the sprite replied,
It blews nae here sae fierce and fell;
And on my dry and halesome banks
Nae canker-worms get leave to dwell.

Man!—cruel man!—the Genius sigh'd,
As through the cliffs he sank him down,
The worm that gnaw'd my bonny trees,
That reptile wears a ducal crown!"

SCENE.—*A field of battle—time of day, evening—the wounded and dying of the victorious army are supposed to join in the following*

S O N G.

FAREWELL thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye
 skies,
 Now gay with the bright setting sun ;
 Farewell loves and friendships, ye dear tender ties,
 Our race of existence is run !
 Thou grim king of terrors, thou life's gloomy foe,
 Go frighten the coward and slave ;
 Go teach them to tremble, fell tyrant ! but know,
 No terrors hast thou to the brave !
 Thou strik'st the dull peasant, he sinks in the dark,
 Nor saves e'en the wreck of a name ;
 Thou strik'st the young hero—a glorious mark !
 He falls in the blaze of his fame !
 In the field of proud honour—our swords in our hands,
 Our king and our country to save,
 While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands,
 O ! *who* would not rest with the BRAVE !

G L O S S A R Y.

THE *cb* and *gb* have always the guttural found. The found of the English diphthong *oo*, is commonly spelled *ou*. The French *u* a found which often occurs in the Scottish language, is marked *oo*, or *ui*. The *a* in genuine Scottish words, except when forming a diphthong, or followed by an *e* mute after a single consonant, sounds generally like the broad English *a* in *wall*. The Scottish diphthong *ae*, always, and *ea*, very often, sound like the French *e* masculine. The Scottish diphthong *ey*, sounds like the Latin *ei*.

- A**^s, all
 Aback, away, aloof
 Abeigh, at a shy distance
 Aboon, above, up
 Abroad, abroad, in sight
 Ae, one
 Aff, off; *Aff loof*, unpremeditated
 Afore, before
 Aft, oft
 Aften, often
 Aglee, off the right line, wrong
 Aiblins, perhaps
 Ain, own
 Airn, iron
 Aith, an oath
 Aits, oats
 Aiver, an old horse
 Aizle, a hot cinder
 Akwart, awkward
 Alake, alas
 Alane, alone
 Amaist, almost
 Amang, among
 An', and, if
 Ance, once
 Ane, one, an
 Anither, another
 Artfu', artful
 Ase, ashes
 Asteer, abroad, stirring
 Aught, eight, possession, as *in a' my aught*, in all my possession
 Auld, old
 Auld farran, or auld farrant, sagacious, cunning, prudent
 Ava', at all
 Awa', away,
 Awfu', awful
 Awn, the beard of barley, oats, &c.
 Awnie, bearded
 Ayont, beyond
B^A, ball
 Backlins coming, coming
 back, returning
 Bad, did bid
 Bade, endured, did stay
 Baggie, the belly
 Bainie, having large bones, stout
 Bairn, a child
 Bairntime, a family of children, a brood
 Baith, both
 Bane, bone
 Bang, an effort
 Bardie, *diminutive* of bard
 Barefit, barefooted
 Barket, barked
 Barkin, barking
 Barmie, of, or like barm
 Bashfu', bashful
 Batch, a crew, a gang
 Batts, hots
 Baudrons, a cat
 Bauk, a cross beam; *Bauken'*, the end of a beam
 Bauld, bold; *Baldy*, boldly
 Baws'nt, having a white stripe down the face
 Be, *to let be*, to give over, to cease
 Beastie, *dimin.* of beast
 Beet, to add fuel to fire
 Befu', to befall

- Behint, or behin', behind
 Belly-fu', belly full
 Belyve, by and by
 Ben, into the *spence* or parlour
 Benlomond, a noted mountain in
 Dumbartonshire
 Beuk, a book
 Be't, be it
 Bethankit, the grace after meat
 Bicker, a kind of wooden dish, a
 short race
 Biel, or bield, shelter
 Bien, wealthy, plentiful
 Big, to build; *Bigget*, builded
 Biggen, building, a house
 Bill, a bull
 Billie, a brother, a young fellow
 Bing, a heap of grain, potatoes, &c.
 Birkie, a clever fellow
 Birring, the noise of partridges,
 &c. when they spring
 Bit, crisis, nick of time
 Bizz, a bustle, to buzz
 Blastie, a shrievelled dwarf, a term
 of contempt
 Blastit, blasted
 Blate, bashful, sheepish
 Blather, bladder
 Blaud, a flat piece of any thing;
 to flap
 Blaw, to blow, boast
 Bleatin, bleating
 Bleezing, blazing
 Blessin, blessing
 Blether, to talk idly; nonsense
 Bleth'ren, talking idly
 Blink, a little while, a smiling look;
 to look kindly, to shine by fits
 Blinker, a term of contempt
 Blinkin, smirkin
 Bluegown, one of those beggars
 who get annually, on the king's
 birth-day, a blue cloak or gown
 with a badge
 Bluid, blood; *Bluidy*, bloody
 Blusht, did blush
 Blype, a shred, a large piece
 Bock, to vomit, to gush intermit-
 tently
 Bocked, gushed, vomited
 Bodle, a small old coin
 Bonnie, or bonny, handsome, beau-
 tiful
 Bonnilie, handsomely, beautifully
 Bonnock, a kind of thick cake of
 bread
 Boord, a board
 Boortree, the shrub elder, planted
 much of old in hedges of barn-
 yards, &c.
 Boost, behoved, must needs
 Botch, an angry tumor
 Bother, to pother
 Bow-kail, cabbage
 Bow't, bended, crooked
 Brachens, fern
 Brae, a declivity, a precipice, the
 slope of a hill
 Braid, broad
 I raik, a kind of harrow
 Braindge, to run rashly forward
 Braind'gt, reeled forward
 Brak, broke, made insolvent
 Branks, a kind of wooden curb for
 horses
 Brash, a sudden illness
 Brats, coarse cloaths, rags
 Brattle, a short race, hurry, fury
 Braw, fine, handsome
 Brawly, or brawlie, very well,
 finely, heartily
 Brawnie, stout, brawny
 Braxie, a morkin sheep, &c.
 Breakin, breaking
 Breastie, *dimin.* of breast
 Breastit, did spring up or forward
 Breathin, breathing
 Breef, an invulnerable or irresist-
 ible spell
 Brecks, breeches
 Brewin, brewing
 Brie, juice, liquid
 Brig, a bridge
 Brisket, the breast, the bosom
 Brither, a brother
 Brogue, a hum, a trick
 Broo, broth, liquid, water
 Broose, a race at country weddings,
 who shall first reach the bride-

