

ELEGY

ON

THE YEAR EIGHTY-EIGHT,

By ROBERT BURNS.

ELEGY

ON

PUDDIN' LIZZIE.

COLIN CLOUT,

A PASTORAL,

G. & C.



- " Love, that raises sic a clamour,
- " Driving lads an' lasses mad,
- " Wae's my heart! bad coost his glomour
- " O'er poor Colin, luckless lad!"

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ON

THE YEAR 1788.

By ROBERT BURNS.

FOR Lords or Kings I dinna mourn,
 E'en let them die—for that they're born!
 But oh! prodigious to reflect,
 A *Towmont*, Sirs, is gane to wreck!
 O *Eighty-eight*, in thy sma' space
 What dire events ha'e taken place!
 Of what enjoyments thou has rest us!
 In what a pickle thou has left us!

The Spanish empire's tint a head,
 An' my auld toothless Bawtie's dead;
 The toolzie's teugh 'tween Pitt an' Fox,
 An' our gudewife's wee birdy cocks;
 The tane is game, a bluidy devil,
 But to the *hen-birds* unco civil;
 The tither's dour, has nae sic breedin',
 But better stuff ne'er claw'd a midden!

Ye ministers, come mount the pupit,
 An' cry till ye be haerse an' rupit;
 For *Eighty-eight* he wish'd you weel,
 An' gi'ed you a' baith gear an' meal;
 E'en mony a plack, an' mony a peck,
 Ye ken yoursels, for little feck!

Ye bonny lasses, dight your een;
 For some o' you ha'e tint a frien';
 In *Eighty-eight*, ye ken, was ta'en
 What ye'll ne'er ha'e to gi'e again.

Observe the very nowt an' sheep,
 How dowff an' dowielie they creep;
 Nae, even the yirth itsell does cry,
 For Embro' walls are grutten dry.

O *Eighty-eight*, thou'se but a bairn, *mind*
 An' no o'er auld, I hope, to learn!
 Thou beardless boy, I pray tak care,
 Thou now has got thy Daddy's chair.
 Nae hand-cuff'd, mizl'd, haff-shackl'd *Regent*;
 But, like himsell, a full free Agent.
 Be sure ye fallow out the plan
 Nae war than he did, honest man!
 As muckle better as you can!

January 1. 1789.

LINES,

Written at DALNACARDOCH in the HIGHLANDS.

By ROBERT BURNS.

WHAN Death's dark stream I ferry o'er,
 A time that surely shall come;
 In Heaven itself, I ask no more
 Than just a *Highland welcome*.

ELEGY

ON

PUDDIN' LIZZIE*.

SHE's gane ! she's gane !—o'er true the tale !
 She's left us a' to sab an' wail !—
 Auld *Clatterbanes* has hit the nail
 Upon the head :
 De'il ! o' *his carcase* mak' a flail,
 Since LIZZIE 's dead !

O Death ! O Death ! thou'rt void o' feelin',
 For wi' thy deidly *whittle* stealin'
 Thro' gentle hald, or hamely shealin'
 Wi' divet riggin',
 Thou sends the best o' bodies reelin'
 To their cauld biggin' !

Hadst thou but seized wi' thy claw
 A *Lord*—a *Duke*—or *baith the twa* !—
 The *skaith*, I trow, 'wad been sae sma'
 Ane might forgi'e ye ;
 But LIZZIE thus to 'steal awa',
 O wae be ti' ye !

* Lizzie Weatherston, the subject of the present *Elegy*, was a well-known character, who for many years kept a little change-house at *Jock's Lodge* in the immediate neighbourhood of *Edinburgh*, and, from a peculiar method she had of making Scotch puddings, had obtained the name of *Puddin' Lizzie*. Her house was long the favourite resort of many of the young people in and about *Edinburgh*, when inclined to an innocent homely frolic. She died in 1796.

O Reekie's Callants, mourn wi' me!
 Your waes, alake! are sair to dree!
 O mourn the days—the days o' glee—
 Now fled awa'!—
 I see the tear start i' ilk e'e,
 An' sadly fa'!

Ech! mony time, ance on a day,
 In cheerie bangs we've ta'en our way,
 Ilk birkie keenly bent on play,
 Wi' hearts fu' light,
 An' for a wee set *Care* astray,
 Far out o' sight!

And whan we reach'd her little dwallin',
 Whare toolied birds wi' bloodie talon*,
 How kind she met us at the hallin
 Led to the ha',
 “ Gude e'en, gude e'en!” ay loudly bawlin',
 An' baikin' law!

Syne what a fyke, an' what a phraisin'!
 “ The puddin's, bairns, are just in season—
 “ They're newly made—the kettle's bizzin'—
 “ Sae dinna fret—
 “ Mair sappy anes ne'er cross'd your wizen,
 “ Altho' *I* say't!”

