

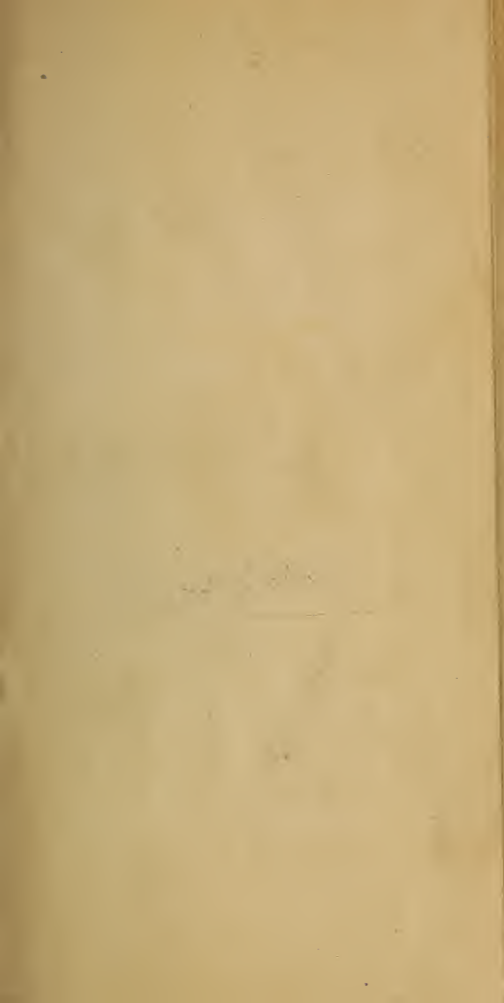


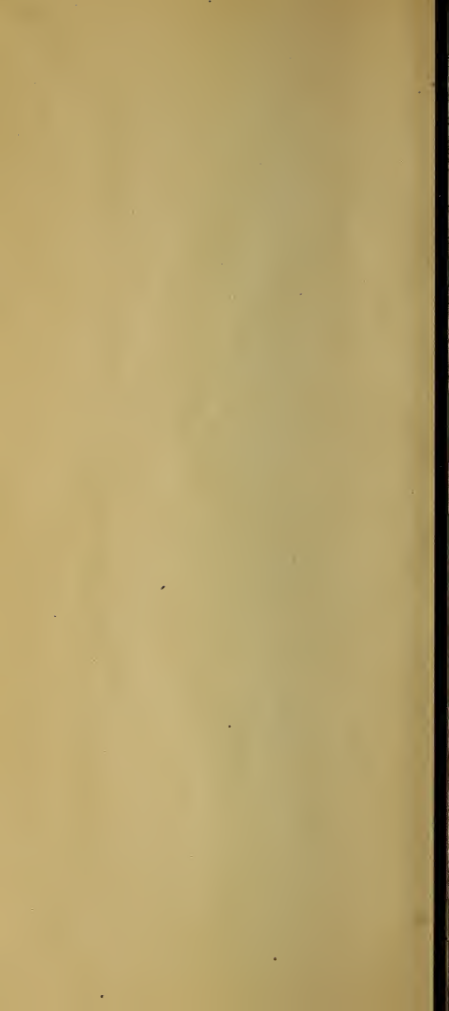


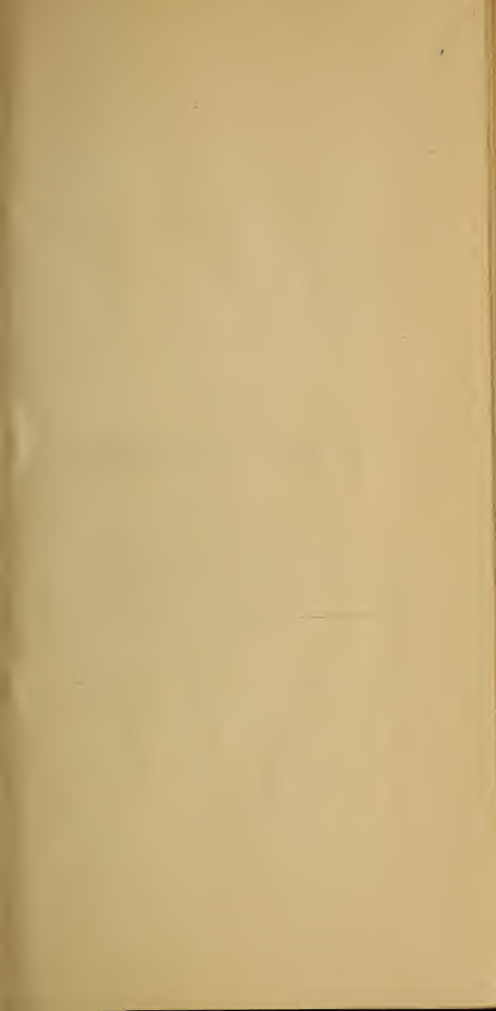
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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
ROBERT BURNS.





*As Tommie glairit amazit and curiow,
The mithan fun giv fast and ferious.*
Tommy's Death 1842

THE
Poetical Works
OF
ROBERT BURNS;

To which is prefixed
A Sketch of his Life



LONDON.

PRINTED FOR T. CADELL, STRAND,
AND THE OTHER PROPRIETORS.

1822.



David H. Colman

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
ROBERT BURNS,

INCLUDING

THE PIECES

PUBLISHED IN HIS CORRESPONDENCE
AND RELIQUES;

WITH HIS
SONGS AND FRAGMENTS.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED
A SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.

London:

PRINTED FOR T. CADELL, IN THE
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AND CONSTABLE AND CO; MANNERS
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1822.

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MR. HUTCHESON
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J. M'Creery, Tooks Court,
Chancery-Lane, London.

Rev. Dec. 16, 1843.

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SKETCH OF THE LIFE,

&c.

ROBERT BURNS was born on the 29th day of January, 1759, in a small house about two miles from the town of Ayr in Scotland. The family name, which the poet and his brother modernized into *Burns*, was originally *Burnes* or *Burness*. Their father, William, appears to have been early inured to poverty and hardships, which he bore with pious resignation, and endeavoured to alleviate by industry and economy. After various attempts to gain a livelihood, he took a lease of seven acres of land, with a view of commencing nurseryman and public gardener; and having built a house upon it with his own hands (an instance of patient ingenuity by no means uncommon among his countrymen in humble life) he married, December 1757, Agnes Brown.* The first fruit of his marriage was Robert, the subject of the present sketch.

In his sixth year, Robert was sent to a school at Alloway, Miln, about a mile distant from his father's house, where he made considerable proficiency in reading and writing, and where he discovered an inclination for books not very common at so early an age. With these, however, he appears at that time to have been rather scantily supplied; but what he could obtain, he read with avidity and improvement. About the age of thirteen or fourteen, he was

* This excellent woman died about two years ago. (Nov. 1821.)

sent to the parish school of Dalrymple, where he increased his acquaintance with English grammar, and gained some knowledge of the French language, of which he was probably fond, because he traced in it many of those words which are in our days reckoned *broad* or *pure* Scotch. Latin was also recommended to him; but he was not induced to make any great progress in it.

The far greater part of his time, however, was employed on his father's farm, which, in spite of much industry, became so unproductive as to involve the family in great distress. This early portion of affliction is said to have been, in a great measure, the cause of that depression of spirits of which our poet often complained, and during which his sufferings appear to have been very acute. His father having taken another farm, the speculation was yet more fatal, and involved his affairs in complete ruin. He died, Feb. 13, 1784, leaving behind him the character of a good and wise man, and an affectionate father, who, under all his misfortunes, struggled to procure his children an excellent education; and endeavoured, both by precept and example, to form their minds to religion and virtue. It appears that his children felt the high obligations such a parent confers, and bestowed on his memory every tender and grateful testimony of honourable respect and filial piety.

It was between the fifteenth and sixteenth year of his age, that Robert, as he himself informs us, first "committed the sin of rhyme." Having formed a boyish affection for a female who was his companion in the toils of the field, he composed a song which is inserted in the present edition of his works; but which, however extraordinary from one at his age, and in his circumstances, is far inferior to any of his subsequent performances. He was at this time "an ungainly, awkward boy," unacquainted with the world, but who occasionally had picked up some notions of history, literature, and criticism,

from the few books within his reach. These, he informs us, were Salmon's and Guthrie's Geographical Grammars, the Spectator, Pope's Works, some plays of Shakspeare, Tull and Dickson on Agriculture, the Pantheon, Lock's Essay on the Human Understanding, Stackhouse's History of the Bible, Justice's British Gardener's Directory, Boyle's Lectures, Allan Ramsay's Works, Taylor's Scripture Doctrine of Original Sin, a Select Collection of English Songs, and Hervey's Meditations. Of this motley assemblage, it may readily be supposed, that some would be studied, and some read superficially. There is reason to think, however, that he perused the works of the poets with such attention as, assisted by his naturally vigorous capacity, soon directed his taste, and enabled him to discriminate tenderness and sublimity from affectation and bombast.

It appears afterwards, that during the space of seven years in which the family lived at Tarbolton, where his father's last farm was situated, that is, from the seventeenth to the twenty-fourth year of Robert's age, he made no considerable literary improvement. His accessions of knowledge, indeed, or his opportunities of reading, could not be frequent, involved as he was in the common difficulties of his family: but still no external circumstances could prevent the innate peculiarities of his character from displaying themselves, always to the astonishment, and sometimes to the terror of his neighbours. He was distinguished by a vigorous understanding, and an untameable spirit. His resentments were quick, and, although not durable, expressed with a volubility of indignation which could not but silence and overwhelm his humble and illiterate associates; while the occasional effusions of his muse on temporary subjects, which were handed about in manuscript, raised him to a local superiority that seemed the earnest of a more extended fame. His first motive to compose verses, as has been already noticed, was his early and warm attachment to the fair sex. His

favourites were in the humblest walks of life; but, during his passion, he elevated them to Lauras and Saccharissas. His attachments, however, at this time, were of the purer kind, and his constant theme the happiness of the married state; to obtain a suitable provision for which, he engaged in partnership with a flax-dresser, hoping, probably, to attain by degrees the rank of a manufacturer. But this speculation was attended with very little success, and was finally ended by an accidental fire.

This calamity, the distresses of his family, and a disappointment in a love affair, threw him for some time into a state of melancholy, which he seems to have considered as constitutional; but from which he was roused by an accidental acquaintance with some jovial companions, who gave a more gay turn to his sentiments. On his father's death, he took a farm in conjunction with his brother, with the honourable view of providing for their large and orphan family. On this farm our poet entered, with a resolution to be wise: he read books on agriculture, calculated crops, and attended markets. But here, too, he was doomed to be unfortunate, although, in his brother Gilbert, he had a coadjutor of excellent sense, a man of uncommon powers both of thought and expression. A little book which Robert purchased for making farming memorandums, has since been found, covered with snatches of songs, and memorandums of lyric poets.

During his residence on this farm with his brother, he formed a connexion with a young woman, the consequences of which could not be long concealed. In this dilemma, the imprudent couple agreed to make a legal acknowledgment of an irregular and private marriage, and projected that she should remain with her father, while he, having lost all hopes of success at home, was to go to Jamaica "to push his fortune." This proceeding, however romantic it may appear, would have rescued the lady's character, consonant to the laws of Scot-

land, which allow of greater latitude in the terms and period of the marriage-contract than those of England; but it did not satisfy her father, who insisted on having all the written documents respecting the marriage cancelled, and by this unfeeling measure, he intended that it should be rendered void. The daughter consented, probably under the awe of parental authority; and our poet, though with much anguish and reluctance, was also obliged to submit. Divorced, now, from all he held dear in the world, he had no resource but in his projected voyage to Jamaica, which was prevented by one of those circumstances that, in common cases, might pass without observation, but which eventually laid the foundation of his future fame. For once, his *poverty* stood his friend. Had he been provided with money to pay for his passage to Jamaica, he might have set sail, and been forgot. But he was, we may say, fortunately destitute of every necessary for the voyage, and was therefore advised to raise a sum of money by publishing his poems in the way of subscription. They were accordingly printed at Kilmarnock, in the year 1786, in a small volume, which was encouraged by subscriptions for about 350 copies.

It is hardly possible, say his countrymen, who were on the spot at this time, to express with what eager admiration and delight these poems were every where received. Old and young, high and low, grave and gay, learned and ignorant, all were alike delighted, agitated, transported. Such transports would naturally find their way into the bosom of the author, especially when he found that, instead of the necessity of flying from his native land, he was now encouraged to go to Edinburgh and superintend the publication of a second edition.

This was the most momentous period of his life, in which he was to emerge from obscurity and poverty to distinction and wealth. In the metropolis, he was soon introduced into the company and received

the homage of men of literature, rank, and taste; and his appearance and behaviour at this time, as they exceeded all expectation, heightened and kept up the curiosity which his works had excited. He became the object of universal admiration and fondness, and was feasted, caressed, and flattered, as if it had been impossible to reward his merit too highly, or to grace his triumphal entry by too many solemnities. But what contributed principally to extend his fame into the sister kingdom, was his fortunate introduction to Mr. Mackenzie, who, in the 97th paper of the *Lounger*, then published periodically at Edinburgh, recommended his poems by judicious specimens, and such generous and elegant criticism, as placed the poet at once in the rank he was destined to hold. From this time, whether present or absent, Burns and his genius were the objects which engrossed all attention and all conversation.

It cannot be surprising if so much adulation, in this new scene of life, produced effects on Burns which were the source of much of the unhappiness of his future life: for, while he was admitted into the company of men of taste, delicacy, and virtue, he was also seduced, by pressing invitations, into the society of those whose habits, without being very gross, are yet too social and inconsiderate. It is to be regretted that he had little resolution to withstand those attentions which flattered his merit, and appeared to be the just respect due to a degree of superiority of which he could not avoid being conscious. Among the loose and gay, he met with much of that deference which enslaves while it seems to fawn! and the festive indulgencies of these his companions and professed admirers were temptations which often became irresistible, because a generous mind thinks it ungrateful and unkind to resist them. Among his superiors in rank and merit, his behaviour was in general decorous and unassuming; but among his more equal or inferior asso-

ciates, he was permitted to dictate the mirth of the evening, and repaid the attention and submission of his hearers by sallies of wit, which from one of his birth and education, in addition to their sterling value, had all the fascination of wonder. His introduction, about the same time, into certain convivial clubs of higher rank, was, to say the least, an injudicious mark of respect to one who, whatever his talents, was destined, unless very uncommon and liberal patronage should interpose, to return to the plough, and to the simple and frugal enjoyments of a peasant's life.

During his residence at Edinburgh, his finances were considerably improved by the new edition of his poems; and this enabled him not only to partake of the pleasures of that city, but to visit several other parts of his native country. He left Edinburgh, May 6, 1787, and in the course of his journey was hospitably received at the houses of many gentlemen of worth and learning, who introduced him to their friends and neighbours, and repeated the applauses on which he had feasted in the metropolis. Of this tour he wrote a journal, which still exists, and of which some specimens have been published.* He afterwards travelled into England as far as Carlisle. In the beginning of June he arrived at Mossgiel, near Mauchlin, in Ayrshire, after an absence of six months, during which he had experienced a happy reverse of fortune, to which the hopes of few men in his situation could have aspired. He performed another journey the same year, of which there are a few minutes in the work already referred to, and which furnished him with subjects for his muse. His companion in some of these tours was a Mr. Nicol, a man of considerable talents, but eccentric manners, who was endeared to Burns not only by the warmth of his friendship, but by a cer-

* Dr. Currie's Life of Burns, Vol. I. p. 163, & seq.

tain congeniality of sentiment and agreement in habits. This sympathy in some other instances, made our poet capriciously fond of companions who, in the eyes of men of more regular conduct, and more refined notions, were insufferable.

During the greater part of the winter 1787-8, Burns again resided in Edinburgh, and entered with peculiar relish into its gaieties. By his patrons of the higher order he was still respected and caressed; but as the singularities of his manner displayed themselves more openly, and as the novelty of his appearance wore off, he became less an object of general curiosity and attention. He lingered long in this place, however, in hopes that some situation would have been offered which might place him in independence: but as it did not seem probable that any thing of that kind would occur soon, he began seriously to reflect that he had as yet acquired no permanent situation in the world, and that tours of pleasure and praise would not provide for the wants of a family. Influenced by these considerations, and probably ashamed of a delay which was not in unison with his native independence of mind, he quitted Edinburgh in the month of February, 1788. Finding himself master of nearly 500*l.* from the sale of his poems, after discharging all expenses, he took the farm of Ellisland, near Dumfries, and stocked it with part of this money, besides generously advancing 200*l.* to his brother Gilbert, who was struggling with many difficulties in the farm of Mossiel. He was now also legally united to Mrs. Burns, who joined him, with their children, about the end of this year.

In his common-place book, we find some reflections on his new situation, characteristic of his peculiar temper, and of that romantic spirit, which had not been wholly subdued by the disappointment of the hopes he was encouraged to cherish at Edinburgh. He repines at the exchange of pleasure for labour and, although he declares he had never seen "where

he could make a better choice of a wife," he seems to place his marriage to the account of necessity. Yet he was far from being deficient in tenderness and affection for Mrs. Burns, who, indeed, appears highly deserving of every praise. Quitting, however, these speculations for more active pursuits, he now rebuilt the dwelling house on his farm, to render it more commodious to his family; and during his engagement in this object, and while the regulations of the farm had the charm of novelty, he passed his time in more tranquillity than he had lately experienced. But, unfortunately, his old habits were rather interrupted than broken; and his fame at Edinburgh, which had reached this comparative retirement, gave a consequence to the poet which the mere farmer could never have expected. He was again invited into social parties, with the additional recommendation of a man who had seen the world, and lived with the great; and again partook of those irregularities for which men of warm imaginations, and conversation-talents, find too many apologies. But a circumstance now occurred which presented a new series of temptations, and threw many obstacles in his way as a farmer.

It has already been noticed, that Burns very fondly cherished those notions of independence, and those feelings of an independent spirit, that are dear to the young and ingenuous, and were perhaps not less so to him, because so often sung by the greatest of our poets. But he had not matured these notions by reflection; and he was now to learn, that a little knowledge of the world will overturn many such airy fabrics. If we may form any judgment however, from his correspondence, his expectations were not very extravagant, since he expected only that some of his illustrious patrons would have placed him, on whom they had bestowed the honours of genius, in a situation where his exertions might have been uninterrupted by the fatigues of labour, and the calls of want. Disappointed in this, he now formed a design

of applying for the office of exciseman, as a kind of resource in case his expectations from the farm should be baffled. By the interest of one of his friends this object was accomplished; and after the usual forms were gone through, he was appointed exciseman, or, as it is vulgarly called, *gauger* of the district in which he lived.

It soon appeared, as might naturally have been expected, that the duties of this office were incompatible with his previous employment. "His farm," says Dr. Currie, "was in a great measure abandoned to his servants, while he betook himself to the duties of his new appointment. He might still, indeed, be seen in the spring, directing his plough, a labour in which he excelled, or with a white sheet, containing his seed corn, slung across his shoulders, striding with measured steps, along his turned-up furrows, and scattering the grain in the earth. But his farm no longer occupied the principal part of his care or his thoughts. It was not at Ellisland that he was now in general to be found:—Mounted on horseback, this high-minded poet was pursuing the defaulters of the revenue, among the hills and vales of Nithsdale, his roving eye wandering over the charms of nature, and *muttering his wayward fancies* as he moved along."*

About this time (1792), he was solicited, and cheerfully consented to give his aid to a beautiful work, entitled, "A Select Collection of Original Scottish Airs for the Voice: to which are added, introductory and concluding Symphonies and Accompaniments for the Piano Forte and Violin, by Pleyel and Kozeluch; with select and characteristic Verses by the most admired Scottish Poets, &c." This work was projected by Mr. George Thomson of Edinburgh, in whom Burns would have found a generous employer, had he not, from motives understood only by himself, refused every offer of remuneration. He

* Dr. Currie's Life, p. 200.

wrote, however, with attention and without delay, for this work, all the songs which appear in this volume; to which we have added those he contributed to the "Scots Musical Museum," conducted by Mr. James Johnson, and published in volumes, from the year 1787 to 1797.

Burns also found leisure to form a society for purchasing and circulating books among the farmers of the neighbourhood; but these, however praiseworthy employments, still interrupted the attention he ought to have bestowed on his farm, which became so unproductive, that he found it convenient to resign it, and, disposing of his stock and crop, removed to a small house which he had taken in Dumfries, a short time previous to his lyric engagement with Mr. Thomson. He had now received from the Board of Excise, in consequence of his diligence and integrity, an appointment to a new district, the emoluments of which amounted to about seventy pounds sterling *per annum*.

While at Dumfries, his temptations to irregularity, partly arising from the wandering and unsettled duties of his office, and partly from the *killing kindness* of his friends, recurred so frequently as nearly to overpower his resolutions, which were of a very opposite kind, and which he appears to have formed with a perfect knowledge of what is right and prudent. During his quiet moments, however, he was enlarging his fame by those admirable compositions he sent to Mr. Thomson: and his temporary sallies and flashes of imagination, in the merriment of the social table, still bespoke a genius of wonderful strength and of high captivations. It has been said, indeed, with great justice, that, extraordinary as his *poems* are, they afford but an inadequate proof of the powers of their author, or of that acuteness of observation, and fertility of expression, he displayed on the most common topics in conversation. In the society, likewise, of persons of taste and respectability, he could refrain from those indulgencies which among

his more constant companions probably formed his chief recommendation.

The emoluments of his office, which now composed his whole fortune, soon appeared insufficient for the maintenance of his family. He did not, indeed, from the first, expect that they could; but he had hopes of promotion at no great distance of time, and would probably have attained it, if he had not forfeited the favour of the Board of Excise, by some conversations on the state of public affairs, the Revolution of France, &c., which were deemed highly improper, and were probably reported to the Board in a way not calculated to lessen their effect. That he should have been deceived by the plausible appearance of affairs in France during the early periods of the revolution, is not surprising; he only caught a portion of an enthusiasm which was then very general; but that he should have raised his imagination to a warmth beyond his fellows, will appear very singular, when we consider that he had hitherto distinguished himself as a Jacobite, an adherent to the unfortunate house of Stuart. Yet however inconsistent this may appear, he had now uttered opinions which were thought dangerous; and information being given to the Board, an inquiry was instituted into his conduct, the result of which, although rather favourable, was not so much so as to re-instate him in the good opinion of the Commissioners. Interest was necessary to enable him to retain his office; and he was informed that his promotion was deferred, and must depend on his future behaviour.

He is said to have defended himself, on this occasion, in a letter addressed to one of the Board, with much spirit and skill. He wrote another letter to a gentleman, who, hearing that he had been dismissed from his situation, proposed a subscription for him. In this last, he gives an account of the whole transaction, and endeavours to vindicate his loyalty; he also contends for an independence of spirit, which he certainly possessed, and which, in many instances, he

decidedly proved, but which yet appears to have partaken of that ardent zeal and extravagance of sentiment which are fitter to point a stanza than to conduct a life. "Burns," he exclaims, "was a poor man from his birth, and an exciseman by necessity; but—I will say it! the sterling of his honest worth, poverty could not debase; and his independent, British spirit, oppression might bend, but could not subdue." This is offered in answer to a report that he had made submissions, for the sake of his office, unworthy of his character.

Another passage in this letter is too characteristic to be omitted. "Often," says our indignant poet, "in blasting anticipation have I listened to some future hackney scribbler, with heavy malice of savage stupidity, exultingly asserting that Burns, notwithstanding the fanfaronade of independence to be found in his works, and after having been held up to public view, and to public estimation, as a man of some genius, yet quite destitute of resources within himself to support his borrowed dignity, dwindled into a paltry exciseman; and slunk out the rest of his insignificant existence, in the meanest of pursuits, and among the lowest of mankind."

This striking passage has no doubt often been read with sympathy, and often perhaps with indignation. That Burns should have embraced the only opportunity in his power to provide for his family, can be no topic of censure or ridicule, even if the situation he acquired had been of a lower denomination; and however incompatible with the cultivation either of land or of genius the business of an exciseman may be, we have yet to learn that there is any thing of moral turpitude or disgrace attached to it. It was not his choice, for he had no choice; it was the only help within his reach: and he laid hold of it. But that, "after being held up to public view and to public estimation as a man," not only of "some," but of very superior and extensive genius, he should not have found a patron generous enough, or wise

enough to place him in a situation, if not more honorable to his talents, if not connected with the labours of the pen, or in some measure promotive of his literary pursuits, yet at least free from allurements to the "sin that so easily beset him:" this is a circumstance on which the admirers of Burns and of his patrons have found it painful to dwell.

His amiable friend Mr. Mackenzie, in the 97th number of the *Lounger*, after mentioning the poet's design of going to the West Indies in quest of the shelter and support which Scotland had denied him, concludes that paper in words to which sufficient attention appears not to have been paid: "I trust means may be found to prevent this resolution from taking place; and that I do my country no more than justice, when I suppose her ready to stretch out the hand to cherish and retain this native poet, whose 'wood-notes wild,' possess so much excellence.—To repair the wrongs of suffering or neglected merit: to call forth genius from the obscurity in which it had pined indignant, and *place it where it may profit or delight the world*:—these are exertions which give to wealth an enviable superiority, to greatness and to patronage a laudable pride."

Although we have seen, by the extract from Burns's letter, that he deprecated the reflections which might be made on his occupation of exciseman, it may be necessary to add, that from this humble step, he foresaw all the contingencies and gradations of promotion up to a rank on which it is not usual to look with contempt. In a letter written to one of his patrons (whose name is concealed), dated 1794, he states that he is on the list of supervisors: that in two or three years he should be at the head of that list, and be appointed, as a matter of course: but that then a friend might be of service in getting him into a part of the kingdom which he would like. A supervisor's income varies from about 120*l.* to 200*l.* a year: but the business he says, is "an incessant drudgery, and would be nearly a complete bar to every species of

literary pursuit." He proceeds, however, to observe, that the moment he is appointed supervisor in the common routine, he *might* be nominated on the Collectors' list, "and this is always a business purely of political patronage. A collectorship varies much from better than two hundred a year to near a thousand. Collectors also come forward by precedency on the list, and have, besides a handsome income, a life of complete leisure. A life of literary leisure, with a decent competence, is the summit of my wishes." He then respectfully solicits the interest of his correspondent to facilitate this.

He was doomed, however, to continue in his present employment for the remainder of his days, which were not many. His constitution, which "had all the peculiarities and delicacies that belong to the temperament of genius," was now rapidly decaying; yet, although sensible that his race was nearly run, his resolutions of amendment were but feeble. His temper, amidst many struggles between principle and passion, became irritable and gloomy, and he was even insensible to the kind forgiveness and soothing attentions of his affectionate wife. In the month of June, 1796, he removed to Brow, in Annandale, about ten miles from Dumfries, to try the effect of sea-bathing; a remedy that at first, he imagined, relieved the rheumatic pains in his limbs, with which he had been afflicted for some months: but this was immediately followed by a new attack of fever. When brought back to his house at Dumfries, on the 18th of July, he was no longer able to stand upright. The fever increased, attended with delirium and debility, and on the 21st he expired, in the thirty-eighth year of his age. His funeral was accompanied with military honours, not only by the *corps* of Dumfries volunteers, of which he was a member, but by the Fencible Infantry, and a regiment of the Cinque Port cavalry, then quartered in Dumfries.

He left a widow and four sons, for whom the inhabitants of Dumfries opened a subscription, which being extended to England, produced a consider-

able sum for their immediate necessities.* This has since been augmented by the profits of the splendid edition of his works, printed in four volumes, 8vo.; to which Dr. Currie, of Liverpool, prefixed a life, written with so much elegance and taste, and enriched by so much ingenious disquisition on every subject connected with the character and pursuits of our poet, that it may be considered as a very important addition to English literature. It is needless to add how much the writer of the present sketch has been indebted to a composition, which all who hereafter write or think of Burns, must necessarily consult.

As to the person of our poet, he is described as being nearly five feet ten inches in height, and of a form that indicated agility as well as strength. His well-raised forehead, shaded with black curling hair, expressed uncommon capacity. His eyes were large, dark, full of ardor and animation. His face was well formed, and his countenance uncommonly interesting. Of his general behaviour, some *traits* have already been given. It usually bespoke a mind conscious of superior talents, not however unmixed with the affections which beget familiarity and affability. It was consequently various, according to the various modes in which he was addressed, or supposed himself to be treated: for it may easily be imagined that he often felt disrespect where none was meant. His conversation is universally allowed to have been uncommonly fascinating, and rich in wit, humour, whim, and occasionally in serious and apposite reflection. This excellence, however, proved a lasting

* Mrs. Burns continues to reside in the house in which the Poet died: the eldest son, Robert, is still in the Stamp-Office; the other two, William and James, are officers in the East India Company's army, and also hold situations in the Commissariat Department. James has settled an annuity of 150*l.* per annum upon his mother. Wallace, the second son, a youth of great promise, died of a consumption. (Nov. 1821.)

misfortune to him: for while it procured him the friendship of men of character and taste, in whose company his humour was guarded and chaste, it had also allurements for the lowest of mankind, who know no difference between freedom and licentiousness, and are never so completely gratified as when genius condescends to give a kind of sanction to their grossness. Yet with all his failings, no man had a quicker apprehension of right and wrong in human conduct, or a stronger sense of what was ridiculous or mean in morals or manners. His own errors he well knew and lamented, and that spirit of independence which he claimed, and so frequently exhibited, preserved him from injustice or selfish insensibility. He died poor, but not in debt, and left behind him a name, the fame of which will not be soon eclipsed.

Of his poems, which have been so often printed and so eagerly read, it would be unnecessary here to enter into a critical examination. All readers of taste and sensibility have agreed to assign him a high rank among the rural poets of his country. His prominent excellencies are humour, tenderness, and sublimity; a combination rarely found in modern times, unless in the writings of a few poets of the very highest fame, with whom it would be improper to compare him. As he always wrote under the impression of actual feeling, much of the character of the man may be discovered in the poet. He executed no great work, for he never was in a situation which could afford the means of preparing, executing, and polishing a work of magnitude. His time he was compelled to borrow from labour, anxiety, and sickness. Hence his poems are short, various, and frequently irregular. It is not always easy to predict, from the beginning of them, what the conclusion or general management will be. They were probably written at one effort, and apparently with ease. He follows the guidance of an imagination, fertile in its images, but irregular in its expressions, and apt to be desul-

tory. Hence he mixes the most affecting tenderness with humour almost coarse, and from this frequently soars to a sentiment of sublimity, a lofty flight, indicative of the highest powers of the art. Although in pursuit of flowers, he does not scruple to pick up a weed, if it has any thing singular in its appearance, or apposite in its resemblance. Yet the reader, who has been accustomed to study nature, and the varieties of the human mind, will always find something in unison with his boldest transitions.

Scenery and sentiment constitute the principal part of his poems. Characters and manners likewise enter into them, and appear with equal advantage. Having attempted no regular work, he leaves us only to conjecture, but to conjecture with the greatest probability, that, had he been possessed of the means of leisure and study, he might have produced those bold exertions which some suppose to be the soul or essence of poetry, and which have constituted the extensive fame of the greatest of poets. He always, however, viewed objects with a correct and picturesque eye. Many of those songs which he wrote with little labour, are finished sketches of nature, or rural life; and the characters and incidents in them, or in his larger poems, are strictly in truth, and will be readily acknowledged. His resources were abundant; for, however striking his delineations, he does not elevate any thing beyond its just standard, and introduces no meretricious ornaments to heighten the effect, or catch vulgar applause. His versification, it may easily be observed, is sometimes incorrect; but, as he frequently revised and retouched his works without amendment in this respect, we are inclined to think that he considered it as a secondary object, or would not gratify his critics by acknowledging what an inferior capacity might discover. Some few criticisms, it is said, he adopted, but rejected by far the greater part.

If the merit of a poet is to be estimated by comparison, Burns has certainly surpassed his countrymen Ramsay and Fergusson, the only two writers of any

eminence with whom a comparison has been, or can be estimated. In his early attempts, these were the best models he had to follow; and it is evident that he had studied their works, and derived considerable improvement from them. He acknowledges that meeting with Fergusson's *Scottish Poems*, he "strung his lyre anew with emulating vigour." But still he exceeds in versatility of talent. The poems of Ramsay and Fergusson are characterized by humour or pathos only: but our poet, while his humour was more exuberant than theirs, and his pathos equally touching, rose superior by flights of the sublime and terrible, which they never attained. He may therefore be believed when he says, that "although he had these poets frequently in his eye, it was rather with a view to kindle at their flame, than to servile imitation." Nothing, indeed, of the latter appears in his works.—The poet displays the same independent spirit as the man. The plan or first thought of the *Brigs of Ayr* may have been taken from Fergusson's *Causeway* and *Plainstones*: and *The Farmer's Ingle* of this poet, may have suggested *The Cotter's Saturday Night*: but in these and a few other instances, where some distant resemblance of subject may be traced, the execution, and all that constitutes the merit of the poem, belong to Burns. It may be observed, too, that Burns was in a progressive state of improvement: his early productions have much ruggedness and incorrectness; but as he advanced, his powers ripened, his judgment became severe and critical; and it is impossible to say what grander displays he might have made, had he been placed in better circumstances than those which have been detailed.

Burns was entirely the poet of nature.—Of literature, he had none. He knew the Greek and Roman poets, if he knew them at all, only in translations. There have been, indeed, few poets less indebted to art and education. He was a total stranger to the tinsel, the overloading epithets, and other shifts of

modern poets. If he read French, he imbibed nothing of the French manner : but his knowledge of that language does not appear to have been very intimate, although some common-place phrases occur in his letters. What superior culture might have done for a mind naturally vigorous and easily susceptible of knowledge, we shall not now inquire. Conjecture has been but idly employed in calculating what Shakspeare might have produced, had he earned the honours of academic education. Of this we are certain, that men of ardent imaginations, and whose works bear the undoubted stamp of genius, have frequently been found to neglect, if not to despise the opportunities by which general knowledge is diffused throughout a nation, and by which studies are regulated, and forms prescribed.

In the case of Burns, however, it does not appear necessary to put our imaginations to the stretch. His works claim no charitable allowance on account of the obscurity of his birth, or the smallness of his acquisitions, they are such as few scholars could have produced, and such as learning could not have materially improved. It has been necessary to relate his personal history, as an object of that curiosity which the admirers of an author cannot repress, and in order to account for his personal failings; but as a poet, he may await the verdict of criticism, without the least necessity of putting in the plea of poverty, or want of literature. In all his works, he discovers his feelings, without betraying his situation. Had they been sent into the world without a name, conjecture would have found no pretence to fix them on a ploughman, or to suppose that they were published merely to raise pity and relief.

By some it has been regretted, that the best performances of our poet are in a language now accounted barbarous, which is never used in serious writing, and which is gradually falling into disuse, because every man gets rid of it as soon as he can. It has been asked, why he should write only for a part

of the island, when he could command the admiration of the whole? In answer, it has been urged, that he wrote for the peasantry of his country, in a language which was to them familiar, and rich in expression. It was likewise for many years the only language he knew so well as to be able to express himself fluently in it; his early thoughts were conveyed in it, and it was endeared to him by the pleasures of memory and association. He wrote it when he had no very extensive ambition, and when he had no suspicion that it would obscure his sentiments, or narrow his fame. Nor, it must be confessed, has he been disappointed in his expectation, if we suppose that they were more enlarged. In England, Ireland, and America, his poems have been read and studied with pleasure and avidity, amidst all the interruptions of glossarial reference. These remarks, however, do not apply to many of his graver poems, which are written in English, and in English which proves that he had cultivated that language with attention and success; although he did not conceive it to be adapted to such pieces as he intended, perhaps exclusively, for the use of his humble neighbours, and to give classic dignity to his native scenery.

It has already been mentioned, that Burns had received a religious education, such as is common to the lower classes in Scotland; and it may be observed, that many of his sentiments run in a devotional strain, while he frequently, but not always with equal judgment, introduces the language and imagery of the Holy Scriptures in his writings. It is to be lamented, however, that the religious impressions of his youth were neither so strong nor so durable as to afford him consolation amidst the untoward events of his life. He appears to have been much affected by the bigotry of his neighbours, and has satirized it with peculiar humour: but in this discharge of what he might think was his duty, he overlooked the mean betwixt superstition and unbelief. In his latter days he felt severely the folly of thus removing from one

extreme to another ; and probably lamented the loss of that happier frame of mind in which he wrote the concluding verses of the *Cotter's Saturday Night*. Let us hope, however, that his many and frank acknowledgments of error finally ended in that "repentance which is not to be repented of." It is but justice to add, that he corrected certain improprieties introduced into his early poems ; and it was his intention to have revised all his works, and make reparation to the individuals he had been supposed to irritate, or to the subjects he had treated with unbecoming levity. "When we reflect," says Mr. Mackenzie, "on his rank in life, the habits to which he must have been subject, and the society in which he must have mixed, we regret, perhaps, more than wonder, that delicacy should be so often offended in perusing a volume in which there is so much to interest and please us."

The character of Burns will still be incomplete, without some notice of his abilities as a prose writer ; for of these we have ample proofs in his familiar correspondence. That his letters were never intended for the public eye, that many of them are mutilated, and that some, perhaps, might have been suppressed, are deductions which do not affect their merit as the effusions of a very uncommon mind, enriched with knowledge far beyond what could have been reasonably expected in his situation. He appears to have cultivated English prose with care, and certainly wrote it with a sprightly fluency. His turns of expression are various and surprising, and, when treating the most common topics, his sentiments are singular and animated. His letters, however, would have attained a higher portion of graceful expression, and would have been more generally pleasing, had they not been too frequently the faithful transcripts of a disappointed mind, gloomily bent on one set of indignant and querulous reflections. But with this, and another exception, which might be made to these letters, from a frequent imitation of the discursive manner of

Sterne, they must ever be considered as decided proofs of genius. They contain many admirable specimens of critical acumen, and many flights of humour, and observations on life and manners, which fully justify our belief that, had he cultivated his prose talents only, he might have risen to very high distinction in epistolary or essay writing. In them, likewise, we find many moral sentiments and resolutions, many struggles with his passions, fair hopes of amendment, and philosophic intrepidity, expressed in a style peculiarly original and energetic. Upon the whole, Burns was a man who undoubtedly possessed great abilities with great failings. The former he received from nature, he prized them highly, and he improved them; the latter were exaggerated by circumstances less within his control, and by disappointments which, trusting to the most liberal encouragement ever offered to genius, he could not have foreseen. They have been detailed in this sketch of his life, from motives for which no apology is necessary, to guard ambitious and ardent minds from similar irregularities and wanderings, and to explain why such a man, after the first burst of popular applause was past, lived and died more unhappily than would probably have been the case had he never known what it was to be caressed and admired.

A. C.

ON THE DEATH OF BURNS,

BY MR. ROSCOE.

REAR high thy bleak majestic hills,
 Thy shelter'd valleys proudly spread,
 And, Scotia, pour thy thousand rills,
 And wave thy heaths with blossoms red;
 But, ah! what poet now shall tread
 Thy airy heights, thy woodland reign,
 Since he the sweetest bard is dead
 That ever breath'd the soothing strain?

As green thy towering pines may grow,
 As clear thy streams may speed along,
 As bright thy summer suns may glow,
 And wake again thy feathery throng;
 But now, unheeded is the song,
 And dull and lifeless all around,
 For his wild harp lies all unstrung,
 And cold the hand that wak'd its sound.

What tho' thy vigorous offspring rise:
 In arts and arms thy sons excel;
 Tho' beauty in thy daughters' eyes,
 And health in every feature dwell;
 Yet who shall now their praises tell,
 In strains impassion'd, fond and free,
 Since he no more the song shall swell
 To love, and liberty, and thee!

With step-dame eye and frown severe
 His hapless youth why didst thou view?
 For all thy joys to him were dear,
 And all his vows to thee were due:
 Nor greater bliss his bosom knew,
 In opening youth's delightful prime,
 Than when thy favouring ear he drew
 To listen to his chanted rhyme.

Thy lonely wastes and frowning skies
To him were all with rapture fraught ;
He heard with joy the tempest rise
That wak'd him to sublimer thought ;
And oft thy winding dells he sought,
Where wild flowers pour'd their rathe perfume,
And with sincere devotion brought
To thee the summer's earliest bloom.

But, ah! no fond maternal smile
His unprotected youth enjoy'd ;
His limbs enur'd to early toil,
His days with early hardships tried :
And more to mark the gloomy void,
And bid him feel his misery,
Before his infant eyes would glide
Day-dreams of immortality.

Yet, not by cold neglect depress'd,
With sinewy arm he turn'd the soil,
Sunk with the evening sun to rest,
And met at morn his earliest smile.
Wak'd by his rustic pipe, meanwhile
The powers of fancy came along,
And sooth'd his lengthen'd hour of toil
With native wit and sprightly song.

—Ah! days of bliss, too swiftly fled,
When vigorous health from labour springs,
And bland contentment smooths the bed,
And sleep his ready opiate brings ;
And hovering round on airy wings
Float the light forms of young desire,
That of unutterable things
The soft and shadowy hope inspire.

Now spells of mightier power prepare,
Bid brighter phantoms round him dance ;
Let flattery spread her viewless snare,
And fame attract his vagrant glance :

Let sprightly pleasure too advance,
Unveil'd her eyes, unclasp'd her zone,
Till lost in love's delirious trance
He scorn the joys his youth has known.

Let friendship pour her brightest blaze,
Expanding all the bloom of soul;
And mirth concenter all her rays,
And point them from the sparkling bowl;
And let the careless moments roll
In social pleasures unconfin'd,
And confidence, that spurns control,
Unlock the inmost springs of mind.

And lead his steps those bowers among,
Where elegance with splendour vies,
Or science bids her favour'd throng
To more refin'd sensations rise:
Beyond the peasant's humbler joys,
And freed from each laborious strife,
There let him learn the bliss to prize
That waits the sons of polish'd life.

Then whilst his throbbing veins beat high
With every impulse of delight,
Dash from his lips the cup of joy,
And shroud the scene in shades of night;
And let despair, with wizard light,
Disclose the yawning gulf below,
And pour incessant on his sight,
Her specter'd ills and shapes of woe;

And shew beneath a cheerless shed,
With sorrowing heart and streaming eyes,
In silent grief where droops her head,
The partner of his early joys;
And let his infants' tender cries
His fond parental succour claim,
And bid him hear in agonies
A husband and a father's name.

'Tis done, the powerful charm succeeds ;
His high reluctant spirit bends ;
In bitterness of soul he bleeds,
Nor longer with his fate contends,
An idiot laugh the welkin reads
As genius thus degraded lies ;
Till pitying Heaven the veil extends
That shrouds the Poet's ardent eyes.

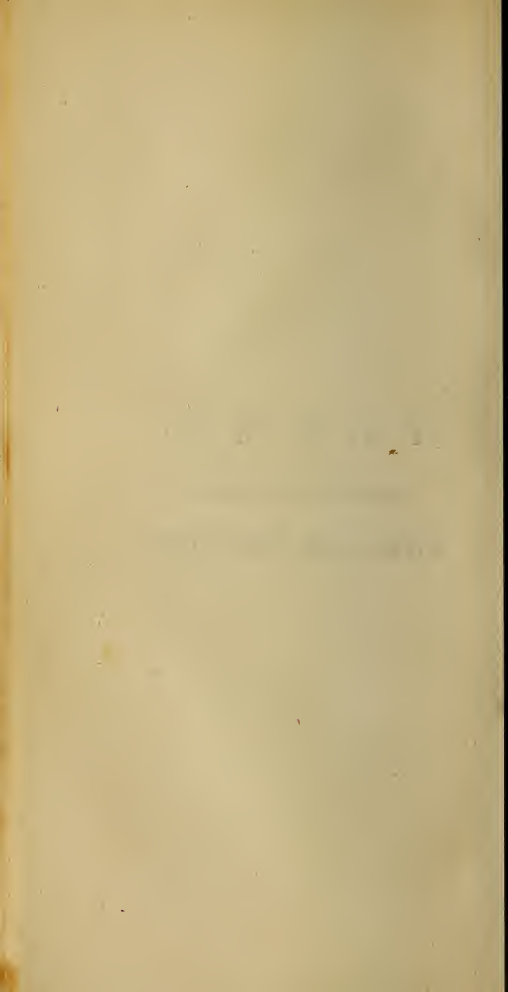
—Rear high thy bleak majestic hills,
Thy shelter'd valleys proudly spread,
And, Scotia, pour thy thousand rills,
And wave thy heaths with blossoms red ;
But never more shall poet tread
Thy airy heights, thy woodland reign,
Since he the sweetest bard is dead
That ever breath'd the soothing strain.



P O E M S,

FORMERLY PUBLISHED ;

WITH SOME ADDITIONS.



PREFACE

TO THE FIRST EDITION OF

BURNS' POEMS,

PUBLISHED AT KILMARNOCK.

THE following Trifles are not the production of the poet, who, with all the advantages of learned art, and, perhaps amid the elegancies and idlenesses of upper life, looks down for a rural theme, with an eye to Theocritus or Virgil. To the author of this, these and other celebrated names, their countrymen, are, at least in their original language, *a fountain shut up, and a book sealed*. Unacquainted with the necessary requisites for commencing poet by rule, he sings the sentiments and manners he felt and saw in himself and his rustic compeers around him, in his and their native language. Though a rhymers from his earliest years, at least from the earliest impulses of the softer passions, it was not till very lately that the applause, perhaps the partiality, of friendship, wakened his vanity so far as to make him think any thing of his worth showing; and none of the following works were composed with a view to the press. To amuse himself with the little creations of his own fancy, amid the toil and fatigues of a laborious life; to transcribe the various feelings, the loves, the griefs, the hopes, the fears, in his own breast; to find some kind of counterpoise to the struggles of a world, always an alien scene, a task uncouth to the poetical mind—these were his motives for courting the Muses, and in these he found poetry to be its own reward.

Now that he appears in the public character of an author, he does it with fear and trembling. So dear is fame to the rhyming tribe, that even he, an obscure, nameless Bard, shrinks aghast at the thought of being

branded as—An impertinent blockhead, obtruding his nonsense on the world; and, because he can make a shift to jingle a few doggerel Scotch rhymes together, looking upon himself as a poet of no small consequence forsooth!

It is an observation of that celebrated poet, Shenstone, whose divine elegies do honour to our language, our nation, and our species, that ‘*Humility*’ has depressed many a genius to a hermit, but never ‘raised one to fame!’ If any critic catches at the word *genius*, the author tells him once for all, that he certainly looks upon himself as possessed of some poetic abilities, otherwise his publishing in the manner he has done, would be a manœuvre below the worst character, which, he hopes, his worst enemy will ever give him. But to the genius of a Ramsay, or the glorious dawnings of the poor, unfortunate Fergusson, he, with equal, unaffected sincerity, declares, that, even in his highest pulse of vanity, he has not the most distant pretensions. These two justly admired Scotch poets he has often had in his eye in the following pieces; but rather with a view to kindle at their flame, than for servile imitation.

To his Subscribers, the Author returns his most sincere thanks. Not the mercenary bow over a counter, but the heart-throbbing gratitude of the bard, conscious how much he owes to benevolence and friendship, for gratifying him, if he deserves it, in that dearest wish of every poetic bosom—to be distinguished. He begs his readers, particularly the learned and the polite, who may honour him with a perusal, that they will make every allowance for education and circumstances of life; but, if after a fair, candid, and impartial criticism, he shall stand convicted of dulness and nonsense, let him be done by as he would in that case do by others—let him be condemned, without mercy, to contempt and oblivion.

DEDICATION
OF THE
SECOND EDITION OF THE
POEMS FORMERLY PRINTED.

TO THE
NOBLEMEN AND GENTLEMEN
OF THE
CALEDONIAN HUNT.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

A Scottish Bard, proud of the name, and whose highest ambition is to sing in his Country's service—where shall he so properly look for patronage as to the illustrious names of his native Land; those who bear the honours and inherit the virtues of their Ancestors? The Poetic Genius of my Country found me, as the prophetic bard Elijah did Elisha—at the plough: and threw her inspiring mantle over me. She bade me sing the loves; the joys, the rural scenes and rural pleasures of my native soil, in my native tongue: I tuned my wild, artless notes, as she inspired.—She whispered me to come to this ancient Metropolis of Caledonia, and lay my Songs under your honoured protection: I now obey her dictates.

Though much indebted to your goodness, I do not approach you, my Lords and Gentlemen, in the usual style of dedication, to thank you for past favours! that path is so hackneyed by prostituted learning, that honest rusticity is ashamed of it. Nor do I present this Address with the venal

soul of a servile Author, looking for a continuation of those favours : I was bred to the Plough, and am independent. I come to claim the common Scottish name with you, my illustrious Countrymen : and to tell the world that I glory in the title. I come to congratulate my Country, that the blood of her ancient heroes still runs uncontaminated ; and that from your courage, knowledge, and public spirit, she may expect protection, wealth, and liberty. In the last place, I come to proffer my warmest wishes to the Great Fountain of Honour, the Monarch of the Universe, for your welfare and happiness.

When you go forth to waken the Echoes, in the ancient and favourite amusement of your fore fathers, may Pleasure ever be of your party : and may Social Joy await your return ! When harassed in courts or camps with the jostlings of bad men and bad measures, may the honest consciousness of injured worth attend your return to your native Seats ; and may Domestic Happiness, with a smiling welcome, meet you at your gates ! May corruption shrink at your kindling indignant glance : and may tyranny in the Ruler, and licentiousness in the People, equally find you an inexorable foe !

I have the honour to be,

*With the sincerest gratitude,
and highest respect,*

My Lords and Gentlemen,

Your most devoted humble servant,

ROBERT BURNS.

Edinburgh,
April 4, 1787.

POEMS,
CHIEFLY SCOTTISH.

THE TWA DOGS,

A TALE.

'T WAS in that place o' Scotland's isle,
That bears the name o' *Auld King Coil*,
Upon a bonnie day in June,
When wearing thro' the afternoon,
Twa dogs that were na thrang at hame,
Forgather'd ance upon a time.

The first I'll name, they ca'd him *Cesar*,
Was keepit for his Honour's pleasure;
His hair, his size, his mouth, his lugs,
Shew'd he was nane o' Scotland's dogs;
But whalpit some place far abroad,
Where sailors gang to fish for Cod.

His locked, letter'd, braw brass collar,
Shew'd him the gentleman and scholar;
But though he was o' high degree,
The fient a pride na pride had he;
But wad hae spent an hour caressin,
Ev'n wi' a tinkler-gypsey's messin.
At kirk or market, mill or smiddie,
Nae tawted tyke, tho' e'er sae duddie,
But he wad stan't, as glad to see him,
And stroan't on staues an' hillocks wi' him.

The tither was a ploughman's collie,
A rhyming, ranting, raving billie,

Wha for his friend an' comrade had him,
 And in his freaks had *Luath* ca'd him,
 After some dog in Highland sang,*
 Was made lang syne—Lord knows how lang.

He was a gash an' faithful tyke,
 As ever lap a sheugh or dyke.
 His honest, sonsie, baws'nt face,
 Ay gat him friends in ilka place.
 His breast was white, his towzie back
 Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy black;
 His gawcie tail, wi' upward curl,
 Hung o'er his hurdies wi' a swirl.

Nae doubt but they were fain o' ither,
 An' unco pack an' thick thegither;
 Wi' social nose whyles snuff'd and snowkit;
 Whyles mice an' moudieworts they howkit;
 Whyles scour'd awa in lang excursion,
 An' worry'd ither in diversion;
 Until wi' daffin weary grown,
 Upon a knowe they sat them down,
 And there began a lang digression
 About the *lords o' the creation*.

CÆSAR.

I've aften wonder'd, honest *Luath*,
 What sort o' life poor dogs like you have;
 An' when the gentry's life I saw,
 What way poor bodies liv'd ava.

Our Laird gets in his racked rents,
 His coals, his kain, and a' his stents:
 He rises when he likes himsel;
 His flunkies answer at the bell:
 He ca's his coach, he ca's his horse;
 He draws a bonnie silken purse

* Cuchullin's dog in Ossian's Fingal.

As lang's my tail, whare, thro' the steeks,
The yellow letter'd Geordie keeks.

Frae morn to e'en its nought but toiling,
At baking, roasting, frying, boiling;
An' tho' the gentry first are stechin,
Yet ev'n the ha' folk fill their pechan
Wi' sauce, ragouts, and sic like trashtrie,
That's little short o' downright wastrie.
Our Whipper-in, wee blastit wonner,
Poor worthless elf, it eats at dinner
Better than ony tenant man
His Honour has in a' the lan':
An' what poor cot-folk pit their painch in,
I own it's past my comprehension.

LUATH.

Trowth, Cæsar, whyles they're fash't enough;
A cottar howkin in a sheugh,
Wi' dirty stanes biggin a dyke,
Baring a quarry, and sic like,
Himself, a wife, he thus sustains,
A smytrie o' wee duddie weans,
An' nought but his han' darg, to keep
Them right and tight in thack an' rape.

An' when they meet wi' sair disasters,
Like loss o' health, or want o' masters,
Ye maist wad think, a wee touch langer,
An' they maun starve o' cauld and hunger;
But, how it comes, I never kenn'd it,
They're maistly wonderfu' contented;
Au' buirdly chiels, an' clever hizzies,
Are bred in sic a way as this is.

CÆSAR.

But then to see how ye're negleckit,
How huff'd, and cuff'd, and disrespeckit!
L—d, man, our gentry care as little
For delvers, ditchers, and sic cattle;

They gang as saucy by poor fo'k,
As I wad by a stiinking brock.

I've notic'd, on our Laird's court-day,
Aud mony a time my heart's been wae,
Poor tenant bodies, scant o' cash,
How they maun thole a factor's snash:
He'll stamp an' threaten, curse an' swear,
He'll apprehend them, poind their gear;
While they maun stan', wi' aspect humble;
And hear it a', an' fear an' tremble!

I see how folk live that hae riches:
But surely poor folk maun be wretches!

LUATH.

They're nae sae wretched's ane wad think:
Tho' constantly on poortith's brink;
They're sae accustom'd wi' the sight.
The view o't gies them little fright.

Then chance an' fortune are sae guided,
They're ay in less or mair provided;
An' tho' fatigu'd wi' close employment,
A blink o' rest's a sweet enjoyment.

The dearest comfort o' their lives,
Their grushie weans an' faithfu' wives:
The prattling things are just their pride,
That sweetens a' their fire-side.

An' whyles twalpenne worth o' nappy
Can mak the bodies unco happy;
They lay aside their private cares,
To mind the Kirk and State affairs:
They'll talk o' patronage and priests,
Wi' kindling fury in their breasts,
Or tell what new taxation's comin,
An' ferlie at the folk in *Lon'on*.

As bleak-fac'd Hallowmass returns,
 They get the jovial, ranting kirns,
 When *rural life*, o' ev'ry station,
 Unite in common recreation;
 Love blinks, Wit slaps, an' social Mirth
 Forgets there's Care upo' the earth.

That merry day the year begins,
 They bar the door on frosty winds;
 The nappy reeks wi' mantling ream,
 An' sheds a heart-inspiring steam;
 The luntin pipe, an' sneeshin mill,
 Are handed round wi' right guid will;
 The cantie auld folks crackin crouse,
 The young anes rantin thro' the house,—
 My heart has been sae fain to see them,
 That I for joy hae barkit wi' them.

Still it's owre true that ye hae said,
 Sic game is now owre aften play'd.
 There's monie a creditable stock
 O' decent, honest fawsont fo'k,
 Are riven out baith root and branch,
 Some rascal's pridefu' greed to quench,
 Wha thinks to knit himsel the faster
 In favour wi' some gentle Master,
 Wha' aiblins, thrang a parliamentin,
 For Britain's guid his saul indentin—

CÆSAR.

Haith, lad, ye little ken about it;
 For *Britain's guid!* guid faith! I doubt it.
 Say rather, gaun as *Premiers* lead him,
 An' saying *aye* or *no's* they bid him:
 At operas an' plays parading,
 Mortgaging, gambling, masquerading:
 Or may be, in a frolic daft,
 To *Hague* or *Calais* takes a waft,
 To make a tour, an' tak a whirl,
 To learn *bon ton* an' see the worl'.

There, at *Vienna* or *Versailles*
 He rives his father's auld entails;
 Or by *Madrid* he takes the rout,
 To thrum guitars, and fecht wi' nowt;
 Or down Italian vista startles,
 Wh-re-hunting among groves o' myrtles:
 Then bouses drumly German water,
 To mak himsel look fair and fatter,
 An' clear the consequential sorrows,
 Love-gifts of Carnival signoras.
For Britain's guid! for her destruction!
 Wi' dissipation, feud, an' faction.

LUATH.

Hech man! dear sirs! is that the gate
 They waste sae mony a braw estate!
 Are we sae foughten an' harass'd
 For gear to gang that gate at last!

O would they stay aback frae courts,
 An' please themsels wi' countra sports,
 It wad for ev'ry ane be better,
 The Laird, the Tenant, an' the Cotter!
 For thae frank, rantin, ramblin billies,
 Fient haet o' them's ill-hearted fellows!
 Except for breakin of their timmer,
 Or speakin lightly o' their limmer,
 Or shootin o' a hare or moor-cock,
 The ne'er a bit they're ill to poor folk.

But will ye tell me, Master *Cæsar*,
 Sure great folk's life 's a life o' pleasure?
 Nae cauld nor hunger e'er can steer them,
 The vera thought o't need na' fear them.

CÆSAR.

L—d, man, were ye but whyles whare I am,
 The gentles ye wad ne'er envy 'em.

It's true, they need na starve or sweat,
 Thro' winter's cauld or simmer's heat;
 They've nae sair wark to craze their banes,
 An' fill auld age wi' grips an' granes:
 But human bodies are sic fools,
 For a' their colleges and schools,
 That when nae real ills perplex them,
 They make enow themselves to vex them;
 An' ay the less they hae to sturt them,
 In like proportion less will hurt them.
 A country fellow at the pleugh,
 His acres till'd, he's right enough;
 A country girl at her wheel,
 Her dizzens done, she's unco weel:
 But Gentlemen, an' Ladies warst,
 Wi' ev'ndown want o' wark are curst.
 They loiter, lounging, lank, an' lazy;
 Tho' deil haet ails them, yet uneasy:
 Their days iusipid, dull, an' tasteless;
 Their nights unquiet, lang an' restless:
 An' e'en their sports, their balls an' races,
 Their galloping thro' public places.
 There's sic parade, sic pomp, an' art,
 The joy can scarcely reach the heart.
 The men cast out in party matches,
 Then sowther a' in deep debauches;
 Ae night they're mad wi' drink an' wh-ring,
 Niest day their life is past enduring.
 The Ladies arm-in-arm in clusters,
 As great and gracious a' as sisters;
 But hear their absent thoughts o' ither,
 They're a' run deils an' jads thegither.
 Whyles, o'er the wee bit cup an' platie,
 They sip the scandal potion pretty;
 Or lee-lang nights, wi' crabbit leuks
 Pore owre the devil's pictur'd beuks;
 Stake on a chance a farmer's stackyard,
 An' cheat like onie unhang'd blackguard.

There's some exception, man an' woman;
 But this is Gentry's life in common.

Let husky Wheat the haughs adorn,
 An' Aits set up their awnie horn,
 An' Pease and Beans at e'en or moru,
 Perfume the plain,
 Leeze me on thee, *John Barleycorn*,
 Thou king o' grain!

On thee aft Scotland chows her cood,
 In souple scones, the wale o' food!
 Or tumblin in the boiling flood
 Wi' kail an' beef;
 But when thou pours thy strong heart's blood,
 There thou shines chief.

Food fills the wame, and keeps us livin;
 Tho' life's a gift no worth receivin,
 When heavy dragg'd wi' pine an' grievin;
 But, oil'd by thee,
 The wheels o' life gae down-hill, scrievin,
 Wi' rattlin glee.

Thou clears the head o' doited Lear:
 Thou cheers the heart o' drooping Care;
 Thou strings the nerves o' Labour sair,
 At's weary toil:
 Thou even brightens dark Despair
 Wi' gloomy smile.