- groom's house, on returning from church
- Brugh, a burgh
- Bruilzie, a broil, a combustion
- Brunstane, brimstone
- Brunt, did burn
- Bruft, to burst
- Buckskin, an inhabitant of Virginia
- Buidly, stout-made, broad-built
- Bum-clock, a humming beetle that flies in the summer evenings
- Bummin, humming as bees
- Bummler, a blunderer
- Bummlin, to blunder
- Bure, did bear
- Burn, water, a rivulet
- Burnewin, *i. e. burn the wind*, a blacksmith
- Burnie, *dimin.* of burn
- Buskit, dressed
- Busle, a bustle; to bustle
- But, without
- But an' ben, the country kitchen and parlour
- By himself, lunatic, distracted
- Byre, a cow-stable
- C**A', to call, to name, to drive
- Cadger, a carrier
- Cadie, or caddie, a person, a young fellow
- Caff, chaff
- Caird, a tinker
- Cairn, a loose heap of stones
- Calf-ward, a small inclosure for calves
- Callan, a boy
- Caller, fresh, sound
- Cam, did come
- Canna, cannot
- Cannie, gentle, mild, dextrous
- Cannilie, dextrously, gently
- Cantharidian, made of cantharides
- Cantie, or canty, chearful, merry
- Cantraip, a charm, a spell
- Cap-stane, cop-stone, key-stone
- Careerin, chearfully
- Careffin, careffing
- Carlin, a stout old woman
- Carryin, carrying
- Cartes, cards
- Ca't or ca'd, called, driven, calved
- Cauld, cold
- Caup, a wooden drinking vessel
- Chanter, a part of a bagpipe
- Chantin, chanting
- Chap, a person, a fellow, a blow
- Chearfu', chearful
- Cheekit, cheeked
- Cheep, a chirp; to chirp
- Chiel, or cheel, a young fellow
- Chimla, or chimlie, a fire-grate
- Chimla-lug, the fire-side
- Chittering, shivering, trembling
- Chockin, chocking
- Chow, to chew; *cheek for cbow*, side by side
- Chuffie, fat-faced
- Clachan, a small village about a church, a hamlet
- Claife or claes, clothes
- Claith, cloth, *claiting*, clothing
- Clap, clapper of a mill
- Carket, wrote
- Clash, an idle tale, the story of the day
- Clatter, to tell little idle stories; an idle story
- Claut, to clean, to scrape
- Clauted, scraped
- Claw, to scratch
- Cleed, to clothe
- Clinkin, jerking, clinking
- Clinkumbell, who rings the church bell
- Clips, sheers
- Clishmaclaver, idle conversation
- Clock, to hatch; a beetle
- Clockin, hatching
- Cloot, the hoof of a cow, sheep, &c.
- Clootie, an old name for the devil
- Clour, a bump or swelling after a blow
- Coaxin, wheedling
- Coble, a fishing boat
- Cog, a wooden dish
- Coggie, *dimin.* of cog
- COILA, from Kyle, a district of Ayrshire, so called, saith tradition, from Coil or Coilus, a Pictish monarch

- Collie, a general, and sometimes a particular name for country curs
 Comin, coming
 Commaun, command
 Cood, the cud
 Coof, a blockhead, a ninny
 Cookit, appeared and disappeared by fits
 Cooft, did cast
 Cootic, wooden kitchen dish, *also those fowls, whose legs are clad with feathers, are said to be cootie*
 Core, corps, party, clan
 Corn't, fed with oats
 Cotter, the inhabitant of a *cot-house* or cottage
 Couthie, kind, loving
 Cove, a cave
 Cowe, to terrify, to keep under, to lop ; a fright, a branch of surze, broom, &c.
 Cowp, to barter to tumble over ; a gang
 Cowpit, tumbled
 Cowrin, cowering
 Cowte, a colt
 Cozie, snug ; *cozily*, snugly
 Crabbit, crabbed, fretful
 Crack, conversation ; to converse
 Crackin, conversing
 Craft or croft, a field near a house, *in old husbandry*
 Crambo-clink, or crambo-jingle, rhymes, doggrel verses
 Crank, the noise of an ungreased wheel
 Crankous, fretful, *captious*
 Cranreuch, the hoar frost
 Crap, a crop, to top
 Craw, a crow of a cock, a rook
 Creel, a basket ; *to have one's wit in a creel*, to be craz'd, to be fascinated
 Creepin, creeping
 Creefhie, greasy
 Cronie, crony, an old acquaintance
 Crood or croud, to coo as a dove
 Croon, a hollow continued moan ; to make a noise like the continued roar of a bull ; to hum a tune
 Crooning, humming
 Crouchie, crook-backed
 Crouse, chearful, courageous
 Crousfly, chearfully, courageously
 Crowdietime, breakfasttime
 Crowlin, crawlin
 Crump, hard and brittle, *spoken of bread*
 Crunt, a blow on the head with a cudgel
 Crushtin, crushing, crusht, crushed
 Cuif, a blockhead, a ninny
 Cummock, a short staff with a crooked head
 Curchie, a courtesy
 Curler, a player at ice
 Curlie, curled, whose hair falls naturally in ringlets
 Curling, a well known game on ice
 Curmurring, murmuring, a slight rumbling noise
 Curpin, the crupper
 Cufhat, the dove or wood pigeon
 DADDIE, a father
 Daffin, merriment, foolishness
 Daft, merry, giddy, foolish
 Daimen, rare, now and then ; *daimen-icker*, an ear of corn now and then
 Dainty, pleasant, good humoured, agreeable
 Dancin, dancing
 Dappl't, dappled
 Darklins, darkling
 Daud, to thrash ; to abuse
 Daur, to dare, *daur't*, dared
 Daurg or daurk, a day's labour
 Dawd, a large piece
 Dawtit or dawtet, fondled, caressed
 Dearies, *dimin.* of dears
 Dearthfu', dear
 Deave, to deafen
 Deil-ma-care ! no matter ! for all that !
 Deleerit, delirious
 Delvin, delving
 Describe, to describe
 Deservin, deserving

