













A COMPLETE

WORD AND PHRASE

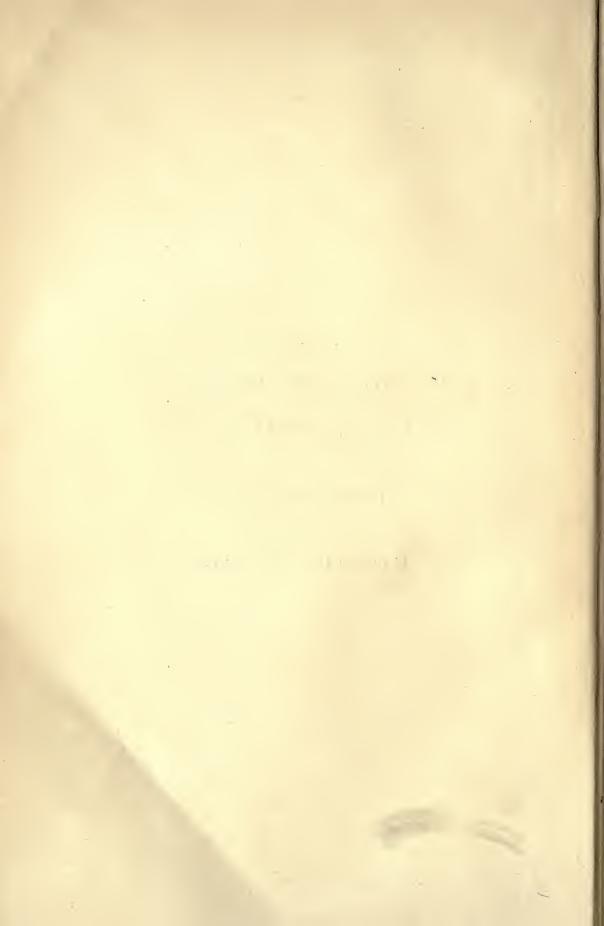
CONCORDANCE

TO THE

POEMS AND SONGS

ΟF

ROBERT BURNS.



A Complete

Word and Phrase

Concordance

to the

Poems and Songs

of

Robert Burns

Incorporating a Glossary of Scotch Words,
With Notes, Index, and Appendix of Readings.

Compiled and Edited by

J. B. Reid, M.A., &c.



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PREFACE.

HAKSPEARE has his Concordance; lesser poets, such as Tennyson and Cowper, have theirs—why not Burns, the National Poet of Scotland? It may be said that Burns is not a voluminous writer; yet there are no fewer than six hundred distinct pieces in his "Poems and Songs;"

and the difficulty of verifying a quotation, finding a phrase, a happy expression, or the exact words of a passage, is further augmented by the hopeless character of the Index to any "Edition" that may be possessed. But, apart from the question of utility, a genius like Burns—wielding with unrivalled power what Ruskin characterises as "the sweetest, richest, subtlest, most musical of all the living dialects of Europe"—is a writer whose every word is deserving of study.

This Concordance claims to be not only a complete Verbal but also a complete Phrase Concordance*—the first instance in which this combination has been attempted. In view of the fact that no poet, except Shakspeare, is more quotable than Burns, the aim has been to give every quotation in sufficient fulness to serve the purpose of the literary man, the public speaker, or the conversationalist. This fulness of the quotations also makes it easy to determine from the context the various shades of meaning in which any word may be used. The Text adopted is that of the First Editions, edited by the Poet himself. Alterations and additions made by the Poet's own hand are embodied in the Work, and explained in an Appendix to which references are given. It has been too much the practice of Editors to improve upon Burns. They have, evidently, been unable to rid themselves of the idea that, although Burns was a genius, he was also a ploughman, and therefore deficient in critical perception. The "Titles" and "First Lines" of the Poems and Songs are given in as extended a form as the exigences of space would permit. They are those with which the Poet headed his pieces; in a few instances only, such popular titles as "My Nannie's Awa," "Wandering Willie," "Tam Glen," etc., have been preferred. The Glossary will be useful to those Scotsmen whose acquaintance with their native tongue has become vague and shadowy, as well as to those who are ignorant of the Scottish language; and, as incorporated, will save some trouble.

This Concordance—done in intervals of other duties during several years past—has been a growing pleasure; that it may add another stone to the cairn which many successive hands have reared in love of ROBERT BURNS is the humble ambition of

THE EDITOR.

^{*} The Concordance contains over 11,400 words, and 52,000 quotations.

EXPLANATIONS AND ABBREVIATIONS.

A complete Index, arranged in Alphabetic order, of all the "Titles" and "First Lines" used in the Concordance, is appended to the Work. "Titles" and "First Lines" not used in the Concordance are also given along with the above; where these occur the lines are slightly indented.

An English numeral after a "Title" or "First Line" indicates the verse, stanza, or division of the poem or song in which the quotation occurs.

Brackets [] enclose any explanatory word or words of the Editor. Words within parentheses () are the Poet's own.

A quotation beginning without a capital letter means that it does not begin with the first word of the line, but shows where the quotation has been cut out. The pointing of the Poet has been preserved at the end of every quotation; and the capitals which occur in the Poet's text retained.

+ indicates that the words which stand before it are a first line or part of a first line.

Add.		•	•	Address.	Lns Lines.
adj				adjective.	P., or P.S Postscript.
adv.				adverb.	pres present tense of the verb.
Ans.				Answer.	pret preterite of the verb.
Ded.				Dedication.	pp perfect participle of the verb.
D				Duan.	R Recitativo.
dim.				diminutive.	[re.] indicates that the word is repeated in
El				Elegy.	the poem or song, in the same or a similar line, or in a similar connection; or, that
Ep				Epistle.	the word, if a proper name, occurs again
Epig.				Epigram.	in the same piece.
Epit.				Epitaph.	S Song.
Extem.				Extempore.	s substantive.
fr				from.	Sp Spoke, Spoken.
Frag.				Fragment.	V., V.s Verse, Verses.
Ib				in the same place.	v See.
inscr.		.,		inscribed.	[v. A. I, &c.] See Appendix, under heading I, &c.
lit				Literally.	Wr Written.



CONCORDANCE

TO THE

POEMS AND SONGS

OF

ROBERT BURNS.

A. First enter'd A, a grave, broad, solemn wight, The Vowels.	But still, but still, I like them dearly—
A' [all]. bonie blossoms a',	God bless them a'l. Ep. to Major Logan. O.
God bless you a'!	But here we're a' in ae accord,
Amang his en'mies a', man A Fragment. 2.	For ilka man that's drunk's a lord S. Gane is the day †
Nae mercy had at a', man;	An' ye drink it a' ye'll find him out
'Up, Willie, waur them a', man!'	May a gae tapsalteerie, O! . S. Green grow the rashes.
'Would I hae fear'd them a', man!'	We're a' noddin, nid nid noddin. S. Gudeen to you, kimmer
till they a' did wauble, Far, far behin'! A Guid New-year † 7. My Pleugh is now thy bairntime a';	How's a' wi' you, Kimmer,
m t tt t	Are they a' Johnny's?
But smash them! crash them a' to spails!	Their stocks maun a' be sought ance:
My funny toil is now a' tint, Add. to Illegit. Child.	They roar an' cry a' throw'ther:
Thro' a' thy childish years I'll e'e thee,	For it was a' but nonsense:
For prey, a' holes an' corners tryin; . Add. to the Deil. 4.	An' ran thro' midden-hole an' a',
gied the infant warld a shog, 'Maist ruin'd a', . 1b. 16.	Set a' their gabs a steerin;
Wad ding a' Lallan tongue, or Erse,	And a' the hills wi' echoes roar, . S. Highland Laddie.
thou hell o' a' diseases, Add. to Toothache.	Sends ane to heaven and ten to hell,
bear'st the bell Amang them a'!	A' for thy glory, . Holy Willie's Prayer. A burnin' an' a shinin' light, To a' this place Ib.
Gie a' the faes o' Scotland's weal	
A towmond's Tooth-Ache!	71 1 1 1 1 1 1
Tho' a' my daily care thou art, And a' my nightly dream, S. Ah, Chloris†	Now a' is done that men can do,
Ye gallants braw, I rede ye a', S. A. Masterton's bonie Anne	And a' is done in vain; S. It was a' for our †
When in my arms, wi' a' thy charms	Love to love mak's a' the sport. S. Jockey fou, and Jenny †
I clasp my countless treasure, O! S. An' I'll kiss thee yet	Weel may we a' be! S. Landlady count †
How's a' the folk about Gl-nc-r; Auld comrade dear t	Not a' the quacks, wi' a' their gumption, Will ever mend her, . Letter to J. Goudie.
God bless them a' wi' grace an' gear	Tho' ye had a' the sun shines on, And the earth conceals sae lowly;
My riches a's my penny-fee, S. Behind you hills t	And the earth conceals sae lowly;
My thoughts are a', my Nanie, O	I wad turn my back on you and it a', S. My Collier Laddie.
	But her tenpund lands o' tocher gude Were a' the charms his Lordship lo'ed.
She draigl't a' her netticoatie	S. My Lord a-hunting †
Comin' thro' the rye S. Comin' thro' the ryet	We're a' dry wi' drinking o't, . S. My love she's but +
Oh Jenny's a' weet, poor body	But Mary she is a' my ain, . S. Now bank and brae t
But a' the lads they lo'e me, and what the waur am I 16.	The merry birds are lovers a', S. Now rosy May t
A night o' gude fellowship sowthers it a';	I sigh'd, and said amang them a', Ye are na Mary Morison. S. O Mary, at thy window †
S. Contented wi' little †	May a' that's gude watch o'er them: S. O may thy morn †
I set mysel, . Death and Dr. Hornbook. 4.	It's a' for the apple he'll nourish the tree;
Bonie was the Lammas moon, Glowrin' a' the hills aboon, S. Duncan Gray.	It's a' for the hiney he'll cherish the bee; S. O meikle thinks my love †
We freely wad exchang'd the wife, An' a' been weel content. Epig. on Henpecked Squire.	An' kissin' my Katie when a' was done.
And a' your views may come to nought,	S. O merry hae I been t
Ep. to Young Friend. 2. I'll no say, men are villains a';	An' a' the lang day I whistle and sing; 1b.
But Och! it hardens a' within,	An exile frae her father's ha', And a' for loving thee; S. O mirk, mirk †
Debar a' side-pretences;	My thoughts are a' bound up in ane, S. O Phely †
Esteeming, and deeming, It a' an idle tale! Ep. to Davie. 6.	Yet poortith a' I could forgive.
There's a' the pleasures o' the heart,	An' 'twere na for my Jeanie S. O poortith cauld †
It heats me, it beets me,	Its pride, and a' the lave o't;
And sets me a' on flame!	To steel a blink by a' unseen; . S. O this is no my ain t
Wi' a' this care and a' this grief, Ep. to H. Parker.	A' for a penny fee, jo? S. O wat ye what my †
Aboon them a' it pleas'd me best, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 3.	I'd feast on beauty a' the night; . S. O were my love yon † Thy bield should be my bosom,
It thirl'd the heart-strings thro' the breast, A' to the life	To share it a', to share it a'. S. O wert thou in the
May fireside discords jar a base	And syne deny'd she did it at a' S. O when she cam' ben't
To a' their parts! . Ep. to Major Logan. 7.	And kissin' a Collier lassie an a'? 16.

A' [all]. O never look down, my lassie, at a', S. O when she cam' ben'	But why should ae man better fare. And a' men brithers! To Dr. Blacklock.
And a' my tears be tears of joy, When he comes hame that's far awa'.	An' if a Devil be at a',
S. Oh, how can I be blythet	In faith he's sure to get him To Gav. Hamilton. This life, sae far's I understand,
The Muse was a' that he took pride in, On Scot. Bard gone to W. Indies.	Is a' enchanted fairy-land,
His faults they a' in Latin lay, . On Mr. Cruickshanks.	' I'll cock my nose aboon them a', To Mr. M'Adam.
Ye'se a' be het or I come back On Kirk of Lamington.	He was a dictionar and grammar
If there's a hole in a' your coats, I rede you tent it: On Grose's Peregrinations.	Amang them a'; To W. Creech.
Abjuring a' intentions evil, I quat my pen: . Poem on Life.	Till echoes a' resound again
They carry the gree frae them a', man. S. Ronalds of Bennals.	Her weel-sung praise To W. Simpson. 6
And a conduct that beautifies a', man	O Nature! a' thy shews and forms To feeling, pensive hearts hae charms! Ib. 14.
My stomach's as proud as them a', man	Her modest demeanor's the jewel of a'.
And wish them in hell for it a', man	S. True-hearted was he †
And ay my Chloris' dearest charm,	In some sma' points, altho' not a'; . V.s to J. Ranken.
She says she lo'es me best of a' S. Sae flaxen were t	The breaking of ae point, tho' sma',
Of a' the thoughtless sons o' man.	Breaks a' thegither
Commen' me to the Bardie clan; . Second Ep. to Davie.	To please us a', I've just ae ither, What ails ye now †
But a' the pride of Spring's return Can yield me nought but sorrow. S. Sweet fa's the eve†	I never can please him, do a' that I can;
Can yield me nought but sorrow. S. Sweet fa's the evet To anger them a' is a pity, S. Tam Glen.	S. What can a young lassie† I'd lay them a' at Jeanie's feet, S. When first I saw†
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious!	
Till roof and rafters a' did dirl	For a' that, and a' that, And twice as meikle's a' that, S. Women's minds.
A' plump and strapping in their teens,	She'll be my ain for a' that
Wi' twa pund Scots ('twas a' her riches),	Ye've lien a' wrang; S. Ye hae lien wrang.
'Na, waur than a'!' cries ilka chiel, Tam Samson's El. 1.	When in his arms he taks me a'; . S. Young Jockeyt
tell your crack Before them a'.	A-back. The third, that gaed a wee a-back, The Holy Fair. 2.
The Author's cry and prayer. 6.	O would they stay aback frae courts, . The Trua Dogs. 26.
An' strive, wi' a' your wit an' lear,	Abandon'd. a hope-abandon'd wight,
But Armour's the jewel for me o' them a'.	Unfitted with an aim, . Despondency, an Ode. 2.
The Belles of Mauchline.	She sunk abandon'd to the wildest woe. On Death of R. Dundas.
Oh wha wad leave this humble state For a' the pride of a' the great? S. The Contented Cottager.	Abash'd. Backward, abash'd to ask thy friendly aid?
He ca't the girrs out o'er us a'; S. The Cooper o' Cuddy †	Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
Does a' his weary kiaugh and care beguile,	ABC. 'Their Latin names as fast he rattles
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5.	As A B C.' Death and Dr. Hornbook. 20.
Does a' his weary carking cares beguile. [v. A. 5] Ib.	Sir Abece the great, In all his pedagogic powers elate, The Vowels.
For a' that, and a' that, [re.] The Election Ballads. II.	Abel. The knife that nicket Abel's craig
The tongue o' the trump to them a';	On Grose's Peregrinations.
head; Fine for a sodger A' the wale o' lead Ib. IV. Quoth I, 'With a' my heart, I'll do't;' The Holy Fair. 6.	Aberfeldy. the birks of Aberfeldy [re.].
For a' the real judges rise,	S. Bonie lassie will ye go † Abhor. Tho' some there be abhor him: S. Come boat me o'er.
Are a' clean out o' season	O Thou whom Poetry abhors, Epig. on E.'s Martial.
Till a' the hills are rairan,	Abhorr'd, thou grim Pow'r, by Life abhorr'd, . To Ruin.
They're a' in famous tune For crack	Abhorrent. Scenes so abhorrent to my heart!
We dare be poor for a' that ! [re.] S. The honest man the best.	Sent to Gent. offended.
He swoor by a' was swearing worth	Abhorring. Wi' wh-re-abhorring rigour; The Ordination, 4.
The Jolly Beggars. R. VI.	Ablde. The deil would ne'er abide her. S. The Joyful Widower.
I've wife eneugh for a' that. [re.] Ib. S. VII.	Sair do I fear that despair maun abide me; S. 'Twas na her bonie blue e'e†
Up and waur them a', Jamie, S. The Laddies by †	Abiegh [at a shy distance].
The bride went to bed wi' the silly bridegroom, In the midst o' her kimmers a' . The last braw bridal †	Towns-bodies ran, an' stood abiegh, A Guid New Year † 8.
Swith to the Laigh Kirk, ane an' a', . The Ordination,	Gart poor Duncan stand abiegh; S. Duncan Gray †
Then up wi't a', my ploughman lad, S. The Ploughman.	
I kent her heart was a' my ain; . S. The Rigs o' Barley.	Abject. poor, o'erlabour'd wight, So abject, mean, and vile, Man was made to Mourn.
That happy night was worth them a', Ib.	Abjuring. Abjuring a' intentions evil,
gin the truth were a' but kent, The Ruined Maid's Lament.	I quat my pen: Poem on Life. Abjuring their democrat doings, The Election Ballads. III.
The Taylor fell thro' the bed, thimble an' a', S. The Taylor fell †	Able. And sev'n braw fellows, stout an' able,
Cut aff his head and a', man The Tree of Liberty.	To serve their King an' Country weel,
Cut aff his head and a', man The Tree of Liberty. She sang a sang o' liberty,	A Ded. to G. H. 14.
Which pleased them ane and a', man Ib.	As able—and as wicked as the Devil Scots Prologue.
An' hear it a', an' fear an' tremble! . The Twa Dogs. 13.	By which heroic Tam was able To note Tam o' Shanter. 11. No tongue then was able their joy to express.
But human bodies are sic fools,	The Poor Thresher.
For a' their colledges an' schools,	I'll act with prudence as far's I'm able,
And a' that she has made o' that,	S. Tho' fickle Fortune †
Is ae poor pund o' tow S. The weary pund.	Ablantan Strangele was ablation
He'll be a credit 'till us a',	Ablution. Strong ale was ablution, Epit. on J. Dove, Innkeeper.
	Aboard. Then heave aboard your grapple airn, A Dream. 13.
And his hair has a natural buckle and a'. S. There's a youth †	Abode. Seeks Science in her coy abode. Add. to Edinburgh. 2.
The Pennie's the jewel that beautifies a'	Taks up its last abode ; Epit. on Holy Willie.
But th' laddie's dear sel he loe's dearest of a' Ib. About them a' ye tak your place, To a Haggis.	Learning and Worth in equal measures trode, From simple Catrine, their long-lov'd abode:
An' set your beauties a' abread! To a Louse.	From simple Catrine, their long-lov'd abode: The Brigs of Ayr. 13.
For a' his meal and a' his maut, S. To daunton me.	For their abode they chuse it; . S. The noble Maxwells †

Abode. Or Death's unlovely, dreary, dark abode?	For Comedy abroad he need na toil,
Why am I loth † Th' abodes of coveyed grouse and timid sheep,	As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in Tam o' Shanter. 7.
Wr. in Kenmore Inn. Aboon [above, up]. a wee bit heap Aboon the timmer;	That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad: The Cotter's Sat. Night. 19.
A Guid New Year † 13.	Whistling his [Combustion's] roaring pack abroad, The Election Ballads. VI.
"You wee white Cot aboon the Mill, . As on the banks † Aboon them a' I loe him better; S. Braw lads on Yar. braes †	Nor from the seat of scornful Pride Casts forth his eyes abroad, The 1st Psalm.
I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee, S. Braw lads of G. water.	Casts forth his eyes abroad, The 1st Psalm. But whalpet some place far abroad, The Twa Dogs.
Bonie was the Lammas moon,	As lightsomely I glowr'd abroad, The Holy Fair. 2.
Aboon them a' it pleas'd me best, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 3.	Absence. Can all the wealth of India's coast, Atone for years in absence lost?
And screw your temper-pins aboon Ep. to Major Logan. 4.	S. Slow spreads the gloom †
coziely, aboon the door,	Sae sad was I, In absence o' my dearie. S. The tither morn t
My pains o' hell on earth are past, I'm sure o' bliss aboon, man. S. O ay my wife she dang.	Absent. When absent from my sailor lad? S. How can my poor heart;
Gude ale keeps my heart aboon [re.] O gude ale comes †	And oh, her widow'd heart is sair,
Within you chariot gilt aboon S. O Mally's meek.	That's absent frae her dearie. S. How lang and dreary † The absent lover, minor heir,
The powers aboon will tent thee, S. O saw ye bonie Lesley† May powers aboon unite you soon, On Willie Chalmers.	In vain assail him with their prayer, Sketch. New-Yr's Day.
His heart will never get aboon! Poor Mailie's El.	But hear their absent thoughts o' ither, The Twa Dogs. 33.
And near the thorn, aboon the well,	Absolute. I find that contentment's an absolute feast, The Poor Thresher.
Whare Mungo's mither hang'd hersel. Tam o' Shanter. 10. A' ye douce folk I've borne aboon the broo,	Absolutely. For absolutely in my breast
The Brigs of Ayr. 9.	She reigns without control. S. Handsome Nell. Absorbent. Their hearts, no selfish stern absorbent stuff,
though his brow be beld aboon, S. The cardin' o't. Aboon distress, below envy, . S. The contented Cottager.	Abstraction.
Aboon distress, below envy, . S. The contented Cottager. Aboon the plain sae rashy, O, S. The Highland Lassie.	But truce with abstraction, and truce with a muse,
But an honest man's aboon his might.	Fragment, inscr. to Fox.
S. The honest man the best. the kebars sheuk, Aboon the chorus roar;	Abuse. Thence, mystic knots mak great abuse, On Young-Guidmen, fond, keen, an' crouse;
The Jolly Beggars. R. II.	On Young-Guidmen, fond, keen, an' crouse; Add. to the Deil. 11.
It raises man aboon the brute, . The Tree of Liberty.	And even th' abuse of poesy abused! Ep. fr. Esopus to Maria. Abuse o' Magistrates might weel be spar'd;
But ay a heart aboon them a' [misfortunes]; S. There was a lad†	The Brigs of Ayr. 10.
Aboon them a' ye tak your place, To a Haggis.	Abuse, to. Abuse a Brother to his back; A Ded. to G. H. S.
And ev'ry star that blinks aboon, To J. S. I'll cock my nose aboon them a', To Mr. M'Adam.	Though I maun own, as monie still, As far abuse me Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 16.
Ramsay an' famous Ferguson	Abused,—'d,—'t. Which I in just proportion have abused,
Gied Forth an' Tay a lift aboon; To W. Simpson.	Tragic Frag. Till aft his guidness is abus'd; A Ded. to G. H. 5.
But there is an aboon the lave, S. Women's Minds. Abortion. From mildews of abortion; . Nature's Law.	I, ance, was abus'd i' the kirk,. The Jolly Beggars. S. iii.
Abound. And still the more and more they drank,	mony scores as guid's the priest Wha sae abus't him. To Rev. J. M'Math.
Their joy did more abound. John Barleycorn. About. At length we had a hearty yokin,	Abusin'. Abusin' me for harsh ill nature On holy men,
At sang about. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 2.	Third Ep. to J. Lap. Accent. But, Delia, more delightful still
But Rab slips out, an' jinks about,	Steal thine accents on mine ear Delia, an Ode.
How lang ye look about ye. S. Here's to thy health	With accents wild and lifted arms she cried; On Death of Sir J. Blair.
Above. Who would set the Mob above the throne,	'Those accents, grateful to thy tongue, The Vision, D. ii. 16.
S. Does haughty Gaul† Above the world on wings of love I rise, In vain wld Prudence†	Accept. Will Ye accept a Compliment,
O Thou dread Pow'r, who reign'st above!	A simple Bardie gies Ye? A Dream. 9. "Accept this tribute from the Bard. Lament for Glencairn.
While joys above my mind can move, O thou dread Pow'r† S. The day returns†	Now hear our pray'r, accept our song, . New Psalmody.
Beneath th' Omniscient Eye above, The farewell to St. I.'s I.	Accept this mark of friendship, warm, sincere, Once fondly lov'd†
The oft-attested Powers above; The Lament, 3.	But accept it, good sir, as a mark of regard,
And I'll place it in her breast, and I'll swear by a' above, S. The Posie.	Poet. Add. to Tytler. Accept a Bardie's gratefu' thanks! . Scotch Drink. 18
Abram. Is he to Abra'm's bosom gane? S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. Grose†	Accept the gift; tho' humble he who gives, To Miss Graham.
How Abram was the Friend of God on high;	God won't accept your thanks for murther l V. on Nat. Thanks.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 14. When the bloody die was cast on the heights of Abram;	Accept the gift a friend sincere Wad on thy worth be pressin'; V.s under Grief.
The Jolly Beggars. S. i.	Acclaim. by a generous Public's kind acclaim,
Abread [abroad, in sight].	Accomplish'd. that which laid th' accomplish'd Burnet low.
An' set your beauties a' abread! To a Louse. A-breaking. My heart is a-breaking, dear titty.	El. on late Miss Burnet.
Abreed [in breadth].	Accord. But here we're a' in ae accord, S. Gane is the day †
An'spread abreed thy weel-fill'd brisket, A Guid New Year 12.	Accord, to. To you [wastes, cliffs] I fly, ye with my soul accord.
A-brewing. To meddle wi' mischief a-brewing;	El. on late Miss Burnet.
Abridge. But, G-d-sake! let nae saving-fit	Accorded. For boons accorded, goodness ever new, To R. Graham.
Abridge your bonie Barges	Account. Lord, to account who dares Thee call,
Abroad. Look abroad through Nature's range,	On Com. Goldie's brains. And call the trembling vowels to account The Vowels.
S. Let not womant	Accustom'd. They're sae accustom'd wi' the sight,
Tho', by the bye, abroad why will you roam? Prologue, at Th., D.	The view o't gies them little fright. The Twa Dogs. 15

Ace. Till the Diamond's Ace, of Indian race, Led him a sair faux pas, man: . A Fragment. 7.	Add. Will time, amus'd with proverb'd lore, Add to our date one minute more?
The ace an' wale of honest men; Auld comrade dear	Sketch, New-Yr's Day.
But tent me, Davie, Ace o' Hearts! . Ep. to Davie. 8.	Nor ever sorrow add one silver hair! . Blest be M'Murdo †
A-chasing. My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;	But to my heart I'll add my hand, . S. Where Cart rins †
S. My heart's in the Highlands †	Added. And ev'ry time has added proofs, That man was made to mourn.
Ache. But for their sake my heart doth ache, S. The sun he is sunk †	Man was made to Mourn. 3.
Achieve. feats like Squire Billy's you ne'er can achieve 'em.	This sting is added—" Blame thy foolish self!" Remorse, a Frag.
Fragment, inscr. to Fox. Aching. Well thou know'st my aching heart,	Address. The frank address, the soft caress, O leave novels †
S. Can'st thou leave me thus t	The frank address, and politesse, Are all finesse Ib.
In naked feeling, and in aching pride, To R.G. of F. 3.	Address, to. She'll gie ye a beck, and bid ye light, And handsomely address ye.
Achmacalla. 'That liv'd in Achmacalla: Halloween. 16.	The Tarbolton Lasses.
Acquaint. 'He's grown sae weel acquaint wi' Buchan, Death and Dr. Hornbook, 14.	Address'd, -st. When thus the Caird address'd her The Jolly Beggars, R. VI.
when we were first acquaint, . S. John Anderson, my jo †	That some kind husband had addrest,
Acquaintance. An' next, my auld acquaintance, Nancy, Auld comrade deart	To some sweet wife: Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 3. Adieu. Adieu, my Liege! A Dream. 8.
Of lordly acquaintance you boast, . On empty Fellow.	Adieu, dear, amiable Youth! . Ep. to Young Friend. 11.
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,	And gae his bridle reins a shake,
S. Should auld acquaintance † Acquainted. An' faith, we'se be acquainted better	With, adieu for evermore, S. It was a' for t Now a sad and last adieu S. Scenes of woet
Before we part. $Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 19.$	Bowers adieu! where love decoying, First enthrall'd . Ib.
Acquiesce. Then let us chearfu' acquiesce; Ep. to Davie. 7.	Adieu too, to you too,
Acquirements. Whose parts and acquirements seem mere lucky hits;	My Smith, my bosom frien'; The Farewell. Thee Hamilton and Aiken dear, A grateful, warm adieu! 1b.
Fragment, inscr. to Fox.	Adieu! a heart-warm, fond adieu! The Farewell to St. J.'s L.
Acre. O gie me the lass that has acres o' charms,	Sorrowing joy, adieu's last action, To a Kiss.
S. Awa' wi' your witchcraft † A farm of full forty good acres of land S. The Poor Thresher.	Since thou, in all thy youth and charms, Must bid the world adieu, To Chloris.
His acre's till'd, he's right eneugh; . The Twa Dogs. 30.	Adjust. Then at the balance let's be mute.
Acre-braid [acre-broad].	We never can adjust it; . Add. to Unco Guid. Adjust the unimpair'd machine, Sketch, New-Yr's Day.
In vain the burns cam down like waters, An acre-braid! Tam Samson's El. 9.	Adjusted. If Self the wavering balance shake,
Act. Sure Thou, Almighty, canst not act	It's rarely right adjusted! Et. to Young Friend, 7.
From cruelty or wrath! A Prayer under Anguish.	Adjutant. The adjutant o' a' the core, Willie's awa!
He bade me act a manly part, Though I had ne'er a farthing, O;	Adle [foul putrid water].
S. My father was a farmer †	Then lug out your ladle, deal brimstone like adle, The Kirk's Alarm.
That feeling heart but acts a part, . O leave novels † I'll act with prudence as far's I'm able, S. Tho' fickle Fortune †	Admiration. The charms o' the min', the langer they shine
Loves and graces all rejected,	The mair admiration they draw, Ronalds of Bennals.
Then indeed thou'dst act a part To Miss Fontenelle.	Which even the Rights of Kings in low prostration
Who act so counter Heavenly Mercy's plan? Why am I loth †	Which even the Rights of Kings in low prostration Most humbly own—'tis dear, dear admiration!
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Adore. The deities that I adore, Are social Peace and Plenty,	Advice, They hoy't out Will, wi' sair advice; Halloween. 23.
Lns on windows, Gl. Tav.	But Tibbie, lass, tak' my advice: S. O Tibbie, I hae † sae wise, As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice!
Or nations to adore you, O, . S. My father was a farmer	Tam o' Shanter. 3.
But I adore my Mary's heart S. My Mary's face † The hearts of men adore thee. S. O saw ye bonic Lesley †	How mony lengthen'd sage advices, The husband frae the wife despises!
For why? that God the good adore	Had I to guid advice but harket, The Vision, D.I. 5.
Hath giv'n them peace and rest, The 1st Psalm.	Dear —, I'll gie ye some advice, To a Painter.
This, all its source and end to draw, That to adore. [v. A. 4] The Vision.	Advise. To sum up all, be merry, I advise; Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
The noblest breast adores them maist, . S. Women's Minds.	Gin ye will advise me to marry
Adore the rising sun, S. Ye Jacobites by name †	The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen S. Tam Glen.
Adored, -'d. But, had I in my glory been, He, kneeling, wad ador'd me.	Advisement. Of gude advisement comes nae ill. S. In simmer when t
The Petition of Br. Water.	Adviser. And may ye better reck the rede,
Those accents, grateful to thy tongue, Th' adored Name, The Vision. D. II. 16.	Than ever did th' Adviser! Ep. to Young Friend. 11. A-dying. The Devil got notice that Grose was a-dying,
Adoring. Fair B- strikes th' adoring eye,	Epig. on Capt. Grose.
Add. to Edinburgh. 4. By all on high adoring mortals know! To Clarinda.	Ae [one]. Than did ae day A Dream. 4.
Adorn. Thy Daughters bright thy walks adorn,	Ae night, at tea, began a plea,
Add. to Edinburgh. 4.	Ae night the storm the steeples rocked, A Winter Night. 2.
When they wha wad hae starv'd thy life Thy senseless turf adorn! Extem. on Commem. s of Thomson.	Ae dreary, windy, winter night, Add. to the Deil. 7.
A fairer than either adorns the green vallies,	Ae bonie simmer morn I stray'd As on the banks
How pleasant the banks † And Man, whose heav'n-erected face,	In ae constellation shine; S. Bonie wee thing † An awfu' scythe, out-owre ae shouther,
The smiles of love adorn, . Man was made to Mourn.	Death and Dr. Hornbook. 6.
The snaw-drap and primrose our woodlands adorn,	The ae best fellow e'er was born! . El. on Capt. M. H. 2.
S. My Nanie's awa'. When flow'ry May adorns the scene, S. On Cessnock banks †	There was ae sang, amang the rest,
Let husky Wheat the haughs adorn, . Scotch Drink, 3.	Aboon them a' it pleas'd me best, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 3. Gie me ae spark o' Nature's fire, 1b. 13.
A sprig her fair breast to adorn; Spoke extem. to yng Lady.	Gie me ae spark o' Nature's fire, 16. 13. But gif ye want ae friend that's true,
kind connubial Dear Your But-and-ben adorns, . The Calf.	I'm on your list
Here's an honest conscience Might a prince adorn; The Election Ballads, IV.	There's ae wee faut they whiles lay to me,
Let fragrant birks, in woodbines drest,	We'se gie ae night's discharge to care,
My craggy cliffs adorn; . The Petition of Br. Water.	But here we're a' in ae accord, S. Gane is the day
thy rays adorn The faintly-marked distant hill: The Lament. Adorns the histie stibble-field, . To a Mountain-Daisy.	Ae Hairst afore the Sherra-moor,
Adorn'd. Saw him in shootin' graith adorn'd,	I am my mammy's ae hairn, S. I'm o'er young
Tam Samson's El. 8.	Ae blink o' him I wadna gie For Buskie-glen and a' his gear S. In simmer when
Adorning. When past the show'r, and ev'ry flow'r The garden is adorning: . S. Lovely Davies.	Ae day, as Death, that grusome carl, Lns add. to J. Ranken.
Nature gladdening and adorning; S. Sleep'st thou, or wak'st †	Without, at least, ae honest man,
Love's the cloudless summer sun,	To grace this damn'd infernal clan
Nature gay adorning S. Thine am I† Young Fancy's rays the hills adorning! To J. S. 15.	Lns on a Ploughman
With early gems adorning S. Young Peggy †	True it is, she had one failing, Had ae woman ever less? Lns under Pict. of Miss Burns.
Adown. Adown a corn-inclosed bawk, S. A Rosebud by my t	O let me in this ae night,
The stream adown its hazelly path, A Vision.	This ae, ae, ae night; For pity's sake, this ae night, S. O lassie art thou sleep.
Adown my beard the slavers trickle! . Add. to Toothache. Adown winding Nith I did wander, S. Adown winding Nith †	
The shrinking bard adown an alley skulks,	I tell you now this ae night, And ance for a' this ae night
Ep. fr. Esopus to Maria.	Ne'er break your heart for ae rebute, . S. O steer her up to As he frae Ayr ae night did canter, . Tam o' Shanter. 2.
Adown her neck and bosom hing; S. Her flowing locks† Adown the glittering stream they featly danc'd;	As he had Ayr as hight did canter,
The Brigs of Ayr. 11.	Ae market-night, Tam had got planted unco right; . 1b. 5.
Adown my cheeks the pearls ran, The Jolly Beggars. S. IV.	For ae blink o' the bonie burdies!
Yet green the juicy Hawthorn grows, Adown the glade The Vision. D. II. 20.	There was ae winsome wench and wawlie,
Adown some trottin burn's meander, . To W. Simpson. 15.	first ae caper, syne anither,
At noon the fisher seeks the glen,	Ae social, honest man want we: . Tam Samson's El. 14.
Adown the burn to steer, my jo: . S. When o'er the hill † Adria. A flight of bold eagles from Adria's strand;	Ae night, within the ancient brugh of Ayr, The Brigs of Ayr. 3.
S. Caledonia.	Was ae day nibbling on the tether, The Death &c. of Mailie.
Adrift. 'Gie me o' wit an' sense a lift, 'Then turn me, if Thou please adrift,	But the ae best dance e'er cam' to the Land, Was the deil's awa' wi' th' Exciseman.
Ep. to [. L-k, Ap. 21st, 13.	S. The deil cam' fiddlin't
A-dryin. And hing our fiddles up to sleep, Like baby-clouts a-dryin: . The Ordination. 7.	Our lads gaed a hunting, ae day at the dawn, S. The heather was blooming
Advance. in his [Want's] grim advances, A Ded. to G. H. 16.	Ae auld wheel barrow, mair for token,
Advance, to. As Youth and Love with sprightly dance,	Ae leg an' baith the trams are broken; The Inventory.
Beneath thy morning star advance, Wr. in Friars-Carse H.	Ae night at e'en
Advanc'd. A venerable Chief advanc'd in years;	The Trua Dogs. 32
The Brigs of Ayr. 13. Advancing. seasons dancing, life advancing, S. Bonie Bell.	And a' that she has made o' that, Is ae poor pund o' tow S. The weary pund †
Adverse. wayward fortune's adverse hand	Ae day as the carle gaed up the lang glen, S. There liv'd ance a carle
S. The Banks of Nith.	S. There liv'd ance a carle
(Nature is adverse to a cripple's rest); . To R. G. of F. 1.	a tale o' love Ae ev'ning on the lily lea? S. There was a lass †

Ae [one]. And ae bonnie lassie, his darling and mine.	I'd gie my shoon frae off my feet,
S. There's auld Rob M.† Just ae hauf muchkin does me prime, There's naethin' like†	To taste sic fruit, I swear, man. The Tree of Liberty May a' pack aff The Twa Herds. 17
I mean your ingle-side to guard	Nor kick your rickles aff their legs, Third Ep. to J. Lap
Ae winter night Third Ep. to J. Lap. But why should as man better fare	"You shou'd remember To cut it aff, an' whatfore no,
But why should ae man better fare, And a' men brithers! To Dr. Blacklock.	What ails ye now Trifled aff till she's grown auld, S. Will ye go and marry
I get it no ae day in ten	Affair. Somebody tells the Poacher-Court,
An' stay ae month amang the Moons To W. Simpson, P.S. Ae kind blink before we part; S. Turn again, thou fair †	The hale affair
Ae sweet smile on me bestow	The Author's cry and prayer
gin I fa', Ae way or ither, The breaking of ae point, tho' sma'	To mind the Kirk and State affairs; . The Twa Dogs. 18. Affected. Who calls thee, pert, affected, vain coquette,
Breaks a thegither	Ep. fr. Esopus to Maria.
"To please us a', I've just ae ither, . What ails ye now! Ae look deprived me o' my heart, . S. When first I saw!	awkward, stiff, affected, Spurning nature, torturing art; To Miss Fontenelle.
Ae look deprived me o' my heart, . S. When first I saw† Ae limpin leg a hand-breed shorter; . S. Willie Wastle†	Affection. In loyal, true affection, A Dream. 8.
This ae thing I hae to tell, . S. Will ye go and marry t	From friendship and dearest affection removed;
Aerial. 'Know, the great Genins of this Land, 'Has many a light, arial band, The Vision. D. II. 3.	She steals our affections awa, man. Ronalds of Bennals.
Aesop. Like Aesop's Lion, Burns says, sore I feel	Humid seal of soft affections, To a Kiss.
All others' scorn—but damn that ass's heel. Reply to a Reproof.	What words can ever speak affection So thrilling and sincere as thine!
Afar. Thy rough, rude Fortress gleams afar;	In mutual affection to join, To Mary.
Add. to Edinburgh. 5. I see her wave thy towering plumes afar,	Aff han' [off-hand, at once].
Ep. from Esopus to Maria.	Ay free, aff han', your story tell, . Ep. to Young Friend. 5. An' wad hae done't aff han': To Gav. Hamilton.
Ere ye toss me afar from my lov'd native shore; Lament on leaving Nat. Land.	Aff-hand [off-hand]. And marriage aff-hand,
The shouts o' war are heard afar, S. My bonie Mary.	S. Last May a braw wooert
That like a deathful meteor gleam'd afar, On Death of Sir J. Blair.	turn a Carpet-weaver Aff-hand this day. The Ordination. 9. Affirm'd. This was deny'd, it was affirm'd;
an ancient nation fam'd afar, Prologue sp. by Woods.	To W. Simpson. P.S.
For your poor friend, the Bard afar,	Afflicted. But if I must afflicted be, To suit some wise design;
He only hears and sees the war, The Election Ballads. VI. What makes heroic strife, fam'd afar.	A Prayer under Anguish.
What makes heroic strife, fam'd afar, S. Ye facobites by name†	Affliction. 'Affliction's sons are brothers in distress; A Winter Night. 9.
Aff [off]. Aff straught to H—ll Add. to the Deil. 14. She dirl'd them aff fu' clearly, O . S. Amang the trees †	I see the children of affliction, Unaided through thy curs'd restriction;
"And stript the claeding aff your braes As on the banks	Lns back of Bank Note.
Horn sent her aff to her lang hame,	Scotland an' me's in great affliction,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 28. Aff she started in a fright, S. Donald Brodie.	The Author's cry and prayer. Aff-loof [off-hand, extemporaneously].
Tak thou the Carlin's carcase aff.	But I shall scribble down some blether
Thou'se get the saul o' boot. Epig. on Henpecked Squire. While caps an' bonnets aff are taen,	Just clean aff-loof Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 7. Afford. The soupe their only Hawkie does afford,
As by he walks? $Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 12.$	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11.
But your curst wit, when it comes near it, Rives't aff their back. Ep. to J. R. 3.	And wi' the beggar shares a mite O' a' he can afford, man The Tree of Liberty.
Poor hav'rel Will fell aff the drift, Halloween. 4.	And thou grim Pow'r, by Life abhorr'd,
Till skin in blypes cam haurlin Aff's neives	While Life a pleasure can afford, To Ruin. Affright. Or guilt affrights thy contemplation, The Hermit.
Hadst thou taen aff some drowsy bummle,	Affrighted. startling half awake, Away affrighted springs.
On Scot. Bard gone to W. Indies.	S. On a bank of flowers† Affront. 'So dinna ye affront your trade,
Forbye, he'll shape you aff fu' gleg The cut of Adam's philibeg; On Grose's Peregrinations.	Ep. to J , $L-k$, Ap. 21st. 4.
She eyes her freehorn, martial boys, Tak aff their whisky. The Author's cry and prayer, P.S.	Affronted. An' dinna, for a kebbuck-heel, Let lasses be affronted
Till skelp—a shot—they're aff, a' throw 'ther, Ib.	On sic a day! The Holy Fair. 25.
Freedom and Whisky gang thegither,	A-fiel [a-field]. At hame, a-fiel, at wark or leisure, Second Ep. to Davie.
Tak aff your dram!	A field. By night, by day, a field, at hame,
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,	S. O were I on Parnassus † Afore [before]. Ae Hairst afore the Sherra-moor,
Frae aff its thorny tree; S. The Banks of Doon. Gifted by black Jock	Halloween. 15.
To get them aff his hands. The Election Ballads. IV.	And no for ony guid or ill They've done afore thee! . Holy Willie's prayer.
Wi' bonnet aff, quoth I, "Sweet lass, . The Holy Fair. 4.	That I am here afore thy sight, 1b.
An' aff the godly pour in thrangs,	So, took a birth afore the mast, On Scot. Bard gone to W. Indies.
An' aff, an' up the Cowgate Fast, fast 1b. 16.	I have four brutes o' gallant mettle,
He'll screed you aff Effectual Calling, As fast as ony in the dwelling The Inventory.	As ever drew afore a pettle. My Lan' afore's a gude auld has been, The Inventory.
Haud aff your hands, young man, said she,	Foreby a Cowt, o' Cowts the wale, As ever ran afore a tail,
S. The lass that made the bed. Then aff to B—gb—'s in a raw,	And sairly thole their mither's ban,
An' pour divine libations The Ordination. 1.	Afore the howdy What ails ye now † Afraid. Why shrinks my soul half blushing, half afraid,
An' touch it aff wi' vigour,	Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
Now there, they're packed aff to h—ll,	While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 7.
Cut aff his head and a', man . The Tree of Liberty.	No more I shrink appall'd afraid:

Afresh. These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,	How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills,
S. The gloomy night †	S. Afton Water.
Afric. Afric's burning zone, S. Now Spring has cladt	Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides, Ib.
savages From Afric's burning sun, . On Miss J. Lewars.	Afton's Laird, Afton's Laird, P.S. to "The Kirk's Alarm."
This fruit is worth a' Afric's wealth, The Tree of Liberty.	trusty auld worthy Clackleith, Afton's Laird, Ib.
Afright. Or if I slumber, Fancy, chief,	Again. An somebodie were come again,
Reigns, haggard-wild, in sore afright: . The Lament.	Then somebodie maun cross the main, S. Carl, an the king come.
Aft. The Fiddler rak'd her, fore and aft, The Jolly Beggars, R. VII.	My warst word is, "Welcome, and welcome again!"
Aft [oft]. Till aft his guidness is abus'd; A Ded. to G. H. 5.	S. Contented wi' little †
Vet aft a ragged Cowte's been known.	A man may kiss a honie lass,
To mak a noble Aiver; , . A Dream. 11.	And ay be welcome back again. S. Duncan Davison.
A C . 1 T C	The beast again can bear us baith, S. Duncan Gray.
Aft thee an 1, in aught nours gaun, A Gun New year 11. Aft 'yont the dyke she's heard you bumman, Add. to the Deil. 6.	What ye'll ne'er ha'e to gi'e again El. on Year 1788.
An' aft your moss-traversing Spunkies	But pennyworths again is fair, Ep. to J. R. 13.
Decoy the wight that late an' drunk is: Ib. 13.	My horny fist assume the plough again; Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
'Till daft mankind aft dance a reel	You have my choicest model ta'en, How shall I make a fool again? Epit. on W—.
In gore a shoe-thick; Add. to Toothache.	Thou's welcome again to thy ain Jock Rab. S. Eppie M'Nab.
(what's aft mair than a' the lave) . Add. to Unco Guid. 3.	I've dar'd his face, and in this place
His cheek to hers he aft did lay, . S. As down the burn †	I scorn him yet again! . S. Farewell, ye dungeons †
If I had twenty thousand lives, I'd die as aft for Charlie S. Come boat me o'er†	Till Revenge, wi' laurell'd head
Alas! how aft, in haughty mood,	Bring our Banish'd hame again; S. Frae the friends †
God's creatures they oppress! Ep. to Davie, 6.	An' I'll ne'er lift a lawless l-g Again upon her Holy Willie's Prayer.
An' aft my wife she bang'd me, S. O ay my wife she dang	And by you garden green again; S. I'll ay ca' in by †
Let witless, trusting woman say	And see my bonie Jean again
How aft her fate's the same, jo. S. O Lassie, art thou sleeping †	What brings me back the gate again,
Aft has he doud!'d me upon his knee; S. O whare did ye get †	And stownlin's we sall meet again
S. O whare did ye get †	O haith, she's doubly dear again!
roor man the me, att bizzes bye,	But if you come this gate again
And aft as chance he comes thee nigh, Thy auld damned elbow yeuks wi' joy, Poem on Life.	I'll aulder be gin simmer, Sir S. I'm o'er young †
And och! o'er aft thy joes hae starv'd, P. on Pastor. Poetry	But I hae parted frae my Love, Never to meet again, S. It was a' for our t
On thee aft Scotland chows her cood, . Scotch Drink, 4.	Never to meet again, S. It was a' for our † John Barleycorn got up again, John Barleycorn.
Aft, clad in massy, siller weed,	But far better days I trust will come again;
Wi' Gentles thou erects thy head;	S. Lady Mary Ann.
Aft hae I rov'd by bonie Doon, . S. The Banks of Doon.	Again ye'll charm the ear and e'e;
And aft he's prest, and aft he ca's it guid;	But nocht in all-revolving time Can gladness bring again to me. Lament for Glencairn.
The Cotter's Sat. Night, 11. That aft has borne me hame frae Killie, . The Inventory.	Can gladness bring again to me. Lament for Glencairn. And at night she'll return to her nest back again.
But O[liphant] aft made her [Common-sense] yell,	Lns on a Ploughman.
The Ordination.	I'll never see him back again.
Fu' aft at e'en S. The tither morn †	O for him back again . S. My Harry was a † Spirits kind, again attend me, S. Musing on the roaring †
That aft ha'e made us black and blae, S. The Twa Herds, 12.	Spirits kind, again attend me, S. Musing on the roaring † Gae back the gate ye cam' again, S. O can ye labour lea †
The best laid schemes o' Mice an' Men,	An' come to my arms and kiss me again! S. O merry hae I†
Gang aft agley,	And blest be the day I did it again Ib.
Where glorious Wallace Aft bure the gree, To W. Simpson. 10.	That we may brag we hae a lass,
Bout which our herds sae aft hae been	There's nane again sae bonie. S. O saw ye bonie Lesley †
Maist like to fight	Again, again that tender part, That I may catch thy melting art! S. O stay, sweet warbling †
trysting thorn, Where Nancy aft I courted: S. When wild War's †	
pledging aft to meet again,	Wha will kiss me o'er again? . S. O wha my babie-clouts? Never to rise again, Oh! . S. Oh, open the door?
S. Ye banks and braes and streams	To run the twelvemonth's length again:
those rosy lips I aft ha'e kiss'd sae fondly! Ib.	Sketch, New-Yr's Day.
Aften [often]. Spare't for their sakes wha aften wear it, Ep. to J. R. 3.	Or R[obinson] again grown weel,
Lament 'im Mauchline husbands a',	To preach an' read? Tam Samson's El. I.
He aften did assist ye; . Epit. on Wag in Mauchline.	Again ye'll flourish fresh and fair; S. The Catrine woods † Again ye'll charm the vocal air. S. Ib.
The man wha boasts o' warld's wealth, Is aften laird o' meikle care; . S. Now bank and brae†	
How aften didst thou pledge and vow,	if e'er again he keep As muckle gear as buy a sheep, The Death, &c., oj Mailie.
Thou wou'dst for ay be mine; . S. O mirk, mirk †	I'll try him yet again The Election Ballads. I.
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led; . S. Scots, wha ha'e †	Again Thou say'st, 'Ye sons of men,
An' aften labour them completely The Inventory.	'Return ye into nought!' . The 1st b Vs. of 90th Ps.
He's aften wat and weary: S. The Ploughman.	Scenes, if in stupor I forget, Again I feel, again I burn! The Lament. 10.
I've aften wonder'd, honest Luath. What sort o' life poor dogs like you have; The Twa Dogs. 7.	I kiss'd her owre and owre again,
Sic game is now owre aften played;	S. The lass that made the bed.
Till curst with Age, obscure an' starvin',	I kiss'd her owre and owre again, The Rigs o' Barley.
They aften groan To J. S. 19.	Gie me the groat again, cany young man, S. The Taylor fell†
Aftentimes [oftentimes].	There's some that are dowie, I trow wad be fain
Beneath the woods and rocks, aftentimes for a home, The Jolly Beggars. S. I.	To see the bit Taylor come skippin again Ib.
After. As fill'd his after life wi' grief What ails ye now †	Age. Yet here to crazy Age we're brought, A Guid New-Year † 16.
Afternoon. Some wait the afternoon. The Holy Fair. 26.	nae kindly thowe Shall melt the snaws of age;
When wearing thro' the afternoon, . The Twa Dogs.	S. But lately seen †
Afton. Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,	Oh! age has weary days!
S. Afton Water.	The fears all, the tears all,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream 1h	Of dim declining Age! . Despondency, an Ode, 5.

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Age. Auld age ne'er mind a feg; Ep. to Davie. 2.	Ahint [behind]. May Hornie gie her doup a clink Ahint his yett, Adam A—'s Prayer,
They [Misfortunes] gie the Wit of Age to Youth; . Ib. 7. The friend of age, and guide of youth: . Epit. on a Friend.	A-hunting. My Lord a-hunting he is gane.
My age's future shade S. Fate gave the word †	S. My Lord a-hunting †
He faded into age; John Barleycorn.	Ai. And flagrant from the scourge he grunted, ai! The Vowels.
the palsied arm of tottering, powerless age Liberty.	Aiblins, Ablins. And aiblins ane been better A Dream. 3. Might aiblins waur't thee for a brattle; A Guid New-year † 10.
Age and Want, Oh! ill-match'd pair! Man was made to mourn.	Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—
The frost of hermit age might warm; S. My Mary's face †	Still hae a stake Add. to the Deil. 21.
An' fill auld-age wi' grips an' granes; . The Twa Dogs. 29.	Ye're aiblins nae temptation Add. to Unco Guid. 6.
curst with Age, obscure an' starvin, To J. S. 19.	She'll aihlins listen to my vow; S. I gaed a waefu't
Low-sunk in squalid, unprotected age, . To R. G. of F. 5.	And aiblins when they winna stand the test, Wink hard, and say, "The folks hae done their best."
The forms of ages long gone by . On Lincluden Castle.	Scots Prologue.
That wound degenerate ages cannot cure. On Death of R. Dundas.	Till when ye speak, ye aiblins hlether, [v. A. 2]
"And future ages hear his growing fame.	The Author's cry and prayer. P.S.
On Death of Sir J. Blair.	And aiblins gowd and honour baith The Election Ballads. I. She's dour and din, a deil within,
In this braw age o' wit and lear, . Poem on Pastor. Poetry.	But aiblins she may please ye. The Tarbolton Lasses.
What force or guile could not subdue, Thro' many warlike ages, S. The Union.	aiblins thrang a parliamentin, The Twa Dogs. 21.
Charm or instruct the future age, [v. A. 4] . The Vision.	Or aiblins some hit duddie boy, To a Louse.
Which [trophy] now in his house has for ages remained;	But aiblins honest Master Heron, Had at the time some dainty fair one, . To Dr. Blacklock.
The Whistle. 5.	For, faith, they'll ablins fin' them [chiels] fashious:
And tell future ages the feats of the day; Ib. 11.	Auld comrade dear†
Hae thought they had ensur'd their debtors, A' future ages;	Aid. Backward, abash'd to ask thy friendly aid?
Aged. By Tweed erects his [Autumn's] aged head,	Ep. to R. Graham. 5. Frae the Glenkin came to our aid
Add, to Shade of Thomson.	A chief o' doughty deed; . The Election Ballads. V.
So deckt the woodbine sweet you aged tree, El. on late Miss Burnet.	I court, I beg thy friendly aid,
Trees with aged arms were warring, . S. I dream'd I lay †	To close this scene of care!
"The honours of the aged year, . Lament for Glencairn.	'Each aid the others,' Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 21.
"I am a hending aged tree,	Plain, dull Stupidity stept kindly in to aid them.
hope has left my aged ken,	The Brigs of Ayr. 10.
whose aged step Seem'd weary, Man was made to Mourn.	Time cannot aid me, my griefs are immortal, S. Where are the joys †
Welcome the hour, my aged limbs Are laid with thee at rest!	O, aid me with Thy help, Omnipotence Divine!
See aged winter 'mid his surly reign,	Why am I loth † Aik [oak]. And gie their hides a noble curry
Sonnet writ. on birthday. Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;	Wi' oil of aik Adam A—'s Prayer.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 3.	By Ochtertyre grows the aik, S. Blythe was she †
Where, like an aged man, it [the hawthorn] stands at	Young Charlie Cochran was the sprout of an aik:
break o'day;	S. Lady Mary Ann. He lean'd him to an ancient aik, . Lament for Glencairn.
An aged Judge, I saw him rove, Dispensing good [v. A. 4] The Vision.	On lofty aiks the cushats wail, S. The contented Cottager.
Agent. like himsel', a full free agent El. on Year 1788.	When I forlorn, Aneath an aik sat moaning,
Aghast. aghast, The wheeling torrent viewing, S. Farewell, thou stream	S. The tither morn †
As trembling U stood staring all aghast, . The Vowels.	Aiken [oaken]. She'll wander by the aiken tree, S. I'll ay ca' in †
Agincourt. Him at Agincourt wha shone, . A Dream. 11.	Aiken. O L-d my G-d, that glib-tongu'd A-n,
Agley [off the right line, wrong].	Holy Willie's Prayer. 14.
The best laid schemes o' Mice an' Men,	What A[iken] in a Cottage would have been; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 1.
Gang aft agley, To a Mouse. Ago. Igo and ago, Ken ye ought o' Capt. Grose t	Thee Hamilton, and Aiken dear, The Farewell.
Agonizing. Can reason down its agonizing throbs;	And now, remember Mr. A-k-n.
Remorse, a Frag.	Nae kind of licence out I'm takin'; The Inventory.
agonizing, curse the time and place, The Brigs of Ayr. 9.	Ail. Yet wist na what her ail might be, S. There was a lass † Ail, to. Tho' deil-haet ails them, yet uneasy; The Twa Dogs. 30.
Ah! must the agonizing thrill, For ever har returning Peace! . The Lament. 2.	What ails ye now, ye lousie b—h, What ails ye now †
Agony. But the dire feeling, O farewell for ever,	Ailed. I couldna tell what ailed me, S. When first I saw †
Anguish unmingl'd and agony pure. S. Gloomy December.	Aiisa Craig. Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig, S. Duncan Gray
Agree. How we love, and how agree; S. First when Maggy t	Aim. Can harbour, dark, the selfish aim, To bless himself alone! A Winter Night. 8.
And faith I agree with th' old prig to a hair;	a hope-ahandon'd wight,
S. No Churchman am I† • Wi' his proud, independent stomach,	Unfitted with an aim, Despondency, an Ode. 2.
	And curse the ruffian's aim, and mourn thy hapless fate.
Could ill agree; On Seot, Bard gone to W. Indies. That thou wilt work them, hot and cauld, Till they agree. The Twa Herds. 10.	On seeing wounded Hare. They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim:
Agreed. Wi's ma' persuasion she agreed,	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 13.
To see me thro' the barley S. The Rigs o' Barley.	Who formed this frame with beneficent aim,
And soon 'twill be agreed, man, . The Tree of Liberty.	S. The Sons of old K. For me, an aim I never fash; I rhyme for fun. To J. S. 5.
Agriculture. To rustic Agriculture did hequeath	With steady aim, Some Fortune chase; 16. 18.
The broken iron instruments of Death, The Brigs of Ayr. 13.	Make content and ease thy aim. Wr. in Hermitage at F. C.
A-groaning. each bedpost with its burden a-groaning,	Detraction's eye no aim can gain,
Epig. on Capt. Grose. Ague. When fevers burn, or ague freezes, Add. to Toothache.	Her winning powers to lessen; S. Young Peggy †
Ahin [behind]. My Lan' ahin's a weel gaun fillie,	Aimed, -'d. But yet he drew the mortal trigger Wi' weel-aim'd heed; Tam Samson's El. 11.
The Inventory.	With stern-resolv'd, despairing eye,
My Furr ahin's a wordy beast,	I see each aimed dart;

Aiming. And blasted be thy murder-aiming eye;	
On seeing wounded Hare. Ain [own]. What's no his ain, he winna tak it;	
A Ded. to G. H. 5. For gumlie dubs of your ain delvin! Ib. 10.	
But he wan my heart's consent, To be his ain at the neist meeting S. As I came o'er†	
And every man shall hae his ain, S. Carl, an the king come. This was a kinsman o' thy ain, El. on Capt. M. H., Epit.	
Set by the Deil's ain dibble; Epit, on D. C.	
She winna come hame to her ain Jock Rab. [re.] S. Eppie M'Nab.	
And ilk loyal, bonie lad Cross the seas and win his ain. S. Frae the friends †	
Mall's nit lap out, wi' pridefu' fling, An' her ain fit, it brunt it;	
Frae G—d's ain priests the people's hearts He steals awa' Holy Willie's Prayer.	
tho' you'd fain make me your ain, S. I'm o'er young to marry t	
My ain gudeman, it is nae faute S. John, come kiss †	
gin the Lord's ain focks gat leave, Letter to J. Goudie. I hae a wife o' my ain, S. Naebody.	
But Mary she is a' my ain, S. Now bank and brae †	
My ain dear, dainty Davie S. Now rosy May † The wierd may be her ain, jo S. O Lassie, art thou †	
And swear on thy white hand, lass, That thou wilt be my ain S. O lay thy loof	
But now he [love] is my deadly fae, Unless thou'lt be my ain	
Whilst thou did pledge the Powers above,	
O this is no my ain lassie, . S. O this is no my ain t	
O weel ken I my ain lassie,	
S. O when she cam' ben † We're your ain bairns, e'en guide us as ye like,	
Scots Prologue.	
O Tam! hadst thou but been sae wise, As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice! Tam o' Shanter. 3.	
Whom his ain son o' life bereft,	
But left behind her ain gray tail:	
And bring our ain sweet Albany. The bonie Lass of Albany.	
Whase ain dear lass, that he likes best, Comes clinkan down beside him! . The Holy Fair. 11.	
To's ain het hame had sent him Wi' fright, Ib. 12. But now the L—'s ain trumpet touts, Ib. 21.	
This list wi' my ain han' I wrote it, The Inventory.	
And a' to pu' a posie to my ain dear May [re.]. S. The Posie. I ken't her heart was a' my ain; S. The Rigs o' Barley.	
If ye should doubt the truth o' this It's Bessy's ain opinion! The Tarbolton Lasses.	
Now he's ta'en her hame to his ain reeky den, S. There liv'd ance a carle †	
And to her ain henpeck e'en carried her back, Ib.	
On my ain legs thro' dirt and dub, I independent stand ay To Mr. M'Adam.	
She's gotten Bardies o' her ain, To W. Simpson. 6. Come to my bosom, my ain only deary, S. Wandering Willie.	
But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain	
My ain kind dearie O [re.]. S. When o'er the hill that Wha spied I but my ain dear maid, S. When wild War's the	
Art thou my ain dear Willie?	
Then nae ither man can get ye, But ye'll be my very ain: . S. Will ye go and marry †	A
Or if thou wilt na be my ain, Say na thou'lt refuse me S. Wilt thou be my †	
The bonie lass that I lo'e best She'll be my ain for a' that S. Women's Minds.	
Ilk stream foaming down its ain green, narrow strath; S. Yon wild mossy mountains †	
An' ay he vows he'll be my ain As lang's he has a breath to draw S. Young Jockey †	A
Air [early]. De'il tak the war! I late and air Hae wish'd	
I'm weary sick o't late and air! To Dr. Blacklock.	
Air [of music]. struck old Scotia's melting airs, The Brigs of Ayr. 12.	A
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Ain flools mion mannen
Air [look, mien, manner].
An' sweet an' gracefu' she did ride Wi' maiden air! A Gude New-Year†
Who long with jiltish arts and airs hast strove;
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
Her air so sweet, her shape complete, . S. As I gaed up by t
Heaven, I thought, was in her air; S. First when Maggy †
A gaudy dress and gentle air
May slightly touch the heart, S. Handsome Nell.
I love my Mary's angel air, S. My Mary's face† Great Nature spoke, with air benign, Nature's Law.
But it's not her air, her form, her face, S. On Cessnock banks †
And Modesty assume your air, On W. Chalmers.
Her fautless form and gracefu' air; S. Sae flaxen†
Benevolence, with mild benignant air, The Brigs of Ayr. 13.
'And let us worship God!' he says with solemn air.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 12.
with an air That show'd a man o' spunk, The Jolly Beggars. R. vii.
The daisy for simplicity, and unaffected air S. The Pocie
Smiles, glances, sighs, tears, fits, flirtations, airs,
Smiles, glances, sighs, tears, fits, flirtations, airs, 'Gainst such an host what flinty savage dares The Rights of Woman.
The Rights of Woman. When with an elder Sister's air
She did me greet The Vision. D. II. 1.
What airs in dress an' gait wad lea'e us,
And ev'n Devotion! To a Louse.
Her air like nature's vernal smile; S. 'Twas even—the dewy †
Pleasure with her siren air Wr. in Friars-Carse H.
Air [the atmosphere].
On trembling string, or vocal air, . S. A rosebud by my† Where the wa' flower scents the dewy air, A Vision.
the air was still,
They darken'd the air, and they plunder'd the land:
S. Caledonia.
Winter, hurling thro' the air
The roaring blast, El. on Capt. M. H. 13. What tho', like Commoners of air,
We wander out, we know not where, . Ep. to Davie. 4.
Such as the slightest breath of air might scatter;
Ep. to R. Graham. 3.
As light as the air, and fause as thou's fair, S. Eppie M'Nab.
All thy fond-plighted vows, fleeting as air! S. Had I a cave † thunders rend the howling air, S. How can my poor heart †
like the morning sun That melts the fogs in limpid air,
Lament for Glencairn.
And mount to the air wi' the dew on her breast;
S. Lns on a Ploughman.
Deal Freedom's sacred treasures free as air, Lns extem. in Lady's pocket-book.
But see you the Crown how it waves in the air,
S. No Churchman am I†
Tho' raging winter rent the air, . S. O wat ye wha's in t
I hear her charm the air S. Of a' the airts †
Th' inconstant blast howl'd thro' the darkening air, On Death of Sir J. H. Blair.
larks with little wing, Fann'd the pure air, S. Phillis the Fair.
in its native air And rural grace; Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
Two dusky forms dart thro' the midnight air, The Brigs of Ayr. 4.
Their likeness is not found on earth, in air, or sea Ib. 8.
Again ye'll charm the vocal air S. The Catrine woods †
to view the corn, An' snuff the callor air. The Holy Fair. 1.
Or ruins pendent in the air, [v. A. 4] The Vision.
As high in air the bursting torrents flow, Wr. by Fall of Fyers.
Aire [old spelling of the town and river Ayr].
Along the banks of Aire, . Man was made to mourn. Auld Aire ran by before me, One night as I †
Auld Aire ran by before me, One night as I† wha on Aire your chanters tune! Poor Mailie's El.
While Irwin, Lugar, Aire, an' Doon,
Naebody sings To W. Simpson.
Airle—, Arle-penny [earnest-money].
I fee'd a man at Martinmas, Wi' arle pennies three; S. O can ye labour leat
Your proffer o' love's an airle-penny,
S. O meikle thinks my love †
Airles [earnest-money].
An' name the airles an' the fee, To Gav. Hamilton.

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Alrn [iron]. Then heave aboard your grapple airn,	Alarm. watching high the least alarms, Add. to Edinburgh. 5.
A Dream. 13. a good bay mare, As ever trode on airn; El. on Peg Nicholson.	Awa' wi' your witchcraft o' beauty's alarms,
Rusty airn caps and jinglin jackets, On Grose's Peregrinations.	S. Awa' wi' yr witchcraft † And rueful thy alarms: Sad thy tale †
Nae mercy, then, for airn or steel; . Scotch Drink. 11.	Let me sound an alarm to your conscience; The Kirk's Alarm.
A murderer's banes in gibbet airns; . Tam o' Shanter. 11.	war's loud alarms S. There was a bonie lass †
Patronage, wi' rod o' airn, The Ordination. 8.	Alarm, to. Wi' a jump, yell and howl, alarm every soul,
Airt [direction, quarter of the sky].	The Kirk's Alarm.
If he but want the miser's dirt, Ye'll cast your head anither airt, . S. O Tibbie! I hae †	No anxious fear their little heart alarms; S. The sun he is sunk†
Ye'll cast your head anither airt, . S. O Tibbie! I hae† My plaidie to the angry airt, I'd shelter thee,	How your dread howling a lover alarms! S. Wandering Willie.
S. O wert thou in the †	Is it departing pangs my soul alarms? . Why am I loth†
Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,	Alarm'd. The herds an' hissels were alarm'd;
I dearly like the west, S. Of a' the airts †	Alarming. O then the heart alarming,
Airt, to [to direct]. But your green graff, now, Luckie Laing,	And all resistless charming, S. Mark yonder Pompt
Wad airt me to my treasure S. Gat ye me †	Had ne'er sic powers alarming: S. O wat ye wha that loes †
Airted [directed].	Alas! "Alas!" quoth I, "what ruefu chance,
An' her kind stars hae airted till her,	"Has twin'd ye o' your bonie trees; As on the banks †
A guid chiel wi' a pickle siller: . Auld comrade dear† Airy. Ye duck and drake, wi' airy wheels	"Alas! I feel I am no actor here!" Ep. fr. Esopus to Maria.
Circling the lake: El. on Capt. M. H. 8.	Alas! how aft, in haughty mood,
Nae mair the grove with airy concert rings, The Brigs of Ayr.	God's creatures they oppress! Ep. to Davie. 6.
Ane on the Auld Brig his airy shape uprears, 1b. 4.	Justice, alas! has gi'en him o'er, . Epit. on Holy Willie.
Fame a restless, airy dream; Wr. in Hermitage at F. C.	To what dark cave of frozen night, Alas! shall thy poor wand'rer hie;
Aisles. Whose tones the echoing aisles prolong;	S. Farewell, dear mistress †
On Lincluden Castle. Her home, these aisles and arches high; 1b.	Alas! Alas! a devilish change indeed. Lns wrote on death-bed.
Alth [oath]. 'This night I'm free to tak my aith,'	The wife of my bosom, alas! she did die;
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 25.	S. No Churchman am I† And gane, alas! the sheltering tree, On birth of Posth. Child.
But Duncan swoor a haly aith, . S. Duncan Davison,	One farewell, alas, for ever! S. One fond kiss†
But Duncan, gin ye'll keep your aith, . S. Duncan Gray.	But alas! when forc'd to sever
Then up I gat, an swoor an aith, Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 7. I'll pledge my aith in guid braid Scotch,	Then the stroke, O how severe! . S. Scenes of woet
The Author's Cry and Prayer.	Alas! my roupet Muse is haerse! The Author's Cry and Prayer. 2.
And a deadly aith she's ta'en, . The Election Ballads. I.	Alas! I'm but a nameless wight, 1b. 10.
To which I'm clear to gi'e my aith The Inventory.	But oh, alas, for her bonie face,
Did tak a solemn aith, man, The Tree of Liberty.	They've wranged the Lass of Albany.
To swear by a' you starry roof, Or some rash aith, The Vision, D. I. 6.	The bonie Lass of Albany. Alas the day, and wo the day,
The infant aith, half-formed, was crusht; 1b. 8.	Alas the day, and wo the day,
Frae words an' aiths to clours and nicks; ToW. Simpson, P.S.	Shall birdie charm, or flow'ret smile; S. The Catrine woods †
Aith-detesting. Thee, aith-detesting, chaste Kilkerran;	For woman's wit, or strength o' man,
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 13.	Alas! can do but what they can; The Election Ballads. VI. Alas! misfortune stares my face, The Farewell.
Aits [oats]. And Aits set up their awnie horn, Scotch Drink. 3.	Alas! Life's path may be unsmooth! . The Lament. 5.
Aiver [an old horse]. Yet aft a ragged Cowte's been known,	But ay she sigh'd and cry'd, "Alas!
To mak a noble Aiver; A Dream. 11.	"Alas! young man, ye've ruin'd me." S. The lass that made the bed.
Aizle [a hot cinder].	For e'en and morn she cries, alas! . S. The lovely lass of 1.+
She notic't na, an aizle brunt Her braw, new, worset apron Out thro' . Halloween. 13.	Alas! sae sweet a tree as love.
Ajee [to one side]. And come na unless the back-yett be ajee;	Sic bitter fruit should bear! Alas! that e'er a bonie face
S. O whistle, and I'll †	Should draw a sauty tear! . The Ruined Maid's Lament.
His bonnet he A thought ajee, Cock'd sprush . S, The tither morn †	And, alas! I am weary, weary O!. S. The Slave's Lament.
A-keeping. And has my heart a-keeping?	Alas! can I make it no better return!
S. O wat ye wha that loes †	S. The small birds rejoice † Albany. They've wranged the Lass of Albany. [re.]
Alacrity. With arch-alacrity and conscious glee Ep. to R. Graham. 3.	S. The bonie Lass of Albany.
Alake [alas!] Alake, alake the meikle deil, Friend of the poet †	Albion. And wha wad betray Old Albion's rights.
Alake! that e'er my Muse has reason,	May they never eat of her bread! S. Here's a health to them t
To wyte her countrymen wi' treason! . Scotch Drink. 14. Without this tree, alake this life	That ruled Albion's kingdoms three,
Is but a vale o' woe, man; The Tree of Liberty.	S. The bonie Lass of Albany.
Alane [alone]. Helpless, alane, thou clamb the brae,	thro' Albion's farthest kin, . The Petition of Br. Water.
Extem. on Comments of Thomson. Love alane can gi'e delight. S. Jockey fou, and Jenny †	Ale. honest lucky, Brews gude ale S. A' the lads o' Thornie† I wish her sale for her gude ale,
I bear alane my lade o' care, Lament for Glencairn.	Wi' a cog o' gude ale, and an auld Scottish sang.
[Winter] Alane can delight me-now Nanie's awa',	S. Contented wi' little†
S. My Nanie's awa.	set him to a pint of ale, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 6.
We'll e'en let this subject alane. The Election Ballads. III.	Strong ale was ablution, Epit. on J. Dove, Innkeeper.
Adorns the histie stibble-field, Unseen, alane To a Mountain-Daisy.	ale and brandy's stars and moon, S. Gane is the day † O gude ale comes, and gude ale goes,
Alang [along]. The stars they shot alang the sky; A Vision.	Gude ale gars me sell my hose, . S. O gude ale comes †
That shoots my tortur'd gums alang; . Add. to Toothache.	Gude ale keeps my heart aboon
I gi'e them a skelp as they're creeping alang,	Gude ale hauds me bare and busy,
S. Contented wi' little †	She brew'd gude ale for gentlemen S. Scroggam.
To echo bore the notes alang. Lament for Glencairn.	And ay the ale was growing better: . Tam o' Shanter. 5.
Scarce ane has tried the shepherd-sang But wi' miscarriage? Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	Gae down by Faile, and taste the ale, And tak a look o' Mysie; The Tarbolton Lasses.

Alexander. She's gane like Alexander,	Allan [Ramsay the poet].
To spread her conquests farther. S. O saw ye bonie Lesley †	O for a spunk o' Allan's glee, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 14
Allas. I Rhymer Robin, alias Burns, On dining with Daer.	come forrit, honest Allan! . Poem on Pastoral Poetry
Master Tootie, Alias, Laird M'Gaun, . To Gav. Hamilton.	to speel, Wi' Allan, or wi' Gilbertfield, The braes o' fame; To W. Simpson
Allson. My bonie Peggy Alison. [re.] S. An' I'll kiss thee yet	Allan [Masterton, who composed the air of "O Willisbrew'd."]
A-listening. A-listening the linnet, oft wanders my Jean. S. Their groves of †	And Rob and Allan came to see; . S. O Willie brew'd
Alive. That year I was the waest man O' ony man alive The Election Ballads. V.	All-bitter. Ev'n day, all-bitter, brings relief, From such a horror-breathing night.
Alkali. Sal-alkali o' Midge-tail clippings, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 22.	All-chearing. All-chearing Plenty, with her flowing horn,
All. The fears all, the tears all, Of dim declining Age 1. Despondency, an Ode. 5.	All-conquering. O these are my Lassie's all-conquering charms.
And all my frowzy couch in sorrow steep; Ep. fr. Esopus to Maria.	S. You wild mossy mountains All-directing. impell'd by all-directing Fate,
Because thy guilt's supreme enough for all? Ib.	The Brigs of Ayr 3
In all of thee sure thy Esopus shares	Allegiance. I'll desert my sov'reign lord, And so good-bye, allegiance!
And dare the war with all of woman born:	S. Husband, husband
And thy still matchless tongue that conquers all reply. Ib. O, all ye Pow'rs who rule above! Ep. to Davie. 9.	Allegretto. Set off wi' allegretto glee His giga Solo.
Yet oft the sport of all the ills of life; . Ep, to R. Graham.	The Jolly Beggars, R. V But [your life] "allegretto forte" gay
And with him all the joys are fled.	Harmonious flow Ep. to Major Logan. 5
Life can to me impart S. Fate gave the word †	Alley. The shrinking bard adown an alley skulks,
So fell the pride of all my hopes,	Ep. fr. Esopus to Maria All-forgot. all-forgetting, all-forgot. Despondency, an Ode. 3
Frag. inscr. to Fox.	All-Good. Thou, All-Good, for such Thou art,
All thy fond-plighted vows, fleeting as air! S. Had I a cave t	All hoil All heil then the male them
All underneath the birchen shade; . S. Here is the glent We've all things that's nice, and mostly in season, Impromptu.	All-hail. All-hail then, the gale then, Wafts me from thee, dear shore! The Farewell
Clarinda, rich reward! o'erpays them all!	All hail thy palaces and tow'rs, Add. to Edinburgh
In vain would Prudence †	All hail! ye tender feelings dear! Ep. to Davie. 10
John Barleycorn got up again, And sore surpris'd them all John Barleycorn.	All hail! my own inspired Bard! . The Vision, D. II. 2
All for to court this pretty maid, Katharine Jaffray.	Alliance. Sae knit in alliance are kin. The Election Ballads. III
His worth, his honour, all the world approv'd.	All-important. Who left the all-important cares
Lns sent to Sir J. Whiteford. With all her [fortune's] wonted malice, O:	Of fiddles, wh-res, and hunters; The Election Ballads, VI.
My father mas a farmer +	Allow. That sic a couple fate allows ye
But as daily bread is all I need,	To grace your blood. Ep. to Major Logan. 13. The little fate allows, they share as soon,
Make, all and every one, A joyful noise, New Psalmody.	Ep to R. Graham. 5
a big-bellied bottle's a cure for all care.	Besides, I farther maun allow, . Holy Willie's Prayer. &
S. No Churchman am I †	Ye foam-crested billows, allow me to wail, Lament on leaving Nat. Land
Nature's gifts to all are free: On scaring Water-fowl. Tyrant stern to all beside	Friendship! 'tis all cold duty now allows. Once fondly lov'd
All on Nature you depend,	Ye've the figure, 'tis true, even your faes will allow,
O hurning hell! in all thy store of torments	The Kirk's Alarm
There's not a keener lash! Remorse, a Frag.	Alloway. Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk, By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.
"The passing moment's all we rest on!"	Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh, Tam o'Shanter. 3
Sketch. New Yr's Day.	Whare ghaists and houlets nightly cry Ib. 9
Yes—all such reasonings are amiss!	Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a bleeze;
On this poor being all depends;	Allowed, -'d. To rule their torrent in th' allowed line; Why am I loth
And in an instant all was dark: Tam o' Shanter. 16. With all the venal soul of dedicating prose?	On ev'ry hand it will allow'd be, A Ded. to G. H. 4
The Bries of Avr. 1	They durst nae mair than he allow'd, To W. Creech.
He glows with all the spirit of the Bard,	Alloy. God's image rudely etch'd on base alloy! Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
All else was hush'd as Nature's closed e'e;	All-prevailing. And Burke shall sing, O prince, arise!
In all the pomp of ignorant conceit;	Thy power is all prevailing!
That thus they all shall meet in future days:	The Election Ballads. VI.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 16	All-revolving. But nocht in all-revolving time Can gladness bring again to me.
Chose one who should owe it all, d'ye see, To their gratis grace and goodness. The Dean of Faculty.	Lament for Glencairn.
Despising worlds with all their wealth	Allseeing. Thou Being, Allseeing, O hear my fervent pray'r! . Ep. to Davie. 9.
As empty idle care: The Petition of Br. Water.	Allur'd. An' nighted Trav'llers are allur'd
Here's to all the wandering train! The Jolly Beggars, S. VIII.	To their destruction Add. to the Deil. 12.
One and all cry out, Amen!	Alluring. Gaunt, ghastly, ghaist-alluring edifices, The Brigs of Ayr. 8.
Of all the women in the world, I never could come at her S. The Joyful Widower.	Almagro [one of the Spanish conquerors of Peru].
And mourn, in lamentation deep,	Between Almagro and Pizarro;
flow life and love are all a dream! . The Lament, I.	A seat, I'm sure ye're weel deservin't; Add. of Beelzebub.
Morality himsel, Embracing all opinions; The Ordination. 12.	Almighty. O Thou unknown, Almighty Cause A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.
And nought but his labour to keep them up all.	Sure Thou, Almighty, canst not act
Ilan. By Allan stream I chanc'd to rove	From cruelty or wrath! . A Prayer under Anguish.
S. By Allan stream †	Alms. When ye pilfer'd the alms o' the poor; The Kirk's Alarm

Aloft. I rather think she is aloft, And imitating thunder; . S. The Joyful Widower.	Amalek. Or, Moses bade eternal warfare wage, With Amalek's ungracious progeny;
Aloft on dewy wing; Lament of Mary of Scots. Alone. the selfish aim, To bless himself alone!	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 14. Amalthea. And those, alas! not Amalthea's horn:
Who made the heart, 'tis He alone	To R.G. of F. 3. Amang [among]. Amang thae Birth-day dresses.
Decidedly can try us, Add. to Unco Guid. 8. I ask for dearest life alone,	A Dream. 1.
That I may live to love her S. Come, let me take thee † Must thou alone in guilt immortal swell,	Amang his en'mies a', man
Ep. fr. Esopus to Maria.	up amang thae lakes and seas, Add. of Beelzebub.
Who says that fool alone is not thy due,	Amang the springs, Add. to the Deil. 8. bear'st the bell Amang them a'! Add. to Toothache.
Epit. for Author's Father. For had he said the soul alone -	Amang the reeds the ducklings cry,
Then thou hadst slept for ever! . Epit. on Country Laird.	S. Again rejoicing nature † And down amang the blooming heather, S. As I came o'er †
The eagle's gaze alone surveys The sun's meridian splendour; S. Lovely Davies.	O'er yon moss, amang the heather; S. Braw lads of G. Water.
Look not alone on youthful Prime, Man was made to mourn.	Down amang the broom, the broom,
O why thus all alone are mine The weary steps o' woe. S. Now Spring has clad †	There was ae sang, amang the rest, Aboon them a' it pleas'd me best, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 3,
—Man, to whom alone is given A ray direct from pitying Heaven, On scaring Water-fowl.	Or dealing thro' amang the naigs
Virtue alone who dost revere, Thy own reproach alone dost fear, Poet. Inscription.	Their ten-hours bite, Ib., Ap. 21st. 2. The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,
Dread Omnipotence, alone,	Are spent amang the lasses, O. S. Green grow the rashes.
Can heal the wound He gave; Sad thy tale† That future-life in worlds unknown	Amang the rocks an' streams To sport that night
Must take its hue from this alone; Sketch, New-Yr's day. The godlike bliss, to give, alone excels. The Brigs of Ayr. 1.	Amang the bonie, winding banks,
While joys above my mind can move,	But Och! that night, amang the shaws,
For thee, and thee alone I live: . S. The day returns † As theirs alone, the patent-bliss,	She gat a fearfu' settlin!
To hold a Fête Champetre S. The Fête Champetre. For her dear sake, and her's alone! . The Lament. 4.	Sounding Clouden's woods amang, S. Hark! the mavis' †
dear, dear admiration!	Tho' bred amang mountains o' snaw! S. Here's a health to them †
In that blest sphere alone we live and move; The Rights of Woman.	Amang its native briers sae coy, . S. I do confess thou † If he's amang his friends or foes?
Your dear idea reigns, and reigns alone: . To Clarinda.	Ken ye aught of Capt. Grose? †
Then let your schemes alone, in the state, S. Ye Jacobites by name †	The youngest he was the flower amang them a': S. Lady Mary Ann.
Aloud. When "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud; Tam o'Shanter, 17.	The flower amang our barons bold, Lament for Glencairn.
An' tell aloud Their jugglin' hocus-pocus arts To Rev. J. M'Math.	The meanest hind in fair Scotland May rove their sweets amang: Lament of Mary of Scots.
Already. She's got mischief enough already; Adam A'—s Prayer.	Amang the heather in my plaidie, S. Montgomerie's Peggy. Amang the blooming heather: S. Now westlin winds †
I've paid enough for her already, The Inventory.	How pure, amang the leaves sae green; S. O bonie was you rosy †
Altar. The altar sinks, the tapers fade, On Lincluden Castle.	Amang her nestlings sits the thrush; S. O Logan, sweetly didst †
Alter. Who knows how the fashions may alter, Poet. Add. to Tytler.	I sigh'd, and said amang them a', Ye are na Mary Morison. S.O Mary at thy window †
And thou'rt the angel that never can alter, S. Twas na her bonie blue e'e†	And I mysel' the Zephyr's breath,
Alteration. To see each melancholy alteration; The Brigs of Ayr. 9.	Amang its bonie leaves to play. S. O were my love yon † Wha last beside his chair shall fa',
Alter'd. No cold approach, no alter'd mien, The Tears I shed.	He is the king amang us three S. O Willie brew'd †
Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, sweet lass, S. When wild War's† Alternate. Alternate Follies take the sway;	A chield's amang you, taking notes, On Grose's Peregrinations.
Man was made to Mourn. 4.	Say, Lassie, why thy train amang, Scarce ane has tried the shepherd-sang
Hope and Fear's alternate billow S. Musing on the roaring † Alway,-s. Guide Thou their steps alway. O Thou dread Pow'r†	Poem on Pastoral Poetry. And amang guid companie; . S. Rattlin, roarin Willie.
'And O! be sure to fear the Lord alway! The Cotter's Sat. Night. 6	Fair beaming, and streaming
Then ergo, she'll match them, and match them always.	Her silver light the boughs amang; S. Sae flaxen were † Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
S. Caledonia. 6. He's always compleenin frae mornin' to e'enin,	E'en drown'd himsel amang the nappy: Tam o' Shanter, 6. You auld gray stane, amang the heather,
S. What can a young lassie † Fear not clouds will always lour. Wr. in Friars-Carse H.	Tam Samson's El. 12.
Amaist [almost]. I had amaist said, ever pray, A Ded. to G. H., 13.	When first amang the yellow corn A man I reckon'd was; . The Ans. to the Guidwife.
The words come skelpan, rank and file,	The rough burr-thistle spreading wide Amang the bearded bear,
Amaist before I ken! Ep. to Davie, 11. Amaist as soon as I could spell, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 8	They've lost some gallant gentlemen
Leeze me on rhyme! it's ay a treasure,	Amang the Highland clans, man; The Battle of Sherra-moor.
My chief, amaist my only pleasure, Second Ep. to Davie. For fear amaist did swarf, man, The Battle of Sherra-moor.	Few men o' sense will doubt your claims To rank amang the Nowte
Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5.	The craik amang the clover hay, S. The Contented Cottager. At Service out, amang the Farmers roun';
By a thievish midge	The Colter's Sat. Night, 0.
They had amaist been lost. The Election Ballads. IV. I had amaist forgotten clean, To W. Simpson, P.S.	An' clos'd her e'en amang the dead! The Death of Mailie. As flames amang a hundred woods, The Election Ballads, VI.
Till now amaist on ev'ry knowe Ye'll find ane plac'd;	The gay-green woods, amang, man; The Fête Champetre

How drink gaed round, in cogs an' caups, Amang the furms an' benches; The Holy Fair. 23.	Amusement. Her darling amusement, the hounds and the horn
They're left, the whitening stanes amang, The Petition of Br. Water.	An, An', And [if]. Carl, an the king come, [re.] S. Carl an the king come
But I will down you river rove among the wood sae green, S. The Posie.	An somebodie were come again, Then somebodie maun cross the main,
I set her down, wi' right good will, Amang the rigs o' barley: S. The Rigs o' Barley.	And pleasure is a wanton trout,
Wh-re-hunting amang groves o' myrtles: The Twa Dogs. 23.	What signifies the life o' man.
Forby turn-coats amang oursel, . The Twa Herds. 14. But stray amang the heather bells, S. There was a lass †	An' 'twere na for the lasses, O. S. Green grow the rashes † Deil tak Kate
She's sweet as the ev'ning amang the new hay; S. There's auld Rob †	An she be na noddin too! . S. Gudeen to you Kimmer! An ye had been whare I hae been,
Then I maun rin amang the rest . Third Ep. to J. Lap.	Ye wad na been sae cantie O;
For I maun crush amang the stoure Thy slender stem: To a Mountain-Daisy.	O father, O father, an ve think it fit
He was a dictionar and grammar Amang them a'; To W. Creech.	We'll send him a year to the College yet; S. Lady Mary Ann. Cog an ye were ay fou, S. Landlady, count
When lintwhites chant amang the buds, To W. Simpson. 12.	O an ye were dead, gudeman, . S. O gin ye were dead.
An' stay ae month amang the Moons	Yet poortith a' I could forgive, An' 'twere na for my Jeanie. S. O poortith cauld †
amang the saunts, At Davie's hip yet	An he get na hell for his haddin, The deil gets na justice ava. The Election Ballads. III.
We heard nought but the roaring linn, Amang the braes sae scroggie. S. What will I do gin†	And see an onie bonie lad will fancy me. S. There grows a bonie brier †
He strays among the woods and briers, S. Young Jamie† Amaze. But seeing the ring, then she stood in amaze.	And thou live thou'll steal a naigie S. Hee balou †
S. The Poor Thresher.	Ananas [the pine-appie]. Far dearer than the torrid plains
Amaz'd. As Tammie glowr'd, amaz'd, and curious, Tam o' Shanter. 12.	Where rich ananas blow! The Farewell.
Amazement. The eye with wonder and amazement fills; Wr. in Kenmore Inn.	Anarchy. Be Anarchy curs'd, and be Tyrany damn'd; At a Meet. of D. Volunteers.
Amber. While thro' your pores the dews distil Like amber bead To a Haggis.	Anathem. An' rouse their holy thunder on it And anathem her To Rev. J. M'Math.
Ambition. mad Ambition's gory hand, A Winter's Night. 8.	Anbank [Mr. Cuninghame of Anbank, Ayrshire]. Anbank, wha guess'd the ladies' taste,
Ambition would disown The world's imperial crown, S. Mark yonder Pomp†	He gies a Fête Champetre The Fête Champetre.
Ambition is a meteor gleam, . Wr. in Hermitage at F.C.	Ance [once]. What ance he says, he winna break it; A Ded. to G.H., 5.
Ambush'd. ambush'd by the chimla cheek, Ep. to H. Parker. Amen. An' a' the glory shall be thine,	He should been tight that daur't to raize thee,
Amen, Amen Holy Willie's Prayer. The Lord preserve us frae the devil!	Thou ance was i' the foremost rank,
Amen! Amen! Poem on Life. One and all cry out, amen! . The Jolly Beggars, S. VIII.	Than let them ance out owre the water; Add. of Beelzebub. a royal ghaist wha ance was cas'd. S. Amang the trees †
And the Priest shall say, Amen. S. Will ye go and marry †	And ance she bore a priest; . El. on Peg Nicholson.
Amendment. And after proper purpose of amendment, Remorse, A Frag.	My spavet Pegasus will limp, Till ance he's fairly het; Ep. to Davie. 11.
Amends. To mak amends for scrimpet stature, . To J. S.3.	Ance to the Indies I were wonted, Ep. to Major Logan. 12. But ha'd your nine-tail cat a wee.
America. Ae night, at tea, began a plea, Within America, man: . A Fragment, 1.	Till ance you've heard my story. Epit. on Holy Willie.
Amiable. Adieu, dear, amiable Youth! Ep. to Young Friend. 11.	Then farewell folly, hide and hair o't For ance and ay Friend of the Poet †
Amiss. Were sayin or takin aught amiss: Kind Sir, I've read † An' gin she tak the thing amiss	Ance mair I hail thee, thou gloomy December! Ance mair I hail thee wi' sorrow and care; S. Gloomy December.
E'en let her flyte her fill, jo S. O steer her up† Yes—all such reasonings are amiss! Sketch, New-Yr's Day.	Where Bruce ance rul'd the martial ranks, . Halloween, 2.
Ammunition. Ammunition you never can need; The Kirk's Alarm.	Their stocks maun a' be sought ance;
Amorous. While falling, recalling, The amorous thrush concludes his sang;	As simmer days were lang, S. My heart was ance † My life was ance that careless stream,
Twin'd amorous round the raptur'd scene:	S. Now Spring has clad † And ance for a' this ae night S. O Lassie, art th. sleeping †
And jinkin hares, in amorous whids.	Ance crowdie, twice crowdie.
Their loves enjoy, To W. Simpson. 12.	Three times crowdie in a day; . S. O that I had ne'er † Hand up thy han' Deill ance, twice, thrice!
Amount. While here, half-mad, half-fed, half-sarket, Is a' th' amount The Vision. D.I. 5. Amour. By some sweet elf I'll yet be dinted,	There, sieze the blinkers! Scotch Drink, 20. That ance were plush, o' gude blue hair, Tam o' Shanter, 13.
Then, vive l'amour! Ep. to Major Logan, 12.	L-d! if ance they pit her till't, The Author's Cry and Prayer, 17.
May powers aboon unite you soon, And fructify your amours, On W. Chalmers.	Ance ye were streekit owre frae bank to bank!
Learn'd vive la bagatelle, et vive l'amour; A Sketch. Ample. To show thy grace is great an' ample,	The Brigs of Ayr, 5. The big ha'-Bible, ance his Father's pride: The Cotter's Sat. Night, 12.
The woods, wild-scattered, clothe their ample sides;	O Wives be mindfu', ance yoursel, How bonie lads ye wanted, The Holy Fair, 25.
Amuse. A being form'd t'amuse his graver friends,	ance whan in my wooing pride The Inventory.
Ep. to R. Graham. 3. Amuse me at my spinning-wheel. S. The Contented Cottager.	I, ance, was ty'd up like a stirk, I, ance, was abus'd i' the kirk, The Jolly Beggars, S. III.
Amus'd. The daisy amus'd my fond fancy, S. Adown winding Nith †	To confound the poor Doctor at ance. The Kirk's Alarm, 15. O love will venture in, where wisdom ance has been;
Will time, amus'd with proverb'd lore, Add to our date one minute more? Sketch, New-Yr's Day.	S. The Posie. It stands where ance the Bastile stood, The Tree of Liberty.

Gif ance the peasant taste a bit, He's greater than a lord, man, The Tree of Liberty.	Here's a health to and I le's down
He's greater than a lord, man, The Tree of Liverty. Auld Britain ance could crack her joke, The Posie.	Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear, S. Here's a health Sends ane to heaven and ten to hell,
Forgather'd ance upon a time The Twa Dogs, 1.	A' for thy glory, Holy Willie's Prayer
There liv'd ance a carle in Killyburn-braes,	It's ye hae wooers mony ane, S. In simmer when
S. There lived ance a carle †	And ane to wait on every hand, . S. My Collier Laddie
When ance life's day draws near the gloamin, Ib.	There's ane to you, and twa to me, S. O gin ye were dead
For, ance that five an' forty's speel'd.	I sell'd them a' just ane by ane; . S. O gude ale comes
See, crazy, weary, joyless Eild, To J. S. 15.	My thoughts are a' bound up in ane, S. O Phely
And spunkie, ance to make us mellow To Mr. J. Kennedy.	The deil a ane would spier your price,
Down droops her ance weel-burnish't crest, To W. Creech.	Were ye as poor as I S. O Tibbie I hae seen
I hae been in for't ance or twice, . V.s to J. Ranken.	O that's the queen o' woman-kind,
For Scotia's son—ance gay like thee . V.s under grief.	And ne'er a ane to peer her. S. O wat ye wha th. lo'es
And waft my dear Laddie ance mair to my arms.	But I hae ane will take my part, S. Oh, how can I be blythe
S. Wandering Willie.	It's ten to ane ye'll find him snug in
Quo' she, a sodger ance I lo'ed, . S. When wild War's †	Some eldritch part, On Grose's Peregrinations
Ance the darling o' the men: S. Will ye go and marry †	And ane would rather fa'n than fled;
If ance I had my lovely treasure, Let the rest admire and die	And Modesty assume your air, And ne'er a ane mistak' her: On Willie Chalmers
Let the rest admire and die	my fond regard For ane that shares my bosom,
	Yes! there is ane; a Scottish callan!
Ancestor. Whose ancestors in days of yore, Old Scotia's bloody lion bore:	There's ane; come forrit, honest Allan!
Add. to Edinburgh 7.	Poem on Pastoral Poetry
And swore 'twas the way that their ancestor did.	There's ane they ca' Jean, Ronalds of Bennals
The Whistle. 14.	For thrice I drew ane without failing, S. Tam Glen
Anchor. A correspondence fix'd wi' Heav'n,	And how Tam stood, like ane bewitch'd, Tam o' Shanter. 10
Is sure a noble anchor! Ep. to Young Friend, 10.	And ane, a chap that's d-mn'd auldfarran,
Ancient. Our ancient crown's fa'n in the dust; S. Awa, whigs, awa.	The Author's Cry and Prayer
He lean'd him to an ancient aik, . Lament for Glencairn.	Ane on th' Auld Brig his airy shape uprears,
The flow'r of ancient nations; Nature's Law.	That he, at Lon'on, frae ane Adams got;
The piety of ancient days! On Lincluden Castle.	But nae ane could their fancy please,
Oh! had each Scot of ancient times,	O ne'er a ane but tway.
Been, Jeany Scott, as thou art, . On Miss J. Scott.	The first ane was a belted knight, The Election Ballads.
I saw my sons resume their ancient fire;	And ilka ane at London court Would bid to him gude day
On Death of Sir J. Blair.	But we'll hae ane frae 'mang oursels,
an ancient nation fam'd afar, Prologue, sp. by Woods.	The deil ane but honours them highly,
Strong may she glow with all her ancient fire; Ib.	The deil ane will give them his vote Ib. III
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony; . Tam o' Shanter. 5. Auld Brig appear'd of ancient Pictish race, The Brigs of Ayr.4.	Ane gies them coin, ane gies them wine,
O ye, my dear-remember'd, ancient yealings,	Anither gies them clatter; S. The Fête Champetre
Her ancient weed was russet gray, The Election Ballads. I.	Ane curses feet that fyl'd his shins, Anither sighs and prays: The Holy Fair. 10
Fareweel our ancient glory; S. The Union.	On this ane's dress, an' that ane's leuk,
An ancient Borough rear'd her head; The Vision, D.I. 15.	They're makin observations;
Ancle. Her pretty ancle is a sny.	Till some ane by his bonnet lays, Ib. 24
Ancle. Her pretty ancle is a spy, Betraying fair proportion, S. Sae flaxen†	A gaudsman ane, a thrasher t'other, . The Inventory
In vain the Gout his ancles fetters; Tam Samson's El. 9.	Heav'n sent me ane mae than I wanted
Anderson. John Anderson, my jo, John, [re.]	in auld, red rags, Ane sat; The Jolly Beggars. R. I
S. John Anderson†	But what could ye other expect
Andrew. Andrew dear believe me, Ep. to Young Friend. 2.	Of ane that's avowedly daft?
Her thoughts on Andrew Bell;	I've lost but ane, I've twa behin',
Sat guzzling wi'a Tinkler-hizzie:	Yet that winna save ye, auld Satan must have ye, For preaching that three's ane and twa.
S. The Jolly Beggars. R. III.	The Kirk's Alarm,
Poor Andrew that tumbles for sport,	Swith to the Laigh Kirk, ane an' a, . The Ordination.
Andro [Andrew].	He's wal'd us out a true ane, And sound Ib. &
Andro Gouk, Andro Gouk, ye may slander the book,	As ane were peelin onions!
The Kirk's Alarm.	She sang a sang o' liberty,
Ane [one]. And aiblins ane been better Than You A Dream. 3.	Which pleased them ane and a', man. The Tree of Liberty
Or else, I fear, some ill ane skelp him! . A Ded. to G.H. 3.	Thy're no sae wretched's ane wad think; The Twa Dogs. 15
I'll reserve ane Laid by for you A Guid New-year 17.	The young anes rantan thro' the house
a feckless matter To gie ane fash Add. to Illegit. Child.	It wad for ev'ry ane be better,
A dream of ane that never wauks. S. Again rejoicing Nature† And O for ane and twenty, Tam! [re.]	But he has gotten to our grief, Ane to succeed him, The Twa Herds. 13
S. And O for ane and twenty +	And mony a ane that I could tell, Ib. 14
My heart it shall never be broken for ane.	There's S[mit]h for ane,
S. As I was a-wand ring. †	Our monarch's hindmost year but ane S. There was a lad
But there is ane, a secret ane, S. Braw lads on Yar. braes †	Sweet ane an' twenty! Third Ep. to J. Lap
Ilka body has a body, ne'er a ane hae I; S. Comin thro' the rye.	An' naething, now, to big a new ane, To a Mouse
Ilka Jenny has her Jockey, ne'er a ane hae I, Ib.	if ye're ane o' warl's folk, To Mr. J. Kennedy
Till ane Hornbook's ta'en up the trade,	ane, Whase heart ne'er wrang'd ye, To Rev. J. M'Math
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 13.	An' shortly after she was done
I threw a noble throw at ane;	They gat a new ane To W. Simpson, P.S.
Whare I kill'd ane, a fair strae-death, 1b. 25.	amaist on ev'ry knowe Ye'll find ane plac'd;
A hich house and a laigh ane; S. Gat ye me †	She has an e'e, she has but ane, S. Willie Wastle
For muckle anes, an' straught anes	It's a pity ane sae pretty Should na do the thing they can. S. Will ye go and marry
For monie a ane has gotten a fright,	But there is an about the lave, S. Women's Minds
Sometime when nae ane see'd him,	Dut there is ane about the lave,

A	m
Ane anither [one another].	To see thee in another's arms,
We'll toyte about wi' ane anither; . A Guid New Year † 18.	
An' hae a swap o' rhymin-ware,	Nor dare disclose my anguish. S. Farewell, thou stream †
Wi' ane anither Ep. to J. L—K, Ap. 1st. 18.	But the dire feeling, O farewell for ever, Anguish unmingl'd and agony pure. S. Gloomy December.
And mony a canty day, John, we've had wi' ane anither; S. John Anderson, my jo †	If sorrow and anguish their exit await, Monody, on a Lady.
An' when ye think upo' your Mither,	That press the soul, or wring the mind with anguish,
Mind to be kind to ane anither. The death of Mailie.	Remorse, A Frag.
	What bursting anguish tears my heart! The Farewell.
Aneath [beneath]. When I forlorn Aneath an aik sat moaning, S. The tither morn.	Yet dare not speak my anguish S. The last time I†
Angel. The Poet, some guid Angel help him, A Ded. to G. H.3.	Tho' despair had wrung its core,
May guardian angels tak a spell,	That would heal its anguish S. Thine am I †
An' steer you seven miles south o' hell; Auld comrade dear †	enamour'd and fond of my anguish, S. Where are the joys †
Now health forsakes that angel face, Fragment.	Angus. The Angus lads had nae gude will,
I guess by the dear angel smile, S. Here's a health to ane †	The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
Guardian angels! O protect her, . S. Highland Mary.	Animated. No storied urn nor animated bust,
I love my Mary's angel air, S. My Mary's face †	Inscrip. on Tomb of Fergusson.
No fallen angel, hurled from upper skies;	Anither [another]. We'll toyte about wi' ane anither;
Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.	The Pigid Pighteens in a feel
O sweet be thy sleep in the land of the grave,	The Rigid Righteous is a fool, The Rigid Wise anither: Add. to the Unco Guid.
My dear little angel, for ever, . On Death of fav. Child.	And mony a canty day, John, we've had wi' ane anither:
An angel form's faun to thy share! 'Twould been o'er meikle to've gi'en thee mair,	S. John Anderson. †
I mean an angel mind S. She's fair and fause †	Or if the Swede, before he halt
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand;	Would play anither Charles the twalt: Kind Sir, I've read †
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 15.	Sae ye wi' anither your fortune maun try.
And swear he has the Angel met	S. O meikle thinks my love t
That met the Ass of Balaam The Dean of Fac.	For Nature made her what she is,
When angels met, at Adam's yett, . The Fête Champetre.	And ne'er made sic anither! S. O saw ye bonie Lesley †
And bring an angel pen to write	First shore her wi' a kindly kiss, And ca' anither gill, jo; S. O steer her up †
My transports wi' my Anna! . S. The gowd. locks of A.	gin the leggin summer J-24 V7-211 C. 1 . 241 241
Old Scotia's darling hope, Your little angel band,	If he but want the miser's dirt
The Petition of Br. Water.	Ye'll cast your head anither airt, S. O Tibbie! I hae seen t
You shouldna paint at angels mair, To a Painter.	But court nae anither, tho' joking ye be,
To paint an angel's kittle wark,	S. O whistle, and Filt
An angel could not die To Dr. Maxwell.	For now he's taen another shore,
'Twas guilty sinners that he meant— Not angels such as you To Miss Ainslie.	On Scot. Bard gne to W. Indies. The priest o' the parish fell in anither [fever]. S. Scroggam.
And thou'rt the angel that never can alter,	first an exper same another
Twas na her bonie blue e'et	first ae caper, syne anither, Tam'o Shanter, 16
The golden hours on angel wings,	She'll teach you, wi' a reekan whittle, Anither sang. The Author's Cry and Prayer, 15.
S. Ye banks and braes and streams †	Ane gies them coin, ane gies them wine
Angelic. Angelic forms, high Heaven's peculiar care!	Another sang. The Author's Cry and Prayer, 15. Ane gies them coin, ane gies them wine, Another gies them clatter; . The Fête Champttre.
Anger. I canna tell, I maunna tell,	
I darena for your anger: S. Craigie-burn Wood.	Anither sighs and prays: The Holy Fair, 10.
If Providence has sent me here	And or I wad anither jad,
Twas surely in an anger. Epig. on being neglected at inn.	I'll wallop in a tow S. The weary pund.
Fain, fain, would I my griefs impart,	Gae fa' upo' anither plan, What ails ye now †
Yet dare na for your anger; . S. Sweet fa's the eve t	Ann. O Lady Mary Ann looks o'er the castle wa', S. Lady Mary Ann.
They canna sit for anger The Holy Fair. 14.	Anna. Anna, thy charms my bosom fire, S. Anna thy charms †
Anger, to. When neebors anger at a plea, Scotch Drink. 13.	Then Anna comes in, the pride o' her kin, Ronalds of Bennals.
To anger them a' is a pity, S. Tam Glen.	Yestreen lay on this breast o' mine
Anger'd. And our gudwife has gotten a ca',	The gowden locks of Anna. [re.] S. The gowd. locks of A.
That anger'd the silly gudeman, O. The Cooper o' cuddy †	Annandale, Bess of the town of Annanl.
Angler. And safe beneath the shady thorn	And blinkin Bess of Annandale,
Defies the angler's art: S. Now Spring has clad t	That dwelt on Solwayside, The Election Ballads. I.
Anglian. The Anglian lion, the terror of France, S. Caledonia.	Then started Bess of Annandale
Angry. Come Winter, with thine angry howl,	And a deadly aith she's ta'en,
S. Again rejoicing Nature †	Anne. Beware o' bonie Anne, [re.] S. A. Masterton's bonie Anne.
If angry fate is sworn my foe, S. O wat ye wha's in t	Annie. O dearly do I lo'e thee Annie. S. By Allan stream †
My plaidie to the angry airt, I'd shelter thee,	Beneath the moon's unclouded light,
S. O wert thou in the the braving angry winter's storms, S. Peggy Chalmers.	I held awa to Annie: S. The Rigs o' Barley.
	Anointed. That Thou might'st greater glory give
As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke, Tam o' Shanter. 17. And e'en a vex'd and angry heart had he!	Unto thine own anointed. New Psalmody.
The Brigs of Ayr. 4.	Friday first's the day appointed, By our Right Worshipful anointed, . To a Medical Gent.
November chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh:	
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 2.	Annual. When ye [craiks] wing your annual way Frae our cauld shore, El. on Capt. M.H. 9.
Tho' stars in skies may disappear	Auld, cantie Coil may count the day,
And angry tempests gather, . S. The noble Maxwells †	As annual it returns, Nature's Law.
I tremble to approach an angry God, . Why am I loth †	Again the silent wheels of time
Anguish, on the couch of anguish? . S. Ay waking, O†	Their annual round have driv'n,
Leslie is sae fair and coy, Care and anguish seize me. S. Blythe hae I been †	To Miss L., with Beattie.
And my heart it stounds wi' anguish,	Another. I'll gie John Ross another bawbee, To boat me o'er to Charlie. S. Come boat me o'er t
Lest my wee thing be na mine S. Bonie wee thing †	To see thee in another's arms,
But what avails the pride of art.	'Twill be my dead, S. Craigie-burn Wood.
When wastes my soul with anguish?	Like thee, where shall I find another.
S. Could aught of song †	The world around! El. on Capt. M.H. 15.

If there's another world, he lives in bliss; If there is none, he made the best of this.	But now thy flowery banks appear Like drumlie winter, dark and drear,
Epit. on a Friend.	S. O Logan! sweetly †
I'll wed another like my dear Then all hell will fly for fear, . S. Husband, husband †	mark! Who in widow weeds appears, Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. — But not for panegyric I appear, Prologue at Th., D.
Henceforth to meet with unconcern, One rank as well's another; On dining with Daer.	Before whose sons I'm honour'd to appear! Prologue sp. by Woods.
Another year is gone for ever. Sketch, New-Yr's day.	Shall no longer appear in the records of fame;
Your thrifty old mother has scarce such another S. Ye sons of old Killie†	Reproof by Himself. At length his lonely Cot appears in view,
Thou canst love another maid, . S. Thou hast left me †	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 3. O thou, whase lamentable face
Answer. For still th' important end of life, They [wha fa'] equally may answer:	Appears to mourn my woefu' case! The Death of Mailie.
Ep. to Young Friend. 4. And answer him fu' dry S. O Tibbie! I hae†	Appear no more before Thy sight Than yesterday that's past. The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps.
Till Echo answer frae her cave, . Tam Samson's El. 13.	Tho' death in ev'ry shape appear, The wretched have no more to fear: S. The gloomy Night †
His flunkies answer at the bell; . The Twa Dogs. 8. Come hither lad, an' answer for't, . What ails ye now †	When presently it does appear, 'Twas but some neebor snoran The Holy Fair. 22.
Answ'rest. Thou, weeping, answ'rest no! . The Farewell. Ant. Each one loves the other, we join with the ant,	How languid the scenes, late so sprightly, appear,
S. The Poor Thresher.	And the puny wound appear,
Anthem. The holy anthem loud and clear; On Lincluden Castle.	Short while it grieves To J. S. 16. (Fled, like the sun eclips'd as noon appears, To R. G. of F. 9.
Anticipation. Anticipation forward points the view; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5.	Appear'd. When glimmering thro' the trees appear'd,
Antidote. an antidote Against sic poosion'd nostrum;	Yon wee white Cot aboon the Mill, As on the banks †
The Holy Fair. 15. Antiquarian. And taen the—Antiquarian trade,	And still, as signs of life appear'd, They toss'd him to and fro John Barleycorn.
I think they call it. On Grose's Peregrinations.	Auld Brig appear'd of ancient Pictish race, The Brigs of Ayr.4. A fairy train appear'd in order bright: Ib. 11.
Antonine. Like Socrates or Antonine, Or some auld pagan heathen, <i>The Holy Fair</i> . 15.	The twa appear'd like sisters twin, . The Holy Fair. 3.
Anxious. An' monie an' anxious day, I thought We wad be beat! A Guid New-year † 16.	Appease. No arts could appease them, no arms could repel; S. Caledonia.
Still anxious to secure your partial favor,	Appetite. Nae the meat, but appetite Maks our eating a delight: S. Jockey fou †
And not less anxious sure this night than ever, Add. sp. by Fontenelle.	Applaud. Like Caledonians, you applaud or blame.
The Goth was stalking round with anxious search, The Brigs of Ayr. 4.	Prologue, sp. by Woods. Applause. So sung the Bard—and Nansie's waws
With heart-struck, anxious care enquires his name, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 7.	Shook with a thunder of applause The folly Beggars. R. VIII.
No anxious fear their little heart alarms; S. The sun he is sunk †	Apple. 'I'll eat the apple at the glass,
An anxious e'e I never throws Behint my lug, or by my nose;	An' twa red cheeket apples,
Any. For I'm as free as any he, . S. Here's to thy health †	It's a' for the apple he'll nourish the tree; S. O meikle thinks my love †
Apart. in some Cottage far apart, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 17. Apart let me wander, apart let me muse, S. The lazy mist †	Applecross [Mr. Mackenzie of Applecross]. Faith, you and A****s were right Add. of Beelzebub.
Ape. nameless wretches, That ape their betters. Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	Appointed. Th' ungodly o'er the just prevailed, For so thou hadst appointed; New Psalmody.
A-piece. Half-a-crown a-piece	Friday first's the day appointed, To a Medical Gent.
Will pay for their fleece, Johnny Peep. Six bottles a-piece had well wore out the night,	Apprehend. He'll apprehend them, poind their gear; The Twa Dogs. 13,
Apollo. Then in an arioso key, The wee Apollo	Apprehension. In rueful apprehension enter'd O, The Vowels.
Set off wi' allegretto glee His giga Solo. The Jolly Beggars, R. V.	Approach. No cold approach, no alter'd mien, The Tears I shed.
With Pegasus upon a day, Apollo weary flying,	Approach, to. Approach this shrine, and worship here.
To Vulcan then Apollo goes,	Poet. Inscription. See approach proud Edward's power, S. Scots, wha ha'e †
Apostle. An there will be Buittle's apostle, Wha's mair o' the black than the blue.	The hour approaches Tam maun ride; . Tam o' Shanter. 7.
The Election Ballads, III. But chiefly thou, apostle Afulld.	I tremble to approach an angry God, . Why am I loth † Approach'd.
But chiefly thou, apostle A[ul]d, We trust in thee, The Twa Herds. 10. Apothecary. But yet the bauld Apothecary	When he [Satan] approach'd where poor Francis lay moaning, Epig on Capt. Grose.
Withstood the shock; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 18.	For none e'er approached her but rued the rash deed. Monody, on a Lady.
Appalled, -'d. Critics-appalled, I venture on the name,	Approaching. As soon the rooted oaks would fly Before th' approaching fellers.
To R. G. of F. 4. No more I shrink appall'd, afraid, To Ruin.	The Election Ballads. VI.
Appeal. To common sense they now appeal, Auld comrade dear †	The morn that warns th' approaching day, The Lament. 7. Approve. Let my fancy first approve S. Jockey fout
Appealing. Reid, to common sense appealing. Auld comrade dear †	Approv'd. His worth, his honour, all the world approv'd. Lns sent Sir J. Whiteford.
Appear. In whose dread Presence, ere an hour,	Approving. Yet deviating own I must, For so approving me. Wr. on leaf of H. More.
Perhaps I must appear! A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.	Apron. Her braw, new, worset apron Halloween. 13.
Till smiling Spring again appear S. Bonie Bell. Dim-backward as I cast my view,	An' take a share with those that bear The budget and the apron! The Jolly Beggars. S. VI.
What sick'ning scenes appear! Despondency, an Ode1.	Aproned. all mechanics' many-aproned kinds. Ep. to R. Graham. 2.
Brightest climes shall mirk appear, S. Frae the Friends † Each eye it chears when she appears, S. Lovely Davies.	Apt. Fickle man is apt to rove: S. Let not woman †

Aqua-fontis. Aqua-fontis, what you please, He can content ye. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 21. Ark. But the Doctor's your mark, for the L--d's haly ark, He has cooper'd and cawd a wrang pin in't.

The Kirk's Alarm. Aquavitae [whisky]. E'er sin' they laid that curst restriction On Aquavitae;

The Author's Cry and Prayer. Arle-penny, v. Airle-penny. Arn. With open arms the Stranger hail;

Add. to Edinburgh. 3. muse-inspirin' aqua-vitæ Third Ep. to J. Lap. When in my arms, wi' a' thy charms,
I clasp my countless treasure, O! S. An' I'll kiss thee yet † Sweet the streamlet's limpid lapse To the sun-brown'd Arab's lips; . Clos'd in my arms, she murmur'd still, . Delia. An Ode. A-ranklin. May set their Highland blude a-ranklin; Come kiss me at your leisure. . S. As I gaed up by t And stately oaks their twisted arms, Add. of Beelzebub. 2. Arbour. You knot of gay flowers in the arbour, They ne'er wi' my Phillis can vie: Threw broad and dark across the pool: As on the banks t The slender bit beauty you grasp in your arms;
S. Awa' wi' yr witchcraft † S. Adown winding Nith † Arcadian. No shepherd's pipe-Arcadian strains; The Lament. And in my arms ye'se lie and sleep, . S. Ca' the Ewes † Arch. Lifts high it's roof and arches wide, On Lincluden Castle. To see thee in another's arms, - -Her home, these aisles and arches high; 'Twill be my dead, S. Craigie-burn Wood. That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane, Tam o'Shanter.7. in his arms he lock'd her sicker. . . S. Donald Brodie † Come to my bowl, come to my arms, Spying the time-worn flaws in ev'ry arch; The Brigs of Ayr. 4. My friends, my brothers! Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 21. The arches striding o'er the new-born stream; Wr. in Kenmore Inn. Whose arms of love would grasp the human race: Arch, to. Altho' his hair began to arch, He was sae fley'd an' eerie: Ep. to R. Graham. 5. Collected Harry stood awee, Then open'd out his arm, . Extem. in Court of Session. . Halloween. 19. Arched. The high-arched windows, painted fair,

On Lincluden Castle. And shelter, shade, nor home, have I, Save in those arms of thine, Love. S. Forlorn, my Love † Arch-alacrity. With arch-alacrity and conscious glee Arch-flend. — lust and pride,
The arch-fiend's dearest, darkest powers,
The Hermit. fell a martyr in her [Victory's] arms, Fragment of Ode. My arms about my Dearie, O; S. Green grow the Rashes. Arching. Bewitchingly o'er arching
Twa laughing e'en o' bonie blue.
S. Sae flaxen were † But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber, For then I am lock'd in thy arms S. Here's a health to ane To my arms their charge convey, S. How can my poor heart † O'er-arching, mouldy, gloom-inspiring coves, The Brigs of Ayr. 8. Trees with aged arms were warring, . S. I dream'd I lay t And some will hause in ithers arms, . S. John, come kiss t No more shall my arms cling with fondness around her, Lament on leaving Nat. Land. Architect. The glorious Architect Divine! The Farewell to St. I's L. That arm which, nerved with thundering fate, Braved usurpation's boldest daring! . . . Architecture. There Architecture's noble pride Liberty. Bids elegance and splendor rise the palsied arm of tottering, powerless age. . . . Ib. A lesson sadly teaching, to your cost,
That Architecture's noble art is lost!
The Brigs of Avr 7 the paisset arm to the control of th Fine architecture, trowth, I needs must say't o't!. . Ib. 8. I'll flee to's arms I lo'e the best, S. Now rosy May t Ardent. A flatt'ring ardent kiss he stole; S. On a bank of flowers † Wi' Chloris in my arms, . . S. O bonie was you rosy t Wi' Chloris in my atms,
Come to my arms, my Katie, my Katie,
An' come to my arms and kiss me again!
S. O merry hae I been t With ardent eyes, complexion sallow, Sketch, New Y'rs Day. To muster o'er each ardent Whig, The Election Ballads. VI. 'Mong swelling floods of reeking gore, They ardent, kindling spirits pour; The Vision, D. II. 5. But gi'e me Lucy in my arms, S. O wat ye wha's int With accents wild and lifted arms she cried; Ev'ry pulse along my veins, Tells the ardent lover, On Death of Sir. J. Blair. S. Thine am I + Death tears the brother of her love From Isabella's arms. O! hear my ardent, grateful, selfish prayer! To R. G. of F. q. . Sad thy tale t But raise your arm, an' tell your crack
Before them a'. The Author's Cry and Prayer. Friend of my life! my ardent spirit burns, To R. Graham. Ardour. All you who follow wealth and power
With unremitting ardour, O,
S. My father was a farmer † The scented birk and hawthorn white, Across the pool their arms unite, S. The Contented Cottager. 'In other's arms, breathe out the tender tale, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 9. Or tore, with noble armour stung, The Sceptic's bays. The Vision. D. II. 6. Poetic ardours in my bosom swell, Wr. in Kenmore Inn. . S. The gowd. locks of A. dying raptures in her arms, Area. That weekly this area throng, A Bard's Epit. My Donald's arm was wanted then S. The Highl. Widow's Lam. Argument. Till in a declamation-mist, His argument he tint it:

Extem. in Court of Session. Wi' arm repos'd on the chair-back, He sweetly does compose him;. . The Holy Fair, II. Argyle. The great Argyle led on his files, S. The Battle of Sherra-moor. And birks extend their fragrant arms
To screen the dear embrace. Th The Petition of Br. Water. Aright. They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright. . . . The Cotter's Sat. Night. 6. His doxy lay within his arm; . The Jolly Beggars. R. I. there I left for witness, an arm and a limb; . . . Ib. S. I. Arioso [light, airy]. rioso [light, airy].

Then in an arioso key, The wee Apollo
Set off wi' allegretto glee His giga Solo.

The Jolly Beggars. R.V. tho' I must beg, with a wooden arm and leg. Encircled in her clasping arms,
How have the raptur'd moments flown!

The Lament. I flang my arms about her neck. S. The Lass that made the bed. In arioso trills and graces Ye never stray, . To J.S. 27. There lie my sweet babies in her arms, S. The sun he is sunk † And, by the moon-beam, shook, to see A stern and stalwart ghaist arise, Arise. . The Twa Dogs. EE. The Ladies arm-in-arm in clusters, . A Vision. Then may L[aprai]k and B[urns] arise, To reach their native, kindred skies, Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 18. Old Loda, still rueing the arm of Fingal, The Whistle. Till war's loud alarms No other light shall guide my steps
"Till thy bright beams arise. S. Farewell, dear mistress † Tore her laddie frae her arms, S. There was a bonie lass t Weel are ye wordy of a grace As lang's my arm. And from thee many a parent stem Arise to deck our land. An' legs, an' arms, an' heads will sned, Like taps o' thrissle, On Birth of Posth. Child. While the sun and thou arise to bless the day.
S. Sleef'st thou, or wak'st †

And waft my dear Laddie ance mair to my arms.

S. Wandering Willie.

And Burke shall sing, O prince, arise!

The Election Ballads. VI.

She sank within my arms, and cried, Art thou my ain dear Willie? S. When wild war's †	Arrogant. The arrogant assuming; On dining with Daer.
A weak arm, and a strang For to draw.	Arrow. She took to her hills, and her arrows let fly, S. Caledonia.
S. Ye Jacobites by name † And the heart beating love as I'm clasped in her arms,	Or turn the pole like any arrow; Ep. to H. Parker. Fate gave the word, the arrow sped,
S. Yon wild mossy mountains t	And pierc'd my darling's heart: . S. Fate gave the word t
When in his arms he taks me a'; S. Young Jockey† Armament. But truce with kings, and truce with constitutions,	Arse [the buttocks]. Or if bare a—— yet were tax'd; . Kind Sir, I've read†
With bloody armaments and revolutions; The Rights of Woman.	Thou comes—they rattle i' their ranks At ither's arses! Scotch Drink. 18.
Arm'd. His head weel arm'd wi' pointed spears, John Barleycorn.	To her sittan on her arse Low i' the dust, The Author's Cry and Prayer.
Craigdarroch led a light-arm'd core, The Election Ballads. VI. Arming. distress, with horrors arming, . S. Sensibility †	Abjuring their democrat doings, By kissin' the a— of a peer. The Election Ballads. III.
Arminian. Nae poison'd soor Arminian stank.	They set them down upon their arse, [v.A.1] The Twa Dogs.6.
Armorial. Here's armorial bearings	Art. Ply ev'ry art o' legal thieving; . A Ded. to G.H. 8.
Frae the manse o' Urr; The Election Ballads. IV.	Who long with jiltish arts and airs has strove; Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
In her [Beauty's] armour of glances, and blushes, and sighs; You wild mossy mountains †	Your better art o' hiding. Add. to Unco Guid. 3. No arts could appease them, no arms could repel; S. Caledonia.
Armour, Jean. But Armour's the jewel for me o' them a'. The Belles of Mauchline.	But what avails the pride of art,
Arms. Like some bold Vet'ran, gray in arms, Add. to Edinburgh. 5.	When wastes the soul with anguish? S. Could aught of song thy gentle mind Disdains art's gay disguising; Ib.
In a' their charms, and conquering arms, S. A. Masterton's bonie Anne.	wi' his art 'And cursed skill, . Death and Dr. Hornbook. 15. Hornbook was by, wi' ready art,
S. A. Masterton's bonie Anne. No arts could appease them, no arms could repel; S. Caledonia.	And just to stop, and just to move,
haughty Chieftain, 'mid the din of arms,	With self-respecting art: Despondency, an Ode. 4. Her [nature's] Hogarth-art perhaps she meant to show it)
Ep. fr. Esopus to Maria. The man in arms, 'gainst female charms, S. Lovely Davies.	Yet has sae mony takin' arts, . Holy Willie's Prayer. 11.
'Gainst headlong, ruthless, mad Rebellion's arms. Scots Prologue.	The gay gaudy glare of vanity and art: S. Mark yonder Pomp†
Or hounded forth, dishonor arms In hungry droves. The Author's Cry and Prayer, P.S.	Her native grace so void of art; S. My Mary's face t
And train'd to arms in stern Misfortunes field,	And safe beneath the shady thorn Defies the angler's art: S. Now Spring has clad \tag{*}
The Brigs of Ayr. When awful Beauty joins with all her charms,	'Tis rakish art in Rob Mossgiel O leave novels †
Who is so rash as rise in rebel arms? The Rights of Woman. As Arts or Arms they understand,	Again, again that tender part, That I may catch thy melting art; S. O stay sweet warbling †
Their labors ply The Vision. D. II. 3.	Inhuman man! curse on thy barb'rous art,
(A world gainst peace in constant arms) . To Chloris For guilt, for guilt, my terrors are in arms; Why am I loth	On seeing wounded Hare. The drooping arts surround their patron's bier,
Army. Plunderer of Armies, lift thine eyes, Ode to Mem. of Mrs. —	On Death of Sir J. Blair. Wi' deils, they say, L-d safe's! colleaguin
Tho' large the forest's Monarch throws His army shade, The Vision, D. II. 20.	At some black art. On Grose's Peregrinations. With Art's most polish'd blaze S. Peggy Chalmers.
Arose. Provok'd beyond bearing, at last she arose, S. Caledonia.	The flower it blaws, it fades and fa's, And Art can ne'er renew it, S. Polly Stewart.
From peaceful slumber she arose, . S. It was the charming †	-every science-every nobler art-
Before this ponderous globe itself Arose at thy command: . The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps.	That can inform the mind, or mend the heart, Prologue, sp. by Woods.
But up arose the martial Chuck, The Jolly Beggars. R. II. Around. Around me scowls a wintry sky,	A lesson sadly teaching, to your cost, That Architecture's noble art is lost! The Brigs of Ayr. 7.
	While arts of Minstrelsy among them rung,
Ye lavish woods that wave around, S. Slow spreads the gloom †	with studied, sly, ensnaring art, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10. Curse on his perjur'd arts! dissembling smooth! Ib.
I could range the world around For the sake of Somebody S. Somebody.	In all the pomp of method, and of art, Ib. 17. Studied in arts of Hell, in wickedness refin'd! Ib. 19.
When you green leaves fade frae the tree, Around my grave they'll wither. S. Sweet fa's the eve t	Wha canna win her in a night,
And stand a wall of fire around their much-lov'd Isle.	Has little art in courting The Tarbolton Lasses. There's sic parade, sic pomp an' art,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 20. Arouse. Arouse my boys! exert your mettle,	The joy can scarcely reach the heart The Twa Dogs. 31. There distant shone, Art's lofty boast,
The Author's Cry and Prayer. Arous'd. While slee D—nd—s arous'd the class	The lordly dome The Vision, D.I. 13. Harmoniously, As Arts or Arms they understand,
Be-north the Roman wa', man; A Fragment. 8. Aroused by blustering winds an' spotting thowes,	Their labors ply 1b. D. 11. 3. Some teach the Bard, a darling care,
The Brigs of Ayr. 7. Arraign. Thou, Nature, partial Nature, I arraign;	The tuneful Art 1b. 4. Or wake the bosom-melting throe,
To R . G . of F .	With Shenstone's art; 1b. 19.
Array. Yet maiden May, in rich array, Again shall bring them a' . S. But lately seen †	Might there have learnt new mysteries of his art; The Vowels. For ne'er a bosom yet was prief
In simplicity's array; S. Mark yonder Pomp † I see the hours in long array, The Lament.	Against your arts To J. S, Spurning nature, torturing art; To Miss Fontenelle.
Array, to. Now in her green mantle blythe Nature arrays,	Even silly woman has her warlike arts, . To R. G. of F.
S. My Nanie's awa. Array'd. In beauty's pride array'd; The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps.	Their jugglin' hocus-pocus arts To cheat the crowd To Rev. J. M'Math.
Arrest. Some black bog-hole, Arrests us, Ep. to Major Logan. 2.	Ill-suited law's dry, musty arts! To W. Simpson.
Arrive. Behold the hour, the boat arrive! S. Behold the hour t	Artemisa. One Queen Artemisa, as old stories tell, Epig. on Henpecked Squire, Another.

Artful,-fu'. Could artful numbers move thee, S. Could aught of song † S. Behind you hills † Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O: Artillery. Miller brought up the artillery ranks, The many-pounders of the Banks,

The Election Ballads. VI. Artisan. The Rustic Bard, the lab'ring Hind, The Artisan, The Vision, D. II. 7. Artless. [The daisy] So artless, so simple, so wild; S. Adown winding Nith † Bonie lassie, artless lassie! . S. Lassie wi' the lint white † this dear artless creature, . S. My Love's a winsome † The Hero of these artless strains, A lowly Bard was he, . Nature's Law. the simple artless rhymes, . . . Once fondly lov'd † though his artless strains he rudely sings, The Brigs of Ayr. The Youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,

The Cotter's Sat. Night. 8. They chant their artless notes in simple guise; . Some grace the Maiden's artless smile; The Vision, D. II, q. the simple, artless lays Of other times. . Now what could artless Jeanie do? . S. There was a lass † As blythe and as artless as the lambs on the lea, S. There's auld Rob M. † To a Mountain-daisy. Such is the fate of artless Maid, Ascend. The braes ascend like lofty wa's,
S. Bonie lassie, will ye go to heaven's gates the lark's shrill song ascends,

Ep. to R. Graham. 5. The lavrock, to the sky
Ascends wi' sangs o' joy;
Ascends the holy rostrum:

The Holy Fair. 16. Ascertain. I could not then just ascertain It's worth, for want of time, . Symon Gray † Ase [ashes]. In loving bleeze they sweetly join,
Till white in a sethey're sobbin. Halloween. 10. Ash. She's stately like you youthful ash, S. On Cessnock Banks † Let lofty firs, and ashes cool, My lowly banks o'erspread, The Petition of Br. Water. Ashamed. O! art thou not ashamed To doat upon a feature? S. Deluded Swain † Asham'd himself to see the wretches, Lns add. to J. Ranken. Ashes. Where unknown, unlamented, my ashes shall rest, Lament on leaving Nat. Land. Stalk'd round his ashes lowly laid, [v. A. 4] The Vision. Aside. Or frailty stept aside, A Prayer in prosp. of Death. To step aside is human:. . . Add. to Unco Guid. 7. Say, sages, what's the charm on earth,
Can turn death's dart aside? Epit. on Miss J. Lewars. Wilt thou lay that frown aside, And smile as thou wert wont to do? . S. Fairest Maid † Yet sune thou shalt be thrown aside, Like ony common weed and vile. S. I do confess thou art † They lay aside their private cares, . . The Twa Dogs. 18. I turn'd my weeding heuk aside, The Ans. to the Guidwife. His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 12. Ask. At present we will ask no more, . . . A. Grace. In heaven itself, I'll ask no more,
Than just a Highland welcome.

A Verse on being hosp. entertained. Ask why God made the gem so small, While huge he made the granite? Ask why God made t I ask for dearest life alone, That I may live to love her. S. Come, let me take thee t Backward, abash'd to ask thy friendly aid? Ep. to R. Graham.5. If thou should ask my love, Could I deny thee?
S. Jamie, come try me Why then ask of silly Man, To oppose great Nature's plan? . S. Let not woman † One friendly sigh for him, he asks no more, Once fondly lov'd † One friendly sign for min, no ask the question;
Prologue at Th., D. To crown your happiness he asks your leave, . . . Ib. Nor asks if they bring ought to hope or fear. Sonnet writ. on birthday. And would you ask me to resign, The sole reward that crowns my pain. S. The capt. Ribband. One round, I ask it with a tear, The Farewell to St. J.'s L. Grant me but this, I ask no more, Ay rowth o' rhymes. To J. S. 21. I ask no kindness at thy hand, To Lord G. For thou hast none to give. .

Askance. askance the creature eyeing, Add. sp. by Fontenelle Asked. I asked no more but a Sodger laddie.

The Jolly Beggars. S. II. And many a question he ask'd him at large, S. The Poor Thresher. Asklent [not straight, aslant]. Sin' thou came to the warl asklent, Add. to Illegit. Child. Look'd asklent and unco skeigh, . . S. Duncan Grayt Asleep. My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
S. Afton Water. The half asleep start up wi' fear, . The Holy Fair. 22. 'Twas but some neebor snoran Asleep that day. . . . Ib. The prosperous man is asleep, . S. The sun he is sunk † Aspar. Guid faith, quo' scho, I doubt you gar,
The bonie lasses lie aspar,
S. There was a lad† Aspect. What aspects old Time in his progress has worn;
S. The lazy mist † While they maun stan', wi' aspect humble, The Twa Dogs. 13. Aspire. Far be't frae me that I aspire To blame your Legislation, . . A Dream. 5. Poor dunghill sons o' dirt and mire, May to Patrician rights aspire! Add. of Beelzebub. 2. The sober laverock, warbling wild, Shall to the skies aspire; . The Petition of Br. Water. Ass. They gang in [to College] stirks, and come out Asses,

Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 12. Ye're nought but senseless asses, O:
S. Green grow the Rashes. That which distinguished the gender O' Balaam's ass; On Grose's Peregrinations. sore I feel All others' scorn-but damn that ass's heel. Reply to a Reproof. And swear he has the Angel met That met the Ass of Balaam. . The Dean of Fac. Yet to worth let's be just, royal blood ye might boast,
If the ass was the king of the brutes. . The Kirk's Alarm. Thou giv'st the ass his hide, the snail his shell, To R.G. of F. Assail. Like wind-driv'n hail it did assail, Extem. in Court of Session. In vain assail him with their prayer, Sketch, New-Yr's Day. As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke, When plundering herds assail their byke; Tam o' Shanter.17 My Lord, I know, your noble ear Woe ne'er assails in vain; . The Petition of Br. Water. And nocht could him quail, Or his bosom assail, . . . S. There was a bonie lass t Assailing. Have oft withstood assailing War,

Add. to Edinburgh. 5. Assassin. What makes heroic strife?

To whet th' assassin's knife,

Assemble.

When yearly ye assemble a',
One round, I ask it with a tear,
The Farewell to St. J.'s L. Ye sons of old Killie, assembled by Willie,
To follow the noble vocation;
S. The Sons of old Killie† Assembled. o catch Dame Fortunes 3-. Assiduous wait upon her; Ep. to Young Friend. 7. Assiduous. To catch Dame Fortune's golden smile, Assignation. An' forming assignations
To meet some day. The Holy Fair. 20. Assign'd. At my right hand assign'd your seat, Add. of Beelzebub. 5. To lower Orders are assign'd, The humbler ranks of Human-kind, The Vision. D. II. 7. Assist. Assist poor Simson a' ye can, Auld comrade deart He aften did assist ye [husbands]; Epit. on a Wag. With that controlling pow'r assist ev'n me, Why am I loth t Since to enjoy Thou dost deny, Assist me to resign! . Winter. Assisting. Implore his counsel and assisting might:

The Cotter's Sat. Night. Assume. Nature sees Her robe assume its vernal hues S. Again rejoicing Nature † My horny fist assume the plough again; Ep. to R. Graham.5. And Modesty assume your an,

Nor Insolence assumes fair Freedom's name:

Prologue, sp. by Woods. And Modesty assume your air, . . On W. Chalmers. Assuming. The gentle pride, the lordly state,

The arrogant assuming; On dining with Daer.

Asteer [astir]. An' wha was it but Grumphie

Asteer that night? Halloween. 20.

Astonished,-'d.	Attendant. Youth, grace, and love attendant move,
Astonished! confounded! cry'd Satan, by G-d,	S. A. Masterton's bonie Anne
I'll want 'im, ere I take such a d—ble load. Epig. on Capt. Grose.	Nor for a train-attendant; Ep. to Young Friend. 7
And viewless Echo's ear, astonished, rends.	Attended. Attended in his [Want's] grim advances, By sad mistakes, and black mischances,
Wr. by Fall of Fyers.	A Ded. to G. H. 10
Astonish'd, doubly marks its beam, S. Peggy Chalmers.	Ev'n them he canna get attended, Death and Dr. Hornbook
But Maggie stood right sair astonish'd, Tam o' Shanter, 11. And seem'd to my astonish'd view,	Does the train-attended carriage Thro' the country lighter rove? The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII
A well-known Land The Vision, D. I. 12.	Long did I bear the heavy yoke,
With musing-deep, astonish'd stare, Ib. D. II. 1.	And many griefs attended; . S. The Joyful Widower
Astray. (Not moony madness more astray)	Attention. And thy attentions plighted, S. O wat ye wha that loes
Sent to a Gent. offended.	The Rights of Woman merit some attention.
Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 6.	The Rights of Woman
That auld grey yaud, yea, Nidsdale rade,	Let Majesty your first attention summon, Ah! ça ira! The Majesty of Woman!
Astray upon Nidside The Election Ballads. V. But yet the light that led astray,	Attentive. Attentive still to sorrow's wail,
Was light from Heaven. The Vision, D. II. 17.	Add. to Edinburgh. 3
Again in folly's path might go astray; . Why am I loth †	My dying words attentive hear, . The Death of Mailie
Astride. My Pegasus I'm got astride, On W. Chalmers.	Atting My Mysa the' hamely in atting
Asunder. For why,—methinks I hear her yoice Tearing the clouds asunder.	Attire. My Muse, tho' hamely in attire, May touch the heart. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 13
S. The Joyful Widower.	Ye shall gang in gay attire, . S. My Collier Laddie
We tore ourselves asunder. S. Ye banks and braes and streams †	Attir'd. Attir'd as minstrels wont to be A Vision
A-swearing. But heavens! how he fell a-swearing,	Attour [over, besides]. Bye attour, my Gutcher has
S. Last May a braw wooer †	A hich house and a laigh ane; S. Gat ye me
At. His haly lips wad licket at her. S. Donald Brodie.	Attribute. Heaven's attribute distinguish'd—to bestow!
Are at it, skelpin! jig and reel, In my poor pouches Friend of the Poet	Ep. to R. Graham. 5 Attune. But peace attune thy gentle soul to rest,
At strife thir carlines fell; The Election Ballads. I.	To Miss Graham
Of all the women in the world,	Atweel [well! in truth!]. Are they a' Johny's? Eh! atweel no:
I never could come at her S. The Joyful Widower. Come—one bottle more—and have at the sublime!	S. Gudeen to you Kimmer
The Whistle. 17.	Atween [between]. Or how the collieshangie works
An' if ye mak objections at it, . Third Ep. to J. Lap.	Atween the Russians and the Turks; Kind Sir, I've read
Atheist. But twenty times, I rather wou'd be An atheist clean, To Rev. J. M'Math.	Ha'e had a bitter black out-cast
Atheist-laugh. An atheist-laugh's a poor exchange	Atween themsel The Twa Herds. 2 Auchenbay, An' Auchenbay, I wish him joy;
For Deity offended l	Auld comrade dear
Ep. to Young Friend. 9. Athole. Or I had fed an Athole Gled . S. Killiecrankie.	Aught. Could aught of song declare my pains, S. Could aught of song
	Tis sweeter for thee despairing,
The grace be—"Athole's honest men, "And Athole's bonnie lasses!" The Petition of Br. Water.	Than aught in the world beside, Jessy. S. Here's a health
We'll awa to Athole's green, and there we'll no be seen, S. There grows a bonie †	We're sayin or takin aught amiss: Kind Sir, I've read Even they maun dare an effort mair,
Athort [athwart]. Athort the lift they start and shift,	Than aught they ever gave us, . S. Lovely Davis
A Vision.	The deil he couldna skaithe thee,
Athwart. Ye've lately come athwart her; . A Dream. 13.	Or aught that wad belang thee! S. O saw ye bonie Lesley I, careless, quit aught else below,
like the star that athwart gilds the sky, <i>Poet. Add. to Tytler</i> . Atlantic. Or haply lies beneath th' Atlantic roar.	But spare me, spare me Lucy dear. S. O wat ye wha's in yon
Once fondly lov'd †	Can thy keen inspection trace
Across the Atlantic's roar?	Aught of Humanity's sweet melting grace? Ode to Mem. of Mrs. —
Atmosphere. Hid in an atmosphere of reek, Ep. to H. Parker.	From aught that's good exempt On Duke of Queensberry
Atone. Can all the wealth of India's coast, Atone for years in absence lost?	Nor more may aught my steps divide,
A' thegither [altogether].	From that dear stream which flows to Clyde. S. Slow spreads the gloom
Tam tint his reason a' thegither, . Tam o' Shanter. 16.	Or nature aught of pleasure give; S. The day returns
B' the L-d! ye'se get them a' thegither The Inventory.	That few for aught but folly lusted; The Hermin
'I'll frankly gie her't a' thegither, What ails ye now t	Aught [eight]. in aught hours gaun, A Guid New-year † 11 Aught [belong]. Whase aught that Chiels make a' thi
Attach'd. Attach'd him to the generous truly great, Ep. to R. Graham. 4.	Aught [belong]. Whase aught that Chiels maks a' thi bustle here? . Scots Prologue
Attained. For care and trouble set your thought,	Aughteen [eighteen]. A prisoner aughteen year awa,
Ev'n when your end's attained; Ep. to Young Friend. 2.	S. Amang the trees Augment. May heaven augment your blisses, A Dream. 1
Attempted. Dear S[mith], the sleest, pawkie thief, That e'er attempted stealth or rief, . To J.S.	August. When August winds the heather wave,
Attend. Reader attend A Bard's Epit.	Tam Samson's El., 13
Draw near with pious rev'rence and attend!	Auld [Rev. Mr.].
Epit. for Author's Father. And pray, a' gude things may attend you! Kind Sir, I've read	Daddy Auld, Daddy Auld, there's a tod in the fauld, The Kirk's Alarm. &
Spirits kind, again attend me, . Musing on the roaring †	But chiefly thou, apostle A-d,
How can I to the tuneful strain attend? Sonnet on Death of R.	We trust in thee, . The Twa Herds. 10
My blessings aye attend the chiel,	I did na suffer ha'f sae much Frae Daddie Auld What ails ye now
Wha pitied Gallia's slaves, man, The Tree of Liberty.	Auld [old]. Ye've gien auld Britain peace, A Dream. 6
Not a hope that dare attend; S. Thickest night! Nor with unwilling ear attend	Hae, there's a ripp to thy auld baggie: A Guid New-Year
The moralizing Muse To Chloris.	An' thy auld hide as white's a daisie,
Then, Sir, God willing, I'll attend ye, . To Mr. Renton.	But thy auld tail thou wad hae whisket,
Ye true "Loyal Natives," attend to my song, Ye true "Loyal Nat.'s." †	my auld, trusty Servan',
to true Doyal Ivalis.	and the auto days may the fill state vill ,

Auld, grim, black-bearded Geordie's sel, Adam A-'s Prayer.	Thou paints auld nature to the nines,
And [Death] tips auld drunken Nanse the wink, Ib.	Poem on Pastoral Poetry that trusty auld worthy Clackleith,
May twin auld Scotland o' a life Add. of Beelzebub. An auld wife's tongue's a feckless matter	P.S. to "The Kirk's Alarm.
To gie ane fash Add. to Illegit. Child.	Ilk feature—auld nature Declar'd that she cou'd do nae mair! S. Sae flaxen
Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie, . Add. to the Deil. 1.	O thou, my Muse! guid, auld Scotch Drink! Scotch Drink.
Hear me, auld Hangie, for a wee,	An' sends, beside, auld Scotland's cash
where auld, ruin'd castles, gray, Nod to the moon, 1b. 5.	To her warst faes
ye auld, snick-drawing dog!	Ye Scots wha wish auld Scotland well,
An' now, auld Cloots, I ken ye're thinkan, Ib. 20.	Sing auld Cowl, lay you down by me, S. Scroggam
But fare-you-weel, auld Nickie-ben!	Searching auld wives' barrels Och, ho! the day! . Searching auld wives'
Auld comrade dear and brither sinner, Auld comrade dear †	Till bairns' bairns kindly cuddle
My heart-warm love to guid auld Glen,	Your auld gray hairs. Second Ep. to David
When bending down with auld grey hairs,	Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
My auld school-fellow, Preacher Willie, 1b.	S. Should auld acquaintance For auld lang syne, my dear,
An' next, my auld acquaintance, Nancy, Ib.	Sin' auld lang syne. [re.]
Our auld Guidman delights to view	We auld wives' minions gie our opinions, . Symon Gray
His sheep and kye thrive bonie, O; S. Behind yon hills † It brake the sweet heart of my faithfu' auld dame,	By Alloway's auld haunted kirk Tam o' Shanter.
S. By you castle wa't	Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet; 1b.
But O, to see auld Nick gaun hame,	There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast;
And Charlie's faes before him! . S. Come boat me o'er† Wi' a cog o' gude ale, and an auld Scotish sang.	But wither'd beldams, auld and droll,
S. Contented wi' little †	Has auld K[ilmarnock] seen the Deil? Tam Samson's El.
The auld kirk-hammer strak the bell Death and Dr. Hornbook. 31.	Now ev'ry auld wife, greetin, clatters,
Our Mess John, wi' his auld grey pow, . S. Donald Brodie.	Yon auld gray stane, among the heather, Ib. I. for poor auld Scotland's sake . The Ans. to the Gudewif.
And auld Mess John will mend the skaith, S. Duncan Gray.	The auld man he came over the lea, . S. The auld man
And like stock-fish come o'er his studdie	Wi' his auld beard newlin shaven [re.]
Wi' thy auld sides! . El. on Capt. M.H. 1.	To see his poor, auld mither's pot, Thus dung in staves,
In some auld tree, or eldritch tower, Ib. 10.	The Author's Cry and Prayer.
An' my auld teethless Bawtie's dead; . El. on Year 1788.	The kind, auld, cantie Carlin greet,
An' no owre auld, I hope, to learn!	Then echo thro' Saint Stephen's wa's Auld Scotland's wrangs
While tears hap o'er her auld brown nose! Ep. to H. Parker.	Auld Scotland's wrangs
Or, when auld Phœbus bids good-morrow,	To get auld Scotland back her kettle!
Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 22.	Tell yon guid bluid o' auld Boconnock's,
honest-hearted, auld L[aprai]k, Ib. Ap. 21st. 1.	An' drink his health in auld Nanse Tinnock's,
Straught to auld Nick's	Auld Scotland has a raucle tongue;
Some auld, us'd hands had taen a note,	if she promise auld or young To tak their part, Id
Here lies with death auld Grizel Grim, Epit. on Grizel Grim.	Their lot auld Scotland ne'er envies,
So may the auld year gang out moaning Friend of the poet	Scotland, my auld, respected Mither!
Auld Nature swears, the lovely Dears Her noblest work she classes, O: S. Green grow the Rashes.	But gin ye be a Brig as auld as me, The Brigs of Ayr.
The auld Guidwife's weel-hoordet nits Halloween, 7.	Auld Vandal, ye but show your little mense,
The auld guidman raught down the pock, Ib. 17.	Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new;
young an' auld come rinnan out,	The Cotter's Sat. Night.
a swirlie, auld moss-oak,	How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' Lint was i' the bell. Ib. I.
Auld, uncle John, wha wedlock's joys, Sin' Mar's-year did desire,	And ilka wife cries "Auld Mahoun, "I wish you luck o' the prize, man. S. The deil cam' fiddlin
They say ye're turning auld, John, and what though it be so,	The fient-ma-care, quo' the feirrie auld wife,
S. John Anderson, my jot	S. The deuks dang o'er
So may ye hae auld stanes in store, S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. Grose†	O haud your tongue, my feirrie auld wife,
And how her new shoon fit her auld shachl't feet;	A carline auld and teugh, The Election Ballads.
S. Last May a braw wooer†	The auld gudeman o' London court
Auld Orthodoxy lang did grapple, Letter to J. Goudie.	The auld gudeman, or the young gudeman, For me may sink or swim;
There wons auld Colin's bonnie lass, S. My Lord a-hunting †	Her auld Scots heart was true;
Auld, cantie Coil may count the day, Nature's Law.	And can we forget the auld Major, Ib. II.
To sing auld Coil in nobler style	He founder'd his horse among harlots,
Auld, cantie Kyle may weepers wear,	But gied his auld naig to the Lord
On Scot. Bard gone to W. Indies.	Fame and high renown, For an auld sang Ib. IV
'Twill mak her poor, auld heart, I fear,	The crest, an auld crab-apple Rotten at the core
In flinders flee:	The Murray, on the auld grey yaud,
By some auld, houlet-haunted, biggin, On Grose's Peregrinations.	Like Socrates or Antonine,
Ilk ghaist that haunts auld ha' or chamer, Ib.	Or some auld pagan heathen, The Holy Fair. I
He has a fouth o' auld nick-nackets: Ib.	An' thinks it auld wives' fables:
And parritch-pats, and auld saut-backets,	The auld guidmen, about the grace, Frae side to side they bother,
Before the Flood	My Lan' afore's a gude auld has been, The Inventory
Auld Tubalcain's fire-shool and fender; 1b. Auld Truth hersel' might swear ye're fair, On W. Chalmers.	An' your auld burrough mony a time,
I sat me down to ponder,	Ae auld wheelbarrow, mair for token,
Upon an auld tree-root: One night as I†	An' my auld mother brunt the trin'le
Auld Aire ran by before me,	niest the fire, in auld, red rags, . The Jolly Beggars. R.
that curst carmagnole auld Satan, Poem on Life.	Yet that winna save ye, auld Satan must have ye,
Thy auld damned elbow yeuks wi' joy, Ib.	The Kirk's Alarm.

The Kirk's Alarm. 18.	An' auld-light caddies bure sic hands, To W. Simpson. P.S.
Now auld K[ilmarnock], cock thy tail, . The Ordination. 6.	Nae doubt the auld-light flocks are bleatan;
Auld Hornie did the Laigh Kirk watch, Ib. 10.	Some auld-light herds in neebor towns
See, see auld Orthodoxy's faes She's swingein thro' the city!	Auld Reekie [Edinburgh].
She's swingein thro' the city!	Auld Reekie dings them a' to sticks, . To Miss Ferrier
The Tree of Liberty.	Auld Reekie ay he keepit tight, And trig an' braw: To W. Creech
Syne let us pray, auld England may Sure plant this far-famed tree, man;	Auld-warld [old-world].
That bears the name o' auld King Coil, The Twa Dogs. 1.	
The cantie, auld folks, crackan crouse,	To liken them to your auld-warld squad, I must needs say, comparisons are odd. The Brigs of Ayr. 10
He rives his father's auld entails;	Aumous [alms]. While she held up her greedy gab,
Auld W[odro]w, lang has hatch'd mischief,	Just like an aumous dish: The Jolly Beggars, R.
The Twa Herds. 13.	Aunt. Nae weel tochered aunts, to wait on their drants,
My auld grey head had lien in clay, S. The Union.	Ronalds of Bennals
That fill'd, wi' hoast-provoking smeek, The auld, clay biggin; The Vision. D. I. 13.	Auntle [dim. of Aunt]. A glebe o' land, a claut o' gear, Was left me by my auntie,
Auld, hermit Aire staw thro' his woods, Ib. 14.	S. And O for ane and twenty
He met wi' auld Nick, wha said, how do ye fen?	At hame I faught my Auntie, O; . S. Killiecrankie
S. There liv'd ance a carlet	My auld auntie Katie upon me takes pity,
So Nickie then got the auld wife on his back,	S. What can a young lassie
Auld Sootie then swore by the edge of his knife, Ib.	Tak a mark by auntie Bettie, S. Will ye go and marry Aurora. Last, she [nature] sublimes th' Aurora of the poles,
There's auld Rob Morris that wons in yon glen, S. There's auld Rob†	The flashing elements of female souls.
He's the king of gude fellows, and wale of auld men; . Ib.	Ep, to R. Graham,
But oh, she's an heiress, auld Robin's a laird; Ib.	Author. I thank thee, author of this opening day! Sonnet writ. on birthday
Sae my auld stumpie pen I gat it . Third Ep. to 1. Lap.	should my Author health again dispense, Why am I loth
Till ye forget ye're auld an' gutty,	And yet can starve the author of the pleasure.
Then auld Guidman, maist like to rive,	Wr. under Port. of Fergusson
Bethankit hums To a Haggis. Auld Scotland wants nae skinking ware [v. A. 7] Ib.	Autumn. Autumn, benefactor kind,
on an auld wife's flainen toy; To a Louse.	And wellow outumn process near
Wi' auld Nick there's less danger; To a Painter.	And yellow autumn presses near, S. Bonie Bell
But an auld man shall never daunton me. [re.]	How cheery, thro' her shortening day, Is autumn in her weeds o' yellow: S. By Allan Stream
S. To daunton me.	Autumn, wi' thy yellow hair,
Wi' his teethless gab and his auld beld pow, Ib.	In grief thy sallow mantle tear; . El. on Capt. M. H. 13
my gude auld cockie, I'm yours for ay To Dr. Blacklock.	The sober autumn enter'd mild, John Barleycorn
Like scrapin' out auld Crummie's nicks, To Gav. Hamilton.	Nae mair, to me, the autumn winds Wave o'er the yellow corn! Lament of Mary of Scots
That auld, capricious carlin, Nature, To J. S. 3. And leave auld Scotia's shore? S. To Mary.	Come autumn, sae pensive, in yellow and grey,
And may he wear an auld man's beard, To Mr. M'Adam.	S. My Nanie's Awa
Fareweel, auld birkie! Lord be near ye, To Terraughty.	Autumn's pleasant weather; S. Now westlin winds
Auld chuckie Reekie's sair distrest, To W. Creech.	Not Autumn to the Farmer, So dear
Auld Reekie ay he keepit tight,	How I would mourn when it was torn, By autumn wild and winter rude! S. O were my love
Until a pow as auld's Methusalem! He canty claw! . Ib.	yellow Autumn wreath'd with nodding corn;
Auld Coila, now, may fidge fu' fain, . To W. Simpson. 6	The Brigs of Ayr. 13
We'll sing auld Coila's plains an' fells,	The Autumn mourns her rip'ning corn S. The gloomy night
In that auld times,	The robin pensive Autumn cheer, The Petition of Br. Water
Wad threap auld folk the thing misteuk;	As autumn to winter resigns the pale year. S. The lazy mist And sweet is night in autumn mild, S. Twas even—the dewy
For 'twas the auld moon turn'd a newk	
Than their auld dadies Ib.	Ava [at all, of all]. An' lows'd his ill-tongu'd, wicked scawl
when the auld Moon's gaun to lea'e them, Ib. 12.	Was warst ava? . Add. to the Deil. 18
auld cloven clooty's haunts What ails ye now †	For fient a wame it had ava, . Death and Dr. Hornbook
Auld Clinkum at the Inner port	The deil gets na justice ava, . The Election Ballads. III
What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man? S. What can a young lassie †	What way poor hodies liv'd ava The Twa Dogs. 7
O dool on the day I met wi' an auld man. [re.] Ib.	Nae joy her bonie buskit nest Can yield ava, To W. Creech
My auld aunty Katie upon me takes pity,	But, Sir, this pleas'd them warst ava, What ails ye now
And then his auld brass will buy me a new pan! Ib.	Avail. And are they of no more avail,
Auld baudrans by the ingle sits, S. Willie Wastle †	Ten thousand glittering pounds a year?
Trifled aff till she's grown auld, S. Will ye go and marry †	Oae to Mem. of Mrs. —
Auld-age [old-age]. Auld age ne'er mind a feg;	Avail, to. But what avails the pride of art, When wastes the soul with anguish?
Ep. to Davie. 2.	Could aught of song
In vain Auld-age his body batters; Tam Samson's El. q.	Avarice. Even Avarice would deny
An' fill auld-age wi' grips an' granes; The Twa Dogs. 29.	His worshipp'd deity, S. Mark yonder pomp
Auld Brig [Old Bridge]. Ane on th' Auld Brig his airy shape uprears,	Avaunt. Avaunt, away! the cruel sway, Tyrannic man's dominion; S. Now westlin' winds
The Brigs of Ayr. 4.	Avenged. It burns my heart I must depart
Auld Brig appear'd of ancient Pictish race, Ib.	And not avenged be. S. Farewell, ye dungeons
Aulder [older]. I'll aulder be gin simmer,	Avenging. Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 14
S. I'm o'er young to marry t	By her inspired, the new-born race
Auldfarran, -rent [knowing, sagacious].	Soon drew the avenging steel, man; The Tree of Liberty
And ane a chap that's d-mn'd auldfarran,	And justly smart beneath his sin-avenging rod.
The Author's Cry and Prayer.	Why am I loth
your auld farrent, frien'ly letter; . Second Ep. to Davie.	Avoid. But wha can avoid the fell snare? Inscrip. on Goblet

Avow. An' some their New-light fair avow,	Her darling bird that she loe's best
Just quite barefac'd To W. Simpson, P.S. Avow'd. Their title's avow'd by my country.	Willie's awa! [re.] To W. Creech.
Poet. Add. to Tytler.	Then to the blessed, New Jerusalem, Fleet wing awa!
Avowedly. But what could ye other expect Of ane that's avowedly daft?	Here awa, there awa, wandering Willie, Here awa, there awa, haud awa hame; S. Wandering Willie.
The Jolly Beggars. S. III.	An' snoov'd awa' before the Session . What ails ye now †
Awa [away]. But sneer na British-boys awa; A Dream. 14. He swept the stakes awa', man, A Fragment. 7.	I said 'Gude night,' and cam' awa',
But just thy step a wee thing hastet,	In a' our town or here awa; S. Young Jockey †
Thou snoov't awa A Guid New-year 14.	Awalt. If sorrow and anguish their exit await, Monody, on a Lady.
Frightin awa your deucks and geese Add. of Beelzebub. 4.	In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin! Tam o' Shanter. 18.
Awa ye squatter'd like a drake, Add. to the Deil. 8.	Unconscious what evils await; The Kirk's Alarm.
Awa wi' your belles and your beauties,	Awake. So Nelly startling half awake, Away affrighted springs. S. On a bank of flowers †
S. Adown winding Nith † * A prisoner aughteen year awa, S. Amang the trees †	Awake, to. Amang the fresh, green leaves bedew'd, Awake the early morning. S. A Rosebud by my†
Awa, whigs, awa! S. Awa, whigs, awa.	The balmy gales awake the flowers, S. Behold, my love †
And I'll awa to Nanie, O S. Behind you hills †	A workhouse! ah, that sound awakes my woes,
But now our joys are fled On winter blasts awa! [v.A.8] . S. But lately seen †	Ep. fr. Esopus to Maria. Your blood shall with incessant cry
Awa ye selfish, warly race, . Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 20.	Awake at last th' unsparing power Fragment of Ode.
Yirr, fancy barks, awa' we canter Ep. to Major Logan. 2.	Awake thy last sad voice, my harp! Lament for Glencairn. Awake, resound thy latest lay,
For had ye staid whole weeks awa', Your wives they ne'er had miss'd ye. Epit. on Wag in M.	Awake, resound thy latest lay,
He gaped for't [his argument], he graped for't.	Awakes me up to toil and woe: The Lament.
He fand it was awa, man: — Extem. in Court of Session. Twa o' them were gotten	Sleep, whence thou shalt ne'er awake, Wr. in Friars-Carse H.
When Johny was awa. S. Gudeen to you Kimmer.	Awaken. Farewell! within thy bosom free A sigh may whiles awaken; V.s under grief.
Some start awa, wi' saucy pride,	Awald [down and unable to help oneself].
Frae G—d's ain priests the people's hearts He steals awa'. Holy Willie's Prayer.	The groom gat sae fu' he fell awald beside it, S. O ken ye what Meg †
I think on him that's far awa', . S. It was a' for our †	A-wandering.
And the days are awa that we have seen; S. Lady Mary Ann. Kings and nations, swith awa! Louis what reck I†	As I was a-wand'ring on a Midsummer ev'ning, S. As I was a-wand'ring †
Kings and nations, swith awa! Louis what reck I† But to me its delightless, my Nanie's awa'.	A-wandering wi' my Davie S. Now rosy May †
S. My Nanie's awa.	Award. Might well award him Muir and Palmer's fate:
Whisp'ring spirits round my pillow Talk of him that's far awa. [re.] Musing on the roaring †	Ep. fr. Esopus to Maria. Aware. wakeful caution still aware Of ill To a yng Lady.
O Kenmure's on and awa, Willie! S. O Kenmure's on and awat	Awauk [awake]. Altho' thy beauty and thy grace Might weel awauk desire. S. It is na, Jean
Here's him that's far awa, Willie!	
Wha first shall rise to gang awa,	Awauken [awaken]. And blythely awaukens the morrow; S. Craigie-burn Wood.
A cuckold coward loun is he! . S. O Willie brew'd †	Away. False flatterer, Hope, away! . Fragment of Ode.
Is o'er the hills and far awa? . S. O how can I be blythe † The bonie lad that's far awa. [re.] Ib.	Nightly dreams, and thoughts by day, Are with him that's far away.
Seek Heaven for help, and barefit skelp	On the seas and far away, On stormy seas and far away, S. How can my poor heart
Awa' wi' Willie Chalmers On Willie Chalmers.	For his weal that's far away, [re.]
They fade and they wither awa, man. Ronalds of Bennals. If that wad entice her awa, man	But now he's banish'd far away, S. My Harry was †
She steals our affections awa, man	Avaunt, away! the cruel sway, Tyrannic man's dominion; . S. Now westlin winds †
the pick and the wale O' lasses that live here awa, . Ib.	Ye'll crowdie a' my meal away S. O that I had ne'er†
But for her sake sae far awa; [re.] . S. Sae far awa. For loyal Forbes' Charter'd boast	Away affrighted springs On a bank of flowers †
Is ta'en awa!, Scotch Drink. 19.	What wealth could never give nor take away! Sonnet, wr. on Birthday.
Your mortal Fae is now awa', . Tam Samson's El. 7.	I wear away My life, and in my office holy
With clavers and haivers Wearing the time awa': The Answer to the Guidwife.	Consume the day The Hermit. Awe. My poverty keeps me in awe, man, Ronalds of Bennals.
Till fey men died awa, man. The Battle of Sherra-moor.	But with humility and awe
The Cooper o' cuddy cam here awa; S. The Cooper o' cuddy † And danc'd awa wi' th' Exciseman; S The deil cam' fiddlin†	Still walks before his God The 1st Psalm.
The de'il's awa' wi' th' Exciseman, [re.] Ib.	With deep-struck, reverential awe, [v. A. 4]. The Vision. His guardian seraph eyes with awe
I'll mind you still, tho' far awa. [re.] The Farewell to St. J.'s L.	The noble ward he loves V.3 below Fillure.
Awa, thou flaunting god o' day! Awa, thou pale Diana! . S. The gowd. locks of A.	Awe, to. Shall ever danton me, or awe me, Add. to Illegit. Child
An' I held awa to the school; The Jolly Beggars. S. III.	Awe [owe]. But deevil a shilling I awe, man. Ronalds of Bennals.
Turn tail and rin awa, Jamie, S. The Laddies by †	Awee [a little while; somewhat]. Hear me, auld Hangie, for a wee, Add. to the Deil. 2.
Ye turncoat Whigs awa!	Hear me, auld Hangie, for a wee, Add. to the Deil. 2. I grudge a wee the Great folk's gift, . Ep. to Davie. 1.
I held awa to Annie: S. The Rigs o' Barley.	I straiket it a wee for sport, Ep. to J. R. 8.
The flaes they flew awa in cluds, S. The Taylor †	But ha'd your nine-tail cat a wee,. Epit. on Holy Willie.
Awa they gaed wi mock parade, . The Tree of Liberty. Whiles scout'd awa in lang excursion, The Twa Dogs. 6.	Collected Harry stood awee, . Extem. in Court of Session. Then wait a wee, and cannie wale S. In simmer when †
We'll awa to Athole's green, and there we'll no be seen,	And whyles ye may lightly my beauty a wee;
S. There grows a bonie brier †	S. O whistle, and I'll \
What will I do for a lad when Sandy gangs awa? I will awa to Edinburgh and win a pennie fee, Ib.	She shines sae bright, to wyle us hame, But by my sooth she'll wait a wee! . S. O Willie brew'd †
I will awa to Edinburgh and win a pennie fee, Ib. That he from our lasses should wander awa; S. There's a youth †	And port, O port! shine thou a wee, And Then ye'll see him! On Grose's Peregrinations.
Thou need na start awa sae hasty, To a Mouse.	The third that gaed a wee aback, The Holy Fair. 2.
and successive and successive seems of the second seems.	The same man Same a non aband, i

Aweful,-fu'. The smile or frown of aweful Heaven,	And ay it charms my very saul,
Wr. in Friars-Carse H.	The kind love that's in her e'e S. O this is no my ain
When awful Beauty joins with all her charms,	And ay I muse and sing thy name,
The Rights of Woman. His awful chair of state resolves to mount, . The Vowels.	S. O were I on Parnassus Thou's ay the dearer, and dearer to me,
An awfu' scythe, out-owre ae shouther,	S. O whare did ye get
Clear-dangling, hang; Death and Dr. Hornbook.	Ay vow and protest that ye carena for me,
Wi' mair o' horrible and awefu', Which even to name wad be unlawfu'. Tam o' Shanter. 11.	S. O whistle, and I'll And ay we'll taste the barley bree. S. O Willie brew'd
Awe-struck. With awe-struck thought, and pitying tears,	Ye'll find him ay a dainty chiel,
Add. to Edinburgh. 6.	On Scot. Bard gone to W. Indies
Awhile. And fare thee weel, a while! . S. A red, red Rose.	Ay wavering like the willow wicker, 'Tween good and ill Poem on Life
To shun impelling ruin, A while her pinions tries; S. How cruel are the †	And ay my Chloris' dearest charm,
Tho' thou may gayly bloom a while, S. I do confess thou +	She says she lo'es me best of a'. S. Sae flaxen were
(A while forbear, ye torturing fiends) Ode to Mem. of Mrs	An' whyles, but ay owre late, I think Braw sober lessons. Second Ep, to Davie
Each worldly thought a while forbear, On Lincluden Castle.	Leeze me on rhyme! it's ay a treasure,
A-winding. No more a-winding the course of yon river, S. Where are the joys †	And ay the ale was growing better: . Tam o' Shanter. 5
Awkart [awkward].	An' ay the tither shot he thumpit, Tam Samson's El. 10
My Awkart Muse sair pleads and begs I would na write. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 2.	So touched, bewitched, I rav'd ay to mysel: The Ans. to the Guidwife
Awkward. Wert thou awkward, stiff, affected,	Wha in the paths o' righteousness did toil ay;
Spurning nature, torturing art;	The Brigs of Ayr. 9
Awnie [having awns, bearded].	And ay the wild-wood echoes rang, S. The Catrine woods
And Aits set up their awnie horn, . Scotch Drink. 3.	An' ay was guid to me an' mine; . The Death of Mailie An' warn him ay at ridin time,
Axiom. call aloud This axiom undoubted Extem. on Commem.s of Thomson.	To stay content wi' yowes at hame; [v. A. 3] Ib
Axis. While Terra firma, on her axis,	But ay keep mind to moop an' mell,
Diurnal turns, To W. Simpson.	Wi' sheep o' credit like thysel!
Ay. Ay, Ay! quo he, and shook his head, Death and Dr. Hornbook.	(L-d keep me ay frae a' temptation!)
Ay, and I love her still, S. Handsome Nell.	An' ay he gies the tozie drab
Ay [always]. We took the road ay like a Swallow:	The tither skelpan kiss, The Jolly Beggars, R.1 And ay she wist na what to say;
A Gude New Year † 9.	S. The lass that made the bed
I stacher'd whyles, but yet took tent ay To free the ditches; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 3.	But ay she sigh'd and cry'd "Alas!
And ay he catch'd the tither wretch, . The Ordination. 10.	Ye ay shall mak' the bed to me
She ay shall bless that happy night, S. The Rigs o' Barley.	Aye. She dresses aye sae clean and neat, S. Handsome Nell And aye I wish him back again S. My Harry was
For ay he pree'd the lassie's mou, S. The Taylor†	But aye the tear comes in my ee, S. O how can I be blythe
At kirk and fair, I'se ay be there, S. The tither morn †	(And aye a rowth, roast beef and claret; . Poem on Life
And ay she shook the temper-pin S. Duncan Davison. And ay she set the wheel between:	It's aye the cheapest Lawyer's fee
And ay be welcome back again	To taste the barrel. Scotch Drink. 13 And aye the salt tear blinds her ee; S. The lovely lass of
Ay free, aff han', your story tell, . Ep. to Young Friend. 5.	And aye the o'erword o' the spring,
Let that ay be your border:	Was Irvine's bairns are bonie a'. The Night was still
Has ay some cause to smile: Ep. to Davie. 3.	My blessings aye attend the chiel, Wha pitied Gallia's slaves, man, The Tree of Liberty
The heart ay's the part ay, That makes us right or wrang	But vicious folk ave hate to see
And ay a westlin leuk she throws, . Ep. to H. Parker.	The works of virtue thrive, man;
It pits me ay as mad's a hare; Ep. to J.R. 13	Aye [yes]. An' saying aye or no's they bid him: The Twa Dogs. 22
Heaven send your heart-strings ay in tune, Ep. to Major Logan.	Ayont [beyond]. Wi' you, mysel, I gat a fright,
Then farewell folly, hide and hair o't	Ayont the lough; Add. to the Deil. 7
For ance and aye Friend of the Poet †	Some wee, short hour ayont the twal, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 31.
I dighted ay her een sae blue, . S. Had I the wyte † An' ay she win't, an' ay she swat,	"Is o'er ayont the water:" S. Had I the wyter
An' ay a rantan Kirn we gat,	And a' the comfort we're to get,
Thou'rt ay sae free informing me	Is that ayont the grave, man The Tree of Liberty. Heaven keep you free frae care and strife,
Thou hast nae mind to marry; S. Here's to thy health † But far off fowls hae feathers fair,	Till far ayont fourscore; . V.s to Landlady of Inn.
And ay until ye try them:	Ayr [v. Aire]. As on the banks of Ayr I stray'd,
And ay the stound, the deadly wound,	Add. to Edinburgh. When in Ayr, some half-hour's leisure,
Came frae her een sae bonie blue. S. I gaed a waefu' † But ay fu-han't is fechtin best, In simmer when †	Ep. to Major Logan. 14.
Ye're ay the same kind man to me, . S. John Anderson †	L—d hear my earnest cry an' pray'r, Against that presbyt'ry o' Ayr; Holy Willie's Prayer. 13.
Cog an ve were av fou.	Against that presbyt'ry o' Ayr; Holy Willie's Prayer. 13. Was once a sweet bud on the braes of the Ayr.
I wad sit and sing to you, If ye were ay fou. S. Landlady count †	S. How pleasant the banks †
I sat beside my warpin-weel,	And on you bonie braes of Ayr; . S. O what ye wha's in
And ay I ca'd it roun'; S. My heart was ance † O ay my wife she dang me, . S. O ay my wife she dang.	As he frae Ayr ae night did canter, (Auld Ayr, whom ne'er a town surpasses,
O ay my wife she dang me. S. O ay my wife she dang. And dear was she, I darena name,	For honest men and bonny lasses.) Tam o' Shanter. 2.
But I will ay remember S. O may thy morn †	Ae night within the ancient brugh of Ayr, The Brigs of Ayr. 3.
How aften didst thou pledge and vow, Thou won'dst for ay be mine; S. O mirk, mirk †	The Sprites that ower the Brigs of Ayr preside Ib. 4.
O Willy, av I bless the grove	Auld Ayr is just one lengthen'd, tumbling sea; Ib. 7.
Where first I own'd my maiden love, S. O Phely†	In Ayr, Wag-wits nae mair can have a handle To mouth "A Citizen," a term o' scandal:
But prudence is her o'erword ay, S. O poortith cauld †	Fareweel the honie hanks of Avr. S. The Catrine woods †

O' th' merry lads of Ayr, man? . The Fête Champetre. On the bonie banks of Ayr to meet,	May woman on him turn her back, . On W. Stewart. And warsle Time, and lay him on his back. Scots Prologue. Ne'er claw your lug, and fidge your back,
Far from the bonie banks of Ayr. [re.]	An' hum an' haw, The Author's Cry and Prayer. His back's been at the wa'; The Election Ballads. I.
The Kirk's Alarm.	Wi' arm repos'd on the chair-back, The Holy Fair. 11.
Or try the wicked town of A** The Ordination. 9.	His breast was white, his towzie back,
Can I forget the hallow'd grove, Where by the winding Ayr we met To Mary in Heaven.	Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy black; . The Twa Dogs. 5. But he ne'er turned his back on his foe—or his friend,
Where by the winding Ayr we met To Mary in Heaven. Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,	The Whistle. 9.
O Ayr, my dear, my native ground, To Rev. J. M'Math.	So Nickie then got the auld wife on his back,
And fair are the maids on the banks of the Ayr;	S. There lived ance a carle †
S. Truehearted was he †	To thresh my back at sic a pitch? What ails ye now † Back, to. And Honour safely back her [Truth],
Azure. Now Phœbus chears the crystal streams, And glads the azure skies;	On W. Chalmers
Lament of Mary of Scots.	Backet [backed]. Tho' thou's howe-backet, now, an' knaggie,
When ripen'd fields, and azure skies,	Backet [bucket]. parritch-pats, and auld saut-backets,
Call'd forth the Reaper's rustling noise, The Vision, D. II. 15. Ba' [ball]. Gowff'd Willie like a ba', man, A Fragment. 9.	On Grose's Peregrinations.
However Fortune kick the ba', Ep. to Davie. 3.	Backlins-comin [coming backwards].
She saw three bonie boys playing at the ba',	An' backlins-comin, to the leuk,
S. Lady Mary Ann.	She [the Moon] grew mair bright. To W. Simpson, P.S.
Pursuing Fortune's slidd'ry ba', The Farewell to St. J.'s L.	Back-recoiling. While back-recoiling seem'd to reel Their Suthron foes. [v. A. 4] The Vision.
Babbling. Ye babbling winds, in silence sweep; Liberty. Babel. Nae mair by Babel's streams we'll weep,	Backsliding. We're frail backsliding mortals merely,
The Ordination. 7.	Ep. to Major Logan. 9.
Bable [baby]. Weel, my babie, may thou furder:	Back-stairs. He'd up the back-stairs, and by G— he would steal 'em, Fragment, insc. to Fox.
S. Hee balou † And send him safe hame to his babie and me.	Back-style. Syne up the back-style, and let naebody see,
S. O whare did ye get †	S. O whistle, and I'll † Backward. Dim-backward as I cast my view,
The lad that is dear to my babie and me. S. Out over the Forth †	What sick'ning Scenes appear! Despondency, an Ode. 1.
There lie my sweet babies in her arms, S. The sun he is sunk †	Backward, abash'd to ask thy friendly aid?
Bable-, Baby-clouts [baby-clothes].	Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
O wha my babie-clouts will buy? S. O wha my babie-clouts † And hing our fiddles up to sleep, Like baby-clouts a-dryin: The Ordination. 7. Bab'lon. And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounc'd by	The sun a backward course shall take - Ere ought thy manly courage shake; S. Highland Laddie.
Like baby-clouts a-dryin: The Ordination. 7.	While frighted rattons backward leuk,
	The Jolly Beggars, R. II.
Heaven's command. The Cotter's Sat. Night. 15.	I backward mus'd on wasted time, The Vision, D. I. 4. His twisted head look'd backward on his way, The Vowels.
Bacchus. 'Bout vines, an' wines, an' druken Bacchus, Scotch Drink. 1.	But Och! I backward cast my e'e,
He was a care-defying blade,	On prospects drear! To a Mouse.
As ever Bacchus listed! . The Jolly Beggars, R. VII. Bachelor. The boast of our bachelors a' man:	Back-yett [back-gate]. And come na unless the back-yett be a-jee; S. O whistle, and I'll†
Ronalds of Bennals.	Bacon. And plenty of bacon each day in the year;
Back, adv. "Friend, whare ye gaun, Will ye go back?" Death and Dr. Hornbook. 8.	Impromptu.
Gae back the gate ye cam' again, S. O Lassie, art thou †	But why always Bacon—come, give me a reason? . Ib. Bad. And clout the bad girdin o't S. Duncan Gray.
So gratefu', back your news I send you,	They may prove as bad as I am S. Here's to thy health †
Kind Sir, I've read †	The past was bad and the future hid;
Soor Bigotry, on her last legs, Girnin' looks back, Letter to J. Goudie.	S. My father was a farmer †
And at night she'll return to her nest back again.	I've got a bad wife, Sir, that's a' my complaint, S. There liv'd ance a carle †
Lns on a Ploughman.	Bad luck on the penny that tempted my minny
I'll never see him back again. O for him back again! [re.] S. My Harry was a gallant †	What can a young lassie
Gae back the gate ye cam' again, S. O can ye labour lea †	Bad, Bade. Syne bad him slip frae 'mang the folk, Halloween. 17
Ye'se a' be het or I come back. On Kirk of Lamington.	And bad her mak' a bed for me; . S. The lass that made †
To get auld Scotland back her kettle! The Author's Cry and Prayer, 15.	Ye bad me write you what they mean To W. Simpson, P.S.
I saw mysel, they did pursue	Had I the wyte she bade me? S. Had I the wyte †
The horse-men back to Forth, man, The Battle of Sherra-moor.	Had Kirk and State been in the gate, I lighted when she bade me
An' echoes back return the shouts; . The Holy Fair. 21.	And bade me mak nae clatter;
But I call'd her quickly back again,	He bade me act a manly part, S. My father was a farmer†
S. The lass that made the bed.	And bade gudeen to me, jo S. O wat ye what my †
And to her ain henpeck e'en carried her back, S. There liv'd ance a carle †	The sage grave ancient cough'd, and bade me say, "You're one day older this important day," Prologue at Th.D.
Then back I rattle on the rhyme As gleg's a whittle! There's naething like †	He [Time] bade me on you press this one word—"Think!" Ib.
Back, s. Abuse a Brother to his back; . A Ded. to G.H. 8.	My mither she bade me gie him a stool, [re.] S. The auld man †
Wi' a' their bastards on their back! Add. of Beelzebub. 4.	And mony bade the warld gudenight; S. The Battle of Sherra-moor.
Or die a cadger pownie's death,	Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage,
At some dyke-back, $Ep. to J. L-k$, $Ap. 1st. 7$. But your curst wit, when it comes near it,	With Amalek's ungracious progeny; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 14.
Rives't aff their back. Ep. to J. R. 3.	When fient a body bade him There came a piper †
But Merran sat behint their backs, Her thoughts on Andrew Bell; Halloween. 11.	Bade [desired; endured].
Altho' my back be at the wa', [re.]	I lippen'd to the chiel in trouth, And bade nae better To Dr. Blacklock.
S. Here's his Health in Water.	Yet, teughly doure, he bade an unco bang.
They laid him down upon his back, John Barleycorn.	The Brigs of Ayr. 4.

Badge. Its just the Blue-gown badge an claithing, O' Saunts;	An' gied you a' baith gear an' meal; . El. on Year 1788.
whose merits claim.	Baith careless, and fearless, Of either Heaven or Hell; Ep. to Davie. 6.
Justly that highest badge to wear! The Farewell to St. J.'s L.	A pint an' gill I'd gie them baith,
That gallant badge, the dear cockade, S. When wild War's †	To hear your crack. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 7.
Bag. weel brac'd wi' mealy bags, The Jolly Beggars. R. I. When the tother bag I sell and tother bottle tell, Ib. S. i.	In rhyme or prose, or baith thegither, Ib. Ap. 21st. 7.
Here's to budgets, bags and wallets! Ib. S. viii.	An' baith a yellow George to claim, An' thole their blethers! . Ep. to J. R. 12.
Baggie [dim. of bag; the stomach].	He's tell'd her father and mother bath, Katharine Jaffray.
Hae, there's a ripp to thy auld baggie: A Guid New Year †	And shook baith meikle corn and bear, Tam o' Shanter. 15.
Baiginet [bayonet]. When baiginets o'erpower'd the targe, S. The Battle of Sherra-moor.	I lea'e my blessin wi' you baith: . The Death of Mailie.
Bailie, Baillie [a Magistrate of a Burgh].	aiblins gowd and honour baith . The Election Ballads. I.
In some bit brugh to represent A Baillie's name? Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 11.	The lads and lasses, blythely bent To mind baith saul an' body, The Holy Fair. 20.
Ye worthy Proveses, an' mony a Bailie,	Ae leg an baith the trams are broken; The Inventory.
Wha in the paths o' righteousness did toil ay; The Brigs of Ayr. 9.	Are riven out baith root an' branch, . The Twa Dogs. 21.
Your factors, grieves, trustees, and bailies,	He smell'd their ilka hole and road, Baith out and in, The Twa Herds. 6.
I canna say but they do gailies; . Add. of Beelzebub. 4.	And baith the S[haw]s
Bairan [baring]. Bairan a quarry, an' sic like, The Twa Dogs. 10.	Shall make us baith sae blythe an' witty, Third Ep. to J. Lap.
Bairn [a child]. Since I tint my bairns, S. By yon castle wa't	Baith snell an' keen! To a Mouse.
Ye [hills, cliffs] Nature's sturdiest bairns, El. on Capt, M.H. 3.	And bless your bonie lasses baith, To Mr. M'Adam.
O Eighty-nine, thou's but a bairn, . El. on Year 1788.	Baith honest men and lasses bonie, . To Terraughty.
Ye Mauchline bairns, as on ye pass To school in bands thegither, Epit. on Wag.	Baith loud an' lang To W. Simpson, P.S.
How mony bairns hae ye? . S. Gudeen to you Kimmer †	Bake [biscuit]. Here's crying out for bakes an' gills, The Holy Fair. 18.
I am my mammy's ae bairn, . S. I'm o'er young to marry †	Bake, to. An' bake them up in brunstane pies For poor d—n'd Drinkers. Scotch Drink. 20.
Now I've gotten wife and bairns, . S. O that I had ne'er † We're your ain bairns, e'en guide us as ye like,	For poor d—n'd Drinkers. Scotch Drink. 20. Bak'd. farls, bak'd wi' butter, Fu' crump The Holy Fair, 7.
Scots Prologue.	Baking. Frae morn to een its nought but toiling
Till bairns' bairns kindly cuddle Your auld, gray hairs. Second Ep. to Davie.	At baking, roasting, frying, boiling; The Twa Dogs. 9.
And thro' the whins, and by the cairn,	Balaam. That which distinguished the gender
Whare hunters fand the murder'd bairn; Tam o' Shanter. 10. Twa span-lang, wee, unchristen'd bairns; 1b. 11.	O' Balaam's ass; On Grose's Peregrinations.
An' cleed her bairns, man, wife, an' wean,	And swear he has the Angel met
In mourning weed; Tam Samson's El. 2.	That met the Ass of Balaam The Dean of Fac. Balance. High wields her balance and her rod;
Belyve, the elder bairns come drapping in, The Cotter's Sat. Night.	Add. to Edinburgh. 2.
Weel-pleas'd to think her bairn's respected like the lave. 1b. 8	Then at the balance let's be mute, We never can adjust it; Add. to Unco Guid. 8.
An' bairns greet for them when they're dead. The Death of Mailie.	If Self the wavering balance shake,
And now, my bairns, wi' my last breath,	lt's rarely right adjusted! Ep. to Young Friend. 3.
I lea'e my blessin wi' you baith:	Her doubtful balance eyed, and sway'd her rod; On Death of R. Dundas
S. The deuks dang o'ert	Balance, to. They took nae pains their speech to balance, To W. Simpson, P.S.
Irvine's bairns are bonie a'	She's twisted right, she's twisted left,
Wi' dirt this day The Ordination. 2.	To balance fair in ilka quarter; S. Willie Wastle † Bald. But now your brow is bald, John,
like a godly, elect bairn,	S. John Anderson, my jo †
But Heaven's curse will blast the man Denies the bairn he got; The Ruined Maid's Lament.	Bald-pate. To you old Bald-pate smooths his wrinkled brow, Prologue at Th., D.
Bairntime [a family of children; a brood].	Bald-pated. I see the old bald-pated fellow, With ardent eyes, complexion sallow,
Thae bonie Bairntime, Heaven has lent, . A Dream. 9. My Pleugh is now thy bairn-time a'; A Guid New-year † 15.	With ardent eyes, complexion sallow, Sketch, New-Yr's Day.
Baissemains. Faites mes baissemains respectueuse,	Baleful. Never baleful stellar lights,
Ep. to Major Logan. 13.	Taint thee with untimely blights! . To Miss C. Ball. An' ev'n their sports, their balls an' races,
Balted. Such witching books are baited hooks O leave novels† Baited with many a deadly curse? Ode, to Mem. of Mrs.—	The Twa Dogs. 31.
Balth [both]. I'm baith dead-sweer, an' wretched ill o't;	Ballad, -t. To lowse his pack an' wale a sang, A ballad o' the best.
A Ded. to G. H. 13. Wi' constables, those blackguard fallows,	The Jolly Beggars, R. VIII.
And sodgers baith; Adam A—'s Prayer.	They're no herd's ballats, Maro's catches; Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
But, in the teeth o' baith to sail, It maks an unco leeway Add. to Unco Guid. 4.	Ballantyne. When B[allantyne] befriends his humble name,
The night's baith mirk and rainy, O; S. Behind you hills †	The Brigs of Ayr. Ballochmyle. Fareweel the braes of Ballochmyle.
Great lies and nonsense baith to vend, [v. A. 6]	S. The Catrine woods †
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 1. Has made them baith no worth a f—t, Ib. 15.	Fareweel, fareweel! sweet Ballochmyle! Ib. Among the braes o' Ballochmyle. S. Twas even, the dewy †
Baith their disease, and what will mend it, Ib. 19.	Bespoke the lass o' Ballochmyle. [re.]
Which rais'd us baith:	Balloon. Are mind't, in things they ca' Balloons,
I tint my curch and baith my shoon, . S. Duncan Gray. The beast again can bear us baith,	To tak a flight, To W. Simpson, P.S. Balm. Nor th' balm that draps on wounds of woe
	Frae woman's pitying e'e. Lament of Mary of Scots.
Duncan sigh'd, baith out and in, Grat his een baith bleer't and blin', S. Duncan Gray †	The gust o' joy, the balm of woe, The Ans. to the Guidwife.
Now they're crouse and canty baith!	Dropping dews, and breathing balm To Miss C. Find balm to soothe her bitter rankling wounds:
El. on Death of R. Ruisseaux.	Wr. in Kenmore Inn.

	Dame Changes Total 1 1 1 1 1 1
Balmaghie [Mr. Gordon of Balmaghie].	Bane [bone]. It just played dirl on the bane,
It may send Balmaghie to the Commons,	Death and Dr. Hornbook. 16.
In Sodom 'twould make him a king. The Election Ballads. III.	When banes are craz'd, and bluid is thin, Ep. to Davie. 3.
	Wha thinks himsel nae sheep-shank bane,
Here's a reputation Tint by Balmaghie Ib. IV.	Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 12.
And there was Balmaghie, I ween,	Below thir stanes lie Jamie's banes; Epit. on noisy Polemic.
But Balmaghie had better been	Here lie Willie M[ic]hie's banes, On a Schoolmaster.
Drinking Madeira wine	A murderer's banes in gibbet airns; Tam o' Shanter. 11.
Balmerino. bold Balmerino's undying name, Fragment of Ode.	A boy no sae black at the bane; The Election Ballads. III.
	Sae merrily's the banes we'll pyke, The Jolly Beggars, S.V.
Balmy. The rose-bud's the blush o' my charmer, Her sweet balmy lip when 'tis prest:	They've nae sair-work to craze their banes,
S. Adown winding Nith †	The Twa Dogs. 29.
The balmy gales awake the flowers, S. Behold my love †	Whare horn nor bane ne'er daur unsettle,
But, Delia, on thy balmy lips	Your thick plantations To a Louse.
Let me, no vagrant insect, rove! . Delia. An Ode.	— by his banes wha in a tub
'Tis but the balmy, breathing gale, . S. Here is the glen †	Match'd Macedonian Sandy! To Mr. M'Adam.
rosy lips, Rich with balmy treasure: . S. Thine am I †	Bane. But English gold has been our bane . S. The Union.
Balou [a lullaby]. Hee balou, my sweet wee Donald,	Morality, thou deadly bane, A Ded. to G. H. 7.
S. Hee balou †	Bang [a stroke, an effort].
Baltic. No tide of the Baltic e'er drunker than he.	Yet, teughly doure, he bade an unco bang.
The Whistle. 4.	The Brigs of Ayr. 4.
Bamboozle. May never wicked men bamboozle him!	Bang, to [strike, beat].
To W. Creech.	An I shall bang your hide, gudeman. S. Ogin ye were dead.
Ban. And sairly thole their mither's ban, Afore the howdy. What ails ve now t	Bang'd [struck, beat]. An' aft my wife she bang'd me,
Afore the howdy. What ails ye now † Ban, to. The devil-haet, that I sud ban,	S. O ay my wife.
They ever think. Second Ep. to Davie.	And banged the despot weel, man. The Tree of Liberty.
Ban', Band [a badge of office worn by ordained	Bangor [name of a minor Psalm Tune].
clergymen].	An' skirl up the Bangor: The Ordination. 3.
gown, an' ban', an' douse black bonnet, To Rev. J. M'Math	Banie [having large bones].
Fu' lifted up wi' Hebrew lore,	The brawnie, banie, ploughman-chiel, . Scotch Drink. 11.
And band upon his breastie; On W. Chalmers,	Banish. Phœbus, gilding the brow of the morning,
Band [company, troop].	Banishes ilk darksome shade, S. Sleep'st thou †
Wi' sword in hand, before his band, A Fragment. 2.	Banished, -'d. Till Revenge, wi' laurell'd head
To school in bands thegither, Epit. on Wag.	Bring our banish'd hame again;
Altho' that his [Charlie's] band be sma'.	S. Frae the friends †
S. Here's a health to them t	But now he's banish'd far away, S. My Harry was a gallant
Success to Kenmure's band, S. O Kenmure's on and awa †	lone in Patmos banished, . The Cotter's Sat. Night. 15.
The beauteous seraph Sister-band, O Thou dread Pow'r †	They banish'd him beyond the sea, The Jolly Beggars, S. IV.
tyranny's empurpled bands; S. Streams that glide †	Now there, they're packed aff to h—ll, And banish'd our dominions, The Ordination. 12.
Whigs to h-ll Flew off in frighted bands,	Be banish'd o'er the sea to France The Twa Herds. 16.
S. The Battle of Sherra-moor.	Bank. As on the banks of Ayr I stray'd, Add. to Edinburgh. 1.
Been there to hear this heavenly band engage,	How pleasant thy banks and green vallies below,
The Bries of Avr. 12.	S. Afton Water.
a belted knight, Bred of a border band,	
The Election Rallade I	on the banks of winding Nith As on the banks †
The Election Ballads. I.	on the banks of winding Nith, As on the banks † When a' my weel-clad banks could see.
Oft have I met your social band, The Farewell to St. J.'s L.	on the banks of winding Nith, As on the banks † When a' my weel-clad banks could see, Their woody picture in my tide:
Oft have I met your social band, The Farewell to St. J.'s L. Old Scotia's darling hope, Your little angel band	When a' my weel-clad banks could see,
Oft have I met your social band, The Farewell to St. J.'s L. Old Scotia's darling hope, Your little angel band The Petition of Br. Water.	When a' my weel-clad banks could see, Their woody picture in my tide:
Oft have I met your social band, The Farewell to St. J.'s L. Old Scotia's darling hope, Your little angel band	When a' my weel-clad banks could see, Their woody picture in my tide:
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Oft have I met your social band, The Farewell to St. J.'s L. Old Scotia's darling hope, Your little angel band The Petition of Br. Water. Know, the great Genius of this Land, Has many a light, aerial band, The Vision. D. II. 3. A candid lib'ral band is found Of public teachers, To Rev. J. M'Math. And little lambkins wanton wild, In playful bands disporting. S. Young Peggy† Band [tie, fetter, bond].	When a' my weel-clad banks could see, Their woody picture in my tide:
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Oft have I met your social band, The Farewell to St. J.'s L. Old Scotia's darling hope, Your little angel band The Petition of Br. Water. Know, the great Genius of this Land, Has many a light, aerial band, A candid lib'ral band is found Of public teachers, To Rev. J. M'Math. And little lambkins wanton wild, In playful bands disporting. S. Young Peggy† Band [tile, fetter, bond]. The captive bands may chain the hands, But powerful love enslaves the man: S. A. Masterton's bonic Anne. The bands and bliss o' mutual love, S. Braw lads on Yar. braes† And oft a more endearing band, Ep. to Davie. 10. Untie these bands from off my hands, S. Farewell, ye dungeons† Yet here I lie in foreign bands, Lament of Mary of Scots. O why should Fate sic pleasure have Life's dearest bands untwining? In Love's silken band can bind it. S. Sweetest May† The iron hand that breaks our band, S. The day returns† By sacred truth and honour's band! S. The Highland Lassie. I'll tie the posie round wi' the silken band o'love, S. The Posie That to my latest draught o' life the band shall ne'er remove, II.	When a' my weel-clad banks could see, Their woody picture in my tide:
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Give me the stream that sweetly laves The banks by Castle Gordon S. Streams that glide †	Barber. By barber woven, and by barber sold, Ep. fr. Esopus to Maria.
Ye flowery banks o' bonie Doon, S. The Banks of Doon. Sett II.	Men, three-parts made by Taylors and by Barbers, The Brigs of Ayr. 9.
Far from thy bonie banks and braes, S. The Banks of Nith.	Barb'rous. Inhuman man! curse on thy barb'rous art, On seeing Wounded Hare.
Ance ye were streekit owre frae bank to bank! The Brigs of Ayr. 5.	Poor is the task to please a barb'rous throng, Prologue, sp. by Woods.
Fareweel the bonie banks of Ayr, . S. The Catrine woods † There was Maggy by the banks o' Nith,	Bar'd. And bar'd the treason under. The Election Ballads. VI.
S. The Election Ballads. I Buy braw troggin, Frae the banks o' Dee; Ib. IV.	Bard. a Bard of rustic song, A Bard's Epit.
'Twas by the banks o' bonie Dee,	The shrinking bard adown an alley skulks, Ep. fr. Esopus to Maria.
Along the lonely banks of Ayr S. The gloomy night †	Thou bure the Bard through many a shire? Ep. to H. Parker.
Far from the bonie banks of Ayr. [re.]	a Bard, Laden with years and meikle pain, Lament for Glencairn.
And bonie spreading bushes. The Petition of Br. Water. Delighted doubly then, my Lord,	Accept this tribute from the Bard Thou brought from fortune's mirkest gloom
You'll wander on my banks,	The friendless Bard and rustic song, Became alike thy fostering care
My lowly banks o'erspread,	A lowly Bard was he,
I love thee, Nith, thy banks and braes,	And lo! the Bard, a great reward, Has got a double portion!
S. To thee, loved Nith † Ettrick banks now roaring red, To W. Creech.	By the Bard, what d'ye call him, that wore the black gown; S. No Churchman am I †
Her banks an' braes, her dens an' dells, To W. Simpson.	Forgive the Bard! my fond regard . On W. Chalmers.
And fair are the maids on the banks of the Ayr;	I send you a trifle, a head of a bard, Poet. Add. to Tytler.
S. True hearted was he † I thought upon the banks o' Coil, S. When wild Wars †	O, a' ye Bards on bonie Doon! Poor Mailie's El. Is there no daring Bard will rise and tell, Scots Prologue.
While, tumbling brown, the Burn comes down,	Is there no daring Bard will rise and tell, Scots Prologue. The simple Bard, rough at the rustic plough,
And roars frae bank to brae; Winter. Ye banks, and braes, and streams around	The Brigs of Ayr. 1.
The castle of Montgomery,	He glows with all the spirit of the Bard,
S. Ye banks, and brases, and streams †	a simple Bard, Unknown and poor,
Ye banks and braes o' bonie Doon, S. Ye banks and braes † Bank [for money]. The many-pounders of the Banks,	(That Bards are second-sighted is nae joke,
The Election Ballads. VI.	And soul-ennobling Bards heroic ditties sung Ib. 11.
Or strutted in a Bank and clarket My Cash-Account; . The Vision. D.I. 5.	No mercenary Bard his homage pays; The Cotter's Sat. Night.
Banned, -'d. And bann'd the cruel randy, S. Had I the wyte †	Or how the royal Bard did groaning lye, Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire; . Ib. 14.
The courtly vermin's banned the tree, The Tree of Liberty.	But still the Patriot, and the Patriot-Bard,
Banner. The trumpets sound, the banners fly, S. My bonie Mary.	In bright succession raise, her Ornament and Guard! Ib. 21. For your poor friend, the Bard afar, He only hears and sees the war, The Election Ballads. VI.
Reclined that banner, erst in fields unfurl'd, On Death of Sir J. Blair.	One round, I ask it with a tear,
And by our banners march'd Muirhead, The Election Ballads. V.	To bim, the Bard, that's far awa. The Farewell to St. J.'s L.
To muster o'er each ardent Whig Beneath Drumlanrig's banners; Ib. VI.	That, to a Bard, I should be seen Wi half my channel dry: . The Petition of Br. Water
Rannet [bonnet]. A gude blue bannet on his head, S. The Ploughman†	Here haply too, at vernal dawn, Some musing bard may stray,
annock, Bonnock [a round flat thicklsh cake of oat, pease, or barley-meal, baked on the fire].	I am a Bard of no regard, Wi' gentle folks an 'a' that; The Jolly Beggars. S. VII
Wi' hale-breeks, saxpence, an' a bannock; Auld comrade †	So sung the Bard—and Nansie's waws Shook with a thunder of applause,
Bannocks o' bear meal, bannocks o' barley; S. Bannocks o' bear meal †	All hail! my own inspired Bard! . The Vision. D. II. I And when the Bard, or hoary Sage,
Here's to the Highlandman's bannocks o' barley. [re.] 1b.	Charm or instruct the future age, [v. A. 4]
Never the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley	Some teach the Bard, a darling care,
O whare did ye get that hauver-meal bannock? S. O whare did ye get †	The tuneful Art
I'll be his debt twa mashlum bonnocks, The Author's Cry and Prayer.	To mark the embryotic trace, Of rustic Bard; . Ib. 10
Banquet. The flower-enamour'd busy bee The rosy banquet loves to sip; Delia. An Ode.	Can give a bliss o'ermatching thine, A rustic Bard
Banter. — then the scathe an' banter We're forced to thole Ep. to Major Logan. 2.	A bard was selected to witness the fray, The Whistle. 11 A bard who detested all sadness and spleen, 18
Baptiz'd. Baptiz'd him eu, and kick'd him from his sight.	Next uprose our Bard, like a prophet in drink: . Ib. 17 Such is the fate of simple Bard, . To a Mountain Daisy
Bar. The pond'rous wall and massy bar,	So prays thy faithful friend, the bard To a Young Lady
Add. to Edinburgh. 5. Or loup the ecliptic like a bar; . Ep. to H. Parker.	Then take what gold could never buy An honest Bard's esteem To J. M'Murdo
Bar, to. And bar the doors wi' driving snaw, Ep. to Davie. 1.	See wha taks notice o' the bard! To Mr. M'Adam
Ah! must the agonizing thrill, For ever bar returning Peace! The Lament.	But Oh! thou bitter step-mother and hard, To thy poor, fenceless, naked child—the Bard!
They bar the door on frosty win's; The Twa Dogs. 20. Barbarian. Far as the rude barbarian marks the bound.	To R. G. of F. 3 A fabled Muse may suit a bard that feigns;
Prologue, sp. by Woods.	An' may a bard no crack his jest
Barbauld, In thy sweet sang, Barbauld, survives Even Sappho's flame. Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	Why is the bard unpitied by the world, Wr. under Port. of Fergusson
2 voin one 2 water let 1 vetry.	VII. WILLEY I VILLOJ I'ET GUSSON

Bardle, -y [dim. of Bard]. A humble Bardle wishes! A Dream. 1.	Barkin [barking]. Now colic-grips, an barkin hoast, May kill us a'; . Scotch Drink. 19.
Will ye accept a Compliment, A simple Bardie gies ye?	Barley. Bannocks o' bear meal, bannocks o' barley; S. Bannocks o' bear meal †
(Inspired Bardie's saw, man) A Fragment. 8.	Here's to the Highlandman's bannocks o' barley Ib.
A certain Bardie's rantin, drinkin, . Add. to the Deil. 20.	Never the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley. [re.] Ib.
But O for Hogarth's magic pow'r To show Sir Bardy's willyart glowr, On dining with Daer.	And ay we'll taste the barley bree. S. O Willie brew'd †
Our Bardie's fate is at a close, Poor Mailie's El.	Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed, To see me thro' the barley S. The Rigs o' Barley.
Or make our Bardie, dowie, wear	Amang the rigs o' barley; [re.] Ib.
The mourning weed:	Barley-brie [barley-juice, malt liquor]. How easy can the barley-brie
Accept a Bardie's gratefu' thanks! . Scotch Drink. 18.	Cement the quarrel! Scotch Drink. 13.
Of a' the thoughtless sons o' man,	Barleycorn v. John Barleycorn.
Commen' me to the Bardie clan; Second Ep. to Davie. To you a simple Bardie's pray'rs	Barley-scone. A lee dyke-side, a sybow-tail, And barley-scone shall cheer me.
Are humbly sent. The Author's Cry and Prayer. 1.	To Mr. M'Adam.
Your humble Bardie sings an' prays While Rab his name is	Barm. That clarty barm should stain my laurels; Searching auld wives' barrels †
While Rab his name is	Barmie [of, or like barm].
She's [Coila's] gotten Bardies o' her ain, To W. Simpson.	My barmie noddle's working prime, To J. S. 4.
I hope we, Bardies, ken some better	Barn. To chaps, wha, in a barn or byre, Wad better fill'd their station A Dream. 5.
Than mind sic brulzie Ib. P.S. Bardship. My Bardship here, at your Levee, A Dream, I.	To lye in kilns and barns at e'en, . Ep. to Davie. 3.
Bare. "But now, the Cot is bare and cauld, As on the banks†	Meg fain wad to the Barn gaen
"Has laid your rocky bosom bare, 16.	To watch, while for the Barn she sets,
When birks are bare at Yule. S. Cauld is the e'enin blast †	Fu' is his barn, fu' is his byre; S. In simmer when † An' first cou'd thrash the barn, The Ans. to the Guidwife.
So from it ravish'd, leaves it bleak and bare. El. on Miss Burnet.	— na bred to barn and byre,
Thy strong right hand, L-d make it bare,	And at night, in barn or stable,
Holy Willie's Prayer. 13. Bare her leg and bright her e'en, S. I met a lass †	Hug our doxies on the hay. The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII. At barn or byre thou shalt na drudge, S. There was a lass †
Or if bare a—yet were tax'd; . Kind Sir, I've read†	Barn-yard. Commend me to the Barn-yard,
When chill November's surly blast	S. The Ploughman †
Made fields and forests hare, Man was made to Mourn. Gude ale hauds me bare and busy, S. O gude ale comes †	Baron. The flower amang our barons bold, Lament for Glencairn.
Sae bleak and bare, S. O wert thou in the	Were I a baron proud and high, . S. Montgomerie's Peggy.
Picking her pouch as bare as Winter,	An' that glib-gabbet Highland Baron, The Laird o' Graham; The Author's Cry and Prayer. 13.
The Author's Cry and Prayer, 8. His lyart haffets wearing thin and bare;	Maxwelton, that baron bold, . The Election Ballads. VI.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 12.	Barrel. And empty all his barrels: Epit. on G. Richardson.
Wi' heaving breasts an' bare neck; . The Holy Fair. 9.	A toom tar barrel An' twa red peats wad send relief, Letter to J. Goudie.
Thou saw the fields laid bare an' wast, To a Mouse. made bare My peace, my hope, for ever! V.s under grief.	It's aye the cheapest Lawyer's fee
Bare, to. Death, oft I've fear'd thy fatal blow,	To taste the barrel Scotch Drink. 13. Searching auld wives' barrels
Now, fond, I bare my breast, S. Fate gave the word †	Och, ho! the day! . Searching auld wives' barrels †
Some rouse the Patriot up to bare	To gie the jars an' barrels A lift The Holy Fair. 14.
Corruption's heart: The Vision. D. II. 4. Barefac'd. An' some, their New-light fair avow,	And taste a swatch o' Manson's barrels, To a Medical Gent. Barren. In Poverty's low barren vale,
	Lament for Glencairn. What signifies his barren shine,
Barefit. A barefit maid I chanc'd to meet, S. O Mally's meek.	Of moral pow'rs an' reason? The Holy Fair. 15.
Seek Heaven for help, and barefit skelp Awa' wi' Willie Chalmers On W. Chalmers.	And hap'ly, eye the barren hut With high disdain To J. S., 17.
And kissing barefit bunters The Election Ballads. VI.	Barr Steennie [Rev. Stephen Young, of Barr].
The lasses, skelpan barefit, thrang, In silks an' scarlets glitter; The Holy Fair. 7.	Barr Steennie, Barr Steennie, what mean ye? what mean ye? The Kirk's Alarm.
Bargain. For me, thank God, my life's a lease, Nae bargain wearing faster, . A Dream. 6.	Barskimmin. And also Barskimmin's gude knight; The Election Ballads. III.
Ill har'sts, daft bargains, cutty stools, . Add. to Toothache.	Barter. Weel rigg'd for Venus barter; . A Dream. 13.
'Weel, weel!' says I, 'a bargain be't; Death and Dr. Hornbook, 11.	Bartie. I am as fu' as Bartie:
Loove for loove is the bargain for me, . My Collier Laddie.	Base, adj. God's image rudely etch'd on base alloy! Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
My tocher's the bargain ye wad buy;	Wha sae base as be a slave? S. Scots wha ha'e †
S. O meikle thinks my love † Bargain'd. A' that I bargain'd for, an' mair; Ep. to J.R. 5.	And, agonising, curse the time and place When ye begat the base, degen'rate race! The Brigs of Ayr. 9.
Barge. But, G-d-sake! let nae saving-fit	Oh! can she bear so base a heart, The Lament.
Abridge your bonie Barges A Dream. 7. Bark [of a tree]. Ye're like to the bark o' you rotten tree;	Busy haunts of base mankind, S. Thickest night †
S. O meikle thinks my love †	That foolish, selfish, faithless ways, Lead to be wretched, vile, and base, Wr. in Friars-Carse H.
Bark [of a dog]. Misfortune's gowling bark, A Ded. to G.H. 14.	Base [in music]. May fireside discords jar a base To a' their parts!
Bark, to. Yirr, fancy barks, awa' we canter Ep. to Major Logan. 2.	Ep. to Major Logan. 7.
And gif ye canna bite, ye may bark The Kirk's Alarm.	Base. As built on the base of the great Revolution; At a Meet. of D. Volunteers.
Be [common sense] banish'd o'er the sea to France, Let him bark there. The Twa Herds, 16.	The upright is Chance, and old Time is the base; S. Caledonia.
Barket [barked]. My heart has been sae fain to see them,	Bashfu' [bashful].
That I for joy hae barket wi' them. The Twa Dogs. 20.	What makes the youth sae bashfu' and sae grave; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 8.
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Bashing [being ashamed].	Bawd'rons v. Baudrans.
But bashing and dashing,	Bawk [a strip of land left untilled].
I kend na how to tell The Ans. to the Guidwife. Basin. A mickle quarter basin S. Gat ye met	Adown a com-inclosed bawk, S. A Rose-bud by †
Basin. A mickle quarter basin S. Gat ye me† Bask. There, ever bask in uncreated rays,	Baws'nt [having a white strlpe down the face]. His honest, sonsie, baws'nt face, The Twa Dogs. 5.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 16.	Bawtie [pet name for a dog]. The Spanish empire's tint a head,
Bask'd. He levell'd his rays where she bask'd on the brae	The Spanish empire's tint a head, An' my teethless Bawtie's dead; . El. on Year 1788.
S. The heather was bloom.† Basket. Curse thou his basket and his store,	Bay. Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare,
Kail an' potatoes. Holy Willie's Prayer. 12.	El. on Peg Nicholson.
Bass. But gravissimo, solemn basses,	Bay, Bays. So thine be the laurel, and mine be the bay;
Ye hum away To J. S. 27. Bastard. And gar the tatter'd gypsies pack,	Or tore, with noble ardour stung,
Wi' a' their bastards on their back!	The Sceptic's bays. The Vision. D. II. 6.
Add. of Beelzebub.	His well-won bays, than life itself more dear, To R. G. of F. 5.
Bastile. It stands where ance the Bastile stood, The Tree of Liberty.	Or humbler bays entwining S. When first I saw †
Batch [a party]. An' there a batch o' Wabster lads,	Be. Be to the Poor like onie whunstane, A Ded. to G. H. 8. An' if thou be what I wad ha'e thee, Add. to Illegit. Child.
The Holy Fair. 9.	'Twas just the way he wanted
Bathe. In the gay rosy morn, as it bathes in the dew; S. How pleasant the banks †	To be that night Halloween, 9.
And violets bathe in the weet of the morn;	'An' her that is to be my lass,
S. My Nanie's Awa.	'Come after me an' draw thee
Batter. In vain Auld-age his body batters; Tam Samson's El. q.	Where'er he be, the Lord be near him;
Battle. Is this the power in freedom's war	Ken ye ought o' Capt. Grose †
That wont to bid the battle rage? Liberty.	Weel may we a' be! S. Landlady count †
The battle closes deep and bloody: . S. My bonie Mary.	My pride and my darling to be? S. Leezie Lindsay. How can I be but eerie! S. When I think on t
And fight thy chosen's battle; . New Psalmody.	How can I be but eerie! S. When I think on † Be, to let [to let alone]. An' let poor damned bodies bee;
the first blow is ever half the battle; Prologue, at Th., D. See the front of battle lour; S. Scots, wha ha'e †	Add. to the Deil. 2.
	An' it [her e'e] winna let a body be! S. Again rejoic. Nature †
Or did the battle see, man. I saw the battle sair and teugh, S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	Bead. While by their nose the tears will revel, Like ony bead; Tam Samson's El.
Thou shalt sit in state,	In's hand five taper staves as smooth's a bead,
And see thy love in battle S. The Captain's Lady.	The Brigs of Ayr. 4.
And Gordon the battle to win! The Election Ballads. III.	While thro' your pores the dews distil Like amber bead To a Haggis.
Such is the rage of Battle	Beadsman. Stranger, go! Heaven be thy guide!
Batt'ry. I lastly was with Curtis among the floating batt'ries. The Jolly Beggars. S.I.	Quod the Beadsman of Nithside
Batts [the botts]. A countra Laird had ta'en the batts,	Wr. in Friars-Carse H. Beagle. As keen as a beagle, . The Black-headed Eagle.
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 27.	Like beagles hunting game, man, The Tree of Liberty.
Bauckie-bird [the bat]. Or wavering like the Bauckie-bird. The Jolly Beggars. R.I.	Beam. No other light shall guide my steps
Baudrans, -ons, Bawd'rons [a cat].	'Till thy bright beams arise. S. Farewell, dear mistress †
Auld baudrans by the ingle sits, S. Willie Wastle.	Beneath the moon's pale beams; Halloween.
Auld Hornie did the Laigh Kirk watch, Just like a winkin baudrons: The Ordination. 10.	Gaily in the sunny beam; S. I dream'd I lay †
Satan, Watches, like bawd'rons by a rattan, Poem on Life.	By fits the sun's departing beam Look'd on the fading yellow woods Lament for Glencairn.
Bauk [a cross-beam]. An' darklins grapet for the bauks,	Look'd on the fading yellow woods Lament for Glencairn. What once was a butterfly gay in life's beam:
Halloween. 11. Bauk-en' [end of a bauk]. Or whether 'twas a bauk-en',	Monody on a Lady. Epit.
Halloween, 12.	love wi' unrelenting beam . S. Now Spring has clad
Bauld [bold]. 'But yet the bauld Apothecary 'Withstood the shock;	A fairer than's in yon town, His setting beam ne'er shone upon. S. O wat ye wha's in †
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 18.	Like the beam of the day-star to-morrow.
O for a spunk o' Allan's glee,	On Death of fav. Child.
Or Ferguson's the bauld an' slee, Ep. to J. L—k. Ap. 1st. 14. bauld L[aprai]k, the king o' hearts, Ib. Ap. 21st. 5.	Astonish'd, doubly marks its beam, . S. Peggy Chalmers. Here holds her search by heaven-taught Reason's beam;
A sweeping, kindling, bauld strathspey Ep. to Major Logan. 5.	Prologue, sp. by Woods.
The bauld Pitcur fell in a furr, S. Killiecrankie.	Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancing; Tam o' Shanter.10.
May I but be sae bauld	The chilly Frost, beneath the silver beam, The Brigs of Ayr. 3.
As come to your bower-window, S. Lass, when yr mither † Was na Robin bauld,	Reflected beams dwell in the streams, The Fête Champetre. saucy Phœbus' scorching beams, The Petition of Br.Water.
Tho' I was a cotter: S. Robin shure in hairst.	Or by the reaper's nightly beam,
Livistone, the bauld Sir Willie; The Author's Cry and Prayer†	Beneath thy wan, unwarming beam: The Lament.
My sooth! right bauld ye set your nose out, . To a Louse.	Would to God I had one like a beam of the sun,
Your bodkin's bauld, What ails ye now † Bauldest [boldest].	To Capt. Riddel. Thy sons ne'er madden in the fierce extremes
Their bauldest thought's a hank'ring swither,	Of Fortune's polar frost, or torrid beams. To R.G. of F. 7.
To stan' or rin, The Author's Cry and Prayer.P.	The village glittering in the noontide beam
The bauldest o' them a' he cow'd; To W. Creech.	Wr. in Kenmore Inn. Her eyes outshine the radiant beams
Bauldly [boldly]. Syne bauldly in she enters: Halloween. 22. Will bauldly try to gie us Plays at hame?. Scots Prologue.	That gild the passing shower, . S. Young Peggy †
Baumy [balmy]. like a baumy kiss o' her sweet bonie mou;	Beam, to. virtue's light that beams beyond the spheres;
S. The Posie.	Beam'd. Beam'd keen with Honor, The Vision. D. I. 10.
Bawbee [a half-penny].	And eyes again with pleasure beam'd S. When wild War's †
I'll gie John Ross another bawbee, To boat me o'er to Charlie S. Come boat me o'er.	Reaming. Hope beaming mild on the soft parting hour:
Bawd. The news o' princes, dukes, and earls, Pimps, sharpers, bawds, and opera-girls,	S. Gloomy December.
Pimps, sharpers, bawds, and opera-girls, Kind Sir, I've read †	Fair beaming, and streaming Her silver light the boughs amang; S. Sae flaxen†

When through my very heart Her beaming glories dart, S. Sleep'st thou, or wak'st†
And Summer, with his fervid-beaming eye:
The Brigs of Ayr. 13. Where bright beaming summers exalt the perfume;
Bean. The Farina of beans and pease, He has't in plenty; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 21.
At even, when beans their fragrance shed,
El. on Capt. M. H. 6. Her breath is like the fragrant breeze
That gently stirs the blossom'd bean, S. On Cessnock banks†
An' Pease an' Beans, at een or morn, Perfume the plain,
The zephyr wanton'd round the bean, S. 'Twas even—the dewy †
Bear. The carlin gaed thro' them like ony mad bear, S. There liv'd ance a carle
Bear [barley], Bannocks o' bear meal, bannocks o' barley; S. Bannocks o' bear meal †
I sing the juice Scotch bear can mak us, Scotch Drink. 1.
And shook baith meikle corn and bear, . Tam o' Shanter. 15.
The rough burr-thistle spreading wide Amang the bearded bear, . The Ans. to the Guidwife.
Bear, to. That bears the Keys of Peter, A Dream. 12.
Then, man my soul with firm resolves To bear and not repine! . A Prayer under Anguish.
Calling the storms to bear him [Vengeance] o'er a guilty land!
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
And bear the scorn that's in her e'e! S. Again rejoic. Nature † I rather wou'd bear a' the load o' my sorrow
Than ever hae acted sae faithless to him.
S. As I was a-wand'ring † A burden more than I can bear. Despondency, an Ode.
A burden more than I can bear. Despondency, an Ode. 'Tis real hangmen, real scourges bear! Ep. fr. Esopus to Maria.
And while my heart wi' life-blood dunted I'd bear't in mind Friend of the poet †
O L—d thou kens what zeal I bear, When drinkers drink, and swearers swear, [v. A. 11]
When you lay me in the dust, Think, think how you will bear it. S. Husband, husband †
Strength to bear it will be given,
I bear a heart shall support me still S. I dream'd I lay † To bear this hated doom severe?
Improm. on Mrs. —'s birthday. And as wi' thee I'd wish to live,
For thee I'd bear to die S. It is na, Jean, †
I bear alane my lade o' care, Lament for Glencairn. Guess ye how the jad! I could bear her.
S. Last May a braw wooer.
Bear this in mind, be deaf and blind, Lns on windows Gl. Tav.
Wi' her I'll blythely bear it, S. My Wife's a winsome.
So in my tender bosom grows, The love I bear my Willy S. O Phely, †
And suffering I am doom'd to bear, S. O wat ye wha's in t
O heavy loss, thy country ill could bear! On Death of R. Dundas.
Thou young-eyed spring, thy charms I cannot bear; Sonnet, on Death of R.
Is there, that bears the name o' Scot, The Author's Cry and Prayer. 9.
tell them, wi' a patriot-heat, Ye winna bear it? . Ib. 11.
Is there, in human form, that bears a heart The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10.
An' bear them to my Master dear The Death of Mailie.
But the sodger's friends hae blawn the best,
So he shall bear the horn The Election Ballads. I. That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that! S. The honest Man.
The world then the love should know I bear my Highland lassie, O. S. The Highland Lassie.
An' take a share with those that bear The budget and the apron! The Jolly Beggars. S. VI.
The budget and the apron! The Jolly Beggars. S. VI. Great love I bear to all the Fair, Ib. S. VII.
Long did I bear the heavy yoke, . S. The Joyful Widower.
Oh! can she bear so base a heart, The Lament. 5.
The burden I must bear, while the cruel scourge I fear, S. The Slave's Lament.
That bears the name o' auld king Coil, . The Twa Dogs. 1.
A whisp'ring throb did witness bear The Vision, D. II. 1.

Yet I bear a heart shall support me still.
S. Tho' fickle Fortune † And when those legs to guid, warm kail Wi' welcome canna bear me; . To Mr. M'Adam. No heels to bear him from the opening dun; He bears the unbroken blast from every side; Ib. With deaf endurance sluggishly they bear, Ib. 7. With deaf endurance sluggishly they bear, . With deat endurance stages on.

Forsaken and friendless, my burden I bear,

S. Wae is my heart + By the treasure of my soul,

That's the love I bear thee!

S. Wilt thou be my deariet Beard. Adown my beard the slavers trickle! Add. to Toothache. 'I wad na' mind it, no that spittle
'Out-owre my beard.' Death and Dr. Hornbook. 10. His bristling beard just rising in its might, Extem. on W. Smellie. Old winter with his frosty beard, Improm. on Mrs. -'s birthday. May claw his lug, and straik his beard, On W. Chalmers. Wi'his auld beard newlin shaven. . S. The auld man † under favor o' your langer beard, . The Brigs of Ayr. 10. He taks the Fiddler by the beard, The Jolly Beggars. R. VI. Till icicles hing frae their beards; . . . To J. S. 22.

And may he wear an auld man's beard, To Mr. M'Adam. A whiskin beard about her mou', . S. Willie Wastle † Bearded. The rough burr-thistle spreading wide ne rough burr-thistic space.

Amang the bearded bear,

The Ans. to the Guidwife. Beardless. Thou beardless boy, I pray tak' care, El. on Year 1788. When I was beardless, young and blate,

The Ans. to the Guidwife. A beardless boy comes o'er the hills, The Election Ballads. II. That beardless laddies Should think they better were inform'd, Than their auld dadies. To W. Simpson, P.S. Bearer. I've sturdy bearers, Gude be thankit The Inventory. Bearing. Provok'd beyond bearing, at last she arose, S. Caledonia. 5. Crushing the despot's proudest bearing, . . Liberty. Here's armorial bearings Frae the manse o' Urr; . The Election Ballads. IV. The magna charta flag unfurls,
All deadly gules its bearing.

Bear'st. Thou bear'st the gree.

Add. to Toothache. Thou, Tooth-Ache surely bear'st the bell Amang them a'! . . . Beas' [lice]. Flaffan wi' duds, and grey wi' beas', Add. of Beelzebub. 4. Beast. The girdin brak, the beast cam down, S. Duncan Gray. The beast again can bear us baith, Ib. But least then, the beast then,
Should rue this hasty ride, . . . Ep. to Davie. 11. Puir harmless beast! tak thee nae care,

On B.'s horse impound. That dreary hour he mounts his beast in; Tam o' Shanter. 7. There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast; . . Ib. 11. For mony a beast to dead she shot, . . . Ib. 15. Mansions that would disgrace the building-taste
Of any mason reptile, bird, or beast; . The Brigs of Ayr. 8. The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh;

The Cotter's Sat. Night. An' if he live to be a beast, The Death of Mailie. To pit some havins in his breast! . My Furr ahin's a wordy beast, . . . The Inventory. If he be spar'd to be a beast, He'll draw me fifteen pun' at least. Where wild beasts find shelter, tho' I can find none! S. The small birds + if the beast and branks be spar'd . Third Ep. to J. Lap. There's Gaun, misca't waur than a beast, To Rev. J. M'Math. My only beast, I had nae mae, . S. What will I do gin t And bird and beast, in covert, rest, . . . Winter. Beastle [dim. of Beast]. The doited beastle stammers; What then? poor beastie, thou maun live! 1b.

Beat. An' monie an anxious day, I thought	In pride of beauty's light; . S. Sleep'st thou, or wak'st †
We wad be beat! A Guid New-Year † 16.	in simple beauty drest, S. Slow spreads the gloom +
While pityless the tempest wild Sore on you beats A Winter Night. 5.	While Fragrance blooms an' Beauty charms!
Sore on you beats A Winter Night. 5. The wild-birds sang, the echoes rang,	The Author's Cry and Prayer. P. There's beauty and fortune to get wi' Miss Morton,
While Damon's heart beat time, S. Damon and Sylvia.	The Belles of Mauchline.
Beat hemp for others, riper for the string:	Sweet Female Beauty hand in hand with Spring;
Ep. fr. Esopus to Maria.	The Brigs of Ayr. 13. Thro' faded groves Maria sang,
When o'er the hill beat surly storms, S. Montgomerie's Peggy. In weeds of woe that frantic beat her breast,	Hersel' in beauty's bloom the while, S. The Catrine woods †
On Death of Sir J. Blair.	When Love and Beauty heard the news, The Fête Champetre.
While Love's luxurious pulse beat high, . The Lament.	In beauty's pride array'd; The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps.
While the life beats in my bosom, S. Turn again, thou fair †	When awful Beauty joins with all her charms, Who is so rash as rise in rebel arms? The Rights of Woman.
Beating. Spare my love ye winds that blaw,	For beauty and fortune the laddie's been courtin;
Plashy sleets and beating rain, S. Jockey's ta'en the †	S. There's a youth †
And the heart beating love as I'm clasp'd in her arms,	An' set your beauties a' abread! To a Louse.
S. You wild mossy mountains †	Grace, beauty, and elegance, fetter her lover, S. True-hearted was he †
Beattie. Thought I, 'Can this be Pope, or Steele, Or Beattie's wark;' Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 4.	Beauty's of a fading nature, . S. Will ye go and marry †
And Common Sense is gaun, she says,	To Beauty what man but maun yield him a prize,
To mak to Jamie Beattie	S. Yon wild mossy mountains †
Her plaint this day The Ordination. 11.	Beaver. Hey, brave Johnie lad, cock up your beaver!
'Hence, sweet harmonious Beattie sung 'His "Minstrel lays;" The Vision. D. ii. 6.	S. Cock up yr beaver and cock it fu' sprush
Beau. A buck, a beau, or Dem my eyes!	Cock up your beaver, and cock it fu' sprush, 16. Became. The friendless Bard and rustic song,
Epit. on Mr. Burton.	Became alike thy fostering care.
Beauteous. Shalt beauteous blaze upon the day. S. A Rosebud by my †	Lament for Glencairn.
by thy beauteous self I swear, S. Fairest maid †	Ae look deprived me o' my heart, And I became a lover S. When first I saw †
What pity, in rearing so beauteous a system,	Beck [a curtsey]. She'll gie ye a beck, and bid ye light,
One triffing particular, Truth, should have miss'd him!	The Tarbolton Lasses.
Fragment, inscr. to Fox.	Beckie. My compliments to sister Beckie; To Dr. Blacklock.
The beauteous, seraph Sister-band, O Thou dread Pow'r	Beck'ning. As thy shades of evening close, Beck'ning thee to long repose;
Ruins yet beauteous in decay, . On Lincluden Castle.	Wr. in Friars-Carse H.
Revered defender of beauteous Stuart, Poet. Add. to Tytler. For beauteous, hapless Mary: The Dean of Faculty.	Become. The great Creator to revere,
Beauteous rose-bud, young and gay, The Dean by Fuculty.	Must sure become the Creature; Ep. to Young Friend. 9.
Still may thy pages call to mind	To shun a tyrant father's hate,
The dear, the beauteous donor: Wr. on Leaf of H. More.	Become a wretched wife! S. How cruel†
Beautify. And a conduct that beautifies a',	An' the horns become your brow, gudeman. S. O gin ye were dead.
Ronalds of Bennals.	And some, the pride of Coila's plains,
The Pennie's the jewel that beautifies a'. S. There's a youth † Beauty. Heav'n's beauties on my Fancy shine:	Become thy friends. The Vision. D. II. 18.
Add. to Edinburgh. 4.	Bed. Oh ye! who, sunk in beds of down, Feel not a want but what yourselves create,
Awa wi' your belles and your beauties,	A Winter Night. 10.
S. Adown winding Nith †	While my soul's delight Is on her bed of sorrow S. Ay waking, O †
But beauty, how frail and how fleeting, The bloom of a fine summer's day!	I greet round their green beds in the yard,
Awa' wi' your witchcraft o' beauty's alarms,	S. By you castle wa' †
The slender bit beauty you grasp in your arms;	The wife slade cannie to her bed, But ne'er spak mair. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 26.
S. Awa' wi' you'r witchcraft † Your beauty's a flower, in the morning that blows	Hold on till thou art mellow,
And withers the faster, the faster it grows; Ib.	And then to bed in glory S. Deluded swain †
And e'en when this beauty your bosom has blest,	Ever round your midnight bed Horrid sprites shall haunt you. S. Husband, husband †
The brightest o' beauty may cloy, when possest; . Ib.	For silent, low, on beds of dust,
Hast thou found that beauty's lilies Were not made for aye to last? Blue Bonnets.	Lie a' that would my sorrows share. Lament for Glencairn.
Wit and Grace, and Love, and Beauty,	Hear it not, Wallace, in thy bed of death! Liberty.
In ae constellation shine; S. Bonie wee thing †	Altho' my bed were in you muir, S. Montgomerie's Peggy.
More lovely far her beauty blows Delia. An Ode.	Altho' my bed were in you muir, S. Montgomerie's Feegy. And make my bed in the Collier's neuk, S. My Collier Laddie. When a' the lave cae to their bed
We saw thee shine in youth and beauty's pride, El. on Miss Burnet.	Which a the lave gue to their boa
El. on Miss Burnet. By love, and by beauty, By law, and by duty; S. Eppie Adair.	S. My Harry was a gallant † She laid me in a saft bed, [re.] . S. O wat ye what my †
S. Eppie Adair.	She laid me in a saft bed, [re.] . S. O wat ye what my † No more of rest, but now thy dying bed!
Altho' thy beauty and thy grace	On seeing wounded Hare.
Might weel awauk desire S. It is na, Jean † Beauty is at best deceit;	The spring shall return to thy low narrow bed,
	On Death of fav. Child. Welcome to your gory bed,
'Here, in this hand, does mankind stand, 'And there, is Beauty's blossom!' . Nature's Law.	Or to glorious victory S. Scots, wha ha'e †
O meikle thinks my love o' my beauty, S. O meikle thinks †	They laid the twa i' the bed thegither, S. Scroggam.
In grace and beauty charming; S. O wat ye wha that loes †	My mither she bade me put him to bed, S. The auld man †
I'd feast on beauty a' the night; S. O were my love †	I put him to bed, and he swore he wad wed, Ib.
And whiles ye may lightly my beauty a wee; S. O whistle †	He left his bed and took his wayward rout, The Brigs of Ayr.
Tho' matching beauty's fabled queen; S. On Cessnock banks † With manly lore, or female beauty bright,	Low in your wintry beds, ye flowers, S. The Catrine woods † And view, deep-bending in the pool,
(Beauty, whose faultless symmetry and grace,	Their shadows' wat'ry bed: The Petition of Br. Water.
Can only charm us in the second place,)	Does the sober bed of Marriage
Prologue, sp. by Woods. By conquering beauty's sov'reign law; S. Sae flaxen †	Witness brighter scenes of love? The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII
But cold successive noontide blasts	And bad her mak' a bed for me: She made the bed both large and wide,
May lay its beauties low Sad thy tale †	S. The Lass that made the bed.

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The lass that made the bed to me. [re.] S. The Lass that made the bed.	Befa' [befall]. May ill befa' the flattering tongue That wad beguile my Nanie, O.
The bride went to bed wi' the silly bridegroom, In the midst o' her kimmers a'. S. The last braw bridal †	Befel. Which lately on a night befel,
Cast off the wat, put on the dry, And gae to bed, my Dearie. S. The Ploughman †	Death and Dr. Hornbook. 2. Befitted. Was e'er puir Poet sae befitted,
I will mak my Ploughman's bed,	On B.'s horse impound. Before. Say, thou lo'es nane before me;
My mither, she has ta'en the bed, Wi' thinking on my fa'. The Ruined Maid's Lament.	S. Craigie-burn Wood. The words come skelpan, rank and file,
The Taylor fell thro' the bed, thimble an' a', S. The Taylor† An' I'll no gang to my bed	Amaist before I ken! Ep. to Davie. 11. On eighteen pence a week I've lived before.
Until I get a nod S. There's news, lasses † I'll no gang to my bed Till I get a man Ib.	Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
But now the share uptears thy bed, To a Mountain-Daisy.	But, like guid mothers, shore before ye strike; Scots Prologue. Tried all my skill, but find I'm still
With many a filial tear circling the bed of death! To R. G. of F. 9.	Just where I was before Symon Gray † Befriend. Nor person to befriend me, O;
Thus, resigned and quiet, creep To the bed of lasting sleep; . Wr. in Friars-Carse H.	S. My father was a farmer† Gentle Night, do thou befriend me;
Ye've lien in some unco bed S. Ye hae lien wrang. Bedded. O ken ye how Meg o' the mill was bedded? [re.]	S. Musing on the roaring † When B[allantyne] befriends his humble name,
S. O ken ye what Meg † Bedeck. And wild scatter'd cowslips bedeck the green dale.	When kindly you mind me,
S. The small birds †	O then befriend my Jean! The Farewell.
Bedevil'd. She's a' bedevil'd wi' the spavie. The Inventory. Bedew. I thought sair storms wad never	But to his utmost would befriend Ought that belang'd ye
Bedew'the scene; V.s under grief. Bedew'd. Amang the fresh, green leaves bedew'd,	Beg. And when I downa yoke a naig, Then, Lord be thanket, I can beg. A Ded. to G. H. 2.
S. A Rosebud by my † Bedim. Bedim cauld Boreas' blast; The Jolly Beggars, R. I.	For my sake this I beg it o' you, Auld comrade † The last o't, the warst o't,
Bedlam. Forms like some bedlam Statuary's dream, The Brigs of Ayr. 8.	Is only but to beg
Bed-post. each bed-post with its burden a-groaning, Epig. on Capt. Grose.	I would na write. Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 2. tho' I should beg Wi' lyart pow, Ib. 9.
Bedropp'd. Trouts bedropp'd wi' crimson hail,	Wha, wanting thee might beg or steal; Friend of the poet †
Tam Samson's El. 6.	Thy pardon I sincerely beg, Holy Willie's Prayer. 7. Who begs a brother of the earth
At buds and flowers were hinging, S. Amang the trees † The flower-enamour'd busy bee Delia. An Ode.	To give him leave to toil; . Man was made to Mourn. And bumbly begs you'll mind the important—Now!
The bees hum round the breathing flow'rs: S. O Logan! sweetly †	Prologue, at Th. D. Embolden'd thus, I beg you'll hear
It's a for the hiney he'll cherish the bee; S. O meikle thinks my love †	Your humble slave complain. The Petition of Br. Water. tho' I must beg, with a wooden arm and leg,
The bee that thro' the sunny hour Sips nectar in the op'ning flower, S. O Phely †	The Jolly Beggars. S. I. But the Peace it reduc'd me to beg in despair, . Ib. S. II.
As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure, The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure:	About to beg a pass for leave to beg; To R. G. of F.
Tam o' Shanter. 6. As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,	I court, I beg thy friendly aid, To Ruin. Began. Ae night, at tea, began a plea,
When plundering herds assail their byke; Ib. 17. The bees, rejoicing o'er their summer-toils, The Brigs of Ayr.	Began to fear a fa', man;
May have charms for the linnet and the bee;	The rising Moon began to glowr The distant Cumnock hills out-owre; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 4.
Not the bee upon the blossom, In the pride of sunny noon; S. Turn again, thou †	It's e'en a lang, lang time indeed
No, no! the bees, humming round the gay roses, Proclaim it the pride of the year. S. Where are the joys†	Sin' I began to nick the thread,
While bees delight in opening flowers; S. Where Cart rins †	When first the human race began, Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 15. I held the gate till you I met,
Beech. spreading beech and tapering elm, As on the banks † Beef. (And aye a rowth, roast beef and claret; Poem on Life.	Syne I began to wander: S. Gat ye me †
Or tumbling in the boiling flood Wi' kail an' beef; Scotch Drink. 4.	Till painting gay the eastern skies,
A chield wha'll soundly buff our beef; The Twa Herds. 13.	The glorious sun began to rise; . S. It was the charming twhen Nature first began To try her canny hand,
For a' his fresh beef and his saut, S. To daunton me. Been. I've been but three years in my teens;	S. John Anderson, my jo † And show'rs began to fall; John Barleycorn.
Whare hae ye been sae braw, lad!	His bending joints and drooping head Show'd he began to fail
Whare hae ye been sae brankie O? . S. Killiecrankie. An ye had been whare I hae been,	And then his enemies began To show their deadly rage
Ye wadna been sae cantie O;	Young stranger, whither wand'rest thou? Began the rev'rend Sage; . Man was made to Mourn.
Beer. Small beer persecution, Epit. on J. Dove, Innkeeper.	Too soon thou hast began, To wander forth, with me, to mourn
With his flail on his back and his bottle of beer, S. The Poor Thresher. Beet [to add fuel to fire].	Yet they, even they, with all their strength,
Lang beet his hymeneal flame, A Ded. to G. H. 14.	Wi' sighs an' sobs she thus began The Jolly Beggars. R. IV.
It heats me, it beets me,	An' there began a lang digression The Twa Dogs. 6. Craigdarroch began with a tongue smooth as oil,
Or noble Elgin beets the heavenward flame, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 13.	The Whistle. Begat. And, agonising, curse the time and place
Beetling. where the beetling cliff o'erhangs the deep, Add. sp. by Fontenelle.	When ye begat the base, degen rate race 1 The Brigs of Ayr. 9.
Th' increasing blast roar'd round the beetling rocks,	Begbie's. Then aff to B-gb-'s in a raw, An' pour divine libations. The Ordination. 1.
On Death of Sir J. Blair.	An pour divine inations . The Oramation. 1.

A blackguard Smuggler, right behint her, The Author's Cry and Prayer. 8.
An anxious e'e I never throws
Behint my lug, or by my nose; To J. S. 25 An' ran them till they a' did wauble,
Far, far behin'! A Gude New Year† 7 And them that comes behin',
Let them do the like, S. Hey ea' thro'. I've lost but ane, I've twa behin',
S. The Jolly Beggars. S. VII
Behold. Behold, my love, how green the groves, S. Behold, my love:
Behold the hour, the boat arrive! . S. Behold, the hour
Behold that eye which shot immortal hate, Liberty Oh still I behold thee, all lovely in death,
On Death of fav. Child
Fairest flow'r! behold the lily, Blooming in the sunny ray; S. Sensibility
With tears indignant I behold th' oppressor . Tragic Frag Beild v. Bield.
Being. O Thou great Being! what Thou art,
Surpasses me to know: A Prayer under Anguish Thou Being, Allseeing,
O hear my fervent pray'r! Ep. to Davie. 9
Who hold your being on the terms, 'Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 21
A being form'd t' amuse his graver friends, Ep. to R. Graham. 3
In weary being now I pine, Lament for Glencairn
O'er the hope and misfortune of being to mourn, On Death of fav. Child
On this poor being all depends; . Sketch. New-Yr's Day
Belang [belong to]. The Deil he cou'dna skaithe thee,
Or aught that wad belang thee! S. O saw ye bonic Lesley
Belang'd [belonged to]. But to his utmost would befriend
Ought that belang'd ye To Rev. J. M'Math. Beld [bald]. And though his brow he beld aboon,
S. The cardin o't
Wi' his teethless gab and his auld beld pow, S. To daunton me
Beldam. Laugh in Misfortune's face—the beldam witch! Add. sp. by Fontenelle
View the wither'd beldam's face Ode, to Mem. of Mrs
But wither'd beldams, auld and droll, . Tam o' Shanter. 14 Be-ledger'd. Gie Wealth to some be-ledger'd Cit,
To J. S., 23
Belial. The sons of Belial in the Land. New Psalmody Belief. Firm as my creed, Sirs, 'tis my fix'd belief,
That Misery's another word for Grief: Add. sp. by Fontenell.
Let me in this belief expire,—To God I fly.' The Hermi
Believe. Believe me, happiness is shy, A Bottle and Friend If e'er Detraction shore to smit you,
May nane believe him! A Farewell Tho' real friends I b'lieve are few, 'Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 13
My much-honor'd Patron, believe your poor Poet,
Fragment, inscr. to Fox The deuce gae wi' him to believe me,
S. Last May a braw wooer Believe our glowing bosoms truly feel it. Prologue at Th., I
Tho' in his heart he weel believes,
An' thinks it auld wives' fables: The Holy Fair. 17 Orthodox, orthodox, wha believe in John Knox,
The Kirk's Alarn Should I believe, my coaxin billie,
Your flatterin strain. To W. Simpson
But I'se believe ye kindly meant it,
S. Wandering Willie
Believer. A steady, sturdy, staunch Believer. A Ded. to G. H.
Believing. No matter—stick to sound believing. A Ded. to G. H.
Bell, Andrew. Her thoughts on Andrew Bell; [re.] Halloween. 1.
Bell. Thou, Toothache surely bear'st the bell Amang them a'! . Add. to Toothache
The auld kirk-hammer strak the bell
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 3. The village bell has told the hour, S. Here is the glen

How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' Lint was i' the bell. The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11. The bells they rang, and the carlins sang, S. The last braw bridal† His flunkies answer at the bell; The Twa Dogs. 8. But stray amang the heather bells, S. There was a lass t But let the kirk-folk ring their bells, Third Ep. to J. Lap. Her moors red-brown wi' heather bells, To W. Simpson. 10. Belle. Awa wi' your belles and your beauties, S. Adown winding Nith † O leave novels, ye Mauchline belles, . . O leave novels † In Mauchline there dwells six proper young belles,

The Belles of Mauchline. Bellow'd. Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellow'd:

Tame' Shanter. 8. Bellum [force, assault]. He wha could brawlie ward their bellum, . To W. Creech. Bellyfu' [bellyful]. On scarce a bellyfu' o' drummock, On Scot. Bard gone to W. I. Bellys [bellows]. When Vulcan gies his bellys breath, Scotch Drink, 10. Belong. We have the honour to belong to you! Scots Prologue. Belov'd. Frae my best Belov'd I rove, S. Frae the friends † Below. Plac'd for her lordly use, thus far, thus vile, below!

A Winter Night. 7. Below thir stanes lie Jamie's banes; Epit. on noisy Polemic. He play'd a spring, and danc'd it round, Below the gallows-tree. S. Farewell, ye dungeons t Whyles cooket underneath the braes, Below the spreading hazle Unseen . Halloween, 25. I, careless, quit aught else below But spare me, spare me Lucy dear S. O wat ye wha's in t Man, your proud usurping foe, Would be lord of all below: . On scaring Water-fowt. Which sweetly winds so far below;
S. Slow spreads the gloom † The saul o' life, the heav'n below, Is rapture-giving woman. The Ans. to the Guidwife. Aboon distress, below envy, . S. The Contented Cottager. By all the conscious villian fears below! . To Clarinda. And still, below, the horrid caldron boils Wr. by Fall of Fyers. An' durk an' pistol at her belt,
She'll tak the streets,
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 17. Belt. Belted. The first ane was a belted knight, The Election Ballads. I. A prince can make a belted knight, S. The Honest Man. S. When first I saw † prouder than a belted knight, Belyve [by and by].
Belyve, the elder bairns come drapping in, The Cotter's Sat. Night. Till a' their weel-swall'd kytes belyve Are bent like drums; To a Haggis. Bemoan'd. Ilk Sportsman-youth bemoan'd a father;

Tam Samson's El. 12. Bemused. The idiot strum of vanity bemused, Ep. fr. Esopus to Maria. Ben [in, into the inner room; the inner room]. Blythe was she but and ben, . . S. Blythe was shet While frosty winds blaw in the drift Ben to the chimla lug, Et. to Davie. 1. Sae craftilie she took me ben, . S. Had I the wyte † A routhie butt, a routhie ben: S. In simmer when t But ay I'm eerie they [Want and Hunger] come ben.
S. O that I had ne'er' O when she cam ben she bobbed fu' law, And when she cam ben she kiss'd Cockpen, S. O when she cam ben t On W. Stewart. The tappit-hen gae bring her ben, . I cannily keekit ben, . . S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie. "Gude day to you," (coof,) he comes ben; . S. Tam Glen. With kindly welcome, Jenny brings him ben; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 8. As he gade but and ben, O. . S. The Taylor † Ben i' the Spence, right pensivelie, I gaed to rest. . . The Vision. D. I. 2. she blusht, And stepped ben. . . . Ib. 8. To its blackest nook he has carried her ben, S. There liv'd ance a carle t Bench. How drink gaed round, in cogs an' caups, Amang the furms an' benches; The Holy Fair. 23.

Bend. And raging bend the naked tree;
S. Again rejoic. Nature t Seest thou whose step, unwilling, hither bends? Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. -Now, feebly bends she, in the blast, On Birth of Posth. Child. And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward bend. The Cotter's Sat. Night. Bended. We'll daily pray, we'll nightly pray, On bended knees most fervently, S. The bonie Lass of Albany. Forms might be worshipped on the bended knee, And still the second dread command be free, The Brigs of Ayr. 8. Upon his hunkers bended, The Jolly Beggars. R. VI. Bending. When bending down with auld grey hairs, When bending down with and S-Beneath the load of years and cares,

Auld comrade † O'er the dewy bending flowers Fairies dance sae cheery. . S. Hark! the mavis t His bending joints and drooping head . John Barleycorn. . Lament for Glencairn. "I am a bending aged tree, . And view, deep-bending in the pool,
Their shadows' wat'ry bed: The Petition of Br. Water. Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet! To a Mountain-Daisy. Benefactor. Autumn, benefactor kind,

Add. to Shade of Thomson. O! had I met the mortal shaft Which laid my benefactor low! . Lament for Glencairn. Dear to his country by the names, Friend, Patron, Benefactor! The Election Ballads. VI. Beneficent. Who formed this frame with beneficent aim, S. The sons of old Killie. Benevolence. They dun benevolence with shameless front; Ep. to R. Graham. 5. Benevolence, with mild, benignant air, The Brigs of Ayr. 13. Benevolent. The heart benevolent and kind The most resembles God. A Winter's Night. 11. His heart was warm, benevolent, and good.

Exten. on W. Smellie. Benight. Dark despair around benights me.
S. One fond kiss † Benign. Great Nature spoke, with air benign, Nature's Law. Benignant. Benevolence, with mild, benignant air, The Brigs of Ayr. 13. Ben-Ledi. While Phœbus sunk beyond Ben-Ledi. S. By Allan Stream † Ben-Lomond. While winds frae off Ben-Lomond blaw, Ep. to Davie. Benmost [Inmost]. The benmost neuk beside the ingle, Add. of Beelzebub. 5. The Jolly Beggars. R. II. An seek the benmost bore: . Bennals. But ken ye the Ronalds that live in the Bennals, Ronalds of Bennals. Be-north [to the northward of]. Be-north the Roman wa', A Fragment. 8. Bent [where bent-grass grows; the hill; the moor]. Now Phœbus blinkit on the bent. . . S. As I came o'ert Bent [of mind]. "I know your bent—these are no laughing times:

Add. sp. by Fontenelle. Bent. Sae gently bent its thorny stalk, S. A Rosebud by my t To dip her left sark-sleeve in, Was bent . Halloween. 24. On peace and rest my mind was bent, S. O ay my wife she dang me. Rosebuds bent the dewy spray; . S. Phillis the Fair. Bent on slaughter, blood, and spoil: S. Streams that glide † The infant ice scarce bent beneath their feet:

The Brigs of Ayr. 11. bent on winning borough towns, The Election Ballads. VI. The lads an' lasses, blythely bent To mind baith saul an' body, The Holy Fair. 20. As to the north I bent my way, S. The lass that made the bed. Till a' their weel-swall'd kytes belyve Are bent like drums; . To a Haggis. But still the mair I'm that way bent, Something cries, "Hoolie!. . To J.S. 7. Bequeath. A copy o' this I bequeath, P.S. to "The Kirk's Alarm." To rustic Agriculture did [Peace] bequeath The broken, iron instruments of Death, The Brigs of Ayr.13.

Bench, the. The Bench sae wise lift up their eyes,

Bereav'd. Of mony a joy and hope bereav'd me. S. I dream'd I lay †	But the Lassie that man loes best, O that's the Lass to mak him blest. S. My Lord a-hunting
Of mistress, friends, and wealth bereav'd me, S. Tho' fickle Fortune†	Come draw a drap o' the best o't yet, [re.] S. My Lord a hunting S. My love she's but
Bereft. Sad will I he, so bereft, . S. Husband, husband† Whom his ain son o' life bereft, . Tam o' Shanter. 11.	And here's the flower that I lo'e best
tho' thou'rt bereft Of my parental care; . The Farewell.	S. O Kenmure's on and awa That for a blink I hae lo'ed best, S. O lay thy loof
Berry. The polish'd leaves, and berries red, Did rustling play; The Vision, D. II. 23.	The lassie I lo'e best S. Of a' the airts
Her haffet locks as brown's a berry, S. T. Menzie's Mary. Berwick-law. The ship rides by the Berwick-law.	the bonie lad that I lo'e best . S. Oh, how can I be blythe Who know them best despise them most.
S. My bonie Mary. Beset. Maybe thou lets this fleshly thorn,	On Window at Stirling Fare-thee-well, thou best and dearest! S. One fond kiss
Beset thy servant e'en and morn, Holy Willie's Prayer. 9.	For far in the west lives he I lo'e best, S. Out over the Forth
a ring, Was a' beset wi' diamonds; . S. My Sandy gied † While here I sit all sore beset, . S. The sun he is sunk †	But for sense and guid taste she'll vie wi' the best Ronalds of Bennal
Consider, Sirs, how we're beset, . The Twa Herds. 11.	The sweetest and best o' them a', man
Beside. Wha will sit beside me there? S. O wha my babie-clouts †	I can haud up my head wi' the best o' the breed,
Whase ain dear lass, that he likes best, Comes clinkan down beside him! . The Holy Fair. 11.	And ay my Chloris' dearest charm, She says she lo'es me best of a'. [re.] . S. Sae flaxen
Besiege. When gaping they besiege the tents, Scotch Drink. 8.	An' deal't about as thy blind skill Directs thee best Scotch Drink. 21
Besom. Ruin, with his sweeping besom, A Ded. to G. H. 10. But I'll sned besoms—thraw saugh woodies,	Wink hard, and say, "The folks hae done their best." Scots Prologue
Before they want To Dr. Blacklock.	My best leg foremost, I'll set up my brow, It
Besouth [to the southward of]. Or whare wild-meeting oceans boil	It was her best, and she was vauntie Tam o' Shanter. 13
Besouth Magellan To W. Simpson. 7.	I lo'e him best of onie yet S. The cardin o's in the way His Wisdom sees the best,
Bespatter. Your Kingship to bespatter; . A Dream. 3. Bespoke. Bespoke the lass o' Ballochmyle.	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 16 But the sodger's friends hae blawn the best,
S. Twas even—the dewy † Bespotted. And mony a guilt-bespotted lad;	The Election Ballads.
Lns add. to J. Ranken.	But I will send to London town Whom I like best at hame
Bess.	Or whom in a' the country roun',
blinkin Bess of Annandale, [re.] The Election Ballads. 1. He up the lang loan to my black cousin Bess,	The best deserves to fa' that?
S. Last May a braw † Bitter in dool I lickit my winnins	S. The heather was bloom.
O' marrying Bess, to gie her a slave: S. O merry hae I been †	Some swagger hame, the best they dow, The Holy Fair. 20 To lowse his pack an' wale a sang, A ballad o' the best The Jolly Beggars. R. VII.
Farewell, my Bess!	
My sonsie smirking dear-bought Bess, The Inventory. And such a leg! my Bess, I ween,	And dressed them all in the best of their clothes, S. The Poor Thresher
Could only peer it; [v. A. 14] The Vision, D. I 11. Bessy, -le. Speer in for bonie Bessy; The Tarbolton Lasses.	For Right the third, our last, our best, our dearest, The Rights of Woman
Blythe Bessie in the milking shiel, S. In simmer when †	The twa best herds in a' the wast, The Twa Herds
Best. Ye'll get the best o' moral works, 'Mang black Gentoos, and Pagan Turks,	The best laid schemes o' Mice an' Men, Gang aft agley, To a Mouse
A Ded. to G. H. 6.	With every kindliest, best presage, To Chloris
The best on a' the shore o' Bucky. S. A' the lads o' Thornie-bank †	Her darling bird that she lo'es best To W. Creech We'll gar our streams an' burnies shine
the best wark-lume i' the house, . Add. to the Deil. 11. My kindest, best respects I sen' it, Auld comrade dear †	Up wi' the best To W. Simpson Here, firm, I rest, they must be best,
The ae best fellow e'er was born; El. on Capt. M. H. 2.	Because they are Thy Will! Winter
And weep the ae best fellow's fate E'er lay in earth	The bonie lass that I loe best She'll be my ain for a' that S. Women's Minds
by his noblest work the Godhead best is known. El. on Miss Burnet.	A bonie lass, I like her best,
How hest o' chiels are whyles in want, . Ep. to Davie. 2.	A Ded. to G. H. 14
And joys the very best,	Than heaven-illumin'd Man on brother Man bestows! A Winter Night. 7
Aboon them a' it pleas'd me best, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 3. She's saft at best an' something lazy, Ib. Ap. 21st. 3.	Heaven's attribute distinguish'd—to bestow! Ep. to R. Graham. 5
And fram'd her last, best work, the human-mind, Ep. to R. Graham. I.	In all the splendour Fortune can bestow! Lns on Fergusson
Pity the best of words should be but wind! 1b. 5.	I wad bestow my widowhood
If there's another world, he lives in bliss;	Upon a rantin Highlandman S. O gin ye were dead Dearly bought the hidden treasure
If there is none, he made the best of this. Epit. on a Friend. Frae my best Belov'd I rove, S. Frae the friends †	Finer feelings can bestow! S. Sensibility
A pint o' the best o't, . S. Gudeen to you, Kimmer †	Skill'd in the secret, to bestow with grace; The Brigs of Ayr
And, what is best of a', Her reputation is complete S. Handsome Nell.	What he intended on them to bestow; S. The Poor Thresher
Wha, as it pleases best thysel', Sends ane to heav'n and ten to hell, Holy Willie's Prayer. 1.	Now life's poor support, hardly earn'd, My fate will scarce bestow: S. The sun he is sunk
But ay fu-han't is fechtin best, S. In simmer when t	'I come to give thee such reward, 'As we bestow. The Vision. D. II. 2
And as for the lave, let the deil do his best. Jenny M'Craw † Beauty is at best deceit; S. Jockey fou †	On thee a tack o' seven times seven
my last, best, only friend, Lament for Glencairn.	Will yet bestow it To Terraughty
O Death! the poor man's dearest friend, The kindest and the best! Man was made to Mourn.	Ae sweet smile on me bestow. S. Turn again, thou Nor hope dare a comfort bestow: S. Where are the joys

Bestowed, -'d. The mite high heaven bestowed, that mite with thee I'll share.	for want o' better shift,
Sonnet, writ. on Birthday.	She's no the Lass for me S. Handsome Nell.
Her body is bestowed well, S. The Joyful Widower. My goose-quill too rude is to tell all your goodness	But far better days I trust will come again; S. Lady Mary Ann.
Bestowing. For prodigal thoughtless bestowing,	Alas! there's ground o' great suspicion She'll ne'er get better . Letter to J. Goudie.
His merit had won him respect. The Election Ballads. III.	I'm better pleas'd to make one more, Than be the death of twenty. Lns, on Windows Gl. Tav.
the earth bestowing My simple food; The Hermit. Bestrow. When lyart leaves bestrow the yird,	But I gied him a far better thing, I gied my heart in pledge o' his ring. S. My Sandy gied †
Be't [be it].	For nane in Carrick or Kyle Can please a lassie better S. O gie my love brose †
Be't to me, be't frae me, e'en let the jade [chance] gae. S. Contented wi' little †	Tho' hardly he, for sense or lear, Be better than the kye S. O Tibbie! I hae†
'Weel, weel!' says I, 'a bargain be't; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 11.	Who loves his own smart shadow in the streets, Better than e'er the fairest she he meets Sketch.
Be't light, be't dark, Ep. to Major Logan. 14. Bethankit [the grace after meat].	And ay the ale was growing better:
Then auld Guidman, maist like to rive, Bethankit hums To a Haggis.	If honestly they canna come, Far better want them. The Author's Cry and Prayer. 5.
Betide. Sic fate ere lang shall thee betide; S. I do confess t	But twa-three winters will inform ye better. The Brigs of Ayr. 7.
And she wad send the sodger lad, Whatever might betide The Election Ballads. I.	But Balmaghie had better been Drinking Madeira wine The Election Ballads. V.
What ails ye now to Betray. Whoe'er wou'd betray him, on high may he swing;	Alas! can I make it no better return!
At Meet. of D. Volunteers. The bursting sigh, th' unweeting groan,	S. The small birds rejoice † Poor worthless elf, it eats a dinner,
Betray the hapless lover: . S. Farewell, thou stream † And wha wad betray Old Albion's rights,	Better than ony Tenant-man The Twa Dogs. 9. It wad for ev'ry ane be better,
May he never eat of her bread! S. Here's a health to them	Bu say thou wilt hae me for better for waur, S. Tibbie Dunbar.
Her een sae bonie blue betray,	I lippen'd to the chiel in trouth,
How she repays my passion; S. O poortith cauld † Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?	And bade nae better To Dr. Blacklock. But why should ae man better fare
Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth? The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10. The unweeting groan, the bursting sigh,	And a' men brithers!
Betray the guilty lover S. The last time I† While faithless snaws ilk step betray,	Than their auld dadies. To W. Simpson. P.S. I hope we, Bardies, ken some better
Whare she has been The Vision. D. I. 1.	Than mind sic brulzie
Ah, though my looks betray, I envy your success; To Clarinda.	Nine Ferriers wad done better To Miss Ferrier. 'Quo' I, I fear unless ye geld me,
Betray'd.	I'll ne'er be better.' What ails ye now t
And would to Common-sense for once betray'd them, The Brigs of Ayr. 10.	'Gelding's nae better than 'tis ca't,
Her colours betray'd her on yon mossy fells; S. The heather was bloom.	Poem on Pastoral Poetry. "There's ither Poets, much your betters, To J. S. &
By Love's simplicity betray'd, . To a Mountain-Daisy. Betraying. Her pretty ancle is a spy,	Betty. Wee image of my bonny Betty, Add. to Illegit. Child.
Betraying fair proportion, . S. Sae flaxen†	Miss Smith she has wit, and Miss Betty is braw: The Belles of Mauchline.
Better. He's just—nae better than he should be. A Ded. to G. H. 4.	Tak a mark by auntie Betty, S. Will ye go and marry † Between. And ay she set the wheel between:
And aiblins ane been better Than You A Dream. 3. To chaps, wha, in a barn or byre,	S. Duncan Davison. The cruel fates between us throw
To chaps, wha, in a barn or byre, Wad better fill'd their station	A boundless ocean's roar; S. From thee, Eliza†
They're better just than want ay On onie day Ib. 14.	Between her an' the moon,
I doubt na they wad bide nae better . Add. of Beelzebub.	And now what seas between us roar, S. How lang and dreary O poortith cauld, and restless love,
'Twould vamp my bill, said I, if nothing better; Add. sp. by Fontenelle.	Ye wreck my peace between ye; S. O poortith cauld † There wild-woods grow, and rivers row,
The mair they tauk I'm kent the better, Add. to Illegit. Child. In my last plack thy part's be in't,	And mony a hill between; S. Of a' the airts † That lie between us and our hame,
The better ha'f o't	Between themsels they were sae busy:
Ye did present your smoutie phiz, Mang better folk, Add. to the Deil. 17.	The Jolly Beggars. R. III. Wish'd unison between the pair, Ib. R. VII.
Your better art o' hiding Add. to Unco Guid. 3.	rising, rejoicing, Between his twa Deborahs, Ib. R. VIII.
Aboon them a' I loo him better; S. Braw lads on Yar. braes.† We gae the boot and better horse; S. Carl, an the king come.	Beuk, Buke [book]. And write their names in his black beuk S. Awa, whigs, awa.
But better stuff ne'er claw'd a midden! El. on Year 1788.	My Grannie she bought me a beuk, The Jolly Beggars. S. III.
As muckle better as you can	Pore owre the devil's pictur'd beuks; . The Twa Dogs. 33. Some herds, weel learn'd upo' the beuk, To W. Simpson. P.S.
Than ever did th' Adviser! . Ep. to Young Friend. 11. Ye'll find me in a better tune; Ep. to H. Parker.	Sae dinna put me in your buke, The Inventory.
Ye'd better taen up spades and shools,	Bevel. The Brethren o' the mystic level May hing their head in wofu' bevel.
Or knappin-hammers, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 11. An faith, we'se be acquainted better	Tam Samson's El. Bewail. And not a muse in honest grief bewail.
Before we part	El. on Miss Burnet. The mother linnet in the brake
We cheek for chow shall jog thegither, I'se ne'er bid better Ep. to Major Logan. 8.	Bewails her ravish'd young; . S. Fate gave the word †
The better that I'm fou. S. Gudeen to you Kimmer	Bewail'd. In loud lament bewail'd his lord,

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Beware. Beware o' bonie Anne, [re.]
S. A. Masterton's bonie Anne.
                                                                                               Bid better [seek, wish, or desire better].
                                                                                                  I doubt na they wad bid nae better
Than let them ance out owre the water; Add. of Beelzebub.
    Then let the louns beware, Sir, . S. Does haughty Gault
                                                                                                  We cheek for chow shall jog thegither,
I'se ne'er bid better. Ep. to Major Logan. 8.
    There's death in the cup-sae beware! . Inscrip. on Goblet.
    Beware a tongue that's smoothly hung;
                                                                  O leave novels t
                                                                                                 It's guid to support Caledonia's cause,
And bide by the buff and the blue.