Aft, clad in massy silver weed,
 Wi' Gentles thou erects thy head;
 Yet humbly kind in time o' need,
 The poor man's wine,
 His wee drap parritch, or his bread,
 Thou kitchens fine.

Thou art the life o' public haunts;
 But thee, what were our fairs and rants?
 Ev'n godly meetings o' the saunts,
 By thee inspir'd,
 When gaping they besiege the tents,
 Are doubly fir'd.

That merry night we get the corn in,
 O sweetly then thou reams the horn in!
 Or reekin on a New-year morning
 In cog or bicker,
 An' just a wee drap sp'ritual burn in,
 An' gusty sucker!

When Vulcan gies his bellows breath,
 An' ploughmen gather wi' their graith,
 O rare! to see thee fizz an' freath
 I' th' lugget caup!
 Then *Burnewin** comes on like death
 At ev'ry chaup.

Nae mercy, then, for airn or steel;
 The brawnie, bainie, ploughman chiel,
 Brings hard owrehip, wi' sturdy wheel,
 The strong forehammer,
 Till block an' studdie ring an' reel
 Wi' dinsome clamour.

When skirlin weanies see the light,
 Thou maks the gossips clatter bright,
 How fumblin cuifs their dearies slight;
 Wae worth the name;
 Nae howdie gets a social night,
 Or plack frae them.

When neebors anger at a plea,
 An' just as wud as wud can be,
 How easy can the *barley-bree*
 Cement the quarrel!
 It's aye the cheapest lawyer's fee,
 To taste the barrel.

* *Burnewin*—*burn-the-wind*—the Blacksmith—an appropriate title. E.

Alake! that e'er my Muse has reason
 To wyte her countrymen wi' treason!
 But monie daily weet their weason
 Wi' liquors nice,
 An' hardly, in a winter's season,
 E'er spier her price.

Wae worth that *brandy*, burning trash!
 Fell source o' monie a pain an' brash!
 Twins monie a poor, doylt, drunken hash,
 O' half his days;
 An' sends, beside, auld Scotland's cash
 To her warst faes.

Ye Scots, wha wish auld Scotland well!
 Ye chief, to you my tale I tell,
 Poor plackless devils like mysel!
 It sets you ill,
 Wi' bitter, dearthfu' wines to mell,
 Or foreign gill.

May gravels round his blather wrench,
 An' gouts torment him inch by inch,
 Wha twists his gruntle wi' a glunch
 O' sour disdain,
 Out owre a glass o' *whisky punch*
 Wi' honest men.

O *Whisky!* soul o' plays an' pranks!
 Accept a Bardie's humble thanks!
 When wanting thee, what tuneless cranks
 Are my poor verses!
 Thou comes — they rattle i' their ranks
 At ither's a—s!

Thee, *Ferintosh!* O sadly lost!
 Scotland lament frae coast to coast!
 Now colic grips, an' barkin hoast,
 May kill us a':
 For loyal Forbes's charter'd boast
 Is ta'en awa!

THE AUTHOR'S

*EARNEST CRY AND PRAYER**

TO THE

SCOTCH REPRESENTATIVES,

IN THE

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Dearest of Distillation! last and best——
 —— How art thou lost!———

Parody on Milton.

YE Irish Lords, ye Knights an' Squires,
 Wha *represent* our brughs an' shires,
 An' doucely manage our affairs
 In parliament,
 To you a simple Poet's prayers
 Are humbly sent.

Alas! my roupet Muse is hearse!
 Your Honors' heart wi' grief 'twad pierce,
 To see her sittin on her a——
 Low i' the dust,
 An' sciechin out prosaic verse,
 An' like to brust!

* This was written before the act anent the Scotch Distilleries, of session 1786, for which Scotland and the Author return their most grateful thanks.

Is there, that bears the name o' *Scot*,
 But feels his heart's bluid rising hot,
 To see his poor auld Mither's *pot*
 Thus dung in staves,
 An' plunder'd o' her hindmost goat
 By gallows knaves?

Alas! I'm but a nameless wight,
 Trode i' the mire out o' sight!
 But could I like *Montgomeries* fight,
 Or gab like *Boswell*,
 There's some sark-necks I wad draw tight,
 An' tie some hose well.

God bless your Honors, can ye see't,
 The kind, auld, cantie Carlin greet,
 An' no get warmly to your feet,
 An' gar them hear it,
 An' tell them wi' a patriot heat,
 Ye winna bear it!

Some o' you nicely ken the laws,
 To round the period, an' pause,
 An' wi' rhetoric clause on clause
 To mak harangues;
 Then echo thro' Saint Stephen's wa's
 Auld Scotland's wrangs.

Dempster, a true blue Scot I'se warran:
 Thee, aith-detesting, chaste *Kilkerran* ;*
 An' that glib-gabbet Highland Baron,
 The Laird o' *Graham* ;†
 An' aue, a chap that's d—mn'd auldfarran,
 Dundas his name.

* Sir Adam Ferguson. E.

† The present Duke of Montrose. E.

Tell yon guid bluid o' auld *Boconnock's*
 I'll be his debt twa mashlum bonnocks,
 An' drink his health in auld *Nanse Tinnock's* *
 Nine times a-week,
 If he some scheme, like tea an' wiuuocks,
 Wad kindly seek.

Could he some *commutation* broach,
 I'll pledge my aith in guid braid Scotch,
 He need na fear their foul reproach
 Nor erudition,
 Yon mixtie-maxtie queer hotch-potch,
 The *Coalition*.

Auld Scotland has a raucle tongue:
 She's just a devil wi' a rung;
 An' if she promise auld or young
 To tak their part,
 Tho' by the neck she should be strung,
 She'll no desert.

An' now, ye chosen *Five-and-Forty*,
 May still your Mither's heart support ye;
 Then, though a Minister grow dorty,
 An' kick your place,
 Ye'll snap your fingers, poor an' hearty,
 Before his face.

God bless your Honors a' your days,
 Wi' sowps o' kail and brats o' claise,
 In spite o' a' the thievish kaes,
 That haunt *St. Jamie's* !
 Your humble Poet sings an' prays
 While *Rab* his name is.

* A worthy old Hostess of the Author's in *Mauchline*, where he sometimes studies Politics over a glass of guid auld *Scotch Drink*.

The rising sun owre *Galston* muirs,
 Wi' glorious light was glintin;
 The hares were hirplin down the furs,
 The lavrocks they were chantin
 Fu' sweet that day.

II.

As lightsomely I glowr'd abroad,
 To see a scene sae gay.
 Three Hizzies, early at the road,
 Cam skelpin up the way;
 Twa had manteeles o' dolefu' black,
 But ane wi' lyart lining;
 The third, that gaed a-wee-a-back,
 Was in the fashion shining,
 Fu' gay that day.

III.

The *twa* appear'd like sisters twin,
 In feature, form, an' claes!
 Their visage, wither'd, lang, au' thin,
 An' sour as ony slaes:
 The *third* cam up, hap-step-an'-lowp,
 As light as ony lambie,
 An' wi' a curchie low did stoop,
 As soon as e'er she saw me,
 Fu' kind that day.

IV.

Wi' bonnet aff, quoth I, ' Sweet lass,
 ' I think ye seem to ken me;
 ' I'm sure I've seen that bonie face,
 ' But yet I canna name ye.'
 Quo' she, an' laughin as she spak,
 An' taks me by the hands,
 ' Ye, for my sake, hae gi'en the feck
 ' Of a' the ten commaunds
 ' A screed some day.

V.

‘ My name is *Fun*—your cronie dear,
 ‘ The nearest friend ye hae;
 ‘ An’ this is *Superstition* here,
 ‘ An’ that’s *Hypocrisy*.
 ‘ I’m gauw to ***** *Holy Fair*,
 ‘ To spend an hour in daffin:
 ‘ Gin ye’ll go there, yon runkl’d pair,
 ‘ We will get famous laughin
 ‘ At them this day.’

VI.

Quoth I, ‘ With a’ my heart, I’ll do’t;
 ‘ I’ll get my Sunday’s sark on,
 ‘ An’ meet you on the holy spot;
 ‘ Faith we’se hae fine remarkin!’
 Then I gaed hame at crowdie-time,
 An’ soon I made me ready;
 For roads were clad, frae side to side,
 Wi’ monie a wearie body,
 In droves that day.

VII.

Here farmers gash, in ridin graith
 Gaed hoddin by their cotters;
 There, swankies, young, in braw braid-claith,
 Are springin o’er the gutters.
 The lasses, skelpin barefit, thrang,
 In silks an’ scarlets glitter;
 Wi’ *sweet-milk cheese*, in monie a whang,
 An’ *farts bak’d* wi’ butter
 Fu’ crump that day.

VIII.

When by the *plate* we set our nose,
 Weel heap’d up wi’ ha’pence,
 A greedy glowr Black Bonnet throws,
 An’ we maun draw our tippence.

XII.

Now a' the congregation o'er
 Is silent expectation;
 For ***** speels the holy door,
 Wi' tidings o' d-mn-t-n.
 Should *Hornie*, as in aucion days,
 'Mang sons o' G— present him,
 The vera sight o' *****'s face,
 To 's ain het hame had sent him
 Wi' fright that day.

XIII.

Hear how he clears the points o' faith
 Wi' rattlin an' thumpin!
 Now meekly calm, now wild in wrath,
 He's stampin an' he's jumpin!
 His lengthen'd chin, his turn'd up snout,
 His eldritch squeel and gestures,
 Oh how they fire the heart devout,
 Like canthafrican plasters,
 On sic a day!

XIV.

But hark the *tent* has chang'd its voice;
 There's peace an' rest nae langer:
 For a' the *real judges* rise,
 They canna sit for anger.
 ***** opens out his cauld harangues
 On practice and on morals;
 An' aff the godly pour in thrangs,
 To gie the jars an' barrels
 A lift that day.

XV.

What signifies his barren shine
 Of moral pow'rs and reason?
 His English style, an' gesture fine,
 Are a' clean out o' season,

Like *Socrates* or *Antonine*,
 Or some auld pagan Heathen,
 The moral man he does define,
 But ne'er a word o' faith in
 That's right that day.

XVI.

In guid time comes an antidote
 Against sic poison'd nostrum ;
 For *****, frae the water-fit,
 Ascends the holy rostrum :
 See, up he's got the word o' G—,
 An' meek an' mim has view'd it,
 While *Common-Sense* has ta'en the road,
 An' aff, an' up the Cowgate,*
 Fast, fast, that day.

XVII.

Wee *****, niest, the Guard relieves,
 An' Orthodoxy raibles,
 Tho' in his heart he weel believes,
 An' thinks it auld wives' fables :
 But, faith! the birkie wants a Manse,
 So, cannily he hums them ?
 Altho' his carnal wit an' sense
 Like hafflins-ways o'ercomes him
 At times that day.

XVIII.

Now butt an' ben, the Change-house fills,
 Wi' yill-caup Commentators :
 Here's crying out for bakes and gills,
 An' there the pint stowp clatters ;
 While thick an' thrang, an' loud an' lang,
 Wi' Logic an' wi' Scripture,
 They raise a din, that, in the end,
 Is like to breed a rupture
 O' wrath that day.

* A street so called, which faces the *tent* in ——.

XIX.

Leeze me on Drink ! it gies us mair
 Than either School or College :
 It kindles wit, it waukens lair,
 It pangs us fou o' knowledge.
 Be't whisky gill, or penny wheep,
 Or ony stronger potion,
 It never fails, on drinking deep,
 To kittle up our notion
 By night or day.

XX.

The lads an' lasses, blythely bent
 To mind baith saul an' body,
 Sit round the table weel content,
 An' steer about the toddy.
 On this aue's dress, an' that ane's leuk.
 They're making observations ;
 While some are cozie i' the neuk,
 An' formin assignations,
 To meet some day.

XXI.

But now the L—d's ain trumpet touts,
 Till a' the hills are rairin,
 An' echoes back return the shouts :
 Black ***** is na spairin :
 His piercing words, like Highland swords,
 Divide the joints an' marrow ;
 His talk o' H-ll, where devils dwell,
 Our vera sauls does harrow*
 Wi' fright that day.

* Shakspeare's Hamlet.

XXII.

A vast, unbottom'd, boundless pit,
 Fill'd fou o' lowin brunstane,
 Wha's ragin flame, an' scorchin heat,
 Wad melt the hardest whun-stane!
 The half asleep start up wi' fear,
 An' think they hear it roarin,
 When presently it does appear,
 'Twas but some neebor snorin
 Asleep that day.

XXIII.

'Twad be owre lang a tale, to tell
 How monie stories past,
 An' how they crowded to the yill,
 When they were a' dismiss:
 How drink gaed round, in cogs an' caups,
 Among the furms and benches;
 An' cheese an' bread, frae women's laps,
 Was dealt about in lunches,
 An' dawds that day.

XXIV.

In comes a gaucie, gash Guidwife,
 An' sits down by the fire,
 Syne draws her kebbuck an' her knife,
 The lasses they are shyer.
 The auld Guidmen, about the *grace*,
 Frae side to side they bother,
 Till some ane by his bonnet lays,
 And gi'es them't like a tether,
 Fu' lang that day.

XXV.

Waesucks! for him that gets nae lass,
 Or lasses that hae naething!
 Sma' need has he to say a grace,
 Or melvie his braw claithing!

O wives, be mindfu', ance yoursel,
 How bonie lads ye wanted,
 An' dinna, for a kebbuck-heel,
 Let lasses be affronted
 On sic a day.

XXVI.

Now *Clinkumbell*, wi' rattlin tow,
 Begins to jow an' croon;
 Some swagger hame, the best they dow,
 Some wait the afternoon;
 At slaps the billies halt a blink,
 Till lasses strip their shoon:
 Wi' faith and hope, an' love an' drink,
 They're a' in famous tune,
 For crack that day.

XXVII.

How monie hearts this day converts
 O' sinners and o' lasses!
 Their hearts o' stane, gin night are gane,
 As saft as ony flesh is.
 There's some are fou o' love divine;
 There's some are fou o' brandy;
 An' monie jobs that day begin,
 May end in Houghmagandie
 Some ither day.

‘ ’Twas but yestreen, nae farther gaen,
 ‘ I threw a noble throw at ane ;
 ‘ Wi’ less, I’m sure, I’ve hundreds slain :
 ‘ But deil-ma-care,
 ‘ It just play’d dirl on the bane,
 ‘ But did nae mair.

‘ *Hornbook* was by, wi’ ready art,
 ‘ And had sae fortify’d the part,
 ‘ That when I looked to my dart,
 ‘ It was sae blunt,
 ‘ Fient haet o’t wad hae pierc’d the heart
 ‘ Of a kail runt.

‘ I drew my scythe in sic a fury,
 ‘ I nearhand cowpit wi’ my hurry,
 ‘ But yet the bauld *Apothecary*
 ‘ Withstood the shock ;
 ‘ I might as weel hae try’d a quarry
 ‘ O’ hard whin rock.

‘ Ev’n them he canna get attended,
 ‘ Altho’ their face he ne’er had kend it,
 ‘ Just —— in a kail-blade, and send it,
 ‘ As soon he smells’t,
 ‘ Baith their disease, and what will mend it,
 ‘ At once he tells’t.

‘ And then a’ doctor’s saws and whittles
 ‘ Of a’ dimensions, shapes, an’ mettles,
 ‘ A’ kinds o’ boxes, mugs, an’ bottles,
 ‘ He’s sure to hae ;
 ‘ Their Latin names as fast he rattles
 ‘ As A B C.

‘ Calces o’ fossils, earth, and trees ;
 ‘ True Sal-marinum o’ the seas ;
 ‘ The Farina of beans and pease,
 ‘ He has’t in plenty ;
 ‘ Aqua-fontis, what you please,
 ‘ He can content ye.

' Forbye some new, uncommon weapons,
 ' Urinus Spiritus of capons ;
 ' Or Mite-horn shavings, filings, scrapings,
 ' Distill'd *per se* :
 ' Sal-alkali o' Midge-tail-clippings,
 ' And mony mae.'

' Waes me for *Johnny Ged's Hole* * now,
 Quo' I, ' if that the news be true !
 ' His braw calf-ward whare gowans grew,
 ' Sae white and bonie,
 ' Nae doubt they'll rive it wi' the plew ;
 ' They'll ruin *Johnie* !'

The creature grain'd an eldritch laugh,
 And says, ' Ye need na yoke the pleugh,
 ' Kirkyards will soon be till'd eneugh,
 ' Tak ye nae fear :
 ' They'll a' be trench'd wi' mony a sheugh
 ' In twa-three year.

' Whare I kill'd ane a fair strae death,
 ' By loss o' blood or want of breath,
 ' This night I'm free to tak my aith,
 ' That *Hornbook's* skill
 ' Has clad a score i' their last claith,
 ' By drap an' pill.

' An honest Wabster to his trade,
 ' Whase wife's twa nieves were scarce weel bred,
 ' Gat tippence-worth to mend her head,
 ' When it was sair ;
 ' The wife slade cannie to her bed,
 ' But ne'er spak mair.

* The grave-digger.

' A countra Laird had ta'en the batts,
 ' Or some curmurring in his guts,
 ' His only son for *Hornbook* sets,
 ' An' pays him well ;
 ' The lad, for twa guid gimmer pets,
 ' Was laird himsel.

' A bonie lass, ye kend her name,
 ' Some ill-brewn drink had hov'd her wame :
 ' She trusts hersel, to hide the shame,
 ' In *Hornbook's* care.
 ' *Horn* sent her aff to her lang hame,
 ' To hide it there.

' That's just a swatch o' *Hornbook's* way,
 ' Thus goes he on from day to day,
 ' Thus does he poison, kill, an' slay,
 ' An's weel paid for't ;
 ' Yet stops me o' my lawfu' prey,
 ' Wi' his d-mn'd dirt :

' But, hark ! I'll tell you of a plot,
 ' Tho' diinna ye be speaking o't ;
 ' I'll nail the self-conceited Scot,
 ' As dead's a herrin :
 ' Niest time we meet, I'll wad a groat,
 ' He gets his fairin !'

But just as he began to tell,
 The auld kirk hammer strak the bell
 Some wee short hour ayont the *tual*,
 Which rais'd us baith :
 I took the way that pleas'd mysel,
 And sae did *Death*.

THE BRIGS OF AYR,

A POEM.

*Inscribed to J. B*****, Esq. Ayr.*

THE simple Bard, rough at the rustic plough,
 Learning his tuneful trade from ev'ry bough;
 The chanting linnet, or the mellow thrush,
 Hailing the setting sun, sweet, in the green thorn bush;
 The soaring lark, the perching red-breast shrill,
 Or deep-ton'd plovers, grey, wild-whistling o'er the hill;
 Shall he, nurst in the Peasant's lowly shed,
 To hardy Independence bravely bred,
 By early Poverty to hardship steel'd,
 And train'd to arms in stern Misfortune's field;
 Shall he be guilty of their hireling crimes,
 The servile, mercenary Swiss of rhymes?
 Or labour hard the panegyric close,
 With all the venal soul of dedicating Prose?
 No! though his artless strains he rudely sings,
 And throws his hand uncouthly o'er the strings,
 He glows with all the spirit of the Bard,
 Fame, honest fame, his great, his dear reward.
 Still, if some Patron's gen'rous care he trace,
 Skill'd in the secret, to bestow with grace;
 When B***** befriends his humble name,
 And hands the rustic stranger up to fame,
 With heart-felt throes his grateful bosom swells,
 The godlike bliss, to give, alone excels.

.....

'Twas when the stacks get on their winter-hap,
 And thack and rape secure the toil-worn crap;
 Potatoe-bings are snugged up fra skaith
 Of coming Winter's biting, frosty breath;

The bees, rejoicing o'er their summer toils
 Unnumber'd buds an' flow'rs' delicious spoils,
 Seal'd up with frugal care in massive waxen piles,
 Are doom'd by man, that tyrant o'er the weak,
 The death o' devils smoor'd wi' brimstone reek :
 The thundering guns are heard on ev'ry side,
 The wounded coveys, reeling, scatter wide ;
 The feather'd field-mates, bound by Nature's tie,
 Sires, mothers, children, in one carnage lie :
 (What warm, poetic heart, but inly bleeds,
 And execrates man's savage, ruthless deeds !)
 Nae mair the flow'r in field or meadow springs ;
 Nae mair the grove with airy concert rings,
 Except perhaps the Robin's whistling glee,
 Proud o' the height o' some bit half-lang tree :
 The hoary morns precede the sunny days,
 Mild, calm, serene, wide spreads the noon-tide blaze,
 While thick the gossamour waves wanton in the rays. }
 'Twas in that season, when a simple bard,
 Unknown and poor, simplicity's reward,
 Ae night, within the ancient brugh of *Ayr*,
 By whim inspir'd, or haply prest wi' care ;
 He left his bed, and took his wayward route,
 And down by *Simpson's** wheel'd the left about :
 (Whether impell'd by all-directing Fate,
 To witness what I after shall narrate ;
 Or whether rapt in meditation high,
 He wander'd out he knew not where nor why :)
 The drowsy *Dungeon-clock* † had number'd two,
 And *Wallace Tow'r* † had sworn the fact was true :
 The tide-swoln Firth, with sullen sounding roar,
 Through the still night dash'd hoarse along the shore,
 All else was hush'd as Nature's closed e'e ;
 The silent moon shone high o'er tow'r and tree :
 The chilly frost, beneath the silver beam,
 Crept, gently crusting, o'er the glittering stream.—

* A noted tavern at the Auld Brig end.

† The two steeples.

When, lo! on either hand the list'ning Bard,
 The clanging sugh of whistling wings he heard;
 Two dusky forms dart thro' the midnight air,
 Swift as the *Gos* * drives on the wheeling hare;
 Ane on th' *Auld Brig* his airy shape uprears,
 The ither flutters o'er the *rising piers*:
 Our warlock Rhymer instantly descry'd
 The Sprites that owre the *Brigs of Ayr* preside,
 (That Bards are second-sighted is nae joke,
 And ken the lingo of the sp'ritual fo'k;
 Fays, Spunkies, Kelpies, a', they can explain them,
 And ev'n the vera deils they brawly ken them.)
Auld Brig appear'd of ancient Pictish race,
 The vera wrinkles Gothic in his face:
 He seem'd as he wi' Time had warstl'd lang,
 Yet teughly doure, he bade an unco bang.
New Brig was buskit in a braw new coat,
 That he, at *Lon'on*, frae ane *Adams*, got;
 In 's hand five taper staves as smooth's a bead.
 Wi' virls and whirlygigums at the head.
 The Goth was stalking round with anxious search,
 Spying the time-worn flaws in ev'ry arch;
 It chanc'd his new-come neebor took his e'e,
 And e'en a vex'd and angry heart had he!
 Wi' thieveless sneer to see his modish mien,
 He, down the water, gies him this guideen:—

AULD BRIG.

I doubt na, frien', ye'll think ye're nae sheep-shank,
 Ance ye were streekit o'er frae bank to bank!
 But giu ye be a brig as auld as me,
 Tho', faith, that day, I doubt, ye'll never see;
 There'll be, if that date come, I'll wad a boddle,
 Some fewer whigmeleeries in your noddle.

* The gos hawk, or falcon.

NEW BRIG.

Auld Vandal, ye but show your little mense,
 Just much about it wi' your scanty sense;
 Will your poor, narrow foot-path of a street,
 Where twa wheel-barrows tremble when they meet,
 Your ruin'd, formless bulk, o' stane an' lime,
 Compare wi' bouie *Brigs* o' modern time?
 'There's men o' taste would tak the *Ducat-stream*,*
 Tho' they should cast the very sark and swim,
 Ere they would grate their feelings wi' the view
 Of sic an ugly, Gothic hulk as you.

AULD BRIG.

Conceited gowk! puff'd up wi' windy pride!
 This mony a year I've stood the flood an' tide;
 And tho' wi' crazy eild I'm sair forfairn,
 I'll be a *Brig*, when ye're a shapeless cairn!
 As yet ye little ken about the matter,
 But twa-three winters will inform ye better.
 When heavy, dark, continued, a'-day rains,
 Wi' deepening deluges o'erflow the plains;
 When from the hills where springs the brawling *Coil*,
 Or stately *Lugar's* mossy fountains boil,
 Or where the *Greenock* winds his moorland course,
 Or haunted *Garpal* † draws his feeble source,
 Arous'd by blust'ring winds an' spotting thowes,
 In mony a torrent down his sna-broo rowes;
 While crashing ice, borne on the roaring speat,
 Sweeps dams, an' mills, an' brigs, a' to the gate;
 And from *Glenbuck*, ‡ down to the *Ratton-key*, §
 Auld *Ayr* is just one lengthen'd, tumbling sea;

* A noted ford just above the Auld Brig.

† The banks of *Garpal Water* is one of the few places in the West of Scotland, where those fancy-scaring beings, known by the name of *Ghaists*, still continue pertinaciously to inhabit.

‡ The source of the river *Ayr*.

§ A small landing place above the large key.

Then down ye'll hurl, deil nor ye never rise!
 And dash the gumlie jaups up to the pouring skies.
 A lesson sadly teaching, to your cost,
 That Architecture's noble art is lost!

NEW BRIG.

Fine *Architecture*, trowth, I needs must say't o't!
 The L—d be thankit that we've tint the gate o't!
 Gaunt, ghastly, ghaist-alluring edifices,
 Hanging with threat'ning jut, like precipices;
 O'er arching, mouldy, gloom-inspiring coves,
 Supporting roofs fantastic, stony groves;
 Windows and doors, in nameless sculpture drest,
 With order, symmetry, or taste unblest;
 Forms like some bedlam statuary's dream,
 The craz'd creations of misguided whim;
 Forms might be worshipp'd on the bended knee,
 And still the *second dread command* be free,
 Their likeness is not found on earth, in air, or sea. }
 Mansions that would disgrace the building taste
 Of any mason, reptile, bird, or beast;
 Fit only for a doited Monkish race,
 Or frosty maids, forsworn the dear embrace,
 Or Cuifs of latter times, wha held the notion
 That sullen gloom was sterling true devotion;
 Fancies that our guid Brugh denies protection,
 And soon may they expire, unblest with resurrection!

AULD BRIG.

O ye, my dear-remember'd, ancient yealings,
 Were ye but here to share my wounded feelings!
 Ye worthy *Proveses*, and mony a *Bailie*,
 Wha in the path o' righteousness did toil ay;
 Ye dainty *Deacons*, and ye douce *Conveeners*,
 To whom our moderns are but causey-cleaners;
 Ye godly *Councils* wha hae blest this town;
 Ye godly *Brethren* of the sacred gown,
 Wha meekly gie your *hurdis* to the *smiters* :
 And (what would now be strange) ye *godly Writers* :

A' ye douce folk I've borne aboon the broo,
 Were ye but here, what would ye say or do?
 How would your spirits groan in deep vexation,
 To see each melancholy alteration;
 And agonizing, curse the time and place
 When ye begat the base, degen'rate race!
 Nae langer Rev'rend Men, their country's glory,
 In plain braid Scots hold forth a plain braid story.
 Nae langer thrifty Citizens, an' douce,
 Meet owre a pint, or in the Council-house;
 But stauurel, corky-headed, graceless Gentry,
 The herryment and ruin of the country;
 Men, three-parts made by Tailors and by Barbers,
 Wha waste your well-hain'd gear on d—d *new Brigs*
 and *Harbours!*

NEW BRIG.

Now haud you there! for faith ye've said enough,
 And muckle mair than ye can mak to through,
 As for your priesthood, I shall say but little,
Corbies and *Clergy* are a shot right kittle:
 But, under favor o' your langer beard,
 Abuse o' Magistrates might weel be spar'd:
 To liken them to your auld-wairld squad,
 I must needs say, comparisons are odd.
 In *Ayr*, Wag-wits nae mair can hae a handle
 To mouth 'a Citizen,' a term o' scandal:
 Nae mair the Council waddles down the street,
 In all the pomp of ignorant conceit;
 Men wha grew wise priggin owre hops an' raisins,
 Or gather'd lib'ral views in Bonds and Seisins.
 If haply Knowledge, on a random tramp,
 Had shor'd them with a glimmer of his lamp,
 And would to Common-sense, for once betray'd them,
 Plain, dull Stupidity stept kindly in to aid them.

.....

What farther clishmaclaver might been said,
 What bloody wars, if Sprites had blood to shed,
 No man can tell; but all before their sight,
 A fairy train appear'd in order bright:
 Adown the glittering stream they featly danc'd;
 Bright to the moon their various dresses glanc'd:
 They footed o'er the wat'ry glass so neat,
 The infant ice scarce bent beneath their feet:
 While arts of Minstrelsy among them rung,
 And soul-ennobling Bards heroic ditties sung.
 O had *M'Lauchlan*,* thairm-inspiring Sage,
 Been there to hear this heavenly band engage,
 When thro' his dear *Strathspeys* they bore with
 Highland rage,
 Or when they struck old Scotia's melting airs,
 The lover's raptur'd joys or bleeding cares:
 How would his Highland lug been nobler fir'd;
 And ev'n his matchless hand with finer touch inspir'd!
 No guess could tell what instrument appear'd,
 But all the soul of Music's self was heard;
 Harmonious concert rung in every part,
 While simple melody pour'd moving on the heart.

The Genius of the Stream in front appears,
 A venerable Chief advanc'd in years;
 His hoary head with water-lilies crown'd,
 His manly leg with garter tangle bound,
 Next came the loveliest pair in all the ring,
 Sweet Female Beauty hand in hand with Spring;
 Then, crown'd with flow'ry hay, came Rural Joy,
 And Summer, with his fervid-beaming eye:
 All-cheering Plenty, with her flowing horn,
 Led yellow Autumn wreath'd with nodding corn;
 Then Winter's time-bleach'd locks did hoary show,
 By Hospitality with cloudless brow.

* A well known performer of Scottish music on the violin.

Next follow'd Courage with his martial stride,
 From where the *Feal* wild-woody coverts hide :
 Benevolence, with mild, benignant air,
 A female form, came from the tow'rs of *Stair* :
 Learning and Worth in equal measures trode
 From simple *Catrine*, their long-lov'd abode :
 Last, white rob'd Peace, crown'd with a hazel wreath,
 To rustic Agriculture did bequeath
 The broken iron instruments of death ;
 At sight of whom our Sprites forgot their kindling
 wrath.

THE ORDINATION.

*For sense they little owe to Frugal Heav'n.—
 To please the Mob they hide the little giv'n.*

I.

KILMARNOCK Wabsters, fidge an' claw,
 An' pour your creeshie nations ;
 An' ye wha leather rax an' draw,
 Of a' denominations,
 Swith to the *Laigh Kirk*, ane an' a',
 An' there tak up your stations ;
 There aff to *B-gb*—'s in a raw,
 An' pour divine libations
 For joy this day.

II.

Curst Common-sense, that imp o' h-ll,
 Cam in wi' Maggie Lauder ;*
 But O***** aft made her yell,
 An' R***** sair misca'd her ;

* Alluding to a scoffing ballad which was made on the admission of the late Reverend and worthy Mr. L. to the Laigh Kirk.

This day M'***** takes the flail,
 And he's the boy will blaud her!
 He'll clap a *shangan* on her tail,
 And set the bairns to daub her
 Wi' dirt this day.

III.

Mak haste an' turn king David owre,
 An' lilt wi' holy clangor ;
 O' double verse come gie us four,
 An' skirl up the Bangor ;
 This day the kirk kicks up a stoure,
 Nae mair the knaves shall wrang her,
 For Heresy is in her pow'r,
 An' gloriously shall whang her
 Wi' pith this day.

IV.

Come, let a proper text be read,
 An' touch it aff wi' vigour,
 How graceless *Ham* * leugh at his Dad,
 Which made *Canaan* a niger ;
 Or *Phineas* † drove the murdering blade,
 Wi' wh-re-abhorring rigour ;
 Or *Zipporah*, ‡ the scauldin jade,
 Was like a bluidy tiger
 I' th' inn that day.

V.

There, try his mettle on the creed,
 And bind him down wi' caution,
 That *Stipend* is a carnal weed
 He taks but for the fashion ;

* Genesis, ch. ix. ver. 22.

† Numbers, ch. xxv. ver. 8.

‡ Exodus, ch. iv. ver. 25.

IX.

Now R***** harangue nae mair,
 But steek your gab for ever :
 Or try the wicked town of A**,
 For there they'll think you clever ;
 Or, nae reflection on your lear,
 Ye may commence a Shaver ;
 Or to the *N-th-rt-n* repair,
 And turn a Carpet-weaver
 Aff-hand this day.

X.

M***** and you were just a match,
 We never had sic twa drones :
 Auld *Hornie* did the *Laigh Kirk* watch,
 Just like a winkin baudrons ;
 And ay' he catch'd the tither wretch,
 To fry them in his caudrons ;
 But now his honour maun detach,
 Wi' a' his brimstone squadrons,
 Fast, fast this day.

XI.

See, see auld Orthodoxy's faes
 She's swingein thro' the city :
 Hark, how the nine-tail'd cat she plays !
 I vow its unco pretty :
 There, Learning, with his Greekish face,
 Grunts out some Latin ditty :
 And Common Sense is gaun, she says,
 To mak to *Jamie Beattie*
 Her plaint this day.

XII.

But there's Morality himsel,
 Embracing all opinions ;
 Hear, how he gies the tither yell,
 Between his twa companions ;

THE CALF.

TO THE REV. MR. ———.

On his Text, Malachi, ch. iv. ver. 2. "And they shall go forth, and grow up, like calves of the stall."

RIGHT, Sir! your text I'll prove it true,
 Though Heretics may laugh;
 For instance; there's yoursel just now,
 God knows, an unco *Calf!*

And should some Patron be so kind,
 As bless you wi' a kirk,
 I doubt na, Sir, but then we'll find,
 Ye're still as great a *Stirk.*

But, if the Lover's raptur'd hour
 Shall ever be your lot,
 Forbid it, ev'ry heavenly Power,
 You e'er should be a *Stot!*

Tho', when some kind, connubial Dear,
 Your but-and-ben adorns,
 The like has been, that you may wear
 A noble head of *horns.*

And in your lug, most reverend *James,*
 To hear you roar and rowte,
 Few men o' sense will doubt your claims
 To rank amang the *nowte.*

And when ye're number'd wi' the dead,
 Below a grassy hillock,
 Wi' justice they may mark your head—
 ' Here lies a famous *Bullock!*'

ADDRESS TO THE DEIL.

*O Prince! O Chief of many throned Pow'rs,
That led th' embattled Seraphim to war.*

Milton.

O THOU! whatever title suit thee,
Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie,
Wha in yon cavern grim an' sootie,
 Closed under hatches,
Spairges about the brunstane cootie,
 To scaud poor wretches!

Hear me, auld *Hangie*, for a wee,
An' let poor damned bodies be;
I'm sure sma' pleasure it can gie,
 E'en to a *deil*.
To skelp an' scaud poor dogs like me,
 An' hear us squeel!

Great is thy pow'r, an' great thy fame;
Far kend and noted is thy name;
An' tho' yon lowin heugh's thy name,
 Thou travels far;
An' faith! thou's neither lag nor lame,
 Nor blate nor scaur.

Whyles, ranging like a roarin lion,
For prey, a' holes an' corners tryin;
Whyles on the strong-wing'd tempest flyin,
 Tirling the kirks;
Whyles, in the human bosom pryin,
 Unseen thou lurks.

I've heard my reverend *Graunie* say,
In lanely glens ye like to stray;

Or where auld-ruin'd castles, gray,
 Nod to the moon,
 Ye fright the nightly wand'rer's way,
 Wi' eldritch croon.

When twilight did my *Graunie* summon,
 To say her prayers, douce, honest woman!
 Aft yont the dyke she's heard you bummin,
 Wi' eerie drone;
 Or, rustlin, thro' the boortries comin,
 Wi' heavy groan.

Ae dreary, windy, winter night,
 The stars shot down wi' sklentín light,
 Wi' you, mysel, I gat a fright,
 Ayont the lough:
 Ye, like a rash-bush, stood in sight,
 Wi' waving sugh.

The cudgel in my nieve did shake,
 Each bristl'd hair stood like a stake,
 When wi' an eldritch stour, quaick—quaick—
 Amang the springs,
 Awa ye squattered, like a drake,
 On whistling wings.

Let *warlocks* grim, an' wither'd *hags*,
 Tell how wi' you on ragweed nags,
 They skim the muirs, an' dizzy crags,
 Wi' wicked speed!
 And in kirk-yards renew their leagues,
 Owre howkit dead.

Thence countra wives, wi' toil an' pain,
 May plunge an' plunge the kirk in vain;
 For, oh! the yellow treasure's taen
 By witching skill:
 An' dawtit, twal-pint *Hawkie's* gaen
 As yell's the Bill.

Thence mystic knots mak great abuse,
 On young Guidman, fond, keen, an' crouse;
 When the best wark-lume i' the house,
 By cantrip wit,
 Is instant made no worth a louse,
 Just at the bit.

When thowes dissolve the snawy hoord,
 An' float the jinglin icy-boord,
 Then *Water-kelpies* haunt the foord,
 By your direction,
 An' nighted Trav'lers are allur'd
 To their destruction.

An' aft your moss-traversing *Spunkies*
 Decoy the wight that late an' drunk is:
 The bleezin, curst, mischievous monkeys
 Delude his eyes,
 Till in some miry slough he sunk is,
 Ne'er mair to rise,

When *Masons'* mystic *word* an' *grip*
 In storms an' tempests raise you up,
 Some cock or cat your rage maun stop,
 Or, strange to tell!
 The youngest Brother ye wad whip
 Aff straught to hell!

Lang syne, in *Eden's* bonie yard,
 When youthfu' lovers first were pair'd,
 An' all the soul of love they shar'd,
 The raptur'd hour,
 Sweet on the fragrant, flow'ry swaird,
 In shady bow'r.

Then you, ye auld, suic-drawing dog!
 Ye came to Paradise incog.
 An' play'd on mau a cursed brogue,
 (Black be your fa!)
 An' gied the infant warld a shog,
 'Maist ruin'd a'.

D' ye mind that day, when in a bizz,
 Wi' reekit duds, and reestit gizz,
 Ye did present your smoutie phiz,
 'Mang better fo'k,
 An' sklented on the *man of Uzz*
 Your spitefu' joke?

An' how ye gat him i' your thrall,
 An' brak him out o' house an' hall,
 While scabs an' blotches did him gall,
 Wi' bitter claw,
 An' lows'd his ill-tongu'd, wicked Scawl,
 Was warst ava?

But a' your doings to rehearse,
 Your wily snares an' fechtin fierce,
 Sin' that day *Michael** did you pierce,
 Down to this time,
 Wad ding a' Lallan tongue, or Erse,
 In prose or rhyme.

An' now, auld *Cloots*, I ken ye're thinkin,
 A certain Bardie's rantin, drinkin,
 Some luckless hour will send him linkin,
 To your black pit;
 But, faith! he'll turn a corner jinkin,
 An' cheat you yet.

But, fare you weel, auld *Nickie-ben!*
 O wad ye tak a thought an' men'!
 Ye siblius might—I dinna ken—
 Still hae a *stake*—
 I'm wae to think upo' yon deen,
 Ev'n for your sake!

* Vide Milton, Book VI.

THE
 DEATH AND DYING WORDS OF
 POOR MAILIE,
 THE AUTHOR'S ONLY PET YOWE.

AN UNCO MOURNFU' TALE.

AS *Mailie*, an' her lambs thegither,
 Were ae day nibbling on the tether,
 Upon her cloot she coost a hitch,
 An' owre she warsl'd in the ditch:
 There, groaning, dying, she did lie,
 When *Hughoc** he cam doytin by.

Wi' glowrin een, an' lifted han's,
 Poor *Hughoc* like a statue stan's;
 He saw her days were near-hand ended,
 But, waes my heart! he could na mend it!
 He gaped wide, but naething spak!
 At length poor *Mailie* silence brak,

' O thou, whase lamentable face
 Appears to mourn my woefu' case!
 My *dying words* attentive hear,
 An' bear them to my Master dear.

' Tell him, if e'er again he keep,
 As muckle gear as buy a sheep,
 O, bid him never tie them mair
 Wi' wicked strings o' hemp or hair!

* A neibor herd-callan.

But ca' them out to park or hill,
 An' let them wander at their will;
 So may his flock increase, an' grow
 To scores o' lambs, an' packs o' woo'!

' Tell him, he was a Master kin',
 An' ay was guid to me and mine;
 An' now my dying charge I gie him,
 My helpless lambs I trust them wi' him.

' O, bid him save their harmless lives,
 Frae dogs, an' tods, an' butchers' knives!
 But gie them guid cow-milk their fill,
 Till they be fit to fend themsel:
 An' tent them duly, e'en an' morn,
 Wi' teats o' hay an' rips o' corn.

' An' may they never learn the gaets
 Of ither vile wanrestfu' *pets*!
 To slink thro' slaps, an' reave an' steal,
 At stacks o' pease, or stocks o' kail.
 So may they, like their great Forbears,
 For monie a year come thro' the sheers:
 So wives will gie them bits o' bread,
 An' bairns greet for them when they're dead.

' My poor *toop-lamb*, my son an' heir,
 O, bid him breed him up wi' care!
 An', if he live to be a beast,
 To pit some havins in his breast!
 An' warn him, what I wiinna name,
 To stay content wi' yowes at hame;
 An' no to rin an' wear his cloots,
 Like ither mensless, graceless, brutes.

' An' niest my *yowie*, silly thing,
 Gude keep thee frae a tether string!
 O, may thou ne'er forgather up
 Wi' ony blastit, moorland toop;

But ay keep mind to moop an' mell,
Wi' sheep o' credit like thysel!

' And now, my bairns, wi' my last breath,
I lea'e my blessin wi' you baith:
An' when you think upo' your Mither,
Mind to be kin' to ane anither.

' Now, honest *Hughoc*, dinna fail,
To tell my Master a' my tale;
An' bid him burn this cursed tether,
An', for thy pains, thou'se get my blether.'

This said, poor *Mailie* turn'd her head,
An' clos'd her een among the dead.

POOR MAILIE'S ELEGY.

LAMENT in rhyme, lament in prose,
Wi' saut tears trickling down your nose;
Our bardie's fate is at a close,
Past a' remead;
The last sad cape-stane of his woes;
Poor Mailie's dead!

Its no the loss o' warl's gear,
That could sae bitter draw the tear,
Or mak our bardie, dowie, wear
The mourning weed:
He's lost a friend and neebor dear,
In *Mailie* dead.

Thro' a' the toun she trotted by him:
A lang half mile she could descry him;

TO J. S****.

*Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul!
Sweet'ner of life, and solder of society!
I owe thee much.—*

Blair.

DEAR S****, the sleest, paukie thief,
That e'er attempted stealth or rief,
Ye surely hae some warlock-breef
Owre human hearts;
For ne'er a bosom yet was prief
Against your arts.

For me, I swear by sun an' moon,
And ev'ry star that blinks aboon,
Ye've cost me twenty pair o' shoon
Just gaun to see you;
And ev'ry ither pair that's done,
Mair taen I'm wi' you.

That auld capricious carlin, Nature,
To mak amends for scrimpit stature,
She's turn'd you aff, a human creature
On her *first* plan,
And in her freaks, on ev'ry feature,
She's wrote, *the Man*.

Just now I've taen the fit o' rhyme,
My barmie noddle's working prime,
My fancie yerkit up sublime
Wi' hasty summon:
Hae ye a leisure-moment's time
To hear what's comin'?

Some rhyme, a neebor's name to lash ;
 Some rhyme (vain thought !) for needfu' cash ;
 Some rhyme to court the countra clash,
 An' raise a din ;
 For me, an *aim* I never fash ;
 I rhyme for fun.

The star that rules my luckless lot,
 Has fated me the russet coat,
 An' damn'd my fortune to the groat ;
 But in requit,
 Has bless'd me wi' a random shot
 O' countra wit.

This while my notion's taen a sklent,
 To try my fate in guid black *prent* ;
 But still the mair I'm that way bent,
 Something cries, ' Hoolie !
 ' I red you, honest man, tak tent !
 ' Ye'll shaw your folly.

' There's ither poets, much your betters,
 ' Far seen in *Greck*, deep men o' letters,
 ' Hae thought they had ensur'd their debtors,
 ' A' future ages :
 ' Now moths deform in shapeless teters
 ' Their unknown pages.'

Then fareweel hopes o' laurel-boughs,
 To garland my poetic brows !
 Henceforth I'll rove where busy ploughs
 Are whistling thrang,
 An' teach the lanely heights an' howes
 My rustic sang.

We wander there, we wander here,
 We eye the rose upon the brier,
 Unmindful that the thorn is near
 Among the leaves ;
 And though the puny wound appear,
 Short while it grieves.

Some, lucky, find a flow'ry spot,
 For which they never toil'd nor swat ;
 They drink the sweet, and eat the fat,
 But care or pain ;
 And, haply, eye the barren hut
 With high disdain.

With steady aim, some fortune chase ;
 Keen Hope does ev'ry sinew brace ;
 Thro' fair, through foul, they urge the race ;
 And seize the prey ;
 Then canie, in some cozie place,
 They close the *day*.

And others, like your humble servan' ;
 Poor wights ! nae rules nor roads observin ;
 To right or left, eternal swervin,
 They zig-zag on ;
 Till curst with age, obscure an' starvin,
 They aften groan.

Alas ! what bitter toil an' straining—
 But, truce with peevish, poor complaining !
 Is fortune's fickle *Luna* waning ?
 E'en let her gang !
 Beneath what light she has remaining,
 Let's sing our sang.

My pen I here fling to the door,
 And kuel, ' Ye Pow'rs ! ' and warm implore,
 ' Tho' I should wander *terra* o'er,
 ' In all her climes,
 Grant me but this, I ask no more,
 ' Ay rowth o' rhymes.

‘ Gie dreeping roasts to countra lairds,
 ‘ Till icicles hing frae their beards ;
 ‘ Gie fine braw claes to fine life-guards,
 ‘ And maids of honour ;
 ‘ And yill an’ whiskey gie to cairds,
 ‘ Until they sconner.

‘ A title, *Dempster* merits it ;
 ‘ A *garter* gie to *Willie Pitt* ;
 ‘ Gie wealth to some be-ledger’d cit,
 ‘ In cent. per cent.
 ‘ But give me real, sterling wit,
 ‘ And I’m content.

‘ While ye are pleas’d to keep me hale,
 ‘ I’ll sit down o’er my scanty meal,
 ‘ Be’t *water-brose* or *muslin kail*,
 ‘ Wi’ cheerfu’ face,
 ‘ As lang’s the muses dinna fail
 ‘ To say the grace.’

An anxious e’e I never throws
 Behint my lug, or by my nose ;
 I jouk beneath misfortune’s blows
 As weel’s I may ;
 Sworn foe to sorrow, care, and prose,
 I rhyme away.

O ye douce folk, that live by rule,
 Grave, tideless-blooded, calm and cool,
 Compar’d wi’ you—O fool ! fool ! fool !
 How much unlike !
 Your hearts are just a standing pool,
 Your lives, a dyke !

A DREAM.

*Thoughts, words, and deeds, the statute blames with
reason ;
But surely dreams were ne'er indicted treason.*

[On reading in the public papers, the *Laureat's Ode*, with the other parade of June 4, 1786, the author was no sooner dropt asleep, then he imagined himself transported to the birth-day levee ; and in his dreaming fancy made the following *Address*.]

I.

GUID-MORNIN to your *Majesty* !
 May heav'n augment your blisses,
 On every new *birth-day* ye see,
 A humble poet wishes !
 My bardship here, at your levee,
 On sic a day as this is,
 Is sure an uncouth sight to see,
 Among the birth-day dresses
 Sae fine this day.

II.

I see ye're complimented thrang,
 By mony a lord and lady ;
 ' God save the king ! ' 's a cuckoo sang
 That's unco easy said ay ;

The *poets*, too, a venal gang,
 Wi' rhymes weel-turn'd and ready,
 Wad gar you trow ye ne'er do wrang,
 But ay unerring steady,
 On sic a day.

III.

For me ! before a monarch's face,
 E'en *there* I winna flatter !
 For neither pension, post, nor place,
 Am I your humble debtor :
 So, nae reflection on *your grace*,
 Your kingship to bespatter ;
 There's monie waur been o' the race,
 And aiblins ane been better
 Than you this day.

IV.

'Tis very true, my sov'reign king,
 My skill may weel be doubted :
 But facts are cheels that winna ding,
 An' downa be disputed :
 Your royal nest, beneath your wing,
 Is e'en right reft an' clouted,
 And now the third part of the string,
 An' less, will gang about it
 Than did ae day.

V.

Far be't frae me that I aspire
 To blame your legislation,
 Or say, ye wisdom want, or fire,
 To rule this mighty nation !
 But, faith ! I muckle doubt, my *Sire*,
 Ye've trusted ministration
 To chaps, wha, in a barn or byre,
 Wad better fill'd their station
 Than courts yon day,

VI.

And now ye've gien auld *Britain* peace,
 Her broken shins to plaster;
 Your sair taxation does her fleece,
 Till she has scarce a tester;
 For me, thank God, my life's a *lease*,
 Nae *bargain* wearing faster,
 Or, faith! I fear, that wi' the geese,
 I shortly boost to pasture
 I' the craft some day.

VII.

I'm no mistrusting *Willie Pitt*,
 When taxes he enlarges,
 (An' *Will's* a true guid fallow's get,
 A name not envy spairges,
 That he intends to pay your debt,
 An' lessen a' your charges:
 But, G-d's-sake! let nae *saving-fit*
 Abridge your bonie barges
 An' boats this day.

VIII.

Adieu, my *Liege!* may freedom geck
 Beneath your high protection;
 An' may ye rax corruption's neck,
 And gie her for dissection!
 But since I'm here, I'll no neglect,
 In loyal, true affection,
 To pay your *Queen*, with due respect,
 My fealty an' subjection
 This great birth-day.

IX.

Hail, *Majesty Most Excellent!*
 While nobles strive to please ye,
 Will ye accept a compliment
 A simple poet gies ye?

Thae bonie bairntime, Heav'n has lent,
 Still higher may they heeze ye
 In bliss, till fate some day is sent,
 For ever to release ye
 Frae care that day.

X.

For you, young potentate o' W—,
 I tell your *Highness* fairly,
 Down pleasure's stream, wi' swelling sails,
 I'm tauld ye're driving rarely ;
 But some day ye may gnaw your nails,
 An' curse your folly sairly,
 That e'er ye brak *Diana's* pales,
 Or rattl'd dice wi' *Charlie*,
 By night or day.

XI.

Yet aft a ragged *cowte's* been known
 To make a noble *aiver* ;
 So, ye may doucely fill a throne,
 For a' their clish-ma-claver :
 There, him * at *Agincourt* wha shone,
 Few better were or braver ;
 And yet, wi' funny, queer *Sir John*,†
 He was an unco shaver
 For monie a day.

XII.

For you, right rev'rend O—————,
 Nane sets the *lawn-sleeve* sweeter,
 Although a ribbon at your lug
 Wad been a dress completer :

* King Henry V.

† Sir John Falstaff: *vide* Shakespeare.

As ye disown yon paughty dog
 That bears the keys of Peter,
 Then, swith! an' get a wife to hug,
 Or, trowth! ye'll stain the mitre
 Some luckless day.

XIII.

Young, royal *Tarry Brecks*, I learn,
 Ye've lately come athwart her;
 A glorious *galley*,* stem an' stern,
 Weel rigg'd for *Venus'* barter;
 But first hang out, that she'll discern
 Your hymeneal charter,
 Then heave aboard your grapple airn,
 An', large upo' her quarter,
 Come full that day.

XIV.

Ye, lastly, bouie blossoms a',
 Ye royal lasses dainty,
 Heav'n mak you guid as weel as braw,
 An' gie you lads a-plenty:
 But sneer nae *British boys* awa',
 For kings are unco scant ay;
 An' German gentles are but *sma'*,
 They're better just than *want ay*
 On onie day.

XV.

God bless you a'! consider now,
 Ye're unco muckle dautet;
 But, ere the *course* o' life be thro',
 It may be bitter sautet:

* Alluding to the newspaper account of a certain royal sailor's amour.

An' I hae seen their *coggie* fou,
 That yet hae tarrow't at it ;
 But or the day was done, I trow,
 The laggen they hae clautet
 Fu' clean that day,

THE VISION.

DUAN FIRST.*

THE sun had clos'd the winter day,
 The curlers quat their roaring play,
 An hunger'd maukin ta'en her way
 To kail-yards green,
 While faithless snaws ilk step betray
 Whare she has been.

The thresher's weary *stingin-tree*
 The lee-lang day had tired me ;
 And whan the day had closed his e'e,
 Far i' the west,
 Ben i' the *spence*, right pensivelie,
 I gaed to rest.

There, lanely, by the ingle-cheek,
 I sat and ey'd the spewing reek,
 That fill'd, wi' hoast-provoking smeeek,
 The auld clay biggin ;
 An' heard the restless rattons squeak
 About the rigin.

* *Duan*, a term of Ossian's for the different divisions of a digressive poem. See his *Cath-Loda*, vol. ii. of M'Pherson's translation.

All in this mottie, misty clime,
 I backward mus'd on wasted time,
 How I had spent my youthfu' prime,
 An' done nae-thing,
 But stringin blethers up in rhyme,
 For fools to sing.

Had I to guid advice but harkit,
 I might, by this, hae led a market,
 Or strutted in a bank an' clarkit
 My cash account :
 While here, half-mad, half-fed, half-sarkit,
 Is a' th' amount.

I started, mutt'ring, blockhead ! coof !
 And heav'd on high my waukit loof,
 To swear by a' yon starry roof,
 Or some rash aith,
 That I, henceforth, would be *rhyme-proof*
 Till my last breath—

When click ! the string the snick did draw ;
 And jee ! the door gaed to the wa' ;
 An' by my ingle-lowe I saw,
 Now bleezin bright,
 A tight, outlandish *Hizzie*, braw,
 Come full in sight.

Ye need na doubt, I held my wisht ;
 The infant aith, half-form'd, was crusht ;
 I glowr'd as eerie's I'd been dusht
 In some wild glen :
 When sweet, like modest worth, she blusht,
 And stepped ben.

Green, slender, leaf-clad *holly-boughs*
 Were twisted, gracefu', round her brows ;

Low, in a sandy valley spread,
 An ancient *borough* rear'd her head;
 Still, as in Scottish story read,
 She boasts a race,
 To ev'ry nobler virtue bred,
 And polish'd grace.

By stately tow'r or palace fair,
 Or ruins pendent in the air,
 Bold stems of heroes, here and there,
 I could discern;
 Some seem'd to muse, some seem'd to dare,
 With feature stern.

My heart did glowing transport feel,
 To see a race * heroic wheel,
 And brandish round the deep-dy'd steel
 In sturdy blows;
 While back-recoiling seem'd to reel
 Their suthron foes.

His Country's Saviour,** mark him well!
 Bold *Richardton's*,† heroic swell:
 The chief on *Sark* ‡ who glorious fell,
 In high command;
 And *he* whom ruthless fates expel
 His native land.

* The Wallaces. ** William Wallace.

† Adam Wallace, of Richardton, cousin to the immortal preserver of Scottish independence.

‡ Wallace, Laird of Craigie, who was second in command, under Douglas, Earl of Ormond, at the famous battle on the banks of Sark, fought *anno* 1448. That glorious victory was principally owing to the judicious conduct and intrepid valour of the gallant Laird of Craigie, who died of his wounds after the action.

' And when the bard, or hoary sage,
 ' Charm or instruct the future age,
 ' They bind the wild poetic rage
 ' In energy,
 ' Or point the inconclusive page
 ' Full on the eye.

' Hence *Fullarton*, the brave and young ;
 ' Hence *Dempster's* zeal inspired tongue ;
 ' Hence sweet harmonious *Beattie* sung
 ' His " Minstrel lays ;"
 ' Or tore, with nobler ardour stung,
 ' The *sceptic's* bays.

' To lower orders are assign'd
 ' The humbler ranks of human kind,
 ' The rustic Bard, the lab'ring Hind,
 ' The Artisan ;
 ' All chuse, as various they're inclin'd,
 ' The various man.

' When yellow waves the heavy grain,
 ' The threat'ning storm some strongly rein ;
 ' Some teach to meliorate the plain
 ' With tillage-skill ;
 ' And some instruct the shepherd-train
 ' Blythe o'er the hill.

' Some hint the lover's harmless wile ;
 ' Some grace the maiden's artless smile ;
 ' Some sooth the lab'rer's weary toil,
 ' For humble gains,
 ' And make his cottage-scenes beguile
 ' His cares and pains.

' Some, bounded to a district-space,
 ' Explore at large man's infant race,

‘ To mark the embryotic trace
 ‘ Of *rustic Bard* ;
 ‘ And careful note each op’ning grace,
 ‘ A guide and guard.

‘ *Of these am I—Coila* my name ;
 ‘ And this district as mine I claim,
 ‘ Where once the *Campbells*, chiefs of fame,
 ‘ Held ruling pow’r :
 ‘ I mark’d thy embryo tuneful flame,
 ‘ Thy natal hour.

‘ With future hope, I oft would gaze
 ‘ Fond, on thy little early ways,
 ‘ Thy rudely caroll’d chiming phrase,
 ‘ In uncouth rhymes,
 ‘ Fir’d at the simple artless lays
 ‘ Of other times.

‘ I saw thee seek the sounding shore,
 ‘ Delighted with the dashing roar ;
 ‘ Or when the north his fleecy store
 ‘ Drove thro’ the sky,
 ‘ I saw grim nature’s visage hoar,
 ‘ Struck thy young eye.

‘ Or when the deep green-mantl’d earth
 ‘ Warm cherish’d ev’ry flow’ret’s birth,
 ‘ And joy and music pouring forth
 ‘ In ev’ry grove,
 ‘ I saw thee eye the gen’ral mirth
 ‘ With boundless love.

‘ When ripen’d fields, and azure skies,
 ‘ Call’d forth the reaper’s rustling noise,
 ‘ I saw thee leave their ev’ning joys,
 ‘ And lonely stalk,
 ‘ To vent thy bosom’s swelling rise
 ‘ In pensive walk.

' When youthful love, warm-blushing, strong,
 ' Keen shivering shot thy nerves along,
 ' Those accents grateful to thy tongue,
 ' Th' adored *Name*,
 ' I taught thee how to pour in song,
 ' To sooth thy flame.

' I saw thy pulse's maddening play,
 ' Wild send thee pleasure's devious way,
 ' Misled by fancy's meteor ray,
 ' By passion driven ;
 ' But yet the *light* that led astray
 ' Was *light* from heaven.

' I taught thy manners-painting strains,
 ' The loves, the ways of simple swains,
 ' Till now, o'er all my wide domains
 ' Thy fame extends :
 ' And some, the pride of *Coila's* plains,
 ' Become thy friends.

' Thou canst not learn, nor can I show,
 ' To paint with *Thomson's* landscape-glow ;
 ' Or wake the bosom-melting throe,
 ' With *Shenstone's* art ;
 ' Or pour, with *Gray*, the moving flow
 ' Warm on the heart.

' Yet all beneath th' unrivall'd rose,
 ' The lowly daisy sweetly blows ;
 ' Tho' large the forest's monarch throws
 ' His army shade,
 ' Yet green the juicy hawthorn grows,
 ' Adown the glade.

' Then never murmur nor repine ;
 ' Strive in thy humble sphere to shine ;

‘ And trust me, not *Potosi’s* mine,
‘ Nor kings’ regard,
‘ Can give a bliss o’er-matching thine,
‘ A *rustic Bard*.

‘ To give my counsels all in one,
‘ Thy tuneful flame still careful fan;
‘ Preserve *the Dignity of Man*,
‘ With soul erect;
‘ And trust, the *Universal Plan*
‘ Will all protect.

‘ *And wear thou this!*—she solemn said,
And bound the *Holly* round my head:
The polish’d leaves, and berries red,
Did rustling play;
And, like a passing thought, she fled
In light away.

ADDRESS TO THE UNCO GUID,

OR, THE

RIGIDLY RIGHTEOUS.

*My son, these maxims make a rule,
 And lump them ay thegither ;
 The Rigid Righteous is a fool,
 The Rigid Wise anither :
 The cleunest corn that e'er was dight
 May hae some pyles o' caff in ;
 So ne'er a fellow-creature slight
 For random fits o' daffin.*

Solomon.—Eccles. ch. vii. ver. 16.

