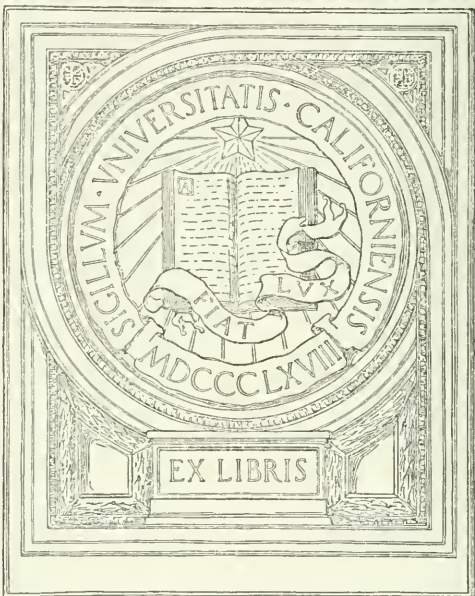




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BURNS'  
POETICAL WORKS.

EDINBURGH:  
PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE AND COMPANY,  
PAUL'S WORK.

THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
ROBERT BURNS.

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With Memoir, Critical Dissertation, and  
Explanatory Notes,

BY THE  
REV. GEORGE GILFILLAN.

VOL. II.

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THE

## GENIUS AND POETRY OF BURNS.

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WE have sometimes thought that, even were Burns' poetry to perish, with the exception of the fragments contained in the criticisms which have been written on his genius, these would serve to preserve his memory for ever, and to give an impression of his powers scarcely inferior to that suggested by his whole works; nay, that even were it possible that only the criticisms themselves should survive, they would at once immortalise his name and that of their authors. It is a true sign of wit when it begets wit in others; and that genius must be transcendent which rouses gifted men to surpass themselves in its praise, and makes ordinary writers, for a season, appear half-inspired. A collection of the eloquent panegyrics which have been passed on the Ploughman-Poet, in prose and in verse, by writers of every grade and of every country—in Scotland, England, Ireland, America, Germany, France, Italy, and the British Colonies—would form a monument nearly as large, and far more lasting and brilliant, than any of the mausoleums which have been erected to his memory in Dumfries, Edinburgh, or by the banks of his native Doon. Extraordinary, too, has been the unanimity of his critics. While differing widely in their estimates of his character and *morale*, they have, without a single exception, expressed a lofty idea of his powers of mind and of the excellence of his poetry. Here, as on the subject of Shakspeare,

and on scarcely any other, have Whigs and Tories, Infidels and Christians, bigoted Scotchmen and bigoted sons of John Bull, the high and the low, the rich and the poor, the prosaic and the enthusiastic lovers of poetry, the strait-laced and the morally lax, met and embraced each other. And hence, perhaps, the number and the excellence of the essays which have been written about his genius. Nothing so fatal to criticism as timidity and want of confidence. But all the critics of Burns have felt themselves sustained and cheered on by general sympathy; and that the opinions they expressed were only the echoes of a universal and warmly-cherished sentiment.

Besides the merit of the poems, several other causes have contributed to this unanimity. In the first place, there had arisen, shortly after Burns' death, a strong conviction that, with all his errors, he had been, on the whole, a neglected and ill-used man; and a sympathy with his unhappy fate led to a generous estimate of his poetry. Elliot says that the public

“Gave him more than gold;  
They read the brave man's book.”

Yes! but they read it with far more interest and admiration, because they knew that it was the production of a poor unfortunate, who had died little better than a pauper in a third-rate Scottish town. Then they remembered his age—thirty-seven—an age when most men have not reached their prime, and when everything might have been still expected from a poet, whose power had been growing with his growth, and strengthening with his strength. And then, he had done so little, in proportion to his powers. These small odes, epistles, stories, and songs, what were they compared to the man manifested in them? Nothing, in one sense; in another, they seemed dearer on account of their smallness, and were valued and cherished, as you could conceive would be the first fair blossoms of a garden, where spring had never come to summer.

There had been long, too, floating through the land an idea of Burns, as having in him a general gigantic power, apart altogether from his poetical faculty. Wherever he

had gone, he had, by his large bright eyes—which flamed like “two chariot-lamps in a dark night”—by his manly, fearless manners; by his authoritative, but not presumptuous air; by his rich and powerful conversation, as well as by his pregnant silence, excited in all he met a certain indescribable impression, that here was—strangely disguised, indeed, ill accoutred, and partially weakened—one of the kings of men; not the less a prince, that he seemed a prince uncrowned and in part degraded. This impression was as universal as it was indescribable. It was felt at the penny-wedding, where, some rude fellows becoming noisy, the Poet threatened to “hang them up in sang like potato-bogles,” and they instantly shrunk into silence. It was felt in the mason-clubs, and the coteries of the kirk-yard in the west, as well as by the most select companies in Edinburgh. To women, it took the form of fascination—a fascination which drew to him a Highland Mary and a Duchess of Gordon, a Jean Armour, an Eliza Burnet, and a Maria Riddell—drew them so strongly, that we could conceive some of them crying, like Adah in “Cain,” as she felt the perilous attraction of the mighty Archangel drawing her nearer and nearer still—

“Save me, save me from him!”

With this commanding and royal nature, even his foibles, caprices, and errors seemed somehow to consort. They resembled the errors and foibles of a powerful and popular monarch. There was, withal, a self-assertion about him, which added to, instead of detracting from, the effect. He was “great, and *knew* how great he was.” He wore his hair and clothes in a peculiar fashion. He inscribed on the collar of his dog the words, “Robert Burns, Poet.” He said that, when he died, he desired to be buried at full-length, and to have every inch of ground to which he was entitled. He became thus—as well as through that wondrous *readiness* of speech, wit, and verse which he possessed, and which has seldom been combined with such original genius and masculine talent—a *fourth estate* within a wide sphere, and

suggested the possibility of the very highest achievements. And, although his short life prevented the fulfilment of this promise, and although many who knew him might be tempted to cry, as they took up his works, "Is this ALL Burns has left the world?" they would soon add, "Yet it is the all of BURNS, and must be welcomed with thankfulness, and embalmed in joyful tears."

"Kings' chaff" is proverbially "better than other people's corn." And kings' chaff we may call the poetry and letters of Burns when compared with himself, as tradition has handed down his memory; but compared to the works of most writers, how precious! What invaluable grains are sprinkled with no sparing hand through it! Not the least remarkable of its characteristics is its combination of *ease with point*. Few writers of poetry have attained to this in perfection. Their ease has too often been insipid, and their point has been forced. Burns is never so easy as when he is throwing out the most brilliant, burnished, and compact ideas, as the whole of "Tam o' Shanter," some passages in his "Epistles" to Smith, Lapraik, &c., and his "Vision," sufficiently prove. He goes at the gallop, and strikes out sparks of fire at every step. Rapidity of flow and richness of fancy are thoroughly combined. There is, in some authors, a prodigious rush of mere verbiage, but few ideas or images sparkle on the stream. It is a cataract of furious mud—noisy and dull; but Burns' poetry is a Highland torrent, as clear and bright as it is rapid. He exhibits another combination—not very common—that of enthusiasm and sense. He is a union of the homely sage—like the first rude shaping of a Socrates—and the inspired Bard; and, in his large dark eye, you see the rays of piercing sagacity and of "a hare-brained sentimental trace" meeting, if not thoroughly reconciled. Sometimes, while the subject-matter of his song is reason, its method and language is rhapsody, and the combination of the two adds to the effect of both. But seldom, except in a few of his letters, written in a spirit of mock-heroic contempt for his correspondents, or else after "potations pottle deep," does he soar into the altitudes of extravagance, or sink

into the abysses of the bathos. All his sober and earnest efforts are as remarkable for their sound sense and just taste, as they are for the force of their language and the brilliance of their imagination or wit. A certain coarseness, indeed, often adheres even to his better productions, but this, generally, as Allan Cunningham says, with another application, was the "red earth of the plough clinging to his shoes, as he trode the drawing-room carpet," and has often a picturesque, if not always a pleasing, effect on his poetry. The intensity of his national spirit has often been noticed. To be a Scotch Bard was his highest ambition. He aspired at first, at least, to no wider audience than the natives of Scotland, and to no loftier eminence than to be the faithful portrayer of Scotch scenery and manners. He rose in an age when the peculiarities of his country were rather past their bloom, and demanded a poet's hand to bind them up ere they faded; and, so far from being ashamed of any, he gloried in them all. He held aloft the thistle, not as a pretty weed, but as a sceptre, and he set the "maiden-sheaf" of the kirk as a crown around his brow. He found his Parnassus in "Corsincon," and his Helicon in "Scotch Drink." He sang of all things Scottish—from her mountains to her field-mice—from her forests to her daisies—from her rivers to her "souple scones"—from her heroes to her haggises—from her nobles and poets to her "Jolly Beggars"—from her most solemn religious services to her wildest revelries—from her churches to her smithies. He did this partly from enthusiastic love for the theme, partly from a very natural desire to be popular among his neighbours, and partly from a prophetic foresight that his name was for ever to be associated with that of his country—that he was to be Scotland's Bard. His very narrowness of early circumstances, and want of thorough training, contributed to qualify him to be peculiarly and *par excellence* our Poet. These created a generous prejudice, and a noble one-sided passion, for his native land. Every boy thinks his native valley the most beautiful under heaven, and often hymns its praises in heartfelt song. Burns—a giant in intellect, but, to the last, a boy in feeling—has expressed his notion, that Scotland is the first and fairest



of all lands, in his immortal verse; and other nations have pardoned the error for the sake of the poetry in which it has been embalmed. He loved his country more warmly, as he sprang from the peasantry,—a peasantry in whose character attachment to their natal soil has ever been the principal element, and who have loved it the more for its niggardly soil, wild scenery, and stormy heaven; for it is as true of the Scotchman as of the Swiss—

“Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,  
 And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms;  
 And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,  
 Clings close and closer to his mother’s breast,  
 So the loud torrent and the whirlwind’s roar  
 But bind him to his native mountains more.”

We question if even in the breast of Scott himself—although he said that “if he did not see the heather once a-year, he would die”—there burned a stronger or purer attachment to “auld Caledonia” than in Burns, although he had not an acre in it which he could call his own, and no link connecting him with it closer than the handle of a plough at one time, and a gauger’s rod at another. That country must have powerful charms which can create enthusiasm even in the minds of its serfs and down-trodden children of toil.

One of the principal characteristics and originalities of Burns’ poetry lay in its fine egotism. Many of the most delightful passages are founded on his personal experiences. There are only a few poets who, at any time, have established a claim to be listened to when they talk about themselves; and Burns is one of the earliest and noblest of these “chartered” egotists. The remarkable circumstances of his life—his self-training, his stormy passions, as well as his wonderful genius, compelled him to speak, and men to hear him when he spoke, of himself. The tone he uses is at once self-conscious and self-deprecatory. It is distinguished by a proud humility. His “confiteor” is that of a penitent king. When he praises himself, he, at the same time, summons up all his powers to prove that he is worthy of his own panegyric. It is genius commending genius—“deep calling unto deep.” We see this



very markedly in his letter to Dr Moore—giving an account of his early days—and in his “Vision,” perhaps the most eloquent of all his poems. All self-taught men love to write about themselves; and, in general, they write so well on that topic, and tell so much that is new and interesting, that we eagerly read them. Holcroft, Hogg, Hugh Miller, Clare, Bloomfield, Gifford, as well as Burns, have all given delightful details of their early experiences, and their pursuit of knowledge under difficulties; and to no pages in their works do we more fondly and frequently recur than to these. But most of such authors have been contented to write in plain prose. Burns has found, in his private history, the materials of his best poetry. Hence much of the naturalness and the sincerity of his song. No laborious talk in his writings about

“The Alps and Apennine;  
The Pyrenean and the river Po;”

no forced ravings in reference to objects he knew and cared little about, such as the discoveries of the modern astronomy, or the glories of the tropical regions—

“No idly-feign’d poetic pains,  
Arcadian raptures, quaint and tame;”

his own hearth, the “lanely ingle-check,” is brighter in his eye than Arcturus or Orion; his “histie stibble field,” his “lang yellow broom,” his “milk-white thorn,” his lonely plantain, with the north wind wailing through the fir-branches, and tossing to and fro the withered cones, are dearer to him than the eternal bloom of Hindostan, or the spicy groves of Araby the Blest; he finds his heroines, not in classic story, or in Italian romance, but in the rustic maidens of his neighbourhood; and he immortalises as his heroes, not the paladins of chivalry, or the chieftains of the mountains, but the Tam o’ Shanter of his own district, the cottars of his native hamlet, and the Matthew Hendersons of his own convivial club. We see in this a genuine independence of soul, and the very spirit of that bold little stave—

“ I hae a penny to spend,  
 There, thanks to naebody ;  
 I hae naething to lend,  
*I’ll borrow frae naebody.*”

He seems to say, “ If I cannot extract poetry from my own heart, and from the scenes and characters around me, I shall disdain to go abroad in search of inspiration ; I shall at least first try to exhaust the fountains near me ere I search for those that are afar. I shall sing the Lugar, ere I sing either Tay or Thames, far less the Danube or the Ganges. I shall make Coila sacred ground, ere I seek to add to the consecration of more favoured spots. My poetry, like charity, shall begin at home.” In such sentiments, which he did virtually express, he spoke the language of pride as much as of patriotism. He knew as well as ever Wordsworth did, the effect which the contrast between the smallness of the objects described, and the greatness of the mind describing them, would be sure to produce—what precious “ pearls ” could be “ hung on a cowslip’s ear,” and how the very stoop over a lowly but beautiful object, sets off the stature of the giant ; and on this hint he spake in his best poems. He has shewn better than any other poet what strong effects can be produced by simplicity and nature ; at all events, to quote William Pitt’s fine morsel of criticism, “ since Shakspeare, there has been no poetry which seems to come *so sweetly from nature* as the poetry of Burns.” It resembles less composition than it does one of those gums or essences which are distilled by the secret power of nature in the silent woods. By what short and simple expressions he can start the deepest emotions of the heart, awaken all the slumbering passions of humanity, and touch the most electric chords of the imagination ! In description, what better and more powerful, yet-simpler, than the words, “ *red-wat shod !*” In passion, what more affectingly beautiful than the little line—

“ The summer to nature, my Willie to me ! ”

or the stanza in “ Mary Morison ”—

“ Though this was fair, and that was braw,  
 And yon the toast of a’ the toun,  
 I sigh’d and said amang them a’,  
 ‘ Ye are na Mary Morison ! ’ ”

In martial spirit, the essence of many epics may be found in the last words of “ Scots wha hae ”—“ Let us DO or DIE ; ” and in the lines—

“ The trumpets sound, the banners fly,  
 The glittering spears are rankèd ready ;  
 The shouts o’ war are heard afar,  
 The *battle closes thick and bloody.* ”

In keen-witted sententious thought, expressed in language homely as “ ploughman’s graith,” what can be superior to his letter to Smith, or his “ Epistle to a Young Friend ! ” In pathos, what heart-rending simplicity in the words of “ Queen Mary’s Lament ”—

“ Oh ! soon to me may summer suns,  
 Nae mair light up the morn,  
 Nae mair to me the autumn winds  
 Wave o’er the yellow corn ! ”

And in the highest style of imagination, what Shakspearean horror breathes from the witches’ table, especially in that simple ghastly line—

“ The gray hairs yet stack to the heft ! ”

And what almost Miltonic sublimity soars out on the words—

“ Then, kneeling down to Heaven’s Eternal King,  
 The saint, the father, and the husband prays ! ”

or in that unsurpassed stroke of inspiration—

“ And yet the light that led astray  
 Was light from Heaven ! ”

Between the simple rod, which, held in the swarthy hand of Moses, divided the Red Sea, brought water from the rock, and seemed to shine like a sceptre amidst the fires and the darkness of Sinai, and these marvellous phenomena, what a contrast ! And yet it was a contrast which, no doubt, height-

ened the effect far more than had he held a rod of gold studded with gems. And so the homely simplicity of the language in which a poet records the burning impressions and the lofty aspirations of his mind, gives them a singular charm, and seems a style predestined for bringing out their full effects. It is Nature's quiet seal added to and attesting the reality of the results of the poetic afflatus.

In humour and sarcasm, too, Burns has outstripped most of his competitors. That humour is ever the highest into which the element of imagination is strongly infused—which deals in daring strokes, and sometimes escapes the absurd and the blasphemous by a single hairsbreadth. Such is occasionally the humour of Shakspeare, and often that of Rabelais, Jean Paul Richter, Sterne, Christopher North, and Burns. This element it is which distinguishes the first class of humorists from such writers as Colman, Peter Pindar, and Sheridan, whose humour, although exceedingly clever and amusing, wants richness, subtlety, and boldness. Burns has nowhere been more successful than in his “Death and Dr Hornbook,” and in his “Address to the Deil,” in both of which pieces the hand of poetical fancy unlocks the fountain of mirth; where you are compelled at once to laugh and to shudder; and in the latter of which there steals in, amidst the grotesque combinations of humorous genius, a pathos equally strange—

“I'm wae to think upon your den,  
E'en for your sake.”

The same spirit breathes in his minor pieces, such as “Holy Willie's Prayer,” the “Holy Fair,” and the “Twa Dogs;” and although in some of these he oversteps the limits of propriety, he almost reconciles us to the error by the successful freedom and daring power of the poetry. The longest, and perhaps the ablest, of his humorous pieces is the “Jolly Beggars.” This cantata contains in it the materials of a hundred novels—has as many characters, incidents, traits, touches, as would have enriched a Galt or a Delta for life; and there is a certain queer harmony in it, too, which makes the thing the most perfect poetic whole Burns ever con-

structed. The grouping of the various figures, the way in which all the individual details support each other, and unite in aiding the general effect—the richness of fancy and microscopic minuteness of observation discovered, as well as the grossness and indecency of much in the picture, remind you of some of the masterpieces of Hogarth. The painter, however, produces a stronger moral effect than the poet. In the “Jolly Beggars,” you see vice in its merrier aspects, in its frolic, fun, and defiance of care; in Gin-lane, you follow it down to the chambers of death, and are aware of its hideous and horrible consequences. Burns displays far more than an *artistic* sympathy with the subject; he writes the poem with his whole heart; nor did Morland ever with more fellow-feeling paint his pigs and asses; nor did Landseer ever go with more gusto to his deer and his dogs, than Burns to his beggars, strumpets, wandering fiddlers, old soldiers, and hedge-poets. Had Crabbe entered “Poesie Nansie’s,” he would have described it afterwards like a parish beadle who had been sent in to disperse the meeting. Burns has mingled his very soul with the mad revelry, and would be willing to renew it every week. Indeed, the “Bard of Homer’s craft” is intended for himself, on the supposition that he had reached the sublime consummation to which he sometimes refers—

“The last o’t—the warst o’t,  
Is only but to beg.”

Some critics have spoken of “Tam o’ Shanter” as “coming out from a mould,” so rapid, easy, and thorough is the stream of its verse; but this is equally true of the “Jolly Beggars,” and is more extraordinary, as not only is it a longer strain, but it is a strain composed of different kinds of metre. If our readers will turn to the poem entitled “Scotch Drink,” they will, in the last stanza save three—a stanza we had rather not quote—find the poet’s own description of the way in which many of his happier poems flowed upon him, although the physical cause he there refers to will not account for the marvellous mastery he sometimes displayed over his thoughts and words. Being a man of many moods, and of imperfect



training, it was only at times that "all power was given" him over the resources of his rich mind; and never had he more triumphant command of it, in its strength and in its coarseness, too, than when he improvised this Scotch and far-superior "Beggars' Opera."

It has been justly said, that in his epistles and poems you see more of his general power of mind—in his songs, more of his passion; that the one class discovers more of his head, and the other more of his heart. This arises, partly from the different nature of the compositions, and partly from the different times of his life at which his poems and songs were respectively written. Song-writing does not require, nor permit such an exertion of intellect as satire, or didactic poetry, or even poetic narrative. Nature, feeling, melody, and above all, thorough sincerity and simplicity, are its chief requisites. The strong man will indeed be seen in his singing, as well as in his more elaborate speech, but he will sing best when ungirt and unbending. And thus—even when his songs passed into the higher form of the ode, as in his "Scots wha hae," and "A Man's a Man for a' That"—always sung Burns, who knew that the true spirit of a song-writer is not effort or study, but abandonment, and that whenever a strong tide of feeling was flowing beside him, he had only to cast himself fearlessly upon it to reach the shore of success. The swimmer, who would ride in triumph on the stream of song, must strip him of his intellectual harness, and of the gorgeous robes of his imagination, and wear only a simple garland on his brow; and many, who had no such robes to resign, and no such harness to unloose, have yet, by trusting entirely to naked Nature, gained their object. Tannahill and Lady Nairn have written songs nearly as good as Burns' best. Song-writing, too, must, more than any other species of poetry, appeal to universal feeling; and because thousands, who have no taste for strong sense, or pointed wit, or lofty imagination, can relish simple pathos, or broad humour, the authors of songs have very wisely accommodated themselves to the popular taste. Wordsworth, in his once famous letter to James Gray, about Burns, says that his earlier verses are



more valuable than his later; and others have gone the length of asserting, that his genius, as well as his *morale*, fell woefully off in Dumfries. We think the truth to be this, not that his intellect became weaker, but that his heart became morbidly larger; when he entered the "Queen of the South," he might have said, "Hail, thou Fever that shall thenceforth be my existence! I shall never be calm enough again for such broad pictures, sententious moralisings, and lively narratives, as I poured forth in earlier days; to short bursts of song or satire—relieving, the one my burning heart, and the other, my unutterable misery—shall my genius be now and for ever confined!" And so accordingly it was. His power of mind remained, but his impatience of temperament, and his melancholy plight, rendered its strong, continuous exercise impossible.

Song-writing, latterly Burns' only true solace, has become his most generally admitted claim to fame. What unquenchable life is possessed by these simple melodies! Like rivers, they are "wandering at their own sweet will" through many lands; and, like winds of balm, they are sweetening the very air of the world! Listen to yonder solitary Lowland lass, singing in the harvest-field! (it is long since Wordsworth heard her Highland compeer, and complained—"Will no one tell me what she sings?"); you can tell what *she* is singing—it is one of the songs of Burns, perhaps his "Lea-rig." Hear yonder ploughman "crooning" to himself, as he draws his straight, clear furrow!—the song is Burns' "Caledonia;" and as he sings, you see the sentiment in his kindling eye, "Burns was once a ploughman like myself." From the city loomshop, at the hour of dawn, you hear a loud, cheerful chant; you hearken, and find it to be, "My Heart's in the Highlands, my Heart is not here." From the giddy summit of a rising millstalk there descends a voice; it is a mason-lad singing Burns' "Farewell to St James' Lodge"—

"Adieu, a heart-warm, fond adieu,  
Dear brothers of the mystic tie."

You—a Scotchman—are pacing in a melancholy vein, think-

ing perhaps of home, the streets of a London suburb, in an autumn eve, when, hark! a strain of dulcet melody from a female voice, mingling with the thrilling notes of a harp or piano; it is an English lady, setting "Highland Mary" to the exquisite modulations of her Southland tongue. How often, of late, under the frowning battlements of Sebastopol, have little clubs of true-hearted and brave Scotchmen sung together, and felt the trumpet-like inspiration of "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," — words which we have heard an O'Connell, too, in the very pride of his triumph quote, and by quoting send an electric shock to the hearts of thirty thousand Scotchmen, assembled within sight of Burns' Monument on the Calton Hill! A Perthshire gentleman is walking through the twilight streets of Paris; what strange, sweet, yet old familiar sound is that which crosses suddenly his ear, and brings tears into his eyes? it is the voice of two Scottish orphan children singing the "Birks of Aberfeldy." And what festive company of the Scotch, met in the beginning of each year, whether in "Caledonia" herself, or in the backwoods of America, or under the Southern Cross of Australia, can part without "Auld Lang Syne?" nay, did not the noble Robert Moffat teach the tune of that matchless melody to the Hottentots themselves, and sing it with them for long hours under the soft bright moon of an African night? "That is true fame," said Coleridge, when he saw a copy of Thomson's "Seasons" lying on a window in a wayside inn; but surely the expression may be more appropriately applied to the far more widely circulated and warmly cherished songs of our great national Bard.

Would, we have often breathed the wish, that this Poet could look up from his grave and witness the estimation in which his genius is now held! In this case, he would not turn to the monuments that perpetuate more, perhaps, the pride of their founders than his memory, nor to the many splendid editions of his works, far less to the clubs and assemblies who meet on the day of his birth; but the sound of his immortal songs echoing from bank to brae, from town to farm, of his beloved land, would be a welcome music in his ear;

and he would rejoice the more to find, that while the unworthy offspring of his Muse have, in a great measure, ceased to circulate, his "Mary in Heaven," his "Man's a Man for a' That," and his "Poor and Honest Sodger," continue, as he would say, to "beet" the "weel-placed lowe of virtuous love," to stir the blood of manly enthusiasm and enterprise, and to increase that glow of patriotic emotion, which can, upon occasion, teach Britons to front the dangers, make light of the privations, and flourish amidst the very horrors of war.

Apart from the popularity of his songs, their artistic merit is great. The best of them are beautiful poems. And even in the worst and feeblest, there are rarely wanting little delicate traits, and stray images, or touches of tenderness, which redeem the surrounding barrenness; and you think of one of those Scotch moors, where the desolation is relieved by a single sparkling well, or by a clump of yellow gorse, or by the green margin of a stream finding its stealthy way through the wilderness. In all of them we find the genuine spirit of the lyric Muse, which is, and ought to be, ever in extremes: its joy, rapture—its grief, despair—its love, agony—its admiration, enthusiasm—its tenderness, passion—its words, oaths; and yet the language used by which is generally as simple as it is strong. Some individual songs, as we have said, such as the "Gloomy Winter" of Tannahill; "He's owre the Hills that I lo'e weel," and other of Lady Nairn's delightful ditties; the "Jock of Hazeldean," and "March, march, Ettrick and Teviotdale," of Scott; William Miller's "Wee Willie Winkie;" Robert Gilfillan's "Why did I leave my Hame?" Hogg's "Kye come Hame;" Skinner's "Ewie wi' the Crookit Horn," and many more by various authors, may be quite equal to any of Burns', but taking his songs as a whole, they are far finer, and are so, not merely because his mind was incomparably stronger than that of all these, save Scott, but because his temperament was more lyrical, and his blood seven times hotter than theirs. Our author was emphatically a *burning man*; it was said of him, that there was some danger if you touched his hand of having yours set on fire; and this peculiar warmth, which became the ruin of the man, was

the power of the song-writer and the poet. And although beautiful and melting are many of the Irish melodies by Moore, they are not to be named in natural grace, in bird-like music, in energy, humour, or pathos, with the songs of Burns, which are only to be equalled by the Border ballads, and the other early songs of Scotland. Not the least remarkable of their characteristics is their infinite variety of subject and of mood. The whole heart of Scottish life is reflected in them, as well as the poet's own entire history. Scottish love and courtship, domestic felicity and infelicity, jealousies and rivalships, humours, eccentricities, and sorrows, virtues and vices, loyalty to King George, and loyalty to King James, the scenery of both Highlands and Lowlands, all the seasons of the year, and all the divisions of the day, the joys which surround the cradle, the mirth which rings around the marriage, and the grief that weeps by the deathbed and the grave, beauty and deformity, the hopes, disappointments, raptures, and despairs of his own bosom, are all included in the Shakspearean songs of Burns, who has, in these more than in any of his writings, discovered the vast width of his sympathies. And although it is, we fear, too true that he has descended in some of his writings to the very depth of human depravity in search of subjects for his Muse, that, unfortunate and culpable though it was, arose rather perhaps from a wayward desire to prove the universality of his genius, than from any inherent love for pollution. At all events, the wit and humour he is said to have extracted from such themes *did* demonstrate his power, as much as its perversion. On this deplorable passage of his literary history, however, we hasten to drop the veil, and to say, *Premat alta Nox*.

His letters and little prose productions demand a brief consideration. They discover, as well as his poems, gigantic powers, but powers working with rude and imperfect materials. A brawny countryman at the plough looks, somehow, better than when wielding the "thresher's weary flingin'-tree." Burns, in his poems, uses the plough; in his prose-writings, a clumsy flail, and often makes more noise than progress. They show at once the inequality and the strength of his

genius. Both in poetry and in prose, with all his originality, he worked after models; but while in poetry he had good models, such as Ramsay, Fergusson, and the old ballads of Scotland, in letter-writing he had only the artificial letters of Pope, Mrs Rowe, and the rest which are to be found in the "Complete Letter-writer." It had been otherwise had he lived after the appearance of Cowper's letters, with their exquisite ease, and good sense in its utterance so gracefully negligent. Some of his epistles, too, were written *down* to the taste of his correspondents; others, as we have hinted above, were written in a spirit of irony and contempt for them; not a few were dashed off by the writer in a state of semi-intoxication, on the tops of deal tables, and chests of drawers, and without the slightest thought of publication; and the entire series to Clarinda was inspired by spurious and silly passion. In the worst of these letters, however, we discern, here and there, the hand of a master, and amidst flighty nonsense, forced eloquence, and unsuccessful attempts at wit, occur strong apothegmatic remarks, keen though cursory dissections of character, and occasional felicities of fancy. The best, on the other hand, for nerve, vivacity, sincerity, and eloquent enthusiasm, rank with the highest specimens of the art; and although the letters of Gray, Cowper, and Byron are, as wholes, superior, they contain no single letters equal to some in Burns. The general inferiority of these productions seems partly to have arisen from their author confounding the style of the epistle with that of the epigram. A good many of them, too, are love-letters; and when were love-letters, from the days of Doddridge downwards, however interesting to the parties, aught but impertinences, nay, nuisances, when thrust before the public?

In taking a comprehensive view of Burns' genius, it is necessary to recur to his conversation, which, by universal consent, was the truest reflection of his powers. Sterling, we think, it is who says, "No man was ever so born a poet but that he required to be regenerated into a poetic artist." It is still more certain, that no man was ever so born a converser, but that he required to be regenerated into a conver-



sational artist. Fluency is a gift, but conversation, in the true sense of that term, is more an acquirement. Johnson naturally was fluent enough, but his temperament would often have inclined him to be sullenly-silent, were it not that he had determined to talk, and always, if possible, to talk his best. Burke, too, seems resolutely to have set himself to practise conversation. And Burns, in his intercourse with his father and brother, in his disputes with the Calvinists of the west, and in his Tarbolton Debating Societies, was cultivating with the greatest care the powers of talk by which he was afterwards to astonish Edinburgh. He had studied, it is said, even emphasis and modulation of voice. His conversation was not, as many seem to imagine, that of a mere rough, rich mind, crumbling down in unconscious utterance of his unpolished thoughts and untutored feelings; he was at once a consummate master of talk as an art, and a man of impetuous impulse and teeming genius. Nor was he a machine of words, conversing at all times with the same rapidity. He was often and for long evenings silent, leaning his brow on his hand, and with his thoughts far, far away in memory, or remorse, or love, from the societies around him; but at other times, when the spirit of social glee came upon him, or when the fascination of female eyes excited him, or when he felt himself among his rivals in conversational power, or when the sight of some pompous charlatan or haughty lordling excited his displeasure, he became like a man inspired, and threw out, partly with his eyes and partly with his lips, beautiful, or quaint, or sententious, or wild, or humorous, or pathetic thoughts, in a torrent, uttered in words at once stronger and more select than would have occurred to him at his desk, or anywhere, if in a less excited state, pointed by a manly yet artistically-managed elocution, and diversified by anecdotes, compliments, repartees, and poetic quotations. Johnson's famous saying about a person meeting Burke under a shed to shun a shower, and pronouncing him, from his conversation, an extraordinary man, would perhaps scarcely apply to Burns; for, very probably, under the shed Burns would have remained silent, unless he found his chance companion congenial; but no one



could have spent a night with him, in his happier moods, without being astonished at the versatility, the naturalness, and the strength of his talent and genius. Latterly, his deepening dissipation, and the fierce exasperation of his mind, rendered his conversation less delightful, while probably increasing its power. Professor Walker has told us so after his own fashion, and we have met individuals who had known Burns in his later days, and who gave us the same impression. He who in the morning was inditing his sweet songs, and sending them off every post to G. Thomson, in the evenings was throwing out, too frequently, wild vituperations, curses loud and deep, or extempore verses more remarkable for point than purity, blended with fine pathetic touches, bursts of eloquence, and flashes of wit—in truth, a strange compost of filth and fire. All this arose less from inclination than from despair. It was that *corruptio optimi* which is ever *pessuma*. The noble vessel—shall we say?—was sinking, flame was bursting from every shot-hole, its guns were going off, and it became dangerous to approach it. Now, however, looking at it from a safe distance, we are free to acknowledge its natural nobility, while we deplore its early and most melancholy doom.

We cannot conclude this essay, in which hitherto we have spoken chiefly of Burns' poetical merits, without saying a few words about his defects. Most of these, indeed, sprung from his imperfect culture and unfortunate circumstances. We have alluded already to his frequent coarseness. This is most principally manifest in his satires and his epigrams, in many of which there is too much of that "tinkler jaw" which he less happily ascribes to Fox. His politics, Blair truly said, always "smell of the smithy." (We may inform our English readers that the smithy, or smith's shop, used always to be the emporium of news in old Scottish villages, and that there, ploughmen, assembling and discussing the politics of the day, used to speak familiarly of Fox as "Charlie," Pitt as "Willie," the King as "Geordie," &c.) His wit often smacks of the close-heads and weaver-shops; his amatory effusions are sometimes redolent of the penny-wedding; and in the

clink of many of his verses you hear the "clatter of the gill-stoup." This was partly inevitable, and has in some measure, too, contributed to his Scottish popularity; for all nations love to see the meanest details of their everyday life represented in the idealising light of poetry. But Burns' sympathy with such subjects was too strong, and his coarseness sometimes sinks into vulgarity. Critics are generally agreed in denying him much constructive power, although the "Jolly Beggars" seems to contravene their decision, being eminently dramatic, and possessing artistic unity. He had projected a drama on the subject of Robert Bruce; and "Scots wha hae" proves, as Lockhart says, what he might have made of it, so far as spirit and the power of sprinkling fine songs through it were concerned; but whether he would have been capable of the continuous effort necessary to bring out the hero's character as a whole, or to develop the manners of the period, or to blend harmoniously the humorous and the sublime, we seriously doubt. It probably would have been (as indeed most Scotch dramas have been, save "Douglas" and "The Gentle Shepherd") a brilliant failure. Burns was destined, and perhaps best qualified, not to write an epic or dramatic poem, but to be the most gifted lyrical writer of his country.

The great objection to his poetry is, after all, the same which we brought against his life—it has no pervading purpose, and no consecrating moral. It is neither entirely of the "earth, earthy," nor is it thoroughly ethereal. The author's mind acts simply as a mirror—reflecting, now the grossest, and now the most beautiful objects—now the dunghill before his own door, and now the evening star of his Mary in the orange west—now the petty Pandemonium of a "Poosie Nansie's," and now the little Heaven of a pious rustic's fireside. Such divers objects are all shown with the same clearness, the same ease, and nearly the same amount of pleasure. Nay, we sometimes fancy that this living mirror has more pleasure in catching the features of moral deformity, than in preserving the lineaments of moral beauty and worth, as it does certainly seem more at home when acting as the little looking-glass in the cottages of the poor, than as the brilliant pier-glass in the

drawing-rooms of the noble. No such clear and simple mind-mirror has the world seen since Shakspeare, although we must grant, that in point of the purity of the objects reflected, as well as in their number, not to speak of creative imagination, or subtle intellect, the Scotch is many degrees inferior to the English poet.

We close this estimate of Burns, by simply expressing again feelings of deepest sorrow and pitying love. We have neither, on the one hand, been his unprincipled apologist, nor have we sought, on the other, coldly to trample on his sepulchre. We have wished to blend pity and blame, in severe and equal proportions, as the true libation over his dust. And we have now, we trust, given ample reason to induce our readers to believe that our feelings to the man, which are those of sympathy and compassion, are exchanged for enthusiasm whenever we contemplate the productions of the poet.



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# BURNS' POEMS.

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TO MR CUNNINGHAM.

SCOTTISH SONG.

- 1 Now spring has clad the grove in green,  
And strew'd the lea wi' flowers ;  
The furrow'd, waving corn is seen  
Rejoice in fostering showers ;  
While ilka thing in nature join  
Their sorrows to forego,  
Oh, why thus all alone are mine  
The weary steps of woe !
  
- 2 The trout within yon wimpling burn  
Glides swift—a silver dart ;  
And safe beneath the shady thorn  
Defies the angler's art :  
My life was ance that careless stream,  
That wanton trout was I ;  
But love, wi' unrelenting beam,  
Has scorch'd my fountains dry.
  
- 3 The little floweret's peaceful lot,  
In yonder cliff that grows,  
Which, save the linnet's flight, I wot,  
Nae ruder visit knows,  
Was mine ; till love has o'er me past,  
And blighted a' my bloom,  
And now beneath the withering blast  
My youth and joy consume.

- 4 The waken'd laverock warbling springs,  
 And climbs the early sky,  
 Winnowing blithe her dewy wings  
 In morning's rosy eye :  
 As little reck'd I sorrow's power,  
 Until the flowery snare  
 O' witching love, in luckless hour,  
 Made me the thrall o' care.
- 5 Oh, had my fate been Greenland snows,  
 Or Afric's burning zone,  
 Wi' man and nature leagued my foes,  
 So Peggy ne'er I'd known !  
 The wretch whase doom is, ' Hope nae mair,'  
 What tongue his woes can tell !  
 Within whase bosom, save despair,  
 Nae kinder spirits dwell.
- 

### OH, BONNIE WAS YON ROSY BRIER.

- 1 OH, bonnie was yon rosy brier,  
 That blooms sae far frae haunt o' man ;  
 And bonnie she, and ah ! how dear !  
 It shaded frae the c'enin' sun.
- 2 Yon rosebuds in the morning dew,  
 How pure among the leaves sae green !  
 But purer was the lover's vow  
 They witness'd in their shade yestreen.
- 3 All in its rude and prickly bower,  
 That crimson rose, how sweet and fair !  
 But love is far a sweeter flower  
 Amid life's thorny path o' care.

- 4 The pathless wild and wimpling burn,  
 Wi' Chloris in my arms, be mine ;  
 And I the world, nor wish, nor scorn,  
 Its joys and griefs alike resign.
- 

## TO CHLORIS.

- 1 'Tis Friendship's pledge, my young, fair friend,  
 Nor thou the gift refuse,  
 Nor with unwilling ear attend  
 The moralising Muse.
- 2 Since thou, in all thy youth and charms,  
 Must bid the world adieu,  
 (A world 'gainst peace in constant arms)  
 To join the friendly few :
- 3 Since, thy gay morn of life o'ercast,  
 Chill came the tempest's lower ;  
 (And ne'er misfortune's eastern blast  
 Did nip a fairer flower :)
- 4 Since life's gay scenes must charm no more,  
 Still much is left behind ;  
 Still nobler wealth hast thou in store—  
 The comforts of the mind !
- 5 Thine is the self-approving glow,  
 On conscious honour's part ;  
 And, dearest gift of Heaven below,  
 Thine Friendship's truest heart.
- 6 The joys refined of sense and taste,  
 With every Muse to rove :  
 And doubly were the poet blest  
 These joys could he improve.



## FORLORN, MY LOVE, NO COMFORT NEAR.

TUNE—' *Let me in this ae Night.*'

- 1 FORLORN, my love, no comfort near,  
 Far, far from thee, I wander here ;  
 Far, far from thee, the fate severe  
 At which I most repine, love.

## CHORUS.

Oh, wert thou, love, but near me ;  
 But near, near, near me ;  
 How kindly thou wouldst cheer me,  
 And mingle sighs with mine, love.

- 2 Around me scowls a wintry sky,  
 That blasts each bud of hope and joy ;  
 And shelter, shade, nor home have I,  
 Save in those arms of thine, love.

- 3 Cold, alter'd friendship's cruel part,  
 To poison fortune's ruthless dart—  
 Let me not break thy faithful heart,  
 And say that fate is mine, love.

- 4 But dreary though the moments fleet,  
 Oh, let me think we yet shall meet !  
 That only ray of solace sweet  
 Can on thy Chloris shine, love.

## LAST MAY A BRAW WOOPER.

TUNE—' *The Lothian Lassie.*'

- 1 LAST May a braw wooer cam down the lang glen,  
 And sair wi' his love he did deave me ;

I said there was naething I hated like men—  
 The deuce gae wi'm, to believe me, believe me ;  
 The deuce gae wi'm, to believe me!

2 He spak o' the darts in my bonnie black e'en,  
 And vow'd for my love he was dying ;

I said he might die when he likèd, for Jean—  
 The Lord forgie me for lying, for lying ;  
 The Lord forgie me for lying!

3 A weel-stocked mailen—himsel' for the laird—  
 And marriage aff-hand, were his proffers :

I never loot on that I kenn'd it, or cared,  
 But thought I might hae waur offers, waur offers ;  
 But thought I might hae waur offers.

4 But what wad ye think ?—in a fortnight or less,  
 The Diel tak his taste to gae near her !

He up the lang loan to my black cousin Bess,  
 Guess ye how, the jaud ! I could bear her, could  
 bear her ;  
 Guess ye how, the jaud ! I could bear her.

5 But a' the neist weck as I fretted wi' care,  
 I gaed to the tryste o' Dalgarnock,<sup>1</sup>

And wha but my fine fickle lover was there !  
 I glower'd as I'd seen a warlock, a warlock ;  
 I glower'd as I'd seen a warlock.

6 But owre my left shouther I gae him a blink,  
 Lest neibours might say I was saucy ;

My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,  
 And vow'd I was his dear lassie, dear lassie ;  
 And vow'd I was his dear lassie.

<sup>1</sup> Dalgarnock : ' a romantic spot with a ruined church, on the banks of the Nith.

- 7 I spier'd for my cousin, fu' couthy and sweet,  
 Gin she had recover'd her hearin',  
 And how my auld shoon fitted her shachl't feet,  
 But, Heavens! how he fell a swearin', a swearin',  
 But, Heavens! how he fell a swearin'!
- 8 He beggèd, for Gudsake! I wad be his wife,  
 Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow :  
 So e'en to preserve the poor body in life,  
 I think I maun wed him to-morrow, to-morrow ;  
 I think I maun wed him to-morrow.

---

FRAGMENT.

TUNE—' *The Caledonian Hunt's Delight.*'

- 1 WHY, why tell thy lover,  
 Bliss he never must enjoy ?  
 Why, why undeceive him,  
 And give all his hopes the lie ?
- 2 Oh why, while fancy, raptured, slumbers,  
 Chloris, Chloris all the theme—  
 Why, why wouldst thou, cruel,  
 Wake thy lover from his dream ?

---

HEY FOR A LASS WI' A TOCHER.

TUNE—' *Balinamona ora.*'

- 1 AWA' wi' your witchcraft o' beauty's alarms,  
 The slender bit beauty you grasp in your arms!  
 Oh, gie me the lass that has acres o' charms,  
 Oh, gie me the lass wi' the weel-stockit farms.

## CHORUS.

Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher,  
 Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher ;  
 Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher—  
 The nice yellow guineas for me !

- 2 Your beauty 's a flower, in the morning that blows,  
 And withers the faster, the faster it grows ;  
 But the rapturous charm o' the bonnie green knowes,  
 Ilk spring they 're new deckèd wi' bonnie white yowes.
- 3 And e'en when this beauty your bosom has bless'd,  
 The brightest o' beauty may cloy, when possess'd ;  
 But the sweet yellow darlings wi' Geordie impress'd,  
 The langer ye hae them—the mair they 're caress'd.

---

 JESSY.

TUNE—' *Here's a health to them that's awa'.*'

## CHORUS.

HERE'S a health to ane I lo'e dear !  
 Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear !  
 Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,  
 And soft as their parting tear, Jessy !

- 1 Although thou maun never be mine,  
 Although even hope is denied ;  
 'Tis sweeter for thee despairing,  
 Than aught in the world beside, Jessy !
- 2 I mourn through the gay, gaudy day,  
 As, hopeless, I muse on thy charms ;  
 But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber,  
 For then I am lock'd in thy arms, Jessy !

- 3 I guess by the dear angel smile,  
 I guess by the love-rolling e'e ;  
 But why urge the tender confession,  
 'Gainst fortune's fell cruel decree, Jessy!
- 

FAIREST MAID ON DEVON BANKS.

TUNE—'Rothemurchie.'

CHORUS.

FAIREST maid on Devon banks,  
 Crystal Devon, winding Devon,  
 Wilt thou lay that frown aside,  
 And smile as thou were wont to do ?

- 1 Full well thou know'st I love thee dear,  
 Couldst thou to malice lend an ear ?  
 Oh, did not love exclaim, 'Forbear,  
 Nor use a faithful lover so !'

- 2 Then come, thou fairest of the fair,  
 Those wonted smiles, oh, let me share !  
 And by thy beauteous self I swear,  
 No love but thine my heart shall know !
- 

THE BIRKS<sup>1</sup> OF ABERFELDY.

CHORUS.

BONNIE lassie, will ye go,  
 Will ye go, will ye go ;  
 Bonnie lassie, will ye go,  
 To the birks of Aberfeldy ?

<sup>1</sup> ' Birks : ' referring to the well-known beautiful falls of Moness, near Aberfeldy.

- 1 Now simmer blinks on flowery braes,  
And o'er the crystal streamlet plays,  
Come, let us spend the lightsome days  
    In the birks of Aberfeldy.
- 2 While o'er their heads the hazels hing,  
The little birdies blithely sing,  
Or lightly flit on wanton wing  
    In the birks of Aberfeldy.
- 3 The braes ascend like lofty wa's,  
The foaming stream deep-roaring fa's,  
O'erhung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,  
    The birks of Aberfeldy.
- 4 The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,  
White o'er the linns the burnie pours,  
And rising, weets wi' misty showers  
    The birks of Aberfeldy.
- 5 Let Fortune's gifts at random flee,  
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,  
Supremely blest wi' love and thee,  
    In the birks of Aberfeldy.

---

STAY, MY CHARMER, CAN YOU LEAVE ME ?

TUNE—' *An Gille dubh ciar-dhubh.*'

- 1 STAY, my charmer, can you leave me ?  
Cruel, cruel to deceive me !  
Well you know how much you grieve me ;  
    Cruel charmer, can you go ?  
    Cruel charmer, can you go ?



- 2 By my love so ill requited,  
 By the faith you fondly plighted,  
 By the pangs of lovers slighted,  
     Do not, do not leave me so!  
     Do not, do not leave me so!
- 

### STRATHALLAN'S LAMENT.<sup>1</sup>

- 1 THICKEST night, o'erhang my dwelling!  
     Howling tempests, o'er me rave!  
 Turbid torrents, wintry swelling,  
     Still surround my lonely cave!
- 2 Crystal streamlets, gently flowing,  
     Busy haunts of base mankind,  
 Western breezes, softly blowing,  
     Suit not my distracted mind.
- 3 In the cause of right engaged,  
     Wrongs injurious to redress,  
 Honour's war we strongly waged,  
     But the Heavens denied success.
- 4 Ruin's wheel has driven o'er us,  
     Not a hope that dare attend;  
 The wide world is all before us—  
     But a world without a friend!

---

<sup>1</sup> 'Strathallan:' was one of the followers of the young Chevalier, and is supposed in the song to be lying concealed in some cave of the Highlands, after the battle of Culloden.

THE YOUNG HIGHLAND ROVER.<sup>1</sup>TUNE—‘*Morag.*’

- 1 Loud blaw the frosty breezes,  
 The snaws the mountain's cover ;  
 Like winter on me seizes,  
 Since my young Highland rover  
 Far wanders nations over.  
 Where'er he go, where'er he stray,  
 May Heaven be his warden :  
 Return him safe to fair Stathspey,  
 And bonnie Castle-Gordon !
- 2 The trees now naked groaning,  
 Shall soon wi' leaves be hinging,  
 The birdies dowie moaning,  
 Shall a' be blithely singing,  
 And every flower be springing.  
 Sae I'll rejoice the lee-lang day,  
 When by his mighty warden  
 My youth's return'd to fair Strathspey,  
 And bonnie Castle-Gordon !

RAVING WINDS AROUND HER BLOWING.<sup>2</sup>TUNE—‘*M'Gregor of Ruara's Lament.*’

- 1 RAVING winds around her blowing,  
 Yellow leaves the woodlands strewing,  
 By a river hoarsely roaring,  
 Isabella stray'd deploring—

<sup>1</sup> ‘The young Highland Rover:’ is supposed to be the young Chevalier, Prince Charles Edward.—<sup>2</sup> This was written in compliment to Miss Macleod, afterwards Mrs Ross, a very great friend of the poet. It alluded to the death of her sister and her sister's husband.

'Farewell, hours that late did measure  
Sunshine days of joy and pleasure ;  
Hail, thou gloomy night of sorrow,  
Cheerless night that knows no morrow !

- 2 'O'er the past too fondly wandering,  
On the hopeless future pondering ;  
Chilly grief my life-blood freezes,  
Fell despair my fancy seizes.  
Life, thou soul of every blessing,  
Load to misery most distressing,  
Oh, how gladly I'd resign thee,  
And to dark oblivion join thee !'
- 

#### MUSING ON THE ROARING OCEAN.

TUNE—' *Druimion Dubh.*'

- 1 MUSING on the roaring ocean,  
Which divides my love and me ;  
Wearying Heaven in warm devotion,  
For his weal where'er he be.
- 2 Hope and fear's alternate billow  
Yielding late to Nature's law,  
Whisp'ring spirits round my pillow  
Talk of him that's far awa'.
- 3 Ye whom sorrow never wounded,  
Ye who never shed a tear,  
Care-untroubled, joy-surrounded,  
Gaudy day to you is dear.
- 4 Gentle night, do thou befriend me ;  
Downy sleep, the curtain draw ;  
Spirits kind, again attend me,  
Talk of him that's far awa'!

