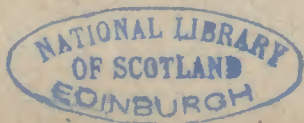


THE
Ancient History
OF
THREE BONNETS.
IN FOUR CANTOS.



EDINBURGH:
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THE PERSONS.

DUNIWHISTLE, { *Father to Joukum,*
 { *Bristle, and Bawfy.*

JOUKUM, *in love with Rosie.*

BRISTLE, *a Man of Resolution.*

BAWSY, *a weaker Brother.*

BARD, *a Narrator.*

BEEF, *Porter to Rosie,*

GHAIST, *the Ghost of Duniwhistle,*

ROSIE, *an Heiress.*



T A L E

OF

THREE BONNETS.

C A N T O I.

B A R D.

WHEN men of mettlethought it nonsense,
 To heed that cleping thing ca'd conscience
 And by free-thinking had the knack,
 Of jeering ilka work it spake:
 And as a learned author speaks,
 Impley'd it like a pair of breaks,
 To hide their lewd and nasty flaires,
 Whilk eith slipt down for baith these uses.
 Then Duniwhistle, worn with years,
 And gawn the gate of his forbears,
 Commanded his three sons to come,
 And wait upon him in his room:
 Bide Bristle steek the door: and syne,
 He thus began——

Duniwhistle.——Dear bairns of mine,
 I quickly maun submit to fate,
 And leave you three a good estate,

4 A T A L E O F

Which has been honourably won,
 And handed down frae fire to son,
 But clag or claim for ages pass:
 Now that mayne prove the last,
 Here's thre perussion Bonnets for ye,
 Which our Great Cutchers wore before ye,
 And if ye'd hae na man betray ye,
 Let naething ever wile them frae ye;
 But keep the Bonnets on your heads,
 And hards frae signing foolish deed,
 And ye shall never want such things,
 Shall gar ye be made of by kings:
 But, if ye ever with them part
 Fou fair ye'll for your folly smart:
 Bare-headed then ye'll look like nools,
 And dwindle down to silly tools
 Haud up your hands now fear and say,
 As ye sha l answer on a day —
 Ye'll faithfully observe my will,
 And a' iis premilles fulfil.

Bristle. My worthy father, I shall strive,
 To keep your name and fame alive,
 And never shaw a faul tha's dastard,
 To gar fouk take me for a bastard:
 If e'er by me ye're disobey'd,
 May witches rightly on me ride.

Fouk. Whae'er shall dare by force or guile,
 The Bonnet aff my head to wile,
 For sic a baud attempt shall sue,
 And ken I was begot by you.
 Else, may I like a gypfie wander,
 Or my dailly bread turn pander.

THREE BONNETS. 5

Brawsy. May I be jyb'd by great and sma',
 And kytch'd like ony tennis ba',
 Be the disgrace of a' my kin,
 If e'er I with my bonnet twin.

Bard No v soon as each had gi'n his aith,
 The auld man yielded up his breath,
 Was row'd in linen white as snaw,
 And to his fathers borne awa'.

But scarcely he in moss was rotten,
 Before his test'ment was forgotten,
 As ye shall hear frae future sonnet,
 How Jookum fin'ler'd wi' his Bonnet,
 And bought frae senseless Billy Bawfy,
 His to propine a giglet lassie,
 While worthy Brittle not sae doner'd,
 Preserves his Bonnet, and is honour'd,
 Thus Caractus did arrive,

Tho' by the fate of war a slave;
 His body only,—or his mind,
 No Roman power could break or bind.
 With Bonnet on he bauldly spake,
 His greatness gart his fetters crack.
 The victor did his friendship claim,
 And sent him with new glories hame.

But leave we Britis and simile,
 And to our tale with ardour flee.