I.

O YE wha are sae guid yoursel,
 Sae pious and sae holy,
 Ye've nought to do but mark and tell
 Your neebour's faults and folly !
 Whase life is like a weel-gaun mill,
 Supply'd wi' store o' water,
 The heapet happer's ebbing still,
 And still the clap plays clatter.

II.

Hear me, ye venerable core,
 As counsel for poor mortals,
 That frequent pass douce Wisdom's door
 For glaikit Folly's portals ;
 I, for their thoughtless, careless sakes,
 Would here propone defences,
 Their donsie tricks, their black mistakes,
 Their failings and mischances.

III.

Ye see your state wi' theirs compar'd,
 And shudder at the niffer,
 But cast a moment's fair regard,
 What maks the mighty differ;
 Discount what scant occasion gave,
 That purity ye pride in,
 And (what's aft mair than a' the lave)
 Your better art o' hiding,

IV.

Think, when your castigated pulse
 Gies now and then a wallop,
 What ragings must his veins convulse,
 That still eternal gallop:
 Wi' wind and tide fair i' your tail,
 Right on ye scud your sea-way;
 But in the teeth o' baith to sail,
 It maks an unco leeway.

V.

See social life and glee sit down,
 All joyous and unthinking,
 Till, quite transmugrify'd, they're grown
 Debauchery and drinking:
 O, would they stay to calculate
 Th' eternal consequences;
 Or your more dreaded hell to state,
 D-mnation of expenses!

VI.

Ye high, exalted, virtuous dames,
 Ty'd up in godly laces,
 Before ye gie poor *frailty* names,
 Suppose a change o' cases;

A dear-lov'd lad, convenience snug,
A treacherous inclination—
But, let me whisper i' your lug,
Ye're aiblins nae temptation.

VII.

Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman ;
Tho' they may gang a kennin wrang ;
To step aside is human :
One point must still be greatly dark,
The moving *why* they do it :
And just as lamely can ye mark,
How far perhaps they rue it.

VIII.

Who made the heart, 'tis *He* alone
Decidedly can try us,
He knows each chord—its various tone,
Each spring, its various bias :
Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it ;
What's *done* we partly may compute,
But know not what's *resisted*.

*TAM SAMSON'S * ELEGY.*

An honest man 's the noblest work of God.

Pope.

HAS auld K***** seen the Deil?
 Or great M'*****† thrawn his heel?
 Or R*****‡ again grown weel,
 To preach an' read?
 ' Na, waur than a'!' cries ilka chiel,
 Tam Samson's dead!

K***** lang may grunt an' grane,
 An' sigh, an' sab, an' greet her lane,
 An' clead her bairns, mau, wife, an' wean,
 In mourning weed;
 To death, she's dearly paid the kane,
 Tam Samson's dead!

The brethren of the mystic *level*
 May hing their head in woefu' bevel,

* When this worthy old sportsman went out last muirfowl season, he supposed it was to be, in Ossian's phrase, 'the last of his fields;' and expressed an ardent wish to die and be buried in the muirs. On this hint the author composed his elegy and epitaph.

† A certain preacher, a great favourite with the million. *Vide* the Ordination, stanza II.

‡ Another preacher, an equal favourite with the few, who was at that time ailing. For him, see also the Ordination, stanza IX.

While by their nose the tears will revel,
 Like ony bead;
 Death's gien the lodge an unco deivel:
 Tam Samson's dead!

When winter muffles up his cloak,
 And binds the mire like a rock;
 When to the loughs the curlers flock,
 Wi' glesome speed,
 Wha will they station at the *cock*?
 Tam Samson's dead!

He was the king o' a' the core,
 To guard, or draw, or wick a bore,
 Or up the rink like *Jehu* roar
 In time of need;
 But now he lags on death's *hog-score*
 Tam Samson's dead.

Now safe the stately sawmont sail,
 And trouts bedropp'd wi' crimson hail,
 And eels weel ken'd for souple tail,
 And geds for greed,
 Since dark in death's *fish-creel* we wail
 Tam Samson dead!

Rejoice, ye birring pairicks a';
 Ye cootie moorcocks, crouselly craw;
 Ye maukins, cock your fud fu' braw,
 Withouten dread;
 Your mortal fae is now awa',
 Tam Samson's dead!

That woefu' morn be ever mourn'd,
 Saw him in shootin graith adorn'd,
 While pointers round impatient burn'd,
 Frae couples freed;
 But, och! he gaed and ne'er return'd!
 Tam Samson's dead!

In vain auld age his body batters ;
 In vain the gout his ancles fetters ;
 In vain the burns came down like waters,
 An acre braid !
 Now ev'ry auld wife, greetin, clatters,
 Tam Samson's dead !

Owre many a weary hag he limpit,
 An' ay the tither shot he thumpit,
 Till coward death behind him jumpit,
 Wi' deadly feide ;
 Now he proclaims, wi' tout o' trumpet,
 Tam Samson's dead.

When at his heart he felt the dagger,
 He reel'd his wonted bottle-swagger,
 But yet he drew the mortal trigger
 Wi' weel-aim'd heed ;
 ' L—d, five !' he cry'd, an' owre did stagger ;
 Tam Samson's dead !

Ilk hoary hunter mourn'd a brither ;
 Ilk sportsman youth bemoan'd a father ;
 Yon auld grey stane, amang the heather,
 Marks out his head,
 Where *Burns* has wrote, in rhyming blether,
 Tam Samson's dead !

There low he lies, in lasting rest ;
 Perhaps upon his mould'ring breast
 Some spitefu' muirfowl bigs her nest,
 To hatch an' breed ;
 Alas ! nae mair he'll them molest !
 Tam Samson's dead !

When August winds the heather wave,
 And sportsmen wander by yon grave,

Three volleys let his mem'ry crave
 O' pouter an' lead,
 Till Echo answer frae her cave,
 Tam Samson's dead!

Heav'n rest his saul, whare'er he be!
 Is th' wish o' mony mae than me;
 He had twa faults, or may be three,
 Yet what remead?
 Ae social, honest man want we:
 Tam Samson's dead!

.

THE EPITAPH.

TAM SAMSON'S weel-worn clay here lies,
 Ye canting zealots, spare him!
 If honest worth in heaven rise,
 Ye'll mend or ye win hear him.

PER CONTRA.

Go, fame, an' canter like a filly
 Thro' a' the streets an' neuks o' *Killie*,*
 Tell ev'ry social, honest billie
 To cease his grievin,
 For yet, unskait'h'd by death's gleg gullie,
 Tam Samson's livin.

* *Killie* is a phrase the country-folks sometimes use for Kilmarnock.

HALLOWEEN.*

[*The following Poem will, by many readers, be well enough understood; but for the sake of those who are unacquainted with the manners and traditions of the country where the scene is cast, notes are added, to give some account of the principal charms and spells of that night, so big with prophecy to the peasantry in the west of Scotland. The passion of prying into futurity makes a striking part of the history of human nature in its rude state, in all ages and nations; and it may be some entertainment to a philosophic mind, if any such should honour the author with a perusal, to see the remains of it among the more unenlightened in our own.*]

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
 The simple pleasures of the lowly train;
 To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
 One native charm, than all the gloss of art.

Goldsmith.

I.

UPON that night, when fairies light,
 On *Cassilis Downanst* dance,
 Or owre the lays, in splendid blaze,
 On sprightly coursers prance;

* Is thought to be a night when witches, devils, and other mischief-making beings, are all abroad on their baneful, midnight errands; particularly those aerial people, the Fairies, are said on that night to hold a grand anniversary.

† Certain little, romantic, rocky green hills, in the neighbourhood of the ancient seat of the Earls of Cassilis.

Or for *Colean* the route is ta'en,
 Beneath the moon's pale beams;
 There up the *cove*,* to stray an' rove
 Amang the rocks and streams
 To sport that night.

II.

Amang the bonnie winding banks
 Where *Doon* rins, wimplin, clear,
 Where Bruce† ance rul'd the martial ranks,
 An' shook the *Carrick* spear,
 Some merry, friendly, countra folks,
 Together did convene,
 To *burn* their nits, an' *poæ* their stocks,
 And haud their *Halloween*
 Fu' blythe that night.

III.

The lasses feat, an' cleanly neat,
 Mair braw than when they're fine;
 Their faces blythe, fu' sweetly kythe,
 Hearts leal, an' warm, an' kin':
 The lads sae trig, wi' wooer-babs,
 Weel knotted on their garten,
 Some unco blate, an' some wi' gabs,
 Gar lasses' hearts gang startin
 Whiles fast that night.

* A noted cavern near Colean-house, called The Cove of Colean; which, as Cassilis Downans, is famed in country story for being a favourite haunt of fairies.

† The famous family of that name, the ancestors of Robert, the great deliverer of his country, were Earls of Carrick.

IV.

Then first and foremost, thro' the kail,
 Their *stocks** maun a' be sought ance;
 They steek their een, an' graip an' wale,
 For muckle anes an' straught anes.
 Poor hav'rel Will fell aff the drift,
 An' wander'd thro' the *bow-kail*,
 An' pow't, for want o' better shift,
 A *runt* was like a sow-tail,
 Sae bow't that night.

V.

Then, straught or crooked, yird or nane,
 They roar an' cry a' throu'ther;
 The vera wee things, todlin, rin
 Wi' stocks out-owre their shouther;
 An' gif the *custoc*'s sweet or sour,
 Wi' joctelegs they taste them;
 Syne coziely, aboon the door,
 Wi' cannie care, they've plac'd them
 To lie that night.

* The first ceremony of Halloween is, pulling each a *stock*, or plant of kail. They must go out, hand in hand, with eyes shut, and pull the first they meet with: Its being big or little, straight or crooked, is prophetic of the size and shape of the grand object of all their spells—the husband or wife. If any *yird*, or earth, stick to the root, that is *tocher*, or fortune; and the state of the *custoc*, that is, the heart of the stem, is indicative of the natural temper and disposition. Lastly, the stems, or, to give them their ordinary appellation, the *runts*, are placed somewhere above the head of the door; and the christian names of the people whom chance brings into the house, are, according to the priority of placing the *runts*, the names in question.

VI.

The lasses staw frae 'mang them a'
 To pou their *stalks o' corn* ;*
 But Rab slips out, an' jinks about,
 Behint the muckle thorn :
 He grippet Nelly hard an' fast ;
 Loud skirl'd a' the lasses ;
 But her *tap-pickle* maist was lost,
 When kiuttlin in the fause-houset
 Wi' him that night.

VII.

The auld guidwife's weel hoordet *nits* †
 Are round and round divided,
 An' monie lads and lasses' fates,
 Are there that night decided :
 Some kindle, couthie, side by side,
 An' burn thegither trimly ;
 Some start awa wi' saucy pride,
 And jump out-owre the chimlie
 Fu' high that night.

* They go to the barn-yard and pull each, at three several times, a stalk of oats. If the third stalk wants the *top-pickle*, that is, the grain at the top of the stalk, the party in question will come to the marriage-bed any thing but a maid.

† When the corn is in a doubtful state, by being too green, or wet, the stack builder, by means of old timber, &c., makes a large apartment in his stack, with an opening in the side which is fairest exposed to the wind ; this he calls a *fause-house*.

‡ Burning the nuts is a famous charm. They name the lad and lass to each particular nut, as they lay them in the fire, and accordingly as they burn quietly together, or start from beside one another, the course and issue of the courtship will be.

VIII.

Jean slips in twa wi' tentie e'e;
 Wha 'twas, she wadna tell;
 But this is *Jock*, an' this is *me*,
 She says in to hersel:
 He bleez'd owre her, an' she owre him,
 As they wad never mair part!
 Till fuff! he started up the lum,
 An' Jean had e'en a sair heart
 To see't that night.

IX.

Poor Willie, wi' his *bow-kail runt*,
 Was *brunt* wi' primsie Mallie;
 An' Mallie nae doubt, took the drunt,
 To be compar'd to Willie:
 Mall's nit lap out wi' pridefu' fling,
 An' her ain fit it brunt it;
 While Willie lap, and swear by *jing*,
 'Twas just the way he wanted
 To be that night.

X.

Nell had the fause-house in her min',
 She pits hersel an' Rob in;
 In loving bleeze they sweetly join,
 Till white in ase they're sobbin:
 Nell's heart was dancin at the view,
 She whisper'd Rob to leuk for't:
 Rob, stowlins, prie'd her bonnie mou,
 Fu' cozie in the neuk for't,
 Unseen that night.

XI.

But Merran sat behint their backs,
 Her thoughts on Andrew Bell;
 She lea'es them gashin at their cracks,
 And slips out by hersel:

She thro' the yard the nearest taks,
 An' to the kiln she goes then,
 An' darklins grapit for the bauks,
 And in the *blue-clue** throws then,
 Right fear't that night.

XII.

An' ay she win't, an' ay she swat,
 I wat she made nae jaukin;
 Till something held within the pat,
 Guid L—d! but she was quakin!
 But whether 'twas the Deil himsel,
 Or whether 'twas a bauk-en',
 Or whether it was Andrew Bell,
 She did na wait on talkin
 To spier that night.

XIII.

Wee Jenny to her Graunie says,
 ' Will ye go wi' me, graunie?
 ' I'll *eat the apple† at the glass*,
 ' I gat frae uncle Johnie :'

* Whoever would, with success, try this spell, must strictly observe these directions: Steal out, all alone, to the *kiln*, and, darkling, throw into the *pot* a clue of blue yarn; wind it in a new clue off the old one; and, towards the latter end, something will hold the thread; demand, *wha hauds?* i. e. who holds? an answer will be returned from the kiln-pot, by naming the christian and surname of your future spouse.

† Take a candle, and go alone to a looking-glass; eat an apple before it, and some traditions say, you should comb your hair all the time; the face of your conjugal companion *to be*, will be seen in the glass, as if peeping over your shoulder.

She fuff'd her pipe wi' sic a lunt,
 In wrath she was sae vap'rin,
 She notic't na, an aizle brunt
 Her braw new worset apron
 Out thro' that night.

XIV.

' Ye little skelpie limmer's face!
 ' How daur you try sic sportin,
 ' As seek the foul Thief ony place,
 ' For him to spae your fortune:
 ' Nae doubt but ye may get a *sight!*
 ' Great cause ye hae to fear it;
 ' For monie a ane has gotten a fright,
 ' An' liv'd an' di'd deleeret
 ' On sic a night.

XV.

' Ae hairst afore the Sherra-moor,
 ' I mind 't as weel's yestreen,
 ' I was a gilpey then, I'm sure
 ' I was na past fyfteen:
 ' The simmer had been cauld an' wat,
 ' An' stuff was unco green;
 ' An' ay a rantin kirn we gat,
 ' An' just on *Halloween*
 ' It fell that night.

XVI.

' Our stibble-rig was Rab M'Graen,
 ' A clever, sturdy fallow;
 ' He's sin gat Eppie Sim wi' wean,
 ' That liv'd in Achmacalla:
 ' He gat *hemp-seed*,* I mind it weel,
 ' An' he made unco light o't;
 ' But monie a day was *by himsel*,
 ' He was sae sairly frightened
 ' That vera night.'

* Steal out unperceived, and sow a handful of hemp-

XVII.

Then up gat fechtin Jamie Fleck,
 An' he swear by his conscience,
 That he could *saw hemp-seed* a peck;
 For it was a' but nonsense;
 The auld guidman raught down the pock,
 An' out a handfu' gied him;
 Syne bad him slip frae 'mang the folk,
 Sometime when nae ane see'd him,
 An' try't that night.

XVIII.

He marches thro' amang the stacks,
 Tho' he was something sturtin;
 The *graip* he for a *harrow* taks,
 An' hauls at his curpin:
 An' ev'ry now an' then, he says,
 'Hemp-seed I saw thee,
 'An' her that is to be my lass,
 'Come after me, and draw thee,
 'As fast this night.'

XIX.

He whistl'd up Lord Lenox' march,
 To keep his courage cheery;
 Altho' his hair began to arch,
 He was sae fley'd an' eerie:

seed; harrowing it with any thing you can conveniently draw after you. Repeat now and then, 'Hemp-seed I saw thee, hemp-seed I saw thee; and him (or her) that is to be my true-love, come after me and pou thee.' Look over your left shoulder, and you will see the appearance of the person invoked, in the attitude of pulling hemp. Some traditions say, 'come after me, and shaw thee,' that is, show thyself: in which case it simply appears. Others omit the harrowing, and say, 'come after me, and harrow thee.'

Till presently he hears a squeak,
 An' then a grane an' gruntle ;
 He by his shouther gae a keek,
 An' tumbl'd wi' a wintle
 Out-owre that night.

XX.

He roar'd a horrid murder-shout,
 In dreadfu' desperation !
 An' young an' auld came rinnin out,
 An' hear the sad narration :
 He swoor 'twas hilchin Jean M'Craw,
 Or crouchie Merran Humphie,
 Till stop ! she trotted thro' them a' ;
 An' wha was it but *Grumphie*
 Asteer that night.

XXI.

Meg fain wad to the *barn* gaen
 To *win three wechts o' naething* ;*
 But for to meet the deil her lane,
 She pat but little faith in :
 She gies the herd a pickle nits,
 An' twa red cheekit apples,
 To watch, while for the *barn* she sets,
 In hopes to see Tam Kipples
 That vera night.

* This charm must likewise be performed unperceived and alone. You go to the *barn*, and open both doors, taking them off the hinges, if possible ; for there is danger that the *being*, about to appear, may shut the doors, and do you some mischief. Then take that instrument used in winnowing the corn, which, in our country dialect, we call a *wecht* ; and go through all the attitudes of letting down corn against the wind. Repeat it three times ; and the third time an apparition will pass through the barn, in at the windy door, and out at the other, having both the

XXII.

She turns the key wi' cannie thraw,
 An' owre the threshold ventures ;
 But first on Sawnie gies a ca',
 Syne bauldly in she enters :
 A *ratton* rattled up the wa',
 An' she cry'd L—d preserve her !
 An' rau thro' midden hole an' a',
 An' pray'd wi' zeal an' fervour,
 Fu' fast that night.

XXIII.

They hoy't out Will, wi' sair advice ;
 They hecht him some fine braw ane ;
 It chanc'd the *stack* he *faddom'd thrice*,*
 Was timmer propt for thrawin :
 He taks a swirlie, auld moss-oak,
 From some black, grousome carlin ;
 An' loot a winze, an' drew a stroke,
 Till skin in blypes came haurlin
 Aff's nieves that night.

XXIV.

A wanton widow Leezie was,
 As canty as a kittlen ;
 But, Och ! that night, amang the shaws,
 She got a fearfu' settlin !

figure in question, and the appearance or retinue, marking the employment or station in life.

* Take an opportunity of going, unnoticed to a *Bearstack*, and fathom it three times round. The last fathom of the last time, you will catch in your arms the appearance of your future conjugal yoke-fellow.

XXVII.

In order, on the clean hearth-stane,
 The *luggies* three* are ranged,
 And ev'ry time great care is ta'en,
 To see them duly changed:
 Auld uncle John, wha wedlock's joys
 Sin *Mar's-year* did desire,
 Because he gat the toom-dish thrice,
 He heav'd them on the fire
 In wrath that night.

XXVIII.

Wi' merry sangs, an' friendly cracks,
 I wat they did na weary;
 An' unco tales, an' funnie jokes,
 Their sports were cheap an' cheery.
 Till *butter'd sons*,† wi' fragrant lunt,
 Set a' their gabs a-steerin;
 Syne, wi' a social glass o' strunt,
 They parted aff careerin
 Fu' blythe that night.

* Take three dishes; put clean water in one, foul water in another, leave the third empty; blind-fold a person, and lead him to the hearth where the dishes are ranged; he (or she) dips the left hand: if by chance in the clean water, the future husband or wife will come to the bar of matrimony a maid: if in the foul, a widow; if in the empty dish, it foretels with equal certainty no marriage at all. It is repeated three times, and every time the arrangement of the dishes is altered.

† Sowens, with butter instead of milk to them, is always the *Halloween Supper*.

THE AULD FARMER'S
 NEW-YEAR MORNING SALUTATION
 TO
 HIS AULD MARE MAGGIE,

*On giving her the accustomed Ripp of Corn to
 hansel in the New Year.*

A *GUID* *New-Year* I wish thee, Maggie!
 Hae, there's a ripp to thy auld baggie:
 Tho' thou's howe-backit, now, an' knaggie,
 I've seen the day,
 Thou could hae gaen like onie staggie
 Out-owre the lay.

Tho' now thou's dowie, stiff, an' crazy,
 An' thy auld hide's as white's a daisy,
 I've seen thee dappl't, sleek, and glaizie,
 A bonny gray:
 He should been tight that daur't to *raize* thee,
 Ance in a day.

Thou ance was i' the foremost rank,
 A *filly* buirdly, steeve, an' swank,
 An' set weel down a shapely shank,
 As e'er tread yird;
 An' could hae flown out-owre a stank,
 Like onie bird.

It's now some nine-an'-twenty year,
 Sin' thou was my guid father's *meere*;
 He gied me thee, o' tocher clear,
 An' fifty mark:
 Tho' it was sma', twas weel-won gear,
 An' thou was stark.

When first I gaed to woo my *Jenny*,
 Ye then was trottin wi' your minnie :
 Tho' ye was trickie, slee, and funnie,
 Ye ne'er was donsie ;
 But hamely, tawie, quiet, an' canuie,
 An' unco sonsie.

That day, ye pranc'd wi' muckle pride,
 When ye bure hame my bonnie *bride* ;
 An' sweet an' gracefu' she did ride,
 Wi' maiden air!
Kyle Stewart I could bragged wide,
 For sic a pair.

Tho' now ye dow but hoyte and hobble,
 An' wintle like a saumont-coble,
 That day ye was a jinker noble,
 For heels an' win' !
 An' ran them till they a' did wauble,
 Far, far behin'.

When thou an' I were young an' skeigh,
 An' stable-meals at fairs were dreigh,
 How thou wad prance, an' snore, an' skreigh,
 An' tak the road!
 Town's bodies ran, and stood abeigh,
 An' ca't thee mad.

When thou was corn't, an' I was mellow,
 We took the road ay like a swallow :
 At *Brooses* thou had ne'er a fellow,
 For pith an' speed ;
 But ev'ry tail thou pay't them hollow,
 Whare'er thou gaed.

The sma', droop-rumpl't, hunter cattle,
 Might aiblins waur't thee for a brattle ;

But sax Scotch miles thou try't their mettle,
 An' gar't them whaizle :
 Nae whip nor spur, but just a wattle
 O' saugh or hazel.

Thou was a noble *fittie-lan'*,
 As e'er in tug or tow was drawn !
 Aft thee an' I, in aught hours gaun,
 On guid March-weather.
 Hae turn'd sax rood beside our han',
 For days thegither.

Thou never braindg't, an' fecht, an' fliskit,
 But thy auld tail thou wad hae whiskit,
 An' spread abreed thy weel-fill'd brisket,
 Wi' pith and pow'r,
 Till spritty knowes wad rair't and risket,
 An' slypet owre.

When frosts lay lang, an' snaws were deep,
 An' threaten'd labor back to keep,
 I gied thy *cog* a wee-bit heap
 Aboon the timmer ;
 I ken'd my *Maggie* wad na sleep
 For that, or simmer.

In cart or car thou never reestit ;
 The steyst brae thou wad hae fac't it ;
 Thou never lap, and sten't, and breastit,
 Then stood to blaw ;
 But just thy step a wee thing hastit,
 Thou snoov't awa.

My *pleugh* is now thy bairn-time a' :
 Four gallant brutes as e'er did draw :
 Forbye sax mae, I've sell't awa,
 That thou hast nurst :
 They drew me thretteen pund an' twa,
 The vera warst,

Monie a sair daurk we twa hae wrought,
An' wi' the weary warl' fought!
An' monie an anxious day, I thought
 We wad be beat!
Yet here to crazy age we're brought,
 Wi' something yet.

And think na, my auld, trusty servan',
That now perhaps thou's less deservin,
An' thy auld days may end in starvin,
 For my last *fou*,
A heapit *stimpart*, I'll reserve ane
 Laid by for you.

We've worn to crazy years thegither;
We'll toyte about wi' ane anither;
Wi' tentie care I'll flit thy tether,
 To some hain'd rig,
Whare ye may nobly rax your leather,
 Wi' sma' fatigue.

+

TO A MOUSE,

ON TURNING HER UP IN HER NEST WITH
THE PLOUGH, NOVEMBER 1785.

WEE, sleekit, cow'rin, tim'rous beastie,
O, what a panic 's in thy breastie!
Thou need na start awa sae hasty,
 Wi' bickering brattle!
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,
 Wi' murdering *pattle!*

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken Nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion,
 Which maks thee startle
At me, thy poor earth-born companion,
 An' *fellow-mortal!*

I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve;
What then? poor beastie, thou maun live!
A daimen icker in a *thrave*
 'S a sma' request:
I'll get a blessin wi' the lave,
 And never miss 't!

Thy wee bit *housie*, too, in ruin!
It's silly wa's the wins are strewin!
An' naething, now, to big a new ane,
 O' foggage green!
An' bleak December's winds ensuin,
 Baith snell and keen!

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste,
An' weary winter comin fast,

A WINTER NIGHT.

*Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pityless storm!
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these?—*

Shakespeare.

WHEN biting *Boreas*, fell and doure,
Sharp shivers thro' the leafless bow'r ;
When *Phæbus* gies a short-liv'd glow'r
Far south the lift,
Dim-dark'ning thro' the flaky show'r,
Or whirling drift :

Ae night the storm the steeples rocked,
Poor labour sweet in sleep was locked,
While burns, wi' snawy wreaths up-choked,
Wild-eddying swirl,
Or thro' the mining outlet bocked,
Down headlong hurl.

List'ning, the doors an' winnocks rattle,
I thought me on the ourie cattle,
Or silly sheep, wha bide this brattle
O' winter war,
An' thro' the drift, deep-lairing sprattie,
Beneath a scar.

Ilk happing bird, wee, helpless thing,
That, in the merry months o' spring,
Delighted me to hear thee sing,
What comes o' thee ?
Whare wilt thou cow'r thy chittering wing,
An' close thy e'e ?

- ' The pow'rs you proudly own ?
 ' Is there, beneath love's noble name,
 ' Can harbour, dark, the selfish aim,
 ' To bless himself alone !
 ' Mark maiden-innocence a prey
 ' To love-pretending snares,
 ' This boasted honour turns away,
 ' Shunning soft pity's rising sway,
 ' Regardless of the tears, and unavailing pray'rs !
 ' Perhaps, this hour, in mis'ry's squalid nest,
 ' She strains your infant to her joyless breast,
 ' And with a mother's fears shrinks at the rocking
 ' blast !
 ' Oh ye ! who, sunk in beds of down,
 ' Feel not a want but what yourselves create,
 ' Think, for a moment, on his wretched fate,
 ' Whom friends and fortune quite disown !
 ' Ill satisfy'd keen nature's clam'rous call,
 ' Stretch'd on his straw he lays himself to sleep,
 ' While thro' the ragged roof and chinky wall,
 ' Chill o'er his slumbers piles the drift' heap !
 ' Think on the dungeon's grim confine,
 ' Where guilt and poor misfortunē pine !
 ' Guilt, erring man, relenting view !
 ' But shall thy legal rage pursue
 ' The wretch, already crushed low
 ' By cruel fortune's undeserved blow ?
 ' Affliction's sons are brothers in distress,
 ' A brother to relieve, how exquisite the bliss !'

I heard nae mair, for *Chanticleer*
 Shook off the pouthery snaw,
 And hail'd the morning with a cheer,
 A cottage-rousing crew.

But deep this truth impress'd my mind—
 Thro' all his works abroad,
 The heart, benevolent and kind,
 The most resembles God.

EPISTLE TO DAVIE,

A BROTHER POET.*

January ---.

I.

WHILE winds frae aff *Ben-Lomond* blaw,
 And bar the doors wi' driving snaw,
 And hing us owre the ingle,
 I set me down to pass the time,
 And spin a verse or twa o' rhyme,
 In bamely westlin jingle.
 While frosty winds blaw in the drift,
 Ben to the chimla lug,
 I grudge a wee the great folks' gift,
 That live sae bien an' snug :
 I tent less, and want less
 Their roomy fire-side ;
 But hanker and canker,
 To see their cursed pride.

II.

It's hardly in a body's pow'r,
 To keep, at times, frae being sour,
 To see how things are shar'd ;
 How best o' chiels are whiles in want,
 While coofs on countless thousands rant,
 And ken na how to wair't :

* *David Sillar*, one of the club at Tarbolton, and author of a volume of poems in the Scottish dialect.

But, *Davie*, lad, ne'er fash your head,
 Tho' we hae little gear,
 We're fit to win our daily bread,
 As lang's we're hale and fier :
 ' Mair spier na, no fear na',*
 Auld age ne'er mind a feg,
 The last o't, the warst o't,
 Is only for to beg.

III.

To lie in kilns and barns at e'en,
 When banes are craz'd, and bluid is thin,
 Is, doubtless, great distress!
 Yet then content could make us blest ;
 Ev'n then, sometimes we'd snatch a taste
 Of truest happiness.
 The honest heart that's free frae a'
 Intended fraud or guile,
 However fortune kick the ba',
 Has ay some cause to smile,
 And mind still, you'll find still
 A comfort this nae sma' ;
 Nae mair then, we'll care then,
 Nae farther can we fa'.

IV.

What tho', like commoners of air,
 We wander out, we know not where,
 But either house or hal' ?
 Yet Nature's charms, the hills and woods,
 The sweeping vales, and foaming floods,
 Are free alike to all.
 In days when daisies deck the ground,
 And blackbirds whistle clear,
 With honest joy our hearts will bound,
 To see the coming year :

* Ramsay.

On braes when we please, then,
 We'll sit an' sowth a tune;
 Syne *rhyme* till't, we'll time till't,
 And sing 't when we hae done.

V.

It's no in titles nor in rank;
 It's no in wealth like Lon'on bank,
 To purchase peace and rest;
 It's no in makin muckle *mair*:
 It's no in books; it's no in lear,
 To make us truly blest:
 If happiness hae not her seat
 And centre in the breast,
 We may be wise, or rich, or great,
 But never can be blest:
 Nae treasures, nor pleasures,
 Could make us happy lang;
 The *heart* ay's the part ay,
 That makes us right or wrang.

VI.

Think ye, that sic as you and I,
 Wha drudge and drive thro' wet and dry,
 Wi' never-ceasing toil;
 Think ye, are we less blest than they,
 Wha scarcely tent us in their way,
 As hardly worth their while?
 Alas! how aft in haughty mood,
 God's creatures they oppress!
 Or else, neglecting a' that's guid,
 They riot in excess!
 Baith careless, and fearless
 Of either heav'n or hell!
 Esteeming, and deeming
 It's a' an idle tale!

VII.

Then let us cheerfu' acquiesce;
 Nor make our scauty pleasures less,

By pining at our state;
 And, even should misfortunes come,
 I, here wha sit, hae met wi' some,
 An's thankfu' for them yet.
 They gie the wit of age to youth;
 They let us ken oursel;
 They make us see the naked truth,
 The *real* guid and ill.
 Tho' losses, and crosses,
 Be lessons right severe,
 There's wit there, ye'll get there,
 Ye'll find nae other where.

VIII.

But tent me, *Davie*, ace o' hearts!
 (To say aught less wad wrang the cartes,
 And flatt'ry I detest)
 This life has joys for you and I:
 And joys that riches ne'er could buy;
 And joys the very best.
 There's a' the *pleasures o' the heart*,
 The lover an' the frien';
 Ye hae your *Meg*, your dearest part,
 And I my darling *Jean*!
 It warms me, it charms me,
 To mention but her *name*:
 It heats me, it beets me,
 And sets me a' on flame!

IX.

O' all ye pow'rs who rule above!
 O *Thou*, whose very self art *love*!
Thou know'st my words sincere!
 The life-blood streaming thro' my heart,
 Or my more dear immortal part,
 Is not more fondly dear!
 When heart-corroding care and grief
 Deprive my soul of rest,
 Her dear idea brings relief
 And solace to my breast.

Thou *Being*, All-seeing,
 O hear my fervent pray'r :
 Still take her, and make her
Thy most peculiar care!

X.

All hail, ye tender feelings dear!
 The smile of love, the friendly tear,
 The sympathetic glow;
 Long since, this world's thorny ways
 Had number'd out my weary days,
 Had it not been for you!
 Fate still has blest me with a friend,
 In every care and ill;
 And oft a more endearing band,
 A tie more tender still.
 It lightens, it brightens ;
 The tenebrific scene,
 To meet with, and greet with
 My *Davie* or my *Jean*.

XI.

O, how that *name* inspires my style!
 The words come skelpin rank and file,
 Amaist before I ken!
 The ready measure rins as fine,
 As Phœbus and the famous Nine
 Were glowrin owre my pen.
 My spaviet *Pegasus* will limp,
 Till ance he's fairly het;
 And then he'll hilch, and stilt, and jimp,
 An' rin an unco fit:
 But lest then, the beast then,
 Should rue this hasty ride,
 I'll light now, and dight now
 His sweaty wizen'd hide.

THE LAMENT,

OCCASIONED BY THE UNFORTUNATE
ISSUE OF A FRIEND'S AMOUR.

*Alas! how oft does Goodness wound itself,
And sweet Affection prove the spring of woe!*

Home.

I.

O THOU pale orb, that silent shines,
While care-untroubled mortals sleep!
Thou seest a wretch that inly pines,
And wanders here to wail and weep!
With woe I nightly vigils keep,
Beneath thy wan unwarming beam;
And mourn, in lamentation deep,
How *life* and *love* are all a dream.

II.

I joyless view thy rays adorn
The faintly-marked distant hill:
I joyless view thy trembling horn,
Reflected in the gurgling rill:
My fondly-fluttering heart, be still!
Thou busy pow'r, Remembrance, cease!
Ah! must the agonizing thrill
For ever bar returning peace!

III.

No idly-feign'd poetic pains,
My sad, love-lorn lamentings claim;
No shepherd's pipe—Arcadian strains;
No fabled tortures, quaint and tame,

The plighted faith; the mutual flame;
 The oft attested pow'rs above:
 The *promis'd Father's tender name*:
 These were the pledges of my love!

IV.

Encircled in her clasping arms,
 How have the raptur'd moments flown!
 How have I wish'd for fortune's charms,
 For her dear sake, and her's alone!
 And must I think it! is she gone,
 My secret heart's exulting boast?
 And does she heedless hear my groan?
 And is she ever, ever lost?

V.

Oh! can she bear so base a heart,
 So lost to honour, lost to truth,
 As from the fondest lover part,
 The plighted husband of her youth!
 Alas! life's path may be unsmooth,
 Her way may lie thro' rough distress!
 Then, who her pangs and pains will sooth,
 Her sorrows share, and make them less?

VI.

Ye winged hours that o'er us past,
 Enraptur'd more, the more enjoy'd,
 Your dear remembrance in my breast,
 My fondly-treasur'd thoughts employ'd.
 That breast how dreary now, and void,
 For her too scanty once of room!
 Ev'n ev'ry ray of hope destroy'd,
 And not a *wish* to gild the gloom!

VII.

The morn that warns th' approaching day,
 Awakes me up to toil and woe:
 I see the hours in long array,
 That I must suffer, lingering, slow.

Full many a pang, and many a throe,
 Keen recollection's direful train,
 Must wring my soul, ere Phœbus, low,
 Shall kiss the distant, western main.

VIII.

And when my nightly couch I try,
 Sore harass'd out with care and grief,
 My toil-beat nerves, and tear-worn eye,
 Keep watchings with the nightly thief:
 Or if I slumber, fancy, chief,
 Reigns haggard-wild, in sore affright:
 Ev'n day, all-bitter, brings relief,
 From such a horror-breathing night.

IX.

O! thou bright queen, who o'er th' expanse,
 Now highest reign'st, with boundless sway!
 Oft has thy silent-marking glance
 Observ'd us, fondly-wand'ring, stray!
 The time, unheeded, sped away,
 While love's luxurious pulse beat high,
 Beneath thy silver-gleaming ray,
 To mark the mutual kindling eye.

X.

Oh! scenes in strong remembrance set!
 Scenes, never, never, to return!
 Scenes, if in stupor I forget,
 Again I feel, again I burn!
 From ev'ry joy and pleasure torn,
 Life's weary vale I'll wander thro':
 And hopeless, comfortless, I'll mourn
 A faithless woman's broken vow.

DESPONDENCY,

AN ODE.

I.

OPPRESS'D with grief, oppress'd with care,
 A burden more than I can bear,
 I sit me down and sigh :
 O life! thou art a galling load,
 Along a rough, a weary road,
 To wretches such as I!
 DIM backward as I cast my view,
 What sick'ning scenes appear!
 What sorrows yet may pierce me thro',
 Too justly I may fear!
 Still caring, despairing,
 Must be my bitter doom ;
 My woes here shall close ne'er,
 But with the closing tomb !

II.

Happy, ye sons of busy life,
 Who, equal to the bustling strife,
 No other view regard!
 Ev'n when the wished *end*'s deny'd,
 Yet while the busy *means* are ply'd,
 They bring their own reward :
 Whilst I, a hope-abandon'd wight,
 Unfitted with an *aim*,
 Meet ev'ry sad returning night,
 And joyless morn the same,
 You, bustling, and justling,
 Forget each grief and pain;
 I, listless, yet restless,
 Find every prospect vain.

III.

How blest the Solitary's lot,
 Who, all forgetting, all forgot,
 Within his humble cell,
 The cavern wild with tangling roots,
 Sits o'er his newly-gather'd fruits,
 Beside his crystal well!
 Or, haply to his ev'ning thought,
 By unfrequented stream,
 The ways of men are distant brought,
 A faint collected dream:
 While praising, and raising
 His thoughts to heav'n on high,
 As wand'ring, meand'ring,
 He views the solemn sky.

IV.

Than I, no lonely hermit plac'd
 Where never human footstep trac'd,
 Less fit to play the part;
 The lucky moment to improve,
 And *just* to stop, and *just* to move,
 With self-respecting art:
 But ah! those pleasures, loves, and joys,
 Which I too keenly taste,
 The *Solitary* can despise,
 Can want, and yet be blest!
 He needs not, he heeds not,
 Or human love or hate,
 Whilst I here, must cry here,
 At perfidy ingrate!

V.

Oh! enviable, early days,
 When dancing thoughtless pleasure's maze,
 To care, to guilt unknown!
 How ill exchange'd for riper times,
 To feel the follies, or the crimes,
 Of others, or my own!

Ye tiny elves that guiltless sport,
 Like linnets in the bush,
 Ye little know the ills ye court,
 When manhood is your wish!
 The losses, the crosses,
 That *active man* engage!
 The fears all, the tears all,
 Of dim-declining *age*!

W I N T E R.

A DIRGE.

I.

THE wintry west extends his blast,
 And hail and rain does blow ;
 Or, the stormy north sends driving forth
 The blinding sleet and snaw :
 While tumbling brown, the burn comes down,
 And roars frae bank to brae ;
 And bird and beast in covert rest
 And pass the heartless day.

II.

“ The sweeping blast, the sky o’ercast,” *
 The joyless winter-day,
 Let others fear, to me more dear
 Than all the pride of May :
 The tempest’s howl, it sooths my soul,
 My griefs it seems to join,
 The leafless trees my faucy please,
 Their fate resembles mine!

* Dr. Young.

III.

Thou *Pow'r Supreme*, whose mighty scheme
 'These woes of mine fulfil,
 Here, firm, I rest, they *must* be best,
 Because they are *Thy Will* !
 Then all I want (O, do thou grant
 This one request of mine !)
 Since to *enjoy* thou dost deny,
 Assist me to *resign*.

THE

COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

INSCRIBED TO R. A****, ESQ.

*Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
 Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
 The short but simple annals of the poor.*

Gray.

I.

MY lov'd, my honour'd, much respected friend!
 No mercenary bard his homage pays ;
 With honest pride I scorn each selfish end ;
 My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise :
 To you I sing, in simple *Scottish* lays,
 The lowly train in life's sequester'd scene ;
 The native feelings strong, the guileless ways ;
 What A**** in a cottage would have been ;
 Ah ! tho' his worth unknown, far happier there, I
 ween ;

II.

November chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh ;
 The short'ning winter-day is near a close ;
 The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh ;
 The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose :
 The toil-worn *Cotter* frae his labour goes,
This night his weekly moil is at an end,
 Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
 Hoping the *morn* in ease and rest to spend,
 And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward
 bend.

III.

At length his lonely cot appears in view
 Beneath the shelter of an aged tree ;
 Th' expectant *wee-things*, toddlin, stacher thro'
 To meet their Dad, wi' flichterin noise an' glee.
 His wee bit ingle, blinkin bonnily,
 His clean hearth-stane, his thriftie *wifie's* smile,
 The lispin infant prattling on his knee,
 Does a' his weary carking cares beguile,
 An' makes him quite forget his labour an' his toil.

IV.

Belyve the elder bairns come drapping in,
 At service out, amang the farmers roun' ;
 Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin
 A cannie errand to a neebor town :
 Their eldest hope, their *Jenny*, woman grown,
 In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,
 Comes hame, perhaps, to shew a braw new gown,
 Or deposite her sair-won penny-fee,
 To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

V.

Wi' joy unfeign'd brothers and sisters meet,
 An' each for other's welfare kindly spiers :
 The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnotic'd fleet ;
 Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears ;

The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years ;
 Anticipation forward points the view.
 The *mother*, wi' her needle an' her shears,
 Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new ;
 The *father* mixes a' wi' admonition due.

VI.

Their master's an' their mistress's command,
 The younkers a' are warned to obey ;
 ' An' mind their labours wi' an eydent hand,
 ' An' ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jauk or play :
 ' An' O ! be sure to fear the Lord alway !
 ' An' mind your *duty*, duly, morn an' night !
 ' Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
 ' Implore his counsel and assisting might :
 ' They never sought in vain, that sought the Lord
 ' aright !'

VII.

But hark ! a rap comes gently to the door ;
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
 Tells how a neebor lad cam o'er the moor,
 To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
 The wily mother sees the conscious flame
 Sparkle in *Jenny's* e'e, and flush her cheek ;
 With heart-struck anxious care, inquires his name,
 While *Jenny* hafflins is afraid to speak ;
 Weel pleas'd the mother hears, it's nae wild, worth-
 less rake.

VIII.

Wi' kindly welcome *Jenny* brings him ben ;
 A strappan youth ; he taks the mother's eye ;
 Blythe *Jenny* sees the visit's no ill ta'en :
 The father cracks of horses, pleughs, and kye.
 The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy.
 But blate and laithfu', scarce can weel behave ;
 The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
 What makes the youth sae bashfu' an' sae grave ;
 Weel pleas'd to think her *bairn's* respected like the
 lave.

IX.

O happy love! where love like this is found!
 O heart-felt raptures! bliss beyond compare!
 I've paced much this weary *mortal round*,
 And sage *experience* bids me this declare—
 ' If Heav'n a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
 ' One cordial in this melancholy vale,
 ' 'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
 ' In others arms breathe out the tender tale,
 ' Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the ev'n-
 ' ing gale.'

X.

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart—
 A wretch! a villain! lost to love and truth!
 That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
 Betray sweet *Jenny's* unsuspecting youth?
 Curse on his perjur'd arts! dissembling smooth!
 Are honour, virtue, conscience, all exil'd?
 Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
 Points to the parents fondling o'er their child?
 Then paints the ruin'd maid, and their distraction
 wild!

XI.

But now the supper crowns their simple board,
 The halesome *parritch*, chief o' *Scotia's* food:
 The soupe their only *Hawkie* does afford,
 That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cood:
 The dame brings forth in complimentary mood,
 To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck, fell,
 An' aft he's prest, an' aft he ca's it guid:
 The frugal wife, garrulous, will tell,
 How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' lint was i' the bell.

XII.

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
 They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;
 The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
 The big *ha'-bible*, ance his father's pride:

His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
 His lyart haffets wearing thin an' bare ;
 Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
 He wales a portion with judicious care ;
 And ' *Let us worship God!*' he says, with solemn air.

XIII.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise ;
 They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim :
 Perhaps *Dundee's* wild warbling measures rise,
 Or plaintive *Martyrs*, worthy of the name :
 Or noble *Elgin* beets the heav'nward flame,
 The sweetest far of *Scotia's* holy lays :
 Compar'd with these, Italian trills are tame ;
 The tickl'd ears no heart-felt raptures raise ;
 Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

XIV.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
 How *Abram* was the *friend of God* on high ;
 Or, *Moses* bade eternal warfare wage
 With *Amalek's* ungracious progeny ;
 Or how the *royal bard* did groaning lie
 Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire ;
 Or, *Job's* pathetic plaint, and wailing cry ;
 Or rapt *Isaiah's* wild, seraphic fire ;
 Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

XV.

Perhaps the *Christian volume* is the theme,
 How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed ;
 How *He*, who bore in Heaven the second name,
 Had not on earth whereon to lay his head :
 How his first followers and servants sped ;
 The precepts sage they wrote to many a land ;
 How *he*, who lone in *Patmos* banished,
 Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand :
 And heard great *Bablon's* doom pronounc'd by
 Heav'n's command.

XVI.

Then kneeling down, to Heaven's Eternal King,
 The *saint*, the *father*, and the *husband* prays:
 Hope ' springs exulting on triumphant wing,'*
 That *thus* they all shall meet in future days:
 There ever bask in uncreated rays,
 No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
 Together hymning their *Creator's* praise,
 In such society, yet still more dear;
 While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

XVII.

Compar'd with this, how poor Religion's pride,
 In all the pomp of method, and of art,
 When men display to congregations wide,
 Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the *heart!*
 The *Pow'r*, incens'd, the pageant will desert,
 The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;
 But haply, in some *cottage* far apart,
 May hear, well pleas'd, the language of the soul;
 And in his *book of life* the inmates poor enrol.

XVIII.

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way;
 The youngling cottagers retire to rest:
 The parent-pair their *secret homage* pay,
 And proffer up to heaven the warm request
 That *He* who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,
 And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,
 Would, in the way his wisdom sees the best,
 For them and for their little ones provide;
 But chiefly, in their hearts with *grace divine* preside.

* Pope's Windsor Forest.

XIX.

From scenes like these old *Scotia's* grandeur springs,
 That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad :
 Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
 ' An honest man 's the noblest work of God :'
 And *certes* in fair virtue's heav'nly road,
 The *cottage* leaves the *palace* far behind ;
 What is a lordling's pomp ! a cumbrous load,
 Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
 Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refin'd !

XX.

O *Scotia* ! my dear, my native soil !
 For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent !
 Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil,
 Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content !
 And, O ! may Heaven their simple lives prevent
 From luxury's contagion, weak and vile !
 Then, howe'er *crowns* and *coronets* be rent,
 A *virtuous populace* may rise the while,
 And stand a wall of fire around their much-lov'd *Isle*.

XXI.

O *Thou* ! who pour'd the patriotic tide
 That stream'd thro' *Wallace's* undaunted heart ;
 Who dar'd to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
 Or nobly die, the second glorious part,
 (The patriot's *God*, peculiarly thou art,
 His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward !)
 O never, never, *Scotia's* realm desert :
 But still the *patriot* and the *patriot bard*,
 In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard !

MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN.

A DIRGE.

I.

WHEN chill November's surly blast
Made fields and forests bare,
One ev'ning as I wander'd forth
Along the banks of *Ayr*,
I spy'd a man, whose aged step
Seem'd weary, worn with care;
His face was furrow'd o'er with years,
And hoary was his hair.

II.

Young stranger, whither wand'rest thou?
Began the rev'rend sage;
Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,
Or youthful pleasure's rage;
Or haply, prest with cares and woes,
Too soon thou hast began
To wander forth, with me, to mourn
The miseries of man!

III.

The sun that overhangs yon moors,
Out-spreading far and wide,
Where hundreds labour to support
A haughty lordling's pride;
I've seen you weary winter-sun
Twice forty times return;
And ev'ry time has added proofs,
That man was made to mourn.

IV.

O man! while in thy early years,
How prodigal of time!
Mispending all thy precious hours,
Thy glorious youthful prime!
Alternate follies take the sway;
Licentious passions burn;
Which tenfold force gives nature's law,
That man was made to mourn.

V.

Look not alone on youthful prime,
Or manhood's active might;
Man then is useful to his kind,
Supported is his right:
But see him on the edge of life,
With cares and sorrows worn,
Then age and want, Oh! ill-match'd pair!
Show man was made to mourn.

VI.

A few seem favourites of fate,
In pleasure's lap carest;
Yet, think not all the rich and great
Are likewise truly blest.
But, Oh! what crouds in ev'ry land,
Are wretched and forlorn;
Thro' weary life this lesson learn,
That man was made to mourn.

VII.

Many and sharp the num'rous ills
Inwoven with our frame!
More pointed still we make ourselves,
Regret, remorse, and shame!
And man, whose heav'n-erected face
The smiles of love adorn,
Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn!

VIII.

See yonder poor, o'erlabour'd wight,
 So abject, mean, and vile,
 Who begs a brother of the earth
 To give him leave to toil;
 And see his lordly *fellow-worm*
 The poor petition spurn,
 Unmindful, tho' a weeping wife
 And helpless offspring mourn.

IX.

If I'm design'd yon lordling's slave,—
 By nature's law design'd,
 Why was an independent wish
 E'er planted in my mind?
 If not, why am I subject to
 His cruelty or scorn?
 Or why has man the will and pow'r
 To make his fellow mourn?

X.

Yet, let not this too much, my son,
 Disturb thy youthful breast :
 This partial view of human kind
 Is surely not the *last!*
 The poor, oppressed, honest man,
 Had never, sure, been born,
 Had there not been some recompense
 To comfort those that mourn!

XI.

O death! the poor man's dearest friend,
 The kindest and the best!
 Welcome the hour my aged limbs
 Are laid with thee at rest!
 The great, the wealthy, fear thy blow,
 From pomp and pleasure torn;
 But, Oh! a blest relief to those
 That weary-laden mourn!

A

*PRAYER IN THE PROSPECT OF
DEATH.*

I.

O THOU unknown, Almighty Cause
Of all my hope and fear!
In whose dread presence, ere an hour,
Perhaps I must appear!

II.

If I have wander'd in those paths
Of life I ought to shun;
As *something*, loudly, in my breast,
Remonstrates I have done;

III.

Thou know'st that thou hast formed me
With passions wild and strong;
And list'ning to their witching voice
Has often led me wrong.

IV.

Where human *weakness* has come short,
Or *frailty* stept aside,
Do thou, *All-Good!* for such thou art,
In shades of darkness hide.

V.

Where with *intention* I have err'd,
No other plea I have,
But *Thou art good*; and goodness still
Delighteth to forgive.

STANZAS

ON THE SAME OCCASION.

WHY am I loth to leave this earthly scene?
 Have I so found it full of pleasing charms?
 Some drops of joy with draughts of ill between:
 Some gleams of sunshine 'mid renewing storms:
 Is it departing pangs my soul alarms?
 Or death's unlovely, dreary, dark abode?
 For guilt, for guilt, my terrors are in arms;
 I tremble to approach an angry God,
 And justly smart beneath his sin-avenging rod.

Fain would I say, 'Forgive my foul offence!
 Fain promise never more to disobey;
 But, should my Author health again dispense,
 Again I might desert fair virtue's way;
 Again in folly's path might go astray:
 Again exalt the brute and sink the man;
 Then how should I for heavenly mercy pray,
 Who act so counter heavenly mercy's plan?
 Who sin so oft have mourn'd, yet to temptation ran.

O Thou, great Governor of all below!
 If I may dare a lifted eye to Thee,
 Thy nod can make the tempest cease to blow,
 Or still the tumult of the raging sea:
 With that controlling pow'r assist ev'n me,
 Those headlong furious passions to confine;
 For all unfit I feel my powers to be,
 To rule their torrent in th' allowed line;
 O, aid me with thy help, *Omnipotence Divine!*

LYING AT A REVEREND FRIEND'S HOUSE
ONE NIGHT, THE AUTHOR LEFT

THE FOLLOWING VERSES

IN THE ROOM WHERE HE SLEPT.

I.

O THOU dread Pow'r, who reign'st above!
I know thou wilt me hear:
When for this scene of peace and love,
I make my pray'r sincere.

II.

The hoary sire—the mortal stroke,
Long, long, be pleas'd to spare!
To bless his little filial flock,
And show what good men are.

III.

She, who her lovely offspring eyes
With tender hopes and fears,
O, bless her with a mother's joys,
But spare a mother's tears!

IV.

Their hope, their stay, their darling youth,
In manhood's dawning blush;
Bless him, thou God of love and truth,
Up to a parent's wish!

V.

The beauteous, seraph sister-band,
With earnest tears I pray,
Thou know'st the snares on ev'ry hand,
Guide thou their steps away!

VI.

When soon or late they reach that coast,
O'er life's rough ocean driv'n,
May they rejoice, no wand'rer lost,
A family in Heav'n!

THE FIRST PSALM.

THE man, in life wherever plac'd,
Hath happiness in store,
Who walks not in the wicked's way,
Nor learns their guilty lore!

Nor from the seat of scornful pride
Casts forth his eyes abroad,
But with humility and awe
Still walks before his God.

That man shall flourish like the trees
Which by the streamlets grow;
The fruitful top is spread on high,
And firm the root below.

But he whose blossom buds in guilt,
Shall to the ground be cast,
And like the rootless stubble, tost
Before the sweeping blast.

For why? that God the good adore
Hath giv'n them peace and rest,
But hath decreed that wicked men
Shall ne'er be truly blest.

A PRAYER,

UNDER THE PRESSURE OF VIOLENT
ANGUISH.

O THOU Great Being ! what thou art
Surpasses me to know :
Yet sure I am, that known to thee
Are all thy works below.

Thy creature here before thee stands,
All wretched and distress ;
Yet sure those ills that wring my soul
Obey thy high behest.

Sure thou, Almighty, canst not act
From cruelty or wrath !
O, free my weary eyes from tears,
Or close them fast in death !

But if I must afflicted be,
To suit some wise design ;
Then man my soul with firm resolves
To bear and not repine !

THE
FIRST SIX VERSES OF THE
NINETIETH PSALM.

O THOU, the first, the greatest friend
Of all the human race !
Whose strong right hand has ever been
Their stay and dwelling place !

Before the mountains heav'd their heads
Beneath thy forming hand,
Before this pond'rous globe itself,
Arose at thy command ;

That pow'r which rais'd and still upholds
This universal frame,
From countless, unbeginning time
Was ever still the same.

Those mighty periods of years
Which seem to us so vast,
Appear no more before thy sight
Than yesterday that 's past.

Thou giv'st the word : Thy creature, man,
Is to existence brought :
Again thou say'st, ' Ye sons of men,
Return ye into nought !'

Thou layest them, with all their cares,
In everlasting sleep ;
As with a flood thou tak'st them off
With overwhelming sweep.

They flourish like the morning flow'r,
In beauty's pride array'd ;
But long ere night cut down it lies
All wither'd and decay'd.

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY,

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE
 PLOUGH, IN APRIL 1786.

WEE, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r,
 Thou's met me in an evil hour;
 For I maun crush amang the stoure
 Thy slender stem;
 To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
 Thou bonnie gem.

Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet,
 The bonnie *Lark*, companion meet!
 Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet!
 Wi' spreckled breast,
 When upward-springing, blythe, to greet
 The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
 Upon thy early, humble birth;
 Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
 Amid the storm,
 Scarce rear'd above the parent earth
 Thy tender form.

The flaunting flow'rs our gardens yield,
 High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield,
 But thou beneath the random bield
 O' clod or stane,
 Adorns the histie *stibble-field*,
 Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
 Thy snawy bosom sun-ward spread,

TO RUIN.

I.

ALL hail! inexorable lord!
At whose destruction-breathing word,
The mightiest empires fall!
Thy cruel, woe-delighted train,
The ministers of grief and pain,
A sullen welcome, all!
With stern-resolv'd, despairing eye,
I see each aimed dart;
For one has cut my *dearest tie*,
And quivers in my heart,
Then low'ring, and pouring,
The *storm* no more I dread;
Tho' thick'ning and black'ning,
Round my devoted head.

II.

And, thou grim pow'r, by life abhorr'd,
While life a *pleasure* can afford,
Oh! hear a wretch's pray'r!
No more I shrink appall'd, afraid;
I court, I beg thy friendly aid,
To close this scene of care!
When shall my soul, in silent peace,
Resign life's *joyless* day;
My weary heart its throbbing cease,
Cold mould'ring in the clay?
No fear more, no tear more,
To stain my lifeless face;
Enclasped, and grasped
Within thy cold embrace!

TO MISS L—,

WITH BEATTIE'S POEMS AS A NEW YEAR'S
GIFT, JANUARY 1, 1787.

AGAIN the silent wheels of time
Their annual round have driv'n,
And you, tho' scarce in maiden prime,
Are so much nearer Heav'n.

No gifts have I from Indian coasts
The infant year to hail ;
I send you more than India boasts,
In *Edwin's* simple tale.

Our sex with guile and faithless love
Is charged, perhaps, too true ;
But may, dear maid, each lover prove
An *Edwin* still to you !

EPISTLE TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

MAY — 1786.

I.

I LANG hae thought, my youthfu' friend,
 A something to have sent you,
 Tho' it should serve nae other end
 Than just a kind *memento*;
 But how the subject-theme may gang,
 Let time and chance determine:
 Perhaps it may turn out a sang,
 Perhaps turn out a sermon.

II.

Ye 'll try the world soon, my lad,
 And, *Andrew* dear, believe me,
 Ye 'll find mankind an unco squad,
 And muckle they may grieve ye:
 For care and trouble set your thought,
 Ev'n when your end's attained;
 And a' your views may come to nought,
 Where ev'ry nerve is strained.

III.

I'll no say, men are villains a';
 The real, harden'd wicked,
 Wha hae nae check but human law,
 Are to a few restricked:
 But, och! mankind are unco weak,
 An' little to be trusted;
 If *self* the wavering balance shake,
 Its rarely right adjusted!

IV.

Yet they wha fa' in fortune's strife,
 Their fate we should na censure,
 For still th' *important end* of life,
 They equally may answer ;
 A man may hae an honest heart,
 Tho' poortith hourly stare him ;
 A man may tak a neebor's part,
 Yet hae nae *cash* to spare him.

V.

Ay free, aff han' your story tell,
 When wi' a bosom crony ;
 But still keep something to yoursel
 Ye scarcely tell to ony.
 Conceal yoursel as weel's ye can
 Frae critical dissection ;
 But keek thro' ev'ry other man,
 Wi' sharpen'd sly inspection.

VI.

The sacred lowe o' weel-plac'd love,
 Luxuriantly indulge it ;
 But never tempt th' *illicit rove*
 Tho' naething should divulge it :
 I wave the quantum o' the sin,
 The hazard of concealing ;
 But, och ! it hardens a' within,
 And petrifies the feeling !

VII.

To catch dame Fortune's golden smile,
 Assiduous wait upon her ;
 And gather gear by ev'ry wile
 That 's justified by honour ;
 Not for to hide it in a hedge,
 Nor for a train-attendant ;
 But for the glorious privilege
 Of being *independent*.

VIII.

The fear o' hell 's a hangman's whip
 To haud the wretch in order ;
 But where ye feel your *honour* grip,
 Let that ay be your border ;
 Its slightest touches, instant pause—
 Debar a' side pretences ;
 And resolutely keep its laws,
 Uncaring consequences.

IX.

The great *Creator* to revere,
 Must sure become the *creature* ;
 But still the preaching cant forbear,
 And ev'n the rigid feature :
 Yet ne'er with wits profane to range,
 Be complaisance extended ;
 An Atheist's laugh 's a poor exchange
 For Deity offended !

X.

When rauting round in pleasure's ring,
 Religion may be blinded ;
 Or if she gie a *random sting*,
 It may be little minded ;
 But when on life we're tempest-driv'n,
 A conscience but a canker—
 A correspondence fix'd wi' Heav'n,
 Is sure a noble *anchor* !

XI.