S. Here's a health to them?
   And bids me beware o' young men; .
                                                                 . S. Tam Glen.
                                                                                               Blde [to stand, stay, endure].
   I red you beware at the hunting, young men;
S. The heather was bloom.
Bewildered. He cheeps like some bewildered chicken,
                                                                                                  wha bide this brattle O' winter war, . A Winter Night. 3.
                                                                   To W. Creech.
                                                                                                  Slighted love is sair to bide, .
                                                                                                                                                       . S. Duncan Gray +
Bewitched, -'d. And how Tam stood, like ane bewitch'd,
                                                                                                  How blythely would I bide the stoure,
S. O Mary, at thy window †
                                                            Tam o' Shanter. 16.
   So touched, bewitched, I rav'd ay to mysel:
                                                   The Ans. to the Guidwife.
                                                                                                  Bide the surging billow's shock.
                                                                                                                                                . On scaring Water-fowl.
Bewitching. The man and his wine's sae bewitching!
                                                                                                  Yet coin his pouches wad na bide in;
On Scot. Bard gne to W.I.
                                                              Inscrip. on Goblet.
                                                                                                 They downa bide the stink o' powther;

The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.
  'Twas the bewitching, sweet, stown glance o' kindness.
S. 'Twas na her bonie blue e'e †
Bewitchingly. Bewitchingly o'er arching
                                                                                                 I fear ye'll bide till break o' day; . . S. Wha is that at t
                             Twa laughing een o' bonie blue.
                                                                                               Bield, Biel, Beild [a shelter; a dwelling].
                                                                  S. Sae flaxen t
                                                                                                 And roses blaw in ilka bield; . .
                                                                                                                                                       S. In simmer when t
Beyont [beyond]. There sat a bottle in a bole,
                                 Beyont the ingle lowe;
S. The weary Pund.
                                                                                                 Thy bield should be my bosom,
                                                                                                                                                    S. O wert thou in the t
                                                                                                 beneath the random bield O' clod or stane,
Bias. He knows each chord its various tone,
Each spring its various bias: Add. to Unco Guid. 8.
                                                                                                                                                     To a Mountain-Daisy.
                                                                                                 An' hap him in a cozie biel,
                                                                                                                                             On Scot. Bard gone to W.I.
Bible. old Mansfield, who writes like the Bible,
                                                                                                 The sun blinks kindly in the biel', S. The Contented Cottager.
                                                           Reproof by Himself.
                                                                                                 My trunk of eild, but buss or beild, . S. But lately seen †
  The big ha'-Bible, ance his Father's pride:

The Cotter's Sat. Night. 12.
                                                                                              Bien [plentlful, prosperous, decent and comfortable],
                                                                                                 Her house sae bien, her curch sae clean,
Bicker [a wooden drinking-cup].
                                                                                                                                         S. A' the lads o' Thornie-bank †
  Or reekan on a New-year-mornin
In cog or bicker,
                                                                                                 That live sae bien an' snug: .
                                                                                                                                                              Ep. to Davie. 1.
                                                               Scotch Drink. 9.
                                                       .
                                                                                                 Frae tap to tae that cleeds me bien, S. The Contented Cottager.
Bicker [a quick sudden movement, or short run].
                                                                                              Bier. And flowers let us cull for Eliza's cold bier.
  Tho' leeward whyles, against my will,
I took a bicker. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 5.
                                                                                                 O bitter mockery of the pompous bier,
Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. -.
                                                                                                                                                         Monody, on a Lady.
Bicker, to [to run swiftly].
   Aff she started in a fright,
                                                                                                 The drooping arts surround their patron's bier,

On Death of Sir J. Blair.
      And through the braes what she could bicker;
                                                                                                 And soothe the Virtues weeping on this bier: [v. A. 10]
Sonnet, on Death of Riddel.
                                                             S. Donald Brodie.
Bicker'd [flowed with swift tremulous noise].
                                                                                              Big. Or purse-proud, big wi' cent per cent,
An' muckle wame, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st 11.
   Auld Aire ran by before me,
      And bicker'd to the seas;
                                                                One night as I †
                                                                                                 The big ha'-Bible, ance his Father's pride:

The Cotter's Sat. Night. 12.
Bickerlng, -in', -in [moving with swift tremulous
     noise; excited noisy contending].
                                                                                                 Ye are rich, and look big, but lay by hat and wig,
And ye'll ha'e a calf's head o' sma' value. The Kirk's Alarm.
  Whyles glitter'd to the nightly rays,
Wi' bickerin, dancin dazzle;
                                                               . Halloween. 25.
                                                                                              Big. to [to build]. We will big a wee, wee house,
  Thou needna start awa sae hasty,
Wi' bickering brattle!
                                                                                                                                                        S. Duncan Davison.
                                                                                                 But I'll big a bow'r on yon bonie banks,
S. O whare did ye get†
                                                                      To a Mouse.
   For there will be bickerin' there; The Election Ballads. III.
Bid. There Architecture's noble pride
                                                                                                 An' naething, now, to big a new ane,
                                                                                                                                                      . . To a Mouse.
             Bids elegance and splendor rise;
                                                                                                   erhaps upon his mould'ring breast
Some spitefu' muirfowl bigs her nest, [v. A. 15]
Tam Samson's El.
                                                                                                 Perhaps upon his mould'ring breast
                                                        'Add. to Edinburgh. 2.
                                                            Ep. to H. Parker.
   when auld Phœbus bids good-morrow, .
   And bid wild war his ravage end, S. How can my poor hrt.t
                                                                                              Big-belly'd.
   Point out a censuring world, and bid me fear;
                                                                                                For a big-belly'd bottle's the whole of my care [re.]
S. No Churchman am I †
                                                      In vain wld Prudence †
                                                                                              Biggan [building]. Wi' dirty stanes biggan a dyke,

The Twa Dogs. 10.
   Is this the power in freedom's war
                                                                     . Liberty.
     That wont to bid the battle rage?
   He [Time] bids you mind, amid your thoughtless rattle,
That the first blow is ever half the battle;
Prologue at Th., D.
                                                                                              Biggan [a building, a house].
                                                                                                By some auld, houlet-haunted, biggin,
On Grose's Peregrinations.
   Welcomes the rapid moments, bids them part,
                                                                                                That fill'd, wi' hoast-provoking smeek,
The auld, clay biggin; . The Vision. D. I. 3.
                                                 Sonnet, writ. on Birthday.
                                                       . . S. Tam Glen.
   And bids me beware o' young men;
  And bus his country of the foliation of 
                                                                                              Bigotry. Soor Bigotry, on her last legs, Letter to J. Goudie.
                                                                                              Bike v. Byke.
                                                                                              Bill [bull]. As yell's the Bill. .
                                                                                                                                                     . Add. to the Deil. 10.
                                                                                              Bill. And dish them out their bill o' fare, . To a Haggis.
                                                                                                Ill. And dish them out their one their states of the 'Twould vamp my bill, said I, if nothing better;

Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
   And sage Experience bids me this declare
                                                  The Cotter's Sat. Night. 9.
   O, bid him save their harmless lives,
                                                       The Death of Mailie.
                                                                                                                                                              To Mr. Renton.
                                                                                              Billet. Your billet, Sir, I grant receipt;
   O, bid him breed him up wi' care!
                                                                                Ib.
                                                                                                   lle, -y [a brother; a young fellow; a good fellow; a fellow].
   An' bid him burn this cursed tether,
                                                                                  16.
                                                                                              Billle.
   And ilka ane at London court
                                                  . The Election Ballads. I.
                                                                                                 But tent me, billie;
                                                                                                                                        . Death and Dr. Hornbook. 9.
      Would bid to him gude day.
                                                                                                 This was thy billie, dam, and sire, El. on Capt. M. H. Epit.
   She'll gie ye a beck, and bid ye light, The Tarbolton Lasses.
   An' saying aye or no's they bid him:
                                                        . The Twa Dogs. 22.
                                                                                                 Though fortune's road be rough an' hilly
                                                                                                    To every fiddling, rhyming billie, Ep. to Major Logan. 1.
   Tho' cruel fate should bid us part, .
                                                         . S. Tho' cruel fate †
  Then come misfortune, I bid thee welcome,
S. Tho fickle Fortune
                                                                                                Our billie's gien us a' a jink, . On Scot. Bard. gone to W.I.
                                                                                                Fareweel, my rhyme-composing billie! . .
                                                                                                                                                                       . Ib.
   No vengeful spirit bid him fear; . S. To thee, lov'd Nith †
                                                                                                When chapmen billies leave the street, . Tam o' Shanter.
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Tell ev'ry social, honest billie To cease his grievin, Tam Samson's El. Per C.	The bird of eve flits sullen by
Erskine, a spunkie norland billie; The Author's Cry and Prayer. 14.	While birds rejoice on every spray; S. On Cess In each bird's careless song,
The billie is gettin his questions, To say in Saint Stephen's the morn.	Glad did I share;
The Election Ballads. III.	Hapless bird! a prey the surest To each pirate of the skies
My gamesome billy Will,	Sing on sweet bird, I listen to thy strain Sonne
Till lasses strip their shoon: The Holy Fair. 26.	How can ye chant, ye little birds, S. The Bas
A rhyming, ranting, raving billie, The Twa Dogs thae frank, rantan, ramblan billies,	Thou'll break my heart, thou bonie bird,
Should I believe, my coaxin billie, Your flatterin strain. To W. Simpson.	And ilka bird sang o' it's lave; Mansions that would disgrace the buildi
Aft bure the gree, as story tells, Frae Suthron billies	Of any mason reptile, bird, or beast; And listen mony a grateful bird
An' when the new-light billies see them,	Return you tuneful thanks. The P As canty as ever a bird in the spring. S
I think they'll crouch!	The small birds rejoice on the green leav
Your billy Satan sair us! . V.s on Window, Carron. Billow. The billows on the ocean [a type of woman],	Nor birds sweetly singing, nor flowers g
S. Deluded swain † Ye foam-crested billows, allow me to wail,	Can soothe the sad bosom of joyless de And the small birds sing on every tree; 7
Lament on leaving Nat. Land. Hope and Fear's alternate billow . Musing on the roaring †	The blythest bird upon the bush, Had ne'er a lighter heart than she.
Bide the surging billows' shock On scaring Water-fowl.	The birds sang sweet in ilka grove;
When all his wintry billows pour Against the Buchan Bullers. The Election Ballads. VI.	The birds sang love on ev'ry spray, And every bird thy requiem sings;
'Tis not the surging billows' roar, . S. The gloomy night †	Her darling bird that she lo'es best
For her I'll dare the billows' roar; S. The Highland Lassie. Here, tumbling billows mark'd the coast, With surging foam; The Vision. D.I. 13.	Willie's awa! The birds sit chittering in the thorn,
With surging foam; The Vision. D.I. 13.	While birds rejoice in leafy bowers;
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard, And whelm him o'er! To a Mountain-Daisy.	And bird and beast, in covert, rest, Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling l
Wauken, ye breezes! row gently, ye billows! S. Wandering Willie.	And ilka bird sang o' its love,
Billy [William]. my mason Billie, Auld comrade dear † Light lay the earth on Billy's breast, Epig. on noted Coxcomb.	Birdie, -y [dim. of bird].
Contending with Billy for proud-nodding laurels [re.]	The little birdie's blythely sing, S. Bon The birdie's flit on wanton wing S.
Fragment, inscr. to Fox. Then feats like Squire Billy's you ne'er can achieve 'em, Ib.	Ye birdies dumb, in with'ring bowers, S
Bind. In Love's silken band can bind it. S. Sweetest May † And binds the mire like a rock; Tam Samson's El.	nae mair Shall birdie charm, or flow'ret to screen the birdie's nest, . S. Th.
And bind him down wi' caution, The Ordination. 5.	The birdies dowie moaning,
They bind the wild, Poetic rage, In energy, [v. A. 4] The Vision. D. II.	Shall a' be blythely singing, S. Th. An' our gudewife's wee birdy cocks;
Binding. But, oh! respect his lordship's taste, And spare his golden bindings. The Book-Worms.	Birk [the birch tree]. The sweet scented birk shades my Mary
Birch [for flogging].	
'Twas where the birch and sounding thong are ply'd, The Vowels.	And twa-three stinted birks are left, the birks of Aberfeldy [re.]? . S. Bon
Birch [tree]. The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar, Twin'd amorous round the raptur'd scene;	When birks are bare at Yule. S. Caul. And past the birks and meikle stane,
To Mary in Heaven. Birchen. All underneath the birchen shade;	Whare drunken Charlie brak's neck-ba
S. Here is the glen † Bird. An' could hae flown out owre a stank,	The scented birk and hawthorn white, S. Th.
Like onie bird. A Guid New-Year † 3. dear bird, young Jeany fair, S. A Rosebud by my †	And birks extend their fragrant arms To screen the dear embrace. The F
Ilk happing bird, wee, helpless thing! . A Winter Night. 4.	fragrant birks, in woodbines drest,. Down by the burn, where scented birks
As light's a bird upon a thorn S. Blythe was she t I hear the wild birds singing; . S. Craigie-burn Wood.	Wi' dew are hanging clear, my jo, S
The wild-birds sang, the echoes rang, S. Damon & Sylvia.	How sweetly bloom'd the gay, green bir S. Ye banks, and
List'ning to the wild birds singing, . S. I dream'd I lay † Ye scatter'd birds that faintly sing	Birken [birchen]. Blythe in the birker
The reliques of the vernal quire; Lament for Glencairn. While birds warble welcomes in ilka green shaw;	On Yarrow banks the birken shaw, And spring will cleed the birken shaw;
S. My Nanie's Awa.	S. Oh,
The bird that charm'd his summer day,	Birkle [a fellow; a smart conceited To shame ye, disclaim ye,
Is now the cruel fowler's prey, . S. O Lassie, art thou † The birds rejoice in leafy bow'rs, . S. O Logan! sweetly †	Ilk honest birkie swears The A
And blythe be the bird that sings on her grave! S. O merry hae I been t	The I But faith! the birkie wants a Manse, .
For pity's sake, sweet bird, nae mair! S. O stay, sweet warbling †	Ye see you birkie ca'd a Lord, Wha struts and stares, and a' that;
How blest, ye birds that round her sing, S. O wat ye wha's in t	Whare birkies march on burning marl: .
And I a bird to shelter there, S. O were my love † I hear her in the tunefu' birds, S. Of a' the airts †	Farewell, auld birkie! Lord be near ye, We've lost a birkie weel worth gowd, .
There's not a bonie bird that sings,	Birring [whirring]. Rejoice, ye birrin
But minds me o' my Jean	

On Lincluden Castle. snock banks † Sett. II. . S. Phillis the Fair. . S. Sensibility † et, writ. on Birthday. anks of Doon. Sett. II. d, [re.] . . Ib. ling-taste

The Brigs of Ayr. 8. Petition of Br. Water. S. The Poor Thresher. aves returning, S. The small birds † The Winter it is past + S. There was a lass † Ib. To Mary in Heaven. . . To Miss C. . To W. Creech. S. Up in the morning. S. Where Cart rins t . . . Winter. . Ye banks and bracs t Ib. nie Lassie, will ye got . Now bank and brae t S. The Catrine woods, t t smile; . . Ib. he Contented Cottager. he young High. Rover. El. on Year 1788. ry and me.
S. Afton Water. As on the banks † mie Lassie, will ye go t eld is the e'ening blast t bane; Tam o' Shanter. 10. he Contented Cottager. Petition of Br. Water. S. When o'er the hill t irk, ad braes, and streams† en shaw.
S. Behold, my love † . S. Blythe was she t , how can I be blythe † ed fellow]. Ans. to the Guidwife. Election Ballads, III. . The Holy Fair. 17. . S. The Honest Man. To Mr. Renton. To Terraughty. . To W. Creech. ring Paitricks a';
Tam Samson's El. 7.

Birsies [bristles]. And tirl the hallions to the birsies;	Still caring, despairing,
Add. of Beelzebub. 4.	Must be my bitter doom; Despondency, an Ode. 1.
Birth [berth]. So, took a birth afore the mast, On Scot. Bard gone to W.I.	The bitter blast that round me blass S. O Lassie, art thou †
Birth. And merchandise' whole genus take their birth: Ep. to R. Graham. 2.	Bitter in dool I lickit my winnins O' marrying Bess, to gie her a slave: S. O merry hae I been †
Proof o' shot to Birth or Money, . S. Sweetest May †	Or did misfortune's bitter storms
Warm-cherish'd ev'ry floweret's hirth, The Vision. D. II. 14.	Around thee blaw, around thee blaw, S. O wert thou in the
Passion's hirth, and infants' play To a Kiss.	O, bitter mockery of the pompous bier, Ode, To Mem. of Mrs. —.
Cauld blew the bitter-biting North Upon thy early, humble birth; . To a Mountain-Daisy.	Lang-mustering up a bitter blast; On Scot. Bard gne to W.I.
And resign to Parent Earth	The bitter little that of life remains: On seeing wounded Hare.
The loveliest form she e'er gave birth To Miss C.	The bitter frost and snaw On Birth of Posth. Child.
Birth-day. May heaven augment your blisses, On ev'ry new Birth-day ye see, . A Dream. 1.	It's no the loss o' warl's gear, That could sae bitter draw the tear, . Poor Mailie's El.
Amang thae Birth-day dresses Sae fine Ib.	Feels all the bitter horrors of his crime, Remorse. A Frag.
To pay your Queen, with due respect,	It sets you ill
My fealty and subjection This great Birth-day Ib. 8. Birth-place. The birth-place of valour, the country of worth;	Wi' bitter, dearthfu' wines to mell, . Scotch Drink. 16. No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
S. My heart's in the High.	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 16.
Birtwhistle. And there will be roaring Birtwhistle,	When hailstanes drive wi' bitter skyte,
Yet luckily roars in the right. The Election Ballads. III.	The Jolly Beggars, R. I. Ev'n day, all-bitter, brings relief, The Lament. 8.
Bit [used as a dim.; small, little.]	All on that charming coast is no bitter snow and frost,
The slender bit beauty you grasp in your arms; S. Awa' wi' yr witchcraft	S. The Slave's Lament.
In some bit Brugh to represent	And I think on friends most dear, with the bitter, bitter tear, Ib.
A Baillie's name? Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 11.	But for their sake my heart doth ache,
Proud o' the height o' some bit half-lang tree: The Brigs of Ayr. 2.	With many a bitter throe: S. The sun he is sunk †
His wee-bit ingle, blinkan bonilie, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5.	Alas! sae sweet a tree as love, Sic bitter fruit should bear! The Ruined Maid's Lament.
The sleepy bit lassie she dreaded nae ill, S. The Taylor fell†	An' purge the bitter ga's an' cankers, [v.A.13]
To see the hit Taylor come skippin again	The Twa Dogs. 23.
The ne'er-a-bit they're ill to poor folk The Twa Dogs. 26. Whyles, owre the wee bit cup an' platie,	Ha'e had a bitter black out-cast Atween themsel The Twa Herds. 2.
Or aiblins some bit duddie boy, To a Louse.	But bitter, daudin showers hae wat it, Third Ep to J. Lap.
Till some bit callan bring me news, To Mr. J. Kennedy.	Alas! what hitter toil an' straining To J. S., 20.
Bit [nick of time, crisis].	An' sklent on poverty their joke, Wi' bitter sneer, To Mr. J. Kennedy.
Is instant made no worth a louse Just at the bit. Add. to the Deil. 11.	But Oh! thou bitter step-mother and hard, To R. G. of F., 3.
Bit. And handsome ilka bit about her S. I met a lass †	To shun the bitter blaudin' show'r, . To Rev. J. M'Math
Comes bleating till him, owre the knowe,	Find balm to soothe her bitter rankling wounds: Wr. in Kenmore Inn.
For bits o' hread; Poor Mailie's El. So wives will gie them bits o' bread, The Death of Mailie.	Bitter-biting. And freeze, thou bitter-biting Frost!
Gif ance the peasant taste a bit,	A Winter Night. 7.
He's greater than a lord, man, . The Tree of Liberty.	Cauld blew the bitter-biting North Upon thy early, humble birth; . To a Mountain-Daisy
Bitch. Ne'er mind how Fortune wast an' warp; She's but a b-tch. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 8.	Bitterlie. She wadna trow't, the broust she brew't,
O Death, how horrid is thy taste	Wad taste sae hitterlie. S. Her Daddie forbad † Bittern. Ye bitterns, till the quagmire reels,
To lie with such a b-? Epit. on Grizel Grim.	Rair for his sake. El. on Capt. M. H. 8.
He mutters, glow'ring at the bitches, Lns add. to J. Ranken. Ye midnight b—es On Grose's Peregrinations.	Bizz [bustie]. D'ye mind that day, when in a bizz,
I'd kiss her maids, and kick the perverse b—h.	Add. to the Deil. 17. Bizz, to [to buzz]. Poor man the flie, aft bizzes bye,
The Henpecked Husband.	Poem on Life.
Lies, senseless of each tugging bitch's son. To R. G. of F. 6.	As bees hizz out wi' angry fyke, Tam o' Shanter. 17.
What ails ye now, ye lousie b—h, . What ails ye now † Bitch-fou [bitch-drunk].	Bizzard [the Buzzard]. Here is Satan's picture, Like a bizzard gled,
Nay been bitch-fou mang godly priests, On dining with Daer.	The Election Ballads. IV.
Bite. Or dealing thro' amang the naigs	Bizzie [busy]. I'm bizzie too, an' skelpin' at it, Third Ep. to J. Lap
Their ten-hours bite, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 2. And fix your claws in Nicol's heart,	Black, 'Mang black Gentoos, and Pagan Turks,
For deil a bite o't's rotten For W. Nicol.	A Dea. to G. H. V.
Bite, to. When bitter bites the frost, S. Cauld is the e'enin blast †	Attended, in his [Want's] grim advances, By sad mistakes, and black mischances,
And infant Frosts begin to bite, . The Jolly Beggars. R. I.	(Black be your fa'!) Add. to the Deil. 16.
And gif ye canna bite, ye can bark The Kirk's Alarm.	will send him linkan, To your black pit;
And that fell cur ca'd common sense, That hites sae sair, The Twa Herds. 16.	For it's jet, jet black, an it's like a hawk,
Biting. biting Boreas, fell and doure, . A Winter Night.	S. Again rejoic. Nature †
And freeze, thou bitter-biting Frost!	And write their names in his black heuk S. Awa, whigs, awa.
his caustick wit was biting rude, . Extem. on W. Smellie.	The meikle devil wi' a woodie Haurl thee hame to his black smiddie, El. on Capt. M. H.
coming Winter's biting, frosty breath; . The Brigs of Ayr. 2. Bitter. But ere the course o' life be through,	Spare't for their sakes wha aften wear it,
It may be bitter sauter: A Dream. 15.	The lads in black; Ep. to J. R. 3. Some black bog-hole, Arrests us, . Ep. to Major Logan, 2.
While scabs an' hotches did him [Jo] gall, Wi' bitter claw, Add. to the Deil. 18.	Nae wonder he's as black's the grun.
Wi' bitter claw, . Add. to the Deil. 18. Tearing my nerves wi' bitter pang, . Add. to Toothache.	Observe wha's standing wi' him. Epit. on Holy Willie.
Was it the bitter eastern blast, As on the banks †	How virtue and vice blend their black and their white! Fragment inscr. to Fox.
"Nae bitter blast," the sp'rit replies, Ib.	He taks a swirlie, auld moss-oak,
When bitter bites the frost, . S. Cauld is the e'enin blast †	For some black, grousome Carlin; Halloween. 23.

The lass wi' the bonie black e'e S. Her Daddie forbad † Straight the sky grew black and daring; S. I dream'd I lay †	Black'ning. The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose: The Cotter's Sat. Nigh
He spak o' the darts o' my bonie black een, S. Last May a braw †	Tho' thick'ning, and black'ning, Round my devoted head
He up the lang loan to my black cousin Bess, Ib.	Blad v. Blaud.
Dread of black coats and rev'rend wigs, Letter to J. Goudie.	Blade [a careless fellow].
Black gowns of each denomination, Lns add. to J. Ranken. By the Bard, what d'ye call him, that wore the black gown;	The first of my loves was a swaggering blade, The Jolly Beggars. S. II
S. No Churchman am I †	He was a care-defying blade,
But steal me a blink o' your bonie black e'e, . S. O whistle †	As ever Bacchus listed!
Wi' deils, they say, L—d safe's! colleaguin At some black art. On Grose's Peregrinations.	Add. to Shade of Thomson
And you, deep-read in hell's black grammar, Ib.	Just sh— in a kail-blade and send it, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 19
I'll gie you my bonie black hen, S. Tam Glen. That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane,	At dawn, when every grassy blade
Tam o' Shanter. 7.	Droops with a diamond at his head, El. on Capt. M. H. & How cut-throat Prussian blades were hingin;
A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large,	Kind Sir, I've read
Three priests' hearts, rotten, black as muck, [v. A. 16] Ib. The red-coat lads wi' black cockauds	But now he's quat the spurtle blade, On Grose's Peregrinations
The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	frae the sheath, Drew blades o' death, S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor
And mony braw thanks to the meikle black deil, S. The deil cam fiddlin' †	Or Phineas drove the murdering blade, The Ordination. 4
And black Joan, frae Chricton Peel, [re.]	Clap in his walie nieve a blade, He'll mak it whissle; To a Haggis
The Election Ballads. I. A boy no sae black at the bane; Ib. III.	He'll mak it whissle; . To a Haggis On every blade the pearls hung; S.'Twas even—the dewy
Wha's mair o' the black than the blue	Blae [blue; livid; sharp, keen].
Gifted by black Jock To get them aff his hands	How do ye this blae eastlin win', . Auld Comrade dear
Whose holy priesthood nane can stain, For wha can dye the black?	And blae and bluidy bruis'd her; . S. Had I the wyte. That aft ha'e made us black and blae,
Twa had manteeles o' dolefu' black, . The Holy Fair. 2.	Wi' vengefu' paws. The Twa Herds. 12
Black [Russel] is na spairan:	His hose they are blae, and his shoon like the slae, S. There's a youth
Ha'e had a bitter black out-cast	Blair. "That distant years may boast of other Blairs"
Atween themsel The Twa Herds. 2.	On Death of Sir J. Blain Sodgerin gunpowder Blair. The Election Ballads. III
That aft ha'e made us black and blae, Wi' vengefu' paws	Blam'd. Whom canting wretches blam'd: . Epit. for G. H.
To try my fate in guid, black prent; To J. S., 7.	An' some, by whom your doctrine's blam'd (Which gives you honor) To Rev. J. M'Math
May Envy wallop in a tether, Black fiend, infernal! . To W. Simpson. 17.	"Ye're blam'd for jobbin'." What ails ye now
I hae lo'ed the Black, the Brown; I hae lo'ed the Fair, the Gowden; S. Wantonness for ever †	Blame.
lack-bearded. Auld, grim, black-bearded Geordie's sel,	Thoughts, words and deeds, the Statute blames with reason; A Dream. Mot.
Adam A—'s Prayer. lackbird. Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,	Far be't frae me that I aspire To blame your Legislation,
S. Afton Water.	We darena weel say't though we ken wha's to blame,
In days when Daisies deck the ground, And Blackbirds whistle clear, Ep. to Davie. 4.	S. By yon castle wa' Trowth, they had muckle for to blame! . Ep. to J. R. 12.
Where blackbirds join the shepherd's lays	And wad na Manhood been to blame,
Poem on Pastoral Poetry. They heard the blackbird's sang, man; The Fête Champetre.	Had I unkindly us'd her: S. Had I the wyte in 'Tis you and Taylor are the chief,
The blackbird strong, the lintwhite clear,	Wha are to blame for this mischief; . Letter to J. Goudie.
The Petition of Br. Water. lack-bonnet [an Elder of the Church].	I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy, S. One fond kiss.† Like Caledonians, you applaud or blame.
A greedy glowr black-bonnet throws, . The Holy Fair. 8.	Prologue, sp. by Woods.
My musie, tir'd wi' mony a sonnet	This sting is added—"Blame thy foolish self!" Remorse. A Frag
On gown, an' ban', an' douse black bonnet, To Rev. Mr. M'Math.	Is grown right eerie now she's done it,
lackbyre.	Lest they shou'd blame her, To Rev. J. M'Math. Your doctrines I maun blame, S. Ye Jacobites †
The Laird o' Blackbyre wad gang through the fire, Ronalds of Bennals	Blameless. All blameless joys on earth we find, To Chloris.
lackest. To its blackest nook he has carried her ben, S. There liv'd ance a carle†	Blaming. With little admiring or blaming: To Capt. Riddel
lackguard. Wi' constables, those blackguard fallows, Adam A—'s Prayer.	Blanket. Wi' usquebae an' blankets warm, The plankets were thin and the sheets that were sma'. The blankets were thin and the sheets that were sma'.
A blackguard Smuggler, right behint her, The Author's Cry and Prayer.	The blankets were thin, and the sheets they were sma', S. The Taylor fell † Blast. And with a Mother's fears shrinks at the rocking blast!
An' cheat like ony unhang'd blackguard. The Twa Dogs. 33.	A Winter Night. 8.
lackguarding. An' there, a batch o' Wabster lads, Blackguarding frae K[ilmarno]ck	To shiver in the blast their lane As on the banks † Was it the bitter eastern blast,
The Holy Fair. 9.	That scatters blight in early spring?
lack-headed. The black-headed eagle, As keen as a beagle.	"Nae bitter blast," the sp'rit replies,
The black-headed eagle†	On winter blasts awa! S. But lately seen †
Fy, bring Black-Jock, her [Superstition's] state physician,	O cauld blaws the e'enin blast When bitter bites the frost, S. Cauld is the e'enin blast †
Letter to J. Goudie. Here is Murray's fragments O' the ten commands;	Thou, Winter, hurling thro' the air The roaring blast, . El. on Capt. M. H. 13.
Gifted by black Jock To get them aff his hands. The Election Ballads. IV.	But now has come a cruel blast, . Lament for Glencairn.
lack-nebbit. And there will be black-nebbit Johnie,	the howling wintry blast S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite †
The Election Ballads. III.	O raging fortune's withering blast S. Luckless Fortune.

1 / 25	Blother [blodder]
chill November's surly blast . Man was made to Mourn.	Blather [bladder]. May Gravels round his blather wrench, Scotch Drink, 17.
No chilly blast nor shower Shall blight this rose of mine S. My love's a winsome †	May Gravels round his blather wrench, Scotch Drink. 17. An' for thy pains thou'se get my blather. The Death of Mailie.
And now beneath the withering blast	Blaud, Blad [a large plece.]
My youth and joy consume. S. Now Spring has clad †	I'll write, an' that a hearty blaud, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 4.
The bitter blast that round me blaws Unheeded howls, unheeded fa's; S. O Lassie art thou †	To get a blad o' Johnnie's morals, To a Medical Gent.
The snellest blast, at mirkest hours,	Blaud, to [to slap, beat].
in the cauld blast, On yonder lea, S. O wert thou in †	An' he's the boy will blaud her! The Ordination. 2.
Oh, cold is the blast upon my pale cheek,	Blaudin' [pelting].
S. Oh, open the door, †	To shun the bitter blaudin' show'r, To Rev. J. M'Math.
Lang-mustering up a bitter blast; On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.	Blaw [to blow].
And wings the blast to blaw, . On Birth of Posth. Child. Now, feebly bends she, in the blast,	Thou never lap, an' sten't, an' breastet, Then stood to blaw; A Guid New-Year † 14.
Beneath the blasts the leafless forests groan;	In vain to me the cowslips blaw, S. Again rejoic. Nature †
On Death of R. Dundas.	It blaws nae here sae fierce and fell, . As on the banks †
to the whistling blast and waters' roar,	How do ye this blae eastlin win',
Th' inconstant blast howl'd thro' the darkening air, On Death of Sir J. Blair.	That's like to blaw a body blin': . Auld Comrade dear† The westlin wind blaws loud an' shill; S. Behind yon hills†
Th' increasing blast roar'd round the beetling rocks, . Ib.	O cauld blaws the e'enin blast
She said, and vanish'd with the sweeping blast	When hitter bites the frost, S. Cauld is the e'enin blast †
But cold successive noontide blasts	While winds frae off Ben-Lomond blaw, Ep. to Davie. 1.
May lay its beauties low Sad thy tale †	While frosty winds blaw in the drift,
Virtue's blossoms there shall blow, And fear no withering blast;	And there blaws up a hearty crack; Epit. on Tam the Chapman.
Let the blast sweep o'er the valley,	Fu' loud and shrill the frosty wind
See it prostrate on the clay! S. Sensibility †	Blaws through the leafless timmer, Sir; S. I'm o'er young †
The rattling showers rose on the blast; . Tam o' Shanter. 8.	And roses blaw in ilka bield; . S. In simmer when †
And like the rootless stubble tost,	Spare my love ye winds that blaw, S. Jockey's ta'en the t
Before the sweeping blast The 1st Psalm. Loud roars the wild, inconstant blast, S. The gloomy night †	Fu' loud the wind blaws frae the Ferry, S. My bonie Mary.
Bedim cauld Boreas' blast; The Jolly Beggars. R. I.	They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw, S. My Nanie's awa.
There's a heretic blast has been blawn i' the wast,	The scented breezes round us blaw, . S. Now rosy May+
The Kirk's Alarm.	The bitter blast that round me blaws S. O Lassie, art thou †
That e'er ga'e gospel horn a blast, . The Twa Herds. 2.	How blest, ye flowers that round her blaw,
And cauld, Caledonia's blast on the wave; S. Their groves of t	S. O wat ye wha's in † Or did misfortune's bitter storms
'Twas then a blast o' Janwar win' Blew hansel in on Rohin S. There was a lad †	Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,
But stooks are cowpet wi' the blast, Third Ep. to J. Lap	S. O wert thon in the †
An' cozie here, beneath the blast, Thou thought to dwell, To a Mouse.	Of a' the airts the wind can blaw, I dearly like the west,
	I dearly like the west, S. Of a' the airts † And wings the blast to blaw, . On Birth of Posth. Child.
(And ne'er misfortune's eastern blast Did nip a fairer flower.)	Blaw sweetly in its native air
He bears the unbroken blast from every side: To R. G. of F., 3.	And rural grace; Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
Sae loud and shill's I hear the blast, S. Up in the morning.	The flower it blaws, it fades and fa's, . S. Polly Stewart.
When wild War's deadly blast was blawn,	Will gar Fame blaw until her trumpet crack, Scots Prologue.
S. When wild War's † The Wintry West extends his blast,	November chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 2.
The sweeping blast, the sky o'ercast,	Lang may his whistle blaw, Jamie; . S. The Laddies by †
Blast, to. That blasts each bud of hope and joy;	Loud blaw the frosty breezes, S. The young High. Rover.
S. Forlorn, my Love †	The blude red rose at Yule may blaw, . S. To daunton me
G-d confound their stubborn face, And blast their name, Holy Willie's Prayer. 10.	And Ettrick banks now roaring red While tempests blaw; To W. Creech.
But Heaven's curse will blast the man	Cauld blaws the wind frae east to west, S. Up in the morning.
Denies the bairn he got; The Ruined Maid's L.	And hail and rain does blaw; Winter.
Blasted, -t. And blasted be thy murder-aiming eye;	Blaw [to brag, boast].
On seeing wounded Hare. The very name of Douglas blasted, On Duke of Queensberry	I winna blaw about mysel, . Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 16.
Here lies a rose, a budding rose,	He brags and he blaws o' his siller, S. Tam Glen.
Blasted before its bloom; On Poet's Daughter.	Blaw south [to blow south, i.e. to England, banish
O, may thou ne'er forgather up, Wi' onie blastet, moorlan toop; . The Death of Mailie.	from Scotland]. The muckle devil blaw you south,
Wi' onie blastet, moorlan toop; . The Death of Mailie. Our Whipper-in, wee, blastet wonner, . The Twa Dogs. q.	If ye dissemble! The Author's Cry and Prayer. 4.
Ye ugly, creepan, blastet wonner, To a Louse.	The ill-thief blaw the Heron south! . To Dr. Blacklock.
Blastie [a blasted creature; term of contempt].	Blawing [blowing].
A d-n'd red wud Kilburnie blastie; The Inventory.	When January winds were blawing cauld, S. The lass that made the bed.
Ye little ken what cursed speed	Blawn [blown]. The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;
The blastie's makin! . To a Louse. Blasting. Still under bleak misfortune's blasting eye;	Tam o' Shanter. 8.
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.	But the sodger's friends hae blawn the best, The Election Ballads. I.
Blate [shy, bashful, backward].	Had hol'd his heartie like a riddle,
Owre blate to seek, owre proud to snool, A Bard's Epit	An' blawn't on fire. The Jolly Beggars. R. V.
An' faith! thou's neither lag nor lame, Nor blate nor scaur Add. to the Deil. 3.	There's a heretic blast has been blawn i' the wast, The Kirk's Alarm.
Some unco blate, an' some wi' gabs,	When wild War's deadly blast was blawn,
O steer her up, and be na blate, S. O steer her up †	S. When wild War's †
When I was beardless, young and blate,	Blaze. He falls in the blaze of his fame.
The Ans. to the Guidwife.	S. Farewell, thou fair day †
But blate and laithfu', scarce can weel behave; The Cotter's Sat. Night 8	Or owre the lays, in splendid blaze, On sprightly coursers prance;

The polish'd jewel's blaze May draw the wond'ring gaze, . S. Mark yonder Pomp † Methinks they brighten to a blaze! On Linctuden Castle. With Art's most polish'd blaze S. Peggy Chalmers. Mild, calm, serene, wide-spreads the noontide blaze,
The Brigs of Ayr. Blaze, to. Shalt beauteous blaze upon the day,
S. A Rosebud by my † Bleach. Where bonnie lasses bleach their class;
Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
streekit out to bleach In winter snaw; To W. Creech. Bleached, -'d. His locks were bleached white with time, Lament for Glencairn.
Winter's time-bleach'd locks did hoary show, The Brigs of Ayr. 13.
Bleak. Still under bleak misfortune's blasting eye; Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
So from it ravish'd, leaves it bleak and bare. El. on Miss Burnet.
waste Sae bleak and bare, S. O wert thou in the †
Farewell, old Scotia's bleak domains, The Farewell. An' bleak December's winds ensuin, To a Mouse.
Ev'n winter bleak has charms to me, . To W. Simpson. 13.
Bleak-fac'd. As bleak-fac'd Hallowmass returns, They get the jovial, rantan Kirns, The Twa Dogs. 19.
Bleaky. Lone on the bleaky hills the straying flocks On Death of R. Dundas.
Blear'd. And the rain rains down frae his red blear'd e'e, S. To daunton me.
That had been blear'd with mourning; S. When wild War's †
Bleary [blear e'e, wet eye]. That cost her mony a blirt and bleary.
S. Braw lads of G. Water
Bleat. Wi' kindly bleat, when she did spy him, She ran wi' speed: Poor Mailie's El
Bleat, to. And listens the lambkins that bleat o'er the braes, S. My Nanie's Awa.
Bleating, -an. And o'er the knowes the lambs were bleating: S. As I came o'er t
That wantons round its bleating dam: S. On Cessnock banks †
Comes bleating till him, owre the knowe, Poor Mailie's El Nae doubt the auld-light flocks are bleatan;
To W. Simpson. P.S Bled. Scots, wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled; S. Scots, wha ha'e † Which bled all the wounds of my dolour again.
S. As I was a-wand ring † Bleed. (What warm, poetic heart but inly bleeds,
The Brigs of Ayr. These bleed afresh, those ties I tear, S. The gloomy night †
An' shall his fame an' honor bleed
By worthless skellums, To Rev. J. M'Math. this bruised heart that now bleeds in my breast,
S. Wae is my heart † Bleeding. The lover's raptur'd joys or bleeding cares;
The Brigs of Ayr. 12.
Besides, he hated bleeding: . The Election Ballads. VI. fell remorse, a conscience bleeding The Hermit.
Foiled, bleeding, tortured, in the unequal strife, To R. G. of F., 5.
Bleer [to blear]. I think on my bonie lad, And I bleer my een wi' greetin.
Bleer't [bleared]. S. Ay waukin, O. Grat his een baith bleer't and blin', Duncan Gray †
Bleeze [blaze]. In loving bleeze they sweetly join, Halloween. 10.
When, glimmering thro' the groaning trees, Kirk Alloway seem'd in a bleeze; Tam o' Shanter. 10.
Bleez'd [blazed]. He bleez'd owre her, an' she owre him, Halloween. 8.
Bleezing, -an [blazing].
The bleezan, curst, mischievous monkies Delude his eyes, Add. to the Deil. 13.
Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
Now bleezan bright, . The Vision. D.I. 7. Blellum (an idle, talking fellow).
A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum; Tam o' Shanter. 3.
An' not a muse erect her head To cowe the blellums? . To Rev. J. M'Math.
ev'ry sour-mou'd girnin' blellum, To W. Creech.

Blend. How virtue and vice blend their black and their white!
Fragment inscr. to Fox.
Bless. God bless you a'l A Dream. 15.
We bless thee, God of nature wide, For all thy goodness lent: A Grace before Dinner.
For all thy goodness lent: A Grace before Dinner. Lord bless us with content!
And bless the parent's evening ray S. A Rosebud by my †
the selfish aim, To bless himself alone! . A Winter Night. 8.
God bless them a' wi' grace an' gear. Auld Comrade dear †
I'se bless you wi' my hindmost breath S. Duncan Grav.
But still, but still, I like them dearly,
But still, but still, I like them dearly, God bless them a'! . Ep. to Major Logan. 9.
Bless Jesus Christ, O C[ardoness], . Epit. on Country Laird.
Bless Jesus Christ, O Clardoness], . Epit. on Country Laird. I bless and praise thy matchless might, Holy Willie's Prayer. 2.
L—d bless thy chosen in this place,
God bless the King And the companie! S. Landlady, count †
And bless auld Coila, large and long, Nature's Law.
O Willie, ay I bless the grove Where first I own'd my maiden love, S. O Phely, †
To bless his little filial flock, O Thou dread Pow'r
O bless her with a Mother's joys,
Bless him, Thou God of love and truth, Up to a Parent's wish
Up to a Parent's wish
On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.
While the sun and thou arise to bless the day.
S. Sleep'st thou, or wak'st t
Return ye moments of delight,
With richer treasures bless my sight! S. Slow spreads the gloom †
God bless your Honors, can ye see't, The Author's Cry and Prayer. 11.
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 11.
God bless your Honors, a' your days,
And should some Patron be so kind, As bless you wi' a kirk,
Heav'n bless your honor'd, noble Name,
The Farewell. To St. J.'s L
Content and comfort bless me more in
This grot, than e'er I felt before in A palace. The Hermit.
But bless me wi' your heav'n o' charms, The Jolly Beggars. S. V.
She ay shall bless that happy night,
Amang the rigs o' barley S. The Rigs o' Barley.
But hawks will rob the tender joys
That bless the little lintwhite's nest; S. There was a lass †
Now bless the hour which charm'd my guilty sight. To Clarinda
And bless your bonie lasses baith, To Mr. M'Adam
And God bless young Dunaskin's laird,
F[intry], my other stay, long bless and spare!
To R. G. of F., 9.
Wi' mornings blythe and e'enings funny Bless them and thee! To Terraughty.
Bless them and thee! . To Terraughty. I'll bless her and wiss her
A Train J -1 th - T : A 177 7 C . C 77 717
Let Prudence bless Enjoyment's cup,
Let Prudence bless Enjoyment's cup, Wr. in Friars-Carse H.
And bless the dear parental name
Blessed. Then to the blessed, New Jerusalem, Fleet wing awa! . To W. Creech.
Blessing, -in.
A blessing on the cheery gang
Wha dearly like a jig or sang, . Ep. to Major Logan. 6.
Yet blessings on your frosty pow, S. John Anderson †
O blessings on my wee thing, S. My Love's a winsome †
My blessins upon thy sweet, wee lippie! My blessins upon thy bonie e'e bree!
S. O whare did ye get †
Life, thou soul of every blessing, . S. Raving winds †
I lea'e my blessin wi' you baith: . The Death of Mailie.
Farewell, a mother's blessing dear! The Farewell.
Or frae puir man a blessin wan, S. The Laddies by †
My blessings on that happy place, Amang the rigs o' barley! S. The Rigs o' Barley.
My blessings age attend the chiel,
So blessin's on thee, Robin! S. There was a lad †
I'll get a blessin wi' the lave, An' never miss't! To a Mouse.
My blessings on you, sonsie wife; . V.s to Landlady of Inn.

Blest. There's nane that's blest of human kind But the cheerful and the gay, A Bottle and Friend.	Their little loves are blest, and their little hearts at rest, S. The winter it is past †
blest with Fortune's smiles and favours, A Ded. to G.H., 15.	Still, thou art blest, compar'd wi' me! To a Mouse.
And ev'ry thing is blest but I. S. Again rejoic. Nature†	And doubly were the poet blest
And e'en when this beauty your bosom has blest, The brightest o' beauty may cloy, when possest;	These joys could he improve To Chloris. Has blest me with a random-shot O' countra wit. To J. S., 6.
S. Awa' wi' yr witchcraft †	A great man's smile, ye ken fu' well,
Blest be M'Murdo to his latest day, . Blest be M'Murdo †	Is ay a blest infection
Supremely blest wi' love and thee S. Bonie Lassie, will ye go †	O Dulness! portion of the truly blest! . To R. G. of F., 7. Thy lengthen'd days on this blest morrow, To Terraughty.
How blest the Solitary's lot, . Despondency, an Ode. 3.	Ye shades that echo'd to his vows,
The Solitary can despise, Can want, and yet be blest! Ib. 4.	And saw me once supremely blest, S. To thee, lov'd Nith †
Blest Highland bonnet! Ep. fr. Esopus to Maria. Yet then content could make us blest; . Ep. to Davie. 3.	Blether, Blethers [nonsense]. But I shall scribble down some blether
It's no in books; it's no in lear,	Just clean aff-loof. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 7.
To make us truly blest:	An' baith a yellow George to claim, An' thole their blethers! Ep. to J. R. 12.
If Happiness hae not her seat And center in the breast,	Whare Burns has wrote, in rhyming blether,
We may be wise, or rich, or great,	Tam Samson's dead! Tam Samson's El., 12.
But never can be blest:	But stringing blethers up in rhyme For fools to sing The Vision, D.I., 4.
Wha scarcely tent us in their way, • Ep. to Davie. 6.	Blether, to [to talk nonsense].
Fate still has blest me with a friend, Ib. 10.	Till when ye speak, ye aiblins blether, [v. A. 2] The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.S.
When blest to-day unmindful of to-morrow. Ep. to R. Graham. 3.	Blethering, -'ran [foolish-talking].
The world were blest did bliss on them depend, Ib. 5.	Thou ne'er took such a bleth'ran b-tch,
As e'er God with his Image blest, Epit. on a Friend.	Into thy dark dominion! Epit. on noisy Polemic. A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum; Tamo' Shanter. 3.
He's blest—if as he brew'd he drink Epit. on G. Richardson. She, the fair sun of all her sex,	An' some are busy bleth'ran Right loud The Holy Fair. 8.
Has blest my happy, glorious day:	Blew. An' Scotland drew her pipe an' blew.
S. Farewell, dear mistress † Than, if I canna mak thee sac,	'Up, Willie, waur them a', man!' A Fragment. 7. N'er sae murky blew the night
At least to see thee blest S. It is na, Jean, †	That drifted o'er the hill, . S. Cauld is the e'enin blast †
Yet, think not all the Rich and Great, Are likewise truly blest Man was made to Mourn.	The wind blew hollow frae the hills, Lament for Glencairn.
But oh! [Death] a blest relief for those	As cauld a wind as ever blew; . On Kirk of Lamington. The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last; Tam o' Shanter. 8.
That weary-laden mourn!	The piper loud and louder blew;
But the Lassie that man loes best, O that's the Lass to mak him blest. S. My Lord a-hunting †	And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main: Ib. 16.
Blest be the hour she cool'd in her linnens,	Blew up each Tory's dark designs, The Election Ballads. VI.
S. O merry hae I been † And blest be the day I did it again Ib.	And blew on the Whistle their requiem shrill. The Whistle. 3-
And blest be the day I did it again	And ay the mair he hotch'd an' blew, The mair that she forbade him. There came a piper †
How blest, ye flowers that round her blaw,	'Twas then a blast o' Janwar win' Blew hansel in on Robin S. There was a lad†
S. O wat ye wha's in† How blest, ye birds that round her sing, Ib.	Cauld blew the bitter-biting North
Oh, there, beyond expression blest,	Upon thy early, humble birth; . To a Mountain-Daisy
I'd feast on beauty a' the night; . S. O were my love †	Blight. Was it the bitter eastern blast, That scatters blight in early spring? As on the banks†
Not ev'n to view the Heavenly choir, Would be so blest a sight. On Miss J. Lewars.	Never baleful stellar lights, Taint thee with untimely blights! To Miss C.
Blest be thy bloom, thou lovely gem, On Birth of Posth. Child.	Taint thee with untimely blights! To Miss C. Blight, to. No chilly blast nor shower
Where the songs of the good, where the hymns of the blest,	Shall blight this rose of mine. S. My Love's a winsome †
Through an endless existence shall charm thee. On Death of fav. Child.	And frost will blight the fairest flowers, S. There was a lass †
Far in their shade my Peggy's charms	Blighted. Was mine; 'till Love has o'er me past,
First blest my wond'ring eyes S. Peggy Chalmers.	And blighted a' my bloom, S. Now Spring has clad †
Blest be the wild sequester'd shade, And blest the day and hour,	Blin' [blind]. How do ye this blae eastlin win',
Blest stream! she views thee haste to Clyde.	That's like to blaw a body blin': Auld comrade † Grat his een baith bleer't and blin', S. Duncan Gray †
S. Slow spreads the gloom † Your friendship much can make me blest,	But the body he was sae doited an blin,
S. Talk not of Love†	S. The Cooper o' cuddy † Blin', to [to blind].
Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious, Tam o' Shanter. 6.	Deil blin' them wi' the stoure o't, . S. Awa, whigs, awa.
Ye godly Councils wha hae blest this town;	Till clay-cauld death sall blin' my e'e, . S. Ca' the Ewes, †
The Brigs of Ayr. 9. Blest wi' content, and milk and meal	Blind. Blind chance, let her snapper and stoyte on her way, † S. Contented wi' little †
S. The Contented Cottager.	Ye're a' blind drunk, boys, S. Landlady, count †
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content! The Cotter's Sat. Night. 20.	Bear this in mind, be deaf and blind, Lns on windows Gl. Tav.
A House o' Commons such as he,	O silly blind body, O dinna ye see; S. O whare did ye get † An' deal't about as thy blind skill
They wad be blest that saw that. The Election Ballads. II. But hath decreed that wicked men	Directs thee best Scotch Drink. 21.
Shall ne'er be truly blest	To this be never blind; S. She's fair and fause † Blind, to. And aye the salt tear blinds her ee:
O happy is that man, an blest! The Holy Fair. 11.	S. The lovely lass of 1. T
And by them lies the dearest lad That ever blest a woman's ee! . S. The lovely lass of I. †	Blinded. When ranting round in Pleasure's ring, Rellgion may be blinded; Ep. to Young Friend. 10.
In that blest sphere alone we live and move;	Blinding. Or blinding drifts wild-furious flee,
The Kights of Woman.	To W. Simpson. 13.
He made me blest—and broke my heart! The Tears I shed. But praise be blest, my mind's at rest, S. The tither morn †	Or, the stormy North sends driving forth, The blinding sleet and snaw: . Winter.
Date praise de diese, my mine s'at rest, or and sent morte,	

Blindly. Had we never lov'd so blindly, S. One fond kiss t Blink [a glance; a look; a moment; a short time]. When Death comes in, wi' glimmering blink Adam A—'s Prayer. The evening sun was ne'er sae sweet, As was the blink o' Phemie's e'e. S. Bluthe mas shet Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 6. Sae I gat paper in a blink, . But blythe's the blink o' Robie's e'e, S. In simmer when t Ae blink o' him I wadna gie For Buskie-glen and a' his gear. 16. But owre my left shouther I ga'e him a blink, S. Last May a braw wooer † The bonie blink o' Mary's ee. [re.] S. Now bank and brae t That for a blink I hae lo'ed best, . S. O lay thy loof + To steel a blink by a' unseen; S. O this is no my ain t But steal me a blink o' your bonie black e'e,
S. O whistle, and I'll † For ae blink o' the bonie burdies! . . Tam o' Shanter. 13. At slaps the billies halt a blink, Till lasses strip their shoon: . The Holy Fair. 26. . The Twa Dogs. 16. A blink o' rest's a sweet enjoyment. At Darlet we a blink did tarry; S. T. Menzie's bonie Mary Ae kind blink before we part; S. Turn again, thou fairt Blink, to [to glance; to look kindly; to shine]. And cheary blinks the ingle-gleede S. A' the lads o' Thornie † And cheary blinks the algorithms on flow'ry braes,

S. Bonic Lassie, will ye got While day blinks in the lift sae hie; . S. Ca' the Ewes † And may those pleasures gild thy reign,

That ne'er wad blink on mine! Lament of Mary of Scots. Nae star blinks thro' the driving sleet; S. O Lassie, art thou † The sun blinks blythe on yon town, S. O wat ye wha's in t The sun blinks kindly in the biel', S. The Contented Cottager. Love blinks, Wit slaps, an' social Mirth Forgets there's care upo' the earth. The Twa Dogs. 19. And did na joy blink in her e'e; . S. There was a lass † And ev'ry star that blinks aboon, . To 1. S. Blinker [a pretty girl; a term of contempt]. The witching cursed delicious blinkers Ep. to Major Logan. 10.

Haud up thy han' Deil! ance, twice, thrice!
There, sieze the blinkers!

Scotch Drink. 20.

Blinket, -it [blinked].

Now Phoebus blinkit on the bent, . S. As I came o'er†
She blinket on her sodger: . The Jolly Beggars. R. I. Blinking, -in, -an [shining, glancing; smirking].

It is the moon,—1 ken her horn,
That's blinking in the lift sae hie; S. O Willie brew'd † His wee-bit ingle, blinkan bonilie, The Cotter's Sat. Night.
And blinkin Bess of Annandale, The Election Ballads. I. There, racer Jess, an' twathree wh-res, Are blinkan at the entry.

. The Holy Fair. 9.

Blin't [blinded].

The saut tear blin't his e'e; S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie. Blirt [a violent outburst of crying].

The lassie lost a silken snood,

That cost her mony a blirt and bleary. S. Braw lads of G. water. Bliss. May heaven augment your blisses, . A Dream. 1. Still higher may they heeze Ye In bliss, A Brother to relieve, how exquisite the bliss!

A Winter Night. 9. The bands and bliss o' mutual love, S. Braw lads on Yar. braes.

The world were blest did bliss on them depend, Ep. to R. Graham. 5.

If there's another world, he lives in bliss; Epit. on a Friend. A' my flowery bliss destroy'd. . . . S. I dream'd I lay t The sparkling heavenly vintage, Love and Bliss! Innocence † And with him is a' my hliss, . S. Jockey's ta'en the parting t The more in this [wealth, &c.] you look for bliss,
You leave your view the farther, O:
S. My father was a farmer†

My pains o' hell on earth are past, I'm sure o' bliss aboon, man. S. O ay my wife she dang. And offers, bliss to give and to receive. Prologue, at Th., D., Then is it wise to damp our bliss? . Sketch. New Yr's Day. Then is it wise to standy All, all my hopes of bliss reside Where Evan mingles with the Clyde. S. Slow spreads the gloom †

O why that bliss destroy! S. Talk not of Love † The godlike bliss, to give, alone excels. The Brigs of Ayr. Lose all the bliss it had with you, S. The capt. Ribband. O heart-felt raptures! bliss beyond compare! The Cotter's Sat. Night. 9.

The iron hand that breaks our band, It breaks my bliss,—it breaks my heart!

S. The day returns †

Was naething to my hinny bliss Upon the lips o' Anna. S. The gowd. locks of A .. I ha'e nae wife; and that my bliss is, . The Inventory. Can give a bliss o'ermatching thine, The Vision, D. II. 21.

A rustic Bard.

O, how past descriving had then been my bliss,
S. There's auld Rob M.† Tend'rest pledge of future bliss, . To a Kiss.

With every kindliest, best presage, Of future bliss enroll thy name: To a yng Lady. May bliss domestic smooth his private path; To R. G. of F., 9. An' said my fau't frae bliss expell'd me; What ails ye now t

If so, may every bliss be hers, Though I maun never have her, S. When first I saw †

Why, why tell thy lover, Bliss he never must enjoy?. S. Why, why tell thy †

Blissful. The blissful day we twa did meet,

S. The day returns † S. To Mary in Heaven.

Where is thy place of blissful rest?

Blithe v. Blythe. Blitter [the snipe]. . S. What will I do gint

The blitter frae the boggie, .

Block. Till block an' studdie ring an' reel
Wi' dinsome clamour. Scotch Drink. 11. Blockhead. I like a blockhead boost to ride, The Inventory. I started, mutt'ring blockhead! coof! The Vision, D. I. 6.

By blockhead's daring into madness stung; To R. G. of F., 5. An' swoor fu' rude, thro' dirt an' blood, To mak it guid in law, man Blood.

A Fragment. 9. By loss o' blood, or want o' breath, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 25.

The life blood streaming thro' my heart, Ep. to Davie, 9.

That sic a couple fate allows ye
To grace your blood. Ep. to Major Logan. 13. Your blood shall with incessant cry
Awake at last th' unsparing power. Fragment of Ode.

And they hae taen his very heart's blood, John Barleycorn. For if you do but taste his blood, 'Twill make your courage rise.

The weeping blood in woman's breast Lament of Mary of Scots.

In wars at hame I'll spend my blood, Lns on windows, Gl. Tav .. And while life's dearest blood is warm, S. O wat ye wha's in t

The life-blood equal sucks of Right and Wrong: On Death of R. Dundas. . S. Raving winds †

Chilly grief my life-blood freezes, . But when thou pours thy strong heart's blood, There thou shines chief. . Scotch Drink. 4.

This lovely maid's of royal blood S. The bonie Lass of Albany What bloody wars, if Sprites had blood to shed, The Brigs of Ayr. 11.

How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed; S. The Cotter's Sat. Night. 15.

Chill runs my blood to hear it rave, S. The gloomy night † Yet to worth let's be just, royal blood ye might boast,

If the ass was the king of the brutes. . The Kirk's Alarm. If the ass was the king of the The Solemn League and Covenant Cost Scotland blood—cost Scotland tears:

The League and Covenant The League and Covenant (Cost Scotland blood)

three noble chieftans, and all of his blood, The Whistle. 5. At Wallace' name, what Scottish blood, But boils up in a spring-tide flood! To W. Simpson.

Blood-hound.

Sending, like blood-hounds from the slip Woe, Want, and Murder o'er a land! A Winter Night, & Blood-stain'd.

The blood-stain'd roost, and sheepcote spoil'd,
My heart forgets, . . A Winter Night. 5.

Bloody. Old Scotia's bloody lion bore: Add. to Edinburgh. . O Death! thou tyrant fell and bloody! El. on Capt. M. H. 1.

On many a bloody plain
I've dar'd his [death's] face, S. Farewell, ye dungeons †

The battle closes deep and bloody: . S. My bonie Mary. The cold earth with thy bloody bosom prest. On seeing wounded Hare.	Amang the blooming heather: . S. Now westlin winds † She's bonie, blooming, straight, and tall; S. O this is no my ain †
And after many a bloody, deathless doing, . Scots Prologue. What bloody wars, if Sprites had blood to shed,	And welcome in the blooming year! S. O wat ye wha's in † The youthful blooming Nelly lay, S. On a bank of flowers †
The Brigs of Ayr. 11. The butcher deeds of bloody fate, The Election Ballads. VI. When the bloody die was cast on the heights of Abram;	Blooming in the sunny ray; S. Sensibility † And blooming Keith's engaged with Gray;) Sketch. New-Yr's Day.
The Jolly Beggars. S. I. Their winding-sheet the bloody clay, S. The lovely lass of I. †	The heather was blooming, the meadows were mawn, S. The heather was blooming †
A bloody man I trow thou be; Ib. [Truce] With bloody armaments and revolutions; The Rights of Woman	Blooming on thy early May, To Miss C. Therefore while ye're blooming Katie, Listen to a loving swain; Will ye go and marry †
Your faith proved so loyal, in hot bloody trial, S. The small birds rejoice †	As blooming spring unbends the brow Of surly, savage winter S. Young Peggy †
[Critics!] Bloody dissectors, worse than ten Monroes; To R. G. of F., 4.	Bonie and bloomin, and straught was its make; S. Lady Mary Ann.
toothy critics by the score, In bloody raw! . To W. Creech. As fill'd his after life wi' grief An' bloody rants, What ails ye now!	Blossom, bonie blossoms a', Ye royal Lasses dainty, . A Dream. 14. O spare the dear blossom, ye orient breezes,
Bloom. The bloom of a fine summer's day! S. Adorun winding Nith;	S. How pleasant the banks † My blossom sweet did blow, S. Luckless Fortune.
Nae simmer sun exalt my bloom; . Lament for Gleucairn. And blighted a' my bloom, . S. Now Spring has clad†	But luckless fortune's northern storms Laid a' my blossoms low, [re.]
When merry May its bloom renew'd S. O were my love† Blest be thy bloom, thou lovely gem,	Here, in this hand, does mankind stand, And there, is Beauty's blossom! Nature's Law.
On Birth of Posth. Child.	With purple blossoms to the spring; . S. O were my love † Ere the spoiler had nipt thee in blossom,
Such thy bloom! did I say, S. Phillis the Fair.	On Death of fav. Child I saw fair freedom's blossoms richly blow:
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed; Tam o' Shanter. 7. Thro' faded groves Maria sang, Hersel' in beauty's bloom the while, S. The Catrine woods †	Virtue's blossoms there shall blow,
In youthfu' bloom, Love sparkling in her e'e, The Cotter's Sat. Night.	And fear no withering blast; . Sad thy tale † And hey for the blossoms 'twill bring; The Election Ballads, III.
Stern Ruin's plough-share drives, elate, Full on thy bloom, . To a Mountain-Daisy	But he whose blossom buds in guilt Shall to the ground be cast, The 1st Psalm.
Those that would the bloom devour. Crush the locusts, save the flower. Wr. in Hermitage at F.C	The blossom of our gentry! To Mr. M'Adam Not the bee upon the blossom,
Bloom, to. So long, sweet Poet of the Year, Shall bloom that wreath thou well hast won; Add. to Shade of Thomson.	In the pride of sunny noon; S. Turn again, thou fair t Sweet as you hawthorn's blossom, S. When wild War's t
Tho' thou may gayly bloom a while, . S. I do confess † While clover blooms white o'er the lea, S. In. simmer when †	How rich the hawthorn's blossom; S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams † And bless the dear parental name,
Now blooms the lily by the bank, Lament of Mary of Scots. And the next flowers that deck the spring,	With many a filial blossom. S. Young Peggy † Blossom, to.
Bloom on my peaceful grave	And now she [Virtue] sees wi' pride, man, How weel it buds and blossoms there, The Tree of Liberty.
S. O bonic was you rosy† The flower stem shall bloom like thy sweet Seraph form, On Death of faw. Child	Blossom'd. And the langer it blossom'd, the sweeter it grew;
And blooms a rose in Heaven On Poet's Daughter.	S. Lady Mary Ann. Her breath is like the fragrant breeze That gently stirs the blossom'd bean, S. On Cessnock banks †
There's ne'er a flower that blooms in May, That's half sae welcome's thou art. There's not a flower that blooms in May,	From the white blossom'd sloe my dear Chloe requested A sprig her fair breast to adorn; . Sp. extem. to yng Lady.
That's half so fair as thou art. [re.]. Sweet banks! ye bloom by Mary's side;	Blot. A Scot still, but blot still, I knew no higher praise The Ans. to the Guidwife.
S. Slow spreads the gloom † While Fragrance blooms an' Beauty charms!	Blot, to. And never envy blot their name! Add. to Edinburgh. 3.
The Author's Cry and Prayer. P. Where spreading hawthorns gaily bloom! S. The Banks of Nith.	Blotch't. Tho' blotch't an' foul wi' mony a stain, To Rev. J. M'Math. Blow. But, word an' blow, N-rth, F-x, and Co.
For she's the pink o' womankind, and blooms without a peer; S. The Posie.	Gowff'd Willie like a ba', man, A Fragment. q. By cruel Fortune's undeserved blow? A Winter Night. q.
The simmer lillies [may] bloom in snaw, S. To daunton me How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair;	Nor envious death so triumph'd in a blow, El. on Miss Burnet.
S. Ye banks and braes † Young Peggy blooms our bonniest lass, S. Young Peggy†	Death, oft I've fear'd thy fatal blow, S. Fate gave the word† The Great, the Wealthy fear thy blow, Man was made to Mourn.
Bloomed. And bonie bloom'd our roses; S. Awa, whigs, awa. the flower which bloomed sweetest in Coila's green vale.	Hearing the tidings of the fatal blow, On Death of R. Dundas.
Lament on leaving Nat. Land. How sweetly bloom'd the gay, green birk, S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †	the first blow is ever half the battle; Prologue, at Th., D Liberty's in every blow! S. Scots, wha hae †
Blooming, -in. And down among the blooming heather, S. As I came o'er †	He has nae thought but how to kill Twa at a blow. The Author's Cry and Prayer, P.
Ye wander thro' the blooming heather; S. Brave lads on Yar. bracs †	they scar'd at blows And hameward fast did flee, man. S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
Desart ilka blooming shore; S. Frac the friends † With green spreading bushes, and flow'rs blooming fair;	And brandish round the deep-dy'd steel In sturdy blows; [v.A.4] The Vision.
S. How pleasant the banks † Now Nature hangs her mantle green	And cruelty directs the thickening blows; The Vowels. I jouk beneath Misfortune's blows As weel's I may; To J. S., 25.
On every blooming tree, . Lament of Mary of Scots	As weel's I may; To J. S., 25.

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Blow, to. Blow, blow, ye Winds, with heavier gust! A Winter Night. 7.	It was her een sae bonie blue. [re.] . S. I gaed a waefu' †
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow;	The diamond-dew in her een sae blue, S. My Lord a-hunting †
S Afton Water.	The sky is blue, the fields in view,
Your beauty's a flower, in the morning that blows, S. Awa' wi' yr witchcraft †	All fading green and yellow: . S. Now westlin winds † Her een sae bonie blue betray,
More lovely far her beauty blows Delia, an Ode.	How she repays my passion; . S. O poortith cauld t
My blossom sweet did blow, S. Luckless Fortune.	The feeling heart's the royal blue, On W. Chalmers.
Still richer breathes and fairer blows, S. O Phely t	Twa laughing een o' bonie blue S. Sae flaxen †
But through the broken space, the gale	Whiles holding fast his gude blue bonnet;
Blows chilly from the misty vale; On Lincluden Castle	Tam o' Shanter. 9.
I saw fair freedom's blossoms richly blow: On Death of Sir J. Blair	That ance were plush, o' gude blue hair, 1b. 13. Wha's mair o' the black than the blue.
Sweetly deckt with pearly dew	The Election Ballads. III.
The morning rose may blow; Sad thy tale †	As Queensberry blue and buff unfurled, Ib. VI.
Virtue's blossoms there shall blow,	And Maxwell true, o' sterling blue; . S. The Laddies by t
Ye [flowers] blow upon the sod that wraps my friend:	His bonnet it is blue, jo S. The Ploughman †
Where rich ananas blow! The Farewell	A gude blue bannet on his head,
The primroses blow in the dews of the morning,	The hyacinth for constancy, wi'its unchanging blue,
S. The small birds t	S. The Posie. The sky was blue, the wind was still, S. The Rigs o' Barley
But Misery and I must watch The surly tempest blow: S. The sun he is sunk †	His coat is the hue of his bonnet sae blue; S. There's a youth
Yet all beneath th' unrivall'd Rose,	Though 'twere a trip to you blue warl', . To Mr. Renton.
The lowly Daisy sweetly blows; . The Vision, D. II. 20.	'Twas na her bonie blue e'e was my ruin;
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,	S. Twas na her bonie blue e'e †
And whelm him o'er! To a Mountain-Daisy	He roos'd my een sae bonie blue, . S. Young Jockey †
Thy nod can make the tempest cease to blow, Why am I loth†	Blue-bell. Where the blue-bell and gowan lurk, lowly, unseen;
Blowing. This rock my shield, when storms are blowing.	Blue-clue [clew of blue yarn].
The Hermit.	And in the blue-clue throws then,
Raving winds around her blowing, . S. Raving winds †	Right fear't that night Halloween. 11.
Western breezes softly blowing,	Blue-gown [a beggar who got yearly on the King's birth-day a blue cloak or gown with a badge].
Suit not my distracted mind S. Thickest night † Blude, Bluid [blood].	It's just the Blue-gown badge an' claithing
May set their Highland blude a-ranklin;	O' Saunts; tak that, ye lea'e them naething, Ep. to J. R. 4.
Add. of Beelzebub. 2.	Bluer. The milder sun and bluer sky
Our father's blude the kettle bought!	That crown my harvest cares wi' joy, S. O Phely †
S. Does haughty Gault	Bluid v. Blude. Bluidy, -ie [bloody].
And blude red wine's the rysin' Sun S. Gane is the day † And kith and kin o' Cassillis' blude, S. My Lord a-hunting †	Wi' stanged hips, and buttocks bluidy, Adam A—'s Prayer
There ne'er was a coward o' Kenmure's blude,	The tane is game, a bluidy devil, El. on Year 1788
S. O Kenmure's on and awa †	And blae and bluidy bruis'd her; S. Had I the wyte †
Five tomahawks, wi' blude red-rusted; Tam o' Shanter, 11.	Wi' bluidy han' a welcome gies him;
They rush'd, and push'd, and blude outgush'd,	The Author's Cry and Prayer, P.
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor. The Angus lads had nae gude will,	Or Zipporah, the scauldin jad, Was like a bluidy tiger I' th' inn that day.
That day their neebour's blude to spill;	The Ordination, 4.
The blude red rose at Yule may blaw, . S. To daunton me	Thro' bluidy flood or field to dash,
He's doyl't and he's dozin, his blude it is frozen,	O how unfit! To a Haggis.
S. What can a yng lassie †	Till Lairds forbad, by strict commands, Sic bluidy pranks To W. Simpson. P.S.
An' sprung o' great an' noble bluid; . A Ded. to G. H., I. Wi' sword an' gun he thought a sin	Or hunt a Parent's life Wi' bludie war. S. Ye Jacobites †
Guid Christian bluid to draw, man; . A Fragment. 3.	Blume [bloom].
When banes are crazed, and bluid is thin, . Ep. to Davie. 3.	How can ye blume sae fair! S. The Banks of Doon, Sett II.
An' liquor guid to fire his bluid, . Scotch Drink. Mott	Blunder. It wad frae monie a blunder free us
But feels his heart's bluid rising hot,	An' foolish notion: To a Louse. Blunt. It was sae blunt.
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 9. Her lost Militia fir'd her bluid;	Fient haet o't wad hae pierc'd the heart
T-11	Of a kail-runt Death and Dr. Hornbook. 17.
My dearest bluid to do them guid.	Bluntle [a stupid person].
They're welcome till't for a' that.	And gar me look like bluntie, S. And O for ane and twenty †
The Jolly Beggars, S. VII.	Blush. The rose-bud's the blush o' my charmer, S. Adown winding Nith †
And weel he lik'd to shed their bluid, And sell their skin The Twa Herds, 6.	In manhood's dawning blush; . O Thou dread Pow'r
Bludle v. Bluidy.	I doubt na, lass, that weel-kenned name
Blue. The cauld blue north was streaming forth	May cost a pair o' blushes; On W. Chalmers.
Her lights, wi' hissing eerie din: A Vision.	To gie the sweetest blush o' health, The Tree of Liberty. In her [Beauty's] armour of glances, and blushes, and sighs;
And by thy een sae bonie blue, . S. An' I'll kiss thee yet † And bonie blue are the sunny skies S. Bonie Bell.	S. You wild mossy mountns †
And bonie blue are the sunny skies S. Bonie Bell. Sae bonie blue her een, my dearie;	Her blush is like the morning, S. Young Peggy †
S. Braw lads of G. water.	Blush, to. Or if I blush when thou shalt ca' me
He had a blue bonnet that wanted the crown;	Tit-ta or daddy. Add. to Illegit. Child.
S. Cock up yr beaver.	Where truant 'prentices, yet young in sin, Blush at the curious stranger peeping in;
Like the unchanging blue, S. El. on Capt. M. H. Epit. I dighted ay her een sae blue, S. Had I the write	Ep. fr. Esopus to Maria.
I dighted ay her een sae blue, S. Had I the wyte † It's guid to support Caledonia's cause,	Blush'd, -t. He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,
And bide by the buff and the blue.	S. On a bank of flowers † He blush'd for shame, he quat his name, The Fête Champetre.
S. Here's a health to them †	When sweet, like modest Worth, she blusht,
On his head a bonnet blue, S. Highland Laddie.	And stepped 'ben The Vision. D. I. 8.
Twa lovely een of bonie blue S. I gaed a waefu' †	At length she blush'd a sweet consent, . S. There was a lass †
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Blushing. Why shrinks my soul half blushing, half afraid,	When upward-springing, blythe, to greet
O mild be the sun on this sweet blushing flower,	The purpling East. To a Mountain-Daisy. Wi' mornings blythe and e enings funny To Terraughty
S. How pleasant the banks † Conscious, blushing for our race, On scaring Waterfowl.	She's aye, aye sae blythe, sae gay, She's aye so blythe and cheerie;
youthful Love, warm-blushing, strong, The Vision, D. II, 16 Thy bosom blushing still with dew! To Miss C.	She's aye sae bonie, blythe, and gay, S. When first I saw † Fu' blythe he whistled at the gand, S. Young Jockey †
Bluster.	At thy blithe carol clears his furrowed brow. Sonnet, writ. on Birthday.
Davie Bluster, Davie Bluster, if for a saunt ye do muster, The corps is no nice of recruits; . The Kirk's Alarm, q.	My heart was blithe and gay, To Clarinda.
Blustering.	Blythely. The little birdies blythely sing, S. Bonie Lassie, will ye got
A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum; Tam o' Shanter. 3. Arous'd by blustering winds an' spotting thowes,	And blythely awaukens the morrow; S Craigie-burn Wood. Wi' her I'll blythely bear it, S. My Wife's a winsome †
The Brigs of Ayr. 7. Blype [a shred].	How blythely would I bide the stoure, S. O Mary, at thy window t
Till skin in blypes cam haurlin	The lads an' lasses, blythely bent To mind baith saul an' body, The Holy Fair. 20.
Aff's nieves that night Halloween. 23. Blythe, Blithe.	Shall a' be blythely singing, . S. The young High. Rover.
And when the lark, 'tween light and dark, Blythe waukens by the daisy's side,	Blyther. Three blyther hearts, that lee lang night, Ye wadna found in Christendie.
S. Again rejoicing Nature † But I'm as blythe that hauds his pleugh, S. Behind yon hills †	S. O Willie brew'd † Blythest. But Phemie was the blythest lass,
The shepherd stops his simple reed,	That ever trode the dewy green. S. Blythe was she †
Blythe, and merry was she,	The blythest bird upon the bush, Had ne'er a lighter heart than she.
Blythe was she but and hen, [re.] . S. Blythe was she † Blythe ha'e I been on you hill S. Blythe ha'e I been †	S. There was a lass, and † Young Jockey was the blythest lad . S. Young Jockey †
When at the blythe end of our journey at last, S. Contented wi' little †	Blythesome.
Sae blythe and merry's we will be, When ye set by the wheel at e'en. S. Duncan Davison.	My kindly blythesome wee thing, S. My Love's a winsome † Boar. The wild Scandinavian boar issu'd forth. S. Caledonia.
An' haud their Halloween Fu' blythe that night Halloween.	Board. The Laird o' the Ford will straught on a board, **Ronalds of Bennals.
Their faces blythe, fu' sweetly kythe, Ib. 3.	But now the Supper crowns their simple board, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11.
They parted aff careerin Fu' blythe	Boarding school. Now gawkies, tawpies, gouks and fools,
Blythe Bessie in the milking shiel, S. In simmer when † But blythe's the blink o' Robie's e'e,	Frae colleges and boarding schools, To W. Creech
Sweetly blythe his waukening be. S. Jockey's ta'en the parting †	Boast. The boast of our bachelors a', man: Ronalds of Bennals. For loyal Forbes' Charter'd boast
As blythe lay down at e'en: . Lament of Mary of Scots.	Is ta'en awa! Scotch Drink. 19. But wha is he, his Country's boast?
My heart was ance as blythe and free As simmer days were lang, S. My heart was ance †	Like him there is na twa, Jamie; S. The Laddies by † My secret-heart's exulting boast? The Lament.
Now in her green mantle blythe Nature arrays, S. My Nanie's Awa.	There distant shone, Art's lofty boast, The lordly dome The Vision. D. I. 13.
Winnowing blythe her dewy wings S. Now Spring has clad † Blythe morning lifts his rosy eye, . S. O Logan! sweetly †	Boast, to. The greybeard, old wisdom, may boast of his treasures,
And blythe be the bird that sings on her grave! S. O merry hae I been	Lns, on windows Gl. Tav. Had you the wealth Potosi boasts,
The sun blinks blythe on you town, S. O wat ye wha's in †	S. My father was a farmer† Let other heroes boast their scars, Nature's Law.
Thy smiles are sae like my blythe Sodger laddie, S. O whare did ye get †	The man who boasts o' warld's wealth,
Oh, how can I be blythe and glad, . S. Oh, how can I† Sound be his sleep and blythe his morn,	Is aften laird o' meikle care; . S. Now bank and brae † Of lordly acquaintance you boast, . On an empty Fellow.
On Window of C. Inn, F And blythe awakes the morrow, S. Sweet fa's the eve †	That distant years may boast of other "Blairs" On Death of Sir J. Blair.
But blythe an' frisky, She eyes her freeborn, martial boys,	Here's the worth and wisdom Collieston can boast; The Election Ballads. IV.
Tak aff their Whisky. The Author's Cry and Prayer, P.	Yet to worth let's be just, royal blood ye might boast, If the ass was the king of the brutes The Kirk's Alarm.
Where blythe I turn my spinning-wheel. S. The Contented Cottager.	Then thou mayest freely boast The Toast. Let Britain boast her hardy oak, . The Tree of Liberty.
Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill taen; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 8.	She boasts a Race, To ev'ry nobler virtue bred,
Blythe and merry may she be, S. The Lass that made the bed. So blythe and so merry he'd whistle and sing	And polish'd grace. The Vision, D. I. 15. Boasted.
S. The Poor Thresher.	This boasted Honor turns away, Shunning soft Pity's rising sway, A Winter Night. 9.
I hae been blythe wi' Comrades dear; S. The Rigs o' Barley. When a' were blythe and merry, S. The tither morn †	Boat. But, G-d-sake! let nae saving-fit Abridge your bonie Barges An' Boats A Dream. 7.
And blythe we'll sing, and hail the day That gave us liberty, man The Tree of Liberty.	Behold the hour, the boat arrive! S. Behold the hour † The boat rocks at the Pier o' Leith, . S. My bonie Mary.
And some instruct the Shepherd-train, Blythe o'er the hill. The Vision, D. II. 8.	And perish'd mony a bonie boat, Tam o' Shanter. 15.
O welcome most kindly, the blythe carle said, S. There liv'd ance a carle	Boat, to. Come boat me o'er, come row me o'er, Come boat me o'er to Charlie; I'll gie John Ross another bawbee,
As blythe and as artless as the lambs on the lea, S. There's auld Rob M.†	To boat me o'er to Charlie. S. Come boat me o'er † Boatfu'. There's a boatfu' o' lads
Then muse-inspirin' aqua-vitæ Shall make us baith sae blythe an' witty, Third Ep. to J. Lap	Come to our town to sell. S. There's news, lasses † Boatman. The boatmen on Nith's gentle stream,
Third Ep. to J. Lap	On Lincluden Castle

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Bob. Or were more in fury seen, Sir, Than 'twixt Hal and Bob for the famous job	I ken he weel a Snick can draw, When simple bodies let him; To Gav. Hamilton
The Dean of Fac	Cou'd stown a clue wi' ony bodie; S. Willie Wastle.
But pious Bob, 'mid learning's store, Commandment tenth remember'd.	Body [as opposed to soul].
Yet simple Bob the victory got,	Who said that not the soul alone, But body too must rise Epit. on Country Laird.
Bob's purblind, mental vision:	But body too must rise Epit. on Country Laird. An' here his body lies fu' low
And orator Bob is its ruin The Kirk's Alarm. 3. Bobbed [curtseyed].	For saul he ne'er had ony Epit. on wee Johnie.
And when she cam ben she bobbed fu' law, [re.]	Gie body strength, then I'll ne'er start, At this my way sae far awa S. Sae far awa.
S. O when she cam ben †	In vain Auld-age his body batters; Tam Samson's El., 9.
Bobby. Nay Bobby's mouth may be open'd yet Till for eloquence you hail him, The Dean of Fac	The lads an' lasses, blythely bent
Bock [to vomit].	To mind baith saul an' body, The Holy Fair. 20.
For aye the brose ye sup at e'en,	He ventur'd the Soul, and I risked the Body, The Jolly Beggars. S. II.
Ye bock them ere the morn, lassie. S. Ye hae lien wrang	Her body is bestowed well, . S. The Joyful Widower.
Bocked [vomlted]. Or thro' the mining outlet bocked,	And tired o' sauls to waste his lear on,
Down headlong hurl A Winter Night. 2.	E'en tried the body. To Dr. Blacklock. Bog. Last day my mind was in a bog, To Miss Ferrier.
Boconnock [Robert Pitt of Boconnock, Cornwall].	Boggie [dim. of bog].
Tell yon guid bluid o' auld Boconnock's, The Author's Cry and Prayer 20.	The blitter frae the boggie, . S. What will I do gin †
Boddle [a small copper coin equal, in value, to the	Bog-hole. till some mishanter,
sixth of an English penny].	Some black bog-hole, Arrests us, . Ep. to Major Logan. 2.
Fair play, he car'd na deils a boddle Tam o' Shanter. 11.	Bogle [a hobgoblin; a scarecrow]. Nae nightly bogle make it eerie; . S. By Allan stream;
I'll wad a boddle, The Brigs of Ayr. 5. Bode. I'll fear nae scant, I'll bode nae want,	Gaist nor bogle shalt thou fear, . S. Hark! the mavis †
As lang's I get employment. S. Here's to thy health †	The silly bogles, Wealth and State, S. O poortith cauld †
Bodement. Let Prudence' direst bodements on me fall.	Whiles glowring round wi' prudent cares,
In vain would Prudence † Boding. deep, as soughs the boding wind, As on the banks †	Lest bogles catch him unawares: Tam o' Shanter. 9. Boil. By Heavens, the sacrilegious dog
A boding voice is in mine ear, . S. From thee, Eliza†	Shall fuel be to boil it! . S. Does haughty Gaul†
Bodkln. Your bodkin's bauld, What ails ye now t	Or stately Lugar's mossy fountains boil, The Brigs of Ayr. 7.
Body, -ie [person]. poor worthless body,	Which shews that heaven can boil the pot,
Adam A—'s Prayer. An' it [her e'e] winna let a body be! S. Again rejoic. Nature †	Though the devil p—s in the fire The Dean of Fac
That's like to blaw a body blin': . S. Auld Comrade dear	Or whare wild-meeting oceans boil Besouth Magellan To W. Simpson. 7.
Oh Jenny's a' weet poor body [re.] S. Comin thro' the rye †	At Wallace' name, what Scottish blood,
Gin a body meet a body Comin thro' the rye,	But boils up in a spring-tide flood!
Gin a body kiss a body Need a body cry. [re.] 1b. Gin a body kiss a body Need the warld ken! 1b.	And still, below, the horrid caldron boils Wr. by Fall of Fyers.
Ilka body has a body, ne'er a ane hae I; [re.] Ib.	Boiling. Or tumbling in the boiling flood
Gin a body meet a body, comin frae the well,	Wi' kail an' beef; Scotch Drink. 4.
Gin a body kiss a body, need a body tell;	There high my boiling torrent smokes, The Petition of Br. Water.
Gin a body kiss a body, need a body gloom; Ib. It's hardly in a body's pow'r,	Frae morn to een it's nought but toiling.
To keep, at times, frae being sour, . Ep. to Davie. 2.	At baking, roasting, frying, boiling; . The Twa Dogs. 9. Boisterous.
Yet crooning to a body's sel, Does weel eneugh. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 8.	Cauld Boreas, wi' his boisterous crew, The Fête Champetre.
This worthless body damn'd himsel,	Bold. Like some bold Vet'ran, gray in arms,
To save the Lord the trouble Epit. on D. C.	Add. to Edinburgh. 5.
Poor silly body see him; Epit. on Holy Willie. If Denmark, any body spak o't; . Kind Sir, I've read t	A flight of bold eagles from Adria's strand; S. Caledonia. 3. bold, independent, unconquer'd, and free, Ib. 6.
If Denmark, any body spak o't; . Kind Sir, I've read † So e'en to preserve the poor body in life,	bold Balmerino's undying name, Fragment of Ode.
S. Last May a braw wooer †	John Barleycorn was a hero bold, John Barleycorn.
That ilka body talking But her by thee is slighted, S. O wat ye wha that loes †	The flower amang our barons bold, Lament for Glencairn.
O silly blind body, O dinna ye see; S. O whare did ye get †	Fall in bold manhood's hardy prime! Ib. Bold may she brave grim Danger's loudest roar,
But the body he was sae doited an blin,	Prologue, sp. by Woods
S. The Cooper o' cuddy † He was but a paidlin body, O! S. The deuks dang o'er	Inspiring bold John Barleycorn! Tam o' Shanter, 11.
The body, e'en let him escape; The Election Ballads. III	Maxwelton, that baron bold, The Election Ballads. VI.
A place where body saw na'; S. The gowd. locks of A.	Bold Scrimgeour follows gallant Graham, Ib. And Stewart bold as Hector,
Wi' monie a wearie body, In droves that day. The Holy Fair. 6.	Bold stems of Heroes, [v. A. 4] The Vision.
When fient a body bade him There came a piper †	Bold, soldier-featur'd, undismay'd [v. A. 4] Ib.
Gae somewhere else and seek your dinner,	Bold Richardton's heroic swell; [v. A. 4] Ib.
On some poor body To a Louse. gi'en the body half an e'e To Miss Ferrier.	Dangers, eagle-pinioned, bold, . Wr. in Friars-Carse H.
gi'en the body half an e'e,	Boldest. Braved usurpation's boldest daring! . Liberty. Bold-following. Bold-following where your Fathers led!
An' let poor, damned bodies bee; Add. to the Deil. 2.	Add. to Edinburgh. 7.
Wad made a bodie's mouth to water; . S. Donald Brodie.	Boldly. Who boldly dare thy cause maintain In spite of foes: To Rev. J. M'Math.
Wi' nae converse but Gallowa' bodies, . Ep. to H. Parker.	Bold-mingling.
Is he slain by Highlan' hodies? S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. Grose †	Deep lights and shades, bold-mingling, threw A lustre grand; The Vision, D. I. 12.
Jamaica bodies, use him weel, On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.	A lustre grand; . The Vision, D. I. 12. Bole [a small recess in a wall].
a merry core O' randie, gangrel bodies,	There sat a bottle in a bole,
The Jolly Beggars, R. I. What way poor bodies liv'd ava The Twa Dogs, 7.	Beyont the ingle lowe; S. The weary Pund.
Poor tenent hodies seemt of each	Bolus. Surrounded thus by bolus pill, And potion glasses. Poem on Life.

Bombast. Nae bombast spates o' nonsense swell;	Tak' this frae me, my bonie hen,
Poem on Pastoral Poetry. Bonds. Or gather'd lib'ral views in Bonds and Seisins.	It's plenty beets the lover's fire. S. In simmer when † It is na, Jean, thy bonie face, S. It is na, Jean †
The Brigs of Ayr. 10.	your bonie brow was brent; S. John Anderson †
Bone. They wasted, o'er a scorching flame, The marrow of his bones; . John Barleycorn.	She saw three bonie boys playing at the ba'; S. Lady Mary Ann.
Till down my weary bones I lay S. My father was a farmer † Bonie, Bonnie, -y [lovely; handsome; pretty].	My bonie laddie's young but he's growin yet. [re.] . 1b.
Five bonie Lasses round their table, A Ded. to G. H., 14.	Bonie and bloomin, and straught was its make; Ib. Sweet was its smell, and bonie was its hue: Ib.
Abridge your bonie Barges An' Boats A Dream, 7.	I was the Queen o' bonie France, Lament of Mary of Scots.
Thae bonie Bairntime, Heav'n has lent,	Bonie lassie, artless lassie! . S. Lassie vi' the lintwhite † He spak o' the darts o' my bonie black een,
dappl't, sleek an' glaizie, A bonie gray: A Guid New-year † 2.	S. Last May a hrasy suggest
When ye bure hame my bonie Bride:	That I may drink before I go A service to my bonie lassie S. My bonie Mary.
So deep in luve am I; S. A red, red Rose.	And I maun leave my bonie Mary. [re.] 1b.
Lang syne in Eden's bonie yard, . Add. to the Deil. 15. Beware o' bonie Anne, [re.] . S. A. Masterton's bonie Anne.	Whare live ye my bonie lass, S. My Collier Laddie. a bonie, westlin weaver lad [re.] . S. My heart was ance t
My bonie Peggy Alison S. An' I'll kiss thee yet †	There wons auld Colin's bonie lass, S. My Lord a-hunting †
And by thy een sae bonie blue,	She is a bonie wee thing, S. My Love's a winsome † My bonie, bonie Sandy O; S. My Sandy gied to †
O my bonie Highland lad, [re.] S As I came o'er † And mark'd its bonie holms and haughs, As on the banks †	The bonie blink o' Mary's ee. [re.] S. Now bank and brae †
what ruefu' chance, Has twin'd ye o' your bonie trees; Ib.	O bonie was you rosy brier, S. O bonie was you rosy t
The worm that gnaws my bonie trees,	And bonie she, and ah how dear!
But the rapturous charm o' the bonie green knowes,	Her een sae bonie blue betray,
Ilk spring they're new deckit wi' bonie white yewes. S. Awa' wi' your witchcraft †	How she repays my passion; S. O poortith cauld † O saw ye bonie Lesley, S. O saw ye bonie Lesley †
I think on my bonie lad, S. Ay waukin, O.	He'd look into thy bonie face,
As spotless as she's bonie, S. Behind yon hills † Our auld Guidman delights to view	And say, "I [the Deil] canna wrang thee." Ib. That we may brag we hae a lass,
His sheep an' kye thrive bonie, O;	There's nane again sae bonie
Her bonie face it was as meek, As ony lamb upon the lee! S. Blythe was she†	S. O this is no my ain t
And bonie blue are the sunny skies S. Bonie Bell.	And on you bonie braes of Ayr; . S. O wat ye wha's in† My Muse maun be thy bonie sell; S. O were I on Parnass.†
And I rejoice in my bonie Bell. [re.]	And I mysel' the zephyr's breath,
To the birks of Aberfeldy? [re.] S. Bonie lassie, will ye go † Bonie wee thing, canie wee thing, S. Bonie wee thing †	Amang its bonie seaves to play S. O were my love † And I mysel' a drap of dew,
Wishfully I look and languish	Into her bonie breast to fa'!
In that bonie face of thine;	Between Saint Johnston and bonie Dundee. S. O whare did ye get †
Sae bonie blue her een, my dearie; S. Braw lads of G. water †	May Heaven protect my bonie Scots Laddie,
My bonie dearie S. Ca' the Ewes. But bonie Peg-a-Ramsey	But I'll big a bow'r on yon bonie banks, Ib.
Gat grist to her mill S. Cauld is the e'enin †	But steal me a blink o' your bonie black e'e, S. O whistle † For there the bonie lassie lives,
I see thee sweet and bonie; S. Craigie-burn Wood. His braw calf-ward whare gowans grew,	The lassie I lo'e best S. Of a' the airts †
Sae white an' bonie, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 23. A bonie lass, ye kend her name,	There's not a bonie flower that springs, By fountain, shaw, or green;
Bonie was the Lammas moon, S. Duncan Gray.	There's not a bonie bird that sings, But minds me o' my Jean
I've play'd mysel a bonie spring, Ep. to J. R. 6.	When the bonie lad that I lo'e best Is o'er the hills and far awa? [re.]
An' brought a Paitrick to the grun', A bonie hen, . Ib. 7. Eve's bonie squad priests wyte them sheerly	S. Oh, how can I be blythe†
Ep. to Major Logan. 9. And ilk loyal, bonie lad	The bonie lasses weel may wiss him, On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.
Cross the seas and win his ain. S. Frae the friends †	Your bonie face sae mild and sweet . On W. Chalmers. My bonie maid, before ye wed
A' forbye my bonie sel',	My bonie maid, before ye wed
Where Doon rins, wimplin, clear, Halloween. 2.	As bonie a ass or as braw, man, . Ronalds of Bennals.
Rob, stownlins, prie'd her bonie mou,	Twa laughing een o' bonie blue S. Sae flaxen† Such was my Chloris' bonie face,
As bonie Lasses I ha'e seen,	When first her bonie face I saw;
And mony full as braw,	Bonie Doon, sae sweet at gloaming, [re.] S. Scenes of weet But woman is but warld's gear,
Is pleasant to the e'e,	Sae let the bonie lass gang S. She's fair and fause t By bonie Castle Gordon S. Streams that glide t
Leeze me on thy bonie craigie, S. Hee balou †	Not the wealthy, but the bonie; S. Sweetest May †
Beguil'd the bonie lassie, . S. Her Daddie forbad †	l'il gi'e you my bonie black hen, S. Tam Glen. For ae blink o' the bonie burdies! Tam o' Shanter. 13.
The lass wi' the honie black e'e	For ae blink o' the bonie burdies!
Here's to thy health, my bonie lass, S. Here's to thy health †	Ye flowery banks o' bonie Doon, . S. The Banks of Doon
Bonie Laddie, Highland Laddie, [re.] S. Highland Laddie. Bonie lassie, Lawland lassie, [re.]	Thou'll break my heart, thou bonie bird, [re.]
Twa lovely een of bonie blue S. I gaed a waefu' †	Far from thy bonie banks and braes, S. The Banks of Nith.
It was her een sae bonie blue. [re.]	And the bonie lass of Albany. S. The bonie lass of Albany. But oh, alas, for her bonie face
And see my bonie Jean again. S. I'll ay ca' in †	Compare wi' bonie Brigs o' modern time? The Brigs of Ayro.

Fareweel the bonie banks of Ayr, . S. The Catrine Woods †	
On ilka hand the burnies trot, And meet below my bonie cot; S. The Contented Cottager.	
On the bonie banks of Ayr to meet, The Fête Champetre.	
Far from the bonie banks of Ayr. [re.] S. The gloomy night †	
At length they discover'd a bonie moor-hen. [re.] S. The heather was bloom.†	
Skipping on yon bonie knowes, The High. Widow's Lam.	В
"I'm sure I've seen that bonie face, . The Holy Fair. 4.	
O Wives be mindfu', ance yoursel, How bonie lads ye wanted,	
And bonie spreading bushes The Petition of Br. Water.	
My bonie lass I work in brass, The Jolly Beggars, S. VI.	В
And aye the o'erword o' the spring,	
Was Irvine's bairns are bonie a. S. The night was still † The Ploughman he's a bonie lad, . S. The Ploughman †	
For it's like a baumy kiss o' her sweet bonie mou; S. The Posignman for it's like a baumy kiss o' her sweet bonie mou; S. The Posie.	
It was upon a Lammas night, When corn rigs are bonie, . S. The Rigs o' Barley.	
Alas! that e'er a bonie face	_
Should draw a sauty tear! . The Ruined Maid's Lam.	В
Ye'll there see bonie Peggy; The Tarbolton Lasses.	
If ye'll dispense wi' want o' sense She kens hersel she's bonie	
Speer in for bonie Bessy;	_
There's few sae bonie, nane sae gude,	В
Upon a bonie day in June, The Twa Dogs, 1.	
He draws a bonie, silken purse	
Could only peer it; [v. A. 14] The Vision. D. I. 11.	
Return him safe to fair Strathspey, And bonie Castle-Gordon! [re.] S. The young High. Rover.	
We drank a health to bonie Mary. [re.]	
S. T. Menz.'s bonie Mary.	
There grows a bonie brier bush in our kail-yard,	
S. There grows a bonie brier † And see an onie bonie lad will fancy me	
He's a bonie, bonie laddie and yon be he	
Hey and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme,	
S. There liv'd ance a carle †	
There was a bonie lass, And a bonie, bonie lass,	
And she lo'ed her bonie laddie dear; S. There was a bonie lass †	
But the bonie lass he lo'ed sae dear	
Guid faith, quo' scho, I doubt you gar, The bonie lasses lie aspar, S. There was a lad †	
The fairest maid was bonie Jean. [re.]	
S. There was a lass, and she t	
For he's bonie and braw, weel favoured with a', S. There's a youth †	
Guid health, hale han's, an' weather bonie;	
Third Ep. to J. Lap.	
To spare thee now is past my pow'r, Thou bonie gem. To a Mountain-Daisy	
The bonie Lark, companion meet!	
And bless your bonie lasses baith, To Mr. M'Adam.	
Baith honest men and lasses bonie, . To Terraughty.	I
her bonie buskit nest	Î
'Twas na her bonie blue e'e was my ruin;	ı
	*
Down by you stream, and you bonic castle green; S. Wae is my heart †	I
She's aye sae bonie, blythe, and gay, S. When first I saw †	
The bonie lass that I loe best	
She'll be my ain for a' that S. Women's Minds.	
A bonie lass, I like her best,	
He roos'd my een sae bonie blue, S. Young Jockey †	
The bonnie lad o' Galla water. S. Braw lads on Yar. braes †	
Bright wines and bonnie lasses rare,	
To put us daft; Poem on Life.	
Where bonnie lasses bleach their claes; Poem on Pastoral Poetry	
"And Athole's bonnie lasses!" The Petition of Br. Water.	
And ae bonnie lassie, his darling and mine.	1
S. There's auld Rob † Wee image of my bonny Betty, Add. to Illegit. Child	,
Wee image of my bonny Betty, . Add. to Illegit. Child Ye bonnie lasses, dight your een, . El. on Year 1788.	
	1

4. 11. 4. 1. 1.
(Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses, For honest men and bonny lasses.) . Tam o' Shanter, 2.
my bonny sweet wee lady, The Inventory.
I look'd her in her bonny face, S. The lass that made the bed
The bonny lass made the bed to me,
the bonny glen, Where early life I sported;
S. When wild War's †
Bonier. But Phemie was a bonier lass Than braes o' Yarrow ever saw. S. Blythe was she t
For the lily in the bud will be bonier yet.
S. Lady Mary Ann.
A bonier fleesh ne'er cross'd the clips . Poor Mailie's El
Boniest, Bonniest.
The boniest sight that e'er I saw
Was th' Ploughman laddie dancin. S. The Ploughman †
The bonniest lad that e'er I saw, Wore a plaid and was fu' braw, S. Highland Laddie.
But the bonniest flow'r on the banks of the Devon,
Was once a sweet bud on the braes of the Ayr.
S. How pleasant the banks † Young Peggy blooms our bonniest lass, S. Young Peggy †
Young Peggy blooms our bonniest lass, S. Young Peggy † Bonnile, Bonnile.
Ye woodbines hanging bonnilie, . El. on Capt. M. H. 5.
But may ye flourish like a lily,
Now bonilie! . On Scot. Bard gne to W.I.
His wee-bit ingle, blinkan bonilie, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 3.
Bonnet. And on his bonnet grav'd was plain,
The sacred posy—Libertie! A Vision.
He had a blue bonnet that wanted the crown; S. Cock up yr beaver.
In Highland bonnet woo Malvina's charms;
Ep. fr. Esopus to Maria
Blest Highland bonnet! Once my proudest dress, . Ib.
While caps an' bonnets aff are taen,
As by he walks? Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 12. On his head a bonnet blue, . S. Highland Laddie.
On his head a bonnet blue, S. Highland Laddie. Up higher yet my bonnet; On dining with Daer.
An' Robin's bonnet wave wi' crape . Poor Mailie's El
Whiles holding fast his gude blue bonnet; Tam o' Shanter. 9.
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 12.
Wi' bonnet aff, quoth I, "Sweet lass, . The Holy Fair. 4.
A greedy glowr black-bonnet throws,
Till some ane by his bonnet lays, An' gies them't, like a tether, Fu' lang Ib. 24.
His bonnet it is blue, jo S. The Ploughman †
His bonnet he A thought ajee,
Cock'd sprush when first he clasp'd me; S. The tither mornt
A feather in his bonnet and a ribbon at his knee, S. There grows a bonie †
His coat is the bue of his bonnet sae blue; S. There's a youtht
The vera tapmost, towrin height O' Miss's bonnet To a Louse.
O' Miss's bonnet To a Louse.
On gown, an' ban', an' douse black bonnet, To Rev. J. M'Math.
Feathers of a flee wad feather up his bonnet,
S. Wee Willie Gray †
Bonnock v. Bannock.
Bon ton. To learn bon ton and see the worl'.
Booby. And to the wealthy booby
Poor woman sacrifice: S. How cruel†
Book. Some books are lies frae end to end, Death and Doctor Hornbook.
It's no in books; it's no in Lear,
To make us truly blest: Ep. to Davie. 5.
And in thy fury burn the book
Even of that man M'Gill, New Psalmody.
Such witching books are baited hooks O leave novels†
That I for poor auld Scotland's sake Some useful plan, or book could make,
The Ans. to the Guidwife.
And in His Book of Life the Inmates poor enroll.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 17.
Cry the book is wi' heresy cramm'd; The Kirk's Alarm, 5
Andro Gouk, Andro Gouk, ye may slander the book, And the book not the waur let me tell ye;
Bookseller. Vampyre booksellers drain him to the heart,
To R. G. of F., 3.
'Boon [above]. Her smile's a gift frae 'boon the lift, . S. Lovely Davies
Her smile's a gift frae 'boon the lift, . S. Lovely Davies

Boon. Unlike sage proverb'd wisdom's hard wrung boon.	Born. The ae best fellow e'er was born! El. on Capt. M. H. 2.
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.	E'en let them die-for that they're born! El. on Year 1788.
I trust mean time my boon is in thy gift: Ib. 5. Riches denied, thy boon was purer joys,	Had never, sure, been born, Had there not been some recompence
Sonnet, wr. on Birthday	Man was made to Mourn.
• Clarinda, take this little boon, To a Lady.	But ah how hope is born but to expire!
For boons accorded, goodness ever new, To R. Graham.	On Death of Sir J. Blair. A highland lad my Love was born, The Jolly Beggars. R. IV.
Boor. Underick'd her hungar'd Highland boom! Add of Parlacket	There was a lad was born in Kyle, S. There was a lad †
Unskaith'd by hunger'd Highland boors! Add. of Beelzebub. Boord [board].	Borne.
An' float the jinglan icy boord, . Add. to the Deil. 12.	If sae, thy han' maun e'en be borne, Holy Willie's Prayer. 9.
Boord-en' [board-end, head of the table].	On the lofty ether borne, On scaring Water-fowl.
Sitting at you boord-en',	crashing ice, borne on the roaring speat, The Brigs of Ayr. 7.
And amang guid companie; S. Rattlin', Roarin Willie	A' ye douce folk I've borne aboon the broo, Ib. 9.
Boortries [elder shrubs]. Or. rustling, thro' the boortries coman.	That aft has borne me hame frae Killie, . The Inventory. Borough v. Brugh.
Or, rustling, thro' the boortries coman, Wi' heavy groan Add. to the Deil. 6.	Borrow. I hae naething to lend,
Boost [must needs; behoved].	I'll borrow frae naebody S. Naebody.
Or faith! I fear that, wi' the geese, I shortly boost to pasture	From housewife cares a minute borrow Sketch, New-Yr's Day. oh, I pay weel For a' the joy I borrow, . V.s under Grief.
I like a blockhead boost to ride, The Inventory.	oh, I pay weel For a' the joy I borrow, . V.s under Grief. Bosom. Whyles, in the human bosom pryin,
Boot [the balance of value in barter. O'boot, to boot].	Unseen thou lurks. Add. to the Deil. 4.
We gae the boot and better horse. S. Carl, an the King come.	Anna, thy charms my bosom fire, . S. Anna, thy charms †
Tak thou the Carlin's carcase aff, Thou'se get the saul o' boot. Epig. on Henpecked Squire.	Her nut-brown hair, beyond compare, Was on her bosom straw'd so, S. As I gaed up by †
An' shor'd them Dainty Davie	Has laid your rocky bosom bare, . As on the banks †
O' boot that night. The Jolly Beggars, R. VII.	And e'en when this beauty your bosom has blest,
Boot. Peel a willie wand, to be him boots and jacket; S. Wee Willie Gray †	The brightest o' beauty may cloy, when possest; S. Awa' wi' yr witchcraft †
Booted. Though I canna ride in weel-booted pride, Ronalds of Bennals.	If she winna ease the throes, In my bosom swelling; S. Blythe ha'e I been †
Bootless. But ah! how bootless to admire,	I wad wear thee in my bosom,
When fated to despair! S. Anna, thy charms † Border. We'll over the border and gie them a brush;	Least my Jewel I should tine S. Bonie wee thing † Or thro' each nerve the rapture dart,
S. Cock up your beaver. But where ye feel your Honor grip,	Like meeting her, our bosom's treasure. S. By Allan stream † Something in her bosom wrings, S. Duncan Gray †
Let that ay be your border: . Ep. to Young Friend. 8.	Av free, aff han', your story tell.
Thro' the Lawlands, o'er the Border, . S. Hee balou †	When wi' a bosom crony; Ep. to Young Friend. 5.
Then came the Laird o' Lochinton Out frae the English border, Katharine Jaffray.	What gen'rous, manly bosoms feel; Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 4. O mem'ry, spare the cruel throes
My father was a farmer	Within my bosom swelling: S. Farewell, thou stream †
Upon the Carrick border, S. My father was a farmer	Such is the tempest has shaken my bosom,
The first ane was a belted knight, Bred of a border band, [re.]. The Election Ballads. I.	S. Gloomy December. Then in thy bosom try, What peace is there! S. Had I a cave †
And there frae the Nidsdale border,	Adown her neck and bosom hing; . S. Her flowing locks †
Will mingle the Maxwells in droves, Ib. III. The noble Maxwells and their Powers	Breathing in the breeze that fans her,
Are coming o'er the border, . S. The noble Maxwells †	Soothe her bosom into rest: . S. Highland Mary. To realms unknown while fate exiles me,
Ye powers who preside o'er the wind and the tide, Who marked each element's border; S. The Sons of old K.	Make her bosom still my home
Bore [a crevice, a cranny, a small hole].	Her heaving bosom, lily white, . S. I gaed a waefu't
Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancing; Tam o' Shanter.10.	Is he to Abra'm's bosom gane? S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. G. † The pride of my bosom, my Mary's no more.
To guard, or draw, or wick a bore, Tam Samson's El., 5.	Lament on leaving Nat. Land.
While frighted rattons backward leuk, An seek the benmost bore: . The Jolly Beggars. R. II.	And joy shall revisit my bosom no more
Bore. An' bore him to the wa', man A Fragment. 6.	To warm me in thy bosom, . S. Lass, when yr mither †
Old Scotia's bloody lion bore: . Add. to Edinburgh. 7.	I reign in Jeanie's bosom S. Louis what reck I † How cold is that bosom which folly once fired,
And ance she bore a priest; El. on Peg Nicholson.	Monody, on a Lady.
So may ye hae auld stanes in store,	They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw, S. My Nanie's Awa.
The winds, lamenting thro' their caves,	'The liquid fire of strong desire
To echo bore the notes alang Lament for Gleneairn. Hate, envy, oft the Douglas bore; On Duke of Queensberry.	'I've pour'd it in each bosom; Nature's Law.
When thro' his dear Strathspeys they bore with Highland rage;	The wife of my bosom, alas! she did die; S. No Churchman am I †
The Brigs of Ayr. 12. He, who bore in heaven the second name,	Within whase bosom save Despair Nae kinder spirits dwell. S. Now Spring has clad †
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 15. The zephyr wanton'd round the bean,	"So in my tender bosom grows, "The love I bear my Willy S. O Phely †
And bore its fragrant sweets along; S. Twas even—the dewy	Thy bield should be my bosom, . S. O wert thou in the †
Borealls. Or like the borealis race,	His bosom ill at rest S. On a bank of flowers †
That flit ere you can point their place; Tam o' Shanter. 7.	The cold earth with thy bloody bosom prest. On seeing wounded Hare.
Boreas. biting Boreas, fell and doure, A Winter Night. 1.	And nestled thee close to that bosom. On Death of fav. Child
Cauld is the e'enin blast O' Boreas o'er the pool, S. Cauld is the e'enin blast †	fond regard For ane that shares my bosom, On W. Chalmers.
That sunny walls from Boreas screen. S. On Cessnock banks †	Believe our glowing bosoms truly feel it. Prologue, at Th., D.
Cauld Boreas, wi' his boisterous crew, The Fête Champetre.	And nocht can heal my bosom's smart, While, Oh, she is sae far awa S. Sae far awa.
Bedim cauld Boreas' blast; The Jolly Beggars. R. I.	Fate oft tears the bosom chords
May Boreas never thrash your rigs, Third Ep. to J. Lap.	That Nature finest strung: Sad thy tale †
Boreas' hoary path, To Miss C	Friends so near my bosom ever, S. Scenes of wee †

Nay, by heaven, said I, may I perish if ever I plant in your bosom a thorn. Sp. extem. to yng Lady.	My bottle is a holy pool, That heals the wounds o' care an' dool;
But what a weary wight can please,	Lns on Windows, Gl. Tav
And care his bosom wringing. S. Sweet fa's the eve† Nor cause me from my bosom tear	For a big-belly'd bottle's the whole of my care. S. No Churchman am I
The very friend I sought S. Talk not of Love † With heartfelt throes his grateful bosom swells,	And a bottle like this, are my glory and care
The Brigs of Ayr.	For a big-belly'd bottle's a heav'n of a care
It shall upon my bosom live, . S. The capt. Ribband.	I'm as happy with my wallet my bottle and my Callet,
The day returns, my bosom burns, S. The day returns †	The Jolly Beggars. S. I
My Smith, my bosom frien'; The Farewell.	When the tother bag I sell and the tother bottle tell, . Ib
No thought of guilt my bosom sours; The Hermit.	An' made the bottle clunk
For her bosom burns with honour's glow,	To their health that night
S. The Highland Lassie An's loof upon her bosom Unkend . The Holy Fair. 11.	There sat a bottle in a bole, Beyont the ingle lowe; S. The weary Pund
Her bosom was the driven snaw,	The god of the bottle sends down from his hall The Whistle
Twa drifted heaps sae fair to see,	Unmatched at the bottle, unconquered in war, Ib. 4
S. The Lass that made the bed.	Six bottles a-piece had well wore out the night, . Ib. 14
What throes, what tortures passing cure, Were in my bosom swelling: S. The last time I †	Turned o'er in one bumper a bottle of red,
What ties cruel Fate in my bosom has torn. S. The lazy mist †	"Come—one bottle more—and have at the sublime! Ib. 17
And in her lovely bosom I'll place the lily there; S. The Posic.	Bottle-swagger.
soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair S. The small birds †	He reel'd his wonted bottle-swagger, Tam Samson's El., 11.
'To vent thy bosom's swelling rise,	Bough. Who, as the boughs all temptingly project,
'In pensive walk The Vision, D. II, 15.	Measur'st in desperate thought—a rope—thy neck Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
And nocht could him quail,	"Or was't the wilfire chok'd your boughs? As on the banks
Or his bosom assail, S. There was a bonie lass † As in the bosom of the stream	Fair beaming, and streaming
The moon-beam dwells at dewy e'en; S. There was a lass t	Her silver light the boughs amang; S. Sae flaxen
To thy bosom lay my heart,	Sing on sweet thrush, upon the leafless hough,
There to throb and languish; S. Thine am I†	Sonnet, wr. on Birthday.
There, in thy scanty mantle clad, Thy snawie bosom sun-ward spread,	Thou'll break my heart, thou bonie bird, That sings upon the bough; S. The Banks of Doon. Sett II.
To a Mountain Daisy.	Learning his tuneful trade from ev'ry bough;
For ne'er a bosom yet was prief Against your arts. To J. S.	The Brigs of Ayr.
Nor even Sol too fiercely view	Bought.
Thy bosom blushing still with dew! To Miss C	Our father's blude the kettle bought! S. Does haughty Gaul
Till fled each hope that once his bosom fired, To R.G. of F., 5.	But he may say he's bought her O. S. My love's she's but
While the life beats in my bosom, Thou shalt mix in ilka throe: S. Turn again, thou fair †	Dearly bought the hidden treasure Finer feelings can bestow! S. Sensibility
And nightly to my bosom strain	For we're not to be bought or sold
The bonie lass o' Ballochmyle. S. Twas even—the dewy t	Like naigs and nowt, and a' that. The Election Ballads. II.
Queen shall she be in my bosom for ever. S. Twas na her bonic blue e'e †	My Grannie she bought me a beuk, The Jolly Beggars. S.III
Farewell! within thy bosom free	We're bought and sold for English gold . S. The Union. I bought my wife a stane o' lint, . S. The weary Pund.
A sigh may whiles awaken; • . V.s, under Grief.	Bouk [the body; a carcase].
Come to my bosom, my ain only deary, S. Wandering Willie.	And mony a bouk did fa', man:
O! happy, happy may he be, That's dearest to thy bosom: S. When wild War's †	S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
All that has caused this wreck in my bosom,	Bound, s.
Is Jenny, fair Jenny alone. S. Where are the joys t	If in your bounds ye chance to light
Poetic ardours in my bosom swell, Wr. in Kenmore Inn.	Upon a fine, fat, fodgel wight, On Grose's Peregrinations. Far as the rude barbarian marks the bound.
As underneath their fragrant shade, I clasp'd her to my bosom!	Prologue, sp. by Woods.
S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †	May secrecy round be the mystical bound,
But still within my bosom's core	And brotherly love be the centre. S. The Sons of old Killie.
Shall live my Highland Mary	Within thy presbyterial bound A candid lib'ral band is found . To Rev. J. M'Math.
S. You wild mossy mountus †	And Disappointment, in these lonely bounds, Find balm to soothe her bitter rankling wounds:
Still fan the sweet connubial flame	Find balm to soothe her bitter rankling wounds: Wr. in Kenmore Inn.
Responsive in each bosom, S. Young Peggy† Bosom-chord.	Bound. And a' folk bound to sleep, . S. It was a' for t
Discordant jar thy bosom-chords among; To Miss Graham.	For Love has bound me, hand and foot, S. O Lassie, art thout
Bosom-melting.	'My thoughts are a' bound up in ane, . S. O Phely †
Or wake the bosom-melting throe,	Ye lofty banks that Evan bound! S. Slow spreads the gloom †
With Shenstone's art; The Vision, D. II. 19.	Never bound by winter's chains! . S. Streams that glide †
Boston. Perusing Bunyan, Brown and Boston. Auld comrade dear †	He [Love] bound me with an iron chain, S. Talk not of Love †
Boston-ha'. Poor Tammy G-ge within a cage	The feather'd field-mates, bound by Nature's tie, The Brigs of Ayr.
Was kept at Boston-ha', man; A Fragment. 3.	His manly leg with garter tangle bound Ib. 13.
Boswell. Or gab like Boswell. The Author's Cry and Prayer. 10.	Cauld Boreas, wi' his boisterous crew,
Botch. While scabs an' botches did him [Job] gall,	Were bound to stakes like kye, man; The Fête Champetre. But round my heart the ties are bound, S. The gloomy night †
Wi' bitter claw, Add. to the Deil. 18.	And bound him in a dungeon fast, The Jolly Beggars. S. IV.
Bother. gin ye like to end the bother, What ails ye now †	And bound the Holly round my head: The Vision. D. II. 23.
Bother, to.	Bounded.
The auld Guidmen, about the grace, Frae side to side they bother, . The Holy Fair. 24.	'Some, bounded to a district-space, The Vision. D. II. 10.
Bottle. Here's a bottle and an honest friend!	Bounden. I hold it, Sir, my bounden duty To Gav. Hamilton.
A Bottle and Friend.	Boundless. The cruel fates between us throw A boundless ocean's roar; S. From thee, Eliza†
A' kinds o' boxes, mugs, an' bottles, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 20.	boundless oceans roaring wide,
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When winter rules with boundless power,	Wha is that at my bower door? S. Wha is that at †
S. How can my poor hrt †	In my bower if ye should stay,
Now highest reign'st, with boundless sway! The Lament, 9.	What may pass within this bower,
A vast, unbottom'd, boundless Pit, . The Holy Fair, 22.	Free-will'd I fled from courtly bowers; The Hermit.
I saw thee eye the gen'ral mirth	
With boundless love. The Vision, D. II. 14	Bow-hough'd [crook thighed].
Bounteous. And send us from thy bounteous store	She's bow-hough'd, she's hein-shinn'd, . S. Willie Wastle †
A tup or wether head! At Globe Tav. D	Bow-kail [cabbage].
To lay strong hold for help on bounteous Graham.	Poor hav'rel Will fell aff the drift,
Ep. to R. Graham. 4.	An' wander'd thro' the Bow-kail, Halloween. 4.
	Poor Willie, wi' his bow-kail runt,
Conscious the bounteous meed they well deserve, To R. G. of F., 7.	Bowl.
And I can tell that bounteous Heaven	Come to my bowl, come to my arms,
On thee a tack o' seven times seven Will yet bestow it To Rev. J. M'Math	My friends, my brothers! Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 21.
	But a full flowing bowl, Was the saving his soul, Ep. on J. Dove, Innkeeper.
Bounty.	
And sees, with self-approving mind, Each creature on his bounty fed. Add. to Shade of Thomson.	The bowl we maun renew it; On W. Stewart.
	See the smoking bowl before us, The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII.
If I that giver's bounty e'er disgrace; . To R. Graham.	Perhaps if bowls row right, and right succeeds,
Bourbon. Let Bourbon exult in his gay, gilded lilies,	Ye yet may follow where a Douglas leads! [v. A. 12]
S. How pleasant the banks †	Scots Prologue.
Bournonville. Aye, and Bournonville too?	Bowse, Bouse, to.
Add. to Dumourier.	There let him bowse an' deep carouse, . Scotch Drink. Mott.
Bouse v . Bowse.	We'll bowse about till Dadie Care
Bousing. While we sit bousing at the nappy,	Sing whistle owre the lave o't. The Jolly Beggars. S. V.
Tam o' Shanter, 1.	
Bout [about].	Come bouse about the porter! The Ordination. 13.
An' bout a house that's rude an' rough,	Then bowses drumlie German-water, . The Twa Dogs. 23.
The boy might learn to swear; To Gav. Hamilton.	Bow't [crooked]. A runt was like a sow-tail
Bouze. And if we dinna haud a bouze	Sae bow't Halloween.
I'se ne'er drink mair. To Mr. J. Kennedy.	Box. An' Charlie F-x threw by the box, A Fragment. 5.
Bow [rainbow]. Her forehead's like the show'ry bow,	An' send him to his dicing box,
S. On Cessnock banks †	An' sportin lady. The Author's Cry and Prayer. 19.
Bow. The Peer I don't envy, I give him his bow;	A' kinds o' boxes, mugs, an' bottles,
S. No Churchman am I†	He's sure to hae. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 20.
And many a low humble bow to the ground:	Boy. But sneer na British-boys awa; A Dream, 14.
S. The Poor Thresher.	Saint Stephen's boys, wi' jarring noise, . A Fragment 6.
Bow, to. For me! sae laigh I need na bow, A Ded. to G. H., 2.	
	On Chatham's Boy did ca', man;
Now life is a burden that bows me down, S. By you castle wa't	Instead of a song, boys, I'll give you a toast,
	At Meet. of D. Volunteers.
Bow'd. I bow'd fu' low to this sam' maid, [re.] S. The Lass that made the bed.	If he's a parent, lass or boy, Auld comrade deart
	Thou beardless boy, I pray tak' care, . El. on Year 1788.
The stiffest o' them a' he bow'd, To W. Creech.	She saw three bonie boys playing at the ba';
Bower, -'r.	S. Lady Mary Ann.
Where th' howlet mourns in her ivy bower, A Vision.	Ye're a' blind drunk, boys, S. Landlady, count †
Sharp shivers thro' the leafless bow'r; . A Winter Night. 1.	Here are we met, three merry boys,
Sweet on the fragrant, flow'ry swaird,	Three merry boys, I trow, are we; . S. O Willie brew'd t
In shady bower Add. to the Deil. 15.	Arouse my boys! exert your mettle,
Oh that happy hour, and shady bow'r, S. As I gaed up by †	The Author's Cry and Prayer.
	She eyes her freeborn martial boys,
O happy be the woodbine bower, . S. By Allan stream †	
Slides by a bower where monie a flower	A beardless boy comes o'er the hills, Wi' uncle's purse, and a' that; The Election Ballads. II.
Sheds fragrance on the day, . S. Damon and Sylvia.	Wi' uncle's purse, and a' that: The Election Ballads, II.
Ye woodbines hanging bonnilie,	A boy no sae black at the bane: Ib. III.
In scented bowers; . El. on Capt. M. H. 5.	For men, I've three mischievous boys, The Inventory.
Ye houlets, frae your ivy bower,	
Here is the glen, and here the bower,	Till I met my old boy in a Cunningham fair; The Jolly Beggars. S. II.
All underneath the birchen shade; S. Here is the glen, †	
The merle, in his noontide bower, Lament of Mary of Scots.	An' he's the boy will blaud her! The Ordination. 2.
We'll to the breathing woodbine bow'r,	M'[Kinlay], R[ussel], are the boys
S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite †	That Heresy can torture:
In Roslin's fairest bower	Robin was a rovin' boy, S. There was a lad †
I'll shelter this sweet flower, . S. My Love's a winsome †	77
	This waly boy will be nae coof,
To deck her gay green spreading bowers; S. Now rosy May †	Or aiblins some bit duddie boy, On's wylecoat; To a Louse.
To deck her gay green spreading bowers; S. Now rosy May † All in its rude and prickly bower, S. O bonie was you rosy †	Or aiblins some bit duddie boy, On's wylecoat; To a Louse.
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All in its rude and prickly bower, S. O bonie was you rosy † The birds rejoice in leafy bow'rs, S. O Logan! sweetly †	Or aiblins some bit duddie boy, On's wylecoat; To a Louse. An' bout a house that's rude an' rough, The boy might learn to swear; To Gav. Hamilton.
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Now simmer blinks on flow'ry braes,	They hack'd and hash'd while braid swords clash'd,
S. Bonie Lassie, will ye go t	The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
The braes ascend like lofty wa's,	In plain, braid Scots hold forth a plain, braid story:
Can match the lads o' Gala water.	The Brigs of Ayr. 9. But spak their thoughts in plain, braid lallans,
S. Braw lads on Yar. braes †	To W. Simpson. P.S.
O'er yon bank and o'er yon brae, S. Braw lads of G. water.	Braid-claith [broad-cloth].
The haunt o' spring's the primrose brae, S. By Allan stream †	swankies young, in braw braid-claith, . The Holy Fair. 7.
Yon wand'ring rill that marks the hill.	Braik [a large heavy harrow for rough ground].
And glances o'er the brae, Sir: . S. Damon and Sylvia.	An' pownies reek in pleugh or braik, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 1.
Coming o'er the braes o' Cupar; [re.] . S. Donald Brodie †	Brain. Confuse their brains in Colledge-classes!
On braes when we please then, We'll sit and sowth a tune; Ep. to Davie, 4.	Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 12.
Yirr, fancy barks, awa' we canter	Ye maggots, feed on Nicol's brain,
Uphill, down brae, till some mishanter, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 2.	For few sic feasts you've gotten;
Helpless, alane, thou clamb the brae,	Wild floated in my brain; . The Ans. to the Guidwife.
Extem. on Comments of Thomson. Whyles cooket underneath the braes;	Nor such the workings of their moon-struck brain;
Amang the brachens, on the brae,	To R. G. of F., 8.
Was once a sweet bud on the braces of the Ayr.	Braing't [rushed rashly forward].
How pleasant the banks t	Thou never braing't, an' fetch't, an flisket,
On th' braes o' Killiecrankie, O S. Killiecrankie.	A Guid New-Year † 12. Brak [did break].
The primrose down the brae; Lament of Mary of Scots.	That e'er ye brak Diana's pales, A Dream, 10.
And listens the lambkins that bleat o'er the braes, S. My Nanie's Awa.	An' brak him out o' house an' hal', Add. to the Deil. 18.
Now bank and brae are clothed in green.	My Sandy brak a piece o' goud, . S. My Sandy gied to t
S. Now bank and brae t	· A Jillet brak his heart at last, On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.
Far, far frae me and Logan braes. [re.] S. O Logan! sweetly †	I'll say't, she never brak a fence,
And on you bonie braes of Ayr; . S. O wat ye wha's in t	Thro' thievish greed. Poor Mailie's El Whare drunken Charlie brak's neck-bane;
She's stately like yon youthful ash, That grows the cowslip braes between,	Tam o' Shanter. 10.
S. On Cessnock banks †	She brak it o'er my pow S. The weary Pund.
Sae far I sprackled up the brae, . On dining with Daer.	Brake, s. The mother linnet in the brake
A cushat crooded o'er me,	Brake, s. The mother linnet in the brake Bewails her ravish'd young; S. Fate gave the word, † As flies the partridge from the brake. S. On a hank of flowers the
That echoed through the braes One night as I† Or trots by hazelly shaws and braes,	As flies the partridge from the brake, S. On a bank of flowers †
Wi' hawthorns gray, Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	No more the thickening brakes and verdant plains
We twa ha'e run about the braes,	On seeing wounded Have
S. Should auld acquaintance †	Brake [broke]. It brake the sweet heart of my faithfu' auld dame,
Far from thy bonie banks and braes. S. The Banks of Nith. But fell in a trap	S. By you castle wa't
On the braes o' Gemappe, . The Black-Headed Eagle.	Branch.
Fareweel the braes of Ballochmyle. S. The Catrine woods t	The dew fell fresh, the sun rose mild, And made my branches grow, . S. Luckless Fortune.
The lintwhites in the hazel braes, S. The Contented Cottager.	And staw'd a branch, spite o' the deil, The Tree of Liberty.
He levell'd his rays where she bask'd on the brae	Its branches spreading wide, man
The heather was blooming †	Are riven out baith root an' branch, . The Twa Dogs, 21.
The heather was blooming † I love thee, Nith, thy banks and braes, S. To thee, lov'd Nith † to speel, Wi' Allan, or wi' Gilbertfield	Whare the trees and the branches will be our safe guard.
The state of the s	There grows a boniet Branchy. The branchy shelter lost and gane As on the banks t
The braces o' fame; To W. Simpson. 3.	Brand.
Her banks an' braes, her dens an' dells,	Waving on high the desolating brand, Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
With wailfu' cry! Ib. 12.	I gae him a dram o' the brand sae strang. S. The auld man +
Among the braes o' Ballochmyle. S. Truas even—the derun t	Branded. Heavens, should the branded character, be mine!
We heard nought but the roaring linn	Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
Amang the braes sae scroggie S. What will I do gin †	Brandish. And brandish round the deep-dy'd steel In sturdy blows; [v. A. 4] The Vision.
While, tumbling brown, the Burn comes down, And roars frae bank to brae;	Brandy, Bran'y.
Ye banks, and braes, and streams around	For ale and brandy's stars and moon, . S. Gane is the day t
The castle of Montgomery,	But I cam through the Tiseday's dew,
S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams † Ye banks and braes o' bonie Doon, S. Ye banks and braes †	To wanton Willie's brandy S. Had I the wyte †
Braehead. The Laird o' Braehead has been on his speed,	Wae worth that Brandy human teach !
	Wae worth that Brandy, burnan trash! Fell source o' monie a pain an' brash! . Scotch Drink. 15.
Ronalds of Bennals.	Fell source o' monie a pain an' brash! . Scotch Drink. 15. Does Nonsense mend, like Brandy, when imported
Ronalds of Bennals. Brag. And it will be the brag o' the forest yet.	Fell source o' monie a pain an' brash! . Scotch Drink. 15. Does Nonsense mend, like Brandy, when imported Scots Prologue.
Brag. And it will be the brag o' the forest yet. S. Lady Mary Ann.	Fell source o' monie a pain an' brash! . Scotch Drink. 15. Does Nonsense mend, like Brandy, when imported
Ronalds of Bennals. Brag. And it will be the brag o' the forest yet. S. Lady Mary Ann. Brag, to.	Fell source o' monie a pain an' brash! . Scotch Drink. 15. Does Nonsense mend, like Brandy, when imported Scots Prologue. And brandy Jean, that took her gill, In Galloway sae wide The Election Ballads. I. Then brandy Jean spak owre her drink, Ib.
Brag. And it will be the brag o' the forest yet. S. Lady Mary Ann. Brag, to. That we may brag we hae a lass, There's nane again sae bonie. S. O saw ye bonie Lesley t	Fell source o' monie a pain an' brash! . Scotch Drink. 15. Does Nonsense mend, like Brandy, when imported Scots Prologue. And brandy Jean, that took her gill, In Galloway sae wide The Election Ballads. I. Then brandy Jean spak owre her drink, But it's ne'er be sae wi' brandy Jean 1b.
Brag. And it will be the brag o' the forest yet. S. Lady Mary Ann. Brag, to. That we may brag we hae a lass, There's nane again sae bonie. S. O saw ye bonie Lesley † He brags and he blaws o' his siller, S. Tam Glen.	Fell source o' monie a pain an' brash! . Scotch Drink. 15. Does Nonsense mend, like Brandy, when imported And brandy Jean, that took her gill, In Galloway sae wide The Election Ballads. I. Then brandy Jean spak owre her drink, But it's ne'er be sae wi' brandy Jean
Brag. And it will be the brag o' the forest yet. S. Lady Mary Ann. Brag, to. That we may brag we hae a lass, There's nane again sae bonie. S. O saw ye bonie Lesley † He brags and he blaws o' his siller, S. Tam Glen. Bragged. Kyle-Stewart I could bragged wide,	Fell source o' monie a pain an' brash! . Scotch Drink. 15. Does Nonsense mend, like Brandy, when imported Scots Prologue. And brandy Jean, that took her gill, In Galloway sae wide The Election Ballads. I. Then brandy Jean spak owre her drink, Ib. But it's ne'er be sae wi' brandy Jean Ib. There's some are fou o' brandy; The Holy Fair. 27. May ye ne'er want a stoup o' bran'y
Ronalds of Bennals. Brag. And it will be the brag o' the forest yet. S. Lady Mary Ann. Brag, to. That we may brag we hae a lass, There's nane again sae bonie. He brags and be blaws o' his siller, S. O saw ye bonie Lesley † He brags and be blaws o' his siller, For sic a pair. A Guid New-year † 6.	Fell source o' monie a pain an' brash! . Scotch Drink. 15. Does Nonsense mend, like Brandy, when imported And brandy Jean, that took her gill, In Galloway sae wide The Election Ballads. I. Then brandy Jean spak owre her drink, But it's ne'er be sae wi' brandy Jean
Ronalds of Bennals. Brag. And it will be the brag o' the forest yet. S. Lady Mary Ann. Brag, to. That we may brag we hae a lass, There's nane again sae bonie. He brags and he blaws o' his siller, For sic a pair. S. O saw ye bonie Lesley † He brags and he blaws o' his siller, For sic a pair. S. Nawbody. Brald [broad]. I hae a gude braid sword. S. Naebody.	Fell source o' monie a pain an' brash! . Scotch Drink. 15. Does Nonsense mend, like Brandy, when imported Scots Prologue. And brandy Jean, that took her gill, In Galloway sae wide The Election Ballads. I. Then brandy Jean spak owre her drink, Ib. But it's ne'er be sae wi' brandy Jean There's some are fou o' brandy; . The Holy Fair. 27. May ye ne'er want a stoup o' bran'y To clear your head. Third Ep. to J. Lap.
Ronalds of Bennals. Brag. And it will be the brag o' the forest yet. S. Lady Mary Ann. Brag, to. That we may brag we hae a lass, There's nane again sae bonie. S. O saw ye bonie Lesley † He brags and be blaws o' his siller, For sic a pair. Bragged. Kyle-Stewart I could bragged wide, For sic a pair. Braid [broad]. I hae a gude braid sword, Braid money to tocher them a', man, Ronalds of Bennals.	Fell source o' monie a pain an' brash! . Scotch Drink. 15. Does Nonsense mend, like Brandy, when imported Scots Prologue. And brandy Jean, that took her gill, In Galloway sae wide The Election Ballads. I. Then brandy Jean spak owre her drink, . Ib. But it's ne'er be sae wi' brandy Jean Ib. There's some are fou o' brandy; . The Holy Fair. 27. May ye ne'er want a stoup o' bran'y To clear your head. Brankie [pranked up].
Brag. And it will be the brag o' the forest yet. S. Lady Mary Ann. Brag, to. That we may brag we hae a lass, There's nane again sae bonie. S. O saw ye bonie Lesley † He brags and he blaws o' his siller, For sic a pair. S. Tam Glen. Bragged. Kyle-Stewart I could bragged wide, For sic a pair. A Guid New-year † 6. Braid [broad]. I hae a gude braid sword, Braid money to tocher them a', man, But seas between us braid ha'e roar'd.	Fell source o' monie a pain an' brash! . Scotch Drink. 15. Does Nonsense mend, like Brandy, when imported Scots Prologue. And brandy Jean, that took her gill, In Galloway sae wide The Election Ballads. I. Then brandy Jean spak owre her drink, Ib. But it's ne'er be sae wi' brandy Jean There's some are fou o' brandy; . The Holy Fair. 27. May ye ne'er want a stoup o' bran'y To clear your head. Brankie [pranked up]. Whare hae ye been sae brankie O? . S. Killiecrankie. Branks [a kind of wooden curb for horses]. They were as thin, as sharp an' sma'
Brag. And it will be the brag o' the forest yet. S. Lady Mary Ann. Brag, to. That we may brag we hae a lass, There's nane again sae bonie. S. O saw ye bonie Lesley † He brags and he blaws o' his siller, For sic a pair. S. Tam Glen. Bragged. Kyle-Stewart I could bragged wide, For sic a pair. A Guid New-year † 6. Braid [broad]. I hae a gude braid sword, Braid money to tocher them a', man, But seas between us braid ha'e roar'd.	Fell source o' monie a pain an' brash! . Scotch Drink. 15. Does Nonsense mend, like Brandy, when imported Scots Prologue. And brandy Jean, that took her gill, In Galloway sae wide The Election Ballads. I. Then brandy Jean spak owre her drink, But it's ne'er be sae wi' brandy Jean Ib. But it's ne'er be sae wi' brandy Jean Ib. There's some are fou o' brandy; . The Holy Fair. 27. May ye ne'er want a stoup o' bran'y To clear your head. Brankie [pranked up]. Whare hae ye been sae brankie O? . S. Killiecrankie. Branks [a kind of wooden curb for horses]. They were as thin, as sharp an' sma' As cheeks o' branks. Death and Dr. Hornbook, 7.
Brag. And it will be the brag o' the forest yet. S. Lady Mary Ann. Brag, to. That we may brag we hae a lass, There's nane again sae bonie. S. O saw ye bonie Lesley † He brags and he blaws o' his siller, S. Tam Glen. Bragged. Kyle-Stewart I could bragged wide, For sic a pair. A Guid New-year † 6. Braid [broad]. I hae a gude braid sword, S. Naebody. Braid money to tocher them a', man, Ronalds of Bennals. But seas between us braid ha'e roar'd S. Should auld acquaintance † In vain the burns cam down like waters, An acre-braid! Tam Samson's El., o.	Fell source o' monie a pain an' brash! . Scotch Drink. 15. Does Nonsense mend, like Brandy, when imported Scots Prologue. And brandy Jean, that took her gill, In Galloway sae wide The Election Ballads. I. Then brandy Jean spak owre her drink, But it's ne'er be sae wi' brandy Jean Ib. There's some are fou o' brandy; The Holy Fair. 27. May ye ne'er want a stoup o' bran'y To clear your head. Third Ep. to J. Lap Brankie [pranked up]. Whare hae ye been sae brankie O? S. Killiecrankie. Branks [a kind of wooden curb for horses]. They were as thin, as sharp an' sma' As cheeks o' branks. Death and Dr. Hornbook, 7. goavan, as if led wi' branks, On dining with Daer.
Brag. And it will be the brag o' the forest yet. S. Lady Mary Ann. Brag, to. That we may brag we hae a lass, There's nane again sae bonie. S. O saw ye bonie Lesley † He brags and he blaws o' his siller, For sic a pair. S. Tam Glen. Bragged. Kyle-Stewart I could bragged wide, For sic a pair. A Guid New-year † 6. Braid [broad]. I hae a gude braid sword, Braid money to tocher them a', man, But seas between us braid ha'e roar'd.	Fell source o' monie a pain an' brash! . Scotch Drink. 15. Does Nonsense mend, like Brandy, when imported Scots Prologue. And brandy Jean, that took her gill, In Galloway sae wide The Election Ballads. I. Then brandy Jean spak owre her drink, But it's ne'er be sae wi' brandy Jean Ib. But it's ne'er be sae wi' brandy Jean Ib. There's some are fou o' brandy; To clear your head. Brankie [pranked up]. Whare hae ye been sae brankie O? S. Killiecrankie. Branks [a kind of wooden curb for horses]. They were as thin, as sharp an' sma' As cheeks o' branks. Death and Dr. Hornbook, 7.

Brash [a sudden and short fit of sickness].	They hecht him some fine braw ane; Halloween. 23.
Fell source o' monie a pain an' brash! . Scotch Drink. 15.	Wore a plaid and was fu' braw, . S. Highland Laddie.
Brass. A broom-stick o' the witch of Endor,	Whare hae ye been sae braw, lad! S. Killiecrankie.
Weel shod wi' brass. On Grose's Peregrinations	Last May a braw wooer cam' down the lang glen,
My bonie lass I work in brass, The Jolly Beggars. S. VI.	S. Last May a braw †
And then his auld brass will buy me a new pan! S. What can a yng lassie †	But gie me a braw moonlight, And me and my love together. S. O gie my love brose †
Brass-collar. His locked, letter'd, braw brass-collar	A braw new naig wi' the tail o't a' rottan,
The Twa Dogs.	S. O ken ye what Meg †
Brassy. Pretensions rather brassy, . The Dean of Fac	Tho' this was fair, and that was braw,
Brats [rags, coarse clothing].	S. O Mary, at thy window †
the wives and dirty brats Add. of Beelzebub. 4.	And Lady Jean was never sae braw. S. O when she cam bent
Wi' sowps o' kail and brats o' claise,	Or how can I gang brisk and braw; S. Oh, how can I be blythe †
The Author's Cry and Prayer.	Wi' braw new branks in mickle pride,
Here's our ragged Brats and Callets!	And eke a braw new brechan, On W. Chalmers.
The folly Beggars. S. VIII.	In this braw age o' wit and lear, Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
They maun hae brose and brats o' duddies; To Dr. Blacklock.	As bonie a lass or as braw, man, . Ronalds of Bennals.
Brattle [a short race; fury; hurry].	Though fluttering ever so braw, man
Might aiblins waur't thee for a brattle; A Guid New-year † 10	There are no mony poets sae braw, man
wha bide this brattle O' winter war, . A Winter Night. 3. Thou need na start awa sae hasty,	An' whyles, but ay owre late, I think Braw sober lessons. Second Ep. to Davie.
Wi' bickering brattle! To a Mouse.	I'm thinking wi' sic a braw fellow,
Brave. Till Fraser brave did fa', man; A Fragment. 4.	In poortith I might mak' a fen'; S. Tam Glen.
brave Caledonia, the chief of her line, S. Caledonia.	Ye Maukins, cock your fud fu' braw, Tam Samson's El., 7.
But brave Caledonia in vain they assail'd, Ib.	Miss Smith she has wit, and Miss Betty is braw:
For brave Caledonia immortal must be; Ib.	The Belles of Mauchline New Brig was buskit in a braw, new coat,
When first my brave Johnie lad came to this town,	The Brigs of Ayr. 4.
S. Cock up your beaver.	Comes hame, perhaps, to shew a braw new gown,
Hey, brave Johnie lad, cock up your beaver! Ib.	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 4.
No terrors hast thou to the brave. S. Farewell, thou fair day! O, who would not die with the brave!	And mony braw thanks to the meikle black deil, S. The deil cam fiddlin' †
O, who would not die with the brave! Ib. The deed too daring brave is; S. Lovely Davies.	Buy braw troggin, The Election Ballads. IV.
The Stewarts all were brave; On Lord G.	swankies young, in braw braid-claith, . The Holy Fair. 7.
my son Maitland, wise as brave, The Election Ballads. V.	Or melvie his braw claithing!
And Hopeton falls, the generous, brave; Ib. VI.	To wail her braw John Highlandman. [re.]
My brave gallant friends, 'tis your ruin I mourn;	The Jolly Beggars. R. IV.
S. The small birds †	The braw lass made the bed to me, S. The Lass that made.
Brydons brave Ward I well could spy, [v. A. 4] The Vision.	The last braw bridal that I was at, S. The last braw bridal †
Fullarton, the brave and young; Ib. D. II. 6.	His locked, letter'd, braw brass-collar . S. The Twa Dogs.
The brave Caledonian views with disdain; S. Their groves of †	Hech man! dear sirs! is that the gate,
The brave poor sodger ne'er despise, S. When wild War's †	They waste sae mony a braw estate!
Brave, to.	A tight, outlandlish Hizzie, braw, The Vision. D. I. 7. For he's bonie and braw, weel favour'd with a',
And there's no a man in all Scotland, But I'll brave him at a word. S. Farewell, ye dungeons †	S. There's a youth †
And the foe you cannot brave,	Weel-featur'd, weel-tocher'd, weel mounted and braw; Ib.
Scorn at least to be his slave On scaring Water-fowl.	For your braw, nameless, dateless letter,
Prepar'd power's proudest frown to brave, Poet. Inscription.	Third Ep. to J. Lap
Bold may she brave grim Danger's loudest roar,	Gie fine braw claes to fine Life-guards, To J. S., 22.
Prologue, sp. by Woods.	Auld Reekie ay he keepit tight, And trig an' braw: To W. Creech.
Give me the groves that lofty brave The storms, by Castle Gordon. S. Streams that glide †	Brawest [most handsome].
Braved. Braved usurpation's boldest daring! . Liberty.	For Donald was the brawest man,
And brav'd the mighty monarchs of the world.	And Donald he was mine The High. Widow's Lament
On Death of Sir J. Blair.	Young Robie was the brawest lad, S. There was a lass, †
Bravely. To hardy Independence bravely bred,	Brawlie, -y [very well, perfectly; finely; heartily].
The Brigs of Ayr. Braver. Few better were or braver; A Dream. 11.	Brawlie kens our wanton Chief
Bravert.	Wha got my young Highland thief S. Hee balou, †
And Kommure's lord's the bravest lord	See you not you hills and dales The sun shines on sae brawlie? . S. My Collier Laddic.
That ver Galloway saw. S. O Kenmure's on and awa †	And spen't at night fu' brawlie:
The bravest heart on English ground,	But little thinks my love I ken brawlie,
Had yielded like a coward On Miss J. Scott.	S. O meikle thinks my love †
Braving. braving angry winter's storms, S. Peggy Chalmers.	But Tam kend what was what fu' brawlie, Tam o' Shanter.15.
Bravo! A sweeping, kindling, bauld strathspey Encore! Bravo! Ep. to Maj. Logan. 5.	He wha could brawlie ward their bellum, . To W. Creech.
Braw [handsome: fine; gaily or well dressed].	Wi' gratefu' heart I thank you brawlie; To W. Simpson.
And sev'n braw fellows, stout an' able, A. Ded. to G. H., 14.	Sae brawly's he could flatter; S. Here's his health in water.
Heav'n mak you guid as weel as braw, . A Dream. 14.	And ev'n the vera deils they [Bards] brawly ken them). The Brigs of Ayr, 4.
Ye gallants braw, I rede ye a', S. A. Masterton's bonie Anne.	Dame Justice fu' brawly has sped; The Election Ballads. III.
Braw, braw ladson Yarrow braes, S. Braw lads on Yar. braes †	Brawling. from the hills where springs the brawling Coil,
Braw, braw lads of Galla Water; S. Braw lads of G. water.	The Brigs of Ayr. 7.
My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword,	Brawnle. The brawnie, banie, ploughman-chiel Scotch Drink. 11.
S. By you castle wa't	Braxie [a sheep that has died of splenic fever; the
His braw calf-ward whare gowans grew, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 23.	flesh of such].
The lasses feat, an' cleanly neat,	While moorlan herds like guid, fat braxies; To W. Simpson.
Mair braw than when they're fine; Halloween. 3.	Breach. Where, thro' a shapeless breach, his stream resounds.
Her braw, new, worset apron	Wr. by Fall of Fyers.

Bread. Folk maun do something for their bread,	Her dear idea brings relief,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 12.	And solace to my breast Ep. to Davie. 9
We're fit to win our daily bread, Ep. to Davie. 2.	It thirl'd the heart-strings thro' the breast,
I could lay my bread and kail Ep. to H. Parker. And wha wad betray Old Albion's rights,	Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 3. Death, oft I've fear'd thy fatal blow,
May they never eat of her bread!	Now, fond, I bare my breast, . S. Fate gave the word
S. Here's a health to them †	(What breast of northern ice but warms?) Fragment of Ode.
And the warld before me to win my bread,	For absolutely in my breast
S. My Collier Laddie.	She reigns without control S. Handsome Nell
I make indeed my daily bread, S. My father was a farmer † But as daily bread is all I need,	How sweet unto that breast to cling, S. Her flowing locks
I do not much regard her [fortune], O	Make the gales you waft around her Soft and peaceful as her breast, . S. Highland Mary.
Comes bleating till him, owre the knowe,	Nae mair ungen'rous wish I hae,
For bits o' bread; Poor Mailie's El	Nor stronger in my breast, S. It is na, Jean,
His wee drap parritch, or his bread, Thou kitchens fine . Scotch Drink. 7.	The weeping blood in woman's breast Lament of Mary of Scots
So wives will gie them bits o' bread, The Death of Mailie.	The storm's gloomy path on the breast of the wave. Lament on leaving Nat. Land.
An' cheese an' bread, frae women's laps,	No more shall the soft thrill of love warm my breast, . Ib.
Was dealt about in lunches, An' dawds The Holy Fair. 23.	Enclasped to my faithful breast,
And thus earn my bread by the sweat of my brow. S. The Poor Thresher.	I'll comfort thee, my dearie O. S. Lassie wi the lintwhite
Now when ye're nickan down fu' cany	And mount to the air wi' the dew on her breast;
The staff o' bread, . Third Ep. to J. Lap	S. Lns on a Ploughman
Breadalbaine. Till fam'd Breadalbaine opens on my view.	And in her breast enthrone me: S. Louis what reck It
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.	Yet, let not this too much, my Son, Disturb thy youthful breast: Man was made to Mourn.
One morning by the break of day, S. It was the charming †	And sought a correspondent breast, Nature's Law.
Where, like an aged man, it stands at break o' day;	But thou art queen within my breast
S. The Posie.	For ever to remain S. O lay thy loof
I fear ye'll bide till break o' day; . S. Wha is that at my †	And flinty is thy breast: S. O mirk, mirk
Break, to. What ance he says, he winna break it; A Ded. to G. H., 5.	Ere while thy breast sae warming, S. O wat ye wha that loes? The thoughts o' thee my breast inflame;
And on thy lips I seal my vow,	S. O were I on Parnass.
And break it shall I never, O! . S. An' I'll kiss thee yet †	And I mysel' a drap of dew, Into her bonie breast to fa'! S. O were my love †
Fresh o'er the mountains breaks forth the morning, S. Bonie Bell.	The frost that freezes the life at my breast,
But secret love will break my heart, S. Craigie-burn Wood.	S. Oh, open the door,
But a fly for your load, you'll break down on the road,	Wild wanton kiss'd her rival breast; S. On a bank of flowers
If your stuff be as rotten's her heart. Extem. pinned to Coach.	In his breast no pity dwells, On scaring Water-fowl. In weeds of woe that frantic beat her breast,
My poor heart then break it must, S. Husband, husband † Or can'st thou break that heart of his,	On Death of Sir J. Blair.
Whose only fault is loving thee? S. O Mary, at thy window †	The south nor the east give ease to my breast,
Ne'er break your heart for ae rebute, . S. O steer her up t	S. Out over the Forth † What breast so dead to heavenly Virtue's glow,
That breaks the magic of my dream; On Lincluden Castle	But heaves impassion'd with the grateful throe.
Thou'll break my heart, thou bonie bird, [re.] S. The Banks of Doon, Sett II.	Prologue, sp. by Woods.
The iron hand that breaks our band,	Whose image lives within my breast; S. Slow spreads the gloom;
It breaks my bliss,—it breaks my heart! S. The day returns †	A sprig her fair breast to adorn; Sp. Extem. to yng Lady.
I'd break her spirit, or I'd break her heart; The Henpecked Husband.	Perhaps upon his mould'ring breast
And when wi' Usquebae we've wat it	Some spitefu' muirfowl bigs her nest, [v. A. 15] Tam Samson's El
It winna break Third Ep. to J. Lap	A wish, that to my latest hour
Canst thou break his faithfu' heart? S. Turn again, thou †	Shall strongly heave my breast; The Ans. to the Guidwife. To pit some havins in his breast! The Death of Mailie.
The breaking of ae point, tho' sma', Breaks a' thegither V.s to J. Ranken.	To pit some havins in his breast! . The Death of Mailie. Yestreen lay on this breast o' mine
Night, where dawn shall never break, Wr. in Friars-Carse H.	The gowden locks of Anna. S. The gowd. locks of A. †
Thoul't break my heart, thou warbling bird,	Wi' heaving breasts an' bare neck; . The Holy Fair. o.
S. Ye banks and braes †	Your dear remembrance in my breast, The Lament.
Breaking, -in. Kind Fortune ease a breaking heart, S. My Harry was a gallant †	That breast, how dreary now, and void,
The shepherd to warn of the grey-breaking dawn,	S. The Posie.
S. My Nannie's awa.	There lies the dear partner of my breast, S. The sun he is sunk †
Except for breakin o' their timmer, . The Twa Dogs. 26.	So trembling, pure, was tender love Within the breast of bonie Jean. S. There was a lass†
The breaking of ae point, tho' sma', Breaks a' thegither. V.s to J. Ranken.	Within the breast of bonie Jean. S. There was a lass† His breast was white, his towzie back,
Breast.	Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy black; . The Twa Dogs. 5.
As Something loudly in my breast, Remonstrates I have done; . A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.	Wi' kindling fury i' their breasts, Ib. 18.
The dew sat chilly on her [the linnet's] breast,	And I sigh as my heart it wad burst in my breast. S. There's auld Rob M. †
S. A Rosebud by †	Wi's spreckl'd breast, To a Mountain-Daisy
Perhaps this hour in Mis'ry's squalid nest, She strains your infant to her joyless breast,	Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?
A Winter Night. 8. How fair and how pure is the lily,	To Mary in Heaven
But fairer and purer her breast. S. Adown winding Nith †	So may no ruffian feeling in thy breast. Discordant jar thy bosom-chords among; To Miss Graham.
These wild-wood flowers I've pu'd to deck	Wha has mair honor in his breast
That spotless breast o' thine; . S. Behold, my love † Her head upon my throbbing breast, S. By Allan stream †	Than mony scores as guid's the priest To Rev. J. M·Math this bruised heart that now bleeds in my breast,
Her head upon my throbbing breast, S. By Allan stream † Come, let me take thee to my breast,	S. Wae is my heart †
S. Come, let me take thee †	A leal, light heart was in my breast, . When wild War's †
Light lay the earth on Billy's breast, Epig. on noted Coxcomb.	She has a hump upon her breast, The twin o' that upon her shouther; . S. Willie Wastlet
If happiness hae not her seat And center in the breast, Ep. to Davie. 5.	The noblest breast adores them maist, . S. Wittle Waster

	To alough and some to man and many
Breastet [did spring up or forward].	To plough and sow, to reap and mow, My father bred me early O:
Thou never lap, an' sten't. an' breastet, A Guid New-Year † 14	For one, he said, to labour bred,
Breastle [dim. of breast].	Was a match for fortune fairly. O.
Fu' lifted up wi' Hebrew lore, And band upon his breastie; . On W. Chalmers	S. My father was a farmer †
	It's tauld he was a sodger bred, On Grose's Peregrinations
-,	na bred to barn and byre, . The Ans. to the Guidwife.
Breath. Her breath is the breath o' the woodbine, S. Adown winding Nith †	To hardy Independence bravely bred, . The Brigs of Ayr.
Ye're maybe come to stap my breath;	a belted knight, Bred of a border band, The Election Ballads. I.
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 9.	An' buirdly chiels, and clever hizzies,
Sin' I began to nick the thread, An' choke the breath: Ib. 12.	Are bred in sic a way as this is The Twa Dogs. 11.
a fair strae-death, By loss o' blood, or want o' breath, Ib. 25.	To ev'ry nobler virtue bred,
I'se bless you wi' my hindmost breath, . S. Duncan Gray.	. And polish'd grace The Vision, D. I. 15.
Such as the slightest breath of air might scatter;	Bree [juice]. And ay we'll taste the barley bree.
Ep. to R. Graham. 3.	S. O Willie brew'd †
As Willie drew his latest breath; Epit. on W. —.	Breed. I can haud up my head wi' the best o' the breed,
O what is death but parting breath? S. Farewell, ye dungeons †	Ronalds of Bennals.
See how she fetches at the thrapple,	Especial, rams that cross the breed, . The Ordination. 5.
An' gasps for breath Letter to J. Goudie.	Breed, to. No view nor care, but shun whate'er Might breed me pain or sorrow, O;
Nor give the coward secret breath Liberty	S. My father was a farmer †
And quickly stopped Ranken's breath. Lns add. to J. Ranken.	bigs her nest, To hatch an' breed: [v.A.15] Tam Samson's El.
And I mysel' the zephyr's breath, S. O were my love †	O, bid him breed him up wi' care! . The Death of Mailie
Her breath is like the fragrant breeze	They raise a din, that, in the end,
That gently stirs the blossom'd bean, S. On Cessnock banks †	Is like to breed a rupture O' wrath . The Holy Fair, 18.
When the tear trickled bright, when the short stifled breath, Told how dear ye were aye to each other.	Breedin'.
On Death of fav. Child	The tither's dour, has nae sic breedin', . El. on Year 1788.
The tyrant Death, with grim control,	Breef, Brief [a spell or charm, a short writing].
May seize my fleeting breath; . S. Peggy Chalmers.	Ye surely hae some warlock-breef To J. S.
When Vulcan gies his bellys breath, . Scotch Drink. 10.	King David o' poetic brief, What ails ye now †
Drew blades o' death, till out o' breath They fled like frighted dows man	Breeks [breeches]. Young, royal Tarry Breeks. A Dream, 13.
They fled like frighted dows, man. S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	Wi' hale-breeks, saxpence an' a bannock; Auld comrade deart
Of coming Winter's biting, frosty breath; The Brigs of Ayr.	O' pairs o' guid breeks I ha'e twa, man, Ronalds of Bennals.
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,	Hale breeks, a scone, an' whisky gill, An' rowth o' rhyme to rave at will, . Scotch Drink. 21.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 19.	
And now, my bairns, wi' my last breath.	And the very grey breeks o' Tam Glen! S. Tam Glen.
I lea'e my blessin wi' you baith: . The Death of Mailie	Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair, That ance were plush, o' gude blue hair, Tam o' Shanter. 13.
That I, henceforth, would be rhyme-proof Till my last breath The Vision. D. I. 6.	Breer [briar].
Never Eurus' pois nous breath, To Miss C.	The rose upon the breer will be him trouse an' doublet,
Heaven spare you lang to kiss the breath	S. Wee Willie Gray †
O' mony flow'ry simmers! To Miss M'Adam	Breeze.
An' ay he vows he'll be my ain	Her leafy locks wave in the breeze S. Again rejoicing Nature
As lang's he has a breath to draw S. Young Jockey †	Careless ilka thought and free,
Breathe. Still richer breathes and fairer blows, S. O Phely, †	As the breeze flew o'er me S. Blythe ha'e 1 been †
And hark! what more than mortal sound Of music breathes the pile around? On Lincluden Castle.	The breezes idly roaming [a type of woman], S. Deluded Swain †
Of music breathes the pile around? On Lincluden Castle. In other's arms, breathe out the tender tale,	Breathing in the breeze that fans her,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 9.	Soothe her bosom into rest: . S. Highland Mary.
Breath'd. Her lips still as she fragrant breath'd,	O spare the dear blossom, ye orient breezes, S. How pleasant the banks †
It richer dy'd the rose. S. On a bank of flowers t	The scented breezes round us blaw, . S. Now rosy May †
My Prenticeship I past where my Leader breath'd his last.	Her robes, light waving in the breeze, S. On a bank of flowers †
The Jolly Beggars. S. I.	Her breath is like the fragrant breeze
Breathin, s.	That gently stirs the blossom'd bean, S. On Cessnock bank,†
His latest draught o' breathin lea'es him In faint huzzas. The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.	While nightly breezes sweep the vines,
Breathing. 'Tis but the balmy, breathing gale,	Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
S. Here is the glen, †	The western breeze steals thro' the trees, The Fête Champetre.
Breathing in the breeze that fans her, Soothe her bosom into rest: S: Highland Mary.	Rave to my darkly dashing stream,
We'll to the breathing woodbine bow'r,	Hoarse-swelling on the breeze. The Petition of Br. Water.
S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite †	Loud blaw the frosty breezes, S. The young High. Rover. Tho' rich is the breeze in their gay, supply vallies,
The bees hum round the breathing flow'rs:	S. Their groves of t
S. O Logan! sweetly †	Western breezes softly blowing,
Tasting the breathing spring, S. Phillis the Fair.	Suit not my distracted mind. ' . S. Thickest night †
Dropping dews, and breathing balm To Miss C.	Wauken, ye breezes! row gently, ye billows! S. Wandering Willie.
Brechan [a horse-collar].	Brent [high and straight].
And eke a braw new brechan, On W. Chalmers.	Sae fair her hair, sae brent her brow, S. Braw lads of G. water.
Breckan v. Brachens.	your bonie brow was brent; . S. John Anderson, my jo †
Bred. I was bred up at nae sic school, . S. Ca' the Ewes	Brent new [brand-new].
'Sax thousand years are near hand fled 'Sin' I was to the butching bred,' Death and Dr. Hornbook. 13.	Nae cotillion brent new frae France, . Tam o' Shanter, 11.
Tho' he was bred to kintra wark,	Brethren.
El. on Death of R. Ruisseaux.	That brethren rouse in deadly hate! S. O Logan! sweetly †
The hopeful youth, in Scottish senate bred, Ep. fr. Esopus.	The Brethren o' the mystic level Tam Samson's El
Tho' bred amang mountains o' snaw!	Ye godly Brethren o' the sacred gown, The Brigs of Ayr. 9.
S. Here's a health to them †	For there I lost my father dear, My father dear and brethren three. S. The lovely lass of I.t
Thou kens how he bred sic a splore, Holy Willie's Prayer. 12.	
And carefully he bred me In decency and order, O; . S. My father was a farmer †	Like brethren in a common cause, We'd on each other smile, man; . The Tree of Liberty.
account of the state of the sta	

Brew.	Bright.
Brews gude ale at shore o' Bucky; S. A' the lads o' Thornie †	Thy Daughters bright thy walks adorn, Add. to Edinburgh. 4.
Syne as ye brew, my maiden fair, Keep mind that ye maun drink the yill.	Ye gallants bright I rede ye right, S. A. Masterton's bonie Anne.
S. In simmer when † We'll mak our maut, and we'll brew our drink,	Her een sae bright, like stars by night, 1b.
S. The deil cam fiddlin' †	Sae shortly you shall see me bright, Auld comrade dear t
And taste sic gear as Johnnie brews, To Mr. J. Kennedy. Brew'd, -'t.	taught by the bright Caledonian lance, . S. Caledonia. 5. Her bright course of glory for ever shall run: 1b. 6.
He's blest—if as he brew'd he drink Epit. on G. Richardson.	For Matthew's course was bright; El. on Capt. M. H.
She wadna trow't, the broust she brew't,	ye twinkling starnies bright, 16. 14. Or bright L[aprai]k's, my friend to be,
Wad taste sae bitterlie S. Her Daddie forbad † O Willie brew'd a peck o' maut, . S. O Willie brew'd †	Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 14.
She brew'd gude ale for gentlemen, S. Scroggam.	No other light shall guide my steps "Till thy bright beams arise. S. Farewell, dear mistress †
Brewer. Here brewer Gabriel's fire's extinct, Epit. on G. Richardson.	Now farewell, light, thou sunshine bright,
Brewin [brewing].	S. Farewell, ye dungeons † With passions so potent, and fancies so bright,
To ken what French mischief was brewin:	Frag. inscr. to Fox.
He saw mischief was brewin; The Ordination. &.	at twal at night, when the moon shines bright, S. Here's to thy health †
Bridal.	'Twas not her golden ringlets bright, . S. I gaed a waefu' !
The last braw bridal that I was at, "Twas on a Hallowmass day, "S. The last braw bridal †	Bare her leg and bright her een, S. I met a lass † To think life's sun did set ere well begun
Bride. so may I be a bride! Add. sp. by Fontenelle.	To shed its influence on thy bright career.
When ye bure hame my bonie Bride: A Gude New-Year 6.	And courtly grandeur bright Lns on Fergusson.
But Duncan swoor a haly aith, That Meg should be a bride the morn; S. Duncan Davison.	The fancy may delight, S. Mark yonder Pomp †
Mark yonder pomp of costly fashion, Round the wealthy, titled bride S. Mark yonder Pomp †	And the moon shines bright, when I rove at night, S. Now westlin winds †
O Logan! sweetly didst thou glide The day I was my Willie's bride; S. O Logan! sweetly †	She shines sae bright, to wyle us hame, S. O Willie brew'd †
The day I was my Willie's bride; S. O Logan! sweetly † The bride went to bed wi' the silly bridegroom,	With noiseless step and taper bright, On Lincluden Castle. Bright ran thy line, O G— On same Lord G.
In the midst o' her kimmers a'. S. The last braw bridal †	When the tear trickled bright, . On Death of faw Child.
Bridegroom. All for to court this pretty maid,	O' stature short, but genius bright, On Grose's Peregrinations
Her bridegroom for to be, O Katharine Jaffray.	Bright wines and bonnie lasses rare,
The bridegroom may forget the bride, Was made his wedded wife yestreen;	To put us daft; Poem on Life. Your course to the latest is bright. Poet. Add. to Tytler.
Lament for Glencairn.	With manly lore, or female beauty bright,
Bridle. And gae his bridle reins a shake, With, adieu for evermore, . S. It was a' for t	Prologue sp. by Woods.
Brief.	Thou maks the gossips clatter bright, . Scotch Drink. 12. Or dark as misery's woeful night . Sketch. New-Yr's Day.
Stop, passenger! my story's brief, El. on Capt. M. H. Epit. Brief v. Breef.	Yourself, you wait your bright reward
Brier.	Thou whose bright sun now gilds you orient skies! Sonnet, wr. on Birthday
briers an' woodbines budding green, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 1.	A fairy train appear'd in order bright:
See yonder rose-bud, rich in dew, Amang its native briers sae coy S. I do confess †	The Brigs of Ayr. 11. Bright to the moon their various dresses gland d: 1b.
O bonie was you rosy brier,	In bright succession raise, her Ornament and Guard!
That blooms sae far frae haunt o' man; S. O bonie was you rosy †	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 21. The sun rose clear and bright; The Election Ballads. V.
As on the brier the budding rose Still richer breathes and fairer blows, S. O Phely, †	But left behind him heroes bright,
Ye'll fasten to him like a brier, S. O Tibbie!	by that Hieroglyphic bright, . The Farewell to St. J.'s L
The rose upon the brier by the waters running clear,	Till Order bright, completely shine,
S. The Winter it is past † There grows a bonie brier bush in our kail-yard,	Now highest reign'st with boundless sway!
And below the bonie brier bush there's a lassie and a lad, S. There grows a bonie †	The Lament, q. by the moon and stars so bright, . S. The Rigs o' Barley.
We eye the rose upon the brier,	There Sophy tight, a lassie bright,
Unmindful that the thorn is near,	Besides a handsome fortune: The Tarbolton Lasses. by my ingle-lowe I saw, Now bleezan bright,
Briery. Ye hazly shaws and briery dens; El. on Capt. M. H. 4.	The Vision, D. I. 7.
Brig [bridge].	Bright Phebus ne'er witnessed so joyous a corps, The Whistle. 13.
Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg, And win the key-stane of the brig; . Tam o' Shanter. 18.	So uprose bright Phebus—and down fell the knight. 1b. 16.
They took the brig wi' a' their might,	"The field thou hast won, by you bright god of day!" Ib. 18.
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor. Ane on th' Auld Brig his airy shape uprears,	My love is like yon sun, whose bright course is begun, S. The winter it is past †
The Brigs of Ayr. 4.	Where bright beaming summers exalt the perfume; S. Their groves of †
The Sprites that owre the Brigs of Ayr preside	Her een sae bright, her brow sae white, S. T. Menzie's bonie Mary.
New Brig was buskit in a braw, new coat,	S. T. Menzie's bonie Mary. Trenching your gushing entrails bright . To a Haggis
But gin ye be a Brig as auld as me, 1b. 5.	And bright in cloudless skies his sun go down!
Compare wi' bonie Brigs o' modern time? 1b. 6. I'll be a Brig when ye're a shapeless cairn! 1b. 7.	To R. G. of F., 9.
Sweeps dams, an' mills, an' brigs, a' to the gate; Ib.	An' backlins-comin, to the leuk, She [moon] grew mair bright. To W. Simpson, P. S.
Wha waste your weel-hain'd gear on d-d new Brigs and	Bright as a cloudless summer sun, . V.s below Picture.
Harbours!	Her lips more than the cherries bright, A richer dye has graced them; S. Young Peggy †
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To J. S., 10.

Brittle. Till fate shall snap the brittle thread;

Broach. Could he some commutation broach,

The Author's Cry and Prayer, 21.

Brighten. It lightens, it brightens,	The Dame brings forth, in complimental mood,
The tenebrific scene, Ep. to Davie. 10. Methinks they brighten to a blaze! On Lincluden Castle.	To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck, fell, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11.
Thou ev'n brightens dark Despair, Wi' gloomy smile Scotch Drink. 6.	The more incapacity they bring, The more they're to your liking. The Dean of Fac
Brighter.	While day and night can bring delight, S. The day returns †
Does the sober bed of Marriage	To bring them tidings hame, [re.] . The Election Ballads. I. And bring an angel pen to write
Witness brighter scenes of love? The Jolly Beggars S. VIII.	My transports wi' my Anna! . S. The gowd. locks of A.
Glowing dawn of brighter day To a Kiss.	Ev'n day, all-bitter, brings relief, The Lament, 8.
Brightest. The brightest o' beauty may cloy, when possest;	The happy hour may soon be near,
S. Awa' wi' yr witchcraft †	That brings us pleasant weather: S. The noble Maxwells †
In richest ore the brightest jewel set! El. on Miss Burnet.	Come, bring the tither mutchkin in, . The Ordination. 14.
Brightest climes shall mirk appear, S. Frae the friends †	At night I do bring my full wages away: The Poor Thresher. We thought ay death wad bring relief, The Twa Herds, 13.
The brightest jewel in my crown,	The day comes to me, but delight brings me nane;
Wad be my queen, wad be my queen. S. O wert thou in the †	S. There's auld Rob †
Brilliant. That brilliant gift will so enrich me,	I ken'd it still your wee bit jauntie,
Improm., on Mrs. —'s Birthday.	Wad bring ye to: To Dr. Blacklock.
Brim. They filled up a darksome pit	if foot or horse E'er bring you in by Mauchline Corss, To Mr. J. Kennedy
With water to the brim, John Barleycorn.	Till some bit callan bring me news
Brimful. the brimful grief-worn eyes Sad thy tale † Brimstone [v. Brunstane].	To thee I bring a heart unchang'd. S. To thee, lov'd Nith †
And fill her up wi' brimstone drink,	Bringing.
Red, reeking, het Adam A-'s Prayer.	If bringing them [the Hanovers] over was lucky for us,
The death o' devils, smoor'd wi' brimstone reek:	I'm sure 'twas as lucky for them. [v. A. 9]
The Brigs of Ayr.	Poet. Add. to Tytler. Bring'st.
Then lug out your ladle, deal brimstone like adle, The Kirk's Alarm.	Tell me thou bring'st me, my Willie, the same.
But now his Honor maun detach,	S. Wandering Willie
Wi' a' his brimstone squadrons, The Ordination, 10.	Brink. Or richly brown, ream owre the brink,
Bring. To bring them to a right repentance?	In glorious faem, Scotch Drink. 2.
Add. of Beelzebub. 2. Let Meg now take away the flesh,	For me, I'm on Parnassus brink, Second Ep. to Davie.
And Jock bring in the spirit! At Globe Tav., D.	Tho' constantly on poortith's brink, . The Twa Dogs. 15. By human pride or cunning driv'n
Yet maiden May, in rich array,	To Mis'ry's brink, . To a Mountain-Daisy.
	Briny. An' down the briny pearls rowe . Poor Mailie's El
Yet while the busy means are ply'd, They bring their own reward: . Despondency, an Ode, 2.	Brisk. I gat it frae a young brisk Sodger Laddie,
For relief a sigh she brings; S. Duncan Gray †	S. O where did ye get †
Her dear idea brings relief,	Or how can I gang brisk and braw; S. Oh, how can I be blythe †
And solace to my breast Ep. to Davie, 9.	Brisket. An spread abreed thy weel-fill'd brisket,
Untie these bands from off my hands,	Wi' pith an' pow'r, A Gude New-Year 12.
And bring to me my sword; S. Farewell, ye dungeons† Till Revenge, wi' laurell'd head	Bristl'd. Each bristl'd hair stood like a stake, Add. to the Deil. 8.
Bring our Banish'd hame again; S. Frae the friends†	Bristle. Like hoary bristles to erect and stare. Ep. fr. Esopus.
And bring a coggie mair S. Gane is the day t	Bristling. His bristling beard just rising in its might,
And bring hame a Carlisle cow S. Hee balou, †	Extem. on W. Smellie.
And we hae pints to bring S. Hey ca' thro'.	Britain. And now Ye've gien auld Britain peace, Her broken shins to plaister; . A Dream. 6.
Brings the dusty siller; S. Hey, the dusty miller †	Be Britain still to Britain true, . S. Does haughty Gault
Wha bring thy elders to disgrace, Holy Willie's Prayer. 10.	Or how our merry lads at hame,
There's nane sall ken, there's nane sall guess, What brings me back the gate again, . S. I'll ay ca' in †	In Britain's court kept up the game: Kind Sir, I've read
Content and love bring peace and joy, S. In simmer when t	Let Britain boast her hardy oak, . The Tree of Liberty.
But nocht in all-revolving time	Auld Britain ance could crack her joke,
Can gladness bring again to me. Lament for Glencairn.	For Britain's guid his saul indentin . The Twa Dogs. 21.
Fy, bring Black-Jock, her [Superstition's] state physician, Letter to J. Goudie.	For Britain's guid! guid faith! I doubt it 1b. 22. For Britain's guid! for her destruction! 1b. 24.
Now westlin winds, and slaught'ring guns	Brither [brother].
Bring Autumn's pleasant weather; S. Now westlin winds †	Auld comrade dear and brither sinner, . Auld comrade †
But soon may peace bring happy days, S. O Logan! sweetly †	But come, your hand, my careless brither,
Did ne'er to me sic tidings bring,	Ep. to Maj. Logan. 8.
As meeting o' my Willy S. O Phely, † The tappit-hen gae bring her ben, On W. Stewart.	Hear, Land o' Cakes, and brither Scots,
The doctrine, to-day, that is loyalty found,	On Grose's Peregrinations. Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither; Tam o' Shanter. 5.
To-morrow may bring us a halter Poet. Add. to Tytler	Ilk hoary Hunter mourn'd a brither; Tam Samson's El., 12.
No song nor dance I bring from you great city,	Whom auld Demosthenes or Tully
Prologue, at Th., D.	Might own for brithers. The Author's Cry and Prayer.
Brings hard owrehip, wi's turdy wheel, The strong forehammer, . Scotch Drink. 11.	But why should ae man better fare,
What secret charm to mem'ry brings	And a' men brithers! . To Dr. Blacklock. Fareweel, 'my rhyme-composing' brither! To W. Simpson.
All that on Evan's border springs?	Fareweel, 'my rhyme-composing' brither! To W. Simpson. British. But sneer na British-boys awa; . A Dream, 14.
S. Slow spreads the gloom t	We'll ne'er permit a foreign foe,
Nor asks if they bring ought to hope or fear. Sonnet, wr. on Birthday.	On British ground to rally. [re.] S. Does haughty Gault
But bring a Scotchman frae his hill,	For never but by British hands
The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.	Maun British wrangs be righted
We'll send him o'er to his native shore	Briton. But oh, it was a tale of woe, As ever met a Briton's ear! A Vision.

S. The bonie Lass of Albany.

With kindly welcome, Jenny brings him ben; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 8.

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For her forbears were brought in ships, . Poor Mailie's El. And never brought to mind? S. Should auld acquaintance †

Broad. Threw broad and dark across the pool: As on the banks to Now gay with the broad setting sun!	Brood, to. And fondly broods with miser care; To Mary in Heaven.
S. Farewell thou fair day † And for a mantle large and broad,	Broom. Down amang the broom, the broom, Down amang the broom, my deary,
He wrapt him in Religion The Holy Fair.	S. Braw lads of G. Water.
First enter'd A, a grave, broad, solemn wight, The Vowels. Brock [a badger].	Where lambkins wanton through the broom! S. The Banks of Nith.
They gang as saucy by poor folk, As I wad by a stinkan brock The Twa Dogs. 12.	Wi' the burn stealing under the lang, yellow broom; S. Their groves of †
The thummart, willcat, brock and tod,	Broom-stick. A broom-stick o' the witch of Endor,
Weel kend his voice thro' a' the wood, The Twa Herds. 6. Brodie.	On Grose's Peregrinations. Broose [a race at a country wedding].
Donald Brodie met a lass Coming o'er the braes o' Cupar; S. Donald Brodie †	At Brooses thou had ne'er a fellow, For pith an' speed; A Guid New-year † 9.
Brogue [a trick].	Brose. O gie my love brose, brose,
An' play'd on man a cursed brogue. Add. to the Deil. 16. Broil. So I must toil and sweat and broil,	Gie my love brose and butter; S. O gie my love brose †
S. My father was a farmer †	For fear by foes that they should lose Their cogs o' brose, S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
There's mony a lass has broke my rest, S. O lay thy loof †	I've seen the day ye butter'd my brose, S. The deuks dang o'er.
Broke softly sweet on fancy's ear, On Lincluden Castle But now Yerl Galloway's sceptre's broke,	They maun hae brose and brats o' duddies; To Dr. Blacklock. Be't water-brose, or muslin-kail, To J. S., 24.
The Election Ballads. V.	For aye the brose ve sup at e'en.
He made me blest—and broke my heart! The Tears I shed. For there he rov'd that broke my heart, S. To thee, lov'd Nith †	Ye bock them ere the morn, lassie. S. Ye hae lien wrang. Brother. Abuse a brother to his back; A Ded. to G. H. &
But tell him, though he broke my heart,	Then, Sir, your hand—my friend and brother, . Ib. 16.
Yet to that heart he still was dear!	Than heaven-illumin'd Man on brother Man bestows! A Winter Night. 7.
That broke my rest, V.s to J. Ranken. Broken. Her broken shins to plaister; A Dream. 6.	Affliction's sons are brothers in distress; A Brother to relieve, how exquisite the bliss! Ib. q.
My heart it shall never be broken for ane.	The youngest Brother [Mason] ye wad whip Aff straught to H—II. Add. to the Deil. 14.
S. As I was a-wand ring † Had I no got greeting, my heart wou'd hae broken, . 1b.	Then gently scan your brother man, Add. to Unco Guid. 7.
"To wander in my broken shade, As on the banks †	And the wretch, his [the Tyrant's] true sworn brother, Who would set the Mob above the throne,
Is this thy faithful swain's reward, An aching broken heart, S. Canst thou leave me †	S. Does haughty Gaul†
'Twas neither broken wing nor limb, . Ep. to J. R., 12. Thou's broken the heart o' thy ain Jock Rab. S. Eppie M'Nab.	O, H[enderson]! the man! the brother! El. on Capt. M. H. 15,
[Dainnation] For broken laws,	Though like as was ever twin brother to brother, Fragment, inser. to Fox.
Five thousand years 'fore my creation, Holy Willie's Prayer. 3.	Man with brother man to meet, And as a brother kindly greet; S. How can my poor heart t
The tearful tribute of a broken heart. Lns sent Sir J. Whiteford.	Who begs a brother of the earth
For pity's sake, sweet bird, nae mair! Or my poor heart is broken! S. O stay, sweet warbling †	To give him leave to toil; . Man was made to mourn. Here passes the Squire on his brother—his horse; S. No Churchman am I †
But through the broken space, the gale Blows chilly from the misty vale; On Lincluden Castle.	May ev'ry true Brother of th' Compass and Square
Thou'st broken the heart o' thy Willy. S. Saw ye my Phely.	Have a big-belly'd bottle when pressed with care Ib. For he but meets a brother On Dining with Daer.
She's broken her vow, she's broken my heart, S. She's fair and fause †	Death tears the brother of her love From Isabella's arms,
The broken, iron instruments of Death, The Erigs of Ayr. 13. Broken trade o' Broughton, . The Election Ballads, IV.	With joy unfeign'd, brothers and sisters meet, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5.
The Tory ranks are broken	And there will be rich brother Nabobs, The Election Ballads. III.
Ae leg an' baith the trams are broken; The Inventory. And hopeless, comfortless, I'll mourn	Like brothers they'll stand by each other;
A faithless woman's broken vow The Lament, 10.	Sae knit in alliance are kin
reckless vows, Would soon been broken. The Vision. D.I. 9. I'm truly sorry Man's dominion	A faithful brother I have left,
Has broken Nature's social union, To a Mouse,	My part in him thou'lt share,
Broken-hearted. And thou art broken hearted: S. O wat ye wha that lo'es †	That man to man, the warld o'er,
Never met—or never parted, We had ne'er been broken-hearted. S. One fond kiss †	O thou my elder brother in misfortune,
When frae my Jeany parted, Sad, cheerless, broken-hearted, S. Sleep'st thou, or wak'st †	By far my elder brother in the muses, Wr. undr Port. of Fergusson
But now as glad I'm wi' my lad,	Brotherhood. Our Master and the Brotherhood To a Medical Gent.
As shortsyne broken hearted S. The tither morn † Bronze. And even out-Irish his Hibernian bronze;	Our Master and the Brotherhood . To a Medical Gent. Brotherly.
Ep. fr. Esopus. Broo [broth, liquid; water].	May secrecy round be the mystical bound, And brotherly love be the centre. S. The Sons of old Killie
Kate sits i' the neuk,	Brought.
Suppin hen-broo; S. Gudeen to you Kimmer† Cats like milk, And dogs like broo; Ib.	Yet here to crazy Age we're brought, A Guid New-year † 16 The ways of men are distant brought, Despondency, an Ode. 3.
The flesh to him the broo to me, . S. O gin ye were dead.	An' brought a Paitrick to the grun', Ep. to J. R., 7.
In mony a torrent down the snaw-broo rowes; The Brigs of Ayr. 7.	Accept this tribute from the Bard Thou brought from fortune's mirkest gloom.
A' ye douce folk I've borne aboon the broo,	Lament for Glencairn. For she [our Kirk] by tribulations
Brood. ye whirring paitrick brood; El. on Capt. M. H. 7. She [the linnet] soon shall see her tender brood.	Is now brought very low New Psalmody.

She [the linnet] soon shall see her tender brood,
The pride, the pleasure of the wood,
S. A Rosebud by my †

The Tree of Liberty.

Superstition's hellish brood, . .

Ae spring brought off her master hale, Tam o' Shanter. 18.	Browster-wives [ale-house wives].
Miller brought up the artillery ranks,	But browster wives an' whiskie stills,
The Election Ballads. VI.	They are the muses. Third Ep. to J. Lap
So dawning day has brought relief S. The noble Maxwells †	Bruce. Where Bruce ance rul'd the martial ranks, . Halloween.
Thou giv'st the word; Thy creature, man, Is to existence brought; . The 1st o V.s of 90th Psalm.	A drama worthy of the name of Bruce? Scots Prologue.
Must I see thee, my youthful pride,	Scots, wham Bruce has aften led; . S. Scots, wha hae †
Thus brought so very low! S. The sun he is sunk?	Wi' Bruce and loyal Wallace! S. The Union.
An' darker gloamin brought the night: . The Twa Dogs, 35 Was brought to the court of our good Scotish King,	"Thy line, that have struggled for freedom with Bruce, The Whistle, 18.
The Whistle.	Brugh, Borough, Burrough.
Fears for my Willie brought tears in my e'e; S. Wandering Willie	In some bit Brugh to represent
Broughton. Hey for the chaste int'rest of Broughton,	A Baillie's name? Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 11. Ye Irish lords, ye knights an' squires,
The Election Ballads. III.	Wha represent our Brughs an' Shires,
Broken trade o' Broughton, A' in high repair Ib. IV.	The Author's Cry and Prayer. Ae night, within the ancient brugh of Ayr, The Brigs of Ayr, 3.
Here's the worth o' Broughton In a needle's e'e; 1b. Broust [as much malt liquor as is brew'd at a time.]	Fancies that our Brugh denies protection,
She wadna trow't, the broust she brew't,	bent on winning borough towns, The Election Ballads. VI.
Wad taste sae bitterlie. S. Her Daddie forbad †	Combustion thro' our boroughs rode, 1b.
Brow. With lordly Honor's lofty brow, A Winter Night. 8.	Low, in a sandy valley spread, An ancient Borough rear'd her head; The Vision, D. I. 15.
Dark as the frowning rock his brow, And curled as the wintry wave, As on the banks †	An' your auld burrough mony a time, . The Inventory.
Sae fair her hair, sae brent her brow, S. Braw lads of G. Water.	Bruised. And much oppressed and bruised she was;
May Prudence, Fortitude and Truth Erect your brow undaunting! . Ep. to Young Friend. 11.	As priest rid cattle are, El. on Peg Nicholson. And blae and bluidy bruis'd her; . S. Had I the wyte†
Your locks were like the raven,	this bruised heart that now bleeds in my breast,
Your bonie brow was brent;	S. Wae is my heart †
But now your brow is bald, John, S. John Anderson† An' the horns become your brow, gudeman.	Brulzie [a fray, broil]. Wha in a brulzie, will first cry a parley?
S. O gin ye were dead.	S. Bannocks o' bear meal †
When shining sunbeams intervene	And hell mix'd in the brulzie. The Election Ballads. VI.
And gild the distant mountain's brow; S. On Cessnock banks †	I hope we, Bardies, ken some better Than mind sic brulzie. To W. Simpson, P.S
The eagle, from the cliffy brow, . On Scaring Water-fowl.	Brunstane [brimstone].
To you old Bald-pate smooths his wrinkled brow, Prologue at Th., D.	Spairges about the brunstane cootie, . Add. to the Deil. 1.
My best leg foremost, I'll set up my brow, Scots Prologue.	Your brunstane devilship I see Has got him there before ye; . Epit. on Holy Willie.
Phoehus, gilding the brow of the morning, S. Sleep'st thou †	An' bake them up in brunstane pies
At thy blithe carol clears his furrowed brow.	For poor d—n'd Drinkers. Scotch Drink. 20.
Sonnet, wr. on Birthday Gathering her brows like gathering storm, Tam o' Shanter. 1.	A vast, unbottom'd, boundless Pit, Fill'd fou o' lowan brunstane, The Holy Fair. 22.
Hospitality with cloudless brow The Brigs of Ayr. 13.	Rake them, like Sodom and Gomorrah,
And though his brow be beld aboon, . S. The cardin o't.	In brunstane stoure To Terraughty.
On ilka brow she's planted a horn, S. The Cooper o' cuddy †	Brunt [burned]. Was brunt wi' primsie Mallie;
And wrinkled was her brow, The Election Ballads, I. (Th' enamour'd laurels kiss her brows,) Ib. VI.	Was brunt wi' primsie Mallie; Halloween. 9. Mall's nit lap out, wi' pridefu' fling,
And brow bent gloomy melancholy,	An' her ain fit, it brunt it;
The lazy mist hangs from the brow of the hill,	She notic't na, an aizle brunt Her braw, new, worset apron Out thro'
S. The lazy mist †	An' my auld mother brunt the trin'le The Inventory.
And thus earn my bread by the sweat of my brow. S. The Poor Thresher.	An' some, to learn them for their tricks, Were hang'd an' brunt. To W. Simpson, P.S
Green, slender, leaf-clad Holly-boughs	Brush. We'll over the border and gie them a brush;
Were twisted, gracefu', round her brows! The Vision, D. I. g.	S. Cock up your beaver.
Her een sae bright, her brow sae white, S. T. Menzie's bonie Mary.	Brush, to. He wha could brush them down to mools, To W. Creech.
Then farewel hopes of Laurel-boughs, To garland my poetic brows! To J. S., 9.	Brushing.
To garland my poetic brows! To J. S., 9. Whose is that noble, dauntless brow? . V.s, below Picture.	Sweet brushing the dew from the brown heather bells,
to justly shew that brow, And mark that eye of fire, . Ib.	S. The heather was blooming † Brust [burst].
Did warlike laurels crown my brow, S. When first I saw †	An' scriechan out prosaic verse,
As blooming spring unbends the brow Of surly savage winter	An' like to brust! The Author's Cry and Prayer. 2.
Brown. While tears hap o'er her auld brown nose!	Brute. Four gallant brutes, as e'er did draw; A Guid New-year † 15.
Ep. to H. Parker.	(Instinct's a brute, and sentiment a fool!) Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
Ye dark waste hills, and brown unsightly plains, On death of R. Dundas.	Like ither menseless, graceless brutes. The Death of Mailie. Like four brutes of gallant mettle. The Inventory.
Or, richly brown, ream owre the brink, Scotch Drink. 2.	I have four brutes o' gallant mettle, The Inventory. Yet to worth let's be just, royal blood ye might boast.
Sweet brushing the dew from the brown heather bells, S. The Heather was blooming †	If the ass was the king of the brutes The Kirk's Alarm.
The forests are leafless, the meadows are brown,	It raises man aboon the brute, The Tree of Liberty
S. The lazy Mist †	But by the brutes themselves elekit, To be their guide The Twa Herds. 4.
Her haffet locks as brown's a berry, T. Menzie's bonie Mary.	And get the brutes the power themsels,
Her moors red-brown wi' heather bells, To W. Simpson. 10. I hae lo'ed the Black, the Brown; S. Wantonness for ever †	To choose their herds 10. 15.
While tumbling brown, the Burn comes down, . Winter.	Again exalt the brute and sink the man; Why am I loth †
Brown [Rev. John Brown of Haddington].	Brydon. Brydons hrave Ward I well could spy, [v. A. 4] The Vision.
Perusing Bunyan, Brown and Boston; Auld comrade dear †	Ruboes An' purge the bitter ga's an' cankers,
Brownhill.	O'curst Venetian b-res an' ch-ncres. [v. A. 13]. The Twa Dogs. 23.
At Brownhill we always get dainty good cheer. Impromptu.	

Buchan [Buchan's "Domestic Medicine"].

Built. As built on the base of the great Revolution:

At Meet. of D. Volunteers.

Buchan [Buchan's "Domestic Medicine"].	Built. As built on the base of the great Revolution; At Meet. of D. Volunteers.
He's grown sae weel acquaint wi' Buchan, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 14	Churches built to please the Priest.
Buchan Bullers [wild rocks on the Buchan coast, having caves and a great 'blow-hole' where the sea bullers, i.e. makes a loud gurgling noise].	The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII. Buirdly [stout-made, broad-built]. A filly buirdly, steeve an' swank, A Guid New Year † 3.
When all his wintry billows pour	buirdly chiels, and clever hizzies, The Twa Dogs. 11.
Against the Buchan Bullers. The Election Ballads. VI. Buck. A buck, a beau, or Dem my eyes! Epit. on Mr. Burton	Buittle. An there will be Buittle's apostle. Wha's mair o' the black than the blue.
Buckhaven. Up wi' the carls of Dysart, And the lads o' Buckhaven, S. Hey ca' thro'.	The Election Ballads. III. Here's a little wadset Buittles scrap o' truth, Ib. IV.
Buckle [dim. of buck]. that daft buckle, Geordie W[ale]s, . Kind Sir, I've read †	And Buittle was na slack;
If envious buckies view wi' sorrow	Bulk. Your ruin'd, formless bulk o' stane and lime,
Thy lengthen'd days on this blest morrow, To Terraughty. Buckle. Snaw-white stockins on his legs,	The Brigs of Ayr. 6. Bull. The lion and the bull thy care have found, To R. G. of F.
And siller buckles glancin; S. The Ploughman †	Bullers v. Buchan Bullers.
And his hair has a natural buckle and a'. S. There's a youth † And his clear siller buckles they dazzle us a' Ib.	Bullock. 'Here lies a famous Bullock!' The Calf. Bum [the Buttocks].
Buckler.	And many a tatter'd rag hanging over my bum,
A guide, a buckler, an' example Holy Willie's Prayer. 5. Buckskin [an inhabitant of Virginia].	The Jolly Beggars, S.I. Bum, to [to make a humming noise].
An' did the Buckskins claw, man; A Fragment. 4.	Shall let the busy, grumbling hive
Tho' I should herd the buckskin kye For't, in Virginia! Ep. to J. R. 11.	Bum owre their treasure. To W. Simpson. Bum-clock [a humming beetle that flies in the summer
Bucky, -ie. When they gae to the shore o' Buckie, S. A' the lads o' Thornie-bank †	evenings]. The bum-clock humm'd wi lazy drone, . The Twa Dogs. 35.
Brews gude ale at shore o' Bucky;	Bumman [making a humming noise].
The best on a' the shore o' Bucky	Aft 'yont the dyke she's [Graunie's] heard you bumman, Wi' eerie drone; Add. to the Deil. 6.
S. Amang the trees †	Bummle [a drone, an idle fellow].
Ye grouss that crap the heather bud; El. on Capt. M. H. 7. Now comes the sax an' twentieth simmer,	Hadst thou taen aff some drowsy bummle! On Scot. Bard gne to W.I.
I've seen the bud upo' the timmer, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 10.	Bumper. Then fill up a bumper and make it o'erflow, S. No Churchman am I+
That blasts each bud of hope and joy; S. Forlorn, my Love,† Was once a sweet bud on the brases of the Ayr.	Come, bumpers high, express your joy, . On W. Stewart.
S. How pleasant the banks †	Wi' bumpers flowing o'er, Scotch Drink. Mott Gay Pleasure ran riot as bumpers ran o'er; The Whistle. 13.
For the lily in the bud will be bonier yet. S. Lady Mary Ann. My stem was fair, my bud was green, S. Lovely Davies.	Turned o'er in one bumper a bottle of red, Ib. 14.
Numbering ev'ry bud which nature Waters wi' the tears of joy, S. Sleep'st thou, or wak'st	But who can with Fate and Quart Bumpers contend? <i>Ib. 16.</i> Bumper, to. "And bumper his horn with him twenty times o'er.
Unnumber'd buds an' flow'rs' delicious spoils,	The Whistle. 8.
S. The Brigs of Ayr. But ere the bud was on the tree, The Jolly Beggars, S. IV.	Bunker's Hill. I'd better gaen an' sair't the king,
When lintwhites chant amang the buds, To W. Simpson.	At Bunker's hill Ep. to J. R. 6.
Bud, to. But he whose blossom buds in guilt Shall to the ground be cast, The 1st Psalm.	Bunter [a low vulgar woman]. And kissing barefit bunters The Election Ballads. VI.
How weel it buds and blossoms there, The Tree of Liberty. Budding. briers an' woodbines budding green,	Bunyan.
Ep. to J. $L-k$, Ap. 1st.	Perusing Bunyan, Brown, and Boston: Anld comrade dear† Buoy. The lead and buoy are needful to the net:
The hawthorns budding in the glen, Lament of Mary of Scots. Not vernal show'rs to budding flow'rs, S. Now westlin winds †	Ep. to R. Graham. 2.
As on the brier the budding rose Still richer breathes and fairer blows, S. O Phely †	Now life is a burden that bows me down, S. By yon castle wa't
Here lies a rose, a budding rose,	A burden more than I can bear, . Despondency, an Ode. 1. each bed-post with its burden a-groaning,
Blasted before its bloom, On Poet's Daughter. I'll pu' the budding rose, when Phœbus peeps in view,	· Epig. on Capt. Grose.
S. The Posie.	Light is the burden love lays on; . S. In simmer when † Their gun's a burden on their shouther;
An' take a share with those that hear	The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.
The budget and the apron! The Jolly Beggars, S. VI. Here's to budgets, bags and wallets! Ib. S. VIII.	The burden I must bear, while the cruel scourge I fear. S. The Slave's Lament.
Buff. It's guid to support Caledonia's cause,	Forsaken and friendless, my burden I bear, S. Wae is my heart †
And bide by the buff and the blue. S. Here's a health to them	Burden-bearing, Issachar, The burden-bearing tribe. New Psalmody.
Buff, to [to beat]. A chield wha'll soundly buff our beef; The Twa Herds. 13.	Burdie [dim. of bird; a damsel].
Bughtin-time [the time of collecting the sheep in the	I wad hae gi'en them off my hurdies, For ae blink o' the bonie burdies!
pens to be milked]. When o'er the hill the eastern star	Bure [did bear].
Tells bughtin-time is near, my jo: S. When o'er the hill† Build.	When ye bure hame my bonie Bride: A Guid New-Year † 6 Thou bure the Bard through many a shire?
But build a castle on his head, . Epig. on noted Coxcomb.	Ep. to H. Parker.
And they'll gae build Terreagle's towers, S. The noble Maxwells†	Aft bure the gree, as story tells, Frae Suthron billies. To W. Simpson.
Building.	An' auld-light caddies bure sic hands,
For building cot-houses sae fam'd, The Election Ballads. V. Building-taste.	The Election Ballads, VI.
Mansions that would disgrace the building-taste Of any mason reptile, bird, or beast; The Brigs of Ayr. 8.	Burgoyne. B-rg—ne gaed up, like spur an' whip, . A Fragment. 4.
or any mason repine, one, or ocase, The Drigs of Plyn. o.	

Burke. For Paddy B-rke, like ony Turk,	
	O burning hell! in all thy store of torments
Nae mercy had at a', man: . A Fragment. 5.	There's not a keener lash! Remorse. A Frag
How daddie Burke the plea was cookin, Kind Sir, I've read †	Is there nae Poet, burning keen for Fame, Scots Prologue
And Burke shall sing, O prince, arise! The Election Ballads. VI.	Shading from the burning ray Hapless wretches sold to toil, . S. Streams that glide †
	Could shake them o'er the burning dub, The Twa Herds, &.
Burn [a rivulet]. Down Lowrie's burn he took a turn, . A Fragment. 2.	Whare birkies march on burning marl: To Mr. Renton
While burns, wi' snawy wreeths up-choked,	A burnin' an' a shinin' light, Holy Willie's Prayer.
Wild-eddying swirl. A Winter Night. 2.	To gnash my gums, to weep and wail, In burnin' lake, Ib.
As down the burn they took their way, S. As down the burn +	Wae worth that Brandy, burnan trash! . Scotch Drink. 15.
Quoth Mary, "Love, I like the burn, Ib.	Burnish't.
A burn was clear, a glen was green, S. Duncan Davison.	Down droops her ance weel-burnish't crest, To W. Creech,
And flang them a' out o'er the burn	Burns, Robert.
Whare three Lairds' lan's met at a burn, Halloween. 24.	Whose spleen e'en worse than Burns' venom when
The trout within you wimpling burn S. Now Spring has clad+	He dips in gall unmixed his eager pen, Ep. fr. Esopus.
The pathless wild, and wimpling burn,	Then may L[aprai]k and B[urns] arise,
S. O bonie was you rosy t	To reach their native, kindred skies. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 18.
By wimpling burn and leafy shaw, . S. Sae flaxen †	The third of Libra's equal sway,
We twa ha'e paidlet i' the burn, S. Should auld acquaintance †	That gave another B[urns] Nature's Law.
In vain the burns cam down like waters, An acre braid! Tam Samson's El., 9.	And B[urns]'s spring, her fame to sing,
O that my een were flowing burns! The Election Ballads. VI.	I Rhymer Robin, alias Burns, . On dining with Daer.
Ilk wimpling burn, ilk chrystal spring, The Fête Champetre.	Like Aesop's Lion, Burns says, sore I feel
I never drank the Muses' Stank, Castalia's burn an' a' that, The Jolly Beggars. S. VII.	All others' scorn—but damn that ass's heel. Reply to a Reproof.
	Whare Burns has wrote, in rhyming blether, Tam Samson's dead! Tam Samson's El., 12.
Wi' the burn stealing under the lang, yellow broom:	Last day I grat wi' spite and teen.
S. Their groves of † Adown some trottin burns meander, To W. Simpson. 15.	Last day I grat wi' spite and teen, As Poet B[urns] came by, . The Petition of Br. Water.
Down by the burn where scented hirks	Subscripsi huic, Robert Burns The Inventory.
Wi' dew are hanging clear, my jo, S. When o'er the hill †	Poet Burns, Poet Burns, wi' your priest-skelping turns,
At noon the fisher seeks the glen,	The Kirk's Alarm,
Adown the burn to steer, my Jo:	The pray'r still you share still, Of grateful Minstrel Burns To Gav. Hamilton.
While tumbling brown, the Burn comes down, And roars frae bank to brae; Winter.	If neist my heart I dinna wear ye
Burn [water used in brewing spirituous liquor].	While Burns they ca' me. To Terraughty.
An' just a wee drap sp'ritual burn in,	Poor Burns-e'en Scotch drink canna quicken, To W. Creech.
An' gusty sucker! Scotch Drink, 9.	Count on a friend, in faith an' practice, In Robert Burns To W. Simpson.
Burn, to.	In Robert Burns To W. Simpson. Burns, Miss. Lovely Burns has charms—confess;
When fevers burn, or ague freezes, Add. to Toothache.	Lns under Pict. of Miss B.
It burns my heart I must depart And not avenged be S. Farewell, ye dungeons †	Burrough v. Brugh.
To burn their nits, an' pou their stocks, Halloween. 2.	Burr-thistle [the spear-thistle].
Some [nits] kindle, couthie, side by side,	The rough burr-thistle spreading wide
An' burn thegither trimly;	Amang the bearded bear, . The Ans. to the Guidwife.
Licentious passions burn; . Man was made to mourn.	Burst. The gathering floods burst o'er the distant plains;
	On Death of R. Dundas.
And in thy fury burn the hook	On Death of R. Dundas.
Even of that man M'Gill New Psalmody.	Bursting.
Even of that man M'Gill. New Psalmody. Who distant burns in flaming torrid climes, Once fondly lov d†	
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Even of that man M'Gill	Bursting. Then let the sudden bursting sigh The heart-felt pang discover;
Even of that man M'Gill	Then let the sudden bursting sigh The heart-felt pang discover;
Even of that man M'Gill	Bursting. Then let the sudden bursting sigh The heart-felt pang discover;
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Even of that man M'Gill	Then let the sudden bursting sigh The heart-felt pang discover;

	2,
There grows a bonie brier bush in our kail-yard,	Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,
And below the bonie brier bush there's a lassie and a lad, S. There grows a bonic brier †	But house or hald, To a Mouse. They drink the sweet and eat the fat,
We'll court nae mair below the bush in our kail-yard, . Ib. The blythest bird upon the bush, . S. There was a lass †	But care or pain; To J. S., 17.
Bushby.	But-and-ben, Butt-an'-ben [lit. the outer and inner, kitchen and parlour; the whole house].
Who owns a Bushby's heart without the head; Ep. fr. Esopus.	Blythe was she but and ben, S. Blythe was she, † For ay he pree'd the lassie's mou,
Here lies J—n B—y, honest man Epit. on J. B., Writer. She's gotten the heart of a Bushby,	As he gade but and ben, O S. The Taylor†
But what has become o' the head? The Election Ballads, III.	when some kind, connubial Dear Your But-and-ben adorns,
And there led I the Bushby's a';	Now, butt an' ben, the Change-house fills, The Holy Fair. 18.
Bushy. Within the glen sae bushy, O, S. The Highland Lassie	Butt [in the outer room or kitchen; the outer room].
Business. No sly man of business contriving a snare, S. No Churchman am I †	I pray an' ponder butt the house, . Auld comrade dear † A routhie butt, a routhie ben: . S. In simmer when †
The Deil had business on his hand. Tam o' Shanter. 8.	Butcher. May twin auld Scotland o' a life
He left the foul business to folks less divine. The Whistle. 15. And did Sol's business in a crack; To J. Taylor.	She likes—as butchers like a knife! Add. of Beelzebub.
And last my prologue-business slily hinted.	The butcher deeds of bloody fate, The Election Ballads. VI.
Busk [to adorn, dress].	Butching. Sax thousand years are near hand fled Sin' I was to the butching bred,
Squire Pope but busks his skinklin patches	Death and Dr. Hornbook. 13.
O' heathen tatters: Poem on Pastoral Poetry. But now they'll busk her like a fright, To W. Creech	Butter. Gie my love brose and butter; S. O gie my love brose † farls, bak'd wi' butter, Fu' crump . The Holy Fair. 7.
Buskie-glen [bushy-glen].	Butter'd. butter'd So'ns, wi' fragrant lunt, Halloween. 28.
There's Johnnie o'the Buskie-glen, [re.] S. In simmer when †	I've seen the day ye butter'd my brose, S. The deuks dang o'er. Butterfly. Here lies, now a prey to insulting neglect.
Buskin. And sock or buskin skelp alang To death or marriage; Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	What once was a butterfly gay in life's beam:
Busking [bedecking].	Monody, on a Lady, Epit. Those that sip the dew alone,
gathering flowers and busking bowers, The Fête Champetre. Buskit [dressed, bedecked].	Make the butterflies thy own; Wr. in Hermitage at F.C.
Weel buskit up sae gaudy; S. My Collier Laddic.	Buttocks. Wi' stanged hips, and buttocks bluidy, She's suffer'd sair; Adam A—'s Prayer.
New brig was buskit in a braw, new coat, The Brigs of Ayr. 4.	Button. I wad na gie a button for her. S. Willie Wastle †
Nae joy her bonie buskit nest Can yield ava, To W. Creech. Buss [a bush]. Ye, like a rash-buss stood in sight,	Buy. And joys that riches ne'er could buy; Ep. to Davie. 8
Wi' waving sugh Add to the Deil. 7.	O gear will buy me rigs o' land, And gear will buy me sheep and kye; But the tender heart o' lessome love,
My trunk of eild, but buss or beild, Sinks in time's wintry rage. S. But lately seen †	The gowd and siller canna buy: S. In simmer when †
Bussle [bustle].	But now I've found a treasure Too rich for a king to buy. S. My Love's a vinsome †
An' d—mn'd Excise-men in a bussle, Seizan a Stell. The Author's Cry and Prayer,	My tocher's the bargain ye wad buy; S. O meikle thinks my love
Bust. "No storied urn nor animated bust,"	O wha my babie-clouts will buy? S. O wha my baby clouts †
Inscrip. on Tomb of Fergusson Bustle. "Whase aught that Chiels make a' this bustle here?"	O wha will buy the groanin maut?
Scots Prologue.	And buy some other ware; . S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie.
How could you raise so vile a bustle, . The Twa Herds. 3. Bustle, to. if these mortals, the critics, should bustle,	O Willie come sell your fiddle, And buy a pint o' wine; <i>Ib</i> . Think, ye may buy the joys o'er dear, <i>Tam o' Shanter. 19</i> .
Fragment inscr. to Fox	Wi' sma' to sell, and less to buy,
Bustling. equal to the bustling strife, Despondency, an Ode. 2. bustling and justling, Forget each grief and pain Ib.	Aboon distress, below envy, S. The Contented Cottager. As muckle gear as buy a sheep, The Death of Mailie.
Busy. As busy Trade his labours plies; Add. to Edinburgh. 2.	Wha will buy my troggin,
'Guid-een', quo' I; 'Friend! hae ye been mawin, 'When ither folk are busy sawin?' Death and Dr. Hornbook. 8.	Gude election ware; The Election Ballads. IV. Buy braw troggin, Frae the banks o' Dee; Ib.
The flower-enamour'd busy bee Delia, an Ode	If to buy ye're slack, Hornie's turnin' chapman,
Happy! ye sons of Busy-life, Despondency, an Ode, 2.	He'll buy a' the pack ,
Yet while the busy means are ply'd, They bring their own reward:	O'er a' wad Scotland buy or sell, Ib. VI.
Quo' she, 'Ye ken we've been sae busy 'This month an' mair, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 3.	Or buy a score o' lairds, man? . The Fête Champetre. Without a penny in my purse
Gude ale hauds me bare and busy, S. O gude ale comes †	To buy a meal to me. S. The High. Widow's Lament.
Busy feed, or wanton lave; . On scaring Water-fowl.	His gear may buy him kye and yowes, His gear may buy him glens and knowes,
His meddling vanity, a busy fiend, Sketch. An' some are busy bleth'ran Right loud. The Holy Fair. 8.	But me he shall not buy nor fee, S. To daunton me.
Between themsels they were sae busy;	Then take what gold could never buy— An honest Bard's esteem To John M'Murdo.
The Jolly Beggars. R. III. Thou busy pow'r, Remembrance, cease! The Lament, 2.	And then his auld brass will buy me a new pan! S. What can a young Lassie †
And they're busy, busy courtin in our kail-yard. S. There grows a bonie brier t	I little thought the time was near,
S. There grows a bonie brier †	Repentance I should buy sae dear: S. Young Jamie † By. As I gaed up by you gate end, S. As I gaed up by †
Busy haunts of base mankind, S. Thickest night t where busy ploughs Are whistling thrang, . To J. S., 9.	Come weel, come woe, I care na by, S. Behind you hills t
Shall let the busy, grumbling hive	Wae gae by you, Duncan Gray, S. Duncan Gray.
But [without]. But without]. But in a wre their treasure. To W. Simpson, 16.	While caps an' bonnets aff are taen As by he walks? Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 12.
My trunk of eild, but buss or beild S. But lately secn, †	As soon's the clockin-time is by, , Ep. to J. R. 11.
But either house or hal'? Ep. to Davie. 4. But thee, what were our fairs and rants? Scotch Drink. 8.	I care na by how few may see, . S. First when Maggie † He by his showther gae a keek, Halloween, 19.
To live but her I canna; S. The gowd locks of A.	O wae gae by his wanton sides, S. Here's his health in water.
They banish'd him beyond the sea, But ere the bud was on the tree, The Jolly Beggars. S. IV.	It was na sae ye [hours] glinted by When I was wi' my dearie. S. How lang and dreary †
I	non a man my dearte. S. 1100 tang and areary

I'll ay ca' in by yon town, S. I'll ay ca' in t	He ca's his coach; he ca's his horse; . The Twa Dogs. 8.
Louis what reck I by thee, . S. Louis what reck I†	I think we'll ca' him Robin S. There was a lad †
But troth I care na by S. O Tibbie!†	While Burns they ca' me, To Terraughty.
There's some great folk set light by me,	in things they ca' balloons, To W. Simpson. P.S.
I set as light by them; The Election Ballads. I.	And wha a crime dare ca' that? S. Women's Minds.
I car'dna by, Sae sad was I, S. The tither morn †	Ca', s.
When Hughoc he cam doytan by The Death of Mailie.	And our gudewife has gotten a ca',
Maks Hours like Minutes, hand in hand,	That anger'd the silly gudeman, O. S. The Cooper o' cuddy †
Dance by fu' light To J. S., 12.	Ca', to [to drive].
An anxious e'e I never throws Behint my lug, or by my nose;	Ca' the ewes to the knowes, Ca' them whare the heather grows,
I'll ne'er gang by your door V.s to Landlady.	Ca' them whare the heather grows, Ca' them whare the burnie rowes, S. Ca' the Ewes.
By [aside, apart].	But deil a foreign tinkler loun
An' Charlie F-x threw by the box, . A Fragment. 5.	Shall ever ca' a nail in't: . S. Does haughty Gaul†
An' Caledon threw by the drone,	On Fasteneen we had a rockin,
A heapet Stimpart, I'll reserve ane	To ca' the crack and weave our stockin;
Laid by for you A Guid New-year † 17.	Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 2
When ye set by the wheel at e'en S. Duncan Davison.	Ca' the ewes to the knowes, [re.] . S. Hark! the mavis †
Till some ane by his bonnet lays, The Holy Fair, 24.	O a' the lang day I ca' at my hammer, S. O merry hae I been †
Threw by his coat and bonnet, To J. Taylor.	Hey ca' thro' ca' thro, For we hae mickle ado, S. Hey ca' thro'.
By an' by, -bye.	Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 4.
Till by an' by, if I hand on,	But ca them out to park or hill, . The Death of Mailie
I'll grunt a real Gospel groan: . Auld comrade dear †	When Jockey's owsen hameward ca'. S. Young Jockey †
L-d, I'se hae sportin by an' by,	Cabinet. Not cabinets even of kings would conceal 'em, Fragment, inscr. to Fox.
For my gowd guinea; . Ep. to f. R., II.	Ca'd, -'t [called].
But I'll be wi' ye by an' bye; Or else the Deil's be in it Extem., to an Intimate.	An' he ca'd me his dearie S. Ca' the Ewes.
O John, come kiss me by and by, . S. O John, come kiss †	There was a lass, they ca'd her Meg, S. Duncan Davison.
	They ca'd him Duncan Davison
By himsel [beside himself, out of his mind]. 'But monie a day was by himsel,	A coward loon she ca'd me; [re.] . S. Had I the wyte †
'He was sae sairly frighted Halloween. 16.	These muvin' things ca'd wives and weans Searching auld †
By the bye.	Ye see yon birkie ca'd a Lord, . S. The Honest Man.
Tho' by the bye, abroad why will you roam?	The first I'll name, they ca'd him Cæsar, The Twa Dogs. 2.
Prologue, at Th., Dumf	And in his freaks had Luath ca'd him, Ib. 4.
Bye attour [besides, in addition].	I watna what they ca'd him; There came a piper †
Bye attour, my Gutcher has	But if ye can match her ye're waur than ye're ca'd,
A hich house and a laigh ane; S. Gat ye me,†	S. There liv'd ance a carle †
Byke, Bike [a multitude; a bee-hive].	Till chiels gat up an' wad confute it,
The hungry bike did scrape and pike S. Amang the trees	An' ca'd it wrang; To W. Simpson, P.S.
As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke, When plundering herds assail their byke; Tam o' Shanter. 17.	The spot they ca'd it Linkum-doddie, . S. Willie Wastle †
But Homer like the glowran byke,	Towns-bodies ran, an' stood ablegh, An' ca't thee mad A Guid New-year† 8
Frae town to town I draw that. The Jolly Beggars. S. VII.	Gelding's nae better than 'tis ca't, What ails ye now †
Byre [a cow-house].	Ca'd, -'t, Cawd [drove; driven].
	While new-ca'd kye rowte at the stake,
To chaps, wha, in a barn or byre, Wad better fill'd their station A Dream. 5.	Et. to I. L-k. At. 21st. 1
Fu' is his barn, fu' is his byre; . S. In simmer when t	I sat beside my warpin-wheel,
na bred to barn and byre, . The Ans. to the Guidwife.	And ay I ca'd it roun'; S. My heart was ance †
At barn or byre thou shalt na drudge, S. There was a lass †	That every naig was ca'd a shoe on, The smith and thee gat roaring fou on; Tam o' Shanter. 3.
Ca' [call].	He ca't the girrs out o'er us a'; . S. The Cooper o' cuddy t
at Friendship's sacred ca' . El. on Capt. M. H., Epit	He has cooper'd and cawd a wrang pin in't. The Kirk's Alarm.
But first on Sawnie gies a ca',	Cadger.
Ca', to [to call].	Or die a cadger pownie's death, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 7.
To roose you up, an' ca' you guid, A Ded. to G. H., I.	Ilk smack still did crack still,
Nae godly symptom ye can ca' that;	Just like a cadger's whip: The Jolly Beggars, R.I.
And C-rl-t-n did ca', man: A Fragment, 2.	Cadie, Caddie [a young fellow; a fellow].
Till Death did on him ca', man;	E'en cowe the cadie! . The Author's Cry and Prayer. 19.
On Chatham's Boy did ca', man;	An' auld-light caddies bure sic hands, To W. Simpson, P.S.
Or if I blush when thou shalt ca' me Tit-ta or daddy . Add. to Illegit. Child	Cæsar.
What the they ca' me fornicator,	The first I'll name, they ca'd him Cæsar The Twa Dogs. 2.
Where'er that place be priests ca' hell, . Add. to Toothache.	Caff [chaff]. The cleanest corn that e'er was dight
The lang lad they ca' jumpin John, S. Her Daddie forbad †	May hae some pyles o' caff in; Add. to the Unco Guid. Mott.
I'll ay ca' in by you town, S. I'll ay ca' in †	Cage. Poor Tammy G-ge within a cage
How daur ye ca' me howlet-faced, In Defence of a Lady.	Was kept at Boston-ha', man; A Fragment. 3.
And tell me what they ca' ye? . S. My Collier Laddie.	Caird [a tinker]. Her charms had struck a sturdy Caird,
And ca' anither gill, jo; S. O steer her up †	The Jolly Beggars, R. VI.
O wha will tell me row to ca't? S. O wha my babie-clouts †	When thus the Caird address'd her,
There's ane they ca' Jean, Ronalds of Bennals.	The Caird prevailed—th' unblushing fair In his embraces sunk;
May losses and crosses	And yill an' whisky gie to cairds,
Ne'er at your hallan ca'. The Ans. to the Guidwife.	Until they sconner. ,
And aft he's prest, and aft he a's it guid;	Cairn [a loose heap of stones].
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11. But there it streams an' richly reads,	That proudly cock your cresting cairns; El. on Capt. M.H.3.
My Helicon I ca' that The Jolly Beggars. S. VII.	She thro' the whins, and by the cairn, An' owre the hill gaed scrievin,
She [your muse] cou'd ca' us nae waur than we are.	And thro' the whins and by the cairn,
The Kirk's Alarm Her [Freedom's] sons did loudly ca', man;	Whare hunters fand the murder'd bairn; Tam o' Shanter. 10.
The Tree of Liberty.	I'll be a brig when ye're a shapeless cairn! The Brigs of Ayr. 7.

Cairn. But now she's floating down the Nith,	Call a toast—a toast divine; The Toast.
And past the mouth o' Cairn. El. on Peg Nicholson.	And call the trembling vowels to account The Vowels.
Robert, the lord of the Cairn and the Scaur, The Whistle, 4.	I call no goddess to inspire my strains, To R. Graham.
Cairney. As I came o'er the Cairney mount, S. As I came o'er †	Still may thy pages call to mind The dear, the beauteous donor: Wr. on Leaf of H. More
Caltion [caution, security for].	Callan, Callant [a lad, a stripling].
Wou'd a' the land do this, then I'll be caition, Ye'll soon hae Poets o' the Scottish nation, Scots Prologue.	Yes! there is ane; a Scottish callan! Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
Cake [oatmeal dough pressed thin and flat, baked	lest he learn the callan tricks, To Gav. Hamilton
on a girdle and toasted before the fire].	Till some bit callan bring me news
Hear, Land o' Cakes, and brither Scots,	That you are there, To Mr. J. Kennedy.
On Grose's Peregrinations. And for my dear-loved land o' Cakes,	In days when mankind were but callans, At Grammar, Logic, an' sic talents, To W. Simpson, P.S
I pray with holy fire; The Election Ballads. VI.	There's no a callant tents the kye,
Calals. To Hague or Calais takes a waft, The Twa Dogs. 22.	But kens o' Westerha', Jamie S. The Laddies by †
Calces. Calces o' fossils, earths, and trees; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 21.	Call'd. When call'd on to order the fun'ral direction, Epig. on Henpecked Squire. Another.
Calculate. O would they stay to calculate,	(What scandal called Maria's jaunty stagger.
Th' eternal consequences; Add. to Unco Guid. 5.	(What scandal called Maria's jaunty stagger, The ricket reeling of a crooked swagger? Ep. fr. Esopus.
Caldron. And still, below, the horrid caldron boils	Who called her verse, a parish workhouse made
Wr. by Fall of Fyers. Caledon, Caledonia.	For motley, foundling fancies, stolen or strayed?) . Ib. But I call'd her quickly back again,
An' Caledon threw by the drone, A Fragment, 9.	To lay some mair beneath my head.
Auld Caledon drew out her drone, S. Amang the Trees †	S. The Lass that made the bed.
Return again fair Lesley,	Who call'd on Fame, low standing by, To hand him on, [v. A. 4] The Vision, D.I.
Return to Caledonie! S. O saw ye bonie Lesley †	When ripen'd fields, and azure skies,
brave Caledonia, the chief of her line, S. Caledonia. (Who knows not that brave Caledonia's divine?) Ib.	Call'd forth the Reaper's rustling noise, The Vision, D. II. 15.
But brave Caledonia in vain they assail'd,	A furnicator lown he call'd me, What ails ye now †
For brave Caledonia immortal must be; 1b.	Caller, Callor [cool, refreshing]. And little fishes' caller rest: . S. The Contented Cottager.
But brave Caledonia's the hypothenuse; Ib.	to view the corn, An' snuff the callor air. The Holy Fair. 1.
It's guid to support Caledonia's cause,	Callet [a wench, a trull].
S. Here's a health to them †	I'm as happy with my wallet my hottle and my Callet,
Thee, Caledonia, thy wild heaths among, Liberty. 'Twas Caledonia's trophied shield I view'd:	The Jolly Beggars. S. I.
On death of Sir J. Blair.	Here's our ragged Brats and Callets! Ib. S. VIII.
Hail, Caledonia, name for ever dear! Prologue sp. by Woods.	Calling. Calling the storms to bear him [Vengeance] o'er a guilty land!
And cauld, Caledonia's blast on the wave; S. Their groves of †	Add. sp. by Fontenelle
Caledonian. taught by the bright Caledonian lance, S. Caledonia.	Ye curlews calling thro' a clud; . El. on Capt. M. H.7.
In thy sweet Caledonian lines; Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	Leeze me on the calling Fills the dusty peck S. Hey, the dusty miller †
Like Caledonians, you applaud or blame.	
Prologue sp. by Woods.	He'll screed you aff Effectual Calling, As fast as ony in the dwalling The Inventory.
There's themes enow in Caledonian story, Wad show the Tragic Muse in a' her glory. Scots Prologue.	Callor v. Caller.
Caledonian, on wi' me S. Scots wha ha'e †	Calm. Mild, calm, serene, wide-spreads the noon-tide blaze, The Brigs of Ayr.
The Slave's spicy forests, and gold-bubbling fountains,	But few enjoy the calm I know in
The brave Caledonian views with disdain; S. Their groves of †	This desert wood The Hermit.
Calf. For instance, there's yoursel just now,	Now meekly calm, now wild in wrath, The Holy Fair. 13.
God knows, an unco Calf! The Calf.	Grave, tideless-blooded, calm and cool, To J. S., 26. Till some evening, sober, calm,
Ye are rich, and look big, but lay by hat and wig, And ye'll ha'e a calf's head o' sma' value. The Kirk's Alarm.	Dropping dews, and breathing balm To Miss C.
Calf-ward [a small inclosure for calves].	Calm sheltered haven of eternal rest! . To R. G. of F., 7.
His braw calf-ward whare gowans grew,	Calm-blooded.
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 23.	I grant him [wisdom] his calm-blooded, time-settled pleasures, Lns on Windows, Gl. Tav
Calker [the hinder part of a horse-shoe, sharpened and turned downwards, for safety on the ice].	Calvin.
To Yulcan then Apollo goes,	O ye wha leave the springs o' C-lv-n,
To get a frosty calker To J. Taylor.—	For gumlie dubs of your ain delvin! A Ded. to G. H., 10.
Call.	Calvin's sons, Calvin's sons, seize your sp'ritual guns, The Kirk's Alarm.
Ill-satisfy'd, keen Nature's clam'rous call, A Winter Night. 9. "Tis not Maria's whispering call; S. Here is the Glen †	Frae Calvin's well, ay clear they drank,
Call, to.	O' sic a feast! The Twa Herds. 5.
And call each coxcomb to the wordy war. Ep. fr. Esopus.	And Calvin's fock, are fit to sell him; To W. Creech. Cam [came]. Ye cam to Paradise incog, Add. to the Deil. 16.
Who calls thee, pert, affected, vain coquette, Ib.	When there cam a yell o'sforeign squeels, S. Amang the trees †
Sir Bard will do himself the pleasure	But whigs cam like a frost in June, S. Awa, whigs, awa.
To call at Park. Ep. to Major Logan. 14. Then first she [nature] calls the useful many forth;	The whigs cam o'er us for a curse,
Ep. to R. Graham. 2.	The girdin brak, the beast cam down, . S. Duncan Gray.
And wear it there! and call aloud	Duncan Gray cam' here to woo, . S. Duncan Gray cam' †
This axiom undoubted, Extem. on Commem.s of Thomson. So calls the woodlark in the grove,	That nane excell'd it, few cam near't, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 5.
His little faithful mate to chear, S. Here is the Glen †	But I cam through the Tiseday's dew, To wanton Willie's brandy. S. Had I the wyte †
Love's, graces and virtues, I call not on you;	To wanton Willie's brandy S. Had I the wyte t
Monody, on a Lady. By the Bard, what d'ye call him, that wore the black gown;	Till skin in blypes cam haurlin Aff's nieves . Halloween. 23. Cam ye by Killiecrankie O? S. Killiecrankie.
S. No Churchman am I †	Last May a braw wooer cam' down the lang glen,
Lord to account who dares thee call. On Com. Goldie's Brains.	S. Last May a braw wooer †
And taen the Antiquarian trade,	Gae back the gate ye cam' again, S.s $\begin{cases} O \ can \ ye \ labour \ lea \ \dagger \\ O \ Lassie \ art \ thou \ \dagger \end{cases}$
I think they call it. On Grose's Peregrinations.	(O Lassie art thou)

O when she cam ben she bobbed fu' law, And when she cam ben she kiss'd Cockpen,	Cameleon-savage.
S. O when she cam ben't As I cam by Crochallan I cannily keekit ben,	The Cameleon-savage disturbed her repose, With tumult, disquiet, rebellion and strife; S. Caledonia.
S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie.	Campbells. True Campbells, Frederick an' Ilay; The Author's Cry and Prayer.
His likeness cam' up the house stalking, S. Tam Glen. In vain the burns cam down like waters, An acre-braid! Tam Samson's El., 9.	Where once the Campbells, chiefs of fame, Held ruling pow'r: The Vision. D. II. 11.
He cam on purpose for to court me, . S. The auld man †	Can, s. 'No comfort but a hearty can, When I think on John Highlandman.
O cam ye here the fight to shun,	The Jolly Beggars, S. IV.
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor. My sister Kate cam up the gate	For woman's wit, or strength o' man,
Wi' crowdie unto me, man;	Alas! can do but what they can; The Election Ballads. VI. Canaan. How graceless Ham leugh at his Dad,
The Cooper o' cuddy cam here awa; S. The Cooper o' cuddy † When Hughoc he cam doytan by The Death of Mailie.	Which made Canaan a niger; The Ordination. 4.
The deil cam fiddlin' thro' the town, And danc'd awa wi' th' Exciseman; S. The deil cam' fiddlin' †	Candid. Equal to judge—you're candid to forgive. Prologue, sp. by Woods.
But the ae best dance e'er cam to the Land	A candid lib'ral band is found Of public teachers, . To Rev. J. M'Math.
Was, the deil's awa' wi' th' Exciseman Ib. Till Charlie Stewart cam at last,	Candie. And weel I wat her willin mou Was e'en like succar-candie. S. Had I the wyte †
S. The High. Widow's Lament.	Candle. She snatch'd the candle in her hand,
Cam skelpan up the way The Holy Fair. 2. The third cam up, hap-step-an'-loup,	S. The Lass that made the bed.
Curst Common-sense, that imp o' hell,	Wi' ruffl'd sark an' glancin cane, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 12.
Cam in wi' Maggie Lauder; The Ordination. 2.	Canker. A Conscience but a canker Ep. to Young Friend. 10.
The Taylor he cam here to sew, The Taylor † Whae'er she gat hands on, cam' near her nae mair,	An' purge the bitter ga's an' cankers, [v. A. 13] The Twa Dogs. 23.
S. There liv'd ance a carle †	Canker, to. But hanker, and canker,
It ne'er cam i' their heads to doubt it, To W. Simpson, P.S. We cam' na here to view your warks,	To see their cursed pride. Ep. to Davie. 1. He hums and he hankers, he frets and he cankers,
V.s on Window, Carron.	Canker-worm. S. What can a yng lassie †
I said 'Gude Night,' and cam' awa', What ails ye now † Came. Told him I came to feast my curious eyes;	Or canker-worm wi' secret sting? As on the banks †
Add. by Fontenelle.	And on my dry and wholsome banks, Nae canker worms get leave to dwell
Sin' thou came to the warl asklent, Add. to Illegit. Child. As I came o'er the Cairney mount, S. As I came o'er †	Cankrie [cross, crabbed].
And as he was singing the tears down came,	The melancholious, lazie croon O' cankrie care. Ep. to Maj. Logan. 4.
S. By yon Castle Wa† So whip! at the summons, old Satan came flying,	Canna [cannot].
Epig. on Capt. Grose. But what his common sense came short,	I canna say but they do gailies; . Add. of Beelzebub. 4. Rest I canna get For thinking o' my dearie. S. Ay waking, O†
He eked it out wi' law, Extem. in Court of Session.	I canna tell, I maunna tell, S. Craigie-burn Wood
To Crochallan came The old cock'd hat, Extem. on W. Smellie.	Ev'n them he canna get attended, <i>Death and Dr. Hornbook. 19</i> . I can die,—but canna part,
But, L—d, that Friday I was fow, When I came near her, Holy Willie's Prayer. 8.	My bonie dearie S. Hark! the mavis't
Came frae her een sae bonie blue, S. I gaed a waefu't	But the tender heart o' leesome love, The gowd and siller canna buy: S. In simmer when †
But the chearful spring came kindly on, John Barleycorn. The sultry suns of summer came,	Than, if I canna mak thee sae, At least to see thee blest S. It is na, Jean †
Out came the Lord of Lauderdale, Katharine Jaffray.	But Mary she is a' my ain,
Then came the Laird o' Lochinton,	Ah, Fortune canna gie me mair! S. Now bank and brae† A thought ungentle canna be
And came to this conclusion, O: S. My father was a farmer † And Rob and Allan came to see; S. O Willie brew'd †	The thought of Mary Morison. S. O Mary, at thy window †
A friend mair faithfu' ne'er came nigh him, Poor Mailie's El.	My laddie's sae meikle in love wi' the siller, He canna ha'e love to spare for me.
A coof came in wi' rowth o' gear, S. She's fair and fause †	S.O meikle thinks my love †
The auld man he came over the lea, S. The auld man † Next came the loveliest pair in all the ring,	He'd [the Deil] look into thy bonie face, And say, "I canna wrang thee." S. O saw ye bonie Lesley †
The Brigs of Ayr. 13.	If he canna get her at a', man S. Ronalds of Bennals.
Then, crown'd wi' flow'ry hay, came Rural Joy, Ib. A female form, came from the tow'rs of Stair: Ib.	Though I canna ride in weel-booted pride, Ib. If honestly they canna come,
Tells how a neebor lad came o'er the moor,	Far better want them. The Author's Cry and Prayer, 5.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 7. Frae the Glenken came to our aid	To live but her I canna; The gowd. locks of A. "But yet I canna name ye." The Holy Fair, 4.
A chief o' doughty deed; . The Election Ballads. V. Came shaking hands wi' wabster loons, Ib. VI.	They canna sit for anger
The Whigs came on like ocean's roar	And gif ye canna bite, ye may bark. The Kirk's Alarm, 8. Some bae meat and canna eat, The Selkirk Grace.
When Politics came there to mix And make his ether-stane, man! The Fête Champetre.	Wha canna win her in a night,
And hither came, with men disgusted,	Has little art in courting The Tarbolton Lasses I canna say but ye strunt rarely, To a Louse.
My life to end The Hermit. Sae straught, sae taper, tight and clean [a leg],	An' forward, tho' I canna see,
Nane else came near it. The Vision, D. I. 11.	I guess an' fear! To a Mouse. The flinty heart that canna feel To Mr. J. Kennedy.
Last-day I grat wi' spite and teen, As Poet B[urns] came by, . The Petition of Br. Water.	Wi' welcome canna bear me; To Mr. M'Adam.
The last time I came o'er the moor, S. The last time I came †	Poor Burns-e'en Scotch drink canna quicken, To W. Creech.
There came a piper out o' Fife, . There came a piper † Chill came the tempest's lour; To Chloris.	I canna to mysel' conceal My deeply-ranklin' sorrow Verses under Grief.
When first I came to Stewart Kyle,	If it winna, canna be, S. Wilt thou be my †
My mind it was na steady, . S. When first I came t	Canniest [easiest].
when I came roun' by Mauchline town, Ib. An' ay my heart came to my mou, S. Young Jockey †	Oh! thoughtless lassie, life's a fecht, The canniest gate, the strife is sair; S. In simmer when †

Cannily, -ie [cautiously, prudently].	And mony a canty day, John, we've had wi' ane anither; S. John Anderson†
As I cam by Crochallan I cannily keekit ben, . S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie.	O what a canty warld were it,
But cannily steal on a honie moor-hen. S. The heather was blooming t	Would pain and care and sickness spare it; Poem on Life. cock thy tail, an' toss thy horns fu' canty; The Ordination. 6.
But faith! the birkie wants a Manse,	As canty as ever a bird in the spring. S. The Poor Thresher.
So, cannilie he hums them; The Holy Fair. 17.	At kirk and fair, I'se ay be there, And be as canty's ony S. The tither morn †
Trumpets sound and cannons roar, S. Highland Laddie.	An be as canty
When the drums do beat,	As ye were nine year less than thretty, Third Ep. to J. Lap
And the cannons rattle, S. The Captain's Lady. Over sea, over shore.	Until a pow as auld's Methusalem! He canty claw! To W. Creech.
Where cannons loudly roar; . S. There was a bonie lass †	As cantie as a kittlen;
Canny, -ie, Cany, -ie [gentle, quiet, safe, easy, cautious, prudent, wary, useful, expert].	An ye had been whare I hae been, Ye wad na been sae cantie O; S. Killiecrankie.
Was it for this, wi' canny care, Thou bure the Bard through many a shire? Ep. to H. Parker.	Auld, cantie Coil may count the day, Nature's Law.
But gie me a canny hour at e'en,	Auld, cantie Kyle may weepers wear, On Scot. Bard gne to W. I. God bless your Honors, can ye see't,
My arms about my Dearie, O; S. Green grow the Rashes. when Nature first began To try her canny hand,	The kind, auld, cantie Carlin greet, The Author's Cry and Prayer. 11.
S. John Anderson †	The cantie, auld folks, crackan crouse, The Twa Dogs. 20.
I never was canny for hoarding o' money, Ronalds of Bennals	And are ye hale, and weel, and cantie? To Dr. Blacklock.
hamely, tawie, quiet an' cannie, . A Guid New-Year † 5. I maun guide it [my penny-fee] cannie, S. Behind yon hills †	Cany, -ie, v. Canny. Cap. While caps an' bonnets aff are taen,
The wife slade cannie to her bed,	As by he walks? Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 12.
But ne'er spak mair. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 26. You Sang ye'll sen't, wi' cannie care, Ep. to J.R. 5.	Rusty airn caps and jinglin jackets, On Grose's Peregrinations.
Wi' cannie care, they've plac'd them	That grandchild's cap will do to-morrow, Sketch, New-Yr's Day.
To lye that night	Caper. Till first ae caper, syne anither, Tam tint his reason a' thegither, Tam o' Shanter. 16.
Then wait a wee, and cannie wale. S. In simmer when t	Caper'd. My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink.
An' straik her cannie wi' the hair, The Author's Cry and Prayer. 18.	S. Last May a braw Wooer†
some tentie rin A cannie errand to a neebor town:	The last, sad cape-stane of his woes; . Poor Mailie's El
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 4.	Capon.
couthie fortune, kind and cannie, To Terraughty. Gie me the groat again, cany young man, S. The Taylor fell †	Their capon craws and queer ha ha's, S. Amang the Trees † Urinus Spiritus of Capons. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 22.
Now when ye're nickan down fu' cany	Caprice.
The staff o' bread, . Third Ep. to J. Lap Canie wee thing, Lovely wee thing . S. Bonic wee thing t	Of thy [nature's] caprice maternal I complain. To R.G. of F Capricious. That auld, capricious carlin, Nature, To J.S. 3.
Then canie, in some cozie place,	Cap'rin,
They close the day To J. S., 18. Cant [a merry story].	With a' his noise an' cap'rin; . The Jolly Beggars. S. VI.
Ye hae sae monie cracks an' cants Ep. to J.R. 2.	Captain. O mount and go,
for a' my cants, My wicked rhymes, an' drucken rants, . What ails ye now †	And he the Captain's Lady. S. The Captain's Lady.
Cant. But still the preaching cant forbear,	Captive. The captive bands may chain the hands, But powerful Love enslaves the man:
Cant, to. Ep. to Young Friend. 9.	S. A. Masterton's bonie Anne.
Let them cant about decorum, Who have character to lose. The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII.	Dear Myra, the captive ribband's mine, S. The Captive Ribband.
Canter. I'd heeze thee up a constellation, To canter with the Sagitarre, . Ep. to H. Parker.	And share the fate I would impose On thee, wert thou my captive too
	Caput mortuum.
Yirr, fancy barks, awa' we canter . Ep. to Maj. Logan. 2. As he frae Ayr ae night did canter, . Tam o' Shanter. 2.	The caput mortuum of gross desires Ep. to R. Graham. 2. Car. Night's horrid car drags, dreary, slow:
Go, Fame, an' canter like a filly Thro' a' the streets an' neuks o' Killie,	Improm. on Mrs. —'s Birthday.
Tam Samson's El., Per C.	Cynthia's car, o' silver fu', The Fête Champetre. Wiltthou ride on a horse, or be drawn in a car, S. Tibbie Dunbar.
Wi' you I'll canter ony gate, To Mr. Renton.	Car [a sledge, hurdle].
Cantharidian [made of Cantharides]. O how they fire the heart devout,	In cart or car thou never reestet; . A Gude New-Year † 14.
Like cantharidian plaisters The Holy Fair. 13.	Carcase. Tak thou the Carlin's carcase aff,
Canting, -an. Whom canting wretches blam'd; . Epit. for G. H., Esq.	Thou'se get the saul o' boot. Epig. on Henpecked Squire.
Ye canting Zealots, spare him! Tam Samson's El., Epit.	Their worthless nievefu' of a soul, May in some future carcase howl, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 17
Their sighan, cantan, grace-proud faces, To Rev. J. M'Math.	Card. Unskilful he to note the card
Cantraip [a charm, spell, incantation]. By cantraip wit,	Of prudent Lore, . To a Mountain-Daisy. Sir, o'er a gill I gat your card, . To Mr. M'Adam.
Is instant made no worth a louse . Add. to the Deil. 11.	Car'd. I never loot on that I kenn'd it, or car'd,
Some cantraip hour. By some sweet elf I'll yet be dinted, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 12.	S. Last May a braw Wooer † Gang by me as tho' that ye car'd nae a flie; S. O whistle †
And by some devilish cantraip slight Each in its cauld hand held a light. Tam o' Shanter. 11.	Fair play, he car'd na deils a boddle. Tam o' Shanter. 11.
Canty, -ie [cheerful, merry, lively].	Cardin. The cardin o't, the spinnin o't, The warpin o't, the winnin o't; S. The cardin o't.
Contented wi' little, and canty wi' mair, S. Contented wi' little,	Car'dna by [cared not by, was indifferent].
The Clachan yill had made me canty,	I card'na by, Sae sad was I, . S. The tither morn t
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 3. Now they're crouse and canty baith! . S. Duncan Gray †	Cardoness. Bless Jesus Christ, O C[ardoness], Epit. on a Laird.
O, rivers, forests, hills, and plains!	Alas, alas! O C[ardoness],
Oft have ye heard my canty strains: El. on Capt. M.H. 11.	Then thou hadst slept for ever!

And there will be Cardoness, Esquire,	"I bear alane my lade o' care, . Lament for Glencairn.
Sae mighty in Cardoness' eyes, The Election Ballads, III.	"The friendless Bard and rustic song,
Here's the stuff and lining, O Cardoness' head; Ib. IV.	"Became alike thy fostering care 1b.
And there, sae grave, Squire Cardoness	Wi' care nor thrall opprest Lament of Mary of Scots.
Look'd on till a' was done; Sae in the tower o' Cardoness,	Yet here I lie in foreign bands, And never ending care
A howlet sits at noon	But a' the niest week as I petted wi' care,
are.	S. Last May a braw wooer
Wha kens, before his life may end,	Seem'd weary, worn with care; Man was made to Mourn.
What his share may be o' care, man? A Bottle and Friend.	Or haply, prest with cares and woes,
till Fate some day is sent, For ever to release Ye Frae Care A Dream. 9.	With Cares and Sorrows worn,
Wi' tentie care I'll flit thy tether, A Guid New-Year † 18.	No view nor care, but shun whate'er
Shalt sweetly pay the tender care	Might breed me pain or sorrow, O;
That tents thy early morning. S. A Rosebud by t	S. My father was a farmer
Where th' howlet mourns in her ivy bower,	The warld's wrack, we share o't, The warstle and the care o't; S. My Wife's a winsome
And tells the midnight moon her care A Vision.	Kind Nature's care had given his share, . Nature's Law.
Thou man of crazy care and ceaseless sigh, Add. sp. by Fontenelle.	For a big-belly'd bottle's the whole of my care. [re.]
Thou other man of care, the wretch in love,	S. No Churchman am I
Tho' a' my daily care thou art, S. Ah, Chloris†	a big-belly'd bottle's a cure for all care. [re.]
Anna, thy charms my bosom fire.	'Life's cares they are comforts'—a maxim laid down By the Bard, what d'ye call him, that wore the black gown; Ib.
And waste my soul with care; . S. Anna, thy charms †	
When bending down with auld grey hairs,	For a big-belly'd bottle's a heav'n of a care
Beneath the load of years and cares, Auld comrade dear †	The man wha boasts o' warld's wealth,
An' has nae care but Nanie, S. Behind you hills †	Is aften laird o' meikle care; . S. Now bank and brae
Nae ither care in life have I, But live an' love my Nanie,	Of witching love, in luckless hour,
No wrinkle furrow'd by the hand of care, Blest be M'Murdo †	Made me the thrall of care. S. Now Spring has clad
Lesley is sae fair and coy,	Amid life's thorny path o' care. S. O bonie was you rosy
Care and anguish seize me. S. Blythe ha'e I been †	Or wi' his song her cares beguile. S. O Logan! sweetly
Whene'er I forgather wi' sorrow and care,	The milder sun and bluer sky That crown my harvest cares wi' joy, S. O Phely,
I gi'e them a skelp as they're creeping alang, S. Contented wi' little †	Thou tells of never ending care; S. O stay, sweet warbling
But pleasure they [flowers, birds] hae nane for me	O that I had ne'er been married,
While care my heart is wringing. S Craigie-burn Wood.	I wad never had nae care, . S. O that I had ne'er
She trusts hersel, to hide the shame,	Noosing with care a bursting purse,
In Hornbook's care; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 28.	Ode, sac. to Mem. of Mrs
Oppress'd with grief, oppress'd with care,	Puir harmless beast! tak thee nae care, On B.'s Horse impound
Despondency, an Ode. 1. To Care, to Guilt unknown! Ib. 5.	And I will join a mother's tender cares,
That heart how sunk, a prey to grief and care,	On Death of Sir J. Blair
El. on Miss Burnet.	O what a canty warld were it,
Though twisted smooth with Harry's nicest care,	Would pain and care, and sickness spare it; Poem on Life
Ep. fr. Esopus.	I send you a trifle, a head of a bard, A trifle scarce worthy your care; Poet. Add. to Tytler
Maria, send me too thy griefs and cares; Ib.	Angelic forms, high Heaven's peculiar care!
For care and trouble set your thought,	Prologue, at Th., D.
Ev'n when your end's attained; Ep. to Young Friend.	An' liquor guid to fire his bluid, That's prest wi' grief an' care: . Scotch Drink. Mott.
When heart-corroding care and grief Deprive my soul of rest, Ep. to Davie. 9.	Thou chears the heart o' drooping Care;
Still take her, and make her	Tae cheer you thro' the weary widdle
Thy most peculiar care!	O' war'ly cares, . Second Ep. to Davie
Fate still has blest me with a friend,	Nae cares tae gie us joy or grievin':
In ev'ry care and ill;	Coila's fair Rachel's care to-day, . Sketch, New-Yr's Day
Was it for this, wi' canny care, Thou bure the Bard through many a shire? Ep. to H. Parker.	From housewife cares a minute borrow
Wi' a' this care and a' this grief,	Yet come thou child of poverty and care,
We'se gie ae night's discharge to care,	Sonnet, wr. on Birthday But what a weary wight can please,
Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 18.	And care his bosom wringing S. Sweet fa's the eve
Yon Sang ye'll sen't, wi' canny care, Ep. to J. R. 5.	Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
The melancholious, lazy croon	E'en drown'd himsel amang the nappy: Tam o' Shanter. 6
O' cankrie care Ep. to Maj. Logan. 4.	Whiles glowring round wi' prudent cares,
Creature, tho' oft the prey of care and sorrow, When blest to-day, unmindful of to-morrow,	How can ye chant, ye little birds, And I sae fu' o' care! . S. The Banks of Doon, Sett II
Ep. to R. Graham. 3.	And I sae fu' o' care! S. The Banks of Doon, Sett II Still, if some Patron's gen'rous care he trace,
I gat some gear wi' meikle care, Extem. Ap. 1782.	The Brigs of Ayr
Ease frae toil, relief frae care: . S. Frae the friends †	Seal'd up with frugal care in massive, waxen piles, . Ib
My coggie is a haly pool,	By whim inspir'd, or haply prest wi' care, 1b. 3
That heals the wounds o' care and dool; S. Gane is the day t	The lover's raptur'd joys or bleeding cares; Ib. 12
Ance mair I hail thee wi' sorrow and care; [re.] S. Gloomy December.	Does a' his weary kiaugh and care beguile,
There's nought but care on ev'ry han',	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 3
In ev'ry hour that passes, O: S. Green grow the Rashes.	Does a' his weary carking cares beguile [v. A. 5]
An' warly cares, and warly men,	With heart-struck, anxious care enquires his name, . Ib. 7
May a' gae tapsalteerie, O!	He wales a portion with judicious care; Ib. 12
Wi' canny care, they've plac'd them To lye that night	O, bid him breed him up wi' care! . The Death of Maili
	Who left the all-important cares Of fiddles, wh-res, and hunters; The Election Ballads. VI
And ev'ry time great care is taen, To see them duely changed:	tho' thou'rt bereft Of my parental care; . The Farewell
Tho' they seem fair, still have a care, S. Here's to thy health †	Thou layest them with all their cares
Let my Mary be your care S. Highland Mary.	In everlasting sleep; The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps.
A hungry care's an unco' care: . S. In simmer when t	While here I wander, prest with care, S. The gloomy night

But if thou hast good cause to sigh at Thy fault or care: The Hermit.	For the auld gudeman o' London court She didna care a pin; The Election Ballads. I.
Nae gentle dames, tho' e'er sae fair,	L—d man, our gentry care as little
Shall ever be my muse's care; . S. The Highland Lassie	For delvers, ditchers, an' sic cattle; . The Twa Dogs. 12.
Despising worlds with all their wealth	I care na thy daddie, his lands and his money,
As empty idle care: . The Petition of Br. Water.	I care na thy kin, sae high and sae lordly: S. Tibbie Dunbar.
An' then your every care an' fear May whistle owre the lave o't. The Jolly Beggars. S. V.	Care-defying.
We'll bowse about till Dadie Care	He was a care-defying blade, As ever Bacchus listed! . The Jolly Beggars. R. VII.
Sing whistle owre the lave o't	Care na by [care not by, to be indifferent].
What is reputation's care?	Come weel come woe, I care na by, S. Behind you hills †
Sore-harass'd out, with care and grief, The Lament.	I care na by how few may see, . S. First when Maggy †
By my good luck a lass I met,	But troth I care na by S. O Tibbie†
Just in the middle of my care, S. The lass that made the bed.	Care-untroubled.
The weary night o' care and grief	Care-untroubled, joy-surrounded,
May have a joyful morrow; . S. The noble Maxwells †	Gaudy Day to you is dear. S. Musing on the roaring †
So hold thy industry with diligent cares. S. The Poor Thresher.	O thou pale Orb, that silent shines, While care-untroubled mortals sleep! . The Lament.
When the lingering moments are number'd wi' care?	While care-untroubled mortals sleep! . The Lament. Career. Yet runs, himself, life's mad career,
S. The small birds †	Wild as the wave, A Bard's Epit.
Her cares for a moment at rest: . S. The sun he is sunk †	To think life's sun did set ere well begun
Fair Virtue water'd it wi' care, . The Tree of Liberty.	To shed its influence on thy bright career.
They lay aside their private cares,	Careerin [careering, cheerfully].
To mind the Kirk and State affairs; . The Twa Dogs. 18.	They parted aff careerin Fu' blythe Halloween. 28.
Love blinks, Wit slaps, an' social Mirth Forgets there's care upo' the earth	Careful.
Some teach the Bard, a darling care,	And careful note each op'ning grace, The Vision, D. II. 10.
The tuneful Art The Vision. D. II. 4	Thy tuneful flame still careful fan;
And make his cottage-scenes beguile	Carefully.
His cares and pains	And carefully he bred me
And ay she sighs wi' care and pain; S. There was a lass †	In decency and order, O; S. My father was a farmer †
Ye Pow'rs wha mak mankind your care, . To a Haggis.	Careless. I for their thoughtless, careless sakes
some dainty fair one, To ware his theologic care on,	Would here propone defences, . Add. to Unco Guid. 2.
To Dr. Blacklock	Careless ilka thought and free, . S. Blythe hae I been †
Lord help me thro' this warld o' care!	Baith careless and fearless,
Heave Care o'er-side! To J. S., II.	Of either heaven or hell; Ep. to Davie. 6.
They drink the sweet and eat the fat,	But come, your hand, my careless brither, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 8.
But care or pain;	My life was ance that careless stream,
And fondly broods with miser care; To Mary in Heaven.	S. Now Spring has clad †
The lion and the bull thy [Nature's] care have found,	And heard thee as the careless wind? S. O stay, sweet warbling woodlark †
To R.G. of F	I, careless, quit aught else below,
And just conclude that "fools are fortune's care." . Ib. 7.	But spare me, spare me Lucy dear. S. O wat ye wha's in †
I court, I beg thy friendly aid,	In each bird's careless song,
To close this scene of care! To Ruin. Health, ay unsour'd by care or grief: To Terraughty.	Glad did I share; S. Phillis the Fair. Then fareweel vacant, careless roamin; . To J. S., 14.
Though prest with care and sunk in woe, S. To thee, lov'd Nith †	Where late with careless thought I rang'd,
S. To thee, lov'd Nith †	S. To thee, lov'd Nith †
Heaven keep you free frae care and strife.	With careless step I onward stray'd, S.' Twas even, the dewy †
V.s to Landlady of Inn.	The hillocks dropt in Nature's careless haste;
but grief and care In wildest fury hae made bare My peace, my hope, for ever! V.s, under Grief.	Wr. in Kenmore Inn.
Yet, for a' my dool and care,	The frank address, the soft caress, O leave novels †
It's wantonness for ever! S. Wantonness for ever t	Caressan.
sorrow and sad sighing care S. Where are the joys †	But wad hae spent an hour caressan,
And I sae weary fu' of care! S. Ye banks and braes †	Ev'n wi' a Tinkler-gipsey's messan: . The Twa Dogs.
Care, to. Can I cease to care, Can I cease to languish, . S. Ay waking, O†	Carest. The langer ye hae them the mair they're carest. S. Awa wi'yr witchcraft †
But what care I how few they be, [that ken me]	In pleasure's lap carest; . Man was made to mourn.
I'm welcome ay to Nanie, O S. Behind you hills †	I once was by Fortune carest, . S. The Sun he is sunk †
Come weel come woe, I care na by,	Caring. Still caring, despairing,
Nae mair then, we'll care then, Nae farther we can fa'	Must be my bitter doom; Despondency, an Ode.
I care na by how few may see, First when Maggy †	Carking. Does a' his weary carking cares beguile [v. A. 5] The Cotter's Sat. Night.
I care not, not I, let the critics go whistle.	Carl, Carle [a man as distinguished from a boy; a
Fragment inscr. to Fox.	strong man; a churl; an old man].
I dinna care, How lang ye look about ye. S. Here's to thy health,	That iron-hearted Carl, Want, . A Ded. to G. H., 16.
I dinna care a single flie; S. In simmer when †	Carl, an the king come, [re.] S. Carl, an the king come.
Naebody cares for me, I care for naebody. S. Naebody.	Until you on a crummock driddle A gray hair'd carl Ep. to Maj. Logan. 3.
I care na wealth a single flie; S. O Phely,†	Whae'er desires to ken [his religion], To some other warl
But troth I care na by	Maun follow the carl, Epit. on J. Dove, Innkeeper.
But fient a hair care I	Up wi' the carls of Dysart, S. Hey ca' thro.
Ay vow and protest that ye carena for me, . S. O whistle †	Death, that grusome carl Lns add. to J. Ranken.
Nae honest worthy man need care, To meet with noble youthful Daer, On dining with Daer.	There liv'd ance a carle in Kellyburn-braes, S. There liv'd ance a carle
What care I in riches to wallow, S. Tam Glen.	Ae day as the carle gaed up the lang glen, Ib.
The fient-ma-care, quo' the feirrie auld wife,	"O welcome most kindly, the blythe carle said, Ib.
S. The deuks dang o'er.	Carleton. And C-rl-t-n did ca', man: A Fragment. 2.

Carl-hemp [the male stalk of hemp].	And to her ain henpeck e'en carried her back,
Come Firm Resolve take thou the van,	S. There liv'd ance a carle †
Thou stalk o' carl-hemp in man! . To Dr. Blacklock. Carlie [dim. of carl].	They carry the gree frae them a', man. Ronalds of Bennals.
An' he is but a fusionless carlie, O. S. The deuks dang o'er.	Dire was the hate at old Harlaw,
Carlin, Carline [a stout old woman; a term of con-	That Scot to Scot did carry; The Dean of Fac Carryan.
tempt for a woman, a witch. Tak thou the Carlin's carcase aff,	Some carryan dails, some chairs an' stools, <i>The Holy Fair</i> . 8.
Thou'se get the saul o' hoot. Epig. on Henpecked Squire.	Cart [a river in Renfrewshire].
He taks a swirlie, auld moss-oak, For some black, grousome Carlin;	Where Cart rins rowing to the sea,
Till ilka carlin swat and reekit, Tam o' Shanter. 12.	By mony a flow'r and spreading tree, S. Where Cart rins † Cart.
The carlin claught her by the rump,	In cart or car thou never reestet; A Guid New-Year † 14.
God bless your Honors, can ye see't, The kind, auld, cantie Carlin greet,	Then the I drudge thre' dub an' mire
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 11.	At pleugh or cart, Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 13. Then ty'd him fast upon a cart, John Barleycorn.
Then niest outspak a raucle Carlin, The Jolly Beggars. R. IV.	Three carts, an' twa are feckly new; The Inventory.
The bells they rang, and the carlins sang, S. The last braw bridal †	Cartes [cards].
The carlin gaed thro' them like ony mad bear,	Then Clubs an' Hearts were Charlie's cartes, A Fragment. 7.
S. There liv'd ance a carle † That auld, capricious carlin, Nature, To J. S. 3.	(To say aught less wad wrang the cartes, . Ep. to Davie. 8 Tho' mankind were a pack o' cartes, Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 5.
There was five Carlines in the south, The Election Ballads. I.	He drinks, an' swears, an' plays at cartes,
Marjory o' the Monylochs, A carline auld and teugh Ib.	Holy Willie's Prayer. 11.
Five wighter carlines werna found	The tythe o' what ye waste at cartes Wad stow'd his [Ferguson's] pantry!) To W. Simpson
At strife thir carlines fell;	Cartle [dim. of cart]. If on a beastie I can speel,
Carlisle, Carlyle.	Or hurl in a cartie To —. Cas'd [confined].
And bring hame a Carlisle cow S. Hee balou,	But a royal ghaist wha ance was cas'd
Will ye go to the dancin in Carlyle's ha', S. There grows a bonie †	A prisoner aughteen year awa, . S. Amang the trees t
I winna gang to the dance in Carlyle ha' Ib.	Case. thou kens our waefu' case, . Adam A—'s Prayer. Before ye gie poor Frailty names,
Carmagnole.	Suppose a change o' cases; . Add. to Unco Guid. 6.
that curst carmagnole auld Satan, · Poem on Life. Carnage.	Maggie's was a piteous case, S. Duncan Gray† Whoe'er he be that sojourns here,
To wanton in carnage and wallow in gore: . S. Caledonia.	I pity much his case, . Epig. on being neglected at Inn.
Sires, mothers, children, in one carnage lie: The Brigs of Ayr.	As father Adam first was fool'd,
Carnal. It's just a carnal inclination, . A Ded. to G. H., 6.	A case that's still too common, Epit. on Henpecked Squire. "O thou, whase lamentable face
Altho' his carnal Wit an' Sense Like hafflins-wise o'ercomes him At times The Holy Fair. 17.	Appears to mourn my woefu' case! The Death of Mailie.
That Stipend is a carnal weed The Ordination. 5.	In case that worth should wanted be, The Election Ballads. V.
Carnival.	Cash.
Love-gifts of Carnival signoras [v. A. 13]. The Twa Dogs. 23.	A man may tak a neebor's part, Yet hae nae cash to spare him. Ep. to Young Friend. 4.
But groveling on the earth the carol ends. Ep. to R. Graham. 5.	An' sends, beside, auld Scotland's cash
At thy blithe carol clears his furrowed brow.	To her warst faes Scotch Drink, 15.
Caroll'd. Sonnet, wr. on Birthday	Poor tenant bodies, scant o' cash, The Twa Dogs. 13. Some rhyme. (vain thought!) for needfu' cash; To J.S., 5.
Thy rudely-caroll'd, chiming phrase, The Vision, D. II. 21. Carouse.	Cash-Account. Or strutted in a Bank and clarket
There let him bowse an' deep carouse, Scotch Drink. Mott.	My Cash-Account; The Vision, D. I. 5.
Carp.	Cassencarrie. And there will be gay Cassencarrie, The Election Ballads. III.
My worthy friend, ne'er grudge an' carp, Tho' Fortune use you hard an' sharp;	Cassilis, Cassills.
Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 8.	And kith and kin o' Cassillis' blude, S. My Lord a-hunting t
Carpet-weaver. And turn a Carpet-weaver Aff-hand this day. The Ordination. 9.	To Cassills' banks when ev'ning fa's, S. Now bank and brae† Then let me range by Cassills' banks,
Carriage. Ithers seek they kenna what;	Cassilis Downans [three or four small green hills
Features, carriage, and a' that; S. Jockey fou, † Their carriage and dress, a stranger would guess,	near Cassillis Castle on the Doon, Ayrshire]. Upon that night when Fairies light,
In Lon'on or Paris they'd gotten it a': The Belles of Mauchline	On Cassilis Downans dance, Halloween.
Imprimis then, for carriage cattle, I have four brutes o' gallant mettle, . The Inventory.	Cast. But cast a moment's fair regard Add. to Unco Guid. 3.
Wheel carriages I ha'e but few,	To cast my een up like a Pyet, . Auld comrade deart Dim-backward as I cast my view, . Despondency, an Ode. 1.
Does the train-attended Carriage	Down the zodiac urge the race,
Thro' the country lighter rove? The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII. Carrick [the southern district of Ayrshire].	And cast dirt on his godship's face; . Ep. to H. Parker. He'd ne'er cast saut upo' thy tail
Where Bruce ance rul'd the martial ranks,	Pitving the propless climber of mankind,
An' shook his Carrick spear,	She cast about a standard tree to find; Ep. to R. Graham. 4.
Upon the Carrick border, O, S. My father was a farmer †	Ye'll cast your head anither airt; S. O Tibbie! † Syne, whip! his tail ye'll ne'er cast saut on, . Poem on Life.
For nane in Carrick or Kyle Can please a lassie better S. O gie and large become	Tho' they should cast the vera sark and swim,
Can please a lassie better S. O gie my love brose † (Lang after kend on Carrick shore; . Tam o' Shanter. 15.	The Brigs of Ayr. 6.
Carried.	Nor from the seat of scornful Pride Casts forth his eyes ahroad, The 1st Psalm.
Say, was it the covenant carried her thither; Jenny M'Craw †	But he whose blossom buds in guilt Shall to the ground be cast,
The Priest he was oxter'd, the Clerk he was carried, S. O ken ye what Meg †	When the bloody die was cast on the heights of Abram;
To its blackest nook he [the Deil] has carried her ben,	The Jolly Beggars. S. I.
S. There liv'd auce a carle † '	Cast off the wat, put on the dry, . S. The Ploughman †

	Cotabild
The Men cast out in party-matches, . The Twa Dogs. 32. But Och! I backward cast my e'e,	Catch'd. Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk, . Tam o' Shanter. 3.
On prospects drear! To a Mouse.	But Och! they catch'd him at the last,
I see ye upward cast your eyes To J. S., 28.	The Jolly Beggars. S. IV.
Castalla.	And ay he [Hornie] catch'd the tither wretch,
I never drank the Muses' Stank, Castalia's burn an' a that, . The Jolly Beggars. S. VII.	The Ordination, 10. Catch-the-plack [money-grubbing].
Wha by Castalia's wimplin streamies,	Wha think that havins, sense an' grace,
Lowp, sing, and lave your pretty limbies, To Dr. Blacklock.	Ev'n love an' friendship should give place
Castailan.	To catch-the-plack! Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 20.
Ochon for poor Castalian drinkers,	Ye'll catechize him every quirk, To Gav. Hamilton.
When they fa' foul o earthly jinkers, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 10 Castigated.	Catrine. Learning and Worth in equal measures trode,
Think, when your castigated pulse	From simple Catrine, their long-lov'd abode: The Brigs of Ayr. 13.
Gies now and then a wallop, . Add. to Unco Guid. 4.	The Catrine woods were yellow seen,
Casting.	The flowers decay'd on Catrine lea, S. The Catrine woods †
And casting woo' to me. S. The High. Widow's Lament	Cattle.
Castle. Or where auld, ruin'd castles, gray, Nod to the moon, Add. to the Deil. 5.	The sma', droot-rumpl't, hunter cattle, A Guid New-year † 10. I thought me on the ourie cattle, . A Winter Night. 3.
By you castle wa' at the close of the day,	I thought me on the ourie cattle, A Winter Night. 3. And much oppressed and bruised she was;
S. By yon castle wa't	As priest-rid cattle are, El. on Peg Nicholson.
But build a castle on his head, . Epig. on noted Coxcomb.	Imprimis then, for carriage cattle,
O Lady Mary Ann looks o'er the castle wa', S. Lady Mary Ann.	I have four brutes o' gallant mettle, The Inventory. L—d man, our gentry care as little
O gin my love were you red rose,	For delvers, ditchers, an' sic cattle; . The Twa Dogs. 12.
That grows upon the castle wa'! . S. O were my love † As the finest dame in castle or ha'. S. O when she cam ben †	Wi' ither kindred, jumping cattle To a Louse.
The night was still, and o'er the hill	Caudron [a caldron].
The moon shone on the castle wa'; The night was still †	To go an' clout the Caudron. The Jolly Beggars. S. VI.
while dew-drops hang Around her on the castle wa' Ib.	And ay he [Hornie] catch'd the tither wretch, To fry them in his caudrons; The Ordination. 10.
Down by you stream, and you bonie castle green; S. Wae is my heart †	Cauf [calf].
But the houlet cry'd frae the Castle wa',	A cow and a cauf, a yowe and a hauf, S. Her Daddie forbad†
S. What will I do gin †	Cauf-leather [calf-leather].
Ye banks, and braes, and streams around	Cauf-leather shoon upon your feet, . S. Ca' the Ewes.
The castle of Montgomery, S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams	Caught. And shooting meteors caught the startled eye. On Death of Sir J. Blair.
Castle Gordon.	I mark'd the cruel hawk
Give me the stream that sweetly laves	Caught in a snare; S. Phillis the Fair.
The banks by Castle Gordon S. Streams that glide †	My heart was caught before I thought, S. When first I came † I thought upon the witching smile
Give me the groves that lofty brave The storms, by Castle Gordon	That caught my youthful fancy: S. When wild War's †
Where waters flow and wild woods wave,	Cauk [chaik].
By bonie Castle Gordon	And wow! he has an unco slight
Return him safe to fair Strathspey, And bonie Castle-Gordon! [re.] S. The yng High. Rover.	O' cauk and keel. On Grose's Peregrinations Cauld [cold], adj., adv.
Ca't v. Ca'd.	The cauld blue north was streaming forth Her lights,
Cat.	A Vision.
Some cock or cat, your rage maun stop, Add. to the Deil. 14.	But now, the Cot is bare and cauld, . As on the banks †
But ha'd your nine-tail cat a wee, . Epit. on Holy Willie.	O cauld blaws the e'enin blast When bitter bites the frost, . S. Cauld is the e'enin blast
Cats like milk, And dogs like broo; S. Gudeen to you Kimmer†	And when ye [craiks] wing your annual way
Hark, how the nine-tail'd cat she plays! The Ordination. 11.	Frae our cauld shore, El. on Capt. M. H. 9.
The cat has twa [een], the very colour; . S. Willie Wastle †	Cauld poverty, wi' hungry stare, El. on Death of R. Ruisseaux.
Catalogue.	Ev'n as he is, cauld in his graff, Epig. on Henpecked Squire.
Yet, if your catalogue [of friends] be fow, I'se no insist; . Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 15.	The Simmer had been cauld an' wat, Halloween. 15.
Catch. Or witty catches, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 6.	When it is cauld an' wat, . S. Lass, when yr mither †
They're no herd's ballats, Maro's catches;	O Poortith cauld, and restless love, S. O Poortith cauld †
Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	Upbraid na me wi' cauld disdain, S. O Lassie, art thou t
Catch, to. Then catch the moments as they fly A Rottle and Eviend	O wert thou in the cauld blast, S. O wert thou in † Misfortune's cauld Nor-west . On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.
Then catch the moments as they fly, A Bottle and Friend. No—stretch a point to catch a plack; A Ded. to G.H., 8.	Though cauld be the clay, where thou pillows't thy head,
To catch Dame Fortune's golden smile,	On Death of fav. Child.
Assiduous wait upon her; Ep. to Young Friend. 7.	As cauld a wind as ever blew; A cauld kirk, and in't but few;
And tho' at last they catch them [riches] fast, Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.	As cauld a minister's ever spak; . On Kirk of Lamington
S. Green grow the Rashes.	Each in its cauld hand held a light Tam o' Shanter. 11.
There catch her ilka glance of love, S. Now bank and brae †	Nae cauld, faint-hearted doubtings tease him; The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.
Again, again that tender part,	Cauld Boreas, wi' his boisterous crew, S. The Fête Champetre.
That I may catch thy melting art; S. O stay, sweet warbling +	[Smith] opens out his cauld harangues, The Holy Fair, 14.
Ye [flowers] catch the glances of her e'e!	When January winds were blawing cauld,
Ye [flowers] catch the glances of her e'e! S. O wat ye wha's in †	S. The lass that made the bed.
Ye [flowers] catch the glances of her e'e! S. O wat ye wha's in† That I might catch poetic skill, S. O were I on Parnass.†	When January winds were blawing cauld, S. The lass that made the bed. The weather was cauld, and the lassie lay still, S. The Taylor fell †
Ye [flowers] catch the glances of her e'e! S. O wat ye wha's in †	S. The lass that made the bed. The weather was cauld, and the lassie lay still. S. The Taylor fell? That thou wilt work them, hot and cauld,
Ye [flowers] catch the glances of her e'e! S. O wat ye wha's in† That I might catch poetic skill, S. O were I on Parnass.† Yet by the forelock is the hold to catch him [Time]; Prologue, at Th., D Whiles glowring round wi' prudent cares,	S. The lass that made the bed. The weather was cauld, and the lassie lay still. S. The Taylor fell† That thou wilt work them, hot and cauld, Till they agree. The Twa Herds. 10.
Ye [flowers] catch the glances of her e'e! S. O wat ye wha's in t That I might catch poetic skill, S. O were I on Parnass.t Yet by the forelock is the hold to catch him [Time]; Prologue, at Th., D Whiles glowring round wi' prudent cares, Lest bogles catch him unawares: Tam o' Shanter. 9.	S. The lass that made the bed. The weather was cauld, and the lassie lay still. S. The Taylor fell? That thou wilt work them, hot and cauld, Till they agree The Twa Herds. 10. And cauld, Caledonia's blast on the wave; S. Their groves of?
Ye [flowers] catch the glances of her e'e! S. O wat ye wha's in† That I might catch poetic skill, S. O were I on Parnass.† Yet by the forelock is the hold to catch him [Time]; Prologue, at Th., D Whiles glowring round wi' prudent cares,	S. The lass that made the bed. The weather was cauld, and the lassie lay still. S. The Taylor fell† That thou wilt work them, hot and cauld, Till they agree. The Twa Herds. 10.

