

3

THE  
HUE & CRY.

A  
DIALOGUE,

BETWEEN

Two Kintra Bell-men.

---

*Some Books are lies frae end to end,  
An' some great lies were never penn'd;  
E'en Ministers they hae been kend,  
In holy rapture,  
A rousin' whid, at times, to vend,  
An' nail't wi' Scripture.*

*But this that I am gain to tell,  
Which lately on a night besel.  
It's just as true's the De'il's in H—ll,  
Or Dublin-city:  
That e'er he nearer comes oursel'  
'S a muckle pity.*

BURNE

---

BY POET LAURIAT.

FALKIRK:

PRINTED BY T. JOHNSTON,

1823.

# The Hue & Cry.

---

---

Now Bellmen a', ye'll get your fairin',  
In h—ll they'll roast you like a herrin'!

---

---

BURNS.

**W**HEN Winter had maist gane awa',  
An' a' the fields near bare o' snaw;  
When Spring began to come again,  
An' birds flew whistlin', o'er the plain:  
Ae day, when a' the ploughs were lous'd,  
An' men an' horse to dinner hous'd,  
A wee bit south o' *Gilston-Yett*,  
Twa kintra-parish Bellmen met;  
Right fond they were to see each other,  
Ilk lo'ed the ither like a brother.  
The first they ca'd him *Bellman-Johnnie*,  
*Jamie* the ither, a faithfu' cronie:  
They sat them down to tak' a rest,  
An' crack 'bout things as they thought best:  
About their horrid acts of sin,  
Auld *Johnnie* then did thus begin.

## JOHNNIE.

Weel, Jamie man, how hae you been?  
It's nine lang months sin' I've you seen;  
An' how is trade now movin' wi' you?  
An' hew's your folk a' down beside you?

## JAMIE.

Troth *Johnnie* man, I'm gayan' weel,  
But trade is locking rather ill:

My folks, to tell you the plain truth,  
 Are a' right sair dung down o'mouth.  
 But tell me how you hae been fending?  
 And on your trade, how you're depending?

JOHNNIE.

About my weelfare I maun say,  
 That faith, it is but sae an' sae;  
 My trade at present is right brisk,  
 If I could just stan' out the risk;  
 But Jamie man, it is sae kittle,  
 That, L—d, a body darena meddle  
 To get a gude ane, hale an' soun,  
 To gar the muckle pat play b'rown:  
 I am sae watch'd, an' sae 'suspeckit,  
 That, faith, I ance was maist deteckit.

JAMIE.

Vow. Johnnie man, like weather various,  
 The times wi' me are as precarious;  
 I've seen the time. I tell you true,  
 That I've gaen out as brisk's a Ewe,  
 To my kail yard, at nine o'clock,  
 An' ta'en therefrom a gude kail stock;  
 But till't I darena gang at night,  
 For in't they keep a muckle light;  
 An' men wi' guns do walk at roun',  
 To keep the stocks below the greun'.  
 But this we'll let alane just now,  
 An' tell me what you've heard that s new.

JOHNNIE.

The news, dear Jamie, are sae bad,  
 That faith, I think they'll put me mad!  
 O' S—dy S—tr had I my will,  
 I'd send him (curse him) down to h—ll!

## JAMIE.

Wheest, Johnny! gudesake! dinna swear,  
 Or troth. I'm sure, you will me fear!  
 Gie me your news, baith straught an' plain,  
 An' I will hear them to Amen.

## JOHNNIE.

Weel, Jamie, hear—As far's I ken,  
 I'll tell you a', frae en' to en';  
 But gie's a snuff, to cheer my brain:  
 Better sma' comfort is, than nane.

## JAMIE.

There, Johnnie—tak' a pinch, my man;  
 An' lug them out as quick's you can.

## JOHNNIE.

Weel, I'se begin an' spin them out,  
 As fast's I can, without a doubt.—  
 'Twas yesterday, mid-afternoon,  
 Twa honest men cam' frae the Town,  
 For three gude Stocks in *Gilston midden*,  
 Whilk B——y there had safely hidden;  
 An' twa'r-three mae, I think ye'll ken,  
 That's a' right gud'ly Gentlemen;  
 But at the harrows, a curs'd chiel',  
 I wish he had been at the de'il,—  
 Did see them tak' ane by the leg,  
 An' whup it safe into their Gig;  
 Syne after it they took anither,  
 Till faith they had them a' thegither;  
 Then aff for Embro' they did ride,  
 As if Auld Nick had been their guide;  
 Then the curs'd laddie ran to S——TT,  
 An' tauld him a' about the plot;