Adieu, dear amiable youth !
 Your heart can ne'er be wanting :
 May prudence, fortitude, and truth,
 Erect your brow undaunting !
 In ploughman phrase, ' God send you speed,'
 Still daily to grow wiser :
 And may you better reck the *rede*,
 Than ever did th' adviser !

ON A SCOTCH BARD,

GONE TO THE WEST INDIES.

A' YE wha live by soups o' drink,
 A' ye wha live by crambo-clink,
 A' ye wha live and never think,
 Come mourn wi' me!
 Our *billie* 's gien us a' a jink,
 An' owre the sea.

Lament him a' ye rantin core,
 Wha dearly like a random-splore,
 Nae mair he 'll join the *merry roar*,
 In social key;
 For now he 's taen anither shore,
 An' owre the sea.

The bonnie lasses weel may wiss him,
 And in their dear *petitions* place him:
 The widows, wives, an' a' may bless him,
 Wi' tearfu' e'e;
 For weel I wat they'll sairly miss him
 That 's owre the sea.

O Fortune, they hae room to grumble!
 Hadst thou taen aff some drowsy bummle,
 Wha can do nought but fyke an' fumble,
 'Twad been nae plea;
 But he was gleg as ony wumble,
 That 's owre the sea.

Auld, cantie *Kyle* may weepers wear,
 An' stain them wi' the saut, saut tear;
 'Twill mak her poor auld heart I fear,
 In flinders flee;
 He was her *laureate* monie a year,
 That 's owre the sea.

TO A HAGGIS.

FAIR fa' your honest, sonsie face,
 Great chieftain o' the pudding-race!
 Aboon them a' ye tak your place,
 Painch, tripe, or thairm :
 Weel are ye wordy of a *grace*
 As lang 's my arm.

The groaning trencher there ye fill,
 Your hurdies like a distant hill,
 Your *pin* wad help to mend a mill
 In time o' need,
 While thro' your pores the dews distil
 Like amber bead.

His knife see rustic labour dight,
 An' cut you up with ready slight,
 Trenching your gushing entrails bright
 Like onie ditch;
 And then, O what a glorious sight,
 Warm-reekin, rich!

Then horn for horn they stretch an' strive,
 Deil tak the hindmost, on they drive,
 Till a' their weel-swallow'd kytes belyve
 Are bent like drums;
 Then auld guidman, maist like to ryve,
 Bethankit hums.

Is there that o'er his French *ragout*,
 Or *olio* that wad staw a sow,
 Or *fricassee* wad mak her spew
 Wi' perfect sconner,
 Looks down wi' sneering, scornfu' view
 On sic a dinner?

This may do—maun do, Sir, wi' them wha
 Maun please the great folk for a wamefou;
 For me! sae laigh I needna bow,
 For, Lord be thankit, *I can plough*;
 And when I downa yoke a naig,
 Then, Lord be thankit, *I can beg*;
 Sae I shall say, an' that's nae flatt'rin,
 It's just *sic poet*, an' *sic patron*.

The Poet, some guid angel help him,
 Or else, I fear some ill ane skelp him,
 He may do weel for a' he's done yet,
 But only he's no just begun yet.

The Patron, (Sir, ye maun forgie me,
 I winna lie, come what will o' me)
 On ev'ry hand it will allow'd be,
 He's just—nae better than he should be.

I readily and freely grant,
 He downa see a poor man want;
 What's no his ain he winna tak it,
 What ance he says he winna break it;
 Ought he can lend he'll no refus't,
 Till aft his guidness is abus'd:
 And rascals whyles that do him wrang,
 Ev'n *that*, he does na mind it lang:
 As master, landlord, husband, father,
 He does na fail his part in either.

But then, nae thanks to him for a' that;
 Nae *godly symptom* ye can ca' that;
 It's naething but a milder feature,
 Of our poor, sinfu' corrupt nature:
 Ye'll get the best o' moral works,
 'Mang black Gentoos and pagan Turks,
 Or hunters wild on *Ponotaxi*,
 Wha never heard of orthodoxy.
 That he's the poor man's friend in need,
 The *gentleman* in word and deed,

It's no thro' terror of d-mn-tion
It's just a carnal inclination.

Morality, thou deadly bane,
Thy tens o' thousands thou hast slain!
Vain is his hope, whose stay and trust is
In *moral* mercy, truth, and justice!

No--stretch a point to catch a plack;
Abuse a brother to his back;
Steal thro' a *winnock* frae a wh-re,
But point the rake that taks the *door*:
Be to the poor like onie whunstane,
And haud their noses to the grunstane;
Ply ev'ry art o' *legal* thieving;
No matter, stick to *sound believing*.

Learn three-mile pray'rs, and half-mile graces,
Wi' weel-spread looves, an' lang wry faces;
Grunt up a solemn, lèngthen'd groan,
And damn a' parties but your own;
I'll warrant then, ye're nae deceiver,
A steady, sturdy, staunch believer.

O ye wha leave the springs of *C-l-v-n*,
For *gumlie dubs* of your ain delvin!
Ye sons of heresy and error,
Ye'll some day squeel in quaking terror!
When Vengeance draws the sword in wrath,
And in the fire throws the sheath!
When Ruin, with his sweeping *besom*,
Just frets till Heav'n commission gies him:
While o'er the *harp* pale Mis'ry moans
And strikes the ever-deep'ning tones,
Still louder shrieks, and heavier groans!

Your pardon, Sir, for this digression,
I maist forgat my *dedication*;
But when divinity comes cross me,
My readers still are sure to lose me.

So, Sir, ye see 'twas nae daft vapour,
 But I maturely thought it proper,
 When a' my works I did review,
 To dedicate them, Sir, to *You* :
 Because (ye need na tak it ill)
 I thought them something like yoursel.

Then patronise them wi' your favour,
 And your petitioner shall ever—
 I had amaist said, *ever pray*,
 But that's a word I need na say :
 For prayin I hae little skill o't;
 I'm baith dead-sweer, an' wretched ill o't;
 But I'se repeat each poor man's *pray'r*,
 That kens or hears about you, Sir—

' May ne'er misfortune's gowling bark,
 ' Howl thro' the dwelling o' the *Clerk* !
 ' May ne'er his gen'rous, honest heart,
 ' For that same gen'rous spirit smart!
 ' May K*****'s far honour'd name
 ' Lang beet his hymeneal flame,
 ' Till H*****'s, at least a dizen,
 ' Are frae their nuptial labours risen :
 ' Five bonnie lasses round their table,
 ' And seven braw fellows, stout an' able
 ' To serve their king and country weel,
 ' By word, or pen, or pointed steel !
 ' May health and peace, with mutual rays,
 ' Shine on the evening o' his days ;
 ' Till his wee curlie *John*'s ier-oe,
 ' When ebbing life nae mair shall flow,
 ' The last, sad, mournful rites bestow !

I will not wind a lang conclusion,
 Wi' complimentary effusion :
 But whilst your wishes and endeavours
 Are blest with Fortune's smiles and favours,
 I am, dear Sir, with zeal most fervent,
 Your much indebted, humble servant.

ADDRESS TO EDINBURGH.

I.

EDINA! *Scotia's* darling seat!
All hail thy palaces and tow'rs,
Where once beneath a monarch's feet
Sat legislation's sov'reign pow'rs!
From marking wildly-scatter'd flow'rs,
As on the banks of *Ayr* I stray'd,
And singing, lone, the ling'ring hours,
I shelter in thy honour'd shade.

II.

Here wealth still swells the golden tide,
As busy trade his labours plies;
There architecture's noble pride
Bids elegance and splendour rise;
Here justice, from her native skies,
High wields her balance and her rod;
There learning, with his eagle eyes,
Seeks science in her coy abode.

III.

Thy Sons, Edina, social, kind,
With open arms the stranger hail;
Their views enlarg'd, their lib'ral mind,
Above the narrow, rural vale:
Attentive still to sorrow's wail,
Or modest merit's silent claim;
And never may their sources fail!
And never envy blot their name!

IV.

Thy daughters bright thy walks adorn!
Gay as the gilded summer sky,
Sweet as the dewy milk-white thorn,
Dear as the raptur'd thrill of joy!

Fair B—— strikes th' adoring eye,
 Heav'n's beauties on my fancy shine
 I see the *sire of love on high*,
 And own his work indeed divine!

V.

There, watching high the least alarms,
 Thy rough rude fortress gleams afar;
 Like some bold vet'ran, gray in arms,
 And mark'd with many a seamy scar:
 The pond'rous wall and massy bar,
 Grim-rising o'er the rugged rock;
 Have oft withstood assailing war,
 And oft repell'd the invader's shock.

VI.

With awe-struck thought, and pitying tears,
 I view that noble, stately dome,
 Where *Scotia's* kings of other years,
 Fam'd heroes, had their royal home:
 Alas! how chang'd the times to come!
 Their royal name low in the dust!
 Their hapless race wild-wand'ring roam!
 Tho' rigid law cries out, 'twas just!

VII.

Wild beats my heart to trace your steps,
 Whose ancestors, in days of yore,
 Thro' hostile ranks and ruin'd gaps,
 Old *Scotia's* bloody lion bore:
 Ev'n *I* who sing in rustic lore,
 Haply *my sires* have left their shed,
 And fac'd grim danger's loudest roar,
 Bold-following where *your* fathers led!

VIII.

Edina! *Scotia's* darling seat!
 All hail thy palaces and tow'rs,
 Where once beneath a monarch's feet
 Sat legislation's sov'reign pow'rs!

From marking wildly-scatter'd flow'rs,
 As on the banks of *Ayr* I stray'd,
 And singing, lone, the ling'ring hours,
 I shelter in thy honour'd shade.

EPISTLE TO J. LAPRAIK,

AN OLD SCOTTISH BARD.

April 1st, 1785.

WHILE briers and woodbines budding green,
 An' paitricks sraichin loud at e'en,
 An' morning poussie whiddin seen,
 Inspire my muse,
 This freedom in an *unknown* frien'
 I pray excuse.

On fasten-een we had a rockin,
 To ca' the crack and weave our stockin;
 And there was muckle fun an' jokin,
 Ye need na doubt;
 At length we had a hearty yokin
 At *sang about*.

There was ae *sang*, among the rest,
 Aboon them a' it pleas'd me best,
 That some kind husband had address
 To some sweet wife:
 It thirl'd the heart-strings thro' the breast,
 A' to the life.

I've scarce heard ought describes sae weel,
 What gen'rous, manly bosoms feel;

Thought I, ' Can this be Pope, or Steele,
 ' Or Beattie's wark !'
 They tauld me 'twas an odd kind chiel
 About *Muirkirk*.

It pat me fidgin-fain to hear 't,
 And sae about him there I spier't,
 Then a' that ken't him round declar'd
 He had *ingine*,
 That nane excell'd it, few cam near't,
 It was sae fine.

That set him to a pint of ale,
 An' either douce or merry tale,
 Or rhymes an' sangs he'd made himsel,
 Or witty catches,
 'Tween Inverness and Tiviotdale,
 He had few matches.

Then up I gat, an' swear an' aith,
 Tho' I should pawn my pleugh and graith,
 Or die a cadger pownie's death,
 At some dyke-back,
 A pint an' gill I'd gie them baith
 To hear your crack.

But, first an' foremost, I should tell,
 Amaist as soon as I could spell,
 I to the *crambo-jingle* fell,
 'Tho' rude an' rough,
 Yet crooning to a body's sel,
 Does weel eneugh.

I am na *poet*, in a sense,
 But just a *rhymmer*, like, by chance,
 An' hae to learning nae pretence,
 Yet, what the matter ?
 Whene'er my muse does on me glance,
 I jingle at her.

‘ I’ll write, an’ that a hearty blaud,
 ‘ This vera night ;
 ‘ So dinna ye affront your trade,
 ‘ But rhyme it right.

‘ Shall bauld *Lapraik*, the king o’ hearts,
 ‘ Tho’ mankind were a pack o’ cartes,
 ‘ Roose you sae weel for your deserts,
 ‘ In terms sae friendly,
 ‘ Yet ye’ll neglect to shaw your parts,
 ‘ An’ thank him kindly !’

Sae I gat paper in a blink,
 An’ down gaed *stumpie* in the ink :
 Quoth I, ‘ Before I sleep a wink,
 ‘ I vow I’ll close it ;
 ‘ An’ if ye winna mak it clink,
 ‘ By Jove I’ll prose it !’

Sae I’ve begun to scrawl, but whether
 In rhyme, or prose, or baith thegither,
 Or some hotch-potch that’s rightly neither,
 Let time mak proof ;
 But I shall scribble down some blether
 Just clean aff-loof.

My worthy friend, ne’er grudge an’ carp,
 Tho’ fortune use you hard an’ sharp :
 Come, kittle up your *moorland harp*
 Wi’ gleesome touch !
 Ne’er mind how fortune *waft* an’ *warp* :
 She ’s but a b-tch.

She ’s gien me monie a jirt an’ fleg,
 Sin’ I could striddle owre a rig ;
 But, by the L—d, tho’ I should beg
 Wi’ lyart pow,
 I’ll laugh, an’ sing, an’ shake my leg,
 As lang ’s I dow !

Now comes the sax an' twentieth simmer
 I've seen the bud upo' the timmer,
 Still persecuted by the limmer
 Frae year to year;
 But yet, despite the kittle kimmer,
 I, Rob, am here.

Do ye envy the city *Gent*,
 Behint a kist to lie and sklent,
 Or purse-proud, big wi' cent. per cent.
 And muckle wame,
 In some bit brugh to represent
 A *Bailie's* name?

Or is't the paughty, feudal Thane,
 Wi' ruffl'd sark an' glancing cane,
 Wha thinks himsel nae sheep-shank bane,
 But lordly stalks,
 While caps and bonnets aff are taen,
 As by he walks

' O *Thou* wha gies us each guid gift
 ' Gie me o' wit an' sense a lift,
 ' Then turn me, if *Thou* please, adrift,
 ' Thro' Scotland wide;
 ' Wi' cits nor lairds I wadna shift,
 ' In a' their pride!'

Were this the *charter* of our state,
 ' On pain o' hell be rich an' great,'
 Damnation then would be our fate,
 Beyond remead;
 But, thanks to Heav'n! that's no the gate
 We learn our creed.

For thus the royal mandate ran,
 When first the human race began,

‘ The social, friendly, honest man,
 ‘ Whate’er he be,
 ‘ ’Tis he fulfils *great Nature’s plan*,
 ‘ An’ none but *he!*’

O mandate glorious and divine!
 The ragged followers of the Nine,
 Poor, thoughtless devils! yet may shine
 In glorious light,
 While sordid sons of Mammon’s line
 Are dark as night.

Tho’ here they scrape, an’ squeeze, an’ growl,
 Their worthless nievefu’ of a soul
 May in some future carcase howl,
 The forest’s fright;
 Or in some day-detesting owl
 May shun the light.

Then may *Lapraik* and *Burns* arise,
 To reach their native, kindred skies,
 And *sing* their pleasures, hopes, an’ joys,
 In some mild sphere,
 Still closer knit in friendship’s ties
 Each passing year.

TO W. S*****N,

OCHILTREE.

May, 1785.

I GAT your letter, winsome Willie ;
 Wi' gratefu' heart I thank you brawlie ;
 Tho' I maun say't, I wad be silly,
 An' unco vain,
 Should I believe, my coaxin billie,
 Your flatt'rin strain.

But I'se believe ye kindly meant it,
 I sud be laith to think ye hinted
 Ironic satire, sidelins sklented
 On my poor Musie ;
 Tho' in sic phraisin terms ye've penn'd it,
 I scarce excuse ye.

My senses wad be in a creel,
 Should I but dare a *hope* to speel,
 Wi' *Allan*, or wi' *Gilbertfield*,
 The braes o' fame ;
 Or *Fergusson*, the writer chiel,
 A deathless name.

(O *Fergusson* ! thy glorious parts
 Ill suited law's dry, musty arts ;
 My curse upon your whunstane hearts,
 Ye Enbrugh Gentry !
 The tythe o' what ye waste at cartes,
 Wad stow'd his pantry !)

Yet when a tale comes i' my head
 Or lasses gie my heart a screed,

As whyles they're like to be my deed,
 (O sad disease!)
 I kittle up my *rustic reed* ;
 It gies me ease.

Auld *Coila* now may fidge fu' fain,
 She's gotten Poets o' her ain,
 Chiels wha their chanters winna hain,
 But tune their lays,
 Till echoes a' resound again
 Her weel-sung praise.

Nae poet thought her worth his while
 To set her name in measur'd style;
 She lay like some unkenn'd-of isle
 Beside *New Holland*.
 Or whare wild-meeting oceans boil
 Besouth *Magellan*.

Ramsay an' famous *Fergusson*
 Gied *Forth* an' *Tay* a lift aboon ;
Yarrow an' *Tweed*, to monie a tune,
 Owre Scotland rings,
 While *Irwin*, *Lugar*, *Ayr*, an' *Doon*,
 Nae body sings.

Th' *Illissus*, *Tiber*, *Thames*, an' *Seine*,
 Glide sweet in monie a tunefu' line!
 But, *Willie*, set your fit to mine,
 An' cock your crest,
 We'll gar our streams an' burnies shine
 Up wi' the best.

We'll sing auld *Coila*'s plains an' fells,
 Her moors red-brown wi' heather bells,
 Her banks an' braes, her dens and dells,
 Where glorious *Wallace*
 Aft bure the gree, as story tells,
 Frae southron billies.

At *Wallace*' name what Scottish blood
 But boils up in a spring-tide flood!
 Oft have our fearless fathers strode
 By *Wallace*' side,
 Still pressing onward, red-wat shod,
 Or glorious dy'd.

O, sweet are *Coila*'s haughs an' woods,
 When lintwhites chant amang the buds,
 And jinkin hares, in amorous whids,
 Their loves enjoy,
 While thro' the braes the cushat croods
 With wailfu' cry!

Ev'n winter bleak has charms to me
 When winds rave thro' the naked tree;
 Or frosts on hills of *Ochiltree*
 Are hoary gray;
 Or blinding drifts wild-furious flee,
 Dark'ning the day!

O *Nature*! a' thy shews an' forms
 To feeliug, pensive hearts hae charms!
 Whether the summer kindly warms,
 Wi' life an' light,
 Or winter howls, in gusty storms,
 The lang, dark night!

The Muse, nae poet ever fand her,
 Till by himsel he learn'd to wander,
 Adown some trotting burn's meander,
 An' no think lang!
 O sweet, to stray and pensive ponder
 A heartfelt sang!

The warly race may drudge an' drive,
 Hog-shouther, jundie, stretch, an' strive,

They took nae pains their speech to balance,
 Or rules to gie,
 But spak their thoughts in plain, braid lallans,
 Like you or me.

In thae auld times, they thought the *moon*,
 Just like a sark, or pair o' shoon,
 Wore by degrees, till her last roon,
 Gaed past their viewing,
 An' shortly after she was done,
 They gat a new one.

This past for certain, undisputed;
 It ne'er cam i' their heads to doubt it,
 Till chiefs gat up an' wad confute it,
 An' ca'd it wrang;
 An' muckle din there was about it,
 Baith loud and lang.

Some *herds*, weel learn'd upo' the beuk,
 Wad threap auld folk the thing misteuk;
 For 'twas the *auld moon* turn'd a neuk,
 An' out o' sight,
 An' backlins-comin, to the leuk,
 She grew mair bright.

This was deny'd, it was affirm'd;
 The *herds* an' *hissels* were alarm'd:
 The rev'rend gray-beards rav'd an' storm'd,
 That beardless laddies
 Should think they better were inform'd
 Than their auld daddies.

Frae less to mair it gaed to sticks;
 Frae words an' aiths to clours an' nicks;
 An' monie a fallow gat his licks,
 Wi' hearty crunt;
 An' some, to learn them for their tricks,
 Were hang'd an' brunt.

*EPISTLE TO J. R*****,*

ENCLOSING SOME POEMS.

O ROUGH, rude, ready-witted R*****,
 The wale o' cocks for fun and drinkin!
 There's mony godly folks are thinkin,
 Your *dreams** an' tricks
 Will send you, Korah-like, a-sinkin,
 Straught to auld Nick's.

Ye hae sae monie cracks an' cants,
 And in your wicked, drucken rant,
 Ye mak a devil o' the saunts,
 An' fill them fou;
 And then their failings, flaws, an' wants,
 Are a' seen thro'.

Hypocrisy, in mercy spare it!
 That holy robe, O dinna tear it!
 Spare 't for their sakes wha aften wear it,
 The lads in *black*!
 But your curst wit, when it comes near it,
 Rives 't aff their back.

Think, wicked sinner, wha ye're skaithing,
 Its just the *blue-gown* badge an' claiting
 O' saunts; take that, ye lea'e them naething
 To ken them by,
 Frae ony unregenerate heathen
 Like you or I.

* A certain humorous *dream* of his was then making a noise in the country-side.

I've sent you here some rhyming ware,
 A' that I bargain'd for, an' mair ;
 Sae, when ye hae an hour to spare,
 I will expect
 Yon *sang*,* ye'll sen't wi' cannie care,
 And no neglect.

Tho' faith, sma' heart hae I to sing!
 My muse dow scarcely spread her wing!
 I've play'd mysel a bonnie spring,
 An' danc'd my fill!
 I'd better gaen an' sair'd the king,
 At *Bunker's Hill*.

'Twas ae night lately in my fun,
 I gaed a roving wi' the gun,
 An' brought a *paitrick* to the grun,
 A bonnie hen,
 And, as the twilight was begun.
 Thought nane wad ken.

The poor wee thing was little hurt ;
 I strakit it a wee for sport,
 Ne'er thinkin they wad fash me for 't;
 But, deil-ma-care!
 Somebody tells the *poacher-court*
 The hale affair.

Some auld us'd hands had ta'en a note,
 That sic a hen had got a shot;
 I was suspected for the plot;
 I scorn'd to lie,
 So gat the whissle o' my groat,
 An' pay't the *fee*.

* A *song* he had promised the Author.

But, by my gun, o' guns the wale,
 An' by my pouter an' my hail,
 An' by my hen, an' by her tail,
 I vow an' swear!
 The *game* shall pay o'er moor an' dale,
 For this, niest year.

As soon's the clockin-time is by,
 An' the wee pouts begun to cry,
 L—d, I'se hae sportin by an' by,
 For my gowd guinea:
 Tho' I should herd the *buckskin* kye
 For 't in Virginia.

'Trowth, they had muckle for to blame!
 'Twas neither broken wing nor limb,
 But twa-three draps about the wame
 Scarce thro' the feathers;
 An' baith a yellow George to claim,
 An' thole their blethers!

It pits me ay as mad 's a hare;
 So I can rhyme nor write nae mair;
 But *pennyworths* again is fair,
 When time 's expedient:
 Meanwhile I am, respected Sir,
 Your most obedient.

*JOHN BARLEYCORN,**

A BALLAD.

I.

THERE was three kings into the east,
Three kings both great and high,
An' they ha' sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn should die.

II.

They took a plough and plough'd him down,
Put clods upon his head,
And they hae sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn was dead.

III.

But the cheerful spring came kindly on,
And show'rs began to fall;
John Barleycorn got up again,
And sore surpris'd them all.

IV.

The sultry suns of summer came,
And he grew thick and strong,
His head weel arm'd wi' pointed spears,
That no one should him wrong.

V.

The sober autumn enter'd mild,
When he grew wan and pale;
His bending joints and drooping head
Show'd he began to fail.

* This is partly composed on the plan of an old song known by the same name.

VI.

His colour sicken'd more and more,
He faded into age ;
And then his enemies began
To shew their deadly rage.

VII.

They've ta'en a weapon, long and sharp,
And cut him by the knee ;
Then ty'd him fast upon a cart,
Like a rogue for forgerie.

VIII.

They laid him down upon his back,
And cudgell'd him full sore ;
They hung him up before the storm,
And turn'd him o'er and o'er.

IX.

They filled up a darksome pit
With water to the brim,
They heaved in John Barleycorn,
There let him sink or swim.

X.

They laid him out upon the floor,
To work him farther woe,
And still, as signs of life appear'd,
They toss'd him to and fro.

XI.

They wasted, o'er a scorching flame,
The marrow of his bones ;
But a miller us'd him worst of all,
For he crush'd him between two stones.

XII.

And they hae ta'en his very heart's blood,
And drank it round and round;
And still the more and more they drank,
Their joy did more abound.

XIII.

John Barleycorn was a hero bold,
Of noble enterprise,
For if you do but taste his blood,
'Twill make your courage rise,

XIV.

'Twill make a man forget his woe;
'Twill heighten all his joy:
'Twill make the widow's heart to sing,
Tho' the tear were in her eye.

XV.

Then let us toast John Barleycorn,
Each man a glass in hand;
And may his great posterity
Ne'er fail in old Scotland!

A FRAGMENT.

Tune, 'GILLICRANKIE.'

I.

WHEN *Guilford* good our pilot stood,
 And did our hellim thraw, man,
 Ae night, at tea, began a plea,
 Within *America*, man:
 Then up they gat the maskin-pat,
 And in the sea did jaw, man;
 An' did nae less, in full congress,
 Than quite refuse our law, man.

II.

Then thro' the lakes *Montgomery* takes,
 I wat he was na slaw, man!
 Down *Lowrie's burn* he took a turn,
 And *Carleton* did ca', man:
 But yet, what-reck, he, at *Quebec*,
Montgomery-like did fa', man,
 Wi' sword in hand, before his band,
 Amang his en'mies a', man.

III.

Poor *Tammy Gage*, within a cage
 Was kept at *Boston ha'*, man;
 Till *Willie Howe* took o'er the knowe
 For *Philadelphia*, man:
 Wi' sword an' gun he thought a sin
 Guid christian blood to draw, man;
 But at *New-York*, wi' knife an' fork,
 Sir-loin he hacked sma', man.

IV.

Burgoyne gaed up, like spur an' whip,
 Till *Fraser* brave did fa', man ;
 Then lost his way, ae misty day,
 In *Saratoga* shaw, man.
Cornwallis fought as lang 's he dought,
 An' did the buckskins claw, man ;
 But *Clinton's* glaive frae rust to save,
 He hung it to the wa', man.

V.

Then *Montague*, and *Guilford* too,
 Began to fear a fa', man ;
 And *Sackville* doure, wha stood the stoure,
 The German chief to thraw, man :
 For Paddy *Burke*, like ony Turk,
 Nae mercy had at a', man ;
 An' *Charlie Fox* threw by the box,
 And lows'd his tinkler jaw, man.

VI.

Then *Rockingham* took up the game ;
 Till death did on him ca', man ;
 When *Shelburne* meek held up his cheek,
 Conform to gospel law, man ;
 Saint Stephen's boys, wi' jarring noise,
 They did his measures thraw, man,
 For *North* an' *Fox* united stocks,
 An' bore him to the wa', man.

VII.

Then clubs an' hearts were *Charlie's* cartes,
 He swept the stakes awa', man,
 Till the diamond's ace, of *Indian* race,
 Led him a sair *faux pas*, man :
 The Saxon lads, wi' loud placads,
 On *Chatham's* boy did ca', man ;
 An' Scotland drew her pipe, an' blew,
 ' Up, Willie, waur them a', man !'

VIII.

Behind the throne then *Grenville's* gone,
 A secret word or twa, man;
 While slee *Dundas* arous'd the class
 Be-north the Roman wa', man:
 An' *Chatham's* wraith, in heavenly graith,
 (Inspired bardies saw, man)
 Wi' kindling eyes cry'd, ' *Willie*, rise!
 ' Would I hae fear'd them a', man?'

IX.

But, word an' blow, *North, Fox, and Co.*
 Gowff'd *Willie* like a ba', man,
 Till *Suthron* raise, and coost their claise
 Behind him in a raw, man;
 An' *Caledon* threw by the drone,
 An' did her whittle draw, man;
 An' swoor fu' rude, thro' dirt an' blood
 To make it guid in law, man.

* * * * *

 SONG.

Tune, ' Corn rigs are bonnie.'

I.

IT was upon a Lammas night,
 When corn rigs are bonnie,
 Beneath the moon's unclouded light,
 I held awa to Annie:
 The time flew by wi' tentless heed,
 Till 'tween the late and early;
 Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed,
 To see me thro' the barley.

II.

The sky was blue, the wind was still,
 The moon was shining clearly;
 I sat her down, wi' right good will,
 Among the rigs o' barley:
 I ken't her heart was a' my ain;
 I lov'd her most sincerely;
 I kiss'd her owre and owre again
 Among the rigs o' barley.

III.

I lock'd her in my fond embrace;
 Her heart was beating rarely:
 My blessings on that happy place,
 Among the rigs o' barley!
 But by the moon and stars so bright,
 That shone that hour so clearly!
 She ay shall bless that happy night,
 Among the rigs o' barley.

IV.

I hae been blythe wi' comrades dear;
 I hae been merry drinkin;
 I hae been joyfu' gath'rin gear;
 I hae been happy thinkin:
 But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,
 Tho' three times doubl'd fairly,
 That happy night was worth them a',
 Among the rigs o' barley.

CHORUS.

*Corn rigs, an' barley rigs,
 An' corn rigs are bonnie:
 I'll ne'er forget that happy night,
 Among the rigs wi' Annie.*

SONG,

COMPOSED IN AUGUST.

Tune, ' I had a horse, I had nae mair.'

I.

NOW westling winds, and slaught'ring guns
Bring autumn's pleasant weather ;
The moorcock springs, on whirring wings,
Among the blooming heather :
Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain,
Delights the weary farmer ;
And the moon shines bright, when I rove at night,
To muse upon my charmer.

II.

The partridge loves the fruitful fells ;
The plover loves the mountains ;
The woodcock haunts the lonely dells ;
The soaring hern the fountains :
Thro' lofty groves the cushat roves
The path of man to shun it ;
The hazel bush o'erhangs the thrush,
The spreading thorn the linnet.

III.

Thus ev'ry kind their pleasure find,
The savage and the tender ;
Some social join, and leagues combine ;
Some solitary wander :
Avaunt, away ! the cruel sway,
Tyrannic man's dominion ;
The sportsman's joy, the murd'ring cry,
The flutt'ring, gory pinion !

IV.

But *Peggy* dear, the ev'ning 's clear,
 Thick flies the skimming swallow :
 The sky is blue, the fields in view,
 All fading-green and yellow :
 Come let us stray our gladsome way,
 And view the charms of nature !
 The rustling corn, the fruited thorn,
 And every happy creature.

V.

We'll gently walk, and sweetly talk,
 Till the silent moon shine clearly ;
 I'll grasp thy waist, aud, fondly prest,
 Swear how I love thee dearly :
 Not vernal show'rs to budding flow'rs,
 Not autumn to the farmer,
 So dear can be as thou to me,
 My fair, my lovely charmer !

 SONG.

Tune, ' My Nannie, O.'

I.

BEHIND yon hills where Lugar* flows,
 'Mang moors and mosses many, O,
 The wintry sun the day has clos'd,
 And I'll awa to Nannie, O.

* Originally, Stinchar.

II

The westlin wind blaws loud an' shill ;
The night 's baith mirk and rainy, O ;
But I'll get my plaid, an' out I'll steal,
An' owre the hills to Nannie, O.

III.

My Nannie's charming, sweet, an' young ;
Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O :
May ill befa' the flattering tongue
That wad beguile my Nannie, O.

IV.

Her face is fair, her heart is true,
As spotless as she's bonnie, O :
The op'ning gowan, wet wi' dew,
Nae purer is than Nannie, O.

V.

A country lad is my degree,
An' few there be that ken me, O :
But what care I how few they be,
I'm welcome ay to Nannie, O.

VI.

My riches a's my penny-fee,
An' I maun guide it cannie, O ;
But warl's gear ne'er troubles me,
My thoughts are a' my Nannie, O.

VII.

Our auld Guidman delights to view
His sheep an' kye thrive bonnie, O ;
But I'm as blythe that hauds his pleugh,
An' has nae care but Nannie, O.

VIII.

Come weel, come woe, I care na by,
 I'll tak what Heav'n will sen' me, O ;
 Nae ither care in life have I,
 But live, an' love my Nannie, O.

GREEN GROW THE RASHES.

A FRAGMENT.

CHORUS.

*Green grow the rashes, O !
 Green grow the rashes, O !
 The sweetest hours that e'er I spent,
 Are spent amang the lasses, O !*

I.

THERE'S nought but care on ev'ry han',
 In ev'ry hour that passes, O ;
 What signifies the life o' man,
 An' 'twere na for the lasses, O.

Green grow, &c.

II.

The warly race may riches chase,
 An' riches still may fly them, O ;
 An' tho' at last they catch them fast,
 Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.

Green grow, &c.

III.

But gie me a canny hour at e'en,
My arms about my dearie, O ;
An' warly cares, an' warly men,
May a' gae tapsalteerie, O !
Green grow, &c.

IV.

For you sae douse, ye sneer at this,
Ye're nought but senseless asses, O :
The wisest man the warl' e'er saw,
He dearly lov'd the lasses, O.
Green grow, &c.

V.

Auld nature swears, the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes, O :
Her 'prentice han' she try'd on man,
An' then she made the lasses, O.
Green grow, &c.

* * * * *

SONG.

Tune, ' Jockey's Grey Breeks.'

I.

AGAIN rejoicing nature sees
 Her robe assume its vernal hues,
 Her leafy locks wave in the breeze,
 All freshly steep'd in morning dews.

CHORUS.*

*And maun I still on Menie† doat,
 And bear the scorn that's in her e'e?
 For it's jet, jet black, an' it's like a hawk,
 An' it winna let a body be.*

II.

In vain to me the cowslips blaw,
 In vain to me the vi'lets spring ;
 In vain to me, in glen or shaw,
 The mavis and the lintwhite sing.
And maun I still, &c.

III.

The merry ploughboy cheers his team,
 Wi' joy the tentie seedsman stalks,
 But life to me 's a weary dream,
 A dream of ane that never wauks.
And maun I still, &c.

* This chorus is part of a song composed by a gentleman at Edinburgh, a particular friend of the author's.

† *Menie* is the common abbreviation of *Mariamne*.

IV.

The wanton coot the water skims,
 Among the reeds the ducklings cry,
 The stately swan majestic swims,
 And every thing is blest but I.
And maun I still, &c.

V.

The sheep-herd steeks his faulding slap,
 And owre the moorlands whistles shill,
 Wi' wild, unequal, wand'ring step
 I meet him on the dewy hill.
And maun I still, &c.

VI.

And when the lark, 'tween light and dark,
 Blythe waukens by the daisy's side,
 And mounts and sings on fluttering wings,
 A woe-worn ghaist I hameward glide.
And maun I still, &c.

VII.

Come, Winter, with thine angry howl,
 And raging bend the naked tree ;
 Thy gloom will sooth my cheerless soul,
 When nature all is sad like me !

CHORUS.

*And maun I still on Menie doat,
 And bear the scorn that's in her e'e?
 For it's jet, jet black, an' it's like a hawk,
 An' it winna let a body be.**

* We cannot presume to alter any of the poems of our bard, and more especially those printed under his own direction ; yet it is to be regretted that this chorus, which is not of his own composition, should be attached to these fine stanzas, as it perpetually interrupts the train of sentiment which they excite. E.

SONG.

Tune, ' Roslin Castle.'

I.

THE gloomy night is gath'ring fast,
Loud roars the wild inconstant blast,
Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,
I see it driving o'er the plain;
The hunter now has left the moor,
The scatter'd coveys meet secure,
While here I wander, prest with care,
Along the lonely banks of *Ayr*.

II.

The Autumn mourns her rip'ning corn
By early Winter's ravage torn;
Across her placid, azure sky,
She sees the scowling tempest fly:
Chill runs my blood to hear it rave,
I think upon the stormy wave,
Where many a danger I must dare,
Far from the bonnie banks of *Ayr*.

III.

'Tis not the surging billow's roar,
'Tis not that fatal deadly shore;
Tho' death in ev'ry shape appear,
The wretched have no more to fear:
But round my heart the ties are bound,
That heart transpierc'd with many a wound;
These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,
To leave the bonnie banks of *Ayr*.

IV.

Farewell, old *Coila's* hills and dales,
Her heathy moors and winding vales;

The scenes where wretched fancy roves,
Pursuing past, unhappy loves!
Farewell, my friends! Farewell, my foes!
My peace with these, my love with those—
The bursting tears my heart declare,
Farewell the bonnie banks of *Ayr*.

SONG.

Tune, 'Gilderoy.'

I.

FROM thee, *Eliza*, I must go,
And from my native shore;
The cruel fates between us throw
A boundless ocean's roar:
But boundless oceans, roaring wide,
Between my love and me,
They never, never can divide
My heart and soul from thee.

II.

Farewell, farewell, *Eliza* dear,
The maid that I adore!
A boding voice is in mine ear,
We part to meet no more!
But the last throb that leaves my heart,
While death stands victor by,
That throb, *Eliza*, is thy part,
And thine that latest sigh!

THE
 FAREWELL TO THE BRETHREN
 OF ST. JAMES'S LODGE,

TARBOLTON.

Tune, ' Good night, and joy be wi' you a' !'

I.

ADIEU ! a heart-warm fond adieu !
 Dear brothers of the *mystic tye* !
 Ye favour'd, ye *enlighten'd* few,
 Companions of my social joy !
 Tho' I to foreign lands must hie,
 Pursuing Fortune's slidd'ry ba',
 With melting heart, and brimful eye,
 I'll mind you still, tho' far awa'.

II.

Oft have I met your social band,
 And spent the cheerful, festive night :
 Oft, honour'd with supreme command,
 Presided o'er the *sons of light* :
 And by that *hieroglyphic* bright,
 Which none but *craftsmen* ever saw !
 Strong mem'ry on my heart shall write
 Those happy scenes when far awa'.

III.

May freedom, harmony, and love,
 Unite you in the *grand design*,
 Beneath th' omniscient eye above,
 The glorious *architect* divine !

That you may keep the *unerring line*,
 Still rising by the *plummet's law*,
 Till *order* bright completely shine,
 Shall be my pray'r when far awa'.

IV.

And *you* farewell! whose merits claim,
 Justly that *highest badge* to wear!
 Heav'n bless your honour'd, noble name,
 To *Masonry* and *Scotia* dear!
 A last request permit me here,
 When yearly ye assemble a',
 One *round*, I ask it with a *tear*,
 To him, *the Bard that's far awa'*,

 SONG.

Tune, ' Prepare, my dear brethren, to the Tavern
 let 's fly.'

I.

NO churchman am I for to rail and to write,
 No statesman nor soldier to plot or to fight,
 No sly man of business contriving a snare,
 For a big-belly'd bottle 's the whole of my care.

II.

The peer I don't envy, I give him his bow;
 I scorn not the peasant, tho' ever so low;
 But a club of good fellows, like those that are here,
 And a bottle like this, are my glory and care.

III.

Here passes the squire on his brother—his horse;
 There centum per centum, the cit with his purse;

But see you the *crown* how it waves in the air,
There a big-belly'd bottle still eases my care.

IV.

The wife of my bosom, alas! she did die;
For sweet consolation to church I did fly;
I found that old Solomon proved it fair,
That a big-belly'd bottle 's a cure for all care.

V.

I once was persuaded a venture to make;
A letter inform'd me that all was to wreck;
But the pury old landlord just waddled up stairs,
With a glorious bottle that ended my cares.

VI.

'Life's cares they are comforts,'*—a maxim laid down
By the bard, what d'ye call him, that wore the black
gown;
And faith I agree with th' old prig to a hair;
For a big-belly'd bottle 's a heav'n of care.

A Stanza added in a Mason Lodge.

Then fill up a bumper and make it o'erflow,
And honours masonic prepare for to throw;
May every true brother of the compass and square
Have a big-belly'd bottle when harass'd with care!

* Young's Night Thoughts.

WRITTEN IN

FRIARS-CARSE HERMITAGE,

ON NITH-SIDE.

THOU whom chance may hither lead,
Be thou clad in russet weed,
Be thou deckt in silken stole,
Grave these counsels on thy soul.

Life is but a day at most,
Sprung from night, in darkness lost;
Hope not sunshine ev'ry hour,
Fear not clouds will always lower.

As youth and love with sprightly dance,
Beneath thy morning star advance,
Pleasure with her siren air
May delude the thoughtless pair;
Let prudence bless enjoyment's cup,
Then raptur'd sip, and sip it up.

As thy day grows warm and high,
Life's meridian flaming nigh,
Dost thou spurn the humble vale?
Life's proud summits wouldst thou scale?
Check thy climbing step, elate,
Evils lurk in felon wait:
Dangers, eagle-pinioned, bold,
Soar around each cliffy hold,
While cheerful peace, with linnet song,
Chants the lowly dells among.

As the shades of ev'ning close,
 Beck'ning thee to long repose ;
 As life itself becomes disease,
 Seek the chimney-neuk of ease.
 There ruminatè with sober thought,
 On all thou'st seen, and heard, and wrought,
 And teach the sportive younkers round,
 Saws of experience, sage and sound.
 Say, Man's true, genuine estimate,
 The grand criterion of his fate,
 Is not, Art thou high or low?
 Did thy fortune ebb or flow?
 Did many talents gild thy span?
 Or frugal nature grudge thee one?
 Tell them, and press it on their mind,
 As thou thyself must shortly find,
 The smile or frown of awful Heav'n,
 To virtue or to vice is giv'n.
 Say, to be just, and kind, and wise,
 There solid self-enjoyment lies ;
 That foolish, selfish, faithless ways,
 Lead to the wretched, vile, and base.

Thus resign'd and quiet, creep
 To the bed of lasting sleep ;
 Sleep, whence thou shalt ne'er awake,
 Night, where dawn shall never break,
 Till future life, future no more,
 To light and joy the good restore,
 To light and joy unknown before.

Stranger, go! Heav'n be thy guide!
 Quod the beadsman of Nith-side.

O D E,

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF

MRS. — OF —.

DWELLER in yon dungeon dark,
 Hangman of creation ! mark
 Who in widow-weeds appears,
 Laden with unhonoured years,
 Noosing with care a bursting purse,
 Baited with many a deadly curse !

STROPHE.

View the wither'd beldam's face—	}
Can thy keen inspection trace	
Aught of humanity's sweet melting grace?	}
Note that eye, 'tis rheum o'erflows,	
Pity's flood there never rose.	
See those hands, ne'er stretch'd to save,	
Hands that took—but never gave.	
Keeper of Mammon's iron chest,	}
Lo, there she goes, unpitied and unblest	
She goes, but not to realms of everlasting rest !	

ANTISTROPHE.

Plunderer of armies, lift thine eyes,
 (A while forbear, ye tort'ring fiends,)
 Seest thou whose step unwilling hither bends?
 No fallen angel, hurl'd from upper skies ;
 'Tis thy trusty *quondam mate*,
 Doom'd to share thy fiery fate,
 She, tardy, hell-ward plies.

Thee, Matthew, Nature's sel shall mourn
 By wood and wild,
 Where, haply, pity strays forlorn,
 Frae man exil'd.

Ye hills, near neebors o' the starns,
 That proudly cock your cresting cairns!
 Ye cliffs, the haunts of sailing yearns,
 Where echo slumbers!
 Come join, ye Nature's sturdiest bairns,
 My wailing numbers!

Mourn, ilka grove the cushat kens!
 Ye haz'lly shaws and briery dens!
 Ye burnies, wimplin down your glens,
 Wi' toddlin din,
 Or foaming strang, wi' hasty stens,
 Frae lin to lin.

Mourn, little harebells o'er the lee;
 Ye stately foxgloves fair to see;
 Ye woodbines hanging bonnilie,
 In scented bow'rs:
 Ye roses on your thorny tree,
 The first o' flow'rs.

At dawn, when ev'ry grassy blade
 Droops with a diamond at his head,
 At ev'n, when beans their fragrance shed,
 I' th' rustling gale,
 Ye maukins whiddin thro' the glade,
 Come join my wail.

Mourn, ye wee songsters o' the wood;
 Ye grouse that crap the heather bud;
 Ye curlews calling thro' a clud;
 Ye whistling plover;
 And mourn, ye whirring pairick brood;
 He's gane for ever!

Mourn, sooty coots, and speckled teals
 Ye fisher herons, watching eels ;
 Ye duck and drake, wi' airy wheels
 Circling the lake ;
 Ye bitterns, till the quagmire reels,
 Rair for his sake.

Mourn, clam'ring craiks at close o' day,
 'Mang fields o' flow'ring clover gay ;
 And when ye wing your annual way
 Frae our cauld shore,
 Tell thae far warlds, wha lies in clay,
 Wham we deplore.

Ye houlets, frae your ivy bow'r,
 In some auld tree, or eldritch tow'r,
 What time the moon, wi' silent glow'r,
 Sets up her horn,
 Wail thro' the dreary midnight hour
 Till waukrife morn !

O rivers, forests, hills, and plains !
 Oft have ye heard my canty strains :
 But now, what else for me remains
 But tales of woe ;
 And frae my een the drapping rains
 Maun ever flow.

Mourn, spring, thou darling of the year !
 Ilk cowslip cup shall kep a tear :
 Thou, Simmer, while each corny spear
 Shoots up its head,
 Thy gay, green, flow'ry tresses shear,
 For him that 's dead !

Thou, autumn, wi' thy yellow hair,
 In grief thy fallow mantle tear !
 Thou, winter, hurling thro' the air
 The roaring blast,
 Wide o'er the naked world declare
 The worth we 've lost !

Mourn him, thou sun, great source of light !
 Mourn, empress of the silent night !
 And you, ye twinkling starnies bright,
 My Matthew mourn !
 For through your orbs he's ta'en his flight,
 Ne'er to return,

O *Henderson* ! the man ! the brother !
 And art thou gone, and gone for ever !
 And hast thou crost that unknown river,
 Life's dreary bound !
 Like thee, where shall I find another,
 The world around !

Go to your sculptur'd tombs, ye Great,
 In a' the tinsel trash o' state !
 But by thy honest turf I'll wait,
 Thou man of worth !
 And weep the ae best fellow's fate
 E'er lay in earth.

THE EPITAPH.

STOP, passenger ! my story's brief ;
 And truth I shall relate, man ;
 I tell nae common tale o' grief,
 For Matthew was a great man.

If thou uncommon merit hast,
 Yet spurn'd at fortune's door, man ;
 A look of pity hither cast,
 For Matthew was a poor man.

If thou a uoble sodger art,
That passest by this grave, man ;
There moulders here a gallant heart,
For Matthew was a brave man.

If thou on men, their works and ways,
Canst throw uncommøn light, man ;
Here lies wha weel had won thy praise,
For Matthew was a bright man.

If thou at friendship's sacred ca'
Wad life itself resign, man ;
The sympathetic tear maun fa',
For Matthew was a kind man !

If thou art staunch without a stain,
Like the unchanging blue, man ;
This was a kinsman o' thy ain,
For Matthew was a true man.

If thou hast wit, and fun, and fire,
And ne'er guid wine did fear, man ;
This was thy billie, dam, and sire,
For Matthew was a queer man.

If ony whiggish whingin sot,
To blame poor Matthew dare, mau ;
May dool and sorrow be his lot,
For Matthew was a rare man.

LAMENT OF MARY, QUEEN OF
SCOTS,

ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

NOW Nature hangs her mantle green
On every blooming tree;
And spreads her sheets o' daisies white
Out o'er the grassy lea:
Now Phœbus cheers the crystal streams,
And glads the azure skies;
But nought can glad the weary wight
That fast in durance lies.

Now lav'rocks wake the merry morn,
Aloft on dewy wing;
The merle, in his noontide bow'r,
Makes woodland echoes ring;
The mavis mild wi' many a note,
Sings drowsy day to rest:
In love and freedom they rejoice,
Wi' care nor thrall opprest.

Now blooms the lily by the bank,
The primrose down the brae;
The hawthorn 's budding in the glen,
And milk-white is the slae;
The meanest hind in fair Scotland
May rove their sweets amang;
But I, the Queen of a' Scotland,
Maun lie in prison strang.

I was the Queen o' bonnie France,
Where happy I hae been;
Fu' lightly rase I in the morn,
As blythe lay down at e'en:

And I'm the sov'reign of Scotland,
And mony a traitor there ;
Yet here I lie in foreign bands,
And never ending care.

But as for thee, thou false woman,
My sister and my fae,
Grim vengeance, yet, shall whet a sword
That thro' thy soul shall gae :
The weeping blood in woman's, breast
Was never known to thee ;
Nor th' balm that draps on wounds of woe
Frae woman's pitying e'e.

My son! my son! may kinder stars
Upon thy fortune shine ;
And may those pleasures gild thy reign,
That ne'er wad blink on mine !
God keep thee frae thy mother's faes,
Or turn their hearts to thee :
And where thou meet'st thy mother's friend,
Remember him for me !

O! 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 narrow house o' death
Let winter round me rave ;
And the next flow'rs that deck the spring,
Bloom on my peaceful grave.

TO ROBERT GRAHAM, ESQ.,

OF FINTRA.

LATE crippl'd of an arm, and now a leg,
 About to beg a *pass* for leave to beg ;
 Dull, listless, teas'd, dejected, and deprest,
 (Nature is adverse to a cripple's rest :)
 Will generous *Graham* list to his Poet's wail?
 (It soothes poor misery, hearkening to her tale,)
 And hear him curse the light he first survey'd,
 And doubly curse the luckless rhyming trade?

Thou, Nature, partial Nature, I arraign ;
 Of thy caprice maternal I complain.
 The lion and the bull thy care have found,
 One shakes the forests, and one spurns the ground :
 Thou giv'st the ass his hide, the snail his shell,
 Th' envenom'd wasp, victorious, guards his cell.—
 Thy minions, kings defend, control, devour,
 In all th' omnipotence of rule and power.—
 Foxes and statesmen, subtile wiles ensure ;
 The cit and polecat stiuk, and are secure.
 Toads with their poison, doctors with their drug,
 The priest and hedgehog in their robes, are snug.
 Ev'n silly woman has her warlike arts,
 Her tongue and eyes, her dreaded spear and darts.

But Oh ! thou bitter step-mother and hard,
 To thy poor, fenceless, naked child—the Bard !
 A thing unteachable in world's skill,
 And half an idiot too, more helpless still.
 No heels to bear him from the op'ning dun ;
 No claws to dig, his hated sight to shun ;
 No horns, but those by luckless Hymen worn,
 And those, alas ! not Amalthea's horn :

No nerves olfact'ry, Mammon's trusty cur,
 Clad in rich dulness' comfortable fur,
 In naked feeling, and in aching pride,
 He bears th' unbroken blast from ev'ry side :
 Vampyre booksellers drain him to the heart,
 And scorpion critics cureless venom dart.

Critics—appall'd I venture on the name,
 Those cut-throat bandits in the paths of fame :
 Bloody dissectors, worse than ten Monroes ;
 He hacks to teach, they mangle to expose.

His heart by causeless wanton malice rung,
 By blockheads daring into madness stung ;
 His well-won bays, than life itself more dear,
 By miscreants torn, who ne'er one sprig must wear :
 Foil'd, bleeding, tortur'd, in the unequal strife,
 The hapless poet flounders on thro' life.
 Till fled each hope that once his bosom fir'd,
 And fled each muse that glorious once inspir'd,
 Low sunk in squalid, unprotected age,
 Dead, even resentment, for his injur'd page,
 He heeds or feels no more the ruthless critic's rage! }

So, by some hedge, the generous steed deceas'd,
 For half-starv'd snarling curs a dainty feast ;
 By toil and famiue wore to skin and bone,
 Lies senseless of each tugging bitch's son.

O dulness ! portion of the truly blest !
 Calm shelter'd haven of eternal rest !
 Thy sons ne'er madden in the fierce extremes
 Of fortune's polar frost, or torrid beams.
 If mantling high she fills the golden cup,
 With sober selfish ease they sip it up :
 Conscious the bounteous meed they well deserve,
 They only wonder ' some folks' do not starve.
 The grave sage hern thus easy picks his frog,
 And thinks the mallard a sad worthless dog.

When disappointment snaps the clue of hope,
 And thro' disastrous night they darkling grope,
 With deaf endurance sluggishly they bear,
 And just conclude that 'fools are fortune's care.'
 So, heavy, passive to the tempest's shocks,
 Strong on the sign-post stands the stupid ox.

Not so the idle muses' mad-cap train,
 Not such the workings of their moon-struck brain;
 In equanimity they never dwell,
 By turns in soaring heav'n, or vaulted hell.

I dread thee, fate, relentless and severe,
 With all a poet's, husband's, father's fear!
 Already one strong hold of hope is lost,
Glencairn, the truly noble, lies in dust;
 (Fled, like the sun eclips'd at noon appears,
 And left us darkling in a world of tears:)
 O! hear my ardent, grateful, selfish pray'r!
Fintra, my other stay, long bless and spare!
 Thro' a long life his hopes and wishes crown;
 And bright in cloudless skies his sun go down!
 May *bliss domestic* smooth his private path;
 Give energy to life; and sooth his latest breath,
 With many a filial tear circling the bed of death! }

LAMENT FOR JAMES, EARL OF GLENCAIRN.

THE wind blew hollow frae the hills,
 By fits the sun's departing beam
 Look'd on the fading yellow woods
 That wav'd o'er Lugar's winding stream:

Beneath a craigy steep, a bard,
 Laden with years and meikle pain,
 In loud lament bewail'd his lord,
 Whom death had all untimely ta'en.

He lean'd him to an ancient aik,
 Whose trunk was mould'ring down wi' years;
 His locks were bleached white wi' time!
 His hoary cheek was wet wi' tears!
 And as he touch'd his trembling harp,
 And as he tun'd his doleful sang,
 The winds, lamenting thro' their caves,
 To echo bore the notes alaung.

" Ye scatter'd birds that faintly sing,
 " The reliques of the vernal quire!
 " Ye woods that shed on a' the winds
 " The honours of the aged year!
 " A few short months, and glad and gay,
 " Again ye'll charm the ear and e'e;
 " But nocht in all revolving time
 " Can gladness bring again to me.

" I am a bending aged tree,
 " That long has stood the wind and rain;
 " But now has come a cruel blast,
 " And my last bald of earth is gane:
 " Nae leaf o' mine shall greet the spring,
 " Nae simmer sun exalt my bloom;
 " But I maun lie before the storm,
 " And ithers plant them in my room.

" I've seen sae mony changefu' years,
 " On earth I am a stranger grown;
 " I wander in the ways of men,
 " Alike unknowing and unknown:
 " Unheard, unpitied, unreliev'd,
 " I bear alane my lade o' care,
 " For silent, low, on beds of dust,
 " Lie a' that would my sorrows share.

- “ And last (the sum of a’ my griefs !)
“ My noble master lies in clay ;
“ The flow’r amang our barons bold,
“ His country’s pride, his country’s stay :
“ In weary being now I pine,
“ For a’ the life of life is dead,
“ And hope has left my aged ken,
“ On forward wing for ever fled.
- “ Awake thy last sad voice, my harp !
“ The voice of woe and wild despair !
“ Awake, resound thy latest lay,
“ Then sleep in silence evermair !
“ And thou, my last, best, only friend,
“ That fillest an untimely tomb,
“ Accept this tribute from the bard
“ Thou brought from fortune’s mirkest gloom.
- “ In poverty’s low barren vale,
“ Thick mists, obscure, involv’d me round ;
“ Though oft I turn’d the wistful eye,
“ Nae ray of fame was to be found :
“ Thou found’st me, like the morning sun
“ That melts the fogs in limpid air,
“ The friendless bard and rustic song,
“ Became alike thy fostering care.
- “ O ! why has worth so short a date ?
“ While villains ripen grey with time !
“ Must thou, the noble, gen’rous, great,
“ Fall in bold manhood’s hardy prime !
“ Why did I live to see that day ?
“ A day to me so full of woe !
“ O ! had I met the mortal shaft
“ Which laid my benefactor low !
- “ The bridegroom may forget the bride
“ Was made his wedded wife yestreen ;
“ The monarch may forget the crown
“ That on his head an hour has been ;

“ The mother may forget the child
“ That smiles sae sweetly on her knee;
“ But I’ll remember thee, Glencairn,
“ And a’ that thou hast done for me!”

LINES

SENT TO SIR JOHN WHITEFOORD,

OF WHITEFOORD, BART.,

WITH THE FOREGOING POEM.

THOU, who thy honour as thy God rever’st,
Who, save thy *mind’s reproach*, nought earthly fear’st,
To thee this votive offering I impart,
The tearful tribute of a broken heart.
The *friend* thou valuedst, I the *patron* lov’d,
His worth, his honour, all the world approv’d.
We’ll mourn till we too go as he has gone,
And tread the dreary path to that dark world un-
known.

TAM O' SHANTER,

A TALE.

Of Brownys and of Bogilis full is this Buke.

Gawin Douglas.

WHEN chapman billies leave the street,
And drouthy neebors, neebors meet,
As market-days are wearing late,
An' folk begin to tak the gate ;
While we sit bousing at the nappy,
An' gettin fou and unco happy,
We think na on the lang Scots' miles,
The mosses, waters, slaps, and styles,
That lie between us and our hame,
Whare sits our sulky sullen dame,
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest *Tam o' Shanter*,
As he frae Ayr, ae night did canter,
(Auld Ayr whom ne'er a town surpasses,
For honest men and bonny lasses).

O *Tam* ! hadst thou but been sae wise,
As ta'en thy ain wife *Kate's* advice !
She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum,
A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum ;
That frae November till October,
Ae market-day thou was nae sober,
That ilka melder, wi' the miller,
Thou sat as long as thou had siller ;

That ev'ry naig was ca'd a shoe on,
 The smith and thee gat roaring fou on,
 That at the L—d's house, ev'n on Sunday,
 Thou drank wi' Kirton Jean till Monday.
 She prophesy'd, that late or soon,
 Thou would be found deep drown'd in *Doon*;
 Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk,
 By *Alloway*'s auld haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet,
 To think how mony counsels sweet,
 How mony lengthen'd sage advices,
 The husband frae the wife despises!

But to our tale: Ae market night,
Tam had got planted unco right;
 Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
 Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely;
 And at his elbow, souter *Johnny*,
 His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony;
Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither;
 They had been fou for weeks thegither.
 The night drave on wi' sangs an' clatter;
 And ay the ale was growing better:
 The landlady and *Tam* grew gracious;
 Wi' favours, secret, sweet, and precious:
 The souter tauld his queerest stories;
 The landlord's laugh was ready chorus:
 The storm without might rair and rustle,
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
 E'en drown'd himself amang the nappy;
 As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
 The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure:
 Kings may be blest, but *Tam* was glorious,
 O'er a' the ills o' life victorious.

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
 You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed;

Or like the snow-falls in the river,
 A moment white—then melts for ever;
 Or like the borealis race,
 That flit ere you can point their place;
 Or like the rainbow's lovely form
 Evanishing amid the storm.—
 Nae man can tether time or tide:
 The hour approaches *Tam* maun ride;
 That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane,
 That dreary hour he mounts his beast in;
 And sic a night he taks the road in,
 As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;
 The rattling show'rs rose on the blast;
 The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd;
 Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellow'd:
 That night, a child might understand,
 The deil had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his grey mare, *Meg*,
 A better never lifted leg,
Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire,
 Despising wind, and rain, and fire;
 Whiles holding fast his guid blue bounet;
 Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet;
 Whiles glow'ring round wi' prudent cares,
 Lest bogles catch him unawares;
Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
 Whare ghaists and houlets nightly cry.—

By this time he was cross the ford,
 Whare in the snaw the chapman smoor'd;
 And past the birks and meikle stane,
 Whare drunken *Charlie* brak 's neck-bane;
 And thro' the whins, and by the cairn,
 Whare hunters fand the murder'd bairn;
 And near the thorn, aboon the well,
 Whare *Mungo's* mither hang'd hersel.—

Before him *Doon* pours all his floods ;
 The doubling storm roars thro' the woods ;
 The lightnings flash from pole to pole ;
 Near and more near the thunders roll ;
 When, glimmering thro' the groaning trees,
Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a bleeze ;
 Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancing ;
 And loud resounded mirth and dancing.—

Inspiring bold *John Barleycorn* !
 What dangers thou canst make us scorn !
 Wi' tippenny, we fear nae evil ;
 Wi' usquabae we'll face the devil !—
 The swats sae ream'd in *Tammie's* noddle,
 Fair play, he car'd na deils a boddle.
 But *Maggie* stood right sair astonish'd,
 Till, by the heel and hand admonish'd,
 She ventur'd forward on the light ;
 And, vow ! *Tam* saw an unco sight !
 Warlocks and witches in a dance ;
 Nae cotillion brent new frae *France*,
 But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,
 Put life and mettle in their heels.
 A winnock-bunker in the east,
 There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast ;
 A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large,
 To gie them music was his charge :
 He screw'd the pipes and gart them skirl,
 Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.—
 Coffins stood round like open presses,
 That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses ;
 And by some devilish cantrip slight,
 Each in its cauld hand held a light,—
 By which heroic *Tam* was able
 To note upon the haly table,
 A murderer's banes in gibbet airns !
 Twa span-lang, wee, unchristen'd bairns :
 A thief, new-cuttet frae a rape,
 Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape ;

Five tomahawks, wi' bluid red-rusted ;
 Five scimitars, wi' murder crusted ;
 A garter, which a babe had strangled ;
 A knife, a father's throat had mangled,
 Whom his ain son o' life bereft,
 The grey hairs yet stack to the heft ;
 Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',
 Which ev'n to name wad be unlawfu'.