Delve, a stunning blow
 Dight, to wipe, to clean corn from
 chaff; cleaned from chaff
 Dimpl't, dimpled
 Ding, to worst, to push
 Dinna, do not
 Dirl, a slight tremulous stroke or
 pain
 Difrespecket, disrespected
 Dizzen, or diz'n, a dozen
 Dizzie, dizzy, giddy
 Doited, stupified, hebetated
 Dolefu', doleful
 Dolt, stupified, crazed
 Donfie, unlucky
 Dool, sorrow; to *sing dool*, to lament,
 to mourn
 Derty, faucy, nice
 Douce or doufe, sober, wise, prudent
 Doucely, soberly, prudently
 Dought, was or were able
 Doure, stout, durable, stubborn
 fullen
 Dow, am *or* are able, to can
 Dowff, pithless, wanting force
 Dowie, worn with grief, fatigue,
 &c.
 Downa, am *or* are not able, cannot
 Doylt, stupid
 Drap, a drop; to drop
 Drappin, dropping
 Dreadfu', dreadful
 Dreep, to ooze, to drop
 Dreeping, oozing, dropping
 Dribble, drizzling, flaver
 Driegh, slow
 Drift, a drove
 Drinkin, drinking
 Droddum, the breech
 Droop-rumpl't, that droops at the
 crupper
 Drouth, thirst, drought
 Drucken, drunken
 Drumbly, muddy
 Drummock, meal and water mixed
 raw
 Drunt, pet, four humour
 Dryin, drying
 Dub, a small pond
 Duddie, ragged

Duds, rags, clothes
 Dung, worsted, pushed, driven
 Dush, to push *as a ram*, &c.
 Dusht, pushed by a ram, ox, &c.
E'E, the eye, een, the eyes
 E'enin, evening
 Eerie, frightened, *dreading spirits*
 Eild, old age
 Elbuck, the elbow
 Eldritch, ghastly, frightful
 En', end
 ENBRUGH, EDINBURGH
 Eneugh, enough
 Enfuin, Enfuing
 Espacial, especially
 Eydent, diligent
FA', fall, lot; to fall
 Fac't, faced
 Faddom't, fathomed
 Fae, a foe
 Faem, foam
 Fairin, a fairing, a present
 Faithfu', faithful
 Fallow, fellow
 Fand, did find
 Fareweel, farewell
 Parl, a cake of bread
 Fash, trouble, care; to trouble, to
 care for
 Fash't, troubled
 Fastern-een, Fastens Even
 Fathrals, fatt'rils, ribbon ends, &c.
 Fauld, a fold; to fold
 Faulding, folding
 Faut, fault
 Fawfont, decent, seemly
 Fearfu', frightful
 Fear't, frightened
 Feat, neat, spruce
 Fecht, to fight; *fechtin*, fighting
 Feckfu', large, brawny, stout
 Feckless, puny, weak, silly
 Feg, a fig
 Feide, feud, enmity
 Fell, keen, biting: the flesh imme-
 diately under the skin; a field
 pretty level on the side or top
 of a hill
 Fend, to live comfortably
 Ferlie or ferly, to wonder: a won-

- der, a term of contempt
 Fetch, to pull by fits
 Fetch't, pulled, intermittently
 Fidge, to fidget
 Fidgin, fidgeting
 Fient, fiend, a *petty oarb*
 Fier, found, healthy ; a brother, a friend
 Fisle, to make a rustling noise, to fidget ; a bustle
 Fit, a foot
 Fittie-lan', the near horse of the hindmost pair in the plough.
 Fizz, to make a hissing noise, like fermentation
 Flainen, flannel
 Flatterin', flattering
 Fleech, to supplicate in a flattering manner
 Fleechin, supplicating
 Fleefta, a fleece
 Fleg, a kick, a random blow
 Flether, to decoy by fair words
 Fletherin, flattering
 Fley, to scare, to frighten
 Fley'd, frightened, scared
 Flichter, to flutter *as young nestlings when their dam approaches*
 Flichterin, fluttering
 Flinders, sherds, broken pieces
 Flingin-tree, a piece of timber hung by way of partition between two horses in a stable, a flail
 Flisk, to fret at the yoke
 Fliskit, fretted
 Flitter, to vibrate like the wings of small birds
 Flittering, fluttering, vibrating
 Flunkie, a servant in livery
 Flyin, flying
 Foamin, foaming
 Foord, a ford
 Forbears, forefathers
 Forbye, besides
 Forfairn, distressed, worn out, jaded
 Forgether, to meet, to encounter with
 Forgie, to forgive
 Forjesket, jaded with fatigue
 Formin, forming
 Fou', full, drunk
 Foughten, troubled, harassed
 Fow, a bushel, &c.
 Frae, from
 Freath, froath
 Frien', friend
 Fu', full
 Fud, the scut of the hare, coney, &c.
 Fuff, to blow intermittently
 Fuff't, did blow
 Funnie, full of merriment
 Fur, a furrow
 Furm, a form, bench
 Fysteen, fifteen
 Fyke : trifling cares ; to piddle, to be in a fufs about trifles
 Fyle, to soil, to dirtie
 Fyl't, soiled, dirtied
G AB, the mouth, to speak boldly or pertly
 Gae, to go, *gaed*, went, *gaen* or *gane*, gone, *gaun*, going
 Gaet' or gate, way, manner, road
 Gang, to go, to walk
 Gar, to make, to force to
 Gar't, forced to
 Garten, a garter
 Gash, wise, sagacious, talkative ; to converse
 Gashin, conversing
 Gate, way, manner
 Gatherin, gathering
 Gaucy, jolly, large
 Gear, riches, goods of any kind
 Geck, to toss the head in wantonness or scorn
 Ged, a pike
 Gentles, great folks
 Geordie, a guinea
 Get, a child, a young one
 Gie, to give, *Gied*, gave, *Gi'en*, given
 Gistie, *dimin.* of gift
 Gillie, *dimin.* of gill
 Gimmer, a ewe from one to two years old
 Gin, if, against

