

What ails you now ye house —
To labour me at sic a pite
With Edward Lepbound, Hoore and Valt
And Rodken Bould
I did not suffer half so much
O'rae Mr. —

What tho' at times when I maun cross
I gie them Names a random pouse
So that enough for you to soue
Your servant see
Gae mind your Steam poor pruch the Loue
And jagg the flae

Tho' I wou'd had pochie brief
' Many Pezzies he edrought sic mischief
As feel'd his after life with grief
And bloody rants
And yet he's ranked among the Chief
Of Lang Syne Saints

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

But Mauchlen Sesion say I maun
Gae fa' upon some ither plan
Than gar young gilets coust the Gran
Wi' sawless tumble
Till they maun thole their Merries bann
And Peck, folks quibble

This leads me on to tell for sport
How I did with the Sesion sort
Auld Clinkum at the ither port
Gies three times Robin
Come neither sad and knower for
Gie blam'd for jobbing

I put a jumbential fae on
And ventur'd in afore the Sesion
And made an open dear Confession
I trow'd to lie
And then they a' wi' grave Expression
Pog an on me

Am and offend any one they held me
And said my fault was free. By help I fell to me
I found a' was true, they held me

Quoth I my Gods what the matter
Told me is so better

And why not held said they - ye know
By our eight Eyes Hand God or Poe

I shall ever prove, your spiritual foe

You must remember
No cut of eye - and when you no

Even my Member

I struck by the force of this Auction

I say with a Joy for it is donation

I tell them, I'll do with best of them

I shall ever prove, your spiritual foe

I should I held with zeal for my best of them

I shall ever prove, your spiritual foe

Kinsley 119

Minor variants

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Poem Burns
in Ans. to Walker