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Winter's state delible An' anamous sould! To a Manage	Cove
Winter's sleety dribble, An' cranreuch cauld! To a Mouse. A creeping cauld prosaic fog To Miss Ferrier.	Cave. as soughs the boding wind, Amang his caves, As on the banks †
Cauld blaws the wind frae east to west, S. Up in the morning.	Had I a cave on some wild distant shore, S. Had I a cave †
Winter winds blew, loud and cauld, at our parting,	To what dark cave of frozen night,
S. Wandering Willie	Alas! shall thy poor wand'rer hie; S. Farewell, dear mistress †
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay, S. Ye banks and braes and streams †	S. Farewell, dear mistress † The winds, lamenting thro' their caves, Lament for Glencairn.
Cauld [cold], s.	Lament for Glencairn.
And creep in frae the cauld? . S. Lass, when yr mither † Hunger, Cauld, an' a' sic harms	My cave would be a lover's bower, S. O wat ye wha's in † Some narrow, dirty, dungeon cave,
May whistle owre the lave o't. The Jolly Beggars. S. V.	The picture of thy mind! . On seeing Lord G.'s Seat.
Ye maist wad think, a wee touch langer,	The hollow caves return a sullen moan.
An' they mann starve o' cauld and hunger: The Twa Dogs. 11. Nae cauld nor hunger e'er can steer them,	On Death of R. Dundas. Ye hills, ye plains, ye forests, and ye caves, Ib.
It's true, they need na starve or sweat,	And hollow whistled [the blast] in the rocky cave.
Thro' Winter's cauld, or Summer's heat; 1b. 29.	On Death of Sir J. H. Blair
Cauldness [coldness]. The cauldness of thy heart's the cause	And find at night a sheltering cave, S. Streams that glide †
Of a' my grief and pain, jo. S. O Lassie, art thou †	Till Echo answer frae her cave, . Tam Samson's El., 13. In this lone cave, in garments lowly, The Hermit.
Caup [a wooden drinking vessel].	Turbid torrents, wintry swelling,
O rare! to see thee fizz an' freath I' the lugget caup! Scotch Drink. 10.	Roaring by my lonely cave S. Thickest night †
And mony a friend that kiss't his caup,	Rest, ye wild storms, in the cave of your slumbers, S. Wandering Willie
Is now a fremit wight: The Election Ballads. I.	Or in the glens and rocky caves,
Wi' yill-caup Commentators: The Holy Fair. 18.	His sad complaining dowie raves S. Young Jamie, † Cave-lodged.
How drink gaed round, in cogs an' caups,	The cave-lodged beggar, with a conscience clear,
A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.	Ode, to Mem. of Mrs
[The honest heart], However Fortune kick the ba', Has ay some cause to smile: Ep. to Davie. 3.	Cavern. in you cavern grim and sootie, Add. to the Deil. 1. The cavern wild with tangling roots, Despondency, an Ode. 3.
Who nobly perished in the glorious cause, Fragment of Ode.	See from his cavern grim Oppression rise,
'Nae doubt but ye may get a sight!	On Death of R. Dundas.
'Great cause ye hae to fear it;	The hoary cavern, wide-surrounding, lowers. Wr. by Fall of Fyers.
And wha winna wish guid luck to our cause, May never guid luck be their fa'!	Cavie [a hen-coop].
S. Here's a health to them	The Fiddler rak'd her, fore and aft,
It's guid to support Caledonia's cause,	Behint the Chicken cavie: The Jolly Beggars, R. VII. Cawd v. Ca'd.
Five thousand years 'fore my creation, Thro' Adam's cause. Holy Willie's Prayer.3.	Cease. Can I cease to care,
Thro Adam's cause. Holy Willie's Prayer.3. Excisemen? give the cause a hearing:	Can I cease to languish, S. Ay waking, O†
Lns on Window, K.'s Arms.	Husband, husband, cease your strife, S. Husband, husband † Cease, ye prudes, your envious railing,
Some cause unseen still stept between,	Lns under Pict. of Miss Burns
S. My father was a farmer† The cauldness of thy heart's the cause	Tell ev'ry social, honest billie
Of a' my grief and pain, jo. S. O Lassie, art thou †	To cease his grievin, Tam Samson's El., Per C Thou busy pow'r, Remembrance, cease! The Lament.
Nay more, that very love their cause of ruin! Remorse. A Frag.	The din o' war wad cease, man The Tree of Liberty.
An' physically causes seek, In clime an' season, The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.	My weary heart its throbbings cease, To Ruin.
But if thou hast good cause to sigh at	Thy nod can make the tempest cease to blow, Why am I loth
Thy fault or care: The Hermit.	Ceaseless. Thou man of crazy care and ceaseless sigh,
But it sealed freedom's sacred cause	Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
Like brethren in a common cause,	Dim-seen, through rising mists and ceaseless showers, Wr. by Fall of Fyers.
We'd on each other smile, man; The Tree of Liberty.	Ceasing. Wi' never-ceasing toil; Ep. to Davie, 6.
The Lord's cause ne'er gat sic a twistle, The Twa Herds. 3. In the cause of right engaged, S. Thickest night †	Celestial.
And curst be the cause that shall part us! To Mary.	And Port was celestial glory. Epit. on J. Dove, Innkeeper.
Who boldly dare thy cause maintain	Her cheeks a mair celestial hue, . S. Her flowing locks † Powers celestial whose protection
In spite of foes: To Rev. J. M'Math. Cause, to. She's fair and fause that causes my smart,	Ever guards the virtuous fair, S. Highland Mary.
S. She's fair and fause +	Cell. Within his humble cell, Despondency, an Ode. 3.
Nor cause me from my bosom tear The very friend I sought S. Talk not of Love †	From those drear solitudes and frowzy cells, Where infamy with sad repentance dwells; Ep. fr. Esopus.
Caused. All that has caused this wreck in my bosom.	Till crash! the cruel coulter past
Is Jenny, fair Jenny alone. S. Where are the joys †	Out thro' thy cell To a Mouse. Lone wandering by the hermit's mossy cell;
His heart by causeless wanton malice wrung, To R.G. of F.,5.	Wr. in Kenmore Inn.
Causey-cleaners.	Cement. How easy can the barley-brie Cement the quarrel! . Scotch Drink, 13.
To whom our moderns are but causey-cleaners; The Brigs of Ayr. 9.	Cement the quarrel! . Scotch Drink. 13.
Caustick.	Yet they wha fa' in Fortune's strife,
his caustick wit was biting, rude, . Extem. on W. Smellie. Caution. And bind him down wi' caution. The Ordination. 5.	Their fate we should na censure, . Ep. to Young Friend. 4. Censuring. Point out a censuring world, and bid me fear;
And wakeful caution still aware Of ill . To a young Lady.	In vain wild Prudence †
Cold-pausing Caution's lesson scorning, To I. S., 15.	Cent, Centum.
Cautious. Know, prudent, cautious, self-controul	Or purse-proud, big wi' cent per cent, An' muckle wame, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 11.
Is Wisdom's root. A Bard's Epit. Tell them frae me, wi' chiels be cautious; Auld comrade dear †	There Centum per Centum, the Cit with his purse;
Propriety's cold, cautious rules . Rusticity's ungainly †	S. No Churchman am I†
worthy Glenriddel, so cautious and sage, The Whistle. 15.	Gie Wealth to some be-ledger'd Cit, In cent per cent; To J. S., 23.

Centre, Center.	Champion. In either wing two champions fought,
If Happiness hae not her seat And center in the breast, Ep. to Davie. 5.	The Election Ballads. VI. What champions ventured, what champions fell;
May secrecy round be the mystical bound, And brotherly love he the centre. S. The Sons of old K	Chance. The Whistle. 3.
Certain. A certain Bardie's rantin, drinkin,	By heedless chance I turn'd mine eyes, A Vision.
Add. to the Deil. 20. This past for certain, undisputed; To W. Simpson, P.S.	I will take my chance with you; Add. to Dumourier. "Alas!" quoth I, "what ruefu' chance,
With your Honours and a certain King, The Dean of Fac.	"Has twin'd ye o' your bonie trees; . As on the banks t
Certes. And certes, in fair Virtue's heavenly road, The Cottage leaves the Palace far hehind:	The upright is Chance, and old Time is the base; S. Caledonia. 6.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 19. Cesarean. Heroes in Cesarean fight The Election Ballads. VI.	Blind chance, let her snapper and stoyte on her way, S. Contented wi' little †
Cess.	Time and chance are but a tide, S. Duncan Gray t sune as chance or fate had hush't 'em
How cesses, stents, and fees were rax'd, Kind Sir, I've read † Cessnock.	El. on Death of R. Ruisseaux.
On Cessnock banks there lives a lass, S. On Cessnock banks †	But how the subject theme may gang, Let time and chance determine; Ep. to Young Friend. 1.
Her voice is like the ev'ning thrush That sings in Cessnock banks unseen, Ib.	But just a Rhymer like by chance, Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. q. Depending on some higher chance, S. Here's to thy health,†
On Cessnock banks a lassie dwells; Ib. Sett II. Chace v. Chase.	While you wild flowers among, Chance led me there; S. Phillis the Fair.
Chaln.	And aft as chance he [poor man] comes thee nigh,
Condemn'd to drag a hopeless chain, S. Farewell, thou stream †	Thy auld damned elbow yeuks wi' joy, Poem on Life. If, hapless chance! they linger lang,
He hugs his chain, and owns the reign . S. Lovely Davies.	The Petition of Br. Water
At Tyranny's, or direr Pleasure's chain; Prologue, sp. by Woods.	Then chance and fortune are sae guided, The Twa Dogs. 16. Stake on a chance a farmer's stackyard,
Her's are the willing chains o' love, . S. Sae flaxen †	Stake on a chance a farmer's stackyard,
Edward, chains, and slavery! S. Scots wha ha'e †	Chance, to.
By your sons in servile chains,	If in your bounds ye chance to light Upon a fine, fat, fodgel wight, On Grose's Peregrinations
Sketch, New-Yr's Day Never bound by winter's chains! S. Streams that glide †	Chane'd.
He [Love] bound me with an iron chain,	By Allan stream I chanc'd to rove . S. By Allan stream † It chanc'd the Stack he faddom't thrice,
S. Talk not of Love † Wi' your liberty's chain and your wit; The Kirk's Alarm.	Was timmer-propt for thrawin: Halloween. 23.
Save Love's willing fetters, the chains of his Jean.	A barefit maid I chanc'd to meet, S. O Mally's meek. It chanc'd his new-come neebor took his e'e,
And maidenly modesty fixes the chain.	The Brigs of Ayr. 4. A maiden fair I chanc'd to spy; S. Twas even—the dewyt
S. True hearted was he†	Chancre.
The captive bands may chain the hands,	curst Venetian b-res an' ch-ncres [v. A. 13]. The Twa Dogs. 23.
S. A. Masterton's bonie Anne. Or chain the soul in speechless pleasure;	Change. Before ye gie poor Frailty names, Suppose a change o' cases; Add. to Unco Guid. 6.
S. By Allan stream † In love's delightful fetters, she chains the willing soul!	Old Time and Nature their changes tell, . S. Bonie Bell. Nature's mighty law is change; . S. Let not woman †
S. Mark yonder Pomp † Chain'd. Whar damned devils roar and yell, Chain'd to a stake. Holy Willie's Prayer. 4.	Alas! alas! a devilish change indeed Lns, on Deathbed. And fools o' change are fain; The Election Ballads. I.
Chain'd at his feet they groan, Love's vanquish'd foes:	Change, to.
Chair.	Has gart me change my sang. S. My heart was ance t
Thou now has got thy Daddy's chair, . El. on Year 1788. Wha first beside his chair shall fa'.	I know her heart will never change, S. The Highland Lassie. Changed, -'d.
He is the king amang us three S. O Willie brew'd†	Alas, how chang'd the times to come! Add. to Edinburgh. 6. And ev'ry time great care is taen,
Some carryan dails, some chairs an' stools, The Holy Fair. 8. Thrang winkan on the lasses To chairs	To see them duely changed: Halloween. 27.
His awful chair of state resolves to mount, . The Vowels.	But hark! the tent has chang'd its voice; The Holy Fair. 14.
Chair-back.	And chang'd with every moon my love, . S. Young Jamie, † Changefu'.
Wi' arm repos'd on the chair-back, He sweetly does compose him; The Holy Fair. 11.	I've seen sae mony changefu' years, On earth I am a stranger grown; Lament for Glencairn.
Challenge. "This Whistle's your challenge, to Scotland get o'er,	Change house [taylonn]
Chalmers. The Whistle.	Now, butt an' ben, the Change-house fills, The Holy Fair. 18.
And faith ye'll no be lost a whit,	Changing.
Tho' waired on Willie Chalmers. [re.] On W. Chalmers. Chamber.	Cold, comfortless, changing, untrue. S. The Winter it is past †
And private was the chamber: . S. O May thy morn t	Channel. That, to a Bard, I should be seen
And kindly she did me invite, To walk into a chamber fair.	Wi' half my channel dry: . The Petition of Br. Water.
S. The Lass that made the bed.	Time but the impression stronger makes, As streams their channels deeper wear.
And frae my chamber went wi' speed;	To Mary in Heaven.
llk ghaist that haunts auld ha' or chamer,	Chant. How can ye chant, ye little birds, S. The Banks of Doon. Sett II.
The brethren o' the Commerce-Chaumer . To W. Creech.	They chant their artless notes in simple guise; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 13.
Champêtre. Anhank who guess'd the Indies' tests	When lintwhites chant among the buds, To W. Simpson.
Anbank, wha guess'd the ladies' taste, He gies a Fête Champetre. [re.] S. The Fête Champetre.	While chearful peace, with linnet song, Chants the lowly dells among Wr. in Friars-Carse H.
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Chanted.	Charlie, Prince.
'Tis the soft chanted choral song, On Lincluden Castle.	Wha in his wae days were loyal to Charlie? S. Bannocks o' bear meal
Chanter [the pipe which produces the melody in a bag-pipe].	Come boat me o'er to Charlie; . S. Come boat me o'er
Sae I conclude and quat my chanter, Auld comrade dear †	We'll o'er the water to Charlie;
O, a' ye Bards on bonie Doon!	
An' wha on Aire your chanters tune! . Poor Mailie's El.	Come weel, come woe, we'll gather and go, And live or die wi' Charlie!
Then I maun rin amang the rest	I lo'e weel my Charlie's name,
An' quat my chanter; . Third Ep. to J. Lap	But O, to see auld Nick gaun hame,
Chiels wha their chanters winna hain, . To W. Simpson.	And Charlie's faes before him!
Chanticleer.	If I had twenty thousand lives, I'd die as aft for Charlie
Chanticleer Shook off the pouthery snaw, And hail'd the morning with a cheer, A Winter Night. 10.	Here's a health to Charlie the chief o' the clan,
Chanting, -an.	S. Here's a health to them
The chanting linnet, or the mellow thrush, The Brigs of Ayr.	Till Charlie Stewart cam at last, Sae far to set us free; . S. The High. Widow's Lament
The lav'rocks they were chantan	
Fu' sweet that day The Holy Fair. 1.	Charlie.
Chap, Chaup [a blow].	An' no forgetting wabster Charlie, Auld comrade dear
Then Burnewin comes on like Death	Young Charlie Cochran was the sprout of an aik: S. Lady Mary Ans
At ev'ry chap [v. A. 17] . Scotch Drink. 10. Chap [a fellow].	Whare drunken Charlie brak's neck-bane; Tam o' Shanter. 10
To chaps, wha, in a barn or byre,	Charlie Gregor tint his plaidie,
Wad better fill'd their station A Dream. 5.	Kissin' Theniel's honie Mary. S. T. Menzie's bonie Mary
He's grown sae weel acquaint wi' Buchan,	But Charlie gat the spring to pay
And ither chaps, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 14.	Charm.
The four-gill chap, we'se gar him clatter, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 19.	In a' their charms, and conquering arms, They [youth, grace, love, &c.] wait on bonie Anne.
a chap that's d-mn'd auldfarran,	S. A. Masterton's bonie Anne
The Author's Cry and Prayer.	When in my arms, wi' a thy charms, I clasp my countless treasure, . S. An' I'll kiss thee yet
On that [hand], a set o' chaps, at watch,	
Thrang winkan on the lasses The Holy Fair. 10.	Anna, thy charms my bosom fire, . S. Anna, thy charms
This chap will dearly like our kin', S. There was a lad †	O gi'e me the lass that has acres o' charms, S Awa' wi' yr witchcraft
Chapel, Chappel. Haste, gie her name up i' the chappel, . Letter to J. Goudie.	
Our land wha wi' chapels has stored;	But the rapturous charm o' the bonie green knowes, Ilk spring they're new deckit wi' bonie white yewes It
The Election Ballads. III.	Rifled ilka charm about her S. Donald Brodie
Chapman [a pedlar, a hawker].	In Highland bonnet woo Malvina's charms; Ep. fr. Esopus
As Tam the Chapman on a day	Yet Nature's charms, the hills and woods, The sweeping vales, and foaming floods,
Wi' Death forgather'd by the way, Epit. on Tam the Chapman.	Are free alike to all
When chapmen billies leave the street, . Tam o' Shanter.	Say, sages, what's the charm on earth,
the ford, Whare, in the snaw, the chapman smoor'd; Ib. 10.	Can turn death's dart aside? Epit. on Miss J. Lewars
Hornie's turnin' chapman,	As hopeless I muse on thy charms, S. Here's a health to ane Lovely Burns has charms—confess;
He'll buy a' the pack The Election Ballads. IV. Chapter.	Lns under Pict. of Miss Burns
I sit and count my sins by chapters; . Ep. to H. Parker.	Or they rehearse, in equal verse,
Character. Heaven's, should the branded character, be mine!	The charms o' lovely Davies S. Lovely Davies
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.	The man in arms 'gainst female charms,
Let them cant about decornm, Who have character to lose, The Jolly Beggars, S. VIII.	The charms o' lovely Davies
Who have character to lose, The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII. Charg'd.	But her ten-pund lands o' tocher gude
Our Sex with guile and faithless love,	Were a' the charms his Lordship lo'ed, S. My Lord a-hunting
Is charg'd, perhaps too true; To Miss L., with Beattie.	The tender thrill, the pitying tear,
Charge.	The generous purpose, nobly dear,
to pay your debt, An' lessen a' your charges; . A Dream.	The gentle look that rage disarms; These are all immortal charms S. My Mary's face
To my arms their charge convey, S. How can my poor heart	Come let us stray our gladsome way,
To gie them music was his charge: . Tam o' Shanter. 11.	And view the charms of Nature; S. Now westlin winds
And thousands hasten'd to the charge; S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	My tocher's the jewel has charms for him. S. O meikle thinks my love
An' now my dying charge I gie him, The Death of Mailie.	My youthful heart was stown away,
With headlong speed rush'd to the charge,	And by thy charms, my Phely S. O Phely,
The Election Ballads. VI.	Without my love, not a' the charms
And still his discourse was concerning his charge, S. The Poor Thresher.	Of Paradise could yield me joy; S. O wat ye wha's in
Charge, to.	Far in their shade my Peggy's charms First blest my wond'ring eyes S. Peggy Chalmers
I charge you disturb not my slumbering Fair. S. Afton Water.	Where Peggy's charms I first survey'd,
But, hark ye, friend, I charge you strictly,	That charm, that can the strongest quell,
Auld comrade dear	The sternest move. Poem on Pastoral Poetry May he who wins thy matchless charms
Charlot. And twere more fit that she should sit, Within you chariot gilt aboon. S. O Mally's meek.	Possess a leal and true heart; S. Polly Stewart
Charles.	The charms o' the min', the langer they shine,
The muffled murtherer of Charles The Election Ballads. VI.	The mair admiration they draw, man; Ronalds of Bennals
Or if the Swede, before he halt,	And ay my Chloris' dearest charm, She says she lo'es me best of a'
Would play anither Charles the twalt: Kind Sir, I've read t	Vain ev'n the omnipotence of Female charms, Scots Prologue
Charlie [Fox, the statesman].	What secret charm to mem'ry brings
Or rattl'd dice wi' Charlie By night or day A Dream, 10.	All that on Evan's border springs? S. Slow spreads the gloom
An' Charlie F-x threw by the box, . A Fragment. 5. Then Clubs an' Hearts were Charlie's cartes, Ib. 7.	Thou young-eyed spring, thy charms I cannot bear;
Or glaikit Charlie got his piece in	Sonnet, on Death of R. Thora I'll degrice imposin charges S. The ground Locks of A.

Cheek

The flowers shall vie in all their charms	So ilka day to me mair dear And charming is my Phely S. O Phely, †
But bless me wi' your heav'n o' charms,	In grace and beauty charming; S. O wat ye wha that loes t
The Jolly Beggars. S. V. Her charms had struck a sturdy Caird,	o damining 2 only blomain, [, vi,]
How have I wish'd for Fortune's charms, For her dear sake, and her's alone! The Lament.	Her fautless form and gracefu' air; S. Sae flaxen †
When awful Beauty joins with all her charms, Who is so rash as rise in rebel arms? The Rights of Woman.	Thou, my friend, canst truly tell; S. Sensibility, †
The rose upon the brier by the waters running clear, May have charms for the linnet and the bee;	S. The Slave's Lament You, a charming levely creature. S. Will ve so and marry t
S. The Winter it is past	Then, O! then, my charming Katie
in all thy youth and charms, To Chloris. But a' the charms o' the Indies	Charter. But first hang out that she it discern,
Can never equal thine	Your hymeneal Charter, A Dream, 13. Were this the charter of our state.
Ev'n winter bleak has charms to me, . To W. Simpson.	3, -1
O Nature! a' thy shows an' forms To feeling, pensive hearts hae charms!	Charter'd. For loyal Forbes' Charter'd boast Is ta'en awa! . Scotch Drink. 19.
'And still to her charms She alone is a stranger!	Chase, Chace.
S. True-hearted was he There all her charms she does compile!	The harpy, hoodock, purse-proud race, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 7.
S. Twas even—the dewy Have I so found it full of pleasing charms? Why am I loth	71
the charms o' you wild, mossy moors;	The chase gaed frae the north, man;
S. You wild mossy mountns	
O, these are my Lassie's all-conquering charms Ib Charm, to.	There's a holier chace in your view; . The Kirk's Alarm. The hirelings ran—her foes gied chase, The Tree of Liberty.
Ye cease to charm; Eliza is no more. El. on Miss Burnet	and the state of t
It warms me, it charms me,	The warly race may riches chase, S. Green grow the Rashes.
To mention but her name: Ep. to Davie. 8 ye whom social pleasure charms, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 21.	
Again ye'll charm the ear and e'e; Lament for Glencairn.	
My Mary's worth, my Mary's mind, Might charm the first of human kind. S. My Mary's face	Chasing. My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer; Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
And ay it charms my very saul, The kind love that's in her e'e S. O this is no my ain	S. My heart's in the Highlands † Chaste. Thee, aith-detesting, chaste Kilkerran;
I hear her charm the air S. Of a' the airts	The Author's Cry and Prayer, 13. Hey for the chaste int'rest of Broughton,
They tempt the taste and charm the sight; S. On Cessnock banks	The Election Ballads. III.
Where the songs of the good, where the hymns of the blest,	Dove-like fondness, chaste concession, To a Kiss.
Through an endless existence shall charm thee. On Death of fav. Child.	Chasten'd. An' whan we chasten'd him therefore,
(Beauty, where faultless symmetry and grace,	Thou kens how he bred sic a splore, Holy Willie's Prayer. 12.
Can only charm us in the second place,) Prologue, sp. by Woods.	Chatham. The Saxon lads, wi' loud placads, On Chatham's Boy did ca', man; A Fragment. 7.
Hear the woodlark charm the forest, . S. Sensibility,	
But when she charms my sight, In pride of beauty's light; S. Sleep'st thou, or wak'st!	If sleekit Chatham Will was livin, . Kind Sir, I've read t
While Fragrance blooms an' Beauty charms!	Chaint Ve woodland choir that chaint your idle loves
The Author's Cry and Prayer. P. Again ye'll charm the vocal air. S. The Catrine woods	El. on Miss Burnet.
But here, alas! for me nae mair	Cheap. Their sports were cheap an cheary. Hattoween. 20.
Shall birdie charm, or flow'ret smile;	Wi' you no friendship I will troke Nor cheap nor dear To Mr. J. Kennedy.
I'd charm her with the magic of a switch, The Henpecked Husband.	Channet It's are the channet I aware's fee
Charm or instruct the future age, [v. A. 4] The Vision, D. II.	Chear, to, v. Cheer, to.
Since life's gay scenes must charm no more, . To Chloris.	Chearful, -fu', -fully v. Cheerful, -fully.
They charm th' admiring gazer's sight, . S. Young Peggy † Charm'd.	Chicar mg.
She charm'd margaret I wist as house C. I and a supplied	All-chearing Plenty, with her flowing horn, The Brigs of Ayr, 13.
The bird that charm'd his summer day, S. O Lassie, art thou	Chearless, Cheary v. Cheerless, Cheery.
Now bless the hour which charm'd my guilty sight. To Clarinda	Cheat, to. But faith! he'll turn a corner jinkan,
Charmer. The rose-bud's the blush o' my charmer, S. Adown winding Nith	An' cheat you yet. Add. to the Deil. 20. Cheat him, Devil, if you can. Epit. on J—n B—y, Writer.
And the moon shines bright, when I rove at night,	An' cheat like ony unhang'd blackguard. The Twa Dogs. 33.
To muse upon my Charmer . S. Now westlin winds ! My fair, my lovely Charmer!	
Stay, my charmer, can you leave me? S. Stay, my charmer	Check.
Cruel charmer, can you go!	Wha hae nae check but human law, Ep. to Young Friend. 3.
Charming.	Classical distribution of the Community
My Nanie's charming, sweet an' young; S. Behind yon hills! It was the charming month of May S. It was the charming!	Classia.
The youthful charming Chloe; [re.]	when Sh-ib-rhe meek held up his cheek, A Fragment. O.
Sae droops our heart when we maun part	His cheek to hers he aft did lay, . S. As down the burn †
Frae charming, lovely Davies S. Lovely Davies. And all resistless charming, S. Mark yonder Pomp	
Tho' to be rich was not my wish,	ambush'd by the chimla cheek, Ep. to H. Parker.
Yet to be great was charming, O:	O ye whose cheek the tear of pity stains, Epit. for Author's Father.
S. My father was a farmer	Epit. for Author's Pather.

Her cheeks a mair celestial hue, . S. Her flowing locks †	And yet you are chearful, I pray tell me how
His hoary cheek was wet wi' tears; Lament for Glencairn.	That you do maintain them so well as you do. S. The Poor Thresher.
How pale is that cheek where the rouge lately glistened;	And spent the chearful, festive night;
Monody, on a Lady.	The Farewell. To St. J.'s L
While down his cheeks the saut tears row'd;	chearfu' tankards foamin, An' social noise; . To J. S., 14.
S. My Sandy gied to †	Be't water-brose, or muslin-kail, Wi' chearfu' face, Ib. 24.
Oh, cold is the blast upon my pale cheek, S. Oh, open the door †	While chearful peace, with linnet song,
Her cheeks are like you crimson gem,	Chants the lowly dells among Wr. in Friars-Carse H.
The pride of all the flowery scene,	Cheerfully, Chearfully.
S. On Cessnock banks † Sett II.	
Clap in his cheek a Highland gill,	Wha cheerfully lays down the pack, And there hlaws up a hearty crack; Epit. on Tam the Chapman.
The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.	
The wily Mother sees the conscious flame	Yet chearfully thou glinted forth Amid the storm, . To a Mountain-Daisy.
Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 7.	
	Cheery, -ie, Cheary. And cheary blinks the ingle-gleede S. A' the lads o' Thornie-bank †
His leg was so tight and his cheek was so ruddy, The Jolly Beggars. S. II.	How cheery, thro' her shortening day,
	Is autumn in her weeds o' yellow: S. By Allan Stream †
Adown my cheeks the pearls ran,	A blessing on the cheery gang
Her cheeks like lilies dipt in wine,	Wha dearly like a jig or sang, . Ep. to Maj. Logan. 6.
S. The Lass that made the bed.	He whistl'd up lord Lenox' march,
O I hae tint my rosy cheeks, The Ruined Maid's Lament.	To keep his courage cheary; Halloween. 19.
An' ay they dimpled wi' a smile	Their sports were cheap an' cheary:
The rosy cheeks o' honie Mary. S. T. Menzie's bonie Mary.	
His cheek to her's he fondly laid, . S. There was a lass t	O'er the dewy bending flowers Fairies dance sae cheery S. Hark! the mavis†
Your rosy cheeks are turned sae wan, S. Ye hae lien wrang.	
Cheek-for-chow [cheek by jowl, close side by side].	She's aye so blythe and cheerie; . S. When first I saw †
	Gi'e me the hour o' gloamin grey,
We cheek for chow shall jog thegither, I'se ne'er bid better. Ep. to Major Logan. 8.	It makes my heart sae cheery O, S. When o'er the hill t
An' cheek-for-chow, a chuffie Vintner,	And for fair Scotia, hame again,
The Author's Cry and Prayer, 8.	I cheery on did wander S. When wild War's t
Cheel v. Chiel.	Cheerless, Chearless.
Cheep [chirp].	Thy gloom will soothe my chearless soul,
Come, screw the pegs wi' tunefu' cheep, The Ordination. 7.	S. Again rejoic. Nature t
Cheep, to [to chirp].	My cheerless suns no pleasure know; Improm. on Mrs. —'s Birthday.
He cheeps like some bewildered chicken, . To W. Creech.	Cheerless night that knows no morrow. S. Raving winds
Cheer.	When frae my Jeany parted,
And hail'd the morning with a cheer, A Winter Night. 10.	Sad, cheerless, broken-hearted, S. Sleep'st thou, or wak'st †
Sic halesome dainty cheer, man; . The Tree of Liberty.	Cheese.
Cheer, Chear, to. The merry Ploughboy cheers his team,	Wi' sweet-milk cheese, in monie a whang, The Holy Fair. 7.
S. Again rejoic. Nature †	An' cheese an' bread, frae women's laps,
Syne we'll sit down an' tak our whitter,	Was dealt about in lunches, An' dawds Ib. 23.
To chear our heart; Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 19.	Chequering.
To cheer you through the weary widdle	Or, by the reaper's nightly beam,
O' this wild warl', . Ep. to Maj. Logan. 3.	Mild-chequering thro' the trees, The Petition of Br. Water.
How kindly thou would'st cheer me, S. Forlorn, my Love, †	Cherish. It's a' for the hiney he'll cherish the bee;
So calls the woodlark in the grove,	S. O meikle thinks my love t
His little faithful mate to chear, . S. Here is the glen, †	Cherish'd.
Now Phœbus chears the crystal streams,	Warm-cherish'd ev'ry floweret's birth, The Vision, D. II. 14.
Lament of Mary of Scots.	Cherry.
m	
Each eye it chears when she appears, . S. Lovely Davies.	
	Her lips are like the cherries ripe, S. On Cessnock banks † While peaches and cherries, and roses and lilies.
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Chief, s. The German Chief to thraw, man: A Fragment. 5.	Points to the Parents fondling o'er their Child?
Brawlie kens our wanton Chief Wha got my young Highland thief S. Hee balou, †	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10 The gowdspink, Music's gayest child,
Here's a health to Charlie the chief o' the clan, S. Here's a health to them †	The Petition of Br. Water.
A venerable Chief advanc'd in years; The Brigs of Ayr. 13.	And your life like the new driven snaw, The Kirk's Alarm But Oh! thou bitter step-mother and hard,
A chief o' doughty deed; . The Election Ballads. V. The Chief on Sark who glorious fell,	To thy poor, fenceless, naked child—the Bard! To R. G. of F., 3.
In high command; [v. A. 4] The Vision. D.I. the Campbell's, chiefs of fame,	woman, nature's darling child! S. Twas even-the dewy
Health to the Maxwells' vet'ran Chief!. To Terraughty.	Childish.
Chiefest. The bands and bliss o' mutual love, O that's the chiefest warld's treasure!	Thro' a' thy childish years I'll e'e thee, Add. to Illegit. Child. Children. I see the children of affliction,
S. Braw lads on Yar. braes †	Unaided through thy curs'd restriction. Lns, on Back of Bank Note.
Chiefly. But chiefly the nettle so typical, shower, Monody on a Lady.	Sires, mothers, children, in one carnage lie: The Brigs of Ayr.
But the mind that shines in ev'ry grace,	Who had many children and most of them small, S. The Poor Thresher.
An' chiefly in her sparklin' e'en. S. On Cessnock banks † 'Tis the mind that shines in ev'ry grace,	You have many children I very well know,
An' chiefly in her rogueish een	To my wife and children in whom I delight,
But chiefly, in their hearts with Grace divine preside. The Cotter's Sat. Night. 18.	There was he, and his wife, and his seven children small. <i>Ib.</i> And even children lisp the Rights of Man;
The youngest ay chiefly does dance on my knee; The Poor Thresher.	The Rights of Woman. Chill. Chill, o'er his slumbers, piles the drifty heap!
But chiefly thou, apostle A-d, We trust in thee, The Twa Herds, 10.	A Winter Night. 9. With chill hoary wing as ye [breezes] usher the dawn:
But chiefly the siller, that gars him gang till her, S. There's a youth	S. How pleasant the banks t
Chieftain, -an.	chill November's surly blast . Man was made to Mourn. November hirples o'er the lea,
Or haughty Chieftain, 'mid the din of arms, Ep. fr. Esopus. Here's Chieftain M'Leod, a Chieftain worth gowd,	Chill, on thy lovely form; . On Birth of Posth. Child.
S. Here s a health to them †	November chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 2.
three noble chieftans, and all of his blood, The Whistle, 5. Great Chieftan o' the Puddin race! . To a Haggis.	Chill runs my blood to hear it rave, S. The gloomy night
Chiel, Chield, Cheel [a fellow; a young man].	Chiller The day and chiller on her house S. A. Read III
O thou grim mischief-making chiel, Add. to Toothache. 6.	Chilly. The dew sat chilly on her breast, S. A Rosebud by my to Descend, ye chilly, smothering Snows! A Winter Night. 7.
An' her kind stars hae airted till her, A guid chiel wi' a pickle siller: . Auld comrade dear	No chilly blast nor shower
Tell them frae me, wi' chiels be cautious; Ib.	Shall blight this rose of mine. S. My Love's a winsome †
How best o' chiels are whyles in want, . Ep. to Davie. 2.	But through the broken space, the gale Blows chilly from the misty vale; On Lincluden Castle
They told me 'twas an odd kind chiel About Muirkirk. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 4.	Now life's chilly evening dim shades on your eye, Poet. Add. to Tytler.
Ye'll find him ay a dainty chiel,	Chilly Grief my life-blood freezes, S. Raving winds
An' fou o' glee: On Scot. Bard gne to W.I. Thou need na jouk behint the hallan,	The chilly Frost, beneath the silver beam, The Brigs of Ayr. 3.
A chiel sae clever; Poem on Pastoral Poetry. Whase aught thae Chiels maks a' this bustle here?	Never may'st thou, lovely Flower, Chilly shrink in sleety shower! To Miss C. Chiming.
The brawnie, banie, ploughman-chiel . Scotch Drink. 11.	They rudely-caroll'd, chiming phrase, The Vision, D. II. 12.
'Na, waur than a'!' cries ilka chiel,	Chimla, -ie [chimney].
'Tam Samson's dead!' . Tam Samson's El.	While frosty winds blaw in the drift, Ben to the chimla lug,
Hale to the sex, ilk guid chiel says, The Ans. to the Guidwife. The chiel that's a fool for himsel.	ambush'd by the chimla cheek, Ep. to H. Parker.
The chiel that's a fool for himsel, Guid L—d, he's far dafter than I. The Jolly Beggars. S. III.	Some [nits] start awa, wi' saucy pride, An' jump out owre the chimlie Fu' high . Halloween, 7.
My blessings aye attend the chiel,	Chimney-nook.
Wha pitted Gallia's slaves, man, buirdly chiels, and clever hizzies, The Twa Dogs. 11.	As life itself becomes disease, Seek the chimney-nook of ease Wr. in Friars-Carse H
	Chin. His lengthen'd chin, his turn'd up snout,
I lippen'd to the chiel in trouth, To Dr. Blacklock. Ferguson, the writer-chiel, A deathless name. To W. Simpson. 3.	The Holy Fair. 13. Her nose and chin they threaten ither; S. Willie Wastle †
Chiefs wha their chanters winna hain, 16. 6.	Chinky.
Till chiels gat up an' wad confute it,	thro' the ragged roof and chinky wall, A Winter Night. 9.
A chield's amang you, taking notes, On Grose's Peregrinations.	Chipper. Our friends the reviewers, those chippers and hewers,
Thou art a dainty chield, O Grose!	Chirp. To Capt. Riddel.
A chield wha'll soundly buff our beef; The Twa Herds. 13. But Facts are cheels that winna ding, A Dream. 4.	The robin in the hedge descends,
Child.	And sober chirps securely. The Election Ballads. VI. Chittering [trembling with cold].
For she is Simplicity's child S. Adown winding Nith	Whare wilt thou cow'r thy chittering wing, A Winter Night. 4.
Sweet and harmless as a child; S. First when Maggy† The mother may forget the child	The birds sit chittering in the thorn, S. Up in the morning early.
That smiles sae sweetly on her knee;	Chloe. The youthful charming Chloe; [re.] S. It was the charming
This darling child of nature, . S. My Love's a winsome †	From the white blossom'd sloe my dear Chloe requested,
My child, thou art gone to the home of thy rest,	A sprig her fair breast to adorn; Sp. extem. to yng Lady. Chloris.
On Death of fav. Child. Yet come thou child of poverty and care,	Ah, Chloris, since it may na be, [re.] S. Ah, Chloris, since \(\)
Sonnet, wr. on Birthday.	Take aught else of mine,
That night, a child might understand, The Deil had business on his hand	But, my Chloris spare me! S. Ay waking, O

And ay my Chloris' dearest charm,	Chrichton Peel.
She says she lo'es me best of a'. [re.] S. Sae flaxen t	And black Joan, frae Chrichton Peel.
There, dearest Chloris, wilt thou rove	O' gipsy kith and kin, The Election Ballads. I.
The pathless wild, and wimpling burn,	Christ.
Wi' Chloris in my arms, he mine; . S. O bonie was you t	Bless Jesus Christ, O C[ardoness], Epit. on a Laird.
Chloris, I'm thine wi' a passion sincerest, S. Twas na her bonie blue †	'Twas in the seventeen hundred year
	, O' Christ and ninety-five, The Election Ballads. V.
	Christen. She forms the thing and christens it—a poet. Ep. to R. Graham. 3.
Choice. Meanwhile the hapless daughter Has hut a choice of strife, . S. How cruel	Christendie.
Choicest. You have my choicest model ta'en, Epit. on W—.	Three blyther hearts, that lee lang night,
Let my Mary's kindred spirit	Ye wad na found in Christendie, . S. O Willie brew'd †
Draw your choicest influence down S. Highland Mary.	Christened.
Choir, Quire.	Who christened thus Maria's lyre divine; . Ep. fr. Esopus.
Ye woodland choir that chaunt your idle loves,	Christening. And there will be Douglasses doughty,
El. on Miss Burnet.	New-christening towns far and near,
The reliques of the vernal quire; . Lament for Glencairn.	The Election Ballads. III.
Not ev'n to view the Heavenly choir,	For building cot-houses sae fam'd, And christening kail-yards
Would be so blest a sight On Miss J. Lewars.	Christian.
The gowdspink, Music's gayest child,	Wi' sword an' gun he thought a sin
Shall sweetly join the choir: The Petition of Br. Water.	Guid Christian bluid to draw, man; . A Fragment. 3.
Choke.	For life and spunk like ither Christians,
'Sin' I began to nick the thread,	I'm dwindled down to mere existence, . Ep. to H. Parker.
'An' choke the breath: Death and Dr. Hornbook, 12.	Perhaps the Christian Volume is the theme,
Choked. While burns, wi' snawy wreaths up-choked, Wild-eddying swirl, A Winter Night, 2.	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 14.
Or was't the wilfire chok'd your boughs? As on the banks †	I've travell'd round all Christian ground
	In this my occupation; . The Jolly Beggars. S. VI.
Chokin. It [a raep] maks guid fellows girn an' gape, Wi' chokin dread; Poor Mailie's El	As men, as christians too, renown'd, An' manly preachers. To Rev. J. M'Math.
Cholic.	An' manly preachers. To Rev. J. M'Math.
Rheumatics gnaw, or cholic squeezes; . Add. to Toothache.	Old poets have sung, and old chronicles tell, The Whistle. 3.
Choose, Chuse.	Chrystal. Thy chrystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
Rectangle-triangle, the figure we'll choose, S. Caledonia. 6.	S. Afton Water.
Yet I wadna choose to let her refuse, Ronalds of Bennals.	Now chrystal clear are the falling waters, . S. Bonie Bell.
Now, wham to choose, and wham refuse,	Now simmer blinks on flow'ry braes,
At strife thir carlins fell; The Election Ballads. I.	And o'er the chrystal streamlet plays; . S. Bonie Lassie †
And get the brutes the power themsels,	Thou chrystal streamlet with thy flowery shore,
To choose their herds. The Twa Herds, 15.	El. on Miss Burnet.
'All chuse, as, various they're inclin'd, 'The various man The Vision, D. II, 7.	List'ning to the wild birds singing, By a falling, chrystal stream; . S. I dream'd I lay †
	The chrystal waters round us fa', S. Now rosy May t
If it winna, canna be, Thou, for thine may chuse me; . S. Wilt thou be my †	The wimpling burn, ilk chrystal spring,
Choral.	S. The Fête Champetre.
"Tis the soft chanted choral song, . On Lincluden Castle.	Chrystal streamlets gently flowing, . S. Thickest night †
The choral hymn that erst so clear,	Chuck [a hen; a familiar name for a woman].
Broke softly sweet on fancy's ear,	But up arose the martial Chuck, The Jolly Beggars. R. II.
Chord.	Chuckie [dim of chuck].
He knows each chord its various tone, Add. to Unco Guid, 8.	I wat she is a dainty Chuckie! S. A' the lads o' Thornie-bank †
Fate oft tears the bosom chords	I wat she is a dainty chuckie,
That Nature finest strung: Sad thy tale, †	As e'er tread clay! To Dr. Blacklock.
Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure,	Auld chuckie Reekie's sair distrest, To W. Creech.
Thrill the deepest notes of woe, S. Sensibility, †	Chuffie [fat-faced.]
Discordant jar thy bosom-chords among; To Miss Graham.	An' cheek-for-chow, a chuffie Vintner,
Chorus.	The Author's Cry and Prayer.
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus: Tam o' Shanter, 5.	Church. Our sad decay in Church and State,
He ended; and the kebars sheuk, Aboon the chorus roar; The Jolly Beggars. R. II.	Surpasses my descriving; S. Awa, whigs, awa.
They mind't na what he chorus teuk,	The church is in ruins, the state is in jars: S. By you castle wa't
Looks round him an' found them	Though there, his heresies in church and state Might well award him Muir and Palmer's fate: Ep. fr. Esopus.
Impatient for the Chorus	For sweet consolation to church I did fly:
Round and round take up the Chorus, Ib. S. VIII.	For sweet consolation to church I did fly; S. No Churchman am I †
Chose. Chose one who should owe it all, d'ye see,	The sword I forsook for the sake of the church;
To their gratis grace and goodness. The Dean of Fac	The Jolly Beggars, S. II.
Chosen.	Churches built to please the Priest Ib. S. VIII.
Yet I am here a chosen sample, . Holy Willie's Prayer. 5.	Provost John is still deaf to the church's relief,
L—d bless thy chosen in this place, For here thou hast a chosen race;	Churchman. The Kirk's Alarm.
Thou madest strong two chosen ones, . New Psalmody. And fight thy chosen's battle;	No Churchman am I for to rail and to write, S. No Churchman am I †
	Chuse v. Choose.
	Ciceronian.
ye chosen Five and Forty, The Author's Cry and Prayer.	Heroes in Cesarean fight
On this hand sits a chosen swatch, Wi' screw'd-up, grace-proud faces; [v. A. 18]	Or Ciceronian pleading The Election Ballads, VI.
The Holy Fair. 10. —	Cinder.
Chow v. Cheek-for-chow.	Of Eve's first fire he has a cinder; On Grose's Peregrinations.
Chow [to chew].	Circle.
Now Robin, greetin', chows the hams O' Mailie dead I [v. A. 19] Poor Mailie's El.	
O' Mailie dead! [v. A. 19] Poor Mailie's El.	Witness that filial circle round, . Sketch, New-Yr's Day.
	They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;
On thee aft Scotland chows her cood, . Scotch Drink. 4.	They, round the ingle, form a circle wide; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 12
	They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;

Circled.	The twa appear'd like sisters twin,
He circled round the magic ground, But entrance found he nane, man: The Fête Champetre.	In feature, form an' claes; The Holy Fair. 3 Here, some are thinkan on their sins,
Circling. Ye duck and drake, wi' airy wheels	An' some upo' their claes;
Circling the lake: El. on Capt. M. H. 8. 'Mid circling horrors sinks at last S. Farewell, thou stream'	Gie fine braw claes to fine Life-guards, To J. S., 22 Claim. Or modest Merit's silent claim; Add. to Edinburgh. 3
While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere.	But Queensberry, thine the virgin claim,
The Cotter's Sat. Night, 16.	From aught that's good exempt. On Duke of Queensberry
With many a filial tear circling the bed of death! To R. G. of F., 9.	Few men o' sense will doubt your claims To rank amang the Nowte The Calf
Circumcision.	Claim, to. An' baith a yellow George to claim,
As once on Pisgah purg'd was the sight Of a son of Circumcision, The Dean of Fac	An' thole their blethers! Ep. to J. R. 12. A title, and the only one I claim,
Circumstance.	To lay strong hold for help on bounteous Graham.
In every other circumstance, the mind Has this to say—"It was no deed of mine;"	Ep. to R. Graham. 4. No two virtues, whatever relation they claim,
Cit [the civet].	Possessing the one shall imply you've the other. Fragment, inscr. to Fox
The cit and polecat stink, and are secure To R. G. of F	Deserves the proudest wreath departed heroes claim.
Clt.	Fragment of Ode
Wi' cits nor lairds I wadna shift, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 13. Each prudent cit a warm existence finds, Ep. to R. Graham.2.	A poor friendless wand'rer may well claim a sigh, Poet. Add. to Tytler.
There Centum per Centum, the Cit with his purse;	Others now claim your chief regard; Sketch. New-Yr's Day.
S. No Churchman am I†	And You, farewell! whose merits claim, Justly that highest badge to wear!
Gie Wealth to some be-ledger'd Cit, In cent per cent;	The Farewell. To St. J.'s L.
Citizen. Nae langer thrifty Citizens, an' douce,	No idly-feign'd, poetic pains, My sad, lovelorn lamentings claim: The Lament.
Meet owre a pint, or in the Council-house; The Brigs of Ayr. 9.	'And this district as mine I claim, The Vision. D. II. II.
To mouth 'A Citizen,' a term o' scandal: Ib. 10.	Claise v. Claes. Clath [cloth, clothing].
City. Is just as true's the Deil's in h-ll, Or Dublin city: Death and Dr. Hornbook. 2.	' Has clad a score i' their last claith,
No song nor dance I bring from yon great city, That queens it o'er our taste—the more's the pity:	Death and Dr. Hornbook. 25 swankies young, in braw braid-claith, . The Holy Fair, 7
Prologue, at Th., D	Claithing [clothing].
Let others love the city, S. Sae flaxen†	It's just the Blue-gown badge an' claithing, O' Saunts;
Where royal cities stately stand; . S. The Banks of Nith. See, see auld Orthodoxy's faes	Or melvie his braw claithing! The Holy Fair. 25
She's swingein thro' the city! The Ordination. 11.	Clamb. And peacefu' raise its ingle reek, That slowly curling clamb the hill. As on the banks
There's a youth in this city, it were a great pity, S. There's a youth †	Helpless, alane, thou clamb the brae,
City-gent.	Extem. on Commem.s of Thomson we clamb the hill thegither, . S. John Anderson, my jo
Do ye envy the city-gent, • . Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 11. Civil. To grant a heart is fairly civil, Auld comrade dear †	
But to the hen-birds unco civil; . El. on Year 1788.	Clamb up the starry sky, The Fête Champetre
Now Jove for once be mighty civil, Improm. on Mrs. —'s Birthday.	Clamour. Till block an' studdie ring an' reel Wi' dinsome clamour. Scotch Drink, 11.
Civilly.	May mourn their loss wi' doolfu' clamour; . To W. Creech.
I, ance, was ty'd up like a stirk, For civilly swearing and quaffing; The Jolly Beggars. S.III.	Clamouring. Mourn, clamouring craiks at close o' day, El. on Capt. M. H. 8
Clachan [a small village about a church, a hamlet].	Clam'rous.
For which we daurna show our face Within the clachan. Adam A—'s Prayer.	Ill-satisfy'd, keen Nature's clam'rous call, A Winter Night. 9
The Clachan yill had made me canty,	In all the clam'rous cry of starving want, Ep. to R. Graham. 5. He who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,
Death and Dr. Hornbook, 3.	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 18
'Ye ken Jock Hornbook i' the Clachan,' Ib. 14. Clackleith.	Clan. Here's a health to Charlie the chief o' the clan, S. Here's a health to them
To that trusty auld worthy Clackleith.	"To grace this damn'd infernal clan." Lns add. to J. Ranken.
Afton's Laird, P.S. to "The Kirk's Alarm." Clad. 'That Hornbook's skill	Of a' the thoughtless sons o' man, Commen' me to the Bardie clan; . Second Ep. to Davie.
'Has clad a score i' their last claith, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 25.	To hear the thuds, and see the cluds
Now Spring has clad the grove in green,	O' Clans frae woods, in tartan duds, S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
S. Now Spring has clad †	They hough'd the Clans like nine-pin kyles Ib.
Aft, clad in massy, siller weed, Scotch Drink. 7. For roads were clad, frae side to side,	They've lost some gallant gentlemen Amang the Highland clans, man;
Wi' monie a wearie body, The Holy Fair. 6.	I was the happiest of a' the Clan.
Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy black; . The Twa Dogs. 5. in thy scanty mantle clad, To a Mountain-Daisy.	S. The High. Widow's Lam. But he still was faithfu' to his clan, The Jolly Beggars. S. IV.
Clad in rich Dulness' comfortable fur To R. G. of F., 3.	Or else he would muster the heads of the clan, The Whistle. 7
Be thou clad in russet weed, Wr. in Friars-Carse H	Clang. While loud, the trump's heroic clang,
Claeding [clothing]. And stript the claeding aff your brase? . As on the banks †	Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
Claes, Claise [clothes].	Swiftly seek, on clanging wings, Other lakes and other springs; . On Scaring Water-fowl.
Till Suthron raise, an' coost their claise	The clanging sugh of whistling wings is heard;
Behind him in a raw, man A Fragment. 9. Where bonnie lasses bleach their claes;	Clangor. An' lilt wi' holy clangor; The Ordination 3.
Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	Clankie [a sharp stroke that causes a noise, a severe
Wi' sowps o' kail and brats o' claise, The Author's Cry and Prayer.	blow].
Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new; The Cotter's Sat. Night.	An' Clavers gat a clankie, O; S. Killiecrankie. Clanronald. Picture o' the great Clanronald; S. Hee balou;
Т.	, , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , ,

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Clap [the clapper of a mill].	Sae, ye observe that a' this clatter Is naething but a 'moonshine matter;' To W. Simpson, P.S
The heaped happer's ebbing still, And still the clap plays clatter. Add. to Unco Guid. 1.	Clatter, to [to prattle, gosslp].
	Thon maks the gossips clatter bright, . Scotch Drink. 12.
Clap. Turn out on her guard in the clap of a hand, S. There liv'd ance a carle	
	Now ev'ry auld wife, greetin, clatters, 'Tam Samson's dead!' . Tam Samson's El
Clap, to. Clap in his cheek a Highland gill, The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.	Claught [snatched at, selzed, clutched].
	And claught th' unfading garland there,
He'll clap a shangan on her tail, The Ordination. 2.	Extem. on Commem.s of Thomson
Clap in his walie nieve a blade, He'll mak it whissle; To a Haggis.	The carlin claught her by the rump, . Tam o' Shanter. 18.
Then we'll kiss and clap at pleasure, S. Will ye go and marry †	Claughtin [clutching, grasping greedlly].
S. Will ye go and marry	I never was canny for hoarding o' money,
Clapper.	Or claughtin't together at a', man, Ronalds of Bennals.
A clapper tongue wad deave a miller; . S. Willie Wastle.	Clause.
Claret. Good claret set before thee: . S. Deluded swaint	An' with rhetoric clause on clause
(And aye a rowth, roast beef and claret: . Poem on Life.	To mak harangues; The Author's Cry and Prayer. 12.
And once more, in claret, try which was the man.	Claut, Claute [what is scraped together; a clutch of
The Whistle. 7.	anything).
And knee-deep in claret he'd die or he'd yield Ib. 9.	A glebe o' land, a claut o' gear,
The dinner being over, the claret they ply Ib. 12.	Was left me by my auntie, S. And O for ane and twenty †
Clarinda. Clarinda, rich reward ! o'erpays them all!	Our sinfu' saul to get a claute on Poem on Life.
In vain would Prudence †	Clautet [scraped].
Clarinda, take this little boon, To a Lady.	But or the day was done, I trow,
Before I saw Clarinda's face,	The laggen they hae clautet Fu' clean . A Dream. 15.
My heart was blithe and gay, To Clarinda.	Claver [clover].
But now dejected I appear, Clarinda proves unkind; . 1b.	Mourn, clamouring craiks at close of day, 'Mang fields o' flowering claver gay; El. on Capt. M. H., 9.
Clark [scholarly].	
But tell him he was learn'd and clark,	Clavers [frivolous talk, prattle].
Ye roos'd him then! El. on death of R. Ruisseaux.	sunk enerv'd 'Mang heaps o' clavers; Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
Clark [clerk].	With clavers and haivers
An' took my jocteleg an' whatt it,	Wearing the time awa': . The Ans. to the Guidwife.
Like ony clark Third Ep. to J. L	Clavers [John Graham of Claverhouse].
Clarket [clerked].	An' Clavers gat a clankie, O; . S. Killiecrankie.
Or strutted in a bank and clarket	Claw [scratch].
My Cash-Account; The Vision. D. I., 5.	While scabs an' botches did him [Job] gall,
Clarty [dirty, nasty].	Wi' bitter claw, . Add. to the Deil. 18.
That clarty barm should stain my laurels; Searching auld wives' barrels †	Or gied her faes a claw, Jamie; S. The Laddies by †
	Claw, to [to scratch].
Clash [tittle-tattle, the talk of the hour].	An' did the Buckskins claw, man; . A Fragment. 4.
Some rhyme to court the countra clash, . To J. S., 5.	I whyles claw the elbow o' troublesome thought,
Clash, to [to talk, to gossip].	S. Contented wi' little,†
E'en let them clash; Add. to Illegit. Child.	May claw his lug, and straik his beard, On W. Chalmers.
Clash'd. They hack'd and hash'd while braid swords clash'd, S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	Ne'er claw your lug, an' fidge your back, An' hum an' haw, The Author's Cry and Prayer, 6.
Clasp. When in my arms, wi' a' thy charms,	
I clasp my countless treasure, O!	K[ilmarnock] Wabsters, fidge an' claw, The Ordination. 1.
S. An' I'll kiss thee yet †	Until a pow as auld's Methusalem! He canty claw! To W. Creech.
Or clasp me in a close embrace; . S. The capt. Ribband.	Claw'd [scratched].
Clasp'd. His bonnet he A thought ajee,	But better stuff ne'er claw'd a midden! . El. on Year 1788.
Cock'd sprush when first he clasp'd me;	He claw'd her wi' the riplin-kame, . S. Had I the wyte †
As underneath their fragrant shade,	Claws. And fix your claws in Nicol's heart,
I clasp'd her to my bosom!	For deil a bite o't's rotten For W. Nicol.
S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †	No claws to dig, his hated sight to shun; To R. G. of F., 3.
And the heart beating love as I'm clasp'd in her arms,	Clay.
S. You wild mossy mountus †	Tell thae far warlds, wha lies in clay, El. on Capt. M. H., o.
Clasping. Encircled in her clasping arms,	Here Holy Willie's sair worn clay
How have the raptur'd moments flown! The Lament. 4.	Taks up its last abode; Epit. on Holy Willie.
Class. While slee D-nd-s arous'd the class	My noble master lies in clay; . Lament for Glencairn.
Be-north the Roman wa', man: A Fragment. 8.	Though cauld be the clay, where thou pillow'st thy head,
Class, to. Auld Nature swears, the lovely Dears	On Death of fav. Child.
Her noblest work she classes, O: S. Green grow the Rashes.	Let the blast sweep o'er the valley, See it prostrate on the clay! S. Sensibility,
Classic. The hills whence classic Yarrow flows,	Tam Samson's weel-worn clay here lies,
Add. to Shade of Thomson.	Tam Samson's El., Epit.
Clatter.	Their winding-sheet the bloody clay, . S. The lovely lass †
And still the [mill] clap plays clatter Add. to Unco Guid.	My anld grey head had lien in clay,
Sae craftilie she took me ben,	Wi' Bruce and loyal Wallace! S. The Union.
And bade me mak nae clatter; . S. Had I the wyte †	That fill'd, wi' hoast-provoking smeek,
Clatter, to. The four-gill chap, we'se gar him clatter,	The auld, clay biggin; . The Vision, D. I. 3.
Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 19.	I wat she is a dainty chuckie, As e'er tread clay! To Dr. Blacklock.
An' there the pint-stowp clatters; The Holy Fair. 18.	My weary heart its throbbings cease,
I'd clatter on my stumps at the sound of a drum.	Cold-mould'ring in the clay? To Ruin.
The Jolly Beggars. S. I.	Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
Clatter [tattle, gossip, an idle story].	That wraps my Highland Mary!
An' tease my name in kintry clatter: Add. to Illegit. Child.	S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †
And dree the kintra clatter: S. Here's his health in water.	Clay-cauld [clay-cold].
my puir, silly, rhymin' clatter . Second Ep. to Davie.	Till clay-cauld death sall blin' my e'e, . S. Ca' the Ewes.
The night drave on wi's sangs and clatter; Tam o' Shanter. 5.	Claymore.
Anither gies them clatter; The Fête Champetre.	Wi' durk, claymore, or rusty trigger, . Add. of Beelzebub.

Lone as I wander'd by each cliff and dell, On Death of Sir J. Blair.

An' guid Claymore down by his side,	Clear-dangling.
The Jolly Beggars. S. IV. Clean. The laggen they have clautet Fu' clean A Dream, 15.	An awfu' scythe, out-owre ae shouther, Clear-dangling, hang; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 6.
Her house sae bien, her curch sae clean.	Clearing, -in'.
S. A' the lads o' Thornie-bnk † But I shall scribble down some blether	I hope to gie the jads a clearin' In fair play yet. Ep. to Maj. Logan. 11.
Just clean aff-loof. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 7. In order on the clean hearth-stane,	Still shearing and clearing
The Luggies three are ranged; Halloween. 27.	The tither stooked raw; . The Ans. to the Guidwife. Clearly.
She dresses aye sae clean and neat, . S. Handsome Nell.	She dirl'd them aff fu' clearly, O . S. Amang the trees †
Although his pouch o' coin were clean, S. O Tibbie!† Thy waist sae jimp, thy limbs sae clean,	The moon it shines fu' clearly S. Ca' the Ewes.
S. O were I on Parnass, †	We've faults and failings—granted clearly, Ep. to Maj. Logan, 9.
Her teeth are like a flock o' sheep, With fleeces newly washen clean, S. On Cessnock banks †	O'er the waves, that sweetly glide
His clean hearth-stane, his thrifty Wifie's smile, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5.	To the moon sae clearly S. Hark! the mavis † We'll gently walk, and sweetly talk,
His English style, and gesture fine,	Till the silent moon shine clearly; S. Now westlin winds †
Are a' clean out o' season The Holy Fair, 15.	The moon was shining clearly; . S. The Rigs o' Barley. That shone that night so clearly! Ib.
Sae straught, sae taper, tight and clean [a leg], The Vision. D. I. 11.	Cleckin [a brood of chickens, a brood].
But twenty times, I rather wou'd be An atheist clean, . To Rev. J. M'Math.	Scar'd frae its minnie and the cleckin By hoodie-craw; To W. Creech.
I had amaist forgotten clean, . To W. Simpson. P. S.	Cleed [to clothe].
Than garren lasses cowp the cran	Now Nature cleeds the flow'ry lea,
Clean heels owre body, . What ails ye now † Cleaner. To whom our moderns are but causey-cleaners;	S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite † And I'll cleed thee in the tartan sae fine,
Cleanest. The Brigs of Ayr. 9.	S. O whare did ye get † And spring will cleed the birken shaw;
The cleanest corn that e'er was dight May hae some pyles o' caff in; Add. to Unco Guid. Mott.	S. Oh, how can I be blythe †
Cleanly. The lasses feat, an' cleanly neat, . Halloween.	An' cleed her bairns, man, wife, an' wean, In mourning weed; Tam Samson's El. 2.
Clear. He gied me thee, o' tocher clear, A Guid New-year †	Frae tap to tae that cleeds me bien,
Far mark'd with the courses of clear, winding rills; S. Afton Water.	S. The Contented Cottager. Cleek [to catch as by a hook; to snatch up].
As gathering sweet flowerets she stems thy clear wave. Ib.	Wha ken't fu' weel to cleek the Sterlin;
Shaded my streams sae clear and cool; As on the banks †	The Jolly Beggars. R. IV. Cleekit [linked themselves by the arms, in couples,
Now chrystal clear are the falling waters, . S. Bonie Bell. I'll prove it from Euclid as clear as the sun: S. Caledonia. 6.	and whirled round in the dance].
A burn was clear, a glen was green, S. Duncan Davison.	They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit, Tam o' Shanter. 12.
And Blackbirds whistle clear, Ep. to Davie, 4.	Cleft. As Highland craigs by thunder cleft,
A head for thought profound and clear, unmatch'd: Extem. on W. Smellie.	The Election Ballads. VI. Cleg [a gad-fly].
Where Doon rins, wimplin, clear, Halloween. 2.	But as the clegs o' feeling stang
the clear winding Devon, . S. How pleasant the banks † But Peggy dear, the ev'ning's clear, S. Now westlin winds †	Are wise or fool . Ep. to Maj. Logan. 6. Clench'd. He clench'd his pamphlets in his fist,
Whare Tay rins wimplin by sae clear; S. O whare did ye get	Extem. in Court of Session.
The cave-lodged beggar, with a conscience clear,	Clergy. Corbies and clergy are a shot right kittle: The Brigs of Ayr. 10.
Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —. The holy anthem loud and clear; . On Lincluden Castle.	Clerk.
The choral hymn that erst so clear,	May ne'er Misfortune's gowling bark, Howl thro' the dwelling o' the Clerk! . A Ded. to G. H., 14
Broke softly sweet on fancy's ear,	The Priest he was oxter'd, the Clerk he was carried,
To which I'm clear to gi'e my aith The Inventory	S. O ken ye what Meg† It may escape the learned clerks; S. O this is no my ain †
The blackbird strong, the lintwhite clear, The Petition of Br. Water.	A tod meikle waur than the Clerk; . The Kirk's Alarm.
And the diamond drops o' dew shall be her een sae clear;	Clerkship. Your clerkship he should sair, To Gav. Hamilton.
S. The Posie. Frae Calvin's well, ay clear they drank, The Twa Herds, 5.	Clever. I grant thou'rt as wicked, but not quite so clever. Epig. on —.
The murmuring streamlet winds clear thro' the vale,	A clever, sturdy fallow;
S. The small birds rejoice †	For clever Deils he'll mak 'em! On a Schoolmaster.
Three joyous good fellows with hearts clear of flaw; The Whistle.	Thou need na jouk behint the hallan, A chiel sae clever; Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
The rose upon the brier by the waters running clear, S. The Winter it is past †	buirdly chiels, and clever hizzies, The Twa Dogs, 11. Click! When click! the string the snick did draw,
And his clear siller buckles they dazzle us a'. S. There's a youth †	Cliff.
My morning raise sae clear and fair, . V.s under Grief.	where the beetling cliff o'erhangs the deep, Add. by Fontenelle.
Down by the burn, where scented birks Wi' dew are hanging clear, my jo, S. When o'er the hill †	As through the cliff he sank him down; As on the banks †
Clear, to.	The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers, S. Bonnie Lassie †
Thou clears the head o' doited Lear; . Scotch Drink. 6.	Ye cliffs, the haunts of sailing yearns, Where Echo slumbers. El. on Capt. M. H. 3.
At thy blithe carol clears his furrowed brow. Sonnet, wr. on Birthday	Ye rugged cliffs o'erhanging dreary glens, El. on Miss Burnet.
Hear how he clears the points o' Faith	As from the cliff, with thundering course, The snowy ruin smokes along, Fragment of Ode.
Wi' rattlin an' thumpin! The Holy Fair, 13. But clear your decks an' here's the Sex	O'er the mist-shrouded cliffs of the lone mountain straying, Lament, on leaving Nat. Land.
I like the jads for a' that The Jolly Beggars. S. VII.	The little floweret's peaceful lot
It clears the een, it cheers the heart, The Tree of Liberty. And clear the consequential sorrows,	In yonder cliff that grows, . S. Now Spring has clad † Lone as I wander'd by each cliff and dell,

And clear the consequential sorrows, Love-gifts of Carnival signoras [v. A. 13]. The Twa Dogs. 23.

The paly moon rose in the livid east, And 'mong the cliffs disclos'd a stately Form,	Clod. Put clods upon his head, John Barleycorn.
On Death of Sir J. Blair.	beneath the random bield O' clod or stane, To a Mountain-Daisy.
Let fragrant birks, in woodbines drest, My craggy cliffs adorn; The Petition of Br. Water. The meeting cliffs each deep-sunk glen divides,	Cloot [hoof]. Upon her cloot she coost a hitch, . The Death of Mailie.
Wr. in Kenmore Inn	An' no to rin an' wear his cloots,
Cliffy.	Cloots, Clooty, -le [having cloots; the devil]. Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie, . Add. to the Deil. 1.
The eagle, from the cliffy brow, . On scaring Water-fowl.	An' now, auld Cloots, I ken ye're thinkan, Ib. 20.
Dangers, eagle-pinioned, bold, Soar around each cliffy hold, Wr. in Friars-Carse H.	So Clootie was glad to return wi' his pack,
Climb.	S. There liv'd ance a carle †
An' syne they think to climb Parnassus	I'll gie auld cloven Clooty's haunts An unco slip yet, What ails ye now †
By dint o' Greek! Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 12.	Clos'd. Clos'd under hatches, Add. to the Deil. 1.
By dint o' Greek! Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 12. The waken'd lav'rock warbling springs And climbs the early sky, . S. Now Spring has clad? Her hair is like the curling mich.	Rejoicin' clos'd the day so.
arer nam is tike the curring mist	Clos'd in my arms, she murmur'd still.
That climbs the mountain-sides at e'en,	Come kiss me at your leisure. S. As I gaed up by † The wintry sun the day has clos'd, S. Behind you hills †
S. On Cessnock banks † Sett II. Then pride might climb the slipp'ry steep;	The wintry sun the day has clos'd, S. Behind you hills † With these what Tory warriors clos'd,
S. Twas even—the dewy †	The Election Ballads. VI.
Climber.	The sun had clos'd the winter-day, . The Vision. D. I. 1.
Pitying the propless climber of mankind, Ep. to R. Graham. 4.	when the Day had clos'd his e'e, Far i' the West, Ib. 2.
Climbing.	And clos'd for ay, the sparkling glance S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †
Check thy climbing step, elate, . Wr. in Friars-Carse H.	Close. And nestled thee close to that bosom.
Clime.	On Death of fav. Child.
In this strange land, this uncouth clime, Ep. to H. Parker. Brightest climes shall mirk appear, S. Frae the friends †	Or clasp me in a close embrace; . S. The Captive Ribband.
While in distant climes I wander, S. Highland Mary.	And, for the little songster's nest, The close embowering thorn. The Petition of Br. Water.
Who distant burns in flaming torrid climes, Once fondly lov'd †	An' tho' fatigu'd wi' close employment,
An' physically causes seek, In clime an' season, The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.	A blink o' rest's a sweet enjoyment The Twa Dogs, 16.
	M'll's close nervous excellence, . The Twa Herds, 17.
Altho' thro' foreign climes I range, S. The Highland Lassie. All in this mottie, misty clime, The Vision. D. I. 4.	Close, s.
All in this mottie, misty clime, The Vision. D. I. 4. To make a happy fire-side clime	By yon castle wa'at the close of the day, S. By yon castle wa't Mourn, clamouring craiks at close o' day, El. on Capt. M. H., 9. Where blackbirds icin the chapbard's layer.
To weans and wife, . To Dr. Blacklock.	El. on Capt. M. H., o.
Tho' I should wander Terra o'er, In all her climes, To J.S., 21.	Where blackbirds join the shepheld's lays
Cling.	At close o' day Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
How sweet unto that breast to cling, S. Her flowing locks †	Our Bardie's fate is at a close, Poor Mailie's El
No more shall my arms cling with fondness around her, Lament, on leaving Nat. Land.	Or labour hard the panegyric close, . The Brigs of Ayr. The short'ning winter-day is near a close;
Clink [a smart stroke; money].	The Short ming winter-day is near a close; The Cotter's Sat. Night.
May Hornie gie her doup a clink . Adam A-'s Prayer.	And sweet is the lily at evening close;
An' ay eneugh o' needfu' clink Auld comrade dear †	Close, to. S. True hearted was he †
Because ye hae the name o' clink, S. O Tibbie!	Or close them fast in death! . A Prayer under Anguish.
Except it be some idle plan O' rhymin clink, . Second Ep. to Davie.	Whare wilt thou cow'r thy chittering wing,
Clink, to [to chink, jingle, rhyme].	An' close thy e'e? A Winter Night. 4.
And if ye winna mak it clink,	Sweet closes the evening on Craigie-burn wood, S. Craigie-burn Wood.
By Jove I'll prose it!' Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 6.	My woes here, shall close ne'er,
To proper young men, he'll clink in the hand Gowd guineas a hunder or twa, man. Ronalds of Bennals.	But with the closing tomb! Despondency, an Ode. 1. Quoth I, 'Before I sleep a wink,
Rivan the words tae gar them clink; Second Ep. to Davie.	'I vow I'll close it; . Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 6.
Clinkan [clinking].	'Till grief my eyes should close, . S. Had I a cave †
Comes clinkan down beside him! The Holy Fair. 11.	The battle closes deep and bloody: . S. My bonie Mary.
Clinkum, Clinkumbell [the church bell-ringer].	Soon my weary eyes I'll close, never more to waken. S. Thou hast left me †
Now Clinkumbell, wi' rattlan tow, Begins to jow an' croon; The Holy Fair. 26.	Then canie, in some cozie place,
Auld Clinkum at the Inner port	They close the day To J. S., 18.
Cry'd three times, "Robin!" What ails ye now †	I court, I beg thy friendly aid, To close this scene of care! To Ruin.
Clinton. But Cl-nt-n's glaive frae rust to save	As thy shades of evening close, . Wr. in Friars-Carse H.
He hung it to the wa', man A Fragment. 4.	Closed. Her closed eyes, like weapons sheath'd,
Whare will ye get Howes and Clintons	S. On a bank of flowers †
To bring them to a right repentance? . Add. of Beelzebub.	All else was hush'd as Nature's closed e'e; The Brigs of Ayr. 3.
Clipping. Sal-alkali o' Midge-tail clippings, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 22.	Closer. Still closer knit in friendship's ties
Clips [shears].	Each passing year! Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 18.
A bonier fleesh ne'er cross'd the clips . Poor Mailie's El	Closing. My woes here, shall close ne'er,
Clishmaclaver [useless conversation].	But with the closing tomb! . Despondency, an Ode. 1.
For a' their clish-ma-claver: A Dream. 11.	Clothe. The woods, wild-scattered, clothe their ample sides;
What farther clishmaclaver might been said,	Wr. in Kenmore Inn. Clothed. Now bank and brae are clothed in green,
The Brigs of Ayr. 11. Cloak, When Winter muffles up his cloak, Tam Samson's El.	S. Now bank and brae †
Wha rate the wearer by the cloak, . To Mr. J. Kennedy.	Clothes. And dressed them all in the best of their clothes,
Clock. The drowsy Dungeon-clock had number'd two,	S. The Poor Thresher.
The Brigs of Ayr. 3.	Cloud. No envious cloud o'ercast his evening ray; Blest be M'Murdo †
Clockin-time [hatching-time]. As soon's the clockin-time is by,	The clouds' uncertain motion, [a type of woman]
As soon's the clockin-time is by, Ep. to J. R. II.	S. Deluded swain †

Ciotta	
The clouds swift-wing'd flew o'er the starry sky,	Clust'ring.
On Death of Sir J. Blair.	See future wines, rich-clust'ring, rise;
But, long ere noon, succeeding clouds Succeeding hopes beguil'd Sad thy tale, †	The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.S. Clutch. if kirk folks dinna clutch me, The Inventory.
You murky cloud is foul with rain, S. The gloomy night †	Clutch'd.
For why,—methinks I hear her voice Tearing the clouds asunder. S. The Joyful Widower.	The pedant in his left hand clutch'd him fast, The Vowels.
When clouds in skies do come together	Clyde. Where Evan mingles with the Clyde. S. Slow spreads the gloom †
To hide the brightness of the sun, When clouds in skies † Fear not clouds will always lour. Wr. in Friars-Carse.	In the rolling tide of spreading Clyde, S. The bonie Lass of Albany.
Cloud, to. Rusticity's ungainly form May cloud the highest mind; . Rusticity's†	That nurse in their bosom the youth o' the Clyde, S. You wild mossy mountains †
Clouden, Clouden-side.	Coach. He ca's his coach; he ca's his horse; The Twa Dogs. 8.
Hark! the mavis' evening sang Sounding Clouden's woods amang; S. Hark! the mavis †	Coalition. You mixtie-maxtie, queer hotch-potch,
We'll gae down by Clouden-side,	The Coalition. The Author's Cry and Prayer. 21.
Yonder Clouden's silent towers,	Coals.
Till, thence returned, they softly stray O'er Clouden's wave, with fond delay; On Lincluden Castle.	His coals, his kane, an' a' his stents: . The Twa Dogs. 8.
Cloudless.	Coarser. Some coarser substance, unrefin'd, A Winter Night. 7.
Hospitality with cloudless brow The Brigs of Ayr. 13.	Coast.
And bright in cloudless skies his sun go down!	When soon or late they reach that coast, O'er life's rough ocean driven, . O Thou dread Pow'r†
To R. G. of F., 9. Bright as a cloudless summer sun, V.s below Picture.	Scotland lament frae coast to coast! . Scotch Drink. 19.
Cloudy. Dim, cloudy, sunk beneath the western wave;	All on that charming coast is no bitter snow and frost, S. The Slave's Lament.
On Death of Sir J. H. Blair. Then night's gloomy shades, cloudy, dark, o'ercast my sky:	Here, tumbling billows mark'd the coast, With surging foam; The Vision, D. I. 13.
S. Sleep'st thou, or wak'st † Clour [a lump or swelling caused by a blow].	Coat. Hey, the dusty miller, And his dusty coat; S. Hey, the dusty miller†
Frae words an' aiths to clours an' nicks; To W. Simpson, P. S.	Dread of black coats and rev'rend wigs, Letter to J. Goudie.
Clout. The kettle o' the Kirk and State, Perhaps a clout may fail in't; S. Does haughty Gaul†	If there's a hole in a' your coats, I rede you tent it: On Grose's Peregrinations.
O wha my babie-clouts will buy? S. O wha my babie-clouts †	My coat and my vest, they are Scotch o' the best,
Wi' lies seam'd like a beggar's clout; [v. A. 16] Tam o' Shanter.	Ronalds of Bennals.
And hing our fiddles up to sleep,	New Brig was buskit in a braw, new coat, The Brigs of Ayr. 4.
Like baby-clouts a-dryin: The Ordination. 7.	I cost a stane o' haslock woo, To mak a coat to Johnie o't; S. The cardin o't.
Clout, to. And auld Mess John will mend the skaith, And clout the bad girdin o't. S. Duncan Gray.	To mak a coat to Johnie o't; S. The cardin o't. Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy black; . The Twa Dogs. 5.
To go an' clout the Caudron. The Jolly Beggars. S. VI.	His coat is the hue of his bonnet sae blue;
Clouted.	S. There's a youth †
Your royal nest—Is e'en right reft an' clouted, A Dream. 4. Cloutln [patching].	Has fated me the russet coat,
O merry hae I been cloutin a kettle, S. O merry hae I been †	Coat [petticoat].
Cloven. auld cloven Clooty's haunts . What ails ye now t	I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,
Clover.	And follow my love through the water. [re.] S. Braw lads of G. water.
While clover blooms white o'er the lea, S. In simmer when t	Thy coat and thy sark are thy ain handywark,
The craik amang the clover hay, S. The Contented Cottager. Clown.	S. O when she cam bent
A cheerful honest-hearted clown	Or leaves the faithfu' lass he lo'ed, To wear a ragged coat The Ruined Maid's Lament.
I will prefer before you, O S. My father was a farmer t	Coatle [dim. of Coat].
Cloy. The brightest o' beauty may cloy, when possest; S. Awa' wi' your witchcraft†	I wad gie my coatie For the dusty miller S. Hey, the dusty miller †
Club.	And come in thy coatie sweet Tibbie Dunbar.
Then Clubs an' Hearts were Charlie's cartes, A Fragment. 7.	Your coatie's shorter by a span,
But a club of good fellows like those that are there, And a bottle like this, are my glory and care. S. No Churchman am I†	Yet ne'er an inch the less, lassie. S. Ye hae lien wrang. Coaxin. Should I believe, my coaxin billie,
Or nobly fling the gospel club, The Twa Herds. 8.	Your flatterin strain. To W. Simpson.
Club, to.	An' wintle like saumont-coble A Guid New-year 7.
The vices also, must they club their curse? . Ep. fr. Esopus.	Cobweb'd.
Clud [cloud].	The cobweb'd gothic dome resounded, Y! . The Vowels.
Ye curlews calling thro' a clud; . El. on Capt. M. H., 7. To hear the thuds, and see the cluds	Cochran. Young Charlie Cochran was the sprout of an aik: S. Lady Mary Ann.
O' Clans frae woods, in tartan duds,	Cock [the mark for which curlers play].
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor. The flaes they flew awa in cluds, . S. The Taylor he cam†	Wha will they [the Curlers] station at the cock,
Clue. Cou'd stown a clue wi' ony bodie; S. Willie Wastle †	Tam Samson's El.,

Cock.

. Halloween, 11.

Some cock or cat, your rage maun stop, Add. to the Deil. 14.

The wale o' cocks for fun an' drinkin! . . Ep. to J. R. 1.

The cock may craw, the day may daw, S. O Willie brew d† But gie him't het, my hearty cocks!

The Author's Cry and Prayer.

Frae e'enin thi the cock side craw,
When day did daw, and cocks did craw,
S. What will I do gin†

El. on Year 1788.

The night was still †

The toolzie's teugh 'tween Pitt an' Fox, An' our gudewife's wee birdy cocks;

Frae e'enin till the cock did craw;

before ye wed Sic clumsy-witted hammers, On W. Chalmers. Clunk [to emit a sound like that of liquor when violently shaken in a half-empty cask, or when rapidly poured out of a bottle].

Clue. Cou'd stown a clue wi' ony bodie; S. Willie Wastle †

And in the blue-clue throws then, . . .

Clumsy-witted.

An' made the bottle clunk

To their health that night. The Jolly Beggars, R. VII. Cluster.

The Ladies arm-in-arm in clusters, . The Twa Dogs. 33.

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Cock, to. Hey, brave Johnie lad, cock up your beaver! S. Cock up yr beaver.	Farewell, old Coila's hills and dales, Her heathy moors and winding vales; S. The gloomy night?
Cock up your beaver, and cock it fu' sprush, Ib.	'Of these am I—Coila my name; . The Vision, D. II. 11.
Ve hills near neehors o' the starns.	And some, the pride of Coila's plains,
That proudly cock your cresting cairns; El. on Capt. M. H.3. Your Critic-folk may cock their nose,	Become thy friends 1b. 18. Auld Coila, now, may fidge fu' fain,
Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 10.	We'll sing auld Coila's plains an' fells,
Ye Maukins, cock your fud fu' braw, Tam Samson's El., 7.	O sweet are Coila's haughs an' woods,
Now auld K[ilmarnock], cock thy tail, An' toss thy horns fu' canty; The Ordination. 6.	Coin. My mirth and gude humour are coin in my pouch, S. Contented wi' little,
I'll cock my nose aboon them a', To Mr. M'Adam.	The coins o' Satan's coronation! S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. G.
But Willie set your fit to mine,	Although his pouch o' coin were clean, . S. O Tibbie!
An' cock your crest, To W. Simpson. Cockade, -aud. The red-coat lads wi' black cockauds	Yet coin his pouches wad na bide in; On Sc. Bard gne to W. I.
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	Picking her pouch as bare as Winter,
That gallant badge, the dear cockade, S. When wild War's †	Of a' kind coin. The Author's Cry and Prayer.
Cock'd. The old cock'd hat, the grey surtout, the same; Extem. on W. Smellie.	Glenriddel, skill'd in rusty coins, The Election Ballads. VI. Ane gies them coin, ane gies them wine,
His bonnet he A thought ajee, Cock'd sprush S. The tither morn †	The Fête Champetre
Cockie [dim. of cock; term of familiarity].	And trusty Gleuriddel, so skilled in old coins; The Whistle. 6.
And gratefully my gude auld cockie,	Cold. A warmer heart Death ne'er made cold. Epit. for R. A.
I'm yours for ay To Dr. Blacklock.	For the dew-drops of morning fall cold on her grave.
Cockpen. And when she cam ben she kiss'd Cockpen, S. O when she cam ben †	Lament on leaving Nat. Land How cold is that bosom which folly once fired,
And wasna Cockpen right saucy witha',	Monody, on a Lady
There was a wife wonn'd in Cockpen, S. Scroggam. Cod. Where sailors gang to fish for Cod. The Twa Dogs. 2.	And flowers let us cull for Eliza's cold bier Ib
Cod [a pillow].	Oh, cold is the blast upon my pale cheek, But colder thy love for me, Oh: S. Oh, open the door
A cod she laid beneath my head, The Lass that made the bed.	The cold earth with thy bloody bosom prest.
An' the cradle wants a cod, S. There's news, lasses †	On seeing wounded Hare Friendship! 'tis all cold duty now allows. Once fondly lov'd
Coffers. He has gowd in his coffers, he has sheep, he has kine, S. There's auld Rob M. †	Propriety's cold, cautious rules . Rusticity's ungainly
Coffin. Coffins stood round, like open presses,	But cold successive noontide blasts
That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses; Tam o' Shanter. 11.	May lay its beauties low Sad thy tale No cold approach, no alter'd mien, . The Tears I shea
Coft [bought].	Cold, comfortless, changing, untrue. S. The winter it is past
It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth, That coft contentment, peace, or pleasure;	Enclasped, and grasped, Within thy cold embrace!
S. Braw lads on Yar. braes†	Within thy cold embrace!
That sark she coft for her wee Nannie, Wi' twa pund Scots, ('twas a' her riches), Tam o' Shanter. 15.	My weary heart its throbbings cease,
I coft a stane o' haslock woo, S. The cardin o't.	Cold-mould ring in the clay? To Ruin Cold-pausing.
Cog [a wooden dish of cooper's work].	Cold-pausing Caution's lesson scorning, . To J. S., 15
I gied thy cog a wee-bit heap Aboon the timmer; . A Gude New-Year† 13.	Colean. Or for Colean, the rout is taen, . Halloween
I gi'e them [sorrow, care] a skelp as they're creeping alang,	Colic-grips. Now colic-grips, an' barkin hoast,
Wi' a cog o' gude ale, and an auld Scottish sang. S. Contented wi' little †	May kill us a'; Scotch Drink. 19
Cog an ye were ay fou, S. Landlady, count †	Colin. By Colin's cottage lies his game, If Colin's Jenny be at hame. S. My Lord a-hunting
Or reekan on a New-year-mornin In cog or bicker, Scotch Drink. 9.	There wons auld Colin's bonie lass,
For fear by foes that they should lose	Collar. His locked, letter'd, braw brass-collar . The Twa Dogs, 3
Their cogs o' brose, they scar'd at blows S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	Colleaguing, -in.
How drink gaed round, in cogs an' caups, The Holy Fair. 23.	Wi' deils, they say, L-d safe's! colleaguin
Coggle [dim. of cog].	At some black art. On Grose's Peregrinations An' cheek-for-chow, a chuffie Vintner,
An' I hae seen their coggie fou, That yet hae tarrow't at it, A Dream. 15.	Colleaguing join, The Author's Cry and Prayer.
Coggie, an the king come, . S. Carl, an the king come.	Collect. Collects his spades, his mattocks and his hoes, The Cotter's Sat. Night
And bring a coggie mair , S. Gane is the day †	Collected.
My coggie is a haly pool, That heals the wounds o' care and dool;	Collected Harry stood awee, Exten. in Court of Session. The ways of men are distant brought,
I never gat my Coggie fou Till I met wi' the Ploughman S. The Ploughman†	A faint-collected dream: Despondency, an Ode, 3
Coil [an affluent of the river Ayr].	Colledge, College. A set o' dull, conceited Hashes,
from the hills where springs the brawling Coil,	Confuse their brains in Colledge-classes!
The Brigs of Ayr. 7. I thought upon the banks o' Coil. S. When wild War's †	Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 1st. We'll send him a year to the College yet; S. Lady Mary Ann
	Leeze me on Drink! it gies us mair
Coil, Coila (Kyle, the middle district of Ayrshire, a name popularly derived from Coil or Collus, a legendary Pictish king).	Than either School or Colledge: . The Holy Fair. 19
Auld, cantie Coil may count the day, Nature's Law.	But human-bodies are sic fools, For a' their colledges an' schools, The Twa Dogs. 20
To sing auld Coil in nobler style	Now gawkies, tawpies, gowks and fools,
That bears the name o' auld king Coil, . The Twa Dogs.	Frae colleges and boarding schools, To W. Creech Collie [a shepherd's dog].
the flower which bloomed sweetest in Coila's green vale, Lament on leaving Nat. Land.	The tither was a ploughman's collie, . The Twa Dogs. 4
Who sung his rhymes in Coila's plains Nature's Law.	Collier. And I follow the Collier laddie, S. My Collier Laddie
And bless auld Coila, large and long, With multiplying joys,	Gin ye'll leave your Collier laddie [re.]
Coile's fair Dachel's care to day Sketch Negue Ve's Day	And lie down wi' my Collier laddie

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And fair fa' my Collier laddie S. My Collier Laddie. And kissin a Collier lassie an a'? . S. O when she cam ben†	Come, let me take thee to my breast, S. Come Come ease, or come travail, come pleasure or
Collieshangie [an uproar; a squabble].	And a' my days o' life to come
Or how the collieshangie works	I'll gratefully adore thee S. Crai
Atween the Russians and the Turks; Kind Sir, I've read †	That e'er he [the Deil] nearer comes oursel
Collieston. And there will be Collieston's whiskers, The Election Ballads. III.	'S a muckle pity. Death and D
Here's the worth and wisdom Collieston can boast; Ib. IV.	I was come round about the hill,
Colonel.	'Ye're maybe come to stap my breath;
The crafty colonel leaves the tartaned lines,	'Come, gies your hand, an' sae we're gree't;
For other wars, where he a hero shines; . Ep. fr. Esopus.	'Come, gies your news!
My honored colonel, deep I feel	Till, slap! come in an unco loun, . S. Does
Your interest in the poet's weal; Poem on Life.	How it comes, let Doctors tell, S.
And there will be gleg Colonel Tam. The Election Ballads. III.	come o'er his studdie Wi'thy auld sides! El.
Colour. Simmer's a pleasant time,	Come join, ye Nature's sturdiest bairns, My wailing numbers. [re.]
Flow'rs of ev'ry colour; S. Ay waukin, O.	nor cankert care E'er mair come near him.
Dusty was the coat, Dusty was the colour, S. Hey, the dusty miller	El. on Death of
	Ye ministers, come mount the pupit, . El.
Colours mingl'd unco fine,	Unless he come to wait upon The Lord their God, his Grace.
Her colours betray'd her on you mossy fells;	Epig. on being n
S. The heather was bloom.	Comes, 'mid a string of coxcombs to display,
I mark'd a martial Race, pourtray'd	That veni, vidi, vici, is his way;
In colours strong, [v. A. 4] The Vision. D. I.	And a' your views may come to nought, Where ev'ry nerve is strained Ep. to Yo
Than under gospel colours hid be Just for a screen. To Rev. J. M'Math.	ev'n should Misfortunes come,
A' the colours in the town,	The words come skelpan, rank and file,
I hae won their wanton favour S. Wantonness for ever †	They gang in [to Colledge] Stirks, and come or
The cat has twa, the very colour; S. Willie Wastle †	Ep. to J. L-
Combat.	Come to my bowl, come to my arms,
Still o'er the field the combat hurns, The Election Ballads, VI.	My friends, my brothers!
Combat, to.	Come, kittle up your moorlan harp
I dare not combat—but I turn and fly: To Clarinda.	Now comes the sax an' twentieth simmer, I've seen the bud upo' the timmer,
Combine. Some social join, and leagues combine; S. Now westlin winds †	But your curst wit, when it comes near it,
Combustion. Combustion thro' our boroughs rode,	Rives't aff their hack
The Election Ballads. VI	Come wealth, come poortith, late or soon, Ep. to
Come. Believe me, happiness is shy, And comes not ay when sought, man.	But come, your hand, my careless brither, .
A Bottle and Friend.	
I winna lie, come what will o' me) . A Ded. to G.H., 4.	But come ye who the godlike pleasure know, Heaven's attribute distinguish'd—to bestow!
But when Divinity comes cross me,	Ep. to
My readers then are sure to lose me	Come thou who giv'st with all a courtier's grace. She winna come hame to her ain Jock Rab.
Ye've lately come athwart her; A Dream, 13. An', large upon her quarter, Come full that day 1b.	O come thy ways to me, my Eppie M'Nab! S.
An', large upon her quarter, Come full that day 1b. Where human weakness has come short,	Then come, thou fairest of the fair! . S.
A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.	To see the new [year] come laden, groaning,
And I will come again, my Luve, . S. A red, red Rose.	(An' has that is to be my less
A time that surely shall come;	'An' her that is to be my lass, 'Come after me an' draw thee
A V. on being Hosp. Entertained.	An' young an' auld come rinnan out,
What comes o' thee? A Winter Night. 4. When Death comes in, wi' glimmering blink,	Nought of ill may come thee near, S. Han
Adam A—'s Prayer.	And art thou come, and art thou true! S. He
Come thiggan at your doors and yetts, Add. of Beelzebub. 4.	I'll come nae mair to thy bower door, S. Here's
And till ye come—your humble servant,	My dear, I'll come and see thee;
Why did they not come along with you, Add. to Dumourier.	And them that comes behin', Let them do the like,
Alas, how chang'd the times to come! Add. to Edinburgh. 6.	Tho' Hallowmas is come and gane,
Come Winter, with thine angry howl,	But if you come this gate again
S. Again rejoic. Nature †	I'll aulder be gin simmer,
And then comes ane and twenty. S. And O for ane and twenty † Come biss me at your leisure. [re.] . S. As I gard up by †	But why always Bacon—come, give me a reas
Come kiss me at your resource [701]	I'll be wed come o't what will, . S. In
"And come ye here, my Son," he says, "To wander in my broken shade, . As on the banks †	Of gude advisement comes nae ill.
	Jamie, come try me, [re.] S. Jamie
Heavy comes the morrow, S. Ay waking, O † Lanely night comes on, S. Ay wakin, O.	But far better days I trust will come again;
Lanely night comes on,	S. La
The smiling Spring comes in rejoicing; S. Bonie Bell.	May I but be sae bauld
Then in his turn comes gloomy Winter,	As come to your hower-window, S. Lass, w. But never, never can come near the heart.
Come let us spend the lightsome days	S. Mark
In the birks of Aberfeldy. S. Bonie Lassie, will ye go †	But come, all ve offspring of folly so true,
There will never be peace till Jamie comes hame [re.] S. By yon castle wa' †	Mono
Carl, an the king come, S. Carl, an the king come.	Some unforeseen misfortune Comes generally upon me, O; S. My father
An somebodie were come again,	But come what will, I've sworn it still,
Come boat me o'er, come row me o'er,	I'll ne'er be melancholy, O
	Come draw a drap o' the best o't yet, S. My
Come weel, come woe, we'll gather and go, And live or die wi' Charlie	Come autumn, sae pensive, in yellow and grey
TAILS INTO OF CHICAGO TO THE CHICAGO TO THE CONTROL OF THE CONTROL	3. 202)

ne, let me take † pain ; ented wi' little † gie-burn Wood. r. Hornbook. 2. . . Ib. 5. . Ib. 9. Ib. 11. Ib. 11. haughty Gaul† Duncan Gray † on Capt. M. H. . . Ib. 3. R. Ruisseaux. on Year, 1788. eglected at Inn. Ep. fr. Esopus. oung Friend. 2. Ep. to Davie, 7. . Ib. 11. ut Asses, –k, Ap. 1st. 12. Ib. 21. Ib. Ap. 21st. 8. . Ib. 10. Ep. to J. R. 3. Maj. Logan, 4. . . Ib. 8. R. Graham. 5. ce; . *Ib*. Eppie M'Nab. Fairest maid † end of the poet † Halloween. 18. Ib. 20. rk! the mavis † ere is the glen t to thy health, † . . Ib. . Hey ca' thro'. I'm o'er young † . . Ib.
on?
Impromptu. simmer when † e, come try me † ady Mary Ann, hen yr mither † yonder Pomp † ody, on a Lady. was a farmer t . Ib. love she's but † S. My Nanie's Awa.

Come, let us sweep them off, said they, New Psalmody.	Then let us pray, that come it may, As come it will for a' that, S. The Honest Man.
Now rosy May comes in wi' flowers, . S. Now rosy May t	
And now come in my happy hours,	Of all the women in the world,
Come let us stray our gladsome way, S. Now westlin winds †	I never could come at her S. The Joyful Widower.
O gude ale comes, and gude ale goes, S. O gude ale comes†	O' double verse come gie us four, The Ordination. 3.
	Come, let a proper text be read,
O John, my luve, come kiss me now, [re.]	Come, screw the pegs wi' tunefu' cheep,
S. O John, come kiss †	Come bouse about the porter!
But soon wi' sounding Victorie	Come, bring the tither mutchkin in,
May Kenmure's Lord come hame. S. O Kenmure's on and awa †	My Ploughman he comes hame at e'en, S. The Ploughman †
Comes trinkling down her swan-white neck, S. O Mally's meek.	No work comes me wrong The Poor Thresher.
	when I come home from my labour at night
Come to my arms, my Katie, my Katie, An' come to my arms and kiss me again!	To see them come round me with prattling noise, . Ib.
S. O merry hae I been †	There's some that are dowie, I trow wad be fain
But ay I'm eerie they [Hunger and Want] come ben.	To see the bit Taylor come skippin again. S. The Taylor fell
S. O that I had ne'er †	But how it comes, I never kent yet, They're maistly wonderfu' contented; . The Twa Dogs. 11.
Then come, sweet Muse, inspire my lay!	
S. O were I on Parnass. †	But comes frae 'mang that cursed set, . The Twa Herds. 11.
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad, . S. O whistle †	Come join your counsel and your skills, Ib. 15.
But warily tent, when ye come to court me,	A tight, outlandish Hizzie, braw,
And come na unless the back-yett be a-jee; Ib.	Come full in sight The Vision, D. I. 7.
And come, as ye were na coming to me, Ib.	And come to stop those reckless vows,
	I come to give thee such reward, As we bestow. Ib. D. II. 2.
But aye the tear comes in my ee, To think on him that's far awa. S. Oh, how can I be blythe †	Come—one bottle more—and have at the sublime;
And a' my tears be tears of joy,	The Whistle. 17.
When he comes hame that's far awa	The winter it is past, and the summer comes at last,
Come, mourn wi' me! On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.	S. The winter it is past
Ye'se a' be het or I come back On Kirk of Lamington.	A wooer like me maunna hope to come speed;
And every year come in mair dear . On W. Chalmers.	S. There's auld Rob. M.
Come, bumpers high, express your joy, . On W. Stewart.	The day comes to me, but delight brings me nane; . Ib.
	There's a boatfu' o' lads
And aft as chance he comes thee nigh, Poem on Life.	Come to our town to sell S. There's news, lasses
There's ane; come forrit, honest Allan! Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	But may the tapmast grain that wags
	Come to the sack Third Ep. to J. Lap.
Comes bleating till him, owre the knowe, Poor Mailie's El.	Then come misfortune, I bid thee welcome,
Come, join the melancholious croon O' Robin's reed! . Ib.	S. Tho' fickle Fortune
I come to wish you all a good new year! Prologue, at Th., D	And come in thy coatie sweet Tibbie Dunbar. S. Tibbie Dunbar.
O Willie, come sell your fiddle, [re.]	Come Firm Resolve take thou the van, . To Dr. Blacklock.
S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie	
Then Anna comes in, the pride o' her kin,	Comes hostan, hirplan owre the field, Wi' creeping pace
Ronalds of Bennals.	Come Sir, here's tae you; To Mr. J. Kennedy.
She winna come hame to her Willy. S. Saw ye my Phely.	
Then Burnewin comes on like Death At ev'ry chap Scotch Drink. 10.	
	Sae may, shou'd we to hell's yetts come, Your billy Satan sair us! V.s on Window, Carron
Thou comes—they [my poor verses] rattle i' their ranks At ither's arses! 1b. 18.	Come to my bosom, my ain only deary, S. Wandering Willie.
Yet come thou child of poverty and care,	
Sonnet, wr. on Birthday.	O come and see, quo' Findlay; S. Wha is that at the "Come hither lad, an' answer for't, . What ails ye now the second see.
Some counsel unto me come len'; S. Tam Glen.	
bonic counsel and me come ion ,	
"Code day to you" (coof) he comes hen:	When clouds in skies do come together When clouds in skies
"Gude day to you," (coof,) he comes ben;	When clouds in skies do come together When clouds in skies The wars are o'er, and I'm come hame, S. When wild War's
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And a' the comfort we're to get,	Commend, Commen'.
Is that ayont the grave, man The Tree of Liberty.	And where ye justly can commend—commend them;
The dearest comfort o' their lives, Their grushie weans an' faithfu' wives; The Twa Dogs. 17.	Of a' the thoughtless sons o' man,
Still nobler wealth hast thou in store,	Commen' me to the Bardie clan; . Second Ep. to Davie.
The comforts of the mind; To Chloris.	Commend me to the Ploughman S. The Ploughman †
Nor hope dare a comfort bestow: . S. Where are the joys †	Commend me to the Barn yard,
Comfort, to. An' views beyond the grave comfort him.	And to his goodness I commend ye To Mr. Renton.
Enclasped to my faithful breast, Auld comrade dear†	Commentator.
I'll comfort thee, my dearie O. S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite †	Now, butt an' ben, the Change-house fills, Wi' yill-caup Commentators: The Holy Fair. 18.
Had there not been some recompence To comfort those that mourn! Man was made to Mourn.	Commerce-Chaumer [Chamber of Commerce].
To comfort us 'twas sent, man: . The Tree of Liberty.	The brethren o' the Commerce-Chaumer
Comfortable.	May mourn their loss wi' doolfu' clamour; . To W. Creech.
Clad in rich Dulness' comfortable fur To R. G. of F., 3.	Commission. Just frets till Heav'n commission gies him; A Ded. to G. H., 10.
Comfortless.	Committed. The maister drunk—the horse committed;
And hopeless, comfortless, I'll mourn	On B.'s Horse Impound
A faithless woman's broken vow The Lament. Cold, comfortless, changing, untrue, S. The winter it is past	Commix. Heroes and heroines commix
Now hopeless, comfortless, forsaken! . V.s, under Grief.	All in the field of politics, . The Election Ballads. VI.
Coming, -in, -an.	Commix'd.
Coming o'er the braes o' Cupar; . S. Donald Brodie †	There commix'd with foulest stains
With honest joy, our hearts will bound,	From tyranny's empurpled bands: S. Streams that glide † Common.
To see the coming year: Ep. to Davie. 4.	Wi' common Lords ye shanna mingle, Add. of Beelzebub. 5.
For a' that, and a' that, It's coming yet, for a' that, S. The Honest Man.	I tell nae common tale o' grief, El. on Capt. M. H. Epit.
And come, as ye were na coming to me, . S. O whistle †	How sune it [wild-rose] tines its scent and hue
coming Winter's biting, frosty breath; The Brigs of Ayr. 2.	When pu'd and worn a common toy! . S. I do confess †
The noble Maxwells and their Powers	Yet sune thou shalt be thrown aside, Like ony common weed and vile
Are coming o'er the border, . S. The noble Maxwells†	Common motives lang sinsyne, S. Jockey fou,†
In coming by the brig o' Dye, S. T. Menz.'s bonie Mary.	Common friend to you and me,
Comin thro' the rye, poor body, . S. Comin' thro' the rye † How this new Play, and that new Sang is comin?	Nature's gifts to all are free: . On scaring Water fowl.
Scots Prologue.	Like brethren in a common cause, We'd on each other smile, man; The Tree of Liberty.
In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin! . Tam o' Shanter. 18.	Unite in common recreation; The Twa Dogs, 19.
Or tell what new taxation's comin, . The Twa Dogs. 18.	But this is Gentry's life in common 1b. 34.
He's comin frae the North that's to fancy me,	May I be Slander's common speech; To W. Creech.
S. There grows a bonie † An' weary Winter comin fast, To a Mouse.	As far surpassing other common villains,
Frae hame this comin Friday; To Gav. Hamilton.	As Thou in natural parts hadst given me more. Tragic Frag.
Hae ye a leisure-moment's time	Commoner. What tho', like Commoners of air,
To hear what's comin? To J. S., 4.	We wander out, we know not where, . Ep. to Davie. 4.
Or, rustling, thro' the boortries coman,	The independent commoner Chall he the man for a' that The Floation Pallade II
Wi' heavy groan Add. to the Deil. 6. Command, Comman'.	Shall be the man for a' that. The Election Ballads. II.
I crave thy friendship at thy kind command;	A House o' Commons such as he,
Ep. to R. Graham, 5.	They wad be blest that saw that. The Election Ballads. II.
A scepter'd hand, a king's command, Is in her darting glances: S. Lovely Davies.	It may send Balmaghie to the Commons, In Sodom 'twould make him a king
Where Cummins once had high command:	Common-sense.
S. The Banks of Nith.	Reid, to common sense appealing, Auld comrade dear †
Forms might be worshipp'd on the bended knee, And still the second dread command be free,	To common sense they [Philosophers] now appeal,
The Brigs of Ayr. 8.	What wives an' wabsters see an' feel;
Their Master's and their Mistress's command,	But what his common sense came short, He eked it out wi' law, Exten. in Court of Session.
The youngker's a' are warned to obey; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 6.	In chase o' thee, what crowds hae swerv'd
Here is Murray's fragments	Frae common sense, Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
O' the ten commands; . The Election Ballads. IV.	And would to Common-sense for once betray'd them, The Brigs of Ayr. 10.
Oft, honor'd with supreme command, The Farewell, To St. J.'s L	While Common-Sense has taen the road,
Before this ponderous globe itself Arose at Thy command: The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps	An' aff, an' up the Cowgate Fast, fast . The Holy Fair. 16.
	a rock To crush common sense for her sins, The Kirk's Alarm, Curst Common-sense, that imp o' h-ll, The Ordination. 2.
The Chief on Sark who glorious fell, In high command; [v. A. 4] The Vision, D. I.	Curst Common-sense, that imp o' h-ll, The Ordination. 2. Common Sense is gaun, she says,
all beneath his high command,	To mak to Jamie Beattie Her plaint this day Ib. 11.
Till Lairds forbad, by strict commands,	And that fell cur ca'd common sense,
Sic bluidy pranks. To W. Simpson, P.S. "Ye, for my sake, hae gien the feck	That bites sae sair, The Twa Herds. 16. Commutation. Could he some commutation broach,
"Of a' the ten comman's A screed some day."	The Author's Cry and Prayer.
Command, to.	Companie.
Who [false usurper] now commands the towers and lands	God bless the king And the companie! S. Landlady, count †
The royal right of Albany. S. The bonie Lass of Albany	Sitting at yon boord-en', And amang guid companie; S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie.
Commander. And there will be Murray Commander,	Companion.
Commandment. The Election Ballads. III.	Companions of my social joy! The Farewell. To St. J.'s L.
But pious Bob, 'mid learning's store,	Hear, how he [Morality] gies the tither yell,
Commandment tenth remember'd The Dean of Fac	Between his twa companions! The Ordination, 12.
Or, nae reflection on your lear,	The bonie Lark, companion meet! To a Mountain-Daisy. At me, thy poor, earth-born companion,
Ye may commence a Shaver; The Ordination. 9.	An' fellow-mortal! To a Mouse.
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Commons	Complimental.
Her nut-brown hair, beyond compare, S. As I gaed up by	The Dame brings forth, in complimental mood,
Her yellow hair, beyond compare, S. O Malley's meek.	To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck, fell,
O heart-felt raptures! bliss beyond compare!	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 9.	I will not wind a lang conclusion,
Compare, to. Awa wi' your belies and your beauties,	With complimentary effusion: A Ded. to G. H., 15.
They never wi' her can compare; S. Adown winding Nith †	Complimented.
Compare wi' bonie Brigs o' modern time? The Brigs of Ayr. 6.	I see ye're complimented thrang, A Dream. 2. Compose.
Compar'd. Ye see your state wi' theirs compar'd. And shudder at the niffer, Add. to Unco Guid. 3.	Wi' arm repos'd on the chair-back,
An' Mary, nae doubt, took the drunt,	He sweetly does compose him; The Holy Fair. 11.
To be compar'd to Willie: Halloween. 9.	Composing. Fareweel, my rhyme-composing billie!
But when compar'd with real passion,	On Scot. Bard gne to W. I. Fareweel, 'my rhyme-composing' brither! To W. Simpson. 17.
Poor is all that princely pride S. Mark yonder Pomp † Compar'd wi' my delight is poor S. O Phely, †	Compound.
Compar'd with these, Italian trills are tame;	Not all his mongrel diphthongs can compound; The Vowels.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 13.	Comprehension.
Compar'd with this, how poor Religion's pride, In all the pomp of method, and of art,	An' what poor Cot-folk pit their painch in, I own it's past my comprehension The Twa Dogs. 9.
Still, thou art blest, compar'd wi' me! To a Mouse.	Compute.
Compar'd wi' you—O fool! fool! fool!	What's done we partly may compute,
How much unlike! To J. S., 26.	But know not what's resisted Add. to Unco Guid. 8.
Comparison. Beyond comparison the worst [ills] are those	Comrade. Auld comrade dear and brither sinner, . Auld comrade t
That to our folly, or our guilt we owe. Remorse. A Frag	As by one drunken fellow his comrades you'll find.
I must needs say, comparisons are odd. The Brigs of Ayr. 10.	Fragment, inscr. to Fox.
Compass.	I hae been blythe wi' Comrades dear; S. The Rigs o' Barley.
May ev'ry true Brother of th' Compass and Square Have a big-belly'd bottle when pressed with care.	Wha for his friend an' comrade had him, The Twa Dogs.
No Churchman am I †	Com'st. Thou golden time o' youthful prime,
Compeer. With talents passing most of my compeers, . Tragic Frag.	Why com'st thou not again! . S. But lately seen †
Compel. Strong necessity compels. On scaring Water-fowl.	Con. And echo cons the doolfu' tale; S. The Contented Cottager.
Compile. There all her charms she does compile;	Conceal. But secret love will break my heart,
S. Twas even—the dewy t	If I conceal it langer. S. Craigie-burn Wood.
Complain. I may be distress'd, but I winna complain; S. As I was a-wand ring †	Conceal yoursel as weel's ye can Frae critical dissection; . Ep. to Young Friend. 5.
Let not woman e'er complain Of inconstancy in love;	Not cabinets even of kings would conceal 'em,
Let not woman e'er complain,	Fragment, inscr. to Fox.
Fickle man is apt to rove: S. Let not woman	And [a'] the earth conceals sae lowly; S. My Collier Laddie.
I beg you'll hear Your humble slave complain, The Petition of Br. Water.	Your thought, if love must harbour there, Conceal it in that thought; S. Talk not of Love †
Of thy caprice maternal I complain, To R. G. of F	I canna to mysel' conceal
Complaining. Thy soothing fond complaining.	My deeply-ranklin' sorrow V.s, under Grief.
S. O stay, sweet warbling woodlark † But truce with peevish, poor complaining! To J. S., 20.	Ye maun conceal till your last hour! . S. Wha is that at † Concealing.
His sad complaining dowie raves S. Young Jamie, †	The hazard of concealing; Ep. to Young Friend. 6.
Complaint. "I've got a bad wife, Sir, that's a' my complaint,	Concealing the course of the dark winding rill;
S. There liv'd ance a carle †	S. The lazy mist † Conceit, ve were my first conceit, S. John Anderson †
Yet ne'er with Wits prophane to range,	Conceit. ye were my first conceit, . S. John Anderson† Nae snap conceits, but that sweet spell
Be complaisance extended; Ep. to Young Friend. 9.	O' witchin love, Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
Complete.	In all the pomp of ignorant conceit; The Brigs of Ayr. 10.
Her air so sweet, her shape complete, S. As I gaed up by † Her reputation is complete S. Handsome Nell.	Conceited.
Mally's ev'ry way compleat S. O Mally's meek.	A set o' dull, conceited Hashes, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 12.
Thy lips are as sweet and thy figure compleat,	Conceited gowk! puff'd up wi' windy pride! The Brigs of Ayr. 7.
S. O when she cam ben t	Concerns.
Sae sonsy and sweet, sae fully complete, Ronalds of Bennals.	This wot ye all whom it concerns, On dining with Daer. Then know all ye whom it concerns,
But [judges] of meet or unmeet, in a fabrick complete,	Subscripsi huic, Robert Burns The Inventory.
I'll boldly pronounce they [reviewers] are none, Sir. To Capt. Riddel.	Concert. Nae mair the grove with airy concert rings,
Compleater. Altho' a ribban at your lug	The Brigs of Ayr. Harmonious concert rung in every part, Ib. 12.
Wad been a dress compleater: A Dream, 12.	Concession.
Compleenin [complaining, ailing].	Dove-like fondness, chaste concession, To a Kiss.
He's always compleenin frae mornin' to e'enin, S. What can a young lassie †	Conclude.
Completely, Till Order bright, completely shine,	Sae I conclude and quat my chanter, Auld comrade dear
The Farewell. To St. J.'s L An' aften labour them completely The Inventory.	But to conclude my lang epistle, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 22.
An' aften labour them completely 1 ne inventory.	While falling, recalling, The amorous thrush concludes his sang; . S. Sae flaxen†
But Queen Nietherplacel, of a different complexion,	And just conclude that "fools are fortune's care."
Epig. on Henpecked Squire. Another.	To R. G. of F., 7. Conclusion. I will not wind a lang conclusion.
With ardent eyes, complexion sallow, Sketch. New-Yr's Day.	With complimentary effusion: A Dea. 10 G. H., 13.
Compliment. Will Ye accept a Compliment A simple Bardie gies Ye? . A Dream. 9.	And came to this conclusion, O; S. My father was a farmer †
My compliments to sister Beckie; To Dr. Blacklock.	And now my conclusion I'll tell, For faith I'm confoundedly dry: The Jolly Beggars. S. III.
Compliment, to. O some will court and compliment, S. John, come kiss me now.	And here's, for a conclusion, The Ordination. 14.
3. John, come was me now.	1

Condemn'd.	Conquering. In a' their charms, and conquering arms,
Condemn'd to drag a hopeless chain, S. Farewell, thou stream t	S. A. Masterton's bonie Anne He hugs his chain, and owns the reign
Condemn'd to see my rival's reign, . S. The last time I †	Of conquering, lovely Davies S. Lovely Davies.
Condition. Waes me! She's [Superstition's] in a sad condition;	By conquering beauty's sov'reign law; S. Sae flaxen on these are my Lassie's all-conquering charms.
Letter to J. Goudie.	Conqueror. S. You wild mossy mountains t
Conduct. And a conduct that beautifies a', . Ronalds of Bennals.	The son of great Loda was conqueror still, The Whistle. 3.
And a conduct that beautifies a', . Ronalds of Bennals. Such conduct neither spirit, wit, nor manners.	Conquest.
The Rights of Woman.	She's gane, like Alexander, To spread her conquests farther. S. O saw ye bonie Lesley†
Confess. A bonie Lass, all will confess, Is pleasant to the e'e, . S. Handsome Nell.	Conscience.
But yet, O L—d! confess I must, At times I'm fash'd wi' fleshly lust Holy Willie's Prayer. 6.	A Conscience but a canker . Ep. to Young Friend. 10.
At times I'm fash'd wi' fleshly lust Holy Willie's Prayer. 6. I do confess thou art sae fair, S. I do confess †	'Conscience,' says I, 'ye thowless jad! Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 4.
I do confess thee sweet, but find	An' he swoor by his conscience, Halloween. 17.
Thou art sae thriftless o' thy sweets,	The cave-lodged beggar, with a conscience clear, Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.
Lns under Pict. of Miss B	Are Honor, Virtue, Conscience, all exil'd.?
Confession. But why urge the tender confession,	Here's an honest conscience The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10.
Gainst fortunes fell cruel decree	Might a prince adorn; . The Election Ballads, IV. That fell remorse, a conscience bleeding
S. Here's a health to ane † Speaking silence, dumb confession, To a Kiss.	Hath led me here The Hermit.
I made an open fair confession, What ails ye now t	Let me sound an alarm to your conscience; The Kirk's Alarm.
Confine.	Conscience in vain upbraids the unhallow'd fire; To Clarinda Their raxan conscience, To Rev. J. M'Math.
Think on the dungeon's grim confine, A Winter Night. 9. Confine, to.	Conscious.
Those headlong, furious passions to confine; Why am I loth †	The conscious sun, out o'er you hill, Rejoicin' clos'd the day so, S. As I gaed up by t
Conform. When Sh-lb-rne meek held up his cheek, Conform to Gospel law, A Fragment. 6.	With arch-alacrity and conscious glee Ep. to R. Graham. 3.
Confound. Confounds rule and law, reconciles contradiction	Conscious, blushing for our race, . On scaring Water-fowl.
G-d confound their stubborn face, Holy Willie's Prayer. 10.	The wily Mother sees the conscious flame The Cotter's Sat. Night. 7.
To confound their studdern tace, Holy Willie's Prayer. 10. To confound the poor Doctor at ance The Kirk's Alarm.	Thine is the self-approving glow, On conscious honour's part; To Chloris.
Confounded. Astonished! confounded! cry'd Satan, by G-d.	By all the conscious villain fears below! . To Clarinda.
I'll want 'im, ere I take such a d—ble load. Epig. on Capt. Grose.	While conscious virtue all the strain endears, To Miss Graham.
Confoundedly.	Conscious the bounteous meed they well deserve,
And now my conclusion I'll tell, For faith I'm confoundedly dry: The Jolly Beggars. S. III.	Consciousness.
Confuse. Confuse their brains in Colledge classes!	The torturing, gnawing consciousness of guilt
Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 12.	Consent. Remorse. A Frag
To ev'ry New-light mother's son, From this time forth, Confusion: The Ordination. 14.	But he wan my heart's consent, To be his ain at the neist meeting. S. As I came o'er†
From this time forth, Confusion: The Ordination. 14.	At length she blush'd a sweet consent, S. There was a lass †
Till chiels gat up an' wad confute it, To W. Simbson, P.S.	Consequence.
Conglobe. Tho something like moisture conglobes in my eye, Poet. Add. to Tytler.	O would they stay to calculate Th' eternal consequences; Add. to Unco Guid. 5
Congratulation.	And resolutely keep its [Honor's] laws,
But accept, ye sublime Majority, My congratulations hearty The Dean of Fac	Uncaring consequences Ep. to Young Friend. 8. A consequence I draw that S. Women's Minds.
Congregation.	Consequential.
When men display to congregations wide, Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the heart!	And clear the consequential sorrows, Love-gifts of Carnival signoras [v. A. 13] The Twa Dogs. 23.
The Cotter's Sat, Night, 17.	Consider.
Now a' the congregation o'er Is silent expectation;	consider now, Ye're unco muckle dautet; . A Dream, 15. Consider, Sirs, how we're beset, . The Twa Herds. 11.
Congress. An did hae less, in full Congress,	Consolation.
Than quite refuse our law, man. A Fragment. 1.	For sweet consolation to church I did fly;
"I'll conjure the ghost of the great Rorie More,	S. No Churchman am I† To those who for her loss are grieved,
Conjuring. Ye'll quake at his conjuring hammer,	This consolation's given . On Poet's Daughter.
On Grose's Peregrinations.	Constable. Wi' constables, those blackguard fallows, Adam A—'s Prayer.
She, honest woman, may think shame	Constancy.
I hat ye're connected with her. The Ans. to the Guidwife.	The hyacinth for constancy, wi' its unchanging blue,
Connexion. Dearest tie of young connexions, To a Kiss.	S. The Posie. Constant. We'll be constant while we can S. Let not woman †
Connubial. Tho' when some kind, connubial Dear Your But-and-ben adorns, The Calt.	I'd fan it wi' a constant gale, S. O were my love t
Still fan the sweet connubial flame	As thy constant slave regard it; S. Sweetest May † And is constant for ever and true; S. The Winter it is past †
Responsive in each bosom, S. Young Peggy †	(A world 'gainst peace in constant arms) . To Chloris.
And thy still matchless tongue that conquers all reply.	Constantly.
Conquer'd.	Thy goodness constantly we prove, . Grace after Dinner.
They'd conquer'd and ruin'd a world beside. S. Caledonia.	My minny does constantly deave me, S. Tam Glen. Tho' constantly on poortith's brink, . The Twa Dogs, 15.
	7

Constellation.	Contradiction.
Wit, and Grace, and Love, and Beauty,	How genius, th' illustrious father of fiction,
In ae constellation shine; S. Bonie wee thing †	Confounds rule and law, reconciles contradiction
I'd heeze thee up a constellation, Ep. to H. Parker.	Fragment inscr. to Fox.
	Contrasted.
Constitution.	
And here's the grand fabric, our free Constitution,	His forbears' virtues all contrasted, On Duke of Queensberry.
At Meet. of D. Volunteers.	Contriving. No sly Man of business contriving a snare,
But truce with kings, and truce with constitutions,	S. No Churchman am I †
The Dights of Warner	Control. She reigns without control S. Handsome Nell.
The Rights of Woman.	
Constrain. Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,	The tyrant Death, with grim control, . S. Peggy Chalmers.
Man was made to mourn.	Wildly here without control,
Consume. Consume that high-place Patronage,	Nature reigns and rules the whole; S. Streams that glide †
From off thy holy hill; . New Psalmody.	Controul, to.
And now beneath the withering blast	Thy minions, kings defend, controul, devour, To R. G. of F
My youth and joy consume. S. Now Spring has clad †	
May there my latest hours consume, S. The Banks of Nith.	Controuling.
	With that controlling pow'r assist ev'n me, Why am I loth †
I wear away My life, and in my office holy	
Consume the day The Hermit.	Conveener. Ye dainty Deacons, an' ye donce Conveeners,
Consumption.	The Brigs of Ayr. 9.
-	Convene. Some merry, friendly, countra folks,
Gane in a galloping consumption, Letter to J. Goudie.	Together did convene, Halloween.
Contagion. Luxury's contagion, weak and vile!	
The Cotter's Sat, Night. 20.	Convenience.
_	A dear-lov'd lad, convenience snug,
Contemplation.	A treacherous inclination Add. to Unco Guid. 6.
Or guilt affrights thy contemplation, The Hermit.	Converse.
Contempt.	
	Wi' nae converse but Gallowa' bodies, . Ep. to H. Parker.
There keen indignation shall dart on her prey,	Who is proof to thy personal converse and wit,
Which spurning contempt shall redeem from his ire.	Is proof to all other temptation. Extem., To Mr. S—e.
Monody, on a Lady.	
And sunk them in contempt; On Duke of Queensberry.	Convert.
	How monie hearts this day converts, . The Holy Fair. 27.
But where is your shield from the darts of contempt?	Convey.
Ye true "Loyal Natives" †	
Contend.	To my arms their charge convey, S. How can my poor heart †
But who can with Fate and Quart Bumpers contend?	Conviction.
The Whistle. 16.	
Contending.	An' rouse them up to strong conviction,
	An' move their pity. The Author's Cry and Prayer.
Contending with Billy for proud-nodding laurels.	Convoy. To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
Fragment, inser. to Fox.	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 7.
Content.	
To stay content wi' yowes at hame; . Death of Mailie.	Convoy'd.
	Convoy'd me through the glen S. My heart was ance †
We [O Death !] freely wad exchang'd the wife,	Convulse.
An' a' been weel content Epig. on Henpecked Squire.	
Content am I, if Heaven shall give	What ragings must his veins convulse,
But happiness to thee: S. It is na, Jean †	That still eternal gallop: Add. to Unco Guid. 4.
	A sight pale envy to convulse) . Sketch. New-Yr's Day.
Sit round the table, weel content,	
An' steer about the toddy The Holy Fair. 20.	Cood [cud].
And mak us a' content, man The Tree of Liberty.	On thee aft Scotland chows her cood, . Scotch Drink. 4.
But give me real, sterling Wit, And I'm content. To J. S., 23.	That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cood:
	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11.
Content with You to mak a pair, Whare'er I gang. 1b. 29.	
Content, s.	Coof, Cuif [a blockhead, a fool, a ninny].
But whether granted, or denied,	They'll hae me wed a wealthy coof,
Lord bless us with content! A Grace before Dinner.	S. And O for ane and twenty t
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Yet then content could make us blest; . Ep. to Davie. 3.	While Coofs on countless thousands rant, Ep. to Davie. 2.
Content and love bring peace and joy, S. In simmer when t	A coof like him wou'd stain your [Sir deil's] name,
	Epit. on Holy Willie.
Sits meek content with light unanxious heart,	But wha wad keep the handless coof, S. O can ye labour leat
Sonnet, wr. on Birthday.	
Blest wi' content, and milk and meal	How fumbling coofs their dearies slight, Scotch Drink. 12.
S. The Contented Cottager.	A coof came in wi' rowth o' gear, . S. She's fair and fause t
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content!	"Gude day to you," (coof,) he comes ben; . S. Tam Glen.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 20.	
	Or Cuifs of later times, wha held the notion
Content and comfort bless me more in	That sullen gloom was sterling, true devotion:
This grot, than e'er I felt before in A palace The Hermit.	The Brigs of Ayr. 8.
Make content and ease thy aim. Wr. in Hermitage at F. C.	Though hundreds worship at his word,
	He's but a coof for a' that:. S. The Honest Man.
Content, to.	
Aqua-fontis, what you please,	I started, mutt'ring blockhead! coof! . The Vision, D. I. 6.
He can content ye. Death and Dr. Hornbook, 21.	This waly boy will be nae coof, . S. There was a ladt
Contented.	Cooing. Down in a shady walk,
	Down in a shady wark,
Contented wi' little, and canty wi' mair,	Doves cooing were; S. Phillis the Fair.
S. Contented wi' little, †	Cooket [darted in and out of hiding, in ways un-
	expected and playful].
Wi' weans I'm mair than weel contented, . The Inventory.	Whyles cooket underneath the bross
Wi' weans I'm mair than weel contented, . The Inventory. They're maistly wonderfu' contented; The Twa Dogs. 11.	Whyles cooket underneath the braes,
Wi' weans I'm mair than weel contented, . The Inventory.	Whyles cooket underneath the braes, Below the spreading hazle Unseen 'Halloween. 25.
Wi' weans I'm mair than weel contented, . The Inventory. They're maistly wonderfu' contented; The Twa Dogs. 11. Contention.	Below the spreading hazle Unseen 'Halloween. 25.
Wi' weans I'm mair than weel contented, . The Inventory. They're maistly wonderfu' contented; The Twa Dogs. 11. Contention. Within this dear mansion may wayward contention	Below the spreading hazle Unseen 'Halloween. 25. Cookin [cooking].
Wi' weans I'm mair than weel contented, . The Inventory. They're maistly wonderfu' contented; The Twa Dogs. 11. Contention. Within this dear mansion may wayward contention Or withered envy ne'er enter; S. The Sons of old Killie.	Below the spreading hazle Unseen 'Halloween. 25. Cookin [cooking]. How daddie Burke the plea was cookin, Kind Sir, I've read†
Wi' weans I'm mair than weel contented, . The Inventory. They're maistly wonderfu' contented; The Twa Dogs. 11. Contention. Within this dear mansion may wayward contention	Below the spreading hazle Unseen 'Halloween. 25. Cookin [cooking].
Wi' weans I'm mair than weel contented, . The Inventory. They're maistly wonderfu' contented; The Twa Dogs. 11. Contention. Within this dear mansion may wayward contention Or withered envy ne'er enter; S. The Sons of old Killie. Contentment.	Below the spreading hazle Unseen 'Halloween. 25. Cookin [cooking]. How daddie Burke the plea was cookin, Kind Sir, I've read† Cook'ry.
Wi' weans I'm mair than weel contented, . The Inventory. They're maistly wonderfu' contented; The Twa Dogs. 11. Contention. Within this dear mansion may wayward contention Or withered envy ne'er enter; S. The Sons of old Killie. Contentment. It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,	Below the spreading hazle Unseen
Wi' weans I'm mair than weel contented, . The Inventory. They're maistly wonderfu' contented; The Twa Dogs. 11. Contention. Within this dear mansion may wayward contention Or withered envy ne'er enter; S. The Sons of old Killie. Contentment. It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,	Below the spreading hazle Unseen 'Halloween. 25. Cookin [cooking]. How daddie Burke the plea was cookin, Kind Sir, I've read† Cook'ry.
Wi' weans I'm mair than weel contented, . The Inventory. They're maistly wonderfu' contented; The Twa Dogs. 11. Contention. Within this dear mansion may wayward contention Or withered envy ne'er enter; S. The Sons of old Killie. Contentment.	Below the spreading hazle Unseen

The Whistle. 5.

"Shaded my streams sae clear and cool; As on the banks † A cool spectator purely! . . . The Election Ballads. VI. lofty firs, and ashes cool, . The Petition of Br. Water. Grave, tideless-blooded, calm and cool, . To J. S, 26.

I find that contentment's an absolute feast,
S. The Poor Thresher.

The jovial contest again have renewed.

Cool, to.	That merry night we get the corn in, . Scotch Drink. 9.
That the heat o' the tane might cool the tither. S. Scroggam.	And shook baith meikle corn and bear, Tam o' Shanter. 15.
Cool'd. Blest be the hour she cool'd in her linnens,	When first among the yellow corn
S. O merry hae I been † Cooling. While Summer with a matron grace	A man I reckon'd was; . The Ans. to the Guidwife.
Retreats to Dryburgh's cooling shade,	yellow Autumn wreath'd with nodding corn; The Brigs of Ayr. 13.
Cooper. Add. to Shade of Thomson.	Wi' taets o' hay an' ripps o' corn . The Death of Mailie.
The Cooper o' cuddy cam here awa; S. The Cooper o' cuddy †	The Autumn mourns her rip'ning corn S. The gloomy night †
We'll hide the Cooper behind the door,	to view the corn, An' snuff the callor air. The Holy Fair. 1.
Cooper'd.	Lammas night, When corn rigs are bonie, S. The Rigs o' Barley.
They cooper'd at e'en, they cooper'd at morn, S. The Cooper o' cuddy †	Corn rigs, an' barley rigs, An' corn rigs are bonie; . Ib.
He has cooper'd and cawd a wrang pin in't.	And tent the waving corn wi' me S. There was a lass †
The Kirk's Alarm.	I burn, I burn, as when through ripen'd corn, By driving winds, the crackling flames are borne! <i>To Clarinda</i> .
Coor [to cover]. They scarcely left to coor their fuds The Jolly Beggars, R. VIII.	While corn grows green in summer showers,
Cooser [a stallion].	Corner. S. Where Cart rins †
And no a perfect kintra cooser Kind Sir, I've read †	For prey, a' holes an' corners tryin; . Add. to the Deil. 4.
Coost, Cuist [did cast]. Till Suthron raise, an' coost their claise A Fragment. 9.	But faith! he'll turn a corner jinkan,
Maggie coost her head fu' heigh, S. Duncan Gray	An' cheat you yet Ib. 20. Corn-inclosed.
Satan took stuff to mak a swine,	Adown a corn-inclosed bawk, S. A Rosebud by my t
And coast has duddies to the small Town of Structure.	Corn-mou. Commend me to the Barn yard,
And coost her duddies to the wark, . Tam o' Shanter. 12. Upon her cloot she coost a hitch, . The Death of Mailie.	And the Corn-mou, man; S. The Ploughman †
Coot.	Corn't [fed with oats]. When thou was corn't, an' I was mellow,
The wanton coot the water skims, S. Again rejoicing Nature †	A Guid New-Year † 9.
Mourn, sooty coots, and speckled teals; El. on Capt. M. H. 8.	Cornwallis.
Cootie [having legs clad with feathers]. Ye cootie Moorcocks, crousely craw; Tam Samson's El., 7.	Corny. while each corny spear Shoots up its head,
Cootie [a wooden kitchen dish].	El. on Capt. M. H. 12.
Spairges about the brunstane cootie, . Add. to the Deil.	Coronation.
Copy. A copy o' this I bequeath, P.S. to "The Kirk's Alarm."	The coins o' Satan's coronation S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. G. † Coronet. Then howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
Coquette.	A virtuous Populace may rise the while,
Who calls thee, pert, affected, vain coquette, Ep. fr. Esopus.	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 20.
Corbie [a raven; a crow]. Corbies and Clergy are a shot right kittle: The Brigs of Ayr. 10.	Corps. The corps is no nice of recruits; The Kirk's Alarm. Bright Phoebus ne'er witnessed so joyous a corps,
Cordial. One cordial in this melancholy Vale,	The Whistle. 13.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 9.	From envy and hatred your corps is exempt; Ye true "Loyal Natives" †
Core. The crest, an auld crab-apple Rotten at the core. The Election Ballads, IV.	Correspondence.
Tho' despair had wrung its core,	A correspondence fix'd wi' Heav'n, Is sure a noble anchor! Ep. to Young Friend. 10.
That would heal its anguish S. Thine am I†	Correspondent.
But still within my bosom's core Shall live my Highland Mary.	And sought a correspondent breast,
S. Ye banks and braes and streams †	To give obedience due: Nature's Law. Corroding. heart-corroding care and grief Ep. to Davie, 9.
Hear me, ye venerable Core, Add. to Unco Guid. 2.	Corrupt.
"Nor 'mang the sp'ritual core present them	It's naething but a milder feature,
Lns add. to J. Ranken.	Of our poor, sinfu', corrupt Nature: . A Ded. to G. H., 6.
Lament him a' ye rantan core, . On Sc. Bard gne to W. I. That night eulisted in the core,	Corruption. An' may Ye rax Corruption's neck, A Dream, 8.
He was the king of a' the Core, . Tam Samson's El., 5.	Some rouse the Patriot up to bare
My partner in the merry core, The Ans. to the Guidwife.	Corruption's heart: The Vision, D. II. 4.
Craigdarroch led a light-arm'd core,	Corse. She sees his pale corse on the plain Oh; S. Oh, open the door,
The Election Ballads. VI. a merry core O' randie, gangrel bodies,	Corsincon [a mountain in New Cumnock parish, Ayr-
The Jolly Beggars. R. I.	shire, where the Nith takes its rise].
The adjutant o' a' the core, Willie's awa! . To W. Creech.	The Nith shall rin to Corsincon, . S. Does haughty Gaul,† On Corsincon I'll glow'r and spell, S. O were I on Parnass.†
Cork.	Corss [cross; market-place].
And every new cork is a new spring of joy; The Whistle. 12. Corky-headed.	if foot or horse E'er bring you in by Mauchline Corss,
staumrel, corky-headed, graceless Gentry, The Brigs of Ayr. 9.	Cost. To Mr. J. Kennedy,
Corn.	A lesson sadly teaching to your cost, The Brigs of Ayr. 7.
The cleanest Corn that e'er was dight	He'd venture the gallows for siller,
May hae some pyles o' caff in; Add. to Unco Guid. Mott. The yellow corn was waving ready: S. By Allan stream t	An'twere na the cost o' the rape. The Election Ballads. III.
To feed her fair flocks by her green rustling corn:	Cost, to. The lassie lost a silken snood, That cost her mony a blirt and bleary.
S. Caledonia.	S. Braw lads of G. water.
Rattlin the corn out-owre the rigs, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 2.	I doubt na, lass, that weel-kenned name May cost a pair o' blushes; On W. Chalmers.
To pou their stalks o' corn;	When ilka ell cost me a groat,
And corn wav'd green in ilka field, Nae mair, to me, the autumn winds S. In simmer when t	The taylor staw the lynin o't S. The cardin o't.
Wave o'er the yellow corn! . Lament of Mary of Scots.	The Solemn League and Covenant Cost Scotland blood, cost Scotland tears:
The furrow'd waving corn is seen Rejoice in fostering showers. S. Now Spring has clad †	The League and Covenant †
The rustling corn, the fruited thorn, S. Now westlin winds †	Has cost thee monie a weary nibble! To a Mouse.
When corn begins to shoot, One night as I †	Ye've cost me twenty pair o' shoon Just gaun to see you; To J. S.

Costly.	I couldna tell what ailed me, S. When first I saw †
Mark yonder pomp of costly fashion, Round the wealthy, titled bride S. Mark yonder Pomp †	I cou'dna get sleeping till dawing, for greeting, S. As I was a-wand ring t
Cot. My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye. S. Afton Water.	But whether she [the moon] had three or four [horns], I cou'dna tell Death and Dr. Hornbook.
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides; Ib. When glimmering thro' the trees appear'd,	Duncan cou'dna be her death, S. Duncan Gray † The Deil he cou'dna skaithe thee, S. O saw ye bonie L.†
You wee white Cot aboon the Mill, . As on the banks t	I cou'dna sing, I cou'dna say,
But now, the Cot is bare and cauld,	How much, how dear I love thee. S. O were I on Parnass.† Coulter. Till crash! the cruel coulter past
This ivied cot was dear; . Lns on Window, F.'s C. Her.	Out thro' thy cell To a Mouse.
On ilka hand the burnies trot,	Council. Ye godly Councils wha hae blest this town; The Brigs of Ayr. 9.
And meet below my bonie cot; S. The Contented Cottager. At length his lonely Cot appears in view,	Nae mair the Council waddles down the street, In all the pomp of ignorant conceit;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 3.	Council-house. Meet owre a pint, or in the Council-house;
Or wilt thou leave thy mammie's cot, S. There was a lass †	Counsel.
To tend the flocks or till the soil, S. Twas even, the dewy of Our humble cot, and hamely fare,	An' tak' the counsel I sall gi'e thee, Add. to Illegit. Child. Hear me, ye venerable Core,
Ye freely shall partake it, . S: When wild Warst	As counsel for poor mortals, . Add. to Unco Guid. 2.
Cot-house. Loove for loove is the bargain for me, Tho' the wee Cot-house should had me;	Some counsel unto me come len'; S. Tam Glen. To think how mony counsels sweet,
S. My Collier Laddie. For building cot-houses sae fam'd, The Election Ballads, V.	The husband frae the wife despises! . Tam o' Shanter. 4. 'Implore his counsel and assisting might:
And my daddie has nought but a cot-house and yard: S. There's auld Rob. M. †	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 0
Cot-folk. An' what poor Cot-folk pit their painch in,	Come join your counsel and your skills, The Twa Herds. 15. 'To give my counsels all in one, The Vision, D. II. 22.
I own it's past my comprehension. The Twa Dogs. 9.	Grave these counsels on thy soul Wr. in Friars-Carse H
Nae cotillion brent new frae France, . Tam o' Shanter. 11.	Counsel, to. Come counsel, dear titty, don't tarry; S. Tam Glen.
Cottage. The lavrock shuns the palace gay, And o'er the cottage sings; S. Behold, my love †	Count. To count her [the Moon's] horns, wi' a' my pow'r,
"Till deep it crashing whelms the cottage in the vale; Fragment of Ode.	I set mysel, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 4. I sit and count my sins by chapters; Ep. to H. Parker.
By Colin's cottage lies his game, S. My Lord a hunting	The harpy, hoodock, purse-proud race, Wha count on poortith as disgrace Ep. to Maj. Logan. 7.
What A[iken] in a Cottage would have been; The Cotter's Sat. Night.	Then guidwife count the lawin, . S. Gane is the day †
But haply, in some Cottage far apart, May hear, well pleas'd, the language of the Soul; Ib. 17.	I'll count my health my greatest wealth, S. Here's to thy health, †
And certes, in fair Virtue's heavenly road, The Cottage leaves the Palace far behind: 1b. 19.	Landlady, count the lawin, . S. Landlady, count †
Cottager. The youngling Cottagers retire to rest: 1b. 18.	Auld, cantie Coil may count the day, Nature's Law. Count on a friend, in faith an' practice,
Cottage-rousing. A cottage-rousing craw A Winter Night. 10.	In Robert Burns To W. Simpson.
Cottage-scene.	The brave poor sodger ne'er despise, Nor count him as a stranger, S. When wild War's t
And make his cottage-scenes beguile His cares and pains. The Vision, D. II. 9.	Counted. And counted was baith wight and stark, El. on Death of R. Ruisseaux.
Cotter, Cotter-man.	Who act so counter Heavenly Mercy's plan? Why am I loth
A vera gude tocher, a cotter-man's dochter, S. Her Daddie forbad †	Counterbalance.
How blest the humble cotter's fate, S. O poortith cauld, Was na Robin bauld, Tho' I was a cotter;	Now Jove for once be mighty civil, To counterbalance all this evil;
S. Robin shure in hairst.	Improm. on Mrs. —'s Birthday.
The toil-worn Cotter frae his labor goes, The Cotter's Sat. Night.	When in my arms, wi' a' thy charms, I clasp my countless treasure, O! S. An' I'll kiss thee yet †
Gaed hoddan by their cotters; The Holy Fair. 7. A Cotter howkan in a sheugh, The Twa Dogs. 10.	While Coofs on countless thousands rant, Ep. to Davie, 2.
It wad for ev'ry ane be better,	Man's inhumanity to Man Makes countless thousands mourn!
Couch.	Man was made to mourn. From countless, unbeginning time. The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps.
And all my frowzy couch in sorrow steep; Ep. fr. Esopus. when my nightly couch I try, The Lament.	Country, -ie, -a [v. also Kintra].
While my darling fair	And sev'n braw fellows, stout an' able, To serve their King an' Country weel, A Ded. to G. H., 14.
Is on the couch of anguish? S. Ay waking, O† Cou'd be.	A country lad is my degree, . S. Behind you hills †
God knows, I'm no the thing I shou'd be, Nor am I even the thing I cou'd be, To Rev. J. M'Math.	O'er countries and kingdoms their fury prevailed, S. Caledonia.
Cough'd. The sage grave ancient cough'd, and bade me say, "You're one year older this important day,"	Our King and our Country to save, S. Farewell, thou fair day
17000800, 00 270, 200	Who nobly perished in the glorious cause, Your king, your country, and her laws! Fragment of Ode.
Couldna, Cou'dna [could not]. Her favour Duncan couldna win; S. Duncan Davison.	Travel the country thro' and thro', S. Hee balou, † His country's pride, his country's stay:
Sae tickled Death, they couldna part: Epit. on Tam the Chapman.	Lament for Glencairn.
The minister kiss't the fiddler's wife,	The birth-place of valour, the country of worth; S. My heart's in the High. †
He could na preach for thinkin' o't. S. My love she's but a lassie †	O heavy loss, thy country ill could bear! On Death of R. Dundas.
An' a' the faut I fan' wi' him, He couldna labour lea. S. O can ye labour lea †	To mourn the woes my country must endure, Ib.
But wha wad keep the handless coof, That couldna labour lea?	A weeping country joins a widow's tear, On Death of Sir. J. Blair.

Their title's avow'd by my country. Poet. Add. to Tytler.	The sun a backward course shall take
Wrench'd his dear country from the jaws of Ruin! Scots Prologue.	Ere ought thy manly courage shake; S. Highland Laddie. Then out into the world
Rev'rend Men, their country's glory, The Brigs of Ayr. 9.	My course'I did determine, O;
The herryment and ruin of the country; Ib. Or whom in a' the country roun'	S. My father was a farmer † Your course to the latest is bright. Poet. Add. to Tytler.
The best deserves to fa' that? The Election Ballads. II.	The tide of Empire's fluctuating course;
Dear to his country by the names, Friend, Patron, Benefactor!	Prologue, sp. by Woods. where the Greenock winds his moorland course,
Nae woman in the Country wide	The Brigs of Ayr. 7.
Sae happy was as me S. The High. Widow's L My Donald and his Country fell, Upon Culloden's field. Ib.	And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward bend. The Cotter's Sat. Night.
Yet let my Country need me, with Elliot to head me,	At length from me her course she steer'd, S. The Joyful Widower.
I'd clatter on my stumps at the sound of a drum. The Jolly Beggars, S. I.	Concealing the course of the dark winding rill;
Does the train-attended Carriage Thro' the country lighter rove? Ib. S. VIII.	S. The lazy mist † My love is like you sun, whose bright course is begun,
The day he stude his country's friend, . S. The Laddies by	S. The Winter it is past †
But wha is he, his Country's boast? 1b.	Courser. On sprightly coursers prance; . Halloween.
A country fellow at the pleugh, His acre's till'd, he's right eneugh;	Court. To chaps, what in a barn or byre,
A country girl at her wheel, Her dizzen's done, she's unco weel; . The Twa Dogs, 30.	Wad better fill'd their station Than courts A Dream. 5.
His Country's Saviour, mark him well! [v. A. 4] The Vision.	Or how our merry lads at hame, In Britain's court kept up the game: Kind Sir, I've read †
O had she been a country maid, And I the happy country swain, S. Twas even, the dewy t	For the auld gudeman o' London court
A credit to his country To Mr. M'Adam.	She didna care a pin; The Election Ballads. I. There's even, I'm tauld, i' the Court
I've serv'd my king and country lang, S. When wild War's t	A Tumbler ca'd the Premier. The Jolly Beggars. S. III.
Remember, he's his country's stay In day and hour of danger	Courts for Cowards were erected,
Herry the louns o' the laigh Countrie, S. Hee balou †	Was brought to the court of our good Scottish king,
Out came the Lord of Lauderdale, Out frae the south countrie, Katharine Jaffray.	The Whistle.
Five wighter carlines werna found	Ve little know the ills we court
The south countrie within The Election Ballads. I. Oh, I am come to the low countrie. S. The High. Widow's L Theree country wives will tail and pain.	When Manhood is your wish! . Despondency, an Ode, 5. But there are such who court the tuneful nine
S. The High. Widow's L	Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
Thence, countra wives, wi' toil an' pain, May plunge an' plunge the kirn in vain; Add. to the Deil. 10.	Gi'e me love in her I court; S. Jockey fou, † O some will court and compliment, . S. John, come kiss.
A countra Laird had ta'en the batts; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 26.	All for to court this pretty maid, Katharine Jaffray.
Some merry, friendly, countra folks,	A hapless lover courts thy lay, S. O stay, sweet warbling †
Some gapin' glowrin' countra laird, . On W. Chalmers.	But warily tent, when ye come to court me, S. O Whistle, † But court nae anither, tho' joking ye be,
"An' screen our countra Gentry; The Holy Fair, q. An' please themsels wi' countra sports, The Twa Dogs, 26.	He cam on purpose for to court me, . S. The auld man†
Some rhyme to court the countra clash, . To J. S., 5.	Come, will ye court a noble lord, . The Fête Champetre.
in requit, Has blest me with a random-shot O' countra wit	We'll court nae mair below the bush in our kail-yard, S. There grows a bonie †
'Gie dreeping roasts to countra Lairds,	Some rhyme to court the countra clash, To J. S., 5.
I, a simple, countra bardie, To Rev. J. M'Math.	I court, I beg thy friendly aid, To close this scene of care!
Countrymen. Alake! that e'er my Muse has reason, To wyte her countrymen wi' treason!	Courted.
Country-side. Scotch Drink, 14.	I courted fortune's favour, O; S. My father was a farmer † Why is outlandish stuff sae meikle courted? Scots Prologue.
And kept the country-side in fear.) . Tam o' Shanter. 15.	I past the mill, and trysting thorn,
Couple.	Where Nancy aft I courted: . S. When wild War's † Court-day [rent day].
That sic a couple fate allows ye . Ep. to Maj. Logan. 13. While pointers round impatient burn'd,	on our Laird's court-day, The Twa Dogs. 13.
Frae couples freed; Tam Samson's El., 8.	Courtesie. And thank'd her for her courtesie; S. The Lass that made the bed.
Cour v. Cow'r. Courage.	Courtier. The courtier tells a finer tale,
Your courage much more than your prudence you show it,	But is his heart as true? . S. Behold, my love,† The courtier's gems may witness love,
Fragment, inser. to Fox. He whistl'd up lord Lenox' march,	But 'tis na love like mine
To keep his courage cheary; Halloween. 19.	Come theu who giv'st with all a courtier's grace; Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
The sun a backward course shall take Ere ought thy manly courage shake; S. Highland Laddie.	Courting, -in.
'Twill make your courage rise John Barleycorn.	wi' drink an' courting dizzy, . The Jolly Beggars. R. III.
Next follow'd Courage with his martial stride, The Brigs of Ayr. 13.	Wha canna win her in a night, Has little art in courting The Tarbolton Lasses.
Course. Can others teach the course to steer,	And they're busy, busy courtin in our kail-yard. S. There grows a bonie †
But ere the course o' life be through,	For beauty and fortune the laddie's been courtin;
It may be bitter sautet: A Dream, 15.	S. There's a youth t
Far mark'd with the courses of clear, winding rills; S. Afton Water.	Courtly, And courtly grandeur bright
Her bright course of glory for ever shall run: S. Caledonia.	The fancy may delight, . S. Mark yonder Pomp †
But now his radiant course is run, For Matthew's course was bright; . El. on Capt. M. H.	It may escape the courtly sparks, . S. O this is no my ain † He wadna hecht them courtly gifts, The Election Ballads. I.
As from the cliff, with thundering course,	Free-will'd I fled from courtly bowers; The Hermit.
The snowy ruin smokes along, Fragment of Ode.	The courtly vermin's banned the tree, The Tree of Liberty.

Cousin. My kindest, best respects I sen' it,	Cow'd [depressed with fear, kept under]. The bauldest o' them a' he cow'd; To W. Creech.
To cousin Kate an' sister Janet, Auld comrade dear† He up the lang loan to my black cousin Bess,	Cowe [a setting-down, a repression].
S. Last May a braw wooer † I spier'd for my cousin fu' couthy and sweet, Ib.	But new-light herds gat sic a cowe, To W. Simpson, P.S. Cowe, Cow, to [depress with fear, put down, lop].
He play'd our cousin Kate a spring, There came a piper	To cowe the rebel generation, . Add. of Beelzebub. 2.
Couthy, -le [affable, loving, kind, pleasant]. Some [nits] kindle, couthie, side by side, Halloween. 7.	E'en cowe the cadie! . The Author's Cry and Prayer. 19. And cowe her measure shorter
She was couthy, he was kind, S. Jockey fou,	By th' head some day The Ordination. 13. Come join your counsel and your skills,
I spier'd for my cousin fu' couthy and sweet, S. Last May a braw wooer†	To cow the lairds, The Twa Herds, 15.
couthie fortune, kind and cannie, To Terraughty. Cove. There, up the Cove, to stray an' rove, . Halloween.	An' not a muse erect her head To cowe the blellums? To Rev. J. M'Math.
O'er-arching, mouldy, gloom-inspiring coves,	But shortly they will cowe the louns! To W. Simpson, P.S. Cowgate [a street or lane in Mauchline village,
The Brigs of Ayr. 8. Near many a hermit-fancy'd cove, [v. A. 4] The Vision, D. I.	striking off opposite the Church].
Covenant. Say, was it the covenant carried her thither; Jenny M'Craw †	While Common-Sense has taen the road, An' aff, an' up the Cowgate Fast, fast The Holy Fair. 16.
Their leagues and their covenants a' she has ta'en; . Ib.	Cowl. Sing auld Cowl, lay you down by me, [re.] . S. Scroggam.
When in the teeth they dar'd our Whigs And covenant True blues, man;	Cow-milk.
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor. The Solemn League and Covenant	But gie them guid cow-milk their fill, The Death of Mailie. Cowp the cran [tumble over, v. Cran].
Cost Scotland blood—cost Scotland tears: The League and Covenant.	Than garren lasses cowp the cran Clean heels owre body, . What ails ye now t
Covenanter. Auld covenanters shiver The Election Ballads, VI.	Cowpit, -et [tumbled over, overset].
Cover.	'I nearhand cowpit wi' my hurry, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 18.
Love's veriest wretch, unseen, unknown, I fain my griefs would cover; S. Farewell, thou stream †	But stooks are cowpet wi' the blast, Third Ep. to J. Lap.
And cover him under a mawn, O S. The Cooper o' cuddy † Love's veriest wretch, despairing, I	Cow'r, Cour [to cower, crouch]. Whare wilt thou cow'r thy chittering wing,
Fain, fain my crime would cover: . S. The last time I† The snaws the mountains cover, S. The yng High. Rover.	A Winter Night. 4. But here my Muse her wing maun cour; Tam o' Shanter. 16.
Cover'd. Farewell to the mountains high cover'd with snow,	While at the stook the shearers cow'r To Rev. J. M'Math.
S. My heart's in the High. † When a' the hills are cover'd wi' snaw, S. Up in the morning.	Cowran [cowering]. Wee, sleeket, cowran, tim'rous beastie, To a Mouse.
Covert. Within the bush, her covert nest	Cowslip.
A little linnet fondly prest, S. A Rosebud by my † From where the Feal wild-woody coverts hide:	In vain to me the cowslips blaw, S. Again rejoicing Nature † Ilk cowslip cup shall kep a tear: . El. on Capt. M. H., 12.
The Brigs of Ayr. 13. This too, a covert shall ensure,	And scattered cowslips sweetly spring; S. Now bank and brae†
To shield them from the storm; The Petition of Br. Water, And bird and beast, in covert, rest,	She's stately like yon youthful ash That grows the cowslip braes between,
And pass the heartless day Winter.	S. On Cessnock banks † And wild scatter'd cowslips bedeck the green dale.
The wounded coveys, reeling, scatter wide; The Brigs of Ayr.	S. The small birds †
The scatt'red coveys meet secure, . S. The gloomy night † Where the grous lead their coveys through the heather, to feed,	Cowt, Cowte [a colt]. Yet aft a ragged Cowte's been known,
S. You wild mossy mountains †	To mak a noble Aiver; A Dream. II. Foreby a Cowt, o' Cowts the wale, The Inventory.
Th' abodes of coveyed grouse and timid sheep, Wr. in Kenmore Inn.	Coxcomb. And call each coxcomb to the wordy war Ep. fr. Esopus.
Cow. And bring hame a Carlisle cow S. Hee balou, † A cow and a cauf, a yowe and a hauf, S. Her Daddie forbad †	Comes, 'mid a string of coxcombs to display,
Cow, to v. Cowe, to.	That veni, vidi, vici, is his way;
Coward. Go frighten the coward and slave! S. Farewell, thou fair day †	Lesley is sae fair and coy, S. Blythe ha'e I been† See yonder rose-bud, rich in dew,
May coward shame disdain his name, The wretch that dares not die! S. Farewell, ye dungeons †	Amang its native briers sae coy, . S. I do confess †
A coward loon she ca'd me; S. Had I the wyte †	wi' coy and fickle nature, . S. Will ye go and marry † Cozie [warm, comfortable, snug].
Nor give [ye winds] the coward secret breath Liberty. There ne'er was a coward o' Kenmure's blude,	prie'd her bonie mou, Fu' cozie in the neuk . Halloween. 10. And hap him in a cozie biel: . On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.
S. O Kenmure's on and awa † Fie, fie on silly coward man, That he should be the slave o't [of wealth].	While some are cozie i' the neuk, An' forming assignations The Holy Fair, 20.
, S. O poortith cauld †	An' cozie here, beneath the blast, Thou thought to dwell, To a Mouse.
Wha first shall rise to gang awa, A cuckold coward loun is he! S. O Willie brew'd †	Then canie in some cozie place,
The bravest heart on English ground, Had yielded like a coward On Miss J. Scott.	They close the day To J. S., 18. Coziely [snugly].
Wha can fill a coward's grave? S. Scots, wha ha'e † Traitor, coward, turn and flee! Ib.	Syne coziely, aboon the door, Wi' cannie care, they've plac'd them
Till coward Death behind him jumpit, Tam Samson's El., 10.	Crab-apple. The crest, an auld crab-apple
The coward slave, we pass him by, S. The Honest Man. And coward maukin sleep secure, Low in her grassy form. The Petition of Br. Water.	Rotten at the core. The Election Ballads. IV. Crabbed, -t.
Low in her grassy form The Petition of Br. Water. Courts for Cowards were erected, The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII.	An' crabbed names an' stories wrack us, Scotch Drink. I.
Is wrought now by a coward few, S. The Union.	Or lee-lang nights, wi' crabbet leuks, Pore owre the devil's pictur'd beuks; . The Twa Dogs. 33.

	Chalman Cillan
Crack, in a [immediately]. And did Sol's business in a crack; To J. Taylor.	Craigen-Gillan. I'm rous'd by Craigen-Gillan! To Mr. M'Adam.
Crack [chat, conversation, discourse].	Craigle [dim. of craig, the neck, throat].
On Fasteneen we had a rockin,	Leeze me on thy bonie craigie, S. Hee balou,†
To ca' the crack and weave our stockin; Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 2.	If e'er ye want, or meet with scant, May I ne'er weet my craigie! The Jolly Beggars. S. VI.
A pint an' gill I'd gie them baith,	Craigie-burn.
To hear your crack Ib. 7. I dinna like to see your face,	Sweet closes the evening on Craigie-burn wood,
Nor hear your crack	S. Craigie-burn Wood.
Ye hae sae monie cracks an' cants, . Ep. to J. R., 2.	the pride of the spring in the Craigie-burn wood, 1b. Sweet fa's the eve on Craigie-burn, S. Sweet fa's the eve †
And there blaws up a hearty crack; Epit. on Tam the Chapman.	Craigy [craggy].
She lea'es them gashan at their cracks, Halloween. 11.	Beneath a craigy steep, a Bard, . Lament for Glencairn.
Wi' merry sangs, an' friendly cracks, Ib. 28.	Craik [the landrail].
But raise your arm, an' tell your crack Before them a'. The Author's Cry and Prayer, 6.	Mourn, clamouring craiks at close o' day, El. on Capt. M. H., 8.
They're a' in famous tune For crack . The Holy Fair. 26.	The craik amang the clover hay, S. The Contented Cottager.
Crack, to [to chat].	Crambo-clink, Crambo-jingle [rhymes].
Wha will crack to me my lane? S. O wha my babie-clouts †	Amaist as soon as soon as I could spell, I to the crambo-jingle fell, . Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 8.
The Father cracks of horses, pleughs and kye. The Cotter's Sat. Night. 8.	A' ye wha live by crambo-clink, On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.
Crack, to.	Cramm'd. And longer with Politics, not to be cramm'd,
And gar Fame blaw until her trumpet crack, Scots Prologue.	At Meet. of D. Volunteers. Extem. Cry the book is wi' heresy cramm'd; . The Kirk's Alarm.
Ilk smack still did crack still, Just like a cadger's whip; The Jolly Beggars. R. I.	
Auld Britain ance could crack her joke, The Tree of Liberty.	Cran [an iron support on which to rest a pot or kettle above the fire. "Cowp the cran," go to wreck like a pot when the cran is upset].
An' may a bard no crack his jest . To Rev. J. M' Math.	Gae fa' uno' anither plan.
Crack credit [to lose character and credit].	Than garren lasses cowp the cran What ails ye now †
And ye'll crack your credit wi' mae than me. S. O meikle thinks my love †	Crank [the noise of an ungreased wheel]. When wanting thee, what tuneless cranks
Crackan [chatting].	Are my poor Verses! . Scotch Drink. 18.
The cantie, auld folks, crackan crouse, . The Twa Dogs. 20.	Crankous [fretful, captious, rebellious].
Cracked. For this the watchman cracked his crown, The Tree of Liberty.	This while she's [Scotland's] been in crankous mood, The Author's Cry and Prayer, 16.
Crackling.	Cranreuch [hoar frost].
By driving winds, the crackling flames are borne! <i>To Clarinda</i> . Cradle. Then I maun sit the lee lang day,	And infant frosts begin to bite, In hoary cranreuch drest; The Jolly Beggars. R. I.
And jeeg the cradle wi' my tae, S. Duncan Gray.	To thole the Winter's sleety dribble,
The wean wants a cradle,	An' cranreuch cauld! To a Mouse.
An' the cradle wants a cod, . S. There's news, lasses† Craft [a croft, a field near a house].	Crap [a crop, harvest; the top or highest part of a thing. "Craps o' heather," heather-tops].
	He lo'es sae weel his craps and kye,
Or faith! I fear that, wi' the geese, I shortly boost to pasture I' the craft A Dream. 6.	He has nae love to spare for me: S. In simmer when †
I hae as gude a craft rig As made o' yird and stane; S. There's news, lasses †	Till whare ye sit, on craps o' heather, Ye tine your dam; [v. A. 2]
Craft.	The Author's Cry and Prayer, P.
In Homer's craft Jock Milton thrives; Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	And thack and rape secure the toil-won crap; The Brigs of Ayr.
Still making work his selfish craft must mend Sketch.	Crap, to [to crop].
A hizzie's the half of my Craft: The Jolly Beggars. S. III.	Ye grouss that crap the heather bud; El. on Capt. M. H. 7. Crape. An' Robin's bonnet wave wi' crape Poor Mailie's El.
Her lord, a wight of Homer's craft, Ib. R. VII.	Crash.
Their tricks an' craft hae put me daft, Ib. S. VII.	But smash them! crash them a' to spails! Add. of Beelzebub. 4.
Craftille. Sae craftille she took me ben, S. Had I the wyte † Craftsman.	Till crash! the cruel coulter past Out thro' thy cell To a Mouse.
And by that Hieroglyphic bright,	Crashing.
Which none but Craftsmen ever saw!	'Till deep it crashing whelms the cottage in the vale; Fragment of Ode.
The Farewell. To St. J.'s L	crashing ice, borne on the roaring speat, The Brigs of Ayr, 7.
The crafty colonel leaves the tartaned lines, Ep. fr. Esopus.	Hurl down wi' crashing rattle; The Election Ballads. VI.
But gin ye be crafty, I am cunning, S. O meikle thinks my love	Cravat.
A robe of seeming truth and trust Hid crafty observation; The Holy Fair, Mott	A ten-shillings hat, a Holland cravat; Ronalds of Bennals. Twice a lily flower will be him sark and cravat;
Crag.	S. Wee Willie Gray †
They skim the muirs an' dizzy crags, Add. to the Deil, 9.	Crave. I crave thy friendship at thy kind command; Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
Craggy. Let fragrant birks, in woodbines drest,	Three vollies let his mem'ry crave Tam Samson's El., 13.
My craggy cliffs adorn; . The Petition of Br. Water.	'Its neither your stot nor your staig I shall crave,
Craig [the neck, throat].	S. There liv'd ance a carle t
The knife that nicket Abel's craig On Grose's Peregrinations. Craig [a crag].	That merit I deny: To Dr. Maxwell.
I sat me down upon a craig, As on the banks †	Craw [a crow]. And flee o'er the hills like a craw, man, Ronalds of Bennals.
As Highland craigs by thunder cleft,	The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose:
Hurl down wi' crashing rattle; The Election Ballads, VI.	The Cotter's Sat. Night.
Craigdarroch. Craigdarroch led a light-arm'd core, The Election Ballads. VI.	Scar'd frae its minnie and the cleckin By hoodie-craw; To W. Creech.
Craigdarroch so famous for wit, worth, and law;	Craw [the crow of a cock].
The Whistle. 6. Craigdarroch began with a tongue smooth as oil, Ib. 7.	And hail'd the morning with a cheer,
"Craigdarroch, thou'lt soar when creation shall sink! Ib. 17.	A cottage-rousing craw A Winter Night. 10. Their capon craws and queer ha ha's, S. Amang the trees †
N	the state of the s

Chart to [to onom]	Credit.
Craw, to [to crow]. The cock may craw, the day may daw, S. O Willie brew'd†	Look something to your credit; Epit. on Holy Willie.
Ye cootie Moorcocks, crousely craw; Tam Samson's El., 7.	And ye'll crack your credit wi' mae than me. S. O meikle thinks my love †
When day did daw, and cocks did craw, S. What will I do gin†	But ay keep mind to moop an' mell,
Crawl.	Wi's sheep o' credit like thysel! . The Death of Mailie.
Yet an insect's an insect at most, Tho' it crawl on the curl of a queen. On an empty Fellow.	He'll be a credit till us a', S. There was a lad† A credit to his country To Mr. M'Adam.
Craze. They've nae sair-wark to craze their banes,	Creditable.
The Twa Dogs, 29.	There's monie a creditable stock
Craz'd.	O' decent, honest, fawsont folk, The Twa Dogs, 21.
When banes are craz'd, and bluid is thin, Ep. to Davie. 3. The craz'd creations of misguided whim; The Brigs of Ayr. 8.	Cree. Along the flowery banks of Cree. S. Here is the glen† Creed. Firm as my creed, Sirs, 'tis my fix'd belief,
Crazy.	Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
Tho' now thou's dowie, stiff an' crazy, A Guid New-year † 2.	But, thanks to Heav'n, that's no the gate We learn our creed. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 14.
Yet here to crazy Age we're brought,	There, try his mettle on the creed,
We've worn to crazy years thegither; Ib. 18.	And bind him down wi' caution, . The Ordination. 5.
Thou man of crazy care and ceaseless sigh, Add. sp. by Fontenelle.	Creel [an osier basket, a pannier. "To have one's senses in a creel," to be under some mental con-
tho' wi' crazy eild I'm sair forfairn, The Brigs of Ayr. 7.	fusion or craze].
crazy, weary, joyless Eild, To J. S., 13.	My senses wad be in a creel, To W. Simpson, 3.
Create. Feel not a want but what yourselves create,	dark in Death's fish-creel Tam Samson's El. 6.
A Winter Night. 9.	Her walie nieves, like midden-creels, . S. Willie Wastle †
creating. ere she gave creating labour o'er, . Ep. to R. Graham. 3.	Creep.
Creation. [Damnation] For broken laws,	Observe the very nowt an' sheep, How dowff an' dowie now they creep; El. on Year 1788.
Five thousand years 'fore my creation,	When the shades of evening creep
Holy Willie's Prayer. 3. Hangman of creation, Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.	O'er the day's fair, gladsome e'e,
Hangman of creation, Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —. The craz'd creations of misguided whim; The Brigs of Ayr. 8.	S. Jockey's ta'en the parting † And creep in frae the cauld? . S. Lass, when yr mither †
An' there began a lang digression	There ye may creep, and sprawl, and sprattle, To a Louse.
About the lords o' the creation The Twa Dogs. b.	Thus, resigned and quiet, creep
"Craigdarroch, thou'lt soar when creation shall sink! The Whistle. 17.	To the bed of lasting sleep; Wr. in Friars-Carse H
Creative. And look through Nature with creative fire;	Creepie-chair [the stool of repentance]. When I mount the Creepie-chair,
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.	Wha will sit beside me there? S. O wha my babie-clouts †
Creator.	Creeping, -an.
The great Creator to revere, Must sure become the Creature; Ep. to Young Friend. 9.	Ye ugly, creepan, blastet wonner, To a Louse.
Nae unison hae they, with our Creator's praise.	I gi'e them [sorrow, care] a skelp as they're creeping alang, Wi' a cog o' gude ale, and an auld Scotish sang.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 13.	S. Contented wi' little †
Together hymning their Creator's praise,	Comes hostan, hirplan, owre the field,
For every creature's want! A Grace bef. Dinner.	Wi' creeping pace To J. S., 13. A creeping cauld prosaic fog To Miss Ferrier.
Thy creature here before Thee stands,	Creeshie [greasy].
All wretched and distrest; . A Prayer under Anguish. A creature of another kind,	Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,
Some coarser substance, unrefin'd, . A Winter Night. 7.	Been snaw-white seventeen hunder linnen! Tam o'Shanter. 13.
askance the creature eyeing, Add. sp. by Fontenelle.	An' pour your creeshie nations; The Ordination. 1.
And sees, with self-approving mind,	Crept. The chilly Frost, beneath the silver beam,
Each creature on his bounty fed. Add. to Shade of Thomson.	The chilly Frost, beneath the silver beam, Crept, gently-crusting, o'er the glittering stream The Brigs of Ayr. 3.
All Creatures joy in the suns returning, . S. Bonie Bell.	Crest. The crest, an auld crab-apple,
The creature grain'd an eldritch laugh, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 24.	Rotten at the core The Election Ballads. IV.
If man thou wouldst be named,	Down droops her ance weel-burnish't crest To W. Creech.
Despise the silly creature Deinaea swain	But Willie set your fit to mine, An' cock your crest, To W. Simpson.
The great Creator to revere, Must sure become the Creature; Ep. to Young Friend. 9.	Crested. Thou green crested lapwing thy screaming forbear,
A any oft in hanghty mood	S. Afton Water.
Cod's creatures they oppress! Ep. to Davie. 0.	That proudly cock your cresting cairns; El. on Capt. M. H. 3.
Creature, tho' oft the prey of care and sorrow, When blest to-day unmindful of to-morrow.	Crew.
Ep. to R. Granam. 3.	Cauld Boreas, wi' his boisterous crew, The Fête Champetre.
In the make of that wonderful creature, call'd Man, Fragment, inser. to Fox.	A wicked crew syne, on a time, Did tak a solemn aith, man, The Tree of Liberty.
I dote on ev'ry feature	"Even you, ye helpless crew, I pity you; "Ye, whom the seeming good think sin to pity: Tragic Frag
Of this dear artless creature, . S. My Love's a winsome	
m the fruited thorn.	Crib. For lapfu's large o' gospel kail Shall fill thy crib in plenty, . The Ordination, 6.
And ev ry nappy cr	Cried v. Cry'd.
	Criffel [a mountain 1895 feet high, near the mouth
Sleep'st thou, or wak'st thou!, fairest creature? S. Sleep'st thou;	of the Nith, overlooking the Solway].
Thou giv'st the word. Thy cra ature, man,	The Nith shall rin to Corsincon, The Criffel sink in Solway, S. Does haughty Gaul †
Is to existence brought; . The 1st b V.s of 90th Ps.	Crime.
The wilfu' creature sae I pat to,	To love they thought nae crime, Sir; S. Damon and Sylvia.
All creatures retired to rest,	To feel the follies, or the crimes, Of others, or my own! Despondency, an Ode, 5.
You, a charming lovely creature, Wharefore wad ye lie y'er lane! S. Will ye go and marry †	Mark ruffian Violence, distain'd with crimes;
Now she's left by ilka creature;	On Death of R. Dundas.

Crown

	4
Follies and crimes have stain'd the name	Croose v. Crouse.
On Duke of Queensberry.	Cross [across].
Feels all the bitter horrors of his crime, Remorse. A Frag Shall he [the Bard] he guilty of their hireling crimes,	But when Divinity comes cross me, My readers then are sure to lose me. A Ded. to G. H., II.
The Brigs of Ayr.	By this time he was cross the ford, . Tam o' Shanter. 10.
In days when riding was nae crime The Inventory.	Cross. And that we'll tell them at the cross,
Loves veriest wretch, despairing, I Fain, fain my crime would cover: . S. The last time I†	S. Carl, an the King come.
Whose unsubmitting heart was all his crime. Tragic Frag	The losses, the crosses, That active man engage; Despondency, an Ode. 5.
A bonie lass, I like her best,	Tho' losses, and crosses,
And wha a crime dare ca' that? S. Women's Minds.	Be lessons right severe, Ep. to Davie. 7.
Crimson. In all its crimson glory spread, S. A Rosebud by my t	May losses and crosses Ne'er at your hallen ca'. The Ans. to the Guidwife.
In all its crimson glory spread, S. A Rosebud by my † A crimson still diviner! S. Her flowing locks †	Cross, to. An somebodie were come again,
That crimson rose how sweet and fair; S. O bonie was you rosy †	Then somebodie maun cross the main, S. Carl, an the King come.
Her cheeks are like you crimson gem,	And ilk loyal, bonie lad
S. On Cessnock banks † Sett II.	Cross the seas and win his ain S. Frae the friends †
Trouts bedropp'd wi' crimson hail, Tam Samson's El., 6. But while my crimson currents flow,	I maun cross the main, My dear, . , S. It was a' for † A running stream they dare na cross. Tam o' Shanter. 18.
I love my Highland lassie, O S. The Highland Lassie.	Than a' the pride that loads the tide,
Mayst thou long, sweet crimson gem,	And crosses o'er the sultry line; . S. The day returns †
Richly deck thy native stem; To Miss C. Crimson-tipped.	And I maun cross the raging sea; . S. The Highland Lassie.
Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r, To a Mountain-Daisy.	I'll cross him, and wrack him, until I hearthreak him, S. What can a Young Lassie †
Cripple. (Nature is adverse to a cripple's rest); To R. G. of F	Cross'd, Crost.
Crippled.	And hast thou crost that unknown river,
Late crippled of an arm, and now a leg, . To R. G. of F. Criterion.	El. on Capt. M. H. 15. Where words ne'er crost the muse's heckles,
The grand criterion of his fate, . Wr. in Friars-Carse H	Ep. to H. Parker.
Critic. Your Critic-folk may cock their nose,	A bonier fleesh ne'er cross'd the clips . Poor Mailie's El.
Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 10.	They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit, Tam o' Shanter. 12.
I sing: if these mortals, the critics, should bustle, I care not, not I, let the critics go whistle.	Crouch.
Fragment inscr. to Fox.	An when the new light billies see them, I think they'll crouch! To W. Simpson, P.S. 12.
And scorpion Critics cureless venom dart. To R. G. of F., 3. Critics—appalled, I venture on the name,	
He heeds or feels no more the ruthless Critic's rage! . Ib.	Crouchie [crook-backed]. Or crouchie Merran Humphie,
toothy critics by the score, In bloody raw! . To W. Creech.	Crouching. The crouching vassal to the tyrant wife,
And self-conceited critic skellum His quill may draw; . Ib.	The Henpeck'd Husband.
Critical. Conceal yoursel as weel's ye can Frae critical dissection; Ep. to Young Friend. 5.	Crouse, Croose [brisk, lively, gleeful, bold]. Young-Guidmen, fond, keen, an' crouse; Add. to the Deil. 11.
Crochallan. To Crochallan came The old cock'd hat,	Now they're crouse and canty baith! . S. Duncan Gray †
Extem. on W. Smellie.	The cantie, auld folks, crackan crouse, . The Twa Dogs. 20.
As I cam by Crochallan I cannily keekit ben, S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie.	at times when I grow crouse, What ails ye now †
Crock [an old ewe that has ceased bearing].	Crousely [gleefully, with spirit].
Or wha will tent the waifs and crocks, About the dykes The Twa Herds.	Ye cootie Moorcocks, crousely craw; Tam Samson's El., 7. Crowd, Croud.
Crony, -ie.	Who, noteless, steals the crouds among, A Bard's Epit.
Ay free, aff han', your story tell, When wi' a bosom crony; Ep. to Young Friend. 5.	But Oh! what crouds in ev'ry land,
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony; . Tam o' Shanter. 5.	All wretched and forlorn, . Man was made to Mourn.
"My name is Fun—your cronie dear, . The Holy Fair. 5.	In chase o' thee, what crouds hae swerv'd Frae common sense, . Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
Crood [to coo as a dove].	Their jugglin' hocus-pocus arts
While thro' the braes the cushat croods With wailfu' cry! To W. Simpson.	To cheat the crowd. To Rev. J. M. Math. In spite o' crowds, in spite o' mobs,
Crooded [cooed].	Crowd, to.
A cushat crooded o'er me, One night as I†	Crowd thick on fancy's wondering eye, On Lincluden Castle.
Crooked. Do but try to develope his hooks and his crooks: Fragment, inser. to Fox.	Crouded. An' how they crouded to the yill, When they were a' dismist: The Holy Fair. 23.
The ricket reeling of a crooked swagger? Ep. fr. Esopus.	Crouding.
Then, straught or crooked, yird or nane,	Still crouding thoughts, a pensive train, A Winter Night. 6.
They roar an' cry a' throw'ther; Halloween.	Crowdie [meal and water, or meal and milk, stirred
Croon [a hollow continued moan]. Ye fright the nightly wand'rer's way,	together in a cold state; food of the porridge kind in general].
Wi' eldritch croon Add. to the Deil. 5.	An' they cry crowdie ever mair S. O that I had ne'ert
The melancholious, lazy croon O' cankrie care Ep. to Major Logan. 4.	Ance crowdie, twice crowdie,
The Deil, or else an outler Quey,	Three times crowdie in a day; Gin ye crowdie ony mair,
Gat up an' gae a croon:	Ye'll crowdie a' my meal away
Come, join the melancholious croon O' Robin's reed! Poor Mailie's El	My sister Kate cam up the gate Wi' crowdie unto me, man; S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
Croon, to [to emit a low, hollow, continued sound].	Crowdie-time [breakfast-time].
Now Clinkumbell, wi' rattlan tow, Begins to Jow an' croon: The Holy Fair. 26.	Then I gaed hame at crowdie-time, . The Holy Fair. 6.
Croon'd [hummed]. He croon'd his gamut, one, two, three,	Crowlan [crawling]. Ha! whare ye gaun, ye crowlan ferlie! To a Louse.
Crooning [humming a tune].	Ha! whare ye gaun, ye crowlan ferlie! . To a Louse. Crown.
Yet crooning to a body's sel,	"The worm that grows my honie trees
Does weel eneugh. Ep. to J. L-K, Ap, 1st. 8.	"That Reptile wears a Ducal crown!" As on the banks †
Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet; Tam o' Shanter.9.	Our ancient crown's fa'n in the dust: S. Awa, whigs, awa.

Now life is a burden that bows me down, Since I tint my bairns, and he [Jamie] tint his crown,	The burden I must bear, while the cruel scourge I fear,
S. By you castle wa't	S. The Slave's Lament. Tho' cruel fate should bid us part, S. Tho' cruel fate †
He had a blue bonnet that wanted the crown;	Till crash! the cruel coulter past
S. Cock up your beaver.	Out thro' thy cell To a Mouse.
'Twas nothing would serve him but Satan's own crown;	Thy cruel, woe-delighted train, To Ruin.
Thy fool's head, quoth Satan, that crown shall wear never, Epig. on	For pity, hide the cruel sentence
And for your lawful King his crown, S. Highland Laddie.	Under friendship's kind disguise.
The monarch may forget the crown	S. Turn again, thou fairt
That on his head an hour has been; Lam. for Glencairn.	Why, why wouldst thou, cruel, Wake thy lover from his dream? S. Why, why tell thy
Ambition would disown	she, my cruel, scornfu' Fair, S. Young Jamie †
The world's imperial crown, S. Mark yonder pomp †	Cruelly.
But see you the Crown how it waves in the air, S. No Churchman am I †	Is this thy plighted, fond regard
The brightest jewel in my crown,	Thus cruelly to part, my Katy? . S. Canst thou leave me t
Wad be my queen, wad be my queen. S. O wert thou in the	Cruelty.
Then howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,	Sure Thou, Almighty, canst not act
A virtuous Populace may rise the while,	From cruelty or wrath! . A Prayer under Anguish. If not, why am I subject to
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 20.	His cruelty, or scorn? Man was made to Mourn.
Than kingly robes, than crowns and globes, S. The day returns †	And cruelty directs the thickening blows; . The Vowels.
Here shall the shepherd make his seat,	Crumbling.
To weave his crown of flowers; The Petition of Br. Water.	Ye holy walls, that, still sublime,
For this the watchman cracked his crown,	Resist the crumbling touch of time; On Lincluden Castle.
The Tree of Liberty.	Crummie [a cow with crooked horns].
Crown, to.	Like scrapin' out auld Crummie's nicks, To Gav. Hamilton.
Let her crown my love her law, S. Louis what reck †	Crummock [a staff with a crooked head].
The milder sun and bluer sky That crown my harvest cares wi' joy, S. O Phely, †	Until you on a crummock driddle
To crown your happiness he asks your leave,	A gray hair'd carl. Ep. to Maj. Logan. 3. Lowping and flinging on a crummock, Tam o' Shanter. 14.
Prologue, at Th., D	Lowping and flinging on a crummock, Tam o' Shanter. 14. Crump [crisp].
The sole reward that crowns my pain. S. The capt. Ribband.	
But now the Supper crowns their simple board,	
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11.	Crunt [a blow on the head with a cudgel].
Thro' a long life his hopes and wishes crown; To R. G. of F., 9.	An' monie a fallow gat his licks, Wi' hearty crunt; . To W. Simpson, P.S.
Did warlike laurels crown my brow, S. When first I saw	Crush. Whiles owre a bush wi' downward crush,
Crown'd.	The doited beastie stammers; On W. Chalmers.
The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,	Crush, to. To crush the villain in the dust:
S. Bonie Lassie, will ye go t	Lns. wr. on Back of Bank Note.
with days and honors crown'd, . Sketch. New-Yr's Day.	For I maun crush amang the stoure Thy slender stem: To a Mountain-Daisy.
His hoary head with water-lilies crown'd,	Crush the locusts, save the flower.
The Brigs of Ayr. 13.	Wr. in Hermitage at F. C.
Then, crown'd with flow'ry hay, came Rural Joy, . Ib.	Crushed, -'d, -'t.
Last, white-rob'd Peace, crown'd with a hazle wreath, . Ib.	The Wretch, already crushed low
Crowning.	By cruel Fortune's undeserved blow? A Winter Night. 9.
Domestic peace and comfort crowning The hail design Friend of the poet	To tell the truth, they [poverty and care] seldom fash't him, Except the moment that they crush't him;
My dismal months no joys are crowning,	El. on Death of R. Ruisseaux.
Improm. on Mrs. —'s Birthday.	For he crush'd him between two stones. John Barleycorn.
Cruel.	The infant aith, half-form'd, was crush't; The Vision. D. I. 8.
By cruel Fortune's undeserved blow? . A Winter Night. 9.	Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
"Man! cruel Man!" the Genius sigh'd, As on the banks †	Shall be thy doom! To a Mountain-Daisy.
O mem'ry, spare the cruel throes	Crushing, -an.
Within my bosom swelling: S. Farewell, thou stream t	Crushing the despot's proudest bearing, * Liberty. Triumphant crushan't like a muscle
By cruel hands the sapling drops, . S. Fate gave the word, † The cruel powers reject the prayer Fragment.	The Author's Cry and Prayer.
THE CHICL DOWCIS ICICCL THE DIAVEL I'TALMENT.	
The cruel fates between us throw A boundless ocean's roar; S. From thee, Eliza, †	Crust. I gae him some pye, and he lay'd the crust by, S. The Auld Mant
The cruel fates between us throw	Crust. I gae him some pye, and he lay'd the crust by, S. The Auld Man† Crusted.
The cruel fates between us throw A boundless ocean's roar; . S. From thee, Eliza, †	Crust. I gae him some pye, and he lay'd the crust by, S. The Auld Man† Crusted. Five scymitars, wi' murder crusted; Tam o' Shanter. 11.
The cruel fates between us throw A boundless ocean's roar; And barn'd the cruel randy, Gainst fortunes fell cruel decree How cruel are the parents S. From thee, Eliza, † S. Had I the wyte † S. Here's a health to ane †	Cruste. I gae him some pye, and he lay'd the crust by, S. The Auld Man† Crusted. Five scymitars, wi' murder crusted; Tam o' Shanter. 11. Crusting. Crept, gently-crusting, o'er the glittering stream.
The cruel fates between us throw A boundless ocean's roar; And bapn'd the cruel randy, 'Gainst fortunes fell cruel decree How cruel are the parents Who riches only prize, S. From thee, Eliza, † S. Had I the wyte † S. Here's a health to ane † Who riches only prize, S. How cruel are †	Crusted. Five scymitars, wi' murder crusting, o'er the glittering stream. Crusting. Crept, gently-crusting, o'er the glittering stream. The Brigs of Ayr. 3.
The cruel fates between us throw A boundless ocean's roar; And bann'd the cruel randy, 'Gainst fortunes fell cruel decree How cruel are the parents Who riches only prize, But now has come a cruel blast, S. From thee, Eliza, † S. Had I the wyte † S. Here's a health to ane † S. How cruel are † Lam. for Glencairn.	Crusted. Five scymitars, wi' murder crusted; Tam o' Shanter. 11. Crusting. Crept, gently-crusting, o'er the glittering stream. The Brigs of Ayr. 3. Cry.
The cruel fates between us throw A boundless ocean's roar; And basn'd the cruel randy, 'Gainst fortunes fell cruel decree How cruel are the parents Who riches only prize, But now has come a cruel blast, I've seen th' oppressor's cruel smile, Lan. for Glencairn. Lan. vor. on Bank Note.	Crusted. Five scymitars, wi' murder crusting, o'er the glittering stream. Crusting. Crept, gently-crusting, o'er the glittering stream. The Brigs of Ayr. 3.
The cruel fates between us throw A boundless ocean's roar; And bann'd the cruel randy, Gainst fortunes fell cruel decree How cruel are the parents Who riches only prize, But now has come a cruel blast, I've seen th' oppressor's cruel smile, Avaunt, away! the cruel sway, S. From thee, Eliza, † S. Had I the wyte † S. Here's a health to ane † Lam. for Glencairn. Lam. for Glencairn. Lam. over on Bank Note. S. Now westlin winds †	Crusted. Five scymitars, wi' murder crusted; Tam o' Shanter. II. Crusting. Crept, gently-crusting, o'er the glittering stream. The Brigs of Ayr. 3. Cry. Their pounces were murder, and terror their cry, S. Caledonia. In all the clam'rous cry of starving want, Ep. to R. Graham. 5. Your blood shall with incessant cry
The cruel fates between us throw A boundless ocean's roar; And barn'd the cruel randy, Gainst fortunes fell cruel decree How cruel are the parents Who riches only prize, But now has come a cruel blast, I've seen th' oppressor's cruel smile, Lns. vur. on Bank Note. Avaunt, away! the cruel sway, S. Now westlin winds† The bird that charm'd his summer day,	Crusted. Five scymitars, wi' murder crusted; Tam o' Shanter. 11. Crusting. Crept, gently-crusting, o'er the glittering stream. The Brigs of Ayr. 3. Cry. Their pounces were murder, and terror their cry, S. Caledonia. In all the clam'rous cry of starving want, Ep. to R. Graham. 5. Your blood shall with incessant cry Awake at last th' unsparing power. Fragment of Ode.
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Till bairns' bairns kindly cuddle Your auld gray hairs.

Second Ep. to Davie.

Cry, to.	Cuddled [fondled].
Tho' rigid Law cries out, 'twas just! Add. to Edinburgh. 6.	I've seen the day ye butter'd my brose,
Amang the reeds the ducklings cry, S. Again rejoic. Nature	And cuddled me late and early, O; S. The deuks dang o'er.
Wha in a brulzie, will first cry a parley?	Cuddy. The Cooper o' cuddy cam here awa; S. The Cooper o' cuddy t
S. Bannocks o' bear meal† While flitting sea-fowls round me cry, S. Behold the hour†	Cudgel.
While flitting sea-fowls round me cry, S. Behold the hour † Gin a body kiss a body Need a body cry.	The cudgel in my nieve did shake, . Add. to the Deil. 8.
S. Comin' thro' the rye †	The pedant swung his felon cudgel round, . The Vowels.
Whilst I here, must cry here,	Cudgell'd.
At perfidy ingrate! Despondency, an Ode. 4.	And cudgell'd him full sore; John Barleycorn.
An' cry till ye be haerse an' rupit; . El. on Year 1788.	Cuff'd.
Nay, even the yirth itsel' does cry,	How huff'd, an' cuff'd, an' disrespeket! The Twa Dogs. 12.
An' the wee powt's begun to cry, Ep. to J. R. 11. "In his flesh there's a famine,"	Cuif v. Coof.
A starv'd reptile cries: Epit. on Walter S	Culst v. Coost. Cukoo. "God save the King"'s a cukoo sang
They roar an' cry a' throw'ther; Halloween.	That's unco easy said ay: A Dream. 2.
An' they cry crowdie ever mair S. O that I had ne'er t	Cull. And flowers let us cull for Eliza's cold bier.
O wha will tent me when I cry? S. O wha my babie-clouts †	Monody, on a Lady.
Such thy morn! did I cry, S. Phillis the Fair.	Culloden.
The voice of nature loudly cries, That something in us never dies: Sketch. New-Yr's Day.	My Donald and his Country fell, Upon Culloden's field, S. The High. Widow's Lament.
Whare ghaists and houlets nightly cry Tam o' Shanter. 9.	Cumbrous. Princes whose cumb'rous pride was all their worth,
'Na, waur than a'!' cries ilka chiel,	777 3/*- D/
'Tam Samson's dead!' . Tam Samson's El	Amid their cumbrous, dinsome joys; S. The Contented Cottager.
And ilka wife cries, auld Mahoun, I wish you luck o' the prize, man. S. The deil cam fiddlin't	What is a lordling's pomp? a cumbrous load,
That I might greet, that I might cry, The Election Ballads. VI.	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 19.
The Election Ballads. VI.	Cummins. Where Cummins once had high command:
One and all cry out, amen! . The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII.	S. The Banks of Nith.
Cry the book is wi' heresy cramm'd; . The Kirk's Alarm.	Cummock [a short staff with a crooked head].
Sweet lassie dinna cry, . S. The Lass that made the bed.	To tremble under Fortune's cummock, On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.
For e'en and morn she cries, alas ! . S. The lovely lass †	Cumnock. The rising Moon began to glowr
We'll cry nae jads frae heathen hills To help, or roose us, Third Ep. to J. Lap	The distant Cumnock hills out-owre;
But still the mair I'm that way bent,	Death and Dr. Hornbook. Cunning. But gin ye be crafty, I am cunning,
Something cries, "Hoolie! To J. S., 7.	S. O meikle thinks my love †
An' then cry zeal for gospel laws,	But mete his cunning by the old Scots ell; Sketch.
Like some we ken To Rev. J. M'Math. Cry'd, Cried.	By human pride or cunning driv'n
Wi' kindling eyes cry'd, 'Willie, rise! . A Fragment. 8.	To Mis'ry's brink, . To a Mountain-Daisy.
Stop Thief! dame Nature cried to Death, . Epit. on W	Cunningham [the northern district of Ayrshire]. Till I met my old boy in a Cunningham fair;
An' she cry'd, L—d preserve her! Halloween. 22.	The Jolly Beggars. S. II.
My true love! she cried,—and sunk down by his side,	Cup. Ilk cowslip cup shall kep a tear: El. on Capt. M. H. 12.
S. Oh, open the door,†	And pours her [pleasure's] cup luxuriant; . Innocence †
With accents wild and lifted arms she cried; On Death of Sir J. Blair.	There's death in the cup—sae beware! Inscrip. on Goblet.
'L-d, five l' he cry'd, an' owre did stagger;	We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet, S. Shld auld acquaintance t
Tam Samson's El., 11.	And still I can join in a cup and a song; The Jolly Beggars. S. II.
I lap and cry'd fu' loud To Mr. M'Adam.	She put the cup to her rosy lip, S. The Lass that made the bed.
But ay she sigh'd and cry'd, "Alas! S. The lass that made the bed.	S. The Lass that made the bed.
Auld Clinkum at the Inner port	Whyles, owre the wee bit cup an' platie, They sip the scandal-potion pretty; . The Twa Dogs. 33.
Cry'd three times, "Robin!" What ails ye now t	If mantling high she fills the golden cup, To R. G. of F., 7.
But the houlet cry'd frae the Castle wa',	Let Prudence bless Enjoyment's cup, Wr. in Friars-Carse H.
S. What will I do gin † She sank within my arms, and cried,	Cupar.
Art thou my ain dear Willie? . S. When wild War's †	Donald Brodie met a lass
Crying.	Coming o'er the braes o' Cupar [re.] . S. Donald Brodie †
Here's crying out for bakes an' gills, . The Holy Fair. 18.	Cupid.
D' ye think, said I, this face was made for crying?	But hurchin Cupid shot a shaft, That play'd a Dame a shavie The Jolly Beggars. R. VII.
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.	Cur. O let us not, like snarling curs,
Crystal. Beside his crystal well! . Despondency, an Ode. 3. Crystal Devon, winding Devon, [re.] . S. Fairest maid †	In wrangling be divided, . S. Does haughty Gault
Now Phoebus chears the crystal streams,	And that fell cur ca'd common sense, That bites sae sair, . The Twa Herds, 16.
Lament of Mary of Scots.	That bites sae sair, . The Twa Herds, 16. For half-starved snarling curs a dainty feast;
And drink my crystal tide The Petition of Br. Water.	To R. G. of F., 6.
And Eden scenes on crystal Jed, To W. Creech.	Curch [a covering for the head, a kerchief].
And glitter o'er the crystal streams . S. Young Peggy †	Her house sae bien, her curch sae clean,
Cub. My voice, a lioness that mourns	S. A' the lads o' Thornie-bank t
Her darling cub's undoing! The Election Ballads. VI.	I tint my curch and baith my shoon, . S. Duncan Gray. Curchie [curtsey].
Cuckold. I'll tak Cuckold frae nane, I'll gie Cuckold to naebody S. Naebody.	An' wi' a curchie low did stoop, The Holy Fair. 3.
Wha first shall rise to gang awa,	Cure. a big-bellied bottle's a cure for all care.
A cuckold coward loun is he! . S. O Willie brew'd†	S. No Churchman am I †
Cuddle [embrace, fondle].	What throes, what tortures passing cure, Were in my bosom swelling: S. The last time I
O a' the lang night I cuddle my kimmer, S. O merry hae I been t	Were in my bosom swelling: S. The last time I to Cure, to. That wound degenerate ages cannot cure.
Till bairns' bairns kindly cuddle	On Death of R. Dundas.
Your auld gray hairs. Second Et. to Davie.	A woe that no mortal can cure S. The winter it is past

. S. The winter it is past †

A woe that no mortal can cure.

Cur'd. Would'st thou be cur'd, thou silly, moping elf, Add. sp. by Fontenelle.	For now I'm grown sae cursed douse, Auld comrade dear
Cureless.	wi' his art 'And cursed skill, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 15. But hanker, and canker.
And scorpion Critics cureless venom dart. To R. G. of F., 3. Curious. Told him, I came to feast my curious eyes;	To see their cursed pride Ep. to Davie. 1.— But your curst wit, when it comes near it,
Add. sp. by Fontenelle. Blush at the curious stranger peeping in; Ep. fr. Esopus.	Rives't aff their back Ep. to J. R., 3.
Half-jest, she [Nature] tried one curious labour more. Ep. to R. Graham. 3.	The witching cursed delicious blinkers <i>Ep. to Maj. Logan. 10.</i> Wae worth thy power, thou cursed leaf, <i>Lns, back of Bank Note.</i>
knit with curious tracery, On Lincluden Castle.	Unaided through thy curs'd restriction; Ib.
As Tammie glowr'd, amaz'd, and curious, Tam o' Shanter.12. My savage journey, curious, I pursue, Wr. in Kenmore Inn.	that curst carmagnole auld Satan, Poem on Life. Thae curst horse-leeches o' th' Excise, . Scotch Drink. 20.
Curl.	E'er sin' they laid that curst restriction
Yet an insect's an insect at most, Tho' it crawl on the curl of a queen. On an empty Fellow.	On Aquavitæ; The Author's Cry and Prayer. But, cursed lot! the gates were shut,
His gawsie tail, wi' upward curl, The Twa Dogs. 5. Curled. And curled as the wintry wave, As on the banks †	S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor. An' bid him burn this cursed tether, The Death of Mailie.
Curler. When to the loughs the Curlers flock, Tam Samson's El.	Curs'd be the man, the poorest wretch in life, The crouching vassal to the tyrant wife, The Henpecked Husband.
The Curlers quat their roaring play, The Vision. D. I., I.	Curst Common-sense, that imp o' hell, . The Ordination, 2.
Ye curlews calling thro' a clud; . El. on Capt. M. H. 7.	Wi' ev'n down want o' wark are curst The Twa Dogs. 30.
Curlie [curly-headed].	curst Venetian b-res an' ch-ncres [v. A. 13]
his wee, curlie John's ier-oe, A Ded. to G. H., 14.	I winna name, . The Twa Herds. 11.
Curling. And peacefu' raise its ingle reek, That slowly curling clamb the hill. As on the banks †	And that curs'd rascal ca'd M'[Quha]e,
Her hair is like the curling mist That shades the mountain-side at e'en, S. On Cessnock banks †	The blastie's makin! To a Louse.
Curmurring [murmuring, a slight rumbling noise].	Till curst with Age, obscure an' starvin, They aften groan To J. S., 19.
Or some curmurring in his guts, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 27.	And curst be the cause that shall part us! To Mary.
Curpan, Curple [the crupper, the buttocks]. An' haurls at his curpan;	Cursedly. But never honest man's intent,
Douse hingin o'er my curple, . The Ans. to the Guidwife.	As cursedly miscarry'd. S. O ay my wife she dang.
Current. Kind Nature's care had given his share, Large, of the flaming current; Nature's Law.	Cursing. Here cursing, swearing Burton lies, Epit. on Mr. Burton.
Reflected beams dwell in the streams,	Cur'st. Kemble, thou cur'st my unbelief
Or down the current shatter; . The Fête Champetre. But while my crimson currents flow,	Of Moses and his rod; . Lns on Mrs. Kemble.
I love my Highland Lassie, O. S. The Highland Lassie.	Downy Sleep, the curtain draw; S. Musing on the roaring t
Curry. And [Devils] gie their hides a noble curry, Wi' oil of aik Adam A—'s Prayer.	The curtain draws of Nature's rest, . S. Now rosy May † Till Fate the curtain drops on worlds to be no more.
Curse. My curse upon your venom'd stang, Add. to Toothache.	Curtain-lecture. Prologue, sp. by Woods.
The whigs cam o'er us for a curse, S, Awa, whigs, awa.	Who dreads a curtain-lecture worse than hell.
The vices also, must they club their curse? Ep. fr. Esopus. My hand-waled curse keep hard in chase	The Henpecked Husband. Curtis [Capt. Curtis, who destroyed the Spanish
The harpy, hoodock, purse-proud race, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 7.	floating batteries during the siege of Gibraltar]. I lastly was with Curtis among the floating batt'ries
Baited with many a deadly curse? Ode, to Mem. of Mrs	The Jolly Beggars, S. I. Cushat [the wood-pigeon].
Inhuman man! curse on thy barb'rous art, On Seeing wounded Hare.	Mourn, ilka grove the cushat kens; El. on Capt. M. H. 4.
Curse on his perjur'd arts! dissembling smooth!	Thro' lofty groves, the Cushat roves, The path of man to shun it: S. Now westlin winds t
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10. And Thurlow growl a curse of woe, The Election Ballads. VI.	A cushat crooded o'er me, One night as I †
My curse upon them every one, The Jolly Beggars. S. IV.	On lofty aiks the cushats wail, S. The Contented Cottager.
But Heaven's curse will blast the man Denies the bairn he got; . The Ruined Maid's Lament.	While thro' the braes the cushat croods With wailfu' cry! To W. Simpson.
My curse upon your whunstane hearts, Ye Enbrugh Gentry! . To W. Simpson.	Custock [pith of a kale or cole-wort stalk]. An' gif the custock's sweet or sour,
Curse on ungrateful man, that can be pleas'd,	Wi' joctelegs they taste them; . Halloween, 5.
And yet can starve the author of the pleasure. Wr. under Port. of Fergusson.	Cut. Forbye, he'll shape you aff fu' gleg The cut of Adam's philibeg; On Grose's Peregrinations.
Curse, to. An' curse your folly sairly A Dream, 10.	And show my cuts and scars wherever I come; The Jolly Beggars. S. I.
Curse thou his basket and his store, Kail an' potatoes. Holy Willie's Prayer. 12.	Cut, to. And cut him by the knee; . John Barleycorn.
And curse the ruffian's aim, and mourn thy hapless fate. On seeing wounded Hare.	But long ere night cut down it lies All wither'd and decay'd. The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps
And, agonising, curse the time and place When ye begat the base, degen'rate race! The Brigs of Ayr. 9.	King Loui' thought to cut it down, The Tree of Liberty. Cut aff his head and a', man
Ane curses feet that fyl'd his shins, . The Holy Fair. 10.	An' cut you up wi' ready slight, To a Haggis. For one [dart] has cut my dearest tye,
He'll stamp an' threaten, curse an' swear, <i>The Twa Dogs. 13.</i> Now maddening, wild, I curse that fatal night; <i>To Clarinda</i> .	And quivers in my heart
And hear him curse the light he first surveyed,	"To cut it aff, an' whatfore no, "Your dearest membe What ails ye now †
And doubly curse the luckless rhyming trade. To R.G. of F. Cursed, -'d, Curst.	Cutted. A thief, new-cutted frae a rape, Tam o' Shanter. 11.
The bleezan, curst, mischievous monkeys Add. to the Deil. 13.	Cut-throat. How cut-throat Prussian blades were hingin;
An' play'd on man a cursed brogue,	Kind Sir, I've read† Those [critics] cut-throat bandits in the paths of fame:
Be Anarchy curs'd, and be Tyranny damn'd; At Meet. of D. Volunteers.	Those [critics] cut-throat bandits in the paths of rame. To R . G . of F ., 4 .
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Cutty [short; "Cutty-sark," a short shift].	Bright wines and bonnie lasses rare,
Her cutty sark, o' Paisley harn, Tam o' Shanter. 15.	To put us daft; Poem on Life.
And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-sark!"	But what could ye other expect Of ane that's avowedly daft? The Jolly Beggars. S. III.
Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,	He hirpl'd up an' lap like daft, Ib. R. VII.
Ill har'sts, daft bargains, cutty-stools, Add. to Toothache.	Their tricks an' craft hae put me dast, Ib. S. VII.
Cyclopean.	Or maybe, in a frolic daft, To Hague or Calais takes a waft, The Twa Dogs. 22.
High-wav'd his magnum-bonum round	Dafter.
With Cyclopean fury The Election Ballads. VI. Cynthia. Now looking over firth and fauld,	The chiel that's a fool for himsel,
Her horn the pale-faced Cynthia rear'd; [v. A. 20]	Guid L-d, he's far dafter than I. The Jolly Beggars. S. III.
When Cynthia lights, wi' silver ray,	Dagger. When at his heart he felt the dagger,
The weary shearer's hameward way,	He reel'd his wonted bottle-swagger, Tam Samson's El., 11.
S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite t	Dails [deals or planks].
Cynthia's car, o' silver fu', The Fête Champetre. Till Cynthia hinted he'd see them next morn. The Whistle.13.	Some carryan dails, some chairs an' stools, The Holy Fair. 8.
Dad. May he be dad, and Meg the mither,	Daily. There daily I wander as noon rises high, S. Afton Water.
Just five and forty years thegither! Auld comrade dear †	There daily I wander as noon rises high, S. Afton Water. Tho' a' my daily care thou art, S. Ah, Chloris, †
To meet their Dad, wi' flichterin noise and glee. The Cotter's Sat. Night.	In ploughman phrase 'God send you speed,'
How graceless Ham leugh at his Dad, . The Ordination, 4.	Still daily to grow wiser; . Ep. to Young Friend, 11.
Daddy, Daddie, Dadie [dim. of Dad, father].	We're fit to win our daily bread, Ep. to Davie, 2.
Or if I blush when thou shalt ca' me	I make indeed my daily bread, S. My father was a farmer † But as daily bread is all I need,
Tit-ta or daddy Add. to Illegit. Child. An' [inherit] thy poor worthless daddy's spirit,	But monie daily weet their weason
Without his failins,	Wi' liquors nice, Scotch Drink. 14.
Altho' his daddie was nae laird, S. Braw lads on Yar. braes t	We'll daily pray, we'll nightly pray, On bended knees most fervently,
Thou now has got thy Daddy's chair, . El. on Year 1788.	S. The bonie Lass of Albany.
How daddie Burke the plea was cookin, Kind Sir, I've read† Your daddie's gear maks you sae nice; S. O Tibbie! I hae†	Daimen-icker [an occasional ear of corn].
The rantin dog, the daddie o't. [re.]	A daimen-icker in a thrave 'S a sma' request: To a Mouse. Dainty [agreeable, pleasant, nice; worthy].
S. O wha my babie-clouts †	Ye royal Lasses dainty, A Dream. 14.
And mak thee a man like thy daddie dear. S. O whare did ye get †	I wat she is a dainty Chuckie! S. A' the lads o' Thornie-bank †
At his daddie's yett, Wha met me but Robin. S. Robin shure in hairst.	At Brownhill we always get dainty good cheer. Impromptu.
My daddy says, gin I'll forsake him,	My ain dear, dainty Davie S. Now rosy May †
He'll gie me gude hunder marks ten: . S. Tam Glen.	Ye'll find him ay a dainty chiel An' fou o' glee: On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.
The deuks dang o'er my daddie, O! S. The deuks dang o'er.	Thou art a dainty chield, O Grose! On Grose's Peregrinations.
She stares the daddy in her face, The Inventory. Some one of a troop of Dragoons was my dadie,	Haud tae the Muse, my dainty Davie; Second Ep. to Davie.
The Jolly Beggars, S. II.	Ye dainty Deacons, an' ye douce Conveeners, The Brigs of Ayr. 9.
We'll bowse about till Dadie Care Sing whistle owre the lave o't	An' shor'd them Dainty Davie
And Susie whase daddy was laird o' the Ha';	O' boot that night. The Jolly Beggars. R. VII.
S. There's a youth †	Sic halesome dainty cheer, man; The Tree of Liberty. Had at the time some dainty fair one, . To Dr. Blacklock.
And my daddie has nought but a cot-house and yard: S. There's auld Rob. M. †	Ye glaiket, gleesome, dainty damies,
I care na thy daddie, his lands and his money, S. Tibbie Dunbar.	I wat she is a dainty chuckie, As e'er tread clay! Ib.
Should think they better were intorn d.	For half-starved snarling curs a dainty feast; To R. G. of F., 6.
Than their auld dadies. To W. Simpson, P.S	Dainty [a delicacy, tid-bit, rarity]. No gi'en by way o' dainty
My daddie sign'd my tocher band, S. Where Cart rins † Daddy Auld [Father Auld, the parish clergyman of	But ilka day The Ordination, 6.
Mauchline, by whom Burns was rebuked].	Daisy, Daisie.
Daddy Auld, Daddy Auld, there's a tod in the fauld,	An' thy auld hide as white's a daisie, A Guid New Year † 2. The daisy amus'd my fond fancy,
I did na suffer ha'f sae much	So artless, so simple, so wild; S. Adown winding Nith †
Frae Daddie Auld What ails ye now †	And when the lark, 'tween light and dark,
Daer [Basil Wm., Lord Daer, son of the Earl of Selkirk, met by Burns at Prof. D. Stewart's villa].	Blythe waukens by the daisy's side, S. Again rejoicing Nature †
Nae honest worthy man need care.	In days when Daisies deck the ground, Ep. to Davie. 4.
To meet with noble youthful Daer, On dining with Daer. Daez't [stupefied].	And spreads her sheets o' daisies white Out o'er the grassy lea: . Lament of Mary of Scots.
Whyles daez't wi' love, whyles daez't wi' drink,	The daisy for simplicity, and unaffected air, S. The Posie.
Second Ep. to Davie.	Yet all beneath th' unrivall'd Rose,
I've seen me daez't upon a time; . There's naethin like †	The lowly Daisy sweetly blows; The Vision. D. II. 20.
Daffin [merriment, foolishness]. Ne'er a fellow-creature slight	Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate, That fate is thine—no distant date; To a Mountain-Daisy.
For random fits o' daffin Add. to Unco Guid. Mott.	Dale, Dall.
"To spend an hour in daffin: The Holy Fair. 5.	An' thro' the flowery dale; S. As down the burn †
For towsing a lass i' my daffin, The Jolly Beggars, S. III. Until wi' daffin weary grown,	The Game shall Pay owre moor an' dail, For this, niest year. Ep. to J. R. 10.
Upon a knowe they sat them down. [v.A.1] The Twa Dogs.	There liv'd a lass in yonder dale, Katharine Jaffray.
Daft [mad, foolish, giddy, frolicsome].	See you not you hills and dales The sun shines on sae brawlie? . S. My Collier Laddie.
So Sir, you see 'twas nae daft vapour, A Ded. to G. H., 12.	The sun shines on sae brawlie? . S. My Collier Laddie. How sweetly wind thy sloping dales, S. The Banks of Nith.
Ill har'sts, daft bargains, cutty stools, . Add. to Toothache. Till daft mankind aft dance a reel	O'er hill and dale she [Mirth] flew, man;
In gore a shoe-thick;	S. The Fête Champetre.
If that daft buckie, Geordie W[ale]s, Was threshin still at hizzies tails, . Kind Sir, I ve read †	Farewell, old Coila's hills and dales, S. The gloomy night † Nae mair thou'lt rowte out-owre the dale, The Ordination. 6.

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And wild scatter'd cowslips bedeck the green dale.	An' let poor, damned bodies bee; Add. to the Deil. 2.
S. The small birds †	Be Anarchy curs'd, and be Tyranny damn'd;
His voice was heard thro' muir and dale, <i>The Twa Herds</i> . 7. O'er many a winding dale and painful steep,	At Meet. of D. Volunteers. D-n'd haet they'll kill! Death and Dr. Hornbook. 15.
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.	'Yet stops me o' my lawfu' prey,
Dalgarnock [an old parish in Dumfries-shire, now	'Wi' his d-mn'd dirt! 1b. 29.
incorporated with Closeburn Parishl. I gaed to the tryste o' Dalgarnock,	May they be damn'd together. S. Does haughty Gault
And wha but my fine fickle lover was there:	But with such as he, where'er he be, May I be sav'd or d—'d! Epit. for. G. H.
S. Last May a braw wooer †	This worthless body damn'd himsel,
Dalrymple has been lang our fae, . The Twa Herds. 12.	To save the Lord the trouble Epit. on D. C.
Shaw's and Dalrymple's eloquence,	That the worms ev'n d—d him When laid in his grave Epit. on Walter S
D'rymple mild, D'rymple mild, tho' your heart's like a child, And your life like the new driven snaw, <i>The Kirk's Alarm</i> .	If ever he rise, it will be to be d'd.
Dam [a mole across a stream].	Extem. on "the Marquis." Whar damned devils roar and yell, Holy Willie's Prayer. 4.
Sweeps dams, an' mills, an' brigs, a' to the gate;	To grace this damn'd infernal clan. Lns add. to J. Ranken.
Dam [a female parent].	thy spider snare O' hell's clamned waft Poem on Life.
This was thy billie, dam, and sire, El. on Capt. M. H. Epit.	Thy auld damned elbow yeuks wi' joy,
That wantons round its bleating dam; S. On Cessnock banks †	An' bake them up in brunstane pies For poor d—n'd Drinkers. Scotch Drink. 20.
Dam [urine].	An' d-mn'd Excise-men in a hussle,
Till whare ye sit, on craps o' heather, Ye tine your dam; [v. A. 2]	Seizan a Stell, The Author's Cry and Prayer, 7.
The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.	And ane, a chap that's d-mn'd auldfarran, 1b. 13.
Dame. Ye high, exalted, virtuous Dames, Ty'd up in godly laces, Add. to Unco Guid. 6.	Wha waste your weel-hain'd gear on d—d new Brigs and Harbours!
Ty'd up in godly laces, Add. to Unco Guid. 6. It brake the sweet heart of my faithfu' auld dame,	A d-n'd red wud Kilburnie blastie; The Inventory.
S. By yon castle wa t	And roar every note of the damn'd The Kirk's Alarm.
To catch Dame Fortune's golden smile, Assiduous wait upon her; Ep. to young Friend, 7.	An' damn'd my fortune to the groat; To J. S., 6.
Stop Thief! dame Nature cried to Death, . Epit. on W.	All devil as I am, a damned wretch, Tragic Frag.
Out spak' a dame in wrinkled eild, S. In Simmer when t	There Damon lay, with Sylvia gay: [re.] S. Damon and Sylvia.
As the finest dame in castle or ha' S. O when she cam ben †	Damp.
Dame life, the fiction out may trick her, Poem on Life.	Then is it wise to damp our bliss? Sketch. New-Yr's Day.
Whare sits our sulky sullen dame,	Dampiere. How does Dampiere do? Add. to Dumourier.
Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet,	Dance. The princely revel may survey Our rustic dance wi' scorn; S. Behold, my love, †
To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck, fell,	For monie a Plack they wheedle frae me,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11 A dame wi' pride eneugh, The Election Ballads. I.	At dance or fair: Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 17.
Dame fortune should hing by the neck; Ib. III.	Yestreen, when to the trembling string The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha',
Nae gentle dames, tho' e'er sae fair,	S. O Mary, at the window †
Shall ever be my muse's care; S. The Highland Lassie. But hurchin Cupid shot a shaft,	No song nor dance I bring from you great city, Prologue, at Th., D
That play'd a Dame a shavie The Jolly Beggars. R. VII.	Warlocks and witches in a dance; Tam o' Shanter. 11.
Simper James, Simper James, leave the fair Killie dames, The Kirk's Alarm.	Wad ever grac'd a dance of witches! Ib. 15.
And the dames danced in the ha'; S. The last braw bridal†	Wi' merry dance in winter-days, The Ans. to the Guidwife.
Quoth I, for shame, ye dirty dame, S. The weary Pund.	"But the ae best dance e'er cam to the Land, "Was, the de'il's awa' wi' th' Exciseman.
Than the sense, wit, and taste of a sweet lovely dame.	S. The deil cam fiddlin' †
Damie [dim. of dame].	To Harmony's enchanting notes, As moves the mazy dance, man. The Fête Champetre.
Ye glaiket, gleesome, dainty damies, . To Dr. Blacklock.	I winna gang to the dance in Carlyle ha'.
Damn.	S. There grows a bonie †
And damn a' Parties but your own; . A Ded. to G. H. 9.	Youth and Love with sprightly dance, Wr. in Friars-Carse H
Like Æsop's Lion, Burns says, sore I feel All others' scorn—but damn that ass's heel.	Dance, to.
Reply to a Reproof.	By my soul I'll dance a dance with you, Add. to Dumourier.
Damnable. To join faith and sense upon ony pretence,	'Till daft mankind aft dance a reel In gore a shoe-thick; . Add. to Toothache.
Is heretic, damnable error The Kirk's Alarm.	Thou shalt dance, and I will sing, S. Carl, an the king come.
Damnation.	Upon that night, when Fairies light, On Cassilis Downans dance,
It's no through terror of D-mn-t—n; . A Ded. to G. H., 6. Or your more dreaded hell to state,	Fairies dance sae cheery S. Hark! the mavist
D-mnation of expences! . Add. to Unco Guid. 5.	But when will he dance like Tam Glen? . S. Tam Glen.
Damnation then would be our fate,	"We'll dance and sing and rejoice man;
Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 14. Ere my poor soul such deep damnation stain,	S. The deil cam fiddlin' † The youngest ay chiefly does dance on my knee;
My horny fist assume the plough again; Ep. to R. Graham 5.	S. The Poor Thresher.
I wha deserve sic just damnation, Holy Willie's Prayer. 3.	Around it a' the patriots dance, . The Tree of Liberty.
A wight that will weather daronation, The devil the prey will despise. The Election Ballads. III.	And learning in a woody dance, . The Twa Herds. 16. Maks Hours like Minutes, hand in hand,
Mid Lawson's port entrench'd his hold,	Dance by fu' light To J. S., 11.
And threaten'd worse damnation Ib. VI.	Danced, -'d.
For [Moodie] speels the holy door, Wi' tidings o' d-mn-t-n. [v. A. 22] . The Holy Fair. 12.	I've play'd mysel a bonie spring, An' danc'd my fill! Ep. to J. R. 6.
Damned, -'d.	He play'd a spring, and danc'd it round,
They!—they be d——d! what right hae they Add, of Beelzebub. 3.	Below the gallows-tree. S. Farewell, ye dungeons t
Then we'll be d-mned no doubt . Add. to Dumourier.	Adown the glittering stream they featly dane'd; The Brigs of Ayr. 11.
THOS ACT NO COMMON TO MODEL 1	1

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The deil cam fiddlin' thro' the town	Fain, fain, would I my griefs impart,
The deil cam fiddlin' thro' the town, And danc'd awa wi' th' Exciseman; S. The deil cam fiddlin' †	Yet dare na for your anger; . S. Sweet fa's the eve †
He's danc'd awa' he's danc'd awa'	The stubborn Tories dare to die: The Election Ballads. VI.
He's danc'd awa' wi' th' Exciseman. [re.] Ib.	Where many a danger I must dare, S. The gloomy night †
And the dames danced in the ha'; S. The last braw bridal†	For her I'll dare the billows' roar; . S. The Highland Lassie.
Sae merrily they danced the ring, . The night was still †	We dare be poor for a' that! S. The Honest Man.
We lap an' danced the lee-lang day, T. Menzie's bonie Mary.	I ken the devils dare na touch me The Inventory.
He danc'd wi' Jeanie on the down, S. There was a lass †	Vet dare not speak my anguish S. The last time It
Where are the joys I have met in the morning,	Smiles, glances, sighs, tears, fits, flirtations, airs, 'Gainst such an host what flinty savage dares The Rights of Woman.
That dane'd to the lark's early song? S. Where are the joys †	'Gainst such an host what flinty savage dares
Fu' lightly danc'd he in the ha' S. Young Jockey †	The Rights of Woman.
Dancer.	Some seem'd to muse, some seem'd to dare, With feature stern. [v.A.4] The Vision, D. I.
The dancers quick and quicker flew; . Tam o' Shanter. 12.	'Some fire the Sodger on to dare; Ib. II. 4.
Dancing, -in.	
seasons dancing, life advancing, S. Bonie Bell.	Not a hope that dare attend; S. Thickest night † I dare not combat—but I turn and fly: To Clarinda.
When dancing thoughtless Pleasure's maze, Despondency, an Ode. 5.	The state of the s
Nell's heart was dancin at the view; Halloween. 10.	Who boldly dare thy cause maintain In spite of foes: . To Rev. J. M'Math.
Whyles glitter'd to the nightly rays,	Should I but dare a hope to speel,
Wi' bickerin, dancin dazzle;	Wi' Allan, or wi' Gilbertfield, The braes o' fame;
And singin' there, and dancin' here, [v. A. 11]	To W. Simpson.
Holy Willie's Prayer.	Nor hope dare a comfort bestow: . S. Where are the joys †
I see thee dancing o'er the green, S. O were I on Parnass. †	If I may dare a lifted eye to thee, Why am I loth †
And loud resounded mirth and dancing. Tam o' Shanter. 10.	And wha a crime dare ca' that? S. Women's Minds.
The boniest sight that e'er I saw	Dar'd. On many a bloody plain
Was th' Ploughman laddie dancin. S. The Ploughman †	I've dar'd his [death's] face, S. Farewell, ye dungeons †
Fu' aft at e'en Wi' dancing keen, . S. The tither morn †	When in the teeth they dar'd our Whigs, And covenant True blues, S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
Will ye go to the dancin in Carlyle's ha',	
S. There grows a bonie †	Who dar'd to, nobly, stem tyrannic pride, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 21.
Dang, Dung [knocked, pushed, worsted, drlven]. When there cam a yell o' foreign squeels, That dang her tapsalteerie, O S. Amang the trees†	Darena [dare not].
That dang her tangalteerie O S Among the trees t	We darena weel say't, though we ken wha's to blame,
He fir'd a fiddler in the north	S. By yon castle wa't
That dang them tapsalteerie, O	I canna tell, I mauna tell,
O ay my wife she dang me, An' aft my wife she bang d me, S. O ay my wife she dang.	I darena for your anger: S. Craigie-burn Wood.
An' aft my wife she bang'd me, S. O ay my wife she dang.	Tho' the love that I owe to thee I darena show, S. My Sandy gied †
The deuks dang o'er my daddie, O! S. The deuks dang o'er.	And dear was she, I darena name, S. O May thy morn †
To see his poor, auld Mither's pot,	And here's to them, we darena tell,
Thus dung in staves, The Author's Cry and Prayer.	I lo'e her mysel, but I darena weel tell, Ronalds of Bennals.
Danger.	My heart is sair, I darena tell, S. Somebody.
And fac'd grim Danger's loudest roar, Add. to Edinburgh. 7.	A running stream they dare na cross Tam o' Shanter. 18.
Nay, more—there is danger in touching; Inscrip. on Goblet.	O love will venture in, where it dare na weel be seen;
Bold may she brave grim Danger's loudest roar, Prologue, sp. by Woods.	S. The Posie.
From ev'ry danger keep him free, S. Somebody.	Daring, -in.
Inspiring bold John Barleycorn!	His darin look had daunted me; A Vision.
What dangers thou canst make us scorn! Tam o' Shanter. 11.	Some daring Hancocke, or a Franklin, . Add. of Beelzebub.
Where many a danger I must dare, S. The gloomy night †	The daring invaders they fled or they died S. Caledonia.
Wi' auld Nick there's less danger; To a Painter.	Straight the sky grew black and daring; S. I dream'd I lay †
Remember, he's his country's stay	Braved usurpation's boldest daring! Liberty.
In day and hour of danger S. When wild War's †	The deed too daring brave is; S. Lovely Davies.
Dangers, eagle-pinioned, bold,	Is there no daring Bard will rise and tell
Soar around each cliffy hold, Wr. in Friars-Carse H.	How glorious Wallace stood, how hapless fell? Scots Prologue.
Dangerous. But loyalty truce! we're on dangerous ground, Poet. Add. to Tytler.	Departed Whigs enjoy the fight, And think on former daring: The Election Ballads. VI.
Dangling.	By blockhead's daring into madness stung; To R. G. of F., 5.
An awfu' scythe, out-owre ae shouther,	
Clear-dangling hang; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 6.	Dark. When death's dark stream I ferry o'er, A V. on being Hosp. Entertain'd.
As dangling in the wind he hangs A gibbet's tassel Poem on Life.	Can harbour, dark, the selfish aim, . A Winter Night. 8.
Danton v. Daunton.	One point must still be greatly dark,
Dappl't.	The moving Why they do it; . Add. to Unco Guid. 7.
I've seen thee dappl't, sleek an' glaizie, A Guid New-Year † 2.	And when the lark, 'tween light and dark,
Dare.	Blythe waukens by the daisy's side, S. Again rejoic. Nature †
And my Freedom's my lairdship nae monarch dare touch.	Dark as the frowning rock his brow, . As on the banks †
S. Contented wi' little†	Threw broad and dark across the pool:
Our father's blude the kettle bought!	While sordid sons o' Mammon's line
And wha wad dare to spoil it? . S. Does haughty Gaul,†	Are dark as night! Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 16.
And dares the public like a noontide sun Ep. fr. Esopus.	Be't light, be't dark, Ep. to Major Logan, 14.
And dare the war with all of woman born:	Thou ne'er took such a bleth'ran b-tch,
Though thanks to heaven I dare even that last shift,	Into thy dark dominion! Epit. on noisy Polemic.
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.	To what dark cave of frozen night,
Nor dare disclose my anguish. S. Farewell, thou stream †	· Alas! shall thy poor wand'rer hie;
Nor dare disclose my anguish. S. Farewell, thou stream † May coward shame disdain his name.	· Alas! shall thy poor wand'rer hie; S. Farewell, dear mistress †
Nor dare disclose my anguish. S. Farewell, thou stream † May coward shame disdain his name, The wretch that dares not die! S. Farewell, ye dungeons† Even they [tunefu' powers] mann dare an effort mair,	Alas! shall thy poor wand'rer hie; S. Farewell, dear mistress† Thou strik'st the dull peasant, he sinks in the dark, S. Farewell, thou fair day†
Nor dare disclose my anguish. S. Farewell, thou stream † May coward shame disdain his name, The wretch that dares not die! S. Farewell, ye dungeons† Even they [tunefu' powers] maun dare an effort mair, S. Lovely Davies.	Alas! shall thy poor wand'rer hie; S. Farewell, dear mistress† Thou strik'st the dull peasant, he sinks in the dark, S. Farewell, thou fair day† Farewell, ye dungeons dark and strong,
Nor dare disclose my anguish. S. Farewell, thou stream † May coward shame disdain his name, The wretch that dares not die! S. Farewell, ye dungeons † Even they [tunefu' powers] maun dare an effort mair, S. Lovely Davies. Lord, to account who dares thee call,	Alas! shall thy poor wand'rer hie; S. Farewell, dear mistress† Thou strik'st the dull peasant, he sinks in the dark, S. Farewell, thou fair day† Farewell, ye dungeons dark and strong. S. Farewell, ye dungeons†
Nor dare disclose my anguish. S. Farewell, thou stream † May coward shame disdain his name, The wretch that dares not die! S. Farewell, ye dungeons† Even they [tunefu' powers] maun dare an effort mair, S. Lovely Davies.	Alas! shall thy poor wand'rer hie; S. Farewell, dear mistress† Thou strik'st the dull peasant, he sinks in the dark, S. Farewell, thou fair day† Farewell, ye dungeons dark and strong,

And winter nights were dark and rainy; S. Montgomerie's Peggy.	Darling. Edina! Scotia's darling seat! Add. to Edinburgh. The sweet yellow darlings wi' Geordie imprest,
The dark, dreary winter, and wild-driving snaw, S. My Nanie's Awa.	The langer ye ha'e them, the mair they're carest. S. Awa' wi' your witchcraft +
Like drumlie winter, dark and drear, S. O Logan! sweetly † Of speechless grief, and dark despair: S. O stay, sweet warb. †	While my darling fair Is on the couch of anguish? S. Ay waking, 0† Thou goest, thou darling of my heart: S. Behold the hour†
Dweller in yon dungeon dark, . Ode to Mem. of Mrs. —. In the dark silent mansions of sorrow,	Her darling amusement, the hounds and the horn. S. Caledonia.
On Death of fav. Child. And stifle, dark, the feebly-bursting cry:	Spring, thou darling of the year; . El. on Capt. M. H. 12. Ye hae your Meg, your dearest part,
On Death of R. Dundas. Ye dark waste hills, and brown unsightly plains,	And I my darling Jean! Ep. to Davie. 8. Fate gave the word, the arrow sped,
Dark despair around benights me. S. One fond kiss, † And to dark Oblivion join thee! S. Raving winds †	And pierc'd my darling's heart:. S. Fate gave the word,† So I for my lost darling's sake,
Thou ev'n brightens dark Despair, Wi' gloomy smile Scotch Drink, 6. Or dark as misery's woeful night . Sketch. New-Yr's Day.	Lament the live-day long Ib. I've been her [mammy's] darling a my days, S. I'm o'er young to marry t
Then night's gloomy shades, cloudy, dark, o'ercast my sky: S. Sleep'st thou, or wak'st †	My pride and my darling to be? S. Leezie Lindsay. This darling child of nature, . S. My Love's a winsome †
And in an instant all was dark: Tam o' Shanter. 16. dark in Death's fish-creel	Their hope, their stay, their darling youth, O Thou dread Pow'r†
heavy, dark, continued, a'-day rains The Brigs of Ayr. 7. Blew up each Tory's dark designs, The Election Ballads, VI.	My voice, a lioness that mourns Her darling cub's undoing! The Election Ballads, VI.
Concealing the course of the dark winding rill; S. The lazy mist †	Old Scotia's darling hope, Your little angel band The Petition of Br. Water. Give the poet's darling flame, The Toast.
In spite o' dark banditti stabs . To Rev. J. M'Math. Or Winter howls, in gusty storms,	Give the poet's darling flame, Some teach the Bard, a darling care, The tuneful Art. The Vision, D. II. 4.
The lang, dark night! To W. Simpson. 14. Death's unlovely, dreary, dark abode? . Why am I loth †	And ae bonnie lassie, his darling and mine. S. There's auld Rob M.†
Darken'd. They [the eagles] darken'd the air, and they plunder'd the land:	Her darling bird that she lo'es best To W. Creech. woman, nature's darling child! . S. Twas even, the dewy †
S. Caledonia. And downward, how weaken'd, how darken'd, how pain'd!	Ance the darling o' the men: S. Will ye go and marry † Dart. 'See, here's a scythe, and there's a dart,
Darkening, -'ning. Dim-dark'ning thro' the flaky show'r, A Winter Night. 1.	Death and Dr. Hornbook. 15. That when I looked to my dart, It was sae blunt, 1b. 17.
Th' inconstant blast howl'd thro' the darkening air, On Death of Sir J. Blair.	Say, sages, what's the charm on earth, Can turn death's dart aside? . Epit. on Miss J. Lewars.
Where ignorance her darkening vapour throws, <i>The Vowels</i> . Or blinding drifts wild-furious flee,	If you rattle along like your mistress's tongue, Your speed will out-rival the dart: Extem., pinned to Coach. But it's innocence and modesty
Darker. Her eye-brows of a darker hue, . S. Sae flaxen †	That polishes the dart S. Handsome Nell. He spak o' the darts o' my bonie black een,
An' darker gloamin brought the night: The Twa Dogs, 35. Darkest. lust and pride,	The trout within you wimpling burn
The arch-fiend's dearest, darkest powers, The Hermit. Darkling. Or darkling grubs this earthly hole, In low pursuit, A Bard's Epit.	That glides, a silver dart, . S. Now Spring has clad† Are worse than poison'd darts of steel, . O leave novels† Thou dart of Heav'n that flashest by, . S. O mirk, mirk†
But like the sun eclips'd at morning tide, Thou left'st us darkling in a world of tears.	Nane other love, nane other dart, I feel, S. Sae far awa. Her tongue and eyes, her dreaded spear and darts.
El. on Miss Burnet. And thro' disastrous night they darkling grope, To R. G. of F., 7.	With stern-resolv'd, despairing eye,
(Fled, like the sun eclips'd as noon appears, And left us darkling in a world of tears:)	I see each aimed dart;
Darklins [darkling]. An' darklins grapet for the banks,	when Wit and Refinement hae polish'd her [Beauty's] darts, S. Yon wild mossy mountains †
Darkly. Rave to my darkly dashing stream, The Petition of Br. Water.	Dart, to. Or thro' each nerve the rapture dart, S. By Allan stream †
The Man of Worth, and has not left his peer, Is in his "narrow house" for ever darkly low. [v.A.10] Sonnet on Death of Riddel.	There keen indignation shall dart on her prey, Monody, on a Lady. When through my very heart
Dark-muffl'd. Now Phœbe, in her midnight reign,	Her beaming glories dart; S. Sleep'st thou, or wak'st † Two dusky forms dart thro' the midnight air,
Dark-muffl'd, view'd the dreary plain; . A Winter Night, 6. Darkness. In shades of darkness hide [weakness, frailty].	The Brigs of Ayr. 4. And scorpion Critics cureless venom dart. To R. G. of F., 3
A Prayer in Prosp. of Death. quenched in darkness like the sinking star, Liberty.	Darting. A scepter'd hand, a king's command, Is in her darting glances: S. Lovely Davies. Dash. And dash the gumlie jaups up to the pouring skies,
The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd; Tam o' Shanter. 8. Life is but a day at most,	The Brigs of Ayr. 7. Thro' bluidy flood or field to dash,
Sprung from night, in darkness lost; Wr. in Friars-Carse H. Darksome. They filled up a darksome pit	O how unfit! To a Haggis. Till full he dashes on the rocky mounds, Wr. by Fall of Fyers. Dash'd.
With water to the brim, . John Barleycorn. Wrongs, injuries, from many a darksome den, On Death of R. Dundas,	And thro' they dash'd, and hew'd and smash'd, S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
Banishes ilk darksome shade, S. Sleep'st thou, or wak'st† The darksome night did me enfauld,	Through the still night dash'd hoarse along the shore: The Brigs of Ayr. 3. Dashing.
S. The lass that made the bed.	Across the rolling, dashing roar, S. Behold the hour† Where the winds howl to the waves' dashing roar:
At Darlet we a blink did tarry; S. T. Menzie's bonie Mary.	S. Had I a cave †

Suspend their dashing oars to hear On Lincluden Castle.	David, Davie [King David of Scripture].
Down from the rivulets, red with dashing rains, On Death of R. Dundas.	Mak haste an' turn king David owre, . The Ordination. 3.
But bashing and dashing I kend na how to tell.	King David o' poetic brief, What ails ye now † An' snugly sit amang the saunts, At Davie's hip yet Ib.
The Ans. to the Guidwife. Rave to my darkly dashing stream,	Davie. But Davie lad, ne'er fash your head, Ep. to Davie, 2.
The Petition of Br. Water.	But tent me, Davie, Ace o' Hearts!
Delighted with the dashing roar; . The Vision, D. II. 13. Date.	To wander wi' my Davie. [re.] . S. Now rosy May †
O! why has Worth so short a date? Lament for Glencairn.	Meet me on the warlock knowe, Dainty Davie, dainty Davie;
Add to our date one minute more? Sketch. New-Yr's Day.	My ain dear, dainty Davie
I mind it weel in early date, When I was beardless, young and blate,	But Davie, lad, I'm red ye're glaikit; Second Ep. to Davie. Haud tae the Muse, my dainty Davie:
The Ans. to the Guidwife. Tho' faith, that date, I doubt, ye'll never see;	Davie Bluster [Mr. Grant, Ochiltree].
The Brigs of Ayr. 5.	Davie Bluster, Davie Bluster, if for a saunt ye do muster, The corps is no nice of recruits; The Kirk's Alarm.
That fate is thine—no distant date; To a Mountain-Daisy.	Davies.
Date, to. From these dire scenes my wretched lines I date,	The charms o' lovely Davies. [re.] . S. Lovely Davies.
Ef. fr. Esopus.	Davison. They ca'd him Duncan Davison S. Duncan Davison.
your braw, nameless, dateless letter, Third Ep. to J. Lap.	Davock [dim. of David].
Daud [to thrash, abuse; drive forcibly; pelt].	Wee Davock hauds the nowt in fother The Inventory. Till faith, wee Davock's turn'd sae gleg, Ib.
An' set the bairns to daud her [Common Sense], Wi' dirt this day The Ordination, 2.	Daw [to Dawn].
Daudin [pelting].	The cock may craw, the day may daw, . S. O Willie brew'd†
But bitter, daudin showers hae wat it, Third Ep. to J. Lap Daughter.	When day did daw, and cocks did craw, S. What will I do gin
Thy Daughters bright thy walks adorn, Add. to Edinburgh. 4.	Dawd [a large piece of anything]. An' cheese an' bread, frae women's laps,
Nor ever daughter give the mother pain. Blest be M'Murdo †	Was dealt about in lunches, An' dawds The Holy Fair. 23.
Meanwhile the hapless daughter Has but a choice of strife, S. How cruel	Dawing, -in [dawn of day, dawning]. I cou'dna get sleeping till dawing, for greeting,
Daunt.	S. As I was a-wandring t
Still I will try to daunt you; S. Husband, husband †	And dawin it is dreary, When birks are bare at Yule. S. Cauld is the e'enin†
Daunted. His darin look had daunted me; . A Vision. Dauntingly.	The day is near the dawin; S. Landlady, count † As day was dawin in the sky . S. T. Menzie's bonie Mary.
Sae dauntingly gaed he: S. Farewell, ye dungeons t	Dawn. Ere twice the shades of dawn are fled,
Dauntless. The dauntless heart that fear'd no human Pride; Epit. for Author's Father.	In all its crimson glory spread, . S. A Rose-bud by †
Whose is that noble, dauntless brow? . V.s under Picture.	At dawn, when every grassy blade Droops with a diamond at his head, El. on Capt. M. H. 6.
Daunton, Danton [to subdue, intimidate]. Shall ever danton me, or awe me, Add. to Illegit. Child.	With chill hoary wing as ye [breezes] usher the dawn: S. How pleasant the banks †
But an auld man shall never daunton me. [re.]	Lovely was she by the dawn, S. It was the charming t
S. To daunton me. To daunton me, and me sae young,	The shepherd to warn of the grey-breaking dawn, S. My Nanie's Awa.
Daur [to dare].	And sprinkle it wi' freshest dews At morning dawn and parting day S. O were my love †
'I daur you try sic sportin,	She's fresher than the morning dawn S. On Cessnock banks †
How daur ye set your fit upon her,	or hail the chearful dawn, . On seeing wounded Hare. Our lads gaed a hunting, ae day at the dawn,
Sae fine a Lady! To a Louse. Where horn nor bane ne'er daur unsettle,	S. The heather was bloom.†
Your thick plantations	Some musing bard may stray, The Petition of Br. Water.
How daur ye do't?	Glowing dawn of brighter day To a Kiss. Night, where dawn shall never break,
Thus daurs to name thee [Religion]. To Rev. J. M'Math.	Wr. in Friars-Carse H The rosy dawn, the springing grass,
Daurna [dare not].	With early gems adorning S. Young Peggy
For which we daurna show our face Adam A-'s Prayer.	Dawn, to. But fairer still my Delia dawns, Delia. An Ode
As for the deil, he daurna steer him S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. G.	Dawning.
Daurk [a day's labour]. Monie a sair daurk we twa hae wrought,	In manhood's dawning blush; . O Thou dread Pow'r† So dawning day has brought relief S. The noble Maxwells†
Ā Guid New-Year† 16.	Dawte, Dawtet, v. Daut, Dautet.
An' nought but his han'-daurk, The Twa Dogs, 10. Daur't [dared].	Day. Ye'll some day squeel in quaking terror! A Ded. to G. H., 10.
He should been tight that daur't to raise thee,	May Health and Peace, with mutual rays.
A Guid New-year† 2. Daut, Dawte [to fondie, caress, make of, pet].	Shine on the ev'ning o' his days; Ib. 14. On sic a day as this is, A Dream. 1.
I, fatherly will kiss an' daut thee, Add. to Illegit. Child.	Amang that Birth-day dresses Sae fine this day. [re.] . Ib.
When I did kiss and dawte her, . S. Had I the wyte † And ither some will kiss and daut; S. John, come kiss.	till Fate some day is sent, For ever to release Ye Frae Care
Dautet, Dawtet [made of, petted].	But some day ye may gnaw your nails, 1b. 10.
Ye're unco muckle dautet;	Or rattl'd dice wi' Charlie By night or day 1b.
An' dawtet, twal-pint Hawkie's gane As yell's the Bill Add. to the Deil. 10.	He was an unco shaver For monie a day Ib. 11. Or trouth! ye'll stain the Mitre Some luckless day Ib. 12.
Dawtingly [caressingly]. And dawtingly did chear me:	But or the day was done, I trow, The laggen they hae clautet Fu' clean 1b. 15.
And dawtingly did chear me; S. The tither morn †	The laggen they had clautet fu clean 10.13.

Then lost his way, ae misty day, A Fragment. 4.	When I think on the lightsome days I spent wi' thee, my dearie; S. How lang and dreary †
I've seen the day, Thou could hae gaen like ony staggie A Guid New-year † 1.	The joyless day, how dreary;
He should been tight that daur't to raize thee,	I've been her [mammy's] darling a' my days,
Ance in a day	S. I'm o'er young to marry t
That day, ye pranc'd wi' muckle pride,	And plenty of bacon each day in the year; . Impromptu.
That day, ye was a jinker noble,	Give me Maria's natal day! Improm. on Mrs's Birthday.
Hae turn'd sax rood beside our han',	When day is gane, and night is come, . S. It was a' for t
For days thegither Ib. 11.	One morning by the break of day, S. It was the charming t
An' monie an' anxious day, I thought We wad be beat!	O'er the day's fair, gladsome e'e, S. Jockey's ta'en the parting
An' thy auld days may end in starvin',	And mony a canty day, John, we've had wi' ane anither;
Shalt beauteous blaze upon the day, . S. A Rosebud by †	S. John Anderson, †
He sang wi' joy his former day, A Vision.	But he has na tell'd the lass hersel Till on her wedding day, O Katharine Jaffray.
They I—they be d—d! what right hae they	This mony a day I've grain'd and gaunted,
To meat, or sleep, or light o' day?. Add. of Beelzebub. 3.	Kind Sir, I've read
Whose ancestors, in days of yore, Add. to Edinburgh 7.	And the days are awa that we has seen;
D'ye mind that day, when in a bizz, Add. to the Deil. 17.	But far better days I trust will come again; S. Lady Mary Ann.
Sin' that day Michael did you pierce, Ib. 19.	Why did I live to see that day?
[Beauty] The bloom of a fine summer's day!	A day to me so full of woe? . Lament for Glencairn.
S. Adown winding Nith	The mavis mild wi' many a note, Sings drowsy day to rest: . Lament of Mary of Scots.
The day was waxing weary, S. As I gaed up t	Sings drowsy day to rest: . Lament of Mary of Scots. The day is near the dawin; S. Landlady, count
Rejoicin' clos'd the day so,	Shrinking from the gaze of day. S. Mark yonder Pomp
Gude help the day when royal heads Are hunted like a maukin S. Awa, whigs, awa.	I can win my five pennies in a day, S. My Collier Laddie.
Wha in his wae days were loyal to Charlie?	My heart was ance as blythe and free
S. Bannocks o' bear meal t	As simmer days were lang, S. My heart was ance
The wintry sun the day has clos'd, S. Behind you hills †	I rue the day I sought her O, [re.] S. My love she's but
Blest be M'Murdo to his latest day, . Blest be M'Murdo †	Care-untroubled, joy-surrounded,
Come let us spend the lightsome days	Gaudy Day to you is dear. S. Musing on the roaring
In the birks of Aberfeldy. S. Bonie Lassie, will ye go	Auld, cantie Coil may count the day, Nature's Law.
But lately seen, in gladsome green, The woods rejoic'd the day, S. But lately seen †	There I'll spend the day wi' you, S. Now rosy May
Oh! age has weary, weary days!	When day, expiring in the west, The curtain draws of Nature's rest,
	With a chief day and day and C. O an amount of the James
How cheery, thro' her shortening day, Is Autumn in her weeds o' yellow: S. By Allan stream †	The bird that charm'd his summer day,
By you castle wa' at the close of the day,	The bird that charm'd his summer day, S. O Lassie, art thou
S. By you castle wa't	U Logan! sweetly didst thou glide,
And a' the day to sit in dool, S. Ca' the Ewes.	
While day blinks in the lift sae hie;	
There was once a day, but old Time then was young, S. Caledonia.	But soon may peace bring happy days,
And a' my days o' life to come	S. O merry hae I been
I'll gratefully adore thee S, Craigie-burn Wood.	And blest be the day I did it again Ib.
Slides by a bower where monie a flower Sheds fragrance on the day, Sir. S. Damon and Sylvia.	O Phely, happy be that day, S. O Phely
'Thus goes he on from day to day,	'As songsters of the early year
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 29.	'Are ilka day mair sweet to hear,
Fair the face of orient day, Delia, An Ode.	O Tibbie! I hae seen the day Ye would na been sae shy;
Oh, enviable, early days, Despondency, an Ode. 5.	a' the lee-lang simmer's day, . S. O were I on Parnass.
Then I maun sit the lee lang day, S. Duncan Gray.	By night, by day, a field, at hame,
Mourn, clamouring craiks at close o' day, El. on Capt. M. H. 9.	And sprinkle it wi' freshest dews
	At morning dawn and parting day. S. O were my love
Whom we, this day, lament! . Epig. on Henpecked Squire. In days when Daisies deck the ground,	The cock may craw, the day may daw, . S. O Willie brew'd
And Blackbirds whistle clear, Ep. to Davie. 4.	But day and night my fancy's flight Is ever wi' my Jean
Long since, this world's thorny ways	Is ever wi' my Jean
Had number'd out my weary days, Ib. 10.	S. On a bank of flowers
May still your life from day to day, Nae "lente largo" in the play, . Ep. to Maj. Logan. 5.	The piety of ancient days! On Lincluden Castle
They persecute you all your future days Ep. to R. Graham. 5.	A ne'er to be forgotten day, On dining with Daer
And mercy's day is gane Epit. on Holy Willie.	A loss these evil days can ne'er repair!
	On Death of R. Dundas
As Tam the Chapman on a day Wi' Death forgather'd by the way, Epit. on Tam the Chapman.	The lamp of day with ill-presaging glare, On Death of Sir J. H. Blair
Epit, on Tam the Chapman.	And blest the day and hour, S. Peggy Chalmers
She, the fair sun of all her sex, Has blest my happy, glorious day:	Sweet to the opening day,
S. Farewell, dear mistress †	Rosebuds bent the dewy spray; . S. Phillis the Fair
Farewell, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies,	Where blackbirds join the shepherd's lays
S. Farewell, thou fair day f	At close o' day. Poem on Pastoral Poetry
Nor think to lure us as in days of yore:	"You're one year older this important day," Prologue, at Th., D.
We solemnize this sorrowing natal day, Fragment of Ode. Gane is the day and mirk's the night, . S. Gane is the day †	For mony a rantin day
	Mar Eddle and I had had C Rattlin Roavin Willia
	My fiddle and I hae had S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie
'But monie a day was by himsel, 'He was sae sairly frighted Halloween. 16.	Sunshine days of joy and pleasure; . S. Raving winds
'He was sae sairly frighted Halloween. 10. I mourn through the gay, gawdy day,	Sunshine days of joy and pleasure; . S. Raving winds
'He was sae sairly frighted Halloween. 10. I mourn through the gay, gawdy day, S. Here's a health to ane †	Sunshine days of joy and pleasure; . S. Raving winds Twins monie a poor, doylt, druken hash O'half his days; Scotch Drink. 15
'He was sae sairly frighted	Sunshine days of joy and pleasure; S. Raving winds Twins monie a poor, doylt, druken hash O'half his days; Scotch Drink. 15 Now's the day, and now's the hour, S. Scots wha ha'e
'He was sae sairly frighted Halloween. 10. I mourn through the gay, gawdy day, S. Here's a health to ane †	Sunshine days of joy and pleasure; . S. Raving winds Twins monie a poor, doylt, druken hash O'half his days; Scotch Drink. 15

This day, Time winds th' exhausted chain.	This day M'[Kinlay] taks the flail, . The Ordination. 2
Sketch. New-Yr's Day. This day's propitious to be wise in.	This day the Kirk kicks up a stoure,
And what is this day's strong suggestion?	O happy day! rejoice, rejoice!
"The passing moment's all we rest on!" Ib.	I'll make thy days easy the rest of thy life; S. The Poor Thresher
A few days may—a few years must— Repose us in the silent dust	Where, like an aged man, it [the hawthorn] stands at break of
with days and honors crown'd,	day;
While the sun and thou arise to bless the day.	in far less polish'd days, The Rights of Woman The day it is short, and the night it is lang,
To Evan-banks, with temp'rate ray,	S. The Taylor fell
Home of my youth, he [the sun] leads the day.	And blythe we'll sing, and hail the day That gave us liberty, man The Tree of Liberty.
S. Slow spreads the gloom t	Upon a bonie day in June, The Twa Dogs
I thank thee, author of this opening day! Sonnet, wr. on Birthday	That merry day the year begins,
Life's poor day I'll musing rave, . S. Streams that glide †	Their days, insipid, dull an' tasteless, Ib. 30
God bless your Honors, a' your days, The Author's Cry and Prayer. 24.	Niest day their life is past enduring
Thou minds me o' the happy days	Resolv'd to meet some ither day
When my fause luve was true.	O would, or I had seen the day S. The Union. The sun had clos'd the winter-day, The Vision, D. I. I.
S. The Banks of Doon. Sett II. May there my latest hours consume,	The Thresher's weary flingin-tree.
Among the friends of early days! S. The Banks of Nith.	The lee-lang day had tir'd me; And when the Day had clos'd his e'e Far i' the West, Ib.
The Angus lads had nae gude will, That day their neebour's blude to spill;	"The field thou hast won, by yon bright god of day!"
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	The Whistle. 18.
Alas the day, and wo the day, A false usurper wan the gree, S. The bonie Lass of Albany.	Sae I'll rejoice the lee-lang day, S. The young High. Rover.
The hoary morns precede the sunny days, The Brigs of Ayr.	As day was dawin in the sky . S. T. Menzie's bonie Mary We lap an' danced the lee-lang day,
There'll be, if that day come, I'll wad a boddle,	Ae day as the carle gaed up the lang glen,
Some fewer whigmaleeries in your noddle	S. There liv'd ance a carle
The pride of a' the parishen S. The cardin o't.	And he had a wife was the plague of his days,
We'll live a' our days, S. The Carls o' Dysart.	But whatna day o' whatna style, . S. There was a lad of Our monarch's hindmost year but ane
The short'ning winter-day is near a close; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 2.	Was five-and-twenty days begun,
Hope 'springs exulting on triumphant wing,'	The day comes to me, but delight brings me nane;
That thus they all shall meet in future days: . 1b. 16.	S. There's auld Rob M. 1 Then han' in nieve some day we'll knot it,
The day returns, my bosom burns, The blissful day we twa did meet, S. The day returns †	Third Ep. to J. Lap.
While day and night can bring delight,	Glowing dawn of brighter day . , . To a Kiss.
Was ae day nibbling on the tether, The Death of Mailie.	Friday first's the day appointed, By our Right Worshipful anointed, . To a Medical Gent.
He saw her days were near hand ended, Ib.	When ance life's day draws near the gloamin, To J. S., 14.
I've seen the day, and sae hae ye, Ye wad na been sae donsie, O,	Then canie, in some cozie place, They close the day. 1b. 18.
I've seen the day ye butter'd my brose,	With Pegasus upon a day,
And cuddled me late and early, O; S. The deuks dang o'er. In March the three-and-twentieth day,	Apollo weary flying,
The Election Ballads. V.	My Mary from my soul was torn. To Mary in Heaven.
Awa, thou flaunting god o' day! . S. The gowd. locks of A.	To live one day of parting love!
Our lads gaed a hunting ae day at the dawn, S. The heather was bloom.	'Till too, too soon the glowing west Proclaim'd the speed of winged day
Think not] I joy my lonely days to lead in	Last day my mind was in a bog, To Miss Ferrier.
This desert drear; The Hermit.	Thou orb of day! thou other paler light! . To R. Graham.
I wear away My life, and in my office holy Consume the day	When shall my soul, in silent peace, Resign Life's joyless day?
The lav'rocks they were chantan	This day thou metes threescore eleven, . To Terraughty.
Fu sweet that day. [re.] The Holy Fair. 1.	If envious buckies view wi' sorrow
Should Hornie, as in ancient days, 'Mang sons o' G— present him,	Thy lengthen'd days on this blest morrow, Ib. Or blinding drifts wild-furious flee,
How monie hearts this day converts,	Dark'ning the day! To W. Simpson.
O' sinners and o' Lasses!	In days when mankind were but callans, Ib. P. S
An monie jobs that day begin, May end in Houghmagandie Some ither day Ib.	And ev'ry day has joys divine With the bonie lass o' Ballochmyle.
Last day I grat wi spite and teen, As Poet B[urns] came by, . The Petition of Br. Water.	S. Twas even—the dewy t
As Poet Blurns came by, . The Petition of Br. Water. An' wight an' wilfu' a' his days been The Inventory.	A' day they fare but sparely; . S. Up in the morning.
In days when riding was nae crime	I fear ye'll bide till break o' day; S. Wha is that at †
Day an' date as under notit,	He hosts and he hirples the weary day lang: S. What can a yng lassie †
Round we wander all the day; The Jolly Beggars, S. VIII.	O dool on the day I met wi' an auld man. [re.] Ib.
The day he stude his country's friend That day the Duke ne'er saw, Jamie. S. The Laddies by †	When day did daw, and cocks did craw, S. What will I dogin †
The morn that warns th' approaching day, . The Lament.	the happy days I spent wi' you, my dearie; S. When I think on †
Ev'n day, all-bitter, brings relief,	Remember, he's his country's stay
From such a horror-breathing night	In day and hour of danger S. When wild War's † And bird and beast, in covert, rest,
I'll ne'er forsake till the day I die, The lass that made the bed to me. S. The lass that made.	And pass the heartless day Winter.
Twas on a Hallowmass day, S. The last braw bridal †	The joyless winter-day, Let others fear, 16.
Drumossie muir, Drumossie day, A waesu' day it was to me; S. The lovely lass of t	Life is but a day at most, Wr. in Friars-Carse H. As thy day grows warm and high,
So dawning day has brought relief S. The noble Maxwells	Day-detesting.
An' pour divine libations	Or [their soul] in some day-detesting owl
For joy this day. [re.] . The Ordination, 1.	May shun the light. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 18.

Day-lang. For there, wi'my Lassie, the day-lang I rove,	Deaf. Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig, . S. Duncan Gray t
S. You wild mossy mountns † Day-star. Like the beam of the day-star to-morrow. On Death of fav. Child.	Bear this in mind, [in politics] be deaf and blind, Let great folks hear and see. Lns on Windows, Gl. Tav.
Dazzle. Whyles glitter'd to the nightly rays,	Deaf as my friend, he sees them press, Sketch. New-Yr's Day.
Wi' bickerin, dancin dazzle; Halloween. 25. Dazzle, to. And his clear siller buckles they dazzle us a'. S. There's a youth	Provost John is still deaf to the church's relief, The Kirk's Alarm.
They dazzle our een, as they flie to our hearts. S. You wild mossy mountns †	With deaf endurance sluggishly they bear, $To R. G. of F., 7.$ Deal.
Deacon. Ye dainty Deacons, an' ye douce Conveeners, The Brigs of Ayr. 9.	To you the dotard has a deal to say, Prologue, at Th., D Deal, to.
Dead.	And deal from iron hands the spare repast, . Ep. fr. Esopus.
Might rous'd the slumb'ring dead to hear; A Vision.	Deal Freedom's sacred treasures free as air,
renew their leagues, Owre howcket dead. Add. to the Deil. 9.	Lns. extm. in Lady's Pocket-book. Ye gipsy-gang that deal in glamor, On Grose's Peregrinations.
'I'll nail the self-conceited Sot, 'As dead's a herrin: Death and Dr. Hornbook. 30.	An' deal't about as thy blind skill
Would have eat her dead lord, on a slender pretence,	Directs thee best, Scotch Drink, 21.
Epig. on Henpecked Squire. Another. Thy gay, green, flowery tresses shear,	Then lug out your ladle, deal brimstone like adle, The Kirk's Alarm.
For him that's dead. El. on Capt. M. H. 12.	Dealing.
An' my auld teethless Bawtie's dead; . El. on Year 1788.	Or dealing thro' amang the naigs Their ten-hours bite, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 2.
Ye honoured mighty dead! Fragment of Ode. Well Six from the citent dead	Yestreen at the Valentine's dealing,
Well, Sir, from the silent dead, Still I will try to daunt you; . S. Husband, husband†	My heart to my mou' gied a sten; S. Tam Glen.
And they hae sworn a solemn oath	Dealt. He dealt it [coin] free: On Scot. Bard gne to W.I.
John Barleycorn was dead John Barleycorn. For all the life of life is dead, . Lament for Glencairn.	An' cheese an' bread, frae women's laps,
For all the life of life is dead, . Lament for Glencairn. Immingled with the mighty dead! Liberty.	Was dealt about in lunches, An' dawds The Holy Fair. 23.
He who of R-k-n sang, lies stiff and dead, Lus while on Deathbed.	Dean. Than 'twixt Hal and Bob for the famous job
O an ye were dead, gudeman, . S. O gin ye were dead.	Who should be Faculty's Dean, Sir The Dean of Fac Dear. I, through the tender-gushing tear,
The last, sad cape-stane of his woes; Poor Mailie's dead! [re.] Poor Mailie's El	Should recognise my Master dear, A Ded. to G. H., to. Farewell, dear Friend! may guid luck hit you! A Farewell.
What breast so dead to heav'nly Virtue's glow, Prologue, sp. by Woods.	And I will luve thee still, my Dear, [re.] S. A red, red Rose.
Coffins stood round, like open presses, That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses;	dear bird, young Jeany fair, S. A Rosebud by my t
Tam o' Shanter. 11.	As dear an' near my heart I set thee Add. to Illegit. Child. Dear as the raptur'd thrill of joy! . Add. to Edinburgh. 4.
'Tam Samson's dead!' [re.] Tam Samson's El	Yet let the friend be dear S. Ah, Chloris, †
And when ye're number'd wi' the dead, Below a grassy hillock,	Auld comrade dear and brither sinner, . Auld comrade †
An' bairns greet for them when they're dead.	Thou may'st find those will love thee dear,
The Death of Mailie.	But not a love like mine, my Katy. S. Canst thou leave me † And Andrew dear believe me,
An' clos'd her e'en amang the dead!	Ye'll find mankind an unco squad, Ep. to Young Friend. 2.
Now Robin, greetin', chows the hams O' Mailie dead! [v.A.19] Ib.	Adieu, dear, amiable Youth!
I'll lay me with th' inglorious dead, Forgot and gone!	The life blood streaming thro' my heart, Or my more dear Immortal part,
Dead, even resentment, for his injured page, To R. G. of F., 5.	Is not more fondly dear! Ep. to Davie. 9.
To R. G. of F., 5.	Her dear idea brings relief, And solace to my breast
Dead [death]. To see thee in another's arms,	All hail! ye tender feelings dear! Ib. 10.
In love to lie and languish,	An' by her een wha was a dear ane! Ep. to Maj. Logan. 11.
'Twill be my dead, that will be seen, S. Craigie-burn Wood. Should she refuse, I'll lay my dead	Here lie the loving Husband's dear remains, Epit. for Author's Father.
To her twa een sae bonie blue S. I gaed a waefu't	Farewell, dear mistress of my soul, S. Farewell, dear mistress †
For mony a beast to dead she shot, . Tam o' Shanter. 15. The wounds I must hide which will soon be my dead.	Farewell, loves and friendships, ye dear tender ties!
S. There's auld Rob M.†	S. Farewell, thou fair day t
As whiles they're like to be my dead, . To W. Simpson. Deadly. Morality, thou deadly bane, . A Ded. to G.H 7.	Farewell, farewell, Eliza dear, S. From thee, Eliza† Thou'rt to love and heaven sae dear, S. Hark! the mavis†
Will turn thy very rouge to deadly pale; . Ep. fr. Esopus.	O welcome dear to love and me! . S. Here is the glen †
And ay the stound, the deadly wound,	Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear, S. Here's a health to ane †
Came frae her een sae bonie blue. S. I gaed a waefu' † To show their deadly rage. John Barleycorn.	I guess by the dear angel smile, I guess by the dear rolling ee; S. Here's a health to ane †
But now he [love] is my deadly fae,	My dear, I'l come and see thee; . S. Here's to thy health t
Unless thou'lt be my ain S. O lay thy loof † That brethren rouse in deadly hate! S. O Logan! sweetly †	My dear lad that's far away, S. How can my poor heart †
purse, Baited with many a deadly curse?	O spare the dear blossom, ye orient breezes, S. How pleasant the banks t
Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —. Till coward Death behind him jumpit,	I'll wed another like my dear S. Husband, husband † And when her lovely form I see,
Till coward Death behind him jumpit, Wi' deadly feide; . Tam Samson's El., 10. And a deadly aith she's ta'en, . The Election Ballads. I.	O haith, she's doubly dear again! . S. I'll ay ca in t
The magna charta flag unfurls,	But dear as is thy form to me, Still dearer is thy mind S. It is na, Jean, †
	I maun cross the main, My dear, [re.] . S. It was a' for t
'Tis not that fatal, deadly shore; . S. The gloomy night then wild War's deadly blast was blawn,	And vow'd I was his dear lassie, [re.] Last May a braw wooer†
S. When wild War's †	This ivied cot was dear; Lns on Window, F.'s C. Her
Dead-sweer [very reluctant]. I'm baith dead-sweer, an' wretched ill o't;	Yet happy, happy would I be Had I my dear Montgomerie's Peggy. [re.]
A Ded. to G. H., 13.	S. Montgomerie's Peggy.

I dote on ev'ry feature	Dear brothers of the mystic tye! The Farewell. To St J.'s L
Of this dear artless creature, . S. My Love's a winsome t	To Masonry and Scotia dear !
The generous purpose, nobly dear, S. My Mary's face †	Who must to her his dear friend's secret tell;
Care-untroubled, joy-surrounded,	The Henpecked Husband.
Gaudy Day to you is dear S. Musing on the roaring t	My name is Fun-your cronie dear, . The Holy Fair. 5.
Wi' her the lassie dear to me, S. Now bank and brae † My ain dear, dainty Davie S. Now rosy May †	Whase ain dear lass, that he likes best,
I'll flee to's arms I lo'e the best,	Comes clinkan down beside him!
And that's my ain dear Davie	And birks extend their fragrant arms To screen the dear embrace. The Petition of Br. Water.
But Peggy dear, the ev'ning's clear, S. Now westlin winds †	Thro' dirt and dub for life I'll paidle,
So dear can be, as thou to me,	Ere I sae dear pay for a saddle; The Inventory.
And bonie she, and ah how dear! S. O bonie was you rosy t	An' go wi' me an' be my dear: The Iolly Reggare C U
While my dear lad maun face his faes, S. O Logan! sweetly †	And by that dear Kilbaigie,
And dear was she, I darena name, . S. O May thy morn †	For her dear sake, and her's alone! . The Lament. A.
Whilst thou did pledge the Powers above,	Your dear remembrance in my breast, 1b. 6.
To be my ain dear Willy S. O Phely †	For there I lost my father dear.
So ilka day to me mair dear And charming is my Phely	My father dear and brethren three. S. The lovely lass of I. †
My thoughts are a' bound up in ane,	And a to pu' a posie to my ain dear May. S. The Posie.
And that's my ain dear Phely. [re.] 1b.	And I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my dear; 1b. Which even the Rights of Kings in low prostration
And doubly welcome be the spring,	Most humbly own—'tis dear, dear admiration!
The season to my Lucy dear S. O wat ye wha's in t	The Rights of Woman.
But spare me, spare me Lucy dear	I hae been blythe wi' Comrades dear; S. The Rigs o' Barley.
That I might catch poetic skill, To sing how dear I love thee. [re.] S. O were I on Parnass. †	And I think on friends most dear, with the bitter, bitter tear,
	S. The Slave's Lament.
And mak thee a man like thy daddie dear. S. O whare did ye get t	Within this dear mansion may wayward contention Or withered envy ne'er enter; S. The sons of old Killie.
And in their dear petitions place him:	Or withered envy ne'er enter; S. The sons of old Killie. There lies the dear partner of my breast, S. The sun he is sunk † But then my wife and children dear.
On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.	S. The sun he is sunk †
O sweet be thy sleep in the land of the grave,	O subith as small the
My dear little angel, for ever, On Death of fav. Child.	O whither would they go? Ib. And she lo'ed her bonie laddie dear;
Told how dear ye were aye to each other	S. There was a bonie lass †
And every year come in mair dear On W. Chalmers.	the bonie lass he lo'ed sae dear
Once fondly lov'd, and still remember'd dear, Once fondly lov'd †	O Jeanie fair, I lo'e thee dear; . S. There was a lass †
The lad that is dear to my babie and me.	But th' laddie's dear sel he loe's dearest of a'.
S. Out over the Forth †	S. There's a youth †
He's lost a friend and neebor dear, . Poor Mailie's El	And dear to my heart as the light to my e'e.
Hail, Caledonia, name for ever dear! Prologue, sp. by Woods.	S. There's auld Rob M. † Her dear idea round my heart
O saw ye my dear, my Phely? . S. Saw ye my Phely.	Should tenderly entwine S. Tho' cruel fate †
Friends so near my bosom ever,	Dear —, I'll gie ye some advice, To a Painter.
Ye hae render'd moments dear; . S. Scenes of woe †	Your dear idea reigns, and reigns alone: . To Clarinda.
Friends, that parting tear reserve it, Tho' 'tis doubly dear to me;	By your dear self!—the last great oath I swear, Ib.
For auld lang syne, my dear, . S. Should auld acquaintance †	Nor life nor soul was ever half so dear!
Wrench'd his dear country from the jaws of Ruin!	Dear S[mith], the sleest, pawkie thief, To J. S.
Scots Prologue.	An' fareweel dear, deluding woman, 1b. 14.
And still his precious self his dear delight: Sketch.	O Mary! dear, departed shade! . S. To Mary in Heaven.
Oh! banks to me for ever dear! S. Slow spreads the gloom †	Those records dear of transports past,
Nor more may aught my steps divide,	But may, dear Maid, each Lover prove
From that dear stream which flows to Clyde	An Edwin still to you To Miss L., with "Beattie."
O dear! for Somebody;	Wi' you no friendship I will troke Nor cheap nor dear To Mr. J. Kennedy.
From the white blossom'd sloe my dear Chloe requested, A sprig her fair breast to adorn; Sp. Extem. to yng Lady.	Dear Peter, dear Peter, To Mr. P. Stuart.
My heart is a-breaking, dear titty, S. Tam Glen.	His well-won bays, than life itself more dear, To R. G. of F., 5.
Come counsel, dear titty, don't tarry;	O Ayr, my dear, my native ground, To Rev. J. M'Math.
Think, ye may buy the joys o'er dear, Tam o' Shanter, 19.	For there he rov'd that broke my heart,
I turn'd my weeding heuk aside,	Yet to that heart, ah! still how dear. S. To thee, lov'd Nith ?
An' spar'd the symbol dear The Ans. to the Guidwife.	But tell him, though he broke my heart,
When shall I see that honour'd land, That winding stream I love so dear! S. The banks of Nith.	Yet to that heart he still was dear! Ib. Thee, dear maid, have I offended? S. Turn again, thou fair
Fame, honest fame, his great his dear reward.	'Twas the dear smile when naebody did mind us,
The Brigs of Ayr. 1.	S. Twas na her bonie blue †
Or frosty maids forsworn the dear embrace,	And waft my dear Laddie ance mair to my arms.
When thro' his dear Strathspeys they bore with Highland rage;	S. Wandering Willie.
Ib. 12.	Wha spied I but my ain dear maid, S. When wild War's †
some kind, connubial Dear	That gallant badge, the dear cockade,
Dear Myra, the captive ribband's mine, S. The Capt. Ribband.	Art thou my ain dear Willie?
To help her Parents dear, if they in hardship be. The Cotter's Sat. Night, 4.	But, my dear and lovely Katie, S. Will ye go and marry t
Together hymning their Creator's praise,	to me more dear, Than all the Pride of May: . Winter.
In such society yet still more dear; Ib. 16.	Still may thy pages call to mind The dear, the beauteous donor: Wr. on Leaf of H. More.
O Scotia! my dear, my native soil! Ib. 20.	For dear to me as light and life
My dying words attentive hear,	Was my sweet Highland Mary.
An' bear them to my Master dear The Death of Mailie.	S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †
Dear to his country by the names, Friend, Patron, Benefactor! The Election Ballads, VI.	But I lo'e the dear Lassie because she lo'es me. S. You wild mossy mountus †
Farewell, a mother's blessing dear! The Farewell.	Repentance I should buy sae dear: . S. Young Jamie †
All-hail then, the gale then,	And bless the dear parental name
Wafts me from thee, dear shore! Ib.	With many a filial blossom S. Young Peggy †

Dear-bought.	Nor ever sorrow stain the hour,
My sonsie smirking dear-bought Bess, The Inventory.	The place and time I met my dearie! S. By Allan Stream
Dearer. I never lo'ed a dearer, . S. My love's a winsomet	My bonie dearie, S. Ca' the Ewes
My lassie, ever dearer; . S. O wat ye wha that loes †	An' he ca'd me his dearie
Thou's ay the dearer, and dearer to me!	And ye sall be my dearie [re.]
S. O whare did ye get †	O saw ye my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab? [re.] S. Eppie M'Nab
Far dearer than the torrid plains	Nae mair my Dearie smiles; Fragment
Where rich ananas blow! The Farewell.	My arms about my Dearie, O; S. Green grow the Rashes
Far dearer to me you lone glen o' green breckan,	My bonie dearie. [re.] S. Hark! the Mavis
S. Their groves of †	How lang and dreary is the night,
Far dearer to me are you humble broom bowers, Ib.	When I am frae my dearie; [re.] S. How lang and dreary
Yet, dearer than my deathless soul,	Wilt thou be my dearie O? . S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite
I still would love my Jean S. Tho' cruel fate †	And say thou'lt be my dearie O?
The gift still dearer, as the giver you To R. Graham.	We'll to the breathing woodbine bow'r,
Dearest.	At sultry noon, my dearie O
My dearest member nearly dozen'd: Auld comrade dear †	And talk of love my dearie O
I ask for dearest life alone, That I may live to love her. S. Come let me take thee †	I'll comfort thee, my dearie O
	He [the cottar] woos his simple dearie: S. O poortith cauld,
	How fumbling coofs their dearies slight, Scotch Drink. 12
Prop of my dearest hopes for future times. Ep. to R. Graham, 5.	Scroggam, my dearie, ruffum S. Scroggam
O Death! the poor man's dearest friend,	Sae sad was I, In absence o' my dearie. S. The tither morn
Man was made to mourn.	Come to my bosom, my ain only deary, S. Wandering Willie
But did you see my dearest Phillis,	O gin I were her dearie! S. When first I saw
In simplicity's array; S. Mark yonder Pomp†	When I think on the happy days
From friendship and dearest affection removed;	I spent wi' you, my dearie; When I think on
Monody, on a Lady.	It was na sae ye glinted by When I was wi' my dearie
The dearest o' the quorum. [re.] . S. O May thy morn †	
O why should Fate sic pleasure have,	I'll meet thee on the lea-rig,
Life's dearest bands untwining? . S. O poortith cauld †	My ain kind dearie O. [re.]. S. When o'er the hill
But my delight in yon town, And dearest joy, is Lucy fair. S. O wat ye wha's in t	Wilt thou be my dearie? S. Wilt thou be my
	I swear and vow that only thou Shall ever be my dearie: [re.]
while life's dearest blood is warm,	The golden hours, on angel wings,
Fare-thee-well, thou best and dearest! . S. One fond kiss †	Flew o'er me and my dearie;
That dearest meed is granted—honest fame; Prologue, sp. by Woods.	S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams
And ay my Chloris' dearest charm,	Dear-lov'd.
She says she loves me best of a'. [re.] S. Sae flaxen †	A dear-lov'd lad, convenience snug,
There, dearest Chloris, wilt thou rove	A treacherous inclination Add. to Unco Guid
What says she, my dearest, my Phely? [re.]	And for my dear-lov'd Land o' Cakes,
S. Saw ye my Phely.	I pray with holy fire: The Election Ballads, V
We will drain our dearest veins, S. Scots wha ha'e †	Dearly.
And I hae tint my dearest dear; . S. She's fair and fause †	O dearly do I lo'e thee Annie. S. By Allan Stream
In that sober pensive mood,	Wha dearly like a jig or sang, . Ep. to Maj. Logan.
Dearest to the feeling soul, S. Streams that glide †	But still, but still, I like them dearly,
Dearest of Distillation! last and best! How art thou lost! The Author's Cry and Prayer, Mott.	The wisest Man the warl' saw,
My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise:	He dearly lov'd the lasses, O. S. Green grow the Rashe.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 1.	A gate, I fear, I'll dearly rue; S. I gaed a waefu'
lust and pride, The arch-fiends dearest, darkest powers,	Swear how I love thee dearly: S. Now westlin winds
The Hermit.	O ken ye what Meg o' the Mill loes dearly? S. O ken ye what Meg
And by them lies the dearest lad	I dearly like the west, S. Of a' the airts
That ever blest a woman's eel . S. The lovely lass of I.+	Wha dearly like a random-splore; On Scot. Bard gne to W.
For Right the third, our last, our best, our dearest, The Rights of woman.	Dearly hought the hidden treasure
The dearest siller that ever I wan S. The Taylor fell †	Finer feelings can bestow! S. Sensibility
The dearest comfort o' their lives	The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen S. Tam Glen
Their grushie weans an' faithfu' wives; The Twa Dogs, 17.	To Death she's dearly pay'd the kane, Tam Samson's El
His dearest friend and brother scarcely knew! The Vowels.	This chap will dearly like our kin', S. There was a lad
But th' laddie's dear sel he lo'es dearest of a'.	Thou'rt welcome to it dearly! . S. When wild War's
S. There's a youth †	That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
Dearest tie of young connexions, To a Kiss.	S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams
And, dearest gift of heaven below,	Dear-remember'd.
Thine friendship's truest heart To Chloris.	O ye, my dear-remember'd, ancient yealings,
For one [dart] has cut my dearest tye, And quivers in my heart	The Brigs of Ayr.
And thou hast plighted me love o' the dearest!	Dears.
S.'Twas na her bonie blue †	Auld Nature swears, the lovely Dears Her noblest work she classes, O: S. Green grow the Rashe
"To cut it aff, an' what fore no,	Ye're wae men, ye're nae men,
"Your dearest member." What ails ye now t	That slight the lovely dears: The Ans. to the Guidwif
O! happy, happy may he be,	Dear sirs!
That's dearest to thy bosom: . S. When wild War's †	Hech man! dear sirs! is that the gate,
Dearle [dim. of dear].	They waste sae mony a braw estate! . The Twa Dogs, 2
Wha did I meet upon the way,	Dearthfu'. It sets you ill, Wi' bitter, dearthfu' wines to mel
But pretty Peg, my dearie S. As I gaed up by †	Scotch Drink. I
Rest I canna get For thinking o' my dearie. S. Ay waking, O†	Death.
Sleep I can get nane, For thinking on my Dearie.	Till Death did on him ca', man; A Fragment.
S. Ay waukin, O.	Or close them [my weary eyes] fast in death! A Prayer under Anguis.
The mair I kiss she's ay my dearie. S. Braw lads of G. Water.	When death's dark stream I ferry o'er,
Sae bonie blue her een, my dearie; [re.] Ib.	A V. on being Hosp. Entertained

But gude preserve us frae the gallows,	Thro' fields of death to gather fame, S. The capt. Ribband.
That shamefu' death! Adam A-'s Prayer.	from the shades of death's deep night,
When Death comes in, wi' glimmering blink, 1b.	The Election Ballads, VI.
Till clay-cauld death sall blin' my e'e,	Now Death and Hell engulph thy foes,
Ye sall be my dearie S. Ca' the Ewes.	Tho' Death in ev'ry shape appear,
It spak right howe—'My name is Death.' Death and Dr. Hornbook. 9.	The Wretched have no more to fear: S. The gloomy night †
'Folk maun do something for their bread,	In gasping death to wallow The Petition of Br. Water.
'An' sae maun Death Ib. 12.	Tho' ye can do little skaith, ye'll be in at the death,
Whare I kill'd ane, a fair strae-death, 1b. 25	The Kirk's Alarm.
I took the way that pleas'd mysel, And sae did Death, 1b. 31.	We thought ay death wad bring relief, The Twa Herds, 13.
Duncan cou'dna be her death, S. Duncan Gray †	Often hast thou vow'd that death Only should us sever: S. Thou hast left me†
O Death! thou tyrant fell and bloody! El. on Capt. M. H. I.	Only should us sever: S. Thou hast left me † If death, then, wi' skaith, then,
Nor envious death so triumphed in a blow,	Some mortal heart is hechtin, To a Medical Gent
El. on Miss Burnet.	But why, o' Death, begin a tale? To J. S., 11.
O Death, hadst thou but spar'd his life,	With many a filial tear circling the bed of death!
Epig. on Henpecked Squire.	To R. G. of F., q.
Or die a cadger pownie's death, . Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 7.	Or Death's unlovely, dreary, dark abode? Why am I loth †
A warmer heart Death ne'er made cold Epit. for R. A.	But oh! fell death's untimely frost,
Here Souter [Hood] in Death does sleep;	S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †
Epit, on ruling Elder.	Deathful. That like a deathful meteor gleam'd afar,
For had he said, "the soul alone "From death I will deliver". Epit. on Country Laird.	On Death of Sir J. Blair.
	Deathless.
O Death, it's my opinion, Thou ne'er took such a bleth'ran b-tch, Epit. on noisy Polemic.	after many a bloody, deathless doing, . Scots Prologue.
	dearer than my deathless soul, . S. Tho' cruel fate †
Here lies with death auld Grizel Grim, Epit. on Grizel Grim.	Ferguson, the writer-chiel, A deathless name.
O Death, how horrid is thy taste	To W. Simpson. 3.
Say, sages, what's the charm on earth, Can turn death's dart aside? . Ep. on Miss J. Lewars.	Deave [deafen, stupefy with noise or clamour].
Wi' Death forgather'd by the way,	And sair wi' his love he did deave me;
Epit. on Tam the Chapman.	S. Last May a braw wooer†
Death was nae less pleased wi' Thomas,	My minny does constantly deave me, . S. Tam Glen.
Sae tickled Death, they couldna part:	If mair they deave us wi' their din, . The Ordination. 14.
Death takes him hame to gie him quarters,	A clapper tongue wad deave a miller; . S. Willie Wastle †
Stop Thief! dame Nature cried to Death, Epit. on W	Debar. Debar a' side-pretences; . Ep. to Young Friend. 8.
Death has murder'd Johnie; Epit. on wee Johnie.	Debauch.
O what is death but parting breath? S. Farewell, ye dungeons	Then sowther a' in deep debauches The Twa Dogs. 32.
Death, oft I've fear'd thy fatal blow, S. Fate gave the word, †	Debauchery.
And by fell death was nearly nicket: Friend of the poet, † P. S.	Till, quite transmogrify'd, they're grown
	Debauchery and Drinking: . Add. to Unco Guid. 5.
While Death stands victor by, S. From thee, Eliza, †	Deborah.
I gat my death frae twa sweet een, S. I gaed a waefu't	He, rising, rejoicing, Between his twa Deborahs, The Jolly Beggars. R. VIII.
There's death in the cup—sae beware! . Inscrip. on Goblet.	Between his twa Deborahs, The Jolly Beggars. R. VIII. Debt. That he intends to pay your debt, . A Dream. 7.
Whom death had all untimely taen. Lament for Glencairn.	
And in the narrow house o' death Let winter round me rave; Lament of Mary of Scots.	Till he forgets his loves or debts, . Scotch Drink, Mott.
	I'll be his debt twa mashlum bonnocks, The Author's Cry and Prayer.
Haste, gie her name up i' the chappel, Nigh unto death; Letter to J. Goudie.	Debtor. For neither Pension, Post, nor Place,
Her feeble pulse gies strong presumption	Am I your humble debtor: A Dream. 3.
Death soon will end her	This hour on e'enin's edge I take
Hear it not, Wallace, in thy bed of death! Liberty.	To own I'm debtor, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st.
Death, that grusome carl, Lns add. to J. Ranken.	Which will oblige your humble debtor,
I'm better pleas'd to make one more,	S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. G.†
Than be the death of twenty. Lns on Windows, Gl. Tav	I'm three times, doubly, o'er your debtor,
O Death! the poor man's dearest friend,	Second Ep. to Davie.
. Man was made to Mourn.	It's now twa month that I'm your debtor, Third Ep. to J. Lap
Oh still I behold thee, all lovely in death,	Hae thought they had ensur'd their debtors,
On Death of fav. Child.	A' future ages; To J. S., 8.
The Tyrant Death, with grim control, . S. Peggy Chalmers.	Jove's tunefu' dochters three times three,
But tearing Peggy from my soul Must be a stronger death	Made Homer deep their debtor; . To Miss Ferrier.
And sock or buskin skelp alang	Decay.
To death or marriage; Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	While worth in the mind o' my Phillis
Death tears the brother of her love	Will flourish without a decay. S. Adown winding Nith†
From Isabella's arms Sad thy tale †	Our sad decay in church and state,
Then Burnewin comes on like Death	Surpasses my descriving: S. Awa, whigs, awa.
At ev'ry chap Scotch Drink, 10.	And soothe me wi' tidings o' Nature's decay; S. My Nanie's Awa.
To Death she's dearly pay'd the kane, Tam Samson's El	Ruins yet beauteous in decay, . On Lincluden Castle.
Death's gien the Lodge an unco devel,	Decay, to.
But now he lags on Death's hog-score,	Who but knows they all decay! S. My Mary's face †
dark in Death's fish-creel	Decayed.
Till coward Death behind him jumpit,	The state of the s
unskaith'd by Death's gleg gullie, Ib. Per C	And all the splendid scene's decayed; On Lincluden Castle.
Death comes, wi' fearless eye he sees him;	The Catrine woods were yellow seen, The flowers decay'd on Catrine lea, S. The Catrine woods †
The Author's Cry and Prayer, P.	But long ere night cut down it lies
frae the sheeth Dwow blades o' doesh	
frae the sheath, Drew blades o' death,	All wither'd and decay'd The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	All wither'd and decay'd The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps Deceased.
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor. The death o' devils, smoor'd wi' brimstone reek:	All wither'd and decay'd The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor. The death o' devils, smoor'd wi' brimstone reek: The Brigs of Ayr. To rustic Agriculture did bequeath	All wither'd and decay'd The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps Deceased. When —, deceased, to the Devil went down, Epig. on —. So, by some hedge, the generous steed deceased.
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor. The death o' devils, smoor'd wi' brimstone reek: The Bries of Ayr.	All wither'd and decay'd The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps Deceased. When —, deceased, to the Devil went down, Epig. on —.