- Gipsy, a young girl
 Girn, to grin, to twist the features
 in rage, agony, &c.
 Girning, grining
 Gizz, a periwig
 Ghait, a ghost
 Glaikit, inattentive, foolish
 Glaizie, glittering, smooth, like a
 glafs
 Gleg, sharp, ready
 Gley, a squint; to squint. *Agley*,
 off at a side, wrong
 Glib gabbet, that speaks smoothly
 and readily
 Glint, to peep; *Glinted* peeped;
 Glintin, peeping
 Gloamin, the twilight
 Glowr, to stare, to look; a stare, a
 look
 Glowr'd, looked stared
 Glowring, staring
 Glunch, a frown; to frown
 Gowan, the flower of the daisy,
 dandelion, hawkweed, &c.
 Gowd, gold
 Gowff, the game of golf; to strike
 as the bat does the ball at golf
 Gowff'd, struck
 Gowk, a cuckoo, a term of con-
 tempt
 Gowl, to howl
 Gowling, howling
 Gracefu', graceful
 Grain'd, groaned
 Graining, groaning,
 Graip a pronged instrument for
 cleaning stables
 Graith, accoutrements, furniture,
 drefs
 Grane or grain, a groan; to groan
 Grannie, a grandmother
 Grope, to grope, *grapid*, groped
 Great, intimate, familiar
 Gratefu', grateful
 Gree, to agree, *to bear the gree*, to
 be decidedly victor
 Greet, to shed tears, to weep
 Greetin, crying, weeping
 Gree't, agreed
 Grievin, grieving
 Grippet, catched, seized
 Gristle, gristle
 Groat, *to get the whistle of one's groat*,
 to play a losing game
 Grousome, loathsome, grim
 Grozet, a gooseberry
 Grumph, a grunt; to grunt
 Grumphie, a sow
 Grun', ground
 Gruntle, the phiz, a grunting noise
 Grunstone, a grindstone
 Grushie, thick, of thriving growth
 GUDE, the SUPREME BEING; good
 Guid, good; *Guid mornin*, good
 morrow; *Guid een*, good even-
 ing
 Guidfather, guidmother, father-in
 law and mother-in law
 Guidman and *guidwife*, the master
 and mistress of the house; *Young*
 guidman, a man newly married
 Gully or gullie, a large knife
 Gumlie, muddy
 Gusty, tasteful
 HA', hall
 Ha' bible, the great bible
 that lies in the hall
 Hae, to have
 Haet, *sient haet*, a petty oath of ne-
 gation, nothing
 Haffet the temple, the side of the
 head
 Haffins, nearly half, partly
 Hag, a scar or gulf in mooses and
 moors
 Haggis, a kind of pudding boiled
 in the stomach of a cow or sheep
 Hain, to spare, to save, *hain'd*,
 spared
 Hairst, harvest
 Haith, a petty oath
 Hal' or hald, an abiding place
 Hale, whole, tight, healthy
 Hallen, a particular partition wall
 in a cottage

- Hame, home, *Hameward*, home-ward
 Hamely, homely, affable
 Han' or haun', hand
 Hap, an outer garment, mantle, plaid, &c. to wrap, to cover, to hap
 Happing, hopping
 Hap-step-an-lowp, hop, skip, and leap
 Happer, a hopper
 Harkit, hearkened
 Hash, a sot
 Hastit, hastened
 Haud, to hold
 Haughs, low-lying, rich lands, vallies
 Haur, to drag, to peel
 Haurlin, peeling
 Haverel, a half-witted person; half witted
 Havins, good manners, decorum, good sense
 Hawkie, a cow, *properly one with a white face*
 Healsome, healthful, wholesome
 Hean, had, *the participle*
 Heapit, heaped
 Hearse, horse
 Hear't, hear it
 Heather, heath
 Hech! Oh! strange
 Hecht, to foretel something that is to be got or given; foretold; the thing foretold
 Heeze, to elevate, to raise
 Helim, the rudder or helm
 Herd, to tend flocks; one who tends flocks
 Hersel, herself
 Herrin, a herring
 Herry, to plunder, *most properly to plunder birds nests.*
 Herryment, plundering, devastation
 Het, hot
 Heugh, a crag, a coal-pit
 Hitch, to hobble, to halt
 Hitchan, halting
 Himself, himself
 Hing, to hang
 Hirple, to walk crazily, to creep; *Hirplin*, creeping
 Hissel, so many cattle as one person can attend
 Histic, dry, chapt, barren
 Hitch, a loop, a knot
 Hizzie, huffy, a young girl
 Hoddin, the motion of a sage countryman riding on a cart-horse
 Hog-score, a kind of distance line, in curling, drawn across the *rink*
 Hog-shouther, a kind of horse play by jussling with the shoulder; to jussle
 Hool, outer skin or case
 Hoolie, slowly, leisurely; *Hoolie!* take leisure! stop!
 Hoord, a hoard; to hoard
 Hoordit, hoarded
 Horn, a spoon made of horn
 Hornie, one of the many names of the devil
 Host, to cough; *Hosfin*, coughing
 Houghmagandie, fornication
 Houste, *dimin.* of house
 Hove, to heave, swell
 Hov'd, heaved, swelled
 Howdie, a midwife
 Howe, hollow; a hollow, or dell
 Howe-backet, sunk in the back, *spoken of a horse, &c.*
 Howk, to dig; *Howkit*, digged, *Howkin*, digging
 Hoy, to urge; *Hoy't*, urged
 Hoyse, a pull upwards
 Hoyte, to anble crazily
 Hughoc, *dimin.* of Hugh
 Hurdies, the loins, the crupper
 I', in
 Icker, an ear of corn
 Ier-oe, a great grandchild
 Ilk or ilka, each, every
 Ill-willic, ill-natured, malicious, nig-gardly
 Indentin, indenting
 Ingine, genius, ingenuity
 Ing'le, fire, fire-place
 I'se, I shall or will

Ither, other, one another

JAD, jade; also a familiar term among country folks for a giddy young girl

Jauk, to dally, to trifle

Jaukin, trifling dallying

Jaw, coarse raillery; to pour out, to spurt, to jerk *as water*

Jaup, a jerk of water: to jerk as agitated water

Jillet, a jilt, a giddy girl

Jimp, to jup; slender in the waist, handsome

Jinglia, jinkling

Jink, to dodge to turn a corner; a sudden turning a corner

Jinker, that turns quickly, a gay sprightly girl, a wag

Jinkin, dodging

Jirt, a jerk

Jocteleg, a kind of knife

Jokin, joking

Jouk, to stoop, to bow the head

Jow, *to jow*, a verb which includes both the swinging motion and peeling sound of a large bell

Joyfu', joyful

Jumpin, jumping

Jumpit, did jump

Jundie, to juttle

KA E, a daw

Kail, colewort, a kind of broth

Kail-runt, the stem of the colewort

Kain, fowls, &c. paid as rent by a farmer

Kebbuck, a cheese

Keek, a peep; to peep

Keepit, kept

Kelpies, a sort of mischievous spirits, said to haunt fords and ferries at night, especially in stroms

Ken, to know, *kend* or *ken't*, knew

Kennin, a small matter

Ket, a matted hairy fleece of wool

Kiaugh, carking anxiety

Kilt, to truss up the clothes

Kimmer, a young girl, a gossip

Kin, kindred

Kin', kind

King's hood, a certain part of the entrails of an ox, &c.