## BLITHE WAS SHE.

TUNE—' *Andrew and his Cutty Gun.*'

## CHORUS.

BLITHE, blithe and merry was she,  
 Blithe was she but and ben :  
 Blithe by the banks of Earn,  
 And blithe in Glenturit glen.

- 1 By Ochertyre grows the aik,  
 On Yarrow banks, the birken shaw ;  
 But Phemie<sup>1</sup> was a bonnier lass  
 Than braes o' Yarrow ever saw.
- 2 Her looks were like a flower in May,  
 Here smile was like a simmer morn ;  
 She trippèd by the banks of Earn,  
 As light 's a bird upon a thorn.
- 3 Her bonnie face it was as meek  
 As ony lamb upon a lea ;  
 The evening sun was ne'er sae sweet  
 As was the blink o' Phemie's e'e.
- 4 The Highland hills I've wander'd wide,  
 And o'er the Lowlands I hae been ;  
 But Phemie was the blithest lass  
 That ever trod the dewy green.

<sup>1</sup> ' Phemie : ' Miss Murray of Lintrose, called the Flower of Strathmore, who met the poet at Ochertyre.

A ROSE-BUD BY MY EARLY WALK.<sup>1</sup>

TUNE—' *The Shepherd's Wife.*'

- 1 A ROSE-BUD by my early walk,  
Adown a corn-enclosèd bawk,  
Sae gently bent its thorny stalk,  
All on a dewy morning.
- 2 Ere twice the shades o' dawn are fled,  
In a' its crimson glory spread,  
And drooping rich the dewy head,  
It scents the early morning.
- 3 Within the bush, her covert nest  
A little linnet fondly press'd,  
The dew sat chilly on her breast  
Sae early in the morning.
- 4 She soon shall see her tender brood  
The pride, the pleasure o' the wood,  
Among the fresh green leaves bedew'd,  
Awake the early morning.
- 5 So thou, dear bird, young Jeanie fair!  
On trembling string or vocal air,  
Shall sweetly pay the tender care  
That tents thy early morning.
- 6 So thou, sweet rose-bud, young and gay,  
Shalt beauteous blaze upon the day,  
And bless the parent's evening ray  
That watch'd thy early morning.

<sup>1</sup> This song was written on Miss Cruickshanks, daughter of W. Cruickshanks, of the High School, a great friend of Burns. Our readers will remember, in the first volume, another poem on the same lady. She became wife to Mr Henderson, Jedburgh.

## BRAVING ANGRY WINTER'S STORMS.

TUNE—'Neil Gow's Lamentation for Abercairny.'

1 WHERE, braving angry winter's storms,  
 The lofty Ochils rise,  
 Far in their shade my Peggy's<sup>1</sup> charms  
 First blest my wond'ring eyes ;  
 As one who by some savage stream,  
 A lonely gem surveys,  
 Astonish'd doubly, marks its beam  
 With art's most polish'd blaze.

2 Blest be the wild, sequester'd shade,  
 And blest the day and hour,  
 Where Peggy's charms I first survey'd,  
 When first I felt their power !  
 The tyrant Death, with grim control,  
 May seize my fleeting breath :  
 But tearing Peggy from my soul  
 Must be a stronger death.

## TIBBIE, I HAE SEEN THE DAY.

TUNE—'Invercald's Reel.'

CHORUS.

O TIBBIE, I hae seen the day  
 Ye wad na been sae shy ;  
 For laik o' gear ye lightly me,  
 But, trowth, I care na by.

1 Yestreen I met you on the moor,  
 Ye spak na, but gaed by like stoure :

<sup>1</sup> 'Peggy:' Margaret Chalmers, afterwards Mrs Lewis Hay.



Ye geck at me because I'm poor,  
But fient a hair care I.

2 I doubt na, lass, but ye may think,  
Because ye hae the name o' clink,  
That ye can please me at a wink,  
Whene'er ye like to try.

3 But sorrow tak him that's sae mean,  
Although his pouch o' coin were clean,  
Wha follows ony saucy quean  
That looks sae proud and high.

4 Although a lad were e'er sae smart,  
If that he want the yellow dirt,  
Ye'll cast your head anither airt,  
And answer him fu' dry.

5 But if he hae the name o' gear,  
Ye'll fasten to him like a brier,  
Though hardly he, for sense or lear,  
Be better than the kye.

6 But, Tibbie, lass, tak my advice,  
Your daddie's gear maks you sae nice ;  
The deil a ane wad spier your price,  
Were ye as poor as I.

7 There lives a lass in yonder park,  
I would na gie her in her sark,  
For thee, wi' a' thy thousan' mark :  
Ye need na look sae high.

---

## FAREWELL TO CLARINDA,

ON LEAVING EDINBURGH.

- 1 CLARINDA, mistress of my soul,  
The measured time is run !  
The wretch beneath the dreary pole,  
So marks his latest sun.
- 2 To what dark cave of frozen night  
Shall poor Sylvander hie ?  
Deprived of thee, his life and light,  
The sun of all his joy !
- 3 We part—but, by these precious drops  
That fill thy lovely eyes !  
No other light shall guide my steps  
Till thy bright beams arise.
- 4 She, the fair sun of all her sex,  
Has blest my glorious day :  
And shall a glimmering planet fix  
My worship to its ray ?

## THE DAY RETURNS.

TUNE—' *Seventh of November.*'

- 1 THE day returns, my bosom burns,  
The blissful day we twa did meet ;  
Though winter wild in tempest toil'd,  
Ne'er summer-sun was half sae sweet.  
Than a' the pride that loads the tide,  
And crosses o'er the sultry line ;  
Than kingly robes, than crowns and globes,  
Heaven gave me more—it made thee mine !

2 While day and night can bring delight,  
 Or nature aught of pleasure give ;  
 While joys above, my mind can move,  
 For thee, and thee alone, I live !  
 When that grim foe of life below  
 Comes in between to make us part ;  
 The iron hand that breaks our band,  
 It breaks my bliss—it breaks my heart.

---

THE LAZY MIST.

THE lazy mist hangs from the brow of the hill,  
 Concealing the course of the dark-winding rill ;  
 How languid the scenes, late so sprightly, appear,  
 As Autumn to Winter resigns the pale year !  
 The forests are leafless, the meadows are brown,  
 And all the gay foppery of Summer is flown :  
 Apart let me wander, apart let me muse,  
 How quick Time is flying, how keen Fate pursues ;  
 How long I have lived—but how much lived in vain :  
 How little of life's scanty span may remain :  
 What aspects old Time, in his progress, has worn ;  
 What ties cruel fate in my bosom has torn !  
 How foolish, or worse, till our summit is gain'd !  
 And downward, how weaken'd, how darken'd, how pain'd !  
 This life 's not worth having with all it can give—  
 For something beyond it poor man, sure, must live.

---

OH, WERE I ON PARNASSUS' HILL !

TUNE—' *My Love is lost to Me.*'

1 OH, were I on Parnassus' hill !  
 Or had of Helicon my fill ;  
 That I might catch poetic skill,  
 To sing how dear I love thee.

But Nith maun be my Muse's well,  
 My Muse maun be thy bonnie sel' ;  
 On Corsincon <sup>1</sup> I'll glower and spell,  
 And write how dear I love thee.

2 Then come, sweet Muse, inspire my lay !  
 For a' the lee-lang simmer's day,  
 I couldna sing, I couldna say,  
     How much, how dear I love thee.  
 I see thee dancing o'er the green,  
 Thy waist sae jimp, thy limbs sae clean,  
 Thy tempting lips, thy roguish e'en—  
     By heaven and earth I love thee !

3 By night, by day, a-field, at hame,  
 The thoughts o' thee my breast inflame ;  
 And aye I muse and sing thy name—  
     I only live to love thee.  
 Though I were doom'd to wander on,  
 Beyond the sea, beyond the sun,  
 Till my last weary sand was run ;  
     Till then—and then I love thee.

---

 OF A' THE AIRTS.

TUNE—' *Miss Admiral Gordon's Strathspey.*'

1 Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,  
     I dearly like the west,  
 For there the bonnie lassie lives,  
     The lassie I lo'e best :

<sup>1</sup> 'Corsincon : ' a hill near Ellisland.

There wild-woods grow, and rivers row,  
 And mony a hill between ;  
 But day and night my fancy's flight  
 Is ever wi' my Jean.

- 2 I see her in the dewy flowers,  
 I see her sweet and fair :  
 I hear her in the tunefu' birds,  
 I hear her charm the air :  
 There 's not a bonnie flower that springs  
 By fountain, shaw, or green,  
 There 's not a bonnie bird that sings,  
 But minds me o' my Jean.

---

### THE BRAES O' BALLOCHMYLE.

TUNE—' *The Braes o' Ballochmyle.*'

- 1 THE Catrine woods were yellow seen,  
 The flowers decay'd on Catrine lee,  
 Nae laverock sang on hillock green,  
 But nature sicken'd on the e'e.  
 Through faded groves Maria<sup>1</sup> sang,  
 Hersel' in beauty's bloom the while,  
 And aye the wild-wood echoes rang,  
 Fareweel, the Braes o' Ballochmyle !
- 2 Low in your wintry beds, ye flowers,  
 Again ye 'll flourish fresh and fair ;  
 Ye birdies dumb, in with'ring bowers,  
 Again ye 'll charm the vocal air.  
 But here, alas ! for me nae mair,  
 Shall birdie charm, or flow'ret smile ;  
 Fareweel the bonnie banks of Ayr,  
 Fareweel, fareweel, sweet Ballochmyle !

<sup>1</sup> ' Maria : ' eldest daughter of Sir John Whitefoord of Ballochmyle.

WILLIE<sup>1</sup> BREW'D A PECK O' MAUT.TUNE—' *Willie brew'd a peck o' Maut.*'

- 1 OH, Willie brew'd a peck o' maut,  
 And Rob and Allan cam to pree :  
 Three blither hearts, that lee-lang night,  
 Ye wad na find in Christendie.

## CHORUS.

We are na fou, we 're nae that fou,  
 But just a drappie in our e'e ;  
 The cock may craw, the day may daw,  
 And aye we 'll taste the barley bree.

- 2 Here are we met, three merry boys,  
 Three merry boys, I trow, are we ;  
 And mony a night we've merry been,  
 And mony mae we hope to be !
- 3 It is the moon, I ken her horn,  
 That 's blinkin' in the lift sae hie ;  
 She shines sac bright to wile us hame,  
 But, by my sooth, she 'll wait a wee!
- 4 Wha first shall rise to gang awa',  
 A cuckold coward loon is he !  
 Wha last beside his chair shall fa',  
 He is the king among us three !

<sup>1</sup> 'Willie : ' who 'brew'd a peck o' maut,' was William Nicol ; and Rob and Allan were our poet and his friend, Allan Masterton, a writing-master in Edinburgh. This meeting took place at Laggan, a farm purchased by Mr Nicol, in Nithsdale, on the recommendation of our bard.

## I GAED A WAEFU' GATE YESTREEN.

TUNE—' *The blue-eyed Lass.*'

- 1 I GAED a waefu' gate yestreen,  
 A gate, I fear, I'll dearly rue ;  
 I gat my death frae twa sweet e'en,  
 Twa lovely e'en o' bonnie blue.  
 'Twas not her golden ringlets bright ;  
 Her lips like roses wat wi' dew,  
 Her heaving bosom, lily-white—  
 It was her e'en sae bonnie blue.
- 2 She talk'd, she smiled, my heart she wiled ;  
 She charm'd my soul, I wist na how ;  
 And aye the stound, the deadly wound,  
 Cam frae her e'en sae bonnie blue.  
 But, spare to speak, and spare to speed ;  
 She'll aiblins listen to my vow :  
 Should she refuse, I'll lay my dead  
 To her twa e'en sae bonnie blue.<sup>1</sup>

## THE BANKS OF NITH.

TUNE—' *Robie donna gorach.*'

- 1 THE Thames flows proudly to the sea,  
 Where royal cities stately stand ;  
 But sweeter flows the Nith, to me,  
 Where Cummins ance had high command ;  
 When shall I see that honour'd land,  
 That winding stream I love so dear !  
 Must wayward Fortune's adverse hand,  
 For ever, ever keep me here ?

<sup>1</sup> ' Blue-eyed lass : ' daughter of Rev. Mr Jeffrey of Lochmaben.



- 2 How lovely, Nith, thy fruitful vales,  
 Where spreading hawthorns gaily bloom ;  
 How sweetly wind thy sloping dales,  
 Where lambkins wanton through the broom !  
 Though wandering, now, must be my doom,  
 Far from thy bonnie banks and braes,  
 May there my latest hours consume,  
 Amang the friends of early days !
- 

## JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

TUNE—*‘John Anderson, my jo.’*

- 1 JOHN ANDERSON, my jo, John,  
 When we were first acquent,  
 Your locks were like the raven,  
 Your bonnie brow was brent ;  
 But now your brow is beld, John,  
 Your locks are like the snaw ;  
 But blessings on your frosty pow,  
 John Anderson, my jo.
- 2 John Anderson, my jo, John,  
 We clamb the hill thegither ;  
 And mony a canty day, John,  
 We’ve had wi’ ane anither :  
 Now we maun totter down, John,  
 But hand in hand we’ll go ;  
 And sleep thegither at the foot,  
 John Anderson, my jo.
-

## TAM GLEN.

TUNE—' *Tam Glen.*'

- 1 My heart is a-breaking, dear tittie,  
Some counsel unto me come len',  
To anger them a' is a pity,  
But what will I do wi' Tam Glen ?
- 2 I'm thinking, wi' sic a braw fellow,  
In poortith I might mak a fen':  
What care I in riches to wallow,  
If I maunna marry Tam Glen ?
- 3 There's Lowrie, the laird o' Drumeller,  
'Guid day to you, brute!' he comes ben ;  
He brags and he blaws o' his siller,  
But when will he dance like Tam Glen ?
- 4 My minnie does constantly deave me,  
And bids me beware o' young men ;  
They flatter, she says, to deceive me,  
But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen ?
- 5 My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,  
He'll gie me guid hunder marks ten :  
But, if it's ordain'd I maun take him,  
Oh, wha will I get but Tam Glen ?
- 6 Yestreen at the valentines' dealing,  
My heart to my mou' gied a sten ;  
For thrice I drew ane without failing,  
And thrice it was written—Tam Glen !

7 The last Hallowe'en I was waukin'  
 My droukit sark-sleeve, as ye ken ;  
 His likeness cam up the house staukin',  
 And the very gray breeks o' Tam Glen!

8 Come, counsel, dear tittie! don't tarry;  
 I'll gie ye my bonnie black hen,  
 Gif ye will advise me to marry  
 The lad I lo'e dearly—Tam Glen!

---

MEIKLE THINKS MY LOVE.

TUNE—*My Tocher's the Jewel.*

- 1 OH, meikle thinks my love o' my beauty,  
 And meikle thinks my love o' my kin ;  
 But little thinks my love, I ken brawlie,  
 My tocher's the jewel has charms for him.  
 It's a' for the apple he'll nourish the tree ;  
 It's a' for the hinny he'll cherish the bee ;  
 My laddie's sae meikle in love wi' the siller.  
 He canna hae love to spare for me.
- 2 Your proffer o' love's an airl-penny,  
 My tocher's the bargain ye wad buy ;  
 But an ye be crafty, I am cunnin',  
 Sae ye wi' anither your fortune maun try.  
 Ye're like to the timmer o' yon rotten wood,  
 Ye're like to the bark o' yon rotten tree,  
 Ye'll slip frae me like a knotless thread,  
 And ye'll crack your credit wi' mae nor me.
-

## GANE IS THE DAY.

TUNE—' *Then, Guidwife, count the Lawin'.*'

- 1 GANE is the day, and mirk's the night,  
 But we'll ne'er stray for fau't o' light,  
 For ale and brandy's stars and moon,  
 And bluid-red wine's the risin' sun.

## CHORUS.

Then, guidwife, count the lawin',  
 The lawin', the lawin',  
 Then, guidwife, count the lawin',  
 And bring a coggie mair.

- 2 There's wealth and ease for gentlemen,  
 And semple-folk maun fecht and fen';  
 But here we're a' in ae accord,  
 For ilka man that's drunk's a lord.
- 3 My coggie is a haly pool,  
 That heals the wounds o' care and dool;  
 And pleasure is a wanton trout,  
 An' ye drink but deep ye'll find him out.

## WHAT CAN A YOUNG LASSIE?

TUNE—' *What can a young Lassie do wi' an auld Man?*'

- 1 WHAT can a young lassie, what shall a young lassie,  
 What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man?  
 Bad luck on the pennie that tempted my minnie  
 To sell her poor Jenny for siller an' lan'!
- 2 He's always compleenin' frae mornin' to e'enin',  
 He hosts and he hirples the weary day lang;  
 He's doyl't and he's dozin', his bluid it is frozen,  
 Oh, dreary's the night wi' a crazy auld man!

- 3 He hums and he hankers, he frets and he cankers,  
 I never can please him, do a' that I can ;  
 He's peevish and jealous of a' the young fellows,  
 Oh, dool on the day I met wi' an auld man !
- 4 My auld Auntie Katie upon me takes pity,  
 I'll do my endeavour to follow her plan ;  
 I'll cross him, and wrack him, until I heart-break him.  
 And then his auld brass will buy me a new pan.

---

THE BONNIE WEE THING.

TUNE—*'Bonnie Wee Thing.'*

- 1 BONNIE wee thing, cannie wee thing,  
 Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine,  
 I wad wear thee in my bosom,  
 Lest my jewel I should tine !
- 2 Wishfully I look and languish  
 In that bonnie face o' thine ;  
 And my heart it stounds wi' anguish,  
 Lest my wee thing be na mine.
- 3 Wit and grace, and love and beauty,  
 In ae constellation shine ;  
 To adore thee is my duty,  
 Goddess o' this soul o' mine !

---

OII, FOR ANE-AND-TWENTY, TAM!

TUNE—*'The Moudiewort.'*

CHORUS.

- AN' oh, for ane-and-twenty, Tam !  
 An' hey, sweet ane-and-twenty, Tam !  
 I'll learn my kin a rattlin' sang,  
 An' I saw ane-and-twenty, Tam !

- 1 They snool me sair, and haud me down,  
 And gar me look like bluntie, Tam!  
 But three short years will soon wheel roun'—  
 And then comes ane-and-twenty, Tam!
- 2 A gleib o' lan,' a claut o' gear,  
 Was left me by my auntie, Tam;  
 At kith or kin I need na spier,  
 An I saw ane-and-twenty, Tam!
- 3 They'll hae me wed a wealthy coof,  
 Though I mysel' hae plenty, Tam;  
 But hear'st thou, laddie—there's my loof—  
 I'm thine at ane-and-twenty, Tam!
- 

### BESS AND HER SPINNING WHEEL.

TUNE—' *The sweet Lass that lo'es me.*'

- 1 OH, leeze me on my spinning wheel,  
 Oh, leeze me on my rock and reel;  
 Frae tap to tae that cleeds me bien,  
 And haps me fiel and warm at e'en!  
 I'll set me down and sing and spin,  
 While laigh descends the simmer sun,  
 Blest we content, and milk and meal—  
 Oh, leeze me on my spinning wheel.
- 2 On ilka hand the burnies trot,  
 And meet below my theekit cot;  
 The scented birk and hawthorn white  
 Across the pool their arms unite,

Alike to screen the birdie's nest,  
 And little fishes' caller rest :  
 The sun blinks kindly in the biel',  
 Where blithe I turn my spinning wheel.

3 On lofty aiks the cushats wail,  
 And echo cons the doolfu' tale ;  
 The lintwhites in the hazel braes,  
 Delighted, rival ither's lays :  
 The craik among the clover hay,  
 The paitrick whirrin' o'er the ley,  
 The swallow jinkin' round my shiel,  
 Amuse me at my spinning wheel.

4 Wi' sma' to sell, and less to buy,  
 Aboon distress, below envy,  
 Oh, wha wad leave this humble state,  
 For a' the pride of a' the great ?  
 Amid their flaring, idle toys,  
 Amid their cumbrous, dinsome joys,  
 Can they the peace and pleasure feel  
 Of Bessy at her spinning wheel ?

---

THE COUNTRY LASSIE.

TUNE—' *The Country Lassie.*'

1 IN simmer, when the hay was mawn,  
 And corn waved green in ilka field,  
 While clover blooms white o'er the<sup>n</sup> lea,  
 And roses blaw in ilka bield ;  
 Blithe Bessie in the milking shiel,  
 Says, ' I'll be wed, come o't what will.'  
 Out spak a dame in wrinkled eild :  
 ' O' guid advisement comes nae ill.



- 2 ' Its ye hae woers mony ane,  
And, lassie, ye 're but young, ye ken ;  
Then wait a wee, and cannie wale  
A routhie butt, a routhie ben :  
There 's Johnnie o' the Buskie-glen,  
Fu' is his barn, fu' his byre ;  
Tak this frae me, my bonnie hen,  
It's plenty beets the lover's fire.'
- 3 ' For Johnnie o' the Buskie-glen,  
I dinna care a single flie ;  
He lo'es sae weel his craps and kye,  
He has nae love to spare for me ;  
But blithe 's the blink o' Robie's e'e.  
And, weel I wat, he lo'es me dear :  
Ae blink o' him I wad nae gie  
For Buskie-glen and a' his gear.'
- 4 ' O thoughtless lassie ! life 's a faught ;  
The canniest gate, the strife is sair ;  
But aye fu' han 't is fechtin' best,  
A hungry care 's an unco care.  
But some will spend, and some will spare,  
An' wilfu' folk maun hae their will ;  
Syne as ye brew, my maiden fair,  
Keep mind that ye maun drink the yill.'
- 5 ' Oh, gear will buy me rigs o' land,  
And gear will buy me sheep and kye ;  
But the tender heart o' leesome love,  
The gowd and siller canna buy ;  
We may be poor—Robie and I,  
Light is the burden love lays on ;  
Content and love bring peace and joy—  
What mair hae queens upon a throne ?'

## MY BONNIE MARY.

TUNE—‘*Go fetch to me a pint o’ wine.*’

- 1 Go fetch to me a pint o’ wine,  
     An’ fill it in a silver tassie ;  
 That I may drink before I go,  
     A service to my bonnie lassie.  
 The boat rocks at the pier o’ Leith ;  
     Fu’ loud the wind blaws frae the ferry ;  
 The ship rides by the Berwick-law,  
     And I maun leave my bonnie Mary.
  
- 2 The trumpets sound, the banners fly,  
     The glimmering spears are rankèd ready ;  
 The shouts o’ war are heard afar,  
     The battle closes thick and bloody ;  
 But it’s not the roar o’ sea or shore  
     Wad make me langer wish to tarry ;  
 Nor shouts o’ war that’s heard afar—  
     It’s leaving thee, my bonnie Mary.

## INSCRIPTION ON THE TOMB OF FERGUSSON.

HERE LIES ROBERT FERGUSSON, POET.

Born, September 5, 1751—Died, 16th October 1774.

No sculptured marble here, nor pompous lay,  
 ‘No storied urn nor animated bust ;’  
 This simple stone directs pale Scotia’s way  
 To pour her sorrows o’er her poet’s dust.

On the other side of the Stone is as follows :—

‘By special grant of the Managers to Robert Burns, who erected this stone, this burial-place is to remain for ever sacred to the memory of Robert Fergusson.’

## FRAGMENT.

INSCRIBED TO THE RIGHT HON. C. J. FOX.

How wisdom and folly meet, mix, and unite ;  
 How virtue and vice blend their black and their white ;  
 How genius, th' illustrious father of fiction,  
 Confounds rule and law, reconciles contradiction—  
 I sing : If these mortals, the critics, should bustle,  
 I care not, not I—let the critics go whistle.

But now for a Patron, whose name and whose glory  
 At once may illustrate and honour my story.

Thou first of our orators, first of our wits ; 9  
 Yet whose parts and acquirements seem mere lucky hits ;  
 With knowledge so vast, and with judgment so strong,  
 No man with the half of 'em e'er went far wrong ;  
 With passions so potent, and fancies so bright,  
 No man with the half of 'em e'er went quite right :  
 A sorry, poor misbegot son of the Muses,  
 For using thy name offers fifty excuses.

Good L—d, what is man ! for as simple he looks,  
 Do but try to develop his hooks and his crooks ;  
 With his depths and his shallows, his good and his evil,  
 All in all he's a problem must puzzle the devil. 20

On his one ruling passion Sir Pope hugely labours,  
 That, like th' old Hebrew-walking switch, eats up its  
 neighbours :

Mankind are his show-box—a friend, would you know him ?  
 Pull the string, ruling passion the picture will show him.  
 What pity, in rearing so beauteous a system,  
 One trifling particular—truth—should have miss'd him :  
 For, in spite of his fine theoretic positions,  
 Mankind is a science defies definitions.

Some sort all our qualities each to its tribe,

And think human nature they truly describe ; 30  
 Have you found this, or t' other? there's more in the wind,  
 As by one drunken fellow his comrades you'll find.  
 But such is the flaw, or the depth of the plan,  
 In the make of that wonderful creature, call'd Man,  
 No two virtues, whatever relation they claim,  
 Nor even two different shades of the same,  
 Though like as was ever twin-brother to brother,  
 Possessing the one shall imply you've the other.  
 But truce with abstraction, and truce with the Muse, 39  
 Whose rhymes you'll perhaps, sir, ne'er deign to peruse ;  
 Will you leave your joustings, your jars, and your quarrels,  
 Contending with Billy for proud-nodding laurels ?  
 My much-honour'd Patron, believe your poor Poet,  
 Your courage much more than your prudence you show it ;  
 In vain with Squire Billy for laurels you struggle,  
 He'll have them by fair trade, if not, he will smuggle ;  
 Not cabinets even of kings would conceal 'em,  
 He'd up' the back-stairs, and by G— he would steal 'em !  
 Then feats like Squire Billy's you ne'er can achieve 'em,  
 It is not, outdo him, the task is, out-thieve him! 50

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PROLOGUE SPOKEN AT THE THEATRE,  
 DUMFRIES,

ON NEW YEAR'S EVENING, 1790.

No song nor dance I bring from yon great city  
 That queens it o'er our taste—the more 's the pity :  
 Though, by the by, abroad why will ye roam ?  
 Good sense and taste are natives here at home :  
 But not for panegyric I appear,  
 I come to wish you all a good new-year !

Old Father Time deputes me here before ye, 7  
 Not for to preach, but tell his simple story :  
 The sage grave ancient cough'd, and bade me say—  
 ' You 're one year older this important day ;'  
 If *wiser*, too—he hinted some suggestion,  
 But 'twould be rude, you know, to ask the question ;  
 And with a would-be roguish leer and wink,  
 He bade me on you press this one word—' *Think!*'

Ye sprightly youths, quite flush with hope and spirit,  
 Who think to storm the world by dint of merit !  
 To you the dotard has a deal to say,  
 In his sly, dry, sententious, proverb way :  
 He bids you mind, amid your thoughtless rattle,  
 That the first blow is ever half the battle ; 20  
 That though some by the skirt may try to snatch him,  
 Yet by the forelock is the hold to catch him ;  
 That whether doing, suffering, or forbearing,  
 You may do miracles by persevering.

Last, though not least in love, ye youthful fair,  
 Angelic forms, high Heaven's peculiar care !  
 To you old Bald-pate smooths his wrinkled brow,  
 And humbly begs you 'll mind the important now !  
 To crown your happiness he asks your leave,  
 And offers bliss to give and to receive. 30

For our sincere, though haply weak endeavours,  
 With grateful pride we own your many favours ;  
 And howsoe'er our tongues may ill reveal it,  
 Believe our glowing bosoms truly feel it.

## ADDRESS,

SPOKEN BY MISS FONTENELLE ON HER BENEFIT-NIGHT,  
DEC. 4, 1795, AT THE THEATRE, DUMFRIES.

STILL anxious to secure your partial favour,  
And not less anxious, sure, this night than ever,  
A Prologue, Epilogue, or some such matter,  
'Twould vamp my bill, said I, if nothing better ;  
So sought a Poet, roosted near the skies,  
Told him I came to feast my curious eyes ;  
Said, nothing like his works was ever printed ;  
And last my Prologue-business silyly hinted.  
'Ma'am, let me tell you,' quoth my man of rhymes,  
'I know your bent—these are no laughing times :     10  
Can you—but, Miss, I own I have my fears—  
Dissolve in pause—and sentimental tears—  
With laden sighs, and solemn-rounded sentence,  
Rouse from his sluggish slumbers fell Repentance ;  
Paint Vengeance as he takes his horrid stand,  
Waving on high the desolating brand,  
Calling the storms to bear him o'er a guilty land ?'

I could no more—askance the creature eyeing,  
'D'ye think,' said I, 'this face was made for crying ?  
I'll laugh, that 's poz—nay more, the world shall know it ;  
And so, your servant, gloomy Master Poet !'     21

Firm as my creed, sirs, 'tis my fix'd belief,  
That Misery's another word for Grief ;  
I also think—so may I be a bride !—  
'That so much laughter 's so much life enjoy'd.

Thou man of crazy care and ceaseless sigh,  
Still under bleak Misfortune's blasting eye ;  
Doom'd to that sorest task of man alive—  
To make three guineas do the work of five :

Laugh in Misfortune's face—the beldam witch!— 30  
 Say, you'll be merry, though you can't be rich.

'Thou other man of care, the wretch in love,  
 Who long with jiltish arts and airs hast strove ;  
 Who, as the boughs all temptingly project,  
 Measurest in desperate thought—a rope—thy neck—  
 Or, where the beetling cliff o'erhangs the deep,  
 Peerest to meditate the healing leap :  
 Wouldst thou be cured, thou silly, moping elf ?  
 Laugh at her follies—laugh e'en at thyself :  
 Learn to despise those frowns now so terrific, 40  
 And love a kinder—that's your grand specific.

To sum up all, be merry, I advise ;  
 And as we're merry, may we still be wise.

---

## THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN.

AN OCCASIONAL ADDRESS SPOKEN BY MISS FONTENELLE  
 ON HER BENEFIT-NIGHT.

WHILE Europe's eye is fix'd on mighty things,  
 The fate of empires and the fall of kings ;  
 While quacks of state must each produce his plan,  
 And even children lisp the Rights of Man ;  
 Amid this mighty fuss, just let me mention,  
 The Rights of Woman merit some attention.

First, in the sexes' intermix'd connexion,  
 One sacred right of Woman is—Protection.  
 The tender flower that lifts its head, elate,  
 Helpless, must fall before the blasts of fate, 10  
 Sunk on the earth, defaced its lovely form,  
 Unless your shelter ward th' impending storm.

Our second right—but needless here is caution,  
 To keep that right inviolate 's the fashion,



Each man of sense has it so full before him, 15  
 He'd die before he'd wrong it—'tis Decorum.  
 There was, indeed, in far less polish'd days,  
 A time when rough, rude man had naughty ways ;  
 Would swagger, swear, get drunk, kick up a riot,  
 Nay, even thus invade a lady's quiet ;<sup>1</sup> 20  
 Now, thank our stars! these Gothic times are fled ;  
 Now, well-bred men—and you are all well-bred—  
 Most justly think (and we are much the gainers)  
 Such conduct neither spirit, wit, nor manners.

For right the third, our last, our best, our dearest,  
 That right to fluttering female hearts the nearest,  
 Which even the rights of Kings, in low prostration,  
 Most humbly own—'tis dear, dear Admiration !  
 In that blest sphere we live and move ;  
 There taste that life of life—immortal love. 30  
 Smiles, glances, sighs, tears, fits, flirtations, airs,  
 'Gainst such an host what flinty savage dares—  
 When awful Beauty joins with all her charms,  
 Who is so rash as rise in rebel arms ?

But truce with kings, and truce with constitutions,  
 With bloody armaments and revolutions ;  
 Let Majesty your first attention summon,  
*Ah ! ça ira !* THE MAJESTY OF WOMAN.

---

 FROM DR BLACKLOCK.

EDINBURGH, 24th August 1789.

DEAR Burns, thou brother of my heart,  
 Both for thy virtues and thy art ;  
 If art it may be call'd in thee,  
 Which Nature's bounty, large and free,

<sup>1</sup> Ironical allusion to the Saturnalia of the Caledonian Hunt.

With pleasure in thy breast diffuses, 5  
 And warms thy soul with all the Muses.  
 Whether to laugh with easy grace,  
 Thy numbers move the sage's face,  
 Or bid the softer passions rise,  
 And ruthless souls with grief surprise, 10  
 'Tis Nature's voice distinctly felt,  
 Through thee, her organ, thus to melt.

Most anxiously I wish to know  
 With thee of late how matters go ;  
 How keeps thy much-loved Jean her health ?  
 What promises thy farm of wealth ?  
 Whether the Muse persists to smile,  
 And all thy anxious cares beguile ?  
 Whether bright fancy keeps alive ?  
 And how thy darling infants thrive ? 20

For me, with grief and sickness spent,  
 Since I my journey homeward bent,  
 Spirits depress'd no more I mourn,  
 But vigour, life, and health return.  
 No more to gloomy thoughts a prey,  
 I sleep all night, and live all day ;  
 By turns my book and friend enjoy,  
 And thus my circling hours employ :  
 Happy while yet these hours remain,  
 If Burns could join the cheerful train, 30  
 With wonted zeal, sincere and fervent,  
 Salute once more his humble servant,

THO. BLACKLOCK.

---

## TO DR BLACKLOCK,

IN ANSWER TO THE ABOVE EPISTLE.

ELLISLAND, 21st October 1789.

1 Wow, but your letter made me vauntie !  
 And are ye hale, and weel, and cantie ?  
 I kenn'd it still your wee bit jauntie  
                                   Wad bring ye to :  
 Lord send you aye as weel's I want ye,  
                                   And then ye'll do.

2 The ill-thief blaw the Heron south !  
 And never drink be near his drouth !  
 He tald mysel' by word o' mouth,  
                                   He'd tak my letter ;  
 I lippen'd to the chiel in trowth,  
                                   And bade nae better.

3 But aiblins, honest Master Heron<sup>1</sup>  
 Had at the time some dainty fair one,  
 To ware his theologic care on,  
                                   And holy study ;  
 And tired o' sauls to waste his lear on,  
                                   E'en tried the body.

4 But what d' ye think, my trusty fier,  
 I'm turn'd a gauger—Peace be here !  
 Parnassian queans, I fear, I fear,  
                                   Ye'll now disdain me,  
 And then my fifty pounds a-year  
                                   Will little gain me.

<sup>1</sup> 'Heron:' a poor unfortunate, but rather able bookseller's hack—author of a *Life of Burns*.





## THE CHEVALIER'S LAMENT.

AIR—' *Captain O'Kean.*'

- 1 THE small birds rejoice in the green leaves returning,  
The murmuring streamlet winds clear through the vale ;  
The hawthorn trees blow in the dew of the morning,  
And wild scatter'd cowslips bedeck the green dale.
- 2 But what can give pleasure, or what can seem fair,  
While the lingering moments are number'd by care ?  
No flowers gaily springing, nor birds sweetly singing,  
Can soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair.
- 3 The deed that I dared, could it merit their malice,  
A king and a father to place on his throne ?  
His right are these hills, and his right are these valleys,  
Where the wild beasts find shelter, but I can find none.
- 4 But 'tis not my sufferings thus wretched, forlorn ;  
My brave gallant friends, 'tis your ruin I mourn ;  
Your deeds proved so loyal in hot bloody trial—  
Alas ! can I make you no sweeter return !

## SONG OF DEATH.

AIR—' *Oran an Aoig.*'

SCENE—A field of battle—Time of the day, evening—The wounded and dying of the victorious army are supposed to join in the following song :—

- 1 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 !
- 2 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 !

3 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 !

4 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,  
 Oh ! who would not rest with the brave !

---

NAEBODY.

TUNE—' *Naebody.*'

- 1 I HAE a wife o' my ain,  
 I'll partake wi' naebody ;  
 I'll tak cuckold frae nane,  
 I'll gie cuckold to naebody.
  
- 2 I hae a penny to spend,  
 There—thanks to naebody ;  
 I hae naething to lend,  
 I'll borrow frae naebody.
  
- 3 I am naebody's lord,  
 I'll be slave to naebody ;  
 I hae a guid braid sword,  
 I'll tak dunts frae naebody.
  
- 4 I'll be merry and free,  
 I'll be sad for naebody ;  
 If naebody care for me,  
 I'll care for naebody.



## TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

- 1 THOU lingering star, with lessening ray,  
 That lov'st to greet the early morn,  
 Again thou usher'st in the day  
 My Mary from my soul was torn.  
 O Mary! dear departed shade!  
 Where is thy place of blissful rest?  
 See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?  
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?
- 2 That sacred hour can I forget,  
 Can I forget the hallow'd grove,  
 Where by the winding Ayr we met,  
 To live one day of parting love!  
 Eternity will not efface  
 Those records dear of transports past;  
 Thy image at our last embrace;  
 Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!
- 3 Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,  
 O'erhung with wild woods, thickening green;  
 The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,  
 Twined amorous round the raptur'd scene;  
 The flowers sprang wanton to be press'd,  
 The birds sang love on every spray—  
 Till too, too soon the glowing west  
 Proclaim'd the speed of wingèd day.
- 4 Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,  
 And fondly broods with miser care!  
 Time but the impression stronger makes,  
 As streams their channels deeper wear.

My Mary! dear departed shade!  
 Where is thy place of blissful rest?  
 Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?  
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

---

LINES ON MEETING WITH BASIL,  
 LORD DAER.<sup>1</sup>

- 1 THIS wot ye all whom it concerns,  
 I, Rhymer Robin, alias Burns,  
 October twenty-third,  
 A ne'er to be forgotten day,  
 Sae far I sprachled up the brae,  
 I dinner'd wi' a Lord.
- 2 I've been at drucken writers' feasts,  
 Nay, been bitch-fou 'mang godly priests,  
 Wi' reverence be it spoken;  
 I've even join'd the honour'd jorum,  
 When mighty Squireships of the quorum,  
 Their hydra drouth did sloken.
- 3 But wi' a Lord—stand out my shin!  
 A Lord—a Peer—an Earl's son!  
 Up higher yet my bonnet!  
 An' sic a Lord!—lang Scotch ells twa,  
 Our Peerage he o'erlooks them a',  
 As I look o'er my sonnet.
- 4 But oh for Hogarth's magic power!  
 To show Sir Bardie's willyart glower,  
 And how he stared and stammer'd,

<sup>1</sup> 'Lord Daer:' son of the Earl of Selkirk.

When goavan, as if led wi' branks,  
 An' stumpin' on his ploughman shanks,  
 He in the parlour hammer'd.

- 5 I sidling shelter'd in a nook,  
 An' at his Lordship steal't a look,  
 Like some portentous omen ;  
 Except good sense and social glee,  
 An' (what surprised me) modesty,  
 I markèd nought uncommon.
- 6 I watch'd the symptoms o' the Great,  
 The gentle pride, the lordly state,  
 The arrogant assuming ;  
 The feint a pride, nae pride had he,  
 Nor sauce, nor state, that I could see,  
 Mair than an honest ploughman.
- 7 Then from his Lordship I shall learn,  
 Henceforth to meet with unconcern,  
 One rank as weel's another ;  
 Nae honest worthy man need care  
 To meet with noble, youthful Daer,  
 For he but meets a brother.

---

### ON A YOUNG LADY,<sup>1</sup>

RESIDING ON THE BANKS OF THE SMALL RIVER DEVON, IN  
 CLACKMANNANSHIRE, BUT WHOSE INFANT YEARS  
 WERE SPENT IN AYRSHIRE.

AIR—' *The Pretty Milkmaid.*'

- 1 How pleasant the banks of the clear-winding Devon,  
 With green-spreading bushes, and flowers blooming fair

<sup>1</sup> 'Young lady:' Charlotte Hamilton.

But the bonniest flower on the banks of the Devon  
Was once a sweet bud on the braes of the Ayr.

- 2 Mild be the sun on this sweet blushing flower,  
In the gay rosy morn as it bathes in the dew!  
And gentle the fall of the soft vernal shower,  
That steals on the evening each leaf to renew.
- 3 Oh, spare the dear blossom, ye orient breezes,  
With chill hoary wing as ye usher the dawn!  
And far be thou distant, thou reptile that seizes  
The verdure and pride of the garden and lawn!
- 4 Let Bourbon exult in his gay gilded lilies,  
And England triumphant display her proud rose;  
A fairer than either adorns the green valleys  
Where Devon, sweet Devon, meandering flows.

---

CASTLE-GORDON.

TUNE—‘*Morag*.’

- 1 STREAMS that glide in orient plains  
Never bound by winter’s chains;  
Glowing here on golden sands,  
There commix’d with foulest stains  
From Tyranny’s empurpled bands:  
These, their richly-gleaming waves,  
I leave to tyrants and their slaves;  
Give me the stream that sweetly laves  
The banks by Castle-Gordon.
- 2 Spicy forests, ever gay,  
Shading from the burning ray  
Hapless wretches sold to toil,  
Or the ruthless native’s way,

Bent on slaughter, blood, and spoil :  
 Woods that ever verdant wave,  
 I leave the tyrant and the slave ;  
 Give me the groves that lofty brave  
     The storms, by Castle-Gordon.

- 3 Wildly here, without control,  
 Nature reigns and rules the whole ;  
 In that sober, pensive mood,  
 Dearest to the feeling soul,  
 She plants the forest, pours the flood ;  
 Life's poor day I'll musing rave,  
 And find at night a sheltering cave,  
 Where waters flow and wild woods wave,  
     By bonnie Castle-Gordon.

---

## ELEGY

ON THE LATE MISS BURNET OF MONBODDO.

- 1 LIFE ne'er exulted in so rich a prize  
 As Burnet, lovely from her native skies ;  
 Nor envious Death so triumph'd in a blow,  
 As that which laid th' accomplish'd Burnet low.
- 2 Thy form and mind, sweet maid, can I forget ?  
 In richest ore the brightest jewel set !  
 In thee, high Heaven above was truest shown,  
 As by his noblest work the Godhead best is known.
- 3 In vain ye flaunt in summer's pride, ye groves ;  
     Thou crystal streamlet with thy flowery shore,  
 Ye woodland choir that chant your idle loves,  
     Ye cease to charm—Eliza is no more !

- 4 Ye heathy wastes immix'd with reedy fens ;  
 Ye mossy streams, with sedge and rushes stored ;  
 Ye rugged cliffs, o'erhanging dreary glens,  
 To you I fly, ye with my soul accord !
- 5 Princes, whose cumbrous pride was all their worth,  
 Shall venal lays their pompous exit hail ?  
 And thou, sweet excellence ! forsake our earth,  
 And not a Muse in honest grief bewail ?
- 6 We saw thee shine in youth and beauty's pride,  
 And virtue's light, that beams beyond the spheres ;  
 But like the sun eclipsed at morning tide,  
 Thou left'st us darkling in a world of tears.
- 7 The parent's heart that nestled fond in thee,  
 That heart how sunk, a prey to grief and care !  
 So deck'd the woodbine sweet yon aged tree ;  
 So from it ravish'd, leaves it bleak and bare.

---

 FAIR ELIZA,

## A GAELIC AIR.

- 1 TURN again, thou fair Eliza,  
 Ae kind blink before we part !  
 Rue on thy despairing lover !  
 Canst thou break his faithfu' heart ?  
 Turn again, thou fair Eliza ;  
 If to love thy heart denies,  
 For pity hide the cruel sentence  
 Under friendship's kind disguise !
- 2 Thee, dear maid, hae I offended ?  
 The offence is loving thee :

Canst thou wreck his peace for ever,  
 Wha for thine wad gladly die ?  
 While the life beats in my bosom,  
 Thou shalt mix in ilka throe :  
 Turn again, thou lovely maiden,  
 Ae sweet smile on me bestow.

3 Not the bee upon the blossom,  
 In the pride o' sunny noon ;  
 Not the little sporting fairy,  
 All beneath the simmer moon :  
 Not the poet in the moment  
 Fancy lightens on his e'e,  
 Kens the pleasure, feels the rapture  
 That thy presence gies to me.

---

OH, LUVE WILL VENTURE IN.

TUNE—' *The Posie.*'

- 1 OH, luve will venture in where it daur na weel be seen,  
 Oh, luve will venture in where wisdom ance has been ;  
 But I will down yon river rove, amang the wood sae  
 green—  
 And a' to pu' a posie to my ain dear May.
- 2 The primrose I will pu,' the firstling o' the year,  
 And I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my dear,  
 For she 's the pink o' womankind, and blooms without  
 a peer—  
 And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.
- 3 I'll pu' the budding rose, when Phœbus peeps in view,  
 For it's like a balmy kiss o' her sweet bonnie mou' ;  
 The hyacinth's for constancy, wi' its unchanging blue—  
 And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.



- 4 The lily it is pure, and the lily it is fair,  
 And in her lovely bosom I'll place the lily there;  
 The daisy's for simplicity and unaffected air—  
 And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.
- 5 The hawthorn I will pu', wi' its locks o' siller gray,  
 Where, like an aged man, it stands at break o' day,  
 But the songster's nest within the bush I winna tak away—  
 And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.
- 6 The woodbine I will pu' when the e'enin' star is near,  
 And the diamond-drops o' dew shall be her e'en sae clear;  
 The violet's for modesty, which weel she fa's to wear—  
 And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.
- 7 I'll tie the posie round wi' the silken band o' luvè,  
 And I'll place it in her breast, and I'll swear by a' above,  
 That to my latest draught o' life the band shall ne'er  
 remove—  
 And this will be a posie to my ain dear May.

---

 THE BANKS O' DOON.

TUNE—' *Caledonian Hunt's Delight.*'

- 1 YE banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,  
 How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair;  
 How can ye chant, ye little birds,  
 And I sae weary fu' o' care!  
 Thou 'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,  
 That wantons through the flowering thorn;  
 Thou minds me o' departed joys,  
 Departed—never to return.
- 2 Oft hae I roved by bonnie Doon,  
 To see the rose and woodbine twine;

And ilka bird sang o' its luv,  
 And fondly sae did I o' mine.  
 Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,  
 Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;  
 And my fause luvler stole my rose,  
 But ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

---

### SIC A WIFE AS WILLIE HAD.

- 1 WILLIE WASTLE dwalt on Tweed,  
 The spot they ca'd it Linkumdoddie;  
 Willie was a wabster guid,  
 Could stown a clue wi' ony bodie;  
 He had a wife was dour and din,  
 Oh, tinkler Madgie was her mither—  
 Sic a wife as Willie had,  
 I wad na gie a button for her.
  
- 2 She has an e'e—she has but ane,  
 The cat has twa the very colour;  
 Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump,  
 A clapper tongue wad deave a miller;  
 A whiskin' beard about her mou',  
 Her nose and chin they threaten ither.
  
- 3 She's bow-hough'd, she's heinshinn'd,  
 Ae limp' leg a hand-breed shorter;  
 She's twisted right, she's twisted left,  
 To balance fair in ilka quarter:  
 She has a hump upon her breast,  
 The twin o' that upon her shouther.
  
- 4 Auld baudrons by the ingle sits,  
 An' wi' her loof her face a-washin';

But Willie's wife is nae sae trig,  
 She dights her grunzie wi' a hushion ;  
 Her walie nieves like midden-creels,  
 Her face wad fyle the Logan Water—  
 Sic a wife as Willie had,  
 I wad na gie a button for her.

---

GLOOMY DECEMBER.

TUNE—' *Wandering Willie.*'

- 1 ANCE mair I hail thee, thou gloomy December !  
 Ance mair I hail thee wi' sorrow and care ;  
 Sad was the parting thou mak'st me remember,  
 Parting wi' Nancy, oh ! ne'er to meet mair !  
 Fond lovers' parting is sweet, painful pleasure,  
 Hope beaming mild on the soft parting hour ;  
 But the dire feeling, oh ! farewell for ever,  
 Is anguish unmingled, and agouy pure.
- 2 Wild as the winter now tearing the forest,  
 Till the last leaf o' the summer is floun,  
 Such is the tempest has shaken my bosom,  
 Since my last hope and last comfort is gone !  
 Still as I hail thee, thou gloomy December,  
 Still shall I hail thee wi' sorrow and care ;  
 For sad was the parting thou mak'st me remember,  
 Parting wi' Nancy,<sup>1</sup> oh ! ne'er to meet mair.

<sup>1</sup> ' Nancy : ' Clarinda.

---

## WILT THOU BE MY DEARIE ?

AIR—' *The Sutor's Dochter.*'

- 1 WILT thou be my dearie ?  
 When sorrow wrings thy gentle heart  
 Oh, wilt thou let me cheer thee ?  
 By the treasure of my soul,  
 And that 's the love I bear thee !  
 I swear and vow, that only thou  
 Shall ever be my dearie.  
 Only thou, I swear and vow,  
 Shall ever be my dearie.
- 2 Lassie, say thou lo'es me ;  
 Or if thou wilt na be my ain,  
 Say na thou 'lt refuse me :  
 If it winna, canna be,  
 Thou for thine may choose me ;  
 Let me, lassie, quickly die,  
 Trusting that thou lo'es me.  
 Lassie, let me quickly die,  
 Trusting that thou lo'es me.