Beyond the hills where lang the billies,
 Had bred up queys and kids and fillies,
 And toughten many a bloody battle,
 With thieves that came to hit their catle:
 There liv'd a lass kept rary-shaws,
 And fidiers ay about her house,

Wha at her table fed and ranted,
 With the stout ale she never wanted.
 She was a winsome wench and waly,
 And could put on her claiiths fu' brawly,
 Rumble to ilka market-town,
 And drink and fight like a dragoon:
 Just sic like her wha far aff wander'd,
 To get herself weel Alexander'd.
 Rosie had a word of meikle filler,
 Whilk brought a hantie o' wooers till her.
 Amang the rest young master Jouk,
 She conquer'd ae day wi' a look:
 Frae that time forth he ne'er could stay,
 At hame to mind his corn or hay,
 But grew a beau, and did adron
 Himself with fifty bows of corn,
 Forby what he took on, to rigg
 Him out with linen, shoon and wig,
 Snuff-boxes, sword-knots, canes and washes,
 And sweeties to bestow on lasses,
 Cou'd newest aiths genteely swear,
 And had a course of flaws perquire:
 He drank and danc'd, and sigh'd to move,
 Fair Rosie to accept his love
 After dumb signs he thus began,
 And spake his mind to'er like a man.

Joukum. O take me Rosie to your arms,
 And let me revel o'er your charms;
 If ye say na, I needna care,
 For apes or tethers made of hair,
 Pen knives or pools I miina need,
 That minute ye say na, I'm dead,

O let me lie within your breast :
 And at your dainty tazle feast :
 Well do I like your send to finger,
 And fit to her your st——'s Singer.
 While on thus fun side o' the brae,
 Belongs to you, my limbs I'll lay.

Rosie. I own, sweet Sir, ye woo me frankly,
 But a' your courtship firs-fae ransly,
 Of selfish interest, that I'm ffead,
 My person least employs your head.

Joukum. What a d'fection's this your mak-
 When your poor lover's heart is breaking; (ing
 With little logic I can thew,
 That every thing you have is you :
 Besides the beauties of your person,
 These beds of flowers you set your a--e on,
 Your claihs, your lands, and tying pelf,
 Are every ane your very self,
 And add fresh lusture to these graces,
 With which adorn'd your saul and face is.

Rosie. Ye seem to have a loving flame
 For me, and hate your native hame;
 That gars me ergh to trust you meikle,
 For fearyou shou'd prove false and fickle.

Joukum. I troth my rugged billy Bristle,
 About his gentrie makes sic fistle,
 Tna if a body contradict him,
 He's ready with a duck to flick him;
 That wearies me of hame I vow,
 And fain would live and die with you.

Bard. Observing Jouk a wee tate tipsy,
 Smirking reply'd the pauky gipsy.

Rosie. I wad be very wae to see,
 My lover tak the pet and die;
 Wherefore I am inclin'd to ease ye,
 And do what in me lies to please ye:
 But first ere we conclude the paction,
 You must perform some gallant action,
 To prove the truth of what you've said,
 Else, for you, shall die a maid

Joukum. My dearest jewel gie't a name,
 That I may win both you and fame:
 Shall I gie fight with forest bulls,
 Or cleave down troops with thicker skulls,
 Or shall I douk the deepest sea.
 And coral pou for beads to thee?
 Penty the Pope upon the nose,
 Or p--- upon a hundred beaus?

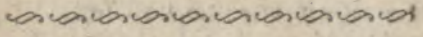
Rosie. In troth, dear lad, I wad be laith,
 To risk your life, or do you skaith,
 Only employ your canny skill,
 To gain and rive your father's will,
 With the consent of Briss and Bawfy,
 And I shall in my bosom hawse ye,
 Soon as the fatal Bonnets three,
 Are ta'en frae them and gien to me.

Joukum. Which to preserve I gied my aith
 But now the cause is life and death,
 I must, or with the Bonnet part,
 Or twin with yon and break my heart:
 Sae, tho' the aith we took waa awfu',
 To keep it now appears unlawfu',
 Then, love, I'll answer thy demands,
 And fly to fetch them to your hands.