Kirn, the harvest supper, a churn; to churn

Kirfen, to christen

Kist, chest, a shop counter

Kitchen, any thing that eats with bread; to serve for soup, gravy, &c.

Kittle, to tickle; ticklish, likely

Kittlin, a young cat

Kiutlin, cuddling

Kiutle, to cuddle

Knaggie, like *knags* or points of rocks

Knappin hammer, a hammer for breaking stones

Knowe, a small round hillock

Kye, cows

KYLE, a district of Ayrshire

Kyte, the belly

Kythe, to discover, to show one's self

LADDIE, *dimin.* of lad

Laggen, the angle between the side and bottom of a wooden dish

Lagh, low

Lairing, wading and sinking in snow, mud, &c.

Laith, loath

Laithfu', bashful, sheepish

Lallans, Scottish language

Lambie, *dimin.* of lamb

Lampit, a kind of shell-fish

Lan', land, estate

Lane, lone, *my lane, thy lane*, &c. myself alone, &c. thyself alone, &c.

Lanely, lonely

Lang, long, *to think lang*, to long, to weary

Lap, did leap

Lapfu', lapful

Laughin, laughing

Lave, the rest, the remainder, the others

Laverock, the lark

Lawfu', lawful

- Lawlan, Lowland; *Lallans*, Scottish dialect
 Lea'e, to leave
 Leal, loyal, true, faithful
 Lear, *pronounced* laire, learning
 Lee-lang, live-long
 Leeze me, a phrase of congratulatory endearment
 Leister, a three pronged dart for striking fish
 Lough, did laugh
 Leuk, a look, to look
 Lightly, sneeringly, to sneer at
 Lilt, a ballad, a tune, to sing
 Limp't, limp'd, hobbled
 Limmer, a kept mistress; a strumpet
 Link, to trip along
 Linkin, tripping
 Linn, a waterfall
 Lint, flax, *lint i' the bell*, flax in flower
 Lintwhite, a linnen
 Livin, living
 Loan, the place of milking
 Loof, the palm of the hand
 Looves, *plural of loof*
 Loot, did let
 Loon, a fellow, a raggamuffin, a woman of easy virtue
 Lowe, a flame
 Lowin, flaming
 Lowse, to loose
 Loos'd, loosed
 Lowrie, *abbreviation of Lawrence*
 Lug, the ear, a handle
 Lugget, having a handle
 Luggie, a small wooden dish with a handle
 Lum, the chimney
 Lunch, a large piece of cheese, flesh, &c.
 Lunt, a column of smoke; to smoke
 Luntin, smoking
 Lyart, of a mixed colour, grey
MAE, more
 Mak, to make; *makin*, making
 Mair, more
 Maist, most, mostly
 Maistly, mostly
 Mallie, Molly
 'Mang, among
 Manteele, a mantle
 Mark, marks, *this and several other nouns, which, in English, require an s to form the plural, are in Scots like the words sheep, deer, the same in both numbers*
 Mar's year, the Rebellion, A. D. 1715.
 Mashlum, meslin, mixed corn
 Mask, to mash, *as malt*, &c.
 Maskin-pat, a tea-pot
 Maun, must
 Maukin, a hare
 Mavis, the thrush
 Maw, to mow; *marwin*, mowing
 Meere, a mare
 Melancholious, mournful
 Mell, to meddle
 Melvie, to soil with meal
 Men', to amend
 Mense, good manners, decorum
 Menseless, ill-bred, rude, impudent
 Messin, a small dog
 Middin, a dunghill
 Middin-hole, a gutter at the bottom of the dunghill
 Mim, prim, affectedly, meek
 Min', mind, remembrance
 Mindfu', mindful
 Mind't, mind it, resolved, intending
 Minnie, mother, dam
 Misca', to abuse, to call names
 Misca'd, abused
 Miflear'd, mischievous, unmannerly
 Misteuk, mistook
 Mither, a mother
 Mixtie-maxtie, confusedly mixed
 Moil, labour
 Moistify, to moisten
 Moop, to nibble as a sheep
 Moorlan, of or belonging to moors
 Monie, or mony, many
 Morn. the next day, to-morrow
 Mottie, full of moles
 Mou, the mouth
 Moudiewort, a mole

Mournfu', mournful
 Moufie, *dimin.* of mouse
 Muckle, much, big, great
 Musie, *dimin.* of muse
 Muffin-kail, broth composed simply of water, shelled barley and greens

Mutchkin, and English pint
 Myfel, myself

NA, no, not, nor
 Nae, no, not, any
 Naething, or naithing, nothing

Naig, a horse

Nane, none

Neebor, a neighbour

Needfu', needful

Negleckit, neglected

Neuk, nook

Niest, next

Nieve, the fist

Nievelful, handful

Niger, a negro

Niffer, an exchange; to exchange, to barter

Nine-tailed cat, a hangman's whip

Nit, a nut

Norland, of or belonging to the North

Nor-west, North-west

Notic't, noticed

Nowte, black cattle

O's, of
 Observin, observing

Ony, or onie, any

Or, *is often used for etc.*, before

O't, of it

Ourie, shivering, drooping

Oursel, or ourfels, ourselves

Outler, not housed

Owre, over, too

Owre-hip, a way of fetching a blow with a hammer over the arm

PACK, intimate, familiar; 12 stones of wool

Painch, paunch

Patrick, a partridge

Pang, to cram

Parritch, oatmeal pudding, a well known Scotch dish

Pat, did put; a pot

Pattle, or pettle, a ploughstaff

Paukie, cunning, fly

Paughty, proud, haughty

Pay't, paid, beat

Pech, to fetch the breath short, *as in an asthma*

Pechan, the crop, the stomach

Peelin, peeling

Pensivelie, pensively

Pettle, to cherish; a ploughstaff

Pet, a domesticated sheep, &c.