## SHE 'S FAIR AND FAUSE.

TUNE—' *She's fair and fause.*'

- 1 SHE 's fair and fause that causes my smart,  
 I lo'ed her meikle and lang ;  
 She's broken her vow, she 's broken my heart,  
 And I may e'en gae hang.  
 A coof came in wi' routh o' gear,  
 And I hae tint my dearest dear,  
 But woman is but warld's gear,  
 Sae let the bonnie lass gang.

- 2 Whae'er ye be that woman love,  
 To this be never blind—  
 Nae ferlie 'tis though fickle she prove,  
 A woman has 't by kind :  
 Oh, woman lovely, woman fair !  
 An angel form 's fa'n to thy share,  
 'Twad been o'er meikle to gien thee mair—  
 I mean an angel mind.
- 

## AFTON WATER.

TUNE—'The Yellow-hair'd Laddie.'

- 1 Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,  
 Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise ;  
 My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,  
 Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.
- 2 Thou stock-dove, whose echo resounds through the glen,  
 Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,  
 Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear,  
 I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.
- 3 How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills,  
 Far mark'd with the courses of clear winding rills ;  
 There daily I wander as noon rises high,  
 My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.
- 4 How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,  
 Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow !  
 There oft as mild evening weeps over the lea,  
 The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

- 5 Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,  
 And winds by the cot where my Mary resides;<sup>1</sup>  
 How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,  
 As, gathering sweet flowerets, she stems thy clear wave
- 6 Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,  
 Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays :  
 My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,  
 Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

---

### THE SMILING SPRING.

TUNE—' *Bonnie Bell*.'

- 1 THE smiling Spring comes in rejoicing,  
 And surly Winter grimly flies :  
 Now crystal clear are the falling waters,  
 And bonnie blue are the sunny skies :  
 Fresh o'er the mountains breaks forth the morning,  
 The evening gilds the ocean's swell ;  
 All creatures joy in the sun's returning,  
 And I rejoice in my bonnie Bell.
- 2 The flowery Spring leads sunny Summer,  
 And yellow Autumn presses near,  
 Then in his turn comes gloomy Winter,  
 Till smiling Spring again appear.  
 Thus seasons dancing, life advancing,  
 Old Time and Nature their changes tell,  
 But never ranging, still unchanging  
 I adore my bonnie Bell.

<sup>1</sup> Dr Currie says, ' Afton Water is the stream on which stands Afton Lodge : to which Mrs Stewart removed from Stair. Afton Lodge was Mrs Stewart's property from her father. The song was presented to her in return for her notice, the first he ever received from any person in her rank of life.'

## THE GALLANT WEAVER.

TUNE—‘*The Weavers’ March.*’

- 1 WHERE Cart<sup>1</sup> rins rowin’ to the sea,  
By mony a flower and spreading tree,  
There lives a lad, the lad for me,  
He is a gallant weaver.
- 2 Oh, I had woers aucht or nine,  
They gied me rings and ribbons fine ;  
And I was fear’d my heart would tine,  
And I gied it to the weaver.
- 3 My daddie sign’d my tocher-band,  
To gie the lad that has the land ;  
But to my heart I’ll add my hand,  
And gie it to the weaver.
- 4 While birds rejoice in leafy bowers ;  
While bees delight in opening flowers ;  
While corn grows green in simmer showers,  
I’ll love my gallant weaver.

## LOUIS, WHAT RECK I BY THEE ?

TUNE—‘*Louis, what reck I by thee ?*’

- 1 LOUIS, what reck I by thee,  
Or Geordie on his ocean ?  
Dyvour, beggar louns to me—  
I reign in Jeanie’s bosom.

<sup>1</sup> ‘Cart :’ a river near Paisley, sung by Campbell, and celebrated by Wilson, as well as by Burns.



- 2 Let her crown my love her law,  
 And in her breast enthrone me :  
 Kings and nations—swith, awa' !  
 Rief randies, I disown ye !
- 

## SOMEBODY.

TUNE—' *For the sake o' Somebody.*'

- 1 MY heart is sair—I dare na tell—  
 My heart is sair for somebody ;  
 I could wake a winter night  
 For the sake o' somebody.  
 Oh-hon ! for somebody !  
 Oh-hey ! for somebody !  
 I could range the world around,  
 For the sake o' somebody !
- 2 Ye Powers, that smile on virtuous love !  
 Oh, sweetly smile on somebody !  
 Frae ilka danger keep him free,  
 And send me safe my somebody !  
 Oh-hon ! for somebody !  
 Oh-hey ! for somebody !  
 I wad do—what wad I not ?  
 For the sake o' somebody !
- 

THE BONNIE LASS O' BALLOCHMYLE.<sup>1</sup>

TUNE—' *Miss Forbes' Farewell to Banff.*'

- 1 'T WAS even—the dewy fields were green,  
 On every blade the pearls hang ;

<sup>1</sup> ' Every reader of Burns remembers the circumstances which led to this poem. Its heroine, Miss Alexander, died unmarried in 1843.

The zephyr wanton'd round the bean,  
And bore its fragrant sweets along ;  
In every glen the mavis sang,  
All nature listening seem'd the while,  
Except where greenwood echoes rang,  
Among the braes o' Ballochmyle.

2 With careless step I onward stray'd,  
My heart rejoiced in Nature's joy,  
When, musing in a lonely glade  
A maiden fair I chanced to spy ;  
Her look was like the morning's eye,  
Her air like Nature's vernal smile,  
Perfection whisper'd passing by,  
Behold the lass o' Ballochmyle !

3 Fair is the morn in flowery May,  
And sweet is night in Autumn mild ;  
When roving through the garden gay,  
Or wandering in the lonely wild :  
But woman, Nature's darling child !  
There all her charms she does compile ;  
Even there her other works are foil'd  
By the bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

4 Oh, had she been a country maid,  
And I the happy country swain !  
Though shelter'd in the lowest shed  
That ever rose on Scotland's plain,  
Through weary winter's wind and rain,  
With joy, with rapture, I would toil ;  
And nightly to my bosom strain  
The bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

- 5 Then pride might climb the slippery steep,  
 Where fame and honours lofty shine ;  
 And thirst of gold might tempt the deep,  
 Or downward seek the Indian mine ;  
 Give me the cot below the pine,  
 To tend the flocks, or till the soil,  
 And every day have joys divine,  
 With the bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.
- 

### THE LOVELY LASS OF INVERNESS.

TUNE—' *Lass of Inverness.*'

- 1 THE lovely lass o' Inverness,  
 Nae joy nor pleasure can she see ;  
 For e'en and morn she cries, alas !  
 And aye the saut tear blin's her e'e :  
 Drumossie moor, Drumossie day,  
 A waefu' day it was to me ;  
 For there I lost my father dear—  
 My father dear, and brethren three.
- 2 Their winding-sheet the bluidy clay,  
 Their graves are growing green to see ;  
 And by them lies the dearest lad  
 That ever bless'd a woman's e'e !  
 Now wae to thee, thou cruel lord,  
 A bluidy man, I trow, thou be ;  
 For mony a heart thou hast made sair,  
 That ne'er did wrong to thine or thee.
-

## O MAY, THY MORN.

TUNE—' *O May, thy morn.*'

- 1 O MAY, thy morn was ne'er sae sweet  
 As the mirk night o' December ;  
 For sparkling was the rosy wine,  
 And private was the chamber :  
 And dear was she I dare na name,  
 But I will aye remember :  
 And dear was she I dare na name,  
 But I will aye remember !
- 2 And here's to them, that, like oursel',  
 Can push about the jorum ;  
 And here's to them that wish us weel,  
 May a' that's guid watch o'er them !  
 And here's to them, we dare na tell,  
 The dearest o' the quorum :  
 And here's to them, we dare na tell,  
 The dearest o' the quorum !
- 

## OH, WAT YE WHA'S IN YON TOWN ?

TUNE—' *I'll gang nae mair to yon T'own.*'

- 1 OH, wat ye wha's in yon town,  
 Ye see the e'enin' sun upon ?  
 The fairest dame's in yon town,  
 That e'enin' sun is shining on.
- 2 Now haply down yon gay green shaw,  
 She wanders by yon spreading tree :  
 How blest, ye flowers that round her blaw,  
 Ye catch the glances o' her e'e !

- 3 How blest, ye birds that round her sing,  
And welcome in the blooming year,  
And doubly welcome be the spring,  
The season to my Lucy dear!
- 4 The sun blinks blithe on yon town,  
And on yon bonnie braes of Ayr;  
But my delight in yon town,  
And dearest bliss, is Lucy fair.
- 5 Without my love, not a' the charms  
O' Paradise could yield me joy;  
But gie me Lucy in my arms,  
And welcome Lapland's dreary sky!
- 6 My cave wad be a lover's bower,  
Though raging winter rent the air;  
And she a lovely little flower,  
That I wad tent and shelter there.
- 7 Oh, sweet is she in yon town,  
Yon sinkin' sun's gane down upon;  
A fairer than 's in yon town,  
His setting beam ne'er shone upon.
- 8 If angry fate is sworn my foe,  
And suffering I am doom'd to bear;  
I careless quit aught else below,  
But spare me—spare me Lucy dear!
- 9 For while life's dearest blood is warm,  
Ae thought frae her shall ne'er depart,  
And she—as fairest is her form,  
She has the truest, kindest heart.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The heroine of this song was Lucy Johnston—married to Mr Oswald of

## A RED, RED ROSE.

TUNE—'Graham's Strathspey.'

- 1 OH, my luvè 's like a red, red rose,  
 That 's newly sprung in June :  
 Ob, my luvè 's like the melody,  
 That 's sweetly play'd in tune.  
 As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,  
 So deep in luvè an I :  
 And I will luvè thee still, my dear,  
 Till a' the seas gang dry.
- 2 Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,  
 And the rocks melt wi' the sun :  
 I will luvè thee still, my dear,  
 While the sands o' life shall run.  
 And fare thee weel, my only luvè !  
 And fare thee weel awhile !  
 And I will come again, my luvè,  
 Though it were ten thousand mile.

## A VISION.

- 1 As I stood by yon roofless tower,<sup>1</sup>  
 Where the wa'-flower scents the dewy air,  
 Where th' howlet mourns in her ivy bower,  
 And tells the midnight moon her care ;
- 2 The winds were laid, the air was still,  
 The stars they shot along the sky ;  
 The fox was howling on the hill,  
 And the distant-echoing glens reply.

Auchencruive, Ayrshire. She died of consumption at Lisbon, a year after the composition of the above song, in the prime of life. She is said to have been a most accomplished and beautiful woman.—<sup>1</sup> 'Tower : ' Lincluden Abbey.

- 3 The stream, adown its hazelly path,  
 Was rushing by the ruin'd wa's,  
 Hastening to join the sweeping Nith,  
 Whase distant roaring swells and fa's.
- 4 The cauld blue north was streaming forth  
 Her lights, wi' hissing eerie din,  
 Athort the lift they start and shift,  
 Like fortune's favours, tint as win.
- 5 By heedless chance I turn'd mine eyes,  
 And by the moonbeam, shook to see  
 A stern and stalwart ghaist arise,  
 Attired as minstrels wont to be.
- 6 Had I a statue been o' stane,  
 His daring look had daunted me;  
 And on his bonnet graved was plain,  
 The sacred posy—' Liberty !'
- 7 And frae his harp sic strains did flow,  
 Might roused the slumbering dead to hear;  
 But oh! it was a tale of woe,  
 As ever met a Briton's ear!
- 8 He sang wi' joy the former day,  
 He weeping wail'd his latter times;  
 But what he said it was nae play—  
 I winna venture 't in my rhymes.

---

ADDRESS TO MR WM. TYTLER,

WITH THE PRESENT OF THE BARD'S PICTURE.

- 1 REVERED defender of beauteous Stuart,  
 Of Stuart, a name once respected—



- A name, which to love was the mark of a true heart,  
But now 'tis despised and neglected.
- 2 Though something like moisture conglobes in my eye,  
Let no one misdeem me disloyal ;  
A poor friendless wanderer may well claim a sigh,  
Still more, if that wanderer were royal.
- 3 My fathers that name have revered on a throne ;  
My fathers have fallen to right it ;  
Those fathers would spurn their degenerate son,  
That name should he scoffingly slight it.
- 4 Still in prayers for King George I most heartily join,  
The Queen and the rest of the gentry ;  
Be they wise, be they foolish, is nothing of mine—  
Their title's avow'd by my country.
- 5 But why of that epocha make such a fuss,  
That gave us the Hanover stem ;  
If bringing them over was lucky for us,  
I'm sure 'twas as lucky for them.
- 6 But loyalty, truce ! we're on dangerous ground,  
Who knows how the fashions may alter ?  
The doctrine, to-day, that is loyalty sound,  
To-morrow may bring us a halter !
- 7 I send you a trifle, a head of a bard,  
A trifle scarce worthy your care ;  
But accept it, good sir, as a mark of regard,  
Sincere as a saint's dying prayer.
- 8 Now life's chilly evening dim shades on your eye,  
And ushers the long dreary night ;

But you, like the star that athwart gilds the sky,  
Your course to the latest is bright.

---

CALEDONIA.

TUNE—' *Caledonian Hunt's Delight.*'

- 1 THERE was once a day—but old Time then was young—  
That brave Caledonia, the chief of her line,  
From some of your northern deities sprung,  
(Who knows not that brave Caledonia's divine?)  
From Tweed to the Orcades was her domain,  
To hunt, or to pasture, or do what she would :  
Her heavenly relations there fixèd her reign,  
And pledged her their godheads to warrant it good.
- 2 A lambkin in peace, but a lion in war,  
The pride of her kindred, the heroine grew :  
Her grandsire, old Odin, triumphantly swore,  
'Whoe'er shall provoke thee, th' encounter shall rue !'  
With tillage or pasture at times she would sport,  
To feed her fair flocks by her green rustling corn ;  
But chiefly the woods were her favourite resort,  
Her darling amusement, the hounds and the horn.
- 3 Long quiet she reign'd ; till thitherward steers  
A flight of bold eagles<sup>1</sup> from Adria's strand ;  
Repeated, successive, for many long years,  
They darken'd the air, and they plunder'd the land ;  
Their pounces were murder, and terror their cry,  
They conquer'd and ruin'd a world beside ;  
She took to her hills, and her arrows let fly—  
The daring invaders they fled or they died.

<sup>1</sup> 'Bold eagles : ' the Romans.

- 4 The fell harpy-raven took wing from the north,  
 The scourge of the seas, and the dread of the shore ;<sup>1</sup>  
 The wild Scandinavian boar<sup>2</sup> issued forth  
 To wanton in carnage and wallow in gore :  
 O'er countries and kingdoms their fury prevail'd,  
 No arts could appease them, no arms could repel ;  
 But brave Caledonia in vain they assail'd,  
 As Largs well can witness, and Loncartie tell.<sup>3</sup>
- 5 The cameleon-savage disturb'd her repose,  
 With tumult, disquiet, rebellion, and strife ;  
 Provoked beyond bearing, at last she arose,  
 And robb'd him at once of his hopes and his life :<sup>4</sup>  
 The Anglian lion, the terror of France,  
 Oft prowling, ensanguined the Tweed's silver flood ;  
 But, taught by the bright Caledonian lance,  
 He learnèd to fear in his own native wood.
- 6 Thus bold, independent, unconquer'd, and free,  
 Her bright course of glory for ever shall run :  
 For brave Caledonia immortal must be ;  
 I'll prove it from Euclid as clear as the sun :  
 Rectangle-triangle the figure we'll choose,  
 The upright is Chance, and old Time is the base :  
 But brave Caledonia's the hypothenuse ;  
 Then ergo, she'll match them, and match them  
 always.

<sup>1</sup> 'Dread of the shore:' the Saxons.—<sup>2</sup> 'Scandinavian boar:' the Danes.  
 —<sup>3</sup> 'Largs and Loncartie:' two famous battles in which the Danes or Nor-  
 wegians were defeated.—<sup>4</sup> The Picts.

## POEM.

WRITTEN TO A GENTLEMAN WHO HAD SENT HIM A  
NEWSPAPER, AND OFFERED TO CONTINUE IT  
FREE OF EXPENSE.

KIND sir, I've read your paper through,  
And, faith, to me 'twas really new !  
How guess'd ye, sir, what maist I wanted ?  
This mony a day I've grain'd and gaunted,  
To ken what French mischief was brewin' ;  
Or what the drumlie Dutch were doin' ;  
That vile doup-skelper, Emperor Joseph,  
If Venus yet had got his nose off ;  
Or how the collieshangie works  
Atween the Russians and the Turks ;                    10  
Or if the Swede, before he halt,  
Would play anither Charles the Twalt :  
If Denmark, any body spak o't ;  
Or Poland, wha had now the tack o't ;  
How cut-throat Prussian blades were hingin' ;  
How libbet Italy was singin' ;  
If Spaniard, Portuguese, or Swiss,  
Were sayin' or takin' aught amiss :  
Or how our merry lads at hame,  
In Britain's court, kept up the game :                    20  
How royal George—the Lord leuk o'er him !—  
Was managing St Stephen's quorum ;  
If sleekit Chatham Will was livin',  
Or glaikit Charlie got his nieve in ;  
How daddie Burke the plea was cookin',  
If Warren Hastings' neck was yeukin',  
How cesses, stents, and fears were rax'd,  
Or if bare —— yet were tax'd ;

The news o' princes, dukes, and earls, 29  
 Pimps, sharpeners, bawds, and opera-girls ;  
 If that daft buckie, Geordie Wales,  
 Was threshin' still at hizzies' tails,  
 Or if he was grown oughtlins douser,  
 And no a perfect kintry cooser.  
 A' this and mair I never heard of ;  
 And, but for you, I might despair'd of ;  
 So gratefu', back your news I send you,  
 And pray, a' guid things may attend you !

NOTE, COMPLAINING THAT THE PAPER ABOVE MENTIONED  
 DID NOT COME REGULARLY.

Dear Peter, dear Peter,  
 We poor sons of metre  
 Are often negleckit, ye ken ;  
 For instance, your sheet, man,  
 (Though glad I'm to see 't, man),  
 I get it no ae day in ten.

---

POEM ON PASTORAL POETRY.

- 1 HAIL, Poesie ! thou Nymph reserved !  
 In chase o' thee, what crowds hae swerved  
 Frae common sense, or sunk enerved  
     'Mang heaps o' clavers ;  
 And, och ! owre aft thy joes hae starved,  
     'Mid a' thy favours !
  
- 2 Say, lassie, why thy train amang,  
 While loud the trump's heroic clang,  
 And sock or buskin skelp along  
     To death or marriage,  
 Scarce ane has tried the Shepherd-sang  
     But wi' miscarriage ?



8 In gowany glens thy burnie strays,  
 Where bonnie lasses bleach their claes :  
 Or trots by hazelly shaws and braes,  
                     Wi' hawthorns gray,  
 Where blackbirds join the shepherd's lays,  
                     At close o' day.

9 Thy rural loves are nature's sel' ;  
 Nae bombast spates o' nonsense swell ;  
 Nae snap conceits, but that sweet spell  
                     O' witchin' love,  
 That charm that can the strongest quell,  
                     The sternest move.

ON THE BATTLE OF SHERIFF-MUIR,<sup>1</sup>

BETWEEN THE DUKE OF ARGYLE AND THE EARL OF MAR.

TUNE—' *Cameronian Rant.*'

1 OH, cam ye here the fight to shun,  
 Or herd the sheep wi' me, man ?  
 Or were ye at the Sherra-muir,  
 And did the battle see, man ?'  
 ' I saw the battle, sair and teugh,  
 And reekin'-red ran mony a sheugh,  
 My heart for fear gaed sough for sough,  
 To hear the thuds, and see the cluds,  
 O' clans frae woods, in tartan duds,  
 Wha glaum'd at kingdoms three, man.

2 ' The red-coat lads, wi' black cockades,  
 To meet them were nae slaw, man ;  
 They rush'd and push'd, and bluid outgush'd,  
 And mony a bouk did fa, man :

<sup>1</sup> This is founded on an old song by Barclay the Berean.



The great Argyle led on his files,  
 I wat they glancèd twenty miles :  
 They hack'd and hash'd, while broadswords clash'd,  
 And through they dash'd, and hew'd and smash'd,  
 Till fey men died awa', man.

3 'But had you seen the philabegs,  
 And skyrin tartan trews, man,  
 When in the teeth they dared our Whigs,  
 And Covenant true-blues, man ;  
 In lines extended lang and large,  
 When bayonets opposed the targe,  
 And thousands hasten'd to the charge,  
 Wi' Highland wrath they frae the sheath  
 Drew blades o' death, till, out o' breath,  
 They fled like frightened doos, man.'

4 'Oh how deil, Tam, can that be true ?  
 The chase gaed frae the north, man :  
 I saw mysel', they did pursue  
 The horsemen back to Forth, man ;  
 And at Dumblane, in my ain sight,  
 They took the brig wi' a' their might,  
 And straught to Stirling wing'd their flight,  
 But, cursèd lot ! the gates were shut,  
 And mony a huntit, poor red-coat,  
 For fear amæist did swarf, man.'

5 'My sister Kate cam up the gate  
 Wi' crowdie unto me, man ;  
 She swore she saw some rebels run  
 Frae Perth unto Dundee, man :  
 Their left-hand general had nae skill,  
 The Angus lads had nae good-will

That day their neighbours' blood to spill ;  
 For fear, by foes, that they should lose  
 Their cogs o' brose—all crying woes ;  
 And so it goes you see, man.

6 'They 've lost some gallant gentlemen  
 Among the Highland clans, man ;  
 I fear my Lord Panmure is slain,  
 Or fallen in Whiggish hands, man :  
 Now wad ye sing this double fight,  
 Some fell for wrang and some for right ;  
 But mony bade the world guid-night ;  
 Then ye may tell, how pell and mell,  
 By red claymores, and muskets' knell,  
 Wi' dying yell, the Tories fell,  
 And Whigs to hell did flee, man.'

---

SKETCH : NEW-YEAR'S DAY (1790.)

TO MRS DUNLOP.

THIS day, Time winds th' exhausted chain,  
 To run the twelvemonth's length again :  
 I see the old, bald-pated fellow !  
 With ardent eyes, complexion sallow,  
 Adjust the unimpair'd machine,  
 To wheel the equal, dull routine.

The absent lover, minor heir,  
 In vain assail him with their prayer,  
 Deaf as my friend, he sees them press,  
 Nor makes the hour one moment less. 10  
 Will you (the Major's with the hounds,  
 The happy tenants share his rounds ;  
 Coila's fair Rachel's<sup>1</sup> care to-day,

<sup>1</sup> 'Rachel.' this young lady was drawing a picture of Coila from 'The Vision.'

And blooming Keith's engaged with Gray) 14  
 From housewife cares a minute borrow—  
 That grandchild's cap will do to-morrow—  
 And join with me a moralising,  
 This day's propitious to be wise in.  
     First, what did yesternight deliver ?  
 ' Another year is gone for ever !' 20  
 And what is this day's strong suggestion ?  
 ' The passing moment's all we rest on !'  
 Rest on—for what ? what do we here ?  
 Or why regard the passing year ?  
 Will Time, amused with proverb'd lore,  
 Add to our date one minute more ?  
 A few days may—a few years must—  
 Repose us in the silent dust.  
 Then is it wise to damp our bliss ?  
 Yes—all such reasonings are amiss ! 30  
 The voice of Nature loudly cries,  
 And many a message from the skies,  
 That something in us never dies :  
 That on this frail, uncertain state,  
 Hang matters of eternal weight :  
 That future life in worlds unknown  
 Must take its hue from this alone ;  
 Whether as heavenly glory bright,  
 Or dark as misery's woful night.  
 Since then, my honour'd, first of friends, 40  
 On this poor being all depends ;  
 Let us th' important *now* employ,  
 And live as those who never die.  
 Though you, with days and honours crown'd,  
 Witness that filial circle round,  
 (A sight life's sorrows to repulse,  
 A sight pale Envy to convulse)

Others now claim your chief regard ;  
 Yourself, you wait your bright reward.

---

EXTEMPORE ON THE LATE MR WILLIAM  
 SMELLIE,

AUTHOR OF THE PHILOSOPHY OF NATURAL HISTORY, AND  
 MEMBER OF THE ANTIQUARIAN AND ROYAL SOCIETIES  
 OF EDINBURGH.

SHREWD Willie Smellie to Crochallan<sup>1</sup> came,  
 The old cock'd hat, the gray surtout, the same,  
 His bristling beard just rising in its might ;  
 'Twas four long nights and days to shaving-night ;  
 His uncomb'd grizzly locks wild staring, thatch'd  
 A head for thought profound and clear unmatched ;  
 Yet though his caustic wit was biting rude,  
 His heart was warm, benevolent, and good.

---

POETICAL INSCRIPTION FOR AN ALTAR  
 TO INDEPENDENCE,

AT KERROUGHTREE, THE SEAT OF MR HERON.

Written in Summer, 1795.

THOU of an independent mind,  
 With soul resolved, with soul resign'd ;  
 Prepared Power's proudest frown to brave,  
 Who wilt not be, nor have a slave ;  
 Virtue alone who dost revere,  
 Thy own reproach alone dost fear,  
 Approach this shrine, and worship here.

<sup>1</sup> 'Crochallan:' Mr Smellie and our poet were both members of a club in Edinburgh, under the name of Crochallan Fencibles.

## SONNET,

ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT RIDDEL,<sup>1</sup> ESQ. OF GLENRIDDEL,  
APRIL 1794.

- 1 No more, ye warblers of the wood, no more ;  
Nor pour your descant, grating on my soul :  
Thou young-eyed Spring, gay in thy verdant stole—  
More welcome were to me grim Winter's wildest roar.
- 2 How can ye charm, ye flowers, with all your dyes ?  
Ye blow upon the sod that wraps my friend ;  
How can I to the tuneful strain attend ?  
That strain flows round the untimely tomb where Riddel  
lies !
- 3 Yes, pour, ye warblers, pour the notes of woe,  
And soothe the Virtues weeping on his bier ;  
The Man of Worth, and has not left his peer,  
Is in his narrow house for ever darkly low.
- 4 Thee, Spring, again with joy shall others greet ;  
Me, memory of my loss will only meet !

## MONODY,

ON A LADY FAMED FOR HER CAPRICE.<sup>2</sup>

- 1 How cold is that bosom which folly once fired !  
How pale is that cheek where the rouge lately glisten'd  
How silent that tongue which the echoes oft tired !  
How dull is that ear which to flattery so listen'd !
- 2 If sorrow and anguish their exit await,  
From friendship and dearest affection removed ;

<sup>1</sup> ' Robert Riddel, Esq. : ' of Friars' Carse.—<sup>2</sup> Written on Mrs Riddel.

How doubly severer, Eliza, thy fate,  
 Thou diedst unwept, as thou livedst unloved !

- 3 Loves, Graces, and Virtues, I call not on you ;  
 So shy, grave, and distant, ye shed not a tear :  
 But come, all ye offspring of Folly so true,  
 And flowers let us cull for Eliza's cold bier.
- 4 We'll search through the garden for each silly flower,  
 We'll roam through the forest for each idle weed ;  
 But chiefly the nettle, so typical, shower,  
 For none e'er approach'd her but rued the rash deed.
- 5 We'll sculpture the marble, we'll measure the lay,  
 Here Vanity strums on her idiot lyre ;  
 There keen Indignation shall dart on her prey,  
 Which spurning Contempt shall redeem from his ire.

## THE EPITAPH.

- 6 Here lies, now a prey to insulting neglect,  
 What once was a butterfly, gay in life's beam :  
 Want only of wisdom denied her respect,  
 Want only of goodness denied her esteem.

## EPISTLE FROM ESOPUS TO MARIA.

FROM those drear solitudes and frowsy cells,  
 Where infamy with sad repentance dwells ;  
 Where turnkeys make the jealous portal fast,  
 And deal from iron hands the spare repast,  
 Where truant 'prentices, yet young in sin,  
 Blush at the curious stranger peeping in ;  
 Where strumpets, relics of the drunken roar,  
 Resolve to drink, nay, half to whore no more ;

Where tiny thieves not destined yet to swing, 9  
 Beat hemp for others, riper for the string :  
 From these dire scenes my wretched lines I date,  
 To tell Maria her Esopus' fate.

‘Alas! I feel I am no actor here!’

’Tis real hangmen, real scourges bear!  
 Prepare, Maria, for a horrid tale,  
 Will turn thy very rouge to deadly pale ;  
 Will make thy hair, though erst from gipsy  
 poll’d,

By barber woven, and by barber sold,  
 Though twisted smooth with Harry’s nicest care,  
 Like hoary bristles to erect and stare. 20

The hero of the mimic scene, no more  
 I start in Hamlet, in Othello roar ;  
 Or haughty chieftain, ’mid the din of arms,  
 In Highland bonnet woo Malvina’s charms ;  
 While sans-eulottes stoop up the mountain high,  
 And steal from me Maria’s prying eye.  
 Blest Highland bonnet! once my proudest dress,  
 Now prouder still, Maria’s temples press,  
 I see her wave thy towering plumes afar,  
 And call each coxcomb to the wordy war ; 30  
 I see her face the first of Ireland’s sons,<sup>1</sup>  
 And even out-Irish his Hibernian bronze ;  
 The crafty colonel<sup>2</sup> leaves the tartan’d lines  
 For other wars, where he a hero shines ;  
 The hopeful youth, in Scottish senate bred,  
 Who owns a Bushby’s heart without the head,  
 Comes ’mid a string of coxcombs to display,  
 That *Veni, vidi, vici*, is his way ;  
 The shrinking bard adown an alley skulks,  
 And dreads a meeting worse than Woolwich hulks ;

<sup>1</sup> ‘First of Ireland’s sons:’ Gillespie.—<sup>2</sup> ‘Crafty colonel:’ Colonel M’Dowal.



Though there, his heresies in Church and State 41  
 Might well award him Muir and Palmer's fate :  
 Still she undaunted reels and rattles on,  
 And dares the public like a noontide sun.  
 (What scandal call'd Maria's jaunty stagger,  
 The ricket reeling of a crooked swagger ;  
 Whose spleen e'en worse than Burns's venom, when  
 He dips in gall unmix'd his eager pen,  
 And pours his vengeance in the burning line,  
 Who christen'd thus Maria's lyre divine ; 50  
 The idiot strum of vanity bemused,  
 And even the abuse of poesy abused ;  
 Who call'd her verse a parish workhouse, made  
 For motley, foundling fancies, stolen or stray'd ?)

A workhouse ! ah, that sound awakes my woes,  
 And pillows on the thorn my rack'd repose !  
 In durance vile here must I wake and weep,  
 And all my frowsy couch in sorrow steep !  
 That straw where many a rogue has lain of yore,  
 And vermin'd gipsies litter'd heretofore. 60  
 Why, Lonsdale, thus thy wrath on vagrants pour ?  
 Must earth no rascal save thyself endure ?  
 Must thou alone in guilt immortal swell,  
 And make a vast monopoly of hell ?  
 Thou know'st the Virtues cannot hate thee worse ;  
 The Vices also, must they club their curse ?  
 Or must no tiny sin to others fall,  
 Because thy guilt's supreme enough for all ?

Maria, send me, too, thy griefs and cares ;  
 In all of thee sure thy Esopus shares. 70  
 As thou at all mankind the flag unfurls,  
 Who on my fair one Satire's vengeance hurls ?  
 Who calls thee pert, affected, vain coquette,  
 A wit in folly, and a fool in wit ?

Who says that fool alone is not thy due, 75  
 And quotes thy treacheries to prove it true ?  
 Our force united on thy foes we'll turn,  
 And dare the war with all of woman born :  
 For who can write and speak as thou and I ?  
 My periods that decyphering defy,  
 And thy still matchless tongue that conquers all reply.<sup>1</sup>

---

## LETTER TO JOHN GOUDIE, KILMARNOCK,

ON THE PUBLICATION OF HIS ESSAYS.

- 1 O GOUDIE ! terror o' the Whigs,  
 Dread o' black coats and reverend wigs,  
 Sour Bigotry, on her last legs,  
   Girnin', looks back,  
 Wishin' the ten Egyptian plagues  
   Wad seize you quick.
  
- 2 Poor gapin', glowrin' Superstition,  
 Waes me, she's in a sad condition ;  
 Fie ! bring Black Jock, her state-physician,  
   To see her water ;  
 Alas ! there's ground o' great suspicion  
   She'll ne'er get better.
  
- 3 Auld Orthodoxy lang did grapple,  
 But now she's got an unco ripple ;  
 Haste, gie her name up i' the chapel,  
   Nigh unto death ;  
 See how she fetches at the thrapple,  
   And gasps for breath !

<sup>1</sup> The Esopus of this satire was Williamson, an actor, and the Maria to whom it is addressed was Mrs Riddel.



But ance, when in my wooing pride, 14  
 I, like a blockhead, boost to ride,  
 The wilfu' creature sae I pat to,  
 (L——, pardon a' my sins, and that too!)  
 I play'd my filly sic a shavie,  
 She's a' bedevill'd wi' the spavie.  
 My fur-ahin',<sup>1</sup> a wordy beast, 20  
 As e'er in tug or tow was traced:  
 The fourth's a Highland Donald hastie,  
 A d—— red-wud Kilburnie blastie!  
 Forby a cowte, of cowtes the wale,  
 As ever ran afore a tail;  
 An' he be spared to be a beast,  
 He'll draw me fifteen pund at least.

Wheel carriages I hae but few—  
 Three carts, and twa are feckly new;  
 An auld wheel-barrow, mair for token, 30  
 Ae leg and baith the trams are broken:  
 I made a poker o' the spin'le,  
 And my auld mither brunt the trin'le.  
 For men, I've three mischievous boys,  
 Run-deils for rantin' and for noise;  
 A gadsman ane, a thresher t' other,  
 Wee Davoc hauds the nowte in fother.  
 I rule them, as I ought, discreetly,  
 And often labour them completely;  
 And aye on Sundays, duly, nightly, 40  
 I on the questions targe them tightly,  
 Till, faith, wee Davoc's grown sae gleg,  
 Though scarcely langer than my leg,  
 He'll screed you aff Effectual Calling,  
 As fast as ony in the dwelling.

I've nane in female servant station,

<sup>1</sup> 'Fur-ahin': the same on the right-hand in the plough.

(Lord, keep me aye frae a' temptation!) 47  
 I hae nae wife, and that my bliss is,  
 And ye hae laid nae tax on misses ;  
 Wi' weans I'm mair than weel contented,  
 Heaven sent me ane mair than I wanted ;  
 My sonsie, smirking, dear-bought Bess,  
 She stares the daddie in her face,  
 Enough of ought ye like but grace ;  
 But her, my bonnie, sweet, wee lady,  
 I've said enough for her already,  
 And if ye tax her or her mither,  
 By the L——! ye'se get them a' thegither.

And now, remember, Mr Aiken,  
 Nae kind of licence out I'm takin' ; 60  
 Through dirt and dub for life I'll paidle,  
 Ere I sae dear pay for a saddle ;  
 I've sturdy bearers, Gude be thankit !  
 My travel a' on foot I'll shank it.

The kirk an' you may tak you that,  
 It puts but little in your pat ;  
 Sae dinna put me in your book,  
 Nor for my ten white shillings look.

This list wi' my ain hand I've wrote it,  
 The day and date as under notit ; 70  
 Then know, all ye whom it concerns,

*Subscripsi huic,*

ROBERT BURNS.

---

THE HIGHLAND LASSIE.

TUNE—' *The Deuk's dung o'er my Daddy.*'

- 1 NAE gentle dames, though e'er sae fair,  
 Shall ever be my Muse's care ;  
 Their titles a' are empty show ;  
 Gie me my Highland lassie, O !

## CHORUS.

Within the glen sae bushy, O!  
Aboon the plain sae rushy, O!  
I set me down wi' right good will  
To sing my Highland lassie, O!

- 2 Oh, were you hills and valleys mine,  
Yon palace and yon gardens fine!  
The world then the love should know  
I bear my Highland lassie, O!
- 3 But fickle fortune frowns on me,  
And I maun cross the raging sea;  
But while my crimson currents flow,  
I'll love my Highland lassie, O!
- 4 Although through foreign climes I range,  
I know her heart will never change,  
For her bosom burns with honour's glow,  
My faithful Highland lassie, O!
- 5 For her I'll dare the billows' roar,  
For her I'll trace a distant shore,  
That Indian wealth may lustre throw,  
Around my Highland lassie, O!
- 6 She has my heart, she has my hand,  
By sacred truth and honour's band!  
Till the mortal stroke shall lay me low,  
I'm thine, my Highland lassie O!

Farewell, the glen sae bushy, O!  
Farewell, the plain sae rushy, O!

To other lands I now must go,  
To sing my Highland lassie, O!<sup>1</sup>

---

IMPROMPTU.

ON MRS RIDDEL'S BIRTHDAY, 4TH NOVEMBER 1793.

- 1 OLD Winter, with his frosty beard,  
Thus once to Jove his prayer preferr'd :—  
What have I done of all the year,  
To bear this hated doom severe ?  
My cheerless suns no pleasure know :  
Night's horrid car drags dreary, slow :  
My dismal months no joys are crowning,  
But spleeny English, hanging, drowning.
- 2 Now, Jove, for once be mighty civil,  
To counterbalance all this evil ;  
Give me, and I've no more to say,  
Give me Maria's natal day !  
That brilliant gift will so enrich me,  
Spring, summer, autumn, cannot match me.  
'Tis done ! says Jove ; so ends my story,  
And Winter once rejoiced in glory.

---

OII, WERT THOU IN THE CAULD BLAST !

TUNE—' *The Lass o' Livingstone.*'

- 1 OH, wert thou in the cauld blast,  
On yonder lea, on yonder lea ;  
My plaidie to the angry airt,  
I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee :

<sup>1</sup> This seems to have been written on Highland Mary.



Or did misfortune's bitter storms  
 Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,  
 Thy bield should be my bosom,  
 To share it a', to share it a'.

2 Or were I in the wildest waste,  
 Sae black and bare, sae black and bare,  
 The desert were a paradise,  
 If thou wert there, if thou wert there :  
 Or were I monarch o' the globe,  
 Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign—  
 The brightest jewel in my crown,  
 Wad be my queen, wad be my queen.

---

TO A YOUNG LADY,<sup>1</sup>

WITH BOOKS WHICH THE BARD PRESENTED HER.

THINE be the volumes, Jessy fair,  
 And with them take the poet's prayer ;  
 That Fate may in her fairest page,  
 With every kindliest, best presage  
 Of future bliss enrol thy name :  
 With native worth, and spotless fame,  
 And wakeful caution still aware  
 Of ill—but chief, man's felon snare ;  
 All blameless joys on earth we find,  
 And all the treasures of the mind—  
 These be thy guardian and reward ;  
 So prays thy faithful friend, the Bard.

<sup>1</sup> ' Young lady : ' Miss Jessy Lewars, Dumfries.

---

## SONNET,

WRITTEN ON THE 25TH JANUARY 1793, THE BIRTHDAY  
OF THE AUTHOR, ON HEARING A THRUSH SING IN A  
MORNING WALK.

- 1 SING on, sweet thrush, upon the leafless bough,  
Sing on, sweet bird, I listen to thy strain;  
See aged Winter, 'mid his surly reign,  
At thy blithe carol clears his furrow'd brow.
- 2 So in lone Poverty's dominion drear,  
Sits meek Content, with light unanxious heart,  
Welcomes the rapid moments, bids them part,  
Nor asks if they bring ought to hope or fear.
- 3 I thank thee, Author of this opening day!  
Thou whose bright sun now gilds yon orient skies!  
Riches denied, thy boon was purer joys,  
What wealth could never give nor take away!
- 4 Yet come, thou child of poverty and care,  
The mite high Heaven bestow'd, that mite with thee  
I'll share.

---

 EXTEMPORE TO MR SYME,

ON REFUSING TO DINE WITH HIM, AFTER HAVING BEEN  
PROMISED THE FIRST OF COMPANY, AND THE FIRST OF  
COOKERY, 17TH DECEMBER 1795.

No more of your guests, be they titled or not,  
And cookery the first in the nation;  
Who is proof to thy personal converse and wit,  
Is proof to all other temptation.

## TO MR SYME,

WITH A PRESENT OF A DOZEN OF PORTER.

OH, had the malt thy strength of mind,  
 Or hops the flavour of thy wit;  
 'Twere drink for first of human kind,  
 A gift that e'en for Syme were fit.

## THE DUMFRIES VOLUNTEERS.

TUNE—' *Push about the Jorum.*'

APRIL 1795.

- 1 DOES haughty Gaul invasion threat ?  
 Then let the loons beware, sir;  
 There's wooden walls upon our seas,  
 And volunteers on shore, sir.  
 The Nith shall run to Corsincon,  
 And Criffel sink in Solway,  
 Ere we permit a foreign foe  
 On British ground to rally!
- 2 Oh, let us not, like snarling tykes,  
 In wrangling be divided ;  
 Till, slap, come in an unco loon  
 And wi' a rung decide it.  
 Be Britain still to Britain true,  
 Amang oursel's united ,  
 For never but by British hands  
 Maun British wrangs be righted.
- 3 The kettle o' the Kirk and State  
 Perhaps a clout may fail in 't ;  
 But deil a foreign tinkler loun  
 Shall ever ea' a nail in 't.

Our fathers' blood the kettle bought,  
 And wha wad dare to spoil it,  
 By heaven, the sacrilegious dog  
 Shall fuel be to boil it!

- 4 The wretch that wad a tyrant own,  
 And the wretch, his true-born brother,  
 Who'd set the mob aboon the throne  
 May they be damn'd together!  
 Who will not sing, 'God save the King,'  
 Shall hang as high 's the steeple;  
 But while we sing 'God save the King,'  
 We'll ne'er forget the People.
- 

POEM, ADDRESSED TO MR MITCHELL,

COLLECTOR OF EXCISE, DUMFRIES, 1796.

- 1 FRIEND of the Poet, tried and leal,  
 Wha, wanting thee, might beg or steal;  
 Alake, alake, the meikle deil,  
     Wi' a' his witches,  
 Are at it skelpin' jig and reel,  
     In my poor pouches.
- 2 I modestly fu' fain wad hint it,  
 That one-pound-one I sairly want it:  
 If wi' the hizzie down ye sent it,  
     It would be kind;  
 And while my heart wi' life-blood dunted,  
     I'd bear 't in mind.
- 3 So may the old year gang out moanin',  
 To see the new come laden, groanin',

Wi' double plenty o'er the loanin',  
                                   To thee and thine;  
 Domestic peace and comforts crownin'  
                                   The hale design.

## POSTSCRIPT.

4 Ye've heard this while how I've been licket,  
 And by fell Death was nearly nicket:  
 Grim loun! he gat me by the fecket,  
                                   And sair me sheuk;  
 But by guid luck I lap a wicket,  
                                   And turn'd a neuk.

5 But by that health, I've got a share o't,  
 And by that life, I'm promised mair o't,  
 My hale and weel I'll take a care o't  
                                   A tentier way:  
 Then farewell, Folly, hide and hair o't,  
                                   For ance and aye!

---

LINES SENT TO A GENTLEMAN (MR RIDDEL)  
 WHOM HE HAD OFFENDED.

1 THE friend whom, wild from wisdom's way,  
       The fumes of wine infuriate send;  
 (Not moony madness more astray)  
       Who but deplores that hapless friend?

2 Mine was th' insensate frenzied part,  
       Ah! why should I such scenes outlive?  
 Scenes so abhorrent to my heart,  
       'Tis thine to pity and forgive!

## POEM ON LIFE.

ADDRESSED TO COLONEL DE PEYSTER, DUMFRIES 1796.

- 1 MY honour'd colonel, deep I feel  
 Your interest in the Poet's weal;  
 Ah! now sma' heart hae I to speel  
                                   The steep Parnassus,  
 Surrounded thus by bolus pill,  
                                   And potion glasses.
- 2 Oh, what a canty warld were it,  
 Would pain, and care, and sickness spare it;  
 And fortune favour worth and merit,  
                                   As they deserve:  
 And aye a rowth roast beef and claret;  
                                   Syne, wha wad starve?
- 3 Dame Life, though fiction out may trick her.  
 And in paste gems and frippery deck her;  
 Oh! flickering, feeble, and unsicker,  
                                   I've found her still,  
 Aye wavering like the willow wicker,  
                                   'Tween good and ill.
- 4 Then that curst carmagnole,<sup>1</sup> auld Satan,  
 Watches, like baudrons by a rattan,  
 Our sinfu' saul to get a claut on,  
                                   Wi' felon ire;  
 Syne, whip! his tail ye'll ne'er cast saut on—  
                                   He's off like fire.
- 5 Ah, Nick! ah, Nick! it is na fair,  
 First showing us the tempting ware,

<sup>1</sup> 'Carmagnole': a French Revolutionary nickname.

Bright wines and bonnie lasses rare,  
     To put us daft ;  
 Syne weave, unseen, thy spider snare  
     O' hell's damn'd waft.

6 Poor man, the fly, aft bizzes by,  
 And aft, as chance he comes thee nigh,  
 Thy auld damn'd elbow yeuks wi' joy,  
     And hellish pleasure ;  
 Already in thy fancy's eye,  
     Thy sicker treasure !

7 Soon, heels o'er gowdie, in he gangs,  
 And like a sheep-head on a tangs,  
 Thy girning laugh enjoys his pangs  
     And murdering wrestle,  
 As, dangling in the wind, he hangs  
     A gibbet's tassell.

8 But lest you think I am uncivil,  
 To plague you with this draunting drivell,  
 Abjuring a' intentions evil,  
     I quat my pen :  
 The Lord preserve us frae the devil !  
     Amen ! Amen !

---

ADDRESS TO THE TOOTHACHE.

1 MY curse upon thy venom'd stang,  
 That shoots my tortured gums along ;  
 And through my lugs gies mony a twang,  
     Wi' gnawing vengeance ;  
 Tearing my nerves wi' bitter pang,  
     Like racking engines !



- 2 When fevers burn, or ague freezes,  
 Rheumatics gnaw, or cholick squeezes,  
 Our neighbour's sympathy may ease us,  
     Wi' pitying moan ;  
 But thee, thou hell o' a' diseases,  
     Aye mocks our groan !
- 3 Adown my beard the slavers trickle,  
 I throw the wee stools o'er the mickle,  
 As round the fire the giglets keckle,  
     To see me loup ;  
 While, raving mad, I wish a heckle  
     Were in their doup.
- 4 O' a' the numerous human dools,  
 Ill har'sts, daft bargains, cutty-stools,  
 Or worthy friends raked i' the mools,  
     Sad sight to see !  
 The tricks o' knaves, or fash o' fools—  
     Thou bear'st the gree.
- 5 Where'er that place be priests ca' hell,  
 Whence a' the tones o' misery yell,  
 And rankèd plagues their numbers tell,  
     In dreadfu' raw,  
 Thou, Toothache, surely bear'st the bell  
     Amang them a' !
- 6 O thou grim mischief-making chiel,  
 That gars the notes of discord squeel,  
 Till daft mankind aft dance a reel  
     In gore a shoe-thick !  
 Gie a' the faces o' Scotland's weal  
     A towmond's toothache !

## OH, WHA IS SHE THAT LO'ES ME ?

TUNE—' *Morag.*'

- 1 OH, wha is she that lo'es me,  
 And has my heart a-keeping ?  
 Oh, sweet is she that lo'es me,  
 As dews o' simmer weeping,  
 In tears the rosebuds steeping.

CHORUS.

Oh, that 's the lassie o' my heart,  
 My lassie ever dearer ;  
 Oh, that 's the queen o' woman kind,  
 And ne'er a ane to peer her.

- 2 If thou shalt meet a lassie  
 In grace and beauty charming,  
 That e'en thy chosen lassie,  
 Erewhile thy breast sae warming,  
 Had ne'er sic powers alarming :
- 3 If thou hadst heard her talking,  
 And thy attention's plighted,  
 That ilka body talking,  
 But her by thee is slighted ;  
 And thou art all delighted :
- 4 If thou hast met this fair one,  
 When frae her thou hast parted,  
 If every other fair one,  
 But her, thou hast deserted,  
 And thou art broken-hearted :
- Oh, that 's the lassie o' my heart, &c.

## JOCKEY'S TA'EN THE PARTING KISS.

TUNE—' *Jockey's ta'en the parting kiss.*'

- 1 JOCKEY's ta'en the parting kiss,  
O'er the mountains he is gane ;  
And with him is a' my bliss,  
Nought but griefs with me remain.
- 2 Spare my luv, ye winds that blaw,  
Plashy sleets and beating rain !  
Spare my luv, thou feathery snaw,  
Drifting o'er the frozen plain !
- 3 When the shades of evening creep,  
O'er the day's fair, gladsome e'e,  
Sound and safely may he sleep,  
Sweetly blithe his waukening be !
- 4 He will think on her he loves,  
Fondly he'll repeat her name ;  
For where'er he distant roves,  
Jockey's heart is still at hame.

## MY PEGGY'S FACE.

TUNE—' *My Peggy's face.*'

- 1 My Peggy's face, my Peggy's form,  
The frost of hermit age might warm ;  
My Peggy's worth, my Peggy's mind,  
Might charm the first of human kind.  
I love my Peggy's angel air,  
Her face so truly, heavenly fair,  
Her native grace so void of art,  
But I adore my Peggy's heart.

- 2 The lily's hue, the rose's dye,  
 The kindling lustre of an eye ;  
 Who but owns their magic sway !  
 Who but knows they all decay !  
 The tender thrill, the pitying tear,  
 The generous purpose, nobly dear,  
 The gentle look, that rage disarms—  
 These are all immortal charms.
- 

### KEN YE OUGHT O' CAPTAIN GROSE ?

WRITTEN IN A WRAPPER ENCLOSING A LETTER TO CAPTAIN GROSE, TO BE LEFT WITH MR CARDONNEL, ANTIQUARIAN.