An' S—TT got mounted on his mare,  
 An' after them rode without fear;  
 An' e'er that Lithgow they could mak',  
 S—TT was right close upo' their back;  
 (But L—D that S—TT, he is sae clever,  
 That faith I think he's fail me never:)  
 And he got past them in a hurry.  
 An' East the town rode like a fury,  
 An' blather d out a' he did ken,  
 'Bout the twa simple honest men.  
 Ane o' the twa bein' gay auld farrin,  
 Did sair suspec' the birkie's erran'.  
 He thought ae pair o' heels was better,  
 Than twa pair hands try'd in the matter;  
 Sae out he jumped at the Port,  
 An' try'd his heels: he there ran for't,  
 Nae collie dog did e'er rin faster,  
 Sae fast he fled frae fear'd disaster;  
 The other drove the Gig right on,  
 Till ance he cam' into the town:  
 Then in a moment man an' wife,  
 Turn'd out to tak' his precious life;  
 For scarcely kend he whar' he was,  
 Till a' were round him in a bizz;  
 The Souters wi' their lasts an' brogues,  
 An' Tanners wi' their muckle clogs,  
 Did thump an' wound his hide sae sair,  
 That faith they thought he'd ne'er done mair;  
 Yet they did leave some spunk within him,  
 An' in their black-hole did confine him.  
 The stocks secur'd —wi' muckle ire,  
 The Gig they broke an' burnt wi' fire.  
 About this I can say nae mair,  
 For that is a' that I did hear.

## JAMIE.

Hech, Sirs! sad news, L—d, I am done!  
 My kail an' brose will now boil thin;  
 My gude auld breeks, that I hae worn  
 These lang sax years; see how they re torn!  
 I ettled weel, some o' thir days,  
 To haen a suit o' gude new clais;  
 An' the first time I gaed to town,  
 I was to buy my Meg a Gown,  
 Wi' a new fashion'd gude black Straw,  
 To gar her ay look trig an' brow:  
 But Maggy she maun wear her Maunky,  
 Wi' her auld hood, coft by her aunty,  
 Her ragged coats and mutch to hide,  
 When I took her to be my bride.  
 The bunker Meg maun just turn out,  
 An' rang't a' thro' to get a clout,  
 My auld breeks an' my coat to mend,  
 Till Providence some better send;  
 But faith, I doubt, He'll ne'er do that,  
 For weel He kens I'm i' the fau't.  
 O curse ye, S—TT, you've ruin'd me!  
 An' that I'll swear until I die.

## JOHNNIE.

Jamie, ye're right—I will declare  
 He's ruin'd you an' me, an' mair;  
 He's sae curs'd clever, that ye ken,  
 That, L—d, he beats a' ither men.  
 But wait a wee—some gude quiet day,  
 By a' that's gude, I'll try a way  
 To lift ane safe, an' cheat them a',  
 An' get it snugly sent awa'.——  
 Ah! yonder comes my Rev'ren WILLIE,  
 E'en riding on his ain black Fillie;  
 Sae here nae langer I can stay,  
 Now, Jamie, fare-ye-weel the day!

This very night, when it is late,  
I'll see you, an' my plans relate.

Then each got up, an' tuke the road,  
Wi' hearts baith sorrowfu' an' sad;  
But sairer vext they wou'd hae been,  
Ayont the dyke had they me seen,  
Where I lay snug, just at their back,  
Till Rev'ren' WILLIE stopt their crack.  
But still bein' keen to hear his scheme,  
I up, and steer'd my course right hame;  
And waited till the clock struck nine,  
When I thought it was near the time,  
That they again would baith forgather,  
An' tell their minds to ane-anither:  
Then I set out, and took my place  
Right opposite to Jamie's house.  
But scarcely was I weel set down,  
Till Johnnie cam'—the faithless loun.  
Then to the door auld Jamie ran,  
An' cry'd, You're welcome, honest man!  
They baith went in—O'er ale an' gin,  
I trow they did their crack begin.  
But o' their plan I am na sure,  
I was sae far plac'd frae the door.  
They tarry'd lang ere they came out,  
But kendna, I was thereabout,  
Jinkin' aroun', to hear their cracks,  
About their horrid sinfu' acts;  
They were sae vogie, and sae nappie,  
That they were just a wee o'er crackie.  
It then struck me, they did intend  
Their course to some Kirk-yard to bend,  
Where they would work their awful wark,  
And get ane lifted in the dark,  
Safely to Embro' it to send,  
To serve their dreadful hellish end!  
But happy was I, when I knew  
What way they did intend to do.

THIS is my scheme, did Joinnie say,  
 And, Janie, tell't to nane, I pray :  
 Some day, ere lang, I'll hire a Gig,  
 And play them a most desp'rate rig ;  
 At Falkirk twa men in't will gang,  
 At Lauriestoun ane out will bang,  
 Then tak' his heels—rin East or West,  
 Whatever way that he thinks best.  
 What way they're treated. I will ken,  
 That I may carry on my plan.  
 Some after't, nae doubt, will rin quick,  
 Never suspecting it a trick ;  
 They then will seiz't, but naething find,  
 To please them, as they'd hae a mind.  
 Then, after that, I think, we may  
 Wi' safety get them sent away,  
 An' live fu' happy, while we're here :  
 Now, Jamie, fare ye-weel, my dear.

Now, every one be on your guard,  
 And watch in earnest your Kirk-yard ;  
 That there the dead may safely lye,  
 Until they're summon'd frae on high.

---

FINIS.

---