Deceit. Beauty is at best deceit; S. Jockey fou, †	Declar'd.
Deceitful.	Then a' that kent him round declar'd,
Such was my life's deceitful morning, . S. I dream'd I lay †	He had ingine, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 5.
Deceive.	Ilk feature—auld nature Declar'd that she cou'd do nae mair! S. Sae flaxen
And ony De'il that thinks to get you, Good Lord deceive him. A Farewell.	Declar'd that she cou'd do nae mair! S. Sae flaxen† Declaring. Heavy, heavy is the task,
Good Lord deceive him A Farewell. Thy hopes will soon deceive thee S. Deluded swain †	Hopeless love declaring; S. Blythe ha'e I been †
Cruel, cruel to deceive me! S. Stay, my charmer †	Decilning.
They flatter, she says, to deceive me, S. Tam Glen.	The fears all, the tears all,
Deceived, -'d.	Of dim declining Age! Despondency, an Ode. 5.
Tho fickle Fortune has deceiv'd me, . S. I dream'd I lay †	Decorous.
That he was still deceived who trusted	Prudence, with decorous sneer, . In vain would Prudence † Decorum.
To love or friend; The Hermit.	Let them cant about decorum,
Though fickle Fortune has deceiv'd me,	Who have character to lose. The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII.
Deceiver. S. Though fickle Fortune †	He'd die before he'd wrong it—'tis decorum.
I'll warrant then, ye're nae Deceiver, . A Ded. to G. H., 9.	The Rights of Woman.
December.	Decoy. Morality's demure decoys
the mirk night o' December, S. O May thy morn †	Shall here nae mair find quarter: . The Ordination, 13.
An' bleak December's winds ensuin, To a Mouse.	Decoy, to.
Ance mair I hail thee, thou gloomy December! [re.]	Decoy the wight that late an' drunk is: Add. to the Deil. 13.
Decency. S. Gloomy December.	Decoying.
And carefully he bred me	Bowers adieu! where love decoying,
In decency and order, O; S. My father was a farmer †	First enthrall'd this heart o' mine, . S. Scenes of woe t
With decency and law beneath his [Riot's] feet;	Decree.
Prologue, sp. by Woods.	'Gainst fortune's fell cruel decree S. Here's a health to ane† Decreed. But hath decreed that wicked men
Decent. She dresses aye sae clean and neat, Both decent and genteel: . S. Handsome Nell.	Shall ne'er be truly blest The 1st Psalm.
decent, honest, fawsont folk, The Twa Dogs. 21.	Decyphering.
	My periods that decyphering defy, Ep. fr. Esopus.
Decide. Till slap! come in an unco loun, And wi' a rung decide it: S. Does haughty Gaul†	Dedicate.
Decided. An' monie lads an' lasses fates	To dedicate them, Sir, to You: . A Ded. to G. H., 12.
Are there that night decided: . Halloween. 7. Decidedly.	To you I dedicate the hour In idle rhyme.
Who made the heart, 'tis He alone	To Rev. J. M'Math. Dedicating. With all the venal soul of dedicating Prose?
Decidedly can try us, Add. to Unco Guid. 8.	The Brigs of Ayr.
Deck. But clear your decks an' here's the Sex	Dedication.
Deck, to. The Jolly Beggars, S. VII.	A fleechan, fleth'ran Dedication, A Ded. to G. H.
These wild-wood flowers I've pu'd to deck	I maist forgat my Dedication;
That spotless breast o' thine; S. Behold, my love, †	Dee. Buy braw troggin,
In days when Daisies deck the ground, . Ep. to Davie. 4.	Frae the banks o' Dee; The Election Ballads. IV.
And the next flowers, that deck the spring, Bloom on my peaceful grave. Lament of Mary of Scots.	'Twas by the banks o' bonie Dee,
To deck her gay green spreading howers; S. Now rosy May †	Thoughts, words and deeds, the Statute blames with reason;
And from thee many a parent stem	A Dream.
Arise to deck our land On Birth of Posth. Child.	famed for martial deed and sacred song, Liberty.
And in paste gems and frippery deck her; . Poem on Life.	The deed too daring brave is; S. Lovely Davies.
And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 18.	For none e'er approached her but rued the rash deed.
Mayst thou long, sweet crimson gem,	Monody, on a Lady. Has this to say—"It was no deed of mine;"
Richly deck thy native stem; To Miss C	Remorse. A Frag
Deck'd, Deckt, Deckit.	And execrates man's savage ruthless deeds!)
Ilk spring they're new deckit wi' bonie white yewes.	The Brigs of Ayr.
S. Awa' wi your witchcraft	A chief o' doughty deed; . The Election Ballads. V.
So deckt the woodbine sweet you aged tree, El. on Miss Burnet.	The butcher deeds of bloody fate,
The sweetest flower that deck'd the mead,	S. The small birds †
Now trodden like the vilest weed, . S. O Lassie, art thou †	The gentleman in word an' deed, . To Rev. J. M'Math.
Sweetly deckt with pearly dew Sad thy tale,†	Deep. When frosts lay lang, an' snaws were deep,
Be thou deckt in silken stole, Wr. in Friars-Carse H	As fair art thou, my bonie lass, A Guid New-year † 13.
Declamation-mist. Till in a declamation-mist,	So deep in luve am I; S. A red, red Rose.
His argument he tint it: . Extem. in Court of Session.	But deep this truth impress'd my mind A Winter Night. 10.
Declaration.	And deep as soughs the boding wind, Amang his caves, the sigh he gave As on the banks t
But pith and power, till my last hour,	Amang his caves, the sigh he gave. As on the banks † The foaming stream deep roaring fa's,
I'll mak this declaration; S. The Union.	S. Bonie lassie, will ye go t
Declare. My passion I will ne'er declare, S. Ah, Chloris,† Could aught of song declare my pains, S. Could aught of song † Wide o'er the paked world declare	Law, physics, politics and deep divines:
S. Could aught of song t	Ep. to R. Graham, 2.
Wide o et the mateu world decidie	Ere my poor soul such deep damnation stain, My horny first assume the plough again;
The worth we've lost. El. on Capt. M. H. 13.	'Till deep it crashing whelms the cottage in the vale:
Falsest of woman-kind, canst thou declare, All thy fond-plighted vows, fleeting as air! S. Had I a cave t	Fragment of Ode.
And sage Experience bids me this declare	The battle closes deep and bloody: . S. My bonie Mary.
The Cotter's Sat. Night, 9.	Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee, [re.]
The bursting tears my heart declare, S. The gloomy night †	S. One fond kiss,† deep I feel Your interest in the poet's weal; Poem on Life.
Frae this time forth, I do declare, I'se ne'er ride horse nor hizzie mair; The Inventory.	There let him bowse an' deep carouse, Scotch Drink, Mott
And they declare Terreagle's fair, . S. The noble Maxwells †	And plung'd me deep in woe. S. Talk not of Love †
,	

She prophesied that late or soon,	Defender.
Thou would be found deep drown'd in Doon: Tam o' Shanter, 3.	Revered defender of beauteous Stuart, Poct. Add. to Tytler. Defiance.
Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellow'd:	And Westerha' and Hopeton hurled To every Whig, defiance. The Election Ballads. VI.
The Brigs of Ayr, 9. from the shades of death's deep night, The Election Ballads, VI.	Defile. Dishonour defile me, If e'er I beguile thee, S. Eppie Adair.
It never fails, on drinkin deep, To kittle up our notion, By night or day. The Holy Fair. 19.	Defil'd. But thou remembers we are dust, Defil'd in sin. Holy Willie's Prayer, 6.
And mourn, in lamentation deep, The Lament, 1	Define. The moral man he does define, The Holy Fair. 15.
Then sowther a' in deep debauches The Twa Dogs, 32. There's D[unca]n deep, and P[eeble]s shaul,	Definition. Mankind is a science defies definitions. Fragment, inscr. to Fox. Deform.
The Twa Herds, 10 Deep lights and shades, bold-mingling, The Vision, D. I. 12.	Now moths deform in shapeless tatters,
With musing-deep, astonish'd stare, Ib. D. II. I. He drank his poor god-ship as deep as the sea, The Whistle.	Deform'd. Their unknown pages To J. S., 8.
Far seen in Greek, deep men o' letters, To J. S., 8.	But, ah! deform'd, dishonest to the sight! . The Vowels. Defy. My periods that decyphering defy Ep. fr. Esopus.
O Love thou hast pleasures, and deep have I lov'd, S. Wae is my heart †	Mankind is a science defies definitions. Fragment, inser. to Fox.
As deep recoiling surges foam below, Wr. by Fall of Fyers. Deep, the. where the beetling cliff o'erhangs the deep,	And safe beneath the shady thorn Defies the angler's art: S. Now Spring has clad †
Add. sp. by Fontenelle. from the eddying deep below, As on the banks †	Defying. He was a care-defying blade, The Jolly Beggars, R. VII.
And thirst of gold might tempt the deep, S. Twas even—the dewy†	Degenerate. Mark ruffian Violence, distain'd with crimes; Rousing elate in these degenerate times;
Deep-bending. And view, deep-bending in the pool,	On Death of R. Dundas. That wound degenerate ages cannot cure. Ib.
Their shadows' wat'ry bed: The Petition of Br. Water. Deep-dy'd.	Those fathers would spurn their degenerate son, Poet. Add. to Tytler.
And brandish round the deep-dy'd steel In sturdy blows; [v. A. 4] . The Vision.	And, agonising, curse the time and place When ye begat the base, degen'rate race!
Deepening, -'ning. And strikes the ever-deep'ning tones, . A Ded. to G. H., to.	The Brigs of Ayr, 9. Degree. A country lad is my degree, S. Behind you hills †
Wi' deepening deluges o'erflow the plains; The Brigs of Ayr, 7.	In the rolling tide of spreading Clyde There sits an isle of high degree, S. The bonie Lass of Albany.
Deeper. Time but the impression stronger makes, As streams their channels deeper wear. S. To Mary in Heaven.	S. The bonie Lass of Albany. Which, by degrees, slips round her neck, The Holy Fair. 11.
Deepest.	But tho' he was o' high degree, The fient a pride na pride had he, The Twa Dogs.
Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure, Thrill the deepest notes of woe, S. Sensibility, †	O had she but been of a lower degree, S. There's auld Rob M.
The frost may freeze the deepest sea, . S. To daunton me. Deep-green-mantl'd.	Woor by degrees, till her last roon Gaed past their viewin, To W. Simpson. P.S.
Or when the deep-green-mantl'd Earth, Warm-cherish'd ev'ry floweret's birth, The Vision, D. II. 14.	Delgn. Whose rhymes you'll perhaps, Sir, ne'er deign to peruse:
Deep-lairing.	Deil, De'il, Diel [devil]. Fragment, inscr. to Fox.
And thro' the drift, deep-lairing, sprattle, Beneath a scar A Winter Night. 3.	And ony De'il that thinks to get you, Good Lord deceive him, A Farewell.
Deeply-ranklin'. I canna to mysel' conceal	I'm sure sma' pleasure it can gie, Ev'n to a deil, Add. to the Deil, 2.
My deeply-ranklin' sorrow V.s under Grief. Deep-read.	Deil blin' them wi' the stoure o't, . S. Awa, whigs, awa. Wha the de'il ever thinks o' the road he has past.
deep-read in hell's black grammar, On Grose's Peregrinations. And gallant Sir Robert, deep-read in old wines.	Is just as true's the Deil's in h-ll,
The Whistle. 6. Deep-struck.	Or Dublin city: Death and Dr. Hornbook. 2. Diel mak his king's-hood in a spleuchan! 1b. 14.
With deep-struck, reverential awe, The learned Sire and Son I saw, [v. A. 4] . The Vision.	But deil a foreign tinkler loun Shall ever ca' a nail in't: S. Does haughty Gault
Deep-sunk. The meeting cliffs each deep-sunk glen divides, Wr. in Kennore Inn.	Here lies in earth a root of Hell, Set by the Deil's ain dibble; Epit. on D. C.
Deep-ton'd.	But hear me, Sir, de'il as ye are, . Epit. on Holy Willie.
Or deep-ton'd plovers, grey, wild-whistling o'er the hill; The Brigs of Ayr.	But I'll be wi' ye by an' bye; Or else the Deil's be in it Extem., to an Intimate.
Deer. My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer; Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe, [re.] S. My heart's in the Highlands †	For deil a bite o't's rotten
The hunter lo'es the morning sun, To rouse the mountain deer, my jo; S. When o'er the hill†	Deil tak Kate An' she be na noddin too!
Deevii v. Devil. Defac'd. Sunk on the earth, defac'd its lovely form,	S. Gudeen to you Kimmer's But whether 'twas the Deil himsel,
The Rights of Woman. Defame. To stigmatize false friends of thine	But for to meet the Deil her lane, She pat but little faith in:
Can ne'er defame thee. To Rev. J. M'Math. Defence.	The Deil, or else an outler Quey,
I. for their thoughtless, careless sakes Would here propone defences, Add. to Unco Guid. 2.	As for the deil, he daurna steer him. S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. G.
Defend.	The deil tak' his taste to gae near her! S. Last May a braw wooer!
Not only hear—but patronise—defend them, Scots Prologue. Thy minions, kings defend, controul, devour, To R. G. of F.—	The Deil he cou'dna skaithe thee, S. O saw ye bonie Lesley !
Ye pow'rs of honour, love, and truth, From ev'ry ill defend her; S. Young Peggy †	The deil a ane would spier your price, S. O Tibbie!† For clever deils he'll mak 'em! On a Schoolmaster.
From ev ry ill defend her; S. Young Peggy †	For clever deals he il mak 'em!

He wad na wrang'd the vera Diel, On Sc. Bard gne to W. I.	Delight. While my soul's delight
Wi' deils, they say, L-d safe's! colleaguin	Is on her bed of sorrow. S. Ay waking, O†
On Grose's Peregrinations.	Never mair to taste delight S. Frae the friends †
For de'il a hair I roose him On W. Chalmers.	Nae the meat, but appetite Maks our eating a delight:
Haud up thy han' Deil! ance, twice, thrice! Scotch Drink, 20. The Deil had business on his hand Tam o' Shanter. 8.	The Sun took delight to shine for its sake;
Fair play, he car'd na deils a boddle	S. Lady Mary Ann,
Has auld K[ilmarnock] seen the Deil? . Tam Samson's El.	Compar'd wi' my delight is poor S. O Phely,†
(Deil na they never mair do guid,	But my delight in yon town, And dearest joy, is Lucy fair. S. O wat ye wha's in t
The Author's Cry and Prayer.	And still his precious self his dear delight: Sketch.
Till when ye speak, ye aiblins blether,	Return, ye moments of delight, S. Slow spreads the gloom †
Yet deil mak' matter! [v. A. 2] . Ib., P	While day and night can bring delight, S. The day returns †
O how deil Tam can that be true? S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	And still my delight is in proper young men:
And ev'n the vera deils they [Bards] brawly ken them).	The Jolly Beggars. S. II.
The Brigs of Ayr, 4.	The day comes to me, but delight brings me nane;
Then down ye'll hurl, deil nor ye never rise! Ib. 7.	Delight, to. S. There's auld Rob M.†
He sought them out, he sought them in,	Our auld Guidman delights to view
Wi' deil hae her l and deil hae him! S. The cooper o' cuddy t	His sheep an' kye thrive bonie, . S. Behind you hill †
The deil cam fiddlin' thro' the town, And danc'd awa wi' th' Exciseman'; S. The deil cam fiddlin' †	And courtly grandeur bright
The de'ils awa' the de'il's awa'	The fancy may delight, S. Mark yonder Pomp †
The de'ils awa' wi' th' Exciseman, Ib.	The dark, dreary winter, and wild-driving snaw, Alane can delight me—now Nanie's awa'.
And mony braw thanks to the meikle black deil,	S. My Nanie's Awa,
That danc'd awa' wi' th' Exciseman 10.	Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain, Delights the weary Farmer; . S. Now westlin winds †
But the ae best dance e'er cam to the Land, Was, the deil's awa' wi' th' Exciseman	To my wife and children in whom I delight,
An he get na hell for his haddin,	S. The Poor Thresher.
The deil gets na justice ava. The Election Ballads. 111.	While bees delight in opening flowers; S. Where Cart rins †
The deil ane but honours them highly,	Delighted.
The deil ane will give them his vote	That, in the merry months o' spring,
Run de'ils for rantin' an' for noise; The Inventory.	Delighted me to hear thee sing, A Winter Night. 4.
The deil would ne'er abide her. S. The Joyful Widower. She's dour and din, a deil within, The Tarbolton Lasses.	Yet [Summer] oft, delighted, stops to trace The progress of the spiky blade.
De'il tak the war! I late and air Hae wish'd S. The tither morn†	Add. to Shade of Thomson.
And staw'd a branch, spite o' the deil, The Tree of Liberty.	The lintwhites in the hazel braes, Delighted, rival other's lays: S. The Contented Cottager.
They're a' run deils an' jads thegither The Twa Dogs. 33.	Delighted doubly then, my Lord,
I hae been a de'il now the feck o' my life,	You'll wander on my banks, The Petition of Br. Water.
S. There liv'd ance a carle t	Delighted with the dashing roar; . The Vision. D. II. 13.
While deil a hair yoursel ye're better, Third Ep. to J. Lap	Delighteth. Goodness still Delighteth to forgive.
To tell the truth an' shame the Deil To —.	Delightful. A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.
Deil tak the hindmost, on they drive, To a Haggis.	But, Delia, more delightful still
Ye hate as ill's the vera de'il, The flinty heart that canna feel To Mr. J. Kennedy.	Steal thine accents on mine ear Delia. An Ode.
Fareweel, auld birkie! Lord be near ye,	In love's delightful fetters, she chains the willing soul!
And then the Deil he daurna steer ye: . To Terraughty.	S. Mark yonder Pomp † Delightless. But to me its delightless,—my Nanie's awa'.
Deil-haet, Devil-haet [devil a thing],	S. My Nanie's Awa.
Tho' deil-haet ails them, yet uneasy; . The Twa Dogs, 30.	My soul, delightless, a' surveys, . S. O Logan, sweetly †
The devil-haet, that I sud ban,	Deliver.
They ever think. Second Ep. to Davie. Deil-ma-care [devil may care, no matter!]	For had he said, "the soul alone "From death I will deliver," . Epit. on Country Laird.
'But deil-ma-care!	"From death I will deliver," . Epit. on Country Laird. We saw none to deliver New Psalmody.
'It just play'd dirl on the bane, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 16.	First, what did yesternight deliver?
But, Deil-ma-care!	"Another year is gone for ever." . Sketch. New-Yr's Day.
Somebody tells the Poacher-Court, Ep. to J. R., 8.	Enthron'd in her eyes he [Love] delivers his law:
Now deil-ma-care about their jaw, . To Mr. M'Adam.	S. True hearted was het
From some of your northern deities sprung: S. Caledonia.	Dell. I'd seek some dell, and in my arms I'd shelter dear Montgomerie's Peggy.
An athiest-laugh's a moor exchange	S. Montgomerie's Peggy.
For Deity offended! Ep. to Young Friend. 9.	The woodcock haunts the lonely dells; S. Now westlin winds †
The deities that I adore,	Lone as I wander'd by each cliff and dell,
Are social Peace and Plenty, Lns on Windows, Gl. Tav Even Avarice would deny	On Death of Sir J. H. Blair. Her banks an' braes, her dens an' dells, To W. Simpson.
His worshipp'd deity, S. Mark yonder Pomp †	
Dejected. But now dejected I appear,	While chearful peace, with linnet song, Chants the lowly dells among. Wr. in Friars-Carse H.
Clarinda proves unkind; To Clarinda.	Delude.
Dull, listless, teased, dejected, and deprest, To. R. G. of F	The bleezan, curst, mischievous monkies
Delay. Till, thence returned, they [tones] softly stray O'er Clouden's wave, with fond delay; On Lincluden Castle.	Delude his eyes, . Add. to the Deil. 13.
Delay to On Lincluden Castle.	Pleasure with her siren air May delude the thoughtless pair; Wr. in Friars-Carse H
I ken thy friends try ilka means	Deluded. Deluded swain, the pleasure
Frae wedlock to delay thee; . S. Here's to thy health,†	The fickle Fair can give thee.
Deleeret [delirous].	Is but a fairy treasure, S. Deluded swain † Deluding.
'For monie a ane has gotten a fright, 'An' liv'd an' di'd deleeret,	dear, deluding woman, The joy of joys! . To J. S., 14.
Delia. But fairer still my Delia dawns, [re.] Delia. An Ode.	Deluge.
Delicious.	Wi' deepening deluges o'erflow the plains; The Brigs of Ayr. 7.
The witching cursed delicious blinkers Ep. to Maj. Logan. 10.	Delusion. Delusions, oppressions, and murderous wars;
Unnumber'd buds an' flow'rs' delicious spoils,	S. By you castle wa't
The Brigs of Ayr.	fortune's vain delusion, O, . S. My father was a farmer †

Delver.

Descriving

Delver.	Departed.
L-d man, our gentry care as little	Deserves the proudest wreath departed heroes claim.
For delvers, ditchers, an' sic cattle; . The Twa Dogs. 12. Delvin.	De'il tak the war! I late and air
For gumlie dubs of your ain delvin! A Ded. to G. H., 10.	Hae wish'd since Jock departed; . S. The tither morn †
Dem.	Lo, from the shades of death's deep night, Departed Whigs enjoy the fight, The Election Ballads. VI.
A buck, a beau, or Dem my eyes! . Epit. on Mr. Burton.	O Mary! dear, departed shade! . S. To Mary in Heaven.
And his last words were Dem my blood! Ib.	Thou mind'st me of departed joys,
Demeanor. Her modest demeanor's the jewel of a'. S. True hearted was het	Departed, never to return S. Ye banks and braes† Departing.
Democrat.	By fits the sun's departing beam
Abjuring their democrat doings,	Look'd on the fading yellow woods Lament for Glencairn.
By kissin' the a— of a peer. The Election Ballads. III.	Is it departing pangs my soul alarms? . Why am I loth
Demosthenes. Whom auld Demosthenes or Tully	Depend. The world were blest did bliss on them depend, Ep. to R. Graham, 5.
Might own for brithers. The Author's Cry and Prayer.	Or why sae sweet a flower as love,
Dempster. Dempster, a true-blue Scot I'se warran; The Author's Cry and Prayer. 13.	Depend on Fortune's shining? . S. O poortith cauld † All on Nature you depend, . On scaring Water-fowl,
Hence, Dempster's truth-prevailing tongue; [v.A.23]	On this poor being all depends, . Sketch. New-Yr's Day.
The Vision. D. II. 6.	Dependent.
A Title, Dempster merits it;	Still self-dependent in her native shore, Prologue sp. by Woods.
Demure. Morality's demure decoys	Depending. Depending on some higher chance, S. Here's to thy health, †
Shall here nae mair find quarter: . The Ordination, 13.	Depiore.
Den. I'm wae to think upo' yon den, Ev'n for your sake! Add. to the Deil. 21.	Tell thae far worlds, wha lies in clay,
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in you thorny den,	Wham we deplore. El. on Capt. M. H. q.
S. Afton Water.	In wood and wild ye warbling throng, Your heavy loss deplore; On Death of Lap-dog.
Ye hazly shaws and briery dens; El. on Capt. M. H. 4.	Pale Scotia's recent wound I may deplore.
Wrongs, injuries, from many a darksome den, On Death of R. Dundas.	On Death of R. Dundas. Who but deplores that hapless friend? Sent to a Gent. offended.
Now he's ta'en her hame to his ain reeky den,	Deploring. By a river hoarsely roaring
S. There liv'd ance a carle † Her banks an' braes, her dens an' dells, To W. Simpson.	Isabella stray'd deploring. S. Raving winds †
Denied, Deny'd.	Deposite.
But whether granted or denied,	Or deposite her sair-won penny-fee, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 4. Deprest.
Lord bless us with content! . A Grace before Dinner.	Dull, listless, teased, dejected, and deprest, To R. G. of F.
Ev'n when the wished end's deny'd, Despondency, an Ode. 2. Altho' even hope is denied; S. Here's a health to ane t	Deprived, -'d.
Altho' even hope is denied; . S. Here's a health to ane † Want only of wisdom denied her respect,	When depriv'd of her husband she loved so well,
Want only of goodness denied her esteem.	Epig. on Henpecked Squire. Another. Depriv'd of thee, his life and light, S. Farewell, dear mistress †
Monody, on a Lady. Epit. Where first I own'd that virgin love	Ae look deprived me o' my heart, . S. When first I saw †
I lang, lang had denied S. O mirk, mirk †	Depth. An' in the depth of science mir'd, Auld comrade dear †
And syne deny'd she did it at a' S. O when she cam ben't	With his depths and his shallows, his good and his evil,
Riches denied, thy boon was purer joys, Sonnet, wr. on Birthday.	Fragment, inser. to Fox. But such is the flaw, or the depth of the plan, Ib.
But the Heavens deny'd success S. Thickest night †	Depute. Old Father Time deputes me here before ye,
This was deny'd, it was affirm'd; . To W. Simpson, P.S	Dern'd [hidden, secreted],
Sair do I fear that to hope is denied me, S. Twas na her bonie blue e'e †	And now we're dern'd in glens and hollows,
Denmark.	Desart v. Desert. Adam A—'s Prayer.
If Denmark, any body spak o't; . Kind Sir, I've read t	Descant. Nor pour your descant grating on my ear:
Denomination.	Sonnet, on Death of R
Black gowns of each denomination, Lns add. to J. Ranken.	Descend. Descend, ye chilly, smothering snows! A Winter Night. 7.
An' ye wha leather rax an' draw, Of a' denominations; The Ordination. 1.	While laigh descends the simmer sun,
Deny. If thou should ask my love,	S. The Contented Cottager. The robin in the hedge descends,
Could I deny thee? S. Jamie, come try me†	And soper chirps securely The Election Ballads. VI.
Even Avarice would deny His worshipp'd deity, S. Mark yonder Pomp †	Prone down the rock the whitening sheet descends, Wr. by Fall of Fyers.
Why urge the only, one request,	Descending.
You know I will deny! S. Talk not of Love † That there is falsehood in his looks	Or find a sheltering, safe retreat,
I must and will deny: That there is falsehood †	From prone-descending showers. The Petition of Br. Water. Describe. Some sort all our qualities each to its tribe,
Fancies that our guid Brugh denies protection, The Brigs of Ayr. 8.	And think human nature they truly describe;
Maxwell, if merit here you crave,	Fragment, inscr. to Fox. Could I describe her shape and mien; S. On Cessnock banks
That merit I deny: To Dr. Maxwell.	Describ'd. I've scarce heard ought describ'd sae weel,
If to love thy heart denies, For pity, hide the cruel sentence S. Turn again, thou fair †	What gen'rous, manly bosoms feel; Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 4.
Since to enjoy Thou dost deny,	Descrive [describe].
Assist me to resign!	Let me fair Nature's face descrive, . To W. Simpson.
Since thou then deny'st the pleasure,	Descriving [describing]. Our sad decay in church and state,
Now 'tis fit that thou shouldst mourn. S. Blue Bonnets.	Surpasses my descriving: S. Awa, whigs, awa.
Depart. It burns my heart I must depart	With these what Tory warriors clos'd,
And not avenged be S. Farewell, ye dungeons †	Surpasses my descriving: . The Election Ballads. VI. O, how past descriving had then been my bliss,
Ae thought frae her shall ne'er depart; S. O wat ye wha's in †	S. There's auld Rob M.+

Descry.	Desire, to.
A lang half-mile she could descry him; . Poor Mailie's El	Gie me ae spark o' Nature's fire, That's a' the learning I desire; Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 13.
Descry'd. Our warlock Rhymer instantly descry'd	Whae'er desires to ken, Epit. on J. Dove, Innkeeper.
The Sprites that owre the Brigs of Ayr preside. The Brigs of Ayr. 4.	The Friend we trust; the Fair we love;
Desert, Desart. Through the dire desert regions of sorrow,	And we desire no more Grace after Dinner.
On Death of fav. Child.	Auld uncle John, who wedlock's joys,
I joy my lonely days to lead in This desert drear; The Hermit	Sin' Mar's-year did desire,
But few enjoy the calm I know in This desert wood Ib.	Desiring.
Tho' mountains rise, and deserts howl,	Desiring Glenriddell to yield up the spoil; . The Whistle.
And oceans roar between; S. Tho' cruel fate †	Desolating.
Desart ilka blooming shore; . S. Frae the friends †	Waving on high the desolating brand, Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
The desart were a paradise,	Desolation.
If thou wert there, if thou wert there. S. O wert thou in the	The many-pounders of the Banks,
Swift from this desart let me part, S. Slow spreads the gloom t	Resistless desolation; The Election Ballads. VI.
Desert [merit, what one deserves].	desolation's lang teeth'd harrow, To Terraughty.
Roose you sae weel for your deserts,	Despair.
Ep. to J. $L-k$, Ap. 21st, 5.	When Remembrance wracks the mind, Pleasures but unvail Despair. S. Frae the friends †
L—d mind G[avi]n H[amilto]n's deserts, Holy Willie's Prayer. 11.	Ye Heavens, how great is my despair, Fragment.
How true is love to pure desert, S. Sae far awa.	The voice of woe and wild despair! Lament for Glencairn.
O Pope, had I thy satire's darts	Within whase bosom save Despair
To gie the rascals their deserts, . To Rev. J. M'Math.	Nae kinder spirits dwell S. Now Spring has clad t
Desert, to.	Of speechless grief, and dark despair:
I'll desert my sov'reign lord, S. Husband, husband †	S. O stay, sweet warbling †
Tho' by the neck she should be strung,	Dark despair around benights me. S. One fond kiss, †
She'll no desert. The Author's Cry and Prayer.	Fell Despair my fancy seizes S. Raving winds †
The Power, incens'd, the Pageant will desert The Cotter's Sat. Night. 17.	Gie him strong Drink until he wink, That's sinking in despair; Scotch Drink. Mott.
O never, never Scotia's realm desert,	Thou ev'n brightens dark Despair, Wi' gloomy smile. Ib. 6.
Wad ne'er desert his friend The Election Ballads. I.	I know my doom must be despair, S. The last time I†
Why desert ye your auld native shire? . The Kirk's Alarm.	soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair. S. The small birds †
Again I might desert fair Virtue's way; Why am I loth †	Tho' despair had wrung its core, S. Thine am I †
Deserted.	Sair do I fear that despair maun abide me;
If every other fair one,	S. Twas na her bonie blue e'e †
But her, thou hast deserted, S O wat ye wha that loes †	Despair, to. But ahl how bootless to admire,
Or kirk, deserted by its riggin, On Grose's Peregrinations.	When fated to despair! S. Anna, thy charms †
Deserve.	For sure 'twere impious to despair So much in sight of Heaven
Deserves the proudest wreath departed heroes claim.	I know thou doom'st me to despair, S. Farewell, thou stream †
Fragment of Ode. I wha deserve sic just damnation, . Holy Willie's Prayer. 3.	Despair'd.
And fortune favor worth and merit,	And but for you I might despair'd of. Kind Sir, I've read t
As they deserve: Poem on Life.	Despairing. Sighing, dumb, despairing! S. Blythe ha'e I been †
Could I think I did deserve it,	Still caring, despairing,
How much happier wou'd I be S. Scenes of woe†	Must be my bitter doom; Despondency, an Ode, 1.
For talents to deserve a place Are qualifications saucy; The Dean of Fac	'Tis sweeter for thee despairing, Than aught in the world beside. S. Here's a health to ane †
The best deserves to fa' that? The Election Ballads. II.	Till of escape despairing, S. How cruel†
Conscious the bounteous meed they well deserve,	Love's veriest wretch, despairing, I
To R. G. of F., 7.	Fain, fain my crime would cover: . S. The last time I†
Deservin. An' think na, my auld, trusty Servan'	The wailing minstrel of despairing woe; . The Vowels.
That now perhaps thou's less deservin, A Guid New-Year † 17.	With stern-resolv'd, despairing eye, To Ruin.
A seat, I'm sure ye're weel deservin't; Add. of Beelzebub. 5.	Rue on thy despairing lover, . S. Turn again, thou fair †
Design. But if I must afflicted be,	Desperate.
To suit some wise design; A Prayer under Anguish.	Lord grant, nae duddie, desperate beggar, Add. of Beelzebub.
Then marks th' unyielding mass with grave designs,	Measur'st in desperate thought—a rope—thy neck Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
Ep. to R. Graham. 2. Domestic peace and comforts crowning	Desperation. In dreadfu' desperation! . Halloween. 20.
The hail design \(\cdot \). Friend of the poet \(\tau \)	Despise. Learn to despise those frowns now so terrific,
Blew up each Tory's dark designs, The Election Ballads. VI.	Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
May Freedom, Harmony and Love	If man thou wouldst be named, Despise the silly creature S. Deluded swain †
May Freedom, Harmony and Love Unite you in the grand Design, The Farewell. To St. J's L Design, to	The Solitary can despise [pleasure, Loves, Joys],
Design, to.	Can want, and yet be blest! . Despondency, an Ode, 4.
Take a heart which he designs thee; . S. Sweetest May †	I know its worst—and can that worst despise. In vain would Prudence †
Designed, -'d.	Who know them best despise them most.
I'm no design'd to try its mettle; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 10.	On Window at Stirling.
When nature her great master-piece designed,	How mony lengthen'd sage advices, The husband frae the wife despises! Tam o' Shanter. 4.
Ep. to R. Graham. 1. If I'm design'd you lordling's slave,	
By Nature's law design'd, . Man was made to Mourn.	The devil the prey will despise. The Election Ballads. III. There I'll despise imperial charms, S. The gowd. Locks of A
Desire.	Despise that Shrimp, that withered Imp,
The caput mortuum of gross desires Ep. to R. Graham. 2.	The Jolly Beggars. S. VI.
Hides young desire amid her flowery wreath, Innocence †	Nae ferly tho' ye do despise The hairum-scairum, ram-stam boys, To J. S., 28.
Altho' thy beauty and thy grace Might weel awauk desire S. It is na, Jean, †	The hairum-scairum, ram-stam boys, To J. S., 28. The brave poor sodger ne'er despise, S. When wild War's †
The liquid fire of strong desire	Despised, -'d.
And wan his heart's desire; The Dean of Fac	But now 'tis despised and neglected: Poet. Add. to Tytler.
Remorse's throb, or loose desire; The Hermit.	Ye poor, despis'd, abandon'd vagabonds, . Tragic Frag.

Despising.	The followers o' the ragged Nine,
Despising wind, and rain, and fire; . Tam o' Shanter. 9.	Poor, thoughtless devils! yet may shine
Despising worlds with all their wealth	Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 16. Ye mak a devil o' the Saunts,
Despite. The Petition of Br. Water.	Ye mak a devil o' the Saunts,
But yet, despite the kittle kimmer [Fortune],	The devil rul'd the woman. Epit. on Henpecked Squire.
I, Rob, am here. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 10. Despot.	Cheat him, Devil, if you can Epit. on J. B., Writer.
You're welcome to Despots, Dumourier; Add. to Dumourier.	All in all he's a problem must puzzle the Devil. Frag., inscr. to Fox.
Crushing the despot's proudest bearing, Liberty.	May tyrants and tyranny tine in the mist,
Till slave and despot be but things which were.	And wander their way to the devil!
Lns extem. in Lady's Pocket-bk.	S. Here's a health to them t
And banged the despot weel, man. The Tree of Liberty.	Whar damned devils roar and yell, Holy Willie's Prayer, 4. But I met the Devil and Dundee
Destin'd.	On th' braes o' Killiecrankie, O. S. Killiecrankie.
tiny thieves not destin'd yet to swing, Ep. fr. Esopus. Destiny, -ie.	The Lord preserve us frae the devil!
Farewell, ye dungeons dark and strong,	Amen! Amen! Poem on Life.
The wretch's destinie! . S. Farewell, ye dungeons †	Poor, plackless devils like mysel, Scotch Drink, 16. As able—and as wicked as the devil! Scots Prologue.
Such make his destiny,	As able—and as wicked as the devil! Scots Prologue. Wi' usquabae, we'll face the devil! . Tam o' Shanter, 11.
He who would injure thee, S. Phillis the Fair. Inspire the highly favour'd youth	The muckle devil blaw you south,
The destinies intend her S. Young Peggy†	The Author's Cry and Prayer.
Destroy. But for thy people's sake destroy 'em,	She's [Scotland's] just a devil wi' a rung; Ib. 22.
Holy Willie's Prayer, 15.	The death o' devils, smoor'd wi' brimstone reek: The Brigs of Ayr.
O why that bliss destroy! S. Talk not of Love † Destroy'd.	Which shews that heaven can boil the pot.
A' my flowery bliss destroy'd S. I dream'd I lay †	Though the devil p-s in the fire The Dean of Fac
Ev'n ev'ry ray of Hope destroy'd, The Lament.	The devil the prey will despise. The Election Ballads, III.
Destruction. An' nighted Trav'llers are allur'd	Like furious devils driving
To their destruction. Add. to the Deil. 12.	His talk o' H-ll, whare devils dwell, Our vera "Sauls does harrow" Wi fright
For Britain's guid! for her destruction! The Twa Dogs. 24.	The Holy Fair, 21.
Rejoicing in the honest man's destruction, . Tragic Frag Destruction-breathing.	I ken the devils dare na touch me The Inventory.
At whose destruction-breathing word,	Or lee-lang nights, wi' crabbet leuks, Pore owre the devil's pictur'd benks; . The Twa Dogs, 33.
The mightiest empires fall! To Ruin.	Poor devil! see him owre his trash, To a Haggis.
Detach.	You shouldna paint at angels mair,
But now his Honor maun detach,	But try and paint the devil To a Painter.
Wi' a' his brimstone squadrons, The Ordination. 10. Detail.	An' if a Devil be at a', In faith he's sure to get him To Gav. Hamilton.
If I should detail the pick and the wale Ronalds of Bennals.	All devil as I am, a damned wretch, Tragic Frag
Determine.	I've little to spend, and naething to lend,
Let time and chance determine; . Ep. to Young Friend. 1.	But deevil a shilling I awe, man Ronalds of Bennals.
Then out into the world	A reekit wee deevil looks ower the wa', S. There liv'd ance a carle†
My course I did determine, O; S. My father was a farmer†	Devii-haet v. Deil-haet.
Detest. And flatt'ry I detest) Ep. to Davie. 8.	Deviiish.
Detested.	Alas! Alas! a devilish change indeed.
A bard who detested all sadness and spleen, The Whistle. 11.	Lns while on Deathbed.
Detested, shunn'd, by saunt an' sinner, To a Louse.	by some devilish cantraip slight Tam o' Shanter. 11.
The most detested, worthless wretch among you! Tragic Frag.	Devilship.
Detesting. Thee, aith-detesting, chaste Kilkerran;	Your brunstane devilship I see Has got him there before ye; . Epit. on Holy Willie.
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 13.	Devious.
Detraction. If e'er Detraction shore to smit you,	Wild-send thee Pleasure's devious way, The Vision, D. II. 17.
May nane believe him! A Farewell. Detraction's eye no aim can gain,	Devon.
Her winning powers to lessen; . S. Young Peggy †	Fairest maid on Devon banks!
Deuce. O why the deuce should I repine, Extem. Ap. 1782.	Crystal Devon, winding Devon, [re.] . S. Fairest maid † How pleasant the banks of the clear winding Devon,
The deuce gae wi' him to believe me, [re.]	'S. How pleasant the banks †
S. Last May a braw wooer† Deuck, Deuk [duck].	Where Devon, sweet Devon, meand'ring flows
Frightin awa your deucks and geese Add. of Beelzebub. 4.	Devoted. Tho' thick'ning, and black'ning, Round my devoted head To Ruin.
The deuks dang o'er my daddie, O! S. The deuks dang o'er.	Devotion. Wearying Heav'n in warm devotion,
Devel [a stunning blow].	S. Musing on the roaring †
Death's gien the Lodge an unco devel, . Tam Samson's El.	Or Cuifs of later times, wha held the notion,
Develope. Do but try to develope his hooks and his crooks:	That sullen gloom was sterling, true devotion: The Brigs of Ayr. 8.
Deviating. Fragment, inscr. to Fox.	Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the heart!
Yet deviating own I must,	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 17.
For so approving me Wr. on Leaf of H. More. Devii, Deevil [v. also Deil].	What airs in dress an' gait wad lea'e us, And ev'n Devotion! To a Louse.
Some devils seize them in a hurry, Adam A—'s Prayer.	Devour.
But to grant a maidenhead's the devil! . Auld comrade †	Thy minions, kings defend, controul, devour, To R. G. of F
The meikle devil wi' a woodie	Those that would the bloom devour,
Haurl thee hame to his black smiddie, El. on Capt. M. H. I.	Crush the locusts, save the flower. Wr. in Hermitage at F. C.
The tane is game, a bluidy devil, . El. on Year 1788.	Devout. And, all devout, he never sought
When —, deceased, to the Devil went down, Epig. on —. The Devil got notice that Grose was a-dying,	To stem the sacred torrent
Epig. on Capt. Grose.	O how they fire the heart devout, Like cantharidian plaisters The Holy Fair. 13.
4 0	, , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , ,

Dew. The dew sat chilly on her [the linnet's] breast,	Diamond.
S. A Rosebud by †	Till the Diamond's Ace, of Indian race,
All freshly steep'd in morning dews. S. Again rejoicing Nature †	Led him a sair faux pas, man: A Fragment. 7.
The op'ning gowan, wat wi' dew, S. Behind you hills †	Its dew-drop o' diamond, her eye. S. Adown winding Nith †
But I cam through the Tiseday's dew, . S. Had I the wyte †	At dawn, when every grassy blade Droops with a diamond at his head, El. on Capt. M. H. 6.
Her lips are roses wet wi' dew! . S. Her flowing locks †	
In the gay rosy morn, as it bathes in the dew;	My Sandy gied to me a ring, Was a' beset wi' diamonds fine; S. My Sandy gied †
S. How pleasant the banks †	And the diamond drops o' dew shall be her een sae clear;
See yonder rose-bud, rich in dew, S. I do confess †	S. The Posie.
Her lips like roses wet wi' dew, S. I gaed a waefu't	But Kindness, sweet Kindness, in the fond-sparkling e'e,
Lady Mary Ann was a flower in the dew: S. Lady Mary Ann.	Has lustre outshining the diamond to me;
	S. You wild mossy mountains †
And mount to the air wi' the dew on her breast; S. Lns on a Ploughman.	
m 1 6116 1 .1 . 111 0 7 77 77 .	The diamond-dew in her een sae blue, S. My Lord a-hunting †
The dew fell tresh, the sun rose mild, S. Luchtess Fortune. The diamond-dew in her een sae blue, S. My Lord a-hunting †	Diana. An' curse your folly sairly, That e'er ye brak Diana's pales, A Dream. 10.
S. My Lord a-hunting †	Awa, thou pale Diana! S. The gowd. locks of A.
Thou lavrock that starts frae the dews of the lawn,	Dibble. Here lies in earth a root of Hell,
S. My Nanie's Awa.	Set by the Deil's ain dibble; . Epit. on D. C.
Then through the dews I will repair, . S. Now rosy May †	Dice. Or rattl'd dice wi' Charlie
You rose-buds in the morning dew, S. O bonie was you rosy t	By night or day A Dream. 10.
As dews o' summer weeping,	Dicing.
In tears the rose-buds steeping: S. O wat ye wha that loes †	An' send him [Charlie Fox] to his dicing box,
And sprinkle it wi' freshest dews S. O were my love †	An' sportin lady. The Author's Cry and Prayer. 19.
And I mysel' a drap of dew,	Dictionar [Dictionary].
Into her bonie breast to fa'!	He was a dictionar and grammar Amang them a';
Sweetly deckt with pearly dew Sad thy tale,†	Did. It just play'd dirl on the bane,
Sweet brushing the dew from the brown heather bells,	But did nae mair. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 16.
S. The heather was bloom.	A coof like him wou'd stain your name,
And the diamond drops o' dew shall be her een sae clear;	If it were kent ye did it Epit. on Holy Willie.
S. The Posie.	O wat ye what my minnie did,
The primroses blow in the dews of the morning, S. The small birds †	On Tysday 'teen to me, jo? . S. O wat ye what my †
While thro' your pores the dews distil	An' wat ye what the parson did,
Like amber bead To a Haggis.	A' for a penny fee, jo?
Nor even Sol too fiercely view	And swore 'twas the way that their ancestor did. The Whistle. 14.
Thy bosom blushing still with dew! To Miss C.	Diddie [to shake, jog].
Dropping dews, and breathing balm	Lang may your elbuck jink and diddle, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 3.
Down by the burn, where scented birks	Lang may your elbuck jink an' diddle, Second Ep. to Davie.
Wi' dew are hanging clear, my jo, S. When o'er the hill t	Didna [did not.]
Those that sip the dew alone,	She did na wait on talkin To spier
Make the butterflies thy own; Wr. in Hermitage at F. C	** 0
Dew-drop.	I wat they didna weary;
It's [the woodbine's] dew-drop o' diamond, her eye.	The sweetest and best o' them a', man. Ronalds of Bennals.
S. Adown winding Nith †	I wonder didna turn thy stomach Tam o' Shanter, 14.
For the dew-drops of morning fall cold on her grave. **Lament on leaving Nat. Land.**	For the auld gudeman o' London court
When dewdrops twinkle o'er the lawn;	She didna care a pin; The Election Ballads, I.
S. On Cessnock banks†	I didna trow, I'd see my jo . S. The tither morn †
The mavis sang, while dew-drops hang	And did na joy blink in her e'e; . S. There was a lass †
Around her on the castle wa' The night was still †	Die. When the bloody die was cast on the heights of Abram;
Dewy. All on a dewy morning S. A Rosebud by †	The Jolly Beggars, S. 1.
drooping rich the dewy head,	Die, to. Come weel, come woe, we'll gather and go,
Where the wa'-flower scents the dewy air, A Vision.	And live or die wi' Charlie. S. Come boat me o'er †
Sweet as the dewy, milk-white thorn, Add. to Edinburgh. 4.	If I had twenty thousand lives,
I meet him [the Sheep-herd] on the dewy hill.	I'd die as aft for Charlie
S. Again rejoicing Nature †	Shall I like a fool, quoth he, For a haughty hizzie die? S. Duncan Gray †
But Phemie was the blythest lass,	For a haughty hizzie die? S. Duncan Gray † E'en let them [Lords or Kings] die—for that they're born!
That ever trode the dewy green. S. Blythe was she †	E en let them [Lords of Kings] the—for that they is both. El. on Year 1788.
O'er the dewy bending flowers . S. Hark! the mavis †	Or die a cadger pownie's death, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 7.
The dewy star of eve to hail S. Here is the glen,	O, who would not die with the brave!
Aloft on dewy wing; Lament of Mary of Scots.	S. Farewell, thou fair day †
Winnowing blythe her dewy wings	I die by treacherie; S. Farewell, ye dungeons †
In morning's rosy eye; . S. Now Spring has clad †	May coward shame disdain his name,
The woodbine in the dewy weet, S. O Phely, †	The wretch that dares not die! 1b.
I see her in the dewy flowers, S. Of a' the airts †	How can I see him die! Fragment.
When purest in the dewy morn; . S. On Cessnock banks †	I can die,-but canna part, . S. Hark! the mavis †
I'll miss thee sporting o'er the dewy lawn,	And as wi' thee I'd wish to live,
On seeing wounded Hare.	For thee I'd bear to die, S. It is na, Jean, †
Rosebuds bent the dewy spray; S. Phillis the Fair.	And they hae sworn a solemn oath John Barleycorn should die John Barleycorn.
Gi'e me the lonely valley, The dewy eve, and rising moon; S. Sae flaxen †	John Barleycorn should die. John Barleycorn. I said he might die when he liked for Jean;
And eye the smoking, dewy lawn, The Petition of Br. Water.	S. Last May a braw wooer †
As in the bosom of the stream	And I'll keep it until the hour I die S. My Sandy gied †
The moon-beam dwells at dewy e'en; S. There was a lass †	The wife of my bosom, alas I she did die:
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet! To a Mountain-Daisy.	S. No Churchman am I†
Oh fresh is the rose in the gay dewy morning,	They'll live, or die wi' fame, Willie!
S. True hearted was he †	S. O Kenmure's on and awa t
'Twas even-the dewy fields were green,	Who for thy sake would gladly die!
S. Twas even—the dewy t	S. O Mary, at thy window †

	Diam man
And now in fainting murmurs die; On Lincluden Castle.	Dim-seen. Dim-seen, through rising mists and ceaseless showers,
Forward,—let us do or die! S. Scots, wha ha'e † That something in us never dies: Sketch. New-Yr's Day.	Wr. by Fall of Fyers.
Let us th' important now employ,	Dimension,
And live as those who never die	And then a' doctor's saws and whittles, Of a' dimensions, shapes, an' mettles,
Or nobly die, the second glorious part: The Cotter's Sat. Night. 21.	Death and Dr. Hornbook. 20.
In your heretic sins may you live, and die, The Dean of Fac	Dimpled, -'t.
The stubborn Tories dare to die: The Election Ballads. VI.	Whyles in a wiel it [the hurnie] dimpl't; . Halloween. 25.
And when I die, Let me in this belief expire,—"To God I fly." The Hermit.	An' ay they dimpled wi' a smile The rosy cheeks o' honie Mary. S. T. Menzie's bonie Mary.
Let me in this belief expire,—"To God I fly. The Hermit. I'll ne'er forsake till the day I die,	Dimpling.
The lass that made the bed to me.	Peaceful keep your dimpling wave, On scaring Water-fowl.
S. The Lass that made the bed.	Din [dun in colour].
He'd die before he'd wrong it—'tis decorum. The Rights of Woman.	She's dour and din, a deil within, . The Tarbolton Lasses. He had a wife was dour and din, S. Willie Wastle†
And knee-deep in claret he'd die or he'd yield. The Whistle. 9.	Din. The cauld blue north was streaming forth
Turn away thine eyes of love, Lest I die with pleasure S. Thine am I †	Her lights, wi' hissing eerie din; A Vision.
An angel could not die	There [o'er hell] let him hing, and roar, and yell, Wi' hideous din, . Adam A—'s Prayer.
Canst thou wreck his peace for ever,	
Wha for thine wou'd gladly die! S. Turn again, thou †	Ye burnies, wimplin down your glens, Wi' toddlin din, . El. on Capt. M. H. 4.
What will I do gin my Hoggie die? S. What will I do gin† If ance I had my lovely treasure,	Or haughty Chieftain, 'mid the din of arms, Ep. fr. Esopus.
Let the rest admire and die. S. Will ye go and marry †	Half-wauken'd wi' the din, . Extem. in Court of Session. Now half your din of tuneless sound,
Let me, lassie, quickly die,	With echo silent lies On Death of Lap-dog.
Trusting that thou lo'es me: S. Wilt thou be my † Died, Di'd, Dy'd.	What needs this din about the town o' Lon'on? Scots Prologue.
The daring invaders they fled or they died S. Caledonia.	They raise a din, that, in the end,
It is not purity and worth,	Is like to breed a rupture O' wrath . The Holy Fair. 18.
Else Jessy had not died Epit. on Miss J. Lewars.	If mair they deave us wi' their din, . The Ordination. 14.
'For monie a ane has gotten a fright, 'An' liv'd an' di'd deleeret,	Some rhyme to court the countra clash, An' raise a din;
Till fey men died awa, man. S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	An' muckle din there was about it,
Still pressing onward, red-wat-shod, Or glorious dy'd! To W. Simpson.	Baith loud an' lang. To W. Simpson, P.S. Ye'll keep me waukin wi' your din; S. Wha is that at †
Diedst. Thou diedst unwept as thou livedst unloved.	We's mak nae din about your tocher;
Monody, on a Lady.	. S. Will ye go and marry †
Diel v. Deil. Differ [difference].	Dine [dinner-time].
What maks the mighty differ; . Add. to Unco Guid. 3.	Frae morning sun 'till dine: S. Shld auld acquaintce † Dine, to.
Different.	What the on hamely fare we dine, S. The Honest Man.
But Queen N[etherplace], of a diffrent complexion, Epig. on Henpecked Squire. Another.	Invited him home to dine with him next day;
Nor even two different shades of the same [virtue],	S. The Poor Thresher. They all went to dine at the Nobleman's hall Ib.
Dig. Fragment, inscr. to Fox.	Tho' faith, I fear ye dine but sparely,
No claws to dig, his hated sight to shun; To R. G. of F., 3.	On sic a place To a Louse.
Dight [to wipe, dry by rubbing; prepare for use].	Dined. And the dukes that you dined wi' yestreen, On an empty Fellow.
Ye bonnie lasses, dight your een, El. on Year 1788.	Ding [to drive, knock, beat; overcome, surpass; be
I'll light now, and dight now, His sweaty wizen'd hide	pushed or upset]. But Facts are cheels that winna ding, A Dream. 4.
Let me ryke up to dight that tear, The Jolly Beggars. S. V.	Wad ding a' Lallan tongue, or Erse, Add. to the Deil. 19.
His knife see Rustic-labour dight, To a Haggis.	Whare Sandy and Nancy I'm sure will ding them a'?
She dights her grunzie wi' a hushion; . S. Willie Wastle †	S. There grows a bonie †
Dight [cleaned from chaff]. The cleanest corn that e'er was dight	Auld Reekie dings them a' to sticks, . To Miss Ferrier. Dink [neat, trim].
May hae some pyles o' caff in; Add. to Unco Guid. Mott.	My Lady's dink, my Lady's drest, S. My Lord a-hunting †
Dighted [wiped].	Dinna [do not].
I dighted ay her een sae blue, S. Had I the wyte†	Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken— Still hae a stake Add. to the Deil. 21.
Dignity. For a' that, and a' that, Their dignities, and a' that, S. The Honest Man.	I dinna envy him the gains he can win;
"Preserve the dignity of Man, With Soul erect; . The Vision. D. II. 22.	S. As I was a-wand ring †
Digression.	Tho' dinna ye be speakin o't; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 30. For Lords or kings I dinna mourn, El. on Year 1788.
Your pardon, Sir, for this digression, A Ded. to G. H., 11.	I dinna like to see your face,
An' there began a lang digression The Twa Dogs. 6.	Nor hear your crack. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 20.
Diligent. So hold thy industry with diligent cares. The Poor Thresher.	So dinna ye affront your trade, But rhyme it right Ib., Ap. 21st, 4.
Dim. The fears all, the tears all,	That holy robe, O dinna tear it! Ep. to J. R., 3.
Of dim declining Age! . Despondency, an Ode. 5.	O dinna think my pretty pink,
Dim, cloudy, sunk beneath the western wave; On Death of Sir J. Blair.	O dinna think my pretty pink, But I can live without thee: I vow and swear, I dinna care, S. Here's to thy health †
Now life's chilly evening dim shades on your eye,	L-d weigh it down, and dinna spare,
Dim-backward.	Holy Willie's Prayer. 13. But for thy people's sake destroy 'em,
Dim-backward as I cast my view,	And dinna spare Ib. 15.
What sick'ning scenes appear! . Despondency, an Ode. 1.	For Johnie o' the Buskie-glen, I dinna care a single flie: S. In simmer when t
Dim-dark'ning. Dim-dark'ning thro' the flaky show'r, . A Winter Night. 1.	I dinna care a single flie; S. In simmer when † O silly blind body, O dinna ye see; S. O whare did ye get †
7,	

Now, honest Hughoc, dinna fail,	Dirk. And secret hung, with poison'd crust,
To tell my Master a my tale; . The Death of Maine.	The Dirk of Defamation: . The Holy Fair.
An' dinna, for a kebbuck-heel, Let lasses be affronted On sic a day! The Holy Fair. 25.	Dirl [a vibrating blow]. It just play'd dirl on the bane, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 16.
An' then if kirk folks dinna clutch me,	Dirl, to [to vibrate].
I ken the devils dare na touch me The Inventory.	Till roof and rafters a' did dirl Tam o' Shanter. 11.
Sae dinna put me in your buke,	Dirl'd [played with vibrating energy].
And dinna sae uncivil be; S. The lass that made the bed. And said, Sweet lassie dinna cry,	'Twas Pibroch, Sang, Strathspey, or Reels, She dirl'd them aff fu' clearly, O S. Amang the trees †
O Jenny dinna toss your head, To a Louse.	Dirt. An' swoor fu' rude, thro' dirt an' blood,
As lang's the Muses dinna fail	To mak it guid in law, man A Fragment. 9.
To say the grace	Poor dunghill sons o' dirt and mire, . Add. of Beelzebub.
And if we dinna haud a bouze I'se ne'er drink mair. To Mr. J. Kennedy.	'Yet stops me o' my lawfu' prey, Wi' his d-mn'd dirt! Death and Dr. Hornbook. 29.
For me, shame fa' me,	Down the zodiac urge the race,
If neist my heart I dinna wear ye To Terraughty.	And cast dirt on his godship's face; . Ep. to H. Parker.
Dinner. The dinner being ended, he then let them know, S. The Poor Thresher.	If he but want the miser's dirt, Ye'll cast your head anither airt, S. O Tibbie!
Poor, worthless elf, it eats a dinner	Thro' dirt and dub for life I'll paidle, The Inventory.
Better than ony Tenant-man The Twa Dogs. 9. The dinner being over, the claret they ply, The Whistle. 12.	An' set the bairns to daud her [Common-sense]
Looks down wi' sneering, scornfu' view	Wi' dirt this day The Ordination. 2. On my ain legs through dirt and dub,
On sic a dinner? To a Haggis.	I independent stand ay To Mr. M'Adam.
Gae somewhere else and seek your dinner, On some poor body To a Louse.	Dirty. the wives and dirty brats . Add. of Beelzebub. 4.
On some poor body To a Louse. Dinner'd.	Some narrow, dirty, dungeon cave, The picture of thy mind! . On seeing Seat of Lord G
Sae far I sprackled up the brae,	Wi' dirty stanes biggan a dyke, The Twa Dogs, 10.
I' dinner'd wi' a Lord. On dining with Daer.	Quoth I, for shame, ye dirty dame, . S. The weary pund.
Dinsome [noisy].	Disagreet.
Till block an' studdie ring an' reel Wi' dinsome clamour Scotch Drink. 11.	Sic famous twa should disagreet, The Twa Herds. 9.
Amid their cumbrous, dinsome joys;	Disappear. Tho' stars in skies may disappear. S. The noble Maxwells †
S. The Contented Cottager.	Tho' stars in skies may disappear, S. The noble Maxwells † Disappointment.
Sweet fruit o' mony a merry dint, . Add. to Illegit. Child.	When disappointment snaps the clue of hope, To R. G. of F., 7.
Who think to storm the world by dint of merit,	And Disappointment, in these lonely bounds,
Prologue, at Th. D Dinted.	Find balm to soothe her bitter rankling wounds: Wr. in Kenmore Inn.
By some sweet elf I'll yet he dinted, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 12.	Disarm.
Dip. He dips in gall unmixed his eager pen, Ep. fr. Esopus.	The gentle look that rage disarms; . S. My Mary's face † Disaster.
To dip ber left sark-sleeve in,	An' when they meet wi' sair disasters,
Diphthong. Not all his mongrel diphthongs can compound; <i>The Vowels</i> .	Like loss o' health or want o' masters, . The Twa Dogs. 11.
Dipt. Her cheeks like lilies dipt in wine,	Pity my sad disaster; To J. Taylor. Disastrous.
S. The lass that made the bed.	And thro' disastrous night they darkling grope,
Dire. What dire events ha'e taken place! El. on Year 1788.	To R. G. of F., 7.
From these dire scenes my wretched lines I date, Ep. fr. Esopus.	Discarded remnant of a race
the dire feeling, O farewell for ever, S. Gloomy December.	Once great in martial story! . On Duke of Queensberry.
Through the dire desert regions of sorrow, On Death of fav. Child.	Discern. But first hang out that she'll discern, Your hymeneal Charter, A Dream, 13.
Dire was the hate at old Harlaw, The Dean of Fac	Bold stems of Heroes, here and there,
And dire the discord Langside saw, Ib.	I could discern; [v.A.4] The Vision.
No pause the dire extremes hetween, . The Tears I shed.	Among the illustrious Scottish sons That chief thou may'st discern; . V.s below Picture.
Direct.	Discharge. We'se gie ae night's discharge to care,
A ray direct from pitying Heaven, On scaring Water-fowl. Direct, to. This simple stone directs pale Scotia's way	Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 18. Disclaim.
Inscrip. on Tomb of Fergusson.	To shame ye, disclaim ye,
An' deal't about as thy blind skill Directs thee best. Scotch Drink, 21.	Ilk honest birkie swears The Ans. to the Guidwife. And all his well-earn'd praise disclaim. S. The capt. Ribband.
And cruelty directs the thickening blows; . The Vowels.	Disclose.
Directed.	Nor dare disclose my anguish. S. Farewell, thou stream †
Till God knows what may be effected,	Whose innocence did sweets disclose
When by such heads and hearts directed: Add. of Beelzebub. Directing,	Beyond that flower's perfume. On Poet's Daughter. Disclos'd. The paly moon rose in the livid east,
impell'd by all-directing Fate, The Brigs of Ayr. 3.	And 'mong the cliffs disclos'd a stately Form,
Direction.	On Death of Sir J. Blair. Discord.
Then, Water-kelpies haunt the foord, By your direction. Add, to the Deil, 12.	O thou grim mischief-making chiel,
By your direction, . Add. to the Deil. 12. Tell them who hae the chief direction,	That gars the notes of discord squeel, Add. to Toothache. 6.
Scotland an' me's in great affliction, The Author's Cry and Prayer.	May fireside discords jar a hase To a' their parts! . Ep. to Maj. Logan. 7.
Direful. Keen Recollection's direful train, The Lament, 7.	And dire the discord Langside saw, . The Dean of Fac
Direr.	Discordant.
Tyranny's or direr Pleasure's chain; Prologue, sp. by Woods.	Scream your discordant joys; . On Death of Lap-dog. Discordant jar thy bosom-chords among; To Miss Graham.
Direst. Let Prudence' direst bodements on me fall, In vain wld Prudence †	Discount.
To glut that direct foe,—a vengeful woman: Scots Prologue.	Discount what scant occasion gave, Add. to Unco Guid. 3.
Dirgeful. Thou, amid the dirgeful sound,	Discourse. And still his discourse was concerning his charge.
Shed thy dying honours round, . To Miss C.	S. The Poor Thresher.

,	
Discover.	Disloyal.
Then let the sudden bursting sigh The heart-felt pang discover; . S. Could aught of song †	And who wou'd to Liberty e'er prove disloyal, May his son be a hangman, and he his first trial.
Thine am I my faithful fair,	At Meet. of D. Volunteers.
Well thou may'st discover; S. Thine am I† Discover'd. At length they discover'd a bonie moor-hen.	Let no one misdeem me disloyal; Poet. Add. to W. Tytler. Dismal My dismal months no joys are crowning
S. The heather was bloom. †	Dismal. My dismal months no joys are crowning, Improm. on Mrs. —'s Birthday.
Discreet. Mally's modest and discreet, S. O Mally's meek.	Dismist. An' how they crouded to the yill, When they were a' dismist: The Holy Fair. 23.
Discreetly. I rule them as I ought, discreetly, The Inventory. Disdain.	Disobey. Fain promise never more to disobey; Why am I loth †
Upbraid na me wi' cauld disdain, . S. O Lassie, art thou †	Disown. As ye disown you paughty dog.
Firm may she rise with generous disdain	That bears the Keys of Peter, . A Dream, 12. Whom friends and fortune quite disown! A Winter Night. 9.
Wha twists his gruntle wi' a glunch Prologue, sp. by Woods.	And for ever disowns thee, her ain Jock Rab. S. Eppie M'Nab.
O' sour disdain, Scotch Drink. 17.	Reif randies I disown ye! S. Louis what reck I†
The Slave's spicy forests, and gold-bubbling fountains, The brave Caledonian views with disdain;	Ambition would disown The world's imperial crown, . S. Mark yonder Pomp †
S. Their groves of †	The world's imperial crown, . S. Mark yonder Pomp † Disown'd.
And hap'ly, eye the barren hut, With high disdain. To J. S., 17.	My friends they hae disown'd me a', S. Oh, how can I be blythe †
Disdain, to.	Dispense.
For well I know thy gentle mind Disdains art's gay disguising; . S. Could aught of song †	If ye'll dispense wi' want o' sense . The Tarbolton Lasses.
May coward shame disdain his name,	should my Author health again dispense, Why am I loth † Dispensing.
The wretch that dares not die! S. Farewell, ye dungeons †	An aged Judge, I saw him rove,
The English steel we could disdain, S. The Union. My faithful love disdains, To Clarinda.	Dispensing good. [v, A. 4] . The Vision. Display.
Parnassian queens, I fear, I fear,	Comes, 'mid a string of coxcombs to display, Ep. fr. Esopus.
Ye'll now disdain me, . To Dr. Blacklock.	And England, triumphant, display her proud rose;
But mean revenge, an' malice fause He'll still disdain, . To Rev. J. M'Math.	S. How pleasant the banks † How strongly still your view displays
Disdaining.	The piety of ancient days! . On Lincluden Castle.
Wha kills me wi' disdaining. S. O stay, sweet warbling † Disease. thou hell o' a' diseases, Add. to Toothache.	Each Gothic ornament display
Baith their disease, and what will mend it,	When men display to congregations wide, Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the heart!
At once he tells't. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 19.	Disporting. The Cotter's Sat. Night. 17.
As whiles they're like to be my dead, (O sad disease!) . To W. Simpson.	And little lambkins wanton wild,
As life itself becomes disease, Wr. in Friars-Carse H.	In playful bands disporting S. Young Peggy †
Disgrace. For Geordie's jurr we're in disgrace, Adam A—'s Prayer.	Dispute. Or e'er dispute thy pleasure? . On Com. Goldie's Brains.
The harpy, hoodock, purse-proud race,	Disputed. But Facts are cheels that winna ding,
Wha count on poortith as disgrace Ep. to Maj. Logan. 7.	An' downa be disputed: A Dream. 4. Disquiet.
Wha bring thy elders to disgrace, Holy Willie's Prayer. 10. Alas! misfortune stares my face,	With tumult, disquiet, rebellion, and strife; S. Caledonia.
And points to ruin and disgrace, The Farewell.	Disrespeket [disrespected].
Disgrace, to. Mansions that would disgrace the building-taste	How huff'd, an' cuff'd, and disrespeket! The Twa Dogs. 12. Dissector.
Of any mason reptile, bird, or beast; The Brigs of Ayr. 8.	Bloody dissectors, worse than ten Monroes;
If I that giver's bounty e'er disgrace; . To R. Graham.	He hacks to teach, they [Critics] mangle to expose. To R. G. of F., 4.
Whase greed, revenge, an' pride disgraces Waur nor their nonsense. To Rev. J. M'Math.	Dissection. An' may Ye rax Corruption's neck,
Disguise.	And gie her for dissection! . A Dream. 8. Conceal yoursel as weel's ye can
For pity, hide the cruel sentence Under friendship's kind disguise. S. Turn again, thou †	Frae critical dissection; Ep. to Young Friend. 5.
Disguising.	Dissemble. The muckle devil blaw you south,
For well I know thy gentle mind Disdains art's gay disguising; . S. Could aught of song t	If ye dissemble! The Author's Cry and Prayer. 4.
What is a lordling's pomp? a cumbrous load.	Dissembling. Curse on his perjur'd arts! dissembling smooth! The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10.
Disguising oft the wretch of human kind, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 19.	Dissipation.
Disgusted. And hither came, with men disgusted,	Wi' dissipation, feud, an' faction! The Twa Dogs. 24.
	Dissolve. Dissolve in pause—and sentimental tears Add. spkn by Fontenelle.
Dish. Because he gat the toom dish thrice, He heav'd them on the fire, Halloween. 27.	When thowes dissolve the snawy hoord, Add. to the Deil. 12.
While she held up her greedy gab, Just like an aumous dish: . The Jolly Beggars. R. I.	Distain'd. Mark ruffian Violence, distain'd with crimes; On Death of R. Dundas.
Dish, to. And dish them out their bill o' fare, To a Haggis.	Distant. Whase distant roaring swells and fa's A Vision.
Dish'd.	You distant isle will often hail; S. Behold the hour †
Wha I wish were maggots' meat, Dish'd up in her winding-sheet; . S. First when Maggy †	The rising Moon began to glowr The distant Cumnock hills out-owre;
Dishonest.	Death and Dr. Hornbook. 4.
But, ah! deform'd, dishonest to the sight! . The Vowels. Dishonour. Dishonour defile me, S. Eppie Adair.	The ways of men are distant brought, Despondency, an Ode.3. Had I a cave on some wild distant shore, S. Had I a cave †
O! may it ne'er be a livin' plague	While in distant climes I wander, [re.] S. Highland Mary.
To my dishonour, . Holy Willie's Prayer. 7.	And far be thou distant, thou reptile that seizes
Dishonour, -or, to. Or hounded forth, dishonor arms	The verdure and pride of the garden and lawn. S. How pleasant the banks †
In hungry droves. The Author's Cry and Prayer, P.	For whare'er he distant roves, Jockey's heart is still at hame. S. Jockey's ta'en the parting †
And dishonour not thy kind. Wr. in Hermitage at F. C.	I haste with the storm to a far distant shore;
Dishonor'd. In dust dishonor'd laid: S. Fate gave the word, †	Lament on leaving Nat. Land.

Do

So shy, grave and distant, ye shed not a tear:	Ditcher.
Monody on a Lady.	L-d man, our gentry care as little
And gild the distant mountain's brow; S. On Cessnock banks †	For delvers, ditchers, an' sic cattle; . The Twa Dogs. 12.
The gathering floods burst o'er the distant plains; On Death of R. Dundas.	Ditching. And sometimes a hedging and ditching I go; S. The Poor Thresher.
That distant years may boast of other "Blairs"	Ditty. And soul-ennobling Bards heroic ditties sung.
On Death of Sir J. Blair. Who distant burns in flaming torrid climes,	The Brigs of Ayr. 11. The roard this ditty was greing, He roard this ditty was a second to the follow Reggar. R. I.
Once fondly lov'd † For her I'll trace a distant shore; S. The Highland Lassie.	He roar'd this ditty up The Jolly Beggars. R.I. Grunts out some Latin ditty; The Ordination. 11.
The faintly-marked, distant hill: The Lament, 2.	Diurnal. While Terra firma, on her axis, Diurnal turns, . To W. Simpson. 18.
ere Phœbus, low, Shall kiss the distant, western main. Ib. 7.	
There, distant shone, Art's lofty boast, The Vision. D. I. 13.	Diversion. An' worry'd ither in diversion; The Twa Dogs. 6.
Your hurdies like a distant hill, To a Haggis.	Divide. They [boundless oceans] never, never can divide My heart and soul from thee. S. From thee, Eliza, †
That fate is thine-no distant date; To a Mountain-Daisy.	Musing on the roaring ocean,
Distant-echoing.	Which divides my love and me: S. Musing on the roaring t
And the distant-echoing glens reply A Vision.	Nor more may aught my steps divide,
Distil. While thro' your pores the dews distil Like amber bead. To a Haggis.	From that dear stream which flows to Clyde. S. Slow spreads the gloom †
Distillation.	
Dearest of Distillation last and best !	His piercin words, like Highlan swords, Divide the joints an' marrow; The Holy Fair. 21.
How art thou lost! . The Author's Cry and Prayer.	The meeting cliffs each deep-sunk glen divides,
Distiii'd.	Divided. Wr. in Kenmore Inn.
'Mite-horn shavings, filings, scrapings,	O let us not, like snarling curs,
Distill'd per se; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 22.	In wrangling be divided, S. Does haughty Gault
Distinguished, -'d. That which distinguished the new day	The auld Guidwife's weel-hoordet nits
That which distinguished the gender O' Balaam's ass; On Grose's Peregrinations.	Are round an' round divided, Halloween. 7.
Heaven's attribute distinguish'd—to bestow!	Divine.
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.	I see the Sire of Love on high, And own his work indeed divine! Add. to Edinburgh. 4.
Distracted.	Hear me, Powers divine!
Western breezes softly blowing, Suit not my distracted mind S. Thickest night †	Oh, in pity hear me! S. Ay waking, O
Distraction.	(Who knows not that brave Caledonia's divine?) S. Caledonia.
Then paints the ruin'd Maid, and their distraction wild!	Who christened thus Maria's lyre divine; Ep. fr. Esopus.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10.	O Mandate, glorious and divine! Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 16.
As now my distraction no words can express! S. There's auld Rob M.†	Wi' mercies temp'ral and divine, Holy Willie's Prayer. 16. Wi' her I'll blythely bear it,
Distress.	And think my lot divine S. My Wife's a winsome.
Affliction's sons are brothers in distress; A Winter Night. 9.	Thou art divine, fair Lesley, . S. O saw ye bonie Lesley †
To lye in kilns and barns at e'en,	Miss Miller is fine, Miss Markland's divine,
When banes are craz'd, and bluid is thin,	The Belles of Mauchline.
Is, doubtless, great distress! Ep. to Davie. 3. distress, with horrors arming, S. Sensibility, †	But chiefly, in their hearts with Grace divine preside. The Cotter's Sat. Night, 18.
	The glorious Architect Divine! The Farewell. To St. J.'s L
Wi' sma' to sell, and less to buy, Aboon distress, below envy, . S. The Contented Cottager.	There's some are fou o' love divine; . The Holy Fair. 27.
Her [Life's] way may lie thro' rough distress! The Lament.	An' pour divine libations For joy this day. The Ordination. 1.
I view the helpless children of distress Tragic Frag	Call a toast—a toast divine; The Toast.
Distressing.	He left the foul business to folks less divine. The Whistle. 15.
Life, thou soul of every blessing, Load to Misery most distressing, S. Raving winds †	All hail, Religion! maid divine! To Rev. J. M'Math.
Distrest, Distress'd.	And ev'ry day has joys divine
I may be distress'd, but I winna complain;	With the bonie lass o' Ballochmyle. S. Twas even—the dewy†
S. As I was a-wand ring t	O, aid me with Thy help, Omnipotence Divine!
Thy creature here before Thee stands,	Why am I loth†
All wretched and distrest; A Prayer under Anguish.	Divine, s.
I once could relieve the distrest; S. The sun he is sunh † Auld chuckie Reekie's sair distrest, To W. Creech.	Law, physics, politics and deep divines: Ep. to R. Graham. 2.
District.	Divinely.
And this district as mine I claim, . The Vision. D. II. 11.	Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely; Tam o' Shanter. 5.
District-space.	Diviner. Her cheeks a mair celestial hue, A crimson still diviner! S. Her flowing locks †
Some, bounded to a district-space, The Vision. D. II. 10.	Divinity.
Disturb. Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.	But when Divinity comes cross me,
S. Afton Water.	My readers then are sure to lose me A Ded. to G. H. 11.
I charge you disturb not my slumbering Fair Ib.	Divulge.
And when the howling, wintry blast Disturbs my lassie's midnight rest,	But never tempt th' illicit rove, Tho' naething should divulge it: Ep. to Young Friend. 6.
S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite†	Dizzen, Diz'n [dozen].
Disturb not ye [winds] the hero's sleep, Liberty.	Till H[amilton]'s, at least a diz'n,
Yet, let not this too much, my Son, Disturb thy youthful breast: Man was made to Mourn.	Are frae their nuptial labors risen: A Ded. to G. H., 14.
	Her dizzen's done, she's unco weel; . The Twa Dogs. 30.
Why disturb your social joys, On scaring Water-fowl.	Dizzy, -ie.
Disturb'd. The Cameleon-savage disturb'd her repose, S. Caledonia.	They skim the muirs an' dizzy crags, . Add. to the Deil. 9.
Ditch.	That trouth, my head is grown right dizzie, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 3.
I stacher'd whyles, but yet took tent ay	wi' drink an' courting dizzy, . The Jolly Beggars, R. III.
To free the ditches; Death and Dr. Hornbook.	Do. This may do-maun do, Sir, wi' them wha
An' owre she warsl'd in the ditch: The Death of Mailie.	Maun please the Great-folk for a wamefou; A Ded. to G. H., 2.
Trenching your gushing entrails bright	He may do weel for a' he's done yet,
Like onie ditch; To a Haggis.	The may do weer for a ne's done yet,

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The guidevite solchter foll in a fever, . S. Screggus. Jeanna say but they do gailies; . Add. of Dissensive. J. Add. to Dissensive. J. Ad	4.0	The audentife's dealter fell in a force C Community
Doctor. Doctor Hombools, 15 has at And cursod skill. Vour Neebours' fauts and folly! Add. to Unee Guld. 1. Non point must sail like preasily and add. 1. Non point must saill be greatly and the preasily and the present of the pre		
Two me cought to do but mark and tell Vour Neebouri fasts and folly 4. Add. to Unco Guid. 1. One point must still be greatly dark. 18. 7. The moving Why they do it. 18. 18. 18. 18. 18. 18. 18. 18. 18. 18		
s'Aun Neebouré fauts and folly! Ne point must suil lie greatly dark, The moving Why they do it; The moving Why they do it; The moving Why they do it; The moving was suit to greatly dark, The moving was the eastin win', Aud comrade dara' Ye'll do na guode at a'. S. Awa, suider, awa Ye'll do na guode at a'. S. Awa, suider, awa Thus, not possible of the bread. Folk mann do something for thelp bread. Folk mann do something for thelp bread. Folk mann do something for thelp bread. Folk mann do something for the bread. Folk mann do something for thelp bread. Folk manning for thelp bread. Folk ma		Death and Dr. Hornbook, 15.
One point must still be greatly dark, The moving Wyk hey'd oit, Why they'd oit, Why they'd oit, Why they'd oit, Why they doit,	Ye've nought to do but mark and tell	
The moving Why they do it; Mow do ye this blace eastin win; Aud commission win; Aud commis		How it comes, let Doctors tell S. Duncan Grav t
How do ye this blae eastlin win, Ault comrande deart Yell do na gude et al. S. Asawa, whights, stone. To hunt, or to pasture, or do what she would. S. Caladonia. To hunt, or to pasture, or do what she would. S. Caladonia. To hunt, or to pasture, or do what she would. S. Caladonia. The swap we yet will do't; Egic on Himpedon 1. Each how do yet will do't; Egic on Himpedon 1. And spend the pleasure & f. to May Legan. 14. And spend the pear they win. And spend the gear they win. And spend the gear they win. S. Hay ca farv. And a for the lave, let the deil do his best. Seven Lass, may I do that? S. Lats, when ye mither! Thut gin the based winm do't, Ye'll fin another will, io. S. Lots, when ye mither! You may do miracles by persevering. Profigue, at Th., D. For making o' hymnes, and working at times, Does little or naching at at, man. Pormand,—let us do or die! S. Souts, unha ha't Forward,—let us do or die! S. Souts, unha ha't Forward,—let us do or die! S. Souts, unha ha't Forward,—let us do or die! S. Souts, unha ha't Forward,—let us do or die! S. Souts, unha ha't Forward,—let us do or die! S. Souts, unha ha't Forward,—let us do or die! S. Souts, unha ha't Forward,—let us do or die! S. Souts, unha ha't Forward,—let us do or die! S. Souts, unha ha't Forward,—let us do or die! S. Souts, unha ha't Forward,—let us do or die! S. Souts, unha ha't Forward,—let us do or die! S. Souts, unha ha't Forward,—let us do or die! S. Souts, unha ha't Forward,—let us do or die! S. Souts, unha ha't Forward,—let us do or die! S. There fixed of Ayr. The Parks of Ayr. The Brigs of Ayr. The Brigs of Ayr. The Brigs of Ayr. The Brigs of Ayr. The Was to South of the win and let in The Was to South of the win and let in The Was to South of the win and let in The Was to South of the win and let in S. There was say or do! The Kirk's a larm. Now what o'd had, the sandy ganga awa' The Was will do do their errands week. S. There was a south of the let and the death, S. There was	The moving Why they do it:	
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Death and Dy. Hornesco. 12. The swap we yet will do?: Effig. on Herspecked Systire. Sir Bard will do himself the pleasure Eft. to Maj. Loguar. 14. And how do yet do?: S. Gaden to sport Kimmer! Let them do the like. And show do yet do?: S. Gaden to sport Kimmer! Let them do the like. And show do yet done that men can do. S. Fusu a Joy-than da sfor the law, let the deil do his beat. Jemp McCraw. And as for the law, let the deil do his beat. Jemp McCraw. And that's the yet Ilike to do. S. John, come kits. Sweet lass, may I do that? S. Lass, when yr mither! You may do miracles by perseering. Preligue, at Th., D. For making of hymne, and working at times. Declard that she could do me mair! S. S. an flaver. The dusther's Cry and Frayer, to. Were ye but here, what would ye say or do! The Mither's Cry and Frayer, to. Were ye but here, what would ye say or do! The Author's Cry and Frayer, to. Were ye but here, what would ye say or do! The Author's Cry and Frayer, to. Were ye but here, what would ye say or do! The Mither's Cry and Frayer, to. Were ye but here, what would ye say or do! The Mither's Cry and Frayer, to. Were ye but here, what would ye say or do! The Mither's Cry and Frayer, to. Were ye but here, what would ye say or do! The Joy can do their errands weel. But do their errands weel. The Ke'k's Alarm. But do their errands weel. S. There grows a bonic! Now what could artless Jeanie do? S. There grows a bonic! Now hat do their strang the man. And then yell do. To De Blacklock. Wha does the utmost that he can, Will whyles do mair. My How year of the double of the plan; S. There grows a bonic! Now hat could artless Jeanie do? S. There grows a bonic! Now what could artless Jeanie do? S. There grows a bonic! Now hat do will be do the plan; S. The grows and marry to do? Lord sandy you ya se weel's I want ye. S. What can a yell last to ham menchkin does me prime. The Yes in the fact of the plan; S. What can a yell sair! I never can please him, do a' that I can, h. Ho	Folk mann do something for their bread.	To R. G. of F
To-morrow may bring us a halter. Peet. Add. to Tytler. And how do ye do! S. Guders to you Kimmer! Let them do the thear they win. S. Hy eat here. Now a is done that men can do. S. It was a "fort" Now a is done that men can do. S. It was a "fort" And so for the keep, let the deli do his best. Jensy BC-raw. And that's the way I like to do. S. Jehn, come kix. Weet lass, may I do that? S. Lass, when yr mither! That gin the lassie winna do't, Yell find mither will, jo. S. O steer her up! Wha can do nought but fyke an 'tumble, For making o' rhymes, and working at times. Or Scot. Bard gue to W. I. You may do miracles by persevering. Prologue, at Th., D. For making o' rhymes, and working at times. Declar'd that she cou'd do not mean! S. Seats, wha hat't forward,—let us do or die! S. Seats, wha hat't forward,—let us do or die! S. Seats, wha hat't forward,—let us do or die! S. Seats, wha hat't forward,—let us do or die! S. Seats, wha hat't forward,—let us do or die! S. Seats, wha hat't forward,—let us do or die! S. Seats, wha hat't forward,—let us do or die! S. Seats, wha hat't forward,—let us do or die! S. Seats, wha hat't forward,—let us do or die! S. Seats, wha hat't forward,—let us do or die! S. Seats, wha hat't forward,—let us do or die! S. Seats, wha hat't forward,—let us do or die! S. Seats, wha hat't forward,—let us do or die! S. Seats, wha hat't forward,—let us do or die! The passing moment's all we rest on! Rest on—for what't what do we here? Shetch. New-Yr's Day, The sun do the will do will have for a die will have been do shet die will have been do shet what they can. The Order's Sas. Night, or, Not only bring them tidings hame. The Device's Sas. Night, or, The Brites of Apr. or, On what the dail and they never main to do; The All the was mane or Scotiand's dogs. It has had the was a man't seat for the de	Death and Dr. Hornbook. 12.	
Sir Bard will do himself the pleasure E.p. to Maj. Loguar. 4.4 and how do ye do? S. Gudaten to you Kimmer? Let them do the like, And spend the gear they win. S. Hey ce' thre'. Now a' is done that men can do, S. H. was a' forth and as for the law, let the deli do his best. Jemp MC raw. And that's the way I like to do. S. John, come kits. Weet lass, may I do that? S. Lats, when you midher! Thing tin the lassie winns do't, Ye'll fin anthrer will, fo. S. Cats, when you midher! Thing tin the lassie winns do't, Ye'll fin anthrer will, fo. S. Cats, when you for the young dogs—winge them to the labour Ald. of Beelzebub. 4. You may do mineles by persevering. Prologue, at Th., D. For making o' hymes, and working at times. Does little or meathing at a', man Kneudis of Bennals. Ilk feature—and nature Forward,—let us do or die! . S. Scott, what had to Time passing moments' all we rest on! The passing moment's all we rest on! The passing when the condition of the passing o	The swap we yet will do't; . Epig. on Henpecked Squire.	To-morrow may bring us a halter. Poet. Add. to Tytler.
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And spend the gear they win. Now ai shore that men can do. S. Itey act 1975. And as for the lave, let the deil do his best. Jenny M'Craus. And that's the way I like to do. S. John, come kist. Sweet lass, may I do that? S. Lass, ushen yr milher! That gin the laws (in the deil do his best. Jenny M'Craus. And that's the way I like to do. S. John, come kist. Sweet lass, may I do that? S. Lass, ushen yr milher! That gin the lasse winna do't, Vell find anither will, jo. S. O steer her up't Wha can do nough but tyke an' fumble, Jenny gene to W. J. You may do mincles by persevering. Prologue, at Th., D. For making o'tymes, and working at times, Does little or naething at a', man. Ronalds of Bennals. Ilk feature—and nature Declar'd that she could do nae mair! S. Scets, wha hat' "The passing moment's all we rest on!" Rest on—for what; What do we here? Sketch. New-Yr's Day. I would do—what would I not? For the sake o'Somebody. Dut what will I do w? Tam Otent. S. Somebody. But what will I do w? Tam Otent. S. Somebody. But what will I do w? Tam Otent. The Cotter's Sat. Night. 7. Not only bring them tidings hame, But do their errands there, But do their errands there, But do their errands there, The Little of Ballads. I. And he wad do their errands weel, The o'y ean do little skaith, yell be in at the death, The Ye can do little skaith, yell be in at the death, The Ye can do little skaith, yell be in at the death, Now hat would loos me prime. The War Ye was a last if Just a hauf muchkin does me prime. The What will I do for a lad, when Sandy gangs awa. The Alae! and how the time state of the same in the same of the control of the grow of years. Now what could artless Jeanie do? S. There's news, lastest to yell and any gangs awa. The Joy can do little skaith, yell be in at the death, The War was a last to be a little of the prime of yell will be gin to yell and any gangs awa. The Joy can do little skaith, yell be in at the death, Now hat led you my as weel's I want ye. The Little of yell will be gin my	Let them do the like,	Your doctrines I maun blame, S. Ye Jacobites by name †
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For woman's wit, or strength o' man, Alas! can do but what they can;		Dog-skin.
Alas! can do but what they can;		But now he's quat the spurtle-blade,
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fig. How daury edo't?	Father, quo' she, Mither, quo' she, Do what ye can,	The doited beastie stammers; On W. Chalmers.
Lord send you ay as weel's I want ye, And then ye'll do To Dr. Blacklock. Wha does the utmost that he can, Will whyles do mair. Ib. Do what I dought to set her free, To Miss Ferrier. What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man? S. What can a yng lassie † I never can please him, do a' that I can; Ib. I'll do my endeavour to follow her plan; Ib. What will I do gin my Hoggie die? S. What will I do gin † It's a pity ane sae pretty Should na do the thing they can. S. Will ye go and marry † Doat. And maun I still on Menie doat, S. Again rejoicing Nature † O! art thou not ashamed To doat upon a feature? S. Deluded swain † Dochter [daughter]. A vera gude tocher, a cotter-man's dochter, S. Her Daddie forbad † In leaving the dochter of a lord, . S. O when she cam ben † The body he was sae doited an blin, S. The Cooper o' Cuddy† A creeping cauld prosaic fog My very senses doited To Miss Ferrier. Doleful, -fu'. as he tuned his doleful sang, . Lament for Glencairn. Twa had manteeles o' dolefu' black, . The Holy Fair. 2. Dolour. Which bled all the wounds of my dolour again. S. As I was a-wand ring† Form Tweed to the Orcades was her domain, S. Caledonia. Farewell, old Scotia's bleak domains, . The Farewell. 'Till now, o'er all my wide domains, 'Thy fame extends; The Vision. D. II. 18. Dome. With a we-struck thought, and pitying tears, I view that noble, stately Dome, Add. to Edinburgh, 6. Again the dome, in pristine pride, Lifts high its roof and arches wide, There, distant shone, Art's lofty boast, The Vision. D. II. 13.		
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In leaving the dochter of a lord, . S. O when she cam ben † The lordly dome The Vision. D. I. 13.	A vera gude tocher, a cotter-man's dochter,	Lifts high its roof and arches wide, On Lincluden Castle.
	· · · ·	There, distant shone, Art's lofty boast,
The convent of gothic dome resounded, Y: . The Vowels.		
	and me the eners dochter? S. Kooin shure in hairst.	The conwent gothic dome resonnded, 1: . The Vowels.

Domestic.	Donsie [over-nice; restive, unmanageable; unlucky].
Domestic peace and comforts crowning The hail design Friend of the poet †	Ye ne'er was donsie; A Guid New-Year. † 5. Their donsie tricks, their black mistakes,
May bliss:domestic smooth his private path;	Add. to Unco Guid. 2.
To R. G. of F., 9.	I've seen the day, and sae hae ye, Ye wad na been sae donsie, O S. The deuks dang o'er.
The noisy domicile of pedant pride; The Vowels.	Dool [sorrow].
Dominion.	And o'er this grassy heap sing dool, A Bard's Epit. O' a' the num'rous human dools,
Thou ne'er took such a bleth'ran b-tch,	Thou bear'st the gree. Add. to Toothache.
Into thy dark dominion! Epit. on noisy Polemic. Tyrannic man's dominion; S. Now westlin winds †	And a' the day to sit in dool, S. Ca' the Erves.
in lone poverty's dominion drear, . Sonnet, wr. on Birthday.	May dool and sorrow be his lot, El. on Capt. M. H., Epit.
And banish'd our dominions, Henceforth this day The Ordination, 12.	My coggie is a haly pool, That heals the wounds o' care and dool; S. Gane is the day †
Henceforth this day The Ordination, 12. There's few sae bonie, nane sae gude,	Bitter in dool I lickit my winnins
In a' King George' Dominion; . The Tarbolton Lasses.	O' marrying Bess, to gie her a slave: S. O merry hae I been †
I'm truly sorry Man's dominion Has broken Nature's social union, To a Mouse.	O! dool to tell, The Twa Herds. 2.
Donald.	Yet, for a' my dool and care, It's wantonness for ever! S. Wantonness for ever †
Donald wi' his Highland hand, [re.] . S. Donald Brodie †	O dool on the day I met wi' an auld man.
Hee balou, my sweet wee Donald, S. Hee balou †	Doolfu' [sorrowful]. S. What can a yng lassie†
For Donald was the brawest man, And Donald he was mine. S. The High. Widow's Lament.	And echo cons the doolfu' tale; S. The Contented Cottager.
My Donald's arm was wanted then	May mourn their loss wi' doolfu' clamour; . To W. Creech.
For Scotland and for me	Doom. Still caring, despairing, Must be my bitter doom; Despondency, an Ode. 1.
My Donald and his Country fell,	To bear this hated doom severe?
Upon Culloden's field	Improm., on Mrs.—'s Birthday. The wretch whase doom is "hope nae mair,"
The fourth's a Highland Donald hastie, . The Inventory. Done. He may do weel for a' he's done yet, A Ded. to G. H., 3.	S. Now Spring has clad t
But or the day was done, I trow,	Though wandering now must be my doom, S. The Banks of Nith.
The laggen they has clautet Fu' clean . A Dream. 15. As Something, loudly, in my breast,	Retrieve its doom and take its place. S. The capt. Ribband.
Remonstrates I have done; A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.	And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounc'd by Heaven's command The Cotter's Sat. Night. 15.
What's done we partly may compute, But know not what's resisted. Add. to Unco Guid. 8.	I know my doom must be despair, S. The last time I†
And we hae done wi' thriving. S. Awa, whigs, awa.	Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
And sing't when we hae done Ep. to Davie, 4.	Shall be thy doom! To a Mountain-Daisy. Doom'd. Doom'd to that sorest task of man alive
Whate'er thou hast done, be it late he it soon, Thou's welcome again to thy ain Jock Rab. S. Eppie M'Nab.	To make three guineas do the work of five:
And no for ony guid or ill	Add. sp. by Fontenelle. Thus all obscure, unknown, and poor,
They've done afore thee! . Holy Willie's Prayer. 1. What have I [winter] done of all the year,	Thro' life I'm doom'd to wander, O, S. My father was a farmer†
To bear this hated doom severe?	And suffering I am doom'd to bear, S. O wat ye wha's in t
Improm., on Mrs. —'s Birthday. 'Tis done! says Jove; so ends my story,	Tho' I were doom'd to wander on, Beyond the sea, beyond the sun, S. O were I on Parnass. †
Now a' is done that men can do,	Doomed to share thy fiery fate, Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.
And a' is done in vain; S. It was a' for† But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,	Are doom'd by Man, that tyrant o'er the weak,
And a' that thou hast done for me! Lament for Glencairn.	Doom'st.
But what was said, or what was done, Shame fa' me gin I tell; S. My heart was ance†	I know thou doom'st me to despair, Farewell, thou stream †
When a' thir days are done, man, S. O ay my wife she dang.	Doon. Amang the bonie, winding banks, Where Doon rins, wimplin, clear, . Halloween.
Stand i' the stool when I hae done, S. O gude ale comes †	O, a' ye Bards on bonie Doon! Poor Mailie's El
An' kissin my Katie when a' was done. S. O merry hae I been †	Bonie Doon, sae sweet at gloaming, . S. Scenes of weet
As ye have generous done, Scots Prologue.	Bonie Doon, whare early roaming, First I weav'd the rustic sang
Wink hard, and say, "The folks hae done their best.". Ib.	Thou would be found deep drown'd in Doon; Tam o' Shanter. 3.
And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-sark!" Tam o' Shanter. 16.	Before him Doon pours all his floods; Ib. 10.
The chearfu' Supper done, wi' serious face,	Ye flowery banks o' bonie Doon,
They, round the ingle, form a circle wide; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 12.	S. The Banks of Doon, Sett II. Aft hae I rov'd by bonie Doon,
Look'd on till a' was done; The Election Ballads. V.	Here, Doon pour'd down his far-fetch'd floods;
Her dizzen's done, she's unco weel; . The Twa Dogs, 30.	While Irwin, Lugar, Aire an' Doon,
How I had spent my youthfu' prime, An' done nae-thing, . The Vision. D. I. 4.	Naebody sings To W. Simpson.
And ev'ry ither pair [o' shoon] that's done, Mair taen I'm wi' you To J. S., 2.	Ye banks and braes o' bonie Doon, [re.] S. Ye banks and braes †
An' wad hae done't aff han': To Gavin Hamilton.	Door. Steal thro' the winnock frae a wh-re, But point the Rake that taks the door; A Ded. to G. H., 8.
Nine Ferriers wad done better! To Miss Ferrier.	List'ning, the doors an' winnocks rattle, A Winter Night. 3.
Is grown right cerie now she's done it, To Rev. J. M'Math. An' shortly after she was done	Come thiggan at your doors and yetts, Add. of Beelzebub. 4.
They gat a new ane. To W. Simpson, P.S	That frequent pass douce Wisdom's door Add. to Unco Guid. 2. Yet spurn'd at Fortune's door, man; El. on Capt. M. H. Epit.
But thy utmost duly done, Welcome what thou caust not shun:	Whom Prose has turned out of doors, Epig. on E.'s Martial.
Wr. in Hermitage at F.C.	And bar the doors wi' driving snaw, . Ep. to Davie. 1.
Donor. Still may thy pages call to misd	Syne coziely, aboon the door, Wi' cannie care, they've plac'd them Halloween. 5.
Still may thy pages call to misd The dear, the beauteous donor: Wr. on Leaf of H. More.	I'll come nae mair to thy bower door, S. Here's to thy health, †

Lord Gregory ope thy door S. O mirk, mirk † Sair I fecht them [Want, Hunger] at the door,	Doubt, to. But faith! I muckle doubt, my Sire, A Dream. 5.
S. O that I had ne'er† My father put me frae his door, S. Oh, how can I be blythe†	I doubt na they wad bide nae better . Add. of Beelzebub. And there was muckle fun and jokin,
Oh, open the door, some pity to shew, [re.] S. Oh, open the door, †	Ye need na doubt; Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 2. I doubt na, lass, but ye may think, S. O Tibbie! †
She has open'd the door, she has open'd it wide, She sees his pale corse on the plain, Oh;	I doubt na, lass, that weel-kenned name May cost a pair o' blushes; On W. Chalmers.
Na, even the limpan wi' the spavie Frae door tae door. Second Ep. to Davie.	I doubt na Fortune may you shore Some mim-mou'd pouthered priestie,
Windows and doors in nameless sculptures drest, The Brigs of Ayr. 8.	Tho' I maun say't, I doubt ye flatter, Second Ep. to Davie. I doubt na, frien', ye'll think ye're nae sheep-shank,
We'll hide the Cooper behind the door, S. The Cooper o' cuddy † But hark! a rap comes gently to the door;	The Brigs of Ayr, 5. Tho' faith, that date, I doubt ye'll never see; Ib.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 7. For [Moodie] speels the holy door, Wi' tidings o' s-lv-t-n. [v. A. 22] The Holy Fair. 12.	I doubt na, Sir, but then we'll find, Ye're still as great a Stirk
We still keep the ravening wolf from the door. S. The Poor Thresher.	Few men o' sense will doubt your claims To rank amang the Nowte
They bar the door on frosty win's; . The Twa Dogs. 20. And jee! the door gaed to the wa'; . The Vision. D. 1. 7.	If ye should doubt the truth o' this It's Bessy's ain opinion! The Tarbolton Lasses.
And jee! the door gaed to the wa'; . The Vision. D. I. 7. My pen I here fling to the door, And kneel, . To J. S., 21.	For Britain's guid! guid faith! I doubt it. The Twa Dogs, 22.
Nae mair we see his levee door	I doubt he's but a grey nick quill, . The Twa Herds. 14,
Philosophers and Poets pour, To W. Creech.	Ye need na doubt, I held my whisht; . The Vision. D. I. 8. I doubt it's hardly worth the while, S. There was a lad †
And, while I toddle on through life,	I doubt it's nardiy worth the white, 3. There was a taa q
I'll ne'er gang by your door V.s to Landlady of Inn. But whan we tirl'd at your door,	I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve; . To a Mouse.
Your porter dought na hear us; V.s, on Window, Carron.	As faith I muckle doubt him, To Gav. Hamilton.
Wha is that at my bower door? S. Wha is that at †	It ne'er cam i' their heads to doubt it, To W. Simpson, P.S
orty [huffy; supercilious, saucy].	Doubted. My skill may weel be doubted; . A Dream. 4.
tho' a Minister grow dorty, An' kick your place, The Author's Cry and Prayer, 23,	Doubtful. Her doubtful balance eyed, and sway'd her rod; On Death of R. Dundas.
ose. I'd gie you sic a hearty dose o't, Wad dress your droddum! Το α Louse. ote. I dote on ev'ry feature . S. My Love's α winsome †	Doubtings. Nae cauld, faint-hearted doubtings tease him; The Author's Cry and Prayer, P.
ote. I dote on ev'ry feature. S. My Love's a winsome †	Doubtless. Is, doubtless, great distress! Ep. to Davie, 3. Douce v. Douse.
Who think to storm the world by dint of merit,	Doudl'd [dandled].
To you the dotard has a deal to say, Prologue, at Th., D	Aft has he doudl'd me upon his knee; S. O whare did ye get †
ouble. In double pride were gay. S. But lately seen †	Dough. She [nature] kneads the lumpish philosophic dough,
To see the new [year] come laden, groaning, Wi' double plenty o'er the loanin	Ep. to R. Graham. 2.
Wi' double plenty o'er the loanin To thee and thine; . Friend of the poet † And lo! the Bard, a great reward,	Dought [pret. of dow; was or were able, could, might]. Crnw-ll-s fought as lang's he dought, A Fragment. 4.
Has got a double portion! Nature's Law. Now wad ye sing this double flight,	Do what I dought to set her free, My saul lay in the mire; To Miss Ferrier.
Some fell for wrang and some for right, S. The Battle of Sherra-moor.	Your porter dought na hear us; . V.s, on Window, Carron. Doughty. And there will be Douglasses doughty,
O' double verse come gie us four, The Ordination. 3.	Douglas. The Election Ballads, III.
The rose upon the breer will be him trouse an' doublet,	The very name of Douglas blasted. On Duke of Queensberry.
S. Wee Willie Gray †	Hate, envy, oft the Douglas bore; 16. Here Douglas forms wild Shakespeare into plan,
With doubling speed and gathering force, Fragment of Ode.	Prologue, sp. by Woods. One Douglas lives in Home's immortal page,
Listening to the doubling roar, Surging on the rocky shore; S. How can my poor heart† The doubling storm roars thro' the woods: Tam o' Shanter, 10.	But Douglases were heroes every age: [v.A.12] Scots Prologue.
Doubly. And when her lovely form I see,	A Douglas followed to the martial strife, Ib.
O haith, she's doubly dear again! S. I'll ay ca' in†	Ye yet may follow where a Douglas leads! Ib.
How doubly severer, Eliza, thy fate, . Monody, on a Lady. And doubly welcome be the spring,	And there will be Douglasses doughty, The Douglas and the Heron's name,
The season to my Lucy dear. S. O wat ye wha's in † Astonish'd, doubly marks its beam, S. Peggy Chalmers.	We set nought to their score:
I'm three times, doubly, o'er your debtor,	But Douglasses o' weight had we,
Second Ep. to Davie.	Douked [ducked]. An' had in mony a well been douked:
Tho' 'tis doubly dear to me; S. Scenes of woe † By thee inspir'd, When gaping they besiege the tents,	The Jolly Beggars. R. IV. Doup [the posteriors, the breech].
Are doubly fir'd Scotch Drink, 8.	May Hornie gie her doup a clink
Delighted doubly then, my Lord, You'll wander on my banks, The Petition of Br. Water.	Ahint his yett, . Adam A—'s Prayer. While raving mad, I wish a heckle
And doubly curse the luckless rhyming trade. To R. G. of F., I.	While raving mad, I wish a heckle Were in their [the giglets'] doup. Add. to Toothache.
Doubt.	Doup-skelper [one who strikes the breech].
Then we'll be d-mned no doubt . Add. to Dumourier.	That vile doup-skelper, Emperor Joseph, Kind Sir, I've read† Dour, Doure [intrepid, hardy, stubborn, severe].
Nae doubt they'll rive it wi' the plew; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 23.	And S-ckv-lle doure, wha stood the stoure, A Fragment. 5.
Wha ever wi' Kerroughtree's met, And has a doubt of a' that? The Election Ballads. II.	biting Boreas, fell and doure, A Winter Night. 1. The tither's dour, has nae sic breedin', El. on Year 1788.
Nae doubt but they were fain o' ither, . The Twa Dogs, 6.	Yet, teughly doure, he bade an unco bang.
Ye are sae grave, nae doubt ye're wise; . To J. S., 28.	The Brigs of Ayr. 4.
Nae doubt the auld-light flocks are bleatan;	She's dour and din, a deil within, . The Tarbolton Lasses.
To W. Simpson, P.S.	He had a wife was dour and din, . S. Willie Wastle †

Douse, Douce [sedate, sober, grave, decorous].	The auld guidman raught down the pock, . Halloween, 17.
To say her pray'rs, douse, honest woman! Add. to the Deil. 6.	We'll gae down by Clouden-side, . S. Hark! the mavis't
That frequent pass douce Wisdom's door	Now we maun totter down, John, but hand in hand we'll go,
Add. to Unco Guid. 2.	S. John Anderson †
For now I'm grown sae cursed douse,	The primrose down the brae; Lament of Mary of Scots.
I pray an' ponder butt the house, . Auld comrade dear †	Till down my weary bones I lay
An' either douse or merry tale, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 6.	Till down my weary hones I lay In everlasting slumber, O S. My father was a farmer
For you sae douse, ye sneer at this, S. Green grow the Rashes.	Tho' fortune's frown still hunts me down,
Douse hingin o'er my curple, . The Ans. to the Guidwife.	While down his cheeks the saut tears row'd;
Ye dainty Deacons, an' ye douce Conveeners,	S. My Sandy gied †
The Brigs of Ayr. 9.	Her yellow hair, beyond compare,
A' ye douce folk I've borne aboon the broo, Ib.	Comes trinkling down her swan-white neck,
thrifty Citizens, an' douce,	S. O Mally's meek.
O ye, douse folk, that live by rule, To J. S., 26.	Now, haply down you gay green shaw,
On gown, an' han', an douse black bonnet,	She wanders by yon spreading tree; S. O wat ye wha's in t
To Rev. J. M'Math.	Then set him down, and twa or three Gude fellows wi' him; On Grose's Peregrinations.
Dousely [soberly, prudently].	Down in a shady walk,
So, ye may dousely fill a Throne, A Dream. 11.	Doves cooing were; S. Phillis the Fair.
An' dousely manage our affairs	Wi' saut tears trickling down your nose; Poor Mailie's El
In Parliament, The Author's Cry and Prayer.	And down the briny pearls rowe
Douser [more decorous].	
Or if he was grown oughtlins douser, Kind Sir, I've read †	She's down i' the grove, she's wi' a new love, S. Saw ye my Phely.
Dove.	In vain the hums cam down like waters
Thou stock dove whose echo resounds thro' the glen,	In vain the burns cam down like waters, An acre braid! . Tam Samson's El., q.
S. Afton Water.	And down by Simpson's wheel'd the left about:
The trembling dove thus flies, S. How cruelt	The Brigs of Ayr. 3.
Down in a shady walk, Doves cooing were;	Then down ye'll hurl, deil nor ye never rise! Ib. 7.
S. Phillis the Fair.	
Dove-like.	Reflected beams dwell in the streams, Or down the current shatter; . S. The Fête Champetre.
Dove-like fondness, chaste concession, To a Kiss.	The hares were hirplan down the furrs, The Holy Fair. 1.
Dow [dove]. They fled like frighted dows, man.	An' guid Claymore down by his side,
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	The Jolly Beggars. S. IV.
Dow. But, as I'm sayin', please step to Dow's	But I will down you river rove among the wood sae green,
And taste sic gear as Johnnie brews,	S. The Posie.
Dow. But, as I'm sayin', please step to Dow's And taste sic gear as Johnnie brews, To Mr. J. Kennedy.	Gae down by Faile, and taste the ale, The Tarbolton Lasses.
bow, bowe to be able, call.	Down flow'd her robe, a tartan sheen, The Vision. D. I. 11.
Tho' now ye dow but hoyte and hoble, A Gude New-Year † 7.	So uprose bright Phœbus—and down fell the knight.
Trembling, I dow nought but glowr, S. Blythe ha'e I been.	The Whistle. 16.
I'll laugh, an' sing, an' shake my leg,	And down the gate, in faith, they're worse,
As lang's I dow! Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. q. My Muse dow scarcely spread her wing: Ep. to J. R. 6.	To Mrs. J. Kennedy.
	Down by yon stream, and yon bonie castle green; S. Wae is my heart†
E'en let him come out as he dowe. The Black-headed Eagle.	Down by the burn, S. When o'er the hill t
Some swagger hame, the best they dow, The Holy Fair. 26.	Down. Oh ye! who, sunk in beds of down,
He hirples twa-fauld as he dow, S. To daunton me.	Feel not a want but what yourselves create,
Dowf, Dowff [dull, flat, pithless, silly].	A Winter Night. 9.
Observe the very nowt an' sheep, How dowff an' dowie now they creep; . El. on Year 1788.	Down, Downs.
	Frae the downs o' Tinwald— The Election Ballads. IV.
Her dowf excuses pat me mad; Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 4.	He danc'd wi' Jeanie on the down, S. There was a lass †
Return sae dowf and weary O: . S. When o'er the hill†	Downa [cannot].
Dowle [worn-out, spiritless, low-spirited].	when I downa yoke a naig, A Ded. to G. H., 2.
Tho' now thou's dowie, stiff an' crazy, A Guid New-Year. † 2.	He downa see a poor man want;
Observe the very nowt an' sheep, How dowff an' dowie now they creep; . El. on Year 1788.	An' downa be disputed: A Dream. 4.
	They downa bide the stink o' powther;
Dowie she\saunters down Nithside, . Ep. to H. Parker. When a' the lave gae to their bed	The Author's Cry and Prayer, P.
I wander dowie up the glen; S. My Harry was a gallant	Downa do [impotence, inability].
Or make our Bardie, dowie, Poor Mailie's El	But downa do's come o'er me now, S. The deuks dang o'er.
There's some that are dowie, S. The Taylor fell, †	Downans v. Cassilis-Downans.
	Down-hill.
The hirdies dowie moaning, . S. The young High. Rover.	The wheels o' life gae down-hill, scrievin,
Bow now, alas! ye're dowie grown, S. Ye hae lien wrang.	Wi' rattlin glee Scotch Drink, 5.
His sad complaining dowie raves S. Young Jamie, †	Downright.
Down [adv., prep.].	That's little short o' downright wastrie. The Twa Dogs, 9.
As I gaed down the water-side, S. Ca' the ewes.	Downward.
I set me down and sigh: Despondency, an Ode.	Whiles owre a bush wi' downward crush,
The girdin brak, the beast cam down, . S. Duncan Gray.	The doited beastie stammers; On W. Chalmers.
Ye burnies, wimplin down your glens, El. on Capt. M. H., 4.	And downward, how weaken'd, how darken'd, how pain'd! S. The lazy mist †
But now she's floating down the Nith, El. on Peg Nicholson.	
I set me down, to pass the time, Ep. to Davie, 1.	Or downward seek the Indian mine; S. Twas even—the dewyt
I'm dwindled down to mere existence, . Ep. to H. Parker.	Downy.
Dowie she saunters down Nithside, 1b.	Downy Sleep, the curtain draw; S. Musing on the roaring t
Down the zodiac urge the race,	Doxy. His doxy lay within his arm; The Jolly Beggars. R. I.
An' down gaed stumpie in the ink:	And at night, in barn or stable,
Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 6.	Hug our doxies on the hay Ib. S. VIII.
But I shall scribble down some blether	Doylt [stupified, crazed].
Just clean aff-loof	Twins monie a poor, doylt, druken hash O' half his days; Scotch Drink. 15.
awa' we canter Uphill, down brae, . Ep. to Maj. Logan.	
She's down in the yard, she's kissin the Laird; S. Eppie M'Nab.	He's doyl't and he's dozin, his blude it is frozen, S. What can a yng lassie †

Doytan [moving in a doltish manner].	Drappy, -ie [dim. of drap].
When Hughoc he cam doytan by The Death of Mailie.	We are na fou, we're nae that fou, But just a drappy in our e'e; S. O Willie brew'd†
Dozen'd [benumbed, torpid]. My dearest member nearly dozen'd: Auld comrade dear †	As them wha like to taste the drappie In glass or horn There's naethin like †
Dozin [torpid, impotent]. He's doyl't and he's dozin, his blude it is frozen,	Draught. His latest draught o' breathin lea'es him
S. What can a yng lassie †	In faint huzzas. The Author's Cry and Prayer, P.
Dr. Mac [Rev. Dr. MacGill, of Ayr]. Dr. Mac, Dr. Mac, you should stretch on a rack,	If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 9.
The Kirk's Alarm. Drab. An' ay he gies the tozie drab	Some drops of joy with draughts of ill between; Why am I loth †
The tither skelpan kiss, . The Jolly Beggars. R.I. Drag. Condemn'd to drag a hopeless chain,	That to my latest draught o' life the band shall ne'er remove, S. The Posie.
S. Farewell, thou stream †	Draunting [whining, drawling]. To plague you with this draunting drivel, . Poem on Life.
Night's horrid car drags, dreary, slow: Improm. on Mrs. —'s Birthday.	Drave v. Drove.
Dragg'd. heavy-dragg'd wi' pine an' grievin; Scotch Drink. 5.	Draw. Let him draw near; A Bard's Epit. When Vengeance draws the sword in wrath,
Dragoon. Some one of a troop of Dragoons was my dadie, The Jolly Beggars. S. II.	A Ded. to G. H., 10. Wi' sword an' gun he thought a sin
Draigl't [draggled]. She draigl't a' her petticoatie	Guid Christian bluid to draw, A Fragment. 3.
Comin thro' the rye S. Comin thro' the rye †	An' did her whittle draw, man; Ib. 9. Four gallant brutes, as e'er did draw; A Guid New-Year † 15.
Drain. We will drain our dearest veins, S. Scots, wha ha'e † Vampyre booksellers drain him to the heart, To R.G. of F., 3.	They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me, S. Bonie lassie, will ye go †
Drake. Awa ye squatter'd like a drake, On whistling wings. Add. to the Deil. 8.	Draw near with pious rev'rence and attend! Epit. for Author's Father.
Ye duck and drake, wi' airy wheels Circling the lake; El. on Capt. M. H. 8.	An' her that is to be my lass, Come after me an' draw thee
Dram.	Let my Mary's kindred spirit Draw your choicest influence down. S. Highland Mary.
A dram was memento mori; Epit. on J. Dove, Innkeeper. A dram o' gude strunt in a morning early,	When trystin time draws near again; . S. Ill ay ca' in †
S. O ken ye what Meg†	The polish'd jewel's blaze May draw the wond'ring gaze, . S. Mark yonder Pomp †
My mither she bade me gie him a dram, S. The auld man † I gae him a dram o' the brand sae strang, \ . Ib.	Come draw a drap o' the best o't yet, [re.] S. My love she's but †
Freedom and whisky gang thegither, Tak aff your dram! [v.A.2]	Downy Sleep, the curtain draw; S. Musing on the roaring †
The Author's Cry and Prayer, P. Tak tent how ye purchase a dram; The Election Ballads, III.	The curtain draws of Nature's rest, That could sae bitter draw the tear, S. Now rosy May † Poor Mailie's El.
Drama.	The charms o' the min', the langer they shine, The mair admiration they draw, Ronalds of Bennals.
A drama worthy of the name of Bruce? . Scots Prologue.	Freedom's sword will strongly draw? . S. Scots, wha ha'e †
Drank. And drank my fill o' fancy's dream, As on the banks †	To guard, or draw, or wick a bore, Tam Samson's El., 5.
She reduc'd him to dust, and she drank up the Powder. Epig. on Henpecked Squire. Another.	There's some sark-necks I wad draw tight, The Author's Cry and Prayer, 10.
And drank it [his heart's blood] round and round;	Or haunted Garpal draws his feeble source, The Brigs of Ayr. 7.
And still the more and more they drank, Their joy did more abound John Barleycorn.	An' we maun draw our tippence The Holy Fair. 8.
That at the L—d's house, even on Sunday, Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday. Tam o' Shanter. 3.	Syne draws her kebbuck an' her knife;
Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely;	An' draws a roosty rapier The Jolly Beggars, R. VI. But Homer like the glowran byke,
And drank, "Young man, now sleep ye sound."	Frae town to town I draw that Ib. S. VII.
S. The Lass that made the bed. Frae Calvin's well, ay clear they drank, O' sic a feast! The Twa Herds. 5.	An' ye wha leather rax an' draw, Of a' denominations; The Ordination. 1.
O' sic a feast! The Twa Herds. 5. He drank his poor god-ship as deep as the sea, The Whistle. 4.	My wife she is willing to draw in the yoke, The Poor Thresher. Alas! that e'er a bonie face,
We drank a health to bonie Mary. S. T. Menzie's bonie Mary.	Should draw a sauty tear! The Ruined Maid's Lament.
Drants [sour humours]. Nae weel tochered aunts, to wait on their drants,	He draws a bonie, silken purse, As lang's my tail, The Twa Dogs. 8.
Prap [drop].	When click! the string the snick did draw; <i>The Vision</i> , D. I. 7. This, all its [Nature's law] source and end to draw,
Has clad a score i' their last claith, By drap and pill. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 25.	That [Nature's God], to adore. [v. Á. 4] Ib. You'll easy draw a weel-kent face, To a Painter.
But twa-three draps about the wame Ep. to J. R. 12.	I ken he weel a Snick can draw To Gav. Hamilton.
Come draw a drap o' the best o't yet, [re.] S. My love she's but † And I mysel' a drap of dew,	When ance life's day draws near the gloamin, To J. S., 14. And self-conceited critic skellum
Into her bonie breast to fa'! S. O were my love† His wee drap parritch, or his bread,	His quill may draw; To W. Creech. 'As sair owre hip as ye can draw't!' . What ails ye now †
Thou kitchens fine. [v. A. 21] Scotch Drink. 7.	A consequence I draw that S. Women's Minds.
An' just a wee drap sp'ritual burn in, An' gusty sucker! <i>Ib. 9.</i> Drap , <i>to</i> [to drop].	A weak arm, and a strang For to draw. S. Ye Jacobites † As lang's he has a breath to draw. S. Young Jockey †
Nor th' balm that draps on wounds of woe Frae woman's pitying e'e. Lament of Mary of Scots.	Drawing.
I'll drap the lyre, and mute, admire, . S. Lovely Davies.	Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh, Whare ghaists and houlets nightly cry. Tam o' Shanter. 9.
Drapping [dropping]. And frae my een the drapping rains	Drawn. Thou was a noble Fittie-lan',
Maun ever flow El. on Capt. M. H. 11. Belyve, the elder bairns come drapping in,	As e'er in tug or tow was drawn! A Guid New-Year † 11. Wilt thou ride on a horse, or be drawn in a car,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 4.	S. Tibbie Dunbar.
R	

Dread, adj. In whose dread presence, ere an hour, Perhaps I must appear! A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.	Dream'd. I dream'd I lay where flowers were springing, S. I dream'd I lay †
O Thou dread Pow'r who reign'st above!	Prear. From those drear solitudes and frowzy cells,
O Thou dread Power! whose empire-giving hand,	Where infamy with sad repentance dwells; Ep. from Esopus. Like drumlie winter, dark and drear, S. O Logan! sweetly †
Has oft been stretch'd to shield the honour'd land! Prologue, sp. by Woods.	in lone poverty's dominion drear, . Sonnet, wr. on Birthday.
Dread Omnipotence, alone, Can heal the wound He gave Sad thy tale †	[Think not] I joy my lonely days to lead in This desert drear; The Hermit.
Forms might be worshipp'd on the bended knee,	But Och! I backward cast my e'e, On prospects drear! To a Mouse.
And still the second dread command be free, The Brigs of Ayr, 8.	Dreary. Dark-muffl'd [Phœbe], view'd the dreary plain;
How your dread howling a lover alarms! S. Wandering Willie. Dread, s. An' p—d wi' dread, Holy Willie's Prayer. 14.	A Winter Night. 6. Ae dreary, windy, winter night, Add. to the Deil. 7.
Dread of black coats and rev'rend wigs, Letter to J. Goudie.	Life to me how dreary! S. Ay waking, O†
It [a rape] maks guid fellows girn an' gape, Wi' chokin dread; Poor Mailie's El	And dawin it is dreary, When birks are bare at Yule. S. Cauld is the e'enin†
Ye Maukins, cock your fud fu' braw, Withoutten dread; Tam Samson's El., 7.	And in the mirk and dreary drift The hills and glens are lost
Dread, to. Slumber ev'n I dread, S. Ay waking, O†	Wail thro' the dreary midnight hour El. on Capt. M.H., 10.
And dreads a meeting worse than Woolwich hulks; Ep. fr. Esopus.	that unknown river, Life's dreary bound! 1b. 15. Ye rugged cliffs o'erhanging dreary glens, El. on Miss Burnet.
Who dreads a curtain lecture worse than hell. The Henpecked Husband.	The wretch beneath the dreary pole,
I meikle dread him The Twa Herds. 13.	S. Farewell, dear mistress † But dreary tho' the moments fleet, S. Forlorn, my Love, †
Thae winks and finger-ends, I dread, Are notice takin! To a Louse.	How lang and dreary is the night, S. How lang and dreary t
I dread thee, Fate, relentless and severe, To R. G. of F., 9. Then low'ring, and pouring,	The joyless day, how dreary;
The storm no more I dread; To Ruin.	Improm. on Mrs. —'s Birthday.
I dread ye'll learn the gate again; . S. Wha is that at † Dreaded.	And tread the dreary path to that dark world unknown. Lns sent Sir J. Whiteford.
Or your more dreaded h-ll to state, D-mnation of expences! Add. to Unco Guid. 5.	The dark, dreary winter, and wild-driving snaw, S. My Nanie's Awa.
The sleepy bit lassie she dreaded nae ill, S. The Taylor fell t	But gi'e me Lucy in my arms, And welcome Lapland's dreary sky. S. O wat ye wha's in t
Her tongue and eyes, her dreaded spear and darts. To R. G. of F., 2.	And ushers the long dreary night; Poet. Add. to Tytler.
Dreadfu'. And ranked plagues their numbers tell,	That dreary hour he mounts his beast in; Tam o' Shanter. 7. That breast, how dreary now, and void, . The Lament.
In dreadfu' raw, Add. to Toothache. In dreadfu' desperation!	Death's unlovely, dreary, dark abode? . Why am I loth
Dreadin'.	Dree [to suffer, endure]. And dree the kintra clatter: . S. Here's his health in water.
Not dreadin' onie body, My heart was caught before I thought, S. When first I came †	And ye will dree the scorn, lassie; S. Ye hae lien wrang. And laugh at a' the pangs I dree; . S. Young Jamie, †
Dream.	And laugh at a' the pangs I dree; . S. Young Jamie,† Dreeping [dripping.]
But surely Dreams were ne'er indicted Treason. A Dream. Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.	Gie dreeping roasts to countra Lairds, To J. S., 22.
S. Afton Water. But life to me's a weary dream,	bress. thae Birth-day dresses Sae fine this day A Dream. 1.
A dream of ane that never wauks. S. Again rejoicing Nature †	a ribban at your lug Wad been a dress compleater: <i>Ib. 12.</i> Blest Highland bonnet! Once my proudest dress,
Tho' a' my daily care thou art, And a' my nightly dream, S. Ah, Chloris, †	Ep. fr. Esopus.
And drank my fill o' fancy's dream, . As on the banks †	And then there's something in her gait Gars ony dress look weel S. Handsome Nell.
Ev'ry dream is horror	A gaudy dress and gentle air May slightly touch the heart,
A faint-collected dream: Despondency, an Ode. 3. Your dreams an' tricks	That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses Tam o' Shanter. 11.
Will send you, Korah-like, a sinkin, Ep. to J. R. 1. But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber,	Their carriage and dress, a stranger would guess,
S. Here's a health to ane †	In Lon'on or Paris they'd gotten it a': The Belles of Mauchline.
Nightly dreams, and thoughts by day, Are with him that's far away. S. How can my poor heart †	Bright to the moon their various dresses glanc'd: The Brigs of Ayr. 11.
And oh, her dreams are eerie; S. How lang and dreary † I dropt my schemes, like idle dreams,	On this ane's dress, an' that ane's leuk, They're makin observations; The Holy Fair. 20.
S. My father was a farmer †	What airs in dress an' gait wad lea'e us,
That breaks the magic of my dream; On Lincluden Castle. That happy my dreams and my slumbers may be,	Dress, to.
S. Out over the Forth† Philosophy, no idle pedant dream, Prologue, sp. by Woods.	She dresses age sae clean and neat, S. Handsome Nell. And I will dress his o'erlay; S. The Ploughman
Forms like some bedlam Statuary's dream, The Brigs of Ayr. 8.	Dressed, -'d, Drest.
How life and love are all a dream! The Lament. Why, why wouldst thou, cruel,	My Lady's dink, my Lady's drest, S. My Lord a-hunting t For summer lightly dress'd, S. On a bank of flowers t
Wake thy lover from his dream? S. Why, why tell thy †	And she in simple beauty drest, S. Slow spreads the gloom
Fame a restless, airy dream; Wr. in Hermitage at F. C. Resides a sweet Lassie, my thought and my dream.	Windows and doors in nameless sculptures drest, The Brigs of Ayr. 8.
S. You wild mossy mountns†	fragrant birks, in woodbines drest, The Petition of Br. Water.
When I sleep I dream, Ol when I wake I'm eerie. S. Ay waking, O	And infant Frosts begin to bite, In hoary cranreuch drest; The Jolly Beggars. R. I.
My muse to dream of such a theme, Her feeble powers surrender; S. Lovely Davies.	And dressed them all in the best of their clothes, S. The Poor Thresher

Drew. An' Scotland drew her pipe an' blew, A Fragment. 7.	Wi' faith an' hope, an' love an' drink.
They drew me thretteen pund an' twa,	Wi' faith an' hope, an' love an' drink, They're a' in famous tune For crack. The Holy Fair. 26.
The vera warst A Guid New-Year † 15.	wi' drink an' courting dizzy, . The Jolly Beggars, R. III.
Auld Caledon drew out her drone. S. Amang the trees †	For drink I would venture my neck; Ib. S. III.
My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword, S. By you castle wa't	And there was routh o' drink and fun, S. The last braw bridal †
'I drew my scythe in sic a fury, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 18.	Ae night, they're mad wi' drink an' wh-ring, The Twa Dogs. 32.
As Willie drew his latest breath; Epit. on W	Next uprose our Bard, like a prophet in drink: The Whistle, 17.
An' loot a winze, an' drew a stroke,	And never drink be near his drouth! . To Dr. Blacklock.
They [sax owsen] drew a' weel enough; S. O gude ale comes †	'Twere drink for first of human kind, To Mr. Syme.
For thrice I drew ane [a Valentine] without failing, And thrice it was written, Tam Glen. S. Tam Glen.	Poor Burns—e'en Scotch drink canna quicken, To W. Creech.
But yet he drew the mortal trigger,	Drink, to.
Wi' weel-aim'd heed; Tam Samson's El., 11.	A man may drink and no be drunk; S. Duncan Davison. Where strumpets, relics of the drunken roar
frae the sheath, Drew blades o' death,	Where strumpets, relics of the drunken roar, Resolve to drink, nay, half to whore no more; <i>Ep. fr. Esopus</i> .
S. The battle of Sherra-Moor. I have four brutes o' gallant mettle,	He's blest—if as he brewed he drink Epit. on G. Richardson.
As ever drew afore a pettle The Inventory.	An' ye drink it a', ye'll find him [pleasure] out.
Soon drew the avenging steel, man; The Tree of Liberty.	S. Gane is the day † He drinks, an' swears, an' plays at cartes.
My gazing wonder chiefly drew; . The Vision. D. I. 12.	He drinks, an' swears, an' plays at cartes, Holy Willie's Prayer. 11.
Dribble [drizzle].	Syne as ye brew, my maiden fair, Keep mind that ye maun drink the yill. S. In simmer when t
To thole the Winter's sleety dribble, To a Mouse.	That I may drink before I go
Driddle [to move slowly, to be constantly in action but making little progress].	A service to my bonie lassie S. My bonie Mary.
Until you on a crummock driddle	And drinks the stream with vigour fresh; S. On Cessnock Banks † Sett. II.
A gray hair'd carl. Ep. to Maj. Logan. 3.	An' drink his health in auld Nanse Tinnock's
Wha us'd to trystes an' fairs to driddle, The Jolly Beggars. R. V.	The Author's Cry and Prayer.
Driegh [slow, lingering; tedious, wearisome].	Then let us drink the Stewartry,
An' Stable-meals at Fairs were driegh, A Gude New-Year † 8.	Kerroughtree's laird, and a' that, The Election Ballads. II. And drink my crystal tide. The Petition of Br. Water.
The moor was driegh, and Meg was skiegh,	And drink my crystal tide The Petition of Br. Water. To drink their orra dudies: . The Jolly Beggars. R. I.
S. Duncan Davison.	"And drink them to hell, Sir! or ne'er see me more!"
Drift [a drove; "fell aff the drift," fell away or wandered from the company].	The Whistle.
Poor hav'rel Will fell aff the drift, Halloween.	They drink the sweet and eat the fat, But care or pain; To J. S., 17.
Drift.	Drinker.
Dim-dark'ning thro' the flaky show'r,	Ochon for poor Castalian drinkers, When they fa' fonl o' earthly jinkers, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 10.
Or whirling drift A Winter Night. 1. And thro' the drift, deep-lairing, sprattle,	O L—d thou kens what zeal I bear,
Beneath a scar	When drinkers drink, and swearers swear, [v. A. 11]
And in the mirk and dreary drift	An' bake them up in brunstane pies Holy Willie's Prayer.
The hills and glens are lost. S. Cauld is the e'enin blast † While frosty winds blaw in the drift, . Ep. to Davie. 1.	For poor d-n'd Drinkers, Scotch Drink. 20.
It's no the driving drift and snaw;	Drinking, -in. A curtain Bardie's rantin, drinkin,
S. Oh, how can I be blythe †	Add. to the Deil. 20. Till, quite transmugrify'd, they're grown
Or blinding drifts wild-furious flee,	Debauchery and Drinking: . Add. to Unco Guid, 5.
Dark'ning the day! . To W. Simpson. The drift is driving sairly; S. Up in the morning.	The wale o' cocks for fun an' drinkin! Ep. to J. R. 1.
Drifted.	We're a' dry wi' drinking o't, [re.] S. My love she's but †
Ne'er sae murky blew the night	Balmaghie had better been Drinking Madeira wine The Election Ballads. V.
That drifted o'er the hill, S. Cauld is the e'enin †	It never fails, on drinkin deep,
Her bosom was the driven snaw, Twa drifted heaps sae fair to see,	To kittle up our notion, By night or day. The Holy Fair. 19.
S. The lass that made the bed.	I hae been merry drinking; . S. The Rigs o' Barley.
Drifting.	Drive.
Spare my love, thou feath'ry snaw, Drifting o'er the frozen plain. S. Jockey's ta'en the parting †	Wha drudge and drive thro' wet and dry, Ep. to Davie. 6. Eschylus' pen Will Shakespeare drives;
Drifty. Chill, o'er his slumbers, piles the drifty heap!	Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
A Winter Night. 9. Drink. And fill her up wi' brimstone drink,	Swift as the Gos drives on the wheeling hare;
Red, reeking, het. Adam A—'s Prayer.	The Brigs on Ayr. 4. When bailstanes drive wi' bitter skyte, The Jolly Beggars. R.I.
Mony a laugh and mony a drink, Auld Comrade †	Deil tak the hindmost, on they drive, To a Haggis.
Some ill-brewn drink had hov'd her wame,	Stern Ruin's plough-share drives, elate,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 28. My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,	Full on thy bloom, . To a Mountain-Daisy.
S. Last May a braw Wooer †	The warly race may drudge an' drive, Hog-shouther, jundie, stretch an' strive, To W. Simpson.
A' ye wha live by sowps o' drink, On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.	Drivel.
Gie him strong Drink until he wink, Scotch Drink. Mott	To plague you with this draunting drivel, . Poem on Life.
O thou, my Muse! guid, auld Scotch drink,	Driven, -'n.
Whyles daez't wi' love, whyles daez't wi drink, Second Ep. to Davie.	Driv'n by Fortunes felly spite, . S. Frae the friends †
Whene'er to drink you are inclin'd, Tam o' Shanter. 19.	O'er life's rough ocean driven, . O Thou dread Pow'r†
We'll mak our maut, and we'll brew our drink,	While down the wretched vital part is driven! Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.
S. The Deil cam fiddlin' † Then brandy Jean spak owre her drink,	And your life like the new driven snaw, The Kirk's Alarm. 4.
The Election Ballads, I.	Her bosom was the driven snaw, S. The lass that made the bed.
The limpid streamlet yonder flowing, Supplying drink,	
The Hermit. Leeze me on Drink! it gies us mair	By Passion driven; The Vision. D. 11. 17. His fecket is white as the new driven snaw; S. There's a youth †
Than either School or Colledge: The Holy Fair. 19.	S. There's a youth †
How drink gaed round, in cogs an' caups, Ib. 23.	Ruin's wheel has driven o'er us, S. Thickest might †

By human pride or cunning driv'n	To quench their lowan drouth. The Jolly Beggars, R. VIII.
To mis'ry's brink . To a Mountain-Daisy.	And never drink be near his drouth! . To Dr. Blacklock.
Again the silent wheels of time Their annual round have driv'n, To Miss L., with "Beattie."	Drouthy [thirsty].
I had been driven forth like you forlorn, . Tragic Frag	And drouthy neebors, neebors meet, . Tam o' Shanter.
Driving. Down Pleasure's stream, wi's welling sails,	His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony;
I'm tauld ye're driving rarely; . A Dream, 10.	Drove. Or hounded forth, dishonour arms
And bar the doors wi' driving snaw, . Ep. to Davie, 1.	In hungry droves. The Author's Cry and Prayer, P.
Was driving to the tither warl',	Wi' monie a wearie body, In droves that day. The Holy Fair. 6.
A mixie-maxie motely squad, . Lns add. to J. Ranken.	The Holy Fair. 6.
The dark, dreary winter, and wild-driving snaw, S. My Nanie's awa'.	brove, brave.
Nae star blinks thro' the driving sleet; S. O Lassie, art thou †	The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter; Tam o' Shanter. 5.
It's no the driving drift and snaw; S. Oh, how can I be blythe †	Or Phineas drove the murdering blade, Wi' wh-re-abhorring rigour; The Ordination. 4.
Protect thee frae the driving shower, On Birth of Posth. Child.	Or when the North his fleecy store,
Like furious devils driving The Election Ballads. VI.	Drove thro' the sky, The Vision. D. II. 13.
I see it driving o'er the plain; . S. The gloomy night †	Drowned, -'d. Or drowned in the river Forth?
Sendin' the stuff o'er muirs an' haggs	S. Ken ye ought of Capt. G.† Is drowned amid the mournful scream, On Lincluden Castle.
Like drivin' wrack; Third Ep. to J. Lap	Thou would be found deep drown'd in Doon;
By driving winds, the crackling flames are borne! <i>To Clarinda</i> .	Tam o' Shanter. 3.
The drift is driving sairly S. Up in the morning. Or, the stormy North sends driving forth,	Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
The blinding sleet and snaw: Winter.	E'en drown'd himsel amang the nappy: Ib. 6.
Droddum [the breech].	Drowning. But spleeny English, hanging, drowning. Improm., on Mrs. —'s Birthday.
I'd gie you sic a hearty dose o't,	So noted for drowning of sorrow and care; The Whistle. 10.
Wad dress your droddum! . To a Louse.	Drowsy.
Droll.	The mavis mild wi' many a note,
But wither'd beldams, auld and droll, Tam o' Shanter. 14. Drone. An' Caledon threw by the drone, A Fragment. 0.	Sings drowsy day to rest: . Lament of Mary of Scots.
Drone. An' Caledon threw by the drone, A Fragment. 9. Aft 'yout the dyke she's [Graunie's] heard you bumman,	Hadst thou taen aff some drowsy bummle, On Scot. Bard gone to W. I.
Wi' eerie drone; Add. to the Deil.	The drowsy Dungeon-clock had number'd two,
Auld Caledon drew out her drone, . S. Amang the trees †	The Brigs of Ayr. 3.
We never had sic twa drones; The Ordination. 10.	Drub.
The bum-clock humm'd wi' lazy drone, The Twa Dogs. 35.	And new-light herds could nicely drub, The Twa Herds. 8.
Droop.	Drudge. sic as you and I, Wha drudge and drive thro' wet and dry,
At dawn, when every grassy blade Droops with a diamond at his head, El. on Capt. M. H. 6.	Ep. to Davie. 6.
Sae droops our heart when we maun part S. Lovely Davies.	Then tho' I drudge thro' dub an' mire
Down droops her ance weel-burnish't crest, To W. Creech.	At pleugh or cart, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 13. At barn or byre thou shalt na drudge, S. There was a lass †
Droop'd. Her form majestic droop'd in pensive woe,	
On Death of Sir J. Blair.	The warly race may drudge an' drive, Hog-shouther, jundie, stretch an' strive, To W. Simpson.
Drooping. drooping rich the dewy head, S. A Rose-bud by †	Drug. Toads with their poison, doctors with their drug,
His bending joints and drooping head . John Barleycorn.	To $R. G. of F.$
Has cheer'd ilk drooping little flow'r,	Druken, Drucken [drunken].
S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite † The drooping arts surround their patron's bier,	And in your wicked, druken rants, Ep. to J. R. 2.
On Death of Sir J. Blair.	Druken or sober here's to thee, Katie! S. O merry hae I been†
Thou chears the heart o' drooping Care; Scotch Drink. 6.	I've been at druken writers' feasts, On dining with Daer.
Droot-rumpi't [that droops at the crupper].	'Bout vines, an' wines, an' druken Bacchus, Scotch Drink, 1.
The sma', droot-rumpl't, hunter cattle, A Guid New-Year 10.	Twins monie a poor, doylt, druken hash O' half his days;
Drop.	
We part—but by these precious drops, That fill thy lovely eyes! . S. Farewell, dear mistress †	My wicked rhymes, an' drucken rants, . What ails ye now † Drum. The time may come, with pipe and drum
And the diamond drops o' dew shall be her een sae clear;	Drum. The time may come, with pipe and drum We'll welcome hame fair Albany.
S. The Posie.	S. The bonie Lass of Albany.
Some drops of joy with draughts of ill between; Why am I loth †	When the drums do beat, And the cannons rattle, S. The Captain's Lady.
Drop, to.	When welcoming the French at the sound of the drum.
By cruel hands the sapling drops, . S. Fate gave the word,	The Jolly Beggars. S. I.
She trusts the ruthless falconer,	And the Moro low was laid at the sound of the drum Ib.
And drops beneath his feet S. How cruel† Till Fate the curtain drops on worlds to be no more.	I'd clatter on my stumps at the sound of a drum Ib.
Prologue, sp. by Woods.	when I us'd in scarlet to follow a drum Ib.
Dropping.	I could meet a troop of Hell at the sound of a drum Ib.
Dropping dews, and breathing balm To Miss C.	To rattle the thundering drum was his trade; . Ib. S. II. Till a' their weel-swall'd kytes belye
Dropt. I dropt my schemes, like idle dreams, S. My father was a farmer †	Are hent like drums; To a Haggis.
The hillocks dropt in Nature's careless haste;	Drumlanrig. How shall I sing Drumlanrig's Grace?
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.	On Duke of Queensberry.
Drouk [to drench, soak].	I'll sing the zeal Drumlanrig bears, The Election Ballads. VI.
And ay she took the tither souk, To drouk the stourie tow S. The weary Pund.	To muster o'er each ardent Whig Beneath Drumlanrig's banners;
Droukit [soaked, drenched].	Drumlie [dark, troubled; muddy; of gloomy aspect;
The last Halloween I was waukin	confused, muddy-brained].
My droukit sark sleeve, as ye ken; S. Tam Glen.	Trees with aged arms were warring,
Drouth [drought; thirst].	O'er the swelling, drumlie wave. S. I dream'd I lay t
Their hydra drouth did sloken, . On dining with Daer.	Or what the drumlie Dutch were doin; Kind Sir, I've read t
Tell him o' mine an' Scotland's drouth, The Author's Cry and Prayer. 4.	Like drumlie winter, dark and drear, S. O Logan! sweetly † Then bowses drumlie German-water, The Twa Dogs. 23.
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 4.	
Pauri'd in a gin shop Quenching hale drough	
Pawn'd in a gin-shop, Quenching holy drouth. The Election Ballads. IV.	Your waters never drumlie! S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †

Drunt [pet, sulks]. An' Mary, nae doubt, took the drunt, To be compared to Willie: Halloween. 9. Druyr Lane. Let them [the hizzies] in Druyr Lane be jesson'd! Add. 9 f Belezebub. 4. Bryy. Till a' the seas gang dry. [re.] S. A red, red Rock. On my dry and wholesome banks, As on the banks; Embro' wells are grutten dry. El. on Year 1785. We're a' dry wi' drinking o't. S. My love she's but! Eur love wi' uurelenting beam Has scorch'd my fountains dry. S. Now Spring has clad? In his sly, dry, sententious, proverb way! Prologue, at Th., D. That, to a Bard, I should be seen Wi' half my channel dry: The Petition of Br. Water. And now my conclusion I'll tell, For faith I'm confoundedly dry: The Poly Beggars. S. III. Cast off the wat, put on the dry. O'Ferguson! thy glorious parts, Ill-suited law's dry, musty arts! Dryy. to. Wha wou'd soon dry the tear frame his Phillis's e'e. Bryy. to. Wha wou'd soon dry the tear frame his Phillis's e'e. Bryy. to. Wha wou'd soon dry the tear frame his Phillis's e'e. Dryy-withering. Dry-withering. Dry-withering, waste my foamy stream, Dryymple. Dryburgh. The Petition of Br. Water. Bry to I. L.—k, Ap. 1st. 13. The red and the dry. The Petition of Br. Water. Bry to I. L.—k, Ap. 1st. 13. The red and the dry. The Petition of Br. Water. But low and in a matron grace Retreats to Dryburgh's cooling shade, Dryymiple. Dal'rymple. Dul's part of the word than in mire, Ept 10 I. L.—k, Ap. 1st. 13. The row of the tear frame his Phillis's e'e. Dublian la just as true's the Dul's in hell. O' Dublin dry: Death and Dr. Hornbook. "The worm that gaavs my bonie trees." The Rock of Fr., 3. Duck. "The worm that gaavs my bonie trees." The Keele wars a Ducal crown!" As on the banks the above the dealth of the banks the content of the truly bleed wars a Ducal crown!" As on the hanks the above the dealth of the dry. The Word that in the life the lake: El. on Capt. M. H. S. Duckling. Amang the reeds the ducklings cry. S. Asian reviewed. And and the ducklings cry. S. A		}
Drumossie (the moor on which Prince Charles fought and lost the battle of Culloden, 1746). Drumossie mir, Drumossie day, Drumossie mir, Drumossie day, Deory the wight that late and 'trunk is: Add. to the Dell. 15. Deory the wight that late and 'trunk is: Add. to the Dell. 15. Aman may drink and no be drunk; S. Duencan Davison. Por ille man that's drunk's a lord. S. Cause is the day? The maister drumk—the horse committed: The maister drunk—the horse committed: The mainter drumk—the horse committed: The man that horse committed: The The Million of the Million of the Whittle. The man that horse can be seen of all the committed that the temperature of the drum, and the committed that the temperature of the drum, and the committed that the temperature of the drum, and the committed that the temperature of the drum, and the committed that the temperature of the drum, and the committed that the temperature of the t	Drummock [meal and water mixed raw].	Duds, Duddies, Dudies [rags; clothes].
and lost the battle of Galloden, 1746]. Prumosis muri, Drumosis day, I was to me; A wastif day I was to me; A man my drink and no be drunk; Beri II and man that drunk's a lot. A man my drink and no be drunk; Beri II and man that drunk's a lot. A man my drink and no be drunk; Beri II and man that day. A so your Queen, with due respect, My leafly an subjection. An Partly she was drunk: A Partly she was		
Drumosis muit, Drumosis day, A wardi day it was to me; S. The levely last of In. Prunk. A wardi day it was to me; S. The levely last of In. Prunk to wight that late and 'srunk is: Add. to the Delt. 15, A man may drift and no be drum! For ilia man that's drum's a lord. S. Cane is the day Ye're a' blind drum, boys. S. Landalady, count! The maister drum's—the horse committed: The maister drum's—the horse committed: The property will be concerned the committed: The property will be concerned the committed: The fixed was drum's. The fixed beggers. R. V.II. Would swagger, swear, get drumk, like up a riot. The fixed drumken roam. The fixed the drumken roam. The fixed to Would and make a second the committed of the fixed to the fixed committed in the fixed to the fixed of the fixed committed in the fixed to the fixed of the fixed committed in the fixed to the fixed of the fixed committed in the fixed to the fixed of the fixed committed in the fixed to the fixed of the fixed committed in the fixed to the fixed of the fixed committed in the fixed to the fixed of the fixed committed in the fixed to the fixed of the fixed of the fixed committed in the fixed to the fixed of the fixed committed in the fixed to the fixed of the fixed committed in the fixed to the fixed of the fixed committed in the fixed to the fixed committed in the fixed to the fixed of the fixed of the fixed committed in the fixed to the fixed of the fixed committed in the fixed to the fixed of the fixe	Drumossie [the moor on which Prince Charles fought	
A waseft 'day' twas to me; S. The lendsy last of Inf. Decoy with that he and 'dimnk' is Add to the Dell 15 Decoy with and no be drunk; S. Duncan Danison. The Tilks man that's drunk's a lend. S. Cross it the day's 'Ve've a blind drunk, boys. Lendsday, count! The mainter drunk—the hone committed: On Bit it force imposed. Partly wi' Love o'ercome sas esia. The Rights of Woman. Partly wi' Love o'ercome sas esia. The Rights of Woman. The Rights of Wom		
Decoy the wight that late and 'trunk is: Add. to the Dell. 15. Ama many drink and no be drunt; S. Duncan Dursian. For ilka man that's drunk's a lord. S. Gaue is the day? Ye've a' blind drunk, boys. S. Leandaidy, count! The maister drunk—the horse committed: The maister drunk—the horse committed: The maister drunk—the horse committed: The play beggers. R. VIII. Would swages, ewe are, get drunk, like up a riot. The Rights Woman. Drunken. And [Death] tips and drunked when the drunk. The Rights Woman. Drunken. And [Death] tips and drunked when the dadan A-1 Propers. strumpest, relics of the drunken roar, £6, fr. Englat. Sa by one drunken follow his commeds you'll flad. As by one drunken follow his commeds you'll flad. As by one drunken follow his commeds you'll flad. As by one drunken follow his commeds you'll flad. As by one drunken follow his commeds you'll flad. As by one drunken follow his commeds you'll flad. As by one drunken follow his commeds you'll flad. As by one drunken follow his commeds you'll flad. As by one drunken follow his commeds you'll flad. As by one drunken follow his commeds you'll flad. As by one drunken follow his commeds you'll flad. As by one drunken follow his commeds you'll flad. As by one drunken follow his commeds you'll flad. As by one drunken follow his commeds you'll flad. As by one drunken follow his commeds you'll flad. Brut liped, sulles! And many on doubt, took the drunt, To be compar'd to Willie: Drunt Iped, sulles! And my, you doubt, more his commends you'll flad. Let then the hireles il in Drury Lane be iessa'd! Drury Inel. Let then the hireles il in Drury Lane be iessa'd! Drury Inel. Let then the hireles il in Drury Lane be iessa'd! Drury Inel. Let then the hireles il in Drury Lane be iessa'd! Let then the hireles il in Drury Lane be iessa'd! Drury Inel. Let then the hireles il in Drury Lane be iessa'd! Drury Inel. Let then the hireles il in Drury Lane be iessa'd! Drury Inel. Let then the hireles il in Drury Lane be iessa'd!	A waefu' day it was to me; . S. The lovely lass of In.	S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
Aman may drink and no be drunk; S. Duncan Devision. For itle ama that drunk's a low. S. Cane is the day! Ve're a' blind drunk, boys. S. Landiady, count! The mainter drunk—the horse committed: On S. Horse Information. Partly wi' Lave o'ercome see sain. On S. Horse Information. Partly wi' Lave o'ercome see sain. On S. Horse Information. Partly wi' Lave o'ercome see sain. On S. Horse Information. Partly wi' Lave o'ercome see sain. On S. Horse Information. Partly wi' Lave o'ercome see sain. On S. Horse Information. Partly wi' Lave o'ercome see sain. On S. Horse Information. Partly wi' Lave o'ercome see sain. On S. Horse Information. Partly wi' Lave o'ercome see sain. On S. Horse Information. Partly wi' Lave o'ercome see sain. On S. Horse Information. Partly wi' Lave o'ercome see sain. On S. Horse Information. Partly wi' Lave o'ercome see sain. On S. Horse Information. And Supplead of the drunk. On S. Market S. The East Information. And Supplead of the drunks on the Market. On Bunkor. Deurs Information. Hallewees. 9. Deurs Information. Deurs Information. Deurs Information. Deurs Information. Deurs Information. Hallewees. 9. Deurs Information. Deurs Information. And south corrected we with the death of Mailland. And Many, sao doubt, sold the drunt, and Many and obline the barries. On my dry and wholesome banks. As on the banks. As on the banks. On my and wholesome banks. As on the banks. As on the banks. As on the banks. As on the banks. Deurs Information. And south and the information. Deurs Information. Deurs Information. Deurs Information. D		To drink their orra dudies The Jolly Beggars. R. I.
For ilka man that's drunk's a lord	•	
Ye're a' shind drunk, boys, S. Lanellady, countite The maister drunk—the horse committed: On D': Horse impound. Parily wi Love o'excome see sair. An' parity he was dunk: 'The folly Beggars. R. VII. Would swagger, swear, get drunk, lick up a riot, The Rights of Woman. Drunken. And (Death) tips auld drunken Names the wink. Adam at 2 Proyers. Ab the fring, blustering, drunken blellum; Tam o' Shanters. 3. Whare drunken Charlie brak's neck-bane; B. 16. Drunken. No tide of the Baltic e'er drunker than he. The Whitle. 4. Drunt Ipet, sulks). An' Mavy, nec Charlie brak's neck-bane; B. 16. Drunken. Druny Lane. Let them (the hizzee) in Drury Lane be iessen'el An' Mavy and eoults took the drunt, An' Mavy and eoults took the drunt, An' Mavy and eoults took the drunt, Druny Lane. Let them (the hizzee) in Drury Lane be iessen'el An' Mavy and eoults took the drunt, Druny Lane. Let them (the hizzee) in Drury Lane be iessen'el An' Mavy and wholesome banks, A so on the banks' Druy Tane. Let them (the hizzee) in Drury Lane be iessen'el An' Mavy and wholesome banks, A so on the banks' Druy Tane. Let them (the hizzee) in Drury Lane be iessen'el And answer hin fu'ty. S. Or Take to Drury Lane be iessen'el And answer hin fu'ty S. Or Take to Drury Lane. Let them (the hizzee) in Drury Lane be iessen'el And answer hin fu'ty S. Or Take to Drury Lane. Let them (the hizzee) in Drury Lane be iessen'el And answer hin fu'ty S. Or Take to Drury Lane be iessen'el And answer hin fu'ty S. Or Take to Drury Lane be iessen'el And answer hin fu'ty S. Or Take to Drury Lane be iessen'el And answer hin fu'ty S. Or Take to Drury Lane be iessen'el And answer hin fu'ty S. Or Take to Drury Lane be iessen'el And answer hin fu'ty S. Or Take to Drury Lane be iessen'el And answer hin fu'ty S. Or Take to Drury Lane be iessen'el And answer hin fu'ty S. Or Take to Drury Lane be iessen'el Wi't dates and brota let Stairh min The Eleidon of the Market on the Carlot of the Carlot of the Carlot of the Carlot of the		
The maker drunk—the horse committed; The felly Beggers, R. VII, And partly with covered covering and and the third of the state of the	· ·	They maun hae brose and brats o' duddies; To Dr. Blacklock.
Mould swager, swear, get drunk, kick up a rink. Drunken. And (Death) tips auld drunken Name the wink. Adam A—'s Prayer. strumpest, relics of the drunken roar. Ergment, inter. to Fox. Ab bethering, blustering, drunken blellum; Tamo' Shanter. Where drunken Charlie brak: neck-bane; B. 10. Drunken. Motion on Baltic e're drunker than he. The Whistle. 4. Drunk for. The to be a Baltic e're drunker than he. The Whistle. 4. Drunk for. The condition of the drunk. To be compared to Willie: Hallowen. 9. Druny Lane. Let them (the hizzies) in Drury Lane be iesson'd! And of Baltic e're drunker than he. The Whistle. 4. Dry. Till a' the seas gang dry. [re.] S. A red, red Rese. on my dry and wholesome banks, As on the banks't come will read. Where a'dry wift drinking o't, S. My to wate but the late of willing the seas gang dry. [re.] And one will not one of the seas and the seas a		
Drunken. And [Death] tips and drunken Name the wink, strumpest, relies of the drunken roar, the Kights of Woman. The Kights of Woman. As by one drunken fellow his commete you'll find. Explais.	Partly wi' Love o'ercome sae sair.	
Duruken. And [Death] tips auld crunken Name the winds. Strumpets, relies of the drunken roan. Fel. f. Espita. As by one drunken fellow his commades you'll find. Fragment, inter. to Fox. A bletchring, blustering, drunken belleum; Tame's Shanter. 3. Whare drunken Charlie brak's neck-bane; Ib. to. Drunken. No tide of the Baltic e'er drunker than he. The Whistle. 4. Drunt [pot, sulks]. An' Mary, na doubt, took the drunt, The Compar'd to Willie: Hallowen. 9. The Town of the method with the the thing of Believalus. 4. Dry. Till a' the seas gang dry. [r. s.] S. Arel, red Rose. On y Grand wholesome banks. As on the banks? Whe a' dry w' drinking o't. S. Now Spring has clad't has been with due of persengation of the word of the word of the word and dry. Ent them (the hizies) in Drury Lane be iesson'd! Add. of Believalus. 4. Dry. Till a' the seas gang dry. [r. s.] S. Arel, red Rose. On y Year 1788. Wha druidge and drive thro' wet and dry. Ent be we're a' dry w' drinking o't. S. Now Spring has clad't has the outside the dukes that you dined w' yestreen. On an empty Fellow. Has stoord'd my fountain dry. S. Now Spring has clad't has the dukes and lords let Sellric mix. The Entition of Br. Water. Wind my spentantions, proverb way! Prologue, at Th. D., That, to a Bard, I should be seen. Wind my spentantion for the dual mire. And now my conclusion [I tell. And only my conclusion [I tell. And on my my conclusion [I tell. S. The Plettition of Br. Water. While far by sententions, proverb way! Prologue, at Th. D., Dry., withering, wear my foamy streams, The Petition of Br. Water. While summer with a matron grace Retereats to Dryburgh's cooling shade, S. Has selber to throw dual mire, Ent to My simple and the first paidle. The trium of the propension of the structure of the dull prosent, in within the order the huming dub. Or hould a see the bell's in hell. Dublin, Is just at rue's be bell's in hell. Ducell. Or Dublin city: Death and Dr. Hornbook. Duck. Ye duck and drike w' airy whe		
Drunkon. And [Death] tips and drunken Nane the wink. **Adam* **Adam* **Adam* **Ae **Prayer.** **strumpets, relices of the drunken roar. **E.** f.r.* Espitat. **A by one drunken fellow his commade syou! find. **E.** **A by the drunken fellow his commade syou! find. **E.** **A bethering, blustering, drunken blellum; Tame 'Shanter, 3. **Whar drunken Charlie brak's neck-hane; **B. 10. **Drunkor.** **No tide of the Baltic c'er drunker than he. **The Whistle. 4. **Durunt [pat, salks]. **An Mary, nae doubt cook the drunt, **Halloween. 9. **Duruy Lane.** **Let then [the hizries] in Drury Lane be iesson'd! **Add. of Betlzebub. 4. **Add. of Betlzebub. 4. **Dry. Till a' the seas gang dry. [re.] **S. A red, rad Rost. on my dry and wholesome banks. **A en the banks! **Embro' wells are gratten dry. **E.** **Make a regard and drive thro' wet and dry. **E.** **Ent love wil unrelenting beam Has scorch'd my fountains dry. **S. Now Spring has clad!* **Inh its sly, dry, sententious, proverb way! Prologue, at Th. D., L. That, to a Bard, I should be same. W'i half my channel dry: **The Petition of Br. Water. W'i half my channel dry: **The Petition of Br. Water. W'i half my channel dry: **The Petition of Br. Water. While Summer with a matton grace. **The Petition of Br. Water. Dryy, to.** Wha word's soon dry the tear frae his Phillis's e'e. **S. Wate is my heart's Dryyburgh.** **Dryyburgh.** **Drywurthering.** **Drywur	Would swagger, swear, get drunk, kick up a riot,	The Father mixes a' wi' admonition due.
Adam A—* Prayer. Adam A—* Prayer. A by one drunken fellow his comrades you'll find. Evigenest, inter. to Fox. A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum; Tam & Shanter. 3. Whare drunken Charlie brake's neck-bane; i. 16. to. Drunker. A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum; Tam & Shanter. 3. Drunker. No tide of the Baltie e'er drunker than he. The Whistle. 4. Drunt Ipet, sulks! An' Mary, nac doubt, took the drunt, To be compar'd to Willie: To be compar'd to Willie: Hallowen. 9. Dryury Lane. Let them [the hizries] in Drury Lane be jesson'd! Add. of Beelewh. 4. Dry. Till a'the seas gang dry. Ire.] S. Fact, red Rose. On my dry and wholesome banks. As on the banks; Can be year 'grow' d'dinking o't. Burber' wells are grutten dry. En by Year 'grow' d'dinking o't. S. My love side's but't, Dut love wi' unrelenting beam Has soord'd imp fountain dry. And now my conclusion I'll tell, For faith I'm confoundedly dry: The folly Biggars. S. 111. Cast off the wat, put on the dry, OF erguson I thy glorious parts, Ill-suited law's dry, musty arts! Dryy, to. Wha word soon dry the tear frae his Phillis's e'c. Drywythering. Dry-withering, waten my founny streams, The Prelition of Br. Water. Drywythering. Drywithering, waten my founny streams, The Prelition of Br. Water. Dryburgh. Dryburgh. Dryburgh of the dry compained of the stream of the stream. The Briggs of Ary, to. Then the I drauge through do han' mire. Add. to Shade of Thomson. The Briggs of Ary, to. The word that and both of the I'll paidle. The tower that ganws my bonie trees, "That Reptile wears a Ducal crown!" Add. to Shade of Thomson. Duck. Y educk and de'in! A Ded. to G. H. to. The word that ganws my bonie trees, "The word that ganws my bonie trees," "The word that ganws		And served me with due respect:
who says, that fool alone is not thy due. **L\$, *L\$, *L\$, *L\$, *L\$, *L\$, *L\$, *L\$	Adam A—'s Prayer.	S. The lass that made the bed.
A blethering, blustering, drunken biellum; Tame Shanters, Whare drunken Charlie brak's neck-bane; Ib. to. Drunker. No tide of the Baltic e'er drunker than he. The Whitele. 4. Drunt [pet, sulks]. An' Mary, nae doubt, took the drunt, To be compar'd to Willie: . Halloween. 9. Druurt [pet, sulks]. An' Mary, nae doubt, took the drunt, To be compar'd to Willie: . Halloween. 9. Druy Till a' the seas gang dry. [re.] . S. A red, red Rose, on my dry and wholesome banks, As on the banks! Embro' wells are grutten dry. Et. on Year 728. Wha drudge and drive thro' wet and dry. Es. to Near 1785. Wha drudge and drive thro' wet and dry. Es. to Davie. 6. We're a' dry dridnking o't, . S. My leve ske's but, But love wi' unrelenting beam Has scorch' dmy fontains dry. S. Now Spring has elad! And answer him fu' dry. S. O. Tibble! I his sky, dry, sententious, proverb way! Prolegue, at Th., D. That, to a Bard, I should be seen Wi half mow my conclusion I'll tell, For faith I'm confoundedly dry: The folly Beggars. S. 111. Cast off the wat, put on the dry, S. Wishington, S.		
Ablethering, blustering, drunken biellum; Tam & Shanter. 3. Whare drunken Charlie brak's neck-bane; 16. 10. Drunkor. No tide of the Baltic e'er drunker than he. The Whitlet. 4. Drunt [pet, sulks]. An' Mary, na doubt, took the drunt, To be compar'd to Willie:		
Whate drunken Charlie brak's neck-bane; 16. to. DruurNer. No tide of the Baltic e'er drunker than he. The Whistle. 4. Drunt [pet, sulks]. An' Mary, nae doubt, took the drunt, To be compar'd to Willie:		
No tide of the Baltic e'er drunker than he. The Whistle 4. Drunt [pets, sullks]. An' Mary, nae doubt, took the drunt, To be compared to Willie:		To see them duely changed: Halloween. 27.
Drunt (pot, sulks). An' Mary, and coubt, took the drunt, An' Mary and coubt, took the drunt, An' be compar'd to Willie: Halloween, o. Halloween,	Drunker.	And mind your duty, duely, morn and night!
An' Mary, nae doubt, took the drunt, To be compared to Wille: Whe compared to Wille: Halloween, o, Drury Lane. Let them (the hizzies) in Drury Lane be lesson'd! Add, of Betelschub, 4. Add, of Betelschub, 4. Bory, Till a' the seas gang dry, [re.] S. A red, red Koe. On my dry and wholesome banks, As on the banks! Embro' wells are grutten dry. El. on Year 1788. Whe raid and drive thro' wet and dry. Embro' wells are grutten dry. S. Now Spring has cladt but loss occident many and the dukes that you dined w' yestreen. We're a' dry wi' drinking o't, S. Now Spring has cladt had answer him fu' dry. S. Now Spring has cladt had answer him fu' dry. S. O Többie 't In his sly, dry, sententious, prover bway! Prologue, at Th., D., That, to a Bard, I should be seen Wi' half my channel dry: That, to a Bard, I should be seen Wi' half my channel dry: That, to a Bard, I should be seen Wi' half my consoundedly dry: The felly Beggars. S. III. Cast off the wat, put on the dry, S. The Ploughmant O Ferguson! thy glorious parts, Ill-suited law's dry, musty arts! Dry-withering. Dry-withering. Dry-withering. Dry-withering, waste my foamy streams, The Puttion of Br. Water. Dry-withering. Dry-withering. Dry-withering, waste my foamy streams, The Puttion of Br. Water. Dry-withering. Dry-withering. Tran skelpit on thro' dub an' mire, Add. to Shade of Thomson. Add. to Shade of Thomson. Then the'l Grudge through dub an' mire, Ept. to J. L.—k, Ap. 1st. 12. Tam skelpit on thro' dub an' mire, The mo' Shanter, Ept. to J. L.—k, Ap. 1st. 12. To my Sighing, dumb, despairing! You have them in. The Twa Herts's. S. Dumblin. Is just as true' the mo're the hurring dub, O'r beave them in. The Britis of Agd. The Word that and Dr. Hornbook. Ducal. "The worm that gnaws my bonie trees, Than Reptile wears a Ducal crown!" Ducal. "The worm that gnaws my bonie trees, Than Reptile wears a Ducal crown!" Ducal. "The worm that gnaws my bonie trees, Than Reptile wears a Captal than the Docas stream, The Britis dum		
Drury Lane. Let them (the hizzies] in Drury Lane be lesson'd! Add. of Deetzebub. 4. Dry. Till a' the seas gang dry. [re.] . S. A read, read Rose. on my dry and wholesome banks, . As on the banks? Enhore wells are grutten dry. El on Year 1985. Wha drudge and drive thro' wet and dry, . Et. to Davie. 6. We're a' dry wi' drinking o't, . S. My fore shids but! Elut love wi' urrelenting heam Has scorch'd my fountains dry. S. Now Spring has cladd. And answerh him fu' dry S. Or Tibble! 1 In his sly, dry, sententious, proverb way! Prologue, at Th., D. That, to a Eard, I should be seen Wi' half my channel dry: . The Petition of Br. Water. And now my conclusion Til tell, For faith I'm confoundedly dry: . The Petition of Br. Water. All sow was, and the darks, S. The Houghmant (O Ferguson! thy glorious parts, Ill-suited law's dry, musty arts! . To W. Simpson. 4. Dry-withering. Dry-withering, waste my foamy streams, The Petition of Br. Water. Dry-withering. Dry-withering, waste my foamy streams, The Petition of Br. Water. While Summer with a matron grace Retreats to Dryburgh's cooling shade. The men's dry men's dailed and them. The Petition of Br. Water. While Summer with a matron grace Retreats to Dryburgh's cooling shade. The Petition of Br. Water. Then the's I drudge through dub and mire, The The the's I drudge through dub and mire, The men's dry men's and lords it is fall, the did not be the dark, And mow my conclusion Till tell, The more stream. The Petition of Br. Water. The more stream, The Petition of Br. Water. The more stream, The Petition of Br. Water. The more stream, The Petition of Br. Water. The more stream and devin in the cooling shade. The sease and lords let Selkirk mix The Election Ballads. II. The Water. A singular day in the selled kingles of Mr. In the stream, the singular day in the selled with the water of the dark, S. The Industry Streams, The The Two Mers. S. The A the	An' Mary, nae doubt, took the drunt.	An' ay on Sundays duly, nightly,
Welcome what thou canst not shun: Mad. of Beletzebub. 4. Dry. Till a' the seas gang dry. [re.] S. A red, red Rose. on my dry and wholesome banks, As on the banks! Embro' wells are grutten dry. El. on Year 1783. Wha drudge and drive thro' wet and dry, Ep. to Davie. o. We're a' dry wi' drinking of t., S. My tows she's but's b	To be compar'd to Willie: Halloween. 9.	
Dry, Till a' the seas gang dry. [re.] S. A red, red Rose, on my dry and wholesome banks, As on the banks; Embro' wells are grutten dry. Et. on Year 1785. What drudge and drive thro' wet and dry, Ep. to Davie. 6. We're a' dry wi' drinking o't. S. My love she's but't but love wi' urrelenting beam Has scorch'd my fountains dry. S. Now Spring has clad? And answer him fu' dry. S. Now Spring has clad? In his sly, dry, sententious, proverb way! Prologue, at Th., D. That, to a Bard, I should be seen W' half my channel dry: The Petition of Br. Water. And now my conclusion I'll tell, For faith I'm confoundedly dry: The Petition of Br. Water. And now my conclusion I'll tell, For faith I'm confoundedly dry: The Petition of Br. Water. And www dry sond ry the tear frea his phillis's e. C. S. Wae is my heart? Dry, to. Wha wou'd soon dry the tear frea his phillis's e. C. S. Wae is my heart? The Petition of Br. Water. While Summer with a matron grace Retreats to Dryburgh's cooling shade, Drymple. Dub la pond or small pool, a puddle, a gutter]. The profession of the dub of your ain delvin! A Ded. to G. H. to. Then the' I drudge through dub an mire, Ep. to J. L.—k, Ap. 1st. 15. The state to Dryburgh's cooling shade, Drymple. Dubla a pond or small pool, a puddle, a gutter]. For gumlie dub of your ain delvin! A Ded. to G. H. to. Then the' I drudge through dub an mire, Ep. to J. L.—k, Ap. 1st. 15. The for gumlie dub so' for ain delvin! A Ded. to G. H. to. The twentory. Could shake them o'er the barring dub, O'r beave them in. The Brigs of Ayr. to. Dubla. O'r beave them in. The Brigs of Ayr. to. The Stanter. o. The O'r Ling in the law review has a rive set be Ducat. Stream. The Brigs of Ayr. to. Ducat. The Brigs of Ayr. to. Ducat. Stream. The	Drury Lane.	Welcome what thou canst not shun:
Dry. Till a' the seas gang dry. [ve.] . S. A red, red Rose. on my dry and wholesome banks, . As on the banks† Embro' wells are grutten dry El. on Year 1788. Wha drudge and drive thro' wet and dry, . Ep. to Davie.6. We're a' dry wi' drinking o't, . S. My love she's but† But love wi' unrelenting beam Has scorefd my fountains dry. S. Now Spring has cladt And answer him fu' dry S. O Tibbie! † In his sly, dry, sententious, proverb way! Prologue, at Th., D., That, to a Bard, I should be seen Wi' half my channel dry: . The Petition of Br. Water. And now my conclusion I'll tell, For faith I'm confoundedly dry: The folly Beggars. S. III. Cast off the wat, put on the dry, . S. The Ploughmant (O Ferguson! thy glorious parts, Ill-suited law's dry, musty arts! . To W. Simpson. 4. Dry, to. Wha wou'd soon dry the tear fine his Phillis's e. C. S. Wae is my heart† Dry-withering. Dry-withering, waste my foamy streams, The Petition of Br. Water. While Summer with a matron grace Retreats to Dryburgh's cooling shade, Retreats to Dryburgh's cooling shade, Ep. to J. L.—k, Ap. 1st. 1.3. Tam skelpit on thro' dub an' mire, Ep. to J. L.—k, Ap. 1st. 1.2. Tam skelpit on thro' dub an' mire, Ep. to J. L.—k, Ap. 1st. 1.2. The dub to four an delvin! A Ded. to G. H. 1.0. The o'dit rand dub for life I'll paidle, Cred gual and dub for life I'll paidle, Dublin. Is just as true's the Dell's in hell. Ducal. O'D hublin it; very beat and Dr. Hornbook. The Two many the seen The Drigs of Ayr. 10. Ducal. The Two many the seen The Drigs of Ayr. 10. Ducal. The Two many the seen The Drigs of Ayr. 10. Ducal. The Two many the seen The Drigs of Ayr. 10. Ducal. The Two many the seen The Drigs of Ayr. 10. Ducal shake them o'er the burning dub, O'r heave them in. The Two and the seen The Drigs culzie, The Two and the seen The Drigs culzie, The Two and the seen The Two and the seen The Drigs culzie, The Two and the seen The Drigs culzie, The Two Ap. 11. The Two and the seen The Drigs culzie, The Manage and a that; S. The Honest Man. That any the Duke	Add. of Beelzebub. 4.	Wr. in Hermitage at F.C.
on my dry and wholesome banks,		
We're a' dry wi' drinking o't S. My love she's but † But love wi' unrelenting heam Has scorch d' my fountains dry S. O Tibbie !† In his sly, dry, sententious, proverb way! Prologue, at Th., D., That, to a Bard, I should be seen Wi' half my channel dry: . The Petition of Br. Water, And now my conclusion I'l tell, For faith I'm confoundedly dry: . The Petition of Br. Water, And now my conclusion I'l tell, For faith I'm confoundedly dry: . The Petition of Br. Water, And now my conclusion I'l tell, For faith I'm confoundedly dry: . The Petition of Br. Water, And now my conclusion I'l tell, For faith I'm confoundedly dry: . The Petition of Br. Water, And now my conclusion I'l tell, For faith I'm confoundedly dry: . The Petition of Br. Water, And now my conclusion I'l tell, For faith I'm confoundedly dry: . The Petition of Br. Water, All so water in the seen of task my heart for the summer with a matron grace The Petition of Br. Water, While Summer with a matron grace The Petition of Br. Water, While Summer with a matron grace Retreats to Dryburgh's cooling shade, Petreats to Dryburgh's cooling shade, Petreat and the state of the		
We're a' dry wi' drinking o't,		
But love wil unrelenting heam Has scorch'd my fountains dry. S. Now Spring has clad? And answer him fu' dry. S. O Tibbie!† In his sly, dry, sententious, proverb way! Prologue, at The, D. That, to a Bard; I should be seen Wi' half my channel dry: The Petition of Br. Water. And now my conclusion I'll tell, For faith I'm confoundedly dry: The folly Beggars. S. III. Cast off the wat, put on the dry, S. The Ploughmant (O Ferguson! thy glorious parts, Ill-suited law's dry, musty arts! To W. Simpson, 4. Dry, to. Wha wou'd soon dry the tear frace his Phillis's e'e. S. Wate is my heart! Dry-withering. Dry-withering, waste my foamy streams, The Petition of Br. Water. While Summer with a matron grace Retreats to Dryburgh's cooling shade, Add. to Shade of Thomson. Drymple v. Dalrymple. Dubl la pond or small pool, a puddle, a gutter! For gumlie dubs of your ain delvin! A Ded. to G. H. 10. Then tho' I drudge through dub an' mire, Ep. to J. L.—k, Ap. 1st. 13. Than skelpit on thro' dub an' mire, The Twa Herds. S. Dublin. Is just as true's the Deil's in hell. Or Dublin city: Death and Dr. Hornbook. Ducal. The worm that gnaws my bonic trees, "That day the Duke ne'er saw, Jamie. S. The Laddies by † Unll. A set o' dull, conceited Hashes, Ep. to J. L.—k, Ap. 1st. 12. S. Farcuelt, thou fair day' How dull is that ear which to flattery so listened, Monody, on a Lady. To wheel the equal, dull routine. Sketch. New-Yr's Day. Symon Gray You're dull to day. Symon Gray. Plain, dull Supidity stept kindly in to aid them. The Brigs of Ayr, to. The Twa Baysin, and the bays and the more and the mo		
And answer him fu' dry. In his sly, dry, sententious, proverb way! Prologue, at The, D. That, to a Bard, I should be seen W' half my channel dry: The Petition of Br. Water. And now my conclusion I'll tell, For faith I'm confoundedly dry: The folly Beggars. S. III. Cast off the wat, put on the dry, S. The Ploughmant (O Ferguson! thy glorious parts, Ill-suited law's dry, musty arts! To W. Simpson. 4. Dry-withering. Dry-withering, waste my foamy streams, The Petition of Br. Water. Dry-withering. Dry-withering, waste my foamy streams, The Petition of Br. Water. Dry-withering. Dry-withering, waste my foamy streams, The Petition of Br. Water. Dry-withering. Dry-withering, waste my foamy streams, The Petition of Br. Water. Dry-withering. Dry-withering, waste my foamy streams, The Petition of Br. Water. Dry-withering. Dry-withering, waste my foamy streams, The Petition of Br. Water. Dry-withering. Dry-withering, waste my foamy streams, The Petition of Br. Water. Dry-withering. Dry-withering, waste my foamy streams, The Petition of Br. Water. Dry-withering. Dry-withering, waste my foamy streams, The Petition of Br. Water. Dry-withering. Dry-withering, waste my foamy streams, The Petition of Br. Water. Dry-withering. Dry-withering, waste my foamy streams, The Petition of Br. Water. Dry-withering. Dry-withering, waste my foamy streams, The Petition of Br. Water. Dry-withering. Dry-withering, waste my foamy streams, The Petition of Br. Water. Dry-withering. Dry-withering, waste my foamy streams, The Petition of Br. Water. Dry-withering. Dry-withering, waste my foamy streams, The Petition of Br. Water. Dry-withering. Dry-withering, waste my foamy streams, The Petition of Br. Water. Dry-withering. Dry-withering, waste my foamy streams, The Petition of Br. Water. Dry-withering. Dry-withering, waste my foamy streams, The Petition of Br. Water. Dry-withering. Dry-withering, waste my foamy streams, The Detail of Bry-withering and provided the form of Bry-withering and provided the Gray of Ary. 10. Dullian		A prince can make a belted knight,
In his sly, dry, sententious, proverb way! Prologue, at Th., D. That, to a Bard, I should be seen Wi half my channel dry: . The Petition of Br. Water. And now my conclusion I'll tell, For faith I'm confoundedly dry: The folly Beggars. S. III. Cast off the wat, put on the dry, . S. The Ploughman† (O Ferguson! thy glorious parts, Ill-suited law's dry, musty arts! . To W. Simpson. 4. Dry, to. Wha would soon dry the tear frae his Phillis's e'e, Wa is im y heart! S. Wa is im y heart! The Petition of Br. Water. Dry-withering. Dry-withering, waste my foamy streams, The Petition of Br. Water. Dry-withering. Dry-withering, waste my foamy streams, The Petition of Br. Water. Dry-mile dub so fy our ain delvin! A Ded. to G. H. 10. Then tho' I drudge through dub an' mire, Ep. to J. L.—k, Ap. 1st. 12. Thus stricks the dull peasant, he sinks in the dark, Simmer with to flattery so listened, Monody, on a Lady. Monody, on a Lady. Symon Gray Vou're dull to day. Symon Gray. Plain, dull Stupidity stept kindly in to aid them. The Brigs of Ayr. to. Their days, insipid, dull an' tataless, tased, detected, and deprest, To R. G. of F., But tho' dull prose-folk latin splatter In logic tulzie, To W. Simpson. P.S. Dulness, Dulness, with redoubled sway Symon Gray. Clad in rich Dulness' comfortable fur. To R. G. of F., 3. Dumblin, I sjust as true's the Dell's in hell, Or Dublin city: Death and Dr. Hornbook. Dublin, I sjust as true's the Dell's in hell, Or Dublin city: Death and Dr. Hornbook. Duck Ye duck and drake wi' airy wheels Circling the lake: EL on Capt. M. H. S. Duckling, Amang the reeds the ducklings cry. Duddle [ragged]. Lord grant, nae duddie, desperate beggar, Add. of Beelechb., Nae tawted tyke, tho' e'er sae duddie, The Two Dogs. 3. A smytrie o' wee, duddie weans, Ban to the farm the vocal air. S. Duncan Davison.		
That, to a Bard, I should be seen Wi half my channel dry: The Petition of Br. Water. And now my conclusion I'll tell, For faith I'm confoundedly dry: The folly Beggars. S. III. Cast off the wat, put on the dry, OF erguson! thy glorious parts, Ill-suited law's dry, musty arts! To W. Simpson. 4. Dry, to. Wha wou'd soon dry the tear frae his Phillis's e'e. S. Wae is my heart! Dry-withering. Dry-withering, waste my foamy streams, The Petition of Br. Water. Dry-withering. Dry-withering, waste my foamy streams, The Petition of Br. Water. Drymple v. Dalrymple. Add. to Shade of Thomson. Dubl [a pond or small pool, a puddle, a gutter]. For gumlie dubs of your ain delvin! Then the' I drudge through dub an' mire, Tep. to f. L.—k, Ap. 1st. 13. Tam skelpit on thro' dub an' mire, Could shake them o'er the burning dub, Or heave them in. The Twa Herds. 8. Dublin. Is just as true's the Deil's in hell. Ducal. "The worm that gnaws my honie trees, "The Brigs of Ayr. 6. Duck. Ye duck and drake wi' airy wheels Circling the lake: El. on Capt. M. H. 8. Duckling. Amang the reeds the ducklings cry. Duddle [ragged]. Lord grant, nae duddie, desperate beggar, Add. of Beeleebid. Nae tawted tyke, tho' e'er sae duddie, The Twa Dogs. 3. A smytrie o' wee, duddie weans, Base to' dull, conceited Hashes, Ep. to J. I.— How dull is that ear which to flatery so listened, Monody, on a Lady. To wheel the equal, dull routine. S. Farewell, two dull and them. S. Farewell, two dull a		
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Circling the lake: El. on Capt. M. H. 8. Duckling. Amang the reeds the ducklings cry. S. Again rejoicing Nature† Duddie [ragged]. Lord grant, nae duddie, desperate beggar, Add. of Beelzebub. Nae tawted tyke, tho' e'er sae duddie, A smytrie o' wee, duddie weans, Ib. 10. Dunblane. And at Dunblane, in my ain sight They took the brig wi' a' their might, S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor. Duncan. There's D—n deep, and P[eble]s, shaul, The Twa Herds. 10. Duncan. Her favour Duncan couldna win; . S. Duncan Davison.		
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Lord grant, nae duddie, desperate beggar, Add. of Beelzebub. Nae tawted tyke, tho' e'er sae duddie, A smytrie o' wee, duddie weans, The Twa Dogs. 3. A smytrie o' wee, duddie weans, The Twa Dogs. 3. Her favour Duncan couldna win; S. Duncan Davison.	Duckling. Amang the reeds the ducklings cry.	They took the brig wi' a' their might,
Nae tawted tyke, tho' e'er sae duddie, The Twa Dogs. 3. A smytrie o' wee, duddie weans, Ib. 10. Duncan. Her favour Duncan couldna win; . S. Duncan Davison.	Duddie [ragged].	
A smytrie o' wee, duddie weans,		The Twa Herds. 10.
July and a large and a state of the second of the second and and and and and a large and a		
		10,

Weary fa' you Duncan Gray, S. Duncan Gray.	To crush the villain in the dust: Lns on Back of Bank Note.
And Duncan, ye're an unco loun; Ib.	Repose us in the silent dust Sketch. New-Yr's Day.
But Duncan, gin ye'll keep your aith, [re.] Ib.	To see her sittan on her arse
Gart poor Duncan stand abiegh; S. Duncan Gray †	Low i' the dust, The Author's Cry and Prayer.
Duncan fleech'd, and Duncan pray'd, Ib.	Th' unmanner'd dust might soil his star, The Election Ballads. VI.
Duncan sigh'd, baith out and in, Ib.	Till she, like thee, all soil'd, is laid
Duncan was a lad o' grace,	Low i' the dust To a Mountain-Daisy.
Duncan cou'dna he her death,	mouldering now in silent dust.
Dundas [The Right Hon. H. Dundas, Treasurer of the	S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †
Navy, and M.P. for Edinburghl.	Dusty. Hey, the dusty miller, And his dusty coat; [re.]
While slee D-nd-s arous'd the class Be-north the Roman wa', man: A Fragment. 8.	S. Hey, the dusty miller †
And one a chan that's d-mn'd auldfarran	Dutch.
Dundas his name. The Author's Cry and Prayer.	Or what the drumlie Dutch were doin; Kind Sir, I've read †
Had I Dundas's whole estate, . S. When first I saw †	Duty. To adore thee is my duty, Goddess o' this soul o' mine! . S. Bonie wee thing †
Dundee [name of Psalm-tune].	By love, and by beauty, By law, and by duty;
Perhaps Dundee's wild warbling measures rise,	S. Eppie Adair.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 13.	Friendship! 'tis all cold duty now allows. Once fondly lov'd †
Dundee [Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee].	'And mind your duty, duely, morn and night!
From great Dundee, who smiling victory led,	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 6.
And fell a martyr in her arms, Fragment of Ode.	Your duty ye wad sae neglekit, The Twa Herds. 4.
But I met the Devil and Dundee On th' braes o' Killiecrankie, O. S. Killiecrankie.	I hold it, Sir, my bounden duty To warn you
On th' braes o' Killiecrankie, O. S. Killiecrankie. Dundee. Between Saint Johnston and bonie Dundee.	To Gavin Hamilton.
S. O whare did ye get †	Dwalling [dwelling].
She swoor she saw some rebels run	As fast as ony in the dwalling The Inventory.
To Perth and to Dundee, man: The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	Dwalt [dwelt]. And clos'd for ay, the sparkling glance That dwalt on me sae kindly!
Dung v. Dang.	S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †
Dungeon.	Willie Wastle dwalt on Tweed S. Willie Wastlet
Think on the dungeon's grim confine, A Winter Night. 9.	Dwell.
Farewell, ye dungeons dark and strong,	"Nae canker worms get leave to dwell. As on the banks †
S. Farewell, ye dungeons †	Where infamy with sad repentance dwells; Ep. fr. Esopus.
Dweller in yon dungeon dark, Hangman of creation, Ode, Sac. to Mem. of Mrs. —.	O Thou, wha in the heavens dost dwell,
Some narrow, dirty, dungeon cave, On seeing seat of Lord G.	Holy Willie's Prayer. 1.
And bound him in a dungeon fast, The Jolly Beggars, S. IV.	Within whase bosom save Despair Nae kinder spirits dwell. S. Now Spring has clad †
	On Cessnock banks a lassie dwells;
Dungeon-clock. The drowsy Dungeon-clock had numbered two,	S. On Cessnock banks † Sett. II.
The Brigs of Ayr. 3.	In his breast no pity dwells, On scaring Water-fowl.
Dunghill.	In Mauchline there dwells six proper young helles,
Poor dunghill sons o' dirt and mire, Add. of Beelzebub. 2.	The Belles of Mauchline.
Dunse. I gaed up to Dunse.	Reflected beams dwell in the streams, The Fête Champetre.
To warp a wan o plaiden; S. A ooin shure in nairst	His talk o' H-ll, whare devils dwell, . The Holy Fair. 21.
Dunt [a blow, a stroke producing a dull sound].	As in the bosom of the stream The moon-beam dwells at dewy e'en; S. There was a lass †
I'll tak dunts frae naebody S. Naebody.	
Dunted [beat, thumped, palpitated].	An' cozie here, beneath the blast, Thou thought to dwell, To a Mouse.
And while my heart wi' life-blood dunted	In equanimity they [the Muses] never dwell,
I'd hear't in mind Friend of the Poet †	To R. G. of F., 8.
Durance.	Mark Scotia's fond returning eye, It dwells upon Glencairn V.s below Picture.
In durance vile here must I wake and weep, Ep. fr. Esopus.	Dweller. Dweller in you dungeon dark, Hangman of creation,
But nought can glad the weary wight	Ode, to Mem. of Mrs.
That fast in durance lies Lament of Mary of Scots.	Dwelling.
Durk [dirk].	May ne'er Misfortune's gowling bark,
Wi durk, claymore, or rusty trigger, . Add. of Beelzebub.	Howl thro' the dwelling o' the Clerk! A Ded. to G. H. 14.
An' durk an' pistol at her belt, She'll tak the streets,	Underneath the grass-green sod,
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 17.	Soon maun be my dwelling. S. Blythe ha'e I been
Durst. They durst nae mair than he allow'd, To W. Creech.	Farewell, thou stream that winding flows Around Eliza's dwelling; . S. Farewell, thou stream †
Dusht [pushed as by a ram or ox].	The last time I came o'er the moor,
I glowr'd as eerie's I'd been dusht,	And left Maria's dwelling, S. The last time It
In some wild glen; . The Vision. D. I. 8.	Thickest night surround my dwelling! . S. Thickest night †
Dusky. Two dusky forms dart thro' the midnight air, The Brigs of Ayr. 4.	Wha spied I but my ain dear maid,
	Down by her mother's dwelling! S. When wild War's
Their royal Name low in the dust! Add. to Edinburgh. 6.	Dwelling-place.
Our ancient crown's fa'n in the dust; S. Awa, whigs, awa.	Whose strong right hand has ever been
And I shall spurn as viles dust,	Their stay and dwelling-place! . The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps.
The warld's wealth and grandeur: S. Come, let me take thee, †	Dwelt.
She reduc'd him to dust, and she drank up the Powder.	And blinkin Bess of Annandale, That dwelt on Solwayside, The Election Ballads, I.
Epig. on Henpecked Squire. Another.	Dwindled.
By cruel hands the sapling drops, In dust dishonor'd laid: S. Fate gave the word, †	I'm dwindled down to mere existence, . Ep. to H. Parker.
In dust dishonor'd laid: S. Fate gave the word, † But thou remembers we are dust, . Holy Willie's Prayer. 6.	Dy'd v. Died.
	Dy'd. Her lips still as she fragrant breath'd,
When you lay me in the dust, Think, think how you will bear it. S. Husband, husband †	It richer dy'd the rose. S. On a bank of flowers t
To pour her sorrows o'er her poet's dust.	And brandish round the deep-dy'd steel In sturdy blows: [v. A. 4] . The Vision.
Inscrip. on Tomb of Fergusson.	211 304143, 510 115 , [17 15 4]
For silent, low, on beds of dust,	Dye, Brig o'. In coming by the brig o' Dye, S. T. Menzie's bonie Mary.
Lie a' that would my sorrows share. Lament for Glencairn.	In coming by the brig o' Dye, S. T. Menzie's bonne Mary.

Dye. The lily's hue, the rose's dye, S. My Mary's face † How can ye please, ye flowers, with all your dies?	The tickled ears no heart-felt raptures raise; The Cotter's Sat. Night, 13.
Sonnet on Death of R	My Lord, I know, your noble ear
The lily's hue and rose's dye Bespoke the lass o' Ballochmyle. S. 'Twas even—the dewy t	Woe ne'er assails in vain: . The Petition of Br. Water.
A richer dye has graced them; S. Young Peggy †	Nor with unwilling ear attend
Dye, to.	The moralizing Muse
Whose holy priesthood nane can stain,	And the sweet voice of pity ne'er sounds in my ear. S. Wae is my heart †
For wha can dye the black? The Election Ballads. V.	S. Wae is my heart † While men have eyes, or ears, or taste, She'll always find a lover S. When first I saw †
Dye-varying. A mask that like the gorget show'd,	She'll always find a lover S. When first I saw †
Dye-varying on the pigeon; The Holy Fair.	And viewiess Echo's ear, astonished rends,
Dying. Mixt with some warbler's dying fall, S. Here is the glent	Wr. by Fall of Fyers.
And vow'd for my love he was dying: S. Last May a braw Wooer†	Ye Jacobites by name, give an ear, [re.] S. Ye Jacobites †
No more of rest, but now thy dying bed!	Ear' [early]. I lo'ed ye ear' and late: S. John Anderson † Earl.
On seeing wounded Hare.	The news o' princes, dukes and earls,
Sincere as a saint's dying prayer. Poet. Add. to Tytler.	Pimps, sharpers, bawds and opera-girls; Kind Sir, I've read †
There, groaning, dying, she did ly, The Death of Mailie.	A Lord-a Peer-an Earl's son, . On Dining with Daer.
My dying words attentive hear,	Here's a noble Earl's Fame and high renown,
An' now my dying charge I gie him, Ib.	The Election Ballads. IV.
While dying raptures in her arms,	Early. A Rose-bud by my early walk, S. A Rosebud†
I give and take with Anna! . The gowd. locks of A	It scents the early morning
Shed thy dying honours round, To Miss C—.	Sae early in the morning
But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain. S. Wandering Willie.	Awake the early morning
Dyke [a wall or fence of turf or stone].	the tender care That tents thy early morning Ib. parent's evening ray That watch'd thy early morning Ib.
Aft 'yont the dyke she's [Graunie's] heard you bumman,	Was it the bitter eastern blast,
Add. to the Deil. 6.	That scatters blight in early spring? . As on the banks †
An' sun oursells about the dyke; The Jolly Beggars. S. V.	And sun that shines so early, S. Come boat me o'er †
He was a gash an' faithfu' tyke, As ever lap a sheugh or dyke The Twa Dogs. 5.	Oh, enviable, early days, Despondency, an Ode. 5.
Wi' dirty stanes biggan a dyke,	And late or early never grumbled? . Ep. to H. Parker.
Or wha will tent the waifs and crocks,	O Man! while in thy early years,
About the dykes The Twa Herds.	How prodigal of time! . Man was made to Mourn.
Your lives, a dyke!	To plough and sow, to reap and mow, My father bred me early, O; S. My father was a farmer †
An unco tyke lap o'er the Dyke, . S. What will I do gin †	When purple morning starts the hare,
Dyke-back.	To steal upon her early fare, S. Now rosy May †
Or die a cadger pownie's death,	The waken'd lav'rock warbling springs
At some dyke-back, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 7. Dyke-slde.	And climbs the early sky, S. Now Spring has clad
A lee dyke-side, a syhow-tail,	A dram o' gude strunt in a morning early, S. O ken ye what Meg †
And barley-scone shall cheer me To Mr. M'Adam.	As songsters of the early year
Dysart. Up wi' the carls of Dysart, . S. Hey ca' thro'.	Are ilka day mair sweet to hear, S. O Phely †
Dyvor [a bankrupt, a disreputable fellow].	Sweet early object of my youthful vows, Once fondly lov'd †
And rot the dyvor's i' the jails! Add of Beelzebub.	Bonie Doon, whare early roaming, First I weav'd the rustic sang S. Scenes of woe †
Dyvor, beggar louns to me, S. Louis what reck I †	I mind it weel in early date,
E. Reluctant, E stalked in; The Vowels. Each. Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears.	When I was beardless, young and blate,
Eager. The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5.	The Ans. to the Guidwife.
He dips in gall unmixed his eager pen, Ep. fr. Esopus.	May there my latest hours consume, Among the friends of early days! S. The Banks of Nith.
As eager runs the market-crowd,	By early Poverty to hardship steel'd, . The Brigs of Ayr.
When "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud; Tam o' Shanter. 17.	An' he paidles late an' early, O! . S. The deuks dang o'er.
Eagle.	And cuddled me late and early, O;
Learning, with his eagle eyes, . Add. to Edinburgh. 2.	The Autumn mourns her rip'ning corn
A flight of bold eagles from Adria's strand; S. Caledonia.	By early Winter's ravage torn; . S. The gloomy night †
The eagle's gaze alone surveys The sun's meridian splendor: S. Lovely Davies.	Three hizzies, early at the road, The Holy Fair, 2. I will mak my Ploughman's bed,
The eagle, from the cliffy brow, . On scaring Water-fowl.	And chear him late and early. S. The Ploughman †
The block headed engle As keep as a headle	This poor man was seen to go early to work,
Eagle-pinioned. The black-headed Eagle.	The Poor Thresher.
Dangers, eagle-pinioned, bold,	Early next morning the goodwife arose,
Soar around each cliffy hold, Wr. in Friar's Carse H	The time flew by, wi' tentless heed, Till 'tween the late and early; S. The Rigs o' Barley.
Ear. But oh, it was a tale of woe, As ever met a Briton's ear! A Vision.	With future hope, I oft would gaze,
When on my ear this plaintive strain,	Fond, on thy little, early ways, . The Vision. D. II. 12.
Slow—solemn, stole A Winter's Night. 6.	Cauld blew the bitter-biting North Upon thy early, humble birth; . To a Mountain-Daisy.
The parasite [Flatt'ry] empoisoning her [Luxury's] ear, Ib. 8.	That lov'st to greet the early morn, S. To Mary in Heaven.
But Delia, more delightful still [than lark or rill]	Blooming on thy early May, To Miss C.
Steal thine accents on mine ear Delia. An Ode.	Up in the morning early, S. Up in the morning.
Could'st thou to malice lend an ear! S. Fairest Maid † A boding voice is in mine ear, S. From thee, Eliza, †	the bonny glen. Where early life I sported;
"Again ye'll charm the ear and e'e; Lament for Glencairn.	S. When wild War's t
How dull is that ear which to flattery so listened.	That danc'd to the lark's early song? S. Where are the joys t
Monody, on a Lady.	That nipt my flower sae early l S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †
Broke softly sweet on fancy's ear, On Lincluden Castle.	With early gems adorning S. Young Peggy †
Unheard, unseen, by human ear or eye,	Earn.
On Death of R. Dundas.	Blythe [was she] by the banks of Earn, S. Blythe was she, †
Nor pour your descant grating on my ear: Sonnet on Death of R.	She tripped by the banks of Earn,

Earn, to.	Ease, to.
When sometimes by my labour	Our neighbour's sympathy may ease us, Add. to Toothache.
I earn a little money, O, . S. My father was a farmer †	If she winna ease the throes,
Earn'd.	In my bosom swelling; S. Blythe ha'e I been t
Go bid him lay his laurels down, And all his well-earn'd praise disclaim. S. The capt. Ribband.	'We'll ease our shanks and tak' a seat, Death and Dr. Hornbyok. 11.
Now life's poor support, hardly earn'd,	Kind Fortune ease a breaking heart,
My fate will scarce bestow: S. The sun he is sunk †	My Harry was a gallant †
Earnest.	There a big-belly'd bottle still eases my care. S. No Churchman am I†
L—d hear my earnest cry an' pray'r, Holy Willie's Prayer.13.	Eas'd.
With earnest tears I pray, O Thou dread Pow'r† Earth. Calces o' fossils, earths, and trees;	Upon the banks they eas'd their shanks, S. Duncan Davison.
Death and Dr. Hornbook, 21.	East. There was three kings into the east, John Barleycorn.
And weep the ae best fellow's fate	The paly moon rose in the livid east, On Death of Sir I, Blair.
E'er lay in earth. El. on Capt. M. H. 16.	The south nor the east give ease to my breast,
Light lay the earth on Billy's breast, Epig. on noted Coxcomb.	S. Out over the Forth †
Must earth no rascal, save thyself, endure? . Ep. fr. Esopus. Thence peasants, farmers, native sons of earth,	A winnock-bunker in the east There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast; Tam o' Shanter, 11.
Ep. to R. Graham. 2.	I hae been east, I hae been west, . S. The Ploughman +
But groveling on the earth the carol ends Ib. 5.	When [the Lark] upward springing, blythe, to greet
Here lies in earth a root of Hell, Ep. on D. C.	The purpling East, To a Mountain-Daisy.
Say, sages, what's the charm on earth,	Ye monarchs, tak the east and west, Frae Indus to Savannah! . S. The gowd. Locks of A
Can turn death's dart aside? Epit. on Miss J. Lewars. Farewell, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies,	Cauld blaws the wind frae east to west, S. Up in the morning.
S. Farewell, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies,	But gang she east, or gang she west, S. When first I saw †
And my last hald of earth is gane: Lament for Glencairn.	Eastern.
"On earth I am a stranger grown; Ib.	Was it the bitter eastern blast, That scatters blight in early spring? As on the banks †
Who begs a brother of the earth To give him leave to toil; . Man was made to Mourn.	Till painting gay the eastern skies,
Tho' ye had a' the sun shines on,	The glorious sun began to rise; S. It was the charming †
And the earth conceals sae lowly; S. My Collier Laddie.	(And ne'er misfortune's eastern blast Did nip a fairer flower.)
My pains o' hell on earth are past, S. O ay my wife she dang.	When o'er the hill the eastern star
By heaven and earth I love thee. S. O were I on Parnass.† The cold earth with thy bloody bosom prest.	Tells bughtin-time is near, my jo; S. When o'er the hill t
On seeing wounded Hare.	Eastlin [easterly].
Their likeness is not found on earth, in air, or sea.	How do ye this blae eastlin win', Auld Comrade † Easy. a cukoo sang That's unco easy said ay: A Dream, 2.
The Brigs of Ayr. 8. How He, who bore in heaven the second name,	The stibble rig is easy plough'd, . S. O can ye labour leat
Had not on Earth whereon to lay His head;	How easy can the barley-brie
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 15.	Cement the quarrel! . Scotch Drink. 13.
Had I on earth but wishes three, The first should be my Anna S. The gowd. locks of A.	I'll make thy days easy the rest of thy life; The Poor Thresher.
the earth bestowing My simple food; The Hermit.	You'll easy draw a weel-kent face, To a Painter.
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,	The grave sage hern thus easy picks his frog, To R. G. of F. 7. Can easy, wi' a single wordie,
May bear the gree, and a' that! S. The Honest Man.	Lowse h-ll upon me. To Rev. J. M'Math.
Sunk on the earth, defac'd its lovely form, The Rights of Woman.	Eat. Would have eat her dead lord, on a slender pretence, Not to show her respect, but—to save the expence.
Love blinks, Wit slaps, an' social Mirth	Epig. on henpecked Squire. Another.
Forgets there's care upo' the earth The Twa Dogs. 19.	That, like th' old Hebrew walking-switch, eats up its neigh-
Or when the deep-green-mantl'd Earth, Warm-cherish'd ev'ry floweret's birth, The Vision. D. II. 14.	bours: Fragment, inscr. to Fox.
The trembling earth resounds his tread, . To a Haggis.	I'll eat the apple at the glass,
Scarce rear'd above the Parent-earth	May they never eat of her bread!
Thy tender form To a Mountain-Daisy.	S. Here's a health to them †
And resign to Parent Earth The lovliest form she e'er gave birth To Miss C.	And some wad eat that want it,
Earth-born. At me, thy poor, earth-born companion,	But we hae meat and we can eat, The Selkirk Grace. Wae worth the loon wha wadna eat
An' fellow-mortal! To a Mouse.	Sic halesome dainty cheer, man; . The Tree of Liberty.
Or darkling grubs this earthly hole, A Bard's Epit.	They drink the sweet and eat the fat,
Ochon for poor Castalian drinkers,	But care or pain; To J. S., 17.
When they fa' foul o' earthly jinkers, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 10.	And eaten like a wether haggis? S. Ken ye ought o' Capt.G. †
Who, save thy mind's reproach, nought earthly fear'st, Lns sent Sir J. Whiteford.	Eating. Nae the meat, but appetite Maks our eating a delight: S. Jockey fou, †
Why am I loth to leave this earthly scene? S. Why am I loth †	Maks our eating a delight: S. Jockey fou, † Ebb. Ocean's ebb, and ocean's flow; S. Let not woman †
Ease.	Ebbing.
Come ease, or come travail, come pleasure or pain;	When ebbing life nae mair shall flow, . A Ded. to G.H. 14.
S. Contented wi' little † Ease frac toil, relief frac care: S. Frac the friends †	The heaped happer's ebbing still,
There's wealth and ease for gentlemen, S. Gane is the day †	And still the clap plays clatter. Add. to Unco Guid. 1. While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands,
Her levely form, her native ease, . S. On a bank of flowers †	O, who would not die with the brave!
The south nor the east give ease to my breast, S. Out over the Forth †	S. Farewell, thou fair day †
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,	Now half-extinct your powers of song,
The Cotter's Sat. Night.	Sweet Echo is no more On death of Lap-dog.
With sober selfish ease they sip it up: . To R. G. of F., 7.	Now half your din of tuneless sound, With Echo silent lies
I kittle up my rustic reed; It gies me ease. To W. Simpson.	Echo. Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds thro' the glen,
As life itself becomes disease, Seek the chimney-nook of ease. Wr. in Friar's Carse. H	And ay the wild wood echoes rang,
Make content and ease thy aim. Wr. in Hermitage at F. C.	O dearly do I lo'e thee Annie. S. By Allan Stream †

The wild birds sang, the echoes rang, S. Damon and Sylvia.	Sae bonie blue her een, my dearie;
Where Echo slumbers El. on Capt. M. H. 3.	S. Braw lads of G. Water †
And a' the hills wi' echoes roar, . S. Highland Laddie.	Till clay-cauld death sall blin' my e'e, . S. Ca' the Ewes.
The winds, lamenting thro' their caves, To echo bore their notes alang. Lament for Glencairn.	Grat his een baith bleer't and blin', . S. Duncan Gray † And oh! her een they spak sic things! Ib.
Makes woodland echoes ring; Lament of Mary of Scots.	And frae my een the drapping rains
How silent that tongue which the echoes oft tired,	Maun ever flow. El. on Capt. M. H. 11.
Monody, on a Lady.	Ye bonnie lasses, dight your een, El. on Year 1788.
Till Echo answer frae her cave, . Tam Samson's El., 13.	An' by her een wha was a dear ane! Ep. to Maj. Logan. 11.
And ay the wild-wood echoes rang, Fareweel the braes of Ballochmyle. S. The Catrine Woods †	His lordship sat wi' ruefu' e'e, Extem. in Court of Session.
And echo cons the doolfu' tale; S. The Contented Cottager.	I dighted ay her een sae blue, S. Had I the wyte †
An' echoes back return the shouts; . The Holy Fair. 21.	They steek their een, an' grape an' wale, . Halloween, 4. Jean slips in twa [nits], wi' tentie e'e;
Till echoes a' resound again,	A bonie Lass, all will confess,
Her weel-sung praise To W. Simpson.	Is pleasant to the e'e, S. Handsome Nell.
Except where green-wood echoes rang S. Twas even—the dewy †	The lass wi' the bonie black e'e S. Her Daddie forbad †
And viewless Echo's ear, astonished, rends.	I guess by the dear rolling ee; S. Here's a health to ane †
Wr. by Fall of Fyers.	I gat my death frae twa sweet een, Twa lovely een of bonie blue. [re.] . S. I gaed a waefu †
Echo, to. Then echo thro' Saint Stephen's wa's	Bare her leg and bright her een, S. I met a lass †
Auld Scotland's wrangs. The Author's Cry and Prayer, 12.	But blythe's the blink o' Robie's e'e, S. In simmer when t
A cushat crooded o'er me,	Let love sparkle in her e'e; S. Jockey fou,
That echoed through the braes One night as I †	the day's fair, gladsome e'e, . S. Jockey's ta'en the parting †
Ye shades that echo'd to his vows, S. To thee, lov'd Nith †	Again ye'll charm the ear and e'e; Lament for Glencairn.
Echoing. And the distant-echoing glens reply A Vision.	Frae woman's pitying e'e Lament of Mary of Scots.
Whose tones the echoing aisles prolong; . On Lincluden.	He spak o' the darts o' my bonie black een, S. Last May a braw wooer †
The echoing wood, the winding flood, S. The Fête Champetre.	The diamond-dew in her een sae blue,
Eclips'd.	Where laughing love sae wanton swims.
like the sun eclips'd at morning tide, El. on Miss Burnet. (Fled, like the sun eclips'd as noon appears, To R. G. of F., 9.	S. My Lord a-hunting †
Ecliptic. Or loup the ecliptic like a bar; Ep. to H. Parker.	The bonie blink o' Mary's ee. [re.] S. Now bank and brae †
Ecstasy. Is heaven-ward raised in ecstasy. On Lincluden.	Her een sae bonie blue betray, How she repays my passion; S. O poortith cauld †
Eddying. Wild-eddying swirl, A Winter Night. 2.	Kind love is in her e'e. [re.] . S. O this is no my ain †
When, from the eddying deep below,	But gleg as light are lovers' een,
Up rose the Genius of the stream. As on the banks †	Ye [flowers] catch the glances of her e'e!
Eden.	S. O wat ye wha's in † Thy tempting lips, thy glancing een,
Lang syne in Eden's bonie yard, When youthfu' lovers first were pair'd, Add. to the Deil. 15.	S. O were I on Parnass.
While virgin Spring, by Eden's flood,	But steal me a blink o' your bonie black e'e, . S. O whistle,†
Unfolds her tender mantle green. Add. to Shade of Thomson.	Wa are na fou, we're nae that fou, But just a drappy in our e'e; S. O Willie brew'd †
Edge. This hour on e'enin's edge I take,	
To own I'm debtor, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 1.	But aye the tear comes in my ee, To think on him that's far awa. S. Oh, how can I be blythet
But see him on the edge of life, Man was made to Mourn.	The widows, wives, an' a' may bless him,
Auld Sootie then swore by the edge of his knife, S. There liv'd ance a carle †	Wi' tearfu' e'e: On Scot. Bard gne to W.I. And the glancin' of her sparklin' e'en. S. On Cessnock banks †
Edifice.	An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' e'en [re.] 1b.
Gaunt, ghastly, ghaist-alluring edifices, The Brigs of Ayr. 8.	But the mind that shines in ev'ry grace,
Edina, Edinburgh, Embro', Enbrugh.	An' chiefly in her sparklin' een
Edina! Scotia's darling seat! . Add. to Edinburgh. 1.	An' she has twa sparkling rogueish een. [re.]. Ib. Sett. II.
Thy Sons, Edina, social, kind,	'Tis the mind that shines in ev'ry grace, An' chiefly in her rogueish een
Embro' wells are grutten dry El. on Year 1788. I will awa to Edinburgh and win a pennie fee,	And sic twa love-inspiring een, On W. Chalmers.
S. There grows a bonie †	The saut tear blin't his e'e; . S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie.
My curse upon your whunstane hearts,	Twa laughing een o' bonie blue S. Sae flaxen †
Ye Enbrugh Gentry! . To W. Simpson.	And thought his very een enrich'd; . Tam o' Shanter. 16.
My talents they were not the worst,	Her pauky smile, her kittle een, The Ans. to the Guidwife.
Nor yet my education, O; . S. My father was a farmer †	Sages their solemn een may steek, The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.
O' nice education but sma' is her share: S. You wild mossy mountains	All else was hush'd as Nature's closed e'e:
Edward. See approach proud Edward's power,	The Brigs of Ayr. 3.
Edward, chains, and slavery! S. Scots, wha hae †	It chanc'd his new-come neebor took his e'e, Ib. 4.
Edwin. I send you more than India boasts In Edwin's simple tale. To Miss L., with "Beattie."	But Nature sicken'd on the e'e S. The Catrine Woods †
But may, dear Maid, each Lover prove	In youthfu' bloom, Love sparkling in her e'e, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 4.
An Edwin still to you	The wily Mother sees the conscious flame
Ee, E'e, Een [eye, eyes].	Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek, Ib. 7.
Whare wilt thou cow'r thy chittering wing, An' close thy e'e? A Winter Night. 4.	Wi' glowrin een, an' lifted han's, . The Death of Mailie. An' clos'd her een amang the dead! Ib.
And bear the scorn that's in her e'e!	Here's the worth o' Broughton In a needle's e'e;
S. Again rejoicing Nature†	The Election Ballads. IV.
Her een sae bright, like stars by night, S. A. Masterton's bonie Anne.	O that my een were flowing burns!
And by thy een sae bonie blue, . S. An' I'll kiss thee yet †	She is the sunshine o' my e'e, S. The gowd. Locks of A.
To cast my een up like a Pyet [just shot], Auld comrade †	Wi' hand on hainch, and upward e'e, The Jolly Beggars, R. V.
I bleer my een wi' greetin S. Ay waukin, O.	Wi' ghastly e'e poor Tweedledee Upon his hunkers bended,
The evening sun was ne'er sae sweet,	While the tear stood twinklin' in her e'e;
As was the blink o' Phemie's e'e. S. Blythe was she,†	S. The Lass that made the bed.
S	

And aye the salt tear blinds her ee: . S. The lovely lass † And by them lies the dearest lad, That ever blest a woman's ee!	Frae morn to een it's nought but toiling, At baking, roasting, frying, boiling; The Twa Dogs. 9. As in the bosom of the stream
And the diamond drops o' dew shall be her een sae clear; S. The Posie.	The moon-beam dwells at dewy e'en; S. There was a lass † In Paisley John's, that night at e'en, To meet the Warld's worm; To Gav. Hamilton.
Whene'er I meet my mither's e'e, My tears rin down like rain. The ruined Maid's Lament.	And lang's the night frae e'en to morn, S. Up in the morning. He's always compleenin frae mornin' to e'enin,
It clears the een, it cheers the heart, The Tree of Liberty. Her e'en sae bright, her brow sae white, S. T. Menz.'s bonie Mary.	S. What can a yng lassie † For aye the brose ye sup at e'en,
And did na joy blink in her e'e; . S. There was a lass † And dear to my heart as the light to my e'e,	Ye bock them ere the morn, lassie. S. Ye hae lien wrang t E'er v. Ever. Eerie [scared; affected with superstitious fear; in-
S. There's auta Rob M.† I backward cast my e'e, On prospects drear! To a Mouse.	spiring fear of the supernatural]. wi' hissing eerie din;
And the rain rains down frae his red blear'd e'e, S. To daunton me. An anxious e'e I never throws Behint my lug, or by my nose; To J. S., 25.	bumman, Wi' eerie drone;
Behint my lug, or by my nose; To J. S., 25. gi'en the body half an e'e, To Miss Ferrier. Ye turned a neuk—I saw your e'e	O! when I wake I'm eerie S. Ay waking, O† When I wauk I'm eerie; S. Ay waukin, O.
Not the Poet in the moment Fancy lightens in his e'e, S. Turn again, thou fair	Nae nightly bogle make it [the bower] eerie; S. By Allan stream † I there wi' Something does forgather,
'Twas na her bonie blue e'e was my ruin; S. 'Twas na her bonie † A tear may wet thy laughin' e'e,	That pat me in an eerie swither; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 6. He was sae fley'd an' eerie:
For Scotia's son—ance gay like thee . V.s under Grief. Wae is my heart, and the tear's in my e'e; S. Wae is my heart †	And oh, her dreams are eerie; S. How lang and dreary † And now what seas between us roar, How can I be but eerie
Wha would soon dry the tears frae his Phillis's e'e. Ib. Fears for my Willie brought tears in my e'e; S. Wandering Willie.	To leave her [my mammy] I am eerie, Sir. S. I'm o'er young † The silly bogles, Wealth and State,
My een they almost failed me. S. When first I saw† And turned me round to hide the flood	Can never make them eerie. S. O poortith cauld,† Sair I fecht them [Hunger and Want] at the door, But ay I'm eerie they come ben. S. O that I had ne'er†
That in my een was swelling When wild War's † She has an e'e, she has but ane, The cat has twa, the very colour; . S. Willie Wastle †	I glowr'd as eerie's I'd been dusht, The Vision. D. I. 8. Is grown right eerie now she's done it, To Rev. J. M'Math.
They dazzle our een, as they flie to our hearts. S. You wild mossy mountains †	How can I be but eerie! When I think on † At midnight hour, in mirkest glen,
Kindness, sweet Kindness, in the fond-sparkling e'e, . Ib. He roos'd my een sae bonie blue, S. Young Jockey†	I'd rove and ne'er be eerie O, . S. When o'er the hills † Efface. Eternity cannot efface
E'e, to [to eye, watch]. Thro' a' thy childish years I'll e'e thee, Add. to Illegit. Child.	Those records dear of transports past, To Mary in Heaven. If aught that giver from my mind efface: To R. Graham.
E'e brie [eye-brow]. My blessins upon thy bonie e'e brie! S. O whare did ye get † Eel. Ye fisher herons, watching eels; El. on Capt. M. H. 8.	Effected. God knows what may be effected, When by such heads and hearts directed: Add. of Beelzebub.
Eels weel kend for souple tail, . Tam Samson's El., 6. Een v. E'e.	Effectual Calling [a 'Question' in the Catechism]. He'll screed you aff Effectual Calling,
E'en [even]. And I may e'en gae hang S. She's fair and fause †	As fast as ony in the dwalling. The Inventory. Effort. Even they [tunefu' powers] maun dare an effort mair, S. Lovely Davies.
E'en let him come out as he dowe. The black-headed Eagle† And e'en a vex'd and angry heart had he! The Brigs of Ayr, 4.	Effusion. I will not wind a lang conclusion, With complimentary effusion; A Ded to G. H., 15.
But as to his fine Nabob fortune, We'll e'en let this subject alane. The Election Ballads, III. The body, e'en let him escape;	There's sax eggs in the pan, gudeman, S. Ogin ye were dead. Egyptian. Wishin' the ten Egyptian plagues
E'enin, E'en [evening]. O cauld blaws the e'enin blast	Eight and thirty. Wad seize you quick. Letter to J. Goudie. In your heretic sins may you live and die.
When bitter bites the frost, . S. Cauld is the e'enin† Sae blythe and merry's we will be, When ye set by the wheel at e'en. S. Duncan Davison.	In your heretic sins may you live and die, Ye heretic eight and thirty! The Dean of Fac Eighty-eight.
To lye in kilns and barns at e'en, . Ep. to Davie. 3. Paitricks scraichan loud at e'en, . Ep. to J. L—k. Ap. 1st.	O Eighty-eight, in thy sma' space What dire events ha'e taken place! El. on Year 1788. Eighty-eight he wish'd you [ministers] weel,
This hour on e'enin's edge I take, To own I'm debtor, Ib. Ap. 21st.	In Eighty-eight, ye ken, was ta'en What ye'll ne'er ha'e to gi'e again
But gie me a canny hour at e'en, My arms about my Dearie, O; S. Green grow the Rashes. Beset thy servant e'en and morn, Holy Willie's Prayer, 9.	Eighty-nine. O Eighty-nine, thou's but a bairn, El. on Year 1788. Eild fold agel.
I restless lie frae e'en to morn, As blythe lay down at e'en: **Lament of Mary of Scots.**	My trunk of eild, but buss or beild, S. But lately seen,† a dame in wrinkled eild, S. In simmer when †
Her hair is like the curling mist That shades the mountain-side at e'en, S. On Cessnock bank† An' Pease an' Beans, at een or morn,	wi' crazy eild I'm sair forfairn. The Brigs of Ayr. 7. See, crazy, weary, joyless Eild, Wi' wrinkl'd face, Comes hostan, hirplan owre the field, Wi creeping pace.
Perfinme the plain,	To J. S., 13.
They cooper'd at e'en, they cooper'd at morn, S. The Cooper o' cuddy †	And eke a braw new brechan, On W. Chalmers. But now Yerl Galloway's sceptre's broke, And eke my hangman's knife. The Election Ballads. V.
For e'en and morn she cries, alas!. S. The lovely lass † Frae e'enin till the cock did craw; Fu' aft at e'en Wi' dancing keen, S. The tither morn †	And eke the same to honest Lucky, . To Dr. Blacklock. Eked. But what his common sense came short, He eked it out wi'law, Extern in Court of Session.
a and account was dancing recit, . O. The witter morn	and the same and the same and the same of

Elate. Rousing elate in these degenerate times:	Eliza.
On Death of R. Dundas.	Ye cease to charm; Eliza is no more. El. on Miss Burnet.
The tender flower that lifts its head, elate, The Rights of Woman.	Farewell, thou stream that winding flows Around Eliza's dwelling; [re.] S. Farewell, thou stream †
In all his pedagogic powers elate, The Vowels.	From thee, Eliza, I must go, S. From thee, Eliza†
Stern Ruin's plough-share drives elate. Full on thy bloom, To a Mountain-Daisy.	How doubly severer, Eliza, thy fate, Monody, on a Lady.
Check thy climbing step, elate, . Wr. in Friars-Carse H.	And flowers let us cull for Eliza's cold bier
Elbow. I whyles claw the elbow o' troublesome thought, S. Contented wi' little, †	Ell [a Scotch ell is thirty-seven inches].
Thy auld damned elbow yeuks wi' joy, Poem on Life.	Its stature seem'd lang Scotch ells twa, Death and Dr. Hornbook.
And at his elbow, Souter Johnny, Tam o' Shanter. 5. Elbuck [elbow].	An sic a Lord-lang Scotch ells twa, On dining with Daer.
Lang may your elbuck jink and diddle, Ep. to Maj. Logan, 3.	But mete his cunning by the old Scots ell; Sketch. When ilka ell cost me a groat,
Lang may your elbuck jink an' diddle, Second Ep. to Davie.	The taylor staw the lynin o't S. The cardin o't.
Oh, rare! to see our elbucks wheep, . The Ordination, 7. Elder. Belyve, the elder bairns come drapping in,	Eller [an elder of the Church, v. Elder]. And me the Eller's dochter? S. Robin shure in hairst.
The Cotter's Sat. Night, 4.	Elliot [the defender of Gibraltar].
When with an elder Sister's air She did me greet. The Vision. D. II. I.	Yet let my Country need me, with Elliot to head me,
O thou my elder brother in misfortune, By far my elder brother in the muses,	I'd clatter on my stumps at the sound of a drum. The Jolly Beggars. S. I.
Wr. under Port. of Fergusson. Elder [a Church office-bearer whose office is "to	Elm. spreading beach and tapering Elm, As on the banks † Eloquence.
rule," and so, called "ruling elder" in distinction from the "teaching elder" or minister].	Nae, Bobby's mouth may be open'd yet
Wha bring thy elders to disgrace, Holy Willie's Prayer. 10.	Till for eloquence you hail him, The Dean of Fac
A high ruling elder to wallow in wine! . The Whistle. 15.	Shaw's and Dalrymple's eloquence, The Twa Herds. 17. Emblem. Thou [daisy] emblem, said I, o' my Phillis,
Eldest. Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman-grown,	S. Adown winding Nith †
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 4. But she wad send the sodger youth	And I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my dear: S. The Posie. Embolden'd.
To greet his [the king's] eldest son.	Embolden'd thus, I beg you'll hear
The Election Ballads. I. Eldritch [weird, unearthly, ghastly, hideous, horrid,	Your humble slave complain, The Petition of Br. Water. Embowering.
wild, frightful].	The close embowering thorn. The Petition of Br. Water.
Ye fright the nightly wand'rer's way, Wi' eldritch croon Add. to the Deil. 5.	Embrace. frosty maids forsworn the dear embrace, The Brigs of Ayr. 8.
wi' an eldritch, stoor quaick, quaick,	Or clasp me in a close embrace; . S. The capt. Ribband.
The creature grain'd an eldritch laugh, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 24.	And birks extend their fragrant arms To screen the dear embrace. The Petition of Br. Water.
Ye houlets, frae your ivy bower, In some auld tree, or eldritch tower, El. on Capt. M. H. 10.	The Caird prevail'd—th' unblushing fair
It's ten to ane ye'll find him snug in	In his embraces sunk; . The Jolly Beggars. R. VII. I lock'd her in my fond embrace; . S. The Rigs o' Barley.
Some eldritch part, On Grose's Peregrinations. Wi' mony an eldritch skreech and hollow. Tam o' Shanter. 17.	Thy image at our last embrace; . To Mary in Heaven.
His eldritch squeel an' gestures, The Holy Fair. 13.	Enclasped, and grasped, Within thy cold embrace? To Ruin.
On this hand sits an Elect swatch,	Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace, S. Ye banks, and bracs, and streams †
Wi' screw'd-up, grace-proud faces; [v. A. 18] The Holy Fair. 10.	Embrace, to. I wad turn my back on you and it a',
And like a godly, elect bairn, The Ordination. 8.	And embrace my Collier laddie. S. My Collier Laddie.
Election. Wha will buy my troggin, Gude election ware; The Election Ballads. IV.	Her robes, light waving in the breeze, Her tender limbs embrace, S. On a bank of flowers †
Elegance.	Embracing.
There Architecture's noble pride Bids elegance and splendor rise; Add. to Edinburgh. 2.	Adown my cheeks the pearls ran, Embracing my John Highlandman. The Jolly Beggars. S. IV.
Here History paints, with elegance and force, Prologue, sp. by Woods.	Morality himsel, Embracing all opinions; The Ordination. 12.
Grace, beauty, and elegance, fetter her lover,	Embro' v. Edina. Embryo-tuneful.
S. True hearted was het	'I mark'd thy embryo-tuneful flame, The Vision. D. II. 11.
But by the brutes themselves elekit, To be their guide The Twa Herds. 4.	Embryotic. To mark the embryotic trace,
Element.	Of rustic Bard; . The Vision. D. II. 10.
Last, she [Nature] sublimes th' Aurora of the poles, The flashing elements of female souls, Ep. to R. Graham. 2.	Emperor. That vile doup-skelper, Emperor Joseph, Kind Sir, Ive read †
But still the elements o' sang	Empire. The Spanish empire's tint a head, El. on Year 1788.
But still the elements o' sang In formless jumble, right an' wrang, Wild floated in my brain; The Ans. to the Guidwife.	The tide of Empire's fluctuating course; Prologue, sp. by Woods.
who marked each element's border; S. The Sons of old Kitlie.	The fate of empires and the fall of kings, The Rights of Woman.
Wouldst thou be cur'd thou silly moping elf,	At whose destruction-breathing word, The mightiest empires fall! To Ruin.
Ye tiny elves that guiltless sport, Despondency, an Ode. 5.	Empire-giving.
Ye tiny elves that guiltless sport, Despondency, an Ode. 5. By some sweet elf I'll yet be dinted, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 12.	O thou, dread Power! whose empire-giving hand Has oft been stretch'd to shield the honour'd land!
Poor, worthless elf, it eats a dinner,	Prologue, sp. by Woods. Employ. L—d visit them wha did employ him,
Simple, wild, enchanting elf, To Miss Fontenelle.	Holy Willie's Prayer. 15.
Elgin [name of a minor Psalm-tune].	Let us th' important now employ, Sketch. New-Yr's Day. Employ'd.
Or noble Elgin beats the heaven-ward flame, The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays:	Your dear remembrance in my breast,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 13.	My fondly-treasur'd thoughts employ'd The Lament.

Employment.	End, to.
I'll fear nae scant, I'll bode nae want,	Wha kens, before his life may end,
As lang's I get employment S. Here's to thy health, †	What his share may be o' care, man? A Bottle and Friend.
tho' fatigu'd wi' close employment, . The Twa Dogs. 16.	An' thy auld days may end in starvin',
Empoisoning.	A Guid New-year † 17.
	Admir'd and prais'd—and there the homage ends:
The parasite empoisoning her [Luxury's] ear, A Winter Night. 7.	Ep. to R. Graham. 3.
Empress.	But groveling on the earth the carol ends 1b. 5.
Mourn, Empress of the silent night: El. on Capt. M. H. 14.	And bid wild war his ravage end, S. How can my poor heart
There I'll despise imperial charms, An Empress or Sultana, S. The gowd. Locks of A.	Her feeble pulse gies strong presumption Death soon will end her. Letter to J. Goudie.
Fair Empress of the Poet's soul, To a Lady.	wad send relief, An' end the quarrel
Empty. And empty all his barrels: Epit. on G. Richardson.	So how this weighty plea may end,
While empty greatness saves a worthless name!	Nae mortal wight can tell: The Election Ballads. I.
On Death of Sir J. Blair.	And hither came, with men disgusted,
Their titles a' are empty show; . S. The High. Lassie.	My life to end The Hermit.
Despising worlds with all their wealth	An' monie jobs that day begin,
As empty idle care: The Petition of Br. Water.	May end in Houghmagandie Some ither day.
Her eye, ev'n turn'd on empty space,	The Holy Fair. 27.
Beam'd keen with Honor. The Vision, D. I, 10.	To end the wark here's Whistlebirk, . S. The Laddies by †
Empurpled.	I think my wife will end her life,
There commix'd with foulest stains	Before she spin her tow S. The weary Pund.
From tyranny's empurpled bands: S. Streams that glide †	gin ye like to end the bother, What ails ye now †
Emulate. To emulate his sire; Nature's Law.	Endear. While conscious virtue all the strain endears,
	To Miss Graham.
En' [end]. Or whether 'twas a bauk-en', Halloween. 12.	Endearing.
Glowrin by the hallan en'; . S. O that I had ne'er†	
Enamour. His honest heart enamours, On W. Chalmers.	And oft a more endearing band, Ep. to Davie. 10.
Enamour'd.	by sweet endearing stealth, . The Petition of Br. Water.
The flower-enamour'd busy bee Delia. An Ode,	Endeavour,
(Th' enamour'd laurels kiss her brows,)	But whilst your wishes and endeavours,
The Election Ballads. VI.	Are blest with Fortune's smiles and favours,
	A Ded. to G. H., 15.
enamour'd and fond of my anguish, S. Where are the joys †	Some cause unseen still stept between,
Enbrugh v. Edina.	To frustrate each endeavour, O: S. My father was a farmer †
Enchant. 'Tis this enchants my soul, S. Handsome Nell.	
Enchanted. This life, sae far's I understand,	For our sincere, tho' haply weak endeavours,
Is a' enchanted fairy-land, . To J. S., 12.	Prologue, at Th., D
Enchanting.	And do our endeavour to keep us from want. S. The Poor Thresher.
The Queen of love could never move	and the second s
With motion more enchanting S. As I gaed up by †	I'll do my endeavour to follow her plan;
To harmony's enchanting notes, S. The Fête Champetre.	S. What can a yng lassie †
Simple, wild, enchanting elf, To Miss Fontenelle.	Ended. With a glorious bottle that ended my cares.
Encircled. Encircled in her clasping arms, The Lament.	S. No Churchman am I†
	So ended in a mire On same Lord G.
Enclasped.	He saw her days were near hand ended, The Death of Mailie.
Enclasped to my faithful breast,	
I'll comfort thee, my dearie O. S. Lassie wi the lint white	He ended; and the kebars sheuk, Aboon the chorus roar; . The Jolly Beggars. R. II.
Enclasped and grasped, Within thy cold embrace? To Ruin.	
Enclose.	
Else why within so thick a wall	But, to my comfort be it spoke, Now, now her life is ended. S. The Joyful Widower.
Enclose so poor a treasure? On Com. Goldie's Brains.	
Enclosed. But please transmit the enclosed letter,	Endless.
Ken ye ought of Capt. G. †	Through an endless existence shall charm thee.
Encore. A sweeping, kindling, bauld strathspey-	On Death of fav. Child.
Encore! Bravo! Ep. to Maj. Logan. 5.	Endor. A broom-stick o' the witch of Endor,
He skirl'd out, encore The Jolly Beggars. R. II.	On Grose's Peregrinations.
Encounter.	Endow'd.
Whoe'er shall provoke thee, th' encounter shall rue.	O injured God! Thy goodness has endow'd me
S. Caledonia.	With talents passing most of my compeers, . Tragic Frag.
End. As I gaed up by you gate end, . S. As I gaed up by †	Endurance.
When at the blythe end of our journey at last,	With deaf endurance sluggishly they bear, To R. G. of F., 7.
	Endure.
What he de il ever thinks of the road he has past. S. Contented wi' little †	Must earth no rascal, save thyself, endure? Ep. fr. Esopus.
Some books are lies frae end to end,	Is nought to what poor she endures
Death and Dr. Hornbook.	That's trusted faithless man, jo S. O Lassie, art thou †
Ev'n when the wished end's deny'd,	
Yet while the busy means are ply'd,	To mourn the woes my country must endure,
They bring their own reward: . Despondency, an Ode. 2.	Oh! I pity the pangs that you endure:
nae other end Than just a kind memento;	Oh! I pity the pangs that you endure: S. The Winter it is past †
Ep. to Young Friend. 1.	Enduring.
For care and trouble set your thought,	Niest day their life is past enduring The Twa Dogs. 32.
Ev'n when your end's attained;	Enemy. Wi'sword in hand, before his band,
For still th' important end of life,	Amang his en'mies a', man. A Fragment, 2.
They [wha fa'] equally may answer:	And then his enemies began
With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end,	To show their deadly rage John Barleycorn.
The Cotter's Sat. Night.	
This night his weekly moil is at an end,	
rm * 11 *	Or in his en'mies hands, man: S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
This, all its source and end to draw,	Energy. They bind the wild, Poetic rage
That to adore. [v.A.4] The Vision.	Energy. They bind the wild, Poetic rage In energy, [v. A. 4] The Vision. D. II.
That to adore. [v.A.4] The Vision. The gallant Sir Robert fought hard to the end;	Energy. They bind the wild, Poetic rage In energy, [v. A. 4] The Vision. D. II. Give energy to life; and soothe his latest breath,
That to adore [v.A.4] The Vision. The gallant Sir Robert fought hard to the end; The Whistle. 16.	Energy. They bind the wild, Poetic rage In energy, [v. A. 4] The Vision. D. II. Give energy to life; and soothe his latest breath. To R. G. of F., 9.
That to adore. [v.A.4] The Vision. The gallant Sir Robert fought hard to the end;	Energy. They bind the wild, Poetic rage In energy, [v. A. 4] The Vision. D. II. Give energy to life; and soothe his latest breath,

Eneugh [enough].	A blink o' rest's a sweet enjoyment The Twa Dogs. 16.
An' ay eneugh o' needfu' clink Auld comrade dear †	And large, before Enjoyment's gale, Let's tak the tide To J. S., 11.
Kirk-yards will soon be till'd eneugh, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 24.	Enjoyment I'll seek in my woe S. Where are the joys †
Yet crooning to a body's sel, Does weel eneugh. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 8.	Let Prudence bless Enjoyment's cup, Wr. in Friars-Carse H
That would be lear enough for me, Ib. 14.	Say, to be just, and kind, and wise, There solid self-enjoyment lies;
An' tho' fu' foughten sair eneugh, Yet unco proud to learn. The Ans. to the Guidwife.	Enlarge. When taxes he enlarges, A Dream, 7. Enlarg'd. Their views enlarg'd, . Add. to Edinburgh. 3.
I've wife eneugh for a' that. The Jolly Beggars. S. VII.	Enlighten'd.
His acre's till'd, he's right eneugh; . The Twa Dogs. 30. Enfauld [infold]. The darksome night did me enfauld.	Ye favored, enlighten'd Few, . The Farewell. To St. J.'s L
S. The Lass that made the bed. Engage. The losses, the crosses,	Enlisted. That night enlisted in the core, Tam o' Shanter. 15.
That active man engage; Despondency, an Ode. 5.	Enough. That never gives—tho' humbly takes enough; Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
Common motives lang sinsyne, Never can engage my love; S. Jockey fou, †	Now haud you there! for faith ye've said enough,
Been there to hear this heavenly band engage, The Brigs of Ayr. 12.	The Brigs of Ayr, 10. Enough of ought ye like but grace; The Inventory.
Engaged. And blooming Keith's engaged with Gray;) Sketch. New-Yr's Day.	I've paid enough for her already, Ib.
In the cause of right engaged, . S. Thickest night †	Your hearts are the stuff, will be powther enough, The Kirk's Alarm, 17.
Engine. Tearing my nerves wi' bitter pang, Like racking engines! . Add. to Toothache.	Is that enough for you to souse Your servant sae? . What ails ye now †
England. And England, triumphant, display her proud rose;	Enow [enough].
S. How pleasant the banks † 'Gainst mighty England and her guilty Lord, Scots Prologue.	Now, Sir, if ye hae friends enow, Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 15. There's themes enow in Caledonian story, . Scots Prologue.
Syne let us pray, auld England may	That when nae real ills perplex them,
Sure plant this far-famed tree, man; The Tree of Liberty. To mark where England's province stands S. The Union.	They mak enow themsels to vex them; The Twa Dogs, 29. Enquire. With heart-struck, anxious care enquires his name,
English. But spleeny English, hanging, drowning. Improm. on Mrs. —'s Birthday.	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 7.
Then came the Laird o' Lochinton	Enraptur'd more, the more enjoy'd, The Lament.
Out frae the English border, . Katharine Jaffray. The bravest heart on English ground,	Enrich. That brilliant gift will so enrich me,
Had yielded like a coward On Miss J. Scott. His faults they a' in Latin lay,	Impron., on Mrs. —'s Birthday.
In English nane e'er kent them. On W. Cruickshanks.	And thought his very een enrich'd; . Tam o' Shanter. 16.
His English style, and gesture fine, Are a' clean out o' season	Enroll. And in His Book of Life the Inmates poor enroll. The Cotter's Sat. Night. 17.
The English steel we could disdain, S. The Union.	Enroll'd. I've ta'en the gold an been enroll'd The Jolly Beggars. S. VI.
But English gold has been our bane	Ensanguin'd.
Engulph.	Oft prowling, ensanguin'd the Tweed's silver flood; S. Caledonia. 5.
Now Death and Hell engulph thy foes, The Election Ballads. VI.	Enslave. But powerful Love enslaves the man; S. A. Masterton's bonic Anne.
Enhusked. The red peat gleams a fiery kernel, Enhusked by a fog infernal: Ep. to H. Parker.	Enslav'd.
Enjoy. Prone to enjoy each pleasure riches give,	The music of thy voice I heard, Nor wist while it enslav'd me; S. Farewell, thou stream †
Yet haply wanting wherewithal to live; Ep. to R. Graham.3.	Ensnaring.
An' tho' at last they catch them [riches] fast, Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.	with studied, sly, ensnaring art, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10. Love sits in her smile, a wizard ensnaring;
S. Green grow the Rashes. I'll count my health my greatest wealth,	S. True hearted was he †
Sae lang as I'll enjoy it: S. Here's to thy health,†	This too, a covert shall ensure, To shield them from the storm; The Petition of Br. Water.
But the present hour was in my pow'r, And so I would erjoy it, O. S. My father was a farmer †	Foxes and statesmen, subtile wiles ensure; $To R. G. of F.$, $z.$
How can your flighty hearts enjoy The widow's tea s, the orphan's cry! S. O Logan! sweetly †	Ensur'd. Hae thought they had ensur'd their debtors, A' future ages; To J. S., 8.
Thy girning largh enjoys his pangs Poem on Life.	Entails.
To the shades we'll go, And in love enjoy it S. The Captain's Lady.	Enter. Syne bauldly in she enters: Halloween. 22.
Departed Whigs enjoy the fight, The Election Ballads. VI.	Within this dear mansion may wayward contention, Or withered envy ne'er enter; S. The Sons of old Killie.
But few enjoy the calm I know in This desert wood The Hermit.	Enter'd. The sober Autumn enter'd mild, John Barleycorn.
And jinkin hares, in amorous whids, Their loves enjoy, To W. Simpson.	In rueful apprehension enter'd O, The Vowels. Enterprise. John Barleycorn was a hero bold,
Why, why tell thy lover, Bliss he never must enjoy? S. Why, why tell thy t	Of noble enterprise,. John Barleycorn.
Since to enjoy Thou dost deny, Assist me to resign! Winter.	Enthral. It was in sweet Senegal that my foes did me enthral,
Enjoy'd. so much laughter, so much life enjoy'd. Add. sp. by Fontenelle.	S. The Stave's Lament.
Such the pleasures I enjoy'd; S. I dream'd I lay †	Enthrall'd, Bowers adieu! where love decoying,
Enraptur'd more, the more enjoy'd, The Lament. Enjoying.	First enthrall'd this heart o' mine, . S. Scenes of woe † Enthrone.
There the saftest sweets enjoying, S. Scenes of woe †	And in her breast enthrone me: . S. Louis what reck I†
Enjoying large each spring and well As Nature gave them me, . The Petition of Br. Water.	Enthron'd. Enthron'd in her eyes he delivers his law: S. True hearted was he t
Enjoyment:	Enthusiasm. Enthusiasm's past redemption, Letter to J. Goudie.
Of what enjoyments thou hast reft us! . El. on Year 1788. Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure! . S. One fond kiss,†	Entice. If that wad entice her awa, man. Ronalds of Bennals.

Entrails. Trenching your gushing entrails bright Like onie ditch; To a Haggis.	Equal, to. To equal young Jessie, seek Scotland all over; To equal young Jessie, you seek it in vain; So True-hearted was t
Entrance. He circled round the magic ground,	For still th' important end of life,
But entrance found he nane, man: The Fête Champetre. Entrench'd. Mid Lawson's port entrench'd his hold, The Election Ballads. VI.	They equally may answer: Ep. to Young Friend. 4. Equanimity.
Entry. There, racer Jess, an' twathree wh-res, Are blinkan at the entry The Holy Fair. 9.	In equanimity they [the Muses] never dwell, To R.G. of F., &. Erect. Preserve the dignity of Man,
Entwine.	With Soul erect; The Vision. D. II. 22. Erect, to. By Tweed erects his [Autumn's] aged head,
And round that neck entwine her! . S. Her flowing locks † Her dear idea round my heart	Add. to Shade of Thomson. Like hoary bristles to erect and stare Ep. fr. Esopus.
Should tenderly entwine S. Tho' cruel fate † Entwining. Or humbler bays entwining. S. When first I saw†	May Prudence, Fortitude, and Truth Erect your brow undaunting! . Ep. to Young Friend. 11.
Envenomed. Th' envenom'd wasp, victorious, guards his cell. To R. G. of F., 2.	Wi' Gentles thou erects thy head; Scotch Drink. 7. An' not a muse erect her head
Enviable. Oh, enviable, early days, Despondency, an Ode, 5. O, happy! happy! enviable man!. Remorse. A Frag.	To cowe the blellums? To Rev. J. M'Math.
Envious. No envious cloud o'ercast his evening ray; Blest be M'Murdo †	Courts for Cowards were erected, The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII. Ere lang [ere long].
Nor envious death so triumph'd in a blow, El. on Miss Burnet.	Sic fate ere lang shall thee betide; S. I do confess †
Cease ye prudes your envious railing, Lns under Pict. of Miss B.	Ere while. Ere while thy breast sae warming, S. O wat ye wha that loest
If envious buckies view wi' sorrow Thy lengthen'd days on this blest morrow, To Terraughty.	Ergo. Then ergo, she'll match them, and match them always. S. Caledonia.
Envy, A name not Envy spairges) A Dream. 7. And never envy blot their name! Add. to Edinburgh. 3.	Ermine. Than ony ermine ever lap, The Ans. to the Guidwife.
Hate, envy, oft the Douglas bore; On Duke of Queensberry. A sight pale envy to convulse) . Sketch. New-Yr's Day.	Ev'n you on murd'ring errands toil'd, . A Winter Night. 5.
No nation, no station My envy e'er could raise: The Answ. to the Guidwife.	A cannie errand to a neebor town: The Cotter's Sat. Night. 4. To do some errands, and convoy her hame Ib. 7.
Wi' sma' to sell and less to buy, Aboon distress, below envy, S. The Contented Cottager.	Not only bring them tidings hame, But do their errands there, The Election Ballads. I.
Within this dear mansion may wayward contention Or withered envy ne'er enter; S. The Sons of old Killie.	And mony a knight and mony a laird, That errand fain would gae. [re.]
May envy wallop in a tether, Black fiend infernal! To W. Simpson. 17.	And he wad do their errands weel,
Nor wi' envy troubled be; . S. Will ye go and marry t	To do our errands there, man? . The Fête Champetre. Erp'd. Where with intention I have err'd,
From envy and hatred your corps is exempt: Ye true "Loyal Nat.s" † And fretful envy grins in vain	No other plea I have, But, Thou art good;
The poisoned tooth to fasten S. Young Peggy †	Erring. Guilt, erring Man, relenting view! . A Winter Night. 9.
Envy, to. I dinna envy him the gains he can win; S. As I was a-wand ring †	As guileful Fraud points out the erring way:
Do ye envy the city gent, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. II. The Peer I don't envy, I give him his bow:	Ye sons of Heresy and Error, Ye sons of Heresy and Error, Ye'll some day squeel in quaking terror! A Ded. to G. H., 10.
S. No Churchman am I† Their lot auld Scotland ne'er envies,	To join faith and sense upon ony pretence, Is heretic, damnable error The Kirk's Alarm.
The Author's Cry and Prayer, P. Oh! how must thou lament thy station,	Erse. Wad ding a' Lallan tongue, or Erse, Add. to the Deil. 19.
And envy mine! The Hermit. The gentles ye wad ne'er envy them! The Twa Dogs. 28.	Erskine. Erskine, a spunkie norland billie; The Author's Cry and Prayer, 14.
Ah, though my looks betray, I envy your success; To Clarinda.	Erst. thy hair, tho' erst from gipsy polled, . Ep. fr. Esopus.
Eolian. Or tunes Eolian strains between. Add. to Shade of Thomson.	The choral hymn that erst so clear, Broke softly sweet on fancy's ear, . , . On Lincluden.
Epilogue. A Prologue, Epilogue, or some such matter, Add. by Fontenelle.	Reclined that banner, erst in fields unfurl'd, On Death of Sir J. Blair Erudition.
Epistle. Tak this excuse for nae epistle. Ep. to H. Parker. But to conclude my lang epistle, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 22.	He need na fear their foul reproach Nor erudition, The Author's Cry and Prayer.
Epocha. But why of that epocha make such a fuss, [v. A.9] Poet. Add. to Tytler.	Escape. Till of escape despairing, S. How cruel
Epple. An' O, my Eppie, My Jewel, my Eppie! [re.] . S. Eppie Adair.	Escape, to. It may escape the courtly sparks, It may escape the learned clerks; S. O this is no my ain to
O saw ye my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab? [re.] S. Eppie M'Nab.	The body, e'en let him escape; The Election Ballads. III.
His Sin gat Eppie Sim wi' wean, Halloween, 16.	Eschylus. Eschylus' pen Will Shakespeare drives; Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
Equal. And do I hear my Jeanie own,	Esopus. To tell Maria her Esopus' fate. Ep. fr. Esopus. Espy. If thou should kiss me, love,
That equal transports move her? S. Come, let me take † equal to the bustling strife, . Despondency, an Ode. 2.	Wha could espy thee? S. Jamie, come try me
rehearse, in equal verse,	And there will be Cardoness, Esquire, Sae mighty in Cardoness' eyes, The Election Ballads. III.
The life-blood equal sucks of Right and Wrong: On Death of R. Dundas.	Essay. In many a way, and vain essay, S. My father was a farmer
Equal to judge—you're candid to forgive. Prologue, sp. by Woods.	Essay, to. I wad in vain essay the strain, S. Lovely Davies.
To wheel the equal, dull routine Sketch. New-Yr's Day.	Estate. I ken they scorn my low estate, S. Here's to thy health
Learning and Worth in equal measures trode, The Brigs of Ayr. 13. And equal rights and equal laws	Hech man! dear sirs! is that the gate, They waste sae mony a braw estate! The Twa Dogs. 25.
Wad gladden every isle, man. The Tree of Liberty.	Had I Dundas's whole estate, S. When first I saw

Esteem. I'll hide the struggle in my heart,	Evening, Ev'ning.
And say it is esteem S. Ah, Chloris †	May Health and Peace with mutual rays,
Want only of goodness denied her esteem. Monody, on a Lady. Epit	Shine on the ev'ning o' his days; A Ded. to G. H. 14.
My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise:	And bless the parent's evening ray That watch'd thy early morning. S. A Rosebud by †
The Cotter's Sat. Night.	There oft as mild ev'ning weeps over the lea, S. Afton Water.
Then take what gold could never buy— An honest Bard's esteem To John M'Murdo.	As I was a-wand'ring on a Midsummer ev'ning, S. As I was a-wand ring †
Tl-4 13	No envious clouds o'ercast his evening ray;
Even Sir, by them your heart's esteem'd, An' winning manner. To Rev. J. M'Math.	The evening sun was ne'er sae sweet,
Esteeming.	As was the blink o' Phemie's e'e S. Blythe was she t
Esteeming, and deeming.	The evining gilds the Ocean's swell; S. Bonie Bell.
It [Heaven and Hell] a' an idle tale! . Ep. to Davie. 6.	Sweet closes the evening on Craigie-burn wood, S. Craigie-burn Wood.
man's true, genuine estimate, . Wr. in Friars-Carse H	Or haply, to his ev'ning thought, Despondency, an Ode. 3.
Etch'd.	Hark the mavis' ev'ning sang Sounding Clouden's woods amang; S. Hark the mavis' †
God's image rudely etch'd on base alloy! Ep. to R. Graham, 5.	And gentle the fall of the soft vernal shower,
Eternal.	That steals on the evening, each leaf to renew. S. How pleasant the banks †
What ragings must his veins convulse, That still eternal gallop: Add. to Unco Guid. 4.	When the shades of evening creep
O would they stay to calculate	O'er the day's fair, gladsome e'e, S. Jockey's ta'en the parting †
Th' eternal consequences;	One evining as I wand'red forth, Man was made to Mourn.
Will give to Polly Stewart S. Polly Stewart.	To Cassills' banks when ev'ning fa's, S. Now bank and brae † But Peggy dear, the ev'ning's clear, S. Now westlin winds †
That on this frail, uncertain state, Hang matters of eternal weight: . Sketch. New-Yr's Day.	And bonie she, and ah how dear!
	It shaded frae the evining sun. S. O bonie was you rosy †
Or, Moses bade eternal warfare wage, With Amalek's ungracious progeny; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 14. Then kneeling down to Heaven's Franci King.	And evining's tears are tears o' joy: S. O Logan! sweetly t
Then kneeling down to Heaven's Eternal King, . 16. 16.	When evening shades in silence meet, S. O Phely, † The fairest maid's in yon town
While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere. Ib.	That evining sun is shining on [re.] S. O wat ye wha's in t
To right or left eternal swervin, To J. S., 19.	Her voice is like the ev'ning thrush S. On Cessnock banks † When ev'ning Phoebus shines serene, Ib. Sett. II.
Calm sheltered haven of eternal rest! . To R. G. of F., 7. Eternity.	When evining Phoebus shines serene, Ib. Sett. II. Now life's chilly evening dim shades on your eye,
Eternity cannot efface	Poet. Add. to Tytler.
Those records dear of transports past, To Mary in Heaven.	One evening this nobleman, taking his walk, Did meet the poor Thresher and freely did talk;
Ether. On the lofty ether borne,	The Poor Thresher.
Man with all his powers you scorn; On scaring Water-fowl.	The woodbine I will pu', when the ev'ning star is near, S. The Posie.
Ether-stane [adder-stone].	I saw thee leave their ev'ning joys,
When Politics came there to mix And make his ether-stane, man! . The Fête Champetre.	And lonely stalk, . The Vision. D. II. 15. As Robie tauld a tale o' love
Ettle [aim, attempt, endeavour].	Ae ev'ning on the lily lea? S. There was a lass, and †
And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle; . Tam o' Shanter. 18.	She's sweet as the ev'ning amang the new hay; S. There's auld Rob M. †
Ettrick. But Yarrow braes, nor Ettrick shaws, Can match the lads o' Galla water.	Till some evening, sober, calm, Dropping dews and breathing balm To Miss C.
S. Braw lads on Yar. braes † Ettrick banks now roaring red	Wi' mornings blythe and e'enings funny To Terraughty.
While tempests blaw; To W. Creech.	And sweet is the lily at evening close; S. True hearted was he †
Eu.	At evening the wild-woods among? S. Where are the joys †
Baptiz'd him eu, and kick'd him from his sight. The Vowels.	As thy shades of evening close,
I'll prove it from Euclid as clear as the sun: S. Caledonia,	Beck'ning thee to long repose; Wr. in Friar's-Carse. H Her smile is as the evening mild, S. Young Peggy†
Europe. While Europe's eye is fix'd on mighty things,	Event. What dire events ha'e taken place! El. on Year 1788.
Weel Europe kens the fame o't The Tree of Liberty.	Ever, E'er.
Eurus. Never Eurus' pois'nous breath, . To Miss C.	And your Petitioner shall ever— I had amaist said, ever pray, A Ded. to G. H., 13.
Evan. To Evan-banks, with temp'rate ray,	For ever to release ye Frae Care A Dream. 9.
Home of my youth, he leads the day. S. Slow spreads the gloom †	She, sinking, said, "I'm thine for ever!"
Where Evan mingles with the Clyde. [re.] Ib.	S. By Allan stream † Her bright course of glory for ever shall run: S. Caledonia.
Ye lofty banks that Evan bound!	He's gane for ever: El. on Capt. M.H. 7.
All that on Evan's border springs?	Alas, alas! O C[ardoness],
Evanishing.	Then thou hadst slept for ever! Epit. on a Laird. And for ever disowns thee, her ain Jock Rab.
Or like the rainbow's lovely form Evanishing amid the storm	S. Eppie M'Nab.
Eve. Eve's bonie squad priests wyte them sheerly	The sweetest hours that e'er I spend, Are spent amang the lasses, O. [v.A.24]
Of Eve's first fire he has a cinder; On Grose's Peregrinations.	S. Green grow the Rashes. The wisest man the warl' e'er saw,
Eve, Even.	He dearly lov'd the lasses, O. [v.A.24] Ib.
The dewy star of eve to hail S. Here is the glen †	the dire feeling, O farewell for ever, S. Gloomy December.
The bird of eve flits sullen by On Lincluden.	Ever round your midnight bed Horrid sprites shall haunt you S. Husband, husband †
musing, wait The sober eve, . On seeing wounded Hare. Gi'e me the lonely valley,	My dear little angel, for ever, For ever,—Oh no! let not man be a slave,
The dewy eve, and rising moon; S. Sae flaxen t	For ever,—Oh no! let not man be a slave, His hopes from existence to sever. On Death of fav. Child.
At even, when beans their fragrance shed, El. on Capt. M. H. 6.	As cauld a wind as ever blew; . On Kirk of Lamington.
'Twas even—the dewy fields were green, S. 'Twas even †	As cauld a minister's ever spak;

For misery ever tholed a pang On Window of Inn. F	Learning his tuneful trade from ev'ry bough;
One farewell, alas, for ever! S. One fond kiss †	The Brigs of Ayr.
But to see her, was to love her, Love but her and love for ever	The thund'ring guns are heard on ev'ry side, 1b. 2. Harmonious concert rung in every part, 1b. 12.
The teeth o' time may gnaw Tamtallan,	Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the heart!
But thou's for ever. Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 17.
That the first blow is ever half the battle; Prologue, sp. at Th., D	Evil. With his depths and his shallows, his good and his evil, Fragment, inscr. to Fox.
Hail, Caledonia, name for ever dear! Prologue, sp. by Woods.	May prudence protect her [liberty] frae evil!
Though fluttering ever so braw, man Ronalds of Bennals.	S. Here's a health to them
And for ever disowns thee, her Willy. S. Saw ye my Phely.	Now Jove for once he mighty civil, To counterbalance all this evil;
An' hardly, in a winter season, E'er spier her price Scotch Drink.	Improm., on Mrs. —'s Birthday.
And grateful still, I trust, ye'll ever find us: Scots Prologue.	A loss these evil days can ne'er repair! On Death of R. Dundas.
The devil-haet, that I sud ban, They ever think Second Ep. to Davie.	Abjuring a' intentions evil, I quat my pen: . Poem on Life
But for the Muse, she'll never leave ye,	But when to all the evil of misfortune This sting is added—" Blame thy foolish self!"
Tho' e'er sae puir,	Remorse. A Frag.
First, what did yesternight deliver? "Another year is gone for ever." . Sketch. New-Yr's Day.	Wi' tippeny, we fear nae evil;
Oh! banks to me for ever dear! S. Slow spreads the gloom †	Unconscious what evils await; The Kirk's Alarm Thou's met me in an evil hour; . To a Mountain-Daisy
Is in his 'narrow house' for ever darkly low. [v. A. 10] Sonnet on Death of Riddel.	Evils lurk in felon wait: Wr. in Friars-Carse H.
Nay, by heaven, said I, may I perish if ever	Evil doer. To strike evil doers wi' terror; The Kirk's Alarm
I plant in your bosom a thorn. Sp. Extem. to Yng Lady.	Ev'n down [downright].
Or like the snow falls in the river, A moment white—then melts for ever; Tam o' Shanter. 7.	Wi' ev'n down want o' wark are curst The Twa Dogs.30 Ewe. Ca' the ewes to the knowes, . S. Hark! the mavis
No nation, no station	Exalt.
My envy e'er could raise: . The Ans. to the Guidwife.	Nae simmer sun exalt my bloom; Lament for Glencairn
Must wayward fortune's adverse hand For ever, ever keep me here? S. The Banks of Nith.	Where bright beaming summers exalt the perfume; S. Their groves of
There, ever bask in uncreated rays,	Again exalt the brute and sink the man; Why am I loth
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 16. But the ae best dance e'er cam to the Land	Exaltation.
Was, the de'il's awa' wi' th' Exciseman.	That I should get such exaltation, Holy Willie's Prayer. 3
S. The Deil cam fiddlin† Wha's honour was ever his law; The Election Ballads. III.	Exalted.
Now Death and Hell engulph thy foes,	Ye high, exalted, virtuous Dames, . Add. to Unco Guid
Thou liv'st on high for ever	Example. A guide, a buckler, an' example Holy Willie's Prayer, 5
Whose strong right hand has ever been Their stay and dwelling-place! The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps	An' get sic fair example straught, To Gav. Hamilton
From countless, unbeginning time	Keep his goodness still in view,
Was ever still the same	Thy trust—and thy example too. Wr. in Hermitage at F.C. Excel.
Relinquish her for ever: . The Jolly Beggars. R. VI.	Our lassies a' she far excels, S. On Cessnock Banks † Sett. II
Canst thou wreck his peace for ever, S. Turn again, thou fair †	With heartfelt throes his grateful bosom swells,
Oueen shall she be in my bosom for ever,	The godlike bliss, to give, alone excels The Brigs of Ayr Excell'd. That nane excell'd it, few cam near't,
S. 'Twas na her bonie blue†	Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 5
In wildest fury hae [grief, care] made bare My peace, my hope, for ever! V.s under Grief.	That I for gear and grace may shine, Excell'd by nane, Holy Willie's Prayer. 16
Ever-deep'ning.	Excellence.
While o'er the Harp pale Misery moans,	And thou, sweet excellence! forsake our earth, And not a muse in honest grief bewail. El. on Miss Burner
And strikes the ever-deep'ning tones, A Ded. to G. H., 10. Everlasting.	M'[Gi]ll's close nervous excellence, The Twa Herds. 17
Till down my weary bones I lay	Excellent. Hail, Majesty most Excellent! . A Dream.
In everlasting slumber, O S. My father was a farmer	Exception.
She goes, but not to realms of everlasting rest! Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.	There's some exceptions, man an' woman; The Twa Dogs. 34 Excess. Or else, neglecting a' that's guid,
Thou layest them with all their cares	They riot in excess! Ep. to Davie. 6
In everlasting sleep: The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps Evermair, Evermore.	Exchange.
With adieu for evermore, My dear, . S. It was a' for †	An atheist laugh's a poor exchange For Deity offended! Ep. to Young Friend.
Awake, resound thy latest lay,	Exchang'd.
Then sleep in silence evermair! Lament for Glencairn.	How ill exchang'd for riper times, Despondency, an Ode. 5
An' they cry crowdie ever mair. S. O that I had ne'er† Every, Ev'ry.	We freely wad exchang'd the wife, Epig. on Henpecked Squire
And every year come in mair dear On W. Chalmers.	Excise.
Life, thou soul of every blessing, . S. Raving winds †	Thae curst horse-leeches o' th' Excise, . Scotch Drink. 20
Then Burnewin comes on like Death At ev'ry chap Scotch Drink, 10.	Exciseman. why all this sneering 'Gainst poor Excisemen? Lns on Window, K.'s Arms
At ev'ry chap Scotch Drink, 10. A Knave an' Fool are plants of ev'ry soil: . Scots Prologue.	What are they [Priests] pray? but spiritual Excisemen. Il
But Douglases were heroes every age:	An' d-mn'd Excise-men in a bussle, Seizan a Stell, The Author's Cry and Prayer, 7
From ev'ry danger keep him free, S. Somebody.	The de'il's awa' wi' th' Exciseman, S. The deil cam fiddlin'
That every naig was ca'd a shoe on, The smith and thee gat roaring fou on; S. Tam o' Shanter, 3.	He's danc'd awa' wi' th' Exciseman; [re.] Il
Three priests' hearts' rotten, black as muck,	"But the ae best dance e'er cam' to the Land "Was, the deil's awa' wi' th' Exciseman
Lay stinking, vile, in every neuk. [v. A. 16] Ib.	Excursion.
Now ev'ry auld wife, greetin, clatters, 'Tam Samson's dead!' Tam Samson's El., 9.	Whiles scour'd awa in lang excursion, . The Twa Dogs. 6

Experience. But still the hope Experience taught to live, Excuse. Tak this excuse for nae epistle. Ep. to H. Parker. Prologue, sp. by Woods. Her dowf excuses pat me mad; Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 4. And sage Experience bids me this declare For using thy name offers fifty excuses. The Cotter's Sat. Night. 9. Fragment, inscr. to Fox. Saws of experience, sage and sound.