T H R E E B O N N E T S. 9

Bard. The famous jilt of Palestine

Thus drew the hooks o'er Samson's een,
 And gart him tell where lay his strength,
 Of which she twin'd him at the length,
 Then gied him up in chains to rave,
 And labour like a ga'ey slave:
 But Rosie, mind, when growing hair,
 His loss of pith 'gan to repair,
 He made of thousands an example,
 By crushing them beneath their temple.



C A N T O II.

Bard. **T**He supper sowin-cogs and bannocks
 Stood cooling on the sole o' winnocks

And, cracking at the wastlin gavels,
 The wiv's fat beeking of their navels,
 When Jouk his brither Bristle found,
 Fetching his ev'ning wauk around
 A score of ploughmen of his ain,
 Who blythly whistled on the plain.
 Jouk three times congee'd, Bristle anes,
 Then shook hand, and thus begins.

Bristle. Wow, brither Jouk, where hae ye
 I scarce can trow my looking een, (been?
 Ye're grown sae braw: now weird's defend me
 Gin that I had nae maist miskend ye,
 And where gat ye that braw blue stringing,
 That's at your houghs and shon'ders hinging?

Ye look as sprush as one that's wooing,
I ferly, lad, what ye've been doing.

Joukum. My very much respect brither,
Should we hide ought trae ane anither,
And not, when warm'd with the same blood
Consult ilk ane anither's good;
And be it kend ry'e, my desigo,
Will profit prove to me and mine.

Bristli. And brother, troth it much commend
Your virtue, thus to love your friends,
I makes me blyth, for aft I said,
Ye were a clever men'd lad.

Joukum. And sae, I hope will ever prove
If ye befriend me in my love:
For Rosie, bonny, rich and gay,
And sweet as flowers in June or May,
Her gear I'll get, her sweets I'll rife,
If ye'll but yield me up a wife,
Promise to do't, and ye'll be free,
With ony thing pertains to me.

Bristle. I lang to answer your demand,
And never shall for trifles stand.

Joukum. Then she desires as a propine,
These Bonnets, Bawfy's, yours and mine;
And well I wat that's nae great matter,
If I sae easily can get her,

Bristle. Ha, ha! ye Judas, are ye there?
Tae D -- then nor she neer get mair.
Is that the trifle that ye spoke of?
Wha thiek ye, fir, ye mak a mock of?
Ye silly mantworn scant of grace;
Swith let me never see your face.

Seek my auld Bonnet aff my head!
 Faith that's a bonny ane indeed!
 Require a thing I'll part with never;
 She's get as soon a lap o' my liver,
 Vile whore and jade, the woody hang her.

Bard. Thus said, he said, nae mair for anger,
 But curs'd and ban'd, and was nae far,
 Frae trading Jouk amang the glar.
 While Jouk with language glib as oolie,
 Right pawkily kept aff a toolie,
 Well masked with a wedder's skin,
 Although he was a tod within.
 He hum'd and ha'd, and with a cant,
 Held forth, as he had been a faint,
 And quoted texts to prove we'd better,
 Part with a sma' for a greater.

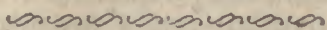
Joukum. Ah! brither, may the furies rack me
 If I mean'd ill, but ye mistak me;
 But gin your Bonnet's sic a jewel,
 Pray gie't or keep it, fir, as you will,
 Since your auld fashioun'd fancy rather,
 Inclines till't than a hat and feather;
 But I'll go try my brither Bawfy,
 Poor man, he's nae fae daft and faucy.
 With empty pride to crook his mou,
 And hinder his ain good like you;
 If he and I agree, ne'er doubt ye,
 We'll make the bargain up without ye;
 Syne your braw Bonnet and your noddle
 Will hardly baith be worth a bodle.

Bard. At this bauld Bristle's colour chang'd,
 He swore on Rose to be reveng'd,

For he began now to be fled,
 She'd wile the honours frae his head,
 Syne with a stern and canker'd look,
 He thus reprov'd his brother Jauk.