As *Tammie* glowr'd, amaz'd, and curious,
 The mirth and fun grew fast and furious :
 The piper loud and louder blew ;
 The dancers quick and quicker flew ;
 They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit,
 Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,
 And coost her duddies to the wark,
 And linket at it in her sark !

Now *Tam*, O *Tam* ! had they been queans
 A' plump and strapping, in their teens ;
 Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flaunen,
 Been snaw-white seventeen hunder linen !
 Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,
 That ance were plush, o' guid blue hair,
 I wad hae gi'en them off my hurdies,
 For ae blink o' the bonnie burdies !

But wither'd beldams, auld and droll,
 Rigwoodie hags wad spean a foal,
 Lowping an' flinging on a crummock,
 I wonder didna turn thy stomach.

But *Tam* kenn'd what was what fu' brawlie,
 There was ae winsome wench and walie,
 That night inlisted in the core,
 (Lang after kenn'd on *Carrick* shore !
 For mony a beast to dead she shot,
 And perish'd mony a bonnie boat,

And shook baith meikle corn and bear.
 And kept the country-side in fear),
 Her cutty sark, o' Paisley harn,
 That while a lassie she had worn,
 In longitude tho' sorely scanty,
 It was her best, and she was vauntie.—
 Ah! little kenn'd thy reverend grannie,
 That sark she coft for her wee *Nannie*,
 Wi' twa pund Scots ('twas a' her riches),
 Wad ever grac'd a dance of witches!

But here my muse her wing maun cour;
 Sic flights are far beyond her pow'r;
 To sing how *Nannie* lap and flang,
 (A souple jade she was and strang.)
 And how *Tam* stood, like ane bewitch'd,
 And thought his very een enrich'd;
 Even Satan glowr'd and fidg'd fu' fain,
 And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main:
 Till first ae caper, syne anither,
Tam tint his reason a' thegither,
 And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-sark!"
 And in an instant all was dark:
 And scarcely had he *Maggie* rallied,
 When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,
 When plundering herds assail their byke;
 As open pussie's mortal foes,
 When, pop! she starts before their nose;
 As eager runs the market-crowd,
 When "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud;
 So *Maggie* runs; the witches follow,
 Wi' mony an eldritch skreech and hollow.

Ah, *Tam*! ah, *Tam*! thou'll get thy fairin!
 In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin!
 In vain thy *Kate* awaits thy comin!
Kate soon will be a woefu' woman!

Now, do thy speedy utmost, *Meg*,
And win the key-stane * of the brig;
There at them thou thy tail may toss,
A running stream they dare na cross,
But ere the key-stane she could make,
The fient a tail she had to shake !
For *Nannie*, far before the rest,
Hard upon noble *Maggie* prest,
And flew at *Tam* wi' furious ettle ;
But little wist she *Maggie's* mettle—
Ae spring brought off her master hale,
But left behiud her ain grey tail :
The carlin claught her by the rump,
And left poor *Maggie* scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
Ilk man and mother's son, take heed:
Whene'er to drink you are iuclin'd,
Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,
Think, ye may buy the joys o'er dear,
Remember *Tam o' Shanter's* mare.

* It is a well known fact that witches, or any evil spirits, have no power to follow a poor wight any farther than the middle of the next running stream.—It may be proper likewise to mention to the benighted traveller, that when he falls in with *bogles*, whatever danger may be in his going forward, there is much more hazard in turning back.

*ON SEEING A WOUNDED HARE
LIMP BY ME,*

X WHICH A FELLOW HAD JUST SHOT AT.

INHUMAN man! curse on thy barb'rous art,
And blasted be thy murder-aiming eye:
May never pity sooth thee with a sigh,
Nor ever pleasure glad thy cruel heart!

Go live, poor wanderer of the wood and field,
The bitter little that of life remains:
No more the thickening brakes and verdant plains,
To thee shall home, or food, or pastime yield.

Seek, mangled wretch, some place of wonted rest,
No more of rest, but now thy dying bed!
The sheltering rushes whistling o'er thy head,
The cold earth with thy bloody bosom prest.

Oft as by winding Nith, I, musing, wait
The sober eve, or hail the cheerful dawn,
I'll miss thee sporting o'er the dewy lawn,
And curse the ruffian's aim, and mourn thy hapless
fate.

*ADDRESS TO THE SHADE OF
THOMSON,*

ON CROWNING HIS BUST AT EDNAM, ROXBURGHSHIRE, WITH BAYS.

WHILE virgin Spring, by Eden's flood,
Unfolds her tender mantle green,
Or pranks the sod in frolic mood,
Or tunes Eolian strains between :

While Summer with a matron grace
Retreats to Dryburgh's cooling shade,
Yet oft, delighted, stops to trace
The progress of the spiky blade :

While Autumn, benefactor kind,
By Tweed erects his aged head,
And sees, with self-approving mind,
Each creature on his bounty fed :

While maniac Winter rages o'er
The hills whence classic Yarrow flows,
Rousing the turbid torrent's roar,
Or sweeping, wild, a waste of snows :

So long, sweet Poet of the year,
Shall bloom that wreath thou well hast won ;
While Scotia, with exulting tear,
Proclaims that Thomson was her son.

EPITAPHS,

&c.

*ON A CELEBRATED RULING
ELDER.*

HERE souter **** in death does sleep;
To h-ll, if he's gane thither,
Satan, gie him thy gear to keep,
He 'll haud it weel thegither.

ON A NOISY POLEMIC.

BELOW thir stanes lie Jamie's banes :
O death, it 's my opinion,
Thou ne'er took such a bleth'rin b-tch,
Into thy dark dominion !

ON *WEE* JOHNNY.

Hic jacet *wee* Johnnie.

WHOE'ER thou art, O reader, know,
That death has murder'd Johnnie:
An' here his *body* lies fu' low——
For *saul* he ne'er had ony.

X FOR THE AUTHOR'S FATHER.

O YE, whose cheek the tear of pity stains,
Draw near with pious rev'rence and attend!
Here lie the loving husband's dear remains,
The tender father, and the gen'rous friend.
The pitying heart that felt for human woe;
The dauntless heart that fear'd no human pride;
The friend of man, to vice alone a foe;
"For ev'n his failings lean'd to virtue's side."*

* Goldsmith.

FOR R. A. ESQ.

KNOW thou, O stranger to the fame
Of this much-lov'd, much honour'd name!
(For none that knew him need be told)
A warmer heart death ne'er made cold.

FOR G. H. ESQ.

THE poor man weeps--here *G*—*n* sleeps,
Whom canting wretches blam'd :
But with *such as he*, where'er he be,
May I be *sav'd or damn'd!*

A BARD'S EPITAPH.

IS there a whim-inspired fool,
Owre fast for thought, owre hot for rule,
Owre blate to seek, owre proud to snool,
Let him draw near ;
And owre this grassy heap sing dool,
And drap a tear.

Is there a bard of rustic song,
Who, noteless, steals the crowds among,
That weekly this area throng,

O, pass not by!
But with a frater-feeling strong,
Hear, heave a sigh.

Is there a man, whose judgment clear,
Can others teach the course to steer,
Yet runs, himself, life's mad career,
Wild as the wave;
Here pause—and, thro' the starting tear,
Survey this grave:

The poor inhabitant below
Was quick to learn, and wise to know,
And keenly felt the friendly glow,
And softer flume,
But thoughtless follies laid him low,
And stain'd his name!

Reader, attend—whether thy soul
Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole,
Or darkling grubs this earthly hole,
In low pursuit;
Know, prudent, cautious, *self-control,*
Is wisdom's root.

ON THE LATE

*CAPTAIN GROSE'S PEREGRINA-
TIONS THROUGH SCOTLAND,*COLLECTING THE ANTIQUITIES OF THAT
KINGDOM.

HEAR, Land o' Cakes, and brither Scots,
 Frae Maidenkirk to Johnny Groat's:
 If there 's a hole in a' your coats,
 I rede you tent it.
 A chield's amang you taking notes,
 And, faith, he 'll prent it.

If in your bounds ye chance to light
 Upon a fine, fat, fodgeg wight,
 O' stature short, but genius bright,
 That 's he, mark weel—
 And vow! he has an unco slight
 O' cauk and keel.

By some auld, houlet-haunted-biggin,*
 Or kirk deserted by its riggin,
 It 's ten to ane ye 'll find him snug in
 Some eldritch part,
 Wi' deils, they say, L—d save 's! colleaguin
 At some black art.—

Ilk ghaist that haunts auld ha' or chamers,
 Ye gypsy-gang that deal in glamor,

* Vide his Antiquities of Scotland.

And you, deep read in hell's black grammar,
 Warlocks and witches;
 Ye 'll quake at his conjuring hammer,
 Ye midnight b——es.

It's tauld he was a sodger bred,
 And ane wad rather fa'n than fled;
 But now he's quat the spurtle blade,
 And dog-skin wallet,
 And ta'en the—*Antiquarian trade*,
 I think they call it.

He has a fouth o' auld nick-nackets:
 Rusty airn caps and jinglin jackets,*
 Wad haud the Lothians three in tackets,
 A towmont guid;
 And parritch-pats, and auld saut-backets,
 Before the Flood.

Of Eve's first fire he has a cinder;
 Auld Tubalcain's fire-shool and fender;
 That which distinguished the gender
 O' Balaam's ass;
 A broom-stick o' the witch of Endor,
 Weel shod wi' brass.

Forbye, he 'll shape you aff, fu' gleg,
 The cut of Adam's philibeg;
 The knife that nicket Abel's craig
 He 'll prove you fully,
 It was a faudling jocteleg,
 Or lang-kail gullie.—

But wad ye see him in his glee,
 For meikle glee and fun has he,

* Vide his Treatise on Ancient Armour and Weapons.

Then set him down, and twa or three
 Guid fellows wi' him;
 And *port, O port!* shine thou a wee,
 And then ye 'll see him!

Now, by the pow'rs o' verse and prose!
 Thou art a dainty chield, O Grose!—
 Whae'er o' thee shall ill suppose,
 They sair misca' thee;
 I'd take the rascal by the nose,
 Wad say, Shame fa' thee!

TO MISS CRUIKSHANKS,

A VERY YOUNG LADY.

WRITTEN ON THE BLANK LEAF OF A BOOK
 PRESENTED TO HER BY THE AUTHOR.

BEAUTEOUS rose-bud, young and gay.
 Blooming on thy early May,
 Never may'st thou, lovely flow'r,
 Chilly shrink in sleety show'r!
 Never Boreas' hoary path,
 Never Eurus' pois'nous breath,
 Never baleful stellar lights,
 Taint thee with untimely blights!
 Never, never reptile thief
 Riot on thy virgin leaf!
 Nor even Sol too fiercely view
 Thy bosom blushing still with dew!

May'st thou long, sweet crimson gem,
Richly deck thy native stem ;
Till some ev'ning, sober, calm,
Dropping dews, and breathing balm,
While all around the woodland rings,
And ev'ry bird thy requiem sings ;
Thou, amid the dirgeful sound,
Shed thy dying honours round,
And resign to parent earth
The loveliest form she e'er gave birth.

SONG.

ANNA, thy charms my bosom fire,
And waste my soul with care ;
But, ah ! how bootless to admire,
When fated to despair !

Yet in thy presence, lovely Fair,
To hope may be forgiv'n ;
For sure 'twere impious to despair !
So much in sight of Heav'n.

ON READING, IN A NEWSPAPER,
THE DEATH OF JOHN M'LEOD,
ESQ.

BROTHER TO A YOUNG LADY, A PARTI-
CULAR FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR'S.

SAD thy tale, thou idle page,
And rueful thy alarms :
Death tears the brother of her love
From Isabella's arms.

Sweetly deckt with pearly dew
The morning rose may blow ;
But cold successive noontide blasts
May lay its beauties low.

Fair on Isabella's morn
The sun propitious smil'd ;
But, long ere noon, succeeding clouds
Succeeding hopes beguil'd.

Fate oft tears the bosom chords
That nature finest strung :
So Isabella's heart was form'd,
And so that heart was wrung.

Dread Omnipotence, alone ;
Can heal the wound he gave ;
Can point the brimful grief-worn eyes
To scenes beyond the grave.

Virtue's blossoms there shall blow,
And fear no withering blast:
There Isabella's spotless worth
Shall happy be at last.

THE
*HUMBLE PETITION OF BRUAR
WATER **

TO THE
NOBLE DUKE OF ATHOLE.

MY Lord, I know, your noble ear
Woe ne'er assails in vain ;
Embalden'd thus, I beg you 'll hear
Your humble Slave complain,
How saucy Phœbus' scorching beams,
In flaming summer-pride,
Dry-withering, waste my foamy streams
And drink my crystal tide,

The lightly-jumping glowrin trouts,
That thro' my waters play,
If, in their random, wanton spouts,
They near the margin stray ;

* Bruar Falls, in Athole, are exceedingly picturesque and beautiful ; but their effect is much impaired by the want of trees and shrubs.

If, hapless chance ! they linger lang,
 I'm scorching up to shallow,
 They 're left the whitening stanes amang,
 In gasping death to wallow.

Last day I grat wi' spite and teen,
 As Poet B**** came by,
 That, to a bard I should be seen
 Wi' half my channel dry:
 A panegyric rhyme, I ween,
 Even as I was he shor'd me ;
 But had I in my glory been,
 He, kneeling, wad ador'd me,

Here, foaming down the shelvy rocks,
 In twisting strength I rin ;
 There, high my boiling torrent smokes,
 Wild-roaring o'er a linn :
 Enjoying large each spring and well
 As nature gave them me,
 I am, altho' I say 't mysel,
 Worth gaun a mile to see.

Would thou my noble master please
 To grant my highest wishes,
 He 'll shade my banks wi' tow'ring trees,
 And bonnie spreading bushes ;
 Delighted doubly then, my Lord,
 You 'll wander on my banks,
 And listen mouny a grateful bird
 Return you tuneful thanks.

The sober laverock, warbling wild,
 Shall to the skies aspire ;
 The gowdspink, music's gayest child,
 Shall sweetly join the choir :
 The blackbird strong, the lintwhite clear,
 The mavis mild and mellow ;
 The robin pensive autumn cheer,
 In all her locks of yellow ;

This too, a covert shall ensure,
To shield them from the storm;
And coward maukin sleep secure,
Low in her grassy form :
Here shall the shepherd make his seat,
To weave his crowu of flow'rs ;
Or find a sheltering safe retreat,
From prone descending show'rs.

And here by sweet endearing stealth,
Shall meet the loving pair,
Despising worlds with all their wealth
As empty idle care :
The flow'rs shall vie in all their charms
The hour of heav'n to grace,
And birks extend their fragrant arms,
To screen the dear embrace.

Here haply too, at vernal dawn,
Some musing bard may stray,
And eye the smoking, dewy lawn,
And misty mountain, grey ;
Or, by the reaper's nightly beam,
Mild-chequering thro' the trees,
Rave to my darkly dashing stream,
Hoarse-swelling on the breeze.

Let lofty firs, and ashes cool,
My lowly banks o'erspread,
And view, deep-pending in the pool,
Their shadows' wat'ry bed !
Let fragrant birks in woodbines drest
My craggy cliffs adorn ;
And, for the little songster's nest,
The close embow'ring thorn.

So may old Scotia's darling hope,
Your little angel band,
Spring, like their fathers, up to prop
Their honour'd native land !

So may thro' Albion's farthest ken,
 The social-flowing glasses,
 The grace be—"Athole's honest men,
 "And Athole's bonnie lasses!"

*ON SCARING SOME WATER FOWL
 IN LOCH TURIT,*

A WILD SCENE AMONG THE HILLS OF
 OUGHTERTYRE,

WHY, ye tenants of the lake,
 For me your wat'ry haunt forsake?
 Tell me, fellow-creatures, why
 At my presence thus you fly?
 Why disturb your social joys,
 Parent, filial, kindred ties?—
 Common friend to you and me,
 Nature's gifts to all are free:
 Peaceful keep your dimpling wave,
 Busy feed, or wanton lave;
 Or beneath the sheltering rock,
 Bide the surging billow's shock.

Conscious, blushing for our race,
 Soon, too soon, your fears I trace.
 Man, your proud usurping foe,
 Would be lord of all below:
 Plumes himself in Freedom's pride,
 Tyrant stern to all beside.

The eagle, from the cliffy brow,
 Marking you his prey below,

In his breast no pity dwells,
 Strong necessity compels.
 But man, to whom alone is giv'n
 A ray direct from pitying Heav'n,
 Glories in his heart humane—
 And creatures for his pleasure slain.

In these savage, liquid plains,
 Only known to wand'ring swains,
 Where the mossy riv'let strays,
 Far from human haunts and ways ;
 All on Nature you depend,
 And life's poor season peaceful spend.

Or, if man's superior might,
 Dare invade your native right,
 On the lofty ether borne,
 Man with all his pow'rs you scorn ;
 Swiftly seek, on clanging wings,
 Other lakes and other springs ;
 And the foe you cannot brave,
 Scorn at least to be his slave.

WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL

OVER THE CHIMNEY-PIECE,
 IN THE PARLOUR OF THE INN AT
 KENMORE, TAYMOUTH.

ADMIRING Nature in her wildest grace,
 These northern scenes with weary feet I trace ;
 O'er many a winding dale and painful steep,
 Th' abodes of covey'd grouse and timid sheep,

My savage journey, curious, I pursue,
 Till fam'd Breadalbane opens to my view.—
 The meeting cliffs each deep-sunk glen divides,
 The woods, wild scatter'd, clothe their ample sides;
 Th' outstretching lake, embosomed 'mong the hills,
 The eye with wonder and amazement fills;
 The Tay meand'ring sweet in infant pride,
 The palace rising on his verdant side;
 The lawns wood-fring'd in Nature's native taste;
 The hillocks dropt in Nature's careless haste;
 The arches striding o'er the new-born stream,
 The village, glittering in the noontide beam—

* * * * *

Poetic ardours in my bosom swell,
 Lone wand'ring by the hermit's mossy cell:
 The sweeping theatre of hanging woods;
 Th' incessant roar of headlong tumbling floods—

* * * * *

Here poesy might wake her heav'n-taught lyre,
 And look through nature with creative fire;
 Here, to the wrongs of fate half-reconcil'd,
 Misfortune's lighten'd steps might wander wild;
 And Disappointment, in these lonely bounds,
 Find balm to sooth her bitter rankling wounds:
 Here heart-struck Grief might heav'nward stretch her
 scan,
 And injur'd Worth forget and pardon man.

* * * * *

WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL,

STANDING BY THE FALL OF FYERS, NEAR
LOCH-NESS.

AMONG the heathy hills and ragged woods
The roaring Fyers pours his mossy floods ;
Till full he dashes on the rocky mounds,
Where, through a shapeless breach, his stream re-
sounds.

As high in air the bursting torrents flow,
As deep recoiling surges foam below,
Prone down the rock the whitening sheet descends,
And viewless echo's ear, astonish'd rends.
Dim seen, through rising mists and ceaseless show'rs,
The hoary cavern, wide-surrounding, low'rs.
Still thro' the gap the struggling river toils,
And still below the horrid cauldron boils—

* * * * *

ON THE
BIRTH OF A POSTHUMOUS CHILD,

BORN IN PECULIAR CIRCUMSTANCES
OF FAMILY DISTRESS.

SWEET Flow'ret, pledge o' meikle love,
And ward o' mony a pray'r,
What heart o' stane wad thou na move,
Sae helpless, sweet, and fair.

November hirples o'er the lea,
Chill, on thy lovely form ;
And gane, alas ! the shelt'ring tree,
Should shield thee frae the storm.

May He who gives the rain to pour,
And wings the blast to blaw,
Protect thee frae the driving show'r,
The bitter frost and snaw !

May He, the friend of woe and want,
Who heals life's various stounds,
Protect and guard the mother plant,
And heal her cruel wounds !

But late she flourish'd, rooted fast,
Fair on the summer morn :
Now feebly bends she in the blast,
Unshelter'd and forlorn.

Blest be thy bloom, thou lovely gem,
Unscath'd by ruffian hand !
And from thee many a parent stem
Arise to deck our land !

THE WHISTLE,

A ———

BALLAD.

AS the authentic *prose* history of the Whistle is curious, I shall here give it.—In the train of Anne of Denmark, when she came to Scotland with our James the Sixth, there came over also a Danish gentleman of gigantic stature and great prowess, and a matchless champion of Bacchus. He had a little ebony Whistle, which at the commencement of the orgies he laid on the table, and whoever was last able to blow it, every body else being disabled by the potency of the bottle, was to carry off the Whistle as a trophy of victory. The Dane produced credentials of his victories, without a single defeat, at the courts of Copenhagen, Stockholm, Moscow, Warsaw, and several of the petty courts in Germany; and challenged the Scots Bacchanalians to the alternative of trying his prowess, or else of acknowledging their inferiority.—After many overthrows on the part of the Scots, the Dane was encountered by Sir Robert Lawrie of Maxwelton, ancestor of the present worthy baronet of that name; who, after three days and three nights hard contest, left the Scandinavian under the table,

And blew on the Whistle his requiem shrill.

Sir Walter, son to Sir Robert before mentioned, afterwards lost the Whistle to Walter Riddel of Glenriddel, who had married a sister of Sir Walter's. — On Friday, the 16th of October, 1790, at Friars-Carse, the Whistle was once more contended for, as related in the ballad, by the present Sir Robert Lawrie of Maxwelton; Robert Riddel, Esq. of Glenriddel, lineal descendant and representative of Walter Riddel, who won the Whistle, and in whose family it had continued; and Alexander Ferguson, Esq. of Craigdarroch, likewise descended of the great Sir Robert; which last gentleman carried off the hard-won honours of the field.

THE WHISTLE.

I SING of a Whistle, a Whistle of worth,
I sing of a Whistle, the pride of the North,
Was brought to the court of our good Scottish king,
And long with this Whistle all Scotland shall ring.

Old Loda,* still rueing the arm of Fingal,
The god of the bottle sends down from his hall—
“ This Whistle’s your challenge, to Scotland get o’er,
“ And drink them to hell, Sir! or ne’er see me more!”

Old poets have sung, and old chronicles tell,
What champions ventur’d, what champions fell;
The son of great Loda was conqueror still,
And blew on the Whistle his requiem shrill.

Till Robert, the lord of the Cairn and the Scaur,
Unmatch’d at the bottle, unconquer’d in war,
He drank his poor god-ship as deep as the sea.
No tide of the Baltic e’er drunker than he.

Thus Robert, victorious, the trophy has gain’d;
Which now in his house has for ages remain’d;
Till three noble chieftains, and all of his blood,
The jovial contest again have renew’d.

Three joyous good fellows, with hearts clear of flaw;
Craigdarroch, so famous for wit, worth, and law;
And trusty Glenriddel, so skill’d in old coins;
And gallant Sir Robert, deep-read in old wines.

* See Ossian’s Caric-thura.

Craigdarroch began, with a tongue smooth as oil,
Desiring Glenriddel to yield up the spoil;
Or else he would muster the heads of the clan,
And once more, in claret, try which was the man.

“ By the gods of the ancients!” Glenriddel replies,
“ Before I surrender so glorious a prize,
“ I’ll conjure the ghost of the great Rorie More,*
“ And bumper his horn with him twenty times o’er.”

Sir Robert, a soldier, no speech would pretend,
But he ne’er turn’d his back on his foe—or his friend,
Said, toss down the Whistle, the prize of the field,
And knee-deep in claret, he’d die, or he’d yield.

To the board of Glenriddel our heroes repair,
So noted for drowning of sorrow and care;
But for wine and for welcome not more known to fame
Than the sense, wit, and taste, of a sweet lovely dame.

A bard was selected to witness the fray,
And tell future ages the feats of the day;
A bard who detested all sadness and spleen,
And wish’d that Parnassus a vineyard had been,

The dinner being over, the claret they ply,
And ev’ry new cork is a new spring of joy;
In the bands of old friendship and kindred so set,
And the bands grew the tighter the more they were
wet.

Gay pleasure ran riot as bumpers ran o’er;
Bright Phœbus ne’er witness’d so joyous a core,
And vow’d that to leave them he was quite forlorn,
Till Cynthia hinted he’d see them next morn.

* See Johnson’s Tour to the Hebrides.

Six bottles a-piece had well wore out the night,
When gallant Sir Robert, to finish the fight,
Turn'd o'er in one bumper a bottle of red,
And swore 'twas the way that their ancestor did.

Then worthy Glenriddel, so cautious and sage,
No longer the warfare, ungodly, would wage ;
A high ruling Elder to wallow in wine !
He left the foul business to folks less divine.

The gallant Sir Robert fought hard to the end ;
But who can with fate and quart bumpers contend ?
Though fate said—a hero should perish in light ;
So up rose bright Phœbus—and down fell the knight.

Next up rose our bard, like a prophet in drink :—
“ Craigdarroch, thou'lt soar when creation shall sink ;
“ But if thou would flourish immortal in rhyme,
“ Come—one bottle more—and have at the sublime !

“ Thy line, that have struggled for freedom with
“ Bruce,
“ Shall heroes and patriots ever produce :
“ So thine be the laurel, and mine be the bay ;
“ The field thou hast won, by yon bright god of day !”

MISCELLANEOUS
PIECES OF POETRY,

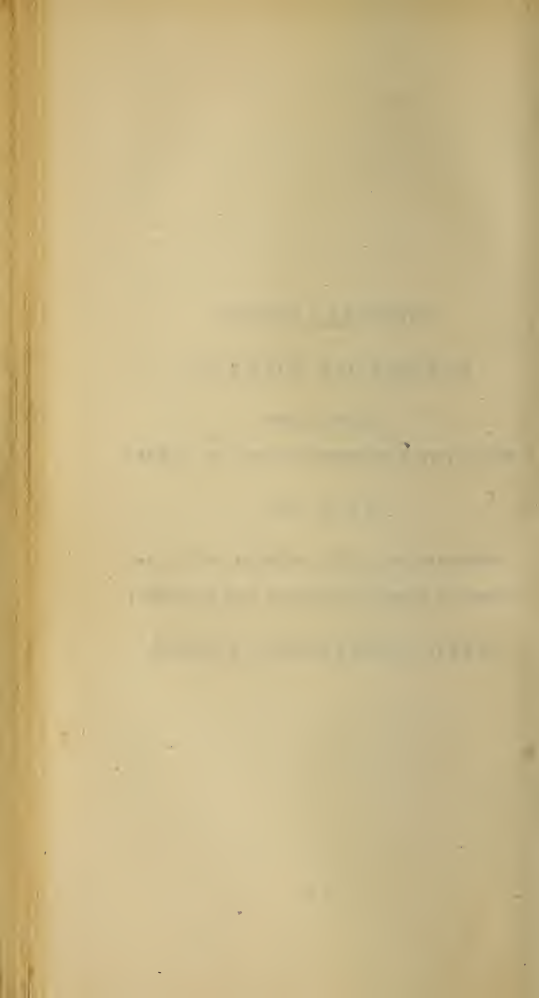
EXTRACTED

FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE OF BURNS;

SONGS,

COMPOSED FOR THE MUSICAL PUBLICA-
TIONS OF MESSRS. THOMSON AND JOHNSON;

WITH ADDITIONAL PIECES.



SECOND EPISTLE TO DAVIE,

A BROTHER POET.*

AULD NIBOR,

I'M three times doubly o'er your debtor,
 For your auld-farrant, frien'ly letter,
 Tho' I maun say't, I doubt ye flatter,
 Ye speak sae fair;
 For my puir, silly, rhymin' clatter,
 Some less maun sair.

Hale be your heart, hale be your fiddle;
 Lang may your elbuck jink an' diddle,
 To cheer you thro' the weary widdle
 O' war'ly cares,
 Till bairns' bairns kindly cuddle
 Your auld, gray hairs.

But, Davie, lad, I'm red ye're glaikit;
 I'm tauld the Muse ye hae negleckit;
 An' gif it's sae, ye sud be licket
 Until ye fyke;
 Sic hauns as you sud ne'er be faikit,
 Be hain't wha like.

For me, I'm on Parnassus' brink,
 Rivin the words tae gar them clink;
 Whyles daez't wi' love, whiles daez't wi' drink,
 Wi' jads or masons;
 An' whyles, but ay owre late, I think
 Braw sober lessons.

* This is prefixed to the poems of David Sillar, published at Kilmarnock, 1789.

Of a' the thoughtless sons o' man,
 Commen' me to the Bardie clan;
 Except it be some idle plan
 O' rhymin' clink,
 The devil-haet, that I sud ban,
 They ever think.

Nae thought, nae view, nae scheme o' livin',
 Nae cares tae gie us joy or grievin':
 But just the pouchie put the nieve in,
 An' while ought's there,
 Then, hiltie, skiltie, we gae scievin',
 An' fash nae mair.

Leeze me on rhyme! it's aye a treasure,
 My chief, amaist my only pleasure,
 At hame, a-fiel', at wark or leisure,
 The Muse, poor hizzie!
 Tho' rough an' raploch be her measure,
 She's seldom lazy.

Haud tae the Muse, my dainty Davie:
 The warl' may play you monie a shavie;
 But for the Muse, she'll never leave ye,
 Tho' e'er sae puir,
 Na, even tho' limpin wi' the spavie
 Frae door tae door.

THE LASS O' BALLOCHMYLE.

'TWAS even—the dewy fields were green,
On every blade the pearls hang ;
The Zephyr wantoned round the bean,
And bore its fragrant sweets along ;
In every glen the mavis sang,
All nature listening seemed the while,
Except where green-wood echoes rang,
Among the braes o' Ballochmyle.

With careless step I onward strayed,
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 whispered, passing by,
Behold the lass o' Ballochmyle !

Fair is the morn in flowery May,
And sweet is night in Autumn mild ;
When roving thro' 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 bonny lass o' Ballochmyle.

O, had she been a country maid,
And I the happy country swain,
Tho' sheltered in the lowest shed
That ever rose in Scotland's plain !
Thro' weary winter's wind and rain
With joy, with rapture, I would toil ;
And nightly to my bosom strain
The bonny lass o' Ballochmyle.

Then pride might climb the slipp'ry 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 bonny lass o' Ballochmyle.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

THOU lingering star, with less'ning 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 ?
 Seest thou thy lover lowly laid ?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast ?
 That sacred hour can I forget,
 Can I forget the hallowed 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 !
 Ayr gurgling kissed his pebbled shore,
 O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning, green ;
 The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
 Twin'd amorous round the raptured scene.
 The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
 The birds sang love on every spray,
 Till too, too soon, the glowing west,
 Proclaimed the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
 And fondly broods with miser care!
 Time but the impression deeper makes,
 As streams their channels deeper wear.
 My Mary, dear departed shade!
 Where is thy blissful place of rest?
 Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

*LINES ON AN INTERVIEW WITH
 LORD DAER.*

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 spreckled up the brae,
 I dinner'd wi' a Lord.

I've been at druken *writers'* feasts,
 Nay, been bitch-fou 'mang godly priests,
 Wi' rev'ence be it spoken;
 I've even join'd the honour'd jorum,
 When mighty Squireships of the quorum,
 Their hydra drouth did sloken.

But wi' a Lord—stand out my shin,
 A Lord—a Peer—an Earl's son,
 Up higher yet my bonnet;
 And sic a Lord—lang Scotch ells twa,
 Our Peerage he o'erlooks them a',
 As I look o'er my sonnet.

But oh for Hogarth's magic pow'r !
 To show Sir Bardy's willyart glowr,
 And how he star'd and stammer'd,
 When goavan, as if led wi' branks,
 An' stumpan' on his ploughman shanks,
 He in the parlour hammer'd.

* * * * *

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 marked nought uncommon.

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.

Then from his Lordship I shall learn,
 Henceforth to meet with unconcern
 One rank as well's another;
 Nae *honest worthy* man need care,
 To meet with noble youthful Daer,
 For he but meets a brother.

ON A YOUNG LADY,

Residing on the banks of the small river Devon, in Clackmannanshire, but whose infant years were spent in Ayrshire.

HOW pleasant the banks of the clear-winding Devon,
With green-spreading bushes, and flow'rs blooming
fair ;
But the bonniest flower on the banks of the Devon
Was once a sweet bud on the braes of the Ayr.

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.

O, 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 !

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.

I.

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.

II.

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.

III.

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.*

* These verses our Poet composed to be sung to *Morag*, a Highland air, of which he was extremely fond.

NAE-BODY.

I HAE a wife o' my ain,
 I'll partake wi' nae-body ;
 I'll tak cuckold frae nane,
 I'll gie cuckold to nae-body.

I hae a penny to spend,
 There—thanks to nae-body
 I hae naething to lend,
 I'll borrow frae nae-body.

I am nae-body's lord,
 I'll be slave to nae-body ;
 I hae a guid braid sword,
 I'll tak dunts frae nae-body.

I'll be merry and free.
 I'll be sad for nae-body ;
 If nae-body care for me,
 I'll care for nae-body.

*ON THE DEATH OF A LAP-DOG
 NAMED ECHO.*

IN wood and wild, ye warbling throug,
 Your heavy loss deplore ;
 Now half-extinct your powers of song,
 Sweet Echo is no more.

Ye jarring screechin things around,
 Scream your discordant joys :
 Now half your din of tuneless sound
 With Echo silent lies.

SONG.

Tune, ' I am a man unmarried.'*

O, ONCE I lov'd a bonnie lass,
 Ay, and I love her still,
 And whilst that virtue warms my breast
 I'll love my handsome Nell,
Tal lal de ral, &c.

As bonnie lasses I hae seen,
 And mony full as braw,
 But for a modest gracefu' mien
 The like I never saw.

A bonnie lass, I will confess,
 Is pleasant to the e'e,
 But without some better qualities
 She's no a lass for me.

But Nelly's looks are blithe and sweet,
 And what is best of a',
 Her reputation is complete,
 And fair without a flaw.

* This was our Poet's first attempt.

She dresses ay sae clean and neat,
 Both decent and genteel ;
 And then there's something in her gait
 Gars ony dress look weel.

A gaudy dress and gentle air
 May slightly touch the heart,
 But it's innocence and modesty
 That polishes the dart.

'Tis this in Nelly pleases me,
 'Tis this enchants my soul ;
 For absolutely in my breast
 She reigns without control.
Tal la de ral, &c.

**INSCRIPTION TO THE MEMORY
 OF FERGUSSON.**

HERE LIES ROBERT FERGUSSON, POET.

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

NO sculptur'd 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.

THE CHEVALIER'S LAMENT.

THE small birds rejoice in the green leaves returning,
 The murmuring streamlet winds clear thro' the vale ;
 The hawthorn trees blow in the dews of the morning,
 And wild scatter'd cowslips bedeck the green dale :

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 sooth the sad bosom of joyless despair.

The deed that I dar'd, 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.

But 'tis not my sufferings thus wretched, forlorn,
 My brave gallant friends, 'tis your ruin I mourn :
 Your deeds prov'd so loyal in hot bloody trial,
 Alas ! can I make you no sweeter return !

EPISTLE TO R. GRAHAM, ESQ.

WHEN Nature her great master-piece design'd,
 And fram'd her last, best work, the human mind,
 Her eye intent on all the mazy plan,
 She form'd of various parts the various man.

Then first she calls the useful many forth ;
 Plain plodding industry, and sober worth :
 Thence peasants, farmers, native sons of earth,
 And merchandise' whole genus take their birth :
 Each prudent cit a warm existence finds,
 And all mechanics' many apron'd kinds.
 Some other rarer sorts are wanted yet,
 The lead and buoy are needful to the net:
 The *caput mortuum* of gross desires
 Makes a material for mere knights and squires ;
 The martial phosphorus is taught to flow,
 She kneads the lumpish philosophic dough,
 Then marks th' unyielding mass, with grave designs,
 Law, physics, politics, and deep divines :
 Last, she sublimes th' Aurora of the poles,
 The flashing elements of female souls.

The order'd system fair before her stood,
 Nature, well-pleas'd, pronounc'd it very good ;
 But ere she gave creating labour o'er,
 Half-jest, she try'd one curious labour more.
 Some spumy, fiery, *ignis fatuus* matter ;
 Such as the slightest breath of air might scatter ;
 With arch-alacrity and conscious glee
 (Nature may have her whim as well as we,
 Her Hogarth-art, perhaps she meant to show it)
 She forms the thing, and christens it—a poet.
 Creature, tho' oft the prey of care and sorrow,
 When blest to-day unmindful of to-morrow.
 A being form'd t' amuse his graver friends,
 Admir'd and prais'd—and there the homage ends :
 A mortal quite unfit for Fortune's strife,
 Yet oft the sport of all the ills of life ;
 Prone to enjoy each pleasure riches give,
 Yet haply wanting wherewithal to live :
 Longing to wipe each tear, to heal each groan,
 Yet frequent all unheeded in his own.

But honest Nature is not quite a Turk,
 She laugh'd at first, then felt for her poor work.

Pitying the propless climber of mankind,
 She casts about a *standard tree* to find ;
 And, to support his helpless woodbine state,
 Attach'd him to the *generous truly great*,
 A title, and the only one I claim,
 To lay strong hold for help on bounteous Graham.

Pity the tuneful muses' hapless train,
 Weak, timid landmen on Life's stormy main !
 Their hearts no selfish stern absorbent stuff,
 That never gives—tho' humbly takes enough ;
 The little fate allows, they share as soon,
 Unlike sage, proverb'd, Wisdom's hard-wrung boon.
 The world were blest did bliss on them depend,
 Ah, that " the friendly e'er should want a friend !"
 Let prudence number o'er each sturdy son,
 Who life and wisdom at one race begun,
 Who feel by reason, and who give by rule,
 (Instinct 's a brute, and sentiment a fool !)
 Who make poor *will do* wait upon *I should*—
 We own they're prudent, but who feels they're good ?
 Ye wise ones, hence ! ye hurt the social eye !
 God's image rudely etch'd on base alloy !
 But come ye who the godlike pleasure know,
 Heaven's attribute distinguish'd—to bestow !
 Whose arms of love would grasp the human race :
 Come *thou* who giv'st with all a courtier's grace :
Friend of my life, true patron of my rhymes !
 Prop of my dearest hopes for future times.
 Why shrinks my soul half blushing, half afraid,
 Backward, abash'd to ask thy friendly aid ?
 I know my need, I know thy giving hand,
 I crave thy friendship at thy kind command ;
 But there are such who court the tuneful nine—
 Heavens ! should the branded character be mine !
 Whose verse in manhood's pride sublimely flows,
 Yet vilest reptiles in their begging prose.
 Mark, how their lofty independent spirit
 Soars on the spurning wing of injur'd merit !

Seek not the proofs in private life to find ;
 Pity the best of words should be but wind !
 So to heaven's gates the lark's shrill song ascends,
 But grovelling on the earth the carol ends.
 In all the clam'rous cry of starving want,
 They dun benevolence with shameless front ;
 Oblige them, patronize their tinsel lays,
 They persecute you all your future days !
 Ere my poor soul such deep damnation stain,
 My horny fist assume the plough again ;
 The pie-ball'd jacket let me patch once more ;
 On eighteen-pence a week I've liv'd before.
 Though, thanks to Heaven, I dare even that last shift,
 I trust meantime my boon is in thy gift :
 That plac'd by thee upon the wish'd-for height
 Where, man and nature fairer in her sight,
 My muse may imp her wing for some sublimer
 fight.*

* This is our Poet's first epistle to Graham of Fintry. It is not equal to the second ; but it contains too much of the characteristic vigour of its author to be suppressed. A little more knowledge of natural history, or of chemistry, was wanted to enable him to execute the original conception correctly.

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;
 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 wroug;
 With passions so potent, and fancies so bright,
 No mau 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 develope 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.

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 shew
him.

What pity, in rearing so beauteous a system,
One trifling particular, truth, should have miss'd him;
For, 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;
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.

TO DR. BLACKLOCK.

Ellisland, 21st Oct. 1789.

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 ay as weel 's I want ye,
And then ye 'll do.

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 trouth
 And bade nae better.

But aiblins honest Master Heron
 Had at the time some dainty fair one,
 To ware his theologic care on,
 And holy study ;
 And tir'd o' sauls to waste his lear on,
 E'en tried the body.*

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

Ye glaiket, gleesome, daintie damies,
 Wha by Castalia's wimplin streamies,
 Lowp, sing, and lave your pretty limbies,
 Ye ken, ye ken,
 That straung necessity supreme is
 'Mang sons o' men.

I hae a wife and twa wee laddies,
 They maun hae brose and brats o' duddies ;
 Ye ken yoursels my heart right proud is,
 I need na vaunt,
 But I'll sned besoms—thraw saugh woodies,
 Before they want.

* Mr. Heron, author of the History of Scotland and of various other works.

Lord help me thro' this world o' care!
I'm weary sick o't late and air!
Not but I hae a richer share
 Than mony ithers;
But why should ae man better fare,
 And a' men brithers?

Come, Firm Resolve, take thou the van,
Thou stalk o' carl-hemp in man!
And let us mind, faint heart ne'er wan
 A lady fair;
Wha does the utmost that he can,
 Will whyles do mair.

But to conclude my silly rhyme,
(I'm scant o' verse, and scant o' time,)
To make a happy fire-side clime
 To weans and wife,
That's the true pathos and sublime
 Of human life.

My compliments to sister Beckie;
And eke the same to honest Lucky,
I wat she is a dainty chuckie,
 As e'er tread clay!
And gratefully, my guid auld cockie,
 I'm yours for ay.

ROBERT BURNS.

PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN AT THE THEATRE, ELLISLAND, ON
NEW-YEAR-DAY EVENING.

NO song nor dance I bring from yon great city
That queens it o'er our taste—the more 's the pity:
Tho', by the by, abroad why will you 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 deposes me here before ye,
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;
That tho' 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, tho' 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.

For our sincere, tho' 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.

*ELEGY ON THE LATE MISS
BURNET, OF MONBODDO.*

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 the accomplished Burnet low.

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.

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!

Ye heathy wastes, immix'd with reedy feus;
Ye mossy streams, with sedge and rushes stor'd;
Ye rugged cliffs, o'erhanging dreary glens,
To you I fly, ye with my soul accord.

Princes, whose cumb'rous 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?

We saw thee shine in youth and beauty's pride,
 And virtue's light, that beams beyond the spheres;
 But like the sun eclips'd at morning tide,
 Thou left'st us darkling in a world of tears.

The parent's heart that nestled fond in thee,
 That heart how sunk, a prey to grief and care:
 So deckt the woodbine sweet yon aged tree,
 So from it ravish'd, leaves it bleak and bare.

*IMITATION OF AN OLD JACOBITE
 SONG.*

BY yon castle wa' at the close of the day,
 I heard a man sing, tho' his head it was grey;
 And as he was singing, the tears fast down came—
 There 'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

The church is in ruins, the state is in jars,
 Delusions, oppressions, and murderous wars:
 We dare na' weel say 't, but we ken wha's to blame—
 There 'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword,
 And now I greet round their green beds in the yerd:
 It brak the sweet heart o' my faithfu' auld dame—
 There 'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

Now life is a burden that bows me down,
 Sin' I tint my bairns, and he tint his crown;
 But till my last moment my words are the same—
 There 'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

SONG OF DEATH.

*Scene—à field of battle; time of the day— evening ;
 the wounded and dying of the victorious army
 are supposed to join in the following Song.*

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 !

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 !

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 !

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,
 O ! who would not rest with the brave !

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' intermixed connexion,
One sacred Right of Woman is *protection*.—
The tender flower that lifts its head, elate,
Helpless, must fall before the blasts of fate,
Sunk on the earth, defac'd 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,
He'd die before he'd wrong it—'tis *decorum*,—
There³ 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—
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 alone we live and move;
 There taste that life of life—immortal love.—
 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!

ADDRESS,

*Spoken by Miss Fontenelle, on her Benefit-Night,
 December 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 slyly hinted.
 "Ma'am, let me tell you," quoth my man of rhymes,
 "I know your bent—these are no laughing times:
 "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!

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, 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!
 Say, you 'll be merry, tho' 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,
 Measur'st in desperate thought—a rope—thy neck—
 Or, where the beetling cliff o'erhangs the deep,
 Peerest to meditate the healing leap:
 Would'st thou be cur'd, thou silly, moping elf?
 Laugh at her follies—laugh e'en at thyself:
 Learn to despise those frowns now so terrific,
 And love a kinder—that's your grand specific.

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

SONGS.

THE LEA RIG.

WHEN o'er the hill the eastern star,
 Tells bughtin-time is near, my jo;
 And owsen frae the furrow'd field,
 Return sae dowf and weary O;
 Down by the burn, where scented birks
 Wi' dew are hanging clear, my jo,
 I'll meet thee on the lea-rig,
 My ain kind dearie O.

In mirkest glen, at midnight hour,
 I'd rove, and ne'er be eerie O,
 If thro' that glen I gaed to thee,
 My ain kind dearie O.
 Altho' the night were ne'er sae wild,
 And I were ne'er sae wearie O,
 I'd meet thee on the lea-rig,
 My ain kind dearie O.

The hunter lo'es the morning sun,
 To rouse the moun'tain deer, my jo;
 At noon the fisher seeks the glen,
 Along the burn to steer, my jo;
 Gie me the hour o' gloamin grey,
 It maks my heart sae cheery, O,
 To meet thee on the lea-rig,
 My ain kind dearie O.

TO MARY.

WILL ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
And leave auld Scotia's shore?
Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
Across th' Atlantic's roar?

O sweet grows the lime and the orange,
And the apple on the pine;
But a' the charms o' the Indies,
Can never equal thine.

I hae sworn by the Heavens to my Mary,
I hae sworn by the Heavens to be true;
And sae may the Heavens forget me,
When I forget my vow!

O plight me your faith, my Mary,
And plight me your lily-white hand;
O plight me your faith, my Mary,
Before I leave Scotia's strand.

We hae plighted our troth, my Mary,
In mutual affection to join,
And curst be the cause that shall part us!
The hour, and the moment o' time!*

* This Song Mr. Thomson has not adopted in his collection It deserves, however, to be preserved.

*MY WIFE'S A WINSOME WEE
THING.*

SHE is a winsome wee thing,
She is a handsome wee thing,
She is a bonnie wee thing,
This sweet wee wife o' mine.

I never saw a fairer,
I never lo'ed a dearer,
And niest my heart I'll wear her,
For fear my jewel tine.

She is a winsome wee thing,
She is a handsome wee thing,
She is a bonnie wee thing,
This sweet wee wife o' mine:

The world's wrack we share o't,
The warstle and the care o't,
Wi' her I'll blithly bear it,
And think my lot divine.

BONNIE LESLEY.

O SAW ye bonnie Lesley
 As she gaed o'er the border?
 She 's gane, like Alexander,
 To spread her conquests farther.

To see her is to love her,
 And love but her for ever;
 For Nature made her what she is,
 And ne'er made sic anither!

Thou art a queen, fair Lesley,
 Thy subjects we, before thee:
 Thou art divine, fair Lesley,
 The hearts o' men adore thee.

The Deil he could na scaith thee,
 Or aught that wad belang thee;
 He'd look into thy bonnie face,
 And say, " I canna wrang thee."

The Powers aboon will tent thee;
 Misfortune sha'na steer thee;
 Thou'rt like themselves sae lovely,
 That ill they'll ne'er let near thee.

Return again, fair Lesley.
 Return to Caledonie!
 That we may brag, we hae a lass
 There's nane again sae bonnie.

HIGHLAND MARY.

Tune, ' Katherine Ogie,'

YE banks and braes, and streams around,
The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie!
There simmer first unfald her robes,
And there the langest tarry;
For there I took the last fareweel
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom;
As underneath their fragrant shade,
I clasp'd her to my bosom!
The golden hours on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie,
For dear to me, as light and life,
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender;
And, pledging aft to meet again,
We tore ousels asunder;
But Oh! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early!
Now green 's the sod, and cauld 's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary!

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly!
And closed for ay, the sparkling glance,
That dwelt on me sae kindly!

BURNS' POEMS ;

And mouldering now in silent dust,
That heart that lo'ed me dearly !
But still within my bosom's core,
Shall live my Highland Mary.*

* The following, being another copy of verses to the same tune, are extracted from the Reliques of Burns, by Mr. Cromek.

Ye flowery banks o' bonie Doon,
How can ye blume sae fair ;
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae fu' o' care !

Thou'll break my heart thou bonie bird
That sings upon the bough ;
Thou minds me o' the happy days
When my fause luvè was true.

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonie bird
That sings beside thy mate ;
For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
And wist na o' my fate.

Aft hae I rov'd by bonie Doon,
To see the wood-bine twine,
And ilka bird sang o' its love,
And sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Frae aff its thorny tree,
And my fause luvè staw the rose,
But left the thorn wi' me.

AULD ROB MORRIS.

THERE'S auld Rob Morris that wons in yon glen,
He's the king o' guid fellows, and wale of auld men;
He has gowd in his coffers, he has owsen and kine,
And ae bonie lassie, his darling and mine.

She's fresh as the morning, the fairest in May;
She's sweet as the ev'ning amang the new hay;
As blithe and as artless as the lambs on the lea,
And dear to my heart as the light to my e'e.

But Oh! she's an heiress, auld Robin's a laird,
And my daddie has nought but a cot-house and yard;
A wooer like me maunna hope to come speed,
The wounds I must hide that will soon be my dead.

The day comes to me, but delight brings me nane;
The night comes to me, but my rest it is gane:
I wander my lane like a night-troubled ghaist,
And I sigh as my heart it wad burst in my breast.

O, had she but been of lower degree,
I then might hae hop'd she wad smil'd upon me!
O, how past describing had then been my bliss,
As now my distraction no words can express.

DUNCAN GRAY.

DUNCAN GRAY came here to woo,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
 On blythe yule night when we were fu',
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
 Maggie coost her head fu' high,
 Look'd asklent and unco skeigh,
 Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh ;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan fleech'd, and Duncan pray'd ;
Ha, ha, &c.
 Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,
Ha, ha, &c.
 Duncan sigh'd baith out and in,
 Grat his een baith bleer't and blin',
 Spak o' lowpin o'er a linn ;
Ha, ha, &c,

Time and chance are but a tide,
Ha, ha, &c,
 Slighted love is sair to bide,
Ha, ha, &c.
 Shall I, like a fool, quoth he,
 For a haughty hizzie die?
 She may gae to—France for me!
Ha, ha, &c,

How it comes let doctors tell,
Ha, ha, &c.
 Meg grew sick—as he grew heal,
Ha, ha, &c.
 Something in her bosom wrings,
 For relief a sigh she brings :
 And O, her een, they spak sic things,
Ha, ha, &c.

Duncan was a lad o' grace,

Ha, ha, &c.

Maggie's was a piteous case,

Ha, ha, &c.

Duncan could na be her death,

Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath;

Now they're crouse and canty baith,

Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

SONG.

Tune, ' I had a horse.'

O POORTITH cauld, and restless love,

Ye wreck my peace between ye;

Yet poortith a' I could forgive,

An' 'twere na for my Jeanie.

O why should fate sic pleasure have,

Life's dearest bands untwining?

Or why sae sweet a flower as love,

Depend on Fortune's shining!

This world's wealth when I think on

Its pride, and a' the lave o't;

Fie, fie on silly coward man,

That he should be the slave o't.

O why, &c.

Her een sae bonnie blue betray,

How she repays my passion;

But prudence is her o'erword ay,

She talks of rank and fashion.

O why, &c.

O wha can prudence think upon,
 And sic a lassie by him?
 O wha can prudence think upon,
 And sae in love as I am?
 O *why*, &c.

How blest the humble cotter's fate!
 He woos his simple dearie;
 The sillie bogles, wealth and state,
 Can never make them eerie.
 O why should fate sic pleasure have,
 Life's dearest bands untwining?
 Or why sae sweet a flower as love,
 Depend on Fortune's shining?

GALLA WATER.

THERE'S braw braw lads on Yarrow braes,
 That wander thro' the blooming heather;
 But Yarrow braes, nor Ettric shaws,
 Can match the lads o' Galla Water.

But there is ane, a secret ane,
 Aboon them a' I lo'e him better;
 And I'll be his, and he'll be mine,
 The bonnie lad o' Galla Water.

Altho' his daddie was nae laird,
 And tho' I hae nae meikle tocher;
 Yet rich in kindest, truest love,
 We'll tent our flocks by Galla Water.

It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,
 That coft contentment, peace, or pleasure;
 The bands and bliss o' mutual love,
 O that's the chiefest world's treasure!

+
LORD GREGORY.

O MIRK, mirk is this midnight hour,
And loud the tempest's roar ;
A waefu' wanderer seeks thy-tow'r,
Lord Gregory, ope thy door.

An exile frae her father's ha',
And a' for loving thee ;
At least some *pity* on me shaw,
If *love* it may na be.

Lord Gregory, mind'st thou not the grove,
By bonnie Irwine side,
Where first I own'd that virgin love
I lang, lang had denied.

How aften didst thou pledge and vow,
Thou wad for ay be mine !
And my fond heart, itsel sae true,
It ne'er mistrusted thine.

Hard is thy heart, Lord Gregory,
And flinty is thy breast ;
Thou dart of heaven that flashest by,
O wilt thou give me rest !

Ye mustering thunders from above,
Your willing victim see !
But spare, and pardon my fause love,
His wrangs to heaven and me !

MARY MORISON.

Tune, ' Bide ye yet.'

O MARY, at thy window be,
 It is the wish'd, the trysted hour!
 Those smiles and glances let me see,
 That make the miser's treasure poor:
 How blithly wad I bide the stoure,
 A weary slave frae sun to sun;
 Could I the rich reward secure,
 The lovely Mary Morison.

Yestreen when to the trembling string,
 The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha',
 To thee my fancy took its wing,
 I sat, but neither heard or saw :-
 Tho' this was fair, and that was braw,
 And yon the toast of a' the town,
 I sigh'd, and said amang them a',
 " Ye are na Mary Morison."

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,
 Wha for thy sake wad gladly die?
 Or canst thou break that heart of his,
 Whase only faut is loving thee?
 If love for love thou wilt na gie,
 At least be pity to me shown!
 A thought ungentle canna be
 The thought o' Mary Morison.

WANDERING WILLIE.

HERE awa, there awa, wandering Willie,
 Now tired with wandering, haud away hame ;
 Come to my bosom my ae only dearie,
 And tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the same.

Loud blew the cauld winter winds at our parting,
 It was na the blast brought the tear to my e'e :
 Now welcome the simmer, and welcome my Willie,
 The simmer to nature, my Willie to me.

Ye hurricanes, rest in the cave o' your slumbers,
 O how your wild horrors a lover alarms !
 Awaken ye breezes, row gently ye billows,
 And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms. }

But if he 's forgotten his faithfulest Nanie,
 O still flow between us, thou wide roaring main ;
 May I never see it, may I never trow it,
 But dying believe that my Willie's my ain !

THE SAME.

As altered by Mr. Erskine and Mr. Thomson.

HERE awa, there awa, wandering Willie,
Here awa, there awa, haud away hame,
 Come to my bosom my *ain* only dearie,
 Tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the same.

*Winter-winds blew loud and cauld at our parting,
 Fears for my Willie brought tears in my e'e,
 Welcome now simmer, and welcome my Willie,
 As simmer to nature, so Willie to me.*

*Rest, ye wild storms, in the cave o' your slumbers,
 How your dread howling a lover alarms!
 Blow soft ye breezes! roll gently ye billows!
 And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.*

*But Oh, if he's faithless, and minds nu his Nanie,
 Flow still between us thou dark-heaving main!
 May I never see it, may I never trow it,
 While dying I think that my Willie's my ain!*

*Our Poet, with his usual judgment, adopted
 some of these alterations, and rejected others.
 The last edition is as follows :*

HERE awa, there awa, wandering Willie,
 Here awa, there awa, haud away hame ;
 Come to my bosom my ain only dearie,
 Tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the same.

Winter winds blew loud and cauld at our parting,
 Fears for my Willie brought tears in my e'e,
 Welcome now simmer, and welcome my Willie,
 The simmer to nature, my Willie to me.

Rest, ye wild storms, in the cave of your slumbers,
 How your dread howling a lover alarms!
 Wauken ye breezes, row gently ye billows,
 And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.

But oh, if he's faithless, and minds na his Nanie,
 Flow still between us thou wide-roaring main :
 May I never see it, may I never trow it,
 But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain !

OPEN THE DOOR TO ME, OH!

WITH ALTERATIONS.

OH, open the door, some pity to shew,
 Oh, open the door to me, Oh !
 Tho' thou hast been false, I'll ever prove true,
 Oh, open the door to me, Oh

Cauld is the blast upon my pale cheek,
 But caulder thy love for me, Oh !
 The frost that freezes the life at my heart,
 Is nought to my pains frae thee, Oh !

The wau moon is setting behind the white wave,
 And time is setting with me, Oh !
 False friends, false love, farewell ! for mair
 I'll ne'er trouble them, nor thee, Oh !

She has open'd the door, she has open'd it wide ;
 She sees his pale corse on the plain, Oh !
 My true love, she cried, and sunk down by his side
 Never to rise again, Oh !

JESSIE.

Tune, 'Bonnie Dundee.'

TRUE hearted was he, the sad swain o' the Yarrow,
And fair are the maids on the banks o' the Ayr,
But by the sweet side o' the Nith's winding river,
Are lovers as faithful, and maidens as fair:
To equal young Jessie seek Scotland all over ;
To equal young Jessie you seek it in vain ;
Grace, beauty, and elegance fetter her lover,
And maidenly modesty fixes the chain.

O, fresh is the rose in the gay, dewy morning,
And sweet is the lily at evening close ;
But in the fair presence o' lovely young Jessie,
Unseen is the lily, unheeded the rose.
Love sits in her smile, a wizzard ensnaring ;
Enthron'd in her een he delivers his law :
And still to her charms she alone is a stranger !
Her modest demeanour's the jewel of a'.

*WHEN WILD WAR'S DEADLY
BLAST WAS BLAWN.*

Air, 'The Mill Mill O.'

WHEN wild war's deadly blast was blawn,
And gentle peace returniug,
Wi' mony a sweet babe fatherless,
And mony a widow mourning.

I left the lines and tented field,
Where lang I'd been a lodger,
My humble knapsack a' my wealth,
A poor and honest sodger.

A leal, light heart was in my breast,
My hand unstain'd wi' plunder;
And for fair Scotia hame again,
I cheery on did wander.

I thought upon the bauks o' Coil,
I thought upon my Nancy,
I thought upon the witching smile
That caught my youthful fancy:

At length I reached the bonnie glen,
Where early life I sported;
I pass'd the mill, and trysting thorn,
Where Nancy aft I courted:
Wha spied I but my ain dear maid,
Down by her mother's dwelling!
And turu'd me round to hide the flood
That in my een was swelling.

Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, sweet lass,
 Sweet as yon hawthorn's blossom,
 O! happy, happy may he be,
 That's dearest to thy bosom!
 My purse is light, I've far to gang,
 And fain wad be thy lodger:
 I've serv'd my king and country lang,
 Take pity on a sodger.

Sae wistfully she gaz'd on me,
 And lovelier was than ever:
 Quo' she, a sodger ance I lo'ed,
 Forget him shall I never:
 Our humble cot, and hamely fare,
 Ye freely shall partake it,
 That gallant badge, the dear cockade,
 Ye're welcome for the sake o't.