Expert. Th' Inquisitor of Spain the most expert,
Might there have learnt new mysteries of his art;

The Vowels. The good excuse will find. Rusticity's ungainly † Excuse. to. This freedom, in an unknown frien',
I pray excuse. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 1. A prayer from the muse you well may excuse,

The Sons of old Killie. Expire. Expires in rags, unknown, and goes to Heaven. Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. -. But ah how hope is born but to expire! On Death of Sir J. Blair. Tho' in sic phraisin terms ye've penn'd it, I scarce excuse ye. .' To W. Simpson. And soon may they expire, unblest with resurrection! Excus'd. The Brigs of Ayr. 8. And when I die, "Let me in this belief expire,—" To God I fly." The Hermit. When sic a husband was frae hame, What wife but wad excus'd her?. . S. Had I the wyte t Execrate. And execrates man's savage, ruthless deeds!)

The Brigs of Ayr. 2. Love grasps its scorpions-stifled they expire; To Clarinda. Expiring. Exempt. When day, expiring in the west, The curtain draws of Nature's rest, From aught that's good exempt. . On Duke of Queensberry. . S. Now rosy May + From envy and hatred your corps is exempt;

Ye true "Loyal Natives" † Explain. Kaplain.
Fays, Spunkies, Kelpies, a', they can explain them,

The Brigs of Ayr. 4. Exert. Arouse my boys! exert your mettle,

The Author's Cry and Prayer. Explore. Exhausted. This day, time winds th' exhausted chain, Sketch. New-Yr's Day.

Exile. An exile frae her father's ha',
And a' for loving thee; . . S. O mirk, mirk †

Exile, to. A' pleasure exile me, . . S. Eppie Adair. Now [wrongs, &c.] gay in hope explore the paths of men:

On Death of R. Dundas. Explore at large Man's infant race, The Vision. D. II. 10. Expose. **xpose.** He [Monroe] hacks to teach, they [Critics] mangle to expose. To R. G. of F., 4. To realms unknown while fate exiles me,
Make her bosom still my home. . . S. Highland Mary. Express. Exiled, -'d. Come, bumpers high, express your joy, . On W. Stewart. Lone, from your savage homes exil'd, A Winter Night. 5. Expression. Where, haply, Pity strays forlorn, Frae man exil'd. Oh, there, beyond expression blest, I'd feast on beauty a' the night; . El. on Capt. M. H. 2. . S. O were my love + Are Honor, Virtue, Conscience, all exil'd? An' syne Mess John, beyond expression, Fell foul o' me. . . What ails ye now † The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10. Or hast been exiled from thy nation, . . The Hermit. Exquisite. A Brother to relieve, how exquisite the bliss! Existence. A Winter Night. Q. I'm dwindled down to mere existence, Ep. to H. Parker. Extatic. Each prudent cit a warm existence finds. Or love extatic wake his seraph song. . To Miss Graham. Ep. to R. Graham. 2. Our race of existence is run. . S. Farewell, thou fair day † Peace, thy olive wand extend, S. How can my poor heart † For ever—Oh no! let not man be a slave, His hopes from existence to sever. On death of fav. Child. And birks extend their fragrant arms To screen the dear embrace. The Petition of Br. Water. Through an endless existence shall charm thee. . . Ib. 'Till now, o'er all my wide domains, 'Thy fame extends; Thou giv'st the word; Thy creature, man,
Is to existence brought; . . . The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps.. The Vision. D. II. 18. The Wintry West extends his blast, . . Winter. Exit. Shall venal lays their [princes'] pompous exit hail;
El. on Miss Burnet. Extended. Looks o'er proud property extended wide; A Winter Night. 7. Looks o'er product property.

In lines extended lang and large,
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor. If sorrow and anguish their exit await, Monody, on a Lady. Expanse. O! thou bright Queen, who, o'er th' expanse, Now highest reign'st, with boundless sway! The Lament. Squadrons extended long and large, The Election Ballads. VI. Extinct. Expect. Expect na, Sir, in this narration, A fleechan, fleth'ran Dedication, A Ded. to G. H. Here brewer Gabriel's fire's extinct, Epit. on G. Richardson. I will expect Yon Sang ye'll sen't, . . . Ep. to J. R. 5. Extremes. But what could ye other expect Of ane that's avowedly daft? No pause the dire extremes between, . The Tears I shed. Thy sons ne'er madden in the fierce extremes Of fortune's polar frost, or torrid beams. To R. G. of F., γ . The Jolly Beggars. S. III. Of fortune's polar trost, or total carry gilded lilies, Exult. Let Bourbon exult in his gay, gilded lilies, S. How pleasant the banks † When I, what reck, did least expect, S. The tither morn † But Foordsday, Sir, my promise leal, Expect me o' your party, Expectant. Life ne'er exulted in so rich a prize, El. on Miss Burnet. The expectant wee-things, toddlan, stacher through

The Cotter's Sat. Night. Exulting. While Scotia, with exulting tear,
Proclaims that Thomson was her son.

Add. to Shade of Thomson. Expectation. Now a' the congregation o'er
Is silent expectation; The Holy Fair. 12. Hope 'springs exulting on triumphant wing,'
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 16. Expected. Like school-boys, at th' expected warning, To joy and play. To J. S., 15. My secret heart's exulting boast? . . The Lament. 4. Expedient. But pennyworths again is fair,
When time's expedient: Ep. to J. R. 13. Eydent [busy, diligent]. And mind their labors wi' an eydent hand, Expekit [expected]. The Cotter's Sat. Night. 6. O, Sirs! whae'er wad ha'e expekit, Your duty ye wad sae neglekit, Eye [v. also E'e]. . The Twa Herds, 4. Wi' kindling eyes cry'd, 'Willie, rise! A Fragment. 8. Expel. And He whom ruthless Fates expel
His native land. [v. A.4] The Vision. O free my weary eyes from tears, A Prayer under Anguish. Expell'd. By heedless chance I turned mine eyes, . . A Vision. An' said my fau't frae bliss expell'd me; What ails ye now t Expence. Or your more dreaded hell to state, D-mnation of expences! Add. to Unco Guid. 5. Still under bleak misfortune's blasting eye; Ib. Would have eat her dead lord, on a slender pretence,
Not to show her respect, but—to save the expence.

Epig. on Henpecked Squire. Another. Learning, with his eagle eyes, . Add. to Edinburgh. 2.

The blance and misshinger analise	No. Com the cost of comments D. M.
The bleezan, curst, mischievous monkies Delude his eyes, Add. to the Deil. 13.	Nor from the seat of scornful Pride Casts forth his eyes abroad,
Its [the woodbine's] dew-drop o' diamond, her eye. S. Adown winding Nith †	Thou haply throw'st a scornful eye at The hermit's prayer The Hermit
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.	My toil-beat nerves, and tear-worn eye, . The Lament
S. Afton Water. I'll westward turn my wistful eye: S. Behold the hour †	To mark the mutual-kindling eye
And steal from me Maria's prying eye. Ep. fr. Esopus.	Till fears no more had saved me. S. The last time I
Her [nature's] eye intent on all the mazy plan, Ep. to R. Graham. 1.	While Europe's eye is fix'd on mighty things, The Rights of Woman
Ye wise ones, hence! ye hurt the social eye! Ib. 5.	Her eye, ev'n turn'd on empty space, Beam'd keen with Honor. The Vision. D. I. 10
With grateful lifted eyes, Epit. on Country Laird. A buck, a beau, or Deni my eyes! Epit. on Mr. Burton.	Brydons brave Ward I well could spy,
The Bench sae wise lift up their eyes, Extem. in Court of Session.	Beneath old Scotia's smiling eye; [v. A. 4]
We part—but by these precious drops,	Struck thy young eye Ib. D. II. 13
That fill thy lovely eyes! . S. Farewell, dear mistress † I saw thine eyes, yet nothing fear'd,	Or point the inconclusive page Full on the eye. [v. A. 4] Ib. D. II
Till fears no more had sav'd me: S. Farewell, thou stream †	Turn away thine eyes of love, Lest I die with pleasure S. Thine am I
'Till grief my eyes should close, S. Had I a cave †	Soon my weary eyes I'll close, never more to waken. S. Thou hast left me
Out-rival'd by the radiant eyes Of youthful, charming Chloe. S. It was the charming +	In vain Religion meets my shrinking eye; . To Clarinda
'Twill make the widow's heart to sing	I see ye upward cast your eyes—
Tho' the tear were in her eye John Barleycorn. Though oft I turned the wistful eye,	Ye ken the road To J. S., 23 Her tongue and eyes, her dreaded spear and darts.
Nae ray of fame was to be found: Lament for Glencairn.	To R. G. of F.
To thee I turn with swimming eyes; Liberty.	With stern-resolv'd, despairing eye, To Ruin Enthron'd in her eyes he delivers his law:
Behold that eye which shot immortal hate, Ib. Each eye it chears when she appears, . S. Lovely Davies.	S. True hearted was he
More sweet than the light to my eye.	Her look was like the morning's eye,
S. My Love's a winsome †	S. Twas even—the dewy And whose that eye of fire? V.s, below Picture
The kindling lustre of an eye; S. My Mary's face †	And whose that eye of fire? V.s, below Picture Mark Scotia's fond-returning eye,
Look down with gracious eyes; Nature's Law. Winnowing blythe her dewy wings	It dwells upon Glencairn
In morning's rosy eye; . S. Now Spring has clad †	While men have eyes, or ears, or taste, She'll always find a lover S. When first I saw
Blythe morning lifts his rosy eye, . S. O Logan! sweetly †	And eyes again with pleasure beam'd
And her two eyes like stars in skies, . S. O Mally's meek.	That had been blear'd with mourning; S. When wild War's
Were ne'er sae welcome to my eye, As is a sight o' Phely	If I may dare a lifted eye to thee, S. Why am I loth
Note that eye, 'tis rheum o'erflows, Pity's flood there never rose Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.	The eye with wonder and amazement fills; Wr. in Kenmore Inn.
Plunderer of Armies, lift thine eyes,	Her eyes outshine the radiant beams That gild the passing shower, . S. Young Peggy
Her closed eyes, like weapons sheath'd,	Detraction's eye no aim can gain, Her winning powers to lessen;
S. On a bank of flowers † Crowd thick on fancy's wondering eye, . On Lincluden.	Eye-brow.
And pensive gaze with wistful eyes,	Her eye-brows of a darker hue, S. Sae flaxen
Slowly they move, while every eye	Eye, to.
Is heaven-ward raised in ecstasy	And eyes the simple, rustic Hind, A Winter Night.
On seeing wounded Hare.	She, who her lovely Offspring eyes With tender hopes and fears, . O Thou dread Pow'r
Unheard, unseen, by human ear or eye, On Death of R. Dundas.	She eyes her freeborn, martial boys, Tak aff their Whisky. The Author's Cry and Prayer. I
And throw on poverty his [Oppression's] cruel eyes; . Ib.	The Parents partial eye their hopeful years;
And shooting meteors caught the startled eye. On Death of Sir J. Blair.	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 3 And eye the smoking, dewy lawn, The Petition of Br. Wate.
The lightning of her eye in tears imbued 1b.	'I saw thee eye the gen'ral mirth
Far in their shade my Peggy's charms First blest my wond'ring eyes S. Peggy Chalmers.	With boundless love. The Vision. D. II. 14. We eye the rose upon the brier,
Gay the sun's golden eye,	Unmindful that the thorn is near, To J. S., 10
Peep'd o'er the mountains high; S. Phillis the Fair. Already in thy fancy's eye,	And hap'ly, eye the barren hut, With high disdain. Ib. 15. His guardian seraph eyes with awe
Thy sicker treasure Poem on Life. Tho' something like moisture conglobes in my eye,	The noble ward he loves V.s below Picture
Poet. Add. to Tytler.	Eyed. His lordship sat wi' ruefu' e'e,
Now life's chilly evening dim shades on your eye, . Ib.	And ey'd the gathering storm, Extem. in Court of Session
Can point the brimful grief-worn eyes To scenes beyond the grave Sad thy tale,	Her doubtful balance eyed, and sway'd her rod; On Death of R. Dunda.
With ardent eyes, complexion sallow, Sketch. New-Yr's Day.	I sat and ey'd the spewing reek, The Vision. D. I.
Rosy morn now lifts his eye, . S. Sleep'st thou, or wak'st †	Eyeing. askance the creature eyeing, Add. sp. by Fontenella
And long pursued me with her eye. S. Slow spreads the gloom† Death comes, wi' fearless eye he sees him;	Fa' [fall, lot]. Then M-nt-gue, an' Guildford too, Began to fear a fa', man; A Fragment.
The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.	(Black be your fa'!) Add. to the Deil. It
Summer, with his fervid-beaming eye: The Brigs of Ayr. 13.	A towmond o' trouble, should that be my fa', S. Contented wi' little
A strappan youth; he takes the Mother's eye; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 8.	Eve's bonie squad priests wyte them sheerly
And there will be Cardoness, Esquire, Sae mighty in Cardoness' eyes, The Election Ballads. III.	For our grand fa'; Ep. to Maj. Logan.
With melting heart, and brimful eye,	And wha winna wish guid luck to our cause May never guid luck be their fa'! S. Here's a health to them
The Farewell. To St. J.'s L Beneath th' Omniscient Eve above	And thou mellow mavis that hails the night fa',

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Farewell then, lang hale then,	For me! before a Monarch's face, Ev'n there I winna flatter; A Dream. 3.
An' plenty be your fa': The Ans. to the Guidwife. And I hae lost my lightsome heart	For which we daurna show our face Adam A—'s Prayer.
That little wist a fa' The Ruined Maid's Lament.	D'ye think, said I, this face was made for crying?
My mither, she has ta'en the bed.	Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
Wi' thinking on my fa'	Laugh in Misfortune's face—the beldam witch! Ib.
Fa', to [to fall].	Her comely face sae fu' o' grace, S. A. Masterton's bonie Anne.
But yet, whatreck, he, at Quebec, Montgomery-like did fa', man, A Fragment. 2.	Her face is fair, her heart is true, S. Behind yon hills †
Till Fraser brave did fa', man;	Her bonie face it was as meek,
Whase distant roaring swells and fa's A Vision.	As ony lamb upon the lee! S. Blythe was she,†
mishanter fa' me, Add. to Illegit. Child.	In that bonie face of thine; . S. Bonie wee thing †
The foaming stream deep roaring fa's,	Altho' their face he ne'er had kend it,
S. Bonie Lassie, will ye go †	Death and Dr. Hornbook. 19. Fair the face of orient day, Delia. An Ode.
Weary fa' you, Duncan Gray, S. Duncan Gray. Yet they wha fa' in Fortune's strife,	Wi' nae kend face but Jenny Geddes Ep. to H. Parker.
Their fate we should na censure, Ep. to Young Friend. 4.	Down the zodiac urge the race,
Nae mair then, we'll care then,	And cast dirt on his godship's face
Nae farther we can fa' Ep. to Davie. 3.	I dinna like to see your face,
Ochon for poor Castalian drinkers, When they fa' foul o' earthly jinkers, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 10.	Nor hear your crack. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 20.
And fair fa' my Collier laddie. S. My Collier Laddie.	On many a bloody plain I've dar'd his [death's] face, . S. Farewell, ye dungeons †
Shame fa' me gin I tell; S. My heart was ance †	Now health forsakes that angel face, Fragment.
Shame fa' the fun; wi'sword and gun	Their faces blythe, fu' sweetly kythe, Halloween. 3.
To slap mankind like lumber! Nature's Law.	Ye little Skelpie-limmer's-face!
To Cassills' banks when evining fa's, S. Now bank and bract	G-d confound their stubborn face, Holy Willie's Prayer. 14.
The chrystal waters round us fa', Now rosy May † The bitter blast that round me blaws	My face was but the keekin' glass And there ye saw your picture In Defence of a Lady.
Unheeded howls, unheeded fa's; . S. O Lassie, art thou †	
And I mysel' a drap of dew	It is na, Jean, thy bonie face, Nor shape that I admire, S. It is na, Jean,†
Into her bonie breast to fa'! S. O were my love †	And smile at the moon's rimpled face in the wave; Lament on leaving Nat. Land.
Wha first beside his chair shall fa', He is the king amang us three. S. O Willie brew'd †	His face was furrow'd o'er with years,
I'd take the rascal by the nose,	Man was made to Mourn.
Wad say, Shame fa' thee. On Grose's Peregrinations.	And Man, whose heav'n-erected face, The smiles of love adorn,
The flower it blaws, it fade's and fa's, Freeman stand, or freeman fa', S. Scots wha ha'e †	
Freeman stand, or freeman fa', S. Scots wha ha'e † Sweet fa's the eve on Craigieburn, S. Sweet fa's the eve †	My Mary's face, my Mary's form, The frost of hermit age might warm; S. My Mary's face †
	Her face so truly heavenly fair,
An' when he fa's, His latest draught o' breathin lea'es him	He'd [the Deil] look into thy bonie face, And say, "I canna wrang thee." S. O saw ye bonie Lesley †
In faint huzzas. The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.	I see a form, I see a face,
And mony a bouk did fa', man: S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor. But wearie fa' the waefu' woodie! The Jolly Beggars. R. IV.	Ye weel may wi' the fairest place: S. O this is no my ain t
The violet for modesty, which weel she fa's to wear,	View the wither'd beldam's face . Ode to Mem. of Mrs
S. The Posie.	The graces of her weel-far'd face, S. On Cessnock banks †
And waly fa' the ley-crap For I maun till'd again. S. There's news, lasses †	But it's not her air, her form, her face,
Fair fa' your honest, sonsie face, To a Haggis.	Your bonie face sae mild and sweet . On W. Chalmers. Such was my Chloris' bonie face,
For me, shame fa' me,	When first her bonie face I saw; S. Sae flaxen †
If neist my heart I dinna wear ye To Terraughty.	Ye'll snap your fingers, poor an' hearty, Before his face. The Author's Cry and Prayer.
Some people tell me gin I fa', Ae way or ither, The breaking of ae point, tho' sma'. Breaks a' thegither.	
V.s to J. Kanken.	But oh, alas, for her bonie face, They've wranged the Lass of Albany.
I maun Gae fa' upo' anither plan, What ails ye now †	3. The bonie Luss of Atouny.
Fa' that [have that fall to one, have that as one's	The vera wrinkles Gothic in his face: The Brigs of Ayr. 4.
lot or fortune]. Or whom in a' the country roun',	The chearfu' Supper done, wi' serious face, They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;
The best deserves to fa' that? The Election Ballads. II.	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 12.
Where is the laird or belted knight That best deserves to fa' that?	O thou, whase lamentable face Appears to mourn my woefu' case! The Death of Mailie.
That best deserves to fa' that?	Alas! misfortune stares my face, The Farewell.
And weel does Selkirk fa' that	Upon a simmer Sunday morn,
But an honest man's aboon his might,	When Nature's face is fair, The Holy Fair. 1.
Gude faith he maunna fa' that! S. The Honest Man. Fable. Tho' in his heart he weel believes,	"I'm sure I've seen that bonie face, "But yet I canna name ye."
An' thinks it auld wives' fables: The Holy Fair. 17.	Wi' screw'd-up, grace-proud faces;
With the ready trick and fable	The vera sight o' [Moodie]'s face,
Round we wander all the day; The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII.	To's ain het hame had sent him Wi' fright . 1b. 12. She stares the daddy in her face, The Inventory.
Fabled.	He stoiter'd up an' made a face; The Jolly Beggars. R. III.
Tho' matching beauty's fabled queen; S. On Cessnock banks† No fabled tortures, quaint and tame The Lament.	Observ'd ye you reverend lad
A fabled Muse may suit a bard that feigns; To R. Graham.	Mak faces to tickle the Mob;
Fabric, Fabrick.	For a lalland face he feared none,
But of meet, or unmeet, in a fabrick complete,	An' pray'd for grace wi' ruefu' face,
I'll boldly pronounce they [reviewers] are none, Sir. To Capt. Riddel.	I look'd her in her bonny face, S. The Lass that made the bed. Learning with his Greekish face, The Ordination. 11.
And here's the grand fabric, our free Constitution,	That e'er your face I knew. The Ruined Maid's Lament.
At Meet. of D. Volunteers.	Alas! that e'er a bonie face
Face. Set up a face, how I stop short, For fear your modesty be hurt A Ded. to G.H., 1.	Should draw a sauty tear!
Wi' weel spread looves, an' lang, wry faces;	His honest, sonsie, baws'nt face, Ay gat him friends in ilka place; The Twa Dogs. 5.

A "hare-brain'd sentimental trace"	Or gied her faes a claw, Jamie; S. The Laddies by †
Was strongly marked in her face; The Vision. D. I. 10.	See, see auld Orthodoxy's faes
The justling tears ran down his honest face! The Vowels.	She's swingein thro' the city! . The Ordination. 10.
Fair fa' your honest, sonsy face, To a Haggis.	Dalrymple has been lang our fae, . The Twa Herds. 12.
You'll easy draw a weel-kent face, To a Painter.	Your friends ay love, your faes ay fear ye, To Terraughty.
Before I saw Clarinda's face, My heart was blythe and gay, To Clarinda.	Faem [foam].
	Or, richly brown, ream owre the brink, In glorious faem, Scotch Drink. 2.
See, crazy, weary, joyless Eild, Wi' wrinkl'd face,	Faikit [abated, let off, spared].
Be't water-brose, or muslin-kail, Wi' chearfu' face, Ib. 24.	Sic hauns as you sud ne'er be faikit, Second Ep. to Davie.
In your unletter'd nameless faces!	Fail. He does na fail his part in either. A Ded. to G. H., 5.
No fear more, no tear more,	And never may their [thy Sons'] sources fail!
To stain my lifeless face,	Add. to Edinburgh. 3.
Their sighan, cantan, grace-proud faces, To Rev. J. M Math.	The kettle o' the kirk and State,
worthy G[regor]y's latin face, To W. Creech.	Perhaps a clout may fail in't; . S. Does haughty Gaul†
Let me fair Nature's face descrive, To W. Simpson. 16.	His bending joints and drooping head Show'd he began to fail John Barleycorn.
Wi' pinch I put a Sunday's face on, . What ails ye now †	
When first I saw fair Jeanie's face, I couldna tell what ailed me,	And may his great posterity Ne'er fail in old Scotland!
	In other worlds can Mammon fail, Ode, to Mem. of Mrs
And wi' her loof her face a washin; . S. Willie Wastle †	But as I gaze the vision fails,
Her face wad fyle the Logan-water; Ib.	Like frost-work touched by southern gales; . On Lincluden.
Face, to.	Now, honest Hughoc, dinna fail,
I see her face the first of Ireland's sons, Ep. fr. Esopus.	To tell my Master a' my tale; . The Death of Mailie.
While my dear lad maun face his faes, S. O Logan! sweetly †	It never fails, on drinkin deep, To kittle up our notion, By night or day.
Wi' usquabae, we'll face the devil! Tam o' Shanter. 11.	The Holy Fair. 19.
Fac'd, -'t.	As lang's the Muses dinna fail To say the grace. To J. S., 24.
The steyest brae thou wad hae fac't it; A Guid New-Year † 14.	Faile.
And fac'd grim Danger's loudest roar, Add. to Edinburgh. 7.	Gae down by Faile, and taste the ale, The Tarbolton Lasses.
Fact. But Facts are cheels that winna ding, An' downa be disputed: A Dream. 4.	Failed. My een they almost failed me. S. When first I saw †
And Wallace Tow'r had sworn the fact was true:	Failing.
The Brigs of Ayr. 3.	For thrice I drew ane [a Valentine] without failing, S. Tam Glen.
Faction. Wi' dissipation, feud, an' faction! The Twa Dogs. 24.	S. Tam Glen.
Factor.	Failing, -in, s.
Your factors, grieves, trustees, and bailies,	An' thy poor, worthless daddy's spirit, Without his failins, Add. to Illegit. Child.
I canna say but they do gailies; . Add. of Beelzebub. 4.	Their failings and mischances Add. to Unco Guid. 2.
Poor tenant bodies, scant o cash, How they maun thole a factor's snash; The Twa Dogs. 13.	And then their [the Saunts'] failings, flaws an' wants,
Faculty [of Advocates].	Are a' seen thro' Ep. to J. R. 2.
Than 'twixt Hal and Bob for the famous job	We've faults and failings—granted clearly,
Who should be Faculty's Dean, Sir The Dean of Fac	Ep. to Maj. Logan. 9.
So their worships of the Faculty,	'For ev'n his failings lean'd to Virtue's side.' Epit, for Author's Father.
Quite sick of merit's rudeness,	True it is, she had one failing, Lns under Pict. of Miss B.
Faculty.	Fain.
For me my faculties are frozen, . Auld Comrade dear †	It pat me fidgean-fain to hear't, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 5.
Faddom't [fathomed]. the Stack he faddom't thrice,	I fain my griefs would cover; S. Farewell, thou stream †
the Stack he faddom't thrice,	I modestly fu' fain wad hint it, Friend of the poet t
The flower it blaws, it fades and fa's, . S. Polly Stewart.	Meg fain wad to the Barn gaen, Halloween. 21.
They fade and they wither awa, man. Ronalds of Bennals.	And tho' you'd fain make me your ain,
When you green leaves fade frae the tree,	In troth I'm fear'd to venture, Sir. S. I'm o'er young to marry †
Around my grave they'll wither. S. Sweet fa's the eve †	
Faded. He faded into age; S. John Barleycorn.	Jockey fou, and Jenny fain,
Thro' faded groves Maria sang,	Fain, fain, would I my griefs impart, S. Sweet fa's the eve †
Hersel' in beauty's bloom the while, S. The Catrine woods†	Even Satan glowr'd, and fidg'd fu' fain, Tam o' Shanter. 16.
Fading.	O mony a knight and mony a laird,
By fits the sun's departing beam Look'd on the fading yellow woods **Lament for Glencairn.**	That errand fain wad gae; [re.]. The Election Ballads. I.
Beauty's of a fading nature, . S. Will ye go and marry †	And fools o' change are fain;
<u> </u>	Fain, fain my crime would cover: S. The last time I came t
Fading-green. The sky is blue, the fields in view,	There's some that are dowie, I trow wad be fain
All fading-green and yellow: . S. Now westlin winds †	To see the bit Taylor come skippin again.
Fae [foe]. Gie a' the faes o' Scotland's weal Atowmond's Tooth-Ache! Add. to Toothache.	S. The Taylor fell \\ Nae doubt but they were fain o' ither, . The Twa Dogs. 6.
	My heart has been sae fain to see them,
O, to see auld Nick gaun hame, And Charlie's faes before him! S. Come, boat me o'er.	That I for joy hae barket wi' them Ib. 20.
thou false woman, My sister and my fae,	Wha fain would openly rebel, . The Twa Herds. 14.
Lament of Mary of Scots.	There's Meg wi' the mailin that fain wad a haen him;
God keep thee frae thy mother's faes,	S. There's a youth †
And that their faes shall ken. S. O Kenmure's on and awa †	Auld Coila, now, may fidge fu' fain, . To W. Simpson.
But now he [love] is my deadly fae,	My purse is light, I've far to gang, And fain wad be thy lodger; S. When wild War's †
Unless thou'lt be my ain S. O lay thy loof	, 3
While my dear lad maun face his faes, S. O Logan! †	Fain would I hide what I fear to discover, S. Where are the joys †
An' sends, beside, auld Scotland's cash To her warst faes Scotch Drink. 15.	Fain would I say, 'Forgive my foul offence!'
To her warst faes Scotch Drink. 15. Your mortal Fae is now awa', . Tam Samson's El. 7.	Fain promise never more to disobey; Why am I loth
	And o'er the lea I leuk fu' fain S. Young Jockey t
Ye've the figure, 'tis true, even your faes will allow, And your friends they dare grant you nae mair.	Fainness [fondness].
The Kirk's Alarm.	And I, I wat, Wi fainness grat, . S. The tither morn †

)
	D.O.I.
Faint.	But O the road was very hard,
His latest draught o' breathin' lea'es him	For that fair maiden's tender feet S. O Mally's meek.
In faint huzzas. The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.	Tho' this was fair, and that was braw,
In summer he toil'd thro' the faint, sultry heat;	S. O Mary, at the window †
The Poor Thresher.	Thou art a queen, fair Lesley [re.] S. O saw ye bonie L. †
And let us mind, faint heart ne'er wan	Fair tho' the lassie be: S. O is this no my ain †
A lady fair: To Dr. Blacklock.	O were my love you lilac fair, S. O were my love t
Faint-collected.	
The ways of men are distant brought,	
A faint-collected dream: Despondency, an Ode. 3.	The high-arch'd windows, painted fair, On Lincluden.
Faint-hearted.	In window fair, the painted pane
	No longer glows with holy stain,
Nae cauld faint-hearted doubtings tease him;	What dost thou in that mansion fair?
S. The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.	On seeing Seat of Lord G.
Faint, to. Yet they, even they, with all their strength,	Sae helpless, sweet, and fair. On Birth of Posth. Child.
Began to faint and fail; New Psalmody.	Fair on the summer morn:
	I saw fair freedom's blossoms richly blow:
And now in fainting murmurs die; On Lincluden.	On death of Sir J. Blair.
Faintly.	Auld Truth hersel' might swear ye're fair, On W. Chalmers.
Ye scatter'd birds that faintly sing Lament for Glencairn.	
Faintly-marked.	Such thy morn! did I cry, Phillis the fair. [re.] S. Phillis the Fair.
The faintly-marked, distant hill: The Lament.	41 1 27 2 4 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2
	Ah! Nick, ah Nick it is na fair, Poem on L
Fair. As fair art thou, my bonie lass, So deep in luve am I; S. A red, red Rose.	There's not a flower that blooms in May,
	That's half so fair as thou art [re.] . S. Polly Stewart.
dear bird, young Jeany fair, S. A Rosebud by †	Nor Insolence assumes fair Freedom's name;
Fair B[urnet] strikes th' adoring eye, Add. to Edinburgh. 4.	Prologue sp. by Woods.
But cast a moment's fair regard . Add. to Unco Guid. 3.	Her pretty ancle is a spy,
Wi' wind and tide fair i' your tail,	Betraying fair proportion, S. Sae flaxen †
How fair and how pure is the lily,	Fair beaming and streaming
But fairer and purer her breast. S. Adown winding Nith †	Her silver light the boughs amang;
Her skin's fair hue is like the swan;	Fair on Isabella's morn
S. A. Mastrin's bonie Anne.	The sun propitious smil'd; Sad thy tale †
Our thrissles flourish'd fresh and fair, S. Awa, whigs, awa.	Tho' I maun say't, I doubt ye flatter,
	Ye speak sae fair; . Second Ep. to Davie.
Her face is fair, her heart is true, . S. Behind you hills †	She's fair and fause that causes my smart,
The primrose banks how fair; S. Behold, my love †	S. She's fair and fause †
Lesley is sae fair and coy, . S. Blythe ha'e I been t	O woman, lovely woman fair,
Sae fair her hair, sae brent her brow,	Coila's fair Rachel's care to-day, . Sketch. New-Yr's Day.
S. Braw lads of G. Water.	A sprig her fair breast to adorn: Sp. Extem. to Yng Lady.
To feed her fair flocks by her green rustling corn:	
S. Caledonia.	For G—d-sake, Sirs! then speak her fair, The Author's Cry and Prayer. 18.
Whare I kill'd ane, a fair strae-death,	
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 25.	How can ye blume sae fair! S. The Banks of Doon.
Fair the face of orient day,	The time may come, with pipe and drum
Fair the tints of op'ning rose; Delia. An Ode.	We'll welcome hame fair Albany.
Ye stately foxgloves fair to see; . El. on Capt. M. H., 5.	S. The bonie Lass of Albany.
But pennyworths again is fair, Ep. to J. R. 13.	Upon a simmer Sunday morn,
	When Nature's face is fair, The Holy Fair.
The ordered system fair before her stood, Ep. to R. Graham.3.	And kindly she did me invite, To walk into a chamber fair. S. The Lass that made the bed.
As light as the air, and fause as thou's fair, S. Eppie M'Nab.	
She, the fair sun of all her sex, S. Farewell, dear mistress †	I bow'd fu' low to this fair maid,
Farewell, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies,	Twa drifted heaps sae fair to see,
S. Farewell, thou fair day †	And they declare Terreagle's fair, S. The noble Maxwells †
He'll have them by fair trade, if not, he will smuggle;	Again ye'll flourish fresh and fair; S. The Catrine woods †
Frag. inscr. to Fox.	And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,
And fair without a flaw S. Handsome Nell.	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 18.
Fair and lovely as thou art, S. Hark the Mavis †	in fair virtue's heavenly road,
	For far-aff fowls hae feathers fair, The Election Ballads, I.
Tho' they seem fair, still have a care,	Nae gentle dames, tho' e'er sae fair, Shall ever be my muse's care; S. The Highland Lassie.
Let her form so fair and faultless,	
Fair and faultless as your own, S. Highland Mary.	Simper James, leave the fair Killie dames,
I do confess thou art sae fair,	The Kirk's Alarm. 6.
I wad been o'er the lugs in luve; S. I do confess †	The lily it is pure, and the lily it is fair, . S. The Posie.
She [Fortune] promised fair, and performed but ill;	But what can give pleasure, or what can seem fair,
S. I dream'd I lay †	When the lingering moments are number'd wi' care?
Syne as ye brew, my maiden fair,	S. The small birds rejoice †
Keep mind that ye maun drink the yill. S. In simmer when †	Fair Virtue water'd it wi' care, . The Tree of Liberty.
It was a' for our rightfu' king, We left fair Scotland's strand; S. It was a' for t	By stately tow'r, or palace fair, [v.A.4] The Vision.
We left fair Scotland's strand; . S. It was a' for †	Then bowses drumlie German-water,
We left fair Scotland's strand; S. It was a for † O'er the day's fair, gladsome e'e, S. Jockey's ta'en the parting † The meanest hind in fair Scotland.	To mak himsel look fair and fatter, . The Twa Dogs. 23.
S. Jockey's ta'en the parting t	Return him safe to fair Strathspey, S. The yng High. Rover.
	There was a lass, and she was fair, S. There was a lass, and †
May rove their sweets amang; Lament of Mary of Scots.	
My stem was fair, my bud was green, S. Luckless Fortune.	
To the weavers gin ye go, fair maids	She promis'd fair and perform'd but ill;
To the weavers gin ye go, fair maids, I rede you right, gang ne'er at night, S. My heart was ance †	S. Tho. fickle Fortune †
Her face so truly heavenly fair, . S. My Mary's face †	Fair Empress of the Poet's soul, To a Lady.
My fair, my lovely charmer! . S. Now westlin winds †	Thine be the volumes, Jessy fair, To a yng Lady.
I found that old Solomon proved it fair,	'Tis Friendship's pledge, my young, fair friend, To Chloris.
S. No Churchman am I†	faint heart ne'er wan A lady fair: To Dr. Blacklock.
That crimson rose how sweet and fair;	You save fair Jessie from the grave! . To Dr. Maxwell.
S. O bonie was you rosy	An' get sic fair example straught, To Gav. Hamilton.
7.6 11.1	
Mally's rare, Mally's fair, S. O Mally's meek.	Thro' fair, thro' foul, they urge the race, . To J. S., 18.

E to mail and and and all the bins of the state of the st	The law areas and the state of
Fair maid, you need not take the hint, . To Miss Ainslie.	Fair-won. Thy fair-won, rightful spoil. Extem. on Commem.s of Thomson.
Let me fair Nature's face descrive, . To W. Simpson. 16.	Fairer. But sairer still my Delia dawns, Delia, an Ode.
An' some, their New-light fair avow, Just quite barefac'd Ib. P.S.	Where man and nature fairer in her sight.
And fair are the maids on the banks of the Ayr;	My muse may imp her wing for some sublimer flight.
S. True hearted was he †	Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
Are lovers as faithful, and maidens as fair Ib.	A fairer than either adorns the green valleys,
But in the fair presence of lovely young Jessie,	S. How pleasant the banks †
Unseen is the lily, unheeded the rose 1b.	I never saw a fairer, S. My love's a winsome †
Turn again, thou fair Eliza, [re.] S. Turn again, thou fair †	Still richer breathes and fairer blows, S. O Phely †
A maiden fair I chanc'd to spy; S. Twas even-the dewy †	A fairer than's in yon town,
Fair is the morn in flow'ry May,	His setting beam ne'er shone upon. S. O wat ye wha's in
Fair tho' she be, that was ne'er my undoing;	But fairer never touch'd a heart Than her's, the Fair sae far awa. S. Sae far awa.
S. Twas na her bonie blue e'e †	(And ne'er misfortune's eastern blast
My morning raise sae clear and fair, . V.s under Grief.	Did nip a fairer flower.)
I hae lo'ed the Fair, the Gowden; S. Wantonness for ever†	Fairest. Fairest maid on Devon banks! S. Fairest maid †
I made an open fair confession, What ails ye now †	Then come, thou fairest of the fair!
When first I saw fair Jeanie's face, S. When first I saw †	But she my fairest faithfu' lass, S. I'll ay ca' in †
And for fair Scotia, hame again, . S. When wild War's †	Ye weel may wi' the fairest place: S. O this is no my ain †
And marking sweet flowerets so fair; S. Where are the joys †	The fairest maid's in you town
Jenny, fair Jenny alone	That ev'ning sun is shining on S. O wat ye wha's in †
Again I might desert fair Virtue's way; Why am I loth †	For she, as fairest is her form,
To balance fair in ilka quarter; . S. Willie Wastlet	She has the truest, kindest heart
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,	Fare-thee-well thou first and fairest! . S. One fond kiss †
S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams†	Fairest flow'r! behold the lily,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair; S. Ye banks and braes †	Blooming in the sunny ray; S. Sensibility †
She is not the fairest, altho' she is fair;	Better than e'er the fairest she he meets Sketch.
S. You wild mossy mountns †	Sleep'st thou, or wak'st thou, fairest creature?
Fair, the Fair, Fair one.	S. Sleep'st thou †
Whaever has met wi' my Phillis,	But still as the fairest she sat in their sight, S. The heather was blooming †
Has met wi' the queen o' the fair. S. Adown winding Nith †	When a' our fairest maids were met,
I charge you disturb not my slumbering Fair.	The fairest maid was bonie Jean. S. There was a lass †
S. Afton Water.	And frost will blight the fairest flowers,
Yet in thy presence, lovely Fair, To hope may be forgiven; S. Anna, thy charms †	She's fresh as the morning, the fairest in May,
While my darling fair Is on the couch of anguish?	S. There's auld Rob†
S. Ay waking, O†	That fate may in her fairest page, enroll thy name:
the pleasure The fickle Fair can give thee.	To a yng Lady.
Is but a fairy treasure, S. Deluded swain †	She is not the fairest, altho' she is fair; S. You wild mossy mountus †
Who on my fair one satire's vengeance hurls? Ep. fr. Esopus.	
The Friend we trust; the Fair we love; Grace after Dinner.	Fairin [a present at a fair, a present, a reward].
Powers celestial whose protection	Niest time we meet, I'll wad a groat, He gets his fairin! Death and Dr. Hornbook.30.
Ever guards the virtuous fair, S. Highland Mary.	Ah, Tam! Ah, Tam! thou'll get thy fairin!
If thou hast met this fair one, S. O wat ye wha that loes †	Tam o' Shanter. 18.
If every other fair one, But her, thou hast deserted, . Ib.	Fairlee.
Last, tho' not least in love, ye youthful fair,	She was the flower o' Fairlee lambs,
Prologue, at Th., D	A famous breed: [v. A. 19] Poor Mailie's El
That form'd this Fair sae far awa, . S. Sae far awa.	Fairly. I'm tauld he offers very fairly, Auld comrade †
But fairer never touch'd a heart Than her's, the Fair sae far awa	To grant a heart is fairly civil,
	For one, he said, to labour bred,
th' unblushing fair In his embraces sunk; The Jolly Beggars. R. VII.	Was a match for fortune fairly, O. S. My father was a farmer †
Great love I bear to all the Fair, Ib. S. VII.	I tell your Highness fairly,
I view'd the heavenly-seeming Fair; The Vision. D. II. I.	My spavet Pegasus will limp,
Thine am I my faithful fair, S. Thine am I †	Till ance he's fairly het; Ep. to Davie, 11.
In plaintive notes my tale rehearses	Tho' three times doubl'd fairly, . S. The Rigs o' Barley.
When I the fair have found; To Clarinda.	I'm sure it's winter fairly. [re.] . S. Up in the morning.
Had at the time some dainty fair one, . To Dr. Blacklock.	A mailin plenish'd fairly; S. When wild War's †
While she, my cruel, scornfu' Fair,	Fairy. the pleasure The fickle Fair can give thee,
Forbids me e'er to see her mair! . S. Young Jamie,	Is but a fairy treasure, S. Deluded swain †
Fair [market]. An' Stable-meals at Fairs were driegh,	Upon that night, when Fairies light,
A Gude New-Year † 8.	On Cassilis Downans dance, Halloween.
For monie a Plack they wheedle frae me,	Fairies dance sae cheery S. Hark! the mavis†
At dance or fair: Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 17.	Girvan's fairy haunted stream . S. Now bank and brae †
Mauchline Race or Mauchline Fair,	A fairy train appear'd in order bright: The Brigs of Ayr. 11.
O he held to the fair, S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie.	A fairy Fiddler frae the neuk,
But thee, what were our fairs and rants? Scotch Drink. 8.	He skirl'd out, encore. The Jolly Beggars. R. II.
I'm gaun to [Mauchline] holy fair, The Holy Fair. 5.	Not the little sporting fairy,
Till I met my old boy in a Cunningham fair; The Jolly Beggars. S. II.	All beneath the summer moon: . S. Turn again, thou †
Wha us'd to trystes an' fairs to driddle,	Fairy-land. This life, sae far's I understand, Is a' enchanted fairy-land, To J. S., 12.
	Faites.
At kirk and fair, I'se ay be there, . S. The tither morn †	Faites mes baissemains respectueuse, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 13.
Fair fa' [good luck befall or betide].	Faith. To whom hae much, shall yet be given,
And fair fa' my Collier laddie. S. My Collier Laddie.	Is every great man's faith;
Fair fa' your honest, sonsie face, To a Haggis.	Extem. on Commem.s of Thomson.
Fairplay.	But for to meet the Deil her lane, She pat but little faith in:
I hope to gie the jad's a clearin' In fair play yet	A mutual faith to plight On Miss J. Lewars.
In fair play yet. \ . Ep. to Maj. Logan. 11. Fair play, he car'd na deils a boddle. Tam o' Shanter. 11.	
Tan play, he can una uchs a buddie. 1 am o Snanler. 11.	By the faith you fondly plighted; . S. Stay, my charmer t

For its faith and truth reward it S. Sweetest May †	Are lovers as faithful and maidens as fair.
Hear how he clears the points o' Faith Wi' rattlin an' thumpin! The Holy Fair. 13.	S. True hearted was he t Canst thou break his faithfu' heart? S. Turn again, thou fair t
But ne'er a word o' faith in That's right 1b. 15.	Me and my faithfu' doggie; S. What will I do gin†
Wi' faith an' hope, an' love an' drink,	And come, my faithful sodger lad, S. When wild War's †
They're a' in famous tune For crack	Faithless. Amang them I spied my faithless, fause lover, S. As I was a-wand ring †
The Jolly Beggars. S. VI. To join faith and sense upon ony pretence, Is heretic, damnable error The Kirk's Alarm.	I rather wou'd bear a' the load o' my sorrow
Is heretic, damnable error The Kirk's Alarm.	I han ever hae acted sae faithless to him 1b. Is nought to what poor she endures
The plighted faith; the mutual flame; The Lament.	That's trusted faithless man, jo. S. O Lassie, art thou †
Your faith proved so loyal, in hot bloody trial, S. The small birds †	And hopeless, comfortless, I'll mourn A faithless woman's broken vow The Lament. 10.
I wat they pledged their faith, man. The Tree of Liberty.	While faithless snaws ilk step hetray The Vision. D. I. 1.
Count on a friend, in faith an' practice, In Robert Burus. To W. Simpson.	Our sex with guile and faithless love,
Faith! But faith! I muckle doubt, my Sire, A Dream. 5.	Is charged, perhaps too true; To Miss L., with "Beattie." But oh, if he's faithless, and minds na his Nanie,
Faith, you and A[pplecros]s were right Add. of Beelzebub.	S. Wandering Willie.
An' faith! thou's neither lag nor lame, Add. to the Deil. 3.	That foolish, selfish, faithless ways, Lead to be wretched, vile, and base. Wr. in Friars-Carse H.
But faith! he'll turn a corner jinkan,	Falconer.
Auld comrade dear †	She trusts the ruthless falconer
And faith, he'll waur me. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 13.	And drops beneath his feet S. How cruel † Fald [fold].
An' faith, we'se be acquainted better Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 19.	Seal'd on her silk-saft falds to rest, S. O were my love †
Tho' faith, sma' heart hae I to sing! Ep. to J. R., 6.	Fall. Mixt with some warbler's dying fall, S. Here is the glen +
And faith, to me, 'twas really new! Kind Sir, I've read †	And gentle the fall of the soft vernal shower,
"There's just the man I want, in faith," Lns to J. Ranken.	S. How pleasant the banks † Or like the snow falls in the river, Tam o' Shanter. 7.
And faith I agree with th' old prig to a hair; S. No Churchman am I†	The fate of empires and the fall of kings,
And, faith, he'll prent it. On Grose's Peregrinations.	Or like the snow falls in the river,
And faith ye'll no be lost a whit, On W. Chalmers.	Fall, to. Or must no tiny sin to others fall,
Or faith! I'll wad my new plengh-pettle, The Author's Cry and Prayer. 15.	Because thy guilt's supreme enough for all? Ep. fr. Esopus.
Tho' faith, that date, I doubt, ye'll never see;	He falls in the blaze of his fame. S. Farewell, thou fair day t
The Brigs of Ayr. 5. Now haud you there! for faith ye've said enough, Ib. 10.	Let Prudence' direst bodements on me fall, In vain wld Prudence †
Faith, we'se hae fine remarkin! The Holy Fair. 6.	And show'rs began to fall; John Barleycorn.
But faith! the birkie wants a Manse, Ib. 17.	Must thou, the noble, generous, great, Fall in bold manhood's hardy prime!
Gude faith he maunna fa' that! . S. The Honest Man.	Lament for Glencairn.
Till faith, wee Davock's turn'd sae gleg, . The Inventory. For faith I'm confoundedly dry: The Jolly Beggars. S. III.	For the dew-drops of morning fall cold on her grave. **Lament on leaving Nat. Land.**
And faith I'm gay and hearty!	My patriot falls, but shall he lie unsung,
Tho' faith, I fear ye dine but sparely, To a Louse.	On Death of Sir J. Blair.
Na faith ye yet! ye'll no be right, Till ye've got on it,	Tyrants fall in every foe; S. Scots wha ha'e † While Tories fall, while Tories fly, The Election Ballads. VI.
As faith I muckle doubt him, To Gav. Hamilton.	And Hopeton falls, the generous, brave; 1b.
An' if a Devil be at a',	Helpless, must fall before the blasts of fate,
In faith he's sure to get him	The Rights of Woman. At whose destruction-breathing word,
That faith, the youngsters took the sands	The mightiest empires fall! To Ruin.
Wi' nimble shanks, To W. Simpson. P.S.	Fallen. No fallen angel, hurled from upper skies; Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.
Faithful, -fu'. It brake the sweet heart of my faithfu' auld dame,	My fathers have fallen to right it; Poet. Add. to Tytler.
S. By you castle wa't	Were such the wife had fallen to my part,
Is this thy faithful swain's reward, An aching broken heart, S. Canst thou leave me thus †	I'd break her spirit, or I'd break her heart; The Henpecked Husband.
Nor use a faithful lover so? S. Fairest Maid †	Falling.
So calls the woodlark in the grove,	Now chrystal clear are the falling waters, . S. Bonie Bell. List'ning to the wild birds singing,
His little faithful mate to chear, . S. Here is the glen † But she my fairest faithfu' lass, . S. I'll ay ca' in †	By a falling chrystal stream; S. I dream'd I lay †
Enclasped to my faithful breast,	While falling, recalling, The amorous thrush concludes his sang; . S. Sae flaxen;
I'll comfort thee, my dearie, O. S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite †	Fallow. The fallow land is free; . S. O can ye labour lea +
To meet my faithful Davie S. Now rosy May †	Fallow [fellow].
Her faithfu' mate will share her toil, S. O Logan! sweetly †	Will's a true guid fallow's get, A Dream. 7.
A friend mair faithfu' ne'er came nigh him, Poor Mailie's El.	Wi' constables, those blackguard fallows, Adam A—'s Prayer.
'Twas all my faithful love could gain; S. The capt. Ribband. A faithful brother I have left, The Farewell.	A clever, sturdy fallow;
My faithful Highland lassie, O. S. The Highland Lassie.	An' monie a fallow gat his licks, Wi' hearty crunt; . To W. Simpson, P.S.
But he still was faithfu' to his clan, The Jolly Beggars. S. IV.	False. False flatterer, Hope, away! . Fragment of Ode.
Or leaves the faithfu' lass he lo'ed, To wear a ragged coat. The Ruined Maid's Lament.	thou false woman, My sister and my fae,
He was a gash an' faithfu' tyke, The Twa Dogs. 5.	Lament of Mary of Scots. But spare and pardon my false Love, . S. O mirk, mirk †
Their grushie weans an' faithfu' wives;	Tho' thou has been false, I'll ever prove true,
Thine am I my faithful fair, S. Thine am I t	S. Oh, open the door,†
So prays thy faithful friend, the bard	False friends, false love, farewell!
- 10 Gurinua.	and the file in th

'Twas then I prov'd false to my Sodger laddie.	Sae fam'd for his gratefu' return? The Election Ballads. III.
The Jolly Beggars, S. II.	For building cot-houses sae fam'd, Ib. V.
Alas the day, and wo the day, A false usurper wan the gree, S. The bonie Lass of Albany.	Fareweel even to the Scotish name, Sae fam'd in martial story S. The Union.
To stigmatize false friends of thine	Sir, in that circle you are fam'd; To Rev. J. M'Math.
Can ne'er defame thee. To Rev. J. M'Math.	Till fam'd Breadalbaine opens on my view.
And should the false one hither stray, No vengeful spirit bid him fear; S. To thee, lov'd Nith †	Wr. in Kenmore Inn.
Falsest.	What makes heroic strife, fam'd afar, [re.] S. Ye Jacobites † Family, -'ly.
Falsest of woman-kind, canst thou declare, All thy fond-plighted vows, fleeting as air! S. Had I a cave †	His worthy fam'ly far and near,
Falsehood.	God bless them a' wi' grace an' gear. Auld comrade †
That there is falsehood in his looks	May they rejoice, no wand'rer lost, A Family in Heaven! O Thou dread Pow'r †
I must and will deny: That there is falsehood †	Famine. In his flesh there's a famine, Epit. on Walter S
Falter. Sooner the sun in his motion would falter. S. 'Twas na her bonie blue e'e †	Famish'd. When wretches range, in famish'd swarms,
Fame.	The scented groves, The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.
Great is thy pow'r, an' great thy fame; Add. to the Deil. 3.	Famous. As Phœbus and the famous Nine
For their fame it shall last while the world goes round. At Meet. of D. Volunteers.	Were glowran owre my pen. Ep. to Davie. 11. Weel pleased, he [Death] greets a wight sae famous,
Know thou, O stranger to the fame	Epit. on Tam the Chapman.
Of this much lov'd, much honour'd name! Epit. for R. A. He falls in the blaze of his fame. S. Farewell, thou fair day †	She was the flower o' Fairlee lambs, A famous breed: Poor Mailie's El.,
Nae ray of fame was to be found: Lament for Glencairn.	While healths gae round to him wha, tight,
I sing his name and nobler fame,	Gies famous sport Scotch Drink. 12.
Wha multiplies our number Nature's Law.	'Here lies a famous Bullock!' The Calf.
And B[urn]'s spring, her fame to sing,	Than 'twixt Hal and Bob for the famous job The Dean of Fac
They'll live, or die wi' fame, Willie! S. O Kenmure's on and awa †	We will get famous laughin At them this day.
And future ages hear his growing fame.	The Holy Fair. 5. They're a' in famous tune For crack that day Ib. 26.
On Death of Sir J. Blair. I am nae stranger to your fame, On W. Chalmers.	Sic famous twa should disagreet, The Twa Herds. 9.
Wee Pope, the knurlin, 'till him rives	Craigdarroch so famous for wit, worth, and law;
Horatian fame; Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	The Whistle. 6. Ramsay an' famous Ferguson To W. Simpson. 8.
That dearest meed is granted—honest fame; Prologue sp. by Woods.	Ramsay an' famous Ferguson To W. Simpson. 8. Fa'n, Faun [fallen].
Shall no longer appear in the records of Fame;	Our ancient crown's fa'n in the dust; S. Awa, whigs, awa.
Reproof by himself.	And ane wad rather fa'n than fled; On Grose's Peregrinations.
Is there nae Poet, burning keen for Fame, Will bauldly try to gie us Plays at hame? Scots Prologue.	An angel form's faun to thy share! S. She's fair and fause †
Will gar Fame blaw until her trumpet crack, Ib.	Fan. Breathing in the breeze that fans her, Soothe her bosom into rest: . S. Highland Mary.
Go, Fame, an' canter like a filly	I'd fan it wi' a constant gale, S. O were my love †
Thro' a' the streets an' neuks o' Killie, Tam Samson's El., Per. C	Thy tuneful flame still careful fan; The Vision. D. II. 22.
And a town of fame whose princely name	Still fan the sweet connubial flame Responsive in each bosom, S. Young Peggy †
And a town of fame whose princely name Should grace the Lass of Albany. S. The bonie Lass of Albany.	Fancy. Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole, A Bard's Epit.
Fame, honest fame, his great his dear reward.	Heav'n's beauties on my fancy shine; Add. to Edinburgh. 4.
The Brigs of Ayr. And hands the rustic Stranger up to fame, Ib.	The daisy amus'd my fond fancy, S. Adown winding Nith †
Thro' fields of death to gather fame, S. The capt. Ribband.	I flatter my fancy I may get another, S. As I was a-wand ring †
Here's a noble Earl's Fame and high renown,	And drank my fill o' fancy's dream, . As on the banks †
The Election Ballads, IV.	Since she is fitted to her fancy; . Auld comrade †
Yerl Galloway lang did rule this land, Wi' equal right and fame,	Beyond what Fancy e'er refin'd The voice of Nature prizing. S. Could aught of song †
Nor wanting ghosts of Tory fame; Ib. VI.	For motley, foundling fancies, stolen or strayed?
Weel Europe kens the fame o't The Tree of Liberty.	Ep. fr. Esopus.
Fareweel to a' our Scotish fame, S. The Union. Who call'd on Fame, low standing by,	Yirr, fancy barks, awa' we canter . Ep. to Maj. Logan. 2. With passions so potent, and fancies so bright,
To hand him on, [v.A.4] The Vision. D. I.	Fragment, inscr. to Fox.
Where once the Campbell's, chiefs of fame, Held ruling pow'r:	Let my fancy first approve S. Jockey fou,
Till now o'er all my wide domains, Thy fame extends; 1b. 18.	Fancy only kens nae cheat
But for wine and for welcome not more known to fame,	And courtly grandeur bright The fancy may delight, S. Mark yonder Pomp †
The Whistle. 10.	The flower and fancy o' the west; . S. My Lord a-hunting †
With native worth, and spotless fame, . To a yng Lady. Those [Critics] cut-throat bandits in the paths of fame:	They make your youthful fancies reel, O leave novels† To thee my fancy took its wing, S. O Mary at the window †
To R. G. of F., 4.	For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me, [re.] S. O whistle †
An' shall his fame an' honor bleed By worthless skellums, To Rev. J. M'Math.	But day and night my fancy's flight
to speel, Wi' Allan, or wi' Gilbertfield,	Is ever wi'my Jean S. Of a the airts ?
The brase o' fame; . To W. Simpson. Then pride might climb the slipp'ry steep,	Crowd thick on fancy's wondering eye, On Lincluden. Broke softly sweet on fancy's ear,
Where fame and honours lofty shine;	I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy, S. One fond kiss,†
S. Twas even—the dewy †	Already in thy fancy's eye, Thy sicker treasure. Poem on Life.
Famed, -'d. Scotia's kings of other years, Fam'd heroes!	Fell Despair my Fancy seizes S. Raving winds †
Add. to Edinburgh. 6.	Fancies that our guid Brugh denies protection, The Brigs of Ayr. 8.
famed for martial deed and sacred song, Liberty.	But nae ane could their fancy please, O ne'er a ane but tway The Election Ballads. I.
And wi' the far-fam'd Grecian share A rival place? . Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	The scenes where wretched Fancy roves.
But here an ancient nation fam'd afar, Prologue, sp. by Woods.	The scenes where wretched Fancy roves, Pursuing past, unhappy loves! S. The gloomy night †

Fancy, chief, Reigns, hagard-wild, in sore afright:	Whim's a state of the state of
The Lament.	Whisp'ring spirits round my pillow Talk of him that's far awa. [re.] S. Musing on the roaring †
Misled by Fancy's meteor-ray, . The Vision. D. II. 17. There's lang-tocher'd Nancy maist fetters his fancy	That blooms sae far frae haunt o' man;
S. There's a vouth t	S. O bonie was you rosy † But love is far a sweeter flow'r
My fancy yerket up sublime Wi' hasty summon: To I. S. A.	Here's him that's far awa, Willie!
Young Fancy's rays the hills adorning! 1b. 15. L—d man there's lasses there wad force	S. O Kenmure's on and awa †
A hermit's fancy, To Mr. J. Kennedy.	Far, far frae me and Logan braes. S. O Logan! sweetly † Is o'er the hills and far awa? S. Oh how can I be blythe †
Not the Poet in the moment	But aye the tear comes in my ee,
Fancy lightens in his ee', S. Turn again, thou † I thought upon the witching smile	To think on him that's far awa
I hat caught my youthful fancy: S. When wild War's +	The bonie lad that's far awa
O why, while fancy, raptur'd, slumbers, S. Why, why tell thy +	When he comes hame that's far awa
The leafless trees my fancy please,	Our lassies a' she far excels, S. On Cessnock banks † Sett. II. Sae far I sprackled up the brae, On dining with Daer.
Fancy, to. Winter.	The far foreign land, or the wide rolling sea.
If she be shy, her sister try,	S. Out over the Forth †
Ye'll maybe fancy Jenny, The Tarbolton Lasses.	For far in the west lives he I lo'e best,
O can'st thou think to fancy me! . S. There was a lass † And see an onie lad will fancy me.	Far from human haunts and ways: On scaring Water-form!
He's comin frae the North that's to fancy me,	Far in their shade my Peggy's charms S. Peggy Chalmers.
Fancy'd. S. There grows a bonie brier t	Far as the rude barbarian marks the bound.
Near many a hermit-fancy'd cove, [v. A. 4] . The Vision.	Prologue, sp. by Woods. Or worser far, the pangs of keen remorse; Remorse. A Frag
Fand, Fan' [found]. He gaped for't [his argument], he graped for't,	But for her sake sae far awa; [re.] . S. Sae far anna
The land it was awa, man; . Extem. in Court of Session.	My native land sae far awa. [re.]
An a the faut I fan wi him,	And nocht can heal my bosom's smart, While, Oh, she is sae far awa. [re.]
This is all C 11	Nor need he hunt as far as Rome or Greece, Scots Prologue.
Whare hunters fand the murder'd bairn;	For Nannie, far before the rest,
The Muse nae Poet ever fand her,	Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
Till by himsel he learn'd to wander, . To W. Simpson.	Far from thy bonie banks and braes, S. The Banks of Nith.
That seek, in prayer, the midnight fane On Lincluden.	Which sweetly winds so far below; S. Slow spreads the gloom +
Or mould'ring ruins mark the sacred Fane.	Ah! tho' his worth unknown, far happier there I ween!
Fann'd. While larks with little wing,	The Cotter's Sat. Night. They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim: . Ib. 12.
Fann'd the pure air, . S. Phillis the Fair	The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays:
rantastic.	But haply, in some cottage far apart,
Supporting roofs, fantastic, stony groves: The Brigs of Ayr. 8.	The Cottage leaves the Palace far behind: Ib. 19.
Far. Far be't frae me that I aspire To blame your Legislation, A Dream. 5.	I'll mind you still, tho' far awa. The Farewell. To St. J.'s L Strong Mem'ry on my heart shall write
till they a' did wauble, Far, far behin'! A Guid New-year to	Those happy scenes when far awa!
a short-lived glow'r, Far south the lift. A Winter Night	Shall be my Pray'r when far awa
Plac'd for her lordly use thus far, thus vile, below! . Ib. 7. Far kend an' noted is thy name; Add. to the Deil. 3.	To him, the Bard, that's far awa
Thou travels for	Far from the bonie banks of Ayr S. The gloomy night † Till Charlie Stewart cam at last.
And just as lamely can ve mark	Till Charlie Stewart cam at last, Sae far to set us free; The High. Widow's Lament. The chiel that's a fool for himsel
How far perhaps they rue it. Add. to Unco Guid. 7.	The chiel that's a fool for himsel, Guid L—d, he's far dafter than I. The Jolly Beggars. S. III.
Far mark'd with the courses of clear, winding rills; S. Afton Water.	But whalpet some place far abroad, . The Twa Dogs. 2.
His worthy fam'ly far and near. Auld comrade deart	when the Day had clos'd his e'e, Far i' the West,
More lovely far her beauty blows Delia, an Ode.	The Vision. D. I. 2. Far wanders nations over. S. The yng High. Rover.
Tho' I maun own, as monie still, As far abuse me. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 16.	Tho' cruel fate should bid us part,
Tell that far warlds, wha lies in clay, El. on Capt. M. H. o	Far as the pole and line; S. Tho' cruel fate t
Far, far from thee, I wander here; Far, far from thee, the fate severe	I'll act with prudence as far's I'm able, S. Tho. fickle Fortune †
At which I most repine, Love. S. Farlary was I must	Far seen in Greek, deep men o' letters, To J. S., 8.
No man with the half of 'em e'er went far wrong;	An' far unworthy of thy train, . To Rev. J. M'Math.
But far off fowls hae feathers fair, . S. Here's to thy health, †	When I forget thee! Willie Creech, Tho' far awa!
Nightly dreams, and thoughte has done	As far surpassing other common villains.
Are with him that's far away. [re.] S. How can my poor heart †	As Thou in natural parts hadst given me more. Tragic Frag.
On stormy seas and far away, [re.]	And winna say owre far for thrice, . V.s to J. Ranken. My purse is light, I've far to gang, S. When wild War's †
My dear lad that's far away, [re.]	By far my elder brother in the muses,
And far be thou distant, thou reptile	Wr. undr Port. of Fergusson.
I think on him that's far awa',	Far-aff [far-off]. For far-aff fowls hae feathers fair, The Election Ballads. I.
The lee-lang night, and weep, S. It was a' fortyon moors, Out-spreading far and wide,	Far-fam'd.
Man was made to Moury 2	Thro' many a far-fam'd sire!
But far better days I trust will come again;	So ran the far-fam'd Roman way, On same Lord G. And with the far-fam'd Grecian share
I haste with the storm to a far distant shore;	A rival place? Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
Lament on leaving Nat I and	Syne let us pray, auld England may
But now he's banish d far away. S My Hammy guas a call and b	Sure plant this far-fam'd tree, man; The Tree of Liberty. Far-fetch'd. Here, Doon pour'd down his far-fetch'd floods;
But I gied him a far better thing, S. My Sandy gied †	The Vision. D. I. 14.

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Far-honor'd.	Farancii dha alan an la la Ol
	Farewell, the glen sae bushy, O! Farewell, the plain sae rashy, O! S. The Highland Lassie.
K[ennedy]'s far-honor'd name A Ded. to G. H., 14. Farce. Till tir'd at last wi' mony a farce,	Then farewell hopes of Laurel-boughs, To J. S. 9.
They set them down upon their arse, [v.A.1]	Farewell! within thy bosom free
The Twa Dogs. 6.	A sigh may whiles awaken; . V.s, under Grief.
Fare. When purple morning starts the hare,	For there I took the last farewell
To steal upon her early fare, S. Now rosy May †	Of my sweet Highland Mary. S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †
What tho' on hamely fare we dine, And dish them out their bill o' fare, S. The Honest Man. To a Haggis.	Farina.
And dish them out their bill o' fare, To a Haggis. Our humble cot and hamely fare,	The Farina of beans and pease,
Ye freely shall partake it, S. When wild War's †	He has't in plenty; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 21,
Fare, to. And how do ye fare? S. Gudeen to you Kimmer †	Farl [the fourth or third part of a thin cake made of
Tasting the breathing spring, Forth I did fare;	oat, flour, or other meal]. An' farls, bak'd wi' butter,
S. Phillis the Fair.	Fu' crump that day The Holy Fair. 7.
An' O sae nicely's we will fare! . The Jolly Beggars, S. V.	Farm. O gi'e me the lass wi' the weel-stockit farms.
But why should ae man better fare, And a' men brithers! . To Dr. Blacklock.	S. Awa' wi' your witchcraft †
A' day they fare but sparely; . S. Up in the morning.	A farm of full forty good acres of land S. The Poor Thresher.
Fare thee weel, Fare-you-weel.	And learn to tent the farms wi' me? S. There was a lass †
And fare thee weel, my only Luve!	Farmer.
And fare thee weel, a while! S. A red, red Rose.	Thence peasants, farmers, native sons of earth, Ep. to R. Graham. 2.
But fare-you-weel, auld Nickie-ben! Add. to the Deil. 21.	My father was a farmer
Fare thee weel before I gang, S. Scenes of woe †	Upon the Carrick border, O, S. My father was a farmer †
Fare-thee-well, Fare ye well.	Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain, Delights the weary Farmer; S. Now westlin winds †
Fare-thee-well, thou first and fairest!	At Service out, amang the Farmers roun';
Fare-thee-well, thou best and dearest! . S. One fond kiss†	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 4.
Now fare ye well, an' joy be wi' you, Auld comrade dear † Fareweel [farewell].	Here, farmers gash, in ridin graith, . The Holy Fair. 7.
My Love and Native Land fareweel, . S. It was a' fort	Stake on a chance a farmer's stackyard, The Twa Dogs. 33.
Fareweel, my rhyme-composing billie!	For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.	The farmer ploughs the manor; S. When wild War's †
Fareweel the braes of Ballochmyle. S. The Catrine woods †	Farther. 'Twas but yestreen, nae farther gaen, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 16.
Fareweel the bonie banks of Ayr,	Nae mair then, we'll care then,
Fareweel, fareweel! sweet Ballochmyle!	Nae farther we can fa' Ep. to Davie. 3.
Fareweel our night o' sorrow. S. The noble Maxwells † Fareweel to a' our Scotish fame,	Besides, I farther maun allow, . Holy Willie's Prayer. 7.
Fareweel our ancient glory:	To work him farther woe, John Barleycorn. I make indeed my daily bread,
Fareweel our ancient glory; Fareweel even to the Scotish name, S. The Union.	I make indeed my daily bread, But ne'er can make it farther, O; S. My father was a farmer†
Then fareweel vacant, careless roamin;	S. My father was a farmer†
An' fareweel chearfu' tankards foamin, An' social noise; An' fareweel dear, deluding woman, The joy of joys!	The more in this [wealth, &c.] you look for bilss,
To J. S., 9.	You leave your view the farther, O:
Fareweel, auld birkie! Lord be near ye, To Terraughty.	She's gane, like Alexander, To spread her conquests farther. S. O saw ye bonie L. †
Fareweel, 'my rhyme-composing' brither! To W. Simpson.	What farther clishmaclaver might been said,
Farewell.	The Brigs of Ayr. 11.
Farewell, dear Friend! may guid luck hit you! A Farewell.	Farthest. thro' Albion's farthest kin, . The Petition of Br. Water.
E'en here, I took the last farewell; . S. Behold the hour †	Farthing. He bade me act a manly part,
Farewell! and ne'er such sorrows tear That fickle heart of thine, S. Canst thou leave me†	Though I had ne'er a farthing, O;
Farewell, dear mistress of my soul, S. Farewell, dear mistress	S. My father was a farmer†
Farewell, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies,	Fash [trouble, annoyance].
S. Farewell, thou fair day †	An auld wife's tongue's a feckless matter To gie ane fash Add. to Illegit. Child.
Farewell, loves and friendships, ye dear tender ties! . Ib.	The tricks o' knaves, or fash o' fools, Add. to the Toothache. 4.
Farewell, thou stream that winding flows S. Farewell, thou stream †	Fash, to [to trouble, bother, care for, take pains].
Farewell, ye dungeons dark and strong,	But Davie lad, ne'er fash your head,
S. Farewell, ye dungeons that and strong,	Tho' we hae little gear, Ep. to Davie. 2.
Now farewell, light, thou sunshine bright, 1b.	Ne'er thinkan they wad fash me for't; Ep. to J. R. 8.
Then farewell folly, hide and hair o't	Then hiltie, skiltie, we gae scrivin', And fash nae mair. Second Ep. to Davie.
For ance and ay. Friend of the poet † P.S.	And fash nae mair. Second Ep. to Davie. Speak out an' never fash your thumb.
Farewell, farewell, Eliza dear, S. From thee, Eliza,† But the dire feeling. O farewell for ever.	The Author's Cry and Prayer.
But the dire feeling, O farewell for ever, Anguish unmingl'd and agony pure. S. Gloomy December.	For me, an aim I never fash; I rhyme for fun. To J. S., 5.
Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,	Fash'd, -'t [troubled].
S. My heart's in the Highlands †	To tell the truth, they [poverty, &c.] seldom fash't him,
False friends, false love, farewell! . S. Oh, open the door, †	El. on Death of R. Ruisseaux. At times I'm fash'd wi' fleshly lust Holy Willie's Prayer. 6.
One farewell, alas, for ever! S. One fond kiss, †	Trowth, Cæsar, whyles their fash't enough;
Farewell, hours that late did measure Sunshine days of joy and pleasure; . S. Raving winds †	The Twa Dogs. 10.
Farewell then, lang hale then, The Ans. to the Guidwife.	Fashion.
Farewell, old Scotia's bleak domains, The Farewell.	Mark yonder pomp of costly fashion, Round the wealthy, titled bride S. Mark yonder Pomp
Farewell, a mother's blessing dear! Ib.	Round the wealthy, titled bride S. Mark yonder Pomp† She talks of rank and fashion. S. O poortith cauld, †
Farewell, my Bess! tho' thou'rt bereft	Who knows how the fashion's may alter, <i>Poet. Add. to Tytler</i> .
Of my parental care;	A man of fashion too, he made his tour, Sketch.
And You, Farewell! whose merits claim, Justly that highest badge to wear!	Was in the fashion shining Fu' gay that day. The Holy Fair. 2.
The Farewell. To St. I's L	He takes [stipend] but for the fashion; . The Ordination. 5.
Farewell, old Coila's hills and dales, S. The gloomy night †	To keep that right inviolate's the fashion,
Farewell, my friends! farewell, my foes! Ib.	The Rights of Woman.
Farewell, the bonie banks of Ayr!	As praying's the ton of your fashion; S. The Sons of old Killie.

Fashious [troublesome].	That sic a couple fate allows ye
For, faith, they'll ablins fin' them [chiels] fashious:	To grace your blood. Ep. to Maj. Logan. 13
Auld comrade†	The little fate allows, they share as soon,
Fast. Owre fast for thought, owre hot for rule, A Bard's Epit.	Ep. to R. Graham. 5
Or close them fast in death! . A Prayer under Anguish.	Fate gave the word, the arrow sped, S. Fate gave the word
Their Latin names as fast he rattles	Far, far from thee, the fate severe
As A B C. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 20.	At which I most repine, Love. S. Forlorn, my Love;
Where turnkeys make the jealous portal fast, Ep. fr. Esopus.	Till the Fates, nae mair severe, Friendship, Love and Peace restore. S. Frae the friends
An' tho' at last they catch them [riches] fast, Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.	Not unrevenged your fate shall be, . Fragment of Ode
S. Green grow the Rashes.	The cruel fates between us throw
Gar lasses hearts gang startin	A boundless ocean's roar; S. From thee, Eliza,
Whyles fast at night Halloween. 3.	An monie lads an' lasses fates
'An' her that is to be my lass,	Are there that night decided: Halloween. 7
'Come after me an' draw thee As fast	To realms unknown while fate exiles me, Make her bosom still my home S. Highland Mary
An' pray'd wi' zeal and fervour, Fu' fast 1b. 22.	
Then ty'd him fast upon a cart, John Barleycorn.	
But nought can glad the weary wight That fast in durance lies. Lament of Mary of Scots.	
But late she flourished, rooted fast, On Birth of Posth. Child.	A few seem favourites of Fate, Man was made to Mourn. How doubly severer, Eliza, thy fate, Monody, on a Lady.
Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely, Tam o' Shanter. 5.	With the hand and heart of my wee thing,
Whiles holding fast his gude blue bonnet;	No more at my fate I'll repine. S. My Love's a winsome
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious: 1b. 12.	O had my fate been Greenland snows,
And hameward fast did flee, man. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	Or Afric's burning zone, Now Spring has clad
And bound him in a dungeon fast, The Jolly Beggars, S. IV.	Let witless, trusting woman say
The gloomy night is gath'ring fast, S. The gloomy night †	How aft her fate's the same, jo. S. O Lassie, art thou
An' aff, an' up the Cowgate Fast, fast that day.	O why should Fate sic pleasure have, Life's dearest bands untwining? S. O poortith cauld?
The Holy Fair, 16.	TT 11
He'll screed you aff Effectual Calling.	Then lea'e the lassie till her fate,
As fast as ony in the dwalling The Inventory.	If angry fate is sworn my foe, . S. O wat ye wha's in
And a' like lamb-tails flyin Fu' fast this day!	Doomed to share thy fiery fate, . Ode, to Mem. of Mrs
But now his Honor maun detach, The Ordination. 7.	And curse the ruffian's aim, and mourn thy hapless fate.
Wi' a' his brimstone squadrons, Fast, fast this day. Ib. 10.	On seeing wounded Hare.
The pedant in his left hand clutch'd him fast, The Vowels.	Relentless fate has laid their guardian low.
An' weary Winter comin fast, To a Mouse.	On Death of Sir J. Blair.
Fasten. Ye'll fasten to him like a brier, . S. O Tibbie! †	Our Bardie's fate is at a close, Poor Mailie's El
And fretful envy grins in vain	Till Fate the curtain drops on worlds to be no more.
The poisoned tooth to fasten S. Young Peggy †	Fate oft tears the bosom chords Prologue, sp. by Woods.
Fasteneen [fasterns' or fastens' even, the evening	That Nature finest strung: Sad thy tale, t
before the first day of the fast of Lent]. On Fasteneen we had a rockin, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 2.	For sae I sat, and sae I sang, And wist na o' my fate. S. The Banks of Doon. Sett II.
On Fasteneen we had a rockin, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 2.	And wist na o' my fate. S. The Banks of Doon. Sett II.
my life's a lease, Nae bargain wearing faster, A Dream. 6.	impelled by all-directing Fate, . The Brigs of Ayr. 3.
And withers the faster, the faster it grows;	And share the fate I would impose On thee, wert thou my captive too. S. The capt. Ribband.
S. Awa' wi' yr witchcraft †	On thee, wert thou my captive too. S. The capt. Ribband. The butcher deeds of bloody fate, The Election Ballads. VI.
Wha thinks to knit himsel the faster	
In favor wi' some gentle Master, The Twa Dogs. 21.	Their waefu' fate what need I tell,
at. a fine, fat, fodgel wight, . On Grose's Peregrinations.	S. The High. Widow's Lament.
They drink the sweet and eat the fat, But care or pain;	How quick Time is flying, how keen Fate pursues.
While moorlan herds like guid, fat braxies;	S. The lazy mist †
To W. Simbson 12	What ties cruel Fate in my bosom has torn
Fatal.	The Parkets of Warran
Death, oft I've fear'd thy fatal blow, S. Fate gave the word +	Helpless, must fall before the blasts of fate,
It only lags the fatal hour; Fragment of Ode.	Now life's poor support, hardly earn'd,
Hearing the tidings of the fatal blow, On Death of R. Dundas.	My fate will scarce bestow: S. The sun he is sunk †
Nae wonder then they've fatal been	And He whom ruthless Fates expel
To honest Willie Chalmers On W. Chalmers.	His native land. [v. A. 4] The Vision. D. I.
'Tis not that fatal, deadly shore; . S. The gloomy night †	'Nor longer mourn thy fate is hard,
Now maddening, wild, I curse that fatal night; To Clarinda.	'Thus poorly low! Ib. D. II. 2.
Fate, the Fates.	But who can with Fate and Quart Bumpers contend? Though Fate said, a hero should perish in light;
In bliss, till Fate some day is sent, For ever to release Ye Frae Care A Dream. o.	The Whistle. 16.
	Tho' cruel fate should bid us part, . S. Tho' cruel fate t
Think, for a moment, on his wretched fate, Whom friends and fortune quite disown!	Such is the fate of artless maid, . To a Mountain-Daisy.
A Winter Night. 9.	Such is the fate of simple Bard,
But fate has will'd, and we must part! . S. Behold the hour	Such fate to suffering worth is giv'n,
And weep the ae best fellow's fate	Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
E'er lay in earth. El. on Capt. M. H. 16.	That fate is thine—no distant date;
sune as chance or fate had hush't 'em [poverty, &c.]	That fate may in her fairest page,—enroll thy name:
To tell Maria her Esopus' fate Ep. fr. Esopus.	To a yng Lady. To try my fate in guid, black prent; To J. S., 7.
Though there, his heresies in Church and State	To try my fate in guid, black prent; To J. S., 7. Till fate shall snap the brittle thread;
Might well award him Muir and Palmer's fate: 1b.	I dread thee, Fate, relentless and severe, To R. G. of F., q.
Yet they wha fa' in Fortune's strife	Inspir'd, I turn'd Fate's sibyl leaf,
Their fate we should na censure, Ep. to Young Friend. 4.	This natal morn, To Terraughty.
Fate still has blest me with a friend, . Ep. to Davie. 10.	The leafless trees my fancy please,
Damnation then would be our fate,	Their fate resembles mine! Winter.
Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 14.	The grand criterion of his fate, . Wr. in Friars-Carse H

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to the wrongs of Fate half reconcil'd, Wr. in Kenmore Inn.	Fatter. Then bowses drumlie German-water,
With tears I pity thy unhappy fate! Wr. undr Port. of Fergusson.	To mak himsel look fair and fatter, . The Twa Dogs. 23.
And leave a man undone To his fate S. Ye Jacobites †	Fatt'rels [ribbon-ends, trimmings, folds, puckerings
Fate, to. tho' fell fortune should fate us to sever, S. Twas na her bonie blue e'e †	and similar mysteries of female dress].
Fated. But ah! how bootless to admire,	Now haud you there, ye're out o' sight, Below the fatt'rels, snug and tight, To a Louse.
When fated to despair! . S. Anna, thy charms †	Faught [s.] v. Fecht.
Has fated me the russet coat, To J. S., 6.	Faught [fought].
Father.	I faught at land, I faught at sea, At hame I faught my Auntie, O; S. Killiecrankie.
As Master, Landlord, Husband, Father, He does na fail his part in either A Ded. to G. H., 5.	Fauld [fold].
A lovin' father I'll be to thee, Add. to Illegit. Child.	Daddy Auld, Daddy Auld, there's a tod in the fauld,
O, may no son the father's honour stain, Blest be M'Murdo †	The Kirk's Alarm.
Our father's blude the kettle bought! S. Does haughty Gaul† The tender Father and the gen'rous Friend.	A' ye wha tent the gospel fauld, The Twa Herds. 10. The lee-lang night we watch'd the fauld,
Epit. for Author's Father.	S. What will I do gin †
As father Adam first was fool'd, Epit. on Henpecked Squire.	Fauld ["firth and fauld," frith and fell, wold and wild, wood and common].
O tread ye [bairns] lightly on his grass Perhaps he was your father Epit. on Wag.	Now looking over firth and fauld,
genius, th' illustrious father of fiction, Frag. insc. to Fox.	Her horn the pale-fac'd Cynthia rear'd [v. A. 20] A Vision.
To shun a tyrant father's hate, S. How cruel, †	Faulding [folding; "faulding slap," the gate of the fold].
He's tell'd her father and mother baith, Katharine Jaffray.	The Sheep-herd steeks his faulding slap,
O father, O father, an ye think it fit, We'll send him a year to the College yet; S. Lady Mary Ann.	S. Again rejoicing Nature †
My father was a farmer	Then a faulding let us gang, S. Hark! the mavis †
Upon the Carrick horder, O, S. My father was a farmer † To plough and sow, to reap and mow,	It was a faulding jocteleg, Or lang-kail gullie. On Grose's Peregrinations.
My father bred me early, O;	Fault. We've faults and failings—granted clearly, Ep. to Maj. Logan, 9.
An exile frae her father's ha', S. O mirk, mirk †	Whose only fault is loving thee? S. O Mary, at thy window †
Tho' father and mother and a' should gae mad, S. O whistle, †	His faults they a' in Latin lay, . On W. Cruickshanks.
My father put me frae his door, S. Oh, how can I be blythe † Old Father Time deputes me here before ye,	The fault wad be mine, if they didna shine,
Prologue, at Th., D	Ronalds of Bennals. Then of its faults my honest thoughts I'll give Symon Gray†
Their father's a laird, and weel he can spare't, Ronalds of Bennals.	But if thou hast good cause to sigh at
A knife, a father's throat had mangled, Tam o' Shanter. 11.	Thy fault or care: The Hermit.
Ilk Sportsman-youth bemoan'd a father;	Faultless. Let her form so fair and faultless, Fair and faultless as your own, S. Highland Mary.
Tam Samson's El. 12. The Father mixes a' wi' admonition due.	faultless symmetry and grace, . Prologue, sp. by Woods.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5.	Faun v. Fa'n.
The Father cracks of horses, pleughs and kye, Ib. 8.	Fause [false]. Amang them I spied my faithless fause lover, S. As I was a-wand ring t
The big ha'-Bible, ance his Father's pride: Ib. 12. The priest-like Father reads the sacred page, Ib. 14.	As light as the air, and fause as thou's fair, S. Eppie M'Nab.
The Saint, the Father, and the Husband prays: . Ib. 16.	She's fair and fause that causes my smart, S. She's fair and fause †
The promis'd Father's tender name; The Lament.	Thou minds me o' the happy days
For there I lost my father dear, My father dear and brethren three. S. The lovely lass of In.	When my fause love was true S. The Banks of Doon.
Whene'er my father thinks on me,	O meikle do I rue, fause love, The Ruined Maid's Lament. Wi' his fause heart and flatt'ring tongue, S. To daunton me.
My father dear and brethren three. S. The lovely lass of In.† Whene'er my father thinks on me, He stares into the wa'; The Ruined Maid's Lament. Whene'er I hear my father's foot.	But mean revenge, an' malice fause
Whene'er I hear my father's foot, My heart wad burst wi' pain;	He'll still disdain, . To Rev. J. M'Math.
A king and a father to place on his throne?	And my fause lover staw my rose, S. Ye banks and braes†
S. The small birds † She kens her father is a laird, The Tarbolton Lasses.	Fause-house [an empty space in a corn-stack]. When kiutlan in the Fause-house
Father, quo' she, Mither, quo' she, Do what ye can,	Wi' him that night Halloween. 6.
S. There's news, lasses t	Nell had the Fause-house in her min', Ib. 10. Faussont, Fawsont [seemly, orderly].
With all a poet's husband's, father's fear I To R. G. of F., 9. Fathers.	The hizzies, if they're oughtlins faussont, Add. of Beelzebub.
Bold following where your Fathers led! Add. to Edinburgh.	O' decent, honest, fawsont folk, The Twa Dogs. 21.
My fathers, that name have rever'd on a throne;	Faut, Faute [fault].
My fathers have fallen to right it; Those fathers would spurn their degenerate son,	Ye've nought to do but mark and tell Your Neebours' fauts and folly! Add. to Unco Guid. 1.
That name should he scoffingly slight it. Poet. Add. to W. Tytler.	As ill I like my fauts to tell; . Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 16.
And the your fathers, prodigal of life	There's ae wee faut they whiles lay to me, Ib. 17.
A Douglas followed to the martial strife, [v. A. 12] Scots Prologue.	But we'll ne'er stray for faute o' light, S. Gane is the day †
Spring, like their fathers, up to prop	My ain gudeman, it is nae faute S. John, come kiss. An' a' the faut I fan' wi' him,
Their honour'd native land! The Petition of Br. Water.	He couldna labour lea S. O can ye labour lea†
Oft have our fearless fathers strode By Wallace' side, . To W. Simpson.	O wha will own he did the faut? S. O wha my babie-clouts †
Fatherly.	He had twa fauts, or maybe three, Yet what remead? Tam Samson's El., 14.
I, fatherly will kiss an' daut thee, Add. to Illegit. Child.	But twenty fauts ye may hae waur, S. There was a lad †
Fatigue. Whare ye may nobly rax your leather	An' said my fau't frae bliss expell'd me; What ails ye now t
Wi' sma' fatigue A Guid New-Year † 18.	'I'd rather suffer for my faut, A hearty flewit, Ib. Your fautes I will proclaim, S. Ye Jacobites †
Fatigu'd. An' tho' fatigu'd wi' close employment,	Fautless [faultless].
A blink o' rest's a sweet enjoyment. , The Twa Dogs. 16.	Her fautless form and gracefu' air; . S. Sae flaxen †

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Fautor [a transgressor].	Conscious, blushing for our race,
Let him be planted in my place.	Soon, too soon, your fears I trace: On scaring Water-fowl.
Syne, say, I was a fautor S. Had I the wyte †	Witness my heart, how oft with panting fear,
And tho' he be the fautor, S. Here's his health in water.	As on this night, I've met these judges here! Prologue, sp. by Woods.
Faux pas.	And kept the country-side in fear.) . Tam o' Shanter. 15.
Led him [Fox] a sair faux pas, man: . A Fragment. 7.	My heart for fear gae sough for sough,
Favor, Favour.	S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
Then patronize them wi'your favor, . A Ded. to G.H., 13.	For fear amaist did swarf, man
Are blest with Fortune's smiles and favours,	For fear by foes that they should lose Their cogs o' brose,
Like fortune's favors, tint as win	The half asleep start up wi' fear, The Holy Fair. 22.
Her favour Duncan couldna win; . S. Duncan Davison.	An' then your every care an' fear
Thy favors are the silly wind	Manual 1 1 1 2 CM 7 11 D C 77
That kisses ilka thing it meets S. I do confess †	No anxious fear their little heart alarms; S. The sun he is sunk †
I courted fortune's favour, O; S. My father was a farmer†	He still was a stranger to fear: S. There was a bonie lass †
Who for her favour oft had su'd, . S. On a bank of flowers †	An' get [wi' you] sic fair example straught,
Some gapin' glowrin' countra laird, May warsle for your favour; On W. Chalmers.	I hae na ony fear To Gav. Hamilton.
And och! o'er aft thy joes hae starv'd,	With all a poet's, husband's, father's fear! To R. G. of F., 9.
Mid a' thy favors! Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	No fear more, no tear more,
And in token of favour he gave him a ring.	To stain my lifeless face,
S. The Poor Thresher.	Fears for my Willie brought tears in my e'e; S. Wandering Willie
With grateful pride we own your many favors: Prologue, at Th., D.	Fear, to.
When here your favour is the actor's lot,	Or else, I fear, some ill ane skelp him! . A Ded. to G. H., 3.
Prologue, sp. by Woods.	Or faith! I fear that, wi' the geese, I shortly boost to pasture I' the craft A Dream, 6.
Wi' favours, secret, sweet, and precious: Tam o' Shanter. 5.	Began to fear a fa', man; A Fragment. 5.
But, under favor o' your langer beard, The Brigs of Ayr. 10.	Your Hand's owre light on them, I fear; Add. of Beelzebub. 4.
Wha thinks to knit himsel the faster In favor wi'some gentle Master, The Twa Dogs. 21.	He learned to fear in his own native wood S. Caledonia.
I hae won their wanton favour S. Wantonness for evert	What Sorrows yet may pierce me thro',
But sair I fear some happier swain Has gained sweet Jeanie's favour: S. When first I saw	Too justly I may fear! Despondency, an Ode.
Has gained sweet Jeanie's favour: S. When first I saw	And ne'er gude wine did fear, . El. on Capt. M. H. Epit.
Favor, to. And fortune favor worth and merit, Poem on Life.	Cauld poverty, wi' hungry stare, Nae mair shall fear him; El. on Death of R. Ruisseaux.
Favored, Favour'd.	'Mair spier na, nor fear na,' Ep. to Davie. 2.
Ye favored, enlighten'd Few, The Farewell. To St. J.'s. L	His saul has ta'en some other way,
Inspire the highly favour'd youth The destinies intend her S. Young Peggy †	I fear, the left-hand road Epit. on Holy Willie.
Favourite, Fav'rite.	'Nae doubt but ye may get a sight! 'Great cause ye hae to fear it;
A few seem favourites of Fate, Man was made to Mourn.	Gaist nor bogle shalt thou fear, . S. Hark! the mavis †
A prayer from the muse you well may excuse,	I'll fear nae scant, I'll bode nae want,
'Tis seldom her favourite passion. S. The sons of old Killie.	As lang's I get employment S. Here's to thy health, †
"To muse some favourite Scottish theme, "To sing some favourite Scottish maid. As on the banks †	A gate, I fear, I'll dearly rue; S. I gaed a waefu' †
But chiefly the woods were her fav'rite resort, S. Caledonia.	Point out a censuring world, and bid me fear; In vain wld Prudence †
Farewell, dear Friend! may guid luck hit you!	The Great, the Wealthy fear thy blow,
And mang her favourites admit you! A Farewell.	But Oh! I fear the kintra soon
Fawsont v. Faussont.	Will ken as weel's mysel! . S. My heart was ance †
Fay. Fays, Spunkies, Kelpies, a', they can explain them, The Brigs of Ayr. 4.	The man that fears thy name, New Psalmody.
Feal. From where the Feal wild-woody coverts hide:	There's no a heart that fears a Whig,
The Brigs of Ayr. 13.	That rides by Kenmure's hand. S. O Kenmure's on and awa †
Fealty. My fealty an' subjection A Dream. 8.	'Twill mak her poor, auld heart, I fear,
Fear. For fear your modesty be hurt A Ded. to G. H., 1.	In flinders flee: On Scot. Bard gne to W.I.
O Thou unknown, Almighty Cause Of all my hope and fear! . A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.	Thy own reproach alone dost fear, . Poet. Inscription.
And with a Mother's fears shrinks at the rocking blast!	Virtue's blossoms there shall blow, And fear no withering blast; Sad thy tale, †
A Winter Night. 8.	Nor asks if they bring ought to hope or fear.
"Can you—but Miss, I own I have my fears,	Sonnet, wr. on Birthday.
Add. sp. by Fontenelle. Ev'ry hope is fled, Ev'ry fear is terror; S. Ay waking, O†	Wi' tippeny, we fear nae evil; Tam o' Shanter. 11.
'Kirk-vards will soon he till'd enengh	He need na fear their foul reproach
'Tak ye nae fear: Death and Dr. Hornbook. 24.	Nor erudition, <i>The Author's Cry and Prayer</i> , 21. I fear my Lord Panmuir is slain,
The fears all, the tears all.	S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
Of dim declining Age! Despondency, an Ode. 5.	'And O! be sure to fear the Lord alway!
The fear o' Hell's a hangman's whip, Ep. to Young Friend. 8. I saw! 6. I saw! 6.	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 6. Tho' Death in ev'ry shape appear,
Illi lears no more had sav'd me:	The Wretched have no more to fear: S. The gloomy night †
S. Farewell, thou stream †	I fear I my talent misteuk, . The Jolly Beggars, S. III.
For I am keepit by thy fear Free frae them a' [v. A. 11] Holy Willie's Prayer.	The burden I must bear, while the cruel scourge I fear,
"Then all hell will fly for fear, . S. Husband, husband †	S. The Slave's Lament.
And next my heart I'll wear her,	While they maun stan', wi' aspect humble, An' hear it a', an' fear an' tremble! . The Twa Dogs. 13.
For fear my jewel tine S. My Love's a winsome t	The vera thought o't need na fear them Ib. 27.
Hope and Fear's alternate billow S. Musing on the roaring †	Tho' faith, I fear ye dine but sparely, To a Louse.
She, who her lovely Offspring eyes	An' forward, tho' I canna see, I guess an' fear! To a Mouse.
With tender hopes and fears, . O Thou dread Pow'r† For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me, [re.] S. O whistle,†	By all the conscious villain fears below! . To Clarinda.
On fear inspired wings; S. On a bank of flowers †	Parnassian queens, I fear, I fear, Ye'll now disdain me, . To Dr. Blacklock.
	To n now disdain me, . 10 Dr. Dillektock.

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Your friends ay love, your faes ay fear ye, To Terraughty.	The feather'd field-mates, bound by Nature's tie,
No vengeful spirit bid him fear; . S. To thee, lov'd Nith †	The Brigs of Ayr. 2.
I fear they'll now mak mony a stammer, . To W. Creech.	Free as the wind or feather'd race To Clarinda.
Sair do I fear that to hope is denied me,	When feather'd tribes are courting, . S. Young Peggy †
Sair do I fear that despair maun abide me;	Feath'ry.
S. Twas na her bonie blue e'e †	Spare my love, thou feath'ry snaw,
I fear ye'll bide till break o' day; S. Wha is that at	Drifting o'er the frozen plain. S. Jockey's ta'en the †
Quo' I, 'I fear unless ye geld me, I'll ne'er be better' What ails ye now †	Featly [sprucely].
But sair I fear some happier swain	Adown the glittering stream they featly danc'd; The Brigs of Ayr. 11.
Has gained sweet Jeanie's favour: S. When first I saw †	Feature.
Fain would I hide what I fear to discover,	It's naething hut a milder feature,
S. Where are the joys t	Of our poor, sinfu', corrupt Nature: A Ded. to G. H., 6.
The joyless winter-day, Let others fear, Winter.	O! art thou not ashamed
Fear not clouds will always lour Wr. in Friars-Carse H	To doat upon a feature? S. Deluded Swain †
I fear your mind gae wrang, lassie. S. Ye hae lien wrang.	But still the preaching cant forbear, And ev'n the rigid feature! Etc. to Young Friend. Q.
Feared, -'d, -'t.	
'Would I hae fear'd them a', man!' . A Fragment. 8.	Ithers seek they kenna what, Features, carriage, and a' that; S. Jockey fou, †
The dauntless heart that fear'd no human Pride; Epit. for Author's Father.	I dote on ev'ry feature
I saw thine eyes, yet nothing fear'd,	Of this dear artless creature, S. My Love's a winsome †
Till fears no more had say'd me: S. Farewell, thou stream	Ilk feature—auld nature
Death, oft I've fear'd thy fatal blow, S. Fate gave the word t	Declar'd that she cou'd do nae mair! S. Sae flaxen†
And in the blue-clue throws then,	The two appear'd like sisters twin,
Right fear't that night Halloween. 11.	In feature, form and claes;
There's nane ever fear'd that the truth should be heard,	With feature stern. [v. A. 4] . The Vision.
But they wham the truth wad indite. S. Here's a health to them \(\)	And in her [Nature's] freaks, on ev'ry feature,
In troth I'm fear'd to venture, Sir.	She's wrote, the Man To J. S., 3.
S. I'm o'er young to marry †	Sweet naiveté of feature, To Miss Fontenelle.
He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,	Fecht, Faught [a fight].
S. On a bank of flowers †	But man is a soldier, and life is a faught:
For a lalland face he feared none, The Jolly Beggars. S. IV.	S. Contented wi' little †
And I was fear'd my heart wou'd tine, S. Where Cart rins †	Oh! thoughtless lassie, life's a fecht, The canniest gate, the strife is sair; S. In simmer when t
Fearfu' [fearful].	Fecht, to [fight].
She gat a fearfu' settlin!	And semple-folk maun fecht and fen; S. Gane is the day †
And them that stay'd gat fearfu' thuds, S. The Taylor †	Sair I fecht them [Want, Hunger] at the door,
Fearless. Or some Montgomery, fearless, lead them;	S. O that I had ne'er
Baith careless, and fearless, Add. of Beelzebub. 2.	To thrum guittars an' fecht wi' nowt; The Twa Dogs. 23.
Of either Heaven or Hell; Ep. to Davie. 6.	Inform him [death], and storm him,
Death comes, wi' fearless eye he sees him;	That Saturday ye'll fecht him To a Medical Gent
The Author's Cry and Prayer, P.	Fechtan, -in [fighting].
Oft have our fearless fathers strode	Then up gat fechtan Jamie Fleck, Halloween. 17.
By Wallace' side, To W. Simpson. 11.	Your wily snares an' fechtin fierce, Add. to the Deil. 19.
Who, save thy mind's reproach, nought earthly fear'st,	But ay fu-han't is fechtin best, . S. In simmer when t
Lns sent Sir J. Whiteford.	Feck [the greater part, the most; value].
Feast. For Solway fish a feast El. on Peg Nicholson.	E'en mony a plack, an' mony a peck, Ye [ministers] ken yoursels, for little feck! El. on Year 1788.
For few sic feasts you've gotten; For W. Nicol.	
O, what a feast her bonie moul . S. Her flowing locks †	"Ye, for my sake, hae gien the feck "Of a' the ten comman's A screed some day."
I've been at druken writers' feasts, On dining with Daer.	The Holy Fair. 4.
I find that contentment's an absolute feast, S. The Poor Thresher.	I hae been a de'il now the feck o' my life,
	S. There liv'd ance a carlet
Frae Calvin's well, ay clear they drank. O' sic a feast! The Twa Herds. 5.	Fecket [a garment with sleeves, worn by working
For half-starved snarling curs a dainty feast; To R.G. of F.,6.	people, in lieu of vest and shirt; an undershirt is also, now-a-days, sometimes called a "fecket"].
Feast, to. Told him I came to feast my curious eyes;	Grim loon! he [Death] gat me by the fecket,
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.	Friend of the poet † P.S.
I'd feast on beauty a' the night; S. O were my love †	His fecket is white as the new driven snaw;
Feasted. O Lord, since we have feasted thus,	S. There's a youth †
Which we so little merit, At Globe Tav.	Feckless [weak, silly, pithless].
Feat [spruce]. The lasses feat, an' cleanly neat, Halloween.	An auld wife's tongue's a feckless matter To gie ane fash Add. to Illegit. Child.
Feat.	As feckless as a wither'd rash, To a Haggis.
Then feats like Squire Billy's you ne'er can achieve 'em, It is not, outdo him, the task is, out thieve him.	Feckly [mostly].
Fragment, inscr. to Fox.	Three carts, an' twa are feckly new; The Inventory.
And tell future ages the feats of the day; The Whistle. 11.	Fed. And sees, with self-approving mind,
Feather. But now he has gotten a hat and a feather	Each creature on his bounty fed.
S. Cock up your beaver.	Add. to Shade of Thomson.
But far off fowls hae feathers fair, . S. Here's to thy health, †	Or I had fed an Athole Gled S. Killiecrankie.
Fient haet he had but three Goos feathers and a whittle. S. Robin shure in hairst.	Well fed on pastures orthodox, The Twa Herds.
Goos feathers and a whittle. S. Robin shure in hairst. For far-aff fowls hae feathers fair, The Election Ballads. I.	Fee. My riches a's my penny-fee, . S. Behind you hills t
A feather in his bonnet and a ribbon at his knee,	So gat the whissle o' my groat, An' pay't the fee Ep. to J. R. q.
S. There grows a bonie †	
Feathers of a flee wad feather up his bonnet,	How cesses, stents, and fees were rax'd, Kind Sir, I've read †
S. Wee Willie Gray †	It's aye the cheapest Lawyer's fee To taste the barrel. Scotch Drink. 13.
Feather'd.	An' name the airles an' the fee, To Gav. Hamilton.
The feather'd people, you might see, Perch'd all around on every tree, S. It was the charming t	Fee, to. But me he shall not buy nor fee, S. To daunton me.
2 4. 4. 4. 4. 4. 4. 4. 4. 4. 4. 4. 4. 4.	

But Och! it hardens a' within, And petrifies the feeling!

To W. Simpson.

By mosses, meadows, moors, and fells, The Twa Herds. 15.

We'll sing auld Coila's plains an' fells, .

Fee'd. I fee'd a man at Martinmas,	All hail! ye tender feelings dear! Ep. to Davie. 10.
Wi'arle pennies three; S. O can ye labour lea † Feeble. Her feeble pulse gies strong presumption	But as the clegs o' feeling stang Are wise or fool. Ep. to Maj. Logan. 6.
Death soon will end her. Letter to J. Goudie.	But the dire feeling, O farewell for ever, Anguish unmingl'd and agony pure. S. Gloomy December.
My Muse to dream of such a theme, Her feeble powers surrender; S. Lovely Davies.	Dearly bought the hidden treasure
Oh! flickering, feeble, and unsicker I've found her [life] still, Poem on Life.	Finer feelings can bestow! S. Sensibility,† E'er they would grate their feelings wi' the view
Or haunted Garpal draws his feeble source,	The Brigs of Ayr. 6.
The Brigs of Ayr, 7. In vain the laws their feeble force oppose; . To Clarinda.	Were ye but here to share my wounded feelings! Ib. 9. The native feelings strong, the guileless ways,
Feebly. Now, feebly bends she, in the blast, On Birth of Posth. Child.	The Cotter's Sat. Night.
Feebly-bursting. And stifle, dark, the feebly-bursting cry:	So may no ruffian feeling in thy breast, Discordant jar thy bosom-chords among; To Miss Graham.
On Death of R. Dundas. Feed. To feed her fair flocks by her green rustling corn:	In naked feeling, and in aching pride, He bears the unbroken blast from every side:
Ye maggots, feed on Nicol's brain,	To R. G. of F., 3. Feet v. Foot.
For few sic feasts you've gotten; For W. Nicol. Busy feed, or wanton lave; . S. On scaring Water-fowl.	Feg [a fig]. Auld age ne'er mind a feg; Ep. to Davie. 2.
And gie him o'er the flock, to feed, . The Ordination. 5.	Fegs [an exclamation equivalent to 'faith!'].
We labour soon, we labour late, To feed the titled knave, man; . The Tree of Liberty.	But fegs, the Session says I maun What ails ye now † Feide [feud, enmity].
Where the grous lead their coveys through the heather, to	Till coward Death behind him jumpit, Wi' deadly feide; . Tam Samson's El., 10.
feed, S. You wild mossy mountains †	Feign.
Feeding on you hill sae high, S. The Highl. Widow's Lament.	They who but feign a wounded heart, May teach the lyre to languish; S. Could aught of song †
Feel. Feel not a want but what yourselves create,	A fabled Muse may suit a bard that feigns; To R. Graham.
A Winter Night. 9. To common sense they [philosophers] now appeal,	Felgn'd. He feign'd to snirtle in his sleeve, The Jolly Beggars R. VI.
What wives an' wabsters see an' feel; Auld comrade dear† To feel the follies, or the crimes,	No idly-feign'd, poetic pains, The Lament. 3.
Of others, or my own! Despondency, an Ode. 5.	Feint v. Fient, Feire, Fier [a companion, a brother].
Alas! I feel I am no actor here! Ep. fr. Esopus. But where ye feel your Honor grip,	And there's a hand, my trusty feire,
Let that ay be your border: . Ep. to Young Friend. 8. What gen'rous, manly bosoms feel; Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 4.	S. Shld auld acquaintance† But what d'ye think, my trusty fier, To Dr. Blacklock.
Who feel by reason and who give by rule, Ep. to R. Graham. 5.	Feirrie [fresh, vigorous, active].
We own they're prudent, but who feels they're good? . Ib. 5. To feel a fire in every vein, . S. Farewell, thou stream †	The fient-ma-care, quo the feirrie auld wife, S. The deuks dang o'er.
What heart that feels and will not yield a tear, Lns on Fergusson.	O hand your tongue, my feirrie auld wife,
To see the miscreants feel the pains they give;	nippy, tastyj.
Lns extem. in Lady's Pocket-bk. And feel thro' every vein love's raptures roll.	biting Boreas, fell and doure, A Winter Night. 1. Rouse from his sluggish slumbers, fell Repentance;
S. Mark yonder Pomp† A heart that warmly seems to feel; O leave novels†	Add. sp. by Fontenelle. It blaws nae here sae fierce and fell, As on the banks †
My honored colonel, deep I feel	The fell Harpy-raven took wing from the north, S. Caledonia.
Your interest in the poet's weal; Poem on Life. And howsoe'er our tongues may ill reveal it,	O Death! thou tyrant fell and bloody! El. on Capt. M. H., I. Go teach them to tremble, fell tyrant!
Believe our glowing bosoms truly feel it. <i>Prologue, at Th., D.</i> . Feels all the bitter horrors of his crime, <i>Remorse. A Frag.</i> .	S. Farewell, thou fair day †
sore I feel All others' scorn Reply to a Reproof.	And by fell death was nearly nicket: Friend of the Poet,† P.S. 'Gainst fortune's fell, cruel decree—Jessy!
Nane other love, nane other dart, I feel, S. Sae far awa. But feels his heart's bluid rising hot,	S. Here's a health to ane † But wha can avoid the fell snare? Inscript. on Goblet.
The Author's Cry and Prayer.	Fell source of a' my woe and grief;
Can they the peace and pleasure feel Of Bessy at her spinning-wheel? S. The Contented Cottager.	Lns on Back of Bank Note. Fell Despair my fancy seizes S. Raving winds †
Again I feel, again I burn! The Lament. To feel a fire in every vein,	Fell source o' monie a pain an' brash! . Scotch Drink. 15.
Yet dare not speak my anguish S. The last time I† My heart did glowing transport feel, [v.A.4] The Vision.	fell remorse, a conscience bleeding The Hermit. And that fell cur ca'd common sense, The Twa Herds, 16.
He heeds or feels no more the ruthless Critic's rage!	Or fell, red smeddum,
To R. G. of F., 5. Kens the pleasure, feels the rapture,	tho' fell fortune should fate us to sever, S. 'Twas na her bonie blue †
That thy presence gies to me. S. Turn again, thou fair† In solitude—then, then I feel Verses under Grief.	But oh! fell death's untimely frost, S. Ye banks and braes and streams †
I can feel by its throbbings, will soon be at rest.	To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck, fell, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11.
S. Wae is my heart † For all unfit I feel my powers be, . Why am I loth †	Fell [the flesh or cuticle immediately under the
Feeling. In that sober pensive mood, Dearest to the feeling soul, S. Streams that glide †	outer skin]. See, how she peels the skin an' fell,
O Nature! a' thy shews an' forms To feeling, pensive hearts hae charms! To W. Simpson. 14.	As ane were peelin onions! The Ordination. 12.
That feeling heart but acts a part, . O leave novels †	Fell [high rocky land, a field pretty level on the side of a hill].
The feeling heart's the royal blue, On W. Chalmers. Feeling, s. with a frater-feeling strong, . A Bard's Epit.	The partridge loves the fruitful fells; S. Now westlin winds† Her colours betray'd her on you mossy fells;
Smith, wi' his sympathetic feeling, Auld comrade dear t	S. The heather was blooming t
But Och! it hardens a' within.	By mosses, meadows, moors, and fells, The Twa Herds, 15

. Ep. to Young Friend. 6.

Fell. I to the crambo-jingle fell, Ep. to J. L-k, April 1st, 8.	Felt. And keenly felt the friendly glow,
So fell the pride of all my hopes, S. Fate gave the word, †	And softer flame; A Bard's Epit.
And fell a martyr in her [victory's] arms, Fragment of Ode.	She laugh'd at first, then felt for her poor work Ep. to R. Graham. 4.
Poor hav'rel Will fell aff the drift,	The pitying Heart that felt for human Woe;
When frae my mother's womb I fell,	Epit. for Author's Father. He felt the powerful, high behest,
Thou might hae plunged me in hell, Holy Willie's Prayer. 4.	Thrill, vital, thro' and thro'; Nature's Law.
The bauld Pitcur fell in a furr, S. Killiecrankie. But heavens! how he fell a-swearing,	Where first I felt their power S. Peggy Chalmers. When at his heart he felt the dagger,
S. Last May a braw wooer†	He reel'd his wonted bottle-swagger, Tam Samson's El., 11.
The dew fell fresh, the sun rose mild. S. Luckless Fortune.	Had felt our weight before The Election Ballads. V.
The groom gat sae fu' he fell awald beside it, S. O ken ye what Meg †	Content and comfort bless me more in This grot, than e'er I felt before in A palace. The Hermit.
How glorious Wallace stood, how hapless fell? Scots Prologue.	Female.
She fell—but fell with spirit truly Roman, Ib.	Last, she sublimes th' Aurora of the poles, The flashing elements of female souls. Ep. to R. Graham. 2.
The gudewife's dochter fell in a fever, Scroggam; The priest o' the parish fell in anither S. Scroggam.	The man in arms, 'gainst female charms, S. Lovely Davies.
Some fell for wrang and some for right,	With manly lore, or female beauty bright,
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor. How Tories fell and Whigs to h-ll Flew off Ib.	Prologue, sp. by Woods. Vain ev'n the omnipotence of Female charms,
But fell in a trap On the braes o' Gemappe,	'Gainst headlong, ruthless, mad Rebellion's arms.
The Black-headed Eagle. They fell upon a scheme,	Scots Prologue. Sweet Female Beauty hand in hand with Spring;
To send a lad to London town The Election Ballads. I.	The Brigs of Ayr, 13.
At strife thir carlines fell;	A female form, came [Benevolence] from the tow'rs of Stair: <i>Ib</i> . That right to fluttering female hearts the nearest,
My Donald and his Country fell, Upon Culloden's field. S. The High. Widow's Lament.	The Rights of Woman.
The Taylor fell thro' the bed, thimble an' a', S, The Taylor fell †	Though sweetly female every part, Wr. on leaf of "H. More."
The Chief on Sark who glorious fell,	Fen. Ye heathy wastes immix'd with reedy fens, El. on Miss Burnet.
In high command; [v. A.4] . The Vision.	Fen' [a fairly successful struggle, a shift].
What champions ventured, what champions fell; The Whistle.	In poortith I might mak' a fen'; S. Tam Glen.
So uprose bright Phœbus—and down fell the knight. <i>Ib. 16.</i> Obliging Vulcan fell to work,	Fen, Fend, to [keep off; provide for; make shift; fare].
Mess John, beyond expression,	And semple-folk maun fecht and fen; . S. Gane is the day †
Fell foul o' me What ails ye now †	Till they be fit to fend themsel; . The Death of Mailie. Here stands a shed to fend the show'rs,
As soon the rooted oaks would fly	An' screen our countra Gentry; The Holy Fair. 9.
Before th' approaching fellers. The Election Ballads. VI.	He met wi' auld Nick, wha said, how do ye fen? S. There liv'd ance a carle †
Fellow. And sev'n braw fellows, stout an' able, A Ded. to G. H. 14.	Fence. I'll say't, she never brak a fence,
At brooses thou had ne'er a fellow,	Thro' thievish greed. Poor Mailie's El Fenceless. To thy poor, fenceless, naked child—the Bard!
For pith an' speed; A Guid New Year † 9. Go, find an honest fellow; S. Deluded Swain †	To R.G. of F., 3.
Go, find an honest fellow; S. Deluded Swain † The ae best fellow e'er was born! [re.] El. on Capt. M. H. 2.	Fender. Auld Tubalcain's fire-shool and fender; On Grose's Peregrinations.
As by one drunken fellow his comrades you'll find.	Fenwick. As lately F-nw-ck, sair forfairn, Has proven to its ruin: . The Ordination. &.
Fragment, inscr. to Fox. Or why has man the will and pow'r	Has proven to its ruin: . The Ordination. 8. Ferguson, Fergusson [the Scottish Poet].
To make his fellow mourn?. Man was made to mourn.	O for a spunk o' Allan's glee,
It [a rape] maks guid fellows girn an gape, Wi' chokin dread; Poor Mailie's El	Or Fergusson's, the bauld an' slee, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 14.
I see the old, bald-pated fellow, . Sketch, New-Yr's Day.	Ill-fated genius! Heaven-taught Fergusson! Lns on Fergusson. Ferguson, the writer-chiel, A deathless name. To W. Simpson.
I'm thinking wi' sic a braw fellow, In poortith I might mak' a fen'; S. Tam Glen.	(O Ferguson! thy glorious parts,
Fient haet o' them's ill hearted fellows; The Twa Dogs. 26.	Ill-suited law's dry, musty arts!
A country fellow at the pleugh,	Gied Forth an' Tay a lift aboon;
His acre's till'd, he's right eneugh;	Ferintosh [whisky, so called from the village in Ross-shire where it was made; v. Forbes].
S. What can a yng lassie †	Thee Ferintosh! O sadly lost! Scotch Drink. 19.
Fellow-creature. So ne'er a fellow-creature slight	Ferly, -le [a wonder; a term of contempt].
For random fits o' daffin Add. to Unco Guid. Mott.	Nae ferlie 'tis tho' fickle she prove, S. She's fair and fause † Ha! whare ye gaun, ye crowlau ferlie! To a Louse.
Tell me, fellow-creatures, why At my presence thus you fly? On scaring Water-fowl.	
Fellow-mortal.	Nae ferly tho' ye do despise The hairum-scairum, ram-stam boys, To J. S., 28.
At me, thy poor, earth-born companion,	Ferlie, to [to wonder]. An' ferlie at the folk in Lon'on The Twa Dogs. 18.
An' fellow-mortal! To a Mouse.	Ferrier. But, gi'en the body half an e'e, Nine Ferriers wad done better! To Miss Ferrier.
And see his lordly fellow-worm,	Nine Ferriers wad done better! To Miss Ferrier.
The poor petition spurn, . Man was made to Mourn. Fellowship. A night o' gude fellowship southers it a';	Fu' loud the wind blaws frae the Ferry, S. My bonie Mary.
S. Contented wi' little †	Ferry, to. When death's dark stream I ferry o'er, A V. on being Hosp. Entertained.
Felly [relentless, biting]. Driv'n by Fortunes felly spite, S. Frae the friends †	rervent.
Felon. Our sinfu' saul to get a claute on	I am, Dear Sir, with zeal most fervent, Your much indebted humble servant. A Ded. to G. H., 15.
Wi' felon ire; Poem on Life. The pedant swung his felon cudgel round, . The Vowels.	Thou being, All-seeing,
And wakeful caution still aware	O hear my fervent pray'r! Ep. to Davie, 9. Who am most fervent,
Of ill—but chief, man's felon snare; To Chloris. Evils lurk in felon wait: Wr. in Friars-Carse H.	While I can either sing or whissle,
wr. in reion wait Wr. in Friars-Carse H.	Your friend and servant. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st.

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Fervently. We'll daily pray, we'll nightly pray, On bended knees most fervently,	Fewer. Some fewer whigmeleeries in your noddle.
Fervid-beaming. S. The bonie Lass of Albany.	The Brigs of Ayr. 5. Fey [predestined; marked for death].
Summer with his fervid-beaming eye: The Brigs of Ayr. 13. Fervour. An' pray'd wi' zeal and fervour,	Till fey men died awa, man. S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor. Fickle.
Fu' fast that night	Farewell! and ne'er such sorrows tear That fickle heart of thine, S. Canst thou leave me †
Warm Fervour may o'erlook; . Rusticity's ungainly † Festive. And spent the chearful, festive night;	the pleasure The fickle Fair can give thee, Is but a fairy treasure, S. Deluded Swain †
The Farewell. To St. J.'s L Wi' humble prayer to join and share	Tho' fickle Fortune has deceiv'd me, S. I dream'd I lay † And wha but my fine fickle lover was there,
This festive Fête Champetre. S. The Fête Champetre. Fetch. Go, fetch to me a pint o' wine, S. My bonie Mary.	S. Last May a braw wooer †
The hindmost shaird, they'll fetch it wi' them, Just i' their pouch, To W. Simpson, P.S.	Fickle man is apt to rove: S. Let not woman to Nae ferlie 'tis tho' fickle she prove, S. She's fair and fause to
Fetch [to breathe intermittently].	But fickle Fortune frowns on me, S. The Highland Lassie. And it's O. fickle Fortune, O! S. The sun he is sunk†
See how she fetches at the thrapple, Letter to J. Goudie. Fetch't [pulled by fits and starts].	Though fickle fortune has deceiv'd me, S. Tho. fickle Fortune † Is Fortune's fickle Luna waning? To J. S., 20.
Thou never braing't, an' fetch't, an flisket, A Gude New-Year † 12.	wi' coy and fickle nature, . S. Will ye go and marry †
Fête Champetre. Anbank, wha guess'd the ladies' taste,	Fiction. genius, th' illustrious father of fiction, Fragment inscr. to Fox.
He gies a Fête Champetre. [re.] The Fête Champetre. As theirs alone, the patent-bliss,	Dame life, the Fiction out may trick her, . Poem on Life. Fiddle. Hale he your heart! Hale be your fiddle!
To hold a Fête Champetre	O he held to the fair,
To view this Fête Champetre	An' for to sell his fiddle [re.] S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie. But parting wi' his fiddle, The saut tear blin't his e'e; . Ib.
To hold their Fête Champetre	O Willie, come sell your fiddle, And buy a pint o' wine; Ib. For mony a rantin day My fiddle and I hae had Ib.
In vain the Gout his ancles fetters; Tam Samson's El., 9.	Hale be your heart, hale be your fiddle; Second Ep. to Davie.
A vow, they [Love, Beauty] seal'd it with a kiss Sir Politics to fetter,	Who left the all-important cares Of fiddles, wh-res, and hunters; The Election Ballads. VI.
There's lang-tocher'd Nancy maist fetters his fancy S. There's a youth †	A pigmy Scraper wi' his Fiddle, The Jolly Beggars. R. V. And hing our fiddles up to sleep,
Grace, beauty, and elegance, fetter her lover, Fetters. S. True hearted was he †	Like baby-clouts a-dryin: The Ordination. 7. Fiddler, He fir'd a fiddler in the north
In love's delightful fetters, she chains the willing soul! S. Mark yonder Pomp †	That dang them tapsalteerie, S. Amang the trees † The minister kiss't the fiddler's wife,
Save Love's willing fetters, the chains of his Jean. S. Their groves of t	S. My love she's but a lassie † A fairy Fiddler frae the neuk,
Feud. Wi' dissipation, feud, an' faction! The Twa Dogs. 24.	He skirled out, encore The Jolly Beggars. R. II. I am a Fiddler to my trade, Ib. S. V.
Feudal. Or is't the paughty, feudal Thane. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 12.	He taks the Fiddler by the beard,
When fevers burn, or ague freezes, . Add. to Toothache. The gudewife's dochter fell in a fever, S. Scroggam.	Behint the Chicken cavie:
Few. Few better were or braver; A Dream. 11.	Though Fortune's road be rough an' hilly To every fiddling, rhyming billie, Ep. to Maj. Logan.
An' few there be that ken me, O; But what care I how few they be, . S. Behind you hills †	The deil cam fiddlin' thro' the town, S. The Deil cam fiddlin' †
That nane excell'd it, few cam near't Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 5. 'Tween Inverness and Tiviotdale,	Fidge [to fidget]. Ne'er claw your lug, an' fidge your back,
He had few matches	An' hum an' haw, The Author's Cry and Prayer. K[ilmarnock] Wabster's, fidge an' claw, The Ordination. 1.
The real, harden'd wicked,	Auld Coila, now, may fidge fu' fain, . To W. Simpson. Fidg'd [fidgeted].
Few hearts like his, with virtue warm'd,	Even Satan glowr'd, and fidg'd fu' fain, Tam o' Shanter. 16.
Few heads with knowledge so inform'd: Epit. on a Friend. I care na by how few may see, . S. First when Maggy t	Fidgean-fain, Fidgin fain [fidgeting with eagerness or pleasure.]
For few sic feasts you've gotten; For W. Nicol. A few short months [ye woods], and glad and gay,	It pat me fidgean-fain to hear't, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 5. Wha will mak me fidgin fain? S. O wha my baby-clouts †
Again ye'll charm the ear and e'e; Lament for Glencairn. A few seem favourites of Fate, Man was made to Mourn.	Fie v. Fy. Fiel [Fell, very; "fiel and warm," very warm].
A cauld kirk, and in't but few; . On Kirk of Lamington. My sarks they are few, but five o' them new,	And haps me fiel and warm at e'en! S. The Contented Cottager.
A few days may—a few years must	Field. 'Mang fields o' flowering claver gay; El. on Capt. M. H. q.
Repose us in the silent dust Sketch. New-Yr's Day.	In the field of proud honour, our swords in our hands, S. Farewell, thou fair day †
Few men o' sense will doubt your claims To rank amang the Nowte. The Calf. Ye favored, enlighten'd Few, The Farewell. To St. J.'s L	And corn wav'd green in ilka field, S. In simmer when †
That few for aught but folly lusted; The Hermit.	Through yellow, waving fields we'll stray, S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite †
But few enjoy the calm I know in This desert wood. Ib. Wheel carriages I ha'e but few, The Inventory.	I murder hate by field or flood, Lns on Windows Gl. Tav When chill November's surly blast
For puppies like you there's but few The Kirk's Alarm. But such Noblemen there's but few to be found.	Made fields and forests bare, Man was made to Mourn. The sky is blue, the fields in view,
The Poor Thresher. There's few sae bonie, nane sae gude, The Tarbolton Lasses.	All fading-green and yellow: S. Now westlin winds † poor wanderer of the wood and field,
Is wrought now by a coward few, S. The Union.	On seeing wounded Hare. Reclined that banner, erst in fields unfurl'd,
To join the friendly few	On Death of Sir J. Blair.

And train'd to arms in stern Misfortune's field,	Fight. O cam ye here the fight to shun,
The Brigs of Ayr. Nae mair the flow'r in field or meadow springs; Ib.	S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor. Heroes in Cesarean fight . The Election Ballads, VI.
Thro' fields of death to gather fame, S. The capt. Ribband.	Departed Whigs enjoy the fight,
Heroes and heroines commix All in the field of politics, . The Election Ballads. VI.	And think on former daring:
Still o'er the field the combat burns,	Turned o'er in one bumper a bottle of red, The Whistle. 14.
My Donald and his Country fell, Upon Culloden's field. S. The Highl. Widow's Lament.	Fight, to. I will fight France with you, [re.] Add. to Dumourier.
ripen'd fields, and azure skies, . The Vision. D. II. 15.	Then let us fight about, [re.]
"The field thou has won, by you bright god of day!" The Whistle. 18.	A man may fight and no be slain; S. Duncan Davison.
Thro' bluidy flood or field to dash, O how unfit!	For freedom and my King to fight, S. The Highland Laddie. And fight thy chosen's battle; New Psalmody.
Adorns the histie stibble-field,	No Statesman nor Soldier to plot or to fight,
Unseen, alane. To a Mountain-Daisy. Thou saw the fields laid bare an' wast, To a Mouse.	S. No Churchman am I† But could I like Montgomeries fight,
And riots wanton in forbidden fields! To Clarinda.	The Author's Cry and Prayer. 10. Bout which our herds sae aft hae been
Comes hostan, hirplan owre the field, Wi' creeping pace To J. S., 13.	Maist like to fight. To W. Simpson. P.S.
'Twas even-the dewy fields were green,	Figure. Rectangle-triangle, the figure we'll choose, S. Caledonia.
S. 'Twas even—the dewy † And owsen frae the furrowed field	Thy lips are as sweet and thy figure compleat,
Return sae dowf and weary O: . S. When o'er the hill †	S. O when she cam ben † Tropes, metaphors, and figures pour,
I left the lines, and tented field, . S. When wild War's † Field-mates.	The Election Ballads, VI.
The feather'd field-mates, bound by Nature's tie,	Ye've the figure, 'tis true, even your faes will allow, And your friends they dare grant you nae mair.
The Brigs of Ayr. Fiend. (A while forbear, ye torturing fiends),	The Kirk's Alarm.
Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.	The words come skelpan, rank and file, Ep. to Davie. 11.
May Envy wallop in a tether,	The great Argyle led on his files, S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
Black fiend, infernal! . To W. Simpson, 17. Fient, Feint [Fiend! a petty oath; "fient haet," a	Filial.
petty oath of negation, nothing].	To bless his little filial flock, O Thou dread Pow'r
For fient a wame it had ava, . Death and Dr. Hornbook. 7. 'Fient haet o't wad hae pierc'd the heart	Parent, filial, kindred ties? On scaring Water-fowl. Wild to my heart the filial pulses glow,
'Of a kail-runt	On Death of Sir J. Blair. Witness that filial circle round, Sketch. New-Yr's Day.
But fient a hair care I	With many a filial tear circling the bed of death!
Fient a heuk had I, S. Robin shure in hairst.	To R. G. of F., 9. And bless the dear parental name
Fight haet he had but three Goos feathers and a whittle	With many a filial blossom S. Young Peggy †
But ere the key-stane she could make, The fient a tail she had to shake!	Filings. Mite-horn shavings, filings, scrapings,
The fient a pride na pride had he, The Twa Dogs.	Distill'd per se; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 22.
Figure 1 had been sold bee	Fill. And drank my fill o' fancy's dream, As on the banks † I've play'd mysel a bonie spring,
When fient a body bade him There cam a piper† Fient-ma-care [flend! if I care].	An' danc'd my fill! Ep. to J. R. 6. I sit me down and greet my fill, S. My Harry was a gallant t
The fient-ma-care, quo' the feirrie auld wife,	E'en let her flyte her fill, jo S. O steer her up
S. The deuks dang o'er. Fier [sound, healthy].	Or had o' Helicon my fill, S. O were I on Parnass. †
We're fit to win our daily bread, As lang's we're hale and fier: Ep. to Davie. 2.	But gie them guid cow-milk their fill, The Death of Mailie. Fill, to. So, ye may dousely fill a Throne, . A Dream. 11.
Fier v. Feire.	And fill her up wi' brimstone drink, Adam A-'s Prayer.
Fierce.	Ye mak a devil o' the Saunts, An' fill them fou; Ep. to J. R. 2.
Your wily mares an' fechtin fierce, Add. to the Deil. 19. It blaws nae here sae fierce and fell, As on the banks †	Leeze me on the calling Fills the dusty peck.
Shun the fierce storms among the sheltering rocks; On Death of R. Dundas.	S. Hey, the dusty miller † Then may heaven with prosperous gales,
Thy sons ne'er madden in the fierce extremes	Fill my sailor's welcome sails, S. How can my poor heart † And fill it in a silver tassie; S. My bonie Mary.
Fiercest.	Then fill up a bumper and make it o'erflow,
The langest thong, the fiercest growler Add. of Beelzebub.	S. No Churchman am I† "My patriot son fills an untimely grave!"
Fiercely. Nor even Sol too fiercely view Thy bosom blushing still with dew! To Miss C.	On Death of Sir J. Blair. A race outlandish fills their throne; On Window at Stirling.
Fiery. Some spumy, fiery, ignis fatuus matter; Ep. to R. Graham. 3.	Food fills the wame, an' keeps us livin; Scotch Drink. 5.
The red peat gleams, a fie. y kernel, . Ep. to H. Parker.	Wha can fill a coward's grave? S. Scots, wha ha'e †
Doomed to share thy fiery fate, . Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —. I hope frae heav'n to see them yet	But there's a youth, a witless youth, That fills the place where she should be;
In fiery flame The Twa Herds, 11.	S. The bonie Lass of Albany. Now, butt an' ben, the Change-house fills,
Fife. From the gilded Spontoon to the Fife I was ready, The Jolly Beggars. S. II.	The Holy Fair. 18. For lapfu's large o' gospel kail
Fife, County of.	Shall fill thy crib in plenty, The Ordination. b.
There came a piper out o' Fife, . There came a piper † Fifty. And then my fifty pounds a year	Fill me with the rosy wine, The Toast. Yet ev'n the ha' folk fill their peghan
Will little gain me. To Dr. Blacklock.	Wi' sauce, ragouts, an' sic like trashtrie, The Twa Dogs. 9.
Fig. A fig for those by law protected! The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII.	An' fill anld-age wi' grips an' granes; Ib. 29. The groaning trencher there ye fill, To a Haggis.
, ,	

And fill them high with generous juice, . To a Lady.	Some, lucky, find a flow'ry spot,
"To those who love us!"—second fill;	For which they never toil'd nor swat; To J. S., 17.
If mantling high she fills the golden cup, To R. G. of F., 7. The eye with wonder and amazement fills;	Till now amaist on ev'ry knowe Ye'll find ane plac'd; To W. Simpson. P.S.
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.	While men have eyes, or ears, or taste, She'll always find a lover S. When first I saw †
Fill'd, -'d. To chaps, wha, in a barn or byre, Wad better fill'd their station A Dream. 5.	The wars are o'er, and I'm come hame,
They filled up a darksome pit	And find thee still true-hearted; S. When wild War's † As thou thyself must shortly find, Wr. in Friars-Carse H
With water to the brim, John Barleycorn. Fill'd fou o' lowan brunstane, The Holy Fair. 22.	Find balm to soothe her bitter rankling wounds:
That fill'd, wi' hoast-provoking smeek,	Wr. in Kenmore Inn.
The auld, clay biggin; . The Vision. D. I. 3.	Findlay. O wha is it but Findlay: . S. Wha is that at †
As fill'd his after life wi' grief An' bloody rants, What ails ye now †	Indeed maun I, quo' Findlay [re.]
Fillest.	The bloom of a fine summer's day! S. Adown winding Nith†
That fillest an untimely tomb, . Lament for Glencairn.	The ready measure rins as fine, Ep. to Davie. 11.
Filly, -ie. A filly buirdly, steeve an' swank, . A Guid New-Year † 3.	That nane excell'd it [his ingine], few cam near't, It was sae fine. Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 5.
But take it [fortune's road] like the unbacked filly,	For, in spite of his fine theoretic positions,
Ep. to Maj. Logan.	Mankind is a science defies definitions. Fragment, inscr. to Fox.
Go, Fame, an' canter like a filly Thro' a' the streets an' neuks o' Killie,	The lasses feat, an' cleanly neat,
Tam Samson's El., Per C	Mair braw than when they're fine; Halloween. 3.
My Lan' ahin's a weel gaun fillie,	They hecht him some fine braw ane; Ib. 23. Colours mingl'd unco fine, S. Jockey fou, †
Fin' [to find]. For, faith, they'll ablins fin' them fashious:	Colours mingl'd unco fine, S. Jockey fou,† And wha but my fine fickle lover was there,
Auld comrade dear †	S. Last May a braw wooer†
Ye'll fin' him just an' honest man:	Was a' beset wi' diamonds fine; S. My Sandy gied †
Ye'll fin' anither will, jo S. O steer her up t	It were mair meet, that those fine feet Were weel lac'd up in silken shoon, . S. O Mally's meek.
I doubt he's but a grey nick quill, And that ye'll fin' The Twa Herds, 14.	Your fine Tom Jones and Grandisons, . O leave novels †
Find.	And I'll cleed thee in the tartan sae fine, S. O whare did ye get †
Thou may'st find those will love thee dear But not a love like mine, . S. Canst thou leave me thus †	a fine, fat, fodgel wight, On Grose's Peregrinations.
Go, find an honest fellow; S. Deluded swain †	O sell your fiddle sae fine; . S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie.
I, listless, yet restless, Find ev'ry prospect vain.	His wee drap parritch, or his bread, Thou kitchens fine. [v. A. 21] Scotch Drink. 7.
Despondency, an Ode. 2.	And pu'd the gowans fine; . S. Shld auld acquaintance †
Like thee, where shall I find another, El. on Capt. M. H. 15. Ye'll find mankind an unco squad, Ep. to Young Friend. 2.	Miss Miller is fine, Miss Markland's divine,
There's wit there, ye'll get there [in losses, crosses],	The Belles of Mauchline.
Ye'll find nae other where Ep. to Davie. 7.	Fine architecture, trowth, I needs must say't o't! The Brigs of Ayr, 8.
Each prudent cit a warm existence finds, Ep. to R. Graham. 2.	But as to his fine Nabob fortune,
She [Nature] cast about a standard tree to find; Ib. 4.	We'll e'en let this subject alane. The Election Ballads. III. Fine [head] for a sodger
Never mair maun hope to find Ease frae toil, relief frae care: S. Frae the friends †	A' the wale o' lead
As by one drunken fellow his comrades you'll find.	You palace and you gardens fine! S. The Highland Lassie.
Fragment, inscr. to Fox.	Faith, we'se hae fine remarkin! The Holy Fair. 6. His English style, and gesture fine,
An' ye drink it a', ye'll find him [pleasure] out. S. Gane is the day †	Are a' clean out o' season
I do confess thee sweet, but find Thou art sae thriftless o' thy sweets, . S. I do confess †	Ye'll see how new-light herds will whistle, And think it fine! The Twa Herds. 3.
Something in ilka part o' thee	He fine a mangy sheep could scrub,
To praise, to love, I find, S. It is na, Jean,†	How daur ye set your fit upon her,
Thus ev'ry kind their pleasure find, S. Now westlin winds † Ye'll find him ay a dainty chiel, On Sc. Bard gne to W.I.	Sae fine a Lady! To a Louse. But Miss's fine Lunardi, fye!
Ye'll find him ay a dainty chiel, . On Sc. Bard gne to W.I. Flit G[alloway] and find	Gie fine braw claes to fine Life-guards, To J. S., 22.
Some narrow, dirty, dungeon cave, On seeing Seat of Lord G.	They gied me rings and ribbons fine; S. Where Cart rins †
It's ten to ane ye'll find him snug in Some eldritch part, On Grose's Peregrinations.	Finer. The courtier tells a finer tale, But is his heart as true? S. Behold my love †
The good excuse will find Rusticity's ungainly †	Dearly bought the hidden treasure
And grateful still, I trust, ye'll ever find us: Scots Prologue.	Finer feelings can bestow! S. Sensibility †
And find at night a sheltering cave, S. Streams that glide † Tried all my skill, but find I'm still	And ev'n his matchless hand with finer touch inspir'd! The Brigs of Ayr. 12.
Just where I was before Symon Gray †	Finest.
I doubt na, Sir, but then we'll find, Ye're still as great a Stirk	As the finest dame in castle or ha'. S. O when she cam ben't
And, Oh, I find it sairly, O! S. The deuks dang o'er.	Fate oft tears the bosom chords That Nature finest strung: S. Sad thy tale, †
Morality's demure decoys	Finely. Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely, Tam o' Shanter. 5.
Shall here nae mair find quarter: . The Ordination. 13. I find that contentment's an absolute feast,	Finesse.
The Poor Thresher.	The frank address, and politesse, Are all finesse in Rob Mossgiel O leave novels †
Where wild beasts find shelter, tho' I can find none!	Fingal. Old Loda, still rueing the arm of Fingal, The Whistle.
Or find a sheltering, safe retreat,	Finger.
From prone-descending showers. The Petition of Br. Water.	The weans haud out their fingers laughin, And pouk my hips. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 14.
But if success I must never find, Then come misfortune, I bid thee welcome,	
S. Tho' fickle Fortune †	You'll snap your fingers, poor an' hearty, Before his face. The Author's Cry and Prayer, 23.
I, sighing, drop the silent tear, But no relief can find	Finger-end. Thae winks and finger-ends, I dread, Are notice takin! To a Louse.
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	Fine side
Fintry. Fintry, my stay in worldly strife, The Election Ballads. VI.	Fire-side. I tent less, and want less
F[intry], my other stay, long bless and spare! To R. G. of F. 9.	Their [the Great-folk's] roomy fire-side: . Ep. to Davie
Fin I at lafter five and ashes cool	May fireside discords jar a base To a' their parts! . Ep. to Maj. Logan. 7.
My lowly banks o'erspread, The Petition of Br. Water. Fire. And in the fire throws the sheath; A Ded. to G. H., 10.	The prattling things are just their pride, That sweetens a' their fire side The Twa Dogs. 17.
Or say, ye wisdom want, or fire,	
To rule this mighty nation; A Dream, 5.	To make a happy fire-side clime To weans and wife, To Dr. Blacklock.
As round the fire the giglets keckle, To see me loup; . Add. to Toothache.	Firm. Then, man my soul with firm resolves A Prayer under Anguish.
If thou hast wit, and fun, and fire,	Firm as my creed, Sirs, 'tis my fix'd belief,
And ne'er gude wine did fear, El. on Capt. M. H. Epit. Gie me ae spark o' Nature's fire,	Add. sp. by Fontenelle. His royal heart was firm and true, S. Highland Laddie.
Epit to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 13.	Firm may she rise with generous disdain
Here brewer Gabriel's fire's extinct, Epit. on G. Richardson. To feel a fire in evry vein, S. Farewell, thou stream †	Prologue, sp. by Woods.
To feel a fire in evry vein, S. Farewell, thou stream to Whose soul of fire, lighted at Heaven's high flame,	Lives there a man so firm, who,
Fragment of Ode.	Remorse. A Frag Come Firm Resolve take thou the van, To Dr. Blacklock.
Because he got the toom dish thrice, 'He heav'd them on the fire,	The fruitful top is spread on high,
It's plenty beets the lover's fire. S. In simmer when t	And firm the root below The 1st Ps
'The liquid fire of strong desire Nature's Law.	Here, firm, I rest, they must be best, Because they are Thy Will! Winter.
With more poetic fire	Firm, s. He lent them his name to the firm. The Election Ballads. III.
S. O gin ye were dead.	Firmly. Can firmly force his jarring thoughts to peace?
I saw my sons resume their ancient fire; On Death of Sir J. Blair.	Kemorse. A Frag
Of Eve's first fire he has a cinder; On Grose's Peregrinations.	First. But first hang out that she'll discern, Your hymeneal Charter, A Dream. 13.
Syne, whip! his tail ye'll ne'er cast saut on, He's off like fire Poem on Life.	When first I gaed to woo my Jenny, A Guid New-year 15.
Strong may she glow with all her ancient fire;	When youthfu' lovers first were pair'd, Add. to the Deil. 15. May his son be a hangman, and he his first trial.
Prologue, sp. by w boas.	At Meet. of D. Volunteers.
The Laird o' Blackbyre wad gang through the fire, Ronalds of Bennals.	But first, before you see heaven's glory, May ye get mony a merry story, Auld comrade dear †
Despising wind, and rain, and fire; . Tam o' Shanter. 9.	Wha in a brulzie, will first cry a parley?
Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 14.	S. Bannocks o' bear meal † When first my brave Johnie lad came to this town,
And stand a wall of fire around their much-lov'd Isle. Ib. 20.	S. Cock up yr beaver.
Which shews that heaven can boil the pot, Though the devil p—s in the fire. The Dean of Fac	Ye roses on your thorny tree, The first o' flowers. El. on Capt. M.H., 5.
I pray with holy fire; The Election Ballads. VI.	I see her face the first of Ireland's sons, Ep. fr. Esopus.
Unknown each guilty worldly fire, The Hermit.	But first an' foremost, I should tell, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 8.
In comes a gawsie, gash Guidwife, An' sits down by the fire,	When first the human race began, Ib. Ap. 21st. 15. Then first she [nature] calls the useful many forth;
First, niest the fire, in auld, red rags, Ane sat,	Ep. to K. Granam.
The Jolly Beggars. R. I. Had hol'd his heartie like a riddle,	- Would thou hae nobles' patronage, "First learn to live without it!"
An' blawn't on fire $Ib. R. V.$	Extem. on Comments of Thomson. And cook'ry the first in the nation: Extem. To Mr. S.
To feel a fire in every vein, Yet dare not speak my anguish S. The last time I †	Thou first of our orators, first of our wits;
Conscience in vain upbraids the unhallow d fire; To Clarinda.	First when Maggy was my care,
Ye turned a neuk—I saw your e'e— She [my saul] took the wing like fire! To Miss Ferrier.	Heaven, I thought, was in her air; S. First when Maggy
And whose that eye of fire? V.s, below a Picture.	Then, first an' foremost, thro' the kail, Their stocks maun a' be sought ance; Halloween. 4.
And mark that eye of fire,	But first on Sawnie gies a ca',
And look through nature with creative fire; Wr. in Kenmore Inn.	Let my fancy first approve
Fire, to. Anna, thy charms my bosom fire, S. Anna thy charms †	S. John Anderson
They heat your brains, and fire your veins, S. O leave novels †	when we were first acquaint,
Might fire even holy Palmers; On W. Chalmers.	ye were my first conceit,
An' liquor guid to fire his bluid, . Scotch Drink. Mott. When lightnings fire the stormy lift, The Election Ballads. VI.	Where first I own'd that virgin love
O how they fire the heart devout, The Holy Fair. 13.	I lang, lang had denied S. O Mirk, mirk of O Willy, ay I bless the grove
'Some fire the Sodger on to dare; The Vision. D. II. 4.	Where first I own'd my maiden love, S. O Phely
Fired, Fir'd.	First shore her wi' a kindly kiss, S. O steer her up t
He fir'd a fiddler in the north. S. Amang the trees† How cold is that bosom which folly once fired,	Wha first shall rise to gang awa, A cuckold coward loun is he!
Monody, on a Lady.	Wha first beside his chair shall fa', He is the king amang us three S. O Willie brew'd
When gaping they [the Saunts] besiege the tents, Are doubly fir'd Scotch Drink. &.	When rising Phœbus first is seen, . S. On Cessnock banks
Her lost Militia fir'd her bluid :	Of Eve's first fire he has a cinder; On Grose's Peregrinations. Fare-thee-well thou first and fairest! S. One fond kiss,
The Author's Cry and Prayer. How would his Highland lug been nobler fir'd,	Far in their shade my Peggy's charms
The Brigs of Ayr. 12.	First blest my wond'ring eyes S. Peggy Chalmers.
Fir'd at the simple, artless lays Of other times The Vision. D. II. 12.	Where Peggy's charms I first survey'd, Where first I felt their power
Fire-shool [fire-shovel].	First shewing us the tempting ware, Poem on Life
Auld Tubalcain's fire-shool and fender; On Grose's Peregrinations.	Wae worth that man wha first did shape, That vile, wanchancie thing—a raep! . Poor Mailie's El.

That the first blow is ever that the battle; Freligues, at Th., D. Such was my Christ' bonic face I saw; Such was my Christ' bonic face I saw; Dosie Doon, where early reasoning. S. Sear Javan' Dosie Doon, where early reasoning. S. Sear Javan' where love decoying, First enhalld B. B. M. When this spanned be first unshealld in the word state Freligues, and here where love decoying, First enhalld B. B. M. When this spanned be first unshealld in the word state Freligues, and here white out thresh the barn, The Ant. to the Guidelogle. His first acques, give anither, . Tawn o' Shanter, the Maintenance were with there's no mortal so and the Wilk 'A Atarm. The When first among the yellow come. I'll first acques, give anither, . Tawn o' Shanter, the Maintenance of the History's Cry and Proper. How His first followers and servants specific. This Half or gains, wit, and love. Left first acques are belied hinght. The first of my loves was a swaggering black. Had I on earth but withes three, The first show marked. The first followers and swaggering black. The first of my loves was a swaggering black. The first of my loves was a swaggering black. The first of my loves was a swaggering black. The first of my loves was a swaggering black. The first of my loves was a swaggering black. The first of my loves was a swaggering black. The first of my loves was a swaggering black. The first of my loves was a swaggering black. The first of my loves was a swaggering black. The first of my loves was a swaggering black. The first of my loves was a swaggering black. The first of my loves was a swaggering black. The first of human kind. The first of hind had, He gentry first as estephan. The first of human kind. The first of human hind. The first of human hind. The first of human hind.		
Such was my Chloris Vonie faco. When first for two loss face I saw; S. S. Sae Hazers Hong Doon, where early reasoning. **S. Sae Hazers Hong Doon, where early reasoning. **S. Sae Hazers How on this spot he first unshealth'd the sword Sate Prolique. **Her low decopying, First enthroll'd **Her was her with the sword Sate Prolique. **Her was her with the sword Sate Prolique. **Her was her was the same of the Guideduff. **Her was a same the yellow corn **He Air in the white to the hill. **The Hard in the white to the hill. **The Hard of Cotter's Sat. Night. 15. This Hard for genius, wit, and love, **The Hard of Cotter's Sat. Night. 15. The Hard of Sate Prolique. **Her was a number of **The Hard of Cotter's Sat. Night. 15. The Hard of Sate Prolique. **He Hard I on earth was number of The Hard of Sate Prolique. **He first of why be yet men of the first. **Of all the human race! The Hard of No of No. The Two Diga. The Hard of Sate Prolique. **All fast are stephan. **S. The great. Lacks of No. The first dould be my Anna. **S. The great. S. H. Let Majesty Young first attention summon, All yain I'll Majesty Ayoung. **All the Majesty of Woman. **The Two Diga. And saw gin they were side or hall. **The Two Diga. **All yain I'll Majesty of Woman. **The Two Diga. **All yain I'll Majesty of Woman. **The Two Diga. **All yain I'll Majesty of Woman. **The Wood-shellered land; 1. **The Wood Sate Prolique. **The Hard of the Sate I shall be mean. I shall you have a shall be mean. I shall you have a shall be mean. I shall you have a shall the shall have a shall the shall here; **The First double wood have my shall have been proven of the hinder pale in the Durine.	That the first blow is ever half the battle; Prologue, at Th., D	Fit. Now 'tis fit that thou shouldst mourn, . Blue Bonnets.
Boole Doon, where early roaming. First I wave't the music sang. S. Seene of wort where love decoying, First enhand S. When first on the he first unshall the swood Satest Proligue. my boord, first of friends. Setch. New P's Day. An first cool through the hist. An and I record of was; An first cool through the barn. The Ant. is the Guidulfe. When first amang the yellow corn An and I record of was; The Ant. is the Guidulfe. When first amang the yellow corn The Ant. is the Guidulfe. The Half for genits, wit, and low. The Ant. is the ments I The Author's Cry and Proper. The Half for genits, wit, and low. The Catter's Sat. Night, 5. The Half for genits, wit, and low. The Ant. is the ments I The Author's Cry and Proper. Anong the first was number 4; The The Ant. of the Author's Cry and Proper. Anong the first was number 4; The The Author's Cry and Proper. Anong the first was number 4; The Ant. is the Guidulfe. The Half of genits, with and low. The Ant. is the Guidulfe. The Half of genits, with and low. The Ant. is the Guidulfe. The Half of the Maley of Woman. The Set of my lowes was a swaggering. The Half of the Maleys of Woman. And I can be the High the first surveyed. The Maleys of Woman. The Ant. The Maleys of Woman. The Guident was number 4; The Maleys of Woman. The Ant. The Maleys of Woman. The Ant. The Women of the Maleys of Woman. The J. S., 2 And aw gin they were sick or hale The Maleys of Woman. The Ant. The Women of the Maleys of Woman. The Catter of the Woman. The Ant. The Women of the Maleys of Woman. The Ant. The Women of the Maleys of Woman. The Ant. The Women of the Maleys of Woman. The Ant. The Women of the Maleys of Woman. The Ant. The Women of the Maleys of Woman. The Ant. The Women of the Maleys of Woman. The Ant. The Women of the Maleys of Woman. The Women of the Maleys of Woman. The Women of the Woman. The Ant. The Women of the Maleys of Woman. The Women of the Maleys of Woman. The Women of the Maleys of Woman. The Women of the M	Such was my Chloris' bonie face,	
First I wear'd the rustic sang. **S. Scense of work there lowed cooping, First enthalfal d. **J. **Leven for the sum hearth of the sword Seets Prologue. The work of the state of the stat		
where love decoying, First enhrall'd. How on this spot he first unshealf'd the sword Scots Prolique. my honor'd, first of friends. Stetch. New Fir Day. The first of Scanger, spot anither. The first of Scanger, spot anither. The Am first cord thrash the barn. The Am. to the Guiden's. The first she meast J'the Author's Cry and Prayer. How It's first followers and servants spot. The first she meast J'the Author's Cry and Prayer. How It's first followers and servants spot. The first she meast J'the Author's Cry and Prayer. How It's first followers and servants spot. The first she meast J'the Author's Cry and Prayer. How It's first followers and servants spot. The first she meast J'the Author's Cry and Prayer. How It's first followers and servants spot. The first she meast J'the Author's Cry and Prayer. How It's first followers and servants spot. The first she meast J'the Author's Cry and Prayer. How It's first followers and servants spot. Among the first was number? A mong the first was number? The first she she that the first spot. The Joby Engagers. S. H. Let Majesty your first attention summon, And cain I have a she spot. And saw gin they were sick on hale At the first sight. The Two Dags. And saw gin they were sick on hale At the first sight. The Two Dags. And saw gin they were sick on hale At the first sight. The Two Dags. The Two Dags. The Two Dags. The Two Types. The Two Alleys of Woman. The Two Dags. The Two Dags. The Two Dags. The Two Dags. The Two Types. The Two May Symmethes the first surveyed. The Women the spot of the part of the first surveyed. The Women the spot of the first surveyed. The First show the spot of the part of the first surveyed. The price of the first shows the first surveyed. The price of the first shows the first surveyed. The resident of the search of the first surveyed. The resident of the search of the first surveyed. The resident of the search of the first surveyed. The Two Types. The Two Types. The Two Types. The Two Types.	First I weav'd the rustic sang S. Scenes of woe't	
my honord, first of friends, Sketch, New-Pris Day, 1 fill first see ages, yea enables, — Taw of Shanter, th. An' first could thrash the barn, The Ans. to the Guidwigh. An' first could thrash the barn, The Ans. to the Guidwigh. An' first could thrash the barn, The Ans. to the Guidwigh. An' first could thrash the barn, The Ans. to the Guidwigh. An' first could thrash the barn, The An' first could threat the An' first could threat the An' first could be any An' first could be any Anna. The First could be any Anna. S. The good, Leaker of A. The first could be any Anna. S. The first of any bowe was a weagaring blash. The first of my bowe was a weagaring blash. The first of my bowe was a weagaring blash. The first of my bowe was a weagaring blash. The first of my bowe was a weagaring blash. The first of my bowe was a weagaring blash. The first of my bowe was a weagaring blash. The first of my bowe was a weagaring blash. The first of my bowe was a weagaring blash. The first of my bowe was a weagaring blash. The first of business of the hitter of the first collection of the Markey of		
Affire tood thrash the barn, The Ant. to the Cuidwoft. When first and repending the property of the property o		Fit only for a doited Monkish race, The Brigs of Ayr. 8.
And first could thrash the barn, **The Ans. to the Guidwife, **When first amang the yellow on A man I reckon'd was;		The same of the sa
When first amang the yellow com A man I rectiond was; A man I rection of was; It is first she meast I The Author's Cry and Prayer. How life first she meast I The Author's Cry and Prayer. How life first she meast I The Author's Cry and Prayer. How life first she meast I The Author's Cry and Prayer. How life first she greater than the control of the Among the first was number d'i. The first are was a belted knight, The Election Balladat. I. Though Nabobs, yet men o' the first; I D' Thou, the first she greater fired tof 0 s of opto Pr. Had I on earth but which street. The I of I was a balled with the the control of the human race! The first of any loves was a weagening blade, The first of any loves was a weagening blade, The first of any loves was a weagening blade, The first of any loves was a weagening blade, The first of any loves was a weagening blade, The first of any loves was a weagening blade, The first of any loves was a weagening blade, The first of any loves was a weagening blade, The first of any loves was a weagening blade, The first of any loves was a weagening blade, The first of any loves was a weagening blade, The first of any loves was a weagening blade, The first of any loves was a weagening blade, The first of any loves was a weagening blade, The first of any loves was a weagening blade, The first of any loves was a weagening blade, The first of any loves was a weagening blade, The first of the Majesty of Woman. The Twan Herit, 7. The Jowes first sandward was a the love of the first of the majest of the first of the majest of t		
A gift that e'en for S—e were fit. Ar in har by white to the hill. This Ital for genius, wit, and lore, Among the first was number of the Author's Cry and Proper. Though Nabobs, yet men o'the first; Among the first was number of the first; Among the first should be my Anna. S. The ground Lecke of A. The first of my loves was a sweggering blade, The first should be my Anna. S. The ground Lecke of A. The first should be my Anna. S. The ground Lecke of A. The first should be my Anna. The first of my loves was a sweggering blade, The first should be my Anna. The first of my loves was a was generic plade, The first should be my Anna. The first of my loves was a sweggering blade, The first should be my Anna. The first of my loves was a waggering blade, The first should be my Anna. The first of my loves was a sweggering blade, The first should be my Anna. The first of my loves was a waggering blade, The first should be my Anna. The my low first was not steed of the first was not steed of the first was not steed of the mannageria of the my low first was not steed of the mannageria of the first was not steed of the mannageria of the first was not steed of the men. The first should be my virgin kiss. The first should be my low first was not steed, The first should be my low first was not steed, The first should be my low first was not steed, The first should be my low first was not steed, The first should be my low first was not steed, The first should be my low first was not steed, The first should be my low first was not steed, The first should be my low first was not steed, The prince of the first was not steed, The prince of the mannageria of	· · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·	(Fit haunts for Friendship or for Love,
An in her whittle to the hilt. I'th first she meats I The Author's Cry and Prayer. How Itlis first followers and servants sped; This Ital for gonius, wit, and One Cotter's Sci. Night. 15. This Ital for gonius, wit, and One Cotter's Sci. Night. 15. The first as unamber'd; The Draw of Fac. The first are as a betted night, The Election Balladat. I. Though Nabobs, yet men o' the first; I Draw of Nabobs, yet men o' the first; I Draw of Hamman race! The Joint Comment of the Major of Wordship of Sci. The College of the Major of Wordship of Sci. The College of the Major of the Major of Wordship of Sci. The College of the Major of Wordship of Sci. The Two Digs. o'. And saw gin they were side in the Major of Wordship of Sci. The Major of Wordship of Sci. The Two Digs. o'. And saw gin they were side in the Sci. The Two Digs. o'. And saw gin they were side in the Sci. The Two Digs. o'. And saw gin they were side in the Sci. The Two Digs. o'. And saw gin they were side in the Sci. The Two Digs. o'. And saw gin they were side in the Sci. The Two Hards. 7. The Two differed of the Major of Wordship of Sci. The Two Hards. 7. The Two direct of the Major of Wordship of Sci. The Two Hards. 7. The Two direct of the Major of Wordship of Sci. The Two Hards. 7. Tweed clink for first of human kind, The Two Digs. o'. When first I came to Stewart Kyle, My mind it was an astony. Wy mind it was an astony. The Hardship of the Wordship of the Year, S. The Perit. The Jimmore I will poi, the firstling o' the year, S. The Perit. The Pirimore I will poi, the firstling o' the year, S. The Perit. The Jimmore I will poi, the firstling o' the year, S. The Perit. The Jimmore I will poi, the firstling o' the year, S. The Perit. The Jimmore I will poi, the firstling o' the year, S. The Perit. The Jimmore I will poi, the firstling o' the year, S. The Perit. The Jimmore I will poi, the firstling o' the year, S. The Perit. The Jimmore I will poi, the firstling o' the year, S. The Perit. The Jimmore I will poi, the firstling o'		
How His first followers and servanus speci. The Cetter's 2std. Night. 15. This Ital for genius, wit, and lore, Among the first was number d; The Deas of Fac. The first should be may be the first of the State o	An' rin her whittle to the hilt,	
This Half for genius, wit, and lore, Among the first was number 4; The Dean of Fac. The first ane was a betted knight, The Election Balladat. 1. Though Nabobs, yet men o' the first; B. III. O' Thou, the first, the greatest friend. I' Though Nabobs, yet men o' the first; B. III. O' Thou, the first, the greatest friend. I' Though Nabobs, yet men o' the first; B. III. O' Thou, the first, the greatest friend. I' The first should be my Anne. The first should be my Anne. S. The groud. Locks of A. The first should be my Anne. S. The groud. Locks of A. The first of my loves was a swaggering blade. The first of my loves was a swag was a love was a swag was a love was a swag was a love was a swag		
This Hal for genius, wit, and lore, Among the hist was number d; . The Dean of Fac. The first ane was a belted knight, The Election Ballads I. Though Nabobs, yet men o' the first; . B. III. O'thou, the first, the greatest friend The 18d To earth but wisbes the first; . The III. O'thou, the first, the greatest friend The 18d To earth but wisbes them. The first of my loves was as awagagering blade, The first of my loves was as awagagering blade, The first of my loves was as awagagering blade, The first of my loves was as awagagering blade, The first of my loves was as awagagering blade, The first of my loves was as awagagering blade, The first of my loves was as awagagering blade, The first of my loves was a swagagering blade, The Town Dogn. And saw gin they were sick or hale At the first sight. The Two Dogn. And saw gin they were sick or hale At the first sight. The Two Dogn. And saw gin they were sick or hale At the first sight. The Two Dogn. And saw gin they were sick or hale At the first sight. The Two Dogn. On her first plan, To Mr. Syme. And hear him curse the light he first surveyed, My mind it was an steady, When first I came to Stewart Kyle, My mind it was an steady, When first I came to Stewart Kyle, My mind it was na steady, The primone I will put, the first ling o' the year, S. The Porice, Firth ignor-sheltered land; v. "fauld", Now looking over first and fauld, Her hom the pale-fach Cyntha read'; [v. A. 20] A Vision. Fish. And like stock-fish come o'er his studdie The yielded will sides! Et. on Capt. M. H. For Solway fish a feast. That griens for the fishes and loaves, The Election Ballada, J. Fish, v. Where sailors gang to fish for Cod. The Two Dogn. The thick-evole Firth, with sullen-sounding road. The Bright on thin and studdie The primone I will put, the first ling o' the year, S. The Porice, Firth in an estuary. The tide-evole Firth, with sullen-sounding road. The primone I will put, the first ling o' the year, S. The Porice, for a single primone for the falled. J. Firth prood-sheltered land; v	How His first followers and servants sped; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 15.	
The first ane was a belied knight, The Ekettin Ballaids I. Hough Shobs, yet men of the first; Is. III. O' Though Shobs, yet men of the first; Is. III. O' Thou, the first, the greatest friend Of all the human race! The 1st o' V. of goth Pt. Had I on earth but withes three, The first should be my Anna. The first of my loves was a swagering blade, The first of my loves was a swagering blade, The first of my loves was a swagering blade, All cains! The Misjesty of Wor. The Islip Baggars. S. II. Let Majesty your first attention summon, All cains! The Misjesty of Wor. The Rights of Woman. the gentry first are stephan, The Twa Dogs. o. And saw gin they were sick or hale At the first sight. The Twa Dogs. o. And saw gin they were sick or hale At the first sight. The Twa Dogs. o. The Twa Herdt. 7. To A Kis. She's turn'd you off, a human-creature Twere drink for first of human kind, To Mr. Synte. And bear him curse the light he first surveyed, Why mind it was na steady. The simmer first unfauld her robes, Ye Roman, S. Ye beaths, and bracts, and streams! Three simmer first unfauld her robes, S. Ye banks, and bracts, and streams! Firstiling. The primore I will pu', the firstiling o' the year, S. The Posite. Firth ian estuary! The primore I will pu', the firstiling o' the year, S. The Posite. Firth ian estuary! The primore I will pu', the firstiling o' the year, S. The Posite. Firth ian estuary! The primore I will pu', the firstiling o' the year, S. The Posite. Firth ian estuary! The primore I will pu', the firstiling o' the year, S. The Posite. Firth ian estuary! The primore I will pu', the firstiling o' the year, S. The Posite. Firth ian estuary! The primore I will pu', the firstiling o' the year, S. The Posite. Firth ian estuary! The primore I will pu', the firstiling o' the year, S. The Posite. Firth ian estuary! The primore I will pu', the firstiling o' the year, S. The Posite. Firth ian estuary! The primore I will pu', the firstiling o' the year, S. The Posite. Firth ian estuary! The primore I will pu', the firstili	This Hal for genius, wit, and lore,	Look'd on the fading yellow woods Lament for Glencairn.
Though Nabobs, yet men o' the first; 18. III. O' Thou, the first, the greatest friend of all the human race! The first of my love was a swagering blade, The first should be my Anna. The first should be my Anna. The first should be my Anna. Let Majesty your first attention summon, Ah! caina! The Majesty of Woman. Ah caina! A the first sight. The Two Dogs. 9. And saw gin they were sick or hale A the first sight. The Two Dogs. 9. And saw gin they were sick or hale A the first sight. The Two Dogs. 9. And saw gin they were sick or hale A the first sight. The Two Majesty of Woman. And the sinst successed of the first surveyed, The first of first of human kind. The Two My Symbol. The Two My sind it was not seady. S. When first I came to Stewart Kyle, My mind it was not seady. S. When first I came? When first I came to Stewart Kyle, My mind it was not seady. S. When first I came? The prince of will put, the firstling of the year, S. The Posic. The princese I will put, the firstling of the year, S. The Posic. The princese I will put, the firstling of the year, S. The Posic. The first of woman. The Brigg of Ayr. 3. Firth (mood-sheltered land; r. "fauld"). Now looking over firth and fauld, Her horn the pale-faced Cynthia reard; [v. A. 20] A Vision. Fish. And like stock- fish come of er his studdle. And inthe fisher scale we wail That griens for the fishes and loaves, The Election Balladas. Fish, co. Where salions gang to fish for Cod. The Twa Dogs. Fish-creed [Hah-basket]. Since dark in Death's fish-creed we wail Than Samson dead! Tam Samson dead! Tam Samson dead! The Contraduct of th		
Of all the human race I The 1st of V.s of 90th Ps. Had I on earth but wishes three, The first should be my Anna. S. The groud. Locks of A. The first of my loves was a swagering blade, The first of my loves was a swagering blade, The first of my loves was a swagering blade, The first of my loves was a swagering blade, The first of my loves was a swagering blade, The first of my loves was a swagering blade, The first of my loves was a swagering blade, The first of my loves was a swagering blade, The first of my loves was a swagering blade, The first of my loves was a swagering blade, The first of my loves was a swagering blade, And saw gin they were sick or hale At the first sight. The Twan Berg, 7. Love's first snow-drop, virgin kiss. The Twan Herde, 7. To Mr. Syme. And hear him curse the light he first surveyed. To Mr. Syme. And hear him curse the light he first surveyed. When first I came to Stewart Kyle, My mind it was na steady. To Mr. Syme. The first I saw fair Jeanie's face. Loudhan tell what naidem, S. When first I sawt' The primose I will pu', the firstling o' the year, S. The Posic. Firth ian estuary]. The tide-swohn Firth, with sullen-sounding one. The tide-swohn Firth, with sullen-sounding of the year, S. The Posic. Firth lam estuary]. Firsh mood-sheltered land; many firth lambourd of the		
Of all the human race! The set of V-s of pools Ps. Had I on earth but which sthree, The first of my but wishes three, The first of my loves was a swaggering blade. The first of my loves was a swaggering blade. The first of my loves was a swaggering blade. The first of my loves was a swaggering blade. The first of my loves was a swaggering blade. The first of my loves was a swaggering blade. The first of my loves was a swaggering blade. The first of My mind it was the gentry first are steghan, The Twa Dogs. And saw gin they were sick or hale At the first sight. The Twa Bogs. And saw gin they were sick or hale At the first sight. The Twa Bogs. On her first plann, To Jr. S., 3. Twere drink for first of human kind, To Mr. Syme. And hear him curse the light he first surveyed, When first I came? The first plands are with the first surveyed. The first of my mind it was not accept. S. When first I saw? The foolidns tell while find a first of the first surveyed. The first unfauld her robes. S. Ye banks, and breats, and streams? The brigs of Ayr. 3. The tide-swoln Firth, with sullen-sounding roar, The Brigs of Ayr. 3. The tide-swoln Firth, with sullen-sounding roar, The Brigs of Ayr. 3. Firth [am estuary]. The tide-swoln Firth, with sullen-sounding roar, The Brigs of Ayr. 3. Firth [am estuary]. Firth [wood-sheltered land; r. "fauld"]. Now looking over firth and fauld, Her horn the pale-field Cynthia read; [v. A. so] A Vision. Fish. And life stock sish come or his studie. All the first surveyed, was a feet of the fishes and loaves. The Brigs of Ayr. 3. Fish. roa [life shock sish. come or his studie. All the first surveyed, was a feet of the first surveyed, was a feet of the first and fauld, and firth first		
The first should be my Anna. S. The good. Locks of A. The first simple loves was a waggering blade. Let Majesty your first attention summon, Ah! qa ira! The Majesty of Woman. S. The Rights of Woman. The grow Degs. 9. And saw gin they were sick or hale. At the first sight. The Twan Berds. 7. Love's first snow-drop, virgin kiss. To a Kiss. She's turn'd you off, a human-creature To J. S., 3. Twee drink for first of human kind. To Br. Syme. And hear him curse the light he first surveyed. To R. G. of F., 1. When first I came to Stewart Kyle. My mind it was no steady. S. When first I came to Stewart Kyle. My mind it was no steady. S. When first I came to There simmer first unfauld her robes. S. Ye hanks, and brases, and streams! The primose I will pu', the firstling o' the year, S. The Poete. Firth fan estuary! Firstling. The index-wold Firth, with sullen-sounding roar, The Brigs of Ayr. 3. The primose I will pu', the firstling o' the year, S. The Poete. Firth fan estuary! Now looking over firth and fauld, Her horn the pale-field Cythia rear'd; (v. A. 20) A Vision. Fish. And like stock ship come o'er his studdie fish. The tide-swohn Firth, with sullen-sounding roar, The Brigs of Ayr. 3. The primose I will pu', the firstling o' the year, S. The Poete. Firth fan estuary! Now looking over firth and fauld, Her horn the pale-field Cythia rear'd; (v. A. 20) A Vision. Fish. And like stock ship come o'er his studdie fish. The Tou Dogs. Fish-creel (fish-basket). Since dark in Death's fish-creel we wail Tam Samson deal! Tam Samson's El., o. Fish-creel (fish-basket). Since dark in Death's fish-creel we wail Tam Samson deal! Tam Samson's El., o. Fisher. Ve fisher herons, watching eels; El. on Capt. M. H. At noon the fisher seeks the glen. Ept to J. L.—k, Ap. 1st. 2. Fish. The When the plough again; Ep. to R. Graham. He clench'd his pamphlets in his fist. Ext. on Capt. M. H. Ad noo		If sae be, ye may be Not fitted otherwhere.
The foldy Beggars. S. II. Let Majesty your first attention summon, Ah! qaira! The Majesty of Woman. The Two Mogs. 9. And saw gin they were sick or hale the first sight. The Twa Mersts. 7. Love's first snow-drop, virgin kiss. To a Kiss. She's turn'd you off, a human-creature On her first plan, To Mr. Syme. And hear him curse the light he first surveyed. The Men first 1 saw is the light he first surveyed. The Men first 1 saw fair Jeanie's face. I couldnated whall it was na steady, When first 1 came to Stewart Kyle, My mind it was na steady, When first 1 came to Men first should her robes. S. When first 1 came the light he first surveyed. The printered I will put, the first sling of the year, S. When first 1 came the Stewart St. S. Ye banks, and brace, and streams? The printered I will put, the first light of the year, S. The Porte. Firth I me stuary?. The tide-swoln Firth, with sullen-sounding roas, The Heleschild come of er his studdie. Will the word of the studdie. Will the studdie. Will the word of the studdie. The home his pade in the studdie. Will the word of the studdie. The home his pade in the his studdie.	The first should be my Anna. S. The good, Locks of A.	
Mile 18 neighbour walks in the furrow). Let Majesty your first attention summon, Ah! ga ira! The Majesty of Woman. S. The Rights of Woman. The gentry first are stephan, . The Two Dogs. 9. And saw gin they were sick or hale At the first sight The Two Herds. 7. Love's first snow-drop, virgin kiss To a Kiss. She's turn'd you off, a human-creature On her first pland, . To J. S., 3. Twere drink for first of human kind, . To Mr. Syme. And hear him curse the light he first surveyed, . When first I saw fair Jeanie's face. I want first Jeanie's face. S. When first I saw fair Jeanie's face. S. When first I saw the There simmer first unfauld her robes, S. Y. be hanks, and braces, and streams! Firstling. The printose I will pu', the firstling o' the year, S. The Posic. Firth fan estuary). The tide-swon Firth, with sullen-sounding roar, The Brigs of Ayr. 3. First Man Stuaryl. The Brigs of Ayr. 3. First Man Stuaryl. The Brigs of Ayr. 3. First Man Stuaryl. Now looking over firth and fauld, . The Brigs of Ayr. 3. First Man Stuaryl. First Messen Stewart Style, . Let on Pog Nicholson. And little fishes' caller rest: . S. The Contented Cettage. That griens for the fishes and loaves. The Election Ballads. 3. Fish, to. Where sailors agan to fish for Cod. The Twa Dogs. 15th, to. Where sailors agan to fish for Cod. The Twa Dogs. 15th, to. Where sailors agan to fish for Cod. The Twa Dogs. 15th, to. Where sailors agan to fish for Cod. The Twa Dogs. 15th, to. Where sailors agan to fish for Cod. The Twa Dogs. 15th, to. Where sailors agan to fish for Cod. The Twa Dogs. 15th, to. Where sailors agan to fish for Cod. The Twa Dogs. 15th, to. Where sailors agan to fish for Cod. The Twa Dogs. 15th, to. Where sailors agan to fish for Cod. The Twa Dogs. 15th, to. Where sailors agan to fish for Cod. The Twa Dogs. 15th, to. Where sailors agan to fish for Cod. The Twa Dogs. 15th, to. Where sailors agan to fish for Cod. The Twa Dogs. 15th, to. Where sailors agan to fish Cod. The Twa Dogs. 15th, to. Where sailors agan to fish for Co		plough, which 'foots' the unploughed 'land'
As 'er in tug or tow was drawn! A Guid New-Year 11. As er in tug or tow was drawn! A Guid New-Year 11. Five, My sarks they are few, but five them new, Ronaldts of Bennats. The Twa Herds, 7. Love's first snow-drop, virgin kiss. The Twa Herds, 7. Love's first snow-drop, virgin kiss. The Twa Herds, 7. Love's first snow-drop, virgin kiss. The Twa Herds, 7. Love's first snow-drop, virgin kiss. The Twa Herds, 7. Twere drink for first of human kind, To Br. Syme. And hear him curse the light he first surveyed, To R. G. of F. 1. When first I came to Stewart Kyle, My mind it was na steady, To R. G. of F. 1. When first I came to Stewart Kyle, My mind it was na steady. S. When first I same to There simmer first unfauld her robes, I couldnated the hat alled me, S. Ye banks, and braces, and streams there is the south, The Brigs of Ayr. 3. First ling. The princrose I will pu', the firstling o' the year, S. The Posic. Firth lam estuary]. The tide-swohn Firth, with sullen-sounding roar, The Brigs of Ayr. 3. Firth (wood-sheltered land; ""fauld"). Now looking over firth and fauld, Her horn the pale-fac'd Cynthia rear'd ; [v. A. 20] A Vision. Fish. And like stock-fish one o'er his studdle Wi' thy auld sides! El. on Capt. M. H. For Solway fish a feast. S. The Contented Cottager. That griens for the fishes and lowes, The Election Ballads. Fishe-cree [fish-basket]. Since dark in Death's fish-creed we wall Tam Samson deal! Tam Samson's El., 6. Fisher. Ye fisher herons, watching cels; El. on Capt. M. H. At noon the fisher seeks the glen. S. Whon e'er the fill. The love of the fishes and lowes, The Election Ballads. Fishe pried [fish-basket]. Since dark in Death's fish-creed we wall Tam Samson deal! Tam Samson deal! Tam Samson deal! Fishe pried [fish-basket]. Since dark in Death's fish-creed we wall Tam Samson deal! Tam Samson deal! Tam Samson deal! Fish pried [fish basket]. S. The Foreham. He clench'd his pamphlets in his fist. Ep. to Davie. Fish my dried fish, and tilt, and illin, and w	The Jolly Beggars. S. II.	while its neighbour walks in the furrows.
Five, My sarks they are few, but five o' them nearly from the gentry first are stephan, The Twa Degs. 9. And saw gin they were sick or hale The Twa Herds, 7. Love's first snow-drop, virgin kiss To a Kiss. She's turn'd you off, a human-creature On her first plan, To J. S., 3. Twere drink for first of human kind, To Mr. Syn. And hear him curse the light he first surveyed, To Mr. Syn. My mind it was na steady, S. When first I came! When first I saw fair Jeanie's face, S. When first I saw! There simmer first unfauld her robes, S. When first I saw! There simmer first unfauld her robes, S. When first I saw! There simmer first unfauld her robes, S. When first I saw! The primrose I will put, the firstling o' the year, S. The Posic. Firth lan estuary]. The primrose I will put, the firstling o' the year, S. The Posic. Firth lan estuary]. Now looking over firth and fauld, Fal. on Peg Nicholson. And little fishes' caller rest: S. The Continued Cottager. That griens for the fishes and loaves, The Election Ballada. 3. Fish, to. Where sailors gang to fish for Cot. The Twa Degs. Fish-creel [fish-basket]. Since dark in Death's fish-creel we wail Tam Samson dead! Tam Samson	Let Majesty your first attention summon,	
the gentry first are steghan, . The Twa Dogs. 9. And saw gin they were sick or hale At the first sight. The Twa Herds. 7. Love's first snow-drop, virgin kiss. To a Kiss. She's turn'd you off, a human-creature On her first plan, . To J. S., 3. Twere drink for first of human kind, . To Br. Synte. And hear him curse the light he first surveyed, . To R. G. of F., 1. When first I came to Stewart Kyle, My mind it was na steady, . S. When first I came the When first I saw fair Jeanie's face, I couldnated with a tailed me, . S. When first I saw There simmer first unfauld her robes, . Ye banks, and braces, and streamst There simmer first unfauld her robes, . Ye banks, and braces, and streamst There simmer first unfauld her robes, . Ye banks, and braces, and streamst There simmer first unfauld her robes, . The first ling o' the year, S. The Posit. Firth lan estuary]. The tide-swoln Firth, with sullen-sounding roat, . "fauld"]. The wood-sheltered land; v. "fauld"]. The wood-sheltered land; v. "fauld"]. Now looking over firth and fauld, . Her horn the pale-fac'd Cynthia rear'd; [v. A. 20] A Vision. Fish. And like stock-fish one o'er his studdle . Wit thy auld sides! EL on Capt. M. H. For Solway fish a feast EL on Peg Nicholson. And little fishes' caller rest: . S. The Contented Cottager. That griens for the fishes and lowes, The Election Ballads. J. Fish, co. Where sailors gang to fish for Cod. The Twa Dogs. Fishe-peel [fish-basket]. Since dark in Death's fish-creed we wall . Tam Samson's EL, o. Fisher-peel [fish-basket]. Since dark in Death's fish-creed we wall . Tam Samson's EL, o. Fisher-peel [fish-basket]. Since dark in Death's fish-creed we wall . Tam Samson's EL, o. Fisher-peel [fish-basket]. Since dark in Death's fish-creed we wall . Since dark in Death's		
At the first sight. To a Kiss. To a Kiss. She's turn'd you off, a human-creature To a Kiss. She's turn'd you off, a human-creature To a Kiss. The read of her first plan, To her first plan, The hides sweath first plan her follow. The hides was far plan her first plan	the gentry first are steghan, The Twa Dogs. 9.	Ronalds of Bennals.
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An cock your crest To W. Simpson. Even Sappho's flame. Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	But Willie set your fit to mine,	In thy sweet sang, Barbauld, survives
	An cock your crest, . To W. Simpson.	Even Sappho's flame. Poem on Pastoral Poetry.

The wily Mother sees the conscious flame The Cotter's Sat. Night. 7.	Flavour. O had the malt thy strength of mind,
Or noble Elgin beets the heaven-ward flame, . Ib. 13.	Or hops the flavour of thy wit; . To Mr. Syme. Flaw. And then their [the Saunts'] failings, flaws an' wants,
As flames amang a hundred woods, The Election Ballads. VI.	Are a' seen thro' $Ep. to J. R. 2$.
Whase raging flame, an' scorching heat, Wad melt the hardest whun-stane! . The Holy Fair. 22.	But such is the flaw, or the depth of the plan, Fragment, inser. to Fox.
The plighted faith; the mutual flame; . The Lament.	Her reputation is complete
Give the poet's darling flame, The Toast.	And fair without a flaw S. Handsome Nell.
I hope frae heav'n to see them yet	Spying the time-worn flaws in ev'ry arch; The Brigs of Ayr. 4.
In fiery flame The Twa Herds. 11. 'I mark'd thy embryo-tuneful flame, The Vision. D. II. 11.	Three joyous good fellows with hearts clear of flaw;
'I mark'd thy embryo-tuneful flame, The Vision. D. II. 11. 'I taught thee how to pour in song,	The Whistle. 6.
'To soothe thy flame Ib. 16.	Flaxen. The balmy gales awake the flowers, And wave thy flaxen hair S. Behold, my love †
'Thy tuneful flame still careful fan;	Sae flaxen were her ringlets, S. Sac flaxen †
"By driving winds, the crackling flames are borne!" To Clarinda.	Fleck. Then up gat fechtan Jamie Fleck Halloween. 17.
Still fan the sweet connubial flame Responsive in each bosom, S. Young Peggy†	Fled. Ere twice the shades of dawn are fled, S. A Rosebud by my †
Responsive in each bosom, S. Young Peggy† Flaming.	Ev'ry hope is fled, Ev'ry fear is terror; . S. Ay waking, O†
Kind Nature's care had given his share,	But now our joys are fled, S. But lately seen,†
Large, of the flaming current; Nature's Law.	The daring invaders they fled or they died S. Caledonia.
Who distant burns in flaming torrid climes, Once fondly lov'd †	And with him all the joys are fled, Life can to me impart. S. Fate gave the word,
In flaming summer-pride, . The Petition of Br. Water.	And hope has left my aged ken,
Life's meridian flaming nigh, Wr. in Friars-Carse H.	On forward wing for ever fled Lament for Glencairn.
Flang [did fling, did caper].	Where is that soul of freedom fled? Liberty. And ane wad rather fa'n than fled;
And flang them a' [her spinnin-graith] out o'er the hurn. S. Duncan Davison.	On Grose's Peregrinations.
To sing how Nannie lap and flang, . Tam o' Shanter. 16.	Where are the Muses fled, that should produce A drama worthy of the name of Bruce? Scots Prologue.
I flang my arms about her neck. S. The lass that made the bed.	They fled like frighted dows, man.
Flannen, Flainen [flannel]. Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,	S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
Been snaw-white seventeen hunder linnen!	Free-will'd I fled from courtly bowers; The Hermit.
Tam o' Shanter. 13.	Now, thank our stars! these Gothic times are fled; The Rights of Woman.
You on an auld wife's flainen toy; To a Louse. Flaring.	And like a passing thought, she fled, In light away The Vision. D. II. 23.
Amid their flaring, idle toys, S. The Contented Cottager.	
Flash.	Till fled each hope that once his bosom fired, And fled each Muse that glorious once inspired,
The lightnings flash from pole to pole; Tam o' Shanter. 10.	To R. G. of F., 5.
Flashest.	(Fled, like the sun eclips'd as noon appears,
Thou dart of heaven that flashest by, S. O mirk, mirk†	Flee v. Flie.
Thou dart of heaven that flashest by, S. O mirk, mirk† Flashing.	
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Fleshly. At times I'm fash'd wi' fleshly lust Holy Willie's Prayer. 6. Maybe thou lets this fleshly thorn,	And flinty is thy breast:
Fleth'ran [flattering]. A fleechan, fleth'ran Dedication, A Ded. to G. H.	The flinty heart that canna feel To Mr. J. Kennedy. Flirtation. Smiles, glances, sighs, tears, fits, flirtations, airs,
Flew. Careless ilka thought and free, As the breeze flew o'er me. S. Blythe ha'e I been †	'Gainst such an host what flinty savage dares The Rights of Woman Flisket [fretted at the yoke].
But souple Donald quicker flew, S. Donald Brodie † The clouds swift-wing'd flew o'er the starry sky,	Thou never braing't, an' fetch't, an flisket, A Gude New-Year † 12.
On Death of Sir J. Blair. The dancers quick and quicker flew; Tam o' Shanter. 12.	Flit. Wi' tentie care I'll flit thy tether, A Guid New-Year † 18.
And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle;	Or lightly flit on wanton wing S. Bonnie Lassie, will ye go † The birdies flit on wanton wing. S. Now bank and brae †
O'er hill and dale she [Mirth] flew, man; The Fête Champetre. The golden hours, on angel wings,	The bird of eve flits sullen by On Lincluden. Flit G[alloway] and find Some narrow, dirty, dungeon cave, On seeing Seat of Lord G.
Few o'er me and my dearie; S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †	Or like the borealis race, That flit ere you can point their place; . Tam o' Shanter. 7.
Flewit [a smart blow]. "I'd rather suffer for my faut,	Flitting. While flitting sea-fowls round me cry, . S. Behold the hour †
A hearty flewit, What ails ye now † Fley [to frighten, terrlfy, scare]. Waefu' Want and Hunger fley me, S. O that I had ne'er†	Flittering [fluttering, vibrating]. And mounts and sings on flittering wings,
Fley'd [scared, frighted; put to flight]. My name is Death, but be na' fley'd!	Float. When thowes dissolve the snawy hoord,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 9. He was sae fley'd an' eerie:	An' float the jinglan icy boord, . Add. to the Deil, 12. How many a robe sae gaily floats! The Fête Champetre. Floated.
Till fley'd awa' by Phœbus' light S. O were my love † Flichterin [fluttering].	Wild floated in my brain; . The Ans. to the Guidwife. Floating.
To meet their Dad, wi' flichterin noise and glee. The Cotter's Sat. Night. 3.	But now she's floating down the Nith, El. on Peg Nicholson. Flock. My flocks and my Mary's sweet Cot in my eye.
Flickering. Oh! flickering, feeble, and unsicker I've found her [life] still, <i>Poem on Life</i> . Flie, Flee [a fly].	S. Afton Water. We'll tent our flocks by Galla water.
I dinna care a single flie; S. In simmer when † "I care na wealth a single flie; S. O Phely, †	S. Braw lads on Yar. braes† The simmer joys the flocks to follow; S. By Allan stream†
Gang by me as tho' that ye car'd nae a flie: S. O whistle † Poor man the flie, aft bizzes by, Poem on Life.	To feed her fair flocks by her green rustling corn: S. Caledonia. A guide, a buckler, an' example
But for how lang the flie may stang, Let Inclination law that The Jolly Beggars. S. VII.	To a' thy flock. Holy Willie's Prayer. 5. Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks, S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite †
Feathers of a flee wad feather up his bonnet, S. Wee Willie Gray† Flie, to, v. Fly.	To bless his little filial flock, O Thou dread Pow'r† Her teeth are like a flock o' sheep, S. On Cessnock banks†
Flight. Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole, A Bard's Epit. A flight of bold eagles from Adria's strand; S. Caledonia.	Lone on the bleaky hills the straying flocks On Death of R. Dundas. So, may his flock increase an grow The Death of Mailie.
For through your orbs he's ta'en his flight, Elegy on Capt. M. H. 14.	And gie him o'er the flock, to feed, . The Ordination. 5. O a' ye pious godly flocks,
My muse may imp her wing for some sublimer flight. Ερ. to R. Graham. 5. Which save the linnet's flight, I wot,	Well fed on pastures orthodox, The Twa Herds. What flock wi' M[ood]y's flock could rank, Ib. 5.
Nae ruder visit knows, S. Now Spring has clad † But day and night my fancy's flight	O! a' ye flocks, o'er a' the hills,
Is ever wi' my Jean	To W. Simpson. P.S To tend the flocks or till the soil, S. Twas even—the dewy† And the shepherd tents his flock as he pipes on his reed.
And straught to Stirling wing'd their flight, S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	S. You wild mossy mountains † Flock, to.
Now wad ye sing this double flight,	When to the loughs the Curlers flock, . Tam Samson's El Flood.
S. The heather was blooming † Are mind't, in things they ca' balloons, To tak a flight, To W. Simpson. P.S.	virgin Spring, by Eden's flood, Add. to Shade of Thomson. Oft prowling, ensanguin'd the Tweed's silver flood;
Flinch'd. Welsh, who ne'er yet flinch'd his ground,	S. Caledonia. The sweeping vales, and foaming floods, E. to Davie. 4.
The Election Ballads. VI. The Election Ballads. VI. Twill mak her poor auld beart, I fear,	I murder hate by field or flood, Lns. on Window, Gl. Tav Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods. S. My hear's in the Highlands †
In flinders flee: On Scot. Bard gne to W. I. Fling. Mall's nit lap out, wi' pridefu' fling, Halloween. 9.	Pity's flood there never rose Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —. And parritch-pats, and auld saut backets,
Fling, to. O'er Pegasus I'll fling my leg, The Election Ballads. VI.	Before the Flood. On Grose's Peregrinations. The gathering floods burst o'er the distant plains;
Or nobly fling the gospel club, The Twa Herds. 8. My pen I here fling to the door, To J. S., 21.	Or tumbling in the boiling flood Wi' kail an' beef;
Flinging [capering]. Lowping and flinging on a crummock, Tam o' Shanter. 14. Flinging tree [a field]	She [Nature] plants the forest, pours the flood; S. Streams that glide † Before him Doon pours all his floods; Tamo' Shanter. 10.
Flingin-tree [a flail]. The Thresher's weary flingin-tree, The Vision. D. I. 2. Flinty.	Before him Doon pours all his floods; Tam o' Shanter. 10. This mony a year I've stood the flood an' tide; The Brigs of Ayr. 7.
How can your flinty hearts enjoy The widow's tears, the orphan's cry! S. O Logan! sweetly †	As headlong foam a hundred floods; The Election Ballads. VI. The echoing wood, the winding flood, The Fête Champetre.
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As with a flood Thou tak'st them off With overwhelming sweep. The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps	Yon knot of gay flowers in the arbour, They ne'er wi' my Phillis can vie: S. Adown winding Nith †
Here, Doon pour'd down his far-fetch'd floods; The Vision. D. I. 14.	Amang the trees where humming bees At buds and flowers were hinging, S. Amang the trees †
'Mong swelling floods of reeking gore, Ib. D. II. 5.	Your beauty's a flower, in the morning that blows,
Thro' bluidy flood or field to dash, O how unfit! To a Haggis.	And wither's the faster, the faster it grows; S. Awa' wi' your witchcraft †
At Wallace' name, what Scottish blood, But boils up in a spring-tide flood! To W. Simpson.	Simmer's a pleasant time, Flow'rs of ev'ry colour;
And turn'd me round to hide the flood	The halmy gales awake the flowers, S. Behold, my love, †
That in my een was swelling. S. When wild War's †	These wild-wood flowers I've pu'd to deck That spotless breast o' thine;
The incessant roar of headlong tumbling floods Wr. in Kenmore Inn.	Her looks were like a flow'r in May, . S. Blythe was she, †
The roaring Fyers pours his mossy floods; Wr. by Fall of Fyers.	The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,
Floor. They laid him out upon the floor, John Barleycorn.	S. Bonnie Lassie, will ye go †
Flounder.	Through gentle showers, the laughing flowers In double pride were gay S. But lately seen,†
The hapless Poet flounders on thro' life. To R. G. of F., 5,	I see the spreading leaves and flowers, S. Craigie-burn Wood.
Flourish. While worth in the mind o' my Phillis	Slides by a bower where monie a flower
Will flourish without a decay. S. Adown winding Nith †	Sheds fragrance on the day, S. Damon and Sylvia. The flower-enamour'd busy bee Delia. An Ode.
But may ye flourish like a lily, Now bonilie! . On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.	Ye roses on your thorny tree, The first o' flowers
Low in your wintry beds, ye flowers,	O'er the dewy hending flowers . S. Hark! the mavis †
Again ye'll flourish fresh and fair; S. The Catrine woods † That man shall flourish like the trees Which by the streamlets grow; The 1st Psalm.	With green spreading bushes, and flow'rs blooming fair; S. How pleasant the banks †
They flourish like the morning flow'r, The 1st b V.s of 90th Ps	bonniest flow'r on the banks of the Devon,
It ne'er should flourish to its prime, The Tree of Liberty.	O mild be the sun on this sweet blushing flower, Ib.
if thou would flourish immortal in rhyme, The Whistle. 17.	I dream'd I lay where flowers were springing, Gaily in the sunny beam; S. I dream'd I lay †
Flourished, -'d.	May When all the flowers were fresh and gay,
Our thrissles flourish'd fresh and fair, S. Awa, whigs, awa. But late she flourished, rooted fast, On Birth of Posth. Child.	S. It was the charming †
Flow. Ocean's ebb, and ocean's flow; S. Let not woman †	The youngest he was the flower amang them a'; S. Lady Mary Ann.
Or pour, with Gray, the moving flow,	Lady Mary Ann was a flower in the dew: Ib.
Warm on the heart. The Vision. D. II. 19.	The flower amang our barons bold, Lament for Glencairn.
Flow, to. When ebhing life nae mair shall flow, A Ded. to G. H., 14.	And the next flowers, that deck the spring,
And frae his harp sic strains did flow, A Vision.	Bloom on my peaceful grave. Lament of Mary of Scots. the flower which bloomed sweetest in Coila's green vale,
The hills whence classic Yarrow flows;	Lament on leaving Nat. Land.
Add. to Shade of Thomson. Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green hraes,	cheer'd ilk drooping little flow'r, S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite †
Flow gently, I sing thee a song in thy praise; [re.] S. Afton Water.	When past the show'r, and every flow'r The garden is adorning:
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream. [re.] Ib.	Lovely as yonder sweet opening flower is, S. Mark yonder Pomp †
Flow gently, sweet River, the theme of my lays; Ib.	And flowers let us cull for Eliza's cold bier.
Behind yon hills where Stinchar flows, [v. A. 26] S. Behind yon hills †	Monody, on a Lady. We'll search through the garden for each silly flower, . Ib.
And frae my een the drapping rains Maun ever flow. El. on Capt. M. H. 11.	And gowden flowers sae rare upon't; S. My Lord a-hunting †
But [your life] "allegretto forte" gay Harmonious flow . Ep. to Maj. Logan. 5.	The flower and fancy o' the west;
Harmonious flow . Ep. to Maj. Logan. 5. The martial phosphorus is taught to flow, Ep. to R. Graham. 2.	In Roslin's fairest bower I'll shelter this sweet flower, . S. My Love's a winsome †
Whose verse in manhood's pride sublimely flows, Ib. 5.	Propitious Powers screen'd the young flow'rs, Nature's Law.
Farewell, thou stream that winding flows Around Eliza's dwelling; . S. Farewell, thou stream †	The flow'r of ancient nations;
Where Devon, sweet Devon, meand'ring flows.	To deck her gay green spreading howers; S. Now rosy May†
S. How pleasant the banks †	And strew'd the lea wi' flowers: S. Now Spring has clad †
While hid the murmuring streamlets flow; On Cessnock banks,† Sett. II.	Not vernal show'rs to budding flow'rs, S. Now westlin winds †
From that dear stream which flows to Clyde. S. Slow spreads the gloom †	But love is far a sweeter flow'r Amid life's thorny path o' care S. O bonie was yon rosy †
Where waters flow and wild woods wave, S. Streams that glide †	And here's the flower that I lo'e hest— The rose that's like the snaw. S. O Kenmure's on and awa †
The Thames flows proudly to the sea, S. The Banks of Nith.	The sweetest flower that deck'd the mead, Now trodden like the vilest weed, . S. O Lassie, art thou †
But while my crimson currents flow,	The bees hum round the breathing flow'rs:
I love my Highland lassie, O. S. The Highland Lassie.	S. O Logan! sweetly †
There streams for ever flow, and there flowers for ever blow,	'Sips nectar in the op'ning flower, S. O Phely,†
S. The Slave's Lament. Flow still between us, thou wide roaring main.	Or why sae sweet a flower as love, Depend on Fortune's shining? . S. O poortith cauld,†
S. Wandering Willie.	How blest, ye flowers that round her blaw,
As high in air the hursting torrents flow, Wr. by Fall of Fyers	S. O wat ye wha's in † And she, a lovely little flower
Flow'd. At Yarico's sweet notes of grief,	I see her in the dewy flowers, S. Of a' the airts †
The rock with tears had flow'd. Lns on Mrs. Kemble.	There's not a bonie flower that springs,
Down flow'd her robe, a tartan sheen, The Vision. D. I. 11.	By fountain, shaw, or green;
Flower, Flow'r. Where the wa'-flower scents the dewy air, A Vision.	On a hank of flowers one summer's day, S. On a bank of flowers †
From marking wildly-scatt'red flowers, Add. to Edinburgh.	With flowers so white and leaves so green,
To mark the sweet flower's as they spring; S. Adown winding Nith †	S. On Cessnock banks t When flow'r-reviving rains are past;

The flower stem shall bloom like thy sweet Seraph form,	The shepherd in the flowery glen, S. Behold, my love †
On Death of fav. Child.	The flowery Spring leads sunny Summer, . S. Bonie Bell.
Whose innocence did sweets disclose	Now simmer blinks on flow'ry braes,
Beyond that flower's perfume On Poet's Daughter.	S. Bonie Lassie, will ye go t
There's ne'er a flower that blooms in May, That's half sae welcome's thou art. On W. Stewart.	Thy gay, green, flowery tresses shear, El. on Capt. M. H. 12.
	Thou chrystal streamlet with thy flowery shore,
While you wild flowers among, Chance led me there; S. Phillis the Fair.	El. on Miss Burnet.
There's not a flower that blooms in May,	Along the flowery banks of Cree. S. Here is the glen, †
That's half so fair as thou art S. Polly Stewart.	A' my flowery bliss destroy'd S. I dream'd I lay †
The flower it blaws, it fades and fa's,	while rosy pleasure
And Art can ne'er renew it,	Hides young desire amid her flowery wreath, Innocence †
She was the flower o' Fairlee lambs, [v.A.19]	And o'er the flowery mead she goes, S. It was the charming †
Poor Mailie's El	Now Nature cleeds the flow'ry lea,
Fairest flow'r! behold the lily, S. Sensibility, 1	S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite †
How can ye please, ye flowers, with all your dies?	the flowery snare Of witching love. S. Now Spring has clad †
Sonnet, on Death of R	But now thy flow'ry banks appear
I see the flowers and spreading trees, S. Sweet fa's the eve t	Like drumlie winter, dark and drear, S. O Logan! sweetly †
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed; Tam o' Shanter. 7.	The little swallow's wanton wing,
Unnumber'd buds an' flow'rs' delicious spoils,	Tho' wasting o'er the flowery spring, S. O Phely, †
The Brigs of Ayr.	When flow'ry May adorns the scene, S. On Cessnock banks †
Nae mair the flow'r in field or meadow springs; Ib. 2.	The pride of all the flowery scene, Ib. Sett. II.
The flowers decay'd on Catrine lea, S. The Catrine woods †	Some, lucky, find a flow'ry spot,
Low in your wintry beds, ye flowers,	For which they never toil'd nor swat; To J. S., 17.
Again ye'll flourish fresh and fair;	Ye flowery banks o' bonie Doon, . S. The Banks of Doon.
gathering flowers and busking bowers, The Fête Champetre.	Then, crown'd with flow'ry hay, came Rural Joy,
They flourish like the morning flow'r,	The Brigs of Ayr. 13.
In beauty's pride array'd; . The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps	And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,
Here shall the shepherd make his seat.	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 18.
To weave his crown of flowers; The Petition of Br. Water.	Heaven spare you lang to kiss the breath
The flowers shall vie in all their charms	O' mony flow'ry summers! To Mr. M'Adam.
The hour of heaven to grace,	Fair is the morn in flow'ry May, S. Twas even—the dewy †
The tender flower that lifts its head, elate,	Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,
The Rights of Woman.	That wantons thro' the flowery thorn: S. Ye banks and braes †
There streams for ever flow, and there flowers for ever blow,	Flowing.
S. The Slave's Lament.	But a full flowing bowl,
Nor birds sweetly singing, nor flowers gayly springing, Can soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair.	Was the saving his soul, Epit. on J. Dove, Innkeeper.
S. The small birds †	Her flowing locks, the raven's wing, S. Her flowing locks †
And every flower be springing. S. The young High. Rover.	Wi' bumpers flowing o'er, Scotch Drink. Mott
lightly tripping amang the wild flowers, S. Their groves of t	All-chearing Plenty, with her flowing horn,
And frost will blight the fairest flowers, S. There was a lass +	The Brigs of Ayr, 13.
The flower and mile of -'the planes, S. I nere was a tass?	O that my een were flowing burns! The Election Ballads. VI.
The flower and pride of a' the glen;	The limpid streamlet yonder flowing
Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r, To a Mountain-Daisy.	Supplying drink, The Hermit.
The flaunting flow'rs our Gardens yield,	To social-flowing glasses . The Petition of Br. Water.
(And ne'er misfortune's eastern blast	Chrystal streamlets gently flowing, . S. Thickest night †
Did nip a fairer flower.)	Flown.
The flow'rs sprang wanton to be prest, To Mary in Heaven.	An' could hae flown out owre a stank, A Guid New-Year † 3.
Never may'st thou, lovely Flower, Chilly shrink in sleety shower! To Miss C.	Till the last leaf o' the summer is flown, S. Gloomy December.
Twice a lily flower will be him sark and cravat;	How have the raptur'd moments flown! . The Lament.
S. Wee Willie Gray †	And all the gay foppery of summer is flown; S. The lazy mist †
Where Cart rins rowing to the sea,	Fluctuating.
By mony a flow'r and spreading tree, S. Where Cart rins †	The tide of Empire's fluctuating course;
While bees delight in opening flowers;	Prologue, sp. by Woods.
Peace, the tenderest flower of Spring;	Flunky. His flunkies answer at the bell; The Twa Dogs. 8.
Wr. in Hermitage at F.C	Flush. Ye sprightly youths, quite flush with hope and spirit,
Those that would the bloom devour,	Prologue, at Th., D.
Crush the locusts, save the flower	Flush, to. The wily mother sees the conscious flame
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,	Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek,
S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams † But oh! fell death's untimely frost,	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 7.
That nipt my flower sae early!	Flutter.
And cheer each fresh'ning flower S. Young Peggy†	The ither flutters o'er the rising piers: The Brigs of Ayr. 4.
Floweret, Flow'ret.	Flutter'd. His rags regimental they flutter'd so gaudy, The Jolly Beggars. S. II.
As gathering sweet flowerets she stems thy clear wave.	
S. Afton Water.	Fluttering, -'ring. Flutt'ring an' gasping in her gore: Auld Comrade †
The little floweret's peaceful lot S. Now Spring has clad †	
Sweet floweret, pledge o' meikle love,	The flutt'ring gory pinion! S. Now westlin winds †
On Birth of Posth, Child.	Though fluttering ever so braw, man. Ronalds of Bennals.
But here, alas! for me nae mair	My fondly-fluttering heart, be still! . The Lament. 2.
Shall birdie charm, or flow'ret smile; S. The Catrine woods †	That right to fluttering female hearts the nearest, The Rights of Woman.
Warm-cherish'd ev'ry floweret's birth, The Vision. D. II. 14.	
Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade! To a Mountain-Daisy.	
And marking sweet flowerets so fair; S. Where are the joys †	Fly, Flie, Flee.
Flowering, -'ring.	Then catch the moments as they fly, A Bottle and Friend.
'Mang fields o' flowering claver gay; El. on Capt. M. H. 9.	While hopes, and joys, and pleasures fly him, A Ded. to G. H., 16.
She's spotless as the flow'ring thorn S. On Cessnock banks †	If from the lover thou mayn flee,
Flowery, Flow'ry.	Yet let the friend be dear S. Ah, Chloris, since †
Sweet on the fragrant, flow'ry swaird, Add. to the Deil, 15.	And surly winter grimly flies; S. Bonie Bell.
A 1.1 1.1 a	
And thro' the flowery dale; S. As down the burn t	Let Fortune's gifts at random flee, S. Bonie lassie, will ye go t

To you [wastes, cliffs] I fly, ye with my soul accord. El. on Miss Burnet.	He's on the seas to meet the foe? S. How can my poor heart †
An' riches still may fly them, O; S. Green grow the Rashes.	If he's amang his friends or foes? S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. G. †
The trembling dove thus flies, S. How cruel	Sometimes by foes I was o'erpower'd; S. My father was a farmer †
Then all hell will fly for fear, . S. Husband, husband †	Wi' man and nature leagu'd my foes, S. Now Spring has clad †
For sweet consolation to church I did fly;	If angry fate is sworn my foe, S. O wat ye wha's in †
S. No Churchman am I† There with my Mary let me flee, S. Now bank and brae†	Man, your proud usurping foe, On scaring Water-fowl.
I'll flee to's arms I lo'e the best, S. Now rosy May	And the foe you cannot brave, Scorn at least to be his slave
Thick flies the skimming Swallow; S. Now westlin winds †	Scorn at least to be his slave
As flies the partridge from the brake, S. On a bank of flowers+	To glut that direst foe,—a vengeful woman: Scots Prologue.
'Twill mak her poor, auld heart, I fear,	Tyrants fall in every foe; S. Scots, wha ha'e †
In flinders flee: On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.	For Love has been my foe: S. Talk not of Love †
The past returns, the present flies; On Lincluden. Tell me, fellow creatures, why	As open pussie's mortal foes,
At my presence thus you fly? On scaring Water-fowl.	When, pop! she starts before their nose; Tam o' Shanter. 17. Say, such is royal George's will,
Sad to your sympathetic scenes I fly; On death of R. Dundas.	An' there's the foe, The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.
Keen on the helpless victim see him fly, Ib.	For fear by foes that they should lose
And flee o'er the hills like a craw, man, Ronalds of Bennals.	Their cogs o' brose, they scar'd at blows S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
Traitor, coward, turn and flee! S. Scots, wha ha'e †	When the vanguish'd foe
And fly to meet a kinder heart! S. Slow spreads the gloom † As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure, Tam o' Shanter, 6.	Sues for peace and quiet, S. The Captain's Lady.
And hameward fast did flee, man.	When that grim foe of life below, Comes in between to bid us part; S. The day returns †
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	Now Death and Hell engulph thy foes,
As soon the rooted oaks would fly The Election Ballads, VI.	The Election Ballads, VI.
While Tories fall, while Tories fly,	Farewell, my friends! farewell, my foes! S. The gloomy night † Alike a foe to noisy folly,
Across her placid, azure sky, She sees the scowling tempest fly: S. The gloomy night †	And brow bent gloomy melancholy, The Hermit.
And when I die, Let me in this belief expire, "To God I fly." The Hermit.	It was in sweet Senegal that my foes did me enthral,
	S. The Slave's Lament.
Or blinding drifts wild-furious flee. Dark'ning the day! To W. Simpson, 13.	The hirelings ran—her foes gied chase, The Tree of Liberty. But he ne'er turned his back on his foe—or his friend,
I dare not combat—but I turn and fly: To Clarinda.	The Whistle. o.
While o'er us unheeded, flie the swift hours o' Love.	Chain'd at his feet they groan, Loves vanquish'd foes:
S. You wild mossy mountns †	Sworn foe to sorrow, care, and prose,
They dazzle our een, as they flie to our hearts Ib. Flying. Whyles, on the strong-wing'd Tempest flyin,	I rhyme away To J. S., 25.
Add. to the Deil. 4.	Who boldly dare thy cause maintain In spite of foes: . To Rev. J. M'Math.
So whip! at the summons, old Satan came flying;	In spite of foes: . To Rev. J. M'Math. And whose that generous princely mien
Epig. on Capt. Grose.	Even rooted foes admire? V.s, below a Picture.
How quick Time is flying, how keen Fate pursues. S. The lazy mist †	"If that your right hand, leg or toe, "Should ever prove your sp'ritual foe, What ails you now †
And a' like lamb-tails flyin Fu' fast . The Ordination. 7.	"Should ever prove your sp'ritual foe, What ails you now † Were Fortune lovely Peggy's foe.
Apollo weary flying, To J. Taylor.	Were Fortune lovely Peggy's foe, Such sweetness would relent her, . S. Young Peggy †
Flyte [to scold].	Fog. The red peat gleams, a fiery kernel,
E'en let her flyte her fill, jo S. O steer her up † Foal. Rigwoodie hags wad spean a foal, Tam o' Shanter. 14.	Enhusked by a fog infernal: Ep. to H. Parker. Thou found'st me, like the morning sun
Foam. Here, tumbling billows mark'd the coast,	That melts the fogs in limpid air, Lament for Glencairn.
With surging foam; The Vision. D. I. 13.	A creeping cauld prosaic fog To Miss Ferrier.
Foam, to. As headlong foam a hundred floods;	Foggle. The morning it was foggle; S. What will I do gin †
The Election Ballads. VI. As deep recoiling surges foam below, Wr. by Fall of Fyers,	Foggage. An' naething, now, to big a new ane, O' foggage green! . To a Mouse.
Foam-crested. Ye foam-crested billows, allow me to wail,	Foiled. Foiled, bleeding, tortured, in the unequal strife,
Lament on leaving Nat. Land.	To R. G. of F., 5.
Foaming. The foaming stream deep roaring fa's, S. Bonie lassie, will ye go †	Folk. Ye did present your smoutie phiz, 'Mang better folk, 'Add. to the Deil. 17.
Or foaming, strang, wi' hasty stens,	How's a' the folk about Gl-nc-r; Auld comrade †
Frae lin to lin El. on Capt. M. H. 4. The sweeping vales, and foaming floods, Ep. to Davie. 4.	'Guid-een,' quo' I; 'Friend! hae ye been mawin, 'When ither folk are busy sawin?' Death and Dr. Hornbook. 8.
Here, foaming down the skelvy rocks,	Folk maun do something for their bread, Ib. 12.
In twisting strength I rin; . The Petition of Br. Water.	There's monie godly folks are thinkin, Ep. to J. R. 1.
An' chearfu' tankards foamin, An' social noise; To J. S., 14.	Some merry, friendly, countra folks,
Ilk stream foaming down its ain green, narrow strath; S. Yon wild mossy mountns †	Syne bad him slip frae mang the folk,
Foamy. Dry-withering, waste my foamy streams,	When day is gane, and night is come, And a' folk bound to sleep, S. It was a' for †
Fock [folk]. The Petition of Br. Water.	And a' folk bound to sleep, S. It was a' for † Wink hard, and say, "The folks hae done their best."
But gin the Lord's ain focks gat leave, Letter to J. Goudie.	Scots Prologue.
And Calvin's fock, are fit to sell him; To W. Creech.	An' folk begin to tak the gate;
Fodgel [fat, squat and plump].	And [Bards] ken the lingo of the sp'ritual folk; The Brigs of Ayr. 4.
a fine, fat, fodgel wight, On Grose's Peregrinations.	A' ye douce folk I've borne aboon the broo, Ib. 9.
Foe. Ere we permit a foreign foe, On British ground to rally S. Does haughty Gaul, †	But vicious folk aye hate to see
Our force united on thy foes we'll turn, Ep. fr. Esopus.	
But by your leaves, my learned foes, Ye're maybe wrang, Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 10.	For some had gentle folks to please, <i>The Election Ballads. I.</i> There's some great folks set light by me, <i>Ib.</i>
The Friend of Man, to vice alone a foe;	And there will be folk frae St. Mary's,
Epit. for Author's Father.	The Election Ballads. III.
Thou grim King of Terrors, thou life's gloomy foe,	Yet ev'n the ha' folk fill their peghan . The Twa Dogs. 9.
S. Furewell, thou fair day t	An' what poor Cot-folk pit their painch in, Ib.

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They gang as saucy by poor folk, The Twa Dogs. 12.	Or my good-natur'd folly, O; S. My father was a farmer t
I see how folk live that hae riches:	In vain I've roam'd for pleasure,
But surely poor-folk maun be wretches! Ib. 14.	Through follies without measure: S. My Love's a winsome †
An' ferlie at the folk in Lon'on	Follies and crimes have stain'd the name On Duke of Queensberry.
O' decent, honest, fawsont folk, Are riven out baith root an' branch,	Beyond comparison the worst [ills] are those
The ne'er-a-bit they're ill to poor folk 1b. 26.	That to our folly, or our guilt we owe Remorse. A Frag
Sure great folk's life's a life o' pleasure? Ib. 27.	That few for aught but folly lusted; The Hermit.
He left the foul business to folks less divine. The Whistle. 15.	Alike a foe to noisy folly, And brow bent gloomy melancholy,
O ye, douse folk, that live by rule, To J. S., 26.	"I red you, honest man, tak tent!
ane o' warl's folk, Wha rate the wearer by the cloak, To Mr. J. Kennedy.	Ye'll shaw your folly To J. S., 7.
Wad threap auld folk the thing misteuk;	Again in folly's path might go astray; . Why am I loth †
To W. Simpson. P.S.	Fond.
Folk thought them ruin'd stick-an-stowe, 1b.	Where, where is Love's fond, tender throe, A Winter Night. 8. Young-Guidmen, fond, keen, an' croose; Add. to the Deil. 11.
Follow. Quoth Mary, "Love, I like the burn,	The daisy amus'd my fond fancy, S. Adown winding Nith †
"And ay shall follow you." . S. As down the burn †	Is this thy plighted, fond regard S. Canst thou leave me thus †
I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,	The parent's heart that nestled fond in thee,
And follow my love through the water. S. Braw lads of G. Water.	Death, oft I've fear'd thy fatal blow,
The simmer joys the flocks to follow; S. By Allan stream †	Now, fond, I bare my breast, S. Fate gave the word, †
Be sure ye follow out the plan	Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,
Nae waur than he did, honest man! . El. on Year 1788.	S. Here's a health to ane †
And I follow the Collier laddie. S. My Collier Laddie.	As ye [men o' state] make mony a fond heart mourn, S. O Logan! sweetly †
All you who follow wealth and power S. My father was a farmer†	And my fond heart, itsel sae true,
Wha follows ony saucy quean S. O Tibbie!	It ne'er mistrusted thine S. O mirk, mirk † Thy soothing fond complaining. S. O stay, sweet warbling †
Ye yet may follow where a Douglas leads! [v. A. 12]	Till, thence returned, they softly stray
So Maggie runs, the witches follow,	O'er Clouden's wave, with fond delay; On Lincluden.
Wi' mony an eldritch skreech and hollow. Tam o' Shanter. 17.	While he, thy fond parent, must sighing sojourn,
Bold Scrimgeour follows gallant Graham,	On Death of fav. Child Forgive the Bard! my fond regard
The Election Ballads. VI. As when I us'd in scarlet to follow a drum.	For ane that shares my bosom, On W. Chalmers.
The Jolly Beggars, S. I.	One fond kiss, and then we sever; . S. One fond kiss †
Ye sons of old Killie, assembled by Willie,	Adieu! a heart-warm, fond adieu!
To follow the noble vocation; S. The sons of old Killie. An' gar him follow to the kirk . To Gav. Hamilton.	The Farewell. To St. J.'s L No wonder I'm fond of a Sodger laddie.
An' gar him follow to the kirk To Gav. Hamilton. I'll do my endeavour to follow her plan;	The Jolly Beggars. S. II.
S. What can a yng lassie †	I lock'd her in my fond embrace; . S. The Rigs o' Barley.
Followed, -'d.	I oft would gaze, Fond, on thy little, early ways,
There was a lad that follow'd her, S. Duncan Davison.	Mark Scotia's fond returning eye,
But Willie follow'd as he should, S. On a bank of flowers †	It dwells upon Glencairn V.s below Picture.
A Douglas followed to the martial strife, [v. A. 12] Scots Prologue.	enamour'd and fond of my anguish, S. Where are the joys †
Next follow'd Courage with his martial stride,	Fond-plighted. All thy fond-plighted vows, fleeting as air! S. Had I a cave †
And my son Maitland, wise as brave,	Fond-sparkling.
My footsteps followed still. The Election Ballads. V.	Kindness, sweet Kindness, in the fond-sparkling e'e,
Follower.	S. You wild mossy mountains †
The followers o' the ragged Nine, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 16.	Fondest. So lost to Honor, lost to Truth, As from the fondest lover part, The Lament. 5.
How his first followers and servants sped; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 15.	Fondling. Points to the Parents fondling o'er their Child?
Following.	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10.
Bold following where your Fathers led! Add. to Edinburgh. 7.	Fondly. Within the bush, her covert nest A little linnet fondly prest, S. A Rosebud by my †
Chasing the wild deer and following the roe,	Or my more dear Immortal part,
S. My heart's in the Highlands † And next the title following close behind, . The Vowels.	Is not more fondly dear! Ep. to Davie. 9.
Folly. But thoughtless follies laid him low,	Fondly he'll repeat her name; S. Jockey's ta'en the parting †
And stain'd his name! A Bard's Epit.	I'll grasp thy waist, and fondly prest, Swear how I love thee dearly: . S. Now westlin winds †
But some day ye may gnaw your nails, An' curse your folly sairly, A Dream. 10.	Once fondly lov'd, and still remember'd dear,
Laugh at her follies—laugh e'en at thyself:	Once fondly lov'd †
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.	O'er the Past too fondly wandering, . S. Raving winds †
Ye've nought to do but mark and tell Your Neebours' fauts and folly! Add. to Unco Guid. 1.	The young, the innocent, who fondly loved us, *Remorse, A Frag.
For glaikit Folly's portals;	By the faith you fondly plighted; . S. Stay, my charmer †
To feel the follies or the crimes,	His cheek to her's he fondly laid, . S. There was a lass †
Of others, or my own! Despondency, an Ode. 5.	And fondly broods with miser care; S. To Mary in Heaven.
A wit in folly, and a fool in wit Ep. fr. Esopus.	O pale, pale now, those rosy lips
How wisdom and folly meet, mix, and unite! Frag. inscr. to Fox.	I aft ha'e kiss'd sae fondly! S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams t
Then farewell folly, hide and hair o't	And fondly sae did I [sing] o' mine. S. Ye banks and braes †
For ance and ay. Friend of the Poet † P.S.	Fondly-fluttering.
Give me with gay folly to live; Lns on Windows, Gl. Tav	My fondly-fluttering heart, be still! . The Lament. 2.
But folly has raptures to give	Fondly-treasur'd. Your dear remembrance in my breast,
How cold is that bosom which folly once fired,	My fondly-treasur'd thoughts employ'd. The Lament. 6.
Monody, on a Lady.	Fondly-wand'ring.
But come, all ye offspring of folly so true,	Observ'd us, fondly-wand'ring, stray! . The Lament.

Fondness.	Foot, Feet.
No more shall my arms cling with fondness around her,	Where once beneath a Monarch's feet
Lament on leaving Nat. Land.	Sat Legislation's sov'reign pow'rs! Add. to Edinburgh. 1.
Dove-like fondness, chaste concession, To a Kiss.	How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave, S. Afton Water.
Food. To thee shall home, or food or pastime yield.	The music of her pretty foot
On seeing wounded Hare.	On my heart it did play so, S. As I gaed up by †
In souple scones, the wale o' food! . Scotch Drink. 4.	Cauf-leather shoon upon your feet, S. Ca' the Ewes.
Food fills the wame, an' keeps us livin;	I'm twenty-three, and five feet nine, Extem. Ap. 1782.
The healsome Porritch, chief of Scotia's food: The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11.	She trusts the ruthless falconer And drops beneath his feet S. How cruel†
the earth bestowing My simple food; The Hermit.	And sleep thegither at the foot, S. John Anderson †
Fool. a whim-inspir'd fool, A Bard's Epit.	And how her new shoon fit her auld shachl't feet;
	S. Last May a braw wooer†
Which fools may scoff at; Add. to Illegit. Child.	Take pity on my weary feet, . S. O Lassie, art thout
The tricks o' knaves, or fash o' fools, . Add. to Toothache.	But O the road was very hard,
The Rigid Righteous is a fool, The Rigid Wise anither: . Add. to Unco Guid. Mott.	For that fair maiden's tender feet S. O Mally's meek.
I was bred up at nae sic school,	It were mair meet, that those fine feet
My Shepherd lad to play the fool, . S. Ca' the Ewes†	Were weel lac'd up in silken shoon,
Shall I like a fool, quoth he,	With decency and law beneath his [Riot's] feet;
For a haughty hizzie die? S. Duncan Gray†	Prologue, sp. by Woods.
Thy fool's head, quoth Satan, that crown shall wear never,	But we've wander'd mony a weary foot, Sin' auld lang syne. S. Shld auld acquaintance †
Epig. on —.	
A wit in folly, and a fool in wit Ep. fr. Esopus.	An' no get warmly to your feet, An' gar them hear it, The Author's Cry and Prayer.
Who says, that fool alone is not thy due, Ib.	The infant ice scarce bent beneath their feet:
If honest nature made you fools,	The Brigs of Ayr. 11.
What sairs your Grammars? Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 11.	Ane curses feet that fyl'd his shins, . The Holy Fair. 10.
But as the clegs o' feeling stang	My travel a' on foot I'll shank it, The Inventory.
Are wise or fool Ep. to Maj. Logan. 6.	I'd gie my shoon frae aff my feet,
(Instinct's a brute, and sentiment a fool!) Ep. to R. Graham. 5.	To taste sic fruit, I swear, man The Tree of Liberty.
You have my choicest model ta'en,	At last her feet, I sang to see't,
How shall I make a fool again? Epit. on W.	Gaed foremost o'er the knowe; . S. The weary Pund.
And fool I was I marry'd; . S. O ay my wife she dang.	On foot the way was plying To J. Taylor.
And fools may tyne, and knaves may win; . S. O Phely, †	if foot or horse E'er bring you in by Mauchline Corss,
Besides the Stewarts were but fools, On Lord G.	To Mr. J. Kennedy.
A Knave an' Fool are plants of ev'ry soil: Scots Prologue.	I'd lay them a' at Jeanie's feet, S. When first I saw †
I gae him a stool, and he look'd like a fool,	These northern scenes with weary feet I trace;
S. The auld man†	Wr. in Kenmore Inn.
And fools o' change are fain; The Election Ballads. I.	Footed. They footed o'er the wat'ry glass so neat,
For fools will prate o' right and wrang,	The Brigs of Ayr. 11.
	Foot-path.
While knaves laugh them to scorn;	your poor, narrow foot-path of a street, The Brigs of Ayr. 6.
S. The Honest Man.	Footstep.
Sir Wisdom's a fool when he's fou;	Where never human footstep trac'd, Despondency, an Ode. 4.
Sir Knave is a fool in a Session. He's there but a prentice, I trow,	My footsteps followed still The Election Ballads. V.
But I am a fool by profession. The Jolly Beggars. S. III.	No more I trace the light footsteps of pleasure,
I fear I my talent misteuk,	S. Where are the joys †
But what will ye hae of a fool?	Foppery. And all the gay foppery of Summer is flown; S. The lazy mist †
The chiel that's a fool for himsel,	For. But for to meet the Deil her lane,
Guid L-d, he's far dafter than I	She pat but little faith in:
But human-bodies are sic fools, For a' their colledges an' schools, . S. The Twa Dogs. 29.	He never was known for to idle or lurk;
	The Poor Thresher.
But stringing blethers up in rhyme For fools to sing The Vision. D. I. 4.	For [in spite of, notwithstanding; in prevention of;
Compar'd wi' you—O fool! fool! How much unlike!	near, by; against, in competition with].
To J. S., 26.	I ken'd my Maggie wad na sleep
And just conclude that "fools are fortune's care."	For that, or Simmer. A Guid New-year † 13.
To R.G. of F. 7.	For my last fow, A heapet Stimpart, I'll reserve ane
gawkies, tawpies, gowks and fools, To W. Creech.	Laid by for you
O, lassie, ye hae played the fool, . S. Ye hae lien wrang.	Was timmer-propt for thrawin:
Fool'd.	An' cheek-for-chow, a chuffie Vintner, The Author's Cry and Prayer. 8.
As father Adam first was fool'd, Epit. on Henpecked Squire.	
Foolish. Be they wise, be they foolish, is nothing of mine;	Then, horn for horn they stretch an' strive, . To a Haggis.
Poet. Add. to Tytler.	Forbad, Forbade.
This sting is added—"Blame thy foolish self!"	Her Daddie forbad, her Minnie forbad,
Remorse. A Frag	S. Her Daddie forbad† And ay the mair he hotch'd an' blew,
How foolish, or worse, 'till our summit is gain'd! S. The lazy mist †	The mair that she forbade him There came a piper †
It wad frae monie a blunder free us	Till Lairds forbad, by strict commands,
An' foolish notion: To a Louse.	Sic bluidy pranks To W. Simpson. P.S
That foolish, selfish, faithless ways,	Forbear. Thou green crested lapwing thy screaming forbear,
Lead to be wretched, vile and base. Wr. in Friars-Carse H.	S. Afton Water.
Foor [fared, went].	But still the preaching cant forbear, Ep. to Young Friend. 9.
As o'er the moor they lightly foor, S. Duncan Davison.	O did not Love exclaim, "Forbear! . S. Fairest maid †
Foord [ford].	(A while forbear, ye torturing fiends),
Then, Water-kelpies haunt the foord	Ode, to Mem. of Mrs
By your direction, . Add. to the Deil. 12.	Each worldly thought a while forbear, On Lincluden.
Foorsday [Thursday].	Forbearing.
But Foorsday, Sir, my promise leal,	That whether doing, suffering, or forbearing,
Expect me o' your party,	You may do miracles by persevering. Prologue, at Th., D

His forbears' virtues all contrasted, On Duke of Queensberry. For her forbears were brought in ships, Frae 'yout the Tweed: [v.A.19] Poor Mailie's El So may they, like their great forbears, For monie a year come thro' the sheers: The Death of Mailie. Forbes [of Culloden, to whom was granted the privilege—withdrawn in 1785—of producing, free of duty, the famous Ferintosh whiskyl. For loyal Forbes' Charter'd boast Is ta'en awa! Scotch Drink. 19. Forbid. Forbid it, ev'ry heavenly Power, You e'er should be a Stot! The Calf. While she, my cruel, scornfu' Fair, Forbidden. Forbidden she wadna be: . S. Her Daddie forbad† And riots wauton in forbidden fields! . To Clarinda. Forby, Forbye [besides]. Forby sax mae, I've sell't awa, . A Guid New-Year† 15. Forbye some new, uncommon weapons, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 22. A' forbye my bonie sel', S. Gat ye me, † Forbye, he'll shape you aff fu' gleg, On Grose's Pergrinations. Forby turn-coats amang oursel, . The Twa Herds. 14. Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump, . S. Willie Wastle† Force. Our force united on thy foes we'll turn, Ep. fr. Esopus. With doubling speed and gathering force, Fragment of Ode. Which tenfold force gives Nature's law, Man was made to Mourn. Here History paints, with elegance and force, Prologue, Sp. by Woods. What force or guile could not subdue, . S. The Union. In vain the laws their feeble force oppose; To Clarinda.	relock. Yet by the forelock is the hold to catch him; Prologue, at Th., D Prologue, at Th., D Chou ance was i' the foremost rank, A Guid New-Year † 3. But first an' foremost, I should tell, Ep. to J. L—k, April 1st. 8. Chen, first an' foremost, thro' the kail, Their stocks mann a' be sought ance; My best leg foremost, I'll set up my brow, Scots Prologue. At last her feet, I sang to see't, Gaed foremost o'er the knowe; S. The weary pund. rest. O, rivers, forests, hills, and plains! Off have ye heard my canty strains: El. on Capt. M. H. 11. May in some future carcase howl, The forest's fright; El. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 17. Vild as the winter now tearing the forest, S. Gloomy December. As the storms the forest tear, S. How can my poor heart † and it will be the brag o' the forest yet. S. Lady Mary Ann. Vien chill November's surly blast Made fields and forests bare, Man was made to mourn. We'll roam through the forest for each idle weed; Monody, on a Lady. Carewell to the forests and wild hanging woods, My heart's in the Highlands † Geneath the blasts the leafless forests groan; On death of R. Dundas. We hills, ye plains, ye forests, and ye caves, 16. Hear the woodlark charm the forest, . S. Sensibility,† picy forests, ever gay, S. Streams that glide† the [Nature] plants the forest rends, The Election Ballads. VI. Che forests are leafless, the meadows are brown, S. The lazy mist † But seek the forests ound and round, The Vision. D. II. 20. Che Slave's spicy forests, and gold-bubbling fountains, S. Their groves of † Che Slave's spicy forests, and gold-bubbling fountains, S. Their groves of †
For her forbears were brought in ships, Frae 'yout the Tweed: [v.A.ro] Poor Mailie's El So may they, like their great forbears, For monie a year come thro' the sheers: The Death of Mailie. Forbes [of Culloden, to whom was granted the privilege—withdrawn in 1785—of producing, free of duty, the famous Ferintosh whisky]. For loyal Forbes' Charter'd boast Is ta'en awa! Scotch Drink. 19. Forbid. Forbid it, ev'ry heavenly Power, You e'er should be a Stot! . The Calf. While she, my cruel, scornfu' Fair, Forbidden. Forbidden. Forbidden she wadna be: . S. Her Daddie forbad † And riots wauton in forbidden fields! . To Clarinda. Forby, Forbye [besides]. Forby sax mae, I've sell't awa, . A Guid New-Year† 15. Forbye some new, uncommon weapons, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 22. A' forbye my bonie sel', S. Gat ye me, † Forby turn-coats amang oursel, . The Twa Herds. 14. Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump, . S. Willie Wastle† Force. Our force united on thy foes we'll turn, Ep. fr. Esopus. With doubling speed and gathering force, Fragment of Ode. Which tenfold force gives Nature's law, Man was made to Mourn. Here History paints, with elegance and force, Prologue, 5p. by Woods. What force or guile could not subdue, . S. The Union. In vain the laws their feeble force oppose; To Clarinda. Force, to. Can firmly force his jarring thoughts to peace?	Chou ance was i' the foremost rank, A Guid New-Year † 3. But first an' foremost, I should tell, Ep. to J. L—k, April 1st. 8. Chen, first an' foremost, thro' the kail, Their stocks mann a' be sought ance; My best leg foremost, I'll set up my brow, My best leg foremost, I'll set up my brow, Scots Prologue. At last her feet, I sang to see't, Gaed foremost o'er the knowe; S. The weary pund. rest. In the stocks, hills, and plains! Off thave ye heard my canty strains: The forest's fright; El. on Capt. M. H. 11. Alay in some future carcase howl, The forest's fright; El. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 17. Wild as the winter now tearing the forest, S. Gloomy December. As the storms the forest tear, S. How can my poor heart † And it will be the brag o' the forest yet. S. Lady Mary Ann. When chill November's surly blast Made fields and forests bare, Man was made to mourn. We'll roam through the forest for each idle weed; Monody, on a Lady. Grewell to the forests and wild hanging woods, My heart's in the Highlands † Geneath the blasts the leafless forests groan; On death of R. Dundas. We hills, ye plains, ye forests, and ye caves, S. Sensibility, the (Nature) plants the forest, pours the flood; The forests, ever gay, S. Streams that glide† the (Nature) plants the forest, pours the flood; The forests are leafless, the meadows are brown, So The lazy mist † So The lazy mist † The Slave's spicy forests, and gold-bubbling fountains, The Slave's spicy forests, and gold-bubbling fountains,
Frae 'yont the Tweed: [v.A.19] Poor Mailie's El So may they, like their great forbears, For monie a year come thro' the sheers: The Death of Mailie. Forbes [of Culloden, to whom was granted the privilege—withdrawn in 1785—of producing, free of duty, the famous Ferintosh whisky]. For loyal Forbes' Charter'd boast Is ta'en awa! Scotch Drink. 19. Forbid. Forbid it, ev'ry heavenly Power, You e'er should be a Stot! The Calf. While she, my cruel, scornfu' Fair, Forbids me e'er to see her mair! S. Young Jamie,† Forbidden. Forbiddenshe wadna be: S. Her Daddie forbad † And riots wanton in forbidden fields! To Clarinda. Forby, Forbye [besides]. Forby sax mae, I've sell't awa, . A Guid New-Year† 15. Forbye some new, uncommon weapons, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 22. A' forbye my bonie sel', S. Gat ye me, † Forby, he'll shape you aff fu' gleg, On Grose's Peregrinations. Forby turn-coats amang oursel, . The Twa Herds. 14. Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump, . S. Willie Wastle† Force, Our force united on thy foes we'll turn, Ep. fr. Esopus. With doubling speed and gathering force, Fragment of Ode. Which tenfold force gives Nature's law, Man was made to Mourn. Here History paints, with elegance and force, Prologue, 5p. by Woods. What force or guile could not subdue, . S. The Union. In vain the laws their feeble force oppose; To Clarinda. Force, to. Can firmly force his jarring thoughts to peace?	But first an' foremost, I should tell, Ep. to J. L—k, April 1st. 8. Chen, first an' foremost, thro' the kail, Their stocks maun a' be sought ance; If ye best leg foremost, I'll set up my brow, It last her feet, I sang to see't, Gaed foremost o'er the knowe; It last her feet, I sang to see't, Gaed foremost o'er the knowe; It last her feet, I sang to see't, If the ye heard my canty strains: If how ye heard my canty strains If how ye heard ye have ye heard ye have ye heard ye had it will be the brag o' the forest yet. S. Lady Mary Ann. If ye'll roam through the forest for each idle weed; If how ye had ye ye had ye have ye had ye and ye. If ye'll roam through the forest for each idle weed; If hear the blasts the leafless forests groan; If hear the woodlark charm the forest, ye hills, ye plains, ye forests, and ye caves, If hear the woodlark charm the forest, If ye'll
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T described the selection of feet	the Slave's spicy forests, and gold-bubbling fountains,
L—d man there's lasses there wad force A hermit's fancy, . To Mr. J. Kennedy.	3. 1 netr groves of t
	One shakes the forest, and one spurns the ground:
then the scathe an' banter We're forced to thole Ep. to Maj. Logan. 2. For	rfairn [distressed, worn-out and jaded].
But alas! when forc'd to sever,	vi' crazy eild I'm sair forfairn, . The Brigs of Ayr. 7.
Then the stroke, O how severe! . S. Scenes of woet	as lately F-nw-ck, sair forfairn,
Ford. By this time he was cross the ford, Whare, in the snaw, the chapman smoor'd;	Has proven to its ruin: The Ordination. 8.
Tam o' Shanter. 10. For	rgat v . Forgot. rgather [to meet, encounter].
	Vhene'er I forgather wi' sorrow and care,
Fore and aft.	gi'e them a skelp as they're creeping alang, S. Contented wi' little †
The Fiddler rak'd her, fore and aft, Behint the Chicken cavie: The Jolly Beggars. R. VII.	there wi' Something does forgather,
Florida A	Death and Dr. Hornbook. 6.
O why the deuce should I repine,	Ve'se gie ae night's discharge to care, If we forgather, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 18.
And be an ill foreboder; Extem. Ap. 1782.), may thou ne'er forgather up,
	Vi' onie blastet, moorlan toop; . The Death of Mailie. Vhen next wi' yon lass I forgather, . What ails ye now †
TT-1	rgather'd. Wi' Death forgather'd by the way,
While ilka thing in nature join	' Epit. on Tam the Chapman.
Fanchamman Itha aladaa hamman viisidad viith bath	Forgather'd ance upon a time The Twa Dogs.
hands, by an assistant, before the anvill.	rgerie. Then ty'd him fast upon a cart,
Brings hard owrehip, wi' sturdy wheel, The strong forehammer, . Scotch Drink. 11.	Like a rogue for forgerie John Barleycorn.
Forehead.	rget.
Her forehead's like the show'ry bow, S. On Cessnock banks †	Oh that happy hour, and shady bow'r, Can I forget it? Never. S. As I gaed up by t
roreign.	You, bustling and justling,
That dang her tansalteerie O S Awang the trees t	Forget each grief and pain; . Despondency, an Ode. 2.
Ere we permit a foreign foe,	But while we sing, God save the king, We'll ne'er forget the People. S. Does haughty Gaul †
On British ground to rally S. Does haughty Gaul†	Thy form and mind, sweet maid, can I forget;
Shall ever ca' a nail in't :	El. on Miss Burnet.
Vet here I lie in foreign hands I quest of Mary of Scats	Twill make a man forget his woe; . John Barleycorn. The blood stain'd roost, and sheepcote spoil'd,
The far foreign land, or the wide rolling sea.	My heart forgets, A Winter Night. 5.
S. Out over the Forth† It sets you ill, Wi' bitter, dearthfu' wines to mell,	An' by her een wha was a dear ane!
Or foreign will Scatch Drink, 16.	I'll ne'er forget; Ep. to Maj. Logan. 11. The bridegroom may forget the bride,
Altho thro foreign climes I range,	Was made his wedded wife yestreen; [re.]
I know her heart will never change, S. The Highl. Lassie. Tho' I to foreign lands must hie. The Farewell. To St. J.'s L	Her smiling, sae wyling,
Their groves of sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon,	Wou'd make a wretch forget his woe; . S. Sae flaxen†
S. Their groves of †	Wou'd make a saint forget the sky;

Till he forgets his loves or debts, . Scotch Drink. Mott And makes him quite forget his labor and his toil.	All friendless, forsaken, forlorn! . S. The sun he is sunk†
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 3.	When I forlorn, Aneath an aik sat moaning, S. The tither morn† And [Phœbus] vowed that to leave them he was quite forlorn,
And can we forget the auld Major, Wha'll ne'er be forgot in the Greys, The Election Ballads. III. Scenes. if in stupor I forget.	The Whistle. 13. I had been driven forth like you forlorn, Tragic Frag
Scenes, if in stupor I forget, Again I feel, again I burn! The Lament.	Form.
I'll ne'er forget that happy night,	When, lo, in form of minstrel auld, A stern and stalwart ghaist appear'd. [v. A. 20] A Vision.
Amang the rigs wi' Annie S. The Rigs o' Barley. Love blinks, Wit slaps, an' social Mirth	Know thy form was once a treasure; Blue Bonnets.
Forgets there's care upo' the earth. The Twa Dogs. 19. Till ye forget ye're auld an' gutty, Third Ep. to J. Lap.	Thy form and mind, sweet maid, can I forget; El. on Miss Burnet.
And sae may the Heavens forget me,	Her form so fair and faultless, S. Highland Mary.
When I forget my vow! To Mary. That sacred hour can I forget,	And when her lovely form I see, O haith, she's doubly dear again! S. I'll ay ca' in †
Can I forget the hallow'd grove, . To Mary in Heaven. When I forget thee! Willie Creech, Tho' far awa!	But dear as is thy form to me, Still dearer is thy mind S. It is na Jean, †
To W. Creech.	My Mary's face, my Mary's form,
Quo' she, a sodger ance I lo'ed, Forget him shall I never: . S. When wild War's †	The frost of hermit age might warm; S. My Mary's face † I see a form, I see a face,
And injured Worth forget and pardon man. Wr. in Kenmore Inn.	Ye weel may wi' the fairest place; S. O this is no my ain † For she, as fairest is her form,
Forgetting.	She has the truest, kindest heart. S. O wat ye wha's in †
An' no forgetting wabster Charlie, . Auld comrade dear† all-forgetting, all-forgot, Despondency, an Ode. 3.	Her lovely form, her native ease, All harmony and grace S. On a bank of flowers †
Forgie [forgive].	The forms of ages long gone by On Lincluden. As on their slender forms I gaze,
- (Sir, ye maun forgie me, I winna lie, come what will o' me) A Ded. to G. H., 4.	As on their slender forms I gaze,
I like the lasses—Gude forgie me! Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 17. The Lord forgi'e me for lying, [re.]	But it's not her air, her form, her face, S. On Cessnock banks † November hirples o'er the lea,
S. Last May a braw wooer †	Chill, on thy lovely form; . On birth of Posth. Child.
Forgive. Goodness still Delighteth to forgive. A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.	The flower stem shall bloom like thy sweet Scraph form, On Death of fav. Child.
But, oh! Eliza, hear one prayer, For pity's sake, forgive me! S. Farewell, thou stream t	And 'mong the cliffs disclos'd a stately Form, On Death of Sir J. Blair.
Yet poortith a' I could forgive, An' 'twere na for my Jeanie. S. O poortith cauld †	Her form majestic droop'd in pensive woe, Ib.
Forgive the Bard! my fond regard . On W. Chalmers.	Angelic forms, high Heaven's peculiar care! Prologue, at Th., D.
Equal to judge—you're candid to forgive. Prologue, sp. by Woods.	Rusticity's ungainly form May cloud the highest mind; S. Rusticity's ungainly †
'Tis thine to pity and forgive Sent to a Gent. Offended.	Her fautless form and gracefu' air; . S. Sae flaxen † An angel form's faun to thy share! S. She's fair and fause †
Forgive! forgive! much-wrong'd Montrose! The Election Ballads. VI.	Or like the rainbow's lovely form Tam o' Shanter. 7.
For pity's sake, forgive me! S. The last time I† Fain would I say, 'Forgive my foul offence!'	Two dusky forms dart thro' the midnight air, The Brigs of Ayr. 4.
Forgiven. Why am I loth †	Forms like some bedlam Statuary's dream, 1b. 8.
Yet in thy presence, lovely Fair,	Forms might be worshipp'd on the bended knee, And still the second dread command be free, Ib.
To hope may be forgiven; . S. Anna, thy charms † Forgiving.	A female form, came [Benevolence] from the tow'rs of Stair: 1b. 13.
He vow'd, he pray'd, he found the maid Forgiving all and good S. On a bank of flowers †	Is there, in human form, that bears a heart The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10.
Forgot, Forgat.	Gie me within my straining grasp The melting form of Anna S. The gowd, locks of A.
I maist forgat my Dedication; . A Ded. to G. H., 11.	The twa appear'd like sisters twin,
I maist forgat my Dedication; A Dea. to G. H., II. She lets thee to wit, that she has thee forgot, S. Eppie M'Nab. Nor even the man in private life forgot;	In feature, form, an' claes; The Holy Fair. 3. And coward maukin sleep secure, I own in her green form:
Prologue, sp. by Woods.	Low in her grassy form: . The Petition of Br. Water. Sunk on the earth, defac'd its lovely form,
Should auld acquaintance be forgot, [re.] S. Shld auld acquaintance †	The Rights of Woman.
At sight of whom our Sprites forgat their kindling wrath. The Brigs of Ayr. 13.	Scarce rear'd above the Parent-earth Thy tender form. To a Mountain-Daisy.
And can we forget the auld Major, Wha'll ne'er be forgot in the Greys, The Election Ballads, III.	In legal mode an' form: To Gav. Hamilton. And resign to Parent Earth
The Election Ballads, III. I'll lay me with th' inglorious dead, Forgot and gone!	The lovliest form she e'er gave birth To Miss C.
Forgotten.	Form, to. Her Hogarth-art perhaps she meant to show it)
A ne'er to be forgotten day, On dining with Daer.	She forms the thing and christens it a poet. Ep. to R. Graham. 3.
I had amaist forgotten clean, To W. Simpson, P.S. Forjesket [jaded with fatigue].	Here Douglas forms wild Shakespeare into plan, Prologue, sp. by Woods.
Forjesket sair, with weary legs, Epit. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 2.	They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;
Fork. But at New-York, wi' knife an fork, Sir Loin he hacked sma', man. A Fragment. 3.	Formed. Thou know'st that Thou hast formed me,
Forlorn. Where, haply, Pity strays forlorn, Frae man exil'd. El. on Capt. M. H. 2.	With Passions wild and strong; A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.
Forlorn, my Love, no comfort near, S. Forlorn, my Love †	She [Nature] form'd of various parts the various man. Ep. to R. Graham.
But Oh! what crouds in ev'ry land, All wretched and forlorn, . Man was made to Mourn.	A being form'd t'amuse his graver friends, 1b. 3.
Unsheltered and forlorn, . On Birth of Posth. Child. But 'tis not my sufferings, thus wretched, forlorn,	well-form'd taste, and sparkling wit <i>Prologue</i> , sp. by Woods. That form'd this Fair sae far awa, S. Sae far awa.
S. The small birds rejoice †	So Isabella's heart was form'd, Sad thy tale †

But Friendship's pure and lasting joys My heart was form'd to prove: S. Talk not of love †	Fortress. There, watching high the least alarms, Thy rough, rude Fortress gleams afar;
Who formed this frame with beneficent aim, S. The Sons of old Killie.	Add. to Edinburgh. 5 Fortune. Are blest with Fortune's smiles and favours,
Former. He sang wi' joy his former day, A Vision.	A Ded. to G. H., 15
Scenes that former thoughts renew; [re.] S. Scenes of woet	The victim sad of Fortune's strife,
Departed Whigs enjoy the fight,	Athort the lift they [Northern lights] start and shift, Like Fortune's favors, tint as win A Vision
And think on former daring: The Election Ballads. VI.	Whom friends and fortune quite disown! A Winter Night. 9
Forming.	70 170 1 1 111 0
She rous'd the forming strain. The Ans. to the Guidwije.	Let Fortune's gifts at random flee,
Before the mountains heav'd their heads Beneath Thy forming hand, . The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps	S. Bonnie Lassie, will ve go
An' forming assignations To meet some day.	If thou uncommon merit hast,
The Holv Fair, 20.	Yet spurn'd at Fortune's door, El. on Capt. M. H., Epit
Formiess. In formless jumble, right and wrang, The Ans. to the Guidwife.	Yet they wha fa' in Fortune's strife, Their fate we should na censure, Ep. to Young Friend, 4
Your ruin'd, formless bulk o' stane and lime,	To catch Dame Fortune's golden smile,
The Brigs of Ayr. 6.	Assiduous wait upon her;
Fornicator, Furnicator.	[The honest heart] However Fortune kick the ba',
What they ca' me fornicator, . Add. to Illegit. Child.	Has ay some cause to smile: Ep. to Davie. 3.
A furnicator loun he call'd me, What ails ye now †	My worthy friend, ne'er grudge an' carp, Tho' Fortune use you hard an' sharp;
Forrit [forward]. There's ane; come forrit, honest Allan! Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 8.
Forsake. Now health forsakes that angel face, Fragment.	Ne'er mind how Fortune waft an' warp; 1b. 8.
For me your watry haunt forsake?. On scaring Water-fowl.	Though fortune's road be rough an' hilly
My daddy says, gin I'll forsake him,	To every fiddling, rhyming billie, Ep. to Maj. Logan. A mortal quite unfit for fortune's strife,
He'll gi'e me gude hunder marks ten; . S. Tam Glen.	Yet oft the sport of all the ills of life; Ep. to R. Graham. 3.
I'll ne'er forsake till the day I die,	Driv'n by Fortunes felly spite, . S. Frae the friends
The lass that made the bed to me. S. The lass that made the bed.	'As seek the foul Thief onie place,
Never after to forsake me, S. Will ye go and marry †	'For him to spae your fortune: Halloween. 14.
Forsaken. For oh! love forsaken's a tormenting pain.	'Gainst fortune's fell cruel decree S. Here's a health to ane
S. As I was a-wand ring t	But fortune may betray thee. S. Here's to thy health,
Sometimes by friends forsaken, O; S. My father was a farmer †	Tho' fickle Fortune has deceiv'd me, S. I dream'd I lay
All friendless, forsaken, forlorn! . S. The sun he is sunk †	Accept this tribute from the Bard Thou brought from fortune's mirkest gloom.
Thou hast me forsaken, Tam, thou hast me forsaken,	Lament for Glencairn.
S. Thou hast left me †	My son! my son! may kinder stars Upon thy fortune shine! . Lament of Mary of Scots.
Now hopeless, comfortless, forsaken! . V.s, under Grief.	In all the splendour Fortune can bestow! Lns on Fergusson.
Forsaken and friendless, my burden I bear,	In politics if thou would'st mix,
S. Wae is my heart † Forsook. The sword I forsook for the sake of the church;	And mean thy fortunes be; Lns on Windows, Gl. Tav
The Jolly Beggars. S. II.	O raging fortune's withering blast
Forsooth. And she forsooth's a leddy. The Tarbolton Lasses.	Has laid my leaf full low, [re.] . S. Luckless Fortune.
Forswore.	But luckless fortune's northern storms Laid a' my blossoms low, [re.]
He [Politics] blush'd for shame, he quat his name,	
Forswore it, every letter, The Fête Champetre. Forsworn.	In many a way, and vain essay, I courted fortune's favour, O; S. My father was a farmer
Or frosty maids forsworn the dear embrace,	With fortune's vain delusion, O,
The Brigs of Ayr. 8.	For one, he said, to labour bred, Was a match for fortune fairly, O
For't [for it].	Tho' fortune's frown still hunts me down,
An's weel pay'd for't; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 29.	Kind Fortune ease a breaking heart,
Tho' I should herd the buckskin kye	S. My Harry was a gallant †
For't, in Virginia! Ep. to J. R., 11. He gaped for't, he graped for't, Extem. in Court of Session.	But Mary she is a' my ain, Ah, Fortune canna gie me mair! S. Now bank and brae †
She whisper'd Rob to leuk for't:	Sae ye wi' anither your fortune maun try.
prie'd her bonie mou, Fu' cozie in the neuk for't, Ib.	S. O meikle thinks my love †
Wae worth them for't! [v A.25] . Scotch Drink, 12.	'Let fortune's wheel at random rin, 'And fools may tyne, and knaves may win; . S. O Phely, †
Forth, adv. Tasting the breathing spring, Forth I did fare; S. Phillis the Fair.	Or why sae sweet a flower as love
Forth I did fare; S. Phillis the Fair.	Depend on Fortune's shining? . S. O poortith cauld, †
Or hounded forth, dishonor arms In hungry droves. The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.	O Fortune, they have room to grumble!
Forth. Here's friends on both sides of the Forth,	On Scot. Bard gne to W.I. To tremble under Fortune's cummock,
S. Here's a health to them †	On scarce a bellyfu' o' drummock,
Or drowned in the river Forth? S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. G.	I doubt na Fortune may you shore
Out over the Forth I look to the north, S. Out over the Forth†	Some mim-mou'd pouthered priestie, . On W. Chalmers. Who shall say that fortune grieves him,
I saw mysel, they did pursue	While the star of hope she leaves him? S. One fond kiss, †
The horse-men back to Forth, man	So kind may fortune be, S. Phillis the Fair.
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor. Ramsay an' famous Ferguson,	And fortune favor worth and merit, Poem on Life.
Gied Forth an' Tay a lift aboon: To W. Simpson.	Fortune, if thou'll but gie me still
'Twixt Forth and Tweed all over, . S. When first I saw †	Hale breeks, a scone, an' whisky gill, An' rowth o' rhyme . Scotch Drink. 21.
Not Gowrie's rich valley, nor Forth's sunny shores,	wayward fortune's adverse hand . S. The Banks of Nith.
S. You wild mossy mountains †	There's beauty and fortune to get wi' Miss Morton,
And had sae fortify'd the part. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 17.	The Belles of Mauchline.
Fortitude.	And at its fortune if you grieve Retrieve its doom and take its place. S. The capt. Ribband.
May Prudence, Fortitude and Truth	But as to his fine Nabob fortune,
Erect your brow undaunting! Ep. to Young Friend. 11.	We'll e'en let this subject alane. The Election Ballads. III.
Fortnight. But what wad ye think? in a fortnight or less, S. Last May a braw wooer†	And there will be wealthy young Richard, Dame fortune should hing by the neck;
S. Last May a graw woolft	Dame fortune should hing by the neck; Ib.

Pursuing Fortune's slidd'ry ba',	Found. That we lost, did I say, nay, by heav'n that we found,
The Farewell. To St. J.'s L	At Meet. of D. Volunteers. Hast thou found that beauty's lillies
But fickle Fortune frowns on me, S. The Highland Lassie. Tho' Fortune sair upon him laid,	Were not made for aye to last? Blue Bonnets.
His heart she ever miss'd it. The Jolly Beggars. R. VII.	Have you found this or t'other? there's more in the wind,
How have I wish'd for Fortune's charms,	Fragment, inscr. to Fox.
For her dear sake, and her's alone! The Lament.	Had I na found the slightest prayer That lips could speak, thy heart could muve. S. I do confess †
And it's O, fickle Fortune, O! [re.] S. The sun he is sunk†	Nae ray of fame was to be found: Lament for Glencairn.
I once was by Fortune carest,	But now I've found a treasure S. My Love's a winsome †
There Sophy tight, a lassie bright, Besides a handsome fortune: The Tarbolton Lasses.	I found that old Solomon proved it fair,
Then chance and fortune are sae guided, The Twa Dogs. 16.	S. No Churchman am I†
For beauty and fortune the laddie's been courtin;	Three blyther hearts, that lee lang night, Ye wad na found in Christendie. S. O Willie brew'd †
S. There's a youth †	He vow'd, he pray'd, he found the maid
Though fickle Fortune has deceiv'd me, S. Tho. fickle Fortune †	Forgiving all and good. S. On a bank of flowers †
An' damn'd my fortune to the groat; To J. S., 6.	Oh! flickering, feeble, and unsicker
With steady aim, Some Fortune chase; Ib. 18.	I've found her [life] still, Poem on Life.
Is Fortune's fickle Luna waning? E'en let her gang! Ib. 20.	The doctrine, to day, that is loyalty found, To-morrow may bring us a halter. Poet. Add. to Tytler.
Thy sons [Dulness!] ne'er madden in the fierce extremes	as grateful nations oft have found . Prologue, sp. by Woods.
Of Fortune's polar frost, or torrid beams. To R. G. of F., 7.	Thou would be found deep drown'd in Doon;
And just conclude that "fools are fortune's care." . Ib.	Tam o' Shanter. 3.
couthie fortune, kind and cannie,	Their likeness is not found on earth, in air, or sea. The Brigs of Ayr. 8.
May never wicked fortune touzle him! To W. Creech. tho' fell fortune should fate us to sever,	O happy love! where love like this is found!
S. Twas na her bonie blue e'e †	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 9.
Did thy fortune ebb or flow? Wr. in Friars-Carse H	Five wighter carlines werna found The Election Ballads. I.
Were Fortune lovely Peggy's foe,	He circled round the magic ground, But entrance found he nane, man: The Fête Champetre.
Such sweetness would relent her, . S. Young Peggy †	Looks round him an' found them
Forward. And hope has left my aged ken,	Impatient for the Chorus The Jolly Beggars. R. VIII.
On forward wing for ever fled Lament for Glencairn.	The lion and the bull thy care have found, To R. G. of F., 2.
Forward,-let us do or die! S. Scots, wha ha'e t	A candid lib'ral band is found
She ventured forward on the light; . Tam o' Shanter. 11.	Of public teachers, To Rev. J. M'Math. Have I so found it full of pleasing charms? Why am I loth †
Anticipation forward points the view;	Found'st.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5. An' forward tho' I canna see, I guess an' fear! To a Mouse.	Thou found'st me, like the morning sun
Fossils. Calces o' fossils, earths, and trees;	That melts the fogs in limpid air, Lament for Glencairn.
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 21.	Founder'd. He founder'd his horse among harlots,
200000 2011 22011000000 221	But gied his auld paig to the Lord
Fostering.	But gied his auld naig to the Lord. The Election Ballads, III.
Fostering. The friendless Bard and rustic song,	But gied his auld naig to the Lord. The Election Ballads. III. Foundling.
Fostering. The friendless Bard and rustic song, Became alike thy fostering care. Lament for Glencairn.	The Election Ballads, III.
Fostering. The friendless Bard and rustic song,	The Election Ballads. III. Foundling. motley, foundling fancies, stolen or strayed? Ep. fr. Esopus. Fountain.
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Fox [the Statesman; v. also Charlie].	I gat it frae a young brisk Sodger Laddie,
An' Charlie F-x threw by the box,	S. O whare did ye get †
An' lows'd his tinkler jaw, man A Fragment. 5.	My father put me frae his door, S. Oh, how can I be blythe †
North and F-x united stocks,	Should shield thee frae the storm. On Birth of Posth. Child.
N-rth, F-x, and Co. Gowff'd Willie like a ba', Ib. 9.	Frae Maidenkirk to Johny Groats! On Grose's Peregrinations.
The toolzie's teugh 'tween Pitt an' Fox, El. on Year 1788.	The Lord preserve us frae the devil! Poem on Life.
Yon ill-tongu'd tinkler, Charlie Fox,	They carry the gree frae them a', man. Ronalds of Bennals.
The Author's Cry and Prayer.	Nae howdie gets a social night
How Fox and Sheridan rejoice; The Election Ballads. VI.	Or plack frae them. [v. A. 25] Scotch Drink. 12.
Foxglove.	Scotland lament frae coast to coast! Ib. 19.
Ye stately foxgloves fair to see; . El. on Capt. M. H. 5.	Na, even tho' limpan wi' the spavie
Fracas.	Frae door tae door Second Ep. to Davie.
Let other Poets raise a fracas	We twa ha'e paidlet i' the burn, Frae morning sun 'till dine: S. Shld auld acquaintnce †
'Bout vines, an' wines, an' druken Bacchus, Scotch Drink.	
Frae [from].	When frae my Jeany parted, Sad, cheerless, broken-hearted, S. Sleep'st thou,†
Are frae their nuptial labours risen: A Ded. to G. H., 14.	A thief, new-cutted frae a rape, Tam o' Shanter. 11.
And frae his harp sic strains did flow, A Vision.	Frae aff its thorny tree; S. The Banks of Doon.
But Gude preserve us frae the gallows, Adam A-'s Prayer.	For her forbears were brought in ships,
To shelter frae the stormy weather S. As I came o'er †	Frae 'yont the Tweed: . Poor Mailie's El
Tell them frae me, wi' chiels be cautious;	Potatoe-bings are snugged up frae skaith The Brigs of Ayr. 2.
Auld comrade dear †	Frae tap to tae that cleeds me bien.
Be't to me, be't frae me, e'en let the jade [chance] gae,	S. The Contented Cottager.
S. Contented wi' little †	The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh;
Some books are lies frae end to end,	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 2.
Death and Dr. Hornbook.	The toil-worn Cotter frae his labor goes, 1b.
He's gane! he's gane! he's frae us torn, El. on Capt. M. H. 2.	Frae dogs an' tods, an' butchers' knives!
Or foaming, strang, wi' hasty stens, Frae lin to lin Ib.	The Death of Mailie.
Ye houlets, frae your ivy bower,	Gude keep thee frae a tether string!
Conceal yoursel as weel's ye can	But we'll hae ane frae 'mang oursels, The Election Ballads. II.
Frae critical dissection; Ep. to Young Friend. 5.	
While winds frae off Ben-Lomond blaw, Ep. to Davie. 1.	For roads were clad, frae side to side, . The Holy Fair, 6.
The honest heart that's free frae a' Intended fraud or guile,	Blackguarding frae K[ilmarno]ck For fun
'You wha ken hardly verse frae prose,	An' cheese an' bread, frae women's laps, 1b. 23.
Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 10.	Frae side to side they bother,
Twa lines frae you wad gar me fissle,	A Fairy Fiddler frae the neuk, He skirl'd out, encore. The Jolly Beggars. R. II.
Still persecuted by the limmer [Fortune]	Or frae puir man a blessin wan, S. The Laddies by t
Frae year to year; Ib. Ap. 21st. 10.	Frae e'enin till the cock did craw; The night was still †
Frae ony unregenerate Heathen, Ep. to J. R., 4.	And staw'd a branch, spite o' the deil,
Ease frae toil, relief frae care: . S. Frae the friends †	Frae yout the western waves, man. The Tree of Liberty.
When sic a husband was frae hame, . S. Had I the wyte †	I'd gie my shoon frae aff my feet,
The lasses staw frae 'mang them a', Halloween. 6.	To taste sic fruit, I swear, man
Syne bad him slip frae 'mang the folk,	O would they stay aback frae courts, . The Twa Dogs. 26.
May prudence protect her [liberty] frae evil!	Wha now will keep you frae the fox, . The Twa Herds. 1.
S. Here's a health to them †	I hope frae Heav'n to see them yet In fiery flame Ib.
When frae my mither's womb I fell, Holy Willie's Prayer.	Tore her laddie frae her arms, S. There was a bonie lass +
For I am keepit by thy fear	We'll cry nae jads frae heathen hills Third Ep. to J. Lap.
Free frae them a'. [v. A. 11] Ib.	It wad frae monie a blunder free us To a Louse.
When I am frae my dearie; I restless lie frae e'en to morn, S. How lang and dreary t	And the rain rains down frae his red blear'd e'e,
I restless he frae e'en to morn, S. How lang and dreary † I gat my death frae twa sweet een, [re.] S. I gaed a waefu' †	S. To daunton me.
They tell me, Sir, 'twou'd be a sin,	Till icicles hing frae their beards; To J. S., 22.
To tak me frae my mammy yet; . S. I'm o'er young †	Nae heathen name shall I prefix
Tak' this frae me, my bonie hen, . S. In simmer when t	Frae Pindus or Parnassus; To Miss Ferrier.
The soger frae the wars returns,	Scar'd frae its minnie and the cleckin To W. Creech.
The sailor frae the main	Frae less to mair it gaed to sticks; Frae words an' aiths to clours an' nicks; To W. Simpson. 10.
But I hae parted frae my Love, Never to meet again, My dear, S. It was a' for t	Cauld blaws the wind frae east to west, S. Up in the morning.
Never to meet again, My dear, S. It was a' for† Out came the Lord of Lauderdale,	And lang's the night frace e'en to morn,
Out frae the south countrie, O, Katharine Jaffray.	Heaven keep you free frae care and strife,
The wind blew hollow frae the hills, Lament for Glencairn.	V.s to Landlady of Inn.
Nor th' balm that draps on wounds of woe	Wha wou'd soon dry the tear frae his Phillis's e'e.
Frae woman's pitying e'e Lament of Mary of Scots.	S. Wae is my heart†
And creep in frae the cauld? . S. Lass, when yr mither †	I did na suffer ha'f sae much Frae Daddie Auld What ails ye now †
When our gudewife's frae hame,	An' said my fau't frag bliss availled mas
Her smile's a gift frae 'boon the lift, . S. Lovely Davies.	An' said my fau't frae bliss expell'd me; 1b.
Fu' loud the wind blaws frae the Ferry, S. My Bonie Mary.	But the houlet cry'd frac the Castle wa', The blitter frac the boggie, S. What will I do gin t
Thou lavrock that starts frae the dews of the lawn,	owsen frae the furrowed field . S. When o'er the hill †
S. My Nanie's awa'.	And roars frae bank to brae; Winter.
I'll tak Cuckold frae nane, [re.] , S. Naebody.	Fragment.
And bonie she, and ah how dear!	Here is Murray's fragments O' the ten commands;
It shaded frae the evining sun. S. O bonie was you rosy t	The Election Ballads, IV.
Far, far frae me and Logan braes. [re.] S. O Logan! sweetly	Fragrance.
Ye'll slip frae me like a knotless thread,	Slides by a bower where monie a flower
S. O meikle thinks my love † Ae thought frae her shall ne'er depart;	Sheds fragrance on the day, . S. Damon and Sylvia.
S. O wat ye wha's in †	At even, when beans their fragrance shed, El. on Capt. M. H. 6.
That peeps frae 'neath the hawthorn spray;	While Fragrance blooms an' Beauty charms!
7,00	
S. O were my love †	The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.

Fragrant.	Thus bold, independent, unconquer'd and free, S. Caledonia.
Sweet on the fragrant, flow'ry swaird, Add. to the Deil. 15.	This night I'm free to tak my aith,
O'erhung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,	Death and Dr. Hornbook. 25.
S. Bonie Lassie, will ye go †	But, like himsel', a full free agent. El. on Year 1788.
butter'd So'ns, wi' fragrant lunt,	Ay free, aff han', your story tell, . Ep. to Young Friend. 4.
Is nocht sae fragrant or sae sweet As is a kiss o' Willy	The honest heart that's free frae a' Intended fraud or guile, Ep. to Davie. 3.
Her lips still as she fragrant breath'd,	Yet Nature's charms, the hills and woods,
It richer dy'd the rose S. On a bank of flowers †	The sweeping vales and foaming floods.
Her breath is like the fragrant breeze	Are free alike to all
That gently stirs the blossom'd bean, S. On Cessnock banks †	Thou'rt ae sae free informing me Thou hast nae mind to marry;
Let fragrant birks, in woodbines drest, My craggy cliffs adorn; The Petition of Br. Water.	I'll be as free informing thee,
The fragrant birch and hawthorn boar	Nae time hae I to tarry S. Here's to thy health, †
S. To Mary in Heaven.	For I'm as free as any he,
The zephyr wanton'd round the bean,	For I am keepit by thy fear Free frae them a'. [v. A. 11] Holy Willie's Prayer.
And bore its fragrant sweets along; S. Twas even—the dewy†	And so Johnny Peep gets free Johnny Peep.
As underneath their fragrant shade,	Deal freedom's sacred treasures free as air,
I clasp'd her to my bosom!	Lns, extem. in Lady's Pocket-bk.
S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †	My heart was ance as blythe and free
Frail. But beauty, how frail and how fleeting, S. Adown winding Nith †	As simmer days were lang, S. My heart was ance †
We're frail backsliding mortals merely, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 9.	I'll be merry and free, S. Naebody.
That on this frail, uncertain state,	The fallow land is free; S. O can ye labour lea †
Hang matters of eternal weight: . Sketch. New-Yr's Day.	He dealt it [coin] free: On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.
Frailty. Or frailty stept aside, A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.	Nature's gifts to all are free: On scaring Water-fowl.
Before ye gie poor Frailty names,	But they shall be, shall be free! S. Scots, wha ha'e † From ev'ry danger keep him free, S. Somebody.
Suppose a change o' cases; Add. to Unco Guid. 6.	Forms might be worshipp'd on the bended knee,
Frame. Many and sharp the num'rous Ills Inwoven with our frame! Man was made to Mourn.	And still the second dread command be free,
That Pow'r which rais'd and still upholds	The Brigs of Ayr. 8.
This universal frame, The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps	Till Charlie Stewart cam at last, Sae far to set us free; S. The Highl. Widow's Lament.
Who formed this frame with beneficent aim,	He wanders as free as the winds of his mountains,
S. The Sons of old Killie.	S. Their groves of †
Fram'd. And fram'd her last, best work, the human-mind, Ep. to R. Graham.	Free as the wind, or feather'd race To Clarinda.
France.	Do what I dought to set her free, My saul lay in the mire; To Miss Ferrier.
I will fight France with you, [re.] Add. to Dumourier.	My saul lay in the mire; To Miss Ferrier. Heaven keep you free frae care and strife,
The Anglian lion, the terror of France, . S. Caledonia.	V.s to Landlady of Inn.
She may gae to—France for me! S. Duncan Gray †	Farewell! within thy bosom free
I was the Queen o' bonie France, Lament of Mary of Scots.	A sigh may whiles awaken; Verses under Grief.
Nae cotillion brent new frae France, Tam o' Shanter. 11.	Free, to. O, free my weary eyes from tears, A Prayer under Anguish.
Heard ye o' the tree o' France, . The Tree of Liberty.	I stacher'd whyles, but yet took tent ay
When Superstitions hellish brood Kept France in leading-strings, man	To free the ditches; Death and Dr. Hornbook.
Be [Common sense] banish'd o'er the sea to France,	It wad frae monie a blunder free us
The Twa Herds. 16.	An' foolish notion: To a Louse.
Francis. But when he [Satan] approach'd where poor Francis	Freeborn. She eyes her freeborn, martial boys, Tak aff their Whisky.
lay moaning, Epig. on Capt. Grose.	The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.
Frank. The frank address, the soft caress, O leave novels†	Freed. While pointers round impatient burn'd,
The frank address, and politesse, Are all finesse Ib.	Frae couples freed; Tam Samson's El. 8.
thae frank, rantan, ramblan billies, . The Twa Dogs. 26. Franklin.	Freedom. Adieu, my Liege I may Freedom geck Beneath your high protection; A Dream. 8.
Some daring Hancocke, or a Franklin,	Far less [right] to riches, pow'r or freedom, Add. of Beelzebub.
May set their Highland blude a-ranklin; Add. of Beelzebub.	Then let us fight about,
Frankly.	'Till Freedom's spark is out, Add. to Dumourier.
'I'll frankly gi'e her't a' thegither, What ails ye now †	And my Freedom's my lairdship nae monarch dare touch.
Frantic. In weeds of woe that frantic beat her breast,	S. Contented wi' little † This freedom in an unknown frien',
On Death of Sir J. Blair.	I pray excuse Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st.
Fraser. Till Fraser brave did fa', man; A Fragment. 4. Frater-feeling. But with a frater-feeling strong,	Here's freedom to him that wad read,
Here, heave a sigh. A Bard's Epit.	Here's freedom to him that wad write! S. Here's a health to them †
Fraternal. Now let us lay our heads thegither,	For freedom and my king to fight, S. Highland Laddie.
In love fraternal: To W. Simpson. 17.	In love and freedom they rejoice, Lament of Mary of Scots.
Fraud. The honest heart that's free frae a' Intended fraud or guile, Ep. to Davie. 3.	Where is that soul of freedom fled? Liberty.
As guileful Fraud points out the erring way,	Is this the power in freedom's war
On Death of R. Dundas.	That wont to bid the battle rage?
Fray.	Deal Freedom's sacred treasures free as air, Lns extem. in Lady's Pocket-bk.
A bard was selected to witness the fray, The Whistle. 11.	Plumes himself in Freedom's pride,
Freak. And in his freaks had Luath ca'd him, The Twa Dogs.	Tyrant stern to all beside On scaring Water-fowl.
And in her freaks, on ev'ry feature, She's wrote, the Man, To J. S. 3.	I saw fair freedom's blossoms richly blow: On Death of Sir J. Blair.
Freath [to froth]. O rare! to see thee fizz an' freath	Nor Insolence assumes fair Freedom's name;
I' the lugget caup! Scotch Drink. 10.	Prologue, sp. by Woods.
Frederick. True Campbells, Frederick an' Ilay;	Freedom's sword will strongly draw? . S. Scots, wha haet
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 14.	Freedom and Whisky gang thegither,
Free. And here's the grand fabric, our free constitution, At Meet. of D. Volunteers.	Tak aff your dram! [v. A. 2.] The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.
Careless ilka thought and free, . S. Blythe ha'e I been †	The Ribband shall it's freedom lose, S. The capt. Ribband.