TUNE—' *Sir John Malcolm.*'

- 1 KEN ye ought o' Captain Grose ?  
 Igo and ago,  
 If he's amang his friends or foes ?  
 Iram, coram, dago.
- 2 Is he South, or is he North ?  
 Igo and ago,  
 Or drownèd in the river Forth ?  
 Iram, coram, dago.
- 3 Is he slain by Highland bodies ?  
 Igo and ago,  
 And eaten like a wether haggis ?  
 Iram, coram, dago.
- 4 Is he to Abram's bosom gane ?  
 Igo and ago,  
 Or haudin' Sarah by the wame ?  
 Iram, coram, dago.

- 5 Where'er he be, the Lord be near him !  
 Igo and ago,  
 As for the Deil, he daur na steer him,  
 Iram, coram, dago.
- 6 But please transmit th' enclosed letter,  
 Igo and ago,  
 Which will oblige your humble debtor,  
 Iram, coram, dago.
- 7 So may ye hae auld stanes in store,  
 Igo and ago,  
 The very stanes that Adam bore,  
 Iram, coram, dago.
- 8 So may ye get in glad possession,  
 Igo and ago,  
 The coins o' Satan's coronation !  
 Iram, coram, dago.

---

 ON SENSIBILITY,

TO MY DEAR AND MUCH-HONOURED FRIEND, MRS DUNLOP  
 OF DUNLOP.

- 1 SENSIBILITY, how charming !  
 Thou, my friend, canst truly tell :  
 But distress, with horrors arming,  
 Thou hast also known too well !
- 2 Fairest flower, behold the lily,  
 Blooming in the sunny ray :  
 Let the blast sweep o'er the valley,  
 See it prostrate on the clay.

- 3 Hear the wood-lark charm the forest,  
 Telling o'er his little joys :  
 Hapless bird ! a prey the surest,  
 To each pirate of the skies.
- 4 Dearly bought the hidden treasure,  
 Finer feelings can bestow ;  
 Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure,  
 Thrill the deepest notes of woe.

---

A VERSE,

COMPOSED AND REPEATED BY BURNS, TO THE MASTER OF THE HOUSE, ON TAKING LEAVE AT A PLACE IN THE HIGHLANDS WHERE HE HAD BEEN HOSPITABLY ENTERTAINED.

WHEN death's dark stream I ferry o'er,  
 A time that surely shall come ;  
 In heaven itself, I 'll ask no more,  
 Than just a Highland welcome.

---

FAREWELL TO AYRSHIRE.

- 1 SCENES of woe and scenes of pleasure,  
 Scenes that former thoughts renew,  
 Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,  
 Now a sad and last adieu !
- 2 Bonnie Doon, sae sweet at gloamin',  
 Fare thee weel, before I gang !  
 Bonnie Doon, whare, early roamin',  
 First I weaved the rustic sang !
- 3 Bowers, adieu ! whare love, decoying,  
 First enthrall'd this heart o' mine ;

There the softest sweets enjoying—  
Sweets that mem'ry ne'er shall tyne !

4 Friends, so near my bosom ever,  
Ye hae render'd moments dear,  
But, alas ! when forced to sever,  
Then the stroke, oh, how severe !

5 Friends ! that parting tear reserve it,  
Though 'tis doubly dear to me !  
Could I think I did deserve it,  
How much happier would I be !

6 Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,  
Scenes that former thoughts renew,  
Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,  
Now a sad and last adieu !

---

FRAGMENT OF AN ODE ON PRINCE CHARLES  
EDWARD'S BIRTHDAY.

1 FALSE flatterer, Hope, away !  
Nor think to lure us as in days of yore :  
We solemnise this sorrowing natal day,  
To prove our loyal truth—we can no more ;  
And owning Heaven's mysterious sway,  
Submissive, low, adore.

2 Ye honour'd mighty dead !  
Who nobly perish'd in the glorious cause,  
Your King, your Country, and her Laws !  
From great Dundee who, smiling, Victory led,



And fell a martyr in her arms,  
 (What breast of northern ice but warms!)  
     To bold Balmerino's undying name,  
     Whose soul of fire, lighted at Heaven's high flame,  
 Deserves the proudest wreath departed heroes claim.

3      Not unrevenged your fate shall be,  
         It only lags the fatal hour ;  
 Your blood shall with incessant cry  
         Awake at last th' unsparing power ;  
 As from the cliff, with thundering course,  
         The snowy ruin smokes along,  
         With doubling speed and gathering force,  
 Till deep it crashing whelms the cottage in the vale,  
 So vengeance . . . . .

---

### REMORSE.

FROM THE POET'S COMMONPLACE-BOOK.

OF all the numerous ills that hurt our peace,  
 That press the soul, or wring the mind with anguish,  
 Beyond comparison the worst are those  
 That to our folly or our guilt we owe.  
 In every other circumstance, the mind  
 Has this to say—'It was no deed of mine!'  
 But when to all the evil of misfortune  
 This sting is added—'Blame thy foolish self!'  
 Or worsen far, the pangs of keen remorse ;  
 The torturing, gnawing consciousness of guilt— 10  
 Of guilt, perhaps, where we've involvèd others ;  
 The young, the innocent, who fondly loved us,  
 Nay, more, that very love their cause of ruin !  
 Oh, burning hell! in all thy store of torments,

There's not a keener lash ! 15  
 Lives there a man so firm, who, while his heart  
 Feels all the bitter horrors of his crime,  
 Can reason down its agonising throbs ;  
 And, after proper purpose of amendment,  
 Can firmly force his jarring thoughts to peace ? 20  
 Oh, happy! happy! enviable man!  
 Oh, glorious magnanimity of soul !

---

### EPITAPH ON A FRIEND.

AN honest man here lies at rest,  
 As e'er God with his image blest ;  
 The friend of man, the friend of truth,  
 The friend of age, and guide of youth ;  
 Few hearts like his, with virtue warm'd,  
 Few heads with knowledge so inform'd :  
 If there's another world, he lives in bliss ;  
 If there is none, he made the best of this.

---

### GRACE BEFORE MEAT.

O THOU, who kindly dost provide  
 For every creature's want !  
 We bless thee, God of Nature wide,  
 For all thy goodness lent :  
 And, if it please thee, Heavenly Guide,  
 May never worse be sent ;  
 But whether granted, or denied,  
 Lord, bless us with content !

Amen !

## GRACE AFTER MEAT.

1 O THOU, in whom we live and move,  
 Who mad'st the sea and shore !  
 Thy goodness constantly we prove,  
 And, grateful, would adore.

2 And if it please thee, Power above,  
 Still grant us, with such store,  
 The friend we trust, the fair we love ;  
 And we desire no more.

GRACE SPOKEN AT THE TABLE OF THE  
 EARL OF SELKIRK.

SOME hae meat that canna eat,  
 And some would eat that want it ;  
 But we hae meat, and we can eat,  
 Sae let the Lord be thankit.

EPISTLE TO MAJOR W. LOGAN.<sup>1</sup>

1 HAIL, thairm-inspirin', rattlin' Willie!  
 Though Fortune's road be rough and hilly  
 To every fiddling, rhyming billie,  
 We never heed,  
 But tak it like the unback'd filly,  
 Proud o' her speed.

<sup>1</sup> 'The above epistle was addressed by Burns to the late Major Wm. Logan of Camlarg, whilst residing at Park House, near Ayr, brother of the Miss Logan, to whom the poet presented a copy of Beattie's 'Minstrel.' Major Logan was esteemed one of the first violin-players of his day.







Sendin' the stuff o'er muirs and hags,  
 Like drivin' wrack ;  
 But may the tapmast grain that wags  
 Come to the sack !

- 3 I'm bizzie too, and skelpin' at it,  
 But bitter, daudin' showers hae wat it,  
 Sae my auld stumpie pen I gat it,  
     Wi' muckle wark,  
 And took my jokteleg and whatt it,  
     Like ony clark.
- 4 It's now twa month that I'm your debtor,  
 For your braw nameless, dateless letter,  
 Abusin' me for harsh ill nature  
     On holy men,  
 While deil a hair yoursel' ye're better,  
     But mair profane.
- 5 But let the kirk-folk ring their bells,  
 Let's sing about our noble sel's ;  
 We'll cry nae jauds frae heathen hills,  
     To help, or roose us,  
 But browster wives and whisky stills,  
     They are the Muses.
- 6 Your friendship, sir, I winna quat it,  
 And, if ye mak objections at it,  
 Then han' in nieve some day we'll knot it,  
     And witness take,  
 And when wi' usquebae we've wat it,  
     It winna break.
- 7 But if the beast and branks be spared  
 Till kye be gaun without the herd,



And a' the vittel in the yard,  
                   An' theekit right,  
 I mean your ingle-side to guard  
                   Ae winter night.

8 Then Muse-inspirin' aqua-vitæ  
 Shall make us baith sae blithe and witty,  
 Till ye forget ye're auld and gatty,  
                   And be as canty,  
 As ye were nine year less than thretty,  
                   Sweet ane an' twenty!

9 But stooks are coupit wi' the blast,  
 And now the sin keeks in the west,  
 Then I maun rin amang the rest  
                   And quat my chanter ;  
 Sae I subscribe mysel' in haste,  
                   Yours, RAB THE RANTER.

---

TO THE REVEREND JOHN M'MATH,<sup>1</sup>

INCLOSING A COPY OF 'HOLY WILLIE'S PRAYER,' WHICH  
 HE HAD REQUESTED.

*September 17, 1785.*

1 WHILE at the stook the shearers cower  
 To shun the bitter blaudin' shower,  
 Or in gulravage rinnin' scower,  
                   To pass the time,  
 To you I dedicate the hour  
                   In idle rhyme.

<sup>1</sup> 'Rev. John M'Math:' assistant to the Rev. Peter Woodrow of Tarbolton. He fell into dissipated habits, and either resigned his charge or was deposed. He afterwards enlisted as a common soldier in the army.



- 7 O Pope! had I thy satire's darts,  
To gie the rascals their deserts,  
I'd rip their rotten, hollow hearts,  
                    And tell aloud,  
Their jugglin', hocus-pocus arts,  
                    To cheat the crowd.
- 8 God knows, I'm no the thing I should be,  
Nor am I even the thing I could be,  
But twenty times I rather would be  
                    An atheist clean,  
Than under gospel colours hid be,  
                    Just for a screen.
- 9 An honest man may like a glass,  
An honest man may like a lass,  
But mean revenge and malice fause,  
                    He'll still disdain,  
And then cry zeal for gospel laws,  
                    Like some we ken.
- 10 They take religion in their mouth;  
They talk o' mercy, grace, and truth;  
For what?—to gie their malice skouth  
                    On some puir wight,  
And hunt him down, o'er right and ruth,  
                    To ruin straight.
- 11 All hail, Religion! maid divine!  
Pardon a Muse sae mean as mine,  
Who in her rough imperfect line  
                    Thus daurs to name thee;  
To stigmatise false friends of thine,  
                    Can ne'er defame thee.

- 12 Though blotch't and foul wi' mony a stain,  
 And far unworthy of thy train,  
 With trembling voice I tune my strain  
     To join with those,  
 Who boldly dare thy cause maintain  
     In spite of foes :
- 13 In spite o' crowds, in spite o' mobs,  
 In spite of undermining jobs,  
 In spite of dark banditti stabs  
     At worth and merit,  
 By scoundrels, even wi' holy robes,  
     But hellish spirit.
- 14 O Ayr! my dear, my native ground!  
 Within thy presbyterial bound  
 A candid, liberal band is found  
     Of public teachers,  
 As men, as Christians too, renown'd,  
     And manly preachers.
- 15 Sir, in that circle you are named ;  
 Sir, in that circle you are famed ;  
 And some, by whom your doctrine 's blamed,  
     (Which gies you honour)  
 Even, sir, by them your heart 's esteem'd,  
     And winning manner.
- 16 Pardon this freedom I have ta'en,  
 And if impertinent I've been,  
 Impute it not, good sir, in ane  
     Whase heart ne'er wrang'd ye,  
 But to his utmost would befriend  
     Ought that belang'd ye.

HOLY WILLIE'S PRAYER.<sup>1</sup>

- 1 O THOU, wha in the heavens dost dwell,  
 Wha, as it pleases best thyself,  
 Sends ane to heaven, and ten to hell,  
                                   A' for thy glory,  
 And no for ony guid or ill  
                                   They've done afore thee!
- 2 I bless and praise thy matchless might,  
 Whan thousands thou hast left in night,  
 That I am here afore thy sight,  
                                   For gifts and grace,  
 A burnin' and a shinin' light  
                                   To a' this place.
- 3 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,  
                                   Through Adam's cause!
- 4 When frae my mither's womb I fell,  
 Thou might hae plungèd me in hell,  
 To gnash my gums, to weep and wail,  
                                   In burnin' lake,  
 Where damnèd devils roar and yell,  
                                   Chain'd to a stake.
- 5 Yet I am here, a chosen sample,  
 To show thy grace is great and ample;

<sup>1</sup> 'Holy Willie': William Fisher, a hypocritical elder in Mauchline.



Lest he owre high and proud should turn,  
                                   'Cause he's sae gifted;  
 If sae, thy han' maun e'en be borne,  
                                   Until thou lift it.

11 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,  
                                   And public shame.

12 L—d! mind Gawn Hamilton's deserts,  
 He drinks, and swears, and plays at cartes,  
 Yet has sae mony takin' arts,  
                                   Wi' grit and sma',  
 Frae G—d's ain priests the people's hearts  
                                   He steals awa'.

13 And when we chasten'd him therefor,  
 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 and potatoes.

14 L—d, hear my earnest cry and prayer,  
 Against that Presbyt'ry of Ayr;  
 Thy strong right hand, L—d, make it bare,  
                                   Upo' their heads,  
 L—d, weigh it down, and dinna spare,  
                                   For their misdeeds.

15 O L—d my G—d! that glib-tongued Aiken,  
 My very heart and saul are quakin',



To think how I sat sweatin', shakin',  
 And p—d wi' dread,  
 While Auld wi' hingin' lip gaed snakin',  
 And hid his head.

16 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 prayer;  
 But for thy people's sake destroy 'em,  
 And dinna spare.

17 But, L—d, remember me and mine  
 Wi' mercies temporal and divine,  
 That I for gear and grace may shine,  
 Excell'd by nane,  
 And a' the glory shall be thine,  
 Amen! Amen!

---

EPITAPH ON HOLY WILLIE.

- 1 HERE Holy Willie's sair-worn clay  
 Taks up its last abode;  
 His saul has ta'en some other way,  
 I fear the left-hand road.
- 2 Stop! there he is, as sure's a gun,  
 Poor silly body, see him;  
 Nae wonder he's as black's the grun'  
 Observe wha's standing wi' him.
- 3 Your brunstane devilship, I see,  
 Has got him there before ye;  
 But haud your nine-tail cat a wee,  
 Till ance ye've heard my story.

4 Your pity I will not implore,  
 For pity ye hae nane !  
 Justice, alas ! has gi'en him o'er,  
 And Mercy's day is gane.

5 But hear me, sir, deil as ye are,  
 Look something to your credit ;  
 A coof like him would stain your name,  
 If it were kent ye did it.

---

THE KIRK'S ALARM :<sup>1</sup>

A SATIRE.

- 1 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.
- 2 Dr Mac,<sup>2</sup> 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.
- 3 Town of Ayr, town of Ayr, it was mad, I declare,  
 To meddle wi' mischief a-brewin' ;  
 Provost John is still deaf to the Church's relief,  
 And orator Bob<sup>3</sup> is its ruin.
- 4 D'rymple mild,<sup>4</sup> D'rymple mild, though 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.

<sup>1</sup> 'The Kirk's Alarm : ' this poem was written a short time after the publication of Dr M'Gill's Essay, and has reference to the polemical warfare which it excited.—<sup>2</sup> 'Dr Mac : ' Dr M'Gill.—<sup>3</sup> 'Orator Bob : ' Robert Aiken.—  
<sup>4</sup> 'D'rymple mild : ' Dr Dalrymple.

- 5 Rumble John,<sup>1</sup> 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.
- 6 Simper James,<sup>2</sup> Simper James, leave the fair Killie  
dames,  
There's a holier chase in your view ;  
I'll lay on your head, that the pack ye'll soon lead,  
For puppies like you there's but few.
- 7 Singet Sawney,<sup>3</sup> Singet Sawney, are ye hoarding the  
penny,  
Unconscious what evils await ?  
Wi' a jump, yell, and howl, alarm every soul,  
For the foul thief is just at your gate.
- 8 Daddy Auld,<sup>4</sup> Daddy Auld, there's a tod in the fauld,  
A tod meikle waur than the Clerk ;<sup>5</sup>  
Though ye downa do skaith, ye'll be in at the death,  
And gif ye canna bite, ye may bark.
- 9 Davie Bluster,<sup>6</sup> Davie Bluster, if for a saint ye do  
muster,  
The corps is no nice of recruits ;  
Yet to worth let's be just, royal blood ye might boast,  
If the ass was the king of the brutes.
- 10 Jamie Goose,<sup>7</sup> Jamie Goose, ye ha'e made but toom  
roose,  
In hunting the wicked Lieutenant ;

<sup>1</sup> 'Rumble John:' Mr Russell.—<sup>2</sup> 'Simper James:' Mr M'Kinlay.—

<sup>3</sup> 'Singet Sawney:' Mr Mcody.—<sup>4</sup> 'Daddy Auld:' Mr Auld, Manchline.—

<sup>5</sup> 'Clerk:' Mr Gavin Hamilton.—<sup>6</sup> 'Davie Bluster:' Mr Grant, Ochiltree.—

<sup>7</sup> 'Jamie Goose:' Mr Youn';, Cumnock.

But the Doctor's your mark, for the Lord's haly ark  
He has cooper'd and ca't a wrang pin in 't.

- 11 Poet Willie,<sup>1</sup> Poet Willie, gie the Doctor a volley,  
Wi' your 'liberty's chain' and your wit ;  
O'er Pegasus' side ye ne'er laid a stride,  
Ye but smelt, man, the place where he sh—t.
- 12 Andro Gouk,<sup>2</sup> 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 hae a calf's head o' sma' value.
- 13 Barr Steenie,<sup>3</sup> Barr Steenie, what mean ye ? what  
mean ye ?  
If ye'll meddle nae mair wi' the matter,  
Ye may hae some pretence to havins and sense,  
Wi' people wha ken ye nae better.
- 14 Irvine-side,<sup>4</sup> Irvine-side, wi' your turkey-cock pride,  
Of manhood but sma' is your share ;  
Ye've the figure, 'tis true, even your faes will allow,  
And your friends they dare grant you nae mair.
- 15 Muirland Jock,<sup>5</sup> Muirland Jock, when the Lord  
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.
- 16 Holy Will,<sup>6</sup> Holy Will, there was wit i' your skull,  
When ye pilfer'd the alms o' the poor ;

<sup>1</sup> 'Poet Willie:' Mr Peebles, Ayr.—<sup>2</sup> 'Andro Gouk:' Dr A. Mitchell.—

<sup>3</sup> 'Barr Steenie:' Mr Stephen Young, Barr.—<sup>4</sup> 'Irvine-side:' Mr Smith, Galston.—<sup>5</sup> 'Muirland Jock:' Mr Shepherd.—<sup>6</sup> 'Holy Will:' Holy Willie.

The timmer is scant, when ye're ta'en for a saint,  
Wha should swing in a rape for an hour.

17 Calvin's sons, Calvin's sons, seize your spiritual guns,  
Ammunition you never can need ;  
Your hearts are the stuff, will be powther enough,  
And your skulls are storehouses o' lead.

18 Poet Burns, Poet Burns, wi' your priest-skelping turns,  
Why desert ye your auld native shire ?  
Your Muse is a gipsy, e'en though she were tipsy,  
She cou'd ca' us nae waur than we are.

---

#### THE HOLY TULZIE, OR TWA HERDS.<sup>1</sup>

1 OH, a' ye pious godly flocks,  
Weel fed on pastures orthodox,  
Wha now will keep you frae the fox,  
Or worrying tykes,  
Or wha will tent the waifs and crocks,  
About the dykes ?

2 The twa best herds in a' the wast,  
That e'er gae gospel horn a blast,  
These five-and-twenty simmers past,  
Oh ! dool to tell,  
Hae had a bitter black outcast  
Atween themsel'.

3 Oh, Moody, man, and wordy Russell,  
How could you raise so vile a bustle ?  
Ye'll see how New-Light herds will whistle,  
And think it fine !

<sup>1</sup> 'Twa herds:' the two herds or pastors were Mr Moody, minister of Riccartoun, and that favourite victim of Burns, John Russell, then minister at Kilmarnock, and afterwards of Stirling. This was the first of Burns' productions that saw the light ; it was founded on a dispute—subject uncertain—between the two divines.

The Lord's cause ne'er gat sic a twistle,  
Sin' I hae min'.

4 Oh, sirs! wha e'er wad hae expeckit,  
Your duty ye wad sae negleckit,  
Ye wha were ne'er by lairds respeckit,  
To wear the plaid,  
But by the brutes themselves eleckit,  
To be their guide.

5 What flock wi' Moody's flock could rank,  
Sae hale and hearty every shank!  
Nae poison'd sour Arminian stank  
He let them taste,  
Frae Calvin's well aye clear they drank—  
Oh sic a feast!

6 The thummart, wil'-cat, brock, and tod,  
Weel kenn'd his voice through a' the wood,  
He smelt their ilka hole and road,  
Baith out and in,  
And weel he liked to shed their bluid,  
And sell their skin.

7 What herd like Russell tell'd his tale?  
His voice was heard through muir and dale,  
He kenn'd the Lord's sheep, ilka tail,  
O'er a' the height,  
And saw gin they were sick or hale,  
At the first sight.

8 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.

- 9 Sic twa—oh! do I live to see 't!—  
Sic famous twa should disagree 't,  
And names like 'villain,' 'hypocrite,'  
Ilk ither gi'en,  
While New-Light herds, wi' laughin' spite,  
Say neither's liein'!
- 10 A' ye wha tend the gospel fauld,  
There 's Duncan, deep, and Peebles, shaul,  
But chiefly thou, Apostle Auld,  
We trust in thee,  
That thou wilt work them, hot and cauld,  
Till they agree.
- 11 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 heaven to see them yet  
In fiery flame!
- 12 Dalrymple has been lang our fae,  
M'Gill has wrought us meikle wae,  
And that cursed rascal ca'd M'Quhae,  
And baith the Shaws,  
That aft hae made us black and blae,  
Wi' vengefu' paws.
- 13 Auld Wodrow lang has hatch'd mischief,  
We thought aye death would bring relief,  
But he has gotten, to our grief,  
Ane to succeed him,







He was a dictionar' and grammar  
   Amang them a' ;  
 I fear they'll now mak mony a stammer—  
   Willie's awa' !

6 Nae mair we see his levee door  
 Philosophers and Poets pour,  
 And toothy critics by the score,  
   In bloody raw !  
 The adjutant o' a' the core—  
   Willie's awa' !

7 Now worthy Gregory's Latin face,  
 Tytler's and Greenfield's<sup>1</sup> modest grace ;  
 Mackenzie, Stuart, sic a brace  
   As Rome ne'er saw ;  
 They a' maun meet some ither place—  
   Willie's awa' !

8 Poor Burns, e'en Scotch drink canna quicken,  
 He cheeps like some bewilder'd chicken  
 Scared frae its minnie and the cleckin'  
   By hoodie-craw ;  
 Grief's gien his heart an unco kickin'—  
   Willie's awa' !

9 Now every sour-mou'd girnin' blellum—  
 And Calvin's folk, are fit to fell him ;  
 And self-conceited critic skellum  
   His quill may draw ;  
 He wha could brawly ward their blellum—  
   Willie's awa' !

10 Up wimpling stately Tweed I've sped,  
 And Eden scenes on crystal Jed,

<sup>1</sup> 'Greenfield:' a Professor of Rhetoric, who fled Edinburgh owing to a dire fama, and was said long after this to be the author of the Waverley Novels !

And Ettrick banks now roaring red,  
   While tempests blaw ;  
 But every joy and pleasure 's fled—  
   Willie 's awa' !

11 May I be slander's common speech ;  
 A text for infamy to preach ;  
 And lastly, streekit out to bleach  
   In winter snaw,  
 When I forget thee, Willie Creech,  
   Though far awa' !

12 May never wicked fortune touzle him !  
 May never wicked men bamboozle him !  
 Until a pow as auld 's Methusalem  
   He canty claw !  
 Then to the blessèd New Jerusalem,  
   Fleet wing awa' !

---

TO GAVIN HAMILTON, ESQ., MAUCLINE.

(RECOMMENDING A BOY.)

MOSSGIEL, *May 3, 1786.*

1 I HOLD it, sir, my bounden duty  
 To warn you how that Master Tootie,<sup>1</sup>  
     Alias, Laird M'Gaun,  
 Was here to hire you lad away  
 'Bout whom ye spak the tither day,  
     And wad hae don 't aff han' :  
 But lest he learn the callan tricks,  
     As, faith, I muckle doubt him,  
 Like scrapin' out auld crummie's nicks  
     And tellin' lies about them ;

<sup>1</sup> 'Master Tootie:' then lived in Mauchline; a dealer in cows. It was his practice often to cut the nicks or markings from the horns of cattle, to disguise their age.

As lieve, then, I'd have, then,  
 Your clerkship he should sair,  
 If sae be, ye may be,  
 Not fitted oth'erwhere.

- 2 Although I say't, he's gleg enough,  
 And, 'bout a house that's rude and rough,  
 The boy might learn to swear ;  
 But, then wi' you he'll be sae taught,  
 And get sic fair example straught,  
 I have nae ony fear.  
 Ye'll catechise him every quirk,  
 And shore him weel wi' hell ;  
 And gar him follow to the kirk—  
 Aye when ye gang yoursel'.  
 If ye, then, maun be, then,  
 Frae hame this comin' Friday ;  
 Then please, sir, to lea'e, sir,  
 The orders wi' your lady.

- 3 My word of honour I hae gi'en,  
 In Paisley John's, that night at e'en,  
 To meet the warld's worm ;  
 To try to get the twa to gree,  
 And name the airles and the fee,  
 In legal mode and form :  
 I ken he weel a sneck can draw,  
 When simple bodies let him ;  
 And if a Devil be at a',  
 In faith he's sure to get him.  
 To phrase you, and praise you,  
 Ye ken your Laureate scorns ;  
 The prayer still, you share still,  
 Of grateful MINSTREL BURNS.

## TO MR M'ADAM, OF CRAIGEN-GILLAN,

IN ANSWER TO AN OBLIGING LETTER HE SENT IN THE  
COMMENCEMENT OF MY POETIC CAREER.

- 1 SIR, o'er a gill I gat your card,  
I trow it made me proud ;  
' See wha taks notice o' the bard !'  
I lap and cried fu' loud.
- 2 Now deil-ma-care about their jaw,  
The senseless, gawky million ;  
I'll cock my nose aboon them a',  
I'm roosed by Craigen-Gillan !
- 3 'Twas noble, sir ; 'twas like yoursel',  
To grant your high protection :  
A great man's smile, ye ken fu' weel,  
Is aye a blest infection ;—
- 4 Though, by his banes<sup>1</sup> wha in a tub  
Match'd Macedonian Sandy!  
On my ain legs through dirt and dub,  
I independent stand aye.
- 5 And when those legs to gude warm kail,  
Wi' welcome canna bear me ;  
A lee dyke-side, a syboe-tail,  
And barley-scone, shall cheer me.
- 6 Heaven spare you lang to kiss the breath  
O' mony flowery simmers ;  
And bless your bonnie lasses baith—  
I'm tald they're lo'esome kimmers !

<sup>1</sup> ' His banes : ' Diogenes.

- 7 And God bless young Dunaskin's laird,  
 The blossom of our gentry!  
 And may he wear an auld man's beard,  
 A credit to his country!
- 

## TO CAPTAIN RIDDEL, GLENRIDDEL.

EXTEMPORE LINES ON RETURNING A NEWSPAPER.

ELLISLAND, *Monday Evening.*

- 1 YOUR news and review, sir, I've read through and  
 through, sir,  
 With little admiring or blaming :  
 The papers are barren of home-news or foreign,  
 No murders or rapes worth the naming.
- 2 Our friends the reviewers, those chippers and hewers,  
 Are judges of mortar and stone, sir ;  
 But of meet or unmeet, in a fabric complete,  
 I'll boldly pronounce they are none, sir.
- 3 My goose-quill too rude is to tell all your goodness  
 Bestow'd on your servant, the Poet ;  
 Would to God I had one like a beam of the sun,  
 And then all the world, sir, should know it !
- 

TO TERRAUGHTY,<sup>1</sup> ON HIS BIRTHDAY.

- 1 HEALTH to the Maxwells' veteran chief!  
 Health, aye unsour'd by care or grief :  
 Inspired, I turn'd Fate's Sibyl leaf  
                                   This natal morn,  
 I see thy life is stuff o' prief,  
                                   Scaree quite half worn.

<sup>1</sup> ' To Terraughty : ' Mr Maxwell, of Terraughty, near Dumfries.



- 2 This day thou metes threescore eleven,  
 And I can tell that bounteous Heaven  
 (The second sight, ye ken, is given  
   To ilka Poet)  
 On thee a tack o' seven times seven  
   Will yet bestow it.
- 3 If envious buckies view wi' sorrow  
 Thy lengthen'd days on this blest morrow,  
 May Desolation's lang-teeth'd harrow,  
   Nine miles an hour,  
 Rake them, like Sodom and Gomorrah,  
   In brunstane stoure !
- 4 But for thy friends, and they are mony,  
 Baith honest men and lasses bonnie,  
 May couthie fortune, kind and cannie,  
   In social glee,  
 Wi' mornings blithe and e'enings funny,  
   Bless them and thee !
- 5 Fareweel, auld Birkie ! Lord be near ye,  
 And then the deil he daurna steer ye :  
 Your friends aye love, your faes aye fear ye ;  
   For me, shame fa' me,  
 If neist my heart I dinna wear ye,  
   While Burns they ca' me !

---

TO A LADY.<sup>1</sup>

WITH A PRESENT OF A PAIR OF DRINKING-GLASSES.

- 1 FAIR Empress of the Poet's soul,  
 And Queen of Poetesses ;

<sup>1</sup> 'Lady:' Mrs M<sup>c</sup>Lehose.

Clarinda, take this little boon,  
This humble pair of glasses !

2 And fill them high with generous juice,  
As generous as your mind ;  
And pledge me in the generous toast—  
‘The whole of human kind !’

3 ‘To those who love us !’—second fill ;  
But not to those whom we love ;  
Lest we love those who love not us !  
A third—‘To thee and me, love !’

---

### TRAGIC FRAGMENT.

In my early years nothing less would serve me than courting the Tragic Muse. I was, I think, about eighteen or nineteen when I sketched the outlines of a tragedy forsooth ; but the bursting of a cloud of family misfortunes, which had for some time threatened us, prevented my farther progress. In those days I never wrote down any thing ; so, except a speech or two, the whole has escaped my memory. The following, which I most distinctly remember, was an exclamation from a great character—great in occasional instances of generosity, and daring at times in villainies. He is supposed to meet with a child of misery, and exclaims to himself :—*B.*

‘ALL devil as I am, a damnèd wretch,  
A harden’d, stubborn, unrepenting villain,  
Still my heart melts at human wretchedness ;  
And with sincere though unavailing sighs  
I view the helpless children of distress.  
With tears indignant I behold th’ oppressor  
Rejoicing in the honest man’s destruction,  
Whose unsubmitting heart was all his crime.  
Even you, ye helpless crew, I pity you ;  
Ye, whom the seeming good think sin to pity :  
Ye poor, despised, abandon’d vagabonds,  
Whom vice, as usual, has turn’d o’er to ruin.

Oh, but for kind, though ill-requited friends,  
 I had been driven forth like you forlorn,  
 The most detested, worthless wretch among you !'

---

THE VOWELS : A TALE.

'Twas where the birch and sounding thong are plied,  
 The noisy domicile of pedant pride ;  
 Where Ignorance her dark'ning vapour throws,  
 And Cruelty directs the thick'ning blows ;  
 Upon a time, Sir Abece the Great,  
 In all his pedagogic powers elate,  
 His awful chair of state resolves to mount,  
 And call the trembling vowels to account.

First enter'd *A*, a grave, broad, solemn wight,  
 But, ah ! deform'd, dishonest to the sight ! 10  
 His twisted head look'd backward on his way,  
 And flagrant from the scourge he grunted, *Ai !*

Reluctant, *E* stalk'd in : with piteous race  
 The jostling tears ran down his honest face !  
 That name, that well-worn name, and all his own,  
 Pale he surrenders at the tyrant's throne !  
 The pedant stifles keen the Roman sound  
 Not all his mongrel diphthongs can compound ;  
 And next the title following close behind  
 He to the nameless, ghastly wretch assign'd. 20

The cobweb'd Gothic dome resounded, *Y !*  
 In sullen vengeance, *I* disdain'd reply :  
 The pedant swung his felon cudgel round,  
 And knock'd the groaning vowel to the ground !

In rueful apprehension enter'd *O*,  
 The wailing minstrel of despairing woe ;  
 Th' Inquisitor of Spain the most expert,  
 Might there have learnt new mysteries of his art ;

So grim, deform'd, with horrors entering *U*,  
 His dearest friend and brother scarcely knew !  
 As trembling *U* stood staring all aghast,  
 The pedant in his left hand clutch'd him fast,  
 In helpless infants' tears he dipp'd his right,  
 Baptized him *eu*, and kick'd him from his sight.

---

SKETCH. [W. CREECH.]

A LITTLE, upright, pert, tart, tripping wight,  
 And still his precious self his dear delight :  
 Who loves his own smart shadow in the streets,  
 Better than e'er the fairest she he meets.  
 A man of fashion, too, he made his tour,  
 Learn'd *vive la bagatelle, et vive l'amour* ;  
 So travell'd monkeys their grimace improve,  
 Polish their grin, nay, sigh for ladies' love.  
 Much specious lore, but little understood ;  
 Veneering oft outshines the solid wood :  
 His solid sense by inches you must tell,  
 But mete his cunning by the old Scots ell ;  
 His meddling vanity, a busy fiend,  
 Still making work his selfish craft must mend.

---

AN EXTEMPORANEOUS EFFUSION ON BEING  
 APPOINTED TO THE EXCISE.

SEARCHING auld wives' barrels,  
 Och, hon ! the day !  
 That clarty barm should stain my laurels ;  
 But—what 'll ye say ?  
 These movin' things ca'd wives and weans,  
 Wad move the very hearts o' stanes !

## ELEGY ON THE YEAR 1788.

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 hae taken place!  
 Of what enjoyments thou hast reft us!  
 In what a pickle thou hast left us!

The Spanish empire's tint a head,  
 And my auld toothless Bawtie's dead; 10  
 The tulzie's tough 'tween Pitt and Fox,  
 And our guidwife's wee birdie 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 pu'pit,  
 And cry till ye be hearse and roopit;  
 For Eighty-eight he wish'd you weel,  
 And gied you a' baith gear and meal; 20  
 E'en mony a plack, and mony a peck,  
 Ye ken yoursels, for little feck!

Ye bonnie lasses, dight your e'en,  
 For some o' you hae tint a frien';  
 In Eighty-eight, ye ken, was ta'en,  
 What ye'll ne'er hae to gie again.

Observe the very nowte and sheep  
 How dowff and dowie now they creep;  
 Nay, even the yirth itsel' does cry,  
 For Embro' wells are grutten dry. 30

O Eighty-nine, thou's but a bairn,  
 And no owre auld, I hope, to learn!

Thou beardless boy, I pray tak care, 33  
 Thou now has got thy daddy's chair,  
 Nae hand-cuff'd, muzzled, hap-shackled Regent,  
 But, like himsel', a full free agent,  
 Be sure ye follow out the plan  
 Nae waur than he did, honest man!  
 As meikle better as you can.

*January 1, 1789.*

---

## THE JOLLY BEGGARS: A CANTATA.<sup>1</sup>

### RECITATIVO.

WHEN lyart leaves bestrew the yird,  
 Or wavering like the bauckie-bird,  
     Bedim cauld Boreas' blast;  
 When hailstanes drive wi' bitter skyte,  
 And infant frosts begin to bite,  
     In hoary cranreuch dress'd;  
 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 braced wi' mealy bags,  
     And knapsack a' in order;  
 His doxy lay within his arm,  
 Wi' usquebae and blankets warm—  
     She blinket on her sodger;

<sup>1</sup> This Cantata was written in 1785; but not published till after the death of the poet.

And aye he gies the touzie drab  
 The tither skelpin' kiss,  
 While she held up her greedy gab,  
 Just like an a'mous 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 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.

My 'prenticeship I past where my leader breathed his  
 last,  
 When the bloody die was cast on the heights of  
 Abram ;<sup>1</sup>  
 I servèd out my trade when the gallant game was play'd,  
 And the Moro low was laid<sup>2</sup> at the sound of the drum.

I lastly was with Curtis, among the floating batteries,<sup>3</sup>  
 And there I left for witness an arm and a limb ;  
 Yet let my country need me, with Elliot to lead me,  
 I'd clatter on my stumps at the sound of a drum.

<sup>1</sup> ' The heights of Abram : ' the battle-field near Quebec, where General Wolfe fell in the arms of victory, 1759.—<sup>2</sup> ' The Moro low was laid : ' the capture of Havanah, the capital of the island of Cuba, by the British, in 1762, is here alluded to.—<sup>3</sup> ' I lastly was with Curtis, among the floating batteries : ' referring to the destruction of the Spanish floating batteries by Captain Curtis, during the famous siege of Gibraltar, 1782.



And now though 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 used in scarlet to follow a drum.

What though 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.

## RECITATIVO.

He ended ; and the kebars sheuk  
 Aboon the chorus roar ;  
 While frighted rattous 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 once was a maid, though 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.

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.



But the godly old chaplain left him in the lurch,  
 So the sword I forsook for the sake of the Church ;  
 He ventured the soul, and I risk'd the body—  
 'Twas then I proved false to my sodger laddie.

Full soon I grew sick of the sanctified sot,  
 The regiment at large for a husband I got ;  
 From the gilded spontoon to the fife I was ready,  
 I asked no more but a sodger laddie.

But the peace it reduced 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 rejoiced at my sodger laddie.

And now I have lived—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 !

## RECITATIVO.

Poor Merry Andrew in the neuk  
 Sat guzzling wi' a tinkler hizzie ;  
 They mind't na wha the chorus teuk,  
 Between themselves they were so busy.  
 At length wi' drink an' courting dizzy,  
 He stoiter'd up and made a face :  
 Then turn'd, and laid a smack on Grizzy,  
 Syne tuned his pipes wi' grave grimace.

## AIR.

TUNE—'Auld Sir Symon.'

Sir Wisdom 's a fool when he 's fou,  
 Sir Knave is a fool in a session ;  
 He 's there but a prentice, I trow,  
 But I am a fool by profession.

My grannie she bought me a beuk,  
 And I held awa' to the school ;  
 I fear I my talent misteuk,  
 But what will ye hae of a fool ?

For drink I would venture my neck,  
 A hizzie 's the half o' my craft :  
 But what could ye other expect  
 Of ane that 's avowedly daft ?

I ance was tied up like a stirk,  
 For civilly swearing and quaffing ;  
 I ance was abused i' the kirk,  
 For towzling a lass i' my daffin'.

Poor Andrew that tumbles for sport,  
 Let naebody name wi' a jeer ;  
 There 's even, I 'm tauld, i' the court,  
 A tumbler ca'd the Premier.

Observed ye yon reverend lad  
 Maks faces to tickle the mob ?  
 He rails at our mountebank squad—  
 It 's rivalship just i' the job.

And now my conclusion I 'll tell,  
 For faith I 'm confoundedly dry,  
 The chiel that 's a fool for himsel',  
 Gude L—d ! he 's far dafter than I.

## RECITATIVO.

'Then neist outspak a raucle carlin,  
 Wha kent fu' weel to cleck the sterling,  
 For mony a pursie she had hookit,  
 And had in mony a well been duckit.

Her dove had been a Highland laddie,  
 But weary fa' the waefu' woodie !  
 Wi' sighs and sobs she thus began  
 To wail her braw John Highlandman :—

## AIR.

TUNE—' *Oh an' ye were dead, Gudeman.*'

A Highland lad my love was born,  
 The Lawlan' 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 !

With his philabeg and tartan plaid,  
 And gude claymore down by his side,  
 The ladies' hearts he did trepan,  
 My gallant, braw John Highlandman.

We rangèd a' from Tweed to Spey,  
 And lived like lords and ladies gay :  
 For a Lawlan' face he fearèd none,  
 My gallant, braw John Highlandman.

They banish'd him beyond the sea,  
 But ere the bud was on the tree,  
 Adown my cheek the pearls ran,  
 Embracing my John Highlandman.

But, oh ! they catch'd him at the last,  
 And bound him in a dungeon fast ;



At kirns and weddings we'se be there,  
 And oh! sae nicely's we will fare ;  
 We'll bouse about till Daddy Care  
 Sings whistle owre the lave o't.

Sae merrily the banes we'll pyke,  
 And sun oursel's about the dyke,  
 And at our leisure, when ye like,  
 We'll whistle owre the lave o't.

But bless me wi' your heaven o' charms,  
 And while I kittle hair on thairms,  
 Hunger, cauld, and a' sic harms,  
 May whistle owre the lave o't.

## RECITATIVO.

Her charms had struck a sturdy caird,  
 As weel as poor gut-scraper ;  
 He taks the fiddler by the beard,  
 And draws a rusty rapier.  
 He swoor by a' was swearing worth,  
 To speet him like a pliver,  
 Unless he would from that time forth,  
 Relinquish her for ever.

Wi' ghastrly e'e, poor Tweedle-dee  
 Upon his hunkers bended,  
 And pray'd for grace, wi' ruefu' face,  
 And sae the quarrel ended.  
 But though his little heart did grieve,  
 When round the tinkler press'd her,  
 He feign'd to snirtle in his sleeve,  
 When thus the caird address'd her:—

## AIR.

TUNE—' *Clout the caudron.*'

My bonnie lass, I work in brass,  
 A tinkler 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.

Despise that shrimp, that wither'd imp,  
 Wi' a' his noise and cap'rin',  
 And tak a share wi' those that bear  
 The budget and the apron.  
 And by that stoup, my faith and houp,  
 And by that dear Kilbaigie,<sup>1</sup>  
 If e'er ye want, or meet wi' scant,  
 May I ne'er weet my craigie.

## RECITATIVO.

The caird prevail'd—the unblushing fair  
 In his embraces sunk,  
 Partly wi' love o'ercome sac sair,  
 And partly she was drunk.  
 Sir Violino, with an air  
 That show'd a man of spunk,  
 Wish'd unison between the pair,  
 And made the bottle clunk  
 To their health that night.

<sup>1</sup> 'Kilbaigie:' A peculiar sort of whisky, so called from Kilbaigie distillery in Clackmannanshire, and a great favourite with Poosie Nansie's clubs.—B.

But hurchin Cupid shot a shaft,  
 That play'd a dame a shavie,  
 The fiddler raked her fore and aft,  
 Behint the chicken cavie.  
 Her lord, a wight o' Homer's craft,<sup>1</sup>  
 Though limping with the spavie,  
 He hirpled up, and lap like daft,  
 And shored them Dantie Davie  
 O' boot that night.

He was a care-defying blade,  
 As ever Bacchus listed,  
 Though 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, and a' that.'*

I am a bard of no regard  
 Wi' gentle folks, and a' that ;  
 But Homer-like, the glowran' byke,  
 Frae town to town I draw that.

## CHORUS.

For a' that, and a' that,  
 And twice as meikle's a' that ;  
 I've lost but ane, I've twa behin',  
 I've wife enough for a' that.

<sup>1</sup> 'Homer's craft:' Homer is allowed to be the oldest ballad-singer on record.—B.



I never drank the Muse's stank  
 Castalia's burn, and a' that ;  
 But there it streams, and richly reams,  
 My Helicon I ca' that.

Great love I bear to a' the fair,  
 Their humble slave, and a' that ;  
 But lordly will, I hold it still  
 A mortal sin to thraw that.

In raptures sweet, this hour we meet,  
 Wi' mutual love and a' that ;  
 But for how lang the flee may stang,  
 Let inclination law that.

Their tricks and craft have put me daft,  
 They've ta'en me in, and a' that :  
 But clear your decks, and here 's the sex !  
 I like the jauds for a' that.

For a' that, and a' that,  
 And twice as meikle '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 wi' a thunder o' applause,  
 Re-echoed from each mouth ;  
 They toom'd their pocks, and pawn'd their duds,  
 They scarcely left to co'er their fuds,  
 To quench their lowin' drouth.

Then owre again the jovial thrang  
 The poet did request,

To louse his pack, and wale a sang,  
 A ballad o' the best :  
 He rising, rejoicing,  
 Between his twa Deborahs,  
 Looks round him, and found them  
 Impatient for the chorus.

## AIR.

TUNE—' *Jolly mortals, fill your glasses.*'  
 See! the smoking bowl before us,  
 Mark our jovial ragged ring!  
 Round and round take up the chorus,  
 And in raptures let us sing.

## CHORUS.

A fig for those by law protected!  
 Liberty's a glorious feast!  
 Courts for cowards were erected,  
 Churches built to please the priest.

What is title? what is treasure?  
 What is reputation's care?  
 If we lead a life of pleasure,  
 'Tis no matter how or where!

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.

Does the train-attended carriage  
 Through the country lighter rove?  
 Does the sober bed of marriage  
 Witness brighter scenes of love?

Life is all a variorum,  
 We regard not how it goes :  
 Let them cant about decorum  
 Who have characters to lose.

Here 's to budgets, bags, and wallets !  
 Here 's to all the wandering train !  
 Here 's our ragged brats and callets !  
 One and all cry out—Amen !

---

WILLIE CHALMERS

- 1 Wi' braw new branks in meikle pride,  
 And eke a braw new brechan,  
 My Pegasus I'm got astride,  
 And up Parnassus pechin' ;  
 Whiles owre a bush, wi' downward crush,  
 The doited beastie stammers ;  
 Then up he gets, and off he sets,  
 For sake o' Willie Chalmers.
- 2 I doubtna, lass, that weel-kenn'd name,  
 May cost a pair o' blushes ;  
 I am nae stranger to your famç,  
 Nor his warm-urgèd wishes.  
 Your bonnie face, sae mild and sweet,  
 His honest heart enamours,  
 And, faith, ye'll no be lost a whit,  
 Though wair'd on Willie Chalmers.
- 3 Auld Truth hersel' might swear ye're fair,  
 And Honour safely back her,  
 And Modesty assume your air,  
 And ne'er a ane mistak her :

And sic twa love-inspiring e'en  
 Might fire even holy palmers ;  
 Nae wonder, then, they've fatal been  
 To honest Willie Chalmers.

- 4 I doubtna fortune may you shore  
 Some mim-mou'd pouter'd priestie,  
 Fu' lifted up wi' Hebrew lore,  
 And band upon his breastie :  
 But oh ! what signifies to you,  
 His lexicons and grammars ;  
 The feeling heart 's the royal blue,  
 And that 's wi' Willie Chalmers.
- 5 Some gapin', glowrin', country laird,  
 May warsele for your favour ;  
 May claw his lug, and straik his beard,  
 And hoast up some palaver.  
 My bonnie maid, before ye wed  
 Sic clumsy-witted hammers,  
 Seek Heaven for help, and barefit skelp  
 Awa' wi' Willie Chalmers.
- 6 Forgive the Bard ! my fond regard  
 For ane that shares my bosom,  
 Inspires my Muse to gie 'm his dues,  
 For deil a hair I roose him.  
 May powers aboon unite you soon,  
 And fructify your amours,  
 And every year comes in mair dear  
 To you and Willie Chalmers !<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> ' Willie Chalmers : ' this was written by Burns for a friend of his, a lawyer in Ayr.

VERSES TO J. RANKINE.<sup>1</sup>

AE day, as Death, that gruesome carle,  
 Was driving to the tither warl'  
 A mixtie-maxtie motley squad,  
 And mony a guilt-bespotted lad ;  
 Black gowns of each denomination,  
 And thieves of every rank and station,  
 From him that wears the star and garter,  
 To him that wintles in a halter :  
 Ashamed himsel' to see the wretches,  
 He mutters, glow'rin' at the bitches,  
 ' By heavens, I 'll not be seen behint them,  
 Nor 'mang the sp'ritual core present them.  
 Without at least ae honest man  
 To grace this d—— infernal clan.'  
 By Adamhill a glance he threw,  
 ' My stars ! ' quoth he, ' I have it now ;  
 There 's just the man I want, i' faith,'  
 And quickly stoppit Rankine's breath.

---

ON HEARING THAT THERE WAS FALSEHOOD  
 IN THE REV. DR BLAIR'S VERY LOOKS.

THAT there is falsehood in his looks  
 I must and will deny :  
 They say their master is a knave—  
 And sure they do not lie.

---

<sup>1</sup> ' J. Rankine : ' the person to whom a former epistle was addressed, while Rankine occupied the farm of Adamhill, in Ayrshire.

## PROLOGUE,

FOR MR SUTHERLAND'S BENEFIT-NIGHT, DUMFRIES.