She gaz'd—she redden'd like a rose—
 Syne pale like ony lily;
 She sank within my arms, and cried,
 Art thou my ain dear Willie?
 By him who made yon sun and sky—
 By whom true love's regarded,
 I am the man; and thus may still
 True lovers be rewarded.

The wars are o'er, and I'm come hame,
 And find thee still true-hearted;
 Tho' poor in gear, we're rich in love,
 And mair we'se ne'er be parted.
 Quo' she, my grandsire left me gowd,
 A mailen plenish'd fairly;
 And come, my faithful sodger lad,
 Thou'rt welcome to it dearly!

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
 The farmer ploughs the manor;
 But glory is the sodger's prize;
 The sodger's wealth is honour;

The brave, poor sodger ne'er despise,
 Nor count him as a stranger,
 Remember he 's his country's stay
 In day and hour of danger.

MEG O' THE MILL.

Air, ' O bonnie lass, will you lie in a Barrack?'

O KEN ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten,
 An' ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten?
 She has gotten a coof wi' a claute o' siller,
 And broken the heart o' the barley Miller.

The Miller was strappin, the Miller was ruddy;
 A heart like a lord, and a hue like a lady:
 The laird was a widdiefu', bleerit, knurl;
 She 's left the guid fellow and ta'en the churl.

The Miller he hecht her a heart leal and loving:
 The Laird did address her wi' matter mair moving,
 A fine pacing horse wi' a clear chained bridle,
 A whip by her side, and a bonnie side-saddle.

O wae on the siller, it is sae prevailing;
 And wae on the love that is fixed on a mailen!
 A tocher's nae word in a true lover's parle,
 But, gie me my love, and a fig for the warl!

SONG.

Tune, ' Liggeram Cosh.'

BLYTHE hae I been on you hill,
 As the lambs before me;
 Careless ilka thought and free,
 As the breeze flew o'er me:
 Now nae longer sport and play,
 Mirth or sang can please me;
 Lesley is sae fair and coy,
 Care and anguish seize me.

Heavy, heavy, is the task,
 Hopeless love declaring:
 Trembling, I dow nocht but glow'r,
 Sighing, dumb, despairing!
 If she wiuna ease the thraws,
 In my bosom swelling;
 Underneath the grass-green sod,
 Soon maun be my dwelling.

SONG.

Tune, ' Logan Water.'

O LOGAN, sweetly didst thou glide,
 That day I was my Willie's bride;
 And years synsyne have o'er us run,
 Like Logan to the simmer sun.

But now thy flow'ry banks appear
Like drumlie winter, dark and drear,
While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

Again the merry month o' May,
Has made our hills and valleys gay:
The birds rejoice in leafy bowers,
The bees hum round the breathing flowers:
Blithe, morning lifts his rosy eye,
And evening's tears are tears of joy:
My soul, delightless, a' surveys,
While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

Within 'you milk-white hawthorn bush,
Amang her nestlings sits the thrush;
Her faithfu' mate will share her toil,
Or wi' his song her cares beguile:
But I wi' my sweet nurslings here,
Nae mate to help, nae mate to cheer,
Pass widow'd nights and joyless days,
While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

O wae upon you, men o' state,
That brethren rouse to deadly hate!
As ye make mony a fond heart mourn,
Sae may it on your heads return!
How can your flinty hearts enjoy,
The widow's tears, the orphan's cry?
But soon may peace bring happy days,
And Willie, hame to Logan braes!

FRAGMENT,

IN WITHERSPOON'S COLLECTION OF SCOTS
SONGS.

Air, ' Hughie Graham.'

" O GIN my love were you red rose,
" That grows upon the castle wa',
" And I mysel' a drap o' dew,
" Into her bonnie breast to fa'!

" Oh, there beyond expression blest,
" I'd feast on beauty a' the night ;
" Seal'd on her silk-saft faulds to rest,
" Till fley'd awa by Phœbus' light."

* O were my love yon lilac fair,
Wi' purple blossoms to the spring ;
And I, a bird to shelter there,
When wearied on my little wing :

How I wad mourn, when it was torn
By autumn wild, and winter rude!
But I wad sing on wanton wing,
When youthfu' May its bloom renew'd.*

* These stanzas were added by Burns.

BONNIE JEAN.

THERE was a lass, and she was fair,
At kirk and market to be seen;
When a' the fairest maids were met,
The fairest maid was bonnie Jean.

And ay she wrought her mammie's wark,
And ay she sang sae merrilie :
The blithest bird upon the bush
Had ne'er a lighter heart than she.

But hawks will rob the tender joys
That bless the little lintwhite's nest;
And frost will blight the fairest flowers,
And love will break the soundest rest.

Young Robie was the brawest lad,
The flower and pride of a' the glen ;
And he had owsen, sheep, and kye,
And wanton naigies nine or ten.

He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryste,
He danc'd wi' Jeanie on the down ;
And lang ere witless Jeanie wist,
Her heart was tint, her peace was stown.

As in the bosom o' the stream,
The moon-beam dwells at dewy e'en ;
So trembling, pure, was tender love,
Within the breast o' bonnie Jean.

And now she works her mammie's wark,
And ay she sighs wi' care and pain ;
Yet wist na what her ail might be,
Or what wad mak her weel again.

But did na Jeanie's heart loup light,
And did na joy blink in her e'e,
As Robie tauld a tale o' love,
Ae e'enin on the lily lea ?

The sun was sinking in the west,
The birds sang sweet in ilka grove ;
His cheek to her's he fondly prest,
And whisper'd thus his tale o' love :

O Jeanie fair, I lo'e thee dear ;
O canst thou think to fancy me !
Or wilt thou leave thy mammie's cot,
And learn to tent the farms wi' me ?

At barn or byre thou shalt na drudge,
Or naething else to trouble thee ;
But stray amang the heather-bells,
And tent the waving corn wi' me.

Now what could artless Jeanie do ?
She had nae will to say him na :
At length she blush'd a sweet consent,
And love was ay between them twa.

PHILLIS THE FAIR.

Tune, ' Robin Adair.'

WHILE larks with little wing
Fann'd the pure air,
Tasting the breathing spring,
Forth I did fare:
Gay the sun's golden eye,
Peep'd o'er the mountains high ;
Such thy morn! did I cry,
Phillis the fair.

In each bird's careless song,
Glad did I share ;
While yon wild flowers among,
Chance led me there :
Sweet to the opening day,
Rosebuds bent the dewy spray ;
Such thy bloom ! did I say,
Phillis the fair.

Down in a shady walk,
Doves cooing were,
I mark'd the cruel hawk
Caught in a snare :
So kind may Fortune be,
Such make his destiny,
He who would injure thee,
Phillis the fair.

SONG.

To the same Tune.

HAD I a cave on some wild, distant shore,
 Where the winds howl to the waves' dashing roar:
 There would I weep my woes,
 There seek my lost repose,
 Till grief my eyes should close,
 Ne'er to wake more.

Falsest of womankind, canst thou declare,
 All thy fond plighted vows—fleeting as air?
 To thy new lover hie,
 Laugh o'er thy perjury,
 Then in thy bosom try,
 What peace is there!

SONG.

Tune, 'Allan Water.'

BY Allan stream I chanc'd to rove,
 While Phœbus sank beyond Benleddi;*
 The winds were whispering thro' the grove,
 The yellow corn was waving ready:

* A mountain west of Strath-Allan, 3,069 feet high.

I listen'd to a lover's sang,
 And thought on youthfu' pleasures mony;
 And ay the wild-wood echoes rang—
 O, dearly do I love thee, Annie!

O, happy be the woodbine bower,
 Nae nightly bogle make it eerie;
 Nor ever sorrow stain the hour,
 The place and time I met my dearie!
 Her head upon my throbbing breast,
 She, sinking, said, "I'm thine for ever!"
 While mony a kiss the seal imprest,
 The sacred vow, we ne'er should sever.

The haunt o' spring's the primrose brae,
 The simmer joys the flocks to follow;
 How cheery thro' her shortening day,
 Is autumn, in her weeds o' yellow;
 But can they melt the glowing heart,
 Or chain the soul in speechless pleasure,
 Or thro' each nerve the rapture dart,
 Like meeting her, our bosom's treasure.

*WHISTLE, AND I'LL COME TO
 YOU, MY LAD.*

O WHISTLE, and I'll come to you, my lad;
 O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad:
 Tho' father and mither and a' should gae mad,
 O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad.

But warily tent, when ye come to court me,
And come na unless the back-yett be a-jee ;
Syne up the back-stile, and let nae body see,
And come as ye were na comin to me.
And come, &c.

O whistle, &c.

At kirk, or at market, whene'er ye meet me,
Gang by me as tho' that ye car'd na a flie :
But steal me a blink o' your bonnie black e'e,
Yet look as ye were na lookin at me.
Yet look, &c.

O whistle, &c.

Ay vow and protest that ye care na for me,
And whiles ye may lightly my beauty a wee ;
But court na anither, tho' jokin ye be,
For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me.
For fear, &c.

O whistle, &c.

SONG.

Tune, 'The muckin o' Geordie's byre.'

ADOWN winding Nith I did wander,
 To mark the sweet flowers as they spring ;
 Adown winding Nith I did wander,
 Of Phillis to muse and to sing.

CHORUS.

*Awa wi' your belles and your beauties,
 They never wi' her can compare :
 Whae'er has met wi' my Phillis,
 Has met wi' the queen o' the fair.*

The daisy amus'd my fond fancy,
 So artless, so simple, so wild ;
 Thou emblem, said I, o' my Phillis,
 For she is simplicity's child.
Awa, &c.

The rose-bud 's the blush o' my charmer,
 Her sweet balmy lip when 'tis prest :
 How fair and how pure is the lily,
 But fairer and purer her breast.
Awa, &c.

Yon knot of gay flowers in the arbour,
 They ne'er wi' my Phillis can vie :
 Her breath is the breath o' the woodbine,
 Its dew-drop o' diamond, her eye.
Awa, &c.

Her voice is the song of the morning,
 That wakes thro' the green-spreading grove,
 When Phæbus peeps over the mountains.
 On music, and pleasure, and love.
Awa, &c.

But beauty how frail and how fleeting,
 The bloom of a fine summer's day !
 While worth in the mind o' my Phillis
 Will flourish without a decay.
Awa, &c.

SONG.

Air, 'Cauld Kail.'

COME, let me take thee to my breast,
 And pledge we ne'er shall sunder ;
 And I shall spurn as vilest dust
 The world's wealth and grandeur :
 And do I hear my Jeanie own,
 That equal transports move her ?
 I ask for dearest life alone
 That I may live to love her.

Thus in my arms, wi' all thy charms,
 I clasp my countless treasure ;
 I'll seek nae mair o' heaven to share,
 Than sic a moment's pleasure :
 And by thy een, sae bonnie blue,
 I swear I'm thine for ever !
 And on thy lips I seal my vow,
 And break it shall I never.

DAINTY DAVIE.

NOW rosy May comes in wi' flowers,
 To deck her gay, green-spreading bowers ;
 And now comes in my happy hours,
 To wander wi' my Davie.

CHORUS.

*Meet me on the warlock knowe,
 Dainty Davie, dainty Davie,
 There I'll spend the day wi' you,
 My ain dear dainty Davie.*

The crystal waters round us fa',
 The merry birds are lovers a',
 The scented breezes round us blaw,
 A wandering wi' my Davie.
Meet me, &c.

When purple morning starts the hare,
 To steal upon her early fare,
 Then thro' the dews I will repair,
 To meet my faithfu' Davie.
Meet me, &c.

When day, expiring in the west,
 The curtain draws o' nature's rest,
 I flee to his arms I lo'e best,
 And that 's my ain dear Davie.

CHORUS.

*Meet me on the warlock knowe,
 Bonnie Davie, dainty Davie,
 There I'll spend the day wi' you,
 My ain dear dainty Davie.*

SONG.

Tune, 'Oran-gaoil.'

BEHOLD the hour, the boat arrive;
Thou goest, thou darling of my heart!
Sever'd from thee can I survive?
But fate has will'd, and we must part.
I'll often greet this surging swell,
Yon distant isle will often hail:
"E'en here I took the last farewell;
"There latest mark'd her vanish'd sail."

Along the solitary shore,
While fitting sea-fowl round me cry,
Across the rolling, dashing roar,
I'll westward turn my wistful eye:
Happy, thou Indian grove, I'll say,
Where now my Nancy's path may be!
While thro' thy sweets she loves to stray,
O tell me, does she muse on me!

SONG.

Tune, 'Fee him Father.'

THOU hast left me ever, Jamie, Thou has left me
ever.

Thou hast left me ever, Jamie, Thou hast left me
ever.

Aften hast thou vow'd that death, Only should us
sever.

Now thou'st left thy lass for ay—I maun see thee
never, Jamie,

I'll see thee never.

Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie, Thou hast me for-
saken.

Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie, Thou hast me for-
saken.

Thou canst love anither jo, While my heart is break-
ing.

Soon my weary een I'll close—Never mair to waken,
Jamie,

Ne'er mair to waken.

AULD LANG SYNE.

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And never brought to min' ?
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And days o' lang syne ?

CHORUS.

*For auld lang syne, my dear,
 For auld lang syne,
 We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
 For auld lang syne.*

We twa hae run about the braes,
 And pu 't the gowans fine ;
 But we've wander'd mony a weary foot,
 Sin auld lang syne.
Sin auld, &c.

We twa hae paidl't i' the burn,
 Frae mornin sun till dine :
 But seas between us braid hae roar'd,
 Sin auld lang syne.
For auld, &c.

And here's a hand my trusty fiere,
 And gie's a hand o' thine ;
 And we'll tak a right guid willie-waught,
 For auld lang syne.
For auld, &c.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp,
 And surely I 'll be mine ;
 And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
 For auld lang syne.
For auld, &c.

BANNOCK-BURN.

ROBERT BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY.

SCOTS, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led;
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to glorious victorie.

Now's the day, and now's the hour:
See the front o' battle lower;
See, approach proud Edward's power—
Edward! chains and slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Traitor! coward! turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Free-man stand, or free-man fa',
Caledonian! on wi' me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains;
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be—shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Forward! let us do, or die!

FAIR JENNY.

Tune, 'Saw ye my father?'

WHERE are the joys I have met in the morning,
That danc'd to the lark's early song?
Where is the peace that awaited my wand'ring,
At evening the wild woods amang?

No more a winding the course of yon river,
And marking sweet flow'rets so fair:
No more I trace the light footsteps of pleasure,
But sorrow and sad sighing care.

Is it that summer 's forsaken our valleys,
And grim, surly winter is near?
No, no, the bees humming round the gay roses,
Proclaim it the pride of the year.

Fain would I hide what I fear to discover,
Yet long, long too well have I known:
All that has caused this wreck in my bosom,
Is Jenny, fair Jenny alone.

Time cannot aid me, my griefs are immortal,
Nor hope dare a comfort bestow:
Come then, enamour'd and fond of my anguish,
Enjoyment I'll seek in my woe.

SONG.

Tune, 'The Collier's Dochter.'

DELUDED swain, the pleasure
The fickle Fair can give thee,
Is but a fairy treasure,
Thy hopes will soon deceive thee.

The billows on the ocean,
The breezes idly roaming,
The clouds' uncertain motion,
They are but types of woman.

O! art thou not ashamed,
To doat upon a feature?
If man thou would'st be named,
Despise the silly creature.

Go, find an honest fellow;
Good claret set before thee:
Hold ou till thou art mellow,
And then to bed in glory.

SONG.

Tune, ' The Quaker's Wife.'

THINE am I, my faithful fair,
Thine, my lovely Nancy ;
Ev'ry pulse along my veins,
Ev'ry roving fancy.

To thy bosom lay my heart,
There to throb and languish :
Tho' despair had wrung its core,
That would heal its anguish,

Take away those rosy lips,
Rich with balmy treasure :
Turn away thine eyes of love,
Lest I die with pleasure.

What is life when wanting love ?
Night without a morning :
Love's the cloudless summer sun,
Nature gay adorning.

SONG.

Tune, ' Jo Janet.'

HUSBAND, husband, cease your strife,
Nor longer idly rave, sir ;
Tho' I am your wedded wife,
Yet I am not your slave, sir.

" One of two must still obey,
" Nancy, Nancy ;
" Is it man or woman, say,
" My spouse, Nancy?"

If 'tis still the lordly word,
Service and obedience ;
I'll desert my sov'reign lord,
And so, good b'ye allegiance !

" Sad will I be, so bereft,
" Nancy, Nancy ;
" Yet I'll try to make a shift,
" My spouse, Nancy."

My poor heart then break it must,
My last hour I'm near it :
When you lay me in the dust,
Think, think how you will bear it.

" I will hope and trust in Heaven,
" Nancy, Nancy ;
" Strength to bear it will be given,
" My spouse, Nancy."

Well, sir, from the silent dead,
 Still I'll try to daunt you ;
 Ever round your midnight bed
 Horrid sprites shall haunt you.

“ I'll wed another, like my dear
 “ Nancy, Nancy ;
 “ Then all hell will fly for fear,
 “ My spouse, Nancy.”

SONG.

Air, ‘ The Sutor’s Dochter.’

WILT thou be my dearie?
 When sorrow wrings thy gentle heart,
 Wilt thou let me cheer thee?
 By the treasure of my soul,
 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.

Lassie, sae 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.

BANKS OF CREE.

HERE is the glen, and here the bower,
All underneath the birchen shade;
The village-bell has told the hour,
O what can stay my lovely maid?

'Tis not Maria's whispering call;
'Tis but the balmy-breathing gale:
Mixt with some warbler's dying fall,
The dewy star of eve to hail.

It is Maria's voice I hear!
So calls the woodlark in the grove,
His little faithful mate to cheer,
At once 'tis music—and 'tis love.

And art thou come! and art thou true!
O welcome dear to love and me!
And let us all our vows renew,
Along the flowery banks of Cree.

*VERSES TO A YOUNG LADY, WITH
A PRESENT OF SONGS.*

HERE, where the Scottish muse immortal lives,
In sacred strains and tuneful numbers join'd,
Accept the gift; tho' humble he who gives,
Rich is the tribute of the grateful mind.

So may no ruffian-feeling in thy breast,
 Discordant jar thy bosom-chords among ;
 But peace attune thy gentle soul to rest,
 Or love ecstatic wake his seraph song.

Or pity's notes, in luxury of tears,
 As modest want the tale of woe reveals ;
 While conscious virtue all the strain endears,
 And heaven-born piety her sanction seals.

ON THE SEAS AND FAR AWAY.

Tune, ' O'er the Hills, &c. '

HOW can my poor heart be glad,
 When absent from my sailor lad ?
 How can I the thought forego,
 He 's on the seas to meet the foe ?
 Let me wander, let me rove,
 Still my heart is with my love ;
 Nightly dreams and thoughts by day
 Are with him that 's far away.

CHORUS.

*On the seas and far away,
 On stormy seas and far away ;
 Nightly dreams and thoughts by day
 Are ay with him that 's far away.*

When in summer's noon I faint,
 As weary flocks around me pant,
 Haply in this scorching sun
 My sailor's thund'ring at his gun :

Bullets, spare my only joy!
Bullets, spare my darling boy!
Fate do with me what you may,
Spare but him that's far away!

On the seas, &c.

At the starless midnight hour,
When winter rules with boundless power;
As the storms the forest tear,
And thunders rend the howling air,
Listening to the doubling roar,
Surging on the rocky shore,
All I can—I weep and pray,
For his weal that's far away.

On the seas, &c.

Peace, thy olive wand extend,
And bid wild war his ravage end,
Man with brother man to meet,
And as a brother kindly greet:
Then may heaven with prosp'rous gales,
Fill my sailor's welcome sails,
To my arms their charge convey,
My dear lad that's far away.

On the seas, &c.

SONG.

Tune, ' Ca' the Yowes to the Knowes.'

CHORUS.

*Ca' the yowes to the knowes,
Ca' them whare the heather growes,
Ca' them whare the burnie rowes,
My bonnie dearie.*

HARK, the mavis' evening sang
Sounding Clouden's woods amang;
Then a faulding let us gang,
My bonnie dearie.
Ca' the, &c.

We'll gae down by Clouden side,
Thro' the hazels spreading wide,
O'er the waves, that sweetly glide
To the moon sae clearly.
Ca' the, &c.

Yonder Clouden's silent tow'rs,
Where at moonshine midnight hours,
O'er the dewy bending flowers,
Fairies dance sae cheery.
Ca' the, &c.

Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear;
Thou'rt to love and heaven sae dear,
Nocht of ill may come thee near,
My bonnie dearie.
Ca' the, &c.

Fair and lovely as thou art,
 Thou hast stown my very heart ;
 I can die—but canna part,
 My bonnie dearie.
Ca' the, &c.

**SHE SAYS SHE LO'ES ME BEST
 OF A'.**

Tune, ' Onagh's Waterfall.'

SAE flaxen were her ringlets,
 Her eyebrows of a darker hue,
 Bewitchingly o'er-arching
 Twa laughing een o' bonnie blue.
 Her smiling sae wyling,
 Wad make a wretch forget his woe ;
 What pleasure, what treasure,
 Unto these rosy lips to grow :
 Such was my Chloris' bonnie face,
 When first her bonnie face I saw,
 And ay my Chloris' dearest charm,
 She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Like harmouy her motion ;
 Her pretty ancle is a spy
 Betraying fair proportion,
 Wad make a saint forget the sky.
 Sae warming, sae charming,
 Her faultless form and gracefu' air ;
 Ilk feature—auld nature
 Declar'd that she could do nae mair :
 Her's are the willing chains o' love,
 By conquering beauty's sovereign law ;
 And ay my Chloris' dearest charm,
 She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Let others love the city,
 And gaudy shew at sunny noon;
 Gie me the lonely valley,
 The dewy eve, and rising moon
 Fair beaming, and streaming,
 Her silver light the boughs amang;
 While falling, recalling,
 The amorous thrush concludes her sang:
 There, dearest Chloris, wilt thou rove
 Ey wimpling burn and leafy shaw,
 And hear my vows o' truth and love,
 And say thou lo'es me best of a'?

SAW YE MY PHELY?

(Quasi dicat Phillis.)

Tune, ' When she cam ben she bobbit.'

O SAW ye my dear, my Phely?
 O saw ye my dear, my Phely?
 She's down i' the grove, she 's wi' a new love,
 She winna come hame to her Willy.

What says she, my dearest, my Phely?
 What says she, my dearest, my Phely?
 She lets thee to wit that she has thee forgot,
 And for ever disowns thee her Willy.

O had I ne'er seen thee, my Phely!
 O had I ne'er seen thee, my Phely!
 As light as the air, and fause as thou's fair,
 Thou's broken the heart o' thy Willy.

SONG.

Tune, ' Cauld Kail in Aberdeen.

HOW long and dreary is the night,
When I am frae my dearie ;
I restless lie frae e'en to morn,
Tho' I were ne'er sae weary.

CHORUS.

*For oh, her lanely nights are lang ;
And oh, her dreams are eerie ;
And oh, her widow'd heart is sair,
That 's absent frae her dearie.*

When I think on the lightsome days
I spent wi' thee, my dearie ;
And now what seas between us roar,
How can I be but eerie ?
For oh, &c.

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours ;
The joyless day how dreary !
It was nae sae ye glinted by,
When I was wi' my dearie.
For oh, &c.

SONG.

Tune, 'Duncan Gray.'

LET not woman e'er complain,
Of inconstancy in love ;
Let not woman e'er complain,
Fickle man is apt to rove :

Look abroad through Nature's range,
Nature's mighty law is change ;
Ladies, would it not be strange,
Man should then a mouster prove ?

Mark the winds, and mark the skies :
Ocean's ebb, and ocean's flow :
Sun and moon but set to rise,
Round and round the seasons go.

Why then ask of silly man,
To oppose great Nature's plan ?
We'll be constant while we can—
You can be no more, you know.

*THE LOVER'S MORNING SALUTE
TO HIS MISTRESS.*

Tune, ' Deil tak the Wars.'

SLEEP'ST thou, or wak'st thou, fairest creature ;
 Rosy morn now lifts his eye,
 Numbering ilka bud which Nature
 Waters wi' the tears o' joy :
 Now thro' the leafy woods,
 And by the reeking floods ;
 Wild Nature's tenants, freely, gladly stray ;
 The lintwhite in his bower
 Chants o'er the breathing flower ;
 The lav'rock to the sky
 Ascends wi' sangs o' joy,
 While the sun and thou arise to bless the day.

Phœbus gilding the brow o' morning,
 Banishes ilk darksome shade,
 Nature gladdening and adorning ;
 Such to me my lovely maid.
 When absent frae my fair,
 The murky shades o' care
 With starless gloom o'er cast my sullen sky ;
 But when, in beauty's light,
 She meets my ravish'd sight,
 When through my very heart
 Her beaming glories dart ;
 'Tis then I wake to life, to light, and joy.

THE AULD MAN.

BUT lately seen in gladsome green
 The woods rejoice the day,
 Thro' gentle showers the laughing flowers
 In double pride were gay:
 But now our joys are fled,
 On winter blasts awa!
 Yet maiden May, in rich array,
 Again shall bring them a'.

But my white pow, nae kindly thowe
 Shall melt the snaws of age;
 My trunk of eild, but buss or bield,
 Sinks in time's wintry rage.
 Oh, age has weary days,
 And nights o' sleepless pain!
 Thou golden time o' youthfu' prime,
 Why com'st thou not again!

*SONG.*

Tune, ' My Lodging is on the cold ground.'

MY Chloris, mark how green the groves,
 The primrose banks how fair:
 The balmy gales awake the flowers,
 And wave thy flaxen hair.

The lav'rock shuns the palace gay,
And o'er the cottage sings :
For nature smiles as sweet, I ween,
To shepherds as to kings.

Let minstrels sweep the skilfu' string
In lordly lighted ha' :
The shepherd stops his simple reed,
Blithe, in the birken shaw.

The princely revel may survey
Our rustic dance wi' scorn ;
But are their hearts as light as ours
Beneath the milk-white thorn ?

The shepherd, in the flowery glen,
In shepherd's phrase will woo :
The courtier tells a finer tale,
But is his heart as true ?

These wild-wood flowers I've pu'd, to deck
That spotless breast o' thine :
The courtiers' gems may witness love—
But 'tis na love like mine.

SONG.

ALTERED FROM AN OLD ENGLISH ONE.

IT was the charming month of May,
 When all the flow'rs were fresh and gay,
 One morning, by the break of day,
 The youthful, charming Chloe;

From peaceful slumber she arose,
 Girt on her mantle and her hose,
 And o'er the flow'ry mead she goes,
 The youthful, charming Chloe.

CHORUS.

*Lovely was she by the dawn,
 Youthful Chloe, charming Chloe,
 Tripping o'er the pearly lawn,
 The youthful, charming Chloe.*

The feather'd people, you might see
 Perch'd all around on every tree,
 In notes of sweetest melody,
 They hail the charming Chloe;

Till, painting gay the eastern skies,
 The glorious sun began to rise,
 Out-rivall'd by the radiant eyes
 Of youthful, charming Chloe.
Lovely was she, &c.

LASSIE WI' THE LINT-WHITE LOCKS.

Tune, 'Rothemurche's Rant.'

CHORUS.

*Lassie wi' the lint-white locks,
Bonnie lassie, artless lassie,
Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks,
Wilt thou be my dearie O?*

NOW nature cleeds the flowery lea,
And a' is young and sweet like thee;
O wilt thou share its joys wi' me,
And say thou 'lt be my dearie O?
Lassie wi', &c.

And when the welcome simmer-shower
Has cheer'd ilk drooping little flower,
We 'll to the breathing woodbine bower
At sultry noon, my dearie O.
Lassie wi', &c.

When Cynthia lights, wi' silver ray,
The weary shearer's hameward way;
Thro' yellow waving fields we 'll stray,
And talk o' love, my dearie O.
Lassie wi', &c.

And when the howling wintry blast
Disturbs my lassie's midnight rest;
Enclasped to my faithfu' breast,
I'll comfort thee, my dearie O.

*Lassie wi' the lint-white locks,
Bonnie lassie, artless lassie,
Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks,
Wilt thou be my dearie O?*

SONG.

Tune, ' Nancy 's to the Greenwood,' &c.

FAREWELL thou stream that winding flows
Around Eliza's dwelling !
O mem'ry spare the cruel throes
Within my bosom swelling :
Condemn'd to drag a hopeless chain,
And yet in secret languish,
To feel a fire in ev'ry vein,
Nor dare disclose my anguish.

Love's veriest wretch, unseen, unknown,
I fain my griefs would cover :
The bursting sigh, th' unweeting groan,
Betray the hapless lover.
I know thou doom'st me to despair,
Nor wilt, nor canst relieve me ;
But oh, Eliza, hear one prayer,
For pity's sake forgive me.

The music of thy voice I heard,
Nor wist while it enslav'd me ;
I saw thine eyes, yet nothing fear'd,
Till fears no more had sav'd me :
Th' unwary sailor thus aghast,
The wheeling torrent viewing ;
'Mid circling horrors sinks at last
In overwhelming ruin.

DUET.

Tune, 'The Sow's Tail.'

HE.

O PHILLY, happy be that day
When roving through the gather'd hay,
My youthfu' heart was stown away,
And by thy charms, my Philly.

SHE.

O Willy, ay I bless the grove
Where first I own'd my maiden love,
Whilst thou didst pledge the Powers above
To be my ain dear Willy.

HE.

As songsters of the early year
Are ilka day mair sweet to hear,
So ilka day to me mair dear
And charming is my Philly.

SHE.

As on the brier the budding rose
Still richer breathes and fairer blows,
So in my tender bosom grows
The love I bear my Willy.

HE.

The milder sun and bluer sky,
That crown my harvest cares wi' joy,
Were ne'er sae welcome to my eye
As is a sight o' Philly.

SHE.

The little swallow's wanton wing,
Tho' wafting o'er the flowery spring,
Did ne'er to me sic tidings bring,
As meeting o' my Willy.

HE.

The bee that thro' the sunny hour
Sips nectar in the opening flower,
Compar'd wi' my delight is poor,
Upon the lips o' Philly,

SHE.

The woodbine in the dewy weet
When evening shades in silence meet,
Is nocht sae fragrant or sae sweet,
As is a kiss o' Willy.

HE.

Let fortune's wheel at random rin,
And fools may tyne, and knaves may win ;
My thoughts are a' bound up in ane,
And that 's my ain dear Philly.

SHE.

What 's a' the joys that gowd can gie!
I care na wealth a single fie ;
The lad I love 's the lad for me,
And that 's my ain dear Willy.

SONG.

Tune, ' Lumps o' Pudding.'

CONTENTED wi' little, and cantie wi' mair,
 Whene'er I forgather wi' sorrow and care,
 I gie them a skelp, as they 're creepin alang,
 Wi' a cog o' guid swats, and an auld Scottish sang.

I whyles claw the elbow o' troublesome thought;
 But man is a soger, and life is a faught:
 My mirth and guid humour are coin in my pouch,
 And my Freedom 's my lairdship nae monarch dare
 touch.

A towmond o' trouble, should that be my fa',
 A night o' guid fellowship sowthers it a':
 When at the blithe end o' our journey at last,
 Wha the deil ever thinks o' the road he has past?

Blind chance, let her snapper and stoyte on her way;
 Be 't to me, be 't frae me, e'en let the jade gae:
 Come ease, or come travail; come pleasure, or pain,
 My warst word is—" Welcome, and welcome again!"

**CANST THOU LEAVE ME THUS,
MY KATY?**

Tune, ' Roy's Wife.'

CHORUS.

*Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy?
Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy?
Well thou know'st my aching heart,
And canst thou leave me thus for pity?*

IS this thy plighted, fond regard,
Thus cruelly to part, my Katy?
Is this thy faithful swain's reward—
An aching, broken heart, my Katy?
Canst thou, &c.

Farewell! and ne'er such sorrows tear
That fickle heart of thine, my Katy!
Thou mayst find those will love thee dear—
But not a love like mine, my Katy.
Canst thou, &c.

MY NANIE'S AWA.

Tune, 'There 'll never be peace,' &c.

NOW in her green mantle blithe nature arrays,
And listens the lambkins that bleat o'er the braes,
While birds warble welcome in ilka green shaw;
But to me it's delightless—my Nanie's awa.

The snaw-drap and primrose our woodlands adorn,
And violets bathe in the weet o' the morn,
They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw,
They mind me o' Nanie—and Nanie's awa.

Thou lav'rock that springs frae the dews of the lawn,
The shepherd to warn o' the grey-breaking dawn,
And thou mellow mavis that hails the night-fa',
Give over for pity—my Nanie's awa.

Come, autumn, sae pensive, in yellow and grey,
And sooth me wi' tidings o' nature's decay:
The dark, dreary winter, and wild-driving snaw,
Alane can delight me—now Nanie's awa.

FOR A' THAT AND A' THAT.

IS there, for honest poverty,
 That hangs his head, and a' that ;
 The coward-slave, we pass him by,
 We dare be poor for a' that !
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Our toil 's obscure, and a' that,
 The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
 The man 's the gowd for a' that.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
 Wear hoddin grey, and a' that ;
 Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
 A man 's a man for a' that ;
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Their tinsel show, and a' that ;
 The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
 Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
 Wha struts, and stares, and a' that ;
 Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
 He 's but a coof for a' that :
 For a' that, and a' that,
 His riband, star, and a' that,
 The man of independent mind,
 He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
 A marquis, duke, and a' that ;
 But an honest man 's aboon his might,
 Guid faith he mauna fa' that !
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Their dignities, and a' that,
 The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
 Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
 As come it will for a' that,
 That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
 May bear the gree, and a' that.
 For a' that, and a' that,
 It's coming yet, for a' that,
 That man to man, the warld o'er,
 Shall brothers be for a' that.

SONG.

Tune, ' Craigie-burn-wood.'

SWEET fa's the eve on Craigie-burn,
 And blithe awakes the morrow,
 But a' the pride o' spring's return
 Can yield me nocht but sorrow.

I see the flowers and spreading trees,
 I hear the wild birds singing ;
 But what a weary wight can please,
 And care his bosom wringing?

Fain, fain would I my griefs impart,
 Yet dare na for your anger ;
 But secret love will break my heart,
 If I conceal it langer.

If thou refuse to pity me,
 If thou shalt love anither,
 When yon green leaves fade frae the tree.
 Around my grave they'll wither.

SONG.

Tune, ' Let me in this ae Night.'

O LASSIE, art thou sleeping yet?
Or art thou wakin, I would wit?
For love has bound me, hand and foot,
And I would fain be in, jo.

CHORUS.

*O let me in this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night,
For pity's sake this ae night,
O rise and let me in jo.*

Thou hear'st the winter wind and weet,
Nae star blinks thro' the driving sleet ;
Tak pity on my weary feet,
And shield me frae the rain, jo.
O let me in, &c.

The bitter blast that round me blows
Unheeded howls, unheeded fa's ;
The cauldness o' thy heart 's the cause
Of a' my grief and pain, jo.
O let me in, &c.

HER ANSWER.

O TELL me na o' wind and rain,
 Upbraid na' me wi' cauld disdain!
 Gae back the gait ye cam again,
 I winna let you in, jo.

CHORUS.

*I tell you now this ae night,
 This ae, ae, ae night;
 And ance for a' this ae night,
 I winna let you in, jo.*

The snellest blast, at mirkest hours,
 That round the pathless wand'rer pours,
 Is nocht to what poor she endures,
 That 's trusted faithless man, jo.
I tell you now, &c.

The sweetest flower that deck'd the mead,
 Now trodden like the vilest weed;
 Let simple maid the lesson read,
 The weird may be her ain, jo.
I tell you now, &c.

The bird that charm'd his summer-day,
 Is now the cruel fowler's prey;
 Let witless, trusting woman say
 How aft her fate 's the same, jo.
I tell you now, &c.

ADDRESS TO THE WOOD-LARK.

Tune, 'Where 'll bonnie Ann lie.' Or, 'Loch-Eroch
Side.'

O STAY, sweet warbling wood-lark stay,
Nor quit for me the trembling spray,
A hapless lover courts thy lay,
Thy soothing fond complaining.

Again, again that tender part,
That I may catch thy melting art;
For surely that wad touch her heart,
Wha' kills me wi' disdainin'.

Say, was thy little mate unkind,
And heard thee as the careless wind?
Oh, nocht but love and sorrow join'd,
Sic notes o' woe could wauken.

Thou tells o' never-ending care:
O' speechless grief, and dark despair!
For pity's sake, sweet bird, nae mair!
Or my poor heart is broken!

ON CHLORIS BEING ILL.

Tune, ' Ay wakin O.'

CHORUS.

*Long, long the night,
Heavy comes the morrow,
While my soul's delight,
Is on her bed of sorrow.*

CAN I cease to care?
Can I cease to languish,
While my darling fair
Is on the couch of anguish?
Long, &c.

Every hope is fled.
Every fear is terror;
Slumber even I dread,
Every dream is horror.
Long, &c.

Hear me, Pow'rs divine!
Oh! in pity hear me!
Take aught else of mine,
But my Chloris spare me!
Long, &c.

SONG.

Tune, 'Humours of Glen.'

THEIR groves o' sweet myrtle let foreign lands
reckon,

Where bright-beaming summers exalt the perfume,
Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green breckan,
Wi' the burn stealing under the lang yellow broom.

Far dearer to me are yon humble broom bowers,
Where the blue-bell and gowan lurk lowly unseen:
For there, lightly tripping among the wild flowers,
A listening the linnet, aft wanders my Jean.

Tho' rich is the breeze in their gay sunny valleys,
And cauld, Caledonia's blast on the wave:
Their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt the proud
palace,
What are they? The haunt of the tyrant and
slave!

The slave's spicy forests, and gold-bubbling fountains,
The brave Caledonian views wi' disdain;
He wanders as free as the winds of his mountains,
Save love's willing fetters, the chains o' his Jean.

SONG.

Tune, ' Laddie, lie near me.'

'TWAS na her bonnie blue e'e was my ruin ;
 Fair tho' she be, that was ne'er my undoing :
 'Twas the dear smile when naebody did mind us,
 'Twas the bewitching, sweet, stown glance o' kindness.

Sair do I fear that to hope is denied me,
 Sair do I fear that despair maun abide me ;
 But tho' fell fortune should fate us to sever,
 Queen shall she be in my bosom for ever.

Mary, I'm thine wi' a passion sincerest,
 And thou hast plighted me love o' the dearest!
 And thou'rt the angel that never can alter,
 Sooner the sun in his motion would falter.

*ALTERED FROM AN OLD ENGLISH
 SONG.*

Tune, ' John Anderson my jo.'

HOW cruel are the parents,
 Who riches only prize ;
 And to the wealthy booby,
 Poor woman sacrifice.

Meanwhile the hapless daughter
 Has but a choice of strife ;
 To shun a tyrant father's hate,
 Become a wretched wife.

The ravening hawk pursuing,
 The trembling dove thus flies,
 To shun impelling ruin
 Awhile her pinions tries ;
 Till of escape despairing,
 No shelter or retreat,
 She trusts the ruthless falconer,
 And drops beneath his feet.

SONG.

Tune, ' Deil tak the Wars.'

MARK yonder pomp of costly fashion,
 Round the wealthy, titled bride :
 But when compar'd with real passion,
 Poor is all that princely pride.
 What are the showy treasures?
 What are the noisy pleasures?
 The gay, gaudy glare of vanity and art ;
 The polish'd jewel's blaze
 May draw the wond'ring gaze,
 And courtly grandeur bright
 The fancy may delight,
 But never, never can come near the heart.

But did you see my dearest Chloris,
 In simplicity's array ;
 Lovely as yonder sweet opening flower is,
 Shrinking from the gaze of day.

O then, the heart alarming,
 And all resistless charming,
 In Love's delightful fetters she chains the willing soul !
 Ambition would disown
 The world's imperial crown,
 Even Avarice would deny
 His worshipp'd deity,
 And feel thro' every vein Love's raptures roll.

SONG.

Tune, ' This is no my ain House.'

CHORUS.

*O this is no my ain lassie,
 Fair tho' the lassie be :
 O weel ken I my ain lassie,
 Kind love is in her e'e.*

I SEE a form, I see a face,
 Ye weel may wi' the fairest place :
 It wants, to me, the witching grace,
 The kind love that 's in her e'e.
O this is no, &c.

She 's bonnie, blooming, straight, and tall,
 And lang has had my heart in thrall ;
 And ay it charms my very saul,
 The kind love that 's in her e'e.
O this is no, &c.

A thief sae pawkie is my Jean,
 To steal a blink, by a' unseen ;
 But gleg as light are lovers' een,
 When kind love is in the e'e.
O this is no, &c.

It may escape the courtly sparks,
 It may escape the learned clerks;
 But weel the watching lover marks,
 The kind love that 's in her e'e.
O this is no, &c.

TO MR. CUNNINGHAM.

SCOTTISH SONG.

NOW spring has clad the groves 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,
 O why thus all alone are mine
 The weary steps of woe!

The trout within yon wimpling burn
 Glides swift, a silver dart,
 And safe beneath the shady thorn
 Defies the augler'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.

The little flow'ret'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.

The waken'd lav'rock warbling springs,
 And climbs the early sky,
 Wincing blithe her dewy wings
 In morning's rosy eye ;
 As little reekt I sorrow's power,
 Until the flowery snare
 O' witching love, in luckless hour,
 Made me the thrall o' care.

O had my fate been Greenland snows,
 Or Afric's burning zone,
 Wi' man and nature leagu'd my foes,
 So Peggy ne'er I'd known !
 The wretch whase dome is " hope nae mair,"
 What tongue his woes can tell !
 Within whase bosom, save despair,
 Nae kinder spirits dwell.

SCOTTISH SONG.

O BONNIE was you rosy brier,
 That blooms sae fair frae haunt o' man ;
 And bonnie she, and ah, how dear !
 It shaded frae the e'enin sun.

You rosebuds in the morning dew,
 How pure amang the leaves sae green ;
 But purer was the lover's vow
 They witness'd in their shade yestreen.

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.

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.

*Written on the blank leaf of a copy of his
 Poems presented to a Lady, whom he
 had often celebrated under the name of
 Chloris.*

'TIS Friendship's pledge, my young, fair Friend,
 Nor thou the gift refuse,
 Nor with unwilling ear attend
 The moralizing muse.

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.

Since, thy gay morn of life o'er cast,
 Chill came the tempest's lower ;
 (And ne'er misfortune's eastern blast
 Did nip a fairer flower).

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 !

Thine is the self-approving glow,
 On conscious honour's part ;
 And, dearest gift of heaven below,
 Thine friendship's truest heart.

The joys refin'd of sense and taste,
 With every muse to rove ;
 And doubly were the poet blest
 These joys could he improve.

ENGLISH SONG.

Tune, ' Let me in this ae night.'

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.

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

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.
O wert, &c.

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.
O wert, &c.

But dreary tho' the moments fleet,
 O let me think we yet shall meet!
 That only ray of solace sweet
 Can on thy Chloris shine, love.
O wert, &c.

SCOTTISH BALLAD.

Tune, 'The Lothian Lassie.'

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.

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 liked, for Jean,
 The Lord forgie me, for lying, for lying,
 The Lord forgie me for lying!

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 car'd,
 But thought I might hae waur offers, waur offers,
 But thought I might hae waur offers.

But what wad ye think? in a fortnight or less,
The deil tak his taste to gae near her!
He up the lang loan to my black cousin Bess,
Guess ye how, the jad! I could bear her, could
bear her,
Guess ye how, the jad! I could bear her.

But a' the niest week as I fretted wi' care,
I gaed to the tryste o' Dalgarnock,
And wha but my fine fickle lover was there,
I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock, a warlock,
I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock.

But owre my left shouther I gae him a blink,
Least neebors 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:

I spier'd for my cousin fu' couthy and sweet,
Gin she had recover'd her hearin,
And how her new shoon fit her auld shackl't feet,
But, heavens! how he fell a swearin, a swearin,
But, heavens! how he fell a swearin.

He begged, for Gudesake! 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.'

WHY, why tell thy lover,
Bliss he never must enjoy?
Why, why undeceive him,
And give all his hopes the lie?

O why, while fancy, raptur'd, 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.'

AWA wi' your witchcraft o' beauty's alarms,
The slender bit beauty you grasp in your arms :
O, gie me the lass that has acres o' charms,
O, 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.*

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 deckit wi' bonnie white yowes.
Then hey, &c.

And e'en when this beauty your bosom has blest,
 The brightest o' beauty may cloy, when possesset :
 But the sweet yellow darlings wi' Geordie imprest,
 The langer ye hae them—the mair they're carest.
Then hey, &c.

SONG.

Tune, ' Here's a health to them that 's awa, hiney.'

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 !*

ALTHO' thou maun never be mine,
 Altho' even hope is denied ;
 'Tis sweeter for thee despairing,
 Than aught in the world beside—Jessy !
Here 's a health, &c.

I mourn thro' the gay, gaudy day,
 As, hopeless, I muse on thy charms ;
 But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber,
 For then I am lockt in thy arms—Jessy !
Here 's a health, &c.

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!
Here's a health, &c.

SONG.

Tune, ' Rothermurche.'

CHORUS.

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

FULL well thou know'st I love thee dear,
 Couldst thou to malice lend an ear?
 O, did not love, exclaim, " Forbear,
 " Nor use a faithful lover so?"
Fairest maid, &c.

Then come, thou fairest of the fair,
 Those wonted smiles, O, let me share ;
 And by thy beauteous self I swear ;
 No love but thine my heart shall know.
Fairest maid, &c.

THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY.

*Bonnie lassie, will ye go, will ye go, will ye go,
Bonnie lassie, will ye go to the birks of Aberfeldy?*

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.

Bonnie lassie, &c.

While o'er their heads the hazels hing,
The little birdies blithly sing,
Or lightly flit on wanton wing
In the Birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonnie lassie, &c.

The braes ascend like lofty wa's,
The foaming stream deep-roaring fa's,
O'er-hung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,
The Birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonnie lassie, &c.

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.

Bonnie lassie, &c.

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.

Bonnie lassie, &c.

*STAY, MY CHARMER, CAN YOU
LEAVE ME?*

Tune, ' An Gille dubh ciar dhubh.'

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?

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.

THICKEST night o'erhang my dwelling!
Howling tempests o'er me rave!
Turbid torrents, wintry swelling,
Still surround my lonely cave!

Crystal streamlets gently flowing,
Busy haunts of base mankind,
Western breezes softly blowing,
Suit not my distracted mind.

In the cause of right engaged,
 Wrongs injurious to redress,
 Honour's war we strongly waged,
 But the heavens deny'd success.

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!

THE YOUNG HIGHLAND ROVER.

Tune, ' Morag.'

LOUD blaw the frosty breezes,
 The snaws the mountains 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 Strathspey,
 And bonnie Castle-Gordon !

The trees now naked groaning,
 Shall soon wi' leaves be hinging,
 The birdies dowie moaning,
 Shall a' be blithly 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.*

Tune, ' M'Grigor of Rero's Lament.'

RAVING winds around her blowing,
Yellow leaves the woodlands strowing,
By a river hoarsely roaring,
Isabella stray'd deploring.
" Farewell, hours that late did measure
" Sunshine days of joy and pleasure ;
" Hail thou gloomy night of sorrow,
" Cheerless night that knows no morrow.

" 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,
" O how gladly I'd resign thee,
" And to dark oblivion join thee !"

*MUSING ON THE ROARING
OCEAN.*

Tune, 'Druimion dubh.'

MUSING on the roaring ocean,
Which divides my love and me;
Wearying Heaven in warm devotion,
For his weal where'er he be.

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.

Ye whom sorrow never wounded,
Ye who never shed a tear,
Care-untroubled, joy surrounded,
Gaudy day to you is dear.

Gentle night, do thou befriend me:
Downy sleep, the curtain draw;
Spirits kind, again attend me,
Talk of him that's far awa!

BLYTHE WAS SHE.

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

BY Oughtertyre grows the aik,
On Yarrow banks, the birken shaw;
But Phemie was a bonnier lass
Than braes o' Yarrow ever saw.
Blithe, &c.

Her looks were like a flower in May,
Her smile was like a simmer morn;
She tripped by the banks of Ern,
As light 's a bird upon a thorn.
Blithe, &c.

Her bonnie face it was as meek
As ony lamb upon a lee;
The evening sun was ne'er sae sweet
As was the blink o' Phemie's e'e.
Blithe, &c.

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.
Blithe, &c.

*A ROSE-BUD BY MY EARLY
WALK.*

A ROSE-BUD by my early walk,
Adown a corn-enclosed bawk,
Sae gently bent its thorny stalk,
All on a dewy morning.

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.

Within the bush, her covert nest
A little linnet fondly prest,
The dew sat chilly on her breast
Sae early in the morning.

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.

So thou, dear bird, young Jeany fair,
On trembling string or vocal air,
Shall sweetly pay the tender care
That tents thy early morning.

So thou, sweet rose-bud, young and gay,
Shall beauteous blaze upon the day,
And bless the parent's evening ray
That watch'd thy early morning.

*WHERE BRAVING ANGRY
WINTER'S STORMS.*

Tune, ' N. Gow's Lamentation for Abercairny.'

WHERE braving angry winter's storms,
The lofty Ochels rise,
Far in their shade my Peggy's charms
First blest my wondering 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.

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 pow'r!
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.'

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

YESTREEN I met you on the moor,
Ye spak na, but gaed by like stoure :
Ye geck at me because I'm poor,
But feut a hair care I.
O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

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.
O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

But sorrow tak him that's sae mean,
Altho' his pouch o' coin were clean,
Wha follows ony saucy quean
That looks sae proud and high.
O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

Altho' 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.
O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

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

O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

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

O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

There lives a lass in yonder park,
 I would nae gie her in her sark,
 For thee wi' a' thy thousand mark;
 Ye need nae look sae high.

O Tibbie, &c.

CLARINDA.

CLARINDA, mistress of my soul,
 The measur'd time is run!
 The wretch beneath the dreary pole,
 So marks his latest sun.

To what dark cave of frozen night
 Shall poor Sylvander hie;
 Depriv'd of thee, his life and light,
 The sun of all his joy.

We part, but by these precious drops
 That fill thy lovely eyes!
 No other light shall guide my steps
 Till thy bright beams arise.

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, MY BOSOM
BURNS.*

Tune, 'Seventh of November.'

THE day returns, my bosom burns,
The blissful day we twa did meet,
Tho' 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.

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 liv'd—but how much liv'd 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.

O, WERE I ON PARNASSUS' HILL !

Tune, ' My love is lost to me.'

O, 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 I'll glowr and spell,
 And write how dear I love thee.

Then come, sweet muse, inspire my lay !
 For a' the lee-lang simmer's day,
 I coudna sing, I coudna 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!

By night, by day, a-field, at hame,
 The thoughts o' thee my breast inflame ;
 And ay I muse and sing thy name,
 I only live to love thee.
 Tho' 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.

I LOVE MY JEAN.

Tune, ' Miss Admiral Gordon's Strathspey.'

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:

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.

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.

THE Catrine woods were yellow seen,
 The flowers decay'd on Catrine lea,
 Nae lav'rock sang on hillock green,
 But nature sicken'd on the e'e.
 'Thro' faded groves Maria sang,
 Hersel in beauty's bloom the whyle,
 And ay the wild-wood echoes rang,
 Fareweel the braes o' Ballochmyle.

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
 Shal' birdie charm, or floweret smile,
 Fareweel the bonnie banks of Ayr,
 Fareweel, fareweel! sweet Ballochmyle.

*WILLIE BREW'D A PECK O'
MAUT.*

O, WILLIE brew'd a peck o' maut,
And Rob and Allan cam to see;
Three blither hearts, that lee-lang night,
Ye wad na find in Christendie.

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

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 !
We are na fou, &c.

It is the moon, I ken her horn,
That's blinkin in the lift sae hie ;
She shines sae bright to wyle us hame,
But by my sooth she 'll wait a wee !
We are na fou, &c.

Wha first shall rise to gang awa,
A cuckold, coward loun is he !
Wha last beside his chair shall fa',
He is the king amang us three !
We are na fou, &c.

THE BLUE-EYED LASSIE.

I GAED a waefu' gate, yestreen,
 A gate, I fear, I'll dearly rue;
 I gat my death frae twa sweet een,
 Twa lovely een o' bonnie blue.
 'Twas not her golden ringlets bright;
 Her lips like roses, wat wi' dew,
 Her heaving bosom, lily white;
 It was her een sae bonnie blue.

She talk'd, she smil'd, my heart she wyl'd,
 She charm'd my soul I wist na how;
 And ay the stound, the deadly wound,
 Cam frae her een 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 een sae bonnie blue.

THE BANKS OF NITH.

Tune, ' Robie Donna Gorach.'

THE Thames flows proudly to the sea,
 Where royal cities stately stand;
 But sweeter flows the Nith to me,
 Where Commins 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?

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

JOHN ANDERSON MY JO.

JOHN Anderson my jo, John,
 When we were first acquaint;
 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.

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.

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?

I'm thinking, wi' sic a braw fellow,
In poortith I might mak a fen';
What care I in riches to wallow,
If I mauna marry Tam Glen?

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?

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?

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,
O wha will I get but Tam Glen?

Yestreen at the Valentine's dealing,
My heart to my mou gied a sten;
For thrice I drew ane without failing,
And thrice it was written, Tam Glen.

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

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

MY TOCHER'S THE JEWEL.

O MEIKLE thinks my luve o' my beauty,
And meikle thinks my luve o' my kin ;
But little thinks my luve 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 hiney he 'll cherish the bee ;
My laddie 's sae meikle in luve wi' the siller,
He can na hae luve to spare for me.

Your proffer o' luve '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.

THEN GUIDWIFE COUNT THE
LAWIN.

GANE is the day and mirk 's the night,
But we'll ne'er stray for faute o' light,
For ale and brandy 's stars and moon,
And bluid-red wine 's the rysin sun.

*Then guidwife count the lawin, the lawin, the lawin,
Then guidwife count the lawin, and bring a coggie
mair.*

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,
Then guidwife count, &c.

My coggie is a haly pool,
That heals the wounds o' care and dool;
And pleasure is a wanton trout,
An' ye drink it a' ye 'll find him out.
Then guidwife count, &c.

**WHAT CAN A YOUNG LASSIE DO
WI' AN AULD MAN.**

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'!
Bad luck on the pennie, &c.

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,
O, dreary 's the night wi' a crazy auld man!

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:
O, dool on the day I met wi' an auld man!

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.

BONNIE wee thing, cannie wee thing,
Lovely wee thing, wast thou mine,
I wad wear thee in my bosom,
Lest my jewel I should tine.

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.

Wit, and grace, and love, and beauty,
In ae constellation shine;
To adore thee is my duty,
Goddess o' this soul o' mine!
Bonnie wee, &c.

O, FOR ANE AND TWENTY, TAM!

Tune, 'The Moudiewort.'

An O, 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.

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 aue and twenty, Tam.
An O, for ane, &c.

A gleib o' lan', a claut o' gear,
 Was left me by my auntie, Tam;
 At kaith or kin I need na spier,
 An I saw ane and twenty, Tam.
An O, for ane, &c.

They 'll hae me wed a wealthy coof,
 Tho' I mysel' hae plenty, Tam;
 But hear'st thou, laddie, there's my loof,
 I'm thine at ane and twenty, Tam!
An O, for ane, &c.

BESS AND HER SPINNING WHEEL.

O LEEZE me on my spinning wheel,
O 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 wi' content, and milk and meal—
O leeze me on my spinning wheel.

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.

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 amang the claver hay,
The paitrick whirrin o'er the ley,
The swallow jinkin round my shiel,
Amuse me at my spinning wheel.

Wi' sma' to sell, and less to buy,
Aboon distress, below envy,
O 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?

COUNTRY LASSIE.

IN simmer when the hay was mawn,
 And corn wav'd green in ilka field,
 While claver blooms white o'er the 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.

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 Johnie o' the Buskie-glen,
 Fu' is his barn, fu' is his byre;
 Tak this frae me, my bonnie hen,
 It's plenty beets the luvèr's fire.

For Johnie o' the Buskie-glen,
 I dinna care a single flie;
 He lo'es sae weel his craps and kye,
 He has nae luvè 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.

O thoughtless lassie, life 's a faught;
 The canniest gate, the strife is sair;
 But ay 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.

O, gear will buy me rigs o' land,
 And gear will buy me sheep and kye;
 But the tender heart o' leesome luv,
 The gowd and siller canna buy:
 We may be poor—Robie and I,
 Light is the burden luv lays on;
 Content and luv bring peace and joy,
 What mair hae queens upon a throne?

FAIR ELIZA.

A GAELIC AIR.

TURN again, thou fair Eliza,
 Ae kind blink before we part,
 Rew 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!

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.

Not the bee upon the blossom,
 In the pride o' sinny 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.

THE POSIE.

O LUVE will venture in, where it daur na weel be
 seen,
 O luve will venture in, where wisdom ance has been ;
 But I will down yon river rove, among the wood sae
 green,
 And a' to pu' a posie to my ain dear May.

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.

I'll pu' the budding rose, when Phœbus peeps in
 view,
 For it's like a baummy 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.

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.

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.

The woodbine I will pu' when the e'ening star is
near,
And the diamond-draps 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.

I'll tie the posie round wi' the silken band o' luv,
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
remuve,
And this will be a posie to my ain dear May.

THE BANKS O' DOON.

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'll break my heart, thou warbling bird,
 That wantons thro' the flowering thorn :
 Thou minds me o' departed joys,
 Departed never to return.

Oft hae I rov'd by bonnie Doon,
 To see the rose and woodbine twine ;
 And ilka bird sang o' its luvè,
 And fondly sae did I o' mine.
 Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
 Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree ;
 And my fause lover stole my rose,
 But ah ! he left the thorn wi' me.

SIC A WIFE AS WILLIE HAD.

WILLIE Wastle dwalt on Tweed,
 The spot they ca'd it Linkumdoddie,
 Willie was a wabster guid,
 Cou'd stown a clue wi' onie bodie ;
 He had a wife was dour and din,
 O Tinkler Madgie was her mither ;

*Sic a wife as Willie had,
 I wad na gie a button for her.*

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 ;
Sic a wife, &c.

She 's bow-hough'd, she 's hein shinn'd,
 Ae limp in 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;
Sic a wife, &c.

Auld baudrans 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.

ANCE mair I hail thee, thou gloomy December!
 Ance mair I hail thee, wi' sorrow and care;
 Sad was the parting thou makes 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, *O farewell for ever,*
 Is anguish unmingl'd and agony pure.

Wild as the winter now tearing the forest,
 Till the last leaf o' the summer is flown,
 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 makes me remember,
Parting wi' Nancy, Oh, ne'er to meet mair.

WILT THOU BE MY DEARIE?

WILT thou be my dearie?

When sorrow wrings thy gentle-heart,
O 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.

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.

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 cam in wi' rowth o' gear,
 And I hae tint my dearest dear,
 But woman is but warld's gear,
 Sae let the bonnie lass gang.

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

AFTON WATER.

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.

Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds thro' 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.

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.

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.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
 And winds by the cot where my Mary resides;
 How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
 As gathering sweet flowerets she stems thy clear wave.

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.

BONNIE BELL.

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 ev'ning gilds the ocean's swell,
 All creatures joy in the sun's returning,
 And I rejoice in my bonnie Bell.

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.

THE GALLANT WEAVER.

WHERE Cart rins rowin to the sea,
By mony a flow'r and spreading tree,
There lives a lad, the lad for me,
He is a gallant weaver.

Oh I had woers aught 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.

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.

While birds rejoice in leafy bowers;
While bees rejoice in opening flowers;
While corn grows green in simmer showers,
I'll love my gallant weaver.

LOUIS WHAT RECK I BY THEE?

LOUIS what reck I by thee,
 Or Geordie on his ocean?
 Dyvor, beggar louns to me,
 I reign in Jeanie's bosom.

Let her crown my love her law,
 And in her breast enthrone me!
 Kings and nations, swith awa!
 Reef randies I disown ye!

FOR THE SAKE OF SOMEBODY.

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.

Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,
 O, 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 LOVELY LASS OF
INVERNESS.*

THE lovely lass o' Inverness,
Nae joy nor pleasure can she see;
For e'en and morn she cries, alas!
And ay the saut tear blins 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.

Their winding sheet the bluidy clay,
Their graves are growing green to see;
And by them lies the dearest lad
That ever blest 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.

*A MOTHER'S LAMENT FOR THE
DEATH OF HER SON.*

Tune, 'Finlayston House.'

FATE gave the word, the arrow sped,
And pierc'd 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.

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,
O, do thou kindly lay me low
With him I love, at rest !

O MAY, THY MORN.

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 ay remember.

And dear, &c.

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, &c.

O, WAT YE WHA'S IN YON TOWN?

O, 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.

Now haply down yon gay green shaw :
 She wanders by yon spreading tree,
 How blest ye flow'rs that round her blaw,
 Ye catch the glances o' her e'e.

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.

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.

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.

My cave wad be a lover's bower,
Tho' raging winter rent the air ;
And she a lovely little flower,
That I wad tent and shelter there.

O, sweet is she in yon town,
Yon sinkin sun 's gaen down upon ;
A fairer than 's in yon town,
His setting beam ne'er shone upon.

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.

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.

A RED, RED ROSE.

O, MY luvè 's like a red, red rose,
That 's newly sprung in June :
O, my luvè 's like the melodie
That 's sweetly play'd in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in luvè am I :
And I will luvè thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

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 a while !
And I will come again, my luvè,
Tho' it were ten thousand mile.

A VISION.

AS I stood by yon roofless tower,
Where the wa'-flower scents the dewy air;
Where the howlet mourns in her ivy bower,
And tells the midnight moon her care.

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.

The stream, adown its hazelly path,
Was rushing by the ruin'd wa's,
Hasting to join the sweeping Nith,
Whase distant roaring swells and fa's.

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.

By heedless chance I turn'd my eyes,
And by the moon-beam, shook, to see
A stern and stalwart ghaist arise,
Attir'd as minstrels wont to be.

Had I a statue been o' stane,
His darin look had daunted me;
And on his bonnet grav'd was plain.
The sacred posy—Libertie!

And frae his harp sic strains did flow,
Might rous'd the slumb'ring dead to hear;
But oh, it was a tale of woe,
As ever met a Briton's ear!

He sang wi' joy his former day,
He weeping wail'd his latter times;
But what he said it was nae play,
I winna ventur't in my rhymes.

*COPY OF A POETICAL ADDRESS
TO MR. WILLIAM TYTLER.*

WITH THE PRESENT OF THE BARD'S
PICTURE.

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.

Tho' something like moisture conglobes in my eye,
Let no one misdeem me disloyal;
A poor friendless wand'rer may well claim a sigh,
Still more, if that wand'rer were royal.

My fathers that name have rever'd on a throne;
My fathers have fallen to right it;
Those fathers would spurn their degenerate son,
That name should be scoffingly slight it.

Still in prayers for K— G— I most heartily join,
The Q—, and the rest of the gentry,
Be they wise, be they foolish, is nothing of mine;
Their title 's avow'd by my country.

But why of this epocha make such a fuss,

* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *

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.

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.

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.'

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 heav'nly relations there fixed her reign,
 And pledg'd her their godheads to warrant it good.

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 fav'rite resort,
 Her darling amusement, the hounds and the horn.

Long quiet she reign'd ; till thitherward steers
 A flight of bold eagles 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'd 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.

The fell Harpy-raven took wing from the north,
 The scourge of the seas, and the dread of the shore ;
 The wild Scandinavian boar issu'd 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.

The Cameleon-savage disturb'd her repose,
 With tumult, disquiet, rebellion, and strife ;
 Provok'd beyond bearing, at last she arose,
 And robb'd him at once of his hopes and his life :
 The Anglian lion, the terror of France,
 Oft prowling, ensanguin'd the Tweed's silver flood ;
 But, taught by the bright Caledonian lance,
 He learned to fear in his own native wood.

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 hypotenuse ;
 Then ergo, she'll match them, and match them
 always.

THE following Poem was 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 guessed 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;
 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:
 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 fees were rax'd,
 Or if bare a—s yet were tax'd;
 The news o' princes, dukes, and earls,
 Pimps, sharpers, bawds, and opera-girls;

If that daft buckie, Geordie W***s,
 Was threshin still at hizzies' tails,
 Or if he was grown oughtlins douser,
 And no a perfect kintra 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 !

Ellisland, Monday Morning, 1790.

POEM ON PASTORAL POETRY.

HAIL, Poesie! thou Nymph reserv'd!
 In chase o' thee, what crowds hae swerv'd
 Frae common sense, or sunk enerv'd
 'Mang heaps o' clavers;
 And och! o'er aft thy joes hae starv'd,
 Mid a' thy favours!

Say, Lassie, why thy train amang,
 While loud, the trump's heroic clang
 And sock or buskin skelp alang,
 To death or marriage;
 Scarce ane has tried the shepherd-sang
 But wi' miscarriage?

In Homer's craft Jock Milton thrives;
 Eschylus' pen Will Shakespeare drives;
 Wee Pope, the knurlin, till him rives
 Horatian fame;
 In thy sweet sang, Barbauld, survives
 Even Sappho's flame.

But thee, Theocritus, wha matches?
 They're no herd's ballats, Maro's catches:

Squire Pope but busks his skinlin patches
 O' heathen tatters :
 I pass by hunders, nameless wretches,
 That ape their betters.

In this braw age o' wit and lear,
 Will nane the Shepherd's whistle mair
 Blaw sweetly in its native air
 And rural grace ;
 And wi' the far-fam'd Grecian, share
 A rival place ?

Yes! there is ane ; a Scottish callan!
 There 's ane ; come forrit, honest Allan ;
 Thou need na jouk behint the hallan,
 A chiel sae clever ;
 The teeth o' Time may gnaw Tamtallan,
 But thou 's for ever.

'Thou paints auld nature to the niues,
 In thy sweet Caledonian lines ;
 Nae gowden stream thro' myrtles twines,
 Where Philomel,
 While nightly breezes sweep the vines,
 Her griefs will tell !

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

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.**

Between the Duke of Argyle and the Earl of Mar.

“ O 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 tough,
 And reekin-red ran mony a sheugh,
 My heart, for fear, gae 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.

The red-coat lads wi’ black cockades
 To meet them were na slaw, man;
 They rush’d and push’d, and blude outgush’d,
 And mony a bouk did fa’, man :
 The great Argyle led on his files,
 I wat they glanced twenty miles :
 They hack’d and hash’d, while broad swords clash’d,
 And thro’ they dash’d, and hew’d and smash’d,
 Till fey men died awa, man.

But had you seen the philibegs,
 And skyrin tartan trews, man,
 When in the teeth they dar’d our whigs,
 And covenant true blues, man;
 In lines extended lang and large,
 When bayonets oppos’d 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 frighted doos, man,

" O how deil Tam can that be true?
 " The chase gaed frae the north, man:
 " I saw myself, 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, cursed lot! the gates were shut,
 " And mony a huntit, poor red-coat,
 " For fear amaist did swarf, man."

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 neebors' 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.

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.

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.
 Will you (the Major's with the hounds,
 The happy tenants share his rounds;
 Coila's fair Rachel's care to-day,
 And blooming Keith 's engaged with Gray)
 From housewife cares a minute borrow—
 —That grandchild's cap will do to-morrow—
 And join with me a moralizing,
 This day 's propitious to be wise in.
 First, what did yesternight deliver?
 "Another year is gone for ever."
 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, amus'd 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!

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 woeful night.—
 Since then, my honour'd, first of friends,
 On this poor being all depends ;
 Let us th' important *now* employ,
 And live as those that never die.
 Tho' 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 Na-
 tural History, and Member of the Antiqua-
 rian and Royal Societies of Edinburgh.*

TO Crochallan came

The old cock'd hat, the grey 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, unmatch'd ;
 Yet tho' his caustic wit was biting, rude,
 His heart was warm, benevolent, and good.

*POETICAL INSCRIPTION for an Altar
to Independence, at Kerroughtry, the Seat of
Mr. Heron ; written in Summer, 1795.*

THOU of an independent mind,
With soul resolved, with soul resign'd;
Prepar'd 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.

}

*SONNET, ON THE DEATH OF
ROBERT RIDDEL, ESQ.*

OF GLEN RIDDEL; APRIL, 1794.

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.

How can ye charm, ye flow'rs, 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 th' untimely tomb where
Riddel lies.

Yes, pour, ye warblers, pour the notes of woe,
And soothe *the Virtues* weeping on this bier :
The *Man of Worth*, and has not left his peer,
Is in his " narrow house " for ever darkly low.

Thee, Spring, again with joy shall others greet ;
Me, mem'ry of my loss will only meet.

**MONODY ON A LADY FAMED
FOR HER CAPRICE.**

HOW cold is that bosom which folly once fired !
How pale is that cheek where the rouge lately
glistened !
How silent that tongue which the echoes oft tired !
How dull is that ear which to flattery so listened !

If sorrow and anguish their exit await,
From friendship and dearest affection remov'd ;
How doubly severer, Eliza, thy fate,
Thou diedst unwept as thou livedst unlov' d.

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.

We 'll search thro' the garden for each silly flower,
We 'll roam thro' the forest for each idle weed ;
But chiefly the nettle, so typical, shower,
For none e'er approach'd her but ru'd the rash
deed.

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.

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.

ANSWER to a Mandate sent by the Surveyor of the Windows, Carriages, &c. to each Farmer, ordering him to send a signed List of his Horses, Servants, Wheel-Carriages, &c., and whether he was a married Man or a Bachelor, and what Children they had.

SIR, as your mandate did request,
 I send you here a faithfu' list,
 My horses, servants, carts, and graith,
 To which I 'm free to tak my aith.

Imprimis, then, for carriage cattle,
 I hae four brutes o' gallant mettle,
 As ever drew before a pettle. }
 My *hand-a-fore*, a guid auld has-been,
 And wight and wilfu' a' his days seen;
 My *hand-a-hin*, a guid brown filly,
 Wha aft hae borne me safe frae Killie,

And your auld borough mony a time,
 In days when riding was nae crime :
 My *fur-a-hin*, a guid grey beast,
 As e'er in tug or tow was trac'd :
 The fourth, a Highlaud Donald hasty,
 A d-mn'd red-wud, Kilburnie blastie.
 For-by a cowte, of cowtes the wale,
 As ever ran before a tail ;
 An' he be spar'd 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,
 Ae leg and baith the trams are broken ;
 I made a poker o' the spindle,
 And my auld mither bruut the trundle.
 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 ay on Sundays duly nightly,
 I on the questions tairge them tightly,
 Till faith wee Davoc 's grown sae gleg,
 (Tho' scarcely langer than my leg,)
 He 'll screed you off *effectual calling*,
 As fast as ony in the dwelling.

I've nane in female servant station,
 Lord keep me ay frae a' temptation !
 I hae nae wife, and that my bliss is,
 And ye hae laid nae tax on misses ;
 For weans I'm mair than well 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. }

BURNS' POEMS ;

But her, my bonny, sweet, wee lady,
I've said enough for her already,
And if ye tax her or her mither,
By the L—d ye'se get them a' thegither !

And now, remember, Mr. Aiken,
Nae kind of license out I'm taking.
Thro' dirt and dub for life I'll paidle,
Ere I sae dear pay for a saddle ;
I've sturdy stumps, the Lord be thanked !
And a' my gates on foot I'll shank it.

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

ROBERT BURNS.

SONG.

NAE gentle dames, tho' e'er sae fair,
Shall ever be my muse's care ;
Their titles a' are empty show ;
Gie me my highland lassie, O.

*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.*

Oh, were yon hills and valleys mine,
Yon palace and yon gardens fine!
The world then the love should know
I bear my highland lassie, O.

Within the glen, &c.

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.

Within the glen, &c.

Altho' thro' foreign climes I range,
I know her heart will never change,
For her bosom burns with honour's glow,
My faithful highland lassie, O.

Within the glen, &c.

For her I'll dare the billow's roar,
For her I'll trace a distant shore,
That Indian wealth may lustre throw
Around my highland lassie, O.

Within the glen, &c.

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 !*

IMPROMPTU,

ON MRS. —'s BIRTH-DAY,

NOVEMBER 4, 1793.

OLD WINTER with his frosty beard,
Thus once to Jove his prayer preferred :
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.

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 rejoic'd in glory.

ADDRESS TO A LADY.

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 :
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'.

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.

MISS JESSY L——, Dumfries;

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 kindest, 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.*

SONNET, *written on the 25th of January,
 1793, the Birth-day of the Author, on hear-
 ing a Thrush sing in a morning Walk.*

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.

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 aught to hope or fear.

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!

Yet come, thou child of poverty and care;
 The mite high Heaven bestowed, that mite with thee
 I'll share.

*EXTEMPORE, to Mr. S**E, 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 cook'ry the first in the nation;
 Who is proof to thy personal converse and wit,
 Is proof to all other temptation.

*TO Mr. S**E, with a Present of a Dozen
of Porter.*

O, 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 S**e were fit.

Jerusalem Tavern, Dumfries.

THE DUMFRIES VOLUNTEERS.

Tune, ' Push about the Jorum.'

April, 1795.

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!
Fall de rall, &c.

O 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 oursels united ;
For never but by British hands
Maun British wrangs be righted.
Fall de rall, &c.

The kettle o' the kirk and state,
Perhaps a claut may fail in 't ;
But deil a foreign tinkler loun
Shall ever ca' a nail in 't ;
Our fathers' bluid the kettle bought,
And wha wad dare to spoil it ;
By heaven the sacrilegious dog
Shall fuel be to boil it.
Fall de rall, &c.

The wretch that wad a tyrant own,
And the wretch his true-born brother,
Who would set the *mob* aboon the *throne*,
May they be damned 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.

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.

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.

So may the auld year gang out moaning
To see the new come laden, groaning,
Wi' double plenty o'er the loanin
 To thee and thine;
Domestic peace and comforts crowning
 The hale design.

POSTSCRIPT.

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.

But by that health, I've got a share o't,
And by that life, I'm promis'd 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.

Sent to a Gentleman whom he had offended.

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 ?

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.

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.

O 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 ;
 Synne wha wad starve ?)

Dame Life, tho' fiction out may trick her,
And in paste gems and frippery deck her ;
Oh! flickering, feeble, and unsicker
 I've found her still,
Ay waveriug like the willow wicker,
 'Tween good and ill.

Then that curst carmagnole, auld Satan,
Watches, like baudrans by a rattan,
Our sinfu' saul to get a claut on
 Wi' felon ire ;
Synne, whip! his tail ye'll ne'er cast saut on,
 He 's off like fire.

Ah Nick ! ah Nick! it is na fair,
First shewing us the tempting ware,
Bright wines and bonnie lassies rare,
 To put us daft ;
Syne weave, unseen, thy spider snare
 O' hell's damned waft.

Poor man the flie, 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.

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 tassel.

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

ADDRESS TO THE TOOTH-ACH.

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

When fevers burn, or ague freezes,
 Rheumatics gnaw, or cholic squeezes;
 Our neighbour's sympathy may ease us,
 Wi' pitying moan;
 But thee—thou hell of a' diseases,
 Ay mocks our groan!

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.

O' a' the num'rous human dools,
 Ill har'sts, daft bargains, *cutty-stools*,
 Or worthy friends rak'd i' the mools,
 Sad sight to see!
 The tricks o' knaves, or fash o' fools,
 Thou bear'st the gree.

Where'er that place be priests ca' hell,
 Whence a' the tones o' mis'ry yell,
 And ranked plagues their numbers tell,
 In dreadfu' raw,
 Thou, Tooth-ach, surely bear'st the bell
 Amang them a'!

If thou hadst heard her talking,
 And thy attentions plighted,
 That ilka body talking,
 But her by thee is slighted ;
 And thou art all delighted.
O that 's, &c.

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. —
O that 's, &c.

SONG.

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.

Spare my luvè, ye winds that blaw,
 Plashy sleets and beating rain !
 Spare my luvè, thou feathery snaw,
 Drifting o'er the frozen plain !

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 !

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 home.

SONG.

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.

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.

*WRITTEN in a Wrapper enclosing a Letter
to Capt. Grose, to be left with Mr. Cardon-
nel, Antiquarian.*

Tune, ' Sir John Malcolm.'

KEN ye ought o' Captain Grose?

Igo, & ago,

If he 's amang his friends or foes?

Iram, coram, dago.

Is he South, or is he North?

Igo, & ago,

Or drowned in the river Forth?

Iram, coram, dago.

Is he slain by Highland bodies?

Igo, & ago,

And eaten like a weather-haggis?

Iram, coram, dago.

Is he to Abram's bosom gane?

Igo, & ago,

Or haudin Sarah by the wame?

Iram, coram, dago.

Where'er he be, the Lord be near him!

Igo, & ago,

As for the deil, he daur na steer him.

Iram, coram, dago.

But please transmit the enclosed letter,

Igo, & ago,

Which will oblige your humble debtor.

Iram, coram, dago.

So may ye hae auld stanes in store,
Igo, & ago,
The very stanes that Adam bore,
Iram, coram, dago.

So may ye get in glad possession,
Igo, & ago,
The coins o' Satan's coronation!
Iram, coram, dago.

TO ROBERT GRAHAM, ESQ.,
OF FINTRY,

ON RECEIVING A FAVOUR.

I CALL no goddess to inspire my strains,
A fabled Muse may suit a bard that feigns;
Friend of my life! my ardent spirit burns,
And all the tribute of my heart returns,
For boons accorded, goodness ever new,
The gift still dearer, as the giver you.

Thou orb of day! thou other paler light!
And all ye many sparkling stars of night;
If aught that giver from my mind efface;
If I that giver's bounty e'er disgrace;
Then roll to me, along your wandering spheres,
Only to number out a villain's years!

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.

A GRACE BEFORE DINNER.

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.

*To my dear and much honoured Friend,
Mrs. Dunlop, of Dunlop.*

ON SENSIBILITY.

SENSIBILITY, how charming,
Thou, my friend, canst truly tell;
But distress with horrors arming,
Thou hast also known too well!

Fairest flower, behold the lily,
Blooming in the sunny ray:
Let the blast sweep o'er the valley,
See it prostrate on the clay.

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.

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.

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!

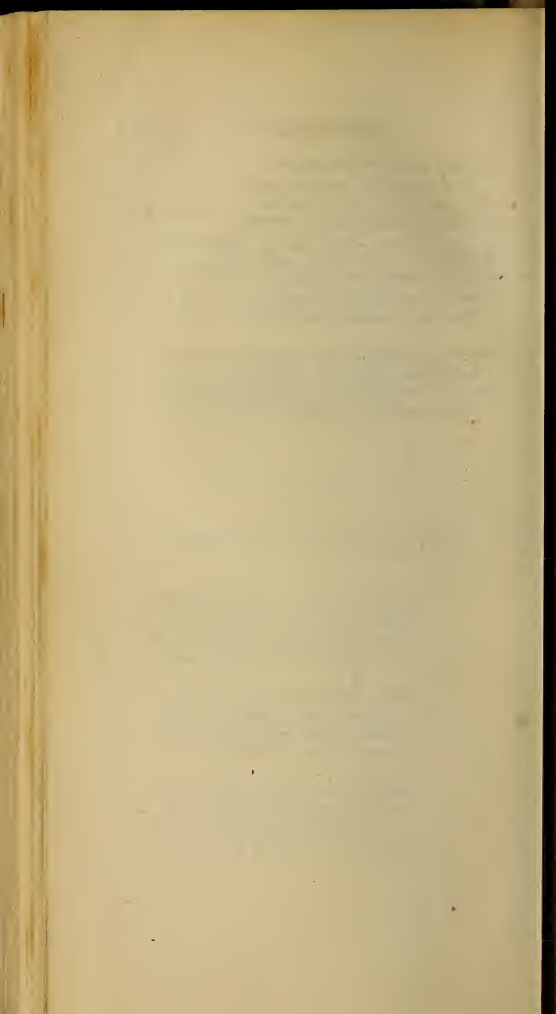
Bonny Doon, sae sweet and gloamin,
Fare thee weel before I gang!
Bonny Doon, whare, early roaming,
First I weav'd the *rustic sang*!

Bowers, adieu, whare Love, decoying,
First intrall'd this heart o' mine,
There the safest sweets enjoying,
Sweets that Mem'ry ne'er shall tyne!

Friends, so near my bosom ever,
Ye hae rendered moments dear ;
But, alas ! when forc'd to sever,
Then the stroke, O, how severe !

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

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 !



MISCELLANEOUS
POETRY,

SELECTED FROM

THE RELIQUES

OF

ROBERT BURNS;

FIRST PUBLISHED BY

R. H. CROMEK.

THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON

FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT
TO THE PRESENT TIME

BY NATHANIEL BENTLEY

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME I

MISCELLANEOUS POETRY,

&c.

VERSES WRITTEN AT SELKIRK.

I.

AULD chuckie *Reekie's** sair distrest,
Down droops her ance weel burnish't crest,
Nae joy her bonie buskit nest
 Can yield ava,
Her darling bird that she lo'es best,
 Willie's awa!

II.

O Willie was a witty wight,
And had o' things an unco slight;
Auld Reekie ay he keepit tight,
 And trig an' brow:
But now they'll busk her like a fright,
 Willie's awa!

III.

The stiffest o' them a' he bow'd;
The bauldest o' them a' he cow'd,
They durst nae mair than he allow'd,
 That was a law:
We've lost a birkie weel worth gowd,
 Willie's awa!

* Edinburgh.

IV.

Now gawkies, tawpies, gowks and fools,
 Frae colleges and boarding-schools,
 May sprout like simmer puddock-stools
 In glen or shaw;
 He wha could brush them down to mools,
 Willie 's awa!

V.

The brethren o' the Commerce-Chaumer*
 May mourn their loss wi' doolfu' clamour;
 He was a dictionar and grammar
 Amang them a';
 I fear they'll now mak mony a stammer,
 Willie 's awa!

VI.

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!

VII.

Now worthy G*****y's latin face,
 T****r's and G*****'s modest grace;
 M'K****e, S***t, such a brace
 As Rome ne'er saw;
 They a' maun meet some ither place,
 Willie 's awa!

* The Chamber of Commerce of Edinburgh, of which Mr. C. was Secretary.

† Many literary gentlemen were accustomed to meet at Mr. C—'s house at breakfast.

VIII.

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

IX.

Now ev'ry 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 brawlie ward their bellum,
 Willie's awa!

X.

Up wimpling stately Tweed I've sped,
 And Eden scenes on crystal Jed,
 And Ettrick banks now roaring red,
 While tempests blaw;
 But every joy and pleasure's fled,
 Willie's awa!

XI.

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,
 Tho' far awa!

XII.

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 blessed, New Jerusalem,
 Fleet wing awa!

LIBERTY,

A FRAGMENT.

THEE, Caledonia, thy wild heaths among,
Thee, fam'd 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 that hallow'd turf where Wallace lies!
Hear it not, Wallace, in thy bed of death!
 Ye babbling winds, in silence sweep:
 Disturb not ye 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 quenched in darkness like the sinking star,
And one the palsied arm of tottering, powerless age.

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT RUISSEAUX.*

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.

To tell the truth, they seldom fash't him,
 Except the moment that they crush't him;
 For sune as chance or fate had husht 'em,
 Tho' e'er sae short,
 Then wi' a rhyme or song he lasht 'em,
 And thought it sport.—

Tho' he was bred 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 roos'd him then! †

* *Ruisseaux* — a play on his own name.

† *Ye roos'd*—ye prais'd.

GUIDWIFE,

A FRAGMENT.*

I MIND it weel, in early date,
When I was beardless, young, and blate,
An' first could thresh the barn,
Or haud a yokin at the pleugh,
An' tho' fu' foughten sair enough,
Yet unco proud to learn.

Ev'n 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 useful plan, or beuk could make,
Or sing a song at least.

The rough bur-thistle spreading wide
Amang the bearded bear,
I turn'd my weeding heuk aside,
An' spar'd the symbol dear.

* * * *

* March, 1787.

THE LOYAL NATIVES' VERSES.*

Ye sons of sedition, give ear to my song,
 Let Syme, Burns, and Maxwell, pervade every
 throng,
 With Craken the attorney, and Mundell the
 quack,
 Send Willie the monger to hell with a smack.

 BURNS—Extempore.

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 con-*
tempt?

* At this period of our Poet's life, when political animosity was made the ground of private quarrel, the following foolish verses were sent as an attack on Burns and his friends for their political opinions. They were written by some member of a club styling themselves the *Loyal Natives* of Dumfries, or rather by the united genius of that club, which was more distinguished for drunken loyalty, than either for respectability or poetical talent. The verses were handed over the table to Burns at a convivial meeting, and he instantly endorsed the subjoined reply.

Reliques, p. 168.

TO J. LAPRAIK.

Sept. 13th, 1785.

GUID speed an' fuder to you Johny,
 Guid health, hale han's, an' weather bony;
 Now when ye're nickan down fu' cany
 The staff o' bread,
 May ye ne'er want a stoup o' brany
 To clear your head.

May Boreas never thresh your rigs,
 Nor kick your rickles aff their legs,
 Sendin' the stuff o'er muirs an' haggis
 Like drivin' wrack;
 But may the tapmast grain that wags
 Come to the sack.

I'm bizzie too, an' skelpin' at it,
 But bitter, daudin showers hae wat it,
 Sae my auld stumpie pen l gat it
 Wi' muckle wark,
 An' took my jocteleg * an' whatt it,
 Like ony clerk.

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.

* *Jocteleg*—a knife.

But let the kirk-folk ring their bells,
 Let's sing about our noble sels ;
 We'll cry nae jads frae heathen hills
 To help, or roose us,
 But browster wives * and whiskie stills,
 They are the muses.

Your friendship, Sir, I winna quat it,
 An' if ye mak' objections at it,
 Then han' in nieve some day we'll knot it,
 An' witness take,
 An' when wi' Usquabae we've wat it,
 It winna break.

But if the beast and branks be spar'd
 Till kye be gaun without the herd,
 An' a' the vittel in the yard,
 An' theckit right,
 I mean your ingle-side to guard
 Ae winter night.

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

But stooks are cowpet wi' the blast,
 An' now the sinn keeks in the west,
 Then I maun rin amang the rest
 An' quat my chanter ;
 Sae I subscribe mysel in haste,
 Your's, Rab the Ranter.

* *Browster wives*—Alehouse wives.

There's *Gaun*,* miska't waur than a beast,
 Wha has mair honour in his breast
 Than mony scores as guid 's the priest
 Wha sae abus't him.
 An' may a bard no crack his jest
 What way they've use't him.

See him,† the poor man's friend in need,
 The gentleman in word an' deed,
 An' shall his fame an' honour bleed
 By worthless skellums,
 An' not a muse erect her head
 To cowe the blellums?

O Pope, had I thy satire's darts
 To gie the rascals their deserts,
 I'd rip their rotten, hollow hearts,
 An' tell aloud
 Their jugglin' hocus-pocus arts
 To cheat the crowd.

God knows, I'm no the thing I shou'd be,
 Nor am I even the thing I cou'd be,
 But twenty times, I rather would be,
 An atheist clean,
 Than under gospel colours hid be,
 Just for a screen.

An honest man may like a glass,
 An honest man may like a lass,
 But mean revenge, an' malice fause,
 He'll still disdain,
 An' then cry zeal for gospel laws,
 Like some we ken.

* Gavin Hamilton, Esq.

† The poet has introduced the two first lines of this stanza into the dedication of his works to Mr. Hamilton.

They take religion in their mouth ;
 They talk o' mercy, grace, an' truth,
 For what ? to gie their malice skouth
 On some puir wight,
 An' hunt him down, o'er right an' ruth,
 To ruin streight.

All hail, Religion! maid divine!
 Pardon a muse sae mean as mine,
 Who in her rough imperfect line
 Thus daurs to name thee ;
 To stigmatize false friends of thine
 Can ne'er defame thee.

Tho' blotch't an' foul wi' mony a stain,
 An' 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 :

In spite o' crowds, in spite o' mobs,
 In spite of undermining jobs,
 In spite o' dark banditti stabs,
 At worth an' merit,
 By scoundrels, even wi' holy robes,
 But hellish spirit.

O Ayr, my dear, my native ground,
 Within thy presbytereal bound
 A candid lib'ral band is found
 Of public teachers,
 As men, as christians too, renown'd,
 An' manly preachers.

Sir, in that circle you are nam'd ;
 Sir, in that circle you are fam'd ;
 An' some, by whom your doctrine 's blam'd
 (Which gies you honour)
 Even, Sir, by them your heart 's esteem'd,
 An' winning manner.

Pardon this freedom I have ta'en,
 An' 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.

TO GAVIN HAMILTON, ESQ.,

MAUCHLINE.

(RECOMMENDING A BOY.)

Mosgaville, May 3, 1786.

I HOLD it, Sir, my bounden duty
 To warn you how that Master Tootie,
 Alias, Laird M'Gauin,*
 Was here to hire yon lad away
 'Bout whom ye spak the tither day,
 An' wad hae don't aff han':

* *Master Tootie* then lived in Mauchline; a dealer in Cows. It was his common practice to cut the nicks or markings from the horns of cattle, to disguise their age.—He was an artful trick-contriving character; hence he is called a *Snick-drawer*. In the Poet's "*Address to the Deil*," he styles that august personage an *auld, snick-drawing dog!*

Reliques, p. 397.

But lest he learn the callan tricks,
 As faith I muckle doubt him,
 Like scrapin' out auld Crummie's nicks,
 An' tellin' lies about them;
 As lieve then I'd have then,
 Your clerkship he should sair,
 If sae be, ye may be,
 Not fitted othertwhere.

Altho' I say't, he's gleg enough,
 An' bout a house that's rude an' rough,
 The boy might learn to *swear*;
 But then wi' *you*, he'll be sae taught,
 An' get sic fair *example* straught
 I hae na ony fear.
 Ye'll catechize him every quirk,
 An' shore him weel wi' *hell*;
 An' gar him follow to the *kirk*—
 —Ay 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.

My word of honour I hae gien,
 In Paisley John's, that night at e'en,
 To meet the *Warld's worm*;
 To try to get the twa to gree,
 An' name the *airles** an' the fee,
 In legal mode an' form:
 I ken he weel a *Snick* can draw,
 When simple bodies let him;
 An' if a *Devil* be at a',
 In faith he's sure to get him.
 To phrase you an' praise you
 Ye ken your Laureat scorns!
 The pray'r still, you share still,
 Of grateful Minstrel Burns.

* *The Airles*—Earnest Money.

To Mr. M'ADAM, of Craigen-Gillan,

*In answer to an obliging Letter he sent in the
commencement of my Poetic Career.*

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 cry'd fu' loud.

Now deil-ma-care about their jaw,
The senseless, gawky million;
I'll cock my nose aboon them a',
I'm roos'd by Craigen-Gillan!

'Twas noble, Sir; 'twas like yoursel,
To grant your high protection:
A great man's smile ye ken fu' well,
Is ay a blest infection.

Tho', by his banes wha in a tub
Match'd Macedonian Sandy!
On my ain legs thro' dirt and dub,
I independent stand ay.—

And when those legs to guid, warm kail,
Wi' welcome canna bear me;
A lee dyke-side, a sybow-tail,
And barley-scone shall cheer me.

Heaven spare you lang to kiss the breath,
O' mony flowery simmers!
And bless your bonie lasses baith,
I'm tald they're loosome kimmers!

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.

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.

Our friends, the reviewers, those chippers and lewers,
 Are judges of mortar and stone, Sir;
 But of *meet*, or *unmeet*, in a *fabrick complete*,
 I'll boldly pronounce they are none, Sir.

My goose-quill too rude is to tell all your goodness
 Bestowed 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!

Fareweel, auld birkie! Lord be near ye,
 And then the Deil he daur na steer ye:
 Your friends ay love, your faes ay fear ye,
 For me, shame fa' me,
 If niest my heart I dinna wear ye
 While Burns they ca' me.

To A LADY,

With a Present of a Pair of Drinking-Glasses.

FAIR Empress of the Poet's soul,
 And Queen of Poetesses;
 Clarinda, take this little boon,
 This humble pair of glasses.—

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

“*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.*”

THE VOWELS,—A Tale.

'T WAS where the birch and sounding thong are ply'd,
 The noisy domicile of pedant pride ;
 Where ignorance her darkening vapour throws,
 And cruelty directs the thickening 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 !
 His twisted head look'd backward on his way,
 And flagrant from the scourge, he grunted, *ai!*

Reluctant, E stalk'd in ; with piteous grace
 The justling 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.

The cobwebb'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,
 Baptiz'd him *eu*, and kick'd him from his sight.

SKETCH.*

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 moukeys 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.

* This sketch seems to be one of a Series, intended for a projected work, under the title of "*The Poet's Progress.*" This character was sent as a specimen, accompanied by a letter to *Professor Duguld Stewart*, in which it is thus noticed : "The fragment beginning, *A little, upright, pert, tart, &c.* I have not shewn to any man living, till I now send it to you. It forms the postulata, the axioms, the definition of a character, which, if it appear at all, shall be placed in a variety of lights. This particular part I send you merely as a sample of my hand at portrait sketching."

SCOTS PROLOGUE,

*For Mr. Sutherland's Benefit Night,
Dumfries.*

WHAT needs this din about the town o' Lou'on,
 How this new play an' that new sang is comin' ?
 Why is outlandish stuff sae meikle courted ?
 Does nonsense mend, like whiskey, when imported ?
 Is there nae poet, burning keen for fame,
 Will try to gie us sangs and plays at hame ?
 For comedy abroad he need na 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 shew the tragic muse in a' her glory.—

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 ?
 O for a Shakespeare or an Otway scene,
 To draw the lovely, hapless Scottish Queen !
 Vain all th' 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, tho' 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 :
And tho' your fathers, prodigal of life,
A Douglas followed 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 !
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, an' lay him on his back !

For us and for our stage should ony spier,
" Whose aught thae chiels 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.—
And gratefu' still I hope ye'll ever find us,
For a' the patronage and meikle kindness
We've got frae a' professions, sets and ranks :
God help us ! we're but poor—ye'se get but thanks.

*Extemporaneous Effusion on being appointed
to the Excise.*

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

On seeing the beautiful Seat of Lord G.

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

On the Same.

NO Stewart art thou, G——,
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 G—, —,
Thro' many a far-fam'd sire!
So ran the far-fam'd Roman way,
So ended in a *mire*.

*To the Same, on the Author being threatened
with his Resentment.*

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

THE DEAN OF FACULTY.

A NEW BALLAD.

Tune, "The Dragon of Wantley."

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* and *Bob* for the famous job—
 Who should be *Faculty's Dean*, Sir.—

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 shews that heaven cau boil the pot,
 Though the devil p—s in the fire.—

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.—

As once on Pisgah purg'd 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.—

* * * * *

**EXTEMPORE IN THE COURT OF
 SESSION.**

Tune, 'Gillicrankie.'

LORD A—TE.

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

* *Tint*—lost.

MR. ER—NE.

Collected Harry stood awee,
 Then open'd out his arm, man;
 His lordship sat wi' ruefu' e'e,
 And ey'd the gathering storm, man:
 Like wind-driv'n 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.

 VERSES TO J. RANKEN.

(*The Person to whom his Poem on shooting the Partridge is addressed, while Ranken occupied the Farm of Adam-Hill, in Ayrshire.*)

AE day, as Death, that grusome carl,
 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:

* The word *Wintle*, denotes sudden and involuntary motion. In the ludicrous sense in which it is here applied, it may be admirably translated by the vulgar London expression of *Dancing upon nothing*.

Asham'd himsel to see the wretches,
 He mutters, glow'rin at the bitches,
 " By G-d I'll not be seen behint them,
 " Nor 'mang the spir'tual core present them,
 " Without, at least, ae honest man,
 " To grace this d---d infernal clan."
 By Adamhill a glance he threw,
 " L-d God!" quoth he, " I have it now
 " There 's just the man I want, i' faith,"
 And quickly stoppit *Ranken's* breath.

*On hearing that there was Falsehood in the
 Rev. Dr. B---'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.

On a Schoolmaster in Cleish Parish, Fifeshire.

HERE lie Willie M—hie's banes,
 O Satan, when ye tak him,
 Gie him the schulin of your weans ;
 For clever Deils he'll mak 'em !

*ADDRESS TO GENERAL
DUMOURIER.*

(A PARODY ON ROBIN ADAIR.)

YOU'RE welcome to Despots, Dumourier;
You're welcome to Despots, Dumourier.—
How does Dampiere do?
Aye, and Bournonville too?
Why did they not come along with you, Dumourier?

I will fight France with you, Dumourier,—
I will fight France with you, Dumourier:—
I will fight Frauce with you,
I will take my chance with you;
By my soul I'll dance a dance with you, Dumourier.

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-mued no doubt—Dumourier.

ELEGY

ON THE YEAR 1788.

A SKETCH.

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

The Spanish empire's tint a head,
 An' my auld teethless Bawtie's dead ;
 The tulzie's sair 'tween Pitt an' Fox,
 And 'tween our Maggie's twa wee cocks ;
 The tane is game, a bluidie devil,
 But to the hen-birds unco civil :
 The tither's something dour o' treadin,
 But better stuff ne'er claw'd a midden—

Ye ministers, come mount the poupit,
 An' cry till ye be haerse an' roupet,
 For *Eighty-eight* he wish'd you weel,
 An' gied you a' baith gear an' meal ;

* *A Towmont*—A Twelvemonth.

E'en mony a plack, and mony a peck,
Ye ken yoursels, for a little feck!—

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

Observe the very nowt an' sheep,
How dowf and daviely they creep;
Nay, even the yirth itsel does cry,
For E'nbrugh wells are grutten dry.

O *Eighty-nine*, thou 's but a bairn,
An' no o'er auld, I hope, to learn!
Thou beardless boy, I pray tak care,
Thou now has got thy Daddy's chair,
Nae hand-cuff'd, mizzl'd, hap-shackl'd *Regent*,
But, like himsel, a full free agent.
Be sure ye follow out the plan
Nae waur than he did, honest man;
As muckle better as you can.

January 1, 1789.

VERSES

*Written under the Portrait of Fergusson, the
Poet, in a copy of that author's works pre-
sented to a young Lady in Edinburgh,
March 19, 1787.*

CURSE on ungrateful man, that can be pleas'd,
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?

SONG.*

Tune, ' I am a Man unmarried.'

O ONCE I lov'd a bonnie lass,
Ay, and I love her still,
And whilst that honour warms my breast
I'll love my handsome Nell.
Fal lal de ral, &c.

As bonnie lasses I hae seen,
And mony full as braw,
But for a modest gracefu' mien
The like I never saw.

A bonnie lass I will confess,
Is pleasant to the e'e,
But without some better qualities
She 's no a lass for me.

* This composition was the first of my performances, and done at an early period of life, when my heart glowed with honest warm simplicity; unacquainted, and uncorrupted with the ways of a wicked world. The performance is, indeed, very puerile and silly; but I am always pleased with it, as it recalls to my mind those happy days when my heart was yet honest, and my tongue was sincere. The subject of it was a young girl who really deserved all the praises I have bestowed on her. I not only had this opinion of her then—but I actually think so still, now that the spell is long since broken, and the enchantment at an end. *Burns' Reliques*, p. 318.

But Nelly's looks are blithe and sweet,
And what is best of a',
Her reputation is complete,
And fair without a flaw.

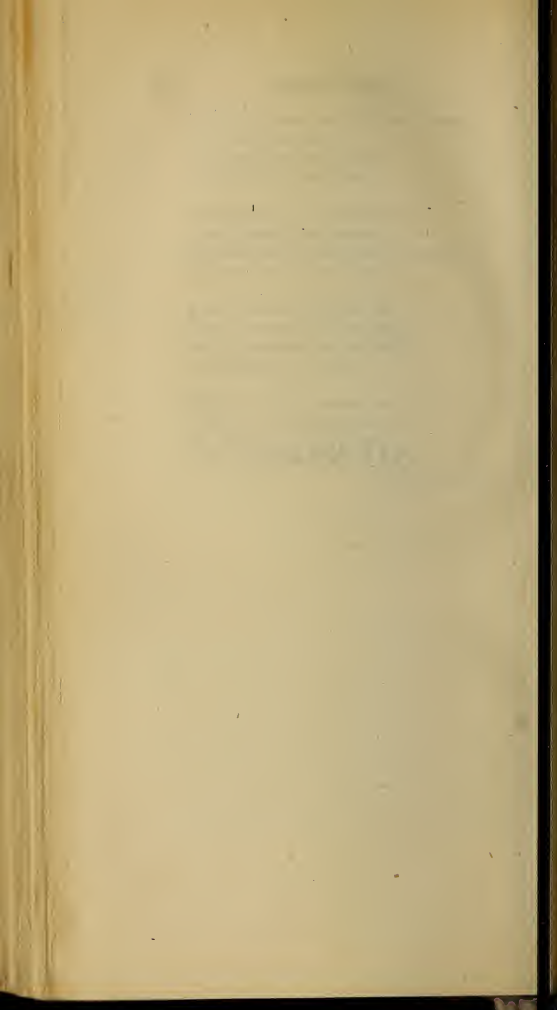
She dresses ay sae clean and neat,
Both decent and genteel:
And then there's something in her gait
Gars ony dress look weel.

A gaudy dress and gentle air
May slightly touch the heart,
But it's innocence and modesty
That polishes the dart.

'Tis this in Nelly pleases me,
'Tis this enchants my soul;
For absolutely in my breast
She reigns without control.

Fal lal de ral, &c.

SONGS.



SONGS.

UP IN THE MORNING EARLY.*

*Up in the morning's no for me,
Up in the morning early;
When a' the hills are covered wi' snaw,
I'm sure it's winter fairly.*

COLD blows the wind frae east to west,
The drift is driving sairly;
Sae loud and shrill's I hear the blast,
I'm sure it's winter fairly.

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.

Up in the morning, &c.

* The chorus is old.

SONG.

I DREAM'D I LAY WHERE FLOWERS WERE
SPRINGING.*

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 ;
Thro' the woods the whirlwinds rave ;
Trees with aged arms were warring,
O'er the swelling, drumlie wave.

Such was my life's deceitful morning,
Such the pleasures I enjoy'd ;
But lang or noon, loud tempests storming,
A' my flow'ry bliss destroy'd.
Tho' fickle fortune has deceiv'd me,
She promis'd fair, and perform'd but ill ;
Of mony a joy and hope bereav'd me,
I bear a heart shall support me still.

* These two stanzas I composed when I was seven-
teen, and are among the oldest of my printed pieces.
Burns' Reliques, p. 242.

SONG.*

BEWARE O' BONIE ANN.

YE gallants bright I red you right,
Beware o' bonie Ann;
Her comely face sae fu' o' grace,
Your heart she will trepan.
Her een sae bright, like stars by night,
Her skin is like the swan;
Sae jimply lac'd 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 bonie Ann.
The captive bands may chain the hands,
But love enslaves the man;
Ye gallants braw, I red you a',
Beware o' bonie Ann.

* I composed this song out of compliment to Miss Ann Masterton, the daughter of my friend Allan Masterton, the author of the air of Strathallan's Lament, and two or three others in this work.

Burns' Reliques, p. 266.

*MY BONNIE MARY.**

GO fetch to me a pint o' wiue,
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 wiud blaws frae the ferry;
The ship rides by the Berwick-law,
And I maun lea'e my bonnie Mary.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
The glittering spears are ranked 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.

* This air is Oswald's; the first half-stanza of the song is old.

SONG.

THERE'S A YOUTH IN THIS CITY.*

THERE'S a youth in this city, it were a great pity,
 That he from our lasses should wander awa:
 For he's bonie and braw, weel-favour'd with 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 suaw;
 His hose they are blae, and his shoon like the slae,
 And his clear siller buckles they dazzle us a'.
 His coat is the hue, &c.

For beauty and fortune the laddie's been courtin;
 Weel-featur'd, weel-tocher'd, weel mounted and
 braw;
 But chiefly the siller, *that* gars him gang till her,
 The pennie's the jewel that beautifies a'.—
 There's Meg wi' the mailen, that fain wad a haen him,
 And Susy whase daddy 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'.

* This air is claim'd by Neil Gow, who calls it his lament for his brother. The first half-stanza of the song is old.

† *Fecket*—an under-waistcoat with sleeves.

*MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.**

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.

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.

* The first half-stanza is old.

SONG.*

THE RANTIN DOG THE DADDIE O'T.

O WHA my babie-clouts will buy?
Wha will tent me when I cry?
Wha will kiss me whare I lie?
The rantin dog the daddie o't.—

Wha will own he did the faut?
Wha will buy my groanin-maut?
Wha will tell me how to ca't?
The rantin dog the daddie o't.

When I mount the creepie-chair,
Wha will sit beside me there?
Gie me Rob, I seek nae mair,
The rantin dog the daddie o't.—

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.

* I composed this song pretty early in life, and sent it to a young girl, a very particular acquaintance of mine, who was at that time under a cloud.

Burns' Reliques, p. 278.

SONG.*

CRAIGIE-BURN-WOOD.†

*Beyond thee, dearie, beyond thee, dearie,
And O to be lying beyond thee,
O sweetly, soundly, weel may he sleep,
That 's laid in the bed beyond thee.*

SWEET closes the evening on Craigie-burn-wood,
And blithely awakens the morrow;
But the pride of the spring in the Craigie-burn-wood,
Can yield me to nothing but sorrow.
Beyond thee, &c.

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.
Beyond thee, &c.

* It is remarkable of this air, that it is the confine of that country where the greatest part of our Lowland music (so far as from the title, words, &c. we can localize it) has been composed. From Craigie-burn, near Moffat, until one reaches the West Highlands, we have scarcely one slow air of any antiquity.

The song was composed on a passion which a Mr. Gillespie, a particular friend of mine, had for a Miss Lorimer, afterwards a Mrs. Whelpdale. The young lady was born at Craigie-burn-wood.—The chorus is part of an old foolish ballad.

Burns' Reliques, p. 284.

† The chorus is old.—Another copy of this will be found, ante, p. 327.

I canna tell, I maun na tell,
I dare na for your anger;
But secret love will break my heart,
If I conceal it langer.

Beyond thee, &c.

I see thee gracefu', straight and tall,
I see thee sweet and bonie,
But oh, what will my torments be,
If thou refuse thy Johnie!

Beyond thee, &c.

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.

Beyond thee, &c.

But Jeanie, say thou wilt be mine,
Say, thou lo'es nane before me;
An' a' my days o' life to come
I'll gratefully adore thee.

Beyond thee, &c.

*I DO CONFESS THOU ART SAE
FAIR.**

I DO confess thou art sae fair,
I wad been o'er the lugs in luvè ;
Had I na found the slightest prayer
That lips could speak, thy heart could muve.

I do confess thee sweet, but find
Thou art sae thriftless o' thy sweets,
Thy favours are the silly wind
That kisses ilka thing it meets.

See yonder rose-bud, rich in dew,
Amang its native briers sae coy,
How sune it tines its scent and hue
When pu'd and worn a common toy!

Sic fate ere lang shall thee betide,
Tho' thou may gaily bloom a while ;
Yet sune thou shalt be thrown aside,
Like ony common weed and vile.

* This song is altered from a poem by Sir Robert Ayton, private secretary to Mary and Anne, queens of Scotland.—The poem is to be found in James Watson's Collection of Scots Poems, the earliest collection printed in Scotland. I think that I have improved the simplicity of the sentiments, by giving them a Scots dress. *Burns' Reliques*, p. 292.

YON WILD MOSSY MOUNTAINS.

YON wild mossy mountains sae lofty and wide,
 That nurse in their bosom the youth o' the Clyde,
 Where the grouse lead their coveys thro' the heather
 to feed,
 And the shepherd tents his flock as he pipes on his
 reed :

Where the grouse, &c.

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.

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, fie the swift hours o' love.

She is not the fairest, altho' 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.

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 een, as they fie to our hearts.

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,
 O, these are my lassie's all-conquering charms !

*WHA IS THAT AT MY BOWER
DOOR?*

WHA is that at my bower door?
O wha is it but Findlay;
Then gae your gate ye'se nae be here!
Indeed maun I, quo' Findlay.
What mak ye sae like a thief?
O come and see, quo' Findlay;
Before the morn ye'll work mischief;
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

Gif I rise and let you in?
Let me in, quo' Findlay;
Ye'll keep me waukin wi' your din;
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.
In my bower if ye should stay?
Let me stay, quo' Findlay;
I fear ye'll bide till break o' day;
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

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!

SONG.*

Tune, 'The Weaver and his Shuttle, O.'

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.

Then out into the world my course I did determine,
 O
 Tho' to be rich was not my wish, yet to be great was
 charming, O
 My talents they were not the worst; nor yet my edu-
 cation: O
 Resolv'd was I, at least to try, to mend my situ-
 ation, O.

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.

* This song is a wild rhapsody, miserably deficient in versification, but as the sentiments are the genuine feelings of my heart, for that reason I have a particular pleasure in conning it over.

Burns' Reliquis, p. 329.

Then sore harass'd, and tir'd 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 pow'r, and so I would
enjoy it, O.

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 for-
tune fairly, O.

Thus all obscure, unknown, and poor, thro' life I'm
doom'd to wander, O
Till down my weary bones I lay in everlasting slum-
ber; 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-mor-
row, O.

But cheerful still, I am as well, as a monarch in a
palace, O
Tho' fortune's frown still hunts me down, with all her
wonted 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.

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-natur'd
folly; O

But come what will, I've sworn it still, I'll ne'er be
melancholy, O.

All you who follow wealth and power with unremit-
ting 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 cheerful honest-hearted clown I will prefer before
you, O.

SONG.

THO' cruel fate should bid us part,
As far's the pole and line;
Her dear idea round my heart
Should tenderly entwine.

Tho' mountains frown and deserts howl,
And oceans roar between;
Yet, dearer than my deathless soul,
I still would love my Jean.

* * * * *

SONG.

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.
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.

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 lov'd sae kindly,
Had we never lov'd sae blindly,
Never met—or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

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.

SONG.

NOW BANK AN' BRAE ARE CLAITH'D IN
GREEN.

NOW bank an' brae are claith'd iu green,
Au' scatter'd cowslips sweetly spring,
By Girvan's fairy haunted stream
The birdies flit on wanton wing,
To Cassillis' banks when e'ening fa's,
There wi' my Mary let me flee,
There catch her ilka glance of love,
The bonie blink o' Mary's e'e!

The child 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,
And catch her ilka glance o' love,
The bonie blink o' Mary's e'e!

*THE BONIE LAD THAT'S FAR
AWA.*

O HOW can I be blithe and glad,
Or how can I gang brisk and braw,
When the bonie lad that I lo'e best
Is o'er the hills and far awa?

It's no the frosty winter wind,
It's no the driving drift and snaw;
But ay the tear comes in my e'e,
To think on him that 's far awa.

My father pat me frae his door,
My friends they hae disown'd me a',
But I hae ane will tak my part,
The bonie lad that 's far awa.

A pair o' gloves he gave to me,
And silken snoods * he gave me twa;
And I will wear them for his sake,
The bonie lad that 's far awa.

The weary winter soon will pass,
And spring will cleed the birken-shaw;
And my sweet babie will be born,
And he'll come hame that 's far awa.

* Ribands for binding the hair.

SONG.

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.

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 babie and me.

 I'LL AY CA' IN BY YON TOWN.

I'LL ay ca' in by yon town,
 And by yon garden green, again;
 I'll ay ca' in by yon town,
 And see my bonie 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 stownlins* we sall meet again.

* *Stownlins*—By stealth.

She'll wander by the aiken tree,
 When trystin-time* draws near again ;
 And when her lovely form I see,
 O haith, she 's doubly dear again!

WHISTLE O'ER THE LAVE O'T.

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,
 Bonie Meg was nature's child —
 —Wiser men than me 's beguil'd ;
 Whistle o'er the lave o't.

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.—

* *Trystin-time*—The time of appointment.

YOUNG JOCKEY.

YOUNG Jockey was the blithest lad
In a' our town or here awa ;
Fu' blithe he whistled at the gaud,*
Fu' lightly danc'd he in the ha' !
He roos'd my e'en sae bonie blue,
He roos'd my waist sae genty sma' ;
An' ay my heart came to my mou,
When ne'er a body heard or saw.

My Jockey toils upon the plain,
Thro' wind and weet, thro' frost and snaw ;
And o'er the lee I leuk fu' fain
When Jockey's owsen hameward ca'.
An' ay the night comes round again,
When in his arms he taks me a' ;
An' ay he vows he'll be my ain
As lang's he has a breath to draw.

* *The Gaud*—at the Plough.

M'PHERSON'S FAREWELL.

FAREWELL ye dungeons dark and strong,
The wretch's destinie !
M'Pherson's time will not be long,
On yonder gallows tree.

*Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
Sae dauntingly gaed he ;
He play'd a spring and danc'd it round,
Below the gallows tree.*

Oh, what is death but parting breath?—
On mony a bloody plain
I've dar'd his face, and in this place
I scorn him yet again!
Sae rantingly, &c.

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.
Sae rantingly, &c.

I've liv'd a life of sturt and strife;
I die by treacherie:
It burns my heart I must depart
And not avenged be.
Sae rantingly, &c.

Now farewell light, thou sunshine bright,
And all beneath the sky!
May coward shame distain his name,
The wretch that dares not die !
Sae rantingly, &c.

SONG.

HERE'S, a bottle and an honest friend!

What wad ye wish for mair, man?

Wha kens, before his life may end,

What his share may be of care, man?

Then catch the moments as they fly,

And use them as ye ought, man:

Believe me, happiness is shy,

And comes not ay when sought, man.

SONG.

Tune, ' Braes o' Balquhiddier.'

I'll kiss thee yet, yet,

An' I'll kiss thee o'er again,

An' I'll kiss thee yet, yet,

My bonie Peggy Alison!

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!

I'll kiss thee, &c.

When in my arms, wi' a' my charms,
 I clasp my countless treasure, O ;
 I seek nae mair o' Heaven to share,
 Than sic a moment's pleasure, O !
I'll kiss thee, &c.

And by thy e'en, sae bonie blue,
 I swear I'm thine for ever, O ;—
 And on thy lips I seal my vow,
 And break it shall I never, O !
I'll kiss thee, &c.

SONG.

Tune, ' If he be a Butcher neat and trim.'

ON Cessnock banks there lives a lass,
 Could I describe her shape and mien ;
 The graces of her weelfar'd face,
 And the glancin' of her sparklin' e'en.

She 's fresher than the morning dawn
 When rising Phœbus first is seen,
 When dewdrops twinkle o'er the lawn ;
 An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' e'en.

She 's stately like yon youthful ash,
 That grows the cowslip braes between,
 And shoots its head above each bush ;
 An' she's twa glanciu' sparklin' e'en.

She 's spotless as the flow'ring thorn
With flow'rs so white and leaves so green,
When purest in the dewy morn;
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' e'en.

Her looks are like the sportive lamb,
When flow'ry May adorns the scene,
That wantons round its bleating dam;
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' e'en.

Her hair is like the curling mist
That shades the mountain-side at e'en,
When flow'r-reviving rains are past;
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' e'en.

Her forehead 's like the show'ry bow,
When shining sunbeams intervene
And gild the distant mountain's brow;
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' e'en.

Her voice is like the ev'ning thrush
That sings in Cessnock banks unseen,
While his mate sits nestling in the bush;
An' she's twa glanciu' sparklin' e'en.

Her lips are like the cherries ripe,
That sunny walls from Boreas screen,
They tempt the taste and charm the sight;
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' e'en.

Her teeth are like a flock of sheep,
With fleeces newly washen clean,
That slowly mount the rising steep;
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' e'en.

Her breath is like the fragrant breeze
That gently stirs the blossom'd bean,
When Phœbus sinks behind the seas;
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' e'en.

But it's not her air, her form, her face,
Tho' matching beauty's fabled queen,
But the mind that shines in ev'ry grace,
An' chiefly in her sparklin' e'en.

WAE IS MY HEART.

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.

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.

O if I were, where happy I hae been;
Down by yon stream and yon bonie castle green:
For there he is wand'ring and musing on me,
Wha wad soon dry the tear frae Phillis's e'e.

SONG.

Tune, ' Banks o' Banna.'

YESTREEN I had a pint o' wine,
A place where body saw na';
Yestreen lay on this breast o' 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.

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.

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 withdrawn a';
And bring an angel pen to write
My transports wi' my Anna!

SONG.*

THE Deil cam fiddling thro' the town,
 And danc'd awa wi' the Exciseman;
 And ilka wife cry'd, " Auld Mahoun,
 " We wish you luck o' the prize man.

*" We'll mak our maut, and brew our drink,
 " We'll dance and sing and rejoice man;
 " And mony thanks to the muckle black Deil,
 " That danc'd awa wi' the Exciseman.*

" There 's threesome reels, and foursome reels,
 " There 's hornpipes and strathspeys, man;
 " But the ae best dance e'er cam to our lan',
 " Was—the Deil 's awa wi' the Exciseman.
 " *We'll mak our maut, &c."*

SONG.

POWERS celestial, whose protection
 Ever guards the virtuous fair,
 While in distant climes I wander,
 Let my Mary be your care :

* At a meeting of his brother Excisemen in Dumfries, Burns being called upon for a Song, handed these verses extempore to the President, written on the back of a letter.

Let her form sae fair and faultless,
Fair and faultless as your own ;
Let my Mary's kindred spirit,
Draw your choicest influence down.

Make the gales you waft around her,
Soft and peaceful as her breast ;
Breathing in the breeze that fans her,
Sooth her bosom into rest :
Guardian angels, O protect her,
When in distant lands I roam ;
To realms unknown while fate exiles me,
Make her bosom still my home.*

HUNTING SONG.

I RED YOU BEWARE AT THE HUNTING.

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 discovered a bonie moor-hen.

*I red you beware at the hunting, young men ;
I red you beware at the hunting, young men ;
Tak some on the wing, and some as they spring,
But cannily steal on a bonie moor-hen.*

* Probably written on Highland Mary, on the eve of the Poet's departure to the West Indies.

Sweet brushing the dew from the brown heather bells,
 Her colours betray'd her on yon mossy fells;
 Her plumage outluster'd the pride o' the spring,
 And O! as she wantoned gay on the wing.

I red, &c.

Auld Phœbus himsel, as he peep'd o'er the hill;
 In spite at her plumage he tried 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.

I red, &c.

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.—

I red, &c.

* * * *

YOUNG PEGGY.

YOUNG Peggy blooms our boniest 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.

Her lips more than the cherries bright,
 A richer dye has grac'd them,
 They charm th' admiring gazer's sight,
 And sweetly tempt to taste them:
 Her smile is as the ev'ning mild,
 When feather'd pairs are courting,
 And little lambkins wanton wild,
 In playful bands disporting.

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.

Ye powers of Honour, Love, and Truth,
 From ev'ry 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.*

* This was one of the Poet's earliest compositions. It was copied from a MS. book which he had before his first publication.

SONG.

Tune, ' The King of France, he rade a Race.'

AMANG the trees where humming bees
 At buds and flowers were hinging, O
 Auld Caledon drew 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—

Their capon craws and queer ha ha's,
 They made our lugs grow eerie, O
 The hungry bike did scrape and pike
 Till we were wae and weary ; O—
 But a royal ghaist wha ance was cas'd
 A prisoner aughteen year awa,
 He fir'd a fiddler in the North
 That dang them tapsalteerie, O.

* * *

* *Pibroch*—A Highland war-song, adapted to the bagpipe.

SONG.—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 Aire ran by before me,
 And bicker'd to the seas ;
 A cushat * crooded o'er me
 That echoed thro' the braes.

.

SONG.—FRAGMENT.

Tune, ' Daintie Davie.'

THERE was a lad was born at Kyle, †
 But what na day o' what na style
 I doubt its hardly worth the while
 To be sae nice wi' Robin.

*Robin was a rovin' Boy,
 Rantin' rovin', rantin' rovin' ;
 Robin was a rovin' Boy,
 Rantin' rovin' Robin.*

* The dove, or wild pigeon.

† Kyle—a district of Ayrshire.

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*.