May Freedom, Harmony, and Love	Frien'. For some o' you ha'e tint a frien'; El. on Year 1788.
Unite you in the grand Design, The Farewell. To St. J.'s L. But it sealed freedom's sacred cause	There's a' the Pleasures o' the Heart, The Lover and the Frien'; Ep. to Davie. 8.
The League and Covenant.	This freedom, in an unknown frien',
For Freedom, standing by the tree, Her sons did loudly ca', man; . The Tree of Liberty.	I pray excuse. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 1.
"Thy line, that have struggled for freedom with Bruce,	If ye be for Miss Jean, tak this frae a frien', Ronalds of Bennals.
The Whistle. 18. Pardon this freedom I have ta'en, . To Rev. J. M'Math.	I never had frien's, weel stockit in means, Ib.
Freely. I readily and freely grant, . A Ded. to G. H., 5.	I doubt na, frien', ye'll think ye're nae sheep-shank, The Brigs of Ayr. 5
We freely wad exchang'd the wife,	Adieu too, to you too, My Smith, my bosom frien';
Epig. on Henpecked Squire. The hart, hind, and roe, freely, wildly-wanton stray:	The Farewell.
S. Sleep'st thou, or wak'st †	Here's a bottle and an honest friend! A Bottle and Friend.
Did meet the poor Thresher and freely did talk; The Poor Thresher.	the poor man's friend in need, A Ded. to G. H., 6.
Then thou mayest freely boast Thou hast given a peerless toast The Toast.	Then, Sir, your hand—my Friend and Brother 16. 16.
Our humble cot, and hamely fare,	Farewell, dear Friend! may guid luck hit you! A Farewell. Think, for a moment, on his wretched fate,
Ye freely shall partake it, S. When wild War's †	Whom friends and fortune quite disown!
Freeman. Freeman stand, or freeman fa', S. Scots, wha ha'e t	Or worthy friends rak'd i' the mools, A Winter Night. 9.
Free-will'd.	Sad sight to see! Add. to Toothache. If from the lover thou maun flee,
Free-will'd I fled from courtly bowers; The Hermit.	Yet let the friend he dear S. Ah, Chloris,†
Freeze.	But, hark ye, friend, I charge you strictly, Auld comrade deart
And freeze, thou bitter-biting Frost! . A Winter Night. 7. When fevers burn, or ague freezes, . Add. to Toothache.	'Guid-een,' quo' I; 'Friend hae ye been mawin,
The frost that freezes the life at my breast,	Death and Dr. Hornbook. 8.
S. Oh, open the door, † Chilly Grief my life-blood freezes, . S. Raving winds †	'Friend, whare ye gaun, Will ye go back?'
The frost may freeze the deepest sea, . S. To daunton me.	A Something to have sent you, . Ep. to Young Friend.
Fremit [strange, foreign; estranged; unrelated].	Fate still has blest me with a friend, . Ep. to Davie. 10.
And mony a friend that kiss't his caup, Is now a fremit wight: The Election Ballads. I.	Or bright L[aprai]k's, my friend to be. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 14.
French. To ken what French mischief was brewin;	Tho' real friends I b'lieve are few, 1b. 15.
When welcoming the French at the sound of the drum.	But gif ye want ae friend that's true,
The Jolly Beggars. S.I.	They sometimes roose me; Ib. 16.
French ragout, Or olio that wad staw a sow, To a Haggis.	Come to my bowl, come to my arms, My friends, my brothers! Ib. 21.
Frenzied. Mine was th' insensate frenzied part, Sent to Gent. offended.	While I can either sing, or whissle,
Frequent.	Your friend and servant Ib. 22.
Longing to wipe each tear, to heal each groan,	My worthy friend, ne'er grudge an' carp, Tho' Fortune use you hard an' sharp; Ib. Ap. 21st. 8.
Yet frequent all unheeded in his own. Ep. to R. Graham. 3. That frequent pass douce Wisdom's door	A being form'd t' amuse his graver friends, Ep. to R. Graham. 3.
Fresh. Add. to Unco Guid. 2.	Ah, that "the friendly e'er should want a friend!" . 1b. 5.
Amang the fresh, green leaves bedew'd, S. A Rosebud by my †	Friend of my life, true patron of my rhymes! Ib.
Our thrissles flourish'd fresh and fair, S. Awa, whigs, awa.	The tender Father, and the gen'rous Friend. Epit. for Author's Father.
Fresh o'er the mountains breaks forth the morning, S. Bonie Bell.	The Friend of Man, to vice alone a foe; Ib.
When all the flowers were fresh and gay, S. It was the charming †	The friend of man, the friend of truth; The friend of age, and guide of youth: Epit. on a Friend.
The dew fell fresh, the sun rose mild, S. Luckless Fortune.	Frae the friends and Land I love, S. Frae the friends †
And drinks the stream with vigour fresh;	Mankind are his show box—a friend, would you know him?
S. On Cessnock banks † Sett II. She's fresh as the morning, the fairest in May,	Pull the string, ruling passion, the picture will show him. Fragment, inser. to Fox.
S. There's auld Rob M.†	Friend of the poet tried and leal, Friend of the poet †
Oh fresh is the rose in the gay dewy morning, S. True hearted was he †	The Friend we trust; the Fair we love; And we desire no more. Grace after Dinner.
Again ye'll flourish fresh and fair; S. The Catrine woods†	Here's friends on both sides of the Forth,
For a' his fresh beef and his saut, S. To daunton me.	And friends on both sides of the Tweed; S. Here's a health to them †
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair; S. Ye banks and braest Fresher.	I ken thy friends try ilka means Frae wedlock to delay thee; . S. Here's to thy health, †
She's fresher than the morning dawn S. On Cessnock banks †	If he's amang his friends or foes? S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. G. †
Freshest.	And thou, my last, best, only friend, Lament for Glencairn.
And sprinkle it wi' freshest dews S. O were my love † Freshly. All freshly steep'd in morning dews.	And where thou meet'st thy mother's friend, Remember him for me! . Lament of Mary of Scots.
Fresh'ning.	The Friend thou valued'st, I, the Patron, lov'd;
And cheer each fresh'ning flower S. Young Peggy †	Lns sent Sir J. Whiteford.
Fret. Just frets till Heav'n commission gies him;	O Death! the poor man's dearest friend, Man was made to Mourn.
A Ded. to G. H., 10. He hums and he hankers, he frets and he cankers,	Sometimes by friends forsaken, O; S. My father was a farmer †
S. What can a yng lassie †	My friends they hae disown'd me a',
Fretful, And fretful envy grins in vain S. Young Peggy †	S. Oh, how can I be blythe †
Fricassee. Or fricassee wad mak her spew Wi' perfect sconner, . To a Haggis.	False friends, false love, farewel! . S. Oh, open the door, † Common friend to you and me,
Friday. But, L—d, that Friday I was fow, Holy Willie's Prayer. 8.	Nature's gifts to all are free: . On scaring Water-fowl.
Friday first's the day appointed, To a Medical Gent.	May He, the friend of woe and want, On Birth of Posth. Child.

May foes be strang, and friends be slack, On W. Stewart.	Friendless.
He's lost a friend and neebor dear, . Poor Mailie's El	If friendless, low, we meet together,
A friend mair faithfu' ne'er came nigh him, Ib.	Then, Sir, your hand—my Friend and Brother. A Ded. to G. H., 16.
Friends so near my bosom ever, Ye hae render'd moments dear; . S. Scenes of woet	The friendless Bard and rustic song,
Friends, that parting tear reserve it,	Became alike thy fostering care. Lament for Glencairn.
Tho' tis doubly dear to me;	A poor friendless wand'rer may well claim a sigh, Poet. Add. to W. Tytler.
Thou, my friend, canst truly tell; S. Sensibility,†	All friendless, forsaken, forlorn! . S. The sun he is sunk †
The friend whom wild from wisdom's ways, The fumes of wine infuriate send; Sent to a Gent. offended.	Forsaken and friendless, my burden I bear, S. Wae is my heart †
Who but deplores that hapless friend?	Friendly. And keenly felt the friendly glow,
Deaf as my friend, he sees them press, Sketch. New Yr's Day.	And softer flame: A Bard's Epit.
my honor'd, first of friends,	The smile of love, the friendly tear, The sympathetic glow! Et. to Davie. 10.
Ye blow upon the sod that wraps my friend:	The sympathetic glow! Ep. to Davie. 10. In terms sae friendly, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 5.
S. Sonnet, on Death of R	The social, friendly, honest man, Whate'er he be,
Nor cause me from my bosom tear The very friend I sought S. Talk not of Love †	'Tis he fulfils great Nature's plan, And none but he. Ib. 15.
May there my latest hours consume,	Ah, that "the friendly e'er should want a friend!" Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
Among the friends of early days! S. The Banks of Nith.	Backward, abash'd to ask thy friendly aid? 1b. 5.
My lov'd, my honor'd, much respected friend, The Cotter's Sat. Night.	His social, friendly, honest heart Epit. on Tam the Chapman.
My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise: Ib.	Some merry, friendly, countra folks, Halloween. 2.
How Abram was the Friend of God on high; . Ib. 14.	Wi' merry sangs, an' friendly cracks,
(The Patriot's God, peculiarly thou art,	One friendly sigh for him, he asks no more, Once fondly lov'd †
His friend, inspirer, guardian and reward!) . Ib. 21.	For your auld-farrent, frien'ly letter; Second Ep. to Davie. To join the friendly few, To Chloris.
Wad ne'er desert his friend The Election Ballads. I.	I court, I beg thy friendly aid,
But the sodger's friends hae blawn the best, Ib. And mony a friend that kiss't his caup,	Friendship.
Is now a fremit wight:	If thou at friendship's sacred ca'
Friend o' my muse, friend o' my life, Ib. VI.	Wad life itself resign, man; . El. on Capt. M. H. Epit.
Dear to his country by the names, Friend, Patron, Benefactor!	Ev'n love an' friendship should give place To catch-the-plack! Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 20.
Friend, Patron, Benefactor!	Still closer knit in friendship's ties
O Thou, the first, the greatest friend	Each passing year! . Ib. Ap. 21st. 18.
Of all the human race! . The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps	I crave thy friendship at thy kind command; Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
Farewell, my friends! farewell, my foes! S. The gloomy night †	Farewell, loves and friendships, ye dear, tender ties! S. Farewell, thou fair day †
Who must to her his dear friend's secret tell; The Henpecked Husband.	Till the Fates nae mair severe, Friendship, Love and Peace restore. S. Frae the friends†
That he was still deceived who trusted To love or friend; The Hermit.	From friendship and dearest affection removed;
The nearest friend ye hae; The Holy Fair. 5.	Monody, on a Lady. Accept this mark of friendship, warm, sincere,
And your friends they dare grant you nae mair.	Friendship! 'tis all cold duty now allows. Once fondly lov'd †
The Kirk's Alarm.	But friendship's pure and lasting joys
The day he stude his country's friend, . S. The Laddies by † And I think on friends most dear, with the bitter, bitter tear,	My heart was form'd to prove: S. Talk not of Love † Your friendship much can make me blest,
S. The Slave's Lament.	(Fit haunts for Friendship or for Love,
My brave gallant friends, 'tis your ruin I mourn;	In musing mood) [v. A. 4] The Vision. D. I.
S. The small birds †	In the bands of old friendship and kindred so set, The Whistle. 12.
Maks high and low gude friends, man; The Tree of Liberty. Wha for his friend an' comrade had him, The Twa Dogs.	Your friendship, sir, I winna quat it, Third Ep. to J. Lap
His honest, sonsie, baws'nt face,	'Tis friendship's pledge, my young, fair friend, To Chloris.
Ay gat him friends in ilka place;	Thine friendship's truest heart
And some, the pride of Coila's plains, Become thy friends. The Vision. D. II. 18.	Yet love to friendship shall give way, To Clarinda.
Become thy friends. The Vision. D. II. 18. His dearest friend and brother scarcely knew! The Vowels.	Wi' you no friendship I will troke
But he ne'er turned his back on his foe—or his friend,	Nor cheap nor dear. To Mr. J. Kennedy. For pity, hide the cruel sentence
The Whistle. 9.	Under friendship's kind disguise. S. Turn again, thou
The wide world is all before us, But a world without a friend! S. Thickest night †	Thou flattering mark of friendship kind, Wr. on Leaf of "H. More."
Of mistress, friends, and wealth bereav'd me,	Fright. Wi' you, mysel, I got a fright,
S. Tho. fickle Fortune † So prays thy faithful friend, the bard. To a yng Lady.	Ayont the lough; Add. to the Deil. 7.
'Tis Friendship's pledge, my young, fair friend, To Chloris.	Aff she started in a fright, S. Donald Brodie† May in some future carcase howl,
Because thy joy in both would be	The forest's fright; Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 17.
To share them with a friend To John M'Murdo. Friend of my life! my ardent spirit burns, To R. Graham.	'For monie a ane has gotten a fright, 'An' liv'd an' di'd deleeret,
Friend of my life! my ardent spirit burns, To R. Graham. But for thy friends, and they are mony,	To put a young thing in a fright, S. O wat ye what my †
Baith honest men and lasses bonie, . To Terraughty.	To's ain het hame had sent him Wi' fright The Holy Fair. 12.
Your friends ay love, your faes ay fear ye, Ib.	His talk o' H-ll, whare devils dwell.
See him, the poor man's friend in need, To Rev. J. M'Math.	Our vera "Sauls does harrow" Wi' fright Ib. 21.
To stigmatize false friends of thine Can ne'er defame thee	They're sae accustom'd wi' the sight, The view o't gies them little fright, The Twa Dogs. 15.
Count on a friend, in faith an' practice,	But now they'll busk her like a fright, Willie's awa!
In Robert Burns To W. Simpson.	Fright, to. Ye fright the nightly wand'rers way,
O, but for kind, the ill-requited friends, I had been driven forth like you forlorn, Tragic Frag	Wi' eldritch croon. Add. to the Deil. 5.
Accept the gift a friend sincere	Frighted. He was sae sairly frighted That vera night. Halloween. 16.
Wad on thy worth be pressin'; . V.s, under Grief. I'll bless her and wis s her	They fied like frighted dows, man. S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
	,

Frighten. Go frighten [king of Terrors!] the coward and slave! S. Farewell, thou fair day †	Frozen. For me my faculties are frozen, Auld comrade dear
Frightln.	To what dark cave of frozen night, Alas! shall thy poor wand'rer hie;
Frightin awa your deuks and geese Add. of Beelzebub. 4.	S. Farewell, dear mistress †
Fringed. The lawns wood-fringed in Natures native taste;	Spare my love, thou feath'ry snaw, Drifting o'er the frozen plain. S. Jockey's ta'en the parting
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.	He's doyl't and he's dozin, his blude it is frozen,
Frippery. And in paste gems and frippery deck her. Poem on Life.	S. What can a yng lassie t
Frisk. We frisk away, Like school-boys, . To J. S. 15.	Fructify. May powers aboon unite you soon,
Frisky. blythe an' frisky, The Author's Cry and Prayer.P.	And fructify your amours, . On W. Chalmers.
Frog.	Frugal. Seal'd up with frugal care in massive, waxen piles, The Brigs of Ayr. 2.
The grave sage hern thus easy picks his frog, To R. G. of F. 7.	The frugal Wifie, garrulous, will tell, How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' Lint was i' the bell.
Frolle. Or [spring] pranks the sod in frolic mood,	How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' Lint was i' the bell. The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11.
Add. to Shade of Thomson.	For sense they little owe to frugal Heav'n
Or maybe in a frolic daft, To Hague or Calais takes a waft, The Twa Dogs. 22.	The Ordination. Mott.
Front. They dun benevolence with shameless front;	Or frugal Nature grudge thee one [talent]?
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.	Wr. in Friars-Carse H.
See the front of battle lour; S. Scots, wha hae †	Sweet fruit o' mony a merry dint, . Add. to Illegit. Child.
The Genius of the Stream in front appears The Brigs of Ayr. 13.	Sits o'er his newly-gathered fruits,
In the front rank he wad shine; The Election Ballads. V.	Beside his crystal well! Despondency, an Ode. 3.
Frost. When frosts lay lang, an' snaws were deep,	Alas! sae sweet a tree as love, Sic bitter fruit should bear! The Ruined Maid's Lament.
A Gude New-Year † 13.	Upo' this tree there grows sic fruit, The Tree of Liberty.
And freeze, thou bitter-biting Frost! A Winter Night. 7. But whigs cam like a frost in June, S. Awa, whigs, awa.	This fruit is worth a' Afric's wealth,
When bitter bites the frost, S. Cauld is the e'enin blast †	I'd gie my shoon frae aff my feet,
The frost of hermit age might warm; S. My Mary's face †	To taste sic fruit, I swear, man
The frost that freezes the life at my breast,	Fruited. The rustling corn, the fruited thorn, S. Now westlin winds †
S. Oh, open the door, †	Fruitful. 'Be fruitful and increase Nature's Law.
The bitter frost and snaw. On Birth of Posth. Child.	The Partridge loves the fruitful fells; S. Now westlin winds †
The chilly Frost, beneath the silver beam, Crept, gently-crusting, o'er the glittering stream.	How lovely, Nith, thy fruitful vales, S. The Banks of Nith.
The Brigs of Ayr. 3.	The fruitful top is spread on high,
And infant Frosts begin to bite, In hoary cranreuch drest; The Jolly Beggars. R. I.	And firm the root below
All on that charming coast is no bitter snow and frost,	Frustrate. Some cause unseen still stept between, To frustrate each endeavour, O:
S. The Slave's Lament.	S. My father was a farmer †
And frost will blight the fairest flowers, S. There was a lass †	Fry. And ay he [Hornie] catch'd the tither wretch, To fry them in his caudrons; . The Ordination. 10.
The frost may freeze the deepest sea, . S. To daunton me.	Frying.
Thy sons ne'er madden in the fierce extremes Of Fortune's polar frost, or torrid beams. To R. G. of F., 7.	Frae morn to een it's nought but toiling,
Or frosts on hills of Ochiltree Are hoary gray; To W. Simpson.	At baking, roasting, frying, boiling; . The Twa Dogs. 9.
	Fu', Fou, Fow [full; tipsy; very, considerably].
But oh! fell death's untimely frost, S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams	The laggen they hae clautet Fu' clean A Dream. 15.
Thro' wind and weet, thro' frost and snaw; S. Young Jockey †	An' swoor fu' rude,
Frost-work.	Her comely face sae fu' o' grace, S. A. Mastrin's bonie Anne.
Like frost-work touched by southern gales; . On Lincluden.	The moon it shines fu' clearly S. Ca' the Ewes.
Frosty.	I'se be fou and thou'se be toom, S. Carl, an the King come.
While frosty winds blaw in the drift, Ep. to Davie.	Cock up your beaver, and cock it fu' sprush, S. Cock up yr beaver.
Fu' loud and shrill the frosty wind S. I'm o'er young to marry †	I was na fou, but just had plenty; Death and Dr. Hornbook.
Old winter with his frosty beard,	On new-year's night, when we were fou, S. Duncan Gray †
Improm. on Mrs. —'s Birthday.	Maggie coost her heid fu' heigh,
Yet blessings on your frosty pow, S. John Anderson, t	Yet, if your catalogue [of friends] be fow,
It's no the frosty winter wind, S. Oh, how can I be blythe † Of coming Winter's biting, frosty breath;	I'se no insist; . Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 15. Ye mak a devil o' the Saunts,
The Brigs of Ayr. 2.	An' fill them fou; Ep. to J. R. 2.
Or frosty maids forsworn the dear embrace,	An' here his body lies fu' low Epit. on Wee Johnie.
They bar the door on frosty win's; . The Twa Dogs. 20.	I modestly fu' fain wad hint it, Friend of the Poet †
Loud blaw the frosty breezes, S. The yng High. Rover. Through frosty hills the journey lay, To J. Taylor.	The better that I'm fou S. Gudeen to you Kimmer †
To Vulcan then Apollo goes, To get a frosty calker Ib.	An' haud their Halloween Fu' blythe that night Halloween. 2.
Frown. Learn to despise those frowns now so terrific,	Their faces blythe, fu' sweetly kythe,
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.	They parted aff careerin Fu' blythe 16. 28.
Wilt thou lay that frown aside, [re.] . S. Fairest maid	An' jump out owre the chimlie Fu' high
Tho' fortune's frown still hunts me down, S. My father was a farmer t	Fu' cozie in the neuk for't,
Prepared power's proudest frown to brave, Poet. Inscription.	An' pray'd wi' zeal and fervour, Fu' fast Ib. 22. Wore a plaid and was fu' braw, . S. Highland Laddie.
The smile or frown of aweful Heaven, Wr. in Friars-Carse H.	But, L—d, that Friday I was fow, Holy Willie's Prayer. 8.
Frown, to.	Fu' loud and shrill the frosty wind . S. I'm o'er young †
But fickle Fortune frowns on me, S. The Highland Lassie.	Fu' is his barn, fu' is his byre; . S. In simmer when t
Frowning.	Jockey fou, and Jenny fain, S. Jockey fout
Dark as the frowning rock his brow, . As on the banks †	TOTAL TOTAL TOTAL CO.
	Fu' lightly rase I on the morn, Lament of Mary of Scots.
From these drawns litudes and for your salls. Et de Esstate	And I'm but jolly fou S. Landlady, count †
From those drear solitudes and frowzy cells, . Ep. fr. Esopus. And all my frowzy couch in sorrow steep;	

I spier'd for my cousin fu' couthy and sweet, S. Last May a braw wooer t	Full. An', large upon her quarter, Come full that day.
Fu' loud the wind blaws frae the Ferry, S. My bonie Mary.	An' did nae less, in full Congress, A Dream, 13.
And spen't at night fu' brawlie: . S. My Collier Laddie.	Than quite refuse our law, man A Fragment. 1.
Fu' stately strode he on the plain,	But, like himsel', a full free agent El. on Year 1788.
S. My Harry was a gallant†	But a full flowing bowl,
The groom gat sae fu' he fell awald beside it,	Was the saving his soul, Epit. on J. Dove, Innkeeper.
S. O ken ye what Meg†	Full well thou know'st I love thee dear; S. Fairest maid †
And answer him fu' dry S. O Tibbie! I hae †	And cudgell'd him full sore; John Barleycorn.
she bobbed fu' law, S. O when she cam ben †	A day to me so full of woe? Lament for Glencairn.
We are na fou, we're nae that fou, But just a drappy in our e'e; S. O Willie brew'd †	O raging fortune's withering blast Has laid my leaf full low, O! S. Luckless Fortune.
a dainty chiel, An' fou o' glee: On Scot. Bard gne to W.I.	if full of youth and riot,
Nay been bitch-fou 'mang godly priests,	We lived full one-and-twenty years
On dining with Daer.	A man and wife together; S. The Joyful Widower.
Forbye, he'll shape you aff fu' gleg	Full soon I grew sick of my sanctified Sot,
The cut of Adam's philibeg; On Grose's Peregrinations.	The Jolly Beggars. S. II. At night I do bring my full wages away: The Poor Thresher.
Fu' lifted up wi' Hebrew lore, On W. Chalmers.	A Common of Co. 11 Co. 1 Co. 1
And getting fou and unco happy, Tam o' Shanter. 1. That every naig was ca'd a shoe on,	Each man of sense has it so full before him,
The smith and thee gat roaring fou on;	The Rights of Woman.
They had been fou for weeks thegither	A tight, outlandlish Hizzie, braw,
But Tam kend what was what fu' brawlie, Ib. 15.	Come full in sight The Vision. D. I. 7.
Even Satan glowr'd and fidg'd fu' fain, Ib. 16.	A wildly-witty, rustic grace Shone full upon her; 1b. 10.
Ye Maukins, cock your fud fu' braw, Tam Samson's El., 7.	Or point the inconclusive page Full on the eye. [v. A. 4] Ib. D. II.
An' tho' fu' foughten sair eneugh	Stern Ruin's plough-share drives, elate,
Yet unco proud to learn The Ans. to the Guidwife.	Full on thy bloom, . To a Mountain-Daisy.
And I sae fu' o' care! S. The banks of Doon.	Have I so found it full of pleasing charms? Why am I loth t
Dame Justice fu' brawly has sped; The Election Ballads. III.	Till full he dashes on the rocky mounds,
The lav'rocks they were chantan Fu' sweet The Holy Fair. Was in the fashion shining Fu' gay	Wr. by Fall of Fyers.
	Hence, Fullarton, the brave and young; The Vision. D. II. 6.
And wi a curchie low did stoop, - Fu' kind Ib. 3. An' farls, bak'd wi' butter, Fu' crump Ib. 7.	Fully. He'll prove you fully, . On Grose's Peregrinations.
It pangs us fou o' Knowledge	Sae sonsy and sweet, sae fully complete,
A vast unbottom'd, boundless Pit,	Ronalds of Bennals.
Fill'd fou o' lowan brunstane,	Fulsome. Wi' monie a fulsome, sinfu' lie, A Ded. to G. H.
There's some are fou o' love divine;	Fumble. Wha can do nought but fyke an' fumble,
There's some are fou o' brandy;	On Scot. Bard. gne to W.I.
Sir Wisdom's a fool when he's fou; The Jolly Beggars, S. III.	Fumbling.
Wha ken't fu' weel to cleek the Sterlin; Ib. R. IV. I bow'd fu' low to this sam' maid,	How fumbling coofs their dearies slight, Scotch Drink. 12.
S. The lass that made the bed.	The fumes of wine infuriate send; Sent to a Gent. offended.
An' toss thy horns fu' canty; The Ordination. 6.	Fun. If thou hast wit, and fun, and fire,
And a' like lamb-tails flyin Fu' fast this day! Ib. 7.	And ne'er gude wine did fear, El. on Capt. M. H. Epit.
I never gat my Coggie fou	And there was muckle fun and jokin,
Till I met wi' the Ploughman . S. The Ploughman †	Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 2.
Fu' aft at e'en Wi' dancing keen, . S. The tither morn †	The wale o' cocks for fun au' drinkin! Ep. to J. R. I. 'Twas ae night lately, in my fun,
Now when ye're nickan down fu' cany The staff o' bread, . Third Ep. to J. Lap	I gaed a rovin wi' the gun,
I am as fu' as Bartie:	Shame fa' the fun; wi' sword and gun
Dance by fu' light	10 slap mankind like lumber! Nature's Law.
I lap and cry'd fu' loud To Mr. M'Adam.	For meikle glee and fun has he, On Grose's Peregrinations.
ye ken fu' well,	The mirth and fun grew fast and furious: Tam o' Shanter. 12.
Auld Coila, now, may fidge fu' fain, . To W. Simpson.	"My name is Fun-your cronie dear, . The Holy Fair. 5.
Our parting was fu' tender;	Wabster lads, Blackguarding frae K[ilmarno]ck For fun Ib. 9. And there was routh o' drink and fun, S. The last braw bridal
S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams † And I sae weary fu' of care! . S. Ye banks and braes †	E ' T C 1 T 1 C 2
Fu' awart man its thomas two .	For me, an aim I never tash; I rhyme for fun. To J. S. 5. Funny, -le.
Fu' blythe he whistled at the gaud,	And yet wi' funny, queer Sir John,
Fu' lightly danc'd he in the ha' S. Young Jockey †	He was an unco shaver For monie a day A Dream. 11.
And o'er the lea I leuk fu' fain	Tho' ye was trickie, slee an' funnie,
Fu-han't [full-handed, having plenty, rich].	Ye ne'er was donsie; A Guid New-Year t 5. My funny toil is now a' tint, Add, to Illegit. Child.
But ay fu-han't is fechtin best, . S. In simmer when t	
Fud [the posteriors; the scut of a rabbit or hare].	And unco tales, an' funnie jokes,
Ye Maukins, cock your fud fu' braw, Tam Samson's El., 7.	Fun'ral. When call'd on to order the fun'ral direction,
They scarcely left to coor their fuds,	Epig. on Henpecked Squire. Another.
The Jolly Beggars. R. VIII. Fuel. By Heavens, the sacrilegious dog	Fur. Clad in rich Dulness' comfortable fur. To R. G. of F. 3.
Shall fuel be to boil it! . S. Does haughty Gault	Furder [further, success].
Fuff! [puff!]	Weel, my babie, may thou furder: . S. Hee balou, †
Till fuff! he started up the lum, Halloween. 8.	Guid speed an' furder to you, Johny, Third Ep. to J. Lap.
Fuff't [did puff].	Furlous.
She fuff't her pipe wi' sic a lunt,	The mirth and fun grew, fast and furious: Tam o' Shanter. 12.
Fulfil. The social, friendly, honest man. Whate'er he he	And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle;
'Tis he fulfils great Nature's plan, And none but he. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 15.	Like furious devils driving The Election Ballads. VI. While Tories fall, while Tories fly,
Thou Pow'r Supreme, whose mighty Scheme,	And furious Whigs pursuing!
These woes of mine fulfil; Winter.	Those headlong, furious passions to confine; Why am I loth †

Furm [a wooden form or bench]. How drink gaed round, in cogs an' caups, Amang the furms an' benches; The Holy Fair. 23.	Fyers. The roaring Fyers pours his mossy floods; Wr. by Fall of Fyers
Amang the furms an benches; The Holy Fair. 23.	Fyfteen. I was na past fyfteen:
Furnicator v. Fornicator.	Fyke [agitation about trifles; restlessness].
Furr [a furrow].	As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke, Tam o' Shanter. 17.
	Fyke [to act in a restless, useless, uncertain kind of
	way; to fidget, make a fuss about anything].
The hares were hirplan down the furrs, . The Holy Fair.	Wha can do nought but fyke an' fumble,
Furr ahin [the hinder right-hand horse which walks	On Scot. Bard gne to W.I.
in the furr, when ploughing.	
My Furr ahin's a wordy beast, The Inventory.	ye sud be licket Until ye fyke; . Second Ep. to Davie.
Furrow.	Fyle [to defile, to soil].
Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,	Her face wad fyle the Logan-water; . S. Willie Wastle
Shall be thy doom! To a Mountain-Daisy.	Fyl'd [soiled, dirtied].
Furrowed, -'d.	Ane curses feet that fyl'd his shins, . The Holy Fair. 10.
No wrinkle furrow'd by the hand of care, Blest be M'Murdo †	Ga' [gall]. An' purge the bitter ga's an' cankers, [v.A.13]
His face was furrow'd o'er with years,	The Twa Dogs. 23.
Man was made to Mourn.	Gab [the mouth; tongue].
	Some unco blate, an' some wi' gabs, Halloween. 3.
	Set a' their gabs a steerin;
At thy blithe carol clears his furrowed brow.	
Sonnet wr. on Birthday.	
And owsen frae the furrowed field . S. When o'er the hill t	While she held up her greedy gab, Just like an aumous dish: The Jolly Beggars, R. I.
Fury. O'er countries and kingdoms their fury prevail'd,	Just like an aumous dish: The Jolly Beggars. R. I.
S. Caledonia.	But steek your gab for ever; The Ordination. 9.
'I drew my scythe in sic a fury, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 18.	Wi' his teethless gab and his auld beld pow,
And in thy fury hurn the book	S. To daunton me.
Even of that man M'Gill New Psalmody.	Gab, to [to talk fluently, to prate].
Or were more in fury seen, Sir, The Dean of Fac	Or gab like Boswell, . The Author's Cry and Prayer. 10.
High-wav'd his magnum-bonum round	Gabble. He'll gabble rhyme, nor sing nae mair,
With Cyclopean fury The Election Ballads, VI.	El. on Death of R. Ruisseaux.
Wi' kindling fury i' their breasts, The Twa Dogs. 18.	Gabriel.
In wildest fury hae made bare	Here hrewer Gabriel's fire's extinct, Epit. on G. Richardson.
My peace, my hope, for ever! . V.s. under Grief.	Gade v. Gaed.
Fusion. We'll light a spunk, and, ev'ry skin	Gae [gave].
We'll rin them aff in fusion Like oil, some day.	Wha gae the whigs the power o't! S. Awa, whigs, awa.
The Ordination. 14.	We gae the boot and better horse; S. Carl, an the King come.
Fusionless [pithless, sapless].	He has his character and better noise, S. Cart, an the King come.
An' he is but a fusionless carlie, O. S. The deuks dang o'er.	He by his showther gae a keek, Halloween. 19.
Fuss. But why of that epocha make such a fuss, [v. A. 9]	The Deil, or else an outler Quey, Gat up an' gae a croon;
Poet. add. to Tytler.	And see his bridle raine a shelp
Amid this mighty fuss just let me mention,	And gae his bridle reins a shake, S. It was a' fort
The Rights of Woman.	But owre my left shouther I ga'e him a blink, S. Last May a braw wooer †
Future.	My heart it gae a stoun S. My heart was ance †
May in some future carcase howl, $Ep. to J. L-k$, $Ap. 21st. 17$.	O gip I sow the laddie that men mails I G O I
May in some future carcase howl, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 17. Prop of my dearest hopes for future times.	O gin I saw the laddie that gae me't! S. O whare did ye get t
Prop of my dearest hopes for future times. Ep. to R. Graham. 5.	O gin I saw the laddie that gae me't! S. O whare did ye get † I gae him a stool, and he look'd like a fool, S. The auld man †
Prop of my dearest hopes for future times. Ep. to R. Graham. 5. They persecute you all your future days!	O gin I saw the laddie that gae me't! S. O whare did ye get † I gae him a stool, and he look'd like a fool, S. The auld man† I gae him some pye, and he lay'd the crust by.
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Prop of my dearest hopes for future times. Ep. to R. Graham. 5. They persecute you all your future days! Ib. 5. My age's future shade S. Fate gave the word, † The past was bad, and the future hid; S. My father was a farmer† With future rhymes, an' other times	O gin I saw the laddie that gae me't! S. O whare did ye get † I gae him a stool, and he look'd like a fool, S. The auld man † I gae him some pye, and he lay'd the crust by, Ib. I gae him a dram o' the brand sae strang, Ib. My heart for fear gae sough for sough, S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor. Wha meekly gae your hurdies to the smiters;
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Prop of my dearest hopes for future times. Ep. to R. Graham. 5. They persecute you all your future days! 16. 5. My age's future shade S. Fate gave the word, † The past was bad, and the future hid; With future rhymes, an' other times, To emulate his sire;	O gin I saw the laddie that gae me't! S. O whare did ye get † I gae him a stool, and he look'd like a fool, S. The auld man † I gae him some pye, and he lay'd the crust by, Ib. I gae him a dram o' the brand sae strang, Ib. My heart for fear gae sough for sough, S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor. Wha meekly gae your hurdies to the smiters; The Brigs of Ayr. 9. Gae [to go]. When they gae to the shore o' Bucky, S. A' the lads o' Thornie-bank †
Prop of my dearest hopes for future times. Ep. to R. Graham. 5. They persecute you all your future days! 1b. 5. My age's future shade S. Fate gave the word, † The past was bad, and the future hid; S. My father was a farmer† With future rhymes, an' other times, To emulate his sire; Nature's Law. And future ages hear his growing fame. On Death of Sir J. Blair. Thro' future times to make his virtues last 1b.	O gin I saw the laddie that gae me't! S. O whare did ye get † I gae him a stool, and he look'd like a fool, S. The auld man † I gae him some pye, and he lay'd the crust by, Ib. I gae him a dram o' the brand sae strang, Ib. My heart for fear gae sough for sough. S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor. Wha meekly gae your hurdies to the smiters; The Brigs of Ayr. 9. Gae [to go]. When they gae to the shore o' Bucky, S. A' the lads o' Thornie-bank † Weel, since he has left me, may pleasure gae wi' him.
Prop of my dearest hopes for future times. Ep. to R. Graham. 5. They persecute you all your future days! Ib. 5. My age's future shade S. Fate gave the word, † The past was bad, and the future hid; S. My father was a farmer † With future rhymes, an' other times, To emulate his sire; Nature's Law. And future ages hear his growing fame. On Death of Sir J. Blair. Thro' future times to make his virtues last Ib. On the hopeless Future pondering, . S. Raving winds †	O gin I saw the laddie that gae me't! S. O whare did ye get † I gae him a stool, and he look'd like a fool, S. The auld man † I gae him some pye, and he lay'd the crust by, Ib. I gae him a dram o' the brand sae strang, Ib. My heart for fear gae sough for sough, S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor. Wha meekly gae your hurdies to the smiters; The Brigs of Ayr. 9. Gae [to go]. When they gae to the shore o' Bucky, S. A' the lads o' Thornie-bank † Weel, since he has left me, may pleasure gae wi' him, S. As I was a-wand ring †
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Prop of my dearest hopes for future times. Ep. to R. Graham. 5. They persecute you all your future days! 16. 5. My age's future shade S. Fate gave the word, † The past was bad, and the future hid; S. My father was a farmer † With future rhymes, an' other times, To emulate his sire;	O gin I saw the laddie that gae me't! S. O whare did ye get † I gae him a stool, and he look'd like a fool, S. The auld man † I gae him some pye, and he lay'd the crust by,

Then, hiltie, skiltie, we gae scrivin',	Gailies [pretty well].
An' fash nae mair Second Ep. to Davie. And I may e'en gae hang S. She's fair and fause †	I canna say but they do gailies; Add. of Beelzebub. Gaily, Gayly.
And mony a knight and mony a laird,	Tho' thou may gayly bloom a while, . S. I do confess †
That errand fain would gae. [re.] The Election Ballads. I.	Gaily in the sunny beam; S. I dream'd I lay †
And he wad gae to London town, Might nae man him withstand	Innocence Looks gaily-smiling on; Innocence.
Ilk star gae hide thy twink'ling ray S. The gowd. Locks of A.	Where spreading hawthorns gaily bloom! S. The Banks of Nith.
The kirk and state may gae to hell,	How many a robe sae gaily floats! The Fête Champetre.
And I'll gae to my Anna	Nor birds sweetly singing, nor flowers gayly springing,
And they'll gae build Terreagle's towers, S. The noble Maxwells †	Gain v. Gin.
Cast off the wat, put on the dry, And gae to bed, my Dearie. S. The Ploughman †	Gain. I dinna envy him the gains he can win;
If ye gae up to you hill-tap,	S. As I was a-wand ring t
Ye'll there see bonie Peggy; . The Tarbolton Lasses.	Some soothe the Lab'rer's weary toil
Gae down by Faile, and taste the ale, 1b.	For humble gains, . The Vision. D. II. 9. Gain, to. Jenny was nae ill to gain, S. Jockey fou,
As ye gae up by yon hill-side, Speer in for bonie Bessy;	To him be given to ken the heav'n
Gae spin your tap o' tow! S. The weary pund.	He gains in Polly Stewart! S. Polly Stewart.
Gae somewhere else and seek your dinner, . To a Louse.	'Twas all my faithful love could gain; S. The capt. Ribband.
But I gae mad at their grimaces, . To Rev. J. M'Math.	And then my fifty pounds a year Will little gain me To Dr. Blacklock.
Then gae your gate ye'se nae be here! S. Wha is that at †	Detraction's eye no aim can gain,
Gae mind your seam, ye prick the louse, What ails ye now t	Her winning powers to lessen; S. Young Peggy †
Gae fa' upo' anither plan,	Gained, -'d.
Gaed, Gade [went].	How foolish, or worse, 'till our summit is gain'd! S. The lazy mist †
B-rg—ne gaed up, like spur an' whip, . A Fragment. 4.	Thus Robert, victorious, the trophy has gained,
When first I gaed to woo my Jenny, A Guid New-Year 15.	But sair I fear some happier swain The Whistle. 5.
thou pay't them hollow, Whare'er thou gaed Ib. 9.	Has gained sweet Jeanie's favour: S. When first I saw †
As I gaed up by you gate end, S. As I gaed up by †	Gainer. Most justly think (and we are much the gainers) The Rights of Woman.
As I gaed down the water-side, . S. Ca' the Ewes.	Gairs [gores].
An' down gaed stumple in the ink: Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 6.	My Lady's gown there's gairs upon't, S. My Lord a-hunting †
in my fun I gaed a rovin wi' the gun, Ep. to J. R. 7.	Gaist v. Ghaist.
Sae dauntingly gaed he; . S. Farewell, ye dungeons †	Gait. And then there's something in her gait Gars ony dress look weel S. Handsome Nell.
An' owre the hill gaed scrievin,	What airs in dress an' gait wad lea'e us, . To a Louse.
I gaed a waefu' gate yestreen, . S. I gaed a waefu' † I gaed to the tryste o' Dalgarnock;	Gale.
S. Last May a braw wooer †	The balmy gales awake the flowers, . S. Behold, my love, t
Yestreen, when to the trembling string	At even, when beans their fragrance shed, I' th' rustling gale, . El. on Capt. M. H. 6.
The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha', S. O Mary, at thy window †	'Tis but the balmy, breathing gale, . S. Here is the glen,
As she gaed o'er the border? . S. O saw ye bonie Lesley †	Make the gales you waft around her
Ye spak' na, but gaed by like stoure; S. O Tibbie!	Soft and peaceful as her breast, S. Highland Mary.
I gaed up to Dunse, To warp a wab o' plaiden; S. Robin shure in hairst.	Then may heaven with prosperous gales, Fill my sailor's welcome sails, S. How can my poor heart †
But, Och! he gaed and ne'er return'd! Tam Samson's El. 8.	I'd fan it wi' a constant gale, S. O were my love †
The chase gaed frae the north, man;	Now on the rising gale swell high, On Lincluden.
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	Like frost-work touched by southern gales; Ib.
Our lads gaed a hunting, ae day at the dawn, S. The heather was blooming †	But through the broken space, the gale Blows chilly from the misty vale;
The third, that gaed a wee a-back,	Beneath the milkwhite thorn that scents the evining gale.
Was in the fashion shining The Holy Fair. 2. Then I gaed hame at crowdie-time,	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 9. All-hail then, the gale then,
Gaed hoddan by their cotters;	Wafts me from thee, dear shore I The Farewell.
How drink gaed round, in cogs an' caups, Ib. 23.	Till billows rage, and gales blow hard, And whelm him o'er! To a Mountain Daisy.
For ay he pree'd the lassie's mou,	And large, before Enjoyment's gale,
As he gaed but and ben, O S. The Taylor† Awa they gaed wi' mock parade, . The Tree of Liberty.	Let's tak the tide To J. S. II.
right pensivelie, I gaed to rest The Vision. D. I. 2.	Gall. He dips in gall unmixed his eager pen, Ep. fr. Esopus.
And jee! the door gaed to the wa',	Gall, to. While scabs an' botches did him [Job] gall, Wi' bitter claw, Add. to the Deil. 18.
At last her feet, I sang to see't,	Galling.
Gaed foremost o'er the knowe; . S. The weary Pund.	O Life! thou art a galling load, . Despondency, an Ode.
Ae day as the carle gaed up the lang glen, S. There liv'd ance a carle †	Galla water. Can match the lads o' Galla water. S. Braw lads on Yar. braes †
The carlin gaed thro' them like ony mad bear, Ib.	The bonnie lad o' Galla water
He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryste, . S. There was a lass †	We'll tent our flocks by Galla water Ib.
till her last roon Gaed past their viewin, To W. Simpson. P.S.	Braw, braw lads of Galla Water; S. Braw lads of G. Water.
Frae less to mair it gaed to sticks; Ib. Where'er I gaed, where'er I rade,	Gallant, adj. Four gallant brutes, as e'er did draw; A Guid New-Year † 15.
A mistress still I had aye: . S. When first I came †	They hae pierc'd mony a gallant heart;
I'd rove and ne'er be eerie O, If thro' that glen I gaed to thee, . S. When oe'r the hill \(\)	Death and Dr. Hornbook. 15.
Gaen v. Gane.	There moulders here a gallant heart; El. on Capt. M. H. Epit.
Gaet v. Gate.	They've lost some gallant gentlemen Amang the Highland clans, man;
Gage. Poor Tammy Gage within a cage	Amang the Highland clans, man; S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
Was kept at Boston-ha', man; A Fragment. 3. Galger v. Gauger.	Bold Scrimgeour follows gallant Graham, The Election Ballads. VI.

I have four brutes o' gallant mettle, . The Inventory.	'Twas but yestreen, nae farther gaen,
And I served out my Trade when the gallant game was play'd, The Jolly Beggars. S. I.	Death and Dr. Hornbook. 16. He's gane! he's gane! he's frae us torn, [re.]
My gallant, braw John Highlandman [re.] Ib. S. IV. My brave gallant friends, 'tis your ruin I mourn;	El. on Capt. M. H. 2. A Towmout, Sirs, is gane to wreck! . El. on Year 1788.
S. The small birds rejoice † And gallant Sir Robert, deep-read in old wines.	I'd better gaen an sair't the king, Ep. to J. R. 6. To H-ll, if he's gane thither,
The Whistle. 6. gallant Sir Robert, to finish the fight,	Satan, gie him thy gear to keep, Epit. on Ruling Elder. And mercy's day is gane. Epit. on Holy Willie.
The gallant Sir Robert fought hard to the end; . Ib. 16.	But now its gane, and something mair, . Extem. Ap. 1782.
That gallant badge, the dear cockade, S. When wild War's † He is a gallant sailor. [re.] . S. Where Cart rins †	Gane is the day and mirk's the night, . S. Gane is the day t Gane in a galloping consumption, . Letter to J. Goudie.
Sae gallant and sae gay a swain, . S. Young Jamie, †	Yon sinking sun's gane down upon; S. O wat ye wha's in †
Gallant, s. My Harry was a gallant gay, S. My Harry was a gallant †	Meg fain wad to the Barn gaen,
Ye gallants bright I rede ye right, S. A Mast.'s bonie Anne.	O'er the mountains he is gane; S. Jockey's ta'en the parting t
Ye gallants braw I rede ye a',	Is he to Abra'm's bosom gane? S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. G.†
Galley. A glorious Galley, stem and stern, Weel rigg'd for Venus barter; . A Dream. 13.	The simmer is gane when the leaves they were green, S. Lady Mary Ann.
Gallia.	And my last hald of earth is gane: Lament for Glencairn.
My blessings aye attend the chiel, Wha pitied Gallia's slaves, man, . The Tree of Liberty.	My Lord a-hunting he is gane, . S. My Lord a-hunting † She's gane, like Alexander,
Gallop. What ragings must his veins convulse,	To spread her conquests farther. S. O saw ye bonie Lesley † Honest Will's to Heaven gane, . On W. Cruickshanks.
That still eternal gallop: Add. to Unco Guid. 4.	And gane, alas! the sheltering tree, On Birth of Posth. Child.
Galloping.	But Garlies was to London gane,
Gane in a galloping consumption, Letter to J. Goudie. Their galloping thro' public places, The Twa Dogs. 31.	And sae the kye might stray. The Election Ballads. V.
Galloway, Gallowa'.	Their hearts o' stane, gin night are gane, The Holy Fair. 27. Beauty's of a fading nature,
Wi' nae converse but Gallowa' bodies, . Ep. to H. Parker. And Kenmure's lord's the bravest lord	Has a season, and is gane. S. Will ye go and marry † Gang. The Poets too, a venal gang, A Dream. 2.
That ever Galloway saw. S. O Kenmure's on and awa †	A blessing on the cheery gang Wha dearly like a jig or sang, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 6.
Flit G— and find Some narrow, dirty, dungeon cave, On seeing Seat of Lord G	Ye gipsy-gang that deal in glamor,
And brandy Jean, that took her gill, In Galloway sae wide The Election Ballads. I.	On Grose's Peregrinations. Gang, to [to go, walk].
Through Galloway and a' that;	And now the third part o' the string,
And also the wild Scot o' Galloway Sodgerin gunpowder Blair	An' less, will gang about it A Dream. 4. Till a' the seas gang dry. [re.] S. A red, red Rose.
Yerl Galloway lang did rule this land, Ib. V.	Tho' they may gang a kennin wrang,
But now Yerl Galloway's sceptre's broke,	To step aside is human: Add. to Unco Guid. 7.
Spare me thy vengeance, G— To Lord G. Gallows, Gallows-tree.	Will ye gang down the water-side . S. Ca' the Ewes. If ye'll but stand to what ye've said,
But gude preserve us frae the gallows,	I'se gang wi' you, my shepherd lad,
M'Pherson's time will not be long	Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 12. But how the subject theme may gang,
On yonder gallows-tree. S. Farewell, ye dungeons † He played a spring, and danc'd it round,	Let time and chance determine; Ep. to Young Friend.
Below the gallows-tree	So may the auld year gang out moaning Friend of the poet † Gar lasses hearts gang startin
By gallows knaves? The Author's Cry and Prayer.	Then a faulding let us gang, S. Hark! the mavis' †
He'd venture the gallows for siller, An 'twere na the cost o' the rape. The Election Ballads. III.	Ye shall gang in gay attire, S. My Collier Laddie. I rede you right, gang ne'er at night, S. My heart was ance †
Galston. The rising sun, our Galston Muirs, Wi' glorious light was glintan; The Holy Fair.	Gang by me as tho' that ye car'd nae a flie; S. O Whistle †
Gambling.	Wha first shall rise to gang awa, A cuckold coward loun is he! S. O Willie brew'd †
Mortgaging, gambling, masquerading:. The Twa Dogs. 22.	Or how can I gang brisk and braw; S. Oh, how can I be blythe †
Then Reck-noth-m took up the game:	Soon heels o'er gowdie! in he gangs, Poem on Life.
Then R-ck-ngh-m took up the game; A Fragment. 6. The pipers and youngsters were making their game,	The Laird o' Blackbyre wad gang through the fire, Ronalds of Bennals.
S. As I was a-wand ring † The tane is game, a bluidy devil, El. on Year 1788.	Fare thee weel before I gang, S. Scenes of woet
The Game shall Pay, owre moor an' dail,	But woman is but warld's gear, Sae let the bonie lass gang. S. She's fair and fause †
For this, niest year Ep. to J. R. 10. Or how our merry lads at hame,	Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 6.
In Britain's court kept up the game: Kind Sir, I've read † By Colin's cottage lies his game, S. My Lord a-hunting †	Freedom and Whisky gang thegither. [v. A. 2]
And I served out my Trade when the gallant game was play'd, The Jolly Beggars, S.I.	And he wad gang to London town, If sae their pleasure was. The Election Ballads. I.
Like beagles hunting game, man, The Tree of Liberty.	Where sailors gang to fish for cod The Twa Dogs. 2.
Sic game is now owre aften play'd; . The Twa Dogs. 21.	They gang as saucy by poor folk,
This game was play'd in monie lands, To W. Simpson, P.S.	As I wad by a stinkan brock
Gamesome. My gamesome Billy Will, . The Election Ballads. V.	For gear to gang that gate at last! 16. 25. I winna gang to the dance in Carlyle ha'.
Gamut. He croon'd his gamut, one, two, three,	S. There grows a bonie t What will I do for a lad, when Sandy gangs awa? . Ib.
Gane, Gaen [gone]. The Jolly Beggars. R. V.	An' I'll no gang to my bed Until I get a nod.
Thou could hae gaen like ony staggie A Guid New-year † 1. The branchy shelter lost and gane . As on the banks †	S. There's news, lasses † I'll no gang to my bed Till I get a man Ib.
2 A	

The best laid schemes o' Mice an' Men, Gang aft agley, To a Mouse.	Garrulous. The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11.
An' gar him follow to the kirk	Gart [made, forced].
Ay when ye gang yoursel. To Gav. Hamilton.	But sax Scotch mile, thou try't their mettle,
Is Fortune's fickle Luna waning? E'en let her gang! To J. S. 20.	An' gart them whaizle: A Guid New-Year † 10.
Wi' you I'll scarce gang ony where Ib. 29.	Gart poor Duncan stand abiegh; S. Duncan Gray† And gart me weet my waukrife winkers,
Content with you to mak a pair, Whare'er I gang Ib.	Wi' girnan spite Ep. to Maj. Logan, 10.
I'll ne'er gang by your door V.s to Landlady of Inn.	Has gart me change my sang. S. My heart was ance †
But gang she east, or gang she west, S. When first I saw †	Has gart me sigh and sab
My purse is light, I've far to gang, S. When wild War's †	He screw'd the pipes and gart them skirl, Tam o' Shanter. 11. That gart my heart-strings tingle The Ans. to the Guidwife.
Gangrel [vagrant]. a merry core O' randie, gangrel bodies,	Garten [garter].
The Jolly Beggars. R. I.	The lads sae trig, wi' wooer-babs,
Gap. Thro' hostile ranks and ruin'd gaps Add. to Edinburgh. 7.	Weel knotted on their garten, Halloween. 3
Still through the gap the struggling river toils, Wr.by Fall of Fyers.	Garter. after viewing knives and garters, Epit. on Tam the Chapman.
Gape.	[Thieves] From him that wears the star and garter
It [a raep] maks guid fellows girn an' gape, Poor Mailie's El.	To him that wintles in a halter: . Lns add. to J. Ranken.
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape; Tam o' Shanter. 11.	His manly leg with garter tangle bound. The Brigs of Ayr. 13.
Gaped. He gaped for't [his argument], he graped for't, Extem. in Court of Session.	His garters knit below the knee, . S. The Ploughman
He gaped wide, but naething spak, The Death of Mailie.	A Garter gie to Willie Pitt;
Gaping, -in'.	joined with that of self-importance].
Poor gapin', glowrin' Superstition, Letter to J. Goudie.	Here, farmers gash, in ridin graith, . The Holy Fair. 7.
Some gapin' glowrin' countra laird, . On W. Chalmers. When gaping they [the saunts] besiege the tents,	In comes a gawsie, gash Guidwife,
Are doubly fir'd Scotch Drink. 8.	Gashan [talking freely and fluently].
She won each gaping burgess' heart, The Election Ballads. VI.	She lea'es them gashan at their cracks, Halloween. 11.
Gar [to cause, make; force, compel].	Gasp.
Wad gar you trow ye ne'er do wrang, A Dream. 2.	Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape; Tam o' Shanter. 11.
And gar the tatter'd gypsies pack, Add. of Beelzebub. 4. That gars the notes of discord squeel, Add. to Toothache.	Gasp, to.
And gar me look like bluntie, S. And O for ane and twenty	See how she fetches at the thrapple, An' gasps for breath. Letter to J. Goudie.
The four-gill chap, we'se gar him clatter,	Gasping.
Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 19.	Flutt'ring an' gasping in her gore: Auld comrade dear †
Twa lines frae you wad gar me fissle,	In gasping death to wallow The Petition of Br. Water.
Gar lasses hearts gang startin	Gat [got]. Then up they gat the maskin-pat, A Fragment.
Gude ale gars me sell my hose, [re.] S. O Gude Ale comes †	Wi' you, mysel, I gat a fright, Add. to the Deil. 7. An how ye gat him i' your thrall,
Gars me moop wi' the servant hizzie, Ib.	But bonie Peg-a-Ramsey
Will gar fame blaw until her trumpet crack, Scots Prologue.	Gat grist to her mill S. Cauld is the e'enin blast †
Rivan the words tae gar them clink; Second Ep. to Davie.	Gat tippence-worth to mend her head, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 26.
Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet, Tam o' Shanter. 4. An' no get warmly to your feet,	Then up I gat, an swoor an aith, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 7.
An' gar them hear it, The Author's Cry and Prayer.	Sae I gat paper in a blink, Ib. Ap. 21st. 6.
Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new;	So gat the whissle o' my groat, Ep. to J. R. 9.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5.	I gat some gear wi' meikle care, Extem. Ap. 1782.
Guid faith, quo' scho, I doubt you gar, The bonie lasses lie aspar, . S. There was a lad †	Grim loon, he gat me by the fecket, Friend of the poet † P.S.
But chiefly the siller, that gars him gang till her,	Gat ye me, O gat ye me, O gat ye me wi' naething? S. Gat ye me, †
S. There's a youth † An' gar him follow to the kirk . To Gav. Hamilton.	An' ay a rantan Kirn we gat,
We'll gar our streams an' burnies shine	His Sin gat Eppie Sim wi' wean,
Up wi' the best To W. Simpson.	He gat hemp-seed, I mind it weel,
Garden. The verdure and pride of the garden and lawn, S. How pleasant the banks †	Then up gat fechtan Jamie Fleck,
And by you garden green again; S. I'll ay ca in †	The Deil, or else an outler Quey,
When past the show'r, and every flow'r	Gat up an' gae a croon:
The garden is adorning: S. Lovely Davies.	Because he gat the toom dish thrice He heav'd them on the fire,
We'll search through the garden for each silly flower, Monody, on a Lady.	I gat my death frae twa sweet een, . S. I gaed a waefut
That roars between her gardens green And the bonie lass of Albany. S. The bonie Lass of Albany.	An' Clavers gat a clankie, O; S. Killiecrankie.
You palace and you gardens fine! S. The Highland Lassie.	But gin the Lord's ain focks gat leave, Letter to J. Goudie.
The flaunting flow'rs our Gardens yield, To a Mountain-Daisy.	The groom gat sae fu' he fell awald beside it, S. O ken ye what Meg †
When roving through the garden gay,	I gat it frae a young brisk Sodger Laddie,
Garland. And claught th' unfading garland there,	S. O whare did ye get †
Extem. on Comments of Thomson. Garland, to. Then farewel hopes of Laurel-boughs	The smith and thee gat roaring fou on; Tam o' Shanter. 3.
To garland my poetic brows! To J. S., 9.	The bairns gat out wi' an unco shout, S. The deuks dang o'er. I never gat my Coggie fou
Garlies. But Carlies was to London cone. The Election Ballada II.	I never gat my Coggie fou Till I met wi' the Ploughman. S. The Ploughman †
But Garlies was to London gane, The Election Ballads. V. Garment. In this lone cave, in garments lowly, The Hermit.	And them that stay'd gat fearfu' thuds, S. The Taylor †
Garpal. Or haunted Garpal draws his feeble source,	Ay gat him friends in ilka place; The Twa Dogs. 5.
Garren [making, forcing]. The Brigs of Ayr. 7.	When up they gat an' shook their lugs,
Than garren lasses cowp the cran	Whae'er she gat hands on, cam' near her nae mair,
Clean heels owre body, What ails ye now †	S. There liv'd ance a carle †

Sae my auld stumpie pen I gat it . Third Ep. to J. Lap.	Gaudsman [the boy who drove the plough-horses].
Sir, o'er a gill I gat your card, To Mr. M'Adam.	A gaudsman ane, a thrasher t'other, The Inventory.
I gat your letter, winsome Willie; To W. Simpson. An' shortly after she was done	Gaudy, Gawdy. A gaudy dress and gentle air
They gat a new ane Ib. P.S.	May slightly touch the heart, S. Handsome Nell.
Till chiels gat up an' wad confute it,	I mourn through the gay, gawdy day, S. Here's a health to ane †
An' monie a fallow gat his licks,	The gay gaudy glare of vanity and art:
Gate. So, to heaven's gates the lark's shrill song ascends,	S. Mark yonder Pomp† Weel buskit up sae gaudy; . S. My Collier Laddie.
Ep. to R. Graham. 5. But, cursed lot! the gates were shut,	Care-untroubled, joy-surrounded,
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	Gaudy Day to you is dear. S. Musing on the roaring the Let others love the city,
For the foul thief is just at your gate. The Kirk's Alarm. Gate, Gaet [way, manner, road].	And gaudy shew at sunny noon; S. Sae flaxen †
As I gaed up by you gate end, . S. As I gaed up by †	His rags regimental they flutter'd so gaudy, The Jolly Beggars. S. II.
This while ye hae been mony a gate, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 11.	Gauger, Gaiger.
But thanks to Heav'n, that's no the gate	What premiers, what? even Monarchs mighty gaigers: Lns on Window, K.'s Arms.
We learn our creed. Ep. to J-k, Ap. 21st. 14.	I'm turn'd a gauger—Peace be here! . To Dr. Blacklock.
I held the gate till you I met, S. Gat ye me, † She watch'd me by the hie-gate-side, . S. Had I the wyte †	Gaul.
Had Kirk and State been in the gate,	Does haughty Gaul invasion threat? S. Does haughty Gaul† Gaun [Gavin].
I lighted when she bade me	T 1 1 1 G TT 1 1 TT
A gate, I fear, I'll dearly rue; S. I gaed a waefu't	There's Gaun, misca't waur than a beast, To Rev. J. M. Math.
There's nane sall ken, there's nane sall guess, What brings me back the gate again, S. I'll ay ca' in †	Gaun [going]. in aught hours gaun, A Guid New-year † 11.
But if you come this gate again	But O, to see auld Nick gaun hame.
I'll aulder be gin simmer, . S. I'm o'er young to marry † life's a fecht, The canniest gate, the strife is sair;	And Charlie's faes before him! . S. Come boat me o'er† this that I am gaun to tell, Death and Dr. Hornbook, 2.
S. In simmer when †	'Friend, whare ye gaun,
Gae back the gate ye cam' again, S. O can ye labour leat Gae back the gate ye cam' again, S. O Lassie, art thou t	O steer her up and haud her gaun, Her mither's at the mill, jo; S. O steer her up †
An' folk begin to tak the gate; Tam o' Shanter.	He wist na whare he was gaun, O. S. The Cooper o' cuddy †
"My sister Kate cam up the gate	"I'm gaun to [Mauchline] holy fair, . The Holy Fair. 5.
Wi' crowdie unto me, man; S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor. Sweeps dams, an' mills, an' brigs, a' to the gate;	I am, altho' I say't mysel, Worth gaun a mile to see The Petition of Br. Water.
The Brigs of Ayr. 7.	My Lan' ahin's a weel gaun fillie, The Inventory.
The L—d be thankit that we've tint the gate o't! . Ib. 8. Hech man! dear sirs! is that the gate,	When a' to rest are gaun, O S. The Taylor†
They waste sae mony a braw estate! . The Twa Dogs. 25.	Say rather, gaun as Premiers lead him, The Twa Dogs. 22. Till kye be gaun without the herd, Third Ep. to J. Lap.
For gear to gang that gate at last!	Hal whare ye gaun, ye crowlan ferlie! . To a Louse.
And down the gate, in faith, they're worse And mair unchancy To Mr. J. Kennedy.	And when the auld Moon's gaun to lea'e them, The hindmost shaird, they'll fetch it wi' them.
Wi' you I'll canter ony gate, To Mr. Renton.	To W. Simpson. P.S.
Then gae your gate ye'se nae be here! S. Wha is that at † I dread ye'll learn the gate again;	Gaunt.
An' may they never learn the gaets,	Gaunt, ghastly, ghaist-alluring edifices, <i>The Brigs of Ayr. 8.</i> Gaunted [yawned].
Of ither vile, wanrestfu' Pets! . The Death of Mailie. Gather. Come weel, come woe, we'll gather and go,	This mony a day I've grain'd and gaunted,
S. Come boat me o'er to Charlie.	Gausy v. Gawsie. Kind Sir, I've read †
An' Ploughmen gather wi' their graith, Scotch Drink. 10.	Gave.
To gather matter for a serious piece; Scots Prologue. Tho' stars in skies may disappear,	Discount what scant occasion gave, Add. to Unco Guid. 3.
And angry tempests gather, . S. The noble Maxwells †	And deep, as soughs the boding wind, Amang his caves, the sigh he gave. As on the banks †
Thro' fields of death to gather fame, S. The capt. Ribband. Gather'd.	ere she gave creating labour o'er, . Ep. to R. Graham. 3.
Sits o'er his newly-gather'd fruits.	Fate gave the word, the arrow sped, S. Fate gave the word †
Beside his crystal well! Despondency, an Ode. 3. When roving through the gather'd hay, S. O Phely, happy †	Even they [tunefu' powers] maun dare an effort mair, Than aught they ever gave us, S. Lovely Davies.
Or gather'd lib'ral views in Bonds and Seisins.	The third of Libra's equal sway,
The Brigs of Ayr. 10.	That gave another B[urns] Nature's Law. Hands that took—but never gave. Ode to Mem. of Mrs. —.
As gathering sweet flowerets she stems thy clear wave.	But why of this epocha make such a fuss,
His lordship sat wi' ruefu' e'e,	That gave us the Hanover stem; [v. A. 9] Poet. Add. to Tytler.
And ey'd the gathering storm, Extem. in Court of Session.	Dread Omnipotence, alone,
With doubling speed and gathering force, Fragment of Ode.	Can heal the wound He gave; Sad thy tale † Heav'n gave me more, it made thee mine. S. The day returns †
The gathering floods burst o'er the distant plains; On Death of R. Dundas.	Enjoying large each spring and well
Gathering her brows like gathering storm, Tam o' Shanter.	As Nature gave them me, . The Petition of Br. Water. He gave him the rights of it all in his hand.
In gath'rin votes you were na slack, The Author's Cry and Prayer, 6.	S. The Poor Thresher.
gathering flowers and busking bowers, The Fête Champetre.	To Nature's God, and Nature's law They gave their lore, The Vision. D. I.
The gloomy night is gath'ring fast, S. The gloomy night †	Gavin. The poor man weeps—here G[avi]N sleeps, For G. H.
On ev'ry side they're gath'ran; The Holy Fair. 8. I hae been joyfu' gath'rin gear; . S. The Rigs o' Barley.	Gawdy v . Gaudy. Gawky [a staring, awkward, dull-witted person].
Gaud [a goad, a long whip].	The senseless, gawky million; To Mr. M'Adam.
Fu' blythe he wistled at the gaud, S. Young Jockey †	gawkies, tawpies, gowks and fools, To W. Creech.

awsie, Gausy [plump, jolly, big and lusty, large].	Gayest. The gowdspink, Music's gayest child, The Petition of Br. Water.
In comes a gawsie, gash Guidwife, . The Holy Fair. 24. Her strappan limb an' gausy middle, The Jolly Beggars. R. V.	Gayly v. Gaily.
His gawsie tail, wi' upward curl, The Twa Dogs. 5.	Gaze. The eagle's gaze alone surveys
Fawze. I canna say but ye strunt rarely, Owre gawze and lace; To a Louse.	The sun's meridian splendor: . S. Lovely Davies. The polish'd jewel's blaze
Say.	May draw the wond'ring gaze, . S. Mark yonder Pomp!
There's nane that's blest of human kind,	Shrinking from the gaze of day
But the cheerful and the gay, man. A Bottle and Friend. sweet rose-bud, young and gay, . S. A Rosebud by my †	Gaze, to. And, pensive gaze with wistful eyes, On Lincluden.
Gay as the gilded summer sky, . Add. to Edinburgh. 4.	And, pensive gaze with wistful eyes, On Lincluden. As on their slender forms I gaze,
You knot of gay flowers in the arbour,	But as I gaze the vision fails,
S. Adown winding Nith †	With future hope, I oft would gaze,
The lavrock shuns the palace gay, S. Behold, my love †	'Fond, on thy little, early ways, . The Vision. D. II. 12.
Through gentle showers, the laughing flowers In double pride were gay S. But lately seen †	Gaz'd. He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd, S. On a bank of flowers
For well I know thy gentle mind	Sae wistfully she gaz'd on me, . S. When wild War's
Disdains art's gay disguising; S. Could aught of song;	She gaz'd—she redden'd like a rose—
'Mang fields o' flowering claver gay, Elegy on Capt. M. H., 9. Thy gay, green flowery tresses shear,	Syne pale like ony lily,
But [your life] "allegretto forte" gay	They charm th' admiring gazer's sight, S. Young Peggy
Harmonious flow Ep. to Maj. Logan. 5.	Gazing.
Now gay with the broad setting sun!	My gazing wonder chiefly drew; . The Vision. D. I. 12.
S. Farewell, thou fair day † I mourn through the gay, gawdy day,	Gear [goods, effects, money, riches].
S. Here's a health to ane †	Tho' it was sma' 'twas weel-won gear, A Guid New-Year † 4.
In the gay rosy morn, as it bathes in the dew;	A glebe o' land, a claut o' gear, Was left me by my auntie, · S. And O for ane and twenty
S. How pleasant the banks † Let Bourbon exult in his gay, gilded lilies, Ib.	God bless them a' wi' grace an' gear Auld comrade
When all the flowers were fresh and gay,	But warl's gear ne'er troubles me, . S. Behind you hills
S. It was the charming \	An' gied you [ministers] a' baith gear an' meal;
Till painting gay the eastern skies, The glorious sun began to rise;	El. on Year 1788.
A few short months, and glad and gay,	And gather gear by ev'ry wile, 'That's justify'd by Honor: Ep. to Young Friend. 7.
Again ye'll charm the ear and e'e; Lament for Glencairn.	But Davie lad, ne'er fash your head,
Give me with gay folly to live; Lns on Windows, Gl. Tav	Tho' we hae little gear, Ep. to Davie. 2.
The gay gaudy glare of vanity and art: S. Mark yonder Pomp†	Satan, gie him thy gear to keep, He'll haud it weel thegither Epit. on Ruling Elder.
What once was a butterfly gay in life's beam:	I gat some gear wi' meikle care, . Extem. Ap. 1782.
Monody on a Lady, Epit	That I for gear and grace may shine,
Ye shall gang in gay attire, . S. My Collier Laddie. My Harry was a gallant gay, S. My Harry was a gallant †	Holy Willie's Prayer. 16. Ae blink o' him I wadna gie
To deck her gay green spreading bowers; S. Now rosy May †	For Buskie-glen and a' his gear S. In simmer when
May Has made our hills and valleys gay;	O gear will buy me rigs o' land,
S. O Logan! sweetly †	And gear will buy me sheep and kye;
Now, haply down you gay green shaw, She wanders by you spreading tree; S. O wat ye wha's in t	But if he hae the name o' gear,
Wrongs, injuries, from many a darksome den,	Ye'll fasten to him like a brier,
Now gay in hope explore the paths of men:	Your daddie's gear maks you sae nice;
Gay the sun's golden eye,	It's no the loss o' warl's gear,
Peep'd o'er the mountains high; S. Phillis the Fair.	A coof came in wi' rowth o' gear, . S. She's fair and fause to But woman is but warld's gear,
Spicy forests, ever gay, S. Streams that glide †	Wha waste your weel-hain'd gear on d-d new Brigs and
And there will be gay Cassencarrie, The Election Ballads, III.	Harbours! The Brigs of Ayr. 9.
The gay-green woods, amang, man; The Fête Champetre.	And spend the gear they win. S. The Carls of Dysart.
And O! as she wanton'd gay on the wing.	As muckle gear as buy a sheep, . The Death of Mailie. I send you here a faithfu' list,
S. The heather was blooming † As lightsomely I glowr'd abroad,	O' gudes an' gear, an' a' my graith, The Inventory.
To see a scene sae gay, The Holy Fair. 2.	I hae been joyfu' gath'rin gear; . S. The Rigs o' Barley.
Was in the fashion shining Fu' gay that day Ib.	He'll apprehend them, poind their gear; The Twa Dogs. 13.
An' liv'd like lords and ladies gay; The Jolly Beggars. S. IV.	For gear to gang that gate at last! Ib. 25. His gear may buy him kye and yowes,
And all the gay foppery of Summer is flown; S. The lazy mist † Gay Pleasure ran riot as bumpers ran o'er; The Whistle. 13.	His gear may buy him glens and knowes, S. To daunton me.
The rich is the breeze in their gay, sunny vallies.	And taste sic gear as Johnnie brews, To Mr. J. Kennedy.
Tho' rich is the breeze in their gay, sunny vallies, S. Their groves of †	Tho' poor in gear, we're rich in love, S. When wild War's t
Love's the cloudless summer sun, Nature gay adorning S. Thine am I †	Geck [to sport, be playful like happy children; to
thy gay morn of life o'ercast, To Chloris.	mock, deride, toss the head with disdain. Adieu, my Liege! may Freedom geck
Since life's gay scenes must charm no more, Ib.	Beneath your high protection; A Dream. 8.
Beauteous rose-bud, young and gay, To Miss C.	Ye geck at me because I'm poor, S. O Tibbie!
Oh fresh is the rose in the gay dewy morning, S. True hearted was het	Ged [a pike, a jack].
ance gay like thee—Now hopeless, comfortless, forsaken!	And Eels weel kend for souple tail, And Geds for greed, Tam Samson's El., 6.
V.s, under Grief.	Geddes.
She's aye, aye sae blythe, sae gay, S. When first I saw †	Wi' nae kend face but Jenny Geddes Ep. to H. Parker.
She's aye sae bonie, blythe, and gay,	Ged's-Hole. Waes me for Johnny Ged's-Hole now, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 23.
the bees, humming round the gay roses, S. Where are the joys † How sweetly bloom'd the gay, green hirk.	Geese. Or faith! I fear that, wi' the geese,
How sweetly bloom'd the gay, green birk, S. Ye banks and braes and streams †	I shortly boost to pasture A Dream. 6.
Sae gallant and sae gay a swain, S. Young Jamie †	Frightin awa your deucks and geese . Add. of Beelzebub.

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Geld. 'I fear unless ye geld me, I'll ne'er be better.' What ails ye now †	The Genius of the Stream in front appears, The Brigs of Ayr. 13.
"Geld you!" quo he, "and whatfore no, Ib.	This Hal for genius, wit, and lore,
Gelding.	Among the first was number'd; The Dean of Fac 'Know, the great Genius of this Land,
'Gelding's nae better than 'tis ca't, What ails ye now †	'Has many a light, aerial band, . The Vision. D. II. 3.
Gem.	Gen'ral. I saw thee eye the gen'ral mirth
Ask why God made the gem so small, An' why so huge the granite? [v. A. 27] Ask why God made†	With boundless love. The Vision. D. II. 14.
The courtier's gems may witness love	Gent. Do ye envy the city-gent, Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 11. Genteel. Both decent and genteel: S. Handsome Nell.
But 'tis na love like mine S. Behold, my love, †	Genteel. Both decent and genteel: . S. Handsome Nell. Gentle. Through gentle showers, the laughing flowers
Her cheeks are like you crimson gem, The pride of all the flowery scene,	In double pride were gay S. But lately seen †
S. On Cessnock banks † Sett. II.	For well I know thy gentle mind
Blest be thy bloom, thou lovely gem, On Birth of Posth. Child.	Disdains art's gay disguising; . S. Could aught of song †
As one who by some savage stream,	A gaudy dress and gentle air May slightly touch the heart, S. Handsome Nell.
A lonely gem surveys, S. Peggy Chalmers. And in paste gems and frippery deck her [dame life];	And gentle the fall of the soft vernal shower,
Poem on Life.	S. How pleasant the banks t
To spare thee now is past my pow'r, Thou bonie gem. To a Mountain-Daisy.	The gentle look that rage disarms; . S. My Mary's face † Gentle Night, do thou befriend me;
May'st thou long, sweet crimson gem,	S. Musing on the roaring †
Richly deck thy native stem; To Miss C.	The boatmen on Nith's gentle stream, On Lincluden.
The rosy dawn, the springing grass,	The gentle pride, the lordly state, . On dining with Daer.
With early gems adorning S. Young Peggy † Gemappe.	Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet, . Tam o' Shanter. 4.
But fell in a trap	For some had gentle folks to please, The Election Ballads. I.
On the braes of Gemappe, . The Black-Headed Eagle.	Nae gentle dames, tho' e'er sae fair, Shall ever be my muse's care; . S. The Highland Lassie.
Gender. That which distinguished the gender	I am a Bard of no regard,
O' Balaam's ass; On Grose's Peregrinations. General. Their left-hand General had nae skill,	Wi' gentle folks an a' that; The Jolly Beggars. S. VII.
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	Wha thinks to knit himsel the faster In favor wi' some gentle Master, The Twa Dogs. 21.
Generally. Some unforeseen misfortune	But peace attune thy gentle soul to rest, To Miss Graham.
Comes generally upon me, O; S. My father was a farmer	And gentle Peace returning, S. When wild War's †
Generation.	When sorrow wrings thy gentle heart, S. Wilt thou be my t
To cowe the rebel generation, . Add. of Beelzebub. 2.	Gentleman.
What was I or my generation, Holy Willie's Prayer. 3.	The Gentleman in word and deed, . A Ded. to G. H., 6. There's wealth and ease for gentlemen,
And B[urn]'s spring, her fame to sing, To endless generations!	And semple-folk maun fecht and fen; . S. Gane is the day †
Generous, Gen'rous.	She brew'd gude ale for gentlemen S. Scroggam.
May ne'er his gen'rous, honest heart,	They've lost some gallant gentlemen S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
For that same gen'rous spirit smart! . A Ded. to G. H. 14.	Shew'd him the gentleman an' scholar; . The Twa Dogs.
What gen'rous, manly bosoms feel; Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 4.	But Gentlemen, an' Ladies warst,
Attach'd him to the generous truly great,	Wi' ev'n down want o' wark are curst
Ep. to R. Graham. 4.	The gentleman in word an' deed, . To Rev. J. M'Math.
The tender Father, and the gen'rous Friend. Epit. for Author's Father.	Gentler. Still gentler [scan] sister Woman; . Add. to Unco Guid. 7.
thou, the noble, generous, great, . Lament for Glencairn.	Gentles [great folks, gentry, aristocrats].
The generous purpose, nobly dear, . S. My Mary's face †	An' German-Gentles are but sma', A Dream, 14.
by a generous Public's kind acclaim, Prologue, sp. by Woods.	Wi' Gentles thou erects thy head; Scotch Drink. 7.
Firm may she rise with generous disdain 1b.	The gentles ye wad neer envy them! . The Twa Dogs. 28.
As ye have generous done, if a' the land Would take the Muses' servants by the hand, Scots Prologue.	Gently. Sae gently bent its thorny stalk, S. A Rosebud by my †
For gen'rous naturness and maille kindness	Then gently scan your brother Man, Still gentler sister Woman; . Add. to Unco Guid. 7.
Still, if some Patron's gen'rous care he trace. The Brigs of Ayr.	Flow gently, sweet Afton, [re.] . S. Afton Water.
And there will be Kenmure sae gen'rous!	We'll gently walk, and sweetly talk, S. Now westlin winds †
The Election Ballads, III.	Her breath is like the fragrant breeze
And Hopeton falls, the generous, brave; Ib. VI.	That gently stirs the blossom'd bean, S. On Cessnock banks † But hark! a rap comes gently to the door;
And fill them high with generous juice, As generous as your mind;	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 7.
And pledge me in the generous toast—	Chrystal streamlets gently flowing, . S. Thickest night †
"The whole of human kind!" To a Lady. Will generous G[raham] list to his Poet's wail?	Wauken, ye breezes I row gently, ye billows! S. Wandering Willie.
To R. G. of F. 1.	Gently-crusting,
So, by some hedge, the generous steed deceased, Ib. b.	Crept, gently-crusting, o'er the glittering stream.
And whose that generous princely mien V.s below Picture.	The Brigs of Ayr. 3.
Genius.	Gentoo [a native of India]. Ye'll get the best o' moral works,
When, from the eddying deep below, Up rose the Genius of the stream. As on the banks †	'Mang black Gentoos, and Pagan Turks, A Ded. to G. H., 6.
"Man! cruel Man!" the Genius sigh'd, Ib.	Gentry.
genius, th' illustrious father of fiction, Frag. inscr. to Fox.	The Q-, and the rest of the gentry, Poet. add. to Tytler.
Ill-fated genius! Heaven-taught Fergusson!	But staumrel, corky-headed, graceless Gentry, The herryment and ruin of the country; The Brigs of Ayr. q.
Lns on Fergusson. Oh, why should truest worth and genius pine	
Beneath the iron grasp of Want and Woe, Ib.	Here stands a shed to fend the show'rs, An' screen our countra Gentry; The Holy Fair. 9.
Beneath the iron grasp of Want and Woe, Ib. O' stature short, but genius bright,	Here stands a shed to fend the show'rs, An' screen our countra Gentry; . The Holy Fair. 9. An' when the gentry's life I saw,
Beneath the iron grasp of Want and Woe, Ib. O' stature short, but genius bright, On Grose's Peregrinations.	Here stands a shed to fend the show'rs, An' screen our countra Gentry; An' when the gentry's life I saw, What way poor hodies liv'd ava. The Twa Dogs. 7.
Beneath the iron grasp of Want and Woe, Ib. O' stature short, but genius bright,	Here stands a shed to fend the show'rs, An' screen our countra Gentry; The Holy Fair. q. An' when the gentry's life I saw, What way poor bodies liv'd ava The Twa Dogs. 7.

But this is gentry's life in common The Twa Dogs. 34. And God bless young Dunaskin's laird.	'Nae doubt but ye may get a sight! Halloween. 14.
The blossom of our gentry! To Mr. M'Adam.	I'll fear nae scant, I'll bode nae want, As lang's I get employment. S. Here's to thy health,†
My curse upon your whynstane hearts.	That I should get such exaltation, Holy Willie's Prayer. 3.
My curse upon your whunstane hearts, Ye Enbrugh Gentry! . To W. Simpson.	wi' warldly trust, Vile self gets in;
Genty [neat, slender and elegantly formed].	At Brownhill we always get dainty good cheer. <i>Impromptu</i> .
Sae jimply lac'd her genty waist S. A. Mastrin's bonie Anne.	
Sae sweetly move her genty limbs, S. My Lord a-hunting †	So may ye get in glad possession, The coins o' Satan's coronation! S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. G.†
He roos'd my waist sae genty sma'; . S. Young Jockey †	Alas! there's ground o' great suspicion
Genuine.	She'll ne'er get better Letter to J. Goudie.
man's true, genuine estimate, . Wr. in Friars-Carse H.	Wha gets her needs na say he's woo'd, S. My love she's but †
Genus. And merchandise' whole genus take their birth.	We seek but little, L-, from thee;
Ep. to R. Graham. 2.	Thou kens we get as little New Psalmody.
Geordie [dim. of George].	O whare did ye get that hauver-meal bannock?
For Geordie's jurr we're in disgrace, Adam A—'s Prayer.	S. O whare did ye get †
	Then up he gets, and off he sets, On W. Chalmers.
Auld, grim, black-bearded Geordie's sel,	Our sinfu' saul to get a claute on Poem on Life.
S. Awa' wi your witchcraft †	His heart will never get aboon! Poor Mailie's El
that daft buckie, Geordie W[ale]s, Kind Sir, I've read †	The Laird o' the Ford will straught on a board,
	If he canna get her at a', man Ronalds of Bennals.
Louis what reck I by thee, Or Geordie on his ocean? S. Louis what reck I †	That merry night we get the corn in, . Scotch Drink. 9.
Teugh Johnie, staunch Geordie and Wattie,	Nae howdie gets a social night
The Election Ballads. III.	Or plack frae them. [v. A.25] Ib. 12.
George.	God help us!—we're but poor—ye'se get but thanks!
How Royal George, the Lord leuk o'er him!	Scots Prologue.
Was managing St. Stephen's quorum; Kind Sir, I've read†	But if its ordain'd I mann tak' him, O wha will I get but Tam Glen? . S. Tam Glen.
Still in prayers for K-G-I most heartily join,	Ah, Tam! Ah, Tam! thou'll get thy fairin!
Poet. Add. to Tytler.	Tam o' Shanter. 18.
Say, such is royal George's will,	An' no get warmly to your feet,
An there's the foe, The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.	The Author's Cry and Prayer.
George, Geordie, a [a guinea].	Arouse my boys! exert your mettle,
An' baith a yellow George to claim, An' thole their blethers; Ep. to J. R. 12.	To get auld Scotland back her kettle! Ib. 15.
	An' strive, wi' a' your Wit an' Lear, To get remead. Ib. 18.
whare thro' the steeks The yellow letter'd Geordie keeks The Twa Dogs. 8.	There's beauty and fortune to get wi' Miss Morton,
George's Street.	The Belles of Mauchline.
Down George's Street I stoited; To Miss Ferrier.	'Twas when the stacks get on their winter-hap,
	The Brigs of Ayr.
German.	An' for thy pains thou'se get my blather. The Death of Mailie.
An' German gentles are but sma', They're better just than want ay On onie day. A Dream. 14.	An he get na hell for his haddin,
	The deil gets na justice ava. The Election Ballads. III.
And Sackville doure, wha stood the stoure, The German Chief to thraw, man: . A Fragment. 5.	Gifted by black Jock To get them aff his hands Ib. IV.
Then bowses drumlie German-water, The Twa Dogs. 23.	"We will get famous laughin At them this day."
Gesture. His eldritch squeel an' gestures, The Holy Fair. 13.	The Holy Fair. 5.
His English style, and gesture fine,	"I'll get my Sunday's sark on,
Get [a child, a young one, offspring].	Waesucks! for him that gets nae lass, Ib. 25.
(An' Will's a true guid fallow's get, A Dream. 7.	An' gin ve tax her or her mither.
She was nae get o' moorlan tips, Poor Mailie's El	B' the L-d1 ye'se get them a' thegither The Inventory.
She was nae get o' runted rams, [v.A.19] Ib.	31711
Get, to.	Would swagger, swear, get drunk, kick up a riot,
	The Rights of Woman.
· ·	Our Laird gets in his racked rents, The Twa Dogs. 8.
Ye'll get the best o' moral works,	Our Laird gets in his racked rents, The Rights of Woman. The Twa Dogs. 8. They get the jovial, rantan Kirns, Ib. 19.
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When, lo, in form of minstrel auld,	But gie me a canny hour at e'en,
A stern and stalwart ghaist appear'd [v.A.20] A Vision.	My arms about my Dearie, O; S. Green grow the Rashes.
A woe-worn ghaist I hameward glide.	She gies the Herd a pickle nits,
S. Again rejoicing Nature †	But first on Sawnie gies a ca',
But a royal ghaist wha ance was cas'd	I wad gie my coatie For the dusty miller.
A prisoner aughteen year awa, . S. Amang the trees †	S. Hey the dusty miller †
An' hillocks, stanes, an' bushes kenn'd ay Frae ghaists au' witches. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 3.	Ae blink o' him I wadna gie For Buskie-glen and a' his gear. S. In simmer when t
Gaist nor bogle shalt thou fear, . S. Hark! the mavis †	Gi'e me love at ony price; S. Jockey fou, †
Ilk ghaist that haunts auld ha' or chamer,	Gi'e me love in her I court;
On Grose's Peregrinations.	. Haste, gie her name up i' the chappel, Letter to J. Goudie.
Whare ghaists and houlets nightly cry. Tam o' Shanter. 9.	Her feeble pulse gies strong presumption
I wander my lane, like a night-troubled ghaist,	
S. There's auld Rob M.†	Then a' 'twad gie o' joy to me. The sharin't with Montgomerie's Peggy. S. Montgomerie's Peggy.
Ghaist-alluring.	The sharin't with Montgomerie's Peggy.
Gaunt, ghastly, ghaist-alluring edifices, The Brigs of Ayr. 8.	I wou'd gie a' Knockhaspie's land,
Ghastly.	For loyal Harry back again. S. My Harry was a gallant †
Gaunt, ghastly, ghaist alluring edifices, The Brigs of Ayr. 8.	I'll gie Cuckold to naebody S. Naebody.
Wi' ghastly e'e poor Tweedledee	Ah, Fortune canna gie me mair! . S. Now bank and brae †
Upon his hunkers bended, . The Jolly Beggars. R. VI.	If ye gie a woman a' her will,
He to the nameless, ghastly wretch assign'd. The Vowels.	Gude faith she'll soon o'er-gang ye.
Ghost.	S. O ay my wife she dang.
Nor wanting ghosts of Tory fame; The Election Ballads. VI.	O gie my love brose, brose, Gie my love brose and butter; . S. O gie my love brose †
"I'll conjure the ghost of the great Rorie More,	But gie me a braw moonlight,
The Whistle. 8.	And me and my love together
Gibbet. As dangling in the wind he hangs A gibbet's tassel. Poem on Life.	If love for love thou wilt na gie,
A murderer's banes in gibbet airns; Tam o' Shanter. 11.	At least be pity to me shown; S. O Mary, at thy window †
Giddy. Poor slip-shod giddy Pegasus To J. Taylor.	Bitter in dool I lickit my winnins O'marrying Bess, to gie her a slave: S. O merry hae I been †
Gie, Gi'e, Gi' [to give].	What's a' the joys that gowd can gi'e? S. O Phely, †
Just frets till Heav'n commission gies him; A Ded. to G.H., 10.	I would na gie her in her sark
An' may Ye rax Corruption's neck,	For thee wi' a' thy thousand mark; S. O Tibbie!
And gie her for dissection! A Dream. 8.	But gi'e me Lucy in my arms, . S. O wat ye wha's in t
Will Ye accept a Compliment,	Gie me Rob, I'll seek nae mair, S. O wha my babie-clouts t
A simple bardie gies Ye?	Gie him the schulin of your weans; . On a Schoolmaster.
An' [Heav'n] gie you lads a plenty: Ib. 14.	Inspires my muse to gie 'm his dues, . On W. Chalmers.
When Phœbus gies a short-liv'd glow'r, A Winter Night.	Gie body strength, then I'll ne'er start, . S. Sae far awa.
May Hornie gie her doup a clink Ahint his yett, Adam A—'s Prayer.	Gi'e me the lonely valley,
	The dewy eve, and rising moon; S. Sae flaxen t
And gie their hides a noble currie,	Gie him strong Drink until he wink, . Scotch Drink. Mott.
But what your Lordships please to gie them! Add. of Beelzebub.	When Vulcan gies his bellys breath,
a feckless matter To gie ane fash. Add. to Illegit. Child.	While healths gae round to him wha, tight, Gies famous sport. [v.A.25] Ib. 12.
An' tak' the counsel I sall gi'e thee, Ib.	Gies famous sport. [v.A.25]
sma' pleasure it can gie, Ev'n to a deil, Add. to the Deil. 2.	Hale breeks, a scone, an' whisky gill, An' rowth o' rhyme
And thro' my lugs gies mony a twang, Add. to Toothache.	Ib. 21.
Gie a' the faes o' Scotland's weal	Will bauldly try to gie us Plays at hame? Scots Prologue.
A towmond's Tooth-Ache! Ib.	Nae cares tae gie us joy or grievin': Second Ep. to Davie.
Gies now and then a wallop, Add. to Unco Guid. 4.	And gi'es a hand o' thine; . S. Shld auld acquaintance †
Before ye gie poor Frailty names,	We auld wives' minions gie our opinions, . Symon Gray t
Suppose a change o' cases;	My daddy says, gin I'll forsake him,
O gi'e me the lass wi' the weel-stockit farms.	He'll gie me gude hunder marks ten; S. Tam Glen.
S. Awa' wi' yr witchcraft †	I'll gie you my bonie black hen,
'Come, gies your hand, an' sae we're gree't;	To gie them music was his charge: Tam o' Shanter. 11.
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 11.	My mither she bade me gie him a stool, [re.] S. The auld man't But gie him't het, my hearty cocks!
Come, gies your news!	The Author's Cry and Prayer.
We'll over the border and gie them a brush; S. Cock up your beaver.	Wi' bluidy han' a welcome gies him; Ib. P.
I'll gie John Ross another bawbee,	He, down the water, gies him this guid-een The Brigs of Ayr. 4.
To boat me o'er to Charlie. S. Come boat me o'er.	An' now my dying charge I gie him, The Death of Mailie.
What ye'll ne'er ha'e to gi'e again. El. on Year 1788.	But gie them guid cow-milk their fill, Ib.
Or if she [Religion] gie a random-sting,	So wives will gie them bits o' bread,
It may be little minded; Ep. to Young Friend. 10.	Ane gies them coin, ane gies them wine,
They [Misfortunes] gie the wit of Age to Youth; Ep. to Davie. 7.	Anither gies them clatter; The Fête Champetre.
Gie me ae spark o' Nature's fire, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 13.	He gies a Fête Champetre,
A pint an' gill I'd gie them baith,	Gie me within my straining grasp
To hear your crack	The melting form of Anna. S. The gowd. Locks of A
Maybe some ither thing they gie me	Gie me my Highland lassie O. S. The Highland Lassie.
They weel can spare Ib. 17.	To gie the jars an' barrels A lift The Holy Fair. 14.
We'se gie ae night's discharge to care,	Leeze me on Drink! it gies us mair Than either School or Colledge;
O Thou wha gies us each guid gift! Gie me o' wit an' sense a lift,	An' gies them't, like a tether, Fu' lang
I hope to gie the jads a clearin'	Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
In fair play yet Ep. to Maj. Logan. 11.	S. The Honest Man.
Satan, gie him thy gear to keep,	To which I'm clear to gi'e my aith The Inventory.
He'll hand it weel thegither Epit. on Ruling Elder.	An' ay he gies the tozie drab
Death takes him hame to gie him quarters. Ebit. on Tam the Chabman.	The tither skelpan kiss, The Jolly Beggars, R. I. Poet Willie, gi' the Doctor a volly. The Kirk's Alarm, 11
Evil. on landing the samman.	A VOL TIME, 21 THE DUCTOR A VOIDY. THE NATES ALASMIN TO

O' double verse come gie us four, The Ordination. 3.	'Twou'd been o'er meikle to've gi'en thee mair,
And gie him o'er the flock, to feed 1b. 5.	I mean an angel mind S. She's fair and fause t
Gie them sufficient threshin,	I wad hae gi'en them [thir breeks] off my hurdies, For ae blink o' the bonie burdies!
Hear, how he gies the tither yell,	Death's gien the Lodge an unco devel, Tam Samson's El.
Between his twa companions!	
They'll gie her on a rape a hoyse,	"Ye, for my sake, hae gien the feck Of a' the ten comman's A screed some day."
She'll gie ye a beck, and bid ye light, The Tarbolton Lasses.	The Holy Fair. 4.
Gie me the groat again, cany young man, S. The Taylor fell	No gi'en by way o' dainty But ilka day. The Ordination. 6.
To gie the sweetest blush o' health, The Tree of Liberty.	And names, like villain, hypocrite
I'd gie my shoon frae aff my feet, To taste sic fruit, I swear, man	Ilk ither gi'en, The Twa Herds. 9. My word of honor I hae gien, To Gav. Hamilton.
They're sae accustom'd wi' the sight,	
The view o't gies them little fright The Twa Dogs. 15.	gi'en the body half an e'e, To Miss Ferrier. Griefs gien his heart an unco kickin',
'But gie me your wife, man, for her I must have,	You've gi'en us walth for horn and knife, V.s to a Landlady.
S. There liv'd ance a carle † But, if ye wish her gratefu' pray'r,	Gif [if]. But gif ye want ae friend that's true,
Gie her a Haggis! To a Haggis.	I'm on your list. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 15.
I'd gie you sic a hearty dose o't,	An' gif the custock's sweet or sour, Halloween. 5.
Wad dress your droddum! To a Louse.	An' gif it's sae, ye sud be licket . Second Ep. to Davie.
O wad some Pow'r the giftie gie us	And gif ye canna bite, ye may bark. The Kirk's Alarm. 8.
To see oursels as others see us!	Gif ye hae ony luve for me, S. The lass that made the bed.
Dear —, I'll gie ye some advice, To a Painter. We auld wives minions gie our opinions,	Gif ance the peasant taste a bit, He's greater than a lord, man, The Tree of Liberty.
Solicited or no;	
Gie dreeping roasts to countra Lairds, To J. S., 22.	Gift I rise and let you in, S. Wha is that at my to Gift. L—d, we thank an' thee adore
Gie fine braw claes to fine Life-guards,	For temp'ral gifts we little merit; A Grace.
yill an' whisky gie to Cairds,	Let Fortune's gifts at random flee, S. Bonnie Lassie, will ye go
A Garter gie to Willie Pitt;	I grudge a wee the Great-folk's gift, Ep. to Davie.
Gie wealth to some be-ledger'd Cit,	O Thou wha gies us each guid gift!
But gie me just a true good fallow Wi' right ingine, To Mr. J. Kennedy.	Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 13.
To gie the rascals their deserts, . To Rev. J. M'Math.	I trust mean time my boon is in thy gift: Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
to gie their malice skouth On some puir wight, Ib.	For gifts an' grace,
Or lasses gie my heart a screed, To W. Simpson. 5.	A burnin' an' a shinin' light, Holy Willie's Prayer. 2.
I kittle up my rustic reed;	That brilliant gift will so enrich me,
It gies me ease	Improm., on Mrs. — 's Birthday. Her smile's a gift frae 'boon the lift, . S. Lovely Davies.
They took nae pains their speech to balance,	Nature's gifts to all are free: . On scaring Water-fowl.
Or rules to gie,	The life's a gift no worth receiving
Guid observation they will gie them;	Tho' life's a gift no worth receivin, When heavy-dragg'd wi' pine an' grievin; Scotch Drink. 5.
Kens the pleasure, feels the rapture, That thy presence gies to me. S. Turn again, thou fair †	He wadna hecht them courtly gifts, The Election Ballads. I.
To murder men, and gie God thanks!	And clear the consequential sorrows.
For shame! gie o'er-proceed no further V. on Nat. Thanks	Love-gifts of Carnival signoras. [v.A.13] The Twa Dogs. 23.
I gi'e their wames a random pouse, . What ails ye now t	Nor thou the gift refuse, To Chloris.
I'll gie auld cloven Clooty's haunts An unco slip yet, . Ib.	And, dearest gift of heaven below, Thine friendship's truest heart
'I'll frankly gi'e her't a' thegither, An' let her guide it. Ib.	Accept the gift; tho' humble he who gives, To Miss Graham.
Gi'e me the hour o' gloamin grey, . S. When o'er the hill \	No gifts have I from Indian coasts
My daddie signed my tocher band, To gie the lad that has the land, . S. Where Cart rins †	To Miss L., with " Beattie."
And gie it [my hand] to the sailor	A gift that e'en for S-e were fit To Mr. Syme.
I wad na gie a button for her S. Willie Wastle †	The gift still dearer, as the giver you To R. Graham.
Gied [gave].	Accept the gift a friend sincere Wad on thy worth be pressin'; . V.s, under Grief.
He gied me thee, o' tocher clear, . A Guid New-year + 4	But kind still I'll mind still
I gied thy cog a wee-bit heap Aboon the timmer; Ib. 13.	The giver in the gift; Wr. on Leaf of "H. More."
An' gied the infant warld a shog, . Add. to the Deil. 16.	Gifted. Lest he owre high and proud shou'd turn,
An' gied you [ministers] a' baith gear an' meal;	Cause he's sae gifted; Holy Wille's Frayer. 9.
El, on Year 1788.	Gifted by black Jock To get them aff his hands. The Election Ballads. IV.
An' out a handfu' gied him;	Giftie [dim. of gift].
But I gied him a far better thing,	O wad some Pow'r the giftie gie us To see oursels as others see us!
I gied my heart in pledge o' his ring	20 500 0415515 411 0011011
He took a hauf and gied it to me,	Giga. Set off wi' allegretto glee His giga Solo. The Jolly Beggars. R. V.
My heart to my mou' gied a sten; S. Tam Glen.	Giglet [a playful, laughing, thoughtless girl].
He founder'd his horse among harlots,	As round the fire the giglets keckle
But gied his auld naig to the Lord. The Election Ballads. III.	To see me loup; Add. to Toothache.
Or gied her faes a claw, Jamie; S. The Laddies by t	Gilbertfield. Should I but dare a hope to speel, Wi' Allan, or wi' Gilbertfield,
The hirelings ran-her foes gied chase, The Tree of Liberty.	The brass o' fame: To W. Simbson.
Ramsay an' famous Fergusson	Gild. And may those pleasures gild thy reign,
Gied Forth an' Tay a lift aboon; To W. Simpson. 8.	That ne'er wad blink on mine! Lament of Mary of Scots.
They gied me rings and ribbons fine; S. Where Cart rins †	And [Sunbeams] gild the distant mountain's brow;
And I was fear'd my heart wou'd tine, And I gied it to the sailor	S. On Cessnock banks †
Gien, Gi'en [given].	like the star that athwart gilds the sky, <i>Poet. Add. to Tytler</i> . Thou whose bright sun now gilds you orient skies!
And now Ye've gien auld Britain peace, . A Dream. 6.	Sonnet, wr. on Birthday.
She's [Fortune's] gien me monie a jirt an' fleg,	And not a Wish to gild the gloom! The Lament.
Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 9.	
	Did many talents gild thy span? . Wr. in Friars-Carse H
Justice, alas! has gi'en him o'er, . Epit. on Holy Willie. He ne'er was gien to great misguidin, On Scot. Bardgne to W.I.	

Gilded, Gilt.	Your muse is a gipsie, e'en tho' she were tipsie,
Gay as the gilded summer sky, . Add. to Edinburgh. 4.	She cou'd ca' us nae waur than we are. The Kirk's Alarm.
Let Bourbon exult in his gay, gilded lilies,	But wad hae spent an hour caressan, Ev'n wi' a Tinkler-gipsey's messan: . The Twa Dogs. 3.
S. How pleasant the banks †	
And twere more fit that she should sit,	Gipsy-gang. Ye gipsy-gang that deal in glamor,
Within yon chariot gilt aboon S. O Mally's meek.	On Grose's Peregrinations.
From the gilded Spontoon to the Fife I was ready,	Girdin. Ha, ha the girdin o't, S. Duncan Gray.
The Jolly Beggars. S. II. Gilding. Phoebus, gilding the brow of the morning,	And a' for the girdin o't
S. Sleep'st thou, or wak'st †	The girdin brak, the beast cam down,
Gill. A pint an' gill I'd gie them baith	Wae on the bad girdin o't
To hear your crack. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 7.	And clout the bad girdin o't
The four-gill chap, we'se gar him clatter, Ib. 19.	Girdle [a thin circular plate of iron for baking cakes or scones on the fire].
And ca' anither gill, jo; S. O Steer her up †	Wi' jumping, an' thumping,
It sets you ill, Wi' bitter, dearthfu' wines to mell, Or foreign gill Scotch Drink. 16.	The vera girdle rang The Jolly Beggars. R. I.
Or foreign gill Scotch Drink. 16.	Girl.
Hale breeks, a scone, an' whisky gill, An' rowth o' rhyme to rave at will,	A country girl at her wheel,
	Her dizzen's done, she's unco weel; . The Twa Dogs. 30.
Clap in his cheek a Highland gill, The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.	Girn [to grin].
And brandy Jean, that took her gill,	It [a raep] maks guid fellows girn an' gape, "Poor Mailie's El
And brandy Jean, that took her gill, In Galloway sae wide The Election Ballads. I.	Girning, -in', -an [grinning, snarling].
Here's crying out for bakes an' gills, . The Holy Fair. 18.	And gart me weet my waukrife winkers,
Be't whisky-gill or penny-wheep,	Wi' girnan spite Ep. to Maj. Logan. 10.
Sir, o'er a gill I gat your card, To Mr. M'Adam.	Soor Bigotry, on her last legs, Girnin' looks back, Letter to J. Goudie.
Gillie [dim. of gill]. I'll toast you in my hindmost gillie,	
On Scot. Bard gne to W.I.	Thy girning laugh enjoys his pangs Poem on Life.
Gilpey [a young frolicsome person].	ev'ry sour-mou'd girnin' blellum, To W. Creech.
'I was a gilpey then, I'm sure,	Mysel, I've ev'n seen them greetan Wi' girnan spite, To W. Simpson, P.S
'I was na past fyfteen:	Girr [a hoop].
Gimmer [a ewe from one to two years old].	He ca't the girrs out o'er us a'; S. The Cooper o' cuddy t
The lad, for twa guid gimmer-pets, Was laird himsel. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 27.	Girt.
Gin, Gain [if, suppose; against or by].	Girt on her mantle and her hose, S. It was the charming t
Gin I saw ane and twenty. [re.] S. And O for ane and twenty †	Girvan. Girvan's fairy haunted stream S. Now bank and brae +
Gin a body kiss a body	Give. Let William Hislop give the spirit A Grace.
Need a body cry. [re.] . S. Comin thro' the rye †	Instead of a song, boys, I'll give you a toast,
Gin a body kiss a body, need a body tell: [re.]	At Meet. of D. Volunteers.
S. Comin thro' the rye. Sett II.	The next in succession, I'll give you the King, Ib.
But Duncan, gin ye'll keep your aith, [re.] S. Duncan Gray.	Nor ever daughter give the mother pain. Blest be M'Murdo †
I'll aulder be gin simmer, Sir. S. I'm o'er young to marry t	the pleasure The fickle Fair can give thee,
But gin the Lord's ain focks gat leave, Letter to J. Goudie.	Is but a fairy treasure, S. Deluded Swain †
gin I fa', Ae way or ither, Lns to J. Rankine.	Ev'n love an' friendship should give place
Young man, gin ye should be sae kind,	To catch-the-plack! Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 20.
S. Lass, when yr mither t	Prone to enjoy each pleasure riches give, Ep. to R. Graham. 3. That never gives—tho' humbly takes enough; 1b. 5.
Gin ye'll leave your Collier laddie. S. My Collier Laddie.	Who feel by reason and who give by rule,
To the weaver's gin ye go, fair maids, S. My heart was ance †	Give me, and I've no more to say,
Shame fa' me gin I tell;	Give me Maria's natal day! Improm. on Mrs. —'s Birthday.
But gin ye be crafty, I am cunning,	Content am I if Heaven shall give
An' gin she winna tak a man,	But happiness to thee; S. It is na, Jean †
E'en let her tak her will, jo. [re.] . S. O steer her up †	Nor give [ye winds] the coward secret breath Liberty.
Gin ye crowdie ony mair,	To see the miscreants feel the pains they give;
Ye'll crowdie a' my meal away S. O that I had ne'er †	Lns extem. in Lady's Pocket-bk.
O gin my love were you red rose, S. O were my love †	give the cause a hearing: Lns on Window, K.'s A., D.
O gin I saw the laddie that gae me't! S. O whare did ye get †	Give me with gay folly to live; Lns on Windows, Gl. Tav
My daddy says, gin I'll forsake him, He'll gie me gude hunder marks ten:. S. Tam Glen.	But folly has raptures to give
Gin ye will advise me to marry	Which tenfold force gives Nature's law
The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen	Man was made to Mourn. To give him leave to toil;
But gin ye be a Brig as auld as me, The Brigs of Ayr. 5.	Give over for pity—my Nanie's awa'. S. My Nanie's awa.
Gin ye'll go there, The Holy Fair, 5.	To give obedience due; Nature's Law.
Their hearts o' stane, gin night are gane, Ib. 27.	The Peer I don't envy, I give him his bow;
An' gin ye tax her or her mither, B' the L—d! ye'se get them a' thegither The Inventory.	S. No Churchman am I †
B' the L-d! ye'se get them a' thegither The Inventory.	Thou dart of Heav'n that flashest by
gin the truth were a' but kent, . The Ruined Maid's L	O wilt thou give me rest! S. O mirk, mirk †
I'd see my jo Beside me gain the gloaming.	May He who gives the rain to pour, On Birth of Posth. Child.
S. The tither morn †	The south nor the east give ease to my breast,
And saw gin they were sick or hale, . The Twa Herds. 7.	But Worth and Truth eternal Youth
O gin I were her dearie! . S. When first I saw †	Will give to Polly Stewart S. Polly Stewart.
'Or gin ye like to end the bother, What ails ye now †	And offers, bliss to give and to receive. Prologue, at Th., D
What will I do gin my Hoggie die? S. What will I do gin † Gin-shop.	What wealth could never give nor take away!
Pawn'd in a gin-shop	Sonnet wr. on Birthday. Give me the stream that sweetly layes
Quenching holy drouth. The Election Ballads. IV.	The banks by Castle Gordon. [re.] S. Streams that glide †
Gipsy, Gipsey, Gipsie.	Then of its faults my honest thoughts
thy hair, tho' erst from gipsy polled, . Ep. fr. Esopus.	I'll give—and here they go Symon Gray †
And vermined gipsies litter'd heretofore	Talk not of Love, it gives me pain, S. Talk not of Love †
And black Joan, frae Chricton Peel.	The god-like bliss, to give, alone excels. The Brigs of Ayr.
Of gipsy kith and kin, The Election Ballads. I.	Or nature aught of pleasure give; S. The day returns †
2 B	

The deil ane but honours them highly,	So Clootie was glad to return wi' his pack,
The deil ane will give them his vote. The Election Ballads. III.	S. There liv'd ance a carlet
The Tories, Whigs, give way by turns; Ib. VI.	Wad a' be glad to see you; To a Medical Gent
While dying raptures in her arms,	You think I'm glad; oh, I pay weel For a' the joy I borrow, V.s, under Grief.
I give and take with Anna! S. The gowd. Locks of A.,	Glad, to. Now Phœbus chears the crystal streams,
I give it for ever to thee and thy heirs, S. The Poor Thresher.	And glads the azure skies;
Give the poet's darling flame, The Toast.	But nought can glad the weary wight Lament of Mary of Scots.
'I come to give thee such reward, 'As we bestow. The Vision. D. II. 2.	Nor ever pleasure glad thy cruel heart!
'As we bestow The Vision. D. II. 2. 'Can give a bliss o'ermatching thine, A rustic Bard. Ib. 21.	On seeing wounded Hare.
'To give my counsels all in one,	Gladden.
Yet love to friendship shall give way, To Clarinda.	And equal rights and equal laws Wad gladden every isle, man The Tree of Liberty.
O could I give thee India's wealth, . To J. M'Murdo.	Gladdening. Nature gladdening and adorning;
An' some, by whom your doctrine's blam'd	S. Sleep'st thou, or wak'st †
(Which gives you honor) To Rev. J. M'Math.	Glade.
But give me real, sterling Wit, To J. S., 23.	Ye maukins whiddin thro' the glade, El. on Capt. M. H. 6.
I ask no kindness at thy hand, For thou hast none to give To Lord G.	Yet green the juicy Hawthorn grows, Adown the glade The Vision. D. II. 20.
Give me the cot below the pine,	When musing in a lonely glade, S. 'Twas even—the dewy+
To tend the flocks or till the soil, S. Twas even—the dervy t	Gladly. Who for thy sake would gladly die!
And give a love-lorn maiden rest! S. To thee, lov'd Nith †	S. O Mary, at thy window †
And give all his hopes the lie? . S. Why, why tell thy †	Gladly how would I resign thee [Life], . S. Raving winds †
Ye Jacobites by name, give an ear, [re.]	Wha for thine wou'd gladly die! S. Turn again, thou fair t
Given, Giv'n.	Gladness.
While recollection's pow'r is giv'n, A Ded. to G. H., 16.	"But nocht in all-revolving time "Can gladness bring again to me. Lament for Glencairn.
To whom hae much, shall yet be given,	Gladsome. But lately seen, in gladsome green,
Is every great man's faith; Extem. on Commem.s of Thomson.	The woods rejoic'd the day, S. But lately seen †
"Strength to bear it will be given, S. Husband, husband †	O'er the day's fair, gladsome e'e, S. Jockey's ta'en the parting †
Kind Nature's care had given his share,	Come, let us stray our gladsome way, S. Now westlin' winds †
Large, of the flaming current: Nature's Law.	To thee, lov'd Nith, thy gladsome plains, S. To thee, lov'd Nith †
This consolation's given	Glaikit, Glaiket [light, giddy, foolish, thoughtless,
She's from a world of woe relieved, On the Poet's Daughter.	inattentive].
-Man, to whom alone is given A ray direct from pitying Heaven, On scaring Water-fowl.	For glaikit Folly's portals; Add. to Unco Guid. 2.
To him be given to ken the heav'n	Or glaikit Charlie got his nieve in; Kind Sir, I've read†
He gains in Polly Stewart 1 S. Polly Stewart.	But Davie, lad, I'm red ye're glaikit; Second Ep. to Davie.
Thou hast given a peerless toast The Toast.	Ye glaiket, gleesome, dainty damies, . To Dr. Blacklock.
For why? that God the good adore Hath giv'n them peace and rest, The 1st Psalm.	Glaive [a sword].
Such fate to suffering worth is giv'n, To a Mountain-Daisy.	But Cl-nt-n's glaive frae rust to save He hung it to the wa', man A Fragment. 4.
	Glaizie [glittering, smooth as glass, glossy].
(The second sight, ye ken, is given To ilka Poet) To Terraughty.	I've seen thee dappl't, sleek an' glaizie, A Guid New-Yeart 2.
As far surpassing other common villains,	Glamor [magical delusion].
As Thou in natural parts hadst given me more. Tragic Frag. The smile or frown of aweful Heaven,	Ye gipsy-gang that deal in glamor, On Grose's Peregrinations.
To Virtue or to Vice is given Wr. in Friars-Carse H.	Glance.
Giver.	By Adamhill a glance he threw, . Lns add. to J.Ranken.
The gift still dearer, as the giver you To R. Graham.	A scepter'd hand, a king's command, Is in her darting glances: S. Lovely Davies.
If aught that giver from my mind efface; If I that giver's bounty e'er disgrace:	There catch her ilka glance of love, [re.]
If I that giver's bounty e'er disgrace; Ib. But kind still, I'll mind still	S. Now bank and bract
The giver in the gift; Wr. on Leaf of "H. More."	Those smiles and glances let me see, S. O Mary, at thy window
Giving. I know my need, I know thy giving hand,	Ye [flowers] catch the glances of here'e! S. O wat ye wha's int
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.	Oft has thy silent-marking glance
And giving milk to me The Highl. Widow's Lament.	Observ'd us, fondly-wand'ring, stray! . The Lament.
Giv'st. Come thou who giv'st with all a courtier's grace; Ep. to R. Graham. 5.	Smiles, glances, sighs, tears, fits, flirtations, airs,
Thou giv'st the word; Thy creature, man, Is to existence brought; . The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps	'Gainst such an host what flinty savage dares The Rights of Woman.
Is to existence brought; . The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps	'Twas the bewitching, sweet, stown glance o' kindness.
Thou giv'st the ass his hide, the snail his shell, To R. G. of F.	S. Twas na her bonie blue e'e †
Gizz [a periwig; the face]. Wi' reeket duds, an' reestet gizz, . Add. to the Deil. 17.	And clos'd for ay, the sparkling glance That dwalt on me sae kindly!
Glad.	S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams
How can my poor heart be glad, S. How can my poor heart	In her armour of glances, and blushes, and sighs;
	S. Yon wild mossy mountains †
So may ye get in glad possession, · · The coins o' Satan's coronation! S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. G.	Glance, to.
A few short months, and glad and gay, Again ye'll charm the ear and e'e; Lament for Glencairn.	You wand'ring rill, that marks the hill, And glances o'er the brae, Sir: S. Damon and Sylvia.
Oh how can I be blythe and glad	Whene'er my Muse does on me glance,
Oh, how can I be blythe and glad, In each bird's careless son	Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 9.
The Cach bird's lateress sorigi	What sparkling jewels glance, man! The Fête Champetre.
Glad did I share;	Wi' S[mi]th wha thro' the heart can glance, The Twa Herds. 17.
But now as glad I'm wi' my lad,	Glanc'd.
As shortsyne broken-hearted S. The tither morn †	I wat they glanc'd for twenty miles,
But he wad stan't, as glad to see him, . The Twa Dogs.	S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
Now every thing is glad, while I am very sad,	Bright to the moon their various dresses glanc'd: The Brigs of Ayr. 11.
S. The Winter it is past †	

Glaneing, -in.	Gleesome.
Wi' ruffl'd sark an' glancin cane, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 12.	Come, kittle up your moorlan harp Wi' gleesome touch! Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 8.
Thy tempting lips, thy glancing een, S. O were I on Parnass.	When to the loughs the Curlers flock,
And the glancin' of her sparklin' e'en. S. On Cessnock banks † An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' e'en. [re.] Ib.	Wi gleesome spied, . I am Samson's Et
Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancing; Tamo' Shanter. 10.	Then mounted Mirth on gleesome wing, The Fête Champetre
And siller buckles glancin; S. The Ploughman †	Ye glaiket, gleesome, dainty damies, . To Dr. Blacklock. Gleg [sharp, keen, quick, acute, clever, adrolt].
Giare.	But gleg as light are lovers' een, . S. O this is no my ain †
The gay gaudy glare of vanity and art: S. Mark yonder Pomp	But he was gleg as onie wumble, On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.
The lamp of day with ill-presaging glare, On Death of Sir J. H. Blair.	Forbye he'll shape you aff fu' alea
Glass. Syne, wi' a social glass o' strunt,	The cut of Adam's philibeg; On Grose's Peregrinations. unskaith'd by Death's gleg gullie, Tam Samson's El., Per C
They parted aff careerin Halloween. 28.	And there will be gleg Colonel Tam.
My face was but the keekin' glass And there ye saw your picture. In Defence of a Lady.	The Election Ballads. III.
Each man a glass in hand; John Barleycorn.	Till faith, wee Davock's turn'd sae gleg, . The Inventory
For lack o' thee I scrimp my glass. Lns. on Back of Bank Note.	Then back I rattle on the rhyme As gleg's a whittle! There's naethin like †
Surrounded thus by bolus pill,	Altho' I say't, he's gleg enough, To Gav. Hamilton.
And potion glasses Poem on Life.	Glen.
I sing the juice Scotch bear can mak us, In glass or jug Scotch Drink.	My heart-warm love to guid auld Glen, Auld Comrade dear †
Out owre a glass o' Whisky-punch	But what will I do wi' Tam Glen? [re.] . S. Tam Glen. Glen. And the distant-echoing glens reply A Vision.
They footed o'er the wat'ry glass so neat,	And now we're dern'd in glens and hollows,
The Brigs of Ayr, II. To social flowing glasses The Petition of Br. Water	Adam A—'s Prayer.
To social-flowing glasses . The Petition of Br. Water. whilst with both hands I can hold the glass steady,	In lanely glens ye like to stray; Add. to the Deil. 5. Thou stock dove whose echo resounds thro' the glen,
The Jolly Beggars, S. II.	S. Afton Water.
As them wha like to taste the drappie In glass or horn. There's naething like †	In vain to me, in glen or shaw, The mavis and the lintwhite sing.
Clarinda, take this little boon,	S. Again rejoicing Nature †
This humble pair of glasses To a Lady.	The shepherd in the flowery glen, S. Behold, my love,
An honest man may like a glass, . To Rev. J. M'Math.	And blythe in Glenturit glen S. Blythe was she,† And in the mirk and dreary drift
Glaum'd [grasped at]. Wha glaum'd at kingdoms three, man.	The hills and glens are lost. S. Cauld is the e'enin blast †
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	Gin a body meet a body Comin thro' the glen; S. Comin thro' the rye†
Gleam.	Comin thro' the glen; S. Comin thro' the rye† A burn was clear, a glen was green, . S. Duncan Davison.
The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd; Tamo' Shanter. 8.	Ye burnies, wimplin down your glens, El. on Capt. M. H. 4.
Some gleams of sunshine mid renewing storms: Why am I loth †	Ye rugged cliffs o'erhanging dreary glens, El. on Miss Burnet.
Ambition is a meteor gleam, . Wr. in Hermitage at F.C.	As thro' the glen it wimpl't;
Gleam, to.	Here is the glen, and here the bower, . S. Here is the glen † And down in yonder glen, O; Katherine Jaffray.
Thy rough, rude Fortress gleams afar; Add. to Edinburgh. 5. The red peat gleams, a fiery kernel, . Ep. to H. Parker.	The hawthorn's budding in the glen,
Gleam'd. That like a deathful meteor gleam'd afar,	Lament of Mary of Scots.
On Death of Sir J. Blair.	Last May a braw wooer cam' down the lang glen, S. Last May a braw wooer†
Gleaming. These their rights sleaming would	I wander dowie up the glen; . S. My Harry was a gallant †
These, their richly-gleaming waves, I leave to tyrants and their slaves; S. Streams that glide †	Convoy'd me through the glen S. My heart was ance †
Beneath thy silver-gleaming ray, The Lament, 9.	In gowany glens thy burnie strays, Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
Glebe [a piece or portion of anything].	Ilk glen and shaw she [Mirth] knew, man: The Fête Champetre.
A glebe o' land, a claut o' gear, Was left me by my auntie, S. And O for ane and twenty †	O'er moor's and o'er mosses and monie a glen,
Gled [a hawk, a kite].	S. The heather was blooming t
Or I had fed an Athole Gled, S. Killiecrankie.	Within the glen sae bushy, O. S. The Highland Lassie. I glowr'd as eerie's I'd been dusht,
Here is Satan's picture, Like a bizzard gled, The Election Ballads. IV.	In some wild glen; The Vision. D. I. 8.
Glee. See Social life and Glee sit down,	Far dearer to me you lone glen o' green breckan, S. Their groves of
All joyous and unthinking, Add. to Unco Guid. 5.	Ae day as the carle gaed up the lang glen,
O for a spunk o' Allan's glee, . Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 14. With arch-alacrity and conscious glee Ep. to R. Graham. 3.	S. There liv'd ance a carle † The flower and pride of a' the glen; S. There was a lass †
Who sung his rhymes in Coila's plains	There's auld Rob Morris that wons in yon glen,
With meikle mirth an' glee; Nature's Law.	S. There's auld Rob M. †
a dainty chiel, An' fou o' glee: On Scot. Bard gne to W. I. Except good-sense and social glee, On dining with Daer.	His gear may buy him glens and knowes, S. To daunton me. May sprout like simmer puddock-stools
But wad ye see him in his glee,	In glen or shaw; To W. Creech.
For meikle glee and fun has he, On Grose's Peregrinations.	In ev'ry glen the mavis sang, S. Twas even—the dewy †
The wheels o' life gae down-hill, scrievin, Wi' rattlin glee, Scotch Drink. 5.	At mid-night hour, in mirkest glen, S. When o'er the hill† I'd rove and ne'er be eerie O,
Except perhaps the Rohin's whistling glee, The Brigs of Ayr.	If thro' that glen I gaed to thee,
To meet their Dad, wi' flichterin noise and glee.	At noon the fisher seeks the glen,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. Set off wi' allegretto glee His giga Solo.	At length I reach'd the bonny glen, Where early life I sported; S. When wild War's †
The Jolly Beggars. R. V.	The meeting cliffs each deep-sunk glen divides,
couthie fortune, kind and cannie, In social glee, To Terraughty.	Wr. in Kenmore Inn. Or in the glens and rocky caves,
Gleede [a live-coal; a blaze].	His sad complaining dowie raves S. Young Jamie, †
And cheary blinks the ingle-gleede	Glenbuck.
S. A' the lads o' Thornie-bank †	from Glenbuck, down to the Ratton-key, The Brigs of Ayr. 7.

Glencaird.	Crept, gently-crusting, o'er the glittering stream.
For worth and honour pawn their word, Their vote shall be Glencaird's man? The Fête Champetre.	The Brigs of Ayr. 3. Adown the glittering stream they featly danc'd; . Ib. 11.
Glencairn.	The village glittering in the noontide beam
Our Patron, honest man! Gl[encairn], The Ordination. 8.	Wr. in Kenmore Inn.
Glencairn, the truly noble, lies in dust; To R. G. of F., 9.	Gloaming, -in [the evening twilight].
Mark Scotia's fond returning eye,	Bonie Doon, sae sweet at gloaming, . S. Scenes of woet
It dwells upon Glencairn V.s. below Picture.	For now it was the gloamin S. The Taylor he cam †
Glenconnor.	I'd see my jo Beside me gain the gloaming.
How's a' the folks about Gl-nc-r; Auld comrade dear †	S. The tither morn †
Glengarry.	An' darker gloamin brought the night: The Twa Dogs. 35.
But hear, my Lord! G-hear! . Add. of Beelzebub. 4.	When ance life's day draws near the gloamin, To J. S., 14.
Glenken.	Gi'e me the hour of gloamin grey, S. When o'er the hill t Gloamin-shote [a twilight interval which workmen
Frae the Glenken came to our aid A chief o' doughty deed; . The Election Ballads. V.	within doors take before using lights].
Glenriddel.	At gloamin-shote it was, I wat,
Glenriddel, skill'd in rusty coins, The Election Ballads. VI.	I lighted on the Monday; S. Had I the wyte t
And trusty Glenriddel, so skilled in old coins; The Whistle. 6.	Globe. Or were I monarch o' the globe, S. O wert thou in the
Desiring Glenriddel to yield up the spoil; 1b. 7.	Than kingly robes, than crowns and globes, S. The day returns †
"By the gods of the ancients!" Glenriddel replies, . 1b. 8.	Before this ponderous globe itself
To the board of Glenriddel our heroes repair, . Ib. 10.	Arose at thy command: . The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps
worthy Glenriddel, so cautious and sage, 1b. 15.	Gloom. Thy [Winter's] gloom will soothe my chearless soul,
Glenturit.	S. Again rejoicing Nature
And blythe in Glenturit glen S. Blythe was she, †	Thou brought from fortune's mirkest gloom. Lament for Glencairn.
Glib-gabbet [having a glib tongue].	Slow spreads the gloom my soul desires,
An' that glib-gabbet Highland Baron,	S. Slow spreads the gloom †
The Laird o' Graham; The Author's Cry and Prayer, 13.	Or Cuifs of later times, wha held the notion,
Glib-tongu'd. O L—d my G-d, that glib-tongu'd A[ike]n, Holy Willie's Prayer. 14.	That sullen gloom was sterling, true devotion: The Brigs of Ayr. 8.
Glide. Thy chrystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,	And not a Wish to gild the gloom! The Lament.
S. Afton Water.	Gloom, to [look sullen and displeased, to frown].
A woe-worn ghaist I hameward glide. S. Again rejoic. Nature †	Gin a body kiss a body, need a body gloom;
And see the waves sae sweetly glide . S. Ca' the Ewes.	S. Comin thro' the rye.
O'er the waves, that sweetly glide	Does ony great man glunch an' gloom? The Author's Cry and Prayer. 5.
To the moon sae clearly S. Hark! the mavis †	Gloom-inspiring. O'er-arching, mouldy, gloom-inspiring
That glides, a silver dart, . S. Now Spring has clad †	coves, . The Brigs of Ayr. 8.
O Logan! sweetly didst thou glide,	Gloomy. And so, your servant! gloomy Master Poet!
The day I was my Willie's bride; . S. O Logan! sweetly † Streams that glide in orient plains, S. Streams that glide †	Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,	Then in his turn comes gloomy Winter, . S. Bonie Bell. Thou grim King of Terrors, thou life's gloomy foe,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 12.	S. Farewell, thou fair day †
Glide sweet in monie a tunefu' line: . To W. Simpson.	Ance mair I hail thee, thou gloomy December ! [re.]
Glimmer. Had shor'd them with a glimmer of his lamp,	S. Gloomy December.
The Brigs of Ayr. 10.	The storm's gloomy path on the breast of the wave. Lament on leaving Nat. Land.
Glimmering. When Death comes in, wi' glimmering blink, Adam A—'s Prayer.	Hail, thou gloomy night of sorrow, . S. Raving winds †
When glimmering thro' the trees appear'd,	Thou ev'n brightens dark Despair,
You wee white Cot about the Mill, . As on the banks †	Wi' gloomy smile Scotch Drink. 6.
And ne'er shall glimmering planet fix My worship to its ray. S. Farewell, dear mistress †	Then night's gloomy shades, cloudy, dark, o'ercast my sky:
When, glimmering thro' the groaning trees,	S. Sleep'st thou, or wak'st t
Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a bleeze; Tam o' Shanter. 10.	The gloomy night is gath'ring fast, S. The gloomy night t
Glimpse.	Alike a foe to noisy folly, And brow bent gloomy melancholy, . The Hermit.
Twa sage Philosophers to glimpse on! Auld comrade dear †	Glorious. A glorious Galley, stem and stern, A Dream. 13.
Glintan [glancing, gleaming],	His soul was like the glorious sun, . El. on Capt. M. H.
The rising sun, our Galston Muirs, Wi' glorious light was glintan; The Holy Fair.	But for the glorious priviledge
Wi' glorious light was glintan; The Holy Fair. Glinted [glanced, flashed; peeped out].	Of being independent Ep. to Young Friend. 7.
It was no sae ye [hours] glinted by J.S. How lang and dreary †	O Mandate, glorious and divine! Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 16.
When I was wi' my dearie When I think on t	Poor, thoughtless devils! yet may shine In glorious light,
Yet chearfully thou glinted forth	She, the fair sun of all her sex,
Amid the storm, . To a Mountain-Daisy.	Has blest my happy, glorious day:
Glisten Nith's gentle stream, That glistens on the pale moonbeam, On Lincluden.	S. Farewell, dear mistress †
Glistened.	Thou strik'st the young hero, a glorious mark! S. Farewell, thou fair day †
How pale is that cheek where the rouge lately glistened;	Who nobly perished in the glorious cause, Fragment of Ode.
Monody, on a Lady.	Till painting gay the eastern skies,
Glitter. The echoing wood, the winding flood, Like Paradise did glitter, The Fête Champetre.	The glorious sun began to rise; . S. It is the charming t
In silks an' scarlets glitter; The Holy Fair. 7.	Thy glorious, youthful prime! Man was made to Mourn.
And glitter o'er the crystal streams, . S. Young Peggy †	With a glorious bottle that ended my cares. S. No Churchman am I †
Glitter'd. Whyles glitter'd to the nightly rays,	O glorious magnanimity of soul! Remorse. A Frag
Wi' bickerin, dancin dazzle; Halloween. 25.	Or, richly brown, ream owre the brink,
Glittering, -'ring.	In glorious faem, Scotch Drink. 2.
Whose toil upholds the glitt'ring show, A Winter Night. 7. The glittering spears are ranked ready, S. My bonie Mary.	How glorious Wallace stood, how hapless fell? Scots Prologue.
And are they of no more avail,	Welcome to your gory bed,
Ten thousand glittering pounds a year?	Or to glorious victory S. Scots, wha have t
Ode, to Mem, of Mrs. —.	Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious, Tam o' Shanter. 6.

Or nobly die, the second glorious part:	My heart did glowing transport feel, [v.A.4] The Vision.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 21. The glorious Architect Divine! The Farewell. To St. J.'s L	Glowing dawn of brighter day To a Kiss.
The rising sun, owre Galston Muirs,	Till too, too soon the glowing west
Wi' glorious light was glintan; The Holy Fair.	Till too, too soon the glowing west Proclaim'd the speed of winged day. S. To Mary in Heaven. Glown is broad started.
Liberty's a glorious feast! . The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII.	Glowi [a broad stare].
The Chief on Sark who glorious fell, In high command; [v.A.4] . The Vision	When Phoebus gies a short-liv'd glowr, Far south the lift, A Winter Night. 1.
"Before I surrender so glorious a prize, . The Whistle.	What time the moon, wi's ilent glowr,
And then, O what a glorious sight, To a Haggis.	Sets up her horn, . El. on Capt. M. H., 10.
And fled each Muse that glorious once inspired,	To show Sir Bardy's willyart glowr, On dining with Daer.
To R. G. of F., 5.	A greedy glowr black-bonnet throws, . The Holy Fair. 8.
(O Ferguson! thy glorious parts, Ill-suited law's dry, musty arts! To W. Simpson. 4.	Glowr, to [look intensely or watchfully, stare]. Trembling, I dow nought but glowr, S. Blythe hae I been †
Where glorious Wallace Aft bure the gree, Ib. 10.	The rising moon began to glowr
Still pressing onward, red-wat-shod,	The distant Cumnock hills out-owre;
Or glorious dy'd!	Death and Dr. Hornbook.
Gloriously.	On Corsincon I'll glow'r and spell, S. O were I on Parnass. † Glowr'd [looked, looked earnestly, stared].
And gloriously she'll whang her [Heresy] Wi' pith this day The Ordination. 3.	I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock, [re.]
Glory. In all its crimson glory spread, S. A Rose-bud by t	S. Last May a braw wooer†
But first, before you see heaven's glory,	As Tammie glowr'd, amaz'd, and curious, Tam o' Shanter. 12.
May ye get mony a merry story, . Auld comrade dear †	Even Satan glowr'd, and fidg'd fu' fain, 1b. 16.
Her bright course of glory for ever shall run: S. Caledonia. 6. Hold on till thou art mellow,	As lightsomely I glowr'd abroad, The Holy Fair. 2.
And then to bed in glory S. Deluded swain †	I glowr'd as eerie's I'd been dusht, The Vision. D. I. S. Glowring, -in, -an [looking earnestly, staring].
And Port was celestial glory. Epit. on J. Dove, Innkeeper.	Glowrin a' the hills aboon, S. Duncan Gray.
But now for a Patron, whose name and whose glory At once may illustrate and honour my story.	As Phœbus and the famous Nine
Fragment inscr. to Fox.	Were glowran owre my pen Ep. to Davie. 11.
Glory, Honour, now invite, . S. Highland Laddie.	Ye ugly glow'rin spectre? In Defence of a Lady.
Sends ane to heaven and ten to hell,	Poor gapin', glowrin' Superstition, Letter to J. Goudie. He mutters, glowring at the bitches, Lns add. to J. Ranken.
A' for thy glory, . Holy Willie's Prayer. An' a' the glory shall be thine, Amen, Amen Ib. 16.	Waefu' Want and Hunger fley me,
An' a' the glory shall be thine, Amen, Amen. 16. 16. And winter once rejoic'd in glory.	Glowrin by the hallan en'; . S. O that I had ne'er†
Improm., on Mrs. —'s Birthday.	Some gapin' glowrin' countra laird, . On W. Chalmers.
Tho' glory's name may screen us; Lns on Windows, Gl. Tav.	Whiles glowring round wi' prudent cares, Tam o' Shanter. 9.
That thou might'st greater glory give Unto thine own anointed New Psalmody.	Wi' glowrin een, an' lifted han's, . The Death of Mailie.
And a bottle like this, are my glory and care.	The lightly-jumping, glowrin trouts, The Petition of Br. Water.
S. No Churchman am I†	But Homer like the glowran byke, Frae town to town I draw that. The Jolly Beggars. S. VII.
His that inverted glory On Duke of Queensberry.	Glum. our ramgunshoch, glum goodman S. Had I the wyte†
Here Stuarts once in glory reigned, On Window at Stirling.	Glunch [a look of displeasure or prohibition].
Wad shew the Tragic Muse in a' her glory. Scots Prologue.	Wha twists his gruntle wi' a glunch
Whether as heavenly glory bright, Or dark as misery's woeful night . Sketch. New-Yr's Day.	O' sour disdain, Scotch Drink. 17.
When through my very heart	Glunch, to [to look sour, to pout].
Her beaming glories dart; S. Sleep'st thou, or wak'st †	Does ony great man glunch an' gloom? The Author's Cry and Prayer.
Rev'rend Men, their country's glory, The Brigs of Ayr. 9. But, had I in my glory been,	Glut.
He, kneeling, wad ador'd me. The Petition of Br. Water.	To glut that direst foe-a vengeful woman: Scots Prologue.
Fareweel our ancient glory; S. The Union.	Gnash.
But glory is the sodger's prize, S. When wild War's t	To gnash my gums, to weep and wail, In burnin lake, Holy Willie's Prayer. 4.
Glory, to.	Gnaw.
Glories in his heart humane— And creatures for his pleasure slain. On scaring Water-fowl.	But some day ye may gnaw your nails, A Dream. 10.
Glossy.	Rheumatics gnaw, or cholic squeezes; Add. to Toothache.
Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy black; . The Twa Dogs. 5.	"The worm that gnaws my bonie trees, As on the banks †
Glow. the friendly glow, And softer flame; A Bard's Epit.	The teeth o' time may gnaw Tamtallan, But thou's for ever. Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
The smile of love, the friendly tear, The sympathetic glow! Ep. to Davie. 10.	Gnawing. And thro' my lugs gies mony a twang,
What breast so dead to heav'nly Virtue's glow,	Wi' gnawing vengeance; Add. to Toothache.
Prologue, sp. by Woods.	The torturing, gnawing consciousness of guilt Remorse. A Frag.
For her bosom burns with honour's glow, S. The Highland Lassie.	Go. Go on, my Lord! I lang to meet you, Add. of Beelzebub. 5.
To paint with Thomson's landscape-glow; The Vision. D. II. 19.	For their fame it shall last while the world goes round. At Meet. of D. Volunteers.
Thine is the self-approving glow, On conscious honour's part; To Chloris.	Bonie lassie, will ye go To the birks of Aberfeldy? [re.] S. Bonie lassie, will ye go †
Glow, to. No longer glows with holy stain, On Lincluden.	Come weel, come woe, we'll gather and go [re.]
Wild to my heart the filial pulses glow,	S. Come, boat me o'er.
On Death of Sir J. Blair.	Go, find an honest fellow; S. Deluded Swain† Friend, whare ye gaun, Will ye go back?
Strong may she glow with all her ancient fire, Prologue, sp. by Woods.	Death and Dr. Hornbook. 8.
He glows with all the spirit of the Bard, The Brigs of Ayr.	Thus goes he on from day to day, 16. 29.
Glowing.	Go to your sculptur'd tombs, ye Great, El. on Capt. M. H., 16,
But can they melt the glowing heart, S. By Allan stream †	I'll go and be a sodger. [re.] Extem. Ap. 1782.
Believe our glowing bosoms truly feel it. Prologue, at Th., D	Go frighten the coward and slave!
Glowing here on golden sands, . S. Streams that glide †	Go teach them to tremble, fell tyrant!
,	S. Farewell, thou fair day t

I care not, not I, let the critics go whistle. Frag. inscr. to Fox.	Till God knows what may be effected, . Add. of Beelzebub.
From thee, Eliza, I must go, S. From thee, Eliza†	Ask why God made the gem so small,
An' for the kiln she goes then, Halloween. 11.	While huge he made the granite? Because God meant mankind should set
Will ye go wi' me Graunie?	That higher value on it. [v.A.27] Ask why God made †
Go, for yoursel procure renown, . S. Highland Laddie.	God bless them a' wi' grace an' gear. Auld comrade deart
And o'er the flowery mead she goes, S. It was the charming t	Who will not sing, God save the king,
Now we maun totter down, John, but hand in hand we'll go,	Shall hang as high's the steeple; S. Does haughty Gault
S. John Anderson	Astonish'd! confounded! cry'd Satan, by G-d,
Will ye go to the Highlands wi' me; . S. Leezie Lindsay.	I'll want 'im, ere I take such a d—ble load. Epig. on Capt. Grose.
Round and round the seasons go: S. Let not woman †	The Lord their God, his Grace.
We'll mourn till we too go as he has gone, Lns sent Sir J. Whiteford.	Epig. on being neglected at I. Inn.
Go, fetch to me a pint o' wine, S. My bonie Mary.	In ploughman phrase 'God send you speed,' Ep. to Young Friend. 11.
That I may drink before I go	Alas! how aft, in haughty mood,
A service to my bonie lassie Ib.	God's creatures they oppress! Ep. to Davie. 6.
To the weaver's gin ye go, fair maids, S. My heart was ance t	God's image rudely etch'd on base alloy!
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go. [re.]	Ep. to R. Graham. 5. As e'er God with his Image blest, . Epit. on a Friend.
S. My heart's in the Highlands † 'Go on, ye human race!	As e'er God with his Image blest, Epit. on a Friend. But G-d confound their stubborn face,
'Go on, ye human race!	Holy Willie's Prayer. 10.
Lo, there she goes, unpitied and unblest,	Frae G-d's ain priests the people's hearts
She goes, but not to realms of everlasting rest!	He steals awa' Ib. II.
Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.	O L—d my G-d, that glib-tongu'd A[ike]n, Ib. 14.
Expires in rags, unknown, and goes to Heaven Ib.	God keep thee frae thy mother's faes,
Go live, poor wanderer of the wood and field, On seeing wounded Hare.	Lament of Mary of Scots. God bless the king And the companie! S. Landlady, count †
Cruel charmer, can you go! [re.] . S. Stay, my charmer †	"By G-d I'll not be seen behint them, . Lns to J. Ranken.
Then of its faults my honest thoughts	Thou, who thy honour as thy God rever'st,
I'll give—and here they go Symon Gray	Lns sent Sir J. Whiteford.
Go, Fame, an' canter like a filly	Bless him, Thou God of love and truth, O thou dread Pow'rt
Thro' a' the streets an' neuks o' Killie, Tam Samson's El., Per C	Justice, the high vicegerent of her God,
O mount and go, Mount and make you ready;	On Death of R. Dundas.
	And Harley rouses all the god in man. Prologue, sp. by Woods.
O mount and go, And be the Captain's Lady; S. The Capt.'s Lady.	God help us !—we're but poor—ye'se get but thanks!
To the shades we'll go, And in love enjoy it Ib.	Scots Prologue.
Go bid the hero who has run	God bless your Honors, can ye see't, The Author's Cry and Prayer.
Thro' fields of death to gather fame, Go bid him lay his laurels down, . S. The capt. Ribband.	For G-d-sake, Sirs! then speak her fair,
The toil-worn Cotter frae his labor goes,	God bless your Honors, a' your days,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 2.	
I for thy sake must go!	For instance, there's yoursel just now, God knows, an unco Calf!
"Gin ye'll go there, yon runkl'd pair "We will get famous laughin The Holy Fair. 5.	'And let us worship God I' he says with solemn air.
"We will get famous laughin The Holy Fair. 5. Then in we go to see the show, Ib. 8.	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 12.
An' go wi' me an' be my dear; . The Jolly Beggars. S. V.	How Abram was the Friend of God on high; . Ib. 14.
Life is all a variorum,	'An honest man's the noblest work of God:'
We regard not how it goes; Ib. S. VIII.	(The Patriot's God, peculiarly thou art, Ib. 21. God grant the King and ilka man
This poor man was seen to go early to work,	May look weel to themsel The Election Ballads. I.
The Poor Thresher.	But with humility and awe
And sometimes a hedging and ditching I go; Ib.	Still walks before his God
But then my wife and children dear, O whither would they go? S. The sun he is sunk \tau	For why? that God the good adore Hath giv'n them peace and rest,
	Hath giv'n them peace and rest,
Where'er he go, where'er he stray, May Heaven be his warden; S. The yng Highl. Rover.	with thoughts still soaring To God on high, . The Hermit.
May Heaven be his warden; S. The yng Hight. Kover. Will ye go to the dancin in Carlyle's ha', S. There grows a bonie †	And when I die, Let me in this belief expire,—
O mile they are wi' me sweet Tibbie Dunber 2 [44]	To God I fly Ib.
O wilt thou go wi' me, sweet Tibbie Dunbar? [re.] S. Tibbie Dunbar.	Should Hornie, as in ancient days,
To Vulcan then Apollo goes.	'Mang sons o' G- present him, The Holy Fair. 12.
To get a frosty calker To J. Taylor.	See, up he's got the word o' G-,
Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary, [re.] . S. To Mary.	"By the gods of the ancients!" Glenriddel replies, The Whistle. 8.
And bright in cloudless skies his sun go down!	"The field thou hast won, by yon bright god of day! Ib. 18.
To R. G. of F., q. Again in Folly's path might go astray; Why am I loth	And God bless young Dunaskin's laird, To Mr. M'Adam.
Will ye go and marry Katie? . S. Will ye go and marry	Then, Sir, God willing, I'll attend ye, . To Mr. Renton.
Stranger, go! Heaven be thy guide! Wr. in Friars-Carse H.	God knows, I'm no the thing I shou'd be,
Goat. Wi' woo' like goats, an' legs like trams; [v.A.19].	To Rev. J. M'Math.
Poor Mailie's El	"O injured God! Thy goodness has endow'd me "With talents passing most of my compeers, Tragic Frag
Goavan [looking with roving eyes; staring in a	To murder men, and gie God thanks! . V. on Nat. Thanks.
dazed, helpless kind of way].	God won't accept your thanks for murther! Ib.
When idly goavan whyles we saunter, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 2.	I tremble to approach an angry God, . Why am I loth t
When goavan, as if led wi' branks, On dining with Daer.	Goddess.
God. "God save the King" 's a cukoo sang That's unco easy said ay: A Dream. 2.	To adore thee is my duty,
For me, thank God, my life's a lease,	Goddess o' this soul o' mine! S. Bonie wee thing t
God bless you a'l	I call no goddess to inspire my strains, . To R. Graham.
We bless thee, God of nature wide, A Grace before Dinner.	Godhead. And pledg'd her their godheads to warrant it good. S. Caledonia.
The heart benevolent and kind	As by his noblest work the Godhead best is known.
The most resembles God A Winter Night II	El au Mine Raymet

Godlike. But come ye who the godlike pleasure know, Heaven's attribute distinguish'd—to bestow! Ep. to R. Graham. 5.	
The godlike bliss, to give, alone excels, The Brigs of Ayr.	
Godly.	,
Nae godly symptom ye can ca' that; . A Ded. to G. H., 6. Ye high, exalted, virtuous Dames,	
Ty'd up in godly laces, Add. to Unco Guid. 6.	
There's monie godly folks are thinkin, Ep. to J. R. I. priests? those seeming godly wisemen:	1
Lns on Window, K.s Arms.	
Nay been bitch-fou 'mang godly priests, On dining with Daer. Ev'n godly meetings o' the saunts,	1
By thee inspir'd, Scotch Drink. 8 Ye godly Councils wha hae blest this town;	
Ye godly Brethren o' the sacred gown, The Brigs of Ayr. 9.	
And (what would now be strange) ye godly Writers: . Ib. An' aff the godly pour in thrangs, To gie the jars an' barrels A lift The Holy Fair. 14.	
To gie the jars an' barrels A lift The Holy Fair. 14. But the godly old Chaplain left him in the lurch;	
The Jolly Beggars. S. II.	
like a godly, elect bairn, The Ordination. 8. O a' ye pious godly flocks, The Twa Herds.	
God-sake!	
But. G-d-sake! let nae saving-fit Abridge your bonie Barges An' Boats . A Dream. 7.	
Godship.	
Down the zodiac urge the race, And cast dirt on his godship's face; . Ep. to H. Parker.	
He drank his poor god-ship as deep as the sea, The Whistle. 4.	
Goest. Thou goest, thou darling of my heart: S. Behold the hour?	
Gold. I've ta'en the gold an' been enroll'd In many a noble squadron; The Jolly Beggars. S. VI. Put English gold has been our bone. S. The Union	
But English gold has been our bane S. The Union. We're bought and sold for English gold Ib.	
For a' his gold and white monie, . S. To daunton me.	
Then take what gold could never buy An honest Bard's esteem	
And thirst of gold might tempt the deep, S. Twas even—the dewy †	
For gold the merchant plongus the main, 10.	G
Gold-bubbling. The slave's spicy forests, and gold-bubbling fountains,	
Golden.	Go
Here wealth still swells the golden tide, Add. to Edinburgh. 2.	
Thou golden time o' youthful prime, S. But lately seen, † Dame Fortune's golden smile, Ep. to young Friend. 7.	
Gay the sun's golden eye,	
Peep'd o'er the mountains high; . S. Phillis the Fair. 'Twas not her golden ringlets bright, S. I gaed a waefu' †	G
Glowing here on golden sands, . S. Streams that glide †	
But golden sands did never grace The Heliconian stream; To J. M'Murdo.	G
But, oh! [ye maggots] respect his lordship's taste, And spare his golden bindings The Book-Worms.	G
mantling high she fills the golden cup, To R. G. of F., 7.	G
The golden hours, on angel wings, S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †	u
Gone. Behind the throne then Gr-nv-ll's gone, A Fragment. 8.	
Till my last hope and last comfort is gone: S. Gloomy December. We'll mourn till we too go as he has gone,	
Lns sent Sir J. Whiteford. The forms of ages long gone by On Lincluden.	
My child, thou art gone to the home of thy rest, On Death of fav. Child.	
The injured Stuart line is gone, On Window at Stirling.	
"Another year is gone for ever." Sketch. New-Yr's Day. And gone I know not whither: S. The Joyful Widower.	
And, must I think it! is she gone, The Lament.	
I'll lay me with th' inglorious dead, Forgot and gone! To J. S., 10.	
Good. When Guilford good our Pilot stood, A Fragment. No other plea I have, But, Thou art good;	
A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.	G
And pledg'd her their godheads to warrant it good. S. Caledonia.	
Good claret set before thee: S. Deluded Swain †	

Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare, El. on Peg Nicholson. Nature well pleas'd pronounced it very good;

Ep. to R. Graham. 3. We own they're prudent, but who feels they're good? Ib. 5. Who in his life did little good, . Epit. on Mr. Burton. His heart was warm, benevolent, and good. Extem on W. Smellie Good L-d, what is man! . Fragment, inscr. to Fox. With his depths and his shallows, his good and his evil, Ib. At Brownhill we always get dainty good cheer. Impromptu. All mounted in good order. . . . Katharine Jaffray. S. My father was a farmer †

And show what good men are.

O The He vow'd, he pray'd, he found the maid Forgiving all and good. . S. On a bank of flowers † Where the songs of the good, where the hymns of the blest, Through an endless existence shall charm thee. On Death of fav. Child. From aught that's good exempt. On Duke of Queensberry. Ay wavering like the willow-wicker, 'Tween good and ill. . Poem on Life. But accept it, good sir, as a mark of regard, Poet. Add. to Tytler. I come to wish you all a good new year! Prologue at Th., D.. But when the heart is nobly warm, The good excuse will find. Rusticity's ungainly † But now to-day, good Mr. Gray, I've read it o'er and o'er, . Symon Gray t What Whig but wails the good Sir James, The Election Ballads. VI. For why? that God the good adore Hath giv'n them peace and rest, . The 1st Psalm. But if thou hast good cause to sigh at Thy fault or care: . The Hermit. By my good luck a lass I met, S. The Lass that made the bed. An aged Judge, I saw him rove, Dispensing good. [v.A.4] The Vision. D. I. Was brought to the court of our good Scottish king,

The Whistle. Ye, whom the seeming good think sin to pity; Tragic Frag.. To light and joy the good restore, Wr. in Friars-Carse H.. ood bye. I'll desert my sov'reign lord, And so good bye, allegiance! . S. Husband, husband + ood fallow, Good fellow. But a club of good fellows, like those that are there, And a bottle like this, are my glory and care. S. No Churchman am I + Three joyous good fellows with hearts clear of flaw;

The Whistle. 6. But gie me just a true good fallow Wi' right ingine, To Mr. J. Kennedy. oodman. our ramgunshoch, glum goodman . S. Had I the wyte t ood-morrow. when auld Phœbus bids good-morrow, Ep. to H. Parker. ood-natur'd. Or my good-natur'd folly, O; S. My father was a farmer t oodness. We bless thee, God of nature wide, A Grace before Dinner. For all thy goodness lent: Goodness still Delighteth to forgive. A Prayer in Prosp. of Death. Thy goodness constantly we prove, Grace after Dinner. Want only of goodness denied her esteem. Monody, on a Lady. Epit .. Chose one who should owe it all, d'ye see,
To their gratis grace and goodness. . The Dean of Fac.. My goose-quill too rude is to tell all your goodness To Capt. Riddel. And to his goodness I commend ye. To Mr. Renton. For boons accorded, goodness ever new, To R. Graham. "O injured God! Thy goodness has endow'd me
"With talents passing most of my compeers, Tragic Frag... Keep His Goodness still in view, Thy trust—and thy example too. Wr. in Hermitage at F. C. Good-sense. Except good-sense and social glee, On dining with Daer.

Good sense and taste are natives here at home;

Prologue, at Th., D..

Goodwife. Early next morning the goodwife arose, S. The Poor Thresher.	If Venus yet had got his nose off; Kind Sir, I've read of Or glaikit Charlie got his nieve in; B.
Good will. I set me down wi' right good will,	But now she's got an unco ripple, Letter to J. Goudie.
To sing my Highland lassie O S. The Highl. Lassie. I set her down, wi' right good will,	O ken ye what Meg o' the mill has gotten? [re.] S. O ken ye what Meg
Amang the rigs o' barley: . S. The Rigs o' Barley.	Now I've gotten wife and bairns, . S. O that I had ne'er † My Pegasus I'm got astride, On W. Chalmers.
Goos [goose]. Fient haet he had but three	We've got frae a' professions, sorts, an' ranks: Scots Prologue.
Goose, Jamy [Mr. Young, Cumnock].	Tam had got planted unco right; Tam o' Shanter. 5. Their carriage and dress, a stranger would guess,
Jamy Goose, Jamy Goose, ye ha'e made but toom roose, The Kirk's Alarm. 10.	In Lon'on or Paris they'd gotten it a': The Belles of Mauchline.
Goose-quill.	That he, at Lon'on, frae ane Adams got; The Brigs of Ayr. 4. And our gudewife has gotten a ca', S. The Cooper o' cuddy †
My goose-quill too rude is to tell all your goodness To Capt. Riddel.	Till our gudeman has gotten the scorn; Ib.
Gor-cock [the red game, red-cock, or moor-cock].	Yet simple Bob the victory got, The Dean of Fac See, up he's got the word o' G-, The Holy Fair. 16.
Whare gor-cocks thro' the heather pass, S. My Lord a-hunting †	The Regiment at large for a husband I got;
Gordon. There ne'er was a coward o' Kenmure's blude,	But he has gotten to our grief,
Nor yet o' Gordon's Line. S. O Kenmure's on and awa †	Ane to succeed him, The Twa Herds. 13. But Heaven's curse will blast the man
The banks by Castle Gordon. [re.] S. Streams that glide † And Gordon the battle to win! The Election Ballads. III.	Denies the bairn he got; . The Ruined Maid's Lament.
Gore. 'Till daft mankind aft dance a reel In gore a shoe-thick; Add. to Toothache.	"I've got a bad wife, Sir, that's a' my complaint, S. There liv'd ance a carle †
Flutt'ring an' gasping in her gore: Auld comrade dear †	So Nickie then got the auld wife on his back, Ib. Na faith ye yet! ye'll no be right,
To wanton in carnage and wallow in gore. S. Caledonia.	Till ye've got on it, To a Louse.
'Mong swelling floods of reeking gore, The Vision. D. II. 15. Gory. Or mad Ambition's gory hand, A Winter Night. 7.	She's [Coila's] gotten Bardies o' her ain, To W. Simpson. Goth. The Goth was stalking round with anxious search,
The flutt'ring, gory pinion! S. Now westlin winds †	The Brigs of Ayr. 4.
Welcome to your gory bed, Or to glorious victory S. Scots, wha ha'e †	Gothic. Each Gothic ornament display. On Lincluden. The vera wrinkles Gothic in his face: The Brigs of Ayr. 4.
Gos [the gos-hawk or falcon].	E'er they would grate their feelings wi' the view
Swift as the Gos drives on the wheeling hare; The Brigs of Ayr. 4.	Now, thank our stars! these Gothic times are fled;
Gospel. held up his cheek, Conform to Gospel law, A Fragment. 6.	The Rights of Woman. The cobweb'd gothic dome resounded, Y! . The Vowels.
Till by an' by, if I haud on,	Gotten v. Got.
I'll grunt a real Gospel groan: Auld comrade † And there will be lads o' the gospel, The Election Ballads. III.	Goude. O Goudie! terror of the Whigs, Letter to J. Goudie.
For lapfu's large o' gospel kail	Gouk, Andro [Dr. Andrew Mitchell, Monkton; v. Gowk].
Shall fill thy crib in plenty, Ordination. 6. That e'er ga'e gospel horn a blast, The Twa Herds. 2.	Andro Gouk, Andro Gouk, ye may slander the book, And the book not the waur let me tell ye;
Or nobly fling the gospel club,	The Kirk's Alarm. 12.
A' ye wha tent the gospel fauld,	Gout. An' Gouts torment him, inch by inch, Scotch Drink. 17.
Just for a screen To Rev. J. M'Math. An' then cry zeal for gospel laws, Like some we ken Ib.	In vain the Gout his ancles fetters; Tam Samson's El. 9.
Gossamour.	Governor. O Thou, Great Governor of all below! . Why am I loth!
While thick the gossamour waves wanton in the rays. The Brigs of Ayr.	Gowan [the common or mountain-daisy]. The op'ning gowan, wat wi' dew,
Gossip. Thou maks the gossips clatter bright, . Scotch Drink. 12.	Nae purer is than Nanie, . S. Behind you hills t
The gossip keekit in his loof, S. There was a lad †	'His braw calf-ward whare gowans grew, Sae white an' bonie, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 23.
Got, Gotten. She's got mischief enough already; Adam A—'s Prayer.	And pu'd the gowans fine; S. Should auld acquaintance †
· Had I no got greeting, my heart wou'd hae broken,	Where the blue-bell and gowan lurk, lowly, unseen; S. Their groves of t
S. As I was a-wand'ring † But now he has gotten a hat and a feather S. Cook up your beaver.	Gowany [abounding with wild daisies]. In gowany glens thy burnie strays, Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
Thou now has got thy Daddy's chair, . El. on Year 1788.	Gowd, Goud [gold]. L—d, I'se hae sportin by an' by,
The Devil got notice that Grose was a-dying, Epig. on Capt. Grose.	For my gowd guinea; . El. on J. R. II.
Some auld, us'd hands had taen a note, That sic a hen had got a shot; Ep. to J. R., q.	Here's Chieftain M'Leod, a chieftain worth gowd, S. Here's a health to them †
Your brunstane devilship I see	But the tender heart o' leesome love, The gowd and siller canna buy:. S. In simmer when †
Has got him there before ye; . Epit. on Holy Willie. For few sic feasts you've gotten; For W. Nicol.	My Sandy brak a piece o' goud, . S. My Sandy gied to
But by that health, I've got a share o't,	Whats a' the joys that gowd can gi'e? S. O Phely, † Gowd guineas a hunder or twa, man. Ronalds of Bennals.
Friend of the poet † P.S. Twa o' them were gotten When Johny was awa. S. Gudeen to you Kimmer †	And aiblins gowd and honour baith Might be that laddie's share. The Election Ballads. I.
'For monie a ane has gotten a fright,	The man's the gowd for a' that. S. The Honest Man.
'An' liv'd an' di'd deleeret,	Her hair was like the links o' gowd, S. The Lass that made the bed.
Wha got my young Highland thief S. Hee balou, † Dusty was the kiss That I got frae the miller.	He has gowd in his coffers, he has sheep, he has kine, There's auld Rob M. †
S. Hey, the dusty miller †	We've lost a birkie weel worth gowd, To W. Creech.
John Barleycorn got up again, John Barleycorn.	Quo' she, my grandsire left me gowd, S. When wild War's t

Gowden [golden].	And spak wi' modest grace, The Election Ballads. I.
And gowden flowers sae rare upon't; S. My Lord a-hunting	Led on the Loves and Graces;
Nae gowden stream thro' myrtles twines,	The grace be—"Athole's honest men,
Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	And Athole's bonnie lasses!" The Petition of Br. Water
I hae lo'ed the Fair, the Gowden; S. Wantonness for evert	She stares the daddy in her face,
Yestreen lav on this breast o' mine	Enough of ought ye like but grace; The Inventory.
The gowden locks of Anna. S. The gowd. Locks of A.	An' pray'd for grace wi' ruefu' face, The Jolly Beggars. R. VI.
Gowdie, heels o'er [topsy-turvy].	An' runts o' grace the pick an' wale, . The Ordination, 6.
Soon heel's o'er gowdie! in he gangs, Poem on Life.	A wildly-witty, rustic grace
Gowdspink [the goldfinch].	Shone full upon her; The Vision. D.I. 10.
The gowdspink, Music's gayest child,	To ev'ry nobler virtue bred, And polish'd grace Ib. 15.
The Petition of Br. Water.	And careful note each opining grace, Ib. D. II. 10.
Gowff'd [did strike, as the club strikes the ball in	In arioso trills and graces Ye never stray, . To J. S., 27.
the game of golf].	Loves and graces all rejected, To Miss Fontenelle.
But, word an' blow. N-rth, F-x. and Co. Gowff'd Willie like a ba', man, A Fragment. 9.	T[ytle]r's and G[reenfield]'s modest grace; . To W. Creech.
Gowk [a dolt]. Conceited gowk! puff'd up wi' windy pride!	They talk o' mercy, grace an' truth, To Rev. J. M'Math.
The Brigs of Ayr. 7.	Grace, beauty, and elegance, fetter her lover,
gawkies, tawpies, gowks and fools, To W. Creech.	S. True hearted was he t
Gowling [howling].	All grace does round her hover, . S. When first I saw
Misfortune's gowling bark, A Ded. to G.H., 14.	Admiring Nature in her wildest grace, Wr. in Kenmore Inn.
Gown. Ye sall get gowns and ribbons meet, S. Ca' the Ewes.	Grace [prayer before meat].
It's just the Blue-gown badge an' claithing, O' Saunts;	Learn three-mile pray'rs, an' half-mile graces,
Ep. to J. R., 4.	A Ded. to G. H., 9.
Black gowns of each denomination, Lns add. to J. Ranken.	The auld Guidmen, about the grace,
My Lady's gown there's gairs upon't,	Frae side to side they bother, The Holy Fair. 24.
S. My Lord a-hunting †	Sma' need has he to say a grace, 1b. 25.
the Bard, what d'ye call him, that wore the black gown;	Weel are ye wordy of a grace As lang's my arm To a Haggis.
S. No Churchman am I †	As lang's the Muses dinna fail To say the grace. To J. S., 24.
Ye godly Brethren o' the sacred gown, The Brigs of Ayr. 9.	
Comes hame, perhaps, to shew a braw new gown, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 4.	Their three-mile prayers, an hauf-mile graces, To Rev. J. M'Math.
My musie, tir'd wi' mony a sonnet	Grace [title of king, duke, archbishop].
On gown, an' ban', an' douse black bonnet,	Because ye're sirnam'd like His Grace, A Ded. to G. H., 1.
To Rev. J. M'Math.	
Gowrie. Not Gowrie's rich valley, nor Forth's sunny shores,	So, nae reflection on Your Grace, A Dream, 3. The Lord their God, his Grace.
S. Yon wild mossy mountains †	Epig. on being neglected at In. Inn.
Thy mither's person, grace an' merit, Add. to Illegit. Child	How shall I sing Drumlanrig's Grace?
Summer with a matron grace. Add. to Shade of Thomson.	On Duke of Queensberry.
Her comely face sae fu' o' grace,	Wad trust his Grace wi' a', Jamie; . S. The Laddies by t
S. A. Masterton's bonie Anne.	Grace, to.
Youth, grace, and love attendant move, Ib.	That sic a couple fate allows ye
God bless them a' wi' grace an' gear Auld comrade †	To grace your blood. Ep. to Major Logan. 13.
Wit, and Grace, and Love, and Beauty,	"To grace this damn'd infernal clan." Lns add. to J. Ranken.
In ae constellation shine; S. Bonie wee thing t	And a town of fame whose princely name
Duncan was a lad o' grace, S. Duncan Gray †	And a town of fame whose princely name Should grace the Lass of Albany. S. The bonie Lass of Albany. To groce the lad, her week hein'd keebyrck, fell
havins, sense an' grace, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 20.	S, The vonte Lass of Alvany.
who giv'st with all a courtier's grace; Ep. to R. Graham. 5.	To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck, fell, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11.
Pale sickness withers ilka grace, Fragment.	The flowers shall vie in all their charms
Whae'er shall say I wanted grace,	The hour of heaven to grace, The Petition of Br. Water.
When I did kiss and dawte her, S. Had I the wyte †	To mend the honest Patriot-lore,
For gifts an' grace, A burnin' an' a shinin' light, Holy Willie's Prayer. 2.	And grace the hand. The Vision. D. II. 5.
A burnin an a sninin light, Holy Willie's Prayer, 2.	Some grace the maiden's artless smile;
To show thy grace is great an' ample;	But golden sands did never grace
That I for gear and grace may shine, Ib. 16.	The Heliconian stream; To John M'Murdo.
Altho' thy beauty and thy grace Might weel awauk desire S. It is na, Jean,†	Graced'd.
Loves, graces, and virtues, I call not on you;	Wad ever grac'd a dance of witches! . Tam o' Shanter. 15.
Monody, on a Lady.	Her lips more than the cherries bright,
Her native grace so void of art; S. My Mary's face †	A richer dye has graced them; S. Young Peggy †
It wants to me the witching grace, S. O this is no my ain †	Graceful, -fu'.
In grace and beauty charming; S. O wat ye wha that loes †	An' sweet an' gracefu' she did ride A Guid New-year † 6.
Aught of Humanity's sweet melting grace?	I see thee gracefu', straight and tall, S. Craigie-burn Wood.
Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.	But for a modest, graceful mien,
Her lovely form, her native ease,	Her like I never saw S. Handsome Nell.
All harmony and grace. S. On a bank of flowers †	Her fautless form and gracefu' air; S. Sae flaxen †
The graces of her weelfar'd face, . S. On Cessnock banks †	Green, slender, leaf-clad Holly-boughs Were twisted, gracefu', round her brows, The Vision. D.I. 9.
But the mind that shines in ev'ry grace,	
in its native air And rural grace; Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	
(Beauty, where faultless symmetry and grace,	
Can only charm us in the second place,) Prologue, sp. by Woods.	As great an' gracious a' as sisters; The Twa Dogs. 33.
Skill'd in the secret, to bestow with grace; The Brigs of Ayr.	Graceless.
The Sire turns o'er, with patriarchal grace.	staumrel, corky-headed, graceless Gentry. The Brigs of Ayr. 9.
The big ha'-Bible, ance his Father's pride:	Tiles ither manualoss annualoss hunter The Danth of Marie
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 12.	Like ither menseless, graceless brutes. The Death of Mailie.
Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the heart! Ib. 17.	How graceless Ham leugh at his Dad, The Ordination. 4.
But chiefly, in their hearts with Grace divine preside. 1b. 18.	Grace-proud.
Chose one who should owe it all, d'ye see,	Wi'screw'd-up, grace-proud faces; . The Holy Fair. 10.
To their gratis grace and goodness The Dean of Fac	Their sighan, cantan, grace-proud faces, To Rev. J. M'Math.

Cua PP [a cumarva]	Commis Commis Commission of the contract of th
Graff [a grave].	Grannie, Graunie [grandmother].
Ev'n as he is, cauld in his graff Epig. on Henpecked Squire. But your green graff, now Luckie Laing,	I've heard my rev'rend Graunie say, . Add. to the Deil. 5.
Wad airt me to my treasure S. Gat ye me †	When twilight did my Graunie summon, To say her pray'rs,
Graham.	Wee Jenny to her Graunie says,
An' that glib-gabbet Highland Baron,	'Will ye go wi' me Graunie? Halloween. 13.
The Laird o' Graham; The Author's Cry and Prayer.	Ah! little kend thy reverend grannie, Tam o' Shanter. 15.
Bold Scrimgeour follows gallant Graham,	My Grannie she bought me a beuk, The Jolly Beggars. S. III.
The Election Ballads. VI.	Grant. I readily and freely grant,
Will generous G***** list to his Poets wail? To R. G. of F	He downa see a poor man want; A Ded. to G. H., 5. Lord grant, nae duddie, desperate beggar, Add. of Beelzebub.
Grain. Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain, S. Now westlin winds †	Gude grant that thou may ay inherit
Leeze me on thee John Barleycorn,	Thy mither's person, grace an' merit, Add. to Illegit. Child.
Thou king o' grain! . Scotch Drink. 3.	To grant a heart is fairly civil,
When yellow waves the heavy grain, The Vision. D. II. 8.	But to grant a maidenhead's the devil!. Auld comrade †
But may the tapmast grain that wags	I grant thou'rt as wicked, but not quite so clever. Epig. on —.
Come to the sack Third Ep. to J. Lap Grain'd [groaned]. The creature grain'd an eldritch laugh,	Still grant us with such store; The Friend we trust; the Fair we love; Grace after Dinner.
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 24.	Grant me, indulgent heaven, that I may live
This mony a day I've grain'd and gaunted,	To see the miscreants feel the pains they give;
Kind Sir, I've read †	Lns extem. in Lady's Pocket-bk.
Graip [a dung-fork with three or four prongs].	I grant him [wisdom] his calm-blooded, time-settled pleasures, Lns on Windows Gl. Tav.
The graip he for a harrow taks,	Let posts an' pensions sink or swoom
Graith [accoutrements, implements, harness, dress,	Wi' them wha grant them:
furniture].	Wi' them wha grant them: The Author's Cry and Prayer.
Chatham's wraith, in heav'nly graith, . A Fragment. 8. Then Meg took up her spinnin-graith,	please To grant my highest wishes, The Petition of Br. Water.
And flang them a' out o'er the burn. S. Duncan Davison.	God grant the King and ilka man May look weel to themsel The Election Ballads. I.
Tho' I should pawn my pleugh an' graith,	And your friends they dare grant you nae mair.
Ep. to J. $L-k$, Ap. 1st. 7.	The Kirk's Alarm.
An' Ploughmen gather wi' their graith, Scotch Drink. 10.	Grant me but this, I ask no more,
Saw him in shootin graith adorn'd, Tam Samson's El. 8.	Ay routh o' rhymes To J. S., 21.
Here, farmers gash, in ridin graith, The Holy Fair. 7.	'Twas noble, Sir; 'twas like yoursel, To grant your high protection: . To Mr. M'Adam.
I send you here a faithfu' list,	Your billet, Sir, I grant receipt; To Mr. Renton.
O' gudes an' gear, an' a' my graith, The Inventory.	(Oh, do thou grant This one request of mine!) . Winter.
Grammar. If honest Nature made you fools,	Granted.
What sairs your Grammars? Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 11.	But whether granted or denied,
deep-read in hell's black grammar, On Grose's Peregrinations.	Lord bless us with content! A Grace before Dinner.
But oh! what signifies to you	We've faults and failings—granted clearly,
His lexicons and grammars; On W. Chalmers.	Ep. to Maj. Logan. 9.
He was a dictionar and grammar Amang them a'; To W. Creech.	That dearest meed is granted—honest fame; Prologue, sp. by Woods.
In days when mankind were but callans,	Grape [to grope].
At Grammar, Logic, an' sic talents, To W. Simpson. P.S	They steek their een, an' grape an' wale, . Halloween.
Grand. And love a kinder—that's your grand specific.	Graped, Grapet [groped].
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.	He gaped for't [his argument], he graped for't,
And here's the grand fabric, our free Constitution, At Meet. of D. Volunteers.	Extem. in Court of Session.
Eve's bonie squad priests wyte them sheerly	An' darklins grapet for the banks, Halloween. 11.
For our grand fa'; . Ep. to Maj. Logan. 9.	Grapple.
May Freedom, Harmony and Love	Auld orthodoxy lang did grapple, Letter to J. Goudie.
Unite you in the grand Design, The Farewell. To St. J.'s L	Grapple-airn [grappling-iron].
Deep lights and shades, hold-mingling, threw	Then heave aboard your grapple-airn, A Dream. 13.
A lustre grand; . The Vision. D. I. 12.	Grasp. Beneath the iron grasp of Want and Woe, Lns on Fergusson.
To hold our grand procession; To a Medical Gent.	Gie me within my straining grasp
The grand criterion of his fate, . Wr. in Friars-Carse H.	The melting form of Anna. S. The gowd. Locks of A.
Grandchild. That grandchild's cap will do to-morrow Sketch. New-Yr's Day.	Grasp, to. The slender bit beauty you grasp in your arms;
Grandeur.	S. Ava' wi' yr witchcraft † Whose arms of love would grasp the human race:
And I shall spurn as vilest dust,	Ep. to R. Graham, 5.
The warld's wealth and grandeur: S. Come, let me take †	I'll grasp thy waist, and fondly prest,
And courtly grandeur bright The forcy may delight S. Mark worden Pounts	Swear how I love thee dearly: S. Now westlin winds †
The fancy may delight, S. Mark yonder Pomp† From scenes like these, old Scotia's grandeur springs,	Grasped. Enclasped, and grasped, Within thy cold embrace! To Ruin.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 19.	Grass. O tread ye lightly on his grass, Epit. on Wag.
Grandison.	The lav'rock lo'es the grass, S. O gie my love brose t
Your Fine Tom Jones and Grandisons, O leave novels †	Ye're greener than the grass, lassie; S. Ye hae lien wrang.
Grandsire.	The rosy dawn, the springing grass,
Her grandsire, old Odin, S. Caledonia.	With early gems adorning , . S. Young Peggy †
Grane [groan].	Grass-green.
a squeak, An' then a grane an' gruntle; . Halloween, 19.	Underneath the grass-green sod,
An' fill auld-age wi' grips an' granes; . The Twa Dogs, 29.	Soon maun be my dwelling. S. Blythe hae I been † Grassy. And o'er this grassy heap sing dool, A Bard's Epit.
Grane, to [to groan].	At dawn when every grassy blade
K[ilmarnock] lang may grunt an' grane, Tam Samson's El	Droops with a diamond at his head, El. on Capt. M. H. 6.
	Droops with a diamond at his head, Lt. on Capt. 21. 11. 0.
Granite.	Out o'er the grassy lea: Lament of Mary of Scots.
Granite. Ask why God made the gem so small, An' why so huge the granite? [v.A.27] Ask why God made †	

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And when ye're numbered wi' the dead,	For the dew-drops of morning fall cold on her grave.
Below a grassy hillock,	And blythe be the bird that sings on her grave!
Low in her grassy form: . The Petition of Br. Water. Grat [wept].	S. O merry hae I been † O sweet be thy sleep in the land of the grave,
Grat his een baith bleer't an' blin', . S. Duncan Gray †	On Death of fav. Child. "My patriot son fills an untimely grave!"
Last day I grat wi' spite and teen, The Petition of Br. Water. And I, I wat, Wi' fainness grat, S. The tither morn t	On Death of Sir J. Blair. Can point the brimful grief-worn eyes
And much be not to about the control of the control	To scenes beyond the grave Sad thy tale, †
Grate. An' crabbed names an' stories wrack us, An' grate our lug, Scotch Drink.	Wha can fill a coward's grave? S. Scots wha ha'e † When you green leaves fade frac the tree,
E'er they would grate their feelings wi' the view The Brigs of Ayr. 6.	Around my grave they'll wither. S. Sweet fa's the eve † And Sportsmen wander by yon grave, Tam Samson's El., 13.
Grateful, -fu'. With grateful lifted eyes, Epit. on a Laird.	A handsome grave does hide her; S. The Joyful Widower.
Thy goodness constantly we prove, And grateful would adore Grace after Dinner.	Their graves are growing green to see; S. The lovely lass † How welcome to me were the grave! S. The sun he is sunk †
So gratefu', back your news I send you, Kind Sir, I've read †	And a' the comfort we're to get,
And grateful science heaves the heartfelt sigh. On Death of Sir J. Blair.	Is that ayont the grave, man The Tree of Liberty. You save fair Jessie from the grave!
With grateful pride we own your many favours: Prologue, at Th., D	An angel could not die
What breast so dead to heav'nly Virtue's glow, But heaves impassion'd with the grateful throe.	Grave, to.
Prologue, sp. by Woods.	Grav'd. And on his bonnet grav'd was plain,
as grateful nations of thave found	The sacred posy Libertie! A Vision. Gravels.
And grateful still, I trust, ye'll ever find us: Soots Prologue. With heartfelt throes his grateful bosom swells.	May Gravels round his blather wrench, Scotch Drink. 17.
The Brigs of Ayr.	Graver. A being form'd t'amuse his graver friends, Ep. to R. Graham. 3.
Sae fam'd for his gratefu' return? The Election Ballads. III. A grateful, warm adieu! The Farewell.	Gravissimo. But gravissimo, solemn basses, Ye hum away. To J. S., 27.
And listen mony a grateful bird	Gray, Grey. dappl't, sleek an' glaizie, A bonie gray:
Return you tuneful thanks. The Petition of Br. Water. 'Those accents, grateful to thy tongue, The Vision. D. II. 16.	A Guid New-year † 2. Like some bold Vet'ran, gray in arms, Add. to Edinburgh. 5.
But, if ye wish her gratefu' pray'r Gie her a Haggis! To a Haggis.	Flaffan wi' duds, and grey wi' beas', Add. of Beelzebub. 4. Or where auld, ruin'd castles, gray,
The pray'r still, you share still,	Nod to the moon, Add. to the Deil. 5.
Of grateful Minstrel Burns To Gav. Hamilton. Rich is the tribute of the grateful mind. To Miss Graham.	bending down with auld grey hairs, Auld comrade dear† I heard a man sing tho' his head it was grey;
O! hear my ardent, grateful, selfish prayer! To R. G. of F., q.	S. By yon castle wa't
Wi' gratefu' heart I thank you brawly; To W. Simpson. Gratefully. And a' my days o' life to come	Our Mess John, wi' his auld grey pow, . S. Donald Brodie † The old cock'd hat, the grey surtout, the same;
I'll gratefully adore thee. S. Craigie-burn Wood. The marled plaid ye kindly spare,	O! why has Worth so short a date?
By me should gratefully be ware; The Ans. to the Guidwife.	While villains ripen grey with time! Lament for Glencairn. Come Autumn, sae pensive, in yellow and grey,
And gratefully my gude auld cockie, I'm yours for ay To Dr. Blacklock. Grating.	S. My Nanie's Awa. through your ruins, hoar and grey, . On Lincluden.
Nor pour your descant grating on my ear:	Or trots by hazelly shaws and braes,
Gratis. Sonnet, on Death of R.	Wi' hawthorns gray, Poem on Pastoral Poetry. Till bairns' bairns kindly cuddle
Chose one who should owe it all, d'ye sec, To their gratis grace and goodness. The Dean of Fac	Your auld, gray hairs. Second Ep. to Davie.
Gratitude. The mournfu' sang I here enclose,	And the very grey breeks o' Tam Glen! . S. Tam Glen. Weel mounted on his gray mare, Meg, . Tam o' Shanter. 9.
In gratitude I send you; To Miss Ferrier. Graunle v. Grannie.	The gray hairs yet stack to the heft; Ib. 11.
Grave, adj.	But left behind her ain gray tail:
Then marks th' unyielding mass with grave designs, Ep. to R. Graham. 2.	Marks out his head, Tam Samson's El., 12. deep-ton'd plovers, grey, wild-whistling o'er the hill;
So shy, grave and distant, ye shed not a tear: Monody, on a Lady.	The Brigs of Ayr.
The sage grave ancient cough'd, and bade me say, Prologue at Th., D.,	though his locks be lyart gray, S. The cardin o't. Her ancient weed was russet gray, The Election Ballads. I.
What makes the youth sae bashfu' and sae grave;	The Murray, on the auld grey yaud, [re.] 1b. V.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 8. And there sae grave, Squire Cardoness	Wear hodden-grey, and a' that; . S. The Honest Man. The hawthorn I will pu', wi' its locks o' siller grey, S. The Posie.
Look'd on till a' was done; . The Election Ballads. V. Syne tun'd his pipes wi' grave grimace.	S. The Posie. And misty mountain, gray; . The Petition of Br. Water.
The Jolly Beggars, R. III. First enter'd A, a grave, broad, solemn wight, The Vowels.	I doubt he's but a grey nick quill, The Twa Herds, 14.
Grave, tideless-blooded, calm and cool, To J. S., 26.	My auld grey head had lien in clay, S. The Union As plump an' gray as onie grozet: To a Louse.
Ye are sae grave, nae doubt ye're wise;	Or frosts on hills of Ochiltree
Grave, s.	Are hoary gray; To W. Simpson. Gi'e me the hour o' gloamin grey, . S. When o'er the hill †
thro' the starting tear, Survey this grave. A Bard's Epit.	Gray. Weary fa' you, Duncan Gray, [re.] S. Duncan Gray.
An' views beyond the grave comfort him. Auld comrade † That passest by this grave, . El. on Capt. M. H. Epit.	Duncan Gray cam' here to woo, . S. Duncan Gray cam' † And blooming Keith's engaged with Gray;)
That the worms ev'n d—d him When laid in his grave Epit. on Walter S—.	Sketch. New-Yr's Day.
And the next flowers, that deck the spring,	Or pour, with Gray, the moving flow,
Bloom on my peaceful grave. Lament of Mary of Scots.	Warm on the heart. The Vision. D. II. 19.

Gray-beard, Grey-beard.	Fame, honest fame, his great his dear reward.
The rev'rend gray-beards rav'd an' storm'd,	The Brigs of Ayr.
To W. Simpson. P.S	I doubt na, Sir, but then we'll find, Ye're still as great a Stirk
The grey-beard, old wisdom, may boast of his treasures, Lns, on Windows Globe Tav.	Oh wha wad leave this humble state
Gray-hair'd.	For a' the pride of a' the great? The Contented Cottager.
Until you on a crummock driddle	And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounc'd by Heaven's
A gray hair'd carl. Ep. to Maj. Logan. 3.	command The Cotter's Sat. Night.
Great. An' sprung o' great an' noble bluid; A Ded. to G. H.	O Thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide,
My fealty an' subjection This great Birth-day. A Dream, 8.	That stream d thro' great unhappy Wallace' heart; . Ib.
O Thou great Being! what Thou art, Surpasses me to know: A Prayer under Anguish.	So may they like their great forbears, For monie a year come thro' the sheers: The Death of Mailie.
Great is thy pow'r, an' great thy fame; Add. to the Deil. 3.	A house of great merit and note; The Election Ballads, III.
Thence, mystic knots mak great abuse, Ib. 11.	Great love I bear to all the Fair, The Jolly Beggars. S. VII.
As built on the base of the great Revolution;	Hard by a poor Thresher whose toil it was great,
At Meet. of D. Volunteers.	Ine Poor Thresher.
And some great lies were never penn'd: Death and Dr. Hornbook.	As great an' gracious a' as sisters; The Twa Dogs. 33.
Great lies and nonsense baith to vend, [v.A.6] Ib.	the great genius of this Land, . The Vision. D. II. 3.
Mourn him thou Sun, great source of light;	Sir Abece the great,
El. on Capt. M. H., 14.	The son of great Loda was conqueror still, The Whistle.
Go to your sculptur'd tombs, ye Great,	"I'll conjure the ghost of the great Rorie More, Ib.
In a' the tinsel trash o' state!	He'll hae misfortunes great and sma', S. There was a lad †
Matthew was a great man	Great Chieftain o' the Puddin-race! To a Haggis.
The great Creator to revere, Must sure become the Creature; Ep. to Young Friend. 9.	By your dear self!—the last great oath I swear, To Clarinda. A great man's smile, ye ken fu' well,
Is, doubtless, great distress! Ep. to Davie, 3.	Is ay a blest infection
If Happiness hae not her seat	O Thou, Great Governor of all below! . Why am I loth †
And center in the breast,	Great-folk.
We may be wise, or rich, or great, But never can be blest:	Maun please the Great-folk for a wamefou; A Ded. to G. H. 2.
'On pain o' hell be rich an' great,' Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 14.	I grudge a wee the Great-folk's gift, Ep. to Davie.
'Tis he fulfils great Nature's plan,	Let great folks hear and see. Lns on Windows, Gl. Tav
When nature her great master-piece designed,	There's some great folk set light by me,
Ep. to R. Graham.	I set as light by them; The Election Ballads. I.
Attach'd him to the generous truly great, 1b. 4.	Sure great-folk's life's a life o' pleasure? The Twa Dogs. 27.
To whom hae much, shall yet be given,	Greater. That thou might'st greater glory give Unto thine own anointed. New Psalmody.
Is every great man's taith; Extem. on Commem.s of Thomson.	Gif ance the peasant taste a bit,
Ye Heavens, how great is my despair, Fragment.	He's greater than a lord, man, . The Tree of Liberty.
From great Dundee, who smiling victory led,	Greatest.
Fragment of Ode.	I'll count my health my greatest wealth,
Great cause ye hae to fear it;	S. Here's to thy health, †
And ev'ry time great care is taen,	O Thou, the first, the greatest friend Of all the human race! The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps
To see them duely changed:	Greatly.
Picture o' the great Clanronald; S. Hee balou †	One point must still be greatly dark,
To show thy grace is great an' ample; Holy Willie's Prayer. 5.	The moving Why they do it; . Add. to Unco Guid. 7.
And singin' there, and dancin' here,	Greatness. While titled knaves and idiot greatness shine
Wi' great an' sma'; [v.A.11] 1b.	Lns on Fergusson.
Three kings both great and high, John Barleycorn.	While empty greatness saves a worthless name! On Death of Sir J. Blair.
And may his great posterity Ne'er fail in old Scotland!	Grecian. And wi' the far-fam'd Grecian share
thou, the noble, generous, great, . Lament for Glencairn.	A rival place? Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
Why then ask of silly Man,	Gree [the pre-eminence; the reward, prize; "bear
To oppose great Nature's plan? . S. Let not woman †	the gree," have the victory, carry off the prizel.
Alas! there's ground o' great suspicion	O' a' the num'rous human dools, Thou bear'st the gree. Add. to Toothache.
She'll ne'er get better. Letter to J. Goudie.	They carry the gree frae them a', man. Ronalds of Bennals.
Yet think not all the Rich and Great, Are likewise truly blest Man was made to mourn.	Alas the day, and wo the day,
The Great, the Wealthy fear thy [Death's] blow, 1b. 11.	A false usurper wan the gree, S. The bonie Lass of Albany.
Tho' to be rich was not my wish,	That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
Yet to be great was charming, O:	May bear the gree, and a' that! S. The Honest Man.
S. My father was a farmer † Great Nature spoke with air benign, . Nature's Law.	Aft bure the gree, as story tells, Frae Suthron billies To W. Simpson.
Great Nature spoke with air benign, . Nature's Law. And lo! the Bard, a great reward,	Gree [to agree].
Has got a double portion!	To try to get the twa to gree, To Gav. Hamilton.
That Young Man great in Issachar, . New Psalmody.	Greece.
He ne'er was gien to great misguidin,	Nor need he hunt as far as Rome or Greece, Scots Prologue.
On Scot. Bard gne to W.I.	Greed. Altho' he has left me for greed o' the siller,
Once great in martial story! . On Duke of Queensberry.	S. As I was a wand ring t
I watch'd the symptoms o' the Great, On dining with Daer.	she never brak a fence, Thro' thievish greed. Poor Mailie's Et
No song nor dance I bring from you great city, Prologue at Th., D	Eels weel kend for souple tail,
For genius, learning high, as great in war	And Geds for greed, Tam Samson's El., 6.
Prologue, sp. by Woods.	Some rascal's pridefu' greed to quench, The Twa Dogs. 21.
Or great M'[Kinlay] thrawn his heel? Tam Samson's El	Whase greed, revenge, an' pride disgraces
Scotland an' me's in great affliction,	Waur nor their nonsense. To Rev. J. M'Math. Greedy.
S. The Author's Cry and Prayer.	A greedy glowr black-bonnet throws, . The Holy Fair. 8.
Does ony great man glunch an' gloom? Speak out an' never tash your thumb,	While she held up her greedy gab,
The great Argyle led on his files, S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	Just like an aumous dish: The Jolly Beggars. R. I.

Greek.	Yet green the juicy Hawthorn grows,
An' meikle Greek an' Latin mangled, Auld comrade dear †	Adown the glade Ib. D. II. 20.
An' syne they think to climb Parnassus By dint o' Greek! Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 12.	Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green breckan, S. Their groves of † An' naething, now, to big a new ane,
But tell me Whisky's name in Greek, The Author's Cry and Prayer, P.	O'foggage green! To a Mouse. O'erhung with wild woods thickening green,
Far seen in Greek, deep men o' letters, . To J. S., 8.	S. To Mary in Heaven.
Greekish.	'Twas even—the dewy fields were green, S. Twas even—the dewy †
Learning, with his Greekish face, The Ordination. 11. Green. Amang the fresh, green leaves bedew'd,	While corn grows green in summer showers, S. Where Cart rins †
S. A Rosebud by my † Unfolds her [Spring's] tender mantle green,	Green be your woods, and fair your flowers, S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †
Add. to Shade of Thomson. Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes, [re.] S. Afton Water.	How sweetly bloom'd the gay, green birk, Ib.
Thou green crested lapwing thy screaming forbear, . Ib.	Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
How pleasant thy banks and green vallies below, . Ib.	S. You wild mossy mountns †
But the rapturous charm o' the bonie green knowes,	Green, s.
S. Awa' wi' yr witchcraft † Behold, my love, how green the groves, S. Behold, my love †	But Phemie was the blythest lass, That ever trode the dewy green. S. Blythe was she †
But lately seen, in gladsome green,	Now bank and brae are clothed in green,
The woods rejoic'd the day, S. But lately seen t	S. Now bank and brae † Now spring has clad the grove in green,
And now I greet round their green beds in the yard, S. By you castle wa't	S. Now Spring has clad the grove in green, S. Now Spring has clad †
To feed her fair flocks by her green rustling corn: Caledonia.	I see thee dancing o'er the green, S. O were I on Parnass. †
A burn was clear, a glen was green, . S. Duncan Davison.	There's not a bonie flower that springs, By fountain, shaw, or green; S. Of a' the airts t
Thy gay, green, flowery tresses shear, El. on Capt. M. H., 12.	We'll awa to Athole's green, and there we'll no be seen,
briers an' woodbines budding green, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st.	Green-spreading. S. There grows a bonie †
Farewell, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies, S. Farewell, thou fair day	Her voice is the song of the morning
But your green graff, now, Luckie Laing,	That wakes through the green-spreading grove,
Wad airt me to my treasure S. Gat ye me, †	S. Adown winding Nith † Green-wood. Except where green-wood echoes rang
Green grow the rashes, O; S. Green grow the rashes. An' Stuff was unco green; Halloween, 15.	S. Twas even—the dewy t
With green spreading bushes, and flow'rs blooming fair;	Greener.
S. How pleasant the banks †	Ye're greener than the grass, lassie; S. Ye hae lien wrang. Greenish.
A fairer than either adorns the green vallies,	Her Mantle large, of greenish hue, The Vision, D. I., 12.
And by yon garden green again; . S. I'll ay ca' in † And corn wav'd green in ilka field, S. In simmer when †	Greenfield.
Now Nature hangs her mantle green	T[ytle]r's and G[reenfield]'s modest grace; . To W. Crecch.
On every blooming tree, . Lament of Mary of Scots.	Greenland. O had my fate been Greenland snows, S. Now Spring has clad †
the flower which bloomed sweetest in Coila's green vale, Lament on leaving Nat. Land.	Greenock.
We'll sew a green ribban round about his hat,	Or where the Greenock winds his moorland course, The Brigs of Ayr. 7.
S. Lady Mary Ann. The simmer is gane when the leaves they were green, . 1b.	Gree't [agreed]. Come, gies your hand, an sae we're gree't;
And a green grassy hillock hides his head;	Death and Dr. Hornbook, 11. Greet. And in my House at Hame to greet you!
Lns while on Deathbed.	Add. of Beelzebub. 5.
My stem was fair, my bud was green, S. Luckless Fortune. Farewell to the straths and green valleys below;	I'll often greet this surging swell; S. Behold the hour †
S. My heart's in the Highl. †	To meet with, and greet with, My Davie or my Jean! Ep. to Davie. 10.
Now in her green mantle blythe Nature arrays, S. My Nanie's Awa.	Weel pleased, he [Death] greets a wight sae famous,
While birds warble welcomes in ilka green shaw; . 1b.	Epit. on Tam the Chapman. And as a brother kindly greet: S. How can my poor heart †
Now rosy May comes in wi' flowers, To deck her gaygreen spreading bowers; S. Now rosy May †	Nae leaf o' mine shall greet the spring, Lament for Glencairn.
A green turf on your head, gudeman, S. O gin ye were dead.	Never perhaps to greet old Scotland more.
How pure, amang the leaves sae green;	Lns on Back of Bank Note. Thee, Spring, again with joy shall others greet,
S. O bonie was you rosy †	Me, mem'ry of my loss will only meet. [v.A.10]
Now, haply down you gay green shaw, She wanders by you spreading tree; S. O wat ye wha's in †	Sonnet on Death of Riddel. But she wad send the sodger youth
With flow'rs so white and leaves so green,	To greet his [King George's] eldest son.
S. On Cessnock banks † When you green leaves fade frae the tree,	When with an elder Sister's air The Election Ballads. I.
Around my grave they'll wither. S. Sweet fa's the eve†	She did me greet The Vision. D. II.
That roars between her gardens green And the bonie Lass of Albany. The bonie Lass of Albany.	When upward-springing, blythe, to greet The purpling East. To a Mountain-Daisy.
Hailing the setting sun, sweet, in the green thorn bush,	That lov'st to greet the early morn, To Mary in Heaven.
The Brigs of Ayr.	Greet [to shed tears, weep].
Nae lav'rock sang on hillock green, S. The Catrine woods † Their graves are growing green to see;	And now I greet round their green beds in the yard, S. By you castle wa' †
S. The lovely lass of In. †	I sit me down and greet my fill, S. My Harry was a gallant
But I will down you river rove among the wood sae green,	Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet, . Tam o' Shanter. 4.
S. The Posic. The small birds rejoice on the green leaves returning,	An' sigh an' sob, an' greet her lane, Tam Samson's El
S. The small birds rejoice †	God bless your Honors can ye see't, The kind, auld, cantie Carlin greet,
And wild scatter'd cowslips bedeck the green dale Ib. And hunger'd Maukin taen her way	The Author's Cry and Prayer.
To kail-yards green, . The Vision. D. I.	And bairns greet for them when they're dead. The Death of Mailie,
Green, slender, leaf-clad Holly-boughs 1b. 9.	That I might greet, that I might cry, The Election Ballads. VI.

Greeting, -in, -an [weeping].	Your Honor's hearts wi' grief 'twad pierce,
I cou'dna get sleeping till dawing, for greeting,	The Author's Cry and Prayer.
S. As I was a-wand ring t	And yet no grief has marr'd thy quiet, The Hermit.
Had I no got greeting, my heart wou'd hae broken, . Ib.	And many griefs attended; S. The Joyful Widower.
I think on my bonie lad,	Sore-harass'd out, with care and grief, The Lament.
And I bleer my een wi greetin S. Ay waukin, O.	The weary night o' care and grief
Now Robin, greetin', chows the hams	May have a joyful morrow; . S. The noble Maxwells †
O' Mailie dead l [v.A.19] Poor Mailie's El	While here I sit all sore beset
Now ev'ry auld wife, greetin, clatters, 'Tam Samson's El. 9.	With sorrow, grief, and wo; S. The sun he is sunk †
Paint Scotland greetan owre her thrissle;	But he has gotten to our grief, Ane to succeed him, The Twa Herds. 13.
The Author's Cry and Prayer.	An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain,
Mysel, I've ev'n seen them greetan	For promis'd joy! To a Mouse.
Wi' girnan spite, . To W. Simpson, P.S	Thy cruel, woe-delighted train,
Gregory. worthy G[regor]y's latin face, To W. Creech.	The ministers of Grief and Pain,
Grenville.	Health, ay unsour'd by care or grief: . To Terraughty.
Behind the throne then Gr-nv-lle's gone, A Fragment. 8.	Grief's gien his heart an unco kickin', To W. Creech.
Grew.	but grief and care In wildest fury hae made bare
The pride of her kindred the heroine grew; S. Caledonia.	My peace, my hope, for ever! V.s, under Grief.
whare gowans grew, Sae white an' bonie,	As fill'd his after life wi' grief What ails ye now †
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 23.	Time cannot aid me, my griefs are immortal,
Straight the sky grew black and daring; S. I dream'd I lay t	S. Where are the joys †
And he grew thick and strong, John Barleycorn.	My griefs it [the Tempest] seems to join; Winter.
When he grew wan and pale;	Here heart-struck Grief might heavenward stretch her scan,
And the langer it blossom'd the sweeter it grew;	Wr. in Kenmore Inn.
S. Lady Mary Ann.	Grief-inspired. To you I sing my grief-inspired strains:
The landlady and Tam grew gracious, Tam o' Shanter. 5.	On Death of R. Dundas.
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious: Ib. 12.	
Men wha grew wise priggin owre hops an' raisins,	Can point the brimful grief-worn eyes To scenes beyond the grave Sad thy tale,
The Brigs of Ayr. 10.	Grien [to long for, desire ardently].
But soon grew weary o' the trade, The Tree of Liberty.	That griens for the fishes and loaves.
And the bands grew the tighter the more they were wet.	The Election Ballads. III.
The Whistle.	Grieve [an overseer].
An' backlins-comin' to the leuk, She grew mair bright. To W. Simpson. P.S	Your factors, grieves, trustees, and bailies,
Grey v. Gray. Grey-beard v. Gray-beard.	I canna say but they do gailies; . Add. of Beelzebub. 4.
Grev-breaking.	Grieve, to. And muckle they [mankind] may grieve ye: Ep. to Young Friend. 2.
The shepherd to warn of the grey-breaking dawn,	I ken they scorn my low estate,
S. My Nanie's Awa.	But that does never grieve me; S. Here's to thy health, †
Greys, the. And can we forget the auld Major,	Who shall say that Fortune grieves him,
Who'll ne'er be forgot in the Greys,	While the star of hope she leaves him? . S. One fond kiss, †
The Election Ballads. III.	Well you know how much you grieve me:
	And at its fortune if you grieve— S. Stay, my charmer †
Misery's another word for Grief: . Add. sp. by Fontenelle. Oppress'd with grief, oppress'd with care,	Retrieve its doom and take its place. S. The capt. Ribband.
Despondency, an Ode.	But tho' his little heart did grieve, The Jolly Beggars. R. VI.
You, bustling and justling,	And tho' the puny wound appear,
Forget each grief and pain;	Short while it grieves To J. S., 16.
In grief thy sallow mantle tear; . El. on Capt. M. H., 13.	Grieved. To those who for her loss are grieved,
I tell nae common tale o' grief,	This consolation's given On Poet's Daughter.
And not a muse in honest grief bewail. El. on Miss Burnet.	When heavy-dragg'd wi' pine an' grievin; Scotch Drink. 5.
That heart how sunk, a prey to grief and care: Ib.	Nae cares tae gie us joy or grievin': Second Ep. to Davie.
Maria, send me too thy griefs and cares; . Ep. fr. Esopus.	Tell ev'ry social, honest billie
When heart-corroding care and grief	To cease his grievin, Tam Samson's El., Per C
Deprive my soul of rest, Ep. to Davie. 9.	Grim, Grizel.
Wi' a' this care and a' this grief, Ep. to H. Parker.	Here lies with death auld Grizel Grim, Epit. on Grizel Grim.
Love's veriest wretch, unseen, unknown,	Grim. in his [Want's] grim advances, A. Ded. to G. H., 16.
I fain my griefs would cover; S. Farewell, thou stream to 'Till grief my eyes should close,	Think on the dungeon's grim confine, . A Winter Night. 9.
Ne'er to wake more S. Had I a cave †	Auld, grim, black-bearded Geordie's sel, Adam A—'s Prayer.
Nought but griefs with me remain.	And fac'd grim Danger's loudest roar, Add. to Edinburgh. 7.
S. Jockey's ta'en the parting t	Wha in you cavern grim and sootie, . Add. to the Deil.
And last, (the sum of a' my griefs!)	Warlocks grim, an' wither'd Hags,
My noble master lies in clay; . Lament for Glencairn.	O thon grim, mischief-making chiel, . Add. to Toothache.
At Yarico's sweet notes of grief, The rock with tears had flow'd Lns on Mrs. Kemble.	Grim Vengeance lang has taen a nap, S. Awa, whigs, awa.
Fell source of a' my woe and grief;	Thou grim king of Terrors, thou life's gloomy foe,
Lns on Back of Bank Note.	S. Farewell, thou fair day †
Its joys and griefs alike resign S. O bonie was yon rosy †	Grim loon! he [death] gat me by the fecket, Friend of the poet, † P.S.
The cauldness of thy heart's the cause	Grim vengeance, yet, shall whet a sword
Of a' my grief and pain, jo. S. O Lassie art thou †	Lament of Mary of Scots.
Of speechless grief, and dark despair:	See from his cavern grim Oppression rise,
S. O stay, sweet warbling †	On Death of R. Dundas.
Where Philomel, Her griefs will tell! Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	The tyrant Death, with grim control, . S. Peggy Chalmers.
Chilly Grief my life-blood freezes, S. Raving winds †	Bold may she brave grim Danger's loudest roar,
An' liquor guid to fire his bluid,	Prologue, sp. by Woods.
	More welcome were to me grim winter's wildest room
That's prest wi' grief an' care: . Scotch Drink. Mott.	More welcome were to me grim winter's wildest roar. Sonnet, on Death of R
That's prest wi' grief an' care: . Scotch Drink. Mott. An' minds his griefs no more	Sonnet, on Death of R
That's prest wi' grief an' care: . Scotch Drink. Mott.	Sonnet, on Death of R

A carline stoor and grim, The Election Ballads. I.	Or how the royal Bard did groaning lye,
Grim horror grin'd; pale terror roar'd	Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 14.
grim Nature's visage hoar, The Vision. D. II. 13.	There, groaning, dying, she did ly, The Death of Mailie.
So grim, deform'd,	And knock'd the groaning vowel to the ground! The Vowels.
thou grim Pow'r, by Life abhorr'd, To Ruin.	The trees now naked groaning,
And grim, surly winter is near? . S. Where are the joys t	Shall soon wi' leaves be hinging, S. The yng Highl, Rover.
Grimly. And surly winter grimly flies; . S. Bonie Bell. Grim-rising.	The groaning trencher there ye fill, To a Haggis.
	Groanin maut [groaning malt, ale brewed for the
Grim-rising o'er the rugged rock, . Add. to Edinburgh. 5. Grimace.	purpose of being drunk after a childbirth]. O wha will buy the groanin maut? S. O wha my baby-clouts †
So travell'd monkies their grimace improve, Sketch.	
Syne tun'd his pipes wi' grave grimace.	Groat [a silver coin equal to 4d.; a small sum; "get the whistle of one's groat," play a losing
The Jolly Beggars, R. III.	gamej.
But I gae mad at their grimaces, . To Rev. J. M'Math.	'Niest time we meet, I'll wad a groat, 'He gets his fairin!' Death and Dr. Hornbook.30.
Grin. Polish their grin, nay, sigh for ladies' love Sketch.	So gat the whissle o' my groat, Ep. to J. R. 9.
Grin, to. And fretful envy grins in vain The poisoned tooth to fasten. S. Young Peggy †	He will win a shilling, Or he spend a groat.
Grin'd. Grim horror grin'd; pale terror roar'd	S. Hey, the dusty miller†
The Election Ballads. VI.	An' plunder'd o' her hindmost groat, By gallow's knaves? The Author's Cry and Prayer. q.
Grind. To grind them in the mire! The Election Ballads. VI.	When ilka ell cost me a groat,
Grip. See stern Oppression's iron grip, . A Winter Night. 7.	The taylor staw the lynin o't S. The cardin o't.
Masons' mystic word an' grip, . Add. to the Deil. 14.	Gie me the groat again, cany young man, S. The Taylor fellt
Now colic-grips, an' barkin hoast, May kill us a'; Scotch Drink. 19.	An' damn'd my fortune to the groat; To J. S., 6.
Wi' fainness grat, While in his grips he press'd me.	Groom. The groom gat sae fu' he fell awald beside it,
S. The tither morn †	S. O ken ye what, Meg † Grope. And thro' disastrous night they darkling grope,
An' fill auld-age wi' grips an' granes; . The Twa Dogs. 29.	To R. G. of F., 7.
Grip, to. But where ye feel your Honor grip,	Grose. The Devil got notice that Grose was a-dying,
Let that ay be your border: . Ep. to Young Friend, 8.	Epig. on Capt. Grose. Ken ye ought o' Captain Grose? S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. G. †
Grippet. He grippet Nelly hard an' fast; . Halloween. 6.	Thou art a dainty chield, O Grose! On Grose's Peregrinations.
Grissle [gristle]. As my auld pen's worn to the grissle;	Gross. The caput mortuum of gross desires
Grist. But bonie Peg-a-Ramsey	Ep. to R. Graham. 2.
Gat grist to her mill S. Cauld is the e'enin †	Grot. Or where you grot o'erhangs the tide, S. Slow spreads the gloom †
Grit [great]. Yet has sae mony takin' arts,	Content and comfort bless me more in
Wi' grit an' sma', , Holy Willie's Frayer, II.	This grot, than e'er I felt before in A palace The Hermit. Ground. Ere we permit a foreign foe,
Grizel.	On British ground to rally. S. Does haughty Gaul
Here lies with death auld Grizel Grim, Epit. on Grizel Grim. Grizzie [dim. of Griselda].	Alas! there's ground o' great suspicion
Then turn'd, an laid a smack on Grizzie.	She'll ne'er get better. Letter to J. Goudie. The bravest heart on English ground,
The Jolly Beggars. R. III.	Had yielded like a coward On Miss J. Scott.
Grizzly. His uncombed grizzly locks wild staring, thatch'd,	But loyalty truce! we're on dangerous ground,
Groan. Extem. on W. Smellie.	Poet Add. to Tytler. Welsh, who ne'er yet flinched his ground,
Grunt up a solemn, lengthen'd groan, A Ded. to G. H., 9.	The Election Ballads, VI.
Still louder shrieks, and heavier groans! Ib. 10.	He circled round the magic ground, But entrance found he nane, man: The Fête Champetre.
Or, rustling, thro' the boortries coman, Wi' heavy groan Add. to the Deil. 6.	But he whose blossom buds in guilt
But thee—thou hell o' a' diseases,	Shall to the ground be cast, The 1st Psalm.
Ay mocks our groan! . Add. to Toothache.	And knock'd the groaning vowel to the ground! The Vowels.
I'll grunt a real Gospel groan: Auld comrade †	One shakes the forest, and one spurns the ground: To R. G. of F
Heard'st thou that groan—proceed no further, 'Twas laurell'd Martial roaring murder. Epig. on E. s Martial.	Grousome, Grusome [horribly grim].
Longing to wipe each tear, to heal each groan,	He taks a swirlie, auld moss-oak, For some black, grousome Carlin;
Et. to R. Graham 2	
The bursting sigh, th' unweeting groan,	Death, that grusome carl Lns add. to I. Ranken.
Betray the hapless lover: . S. Farewell, thou stream t	Death, that grusome carl, Lns add. to J. Ranken. Grouse, Grouss, Grous.
Betray the hapless lover: . S. Farewell, thou stream t Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee. [re.]	Grouse, Grouss, Grous.
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee. [re.] S. One fond kiss, †	Grouse, Grouss, Grous. Ye grouss that crap the heather bud; El. on Capt. M. H., 7. Th' abodes of coveyed grouse and timid sheep,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee. [re.] Rumble John, Rumble John, mount the steps wi' a groan, The Kirk's Alarm.	Grouse, Grouss, Grous. Ye grouss that crap the heather bud; El. on Capt. M. H., 7. Th' abodes of coveyed grouse and timid sheep, Wr. in Kenmore Inn. Where the grous lead their coveys through the heather, to feed,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee. [re.] S. One fond kiss, † Rumble John, Rumble John, mount the steps wi' a groan, The Kirk's Alarm. And does she heedless hear my groan? The Lament.	Grouse, Grouss, Grous. Ye grouss that crap the heather bud; El. on Capt. M. H., 7. Th' abodes of coveyed grouse and timid sheep, Wr. in Kenmore Inn. Where the grous lead their coveys through the heather, to feed, S. Yon wild mossy mountains †
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee. [re.] S. One fond kiss, † Rumble John, Rumble John, mount the steps wi' a groan, The Kirk's Alarm. And does she heedless hear my groan? The Lament. The unweeting groan, the bursting sigh,	Grouse, Grouss, Grous. Ye grouss that crap the heather bud; El. on Capt. M. H., 7. Th' abodes of coveyed grouse and timid sheep, Wr. in Kenmore Inn. Where the grous lead their coveys through the heather, to feed, S. You wild mossy mountains; Grove.
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee. [re.] S. One fond kiss, † Rumble John, Rumble John, mount the steps wi' a groan, The Kirk's Alarm. And does she heedless hear my groan? . The Lament. The unweeting groan, the bursting sigh, Betray the guilty lover S. The last time I†	Grouse, Grouss, Grous. Ye grouss that crap the heather bud; El. on Capt. M. H., 7. Th' abodes of coveyed grouse and timid sheep, Wr. in Kenmore Inn. Where the grous lead their coveys through the heather, to feed, S. Yon wild mossy mountains; Grove. Her voice is the song of the morning That wakes through the green-spreading grove,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee. [rc.] Rumble John, Rumble John, mount the steps wi' a groan, The Kirk's Alarm. And does she heedless hear my groan? . The Lament. The unweeting groan, the bursting sigh, Betray the guilty lover S. The last time I† Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast? S. To Mary in Heaven.	Grouse, Grouss, Grous. Ye grouss that crap the heather bud; El. on Capt. M. H., 7. Th' abodes of coveyed grouse and timid sheep, Wr. in Kenmore Inn. Where the grous lead their coveys through the heather, to feed, S. You wild mossy mountains to Grove. Her voice is the song of the morning That wakes through the green-spreading grove, S. Adown winding Nith to
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee. [re.] So One fond kiss, † Rumble John, Rumble John, mount the steps wi' a groan, The Kirk's Alarm. And does she heedless hear my groan? The Lament. The unweeting groan, the bursting sigh, Betray the guilty lover. So The last time I† Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast? So To Mary in Heaven. Groan, to. Beneath the blasts the leafless forests groan; On Death of R. Dundas.	Grouse, Grous. Ye grouss that crap the heather bud; El. on Capt. M. H., 7. Th' abodes of coveyed grouse and timid sheep, Wr. in Kenmore Inn. Where the grous lead their coveys through the heather, to feed, S. You wild mossy mountains† Grove. Her voice is the song of the morning That wakes through the green-spreading grove, S. Adown winding Nith† Behold, my love, how green the groves, S. Behold, my love†
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee. [rc.] Rumble John, Rumble John, mount the steps wi' a groan, The Kirk's Alarm. And does she heedless hear my groan? . The Lament. The unweeting groan, the bursting sigh, Betray the guilty lover S. The last time I† Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast? S. To Mary in Heaven. Groan, to. Beneath the blasts the leafless forests groan; On Death of R. Dundas. How would your spirits groan in deep vexation,	Grouse, Grouss, Grous. Ye grouss that crap the heather bud; El. on Capt. M. H., 7. Th' abodes of coveyed grouse and timid sheep, Wr. in Kenmore Inn. Where the grous lead their coveys through the heather, to feed, S. You wild mossy mountains? Grove. Her voice is the song of the morning That wakes through the green-spreading grove, S. Adown winding Nith? Behold, my love, how green the groves, S. Behold, my love! Happy, thou Indian grove, I'll say, Where now my Nancy's path may be! S. Behold the hour?
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee. [re.] S. One fond kiss, † Rumble John, Rumble John, mount the steps wi' a groan, The Kirk's Alarm. And does she heedless hear my groan? . The Lament. The unweeting groan, the bursting sigh, Betray the guilty lover S. The last time I† Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast? S. To Mary in Heaven. Groan, to. Beneath the blasts the leafless forests groan; On Death of R. Dundas. How would your spirits groan in deep vexation, The Brigs of Ayr. 9. Till curst with Age, obscure an' starvin.	Grouse, Grous. Ye grouss that crap the heather bud; El. on Capt. M. H., 7. Th' abodes of coveyed grouse and timid sheep, Wr. in Kenmore Inn. Where the grous lead their coveys through the heather, to feed, S. You wild mossy mountains† Grove. Her voice is the song of the morning That wakes through the green-spreading grove, S. Adown winding Nith† Behold, my love, how green the groves, S. Behold, my love† Happy, thou Indian grove, I'll say, Where now my Nancy's path may be! S. Behold the hour† The winds were whispering thro' the grove,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee. [re.] S. One fond kiss, † Rumble John, Rumble John, mount the steps wi'a groan, The Kirk's Alarm. And does she heedless hear my groan? . The Lament. The unweeting groan, the bursting sigh, Betray the guilty lover S. The last time I† Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast? S. To Mary in Heaven. Groan, to. Beneath the blasts the leafless forests groan; On Death of R. Dundas. How would your spirits groan in deep vexation, The Brigs of Ayr. 9. Till curst with Age, obscure an starvin, They aften groan To I. S. 10.	Grouse, Grouss, Grous. Ye grouss that crap the heather bud; El. on Capt. M. H., 7. Th' abodes of coveyed grouse and timid sheep, Wr. in Kenmore Inn. Where the grous lead their coveys through the heather, to feed, S. You wild mossy mountains? Grove. Her voice is the song of the morning That wakes through the green-spreading grove, S. Adown winding Nith? Behold, my love, how green the groves, S. Behold, my love! Happy, thou Indian grove, I'll say, Where now my Nancy's path may be! S. Behold the hour?
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Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee. [re.] S. One fond kiss, † Rumble John, Rumble John, mount the steps wi' a groan, The Kirk's Alarm. And does she heedless hear my groan? . The Lament. The unweeting groan, the bursting sigh, Betray the guilty lover S. The last time I† Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast? S. To Mary in Heaven. Groan, to. Beneath the blasts the leafless forests groan; On Death of R. Dundas. How would your spirits groan in deep vexation, The Brigs of Ayr. 9. Till curst with Age, obscure an' starvin, They aften groan To J. S., 19. Groaning. To see the new [year] come laden, groaning, Wi' double plenty o'er the loanin To thee and thine; . Friend of the poet † The groaning trees untimely shed their locks,	Grouse, Grouss, Grous. Ye grouss that crap the heather bud; El. on Capt. M. H., 7. Th' abodes of coveyed grouse and timid sheep, Wr. in Kenmore Inn. Where the grous lead their coveys through the heather, to feed, S. You wild mossy mountains? Grove. Her voice is the song of the morning That wakes through the green-spreading grove, S. Adown winding Nith? Behold, my love, how green the groves, S. Behold, my love? Happy, thou Indian grove, I'll say, Where now my Nancy's path may be! S. Behold the hour? The winds were whispering thro' the grove, S. By Allan stream? Mourn, ilka grove the cushat kens; El. on Capt. M. H., 4. In vain ye flaunt in Summer's pride, ye groves; El. on Miss Burnet. So calls the woodlark in the grove, His little faithful mate to chear, S. Here is the glent

Lord Gregory, mind'st thou not the grove By bonie Irvine-side,	That trouth, my head is grown right dizzie, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 3.
"O Willy, ay I bless the grove "Where first I own'd my maiden love S. O Phely, †	Or if he was grown oughtlins douser, Kind Sir, I've read †
She's down i' the grove, she's wi' a new love. S. Saw ye my Phely.	Or R[obinson] again grown weel,
Give me the groves that lofty brave The storms, by Castle Gordon. S. Streams that glide †	To preach an' read? . Tam Samson's El Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman-grown.
When wretches range, in famish'd swarms. The scented groves, The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 6. Until wi' daffin weary grown,
Nae mair the grove with airy concert rings, The Brigs of Ayr.	Upon a knowe they sat them down. [v. A. 1] The Twa Dogs. 6.
Supporting roofs, fantastic, stony groves:	Is grown right eerie now she's done it, To Rev. J. M'Math.
Thro' faded groves Maria sang, S. The Catrine Woods †	Trifled aff till she's grown auld, S. Will ye go and marry †
Wh-re- hunting among groves o' myrtles: The Twa Dogs. 23.	But now, alas! ye're dowie grown, S. Ye hae lien wrang.
Through many a wild, romantic grove, [v. A. a] The Vision. D. I.	Grozet [a gooseberry]. As plump an' gray as onie grozet: To a Louse.
And joy and music pouring forth, In ev'ry grove, Ib. D. II. 14.	Grub. Or darkling grubs this earthly hole,
Their groves of sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon, S. Their groves of †	In low pursuit, A Bard's Epit. Grudge.
The birds sang sweet in ilka grove; S There was a lass †	I grudge a wee the Great-folk's gift, Ep. to Davie.
Can I forget the hallow'd grove, . To Mary in Heaven.	My worthy friend, ne'er grudge an' carp,
Groveling.	Tho' Fortune use you hard an' sharp; Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 8.
But groveling on the earth the carol ends. Ep. to R. Graham. 5.	Or frugal Nature grudge thee one [talent]?
Grow.	Wr. in Friars-Carse H
They made our lugs grow eerie; O S. Amang the trees †	Grumble. O Fortune, they hae room to grumble!
And withers the faster, the faster it grows;	On Scot. Bard gne to W.I.
S. Awa' wi' yr witchcraft †	Grumbled.
By Ochtertyre grows the aik S. Blythe was she †	And late or early never grumbled? . Ep. to H. Parker.
Ca' them whare the heather grows, S. Ca' the ewes.	Grumbling.
In ploughman phrase 'God send you speed,' Still daily to grow wiser; Ep. to Young Friend. 11.	Shall let the busy, grumbling hive Bum owre their treasure. To W. Simpson. 16.
Green grow the rashes, O; . S. Green grow the rashes.	Grumphie [the sow].
The dew fell fresh, the sun rose mild, And made my branches grow, . S. Luckless Fortune.	An' wha was it but Grumphie
The little floweret's peaceful lot	Asteer that night? Halloween. 20.
In yonder cliff that grows, S. Now spring has clad t	Grun [ground].
"So in my tender bosom grows,	An' brought a Paitrick to the grun', Ep. to J. R. 7. Nae wonder he's as black's the grun,
	Observe wha's standing wi' him. Epit. on Holy Willie.
O gin my love were you red rose, That grows upon the castle wa'! S. O were my love †	Grunstane [grindstone].
There wild-woods grow, and rivers row, S. Of a' the airts †	And haud their [the poor's] noses to the grunstane;
That grows the cowslip braes between, S. On Cessnock banks †	A Ded. to G. H. 8.
Unto these rosy lips to grow: S. Sae flaxen †	Grunt.
tho' a Minister grow dorty, An' kick your place,	Grunt up a solemn, lengthen'd groan, . A Ded. to G. H., q. if I haud on, I'll grunt a real Gospel groan: Auld comrade †
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 23.	K[ilmarnock] lang may grunt an' grane, Tam Samson's El.
So, may his flock increase an' grow The Death of Mailie. That man shall flourish like the trees	
Which by the streamlets grow; The 1st Psalm.	There, Learning, with his Greekish face, Grunts out some Latin ditty; The Ordination. 11.
Upo' this tree there grows sic fruit, The Tree of Liberty.	Grunted.
Yet green the juicy hawthorn grows,	And flagrant from the scourge he grunted, ai! The Vowels.
Adown the glade The Vision. D. II. 20.	Gruntle [the snout, visage; a grunting sound].
As gude as e'er did grow; S. The weary Pund.	a squeak, An' then a grane an' gruntle; . Halloween. 19.
There grows a bonie brier bush in our kail-yard, S. There grows a bonie brier	Wha twists his gruntle wi' a glunch O' sour disdain, Scotch Drink. 17.
Hey and the rue grows honie wi' thyme, S. There liv'd ance a carle †	Grunzie [the mouth]. She dights her grunzie wi' a hushion; S. Willie Wastle †
O sweet grows the lime and the orange, To Mary.	Grushie [thick, of thriving growth].
at times when I grow crouse, What ails ye now †	Their grushie weans an' faithfu' wives; The Twa Dogs. 17.
While corn grows green in summer showers,	Grusome v. Grousome.
S. Where Cart rins † As thy day grows warm and high, Wr. in Friars-Carse H.	Grutten [past part. of greet; wept].
As thy day grows warm and high, Wr. in Friars-Carse H. G. owing, -in. My bonie laddie's young but he's growin yet.	Embro' wells are grutten dry El. on Year 1788.
S. Lady Mary Ann.	Guard. But still the Patriot, and the Patriot-Bard,
And future ages hear his growing fame. On Death of Sir J. Blair.	In bright succession raise, her Ornament and Guard! The Cotter's Sat. Night. 21.
And ay the ale was growing better: . Tam o' Shanter. 5.	Wee [Miller] neist, the Guard relieves, The Holy Fair. 17.
Their graves are growing green to see;	And careful note each op'ning grace,
S. The lovely lass of In. †	A guide and guard. The Vision. D. 11. 10.
Growl. Tho' here they scrape, an' squeeze, an' growl, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 17.	Turn out on her guard in the clap of a hand, S. There liv'd ance a carle †
And Thurlow growl a curse of woe, The Election Ballads. VI.	Guard, to.
Growler.	Powers celestial whose protection
The langest thong, the fiercest growler Add. of Beelzebub. 4.	Ever guard the virtuous fair, S. Highland Mary.
Grown.	Protect and guard the mother plant, On Birth of Posth. Child. To guard, or draw, or wick a bore, Tam Samson's El. 5.
Till, quite transmugrify'd, they're grown Debauchery and Drinking: . Add. to Unco Guid. 5.	To guard, or draw, or wick a bore, Tam Samson's El. 5. I mean your ingleside to guard
Debauchery and Drinking: . Add. to Unco Guid. 5. For now I'm grown sae cursed douse,	Ae winter night Third Ep. to J. Lap
I pray an' ponder butt the house, . Auld con rade dear †	Th' envenom'd wasp, victorious, guards his cell,
He's grown sae weel acquaint wi' Buchan,	To R. G. of F.,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 14.	Guard, wherever thou canst guard, Wr.in Hermitage at F.C.

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Guardian.	But, like guid mothers, shore before ye strike; Scots Prologue.
May guardian angels tak a spell,	She brew'd gude ale for gentlemen S. Scroggam.
An' steer you seven miles south o' hell; Auld comrade dear †	And we'll tak' a right gude willie-waught,
Guardian angels! O protect her, S. Highland Mary.	S. Shld auld acquaintce †
Relentless fate has laid their guardian low. On Death of Sir J. Blair.	My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him, He'll gi'e me gude hunder marks ten: . S. Tam Glen.
(The Patriot's God, peculiarly thou art,	Whiles holding fast his gude blue bonnet; Tam o' Shanter. q.
His friend, inspirer, guardian and reward!)	That ance were plush, o' gude blue hair, 1b. 13.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 21.	Hale to the sex, ilk guid chiel says, The Ans. to the Guidwife.
These be thy guardian and reward; . To a yng Lady.	(Deil na they never mair do guid,
His guardian seraph eyes with awe The noble ward he loves V.s below Picture.	The Author's Cry and Prayer, 16.
Gude [God].	Tell you guid bluid o' auld Boconnock's,
Gude pity me, because I'm little, . Adam A—'s Prayer.	I'll pledge my aith in guid braid Scotch,
But gude preserve us frae the gallows,	Fancies that our guid Brugh denies protection, The Brigs o' Ayr. 8.
Gude grant that thou may ay inherit	And aft he's prest, and aft he ca's it guid;
Thy mither's person, grace an' merit, Add. to Illegit. Child.	The Cotter's Sat. Night, 11.
Gude help the day when royal heads Are hunted like a maukin S. Awa, whigs, awa.	An' ay was guid to me an' mine; . The Death of Mailie.
I like the lasses—Gude forgie me!	But gie them guid cow-milk their fill,
Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 17.	Muirhead, wha's as gude as he's true; The Election Ballads, III.
Gude keep thee frae a tether string! . Death of Mailie.	And also Barskimmin's gude knight;
I've sturdy bearers, Gude be thankit The Inventory.	Wha will buy my troggin, Gude election ware; . Ib. IV.
Gude, Guid [good].	In guid time comes an antidote The Holy Fair. 16.
To roose you up, an' ca' you guid, A Ded. to G. H., I.	My Lan' afore's a gude auld has been, The Inventory.
The Poet, some guid Angel help him,	The chiel that's a fool for himsel,
Heav'n mak you guid as weel as braw, A Dream. 14.	Guid L-d, he's far dafter than I. The Jolly Beggars, S. III.
he thought a sin Guid Christian bluid to draw, A Fragment.	An' guid Claymore down by his side, Ib. S. IV.
To mak it guid in law, man	My dearest bluid to do them guid, They're welcome till't for a' that Ib. S. VII.
A Guid New-year I wish you Maggie! A Gude New-Year †	A gude blue bannet on his bead, . S. The Ploughman †
On guid March-weather,	There's few sae bonie, nane sae gude, The Tarbolton Lasses.
Brews gude ale at shore o' Bucky; I wish her sale for her gude ale, S. A' the lads o' Thornie-bank †	Maks high and low gude friends, man; The Tree of Liberty.
S. A' the lads o' Thornie-bank †	For Britain's guid his saul indentin . The Twa Dogs. 21.
scarce as lang's a guid kall whittle, Adam A—s Prayer.	For Britain's guid! guid faith! I doubt it Ib. 22.
O ye wha are sae guid yoursel, . Add. to Unco Guid. 1.	For Britain's guid! for her destruction! Ib. 24.
My heart-warm love to guid auld Glen, Auld comrade dear	And guid M'[Mat]h, The Twa Herds. 17
A guid chiel wi' a pickle siller:	Had I to guid advice but harket, The Vision, D. I. 5.
Ye'll do nae gude at a' S. Awa, whigs, awa.	As gude as e'er did grow; S. The weary pund.
Wi' a cog o' gude ale, and an auld Scotish sang. S. Contented wi' little †	Gude news I've to tell, S. There's news, lasses †
for twa guid gimmer-pets . Death and Dr. Hornbook, 27.	I hae as gude a craft rig As made o' yird and stane; . Ib.
And ne'er gude wine did fear, man;	Guid health, hale han's, an' weather bonie; Third Ep. to J. Lap.
El. on Capt. M. H., Epit.	His spindle shank a guid whip-lash, To a Haggis.
Or else, neglecting a' that's guid,	my gude auld cockie, I'm yours for ay. To Dr. Blacklock.
They riot in excess!	To try my fate in guid, black prent; To J. S., 7.
The real guid and ill	A' gude things may attend you! To Miss Ferrier.
O Thou wha gies us each guid gift l	I wiss you weel, And gude be wi' you. To Mr. J. Kennedy.
Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 13.	to gude, warm kail, To Mr. M'Adam.
Guid L—d! but she was quaukin! Halloween, 12.	Than mony scores as guid's the priest
And thretty gude shillins and three; A very gude tocher, a cotter-man's dochter,	What sae abus't him. To Rev. J. M'Math. While moorlan herds like guid, fat braxies;
S. Her Daddie forbad †	To W. Simpson. 18.
It's guid to be merry and wise,	Guid observation they will gie them; Ib. P.S.
It's guid to be honest and true, It's guid to support Caledonia's cause,	Willie was a wabster gude, S. Willie Wastle †
S. Here's a health to them †	Gude day.
And no for ony guid or ill	"Gude day to you," (coof,) he comes ben; . S. Tam Glen.
They've done afore thee! Holy Willie's Prayer.	And ilka ane at London court
Of gude advisement comes nae ill. S. In simmer when the That's the tocher gude I prize, S. Jockey fout	Would bid to him gude day The Election Ballads. I.
That's the tocher gude I prize, S. Jockey fou † And pray, a' gude things may attend you!	Gudeen, Guid-een [good evening].
Kind Sir, I've read †	'Guid-een,' quo' I; 'Friend! hae ye been mawin, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 8.
her tenpund lands o' tocher gude S. My Lord a-hunting †	Gudeen to you Kimmer, . S. Gudeen to you Kimmer †
I hae a gude braid sword, S. Naebody.	And bade gudeen to me, jo S. O wat ye what my
O gude ale comes, and gude ale goes,	He, down the water, gies him this guid-een
Gude ale gars me sell my hose, . S. O gude ale comes †	The Brigs of Ayr. 4.
A dram o' gude strunt in a morning early, S. O ken ye what Meg †	Gude faith, Guid faith [verily, truly].
May a' that's gude watch o'er them: S. O May thy morn †	Quoth I, 'Guid faith,
Wad haud the Lothians three in tackets,	'Ye're maybe come to stap my breath; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 9.
A towmont gude; On Grose's Peregrinations.	
Sitting at yon boord-en', And amang guid companie; S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie.	If ye gie a woman a' her will, Gude faith she'll soon o'er-gang ye. S. O ay my wife she dang.
And amang guid companie; S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie. But for sense and guid taste she'll vie wi' the best	But an honest man's aboon his might,
Ronalds of Bennals.	Gude faith he maunna fa' that! . S. The Honest Man.
O' pairs o' guid breeks I ha'e twa, man, Ib.	For Britain's guid ! guid faith! I doubt it. The Twa Dogs. 22.
An' liquor guid to fire his bluid, . Scotch Drink. Mott.	Guid faith, quo' scho, I doubt you gar,
O thou, my Muse, guid, auld Scotch Drink! Ib. 2.	The bonie lasses lie aspar, S. There was a lad †
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Gude fellow, Guid fallow, Guid fellow.	There's nane sall ken, there's nane sall guess, S. I'll ay ca' in †
Will's a true guid fallow's get, A Dream. 7.	Guess ye how the jad! I could bear her, [re.]
Then set him down, and twa or three	S. Last May a braw wooer †
Gude fellows wi' him; On Grose's Peregrinations.	Their carriage and dress, a stranger would guess.
It maks guid fellows girn an' gape, . Poor Mailie's El	In Lon'on or Paris they'd gotten it a':
He's the king of gude fellows, and wale of auld men; S. There's auld Rob. M.	The Belles of Mauchline.
Gude humour.	Would I could guess, I do profess, S. The Joyful Widower. An' forward, tho' I canna see, I guess an' fear! To a Mouse.
My mirth and gude humour are coin in my pouch,	Guessed. How guessed ye, Sir, what maist I wanted?
S. Contented wi' little,†	Kind Sir, I've read†
Gude fellowship. A night o' gude fellowship sowthers it a';	Anhank, wha guess'd the ladies' taste, The Fête Champetre.
S. Contented wi' little,†	Guest. No more of your guests, he they titled or not,
Farewell, dear Friend! may guid luck hit you! A Farewell.	Extem., to Mr. S.
But by gude luck I lap a wicket,	Guid v. Gude.
And turn'd a neuk. Friend of the poet, P.S.	Guide. And if it please thee, heavenly guide, May never worse he sent; A Grace before Dinner.
And wha winna wish guid luck to our cause,	The friend of age, and guide of youth: Epit. on a Friend.
May never guid luck be their fa'! S. Here's a health to them	A guide, a buckler, an' example . Holy Willie's Prayer. 5.
Gudeman, Guidman [the master of a house, a husband].	But by the hrutes themselves elekit,
Young-Guidmen, fond, keen, an' croose; Add. to the Deil. 11.	To be their guide The Twa Herds. 4.
Our auld Guidman delights to view	And careful note each op'ning grace,
His sheep an' kye thrive bonie, . S. Behind you hills †	A guide and guard. The Vision, D. II. 10.
'Gudeman,' quo' he, 'put up your whittle,	Stranger, go! Heaven be thy guide! Wr. in Friars-Carse H.
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 10.	Guide, to.
The auld guidman raught down the pock, Halloween. 17.	I maun guide it [my penny-fee] cannie, S. Behind you hills†
But I will mak o' my gudeman, My ain gudeman, it is nae faute. S. John, come kiss.	No other light shall guide my steps S. Farewell, dear mistress †
O an ye were dead, gudeman,	Guide Thou their steps alway O Thou dread Pow'r
A green turf on your head, gudeman, [re.]	We're your ain bairns, e'en guide us as ye like Scots Prologue.
S. O gin ye were dead.	'I'll frankly gie her't a' thegither,
An' the horns become your brow, gudeman Ib.	An' let her guide it What ails ve now t
An' I shall bang your hide, gudeman	Guided.
And our gudewife has gotten a ca', That anger'd the silly gudeman, O. S. The Cooper o' cuddy †	Then chance and fortune are sae guided, The Twa Dogs. 16.
Till our gudeman has gotten the scorn;	Guidin.
For the auld gudeman o' London court	The Johnstone's hae the guidin o't, S. The Laddies by t Guid-een v. Gudeen.
She didna care a pin; The Election Ballads. I.	Guid faith v . Gude faith,
The auld gudeman, or the young gudeman,	Guid fallow, Guid fellow v. Gude fellow.
For me may sink or swim;	Guidfather [father-in-law].
The auld gudeman o' London court, His back's been at the wa';	Sin' thou was my Guidfather's Meere; A Guid New-year † 4.
The auld Guidmen, about the grace,	Guid luck v. Gude luck.
Frae side to side they bother, The Holy Fair. 24.	Guidman v. Gudeman.
Then auld guidman, maist like to rive,	Guid-mornin [good morning].
Bethankit hums To a Haggis.	Guid-mornin to your Majesty! A Dream.
Gude night and joy be wi' thee: S. Here's to thy health †	Guidness [goodness].
And mony bade the warld gude night;	Till aft his guidness is abus'd; A Ded. to G. H. 5.
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	Guid speed [God-speed].
I said 'Gude night,' and cam awa', What ails ye now t	Guid speed an' furder to you Johnnie, Third Ep. to J. Lap
Gudes [goods, merchandise].	Guidwlfe v. Gudewife.
It's thought the gudes were stown. The Election Ballads. IV.	Guid will v. Gude will.
I send you here a faithfu' list, O' gudes an' gear, an' a' my graith, . The Inventory.	Guilford. When Guilford good our Pilot stood, A Fragment.
O' gudes an' gear, an' a' my graith, The Inventory. Gude-sake [God-sake].	Then M-nt-gue, an' Guilford too, Began to fear a fa', man;
He begged for gude-sake! I wad be his wife,	Guile. The honest heart that's free frae a'
S. Last May a braw wooer †	Intended fraud or guile, Ep. to Davie. 3.
Gudewife, Guidwife [the mistress of a house; a	What force or guile could not subdue, S. The Union.
landlady].	Our sex with guile and faithless love,
An' our gudewife's wee birdy cocks; El. on Year 1788.	Is charged perhaps too true; To Miss L., with "Beattie."
Then guidwife count the lawin, S. Gane is the day †	Guileful. As guileful Fraud points out the erring way: On Death of R. Dundas.
The auld Guidwife's weel-hoordet nits Halloween. 7. When our gudewife's frae hame, S. Lass, when yr mither †	Guileless. The native feelings strong, the guileless ways,
The gudewife's dochter fell in a fever, S. Scroggam.	The Cotter's Sat. Night.
And our gudewife has gotten a ca', S. The Cooper o' cuddy †	By Love's simplicity hetray'd, And guileless trust, To a Mountain-daisy.
In comes a gawsie, gash Guidwife, . The Holy Fair, 24.	Guilt. Where guilt and poor misfortune pine!
Gude will, Guid will.	Guilt, erring Man, relenting view! A Winter Night. 9.
Wi' as gude will	To Care, to Guilt unknown! . Despondency, an Ode. 5.
As a' the priests had seen me get thee Add to Illemit Child	Must thou alone in guilt immortal swell, Ep. fr. Esopus.
The Angua lada had man guida will	
The Angus laus had hae gude will,	Or must no tiny sin to others fall,
The Angus had hae gude win, That day their nechour's blude to spill; S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor	Or must no tiny sin to others fall, Because thy guilt's supreme enough for all? 13.
The Angus lads had nae gude will, That day their neehour's blude to spill; S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor. The luntan pipe, an' sneeshin mill,	Or must no tiny sin to others fall,
The Angus laus had have gittle with; That day their nechour's blude to spill; S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor. The luntan pipe, an' sneeshin mill, Are handed round wi' right guid will; The Twa Dogs. 20.	Or must no tiny sin to others fall, Because thy guilt's supreme enough for all? Ib. Beyond comparison the worst [ills] are those That to our folly, or our guilt we owe. Remorse. A Frag The torturing, gnawing consciousness of guilt—
The luntan pipe, an 'sneeshin mill, Are handed round wi' right guid will; The Twa Dogs. 20. Guess.	Or must no tiny sin to others fall, Because thy guilt's supreme enough for all? Ib. Beyond comparison the worst [ills] are those That to our folly, or our guilt we owe. Remorse. A Frag The torturing, gnawing consciousness of guilt— Of guilt, perhaps where we've involved others; Ib.
Are handed round wi' right guid will; The Twa Dogs. 20. Guess. No guess could tell what instrument appear'd.	Or must no tiny sin to others fall, Because thy guilt's supreme enough for all? Ib. Beyond comparison the worst [ills] are those That to our folly, or our guilt we owe. Remorse. A Frag The torturing, gnawing consciousness of guilt— Of guilt, perhaps where we've involved others; . Ib. But he whose blossom buds in guilt
Are handed round wi' right guid will; The Twa Dogs. 20. Guess. No guess could tell what instrument appear'd, But all the soul of Music's self was heard; The Brigs of Ayr. 12.	Or must no tiny sin to others fall, Because thy guilt's supreme enough for all? Ib. Beyond comparison the worst [ills] are those That to our folly, or our guilt we owe. Remorse. A Frag The torturing, gnawing consciousness of guilt— Of guilt, perhaps where we've involved others; . Ib. But he whose blossom buds in guilt Shall to the ground be cast, The 1st Psalm.
Are handed round wi' right guid will; The Twa Dogs. 20. Guess. No guess could tell what instrument appear'd, But all the soul of Music's self was heard; The Brigs of Ayr. 12. Guess, to.	Or must no tiny sin to others fall, Because thy guilt's supreme enough for all? Ib. Beyond comparison the worst [ills] are those That to our folly, or our guilt we owe
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Guilt-bespotted. And mony a guilt-bespotted lad; Lns add. to J. Ranken. Guiltless. Ye tiny elves that guiltless sport, Despondency, an Ode. 5. How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 15. Guilty. Calling the storms to bear him o'er a guilty land! Add. sp. by Fontenelle. 'Gainst mighty England and her guilty Lord, Scots Prologue. Shall he [the Bard] be guilty of their hireling crimes, The Now guiltless blood for guilty man was shed; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 15. Nor learns their guilty lore! The tist Psalm. Unknown each guilty worldly fire, The unwesting groan, the bursting sigh, Betray the guilty lover. Sold the four which charm'd my guilty sight. To Clarinda. 'Twas guilty sinners that he meant— Not angels such as you. To Miss Ainslie. Guinea. Doom'd to that sorest task of man alive— To make three guineas do the work of five: Add. sp. by Fontenelle. The nice yellow guineas for me. S. Awa' wi' your witchcraft! L—d, I'se hae sportin by an' by, For my gowd guinea; Gowd guineas a hunder or twa, man. The rank is but the guinea's stamp, The sate of Jennals. Gushing. Gushing. Thereching your'gushing entrails bright Trenching your'gushing entrails bright To a Hae Trenching your'gushing entrails bright To a Hae Trenching your'gushing entrails bright To a Hae Gust. Blow, blow, ye Winds, with heavier gust! A Winter Nig. The gust o' joy, the balm of woe, The Answ. to the Guide Gusty. Or winter howls in gusty storms, The lang, dark night! To W. Simpson Gusty [tasteful, savoury]. An' just a wee drap sp'ritual burn in, An' gusty sucker! Gutcher [gudsher, gud-schir, gu	rgis. 14. 14. 14. 14. 17. 14. 17. 19. 19. 19. 19. 19. 19. 19
Guiltless. Ye tiny elves that guiltless sport, Despondency, an Ode. 5. How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 15. Guilty. Calling the storms to bear him o'er a guilty land! Add. sp. by Fontenelle. 'Gainst mighty England and her guilty Lord, Scots Prologue. Shall he [the Bard] be guilty of their hireling crimes, The Brigs of Ayr. How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 15. Nor learns their guilty lore! The test Psalm. Unknown each guilty worldly fire, The unweeting groan, the bursting sigh, Betray the guilty lover. Solution of the four which charm'd my guilty sight. To Clarinda. 'Twas guilty sinners that he meant— Not angels such as you. To Miss Ainslie. Guinea. Doom'd to that sorest task of man alive— To make three guineas do the work of five: Add. sp. by Fontenelle. The nice yellow guineas for me. Solawa' wir your witchcraft! L—d, I'se hae sportin by an' by, For my gowd guinea; For my gowd g	rgis. 1.1.7. 1.14. 1
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How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed; The Organ Ayr. The Cotter's Sat. Night. 15. Nor learns their guilty lore! The 1st Psalm. Unknown each guilty worldly fire, . The Hermit. The unweeting groan, the bursting sigh, Betray the guilty lover S. The last time It Now bless the hour which charm'd my guilty sight. To Clarinda. Twas guilty sinners that he meant— Not angels such as you To Miss Ainslie. Guinea. Doom'd to that sorest task of man alive— To make three guineas do the work of five: Add sp. by Fontenelle. The nice yellow guineas for me. S. Awa' wi' your witchcraft! L—d, I'se hae sportin by an' by, For my gowd guinea; . Ep. to J. R. II. Gowd guineas a hunder or twa, man. Ronalds of Bennals. The rank is but the guinea's stamp, S. The Honest Man. An' gusty sucker! . Scotch Drin An' guity spike. Sutcher [gudsher, gud-schir,	re, t ap 27.
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For my gowd guinea; . Ep. to J. R. II. Gowd guineas a hunder or twa, man. Ronalds of Bennals. The rank is but the guinea's stamp, S. The Honest Man. Sat guzzling wi' a Tinkler-hizzie; The Jolly Beggars. R.	10 0-
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Comment 1 Classical	777
Guise. They chant their artless notes in simple guise; Gypsy [v. also, Glpsy].	
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 13. And gar the tatter d gypsies pack, Add. of Beetzeou	
Thou lifts thy unassuming head In humble guise; To a Mountain-Daisy. Ha' [hall]. Was kept at Boston-ha', man; A Fragmen. Let minstrels sween the skillful twing.	t. 3.
Guittar. In lordly, lighted ha': S. Behald, my lo	ve, t
To thrum guittars an' fecht wi' nowt; . The Twa Dogs. 23. Yestreen, when to the trembling string	
Gules. The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha, S. O Mary, at the wind	ל שבים
All deadly gules its bearing The Election Ballads. VI. An exile frae her father's ha', S. O mirk, m	
Gulravage [a noisy good-humoured frolic, a tumult, great disorder]. As the finest dame in castle or ha', S. O when she cam to great disorder. Ille ghaist that have to another than the content of the	en†
Or in gulravage rinnin scow'r Ilk ghaist that haunts auld ha' or chamer, On Grose's Peregrinat	2410
To pass the time, . To Rev. J. M'Math And the dames danced in the ha'. S. The last heavy heri.	101+
Gully, -ie [a large knife]. Will ve go to the dancin in Carlyle's ha'.	
	iie† Ib.
Or lang-kail gullie On Grose's Peregrinations. And Susie whase daddy was laird o' the Ha';	10.
unskaith'd by Death's gleg gullie, Tam Samson's El., Per C. S. There's a you	
Gum. Fu' lightly danc'd he in the ha' S. Young Jock That shoots my tortur'd gums alang; Add. to Tooth-ache. Ha'-Bible [the large family Bible which lay in	
To gnash my gums, to weep and wail, hall or common room.	ne
In burnin' lake, . Holy Willie's Prayer. 4. The big ha'-Bible, ance his Father's pride:	
Gumlie [muddy]. The Cotter's Sat. Night For gumlie dubs of your ain delvin! A Ded. to G. H., 10. Ha' folk [the folk of the hall, kitchen, or comm	
And dash the gumlie jaups up to the pouring skies. room; the servantsl.	1011
The Brigs of Ayr. 7. Yet ev'n the ha' folk fill their peghan	
Gumption [common-sense; understanding, talent]. Wi' sauce, ragouts, an' sic like trashtrie, The Twa Dog Not a' the quacks, wi' a' their gumption,	. 9.
Will ever mend her, . Letter to J. Goudie. He [Monroe] hacks to teach, they [Critics] mangle to exp	ose.
Gun. Wi's word an' gun he thought a sin	, 4.
To cast my een un like a Duet	. 3.
When by the gun she tumbles o'er, . Auld comrade † The Rattle of Sherra-M	or.
I gaed a-rovin wi'the gun,	
Stop! there he is as sure's a gun. Ebit. on Holy Willie.	
Shame fa' the fun; wi' sword and gun An he get na hell for his haddin, The deil for his haddin, The deil for his haddin, The deil for his haddin,	77.
To slap mankind like lumber! Nature's Law. Now westlin winds and slaught'ring guns Nature's Law. Hae [impera., have, take, here!].	
Bring autumn's pleasant weather; S. Now westlin winds † Hae, there's a ripp to thy auld baggle: A Guid New-Yea	ert.
Their gun's a burden on their shouther; The Author's Cry and Prayer. P. Hae there's my haun', I wiss you weel, To Mr. J. Kenne, to [to have].	dy.
	7.2
The Brigs of Ayr. Calvin's cone Colvin's co	23.
That yet hae tarrow't at it, A Dream,	_
Gunpowder. Would I has fear d them a, man! . A Pragment	
Sodgerin gunpowder Blair, The Election Ballads. III. Thou could hae gaen like ony staggie A Guid New-ye. But thy auld tail thou wad hae whisket, Ib.	12.
	12. 14.
Reflected in the gurgling rill The Lament. 2. An' if thou be what I wad ha'e thee, Add. to Illegit. Ch	
Ayr, gurgling, kissed his pebbled shore, S. To Mary in Heaven. S. To Mary in Heaven. An' if thou be what I wad ha'e thee, Add. to Illegit. Che Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken— Still hae a stake. Add. to the Deil.	
5. 10 may in monorm Still had a stake. Add, to the Dett.	ild.

em 1	Or lasses that hae naething! The Holy Fair. 25.
The cleanest corn that e'er was dight May hae some pyles o' caff in; Add. to the Unco Guid.	Wheel carriages I ha'e but few,
They'll ha'e me wed a wealthy coof,	
Tho' I mysel' ha'e plenty; S. And O for ane and twenty t	I ha'e nae wife; and that my bliss is,
The langer ye ha'e them, the mair they're carest.	And ye'll ha'e a calf's head o' sma' value.
S. Awa' wi' yr witchcraft †	The Kirk's Alarm, 12.
Blythe ha'e I been on you hill, . S. Blythe ha'e I been †	Ye may ha'e some pretence to havins and sense, . Ib. 13.
And every man shall hae his ain, S. Carl, an the king come.	The Johnstones hae the guidin o't, S. The Laddies by †
But pleasure they hae nane for me S. Craigie-burn Wood.	
A' kinds o' boxes, mugs, an' bottles,	I hae been east, I hae been west, I hae been at St. Johnston, S. The Ploughman†
He's sure to hae; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 20.	I hae been blythe wi' Comrades dear;
What ye'll ne'er ha'e to gi'e again El. on Year 1788.	I hae been merry drinking;
Wha hae nae check but human law, Ep. to Young Friend, 3.	I hae been joyfu' gath'rin gear; I hae been happy thinking: . S. The Rigs o' Barley.
A man may hae an honest heart,	The state of the s
Tho' Poortith hourly stare him;	Some hae meat and canna eat, And some wad eat that want it,
ne'er fash your head, Tho' we hae little gear, Ep. to Davie, 2.	But we hae meat and we can eat, The Selkirk Grace.
If Happiness hae not her seat And center in the breast,	I see how folk live that hae riches; . The Twa Dogs. 14.
	An ay the less they hae to sturt them,
Ye hae your Meg, your dearest part, And I my darling Jean! Ep. to Davie, 8.	In like proportion, less will hurt them, Ib. 29
An' hae to Learning nae pretence, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 9.	He'll hae misfortunes great and sma', . There was a ladt
Now, Sir, if ye hae friends enow,	But twenty fauts ye may hae waur,
An' hae a swap o' rhymin-ware,	I hae as gude a craft rig
Ye hae sae monie cracks an' cants, Ep. to J. R., 2.	As made o' yird and stane; S. There's news, lasses t
Sae when ye hae an hour to spare,	But say thou wilt hae me for better for waur, S. Tibbie Dunbar.
	I hae a wife and twa wee laddies,
	They maun hae brose and brats o' duddies; To Dr. Blacklock.
L-d, I'se hae sportin by an' by, For my gowd guinea;	I hae na ony fear
Would thou hae nobles' patronage,	Ye surely hae some warlock-breef To J. S. 1.
" First learn to live without it:	Hae ye a leisure-moment's time
Extem. on Commem.s of Thomson.	I hae been in for't ance or twice, . V.s to J. Ranken.
To whom hae much, shall yet be given, Ib.	Losh man! hae mercy wi' your natch, What ails ye now t
How mony bairns hae ye?	This ae thing I hae to tell, . S. Will ye go and marry †
Quo' Kimmer, I hae five. S. Gudeen to you Kimmer †	Ye hae lien wrang, lassie . S. Ye hae lien wrang.
Great cause ye hae to fear it;	O, lassie, ye hae played the fool, Ib.
Nae time hae I to tarry S. Here's to thy health †	Haen [had].
But far off fowls hae feathers fair,	There's Meg wi' the mailin that fain wad a haen him;
Hey ca' thro' ca' thro',	S. There's a youth †
For we hae mickle ado, S. Hey ca' thro'.	Haerse [hoarse].
We hae tales to tell, And we hae sangs to sing;	An' cry till ye be haerse an' rupit; . El. on Year 1788.
We hae pennies to spend,	Alas! my roupet Muse is haerse! The Author's Cry and Prayer.
And we hae pints to bring	Haet [the least thing].
It's ye ha'e wooers mony ane, . S. In simmer when t	D-n'd haet they'll kill! . Death and Dr. Hornbook.
And wilfu' folk maun ha'e their will; Ib.	Fient haet o't wad hae pierc'd the heart
Content and love bring peace and joy,	Of a kail-runt 1b. 17.
What mair hae queens upon a throne? Ib.	Fient haet he had but three
Nae mair ungen'rous wish I hae, S. It is na, Jean †	Goos feathers and a whittle. S. Robin shure in hairst.
So may ye hae auld stanes in store, Ken ye ought o' Capt. G. †	The devil haet, that I sud ban,
Where happy I hae been; . Lament of Mary of Scots.	They ever think. Second Ep. to Davie. 5.
But thought I might hae waur offers, S. Last May a braw †	Fient haet o' them's ill-hearted fellows; The Twa Dogs. 26.
I hae a wife o' my ain, S. Naebody.	
I had a whe o my am,	Tho' deil-haet ails them, yet uneasy; Ib. 30.
I hae a penny to spend,	Ha'f v. Hauf.
I hae a penny to spend,	Ha'f v. Hauf. Haffet [the side of the head, the temple].
I hae a penny to spend,	Ha'f v. Hauf. Haffet [the side of the head, the temple]. Her haffet locks as brown's a berry, S. T. Menzie's bonie Mary.
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I hae a penny to spend,	Ha'ff v. Hauf. Haffet [the side of the head, the temple]. Her haffet locks as brown's a berry, S. T. Menzie's bonie Mary. His lyart haffets wearing thin and bare; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 12. Swith, in some beggar's haffet squattle; To a Louse. Hafflins, Hafflins-wise [partly, nearly half]. While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 7. Like hafflins-wise o'ercomes har at times The Holy Fair. 17. Haff-shackl'd. Nae hand-cuff'd, muzzl'd, haff-shackl'd Regent. El. on Year 1788. Hag. Warlocks grim, and wither'd Hags, Add. to the Deil. 9. Rigwoodie hags wad spean a foal, Hag, Hagg [a scar or gulf in mosses or moors]. Owre mony a weary hag he limpit, Sendin' the stuff o'er muirs an' haggs Like drivin' wrack; Third Ep. to J. Lap. Haggard-wild. Fancy, chief, Reigns, haggard wild, in sore affright: The Lament. Haggis [a dish made of sheep's heart, liver, and lungs mineed with suet, onlons, oatmeal, &c., and boiled and served in a sheep's stomach]. And eaten like a wether haggis? S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. G.

Hague. To Hague or Calais takes a waft, The Twa Dogs. 22.	Her hair is like the curling mist That climbs the mountain-sides at e'en,
Ha ha. Their capon craws and queer ha ha's, S. Amang the trees t	S. On Cessnock banks † Sett. II.
Ha, ha the girdin o't; [re.] S. Duncan Gray.	For de'il a hair I roose him On W. Chalmers.
Ha, ha, the wooing o't; [re.] . S. Duncan Gray t	Till bairns' bairns kindly cuddle Your auld gray hairs. Second Ep. to Davie.
Hail, adj., v. Hale.	The gray hairs yet stack to the heft; Tam o' Shanter. 11.
Hail. The tears trickl'd down like the hail and the rain;	That ance were plush, o' gude blue hair, Ib. 13.
S. As I was a-wand ring t An' by my pouther an' my hail, Ep. to J. R., 10.	An' straik her cannie wi' the hair,
Like wind-driv'n hail it did assail, Extem. in Court of Session.	The Author's Cry and Prayer. Wi' wicked strings o' hemp or hair! The Death of Mailie.
Trouts bedropp'd wi' crimson hail, Tam Samson's El., 6.	Wi' wicked strings o' hemp or hair! The Death of Mailie. while I kittle hair on thairms The Jolly Beggars. S. V.
And hail and rain does blaw; Winter.	
Hail! Hale! Hail, Majesty most Excellent! A Dream. 9.	Her hair was like the links o' gowd, S. The Lass that made the bed.
All hail thy palaces and tow'rs, Add. to Edinburgh.	His hair, his size, his mouth, his lugs, The Twa Dogs. 2.
Hail, thairm-inspirin', rattlin' Willie! Ep. to Maj. Logan.	And his hair has a natural buckle and a'. S. There's a youth t
Hail, Poesie! thou Nymph reserv'd! Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	Hairst, Har'st [harvest]. I'll har'sts, daft bargains, cutty stools, Add. to Toothache.
Hail, Caledonia, name for ever dear! Prologue, sp.by Woods.	Ae Hairst afore the Sherra-moor,
Hail, thou gloomy night of sorrow, . S. Raving Winds†	Robin shure in hairst,
All hail! inexorable lord!	I shure wi' him; S. Robin shure in hairst.
All hail, Religion! maid divine! . To Rev. J. M'Math.	Till on that hairst I said before, The Ans. to the Guidwife. Hairum-scairum [hair-brained, unsteady].
Hale to the sex, ilk guid chiel says, The Ans. to the Guidwife. Hail, to.	The hairum-scairum, ram-stam boys, To J. S., 28.
With open arms the Stranger hail; Add. to Edinburgh. 3.	Hairy. Wi' tauted ket, an' hairy hips; . Poor Mailie's El.
Yon distant isle will often hail; . S. Behold the hour t	Haith [a petty oath, faith!]
Ance mair I hail thee, thou gloomy December!	And when her lovely form I see,
Ance mair I hail thee wi' sorrow and care; [re.] S. Gloomy December.	O haith, she's doubly dear again! . S. I'll ay ca' in† Haith lad ye little ken about it; . The Twa Dogs. 22.
The dewy star of eve to hail S. Here is the glen, †	Haith lad ye little ken about it; . The Twa Dogs. 22. Haivers [idle talk, nonsense].
In notes of sweetest melody	With clavers and haivers
They hail the charming Chloe: S. It was the charming	Wearing the time awa'; . The Ans. to the Guidwife.
And thou mellow mavis that hails the night fa', S. My Nanie's awa.	Hal. Than 'twixt Hal and Bob for the famous job The Dean of Fac
or hail the chearful dawn, . On seeing wounded Hare.	This Hal for genius, wit, and lore,
Nay, Bobby's mouth may be open'd yet	Among the first was number'd; 1b.
Till for eloquence you hail him, The Dean of Fac	Squire Hal besides had in this case Pretensions rather brassy
Hail'd. And hail'd the morning with a cheer, A Winter Night. 10.	Pretensions rather brassy,
Hailing.	An' brak him out o' house an' hal', Add. to the Deil. 18.
Hailing the setting sun, sweet, in the green thorn bush,	But either house or hal'? Ep. to Davie. 4.
Hailstanes [hail-stones].	And my last hald of earth is gane: Lament for Glencairn.
When hailstanes drive wi' bitter skyte, The Jolly Beggars. R. I.	Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble, But house or hald, To a Mouse.
Hain [to spare, save].	But house or hald, To a Mouse. Hale! v. Hail!
Chiels wha their chanters winna hain, . To W. Simpson.	Hale, Hail, Heal [whole, entire, uninjured, sound,
Haineh [hauneh].	vigorous, healthyl. Meg grew sick,—as he grew heal, S. Duncan Gray †
Wi' hand on hainch, and upward e'e, The Jolly Beggars. R. V.	Meg grew sick,—as he grew heal, S. Duncan Gray † We're fit to win our daily bread,
Hain'd, -'t [spared, saved]. I'll flit thy tether To some hain'd rig, A Guid New-Year † 18.	As lang's we're hale and fier: Ep. to Davie. 2.
Sic hauns as you sud ne'er be faikit,	Somebody tells the Poacher-Court, The hale affair Ep. to J. R., 8.
Be hain't wha like Second Ep. to Davie.	The hale affair Ep. to J. R., 8. Hale be your heart! Hale be your fiddle! Ep. to Maj. Logan. 3.
Wha waste your weel-hain'd gear on d—d new Brigs and Harbours!	Domestic peace and comforts crowning
To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck, fell,	The hail design Friend of the poet †
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11.	My hale and weel I'll take a care o't A tentier way:
Hair. Each bristl'd hair stood like a stake, Add. to the Deil. 8.	Hale be your heart, hale be your fiddle; Second Ep. to Davie.
Her nut-brown hair, beyond compare, Was on her bosom straw'd so, S. As I gaed up by †	Ae spring brought off her master hale, Tam o' Shanter. 18.
Bending down with auld grey hairs, . Auld comrade †	Farewell then, lang hale then, The Ans. to the Guidwife.
The balmy gales awake the flowers,	Sae hale and hearty every shank, The Twa Herds. 5.
And wave thy flaxen hair S. Behold, my love †	And saw gin they were sick or hale At the first sight
Nor ever sorrow add one silver hair! Blest be M'Murdo† Sae fair her hair, sae brent her brow,	At the first sight
S. Braw lads of G. Water.	Third Ep. to J. Lap
Autumn, wi' thy yellow hair, El. on Capt. M. H., 13.	And are ye hale, and weel, and cantie? To Dr. Blacklock.
Will make thy hair [erect], tho' erst from gipsy polled,	Just now we're living sound an' hale; To J. S., 11.
Then farewell folly, hide and hair o't	'While ye are pleas'd to keep me hale, Ib. 24. Hale-breeks [breeches without holes].
For ance and ay. Friend of the poet, P.S.	Wi' hale-breeks, saxpence an' a bannock; Auld comrade †
Altho' his hair began to arch, He was sae fley'd an' eerie:	Hale breeks, a scone, an' whisky gill,
And hoary was his hair Man was made to Mourn.	An' rowth o' rhyme to rave at will, . Scotch Drink. 21.
And faith I agree with th' old prig to a hair;	Halesome, Healsome [wholesome].
S. No Churchman am I† Her yellow hair, beyond compare, . S. O Mally's meek.	Sic halesome dainty cheer, man; The Tree of Liberty. The healsome Porritch, chief of Scotia's food;
But fient a hair care I	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11.
Her hair is like the curling mist	Half. Half-jest, she tried one curious labour more.
That shades the mountain-side at e'en, S. On Cessnock banks †	Ep. to R. Graham. 3. Why shrinks my soul half blushing, half afraid, Ib. 5.
5. C.	

Half-wauken'd wi' the din, . Extem. in Court of Session. With passions so potent, and fancies so bright,	Halt. Or if the Swede, before he halt,
No man with the half of them e'er went quite right,	Would play anither Charles the twalt: Kind Sir, I've read †
Fragment, inscr. to Fox.	At slaps the billies halt a blink,
She'll no be half sae saucy yet. S. My love she's but † So Nelly startling half awake,	Till lasses strip their shoon: The Holy Fair. 26. Halter.
Away affrighted springs S. On a bank of flowers †	To him that wintles in a halter: . Lns add. to J. Ranken.
And mutter forth a half-heard prayer On Lincluden.	The doctrine, to day, that is loyalty found,
Now half your din of tuneless sound, With Echo silent lies On Death of Lap-dog.	To-morrow may bring us a halter. Poet. Add. to Tytler.
Now half-extinct your powers of song,	Haly [holy]. His haly lips wad licket at her S. Donald Brodie †
That's half sae welcome's thou art On W. Stewart.	But Duncan swoor a haly aith, . S. Duncan Davison.
There's not a flower that blooms in May,	My coggie is a haly pool, That heals the wounds o' care and dool; S. Gane is the day †
That's half so fair as thou art S. Polly Stewart. That the first blow is ever half the battle;	
Prologue at Th., D	To note upon the haly table, Tam o' Shanter. 11. But the Doctor's your mark, for the L—d's haly ark,
Twins monie a poor, doylt, druken hash O' half his days; Scotch Drink. 15.	He has cooper'd and cawd a wrang pin in't.
O' half his days; Scotch Drink. 15. Ne'er summer sun was half sae sweet. S. The day returns †	The Kirk's Alarm. 10.
The half asleep start up wi' fear, The Holy Fair. 22.	Ham. How graceless Ham leugh at his Dad, The Ordination. 4.
Wi' half my channel dry: . The Petition of Br. Water.	Ham. Now Robin, greetin', chows the hams
A hizzie's the half of my Craft: The Jolly Beggars, S. III.	O' Mailie dead! [v.A.19] Poor Mailie's El
While here, half-mad, half-fed, half-sarket, Is a' th' amount The Vision. D. I. 5.	Hame [home].
The infant aith, half-form'd was crush't; Ib. 8.	When ye bure hame my bonie Bride: A Guid New-year † 6. And in my House at Hame to greet you! Add. of Beelzebub. 4.
Till half a leg was scrimply seen; Ib. 11.	An' tho' you lowan heugh's thy hame,
Nor life nor soul was ever half so dear! . To Clarinda.	Thou travels far; Add. to the Deil. 3.
gi'en the body half an e'e, To Miss Ferrier.	There will never be peace till Jamie comes hame. [re.] S. By you castle wa' †
And half an idiot too, more helpless still. To R. G. of F., 3. I see thy life is stuff o' prief	But O; to see auld Nick gaun hame,
Scarce quite half worn. To Rev. J. M'Math.	And Charlie's faes before him! . S. Come boat me o'er.
to the wrongs of Fate half reconcil'd, Wr. in Kenmore Inn.	Horn sent her aff to her lang hame, To hide it there. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 28.
Half-a-crown.	The meikle devil wi' a woodie
Half-a-crown a piece Will pay for their fleece, Johnny Peep.	Haurl thee hame to his black smiddie, . El. on Capt. M. H.
Half-hour.	Death takes him hame to gie him quarters. Epit. on Tam the Chapman.
When in Ayr, some half-hour's leisure, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 14.	She winna come hame to her ain Jock Rab. S. Eppie M'Nab.
Half-lang [half grown, short].	Till Revenge, wi' laurell'd head
Proud o' the height o' some bit half-lang tree: The Brigs of Ayr.	Bring our Banish'd hame again; S. Frae the friends † We're a' noddin at our house at hame.
Half-mile.	S. Gudeen to you Kimmer†
A lang half-mile she could descry him; Poor Mailie's El	When sic a husband was frae hame, What wife but wad excus'd her? S. Had I the wyte†
Half-starved. half-starv'd slaves in warmer skies, The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.	And bring hame a Carlisle cow S. Hee balou,
For half-starved snarling curs a dainty feast;	Syne to the Highlands hame to me
To R. G. of F., 6.	For whare'er he distant roves,
Hall. For well I saw in halls and towers That lust and pride The arch-fiends dearest, darkest powers,	Jockey's heart is still at hame. S. Jockey's ta'en the parting †
In state preside The Hermit.	At hame I faught my Auntie, O; . S. Killiecrankie.
Hallan [a partition, in cottages, to screen the hall	our merry lads at hame, Kind Sir, I've read†
or kitchen from the air of the door]. Waefu' want and hunger fley me,	When our gudewife's frae hame, [re.] S. Lass, when yr mither †
Glowrin by the hallan en'; S. O That I had ne'er †	In wars at hame I'll spend my blood,
Thou need na jouk behint the hallan, Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	Lns on Windows, Gl. Tav By Colin's cottage lies his game,
May losses and crosses	If Colin's Jenny be at hame S. My Lord a-hunting †
Ne'er at your hallan ca' The Ans. to the Guidwife.	But soon wi' sounding victorie
That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cood; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11.	May Kenmure's Lord come hame. S. O Kenmure's on and awa†
Hallion [a clown, a worthless fellow].	But soon may peace bring happy days,
And tirl the hallions to the birsies: . Add. of Beelzebub.	And Willie hame to Logan braes! . S. O Logan! sweetly† By night, by day, a field, at hame, S. O were I on Parnass.†
Hallowed, -'d.	And send him safe hame to his babie and me.
Beneath that hallowed turf where Wallace lies! Liberty.	S. O whare did ye get †
Or mus'd where limpid streams once hallow'd, well, On Death of Sir J. Blair.	She shines sae bright, to wyle us hame, S. O Willie brew'd †
Can I forget that hallow'd grove, . S. To Mary in Heaven.	And a' my tears be tears of joy, When he comes hame that's far awa.
Halloween [All Hallows' or Saints' Eve, 31st Oct.].	S. Oh, how can I be blythe †
To burn their nits, an' pou their stocks,	Ye're welcome hame to me! . S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie. She winna come hame to her Willy. S. Saw ye my Phely.
An' haud their Halloween,	Will bandly try to gie us Plays at hame? . Scots Prologue.
'It [the Kirn] fell that night Ib. 15.	At hame, a-fiel, at wark or leisure, Second Ep. to Davie.
The last Halloween I was waukin My droukit sark sleeve, as ye ken; S. Tam Glen.	The mosses, waters, slaps, and styles,
My droukit sark sleeve, as ye ken; S. Tam Glen. Hallowmas [All Saints' Day, 1st Nov.].	That lie between us and our hame, . Tam o' Shanter. As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
Tho' Hallowmas is come and gane,	We'll welcome hame fair Albany.
S. I'm o'er young to marry t	S. The bonie Lass of Albany.
'Twas on a Hallowmas day, . S. The last braw bridal †	Comes hame, perhaps, to shew a braw new gown, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 4.
As bleak-fac'd Hallowmas returns, They get the jovial, rantan Kirns, The Twa Dogs. 19.	To do some errands, and convoy her hame Ib. 7.