WHAT needs this din about the town o' Lon'on,  
 How this new play and that new sang is comin' ?  
 Why is outlandish stuff sae meikle courted ?  
 Does nonsense mend, like whisky, when imported ?  
 Is there nae poet, burning keen for fame,  
 Will try to gie us sangs and plays at hame ?  
 For comedy abroad he needna toil,  
 A fool and knave are plants of every soil ;  
 Nor need he hunt as far as Rome and Greece  
 To gather matter for a serious piece ;  
 There's themes enough in Caledonian story,  
 Would show the tragic Muse in a' her glory.

10

Is there no daring bard will rise, and tell  
 How glorious Wallace stood, how hapless fell ?  
 Where are the Muses fled, that could produce  
 A drama worthy o' the name o' Bruce ;  
 How here, even here, he first unsheath'd the sword  
 'Gainst mighty England and her guilty lord ;  
 And after mony a bloody, deathless doing,  
 Wrench'd his dear country from the jaws of ruin ?  
 Oh, for a Shakspeare or an Otway scene,  
 To draw the lovely, hapless Scottish Queen !  
 Vain all the omnipotence of female charms  
 'Gainst headlong, ruthless, mad Rebellion's arms.  
 She fell, but fell with spirit truly Roman,  
 To glut the vengeance of a rival woman ;  
 A woman—though the phrase may seem uncivil—  
 As able and as cruel as the Devil !  
 One Douglas lives in Home's immortal page,  
 But Douglasses were heroes every age :

31

And though your fathers, prodigal of life, 31  
 A Douglas follow'd to the martial strife,  
 Perhaps, if bowls row right, and Right succeeds,  
 Ye yet may follow where a Douglas leads!

As ye hae generous done, if a' the land  
 Would take the Muses' servants by the hand;  
 Not only hear, but patronise, befriend them,  
 And where ye justly can commend, commend them:  
 And aiblins when they winna stand the test,  
 Wink hard, and say the folks hae done their best! 40  
 Would a' the land do this, then I'll be caution  
 Ye'll soon hae poets o' the Scottish nation  
 Will gar Fame blaw until her trumpet crack,  
 And warsle Time, and lay him on his back!

For us, and for our stage, should ony spier,  
 'Whase aught thae chieles maks a' this bustle here?'  
 My best leg foremost, I'll set up my brow,  
 We have the honour to belong to you!  
 We're your ain bairns, e'en guide us as ye like,  
 But, like good mithers, shore before ye strike. 50  
 And gratefu' still I hope ye'll ever find us,  
 For a' the patronage and meikle kindness  
 We've got frae a' professious, sets, and ranks;  
 God help us! we're but poor—ye'se get but thanks.

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## THE DEAN OF FACULTY.

A NEW BALLAD.

TUNE—'The Dragon of Wantley.'

- 1 DIRE was the hate at old Harlaw,  
 That Scot to Scot did carry;  
 And dire the discord Langside saw,  
 For beauteous, hapless Mary:

But Scot with Scot ne'er met so hot,  
 Or were more in fury seen, sir,  
 Than 'twixt Hal<sup>1</sup> and Bob<sup>2</sup> for the famous job—  
 Who should be Faculty's Dean, sir.

2 This Hal for genius, wit, and lore,  
 Among the first was number'd ;  
 But pious Bob, 'mid learning's store,  
 Commandment tenth remember'd.  
 Yet simple Bob the victory got,  
 And wan his heart's desire ;  
 Which shows that Heaven can boil the pot,  
 Though the Devil p— in the fire.

3 Squire Hal besides had in this case  
 Pretensions rather brassy,  
 For talents to deserve a place  
 Are qualifications saucy ;  
 So their worships of the Faculty,  
 Quite sick of merit's rudeness,  
 Chose one who should owe it all, d' ye see,  
 To their gratis grace and goodness.

4 As once on Pisgah purged was the sight  
 Of a son of Circumcision,  
 So may be, on this Pisgah height,  
 Bob's purblind mental vision :  
 Nay, Bobby's mouth may be open'd yet  
 Till for eloquence you hail him,  
 And swear he has the Angel met  
 That met the ass of Balaam.

5 In your heretic sins may you live and die,  
 Ye heretic Eight-and-thirty,

<sup>1</sup> ' Hal : ' the Hon. Henry Erskine.—<sup>2</sup> ' Bob : ' Robert Blair of Avenon.



But accept, ye sublime majority,  
 My congratulations hearty.  
 With your Honours and a certain King  
 In your servants this is striking,  
 The more incapacity they bring,  
 The more they 're to your liking.

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## EXTEMPORE IN THE COURT OF SESSION.

TUNE—' *Killiecrankie.*'

LORD ADVOCATE.

He clench'd his pamphlets in his fist,  
 He quoted and he hinted,  
 Till in a declamation-mist,  
 His argument he tint it :  
 He gapèd for 't, he graipèd for 't.  
 He fand it was awa', man ;  
 But what his common sense came short,  
 He eked it out wi' law, man.

MR ERSKINE.

Collected, Harry stood a wee,  
 Then open'd out his arm, man :  
 His lordship sat wi' ruefu' e'e,  
 And eyed the gathering storm, man ;  
 Like wind-driven hail, it did assail,  
 Or torrents owre a linn, man ;  
 The Bench sae wise lift up their eyes,  
 Half-wauken'd wi' the din, man.

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## ADDRESS TO GENERAL DUMOURIER.

A PARODY ON 'ROBIN ADAIR.'

- 1 You're welcome to despots, Dumourier ;  
 You're welcome to despots, Dumourier.  
 How does Dampiere do ?  
 Ay, and Beurnonville too ?  
 Why did they not come along with you, Dumourier ?
- 2 I will fight France with you, Dumourier ;  
 I will fight France with you, Dumourier ;  
 I will fight France with you,  
 I will take my chance with you ;  
 By my soul, I'll dance a dance with you, Dumourier.
- 3 Then let us fight about, Dumourier ;  
 Then let us fight about, Dumourier ;  
 Then let us fight about,  
 Till freedom's spark is out,  
 Then we'll be d——, no doubt, Dumourier.
- 

## ELECTION BALLADS.

BALLAD I.—THE FIVE CARLINES.

- 1 THERE were five carlines in the south,  
 They fell upon a scheme,  
 To send a lad to Lon'on town,  
 To bring them tidings hame.
- 2 Nor only bring them tidings hame,  
 But do their errands there,  
 And aiblins gowd and honour baith  
 Might be that laddie's share.

3 There was Maggy by the banks o' Nith,<sup>1</sup>  
 A dame wi' pride eneugh,  
 And Marjory o' the Mony Lochs,<sup>2</sup>  
 A carline auld and teugh.

4 And Blinkin' Bess o' Annandale,<sup>3</sup>  
 That dwelt near Solwayside,  
 And Whisky Jean, that took her gill,  
 In Galloway<sup>4</sup> sae wide.

5 And Black Joan, frae Crichton Peel,<sup>5</sup>  
 O' gipsy kith and kin—  
 Five wighter carlines werna foun'  
 The south countrie within.

6 To send a lad to Lon'on town,  
 They met upon a day,  
 And mony a knight, and mony a laird,  
 Their errand fain would gae.

7 Oh, mony a knight and mony a laird,  
 This errand fain wad gae ;  
 But nae ane could their fancy please,  
 Oh, ne'er a ane but twae.

8 The first he was a belted knight,<sup>6</sup>  
 Bred o' a Border clan,  
 And he would gae to Lon'on town,  
 Might nae man him withstan'.

9 And he wad do their errands well,  
 And meikle he wad say,

<sup>1</sup> ' Nith : ' Dumfries.—<sup>2</sup> ' Mony Lochs : ' Lochmaben.—<sup>3</sup> ' Annandale : ' Annan.—<sup>4</sup> ' Galloway : ' Kirkcudbright.—<sup>5</sup> ' Crichton Peel : ' Sanquhar.—<sup>6</sup> ' Belted knight : ' Sir J. Johnstone.

And ilka ane at Lon'on court,  
 Would bid to him guid-day.

- 10 'Then next came in a sodger youth,<sup>1</sup>  
 And spak wi' modest grace,  
 And he wad gae to Lon'on town,  
 If sae their pleasure was.
- 11 He wadna hecht them courtly gifts,  
 Nor meikle speech pretend,  
 But he wad hecht an honest heart,  
 Wad ne'er desert a friend.
- 12 Now, wham to choose, and wham refuse,  
 At strife thir carlines fell ;  
 For some had gentle folks to please,  
 And some would please themsel'.
- 13 Then out spak mim-mou'd Meg o' Nith,  
 And she spak up wi' pride,  
 And she wad send the sodger youth,  
 Whatever might betide.
- 14 For the auld guidman o' Lon'on court<sup>2</sup>  
 She didna care a pin ;  
 But she wad send the sodger youth  
 To greet his eldest son.<sup>3</sup>
- 15 Then up sprang Bess o' Annandale,  
 And a deadly aith she's ta'en,  
 That she wad vote the Border Knight,  
 Though she should vote her lane.
- 16 For far-aff fowls hae feathers fair,  
 And fools o' change are fain ;

<sup>1</sup> 'Sodger youth:' Major Miller. — <sup>2</sup> 'Lon'on court:' George III. —  
<sup>3</sup> 'Eldest son:' the Prince of Wales.

But I hae tried the Border Knight,  
And I'll try him yet again.

17 Says Black Joan frae Crichton Peel,  
A carline stoor and grim,  
The auld guidman, and the young guidman,  
For me may sink or swim ;

18 For fools will freit o' right or wrang,  
While knaves laugh them to scorn ;  
But the sodger's friends hae blawn the best,  
So he shall bear the horn.

19 Then Whisky Jean spak owre her drink,  
Ye weel ken, kimmers a',  
The auld guidman o' Lon'on court,  
His back's been at the wa' ;

20 And mony a friend that kiss'd his cup,  
Is now a fremit wight :  
But it's ne'er be said o' Whisky Jean—  
I'll send the Border Knight.

21 Then slow raise Marjory o' the Lochs,  
And wrinkled was her brow,  
Her ancient weed was russet gray,  
Her auld Scots bluid was true :

22 There's some great folks set light by me—  
I set as light by them ;  
But I will sen' to Lon'on town  
Wham I like best at hame.

23 Sae how this weighty plea may end,  
Nae mortal wight can tell :  
God grant the King and ilka man  
May look weel to himsel'.

## BALLAD II.—WRITTEN IN 1795.

TUNE—*For a' that, and a' that.*

- 1 WHOM will ye send to London town,  
 To parliament and a' that ?  
 Or whom in a' the country roun'  
 The best deserves to fa' that ?  
 For a' that, and a' that,  
 Through Galloway, and a' that ;  
 Where is the laird or belted knight  
 That best deserves to fa' that ?
- 2 Wha sees Kerroughtree's open yett ?  
 And wha is't never saw that ?  
 Wha ever wi' Kerroughtree's met,  
 And has a doubt of a' that ?  
 For a' that, and a' that,  
 Here's Heron yet for a' that !  
 The independent patriot,  
 The honest man, and a' that.
- 3 Though wit and worth, in either sex,  
 St Mary's Isle can shaw that ;  
 Wi' dukes and lords let Selkirk mix,  
 And weel does Selkirk fa' that.  
 For a' that, and a' that,  
 Here's Heron yet for a' that !  
 The independent commoner  
 Shall be the man for a' that.
- 4 But why should we to nobles jouk ?  
 And is't against the law that ?  
 For why, a lord may be a gouk,  
 Wi' ribbon, star, and a' that.

For a' that, and a' that,  
 Here 's Heron yet for a' that !  
 A lord may be a lousy loon,  
 Wi' ribbon, star, and a' that.

5 A beardless boy comes o'er the hills,  
 Wi' uncle's purse, and a' that ;  
 But we'll hae ane frac 'mang oursels,  
 A man we ken, and a' that.  
 For a' that, and a' that,  
 Here 's Heron yet for a' that !  
 For we're not to be bought or sold,  
 Like naigs and nowte, and a' that.

6 Then let us drink the Stewartry,  
 Kerroughtree's laird, and a' that,  
 Our representative to be,  
 For weel he 's worthy a' that,  
 For a' that, and a' that.  
 Here 's Heron yet for a' that !  
 A House o' Commons such as he,  
 They wad be blest that saw that.

## BALLAD III.

TUNE—' *Fy, let's a' to the Bridal.*'

1 FY, let us a' to Kirkcudbright,  
 For there will be bickerin' there ;  
 For Murray's light horse are to muster,  
 And, oh, how the heroes will swear !  
 And there will be Murray commander,  
 And Gordon the battle to win ;  
 Like brothers they'll stand by each other,  
 Sae knit in alliance are kin.

- 2 And there will be black-nebbit Johnnie,  
The tongue o' the trump to them a' ;  
An he getna hell for his troddin',  
The deil gets nae justice ava.  
And there will be Kempleton's birkie,  
A boy no sae black at the bane ;  
But as to his fine nabob fortune,  
We'll e'en let this subject alane.
- 3 And there will be Wigton's new sheriff,  
Dame Justice fu' brawly has sped ;  
She's gotten the heart of a Bushby,  
But what has become o' the head ?  
And there will be Cardoness, Esquire,  
Sae mighty in Cardoness' eyes,  
A wight that will weather damnation—  
The devil the prey will despise.
- 4 And there will be Douglasses doughty,  
New christening towns far and near,  
Abjuring their democrat doings,  
By kissin' the a— of a peer.  
And there will be Kenmure sae generous !  
Whase honour is proof to the storm ;  
To save them from stark reprobation,  
He lent them his name to the firm.
- 5 But we winna mention Redcastle,  
The body, e'en let him escape ;  
He'd venture the gallows for siller,  
An 'twere na the cost o' the rape.  
And where is our king's lord-lieutenant,  
Sae famed for his gratefu' return ?  
The billie is gettin' his questions,  
To say in Saint Stephen's the morn.



- 6 And there will be lads o' the gospel,  
 Muirhead,<sup>1</sup> wha's as gude as he's true ;  
 And there will be Buittle's apostle,  
 Wha's mair o' the black than the blue ;  
 And there will be folk frae St Mary's,  
 A house of great merit and note ;  
 The deil ane but honours them highly—  
 The deil ane will give them his vote.
- 7 And there will be wealthy young Richard—  
 Dame Fortune should hing by the neck  
 For prodigal, thoughtless bestowing—  
 His merit had won him respect.  
 And there will be rich brother nabobs,  
 Though nabobs, yet men o' the first ;  
 And there will be Colliston's whiskers,  
 And Quentin, o' lads not the worst.
- 8 And there will be Stamp-office Johnnie,  
 Tak tent how ye purchase a dram ;  
 And there will be gay Cassencarie,  
 And there will be gleg Colonel Tam.  
 And there will be trusty Kerrougtree,  
 Wha's honour was ever his law ;  
 If the virtues were pack'd in a parcel,  
 His worth might be sample for a'.
- 9 And can we forget the auld Major,  
 Wha'll ne'er be forgot in the Greys ?  
 Our flattery we'll keep for some ither,  
 Him it's only justice to praise.  
 And there will be maiden Kilkerran,  
 And also Barskimming's gude knight ;

<sup>1</sup> 'Muirhead : ' of Urr—see · Life.'

And there will be roaring Birtwhistle,  
Wha, luckily, roars in the right.

- 10 And there frae the Niddesdale border,  
Will mingle the Maxwells in droves,  
Teugh Johnnie, staunch Geordie and Wattie,  
That granes for the fishes and loaves.  
And there will be Logan M'Dowall ;  
Sculdudd'ry and he will be there :  
And also the wild Scot o' Galloway,  
Sodgerin' gunpowder Blair.

- 11 Hey for the chaste int'rest of Broughton,  
And hey for the blossoms 'twill bring ;  
It may send Balmaghie to the Commons.  
In Sodom 'twould made him a king.  
And hey for the sanctified Murray,  
Our land wha wi' chapels has stored :  
He founder'd his horse among harlots,  
But gied his auld naig to the Lord.

## BALLAD IV.

TUNE—' *Buy Broom Besoms.*'

- 1 WHA will buy my troggin,<sup>1</sup>  
Gude election ware ;  
Broken trade o' Broughton,  
A' in high repair.

## CHORUS.

Buy braw troggin,  
Frae the banks o' Dee ;  
Wha wants troggin,  
Let him come to me.

<sup>1</sup> 'Troggin : ' a name for pedlars' wares.

- 2 Here's a noble Earl's  
Fame and high renown,  
For an auld sang—  
It's thought the goods were stown.
- 3 Here's the worth o' Broughton,  
In a needle's e'e :  
Here's a reputation,  
Tint by Balmaghie.
- 4 Here's an honest conscience,  
Might a prince adorn,  
Frae the downs o' Tinwald—  
So was never worn.
- 5 Here's the stuff and lining  
O' Cardoness' head ;  
Fine for a sodger,  
A' the wale o' lead.
- 6 Here's a little wadset,  
Buittle's scrap o' truth ;  
Pawn'd in a gin-shop,  
Quenching holy drouth.
- 7 Here's armorial bearings,  
Frae the manse o' Urr ;  
The crest an auld crab-apple,  
Rotten at the core.
- 8 Here is Satan's picture,  
Like a bizzard gled,  
Pouncing poor Redcastle,  
Sprawlin' like a taed.

- 9 Here's the worth and wisdom  
Collieston can boast ;  
By a thievish midge  
They had amaist been lost.
- 10 Here is Murray's fragments  
O' the Ten Commands ;  
Gifted by black Jock,  
To get them aff his hands.
- 11 Saw ye e'er sic troggin ?  
If to buy ye're slack,  
Hornie's turnin' chapman—  
He'll buy a' the pack.

BALLAD V.—JOHN BUSHBY'S<sup>1</sup> LAMENTATION.TUNE—' *The Babes in the Wood.*'

- 1 'Twas in the seventeen hundred year  
O' Christ, and ninety-five,  
That year I was the wae'est man  
O' ony man alive.
- 2 In March, the three-and-twentieth day,  
The sun rose clear and bright ;  
But oh, I was a waefu' man  
Ere toofa' o' the night.
- 3 Yerl Galloway lang did rule this land  
Wi' equal right and fame,  
And thereto was his kinsman join'd  
The Murray's noble name!
- 4 Yerl Galloway lang did rule the land  
Made me the judge o' strife ;

<sup>1</sup> 'Bushby : ' John Bushby, Esq., of Tinwald-downs.

But now Yerl Galloway's sceptre 's broke,  
And eke my hangman's knife.

5 'Twas by the banks o' bonnie Dee,  
Beside Kirkcudbright towers,  
The Stewart and the Murray there,  
Did muster a' their powers.

6 The Murray, and the auld gray yaud,  
Wi' winged spurs did ride,  
That auld gray yaud, yea, Nidsdale rade,  
He staw upon Nidside.

7 An there had been the Yerl himsel',  
Oh, there had been nae play ;  
But Garlies was to London gane,  
And sae the kye might stray.

8 And there was Balmaghie, I ween,  
In the front rank he wad shine ;  
But Balmaghie had better been  
Drinking Madeira wine.

9 Frae the Glenkens came to our aid  
A chief o' doughty deed,  
In case that worth should wanted be,  
O' Kenmore we had need.

10 And there sae grave Squire Cardoness  
Look'd on till a' was done ;  
Sae, in a tower o' Cardoness,  
A howlet sits at noon.

11 And there led I the Bushbys a' ;  
My gamesome billie Will,  
And my son Maitland, wise as brave,  
My footsteps follow'd still.

- 12 The Douglas and the Heron's name,  
 We set nought to their score :  
 The Douglas and the Heron's name  
 Had felt our weight before.
- 13 But Douglasses o' weight had we,  
 The pair o' lusty lairds,  
 For building cot-houses sae famed,  
 And christening kail yards.
- 14 And by our banners march'd Muirhead,  
 And Buittle was na slack ;  
 Whose holy priesthood nane can stain,  
 For wha can dye the black ?

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### EPISTLE FROM A TAILOR,<sup>1</sup>

THOMAS WALKER, OCHILTREE, TO ROBERT BURNS.

- 1 WHAT waefu' news is this I hear ?  
 Frae greeting I can scarce forbear,  
 Folk tells me, ye're gaun aff this year,  
     Out owre the sea,  
 And lasses wham ye lo'e sae dear  
     Will greet for thee.
- 2 Weel wad I like were ye to stay ;  
 But, Robin, since ye will away,  
 I hae a word yet mair to say,  
     And maybe twa ;  
 May He protect us night and day,  
     That made us a' !
- 3 Whare thou art gaun, keep mind frae me,  
 Seek Him to bear thee companie,

<sup>1</sup> ' Tailor : ' Thomas Walker, a tailor near Ochiltree.

And, Robin, whan ye come to die,  
   Ye'll win aboon,  
 And live at peace and unity  
   Ayont the moon.

4 Some tell me, Rab, ye diinna fear  
 To get a wean, and curse and swear ;  
 I'm unco wae, my lad, to hear  
   O' sic a trade,  
 Could I persuade you to forbear,  
   I wad be glad.

5 Fu' weel ye ken ye'll gang to hell,  
 Gin ye persist in doin' ill—  
 Waes me ! ye're hurlin' down the hill  
   Withouten dread,  
 And ye'll get leave to swear your fill  
   After ye're dead.

6 There, walth o' women ye'll get near,  
 But gettin' weans ye will forbear,  
 Ye'll never say, My bonnie dear,  
   Come, gie's a kiss—  
 Nae kissing there—ye'll girn and sneer,  
   And ither hiss.

7 O Rab ! lay by thy foolish tricks,  
 And steer nae mair the female sex,  
 Or some day ye'll come through the pricks,  
   And that ye'll see ;  
 Ye'll fin' hard living wi' Auld Nicks—  
   I'm wae for thee !

8 But what's this comes wi' sic a knell,  
 Amaist as loud as ony bell,









## LIBERTY : A FRAGMENT.

THEE, Caledonia, thy wild heaths among,  
 Thee, famed for martial deed and sacred song,  
 To thee I turn with swimming eyes ;  
 Where is that soul of freedom fled ?  
 Immingled with the mighty dead !  
 Beneath the hallow'd turf where Wallace lies !  
 Hear it not, Wallace, in thy bed of death !  
 Ye babbling winds, in silence sweep ;  
 Disturb not yet the hero's sleep,  
 Nor give the coward secret breath.  
 Is this the power in freedom's war,  
 That wont to bid the battle rage ?  
 Behold that eye which shot immortal hate,  
 Crushing the despot's proudest bearing,  
 That arm which, nerved with thundering fate,  
 Braved usurpation's boldest daring !  
 One quench'd in darkness like the sinking star,  
 And one the palsied arm of tottering, powerless age.

## ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT RUISSEAU.<sup>1</sup>

1 Now Robin lies in his last lair,  
 He'll gabble rhyme nor sing nae mair ;  
 Cauld poverty, wi' hungry stare,  
                   Nae mair shall fear him ;  
 Nor anxious fear, nor cankert care  
                   E'er mair come near him.

<sup>1</sup> 'Ruisseaux : ' a play upon his own name.

- 2 To tell the truth, they seldom fash'd him,  
 Except the moment that they crush'd him ;  
 For soon as chance or fate had hush'd 'em,  
     Though e'er sae short,  
 Then wi' a rhyme or sang he lash'd 'em,  
     And thought it sport.
- 3 Though he was born to kintra wark,  
 And counted was baith wight and stark,  
 Yet that was never Robin's mark  
     To mak a man ;  
 But tell him he was learn'd and clark,  
     Ye roosed him then !
- 

### EPISTLE TO HUGH PARKER.<sup>1</sup>

IN this strange land, this uncouth clime,  
 A land unknown to prose or rhyme ;  
 Where words ne'er cross'd the Muse's heckles,  
 Nor limpet in poetic shackles ;  
 A land that Prose did never view it,  
 Except when drunk he stacher't through it ;  
 Here, ambush'd by the chimla cheek,  
 Hid in an atmosphere of reek,  
 I hear a wheel thrum i' the neuk,  
 I hear it—for in vain I leuk. 10  
 The red peat gleams, a fiery kernel,  
 Enhuskèd by a fog infernal :  
 Here, for my wonted rhyming raptures,  
 I sit and count my sins by chapters ;  
 For life and spunk like ither Christians,  
 I'm dwindled down to mere existence—

<sup>1</sup> This epistle, written at Ellisland, and dated June 1788, is addressed to Mr Hugh Parker, merchant, Kilmarnock, one of Burns' earliest friends and patrons.

Wi' nae converse but Gallowa' bodies, 17  
 Wi' nae kent face but Jenny Geddes.  
 Jenny, my Pegasean pride!  
 Dowie she saunters down Nithside,  
 And aye a westlin' leuk she throws,  
 While tears hap o'er her auld brown nose!  
 Was it for this, wi' canny care,  
 Thou bure the Bard through mony a shire?  
 At howes or hillocks never stumbled,  
 And late or early never grumbled?  
 Oh, had I power like inclination,  
 I'd heeze thee up a constellation,  
 To canter with the Sagitarre,  
 Or loup the ecliptic like a bar; 30  
 Or turn the pole like any arrow;  
 Or, when auld Phœbus bids good-morrow,  
 Down the zodiac urge the race,  
 And cast dirt on his godship's face;  
 For I could lay my bread and kail  
 He'd ne'er cast saut upo' thy tail.  
 Wi' a' this care and a' this grief,  
 And sma', sma' prospect of relief,  
 And nought but peat-reek i' my head,  
 How can I write what ye can read? 40  
 Tarbolton, twenty-fourth o' June,  
 Ye'll find me in a better tune;  
 But till we meet and weest our whistle,  
 Tak this excuse for nae epistle.

ROBERT BURNS.

---

THE GUIDWIFE OF WAUCHOPE-HOUSE,<sup>1</sup>

TO ROBERT BURNS.

*February 1787.*

MY canty, witty, rhyming ploughman,  
 I haflins doubt it is na true, man,  
 That ye between the stilts were bred,  
 Wi' ploughmen school'd, wi' ploughmen fed ;  
 I doubt it sair, ye've drawn your knowledge  
 Either frae grammar-school or college.  
 Guid troth, your saul and body baith  
 Ware better fed, I'd gie my aith,  
 Than theirs, wha sup sour-milk and parritch,  
 And bummil through the Single Carritch. 10  
 Wha ever heard the ploughman speak  
 Could tell gif Homer was a Greek ?  
 He'd flee as soon upon a cudgel,  
 As get a single line of Virgil.  
 And then sae slee ye crack your jokes  
 On Willie Pitt and Charlie Fox :  
 Our great men a' sae weel describe,  
 And how to gar the nation thrive,  
 Ane maist wad swear ye dwalt amang them,  
 And as ye saw them, sae ye sang them. 20  
 But be ye ploughman, be ye peer,  
 Ye are a funny blade, I swear :  
 And though the cauld I ill can bide,  
 Yet twenty miles, and mair, I'd ride,  
 O'er moss, and muir, and never grumble,  
 Though my auld yad should gie a stumble,  
 To crack a winter night wi' thee,  
 And hear thy sangs and sonnets slee.

<sup>1</sup> 'The guidwife of Wauchope-house:' was the late talented Mrs Scott of Wauchope.

A guid saut herring and a cake, 29  
 Wi' sic a chiel, a feast wad make ;  
 I'd rather scour your reaming yill,  
 Or eat o' cheese and bread my fill,  
 Than wi' dull lairds on turtle dine,  
 And ferlie at their wit and wine.  
 Oh, gif I kenn'd but where ye baide,  
 I'd send to you a marled plaid ;  
 'Twad haud your shouthers warm and braw,  
 And douse at kirk or market shaw ;  
 For south as weel as north, my lad,  
 A' honest Scotsmen lo'e the *maud*. 40  
 Right wae that we're sae far frae ither ;  
 Yet proud I am to ca' ye brither.  
Your most obedient, E. S.

## TO THE GUIDWIFE O' WAUCHOPE HOUSE.

GUIDWIFE,

I I MIND it weel, in early date,  
 When I was beardless, young, and blate,  
 And first could thresh the barn,  
 Or haud a yokin' at the pleugh,  
 And though forfoughten sair eneugh,  
 Yet unco proud to learn ;  
 When first amang the yellow corn  
 A man I reckon'd was,  
 And wi' the lave ilk merry morn  
 Could rank my rig and lass,  
 Still shearing, and clearing  
 The tither stoked raw,  
 Wi' claivers and haivers,  
 Wearing the day awa'.

2 Even then a wish—I mind its power—  
 A wish that to my latest hour  
 Shall strongly heave my breast—  
 That I, for poor auld Scotland's sake,  
 Some usefu' plan, or beuk could make,  
 Or sing a sang at least.  
 The rough bur-thistle, spreading wide  
 Amang the bearded bear,  
 I turn'd the weeder-clips aside,  
 And spared the symbol dear :  
 No nation, no station,  
 My envy e'er could raise ;  
 A Scot still, but blot still,  
 I knew nae higher praise.

3 But still the elements o' sang  
 In formless jumble, right and wrang,  
 Wild floated in my brain :  
 Till on that hairst I said before  
 My partner in the merry core,  
 She roused the forming strain ;  
 I see her yet, the sounsie quean,  
 That lighted up my jingle,  
 Her witching smile, her pauky e'en,  
 That gart my heart-strings tingle ;  
 I firèd, inspirèd,  
 At every kindling keek,  
 But bashing, and dashing,  
 I fearèd aye to speak.

4 Health to the sex ! ilk guid chiel says,  
 Wi' merry dance in winter days,  
 And we to share in common :  
 The gust of joy, the balm of woe,



The saul o' life, the heaven below,  
 Is rapture-giving woman.  
 Ye surly sumphs, who hate the name,  
 Be mindfu' o' your mither ;  
 She, honest woman, may think shame  
 That ye're connected with her.  
 Ye're wae men, ye're nae men,  
 That slight the lovely dears ;  
 To shame ye, disclaim ye,  
 Ilk honest birkie swears.

5 For you, no bred to barn and byre,  
 Wha sweetly tune the Scottish lyre,  
 Thanks to you for your line :  
 The marled plaid ye kindly spare,  
 By me should gratefully be ware ;  
 'Twad please me to the nine ;  
 I'd be mair vauntie o' my hap,  
 Douse hingin' o'er my curple,  
 Than ony ermine ever lap,  
 Or proud imperial purple.  
 Farewell then, lang heal then,  
 And plenty be your fa' :  
 May losses, and crosses,  
 Ne'er at your hallan ca' !

March 1787.

---

 LAMENT,

WRITTEN AT A TIME WHEN THE POET WAS ABOUT TO  
 LEAVE SCOTLAND.

TUNE—' *The Banks of the Devon.*'

1 O'ER the mist-shrouded cliffs of the lone mountain straying,  
 Where the wild winds of winter incessantly rave,

- What woes wring my heart while intently surveying  
The storm's gloomy path on the breast of the wave !
- 2 Ye foam-crested billows, allow me to wail,  
Ere ye toss me afar from my loved native shore ;  
Where the flower which bloom'd sweetest in Coila's  
green vale,  
The pride of my bosom, my Mary's no more.
- 3 No more by the banks of the streamlet we'll wander,  
And smile at the moon's rimpled face in the wave ;  
No more shall my arms cling with fondness around her,  
For the dew-drops of morning fall cold on her grave.
- 4 No more shall the soft thrill of love warm my breast,  
I haste with the storm to a far distant shore ;  
Where, unknown, unlamented, my ashes shall rest,  
And joy shall revisit my bosom no more.

---

### PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN BY MR WOODS ON HIS BENEFIT-NIGHT,

MONDAY, *April 16, 1787.*

WHEN by a generous Public's kind acclaim,  
That dearest meed is granted—honest fame :  
When here your favour is the actor's lot,  
Nor even the man in private life forgot ;  
What breast so dead to heavenly Virtue's glow,  
But heaves impassion'd with the grateful throe !  
Poor is the task to please a barbarous throng,  
It needs no Siddons' powers in Southern's song ;  
But here an ancient nation famed afar,  
For genius, learning high, as great in war—  
Hail, CALEDONIA, name for ever dear !  
Before whose sons I'm honour'd to appear !

Where every science—every nobler art— 13  
 That can inform the mind, or mend the heart,  
 Is known ; as grateful nations oft have found  
 Far as the rude barbarian marks the bound.  
 Philosophy, no idle pedant dream,  
 Here holds her search by heaven-taught Reason's beam ;  
 Here History paints with elegance and force,  
 The tide of Empire's fluctuating course ; 20  
 Here Douglas forms wild Shakspeare into plan,  
 And Harley<sup>1</sup> rouses all the God in man,  
 When well-form'd taste and sparkling wit unite  
 With manly lore, or female beauty bright,  
 (Beauty, where faultless symmetry and grace,  
 Can only charm us in the second place,)  
 Witness my heart, how oft with panting fear  
 As on this night, I've met these judges here !  
 But still the hope experience taught to live,  
 Equal to judge, you're candid to forgive. 30  
 No hundred-headed Riot here we meet,  
 With Decency and Law beneath his feet ;  
 Nor insolence assumes fair Freedom's name ;  
 Like Caledonians, you applaud or blame.

O thou dread Power ! whose empire-giving hand  
 Has oft been stretch'd to shield the honour'd land !  
 Strong may she glow with all her ancient fire !  
 May every son be worthy of his sire !  
 Firm may she rise with generous disdain  
 At Tyranny's, or direr Pleasure's chain ! 40  
 Still self-dependent in her native shore,  
 Bold may she brave grim Danger's loudest roar,  
 Till Fate the curtain drop on worlds to be no more.

<sup>1</sup> 'Harley : ' The Man of Feeling,' wrote by Mr Mackenzie.—*B.*

THE POET'S WELCOME TO HIS ILLEGITIMATE  
CHILD.

- 1 THOU'S welcome, wean! mishanter fa' me,  
If ought of thee, or of thy mammy,  
Shall ever danton me, or awe me,  
                                    My sweet wee lady,  
Or if I blush when thou shalt ca' me  
                                    Tit-ta, or daddy.
- 2 Wee image of my bonnie Betty,  
I fatherly will kiss and daut thee,  
As dear and near my heart I set thee  
                                    Wi' as gude will,  
As a' the priests had seen me get thee  
                                    That's out o' hell.
- 3 What though they ca' me fornicator,  
And tease my name in kintra clatter :  
The mair they talk I'm kent the better,  
                                    E'en let them clash ;  
An auld wife's tongue's a feckless matter  
                                    To gie ane fash.
- 4 Sweet fruit o' mony a merry dint,  
My funny toil is now a' tint,  
Sin' thou came to the world asklent,  
                                    Which fools may scoff at ;  
In my last plack thy part's be in 't—  
                                    The better half o't.

<sup>1</sup> The subject of these verses was the poet's illegitimate daughter, whom in 'The Inventory' he styles his

“Sonsy, smirking, dear-bought Bess.”

She was married to Mr John Bishop, overseer at Polkemmet, near Whitburn, and is long dead.

- 5 And if thou be what I would hae thee,  
 And tak the counsel I shall gie thee,  
 A lovin' father I'll be to thee,  
   If thou be spared :  
 Through a' thy childish years I'll e'e thee,  
   And think 't weel wared.
- 6 Gudé grant that thou may aye inherit  
 Thy mither's person, grace, and merit,  
 And thy poor worthless daddy's spirit  
   Without his failins ;  
 'Twill please me mair to hear and see 't,  
   Than stockit mailins.

---

 LETTER TO JAMES TAIT, GLENCONNAR.

AULD comrade dear, and brither sinner,  
 How's a' the folk about Glenconnar ?  
 How do you, this blae eastlin' win',  
 That's like to blaw a body blin' ?  
 For me, my faculties are frozen,  
 My dearest member nearly dozen'.  
 I've sent you here, by Johnnie Simpson,  
 Twa sage philosophers to glimpse on ;  
 Smith, wi' his sympathetic feeling,  
 And Reid, to common sense appealing. 10  
 Philosophers have fought and wrangled,  
 And meikle Greek and Latin mangled,  
 Till, wi' their logic-jargon tired,  
 And in the depth of Science mired,  
 To Common Sense they now appeal,  
 What wives and wabsters see and feel.  
 But, hark ye, friend ! I charge you strictly,  
 Peruse them, and return them quickly,

For now I'm grown so cursèd douce, 19  
 I pray and ponder butt the house,  
 My shins, my lane, I there sit roastin',  
 Perusing Bunyan, Brown, and Boston ;  
 Till by and by, if I haud on,  
 I'll grunt a real gospel-groan :  
 Already I begin to try it,  
 To cast my e'en up like a pyet,  
 When by the gun she tumbles o'er,  
 Flutt'ring and gasping in her gore :  
 Sae shortly you shall see me bright,  
 A burning and a shining light. 30

My heart-warm love to guid auld Glen,  
 The ace and wale of honest men :  
 When bending down wi' auld gray hairs,  
 Beneath the load of years and cares,  
 May He who made him still support him,  
 And views beyond the grave comfort him ;  
 His worthy family far and near,  
 God bless them a' wi' grace and gear !

My auld school-fellow, Preacher Willie,  
 The manly tar, my mason billie, 40  
 And Auchenbay, I wish him joy !  
 If he's a parent, lass or boy,  
 May he be dad, and Mag the mither,  
 Just five-and-forty years thegither !  
 And not forgetting wabster Charlie,  
 I'm tauld he offers very fairly.  
 And, Lord, remember singing Sannock,  
 Wi' hale-breeks, saxpence, and a bannock ;  
 And next, my auld acquaintance, Nancy,  
 Since she is fitted to her fancy ; 50  
 And her kind stars hae airted till her  
 A good chiel wi' a pickle siller.

My kindest, best respects I sen' it, 53  
 To cousin Kate and sister Janet ;  
 'Tell them frae me, wi' chiels be cautious,  
 For, faith, they 'll aiblins fin' them fashious :  
 'To grant a heart is fairly civil,  
 But to grant a maidenhead's the devil.  
 And lastly Jamie, for yoursel',  
 May guardian angels tak a spell, 60  
 And steer you seven miles south o' hell :  
 But first, before you see heaven's glory,  
 May ye get mony a merry story,  
 Mony a laugh, and mony a drink,  
 And aye eneugh o' needfu' clink !  
 Now fare ye weel, and joy be wi' you ;  
 For my sake this I beg it o' you,  
 Assist poor Simpson a' ye can,  
 Ye 'll fin' him just an honest man ;  
 Sae I conclude, and quat my chanter. 70  
 Yours, saint or sinner,

ROB THE RANTER.

## ON THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE CHILD.

- 1 OH, sweet be thy sleep in the land of the grave,  
 My dear little angel, for ever ;  
 For ever—oh no ! let not man be a slave,  
 His hopes from existence to sever.
- 2 Though cold be the clay, where thou pillow'st thy head,  
 In the dark silent mansions of sorrow,  
 The spring shall return to thy low narrow bed,  
 Like the beam of the Day-star to-morrow.



- 3 The flower-stem shall bloom like thy sweet seraph form,  
 Ere the spoiler had nipt thee in blossom,  
 When thou shrunk frae the scowl of the loud winter storm,  
 And nestled thee close to that bosom.
- 4 Oh! still I behold thee, all lovely in death,  
 Reclined on the lap of thy mother,  
 When the tear trickled bright, when the short stifled breath,  
 Told how dear ye were aye to each other.
- 5 My child, thou art gone to the home of thy rest,  
 Where suffering no longer can harm ye,  
 Where the songs of the good, where the hymns of the blest,  
 Through an endless existence shall charm ye.
- 6 While he, thy fond parent, must sighing sojourn,  
 Through the dire desert regions of sorrow,  
 O'er the hope and misfortune of being to mourn,  
 And sigh for this life's latest morrow.

---

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARL  
 OF BREADALBANE,

President of the Right Honourable and Honourable the Highland Society, which met on the 23d of May last, at the Shakspeare, Covent-Garden, to concert ways and means to frustrate the designs of five hundred Highlanders, who, as the Society were informed by Mr M'Kenzie of Applecross, were so audacious as to attempt an escape from their lawful lords and masters, whose property they are, by emigrating from the lands of Mr Macdonell of Glengarry to the wilds of Canada, in search of that fantastic thing—Liberty!—*B.*

LONG life, my lord, and health be yours,  
 Unskait'h'd by hunger'd Highland boors!  
 Lord, grant nae duddie, desperate beggar,  
 Wi' durk, claymore, or rusty trigger,  
 May twin auld Scotland o' a life  
 She likes—as lambkins like a knife!



Faith, you and Applecross were right 7  
 To keep the Highland hounds in sight :  
 I doubtna, they would bid nae better  
 Than, let them ance out owre the water,  
 Then up amang thae lakes and seas  
 They 'll mak what rules and laws they please !  
 Some daring Hancock, or a Franklin,  
 May set their Highland bluid a ranklin' ;  
 Some Washington again may head them,  
 Or some Montgomery, fearless, lead them !  
 Till God knows what may be effected,  
 When by such heads and hearts directed ;  
 Poor dunghill sons of dirt and mire,  
 May to patrician rights aspire ! 20  
 Nae sage North now, or sager Sackville,  
 To watch and premier owre the pack vile !  
 And where will ye get Howes and Clintons  
 To bring them to a right repentance,  
 To cove the rebel generation,  
 And save the honour o' the nation ?  
 They! and be d——! what right hae they  
 To meat, or sleep, or light o' day?  
 Far less to riches, power, or freedom,  
 But what your lordships please to gi'e them ! 30  
 But hear, my lord ! Glengarry, hear !  
 Your hand's owre light on them, I fear :  
 Your factors, grieves, trustees, and bailies,  
 I canna say but *they* do gaylies ;  
 They lay aside a' tender mercies,  
 And tirl the hallions to the birses ;  
 Yet, while they're only poind't and herriet,  
 They 'll keep their stubborn Highland spirit :  
 But *smash* them ! crash them a' to spails !  
 And rot the dyvours i' the jails ! 40

The young dogs, swinge them to the labour ; 41  
 Let wark and hunger mak them sober !  
 The hizzies, if they 're oughtlins fawsont,  
 Let them in Drury Lane be lesson'd !  
 And if the wives and dirty brats  
 Come thiggin' at your doors and yetts,  
 Flaffan wi' duds and gray wi' beas',  
 Frightin' awa' your deucks and geese,  
 Get out a horse-whip or a jowler,  
 The langest thong, the fiercest growle; 50  
 And gar the tatter'd gipsies pack  
 Wi' a' their bastards on their back !

Go on, my lord ! I lang to meet you,  
 And in my *house at hame* to greet you !  
 Wi' common lords ye shanna mingle ;  
 The benmost neuk beside the ingle,  
 At my right hand assign'd your seat,  
 'Tween Herod's hip and Polycrate—  
 Or if ye on your station tarrow,  
 Between Almagro and Pizarro ; 60  
 A seat I'm sure ye 're weel deservin't ;  
 And till ye come—Your humble servant,

June 1st, Anno Mundi 5790. [A. D. 1786.]

BEELZEBUB.

---

### ON THE DEATH OF THE LATE LORD PRESIDENT.<sup>1</sup>

LONE on the bleaky hills the straying flocks  
 Shun the fierce storms among the shelt'ring rocks ;  
 Down foam the riv'lets, red with dashing rains ;  
 The gathering floods burst o'er the distant plains ;  
 Beneath the blast the leafless forests groan,  
 The hollow caves return a sullen moan.

<sup>1</sup> ' Lord President : ' Dundas.

Ye hills, ye plains, ye forests, and ye caves, 7  
 Ye howling winds, and wintry swelling waves !  
 Unheard, unseen, by human ear or eye,  
 Sad, to your sympathetic glooms I fly,  
 Where, to the whistling blast and waters' roar,  
 Pale Scotia's recent wound I may deplore.

O heavy loss, thy country ill could bear !  
 A loss these evil days can ne'er repair !  
 Justice, the high vicegerent of her God,  
 Her doubtful balance eyed and swayed her rod ;  
 She heard the tidings of the fatal blow,  
 And sunk abandon'd to the wildest woe.

Wrongs, injuries, from many a darksome den,  
 Now gay in hope explore the paths of men : 20  
 See, from his cavern grim Oppression rise,  
 And throw on Poverty his cruel eyes ;  
 Keen on the helpless victim see him fly,  
 And stifle, dark, the feebly-bursting cry ;  
 Mark ruffian Violence, distain'd with crimes,  
 Rousing elate in these degenerate times :  
 View unsuspecting Innocence a prey,  
 As guileful Fraud points out the erring way ;  
 While subtle Litigation's pliant tongue  
 The life-blood equal sucks of Right and Wrong : 30  
 Hark, injured Want recounts the unlisten'd tale,  
 And much-wrong'd Misery pours the unpitied wail !  
 Ye dark waste hills, and brown unsightly plains,  
 Inspire and soothe my melancholy strains !  
 Ye tempests, rage ! ye turbid torrents, roll !  
 Ye suit the joyless tenor of my soul ;  
 Life's social haunts and pleasures I resign ;  
 Be nameless wilds and lonely wanderings mine,  
 To mourn the woes my country must endure,  
 That wound degenerate ages cannot cure. 40

TO JOHN M·MURDO, ESQ.,<sup>1</sup>

WITH SOME BOOKS.

OH, could I give thee India's wealth  
 As I this trifle send!  
 Because thy joy in both would be  
 To share them with a friend.

But golden sands did never grace  
 The Heliconian stream;  
 Then take what gold could never buy—  
 An honest Bard's esteem.

PEG NICHOLSON.<sup>2</sup>

- 1 PEG NICHOLSON was a good bay mare,  
 As ever trod on airn;  
 But now she's floating down the Nith,  
 And past the mouth o' Cairn.
- 2 Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare,  
 And rode through thick and thin;  
 But now she's floating down the Nith,  
 And wanting even the skin.
- 3 Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare,  
 And ance she bore a priest;  
 But now she's floating down the Nith,  
 For Solway fish a feast.

<sup>1</sup> 'John M·Murdo, Esq.:' this gentleman was steward to the Duke of Queensberry.—<sup>2</sup> 'Peg Nicholson:' a name derived from the maniac who attempted the life of George III., was the poet's mare, and the successor of Jenny Geddes; she was either sold or lent to him by William Nicol.

4 Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare,  
 And the priest he rode her sair ;  
 And much oppress'd and bruised she was,  
 As priest-rid cattle are.

---

### THE HENPECKED HUSBAND.

CURSED be the man, the poorest wretch in life,  
 The crouching vassal to the tyrant wife,  
 Who has no will but by her high permission ;  
 Who has not sixpence but in her possession ;  
 Who must to her his dear friend's secret tell ;  
 Who dreads a curtain-lecture worse than hell.  
 Were such the wife had fallen to my part,  
 I'd break her spirit, or I'd break her heart ;  
 I'd charm her with the magic of a switch,  
 I'd kiss her maids, and kick the perverse b—h.

---

### THE TOAST.

FILL me with the rosy wine,  
 Call a toast—a toast divine ;  
 Give the Poet's darling flame,  
 Lovely Jessie be the name ;  
 Then thou mayest freely boast,  
 Thou hast given a peerless toast.

---

### ON JESSIE LEWARS' SICKNESS.

SAY, sages, what 's the charm on earth  
 Can turn death's dart aside ?  
 It is not purity and worth,  
 Else Jessie had not died.

## ON THE RECOVERY OF JESSIE LEWARS.

BUT rarely seen since nature's birth  
 The natives of the sky ;  
 Yet still one seraph's left on earth,  
 For Jessie did not die.

---

 A TOAST.<sup>1</sup>

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 heaven, 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 cursed, and be Tyranny damn'd ;  
 And who would to Liberty e'er prove disloyal,  
 May his son be a hangman, and he his first trial.

---

 JESSIE LEWARS.

TALK not to me of savages  
 From Afric's burning sun,  
 No savage e'er could rend my heart  
 As, Jessy, thou hast done.

<sup>1</sup> 'A toast:' at a meeting of the Dumfriesshire 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 above lines extempore.

But, Jessy's lovely hand in mine,  
A mutual faith to plight,  
Not even to view the heavenly choir  
Would be so blest a sight.

---

ON SEEING THE BEAUTIFUL SEAT OF LORD  
GALLOWAY.

WHAT dost thou in that mansion fair ?  
Flit, Galloway, and find  
Some narrow, dirty, dungeon cave,  
The picture of thy mind !

---

ON THE SAME.

No Stewart art thou, Galloway,  
The Stewarts all were brave ;  
Besides, the Stewarts were but fools,  
Not one of them a knave.

---

ON THE SAME.

BRIGHT ran thy line, O Galloway !  
Through many a far-famed sire—  
So ran the far-famed Roman way,  
So ended in a mire.

---

## TO THE SAME.

ON THE AUTHOR BEING THREATENED WITH HIS  
RESENTMENT.

SPARE me thy vengeance, Galloway,  
In quiet let me live :  
I ask no kindness at thy hand,  
For thou hast none to give.

---

VERSES WRITTEN UNDER THE PORTRAIT  
OF FERGUSSON, THE POET,

IN A COPY OF THAT AUTHOR'S WORKS PRESENTED TO A  
YOUNG LADY IN EDINBURGH, MARCH 19, 1787.

CURSE on ungrateful man, that can be pleased,  
And yet can starve the author of the pleasure !  
O thou my elder brother in misfortune,  
By far my elder brother in the Muses,  
With tears I pity thy unhappy fate !  
Why is the bard unpitied by the world,  
Yet has so keen a relish of its pleasures ?

---

VERSES WRITTEN ON A WINDOW OF THE  
INN AT CARRON.

- 1 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 :
- 2 But whan we tirl'd at your door,  
Your porter dought na hear us ;  
Sae may, should we to hell's yetts come,  
Your billie Satan sair us !



VERSES WRITTEN ON THE BLANK LEAF OF  
A COPY OF HIS POEMS,

PRESENTED TO AN OLD SWEETHEART, THEN MARRIED.