Phraise, fair speeches, flattery; to flatter

Phraisin, flattery

Pickle, a small quantity

Pine, pain, uneasiness

Pit, to put

Placad, a public proclamation

Plack, an old Scotch coin

Plackless, pennyless

Platie, *dimin.* of plate

Pléw, or plough, a plough

Pliskie, a trick

Plumpit, did plump

Poortith, poverty

Pou, to pull

Pouk, to pluck

Poufie, a hare or cat

Pou't, did pull

Pout, a poult, a chicken

Pouthery, like powder

Pow, the head, the skull

Pownie, a little horse

Powther, or pouter, powder

Prayin, praying

Preen, a pin

Prent, printing

Pridefu', proud, saucy

Prie, to taste

Prie'd, tasted

Prief, proof

Prig, to cheapen, to dispute

Priggin, cheapening

Primie, demure, precise

Propone, to lay down, to propose
 Provefes, provosts
 Pryin, prying
 Puddin, pudding
 Pund, pound, pounds
 Pyle, *a pyle o' caff*, a single grain
 of chaff

QUAK, to quake
 Quakin, quaking
 Quat, to quit
 Quey, a cow from one year to two
 years old

RAGWEED, the plant ragwort
 Raible, to rattle nonsense
 Rair, to roar; *rair't*, roared; *rairing*
 roaring
 Raize, to madden, to inflame
 Ramblin, rambling
 Ramfeezled, fatigued, over-spread
 Ram-stam, forward, thoughtless
 Rantin, ranting
 Rarely, excellent, very well
 Rash, a rush; *rash bush*, a bush of
 rushes
 Rattlin, rattling
 Ratton, a rat
 Raule, rash, stout, fearless
 Raught, reached
 Raw, a row
 Rax, to stretch
 Ream, cream
 Receivin, receiving
 Reck, to heed
 Rede, counsel, to counsel
 Red-wud, stark-mad
 Ree, half-drunk, fuddled
 Reek, smoke; to smoke; *reekin*,
 smoking; *reckit*, smoked, smoky
 Recsit, stood restive, flunted, wi-
 thered
 Refus't, refused
 Remarkin, remarking
 Remead, remedy
 Requite, requitted
 Rest, to stand restive
 Restricketed, restricted
 Rhymin, rhyming
 Ridin, riding

Rig, a ridge
 Rin, to run, to melt; *runnin*, run-
 ning
 Rink, the course of the stones, *a*
term in curling
 Ripp, a handful of unthreshed
 corn. &c
 Riskit, made a noise like the tear-
 ing of roots
 Rives, tears, breaks
 Roamin, roaming
 Rood, *stands likewise for the plural*
roods
 Roon, a shred
 Roose, to praise, to commend
 Roun', round, in the circle of a
 neighbourhood
 Roupet, hoarse *as with a cold*
 Row, to roll, to wrap
 Row't, rolled, wrapped
 Rowte, to low, to bellow
 Rowth, plenty
 Rowtin, lowing
 Rozet, rosin
 Rung, a cudgel
 Runkl'd, wrinkled
 Runt, the stem of colewort or cab-
 bage
 Rustlin, rustling
SAE, so
 Saft, soft
 Sair, to serve, a fore
 Sairly, or fairlie, forely
 Sair't, served
 Sang, a song
 Sark, a shirt
 Sarkit, provided in shirts
 Saugh, the willow
 Saul, soul
 Saurment, salmon
 Saunt, a saint
 Saut, salt; *sauted*, salted
 Saw, to sow
 Sawin, sowing
 Sax, six
 Scar, to scare
 Scaud, to scald
 Scauld, to scold; *scaulding*, scolding
 Scaur, apt to be scared

- Scawl, a scold
 Scone, a kind of bread
 Sconner, a lothing; to lothe
 Scornfu', scornful
 Scaich, to scream *as a hen, partridge, &c.*
 Scaichin, screaming
 Screechin, screeching
 Screed, to tear; a rent
 Srieve, to glide swiftly along
 Srievin, gleefomely, swiftly
 Scrimp, to scant; *scrimpet*, did scant, scanty
 See'd, did see
 Seizin, seizing
 Sel, self; *a body's sel*, one's self alone
 Sell't, did sell
 Sen', to send; *sen't*, send it
 Servan', servant
 Sets, *sets off*, goes away
 Settlin, settling; *to get a settlin*, to be frighted into quietness
 Shaird, a shred, a shard
 Shangan, a stick cleft at one end for putting the tail of a dog, &c. into, by way of mischief, or to frighten him away
 Shaver, a humorous wag, a barber
 Shaw, to show; a small wood in a hollow place
 Sheen, bright, shining
 Sheep shank, *to think one's self nae sheep shank*, to be conceited
 Sherra-moor, Sheriff-moor, *the famous battle fought in the Rebellion, A. D. 1715.*
 Sheugh, a ditch, a trench
 Skill, shrill
 Shog, a flock
 Shoel, a shovel
 Shoon, shoes
 Shootin, shooting
 Shere, to offer, to threaten
 Shor'd, offered
 Shouter, shoulder
 Sic, such
 Sicker, sure, steady
 Sidelins, fidelong, flanking
 Siller, silver, money
 Simmer, summer
 Sin, a son
 Sin', since
 Sinfu', sinful
 Sinkin', sinking
 Sittin, sitting
 Skaith, to damage, to injure, injury
 Skelp, to strike, to slap, to walk with a smart tripping step; a smart stroke
 Skelpin, stappin, walking smartly
 Skelpi-linmer, a technical term in female scolding
 Skiegh, proud, nice, high-mettled
 Skirling, shrieking, crying
 Skirl, to shriek, to cry shrilly
 Skirling, shrieking
 Skirl't, shrieked
 Sklent, flast; to run afloat, to deviate from truth
 Sklented, ran or hit in an oblique direction
 Sklentin, flanking
 Skreigh, a scream; to scream
 Slade, did slide
 Slae, floe
 Slap, a gate, a breach in a fence
 Slaw, slow
 Slee, fly; *sleep*, flyest
 Sleekit, sleek
 Slidderly, slipperly
 Slype, to fall over, *as a wet furrow from the plough*
 Slypet, fell
 Sma', small
 Smeddum, dust, powder; mettle, sense
 Smiddy, smithy
 Smoor, to smother; *smoor'd*, smothered
 Smoutie, smuttie, obscene, ugly
 Smytrie, a numerous collection of small individuals
 Snash, abuse, Billingsgate
 Snaw, snow; to snow
 Snaw-broo, melted snow
 Snawie, snowie
 Sned, to lop, to cut off
 Sneeshin, snuff; *sneshin-mill*, snuff box
 Snell, bitter, biting