Bristle. Thou vile disgrace of our forbears,
 Wha lang with valiant dint of weirs,
 Maintain'd their right 'gainst a' intrusions
 Of our auld faes the Rosycrucians,
 Dost thou design a last to catch
 Us in a girn with this base match,
 And for the hauding up thy pride,
 Upon thy brither's riggins ride:
 I'll see you hang'd, and her the gither,
 As high as Haman in a tether,
 Ere I with my ain Bonnet quat,
 For any barrow'd beaver hat,
 Whilk I, as Rosie takes the fikees,
 Maun wear or no just as she likes:
 Then let me hear nae mair about her,
 For if ye dare agin to mutter,
 Sic vile proposals in my hearing,
 Ye need nae trust to my forbearing;
 For soon my beard will tak a low.
 And I shall crack your crazy pow.

Bard. This said, brave Bristle said nae mair,
 But cock'd his Bonnet with an air,
 Wheel'd round with gloomy brows & muddy,
 And left his brither in a studdy.



CANTO III.

Bard. **N**OW Sol wi' his lang whip gae cracks
 Upon his neighering coofers backs,
 To gar them tak th' Olympian Brae,
 Wi' a cart lade of bleezing day;
 The country hind ceases to snore,
 Bangs fred his bed, unlocks the door,
 His bladder rooms, and gies a rilt,
 Then tentily surveys the list,
 And, weaty of his wife and flaes,
 To their imbrace prefers his elaes.
 Scarce had the lark forsook her nest,
 Whan J uk, wha had got little rest,
 For thinking on his plot and lassie,
 Got up to gang and deal wi' Bawfie:
 Away fast o'er the bent he gade,
 And fand him doz ng on his bed,
 His blankets creishy, foul his fark,
 His curtains trimd with spider's wark;
 Foot draps hang frae his roof and kipples,
 His floor was o' tobacco spitules:
 Set on the antlets of a deer,
 Lang mony an auld claymore and spear,
 With coat of iron and target trusty,
 Rich thick of dirt and unco rusty:
 Enough appear'd to show his B lly,
 That he was lazy, poor and silly,
 And wadna mak so great buidle,
 About his Bonnet as did Bistle.

Jouk three times rugged at his shoulder,
 At langrun, Bawfy rak'd his een,
 And cries, What's that? What do you me?
 Then looking up he sees his brither.

Bawfy. Good-morrow Jouk, what bring
 Your'e early up, --- as I'm a sinner (you hit)
 I-see'nly rise before my dinner:
 Well, what's ye'r news, and how gaes a'
 Ye've been an ucno time awa'.

Joukum. Bawfy, I m blyth to see you w
 For me, thank God, I keep me heal:
 Get up, get up, ye lazy mart,
 I have a secret to impart,
 Of which, when I give you an inkling,
 It will set bait your lugs a tinkling.

Bard Straight Bawfy rises, quickly drea
 White halte his youky mind unpresles:
 Now rigg'd, and morning drink brought
 Thus did fle-gabbet Jouk begin.

Joukum My worthy brither, well I wa
 O'er fe klets is your wee estate,
 For sic a meakie faul as yours,
 That to things greater higher towers;
 But ye ly loitering here at hame,
 Neglestu' baith of wealth and aame,
 Tho', as I said, ye have a mind,
 That is for higher things design'd.

Bawfy. That very true, thanks to the sk
 But now to get them there it lies.

Joukum. I'll tell ye Baws, --- I've laid a p
 That only want your casting vote,

And if ye'll gie't your bread is baken ;
 But first accept of this love-taken ;
 Here tak this gowd and never want,
 Enough to gar you drink and rant ;
 And this is but an arle penny,
 To what I afterward design ve ;
 And in return I'm sure that I
 Shall naithing seek that ye'll deny.

Bawfy. And thro' know Jouk, and neither will I
 Or alter never ca' me Billy ;
 If I refuse, wae light upon me,
 This gowd, O vow! 'tis wonder bonny.

Joukum. Ay, that it is——'tis e'n the a'
 That gars the plough of living draw,
 'Tis Gowd gars togers feight the fiercer,
 Without it preaching wad be scarcer ;
 'Tis gowd that makes the great men witty,
 And puggy lassies fair and pretty ;
 Without it ladies rice wad dwindle,
 Down to a wife that snoves a spindle.