* *Lizzie had a sign-board above her door, on which was painted two cocks fighting, with this inscription—“ The thickest skin stand langest out.”*

Saul ! how we sharpen'd ilka ane
 Whan wi' them she came toddlin' ben,
 A' pyping like a roasted hen,
 Braw healthy eatin' !
 Wi' timmer pins at ilka en'
 To haud the meat in.

An' than she had the knack sae weel
 To taste the gab o' ony chiel',
 Wi' spic'ries, braught thro' dangers feil
 Frae India's coast,
 An' ingans, mixt wi' gude ait meal,
 Auld Scotia's boast.

Thus seated round her canty ingle,
 O how the knives an' forks wad ringle,
 An' cutty-spoons 'mang puddin's mingle,
 Hov'd up sae wally ;
 An' caps an' trunchers in a jingle
 A' scarted brawly !

Did ony relish *cauler water* ?
 Na, faith ! it was na in our nature !
 We but to ha'e a *wee drap creature*,
 Gude *Papish Whisky* *—
 It beits new life in ilka feature,
 An' keeps ane brisk aye !

* She sold rum under the name of Papish Whisky, for the purpose, it was said, of evading the licence.

Whan she began to *crack her creed**,
 I've seen our chafts maist like to screed ;
 In short at times a silly thread
 Might e'en ha'e tied us ;
 An' wou how crouse she cock'd her head,
 Whan set beside us !

The mair the pith o' barley shone,
 The mair was heard Mirth's social tone,
 An' sang, an' joke, an' toast gaed roun',
 Wi' glee imprentit ;
 While bizzy Time still jogget on,
 Unmark'd, untentit,

Till Night, her sable mantle dreepin',
 Braught Luna o'er St Anthon's peepin',
 An' dowie ghaists frae kirk-yards creepin',
 Began to wauner,
 Whan we, frae LIZZIE's kindly keepin',
 Wad hamewards dauner.

Och ! wae's my heart ! now whan she's gane,
 How sad an' alter'd is the strain !
 To *Puddin' Feasts* an' Rants fu' fain
 Nae mair we pap in ;
 Our wames e'en to our riggin' bane
 Like skate fish clappin' !

* Our hostess was noted for her ready wit, and many satirical sayings ; so much so, that few cared to engage with her, or they were sure of becoming the butt of the whole company.

But whisht !—for mair I canna speak !
 The tears come rappin' doun my cheek !
 To mark her grave sae cauld an' bleak !
 The green grass growin' !—
 But, Lord, keep her frae *Hornie's creek*,
 Black, sooty, lowin' !

Then O fareweel to *feasting* rare,
 An' srieving *cracks*, that drave aff care,
 Fareweel to *ranin'* late an' ear',
 Sae blyth an' frisky ;
 An' eke fareweel for ever mair
 To *Papish Whisky* !

VERSES,

Written on a Window of the Inn at CARRON.

By ROBERT BURNS.

WE cam na here 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 !

COLIN CLOUT.

A PASTORAL.

CHANTICLEER, wi' noisy whistle,
 Bids the housewife rise in haste ;
 Colin Clout begins to hirsle
 Slawly frae his sleepless nest.

Love, that raises sic a clamour,
 Driving lads an' lassies mad,
 Wae's my heart ! had coost his glamour
 O'er poor Colin, luckless lad !

Cruel Jenny, lack-a-daisy !
 Lang had gart him greet an' grane ;
 Colin's pate was hafins crazy—
 Jenny laugh'd at Colin's pain !

Slawly up his duds he gathers,
 Slawly slawly trudges out ;
 Frae the fauld he drives his weathers,
 —Happier far than Colin Clout.

Now the sun, rais'd frae his nappie,
 Set the Orient in a low,
 Drinkin' ilka glancin' drappie,
 I' the field and o' the know !

Mony a birdie, sweetly singin',
 Flaffer'd briskly round about ;

Mony a dainty flowerie springin'—
A' war blyth but Colin Clout !

Thrice he thuds his tawny bosom,
Thrice he scratch'd his ravell'd pow,
Syne, despairing, down he throws him,
Gasping on the flow'ry know.

E'en his sheep, wi' plaintive crying,
Seem'd to mourn a love sae true ;
“ *Ab!* ” cries Colin, “ sure I'm dying ”—
“ *Baa!* ” cries ilka bruicket ewe !

“ What is this ! ” cries Colin glowrin'
Glaiket-like a' round about—

“ Jenny, this is past endurin'—
“ Death maun ease poor Colin Clout !

★ Careless, see, my sheep they wander,
“ How they fare, I canna tell ;
“ And while like a ghaist I dander,
“ Scarcely do I ken mysell.

“ Anes I was baith stout and strappin',
“ Brisk an' blyth as lad cou'd be ;
“ O' the green, or o'er a chappin,
“ Nane cou'd laugh an' sing like me.

“ In a reel at penny weddin's,
“ Wha like me cou'd fling about ?—”

“ Syne for daffin’ wi’ the maidens,
“ Wha cou’d brag wi’ Colin Clout ?

“ Now my dancing days are over,
“ Nought am I but skin an’ bane ;
“ Late an’ ear, a luckless lover,
“ I can only sigh an’ grane !