- Snick, drawing, trick-contriving
 Snick, the latchet of a door
 Snool, one whose spirit is broken
 with oppressive slavery; to sub-
 mit tamely, to sneak
 Snoove, to go smoothly and con-
 stantly, to sneak
 Snoov't, went smoothly
 Snowk, to scent or snuff *as a dog,*
horse, &c.
 Snowkit, scented, snuffed
 Sobbin, sobbing
 Sonfie, having sweet, engaging
 looks; lucky, jolly
 Soom, to swim
 Sooth, truth, a petty oath
 Souple, flexible, swift
 Souter, a shoemaker,
 Sowp, a spoonful, a small quantity
 of any thing liquid
 Sowth, to try over a tune, with a
 low whistle
 Sowther, folder; to folder, to ce-
 ment
 Spae, to prophesy, to divine
 Spairge, to dash, to foil *as with mire*
 Spak, did speak
 Sparin, sparing
 Spaul, a limb
 Spaviet, having the spavin
 Speakin, speaking
 Speat, a sweeping torrent after
 rain or thaw
 Speel, climb
 Spence, the country parlour
 Spier, to ask, to inquire
 Spier't, inquired
 Spitefu', spiteful
 Splatter, a splutter; to sputter
 Spleuchan, a tobacco-pouch
 Splore, a frolic, a riot, a noise
 Sportin, sporting
 Sprattle, to scramble
 Spreckl'd, spotted, speckled
 Spring, a quick air in music, a Scot-
 tish reel
 Springin, springing
 Sprit, a tough-rooted plant some-
 thing like rushes
 Sprittie, full of sprits
 Spunk, fire, mettle, wit
 Spunkie, mettlesome, fiery; will-
 o'-wisp, or *ignis fatuus*
 Squad, a crew, a party
 Squatter, to flutter in water, *as a*
wild duck, &c.
 Squattle, to sprawl
 Squeel, a scream, a screech; to
 scream
 Stacher, to stagger
 Stack, a rick of corn, hay, &c.
 Staggie, *dimin.* of stag
 Stampin, stamping
 Stan', to stand; *sta*, did stand
 Stane, a stone
 Stank, a pool of standing water
 Stap, stop
 Stark, stout
 Startin, starting
 Startle, to run *as cattle stang by the*
gadfly
 Starvin, starving
 Staumrel, half-witted
 Staw, did steal; to surfeit
 Stech, to cram the belly
 Stechin, cramming
 Steek, to shut; a stitch
 Steer, to molest, to stir
 Steeve, firm, compacted
 Stell, a still
 Sten, to rear as a horse
 Sten't, reared
 Stents, tribute, dues of any kind
 Stey, steep; *steyest*, steepest
 Stibble, stubble; *stibble-rig*, the rea-
 per, in harvest, who takes the
 lead
 Stick an' stow, totally, altogether
 Stilt, a crutch; to halt, to limp
 Stimpart, the eighth part of a
 Winchester bushel
 Stirk, a cow or bullock a year old
 Stock, a plant of colewort, cab-
 bage, &c.
 Stockin, stocking
 Stoor, sounding hollow, strong and
 hoarse
 Stot, an ox

- Stoup or stowp, a kind of jug
 or dish with a handle
 Stoure, dust, *more particularly* dust
 in motion
 Stowlins, by stealth
 Stown, stolen
 Strack, did strike
 Strae, straw; *to die a fair strae death*,
 to die in bed
 Straik, to stroke; *strakit*, stroked
 Strappan, tall and handsome
 Straught, straight
 Streek, stretched, to stretch; *stree-*
kit, stretched
 Strewin, strewing
 Striddle, to straddle
 Stringin, stringing
 Stroan, to spout, to piss
 Stroan't, spouted, pissed
 Strunt, spirituous liquor of any
 kind; to walk sturdily
 Studdie, an anvil
 Stuff, corn, or pulse of any kind
 Stumpie, *dimin.* of stump
 Sturt, trouble; to molest
 Sturtin, frightened
 Sucker, sugar
 Sud, should
 Sugh, the continued rushing noise
 of wind or water
 Southron, southern, an old name
 for the English nation
 Swaird, sword
 Swall'd, swelled
 Swank, stately, jolly
 Swankie or swanker, a tight strap-
 ping young fellow or girl
 Swap, an exchange, to barter
 Swat, did sweat
 Swatch, a sample
 Sweaten, sweating
 Sweer, lazy, averse; *dead-sweer*, ex-
 tremely averse
 Swervin, swerving
 Swinge, to beat, to whip
 Swingein, beaten, whipping
 Swirl, a curve, an eddying blast or
 pool, a knot in wood
 Swirlie, knaggy, full of knots
 Swith, get away
 Swither, to hesitate in choice; an
 irresolute wavering in choice
 Swoor, swore, did swear
 Syne, since ago, then
 'AE, a toe; *three tae'd*, having
 three prongs
 Tak, to take; *tokin*, taking
 Talkin, talking
 Tangle, a fee weed
 Tap, the top
 Tapetless, headless, foolish
 Tarrow, to murmur at one's al-
 lowance
 Tarrow't, murmured
 Tarry-breeks, a sailor
 Tauld, or tald, told
 Taupie, a foolish thoughtless young
 person
 Tauted, or tautie, matted toge-
 ther, *spoken of hair or wool*
 Tawie, that allows itself peaceably
 to be handled, *spoken of a horse,*
cow, &c.
 Tearfu', tearful
 Teat, a small quantity
 Ten hours bite, a slight feed to the
 horses while in the yoke in the
 afternoon
 Tent, a field pulpit; heed, caution;
 to take heed
 Tentie, heedful, cautious
 Tentless, heedless
 Tough, tough; *toughly*, toughly
 Thack, thatch; *thack an' rape*,
 clothing, necessaries
 Thae, these
 Thairms, small guts, fiddle-strings
 Thankfu', thankful
 Thankit, thanked
 Thegither, together
 Themsel, themselves
 Thick, intimate, familiar
 Thievels, cold, dry, spited; *spoken*
of a person's demeanour
 Thinkin, thinking
 Thir, these,
 Thirl, to thrill
 Thir'd, thrilled, vibrated
 Thole, to suffer, to endure
 Thowe, a thaw, to thaw