But to the point, and wae Digression,
 I make a free and plain confession,
 That I'm in love, and as I said,
 Demand from you a little aid,
 To gan a bride that eithly can,
 Make me fou, blest and you a man :
 Give me your Bonnet to present
 My mistress with, and your consent,
 To rive the Dast and fashion'd deed,
 That bids ye wear it on you head.

Bawfy. O gosk! O gosk! then Jouk have at her,
 If that be a' 'tis nae great matter.

Joukum. These granted, she demands naemai
 To let us in her riches shair ;
 Nor shall our herds as heretofore,
 Rin aff with ane anither's store,
 Nor ding out ane anither's barns,
 When they forgather 'mang the kairns ;
 But freely may drive up and down,
 And sell in ilka market down,
 Belongs to her,---which soon you'll see,
 If ye'll be wise, belong to me :
 And when that happy day shall come,
 My honest Bawfy, there's my thumb,
 That while I breathe I'll ne'er beguile ye,
 Ye'll see baith get gow'd, and be a Bailey.

Bawfy. Faith Jouk, I see but little skaith
 In breakin' of a senseless aith,
 That is impos'd by doited dads,
 (To please their whims) on thoughtless lads
 My Bonnet! welcome to my Bonnet!
 And meik'e good may ye mak on it,
 Our father's Will I'll make nae din,
 Tho' Rosie should apply't behind ;
 But say, does Billy Brittle ken,
 This your design to mak us men?

Joukum. Ay, that he does, but the stiff ass
 Bears a heart-hatred to the lass,
 And rattles out a banle stories,
 O' blood and dirt and ancient glories,
 Meaning fou' feuds that us'd to be,
 Between ours and her family ;
 Bans like a blockhead that he'll ne'er,
 Twin with his Bonnet for a her Gear ;

But you and I conjoin'd can ding him;
 And, by a vote, to reason bring him;
 We stand close, 'tis unco eith,
 To rive the test ment spite o's teeth,
 And gar him ply, for a' his clavers,
 To lift his Bonnet to our Beavers.

Bawfy Toen let the doot delight in drudging
 What cause have we to ren his grudging;
 Tho' Rosy's fed on the fell.

I you and I be well ourfells

Bard Thus Jock and Bawfy were agreed,
 And Briss man yield, it was decreed.

Thus far I've sung in Highland strains,
 Of Jouk's aramour and pawky pains,
 To gain his end with ilka brither,
 Sae opposite to ane anither;
 Of Bristle's hardy resolution,
 And hatred to the Rosycrucians;
 Of Bawfy, out in slavery neck-fast.
 Seling his Bonnet for a breakfast,
 What follows on't, of gain or skaith,
 I'll tell when we hae ta'en our breath.

CANTO IV.

Bard. **N**OW soon as e'er the Will wa' torn,
 Jouk wint wa' Bonnets, on the morn,
 Frae Fairyland fast bang'd away,
 The prize at Rosy's feet to lay;
 Wha sleely when he did appear,
 About his success 'gan to spear.

Joukum. Here bonny lass, your humble slave
 Presents you with the things you crave,

The riven Will and Bonnets twa,
Which makes the third worth nought ava
Our power gien up, now I demand,
Your promis'd love, and eke your hand.

Bard. Rosie smil'd to see the lad outwitted
And Bonnets to the flames committed,
Immediately an awfu' sound,
As ane wad thought, ris frae the ground
And syne appear'd a stalwart Ghaiſt,
Whase stern and angry looks amaiſt
Unhool'd their fauls. — shaking they saw,
Him frae the fire the Bonnets draw;
Then came to Jouk, and with twa drugs,
Encreas'd the length of baith his lugs,
And said —

Ghaisl. — Be a' thy days an ass,
And kackney to this cunning lass:
But for these Bonnets I'll preserve them,
For bairns unborn that will deserve them.