- 1 ONCE fondly loved, and still remember'd dear,  
Sweet early object of my youthful vows,  
Accept this mark of friendship, warm, sincere ;  
Friendship ! 'tis all cold duty now allows.
  
- 2 And when you read the simple, artless rhymes,  
One friendly sigh for him—he asks no more—  
Who distant burns in flaming torrid climes,  
Or haply lies beneath th' Atlantic roar.

---

VERSES

ADDRESSED TO THE LANDLADY OF THE INN AT ROSLIN.

- 1 MY blessings on you, sonsy wife ;  
I ne'er was here before ;  
You've gi'en us walth for horn and knife,  
Nae heart could wish for more.
  
- 2 Heaven keep you free frae care and strife,  
Till far ayont fourscore ;  
And while I toddle on through life,  
I'll ne'er gang by your door.

---

ADDRESSED TO A GENTLEMAN AT TABLE,

WHO KEPT BOASTING OF THE COMPANY HE KEPT.

WHAT of lords with whom you have supp'd,  
And of dukes that you dined with yestreen !  
A louse, sir, is still but a louse,  
Though it crawl on the locks of a queen.

## LINES

WRITTEN UNDER THE PORTRAIT OF THE CELEBRATED  
MISS BURNS.<sup>1</sup>

CEASE, ye prudes, your envious railing ;  
Lovely Burns has charms—confess !  
True it is, she has one failing—  
Had a woman ever less ?

---

## LINES

WRITTEN ON A PEW IN THE KIRK OF LAMINGTON, IN  
CLYDESDALE.

A CAULD, cauld kirk, and in 't but few,  
A caulder minister never spak :  
His sermon made us a' turn blue,  
But it's be warm ere I come back.

---

## LINES WRITTEN ON A BANK NOTE.

WAE worth thy power, thou cursed leaf,  
Fell source o' a' my woe and grief !  
For lack o' thee I've lost my lass,  
For lack o' thee I scrimp my glass.  
I see the children of affliction  
Unaided, through thy cursed restriction.  
I've seen the oppressor's cruel smile  
Amid his hapless victim's spoil,  
And for thy potence vainly wish'd  
To crush the villain in the dust.  
For lack o' thee I leave this much-loved shore,  
Never, perhaps, to greet old Scotland more.

R. B., *Kyle*.

<sup>1</sup> The Miss Burns of these lines was more notorious than reputable in Edinburgh at the period when Burns first visited that city.

## TO A MEDICAL GENTLEMAN,

INVITING HIM TO ATTEND A MASONIC ANNIVERSARY  
MEETING.

FRIDAY first 's the day appointed,  
By our Right Worshipful anointed,  
To hold our grand procession ;  
To get a blaud o' Johnnie's morals,  
And taste a swatch o' Manson's barrels,  
I' the way of our profession.  
Our Master and the Brotherhood  
Wad a' be glad to see you ;  
For me I would be mair than proud  
To share the mercies wi' you.  
If death then, wi' scaith then,  
Some mortal heart is hechtin',  
Inform him, and storm<sup>1</sup> him,  
That Saturday ye'll fecht him.

ROBERT BURNS.

---

 LINES,

WRITTEN ON A WINDOW OF THE GLOBE TAVERN, DUMFRIES.

THE graybeard, old Wisdom, may boast of his treasures,  
Give me with gay Folly to live ;  
I grant him his calm-blooded, time-settled pleasures,  
But Folly has raptures to give.

<sup>1</sup> ' Storm : ' that is, threaten him.

---

## REPLY TO A GENTLEMAN,

WHO ASKED IF HE WOULD NOT LIKE TO BE A SOLDIER.

- 1 I MURDER hate, by field or flood,  
 Though glory's name may screen us ;  
 In wars at hame I'll spend my blood,  
 Life-giving wars of Venus.
- 2 The deities that I adore,  
 Are social peace and plenty ;  
 I'm better pleased to make one more,  
 Than be the death o' twenty.
- 

## THE CREED OF POVERTY

IN politics if thou wouldst mix,  
 And mean thy fortunes be ;  
 Bear this in mind, be deaf and blind,  
 Let great folks hear and see.

---

ON BEING ASKED WHY GOD HAD MADE  
 MISS DAVIES SO LITTLE AND MRS —  
 SO LARGE.

WRITTEN ON A PANE OF GLASS IN THE INN AT MOFFAT.

ASK why God made the gem so small,  
 And why so huge the granite ?  
 Because God meant mankind should set  
 The higher value on it.

---

LINES WRITTEN ON A PANE OF GLASS,  
ON THE OCCASION OF A NATIONAL THANKSGIVING FOR A  
NAVAL VICTORY.

YE hypocrites! are these your pranks,  
To murder men, and gie God thanks?  
For shame! gie o'er, proceed no further—  
God won't accept your thanks for murther!

---

LINES ON STIRLING.

WRITTEN ON A WINDOW IN WINGATE'S INN THERE.

HERE Stuarts once in glory reign'd,  
And laws for Scotia's weel ordain'd;  
But now unroof'd their palace stands,  
Their sceptre 's sway'd by foreign hands.  
The Stuarts' native race is gone!  
A race outlandish fills their throne—  
An idiot race, to honour lost:  
Who know them best, despise them most.

Burns, who was then a zealous Jacobite, being reproved by a friend for the above lines, replied, "I shall reprove myself;" and immediately wrote the following lines on the same pane:—

THE REPROOF.

RASH mortal, and slanderous poet, thy name  
Shall no longer appear in the records of fame;  
Dost not know that old Mansfield, who writes like the Bible,  
Says the more 'tis a truth, sir, the more 'tis a libel?

---

REPLY TO A CLERGYMAN,  
WHO WROTE A POETICAL PHILIPPIC AGAINST THE  
FOREGOING LINES ON STIRLING.

LIKE Æsop's lion, Burns says, 'Sore I feel  
All others' scorn—but damn that ass's heel.'

---

LINES

WRITTEN ON A WINDOW, AT THE KING'S ARMS TAVERN,  
DUMFRIES.

YE men of wit and wealth, why all this sneering  
'Gainst poor excisemen? give the cause a hearing;  
What are your landlords' rent-rolls?—taxing ledgers;  
What premiers? what even monarchs?—mighty gaugers;  
Nay, what are priests, those seeming-godly wisemen,  
What are they, pray, but spiritual excisemen?

---

LINES WRITTEN AND PRESENTED TO MRS  
KEMBLE,

ON SEEING HER IN THE CHARACTER OF YARICO,  
DUMFRIES THEATRE, 1794.

KEMBLE, thou cur'st my unbelief  
Of Moses and his rod;  
At Yarico's sweet notes of grief,  
The rock with tears had flow'd.

---

LINES

WRITTEN EXTEMPORE IN A LADY'S POCKET-BOOK.

GRANT me, indulgent Heaven! that I may live  
To see the miscreants feel the pains they give;  
Deal Freedom's sacred treasures free as air,  
Till slave and despot be but things which were.

LINES WRITTEN BY BURNS WHILE ON HIS  
DEATH-BED,

TO JOHN RANKINE, AYRSHIRE, AND FORWARDED TO HIM  
IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE POET'S DEATH.

He who of Rankine sang lies stiff and dead,  
And a green grassy hillock hides his head ;  
Alas ! alas ! an awful change indeed !

---

THE BOOK-WORMS.

THROUGH and through the inspirèd leaves,  
Ye maggots, make your windings ;  
But, oh ! respect his lordship's taste,  
And spare his golden bindings !

---

THE SOLEMN LEAGUE AND COVENANT.

THE Solemn League and Covenant  
Cost Scotland blood—cost Scotland tears ;  
But it seal'd freedom's sacred cause—  
If thou'rt a slave, indulge thy sneers.

---

THE TRUE LOYAL NATIVES.<sup>1</sup>

YE true 'Loyal Natives,' attend to my song ;  
In uproar and riot rejoice the night long ;  
From envy and hatred your corps is exempt ;  
But where is your shield from the darts of contempt ?

<sup>1</sup> 'Loyal Natives:' a club in Dumfries, one of whose members sent an abusive epigram to Burns, who replied in the above impromptu.





## EPIGRAMS.

- 1 WHOE'ER he be that sojourns here,  
 I pity much his case,  
 Unless he come to wait upon  
 The Lord their God, his Grace.
- 2 There's naething here but Highland pride,  
 And Highland scab and hunger ;  
 If Providence has sent me here,  
 'Twas surely in his anger.<sup>1</sup>

## ON ANDREW TURNER.

In se'enteen hundred forty-nine  
 Satan took stuff to make a swine,  
 And cuist it in a corner ;  
 But wilily he changed his plan,  
 And shaped it something like a man,  
 And ca'd it Andrew Turner.

## ON A HENPECKED COUNTRY SQUIRE.

- 1 O Death, hadst thou but spared his life  
 Whom we this day lament !  
 We freely wad exchanged the wife,  
 And a' been weel content.
- 2 Even as he is, cauld in his graff,  
 The swap we yet will do 't ;  
 Tak thou the carlin's carcass aff,  
 Thou 'se get the saul to boot.

<sup>1</sup> This was written at Inverary, on an imaginary slight at the inn, by the indignant poet.

## ANOTHER.

One Queen Artemisa, as old stories tell,  
 When deprived of her husband she lovèd so well,  
 In respect for the love and affection he 'd show'd her,  
 She reduced him to dust, and she drank off the powder.

But Queen Netherplace, of a different complexion,  
 When call'd on to order the funeral direction,  
 Would have eat her dead lord, on a slender pretence,  
 Not to show her respect, but—to save the expense.

ON CAPTAIN FRANCIS GROSE, THE CELEBRATED  
 ANTIQUARIAN.

The Devil got notice that Grose was a-dying,  
 So whip! at the summons old Satan came flying;  
 But when he approach'd where poor Francis lay moaning,  
 And saw each bed-post with its burden a-groaning,  
 Astonish'd, confounded, cried Satan, 'By ——,  
 I'll want 'im, ere I take such a damnable load!'

ON ELPHINSTONE'S TRANSLATION OF MARTIAL'S EPIGRAMS.

O thou whom Poetry abhors,  
 Whom Prose has turnèd out of doors!  
 Heardst thou that groan—proceed no further,  
 'Twas laurell'd Martial roaring murder.

ON MISS J. SCOTT, OF AYR.

Oh, had each Scot of ancient times,  
 Been Jeanie Scott, as thou art;  
 The bravest heart on English ground,  
 Had yielded like a coward.

## EPITAPHS.

ON MR W. CRUIKSHANKS.

HONEST Will 's to heaven gane,  
 And mony shall lament him ;  
 His faults they a' in Latin lay,  
 In English nane ere kent them.

ON A WAG IN MAUCLINE.

- 1 Lament him, Mauchline husbands a',  
 He aften did assist ye ;  
 For had ye staid whole weeks awa',  
 Your wives they ne'er had miss'd ye.
  
- 2 Ye Mauchline bairns, as on ye pass,  
 To school in bands thegither,  
 Oh, tread ye lightly on his grass,  
 Perhaps he was your father.

ON JOHN DOVE, INNKEEPER, MAUCLINE.

- 1 Here lies Johnnie Pigeon ;  
 What was his religion,  
 Whae'er desires to ken,  
 To some other warl'  
 Maun follow the carl,  
 For here Johnnie Pigeon had nane.
  
- 2 Strong ale was ablution,  
 Small beer persecution,  
 A dram was *memento mori* ;  
 But a full flowing bowl,  
 Was the saving his soul,  
 And port was celestial glory.

## ON A HENPECKED COUNTRY SQUIRE.

As father Adam first was fool'd,  
 A case that's still too common,  
 Here lies a man a woman ruled—  
 The devil ruled the woman.

## ON A SCHOOLMASTER IN CLEISH PARISH, FIFESHIRE.

Here lie Willie Michie's banes,  
 O Satan! when ye tak him,  
 Gie him the schoolin' o' your weans;  
 For clever deils he'll mak 'em!

ON A PERSON NICKNAMED THE MARQUIS, WHO DESIRED  
 BURNS TO WRITE AN EPITAPH FOR HIM.

Here lies a mock Marquis, whose titles were shamm'd;  
 If ever he rise, it will be to be d—d.

## ON WALTER S——.

1 Sic a reptile was Watt,  
 Sic a miscreant slave,  
 That even the worms d—d him  
 When laid in his grave.

2 'In his flesh there's a famine,'  
 A starved reptile cries;  
 'And his heart is rank poison,'  
 Another replies.

## ON JOHN BUSHBY, WRITER, DUMFRIES.

Here lies John Bushby, honest man!  
 Cheat him, Devil, if you can.

## ON WILLIAM NICOL

Ye maggots, feed on Nicol's brain,  
 For few sic feasts you've gotten ;  
 You've got a prize o' Willie's heart,  
 For deil a bit o't's rotten.

## ON GRIZEL GRIM.

Here lies with Death auld Grizel Grim,  
 Lincluden's ugly witch ;  
 O Death ! how horrid is thy taste  
 To lie with such a b—— !

## ON W—— ———.

Stop thief ! dame Nature cried to Death,  
 As Willie drew his latest breath ;  
 You have my choicest model ta'en,  
 How shall I make a fool again ?

## ON THE SAME.

Rest gently, turf, upon his breast,  
 His chicken heart's so tender ;  
 But rear huge castles on his head,  
 His skull will prop them under.

## ON GABRIEL RICHARDSON, BREWER, DUMFRIES.

Here Brewer Gabriel's fire's extinct,  
 And empty all his barrels ;  
 He's blest—if as he brew'd he drink—  
 In upright, honest morals.

## ON THE POET'S DAUGHTER.

1 Here lies a rose, a budding rose,  
 Blasted before its bloom ;  
 Whose innocence did sweets disclose  
 Beyond that flower's perfume.

- 2 To those who for her loss are grieved,  
 This consolation 's given—  
 She's from a world of woe relieved,  
 And blooms a rose in heaven.

## ON THE DEATH OF A LAPDOG NAMED ECHO.

- 1 In wood and wild, ye warbling throng,  
 Your heavy loss deplore!  
 Now half extinct your powers of song—  
 Sweet Echo is no more.
- 2 Ye jarring, screeching things around,  
 Scream your discordant joys!  
 Now half your din of tuneless song  
 With Echo silent lies.

## ON SIR DAVID MAXWELL OF CARDONESS.

Bless the Redeemer, Cardoness,  
 With grateful lifted eyes,  
 Who said that not the soul alone,  
 But body too, must rise;  
 For had he said, 'The soul alone  
 From death I will deliver:'  
 Alas, alas, O Cardoness!  
 Then thou hadst slept for ever!

## ON A SUICIDE.

Earth'd up here lies an imp o' hell,  
 Planted by Satan's dibble—  
 Poor silly wretch, he's d—d himsel',  
 To save the Lord the trouble.

---

## THE TITHER MORN.

TO A HIGHLAND AIR.

1 THE tither morn,  
 When I, forlorn,  
 Aneath an aik sat moaning,  
 I did na trow,  
 I'd see my jo  
 Beside me gin the gloaming.  
 But he sae trig,  
 Lap o'er the rig,  
 And dawtingly did cheer me,  
 When I, whatreck,  
 Did least expec'  
 To see my lad so near me.

2 His bonnet he,  
 A thought ajee,  
 Cock'd sprush when first he clasp'd me ;  
 And I, I wat,  
 Wi' fainness grat,  
 While in his grips he press'd me.  
 Deil tak the war !  
 I late and air,  
 Hae wish'd since Jock departed ;  
 But now as glad  
 I 'm wi' my lad,  
 As short syne broken-hearted.

3 Fu' aft at c'en  
 Wi' dancing keen,  
 When a' were blithe and merry,  
 I cared na by,  
 Sae sad was I,

In absence o' my dearie.  
 But, praise be blest,  
 My mind 's at rest,  
 I 'm happy wi' my Johnnie ;  
 At kirk and fair,  
 I 'se aye be there,  
 And be as canty 's ony.

---

### OH, SAW YE MY DEARIE ?

TUNE—' *Eppie Macnab.*'

- 1 OH, saw ye my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab ?  
 Oh, saw ye my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab ?  
 She 's down in the yard, she 's kissin' the laird,  
 She winna come hame to her ain Jock Rab.  
 Oh, come thy ways to me, my Eppie M'Nab !  
 Oh, come thy ways to me, my Eppie M'Nab !  
 Whate'er thou hast done, be it late, be it soon,  
 Thou 's welcome again to thy ain Jock Rab.
- 2 What says she, my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab ?  
 What says she, my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab ?  
 She lets thee to wot, that she has thee forgot,  
 And for ever disowns thee, her ain Jock Rab.  
 Oh, had I ne'er seen thee, my Eppie M'Nab !  
 Oh, had I ne'er seen thee, my Eppie M'Nab !  
 As light as the air, and fause as thou 's fair,  
 Thou 's broken the heart o' thy ain Jock Rab.
-



## LOVELY POLLY STEWART.

TUNE—‘*Ye’re welcome, Charley Stewart.*’

- 1 O LOVELY Polly Stewart!  
 O charming Polly Stewart!  
 There’s not a flower that blooms in May  
 That’s half so fair as thou art.  
 The flower it blows, it fades and fa’s,  
 And art can ne’er renew it;  
 But worth and truth eternal youth  
 Will give to Polly Stewart.
- 2 May he whose arms shall fauld thy charms  
 Possess a’ leal and true heart;  
 To him be given to ken the heaven  
 He grasps in Polly Stewart!  
 O lovely Polly Stewart!  
 O charming Polly Stewart!  
 There’s ne’er a flower that blooms in May  
 That’s half so sweet as thou art.

THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.<sup>1</sup>TUNE—‘*If thou’lt play me fair play.*’

- 1 ‘THE bonniest lad that e’er I saw,  
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie;  
 Wore a plaid, and was fu’ braw,  
 Bonnie Highland laddie.  
 On his head a bonnet blue,  
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie;  
 His loyal heart was firm and true,  
 Bonnie Highland laddie.’

<sup>1</sup> This song partly old.

- 2 'Trumpets sound, and cannons roar,  
 Bonnie lassie, Lowland lassie ;  
 And a' the hills wi' echoes roar,  
 Bonnie Lowland lassie.  
 Glory, honour, now invite,  
 Bonnie lassie, Lowland lassie,  
 For freedom and my king to fight,  
 Bonnie Lowland lassie.'
- 3 'The sun a backward course shall take,  
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,  
 Ere aught thy manly courage shake,  
 Bonnie Highland laddie.  
 Go! for yourself procure renown,  
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie ;  
 And for your lawful king, his crown,  
 Bonnie Highland laddie.'

---

LOVELY DAVIES.<sup>1</sup>

TUNE—' *Miss Muir.*'

- 1 OH, how shall I, unskilfu', try  
 The poet's occupation,  
 The tunefu' powers, in happy hours,  
 That whisper inspiration ?  
 Even they maun dare an effort mair,  
 Than aught they ever gave us,  
 Or they rehearse, in equal verse,  
 The charms o' lovely Davies.
- 2 Each eye it cheers, when she appears,  
 Like Phœbus in the morning,  
 When past the shower, and every flower  
 The garden is adorning.

<sup>1</sup> 'Lovely Davies : ' a young lady from Pembrokeshire, whom Burns met at the Riddell's—very pretty, witty, and *wee*. Her fate was unhappy.

As the wretch looks o'er Siberia's shore,  
 When winter-bound the wave is,  
 Sae droops our heart when we maun part  
 Frae charming, lovely Davies.

3 Her smile's a gift, frae 'boon the lift,  
 That makes us mair than princes ;  
 A sceptred hand, a king's command,  
 Is in her darting glances :  
 The man in arms, 'gainst female charms,  
 Even he her willing slave is ;  
 He hugs his chain, and owns the reign  
 Of conquering, lovely Davies.

4 My Muse to dream of such a theme,  
 Her feeble powers surrenders ;  
 The eagle's gaze alone surveys  
 The sun's meridian splendours :  
 I wad in vain essay the strain,  
 The deed too daring brave is ;  
 I'll drap the lyre, and mute admire  
 The charms o' lovely Davies.

---

NITHSDALE'S WELCOME HAME.

1 THE noble Maxwells and their powers  
 Are coming o'er the Border,  
 And they'll gae bigg Terreagles towers,  
 And set them a' in order.  
 And they declare Terreagles fair,  
 For their abode they choose it ;  
 There's nae a heart in a' the land,  
 But's lighter at the news o't.

- 2 Though stars in skies may disappear,  
 And angry tempests gather ;  
 The happy hour may soon be near  
 That brings us pleasant weather :  
 The weary night o' care and grief  
 May hae a joyful morrow ;  
 So dawning day has brought relief—  
 Fareweel our night o' sorrow !
- 

AS I WAS A-WANDERING.

TUNE—' *Rinn Meudial mo Mhealladh.*'

- 1 As I was a-wand'ring ae midsummer e'enin',  
 The pipers and youngsters were making their game ;  
 Amang them I spied my faithless fause lover,  
 Which bled a' the wounds o' my dolour again.
- 2 Weel, since he last left me, may pleasure gae wi' him ;  
 I may be distress'd, but I winna complain ;  
 I flatter my fancy I may get anither,  
 My heart it shall never be broken for ane,
- 3 I couldna get sleepin' till dawin' for greetin',  
 The tears trickled down like the hail and the rain ;  
 Had I na got greetin', my heart wad a broken,  
 For, oh ! love forsaken's a tormenting pain.
- 4 Although he has left me for greed o' the siller,  
 I didna envy him the gains he can win :  
 I rather wad bear a' the lade o' my sorrow,  
 Than ever hae acted sae faithless to him.
-

IT IS NA, JEAN, THY BONNIE FACE.<sup>1</sup>TUNE—‘*The Maid’s Complaint.*’

- 1 It is na, Jean, thy bonnie face  
 Nor shape that I admire,  
 Although thy beauty and thy grace  
 Might weel awake desire.  
 Something, in ilka part o’ thee,  
 To praise, to love, I find ;  
 But dear as is thy form to me,  
 Still dearer is thy mind.
- 2 Nae mair ungen’rous wish I hae  
 Nor stronger in my breast,  
 Than if I canna mak thee sae,  
 At least to see thee blest.  
 Content am I, if Heaven shall give  
 But happiness to thee :  
 And as wi’ thee I’d wish to live,  
 For thee I’d bear to die.

## THE LASS OF ECCLEFECHAN.

TUNE—‘*Jacky Latin.*’

- 1 ‘OH, gat ye me, oh, gat ye me,  
 Oh, gat ye me wi’ naething ?  
 Rock and reel and spinning-wheel,  
 A mickle quarter basin.  
 Bye attour, my gutcher has  
 A heich house and a laigh aue.  
 A’ forbye my bonnie sel’,  
 The toss of Ecclefechan.’

<sup>1</sup> An English song, Scottified.

- 2 'Oh, haud your tongue now, Luckie Laing,  
 Oh, haud your tongue and jauner ;  
 I held the gate till you I met,  
 Syne I began to wander :  
 I tint my whistle and my sang,  
 I tint my peace and pleasure ;  
 But your green graff, now, Luckie Laing,  
 Wad airt me to my treasure.'
- 

MERRY HAE I BEEN TEETHIN' A HECKLE.

TUNE—' *Lord Breadalbane's March.*'

- 1 OH, merry hae I been teethin' a heckle,  
 And merry hae I been shapin' a spoon ;  
 Oh, merry hae I been cloutin' a kettle,  
 And kissin' my Katie when a' was done.  
 Oh, a' the lang day I ca' at my hammer,  
 And a' the lang day I whistle and sing,  
 A' the lang night I cuddle my kimmer,  
 And a' the lang night am as happy's a king.
- 2 Bitter in dool I lickit my winnins,  
 O' marrying Bess, to gie her a slave :  
 Blest be the hour she cool'd in her linens,  
 And blithe be the bird that sings on her grave.  
 Come to my arms, my Katie, my Katie,  
 And come to my arms and kiss me again !  
 Drunken or sober, here's to thee, Katie !  
 And blest be the day I did it again.
-

FRAE THE FRIENDS AND LAND I LOVE.<sup>1</sup>TUNE—' *Carron Side.*'

- 1 FRAE the friends and land I love  
 Driven by fortune's felly spite,  
 Frae my best beloved I rove,  
 Never mair to taste delight ;  
 Never mair maun hope to find  
 Ease frae toil, relief frae care ;  
 When remembrance wracks the mind,  
 Pleasures but unveil despair.
- 2 Brightest climes shall mirk appear,  
 Desert ilka blooming shore,  
 Till the Fates, nae mair severe,  
 Friendship, love, and peace restore ;  
 Till Revenge, wi' laurell'd head,  
 Bring our banish'd hame again ;  
 And ilk loyal bonnie lad  
 Cross the seas and win his ain.

## OUR THRISSLES FLOURISH'D.

TUNE—' *Awa', Whigs, awa'.*'

CHORUS.

AWA', Whigs, awa' !  
 Awa', Whigs, awa' !  
 Ye're but a pack o' traitor louns,  
 Ye'll do nae good at a'.

- 1 Our thistles flourish'd fresh and fair,  
 And bonnie bloom'd our roses ;  
 But Whigs came like a frost in June,  
 And wither'd a' our posies.

<sup>1</sup> This song is only in part that of Burns.

- 2 Our ancient crown's fa'n in the dust—  
 Deil blin' them wi' the stour o't,  
 And write their name in his black beuk,  
 Wha gae the Whigs the power o't.
- 3 Our sad decay in Church and State  
 Surpasses my describing ;  
 The Whigs came o'er us for a curse,  
 And we hae done wi' thriving.
- 4 Grim Vengeance lang has ta'en a nap,  
 But we may see him wauken ;  
 Gude help the day when royal heads  
 Are hunted like a maukin !

---

WHERE HAE YE BEEN ?

TUNE—' *Killiecrankie.*'

- 1 WHERE hae ye been sae braw, lad ?  
 Where hae ye been sae brankie, O ?  
 Oh, where hae ye been sae braw, lad ?  
 Cam ye by Killiecrankie, O ?  
 An ye had been where I hae been,  
 Ye wadna been sae cantie, O !  
 An ye had seen what I hae seen,  
 On the braes o' Killiecrankie, O !
- 2 I fought at land, I fought at sea ;  
 At hame I fought my auntie, O !  
 But I met the devil and Dundee,  
 On the braes o' Killiecrankie, O !  
 The bauld Pitcur fell in a furr,  
 And Clavers got a clankie, O !  
 Or I had fed an Athole gled  
 On the braes o' Killiecrankie, O !



OH, GUDE ALE COMES.<sup>1</sup>

1 OH, gude ale comes and gude ale goes,  
 Gude ale gars me sell my hose,  
 Sell my hose, and pawn my shoon,  
 Gude ale keeps my heart aboon.  
 I had sax owsen in a pleugh,  
 They drew a' weel eneugh ;  
 I sell'd them a' just ane by ane,  
 Gude ale keeps my heart aboon.

2 Gude ale hauds me bare and busy,  
 Gars me moop wi' the servant hizzie,  
 Stand i' the stool when I hae done,  
 Gude ale keeps my heart aboon.  
 Oh, gude ale comes and gude ale goes,  
 Gude ale gars me sell my hose,  
 Sell my hose, and pawn my shoon,  
 Gude ale keeps my heart aboon.

## SIMMER'S A PLEASANT TIME.

TUNE—' *Aye waukin' O!*'

1 SIMMER's a pleasant time,  
 Flowers of every colour ;  
 The water rins o'er the heugh,  
 And I long for my true lover.  
     Aye waukin', O!  
     Waukin' still and wearie :  
 Sleep I can get nane  
     For thinking on my dearie.

<sup>1</sup> An old song slightly amended.

- 2 When I sleep I dream,  
 When I wauk I'm eerie ;  
 Sleep I can get nane  
 For thinking on my dearie.
- 3 Lanely night comes on  
 A' the lave are sleepin' ;  
 I think on my bonnie lad,  
 And I bleer my e'en wi' greetin'.  
 Aye waukin', O !  
 Waukin' still and wearie :  
 Sleep I can get nane  
 For thinking on my dearie.
- 

JAMIE, COME TRY ME.

TUNE—' *Jamie, come try me.*'

CHORUS.

JAMIE, come try me,  
 Jamie, come try me ;  
 If thou would win my love,  
 Jamie, come try me.

- 1 If thou should ask my love,  
 Could I deny thee ?  
 If thou would win my love,  
 Jamie, come try me.
- 2 If thou should kiss me, love,  
 Wha could espy thee ?  
 If thou wad be my love,  
 Jamie, come try me.

## ROBIN SHURE IN HAIRST.

## CHORUS.

ROBIN shure in hairst,  
 I shure wi' him ;  
 Fient a heuk had I,  
 Yet I stack by him.

- 1 I gaed up to Dunse  
 To warp a wab o' plaiden ;  
 At his daddie's yett  
 Wha met me but Robin ?
- 2 Was na Robin bauld,  
 Though I was a cottar,  
 Play'd me sic a trick,  
 And me the elder's dochter ?
- 3 Robin promised me  
 A' my winter vittle ;  
 Fient haet he had but three  
 Goose feathers and a whittle.

## THERE'S NEWS, LASSES, NEWS.

THERE'S news, lasses, news,  
 Guid news I've to tell,  
 There's a boatfu' o' lads  
 Come to our town to sell.  
 The wean wants a cradle,  
 And the cradle wants a cod ;  
 And I'll no gang to my bed  
 Until I get a nod.

- 2 Father, quo' she, mither, quo' she,  
 Do what ye can,  
 I'll no gang to my bed,  
 Till I get a man.
- 3 I hae as guid a craft rig  
 As made o' yird and stane ;  
 And waly fa' the ley-crap,  
 For I maun till 't again.
- 

## OH, THAT I HAD NE'ER BEEN MARRIED!

- 1 OH, that I had ne'er been married,  
 I wad never had nae care ;  
 Now I've gotten wife and bairns,  
 And they cry crowdie evermair.  
 Ance crowdie, twice crowdie,  
 Three times crowdie in a day,  
 Gin ye crowdie ony mair,  
 Ye'll crowdie a' my meal away.
- 2 Waefu' want and hunger fley me,  
 Glowrin' by the hallan en' ;  
 Sair I fecht them at the door,  
 But aye I'm eerie they come ben.
- 

## COULD AUGHT OF SONG.

TUNE—' *At Setting Day.*'

- 1 COULD aught of song declare my pains,  
 Could artful numbers move thee,  
 The Muse should tell, in labour'd strains,  
 O Mary, how I love thee !

They who but feign a wounded heart,  
 May teach the lyre to languish :  
 But what avails the pride of art,  
 When wastes the soul with anguish ?

- 2 Then let the sudden bursting sigh,  
 The heartfelt pang discover ;  
 And in the keen, yet tender eye,  
 Oh, read th' imploring lover !  
 For well I know thy gentle mind  
 Disdains art's gay disguising,  
 Beyond what fancy e'er refined,  
 The voice of nature prizing.

---

HERE'S TO THY HEALTH.

TUNE—'Laggan Burn.'

- 1 HERE'S to thy health, my bonnie lass,  
 Gude night and joy be wi' thee :  
 I'll come nae mair to thy bower-dcor,  
 To tell thee that I lo'e thee.  
 Oh, dinna think, my pretty pink,  
 But I can live without thee :  
 I vow and swear I dinna care  
 How lang ye look about ye.
- 2 Thou'rt aye sae free informing me  
 Thou hast nae mind to marry ;  
 I'll be as free informing thee  
 Nae time hae I to tarry.  
 I ken thy friends try ilka means  
 Frae wedlock to delay thee,  
 Depending on some higher chance—  
 But fortune may betray thee.

- 3 I ken they scorn my low estate,  
 But that does never grieve me ;  
 But I'm as free as any he,  
 Sma' siller will relieve me.  
 I count my health my greatest wealth,  
 Sae lang as I'll enjoy it :  
 I'll fear nae scant, I'll bode nae want,  
 As lang's I get employment.
- 4 But far-off fowls hae feathers fair,  
 And aye until ye try them :  
 Though they seem fair, still have a care,  
 They may prove waur than I am.  
 But at twal at night, when the moon shines bright,  
 My dear, I'll come and see thee ;  
 For the man that lo'es his mistress weel,  
 Nae travel makes him weary.

---

OH, STEER HER UP.

TUNE—' *Oh, steer her up, and haud her gaun.*'

- 1 OH, steer her up, and haud her gaun—  
 Her mother's at the mill, jo ;  
 And gin she winna take a man,  
 E'en let her take her will, jo :  
 First shorc her wi' a kindly kiss,  
 And ca' anither gill, jo ;  
 And gin she take the thing amiss,  
 E'en let her flyte her fill, jo.
- 2 Oh, steer her up, and be na blate,  
 And gin she take it ill, jo,  
 Then lea'e the lassie till her fate,  
 And time nae langer spill, jo ;

Ne'er break your heart for ae rebut,  
 But think upon it still, jo ;  
 Then gin the lassie winna do 't,  
 Ye'll fin' another will, jo.

---

OH, LAY THY LOOF IN MINE, LASS.

TUNE—' *Cordwainers' March.*'

- 1 OH, lay thy loof in mine lass,  
 In mine, lass, in mine, lass ;  
 And swear on thy white hand, lass,  
 That thou wilt be my ain.  
 A slave to love's unbounded sway,  
 He aft has wrought me meikle wae ;  
 But now he is my deadly fae,  
 Unless thou be my ain.
  
  - 2 There's mony a lass has broke my rest,  
 That for a blink I hae lo'ed best ;  
 But thou art queen within my breast,  
 For ever to remain.  
 Oh, lay thy loof in mine, lass,  
 In mine, lass, in mine, lass ;  
 And swear on thy white hand, lass,  
 That thou wilt be my ain.
- 

OH, WHA WILL TO SAINT STEPHEN'S HOUSE ?<sup>1</sup>

TUNE—' *Killiecrankie.*'

- 1 OH, wha will to Saint Stephen's house,  
 To do our errands there, man ?

<sup>1</sup> ' Saint Stephen's House : ' The occasion of this ballad was as follows :—When Mr Cunninghame of Enterkin came to his estate, two mansion-houses on it—Enterkin and Annbank—were both in a ruinous state. Wishing to introduce himself with some *eclât* to the county, he got temporary erections

Oh, wha will to Saint Stephen's house,  
 O' th' merry lads o' Ayr, man ?  
 Or will we send a man o' law ?  
 Or will we send a sodger ?  
 Or him wha led o'er Scotland a'  
 The meikle Ursa Major ?

2 Come, will ye court a noble lord,  
 Or buy a score o' lairds, man ?  
 For worth and honour pawn their word,  
 Their vote shall be Glencaird's, man.  
 Ane gies them coin, ane gies them wine,  
 Anither gies them clatter ;  
 Annbank, wha guess'd the ladies' taste,  
 He gies a *fête champêtre*.

3 When Love and Beauty heard the news,  
 The gay green-woods amang, man ;  
 Where, gathering flowers, and busking bowers,  
 They heard the blackbird's sang, man ;  
 A vow, they seal'd it with a kiss,  
 Sir Politics to fetter,  
 As theirs alone, the patent bliss,  
 To hold a *fête champêtre*.

4 Then mounted Mirth, on gleesome wing,  
 O'er hill and dale she flew, man ;

made on the banks of Ayr, tastefully decorated with shrubs and flowers, for a supper and ball, to which most of the respectable families in the county were invited. It was a novelty in the county, and attracted much notice. A dissolution of parliament was soon expected, and the festivity was thought to be an introduction to a canvass for representing the county. Several other candidates were spoken of, particularly Sir John Whitefoord, then residing at Cloncaird, commonly pronounced Glencaird, and Mr Boswell, the well-known biographer of Dr Johnson. The political views of the festive assemblage which are alluded to in the ballad, if they ever existed, were however laid aside, as Mr C. did not canvass the county.



Ilk wimpling burn, ilk crystal spring,  
 Ilk glen and shaw she knew, man ;  
 She summon'd every social sprite,  
 That sports by wood or water,  
 On th' bonnie banks o' Ayr to meet,  
 And keep this *fête champêtre*.

5 Cauld Boreas, wi' his boisterous crew,  
 Were bound to stakes like kye, man ;  
 And Cynthia's car, o' silver fu',  
 Clamb up the starry sky, man :  
 Reflected beams dwell in the streams,  
 Or down the current shatter ;  
 The western breeze steals through the trees,  
 To view this *fête champêtre*.

6 How many a robe sae gaily floats !  
 What sparkling jewels glance, man !  
 To Harmony's enchanting notes,  
 As moves the mazy dance, man.  
 The echoing wood, the winding flood,  
 Like Paradise did glitter,  
 When angels met at Adam's yett,  
 To hold their *fête champêtre*.

7 When Politics came there, to mix,  
 And make his ether-stane,<sup>1</sup> man !  
 He circled round the magic ground,  
 But entrance found he nane, man ;  
 He blush'd for shame, he quat his name,  
 Forswore it, every letter,  
 Wi' humble prayer to join and share  
 This festive *fête champêtre*.

<sup>1</sup> 'Ether-stane : ' alluding to the little annular stones, supposed to be formed from the sloughs of adders, but which in reality are Druidical.

## CAULD IS THE E'ENIN' BLAST.

TUNE—' *Cauld is the e'enin' blast.*'

- 1 CAULD is the e'enin' blast  
 O' Boreas o'er the pool,  
 And dawin' it is dreary  
 When birks are bare at Yule.
- 2 Oh, bitter blaws the e'enin' blast  
 When bitter bites the frost,  
 And in the mirk and dreary drift  
 The hills and glens are lost.
- 3 Ne'er sae murky blew the night  
 That drifted o'er the hill,  
 But bonnie Peg-a-Ramsey  
 Gat grist to her mill.
- 

## THERE WAS A BONNIE LASS.

- 1 THERE was a bonnie lass,  
 And a bonnie, bonnie lass,  
 And she lo'ed her bonnie laddie dear;  
 Till war's loud alarms  
 Tore her laddie frae her arms,  
 Wi' mony a sigh and a tear.
- 2 Over sea, over shore,  
 Where the cannons loudly roar,  
 He still was a stranger to fear:  
 And nocht could him quell,  
 Or his bosom' assail,  
 But the bonnie lass he lo'ed sae dear.

## OH, MALLY'S MEEK, MALLY'S SWEET.

## CHORUS.

OH, Mally's meek, Mally's sweet,  
 Mally's modest and discreet,  
 Mally's rare, Mally's fair,  
 Mally's every way complete.

- 1 As I was walking up the street,  
 A barefit maid I chanced to meet ;  
 But oh ! the road was very hard  
 For that fair maiden's tender feet.
- 2 It were mair meet that those fine feet  
 Were weel laced up in silken shoon,  
 And 'twere more fit that she should sit  
 Within yon chariot gilt aboon.
- 3 Her yellow hair, beyond compare,  
 Comes trinkling down her swan-white neck ;  
 And her two eyes like stars in skies,  
 Would keep a sinking ship frae wreck.

## LADY MARY ANN

TUNE—' *Craigton's Growing.*'

- 1 OH, Lady Mary Ann  
 Look'd o'er the castle wa',  
 She saw three bonnie boys  
 Playing at the ba';  
 The youngest he was  
 The flower amang them a',—  
 My bonnie laddie's young,  
 But he's growin' yet.

- 2 O father ! O father !  
    An ye think it fit,  
We'll send him a year  
    To the college yet :  
We'll sew a green ribbon  
    Round about his hat,  
And that will let them ken  
    He's to marry yet.
- 3 Lady Mary Ann  
    Was a flower i' the dew,  
Sweet was its smell,  
    And bonnie was its hue ;  
And the langer it blossom'd  
    The sweeter it grew ;  
For the lily in the bud  
    Will be bonnier yet.
- 4 Young Charlie Cochrane  
    Was the sprout of an aik ;  
Bonnie and bloomin'  
    And straught was its make :  
The sun took delight  
    To shine for its sake,  
And it will be the brag  
    O' the forest yet.
- 5 The simmer is gane  
    When the leaves they were green,  
And the days are awa'  
    That we hae seen ;  
But far better days  
    I trust will come again,  
For my bonnie laddie's young,  
    But he's growin' yet.

MY LADY'S GOWN, THERE'S GAIRS UPON 'T.<sup>1</sup>

TUNE—' *Gregg's Pipes.*'

CHORUS.

My lady's gown, there's gairs upon 't,  
 And gowden flowers sae rare upon 't ;  
 But Jenny's jimps and jirginet,  
 My lord thinks muckle mair upon 't.

- 1 My lord a-hunting he is gane,  
 But hounds or hawks wi' him are nane ;  
 By Colin's cottage lies his game,  
 If Colin's Jenny be at hame.
- 2 My lady's white, my lady's red,  
 And kith and kin o' Cassilis' blude ;  
 But her ten-pund lands o' tocher guid  
 Were a' the charms his lordship lo'ed.
- 3 Out owre you muir, out owre yon moss,  
 Where gorcocks through the heather pass,  
 There wons auld Colin's bonnie lass,  
 A lily in a wilderness !
- 4 Sae sweetly move her genty limbs,  
 Like music notes o' lovers' hymns ;  
 The diamond dew is her e'en sae blue,  
 Where laughing love sae wanton swims.
- 5 My lady's dink, my lady's drest,  
 The flower and fancy o' the west ;  
 But the lassie that a man lo'es best,  
 Oh, that's the lass to make him blest !

<sup>1</sup> An old song amended.

A MOTHER'S LAMENT FOR THE DEATH  
OF HER SON.<sup>1</sup>

TUNE—' *Finlaystoun House.*'

- 1 FATE gave the word, the arrow sped,  
And pierced my darling's heart ;  
And with him all the joys are fled  
Life can to me impart.  
By cruel hands the sapling drops,  
In dust dishonour'd laid :  
So fell the pride of all my hopes,  
My age's future shade.
- 2 The mother linnet in the brake  
Bewails her ravish'd young ;  
So I, for my lost darling's sake,  
Lament the live-day long.  
Death! oft I've fear'd thy fatal blow,  
Now, fond, I bare my breast,  
Oh, do thou kindly lay me low  
With him I love, at rest !

---

DELIA.

- 1 FAIR the face of orient day,  
Fair the tints of op'ning rose ;  
But fairer still my Delia dawns,  
More lovely far her beauty blows.
- 2 Sweet the lark's wild-warbled lay,  
Sweet the tinkling rill to hear ;  
But, Delia, more delightful still,  
Steal thine accents on mine ear !

<sup>1</sup> Burns in this song alludes to Mrs Ferguson of Craigdarroch, who lost her son, a promising youth of eighteen years of age.

- 3 The flower-enamour'd busy bee  
 The rosy banquet loves to sip ;  
 Sweet the streamlet's limpid lapse  
 To the sun-brown'd Arab's lip ;
- 4 But, Delia, on thy balmy lips  
 Let me, no vagrant insect, rove !  
 Oh, let me steal one liquid kiss,  
 For oh ! my soul is parch'd with love !

SWEET CLOSES THE EVENING.<sup>1</sup>TUNE—' *Craigieburn-wood.*'

## CHORUS.

BEYOND thee, dearie, beyond thee, dearie,  
 And oh, to be lying beyond thee ;  
 Oh, sweetly, soundly, weel may he sleep  
 That's laid in the bed beyond thee !

- 1 Sweet closes the eve on Craigieburn-wood,  
 And blithely awaukens the morrow ;  
 But the pride of the spring in the Craigieburn-wood  
 Can yield to me nothing but sorrow.
- 2 I see the spreading leaves and flowers,  
 I hear the wild birds singing ;  
 But pleasure they hae nane for me,  
 While care my heart is wringing.
- 3 I canna tell, I maunna tell,  
 I darena for your anger ;  
 But secret love will break my heart,  
 If I conceal it langer.

<sup>1</sup> Written on Miss Lorimer, afterwards Mrs Whelpdale, a flame of Burns, who lived at Craigieburn, near to Moffat.

- 4 I see thee gracefu', straight, and tall,  
 I see thee sweet and bonnie ;  
 But oh, what will my torments be,  
 If thou refuse thy Johnnie !
- 5 To see thee in anither's arms,  
 In love to lie and languish,  
 'Twad be my dead, that will be seen,  
 My heart wad burst wi' anguish.
- 6 But, Jeanie, say thou wilt be mine,  
 Say thou lo'es nane before me ;  
 And a' my days o' life to come  
 I'll gratefully adore thee.

---

MY HEART WAS ANCE.

TUNE—' *To the Weavers gin ye go.*'

- 1 MY heart was ance as blythe and free  
 As simmer days were lang,  
 But a bonnie, westlin' weaver lad  
 Has gart me change my sang.

CHORUS.

To the weavers gin ye go, fair maids,  
 To the weavers gin ye go ;  
 I rede you right, gang ne'er at night  
 To the weavers gin ye go.

- 2 My mither sent me to the town,  
 To warp a plaidin' wab ;  
 But the weary, weary warpin' o't  
 Has gart me sigh and sab.
- 3 A bonnie, westlin' weaver lad,  
 Sat working at his loom :



He took my heart as wi' a net,  
In every knot and thrum.

4 I sat beside my warpin'-wheel,  
And aye I ca'd it roun' ;  
But every shot and every knock,  
My heart it gae a stoun'.

5 The moon was sinking in the west  
Wi' visage pale and wan,  
As my bonnie westlin' weaver lad  
Convoy'd me through the glen.

6 But what was said, or what was done,  
Shame fa' me gin I tell ;  
But, oh ! I fear the kintra soon  
Will ken as weel's mysel'.

---

THERE WAS A LASS.

TUNE—' *Duncan Davison.*'

- 1 THERE was a lass, they ca'd her Meg,  
And she held o'er the moors to spin ;  
There was a lad that follow'd her,  
They ca'd him Duncan Davison.  
The moor was dreigh, and Meg was skeigh,  
Her favour Duncan couldna win ;  
For wi' the roke she wad him knock,  
And aye she shook the temper-pin.
- 2 As o'er the moor they lightly foor,  
A burn was clear, a glen was green,  
Upon the banks they eased their shanks,  
And aye she set the wheel between ;

- But Duncan swore a haly aith,  
 That Meg should be a bride the morn ;  
 Then Meg took up her spinnin' graith,  
 And flang them a' out o'er the burn.
- 3 We'll big a house—a wee, wee house,  
 And we will live like king and queen ;  
 Sae blithe and merry we will be  
 When ye set by the wheel at e'en.  
 A man may drink and no be drunk ;  
 A man may fight and no be slain ;  
 A man may kiss a bonnie lass,  
 And aye be welcome back again.

---

THENIEL MENZIES' BONNIE MARY.

TUNE—' *The Ruffian's Rant.*'

- 1 IN coming by the brig o' Dye  
 At Darlet we a blink did tarry ;  
 As day was dawin' in the sky,  
 We drank a health to bonnie Mary.
- CHORUS.
- Theniel Menzies' bonnie Mary,  
 Theniel Menzies' bonnie Mary ;  
 Charlie Gregor tint his plaidie,  
 Kissin' Theniel's bonnie Mary.
- 2 Her e'en sae bright, her brow sae white,  
 Her haffet locks as brown's a berry ;  
 And aye they dimpl't wi' a smile,  
 The rosy cheeks o' bonnie Mary.
- 3 We lap and danced the lee-lang day,  
 Till piper lads were wae and weary ;  
 But Charlie gat the spring to pay,  
 For kissin' Theniel's bonnie Mary.

## MACPHERSON'S FAREWELL.

TUNE—' *Macpherson's Rant.*'

- 1 FAREWELL, ye dungeons dark and strong,  
 The wretch's destinie !  
 Macpherson's time will not be long  
 On yonder gallows-tree.

## CHORUS.

Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,  
 Sae dauntingly gaed he ;  
 He play'd a spring, and danced it round,  
 Below the gallows-tree.

- 2 Oh, what is death but parting breath ?—  
 On many a bloody plain  
 I've dared his face, and in this place  
 I scorn him yet again !
- 3 Untie these bands from off my hands,  
 And bring to me my sword :  
 And there's no a man in all Scotland,  
 But I'll brave him at a word.
- 4 I've lived a life of sturt and strife ;  
 I die by treacherie :  
 It burns my heart I must depart,  
 And not avengèd be.
- 5 Now farewell, light—thou sunshine bright,  
 And all beneath the sky !  
 May coward shame distain his name,  
 The wretch that dares not die !

## AMANG THE TREES.

TUNE—' *The King of France, he rade a Race.*'

- 1 AMANG the trees, where humming bees  
 At buds and flowers were hinging, O!  
 Auld Caledon drèw out her drone,  
 And to her pipe was singing, O!  
 'Twas pibroch, sang, strathspey, or reels,  
 She dirl'd them aff fu' clearly, O!  
 When there cam a yell o' foreign squeels,  
 That dang her tapsalteerie, O!
- 2 Their capon craws, and queer ha ha's,  
 They made our lugs grow eerie, O!  
 The hungry byke did scrape and pike  
 Till we were wae and weary, O!  
 But a royal ghaist, wha ance was eased  
 A prisoner aughteen year awa',  
 He fired a fiddler in the North  
 That dang them tapsalteerie, O!

## THE TAILOR.

TUNE—' *The Tailor fell through the bed, thimbles  
 and a'.*'

- 1 THE tailor fell through the bed, thimbles and a',  
 The tailor fell through the bed, thimbles and a';  
 The blankets were thin and the sheets they were sma',  
 The tailor fell through the bed, thimbles and a'.
- 2 The sleepy bit lassie, she dreaded nae ill,  
 The sleepy bit lassie, she dreaded nae ill;  
 The weather was cauld, and the lassie lay still,  
 She thought that a tailor could do her nae ill.