“ A’ the night I toss an’ tum’le ;
“ Never can I close an ee ;
“ A’ the day I grane an’ grum’le—
“ Jenny, this is a’ for thee.

“ Ye’ll ha’e nane but farmer Patie,
“ ’Cause the fallow’s rich, I trow ;
“ Aiblins, tho’ he shou’d na cheat ye,
“ Jenny ye’ll ha’e cause to rue.

“ Tho’ the coof wad fain be dashin’,
“ Wi’ his bannet set a-jee,
“ Cocket up in Highland fashin—
“ Was he e’er sae tight as me ?

“ Auld, an’ glee’d, an’ crocket backet —
“ Siller, bought at sic a price,
“ Jenny, gin ye loot to tak it,
“ Fouk will say ye’re nae o’er nice !

“ Jenny, Jenny, scornfu’ hizzy !
“ Will ye be poor Colin’s death ?

“ See, I’m doitet, daft, an’ dizzy,
 “ Lack-a-day ! I scarce ha’e breath ! ”

Colin now, wi’ sorrow laidèn,
 Laid him down to get a nap,
 Whan a rosy-cheeked maiden
 Glinted o’er the hillock tap.

’Twas his Jenny, blyth an’ pretty,
 She unseen had heard his plaint,
 Constant Colin’s doolfu’ ditty
 Gart the fickle lass relent.

“ Cheer thee, ” cries the lassie, “ cheer thee—
 “ Farmer Pate was ne’er like thee—
 “ A’ his pelf, lad, needs na fear thee—
 “ Colin Clout’s the lad for me ! ”

Colin started up wi’ wonder,
 Jenny’s een dispell’d his doubt—
 Soon he threw his arms around her—
 Happy, happy Colin Clout !

Mony a smack the laddie laid on
 Blushing Jenny’s bonny mou’.—
 Colin prov’d—sae did the maiden—
 Constant ever, ever true !

W. B.

Bundee 1788.

by Hector McNeill

VERSES

TO

A BAGPIPE.

HAIL ! Bagpipe, hail ! misca'd by some,
Wha on guittars an' fiddles thrum,
Wha duetts an' cantatas hum,
In foreign twang ;
Come ! screed me up a dainty bum,
A Highland sang.

The breathing flute, the trembling lyre,
Ha'e aften kindl'd saft desire—
Ha'e set the Bardie's saul on fire
Wi' heavenly notes ;
Come ! Bagpipe, come ! a sang inspire,
O' gude braid Scots.

'Mang snawy hills by mists o'erhung,
Whare Galdus faught, whare Ossian sung,
The pipe has loud an' aften rung :
The Clans afar
Lap at the sound ; baith auld an' young
They rush'd to war.

The pipers loud an' louder blew,
The battle fierce an' fiercer grew,
The Romans ran, Norwegians flew,
The Danes they fell,
An' few o' them gat hame, I trew,
The news to tell.

In ither lands, by Ganges' banks,
Columbia's fields—Batavia's stanks,
The pipe has led the Scottish ranks

Victorious on ;

It weel deserves a nation's thanks,
Tho' ca'd a drone.

Aft ha'e I seen the Highlan' crew,
Wi' plaid an' kilt o' tartan hue,
Dunciden's streets parradin' thro'

To cheerfu' drummin',
While " O the bonny white an' blue,"
The bagpipes bumin'.

The squeakin' fife, the trumpet's blaw,
Ne'er charm'd a Highlan' lad at a' ;
Let " Owre the hills an' far awa' "

On bagpipes rairin',
An' than he'll lay down ony twa,
As dead as herrin'.

Returnin' frae the battle keen,
Lads wi' their lasses wad convene,
An' lilt it owre the gowany green,

To pipes sae clear ;
Their fathers frae their cluds wad lean,
To see an' hear.

Ob-on-o-ri! the chanter fails,
Whase music bum'd upo' the gales,

That rous'd the hills an' cheer'd the vales
 In days o' yore,
 The pipe in unco lands bewails
 Its ain dear shore.

Wae's me ! but dowie is the tune,
 " Fareweel Lochaber, " left owre soon,
 The piper e'es the wanin' moon,
That wis to shine on Caithness
 That hang his kintra hills aboon,
 A shield in size !

Och, Morven ! a' thy music's dead,
The sheep are come, thy bairns are fled,
 The mist-row'd ghaist, baith grim an' dread,
 His visage shaws ;
 The thistle shakes his lonely head
 On ruin'd wa's.

A' ye wha sud your kintra keep,
 O dinna dinna fa' asleep ;
 Let Scotia's childer nae mair weep
 Their kintra's ill ;
There's room for men as weel's for sheep,
 On Highland hills.

Rouse up the pipe's inspiring strain,
 Till a' the Grampians ring again,

An' lear' the droopin' Highlan' men'
Industry's arts ;
Then Gallia's sons may try, in vain,
To win their hearts.

M.

Edinburgh, July 13. 1799.

FINIS.

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