The gossip keekit in his loof,
 Quo' scho wha lives will see the proof,
 This waly boy will be nae coof,
 I think we'll ca' him *Robin*.

He'll hae misfortunes great and sma',
 But ay a heart aboon them a' ;
 He'll be a credit till us a',
 We'll a' be proud o' *Robin*.

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*.

Guid faith, quo' scho, I doubt you, Sir,
 Ye gar the lasses * * * *
 But twenty fauts ye may hae waur
 So blessin's on thee, *Robin* !

*Robin was a rovin' Boy,
 Rantin' rovin, rantin' rovin' ;
 Robin was a rovin' Boy,
 Rantin' rovin' Robin.*

SONG.—FRAGMENT.

Tune, ' I had a Horse and 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 ay :

But when I came roun' by Mauchline town,
 Not dreading' any body,
 My heart was caught before I thought,
 And by a Mauchline lady.

.

SONG.—FRAGMENT.

Tune, ' Gallawater.'

ALTHO' my bed were in yon muir,
 Among the heather, in my plaidie,
 Yet happy, happy would I be
 Had I my dear Montgomerie's Peggy.—

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 Montgomerie's Peggy.—

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 Montgomerie's Peggy.—

.

SONG.—FRAGMENT.

O RAGING fortune's withering blast
 Has laid my leaf full low ! O
 O raging fortune's withering blast
 Has laid my leaf full low ! O.
 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.
 But luckless fortune's northern storms
 Laid a' my blossoms low, O
 But luckless fortune's northern storms
 Laid a' my blossoms low, O.

SONG.

PATRIOTIC—*unfinished.*

HERE 's a health to them that 's awa,
 Here 's a health to them that 's awa ;
 And wha winna wish guid luck to our cause,
 May never guid luck be their fa' ! *

It's guid to be merry and wise,
 It's guid to be honest and true,
 It's guid to support Caledonia's cause,
 And bide by the buff and the blue.

Here 's a health to them that 's awa,
 Here 's a health to them that 's awa ;
 Here 's a health to Charlie, the chief o' the clan,
 Altho' that his band be 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 !

Here 's a health to them that 's awa,
 Here 's a health to them that 's awa,
 Here 's a health to Tammie, the Norland 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.

* *Fa'*—lot.

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,
Tho' bred amang mountains o' snaw!

* * * *

SONG.—FRAGMENT.

THE PLOUGHMAN.

AS I was wand'ring ae morning in spring,
I heard a young Ploughman sae sweetly to sing,
And as he was singing thir words he did say,
There 's nae life like the Ploughman in the month o'
sweet May.—

The lav'rock 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.

SONG.—FRAGMENT.

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,
O, what a feast, her bonie mou !
Her cheeks a mair celestial hue,
A crimson still diviner.

BALLAD.—FRAGMENT.

TO thee, lov'd Nith, thy gladsome plains,
Where late wi' careless thought I rang'd,
Though prest wi' care and sunk in woe,
To thee I bring a heart unchang'd.—

I love thee, Nith, thy banks and braes,
Tho' mem'ry there my bosom tear ;
For there he rov'd that brake my heart,
Yet to that heart, ah, still how dear !

SONG.—FRAGMENT.

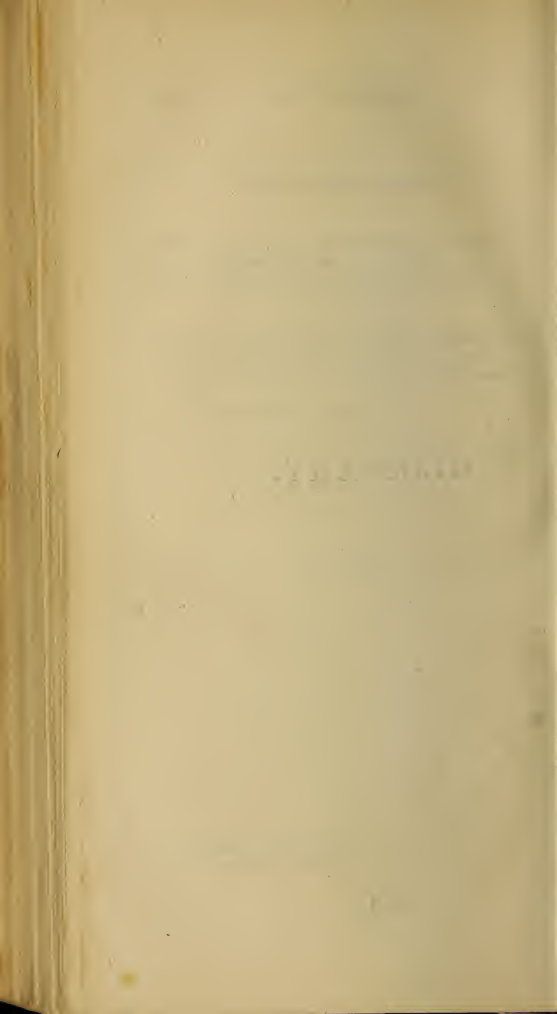
THE winter it is past, and the simmer comes at last,
And the small birds sing on every tree;
Now every thing is glad, while I am very sad,
Since my true love is parted from me.

The rose upon the brier by the waters running clear,
May have charms for the linnet or the bee;
Their little loves are blest, and their little hearts at
rest,
But my true love is parted from me.

THE END.

J. M'Creery, Took's Court,
Chancery-Lane, London.

GLOSSARY.



GLOSSARY.

THE *ch* and *gh* have always the guttural sound. The sound of the English diphthong *oo*, is commonly spelled *ou*. The French *u*, a sound which often occurs in the Scottish language, is marked *oo*, or *ui*. The *a* in genuine Scottish words, except when forming a diphthong, or followed by an *e* mute after a single consonant, sounds generally like the broad English *a* in *wall*. The Scottish diphthong *ae*, always, and *ea*, very often, sound like the French *e* masculine. The Scottish diphthong *ey* sounds like the Latin *ei*.

A.

A', All.

Abuck, away, aloof.

Abeigh, at a shy distance.

Aboon, above, up.

Abread, abroad, in sight.

Abreed, in breadth.

Ae, one.

Aff, off; *Aff loof*, unpremeditated.

Afore, before.

Aft, oft.

Aften, often.

Agley, off the right line, wrong.

Aiblins, perhaps.

Ain, own.

Airl-penny, earnest-money.

Airn, iron.

Aith, an oath.

Aits, oats.

Aiver, an old horse.

Aizle, a hot cinder.

Alake, alas!

Alane, alone.

Akwart, awkward.

Amaist, almost.

Amang, among.

An', and, if.

Ance, once.

Ane, one, and.

Anent, over against.

Anither, another.

Ase, ashes.

Asklent, askint, aslant.

Asteer, abroad, stirring.

Athart, athwart.

Aught, possession; as, *in a' my aught*, in all my possession.
Auld lang syne, older time, days of other years.
Auld, old.
Auldfarran, or *auld far-rant*, sagacious, cunning, prudent.
Ava, at all.
Awa', away.
Awfu', awful.
Awn, the beard of barley, oats, &c.
Awnie, bearded.
Ayont, beyond.

B.

BA', Ball.
Buckets, ash boards.
Backlins, comin', coming back, returning.
Bad, did bid.
Baide, endured, did stay.
Baggie, the belly.
Bainie, having large bones, stout.
Bairn, a child.
Bairntime, a family of children, a brood.
Baith, both.
Ban, to swear.
Bane, bone.
Bang, to beat, to strive.
Bardie, diminutive of bard.
Barefit, barefooted.
Barmie, of, or like barm.
Batch, a crew, a gang.
Batts, botts.
Baudrons, a cat.
Bauld, bold.
Bawk, bank.
Baws'nt, having a white stripe down the face.
Be, to let be, to give over, to cease.

Bear, barley.
Beastie, dimin. of beast.
Beet, to add fuel to fire.
Beld, bald.
Belyve, by and by.
Ben, into the spence or parlour.
Benlomond, a noted mountain in Dumbar-tonshire.
Bethankit, grace after meat,
Beuk, a book.
Bicker, a kind of wooden dish, a short race.
Bie, or *Bield*, shelter.
Bien, wealthy, plentiful.
Big, to build.
Biggin, building, a house.
Biggit, built.
Bill, a bull.
Billie, a brother, a young fellow.
Bing, a heap of grain, potatoes, &c.
Birk, birch.
Birken-shaw, *Birchen-wood-shaw*, a small wood.
Birkie, a clever fellow.
Birring, the noise of partridges, &c. when they spring.
Bit, crisis, nick of time.
Bizz, a bustle, to buzz.
Blastie, a shrivelled dwarf, a term of contempt.
Blastit, blasted.
Blate, bashful, sheepish.
Blather, bladder.
Blaud, a flat piece of any thing; to slap.
Blaw, to blow, to boast.
Bleerit, bleared, sore with rheum.

- Bleert and blin*, bleared and blind.
- Bleezing*, blazing.
- Blellum*, idle talking fellow.
- Blether*, to talk idly, nonsense.
- Bleth'rin*, talking idly.
- Blink*, a little while, a smiling look, to look kindly, to shine by fits.
- Blinker*, a term of contempt.
- Blinkin*, smirking.
- Blue-gown*, one of those beggars, who get annually, on the king's birthday, a blue cloak or gown, with a badge.
- Bluid*, blood.
- Bluntie*, suivelling.
- Blype*, a shred, a large piece.
- Bock*, to vomit, to gush intermittently.
- Bocked*, gushed, vomited.
- Bodle*, a small gold coin.
- Bogles*, spirits, hobgoblins.
- Bonnie*, or *bonny*, handsome, beautiful.
- Bonnock*, a kind of thick cake of bread, a small jannack, or loaf made of oatmeal.
- Boord*, a board.
- Boortree*, the shrubelder; planted much of old in hedges of barn-yards, &c.
- Boost*, behoved, must needs.
- Bore*, a hole in the wall.
- Botch*, an angry tumour.
- Bouk*, vomiting, gushing out.
- Bousing*, drinking.
- Bow-kail*, cabbage.
- Bowt*, bended, crooked.
- Brachens*, fern.
- Brae*, a declivity, a precipice, the slope of a hill.
- Braid*, broad.
- Bragin't*, reel'd forward.
- Braik*, a kind of harrow.
- Brainge*, to run rashly forward.
- Brak*, broke, made insolvent.
- Branks*, a kind of wooden curb for horses.
- Brash*, a sudden illness.
- Brats*, coarse clothes, rags, &c.
- Brattle*, a short race, hurry, fury.
- Braw*, fine, handsome.
- Brawlyt*, or *brawlie*, very well, finely, heartily.
- Braxie*, a morbid sheep.
- Breastie*, diminutive of breast.
- Breastit*, did spring up or forward.
- Breckan*, fern.
- Breef*, an invulnerable or irresistible spell.
- Brecks*, breeches.
- Brent*, smooth.
- Brewin*, brewing.
- Brie*, juice, liquid.
- Brig*, a bridge.
- Brunstane*, brimstone.
- Brisket*, the breast, the bosom.
- Brither*, a brother.
- Brock*, a badger.
- Brogue*, a hum, a trick.
- Broo*, broth, liquid, water.
- Broose*, broth; a race at country weddings, who shall first reach the

- bridegroom's house on returning from church.
- Brugh*, a burgh.
- Bruilzie*, a broil, a combustion.
- Brunt*, did burn, burnt.
- Brust*, to burst, burst.
- Buchan-bullers*, the boiling of the sea among the rocks on the coast of Buchan.
- Buckskin*, an inhabitant of Virginia.
- Bught*, a pen.
- Bughtin-time*, the time of collecting the sheep in the pens to be milked.
- Buirdly*, stout-made, broad-made.
- Bum-clock*, a humming beetle that flies in the summer evenings.
- Bumming*, humming as bees.
- Bumme*, to blunder.
- Bummler*, a blunderer.
- Bunker*, a window-seat.
- Burdies*, diminutive of birds.
- Bure*, did bear.
- Burn*, water, a rivulet.
- Burnewin*, i. e. *burn the wind*, a blacksmith.
- Burnie*, dimin. of burn.
- Buskie*, bushy.
- Buskit*, dressed.
- Busks*, dresses.
- Busle*, a bustle, to bustle.
- Buss*, shelter.
- But, bot*, with.
- But an' ben*, the country kitchen and parlour.
- By himself*, lunatic, distracted.
- Byke*, a bee-hive.
- Byre*, a cow-stable, a shippen.
- C.
- CA'*, To call, to name, to drive.
- Ca't*, or *ca'd*, called, driven, calved.
- Cadger*, a carrier.
- Caddie*, or *oaddie*, a person, a young fellow.
- Caff*, chaff.
- Caird*, a tinker.
- Cairn*, a loose heap of stones.
- Calf-ward*, a small enclosure for calves.
- Callan*, a boy.
- Caller*, fresh, sound, refreshing.
- Canie*, or *cannie*, gentle, mild, dexterous.
- Cannilie*, dexterously, gently.
- Cantie*, or *canty*, cheerful, merry.
- Cantraip*, a charm, a spell.
- Cap-stane*, cope-stone, key-stone.
- Carcerin*, cheerfully.
- Carl*, an old man.
- Carlin*, a stout old woman.
- Cartes*, cards.
- Caudron*, a caldron.
- Cauk and keel*, chalk and red clay.
- Cauld*, cold.
- Caup*, a wooden drinking vessel.
- Cesses*, taxes.
- Chanter*, a part of a bagpipe.
- Chap*, a person, a fellow, a blow.
- Chaup*, a stroke, a blow.
- Cheekit*, cheeked.
- Cheep*, a chirp, to chirp.
- Chiel*, or *cheel*, a young fellow.

- Chimla*, or *chimlic*, a fire-grate, a fire-place.
Chimla-lug, the fire-side.
Chittering, shivering, trembling.
Chockin, choking.
Chow, to chew; *cheek for chow*, side by side.
Chuffie, fat-faced.
Clachan, a small village about a church, a hamlet.
Claise, or *claes*, clothes.
Claith, cloth.
Claithing, clothing.
Claivers, nonsense, not speaking sense.
Clap, clapper of a mill.
Clarkit, wrote.
Clash, an idle tale, the story of the day.
Clatter, to tell little idle stories; an idle story.
Claught, snatched at, laid hold of.
Claut, to clean, to scrape.
Clauted, scraped.
Clavers, idle stories.
Claw, to scratch.
Cleed, to clothe.
Cleeds, clothes.
Cleekit, having caught.
Clinkin, jerking, clinking.
Clinkumbell, who rings the church-bell.
Clips, sheers.
Clishmaclaver, idle conversation.
Clock, to hatch, a beetle.
Clockin, hatching.
Cloot, the hoof of a cow, sheep, &c.
Clootie, an old name for the devil.
Clour, a bump or swelling after a blow.
Cluds, clouds.
- Coaxin*, wheedling.
Coble, a fishing boat.
Cockernony, a lock of hair tied upon a girl's head; a cap.
Coft, bought.
Cog, a wooden dish.
Coggie, dimin. of cog.
Coila from *Kyle*, a district of Ayrshire; so called, saith tradition, from Coil, or Coilus, a Pictish monarch.
Collie, a general, and sometimes a particular, name for country curs.
Collieshangie, quarrelling.
Commaun, command.
Cood, the cud.
Coof, a blockhead, a ninny.
Cookit, appeared and disappeared by fits.
Coost, did cast.
Coot, the ankle or foot.
Cootie, a wooden kitchen dish:—*also those fowls, whose legs are clad with feathers, are said to be cootie.*
Corbies, a species of the crow.
Core, corps, party, clan.
Corn't, fed with oats.
Cotter, the inhabitant of a *cot-house*, or *cot-tage*.
Couthie, kind, loving.
Cove, a cove.
Cowe, to terrify, to keep under, to lop; a fright; a branch of furze, broom, &c.
Cowp, to barter, to tumble over, a gang.
Cowpit, tumbled.

Cowrin, cowering.
Cowte, a colt.
Cozie, snug.
Cozily, snugly.
Crabbit, crabbed, fretful.
Crack, conversation, to converse.
Crackin, conversing.
Craft, or *croft*, a field near a house (*in old husbandry*).
Craiks, cries or calls incessantly, a bird.
Crambo-clink, or *crambo-jingle*, rhymes, dog-grel verses.
Crank, the noise of an ungreased wheel.
Crankous, fretful, captious.
Cranreuch, the hoar frost.
Crap, a crop, to crop.
Craw, a crow of a cock, a rook.
Creel, a basket; *to have one's wits in a creel*, to be craz'd, to be fascinated.
Creeshie, greasy.
Crood, or *croud*, to coo as a dove.
Croon, a hollow and continued moan; to make a noise like the continued roar of a bull; to hum a tune.
Crooning, humming.
Crouchie, crook-backed.
Crouse, cheerful, courageous.
Crousely, cheerfully, courageously.
Crowdie, a composition of oat-meal and boiled water, sometimes from

the broth of beef, mutton, &c.
Crowdie-time, breakfast-time.
Croulin, crawling.
Crummock, a cow with crooked horns.
Crump, hard and brittle; *spoken of bread*.
Crunt, a blow on the head with a cudgel.
Cuif, a blockhead, a ninny.
Cummock, a short staff with a crooked head.
Curchie, a curtesy.
Curler, a player at a game on the ice, practised in Scotland, called *curling*.
Curlie, curled, whose hair falls naturally in ringlets.
Curling, a well known game on the ice.
Curmurring, murmuring a slight rumbling noise.
Curpin, the crupper.
Cushat, the dove, or wood-pigeon.
Cutty, short, a spoon broken in the middle.

D.

DADDIE, a father.
Daffin, merriment, foolishness.
Daft, merry, giddy, foolish.
Daimen, rare, now and then; *daimen-icker*, an ear of corn now and then.
Dainty, pleasant, good-humoured, agreeable.
Dales, plains, valleys.

- Darklins*, darkling.
Daud, to thrash, to abuse.
Daur, to dare.
Daurt, dared.
Daurg, or *daurk*, a day's labour.
Davoc, David.
Dawd, a large piece.
Dawtit, or *dawtet*, foulded, caressed.
Dearies, dimiu. of dears.
Dearthfu', dear.
Deave, to deafen.
Deil-ma-care! no matter! for all that!
Deleerit, delirious.
Describe, to describe.
Dight, to wipe, to clean corn from chaff.
Dight, cleaned from chaff.
Dights, cleans.
Ding, to worst, to push.
Dinna, do not.
Dirl, a slight tremulous stroke or pain.
Dizzen, or *diz'n*, a dozen.
Doited, stupified, hebetated.
Dolt, stupified, crazied.
Donsie, unlucky.
Dool, sorrow; *to sing dool*, to lament, to mourn.
Doos, doves.
Dorty, saucy, nice.
Douce, or *douse*, sober, wise, prudent.
Doucely, soberly, prudently.
Dought, was or were able.
Doup, backside.
Doup-skelper, one that strikes the tail.
Dour and din, sullen, sallow.
- Doure*, stout, durable, sullen, stubborn.
Douser, more prudent.
Dow, am or are able, can.
Dowff, pithless, wanting force.
Dowie, worn with grief, fatigue, &c. half asleep.
Downa, am or are not able, cannot.
Doylt, stupid.
Drap, a drop, to drop.
Drapping, dropping.
Dreep, to ooze, to drop.
Dreigh, tedious, long about it.
Dribble, drizzling, slaver.
Drift, a drove.
Droddum, the breech.
Drone, part of a bag-pipe.
Droop, rumpl't, that droops at the crupper.
Droukit, wet.
Drounting, drawling.
Drouth, thirst, drought.
Drucken, drunken.
Drumly, muddy.
Drummock, meal and water mixed; raw.
Drunt, pet, sour humour.
Dub, a small pond.
Duds, rags, clothes.
Duddie, ragged.
Dung, worsted; pushed, driven.
Dunted, beaten, boxed.
Dush, to push as a ram, &c.
Dusht, pushed by a ram, ox, &c.
- E.
- E'E*, the eye.
E'en, the eyes.
E'enin, evening.

Eerie, frightened, dreading spirits.

Eild, old age.

Elbuck, the elbow.

Eldritch, ghastly, frightful.

En', end.

Enbrugh, Edinburgh.

Eneugh, enough.

Especial, especially.

Ettle, to try, attempt.

Eydent, diligent.

F.

FA', fall, lot, to fall.

Fa's, does fall, waterfalls.

Faddom't, fathomed.

Fae, a foe.

Faem, foam.

Faiket, unknown.

Fairin, a fairing, a present.

Fallow, fellow.

Fand, did find.

Farl, a cake of bread.

Fash, trouble, care, to trouble, to care for.

Fasht, troubled.

Fasten-een, Fastens Even.

Fauld, a fold, to fold.

Faulding, folding.

Faut, fault.

Fawsont, decent, seemly.

Feal, a field, smooth.

Fearfu', frightful.

Fear't, frightened.

Feat, neat, spruce.

Fecht, to fight.

Fechtin, fighting.

Feck, many, plenty.

Fecket, waistcoat.

Feckfu', large, brawny, stout.

Feckless, puny, weak, silly.

Feckly, weakly.

Feg, a fig.

Feide, feud, enmity.

Fell, keen, biting; the flesh immediately under the skin; a field pretty level, on the side or top of a hill.

Fen, successful struggle, fight.

Fend, to live comfortably.

Ferlie, or *ferley*, to wonder; a wonder; a term of contempt.

Fetch, to pull by fits.

Fetch't, pulled intermittently.

Fidge, to fidget.

Fiel, soft, smooth.

Fient, fiend, a petty oath.

Fier, sound, healthy; a brother, a friend.

Fisle, to make a rustling noise, to fidget, a bustle.

Fit, a foot.

Fittie-lan, the nearer horse of the hindmost pair in the plough.

Fizz, to make a hissing noise, like fermentation.

Flainen, flannel.

Fleech, to supplicate in a flattering manner.

Fleech'd, supplicated.

Fleechin, supplicating.

Fleesh, a fleece.

Fleg, a kick, a random blow.

Flether, to decoy by fair words.

Fletherin, flattering.

Fley, to scare, to frighten.

Flichter, to flutter, as young nestlings when their dam approaches.

Flickering, to meet, to encounter with.
Flinders, shreds, broken pieces.
Flingin-tree, a piece of timber hung by way of partition between two horses in a stable; a flail.
Flisk, to fret at the yoke.
Fliskit, fretted.
Flitter, to vibrate like the wings of small birds.
Flittering, fluttering, vibrating.
Flunkie, a servant in livery.
Foord, a ford.
Forbears, forefathers.
Forbye, besides.
Forfairn, distressed, worn out, jaded.
Forfoughten, fatigued.
Forgather, to meet, to encounter with.
Forgie, to forgive.
Forjesket, jaded with fatigue.
Fother, fodder.
Fou', full, drunk.
Foughten, troubled, harassed.
Fouth, plenty, enough, or more than enough.
Fow, a bushel, &c.; also a pitch-fork.
Frae, from.
Freath, froth.
Frien', friend.
Fu', full.
Fud, the scut, or tail of the hare, coney, &c.
Fuff, to blow intermittently.
Fuff't, did blow.
Funnie, full of merriment.

Fur, a furrow.
Furm, a form, bench.
Fyke, trifling cares; to piddle, to be in a fuss about trifles.
Fyle, to soil, to dirty.
Fyl't, soiled, dirtied.

G.

GAB, the mouth; to speak boldly, or pertly.
Gaber-lunzie, an old man.
Gadsmán, ploughboy, the boy that rides the horses in the plough.
Gae, to go; *gaed*, went; *gaen*, or *gane*, gone; *gaun*, going.
Gaet, or *gate*, way, manner, road.
Gang, to go, to walk.
Gar, to make, to force to.
Gar't, forced to.
Garten, a garter.
Gash, wise, sagacious, talkative, to converse.
Gashin, conversing.
Gaucy, jolly, large.
Gear, riches, goods of any kind.
Geck, to toss the head in wantonness or scorn.
Ged, a pike.
Gentles, great folks.
Geordie, a guinea.
Get, a child, a young one.
Ghaist, a ghost.
Gie, to give; *gied*, gave; *gien*, given.
Giftie, dimin. of gift.
Giglets, playful girls.
Gillie, dimin. of gill.
Gilpey, a half grown, half informed boy or girl, a romping lad, a hoyden.

- Gimmer*, an ewe from one to two years old.
Gin, if, against.
Gipsey, a young girl.
Girn, to grin, to twist the features in rage, agony, &c.
Girning, grinning.
Gizz, a periwig.
Glaikit, inattentive, foolish.
Glaive, a sword.
Gawky, half-witted, foolish, romping.
Glaizie, glittering, smooth, like a glass.
Glaund, aimed, snatched.
Gleck, sharp, ready.
Gleg, sharp, ready.
Gleib, glebe.
Glen, dale, deep valley.
Gley, a squint, to squint; *agley*, off at a side, wrong.
Glib-gabbet, that speaks smoothly and readily.
Glint, to peep.
Glinted, peeped.
Glintin, peeping.
Gloamin, the twilight.
Glowr, to stare, to look, a stare, a look.
Glowred, looked, stared.
Gowan, the flower of the daisy, dandelion, hawkweed, &c.
Gowany, *gowany glens*, daisied dales.
Gowd, gold.
Gowff, the game of Golf; to strike as the bat does the ball at golf.
Gowff'd, struck.
Gowk, a cuckoo, a term of contempt.
Gowl, to howl.
- Grane*, or *grain*, a groan, to groan.
Grain'd and gaunted, groaned and grunted.
Graining, groaning.
Graip, a pronged instrument for cleaning stables.
Graith, accoutrements, furniture, dress, gear.
Grannie, grandmother.
Grape, to grope.
Grapit, groped.
Grat, wept, shed tears.
Great, intimate, familiar.
Gree, to agree; *to bear the gree*, to be decidedly victor.
Gree't, agreed.
Greet, to shed tears, to weep.
Greetin, crying, weeping.
Grippet, caught, seized.
Groat, *to get the whistle of one's groat*, to play a losing game.
Gronsome, loathsomely, grim.
Grozet, a gooseberry.
Grumph, a grunt, to grunt.
Grumphie, a sow.
Grun', ground.
Grunstane, a grindstone.
Gruntle, the phiz, a grunting noise.
Grunzie, mouth.
Grushie, thick, of thriving growth.
Gude, the Supreme Being; good.
Guid, good.
Guid-morning, good morrow.
Guid-e'en, good evening.
Guidman and guidwife, the master and mistress

- of the house; *young guidman*, a man newly married.
- Gully*, or *gullie*, a large knife.
- Guidfather*, *guidmother*, father-in-law, and mother-in-law.
- Gumlie*, muddy.
- Gusty*, tasteful.
- H.
- HA'*, hall.
- Ha' bible*, the great bible that lies in the hall.
- Hae*, to have.
- Haen*, had, *the participle*.
- Haet*, *fient haet*, a petty oath of negation; nothing.
- Haffet*, the temple, the side of the head.
- Haffins*, nearly half, partly.
- Hag*, a scar, or gulf in mosses and moors.
- Haggis*, a kind of pudding boiled in the stomach of a cow or sheep.
- Hain*, to spare, to save.
- Hain'd*, spared.
- Hairst*, harvest.
- Haith*, a petty oath.
- Haivers*, nonsense, speaking without thought.
- Hal'*, or *hald*, an abiding place.
- Hale*, whole, tight, healthy.
- Haly*, holy.
- Hame*, home.
- Hallan*, a particular partition wall in a cottage, or more properly a seat of turf at the outside.
- Hallowmas*, Hallow-eve, the 31st of October.
- Hamely*, homely, affable.
- Han'*, or *haun'*, hand.
- Hap*, an outer garment, mantle, plaid, &c. to wrap, to cover, to hap.
- Happer*, a hopper.
- Happing*, hopping.
- Hap step an' loup*, hop skip and leap.
- Harkit*, hearkened.
- Harn*, very coarse linen.
- Hash*, a fellow that neither knows how to dress nor act with propriety.
- Hastit*, hastened.
- Haud*, to hold.
- Haughs*, low-lying, rich lands; valleys.
- Haurl*, to drag, to peel.
- Haurlin*, peeling.
- Haverel*, a half witted person, half witted.
- Havins*, good manners, decorum, good sense.
- Hawkie*, a cow, properly one with a white face.
- Heapit*, heaped.
- Healsome*, healthful, wholesome.
- Hearse*, hoarse.
- Hear't*, hear it.
- Heather*, heath.
- Hech!* oh! strange.
- Hecht*, promised to foretel something that is to be got or given; foretold; the thing foretold; offered.
- Heckle*, a board, in which are fixed a number of sharp pins, used in dressing hemp, flax, &c.
- Heeze*, to elevate, to raise.

- Helm*, the rudder or helm.
Herd, to tend flocks, one who tends flocks.
Herrin, a herring.
Herry, to plunder; most properly to plunder birds' nests.
Herrymment, plundering, devastation.
Hersel, herself; also a herd of cattle, of any sort.
Het, hot.
Heugh, a crag, a coal-pit.
Hilch, a hobble, to halt.
Hilchin, halting.
Himsel, himself.
Hiney, honey.
Hing, to hang.
Hirple, to walk crazily, to creep.
Hissel, so many cattle as one person can attend.
Histie, dry, chapt, barren.
Hicht, a loop, a knot.
Hizzie, hussy, a young girl.
Hoddin, the motion of a sage countryman riding on a cart-horse; humble.
Hog-score, a kind of distance line, in curling, drawn across the *rink*.
Hog-shouther, a kind of horse-play, by justling with the shoulder; to justle.
Hool, outer skin or case, a nut-shell, pease-swade.
Hoolie, slowly, leisurely.
Hoolie! take leisure, stop.
Hoord, a hoard; to hoard.
- Hoordit*, hoarded.
Horn, a spoon made of horn.
Hornie, one of the many names of the devil.
Host, or *hoast*, to cough.
Hostin, coughing.
Hosts, coughs.
Hotch'd, turn'd topsy-turvy, blended, mixed.
Houghmagandie, fornication.
Houlet, an owl.
Housie, dimin. of house.
Hove, to heave, to swell.
Hov'd, heaved, swelled.
Howdie, a midwife.
Howe, hollow, a hollow or dell.
Howebackit, sunk in the back, spoken of a horse, &c.
Howff, a landlady, a house of resort.
Howk, to dig.
Howkit, digged.
Howkin, digging.
Howlet, an owl.
Hoy, to urge.
Hoy't, urged.
Hoyse, a pull upwards.
Hoyte, to amble crazily.
Hughoc, dimin. of Hugh.
Hurcheon, a hedgehog.
Hurdies, the loins, the crupper.
Hushion, cushion.
- I.
- I'*, in.
Icker, an ear of corn.
Ier-oe, a great-grand-child.
Ilk, or *ilka*, each, every.
Ill-willie, ill-natured, malicious, niggardly.
Ingine, genius, ingenuity.

Ingle, fire, fire-place.
Ise, I shall or will.
Ither, other, one another.

J.

JAD, jade; also a familiar term among country folks for a giddy young girl.
Jauk, to dally, to trifle.
Jaukin, trifling, dallying.
Jaup, a jerk of water; to jerk as agitated water.
Jam, coarse raillery, to pour out, to shut, to jerk as water.
Jillet, a jilt, a giddy girl.
Jimp, to jump, slender in the waist, handsome.
Jink, to dodge, to turn a corner, a sudden turning, a corner.
Jinker, that turns quickly, a gay sprightly girl, a wag.
Jinkin, dodging.
Jirk, a jerk.
Jocteleg, a kind of knife.
Jouk, to stoop, to bow the head.
Jow, to jow, a verb which includes both the swinging motion and pealing sound of a large bell.
Jundie, to jumble.

K.

KAE, a daw.
Kail, colewort, a kind of broth.
Kail-runt, the stem of colewort.
Kain, fowls, &c. paid as rent by a farmer.
Kebbuck, a cheese.
Keek, a peep, to peep.
Kelpies, a sort of mis-

chievous spirits, said to haunt fords and ferries at night, especially in storms.

Ken, to know; *kend* or *ken't*, knew.
Kennin, a small matter.
Kenspeckle, well known.
Ket, matted, hairy, a fleece of wool.
Kiaugh, carking, anxiety.
Kilt, to truss up the clothes.
Kimmer, a young girl, a gossip.
Kin', kindred.
Kin', kind.
Kintra Cooser, country stallion.
King's-hood, a certain part of the entrails of an ox, &c.
Kintra, country.
Kirn, the harvest supper, a churn.
Kirsen, to christen, or baptize.
Kist, chest, a shop counter.
Kitchen, any thing that eats with bread, to serve for soup, gravy, &c.
Kith, kindred.
Kittle, to tickle, ticklish, likely.
Kittlin, a young cat.
Kiuttle, to cuddie.
Kiuttlin, cuddling.
Knuggie, like *knags*, or points of rocks.
Knappin, a hammer, a hammer for breaking stones.
Knowe, a small round hillock.
Knurl, dwarf.
Kye, cows.

Kyle, a district in Ayrshire.

Kyte, the belly.

Kythe, to discover, to shew oneself.

L.

LADDIE, dimin. of lad.

Laggen, the angle between the side and bottom of a wooden dish.

Laigh, low.

Lairing, wading, and sinking in snow, mud, &c.

Laith, loath.

Laithfu', bashful, sheepish.

Lallans, Scottish dialect.

Lambie, dimin. of lamb.

Lampit, a kind of shellfish.

Lan', land, estate.

Lane, alone; *my lane*, *thy lane*, &c. myself alone.

Lanely, lonely.

Lang, long; *to think lang*, to long, to weary.

Lap, did leap.

Lave, the rest, the remainder, the others.

Laverock, the lark.

Lawin, shot, reckoning, bill.

Lawlan, lowland.

Lea'e, to leave.

Leal, loyal, true, faithful.

Lea-rig, grassy ridge.

Lear, (pronoun) lare, learning.

Lee-lang, live-long.

Leesome, pleasaut.

Leeze-me, a phrase of congratulatory endear-

ment: I am happy in thee, or proud of thee.

Leister, a three-pronged dart for striking fish.

Leugh, did laugh.

Leuk, a look, to look.

Libbet, gelded.

Lift, sky.

Lightly, sneeringly, to sneer at.

Lilt, a ballad, a tune, to sing.

Limmer, a kept mistress, a strumpet.

Limp't, limped, hobbled.

Link, to trip along.

Linkin, tripping.

Linn, a waterfall, precipice.

Lint, flax; *lint i' the bell*, flax in flower.

Lintwhite, a linnet.

Loan, or *loanin*, the place of milking.

Loof, the palm of the hand.

Loot, did let.

Looves, plural of loaf.

Loun, a fellow, a ragamuffin, a woman of easy virtue.

Loup, jump, leap.

Lowe, a flame.

Lowin, flaming.

Lowrie, abbreviation of Lawrence.

Lowse, to loose.

Lows'd loosed.

Lug, the ear, a handle.

Lugget, having a handle.

Luggie, a small wooden dish with a handle.

Lum, the chimney.

Lunch, a large piece of cheese, flesh, &c.

Lunt, a column of smoke; to smoke.

Luntin, smoking.
Lyart, of a mixed colour,
 grey.

M.

MAE, more.
Mair, more.
Maist, most, almost.
Maistly, mostly.
Mak, to make.
Makin, making.
Mailen, farm.
Mallie, Molly.
Mang, among.
Manse, the parsonage-
 house, where the mi-
 nister lives.
Manteele, a mantle.
Murk, marks. (*This and
 several other nouns
 which in English re-
 quire an s, to form the
 plural, are in Scotch,
 like the words sheep,
 deer, the same in both
 numbers.*)
Mar's year, the year
 1715.
Mashlum, *meslin*, mixed
 corn.
Mask, to mash, as malt,
 &c.
Maskin-pat, a tea-pot.
Maukin, a hare.
Maun, must.
Mavis, the thrush.
Maw, to mow.
Mawin, mowing.
Meere, a mare.
Meickle, much.
Melancholious, mourn-
 ful.
Melder, corn, or grain of
 any kind, sent to the
 mill to be ground.
Mell, to meddle, Also a

mallet for pounding
 barley in a stone trough.
Melvie, to soil with meal,
Men', to mend.
Mense, good manners, de-
 corum.
Menseless, ill-bred, rude,
 impudent.
Messin, a small dog.
Midden, a dunghill.
Midden-hole, a gutter at
 the bottom of a dung-
 hill.
Mim, prim, affectedly
 meek.
Min', mind, resemblance.
Mind't, mind it, resolved,
 intending.
Minnie, mother, dam.
Mirk, *mirkest*, dark,
 darkest.
Misca', to abuse, to call
 names.
Misca'd, abused.
Mislear'd, mischievous,
 unmannerly.
Misteuk, mistook.
Mither, a mother.
Mixtie-maxtie, confused-
 ly mixed.
Moistify, to moisten.
Mony, or *monie*, many.
Moop, to nibble as a
 sheep.
Moorlan', of or belong-
 ing to moors.
Morn, the next day, to-
 morrow.
Mou, the mouth.
Moudiwort, a mole.
Mousie, dimin. of mouse.
Muckle, or *mickle*, great,
 big, much.
Musie, dimin. of muse.
Mustin-kail, broth com-
 posed simply of water,

shelled barley, and greens.
Mutchkin, an English pint.
Mysel, myself.

N.

NA', no, not, nor.
Nae, no, not any.
Naething, or *naithing*, nothing.
Naig, a horse.
Nane, none.
Nappy, ale, to be tipsy.
Negleckit, neglected.
Neebor, a neighbour.
Neuk, nook.
Niest, next.
Nieve, the fist.
Nievesu', handful.
Niffer, an exchange; to exchange, to barter.
Niger, a negro.
Nine-tailed-cat, a hangman's whip.
Nit, a nut.
Norland, of or belonging to the north.
Notic't, noticed.
Nowte, black cattle.

O.

O', of.
Ochels, name of mountains.
O haith, O faith! an oath.
Ony, or *onie*, any.
Or, is often used for *ere*, before.
O't, of it.
Ourie, shivering, drooping.
Oursel, or *oursels*, ourselves.
Outlers, cattle not housed.

Ower, over, too.
Owre-hip, a way of fetching a blow with the hammer over the arm.

P.

PACK, intimate, familiar; twelve stone of wool.
Painch, paunch.
Paitrick, a partridge.
Pang, to cram.
Parle, speech.
Parritch, oatmeal pudding, a well-known Scotch dish.
Pat, did put, a pot.
Pattle, or *pettle*, a plough-staff.
Paughty, proud, haughty.
Pauky, or *pawkie*, cunning, sly.
Pay't, paid, beat.
Pech, to fetch the breath short, as in an asthma.
Pechan, the crop, the stomach.
Peelin, peeling.
Pet, a domesticated sheep, &c.
Pettle, to cherish; a plough-staff.
Philibegs, short petticoats worn by the Highlandmen.
Phraise, fair speeches, flattery, to flatter.
Phraisin, flattery.
Pibroch, a Highland War Song adapted to the bagpipe.
Pickle, a small quantity.
Pine, pain, uneasiness.
Pit, to put.

Placad, a public proclamation.

Plack, an old Scotch coin, the third part of a Scotch penny, twelve of which make an English penny.

Plackless, pennyles, without money.

Platie, dimin. of plate.

Plew, or *pleugh*, a plough.

Pliskie, a trick.

Poind, to seize on cattle, or take the goods, as the laws of Scotland allow, for rent.

Poortith, poverty.

Pou, to pull.

Pouk, to pluck.

Poussie, a hare, or cat.

Pout, a poult, a chick.

Pou't, did pull.

Pouthery, like powder.

Pow, the head, the skull.

Pownie, a little horse.

Powther or *pouther*, powder.

Preen, a pin.

Prent, printing.

Prie, to taste.

Prie'd, tasted.

Prief, proof.

Prig, to cheapen, to dispute.

Priggin, cheapening.

Primsie, demure, precise.

Propone, to lay down, to propose.

Provoses, provosts.

Pund, pound, pounds.

Pyle, a *pyle o' caff*, a single grain of chaff.

Q.

QUAT, to quit.

Quak, to quake.

Quey, a cow from one to two years old.

R.

RAGWEED, herb ragwort.

Raible, to rattle nonsense.

Rair, to roar.

Raize, to madden, to inflame.

Ram-feezl'd, fatigued, overspread.

Ram-stam, thoughtless, forward.

Raploch, properly a coarse cloth, but used as an adnoun for coarse.

Rarely, excellently, very well.

Rash, a rush; *rash-buss*, a bush of rushes.

Ratton, a rat.

Raucle, rash, stout, fearless.

Raught, reached.

Raw, a row.

Rax, to stretch.

Ream, cream; to cream.

Reamin, brimful, frothing.

Reave, rove.

Reck, to heed.

Rede, counsel, to counsel.

Red-wat-shod, walking in blood over the shoe-tops.

Red-wud, stark mad.

Ree, half drunk, fuddled.

Reek, smoke.

Reekin, smoking.

Reekit, smoked, smoky.

Remead, remedy.

Requite, requited.

Rest, to stand restive.

Restit, stood restive, stunted, withered.

Restricketed, restricted.
Rew, repent.
Rief, *reef*, plenty.
Rief randies, sturdy beggars.
Rig, a ridge.
Rin, to run, to melt; *rinnin*, running.
Rink, the course of the stones, a term in curling on ice.
Rip, a handful of unthreshed corn.
Riskit, made a noise like the tearing of roots.
Rockin, spinning on the rock, or *distaff*.
Rood, stands likewise for the plural *roods*.
Roon, a shred.
Roose, to praise, to commend.
Roun', round, in the circle of neighbourhood.
Roupet, hoarse, as with a cold.
Routhie, plentiful.
Row, to roll, to wrap,
Row't, rolled, wrapped.
Rowte, to low, to bellow.
Rowth, or *routh*, plenty.
Rowtin, lowing.
Rozet, rosin.
Rung, a cudgel.
Runkled, wrinkled.
Runt, the stem of colewort or cabbage.
Ruth, a woman's name, the book so called; sorrow.

S.

SAE, so.
Saft, soft.
Sair, to serve, a sore.
Sairly, or *sairlie*, sorely.
Sair't, served.

Sark, a shirt.
Sarkit, provided in shirts.
Saugh, the willow.
Saul, soul.
Saumont, salmon.
Saunt, a saint.
Saut, salt.
Saw, to sow.
Sawin, sowing.
Sax, six.
Scaithe, to damage, to injure, injury.
Scar, to scar, a scar.
Scaud, to scald.
Scauld, to scold.
Scaur, apt to be scared.
Scawl, a scold.
Scon, a kind of bread.
Sconner, a loathing, to loathe.
Scraich, to scream as a hen, partridge, &c.
Screed, to tear, a rent.
Scrieve, to glide swiftly along.
Scrievin, gleesomely, swiftly.
Scrimp, to scant.
Scrimpet, did scant, scanty.
See'd, did see.
Seizin, seizing.
Sel, self; *a body's sel*, one's self alone.
Sell't, did sell.
Sen', to send.
Sen't, I, he, or she sent, or did send, send it.
Servan', servant.
Settlin, settling; *to get a settlin*, to be frightened into quietness.
Sets, *sets off*, goes away.
Shaird, a shred, a shard.
Shangan, a stick cleft at one end for putting the tail of a dog, &c. into;

- by way of mischief, or to frighten him away.
- Shaver*, a humorous wag, a barber.
- Shaw*, to shew, a small wood in a hollow place.
- Sheen*, bright, shining.
- Sheep-shank*, to think one's self nae sheep-shank, to be conceited.
- Sherra-muir*, sherrif-moor, the famous battle fought in the Rebellion, A. D. 1715.
- Sheugh*, a ditch, a trench, a sluice.
- Shiel*, a shed.
- Shill*, shrill.
- Shog*, a shock, a push off at one side.
- Shool*, a shovel.
- Shoon*, shoes.
- Shore*, to offer, to threaten.
- Shor'd*, offered.
- Shouter*, the shoulder.
- Sic*, such.
- Sicker*, sure, steady.
- Sidelins*, sidelong, slanting.
- Siller*, silver, money.
- Simmer*, summer.
- Sin*, a son.
- Sin'*, since.
- Skaith*, see *scaith*.
- Skellum*, a worthless fellow.
- Skelp*, to strike, to slap; to walk with a smart tripping step, a smart stroke.
- Skelpi-limmer*, a technical term in female scolding.
- Skelpin*, *stapping*, walking.
- Skiegh*, or *Skeigh*, proud, nice, high-mettled.
- Skinklin*, a small portion.
- Skirl*, to shriek, to cry shrilly.
- Skirling*, shrieking, crying.
- Skirl't*, shrieked.
- Sklent*, slant, to run aslant, to deviate from truth.
- Sklented*, ran, or hit, in an oblique direction.
- Skreigh*, a scream, to scream.
- Slae*, sloe.
- Slade*, did slide.
- Slap*, a gate, a breach in a fence.
- Slaw*, slow.
- Slee*, sly; *sleest*, slyest.
- Sleekit*, sleek, sly.
- Slidderly*, slippery.
- Slype*, to fall over, as a wet furrow from the plough.
- Slypet*, fell.
- Sma'*, small.
- Smeddum*, dust, powder, mettle, sense.
- Smiddy*, a smithy.
- Smoor*, to smother.
- Smoor'd*, smothered.
- Smoutie*, smutty, obscene, ugly.
- Smytrie*, a numerous collection of small individuals.
- Snapper*, stumble.
- Snash*, abuse, Billingsgate.
- Snaw*, snow, to snow.
- Snaw-broo*, melted snow.
- Snawie*, snowy.
- Sneck*, latch of a door.
- Sned*, to lop, to cut off.
- Sneeshin*, snuff.
- Sneeshin-mill*, a snuff-box.

- Snell*, bitter, biting.
Snick-drawing, trick-con-
 triving.
Snick, the latchet of a
 door.
Snool, one whose spirit
 is broken with oppres-
 sive slavery; to submit
 tamely, to sneak.
Snoove, to go smoothly
 and constantly, to sneak.
Snowk, to scent or snuff,
 as a dog, horse, &c.
Snowkit, scented, snuffed.
Sonsie, having sweet en-
 gaging looks, lucky,
 jolly.
Soom, to swim.
Sooth, truth, a petty oath.
Sough, a sigh, a sound
 dying on the ear.
Souple, flexible, swift.
Sowter, a shoemaker.
Sowens, a dish made of
 oatmeal, the seeds of
 oatmeal soured, &c.
 boiled up till they
 make an agreeable pud-
 ding.
Sowp, a spoonful, a small
 quantity of any thing
 liquid.
Sowth, to try over a tune
 with a low whistle.
Sowther, solder, to solder,
 to cement.
Spae, to prophesy, to di-
 vine.
Spaul, a limb.
Spairge, to dash, to soil,
 as with mire.
Spaviet, having the spa-
 vin.
Speat or *spate*, a sweep-
 ing torrent, after rain
 or thaw.
Speel, to climb.
- Spence*, the country par-
 lour.
Spier, to ask, to inquire.
Spier't, inquired.
Splatter, a splutter, to
 splutter.
Spleughan, a tobacco-
 pouch.
Splore, a frolic, a noise,
 riot.
Sprattle, to scramble.
Spreckled, spotted, speck-
 led.
Spring, a quick air in
 music, a Scottish reel.
Sprit, a tough-rooted
 plant, something like
 rushes.
Sprittie, full of sprits.
Spunk, fire, mettle, wit.
Spunkie, mettlesome,
 fiery; *will-o'-wisp*, or
ignis fatuus.
Spartle, a stick used in
 making oatmeal pud-
 ding or porridge, a nota-
 ble Scotch dish.
Squad, a crew, a party.
Squatter, to flutter in
 water, as a wild duck,
 &c.
Squattle, to sprawl.
Squeel, a scream, a screech,
 to scream.
Stacher, to stagger.
Stack, a rick of corn,
 hay, &c.
Staggie, the diminutive of
 stag.
Stalwart, strong, stout.
Stant', to stand; *stan't*,
 did stand.
Stane, a stone.
Stank, did stink; a pool
 of standing water.
Stop, stop.
Stark, stout.

- Startle*, to run as cattle stung by the gad-fly.
Staumrel, a blockhead, half-witted.
Staw, did steal, to surfeit.
Stech, to cram the belly.
Stechin, cramming.
Steek, to shut, a stitch.
Steer, to molest, to stir.
Steeve, firm, compacted.
Stell, a still.
Sten, to rear as a horse.
Sten't, reared.
Stents, tribute, dues of any kind.
Stey, steep; *steyest*, steepest.
Stibble, stubble; *stibble-rig*, the reaper in harvest who takes the lead.
Stick an stow, totally, altogether.
Stile, a crutch; to halt, to limp.
Stimpart, the eighth part of a Winchester bushel.
Stirk, a cow or bullock a year old.
Stock, a plant or root of colewort, cabbage, &c.
Stockin, stocking; *throwing the stockin'*, when the bride and bridegroom are put into bed, and the candle out, the former throws a stocking at random among the company, and the person whom it strikes is the next that will be married.
Stoked, made up in shocks as corn.
Stoor, sounding hollow, strong, and hoarse.
- Stot*, an ox.
Stoup, or *stowp*, a kind of jug or dish with a handle.
Stoure, dust, more particularly dust in motion.
Stowlins, by stealth.
Stown, stolen.
Stoyte, stumble.
Strack, did strike.
Strae, straw; *to die a fair strae death*, to die in bed.
Straik, did strike.
Straikit, stroked.
Strappan, tall and handsome,
Straught, straight.
Streck, stretched, to stretch.
Striddle, to straddle.
Stroan, to spout, to piss.
Studdie, an anvil.
Stumpie, dimin. of stump.
Stunt, spirituous liquor of any kind; to walk sturdily.
Stuff, corn or pulse of any kind.
Sturt, trouble; to molest.
Sturtin, frightened.
Sucker, sugar.
Sud, should.
Sugh, the continued rushing noise of wind or water.
Suthron, southern, an old name for the English nation.
Swaird, sword.
Swall'd, swelled.
Swank, stately, jolly.
Swankie, or *swanker*, a tight, strapping young fellow or girl.

Swap, an exchange, to barter.

Swarf, swoon.

Swat, did sweat.

Swatch, a sample.

Swats, drink, good ale.

Sweaten, sweating.

Sweer, lazy, averse; *deadsweer*, extremely averse.

Swoor, swore, did swear.

Swinge, to beat, to whip.

Swirl, a curve, an eddying blast or pool, a knot in wood.

Swirlie, knaggy, full of knots.

Swith, get away.

Swither, to hesitate in choice, an irresolute wavering in choice.

Syne, since, ago, then.

T.

TACKETS, a kind of nails for driving into the heels of shoes.

Tae, a toe; *three-tae'd*, having three prongs.

Tairge, target.

Tak, to take; *takin*, taking.

Tamtallan, the name of a mountain.

Tangle, a sea-weed.

Tap, the top.

Tapetless, heedless, foolish.

Tarrow, to murmur at one's allowance.

Tarrow't, murmured.

Tarry-brecks, a sailor.

Tauld, or *tald*, told.

Taupie, a foolish, thoughtless young person.

Tauted, or *tautie*, matted

together; spoken of hair or wool.

Tawie, that allows itself peaceably to be handled; spoken of a horse, cow, &c.

Teat, a small quantity.

Tedding, spreading after the mower.

Ten-hours-bite, a slight feed to the horses while in the yoke, in the forenoon.

Tent, a field pulpit, heed, caution, take heed.

Tentie, heedful, cautious,

Tentless, heedless.

Teugh, tough.

Thack, thatch; *thack an' rape*, clothing necessaries.

Thae, these.

Thairms, small guts, fiddle-strings.

Thankit, thanked.

Theekit, thatched.

Thegither, together.

Themsel, themselves.

Thick, intimate, familiar.

Thieveless, cold, dry, spited; spoken of a person's demeanour.

Thir, these.

Thirl, to thrill.

Thirled, thrilled, vibrated.

Thole, to suffer, to endure.

Thowe, a thaw, to thaw.

Thowless, slack, lazy.

Thrang, throng, a crowd.

Thrapple, throat, wind-pipe.

Thaw, to sprain, to twist, to contradict.

Thrawin, twisting, &c.

- Thrawn*, sprained, twisted, contradicted, contradiction.
Threap, to maintain by dint of assertion.
Threshin, thrashing.
Threteen, thirteen.
Thristle, thistle.
Through, to go on with, to make out.
Throuther, pell-mell, confusedly.
Thud, to make a loud intermittent noise.
Thumpit, thumped.
Thysel, thysel.
Till't, to it.
Timmer, timber.
Tine, to lose; *tint*, lost.
Tinkler, a tinker.
Tint the gate, lost the way.
Tip, a ram.
Tippence, two-pence.
Tirl, to make a slight noise, to uncover.
Tirlin, uncovering.
Tither, the other.
Tittle, to whisper.
Tittlin, whispering.
Tocher, marriage portion.
Tod, a fox.
Toddle, to totter, like the walk of a child.
Toddlin, tottering.
Toom, empty.
Toop, a ram.
Toun, a hamlet, a farmhouse.
Tout, the blast of a horn or trumpet, to blow a horn, &c.
Tow, a rope.
Towmond, a twelve-month.
Towzie, rough, shaggy.
- Toy*, a very old fashion of female head-dress.
Toyte, to totter like old age.
Transmugrify'd, transmigrated, metamorphosed.
Trashtie, trash.
Trews, trowsers.
Trickie, full of tricks.
Trig, spruce, neat.
Trimly, excellently.
'Trow, to believe.
Trowth, truth, a petty oath.
Trusted, appointed; to *tryste*, to make an appointment.
Try't, tried.
Tug, raw hide, of which in old times plough-traces were frequently made.
Tulzie, a quarrel; to quarrel, to fight.
Twa, two.
Twa-three, a few.
'Twad, it would.
Twal, twelve; *twal-pennie worth*, a small quantity, a penny-worth.
 N. B. *One penny English is 12d. Scotch.*
Twin, to part.
Tyke, a dog.

U.

- UNCO*, strange, uncouth, very, very great, prodigious.
Uncos, news.
Unkenn'd, unknown.
Unsicker, unsure, unsteady.
Unskait'h'd, undamaged, unhurt.

Unweeting, unwitting,
unknowingly.
Upo', upon.
Urchin, a hedge-hog.

V.

VAP'RIN, vapouring.
Vera, very.
Viril, a ring round a column, &c.

W.

WA', wall; *wa's*, walls.
Wabster, a weaver.
Wad, would, to bet, a bet, a pledge.
Wadna, would not.
Wae, woe, sorrowful.
Waesucks! or *waes me!* alas! O the pity.
Waft, the cross thread that goes from the shuttle through the web; woof.
Waifu', wailing.
Wair, to lay out, to expend.
Wale, choice, to choose.
Wal'd, chose, chosen.
Walie, ample, large, jolly; also an interjection of distress.
Wame, the belly.
Wamefu', a belly-full.
Wanchansie, unlucky.
Wanerestfu', restless.
Wark, work.
Wark-lume, a tool to work with.
Warl, or *warld*, world.
Warlock, a wizard.
Warty, worldly, eager on amassing wealth.
Warren, a warrant, to warrant.
Warst, worst.

Warstl'd or *warst'd*, wrestled.
Wastrie, prodigality.
Wat, wet, *I wat*, *I wot*, I know.
Water-brose, brose made of meal and water simply, without the additions of milk, butter, &c.
Wattle, a twig, a wand.
Wauble, to swing, to reel.
Waught, draught.
Waukit, thickened, as fullers do cloth.
Waukrife, not apt to sleep.
Waur, worse, to worst.
Waur't, worsted.
Wean, or *weanie*, a child.
Wearie, or *weary*; *many a wearie body*, many a different person.
Weason, weasand.
Weaving the stocking. See *Throwing the stocking*, p. 523.
Wee, little; *wee things*, little ones; *wee bit*, a small matter.
Weel, well; *weelfare*, welfare.
Weet, rain, wetness.
Weird, fate.
We'se, we shall.
Wha, who.
Whaizle, to wheeze.
Whalpit, whelped.
Whang, a leathern string, a piece of cheese, bread, &c. to give the strap-pado.
Whare, where: *Whare'er*, wherever.
Wheep, to fly nimbly, to

- jerk; *penny-weep*, small beer.
Whase, whose.
Whatreck, nevertheless.
Whid, the motion of a hare, running but not frightened, a lie.
Whidden, running as a hare or coney.
Whigmeleeries, whims, fancies, crotchets.
Whinging, crying, complaining, fretting.
Whirligigums useless ornaments, trifling appendages.
Whistle, a whistle, to whistle.
Whisht, silence: *to hold one's whisht*, to be silent.
Whisk, to sweep, to lash.
Whiskit, lashed.
Whitter, a hearty draught of liquor.
Whun-stane, a whinstone.
Whyles, whiles, sometimes.
Wi', with.
Wick, to strike a stone in an oblique direction, a term in curling.
Wicker, willow (the smaller sort).
Wiel, a small whirlpool.
Wife, a diminutive or endearing term for wife.
Wimple, to meander.
Wimpl't, meandered.
Wimplin, waving, meandering.
Win, to win, to winnow.
Win't, winded, as a bottom of yarn.
Win', wind; *win's*, winds.
- Winna*, will not.
Winnock, a window.
Winsome, hearty, vaunted, gay.
Wintle, a staggering motion; to stagger, to reel.
Winzie, an oath.
Wiss, to wish.
Withoutten, without.
Wizen'd, hide-bound, dried, shrunk.
Wonner, a wonder, a contemptuous appellation.
Wons, dwells.
Woo', wool.
Woo, to court, to make love to.
Woodie, a rope, more properly one made of withs or willows.
Wooser-bab, the garter knotted below the knee with a couple of loops.
Wordy, worthy.
Worset, worsted.
Wow, an exclamation of pleasure or wonder.
Wrack, to tease, to vex.
Wraith, a spirit, a ghost; an apparition exactly like a living person, whose appearance is said to forebode the person's approaching death.
Wrang, wrong, to wrong.
Wreeth, a drifted heap of snow.
Wud-mad, distracted.
Wumble, a wimble.
Wyle, beguile.
Wyliecoat, a flannel vest.
Wyte, blame, to blame.

Y.

YE; this pronoun is frequently used for thou.

Yearns, longs much.

Yearlings, born in the same year, coevals.

Year, is used both for singular and plural years.

Yell, barren, that gives no milk.

Yerk, to lash, to jerk.

Yerkit, jerked, lashed,

Yestreen, yesternight.

Yett, a gate, such as is usually at the entrance into the farm-yard or field.

Yill, ale.

Yird, earth.

Yokin, yoking, a bout.

Yont, beyond.

Yoursel, yourself.

Yowe, an ewe.

Yowie, dimin. of yowe.

Yule, Christmas.

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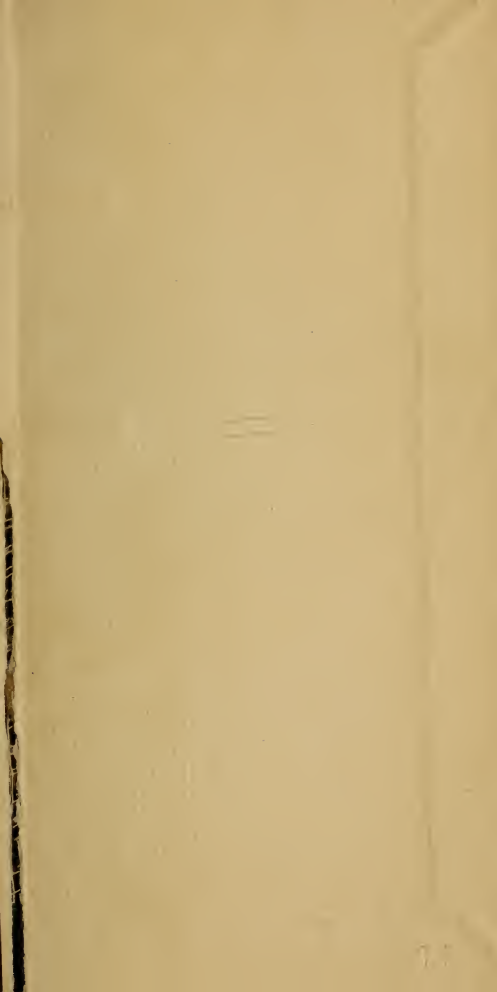
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