- 3 Gie me the groat again, canny young man,  
 Gie me the groat again, canny young man ;  
 The day it is short, and the night it is lang,  
 The dearest siller that ever I wan !
- 4 There's somebody weary wi' lying her lane,  
 There's somebody weary wi' lying her lane ;  
 There's some that are dowie, I trow wad be fain  
 To see the bit tailor come skippin' again.

---

 MY JEAN !

TUNE—' *The Northern Lass.*'

- 1 THOUGH cruel fate should bid us part,  
 Far as the pole and line,  
 Her dear idea round my heart  
 Should tenderly entwine.
- 2 Though mountains rise, and deserts howl,  
 And oceans roar between ;  
 Yet dearer than my deathless soul,  
 I still would love my Jean.

---

 MY HARRY WAS A GALLANT GAY.

TUNE—' *Highlander's Lament.*'

- 1 MY Harry was a gallant gay,  
 Fu' stately strode he on the plain :  
 But now he's banish'd far away,  
 I'll never see him back again.

CHORUS.

- O for him back again !  
 O for him back again !  
 I wad gie a' Knockhaspie's land,  
 For Highland Harry back again.

2 When a' the lave gae to their bed,  
 I wander dowie up the glen ;  
 I set me down and greet my fill,  
 And aye I wish him back again.

3 Oh, were some villains hangit high,  
 And ilka body had their ain !  
 Then I might see the joyfu' sight,  
 My Highland Harry back again.

I'LL AYE CA' IN BY YON TOWN.

TUNE—*'I'll gae nae mair to yon town.'*

- 1 I'LL aye ca' in by yon town,  
 And by yon garden green, again ;  
 I'll aye ca' in by yon town,  
 And see my bonnie Jean again.  
 There's nane sall ken, there's nane sall guess,  
 What brings me back the gate again ;  
 But she, my fairest faithfu' lass,  
 And stowlins we sall meet again.
- 2 She'll wander by the aiken tree,  
 When trystin'-time draws near again ;  
 And when her lovely form I see,  
 Oh, haith, she's doubly dear again !  
 I'll aye ca' in by yon town,  
 And by yon garden green, again ;  
 I'll aye ca' in by yon town,  
 And see my bonnie Jean again.

## THE GOWDEN LOCKS OF ANNA.

TUNE—' *Banks of Banna.*'

- 1 YESTREEN, I had a pint o' wine,  
 A place where body saw na' ;  
 Yestreen lay on this breast of mine  
 The gowden locks of Anna.  
 The hungry Jew in wilderness,  
 Rejoicing o'er his manna,  
 Was naething to my hinny bliss,  
 Upon the lips of Anna.
- 2 Ye monarchs, tak the east and west,  
 Frae Indus to Savannah ;  
 Gie me within my straining grasp  
 The melting form of Anna !  
 There I'll despise imperial charms,  
 An Empress or Sultana,  
 While dying raptures, in her arms,  
 I give and take with Anna !
- 3 Awa', thou flaunting god o' day !  
 Awa', thou pale Diana !  
 Ilk star gae hide thy twinkling ray  
 When I'm to meet my Anna !  
 Come, in thy raven plumage, Night,  
 Sun, moon, and stars withdraw a' ;  
 And bring an angel pen to write  
 My transports wi' my Anna !

## THE EXCISEMAN.

TUNE—' *The Deil cam fiddling through the town.*'

- 1 THE deil cam fiddling through the town,  
 And danced awa' wi' the Exciseman,  
 And ilka wife cries—' Auld Mahoun,  
 I wish you luck o' the prize, man !'

## CHORUS.

The deil's awa', the deil's awa',  
 The deil's awa' wi' the Exciseman ;  
 He's danced awa', he's danced awa',  
 He's danced awa' wi' the Exciseman !

- 2 We'll mak our maut, we'll brew our drink,  
 We'll dance, and sing, and rejoice, man ;  
 And mony brow thanks to the meikle black deil  
 'That danced awa' wi' the Exciseman.
- 3 There's threesome reels, there's foursome reels,  
 There's hornpipes and strathspeys, man ;  
 But the ae best dance e'er cam' to the land  
 Was—the deil's awa' wi' the Exciseman.

## WEARY FA' YOU, DUNCAN GRAY.

TUNE—' *Duncan Gray.*'

- 1 WEARY fa' you, Duncan Gray—  
 Ha, ha, the girdin' o't !  
 Wae gae by you, Duncan Gray—  
 Ha, ha, the girdin' o't !  
 When a' the lave gae to their play,  
 Then I maun sit the lee-lang day,  
 And jog the cradle wi' my tae,  
 And a' for the girdin' o't.



- 2 Bonnie was the Lammas moon—  
 Ha, ha, the girdin' o't!  
 Glowrin' a' the hills aboon—  
 Ha, ha' the girdin' o't!  
 The girdin' brak, the beast cam down,  
 I tint my curch, and baith my shoon;  
 Ah! Duncan, ye're an unco loon—  
 Wae on the bad girdin' o't!
- 3 But, Duncan, gin ye'll keep your aith—  
 Ha, ha, the girdin' o't!  
 I'se bless you wi' my hindmost breath—  
 Ha, ha, the girdin' o't!  
 Duncan, gin ye'll keep your aith,  
 The beast again can bear us baith,  
 And auld Mess John will mend the skaith,  
 And clout the bad girdin' o't.

## UP IN THE MORNING EARLY.

TUNE—' *Cauld blaws the Wind.*

## CHORUS.

Up in the morning's no for me,  
 Up in the morning early;  
 When a' the hills are cover'd wi' snaw,  
 I'm sure it's winter fairly.

- 1 Cauld blaws the wind frae east to west,  
 The drift is driving sairly;  
 Sae loud and shrill I hear the blast,  
 I'm sure it's winter fairly.
- 2 The birds sit chittering in the thorn,  
 A' day they fare but sparely;  
 And lang's the night frae e'en to morn—  
 I'm sure it's winter fairly.

- 3 Up in the morning 's no for me,  
 Up in the morning early ;  
 When a' the hills are cover'd wi' snaw,  
 I'm sure it's winter fairly.
- 

### MY HOGGIE.

TUNE—' *What will I do gin my Hoggie die?*'

- 1 WHAT will I do gin my hoggie die ?  
 My joy, my pride, my hoggie ?  
 My only beast, I had nae mae,  
 And vow, but I was voggie !
- 2 The lee-lang night we watch'd the fauld,  
 Me and my faithfu' doggie ;  
 We heard nought but the roaring linn,  
 Amang the braes sae scroggie.
- 3 But the howlet cried frae the castle wa',  
 The blitter frae the boggie,  
 The tod replied upon the hill—  
 I trembled for my hoggie.
- 4 When day did daw, and cocks did crow,  
 The morning it was foggie ;  
 An unco tyke lap o'er the dyke,  
 And maist has kill'd my hoggie.
- 

### THE CARLES OF DYSART.

TUNE—' *Hey ca' through.*'

- 1 UP wi' the carles o' Dysart,  
 And the lads o' Buckhaven,  
 And the kimmers o' Largo,  
 And the lasses o' Leven.

## CHORUS.

Hey, ca' through, ca' through,  
 For we hae meikle ado ;  
 Hey, ca' through, ca' through,  
 For we hae meikle ado.

- 2 We hae tales to tell,  
 And we hae sangs to sing ;  
 We hae pennies to spend,  
 And we hae pints to bring.
- 3 We'll live a' our days,  
 And them that come behin',  
 Let them do the like,  
 And spend the gear they win.  
 Hey, ca' through, ca' through,  
 For we hae meikle ado ;  
 Hey, ca' through, ca' through,  
 For we hae meikle ado.

MY LOVE SHE'S BUT A LASSIE YET.<sup>1</sup>

TUNE—' *Lady Badinscoth's Reel.*'

- 1 My love she's but a lassie yet,  
 My love she's but a lassie yet ;  
 We'll let her stand a year or twa,  
 She'll no be half sae saucy yet.  
 I rue the day I sought her, O !  
 I rue the day I sought her, O !  
 Wha gets her needs na say she's woo'd,  
 But he may say he's bought her, O !

<sup>1</sup> An old song amended.

- 2 Come, draw a drap o' the best o't yet,  
 Come, draw a drap o' the best o't yet ;  
 Gae seek for pleasure where ye will,  
 But here I never miss'd it yet.  
 We're a' dry wi' drinkin' o't,  
 We're a' dry wi' drinkin' o't ;  
 The minister kiss'd the fiddler's wife,  
 And couldna preach for thinkin' o't.
- 

HERE'S A HEALTH TO THEM THAT'S AWA'.

TUNE—' *Here's a health to them that's awa'.*'

- 1 HERE'S a health to them that's awa',  
 Here's a health to them that's awa' ;  
 And wha winna wish gude luck to our cause,  
 May never gude luck be their fa' !  
 It's gude to be merry and wise,  
 It's gude to be honest and true,  
 It's gude to support Caledonia's cause,  
 And bide by the buff and the blue.
- 2 Here's a health to them that's awa',  
 Here's a health to them that's awa' ;  
 Here's a health to Charlie,<sup>1</sup> the chief o' the clan,  
 Although that his band be but sma'.  
 May Liberty meet wi' success !  
 May Prudence protect her frae evil !  
 May tyrants and tyranny tine in the mist,  
 And wander their way to the devil !
- 3 Here's a health to them that's awa',  
 Here's a health to them that's awa' ;

<sup>1</sup> 'Charlie:' Mr Fox.

Here's a health to Tammie,<sup>1</sup> the Norlan' laddie,  
 That lives at the lug o' the law!  
 Here's freedom to him that wad read,  
 Here's freedom to him that wad write!  
 There's nane ever fear'd that the truth should be heard,  
 But they wham the truth wad indite.

- 4 Here's a health to them that's awa',  
 Here's a health to them that's awa';  
 Here's Chieftain M'Leod, a chieftain worth gowd,  
 Though bred amang mountains o' snaw!  
 Here's friends on both sides of the Forth,  
 And friends on both sides of the Tweed;  
 And wha wad betray old Albion's rights,  
 May they never eat of her bread!

---

THE BONNIE BLINK O' MARY'S E'E.

- 1 Now bank and brae are claith'd in green,  
 And scatter'd cowslips sweetly spring:  
 By Girvan's fairy-haunted stream  
 The birdies flit on wanton wing.  
 To Cassillis' banks, when e'ning fa's  
 There wi' my Mary let me flee,  
 There catch her ilka glance of love,  
 The bonnie blink o' Mary's e'e!
- 2 The chield wha boasts o' world's walth,  
 Is aften laird o' meikle care;  
 But Mary she is a' my ain—  
 Ah, Fortune canna gie me mair!  
 Then let me range by Cassillis' banks,  
 Wi' her, the lassie dear to me,

<sup>1</sup> 'Tammie': Lord Erskine.

And catch her ilka glance o' love,  
The bonnie blink o' Mary's e'e!

---

AE FOND KISS.<sup>1</sup>

TUNE—' *Rory Dall's Port.*'

- 1 Ae fond kiss, and then we sever ;  
Ae fareweel, and then for ever !  
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,  
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.  
Who shall say that fortune grieves him  
While the Star of Hope she leaves him ?  
Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me ;  
Dark despair around benights me.
- 2 I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,  
Naething could resist my Nancy ;  
But to see her, was to love her ;  
Love but her, and love for ever.  
Had we never loved sae kindly,  
Had we never loved sae blindly,  
Never met or never parted,  
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.
- 3 Fare-thee-weel, thou first and fairest !  
Fare-thee-weel, thou best and dearest !  
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,  
Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure !  
Ae fond kiss, and then we sever ;  
Ae fareweel, alas ! for ever !  
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,  
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

<sup>1</sup> Written on his parting from Clarinda. The verses are beautiful ; but the idea of either party being ' broken-hearted,' is purely fanciful.

## HOW CAN I BE BLITHE AND GLAD ?

TUNE—' *The bonnie Lad that's far awa'.*'

- 1 OH, how can I be blithe and glad,  
Or how can I gang brisk and braw,  
When the bonnie lad that I lo'e best  
Is o'er the hills and far awa' ?  
When the bonnie lad that I lo'e best  
Is o'er the hills and far awa' ?
- 2 It's no the frosty winter wind,  
It's no the driving drift and snaw ;  
But aye the tear comes in my e'e,  
To think on him that's far awa' ;  
But aye the tear comes in my e'e,  
To think on him that's far awa'.
- 3 My father pat me frae his door,  
My friends they hae disown'd me a',  
But I hae ane will tak my part,  
The bonnie lad that's far awa' ;  
But I hae ane will tak my part,  
The bonnie lad that's far awa'.
- 4 A pair o' gloves he gave to me,  
And silken snoods he gave me twa ;  
And I will wear them for his sake,  
The bonnie lad that's far awa' ;  
And I will wear them for his sake,  
The bonnie lad that's far awa'.
- 5 The weary winter soon will pass,  
And spring will clead the birken-shaw ;  
And my sweet baby will be born,  
And he'll come hame that's far awa' ;

And my sweet baby will be born,  
 And he 'll come hame that's far awa'.

---

### OUT OVER THE FORTH.

TUNE—' *Charlie Gordon's welcome hame.*'

- 1 OUT over the Forth I look to the north,  
 But what is the north and its Highlands to me ?  
 The south nor the east gie ease to my breast,  
 The far foreign land, or the wild-rolling sea.
  - 2 But I look to the west, when I gae to rest,  
 That happy my dreams and my slumbers may be ;  
 For far in the west lives he I lo'e best,  
 The lad that is dear to my baby and me.
- 

### MY COLLIER LADDIE.

TUNE—' *The Collier Laddie.*'

- 1 'WHERE live ye, my bonnie lass ?  
 And tell me what they ca' ye ?'  
 'My name,' she says, 'is Mistress Jean,  
 And I follow the collier laddie ;  
 My name,' she says, 'is Mistress Jean,  
 And I follow the collier laddie.'
- 2 'Oh, see you not yon hills and dales,  
 The sun shines on sae brawlie !  
 They a' are mine, they shall be thine,  
 Gin ye 'll leave your collier laddie ;  
 They a' are mine, and they shall be thine,  
 Gin ye 'll leave your collier laddie.

<sup>1</sup> An old song altered.



- 3 'Ye shall gang in gay attire,  
 Weel buskit up sae gaudy ;  
 And ane to wait on every hand,  
 Gin ye'll leave your collier laddie ;  
 And ane to wait on every hand,  
 Gin ye'll leave your collier laddie.'
- 4 'Though ye had a' the sun shines on,  
 And the earth conceals sae lowly,  
 I wad turn my back on you and it a',  
 And embrace my collier laddie ;  
 I wad turn my back on you and it a,  
 And embrace my collier laddie.
- 5 'I can win my five pennies in a day,  
 And spen 't at night fu' brawlie ;  
 And make my bed in the collier's neuk,  
 And lie down wi' my collier laddie ;  
 And make my bed in the collier's neuk,  
 And lie down wi' my collier laddie.
- 6 'Luve for luve is the bargain for me,  
 Though the wee cot-house should haud me ;  
 And the world before me to win my bread,  
 And fair fa' my collier laddie ;  
 And the world before me to win my bread,  
 And fair fa' my collier laddie.'

---

 LADY ONLIE.

 TUNE—' *The Ruffian's Rant.*'

- 1 A' THE lads o' Thornie-bank,  
 When they gae to the shore o' Bucky,  
 They'll step in and tak a pint  
 Wi' Lady Onlie, honest Lucky !

## CHORUS.

Lady Onlie, honest Lucky,  
 Brews good ale at shore o' Bucky,  
 I wish her sale for her gude ale,  
 The best on a' the shore o' Bucky.

- 2 Her house sae bien, her curch sae clean,  
 I wat she is a dainty chucky ;  
 And cheerlic blinks the ingle-gleed  
 Of Lady Onlie, honest Lucky !

---

 THE LADDIES BY THE BANKS O' NITH.

## AN ELECTION BALLAD.

TUNE—*'Up and waur them a'?*

- 1 THE laddies by the banks o' Nith  
 Wad trust his Grace wi' a', Jamie;  
 But he'll sair them as he sair'd the king—  
 Turn tail and rin awa', Jamie.

## CHORUS.

Up and waur them a', Jamie,  
 Up and waur them a' ;  
 The Johnstons hae the guidin' o't,  
 Ye turncoat whigs, awa'.

- 2 The day he stude his country's friend,  
 Or gied her faes a claw, Jamie,  
 Or frae puir man a blessin' wan,  
 That day the Duke ne'er saw, Jamie.
- 3 But wha is he, his country's boast ?  
 Like him there is na twa, Jamie ;  
 There's no a callant tents the kye,  
 But kens o' Westerha', Jamie.

- 4 To end the wark, here's Whistlebirck,  
 Lang may his whistle blaw, Jamie ;  
 And Maxwell true o' sterling blue,  
 And we'll be Johnstons a', Jamie.



THE BLUDE RED ROSE AT YULE MAY BLAW.

TUNE—' *To daunton me.*'

- 1 THE blude red rose at Yule may blaw,  
 The simmer lilies bloom in snaw,  
 The frost may freeze the deepest sea ;  
 But an auld man shall never daunton me.

CHORUS.

To daunton me, and me sae young,  
 Wi' his fause heart and flattering tongue,  
 That is the thing you ne'er shall see ;  
 For an old man shall never daunton me.

- 2 For a' his meal and a' his maut,  
 For a' his fresh beef and his saut,  
 For a' his gold and white monie,  
 An auld man shall never daunton me.
- 3 His gear may buy him kye and yowes,  
 His gear may buy him glens and knowes ;  
 But me he shall not buy nor fee,  
 For an auld man shall never daunton me.
- 4 He hirples twafauld as he dow,  
 Wi' his teethless gab and his auld beld pow,  
 And the rain rains down frae his red bleer'd e'e—  
 That auld man shall never daunton me.

COME BOAT ME O'ER TO CHARLIE.<sup>1</sup>TUNE—' *O'er the Water to Charlie.*'

- 1 COME boat me o'er, come row me o'er,  
 Come boat me o'er to Charlie ;  
 I'll gie John Ross anither bawbee,  
 To boat me o'er to Charlie.

## CHORUS.

We'll o'er the water and o'er the sea,  
 We'll o'er the water to Charlie ;  
 Come weal, come woe, we'll gather and go,  
 And live or die wi' Charlie.

- 2 I lo'e weel my Charlie's name,  
 Though some there be abhor him :  
 But oh, to see auld Nick gaun hame,  
 And Charlie's faes before him !
- 3 I swear and vow by moon and stars,  
 And sun that shines so early,  
 If I had twenty thousand lives,  
 I'd die as aft for Charlie.

## EPPIE ADAIR.

TUNE—' *My Eppie.*'

- 1 AND oh ! my Eppie,  
 My jewel, my Eppie !  
 Wha wadua be happy  
 Wi' Eppie Adair ?

<sup>1</sup> An old song amended.

By love, and by beauty,  
 By law, and by duty,  
 I swear to be true to  
 My Eppie Adair!

2 And oh! my Eppie,  
 My jewel, my Eppie!  
 Wha wadna be happy  
 Wi' Eppie Adair?  
 A' pleasure exile me,  
 Dishonour defile me,  
 If e'er I beguile thee,  
 My Eppie Adair!

---

COMING THROUGH THE RYE.<sup>1</sup>

TUNE—' *Coming through the Rye.*'

1 COMING through the rye, poor body,  
 Coming through the rye,  
 She draiglet a' her petticoatie,  
 Coming through the rye.

CHORUS.

Jenny's a' wat, poor body,  
 Jenny's seldom dry;  
 She draiglet a' her petticoatie  
 Coming through the rye.

2 Gin a body meet a body  
 Coming through the rye,  
 Gin a body kiss a body,  
 Need a body cry?

<sup>1</sup> An old song improved.

3 Gin a body meet a body  
 Coming through the glen,  
 Gin a body kiss a body,  
 Need the world ken ?

---

### HAD I THE WYTE ?

TUNE—' *Had I the wyte ?—she bade me.*'

- 1 HAD I the wyte, had I the wyte,  
 Had I the wyte ?—she bade me ;  
 She watch'd me by the hie-gate side,  
 And up the loan she shaw'd me ;  
 And when I wadna venture in,  
 A coward loon she ca'd me ;  
 Had Kirk and State been in the gate,  
 I'd lighted when she bade me.
- 2 Sae craftily she took me ben,  
 And bade me make nae clatter ;  
 ' For our rangunshoch glum gudeman  
 Is out and owre the water : '  
 Whae'er shall say I wanted grace  
 When I did kiss and dawt her,  
 Let him be planted in my place,  
 Syne say I was the fauter.
- 3 Could I for shame, could I for shame,  
 Could I for shame refused her ?  
 And wadna manhood been to blame,  
 Had I unkindly used her ?  
 He claw'd her wi' the riplin'-kame,  
 And blue and bluidy bruised her ;  
 When sic a husband was frae hame,  
 What wife but had excused her ?

- 4 I dighted aye her e'en sae blue,  
 And bann'd the cruel randy ;  
 And, weel I wat, her willing mou'  
 Was e'en like sugar-candy.  
 A gloamin'-shot it was I trow,  
 I lighted on the Monday ;  
 But I came through the 'Tysday's dew,  
 To wanton Willie's brandy.
- 

## FIRST WHEN MAGGY WAS MY CARE.

TUNE—' *Whistle o'er the lave o't.*'

- 1 FIRST when Maggy was my care,  
 Heaven, I thought, was in her air ;  
 Now we 're married—spier nae mair—  
 Whistle o'er the lave o't.  
 Meg was meek, and Meg was mild,  
 Bonnie Meg was nature's child ;  
 Wiser men than me 's beguiled—  
 Whistle o'er the lave o't.
- 2 How we live, my Meg and me,  
 How we love and how we 'gree,  
 I care na by how few may see—  
 Whistle o'er the lave o't.  
 Wha I wish were maggots' meat,  
 Dish'd up in her winding sheet,  
 I could write—but Meg maun see 't—  
 Whistle o'er the lave o't.
-

## THE BAIRNS GAT OUT.

TUNE—' *The Deuks dang o'er my Daddie.*'

- 1 THE bairns gat out wi' an unco shout,  
 The deuks dang o'er my daddie, O!  
 The fien'-ma-care, quo' the feirie auld wife,  
 He was but a paidlin' body, O!  
 He paidles out, and he paidles in,  
 And he paidles late and early, O!  
 This seven lang years I hae lien by his side,  
 And he's but a fusionless carlie, O!
- 2 Oh, haud your tongue, my feirie auld wife,  
 Oh, haud your tongue now, Nansie, O!  
 I've seen the day, and sae hae ye,  
 Ye wadna been sae donsie, O!  
 I've seen the day ye butter'd my brose,  
 And cuddled me late and early, O!  
 But downa do's come o'er me now,  
 And, oh! I feel it sairly, O!

HER FLOWING LOCKS.<sup>1</sup>

HER flowing locks, the raven's wing,  
 Adown her neck and bosom hing;  
 How sweet unto that breast to cling,  
 And round that neck entwine her!

Her lips are roses wat wi' dew,  
 Oh, what a feast her bonnie mou'!  
 Her cheeks a mair celestial hue,  
 A crimson still diviner.

<sup>1</sup> 'Her flowing locks': an impromptu composed at Mauchline on seeing a beautiful young lady on horseback.



## YOUNG JOCKEY.

TUNE—' *Young Jockey.*'

- 1 YOUNG Jockey was the blithest lad  
 In a' our town or here awa' ;  
 Fu' blithe he whistled at the gaud,  
 Fu' lightly danced he in the ha'.  
 He roosed my e'en sae bonnie blue,  
 He roosed my waist, sae gently sma' ;  
 And aye my heart came to my mou',  
 When ne'er a body heard or saw.
- 2 My Jockey toils upon the plain,  
 Through wind and weet, through frost and snaw ;  
 And o'er the lee I leuk fu' fain,  
 When Jockey's owsen hameward ca'.  
 And aye the night comes round again,  
 When in his arms he taks me a' ;  
 And aye he vows he'll be my ain  
 As lang's he has a breath to draw.
- 

## OH, AYE MY WIFE SHE DANG ME.

TUNE—' *My Wife she dang me.*'

- 1 OH, aye my wife she dang me,  
 And aft my wife did bang me ;  
 If ye gie a woman a' her will,  
 Gude faith, she'll soon o'ergang ye.  
 On peace and rest my mind was bent,  
 And, fool I was, I married ;  
 But never honest man's intent  
 As cursedly miscarried.

- 2 Some share o' comfort still at last,  
 When a' my days are done, man ;  
 My pains o' hell on earth are past,  
 I'm sure o' bliss aboon, man.  
 Oh, aye my wife she dang me,  
 And aft my wife did bang me ;  
 If ye gie a woman a' her will,  
 Gude faith, she'll soon o'ergang ye.

---

### HUNTING-SONG.

TUNE—*'I rede you beware at the hunting.'*

- 1 THE heather was blooming, the meadows were mawn,  
 Our lads gaed a-hunting, ae day at the dawn,  
 O'er moors and o'er mosses and mony a glen,  
 At length they discover'd a bonnie moor-hen.

#### CHORUS.

- I rede you beware at the hunting, young men ;  
 I rede you beware at the hunting, young men ;  
 Tak some on the wing, and some as they spring,  
 But cannily steal on a bonnie moor-hen.
- 2 Sweet brushing the dew from the brown heather-bells,  
 Her colours betray'd her on yon mossy fells ;  
 Her plumage outlusted the pride o' the spring,  
 And oh ! as she wantonèd gay on the wing.
- 3 Auld Phœbus himsel', as he peep'd o'er the hill,  
 In spite at her plumage he trièd his skill ;  
 He levell'd his rays where she bask'd on the brae—  
 His rays were outshone, and but mark'd where she lay.

- 4 They hunted the valley, they hunted the hill ;  
 The best of our lads wi' the best o' their skill ;  
 But still as the fairest she sat in their sight,  
 Then, whirr ! she was over a mile at a flight.

---

 YOUNG PEGGY.

TUNE—*' Last time I cam o'er the Muir.'*

- 1 YOUNG Peggy blooms our bonniest lass,  
 Her blush is like the morning,  
 The rosy dawn, the springing grass,  
 With early gems adorning :  
 Her eyes outshine the radiant beams  
 That gild the passing shower,  
 And glitter o'er the crystal streams,  
 And cheer each fresh'ning flower.
- 2 Her lips, more than the cherries bright,  
 A richer dye has graced them,  
 They charm th' admiring gazer's sight,  
 And sweetly tempt to taste them ;  
 Her smile is as the evening mild,  
 When feather'd pairs are courting,  
 And little lambkins wanton wild,  
 In playful bands disporting.
- 3 Were Fortune lovely Peggy's foe,  
 Such sweetness would relent her,  
 As blooming spring unbends the brow  
 Of surly, savage winter.  
 Detraction's eye no aim can gain  
 Her winning powers to lessen ;  
 And fretful envy grins in vain,  
 The poison'd tooth to fasten.

- 4 Ye Powers of honour, love, and truth,  
 From every ill defend her ;  
 Inspire the highly-favour'd youth  
 The Destinies intend her ;  
 Still fan the sweet connubial flame  
 Responsive in each bosom,  
 And bless the dear parental name  
 With many a filial blossom.
- 

MARY!<sup>1</sup>

TUNE—' *Blue Bonnets.*'

- 1 POWERS celestial ! whose protection  
 Ever guards the virtuous fair,  
 While in distant climes I wander,  
 Let my Mary be your care :  
 Let her form, sae fair and faultless,  
 Fair and faultless as your own,  
 Let my Mary's kindred spirit,  
 Draw your choicest influence down.
- 2 Make the gales you waft around her,  
 Soft and peaceful as her breast ;  
 Breathing in the breeze that fans her,  
 Soothe her bosom into rest :  
 Guardian angels ! oh, protect her  
 When in distant lands I roam ;  
 To realms unknown while Fate exiles me,  
 Make her bosom still my home.

---

<sup>1</sup> ' Mary : ' written on Mary Campbell, at the time Burns was preparing to go abroad.

## BONNIE PEGGY ALISON.

TUNE—‘*Braes o’ Balquhiddier.*’

## CHORUS.

I’LL kiss thee yet, yet,  
 And I’ll kiss thee o’er again,  
 And I’ll kiss thee yet, yet,  
 My bonnie Peggy Alison!

1 Ilk care and fear, when thou art near,  
 I ever mair defy them, O!  
 Young kings upon their hansel throne  
 Are no sae blest as I am, O!

2 When in my arms, wi’ a’ thy charms,  
 I clasp my countless treasure, O!  
 I seek nae mair o’ Heaven to share,  
 Than sic a moment’s pleasure, O!

3 And by thy e’en, sae bonnie blue,  
 I swear I’m thine for ever, O!  
 And on thy lips I seal my vow,  
 And break it shall I never, O!

## ON CESSNOCK BANKS.

TUNE—‘*If he be a Butcher neat and trim.*’

1 ON Cessnock banks there lives a lass,  
 Could I describe her shape and mien;  
 The graces of her weelfared face,  
 And the glancin’ of her sparkling e’en.

- 2 She 's fresher than the morning dawn,  
    When rising Phœbus first is seen,  
    When dew-drops twinkle o'er the lawn ;  
    And she 's twa glancin', sparklin' e'en.
- 3 She 's stately like yon youthful ash,  
    That grows the cowslip braes between,  
    And shoots its head above each bush ;  
    And she 's twa glancin', sparklin' e'en.
- 4 She 's spotless as the flowering thorn  
    With flowers so white and leaves so green,  
    When purest in the dewy morn ;  
    And she 's twa glancin', sparklin' e'en.
- 5 Her looks are like the sportive lamb,  
    When flowery May adorns the scene,  
    That wantons round its bleating dam ;  
    And she 's twa glancin', sparklin' e'en.
- 6 Her hair is like the curling mist  
    That shades the mountain-side at e'en,  
    When flower-reviving rains are past ;  
    And she 's twa glancin', sparklin' e'en.
- 7 Her forehead 's like the show'ry bow,  
    When shining sunbeams intervene,  
    And gild the distant mountain's brow ;  
    And she 's twa glancin', sparklin' e'en.
- 8 Her voice is like the evening thrush  
    That sings on Cessnock banks unseen,  
    While his mate sits nestling in the bush ;  
    And she 's twa glancin', sparklin' e'en.

- 9 Her lips are like the cherries ripe,  
That sunny walls from Boreas screen,  
They tempt the taste and charm the sight;  
And she's twa glancin', sparklin' e'en.
- 10 Her teeth are like a flock of sheep,  
With fleeces newly washen clean,  
That slowly mount the rising steep;  
And she's twa glancin', sparklin' e'en.
- 11 Her breath is like the fragrant breeze  
That gently stirs the blossom'd bean,  
When Phœbus sinks behind the seas;  
And she's twa glancin', sparklin' e'en.
- 12 But it's not her air, her form, her face,  
Though matching beauty's fabled queen;  
But the mind that shines in every grace,  
And chiefly in her sparklin' e'en!

---

 WAE IS MY HEART.

TUNE—'Wae is my heart.'

- 1 WAE is my heart, and the tear's in my e'e;  
Lang, lang, joy's been a stranger to me:  
Forsaken and friendless my burden I bear,  
And the sweet voice o' pity ne'er sounds in my ear.
- 2 Love, thou hast pleasures; and deep hae I loved;  
Love, thou hast sorrows; and sair hae I proved;  
But this bruised heart that now bleeds in my breast,  
I can feel by its throbbings will soon be at rest.
- 3 Oh, if I were where happy I hae been!  
Down by yon stream and yon bonnie castle-green;  
For there he is wandering and musing on me,  
Wha wad soon dry the tear frae his Phillis's e'e.

## THE PLOUGHMAN.

TUNE—' *Up wi' the Ploughman.*'

- 1 THE ploughman he 's a bonnie lad,  
 His mind is ever true, jo ;  
 His garters knit below his knee,  
 His bonnet it is blue, jo.

## CHORUS.

Then up wi' my ploughman lad,  
 And hey my merry ploughman !  
 Of a' the trades that I do ken,  
 Commend me to the ploughman.

- 2 My ploughman he comes hame at e'en,  
 He 's aften wat and weary ;  
 Cast off the wat, put on the dry,  
 And gae to bed, my dearie !

- 3 I will wash my ploughman's hose,  
 And I will dress his o'erlay ;  
 I will make my ploughman's bed,  
 And cheer him late and early.

- 4 I hae been east, I hae been west,  
 I hae been at Saint Johnston ;  
 The bonniest sight that e'er I saw  
 Was the ploughman laddie dancin'.

- 5 Snaw-white stockins on his legs,  
 And siller buckles glancin' ;  
 A gude blue bonnet on his head—  
 And oh, but he was handsome !



- 6 Commend me to the barn-yard,  
 And the corn-mou', man ;  
 I never gat my coggie fou,  
 Till I met wi' the ploughman.
- 7 Up wi' my ploughman lad,  
 And hey my merry ploughman !  
 Of a' the trades that I do ken,  
 Commend me to the ploughman.
- 

## TO THEE, LOVED NITH !

- 1 To thee, loved Nith ! thy gladsome plains,  
 Where late wi' careless thought I ranged,  
 Though press'd wi' care and sunk in woe,  
 To thee I bring a heart unchanged.
- 2 I love thee, Nith, thy banks and braes,  
 Though memory there my bosom tear ;  
 For there he roved that brake my heart,  
 Yet to that heart, ah, still how dear !
- 

COCK UP YOUR BEAVER.<sup>1</sup>TUNE—' *Cock up your beaver.*'

- 1 WHEN first my brave Johnnie lad  
 Came to this town,  
 He had a blue bonnet  
 That wanted the crown :  
 But now he has gotten  
 A hat and a feather—  
 Hey, brave Johnnie lad,  
 Cock up your beaver !

<sup>1</sup> Partly old

- 2 Cock up your beaver,  
 And cock it fu' sprush,  
 We'll over the border  
 And gie them a brush;  
 There's somebody there  
 We'll teach better behaviour—  
 Hey, brave Johnnie lad,  
 Cock up your beaver!
- 

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.<sup>1</sup>

TUNE—' *Failte na Miosg.*'

- 1 MY heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;  
 My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;  
 Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe—  
 My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.  
 Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,  
 The birth-place of valour, the country of worth;  
 Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,  
 The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.
- 2 Farewell to the mountains high cover'd with snow;  
 Farewell to the straths and green valleys below;  
 Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods;  
 Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.  
 My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,  
 My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;  
 Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe—  
 My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go,

<sup>1</sup> An old song expanded.

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I AM MY MAMMY'S AE BAIRN.

TUNE—' *I'm o'er young to marry yet.*'

- 1 I AM my mammy's ae bairn,  
 Wi' unco folk I weary, sir ;  
 And lying in a man's bed,  
 I'm fley'd it maks me eerie, sir.

CHORUS.

I'm o'er young to marry yet ;  
 I'm o'er young to marry yet ;  
 I'm o'er young—'twad be a sin  
 To tak me frae my mammy yet.

- 2 Hallowmas is come and gane,  
 The nights are lang in winter, sir ;  
 And you and I in ae bed,  
 In troth I darna venture, sir.
- 3 Fu' loud and shrill the frosty wind  
 Blaws through the leafless timmer, sir ;  
 But if ye come this gate again,  
 I'll aulder be gin simmer, sir.

---

LANDLADY, COUNT THE LAWIN'.<sup>1</sup>

TUNE—' *Hey tutti, taiti.*'

- 1 LANDLADY, count the lawin',  
 The day is near the dawin' ;  
 Ye're a' blind drunk, boys,  
 And I'm but jolly fou.  
 Hey tutti, taiti,  
 How tutti, taiti—  
 Wha's fou now ?

<sup>1</sup> Partly old.

- 2 Cog, an ye were aye fu',  
 Cog, an ye were aye fu',  
 I wad sit and sing to you,  
 If ye were aye fu'.
- 3 Weel may ye a' be!  
 Ill may we never see!  
 God bless the king, boys,  
 And the companie!
- 

THE WEARY PUND O' TOW.

TUNE—' *The weary pund o' Tow.*'

- 1 THE weary pund, the weary pund,  
 The weary pund o' tow;  
 I think my wife will end her life,  
 Before she spin her tow.
- 2 I bought my wife a stane o' lint,  
 As gude as e'er did grow;  
 And a' that she has made o' that,  
 Is ae poor pund o' tow.
- 3 There sat a bottle in a bole,  
 Beyont the ingle low,  
 And aye she took the tither souk,  
 To drouk the stourie tow.
- 4 Quoth I, 'For shame, ye dirty dame,  
 Gae spin your tap o' tow!'  
 She took the rock, and wi' a knock  
 She brak it o'er my pow.

- 5 At last her feet—I sang to see 't—  
 Gaed foremost o'er the knowe ;  
 And or I wad anither jaud,  
 I 'll wallop in a tow.

## OH, WHARE DID YE GET ?

TUNE—' *Bonnie Dundee.*'

- 1 OH, whare did ye get that hauver meal bannock ?  
 Oh, silly blind body, oh dinna ye see ?  
 I gat it frae a brisk young sodger laddie,  
 Between Saint Johnston and bonnie Dundee.  
 Oh, gin I saw the laddie that gae me 't !  
 Aft has he doudled me upon his knee ;  
 May Heaven protect my bonnie Scots laddie,  
 And send him safe hame to his baby and me !
- 2 My blessin's upon thy sweet wee lippie,  
 My blessin's upon thy bonnie e'ebree !  
 Thy smiles are sae like my blithe sodger laddie,  
 Thou 's aye the dearer and dearer to me !  
 But I 'll big a bower on yon bonnie banks,  
 Where 'Tay rins wimplin' by sae clear ;  
 And I 'll clead thee in the tartan sae fine,  
 And mak thee a man like thy daddie dear.

## ANOTHER VERSION.

- 1 Oh, where gat ye that bonnie blue bonnet ?  
 Oh, what makes them aye put the question to me ?  
 I gat it frae a bonnie Scots callan,  
 Atween Saint Johnston and bonnie Dundee.  
 Oh, gin I saw the laddie that gae me 't !  
 Aft has he doudled me upon his knee ;  
 May Heaven protect my bonnie Scots laddie,  
 And send him safe hame to his baby and me !

- 2 My heart has nae room when I think on my laddie,  
 His dear rosy haffets bring tears to my e'e—  
 But, oh! he's awa', and I dinna ken whare he's—  
 Gin we could ance meet, we'll ne'er part till we die.  
 Oh, light be the breezes around him saft blawin',  
 And o'er him sweet simmer still blink bonnilie,  
 And the rich dews o' plenty, around him wide fa'in',  
 Prevent a' his fears for my baby and me!
- 3 My blessin's upon that sweet wee lippie!  
 My blessin's upon that bonnie e'ebree!  
 Thy smiles are sae like my blithe sodger laddie,  
 Thou's aye the dearer and dearer to me.  
 But I'll big a bower on you green bank sae bonnie,  
 That's laved by the waters o' 'Tay wimplin' clear,  
 And cleed thee in tartans, my wee smiling Johnnie,  
 And make thee a man like thy daddie dear.

---

### WHA IS THAT AT MY BOWER DOOR?

TUNE—' *Lass, an I come near thee.*'

- 1 WHA is that at my bower-door?  
 Oh, wha is it but Findlay.  
 Then gae your gate, ye'se no be here!  
 Indeed, maun I, quo' Findlay.  
 What mak ye, sae like a thief?  
 Oh come and see, quo' Findlay;  
 Before the morn ye'll work mischief;  
 Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.
- 2 Gif I rise and let ye in?  
 Let me in, quo' Findlay;  
 Ye'll keep me waukin' wi' your din;  
 Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

In my bower if you should stay ?  
 Let me stay, quo' Findlay ;  
 I fear ye'll bide till break o' day ;  
 Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

- 3 Here this night if ye remain ;  
 I'll remain, quo' Findlay :  
 I dread ye'll learn the gate again ;  
 Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.  
 What may pass within this bower—  
 Let it pass, quo' Findlay ;  
 Ye maun conceal till your last hour ;  
 Indeed will I, quo' Findlay !
- 

## THE RANTIN' DOG THE DADDIE O'T.

TUNE—' *East Nook o' Fife.*'

- 1 OH, wha my baby clouts will buy ?  
 Oh, wha will tent me when I cry ?  
 Wha will kiss me where I lie ?  
 The rantin' dog the daddie o't.
- 2 Oh, wha will own he did the fau't ?  
 Oh, wha will buy the groanin' maut ?  
 Oh, wha will tell me how to ca't ?  
 The rantin' dog the daddie o't.
- 3 When I mount the creepie chair,  
 Wha will sit beside me there ?  
 Gie me Rob, I'll seek nae mair—  
 The rantin' dog the daddie o't.

- 4 Wha will crack to me my lane ?  
 Wha will mak me fidgin' fain ?  
 Wha will kiss me o'er again ?  
 The rantin' dog the daddie o't.
- 

## A FRAGMENT.

TUNE—' *John Anderson, my jo.*'

ONE night as I did wander,  
 When corn begins to shoot,  
 I sat me down to ponder  
 Upon an auld tree root :  
 Auld Ayr ran by before me,  
 And bicker'd to the seas ;  
 A cushat crooded o'er me,  
 That echoed through the braes.

---

## ROBIN.

TUNE—' *Daintie Davie.*'

- 1 THERE was a lad was born in Kyle,  
 But whatna day o' whatna style,  
 I doubt it's hardly worth the while  
 To be sae nice wi' Robin.

## CHORUS.

Robin was a rovin' boy,  
 Rantin', rovin', rantin', rovin' ;  
 Robin was a rovin' boy,  
 Rantin', rovin' Robin !



- 2 Our monarch's hindmost year but ane  
Was five-and-twenty days begun,  
'Twas then a blast o' Janwar' win'  
Blew hansel in on Robin.
- 3 The gossip keekit in his loof,  
Quo' she, wha lives will see the proof,  
This waly boy will be nae coof ;  
I think we 'll ca' him Robin.
- 4 He 'll hae misfortunes great and sma',  
But aye a heart aboon them a' ;  
He 'll be a credit till us a'—  
We 'll a' be proud o' Robin.
- 5 But sure as three times three mak nine,  
I see by ilka score and line,  
This chap will dearly like our kin',  
So leeze me on thee, Robin.
- 6 Guid faith, quo' she, I doubt you 'll gar  
The bonnie lasses lie aspar ;  
But twenty fauts ye may hae waur—  
So blessin's on thee, Robin !

---

 OH, LEAVE NOVELS !

 TUNE—' *Mauchline Belles.*'

- 1 OH, leave novels, ye Mauchline belles,  
Ye're safer at your spinning-wheel ;  
Such witching books are baited hooks  
For rakish rooks, like Rob Mossgiel.
- 2 Your fine Tom Jones and Grandisons,  
They make your youthful fancies reel ;

They heat your brains, and fire your veins,  
And then you 're prey for Rob Mossgiel.

3 Beware a tongue that 's smoothly hung,  
A heart that warmly seems to feel ;  
That feeling heart but acts a part—  
'Tis rakish art in Rob Mossgiel.

4 The frank address, the soft caress,  
Are worse than poison'd darts of steel ;  
The frank address and politesse  
Are all finesse in Rob Mossgiel.

---

### THE MAUCLINE BELLES.

IN Mauchline there dwells six proper young belles,  
The pride o' the place and its neighbourhood a' ;  
Their carriage and dress, a stranger would guess,  
In Lon'on or Paris they 'd gotten it a' :  
Miss Miller<sup>1</sup> is fine, Miss Markland 's divine,  
Miss Smith she has wit, and Miss Betty is braw ;  
There 's beauty and fortune to get wi' Miss Morton,  
But Armour 's the jewel for me o' them a'.

---

### A BOTTLE AND AN HONEST FRIEND.

HERE 's a bottle and an honest friend !  
What would ye wish for mair, man ?  
Wha kens, before his life may end,  
What his share may be of care, man ?

<sup>1</sup> ' Miss Miller : ' married Dr Mackenzie, a friend of Burns ; Miss Markland, Mr Findlay, a gauger in Greenock ; Miss Betty (Miller) became Mrs Templeton ; Miss Morton, Mrs Paterson ; Miss Smith married Mr Candlish, and became the mother of the celebrated Dr Candlish.

Then catch the moments as they fly,  
 And use them as ye ought, man :  
 Believe me, happiness is shy,  
 And comes not aye when sought, man.

---

## LINES ON A PLOUGHMAN.

- 1 As I was a-wandering ae morning in spring,  
 I heard a young ploughman sae sweetly to sing ;  
 And as he was singin' thir words he did say,  
 ' There 's nae life like the ploughman in the month o'  
 sweet May.
- 2 ' The laverock in the morning she 'll rise frae her nest,  
 And mount to the air wi' the dew on her breast ;  
 And wi' the merry ploughman she 'll whistle and sing,  
 And at night she 'll return to her nest back again.'
- 

## YON WILD MOSSY MOUNTAINS.

TUNE—' *Yon wild mossy Mountains.*'

- 1 YON wild mossy mountains sae lofty and wide,  
 That nurse in their bosom the youth o' the Clyde,  
 Where the grouse lead their coveys through the  
 heather to feed,  
 And the shepherd tents his flock as he pipes on his reed ;  
 Where the grouse lead their coveys through the  
 heather to feed,  
 And the shepherd tents his flock as he pipes on his  
 reed.
- 2 Not Gowrie's rich valley, nor Forth's sunny shores,  
 To me hae the charms o' yon wild mossy moors ;

For there, by a lanely and sequester'd stream,  
 Resides a sweet lassie, my thought and my dream ;  
 For there, by a lanely and sequester'd stream,  
 Resides a sweet lassie, my thought and my dream.

- 3 Amang thae wild mountains shall still be my path,  
 Ilk stream foaming down its ain green, narrow strath ;  
 For there, wi' my lassie, the day lang I rove,  
 While o'er us unheeded flee the swift hours o' love ;  
 For there, wi' my lassie, the day lang I rove,  
 While o'er us unheeded flee the swift hours o' love.

- 4 She is not the fairest, although she is fair ;  
 O' nice education but sma' is her share ;  
 Her parentage humble as humble can be ;  
 But I lo'e the dear lassie because she lo'es me ;  
 Her parentage humble as humble can be ;  
 But I lo'e the dear lassie because she lo'es me.

- 5 To beauty what man but maun yield him a prize,  
 In her armour of glances, and blushes, and sighs ?  
 And when wit and refinement hae polish'd her darts,  
 They dazzle our e'en, as they flee to our hearts ;  
 And when wit and refinement hae polish'd her darts,  
 They dazzle our e'en, as they flee to our hearts.

- 6 But kindness, sweet kindness, in the fond sparkling e'e,  
 Has lustre outshining the diamond to me ;  
 And the heart beating love, as I'm clasp'd in her arms,  
 Oh, these are my lassie's all-conquering charms !  
 And the heart beating love, as I'm clasp'd in her arms,  
 Oh, these are my lassie's all-conquering charms !
-

## HER DADDIE FORBADE.

TUNE—' *Jumpin' John.*'

- 1 HER daddie forbade, her minnie forbade ;  
 Forbidden she wadna be ;  
 She wadna trow 't the browst she brew'd  
 Wad taste sae bitterlie.

## CHORUS.

The lang lad they ca' Jumpin' John  
 Beguiled the bonnie lassie ;  
 The lang lad they ca' Jumpin' John  
 Beguiled the bonnie lassie.

- 2 A cow and a cauf, a yowe and a hauf,  
 And thretty gude shillin's and three ;  
 A vera gude tocher, a cottar-man's dochter,  
 The lass wi' the bonnie black e'e.

HEY, THE DUSTY MILLER.<sup>1</sup>TUNE—' *The Dusty Miller.*'

- 1 HEY, the dusty miller,  
 And his dusty coat ;  
 He will win a shilling,  
 Or he spend a groat.  
 Dusty was the coat,  
 Dusty was the colour ;  
 Dusty was the kiss  
 That I got frae the miller.

- 2 Hey, the dusty miller,  
 And his dusty sack,

<sup>1</sup> Founded, as well as the following, on an old ditty.

Leeze me on the calling  
 Fills the dusty peck ;  
 Fills the dusty peck,  
 Brings the dusty siller ;  
 I wad gie my coatie  
 For the dusty miller.

---

### THE JOYFUL WIDOWER.

TUNE—' *Maggy Lauder.*'

- 1 I MARRIED with a scolding wife  
 The fourteenth of November ;  
 She made me wearie of my life,  
 By one unruly member.  
 Long did I bear the heavy yoke,  
 And many griefs attended ;  
 But, to my comfort be it spoke,  
 Now, now her life is ended.
  
- 2 We lived full one-and-twenty years  
 A man and wife together ;  
 At length from me her course she's steer'd,  
 And gone I know not whither ;  
 Would I could guess, I do profess,  
 I speak and do not flatter,  
 Of all the women in the world,  
 I never could come at her.
  
- 3 Her body is bestowèd well,  
 A handsome grave does hide her ;  
 But sure her soul is not in hell,  
 The deil would ne'er abide her.  
 I rather think she is aloft,  
 And imitating thunder ;

For why—methinks I hear her voice  
Tearing the clouds asunder.

---

SAE FAR AWA'.

TUNE—' *Dalkeith Maiden Bridge.*'

- 1 OH, sad and heavy should I part,  
But for her sake sae far awa' ;  
Unknowing what my way may thwart,  
My native land sae far awa'.  
Thou that of a' things Maker art,  
That form'd this Fair sae far awa',  
Gie body strength, and I'll ne'er start  
At this my way sae far awa'.
- 2 How true is love to pure desert,  
So love to her sae far awa' :  
And nocht can heal my bosom's smart,  
While, oh ! she is sae far awa'.  
Nane other love, nane other dart,  
I feel but her's, sae far awa' :  
But fairer never touch'd a heart  
Than her's, the Fair sae far awa'.