Bard. With that he vanish'd frae their een
And left poor Jouk wi' breeks not clean.
He shakes, while Rosie rants and capers,
And ca's the vision nought but vapours:
Rubs o'er his cheeks and gab wi' ream,
Till he believes't to be a dream:
Syne to the closet leads the way,
To soup him up with usquebae.

Rosie. Now, bonny lad, ye may be free,
To handle ought pertains to me;
And ere the sun, though he be dry,
Has driven down the westlin sky,
To driak his wameto' of the sea,

here's be but ane of you and me.
 a marriage ye shall hae my hand;
 but I maun hae the sole command,
 a fairyland to saw and plant,
 and to send there for ought I want.

Bard. Ay, ay, cries Jouk, all in a fire,
 and stiff'ning into strong desire

Joukum. Come haste thee, let us sign and seal
 and let my billies gae to the diel.

Bard. Here it wad make o'er lang a tale,
 to tell how meikle cakes and ale,
 and beef and broe, and gryce and geese,
 and pies a' running o'er wi' creesh,
 was serv'd upon the wedding-table,
 to mak the lads and lasses able,
 to do, ye ken, what we think shame,
 thro' ilka ane does't) to gie't a name.

But true it is, they soon were buckl'd,
 and soon she made poor Jouk a cuckold,
 and play'd her bawdy sports before him
 with cheils that car'd not tippence for him,
 besides a Rosycrucian trick,

she had a dealing with Auld Nick;
 and, whenever Jouk began to grumble,
 Auld Nick in the next room wad rumble.
 She drank, and fought, and spent her gear,
 with dice, and telling o' the mare.

Thus living like a Pelzi's get,
 she ran herself sae deep in debt,
 borrowing money at a' hands,
 at yearly income of her lands,
 since paid the int'rest of her bands.

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Jouk, ay ca'd wife behind the hand,
 The d'ffing of his doin's fund;
 O'er lae he row began to see,
 The ruin of his family:

But past relief laird in a midden.
 He's now oblig'd to do her bidden.
 Away with strict command he's sent,
 To Fairyland to lift the tent.

And with him many a Caterpillar,
 To rug frae Briss and Bywfy filler;
 For her braid table maun be serv'd,
 Tho' Fairy-fowk shou'd a' be starv'd.

Jouk, thus surrounded with his guards,
 Now plunders hay stacks, barns, and yards
 They drive the nout frae Bristle's fauld,
 While he can nought but ban and scald.

Bristle Vile slave to a huffey ill begott
 By many dods, with claps hat routen,
 We ri na for honour of my mither,
 I shou'd na think ye were my brither.

Jouk Dear brither, why this rude reflecti
 Learn to be greatfu' for protection;
 The Petereueans, bloody beasts,
 That gar touk lik the dowps of priests,
 Else on a b'ander, like a haddock,
 Be broolied, sprowing like a paddock,
 These monst'ers lang or now had come,
 With faggots, raz, and tuck o' dium,
 And twin'd you of your wealth and lives
 Syne, without speerin,----- your wives,
 Had not the Ros, crucian flood,
 The bulwark of your rights and blood;

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not yet forsooth ye girn and grimole,
 and with a gab unthanfu' mumble
 at many a black unworthy curse,
 when Rosie bids ye draw your puise;
 her shes sae gen'ro' fl' content,
 in na' boon thirty per cent.

Briple Damn you and her tho' now I'm bla'e
 in hope tu' yer to see the day,
 I g'or ye ba' h' repent that e'er,
 I reav'd by force away my gear,
 without, or thanks, or making price,
 even speering my advice.

Youkum. Peace gouk, we naething do at a',
 it by the letter or the law:

when nae m'ir with you: din' torment us,
 so ling like ane non *compos mentis*,
 the Rosie affue may a writ,
 to tye ye up baith hand and fir,
 and duageon ye but meat or drink
 till ye be starv'd, and die in stink

Bard Thus Jack and Bittie when they met
 with the draw language ither treat.