To stay content wi' yowes at hame; The Death of Mailie.	Hand. On ev'ry hand it will allow'd be, A Ded. to G. H., 4.
To send a lad to London town	Then, Sir, your hand—my Friend and Brother 1b. 16.
To bring them tidings hame.	Wi' sword in hand, before his band, . A Fragment. 2.
Not only bring them tidings hame,	Or mad Ambition's gory hand, A Winter Night. 7.
But do their errands there, The Election Ballads. I. But I will send to London town	Your hand's owre light on them, I fear;
Whom I like best at hame	Add. of Beelzebub. 4.
Then I gaed hame at crowdie-time, . The Holy Fair. 6.	The captive bands may chain the hands, But powerful Love enslaves the man:
To's ain het hame had sent him Wi' fright Ib. 12.	S. A. Mastrin's bonie Anne.
Some swagger hame, the best they dow, Ib. 26.	With linked hands we took the sands, S. As I gaed up by †
That aft has borne me hame frae Killie, The Inventory.	No wrinkle furrow'd by the hand of care, Blest be M'Murdo †
My Ploughman he comes hame at e'en, S. The Ploughman t	'Come, gies your hand, and sae we're gree't;
And wished they'd been at hame, man. The Tree of Liberty.	Death and Dr. Hornbook. 11.
Twa Dogs, that were na thrang at hame, The Twa Dogs.	For never but by British hands,
Now he's ta'en her hame to his ain reeky den,	Maun British wrangs be righted. S. Does haughty Gaul †
S. There liv'd ance a carle †	Donald wi' his Highland hand, Rifled ilka charm about her S. Donald Brodie†
If ye then, maun be then Frae hame this comin Friday; To Gav. Hamilton.	And deal from iron hands the spare repast; Ep. fr. Esopus.
Here awa, there awa, haud awa hame;	Some auld, us'd hands had taen a note, . Ep. to J. R., 9.
S. Wandering Willie.	But come, your hand, my careless brither,
And for fair Scotia, hame again,	Ep. to Maj. Logan. 8.
I cheery on did wander S. When wild War's †	I know my need, I know thy giving hand, Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
The wars are o'er, and I'm come hame, Ib.	In the field of proud honour, our swords in our hands,
Hamely [homely].	S. Farewell, thou fair day †
But hamely, tawie, quiet an' cannie, An' unco sonsie. A Guid New-year † 5.	Untie these bands from off my hands, S. Farewell, ye dungeons †
In hamely, westlin jingle Ep. to Davie.	By cruel hands the sapling drops, S. Fate gave the word, †
My Muse, tho' hamely in attire,	Thy strong right hand, L—d make it bare,
May touch the heart. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 13.	Holy Willie's Prayer.
What tho' on hamely fare we dine, S. The Honest Man.	when Nature first began To try her canny hand,
Our humble cot, and hamely fare, . S. When wild War's †	S. John Anderson, †
Hameward [homeward].	Now we maun totter down, John, but hand in hand we'll go, Ib.
A woe-worn ghaist I hameward glide.	A scepter'd hand, a king's command,
S. Again rejoicing Nature †	Is in her darting glances: S. Lovely Davies.
The weary shearer's hameward way, S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite †	And ane to wait on every hand, . S. My Collier Laddie. With the hand and heart of my wee thing,
they scar'd at blows And hameward fast did flee,	No more at my fate I'll repine. S. My Love's a winsome †
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	Here, in this hand, does mankind stand,
And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward bend.	And there, is Beauty's blossom! Nature's Law.
The Cotter's Sat. Night.	On right, on left, and every hand,
And o'er the lea I leuk fu' fain When Jockey's owsen hameward ca'. S. Young Jockey t	We saw none to deliver New Psalmody.
Hamilton.	There's no a heart that fears a Whig, That rides by Kenmure's hand.
Till H[amilton]'s, at least a diz'n,	S. O Kenmure's on and awa †
Are frae their nuptial labors risen: A Ded. to G. H., 14.	For Love has bound me, hand and foot, S. O Lassie, art thou t
Thee Hamilton, and Aiken dear,	And swear on thy white hand, lass, . S. O lay thy loof †
A grateful, warm adieu! The Farewell.	Thou know'st the snares on ev'ry hand, O Thou dread Pow'r †
Hamlet, start in Hamlet, in Othello roar; Ep. fr. Esopus.	See those hands, ne'er stretch'd to save,
Hammer. The auld kirk-hammer strak the bell Death and Dr. Hornbook. 31.	Hands that took—but never gave. Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.
Ye'd bettter ta'en up spades and shools,	But Jessy's lovely hand in mine, On Miss J. Lewars.
Or knappin hammers Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 11.	Unscathed by ruffian hand! . On Birth of Posth. Child.
O a' the lang day I ca' at my hammer, S. O merry hae I been †	Low lies the hand that oft was stretch'd to save, On Death of Sir J. Blair.
Ye'll quake at his conjuring hammer,	Their sceptre's sway'd by other hands;
On Grose's Peregrinations.	On Window at Stirling.
Sic clumsy-witted hammers, On W. Chalmers. Hammer'd.	O thou, dread Power! whose empire-giving hand
** * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *	Prologue, sp. by Woods.
He in the parlour hammer'd On dining with Daer. Hammock.	To proper young men, he'll clink in the hand Gowd guineas a hunder or twa, man. Ronalds of Bennals.
So, row't his hurdies in a hammock,	
An' owre the sea. On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.	Mould take the Muses' servants by the hand, Scots Prologue. And there's a hand, my trusty feire, And gi'es a hand o' thine; . S. Shid auld acquaintee † The Deil had business on his hand True o' Skouter ?
Han', Haun' [hand].	And gi'es a hand o' thine; . S. Shld auld acquaintce †
Hae [aft] turn'd sax rood beside our han',	The Deil had business on his hand Tam o' Shanter. 8.
A Guid New-year † 11.	Till, by the heel and hand admonish'd, Ib. II.
There's nought but care on ev'ry han', S. Green grow the Rashes.	Each in its cauld hand held a light Ib. 11.
Her prentice han' she try'd on man.	Then on the tither hand present her,
An' then she made the lasses, O	A blackguard Smuggler, right behint her, The Author's Cry and Prayer.
If sae, thy han' mann e'en be borne, Holy Willie's Prayer. 9.	wayward fortune's adverse hand . S. The Banks of Nith
Haud up thy han' Deil! ance, twice, thrice! Scotch Drink. 20.	Their left-hand General had nae skill;
Wi' bluidy han' a welcome gies him; The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.	S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
Wi' glowrin een, an' lifted han's, . The Death of Mailie.	I fear my Lord Panmuir is slain,
An' taks me by the han's, The Holy Fair. 4.	Or in his en'mies hands, man:
This list wi' my ain han' I wrote it, The Inventory.	And throws his hand uncouthly o'er the strings, The Brigs of Ayr.
Guid health, hale han's, an' weather bonie;	In's hand five taper staves as smooth's a bead, Ib. 4.
Third Ep. to J. Lap.,	And ev'n his matchless hand with finer touch inspir'd! Ib. 12.
Then han' in nieve some day we'll knot it, Ib.	Sweet Female Beauty hand in hand with Spring; 1b. 13.
Hae there's my haun', I wiss you weel, To Mr. J. Kennedy.	On ilka hand the burnies trot, S. The Contented Cottager.
Hancocke.	And mind their labors wi' an eydent hand,
Some daring Hancocke, or a Franklin, Add. of Beelzebub.	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 6.

	1
The iron hand that breaks our band, It breaks my bliss,—it breaks my heart! S. The day returns†	That on this frail, uncertain state, Hang matters of eternal weight: . Sketch. New-Yr's Day.
Gifted by black Jock To get them aff his hands. The Election Ballads. IV.	Where's he for honest poverty, That hangs his head, and a' that? S. The Honest Man.
Came shaking hands wi' wabster-loons,	The lazy mist hangs from the brow of the hill, S. The lazy mist †
Their stay and dwelling-place! The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps. Before the mountains heav'd their heads	And near the thorn, aboon the well,
Beneath Thy forming hand,	Whare Mungo's mither hang'd hersel. Tam o' Shanter. 10. They've hang'd my braw John Highlandman.
On this hand sits an Elect swatch, The Holy Fair. 10.	The Jolly Beggars. S. IV. An' some, to learn them for their tricks, Were hang'd an' brunt. To W. Simpson, P.S Hanging.
whilst with both hands I can hold the glass steady, The Jolly Beggars. S. II.	Were hang'd an' brunt. To W. Simpson, P.S
Wi' hand on hainch, and upward e'e,	Ye woodbines hanging bonnilie, El. on Capt. M. H., 5. spleeny English, hanging, drowning. Improm., on Mrs. —'s Birthday.
Haud aff your hands, young man, said she; Ib. To mend the honest Patriot-lore,	Hanging with threat'ning jut, like precipices; The Brigs of Ayr. 8.
And grace the hand. The Vision. D. II. 5. The pedant in his left hand clutch'd him fast, The Vorwels.	And many a tatter'd rag hanging over my bum, The Jolly Beggars. S.I.
Whae'er she gat hands on, cam' near her nae mair, S. There liv'd ance a carle †	Wi' dew are hanging clear, S. When o'er the hill † The sweeping theatre of hanging woods;
Maks Hours like Minutes, hand in hand, Dance by fu' light To J. S., 12.	Hangie [the devil]. Wr. in Kenmore Inn.
And plight me your lily-white hand; To Mary. An' auld-light caddies bure sic hands, To W. Simpson, P.S.	Hear me, auld Hangie, for a wee, Add. to the Deil. 2. Hangman. May his son be a hangman, and he his first trial.
Would take His hand, whose vernal tints His other works admire V.s below Picture.	At Meet. of D. Volunteers. 'Tis real hangmen, real scourges bear! . Et. fr. Esotus.
"If that your right hand, leg or toe, "Should ever prove your sp'ritual foe, . What ails ye now \tag{\text{*}}	The fear o' Hell's a hangman's whip, Ep. to Young Friend. 8. Hangman of creation, Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.
My hand unstain'd wi' plunder: . S. When wild War's +	Yerl Galloway's sceptre's broke, And eke my hangman's knife The Election Ballads. V.
But to my heart I'll add my hand, S. Where Cart rins † Hand, to.	Hanker. But hanker and canker,
And hands the rustic Stranger up to fame, The Brigs of Ayr. Who call'd on Fame, low standing by,	He hums and he hankers, he frets and he cankers,
To hand him on, [v.A.4]. The Vision. D. 1.	Hank'ring. Their bouldest thought's a bank'ring swith w
An' nought but his han'-daurk, to keep	Their bauldest thought's a hank'ring swither, To stan' or rin, The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.
Them right an' tight in thack an' raep. The Twoa Dogs. 10. Hand-cuff'd. Nae hand-cuff'd, muzzl'd, haff-shaki'd Regent, El. on Year 1788.	Hanover. But why of this epocha make such a fuss, That gave us the Hanover stem; [v. A.9] Poet. Add. to Tytler.
Handed. The luntan pipe, an' sneeshin mill,	Hansel [the first money received; a gift bestowed on a particular occasion, or at a particular season such as New-Year-time].
Are handed round with right guid will; The Twa Dogs. 20.	'Twas then a blast o' Janwar win'
Handfu'. An' out a handfu' gied him; Halloween. 17. Handle.	Blew hansel in on Robin S. There was a lad † Hap [a covering of whatever kind].
In Ayr, Wag-wits nae mair can have a handle To mouth 'A Citizen,' a term o' scandal:	I'd be mair vaunty o' my hap, The Ans. to the Guidwife. 'Twas when the stacks get on their winter-hap,
Handless.	The Brigs of Ayr. Hap, to [to cover so as to protect from cold, danger,
But wha wad keep the handless coof, S. O can ye labour lea† Handsome. I'll love my handsome Nell. S. Handsome Nell.	&c., to wrap warm]. An' hap him in a cozie hiel: On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.
And handsome ilka bit about her S. I met a lass †	And haps me fiel and warm at e'en! S. The Contented Cottager.
She is a handsome wee thing, S. My love's a winsome † A handsome grave does hide her; S. The Joyful Widower.	Hap, to [to hop]. While tears hap o'er her auld brown nose! Ep. to H. Parker.
A gude blue bannet on his head, And O but he was handsome! S. The Ploughman †	Ha'pence [half-pence]. Weel heaped up wi' ha'pence, The Holy Fair. &
There Sophy tight, a lassie bright, Besides a handsome fortune: . The Tarbolton Lasses.	Hapless. Their hapless Race wild-wand'ring roam!
Handsomely.	Add. to Edinburgh. 6.
She'll gie ye a beck, and bid ye light, And handsomely address ye. The Tarbolton Lasses.	Pity the tuneful muses' hapless train, Ep. to R. Graham. 5. The bursting sigh, th' unweeting groan, Betray the hapless lover: S. Farewell, thou stream †
Hand-waled [carefully chosen by hand, special]. My hand-waled curse keep hard in chase	Meanwhile the hapless daughter
The harpy, hoodock, purse-proud race, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 7. Handywark [handiwork].	Amid his hapless victim's spoil. Lns, on Back of Bank Note.
Thy coat and thy sark are thy ain handywark, S. O when she cam ben †	A hapless lover courts thy lay, S. O stay, sweet warbling † And curse the ruffian's aim, and mourn thy hapless fate.
Hang. But first hang out that she'll discern, Your hymeneal Charter, A Dream. 13.	On seeing wounded Hare. How glorious Wallace stood, how hapless fell?
An awfu' scythe, out-owre ae shouther, Clear-dangling, hang; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 6.	Scots Prologue. To paint the lovely hapless Scottish Queen! Ib.
Who will not sing, God save the king, Shall hang as high's the steeple; S. Does haughty Gaul †	Hapless bird! a pray the surest To each pirate of the skies S. Sensibility, †
Now Nature hangs her mantle green On every blooming tree, Lament of Mary of Scots.	Who but deplores that hapless friend? Sent to a Gent. offended.
As dangling in the wind he hangs A gibbet's tassel Poem on Life.	If, hapless chance! they linger lang, The Petition of Br. Water. The hapless Poet flounders on three life. To B. C. of E. c.
And I may e'en gae hang S. She's fair and fause t	The hapless Poet flounders on thro' life. To R. G. of F., 5.

2 E

Haply.	And getting fou and unco happy, Tam o' Shanter.
Haply my Sires have left their shed, Add. to Edinburgh. 7.	Care, mad to see a man sae happy, Ib. 6.
Where, haply, Pity strays forlorn, El. on Capt. M. H.	Thou minds me o' the happy days
Yet haply wanting wherewithal to live; Ep. to R. Graham, 3.	When my fause love was true. S. The Banks of Doon.
Or haply, prest with cares and woes, Man was made to Mourn.	O happy love! where love like this is found! The Cotter's Sat. Night. 9.
Now, haply down you gay green shaw,	Strong Mem'ry on my heart shall write
She wanders by you spreading tree; S. O wat ye wha's in t	Those happy scenes when far awa! The Farewell. To St. J.'s L
Or haply lies beneath th' Atlantic roar. Once fondly lov'd†	Nae woman in the Country wide
For our sincere, tho' haply weak endeavours,	Sae happy was as me. S. The Highl. Widow's Lament.
Prologue at Th., D	O happy is that man an' blest! The Holy Fair. 11.
By whim inspir'd, or haply prest wi' care, The Brigs of Ayr.	I'm as happy with my wallet, my bottle and my callet,
If haply Knowledge, on a random tramp, Had shor'd them with a glimmer of his lamp, Ib. 10.	The Jolly Beggars. S. I.
But hanly, in some Cottage far apart.	The happy hour may soon be near, That brings us pleasant weather: S. The noble Maxwells †
May hear, well pleas'd, the language of the Soul;	O happy day! rejoice, rejoice! The Ordination. 13.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 17.	As happy as those that have thousands a year.
Thou haply throw'st a scornful eye at The hermit's prayer The Hermit.	S. The Poor Thresher.
Here baply too, at vernal dawn,	My blessings on that happy place, S. The Rigs o' Barley.
Some musing hard may stray, The Petition of Br. Water.	She ay shall bless that happy night,
Happer [hopper].	I hae been happy thinking;
The heaped happer's ebbing still,	That happy night was worth them a',
And still the clap plays clatter Add. to Unco Guid.	I'll ne'er forget that happy night, Amang the rigs wi' Annie
Happier. Could I think I did deserve it, How much happier wou'd I be. S. Scenes of woe †	Amang the rigs wi' Annie
Ah! tho' his worth unknown, far happier there I ween!	An' whyles twal pennie-worth o' nappy
The Cotter's Sat. Night.	Can mak the bodies unco happy; The Twa Dogs. 18.
But sair I fear some happier swain	Whaur'll ye ever see men sae happy, There's naething like †
Has gained sweet Jeanie's favour: S. When first I saw †	Another happy reigns To Clarinda.
Happiest. I was the happiest of a' the Clan, S. The Highl. Widow's Lament.	To make a happy fire-side clime To Dr. Blacklock,
Happiness.	And I the happy country swain, S. Twas even-the dewy †
Believe me, happiness is shy,	O if I were happy, where happy I have been,
And comes not ay when sought, man. A Bottle and Friend.	S. Wae is my heart †
Ev'n then, sometimes we'd snatch a taste	the happy days I spent wi' you, my dearie; S. When I think on t
Of truest happiness Ep. to Davie. 3.	O! happy, happy may he be,
If Happiness hae not her seat And center in the breast,	That's dearest to thy bosom: . S. When wild War's t
We may be wise, or rich, or great,	Hap-step-an'-loup [hop, step and jump; with a light,
But never can be blest:	springy, airy step].
Content am I, if Heaven shall give	The third cam up, hap-step-an'-loup, As light as ony lambie, The Holy Fair. 3.
But happiness to thee: S. It is na, Jean, †	Harangue.
To crown your happiness he asks your leave, Prologue, at Th., D	Now R[obinson] harangue nae mair,
in life where-ever plac'd, Hath happiness in store,	But steek your gab for ever; The Ordination. 9.
The 1st Psalm.	Harangues.
Happiness is but a name, . Wr. in Hermitage at F	An' with rhetoric clause on clause To mak harangues; The Author's Cry and Prayer. 12.
Happing [hopping].	[Smith] opens out his cauld harangues,
Ilk happing bird, wee, helpless thing! A Winter Night. 4.	On practice and on morals; The Holy Fair. 14.
Happy.	Harass'd.
O that happy hour, and shady bow'r, S. As I gaed up by †	Then sore harass'd, and tir'd at last,
Happy, thou Indian grove, I'll say, Where now my Nancy's path may be! S. Behold the hour †	S. My father was a farmer †
O happy be the woodbine bower, . S. By Allan stream †	Have a big-belly'd bottle when barassed with care [v.A.28] S. No Churchman am I†
Happy! ye sons of Busy-life, Despondency, an Ode. 2	Sore harassed out, with care and grief, The Lament. 8.
Nae treasures, nor pleasures	Are we sae foughten and harass'd
Could make us happy lang; Ep. to Davie. 5.	For gear to gang that gate at last! . The Twa Dogs. 25.
Wha wadna be happy Wi' Eppie Adair? S. Eppie Adair.	Harbour,
She, the fair sun of all her sex,	Wha waste your weel-hain'd gear on d-d new Brigs and
Has blest my happy, glorious day: S. Farewell, dear mistress †	Harbours! The Brigs of Ayr. 9.
I was the Queen o' bonie France,	Harbour, to.
Where happy I hae been; . Lament of Mary of Scots.	Your thought, if love must harbour there, Conceal it in that thought; S. Talk not of love †
The tunefu' powers, in happy hours,	Can harbour dark the selfish aim, A Winter Night. 8.
Inat whisper inspiration; S. Lovely Davies.	Hard.
Yet happy, happy would I be Had I my dear Montgomerie's Peggy.	More hard unkindness, unrelenting, A Winter Night. 7.
S. Montgomerie's Peggy.	I might as weel hae try'd a quarry
And now come in my happy hours, . S. Now rosy May †	O' hard whin-rock. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 18.
The rustling corn, the fruited thorn,	My worthy friend, ne'er grudge an' carp, Tho' Fortune use you hard an' sharp;
And ev'ry happy creature S. Now westlin winds †	Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 8.
But soon may peace bring happy days, S. O Logan! sweetly †	My hand-waled curse keep hard in chase
An' a' the lang night as happy's a king. S. O merry hae I been † O Phely, happy be that day, S. O Phely,†	The harpy, hoodock, purse-proud race, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 7.
That happy my dreams and my slumbers may be,	Unlike sage proverh'd wisdom's hard wrung boon. Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
S. Out over the Forth	He grippet Nelly hard an' fast; Halloween. 6.
O, happy! happy! enviable man! . Remorse. A Frag	But O the road was very hard, S. O Mally's meek.
There Isabella's spotless worth	Hard is thy heart, Lord Gregory, S. O mirk, mirk †
Shall happy be at last Sad thy tale, †	Brings hard owrehip, wi' sturdy wheel,
The happy tenants share his rounds; Sketch. New-Yr's Day.	The strong forehammer, Scotch Drink. 11.

Wink hard, and say, "The folks hae done their best."	Harm, to. Where suffering no longer can harm thee,
Scots Prologue. Hard upon noble Maggie prest, Tam o' Shanter. 18.	Harmless. On Death of fav. Child.
Or labour hard the panegyric close, The Brigs of Ayr. 1. Nor longer mourn thy fate is hard,	Sweet and harmless as a child; . S. First when Maggy † Puir harmless beast! tak thee nae care,
Thus poorly low! . The Vision. D. II. 2.	On B.'s Horse impound.
The gallant Sir Robert fought hard to the end; The Whistle. 16.	O, bid him save their harmless lives, The Death of Mailie. Some hint the Lover's harmless wile; The Vision. D. II. 9.
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard, And whelm him o'er! To a Mountain-Daisy.	Harmonious.
But Oh! thou bitter step-mother and hard, To R. G. of F., 3.	But [your life] "allegretto forte" gay Harmonious flow . Ep. to Maj. Logan. 5.
Harden. But Och! it hardens a' within,	Harmonious concert rung in every part, The Brigs of Ayr. 12. Hence, sweet, harmonious Beattie sung
And petrifies the feeling! Ep. to Young Friend. 6. Harden'd.	His "Minstrel lays;" The Vision. D. II. 6.
The real, harden'd wicked,	Harmoniously. Harmoniously, As Arts or Arms they understand.
Wha hae nae check but human law, Ep. to Young Friend. 3. A harden'd, stubborn, unrepenting villain, . Tragic Frag	Harmoniously, As Arts or Arms they understand, Their labors ply. The Vision. D. II. 3. Harmony.
Hardest.	Her lovely form, her native ease,
Wad melt the hardest whun-stane! . The Holy Fair, 22. Hardly. It's hardly in a hody's pow'r,	All harmony and grace. S. On a bank of flowers† Like harmony her motion; S. Sae flaxen†
To keep, at times, frae heing sour, Ep. to Davie. 2.	May Freedom, Harmony, and Love Unite you in the grand Design.
Wha scarcely tent us in their way, As hardly worth their while?	The Farewell. To St. J.'s L To Harmony's enchanting notes,
You wha ken hardly verse frae prose, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 10.	As moves the mazy dance, man The Fête Champetre.
Tho' hardly he for sense or lear, Be better than the kye	Harn [coarse linen, cloth made of yarn spun of "hards" or coarse flax].
An' hardly, in a winter season, E'er spier her [my Muse's] price. Scotch Drink. 14.	Her cutty sark, o' Paisley harn, . Tam o' Shanter. 15.
life's poor support, hardly earn'd, . S. The sun he is sunk t	Harp. While o'er the Harp pale Misery moans, A Ded. to G. H., 10.
I doubt it's hardly worth the while, S. There was a lad † Hardship.	And frae his harp sic strains did flow, A Vision. Come, kittle up your moorlan harp
By early Poverty to hardship steel'd, . The Brigs of Ayr.	Wi' gleesome touch! Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 8
To help her Parents dear, if they in hardship he. The Cotter's Sat. Night. 4.	as he touch'd his trembling harp, . Lament for Glencairn. "Awake thy last sad voice, my harp!
Hardy.	Harpy.
Fall in bold manhood's hardy prime! Lament for Glencairn. To hardy independence bravely bred, . The Brigs of Ayr.	The harpy, hoodock, purse-proud race, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 7. Harpy-raven.
thy hardy sons of rustic toil, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 20.	The fell Harpy-raven took wing from the North,
Let Britain boast her hardy oak, . The Tree of Liberty. I own 'twas rash, an' rather hardy, To Rev. J. M'Math.	S. Caledonia. Harrow. The graip he for a harrow taks, . Halloween. 18.
Hare. It pits me ay as mad's a hare; . Ep. to J. R., 13.	desolation's lang-teeth'd harrow, To Terraughty.
When purple morning starts the hare, . S. Now rosy May † Swift as the Gos drives on the wheeling hare;	Harrow, to. Our vera "Sauls does harrow" Wi' fright The Holy Fair. 21.
The Brigs of Ayr. 4. The hares were hirplan down the furrs, . The Holy Fair.	I moil, and I toil, and I harrow and plough, S. The Poor Thresher.
Or shootin of a hare or moorcock, The Twa Dogs. 26.	Harry. Though twisted smooth with Harry's nicest care, Ep. fr. Esopus.
And jinkin hares, in amorous whids, Their loves enjoy, To W. Simpson.	Collected Harry stood awee, . Extem. in Court of Session.
Harebell. Mourn little harebells o'er the lee; El. on Capt. M. H., 5.	My Harry was a gallant gay, S. My Harry was a gallant † I would gie a' Knockhaspie's land,
Mourn little harebells o'er the lee; El. on Capt. M. H., 5. Hare-brain'd.	For Loyal Harry back again
A "hare-brain'd, sentimental trace" The Vision. D. I. 10. Nae hare-brain'd, sentimental traces,	The ungentle harsh rebuke. Rusticity's ungainly † Abusin me for harsh ill nature
In your unletter'd, nameless faces! To J. S., 27.	On holy men, Third Ep. to J. Lap
Hark! But, hark ye, friend, I charge you strictly, Auld comrade dear†	Har'st v. Hairst. Hart. The hart, hind, and roe, freely, wildly-wanton stray:
But hark! I'll tell you of a plot, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 30.	S. Sleep'st thou †
Hark! the mavis' evening sang . S. Hark! the mavis'	The milder sun, and bluer sky That crown my harvest cares wi' joy, S. O Phely †
And hark! what more than mortal sound Of music breathes the pile around? On Lincluden.	Has been.
Hark, injur'd Want recounts th' unlisten'd tale, On Death of R. Dundas.	My lan' afore's a gude auld has been, The Inventory. Hash [a soft, useless fellow; a blockhead].
But hark! a rap comes gently to the door; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 7.	A set o' dull conceited Hashes,
But hark! the tent has chang'd it's voice; The Holy Fair. 14.	Confuse their brains in Colledge-classes! Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 12.
Hark, how the nine-tail'd cat she plays! The Ordination. 11. Harket [hearkened].	Twins monie a poor doylt, druken hash O' half his days; Scotch Drink. 15.
Had I to guid advice but harket, The Vision. D. I. 5.	Hash'd. They hack'd and hash'd while braid swords clash'd, S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
Harlaw. Dire was the hate at old Harlaw, The Dean of Fac Harley. And Harley rouses all the god in man,	Haslock woo [the wool which is the lock of the hals or throat, and therefore the finest].
Prologue, sp. by Woods. Harlots. He founder'd his horse among harlots,	I coft a stane o' haslock woo, S. The cardin o't.
But gied his auld naig to the Lord. The Election Ballads. III.	Has't [has it]. The Farina of beans and pease,
Harm.	He has't in plenty; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 21.
Hunger, Cauld, an' a sic harms May whistle owre the lave o't The Jolly Beggars, S. V.	Nae ferlie 'tis tho' fickle she prove, A woman has't by kind S. She's fair and fause †
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Haste.	O had your tongue now, Luckie Laing,
Mak haste an' turn king David owre, . The Ordination.	O had your tongue and jauner; S. Gat ye me, †
Sae I subscribe mysel in haste, . Third Ep. to J. Lap	To burn their nits, an' pou their stocks,
The hillocks dropt in Nature's careless haste,	An' haud their Halloween Halloween.
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.	Tho' the wee Cot-house should haud me;
Haste, to. I haste with the storm to a far distant shore;	S. My Collier Laddie.
Lament on leaving Nat. Land.	Gude ale hauds me bare and busy, S. O gude ale comes †
Haste, gie her name up i' the chappel, Letter to J. Goudie.	O steer her up and haud her gaun,
Blest stream! she views thee haste to Clyde.	Her mither's at the mill, jo; S. O steer her up t
S. Slow spreads the gloom †	Wad haud the Lothians three in tackets,
	A towmont gude; On Grose's Peregrinations.
Hasten'd. And thousands hasten'd to the charge; S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	I can haud up my head wi' the best o' the breed,
Hastet [hasted].	Ronalds of Bennals.
But just thy step a wee thing hastet, A Guid New-Year † 14.	Haud up thy han' Deil! ance, twice, thrice! Scotch Drink. 20.
Hasting.	Haud tae the Muse, my dainty Davie: Second Ep. to Davie.
	Or haud a yokin at the pleugh, The Ans. to the Guidwife.
Hasting to join the sweeping Nith, A Vision.	Now haud you there! for faith ye've said enough,
Hasty, -ie.	The Brigs of Ayr. 10.
Or foaming, strang, wi' hasty stens,	O haud your tongue, my feirrie auld wife,
Frae lin to lin. El. on Capt. M. H., 4.	O haud your tongue, my feirrie auld wife, O haud your tongue, now Nansie, O: S. The deuks dang o'er.
Should rue this hasty ride, Ep. to Davie. 11.	S. The deuks dang o'er.
The fourth's a Highland Donald hastie, The Inventory.	Wee Davock hauds the nowt in fother. The Inventory.
My fancy yerket up sublime	Haud aff your hands, young man, said she,
Wi' hasty summon: To J. S., 4.	S. The Lass that made the bed.
Hat. But now he has gotten a hat and a feather,	Now haud you there, ye're out o' sight, . To a Louse.
S. Cock up your beaver.	Whilst I—but I shall haud me there To J. S., 29.
The old cock'd hat, the grey surtout, the same;	And if we dinna haud a bouze
Extem. on W. Smellie.	I'se ne'er drink mair To Mr. J. Kennedy.
We'll sew a green ribban round about his hat,	Here awa, there awa, haud awa hame; S. Wandering Willie.
S. Lady Mary Ann.	Hauding [holding].
A ten-shillings hat, a Holland cravat; Ronalds of Bennals.	
Ye are rich, and look big, but lay by hat and wig, And ye'll ha'e a calf's head o' sma' value. The Kirk's Alarm.	Or hauding Sarah by the wame? S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. G.
	Hauf, Ha'f [half].
Hatch. Clos'd under hatches, Add. to the Deil.	In my last plack thy part's be in't,
Hatch, to.	The better ha'f o't Add. to Illegit. Child.
Some spitefu' muirfowl bigs her nest,	A cow and a cauf, a yowe and a hauf, S. Her Daddie forbad†
To hatch an' breed: [v.A.15] Tam Samson's El	He took a hauf and gied it to me, S. My Sandy gied †
Hatch'd.	Just ae hauf muchkin does me prime, There's naethin like †
Auld W[odro]w, lang has hatch'd mischief, The Twa Herds. 13.	I did na suffer ha'f sae much
Hate. He needs not, he heeds not,	Frae Daddie Auld What ails ye now †
Or human love or hate; Despondency, an Ode. 4.	Hauf-mile. Their three-mile prayers, an hauf-mile graces,
To shun a tyrant father's hate, S. How cruel †	To Rev. J. M'Math.
Behold that eye which shot immortal hate, . Liberty.	Haughs flow-lying flat lands such as border a river;
That brethren rouse in deadly hate ! S. O Logan! sweetly t	meadows; valleys].
	And mark'd its [Nith's] bonie holms and haughs,
Hate, envy, of the Douglas bore; On Duke of Queensberry.	As on the banks †
Dire was the hate at old Harlaw, The Dean of Fac	Let husky Wheat the haughs adorn, . Scotch Drink. 3.
Hate, to. Thou know'st, the virtues cannot hate thee worse,	O sweet are Coila's haughs an' woods, . To W. Simpson.
Ep. fr. Esopus.	Haughty. Shall I like a fool, quoth he,
I murder hate by field or flood, Lns on Windows, Gl. Tav	For a haughty hizzie die? . S. Duncan Gray †
Ye surly sumphs who hate the name,	
The Ans. to the Guidwije.	Ur nalignty Unjettain mid the din of arms to be for broken
But vicious folk are hate to see	Or haughty Chieftain, 'mid the din of arms, Ep. fr. Esopus.
But vicious folk aye hate to see	Alas! how aft, in haughty mood,
But vicious folk aye hate to see The works o' Virtue thrive, man; The Tree of Liberty.	Alas! how aft, in haughty mood, God's creatures they oppress! Ep. to Davie. 6.
But vicious folk aye hate to see The works o' Virtue thrive, man; The Tree of Liberty. Ye hate as ill's the vera de'il.	Alas! how aft, in haughty mood, God's creatures they oppress! Ep. to Davie. 6. A haughty lordling's pride; . Man was made to Mourn. 3.
But vicious folk aye hate to see The works o' Virtue thrive, man; Ye hate as ill's the vera de'il, The flinty heart that canna feel To Mr. J. Kennedy.	Alas! how aft, in haughty mood, God's creatures they oppress! Ep. to Davie. 6. A haughty lordling's pride;
But vicious folk aye hate to see The works o' Virtue thrive, man; The Tree of Liberty. Ye hate as ill's the vera de'il, The finity heart that canna feel While Highlandmen hate tolls an' taxes; To W. Simpson.	Alas! how aft, in haughty mood, God's creatures they oppress! Ep. to Davie. 6. A haughty lordling's pride: Man was made to Mourn. 3. Does haughty Gaul invasion threat? S. Does haughty Gaul† Haun' v. Han'.
But vicious folk aye hate to see The works o' Virtue thrive, man; The Tree of Liberty. Ye hate as ill's the vera de'il, The flinty heart that canna feel While Highlandmen hate tolls an' taxes; To W. Simpson. Hated. To bear this hated doom severe?	Alas! how aft, in haughty mood, God's creatures they oppress! Ep. to Davie. 6. A haughty lordling's pride; . Man was made to Mourn. 3. Does haughty Gaul invasion threat? S. Does haughty Gaul† Haun'v. Han'. Hauns [workmen, persons].
But vicious folk aye hate to see The works o' Virtue thrive, man; Ye hate as ill's the vera de'il, The flinty heart that canna feel While Highlandmen hate tolls an' taxes; To W. Simpson. Hated. To bear this hated doom severe? Improm., on Mrs. —'s Birthday.	Alas! how aft, in haughty mood, God's creatures they oppress! Ep. to Davie. 6. A haughty lordling's pride; . Man was made to Mourn. 3. Does haughty Gaul invasion threat? S. Does haughty Gaul† Haun' v. Han'. Hauns [workmen, persons]. Sic hauns as you sud ne'er be faikit, Second Ep. to Davie.
But vicious folk aye hate to see The works o' Virtue thrive, man; The Tree of Liberty. Ye hate as ill's the vera de'il. The flinty heart that canna feel . To Mr. J. Kennedy. While Highlandmen hate tolls an' taxes; To W. Simpson. Hated. To bear this hated doom severe? Improm., on Mrs. —'s Birthday. I said, there was naething I hated like men,	Alas! how aft, in haughty mood, God's creatures they oppress! Ep. to Davie. 6. A haughty lordling's pride; . Man was made to Mourn. 3. Does haughty Gaul invasion threat? S. Does haughty Gaul† Haun'v. Han'. Hauns [workmen, persons].
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But vicious folk aye hate to see The works o' Virtue thrive, man; Ye hate as ill's the vera de'il, The flinty heart that canna feel While Highlandmen hate tolls an' taxes; To W. Simpson. Hated. To bear this hated doom severe? Improm., on Mrs.—'s Birthday. I said, there was naething I hated like men, S. Last May a braw wooer t Besides, he hated bleeding: The Election Ballads. VI. He hated nought but—to be sad, The Jolly Beggars. R. VII. No claws to dig, his hated sight to shun; To R. G. of F., 3. Hath. But he the helpless, needless wretch, Shall lose the mite he hath. Exten. on Commens. of Thomson. Hatred. From envy and hatred your corps is exempt; Ye true "Loyal Nats." Haud, Ha'd, Had [to hold, to keep]. And haud their noses to the grunstane; A Ded. to G. H., 8. They snool me sair, and haud me down, S. And O for one and twenty t Till by an' by, if I haud on, I'll grunt a real Gospel groan: Auld comrade t But I'm as blythe that hauds his pleugh, S. Behind yon hillst 'The weans haud out their fingers laughin, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 14. The fear o' Hell's a hangman's whip, To haud the wretch in order; Ep. to Young Friend. 8. Satan, gie him thy gear to keep,	Alas! how aft, in haughty mood, God's creatures they oppress! Ep. to Davie. 6. A haughty lordling's pride;

The Woodcock haunts the lonely dells; S. Now westlin winds †	Hawthorn. The hawthorn's budding in the glen, Lament of Mary of Scots.
Ilk ghaist that haunts auld ha' or chamer, On Grose's Peregrinations.	Within yon milk-white hawthorn bush, Amang her nestlings sits the thrush; S. O Logan! sweetly †
In spite o' a' the thievish kaes That haunt St. Jamie's 1 The Author's Cry and Prayer. 24.	O were my love yon vi'let sweet,
Haunted.	That peeps frae 'neath the hawthorn spray; S. O were my love t
By Girvan's fairy haunted stream, S. Now bank and bract	Or trots by hazelly shaws and braes Wi' hawthorns gray, Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
By some auld, houlet-haunted, biggin, On Grose's Peregrinations.	Where spreading hawthorns gaily bloom! S. The Banks of Nith.
Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk, By Alloway's auld haunted kirk	The scented birk and hawthorn white,
Or haunted Garpal draws his feeble source,	The hawthorn I will pu', wi' its locks o' siller grey, S. The Posie.
The Brigs of Ayr. 7. Haurl [to trail, to drag with force].	S. The Posie. Tho' large the forest's Monarch throws His army shade,
The meikle devil wi' a woodie Haurl thee [death] hame to his black smiddie,	Yet green the juicy Hawthorn grows, Adown the glade. The Vision. D. II. 20.
El. on Capt. M. H.	The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar, Twin'd amorous round the raptur'd scene:
An' haurls at his curpan:	To Mary in Heaven.
Till skin in blypes cam haurlin	Sweet as you hawthorn's blossom, . S. When wild War's † How rich the hawthorn's blossom;
Aff's nieves that night Halloween. 23. Hause [to put the arms round the hals or neck, to	S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †
embrace].	In simmer when the hay was mawn, S. In simmer when t
And some will hause in ithers arms, S. John, come kiss. Hauver-meal [oatmeal].	When roving through the gather'd hay, S. O Phely, happy †
O whare did ye get that hauver-meal bannock?	Then, crown'd with flow'ry hay, came Rural Joy, The Brigs of Ayr. 13.
S. O whare did ye get † Have. No other plea I have, A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.	The craik amang the clover hay, S. The Contented Cottager. Wi' taets o' hay an' ripps o' corn. The Death of Mailie.
(Nature may have her whim as well as we,	Hug our doxies on the hay. The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII.
Ep. to R. Graham. 3. And shelter, shade, nor home have I,	She's sweet as the ev'ning amang the new hay; S. There's auld Rob M. †
Save in those arms of thine, Love. S. Forlorn, my love t	Hazard. The hazard of concealing; Ep. to Young Friend. b.
He'll have them by fair trade, if not, he will smuggle; Fragment, inscr. to Fox.	Hazel, Hazle. Nae whip nor spur, but just a wattle
"L-d G-d!" quoth he, "I have it now, Lns add. to J. Ranken.	O' saugh or hazle. A Guid New-Year † 10.
Who wilt not be, nor have a slave; . Poet. Inscription.	While o'er their [the birdies'] heads the hazels hing, S. Bonie Lassie, will ye go †
Yet that winna save ye, auld Satan must have ye, The Kirk's Alarm. 4.	And see the waves sae sweetly glide Beneath the hazels spreading wide, . S. Ca' the Ewes.
The weary night o' care and grief May have a joyful morrow; . S. The noble Maxwells †	Whyles cooket underneath the braes,
No comfort, no comfort I have! . S. The sun he is sunk t	Below the spreading hazle Unseen . Halloween. 25. Through the hazel's spreading wide O'er the waves,
"Come—one bottle more—and have at the sublime! The Whistle. 17.	S. Hark the mavis† The hazel bush o'erhangs the Thrush, S. Now westlin winds†
'But gie me your wife, man, for her I must have, S. There liv'd ance a carle \(\)	In twining hazel bowers, His lay the linnet pours;
As lieve then I'd have then,	S. Sleepst thou, or wak'st † Last, white-rob'd Peace, crown'd with a hazle wreath,
Your clerkship he should sair, . To Gav. Hamilton. Though I maun never have her, . S. When first I saw †	The Brigs of Ayr. 13. The lintwhites in the hazel braes, S. The Contented Cottager.
Haveril, Hav'rel [one who habitually talks in a silly,	Hazeliy, Haziy.
rambling manner; half-witted]. There's Jockie and the haveril Jenny, Adam A—'s Prayer.	The stream adown its hazelly path, A Vision.
Poor hav'rel Will fell aff the drift, Halloween.	Ye hazly shaws and briery dens; El. on Capt. M. H., 4. Ortrots by hazelly shaws and braes, Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
Haven. Calm sheltered haven of eternal rest! To R. G. of F., 7. Having. Life is not worth having with all it can give,	He. For I'm as free as any he, . S. Here's to thy health t
S. The lazy mist †	Head v. Heed.
Havins [good manners, good sense]. Wha think that havins, sense an' grace,	When by such heads and hearts directed: Add. of Beelzebub.
Ev'n love an' friendship should give place To catch-the-plack Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 20.	drooping rich the dewy head, S. A Rose-bud by the By Tweed erects his [Autumn's] aged head,
To pit some havins in his breast! . The Death of Mailie.	Add. to Shade of Thomson.
Ye may ha'e some pretence to havins and sense, Wi' people wha' ken ye nae better The Kirk's Alarm.	And send us from thy bounteous store A tup or wether head! At Globe Tav., D.
Haw. Ne'er claw your lug, an' fidge your back, An' hum an' haw, The Author's Cry and Prayer.	Gude help the day when royal heads Are hunted like a maukin S. Awa, whigs, awa.
Hawk. For [her e'e] it's jet, jet black, an' it's like a hawk,	While o'er their heads the hazels hing, S. Bonie Lassie, will ye got
S. Again rejoicing Nature † The rav'ning hawk pursuing,	Her head upon my throbbing breast, S. By Allan stream †
The trembling dove thus flies, S. How cruel † But hounds or hawks wi' him are nane;	I heard a man sing tho' his head it was grey; S. By yon castle wa t
S. My Lord a-hunting †	'Ay, ay,' quo' he, an' shook his head, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 12.
I mark'd the cruel hawk Caught in a snare; S. Phillis the Fair.	'Gat tippence-worth to mend her [his wife's] head, Ib. 26.
But hawks will rob the tender joys That bless the little lintwhite's nest; S. There was a lass †	Maggie coost her head fu' heigh, . S. Duncan Gray, † At dawn, when every grassy blade
Hawkie [a cow with a white face, a cow].	Droops with a diamond at his head, El. on Capt. M. H., b.
An' dawtet, twal-pint Hawkie's gane As yell's the Bill Add. to the Deil. 10.	while each corny spear Shoots up its head, Ib. 12. The Spanish Empire's tint a head, El. on Year 1788.
The soupe their only Hawkie does afford, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11.	Thy fool's head, quoth Satan, that crown shall wear never, Epig. on —
The Coller's Gall Iright. II.	Epig. on

But build a castle on his head, Epig. on noted Coxcomb.	His twisted head look'd backward on his way, The Vowels.
Who owns a Bushby's heart without the head; Ep.fr. Esopus.	May ye ne'er want a stoup o' bran'y To clear your head. Third Ep. to J. Lap
But Davie lad, ne'er fash your head, Tho' we hae little gear, Ep. to Davie. 2.	An' legs, an' arms, an' heads will sned,
And nought but peat reek i' my head, Ep. to H. Parker.	Like taps o' thrissle To a Haggis.
That trouth, my head is grown right dizzie, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 3.	O Jenny, dinna toss your head, To a Louse. Thou lifts thy unassuming head
Few heads with knowledge so inform'd: Epit. on a Friend.	In humble guise; . To a Mountain-Daisy.
A head for thought profound and clear, unmatch'd;	The thick ning, and black ning,
Till Revenge, wi' laurelled head	Round my devoted head
Bring our Banish'd hame again; S. Frae the friends †	To cowe the blellums? To Rev. J. M'Math.
On his head a bonnet blue, S. Highland Laddie.	Yet when a tale comes i' my head, . To W. Simpson.
Thy strong right hand, L—d make it bare, Upo' their heads, Holy Willie's Prayer. 13.	Now let us lay our heads thegither, In love fraternal: . Ib. It ne'er cam i' their heads to doubt it, Ib. P.S.
While he wi' hingin' lips and snakin'.	Yet such a head, and more the heart,
Held up his head	Wr. on Leaf of "H. More."
Jenny M'Craw †	Head, to. Some Washington again may head them, Add. of Beelzebub.
Put clods upon his head, John Barleycorn.	Yet let my Country need me, with Elliot to head me,
His head weel arm'd wi' pointed spears,	The Jolly Beggars. S. I.
His bending joints and drooping head Ib. The monarch may forget the crown	Headlong. Or thro' the mining outlet bocked, Down headlong hurl. A Winter Night. 2.
That on his head an hour has been: Lament for Glencairn.	'Gainst headlong, ruthless, mad Rebellion's arms.
And a green grassy hillock hides his head; Lns while on Deathbed.	With headlong speed rush'd to the charge,
The sons of Belial in the Land	The Election Ballads. VI.
Did set their heads together; [re.] . New Psalmody. A green turf on your head, gude man, S. O gin ye were dead.	As headlong foam a hundred floods;
Sae may it on your heads return! S. O Logan! sweetly †	Reason drops headlong from his sacred throne, To Clarinda. Those headlong, furious passions to confine; Why am I loth †
If he but want the miser's dirt,	The incessant roar of headlong tumbling floods
Ye'll cast your head anither airt, S. O Tibbie!†	Wr. in Kenmore Inn.
And shoots its head above each bush; S. On Cessnock banks † The sheltering rushes whistling o'er thy head,	Heal v. Hale. Heal, to. Longing to wipe each tear, to heal each groan,
On seeing wounded Hare.	Ep. to R. Graham, 3.
Though cauld be the clay, where thou pillow'st thy head, On Death of fav. Child.	My coggie is a haly pool, That heals the wounds o' care and dool; S. Gane is the day †
I send you a trifle, a head of a bard, Poet. Add. to Tytler.	Who heals life's various stounds, On Birth of Posth. Child.
I can haud up my head wi' the best o' the breed,	And heal her cruel wounds
Ronalds of Bennals.	And nocht can heal my bosom's smart, . S. Sae far awa.
Thou clears the head o' doited Lear; . Scotch Drink. 6. Wi' Gentles thou erects thy head;	Dread Omnipotence, alone, Can heal the wound He gave; Sad thy tale, †
The Brethren o' the mystic level	Tho' despair had wrung its core,
May hing their head in wofu' bevel, . Tam Samson's El	That would heal its anguish S. Thine am I†
Yon auld gray stane, amang the heather, Marks out his head,	Healing. Peerest to meditate the healing leap: Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
Wi' virls an' whirlygigums at the head. 'The Brigs of Ayr. 4.	Healsome v. Halesome.
His hoary head with water-lilies crown'd, 1b. 13.	Health.
The like has been that you may wear A noble head of horns	May Health and Peace, with mutual rays,
Wi' justice they may mark your head-	Shine on the evining o' his days; A Ded. to G. H., 14. Long life, my Lord, and health be yours, Add. of Beelzebub.
'Here lies a famous Bullock!'	Now health forsakes that angel face, Fragment.
How He, who bore in heaven the second name, Had not on Earth whereon to lay His head:	But by that health, I've got a share o't,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 15.	Friend of the poet, † P.S. Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear, S. Here's a health to ane †
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 15. This said, poor Mailie turn'd her head, An' clos'd her een amang the dead! The Death of Mailie. She's gotten the heart of a Bushly.	Here's a health to them that's awa,
	S. Here's a health to them †
But, what has become o' the head? The Election Ballads. III.	Here's a health to Charlie the chief o' the clan,
Here's the stuff and lining, O' Cardoness' head; . Ib. IV. Before the mountains heav'd their heads	Here's to thy health, my bonie lass, S. Here's to thy health †
The 1st 6 V.s of ooth Ps	T111 . 1 1.1
Where's he for honest poverty, That hangs his head, and a' that? S. The Honest Man.	Here's Kenmure's health in wine; S. O Kenmure's on and awa†
I'll lay on your head, that the pack ye'll soon lead,	While healths gae round to him wha, tight,
The Kirk's Alarm. Ye are rich, and look big, but lay by hat and wig,	Gies famous sport. [v.A.25] . Scotch Drink. 12.
And ye'll ha'e a calf's head o' sma' value	An' drink his health in auld Nanse Tinnock's The Author's Cry and Prayer.
But I call'd her quickly back again, To lay some mair beneath my head.	Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content!
A cod she laid beneath my head,	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 20.
A cod she laid beneath my head. S. The Lass that made the bed. And cowe her measure shorter	An' made the bottle clunk To their health that night. The Jolly Beggars. R. VII.
By th' head some day The Ordination. 13.	To gie the sweetest blush o' health, The Tree of Liberty.
A gude blue bannet on his head, . S. The Ploughman t	An' when they meet wi' sair disasters, Like loss o' health or want o' masters, The Twa Dogs. 11.
The tender flower that lifts its head, elate, The Rights of Woman.	Like loss o' health or want o' masters, The Twa Dogs. 11. We drank a health to bonie Mary. S. T. Menz.'s bonie Mary.
Cut aff his head and a', man The Tree of Liberty.	Guid health, hale han's, an' weather bonie;
My auld grey head had lien in clay	Third Ep. to J. Lap Health to the Maxwells' vet'ran Chief!
Wi' Bruce and loyal Wallace! S. The Union.	Health, ay unsour'd by care or grief: . To Terraughty.
An ancient Borough rear'd her head; The Vision. D. I. 15. And bound the Holly round my head: Ib., D. II. 23.	But, should my Author health again dispense, Again I might desert fair Virtue's way; Why am I loth †
	Again I might desert fair Virtue's way; Why am I loth †

Heap. And o'er this grassy heap sing dool, A Bard's Epit.	Been there to hear this heavenly band engage,
I gied thy cog a wee-bit heap	The Brigs of Ayr. 12.
Aboon the timmer; A Guid New-Year, † 13.	To hear you roar and rowte,
Chill, o'er his slumbers, piles the drifty heap!	Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears.
sunk enerv'd 'Mang heaps o' clavers; A Winter Night. 9.	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5.
Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	Weel-pleas'd the Mother hears, it's nae wild, worthless Rake.
Twa drifted heaps sae fair to see,	<i>Ib.</i> 7.
S. The Lass that made the bed.	May hear, well pleased, the language of the soul; 1b. 17.
That wee-bit heap o' leaves an' stibble, To a Mouse.	My dying words attentive hear, . The Death of Mailie.
Heaped, -et.	For your poor friend, the Bard afar,
A heapet Stimpart, I'll reserve ane	He only hears and sees the war, The Election Ballads. VI.
Laid by for you A Gude New-Year, † 17.	Chill runs my blood to hear it rave, S. The gloomy night †
The heaped happer's ebbing still,	Hear how he clears the points o' Faith The Holy Fair. 13.
And still the clap plays clatter , Add. to Unco Guid.	The half asleep start up wi' fear,
Weel heaped up wi' ha'pence, The Holy Fair. &	An' think they hear it roaran,
Hear.	I beg you'll hear Your humble slave complain,
But I'se repeat each poor man's pray'r,	The Petition of Br. Water.
That kens or hears about you, Sir . A Ded. to G. H., 13.	For why,—methinks I hear her voice
	Tearing the clouds asunder S. The Joyful Widower.
Might rous'd the slumb'ring dead to hear; A Vision.	And does she heedless hear my groan? The Lament.
Delighted me to hear thee sing, A Winter Night. 4.	Hear, how he gies the tither yell, The Ordination. 12.
But hear, my Lord! G[lengarry] hear! Add. of Beelzebub. 4.	Whene'er I hear my father's foot,
'Twill please me mair to hear an' see't,	My heart wad burst wi' pain; The Ruined Maid's Lament.
Than stocket mailins. Add. to Illegit. Child.	
Hear me, auld Hangie, for a wee, Add. to the Deil. 2.	Nor hears how the whirlwinds sweep; S. The sun he is sunk t
To skelp an' scaud poor dogs like me,	While they maun stan', wi' aspect humble, An' hear it a', an' fear an' tremble! The Twa Dogs. 13.
An' hear us squeel! Ib.	
Hear me, ye venerable Core, Add. to Unco Guid. 2.	But hear their absent thoughts o' ither,
since it may na be, That thou of love wilt hear;	Hae ye a leisure-moment's time To hear what's comin?
S. Ah. Chloris. †	To J. S., 4.
Hear me, Powers divine! Oh, in pity hear me!	And hear him curse the light he first surveyed, To R. G. of F., I.
And do I hear my Jeannie own,	O! hear my ardent, grateful, selfish prayer! Ib. 9.
That equal transports move her? S. Come, let me take thee †	O! hear a wretch's pray'r!
	Sae loud and shill's I hear the blast, S. Up in the morning.
G	Your porter dought na hear us; V.s, on Window, Carron.
Sweet the tinkling rill to hear! Delia. An Ode.	Your doctrines I maun blame, You shall hear. S. Ye Jacobites †
Thou Being, All-seeing,	To hear the moon sae sadly lie'd on
O hear my fervent pray'r! Ep. to Davie. 9.	By word an' write. To W. Simpson. P.S.
I hear a wheel thrum i' the neuk, I hear it—for in vain I leuk	Heard.
It pat me fidgean-fain to hear't, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 5.	Wha never heard of Orth-d-xy A Ded. to G. H. 6.
A pint an' gill I'd gie them baith,	I heard nae mair, A Winter Night. 10.
To hear your crack	I've heard my rev'rend Graunie say, Add. to the Deil. 5.
I dinna like to see your face,	Aft 'yont the dyke she's heard you bumman, Ib. 6.
Nor hear your crack	I heard a man sing tho' his head it was grey;
But hear me, Sir, deil as ye are, . Epit. on Holy Willie.	S. By yon castle wa't
But, oh! Eliza, hear one prayer,	O, rivers, forests, hills, and plains!
For pity's sake forgive me! S. Farewell, thou stream †	Oft have ye heard my canty strains: El. on Capt. M. H., 11.
Till presently he hears a squeak,	I've scarce heard ought describ'd sae weel,
An' young an' auld come rinnan out,	Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 4.
An' hear the sad narration:	But ha'd your nine-tail cat a wee, Till ance you've heard my story. Epit. on Holy Willie.
It is Maria's voice I hear: S. Here is the glen, †	
L-d, hear my earnest cry an' pray'r, Holy Willie's Prayer. 13.	The music of thy voice I heard, Nor wist while it enslav'd me; S. Farewell, thou stream †
Nor hear their pray'r;	Ye've heard this while how I've been licket,
As I hear sindry say, O; Katharine Jaffray.	Friend of the Poet
Young man, do you hear that! S. Lass, when yr mither t	There's nane ever fear'd that the truth should be heard,
Hear it not, Wallace, in thy bed of death! Liberty.	But they wham the truth wad indite.
	S. Here's a health to them †
	A' this and mair I never heard of; Kind Sir, I've read †
Now hear our pray'r, accept our song, . New Psalmody.	I heard a young Ploughman sae sweetly to sing :
As songsters of the early year Are ilka day mair sweet to hear, S. O Phely	S. Lns on a Ploughman.
	The shouts o' war are heard afar, S. My bonie Mary.
I know Thou wilt me hear; O Thou dread Pow'r	I sat, but neither heard nor saw: S. O Mary, at the windowt
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,	And heard thee as the careless wind?
I hear her charm the air S. Of a' the airts†	S. O stay, sweet warbling †
Suspend their dashing oars to hear On Lincluden.	If thou hast heard her talking, S. O wat ye wha that loes t
And future ages hear his growing fame.	Who trembling heard my parting sigh,
On Death of Sir J. Blair.	S. Slow spreads the gloom †
Hear, Land o' Cakes, and brither Scots,	The thund'ring guns are heard on ev'ry side,
On Grose's Peregrinations.	The Brigs of Ayr. 2.
And hear my vows o' truth and love, S. Sae flaxen†	The clanging sugh of whistling wings is heard; Ib. 4.
Not only hear—but patronise—defend them, Scots Prologue.	But all the soul of Music's self was heard;
Hear the woodlark charm the forest, . S. Sensibility †	
Oh! stream whose murmurs still I hear!	And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounc'd by Heaven's command The Cotter's Sat. Night. 15.
S. Slow spreads the gloom †	When Love and Becuty heard the name
I hear the wild birds singing; . S. Sweet fa's the eve t	When Love and Beauty heard the news, The Fête Champetre.
An' no get warmly to your feet,	They heard the blackbird's sang man.
An' gar them hear it,	They heard the blackbird's sang, man;
The Author's Cry and Prayer.	That e'er I heard your flattering tongue, The Ruined Maid's Lament.
My heart for fear gae sough for sough,	
	the state of the s
To hear the thuds, and see the cluds S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	Heard ye o' the tree o' France, . The Tree of Liberty. His voice was heard thro' muir and dale, The Twa Herds. 7.

And heard the restless rattons squeak About the riggin The Vision. D. I. 3.	Who owns a Bushby's heart without the head; Ep. fr. Esopus.
We heard nought but the roaring linn, S. What will I do gin †	A man may hae an honest heart
There ruminate with sober thought;	Tho' Poortith hourly stare him; Ep. to Young Friend. 4.
On all thou'st seen, and heard, and wrought; Wr. in Friars-Carse H	Your heart can ne'er be wanting!
When ne'er a body heard or saw S. Young Jockey †	Intended fraud or guile, Ep. to Davie. 3.
Heard'st. Heard'st thou that groan—proceed no further,	With honest joy, our hearts will bound,
Epig. on E.'s "Martial."	To see the coming year:
Hearing, -in'. An' [by] every star within my hearin'! Ep. to Maj. Logan. 11.	The heart ay's the part ay, That makes us right or wrang
If she had recover'd her hearing; S. Last May a braw wooer†	But tent me, Davie, Ace o' Hearts! 16. 8.
Excisemen? give the cause a hearing:	There's a' the Pleasures o' the Heart, The Lover and the Frien':
Lns on Window, K.'s Arms.	The Lover and the Frien':
Hearing the tidings of the fatal blow. On Death of R. Dundas.	My Muse, tho' hamely in attire,
Hearkening.	May touch the heart. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 13.
(It soothes poor Misery, hearkening to her tale),	Syne we'll sit down an' tak our whitter, To chear our heart; Ib. 19.
To R. G. of F.,	Whose hearts the tide of kindness warms, Ib. 21.
Hear'st. But hear'st thou, laddie, there's my loof, I'm thine at ane and twenty.	bauld L[aprai]k, the king o' hearts, . Ib., Ap. 21st. 5.
S. And O for ane and twenty †	Tho' faith, sma' heart hae I to sing! Ep. to J. R., 6.
Thou hear'st the winter wind and weet, S. O Lassie, art thou †	Hale be your heart! Hale be your fiddle!
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?	Ep. to Maj. Logan. 3. Wha count on poortith as disgrace—
Heart. To Mary in Heaven.	Their tuneless hearts! 16.7.
May ne'er his gen'rous, honest heart,	Their hearts no selfish stern absorbent stuff,
For that same gen'rous spirit smart! A Ded. to G. H., 14.	Ep. to R. Graham. 5. A warmer heart Death ne'er made cold. Epit. for R. A.
Then Clubs an' Hearts were Charlie's cartes, A Fragment. 7.	The pitying Heart that felt for human Woe;
The blood-stain'd roost, and sheepcote spoil'd, My heart forgets, A Winter Night. 5.	The dauntless heart that fear'd no human Pride;
The heart benevolent and kind	Epit. for Author's Father. Few hearts like his, with virtue warm'd, Epit. on a Friend.
The most resembles God	His social, friendly, honest heart Epit. on Tam the Chapman.
Till God knows what may be effected, When by such heads and hearts directed: Add. of Beelzebub.	"An' his heart is rank poison," Epit. on Walter S.
As dear an' near my heart I set thee Add. to Illegit. Child.	Thou's broken the heart o' thy ain Jock Rab.
Wild beats my heart, to trace your steps,	S. Eppie M'Nab. His heart was warm, benevolent, and good.
Add. to Edinburgh. 7.	Extem. on W. Smellie.
Who made the heart, 'tis He alone Decidedly can try us, Add. to Unco Guid. 8.	But, a fly for your load, you'll break down on the road, If your stuff be as rotten's her heart. Extem. pinned to Coach.
I'll hide the struggle in my heart, S. Ah, Chloris,†	No love but thine my heart shall know. S. Fairest maid†
Your hearts she will trepan. S. A. Masterton's bonie Anne.	It burns my heart I must depart
But he wan my heart's consent, . S. As I came o'er †	And not avenged be S. Farewell, ye dungeons †
The music of her pretty foot, On my heart it did play so, S. As I gaed up†	Fate gave the word, the arrow sped, And pierc'd my darling's heart: . S. Fate gave the word †
My heart it shall never be broken for ane.	And [ye maggots] fix your claws in Nicol's heart,
S. As I was a-wand ring t	For deil a bite o't's rotten
Had I no got greeting, my heart wou'd hae broken, . Ib. To grant a heart is fairly civil, Auld comrade †	I'd bear't in mind Friend of the poet †
Her face is fair, her heart is true, S. Behind you hills †	They [boundless oceans] never, never can divide
But are their hearts as light as ours	My heart and soul from thee. S. From thee, Eliza, † But the latest throb that leaves my heart,
Beneath the milkwhite thorn? . S. Behold, my love,†	An' tho' at last they catch them [riches] fast,
The courtier tells a finer tale, But is his heart as true?	Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.
Thou goest, thou darling of my heart: . S. Behold the hourt	S. Green grow the Rashes. Hearts leal, an' warm, an' kin':
And my heart it stounds wi' anguish,	Gar lasses hearts gang startin
Lest my wee thing be na mine S. Bonie wee thing † But can they melt the glowing heart, S. By Allan stream †	An' Jean had e'en a sair heart
It brake the sweet heart of my faithfu' auld dame,	To see't that night
Well thou know'st my aching heart,	Nell's heart was dancin at the view;
S. Canst thou leave me thus	And whilst that honour warms my heart,
Is this thy faithful swain's reward,	I'll love my handsome Nell S. Handsome Nell.
An aching broken heart, my Katy?	A gaudy dress and gentle air May slightly touch the heart,
That fickle heart of thine, my Katy! Ib.	Thou hast stown my very heart, . S. Hark! the mavis†
They who but feign a wounded heart,	His royal heart was firm and true, S. Highland Laddie.
May teach the lyre to languish; S. Could aught of song †	Frae G-d's ain priests the people's hearts
But pleasure they [flowers, birds] hae nane for me While care my heart is wringing S. Craigie-burn Wood.	He steals awa'. Holy Willie's Prayer, 11.
My heart wad burst wi' anguish	My very heart an' saul are quakin',
The wild-birds sang, the echoes rang, While Damon's heart beat time, S. Damon and Sylvia.	Still my heart is with my love;
'They hae pierc'd mony a gallant heart;	And oh, her widow'd heart is sair, S. How lang and dreary t
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 15.	
	My poor heart then break it must, S. Husband, husband †
'Fient haet o't wad hae pierc'd the heart	My poor heart then break it must, S. Husband, husband† Had I na found the slightest prayer
'Fient haet o't wad hae pierc'd the heart Of a kail-runt Ib. 17. There moulders here a gallant heart; El. on Capt. M. H., Epit.	My poor heart then break it must, S. Husband, husband †
'Fient haet o't wad hae pierc'd the heart	My poor heart then break it must, S. Husband, husband† Had I na found the slightest prayer That lips could speak thy heart could muve. S. I do confess†

My head and my heart, now quo' she, are at rest, S. Jenny M'Craw †	Low lies the heart that swell'd with honest pride!
For whare'er he distant roves,	On Death of Sir J. Blair. His honest heart enamours, On W. Chalmers.
Jockey's heart is still at hame. S. Jockey's ta'en the parting† And they hae taen his very heart's blood, John Barleycorn.	The feeling heart's the royal blue,
'Twill make the widow's heart to sing, 1b.	Ah! now sma' heart hae I to speel The steep Parnassus, Poem on Life.
Or turn their hearts to thee: . Lament of Mary of Scots.	A name, which to love was the mark of a true heart,
What woes wring my heart Lament, on leaving Nat. Land. What heart that feels and will not yield a tear,	Poet. Add. to W. Tytler. May he who wins thy matchless charms
The tearful tribute of a broken heart.	Possess a leal and true heart; S. Polly Stewart. His heart will never get aboon! . Poor Mailie's El
Lns sent Sir J. Whiteford.	That can inform the mind, or mend the heart,
Sae droops our heart when we maun part S. Lovely Davies. But never, never can come near the heart.	Prologue, sp. by Woods.
S. Mark yonder Pomp †	Witness my heart, how oft with panting fear, As on this night, I've met these judges here!
O then the heart alarming,	while his heart Feels all the bitter horrors of his crime, Remorse. A Frag
No man was worth regarding, O. S. My father was a farmer †	But when the heart is nobly warm, The good excuse will find Rusticity's ungainly †
Kind Fortune ease a breaking heart, S. My Harry was a gallant †	But fairer never touch'd a heart
My heart was ance as blythe and free	Than her's, the Fair sae far awa . S. Sae far awa. So Isabella's heart was form'd,
As simmer days were lang, . S. My heart was ance †	And so that heart was wrung Sad thy tale,†
He took my heart as wi' a net,	Bowers adien! where love decoying, First enthrall'd this heart S. Scenes of weet
My heart it gae a stoun	But when thou pours thy strong heart's blood, There thou shines chief. Scotch Drink. 4.
My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here, My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;	Thou chears the heart o' drooping Care; 1b. 6.
S. My heart's in the Highlands † My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go Ib.	These muvin' things ca'd wives and weans Wad muve the very hearts o' stanes! . Searching auld \tau
And next my heart I'll wear her, S. My Love's a winsome †	Wad muve the very hearts o' stanes! . Searching auld † Hale be your heart, hale be your fiddle; Second Ep. to Davie.
With the hand and heart of my wee thing,	Scenes so abhorrent to my heart! . Sent to a Gent. offended.
No more at my fate I'll repine	She's broken her vow, she's broken my heart, S. She's fair and fause t
I gied my heart in pledge o' his ring S. My Sandy gied †	When through my very heart Her beaming glories dart: S. Sleep'st thou, or wak'st
Gude ale keeps my heart aboon. [re.] S. O gude ale comes †	with heart unchang'd as mine, S. Slow spreads the gloom t
There's no a heart that fears a Whig, That rides by Kenmure's hand.	And fly to meet a kinder heart! 1b.
S. O Kenmure's on and awa † Their hearts and swords are metal true, Ib.	My heart is sair, I darena tell, My heart is sair for Somebody; S. Somebody.
The cauldness of thy heart's the cause	Sits meek content with light unanxious heart,
	Sonnet, wr. on Birthday. Take a heart which he designs thee; . S. Sweetest May †
[Beware] A heart that warmly seems to feel; That feeling heart but acts a part, O leave novels †	But Friendship's pure and lasting joys
As ye [men o' state] make mony a fond heart mourn, S. O Logan! sweetly †	My heart was form'd to prove: . S. Talk not of Love † My heart is a-breaking, dear titty, . S. Tam Glen.
How can your flinty hearts enjoy The widow's tears, the orphan's cry!	My heart to my mou' gied a sten; Ib.
Or canst thou break that heart of his,	When at his heart he felt the dagger, He reel'd his wonted bottle-swagger, Tam Samson's El., 11.
Whose only fault is loving thee? S. O Mary, at thy window †	Three priests' hearts, rotten, black as muck, Lay stinking, vile, in every neuk. [v.A.16] Tam o' Shanter.
And my fond heart, itsel sae true, It ne'er mistrusted thine S. O mirk, mirk †	Your Honor's hearts wi' grief 'twad pierce,
Hard is thy heart, Lord Gregory,	The Author's Cry and Prayer.
For she, as fairest is her form, She has the truest, kindest heart. S. O wat ye wha's in	But feels his heart's bluid rising hot,
Three blyther hearts, that lee lang night,	Thou'll break my heart, thou bonie bird, [re.]
Ye wad na found in Christendie. S. O Willie brew'd † 'Twill mak her poor, auld heart, I fear,	S. The Banks of Doon. Sett. II. Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
In flinders flee: On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.	My heart for fear gae sough for sough,
A Jillet brak his heart at last,	S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor. My heart is wae, and unco wae, S. The bonie Lass of Albany.
As, Jessy, thou hast done On Miss J. Lewars.	(What warm, poetic heart but inly bleeds,
The bravest heart on English ground, Had yielded like a coward On Miss J. Scott.	And execrates man's savage, ruthless deeds!) The Brigs of Ayr.
My youthful heart was stown away, S. O Phely,†	And e'en a vex'd and angry heart had he! 1b. 4.
The hearts of men adore thee. S. O saw ye bonie L.†	While simple melody pour'd moving on the heart. <i>Ib. 12</i> . The Youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
For surely that would touch her heart S. O stay, sweet warbling †	The Cotter's Sat. Night, 8.
For pity's sake, sweet bird, nae mair!	Is there, in human form, that bears a heart Ib. 10.
Or my poor heart is broken!	They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim: . Ib. 13. Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the heart! Ib. 17.
And lang has had my heart in thrall, S. O this is no my ain +	But chiefly, in their hearts with Grace divine preside. Ib. 18.
And has my heart a-keeping? S. O wat ye wha that loes † O that's the lassie o' my heart,	O Thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide, That stream'd thro' great, unhappy Wallace' heart; Ib. 21.
O that's the lassie o' my heart,	The iron hand that breaks our band,
Nor ever pleasure glad thy cruel heart!	It breaks my bliss,—it breaks my heart! S. The day returns the And wan his beart's desire; The Dean of Fac
On seeing wounded Hare. What heart o' stane wad thou na move,	But he wad hecht an honest heart, The Election Ballads. I.
On Birth of Posth. Child.	She's gotten the heart of a Bushby, But, what has become of the head? Ib. III.
Wild to my heart the filial pulses glow,	She won each gaping hurgess' heart

What bursting anguish tears my heart! The Farewell
With melting heart, and brimful eye,
The Farewell. To St. J.'s L. Strong Mem'ry on my heart shall write
Those happy scenes when far awa!
That heart transpierc'd with many a wound; S. The gloomy night
The bursting tears my heart declare, Ib.
I'd break her spirit, or I'd break her heart; The Henpecked Husband
I know her heart will never change, S. The Highland Lassie She has my heart, she has my hand,
Quoth I, "With a' my heart, I'll do't; The Holy Fair. 6.
O how they fire the heart devout, Like Cantharidian plaisters On sic a day!
Tho' in his heart he weel believes An' thinks it auld wives' fables:
How monie hearts this day converts, O' sinners and o' Lasses!
Their hearts o' stane, gin night are gane, Ib.
My heart it rejoic'd at a Sodger laddie. The Jolly Beggars. S. II.
The ladies' hearts he did trepan,
Had hol'd his heartie like a riddle,
But tho' his little heart did grieve,
His heart she ever miss'd it
tho' your heart's like a child, The Kirk's Alarm.
Your hearts are the stuff will be powther enough And your skulls are storehouses o' lead
My fondly-fluttering heart, be still! The Lament.
My secret-heart's exulting boast?
For monie a heart thou hast made sair, S. The lovely lass
There's no a heart in a' the land, But's lighter at the news o't. S. The noble Maxwells
That right to fluttering female hearts the nearest, The Rights of Woman.
I ken't her heart was a' my ain; . S. The Rigs o' Barley.
Her heart was beating rarely:
And I hae lost my lightsome heart
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Thou canst love another maid, While my heart is breaking; . S. Thou hast left me †
While my heart is breaking; S. Thou hast left me † Yet I bear a heart shall support me still.
S. Tho' fickle Fortune †
If death, then, wi'skaith, then, Some mortal heart is hechtin, To a Medical Gent.
Thine friendship's truest heart To Chloris.
My heart was blithe and gay, To Clarinda.
Wi' his fause heart and flatt'ring tongue, S. To daunton me.
Ye ken yoursels my heart right proud is, To Dr. Blacklock.
And let us mind, faint heart ne'er wan A lady fair: . 1b.
Ye surely hae some warlock-breef Owre human hearts; To J. S.
· · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·
Your hearts are just a standing pool, Your lives a dyke!
Ye hate as ill's the vera de'il, The flinty heart that canna feel To Mr. J. Kennedy.
Vampyre booksellers drain him to the heart,
To R. G. of F., 3.
His heart by causeless wanton malice wrung, Ib. 5.
And all the tribute of my heart returns, To R. Graham. For one [dart] has cut my dearest tye,
And quivers in my heart
My weary heart it's throbbings cease, Ib.
For me, shame fa' me, If neist my heart I dinna wear ye To Terraughty.
I'd rip their rotten, hollow hearts, . To Rev. J. M'Math.
Even Sir, by them your heart's esteem'd, An' winning manner
Impute it not, good Sir, in ane Whase heart ne'er wrang'd ye,
To thee I bring a heart unchang'd, S. To thee, lov'd Nith †
For there he rov'd that broke my heart,
Yet to that heart, ah! still how dear
Yet to that heart he still was dear!
Grief's gien his heart an unco kickin', To W. Creech.
Wi' gratefu' heart I thank you brawlie; To W. Simpson.
My curse upon your whunstane hearts Ye Enbrugh Gentry!
Or lasses gie my heart a screed,
O Nature! a' thy shews an' forms To feeling, pensive hearts hae charms! 1b.
To feeling, pensive hearts hae charms! 1b. Still my heart melts at human wretchedness; Tragic Frag
Whose unsubmitting heart was all his crime Ib.
Canst thou break his faithfu' heart? S. Turn again, thou †
If to love thy heart denies,
My heart rejoic'd in nature's joy, S. Twas even—the dewy †
Nae heart could wish for more. V.s to Landlady of Inn. Wae is my heart, and the tear's in my e'e;
S. Wae is my heart †
this bruised heart that now bleeds in my breast, Ib.
My heart was caught before I thought, S. When first I came †
My heart went fluttering pit-a-pat, S. When first I saw †
Ae look deprived me o' my heart,
Gi'e me the hour o' gloamin grey, It makes my heart sae cheery O, S. When o'er the hill †
A leal, light heart was in my breast, S. When wild War's †
And I was fear'd my heart wou'd tine, S. Where Cart rins †
But to my heart I'll add my hand, Ib.
When sorrow wrings thy gentle heart, S. Wilt thou be my †
Yet such a head, and more the heart, Wr. on Leaf of "H. More."
Reverence with lowly heart Him whose wondrous work thou art:
Wr. in Hermitage at F.C. And mouldering now in silent dust, That heart that lead me decayle!
That heart that lo'ed me dearly! S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams † Thou'lt break my beart than washing hird
Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird, S. Ye banks and braes †
They dazzle our een, as they flie to our hearts. S. You wild mossy mountains †
And the heart beating love as I'm clasp'd in her arms, Ib.
An' ay my heart came to my mou, . S. Young Jockey †
When heart-correcting care and grief
When heart-corroding care and grief Deprive my soul of rest, Ep. to Davie. 9.

Heart-felt.	Like Socrates or Antonine,
Then let the sudden bursting sigh The heart-felt pang discover; . S. Could ought of song †	Or some auld pagan heathen, The Holy Fair. 13 We'll cry nae jads frae heathen hills
And grateful science heaves the heartfelt sigh.	To help, or roose us, Third Ep. to J. Lap
On Death of Sir J. Blair.	Nae heathen name shall I prefix To Miss Ferries
With heartfelt throes his grateful bosom swells,	Heather, Heather bells.
The Brigs of Ayr. O heart-felt raptures! bliss beyond compare!	And down amang the blooming heather, S. As I came o'er
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 9.	Ye wander thro' the blooming heather; S. Braw lads on Yar. braes
The tickl'd ears no heart-felt raptures raise; Ib. 13.	Olympia and the bank of the first of the fir
O sweet, to stray an' pensive ponder	Ca' them [the ewes] whare the heather grown . S. Ca' the Ewe.
A heart-felt sang! . To W. Simpson.	S. Ca' the Ewe
Heart-inspiring. An' sheds a heart-inspiring steam; . The Twa Dogs. 20.	Ye grouss that crap the heather bud; El. on Capt. M. H.,
An' sheds a heart-inspiring steam; . The Twa Dogs. 20. Heart-rending.	she has ta'en to the heather, Jenny M'Craw
My Jean's heart-rending throe! The Farewell.	Amang the heather, in my plaidie, S. Montgomerie's Peggy Whare gor-cocks thro' the heather pass,
Heart-strings. It thirl'd the heart-strings thro' the breast,	S. My Lord a-hunting
Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 3.	And the moorcock springs on whirring wings,
Heaven send your heart-strings ay in tune,	Amang the blooming heather: S. Now westlin winds
Ep. to Maj. Logan. 4. Her pauky smile, her kittle een,	The muirhen lo'es the heather; S. O gie my love brose You auld gray stane amang the heather, Marks out his head, Tam Samson's El. I.
That gart my heart-strings tingle.	You auld gray stane among the heather, Marks out his head. Tam Samson's El. L.
Heart-struck.	When August winds the heather wave, Ib. I
With heart-struck, anxious care enquires his name,	Till where we sit on craps o' heather.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 7.	Ye tine your dam; [v.A.2] The Author's Cry and Prayer. 1
Here heart-struck Grief might heavenward stretch her scan,	
Heart-warm. Wr. in Kenmore Inn.	The heather was blooming, the meadows were mawn, S. The heather was bloom
My heart-warm love to guid auld Glen, Auld comrade dear †	Sweet brushing the dew from the brown heather bells,
Adieu! a heart-warm, fond adieu!	But stray among the heather bells, S. There was a lass
The Farewell. To St. J.'s L	Her moors red-brown wi' heather bells, To W. Simpson
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee, S. One fond kiss,†	Where the grous lead their coveys through the heather, to feed S. You wild mossy mountains
Heartbreak.	Heathy. Ye heathy wastes immix'd with reedy fens,
I'll cross him, and wrack him, until I heartbreak him,	El. on Miss Burne
S. What can a young lassie †	Or up the heathy mountain, . S. Sleep'st thou, or wak'st
In order, on the clean hearth-stane,	Her heathy moors and winding vales; S. The gloomy night
The Luggies three are ranged; Halloween. 27.	Among the heathy hills and ragged woods Wr. by Fall of Fyer.
His clean hearth-stane, his thrifty Wifie's smile,	Heave. But with a frater-feeling strong,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 3.	Here, heave a sigh. A Bard's Epi
Still in prayers for K[ing] G[eorge] I most heartily join,	Then heave aboard your grapple airn, A Dream. I
Poet. Add. to Tytler.	And if he offers to rebel Just heave him in [to Hell]. Adam A—'s Prayer
Heartless. And bird and beast, in covert, rest, And pass the heartless day Winter.	And grateful science heaves the heartfelt sigh.
Hearty.	On Death of Sir J. Blair
At length we had a hearty yokin, At sang about. Ep. to J. $L-k$, Ap. 1st. 2.	But heaves impassion'd with the grateful throe. Prologue, sp. by Wood.
I'll write, an' that a hearty bland, Ib., Ap. 21st. 4.	A wish, that to my latest hour
And there blaws up a hearty crack;	Shall strongly heave my breast;
Epit. on Tam the Chapman.	The Ans. to the Guidwif.
But gie him't het, my hearty cocks! The Author's Cry and Prayer.	Could shake them o'er the burning dub, Or heave them in The Twa Herds.
Ye'll snap your fingers, poor an' hearty,	Heave Care o'er-side! To J. S., I.
Before his face	Heaved, -'d.
No comfort but a hearty can, The Jolly Beggars. S. IV.	Because he gat the toom dish thrice, He heav'd them on the fire, Halloween.
Sae hale and hearty every shank, The Twa Herds.	They heaved in John Barleycorn, John Barleycorn
And faith I'm gay and hearty!	Before the mountains heav'd their heads
	The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps
An' monie a fallow gat his licks, Wi' hearty crunt; . To W. Simpson. P.S.	And heav'd on high my wauket loof, The Vision. D. I.
I'd rather suffer for my faut,	Heaven, Heav'n, Heavens.
A hearty flewit, What ails ye now †	When Ruin, with his sweeping besom, Just frets till Heav'n commission gies him;
That the heat o' the tane might cool the tither. S. Scroggam.	A Ded. to G. H., 10
An' tell them, wi' a patriot-heat,	But by a poor man's hopes in Heav'n!
Ye winna bear it? The Author's Cry and Prayer. 11.	May heaven augment your blisses, A Dream Thae bonie Bairntime, Heav'n has lent,
Whase raging flame, an' scorching heat, Wad melt the hardest whun-stane! . The Holy Fair. 22.	Thae bonie Bairntime, Heav'n has lent,
In summer he toil'd thro' the faint, sultry heat;	In Heaven itself, I'll ask no more,
S. The Poor Thresher.	Than just a Highland welcome.
It's true, they need na starve or sweat, Thro' Winter's cauld, or Summer's heat; The Twa Dogs. 20.	A V. on being Hosp. Entertained
Heat, to. It heats me, it beets me,	Heav'n's beauties on my fancy shine; Add. to Edinburgh.
And sets me a' on flame! . Ep. to Davie. 8.	I seek nae mair o' Heav'n to share, Than sic a moment's pleasure, S. An' I'll kiss thee yet
They heat your brains, and fire your veins, O leave novels	For sure 'twere impious to despair
Heath. Thee, Caledonia, thy wild heaths among, Liberty.	So much in sight of Heaven. S. Anna, thy charms
Heathen. Frae ony unregenerate Heathen, Like you or I Ep. to J. R., 4.	That we lost, did I say, nay, by heav'n that we found, At Meet. of D. Volunteers
Squire Pope but busks his skinklin patches	But first, before you see heaven's glory,
O' heathen totters: Prem an Partner Preton	May we get many a merry story Auld comrade

I'll tak what Heav'n will sen' me, . S. Behind you hills †	For whom my warmest wish to heaven is sent!
While praising, and raising His thoughts to Heaven on high, Despondency, an Ode. 3.	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 20.
By Heavens, the sacrilegious dog	And O may Heaven their simple lives prevent From Luxury's contagion, weak and vile! 1b.
Shall fuel be to boil it! S. Does haughty Gaul †	Heav'n gave me more, it made thee mine.
In thee, high Heaven above, was truest shown,	S. The day returns t
Tit Min December	Which shews that heaven can boil the pot, Though the devil p—s in the fire. The Dean of Fac
A correspondence fix'd wi' Heaven, Is sure a noble anchor! Ep. to Young Friend. 10. Raith careless and fearless	
Is sure a noble anchor! . Ep. to Young Friend. 10.	Heav'n bless your honor'd, noble Name,
Date care cas, and rearress,	The Farewell. To St. J.'s L
Of either Heaven or Hell; Ep. to Davie. 6.	The flowers shall vie in all their charms The hour of heaven to grace, The Petition of Br. Water.
But, thanks to Heaven, that's no the gate	Heav'n sent me ane mae than I wanted. The Inventory.
We learn our creed. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 14. Heaven send your heart-strings ay in tune,	But bless me wi' your heav'n o' charms,
Ep. to Maj. Logan. 4.	The Jolly Beggars. S. V.
Heaven's attribute distinguish'd—to bestow!	For sense they little owe to frugal Heav'n
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.	The Ordination. Mott.
Heavens, should the branded character be mine! Ib. 5.	But Heaven's curse will blast the man
So, to heaven's gates the lark's shrill song ascends,	Denies the bairn he got; . The Ruined Maid's Lament.
But groveling on the earth the carol ends	I hope frae beav'n to see them yet
Though thanks to heaven I dare even that last shift, . Ib.	In fiery flame The Twa Herds. 11.
Heaven, I thought, was in her air; S. First when Maggy †	But yet the light that led astray, Was light from Heaven. The Vision. D. II. 17.
Ye Heavens, how great is my despair, Fragment.	May Heaven be his warden; . S. The young High. Rover.
And owning heaven's mysterious sway,	But the Heavens deny'd success S. Thickest night †
Submissive, low, adore Fragment of Ode.	Till wrench'd of ev'ry stay but Heav'n,
Whose soul of fire, lighted at heaven's high flame, . Ib.	To a Mountain-Daisy.
Thou'rt to love and heaven sae dear, S. Hark! the mavis †	And, dearest gift of heaven below,
O Thou, wha in the heavens dost dwell, Holy Willie's Prayer.	Thine friendship's truest heart To Chloris.
Sends ane to heaven and ten to hell,	I hae sworn by the Heavens to my Mary,
A' for thy glory,	I hae sworn by the Heavens to be true; And sae may the Heavens forget me,
Then may heaven with prosperous gales, Fill my sailor's welcome sails, S. How can my poor heart †	When I forget my vow!
"I will hope and trust in heaven, . S. Husband, husband †	And you, tho' scarce in maiden prime.
Content am I, if Heaven shall give	Are so much nearer Heav'n. To Miss L., with "Beattie."
But happiness to thee: S. It is na, Jean, †	Heaven spare you lang to kiss the breath
But heavens! how he fell a-swearing,	O' mony flow'ry simmers! To Mr. M'Adam.
S. Last May a braw wooer t	By turns in soaring heaven, or vaulted hell. To R. G. of F., 8.
Grant me, indulgent heaven, that I may live	And I can tell that bounteous Heaven
To see the miscreants feel the pains they give;	On thee a tack o' seven times seven Will yet bestow it To Terraughty.
Lns extem. in Lady's Pocket-bk.	Heaven keep you free frae care and strife,
Wearying Heav'n in warm devotion, S. Musing on the roaring	Till far ayont fourscore; V.s to Landlady of Inn.
For a big-belly'd bottle's a heav'n of a care.	The smile or frown of aweful Heaven,
S. No Churchman am I†	Wr. in Friars-Carse H
Thou dart of Heav'n that flashest by, . S. O mirk, mirk t	Stranger, go! Heaven be thy guide! 1b.
But spare and pardon my false Love,	Heaven-born.
His wrongs to Heaven and mel 1b.	And heaven-born piety her sanction seals. To Miss Graham.
May they rejoice, no wand'rer lost,	Heav'n-erected.
A Family in Heaven! O Thou dread Pow'r	And Man, whose heav'n-erected face,
By heaven and earth I love thee. S. O were I on Parnass. †	The smiles of love adorn, . Man was made to Mourn.
May Heaven protect my bonie Scots Laddie,	Heaven-illumin'd.
S. O whare did ye get †	Than heaven-illumin'd Man on brother Man bestows!
Expires in rags, unknown, and goes to Heaven. Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.	Heaven-taught. A Winter Night. 7.
Honest Will's to Heaven gane, . On W. Cruickshanks.	Ill-fated genius! Heaven-taught Fergusson!
A ray direct from pitying Heaven, On scaring Water-fowl.	Lns on Fergusson.
And blooms a rose in Heaven. On Poet's Daughter.	Here holds her search by heaven-taught Reason's beam;
Seek Heaven for help, and barefit skelp	Prologue, sp. by Woods.
Awa' wi' Willie Chalmers On W. Chalmers.	Here Poesy might wake her heaven-taught lyre,
To him be giv'n to ken the heav'n	Wr. in Kenmore Inn.
He gains in Polly Stewart! . S. Polly Stewart.	Is heavenward raised in ecstacy On Lincluden.
Angelic forms, high Heaven's peculiar care!	Or noble Elgin beets the heaven-ward flame,
Prologue, at Th., D	The Cottage Sat Wight to
The mite high heaven bestowed, that mite with thee I'll share.	The Cotter's Sat. Ivight. 13.
Sonnet, wr. on Birthday.	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 13. Here heart-struck grief might heavenward stretch her scan.
Nav. by heaven said I may I narich if aver	Here heart-struck grief might heavenward stretch her scan, Wr. in Kenmore Inn.
Nay, by heaven, said I, may I perish if ever I plant in your bosom a thorn Sp. extem. to vng Ladv.	Here heart-struck grief might heavenward stretch her scan, Wr. in Kenmore Inn. Heavenly.
I plant in your bosom a thorn Sp. extem. to yng Lady.	Here heart-struck grief might heavenward stretch her scan, Wr. in Kenmore Inn. An' Chatham's wraith, in heav'nly graith, A Fragment. &
I plant in your bosom a thorn Sp. extem. to yng Lady. Heav'n rest his saul, where'er he be! Tam Samson's El. 14. If Honest Worth in heaven rise.	Here heart-struck grief might heavenward stretch her scan, Wr. in Kenmore Inn. Heavenly. An' Chatham's wraith, in heav'nly graith, And, if it please thee, heavenly guide,
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I plant in your bosom a thorn Sp. extem. to yng Lady. Heav'n rest his saul, where'er he be! Tam Samson's El. 14. If Honest Worth in heaven rise, Ye'll mend or ye win near him Ib. Epit The saul o' life, the heav'n below, Is rapture-giving woman. The Ans. to the Guidwife.	Here heart-struck grief might heavenward stretch her scan, Wr. in Kenmore Inn. Heavenly. An' Chatham's wraith, in heav'nly graith, A Fragment. 8. And, if it please thee, heavenly guide, May never worse be sent; . A Grace before Dinner. Her heavenly relations there fixed her reign, S. Caledonia. A matchless Heavenly Light! . El. on Capt. M. H.
I plant in your bosom a thorn Sp. exten. to yng Lady. Heav'n rest his saul, where'er he be! Tam Samson's El. 14. If Honest Worth in heaven rise, Ye'll mend or ye win near him. The saul o' life, the heav'n below, Is rapture-giving woman. The Ans. to the Guidwife. If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,	Here heart-struck grief might heavenward stretch her scan, Wr. in Kenmore Inn. Heavenly. An' Chatham's wraith, in heav'nly graith, A Fragment. 8. And, if it please thee, heavenly guide, May never worse be sent; . A Grace before Dinner. Her heavenly relations there fixed her reign, S. Caledonia. A matchless Heavenly Light! . El. on Capt. M. H. The sparkling heavenly vintage, Love and Bliss! Innocence;
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I plant in your bosom a thorn. Sp. exten. to yng Lady. Heav'n rest his saul, where'er he be! Tam Samson's El. 14. If Honest Worth in heaven rise, Ye'll mend or ye win near him Ib. Epit The saul o' life, the heav'n below, Is rapture-giving woman. The Ans. to the Guidwife. If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 9. Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire; . Ib. 14. How He, who bore in Heav'n the second name, Had not on Earth whereon to lay His head: . Ib. 15. And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounc'd by Heaven's	Here heart-struck grief might heavenward stretch her scan, Wr. in Kenmore Inn. Heavenly. An' Chatham's wraith, in heav'nly graith, A Fragment. 8. And, if it please thee, heavenly guide, May never worse be sent; . A Grace before Dinner. Her heavenly relations there fixed her reign, S. Caledonia. A matchless Heavenly Light! El. on Capt. M. H. The sparkling heavenly vintage, Love and Bliss! Innocence thereface so truly heavenly fair, S. My Mary's face thereface so truly heavenly fair, On Miss J. Lewars. What breast so dead to heavenly Virtue's glow, Prologue, sp. by Woods.
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Forbid it, ev'ry heavenly Power,	Heed, to. He needs not, he heeds not,
You e'er should be a stot!	Or human love or hate; Despondency, an Ode. 4. We never heed [fortune's road],
If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 9.	But take it like the unbacked filly, Ep. to Maj. Logan.
And certes, in fair Virtue's heavenly road,	He heeds or feels no more the ruthless critic's rage!
The Cottage leaves the Palace far behind: . Ib. 19. Then how should I for Heavenly Mercy pray,	To R. G. of F., 5. Heedless. By heedless chance I turn'd mine eyes, A Vision.
Who act so counter Heavenly Mercy's plan? Why am I loth †	And does she heedless hear my groan? The Lament.
Heavenly-seeming.	Heel. That day ye was a jinker noble,
I view'd the heavenly-seeming Fair; The Vision. D. II. Heavier.	For heels an' win'! A Gude New-year † 7. sore I feel All others' scorn—but damn that ass's heel.
Still louder shrieks, and heavier groans! A Ded. to G. H., 10.	Reply to a Reproof.
Blow, blow, ye Winds, with heavier gust! A Winter Night. 7.	Till by the heel and hand admonish'd, Tam o' Shanter. 11.
Heaving. Her heaving bosom, lily white, S. I gaed a waefu't	Put life and mettle in their heels
Wi' heaving breasts an' bare neck; . The Holy Fair. 9. Heavy. Or, rustling, thro' the boortries coman,	An' dinna, for a kebbuck-heel,
Wi' heavy groan. Add. to the Deil. 6.	Let lasses be affronted On sic a day! The Holy Fair. 25.
Long, long the night, Heavy comes the morrow, S. Ay waking, O!	No heels to bear him from the opening dun; $To R. G. of F.$, 3. Than garren lasses cowp the cran
Heavy, heavy is the task, Hopeless love declaring;	Clean heels owre body, What ails ye now †
S. Blythe hae I been †	Heels o'er gowdie [topsy-turvy].
How slow ye move, ye heavy hours, S. How lang and dreary t	Soon heels o'er gowdie! in he gangs, Poem on Life. Heeze [to lift up, hoist, elevate].
Your heavy loss deplore; On Death of Lap-dog. O heavy loss thy country ill could bear!	Still higher may they heeze Ye In bliss, . A Dream. 9.
On Death of R. Dundas.	I'd heeze thee up a constellation, Ep. to H. Parker.
O sad and heavy should I part, But for her sake sae far awa'; S. Sae far awa.	Heft [haft].
heavy, dark, continued, a'-day rains The Brigs of Ayr. 7.	The gray hairs yet stack to the heft; Tam o' Shanter. 11. Heigh, Hich [high; "hich house," a house of more
Long did I bear the heavy yoke, S. The Joyful Widower. When yellow waves the heavy grain, The Vision. D. II. 8.	than one storey].
When yellow waves the heavy grain, The Vision. D. II. 8. So, heavy, passive to the tempest's shocks,	Maggie coost her head fu' heigh, . S. Duncan Gray †
Strong on the sign-post stands the stupid ox. To R. G. of F., 7.	Bye attour, my Gutcher has A hich house and a laigh ane; S. Gat ye me †
How slow ye move, ye heavy hours, S. When I think on t	Height. placed by thee upon the wish'd-for height
Heavy-dragg'd. When heavy-dragg'd wi' pine an' grievin; Scotch Drink. 5.	Ep. to R. Graham. 5. Near lav'rock-height she jumpet, Halloween. 26.
Hebrew.	He hunted o'er height and o'er howe;
That, like th' old Hebrew walking-switch, eats up its neighbours; Fragment, inscr. to Fox.	The Black-Headed Eagle.
Fu' lifted up wi' Hebrew lore, On W. Chalmers.	Proud o' the height o' some bit half-lang tree: The Brigs of Ayr.
Hech! [an exclamation of surprise, regret, &c.].	When the bloody die was cast on the heights of Abram;
Hech man! dear sirs! is that the gate, They waste sae mony a braw estate! . The Twa Dogs. 25.	The Jolly Beggars. S. I. He kend the Lord's sheep ilka tail,
Hecht [to foretell; promise; offer, proffer].	O'er a' the height, The Twa Herds. 7.
They hecht him some fine braw ane; Halloween. 23.	The vera tapmost, towrin height O' Miss's bonnet. To a Louse.
He wadna hecht them courtly gifts, The Election Ballads. I. But he wad hecht an honest heart	An' teach the lanely heights an' howes My rustic sang
But he wad hecht an honest heart,	Heighten. 'Twill heighten all his joy:. John Barleycorn.
If death, then, wi' skaith, then,	Hein-shinn'd [having shin-bones that project and meet like the "hems" of a horse-collar].
Some mortal heart is hechtin, To a Medical Gent. Heckle [a board in which are set a number of sharp	She's bow-hough'd, she's hein-shinn'd, . S. Willie Wastlet
pins or teeth, used for dressing flax, &c.].	Heir.
While raving mad, I wish a heckle Were in their doup. Add. to Toothache.	My poor toop-lamb, my son an' heir, The Death of Mailie. I give it for ever to thee and thy heirs, S. The Poor Thresher.
Where words ne'er crost the muse's heckles, Ep. to H. Parker.	Heiress. But oh, she's an heiress, auld Robin's a laird;
O merry hae I been teethin a heckle, S. O merry hae I been †	S. There's auld Rob M.†
Hecla.	Held. When Sh-lb-rne meek held up his cheek, A Fragment. 6.
Tropes, metaphors, and figures pour, Like Hecla streaming thunder: The Election Ballads. VI.	And she held o'er the moors to spin; S. Duncan Davidson.
Hector.	I gat some gear wi' meikle care, I held it weel thegither; Extem., Ap. 1782.
And Stewart bold as Hector. The Election Ballads. VI. Hedge.	I held the gate till you I met, S. Gat ye me,†
Not for to hide it in a hedge, Ep. to Young Friend. 7.	Till something held within the pat, Halloween. 12.
The Robin in the hedge descends, And sober chirps securely. The Election Ballads. VI.	While he wi' hingin' lips and snakin', Held up his head. Holy Willie's Prayer. 14.
So, by some hedge, the generous steed deceased.	Who poverty ne'er held in scorn, . On Window of Inn, F
To R. G. of F., 6.	O he held to the fair, S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie.
Hedgehog. The priest and hedgehog in their robes, are snug. To R. G. of F.	Each in its cauld hand held a light. Tam o' Shanter. 11. Or Cuifs of later times, wha held the notion,
Hedging. And sometimes a hedging and ditching I go;	That sullen gloom was sterling, true devotion:
S. The Poor Thresher. Hee balou [a lullaby].	The Brigs of Ayr. 8. In Poosie-Nansie's held the splore, The Jolly Beggars. R. I.
Hee balou, my sweet wee Donald, . S. Hee balou, †	While she held up her greedy gab,
Heed, Head.	Just like an aumous dish:
Ilk man and mother's son, take heed: Tam o' Shanter. 19. But yet he drew the mortal trigger	The lalland laws he held in scorn:
Wi weel-aim'd heed; Tam Samson's El. 11.	Beneath the moon's unclouded light,
The time flew by with tentless head, S. The Rigs o' Barley.	I held awa to Annie: S. The Rigs o' Barley. Ye need na doubt, I held my whisht; . The Vision. D. I. 8.
I'll wander on with tentless heed, How never-halting moments speed, To J. S., 10.	Held ruling power:

Hence

Helicon. Or had o' Helicon my fill, S. O were I on Parnass.	When out the hellish legion sallied Tam o' Shanter. 16.
But there it streams an' richly reams,	Superstition's hellish brood The Tree of Liberty.
My Helicon I ca' that The Jolly Beggars. S. VII.	wi' holy robes, But hellish spirit To Rev. J. M'Math.
Heliconian. But golden sands did never grace The Heliconian stream; To J. M'Murdo.	Hell-ward.
Hell.	She, tardy, hell-ward plies. Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —. Help. To lay strong hold for help on bounteous Graham.
Oh, shake him o'er the mouth o' hell, Adam A-'s Prayer.	Ep. to R. Graham. 4.
As a' the priests had seen me get thee That's out o' h-ll Add. to Illegit. Child.	No help, nor hope, nor view had I, S. My father was a farmer †
The youngest Brother ye wad whip	Seek Heaven for help, and barefit skelp
Aff straught to H-ll. Add. to the Deil. 14.	Awa' wi' Willie Chalmers On W. Chalmers.
But thee—thou hell o' a' diseases, Ay mocks our groan! . Add. to Toothache.	O aid me with thy help, Omnipotence Divine! Why am I loth †
Where'er that place be priests ca' hell,	Help, to.
Or your more dreaded h-ll to state D-mnation of expences! Add. to Unco Guid. 5.	The Poet, some guid angel help him, . A Ded. to G. H., 3. Gude help the day when royal heads
May guardian angels tak a spell,	Are hunted like a maukin S. Awa, whigs, awa.
An' steer you seven miles south o' hell; Auld comrade †	Nae mate to help, nae mate to cheer, S. O Logan, sweetly †
Is just as true's the Deil's in hell, Death and Dr. Hornbook.	God help us!—we're but poor—ye'se get but thanks! Scots Prologue.
And make a vast monopoly of hell? Ep. fr. Esopus. The fear o' Hell's a hangman's whip, Ep. to Young Friend. 8.	To help her Parents dear, if they in hardship be.
Baith careless, and fearless,	The Cotter's Sat. Night.
Of either Heaven or Hell; Ep. to Davie. 6.	O help, master, help, or she'll ruin us a', S. There liv'd ance a carle t
Were this the charter of our state, 'On pain o' hell be rich an' great,' Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 14.	We'll cry nae jads frae heathen hills
To H-ll, if he's gane thither,	To help, or roose us, Third Ep. to J. Lap Your pin wad help to mend a mill, To a Haggis.
Satan, gie him thy gear to keep, Epit. on Ruling Elder. Here lies in earth a root of Hell, Epit. on D. C.	Lord help me thro' this warld o' care! To Dr. Blacklock.
Sends are to heaven and ten to hell,	Helpless.
A' for thy glory, . Holy Willie's Prayer.	Ilk happing bird, wee, helpless thing! A Winter Night. 4.
Thou might ha'e plunged me in hell,	to support his helpless woodbine state, Ep. to R. Graham. 4.
"Then all hell will fly for fear, . S. Husband, husband †	Helpless, alane, thou clamb the brae, Extem. on Commem.s of Thomson.
My pains o' hell on earth are past, S. O ay my wife she dang.	But he the helpless, needless wretch,
deep-read in hell's black grammar, On Grose's Peregrinations.	Shall lose the mite he hath
thy spider snare O' hell's damned waft Poem on Life. O burning hell! in all thy store of torments	And helpless offspring mourn. Man was made to Mourn.
There's not a keener lash! Remorse. A Frag	Sae helpless, sweet, and fair. On Birth of Posth. Child.
And wish them in hell for it a', man. Ronalds of Bennals.	Keen on the helpless victim see him fly, On Death of R. Dundas.
In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin! Tam o' Shanter. 18.	The helpless poor mix with the orphan's cry;
Whigs to h-ll Flew off in frighted bands, S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	On Death of Sir J. Blair.
Studied in arts of Hell, in wickedness refin'd!	My helpless lambs, I trust them wi' him. The Death of Mailie. Helpless, must fall before the blasts of fate,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 19. An he get na hell for his haddin,	The Rights of Woman.
The deil gets na justice ava. The Election Ballads. III.	In helpless infants' tears he dipp'd his right, The Vowels.
And hell mix'd in the brulzie	And half an idiot too, more helpless still. To R. G. of F., 3. And with sincere tho' unavailing sighs,
Now Death and Hell engulph thy foes,	I view the helpless children of distress Tragic Frag
Lord, send a rough-shod troop o' Hell O'er a' wad Scotland buy or sell,	Even you ye helpless crew, I pity you; Ye, whom the seeming good think sin to pity: Ib.
The kirk and state may gae to hell, S. The gowd. locks of A.	Ye, whom the seeming good think sin to pity: 16. Hemp.
Who dreads a curtain-lecture worse than hell. The Henpecked Husband.	Beat hemp for others, riper for the string: Ep. fr. Esopus.
His talk o' H-ll, whare devils dwell.	Wi' wicked strings o' hemp or hair! The Death of Mailie.
Our vera "Sauls does harrow" Wi' fright The Holy Fair. 21.	Come Firm Resolve take thou the van, Thou stalk o' carl-hemp in man! To Dr. Blacklock.
I could meet a troop of Hell at the sound of a drum.	Hemp-seed.
The Jolly Beggars. S. I.	That he could saw hemp-seed a peck; Halloween. 17.
But sure her soul is not in hell, The deil would ne'er abide her S. The Joyful Widower.	And ev'ry now an' then, he says, 'Hemp-seed I saw thee,
Curst Common-sense, that imp o' h-ll, The Ordination. 2.	Hen. An' brought a Paitrick to the grun', A bonie hen,
Now there, they're packed aff to h-ll,	Ep. to J. R., 7.
"And drink them to hell, Sir! or ne'er see me more!" The Whistle.	That sic a hen had got a shot;
I hae been a de'il now the feck o' my life,	Tak' this frae me, my bonie hen,
I hae been a de'il now the feck o' my life, But ne'er was in h-ll till I met wi' a wife, S. There liv'd ance a carle †	
An' shore him weel wi' hell; To Gav. Hamilton.	The tappit-hen gae bring her ben, On W. Stewart. I'll gie you my bonie black hen, S. Tam Glen.
By turns in soaring heaven, or vaulted hell. To R. G. of F., 8.	At length they discover'd a honie moor-hen.
Can easy, wi' a single wordie, Lowse h-ll upon me. To Rev. J. M'Math.	S. The heather was blooming †
But only, lest we gang to hell.	But cannily steal on a bonie moor-hen
It may be nae surprise: V.s, on Window, Carron.	But to the hen-birds unco civil; . El. on Year 1788.
Sae may, shou'd we to hell's yetts come, Your billy Satan sair us!	Hen-broo [hen broth].
Hellim [helm].	Kate sits i' the neuk, Suppin hen-broo;
An' did our hellim thraw, man, A Fragment.	S. Gudeen to you Kimmer†
Hellish.	Henpeck. And to her ain henpeck e'en carried her back, S. There liv'd ance a carle †
Thy auld damned elbow yeuks wi' joy, And hellish pleasure; Poem on Life.	Hence! Ye wise ones, hence! ye hurt the social eye!
L	Ep. to R. Graham. 5.

Henceforth.	Cry the book is wi' heresy cramm'd; The Kirk's Alarm
Henceforth to meet with unconcern,	For Heresy is in her pow'r, The Ordination.
One rank as well's another; . On Dining with Daer.	M'[Kinlay], R[ussell], are the boys
Henry.	That Heresy can torture;
That only ray of solace sweet Can on thy Henry shine, Love! S. Forlorn, my Love †	Heretic. Right, Sir! your text I'll prove it true, Tho' Heretics may laugh; The Cal
Herd. She gies the Herd a pickle nits, Halloween. 21.	In your heretic sins may you live, and die, Ye heretic eight-and-thirty! The Dean of Fac.
They're no herd's ballats, Maro's catches;	Ye heretic eight-and-thirty! The Dean of Fac.
Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	There's a heretic blast has been blawn i' the wast,
As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,	The Kirk's Alarm
When plundering herds assail their byke; Tam o' Shanter. 17.	To join faith and sense upon ony pretence,
The twa best herds in a' the wast, The Twa Herds. 2.	Is heretic, damnable error
Ye'll see how new-light herds will whistle, Ib. 3.	Hermit.
What herd like R—Il tell'd his tale,	Than I, no lonely Hermit plac'd Where never human footstep trac'd,
And new-light herds could nicely drub,	Less fit to play the part, Despondency, an Ode.
While new-light herds wi' laughin' spite,	The frost of hermit age might warm; S. My Mary's face
Say neither's liein'	Thou haply throw'st a scornful eye at
There's scarce a new herd that we get,	The hermit's prayer The Hermit
But comes frae 'mang that cursed set, Ib. 11.	Auld, hermit Aire staw thro' his woods, The Vision. D. I. 14
And get the brutes the power themsels,	L—d man there's lasses there wad force
To choose their herds Ib. 15.	A hermit's fancy, . To Mr. J. Kennedy
Till kye be gaun without the herd, Third Ep. to J. Lap.	Lone wandering by the hermit's mossy cell:
While moorlan herds like guid, fat braxies; To W. Simpson.	Wr. in Kenmore Inn
Bout which our herds sae aft hae been Maist like to fight	Hermit-fancy'd.
Some herds, weel learn'd upo' the beuk,	Near many a hermit-fancy'd cove, [v.A.4] The Vision. D. I
Wad threap auld folk the thing misteuk;	Hern v. Heron.
The herds an' hissels were alarm'd;	Hero. Scotia's kings of other years, Fam'd heroes!
But new-light herds gat sic a cowe,	Add. to Edinburgh. 6 The hero of the mimic scene, Ep. fr. Esopus
Their zealous herds are vex'd an' sweatan; Ib.	For other wars, where he a hero shines;
Some auld-light herds in neebor towns	Thou strik'st the young hero, a glorious mark!
Herd, to.	S. Farewell, thou fair day
Tho' I should herd the buckskin kye . Ep. to J. R., II.	Deserves the proudest wreath departed heroes claim.
Or herd the sheep wi' me, man,	Fragment of Ode
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	John Barleycorn was a hero bold, John Barleycorn
Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 4.	Disturb not ye [winds] the hero's sleep, Liberty
Herding.	Let other heroes boast their scars, Nature's Law
Singet Sawney, Singet Sawney, are ye herding the penny,	The Hero of these artless strains,
Here, Here's.	A lowly Bard was he,
But yet despite the kittle kimmer [Fortune],	But Douglases were heroes every age: [v.A.12] Scots Prologue
I, Rob, am here. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 10.	Go bid the hero who has run
For here Johnny Pidgeon had nane [no religion].	Thro' fields of death to gather fame, S. The capt. Ribband
Epit. on J. Dove, Innkeeper.	And, O how the heroes will swear! The Election Ballads. III
That I am here afore thy sight, . Holy Willie's Prayer. 2.	But left behind him heroes bright,
Yet I am here a chosen sample,	Heroes in Cesarean fight Or Ciceronian pleading. 1b. VI
For here thou hast a chosen race; Ib. 10.	Heroes and heroines commix
And here's to them, that, like oursel,	All in the field of politics,
Can push about the jorum; S. O May thy morn †	Here's to thee, my Hero my Sodger laddie. The Jolly Beggars. S. II
And here's to them, we darena tell,	Bold stems of Heroes, here and there,
Druken or sober here's to thee, Katie! S. O merry hae I been †	I could discern; [v.A.4.] The Vision. D. I
When here your favour is the actor's lot,	Where many a Patriot-name on high
Prologue sp. by Woods.	And Hero shone. [v.A.4] 16
Rest on—for what? what do we here? Sketch. New-Yr's Day.	To the board of Glenriddel our heroes repair, The Whistle. 10
Were ye but here, what would ye say or do!	Though Fate said, a hero should perish in light; 1b. 16
But here, alas! for me nae mair The Brigs of Ayr. 9.	"Shall heroes and patriots ever produce; Ib. 18.
Shall birdie charm, or flow'ret smile; S. The Catrine woods †	Herod. At my right hand assign'd your seat, 'Tween Herod's hip and Polycrate: Add. of Beelzebub.
Here's Heron yet for a' that! [re.] The Election Ballads, II.	Heroic.
Here's a noble Earl's	
Fame and high renown, [re.] Ib. IV.	While loud, the trump's heroic clang, Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
Here's to thee, my Hero my Sodger Laddie.	By which heroic Tam was able . Tam o' Shanter. 11. And soul-ennobling Bards heroic ditties sung.
The Jolly Beggars. S. II.	The Brigs of Ayr. 11.
But clear your decks an' here's the sex Ib. S. VII.	My heart did glowing transport feel,
Here's to budgets, bags and wallets! [re.] . Ib. S. VIII.	To see a Race heroic wheel, [v.A.4] . The Vision. D. I.
Here shall the shepherd make his seat, [re.] The Petition of Br. Water.	Bold Richardton's heroic swell; [v.A.4]
Here awa [hereabouts].	What makes heroic strife, fam'd afar, [re.] S. Ye Jacobites
O' lasses that live here awa, man, Ronalds of Bennals.	Heroine.
The Cooper o' cuddy cam here awa; S. The Cooper o' cuddy †	The pride of her kindred the heroine grew; S. Caledonia.
	Heroes and heroines commix
Here awa, there awa, wandering Willie, Here awa, there awa, haud awa hame; S. Wandering Willie.	All in the field of politics, . The Election Ballads. VI.
In a' our town or here awa; S. Young Jockey t	Heron.
Heresy.	Here's Heron yet for a' that! [re.] The Election Ballads. II.
Ye sons of Heresy and Error,	The Douglas and the Heron's name, We set nought to their score:
Ye'll some day squeel in quaking terror! A Ded. to G. H., to.	The ill-thief blaw the Heron south! . To Dr. Blacklock.
Though there, his [the bard's] heresies in church and state Might well award him Muir and Palmer's fate:	But aiblins honest Master Heron,
Ep. fr. Esopus.	Had at the time some dainty fair one,

Heron, Hern.	While hid the murmuring streamlets flow;
Ye fisher herons, watching eeis; El. on Capt. M. H., 8.	S. On Cessnock banks † Sett. II. That under gospel colours hid be
The soaring Hern [haunts] the fountains; S. Now westlin winds †	Just for a screen To Rev. J. M'Math. Dearly bought the hidden treasure
The grave sage hern thus easy picks his frog, And thinks the Mallard a sad worthless dog. To R. G. of F., 7	Finer feelings can bestow! S. Sensibility †
Herriet [harried, plundered].	Hide. An' thy auld hide as white's a daisie, A Guid New-Year† And gie their hides a noble curry,
Yet while they're only poin'd and herriet, They'll keep their stubborn, Highland spirit. Add. of Beelzebub.	Wi' oil of aik Adam A—'s Prayer. Haurl thee hame to his black smiddie,
Herrin [herring].	O'er hurcheon hides, El. on Capt. M. H
I'll nail the self-conceited Sot, As dead's a herrin: Death and Dr. Hornbook. 30.	I'll light now, and dight now, His sweaty, wizen'd hide
In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin! Tam o' Shanter. 18. Herry [to harry, pillage].	Then farewell folly, hide and hair o't For ance and ay. Friend of the Poet † P.S.
Herry the louns o' the laigh Countrie S. Hee balou †	And I shall bang your hide, gudeman. S. O gin ye were dead. Thou giv'st the ass his hide, the snail his shell, To R. G. of F
Herryment [plunder; the cause of plunder]. The herryment and ruin of the country; The Brigs of Ayr. 9.	Hide, to.
Hersel [herself].	In shades of darkness hide. A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.
She trusts hersel, to hide the shame, In Hornbook's care; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 28.	I'll hide the struggle in my heart, S. Ah, Chloris † 'She trusts hersel, to hide the shame,
She says in to hersel:	'In Hornbook's care; 'Horn sent her aff to her lang hame,
An' slips out by hersel:	'To hide it there. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 28. Not for to hide it in a hedge, Ep. to Young Friend. 7.
But he has na tell'd the lass hersel . Katherine Jaffray. Auld Truth hersel' might swear ye're fair, On W. Chalmers.	Hides young desire amid her flowery wreath, Innocence †
An' could behave hersel wi' mense: . Poor Mailie's El	And a green grassy hillock hides his head; Lns while on Deathbed.
Whare Mungo's mither hang'd hersel. Tam o' Shanter. 10.	From where the Feal wild-woody coverts hide: The Brigs of Ayr. 13.
Thro' faded groves Maria sang, Hersel' in beauty's bloom the while, S. The Catrine woods† She kens hersel she's bonie The Tarbolton Lasses.	We'll hide the Cooper behind the door, S. The Cooper's cuddy t
She kens hersel she's bonie The Tarbolton Lasses. Het [hot].	Ilk star gae hide thy twink'ling ray S. The gowd. locks of A. A handsome grave does hide her; S. The Joyful Widower.
brimstone drink, Red, reeking, het. Adam A—'s Prayer. My spayet Pegasus will limp.	To please the Mob they hide the little [sense] giv'n. The Ordination, Mott.
My spavet Pegasus will limp, Till ance he's fairly het; Ep. to Davie. 11.	The wounds I must hide which will soon be my dead. S. There's auld Rob M. †
Ye'se a' be het or I come back. On Kirk of Lamington. But gie him't het, my hearty cocks!	For pity, hide the cruel sentence
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 19. The vera sight o' [Moodie]'s face,	To hide the brightness of the sun, S. When clouds in skies †
To's ain het hame had sent him Wi' fright The Holy Fair. 12.	And turn'd me round to hide the flood That in my een was swelling. S. When wild War's †
Heugh [a crag, a precipice, a steep hill or bank; a deep ravine, the shaft of a coal-pit].	Fain would I hide what I fear to discover, S. Where are the joys †
Tho' yon lowan heugh's thy hame, Thou travels far; Add. to the Deil. 3.	Hideous. There [o'er hell] let him hing, and roar, and yell,
The water rins o'er the heugh,	Wi' hideous din, Adam A—'s Prayer. Hiding, -in.
And I long for my true lover! S. Ay waukin, O. Heuk [a hook]. Fient a heuk had I, Yet I stack by him. S. Robin shure in hairst.	Your better art o' hiding Add. to Unco Guid. 3. Wi' him it [coin] ne'er was under hidin;
I turn d my weeding heuk aside,	On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.
An' spar'd the symbol dear. The Ans. to the Guidwife. Hew'd. And thro' they dash'd, and hew'd and smash'd,	Hie [high]. While day blinks in the lift sae hie; S. Ca' the Ewes.
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor. Hewer. Our friends the reviewers, those chippers and hewers,	It is the moon,—I ken her horn, That's blinking in the lift sae hie; S. O Willie brew'd †
To Capt. Riddel.	Hie-gate-side [high-way-side].
Hey! Hey, brave Johnie lad, cock up your beaver! S. Cock up yr beaver.	She watch'd me by the hie-gate-side, S. Had I the wyte † Hie, to. To what dark cave of frozen night, Alas! shall thy poor wand'rer hie;
Hey ca' thro', ca' thro',	Alas! shall thy poor wand'rer hie; S. Farewell, dear mistress†
Hey tutti taiti, How tutti taiti, . S. Landlady, count †	To thy new lover hie, S. Had I a cave † Tho', I to foreign lands must hie,
O hey! for Somebody,	Pursuing Fortune's slidd'ry ba', The Farewell. To St. J.'s L
And hey for the blossoms 'twill bring; The Election Ballads. III.	Hieroglyphic. And by that Hieroglyphic bright, Which none but Craftsmen ever saw!
And hey for the sanctified Murray,	The Farewell. To St. J.'s L
The Jolly Beggars, S. IV.	High. Adieu, my Liege! may Freedom geck Beneath your high protection; . A Dream. 8.
And hey, my merry Ploughman; S. The Ploughman † Hey and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme,	Ohey Thy high behest A Prayer under Auguish. Waving on high the desolating brand, Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
S. There liv'd ance a carle †	High wields her balance and her rod; Add. to Edinburgh. 2.
And even out-Irish his Hibernian bronze; Ep. fr. Esopus. Hiccup.	I see the Sire of Love on high
Hiccup, quo' Kimmer.	Ye high, exalted, virtuous Dames, Add. to Unco Guid. 6.
The better that I'm fou. S. Gudeen to you Kimmer† Hich v. Heigh.	There daily I wander as noon rises high, S. Afton Water. Whoe'er wou'd betray him, on high may he swing;
Hid, Hidden.	While praising, and raising
Hid in an atmosphere of reek, Ep. to H. Parker. The past was bad, and the future hid;	His thoughts to Heaven on high, Despondency, an Ode. 3. In thee, high Heaven above, was truest shown,
S. My father was a farmer t	El. on Miss Burnet.

Whose soul of fire, lighted at heaven's high flame,	Higher. Still higher may they heeze Ye In bliss, A Dream. 9.
Who will not sing, God save the king,	Because God meant mankind should set
Shall hang as high's the steeple; S. Does haughty Gaul t	That higher value on it. [v.A.27] Ask why God made †
While sans culottes stoop up the mountain high,	Depending on some higher chance, S. Here's to thy health, † Up higher yet my bonnet; . On dining with Daer.
But by you moon !—and that's high swearin',	A Scot still, but blot still,
Ep. to Maj. Logan. 11. An' [some nits] jump out owre the chimlie	I knew no higher praise, The Ans. to the Guidwife. The pith of sense and pride of worth,
Fu' high that night Halloween. 7. Lest he owre high and proud shou'd turn,	Are higher ranks than a' that. S. The Honest Man.
Holy Willie's Prayer, o.	Her strappan limb an' gausy middle, (He reach'd nae higher) The Jolly Beggars. R. V.
mantling high The sparkling heavenly vintage, Love and Bliss! Innocence.	Highest.
Three kings both great and high, John Barleycorn.	Rusticity's ungainly form
Were I a Baron proud and high, . S. Montgomerie's Peggy.	May cloud the highest mind; Rusticity's ungainly † And You, farewell! whose merits claim,
Farewell to the mountains high cover'd with snow,	Justly that highest badge to wear!
S. My heart's in the Highl.† He felt the powerful, high behest, . Nature's Law.	The Farewell. To St. J.'s L
He felt the powerful, high behest,	Now highest reign'st with boundless sway! The Lament. 9.
Ye need na look sae high	To grant my highest wishes, The Petition of Br. Water.
And wake the soul to musings high On Lincluden.	Highly. The deil ane but honours them highly, The deil ane will give them his vote.
Lifts high its roof and arches wide,	The Election Ballads. III.
The high-arched windows painted fair,	Inspire the highly favour'd youth
Now on the rising gale swell high,	The destinies intend her S. Young Peggy †
Justice, the high vicegerent of her God,	Highness. I tell your Highness fairly, A Dream. 10.
On Death of R. Dundas.	High-born.
Come, bumpers high, express your joy, On W. Stewart.	Not high-born, but noble-minded, . S. Sweetest May †
Gay the sun's golden eye, Peep'd o'er the mountains high; S. Phillis the Fair.	High-place.
Angelic forms, high heaven's peculiar care!	Consume that high-place Patronage,
Prologue at Th., D.,	From off thy holy hill; New Psalmody.
For genius, learning high, as great in war	Highland, -lan'. In Heaven itself, I'll ask no more, Than just a Highland welcome.
Prologue, sp. by Woods. The mite high heaven bestowed, that mite with thee I'll share	A V. on being Hosp. Entertained.
Sonnet, wr. on Birthday.	Unskaithed by hunger'd Highland boors! Add. of Beelzebub.
While love's luxurious pulse beat high, The Lament. 9.	To keep the Highland hounds in sight! Ib.
Maks high and low gude friends, man; The Tree of Liberty.	Some daring Hancocke, or a Franklin, May set their Highland blude a-ranklin;
Where Cummins once had high command: S. The Banks of Nith.	Yet, while they're only poin'd and herriet,
In the rolling tide of spreading Clyde	They'll keep their stubborn, Highland spirit Ib.
There sits an isle of high degree, S. The bonie Lass of Albany.	O my bonie Highland lad, My winsome, weel-far'd Highland laddie; [re.]
rapt in meditation high, The Brigs of Ayr. 3.	S. As I came o'er †
The silent moon shone high o'er tow'r and tree: Ib.	The Highland hills I've wander'd wide, S. Blythe was she †
How Abram was the Friend of God on high;	Donald wi' his Highland hand,
Broken trade o' Broughton, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 14.	Rifled ilka charm about her S. Donald Brodie.
A' in high repair The Election Ballads. IV.	Highland Donald met a lass, And rowed his Highland plaid about her
Here's a noble Earl's Fame and high renown, 16.	There's naething here but Highland pride,
Thou liv'st on high for ever	And Highland scab and hunger;
High-wav'd his magnum-bonum round	Epig. on being neglected at In. Inn. In Highland bonnet woo Malvina's charms; Ep. fr. Esopus.
Who has no will but by her high permission; The Henpecked Husband.	Blest Highland bonnet! Once my proudest dress, . Ib.
with thoughts still soaring To God on high, The Hermit.	Wha got my young Highland thief S. Hee balou, †
Feeding on you hill sae high, The Highl. Widow's Lament.	Is he slain by Highlan' bodies?
There, high my boiling torrent smokes,	S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. G. †
The Petition of Br. Water.	An' that glib-gabbet Highland Baron, The Laird o' Graham; The Author's Cry and Prayer.
But tho' he was o' high degree, The fient a pride na pride had he The Twa Dogs. 3.	Clap in his cheek a Highland gill,
The Chief on Sark who glorious fell,	Wi' Highland wrath they frae the sheath,
In high command; [v.A.4] The Vision. D. I.	Drew blades o' death, . S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
Where many a Patriot-name on high And Hero shone. [v.A.4]	"They've lost some gallant gentlemen
And Hero shone. [v.A.4] 1b. And heav'd on high my wauket loof, 1b. 6.	Amang the Highland clans, man;
all beneath his high command, Harmoniously, Ib. D. II.3.	The Brigs of Ayr. 12.
A high ruling elder to wallow in wine! The Whistle. 15.	How would his Highland lug been nobler fir'd, 1b.
I care na thy kin, sae high and sae lordly : S. Tibbie Dunbar.	As Highland craigs by thunder cleft,
And fill them high with generous juice, . To a Lady.	The Election Ballads. VI.
High-shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield,	Gie me my Highland lassie O. [re.] S. The Highland Lassie. To sing my Highland lassie O. [re.]
To a Mountain-Daisy.	My faithful Highland lassie, O [re.]
By all on high adoring mortals know! To Clarinda. And haply, eye the barren hut,	It wasna sae in the Highland hills,
With high disdain To J. S., 17.	S. The Highl. Widow's Lament.
'twas like yoursel, To grant your high protection:	His piercin words, like Highlan swords, The Holy Fair. 21.
To Mr. M'Adam.	The fourth's a Highland Donald hastie, . The Inventory.
mantling high she fills the golden cup, To R. G. of F., 7. As thy day grows warm and high, Wr. in Friars-Carse H.	Her Love had been a Highland laddie, The Jolly Beggars. R. IV.
The grand criterion of his fate,	A highland lad my Love was born, Ib. S. IV.
Is not, art thou high or low?	After some dog in Highland sang, . The Twa Dogs, 4.
As high in air the bursting torrents flow,	Since my young Highland Rover
As deep recoiling surges foam below, Wr. by Fall of Fyers.	Far wanders nations over The young Highl. Rover.

For there I took the last farewell Of my sweet Highland Mary.	May Has made our hills and valleys gay; S. O Logan! sweetly †
S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams † For dear to me as light and life Was my sweet Highland Mary	O were I on Parnassus hill; S. O were I on Parnass.† There wild-woods grow and rivers row,
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,	And mony a hill between; S. Of a' the airts † Is o'er the hills and far awa? . S. Oh how can I be blythe †
That wraps my Highland Mary!	Lone on the bleaky hills the straying flocks, On Death of R. Dundas.
Shall live my Highland Mary	Ye hills, ye plains, ye forests, and ye caves, Ib.
Here's to the Highlandman's bannocks o' barley.	Ye dark waste hills, and brown unsightly plains, Ib. And flee o'er the hills like a craw, man, Ronalds of Bennals.
I wad bestow my widowhood	But bring a Scotchman frae his hill,
Upon a rantin Highlandman. S. Ogin ye were dead. To wail her braw John Highlandman.	The Author's Cry and Prayer, P. deep-ton'd plovers, grey, wild-whistling o'er the hill;
The Jolly Beggars. R. IV. My gallant, braw John Highlandman. [re.] Ib. S. IV.	The Brigs of Ayr. from the hills where springs the brawling Coil, Ib. 7.
They've hang'd my braw John Highlandman Ib. No comfort but a hearty can,	But ca' them out to park or hill, . The Death of Mailie.
When I think on John Highlandman	A beardless boy comes o'er the hills, Wi' uncle's purse, and a' that; The Election Ballads. II.
While Highlandmen hate tolls an' taxes; To W. Simpson. Highlands, the.	O'er hill and dale she [Mirth] flew, man; The Fête Champetre. Farewell, old Coila's hills and dales, S. The gloomy Night †
Syne to the Highlands hame to me S. Hee balou, †	Auld Phœbus himsel, as he peep'd o'er the hill, S. The heather was bloom.
Will ye go to the Highlands wi' me; S. Leezie Lindsay. My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,	They hunted the valley, they hunted the hill, Ib.
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer; [re.] S. My heart's in the Highl.	O were you hills and vallies mine, S. The Highland Lassie. It wasna sae in the Highland hills,
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go. Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North, Ib.	S. The Highl. Widow's Lament. Feeding on you hill sae high,
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love	But now the L—'s ain trumpet touts,
But what is the north and its highlands to me? S. Out over the Forth †	Till a' the hills are rairan, The Holy Fair. 21. The faintly-marked, distant hill: The Lament.
Hilch [to hobble, halt]. And then he'll hilch, and stilt, and jimp,	The lazy mist hangs from the brow of the hill; S. The lazy mist †
And rin an unco fit:	The night was still, and o'er the hill The moon shone on the castle wa'; The night was still †
He swoor 'twas hilchan Jean M'Craw, Halloween. 20.	His right are these hills, and his right are these vallies, S. The small birds †
Hill. The fox was howling on the hill, A Vision. The hills whence classic Yarrow flows,	O! a' ye flocks, o'er a' the hills, . The Twa Herds. 15.
Add. to Shade of Thomson. How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills,	And some instruct the Shepherd-train, Blythe o'er the hill. The Vision. D. II. 8.
Far marked with the courses of clear winding rills; S. Afton Water.	We'll cry nae jads frae heathen hills To help, or roose us, Third Ep. to J. Lap
I meet him [the shepherd] on the dewy hill. S. Again rejoicing Nature †	Your hurdies like a distant hill, To a Haggis. Young Fancy's rays the hills adorning! . To J. S., 15.
The conscious sun, out o'er you hill, S. As I gaed up by †	Through frosty hills the journey lay, To J. Taylor.
"And peacefu' raise its ingle reek, "That slowly curling clamb the hill As on the banks †	Or frosts on hills of Ochiltree Are hoary gray; To W. Simpson.
Behind you hills where Stinchar flows, [v.A.26] S. Behind you hills †	When a' the hills are cover'd wi' snaw, [re.] S. Up in the morning.
An' owre the hill to Nanie, O	The tod reply'd upon the hill, . S. What will I do gin † When o'er the hill the eastern star S. When o'er the hill †
Blythe ha'e I been on you hill, . S. Blythe ha'e I been †	Th' outstretching lake, imbosomed 'mong the hills,
She took to her hills and her arrows let fly, S. Caledonia. And in the mirk and dreary drift	Among the heathy hills and ragged woods
The hills and glens are lost. S. Cauld is the e'enin blast † Ne'er sae murky blew the night	Wr. by Fall of Fyers.
That drifted o'er the hill,	An' hillocks, stanes, an' bushes kenn'd ay Frae ghaists an' witches. Death and Dr. Hornbook.
Yon wand'ring rill that marks the hill, S. Damon and Sylvia. The rising Moon began to glowr	At howes or hillocks never stumbled, . Ep. to H. Parker. And a green grassy hillock hides his head;
The distant Cumnock hills out-owre; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 4.	Lns while on Deathbed. And when ye're number'd wi' the dead,
I was come round about the hill,	Below a grassy hillock,
Glowrin a' the hills aboon, S. Duncan Gray.	An' stroan't on stanes an' hillocks wi' him. The Twa Dogs.
O, rivers, forests, hills and plains!	The hillocks dropt in Nature's careless haste; Wr. in Kenmore Inn.
Oft have ye heard my canty strains:	Hill-side. As ye gae up by yon hill-side,
The sweeping vales, and foaming floods, And owre the hill gaed scrievin,	Speer in for bonie Bessy; The Tarbolton Lasses. Hill-tap [Hill-top].
And a' the hills wi' echoes roar, . S. Highland Laddie.	If ye gae up to yon hill-tap,
we clamb the hill thegither, S. John Anderson, † The wind hlew hollow frae the hills, Lament for Glencairn.	Ye'll there see honie Peggy; . The Tarbolton Lasses. Hilly.
When o'er the hill beat surly storms, S. Montgomerie's Peggy. See you not you hills and dales	Though fortune's road be rough an' hilly Ep. to Maj. Logan. Hilt.
The sun shines on sae brawlie? S. My Collier Laddie.	An' rin her whittle to the hilt, I' th' first she meets! The Author's Cry and Prayer.
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love. S. My heart's in the Highlands †	Hiltie, skiltie [helter-skelter!.]
Consume that high-place Patronage, From off thy holy hill; New Psalmody.	Then, hiltie, skiltie, we gae scrivin', An' fash nae mair Second Ep. to Davie.

	*** / .
Himsel [himself].	Hint, to.
The lad, for twa guid gimmer-pets,	I modestly fu' fain wad hint it,
Was Laird himsel. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 27.	That one pound one, I sairly want it; Friend of the poet †
But, like himsel', a full free agent El. on Year 1788.	'Some hint the Lover's harmless wile; The Vision. D. II. 9.
Or rhymes an' sangs he'd made himsel,	Hinted. And last, my prologue-business slily hinted.
Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 6.	Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
	He quoted and he hinted, . Extem. in Court of Session.
Wha thinks himsel nae sheep-shank bane, Ib. Ap. 21st, 12.	
This worthless body damn'd himsel,	If wiser too—he hinted some suggestion, Prologue, at Th., D
To save the Lord the trouble Epit. on D. C.	I sud be laith to think ye hinted
But whether 'twas the Deil himsel, Halloween, 12.	Ironic satire, sidelins sklented, To W. Simpson.
But monie a day was by himsel, Ib. 16.	Hip. At my right-hand assign'd your seat. 'Tween Herod's hip and Polycrate; Add. of Beelzebub. 5.
A weel-stocked mailin, himsel' for the laird,	'Tween Herod's hip and Polycrate; Add. of Beelzebub. 5.
S. Last May a braw wooer †	Wi' stangèd hips, and buttocks bluidy,
	She's suffer'd sair; . Adam A-'s Prayer.
Care, mad to see a man sae happy, E'en drown'd himsel amang the nappy: Tam o' Shanter, 6.	'The weans haud out their fingers laughin,
E en drown d minsel amang the nappy. 2 um o Snanter, o.	'And pouk my hips. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 14.
An there had been the Yerl himsel', O there had been nae play; The Election Ballads, V.	
O there had been hae play; The Election Ballads, V.	
Auld Phœbus nimsel, as he peep d o er the hill,	An' snugly sit amang the saunts,
S. The heather was bloom. †	At Davie's hip yet What ails ye now †
The chiel that's a fool for himsel,	'As sair owre hip as ye can draw't!
Guid L-d, he's far dafter than I. The Jolly Beggars, S. III.	Hire. Was here to hire you lad away To Gavin Hamilton.
But there's Morality himsel,	Hireling.
Embracing all opinions; The Ordination. 12.	
It maks him ken himsel, man The Tree of Liberty.	Shall he [the Bard] be guilty of their hireling crimes,
	The Brigs of Ayr.
He rises when he likes himsel; The Twa Dogs. 8.	The hirelings ran—her foes gied chase, The Tree of Liberty.
Himsel, a wife, he thus sustains,	For hireling traitors' wages S. The Union.
Wha thinks to knit himsel the faster	Hirple [to halt, move crazily as if lame, limp].
In favor wi' some gentle Master, Ib. 21.	November hirples o'er the lea, On Birth of Posth. Child.
To mak himsel look fair and fatter,	
The Muse, nae Poet ever fand her,	He hirples twa-fauld as he dow, S. To daunton me.
Till by himsel he learn'd to wander, To W. Simpson. 15.	He hosts and he hirples the weary day lang:
	S. What can a young lassie †
Himself.	Hirplan [limping, moving crazily as if lame].
the selfish aim, To bless himself alone! A Winter Night. 8.	The hares were hirplan down the furrs, The Holy Fair.
Hind. The hart, hind, and roe, freely, wildly-wanton stray:	
S. Sleep'st thou.	Comes hostan, hirplan owre the field, Wi' creeping pace To J. S., 13.
Hind.	
"Looks o'er proud Property, extended wide;	Hirpi'd [limped, moved crazily as if lame].
And eyes the simple, rustic Hind, . A Winter Night. 8.	He hirpl'd up an' lap like daft, The Jolly Beggars. R. VII.
	His. And I'll be his, and he'll be mine.
The meanest hind in fair Scotland May rove their sweets amang; Lament of Mary of Scots.	S. Braw lads on Yar. braes †
	Hislop. Let William Hislop give the spirit. A Grace.
'The rustic Bard, the lab'ring Hind, The Vision. D. II., 7.	
Hindmost.	Hissel [a multitude, a flock, so many cattle or sheep as one person can attend to].
I'se bless you wi' my hindmost breath, . S. Duncan Gray.	
I'll toast you in my hindmost gillie.	The herds an' hissels were alarm'd; To W. Simpson. P.S.
On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.	Hissing. The cauld blue north was streaming forth
	Her lights wi' hissing eerie din; A Vision.
An' plunder'd o' her hindmost groat, By gallows knaves? The Author's Cry and Prayer.	Histle [dry, chapt, barren].
	Adorns the histie stibble-field,
Our monarch's hindmost year but ane Was five-and-twenty days begun, . S. There was a lad	Unseen, alane To a Mountain-Daisy.
	History.
Deil tak the hindmost, on they drive, To a Haggis.	Here History paints, with elegance and force,
The hindmost shaird, they'll fetch it wi' them,	The tide of empire's fluctuating course; Prologue, sp. by Woods.
To W. Simpson. P.S.	Hit. Yet whose parts and acquirements seem mere lucky hits;
Hiney, Hinny [honey].	Fragment, inscr. to Fox.
It's a' for the hiney he'll cherish the bee;	Hit, to.
S. O meikle thinks my love t	my friend to be, If I can hit it! Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 14.
Was naething to my hinny bliss	
Upon the lips o' Anna S. The gowd. Locks of A	Farewell, dear Friend! may guid luck hit you! A Farewell.
Hing [to hang].	Hitch [a loop, a knot].
	Upon her cloot she coost a hitch, . The Death of Mailie.
There [o'er hell] let him hing, and roar, and yell, Wi' hideous din, . Adam A—'s Prayer.	Hither. And hither came, with men disgusted,
	My life to end The Hermit.
While o'er their heads the hazels hing, S. Bonie lassie, will ye go t	Hive. Shall let the busy, grumbling hive
	Bum owre their treasure. To W. Simpson.
And [winds] hing us owre the ingle, Ep. to Davie.	Hizzie [hussy, a young woman].
Adown her neck and bosom hing; S. Her flowing locks t	
The Brethren o' the mystic level	The hizzies, if they're oughtlins faussont, Let them in Drury Lane be lesson'd! . Add. of Beelzebub.
May hing their head in wofu' bevel, . Tam Samson's El	
Dame Fortune should hing by the neck;	Shall I like a fool, quoth he,
The Election Ballads. III.	For a haughty hizzie die? S. Duncan Gray t
And hing our fiddles up to sleep, The Ordination. 7.	The tapetless, ramfeezl'd hizzie, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 3.
Till icicles hing frae their beards; To J. S., 22.	If wi' the hizzie down ye sent it,
	It would be kind; Friend of the poet t
Hinging, -in [hanging].	threshin still at hizzies tails, Kind Sir, Ive readt
Amang the trees where humming bees	Gars me moop wi' the servant hizzie, S. O gude ale comes †
At buds and flowers were hinging, O S. Amang the trees †	
Wi' hingin' lips and snakin', . Holy Willie's Prayer, 14.	
How cut-throat Prussian blades were hingin;	Three hizzies, early at the road, The Holy Fair. 2.
Kind Sir, Ive read †	I'se ne'er ride horse nor hizzie mair; The Inventory.
Douse hingin o'er my curple, . The Ans. to the Guidwife.	Sat guzzling wi' a Tinkler-hizzie The Jolly Beggars. R. III.
	A hizzie's the half of my Craft: Ib. S. III.
Hinny v. Hiney.	buirdly chiels, and clever hizzies, The Twa Dogs. 11.
Hint. A hint o' a rival or twa, man, Ronalds of Bennals.	
Fair maid, you need not take the hint, . To Miss Ainslie.	A tight, outlandish Hizzie, braw, The Vision. D. I. 7.

Hoar. through your ruins, hoar and grey, . On Lincluden. grim Nature's visage hoar, The Vision. D. II. 13.	In plain, braid Scots hold forth a plain, braid story: The Brigs of Ayr. 9.
The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar, S. To Mary in Heaven.	As theirs alone, the patent-bliss, To hold a Fête Champetre. The Fête Champetre.
Hoarding.	When angels met, at Adam's yett To hold their Fête Champetre
I never was canny for hoarding o' money, Ronalds of Bennals. Hoarse.	whilst with both hands I can hold the glass steady,
Through the still night dash'd hoarse along the shore:	The Jolly Beggars, S. II. But lordly will, I hold it still
Rave to my darkly dashing stream,	A mortal sin to thraw that
Hoarse-swelling on the breeze. The Petition of Br. Water.	So hold thy industry with diligent cares.
Hoarsely. By a river hoarsely roaring S. Raving winds † Hoary. The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,	S. The Poor Thresher. To hold our grand procession; To a Medical Gent.
S. Bonie Lassie, will ye go	I hold it, Sir, my bounden duty To Gav. Hamilton.
Like hoary bristles to erect and stare Ep. fr. Esopus.	Hol'd.
With chill hoary wing as ye [breezes] usher the dawn: S. How pleasant the banks †	Had hol'd his heartie like a riddle, The Jolly Beggars. R. V. Holding.
His hoary cheek was wet wi' tears; Lament for Glencairn.	Whiles holding fast his gude blue bonnet; Tam o' Shanter. 9.
And hoary was his hair Man was made to Mourn.	Hole. darkling grubs this earthly hole, . A Bard's Epit.
The hoary Sire—the mortal stroke, Long, long be pleas'd to spare; O Thou dread Pow'r	For prey, a' holes an' corners tryin; . Add. to the Deil.
Ilk hoary Hunter mourn'd a brither; Tam Samson's El., 12.	If there's a hole in a' your coats, I rede you tent it: On Grose's Peregrinations.
The hoary morns precede the sunny days, The Brigs of Ayr.	He smell'd their ilka hole and road,
His hoary head with water-lilies crown'd, Ib. 13. Then Winter's time-bleach'd locks did hoary show, Ib.	Baith out and in, The Twa Herds. 6. Holier.
And when the Bard, or hoary Sage,	There's a holier chace in your view; . The Kirk's Alarm.
Charm or instruct the future age, [v.A.4] The Vision. D. II.	Holland. Tho' thou has nae silk and holland sae sma, [re.]
And infant Frosts begin to bite, In hoary cranreuch drest; . The Jolly Beggars, R. I.	S. O when she cam ben† A ten-shillings hat, a holland cravat; Ronalds of Bennals.
What tho', with hoary locks I must stand the winter shocks,	She took her mither's holland sheets,
Ib. S. I. Never Boreas' hoary path,	And made them a' in sarks to me; S. The Lass that made the bed.
Or frosts on hills of Ochiltree	Hollow.
Are hoary gray; To W. Simpson. 13.	But ev'ry tail thou pay't them hollow, A Guid New-year † 9.
The hoary cavern, wide-surrounding, lowers. Wr. by Fall of Fyers.	The wind blew hollow frae the hills, Lament for Glencairn. The hollow caves return a sullen moan.
Hoast [a cough]. Now colic-grips, an' barkin hoast, May kill us a'; Scotch Drink. 19.	On Death of R. Dundas.
Hoast-provoking.	And hollow whistled in the rocky cave. On Death of Sir J. Blair.
That fill'd, wi' hoast-provoking smeek, The auld, clay biggin; The Vision. D. I. 3.	Wi' mony an eldritch skreech and hollow. Tam o' Shanter. 17.
Hoble.	I'd rip their rotten, hollow hearts, To Rev. J. M'Math.
Tho' now ye dow but hoyte and hoble, A Guid New-year 17. Hocus-pocus. Their jugglin' hocus pocus arts To cheat the crowd. To Rev. J. M'Math.	Hollow, s. And now we're dern'd in glens and hollows, Adam A—'s Prayer. Holly.
Hoddan [the motion of a rider on a cart horse].	'And wear thou this' she solemn said,
Here, farmers gash, in ridin graith, Gaed hoddan by their cotters; . The Holy Fair. 7.	And bound the Holly round my head: The Vision. D. II. 23.
Hodden-grey [cloth worn by the peasantry, which	Holly-bough. Green, slender, leaf-clad Holly boughs
has the natural colour of the wooll.	Were twisted, gracefu', round her brows, The Vision. D. I. 9.
What tho' on hamely fare we dine, Wear hodden-grey and a' that; . S. The Honest Man.	Holm, And mark'd its bonie holms and haughs, As on the banks †
Hoe. Collects his spades, his mattocks and his hoes, The Cotter's Sat. Night.	And mark'd its bonie holms and haughs, As on the banks † Holy. O ye wha are sae guid yoursel,
Hogarth.	Sae pious and sae holy, . Add. to Unco Guid.
Her Hogarth-art perhaps she [nature] meant to show it) Ep. to R. Graham. 3.	In holy rapture, Great lies and nonsense baith to vend, [v.A.6]
But O for Hogarth's magic pow'r On dining with Daer.	Death and Dr. Hornbook.
Hoggle [dim. of hog, a young sheep before it has	That holy robe, O dinna tear it! Ep. to J. R., 3. Consume that high-place patronage,
lost its first fleece]. What will I do gin my Hoggie die?	From off thy holy hill; New Psalmody.
My joy, my pride, my Hoggie! S. What will I do gin †	Here Holy Willie's sair worn clay Taks up its last abode; Epit. on Holy Willie.
I trembled for my Hoggie	Ye holy walls that still sublime,
Hog-score [a distance line in curling,-the stone	Resist the crumbling touch of time; On Lincluden. The holy anthem loud and clear;
being shogged aside when it fails to cross].	In window fair, the painted pane
But now he lags on Death's hog-score. Tam Samson's El., 5. Hog-shouther [to justle or 'shog' with the shoulder	No longer glows with holy stain, 16.
in a kind of horse-play].	Might fire even holy Palmers; On W. Chalmers. The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays:
The warly race may drudge an' drive, Hog-shouther, jundie, stretch an' strive, To W. Simpson.	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 13.
Hold. Yet by the forelock is the hold to catch him [Time]; Prologue, at Th., D	Or other Holy Seers that tune the sacred lyre. Pawn'd in a gin-shop Quenching holy drouth. The Election Ballads. IV.
Mid Lawson's port entrench'd his hold, The Election Ballads. VI. Dangers, eagle-pinioned, hold	Whose holy priesthood nane can stain, For wha can dye the black?
Dangers, eagle-pinioned, bold, Soar around each cliffy hold, Wr. in Friars-Carse H.	I pray with holy fire:
Hold, to. Hold on till thou art mellow, S. Deluded swain †	An' lilt wi' holy clangor; The Ordination. 3.
Who hold your being on the terms, Each aid the others, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 21.	Abusin' me for harsh ill nature On holy men, Third Ep. to J. Lap
Here holds her search by heaven-taught Reason's beam; Prologue, sp. by Woods.	To ware his theologic care on, And holy study; To Dr. Blacklock.

An' rouse their holy thunder on it To Rev. J. M'Math.	sentimental sister Susie, An' honest Lucky; Ep. to Maj. Logan. 13
wi' holy robes, But hellish spirit	But honest Nature is not quite a Turk, Ep. to R. Graham. 4
I wear away My life, and in my office holy Consume the day The Hermit.	An honest man here lies at rest, Epit. on a Friend
"I'm gaun to [Mauchline] holy fair,	He's blest—if as he brew'd he drink— In upright honest morals Epit. on G. Richardson
"To spend an hour in daffin: The Holy Fair. 5. "An' meet you on the holy spot;	In upright honest morals Epit. on G. Richardson Here lies J—n B—y, honest man Epit. on J—n B—y, Writer
For [Moodie] speels the holy door,	His social, friendly, honest heart
Ascends the holy rostrum:	Epit. on Tam the Chapman
Holy Will, Holy Will, there was wit i' your skull, When ye pilfer'd the alms o' the poor; The Kirk's Alarm.	It's guid to be honest and true, S. Here's a health to them "Without, at least ae honest man,
Homage. Admir'd and prais'd—and there the homage ends:	"To grace this damn'd infernal clan."
Ep. to R. Graham. 3.	Lns add. to J. Ranken The poor, oppressed, honest man Man was made to Mourn
The Cotter's Sat. Night.	For without an honest manly heart
The Parent-pair their secret homage pay,	No man was worth regarding, O. S. My father was a farmer
Each thought intoxicated homage yields, . To Clarinda. Home [the author of 'Douglas']	But never nonest man's intent,
One Douglas lives in Home's immortal page, [v.A.12]	As cursedly miscarry'd. S. O ay my wife she dang Nae honest worthy man need care,
Scots Prologue.	To meet with noble youthful Daer, On dining with Daer
Home. Lone from your savage homes exil'd, A Winter Night, 5.	Honest Will's to Heaven gane, . On W. Cruickshanks Low lies the heart that swell'd with honest pride!
Where Scotia's kings of other years,	On Death of Sir J. Blair
Fam'd heroes! had their royal home: Add. to Edinburgh, 6.	His honest heart enamours, On W. Chalmers
And shelter, shade, nor home, have I, Save in those arms of thine, Love. S. Forlorn, my Love †	To honest Willie Chalmers
To realms unknown while fate exiles me,	There's ane; come forrit, honest Allan! Poem on Pastoral Poetry
Make her bosom still my home S. Highland Mary Her home, these aisles and arches high; On Lincluden.	That dearest meed is granted—honest fame;
To thee shall home, or food, or pastime yield.	Out owre a glass o' Whisky-punch
On seeing wounded Hare.	Wi' honest men! Scotch Drink. 17
My child, thou art gone to the home of thy rest, On Death of fav. Child.	Then of its faults my honest thoughts I'll give—and here they go Symon Gray
Good sense and taste are natives here at home;	This truth fand honest Tam o' Shanter, Tam o' Shanter. 2
Prologue, at Th., D Evan-banks,—Home of my youth, S. Slow spreads the gloom †	(Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses, For honest men and bonnie lasses.)
That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad:	Ae social, honest man want we: . Tam Samson's El., 14
The Cotter's Sat. Night, 19.	If Honest Worth in heaven rise,
Beneath the woods and rocks, aftentimes for a home, The Jolly Beggars, S.I.	Ye'll mend or ye win near him Ib. The Epit. Tell ev'ry social, honest billie
And when I come home from my labour at night	To cease his grievin, Ib. Per C.
S. The Ploughman † Invited him home to dine with him next day; Ib.	She, honest woman, may think shame That ye're connected with her. The Ans. to the Guidwife
Went home to his wife who scarce could believe, Ib.	
Home-news. The papers are barren of home-news or foreign,	To shame ye, disclaim ye, Ilk honest birkie swears.
To Capt. Riddel. Homeward. Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way;	The honest, open, naked truth: The Author's Cry and Prayer
The Cotter's Sat. Night, 18.	Fame, honest fame, his great, his dear reward.
Homer. In Homer's craft Jock Milton thrives; Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end,
Her lord, a wight of Homer's craft, The Jolly Beggars. R. VII.	The Cotter's Sat. Night
But Homer like the glowran byke,	'An honest man's the noblest work of God:'
Frae town to town I draw that Ib. S. VII. Jove's tunefu' dochters three times three,	But he wad hecht an honest heart,
Made Homer deep their debtor; . To Miss Ferrier.	Wad ne'er desert his friend The Election Ballads.
Honest.	The independent patriot, The honest man, and a' that
Here's a bottle and an honest friend! A Bottle and Friend. May ne'er his gen'rous, honest heart,	Here's an honest conscience
For that same gen'rous spirit smart! . A Ded. to G. H., 14.	Might a prince adorn;
Wi' Lady Onlie, honest lucky. [re.] S. A' the lads o' Thornie-bnk †	That hangs his head, and a' that? S. The Honest Man
To say her pray'rs, douse, honest woman! Add. to the Deil. 6.	The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor, Is king o' men, for a' that
The ace an' wale of honest men; . Auld comrade dear †	But an honest man's aboon his might,
Ye'll fin' him just an honest man:	Gude faith he maunna fa' that!
An honest Wabster to his trade, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 26. Go, find an honest fellow; S. Deluded swain †	The grace be—"Athole's honest men, And Athole's bonnie lasses!" The Petition of Br. Water
But by thy honest turf I'll wait,	Fair fa' your honest, sonsie face, To a Haggi
Thou man of worth! El. on Capt. M. H., 16.	Our Patron, honest man! Gl[encairn], . The Ordination,
And not a muse in honest grief bewail. El. on Miss Burnet. Nae waur than he did, honest man! El. on Year 1788.	His honest, sonsie, baws'nt face, The Twa Dogs
A man may hae an honest heart,	I've aften wonder'd, honest Luath,
Tho' Poortith hourly stare him; Ep. to Young Friend. 4.	To mend the honest Patriot-lore, . The Vision, D. II.,
The honest heart that's free frae a' Intended fraud or guile, Ep. to Davie. 3.	The justling tears ran down his honest face! The Vowel.
With honest joy, our hearts will bound,	There's naethin like the honest nappy! There's naethin like
To see the coming year:	But aiblins honest Master Heron, Had at the time some dainty fair one, . To Dr. Blacklock
If honest Nature made you fools, What sairs your Grammars? Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 11.	And eke the same to honest Lucky,
The social, friendly, honest man, Whate'er he be,	Then take what gold could never buy— An honest Bard's esteem To J. M'Murde
'Tis he fulfils great Nature's plan, And none but he. 1b. Ap. 21st, 15.	"I red you, honest man, tak tent! To J. S.,

	the second secon
Baith honest men and lasses bonie, . To Terraughty.	eats a dinner Better than ony Tenant-man
An honest man may like a glass,	His Honor has in a' the lan': The Twa Dogs. 9.
An honest man may like a lass, . To Rev. J. M'Math.	Honour, to.
Rejoicing in the honest man's destruction, . Tragic Frag.	But now for a Patron whose name and whose glory
A poor and honest sodger S. When wild War's †	At once may illustrate and honour my story. Fragment inser. to Fox.
Honest-hearted.	The deil ane but honours them highly,
To honest-hearted, auld L[aprai]k, For his kind letter. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st.	The deil ane will give them his vote.
	The Election Ballads. III.
A cheerful honest-hearted clown I will prefer before you, O. S. My father was a farmer†	Honoured, -'d, Honored, -'d.
Honestly. If honestly they canna come,	I shelter in thy honor'd shade Add. to Edinburgh.
Far better want them.	this much-lov'd, much honor'd name! Epit. for R. A.
The Author's Cry and Prayer.	My much-honor'd Patron, believe your poor Poet,
Honor, Honour.	Fragment, inscr. to Fox.
lordly Honor's lofty brow, A Winter Night. 8.	Ye honoured mighty dead! Fragment of Ode.
This boasted Honor turns away,	I've even join'd the honour'd jorum, On dining with Daer.
Shunning soft Pity's rising sway,	My honored colonel, deep I feel
And save the Honour o' the nation! . Add. of Beelzebub.	Your interest in the poet's weal; Poem on Life.
O, may no son the fathers honour stain, Blest be M'Murdo †	Before whose sons I'm honour'd to appear!
And gather gear by ev'ry wile, That's justify'd by Honor: Ep. to Young Friend. 7.	Prologue, sp. by Woods.
But where ye feel your Honor grip,	Has oft been stretch'd to shield the honour'd land! . Ib.
Let that ay be your border:	my honor'd, first of friends, Sketch. New-Yr's Day.
In the field of proud honour, our swords in our hands,	When shall I see that honour'd land, S. The Banks of Nith.
S. Farewell, thou fair day †	My lov'd, my honor'd, much respected friend,
And whilst that honour warms my heart,	The Cotter's Sat. Night.
I'll love my handsome Nell S. Handsome Nell.	Oft, honor'd with supreme command, The Farewell. To St. I's L
Glory, Honour, now invite, . S. Highland Laddie.	Heav'n bless your honor'd, noble Name,
The honours of the aged year, . Lament for Glencairn.	
Thou, who thy honour as thy God rever'st,	Spring, like their fathers, up to prop Their honour'd native land! The Petition of Br. Water.
Lns sent Sir J. Whiteford.	Your thrifty old mother has scarce such another
His worth, his honour, all the world approv'd Ib.	To sit in that honoured station. S. The sons of old Killie.
And honours masonic prepare for to throw;	Hoodie-craw [hooded-crow, the carrion crow].
S. No Churchman am I †	Scar'd frae its minnie and the cleckin
And honour safely back her [Truth], . On W. Chalmers.	By hoodie-craw; To W. Creech.
An idiot race, to honour lost; On Window at Stirling.	Hoodock [rapacious, predatory, vulturish].
We have the honor to belong to you! . Scots Prologue.	The harpy, hoodock, purse-proud race, Ep. to Maj. Logan, 7.
with days and honours crown'd, Sketch. New Yr's Day.	Hook. Do but try to develope his hooks and his crooks:
Are Honor, Virtue, Conscience, all exil'd?	Fragment, inscr. to Fox.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10.	Such witching books are baited hooks . O leave novels †
And aiblins gowd and honour baith Might be that laddie's share The Election Ballads. I.	Hooked.
	For mony a pursie she had hooked, The Jolly Beggars. R. IV.
Wha's honour is proof to the storm; Ib. III.	Hool [the outer case or skin].
Wha's honour was ever his law;	Poor Leezie's heart maist lap the hool; Halloween. 26.
All in the field of politics, To win immortal honours. Ib. VI. For worth and honour pawn their word, The Fête Champetre.	Hoolie! [softly, cautiously].
For worth and honour pawn their word, The Fête Chambetre.	Something cries, "Hoolie!" To J. S., 7.
I saw that honour's sword was rusted; The Hermit.	
For her bosom burns with honour's glow,	Hoord [hoard].
S. The Highland Lassie.	When thowes dissolve the snawy hoord, Add. to the Deil. 12.
By sacred truth and honour's band! Ib.	Hoordet [hoarded.]
So lost to Honour, lost to Truth, The Lament.	The auld Guidwife's weel-hoordet nits Halloween. 7.
Beam'd keen with Honor The Vision. D. I. 10.	Hope.
Honour's war we strongly waged, S. Thickest night †	Vain is his hope, whase stay an' trust is, In moral Mercy, Truth and Justice! . A Ded. to G. H., 7.
Thine is the self-approving glow,	While hopes, and joys, and pleasures fly him [Want], <i>Ib. 16</i> .
On conscious honour's part; To Chloris.	by a poor man's hopes in Heav'n!
My word of honor I hae gien, To Gav. Hamilton.	O Thou unknown, Almighty Cause.
Shed thy dying honours round, To Miss C.	Of all my hope and fear! . A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.
Wha has mair honor in his breast	Ev'ry hope is fled, Ev'ry fear is terror; S. Ay waking, O
Than mony scores as guid's the priest To Rev. J. M'Math.	And robb'd him at once of his hopes and his life:
An' shall his fame an' honor bleed By worthless skellums,	S. Caledonia.
	Thy hopes will soon deceive thee S. Deluded swain †
An' some, by whom your doctrine's blam'd (Which gives you honor)	And sing their pleasures, hopes an' joys,
Then pride might climb the slipp'ry steen:	In some mild sphere, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 18.
Where fame and honours lofty shine; S. Twas even—the dewy	Prop of my dearest hopes for future times.
	Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
The sodger's wealth is honor; . S. When wild War's t	So fell the pride of all my hopes, S. Fate gave the word †
Yet such a head, and more the heart,	That blasts each bud of hope and joy; S. Forlorn, my Love, †
Does both the sexes honour. Wr. on Leaf of "H. More."	Pale sickness withers ilka grace, And a' my hopes beguiles Fragment.
Ye pow'rs of honour, love, and truth, From ev'ry ill defend her; S. Young Peggy †	
	False flatterer, Hope, away! Fragment of Ode. Hope beaming mild on the soft parting hour;
Honor, Honour, your, his.	Hope beaming mild on the soft parting flour; S. Gloomy December.
Your Honor's hearts wi' grief 'twad pierce, S. The Author's Cry and Prayer.	Till my last hope and last comfort is gone: Ib.
God bless your Honors, can ye see't, Ib.	In hopes to see Tam Kipples
God bless your Honors, a' your days,	Altho' even hope is denied; . S. Here's a health to ane †
With your Honours and a certain King, The Dean of Fac	Of mony a joy and hope bereav'd me, S. I dream'd I lay †
But now his Honor maun detach, The Ordination. 10.	And hope has left my aged ken,
Due now mis righter mann detach, The Oransetton. To.	
Was keepet for His Honor's pleasure; . The Twa Dogs.	On forward wing for ever fled Lament for Glencairn.

And when my hope was at the top, I still was worst mistaken, O. S. My father was a farmer †	The hopeful youth, in Scottish senate bred, Ep. fr. Esopus.
No help, nor hope, nor view had I, Ib.	The parents partial eye their hopeful years;
Hope and Fear's alternate billow S. Musing on the roaring † She, who her lovely Offspring eyes	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5. Hopeless. Heavy, heavy is the task,
With tender hopes and fears, . S. O Thou dread Pow'r	Hopeless love declaring; S. Blythe hae I been
Their hope, their stay, their darling youth, Ib. For ever,—Oh no l let not man be a slave,	Condemn'd to drag a hopeless chain, S. Farewell, thou stream
His hopes from existence to sever. On Death of fav. Child.	As hopeless I muse on thy charms, S. Here's a health to ane †
O'er the hope and misfortune of being to mourn, Ib.	On the hopeless Future pondering, . S. Raving winds † And hopeless, comfortless, I'll mourn
Now [Wrongs, &c.] gay in hope explore the paths of men: On Death of R. Dundas.	A faithless woman's broken vow The Lament.
But ah how hope is born but to expire! On Death of Sir J. Blair.	Now hopeless, comfortless, forsaken! V.s, under Grief.
Who shall say that Fortune grieves him,	Hopeton, Hopetoun. And Westerha' and Hopeton hurled
While the star of hope she leaves him? S. One fond kiss, † Ye sprightly youths, quite flush with hope and spirit,	To every Whig, defiance The Election Ballads. VI.
Prologue, at Th., D	And Hopeton falls, the generous, brave; Ib. Or Hopetoun's wealth to shine in; S. When first I saw †
But still the hope Experience taught to live, Prologue, sp. by Woods.	Hoping. Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
succeeding clouds Succeeding hopes beguil'd. Sad thy tale, †	The Cotter's Sat. Night. Hops. Men wha grew wise priggin owre hops an' raisins,
All, all my hopes of bliss reside Where Evan mingles with the Clyde.	The Brigs of Ayr. 10.
S. Slow spreads the gloom † Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman-grown,	Or hops the flavour of thy wit; To Mr. Syme. Horatian.
The Cotter's Sat. Night.	Wee Pope, the knurlin, 'till him rives
Hope 'springs exulting on triumphant wing,' That thus they all shall meet in future days: . Ib. 16.	Horatian fame; Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
Wi' faith an' hope, an' love an' drink, They're a' in famous tune For crack . The Holy Fair. 26.	Horn. Her horn the pale-fac'd Cynthia rear'd; [v.A.20] A Vision.
Old Scotia's darling hope,	Her darling amusement, the hounds and the horn. S. Caledonia.
Your little angel band The Petition of Br. Water. Ev'n ev'ry ray of Hope destroy'd, The Lament.	
'With future hope, I oft would gaze,	To count her [the moon's] horns, wi' a' my pow'r,
'Fond, on thy little, early ways, . The Vision. D. II. 12. Not a hope that dare attend; S. Thickest night †	What time the moon, wi' silent glowr, Sets up her horn, . El. on Capt. M. H., 10.
Then farewel hopes of Laurel-boughs, To J. S., 9.	Your Latin names for horns an' stools; Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 11.
Keen hope does ev'ry sinew brace; 1b. 18.	An' the horns become your brow, gudeman.
Till fled each hope that once his bosom fired, To R. G. of F., 5. When disappointment snaps the clue of hope, Ib. 7.	S. O gin ye were dead. Your horns shall tie you to the staw,
Already one strong hold of hope is lost,	It is the moon—I ken her horn, . S. O Willie brew'd †
Thro' a long life his hopes and wishes crown; Ib. Should I but dare a hope to speel,	And aits set up their awnie horn, Scotch Drink. 3. O sweetly, then, thou reams the horn in! 1b. 9.
Wi' Allan, or wi' Gilbertfield, The braes o' fame; To W. Simpson.	All-chearing Plenty, with her flowing horn, The Brigs of Ayr. 13.
In hopes to be mair wise, . V.s, on Window, Carron.	The like has been that you may wear
In wildest fury hae made bare My peace, my hope, for ever! . V.s, under Grief.	A noble head of horns
Nor hope dare a comfort bestow: . S. Where are the joys t	But the sodger's friends hae blawn the best,
And give all his hopes the lie? . S. Why, why tell thy † Hope, to.	So he shall hear the horn The Election Ballads. I. I joyless view thy trembling horn
Yet in thy presence, lovely Fair,	Reflected in the gurgling rill The Lament.
To hope may be forgiven; S. Anna, thy charms † An' no owre auld, I hope, to learn! . El. on Year 1788.	An' toss thy horns fu' canty; The Ordination. 6. That e'er ga'e gospel horn a blast, The Twa Herds. 2.
I hope to gie the jads a clearin'	"And bumper his horn with him twenty times o'er." The Whistle. 8.
In fair play yet Ep. to Maj. Logan. 11. Never mair maun hope to find	As them wha like to taste the drappie
Ease frae toil, relief frae care: . S. Frae the friends † "I will hope and trust in heaven, . S. Husband, husband †	In glass or horn. There's naethin like the No horns, but those by luckless Hymen worn, And those, alas! not Amalthea's horn: To R. G. of F. 3.
The wretch whase doom is "hope nae mair,"	And those, alas! not Amalthea's horn: To R. G. of F. 3.
S. Now Spring has clad † And mony a night we've merry been, And mony mae we hope to be S. O Willie brew'd †	Horn [a spoon made of horn; a comb made of horn; "horn and bane," a large toothed horn comb and a small toothed comb made of bone].
Nor asks if they bring ought to hope or fear. Sonnet, wr. on Birthday.	You've gi'en us walth for horn and knife, V.s to Landlady of Inn.
I hope frae heav'n to see them yet In fiery flame The Twa Herds. 11.	Then, horn for horn they stretch an' strive, . To a Haggis. Whare horn nor bane ne'er daur unsettle,
A wooer like me maunna hope to come speed; S. There's auld Rob M. †	Your thick plantations To a Louse.
I hope we, Bardies, ken some better Than mind sic brulzie. To W. Simpson. P.S.	Hornbook, Horn. 'Till ane Hornbook's ta'en up the trade, 'Till ane Hornbook's ta'en up the trade,
Sair do I fear that to hope is denied me, S. Twas na her bonie blue ee †	And faith, he'll waur me.' Death and Dr. Hornbook. 'Ye ken Jock Hornbook i' the Clachan,
I'd lay them a' at Jeanie's feet,	Doctor Hornbook, wi' his art And cursed skill, Ib.
Could I but hope to move her, . S. When first I saw † Hope not sunshine every hour, . Wr. in Friars-Carse H.	'Hornbook was by, wi' ready art,
Hope-abandon'd.	Has clad a score i' their last claith,
A hope-ahandon'd wight, Unfitted with an aim, Despondency, an Ode. 2.	'His only son for Hornbook sets, And pays him well, . 1b. 'She trusts hersel, to hide the shame, In Hornbook's care;
Hop'd. I then might hae hop'd she wad smil'd upon me!	She trusts hersel, to hide the shame, In Hornbook's care: 'Horn sent her aff to her lang hame, To hide it there 1b.
S. There's auld Rob M. †	'That's just a swatch o' Hornbook's way,' 1b.

Honnie [the devil]	Year to the country
Hornie [the devil]. May Hornie gie her doup a clink	Host, to [to cough].
Ahint his yett, . Adam A—'s Prayer.	And host up some palaver On W. Chalmers
Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie, . Add. to the Deil.	He hosts and he hirples the weary day lang: What can a yng Lassie
Hornie's turnin' chapman, He'll buy a' the pack.	Hostan [coughing]. Comes hostan, hirplan owre the field,
The Election Ballads, IV.	Wi' creeping pace. To J. S., 13.
Should Hornie, as in ancient days, 'Mang sons o' G— present him, The Holy Fair. 12.	Hostile.
Auld Hornie did the Laigh Kirk watch,	Thro' hostile ranks and ruin'd gaps Add. to Edinburgh. 7.
Just like a winkin baudrons: The Ordination. 10.	Hot. Owre fast for thought, owre hot for rule, A Bard's Epit.
Hornpipes. But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,	But feels his heart's bluid rising hot, The Author's Cry and Prayer.
Tam o' Shanter. 11. There's hornpipes and strathspeys, man;	But Scot with Scot ne'er met so hot, . The Dean of Fac.
S. The deil cam fiddling	Your faith proved so loyal, in hot bloody trial,
Horny.	S. The small birds rejoice
My horny fist assume the plough again Ep. to R. Graham. 5.	That thou wilt work them, hot and cauld.
Horrible.	Till they agree The Twa Herds. 10.
Wi' mair o' horrible and awefu', Which even to name wad be unlawfu' Tam o' Shanter. 11.	Hotch'd [kept jerking the body, or moving as if uneasy].
Horrid. "Paint Vengeauce as he takes his horrid stand	And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main:
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.	Tam o' Shanter, 16.
Prepare, Maria, for a horrid tale	And ay the mair he hotch'd an' blew, The mair that she forbade him. There came a piper
Will turn thy very rouge to deadly pale; . Ep. fr. Esopus.	The mair that she forbade him. There came a piper thoughput [hodge-podge].
O Death, how horrid is thy taste . Epit. on Grizel Grim. He roar'd a horrid murder-shout,	Or some hotch-potch that's rightly neither,
Horrid sprites shall haunt you. S. Husband, husband †	Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 7.
Night's horrid car drags, dreary, slow:	Yon mixtie-maxtie, queer hotch-potch,
Improm., on Mrs. —'s Birthday.	The Coalition. The Author's Cry and Prayer.
And still, below, the horrid caldron boils	Hough'd. They hough'd the Clans like nine-pin kyles
Wr. by Fall of Fyers.	S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor. She's bow-hough'd, she's hein-shinn'd, . S. Willie Wastle †
Horror. Ev'ry dream is horror S. Ay waking, Ot	Houghmagandie [fornication].
'Mid circling horrors sinks at last S. Farewell, thou stream t	An' monie jobs that day begin,
Feels all the bitter horrors of his crime, Remorse. A Frag.	May end in Houghmagandie Some ither day
distress, with horrors arming, S. Sensibility,	Havlet Hawlet [on owi]
Grim horror grin'd; pale terror roar'd The Election Ballads. VI.	Houlet, Howlet [an owl]. Ye houlets, frae your ivy bower,
Horror-breathing.	In some auld tree, or eldritch tower, El. on Capt. M. H., 10.
Ev'n day, all-bitter, brings relief,	Whare ghaists and houlets nightly cry. Tam o' Shanter. 9.
From such a horror-breathing night The Lament.	But the houlet cry'd frae the Castle wa',
Horse. We gae the boot and better horse;	S. What will I do gint
S. Carl an the king come. And horse and servants waiting ready,	Where th' howlet mourns in her ivy bower, A Vision.
S. Montgomerie's Peggy.	Sae, in the tower o' Cardoness, A howlet sits at noon The Election Ballads. V.
Here passes the squire on his brother—his horse; S. No Churchman am I †	Houlet-haunted.
The maister drunk—the horse committed:	By some auld, houlet-haunted, biggin,
On B.'s Horse Impound.	On Grose's Peregrinations.
Thou'lt be a horse when he's nae mair (mayor] 1b.	Hounded.
The Father cracks of horses, pleughs and kye.	Or hounded forth, dishonor arms In hungry droves. The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 8.	Hounds.
For Murray's light horse are to muster The Election Ballads. III.	To keep the Highland hounds in sight! Add. of Beelzebub.
He founder'd his horse among harlots,	Her darling amusement, the hounds and the horn.
But gied his auld naig to the Lord 1b.	S. Caledonia,
I'se ne'er ride horse nor hizzie mair; The Inventory.	But hounds or hawks will him are nane; S. My Lord a-hunting t
He ca's his coach, he ca's his horse; . The Twa Dogs. 8.	(the Major's with the hounds,
Wilt thou ride on a horse, or be drawn in a car,	The happy tenants share his rounds; Sketch. New-Yr's Day.
S. Tibbie Dunbar,	Houpe [hope]. And by that Stowp! my faith an' houpe, The Jolly Beggars. S. VI.
if foot or horse E'er bring you in by Mauchline Corss, To Mr. J. Kennedy.	Hour. in aught hours gaun A Guid New-Year † 11.
Horse-leech.	In whose dread Presence, ere an hour,
Thae curst horse-leeches o' th' Excise, Scotch Drink. 20.	Perhaps I must appear! . A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.
Horse-man. I saw mysel, they did pursue	singing, lone, the ling'ring hours, Add. to Edinburgh.
The horse-men back to Forth, man S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	Perhaps, this hour, in Mis'ry's squalid nest,
Horse-whip.	She strains your infant to her joyless breast, A Winter Night. 8.
Get out a horse-whip, or a jowler, Add. of Beelzebub.	The raptur'd hour,
Hose ["to tie one's hose," to fetter].	Sweet on the fragrant, flow'ry swaird, Add. to the Deil. 15.
Girt on her mantle and her hose, S. It was the charming t	Some luckless hour will send him linkan, To your black pit;
Gude ale gars me sell my hose, Sell my hose and pawn my shoon, [re]. S. O gude ale comes †	Oh that happy hour, and shady bow'r, . S. As I gaed up †
An' tye some hose well. The Author's Cry and Prayer.	Behold the hour, the boat arrive! S. Behold the hour
I will wash my Ploughman's hose, S. The Ploughman †	Then it was thy hour of scorn; Blue Bonnets.
His hose they are blae, and his shoon like the slae,	Nor ever sorrow stain the hour,
S. There's a youth t	The place and time I met my dearie!
hospitality.	S. By Allan stream † Some wee short hour ayout the twal,
Then Winter's time-bleach'd locks did hoary show, By Hospitality with cloudless brow. The Brigs of Ayr. 13.	Death and Dr. Hornbook. 31.
Host.	Wail thro' the dreary midnight hour El. on Capt. M. H., 10.
To these what Tory hosts oppos'd. The Election Ballads, VI.	This hour on e'enin's edge I take,
Smiles, glances, sighs, tears, fits, firtations, airs, 'Gainst such an host what flinty savage dares	To own I'm debtor, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st.
Gainst such an host what flinty savage dares	dealing thro' amang the naigs Their ten-hours bite, . Ib.
The Rights of Woman.	Sae when ye hae an hour to spare, Ep. to J. R. 5.

Some cantraip hour, By some sweet elf I'll yet be dinted, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 12.	Hope not sunshine every hour, . Wr. in Friars-Carse H.
It only lags the fatal hour; Fragment of Ode.	The golden hours, on angel wings, S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †
Hope beaming mild on the soft parting hour;	While o'er us unheeded, flie the swift hours o' Love.
S. Gloomy December. The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,	S. Yon wild mossy mountains †
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend, Are spent amang the lasses, O. [v.A.24] S. Green grow the Rashes.	Remember, he's his country's stay In day and hour of danger. S. When wild War's †
S. Green grow the Rashes. There's nought but care on ev'ry han',	Hourly. The cruel powers reject the prayer
In ev'ry hour that passes, O:	I hourly mak for thee; Fragment.
But gie me a canny hour at e'en,	A man may hae an honest heart, Tho' Poortith hourly stare him: Ep. to Young Friend. 4.
My arms about my Dearie, O;	House. Her house sae bien, her curch sae clean,
The village bell has told the hour, S. Here is the glen,†	S. A' the lads o' Thornie-bank t
At the starless midnight hour, S. How can my poor heart	And in my house at Hame to greet you! Add. of Beelzebub. the best wark-lume i' the house, . Add. to the Deil. 11.
How slow ye move, ye heavy hours,	An' brak him [Job] out o' house an' hal', 1b. 18.
S. How lang and dreary † My last hour I am near it; . S. Husband, husband †	I pray an' ponder butt the house, Auld Comrade dear †
The monarch may forget the crown	'This while ye hae been mony a gate
That on his head an hour has been; Lament for Glencairn.	'At mony a house'. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 11. We will big a wee, wee house, . S. Duncan Davison.
The tunefu' powers, in happy hours, That whisper inspiration; S. Lovely Davies.	But either house or hal'? Ep. to Davie, 4.
Mispending all thy precious hours,	Bye attour, my Gutcher has
Man was made to Mourn. 4.	A hich house and a laigh ane; S. Gat ye me, †
Welcome the hour, my aged limbs Are laid with thee [Death!] at rest!	We're a' noddin at our house at hame; S. Gudeen to you Kimmer†
But the present hour was in my pow'r,	When kiutlan in the Fause-house Wi' him Halloween. 6.
S. My father was a farmer	Nell had the Fause-house in her min', Ib. 10.
And I'll keep it until the hour I die. S. My Sandy gied to † And now come in my happy hours, S. Now rosy May †	in the narrow house o' death . Lament of Mary of Scots.
Of witching love, in luckless hour,	The Man of worth, and has not left his peer, Is in his "narrow house" for ever darkly low. [v.A.10]
Made me the thrall of care. S. Now Spring has clad †	Sonnet on Death of Riddel.
The snellest blast, at mirkest hours, S. O Lassie, art thou	His likeness cam' up the house stalking, . S. Tam Glen.
It is the wish'd, the trysted hour; S. O Mary, at thy window †	That at the L—d's house, even on Sunday, Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday. Tam o' Shanter.
Diest be the nour she cool d in her innens,	An' to the muckle house repair, Wi' instant speed,
S. O merry hae I been † O mirk, mirk is this midnight hour, S. O mirk, mirk †	The Author's Cry and Prayer. 18. Now, butt an' ben, the Change-house fills, The Holy Fair. 18.
The bee that thro' the sunny hour	St. Mary's, A house of great merit and note;
Sips nectar in the op'ning flower, S. O Phely,†	The Election Ballads. III.
And blest the day and hour, S. Peggy Chalmers.	O wha will to Saint Stephen's house, To do our errands there, man? [re.] The Fête Champetre.
Farewell, hours that late did measure Sunshine days of joy and pleasure; . S. Raving winds,	The young anes rantan thro' the house The Twa Dogs. 20.
Now's the day, and now's the hour S. Scots, wha hae †	Which [trophy] now in his house has for ages remained;
Nor makes the hour one moment less. Sketch. New-Yr's Day.	The Whistle. 5.
The hour approaches Tam maun ride; That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane.	Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble, But house or hald, To a Mouse.
That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane, That dreary hour he mounts his beast in; Tam o' Shanter.7.	An' bout a house that's rude an' rough,
A wish, that to my latest hour Shall strongly heave my breast; The Ans. to the Guidwife.	The boy might learn to swear; To Gav. Hamilton. Housewife.
May there my latest hours consume, S. The Banks of Nith.	From housewife cares a minute borrow.
But, if the Lover's raptur'd hour	Sketch. New-Yr's Day.
Shall ever be your lot,	Housie [dim. of house].
The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnotic'd fleet; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5.	Thy wee-bit housie, too, in ruin! To a Mouse. Hov'd [swelled]. Some ill-brewn drink had hov'd her wame,
"I'm gaun to [Mauchline] holy fair,	Death and Dr. Hornbook. 28.
"To spend an hour in daffin: The Holy Fair. 5.	Hover. All grace does round her hover, S. When first I saw †
The flowers shall vie in all their charms The hour of heaven to grace, The Petition of Br. Water.	How. And how do ye do? . S. Gudeen to you, kimmer, †
In raptures sweet this hour we meet,	How's a' wi' you, kimmer, [re.]
The Jolly Beggars, S. VII. Ye winged Hours that o'er us past, The Lament.	If we lead a life of pleasure,
I see the hours, in long array,	'Tis no matter how or where. The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII.
That I must suffer, lingering, slow	Life is all a variorum, We regard not how it goes;
The happy hour may soon be near, That brings us pleasant weather: The noble Maxwells †	How tutti taiti.
But pith and power, till my last hour,	Hey tutti taiti, How tutti taiti, . S. Landlady, count †
I'll mak this declaration; S. The Union.	Howdy, -ie [a midwife]. Nae howdie gets a social night
'I mark'd thy embryo-tuneful flame, 'Thy natal hour The Vision. D. II. 11.	Or plack frae them. [v.A.25] Scotch Drink.
Thou's met me in an evil hour; . To a Mountain-Daisy.	And sairly thole their mither's han,
Now bless the hour which charm'd my guilty sight. To Clarinda.	Afore the howdy What ails ye now † Howe, General.
Maks Hours like Minutes, hand in hand,	Till Willie H—e took o'er the knowe
Dance by fu' light To J. S., 12.	For Philadelphia, man: A Fragment. 3.
And curst be the cause that shall part us! The hour, and the moment o' time! To Mary.	Whare will ye get Howes and Clintons To bring them to a right repentance? Add. of Beelzebub. 2.
That sacred hour can I forget, . To Mary in Heaven.	Howe [a hollow, a dell; in a hollow tone].
Ye maun conceal till your last hour! S. Wha is that at t	At howes or hillocks never stumbled, . Ep. to H. Parker.
How slow ye move, ye heavy hours, . When I think on t	Or, if he wanders up the howe, Poor Mailie's El
At mid-night hour, in mirkest glen, S. When o'er the hill † Gi'e me the hour o' gloamin grey,	He hunted o'er height and o'er howe; The Black-Headed Eagle.
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An' teach the lanely heights an' howes My rustic sang	 Hulk. sic an ugly, Gothic hulk as you. The Brigs of Ayr. 6. Hulks. And dreads a meeting worse than Woolwich hulks; Ep. fr. Esopus.
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 9.	Hum. The bees hum round the breathing flow'rs: S. O Logan! sweetly
Howe-backet [hollow or sunk in the back]. Tho' thou's howe-backet, now, an' knaggie, A Guid New-Year t	Ne'er claw your lug, an' fidge your back, An' hum an' haw, The Author's Cry and Prayer, 6.
Howkan [digging]. A Cotter howkan in a sheugh, The Twa Dogs. 10.	But faith! the birkie wants a Manse, So, cannilie he hums them; The Holy Fair. 17.
Howket, Howcket [digged, dug up]. And in kirk-yards renew their leagues, Owre howcket dead Add. to the Deil. 9.	Then auld Guidman, maist like to rive, Bethankit hums To a Haggis.
Owre howcket dead Add. to the Deil. 9.	But gravissimo, solemn basses, Ye hum away. To J. S., 27.
Whiles mice and modewurks they howket; The Twa Dogs. 6.	He hums and he hankers, he frets and he cankers, S. What can a yng lassie †
S. Again rejoicing Nature † Wi' a jump, yell and howl, alarm every soul,	Human. Where human weakness has come short, A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.
The Kirk's Alarm. The Tempest's howl, it soothes my soul, Winter.	Whyles, in the human bosom pryin, Add. to the Deil. 4. O' a' the num'rous human dools,
Howl, to. Their worthless nievefu' of a soul,	Thou bear'st the gree. Add. to Toothache. 4. To step aside is human: Add. to Unco Guid. 7.
May in some future carcase howl, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 17.	Where never human footstep trac'd, Despondency, an Ode. 4.
Where the winds howl to the waves' dashing roar: S. Had I a cave †	He needs not, he heeds not, Or human love or hate;
Unheeded howls [the blast], unheeded fa's; S. O Lassie, art thou t	Wha hae nae check but human law, Ep. to Young Friend. 3.
Or Winter howls, in gusty storms, The lang, dark night! To W. Simpson. 14.	For thus the royal Mandate ran, When first the human race began, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 15.
May ne'er Misfortune's gowling bark,	And fram'd her last, best work, the human-mind, Ep. to R. Graham. 1.
Howl thro' the dwelling o' the Clerk! A Ded. to G. H., 14.	Whose arms of love would grasp the human race: . Ib. 5.
Howl'd. Th' inconstant blast howl'd thro' the darkening air, On Death of Sir J. Blair.	The pitying Heart that felt for human Woe;
Howlet v. Houlet.	The dauntless heart that fear'd no human Pride;
Howlet-faced (having a face like an owl).	Epit. for Author's Father. Some sort all our qualities each to its tribe,
How daur ye ca' me howlet-faced, In Defence of a Lady.	And think human nature they truly describe;
Howling. The fox was howling on the hill, A Vision.	Fragment, inscr. to Fox.
And thunders rend the howling air, S. How can my poor heart	wars, The plagues of human life; Nature's Law.
the howling, wintry blast . S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite †	'Go on, ye human race!
Even as two howling, ravening wolves	Far from human haunts and ways; On scaring Water-fowl. Unheard, unseen, by human ear or eye,
To dogs do turn their tail New Psalmody.	On Death of R. Dundas.
Ye howling winds, and wintry swelling waves! On Death of R. Dundas.	Is there, in human form, that bears a heart The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10.
Howling tempests o'er me rave! . S. Thickest night †	O Thou, the first, the greatest friend
How your dread howling a lover alarms!	Of all the human race! The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps.
S. Wandering Willie.	By human pride or cunning driv'n To mis'ry's brink, . To a Mountain-Daisy.
howsoe'er our tongues may ill reveal it, Prologue at Th., D.,	That's the true pathos and sublime Of human life To Dr. Blacklock.
Hoyse [holst, a pull upwards]. They'll gie her on a rape a hoyse, The Ordination. 13.	Ye surely hae some warlock-breef
Hoy't [urged, incited].	Owre human hearts; To J. S Still my heart melts at human wretchedness; Tragic Frag.
They hoy't out Will, wi' sair advice; Halloween. 23.	Human-body.
Hoyte [amble crazily, move stiffly].	But human-bodies are sic fools,
Tho' now ye dow but hoyte and hoble, A Gude New-Year. †7. Hue. Nature sees Her robe assume its vernal hues,	For a' their colledges an' schools, The Twa Dogs. 29. Human-creature.
S. Again rejoic. Nature † Her skin's fair hue is like the swan:	She's turn'd you off, a human-creature On her first plan, To J. S., 3.
S. A. Mastrin's bonie Anne.	Human-kind.
Her cheeks a mair celestial hue, S. Her flowing locks † How sune it [wild-rose] tines its scent and hue	There's nane that's blest of human kind, But the cheerful and the gay, man. A Bottle and Friend.
When pu'd and worn a common toy! S. I do confess † Sweet was its smell and bonie was its hue; S. Lady Mary Ann.	This partial view of human-kind Is surely not the last! Man was made to Mourn.
The lily's hue, the rose's dye, S. My Mary's face †	
Her eyebrows of a darker hue, S. Sae flaxen †	Might charm the first of human kind. S. My Mary's face † Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
That future-life in worlds unknown	The Cotter's Sat. Night, 19.
Must take its hue from this alone; Sketch. New-Yr's Day. Her Mantle large, of greenish hue, The Vision. D. I. 12.	The humbler ranks of Human-kind, The Vision. D. II. 7.
His coat is the hue of his bonnet sae blue; S. There's a youth †	And pledge me in the generous toast "The whole of human kind!" To a Lady.
	'Twere drink for first of human kind, To Mr. Syme.
The lily's hue and rose's dye Bespoke the lass o' Ballochmyle. S. Twas even—the dewy†	Humane.
Huff'd.	Glories in his heart humane
How huff'd, an' cuff'd and disrespeket! The Twa Dogs. 12. Hug. Then swith! an' get a wife to hug, . A Dream. 12.	And creatures for his pleasure slain. On scaring Water-fowl. Humanity. Aught of Humanity's sweet melting grace?
He hugs his chain, and owns the reign S. Lovely Davies.	Ode. to Mem. of Mrs
Hug our doxies on the hay. The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII.	Humble.
Huge.	Your much indebted, humble servant A Ded. to G. H., 15. Vour humble servant then no more: Ib. 16.
Ask why God made the gem so small, An' why so huge the granite? [v.A.27] Ask why God made†	77
An' why so huge the grante? [v.A.27] Ask why God made? O for a throat like huge Monsmeg, The Election Ballads. VI.	in the vale of humble life,
Hugely. On his one ruling passion Sir Pope hugely labours,	For neither Pension, Post, nor Place,
Fragment, inscr. to Fox.	Am I your humble debtor:

And till ye come—your humble servant, Add. of Beelzebub.	Hundred.
Within his humble cell, Despondency, an Ode, 3.	Wi' less, I'm sure, I've hundreds slain;
Which will oblige your humble debtor,	Death and Dr. Hornbook, 16.
Ken ye ought o' Capt. G. † How blest the humble cotter's fate, S. O poortith cauld, †	Where hundreds labour to support A haughty lordling's pride; Man was made to mourn.
Tell him o' mine an' Scotland's drouth,	Twal' hundred, as white as the snaw, man,
His servants humble: The Author's Cry and Prayer.	To leave me a hundred or twa, man,
Your humble Bardie sings an' prays While Rab his name is	'Twas in the seventeen hundred year
When B[allantyne] befriends his humble name, The Brigs of Ayr.	O' Christ and ninety-five, . The Election Ballads. V. As flames amang a hundred woods,
Oh wha wad leave this humble state For a' the pride of a' the great? S. The Contented Cottager.	As headlong foam a hundred floods; Ib. VI. Though hundreds worship at his word,
Wi' humble prayer to join and share This festive Fête Champetre. S. The Fête Champetre.	He's but a coof for a' that: S. The Honest Man. Hundred-headed. No hundred-headed Riot here we meet.
And many a low humble bow to the ground:	Prologue, sp. by Woods.
The Poor Thresher. While they maun stan', wi' aspect humble, The Twa Dogs, 13.	Hung. But Cl-nt-n's glaive frae rust to save He hung it to the wa', man. A Fragment. 4.
Embolden'd thus, I beg you'll hear	They hung him up before the storm, . John Barleycorn. Beware a tongue that's smoothly hung; O leave novels†
Your humble slave complain, The Petition of Br. Water.	On ev'ry blade the pearls hung; S. 'Twas even—the dewy †
Great love I bear to all the Fair, Their humble slave an' a' that; The Jolly Beggars. S. VII.	Hunger. Let wark and hunger mak them sober! Add. of Beelzebub.
the Lab'rer's weary toil, For humble gains, The Vision. D. II. 9.	O Lord, when hunger pinches sore,
Strive in thy humble sphere to shine; Ib. 21.	Do thou stand us in stead, At Globe Tav., D There's naething here but Highland pride,
Far dearer to me you humble broom bowers, S. Their groves of	And Highland scab and hunger; Epig. on being neglected at In. Inn.
this little boon, This humble pair of glasses To a Lady.	Waefu' Want and Hunger fley me, S. O that I had ne'er, †
Cauld blew the bitter-biting North Upon thy early, humble birth; To a Mountain-Daisy.	Hunger, Cauld, an' a' sic harms
Thou lifts thy unassuming head	May whistle owre the lave o't. The Jolly Beggars. S. V. Ye maist wad think, a wee touch langer,
In humble guise;	An' they maun starve o' cauld and hunger:
Poor wights! nae rules nor roads observin; . To J. S., 19.	The Twa Dogs. 11. Nae cauld nor hunger e'er can steer them, Ib. 27.
Accept the gift; tho' humble he who gives, Rich is the tribute of the grateful mind. To Miss Graham.	Hunger'd.
My humble knapsack a' my wealth, S. When wild War's †	Unskaith'd by hunger'd Highland boors! Add. of Beelzebub.
Our humble cot, and hamely fare,	And hunger'd Maukin taen her way To kail-yards green, . The Vision. D. I.
Dost thou spurn the humble vale? Wr. in Friars-Carse H. Her parentage humble as humble can be;	Hungry.
S. You wild mossy mountains †	The hungry bike did scrape and pike S. Amang the Trees †
Humbler. To lower Orders are assign'd,	Cauld poverty, wi' hungry stare, El. on Death of R. Ruisseaux.
The humbler ranks of Human-kind, The Vision. D. II. 7.	A hungry care's an unco care; . S. In simmer when t
Did warlike laurels crown my brow, Or humbler bays entwining— . S. When first I saw †	Or hounded forth, dishonour arms In hungry droves. The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.
Humbly.	The hungry Jew in wilderness
For who would humbly serve the Poor? A Ded. to G. H., 16.	Rejoicing o'er his manna, . S. The gowd. Locks of A Hunkers [a person's position when sitting with the
That never gives—tho' humbly takes enough; Ep. to R. Graham. 5.	hips hanging downwards and the weight of the
And humbly begs you'll mind the important—Now! Prologue at Th., D	body depending on the knees]. Upon his hunkers bended, . The Jolly Beggars. R. VI.
Yet humbly kind, in time o' need, The poor man's wine; . Scotch Drink. 7.	Hunt.
To you a simple Bardie's pray'rs Are humbly sent. The Author's Cry and Prayer.	To hunt, or to pasture, or do what she would: S. Caledonia. Tho' fortune's frown still hunts me down,
Which even the Rights of Kings in low prostration Most humbly own—'tis dear, dear admiration!	S. My father was a farmer † Nor need he hunt as far as Rome or Greece, Scots Prologue.
The Rights of Woman. Humid. Humid seal of soft affections, . To a Kiss.	An' hunt him down, o'er right an' ruth To ruin straight To Rev. J. M'Math.
Humility. But with humility and awe	Or hunt a Parent's life Wi' bludie war S. Ye Jacobites †
Still walks before his God. The 1st Psalm.	Hunted, -it.
The bum-clock humm'd wi' lazy drone, The Twa Dogs. 35.	And hunted as was William Wallace, Adam A—'s Prayer. Gude help the day when royal heads
Humming.	Are hunted like a maukin S. Awa, whigs, awa.
the bees, humming round the gay roses, S. Where are the joys †	And mony a huntit, poor Red-coat For fear amaist did swarf, man.
Amang the trees where humming bees At buds and flowers were hinging, O S. Amang the trees t	S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor. He hunted o'er height and o'er howe;
Hump.	The Black-headed Eagle.
She has a hump upon her breast, The twin o' that upon her shouther; S. Willie Wastle †	They hunted the valley, they hunted the hill, S. The heather was bloom.
Humphie. Or crouchie Merran Humphie, Halloween. 20.	Hunter. Or Hunters wild on Ponotaxi, A Ded. to G. H., b.
Hunder [hundred].	The sma', droot-rumpl't, hunter cattle, A Guid New-Year †
In seventeen hunder forty-nine . Epig. on A. Turner.	Whare hunters fand the murder'd bairn; Tam o' Shanter. 10. Ilk hoary hunter mourn'd a brither; Tam Samson's El., 12.
To proper young men, he'll clink in the hand Gowd guineas a hunder or twa, man. Ronalds of Bennals.	Who left the all-important cares
My daddy says, gin I'll forsake him,	Of fiddles, wh-res, and hunters; The Election Ballads. VI. The hunter now has left the moor, S. The gloomy Night †
He'll gie me gude hunder marks ten: . S. Tam Glen. Been snaw-white seventeen hunder linen! Tam o' Shanter. 13.	The hunter lo'es the morning sun, S. The gloomy Wight to S. When o'er the hill?

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Hunting.	Hut. And hap'ly, eye the barren hut, With high disdain To J. S., 17.
Our lads gaed a hunting, ae day at the dawn, S. The heather was blooming t	Huzza!
I red you beware at the hunting, young men; Ib.	His latest draught o' breathin lea'es him
Jamy Goose, Jamy Goose, ye hae made but toom roose,	In faint huzzas. The Author's Cry and Prayer. P. Hyacinth.
In hunting the wicked Lieutenant; The Kirk's Alarm. Like beagles hunting game, man, The Tree of Liberty.	The hyacinth for constancy, wi' its unchanging blue,
Hurcheon [a hedgehog].	S. The Posie.
Haurl thee [death] hame to his black smiddie,	Hydra. Their hydra drouth did sloken. On dining with Daer.
O'er hurcheon hides, . El. on Capt. M. H.	Hymen. No horns, but those by luckless Hymen worn, To R. G. of F., 3.
Hurchin [urchin]. But hurchin Cupid shot a shaft,	Hymeneal.
That play'd a Dame a shavie The Jolly Beggars. R. VII.	Lang beet his hymeneal flame, A Ded. to G. H., 14. But first hang out that she'll discern,
Hurdies [the loins, the crupper, the hips].	Your hymeneal Charter, A Dream. 13.
So, row't his hurdies in a hammock, An' owre the Sea. On Scot. Bard gne to W.I.	Hymn.
I wad hae gi'en them [thir breeks] off my hurdies,	Like music-notes o' Lover's hymns: S. My Lord a-hunting † The choral hymn that erst so clear,
For ae blink o' the bonie hurdies! Tam o' Shanter. 13.	Broke softly sweet on fancy's ear, On Lincluden
Wha meekly gae your hurdies to the smiters; The Brigs of Ayr. 9.	Where the songs of the good, where the hymns of the blest,
Hung owre his hurdies wi' a swirl The Twa Dogs. 5.	Through an endless existence shall charm thee. On Death of fav. Child.
Your hurdies like a distant hill, To a Haggis.	Hymning. Together hymning their Creator's praise.
Hurl [to ride in a conveyance], If on a beastie I can speel,	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 16. Hypocrisy. Hypocrisy, in mercy spare it! Ep. to J. R., 3.
Or hurl in a cartie,	"An' this is Superstition here,
Hurl. Or thro' the mining outlet bocked,	"An' that's Hypocrisy The Holy Fair. 5.
Down headlong hurl. A Winter Night. 2. Then down ye'll hurl, deil nor ye never rise!	Hypocrite. And names, like villian, hypocrite, Ilk ither gi'en, . The Twa Herds. 9.
The Brigs of Ayr. 7.	Ye hypocrites! are these your pranks? V. on Nat. Thanks
Hurl down wi' crashing rattle; The Election Ballads. VI. Hurled. No fallen angel, hurled from upper skies;	Hypothenuse.
Ode, sac. to Mem. of Mrs. —.	But brave Caledonia's the hypothenuse; S. Caledonia. 6. Hyte [mad].
And Westerha' and Hopeton hurled To every Whig, defiance. The Election Ballads. VI.	The witching cursed delicious blinkers
Hurling.	Hae put me hyte, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 10.
Winter, hurling thro' the air	I. In sullen vengeance, I, disdain'd, reply: . The Vowels. Ice.
The roaring blast, . El. on Capt. M. H., 13.	(What breast of northern ice but warms?) Fragment of Ode.
Some devils seize them in a hurry, 'Adam A-'s Prayer.	crashing ice, borne on the roaring speat, The Brigs of Ayr. 7.
'I nearhand cowpit wi' my hurry,	The infant ice scarce bent beneath their feet: . Ib. II.
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 18. Hurt. For fear your modesty be hurt A Ded. to G. H.	Icicle. Till icicles hing frae their beards; . To J. S., 22. Icker [an ear of corn].
Because we've stang'd her through the place,	A daimen-icker in a thrave
And hurt her spleuchan, Adam A-'s Prayer.	'S a sma' request: To a Mouse.
The poor, wee thing was little hurt; Ep. to J. R. 8. Ye wise ones, hence! ye hurt the social eye!	An' [thowes] float the jinglan icy boord, Add. to the Deil. 12.
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.	Idea. Her dear idea brings relief,
Of all the numerous ills that hurt our peace, Remorse. A Frag	And solace to my breast Ep. to Davie. 9. Her dear idea round my heart
An' ay the less they hae to sturt them,	Should tenderly entwine S. Tho' cruel fate t
In like proportion, less will hurt them. The Twa Dogs. 29.	Your dear idea reigns, and reigns alone: . To Clarinda.
Husband. As Master, Landlord, Husband, Father,	Idiot. The idiot strum of vanity bemused, . Ep. fr. Esopus. While titled knaves and idiot greatness shine
He does na fail his part in either A Ded. to G. H., 5.	Lns on Fergusson.
When depriv'd of her husband she loved so well, Epig. on Henpecked Squire.	Here vanity strums on her idiot lyre; Monody, on a Lady.
That some kind husband had addrest,	An idiot race, to honour lost; . On Window at Stirling.
To some sweet wife; Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 3	And half an idiot too, more helpless still. To R. G. of F., 3. Idle. Esteeming, and deeming,
Here lie the loving Husband's dear remains, Epit. for Author's Father.	It a' an idle tale! Ep. to Davie. 6.
Lament 'im Mauchline husbands a', . Epit. on a Wag.	Ye woodland choir that chaunt your idle loves, El, on Miss Burnet.
When sic a husband was frae hame, What wife but wad excus'd her? S. Had I the wyte;	We'll roam through the forest for each idle weed;
Husband, husband, cease your strife, S. Husband, husband t	Monody, on a Lady. I dropt my schemes, like idle dreams,
How mony lengthen'd sage advices The husband frae the wife despises! . Tam o' Shanter. 4.	S. My father was a farmer †
The husband frae the wife despises! . Tam o' Shanter. 4. The Saint, the Father, and the Husband prays:	Philosophy, no idle pedant dream, Prologue, sp. by Woods.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 16.	Sad thy tale, thou idle page, Sad thy tale, † Except it be some idle plan O' rhymin clink,
The Regiment at large for a husband I got; The Jolly Beggars. S. II.	Second Ep. to Davie.
The plighted husband of her youth? The Lament.	Amid their flaring idle toys, S. The Contented Cottager.
With all a poet's, husband's, father's fear! To R. G. of F., q.	Are ye as idle's I am? The Election Ballads. VI. Despising worlds with all their wealth
Hush'd, -'t. sune as chance or fate had hush't 'em [poverty, &c.]	As empty idle care: The Petition of Br. Water.
El. on Death of R. Ruisseaux.	Fair maid, you need not take the hint, Nor idle texts pursue; To Miss Ainslie.
El. on Death of R. Ruisseaux. All else was hush'd as Nature's closed e'e; The Brigs of Ayr. 3. Hushion [a, stocking without a sole]	the idle Muses' mad-cap train,
Hushion [a stocking without a sole].	To you I dedicate the hour
She dights her grunzie wi' a hushion; S. Willie Wastle t	In idle rhyme To Rev. J. M'Math.
Husky. Let husky Wheat the haughs adorn, Scotch Drink. 3.	He never was known for to idle or lurk; S. The Poor Thresher.

dly. The breezes idly roaming [a type of woman], S. Deluded swain †	That ilka melder, wi' the miller, Thou sat as lang as thou had siller; . Tam o' Shanter. 3.
When idly goavan whyles we saunter. Et. to Mai. Logan. 2.	Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancing; Ib. 10.
Husband, husband, cease your strife, Nor longer idly rave, Sir; S. Husband, husband, †	Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,
Nor longer idly rave, Sir; S. Husoana, nusoana, † idly-feign'd. No idly-feign'd, poetic pains, The Lament.	'Na, waur than a'!' cries ilka chiel, 'Tam Samson's dead!' . Tam Samson's El.
er-oe [a great grandchild].	And ilka bird sang o' it's luve; . S. The Banks of Doon
his wee, curlie John's ier-oe, A Ded. to G. H., 14.	When ilka ell cost me a groat,
gnis fatuus.	The taylor staw the lynin o't S. The cardin o't.
Some spumy, fiery, ignis fatuus matter; Ep. to R. Graham. 3.	On ilka hand the burnies trot, S. The Contented Cottager. On ilka brow she's planted a horn, S. The Cooper o' cuddy
Where ignorance her darkening vapour throws, The Vowels.	And ilka wife cries, auld Mahoun,
gnorant.	I wish you luck o' the prize, man. S. The deil cam fiddlin'
In all the pomp of ignorant conceit; The Brigs of Ayr, 10.	And ilka ane at London court Would bid to him gude day The Election Ballads. I
lay. True Campbells, Frederick an' Ilay; The Author's Cry and Prayer, 14.	God grant the King and ilka man
lk [each].	May look weel to themsel
Ilk happing bird, wee, helpless thing! A Winter Night. 4.	Ay gat him friends in ilka place; The Twa Dogs. 5
Ilk spring they're new deckit wi' bonie white yewes. S. Awa' wi' yr witchcraft†	He smell'd their ilka hole and road, . The Twa Herds. 6
Ilk cowslip cup shall kep a tear: . El. on Capt. M. H., 12.	He kend the Lord's sheep ilka tail,
And ilk loyal, bonie lad	The birds sang sweet in ilka grove; S. There was a lass
Cross the seas and win his ain. S. Frae the friends †	(The second sight, ye ken, is given To ilka Poet) To Terraughty
Has cheer'd ilk drooping little flow'r, S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite †	Thou shalt mix in ilka throe: S. Turn again, thou fair
Ilk ghaist that haunts auld ha' or chamer,	To balance fair in ilka quarter; S. Willie Wastle
On Grose's Peregrinations. Ilk action may he rue it; On W. Stewart.	Now she's left by ilka creature; S. Will ye go and marry. And ilka bird sang o' its love, S. Ye banks and braes.
Ilk feature—auld nature	Ill, adj., adv.
Declar'd that she cou'd do nae mair!. S. Sae flaxen †	Or else, I fear, some ill ane skelp him! A Ded. to G. H., 3.
Phoebus, gilding the brow of the morning, Banishes ilk darksome shade, S. Sleep'st thou, †	(Ye need na tak it ill)
Ilk man and mother's son, take heed: Tam o' Shanter, 19.	I'm baith dead-sweer, an' wretched ill o't; 1b. 13
Ilk hoary Hunter mourn'd a brither;	Ill har'sts, daft bargains, cutty stools, . Add. to Toothache
Ilk sportsman-youth bemoan'd a father; Tam Samson's El. 12. An' with the lave ilk merry morn	As ill I like my fauts to tell; . Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 16 How ill exchang'd for riper times, Despondency, an Ode. 5
Could rank my rig and lass; The Ans. to the Guidwife.	She [Fortune] promis'd fair, and perform'd but ill;
Hale to the sex, ilk guid chiel says, Ib.	S. I dream'd I lay
To shame ye, disclaim ye, Ilk honest birkie swears	Jenny was nae ill to gain,
Ilk wimpling burn, ilk chrystal spring,	Then lea'e the lassie till her fate, . S. O steer her up
Ilk glen and shaw she [Mirth] knew, man: S. The Fête Champetre.	His bosom ill at rest S. On a bank of flowers
Ilk star gae hide thy twinkling ray S. The gowd. Locks of A.	O heavy loss, thy country ill could bear! On Death of R. Dundas
And names, like villian, hypocrite, Ilk ither gi'en, . The Twa Herds, 9.	Ill may she be! On Scot. Bard gne to W. I
While faitbless snaws ilk step betray . The Vision. D. I.	Wi' his proud, independent stomach, Could ill agree;
Ilk stream foaming down its ain green, narrow strath;	howsoe'er our tongues may ill reveal it, Prologue at Th., D.
S. You wild mossy mountns †	It sets you ill, Wi' bitter, dearthfu' wines to mell,
Ilka [every]. Careless ilka thought and free, S. Blythe ha'e I been t	Scotch Drink. 16
Ilka body has a body, S. Comin thro' the rye.	By my love so ill requited; S. Stay, my charmer The ne'er-a-bit they're ill to poor folk The Twa Dogs. 20
Ilka Jenny has her Jockey,	If ill-manners were wit, there's no mortal so fit
Rifled ilka charm about her, S. Donald Brodie †	The Kirk's Alarm. 15
Mourn, ilka grove the cushat kens; El. on Capt. M. H., 4. Desart ilka blooming shore; S. Frae the friends †	She promised fair and perform'd but ill; S. Tho. fickle Fortune
There catch her ilka glance of love, [re.]	Ye hate as ill's the vera de'il, To Mr. J. Kennedy
S. Now bank and brae †	An' justifies that ill opinion, Which makes thee startle, . To a Mouse
Pale sickness withers ilka grace, Fragment. For ilka man that's drunk's a lord S. Gane is the day †	III . Vet cure those ills that wring my soul
I ken thy friends try ilka means	Obey Thy high behest. A Prayer under Anguish
Frae wedlock to delay thee; . S. Here's to thy health †	May ill befa' the flattering tongue That wad beguile my Nanie, S. Behind yon hills
Thy favors are the silly wind That kisses ilka thing it meets S. I do confess †	Ye little know the ills ye court,
And handsome ilka bit about her S. I met a lass †	When manhood is your wish! Despondency, an Ode. 3
And corn wav'd green in ilka field, S. In simmer when t	They [misfortunes] make us see the naked truth, The real guid and ill Ep. to Davie. 7
And roses blaw in ilka bield;	Fate still has blest me with a friend,
Something in ilka part o' thee To praise, to love, I find, S. It is na, Jean †	In ev'ry care and ill;
While birds warble welcomes in ilka green shaw; S. My Nanie's awa.	Yet oft the sport of all the ills of life; Ep. to R. Graham.
While ilka thing in nature join	O why the deuce should I repine, And be an ill foreboder; Extem. Ap. 1782
Their sorrows to forego, . S. Now Spring has clad †	Nought of ill may come thee near, S. Hark! the mavis
As songsters of the early year Are ilka day mair sweet to hear,	And no for ony guid or ill
So ilka day to me mair dear	They've done afore thee! Holy Willie's Prayer Of gude advisement comes nae ill. S. In simmer when
And charming is my Phely S. O Phely †	Ill may we never see! S. Landlady, count
That ilka body talking But her by thee is slighted, S. O wat ye wha that loes †	Many and sharp the num'rous Ills
Thine he ilka joy and treasure. S. One fond kiss t	Inwoven with our frame ! . Man was made to Mours

Illumin'd.

Illustrious.

Imbosomed.

Than heaven-illumin'd Man on brother Man bestows !

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

Image. Wee image of my bonny Betty, Add. to Illegit. Child.

God's image rudely etch'd on base alloy! Ep. to R. Graham. 5.

Th' outstretching lake, imbosomed 'mong the hills, Wr. in Kenmore Inn.

Immix'd. Ye heathy wastes immix'd with reedy fens, El. on Miss Burnet.

Imbued. The lightning of her eye in tears imbued.

Immingled. Immingled with the mighty dead!

genius, th' illustrious father of fiction,

Among the illustrious Scottish sons

As e'er God with his Image blest,

Thy image at our last embrace;

Whose image lives within my breast;

Her living image in her yowe,

That chief thou may'st discern; .

A Winter Night. 7.

Fragment inscr. to Fox.

Frag. inscr. to Fox.

. V.s below Picture.

. Epit. on a Friend.

To Mary in Heaven.

S. Slow spreads the gloom t

On Death of Sir J. Blair.

Liberty.

Poor Mailie's El..

Its [the future's] good or ill untried, O;	Immortal.
S. My father was a farmer †	For brave Caledonia immortal must be; S. Caledonia. 6.
Thou'rt like themselves [the powers aboon] sae lovely, That ill they'll ne'er let near thee. S. O saw ye bonie Lesley †	Must thou alone in guilt immortal swell, Ep. fr. Esopus.
Whae'er o' thee shall ill suppose,	Or my more dear Immortal part, Ep. to Davie. 9.
They sair misca' thee; On Grose's Peregrinations.	Behold that eye which shot immortal hate, Liberty.
Ay wavering like the willow wicker, "Tween good and ill Poem on Life.	The tender thrill, the pitying tear, The generous purpose, nobly dear, The gentle look that rage disarms;
Of all the numerous ills that hurt our peace, Remorse. A Frag	These are all immortal charms S. My Mary's face t
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious! Tam o' Shanter. 6.	One Douglas lives in Home's immortal page, [v.A.12] Scots Prologue.
The sleepy bit lassie she dreaded nae ill, S. The Taylor fell †	All in the field of politics,
She thought that a Taylor could do her nae ill Ib.	To win immortal honors The Election Ballads. VI.
That when nae real ills perplex them, They mak enow themsels to vex them; The Twa Dogs. 29.	There taste that life of life—immortal love. The Rights of Woman.
wakeful caution still aware Of ill .' . To a yng Lady.	if thou would flourish immortal in rhyme, The Whistle. 17.
Some drops of joy with draughts of ill between; Why am I loth †	Here, where the Scottish muse immortal lives, To Miss Graham.
Ye pow'rs of honour love and truth From ev'ry ill defend her; S. Young Peggy †	Time cannot aid me, my griefs are immortal, S. Where are the joys †
Ill-brewn. Some ill-brewn drink had hov'd her wame, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 28.	Imp. Despise that Shrimp, that withered Imp, The Jolly Beggars, S. VI.
III-fated.	Curst Common-sense, that imp o' h-ll, The Ordination. 2.
Ill-fated genius! Heaven-taught Fergusson! Lns on Fergusson.	Imp, to. My muse may imp her wing for some sublimer flight.
Ill-hearted.	Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
Fient haet o' them's ill hearted fellows; The Twa Dogs. 26.	Impart. And with him all the joys are fled, Life can to me impart. S. Fate gave the word †
Ill-match'd, Age and Want, Oh! ill-match'd pair! Man was made to Mourn.	To thee this votive off ring I impart,
Ill-nature.	Lns sent Sir J. Whiteford.
Abusin' me for harsh ill nature On holy men, Third Ep. to J. Lap	Fain, fain, would I my griefs impart, S. Sweet fa's the eve †
Ill-presaging. The lamp of day with ill-presaging glare,	Impassion'd. But heaves impassioned with the grateful throe. Prologue, sp. by Woods.
On Death of Sir J. Blair.	Impatient. While pointers round impatient burn'd Tam Samson's El., 8.
O, but for kind, tho' ill-requited friends,	Looks round him an' found them
I had been driven forth like you forlorn, . Tragic Frag.	Impatient for the Chorus. The Jolly Beggars. R. VIII.
Ill-satisfy'd.	Impell'd. impell'd by all-directing Fate, The Brigs of Ayr. 3.
Ill-satisfy'd, keen Nature's clam'rous call, A Winter Night. 9. Ill-suited.	Impelling. To shun impelling ruin A while her pinions tries; S. How cruel †
(O Ferguson! thy glorious parts, Ill-suited law's dry, musty arts! To W. Simpson.	Impending. Sunk on the earth, defaced its lovely form, Unless your shelter ward th' impending storm.
Ill-taen [ill-taken].	The Rights of Woman.
Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill taen; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 8.	Imperfect. in her rough imperfect line To Rev. J. M'Math. Imperial. The world's imperial crown, S. Mark yonder pomp †
Ill-tongued. An' lows'd his [Job's] ill-tongued, wicked scawl Add. to the Deil, 18.	Than ony ermine ever lap, Or proud imperial purple The Answ. to the Guidwife.
You ill-tongu'd tinkler, Charlie Fox, The Author's Cry and Prayer,	There I'll despise imperial charms, S. The gowd. Locks of A.
Ill-thief [the devil]. The ill-thief blaw the Heron south! . To Dr. Blacklock.	Impertinent. An' if impertinent I've been, Impute it not, To Rev. J. M'Math.
Ill-wille [ill-natured, ungenerous, unkind].	Impious.
Your native soil was right ill-willie; On Scot. Bard gne to W.I.	For sure 'twere impious to despair So much in sight of Heaven. S. Anna, thy charms †
Illicit. But never tempt th' illicit rove, Ep. to Young Friend. 6.	Implore. Your pity I will not implore, Epit. on Holy Willie.
Illissus. Th' Illissus, Tiber, Thames an' Seine, Glide sweet in monie a tunefu' line; To IV. Simpson.	'Implore his counsel and assisting might: The Cotter's Sat. Night. 6.
Illumin'd.	And kneel 'Ve Pow'rs and warm implore Tall S at

ent. An' if impertinent I've been, Impute it not, To Rev. J. M'Math. twere impious to despair th in sight of Heaven. S. Anna, thy charms † Your pity I will not implore, Epit. on Holy Willie. 'Implore his counsel and assisting might:

The Cotter's Sat. Night. 6. And kneel, 'Ye Pow'rs, and warm implore, . To J. S., 21. Imploring. And in the keen, yet tender eye,
O read th' imploring lover. . . S. Could aught of song Each night and morn with voice imploring,
This wish I sigh: . . . The Hermit. Imply. Possessing the one shall imply you've the other. Frag. inscr. to Fox.

Imported. Does Nonsense mend, like Brandy, when imported Scots Prologue. Important.

For still th' important end of life, They [wha fa'] equally may answer: Ep. to Young Friend. 4. They [wha fa'] equany may and the state of t And humbly begs you'll mind the important—Now! . Let us th' important now employ, . Sketch. New-Yr's Day. And share the fate I would impose
On thee, wert thou my captive too. S. The capt. Ribband.

Impress'd. But deep this truth impress'd my mind A Winter Night. 11. the sweet yellow darlings wi' Geordie imprest,
S. Awa' wi' yr witchcraft †

Time but the impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.

To Mary in Heaven. Impression.

Imprimis.	Independent, -ant.
Imprimis then, for carriage cattle, I have four brutes o' gallant mettle, The Inventory.	Thus bold, independent, unconquer'd, and free, S. Caledonia, 6.
Improve.	But for the glorious privilege
The lucky moment to improve, . Despondency, an Ode, 4.	Of being independent Ep. to Young Friend. 7. Mark how their lofty independent spirit
So travell'd monkies their grimace improve, Sketch.	Soars on the spurning wing of injur'd merit!
And doubly were the poet blest These joys could be improve. To Chloris.	Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
	Why was an independent wish E'er planted in my mind? . Man was made to mourn.
Impudence. Your impudence protects you sairly: To a Louse.	Wi' his proud, independent stomach,
Impute.	On Scot. Bard gne to W. I. Thou of an independent mind
Impute it not, good Sir, in ane	With soul resolved, with soul resigned; Poet. Inscription.
Whase heart ne'er wrang'd ye, To Rev. J. M'Math.	The independent patriot,
In. Duncan sigh'd baith out and in, . S. Duncan Gray †	The honest man, and a' that. The Election Ballads. II.
And I would fain be in, jo S. O Lassie, art thou †	The independent commoner Shall be the man for a' that. <i>Ib</i> . The man of independent mind,
O rise and let me in, jo	He looks and laughs at a' that. S. The Honest Man.
	On my ain legs thro' dirt and dub,
He sought them out, he sought them in, S. The Cooper o' cuddy †	I independent stand ay
He paidles out, and he paidles in, . S. The deuks dang o'er.	India.
Diel mak his king's-hood in a spleuchan!'	The sun from India's shore retires; S. Slow spreads the gloom † Can all the wealth of India's coast,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 14. Or else the Deil's be in it Extem. to an Intimate.	Atone for years in absence lost?
She says in to hersel:	O could I give thee India's wealth, . To J. M'Murdo.
Incapacity.	I send you more than India boasts
The more incapacity they bring	To Miss L., with "Beattie."
The more they're to your liking The Dean of Fac	Till the Diamond's Ace, of Indian race,
Incens'd. The Power, incens'd, the Pageant will desert, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 17.	Led him a sair faux pas, man: A Fragment. 7.
Incessant.	Happy, thou Indian grove, I'll say,
Your blood shall with incessant cry	Where now my Nancy's path may be! S. Behold the hour† That Indian wealth may lustre throw
Awake at last th' unsparing power. Fragment of Ode.	Around my Highland lassie, O. S. The Highland Lassie.
The incessant roar of headlong tumbling floods Wr. in Kenmore Inn.	No gifts have I from Indian coasts
Incessantly.	To Miss L., with "Beattie."
Where the wild winds of winter incessantly rave,	And thirst of gold might tempt the deep, Or downward seek the Indian mine:
Lament on leaving Nat. Land.	Or downward seek the Indian mine; S. Twas even—the dewy
Inch. An' Gouts torment him, inch by inch, Scotch Drink. 17. His solid sense—by inches you must tell, Sketch.	Indicted.
Yet ne'er an inch the less, lassie. S. Ye hae lien wrang.	But surely Dreams were ne'er indicted Treason. A Dream. Indies.
Inclination.	Ance to the Indies I were wonted, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 12.
It's just a carnal inclination, A Ded. to G. H., 6.	Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary, [re.] . To Mary.
A dear-lov'd lad, convenience snug,	But a' the charms o' the Indies Can never equal thine. 1b.
A treacherous inclination Add. to Unco Guid. 6.	Indignant. Dost thou not rise, indignant Shade,
O, had I power like inclination, Ep. to H. Parker.	Extem. on Commem.s of Thomson.
But for how lang the flie may stang, Let Inclination law that. The Jolly Beggars. S. VII.	With tears indignant I behold th' oppressor Rejoicing in the honest man's destruction, Tragic Frag.
Inclin'd.	Indignation.
Whene'er to drink you are inclin'd, . Tam o' Shanter. 19.	There keen indignation shall dart on her prey,
'All chuse, as, various they're inclin'd, 'The various man The Vision. D. II., 7.	Which spurning contempt shall redeem from his ire. Monody, on a Lady.
Inclosed. Adown a corn-inclosed bawk, S. A Rosebud by †	Indite.
Incog. Ye cam to Paradise incog, Add. to the Deil. 16.	There's nane ever fear'd that the truth should be heard,
Inconclusive.	But they wham the truth wad indite. S. Here's a health to them †
Or point the inconclusive page	Indulge. The sacred lowe o' weel plac'd love,
Full on the eye. [v.A.4]. The Vision. D. II.	Luxuriantly indulge it; Ep. to Young Friend. 6.
Inconstant.	If thou'rt a slave, indulge thy sneers. The League and Covenant.
Th' inconstant blast howl'd thro' the darkening air, On Death of Sir J. Blair.	Indulgent.
Loud roars the wild, inconstant blast, S. The gloomy night †	Grant me, indulgent heaven, that I may live
Inconstancy.	To see the miscreants feel the pains they give; Lns. extem. in Lady's Pochet-bk.
Let not woman e'er complain Of inconstancy in love: S. Let not woman	Indus. Ye monarchs, tak the east and west,
Of inconstancy in love; S. Let not woman † Increase. 'Be fruitful and increase Nature's Law.	Frae Indus to Savannah! S. The gowd. Locks of A.
So, may his flock increase an' grow The Death of Mailie.	Industry. Plain plodding industry, and sober worth: Ep. to R. Graham. 2.
Increasing.	So hold thy industry with diligent cares.
Th' increasing blast roar'd round the beetling rocks,	S. The Poor Thresher.
On Death of Sir J. Blair.	Inexorable. All hail! inexorable lord! To Ruin.
Incrusted.	Where infamy with sad repentance dwells; Epis. fr. Esopus.
I saw mankind with vice incrusted; The Hermit.	A text for infamy to preach;
Indebted. Your much indebted, humble servant. A Ded. to G. H., 15.	Infant.
Indeed. Indeed mann I, quo' Findlay. S. Wha is that at my t	Perhaps, this hour, in Mis'ry's squalid nest,
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay. [re.]	She strains your infant to her joyless breast, A Winter Night. 8.
Indentin [indenturing].	An' gied the infant warld a shog, . Add. to the Deil. 16. The infant ice scarce bent beneath their feet:
For Britain's guid his saul indentin The Twa Dogs. 21.	The infant ice scarce bent beneath their feet: The Brigs of Ayr. 11.
Independence.	The lisping infant, prattling on his knee,
To hardy Independence bravely bred, . The Brigs of Ayr.	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 3.

And infant frosts begin to bite, In hoary cranreuch drest; . The Jolly Beggars. R. I. The infant aith, half-form'd, was crusht; The Vision. D. I. 8. Explore at large Man's infant race, . Ib. D. II. 10 In helpless infants' tears he dipp'd his right, The Voruels. Passion's birth, and infants' play . To a Kiss. No gifts have I from Indian coasts
The infant year to hail; . To Miss L., with "Beattie." The infant year to nan,

The Tay meandering sweet in infant pride,

Wr. in Kenmore Inn. Infection. A great man's smile, ye ken fu' well, Is ay a blest infection. To M To Mr. M'Adam. Infernal. And waff them in the infernal wherry
Straught through the lake, Adam A—'s Prayer. The red peat gleams, a fiery kernel, Enhusked by a fog infernal: . . . Ep. to H. Parker. "To grace this damn'd infernal clan." Lns add. to J. Ranken. May Envy wallop in a tether, Black fiend, infernal! . To W. Simpson. Inflame. The thoughts o' thee my breast inflame; S. O were I on Parnass.t Influence. Let my Mary's kindred spirit Draw your choicest influence down. . S. Highland Mary. To think life's sun did set ere well begun To shed its influence on thy bright career. Lns on Fergusson. Inform. That can inform the mind, or mend the heart,

Prologue, sp. by Woods. But twa-three winters will inform ye better The Brigs of Ayr. 7. Inform him [death], and storm him, That Saturday ye'll fecht him. . To a Medical Gent. Inform'd. Few heads with knowledge so inform'd: Epit. on a Friend. A letter inform'd me that all was to wreck;
S. No Churchman am I† Should think they better were inform'd,

Than their auld dadies. To W. Simpson, P.S. Informing. Thou'rt ay sae free informing me Thou hast nae mind to marry;
I'll be as free informing thee, Nae time hae I to tarry. . S. Here's to thy health, t Infuriate. The fumes of wine infuriate send; Sent to a Gent. offended. Ingine [genlus; disposition; mind]. Then a' that kent him round declar'd, He had ingine, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 5. But gie me just a true good fallow Wi' right ingine, . To Mr. J. Kennedy. Ingle [fire, fire-place]. The benmost neuk beside the ingle, . Add. of Beelzebub. And peacefu' raise its ingle reek, . As on the banks † And [winds] hing us owre the ingle, . Ep. to Davie. Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely, . . Tam o' Shanter. 5. His wee-bit ingle, blinkan bonilie, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 3. They, round the ingle, form a circle wide; . . . Ib. 12. Auld baudrans by the ingle sits, . . S. Willie Wastle t Ingle-cheek [the fire-side]. There, lanely, by the ingle-cheek, I sat and ey'd the spewing reek, . The Vision. D.I. 3. Ingle-gleede [the live-coal of the fire-place]. And cheary blinks the ingle-gleede
S. A' the lads o' Thornie-bank † Ingle-lowe [the fire-light]. by my ingle-lowe I saw, Now bleezan bright,

The Vision. D. I. 7. There sat a bottle in a bole, Beyont the ingle lowe; S. The weary Pund. Ingle-side [the fire-side]. I mean your ingle-side to guard Ae winter night. Inglorious. I'll lay me with th' inglorious dead, Ingrate. Whilst I here, must cry here,
At perfidy ingrate! . Do

. Despondency, an Ode. 4.

. A Bard's Epit.

Inhabitant.

The poor inhabitant below

Was quick to learn and wise to know,

Inherit. Gude grant that thou may ay inherit Thy mither's person, grace an' merit, Add. to Illegit. Child. Inhuman. Inhuman man! curse on thy barb'rous art, On seeing wounded Hare. Man's inhumanity to Man, Man was made to Mourn. Injure. Such make his destiny, S. Phillis the Fair. He who would injure thee, Injured, -'d. Soars on the spurning wing of injur'd merit!

Ep. to R. Graham. 5. Wrong'd, injur'd, shunn'd, unpitied, unredrest;
In vain wld Prudence † Hark, injur'd Want recounts th' unlisten'd tale, On Death of R. Dundas. The injured Stuart line is gone, On Window at Stirling. Dead, even resentment, for his injured page, To R. G. of F., 5 O injured God! Thy goodness has endow'd me Tragic Frag. And injured Worth forget and pardon man. Wr. in Kenmore Inn. Injurious. In the cause of right engaged, Wrongs injurious to redress, S. Thickest Night † Injury. Wrongs, injuries, from many a darksome den,
On Death of R. Dundas. Ink. An, down gaed stumpie in the ink: Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 6. Inly. What warm, poetic heart but inly bleeds, The Brigs of Ayr. 2. Thou seest a wretch who inly pines, . . . The Lament. Inmate. And in his Book of Life the Inmates poor enroll.

The Cotter's Sat. Night. 17. Was like a bluidy tiger I' th' inn that day. The Ordination. Inner port [inner gate or door]. Auld Clinkum at the Inner port

Cry'd three times, "Robin!" What ails ye now † Innocence. Mark maiden-innocence a prey To love pretending snares, . A Winter Night. 8. But it's innocence and modesty That polishes the dart. . S. Handsome Nell. Innocence Looks gaily-smiling on; . Innocence. View unsuspecting Innocence a prey,
On Death of R. Dundas. Whose innocence did sweets disclose Beyond that flower's perfume. . On Poet's Daughter. Innocent. The young, the innocent, who fondly loved us, Remorse. A Frag.. Inquisitor. Th' Inquisitor of Spain the most expert, Might there have learnt new mysteries of his art; The Vowels. Insect. But, Delia, on thy balmy lips
Let me, no vagrant insect, rove! Delia. An Ode. Yet an insect's an insect at most,

Tho' it crawl on the curl of a queen. On an empty Fellow.

Pleasures, insects on the wing Wr. in Hermitage at F. C.

Insensate. Mine was th' insensate frenzied part, Sent to a Gent. offended.

Mine was th' insensate frenzied part, Sent to a

Inside. Three lawyers' tongues, turned inside out,
Wi' lies seam'd like a beggar's clout; [v.A.16]

Tam o' Shanter. Insipid.

Their days, insipid, dull an' tasteless, . The Twa Dogs. 30. Insist. Yet, if your catalogue [of friends] be fow,
I'se no insist; Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 15.

Insolence. Nor Insolence assumes fair Freedom's name;
Prologue, sp. by Woods.

Inspection.

But keek thro' ev'ry other man, Wi' sharpen'd, sly inspection. Ep. to Young Friend. 5. Can thy keen inspection trace Aught of Humanity's sweet melting grace?

Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.

Inspiration. The tunefu' powers, in happy hours, That whisper inspiration; S. Lovely Davies. Inspire.

O, how that name inspires my style! . Ep. to Davie. 11. And morning Poossie whiddan seen, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. Inspire my Muse, Then come, sweet Muse, inspire my lay!
S. O were I on Parnass, † Inspires my muse to gie 'm his dues, . On W. Chalmers.

Inspire me, till I lisp an' wink, To sing thy name I Scotch Drink. 2.	Intently. while intently surveying The storm's gloomy path Lament, on leaving Nat. Land.
Sweetest May, let love inspire thee; . S. Sweetest May †	Interest. My honored colonel, deep I feel
I call no goddess to inspire my strains, . To R. Graham.	Your interest in the poet's weal; . Poem on Life. Hey for the chaste int'rest of Broughton,
Inspire the highly favour'd youth The destinies intend her	The Election Ballads, III.
Inspired, -'d. a whim-inspir'd fool, . A Bard's Epit.	First, in the sexes intermix'd connexion,
(Inspired Bardies saw, man) A Fragment. 8.	One sacred Right of Woman is protection. The Rights of Woman.
On fear-inspired wings; S. On a bank of flowers † To you I sing my grief-inspired strains:	Intervene.
On Death of R. Dundas. Ev'n godly meetings o' the saunts,	When shining sunbeams intervene S. On Cessnock banks †
By thee inspir'd, Scotch Drink. 8.	Into. There was three kings into the east, John Barleycorn. Intoxicated.
Through and through the inspired leaves, Ye maggots make your windings; . The Book-Worms.	Each thought intoxicated homage yields, . To Clarinda.
By whim inspir'd, or haply prest wi' care, The Brigs of Ayr.3.	Intrusion. If mair they deave us wi' their din, Or Patronage intrusion, The Ordination. 14.
And ev'n his matchless hand with finer touch inspir'd! 1b. 12.	Invade.
By her inspir'd the new-born race Soon drew the avenging steel, man; The Tree of Liberty.	Dare invade your native right, . On scaring Water-fowl.
'All hail! my own inspired Bard! The Vision. D. II. 2.	Nay even thus invade a lady's quiet. The Rights of Woman. Invader.
Hence, Dempster's zeal-inspired tongue; [v.A.23] . Ib. 6.	And oft repell'd th' Invader's shock. Add. to Edinburgh. 5.
And fled each muse that glorious once inspired, To R. G. of F., 5. Inspir'd, I turn'd Fates sibyl leaf,	The daring invaders they fled or they died S. Caledonia,
This natal morn, To Terraughty.	Invasion. Does haughty Gaul invasion threat?
Inspirer. (The Patriot's God, peculiarly thou art, His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!)	Then let the louns beware, Sir, . S. Does haughty Gaul,†
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!) The Cotter's Sat. Night. 21. Inspiring, -in'.	'Tween Inverness and Tiviotdale,
Hail, thairm-inspirin', rattlin' Willie! Ep. to Maj. Logan.	He had few matches. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 6.
And sic twa love-inspiring een, On W. Chalmers.	The lovely lass of Inverness, Nae joy nor pleasure can she see; S. The lovely lass+
Inspiring bold John Barleycorn! Tam o' Shanter. 11. O'er-arching, mouldy, gloom-inspiring coves,	Inverted. His that inverted glory. On Duke of Queensberry.
The Brigs of Ayr. 8.	Inviolate. To keep that right inviolate's the fashion, The Rights of Woman.
M'Lauchlan, thairm-inspiring Sage,	Invite. Glory, Honour, now invite, S. Highland Laddie.
muse-inspirin' aqua-vitae Third Ep. to J. Lap	And kindly she did me invite, To walk into a chamber fair. S. The Lass that made the bed.
Auld Reekie dings them a' to sticks, For rhyme-inspiring lasses To Miss Ferrier.	Invited. Invited him home to dine with him next day;
For rhyme-inspiring lasses To Miss Ferrier. Instance. For instance, there's yoursel just now,	S. The Poor Thresher. Involved, -'d. Thick mists, obscure, involv'd me round;
God knows, an unco Calf! The Calf.	
	Lament for Glencairn.
Instant. Is instant made no worth a louse Just at the bit. Add. to the Deil. 11.	Of guilt, perhaps where we've involved others; Remorse. A Frag
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Isabella. By a river hoarsely roaring Isabella stray'd deploring. S. Raving winds †	And names, like villain, hypocrite, Ilk ither gi'en, The Twa Herds.
Death tears the brother of her love	Wi' ither kindred, jumping cattle, To a Lous
From Isabella's arms Sad thy tale †	a richer share Than mony ithers; To Dr. Blackloc.
Fair on Isabella's morn The sun propitious smil'd;	And ev'ry ither pair [o' shoon] that's done,
Isaiah. Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire;	Mair taen I'm wi' you To J. S., "There's ither Poets, much your betters, Ib.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 14.	They a' maun meet some ither place, To W. Creech
I'se [I shall, or I will]. But I'se repeat each poor man's pray'r, A Ded. to G. H., 13.	We've been owre lang unkenn'd to ither: To W. Simpson. I
I'se gang wi' you, my shepherd-lad, . S. Ca' the ewes.	Ae way or ither, V.s to J. Ranker
I'se be fou and thou'se be toom,	'To please us a', I've just ae ither, . What ails ye now
Coggie, an the king come. S. Carl, an the King come.	Her nose and chin they threaten ither; S. Willie Wastle Then nae ither man can get ye, S. Will ye go and marry
Yet, if your catalogue be fow, I'se no insist; . Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 15.	Itsel' [itself].
L-d, I'se hae sportin by an' by, Ep. to J. R., 11.	Nay, even the yirth itsel' does cry, . El. on Year 1786
I'se ne'er bid better Ep. to Maj. Logan. 8.	And my fond heart, itsel sae true,
I'se ne'er ride horse nor hizzie mair; The Inventory.	It ne'er mistrusted thine S. O mirk, mirk Ivled. This ivied cot was dear: Lns on Window. F.'s C. Her
At kirk and fair, I'se ay be there, . S. The tither morn † And if we dinna haud a bouze	This ivied cot revere!
I'se ne'er drink mair To Mr. J. Kennedy.	Ivory. Her teeth were like the ivory,
But I'se believe ye kindly meant it, . To W. Simpson. 2.	S. The Lass that made the bea
Isle.	Ivy. Where th' howlet mourns in her ivy bower, . A Vision Ye houlets, frae your ivy bower, . El. on Capt. M. H., 10
You distant isle will often hail; S. Behold the hour †	Jacket. The pie-bald jacket let me patch once more;
In the rolling tide of spreading Clyde There sits an isle of high degree,	Ep. to R. Graham. 5
S. The Bonie Lass of Albany.	Rusty airn caps and jinglin jackets, On Grose's Peregrinations Peel a willie wand, to be him boots and jacket;
And stand a wall of fire around their much-lov'd isle. The Cotter's Sat. Night. 20.	S. Wee Willie Gray
Tho' wit and worth, in either sex,	Jacobite.
St. Mary's Isle can shaw that, The Election Ballads. II. And equal rights and equal laws	Ye Jacobites by name, give an ear, give an ear; [re.] S. Ye Jacobites
Wad gladden every isle, man The Tree of Liberty.	Jad [a jade; a term of familiarity].
'Twas in that place o' Scotland's isle,	'Conscience,' says I, 'ye thowless jad! Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st.
That bears the name o' auld king Coil, . The Twa Dogs. She lay like some unkend-of isle	I hope to gie the jads a clearin'
Beside New Holland, . To W. Simpson.	In fair play yet Ep. to Maj. Logan. 11 Guess ye how the jad! I could bear her, [re.]
Issachar. That Young Man great in Issachar, The burden-bearing tribe. New Psalmody.	S. Last May a brazu zuoner
Issu'd.	Here sits a raw o' tittlan jads, Wi' heaving breasts an' bare neck; . The Holy Fair.
The wild Scandinavian boar issu'd forth	But clear your decks an' here's the Sex
To wanton in carnage and wallow in gore: S. Caledonia. Italy. How libbet Italy was singin; Kind Sir, I've read †	I like the jads for a' that. The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII Or Zipporah the scauldin jad, The Ordination. 4
Italian. Compar'd with these, Italian trills are tame;	They're a run deils an' jads thegither. The Twa Dogs. 33
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 13.	And or I wad anither jad,
Or down Italian Vista startles, The Twa Dogs. 23.	I'll wallop in a tow S. The weary Pund We'll cry nae jads frae heathen hills
Ither [other; one another]. Nae ither care in life have I,	To help, or roose us, Third Ep. to J. Lap.
But live an' love my Nanie, O, . S. Behind you hills †	Jade. Be't to me, be't frae me, e'en let the jade [chance] gae, S. Contented wi' little
A three-taed leister on the ither [shouther]	(A souple jade she was, and strang), Tam o' Shanter. 16
Lay, large an' lang. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 6. hae ye been mawin, When ither folk are busy sawin? 1b. 8.	Jaffray.
He's grown sae weel acquaint wi' Buchan.	And Katharine Jaffray was her name, Katharine Jaffray
And ither chaps,	Jag [to prick, pierce].
For life and spunk like ither Christians, I'm dwindl'd down to mere existence, Ep. to H. Parker.	ye prick the louse, An' jag the flae. What ails ye now Jall. And rot the dyvors i' the jails! Add. of Beelzebub
Maybe some ither thing they gie me	Jamaica.
They weel can spare. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 17. I' th' ither warl', if there's anither,	Jamaica bodies, use him weel, On Scot. Bard gne to W. I
An' that there is I've little swither Ep. to Maj. Logan. 8.	James.
Ithers seek they kenna what, S. Jockey fout	And, in your lug, most reverend J[ames], The Calf
And ither some will kiss and daut; . S. John, come kiss.	Simper James, Simper James, leave the fair Killie dames, The Kirk's Alarm. 6
And ither some will prie their mou, And some will hause in ithers arms,	Jamle, -y [dim. of James]. An' lastly, Jamie, for yoursel, Auld comrade dear
"But I mann lie before the storm	An' lastly, Jamie, for yoursel, . Auld comrade dear there will never be peace till Jamie comes hame. [re.]
"And ithers plant them in my room. Lament for Glencairn. Thou comes—they [verses] rattle i' their rooks	S. By yon castle wa'
Thou comes—they [verses] rattle i' their ranks At ither's arses!	My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword,
An' monie ithers, The Author's Cry and Prayer, 14	Below thir stanes lie Jamie's banes; Epit. on noisy Polemic.
The ither flutters o'er the rising piers: The Brigs of Ayr. 4.	Then up gat fechtan Jamie Fleck,
An' may they never learn the gaets, Of ither, vile, wanrestfu' Pets! . The Death of Mailie.	In spite o' a' the thievish kaes
Like ither menseless, graceless brutes	That haunt St. Jamie's! The Author's Cry and Prayer. 24
An' monie jobs that day begin, May end in Houghmagandie Some ither day.	Up and want them a', Jamie, [re.] S. The Laddies by
The Holy Fair, 27,	Young Jamie, pride of a' the plain, . S. Young Jamie
Nae doubt but they were fain o' ither. The Tana Dogs 6	Jamy Goose, Jamy Goose, ye ha'e made but toom roose,
An' worry'd ither in diversion;	Janet. The Kirk's Alarm
Resolv'd to meet some ither day	My kindest, best respects I sen' it, To cousin Kate an' sister Janet.

January. When January winds were blawing cauld,	Then brandy Jean spak owre her drink,
Janwar [January]. S. The lass that made the bed.	The Election Ballads. I. But it's ne'er be sae wi' brandy Jean
'Twas then a blast o' Janwar win'	Jeany, -ie.
Blew hansel in on Robin S. There was a lad † Jar. To gie the jars an' barrels A lift . The Holy Fair. 14.	dear bird, young Jeany fair, S. A Rosebud by my †
Jars. The church is in ruins, the state is in jars: S. By you castle wa't	And do I hear my Jeanie own, That equal transports move her? S. Come, let me take †
Will you leave your justings, your jars, and your quarrels,	But, Jeanie, say thou wilt be mine, S. Craigie-burn Wood.
Fragment, inscr. to Fox.	I reign in Jeanie's bosom S. Louis what reck I† Yet poortith a' I could forgive,
Jar, to. May fireside discords jar a base To a' their parts! Ep. to Maj. Logan. 7.	An' 'twere na for my Jeanie. S. O poortith cauld †
Discordant jar thy bosom-chords among; To Miss Graham.	Oh! had each Scot of ancient times, Been, Jeany Scott, as thou art, On Miss J. Scott.
Jargon. with their Logic-jargon tir'd, . Auld comrade † What's a' your jargon o' your Schools,	When frae my Jeany parted,
Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 11.	Sad, cheerless, broken-hearted,
Jarring.	From thee, my Jeany, must I part! The Farewell. He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryste, [re.] S. There was a lass +
Saint Stephen's boys, wi' jarring noise, A Fragment. 6. Ye jarring screeching things around, On Death of Lap-dog.	When first I saw fair Jeanie's face,
Can firmly force his jarring thoughts to peace?	I couldna tell what ailed me, [re.] S. When first I saw
Jauk [to trifle, to dally]. Remorse. A Frag	Jed. Eden scenes on crystal Jed, To W. Creech. Jee [to move; to move to one side].
And ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jauk or play;	And jee! the door gaed to the wa'; The Vision. D. I. 7.
Jaukin [dallying, trifling].	Jeeg [to jig, jolt].
I wat she made nae jaukin;	Then I maun sit the lee lang day, And jeeg the cradle wi' my tae,
Jauner [idle talk].	And jeeg the cradle wi' my tae, S. Duncan Gray. Jeer. May taunt you wi' his jeers an' mocks;
O had your tongue and jauner; S. Gat ye me,†	The Author's Cry and Prayer. 19.
Jauntie [dim. of jaunt].	Let nae body name wi' a jeer; The Jolly Beggars. S. III.
I ken'd it still your wee bit jauntie, Wad bring ye to: To Dr. Blacklock.	Jehu. Or up the rink like Jehu roar In time o' need; . Tam Samson's El.
Jaunty. Maria's jaunty stagger, Ep. jr. Esopus.	Jenny [dim. of Janet].
Jaup [a splash of water or mud].	When first I gaed to woo my Jenny, A Guid New-year † 5.
And dash the gumlie jaups up to the pouring skies. The Brigs of Ayr. 7.	There's Jockie and the haveril Jenny, Adam A—'s Prayer. Oh Jenny's a' weet poor body
Jaup, to [to dash and rebound as water; splash].	Jenny's seldom dry, S. Comin thro' the rye †
Auld Scotland wants nae skinking ware	Ilka Jenny has her Jockey, S. Comin thro' the rye.
That jaups in luggies; To a Haggis. Jaw [the mouth; coarse raillery].	Wi' nae kend face but Jenny Geddes. Jenny, my Pegasean pride! Ep. to H. Parker.
An' [Fox] lows'd his tinkler jaw, man A Fragment. 5.	Wee Jenny to her Graunie says, Halloween. 13.
Now deil-ma-care about their jaw, To Mr. M'Adam.	Jenny M'Craw, she has ta'en to the heather, [re.]
Jaw, to [to dash, spurt, throw out in a jet].	Jockey fou, and Jenny fain, Jenny M*Craw.
Then up they gat the maskin-pat, And in the sea did jaw, man; A Fragment.	Jenny was nae ill to gain, [re.] S. Jockey fou †
Jaws. Wrench'd his dear country from the jaws of Ruin! Scots Prologue.	But Jenny's jimps and jirkinet, My Lord thinks meikle mair upon't. S. My Lord a-hunting †
Jealous. Where turnkeys make the jealous portal fast, Ep. fr. Esopus.	By Colin's cottage lies his game, If Colin's Jenny be at hame
He's peevish, and jealous of a' the young fellows, What can a young lassie †	Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman-grown, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 4.
Jean. Ye hae your Meg, your dearest part,	Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
And I my darling Jean! Ep. to Davie. 8. To meet with, and greet with,	The wily Mother sees the conscious flame Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek,
My Davie or my Jean!	While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak;
Jean slips in twa, wi' tentie e'e; [re.]	With kindly welcome, Jenny brings him ben; Ib. 8. Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill taen; Ib.
And see my bonie Jean again S. I'll ay ca' in t	Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?
It is na, Jean, thy bonie face, . S. It is na, Jean †	Ye'll maybe fancy Jenny, The Tarbolton Lasses.
I said he might die when he liked for Jean; S. Last May a braw wooer	O Jenny dinna toss your head, To a Louse.
My name, she says, is Mistress Jean, S. My Collier Laddie.	To sell her poor Jenny for siller and lan'. S. What can a young lassie t
A thief sae pawky is my Jean . S. O this is no my ain †	All that has caused this wreck in my bosom,
And Lady Jean was never sae braw. S. O when she cam bent	Is Jenny, fair Jenny alone. S. Where are the joys † Jerusalem.
my fancy's flight Is ever wi' my Jean. S. Of a' the airts †	And him, among the Princes chief
There's not a bonie bird that sings, But minds me o' my Jean	In our Jerusalem, New Psalmody.
There's ane they ca' Jean, Ronalds of Bennals.	Jess. There racer Jess, an' twa three wh-res, Are blinkan at the entry The Holy Fair. 9.
If ye be for Miss Jean, tak this frae a frien', Ib. Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday. Tam o' Shanter. 3.	Jessy, -ie. It is not purity and worth,
My Jean's heart-rending throe! The Farewell.	Else Jessy had not died. Epit. on J. Lewars. Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet
When kindly you mind me, O then befriend my Jean ! Ib.	And soft as their parting tear—Jessy. [re.]
From thee, my Jeany, must I part!	S. Here's a health to ane † No savage e'er could rend my heart.
A-listening the linnet, oft wanders my Jean. S. Their groves of t	As, Jessy, thou hast done On Miss J. Lewars
The fairest maid was bonie Jean. [re.] S. There was a lass t	But Jessy's lovely hand in mine,
Yet, dearer than my deathless soul, I still would love my Jean S. Tho' cruel fate t	Lovely Jessy be the name; The Toast. Thine be the volumes, Jessy fair, To a young Lady.
Jean, Brandy [the town of Kirkcudbright].	You save fair Jessie from the grave! . To Dr. Maxwell.
And brandy Jean that took her gill,	To equal young Jessie, seek Scotland all over;
In Galloway sae wide The Election Ballads. I.	S. True-hearted was het

John

Jest. Half-jest, she [Nature] tried one curious labour more.	Jinker [a horse quick in its movements; a gay
Ep. to R. Graham.	sprightly girl].
'The mock'd quotation of the scorner's jest,' In vain wld Prudence †	That day, ye was a jinker noble, . A Gude New-Year † 7. Ochon for poor Castalian drinkers,
An' may a bard no crack his jest	When they fa' foul o' earthly jinkers, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 10.
What way they've use't him? To Rev. J. M'Math.	Jirkinet [dim. of jerkin, a kind of jacket or bodice
Jesus. Bless Jesus Christ, O C[ardoness], Epit. on a Laird.	worn by women].
Jet. For it's jet, jet black, an' it's like a hawk, S. Again rejoic. Nature †	But Jenny's jimps and jirkinet, My Lord thinks meikle mair upon't. S. My Lord a-hunting †
Jew. The hungry Jew in wilderness	Jirt [jerk]. She's [Fortune's] gien me monie a jirt an' fleg,
Rejoicing o'er his manna, S. The gowd. Locks of A.	Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 9.
Jewel. I wad wear thee in my hosom, Least my Jewel I should tine. S. Bonie wee thing †	Jo, Joe [lover, sweetheart; term of affectionate familiarity—often used to one of the same sex].
In richest ore the brightest jewel set! El. on Miss Burnet.	John Anderson, my jo, John, [re.] . S. John Anderson †
My Jewel, my Eppie! S. Eppie Adair.	And och ! o'er aft thy joes hae starv'd,
The polish'd jewel's blaze	Mid a' thy favors! Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
May draw the wond'ring gaze, . S. Mark yonder Pomp	For Johnie is my only jo, S. The cardin o't.
And next my heart I'll wear her, For fear my jewel tine S. My Love's a winsome	I didna trow, I'd see my jo S. The tither morn † Tells bughtin-time is near, my jo; . S. When o'er the hill †
My tocher's the jewel has charms for him.	Tells bughtin-time is near, my jo; . S. When o'er the hill † And I would fain be in, jo. [re.] . S. O Lassie, art thou †
S. O meikle thinks my love †	Her mither's at the mill, jo; [re.] S. O steer her up †
The brightest jewel in my crown, Wad be my queen, S. O wert thou in t	O wat ye what my minnie did,
But Armour's the jewel for me o' them a'.	On Tysday 'teen to me, jo? [re.] S. O wat ye what my
The Belles of Mauchline.	Tells bughtin-time is near, my jo; [re.] S. When o'er the hill \
What sparkling jewels glance, man! The Fête Champetre.	Joan, Black [the town of Sanguhar].
The Pennie's the jewel that beautifies a'. S. There's a youth t	And black Joan, frae Chrichton Peel, O' gipsy kith and kin, The Election Ballads. I.
Her modest demeanor's the jewel of a'. S. True hearted was he †	Says black Joan frae Chrichton Peel,
Jig. A blessing on the cheery gang	A carline stoor and grim,
Wha dearly like a jig or sang, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 6.	Job. Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 14.
Are at it, skelpin! jig and reel, In my poor pouches. Friend of the poet †	Job. Than 'twixt Hal and Bob for the famous job
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,	The Dean of Fac
Put life and mettle in their heels Tam o' Shanter. II.	An' monie jobs that day hegin, May end in Houghmagandie Some ither day.
Jillet [a jilt].	The Holy Fair. 27.
A Jillet brak his heart at last, On Scot. Bard gne to W.I.	Its rivalship just i' the job The Jolly Beggars. S. III.
Jiltlsh. Who long with jiltish arts and airs hast strove; Add. sp. by Fontenelle.	In spite of undermining jobs, To Rev. J. M. Math.
Jimp, to [to jump, leap].	Jobbin' [jobbing]. "Come hither lad, an' answer for't,
And then he'll hilch, and stitt, and jimp,	"Ye're blam'd for jobbin'." What ails ye now t
And rin an unco fit: Ep. to Davie. 11.	Joek.
Jimp [neat, slender]. Thy waist sae jimp, thy limbs sae clean,	Let Meg now take away the flesh,
S. O were I on Parnass.	And Jock bring in the spirit! At Globe Tav., D Ye ken Jock Hornbook i' the Clachan,
Jimply [neatly, tightly].	Death and Dr. Hornbook. 14.
Sae jimply lac'd her genty waist S. A Mast.'s bonie Anne.	She winna come hame to her ain Jock Rab. [re.]
Jimps [a kind of easy stays, open in front].	S. Eppie M'Nab. But this is Jock, an' this is me,
But Jenny's jimps and jirkinet, My Lord thinks meikle mair upon't. S. My Lord a-hunting †	She says in to hersel:
Jing (jingo, a petty oath).	In Homer's craft Jock Milton thrives; Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
While Willie lap, and swoor by jing, Halloween. q.	Gifted by black Jock To get them aff his hands The Election Ballads. IV.
Jingle. In hamely, westlin jingle Ep. to Davie.	Muirland Jock, Muirland Jock, . The Kirk's Alarm. 15.
Amaist as soon as I could spell,	Jockey, Jockie.
I to the crambo-jingle fell, . Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 8.	There's Jockie and the haveril Jenny, Adam A—'s Prayer.
I see her yet the sonsy quean, That lighted up my jingle; The Ans. to the Guidwife.	Ilka Jenny has her Jockey S. Comin thro' the rye.
Jingle, to. Whene'er my Muse does on me glance,	Jockey fou, and Jenny fain, S. Jockey fou t
I jingle at her. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 9.	Jockey's ta'en the parting kiss, S. Jockey's ta'en the † Young Jockey was the blythest lad [re.] S. Young Jockey †
Jinglan, -in. An' [thowes] float the jinglan icy boord, Add. to the Deil. 12.	Jocteleg [a folding knife].
Rusty airn caps and jinglin jackets, On Grose's Peregrinations.	Wi' joctelegs they taste them [the custocks]; Halloween. 5.
Jink [the act of eluding another, a sudden turning	It was a faulding jocteleg, . On Grose's Peregrinations.
a corner].	An' took my jocteleg an' whatt it,
Our billie's gien us a' a jink, S. On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.	Like ony clark Third Ep. to J. Lap
Our billie's gien us a' a jink, S. On Scot. Bard gne to W. I. Jink, to [to dodge, make a quick turn; move quickly	
Our billie's gien us a' a jink, S. On Scot. Bard gne to W. I. Jink, to [to dodge, make a quick turn; move quickly backwards and forwards].	Like ony clark Third Ep. to J. Lap Jog. We cheek for chow shall jog thegither,
Our billie's gien us a' a jink, S. On Scot. Bard gne to W. I. Jink, to [to dodge, make a quick turn; move quickly backwards and forwards]. And can like ony wabster's sbuttle, Jink there or here; Adam A—'s Prayer.	Like ony clark. Third Ep. to J. Lap Jog. We cheek for chow shall jog thegither, I'se ne'er bid better. Ep. to Maj. Logan. 8. John. his wee, curlie John's ier-oe, Auld, uncle John, wha wedlock's joys,
Our billie's gien us a' a jink, S. On Scot. Bard gne to W. I. Jink, to [to dodge, make a quick turn; move quickly backwards and forwards]. And can like ony wabster's shuttle, Jink there or here; Adam A—'s Prayer. Lang may your elbuck jink and diddle, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 3.	Like ony clark. Third Ep. to J. Lap Jog. We cheek for chow shall jog thegither, I'se ne'er bid better. Ep. to Maj. Logan. 8. John. his wee, curlie John's ier-oe, A Ded. to G. H., 14. Auld, uncle John, wha wedlock's joys, Sin' Mar's-year did desire, Halloween. 27.
Our billie's gien us a' a jink, S. On Scot. Bard gne to W. I. Jink, to [to dodge, make a quick turn; move quickly backwards and forwards]. And can like ony wabster's sbuttle,	Like ony clark. Third Ep. to J. Lap Jog. We cheek for chow shall jog thegither, I'se ne'er bid better. Ep. to Maj. Logan. 8. John. his wee, curlie John's ier-oe, Auld, uncle John, wha wedlock's joys,
Our billie's gien us a' a jink, S. On Scot. Bard gne to W. I. Jink, to [to dodge, make a quick turn; move quickly backwards and forwards]. And can like ony wabster's sbuttle,	Like ony clark. Third Ep. to J. Lap. Jog. We cheek for chow shall jog thegither, I'se ne'er bid better. Ep. to Maj. Logan. 8. John. his wee, curlie John's ier-oe, A Ded. to G. H., 14. Auld, uncle John, wha wedlock's joys, Sin' Mar's-year did desire. I'll gie John Ross another bawbee, To boat me o'er to Charlie. John Anderson, my jo, John, [re.] S. John Anderson †
Our billie's gien us a' a jink, S. On Scot. Bard gne to W. I. Jink, to [to dodge, make a quick turn; move quickly backwards and forwards]. And can like ony wabster's sbuttle,	Like ony clark. Third Ep. to J. Lap. Jog. We cheek for chow shall jog thegither, I'se ne'er bid better. Ep. to Maj. Logan. & John. his wee, curlie John's ier-oe, Andld, uncle John, wha wedlock's joys, Sin' Mar's-year did desire, I'll gie John Ross another bawbee, To boat me o'er to Charlie. John Anderson, my jo, John, [re.] The lang lad they ca' jumpin John
Our billie's gien us a' a jink, S. On Scot. Bard gne to W. I. Jink, to [to dodge, make a quick turn; move quickly backwards and forwards]. And can like ony wabster's sbuttle,	Like ony clark. Third Ep. to J. Lap. Jog. We cheek for chow shall jog thegither. I'se ne'er bid better. Ep. to Maj. Logan. 8. John. his wee, curlie John's ier-oe, A Ded. to G. H., 14. Auld, uncle John, wha wedlock's joys, Sin' Mar's-year did desire,
Our billie's gien us a' a jink, S. On Scot. Bard gne to W. I. Jink, to [to dodge, make a quick turn; move quickly backwards and forwards]. And can like ony wabster's sbuttle,	Like ony clark. Third Ep. to J. Lap. Jog. We cheek for chow shall jog thegither, I'se ne'er bid better. Ep. to Maj. Logan. & John. his wee, curlie John's ier-oe, Andld, uncle John, wha wedlock's joys, Sin' Mar's-year did desire, I'll gie John Ross another bawbee, To boat me o'er to Charlie. John Anderson, my jo, John, [re.] The lang lad they ca' jumpin John
Our billie's gien us a' a jink, S. On Scot. Bard gne to W. I. Jink, to [to dodge, make a quick turn; move quickly backwards and forwards]. And can like ony wabster's shuttle,	Like ony clark. Third Ep. to J. Lap. Jog. We cheek for chow shall jog thegither. I'se ne'er bid better. Ep. to Maj. Logan. 8. John. his wee, curlie John's ier-oe, Andel. to G. H., 14. Auld, uncle John, wha wedlock's joys, Sin' Mar's-year did desire, I'll gie John Ross another bawbee, To boat me o'er to Charlie. John Anderson, my jo, John, [re.] John Anderson † The lang lad they ca' jumpin John Beguil'd the bonie lassie, O John, come kiss me now, now; [re.] S. O John, come kiss † Provost John is still deaf to the church's relief,
Our billie's gien us a' a jink, S. On Scot. Bard gne to W. I. Jink, to [to dodge, make a quick turn; move quickly backwards and forwards]. And can like ony wabster's shuttle,	Like ony clark. Third Ep. to J. Lap. Jog. We cheek for chow shall jog thegither. I'se ne'er bid better. Ep. to Maj. Logan. 8. John. his wee, curlie John's ier-oe, A Ded. to G. H., 14. Auld, uncle John, wha wedlock's joys, Sin' Mar's-year did desire, I'll gie John Ross another bawbee, To boat me o'er to Charlie. John Anderson, my jo, John, [re.] S. Come, boat me o'er. John Anderson, my jo, John, [re.] The lang lad they ca' jumpin John Beguil'd the bonie lassie, S. Her Daddie forbad† O John, come kiss me now, now, now; [re.] S. O John, come kiss † Provost John is still deaf to the church's relief, The Kirk's Alarm. 3.
Our billie's gien us a' a jink, S. On Scot. Bard gne to W. I. Jink, to [to dodge, make a quick turn; move quickly backwards and forwards]. And can like ony wabster's shuttle,	Like ony clark. Third Ep. to J. Lap. Jog. We cheek for chow shall jog thegither. I'se ne'er bid better. Ep. to Maj. Logan. 8. John. his wee, curlie John's ier-oe, Andel. to G. H., 14. Auld, uncle John, wha wedlock's joys, Sin' Mar's-year did desire, I'll gie John Ross another bawbee, To boat me o'er to Charlie. John Anderson, my jo, John, [re.] John Anderson † The lang lad they ca' jumpin John Beguil'd the bonie lassie, O John, come kiss me now, now; [re.] S. O John, come kiss † Provost John is still deaf to the church's relief,

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John Barleycorn.	And still I can join in a cup and a song; The Jolly Beggars. S. II.
And they hae sworn a solemn oath John Barleycorn should die. [re.] . John Barleycorn.	
	To join faith and sense upon ony pretence, Is heretic, damnable error The Kirk's Alarm.
John Barleycorn got up again,	Come join your counsel and your skills, The Twa Herds. 15.
	When ling'ring lips no more must join; To a Kiss.
	To join the friendly few To Chloris.
	In mutual affection to join,
Leeze me on thee, John Barleycorn, Thou king o' grain! . Scotch Drink. 3.	To join with those,
Inspiring bold John Barleycorn! Tam o' Shanter. 11.	Who boldly dare thy cause maintain To Rev. J. M'Math.
John Highlandman v. Highlandman.	My griefs it seems to join; Winter.
John Knox.	Join'd.
Orthodox, orthodox, wha believe in John Knox,	Oh, nought but love and sorrow join'd,
The Kirk's Alarm.	Sic notes of woe could wanken! S. O stay, sweet warbling
Johny, -ie, Johnny, -ie.	I've even join'd the honour'd jorum, On dining with Daer.
I've sent you here by Johnie Simson,	And thereto was his kinsman join'd The Election Ballads. V.
Twa sage Philosophers to glimpse on! . Auld Comrade †	In sacred strains and tuneful numbers join'd,
When first my brave Johnie lad came to this town, S. Cock up yr beaver.	Joints. To Miss Graham.
Hey, brave Johnie lad, cock up your beaver! Ib.	His bending joints and drooping head . John Barleycorn.
But, oh! what will my torments be,	Divide the joints an' marrow; The Holy Fair. 21.
If thou refuse thy Johnie? S. Craigie-burn Wood.	Joke. An' sklented on the man of Uzz,
'They'll ruin Johnie!' . Death and Dr. Hornbook. 23.	Your spitefu' joke? Add. to the Deil. 17.
Here lies Johnny Pidgeon, [re.] Epit. on J. Dove.	And unco tales, an' funnie jokes, Halloween. 28.
Death has murder'd Johnie; Epit. on wee Johnie.	(That Bards are second-sighted is nae joke,
Are they a' Johny's? . S. Gudeen to you kimmer †	The Brigs of Ayr. 4.
'I gat frae uncle Johnie:'	Auld Britain ance could crack her joke, The Tree of Liberty.
There's Johnie o' the Buskie-glen, [re.] S. In simmer when t	An' sklent on poverty their joke,
Here am I, Johnny Peep; Johnny Peep.	Wi' bitter sneer, . To Mr. J. Kennedy.
And so Johnny Peep gets free	Joking, -in. And there was muckle fun and jokin, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 2.
I coft a stane o' haslock woo,	But court nae anither, tho' joking ye be,
To mak a coat to Johnie o't;	S. O whistle, and I'll t
For Johnie is my only jo, S. The cardin o't.	Jolly. And I'm but jolly fou S. Landlady, count †
And there will be black-nebbit Johnie, The Election Ballads. III.	Jorum [a drinking vessel or its contents].
And there will be stamp-office Johnie,	And here's to them, that, like oursel,
Teugh Johnie, staunch Geordie and Wattie, Ib.	Can push about the jorum; S. O May thy morn †
And at his elbow, Souter Johnny,	I've even join'd the honour'd jorum, On dining with Daer.
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony; . Tam o' Shanter. 5.	Joseph. That vile doup-skelper, Emperor Joseph, Kind Sir, I've read †
Guid speed an' furder to you Johny, Third Ep. to J. Lap	
	loub I to stoon or suddenly shift one's nosition so
To get a blade o' Johnnie's morals, . To a Medical Gent.	Jouk [to stoop, or suddenly shift one's position so as to avoid or mitigate a blow, or to conceal
	Jouk [to stoop, or suddenly shift one's position so as to avoid or mitigate a blow, or to conceal oneself; to make obeisance].
To get a blade o' Johnnie's morals, . To a Medical Gent.	Thou need na jouk behint the hallan,
To get a blade o' Johnnie's morals, . To a Medical Gent. And taste sic gear as Johnnie brews, To Mr. J. Kennedy. Johnny Ged's Hole [the gravedigger], 'Waes me for Johnny Ged's Hole now,'	oneself; to make obeisance. Thou need na jouk behint the hallan, **Poem on Pastoral Poetry.**
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But now our joys are fled, S. But lately seen t	No tongue then was able their joy to express,
But ah! those pleasures, Loves and Joys,	S. The Poor Thresher.
Which I too keenly taste, Despondency, an Ode. 4.	Nae real joys we know, man The Tree of Liberty.
With honest joy, our hearts will bound, To see the coming year: Ep. to Davie. 4.	My heart has been sae fain to see them, That I for joy hae barket wi' them The Twa Dogs. 20.
This life has joys for you and I;	The joy can scarcely reach the heart
And joys that riches ne'er could buy;	And joy and music pouring forth,
And joys the very best	In ev'ry grove, . The Vision. D. II. 14.
And sing their pleasures hopes an' joys,	I saw thee leave their evining joys,
In some mild sphere, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 18.	And lonely stalk,
The sun of all his joy S. Farewell, dear Mistress †	And every new cork is a new spring of joy; The Whistle. 12.
And with him all the joys are fled, Life can to me impart. S. Fate gave the word, †	But hawks will rob the tender joys That bless the little lintwhite's nest; S. There was a lass t
That blasts each bud of hope and joy; S. Forlorn, my Love †	And did na joy blink in her e'e;
S. Forlorn, my Love †	Sorrowing joy, adieu's last action,
Auld, uncle John, wha wedlock's joys,	An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain,
Sin' Mar's-year did desire,	For promis'd joy! To a Mouse.
Gude Night and joy be wi' thee: S. Here's to thy health, †	All blameless joys on earth we find, . To a young Lady.
Of mony a joy and hope bereav'd me, S. I dream'd I lay	The joys refin'd of sense and taste, To Chloris.
My dismal months no joys are crowning, Improm. on Mrs.—'s Birthday.	And doubly were the poet blest
Content and love bring peace and joy, S. In simmer when t	These joys could he improve
And still the more and more than dronk	Because thy joy in both would be To share them with a friend To John M'Murdo.
Their joy did more abound John Barleycorn.	dear, deluding woman, The joy of joys! . To J. S., 14.
'Twill heighten all his joy:	Like school-boys, at th' expected warning,
And joy shall revisit my bosom no more.	To joy and play Ib. 15.
Lament on leaving Nat. Land.	Nae joy her bonie buskit nest Can yield ava, To W. Creech.
O wilt thou share its [Nature's] joys wi' me, S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite †	But every joy and pleasure's fled, Willie's awa! Ib.
	With joy, with rapture, I would toil;
Then a' 'twad gie o' joy to me, The sharin't with Montgomerie's Peggy.	S. Twas even—the dewy †
S. Montgomerie's Peggy.	And ev'ry day has joys divine With the bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle
With multiplying joys, Nature's Law.	You think I'm glad; oh, I pay weel
And now beneath the withering blast My youth and joy consume. S. Now spring has clad †	For a' the joy I borrow, V.s, under Grief.
The Sportsman's joy, the murd'ring cry,	Lang, lang, joy's been a stranger to me;
The flutt'ring, gory pinion! . S. Now westlin winds †	S. Wae is my heart †
Its joys and griefs alike resign. S. O bonie was you rosy t	My joy, my pride, my Hoggie! . S. What will I do gin †
And ev'ning's tears are tears o' joy: S. O Logan! sweetly t	Where are the joys I have met in the morning, S. Where are the joys †
The milder sun, and bluer sky	Some drops of joy with draughts of ill between;
That crown my harvest cares wi' joy, S. O Phely, †	Why am I loth †
What's a' the joys that gowd can gi'e?	To light and joy the good restore,
O bless her with a mother's joys, . O Thou dread Pow'r †	To light and joy unknown before. Wr. in Friars-Carse H
But my delight in yon town, And dearest joy is Lucy fair. S. O wat ye wha's in t	Thou mind'st me of departed joys,
And dearest joy is Lucy fair S. O wat ye wha's in † Without my love, not a' the charms	Departed, never to return S. Ye banks and braes †
Of Paradise could yield me joy;	Joy-surrounded. Care-untroubled, joy-surrounded,
And a' my tears be tears of joy, S. O how can I be blythe t	Gaudy Day to you is dear. S. Musing on the roaring †
Why disturb your social joys, On scaring Water-fowl.	Joy, to.
Scream your discordant joys; . On Death of Lap-dog.	All Creatures joy in the suns returning, . S. Bonie Bell.
Come, bumpers high, express your joy, On W. Stewart.	The simmer joys the flocks to follow; S. By Allan stream †
Thine be ilka joy and treasure, . S. One fond kiss †	[Think not] I joy my lonely days to lead in
Thy auld damned elbow yeuks wi' joy, Poem on Life.	This desert drear; The Hermit.
Sunshine days of joy and pleasure; . S. Raving winds †	Joyful.
Nae cares tae gie us joy or grievin': Second Ep. to Davie.	Make, all and every one, A joyful noise, New Psalmody.
Hear the woodlark charm the forest,	The weary night o' care and grief May have a joyful morrow; . S. The noble Maxwells†
Telling o'er his little joys: S. Sensibility, †	I hae been joyfu' gath'rin gear; . S. The Rigs o' Barley.
Numbering ev'ry bud which nature Waters wi' the tears of joy S. Sleep'st thou,	Joyless. She strains your infant to her joyless breast,
The lav'rock, to the sky Ascends wi' sangs o' joy; . Ib.	A Winter Night, 8.
'Tis then—'tis then, I wake to life and joy! Ib.	Meet ev'ry sad-returning night,
Riches denied, thy boon was purer joys,	And joyless morn the same. Despondency, an Ode. 2.
Sonnet, writ. on Birthday.	The joyless day, how dreary; S. How lang and dreary †
Friendship's pure and lasting joys S. Talk not of Love †	Pass widow'd nights, and joyless days, S. O Logan! sweetly t
Think, ye may buy the joys o'er dear, . Tam o' Shanter. 19.	Ye suit the joyless tenor of my soul. On Death of R. Dundas. I joyless view thy rays adorn,
The gust o' joy, the balm of woe [is woman],	The faintly-marked distant hill:
The Ans. to the Guidwife. The lover's raptur'd joys or bleeding cares;	I joyless view thy trembling horn,
The Brigs of Ayr. 12.	Reflected in the gurgling rill The Lament. 2.
Then, crown'd with flow'ry hay, came Rural Joy, Ib. 13.	soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair. S. The small birds rejoice †
Amid their cumbrous, dinsome joys;	crazy, weary, joyless Eild,
S. The Contented Cottager.	When shall my soul, in silent peace,
With joy unfeign'd, brothers and sisters meet,	Resign Life's joyless day?
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5.	The joyless winter-day, Winter.
The Youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy, Ib. 8. While joys above my mind can move The day returns t	Joyous.
While joys above my mind can move, S. The day returns to Companions of my social joy! The Farewell. To St. J.'s L.	See Social-life and Glee sit down,
From ev'ry joy and pleasure torn, The Lament.	All joyous and unthinking, Add. to Unco Guid. 5.
Nae joy nor pleasure can she see; S. The lovely lass †	Three joyous good fellows with hearts clear of flaw; The Whistle. 6.
An' pour divine libations For joy this day. The Ordination.	Bright Phœbus ne'er witnessed so ioyous a corps, Ib. 13.
	, , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , ,

Judge. The Judge that's mighty in thy law, New Psalmody. Witness my heart, how oft with panting fear, As on this night, I've met these judges here!	Wi' justice they may mark your head— 'Here lies a famous Bullock! The Calf. Dame Justice fu' brawly has sped;
Prologue, sp. by Woods. Yerl Galloway Made me the judge o' strife;	The Election Ballads. III. Him it's only justice to praise
The Election Ballads. V. For a' the real judges rise, They canna sit for anger The Holy Fair. 14.	Justify. An' justifies that ill opinion, Which makes thee startle, To a Mouse.
An aged Judge, I saw him rove, Dispensing good. [v. A.4] The Vision. D. I.	Justify'd And gather gear by ev'ry wile, That's justify'd by Honor: Ep. to Young Friend. 7.
Our friends the reviewers, those chippers and hewers, Are judges of mortar and stone, Sir; . To Capt. Riddel.	Justings.
Judge, to. Equal to judge—you're candid to forgive. Prologue, sp. by Woods.	Will you leave your justings, your jars, and your quarrels, Fragment, inscr. to Fox.
Judgment.	Justling. You, bustling and justling,
Is there a man whose judgment clear, Can others teach the course to steer, A Bard's Epit.	Forget each grief and pain Despondency, an Ode. 2. The justling tears ran down his honest face! The Vowels,
With knowledge so vast, and with judgment so strong, Fragment, inscr. to Fox.	Justly. What sorrows yet may pierce me thro', Too justly I may fear! . Despondency, an Ode.
Judicious. He wales a portion with judicious care; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 12.	And where ye justly can commend—commend them; Scots Prologue.
Jug. I sing the juice Scotch bear can mak us, In glass or jug Scotch Drink. Jugglin'. Their jugglin' hocus-pocus arts	And You, farewell! whose merits claim, Justly that highest badge to wear!
To cheat the crowd. To Rev. J. M'Math.	The Farewell. To St. J.'s L to justly shew that brow, V.s below Picture.
Julce. I sing the juice Scotch bear can mak us, Scotch Drink. And fill them high with generous juice, To a Lady.	And justly smart beneath his sin-avenging rod. Why am I loth †
Juicy. Yet green the juicy Hawthorn grows, Adown the glade. The Vision. D. II. 20.	Jut. Hanging with threat'ning jut like precipices; The Brigs of Ayr. 8.
Jumble. In formless jumble, right an' wrang, The Ans. to the Guidwife.	Kae [a daw]. In spite o' a' the thievish kaes
Jump. Wi' a jump, yell, and howl, alarm every soul, The Kirk's Alarm. Jump, to. An' jump out owre the chimlie	That haunt St. Jamie's! The Author's Cry and Prayer. 24. Kail [coleworts; broth].
Fu' high that night. Halloween. 7.	scarce as lang's a guid kail whittle, Adam A-'s Prayer.
Jumpet, -it. Near lav'rock-height she jumpet,	I could lay my bread and kail Ep. to H. Parker. Then first and foremost, thro' the kail,
Till coward Death behind him jumpit, Tam Samson's El., 10.	Their stocks maun a' be sought ance;
Jumping, -in, -an. The lang lad they ca' jumpin John, S. Her Daddie forbad †	Poor Willie wi' his bow-kail runt,
He's stampan, an' he's jumpan! The Holy Fair. 13.	Curse thou his basket and his store, Kail an' Potatoes. Holy Willie's Prayer. 12.
Wi' jumping, an' thumping, The vera girdle rang The Jolly Beggars. R. I.	Or lang-kail gullie On Grose's Peregrinations. Or tumbling in the boiling flood
The lightly-jumping, glowrin trouts, The Petition of Br. Water.	Wi' kail an' heef; Scotch Drink. 4. Wi' sowps o' kail and brats o' claise,
Wi' ither kindred, jumping cattle, To a Louse. Jundle [to justle, jog with the elbow].	The Author's Cry and Prayer. At stacks o' pease, or stocks o' kail. The Death of Mailie.
The warly race may drudge an' drive, Hog-shouther, jundie, stretch an' strive, To W. Simpson.	For lapfu's large o' gospel kail Shall fill thy crib in plenty, The Ordination. 6.
June. O my Luve's like a red, red rose, That's newly sprung in June; S. A red, red Rose.	Be't water-brose, or muslin-kail, To J. S., 24. And when those legs to gude, warm kail,
But whigs cam like a frost in June, S. Awa, whigs, awa. Upon a honie day in June, The Twa Dogs.	Wi' welcome canna bear me; To Mr. M'Adam.
Jurr [a journeyman; a servant of either sex].	Kail-blade [a leaf of colewort]. Just sh— in a kail-blade and send it,
For Geordie's jurr we're in disgrace, Adam A—'s Prayer. As for the jurr, poor worthless body,	Death and Dr. Hornbook. 19. Kail-runt [the stem of the colewort].
She's got mischief enough already;	Fient haet o't wad hae pierc'd the heart Of a kail-runt. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 17.
With self-respecting art: Despondency, an Ode. 4. Just.	Kail-yard [a kitchen garden].
Tho' rigid Law cries out, 'twas just! Add. to Edinburgh. 6.	For building cot-houses sae fam'd, And christening kail-yards. The Election Ballads. V.
I wha deserve sic just damnation, Holy Willie's Prayer. 3. Th' ungodly o'er the just prevailed, New Psalmody.	And hunger'd Maukin taen her way To kail-yards green, . The Vision. D. I.
Yet to worth let's be just, royal blood ye might boast, If the ass was the king of the brutes. The Kirk's Alarm.	There grows a bonie brier bush in our kail-yard, [re.] S. There grows a bonie †
Which I in just proportion have abused . Tragic Frag	And they're busy, husy courtin in our kail-yard Ib. We'll court nae mair below the bush in our kail-yard, [re.] Ib.
She showed her taste refined and just Wr. on Leaf of H. More.	Kame [a comb].
Say, to be just, and kind, and wise, There solid self-enjoyment lies; . Wr. in Friars-Carse H	Kane [fowls, &c., paid as rent by a farmer].
Justice. Vain is his hope, whase stay an' trust is, In moral Mercy, Truth and Justice! . A Ded. to G. H., 7.	To death she's dearly pay'd the kane, Tam Samson's El Our Laird gets in his racked rents,
Here Justice, from her native skies,	His coals, his kane, an' a his stents: . The Twa Dogs. &. Kate. respects I sen' it, To cousin Kate, Auld Comrade †
High wields her balance and her rod; Add. to Edinburgh. 2.	Kate sits i' the neuk, [re.] . S. Gudeen to you Kimmer†
Justice, alas! has gi'en him o'er, . Epit. on Holy Willie. Justice, the high vicegerent of her God,	In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin!
Justice, the high vicegerent of her God, Her doubtful balance eyed, and sway'd her rod; On Death of R. Dundas.	Kate soon will be a woefu' woman!