---

THE CARDIN' O'T.

TUNE—' *Salt fish and dumplins.*'

- 1 I COFT a stane o' haslock woo',  
To make a coat to Johnny o't :  
For Johnny is my only jo,  
I lo'e him best of ony yet.

CHORUS.

The cardin' o't, the spinnin' o't,  
The warpin' o't, the winnin' o't ;

When ilka ell cost me a groat,  
The tailor staw the linin' o't.

- 2 For though his locks be lyart gray,  
And though his brow be beld aboon ;  
Yet I hae seen him on a day,  
The pride of a' the parishen.

YOUNG JAMIE, PRIDE OF A' THE PLAIN.

TUNE—' *The carlin o' the glen.*'

- 1 YOUNG Jamie, pride of a' the plain,  
Sae gallant and sae gay a swain ;  
Through a' our lasses he did rove,  
And reign'd resistless king of love :  
But now wi' sighs and starting tears,  
He strays amang the woods and briers ;  
Or in the glens and rocky caves  
He sad, complaining, dowie raves :
- 2 'I wha sae late did range and rove,  
And changed with every moon my love,  
I little thought the time was near,  
Repentance I should buy sae dear :  
The slighted maids my torment see,  
And laugh at a' the pangs I dree ;  
While she, my cruel, scornfu' fair,  
Forbids me e'er to see her mair !'

THERE'S A YOUTH IN THIS CITY.<sup>1</sup>

TO A GAELIC AIR.

- 1 THERE'S a youth in this city,  
It were a great pity

<sup>1</sup> Partly old.



That he frae our lasses should wander awa';  
 For he's bonnie and braw,  
 Weel-favour'd and a',  
 And his hair has a natural buckle and a'.  
 His coat is the hue  
 Of his bonnet sae blue;  
 His fecket is white as the new-driven snaw;  
 His hose they are blae,  
 And his shoon like the slae,  
 And his clear siller buckles they dazzle us a'.

2 For beauty and fortune  
 The laddie's been courtin';  
 Weel-featured, weel-tocher'd, weel-mounted, and braw;  
 But chiefly the siller—  
 That gars him gang till her,  
 The penny's the jewel that beautifies a'.  
 There's Meg wi' the mailen,  
 That fain wad a haen him;  
 And Susie, whose daddie was laird o' the ha';  
 There's lang-tocher'd Nancy  
 Maist fetters his fancy—  
 But the laddie's dear sel' he lo'es dearest of a'.

---

 RATTLIN', ROARIN' WILLIE.<sup>1</sup>

TUNE—' *Rattlin', roarin' Willie.*'

OH, rattlin', roarin' Willie,  
 Oh, he held to the fair,  
 And for to sell his fiddle,  
 And buy some other ware;

<sup>1</sup> 'Roarin' Willie:' William Dunbar, W.S., Edinburgh, Captain of the Crochallan corps.

- But parting wi' his fiddle,  
 The saut tear blin't his e'e ;  
 And rattlin', roarin' Willie,  
 Ye're welcome hame to me !
- 2 O Willie, come sell your fiddle,  
 Oh, sell your fiddle sae fine ;  
 O Willie, come sell your fiddle,  
 And buy a pint o' wine !  
 If I should sell my fiddle,  
 The warl' wad think I was mad ;  
 For mony a rantin' day  
 My fiddle and I hae had.
- 3 As I cam by Crochallan,  
 I cannily keekit ben—  
 Rattlin', roarin' Willie  
 Was sitting at yon board en' ;  
 Sitting at yon board en',  
 And amang guid companie,  
 Rattlin', roarin' Willie,  
 Ye're welcome hame to me !
- 

### HERE'S HIS HEALTH IN WATER.

TUNE—*'The job of journey-work.'*

- 1 ALTHOUGH my back be at the wa',  
 And though he be the fauter ;  
 Although my back be at the wa',  
 Yet here's his health in water !
- 2 Oh ! wae gae by his wanton sides,  
 Sae brawlie he could flatter ;  
 Till for his sake I'm slighted sair,  
 And dree the kintra clatter.

3 But though my back be at the wa',  
 And though he be the fauter ;  
 But though my back be at the wa',  
 Yet, here 's his health in water !

---

THE CARLE OF KELLYBURN BRAES.<sup>1</sup>

TUNE—*'Kellyburn Braes.'*

- 1 THERE lived a carle on Kellyburn braes,  
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme,)  
 And he had a wife was the plague o' his days ;  
 (And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.)
- 2 Ae day as the carle gaed up the lang glen,  
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme,)  
 He met wi' the devil ; says, 'How do you fen' ?'  
 (And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.)
- 3 'I've got a bad wife, sir ; that 's a' my complaint ;  
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme,)  
 For, saving your presence, to her ye 're a saint ;'  
 (And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.)
- 4 'It's neither your stot nor your staig I shall crave,  
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme,)  
 But gie me your wife, man, for her I must have ;'  
 (And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.)
- 5 'Oh, welcome, most kindly,' the blithe carle said,  
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme,)  
 'But if ye can match her, ye 're waur nor ye 're ca'd ;'  
 (And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.)

<sup>1</sup> An old song much altered.

- 6 The devil has got the auld wife on his back,  
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme,)  
 And, like a poor pedlar, he's carried his pack ;  
 (And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.)
- 7 He's carried her hame to his ain hallan-door :  
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme,)  
 Sync bade her gae in, for a b—h and a w—e ;  
 (And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.)
- 8 Then straight he makes fifty, the pick o' his band,  
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme,)  
 Turn out on her guard in the clap of a hand ;  
 (And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.)
- 9 The carlin gaed through them like ony wud bear,  
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme,)  
 Whae'er she gat hands on came near her na mair ;  
 (And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.)
- 10 A reekit wee devil looks over the wa' ;  
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme,)  
 'Oh, help, master, help, or she'll ruin us a' ;'  
 (And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.)
- 11 The devil he swore by the edge o' his knife,  
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme,)  
 He pitied the man that was tied to a wife ;  
 (And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.)
- 12 The devil he swore by the kirk and the bell,  
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme,)  
 He was not in wedlock, thank heaven, but in hell ;  
 (And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.)

- 13 Then Satan has travell'd again wi' his pack ;  
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme,)  
 And to her auld husband he's carried her back ;  
 (And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.)
- 14 'I hae been a devil the feck o' my life ;  
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme,)  
 But ne'er was in hell, till I met wi' a wife ;'  
 (And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.)

---

 YE JACOBITES BY NAME.<sup>1</sup>

TUNE—' *Ye Jacobites by name.*'

- 1 YE Jacobites by name, give an ear, give an ear ;  
 Ye Jacobites by name, give an ear ;  
 Ye Jacobites by name,  
 Your fauts I will proclaim,  
 Your doctrines I maun blame—  
 You shall hear.
- 2 What is right and what is wrang, by the law, by the law ?  
 What is right and what is wrang by the law ?  
 What is right and what is wrang ?  
 A short sword and a lang,  
 A weak arm, and a strang  
 For to draw.
- 3 What makes heroic strife, famed afar, famed afar ?  
 What makes heroic strife famed afar ?  
 What makes heroic strife ?  
 To whet th' assassin's knife,  
 Or hunt a parent's life  
 Wi' bluidie war.

<sup>1</sup> Partly old.

- 4 Then let your schemes alone, in the state, in the state ;  
 Then let your schemes alone in the state ;  
 Then let your schemes alone,  
 Adore the rising sun,  
 And leave a man undone  
 To his fate.
- 

### WHEN ROSY MAY.

TUNE—' *The Gardener wi' his paidle.*'

- 1 WHEN rosy May comes in wi' flowers,  
 To deck her gay green-spreading bowers  
 Then busy, busy are his hours—  
 The gardener wi' his paidle.
- 2 The crystal waters gently fa' ;  
 The merry birds are lovers a' ;  
 The scented breezes round him blaw—  
 The gardener wi' his paidle.
- 3 When purple morning starts the hare  
 To steal upon her early fare,  
 Then through the dews he maun repair—  
 The gardener wi' his paidle.
- 4 When day, expiring in the west,  
 The curtain draws of Nature's rest,  
 He flies to her arms he lo'es best—  
 The gardener wi' his paidle.
-

## BANNOCKS O' BARLEY.

TUNE—' *The Killogie.*'

- 1 BANNOCKS o' bear meal,  
 Bannocks o' barley ;  
 Here 's to the Highlandman's  
 Bannocks o' barley.  
 Wha in a brulzie  
 Will first cry a parley ?  
 Never the lads wi'  
 The bannocks o' barley.
- 2 Bannocks o' bear meal,  
 Bannocks o' barley ;  
 Here 's to the lads wi'  
 The bannocks o' barley.  
 Wha in his wae-days  
 Were loyal to Charlie ?  
 Wha but the lads wi'  
 The bannocks o' barley.

## HEE BALOU!

TUNE—' *The Highland Balou.*'

- 1 HEE balou ! my sweet wee Donald,  
 Picture o' the great Clanronald ;  
 Brawlie kens our wanton chief  
 Wha got my young Highland thief.
- 2 Leeze me on thy bonnie craigie,  
 An thou live, thou 'lt steal a naigie ;  
 Travel the country through and through,  
 And bring hame a Carlisle cow.

- 3 Through the Lawlands, o'er the border,  
 Weel, my baby, may thou further ;  
 Herry the louns o' the laigh countrie,  
 Syne to the Highlands hame to me.
- 

### BONNIE PEG.

- 1 As I came in by our gate end,  
 As day was waxin' weary ;  
 Oh, wha cam tripping down the street  
 But bonnie Peg, my dearie !
- 2 Her air sae sweet, and shape complete,  
 Wi' nae proportion wanting,  
 The Queen o' Love did never move  
 Wi' motion mair enchanting.
- 3 Wi' linked hands we took the sands  
 A-down yon winding river ;  
 And, oh ! that hour and broomy bower,  
 Can I forget it ever !
- 

### WEE WILLIE GRAY.

- 1 WEE Willie Gray, and his leather wallet ;  
 Peel a willow-wand to be him boots and jacket ;  
 The rose upon the brier will be him trouse and doublet,  
 The rose upon the brier will be him trouse and doublet.
- 2 Wee Willie Gray, and his leather wallet ;  
 Twice a lily-flower will be him sark and cravat ;  
 Feathers of a flee wad feather up his bonnet,  
 Feathers of a flee wad feather up his bonnet.



BEWARE O' BONNIE ANN.<sup>1</sup>TUNE—' *Ye gallants bright.*'

YE gallants bright, I rede ye right,  
 Beware o' bonnie Ann ;  
 Her comely face, sae fu' o' grace,  
 Your heart she will trepan.  
 Her e'en sae bright, like stars by night,  
 Her skin is like the swan ;  
 Sae jimply laced her genty waist,  
 That sweetly ye might span.

Youth, grace, and love, attendant move,  
 And pleasure leads the van ;  
 In a' their charms and conquering arms,  
 They wait on bonnie Ann.  
 The captive bands may chain the hands,  
 But love enslaves the man ;  
 Ye gallants braw, I rede ye a',  
 Beware o' bonnie Ann !

## MONTGOMERY'S PEGGY.

TUNE—' *Gala Water.*'

- 1 ALTHOUGH my bed were in yon muir,  
 Amang the heather in my plaidie,  
 Yet happy, happy would I be,  
 Had I my dear Montgomery's Peggy.
- 2 When o'er the hill beat surly storms,  
 And winter nights were dark and rainy ;  
 I'd seek some dell, and in my arms  
 I'd shelter dear Montgomery's Peggy.

<sup>1</sup> ' Bonnie Ann : ' daughter of Allan Masterton, the third in the revel, when ' Willie brew'd a peck o' maut,' mentioned above. He was a steadfast friend of the poet.

- 3 Were I a baron proud and high,  
 And horse and servants waiting ready,  
 Then a' 'twad gie o' joy to me,  
 The sharin't with Montgomery's Peggy.

---

 VERSES

## ON THE DESTRUCTION OF THE WOODS NEAR DRUMLANRIG.

- 1 As on the banks o' wandering Nith,  
 Ae smiling simmer-morn I stray'd,  
 And traced its bonnie howes 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 eddying deep below,  
 Uprose the Genius of the stream.
- 2 Dark, like the frowning rock, his brow,  
 And troubled, like his wintry wave,  
 And deep, as sighs the boding wind  
 Amang his caves, the sigh he gave—  
 'And came ye here, my son,' he cried,  
 'To wander in my birken shade?  
 To muse some favourite Scottish theme,  
 Or sing some favourite Scottish maid?
- 3 'There was a time—it's nae lang syne—  
 Ye might hae seen me in my pride,  
 When a' my banks sae bravely saw  
 Their woody pictures in my tide;  
 When hanging beech and spreading elm  
 Shaded my stream sae clear and cool;  
 And stately oaks their twisted arms  
 Threw broad and dark across the pool;

4 'When, glinting through the trees, appear'd  
 The wee white cot aboon the mill,  
 And peacefu' rose its ingle reek,  
 That slowly curlèd up the hill.  
 But now the cot is bare and cauld,  
 Its branchy shelter's lost and gane,  
 And scarce a stinted birk is left  
 To shiver in the blast its lane.'

5 'Alas!' said I, 'what ruefu' chance  
 Has twin'd ye o' your stately trees?  
 Has laid your rocky bosom bare?  
 Has stripp'd the cleeding o' your braes?  
 Was it the bitter eastern blast,  
 That scatters blight in early spring?  
 Or was 't the wil'-fire scorch'd their boughs,  
 Or canker-worm, wi' secret sting?'

6 'Nae castlin' blast,' the Sprite replied;  
 'It blew na 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 bonnie trees,  
 That reptile wears a ducal crown!'<sup>1</sup>

---

ON TAM THE CHAPMAN.<sup>2</sup>

As Tam the Chapman, on a day,  
 Wi' Death forgather'd by the way,

<sup>1</sup> 'Ducal crown:' alluding to the Duke of Queensberry cutting down the woods of Drumlanrig to enrich the Duchess of Yarmouth, his presumed (unruly) daughter.—<sup>2</sup> 'Tam the Chapman:' one Kennedy of Ayr, who had recovered from an illness, and met the poet.—*Communicated by William Cobbett.*

Weel pleased, he greets a wight sae famous,  
 And Death was nae less pleased wi' Thomas,  
 Wha cheerfully lays down the pack,  
 And there blows up a hearty crack :  
 His social, friendly, honest heart  
 Sae tickled Death, they could na part :  
 Sae after viewing knives and garters,  
 Death takes him hame to gi'e him quarters.

---

### TO CLARINDA.

- 1 BEFORE I saw Clarinda's face,  
     My heart was blithe and gay,  
 Free as the wind, or feather'd race  
     That hop from spray to spray.
- 2 But now dejected I appear,  
     Clarinda proves unkind ;  
 I, sighing, drop the silent tear,  
     But no relief can find.
- 3 In plaintive notes my tale rehearses  
     When I the fair have found ;  
 On every tree appear my verses  
     That to her praise resound.
- 4 But she, ungrateful, shuns my sight,  
     My faithful love disdains,  
 My vows and tears her scorn excite,  
     Another happy reigns.
- 5 Ah, though my looks betray  
     I envy your success,  
 Yet love to friendship shall give way—  
     I cannot wish it less.

## BRAW LADS OF GALA WATER.

TUNE—' *Gala Water.*'

CHORUS.

BRAW, braw lads of Gala Water,  
 O braw lads of Gala Water :  
 I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,  
 And follow my love through the water.

- 1 Sae fair her hair, sae brent her brow,  
 Sae bonnie blue her e'en, my dearie ;  
 Sae white her teeth, sae sweet her mou',  
 The mair I kiss she's aye my dearie.
- 2 O'er yon bank and o'er yon brae,  
 O'er yon moss among the heather :  
 I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,  
 And follow my love through the water.
- 3 Down among the broom, the broom.  
 Down among the broom, my dearie,  
 The lassie lost a silken snood,  
 That cost her mony a blirt and blearie.

---

 COME REDE ME, DAME.

- 1 COME rede me, dame, come tell me, dame,  
 And nane can tell mair truly,  
 What colour maun the man be of,  
 To love a woman duly?
- 2 The carlin clew baith up and down.  
 And leugh and answer'd ready,  
 ' I learn'd a sang in Annandale,  
 A dark man for my lady.

- 3 'But for a country quean like thee,  
 Young lass, I tell thee fairly,  
 That wi' the white I've made a shift,  
 And brown will do fu' rarely.
- 4 'There's meikle love in raven locks,  
 The flaxen ne'er grows youden,  
 There's kiss and hause me in the brown,  
 And glory in the gowden.'

---

### THE TREE OF LIBERTY.

- 1 HEARD ye o' the tree o' France,  
 I watna what's the name o't;  
 Around it a' the patriots dance,  
 Weel Europe kens the fame o't.  
 It stands where ance the Bastile stood,  
 A prison built by kings, man,  
 When Superstition's hellish brood  
 Kept France in leading strings, man.
- 2 Upo' this tree there grows sic fruit,  
 Its virtues a' can tell, man;  
 It raises man aboon the brute,  
 It maks him ken himsel', man.  
 Gif ance the peasant taste a bit,  
 He's greater than a lord, man,  
 An' wi' the beggar shares a mite  
 O' a' he can afford, man.
- 3 This fruit is worth a' Afric's wealth,  
 To comfort us 'twas sent, man:  
 To gie the sweetest blush o' health,  
 An' mak us a' content, man.

It clears the e'en, it cheers the heart,  
 Maks high and low guid friends, man ;  
 And he wha acts the traitor's part  
 It to perdition sends, man.

- 4 My blessings aye attend the chiel  
 Wha pitied Gallia's slaves, man,  
 And staw a branch, spite o' the deil,  
 Frae yont the western waves, man.  
 Fair Virtue water'd it wi' care,  
 And now she sees wi' pride, man,  
 How weel it buds and blossoms there,  
 Its branches spreading wide, man.
- 5 But vicious folks aye hate to see  
 The works o' Virtue thrive, man,  
 The courtly vermin 's bann'd the tree,  
 And grat to see it thrive, man ;  
 King Louis thought to cut it down,  
 When it was unco sma', man ;  
 For this the watchmen crack'd his crown,  
 Cut aff his head and a', man.
- 6 A wicked crew syne, on a time,  
 Did tak a solemn aith, man,  
 It ne'er should flourish to its prime,  
 I wat they pledged their faith, man.  
 Awa' they gaed wi' mock parade,  
 Like beagles hunting game, man,  
 But soon grew weary o' the trade,  
 And wish'd they'd been at hame, man.
- 7 For Freedom, standing by the tree,  
 Her sons did loudly ca', man ;  
 She sang a sang o' liberty,  
 Which pleased them ane and a', man.

By her inspired, the new-born race  
 Soon drew the avenging steel, man ;  
 The hirelings ran—her foes gied chase,  
 And bang'd the despot weel, man.

8 Let Britain boast her hardy oak,  
 Her poplar and her pine, man,  
 Auld Britain ance could crack her joke,  
 And o'er her neighbours shine, man.  
 But seek the forest round and round,  
 And soon 'twill be agreed, man,  
 That sic a tree cannot be found,  
 'Twixt London and the Tweed, man.

9 Without this tree, alake, this life  
 Is but a vale o' woe, man ;  
 A scene o' sorrow mix'd wi' strife,  
 Nae real joys we know, man.  
 We labour soon, we labour late,  
 To feed the titled knave, man ;  
 And a' the comfort we're to get  
 Is that ayont the grave, man.

10 Wi' plenty o' sic trees, I trow,  
 The world would live in peace, man ;  
 The sword would help to mak a plough,  
 The din o' war would cease, man.  
 Like brethren in a common cause,  
 We'd on each other smile, man ;  
 And equal rights and equal laws  
 Wad gladden every isle, man.

11 Wae worth the loon wha wadna eat  
 Sic haesome, dainty cheer, man ;  
 I'd gie my shoon frae aff my feet,  
 To taste sic fruit, I swear, man.



Syne let us pray, auld England may  
 Sure plant this far-famed tree, man ;  
 And blithe we 'll sing, and hail the day  
 That gave us liberty, man.

---

## HAPPY FRIENDSHIP.

- 1 HERE around the ingle bleezing,  
 Wha sae happy and sae free ;  
 Though the northern wind blows freezing,  
 Frien'ship warms baith you and me.

## CHORUS.

Happy we are a' thegither,  
 Happy we 'll be ane an' a',  
 Time shall see us a' the blither  
 Ere we rise to gang awa'.

- 2 See the miser o'er his treasure  
 Gloating wi' a greedy e'e !  
 Can he feel the glow o' pleasure  
 That around us here we see ?
- 3 Can the peer, in silk and ermine,  
 Ca' his conscience half his own :  
 His claes are spun an' edged wi' vermin,  
 Though he stan' afore a throne !
- 4 Thus, then, let us a' be tassing  
 Aff our stoups o' generous flame ;  
 An' while roun' the board 'tis passing,  
 Raise a sang in frien'ship's name.

- 5 Frien'ship maks us a' mair happy,  
 Frien'ship gies us a' delight ;  
 Frien'ship consecrates the drappie,  
 Frien'ship brings us here to-night.

STANZAS<sup>1</sup>

## ON THE DUKE OF QUEENSBERRY.

- 1 How shall I sing Drumlanrig's Grace—  
 Discarded remnant of a race  
 Once great in martial story?  
 His forbears' virtues all contrasted—  
 The very name of Douglas blasted—  
 His that inverted glory!
- 2 Hate, envy, oft the Douglas bore ;  
 But he has supperadded more,  
 And sunk them in contempt ;  
 Follies and crimes have stain'd the name :  
 But, Queensberry, thine the virgin claim,  
 From aught that's good exempt.

## TO A KISS.

- 1 HUMID seal of soft affections,  
 Tend'rest pledge of future bliss,  
 Dearest tie of young connexions,  
 Love's first snow-drop, virgin kiss.
- 2 Speaking silence, dumb confession,  
 Passion's birth, and infants' play,  
 Dove-like fondness, chaste concession,  
 Glowing dawn of brighter day.

<sup>1</sup> 'Stanzas:' an impromptu on the tree-destroying Duke, made by the poet when once reproached for choosing nothing but low subjects.

- 3 Sorrowing joy, adieu's last action,  
 When ling'ring lips no more must join ;  
 What words can ever speak affection  
 So thrilling and sincere as thine !
- 

## I DREAM'D I LAY.

- 1 I DREAM'D I lay where flowers were springing,  
 Gaily in the sunny beam ;  
 List'ning to the wild birds singing,  
 By a falling crystal stream :  
 Straight the sky grew black and daring :  
 Through the woods the whirlwinds rave ;  
 Trees with aged arms were warring  
 O'er the swelling, drumlic wave.
- 2 Such was my life's deceitful morning,  
 Such the pleasures I enjoy'd ;  
 But lang ere noon, loud tempests storming  
 A' my flow'ry bliss destroy'd.  
 Though fickle fortune has deceived me,  
 (She promised fair, and perform'd but ill ;)   
 Of mony a joy and hope bereaved me,  
 I bear a heart shall support me still.
- 

## THE DISCREET HINT.

- 1 ' LASS, when your mither is frae hame,  
 May I but be sae bauld  
 As come to your bower-window,  
 And creep in frae the cauld ?  
 As come to your bower-window,  
 And when it's cauld an' wat,  
 Warm me in thy fair bosom,—  
 Sweet lass, may I do that ?'

- 2 ' Young man, gin ye should be sae kind,  
 When our guidwife's frae hame,  
 As come to my bower-window,  
 Whare I am laid my lane,  
 To warm thee in my bosom,—  
 'Tak tent, I'll tell thee what,  
 The way to me lies through the kirk :—  
 Young man, do ye hear that ?'
- 

### MY FATHER WAS A FARMER.

TUNE—' *The Weaver and his Shuttle, O!*'

- 1 MY father was a farmer  
 Upon the Carrick border, O!  
 And carefully he bred me  
 In decency and order, O!  
 He bade me act a manly part,  
 Though I had ne'er a farthing, O!  
 For without an honest, manly heart,  
 No man was worth regarding, O!
- 2 Then out into the world  
 My course I did determine, O!  
 Though to be rich was not my wish,  
 Yet to be great was charming, O!  
 My talents they were not the worst,  
 Nor yet my education, O!  
 Resolved was I, at least to try  
 To mend my situation, O!
- 3 In many a way, and vain essay,  
 I courted fortune's favour, O!  
 Some cause unseen still stept between,  
 To frustrate each endeavour, O!

- Sometimes by foes I was o'erpower'd ;  
 Sometimes by friends forsaken, O !  
 And when my hope was at the top  
 I still was worst mistaken, O !
- 4 Then sore harass'd, and tired at last,  
 With fortune's vain delusion, O !  
 I dropt my schemes, like idle dreams,  
 And came to this conclusion, O !  
 The past was bad, and the future hid ;  
 Its good or ill untried, O !  
 But the present hour was in my power,  
 And so I would enjoy it, O !
- 5 No help, nor hope, nor view had I,  
 Nor person to befriend me, O !  
 So I must toil, and sweat, and broil,  
 And labour to sustain me, O !  
 To plough and sow, to reap and mow,  
 My father bred me early, O !  
 For one, he said, to labour bred,  
 Was a match for fortune fairly, O !
- 6 Thus all obscure, unknown, and poor,  
 Through life I'm doom'd to wander, O !  
 Till down my weary bones I lay  
 In everlasting slumber, O !  
 No view nor care, but shun whate'er  
 Might breed me pain or sorrow, O !  
 I live to-day as well's I may,  
 Regardless of to-morrow, O !
- 7 But cheerful still, I am as well  
 As a monarch in a palace, O !  
 Though fortune's frown still hunts me down,  
 With all her wanton malice, O !

- I make indeed my daily bread,  
 But ne'er can make it farther, O!  
 But as daily bread is all I need,  
 I do not much regard her, O!
- 8 When sometimes by my labour  
 I earn a little money, O!  
 Some unforeseen misfortune  
 Comes generally upon me, O!  
 Mischance, mistake, or by neglect,  
 Or my good-natured folly, O!  
 But come what will, I've sworn it still,  
 I'll ne'er be melancholy, O!
- 9 All you who follow wealth and power  
 With unremitting ardour, O!  
 The more in this you look for bliss,  
 You leave your view the farther, O!  
 Had you the wealth Potosi boasts,  
 Or nations to adore you, O!  
 A checrful, honest-hearted clown  
 I will prefer before you, O!

---

TO MR JOHN KENNEDY.

- 1 Now, Kennedy, if foot or horse  
 E'er bring you in by Mauchline Corse,  
 Lord, man, there 's lasses there wad force  
 A hermit's fancy ;  
 And down the gate, in faith, they 're worse,  
 And mair unehancy.
- 2 But, as I 'm sayin', please step to Dow's,  
 And taste sic gear as Johnnie brews,

Till some bit callant bring me news  
   That you are there ;  
 And if we dinna haud a bouse  
   I'se ne'er drink mair.

3 It's no I like to sit and swallow,  
 Then like a swine to puke and wallow ;  
 But gie me just a true good fallow,  
   Wi' right ingine,  
 And spunkie ance to make us mellow,  
   And then we'll shine.

4 Now, if ye're ane o' warld's folk,  
 Wha rate the wearer by the cloak,  
 And sklent on poverty their joke,  
   Wi' bitter sneer,  
 Wi' you no friendship will I troke,  
   Nor cheap nor dear.

5 But if, as I'm informèd weel,  
 Ye hate, as ill's the verra deil,  
 The flinty heart that canna feel,  
   Come, sir, here's tae you !  
 Hae, there's my haun', I wiss you weel,  
   And gude be wi' you !

---

OH, KENMURE'S ON AND AWA'.

TUNE—' *Oh, Kenmure's on and awa', Willie !*

1 OH, Kenmure's on and awa', Willie !  
 Oh, Kenmure's on and awa !  
 And Kenmure's lord's the bravest lord  
 That ever Galloway saw.

- 2 Success to Kenmure's band, Willie !  
 Success to Kenmure's band ;  
 There's no a heart that fears a whig  
 That rides by Kenmure's hand.
- 3 Here Kenmure's health in wine, Willie !  
 Here Kenmure's health in wine ;  
 There ne'er was a coward o' Kenmure's blude,  
 Nor yet o' Gordon's line.
- 4 Oh, Kenmure's lads are men, Willie !  
 Oh, Kenmure's lads are men ;  
 Their hearts and swords are metal true—  
 And that their faes shall ken.
- 5 They'll live or die wi' fame, Willie !  
 They'll live or die wi' fame ;  
 But soon, wi' sounding victorie,  
 May Kenmure's lord come hame !
- 6 Here's him that's far awa', Willie !  
 Here's him that's far awa' !  
 And here's the flower that I lo'e best—  
 The rose that's like the snaw !

---

### HANDSOME NELL.<sup>1</sup>

TUNE—' *I am a man unmarried.*'

- 1 OH, once I loved a bonnie lass,  
 Aye, and I love her still ;  
 And whilst that virtue warms my breast  
 I'll love my handsome Nell.

<sup>1</sup> ' Handsome Nell : ' Burns' first composition.



- 2 As bonnie lasses I ha'e seen,  
And mony full as braw,  
But for a modest gracefu' mien,  
The like I never saw.
- 3 A bonnie lass, I will confess,  
Is pleasant to the e'e,  
But without some better qualities  
She's no a lass for me.
- 4 But Nelly's looks are blithe and sweet.  
And, what is best of a',  
Her reputation is complete,  
And fair without a flaw.
- 5 She dresses aye sae clean and neat,  
Both decent and genteel ;  
And then there's something in her gait  
Gars ony dress look weel.
- 6 A gaudy dress and gentle air  
May slightly touch the heart,  
But it's innocence and modesty  
That polishes the dart.
- 7 'Tis this in Nelly pleases me,  
'Tis this enchants my soul ;  
For absolutely in my breast  
She reigns without control.

---

LUCKLESS FORTUNE.

- 1 OH, raging fortune's withering blast  
Has laid my leaf full low, O !  
Oh, raging fortune's withering blast  
Has laid my leaf full low, O !

- 2 My stem was fair, my bud was green,  
 My blossom sweet did blow, O!  
 The dew fell fresh, the sun rose mild,  
 And made my branches grow, O!
- 3 But luckless fortune's northern storms  
 Laid a' my blossoms low, O!  
 But luckless fortune's northern storms  
 Laid a' my blossoms low, O!

---

TIBBIE DUNBAR.

TUNE—' *Johnny M'Gill.*'

- 1 OH, wilt thou go wi' me,  
 Sweet Tibbie Dunbar?  
 Oh, wilt thou go wi' me,  
 Sweet Tibbie Dunbar?  
 Wilt thou ride on a horse,  
 Or be drawn in a car,  
 Or walk by my side,  
 Sweet Tibbie Dunbar?
- 2 I care na thy daddie,  
 His lands and his money,  
 I care na thy kin,  
 Sae high and sae lordly:  
 But say thou wilt hae me  
 For better for waur—  
 And come in thy coatie,  
 Sweet Tibbie Dunbar!

---

OH, WHY THE DEUCE SHOULD I REPINE?

- 1 OH, why the deuce should I repine,  
 And be an ill foreboder?  
 I'm twenty-three, and five feet nine—  
 I'll go, and be a sodger.

2 I gat some gear wi' meikle care,  
 I held it weel thegither ;  
 But now it's gane, and something mair—  
 I'll go and be a sodger.

---

## TO THE OWL.

- 1 SAD bird of night ! what sorrows call thee forth,  
 To vent thy plaints thus in the midnight hour ?  
 Is it some blast that gathers in the North,  
 Threat'ning to nip the verdure of thy bower ?
- 2 Is it, sad owl ! that Autumn strips the shade,  
 And leaves thee here, unshelter'd and forlorn ?  
 Or fear that Winter will thy nest invade ?  
 Or friendless melancholy bids thee mourn ?
- 3 Shut out, lone bird ! from all the feather'd train,  
 To tell thy sorrows to th' unheeding gloom ;  
 No friend to pity when thou dost complain,  
 Grief all thy thought, and solitude thy home.
- 4 Sing on, sad mourner ! I will bless thy strain,  
 And, pleased, in sorrow listen to thy song :  
 Sing on, sad mourner ! to the night complain,  
 While the lone echo wafts thy notes along.
- 5 Is beauty less, when down the glowing cheek  
 Sad, piteous tears in native sorrows fall ?  
 Less kind the heart when anguish bids it break ?  
 Less happy he who lists to pity's call ?
- 6 Ah no, sad owl ! nor is thy voice less sweet,  
 That sadness tunes it, and that grief is there ;  
 That spring's gay notes, unskill'd, thou can'st repeat ;  
 That sorrow bids thee to the gloom repair.

- 7 Nor that the treble songsters of the day  
 Are quite estranged, sad bird of night ! from thee ;  
 Nor that the thrush deserts the evening spray,  
 When darkness calls thee from thy reverie.
- 8 From some old tower, thy melancholy dome,  
 While the gray walls, and desert solitudes,  
 Return each note, responsive to the gloom  
 Of ivied coverts and surrounding woods ;
- 9 There hooting, I will list more pleased to thee  
 Than ever lover to the nightingale ;  
 Or drooping wretch, oppress'd with misery,  
 Lending his ear to some condoling tale.

---

SWEETEST MAY.

- 1 SWEETEST May, let love inspire thee ;  
 Take a heart which he desires thee ;  
 As thy constant slave regard it ;  
 For its faith and truth reward it.
- 2 Proof o' shot to birth or money,  
 Not the wealthy, but the bonnie ;  
 Not high-born, but noble minded,  
 In love's silken bands can bind it !

---

ON SEEING MISS FONTENELLE

IN A FAVOURITE CHARACTER.

- 1 SWEET naïveté of feature  
 Simple, wild, enchanting elf,  
 Not to thee, but thanks to Nature,  
 Thou art acting but thyself.

2 Wert thou awkward, stiff, affected,  
Spurning nature, torturing art,  
Loves and graces all rejected,  
Then indeed thou 'dst act a part.

---

### THE BLACK-HEADED EAGLE: A FRAGMENT.

ON THE DEFEAT OF THE AUSTRIANS BY DUMOURIER, AT  
GEMAPPE, NOVEMBER 1792.

THE black-headed eagle  
As keen as a beagle,  
He hunted o'er height and o'er howe ;  
But fell in a trap,  
On the braes o' Gemappe ;  
E'en let him come out as he dow.

---

### ON THE DEATH OF SIR JAMES HUNTER BLAIR.

- 1 THE lamp of day, with ill-presaging glare,  
Dim, cloudy, sank beneath the western wave ;  
Th' inconstant blast how'd through the darkening air,  
And hollow whistled in the rocky cave.
- 2 Lone as I wander'd by each cliff and dell,  
Once the loved haunts of Scotia's royal train ;  
Or mused where limpid streams, once hallow'd, well,  
Or mouldering ruins mark the sacred fane.
- 3 Th' increasing blast roar'd round the beetling rocks,  
The clouds, swift-wing'd, flew o'er the starry sky,  
The groaning trees untimely shed their locks,  
And shooting meteors caught the startling eye.

- 4 The paly moon rose in the livid east,  
And 'mong the cliffs disclosed a stately form,  
In weeds of woe that frantic beat her breast,  
And mix'd her wailings with the raving storm.
- 5 Wild to my heart the filial pulses glow,  
'Twas Caledonia's trophied shield I view'd :  
Her form majestic droop'd in pensive woe,  
The lightning of her eye in tears imbued.
- 6 Reversed that spear, redoubtable in war ;  
Reclined that banner, erst in fields unfurl'd,  
That like a deathful meteor gleam'd afar,  
And braved the mighty monarchs of the world.
- 7 ' My patriot son fills an untimely grave !'  
With accents wild and lifted arms she cried ;  
' Low lies the hand that oft was stretch'd to save,  
Low lies the heart that swell'd with honest pride !
- 8 ' A weeping country joins a widow's tear,  
The helpless poor mix with the orphan's cry ;  
The drooping Arts surround their patron's bier,  
And grateful Science heaves the heartfelt sigh !
- 9 ' I saw my sons resume their ancient fire ;  
I saw fair Freedom's blossoms richly blow ;  
But, ah ! how hope is born but to expire !  
Relentless fate has laid this guardian low.
- 10 ' My patriot falls, but shall he lie unsung,  
While empty greatness saves a worthless name ?  
No ; every Muse shall join her tuneful tongue,  
And future ages hear his growing fame.

- 11 ' And I will join a mother's tender cares,  
 Through future times to make his virtues last,  
 That distant years may boast of other Blairs !'  
 She said, and vanish'd with the sweeping blast.

## VERSES TO MY BED.

THOU bed, in which I first began  
 To be that various creature—*Man!*  
 And when again the Fates decree  
 The place where I must cease to be ;  
 When sickness comes, to whom I fly  
 To soothe my pain, or close mine eye ;  
 When cares surround me where I weep,  
 Or lose them all in balmy sleep ;  
 When sore with labour, whom I court,  
 And to thy downy breast resort ;                   10  
 Where too, ecstatic joys I find,  
 When deigns my Delia to be kind,  
 And full of love, in all her charms,  
 Thou giv'st the fair one to my arms.  
 The centre thou, where grief and pain,  
 Disease and rest, alternate reign.  
 Oh, since within thy little space,  
 So many various scenes take place ;  
 Lessons as useful shalt thou teach,  
 As sages dictate—churchmen preach,                   20  
 And man, convinced by thee alone,  
 This great important truth shall own : —  
 That thin partitions do divide  
 The bounds where good and ill reside ;  
 That nought is perfect here below ;  
 But *bliss* still bordering upon *woe*.

## TO MRS C—,

ON RECEIVING A WORK OF HANNAH MORE'S.

THOU flattering mark of friendship kind,  
Still may thy pages call to mind

The dear, the beauteous donor :

Though sweetly female every part,  
Yet such a head, and more the heart,

Does both the sexes honour.

She show'd her taste refined and just

When she selected thee,

Yet deviating, own I must,

For so approving me ;

But kind still, I mind still,

The giver in the gift,

I'll bless her, and wiss her

A friend above the Lift.<sup>1</sup>

## WHEN FIRST I CAME TO STEWART KYLE.

TUNE—*'I had a horse, I had nae mair.'*

WHEN first I came to Stewart Kyle,

My mind it was nae steady ;

Where'er I gaed, where'er I rade,

A mistress still I had aye :

But when I came roun' by Mauchline town,

Not dreading any body,

My heart was caught before I thought,

And by a Mauchline lady.

<sup>1</sup> Burns sent also a copy of these lines to his friend Aiken.



## ON —

WHEN — deceased to the devil went down,  
 'Twas nothing would serve him but Satan's own crown ;  
 ' Thy fool's head,' quoth Satan, ' that crown shall wear  
     never ;  
 I grant thou 'rt as wicked, but not quite so clever.'

---

## THE BANKS O' DOON.

## FIRST VERSION.

TUNE—' *Catherine Ogie.*'

- 1 YE flowery banks o' bonnie Doon,  
     How can ye bloom sae fair !  
 How can ye chant, ye little birds,  
     And I sae fu' o' care !
  
- 2 Thou 'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird,  
     That sings upon the bough ;  
 Thou minds me o' the happy days  
     When my fause luvè was true.
  
- 3 Thou 'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird,  
     That sings beside thy mate ;  
 For sae I sat, and sae I sang,  
     And wist na o' my fate.
  
- 4 Aft hae I roved by bonnie Doon,  
     To see the woodbine twine,  
 And ilka bird sang o' its luvè,  
     And sae did I o' mine.

- 5 Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,  
 Frae aff its thorny tree,  
 And my fause luvver staw the rose,  
 But left the thorn wi' me.
- 

YE HAE LIEN A' WRANG, LASSIE.

CHORUS.

YE hae lien a' wrang, lassie,  
 Ye've lien a' wrang ;  
 Ye've lien in an unco bed,  
 And wi' a fremit man.

- 1 Your rosy cheeks are turn'd sae wan,  
 Ye're greener than the grass, lassie ;  
 Your coatie's shorter by a span,  
 Yet ne'er an inch the less, lassie.
- 2 O lassie, ye ha'e play'd the fool,  
 And ye will feel the scorn, lassie ;  
 For aye the brose ye sup at e'en,  
 Ye bock them e'er the morn, lassie.
- 3 Oh, ance ye danced upon the knowes,  
 And through the wood ye sang, lassie,  
 But in the herrying o' a bee byke,  
 I fear ye've got a stang, lassie.  
 Ye hae lien a' wrang, lassie,  
 Ye've lien a' wrang,  
 Ye've lien in an unco bed,  
 And wi' a fremit man.

ON AN EVENING VIEW OF THE RUINS OF  
LINCLUDEN ABBEY.

YE holy walls, that, still sublime,  
 Resist the crumbling touch of time,  
 How strongly still your form displays  
 The picty of ancient days!  
 As through your ruins, hoar and gray—  
 Ruins yet beauteous in decay—  
 The silvery moonbeams trembling fly:  
 The forms of ages long gone by  
 Crowd thick on fancy's wand'ring eye,  
 And wake the soul to musings high. 10  
 E'en now, as lost in thought profound,  
 I view the solemn scene around,  
 And, pensive, gaze with wistful eyes,  
 The past returns, the present flies;  
 Again the dome, in pristine pride,  
 Lifts high its roof, and arches wide,  
 That, knit with curious tracery,  
 Each Gothic ornament display;  
 The high arch'd windows, painted fair,  
 Show many a saint and martyr there. 20  
 As on their slender forms I'd gaze,  
 Methinks they brighten to a blaze!  
 With noiseless step and taper bright,  
 What are you forms that meet my sight?  
 Slowly they move, while every eye  
 Is heavenward raised in ecstasy.  
 'Tis the fair, spotless, vestal train,  
 That seek in prayer the midnight fane.  
 And, hark! what more than mortal sound

Of music breathes the pile around ? 30  
 'Tis the soft chanted choral song,  
 Whose tones the echoing aisles prolong ;  
 Till, thence return'd, they softly stray  
 O'er Cluden's wave, with fond delay ;  
 Now on the rising gale swell high,  
 And now in fainting murmurs die ;  
 The boatmen on Nith's gentle stream,  
 That glistens in the pale moonbeam,  
 Suspend their dashing oars to hear  
 The holy anthem, loud and clear ; 40  
 Each worldly thought awhile forbear,  
 And mutter forth a half-form'd prayer.  
 But, as I gaze, the vision fails,  
 Like frost-work touch'd by southern gales ;  
 The altar sinks, the tapers fade,  
 And all the splendid scene 's decay'd ;  
 In window fair the painted pane  
 No longer glows with holy stain,  
 But through the broken glass the gale  
 Blows chilly from the misty vale : 50  
 The bird of eve flits sullen by,  
 Her home, these aisles and arches high ;  
 The choral hymn, that erst so clear  
 Broke softly sweet on fancy's ear,  
 Is drown'd amid the mournful scream,  
 That breaks the magic of my dream !  
 Roused by the sound, I start and see  
 The ruin'd sad reality !

---

## DAMON AND SYLVIA.

TUNE—‘*The tither morn, as I, forlorn.*’

- 1 YON wandering rill, that marks the hill  
 And glances o’er the brae, sir,  
 Slides by a bower, where mony a flower  
 Sheds fragrance on the day, sir.
- 2 There Damon lay, with Sylvia gay,  
 To love they thought nae crime, sir ;  
 The wild birds sang, the echoes rang,  
 While Damon’s heart beat time, sir.

## AH, CHLORIS!

TUNE—‘*Major Graham.*’

- 1 AH, Chloris ! since it may na be  
 That thou of love wilt hear ;  
 If from the lover thou maun flee,  
 Yet let the friend be dear.
- 2 Although I love my Chloris mair  
 Than ever tongue could tell ;  
 My passion I will ne’er declare,  
 I’ll say, I wish thee well.
- 3 Though a’ my daily care thou art,  
 And a’ my nightly dream,  
 I’ll hide the struggle in my heart,  
 And say it is esteem.

## AS DOWN THE BURN.

- 1 As down the burn they took their way,  
 And through the flowery dale ;  
 His cheek to hers he aft did lay,  
 And love was aye the tale.
- 2 With ' Mary, when shall we return,  
 Sic pleasure to renew ?'  
 Quoth Mary, ' Love, I like the burn,  
 And aye shall follow you.'
- 

## EPITAPH ON MR BURTON.

HERE cursing, swearing Burton lies,  
 A buck, a beau, or ' Dem my eyes !'  
 Who, in his life, did little good,  
 And whose last words were ' Dem my blood !'

---

## THE HIGHLAND WIDOW'S LAMENT.

- 1 OH ! I am come to the low countrie,  
 Och-on, och-on, och-rie !  
 Without a penny in my purse,  
 To buy a meal to me.
- 2 It was nae sae in the Highland hills,  
 Och-on, och-on, och-rie !  
 Nae woman in the countrie wide  
 Sae happy was as me.

- 3 For then I had a score o' kye,  
Och-on, och-on, och-rie!  
Feeding on yon hills so high,  
And giving milk to me.
- 4 And there I had three score o' yowes,  
Och-on, och-on, och-rie!  
Skipping on yon bonnie knowes,  
And casting woo' to me.
- 5 I was the happiest o' a clan,  
Sair, sair may I repine;  
For Donald was the brawest lad,  
And Donald he was mine.
- 6 Till Charlie Stuart cam' at last  
Sae far to set us free;  
My Donald's arm was wanted then,  
For Scotland and for me.
- 7 Their waefu' fate what need I tell,  
Right to the wrang did yield:  
My Donald and his country fell  
Upon Culloden's field.
- 8 Oh, I am come to the low countrie,  
Och-on, och-on, och-rie!  
Nae woman in the world wide  
Sae wretched now as me.
-

## OH, LEEZE ME ON MY WEE THING.

- 1 OH, leeze me on my wee thing,  
 My bonnie blithesome wee thing ;  
 Sae lang 's I ha'e my wee thing,  
 I'll think my lot divine.
- 2 Though warld's care we share o't,  
 And may see meikle mair o't :  
 Wi' her I'll blithely bear it,  
 And ne'er a word repine.
- 

## THE CAPTAIN'S LADY.

TUNE—' *Oh, mount and go.*'

- 1 WHEN the drums do beat,  
 And the cannons rattle,  
 Thou shalt sit in state,  
 And see thy love in battle.

## CHORUS.

- Oh, mount and go,  
 Mount and make you ready ;  
 Oh, mount and go,  
 And be the captain's lady.
- 2 When the vanquish'd foe  
 Sues for peace and quiet,  
 To the shades we'll go,  
 And in love enjoy it.
-



## WHEN I THINK ON THE HAPPY DAYS.

- 1 WHEN I think on the happy days  
I spent wi' you, my dearie ;  
And now what lands between us lie,  
How can I be but eerie ?
  - 2 How slow ye move, ye heavy hours,  
As ye were wae and weary !  
It wasna sae ye glinted by  
When I was wi' my dearie.
- 

## EPISTLE TO JOHN TAYLOR.

- 1 WITH Pegasus upon a day,  
Apollo weary flying,  
Through frosty hills the journey lay,  
On foot the way was plying.
- 2 Poor slip-shod giddy Pegasus  
Was but a sorry walker ;  
To Vulcan then Apollo goes,  
To get a frosty calker.
- 3 Obliging Vulcan fell to work,  
Threw by his coat and bonnet,  
And did Sol's business in a crack ;  
Sol paid him with a sonnet.
- 4 Ye Vulcan's sons of Wanlockhead,  
Pity my sad disaster ;  
My Pegasus is poorly shod—  
I'll pay you like my master.

ROBERT BURNS.

## THE SONS OF OLD KILLIE.

TUNE—'Shawnboy.'

- 1 YE sons of old Killie, assembled by Willie,  
 To follow the noble vocation ;  
 Your thrifty old mother has scarce such another  
 To sit in that honourèd station.  
 I've little to say, but only to pray,  
 As praying's the *ton* of your fashion ;  
 A prayer from the Muse you well may excuse,  
 'Tis seldom her favourite passion.
- 2 Ye Powers who preside o'er the wind and the tide,  
 Who markèd each element's border ;  
 Who formèd this frame with beneficent aim,  
 Whose sovereign statute is order ;  
 Within this dear mansion, may wayward contention  
 Or witherèd envy ne'er enter ;  
 May secrecy round be the mystical bound,  
 And brotherly love be the centre !
- 

## SHELAH O'NEIL.

- 1 WHEN first I began for to sigh and to woo her,  
 Of many fine things I did say a great deal,  
 But, above all the rest, that which pleased her the best,  
 Was, 'Oh, will you marry me, Shelah O'Neil ?'  
 My point I soon carried, for straight we were married,  
 Then the weight of my burden I soon 'gan to feel—  
 For she scolded, she fisted, oh then I enlisted,  
 Left Ireland, and whisky, and Shelah O'Neil !

2 Then tired and dull-hearted, oh then I deserted,  
And fled unto regions far distant from home,  
To Frederick's army, where none e'er could harm me,  
Save Shelah herself in the shape of a bomb.  
I fought every battle, where cannons did rattle,  
Felt sharp shot, alas! and the sharp pointed steel ;  
But, in all my wars round, thank my stars, I ne'er found  
Ought so sharp as the tongue of cursed Shelah O'Neil.

END OF BURNS' POEMS.



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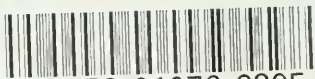
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