It fary gaws in Bittie's veins;
 and tho' his Bonnet he retains,
 set on his chest he may not cock it,
 but in a coffer close maun lock it.
 He headed, thus he e'en knocks under,
 and lets them drive away the plunder,
 he have I seen, beside a tower
 the King of blues oblig'd to cur;
 and, on his royal paunches thole,
 I saw a dwarf to prod him with a pole!

While he wad shaw his fangs and rage,
With bootless brangling in his cage.

Now follows that we take a peep,
Of Bawfy looking like a sheep,
By Bristle hated and dispis'd,
By Jouk and Rosie as little pris'd.

Soon as the horse had heard his briter
Joukum and Rose were prick'd the gither
Away they scour o'er hight and how,
For sidging tain what'er he dow,
Counting what things he now did mister
That wad be gien him by his sister,
Like shallow bards wha think they see,
Because they live sax stories high,
To some poor lifelets lucubration,
Perfixes fleeching dedication,
And blythly dream they'li be restor'd.
To ale-house credit by my lord.
Thus Bawfy s mind in plenty row'd,
While he thought on his promis'd gowd,
And baileyship, which he with fines,
Wad mak like the West-India mines,
Arrives, with future greatness dizzy,
Ca's. Where's Men Jouk ?

Beef. --- Mest Jouk is bisy.

Bawfy. My Lady Rosie, is she at leisure.

Beef. No, Sir, my Lady's at her pleasure.

Bawfy. I wait for her, or him, go shew.

Beef. And pray ye, Master, wha are you.

Bawfy. Upo' my faul this porter's sawsy
Sirrah, go tell my name is Bawfy,

THREE BONNETS. 23

Their brither who made up the marriage
Beef and so I thought it by your carriage.
 Between your houghs gae clap your gelding,
 with hame and teast upon a spelding,
 or there's nae rom beneath this roof,
 to entertain a simple coof,
 the like of you, that nain can trust,
 Wha to your aih h've been unjust.
Bard. This said, he dadded to the yate,
 and left poor Bawfy in a fret,
 Wha loud growl'd, and made a din,
 that was o'erheard by a' with n.
 Both Rose to Juk, Come le's away,
 and see what's yon makes a' this fray,
 way they went, and saw the creature,
 air runklung ilka filly feature,
 of his dull phiz with gins and glooms,
 stamping and buing at his thumbs.
 they tented him a little while,
 then came full on him with a smile,
 which soon gart him forget the torture,
 was rais'd within him by the porter.
 He will a sucking weanie yell,
 it shake a rattle or a bell,
 nauds its tongue -- Let that alane,
 to its yamering fa's again:
 It up a fang, and straight its seen,
 to laugh with tears into its een.
 Thus eithly, anger'd, eithly pleas'd,
 Yeak Bawfy lang they tantalez'd,
 with promises right wide extended,
 he ne'er perform'd, nor ne'er intended:

But now and then when they did need him
 A supper and a pint they gied him,
 That done, they hie nae mair to say,
 And scarcely ken him the neist day.
 Poor fallow, now this mony a year,
 With some faint hope, and ough of fear,
 He had been wrestling with his fate,
 A drudge to Joukum and his mate;
 While Bristle saves his manly lock,
 Regardless baith of Rose and Jouk;
 Maintains right quietly 'yond the cairns,
 His honour, conscience, wife and bairns,
 Jouk and his ruinelgary wife,
 Dive on a drunken gaming life,
 'Cause sober they can get no rest,
 For Nick and Daniwhistle's ghaist,
 Wha in the gaires often tooly,
 And shore them with a bloody gully.

Thus have I sung in hamlet rhyme,
 A sang that scorcs the teeth of time,
 Yet modestly I hide my name,
 Admirin'g virtue mair than fame.
 But tent ye wha despise instruction,
 And give my wark a wrong construction,
 Frae hind my curtain, mind I tell ye,
 I'll shoot a satire thro' your belly;
 But wha with hayins jees his Bonnet,
 And says, thanks ty'e for your Sonnet,
 Ye shanna want the praises due,
 To generosity. Adieu.

F I N I S.