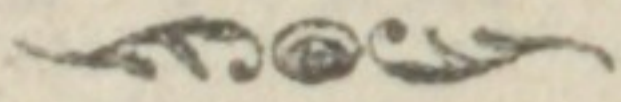


NEW-YEAR'S DAY:

A POEM.



ADVERTISMENT.

Now Nature's chang'd frae warm and green,
 To blirty, cauld, and blae,
 And blythly Scotia's bairns convene
 To haud their Hogmanae.
 The Muse, wha loes to cure the spleen,
 Now tunes a heartsome lay,
 Intent to sing what she has seen,
 And hail the New-Year's Day,
 When Friendship, Love and Joy their pleasing sounds convey.
 The universal joy which pervades this period pervades eyes and ears and joyous hearts.
 The manner in which the festival of New-Year's Day is generally held throughout Scotland is generally held throughout Scotland.



GLASGOW:
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ADVERTISEMENT.

The design of the following Verses is to describe the manner in which the Festival of NEW-YEAR DAY is generally held throughout Scotland.

THE universal joy exhibited at the recurrence of this period, pervades every rank in society, but more especially the lower orders, who have no other general Festival in the year.

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NEW-YEAR'S DAY:

A POEM.

I.

YE Muses nine, O come and see
 Which o' ye a' will cleek wi' me,
 And lend me wings that I may flee,
 And mak' a fraise,
 For a' the poets tell how ye
 Inspire their lays.

II.

To sing in hamely style, O teach me,
 And tak nae prigging, I beseech ye,
 But let my invitation reach ye,
 Frae midst the thrang,
 For troth I canna thole to flecth ye
 Wi' busked sang.

III.

With your assistance I'se begin
 To tell how the New Year comes in,
 With sic a fough and sic a din
 O' clinkan stoups,
 And bodies gaun to see their kin,
 Get monie coups.

VII.

Now little bairnies rake their een,
Wha dream'd o' NEW'R-DAY since yestreen,
And cry to ha'e their brats a' clean

To haud the play,
For tosh and braw they maun be seen
On sic a day.

VIII.

Now rickities and trumpets come,
And a' the streets wi' playocks bum;
Some play the fiddle, some the drum,

Wi' a' their birr:
On stands are monie a Dutch blawflum,
And a's astir.

IX.

But aft as o'er the glaury strawn
The tentless little anes are gaun,
They tumble down, and whan they're faun

Folk rin in cluds,
And loud they screech when they look on
Their dirty duds.

X.

Now folks a dreadfu' havoc play
Amang the Curran-Buns a' day;
Saut roasts and meikle mair they ha'e,

Their kytes to fill,
And thumpin' kebbucks whang'd away
Like a pease-kill.

XI.

Whan friends and neighbours a' about
Are met, and drinking clean-cap-out,
And shaking hands, O! what a rout

O' clatt'ring tongues,
And jaws o' whisky gaun about
To sap the lungs.

XII.

The working lads a' drest like beaus,
 Forget their toils, and cares, and woes;
 Each for his bonnie partner goes,
 And they fu' sweet,
 Impatient wait their trysted joes,
 And blushing meet.

XIII.

With canty social spirit all
 Now join the Fiddle and the Ball.—
 The Scots Reel play'd fu' brisk and baul',
 A' mufic dings,
 Nought cheers and elevates the faul
 Like Highland Springs.

XIV.

O! youngsters, prize the happy hour,
 With youth and love now in your power,
 Unwelcome age your joys will sour,
 When oh, alas!
 Dim ee'd and frail, ye'll tott'rin' cour
 Wi' runkled face.

XV.

O genuine joy! unbought by pence,
 To thee the poor ha'e maist pretence;
 Aft'ner thou dwalls in humble spense
 Than palace bien,
 Whar rich folk buy, at great expense
 The dwams o' spleen.

XVI.

The young anes dance and loup like bucks,
 The auld wives creep near ingle neuks,
 And keeking, tell how new drefs leuks,
 And young folks breedin',
 But rooze auld-fashion'd gowns and cleuks
 As brawest cleedin'.

XVII.

Auld cocks ha'f tipsy, now incline
 Around the bowl or stoup to join,
 And crack o' feats they did langsyne,
 To mem'ry dear,
 While youth and love rush on their min',
 And draw a tear.

XVIII.

E'en totterin' age, lyart and bal',
 Maun hae his youthfu' story taul',
 How he gaed souple, strang and baul'
 Through dib and mire:
 Life's glimmerin' lamp blinks thro' his saul,
 A spunk o' fire.

XIX.

Night o'er the land does darknes pu',
 And troth she has a bonnie view;
 Some are dead-drunk, some roaring fu'
 Wi' mighty splutter;
 And ither some gaun out to spew
 Faun' i' the gutter.

XX.

Now sober folks their doors are steeking,
 Ilk wife her drunken husband seeking,
 Thro' monie a change-house she gaes keeking,
 Right cauld I trow,
 While he at some bien fire sits beeking,
 And roaring fu'.

XXI.

Yet hame he winna come ava,
 But at ilk cronny's door maun ca';
 At his coat-tail his wife will draw,
 And do her best,
 And monie a canker'd name she'll ca'
 Her waefu' pest.

XXII.

Now roaring din has done its best,
 And waens lie skepped i' their nest;
 Doufe folks are a' gane to their rest,
 But ither some
 Drink and stand teuchly to the test
 Till morning come.

XXIII.

Such are the feats of the New Year;
 Folk waste the cash they wan fu' dear,
 For frae the glafs they winna steer,
 But ay they'll suck it,
 Till a' their pouches o' their gear
 Are fairly ruket.

XXIV.

Now' Poet-Laureat I ha'e doon,
 Gie us a flight as heigh's the moon:
 Pour pension'd faul, ye ay maun tune
 To busk and flatter,
 But nae Scots bard, I trust, will croon
 Sic cringing clatter.