- Thowless, slack, lazy
 Thrang, throng, a crowd
 Thraw, to sprain, to twist, to contradict
 Thrawn, sprained, twisted, contradicted
 Thrawin, twisting, &c.
 Threap, to maintain by dint of assertion
 Threshin, thrashing
 Threteen, thirteen
 Thistle, thistle
 Through, to go on with, to make out
 Throuther, pell-mell, confusedly
 Thud, to make a loud, intermittent noise
 Thumpin, thumping
 Thumpit, thumped
 Thyfel, thyself
 Till't, to it
 Timmer, timber; *timber-propt*, propped with timber
 Tine, to lose; *tint*, lost
 Tinkler, a tinker
 Tip, a ram
 Tippence, twopence
 Tirl, to make a slight noise, to uncover
 Tirlin, uncovering
 Tither, the other
 Tittle, to whisper
 Tittlin, whispering
 Tocher, marriage portion
 Tod, a fox
 Toddle, to totter like the walk of a child
 Toddlin, tottering
 Toom, empty
 Toop, a ram
 Toun, a hamlet, a farm-house
 Tout, the blast of a horn or trumpet; to blow a horn, &c.
 Tow, a rop
 Towmond, a twelvemonth
 Towzie, rough, shaggy
 Toy, a very old fashion of female head-dress
 Toyte, to totter like old age
 Transmugrify'd, transmigrated, metamorphosed
 Trafftrie, trash
 Trickie, full of tricks
 Trig, spruce, neat
 Trimly, excellently
 Trottin, trotting
 Trow, to believe
 Trowth, truth, a petty oath
 Tryin, trying
 Try't, tried
 Tug, raw hide, *of which, in old times, plough traces were frequently made.*
 Tulzie, a quarrel; to quarrel, to fight
 Tunefu', tuneful
 Twa, two
 Twa-three, a few
 'Twad, it would
 'Twal, twelve; *Twal pannie-worth*, a small quantity, a penny-worth
 Twin, to part
 Tyke, a dog
UNCO, strange, uncouth, very, very great, prodigious
 Uncos, news
 Uncaring, disregarding
 Undoin, undoing
 Unkenn'd, unknown
 Unskait'h'd undamaged, unhurt
 Upo', upon
VAP'RIN, vapouring
 Vera, very
 Virl, a ring round a column, &c.
WA', wall; *Wa's*, walls
WABSTER, a weaver
 Wad, would; to bet; a bet, a pledge
 Wadna, would not
 Waeful, woeful
 Wacucks! or waes me! alas! O the pity
 Wast, the woof
 Waifu', wailing
 Wair, to lay out, to expend
 Wal'd, chose, chosen
 Wale, choice; to choose
 Walie, ample, large, jolly; also an interjection of distress

- Wame, the belly; *wamefou*, a bellyful
Wanchancie, unluckie
Wanrestfu', restless
Wark, work
Wark-lume, a tool to work with
Warl, or warld, world
Warlock, a wizzard
Warly, worldly, eager on amassing wealth
Warran, a warrant; to warrant
Warst, worst
Warstl'd or warst'd, wrestled
Wastrie, prodigality
Wat, wet; *I wat*, I wot, I know
Water brose, *brose* made of meal and water simply, without the additions of milk, butter, &c.
Wattle, a twig, a wand
Wauble, to swing, to reel
Waukin, to awake
Waukit, thickened *as fullers do cloth*
Waur, worse; to worst
Waurt, worsted
Wean or weanie, a child
Wearie, or weary; *monie a weary body*, many a different person
Weason, weasand
Wee, little; *wee things*, little ones; *wee bit*, a small matter
Weel, well; *weelfare*, wellfare
Weet, rain, wetness
We'se, we shall
Wha, who
Whaiz'le, to wheeze
Whalpit, whelped
Whang, a leathern string, a piece of cheefe, bread, &c. to give the strappado
Whare, where; *wbare'er*, wherever
Whase, whose
Whatreck. nevertheless
Wheep, to fly nimbly, to jerk; *penny-wheep*, small beer
Whid, the motion of a hare running but not frightened; a lie
Whiddin, running as a hare or coney
Whirlygigums, useles ornaments, trifling appendages
Whigmeleeries, whims, fancies, crotchets
Whisht! silence! *to bold one's whisht*, to be silent
Whisk, to sweep, to lash
Whiskit, lashed
Whistle, a whistle, to whistle
Whitter, a hearty draught of liquor
Whun-stane, a whin-stone
Whyles, whiles, sometimes
Wi', with
Wick, to strike, a stone in an oblique direction, *a term in curling*
Wiel, a small whirlpool
Wifie, *a diminutive or endearing term for wife*
Wimple, to meander
Wimpl't, meandered
Wimplin, waving, meandering
Win, to wind, to winnow
Win', wind; *win's*, winds
Winkin, winking
Winna, will not
Winnock, a window
Winsome, gay, hearty, vaunted
Win't, winded, *as a bottom of yarn*
Wintle, a staggering motion; to stagger, to reel
Winze, an oath
Wifs, to wish
Withoutten, without
Wizen'd, hide-bound, dried, shrunk
Wonderfu', wonderful, wonderfully
Wonner, a wonder, a contemptuous appellation
Woo', wool
Wooer-bab. the garter knotted below the knee with a couple of loops
Wordy, worthy
Worstet, worsted
Wrack, to tease, to vex
Wraith, a spirit, a ghost; an apparition exactly like a living

person, whose appearance is said
to forbode the person's approach-
ing death

Wrang, wrong ; to wrong

Wreeth a drifted heap of snow

Wud-mad, distracted

Wamble, a wimble

Wyliccoat, a flannel vest

Wyte, blame ; to blame

YE, this pronoun is frequently
used for *Thou*

Yealings, born in the same year,
coevals

Year, is used for both *sing.* and *plur.*
years

Yearns, small eagles

Yell, barren, that gives no milk

Yerk, to lash, to jerk

Yerkit, jerked, lashed

Yestreen, yesternight.

Yill, ale

Yird, earth

Yokin, yoking, about

Yont, beyond

Yourfel', yourself

Youthfu', youthful

Yowe, a ewe

Yowie, *dimin.* of yowe

Yule, Christmas



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