Vetherine	Post still have seemathing to married
Katharine. And Katharine Jaffray was her name, Katharine Jaffray.	But still keep something to yoursel Ye scarcely tell to ony Ep. to Young Friend. 5.
Katyie. Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy? [re.]	And resolutely keep it's [Honor's] laws, 1b. 8.
S. Canst thou leave me †	It's hardly in a body's pow'r,
An' kissin my Katie when a' was done. [re.] S. O merry hae I been †	To keep, at times, frae being sour, . Ep. to Davie. 2. My hand-waled curse keep hard in chase
My auld auntie Katie upon me takes pity, S. What can a yng lassie †	The harpy, hoodock, purse-proud race, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 7. Satan, gie him thy gear to keep, . Epit. on Ruling Elder.
Will ye go and marry, Katie? [re.] S. Will ye go and marry †	He whistl'd up lord Lenox' march,
Kebar [a rafter].	To keep his courage cheary;
He ended: and the kebars sheuk,	Keep mind that ye mann drink the yill. S. In simmer when †
Aboon the chorus roar; . The Jolly Beggars. R. II.	God keep thee frae thy mother's faes, Lament of Mary of Scots.
Kebbuck [a cheese; "kebbuck-heel," end of a cheese].	And I'll keep it until the hour I die S. My Sandy gied †
To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck, fell,	But wha wad keep the handless coof, S. O can ye labour leat
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11.	Gude ale keeps my heart aboon. [re.] S. O gude ale comes †
Syne draws her kebbuck an' her knife; The Holy Fair. 24. An' dinna, for a kebbuck-heel,	And her two eyes like stars in skies,
Let lasses be affronted On sic a day!	Would keep a sinking ship frae wreck. S. O Mally's meek. Peaceful keep your dimpling wave, On scaring Water-fowl.
Keckle [to cackle; to laugh aloud].	Our Bardie, lanely, keeps the spence . Poor Mailie's El
As round the fire the giglets keckle,	My poverty keeps me in awe, man, Ronalds of Bennals.
To see me loup; Add. to Toothache.	Food fills the wame, an' keeps us livin: Scotch Drink. 5.
Keek [a peep, a stolen glance]. He by his showther gae a keek,	From ev'ry danger keep him free, S. Somebody.
Keek, to [spy narrowly; take a stolen glance; peep].	Nursing her wrath to keep it warm Tam o' Shanter.
But keek thro' ev'ry other man,	Must wayward fortune's adverse hand For ever, ever keep me here? . S. The Banks of Nith.
Wi' sharpen'd, sly inspection Ep. to Young Friend. 5.	if e'er again he keep As muckle gear as buy a sheep,
An' now the sinn keeks in the west, Third Ep. to J. Lap	The Death of Mailie.
Keekit [took a stolen glance; peeped]. I cannily keekit ben,	But ay keep mind to moop an' mell, Wi' sheep o' credit like thysel!
The gossip keekit in his loof,	Wi' sheep o' credit like thysel!
Keekin' glass [a looking-glass].	Our flatt'ry we'll keep for some ither,
My face was but the keekin' glass	The Election Ballads, III.
And there ye saw your picture In Defence of a Lady.	That you may keep th' unerring line, Still rising by the plummet's law,
Keel [ruddie, a red clayey rock].	The Farewell. To St. J.'s L
And wow! he has an unco slight O' cauk and keel. On Grose's Peregrinations.	On the bonie banks of Ayr to meet,
Keen. Ill-satisfy'd, keen Nature's clam'rous call,	And keep this Fête Champetre. The Fête Champetre
A Winter Night. 9.	(L—d keep me ay frae a' temptation!) The Inventory With woe I nightly vigils keep, The Lament
Young-Guidmen, fond, keen, an' croose; Add. to the Deil. 11.	Keep watchings with the nightly thief: Ib,
And in the keen, yet tender eye,	And nought but his labour to keep them up all.
O read th' imploring lover. S. Could aught of song	S. The Poor Thresher.
There keen indignation shall dart on her prey, Monody, on a Lady.	And do our endeavour to keep us from want Ib.
Can thy keen inspection trace Aught of Humanity's sweet melting grace?	We still keep the ravening wolf from the door Ib. To keep that right inviolate's the fashion,
Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.	The Rights of Woman.
When pale the morning rises keen,	An' nought but his han'-daurk, to keep
S. On Cessnock banks † Sett II. Keen on the helpless victim see him fly,	Them right an' tight in thack an' raep. The Twa Dogs. 10. Wha now will keep you frae the fox, The Twa Herds.
On Death of R. Dundas.	'While ve [Pow'rs] are pleas'd to keep me hale.
Or worser far, the pangs of keen remorse; Remorse. A Frag	'I'll sit down o'er my scanty meal, To J. S., 24.
Is there nae Poet, burning keen for Fame, Scots Prologue.	Heaven keep you free frae care and strife, V.s to Landlady.
As keen as a beagle, The Black-Headed Eagle.	Ye'll keep me waukin wi' your din; S. Wha is that at my
Keen Recollection's direful train, . The Lament. 7. Wi' dancing keen, S. The tither morn †	Keep the name of man in mind, Wr. in Hermitage at F.C. Keep His goodness still in view,
Wi' dancing keen,	Keeper.
Beam'd keen with Honor. The Vision. D. I. 10.	Keeper of Mammon's iron chest, Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.
The Pedant stifles keen the Roman sound . The Vowels.	I am a keeper of the law
An' bleak December's winds ensuin, Baith suell an' keen! To a Mouse.	In some sma' points, altho' not a'; . V.s to J. Ranken.
Keen hope does ev'ry sinew brace; To I. S., 18.	Keepit, -et [kept].
Yet has so keen a relish of its pleasures?	For I am keepit by thy fear Free frae them a Holy Willie's Prayer.
Wr. under Port. of Fergusson.	Was keepet for his Honor's pleasure; . The Twa Dogs.
Keen-shivering.	Auld Reekie ay he keepit tight,
'Keen-shivering shot thy nerves along, The Vision. D. II. 16.	And trig an' braw: To W. Creech.
Keener. O burning hell I in all thy store of torments There's not a keener lash! . Remorse. A Frag.	Kelth. And blooming Keith's engaged with Gray;) Sketch. New-Yr's Day.
Keenly. And keenly felt the friendly glow,	Kellyburn-braes.
And softer flame; A Bard's Epit.	There liv'd ance a carle in Kellyburn-braes,
But ah! those pleasures, Loves and Joys, Which I too keenly taste, Despondency, an Ode. 4.	S. There liv'd ance a carle †
Keep.	Kelpie [a kind of mischievous spirit, said to haunt rivers at night, especially in storms].
An' threaten'd labor back to keep, . A Guid New-year † 13.	Then, Water-Kelpies haunt the foord
To keep the Highland hounds in sight! Add. of Beelzebub.	By your direction, Add. to the Deil. 12.
They'll keep their stubborn, Highland spirit Ib. 4.	Fays, Spunkies, Kelpies, a', they can explain them,
Setting my staff wi' a' my skill, To keep me sicker; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 5.	The Brigs of Ayr. 4. Kemble. Kemble, thou cur'st my unbelief
But Duncan, gin ye'll keep your aith, . S. Duncan Gray.	Of Moses and his rod; Lns on Mrs. Kemble.

Kempleton.	Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
And there will be Kempleton's birkie,	Tells how a neebor lad came o'er the moor,
A boy no sae black at the bane; The Election Ballads. III.	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 7.
Ken. And hope has left my aged ken, Lament for Glencairn.	Ye weel ken, kimmers a', The Election Ballads. I. But we'll hae ane frae 'mang oursels,
Ken, to [to know].	A man we ken, and a' that
What his share may be o' care, man? A Bottle and Friend.	"Sweet lass, I think ye seem to ken me; The Holy Fair. 4.
That kens or hears about you, Sir. A Ded. to G. H., 13.	I ken the devils dare na touch me The Inventory.
And now thou kens our waefu' case, Adam A—'s Prayer.	Ye may ha'e some pretence to havins and sense, Wi' people wha' ken ye nae better. The Kirk's Alarm.
An' now, auld Cloots, I ken ye're thinkan,	Wi' people wha' ken ye nae better. The Kirk's Alarm.
Add. to the Deil. 20.	There's no a callant tents the kye, But kens o' Westerha', Jamie S. The Laddies by †
Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—	She kens her father is a laird, . The Tarbolton Lasses.
Still hae a stake	She kens hersel she's bonie
An' few there be that ken me, O; S. Behind you hills † We darena weel say't, though we ken wha's to blame,	Weel Europe kens the fame o't The Tree of Liberty.
S. By you castle wa' †	It maks him ken himsel, man
Gin a body kiss a body	Haith lad ye little ken about it; The Twa Dogs. 22.
Need the warld ken! S. Comin thro' the rye †	Ye little ken what cursed speed
'Ye ken Jock Hornbook i' the Clachan,	The blastie's makin! To a Louse.
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 14. Mourn, ilka grove the cushat kens; El. on Capt. M. H., 4.	Ye ken, ye ken, That strang necessity supreme is To Dr. Blacklock.
Ye [ministers] ken yoursels, for little feck! El. on Year 1788.	Ye ken yoursels my heart right proud is,
And ken na how to wair't: Ep. to Davie. 2.	I ken he weel a Snick can draw, To Gav. Hamilton.
They [Misfortunes] let us ken oursel;	I see ye upward cast your eyes—Ye ken the road.
The words come skelpan, rank and file	To J. S., 28.
Amaist before I ken!	ye ken fu' well,
You wha ken hardly verse frae prose,	We poor sons of metre
Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 10. Quo' she, 'Ye ken we've been sae busy	Are often negleckit, ye ken; To Mr. P. Stuart.
tak that, ye lea'e them naething, To ken them by,	(The second sight, ye ken, is given To ilka Poet) To Terraughty.
Ep. to J. R., 4.	Wha, if they ken me, Can easy, wi' a single wordie,
And as the twilight was begun, Thought nane wad ken. Ib. 7.	Lowse h-ll upon me. To Rev. J. M'Math.
Whae'er desires to ken [his religion], To some other warl	An' then cry zeal for gospel laws, Like some we ken Ib.
Maun follow the carl, Epit. on J. Dove, Innkeeper. Brawlie kens our wanton Chief	I hope we, Bardies, ken some better Than mind sic brulzie. To W. Simpson. P.S.
Wha got my young Highland thief S. Hee balou, †	Kens the pleasure, feels the rapture,
I ken thy friends try ilka means	That thy presence gies to me. S. Turn again, thou
Frae wedlock to delay thee; S. Here's to thy health, †	Ken'd, Kend, Kenn'd, Ken't, Kent.
I ken they scorn my low estate,	I ken'd my Maggie wad na sleep For that or simmer. A Guid New-year † 13.
O L—d thou kens what zeal I bear, When drinkers drink and swearers swear, [v.A.11]	For that or simmer. A Guid New-year † 13. The mair they tauk I'm kent the better,
Holy Willie's Prayer,	'Add. to Illegit. Child.
O L-d! yestreen, thou kens, wi' Meg, Ib.	Far kend an' noted is thy name; Add. to the Deil. 3.
Or else, thou kens, thy servant true Wad ne'er ha'e steer'd her 1b. 8.	Ev'n Ministers they hae been kenn'd, In holy rapture,
Wad ne'er ha'e steer'd her 1b. 8. Thou kens how he bred sic a splore, 1b. 12.	Great lies and nonsense baith to vend, [v. A. 6] Death and Dr. Hornbook.
There's nane sall ken, there's nane sall guess,	An' hillocks, stanes, an' bushes kenn'd ay
S. I'll ay ca' in †	Frae ghaists an' witches
And lassie ye're but young, ye ken; S. In simmer when t	'Altho' their face he ne'er had kend it,
Fancy only kens nae cheat	'A bonie lass, ye kend her name,
For weel ye ken the way to woo S. John, come kiss. Ken ye ought o' Captain Grose? Ken ye ought o' Capt. G. †	Wi' nae kend face but Jenny Geddes Ep. to H. Parker. Then a' that kent him round declar'd,
To ken what French mischief was brewin;	He had ingine, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 5.
Kind Sir. Pue read t	A coof like him wou'd stain your [Sir deil's] name
And that will let them ken he's to marry yet.	If it were kent ye did it Epit. on Holy Willie.
S. Lady Mary Ann.	I never loot on that I kenn'd it, or car'd, S. Last May a braw wooer†
But Oh! I fear the kintra soon Will ken as weel's mysel! . S. My heart was ance †	His faults they a' in Latin lay,
We seek but little, L-, from thee;	In English nane e'er kent them. On W. Cruikshanks.
I nou kens we get as little New Psalmody.	But Tam kend what was what fu' brawlie, Tam o' Shanter. 15.
And that their faes shall ken. S. O Kenmure's on and awa †	(Lang after kend on Carrick shore;
O ken ye what Meg o' the mill has gotten? [re.] S. O ken ye what Meg †	Ah! little kend thy rev'rend grannie,
But little thinks my love I ken brawlie,	And Eels weel kend for souple tail, Tam Samson's El., 6.
S. O meikle thinks my love †	But bashing and dashing, I kend na how to tell.
O weel ken I my ain lassie, S. O this is no my ain †	The Ans. to the Guidwife. Wha ken't fu' weel to cleek the sterlin;
It is the moon,—I ken her horn, . S. O Willie brew'd † To him be given to ken the heav'n	The Jolly Beggars. R. IV.
He gains in Polly Stewart! S. Polly Stewart.	I kend na where to lodge till day:
In Tarbolton, ye ken, there are proper young men,	S. The Lass that made the bed.
Ronalds of Bennals.	I ken't her heart was a' my ain; . S. The Rigs o' Barley.
But ken ye the Ronalds that live in the Bennals, 16.	gin the truth were a' but kent, The Ruined Maid's Lament. For weel he kend the way, O, S. The Taylor †
The last Halloween I was waukin My droukit sark sleeve, as ye ken; . S. Tam Glen.	For weel he kend the way, O, S. The Taylor † And weel he kend the way to woo,
	1 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10
Some o you nicely ken the laws,	But how it comes, I never kent vet.
Some o' you nicely ken the laws, To round the period an' pause, The Author's Cry and Prayer.	But how it comes, I never kent yet, They're maistly wonderfu' contented; The Twa Dogs. 11.
To round the period an' pause, The Author's Cry and Prayer. And [Bards] ken the lingo of the sp'ritual folk;	Weel kend his voice thro' a' the wood, The Twa Herds. 6.
To round the period an' pause, The Author's Cry and Prayer.	

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Kenmure.	Would swagger, swear, get drunk, kick up a riot, The Rights of Woman.
O Kenmure's on and awa, Willie! S. O Kenmure's on and awa †	Nor kick your rickles aff their legs, Third Ep. to J. Lap
Kenmure's lord's the bravest lord That ever Galloway saw	Kick'd.
Success to Kenmure's band;	Baptiz'd him eu, and kick'd him from his sight. The Vowels. Kickin'. Grief's gien his heart an unco kickin', To W. Creech.
There's no a heart that fears a Whig,	Kilbaigie [the name of a particular whisky].
That rides by Kenmure's hand	And by that dear Kilbaigie, . The Jolly Beggars. S. VI.
There ne'er was a coward o' Kenmure's blude, Ib.	Kilburnie.
O Kenmure's lads are men;	A d—n'd red wud Kilburnie blastie; The Inventory. Kilkerran.
But soon wi' sounding victorie May Kenmure's Lord come hame	aith-detesting, chaste Kilkerran;
And there will be Kenmure sae gen'rous!	The Author's Cry and Prayer. And there will be maiden Kilkerran,
The Election Ballads. III. In case that worth should wanted be,	The Election Ballads. III.
O' Kenmure we had need	Kill. 'D—n'd haet they'll kill! Death and Dr. Hornbook. 15. 'Thus does he poison, kill, an' slay,
Kenna [know not].	'An's weel pay'd for't; Ib. 29.
And ken na how to wair't: Ep. to Davie. 2. Ithers seek they kenna what, S. Jockey fou, †	Or else I wad kill him with sorrow: S. Last May a braw wooer t
Kennedy.	Wha kills me wi' disdaining. S. O stay, sweet warbling †
K[ennedy]'s far-honor'd name A Ded. to G. H., 14.	Now colic-grips, an' barkin hoast,
Now Kennedy, if foot or horse E'er hring you in hy Mauchline Corss, To Mr. J. Kennedy.	May kill us a'; Scotch Drink. 19.
Kennin [a little bit].	He has nae thought but how to kill Twa at a blow. The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.
Tho' they may gang a kennin wrang, " To step aside is human: Add. to the Unco Guid. 7.	Kill'd. 'Whare I kill'd ane, a fair strae-death,
Kent v. Ken'd.	Death and Dr. Hornbook.
Kep [to catch; to receive in the act of falling].	An unco tyke lap o'er the Dyke, And maist has kill'd my Hoggie. S. What will 1 do gin†
Ilk cowslip cup shall kep a tear: . El. on Capt. M. H., 12.	Kiilie [Kiimarnock].
Kept. Poor Tammy G-ge within a cage Was kept at Boston-ha', man; A Fragment. 3.	Go, Fame, an' canter like a filly Thro' a' the streets an' neuks o' Killie,
Or how our merry lads at hame,	Tam Samson's El., Per C.
In Britain's court kept up the game: Kind Sir, I've read † And kept the country-side in fear.) . Tam o' Shanter. 15.	That aft has borne me hame frae Killie, . The Inventory.
When Superstition's hellish brood	Simper James, Simper James, leave the fair Killie dames, The Kirk's Alarm.
Kept France in leading-strings, man. The Tree of Liberty.	Ye sons of old Killie, assembled by Willie, S. The Sons of old Killie.
Kernel. The red peat gleams, a fiery kernel, Enhusked by a fog infernal: . Ep. to H. Parker.	Kilmarnock.
Kerroughtree [Mr. Heron of].	Has auld K[ilmarnock] seen the Deil? . Tam Samson's El K[ilmarnock] lang may grunt an' grane, Ib.
Wha sees Kerroughtree's open yett? The Election Ballads. II.	Blackguarding frae K[ilmarno]ck For fun The Holy Fair. q.
Wha ever wi' Kerroughtree's met,	K[ilmarnock] Wabsters, fidge an' claw, The Ordination.
And has a doubt of a' that?	Now auld K[ilmarnock], cock thy tail,
Kerroughtree's laird, and a' that,	Kiln. To lye in kilns and barns at e'en, Ep. to Davie. 3. An' for the kiln she goes then,
And there will be trusty Kerronghtree, Ib. III. Ket [a matted, hairy fleece of wool].	Kilt [to tuck up the clothes].
Wi' tauted ket, an' hairy hips; Poor Mailie's El	I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee, And follow my love through the water.
Kettle.	S. Braw lads of G. Water.
The kettle o' the Kirk and State, Perhaps a clout may fail in't; . S. Does haughty Gaul†	Her tartan petticoat she'll kilt, The Author's Cry and Prayer. 17.
Our father's blude the kettle bought!	Kimmer [a young girl; a gossip].
O merry hae I been cloutin a kettle, S. O merry hae I been †	But yet, despite the kittle kimmer [fortune], I, Rob, am here. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 10.
Arouse my boys.! exert your mettle, To get auld Scotland back her kettle! The Author's Cry and Prayer. 15.	Gudeen to you Kimmer, S. Gudeen to you Kimmer †
Key [quay].	Hiccup, quo' Kimmer, The better that I'm fou 1b.
from Glenbuck, down to the Ratton-key, The Brigs of Ayr. 7.	How's a' wi' you, Kimmer, [re.]
Key.	S. O merry hae I been t
yon paughty dog, That bears the Keys of Peter, A Dream, 12. She turns the key, wi' cannie thraw, Halloween. 22.	And the Kimmers o' Largo, And the lasses o' Leven S. The Carls of Dysart.
Nae mair he'll join the merry roar,	Ye weel ken, kimmers a', The Election Ballads. I.
In social key; On Scot. Bard gne to W.I.	The bride went to bed wi'the silly bridegroom, In the midst o' her kimmers a'. S. The last braw bridal †
in an arioso key, The wee Apollo The Jolly Beggars. R. V. Key-stane [keystone].	I'm tald they're loesome kimmers! . To Mr. M'Adam.
That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane,	Kin' [kind]. Hearts leal, an' warm, an' kin': Halloween.
Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,	Tell him, he was a Master kin', . The Death of Mailie.
And win the key-stane of the brig; Ib. 18.	Kin', s. [kind]. This chap will dearly like our kin', S. There was a lad †
But ere the key-stane she could make, The fient a tail she had to shake!	Kin [kindred].
Kiaugh [carking anxiety].	I'll learn my kin a rattling sang, [re.] S. And O for ane and twenty †
Does a' his weary kiaugh and care beguile, [v.A.5] The Cotter's Sat. Night.	At kith or kin I need na speir,
Kick. [The honest heart] However Fortune kick the ba'.	Gin I saw ane and twenty
Has ay some cause to smile: . Ep. to Davie. 3.	And meikle thinks my love o' my kin; S. O meikle thinks †
tho' a Minister grow dorty, An' kick your place, The Author's Cry and Prayer. 23.	Then Anna comes in, the pride o' her kin, Ronalds of Bennals.
I'd kiss her maids, and kick the perverse b—h. The Henpecked Husband.	Sae knit in alliance are kin The Election Ballads. III. thro' Albion's farthest kin, . The Petition of Br. Water.
This day the Kirk kicks up a stoure, . The Ordination. 3.	I care na thy kin, sae high and sae lordly: S. Tibbie Dunbar.

Kindred.	Within whase bosom save Despair
The pride of her kindred the heroine grew; S. Caledonia.	Nae kinder spirits dwell S. Now Spring has cladt
To reach their native, kindred skies,	And fly to meet a kinder heart! S. Slow spreads the gloom †
Ep. to J. L-k. Ap. 21st. 18.	What tho' their Phoebus kinder warms,
Let my Mary's kindred spirit Draw your choicest influence down. S. Highland Mary.	The Author's Cry and Prayer, P.
Parent, filial, kindred ties? On scaring Water-fowl.	Kindest.
A whisp'ring throb did witness bear	My kindest, best respects I sen'it, Auld comrade dear †
Of kindred sweet, . The Vision. D. II. 1.	rich in kindest, truest love, . S. Braw lads on Yar. braes †
In the bands of old friendship and kindred so set.	O Death! the poor man's dearest friend,
The Whistle. 12.	The kindest and the best! . Man was made to Mourn.
Wi' ither kindred, jumping cattle, To a Louse.	For she, as fairest is her form,
Kind. The heart benevolent and kind	She has the truest, kindest heart. S. O wat ye wha's in t
The most resembles God. A Winter Night. 11.	Kindle. Some [nits] kindle, couthie, side by side, Halloween. 7.
Thy sons, Edina, social, kind, . Add. to Edinburgh. 3.	It kindles Wit, it wankens Lear, The Holy Fair. 19.
Autumn, benefactor kind, . Add. to Shade of Thomson.	Kindliest. With every kindliest, best presage,
An' her kind stars hae airted till her,	Of future bliss, To a young Lady.
A guid chiel wi' a pickle siller: . Auld Comrade dear †	Kindling.
Tho' it should serve nae other end Than just a kind memento; Ep. to Young Friend.	Wi' kindling eyes cry'd, 'Willie, rise! . A Fragment. 8.
That some kind husband had addrest,	A sweeping, kindling, bauld strathspey Ep. to Maj. Logan. 5.
To some sweet wife: Ep. to J. L-k. Ap. 1st.	The kindling lustre of an eye; . S. My Mary's face †
They tald me 'twas an odd kind chiel About Muirkirk. Ib.	At sight of whom our Sprites forgat their kindling wrath.
To own I'm debtor, To honest-hearted, auld L[aprai]k,	The Brigs of Ayr. 13.
For his kind letter Ib., Ap. 21st.	To mark the mutual-kindling eye The Lament. 9.
I crave thy friendship at thy kind command;	Wi' kindling fury i' their breasts, The Twa Dogs. 18.
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.	'Mong swelling floods of reeking gore,
If wi' the hizzie down ye sent it, It would be kind; . Friend of the Poet †	They ardent, kindling spirits pour; The Vision. D. II. 5.
	Kindly. O Thou, who kindly dost provide
	For every creature's want! A Grace before Dinner.
Ye're ay the same kind man to me, S. John Anderson †	Kindly stood the milking-shiel, S. As I came o'er †
Kind Sir, I've read your paper through, Kind Sir, I've read †	But my white pow, nae kindly thowe
Young man, gin ye should be sae kind, S. Lass, when yr mither †	Shall melt the snaws of age; S. But lately seen †
Kind Fortune ease a breaking heart,	'Yet ye'll neglect to shaw your parts
S. My Harry was a gallant †	'An thank him kindly?' Ep. to J. L-k. Ap. 21st. 5.
Spirits kind again attend me, S. Musing on the roaring †	O, do thou [death] kindly lay me low With him I love at rest S. Fate gave the word †
Kind Nature's care had given his share,	How kindly thou would'st cheer me, S. Forlorn, my Love †
Large, of the flaming current; Nature's Law.	And as a brother kindly greet: S. How can my poor heart †
Kind love is in her e'e. [re.] . S. O this is no my ain †	But the chearful Spring came kindly on, John Barleycorn.
So kind may fortune be, S. Phillis the Fair.	My kindly blythesome wee thing, S. My Love's a winsome
by a generous Public's kind acclaim, Prologue, sp. by Woods.	First shore her wi' a kindly kiss, S. O steer her up †
Yet humbly kind, in time o' need, Scotch Drink. 7.	Had we never lov'd so kindly,
God bless your Honors, can ye see't,	Wi' kindly bleat, when she did spy him,
The kind, auld, canty Carlin greet, The Author's Cry and Prayer. 11.	She ran wi' speed: Poor Mailie's El
And should some Patron be so kind,	Till bairns' bairns kindly cuddle
As bless you wi' a kirk,	Your auld gray hairs. Second Ep. to Davie.
some kind, connubial Dear	The marled plaid ye kindly spare,
An' when ye think upo' your Mither,	By me should gratefully be ware; The Ans. to the Guidwife.
Mind to be kind to ane anither The Death of Mailie.	If he some scheme, like tea an' winnocks,
wi'a curchie low did stoop, Fu' kind The Holy Fair. 3.	Wad kindly seek. The Author's Cry and Prayer. 20.
couthie fortune, kind and cannie, To Terraughty.	Plain, dull Stupidity stept kindly in to aid them. The Brigs of Ayr. 10.
but for kind, the ill-requited friends, Tragic Frag.	The sun blinks kindly in the biel', S. The Contented Cottager.
Ae kind blink before we part; S. Turn again, thou fair †	And each for other's weelfare kindly spiers:
Under friendship's kind disguise	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5.
My ain kind dearie O. [re.] . S. When o'er the hill †	With kindly welcome, Jenny brings him ben; Ib. 8.
Thou flattering mark of friendship kind,	When kindly you mind me,
Wr. on Leaf of "H. More." But kind still, I'll mind still The giver in the gift; . Ib.	O then befriend my Jean! The Farewell.
Say, to be just, and kind, and wise,	And kindly she did me invite, To walk into a chamber fair. S. The Lass that made the bed.
There solid self-enjoyment lies; Wr. in Friars-Carse H	
	"O welcome most kindly, the blythe carle said, S. There liv'd ance a carle
Kind, s. ["a' kind coin," every kind of coin; "has't by kind," has it by nature].	But I'se believe ye kindly meant it, . To W. Simpson. 2.
A creature of another kind, A Winter Night. 7.	Whether the summer kindly warms, Wi' life an' light, <i>Ib.</i> 14.
It seem'd to mak a kind o' stan', Death and Dr. Hornbook. 8	And clos'd for ay, the sparkling glance
'A' kinds o' boxes, mugs, an' bottles,	That dwalt on me sae kindly!
'He's sure to hae; Ib. 20.	S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †
all mechanics' many-aproned kinds. Ep. to R. Graham. 2.	Kindness. Whose hearts the tide of kindness warms,
Man then is useful to his kind, Man was made to Mourn.	Ep. to J. L-k. Ap. 1st. 21.
Thus ev'ry kind their pleasure find, S. Now westlin winds †	For gen'rous patronage, and meikle kindness, Scots Prologue.
A woman has't by kind S. She's fair and fause t	We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet, S. Should auld acquaintance †
Picking her pouch as bare as Winter,	I ask no kindness at thy hand, For thou hast none to give To Lord G.
Of a' kind coin. The Author's Cry and Prayer.	'Twas the bewitching, sweet, stown glance o' kindness.
Nae kind of licence out I'm takin'; The Inventory.	S. Twas na her bonie blue e'e †
Keep the name of man in mind,	But kindness, sweet kindness, in the fond-sparkling e'e,
And dishonour not thy kind Wr. in Hermitage F.C. Kinder. And love a kinder—that's your grand specific.	Has lustre outshining the diamond to me; S. You wild mossy mountains †
And love a kinder—that's your grand specific. Add. sp. by Fontenelle.	
My son! my son! may kinder stars	Kine. He has gowd in his coffers, he has sheep, he has kine,
Upon thy fortune shine! . Lament of Mary of Scots.	S. There's auld Rob M. †
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Vince	Was brought to the court of our good Scottish king,
King. To serve their King an' Country weel, A Ded. to G. H., 14.	The Whistle.
"God save the King" 's a cukoo sang	He's the king of gude fellows, and wale of auld men; S. There's auld Rob M.†
	Thy minions, kings defend, controul, devour, To R. G. of F
'Tis very true, my sovereign King, My skill may weel be doubted;	King David o' poetic brief, What ails ye now †
For Kings are unco scant ay,	I've serv'd my king and country lang, S. When wild War's †
Scotia's King's of other years, Fam'd heroes! Add. to Edinburgh. 6.	And reign'd resistless king of love. S. Young Jamie † Kingdom. O'er countries and kingdoms their fury prevail'd,
The next in succession, I'll give you the King,	S. Caledonia.
At Meet. of D. Volunteers. For Nature smiles as sweet, I ween,	Wha glaum'd at kingdoms three, man. S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
To shepherds as to kings S. Behold, my Love † Coggie, an' the king come, . S. Carl, an the king come.	That ruled Albion's kingdoms three, S. The bonie Lass of Albany.
Coggie, an' the king come. S. Carl, an the king come. Who will not sing, God save the King, Shall hang as high's the steeple; S. Does haughty Gaul†	Kingly. Than kingly robes, than crowns and globes, Heav'n gave me more, it made thee mine.
We will big a wee, wee house, And we will live like king and queen, S. Duncan Davison.	S. The day returns † Kingship. Your Kingship to bespatter; A Dream. 3.
For Lords or Kings I dinna mourn, . El. on Year 1788.	King's-hood [the second stomach in ruminants, so called from its resemblance to a puckered head-
bauld L[aprai]k, the king o'hearts, Ep. to J. L-k. Ap. 21st. 5.	called from its resemblance to a puckered head- dress formerly worn by persons of quality].
I'd better gaen an' sair't the king, Ep. to J. R., 6.	'Deil mak his king's-hood in a spleuchan!'
The King's most humble servant, I Extem. to an Intimate.	Minsman. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 14.
Thou grim King of Terrors, thou life's gloomy foe, S. Farewell, thou fair day †	This was a kinsman o' thy ain, El. on Capt. M. H., Epit.
Our King and our Country to save,	. And thereto was his kinsman join'd The Election Ballads. V.
Not cabinets even of kings would conceal 'em,	Kintra, -y. Tho' he was bred to kintra wark, El. on Death of R. Ruisseaux.
Who nobly perished in the glorious cause, Your king, your country, and her laws! Fragment of Ode.	And dree the kintra clatter: . S. Here's his health in water.
Your king, your country, and her laws! Fragment of Ode.	And no a perfect kintra cooser Kind Sir, I've read t
For freedom and my King to fight, S. Highland Ladaie.	But O! I fear the kintra soon
And for your lawful King his crown,	Will ken as weel's mysel! S. My heart was ance † wi' uncouth, kintra fleg, The Election Ballads. VI.
We left fair Scotland's strand; . S. It was a' for t	An' tease my name in kintry clatter: Add. to Illegit. Child.
There was three kings into the east, Three kings both great and high, . John Barleycorn.	Kipples. In hopes to see Tam Kipples Halloween. 21.
God bless the King And the companie! S. Landlady, count †	Kirk [a church, the Church].
Kings and nations, swith awa! . S. Louis what reck I†	Whyles, on the strong-wing'd Tempest flyin, Tirlan the kirks; Add. to the Deil. 4.
A scepter'd hand, a king's command, Is in her darting glances: 'S. Lovely Davies.	The kettle o' the Kirk and State, Perhaps a clout may fail in't; S. Does haughty Gault
But now I've found a treasure	Had Kirk and State been in the gate,
Too rich for a king to buy. S. My Love's a winsome † even for the king His restoration. New Psalmody.	I lighted when she bade me. S. Had I the wyte †
An' a' the lang night as happy's a king. S.O merry hae I been t	The way to me lies through the kirk: S. Lass, when yr mither †
Wha first beside his chair shall fa',	Pity our Kirk also; New Psalmody.
He is the king amang us three. S. O Willie brew'd † Still in prayers for K—G—I most heartily join,	I wat the kirk was in the wyte, . S. O wat ye what my †
Poet. Add. to Tytler.	At kirk, or at market, whene'er ye meet me, Gang by me as tho' that ye car'd nae a flie; S. O whistle †
Leeze me on thee John Barleycorn, Thou King o' grain!	A cauld kirk, and in't but few; . On Kirk of Lamington.
Wha for Scotland's king and law,	Or kirk deserted by its riggin, On Grose's Peregrinations.
Freedom's sword will strongly draw? . S. Scots, wha ha'e † Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,	Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk, By Alloway's auld haunted kirk Tam o' Shanter. 3.
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious! Tam o' Shanter. 6. He was the king of a' the Core, Tam Samson's El., 5.	And should some patron be so kind, As bless you wi a kirk,
kneeling down to Heaven's Eternal King,	The kirk and state may join, and tell To do such things I maunna:
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 16.	The kirk and state may gae to hell, S. The gowd. Locks of A.
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings, . Ib. 19. With your Honours and a certain King, The Dean of Fac	The Kirk an' you may tak' you that, . The Inventory.
God grant the King and ilka man	I, ance, was abus'd i' the kirk, The Jolly Beggars. S. III.
May look weel to themsel The Election Ballads. I.	Swith to the Laigh Kirk, ane an' a', . The Ordination. This day the Kirk kicks up a stoure, Ib.
And where is our King's Lord-lieutenant,	Auld Hornie did the Laigh Kirk watch,
The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,	Lang, Patronage, wi' rod o' airn,
Is king o' men, for a' that S. The Honest Man.	Has shor'd the kirk's undoin,
Yet to worth let's be just, royal blood ye might boast, If the ass was the king of the brutes. The Kirk's Alarm.	At Kirk or Market, Mill or Smiddie, . The Twa Dogs.
But he'll sair them, as he sair'd the King, Turn tail and rin awa, Jamie S. The Laddies by †	They lay aside their private cares, To mind the Kirk and State affairs; Ib. 18.
Mak haste an' turn King David owre, . The Ordination. 3.	To mind the Kirk and State affairs; Ib. 18. There was a lass, and she was fair,
The fate of empires and the fall of kings,	At kirk and market to be seen; S. There was a lass †
The Rights of Woman. Which even the Rights of Kings in low prostration	An' gar him follow to the kirk To Gav. Hamilton. Kirk-Alloway.
Which even the Rights of Kings in low prostration Most humbly own—'tis dear, dear admiration! Ib.	Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
But truce with kings, and truce with constitutions, . Ib.	Whare ghaists and houlets nightly cry. Tam o' Shanter. 9.
A king and a father to place on his throne? S. The small birds †	When, glimmering thro' the groaning trees, Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a bleeze;
A prison built by kings, man, . The Tree of Liberty.	Kirk-folk. if kirk folks dinna clutch me, The Inventory.
King Loui' thought to cut it down,	But let the kirk-folk ring their bells, Third Ep. to J. Lap.
That bears the name o' auld king Coil, . The Twa Dogs. not Potosi's mine, Nor Kings regard.	Kirk-hammer [tongue of a church bell]. The auld kirk-hammer strak the bell.
not Potosi's mine, Nor Kings regard, Can give a bliss o'ermatching thine, The Vision. D. II. 21.	Death and Dr. Hornbook. 31.

Kirk-yard. And in kirkyards renew their leagues,	Wild wanton kiss'd her rival breast; S. On a bank of flowers †
Owre howcket dead. Add. to the Deil. 9. Kirk-yards will soon be till'd eneugh,	And mony a friend that kiss't his caup, Is now a fremit wight: The Election Ballads. I.
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 24.	I kiss'd her owre and owre again
Kirkeudbright.	I kiss'd her owre and owre again, S. The lass that made the bed.
Fy, let us a' to Kirkcudbright, The Election Ballads. III.	I kiss'd her owre and owre again,
Beside Kirkcudbright's towers,	Amang the rigs o' barley S. The Rigs o' Barley.
	Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore, <i>To Mary in Heaven</i> . O pale, pale now, those rosy lips
That at the L—d's house, even on Sunday, Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday. Tam o' Shanter. 3.	I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly l
Kirn [the feast of harvest-home].	S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams t
1 4 1 77*	She's down in the yard, she's kissin the Laird;
At Kirns an' weddins we'se be there,	S. Eppie M'Nab.
At Kirns an' weddins we'se be there, The Jolly Beggars. S. V.	An' kissin my Katie when a' was done. S. O merry hae I beent
They get the jovial, rantan Kirns, . The Twa Dogs. 19.	And kissin a Collier lassie an a'? S. O when she cam ben †
Kirn [a churn]. Thence, countra wives, wi' toil an' pain,	Abjuring their democrat doings, By kissin' the a— of a peer. The Election Ballads. III.
May plunge an' plunge the kirn in vain; Add. to the Deil. 10.	And kissing barefit bunters
Kirs'n [to christen].	Charlie Gregor tint his plaidie,
The four-gill chap, we'se gar him clatter,	Kissin' Theniel's bonie Mary. S. T. Menzie's bonie Mary.
An' kirs'n him wi' reekin water; Ep. to J. L-k. Ap. 1st. 19. Kiss.	But Charlie gat the spring to pay For kissin' Theniel's bonie Mary
While many a kiss the seal imprest, S. By Allan stream †	Kist [a chest, a shop-counter].
O let me steal one liquid kiss! Delia. An Ode.	Behind a kist to lie an' sklent, Ep. to J. L-k. Ap. 21st. 11.
Dusty was the kiss That I got frae the miller.	Kitchen [to make more palatable and nutritive].
S. Hey, the dusty miller †	His wee drap parritch, or his bread, Thou kitchens fine. Scotch Drink. 7.
Jockey's ta'en the parting kiss, S. Jockey's ta'en† "Is nocht sae fragrant or sae sweet	Kith [circle of acquaintance].
"As is a kiss o' Willy S. O Phely,†	At kith or kin I needna speir,
First shore her wi' a kindly kiss, S. O steer her up †	Gin I saw ane and twenty. S. And O for ane and twenty t
A flatt'ring ardent kiss he stole; . S. On a bank of flowers †	And kith and kin o' Cassillis' blude, S. My Lord a-hunting
One fond kiss, and then we sever; One fond kiss †	Kittle [ticklish; trying, vexatious; likely, apt]. I wad be kittle To be mislear'd, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 10.
A vow, they seal'd it with a kiss Sir Politics to fetter, The Fête Champetre.	But yet despite the kittle kimmer,
An' ay he gies the tozie drab	I, Rob, am here. Ep. to J. L-k. Ap. 21st. 10.
The tither skelpan kiss, The Jolly Beggars. R. I.	Her pauky smile, her kittle e'en, S. The Ans. to the Guidwife.
Syne to salute her wi' a kiss, I flang my arms about her neck.	Corbies and Clergy are a shot right kittle: The Brigs of Ayr. 10.
S. The Lass that made the bed.	To paint an angel's kittle wark, To a Painter.
For it's like a baumy kiss o' her sweet bonie mou; S. The Posie.	Kittle, to [to tickle; "kittle up," enliven, excite in
Kiss, to.	a vivid manner].
I, fatherly will kiss an' daut thee, Add. to Illegit. Child.	Come, kittle up your moorlan harp Wi' gleesome touch! Ep. to J. L-k. Ap. 21st. 8.
An' I'll kiss thee yet, yet, An' I'll kiss thee o'er again; [re.] S. An' I'll kiss thee yet	It never fails, on drinkin deep,
An' I'll kiss thee o'er again; [re.] S. An' I'll kiss thee yet t Come kiss me at your leisure. S. As I gaed up by t	To kittle up our notion, The Holy Fair. 19.
The mair I kiss she's av my dearie.	while I kittle hair on thairms The Jolly Beggars, S. V.
S. Braw lads of G. water.	I kittle up my rustic reed; It gies me ease. To W. Simpson. Kittlen [a kitten].
Gin a body kiss a body Need a body cry? S. Comin thro' the rye†	As cantie as a kittlen;
Gin a body kiss a body Need the warld ken? Ib.	Kiutlan [cuddling, fondling].
Gin a body kiss a body, need a body tell;	When kiutlan in the Fause-house
S. Comin thro' the rye. Gin a body kiss a body, need a body gloom; Ib.	Wi' him that night Halloween. 6.
A man may kiss a bonie lass,	Knaggie [having protuberances]. Tho' thou's howe-backet, now, an' knaggie,
And ay be welcome back again S. Duncan Davison.	A Guid New-Year,
When I did kiss and dawte her, S. Had I the wyte†	Knappin-hammer [a hammer for breaking stones].
Thy favors are the silly wind That kisses lika thing it meets S. I do eonfess †	Ye'd better taen up spades and shools, Or knappin hammers. Ep. to J. L-k. Ap. 1st. 11.
If thou should kiss me, love, Wha could espy thee?	Knapsack.
S. Jamie come try me †	Ane sat; weel brac'd wi' mealy bags, And knapsack a' in order; The Jolly Beggars. R. I.
O John, my luve, come kiss me now, O John, come kiss me by and by, . S. John come kiss.	
And ither some will kiss and daut;	My humble knapsack a' my wealth, S. When wild War's t Knave.
An' come to my arms and kiss me again! S. O merry hae I been t	The tricks o' knaves, or fash o' fools, Add. to Toothache.
Wha will kiss me where I lie? S. O wha my babie-clouts †	While titled knaves and idiot greatness shine
Wha will kiss me o'er again?	Lns on Fergusson.
(Th' enamour'd laurels kiss her brows,)	And fools may tyne, and knaves may win; S. O Phely†
The Election Ballads. VI. I'd kiss her maids, and kick the perverse b—h.	Not one of them a knave On Lord G. A Knave an' fool are plants of ev'ry soil: Scots Prologue.
The Henpecked Husband.	Wha will be a traitor knave? S. Scots, wha ha'e t
Phœbus, low, Shall kiss the distant, western main. The Lament.	They [his looks] say their master is a knave—
Heaven spare you lang to kiss the breath	And sure they do not lie That there is falsehood t
O' mony flow'ry simmers! To Mr. M'Adam.	An' plunder'd o' her hindmost groat, By gallows knaves? The Author's Cry and Prayer. 9.
Then we'll kiss and clap at pleasure, S. Will ye go and marry †	
Kissa, -t.	For fools will prate o' right and wrang, While knaves laugh them to scorn; The Election Ballads. I.
The minister kiss't the fiddler's wife, S. My love she's but † And when she cam ben she kiss'd Cockpen,	Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
S. O when she cam ben †	S. The Honest Man.

	1
Sir Knave is a fool in a Session, The Jolly Beggars. S. III.	Kı
Nae mair the knaves shall wrang her, The Ordination. 3. We labour soon, we labour late, To feed the titled knave, man; The Tree of Liberty.	1
Knead. She [nature] kneads the lumpish philosophic dough, Ep. to R. Graham. 2.	
Knee. I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee, And follow my love through the water.	Kı
S. Braw lads of G. Water.	
And cut him by the knee; John Barleycorn.	,
The mother may forget the child That smiles sae sweetly on her knee; Lament for Glencairn.	Kı
Aft has he doudl'd me upon his knee; S. O whare did ye get t	Kı
On bended knees most fervently, S. The bonie Lass of Albany.	
Forms might be worshipp'd on the bended knee, And still the second dread command be free,	Kı
The Brigs of Ayr. 8. The lisping infant prattling on his knee,	1
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 3.	Kı
His garters knit below his knee, S. The Ploughman †	
The youngest ay chiefly does dance on my knee; Ib. A feather in his bonnet and a ribbon at his knee,	1
Knee-deep. S. There grows a bonie †	:
And knee-deep in claret he'd die or he'd yield. The Whistle.9.	77.
Kneel.	Kı
And kneel, 'Ye Pow'rs, and warm implore, To J. S., 21. Kneeling.	Kı
But, had I in my glory been,	Kı
He, kneeling, wad ador'd me. The Petition of Br. Water.	,
Then kneeling down to Heaven's Eternal King, The Saint, the Father, and the Husband prays:	Kı
Knell. Say pell and mell, wi' muskets knell]
How Tories fell and Whigs to h-ll Flew off S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	
Knew. (For none that knew him need be told) Epit. for R.A.	١,
A Scot still, but blot still,	
I knew no higher praise The Ans. to the Guidwife. He wander'd out he knew not where nor why)	
The Brigs of Ayr. 3.]
Ilk wimpling burn, ilk chrystal spring, Ilk glen and shaw she [Mirth] knew, man:	,
The Fête Champetre.	
That e'er your face I knew The Ruined Maid's Lament. Knife. But at New-York, wi' knife an fork,	
Sir Loin he hacked sma', man A Fragment.	1
May twin auld Scotland o' a life She likes—as Butchers like a Knife! . Add. of Beelzebub.	(
after viewing knives and garters, Epit. on Tam the Chapman.	
The knife that nicket Abel's craig On Grose's Peregrinations.	1
A knife, a father's throat had mangled, Tam o' Shanter. 11. Frae dogs an' tods, an' butchers' knives! The Death of Mailie.]
Yerl Galloway's sceptre's broke,	
And eke my hangman's knife. The Election Ballads. V.	
Syne draws her kebbuck an' her knife; The Holy Fair. 24. Auld Sootie then swore by the edge of his knife,	
S. There liv'd ance a carle †	.]
His knife see Rustic-labour dight, To a Haggis.	P (
You've gi'en us walth for horn and knife, V.s to Landlady of Inn.	1
What makes heroic strife? To whet th' assassin's knife, S. Ye Jacobites †	
Knight. The caput mortuum of gross desires	
Makes a material, for mere knights and squires;	,
Ye Irish lords, ye knights an' squires, Wha represent our Brughs an' Shires, The Author's Cry and Prayer. And mony a knight and mony a laird, That errand fain would gae. [re.] The Election Ballads. I. The first ane was a belted knight.	1
The Author's Cry and Prayer.	1
That errand fain would gae. [re.] The Election Ballads. I.	1
Part of 1 1 1 1 1	,
That she wad vote the border knight,	7
But I hae tried this border knight,	,
I'll try him yet again	. ,
That best deserves to fa' that?	
And also Barskimmin's gude knight; Ib. III.	,
A prince can make a belted knight, A marquis, duke, and a' that; . S. The Honest Man.	
So uprose bright Phœbus—and down fell the knight.	(
And prouder than a belted knight,]
I'd be my Jeanie's lover S. When first I saw t	,

it. Still closer knit in friendship's ties Each passing year! Ep. to J. L-k. Ap. 21st. 18. knit with curious tracery, On Lincluden.
Sae knit in alliance are kin. . The Election Ballads. III. Wha thinks to knit himsel the faster In favour wi' some gentle Master, . . The Twa Dogs. 21. nock. But every shot and every knock,
My heart it gae a stoun. S. My heart was ance † My heart it gae a stoun. She took the rock, and wi' a knock, She brak it o'er my pow. S. The weary Pund. nock. to. For wi' the rock she wad him knock, S. Duncan Davison. nock'd. And knock'd the groaning vowel to the ground! The Vowels. nockhaspie [a part of Mossgiel Farm]. wou'd gie a' Knockhaspie's land, For Loyal Harry back again. S. My Harry was a gallant † Thence, mystic knots mak great abuse, On Young-Guidmen, fond, keen, an' crouse Yon knot of gay flowers in the arbour, S. Adown winding Nith † Add. to the Deil. 11. He took my heart as wi' a net, In every knot and thrum. . . S. My heart was ance t ot, to. Then han' in nieve some day we'll knot it, Third Ep. to J. Lap. notiess. Ye'll slip frae me like a knotless thread S. O meikle thinks my love t notted. wooer-babs, Weel knotted on their garten, . Halloween. 10W. quick to learn and wise to know, A Bard's Epit. Know, prudent, cautious, self-controul Is Wisdom's root. O thou great Being! what Thou art,
Surpasses me to know: . A Prayer under Anguish. Till God knows what may be effected, Add. of Beelzebub. 2. 'I know your bent—these are no laughing times:

Add. sp. by Fontenelle. 'll laugh, that's poz-nay more, the world shall know it; Ib. He knows each chord its various tone, Add. to Unco Guid. 8. What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted. . Ib. Know thy form was once a treasure; . . Blue Bonnets. For well I know thy gentle mind Disdains art's gay disguising; S. Could aught of song t Who knows not that brave Caledonia's divine?) S. Caledonia. Ye little know the ills ye court, When Manhood is your wish! Despondency, an Ode. 5. We wander out, we know not where, Ep. to Davie. 4. But come ye who the godlike pleasure know, Heaven's attribute distinguish'd—to bestow! Ep. to R. Graham. 5. know my need, I know thy giving hand, 1b. 5. Whoe'er thou art, O reader, know, That death has murder'd Johnie; Epit. on wee Johnie. No love but thine my heart shall know. S. Fairest maid t Go teach them to tremble, fell tyrant! but know,
No terrors hast thou to the brave.
S. Farewell, thou fair day; know thou doom'st me to despair,
S. Farewell, thou stream t Mankind are his show box—a friend, would you know him? Pull the string, ruling passion, the picture will show him. Fragment, inscr. to Fox. My cheerless suns no pleasure know; Improm., on Mrs. -'s Birthday. know its worst-and can that worst despise. In vain wld Prudence † We'll be constant while we can-. S. Let not woman t You can be no more, you know. Who but knows they all decay! S. My Mary's face t Which, save the linner's flight, I wot,
S. Now Spring has clad know Thou wilt me hear; . . O Thou dread Pow'r t Who know them best despise them most. On Window at Stirling. Who knows how the fashions may alter, Poet. Add. to Tytler. But 'twould be rude, you know, to ask the question; Prologue at Th., D .. Cheerless night that knows no morrow. . S. Raving winds † Dost not know that old Mansfield, who writes like the Bible, Says the more 'tis a truth, Sir, the more 'tis a libel? Reproof by Himself.

Well you know how much you grieve me: S. Stay, my charmer†	Know'st. Thou know'st that Thou hast formed me, With Passions wild and strong;
Why urge the only, one request, You know I will deny! S. Talk not of Love † But few enjoy the calm I know in This desert wood.	A Prayer in prosp. of Death. Well thou know'st my aching heart, S. Canst thou leave me t
The World then the love should know	Thou know'st, the virtues cannot hate thee worse, Ep. fr. Esopus.
I bear my Highland lassie, O. S. The Highland Lassie. I know her heart will never change, Ib.	Thou know'st my words sincere! Ep. to Davie. 9. Full well thou know'st I love thee dear; S. Fairest maid †
My Lord, I know, your noble ear Woe ne'er assails in vain; . The Petition of Br. Water.	Thou know'st the snares on ev'ry hand, O Thou dread Pow'r† Knurlin [dim. of knurl, a dwarf].
And now I have lived—I know not how long,	Wee Pope, the knurlin, 'till him rives Horatian fame; Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
The Jolly Beggars. S. II. Then know all ye whom it concerns, Subscripsi huic, Robert Burns The Inventory.	Korah-like. Will send you, Korah-like, a-sinkin,
And gone I know not whither: S. The Joyful Widower.	Straught to auld Nick's. Ep. to J. R.
I know my doom must be despair, S. The last time I† For in this world Rest or Peace	Our auld Guidman delights to view His sheep an' kye thrive bonie, S. Behind yon hills †
I never more shall know! S. The sun he is sunk † Nae real joys we know, man The Tree of Liberty.	While new-ca'd kye rowte at the stake, Ep. to J. L—k. Ap. 21st. Tho' I should herd the buckskin kye . Ep. to J. R., 11.
Was made lang syne, lord knows how lang. The Twa Dogs. 4.	He lo'es sae weel his craps and kye, He has nae love to spare for me: S. In simmer when t
'Know, the great Genius of this Land, 'Has many a light, aerial band, The Vision. D. II. 3.	And gear will buy me sheep and kye;
And then all the world, Sir, should know it! To Capt. Riddel. By all on high adoring mortals know! To Clarinda.	Be better than the kye S. O Tibbie!
God knows, I'm no the thing I shou'd be, To Rev. J. M'Math.	The father cracks of horses, pleughs and kye. The Cotter's Sat. Night. 8.
Knowe [a hillock, a knoll, a slope]. Till Willie H—e took o'er the knowe	And sae the kye might stray. The Election Ballads. V. Cauld Boreas, wi' his boisterous crew,
For Philadelphia, man: A Fragment. 3. Till sprittie knowes wad rair't an' risket,	Were bound to stakes like kye, man; The Fête Champetre. For then I had a score o' kye, S. The Highl. Widow's Lament. There's no a callant tents the kye.
A Guid New-year † 12. And o'er the knowes the lambs were bleating:	
S. As I came o'er†	But kens o' Westerha', Jamie. S. The Laddies by † The kye stood rowtan i' the loan; The Twa Dogs. 35.
the rapturous charm o' the bonie green knowes, S. Awa' wi' yr witchcraft	And he had owsen, sheep, and kye, Till kye be gaun without the herd, Third Ep. to J. Lap
Ca' the ewes to the knowes, S. Hark! the mavis † Meet me on the warlock knowe, S. Now rosy May †	His gear may buy him kye and yowes, S. To daunton me †
Comes bleating till him, owre the knowe, Poor Mailie's El Skipping on you bonie knowes,	Kyles [kayles, the game of nine-pins; also, nine-holes]. They have high the Clare like pine pin lydes
S. The Highl. Widow's Lament. Until wi' daffin weary grown,	They hough'd the Clans like nine-pin kyles The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
Upon a knowe they sat them down. [v.A.1] The Twa Dogs. At last her feet, I sang to see't,	Kyle [the middle district of Ayrshire; v. Coil]. For nane in Carrick or Kyle Can please a lassie better S. O gie my love brose †
Gaed foremost o'er the knowe; . S. The weary Pund. His gear may buy him glens and knowes, S. To daunton me.	Auld, cantie Kyle may weepers wear, On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.
Till now amaist on ev'ry knowe Ye'll find ane plac'd; To W. Simpson, P.S	There was a lad was born in Kyle, S. There was a lad t Kyle-Stewart [the district, in Ayrshire, between
Ance lightly lap ye owre the knowe, S. Ye hae lien wrang. Knowledge.	the rivers Ayr and Irvinel. Kyle-Stewart I could bragged wide,
Few heads with knowledge so inform'd: Epit. on a Friend. With knowledge so vast, and with judgment so strong,	For sic a pair A Guid New-year † 6. Kyte [the belly; the stomach].
Fragment, inser. to Fox. If haply Knowledge, on a random tramp,	Till a' their weel-swall'd kytes belyve Are bent like drums; To a Haggis.
Had shor'd them with a glimmer of his lamp, The Brigs of Ayr. 10.	Kythe [to discover, to manifest].
It kindles Wit, it waukens Lear, It pangs us fou o' Knowledge The Holy Fair. 19.	Their faces blythe, fu' sweetly kythe Hearts leal, an' warm, an' kin':
Sad knowledge makes me know that your hearts are full of woe, S. The winter it is past †	Labor, Labour. Are frae their nuptial labors risen: A Ded. to G. H., 14.
Known. Yet aft a ragged Cowte's been known, To mak a noble Aiver; A Dream. 11.	When frosts lay lang, an' snaws were deep, An' threaten'd labor back to keep, A Gude New-Year † 13.
Yet sure I am, that known to Thee Are all thy works below. A Prayer under Anguish.	Poor Labour sweet in sleep was locked, A Winter Night. 2. The young dogs—swinge them to the labour the Charlest of Pool Labour the Charlest o
As by his noblest work the Godhead best is known. El. on Miss Burnet.	Add. of Beelzebub. 4. As busy Trade his labours plies; . Add. to Edinburgh. 2.
Weel known to many men, O Katharine Jaffray. The weeping blood in woman's breast	But ere she [nature] gave creating labour o'er, Half-jest, she tried one curious labour more. Ep. to R. Graham. 3.
Was never known to thee; Lament of Mary of Scots. So Peggy ne'er I'd known! . S. Now Spring has clad †	For one, he said, to labour bred, Was a match for fortune fairly, O.
Only known to wandering swains, On scaring Water-fowl. Where every science—every nobler art	When sometimes by my labour
That can inform the mind, or mend the heart, Is known; Prologue, sp. by Woods.	I earn a little money, O,
But distress, with horrors arming, Thou hast also known too well! S. Sensibility †	The toil-worn Cotter frae his labor goes, The Cotter's Sat. Night.
If thou hast known false love's vexation, . The Hermit. He never was known for to idle or lurk;	And makes him quite forget his labor and his toil 1b. 3. And mind their labors wi' an eydent hand, 1b. 6.
But for wine and for welcome not more known to fame,	And mind their labors with all eyelen hand, And nought but his labour to keep them up all. S. The Poor Thresher.
Than the sense, wit, and taste of a sweet lovely dame. The Whistle.	Your labour is hard and your wages are low, Ib.
Yet long, long too well have I known: S. Where are the joyst	And when I come home from my labour at night , , Ib.

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As Arts or Arms they understand,	While my dear lad maun face his faes, S. O Logan! sweetly †
Their labors ply The Vision. D. II. 3.	The lad I love's the lad for me, S. O Phely,†
His knife see Rustic-labour dight, To a Haggis.	Although a lad were e'er sae smart, S. O Tibbie!
Labour, to. On his one ruling passion Sir Pope hugely labours,	O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad, [re.] S. O whistle \(\)
Fragment, inscr. to Fox.	the bonie lad that I lo'e best . S. Oh, how can I be blythe †
Where hundreds labour to support	The bonie lad that's far awa
A haughty lordling's pride; Man was made to Mourn.	S. Out over the Forth †
And labour to sustain me, O: S. My father was a farmer †	But Davie, lad, I'm red ye're glaikit; Second Ep. to Davie.
O can ye labour lea, young man, S. O can ye labour lea †	The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen S. Tam Glen.
He couldna labour lea	The red-coat lads wi' black cockauds
That couldna labour lea?	S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
Or labour hard the panegyric close, . The Brigs of Ayr.	The Angus lads had nae gude will,
An' aften labour them completely The Inventory.	And the lads o' Buckhaven, S. The Carls of Dysart. Tells how a neebor lad came o'er the moor,
We labour soon, we labour late,	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 7.
To feed the titled knave, man; . The Tree of Liberty.	To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck, fell, . Ib. 11.
Labor'd. The muse should tell, in labor'd strains, S. Could aught of song †	They fell upon a scheme,
Lab'rer. Some soothe the Lab'rer's weary toil,	To send a lad to London town . The Election Ballads. I.
For humble gains, The Vision. D. II. 9.	To send a lad to London town, They met upon a day,
Lab'ring. The rustic Bard, the lab'ring Hind, The Artisan; The Vision. D. II. 7.	And she wad send the sodger lad.
	And she wad send the sodger lad, Whatever might betide
Lace. Ty'd up in godly laces, . Add. to Unco Guid. 6. I canna say but ye strunt rarely,	And there will be lads o' the gospel, Ib. III.
Owre gawze and lace; To a Louse.	And Quentin o' lads not the worst
Lac'd.	O' the merry lads of Ayr, man? . The Fête Champetre.
Sae jimply lac'd her genty waist. S. A. Mastrin's bonie Anne.	Our lads gaed a hunting, ae day at the dawn,
weel lac'd up in silken shoon, . S. O Mally's meek.	S. The heather was blooming † The best of our lads wi' the hest o' their skill; Ib.
Lack. For lack o' thee I've lost my lass,	An' there, a batch o' Wabster lads,
For lack o' thee I scrimp my glass. Lns, on Back of Bank Note.	Blackguarding frae K[ilmarno]ck . The Holy Fair. 9.
For lack o' thee, I leave this much loved shore, Ib.	The lads an' lasses, blythely bent
For lack o' gear ye lightly me, S. O. Tibbie! †	To mind baith saul an' body,
Lad. An' [Heaven] gie you lads a plenty: . A Dream. 14.	O Wives be mindfu', ance yoursel, How bonie lads ye wanted,
The Saxon lads, wi' loud placads, A Fragment. 7.	Observ'd ye yon reverend lad
A' the lads o' Thornie-bank S. A' the lads o' Thornie-bnk †	Mak faces to tickle the Mob; The Jolly Beggars. S. III.
A dear-lov'd lad, convenience snug, Add. to Unco Guid. 6.	A highland lad my Love was born,
O my bonie Highland lad, S. As I came o'er †	There's not a lad in a' the lan' Was match for my John Highlandman Ib.
I think on my bonie lad, And I blear my een wi' greetin S. Ay waukin, O.	Was match for my John Highlandman Ib. And by them lies the dearest lad
Never the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley. [re.]	That ever blest a woman's ee! S. The lovely lass †
S. Bannocks o' bear meal †	The Ploughman he's a bonie lad, . S. The Ploughman †
A country lad is my degree, . S. Behind you hills †	Then up wi't a', my Ploughman lad, 1b.
Braw, braw lads on Yarrow braes,	Did least expect, To see my lad sae near me.
S. Braw lads on Yar. braes † Can match the lads o' Galla water	S. The tither morn † But now as glad I'm wi' my lad,
The bonnie lad o' Galla water	As shortsyne broken-hearted
Braw, braw lads of Galla Water; S. Braw lads of G. Water.	Haith lad ye little ken about it; The Twa Dogs. 22.
When first my brave Johnie lad came to this town,	Till piper lads were wae and weary, S. T. Menz.'s bonie Mary.
S. Cock up yr beaver.	And below the bonie brier bush there's a lassie and a lad,
Hey, brave Johnie lad, cock up your beaver! Ib.	S. There grows a bonie †
But a' the lads they loe me, and what the waur am I. S. Comin thro' the rye.	What will I do for a lad when Sandy gangs awa? Ib. And see an onie bonie lad will fancy me Ib.
	There was a lad was born in Kyle, S. There was a lad †
'The lad, for twa guid gimmer-pets, 'Was Laird himsel. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 27.	Young Robie was the brawest lad, S. There was a lass t
There was a lad that follow'd her, . S. Duncan Davison.	There's a boatfu' o' lads Come to our town to sell.
Duncan was a lad o' grace, S. Duncan Gray †	S. There's news, lasses t
Ye'll try the world soon my lad, . Ep. to Young Friend. 2.	Was here to hire you lad away . To Gavin Hamilton.
But Davie lad, ne'er fash your head, . Ep. to Davie. 2.	"Come hither lad, an' answer for't, What ails ye now t
Spare't for their sakes wha aften wear it, The lads in black; Ep. to J. R. 3.	And come, my faithful sodger lad, When wild War's †
And ilk loyal, bonie lad	There lives a lad, the lad for me, . S. Where Cart rins †
Cross the seas and win his ain S. Frae the friends †	My daddy sign'd my tocher band, To gie the lad that has the land,
Lads like lasses weel, And lasses lads too.	Young Jockey was the blythest lad
S. Gudeen to you Kimmer † The lads sae trig, wi' wooer-babs,	
The lads sae trig, wi' wooer-babs,	Laddie [dim. of lad].
Are there that night decided:	But hear'st thou, laddie, there's my loof, I'm thine at ane and twenty. S. And O for ane and twenty †
The lang lad they ca' jumpin John, S. Her Daddie forbad †	My winsome, weel-far'd Highland laddie; S. As I came o'er †
The bonniest lad that e'er I saw, Wore a plaid and was fu' braw, . S. Highland Laddie.	Here's a health to Tammie, the Norland laddie,
	S. Here's a health to them †
When absent from my sailor lad? S. How can my poor heart? Whare hae ye been sae braw, lad! [re.] S. Killiecrankie.	Bonie Laddie, Highland Laddie, [re.] S. Highland Laddie.
Or our merry lads at hame.	My bonie laddie's young but he's growin yet. S. Lady Mary Ann.
Or our merry lads at hame, In Britain's court kept up the game: Kind Sir, I've read †	And send my laddie back again S. Mu Hammana and Mary Ann.
And mony a guilt-bespotted lad; Lns add. to J. Ranken.	And send my laddie back again. S. My Harry was a gallant † My laddie's sae meikle in love wi' the siller,
A bonie, westlin weaver lad [re.] . S. My heart was ance t	He canna ha'e love to spare for me.
O Kenmure's lads are men. S O Kenmure's an and aquat	O meible thinks were love to

I gat it frae a young brisk Sodger Laddie,	Laggen [the angle between the side and the bottom
S. O whare did ye get \\ O gin I saw the laddie that gae me't! Ib.	of a wooden dish]. But or the day was done, I trow,
O gin I saw the laddie that gae me't! Ib. May heaven protect my bonie Scots Laddie, Ib.	The laggen they hae clautet Fu' clean . A Dream. 15.
Thy smiles are sae like my blythe Sodger laddie, Ib.	Laid, Lay'd.
And aiblins gowd and honour baith	But thoughtless follies laid him low, . A Bard's Epit.
Might be that laddie's share The Election Ballads. I.	A heapet Stimpart, I'll reserve ane Laid by for you. A guid New-Year † 17.
No wonder I'm fond of a Sodger laddie. [re.] The Jolly Beggars. S. II.	The winds were laid, the air was still, A Vision.
Her Love had been a Highland laddie, Ib., R. IV.	"Has laid your rocky bosom bare, . As on the banks †
The Laddies by the banks o' Nith S. The Laddies by	And mony a scheme in vain's been laid, To stap or scar me; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 13.
The boniest sight that e'er I saw Was th' Ploughman laddie dancin. S. The Ploughman †	That the worms ev'n d—d him
He's a bonie, bonie laddie and yon be he.	When laid in his grave Epit. on Walter S
S. There grows a bonie t	In dust dishonor'd laid: S. Fate gave the word t
And she lo'ed her bonie laddie dear; S. There was a bonie lass †	They laid him down upon his back, . John Barleycorn. They laid him out upon the floor,
Till war's loud alarms	"O! had I met the mortal shaft
Tore her laddie frae her arms,	"Which laid my benefactor low! Lament for Glencairn.
For beauty and fortune the laddie's been courtin; S. There's a youth †	Whare I am laid my lane, Lass, when yr mither †
But th' laddie's dear sel he lo'es dearest of a' Ib.	O raging fortune's withering blast Has laid my leaf full low, [re.] . S. Luckless Fortune.
I hae a wife and twa wee laddies, To Dr. Blacklock.	Welcome the hour, my aged limbs
That beardless laddies Should think they better were inform'd,	Are laid with thee at rest! Man was made to Mourn. She laid me in a saft bed, [re.] . S. O wat ye what my †
Should think they better were inform'd, Than their auld dadies. To W. Simpson. P.S.	Relentless fate has laid their guardian low.
And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms. S. Wandering Willie.	On Death of Sir J. Blair.
Lade [load].	They laid the twa i' the bed thegither, S. Scroggam.
I bear alane my lade o' care, Lament for Glencairn.	I gae him some pye, and he lay'd the crust by, S. The auld mant
As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure, Tam o' Shanter. 6.	E'er sin' they laid that curst restriction
Laden. With laden sighs, and solemn-rounded sentence, Add. sp. by Fontenelle.	On Aquavitae; The Author's Cry and Prayer.
To see the new [year] come laden, groaning,	His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 12. An' ye have laid nae tax on misses; The Inventory.
Wi' double plenty o'er the loanin To thee and thine; Friend of the poet †	And the Moro low was laid at the sound of the drum.
Laden with years and meikle pain, Lament for Glencairn.	The Jolly Beggars. S. I.
Laden with unhonoured years, Ode, to Mem. of Mrs	An' laid the loud uproar
Ladle. Then lug out your ladle, deal brimstone like adle,	Tho' Fortune sair upon him laid,
The Kirk's Alarm. Lady. I see ye're complimented thrang,	His heart she ever miss'd it Ib. R. VII.
By many a lord an' lady; A Dream. 2.	O'er Pegasus' side ye ne'er laid a stride, The Kirk's Alarm. I laid her 'tween me and the wa',
Lady Onlie, honest lucky, [re.] S. A' the lads o' Thorn. †	S. The Lass that made the bed.
My sweet wee lady, Add. to Illegit. Child. O Lady Mary Ann looks o'er the castle wa',	Stalk'd round his ashes lowly laid, [v.A.4] The Vision. D. I.
S. Lady Mary Ann.	His cheek to her's he fondly laid, S. There was a lass t
Lady Mary Ann was a flower in the dew:	Till she, like thee, all soil'd is laid Low i' the dust. To a Mountain-Daisy.
Ladies, would it not be strange Man should then a monster prove? S. Let not woman †	Thou saw the fields laid bare an' wast, To a Mouse.
Man should then a monster prove? S. Let not woman? My Lady's gown there's gairs upon't, S. My Lord a-hunting?	The best laid schemes o' Mice an' Men, Gang aft agley,
My Lady's white, my Lady's red,	See'st thou thy lover lowly laid? . To Mary in Heaven.
My Lady's white, my Lady's red,	Laigh [low; "laigh house," house of one storey].
And Lady Jean was never sae braw. S. O when she cam ben t	For me! sae laigh I needna bow, A Ded. to G. H., 2.
Polish their grin, nay, sigh for ladies' love Sketch.	Bye attour, my Gutcher has A hich house and a laigh ane; S. Gat ye me, †
An' send him to his dicing box, An' sportin lady. The Author's Cry and Prayer. 19.	Herry the louns o' the laigh Countrie, . S. Hee balou, t
O mount and go,	While laigh descends the simmer sun, S. The Contented Cottager.
And be the Captain's Lady. S. The Captain's Lady.	I sigh Kink Ithe Church built down the hill on in
Anbank, wha guess'd the ladies' taste, The Fête Champetre. my bonny sweet wee lady, The Inventory.	Laigh Kirk [the Church built down the hill or in the lower quarter of the town, in contrast to the High Kirk, built at the top of the hill, or in
The ladies' hearts he did trepan, The Jolly Beggars. S. IV.	the High Kirk, built at the top of the hill, or in the upper quarter of the town].
Au' liv'd like lords an' ladies gay:	Swith to the Laigh Kirk, ane an' a', . The Ordination.
Nay even thus invade a lady's quiet. The Rights of Woman.	Auld Hornie did the Laigh Kirk watch, Ib. 10.
But Gentlemen, an' Ladies warst, Wi' ev'n down want o' wark are curst The Twa Dogs. 30.	Laimpet [limpet].
The Ladies arm-in-arm in clusters,	Triumphant crushan't like a muscle Or laimpet shell. The Author's Cry and Prayer.
How daur ye set your fit upon her,	Laing.
Sae fine a Lady! To a Louse. And let us mind, faint heart ne'er wan	O had your tongue now, Luckie Laing, [re.] S. Gat ye me † Lair. Now Robin lies in his last lair,
A lady fair: To Dr. Blacklock.	El. on Death of R. Ruisseaux.
Then please sir, to lea'e sir, The orders wi' your lady To Gav. Hamilton.	Lalring [wading and sinking in snow or mud].
The orders wi' your lady To Gav. Hamilton. My heart was caught before I thought,	And thro' the drift, deep-lairing, sprattle, Beneath a scar A Winter Night. 3.
And by a Mauchline lady S. When first I came †	Laird [an owner of land or houses].
Lag [sluggish, slow].	Altho' his daddie was nae laird, S. Braw lads on Yar. braes †
An' faith! thou's neither lag nor lame, Nor blate nor scaur. Add. to the Deil. 3.	'A countra Laird had ta'en the batts, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 27.
Lag, to. It only lags the fatal hour; . Fragment of Ode.	'The lad, for twa guid gimmer-pets,
But now he lags on death's hog-score, Tam Samson's El., 5.	Was Laird himsel Ib. 27.

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'Wi' cits nor lairds I wadna shift, 'In a' their pride!' Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 13.	Blythe ha'e I been on yon hill, As the Lambs before me; S. Blythe ha'e I been
She's down in the yard, she's kissin the laird;	Her looks are like the sportive lamb, S. On Cessnock banks
S. Eppie M'Nab. Whare three Lairds' lan's met at a burn, Halloween. 24.	She was the flower o' Fairlee lambs, A famous breed: [v.A.19] Poor Mailie's El.
Then came the Laird o' Lochinton Katharine Jaffray. A weel-stocked mailin, himsel' for the laird,	As Mailie, an' her lambs thegither, Was ae day nibbling on the tether, The Death of Mailie
S. Last May a braw wooer† The man wha boasts o' warld's wealth,	To scores o' lambs, an' packs of woo'!
Is aften laird o' meikle care; . S. Now bank and brae †	My helpless lambs, I trust them wi' him
Some gapin' glowrin' countra laird, . On W. Chalmers.	We live like two lambs and we seldom provoke;
Afton's Laird, Afton's Laird, P.S. to "The Kirk's Alarm." trusty auld worthy Clackleith, Afton's Laird,	S. The Poor Thresher
Their father's a laird, and weel he can spare't, Ronalds of Bennals.	As blythe and as artless as the lambs on the lea, S. There's auld Rob M.
The Laird o' Blackbyre wad gang through the fire, . Ib.	Lamb-tail. And a' like lamb-tails flyin Fu' fast . The Ordination. 7
The Laird o' Braehead has been on his speed, Ib.	Lamble, Lammie [dim. of lamb].
The Laird o' the Ford will straught on a board, 1b.	When linnets sang, and lammies play'd. As on the banks
There's Lowrie the laird o' Dumeller, S. Tam Glen. An' that glib-gabbet Highland Baron,	As light as ony lambie, The Holy Fair. 3
The Laird o' Graham;	A lambkin in peace, but a lion in war S. Caledonia
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 13. And mony a knight and mony a laird,	And listens the lambkins that bleat o'er the braes,
That errand fain would gae. [re.] The Election Ballads. I.	S. My Nanie's Awa
Where is the laird or belted knight That best deserves to fa' that?	Where Lambkins wanton through the broom! S. The Banks of Nith
Then let us drink the Stewartry,	And little lambkins wanton wild, In playful bands disporting S. Young Peggy
Kerroughtree's laird, and a' that,	Lame.
Or buy a score o' lairds, man? . The Fête Champetre.	An' faith! thou's neither lag nor lame, . Add. to the Deit
She kens her father is a laird, . The Tarbolton Lasses.	Lamely. And just as lamely can ye mark,
Our Laird gets in his racked rents, . The Twa Dogs. 8. I've notic'd, on our Laird's court-day,	How far perhaps they rue it Add. to Unco Guid. 7
I've notic'd, on our Laird's court-day,	Lament. In loud lament bewail'd his lord, Lament for Glencairn
The Laird, the Tenant, an' the Cotter! Ib. 26.	Lament, to.
Ye wha were ne'er by lairds respekit, . The Twa Herds. 4. Come join your counsel and your skills,	Lament 'im Mauchline husbands a', Epit. on Wag
To cow the lairds,	So I, for my lost darling's sake, Lament the live-day long S. Fate gave the word,
And Susie whase daddy was laird o' the Ha'; S. There's a youth †	Lament him a' ye rantan core, On Scot. Bard gne to W. I
But oh, she's an heiress, auld Robin's a laird;	And mony shall lament him; On W. Cruikshanks
S. There's auld Rob M.† Gie dreeping roasts to countra Lairds, To J. S., 22.	Lament in rhyme, lament in prose, . Poor Mailie's El. Scotland lament frae coast to coast! . Scotch Drink. 19
And God bless young Dunaskin's laird, To Mr. M'Adam.	Oh! how must thou lament thy station,
Till Lairds forbad, by strict commands, Sic bluidy pranks To W. Simpson. P.S.	And envy mine! The Hermit.
Lairdsnip.	"O thou, whase lamentable face
And my Freedom's my lairdship nae monarch dare touch. S. Contented wi' little,	Appears to mourn my woefu' case! The Death of Mailie
aith [loath].	Lamentation. And mourn, in lamentation deep,
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee, Wi' murd'ring pattle! To a Mouse.	How life and love are all a dream! The Lament
I sud be laith to think ye hinted	Lamented.
Ironic satire, To W. Simpson. aithfu' [bashful, backward, shrinking].	Riddell, much lamented man! Lns on Window in F.'s C. H. Lamenting.
But blate and laithfu', scarce can weel behave;	The winds, lamenting thro' their caves, Lament for Glencairn.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 8. ake. Then thro' the lakes Montgomery takes, A Fragment.	Lamentings.
And waff them in the infernal wherry	No idly-feign'd, poetic pains, My sad, lovelorn lamentings claim: The Lament.
Straught through the lake, Adam A—'s Prayer.	Lammas. Bonie was the Lammas moon, S. Duncan Gray.
Then up amang thae lakes and seas They'll mak what rules and laws they please.	It was upon a Lammas night, When corn rigs are bonie, S. The Rigs o' Barley.
To gnash my gums, to weep and wail,	Lammie v. Lambie.
In burnin' lake, . Holy Willie's Prayer. 4.	Lamp. The lamp of day with ill-presaging glare, On Death of Sir J. Blair.
Why, ye tenants of the lake, For me your watry haunt forsake? On scaring Water-fowl.	Had shor'd them with a glimmer of his lamp,
Swiftly seek, on clanging wings, Other lakes and other springs;	The Brigs of Ayr. 10. Lan' [land].
Th' outstretching lake, imbosomed 'mong the hills,	Whare three Lairds' lan's met at a burn, Halloween. 24.
alian, Laliand [lowland]. Wr. in Kenmore Inn.	There's not a lad in a' the lan' Was match for my John Highlandman.
Wad ding a' Lallan tongue or Erse, Add. to the Deil. 19.	The Jolly Beggars. S. IV.
The lalland laws he held in scorn: The Jolly Beggars. S. IV.	To sell her poor Jenny for siller and lan' S. What can a young lassie †
For a lalland face he feared none,	Lan' afore [the horse on the left, not in the furrow.
But spak their thoughts in plain, braid lallans,	of the fore pair in the plough].
Like you or me To W. Simpson. P.S.	My Lan' afore's a gude auld has been, The Inventory. Lan' ahin [the horse directly behind the "lan'
amb. And o'er the knowes the lambs were bleating: S. As I came o'er t	afore"].
Her bonie face it was as meek, As ony lamb upon the lee! S. Blythe was she t	My Lan' ahin's a weel gaun fillie, The Inventory. Lance. taught by the bright Caledonian lance, S. Caledonia.
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Land.	What are your landlords' rent-rolls? taxing ledgers:
Sending, like blood-hounds from the slip, Woe, Want, and Murder o'er the land! A Winter Night. 7.	Lns on Window, K.'s Arms. But the pursy old landlord just waddl'd up stairs,
Calling the storms to bear him o'er a guilty land!	S. No Churchman am I†
A glebe o' land, a claut o' gear,	The landlord's laugh was ready chorus: Tam o' Shanter. 5.
Was left me by my auntie, S. And O for ane and twenty t	Landscape-glow. 'To paint with Thomson's landscape-glow;
They [the eagles] darken'd the air, and they plunder'd the land:	The Vision. D. II. 19.
In this strange land, this uncouth clime,	Landsman. Weak, timid landsmen on life's stormy main!
A land unknown to prose or rhyme: . Ep. to H. Parker. A land that prose did never view it,	Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
Except when drunk he stacher't thro' it; Ib.	Lane [lone, alone; "her lane," "my lane," &c., herself alone, myself alone, &c.].
Frae the friends and Land I love, S. Frae the friends † When in distant lands I roam; S. Highland Mary,	To shiver in the blast their lane." As on the banks †
O gear will buy me rigs o' land, . S. In simmer when t	My shins, my lane, I there sit roastin, . Auld comrade †
It was a' for our rightfu' king,	But for to meet the Deil her lane, She pat but little faith in:
We e'er saw Irish land, S. It was a' for t My Love and Native land fareweel, Ib.	Whare I am laid my lane, . S. Lass, when yr mither †
I faught at land, I faught at sea, S. Killiecrankie.	Wha will crack to me my lane? S. O wha my babie-clouts †
But Oh! what crouds in ev'ry land, All wretched and forlorn, . Man was made to mourn.	An' sigh an' sob, an' greet her lane, . Tam Samson's El Though she should vote her lane. The Election Ballads. I.
I wou'd gie a' Knockhaspie's land,	There's somebody weary wi' lying her lane,
For Loyal Harry back again, S. My Harry was a gallant † her tenpund lands o' tocher gude S. My Lord a-hunting †	S. The Taylor fell † I wander my lane, like a night-troubled ghaist,
Lang may she [Coila] stand to prop the land, Nature's Law.	S. There's auld Rob M. †
The sons of Belial in the Land New Psalmody.	But Mousie, thou art no thy lane, To a Mouse. Wharefore wad ye lie y'er lane! S. Will ye go and marry †
The fallow land is free; S. O can ye labour leat	Wharefore wad ye lie y'er lane! S. Will ye go and marry † Lanely [lonely].
And from thee many a parent stem Arise to deck our land. On Birth of Posth. Child.	In lanely glens ye like to stray; Add. to the Deil. 5.
O sweet be thy sleep in the land of the grave, On Death of fav. Child.	Lanely night comes on, A' the lave are sleepin; S. Ay waukin, O.
The far foreign land, or the wide rolling sea.	For oh, her lanely nights are lang; S. How lang and dreary t
S. Out over the Forth † Has oft been stretch'd to shield the honour'd land!	Our Bardie, lanely, keeps the spence . Poor Mailie's El
Prologue, sp. by Woods.	There, lanely, by the ingle-cheek, I sat and ey'd the spewing reek, The Vision. D. I. 3.
My native land sae far awa S. Sae far awa.	An' teach the lanely heights an' howes
As ye have generous done, if a' the land Would take the Muses' servants by the hand, Scots Prologue.	My rustic sang To J. S., 9. there, by a lanely, sequestered stream,
Wou'd a' the land do this, then I'll be caition, Ye'll soon hae Poets o' the Scottish nation, Ib.	S. Yon wild mossy mountains †
When shall I see that honour'd land, S. The Banks of Nith.	Lang [long]. Ev'n that, he does na mind it lang: . A Ded. to G. H., 5.
Who now commands the towers and lands— The royal right of Albany, . S. The bonie Lass of Albany.	Wi' weel spread looves, an' lang, wry faces;
The Precepts sage they wrote to many a land:	Lang beet his hymeneal flame,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 15. But the ae best dance e'er cam to the land	I will not wind a lang conclusion, With complimentary effusion:
Was, the deil's awa' wi' th' Exciseman. S. The Deil cam fiddlin'	C-rnw-ll-s fought as lang's he dought, . A Fragment. 4.
Our land wha wi' chapels has stored;	When frosts lay lang, an' snaws were deep, A Guid New-year †
The Election Ballads. III. Yerl Galloway lang did rule this land, Ib. V.	scarce as lang's a guid kail whittle, Adam A-'s Prayer.
And for my dear-lov'd Land o' Cakes,	Grim Vengeance lang has taen a nap, S. Awa, whigs, awa. A three-tae'd leister on the ither [shouther]
I pray with holy fire:	Lay, large an' lang. Death and Dr Hornbook. 6.
Pursuing Fortune's slidd'ry ba',	Its stature seem'd lang Scotch ells twa,
The Farewell. To St. J.'s L To other lands I now must go	'It's e'en a lang, lang time indeed 'Sin' I began to nick the thread,
To sing my Highland lassie O. S. The Highland Lassie.	'Horn sent her aff to her lang hame,
Spring, like their fathers, up to prop Their honour'd native land! The Petition of Br. Water.	I lang hae thought, my youthfu' friend, A Something to have sent you, . Ep. to Young Friend.
For the lands of Virginia-ginia, O: [re.] S. The Slave's Lament.	We're fit to win our daily bread, As lang's we're hale and fier: Ep. to Davie. 2.
And seem'd, to my astonish'd view, A well-known Land. The Vision. D. I. 12.	Nae treasures, nor pleasures
And He whom ruthless Fates expel	Could make us happy lang;
His native land. [v.A.4]	But to conclude my lang epistle, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 22. I'll laugh, an' sing, an' shake my leg,
'Has many a light, aerial band, Ib. D. II. 3.	I'll laugh, an' sing, an' shake my leg, As lang's I dow! Ib., Ap. 21st, 9.
Their groves of sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon, S. Their groves of t	Lang may your elbuck jink and diddle, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 3. The lang lad they ca' jumpin John, S. Her Daddie forbad †
I care na thy daddie, his lands and his money, S. Tibbie Dunbar.	I dinna care, How lang ye look about ye.
This game was play'd in monie lands, To W. Simpson, P.S	S. Here's to thy health,† How lang and dreary is the night, S. How lang and dreary †
And now what lands between us lie, . When I think on t	For oh, her lanely nights are lang;
My daddie sign'd my tocher band, To gie the lad that has the land, . S. Where Cart rins t	Sic fate ere lang shall thee betide; S. I do confess †
Landlady.	But lang or noon, loud tempests storming A' my flowery bliss destroy'd S. I dream'd I lay †
The landlady and Tam grew gracious, Tam o' Shanter. 5.	And nights are lang in winter, Sir, S. I'm o'er young to marry.
Landlady, count the lawin, . S. Landlady, count † Landlord.	Common motives lang sinsyne, S. Jockey fou† Last May a braw wooer cam' down the lang glen,
As Master, Landlord, Husband, Father,	S. Last May a braw wooer †
He does na fail his part in either A Ded. to G. H., 5	He up the lang loan to my black cousin Bess, 1b.

Auld Orthodoxy lang did grapple, . Letter to J. Goudie.	Where lang I'd been a lodger, . S. When wild War's †
My heart was ance as blythe and free As simmer days were lang, S. My heart was ance †	I've serv'd my king and country lang,
Lang may she stand to prop the land, , Ib.	A short sword, and a lang, S. Ye Jacobites †
O a' the lang day I ca' at my hammer,	As lang's he has a breath to draw. S. Young Jockey †
An' a' the lang day I whistle and sing; O a' the lang night I cuddle my kimmer,	Lang, to [to long].
O a' the lang night I cuddle my kimmer,	Go on, my Lord! I lang to meet you, Add. of Beelzebub. 5.
An' a' the lang night as happy's a king. S. O merry hae I been †	
Where first I own'd that virgin love	Langer [longer].
I lang, lang had denied S. O mirk, mirk †	The langer ye ha'e them, the mair they're carest. S. Awa wi' yr witchcraft †
And [she] lang has had my heart in thrall,	Now nae langer sport and play,
S. O this is no my ain †	Mirth or sang can please me; . S. Blythe ha'e I been †
He loosed on me a lang man, [re.] S. O wat ye what my t	But secret love will break my heart,
Lang-mustering up a bitter blast; On Scot. Bard gne to W.I.	If I conceal it langer S. Craigie-burn Wood.
An sic a Lord—lang Scotch ells twa, On dining with Daer. Or lang-kail gullie On Grose's Peregrinations.	And the langer it blossom'd, the sweeter it grew; S. Lady Mary Ann.
A lang half-mile she could descry him; Poor Mailie's El.	It's not the roar o' sea or shore,
Lang may your elbuck jink an' diddle, Second Ep. to Davie.	Wad make me langer wish to tarry; S. My bonie Mary.
I lo'ed her meikle and lang; S. She's fair and fause †	And time nae langer spill, jo: S, O steer her up †
We think na on the lang Scots miles, . Tam o' Shanter.	Nae langer Pey'rend Men their country's glowy
Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;	In plain, braid Scots hold forth a plain, braid story: Nae langer thrifty Citizens, an' douce,
Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellow'd: 16. 8.	Meet owre a pint, or in the Council-house;
(Lang after kend on Carrick shore;	The Brigs of Ayr. 9.
K[ilmarnock] lang may grunt an' grane, Tam Samson's El	under favor o' your langer beard,
Farewell then, lang hale then, The Ans. to the Guidwife.	The charms o' the min', the langer they shine,
Or faith! I'll wad my new pleugh-pettle,	The mair admiration they draw, man; Ronalds of Bennals.
37-111 14 1 CTZ - 4 -17 - 1 C 1 D	But secret love will break my heart,
In lines extended lang and large,	If I conceal it langer S. Sweet fa's the evet
In lines extended lang and large, S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor. He seem'd as he wi' Time had warstl'd lang	The scarcely langer than your leg, . The Inventory.
	There's peace and rest nae langer; . The Holy Fair. 14.
The Brigs of Ayr. 4.	Ye maist wad think a wee touch langer, An they maun starve o' cauld and hunger: The Twa Dogs. 11.
This seven lang years I hae lien by his side, S. The deuks dang o'er.	Langest [longest].
Yerl Galloway lang did rule this land, [re.]	The langest thong, the fiercest growler Add. of Beelzebub. 4.
The Election Ballads. V.	There simmer first unfauld her robes,
Their visage wither'd, lang an' thin, . The Holy Fair. 3.	And there the langest tarry:
thick an' thrang, an' loud an' lang,	S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams t
Twad be owre lang a tale to tell, 1b. 23.	Lang syne [long since].
An' gies them't, like a tether, Fu' lang 1b. 24.	Lang syne in Eden's bonie yard, . Add. to the Deil. 15.
If, hapless chance! they linger lang,	"There was a time, it's nae lang syne, . As on the banks †
The Petition of Br. Water.	Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
But for how lang the flie may stang, Let inclination law that The Jolly Beggars. S. VII.	And days o' lang syne? . S. Shld auld acquaintance †
Lang may his whistle blaw, Jamie; S. The Laddies by †	We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet, For auld lang syne, my dear, [re.]
The lassie thought na lang till day.	But we've wander'd mony a weary foot,
S. The lass that made the bed.	Sin' auld lang syne. [re.]
Lang, Patronage, wi' rod o' airn, Has shor'd the Kirk's undoin, The Ordination. 8.	Was made lang syne, lord knows how lang.
Has shor'd the Kirk's undoin, The Ordination. 8. Was made lang syne, lord knows how lang. The Twa Dogs. 4.	The Twa Dogs. 4.
Whiles scour'd awa in lang excursion,	An' yet he's rank'd amang the chief O' lang syne saunts. What ails ye now †
An' there began a lang digression	Lang-tocher'd [having a large marriage portion].
He draws a bonie silken purse	
As lang's my tail, 16. 8.	There's lang-tocher'd Nancy maist fetters his fancy S. There's a youth †
Their night's unquiet, lang an' restless Ib. 30.	Langside.
D-e has been lang our fae, The Twa Herds. 12.	And dire the discord Langside saw, . The Dean of Fac
Auld W-w, lang has hatch'd mischief, Ib. 13.	Language. May hear, well pleas'd, the language of the Soul;
Wi' the burn stealing under the lang, yellow broom:	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 17.
S. Their groves of †	Languid. How languid the scenes, late so sprightly, appear,
Ae day as the carle gaed up the lang glen, S. There liv'd ance a carle t	S. The lazy mist t
And lang ere witless Jeanie wist,	Languish.
Her heart was tint, her peace was stown!	Can I cease to languish, While my darling fair
S. There was a lass t	Is on the couch of anguish? S. Ay waking, O† Wishfully I look and languish
Weel are ye wordy of a grace As lang's my arm To a Haggis.	In that bonie face of thine; . S. Bonie wee thing †
As lang's the Muses dinna fail	They who but feign a wounded heart,
'To say the grace.' To J. S., 24.	May teach the lyre to languish; S. Could aught of song t
Heaven spare you lang to kiss the breath	In love to lie and languish, . S. Craigie-burn Wood.
O' mony flow'ry simmers! To Mr. M'Adam.	Condemn'd to drag a secret chain,
desolation's lang teeth'd harrow, To Terraughty.	And yet in secret languish; S. Farewell, thou stream †
nowls, in gusty storms, The lang, dark night! To W. Simpson.	Condemn'd to see my rivals reign, While I in secret languish; S. The last time I †
Adown some trottin burn's meander, An' no think lang:	To thy bosom lay my heart,
77.1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	There to throb and languish; S. Thine am I†
An' muckle din there was about it,	Lank.
Baith loud an' lang Ib. P.S.	They loiter, lounging, lank an' lazy; . The Twa Dogs. 30.
And lang's the night frae e'en to morn, S. Up in the morning.	Lap. In Pleasure's lap carest; Man was made to Mourn.
Lang, lang, joy's been a stranger to me; S. Wae is my heart †	Reclined on the lap of thy mother, On Death of fav. Child.
He hosts and he hirples the weary day lang:	An' cheese an' bread, frae women's laps,
S. What can a yng lassie †	Was dealt about in lunches, An' dawds The Holy Fair, 23.

Lap [did leap]. Thou never lap, an' sten't, an' breastet, A Guid New-Year 14.	O gi'e me the lass that has acres o' charms, O gi'e me the lass wi' the weel-stockit farms.
But by gude luck I lap a wicket,	S. Awa wi' your witchcraft t
And turn'd a neuk. Friend of the poet † P.S. Mall's nit lap out, wi' pridefu' fling, Halloween. 9.	Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher, [re.]
While Willie lap, and swoor by jing,	But Phemie was a bonier lass Than braes o' Yarrow ever saw S. Blythe was she †
Poor Leezie's heart maist lap the hool; Ib. 26.	But Phemie was the blythest lass,
To sing how Nannie lap and flang, Tam o' Shanter. 16.	That ever trode the dewy green
Than ony ermine ever lap, . The Ans. to the Guidwife.	'Some ill-brewn drink had hov'd her wame,
He hirpl'd up an' lap like daft, The Jolly Beggars. R. VII. But he sae trig Lap o'er the rig, S. The tither morn †	Death and Dr. Hornbook. 28.
He was a gash an' faithfu' tyke,	There was a lass, they ca'd her Meg, S. Duncan Davison. A man may kiss a bonie lass,
As ever lap a sheugh or dyke The Twa Dogs. 5.	And ay be welcome back again
We lap an' danced the lee-lang day, S. T. Menz.s' bonie Mary.	Ye bonnie lasses dight your een, El. on Year 1788.
I lap and cry'd fu' loud To Mr. M'Adam.	I like the lasses—Gude forgie me! Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 17. The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,
An unco tyke lap o'er the Dyke, . S. What will I do gin t	Are spent among the lasses, O. [v.A.24]
Ance lightly lap ye owre the knowe, S. Ye hae lien wrang. Lapfu'. lapfu's large o' gospel kail. The Ordination. 6.	S. Green grow the Rashes. What signifies the life o' man,
Lapland.	An' 'twere na for the lasses, O
But gi'e me Lucy in my arms,	The wisest Man the warl' saw, He dearly lov'd the lasses, O. [v.A.24] Ib.
And welcome Lapland's dreary sky. S. O wat ye wha's in † Lapse. Sweet the streamlet's limpid lapse	Her prentice han' she [Nature] try'd on man,
To the sun-brown'd Arab's lip; Delia. An Ode.	An' then she made the lasses, O 16.
Lapwing. Thou green-crested lapwing thy screaming forbear,	Lads like lasses weel, And lasses lads too S. Gudeen to you Kimmer†
S. Afton Water.	The lasses feat, an' cleanly neat,
Large. An', large upon her quarter, Come full that day A Dream. 13.	Mair braw than when they're fine; Halloween. 3. Gar lasses hearts gang startin Whyles fast at night Ib.
A three-tae'd leister on the ither [shouther]	The lasses staw frae 'mang them a',
Lay, large an' lang. Death and Dr. Hornbook. Kind Nature's care had given his share,	To pou their stalks o' corn;
Large, of the flaming current; Nature's Law.	Loud skirl'd a' the lasses;
And bless auld Coila, large and long,	Are there that night decided:
A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large, Tam o' Shanter. 11.	'An' her that is to be my lass, 'Come after me an' draw thee
In lines extended lang and large, S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor. Squadrons extended long and large.	O once I lov'd a bonie Lass, S. Handsome Nell.
Squadrons extended long and large, And for a month large and broad	As bonie Lasses I ha'e seen,
And for a mantic targe and broad,	A bonie Lass, all will confess, Is pleasant to the e'e,
He wrapt him in Religion The Holy Fair. Mott. Enjoying large each spring and well	Is pleasant to the e'e,
A DI The Detition of Des Water	Here's to thy health my bonie lass, S. Here's to thy health †
And many a question he ask'd him at large, The Poor Thresher.	And the lasses o' Leven S. Hey ca' thro'.
The Regiment at large for a nusband 1 got;	Wi' Lizie's lass, three times I trow; Holy Willie's Prayer. 8. I met a lass, a bonie lass, S. I met a lass †
The Jolly Beggars. S. II. lapfu's large o' gospel kail The Ordination. 6.	But she my fairest faithfu' lass, S. I'll ay ca' in t
Her Mantle large, of greenish hue, The Vision. D. I. II.	There liv'd a lass in yonder dale, Katharine Jaffray.
Explore at large Man's infant race, Ib. D. II. 10.	But he has na tell'd the lass hersel
Tho' large the forest's Monarch throws His army shade,	Lass, when your mither is frae hame, S. Lass when yr mither † Sweet lass, may I do that?
And large, before Enjoyment's gale,	For lack o' thee I've lost my lass, Lns, on back of Bank Note.
Let's tak the tide To J. S., II.	Whare live ye my bonie lass, S. My Collier Laddie.
Largo. And the Kimmers o' Largo, . S. Hey ca' thro'.	There wons auld Colin's bonie lass, S. My Lord a-hunting
But brave Caledonia in vain they assail'd,	O lay thy loof in mine, lass, S. O lay thy loof \(\) And swear on thy white hand, lass, Ib.
As Largs well can witness, and Loncartie tell. S. Caledonia. Lark. And when the lark, 'tween light and dark,	There's mony a lass has broke my rest,
Blythe waukens by the daisy's side,	That for a blink I hae lo'ed best,
S. Again rejoic. Nature † Sweet the lark's wild-warbled lay, . Delia. An Ode.	That we may brag we hae a lass, There's nane again sae bonie. S. O saw ye bonie L.
So, to heaven's gates the lark's shrill song ascends,	I doubt na, lass, but ye may think, S. O Tibbie!
But groveling on the earth the carol ends. Ep. to R. Graham. 5.	But Tibbie, lass, tak' my advice:
While larks with little wing,	The honie lasses weel may wiss him,
Fann'd the pure air, S. Phillis the Fair. The soaring lark, the perching red-breast shrill,	On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.
The Brigs of Ayr.	On Cessnock banks there lives a lass, S. On Cessnock banks † I doubt na, lass, that weel-kenned name
The bonie Lark, companion meet! To a Mountain-Daisy.	May cost a pair o' blushes; On W. Chaimers.
That dane'd to the lark's early song? S. Where are the joys† Lash. O burning hell! in all thy store of torments	Bright wines and bonnie lasses rare, To put us daft; Poem on Life.
There's not a keener lash! Kemorse. A Frag	Where bonnie lasses bleach their claes;
Lash, to. Some rhyme a neebor's name to lash; To J. S., 5.	Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
Then wi' a rhyme or song he lash't 'em [poverty, care],	And proper young lasses and a', man; Ronalds of Bennals. As bonie a lass or as braw, man,
And thought it sport. El. on Death of R. Ruisseaux.	If I should detail the pick and the wale
Lass. Five bonie Lasses round their table, A Ded. to G. H., 14 bonie blossoms a', Ye royal Lasses dainty, . A Dream. 14.	O' lasses that live here awa', man,
As fair art thou, my bonie lass,	But woman is but warld's gear, Sae let the bonie lass gaug. S. She's fair and fause
So deep in luve am I; S. A red, red Rose.	(Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses, For honest men and bonny lasses.) . Tam o' Shanter. 2.
If he's a parent, lass or hov Auld comrade t	FOI HOHEST MEH AND DONNY MASSES.) . I am o Smanter.

Could rank my rig and lass; The Ans. to the Guidwife.	That I may drink before I go
And the bonie Lass of Albany. S. The bonie Lass of Albany.	A service to my bonie lassie S. My bonie Mary
They've wranged the Lass of Albany. [re.] Ib.	But the Lassie that man loes best, O that's the Lass to mak him blest. S. My Lord a-hunting
While he, sub rosa, play'd his part	My love she's but a lassie yet, . S. My love she's but i
Among their wives and lasses. The Election Ballads. VI. "Sweet lass, I think ye seem to ken me; The Holy Fair. 4.	Wi' her the lassie dear to me, S. Now bank and brac
The lasses, skelpan barefit, thrang,	Can please a lassie better S. O gie my love brose
In silks an' scarlets glitter;	O Lassie, art thou sleeping yet, S. O Lassie, art thou sleep.
Thrang winkan on the lasses To chairs Ib. 10.	O wha can prudence think upon,
Whase ain dear lass, that he likes best,	And sic a lassie by him; S. O poortith cauld,
Comes clinkan down beside him! Ib. 11.	Then lea'e the lassie till her fate, S. O steer her up t
The lads an' lasses, blythely bent To mind baith saul an' body,	gin the lassie winna do't, Ye'll fin' anither will, jo Ib.
The lasses they are shyer	O this is no my ain lassie, Fair tho' the lassie be:
Waesucks! for him that gets nae lass.	O weel ken I my ain lassie, S. O this is no my ain t
Or lasses that hae naething!	O that's the lassie o' my heart,
An' dinna, for a kebbuck-heel,	My lassie, ever dearer; S. O wat ye wha that loes †
Let lasses be affronted On sic a day!	a lassie In grace and beauty charming; That e'en thy chosen lassie,
Till lasses strip their shoon:	And kissin a Collier lassie an a'? . S. O when she cam ben †
How monie hearts this day converts, O' sinners and o' Lasses!	O never look down, my lassie at a', [re.]
	For there the bonie lassie lives,
The grace be—"Athole's honest men, "And Athole's bonnie lasses!" The Petition of Br. Water.	The lassie I lo'e best S. Of a' the airts †
For towsing a lass i' my daffin. The Jolly Beggars. S. III.	On Cessnock banks a lassie dwells; S. On Cessnock Banks † Sett. II.
My bonie lass I work in brass,	Our lassies a' she far excels,
By my good luck a lass I met,	That never did a lassie wrang; On Window of C. Inn, F
S. The Lass that made the bed.	
The lass that made the bed to me	Say, Lassie, why thy train amang Scarce ane has tried the shepherd-sang
The braw lass made the bed to me, The bonny lass made the bed to me,	Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
The lovely lass of Inverness, S. The lovely lass of I.	That while a lassie she had worn,
Or leaves the faithfu' lass he lo'ed,	To sing my Highland lassie, O
To wear a ragged coat The Ruined Maid's Lament.	I love my Highland lassie, O
There was a bonie lass,	My faithful Highland lassie, O
And a bonie, bonie lass, . S. There was a bonie lass †	That Indian wealth may lustre throw
And nocht could him quail, Or his bosom assail, But the bonie lass he lo'ed sae dear	Around my Highland lassie, O
Guid faith, quo' scho, I doubt you gar,	I'm thine, my Highland lassie, O
The bonie lasses lie aspar, S. There was a lad t	The lassie thought na lang till day, S. The Lass that made the bed,
There was a lass, and she was fair, S. There was a lass, and t	And said, Sweet lassie dinna cry,
That he from our lasses should wander awa; S. There's a youth	Ye ay shall mak the bed to me
There's news, lasses, news, S. There's news, lasses +	There Sophy tight, a lassie bright, Besides a handsome fortune: . The Tarbolton Lasses.
Now thou'st left thy lass for ay-I must see thee never.	The sleepy bit lassie, she dreaded nae ill;
S. Thou hast left me, †	The weather was cauld, and the lassie lay still,
Auld Reekie dings them a' to sticks, For rhyme-inspiring lasses To Miss Ferrier.	S. The Taylor fell †
L—d man there's lasses there wad force	For weel he kend the way, O, The lassie's heart to win, O! . S. The Taylor he cam†
A hermit's fancy, . To Mr. J. Kennedy.	For ay he pree'd the lassie's mou,
And bless your bonie lasses baith, To Mr. M'Adam.	And below the bonie brier bush there's a lassie and a lad,
Baith honest men and lasses bonie, . To Terraughty.	S. There grows a bonie t
An honest man may like a lass, . To Rev. J. M'Math.	And ae bonie lassie, his darling and mine. S. There's auld Rob M. †
Or lasses gie my heart a screed, . To W. Simpson. Bespoke the lass o' Ballochmyle. [re.]	What can a young lassie, what shall a young lassie,
S. Twas even—the dewy †	What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man?
Wrought 'mang the lasses sic mischief What ails ye now †	S. What can a yng lassie † Lassie, say thou lo'es me; S. Wilt thou be my †
Than garren lasses cowp the cran	Lassie, say thou lo'es me; S. Wilt thou be my t Let me, lassie, quickly die,
Clean heels owre body,	Trusting that thou lo'es me: [re.]
Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, sweet lass,	Ye're greener than the grass, lassie; S. Ye hae lien wrang.
Sweet as you hawthorn's blossom, S. When wild War's †	Yet ne'er an inch the less, lassie. [re.]
The bonie lass that I loe best	Ye hae lien wrang, lassie
She'll be my ain for a' that S. Women's Minds.	O, lassie, ye hae played the fool,
A bonie lass, I like her best, And wha a crime dare ca' that?	Resides a sweet Lassie, my thought and my dream. S. Yon wild mossy mountains †
Thro' a' our lasses he did rove, S. Young Jamie †	For there, wi' my Lassie, the day-lang I rove, Ib.
Young Peggy blooms our bonniest lass, S. Young Peggy †	But I lo'e the dear Lassie because she lo'es me Ib.
assie.	O, these are my Lassie's all-conquering charms Ib.
Bonie lassie, will ye go	Last.
To the birks of Aberfeldy? [re.] S. Bonie lassie, will ye go t	The last, sad, mournful rites bestow! A Ded. to G. H., 14.
The lassie lost a silken snood, S. Braw lads of G. Water. Beguil'd the bonie lassie, S. Her Daddie forbad †	For my last fow, A heapet Stimpart, I'll reserve ane A Guid New-year † 17.
And lassie ye're but young, ye ken; S. In simmer when †	A heapet Stimpart, I'll reserve ane A Guid New-year † 17. In my last plack thy part's be in't, Add. to Illegit. Child.
Oh! thoughtless lassie, life's a fecht,	"E'en here, I took the last farewell; S. Behold the hour †
The canniest gate, the strife is sair;	But 'till my last moments my words are the same,
Lassie wi' the lintwhite locks, Bonie lassie, artless lassie! S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite	S. By yon castle wa' †
Disturbs my lassie's midnight rest,	Provok'd beyond bearing, at last she arose, . S. Caledonia.
And vow'd I was his dear lassie, S. Last May a braw wooer	Has clad a score i' their last claith, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 25.
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Now Robin lies in his last lair, El. on Death of R. Ruisseaux.	Last day [yesterday].
The last o't, the warst o't,	Last day I grat wi' spite and teen, The Petition of Br. Water.
Is only but to beg Ep. to Davie. 2.	Last day my mind was in a bog, To Miss Ferrier.
And fram'd her last, best work, the human-mind,	Last, to.
Ep. to R. Graham.	For their fame it shall last while the world goes round.
Last, she [nature] sublimes th' Aurora of the poles, . Ib. 2.	At Meet. of D. Voluntcers.
Though thanks to heaven I dare even that last shift, . 1b. 5.	Hast thou found that beauty's lillies
Taks up its last abode; Epit. on Holy Willie.	Were not made for aye to last? Blue Bonnets.
Who in his life did little good And his last words were Dem my blood! Epit. on Mr. Burton.	"Thro' future times to make his virtues last On Death of Sir J. Blair.
While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands,	Lasting.
O, who would not die with the brave!	But friendship's pure and lasting joys
C Francis 77 Alexa from Junt	My heart was form'd to prove: S. Talk not of love †
'Mid circling horrors sinks at last In overwhelming ruin. S. Farewell, thou stream	There, low he lies, in lasting rest; [v.A.15] Tam Samson's El.
Your blood shall with incessant cry	Thus, resigned and quiet, creep
Awake at last th' unsparing power Frag. of Ode.	To the bed of lasting sleep; Wr. in Friars Carse H.
Wild as the winter now tearing the forest,	Lastly.
Till the last leaf o' the summer is flown, S. Gloomy December.	I lastly was with Curtis among the floating batt'ries
Till my last hope and last comfort is gone: Ib.	The Jolly Beggars. S. I.
An' tho' at last they catch them [riches] fast,	Late. Decoy the wight that late an' drunk is: Add. to the Deil. 13.
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.	And late or early never grumbled? . Ep. to H. Parker.
S. Green grow the rashes.	
My last hour I am near it; S. Husband, husband †	Come wealth, come poortith, late or soon, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 4.
And my last hald of earth is gane: Lament for Glencairn.	Whate'er thou hast done, be it late be it soon,
Awake thy last sad voice, my harp!	Thou's welcome again to thy ain Jock Rab. S. Eppie M'Nab.
my last, best, only friend,	Hope and Fear's alternate billow
Last May a braw wooer cam down the lang gien, S. Last May a braw †	Yielding late to Nature's law, S. Musing on the roaring †
Soor Bigotry, on her last legs, . Letter to J. Goudie.	When soon or late they reach that coast, O'er life's rough ocean driven, . O Thou dread Pow'r †
This partial view of human-kind	But late she flourished, rooted fast, On Birth of Posth. Child.
Is surely not the last! . Man was made to Mourn.	Farewell, hours that late did measure
tir'd at last With fortune's vain delusion, O,	Sunshine days of joy and pleasure; . S. Raving winds †
S. My father was a farmer †	An' whyles, but ay owre late, I think
'Till my last weary sand was run, S. O were I on Parnass. †	Braw sober lessons. Second Ep. to Davie.
Some sairie comfort still at last, S. O ay my wife she dang.	As market-days are wearing late, Tam o' Shanter.
A Jillet brak his heart at last, On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.	She prophesied that late or soon,
The last, sad cape-stane of his woes; . Poor Mailie's El	Thou would be found deep drown'd in Doon; Ib. 3.
Last, tho' not least in love, ye youthful fair,	An' he paidles late an' early, O! . S. The deuks dang o'er.
There Isabella's spotless worth	And cuddled me late and early, O;
Shall happy be at last, Sad thy tale, †	How languid the scenes, late so sprightly, appear, S. The lazy mist †
Now a sad and last adieu. [re.] . S. Scenes of woe t	I will mak my Ploughman's bed,
The last Halloween I was wankin	And chear him late and early S. The Ploughman †
My droukit sark sleeve, as ye ken; S. Tam Glen.	The time flew by, wi' tentless head,
The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last; Tam o' Shanter. 8.	Till 'tween the late and early; . S. The Rigs o' Barley.
That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses; Ib. 11.	De'il tak the war! I late and air Hae wish'd S. The tither morn †
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;	We labour soon, we labour late,
My prenticeship I past where my Leader breath'd his last,	To feed the titled knave, man; . The Tree of Liberty.
The Jolly Beggars. S. I. But Och! they catched him at the last, Ib. S. IV.	I'm weary sick o't late and air! To Dr. Blacklock.
	Late crippled of an arm, and now a leg, . To R. G. of F.
Dearest of Distillation! last and best! The Author's Cry and Prayer. Mott.	Where late with careless thought I rang'd,
Till Charlie Stewart cam at last.	S. To thee, lov'd Nith †
Sae far to set us free; S. The Highl. Widow's Lament.	I wha sae late did range and rove, . S. Young Jamie †
Last, white-rob'd Peace, crown'd with a hazle wreath,	Lately. Ye've lately come athwart her; . A Dream. 13.
And now my hairns wi' my last breath	But lately seen, in gladsome green, . S. But lately seen t
And now, my bairns, wi' my last breath, I lea'e my blessin wi' you baith: . The Death of Mailie.	Which lately on a night befel, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 2.
A last request permit me here, The Farewell. To St. J.'s L	'Twas ae night lately, in my fun, Ep. to J. R., 7.
The last braw bridal that I was at,	How pale is that cheek where the rouge lately glistened; Monody, on a Lady.
'Twas on a Hallowmass day, . The last braw bridal t	As lately F-nw-ck, sair forfairn,
The last time I came o'er the moor, S. The last time I came†	Has proven to its ruin: The Ordination. 8.
For Right the third, our last, our best, our dearest,	Later. Or Cuifs of later times, wha held the notion,
The Rights of Woman.	That sullen gloom was sterling, true devotion: The Brigs of Ayr. 8.
Till tir'd at last wi' mony a farce, [v.A.1] The Twa Dogs. 6.	Latest.
For gear to gang that gate at last! Ib. 25.	"There, latest mark'd her vanish'd sail." S. Behold the hour
But pith and power, till my last hour, I'll mak this declaration;	Blest be M'Murdo to his latest day, . Blest be M'Murdo †
rhyme-proof Till my last breath The Vision. D. I. 6.	As Willie drew his latest breath; Epit. on W
At last her feet, I sang to see't,	The wretch beneath the dreary pole,
Gaed foremost o'er the knowe; S. The weary pund.	So marks his latest sun S. Farewell, dear mistress †
Sorrowing joy, adieu's last action, To a Kiss.	the latest throb that leaves my heart, S. From thee, Eliza, †
By your dear self!—the last great oath I swear, To Clarinda.	And thine that latest sigh!
Thy image at our last embrace;— Ah! little thought we 'twas our last! To Mary in Heaven.	"Awake, resound thy latest lay, . Lament for Glencairn.
	And sigh for this life's latest morrow. On Death of fav. Child.
till her last roon Gaed past their viewin, To W. Simpson. P.S.	Your course to the latest is bright. Poet. Add. to Tytler.
Ye maun conceal till your last hour! S. Wha is that at my t	A wish, that to my latest hour Shall strongly beave my breast: The Aus to the Guidwife.
For there I took the last farewell Of my sweet Highland Mary	Shall strongly heave my breast; The Ans. to the Guidwife. His latest draught o' breathin lea'es him
Of my sweet Highland Mary. S. Ye banks, and brues, and streams t	In faint huzzas. The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.
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May there my latest hours consume, S. The Banks of Nith. That to my latest draught o' life the band shall ne'er remove,	Go bid him lay his laurels down, . S. The capt. Ribband. (Th' enamour'd laurels kiss her brows,)
S. The Posie. Give energy to life; and soothe his latest breath,	The Election Ballads. VI. "So thine be the laurel, and mine be the bay; The Whistle. 18.
Latin.	Did warlike laurels crown my brow, S. When first I saw †
An' meikle Greek an' Latin mangled, Auld comrade dear †	Laurel-boughs.
'Their Latin names as fast he rattles As A B C Death and Dr. Hornbook. 20.	Then farewel hopes of Laurel-boughs, To J. S., 9. Laurell'd. 'Twas laurell'd Martial roaring murder.
What's a' your jargon o' your Schools, Your Latin names for horns an' stools;	Epig. on E.'s "Martial." Till Revenge, wi' laurell'd head Bring our Banish'd hame again; S. Frae the Friends †
Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 11. His faults they a' in Latin lay, On W. Cruickshanks.	Lave [the rest, the remainder].
There, Learning, with his Greekish face,	(What's aft mair than a' the lave) . Add. to Unco Guid. 3.
Grunts out some Latin ditty; . The Ordination. 11.	Lanely night comes on, A' the lave are sleepin'; S. Ay waukin, O.
worthy G[regor]y's latin face,	When a' the lave gae to their play, S. Duncan Gray,
But tho' dull prose-folk latin splatter In logic tulzie, To W. Simpson. P.S.	But whistle o'er the lave o't. [re.] . S. First when Maggy †
Latter. He weeping wail'd his latter times; A Vision.	And as for the lave, let the deil do his best. Jenny M'Craw †
Lauderdale.	When a' the lave gae to their bed S. My Harry was a gallant †
Out came the Lord of Lauderdale,	It's [wealth's] pride, and a' the lave o't; S. O poortith cauld, †
Out frae the south countrie, O Katharine Jaffray.	An' with the lave ilk merry morn
Laugh. Mony a laugh and mony a drink, Auld comrade †	Could rank my rig and lass; The Ans. to the Guidwife.
The creature grain'd an eldritch laugh, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 24.	Weel-pleas'd to think her bairn's respected like the lave. The Cotter's Sat. Night. 8.
An athiest-laugh's a poor exchange For Deity offended! Ep. to Young Friend. 9.	An' then your every care an' fear May whistle owre the lave o't. The Jolly Beggars. S. V.
Thy girning laugh enjoys his pangs Poem on Life.	The sweetest still to wife or maid,
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus: Tam o' Shanter. 5.	Was whistle owre the lave o't. [re.] Ib.
Laugh, to.	I'll get a blessin wi' the lave, An' never miss't! To a Mouse,
I'll laugh, that's poz—nay more, the world shall know it; Add. sp. by Fontenelle.	But there is ane aboun the lave, . S. Women's minds.
Laugh in Misfortune's face—the beldam witch! Ib.	Lave, to.
Would'st thou be cured, thou silly moping elf,	How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave, S. Afton Water.
Laugh at her follies—laugh e'en at thyself: Ib.	Busy feed, or wanton lave; On scaring Water-fowl.
I'll laugh, an' sing, an' shake my leg, As lang's I dow! Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 9.	Give me the stream that sweetly laves The banks by Castle Gordon S. Streams that glide†
Laugh o'er thy perjury S. Had I a cave †	Wha by Castalia's wimplin streamies,
Tho' Heretics may laugh;	Lowp, sing, and lave your pretty limbies, To Dr. Blacklock.
We'll laugh, sing, and rejoice, man;	Laverock, Lav'rock, Lavrock [the lark].
S. The Deil cam fiddlin' †	The lavrock shuns the palace gay, And o'er the cottage sings; . S. Behold, my love †
For fools will prate o' right and wrang, While knaves laugh them to scorn; The Election Ballads. I.	Now laverocks wake the merry morn,
The Election Ballads. I. The man of independent mind,	Aloft on dewy wing; Lament of Mary of Scots.
He looks and laughs at a' that S. The Honest Man.	The lav'rock in the morning she'll rise frae her nest, S. Lns on a Ploughman.
And laugh at a' the pangs I dree; S. Young Jamie,†	Thou lavrock that starts frae the dews of the lawn,
Laugh'd. She [nature] laugh'd at first, then felt for her poor work.	S. My Nanie's Awa. The waken'd lav'rock warbling springs
Ep. to R. Graham. 4.	And climbs the early sky, . S. Now Spring has clad †
Laughing, -in', -an.	The lav'rock lo'es the grass, S. O gie my love brose †
these are no laughing times: Add. sp. by Fontenelle. And love said, laughing in her looks,	The lav'rock, to the sky Ascends wi' sangs o' joy; S. Sleep'st thou †
Come kiss me at your leisure S. As I gaed up by †	Nae lav'rock sang on hillock green, S. The Catrine woods †
Through gentle showers, the laughing flowers	The lav'rocks they were chantan Fu' sweet The Holy Fair.
In double pride were gay S. But lately seen †	The sober laverock, warbling wild, The Petition of Br. Water.
'The weans haud out their fingers laughin, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 14.	Lav'rock-height.
As set the warld in a roar O' laughin' at us; Holy Willie's Prayer. 12.	Near lav'rock-height she jumpet, Halloween. 26.
Where laughing love sae wanton swims.	Lavish. Ye lavish woods that wave around, S. Slow spreads the gloom †
S. My Lord a-hunting †	Law [low]. O when she cam ben she hobbed fu' law,
Twa laughing een o' bonie blue S. Sae flaxen†	S. O when she cam ben †
Quo' she, an' laughan as she spak, The Holy Fair. 4. "We will get famous laughin At them this day." Ib. 5.	Law. An' did nae less, in full Congress,
"We will get famous laughin At them this day." 16. 5. Wi' quaffing, and laughing,	Than quite refuse our law, man A Fragment. held up his cheek, Conform to Gospel law, man: Ib. 6.
They ranted an' they sang; The Jolly Beggars. R. I.	An' swoor fu' rude, thro' dirt an' blood,
While new-light herds wi' laughin' spite,	To mak it guid in law, man
Say neither's liein' The Twa Herds. 9. A tear may wet thy laughin' e'e,	They'll mak what rules and laws they please. Add. of Beelzebub.
For Scotia's son . Verses under Grief.	Tho' rigid Law cries out, 'twas just! Add. to Edinburgh. 6.
Laughter. That so much laughter, so much life enjoyed. Add. sp. by Fontenelle.	Wha hae nae check but human law, Ep. to Young Friend. 3.
Laureat.	Law, physics, politics and deep divines: Ep. to R. Graham. 2.
He was her Laureat monie a year, On Scot. Bard gne to W.I.	Law, physics, politics and deep divines: Ep. to R. Graham. 2. By love, and by beauty, By law, and by duty; S. Eppie Adair.
To phrase you an' praise you, Ye ken your Laureat scorns: To Gav. Hamilton.	But what his common sense came short, He eked it out wi' law, Exten. in Court of Session.
Laurel, Laurels.	Confounds rule and law, reconciles contradiction
Contending with Billy for proud-nodding laurels.	Frag. inscr. to Fox.
Fragment, inscr. to Fox. In vain with Squire Billy for laurels you struggle, . Ib.	Who nobly perished in the glorious cause, Your king, your country, and her laws! . Frag. of Ode.
That clarty barm should stain my laurels; Searching auld †	That lives at the lug o' the law! S. Here's a health to them t
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For broken laws, Five thousand years 'fore my creation,	Lay. Flow gently, sweet River, the theme of my lays; S. Afton Water.
Holy Willie's Prayer. 3.	Sweet the lark's wild-warbled lay, Delia. An Ode.
Nature's mighty law is change; S. Let not woman† Let her crown my love her law, . S. Louis what reck†	Shall venal lays their [princes'] pompous exit hail: El. on Miss Burnet.
Which tenfold force gives Nature's law,	Oblige them, patronize their tinsel lays,
Man was made to Mourn. If I'm design'd you lordling's slave,	They persecute you all your future days! Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
By Nature's law design'd,	No sculptur'd marble here, nor pompous lay,
Hope and Fear's alternate billow Yielding late to Nature's law, S. Musing on the roaring †	Inscrip. on Tomb of Fergusson. "Awake, resound thy latest lay, . Lament for Glencairn.
The Judge that's mighty in thy law, . New Psalmody.	We'll sculpture the marble, we'll measure the lay;
And laws for Scotland's weel ordained; On Window at Stirling.	Monody, on a Lady. A hapless lover courts thy lay, S. O stay, sweet warbling \(\)
With decency and law beneath his [Riot's] feet;	Then come, sweet Muse, inspire my lay!
Prologue, sp. by Woods. By conquering beauty's sovereign law; S. Sae flaxen †	S. O were I on Parnass.† Where blackbirds join the shepherd's lays
Wha for Scotland's king and law,	Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
Freedom's sword will strongly draw? . S. Scots, wha ha'e † Some o' you nicely ken the laws,	In twining hazel bowers, His lay the linnet pours; S. Sleep'st thou, †
To round the period an' pause, The Author's Cry and Prayer.	Delighted, rival other's lays:. S. The Contented Cottager.
But why should we to nobles jouk? And its against the law that: The Election Ballads. II.	To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays, The Cotter's Sat. Night.
Wha's honour was ever his law;	The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays: Ib. 13.
Still rising by the plummet's law, The Farewell. To St. J.'s L The billand laws he held in scorn: The Lally Beautage S. III.	Fir'd at the simple, artless lays Of other times. The Vision. D. II. 12.
The lalland laws he held in scorn: The Jolly Beggars. S. IV.	But tune their lays, Till echoes a' resound again
A fig for those by law protected!	Her weel-sung praise To W. Simpson.
And equal rights and equal laws Wad gladden every isle, man The Tree of Liberty.	Lay. When frosts lay lang, an' snaws were deep,
To Nature's God and Nature's law They gave their lore, [v.A.4] The Vision. D. I.	A Guid New-year † 12. Stretch'd on his straw he lays himself to sleep,
Craigdarroch so famous for wit, worth, and law;	A Winter Night. 9.
The Whistle. 6. In vain the laws their feeble force oppose; To Clarinda.	They lay aside a' tender mercies, . Add. of Beelzebub. 4. His cheek to hers he aft did lay, . S. As down the burn †
An' then cry zeal for gospel laws,	His cheek to hers he aft did lay, . S. As down the burn † There Damon lay, with Sylvia gay: S. Damon and Sylvia.
Like some we ken. To Rev. J. M'Math. They durst nae mair than he allow'd,	Lay, large an' lang Death and Dr. Hornbook. 6.
That was a law: To W. Creech.	where poor Francis lay moaning, . Epig. on Capt. Grose. Light lay the earth on Billy's breast, Epig. on a Coxcomb.
Enthron'd in her eye he delivers his law; S. True hearted was he	I could lay my bread and kail Ep. to H. Parker.
I am a keeper of the law	There's ae wee faut they whiles lay to me,
In some sma' points, altho' not a'; . V.s to J. Ranken. What is Right, and what is Wrang, by the law, [re.]	Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 17. To lay strong hold for help on bounteous Graham.
S. Ye Jacobites †	Ep. to R. Graham. 4. Wha cheerfully lays down the pack,
Law, to [rule, determine]. But for how lang the flie may stang,	Epit. on Tam the Chapman.
Let Inclination law that The Jolly Beggars. S. VII.	Wilt thou lay that frown aside, . S. Fairest maid † O, do thou [death] kindly lay me low
Lawful, -fu'. 'Yet stops me o' my lawfu' prey, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 29.	With him I love at rest S. Fate gave the word, †
And for your lawful King his crown, S. Highland Laddie.	When you lay me in the dust, Think, think how you will bear it. S. Husband, husband †
Lawin [reckoning, bill].	I dream'd I lay where flowers were springing,
Then guidwife count the lawin, S. Gane is the day † Landlady, count the lawin,	S. I dream'd I lay † Should she refuse, I'll lay my dead
The day is near the dawin; . S. Landlady, count †	To her twa een sae bonie blue S. I gaed a waefu't
Lawlands [Lowlands]. And o'er the Lawlands I ha'e been; S. Blythe was she,	Light is the burden love lays on; S. In simmer when † As blythe lay down at e'en: Lament of Mary of Scots.
And o'er the Lawlands I ha'e been; . S. Blythe was she,† Thro' the Lawlands, o'er the Border, . S. Hee balou,†	Till down my weary bones I lay S. My father was a farmer
Lawless. An' I'll ne'er lift a lawless l-g Again upon her. Holy Willie's Prayer. 7.	O lay thy loof in mine, lass, S. O lay thy loof
Lawn. The verdure and pride of the garden and lawn.	The youthful blooming Nelly lay, S. On a bank of flowers † His faults they a' in Latin lay On W. Cruickshanks.
S. How pleasant the banks t	But cold successive noontide blasts
Tripping o'er the pearly lawn, S. It was the charming † Thou lavrock that starts frae the dews of the lawn,	May lay its beauties low Sad thy tale, † And warsle Time, and lay him on his back. Scots Prologue.
S. My Nanie's Awa.	Lay the proud usurpers low, S. Scots, wha ha'e †
When dewdrops twinkle o'er the lawn; S. On Cessnock banks † 1'll miss thee sporting o'er the dewy lawn,	Sing auld Cowl, lay you down by me, [re.] . S. Scroggam.
	Three priests' hearts, rotten, black as muck, Lay stinking, vile, in every neuk. [v.A.16] Tam o' Shanter.
And eye the smoking, dewy lawn, The Petition of Br. Water.	Go bid him lay his laurels down. S. The capt. Ribband.
The lawns wood-fringed in Nature's native taste; Wr. in Kenmore Inn.	Had not on Earth whereon to lay His head: The Cotter's Sat. Night. 15.
Lawn-sleeve.	Yestreen lay on this breast o' mine The gowden Locks of Anna. S. The gowd. Locks of A.
Nane set the lawn-sleeve sweeter, A Dream. 12.	His rays were outshone, and but mark'd where she lay.
Lawson. Mid Lawson's port entrench'd his hold, The Election Ballads. VI.	S. The heather was bloom. † I'm thine, my Highland lassie, O. S. The Highland Lassie.
Lawyer. It's aye the cheapest Lawyer's fee To taste the barrel. Scotch Drink. 13.	His doxy lay within his arm; . The folly Beggars, R.I.
Three lawyers' tongues, turn'd inside out,	Till some ane by his bonnet lays, The Holy Fair. 24.
Wi' lies seam'd like a beggar's clout; [v.A.16] Tam o' Shanter.	I'll lay on your head, that the pack ye'll soon lead, The Kirk's Alarm.
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The weather was cauld, and the lassie lay still,	I'll lay on your head, that the pack ye'll soon lead,
They lay aside their private cares,	The Kirk's Alarm. Say rather, gaun as Premiers lead him, The Twa Dogs. 22.
To mind the Kirk and State affairs; . The Twa Dogs. 18. I'll lay me with th' inglorious dead,	This leads me on, to tell for sport, What ails ye now t
Forgot and gone! To J. S., 10.	Thou whom chance may hither lead, Wr. in Friars-Carse H That foolish, selfish, faithless ways,
Through frosty hills the journey lay, To J. Taylor. She lay like some unkend-of isle	Lead to be wretched, vile, and base
Beside New Holland, . To W. Simpson.	Where the grous lead their coveys through the heather, to feed, S. You wild mossy mountains
To thy bosom lay my heart, S. Thine am I † Now let us lay our heads thegither,	Leader.
In love fraternal: To W. Simpson. 17.	My Prenticeship I past where my Leader breath'd his last, The Jolly Beggars. S. I.
I'd lay them a' at Jeanie's feet, . S. When first I saw † Lay'd v. Laid.	Leading-string. When Superstition's hellish brood
Layest.	Kept France in leading-strings, man. The Tree of Liberty.
Thou layest them with all their cares In everlasting sleep; The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps.	Lea'e [leave]. tak that, ye lea'e them naething, To ken them by, Ep. to J. R., 4.
Lazy, Lazie.	She lea'es them gashan at their cracks,
She's saft at best an' something lazy, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 3. The melancholious, lazie croon	Then lea'e the lassie till her fate, S. O steer her up † His latest draught o' breathin lea'es him
O' cankrie care. Ep. to Maj. Logan. 4. Tho' rough an' raploch be her measure,	In faint huzzas. The Author's Cry and Prayer. P. I lea'e my blessin wi' you baith: . The Death of Mailie.
She's seldom lazy. Second Ep. to Davie.	What airs in dress an' gait wad lea'e us, And ev'n Devotion! To a Louse.
The lazy mist hangs from the brow of the hill, S. The lazy mist †	An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain, For promis'd joy! To a Mouse.
They loiter, lounging, lank an' lazy; The Twa Dogs. 30. The bum-clock humm'd wi' lazy drone, Ib. 35.	Then please sir, to lea'e sir,
Lea, Lee, Lay, Ley [land under grass, or untilled].	The orders wi' your lady To Gav. Hamilton. An' when the auld Moon's gaun to lea'e them, The hindmost shaird, they'll fetch it wi' them,
Thou could hae gaen like ony staggie Out owre the lay A Guid New-Year †	To W. Simpson, P.S.
There oft as mild ev'ning weeps over the lea, S. Afton Water.	Leaf. Amang the fresh, green leaves bedew'd, S. A Rosebud by †
Her bonie face it was as meek, As ony lamb upon the lee! S. Blythe was she t	I see the spreading leaves and flowers, S. Craigie-burn Wood.
Mourn little harebells o'er the lee; El. on Capt. M. H., 5.	Wild as the winter now tearing the forest, Till the last leaf o' the summer is flown,
Or owre the lays, in splendid blaze, On sprightly coursers prance; Halloween.	S. Gloomy December.
While clover blooms white o'er the lea, S. In simmer when † And spreads her sheets o' daisies white	And gentle the fall of the soft vernal shower, That steals on the evening, each leaf to renew.
Out o'er the grassy lea: . Lament of Mary of Scots.	S. How pleasant the banks † The simmer is gane when the leaves they were green,
Now Nature cleeds the flow'ry lea, S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite † And strew'd the lea wi' flowers: S. Now Spring has clad †	S. Lady Mary Ann. "Nae leaf o' mine shall greet the spring,
O can ye labour lea, young man, S. O can ye labour lea †	Lament for Glencairn.
He couldna labour lea	Wae worth thy power, thou cursed leaf, Lns, on Back of Bank Note.
in the cauld blast, On yonder lea, . S. O wert thou in †	O raging fortune's withering blast Has laid my leaf full low, O! S. Luckless Fortune.
November hirples o'er the lea, On Birth of Posth. Child. The auld man he came over the lea, S. The auld man t	How pure, amang the leaves sae green;
The flowers decay'd on Catrine lea, S. The Catrine woods †	S. O bonie was yon rosy † And I mysel' the zephyr's breath,
The paitrick whirrin' o'er the ley, S. The Contented Cottager. As Robie tauld a tale o' love	Amang its bonie leaves to play S. O were my love † With flow'rs so white and leaves so green,
Ae ev'ning on the lily lea? S. There was a lass t	S. On Cessnock banks †
As blythe and as artless as the lambs on the lea, S. There's auld Rob M. †	Yellow leaves the woodlands strowing, . S. Raving winds † When you green leaves fade frae the tree,
And o'er the lea I leuk fu' fain S. Young Jockey † Lea-rig [a ridge under grass, unploughed land].	Around my grave they'll wither. S. Sweet fa's the eve † Through and through the inspired leaves,
I'll meet thee on the lea-rig,	Ye maggots make your windings; . The Book-Worms.
My ain kind dearie O S. When o'er the hill † Ley-crap [lea-crop].	When lyart leaves bestrow the yird, The Jolly Beggars. R. I. The small birds rejoice on the green leaves returning,
And waly fa' the ley-crap	S. The small birds † The polish'd leaves, and berries red,
For I maun till'd again S. There's news, lasses † Lead. The lead and buoy are needful to the net:	Did rustling play; . The Vision. D. II. 23.
Fine [head] for a sodger	The trees now naked groaning, Shall soon wi' leaves be hinging, S. The young Highl. Rover. That wee hit heap o' leaves an' stibble.
A' the wale o' lead The Election Ballads. IV. And your skulls are storehouses o' lead. The Kirk's Alarm.	That wee-bit heap o' leaves an' stibble, To a Mouse.
Lead, to.	Unmindful that the thorn is near, Among the leaves; To J. S., 16.
Or some Montgomery, fearless, lead them; Add. of Beelzebub. 2.	Never, never reptile thief
Youth, grace, and love attendant move, And pleasure leads the van, S. A. Mastrin's bonie Anne.	Riot on thy virgin leaf! To Miss C. Inspir'd, I turn'd Fate's sibyl leaf,
The flowery Spring leads sunny Summer, S. Bonie Bell.	This natal morn, To Terraughty. Leaf-clad.
Ye yet may follow where a Douglas leads! [v.A.12] Scots Prologue.	Green, slender, leaf-clad Holly-boughs The Vision. D. I. 9.
To Evan-banks, with temp'rate ray,	Leafless. Sharp shivers through the leafless bow'r; A Winter Night.
Home of my youth, he leads the day. S. Slow spreads the gloom † Liou my lovely days to lead in	Fu' loud and shrill the frosty wind
I joy my lonely days to lead in This desert drear; The Hermit.	Blaws through the leafless timmer, S. I'm o'er young to marry †
If we lead a life of pleasure, 'Tis no matter how or where. The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII.	Beneath the blasts the leasless forests groan; On Death of R. Dundas.
2 M	on zono of it. Dunitus.

Sing on, sweet thrush, upon the leafless bough,	Learned, -'d, Learnt.
Sonnet, wr. on Birthday. The forests are leafless, the meadows are brown,	He learned to fear in his own native wood. S. Caledonia, 5. But tell him he was learn'd and clark,
S. I he tazy mist t	Ye roos'd him then! El. on Death of R. Ruisseaux.
The leafless trees my fancy please, Winter. Leafy.	But by your leaves, my learned foes, Ye're maybe wrang. Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 10.
Her leafy locks wave in the breeze	It may escape the learned clerks; S. O this is no my ain t
S. Again rejoicing Nature † The hirds rejoice in leafy bow'rs, S. O Logan! sweetly †	Learn'd vive la bagatelle, et vive l'amour; Sketch. The learned Sire and Son I saw, The Vision. D.I.
The birds rejoice in leafy bow'rs, S. O Logan! sweetly† By wimpling burn and leafy shaw, S. Sae flaxen†	Might there have learnt new mysteries of his art; The Vowels.
While birds rejoice in leafy bowers; S. Where Cart rins†	Till by himsel he learn'd to wander,
League.	Adown some trottin hurn's meander, To W. Simpson. Some herds, weel learn'd upo' the beuk, Ib. P.S.
And in kirk-yards renew their leagues, Owre howcket dead. Add. to the Deil. 9.	Learning, s.
Their leagues and their covenants a' she has ta'en; Jenny M'Craw †	There Learning, with his eagle eyes, Seeks Science in her coy abode. Add. to Edinburgh. 2.
Some social join, and leagues combine; S. Now westlin winds †	An' hae to Learning nae pretence, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 9.
The Solemn League and Covenant	Gie me ae spark o' Nature's fire, That's a' the learning I desire;
Cost Scotland blood—cost Scotland tears: The League and Covenant.	For genius, learning high, as great in war
Leagu'd.	Prologue, sp. by Woods. Learning and Worth in equal measures trode.
Wi man and nature leagu'd my foes, S. Now Spring has clad † Leal [loyal, true, faithful].	The Brigs of Ayr. 13.
Friend of the poet tried and leal, Friend of the Poet †	But pious Bob, 'mid learning's store, Commandment tenth remember'd The Dean of Fac.
Hearts leal, an' warm, an' kin': Halloween.	There, Learning with his Greekish face,
May he who wins thy matchless charms Possess a leal and true heart; . S. Polly Stewart.	Grunts out some Latin ditty; The Ordination. 11. And learning in a woody dance, . The Twa Herds. 16.
But Foorsday, Sir, my promise leal,	Learning.
Expect me o' your party,	Learning his tuneful trade from ev'ry bough; The Brigs of Ayr.
Lean'd.	Lease. For me, thank God, my life's a lease,
He lean'd him to an ancient aik, . Lament for Glencairn.	Nae bargain wearing faster, A Dream. 6.
Leap.	Least.
Peerest to meditate the healing leap: Add. sp. by Fontenelle. Lear [lore, learning].	There, watching high the least alarms, Add. to Edinburgh, 5. Last, tho' not least in love, ye youthful fair,
It's no in books: it's no in Lear	Prologue at Th., D
To make us truly blest: Ep. to Davie. 5.	At least to see thee blest S. It is na, Jean †
The hardly he for sense or lear,	If love for love thou wilt na gie, At least be pity to me shown; S. O Mary at thy†
Re better than the kve	At least some pity on me shaw, If love it mayna be S. O mirk, mirk †
In this braw age o' wit and lear, Poem on Pastoral Poetry. Thou clears the head o' doited Lear; Scotch Drink. 6.	If love it mayna be
An' strive, wi' a' your Wit an' Lear, To get remead. The Author's Cry and Prayer.	He'll draw me fifteen pun' at least The Inventory.
To get remead. The Author's Cry and Prayer. It kindles Wit, it waukens Lear,	Leather. Whare ye may nobly rax your leather, A Guid New-year † 18.
It pangs us fou o' Knowledge The Holy Fair. 19.	Ye sall get gowns and ribbons meet,
Or, nae reflection on your lear, Ye may commence a Shaver; . The Ordination. 9.	Cauf-leather shoon upon your feet, . S. Ca the Ewes.
tired o' sanls to waste his lear on, To Dr. Blacklock.	Tho' whyles ye moistify your leather [v.A.2] The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.
Learn. Was quick to learn and wise to know, A Bard's Epit.	An' ye wha leather rax an' draw, Of a' denominations:
Learn three-mile pray'rs, an' half-mile graces, A Ded. to G. H., 9.	Of a' denominations; The Ordination. Wee Willie Gray, an' his leather wallet; S. Wee Willie Gray†
Young, royal Tarry-Breeks, I learn, Ye've lately come athwart her; A Dream. 13.	Leave.
Learn to despise those frowns now so terrific,	Nae canker worms get leave to dwell. As on the banks
Add. sp. by Fontenelle. I'll learn my kin a rattling sang, [re.]	But by your leaves, my learned foes, Ye're maybe wrang. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 10.
S. And O for ane and twenty t	But gin the Lord's ain focks gat leave, Letter to J. Goudie.
An' no owre auld, I hope, to learn! El. on Year 1788. But, thanks to Heaven, that's no the gate	To give him leave to toil; . Man was made to mourn. To crown your happiness he asks your leave,
But, thanks to Heaven, that's not the gate We learn our creed. Ep. to J. $L-k$, Ap. 21st, 14.	Protogue, at In., D.
Would thou hae nobles' patronage, "First learn to live without it!"	About to beg a pass for leave to beg; To R. G. of F.
Extem. on Commem.s of I nomson.	Leave, to. O ye wha leave the springs o' C-lv-n,
Thro' weary life this lesson learn, Man was made to Mourn. Then from his Lordship I shall learn, On dining with Daer.	For gumlie dubs of your ain delvin! A Ded. to G. H., 10.
An' tho' fu' foughten sair eneugh,	And canst thou leave me thus for pity [re.] S. Canst thou leave me thus †
Yet unco proud to learn, . The Ans. to the Gutte wife.	leaves the tartaned lines, For other wars, Ep. fr. Esopus.
An' may they never learn the gaets, Of ither vile, wanrestfu' Pets! The Death of Mailie.	Will you leave your justings, your jars, and your quarrels, Fragment, inser. to Fox.
Nor learns their guilty lore! The 1st Psalm.	the latest throb that leaves my heart, S. From thee, Eliza, †
To learn bon ton and see the worl' The Twa Dogs. 22.	To leave her [my mammy] I am eerie, Sir. S. I'm o'er young to marry t
'Thou canst not learn, nor I can show, 'To paint with Thomson's landscape-glow; The Vision. II. 19.	For lack o' thee, I leave this much loved shore,
And learn to tent the farms wi' me? S. There was a lass ?	Lns. on Back of Bank Note.
lest he learn the callan tricks, . To Gavin Hamilton. The how might learn to swear:	And I maun leave my bonie Mary. S. My bonie Mary. Gin ye'll leave your Collier laddie. S. My Collier Laddie.
A-' same to loorn them for their tricks.	The more in this [wealth, &c.] you look for bliss.
Were hang'd an Drunt. 10 W. Simpson. F.S	You leave your view the farther, O;
I dread ye'll learn the gate again . S. Wha is that at t	5.29

O leave novels, ye Mauchline belles, O leave novels†	Three blither hearts, that lee-lang night,
Who shall say that Fortune grieves him, While the star of hope she leaves him? S. One fond kiss†	Ye wadna found in Christendie. S. O Willie brew'd The Thresher's weary flingin'-tree,
To leave me a hundred or twa, man, Ronalds of Bennals.	The lee lang day had tir'd me; The Vision. D. I. 2
But for the muse, she'll never leave ye, Tho' e'er sae puir, . Second Ep. to Davie.	Or lee-lang nights, wi' crabbet leuks, Pore owre the devil's pictur'd beuks; The Twa Dogs. 33
Stay, my charmer, can you leave me?	Sae I'll rejoice the lee-lang day, S. The yng Highl. Rover
Cruel, cruel to deceive me! . S. Stay my charmer †	We lap an' danced the lee-lang day, S. T. Menz.'s bonie Mary
Do not, do not leave me so! [re.]	The lee-lang night we watch'd the fauld, S. What will I do gin
I leave to tyrants and their slaves; S. Streams that glide †	Leer.
Woods that ever verdant wave, I leave the tyrant and the slave,	with a would-be-roguish leer and wink, Prologue, at Th., D.
When chapmen billies leave the street, . Tam o' Shanter.	Leesome [pleasant, gladsome]. But the tender heart o' leesome love,
Oh wha wad leave this humble state	The gowd and siller canna buy: S. In simmer when
For a' the pride of a' the great? S. The Contented Cottager. And certes, in fair Virtue's heavenly road,	Leest [lest]. Leest neebours might say I was saucy: S. Last May a braw wooer
The Cottage leaves the Palace far behind:	Leeward.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 19. These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,	Tho' leeward whyles, against my will, I took a bicker. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 5
To leave the bonie banks of Ayr S. The gloomy night †	Leeway.
Simper James, Simper James, leave the fair Killie dames, The Kirk's Alarm.	But in the teeth o' baith [wind and tide] to sail, It maks an unco leeway Add. to Unco Guid. 4
Or leaves the faithfu' lass he lo'ed,	Leeze me on [a phrase of congratulatory endear.
To wear a ragged coat The Ruined Maid's Lament. 'I saw thee leave their evining joys,	ment, blessings on, recommend me to].
'And lonely stalk, . The Vision. D. II. 15.	Leeze me on thy bonie craigie, S. Hee balow Leeze me on the calling Fills the dusty peck.
And [Phœbus] vowed that to leave them he was quite forlorn,	S. Hey the dusty miller
The Whistle. 13. Or wilt thou leave thy mammie's cot, S. There was a lass †	Leeze me on thee, John Barleycorn, Thou king o' grain! . Scotch Drink. 3
And leave auld Scotia's shore? To Mary.	Leeze me on rhyme! its ay a treasure, Second Ep. to Davie
O plight me your faith, my Mary, Before I leave Scotia's strand	Oh leeze me on my spinning-wheel,
Why am I loth to leave this earthly scene? Why am I loth †	Oh leeze me on my rock and reel; [re.] S. The Contented Cottager.
And leave a man undone To his fate S. Ye Jacobites †	Leeze me on Drink! it gies us mair Than either School or Colledge: . The Holy Fair. 19
eaving.	So leeze me on thee, Robin S. There was a lad
It's leaving thee, my bonie Mary! S. My bonie Mary. In leaving the dochter of a lord, . S. O when she cam ben †	Leezie. A wanton widow Leezie was,
ecture. Who dreads a curtain-lecture worse than hell.	Poor Leezie's heart maist lap the hool; 1b. 26
The Henpecked Husband.	Will ye go to the Highlands, Leezie Lindsay, [re.] Leezie Lindsay
ed. Led him a sair faux pas, man: . A Fragment. 7. And list'ning to their witching voice	Left. To dip her left sark-sleeve in, Halloween. 24
Has often led me wrong. A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.	But owre my left shouther I ga'e him a blink, S. Last May a braw wooer
Bold-following where your Fathers led! Add. to Edinburgh. 7.	On right, on left, and every hand,
great Dundee, who smiling victory led, . Fragment of Ode.	We saw none to deliver New Psalmody. And down by Simpson's wheel'd the left about:
goavan, as if led wi' branks, On dining with Daer.	The Brigs of Ayr. 3.
While you wild flowers among, Chance led me there;	The pedant in his left hand clutch'd him fast, The Vowels
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led; . S. Scots, wha hae t	To right or left, eternal swervin, To J. S., 19. She's twisted right, she's twisted left, . S. Willie Wastle
The great Argyle led on his files,	Loft Harly my Sives have left their shed
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor. All-chearing Plenty, with her flowing horn,	And fac'd grim Danger's loudest roar, Add. to Edinburgh. 7.
Led yellow Autumn wreath'd with nodding corn;	A glebe o land, a claut o gear,
The Brigs of Ayr. 13. And there led I the Bushby's a'; The Election Ballads. V.	Was left me by my auntie, S. And O for ane and twenty to Weel, since he has left me, may pleasure gae wi'him,
Led on the Loves and Graces;	S. As I was a-wand ring
Craigdarroch led a light-arm'd core,	Altho' he has left me for greed o' the siller,
Or him wha led o'er Scotland a' The meikle Ursa-Major? . The Fêle Champetre.	"To shiver in the blast their lane." . As on the banks †
That fell remorse, a conscience bleeding	In what a pickle thou hast left us l . El. on Year 1783.
Hath led me here The Hermit. I might, by this, hae led a market, The Vision. D. I. 5.	I bless and praise thy matchless might, Whan thousands thou hast left in night,
	Holy Willie's Prayer. 2. It was a' for our rightfu' king
'But yet the light that led astray, 'Was light from Heaven Ib. D. II. 17.	We left fair Scotland's strand; . S. It was a' for t
She kens her father is a laird,	And hope has left my aged ken, . Lament for Glencairn.
And she forsooth's a leddy, The Tarbolton Lasses.	The Man of Worth, and has not left his peer, [v.A.10] Sonnet on Death of Riddel.
edger. What are your landlord's rent-rolls? taxing ledgers: Lns. on Window, K.'s Arms.	Ae spring brought off her master hale,
ee v. Lea.	But left behind her ain gray tail:
ee, adj. A lee dyke-side, a sybow-tail,	And my fause luver staw the rose.
And barley-scone shall cheer me To Mr. M'Adam.	But left the thorn wi' me. S. The Banks of Doon. Sett. II.
The court have leacher of th' Furier South Build as	He left his bed and took his wayward rout, The Brigs of Ayr. 3.
That curst horse leeches o' th' Excise, Scotch Drink. 20. ee-lang [live-long].	Who left the all-important cares Of fiddles, wh-res, and hunters; The Election Ballads. VI.
Then I maun sit the lee-lang day, S. Duncan Gray.	But cautious Queensberry left the war,
I think on him that's far awa'.	But left behind him heroes bright,
The lee-lang night, and weep, S. It was a' fort a' the lee-lang simmer's day, . S. O were I on Parnass. t	A faithful brother I have left, The Farewell.
0.0 were 1 0.1 William.	The Hunter now has left the moor, S. The gloomy night †

They're left, the whitening stanes amang,	An' at our leisure when ye like
The Petition of Br. Water. And there I left for witness, an arm and a limb;	We'll whistle owre the lave o't. The Jolly Beggars. S. V. Come kiss me at your leisure. [re.] S. As I gaed up by †
The Jolly Beggars. S.I.	Leisure-moment.
But the godly old Chaplain left him in the lurch; Ib. S. II. They scarcely left to coor their fuds, Ib. R. VIII.	Hae ye a leisure-moment's time To hear what's comin?
The last time I came o'er the moor,	Leith.
And left Maria's dwelling, S. The last time I came † He left the foul business to folks less divine. The Whistle. 15.	The boat rocks at the Pier o' Leith, . S. My bonie Mary. Len' [lend].
Thou hast left me ever, Tam, thou hast left me ever,	Some counsel unto me come len'; S. Tam Glen.
S. Thou hast left me \ Now thou'st left thy lass for ay—I must see thee never. Ib.	Lend. Ought he can lend he'll not refus't, A Ded. to G. H., 5.
Still much is left hehind; To Chloris.	Could'st thou to malice lend an ear! . S. Fairest maid † I hae naething to lend, I'll borrow frae naebody, S. Naebody.
And left us darkling in a world of tears:) To R. G. of F., 9.	I've little to spend, and naething to lend, Ronalds of Bennals.
I said 'Gude night,' and cam' awa', And left the Session;	Length. At length, says I, 'Friend, whare ye gaun, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 8.
I left the lines, and tented field, . S. When wild War's	At length we had a hearty yokin,
Quo' she, my grandsire left me gowd,	At sang about. Ep. to J. $L-k$, Ap. 1st, 2. To run the twelvemonth's length again:
But ah! he left the thorn wi' me S. Ye banks and braes †	Sketch. New-Yr's Day.
Left-hand.	At length his lonely Cot appears in view, The Cotter's Sat. Night.
His saul has ta'en some other way, I fear, the left-hand road Epit. on Holy Willie.	At length poor Mailie silence brak. The Death of Mailie.
Their left-hand General had nae skill; S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	At length wi' drink an' courting dizzy, The Jolly Beggars. R. III.
Left'st. Thou left'st us darkling in a world of tears.	Lengthen'd.
El. on Miss Burnet.	Grunt up a solemn, lengthen'd groan, . A Ded. to G. H., 9. How mony lengthen'd sage advices,
Forjesket sair, with weary legs, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 2.	The husband frae the wife despises! . Tam o' Shanter. 4.
I'll laugh, an' sing, an' shake my leg, As lang's I dow!	Auld Ayr is just one lengthen'd, tumbling sea; The Brigs of Ayr. 7.
An' I'll ne'er lift a lawless l-g	His lengthen'd chin, his turn'd up snout, The Holy Fair. 13.
Again upon her. Holy Willie's Prayer. 7. Bare her leg and hright her een, . S. I met a lass †	If envious buckies view wi' sorrow Thy lengthen'd days on this blest morrow, To Terraughty.
Soor Bigotry on her last legs, . Letter to J. Goudie.	Lenox. He whistl'd up lord Lenox' march, . Halloween. 19.
She was nae get o' runted rams,	Lent. Thae bonie Bairntime, Heav'n has lent, A Dream. 9. We bless thee, God of nature wide,
Wi' woo' like goats, an' legs like trams; [v.A.19] Poor Mailie's El	For all thy goodness lent: A Grace before Dinner.
My best leg foremost, I'll set up my brow, Scots Prologue.	He lent them his name to the firm. The Election Ballads. III. Lente largo.
A better [mare] never lifted leg,	May still your life from day to day.
O'er Pegasus I'll fling my leg, The Election Ballads. VI.	Nae "lente largo" in the play, . Ep. to Maj. Logan. 5. Lesley. Lesley is sae fair and coy, S. Blythe ha'e I been to
Ae leg an' baith the trams are broken, The Inventory. Tho' scarcely langer than your leg, Ib.	Thon art a gneen, fair Lesley,
tho' I must beg with a wooden arm and leg,	Thou art divine, fair Lesley, [re.] S. O saw ye bonie Lesley † Less. And now the third part o' the string,
The folly Beggars. S. I. His leg was so tight and his cheek was so ruddy, Ib. S. II.	An' less, will gang about it A Dream. 4.
Snaw-white stockins on his legs, . S. The Ploughman †	An' did nae less, in full Congress, A Fragment. That now perhaps thou's less deservin, A Guid New-Year † 17.
Till half a leg was scrimply seen; And such a leg! my Bess, I ween, Could only peer it;	Far less [right] to riches, pow'r or freedom,
The Vision. D. I. II.	Add. of Beelzebub. 3. And not less anxious sure this night than ever,
Nor kick your rickles aff their legs, Third Ep. to J. Lap An' legs, an' arms, an' heads will sned,	Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
Like taps o' thrissle To a Haggis.	'Wi' less, I'm sure, I've hundreds slain; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 16.
On my ain legs thro' dirt and dub, I independent stand ay To Mr. M'Adam.	Less fit to play the part, Despondency, an Ode. 4.
And when those legs to gude, warm kail,	I tent less, and want less Their roomy fire-side;
Wi' welcome canna hear me;	Think ye, are we less blest than they, Wha scarcely tent us in their way,
"If that your right hand, leg or toe,	To say aught less wad wrang the cartes,
"Should ever prove your sp'ritual foe, What ails ye now † Ae limpin leg a hand-breed shorter; S. Willie Wastle †	Nor make our scanty Pleasures less, By pining at our state:
Legal.	And Death was nae less pleased wi' Thomas,
Ply ev'ry art o' legal thieving; A Ded. to G. H., 8.	Epit. on Tam the Chapman. True it is, she had one failing,
But shall thy legal rage pursue The Wretch already crushed low A Winter Night. 9.	Had ae woman ever less? . Lns under Pict. of Miss B. For my puir, silly, rhymin' clatter
In legal mode an' form: To Gav. Hamilton.	Some less maun sair. Second Ep. to Davie.
Legion. When out the hellish legion sallied. Tam o' Shanter. 16.	Nor makes the hour one moment less. Sketch. New-Yr's Day. Her sorrows share and make them less? The Lament. 5.
Legislation.	They're ay in less or mair provided; . The Twa Dogs. 16.
Far be't frae me that I aspire To blame your Legislation, A Dream. 5.	An' ay the less they hae to sturt them,
Sat Legislation's Sov'reign pow'rs! Add. to Edinburgh. 1.	In like proportion, less will hurt them 16. 29. Ought less is little, There's naethin like †
Leister [a three-pronged spear for sticking fish].	Wi' auld Nick there's less danger; To a Painter.
A three-tae'd leister on the ither [shouther] Lay, large an' lang. Death and Dr. Hornbook.	Yet love to friendship shall give way, I cannot wish it less
Lelsure. when in Ayr, some half-hour's leisure, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 14.	Frae less to mair it gaed to sticks; To W. Simpson. P.S.
At hame, a-fiel, at wark or leisure, Second Ep. to Davie.	Your coatie's shorter by a span, Yet ne'er an inch the less, lassie. S. Ye hae lien wrang.

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Lessen. An' lessen a' your charges; A Dream. 7.	Levee. My Bardship here, at your Levee, . A Dream.
Though 'twad my sorrows lessen V.s, under Grief.	Levee. My Bardship here, at your Levee, . A Dream. Nae mair we see his levee door
Detraction's eye no aim can gain,	Philosophers and Poets pour, To W. Creech.
Her winning powers to lessen; . S. Young Peggy †	Level. The Brethren o' the mystic level Tam Samson's El
Lesser. And many a lesser torrent scuds, With seeming roar. The Vision. D.I. 14.	Levell'd. He levell'd his rays where she bask'd on the brae
	S. The heather was blooming †
Less'ning.	Leven. And the lasses o' Leven S. Hey ca' thro'.
Thou ling'ring star, with less'ning ray, S. To Mary in Heaven.	Lexicon.
Lesson. Tho' losses, and crosses, Be lessons right severe, Ep. to Davie. 7.	But oh! what signifies to you His lexicons and grammars; On W. Chalmers.
Thro' weary life this lesson learn, Man was made to Mourn.	Ley v. Lea.
Let simple maid the lesson read, . S. O Lassie, art thou †	Libation. An' pour divine libations
An' whyles, but ay owre late, I think	For joy this day The Ordination.
Braw sober lessons. Second Ep. to Davie.	Libbet [castrated].
A lesson sadly teaching, to your cost, The Brigs of Ayr. 7.	How libbet Italy was singin; . Kind Sir, I've read †
Cold-pausing Caution's lesson scorning, . To J. S., 15.	Libel. Says the more 'tis a truth, Sir, the more 'tis a libel?
Lesson'd.	Reproof by Himself.
The hizzies, if they're oughtlins faussont, Let them in Drury Lane be lesson'd! Add. of Beelzebub. 4.	Their views enlarg'd, their lib'ral mind,
Let. Than let them ance out owre the water;	Above the narrow, rural vale: . Add. to Edinburgh. 3.
Add. of Beelzebub.	Or gathered lib'ral views in Bonds and Seisins.
E'en let them clash; Add. to Illegit. Child.	The Brigs of Ayr. 10.
An' let poor, damned bodies bee; Add. to the Deil. 2.	A candid lib'ral band is found Of public teachers, To Rev. J. M'Math.
An' it [her e'e] winna let a body be!	Liberty, -ie. The sacred posie—Libertie! A Vision.
S. Again rejoicing Nature †	And who would to Liberty e'er prove disloyal,
She took to her hills, and her arrows let fly, S. Caledonia.	May his son be a hangman and he his first trial.
She lets thee to wit, that she has thee \{S. Eppie M'Nab. \} forgot, \\ S. Saw ye my Phely.	At Meet. of D. Volunteers.
Maybe thou lets this fleshly thorn,	May liberty meet wi' success! S. Here's a health to them t
Beset thy servant e'en and morn, . Holy Willie's Prayer. 9.	Liberty's in every blow! S. Scots wha ha'e †
We'll let her stand a year or twa, . S. My love she's but †	Liberty's a glorious feast! . The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII.
Thou'rt like themsels sae lovely,	Wi' your liberty's chain and your wit; The Kirk's Alarm.
That ill they'll ne'er let near thee. S. O saw ye bonie L.	She sang a sang o' liberty, The Tree of Liberty. And blythe we'll sing, and hail the day
O let me in this ae night, [re.] . S. O Lassie, art thou †	That gave us liberty, man
I winna let you in, jo	Libra.
Nae poison'd soor Arminian stank, He let them taste, The Twa Herds. 5.	The third [day] of Libra's equal sway, Nature's Law.
When simple bodies let him; To Gav. Hamilton.	Licence.
	Nae kind of licence out I'm takin'; . The Inventory.
Gif I rise and let you in, Let me in, quo' Findlay; S. Wha is that at †	Licentious.
O wilt thou let me chear thee? . S. Wilt thou be my t	Licentious Passions burn; . Man was made to mourn.
Then let your schemes alone, in the state, [re.]	Licks [a beating].
S. Ye Jacobites †	An' monie a fallow gat his licks,
To honest-hearted, auld L[aprai]k,	Wi' hearty crunt; . To W. Simpson. P.S.
For his kind letter. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st.	Licket [beaten, vanquished]. Ye've heard this while how I've been licket,
But please transmit the enclosed letter,	Friend of the Poet † P.S.
S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. G.†	An' gif it's sae, ye sud be licket . Second Ep. to Davie.
A letter inform'd me that all was to wreck; S. No Churchman am I †	Licket, -it [licked].
For your auld-farrent, frien'ly letter; Second Ep. to Davie.	Our Mess John, wi' his auld grey pow,
Forswore it, every letter, The Fête Champetre.	His haly lips wad licket at her S. Donald Brodie †
For your braw, nameless, dateless letter,	Bitter in dool I lickit my winnins O' marrying Bess, to gie her a slave:
Third Ep. to J. Lap	S. O merry hae I been t
Wow, but your letter made me vauntie! To Dr. Blacklock.	Lie. Wi' monie a fulsome, sinfu' lie, . A Ded. to G. H.
He tald mysel by word o' mouth, He'd tak my letter; . Ib.	Some books are lies frae end to end,
I gat your letter, winsome Willie; . To W. Simpson.	And some great lies were never penn'd: Death and Dr. Hornbook.
Letters. Far seen in Greek, deep men o' letters, To J. S., 8.	Great lies and nonsense baith to vend, [v.A.6] Ib.
Letter'd.	Three lawyers' tongues turn'd inside out,
His locked, letter'd, braw brass-collar . The Twa Dogs. 3.	Wi' lies seam'd, like a beggar's clout; [v.A.16]
thro' the steeks, The yellow letter'd Geordie keeks Ib. 8.	Tam o' Shanter.
Leugh [laughed].	An' tellin' lies about them; To Gav. Hamilton.
How graceless Ham leugh at his Dad, . The Ordination. 4.	And give all his hopes the lie? . S. Why, why tell thy † Lle, to.
Leuk [look].	I winna lie, come what will o' me) . A Ded. to G. H., 4.
And ay a westlin leuk she throws, Ep. to H. Parker.	Behint a kist to lie an' sklent, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 11.
On this ane's dress, an' that ane's leuk, They're makin observations; The Holy Fair. 20.	I scorn'd to lie;
Or lee-lang nights, wi' crabbet leuks,	They [his looks] say their master is a knave
Pore owre the devil's pictur'd beuks; . The Twa Dogs. 33.	And sure they do not lie That there is falsehood †
An' backlins-comin, to the leuk,	I scorn'd to lie; What ails ye now †
She grew mair bright. To W. Simpson. P.S.	Lie, Lye, Ly, to.
Leuk, Luke, to [look].	And in my arms ye'se lie and sleep, . S. Ca' the Ewes.
She whisper'd Rob to leuk for't:	In love to lie and languish, S. Craigie-burn Wood.
Royal George, the Lord leuk o'er him! Kind Sir, I've read	Now Robin lies in his last lair, El. on Death of R. Ruisseaux.
Nor for my ten white shillings luke, . The Inventory.	To lye in kilns and barns at e'en, Ep. to Davie. 3.
While frighted rattons backward leuk, The Jolly Beggars. R. II.	An honest man here lies at rest, Epit. on a Friend.
And o'er the lea I leuk fu' fain S. Young Jockey †	Here lie the loving Husband's dear remains Epit. for Author's Father.
1 0, 2 4, 20, 20, 1	

Here lyes a man a woman rul'd, Epit. on Henpecked Squire.	Lien [lain]. This seven lang years I hae lien by his side, S. The deuks dang o'er.
Below thir stanes lie Jamie's banes; Epit. on noisy Polemic. Here lies in earth a root of Hell, Epit. on D. C.	My auld grey head had lien in clay,
Here lies with death auld Grizel Grim.	Ye hae lien wrang, lassie Ye've lien a' wrang;
O Death, how horrid is thy taste To lie with such a b—?	Ye've lien in some unco bed, S. Ye hae lien wrang. Liege. Adieu, my Liege! A Dream. 8.
To lie with such a b——?	Lieutenant.
Here lies Johnny Pidgeon, . Epit. on J. Dove, Innkeeper.	Jamy Goose, Jamy Goose, ye ha'e made but toom roose, In hunting the wicked Lieutenant; . The Kirk's Alarm.
Here cursing, swearing Burton lies, Epit. on Mr. Burton.	Lieve [lief].
An' here his body lies fu' low Epit. on wee Johnie. Here lies a mock Marquis . Exten. on 'the Marquis.'	As lieve then I'd have then,
Wi cannie care, they've plac'd them [the stocks]	Your clerkship he sould sair, To Gav. Hamilton. Life. life's mad career, Wild as the wave, A Bard's Epit
To lye [aboon the door] that night. Halloween. 5. I restless lie frae e'en to morn, S. How lang and dreary	Wha kens, before his life may end,
There the Lover's treasure lies S. Jockey fout	What his share may be o' care man? A Bottle and Friend. When ebbing life nae mair shall flow, A Ded. to G. H., 14.
"But I maun lie before the storm, "And ithers plant them in my room. Lament for Glencairn.	in the vale of humble life, Ib. 16.
"For silent, low, on beds of dust,	For me, thank God, my life's a lease, Nae bargain wearing faster, A Dream. 6.
"Lie a' that would my sorrows share 16.	But ere the course o' life be through,
"My nohle master lies in clay;	It may be bitter sautet:
That fast in durance lies Lament of Mary of Scots.	Of life I ought to shun; A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.
Maun lie in prison strang	While the sands o' life shall run S. A red, red Rose. Long life, my Lord, and health he yours, Add. of Beelzebub.
The way to me lies through the kirk:	May twin auld Scotland o' a life
S. Lass, when yr mither t	She likes—as Butchers like a knife! 16.
He who of R-k-n sang, lies stiff and dead,	That so much laughter, so much life enjoyed. Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
Lns while on Deathoea.	Whase life is like a weel-gaun mill, . Add. to Unco Guid.
Here lies, now a prey to insulting neglect, What once was a butterfly gay in life's beam:	See Social-life and Glee sit down, All joyous and unthinking,
Monoay, on a Ludy. Epit	But life to me's a weary dream,
And lie down wi' my Collier laddie. S. My Collier Laddie. By Colin's cottage lies his game, S. My Lord a-hunting t	A dream of ane that never wanks. S. Again rejoicing Nature
Wha will kiss me where I lie? S. O wha my babie-clouts †	Life to me how dreary! S. Ay waking, O
Here lie Willie M—hie's banes, On a Schoolmaster. With echo silent lies On Death of Lap-dog.	Nae ither care in life have I, But live, an' love my Nanie, . S. Behind yon hills t
With echo silent lies	Thus seasons dancing, life advancing,
Low lies the heart that swell'd with honest pride! On Death of Sir J. Blair.	Old Time and Nature their changes tell, . S. Bonie Bell. Now life is a hurden that hows me down, S. By yon castle wa'
My patriot falls, but shall he lie unsung, Ib.	And robb'd him at once of his hopes and his life:
Here lies a rose, a hudding rose, . On Poet's Daughter.	S. Caledonia. 5. If I had twenty thousand lives,
Or haply lies beneath th' Atlantic roar. Once fondly lov'd† th' untimely tomb where Riddel lies. Sonnet, on Death of R	I'd die as aft for Charlie S. Come boat me o'er
The mosses, waters, slaps, and styles,	I ask for dearest life alone, That I may live to love her. S. Come, let me take thee
That lie between us and our hame, . Tam o Shanter.	But man is a soldier, and life is a faught: S. Contented wi' little
There, low he lies, in lasting rest; [v.A.15] Tam Samson's El	And a' my days o' life to come
Tam Samson's weel-worn clay here lies, Ib. Epit.	O Life, thou art a galling load,
Sires, mothers, children, in one carnage lie: The Brigs of Ayr.	Along a rough, a weary road, To wretches such as I! . Despondency, an Ode.
'Here lies a famous Bullock!' The Calj.	Happy! ye sons of Busy-life,
Or how the royal Bard did groaning lye, Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;	And hast thou crost that unknown river. Life's dreary bound! El. on Capt. M. H., 15
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 14.	If thou at Friendship's sacred ca'
But land are night out down it lies	Wad life itself resign,
All wither'd and decay'd The 1st b V.s of 90th Ps	O Death hadst thou but spar'd his life,
And by them lies the dearest lad	Epig. on Henpecked Squire
That over blast a woman's ee S. The lowely lass of In. T	For still th' important end of life, They [wha fa'] equally may answer: Ep. to Young Friend. 4
There lies the dear partner of my breast, S. The sun he is sunk!	But when on life we're tempest driven,
There lie my sweet babies in her arms, 16.	This life has joys for you and I; Ep. to Davie. & For life and spunk like ither Christians,
The bonie lasses lie aspar, S. There was a lad the But now the share uptears thy bed,	I'm dwindled down to mere existence. Ep. to H. Parker
And low thou lies! . To a Mountain-Daisy.	It thirl'd the heart-strings thro' the breast, A' to the life. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 3
Lies, senseless of each lugging bitch's son. To R. G. of F., 6. Glencairn, the truly noble, lies in dust;	May still your life from day to day, Nae "lente largo" in the play, . Ep. to Maj. Logan. 5
And now what lands between us lie, . When I think on t	A mortal quite unfit for fortune's strife, Yet oft the sport of all the ills of life; Ep. to R. Graham. 3
You, a charming lovely creature, Wharefore wad ye lie y'er lane! S. Will ye go and marry t	Yet oft the sport of all the ills of life; Ep. to R. Graham. 3 Weak, timid landsmen on life's stormy main!
Say to be just and kind, and wise.	Weak, timid landsmen on life's stormy main! Ib. 5 Who life and wisdom at one race begun, Il
There solid self-enjoyment lies; . Wr. in Friars-Carse 11.	Friend of my life, true patron of my rhymes! It
Lie'd. To hear the Moon sae sadly lie'd on By word an' write. To W. Simpson. P.S.	Seek not the proofs in private life to find; It Who in his life did little good, Epit. on Mr. Burton
Liein' [lying]. While new light herds wi' langhin' spite.	When they who wad hae stary'd thy life
While new-light herds wi' laughin' spite, Say neither's liein' The Twa Herds. 9.	Thy senseless turf adorn! Extem. on Commem.s of Thomson

Depriv'd of thee, his life and light,	that grim foe of life below, . S. The day returns †
S. Farewell, dear mistress † Thou grim King of Terrors, thou life's gloomy foe,	O bid him save their harmless lives, The Death of Mailie. Friend o' my muse, friend o' my life,
S. Farewell, thou fair day the While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands,	The Election Ballads. VI.
O, who would not die with the brave! Ib. 've liv'd a life of sturt and strife, S. Farewell, ye dungeons †	in life where-ever plac d, The 1st Psalm. Curs'd be the man, the poorest wretch in life, The Henpecked Husband.
And with him all the joys are fled,	And hither came, with men disgusted,
Life can to me impart S. Fate gave the word, †	My life to end The Hermit.
And by that life, I'm promised mair o't, Friend of the Poet † P.S.	I wear away My life, and in my office holy
What signifies the life o' man,	Consume the day
An' 'twere na for the lasses, O. S. Green grow the Rashes. Such was my life's deceitful morning, S. I dream'd I lay †	Thro' dirt and dub for life I'll paidle, The Inventory.
Oh, thoughtless lassie, life's a fecht,	If we lead a life of pleasure,
The canniest gate, the strife is sair; S. In simmer when t	'Tis no matter how or where. The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII.
And still as signs of life appear'd,	Life is all a variorum,
They toss'd him to and fro John Barleycorn. For all the life of life is dead, Lament for Glencairn.	She made me weary of my life, By one unruly member S. The Joyful Widower.
So e'en to preserve the poor body in life,	But, to my comfort be it spoke,
S. Last May a braw wooer †	Now, now her life is ended
There's nae life like the Ploughman in the month o'sweet May.	And your life like the new driven snaw, The Kirk's Alarm.
Lns on a Ploughman. To think life's sun did set ere well begun	How life and love are all a dream! The Lament.
To shed its influence on thy bright career. Lns on Fergusson.	Alas! Life's path may be unsmooth!
But see him [man] on the edge of life, Man was made to mourn.	Life's weary vale I'll wander thro';
Thro' weary life this lesson learn,	S. The lazy mist †
What once was a butterfly gay in life's beam:	Life is not worth having with all it can give, Ib.
Monody, on a Lady. Epit	I'll make thy days easy the rest of thy life: S. The Poor Thresher.
Thus all obscure, unknown, and poor, Thro' life I'm doom'd to wander, O, S. My father was a farmer† And other Poets sing of wars.	That to my latest draught o' life the band shall ne'er remove,
S. My father was a farmer †	S. The Posie.
And other Poets sing of wars, The plagues of human life; Nature's Law.	There taste that life of life—immortal love.
Life's cares they are comforts'—a maxim laid down	The Rights of Woman. When, gin the truth were a' but kent,
By the Bard, what d'ye call him, that wore the black gown; S. No Churchman am I †	Her life's heen waur than mine.
My life was ance that careless stream,	The Ruined Maid's Lament.
S. Now Spring has clad \	Now life's poor support, hardly earn'd, My fate will scarce bestow: S. The sun he is sunk †
Amid life's thorny path o' care. S. O bonie was yon rosy † O why should Fate such pleasure have,	Without this tree, alake this life
Life's dearest bands untwining? S. O poortith cauld	Is but a vale o' woe, man; The Tree of Liberty.
O'er life's rough ocean driven, S. O Thou dread Pow'r †	What sort o' life poor dogs like you have; An' when the gentry's life I saw, The Twa Dogs. 7.
while life's dearest blood is warm, S. O wat ye wha's in t	The dearest comfort o' their lives,
The frost that freezes the life at my breast, S. Oh, open the door	Their grushie weans an' faithfu' wives; Ib. 17.
And life's poor season peaceful spend. On scaring Water-fowl.	When rural life, of ev'ry station, Unite in common recreation;
The bitter little that of life remains: On seeing wounded Hare.	Sure great folk's life's a life o' pleasure? Ib. 27.
Who heals life's various stounds, On Birth of Posth. Child.	Niest day their life is past enduring
And sigh for this life's latest morrow. On Death of fav. Child.	But this is Gentry's life in common
Life's social haunts and pleasures I resign, On Death of R. Dundas.	I think my wife will end her life, Before she spin her tow S. The weary Pund.
Dame life, tho' fiction out may trick her, . Poem on Life.	I hae been a de'il now the feck o' my life,
Now life's chilly evening dim shades on your eye,	S. There liv'd ance a carle †
Nor even the man in private life forgot;	What is life when wanting love? S. Thine am I
Prologue, sp. by Woods.	On Life's rough ocean luckless starr'd! To a Mountain-Daisy.
Life, thou soul of every blessing, Load to misery most distressing, S. Raving winds †	Since, thy gay morn of life o'ercast,
Tho' life's a gift no worth receivin,	Chill came the tempest's lour; To Chloris.
When heavy-dragg'd wi' pine an' grievin, Scotch Drink. 5.	Since life's gay scenes must charm no more, Ib. Nor life nor soul was ever half so dear! . To Clarinda.
The wheels o' life gae down-hill scrievin, Wi' rattlin glee	To make a happy fire-side clime To weans and wife,
Thou art the life o' public haunts;	That's the true pathos and sublime Of human life.
And tho' your fathers, prodigal of life, A Douglas follow'd to the martial strife, [v.A.12]	To Dr. Blacklock.
A Douglas follow'd to the martial strite, [v.A.12] Scots Prologue.	This life, sae far's I understand, Is a' enchanted fairy-land,
That future-life in worlds unknown	When ance life's day draws near the gloamin, . Ib. 14.
Must take its hue from this alone; Sketch. New-Yr's Day. (A sight life's sorrows to repulse,	O Life! how pleasant in thy morning, Young Fancy's rays the hills adorning! Ib. 15.
'Tis then—'tis then, I wake to life and joy!	Your lives, a dyke!
S. Sleep'st thou or wak'st \	His well-won bays, than life itself more dear,
Life's poor day I'll musing rave, S. Streams that glide †	To R. G. of F., 5.
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious 1 Tam o' Shanter. 6.	The hapless Poet flounders on thro' life
Put life and mettle in their heels	Thro' a long life his hopes and wishes crown; Ib. q. Give energy to life; and soothe his latest breath, Ib.
The saul o' life, the heav'n below.	And thou grim Pow'r, by Life abborr'd,
Is rapture-giving woman. The Ans. to the Guidwife.	While life a pleasure can afford, To Ruin.
The lowly train in life's sequester'd scene;	When shall my soul, in silent peace, Resign Life's joyless day?
The Cotter's Sat. Night. And in his Book of Life the inmates poor enroll Ib. 17.	Resign Life's joyless day?
And O may Heaven their simple lives prevent	Scarce quite half-worn To Terraughty.
From luxury's contagion, weak and vile! Ib. 20.	Summer kindly warms, Wi' life an' light, To W. Simpson.

While the life beats in my bosom, Thou shalt mix in ilka throe: S. Turn again, thou †	Sits meek content with light unanxious heart, Sonnet, wr. on Birthday.
And, while I toddle on through life,	There's some great folks set light by me.
I'll ne'er gang by your door V.s to Landlady.	I set as light by them; The Election Ballads. I.
As fill'd his after life wi' grief	For Murray's light horse are to muster,
An' bloody rants, What ails ye now † Where early life I sported; S. When wild War's †	As light as ony lambie,
Life is but a day at most,	'Know, the great Genius of this Land, 'Has many a light, aerial band, The Vision. D. II. 3.
Sprung from night, in darkness lost; Wr. in Friars-Carse H	But did na Jeanie's heart lowp light, S. There was a lass †
Life's meridian flaming nigh	Maks Hours like Minutes, hand in hand,
Life's proud summits wouldst thou scale? Ib.	Dance by fu' light
As life itself becomes disease Seek the chimney-nook of ease	A leal, light heart was in my breast, S. When wild War's † My purse is light, I've far to gang,
Till Future Life, future no more,	No more I trace the light footsteps of pleasure,
To light and joy the good restore,	S. Where are the joys †
For dear to me as light and life Was my sweet Highland Mary.	Light-arm'd.
S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †	Craigdarroch led a light-arm'd core, <i>The Election Ballads. VI.</i> Light, s. The cauld blue north was streaming forth Her lights,
Or hunt a Parent's life Wi' bludie war S. Ye Jacobites †	A Vision. 4.
Life-blood.	They!—they be d—d! what right hae they To meat, or sleep, or light o' day? Add. of Beelzebub. 3.
The life-blood streaming thro' my heart, Ep. to Davie. 9.	The stars shot down wi' sklentan light, Add. to the Deil. 7.
And while my heart wi' life-blood dunted I'd hear't in mind Friend of the poet	And when the lark, 'tween light and dark,
While subtile Litigation's pliant tongue	Blythe waukens by the daisy's side,
The life-blood equal sucks of Right and Wrong:	S. Again rejoic. Nature † A burning an' a shining light Auld comrade, †
On Death of R. Dundas. Chilly Grief my life-blood freezes, S. Raving winds †	His soul was like the glorious sun,
Life-giving.	A matchless Heavenly Light! El. on Capt. M. H.
Life-giving wars of Venus Lns on Window, Gl. Tav.	Mourn him thou Sun, great source of light; Ib. 14.
Life-guard.	If thou on men, their works and ways, Canst throw uncommon light,
Gie fine braw claes to fine Life-guards, To J. S., 22.	And virtue's light that beams beyond the spheres;
Lifeless. No fear more, no tear more, To stain my lifeless face, To Ruin.	El. on Miss Burnet. Poor, thoughtless devils! yet may shine
Lift [the sky].	In glorious light, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 16.
Athort the lift they [northern lights] start and shift, A Vision.	Or [their soul] in some day-detesting owl
When Phœbus gies a short-liv'd glow'r,	May shun the light Ib. 17. Be't light, be't dark,
Far south the lift, A Winter Night. While day blinks in the lift sae hie; . S. Ca' the Ewes.	Sir Bard will do himself the pleasure Ep. to Maj. Logan. 14.
While day blinks in the lift sae hie; S. Ca' the Ewes. Her smile's a gift frae 'boon the lift, S. Lovely Davies.	Depriv'd of thee, his life and light, S. Farewell, dear mistress†
That's blinking in the lift sae hie; S. O Willie brew'd †	No other light shall guide my steps
When lightnings fire the stormy lift, The Election Ballads. VI.	Now farewell, light, thou sunshine bright, S. Farewell, ye dungeons †
I'll bless her and wiss her	But we'll ne'er stray for faute o' light, S. Gane is the day †
A Friend above the Lift Wr. on Leaf of "H. More." Lift [a large quantity, as much as one may lift].	A burnin' an' a shinin' light, Holy Willie's Prayer. 2.
Gie me o' wit an' sense a lift, . Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st.	More sweet than the light to my eye. S. My Love's a winsome †
Lift. Ramsay an' famous Fergusson	But gleg as light are lovers' een, . S. O this is no my ain †
Gied Forth an' Tay a lift aboon; . To W. Simpson.	Till fley'd awa' by Phoebus' light S. O were my love † Fair beaming, and streaming,
To gie the jars an' barrels A lift The Holy Fair. 14.	Her silver light the boughs amang; . S. Sae flaxen †
Lift, to. An' I'll ne'er lift a lawless l-g Again upon her. Holy Willie's Prayer. 7.	When skirlin weanies see the light, . Scotch Drink. 12.
If sae, thy han' maun e'en be borne,	In pride of beauty's light; S. Sleep'st thou, or wak'st †
Until thou lift it	She ventured forward on the light; . Tam o' Shanter. 11.
Blythe morning lifts his rosy eye, . S. O Logan, sweetly † Lifts high its roof and arches wide, . On Lincluden.	Each in its cauld hand held a light
Rosy morn now lifts his eye, . S. Sleep'st thou, or wak'st †	The rising sun, our Galston Muirs,
The tender flower that lifts its head, elate,	Wi' glorious light was glintan; The Holy Fair.
The Rights of Woman.	Beneath the moon's unclouded light, I held awa to Annie: S. The Rigs o' Barley.
Thou lifts thy unassuming head In humble guise; . To a Mountain-Daisy.	Deep lights and shades, bold-mingling, threw
Lifted. With grateful lifted eyes, Epit. on a Laird.	A lustre grand; . The Vision. D. I. 12.
With accents wild and lifted arms she cried;	'But yet the light that led astray, 'Was light from Heaven Ib. D. II. 17.
On Death of Sir J. Blair.	And, like a passing thought, she fled,
Fu' lifted up wi' Hebrew lore, And band upon his breastie; On W. Chalmers.	In light away
A better never lifted leg, Tam o' Shanter. 9.	Though Fate said, a hero should perish in light; The Whistle. 16.
Wi' glowrin een, an' lifted han's, . The Death of Mailie.	And dear to my heart as the light to my e'e.
If I may dare a lifted eye to thee, Why am I loth †	S. There's auld Rob M. †
Light, adj., adv Your Hand's owre light on them, I fear; Add. of Beelzebub. 4.	Beneath what light she has remaining, Let's sing our sang To J. S., 20.
Are their hearts as light as ours	Never baleful stellar lights.
Beneath the milkwhite thorn? . S. Behold, my love, †	Taint thee with untimely blights! To Miss C.
As light's a bird upon a thorn, . S. Blythe was she, †	And hear him curse the life he first surveyed, To R. G. of F Thou orb of day! thou other paler light! To R. Graham
Light lay the earth on Billy's breast, . Epig. on Coxcomb.	Whether the summer kindly warms,
As light as the air, and fause as thou's fair, S. Eppie M'Nab.	Wi' life and light, To W. Simpson.
Upon that night, when Fairies light, On Cassilis Downans dance, Halloween.	To light and joy the good restore, To light and joy unknown before. Wr. in Friars Carse H
'An' he made unco light o't;	For dear to me as light and life
Light is the hurden love lays on; . S. In simmer when †	Was my sweet Highland Mary.
Her robes, light waving in the hreeze, S. On a bank of flowers	S. Ye banks and braes and streams †

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Light, to.	Like, to.
O! soon, to me, may summer-suns Nae mair light up the morn! Lament of Mary of Scots.	She likes—as Butchers like a Knife! . Add. of Beelzebub. In lanely glens ye like to stray; Add. to the Deil. 5.
When Cynthia lights wi' silver ray,	"Love, I like the burn,
The weary shearer's hameward way, Lassie wi the lintwhite †	And ay shall follow you." . S. As down the burn t
Me, no cheerful twinkle lights me; S. One fond kiss †	As ill I like my fauts to tell; . Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 16.
We'll light a spunk, and, ev'ry skin, We'll rin them aff in fusion Like oil, some day.	I like the lasses—Gude forgie me! Ib. 17.
The Ordination. 14.	I dinna like to see your face,
Light, to [alight].	Nor hear your crack
I'll light now, and dight now, His sweaty wizen'd hide Ep. to Davie. 11,	Wha dearly like a jig or sang, . Ep. to Maj. Logan. 6.
If in your bounds ye chance to light	But still, but still, I like them dearly 1b. 9.
Upon a fine fat fodgel wight, On Grose's Peregrinations.	Lads like lasses weel, And lasses lads too.
She'll gie ye a beck, and bid ye light, The Tarbolton Lasses.	S. Gudeen to you Kimmer †
Lighted.	And that's the way I like to do S. John, come kiss. That ye can please me at a wink,
Let minstrels sweep the skilful string, In lordly, lighted ha':	Whene'er ye like to try S. O Tibbie!†
Whose soul of fire, lighted at heaven's high flame,	I dearly like the west, S. Of a' the airts †
Fragment of Ode.	Wha dearly like a random-splore; On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.
Yestreen, when to the trembling string The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha',	We're your ain bairns, e'en guide us as ye like, Scots Prologue.
S. O Mary at thy window t	But I will send to London town Whom I like best at hame The Election Ballads. I.
I see her yet, the sonsy quean, That lighted up my jingle; . The Ans. to the Guidwife.	Whase ain dear lass, that he likes hest,
Lighted [alighted].	Comes clinkan down beside him! . The Holy Fair. 11.
Had Kirk and State been in the gate,	Enough of ought ye like but grace; The Inventory.
I lighted when she bade me S. Had I the wyte †	An' at our leisure when ye like We'll whistle owre the lave o't The Jolly Beggars. S. V.
At gloamin-shote it was, I wat, I lighted on the Monday;	I like the jads for a' that
Lighten. It lightens, it brightens,	He rises when he likes himsel; The Twa Dogs. 8.
The tenebrific scene, Ep. to Davie. 10.	This chap will dearly like our kin', S. There was a lad †
Not the Poet in the moment Fancy lightens in his ee', . S. Turn again thou fair †	As them wha like to taste the drappie There's naethin like †
Lightened. Misfortune's lightened steps might wander wild;	It's no I like to sit an' swallow, Then like a swine to puke an' wallow, To Mr. J. Kennedy.
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.	
Lighter. There's no a heart in a' the land,	An honest man may like a glass, An honest man may like a lass, To Rev. J. M'Math.
But's lighter at the news o't The noble Maxwells †	While moorlan herds like guid, fat braxies; To W. Simpson.
Does the train-attended Carriage	'Or gin ye like to end the bother, What ails ye now †
Thro' the country lighter rove? The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII.	A bonie lass, I like her best, S. Women's Minds.
The blythest bird upon the bush, Had ne'er a lighter heart than she.	Liked, -'d. I said he might die when he liked for Jean; S. Last May a braw wooer †
S. There was a lass, and †	And weel he lik'd to shed their bluid,
Lightly. Or lightly flit on wanton wing S. Bonie lassie, will ye go †	And sell their skin The Twa Herds. 6.
As o'er the moor they lightly foor, S. Duncan Davison.	Liken.
O tread ye lightly on his grass, Epit. on Wag.	To liken them to your auld-warld squad, I must needs say, comparisons are odd. The Brigs of Ayr. 10.
Fu' lightly rase I on the morn, Lament of Mary of Scots.	Likeness.
For summer lightly dress'd, S. On a bank of flowers †	His likeness cam' up the house stalking, . S. Tam Glen.
Or speakin lightly o' their Limmer, . The Twa Dogs. 26.	Their likeness is not found on earth, in air, or sea. The Brigs of Ayr. 8.
lightly tripping among the wild flowers, S. Their groves of †	Liking.
Ance lightly lap ye owre the knowe, S. Ye hae lien wrang. Fu' lightly danc'd he in the ha'. S. Young Jockey †	The more incapacity they bring,
Lightly-jumping. The lightly-jumping, glowrin trouts,	The more they're to your liking The Dean of Fac
The Petition of Br. Water.	Lilac. O were my love you lilac fair,
Lightly, to [depreciate, slight].	With purple hlossoms to the spring; S. O were my love †
For lack o' gear ye lightly me, S. O Tibbie! †	Lilt [sing]. An' lilt wi' holy clangor; . The Ordination. 3.
And whyles ye may lightly my beauty a wee; S. O whistle † Lightning. The lightning of her eye in tears imbued.	Lily.
On Death of Sir J. Blair.	How fair and how pure is the lily, S. Adown winding Nith †
The lightnings flash from pole to pole; Tam o' Shanter. 10.	Hast thou found that beauty's lillies Were not made for aye to last? Blue Bonnets.
When lightnings fire the stormy lift,	Let Bourbon exult in his gay, gilded lilies,
The Election Ballads. VI.	S. How pleasant the banks
Come let us spend the lightsome days	Her heaving bosom, lily white, . S. I gaed a waefu' †
In the hirks of Aberfeldy. S. Bonie Lassie, will ye go t	For the lily in the bud will be bonier yet. S. Lady Mary Ann.
When I think on the lightsome days I spent wi' thee, my dearie; S. How lang and dreary †	Now blooms the lily by the bank, Lament of Mary of Scots.
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,	A lily in a wilderness S. My Lord a-hunting †
S. The Banks of Doon, Sett. II.	The lily's hue, the rose's dye, S. My Mary's face †
And I hae lost my lightsome heart, The Ruined Maid's Lament,	The springing lilies sweetly press'd, Wild wanton kiss'd her rival breast;
Lightsomely.	S. On a bank of flowers †
As lightsomely I glowr'd abroad, The Holy Fair. 2.	But may ye flourish like a lily, On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.
Like. Though like as was ever twin brother to brother, Fragment inscr. to Fox.	While peaches, and cherries, and roses and lilies, They fade and they wither awa, man. <i>Ronalds of Bennals</i> .
Let them do the like, S. Hey ca' thro'.	Fairest flow'r! behold the lily,
The like has been that you may wear	Blooming in the sunny ray; S. Sensibility,
A noble head of horns	And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 18.
As whiles they're like to be my dead, . To W. Simpson. 5. Bout which our herds sae aft hae been	Her cheeks like lilies dipt in wine,
Maist like to fight , , Ib. P.S.	S. The Lass that made the bed.
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The lily it is pure, and the lily it is fair,	in her rough imperfect line To Rev. J. M'Math.
And in her lovely bosom I'll place the lily there; S. The Posie.	Glide sweet in monie a tunefu' line; . To W. Simpson.
Ae ev'ning on the lily lea? S. There was a lass †	To rule their torrent in th' allowed line; Why am I loth † Lines.
The simmer lillies bloom in snaw, S. To daunton me.	
And sweet is the lily at evening close; S. True-hearted was he †	In lines extended lang and large, S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor. I left the lines and tented field. S. When wild War's
Unseen is the lily, unheeded the rose	I left the lines and tented field, . S. When wild War's †
The lily's hue and rose's dye Bespoke the lass o' Ballochmyle. S. Twas even—the dewy†	Linger. If, hapless chance! they linger lang,
Twice a lily flower will be him sark and cravat;	The Petition of Br. Water. Lingering, -'ring.
S. Wee Willie Gray † Syne pale like ony lily, S. When wild War's †	And singing, lone, the ling'ring hours, Add. to Edinburgh.
Lily-white.	I see the hours, in long array, That I must suffer, lingering, slow The Lament. 7.
And plight me your lily-white hand; . S. To Mary.	When the lingering moments are number'd wi' care?
Limb. 'Twas neither broken wing nor limb, Ep. to J. R., 12.	S. The small birds rejoice †
Welcome the hour, my aged limbs Are laid with thee at rest! Man was made to mourn.	When ling'ring lips no more must join; To a Kiss. Thou ling'ring star, with less'ning ray
Sae sweetly move her genty limbs, S. My Lord a-hunting †	Thou ling ring star, with less ning ray, S. To Mary in Heaven.
Thy waist sae jimp, thy limbs sae clean, S. O were I on Parnass. †	Lining. Here's the stuff and lining, O' Cardoness' head; The Election Ballads. IV.
Her tender limbs embrace, . S. On a bank of flowers †	Twa had manteeles o' dolefu' black,
And there I left for witness, an arm and a limb;	But ane wi' lyart lining; The Holy Fair. 2.
The Jolly Beggars. S. I. Her strappan limb an' gausy middle, Ib. R. V.	Lingo. And [Bards] ken the lingo of the sp'ritual folk; The Brigs of Ayr. 4.
Her limbs the polish'd marble stane,	Link. Her hair was like the links o' gowd, S. The Lass that made the bed.
S. The Lass that made the bed. Limbie [dim. of limb].	Linkan [tripping].
Wha by Castalia's wimplin streamies,	Some luckless hour will send him linkan, To your black pit; . Add. to the Deil. 20.
Lowp, sing, and lave your pretty limbies, To Dr. Blacklock.	Linked.
Lime. Your ruin'd, formless bulk o' stane and lime, The Brigs of Ayr. 6.	With linked hands we took the sands, S. As I gaed up by †
O sweet grows the lime and the orange, To Mary.	Linket [tripped deftly]. And linket at it in her sark! Tam o' Shanter. 12.
Limmer [a strumpet; a kept mistress].	Linkum-doddie.
Still persecuted by the limmer Frae year to year; Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 10.	The spot they ca'd it Linkum-doddie, . S. Willie Wastle †
'Ye little Skelpie-limmer's-face! Halloween. 14.	Linn, Lin [a waterfall, cascade]. White o'er the linns the burnie pours,
Or speakin lightly o' their Limmer, . The Twa Dogs. 26.	S. Bonnie Lassie, will ye go †
Limp. My spavet Pegasus will limp, Till ance he's fairly het; Ep. to Davie. 11.	Spak o' louping o'er a linn; S. Duncan Gray †
Limpan, -in.	Or foaming, strang, wi' hasty stens, Frae lin to lin. El. on Capt. M. H., 4.
Na, even tho' limpan wi' the spavie Frae door tae door. Second Ep. to Davie.	Or torrents owre a linn, Extem. in Court of Session.
Tho' limpan wi' the Spavie, The Jolly Beggars. R. VII.	Whyles owre a linn the burnie plays,
Ae limpin leg a hand-breed shorter; S. Willie Wastle †	There, high my boiling torrent smokes, Wild-roaring o'er a linn: . The Petition of Br. Water.
Limpet, -it [limped]. Nor limpet in poetic shackles; Ep. to H. Parker.	We heard nought but the roaring linn, S. What will I do gin†
Owre mony a weary hag he limpit, Tam Samson's El., 10.	Linnen. Blest be the hour she cool'd in her linnens,
Limpid. Sweet the streamlet's limpid lapse	S. O merry hae I been t
To the sun-brown'd Arab's lip; Delia, an Ode. "Thou foundst me like the morning sun	Been snaw-white seventeen hunder linnen! Tam o' Shanter. 13.
"That melts the fogs in limpid air, Lament for Glencairn.	Linnet. Within the bush, her covert nest A little linnet fondly prest, S. A Rosebud by †
Or mus'd where limpid streams once hallow'd, well, On Death of Sir J. Blair.	When linnets sang, and lammies play'd, As on the banks †
The limpid streamlet yonder flowing	Ye tiny elves that guiltless sport, Like linnets in the bush, Despondency, an Ode. 5.
Supplying drink, The Hermit. Lin v. Linn.	The mother linnet in the brake
Lincluden. Lincluden's ugly witch; Epit. on Grizel Grim.	Bewails her ravish'd young; S. Fate gave the word, † Which [Floweret], save the linnet's flight, I wot,
Lindsay. Will ye go to the Highlands, Leezie Lindsay, [re.]	Nae ruder visit knows, . S. Now Spring has cladt
Line, the. S. Leezie Lindsay.	The spreading thorn [o'erhangs] the Linnet. S. Now westlin winds †
Than a' the pride that loads the tide, And crosses o'er the sultry line; S. The day returns †	In twining hazel bowers, His lay the linnet pours; S. Sleep'st thou, or wak'st †
Line. brave Caledonia, the chief of her line, S. Caledonia.	The chanting linnet, or the mellow thrush, The Brigs of Ayr.
And pours his vengeance in the burning line, Ep. fr. Esopus.	May have charms for the linnet and the bee;
Twa lines frae you wad gar me fissle, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 22.	S. The winter it is past † A-listening the linnet, oft wanders my Jean.
sordid sons o' Mammon's line Ib., Ap. 21st, 16.	S. Their groves of t
There ne'er was a coward o' Kenmure's blude, Nor yet o' Gordon's line. S.O Kenmure's on and awa†	chearful peace, with linnet song, . Wr. in Friars-Carse H. Lint [flax; "i' the bell," in flower].
Bright ran thy line, O G On same Lord G.	How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' Lint was i' the bell.
The injur'd Stuart line is gone, On Window at Stirling.	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11.
In thy sweet Caledonian lines; Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	I bought my wife a stane o' lint, . S. The weary Pund. Lintwhite [of the colour of lint or flax].
Thanks to you for your line. The Ans. to the Guidwife. That you may keep th' unerring line,	Lassie wi' the lintwhite locks, S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite †
Still rising by the plummet's law,	Lintwhite [a linnet].
The Farewell. To St. J.'s L Whoe'er thou art, these lines now reading, The Hermit.	In vain to me, in glen or shaw, The mavis and the lintwhite sing.
"Thy line, that have struggled for freedom with Bruce,	S. Again rejoicing Nature †
The Whistle.	The lintwhites in the hazel braes, S. The Contented Cottager.

The blackbird strong, the lintwhite clear,	And listen mony a grateful bird
The Petition of Br. Water. But hawks will rob the tender joys	Return you tuneful thanks. The Petition of Br. Water. Therefore while ye're blooming Katie,
That bless the little lintwhite's nest; S. There was a lass and †	Listen to a loving swain; . S. Will ye go and marry † Listened.
When lintwhites chant among the buds, To W. Simpson.	I listen'd to a lover's sang, . S. By Allan stream †
Lion. Old Scotia's bloody lion bore: Add. to Edinburgh. 7.	How dull is that ear which to flattery so listened.
Whyles, ranging like a roaran lion, . Add. to the Deil.	Monody, on a Lady.
A lambkin in peace, but a lion in war, S. Caledonia.	Listening, -'ning.
The Anglian lion, the terror of France,	And list'ning to their [Passions] witching voice
Like Æsop's Lion, Burns says, sore I feel All others' scorn—but damn that ass's heel.	Has often led me wrong. A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.
Reply to a Reproof.	List'ning, the doors an' winnocks rattle, A Winter Night. 3. Listening to the doubling roar, S. How can my poor heart †
Whistling his [combustion's] roaring pack abroad,	List'ning to the wild birds singing,
Of mad, unmuzzled lions; The Election Ballads. VI.	By a falling, chrystal stream; . S. I dream'd I lay †
The lion and the bull thy [Nature's] care have found, To R. G. of F	an aithm hand the listlein Dand The Dain of Ann .
Lioness.	All nature list ning seem'd the while, S. Twas even—the dewy †
My voice, a lioness that mourns	S. Twas even—the dewy †
Her darling cub's undoing! The Election Ballads. VI.	Listless. I, listless, yet restless, Find ev'ry prospect vain. Despondency, an Ode. 2.
Lip. The rose-bud's the blush o' my charmer,	Dull, listless, teased, dejected, and deprest, To R. G. of F
Her sweet balmy lip when 'tis prest:	
S. Adown winding Nith †	The life-blood equal sucks of Right and Wrong:
And on thy lips I seal my vow, S. An' I'll kiss thee yet † Sweet the streamlet's limpid lapse	On Death of R. Dundas.
To the sun-brown'd Arab's lip; Delia, an Ode.	And vermined gipsies litter'd heretofore. Ep. fr. Esopus.
But, Delia, on thy balmy lips	Little. For prayin I hae little skill o't; A Ded. to G. H., 13.
Let me, no vagrant insect, rove!	For temp'ral gifts we little merit; A Grace.
His haly lips wad licket at her S. Donald Brodie †	A little linnet fondly prest, S. A Rosebud by my †
Her lips are roses wet wi' dew! . S. Her flowing locks †	Gude pity me, because I'm little, . Adam A-'s Prayer.
wi' hingin' lips and snakin', Holy Willie's Prayer.	Which we so little merit, At Globe Tav., D.
Her lips like roses wet wi' dew, . S. I gaed a waefu' f	The little birdies blythely sing, S. Bonie lassie, will ye go †
'Compar'd wi' my delight is poor 'Upon the lips o' Phely	Contented wi' little, and canty wi' mair,
Thy tempting lips, thy glancing e'en,	S. Contented wi' little †
S. O were I on Parnass.†	Ye little know the ills ye court, . Despondency, an Ode. 5. Mourn little harebells o'er the lee; El. on Capt. M. H., 5.
Thy lips are as sweet and thy figure compleat, S. O when she cam ben †	Ye ken yoursels, for little feck! El. on Year 1788.
Her lips still as she fragrant breath'd,	An' little to be trusted; Ep. to Young Friend.
It richer dy'd the rose. S. On a bank of flowers †	Or if she [Religion] gie a random-sting,
Her lips are like the cherries ripe, S. On Cessnock banks †	It may be little minded;
Unto these rosy lips to grow: S. Sae flaxen †	Tho' we hae little gear, Ep. to Davie. 2.
Was naething to my hinny bliss	The poor, wee thing was little hurt; Ep. to J. R., 8.
Upon the lips o' Anna. S. The gowd. Locks of A.	An' that there is I've little swither . Ep. to Maj. Logan. 8.
She put the cup to her rosy lip S. The Lass that made the bed.	The little fate allows, they share as soon Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
Take away these rosy lips,	Wha in his life did little good, . Epit. on Mr. Burton.
Rich with balmy treasure: S. Thine am I†	Ye little Skelpie-limmer's face! Halloween. 14.
When ling'ring lips no more must join; To a Kiss.	But for to meet the Deil her lane,
O pale, pale now, those rosy lips I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly!	She pat but little faith in:
S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †	His little faithful mate to chear, . S. Here is the glen †
Her lips more than the cherries bright, S. Young Peggy †	Has cheer'd ilk drooping little flow'r, S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite †
Lippen'd [trusted].	I earn a little money, O, . S. My father was a farmer †
I lippen'd to the chiel in trouth, To Dr. Blacklock.	We seek but little, L-, from thee; . New Psalmody.
Lippie [dim. of lip].	The little floweret's peaceful lot
My blessins upon thy sweet, wee lippie! S.O whare did ye get †	In yonder cliff that grows, . S. Now Spring has clad t
Liquid. O let me steal one liquid kiss! Delia, an Ode. The liquid fire of strong decire.	As little reckt I sorrow's power,
The liquid fire of strong desire Nature's Law. In these savage liquid plains	But little thinks my love I ken brawlie, My tocher's the jewel has charms for him.
In these savage, liquid plains, . On scaring Water-fowl. Liquor.	S. O meikle thinks my love †
An' liquor guid to fire his bluid, . Scotch Drink. Mott.	The little swallow's wanton wing, S. O Phely †
daily weet their weason Wi' liquors nice,	Say, was thy little mate unkind, . S. O stay, sweet warb.
Lisp. Inspire me, till I lisp an' wink,	To bless his little filial flock, O Thou dread Pow'r †
To sing thy name! Scotch Drink. 2.	And she, a lovely little flower S. O wat ye wha's in t
Lisping. The lisping infant prattling on his knee,	And I a bird to shelter there, When wearied on my little wing S. O were my love †
The Cotter's Sat. Night. List. But gif ye want ae friend that's true,	The bitter little that of life remains:
I'm on your list. Ep. to J. $L-k$, Ap. 1st, 15.	On seeing wounded Hare.
I send you here a faithfu' list,	My dear little angel, for ever, On Death of fav. Child.
O' gudes an' gear an' a' my graith, . The Inventory.	While larks with little wing, Fann'd the pure air, S. Phillis the Fair.
This list wi' my ain han' I wrote it,	For making o' rhymes, and working at times,
Listed.	Does little or naething at a', man. Ronalds of Bennals.
He was a care-defying blade, As ever Bacchus listed! . The Jolly Beggars. R. VII.	I've little to spend, and naething to lend, Ib.
Listen. She'll aiblins listen to my vow: S. I gaed a waefu't	Telling o'er his little joys: S. Sensibility †
And listens the lambkins that bleat o'er the braes,	A little, upright, pert, tart, tripping wight, Sketch.
S. My Nanie's Awa.	Much specious lore, but little understood; Ib.
Sing on sweet bird, I listen to thy strain, Sonnet, wr. on Birthday.	Ah! little kend thy reverend grannie, Tam o' Shanter. 15.
Sonnei, wr. on Birthaay.	But little wist she Maggie's mettle Ib. 18.

How can ye chant, ye little birds, And I sae fu' o' care! S. The Banks of Doon.	They'll live, or die wi' fame, Willie! S. O Kenmure's on and awa †
Auld Vandal, ye but show your little mense, The Brigs of Ayr. 6.	I only live to love thee S. O were I on Parnass.† A' ye wha live by sowps o' drink,
As yet ye little ken about the matter, Ib.	A' ye wha live by crambo-clink,
As for your Priesthood, I shall say but little, Ib.	A' ye wha live by crambo-clink, A' ye wha live and never think, On Scotch Bard gne to W. I.
And little fishes' caller rest: . S. The Contented Cottager.	On Cessnock banks there lives a lass, S. On Cessnock banks †
For them and for their little ones provide;	Go live, poor wanderer of the wood and field,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 18.	The bitter little that of life remains: On seeing wounded Hare.
And, for the little songster's nest, The close embowering thorn. The Petition of Br. Water.	For far in the west lives he I lo'e best, S. Out over the Forth
	But still the hope Experience taught to live,
Old Scotia's darling hope, Your little angel band Ib.	Prologue, sp. by Woods.
It puts but little in your pat; The Inventory.	Lives there a man so firm, who,
tho' his little heart did grieve, The Jolly Beggars. R. VI.	Can reason down its [his heart's] agonizing throbs; Remorse. A Frag
Tho' ye can do little skaith, ye'll be in at the death, The Kirk's Alarm. 8.	But ken ye the Ronalds that live in the Bennals,
How little of life's scanty span may remain:	Ronalds of Bennals.
How little of life's scanty span may remain; S. The lazy mist †	If I should detail the pick and the wale O' lasses that live here awa, man,
For sense they little owe to frugal Heaven,	Let us th' important now employ,
To please the Mob they hide the little giv'n. The Ordination. Mott.	And live as those who never die. Sketch. New-Yr's Day.
	Whose image lives within my breast;
Here's a little wadset Buittles scrap o' truth, The Election Ballads. IV.	S. Slow spreads the gloom †
That little wist a fa' The Ruined Maid's Lament.	It shall upon my bosom live, S. The capt. Ribband.
I've little to say, but only to pray, S. The sons of old Killie.	While joys above my mind can move, For thee, and thee alone I live: S. The day returns †
Wha canna win her in a night,	In your heretic sins may you live, and die, The Dean of Fac
Has little art in courting The Tarbolton Lasses.	An' if he live to be a beast,
That's little short o' downright wastrie The Twa Dogs. 9.	To pit some havins in his breast! The Death of Mailie.
L—d man, our gentry care as little	To live but her I canna; . S. The gowd. Locks of A.
For delvers, ditchers, an' sic cattle; Ib. 12.	For something beyond it poor man sure must live.
They're sae accustom'd wi' the sight, The view o't gies them little fright	S. The lazy mist † We live like two lambs and we seldom provoke;
Haith lad ye little ken about it;	S. The Poor Thresher.
Fond, on thy little, early ways, . The Vision. D. II. 12.	In that blest sphere alone we live and move;
Their little love's are blest, and their little hearts at rest,	The Rights of Woman. I see how folk live that hae riches;
S. The winter it is past†	But surely poor-folk maun be wretches! The Twa Dogs. 14.
Just ae hauf muchkin does me prime,	Sic twa, O! do I live to see't, The Twa Herds. 9.
Ought less is little, . There's naethin like †	Quo' scho wha lives will see the proof, S. There was a lad †
Clarinda, take this little boon, To a Lady.	What then? poor beastie, thou maun live! . To a Mouse.
Ye little ken what cursed speed The blastie's makin! To a Louse.	O ye, douse folk, that live by rule, To J. S., 26.
With little admiring or blaming: To Capt. Riddel.	In quiet let me live: To Lord G.
And then my fifty pounds a year	To live one day of parting love! . To Mary in Heaven.
Will little gain me To Dr. Blacklock.	Here, where the Scottish muse immortal lives,
Not the little sporting fairy, . S. Turn again, thou fair †	But still within my bosom's core
How can ye chant, ye little birds, . S. Ye banks and braes †	Shall live my Highland Mary.
I little thought the time was near,	S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams t
Repentance I should buy sae dear: . S. Young Jamie t	Lived, -'d. On eighteen pence a week I've liv'd before. Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
And little lambkins wanton wild, S. Young Peggy †	I've liv'd a life of sturt and strife, S. Farewell, ye dungeons †
Live. Nae ither care in life have I, But live, an' love my Nanie, S. Behind you hills †	'For monie a ane has gotten a fright,
	'An' liv'd an' di'd deleeret,
Come weel, come woe, we'll gather and go, And live or die wi' Charlie S. Come boat me o'er.	'That liv'd in Achmacalla: Ib. 16.
I ask for dearest life alone,	There liv'd a lass in yonder dale, Katharine Jaffray.
That I may live to love her S. Come let me take thee †	And now I have liv'd—I know not how long,
And we will live like king and queen, S. Duncan Davison.	The Jolly Beggars. S. II.
That live sae bien an' snug:	An' liv'd like lords an' ladies gay:
Prone to enjoy each pleasure riches give, Yet haply wanting wherewithal to live; Ep. to R. Graham. 3.	We liv'd full one and twenty years A man and wife together; The Joyful Widower.
If there's another world, he lives in bliss; Epit. on a Friend.	How long I have liv'd,—but how much liv'd in vain;
Would thou hae nobles' patronage,	S. The lazy mist †
"First learn to live without it!"	A Nobleman liv'd in a village of late, The Poor Thresher.
Extem. on Commem.s of Thomson. How we live, my Meg and me, S. First when Maggy †	There liv'd ance a carle on Kellyburn-braes, S. There liv'd ance a carle t
How we live, my Meg and me, S. First when Maggy to Thou, in whom we live and move, Grace after Dinner.	Live-day.
And thou live, thou'll steal a naigie S. Hee balou,†	So I. for my lost darling's sake,
That lives at the lug o' the law! S. Here's a health to them †	Lament the live-day long S. Fate gave the word †
O dinna think my pretty pink,	Livedst. Thou diedst unwept as thou livedst unlov'd.
But I can live without thee: . S. Here's to thy health,	Monody, on a Lady. Livid. The paly moon rose in the livid east,
We'll live a' our days, S. Hey ca' thro'.	On Death of Sir J. Blair.
And as wi' thee I'd wish to live,	Living, -in.
For thee I'd bear to die S. It is na, Jean,	O may it ne'er be a livin' plague Holy Willie's Prayer. 7. If sleekit Chatham Will was livin, Kind Sir, I've read †
"Why did I live to see that day? . Lament for Glencairn.	
Grant me, indulgent heaven, that I may live, To see the miscreants feel the pains they give;	Her living image in her yowe, Poor Mailie's El Food fills the wame, an' keeps us livin'; Scotch Drink. 5.
Lus exim. in Lady's Pocket-ok.	Nae thought, nae view, nae scheme o' livin',
Give me with gay folly to live; Lns on Windows, Gl. Tav.	Second Ep. to Davie.
Whare live ye my bonie lass, S. My Collier Laddie.	For yet, unskaith'd by Death's gleg gullie,
I live to-day as well's I may, Regardless of to-morrow, O. S. My father was a farmer †	Tam Samson's livin! Tam Samson's El., Per C Just now we're living sound an' hale; To J. S., II.

Livistone. An' Livistone, the bauld Sir Willie;	Lodge.
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 14.	Death's gien the Lodge an unco devel, . Tam Samson's El
Liv'st.	Lodge, to. I kend na where to lodge till day:
Thou liv'st on high for ever. The Election Ballads. VI. Lizie.	S. The Lass that made the bed.
Wi' Lizie's lass, three times I trow; Holy Willie's Prayer. 8.	
Lo! When, lo, in form of minstrel auld,	I left the lines, and tented field, Where lang I'd been a lodger, . S. When wild War's t
A stern and stalwart ghaist appear'd. [v.A.20] A Vision.	My purse is light, I've far to gang,
And lo! the bard, a great reward,	And fain wad be thy lodger;
Has got a double portion! Nature's Law. Lo, there she goes, unpitied and unblest,	Lo'e, Loe, Loo [to love]. O dearly do I lo'e thee Annie. S. By Allan stream †
Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.	I lo'e weel my Charlie's name, . S. Come boat me o'er.
When lo! on either hand the list'ning Bard,	But a' the lads they loe me, and what the waur am I.
The Brigs of Ayr. 4.	S. Comin thro' the rye.
Lo, from the shades of death's deep night, Departed Whigs enjoy the fight, The Election Ballads. VI.	Say, thou lo'es nane before me; . S. Craigie-burn Wood.
Load. I rather wou'd bear a' the load o' my sorrow	Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear, S. Here's a health to ane †
S. As I was a-wandring t	To tell thee that I loe thee S. Here's to thy health † He lo'es sae weel his craps and kye,
Beneath the load of years and cares, Auld comrade dear †	He has nae love to spare for me: S. In simmer when t
O Life! Thou art a galling load, . Despondency, an Ode.	And weel I wat he lo'es me dear;
I'll want 'im, ere I take such a d—ble load. Epig. on Capt. Grose.	Let her lo'e nae man but me; S. Jockey fou †
But, a fly for your load, you'll break down on the road,	But the Lassie that man loes best,
If your stuff be as rotten's her heart.	O that's the Lass to mak him blest. S. My Lord a-hunting † I'll flee to's arms I lo'e the best, S. Now rosy May †
Extem. pinned to Coach. Load to misery most distressing, S. Raving winds †	I'll flee to's arms I lo'e the best, S. Now rosy May † The lav'rock lo'es the grass,
Load to misery most distressing, S. Raving winds † What is a lordling's pomp? a cumbrous load,	The muirhen lo'es the heather; . S. O gie my love brose †
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 19.	And here's the flower that I lo'e best
Load, to.	S. O Kenmure's on and awa† O ken ye what Meg o' the mill loes dearly? [re.]
Than a' the pride that loads the tide, S. The day returns † Loan [lane]. He up the lang loan to my black cousin Bess,	S. O ken ye what Meg to the little loes dearly! [72.]
S. Last May a braw wooer †	O wat ye wha that lo'es me, . S. O wat ye wha that lo'es †
Loan, Loanin [the place of milking].	O sweet is she that lo'es me,
Wi' double plenty o'er the loanin To thee and thine; . Friend of the Poet †	For there the bonie lassie lives, The lassie I lo'e best S. Of a' the airts †
And up the loan she shaw'd me. S. Had I the wyte†	the bonie lad that I lo'e best S. Oh, how can I be blythe †
The Kye stood rowtan i' the loan; The Twa Dogs. 35.	For far in the west lives he I lo'e best, S. Out over the Forth†
Loaves. That griens for the fishes and loaves.	I lo'e her mysel, but darena weel tell, Ronalds of Bennals.
The Election Ballads. III.	And ay my Chloris' dearest charm, She says she lo'es me best of a'
Loch. Then slow raise Marjory o' the Lochs, The Election Ballads. I.	And say thou lo'es me best of a'
Lochinton.	The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen S. Tam Glen.
Then came the Laird o' Lochinton Out frae the English border, Katharine Jaffray.	I lo'e him best of onie yet S. The cardin o't.
Locked, -'d.	O Jeanie fair, I lo'e thee dear; S. There was a lass †
Poor labour sweet in sleep was locked, A Winter Night. 2.	But th' laddie's dear sel he lo'es dearest of a'. S. There's a youth †
And in his arms he lock'd her sicker. S. Donald Brodie †	Her darling bird that she lo'es best To W. Creech.
But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber, For then I am lock'd in thy arms, Jessy.	The hunter lo'es the morning sun, . S. When o'er the hill †
S. Here's a health to ane †	Lassie, say thou lo'es me; . S. Wilt thou be my †
I lock'd her in my fond embrace; S. The Rigs o' Barley.	Let me, lassie, quickly die,
His locked, letter'd, braw brass collar The Twa Dogs. 3.	Trusting that thou lo'es me:
Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace, Ye banks, and braes, and streams †	She'll be my ain for a' that S. Women's Minds.
Locks.	But I lo'e the dear Lassie because she lo'es me.
Her leafy locks wave in the breeze	S. You wild mossy mountains t
S. Again rejoicing Nature †	But there is ane, a secret ane, Aboon them a' I loo him better;
His uncombed grizzly locks wild staring, thatch'd, Extem. on W. Smellie.	S. Braw lads on Yar. braes t
Her flowing locks, the raven's wing, S. Her flowing locks†	Lo'ed. I lo'ed ye ear' and late: S. John Anderson † But her tenpund lands o' tocher gude
Your locks were like the raven, . S. John Anderson †	Were a' the charms his Lordship lo'ed.
your locks are like the snow	S. My Lord a-hunting †
His locks were bleached white with time, Lament for Glencairn.	To wear a ragged coat The Ruined Maid's Lament.
The groaning trees untimely shed their locks,	And she lo'ed her bonie laddie dear; S. There was a bonie lass t
On Death of Sir J. Blair.	But the bonie lass he lo'ed sae dear
Winter's time-bleach'd locks The Brigs of Ayr. 13. though his locks be lyart gray, S. The cardin o't.	I never lo'ed a dearer, S. My Love's a winsome †
Yestreen lay on this breast o' mine	That for a blink I hae lo'ed best, . S. O lay thy loof †
The gowden locks of Anna. S. The gowd. Locks of A.	I lo'ed her meikle and lang; . S. She's fair and fause t
In all her [Autumn's] locks of yellow. The Petition of Br. Water.	Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither; Tam o' Shanter. 5.
What tho', with hoary locks I must stand the winter shocks,	I hae lo'ed the Black, the Brown; I hae lo'ed the Fair, the Gowden; S. Wantonness†
	Quo' she, a sodger ance I lo'ed,
The hawthorn I will pu', wi' its locks o' siller grey, S. The Posie.	Forget him shall I never: . S. When wild War's †
Her haffet locks as brown's a berry, S. T. Menz.'s bonie Mary.	Lo'esome [lovable, lovely]. I'm tald they're lo'esome kimmers! . To Mr. M'Adam.
Locust.	Lofty. With lordly honor's lofty brow, A Winter Night. 8.
Crush the locusts, save the flower. Wr. in Hermitage, F. C.	How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills,
Loda. Old Loda, still rueing the arm of Fingal, The Whistle.	S. Afton Water.
The son of great Loda was conqueror still,	The braes ascend like lofty wa's, S. Bonie lassie, will ye go

Mark, how their lofty independent spirit	Far dearer to me you lone glen of green breckan,
Soars on the spurning wing of injur'd merit! Ep. to R. Graham. 5.	S. Their groves of † Lone wandering by the hermit's mossy cell:
Thro' lofty groves, the Cushat roves, S. Now westlin winds †	Lonely. Wr. in Kenmore Inn.
On the lofty ether borne, Man with all his powers you scorn; On scaring Water-fowl.	lonely Hermit plac'd Where never human footstep trac'd, Despondency, an Ode. 4.
Where, braving angry winter's storms, The lofty Ochils rise, S. Peggy Chalmers.	The Woodcock haunts the lonely dells; S. Now westlin winds †
Ye lofty banks that Evan bound ! S. Slow spreads the gloom †	Be nameless wilds and lonely wanderings mine, On Death of R. Dundas.
Give me the groves that lofty brave The storms, by Castle Gordon. S. Streams that glide †	As one who by some savage stream,
On lofty aiks the cushats wail, S. The Contented Cottager.	A lonely gem surveys, S. Peggy Chalmers. Gi'e me the lonely valley.
Let lofty firs, and ashes cool, My lovely banks o'erspread, The Petition of Br. Water.	Gi'e me the lonely valley, The dewy eve, and rising moon; S. Sae flaxent
There, distant shone, Art's lofty boast, The Vision. D. I. 13.	At length his lonely Cot appears in view, The Cotter's Sat. Night.
Where fame and honours lofty shine; S. Twas even—the dewy †	Along the lonely banks of Ayr S. The gloomy night †
Yon wild mossy mountains sae lofty and wide, S. You wild mossy mountains †	I joy my lonely days to lead in This desert drear; The Hermit.
Logan. And there will be Logan M'Dowall; The Election Ballads, III.	I saw thee leave their ev'ning joys, And lonely stalk, . The Vision. D. II. 15.
Logan, Logan-water.	Turbid torrents, wintry swelling, Roaring by my lonely cave S. Thickest night †
O Logan! sweetly didst thou glide, S. O Logan! sweetly! And years sinsyne hae o'er us run,	When musing in a lonely glade, S. Twas even—the dewy †
Like Logan to the simmer sun	Or wand'ring in the lonely wild:
Far, far frae me and Logan braes [re.]	Long.
Her face wad fyle the Logan-water; S. Willie Wastle † Logic. Wi' Logic, an' wi' Scripture, They raise a din,	Long life, my Lord, and health be yours, Add. of Beelzebub.
The Holy Fair. 18. In days when mankind were but callans,	Who long with jiltish arts and airs hast strove; Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
At Grammar, Logic, an' sic talents, To W. Simpson. P.S. But tho' dull prose-folk latin splatter	So long, sweet Poet of the Year, Shall bloom that wreath thou well hast won;
In logic tulzie,	Add. to Shade of Thomson. Long, long the night, S. Ay waking, 0†
Till with their Logic-jargon tir'd, Auld comrade dear† Loiter.	Long quiet she reign'd; S. Caledonia.
They loiter, lounging, lank an' lazy; The Twa Dogs. 30.	Repeated, successive, for many long years, Ib.
Loncartie [village near Perth, scene of a decisive defeat of the ancient Danes].	Long since, this world's thorny ways Had number'd out my weary days, Ep. to Davie. 10.
But brave Caledonia in vain they assail'd,	'Twas four long nights and days to shaving-night, Extem. on W. Smellie.
As Largs well can witness, and Loncartie tell. S. Caledonia. London, Lon'on.	M'Pherson's time will not be long On yonder gallows-tree. S. Farewell, ye dungeons †
It's no in wealth like Lon'on Bank,	So I, for my lost darling's sake,
To purchase peace and rest; Ep. to Davie. 5. What needs this din about the town o' Lon'on? Scots Prologue.	Lament the live-day long S. Fate gave the word † They've taen a weapon, long and sharp,
In Lon'on or Paris they'd gotten it a':	And cut him by the knee; John Barleycorn. 7.
The Belles of Mauchline. That he, at Lon'on, frae ane Adams got; The Brigs of Ayr. 4.	That long has stood the wind and rain; Lament for Glencairn. And bless auld Coila, large and long, Nature's Law.
They fell upon a scheme,	The hoary Sire—the mortal stroke,
To send a lad to London town The Election Ballads. I. To send a lad to London town	Long, long be pleas'd to spare; O Thou dread Pow'r† The forms of ages long gone by On Lincluden.
They met upon a day,	And ushers the long dreary night; Poet. Add. to Tytler.
And he wad gae to London town, Might nae man him withstand	But, long ere noon, succeeding clouds Succeeding hopes beguil'd Sad thy tale †
And ilka ane at London court Would bid to him gude day	And long pursued me with her eye. S. Slow spreads the gloom
And he wad gang to London town, If sae their pleasure was	Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil, Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content! The Cotter's Sat. Night. 20.
For the auld gudeman o' London court She didna care a pin;	Squadrons extended long and large, The Election Ballads. VI.
The auld gudeman o' London court, His back's been at the wa';	But long ere night cut down it lies All wither'd and decay'd The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps.
But I will send to London town,	Long did I bear the heavy yoke, . S. The Joyful Widower.
Whom I like best at hame	And now I have lived—I know not how long, The Jolly Beggars. S. II.
To Parliament and a' that? Ib. II.	I see the hours, in long array, That I must suffer, lingering, slow The Lament. 7.
But Garlies was to London gane,	How long I have liv'd,—but how much liv'd in vain;
That sic a tree can not be found, "Twixt London and the Tweed, man. The Tree of Liberty.	S. The lazy mist † And long with this Whistle all Scotland shall ring.
An' ferlie at the folk in Lon'on The Twa Dogs. 18. Lone.	The Whistle.
Lone from your savage homes exil'd, A Winter Night. 5.	Who long with wants and woes has striv'n, To a Mountain-Daisy.
And singing, lone, the ling'ring hours, Add. to Edinburgh.	Mayst thou long, sweet crimson gem, Richly deck thy native stem; To Miss C.
O'er the mist-shrouded cliffs of the lone mountains straying, Lament on leaving Nat. Land.	F[intry], my other stay, long bless and spare! Thro' a long life his hopes and wishes crown; To R. G. of F., 9.
Lone on the bleaky hills the straying flocks On Death of R. Dundas.	Yet long, long too well have I known: S. Where are the joys t
Lone as I wander'd by each cliff and dell, On Death of Sir J. Blair.	Beck'ning thee to long repose; . Wr. in Friars-Carse H. In uproar and riot rejoice the night long;
in lone poverty's dominion drear, Sonnet, wr. on Birthday.	Ye true "Loyal Nat.s" †
lone in Patmos banished, . The Cotter's Sat. Night. 15.	The water rins o'er the heugh,
In this lone cave, in garments lowly, The Hermit.	And I long for my true lover! S. Ay waukin, O.

Longer.	That looks sae proud and high S. O Tibbie! †
And longer with Politics, not to be cramm'd, At Meet. of D. Volunteers.	Ye need na look sae high
Nor longer idly rave, Sir; . S. Husband, husband †	O never look down, my lassie at a', S. O when she cam ben † Yet look as ye were na looking at me, [re.] . S. O whistle, †
In window fair, the painted pane No longer glows with holy stain, On Lincluden.	Our Peerage he o'erlooks them a',
Where suffering no longer can harm thee,	As I look o'er my sonnet. On dining with Daer. Out over the Forth I look to the north, S. Out over the Forth †
On Death of fav. Child.	But I look to the West when I gae to rest,
Shall no longer appear in the records of fame; Reproof by Himself.	Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new;
'Nor longer mourn thy fate is hard, The Vision. D. II. 2.	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5. God grant the King and ilka man
No longer the warfare, ungodly, would wage; The Whistle. 15.	May look weel to themsel The Election Ballads. I.
Longing. Longing to wipe each tear, to heal each groan,	The man of independent mind, He looks and laughs at a' that. S. The Honest Man.
Ep. to R. Graham. 3.	Looks round him an' found them
In longitude tho' sorely scanty,	Impatient for the Chorus The Jolly Beggars. R. VIII. To mak himsel look fair and fatter, . The Twa Dogs. 23.
It was her best, and she was vauntie. Tam o' Shanter. 15.	A reekit wee deevil looks ower the wa',
Long-lov'd. Learning and Worth in equal measures trode, From simple Catrine, their long-lov'd abode:	S. There liv'd ance a carle †
Lon'on v. London. The Brigs of Ayr. 13.	Looks down wi' sneering, scornfu' view On sic a dinner? To a Haggis.
Lonsdale. Why, Lonsdale thus, thy wrath on vagrants pour,	And look through Nature with creative fire; Wr. in Kenmore Inn.
Loof [the palm of the hand].	Looked, -'d.
Wi' weel spread looves, an' lang wry faces;	That when I looked to my dart, It was sae blunt, Death and Dr. Hornbook, 17.
A Ded. to G. H., 9.	Look'd asklent and unco skeigh, S. Duncan Gray †
But hear'st thou, laddie, there's my loof, I'm thine at ane and twenty. S. And O for ane and twenty †	By fits the sun's departing beam
S. And O for ane and twenty † O lay thy loof in mine, lass, S. O lay thy loof †	Look'd on the fading yellow woods Lament for Glencairn. I gae him a stool, and he look'd like a fool, S. The auld man †
An's loof upon her bosom Unkend . The Holy Fair, 11.	And there, sae grave, Squire Cardoness
And heav'd on high my wauket loof, The Vision. D. I. 6.	Look'd on till a' was done; The Election Ballads. V. I look'd her in her bonny face, S. The lass that made the bed.
The gossip keekit in his loof, S. There was a lad †	His twisted head look'd backward on his way, The Vowels.
And wi' her loof her face a washin; . S. Willie Wastle† Look. His darin look had daunted me; A Vision.	Looking.
And love said, laughing in her looks,	Now looking over firth and fauld, Her horn the pale-fac'd Cynthia rear'd; [v.A.20] A Vision.
Come kiss me at your leisure. S. As I gated up by † Her looks were like a flow'r in May, S. Blythe was she,†	Loom. Sat working at his loom; . S. My heart was ance †
A look of pity hither cast, . El. on Capt. M. H. Epit.	Loon v. Loun.
But Nelly's looks are blythe and sweet, S. Handsome Nell.	Loose. Unknown each guilty worldly fire, Remorse's throb, or loose desire; . The Hermit.
The gentle look that rage disarms; S. My Mary's face †	Loose, to. An' loose a man on me, jo. S. O wat ye what my t
Her looks are like the sportive lamb, S. On Cessnock banks † Her looks are like the vernal May,	Loosed.
When evining Phoebus shines serene, Ib. Sett. II.	He loosed on me a lang man, [re.] . S. O wat ye what my † Loot [did let].
An' at his lordship steal't a look . On dining with Daer. That there is falsehood in his looks	An' loot a winze, an' drew a stroke, Halloween. 23.
I must and will deny: That there is falsehood †	I never loot on that I kenn'd it, or car'd,
And tak a look o' Mysie; . The Tarbolton Lasses.	Loove [love]. S. Last May a braw wooer†
Ah, though my looks betray, I envy your success; To Clarinda.	Loove for loove is the bargain for me, S. My Collier Laddie.
Her look was like the morning's eye,	L'oves v. Loof. Lord [the Supreme Being].
S. Twas even—the dewy † Ae look deprived me o' my heart, . S. When first I saw †	For, Lord be thanket, I can plough; . A Ded. to G. H., 2.
Look, to. Looks o'er proud Property, extended wide;	Then, Lord be thanket, I can beg;
A Winter Night. 7. And gar me look like bluntie, S. And O for ane and twenty †	And ony De'il that thinks to get you, Good Lord deceive him A Farewell.
Wishfully I look and languish	L-d, we thank an' thee adore A Grace.
In that bonie face of thine; . S. Bonie wee thing † Look something to your credit; . Epit. on Holy Willie.	Lord bless us with content! A Grace before Dinner. Lord grant, nae duddie, desperate beggar, Add. of Beelzebub.
Good L—d, what is man! for as simple he looks,	O Lord, when hunger pinches sore,
Do but try to develope his hooks and his crooks: Fragment, inscr. to Fox.	Do thou stand us in stead, At Globe Tav., D.
And then there's something in her gait	O Lord, since we have feasted thus,
Gars ony dress look weel S. Handsome Nell.	The Lord their God, his Grace.
I vow and swear, I dinna care, How lang ye look about ye. S. Here's to thy health,	Epig, on being neglected at I. Inn.
Innocence Looks gaily-smiling on; Innocence.	But by the L—d, tho' I should beg Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 9. L—d, I'se hae sportin by an' by, Ep. to J. R., 11.
O Lady Mary Ann looks o'er the castle wa', S. Lady Mary Ann.	This worthless body damn'd himsel,
Look abroad through Nature's range, . S. Let not woman †	To save the Lord the trouble Epit. on D— C—. Good L—d, what is man! Fragment inser. to Fox.
Soor Bigotry, on her last legs, Girnin' looks back, Letter to J. Goudie.	Guid L-d! but she was quaukin! Halloween. 12.
As the wretch looks o'er Siberia's shore, S. Lovely Davies.	An' she cry'd, L—d preserve her!
Look not alone on youthful Prime, Man was made to Mourn.	But yet, O L—d! confess I must, [re.] Holy Willie's Prayer. Where'er he be, the Lord be near him;
The more in this [wealth, &c.] you look for bliss, You leave your view the farther, O:	S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. G.†
S. My father was a farmer †	Royal George, the Lord leuk o'er him! Kind Sir, I've read†
[The Deil] He'd look into thy bonie face,	The Lord forgi'e me for lying, [re.] S. Last May a braw wooer†
And say, "I canna wrang thee." S. O Saw ye bonie Lesley †	But gin the Lord's ain focks gat leave, . Letter to J. Goudie.

"L-d, G-d!" quoth he, "I have it now, Lns to J. Ranken.	I fear my Lord Panmuir is slain,
O sing a new song to the L-, New Psalmody.	S. The Battle of Sherra-Moon
We seek hut little, L—, from thee; Thou kens we get as little	Princes and lords are but the breath of kings, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 19
Lord, to account who dares thee call,	Wi' dukes and lords let Selkirk mix,
On Com. Goldie's Brains.	The Election Ballads. I.
Wi' deils, they say, L—d safe's! colleaguin On Grose's Peregrinations.	For why, a lord may be a gouk, Wi' ribbon, star, and a' that
The Lord preserve us frae the devil! Poem on Life.	A lord may be a lousy loun,
	Wi' ribbon, star, and a' that
That at the L—d's house, even on Sunday, Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday. Tam o' Shanter. 3.	Come, will ye court a noble lord, . The Fête Champetre
'L-d, five!' he cry'd, an' owre did stagger;	Ye see yon birkie ca'd a Lord, Wha struts and stares, and a' that; S. The Honest Man
An' L-d! if ance they pit her till't,	My Lord, I know your noble ear
Her tartan petticoat she'll kilt, The Author's Cry and Prayer.	Woe ne'er assails in vain; . The Petition of Br. Water
The L-d be thankit that we've tint the gate o't!	Delighted doubly then, my Lord, You'll wander on my hanks,
And O! be sure to fear the Lord alway!	An' liv'd like lords an' ladies gay:
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 6.	The Jolly Beggars. S. IV
They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright.' Ib.	Her lord, a wight of Homer's craft,
He founder'd his horse among harlots, But gied his auld naig to the Lord.	Gif ance the peasant taste a bit,
The Election Ballads. III.	He's greater than a lord, man, . The Tree of Liberty
Lord, send a rough-shod troop o' Hell O'er a' wad Scotland buy or sell,	About the lords o' the creation The Twa Dogs. &
"Let me, O Lord! from life retire,	Robert, the lord of the Cairn and the Scaur, The Whistle. 4 All hail! inexorable lord!
But now the L-'s ain trumpet touts, . The Holy Fair. 21.	Lord-Lieutenant. And where is our King's Lord-lieutenant
(L-d pardon a' my sins an' that to!) The Inventory.	The Election Ballads. III
(L—d keep me ay frae a' temptation!)	Lordling.
B' the L—d! ye'se get them a' thegither Ib.	A haughty lordling's pride; . Man was made to Mourn If I'm design'd you lordling's slave,
But the Doctor's your mark, for the L—d's haly ark, He has cooper'd and cawd a wrang pin in't.	What is a lordling's pomp? a cumbrous load,
The Kirk's Alarm.	Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
To crush common sense for her sins,	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 19
But we hae meat and we can eat,	'Plac'd for her [Luxury's] lordly use thus far, thus vile below
And sae the Lord be thanket The Selkirk Grace. Was made lang syne, lord knows how lang. The Twa Dogs. 4.	A Winter Night. 7
L—d man, our gentry care as little Ib. 12.	lordly Honor's lofty brow,
L-d man, were ye but whyles where I am, Ib. 28.	Let minstrels sweep the skilful string, In lordly, lighted ha': S. Behold, my love,
The Lord's cause ne'er gat sic a twistle, The Twa Herds. 3.	Wha thinks himsel nae sheep-shank bane,
He kend the Lord's sheep ilka tail,	But lordly stalks, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 12
Lord send you ay as weel's I want ye, . To Dr. Blacklock. Lord help me thro' this warld o' care!	If 'tis still the lordly word, Service and obedience; S. Husband, husband
L—d man there's lasses there wad force	And see his lordly fellow-worm,
A hermit's fancy, . To Mr. J. Kennedy.	The poor petition spurn, . Man was made to Mourn
Fareweel, auld birkie! Lord he near ye, And then the Deil he daurna steer ye: . To Terraughty.	Of lordly acquaintance you boast, . On an empty Fellow the lordly state, The arrogant assuming;
ord. I see ye're complimented thrang,	On dining with Daer
By many a lord an' lady; A Dream.	But lordly will, I hold it still
Long life, my Lord, and health he yours, Add. of Beelzebub.	A mortal sin to thraw that. The Jolly Beggars. S. VII There, distant shone, Art's lofty boast,
But hear, my Lord! G[lengarry] hear! Ib. Go on, my Lord! I lang to meet you, Ib.	The lordly dome The Vision. D. I. 13
Wi' common Lords ye shanna mingle,	Lordship.
For Lords or kings I dinna mourn, . El. on Year 1788.	Far less [right] to riches, pow'r or freedom, But what your Lordship please to gie them!
But here we're a' in ae accord,	Add. of Beelzebub. 3
For ilka man that's drunk's a lord. S. Gane is the day † He whistl'd up lord Lenox' march, . Halloween, 19.	His Lordship sat wi' ruefu' e'e, Extem. in Court of Session
I'll desert my sov'reign lord, S. Husband, husband †	But her tenpund lands o' tocher gude Were a' the charms his Lordship lo'ed.
Out came the Lord of Lauderdale,	S. My Lord a-hunting
Out frae the south countrie, O, Katherine Jaffray.	Then from his lordship I shall learn, On dining with Daer. An' at his lordship steal't a look
In loud lament bewail'd his lord, . Lament for Glencairn. My Lord a-hunting he is gane, . S. My Lord a-hunting t	An' at his lordship steal't a look
	And spare his golden bindings The Book-Worms.
But Jenny's jimps and jirkinet, My Lord thinks meikle mair upon't	He thanked his Lordship . S. The Poor Thresher.
I am naebody's lord, I'll be slave to naebody; S. Naebody. Kenmure's lord's the bravest lord	Lore. Ev'n I who sing in rustic lore, Add. to Edinburgh. 7. Fu' lifted up wi' Hebrew lore, . On W. Chalmers.
That ever Galloway saw. S. O Kenmure's on and awa †	With manly lore or female heauty bright,
Lord Gregory ope thy door. [re.] . S. O mirk, mirk †	Prologue, sp. by Woods.
In leaving the dochter of a lord, . S. O when she cam bent	Much specious lore, but little understood; Sketch.
Sae far I sprackled up the brae, I dinner'd wi' a Lord On dining with Daer.	Will time, amus'd with proverb'd lore, Add to our date one minute more? Sketch. New-Yr's Day.
But wi' a Lord-stand out my shin,	This Hal for genius, wit, and lore,
A Lord—a Peer—an Earl's son,	Among the first was number'd; . S. The Dean of Fac.
An sic a Lord—lang Scotch ells twa,	Nor learns their guilty lore! The 1st Psalm. To Nature's God and Nature's law
'Gainst mighty England and her guilty Lord, Scots Prologue.	They gave their lore, [v.A.4] The Vision. D. I.
Ve Irish lords, we knights an' squires.	To mend the honest Patriot-lore,
Wha represent our Brughs an' Shires, The Author's Cry and Prayer.	Unskilful he to note the card Of prudent Lore, . To a Mountain-Daisy.
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Lose.	Lot. How blest the Solitary's lot, . Despondency, an Ode. 3.
But when Divinity comes cross me, My readers then are sure to lose me. A Ded. to G. H., II.	
But he the helpless, needless wretch,	Wi' her I'll blythely bear it, And think my lot divine. S. My Wife's a winsome.
Shall lose the mite he hath.	my state and a second s
Extem. on Commem,s of Thomson.	The little floweret's peaceful lot S. Now Spring has clad t
For fear by foes that they should lose,	When here your favour is the actor's lot,
Their cogs o' brose, S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	Prologue, sp. by Woods.
The Ribband shall its freedom lose	Their lot auld Scotland ne'er envies, The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.
Lose all the bliss it had with you, The capt. Ribband.	
Let them cant about decorum,	But, cursed lot! the gates were shut, S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
Who have character to lose. The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII.	But, if the Lover's raptur'd hour
Losh [an exclamation, or petty oath].	
Losh man! hae mercy wi' your natch, What ails ye now t	
Loss. By loss o' blood, or want o' breath,	And I never repine at my lot in the least. S. The Poor Thresher.
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 25.	mi
The losses, the crosses,	
That active man engage; Despondency, an Ode. 5.	Loth.
Tho' losses and crosses,	Why am I loth to leave this earthly scene? Why am I loth †
Be lessons right severe, Ep. to Davie. 7.	Lothians. Wad haud the Lothians three in tackets,
My loss I mourn, but not repent it, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 12.	A towmont gude; On Grose's Peregrinations.
Your heavy loss deplore; On Death of Lap-dog.	Loud. The Saxon lads, wi' loud placads, A Fragment. 7.
O heavy loss thy country ill could bear!	The westlin wind blaws loud an' shill; S. Behind you hills †
A loss these evil days can ne'er repair!	An' Paitrick's scraichan loud at e'en, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st.
On Death of R. Dundas.	Loud skirl'd a' the lasses;
To those who for her loss are grieved,	
This consolation's given On Poet's Daughter.	Fu' loud and shrill the frosty wind
It's no the loss o' warl's gear,	S. I'm o'er young to marry t
That could sae bitter draw the tear, . Poor Mailie's El	In loud lament bewail'd his lord, Lament for Glencairn.
Me, mem'ry of my loss will only meet [v.A.10]	Fu' loud the wind blaws frae the Ferry, S. My bonie Mary.
Sonnet on Death of Riddel.	And loud the tempest's roar: S. O mirk, mirk †
May losses and crosses	the scowl of the loud winter storm, On Death of fav. Child.
Ne'er at your hallan ca' The Ans. to the Guidwife.	The holy anthem loud and clear; On Lincluden.
Like loss o' health or want o' masters, The Twa Dogs. 11.	While loud the trump's heroic clang, Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
May mourn their loss wi' doolfu' clamour; To W. Creech	Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellow'd:
Lost. Then lost his way, ae misty day, . A Fragment. 4.	Tam o' Shanter. 8.
The branchy shelter lost and gane As on the banks t	A 3 1 3 3 . 1 3 .1 1 . 1
Here's the memory of those on the twelfth that we lost;	
That we lost, did I say, nay, by heav'n that we found.	The piper loud and louder blew; 1b. 12.
At Meet. of D. Volunteers.	November chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh;
The lassie lost a silken snood, S. Braw lads of G. water.	The Cotter's Sat. Night.
And in the mirk and dreary drift	Loud roars the wild inconstant blast, S. The gloomy night †
The hills and glens are lost. S. Cauld is the e'enin blast †	An' some are busy bleth'ran Right loud The Holy Fair. 8.
Wide o'er the naked world declare	thick an' thrang, an' loud an' lang,
The worth we've lost. El. on Capt. M. H., 13.	But up arose the martial Chuck,
So I, for my lost darling's sake,	An' laid the loud uproar The Jolly Beggars. R. II.
Lament the live-day long S. Fate gave the word,	Loud blaw the frosty breezes, S. The yng Highl. Rover.
There seek my lost repose, S. Had I a cave t	Till war's loud alarms
But her tap-pickle maist was lost, Halloween. 6.	Tore her laddie frae her arms, S. There was a bonie lass †
For lack o' thee I've lost my lass, Lns, on Back of Bank Note.	I lap and cry'd fu' loud To Mr. M'Adam.
May they rejoice, no wand'rer lost,	An' muckle din there was about it,
A Family in Heaven! O Thou dread Pow'r	Baith loud an' lang. To W. Simpson. P.S.
	Sae loud and shill's I hear the blast, S. Up in the morning.
	Winter winds blew, loud and cauld, at our parting,
And faith ye'll no be lost a whit, Tho' waired on Willie Chalmers. On W. Chalmers.	S. Wandering Willie.
	Loud-pouring.
An idiot race, to honour lost; On Window at Stirling.	Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.
He's lost a friend and neebor dear, Poor Mailie's El	S. My heart's in the Highlands †
Thee Ferintosh! O sadly lost! Scotch Drink. 19.	Louder.
Can all the wealth of India's coast,	Still louder shrieks, and heavier groans! A Ded. to G. H., 10.
Atone for years in absence lost? S. Slow spreads the gloom	The piper loud and louder blew; . Tam o' Shanter. 12.
Dearest of Distillation! last and best!	Loudest.
How art thou lost! The Author's Cry and Prayer. Mott.	And fac'd grim Danger's loudest roar, Add. to Edinburgh. 7.
Her lost Militia fir'd her bluid;	Loudly.
They've lost some gallant gentlemen	
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	As something loudly in my breast, Remonstrates I have done; A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.
A lesson sadly teaching, to your cost, That Architecture's noble art is lost l' The Brigs of Ayr. 7.	
That Architecture's noble art is lost 1 The Brigs of Ayr. 7.	The voice of nature loudly cries, That something in us never dies: Sketch. New-Yr's Day.
A Wretch! a Villain! lost to love and truth!	For Freedom, standing by the tree,
By a thievish midge The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10.	Her sons did loudly ca', man; . The Tree of Liberty.
	Where the cannons loudly roar; S. There's was a bonie lass †
They had amaist been lost The Election Ballads. IV. I've lost but ane, I've twa behin',	The state of the s
I've wife eneugh for a' that. The Jolly Beggars. S. VII.	Lough [a loch or lake].
	Wi' you, mysel, I gat a fright,
	Ayont the lough; Add. to the Deil. 7.
So lost to Honor, lost to Truth,	When to the loughs the Curlers flock, Tam Samson's El
For there I lost my father dear, S. The lovely lass of Inv. †	Louis.
And I hae lost my lightsome heart	Louis what reck I by thee, . S. Louis what reck I †
That little wist a fa' The Ruined Maid's Lament.	King Loui' thought to cut it down, The Tree of Liberty.
Here, rivers in the sea were lost; . The Vision. D. I. 13.	Loun, Loon, Lown [a fellow, a ragamuffin].
Already one strong hold of hope is lost, To R. G. of F., 9.	Ye're but a pack o' traitor louns, . S. Awa, whigs, awa.
We've lost a birkie weel worth gowd, To W. Creech.	Does haughty Gaul invasion threat?
Sprung from night, in darkness lost; Wr. in Friars-Carse H.	Then let the louns beware, Sir, . S. Does haughty Gaul
	Janes Commission Gami

Love

Till, slap! come in an unco loun, And wi' a rung decide it: S. Does haughty Gaul †	Yet rich in kindest, truest love, S. Braw lads on Yar. braes.
	The bands and bliss o' mutual love, O that's the chiefest warld's treasure! Ib.
But deil a foreign tinkler loun Shall ever ca' a nail in't: ,	I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,
And Duncan, ye're an unco loun; S. Duncan Gray.	And follow my love through the water.
Grim loon! he gat me by the fecket, Friend of the poet † P.S.	S. Braw lads of G. Water.
A coward loon she ca'd me; S. Had I the wyte †	But secret love will break my heart,
Herry the louns o' the laigh Countrie, . S. Hee balou, †	If I conceal it langer S. Craigie-burn Wood.
Dyvor, beggar louns to me, . S. Louis what reck It	In love to lie and languish,
Wha first shall rise to gang awa,	For oh! my soul is parch'd with love! Delia. An Ode.
A cuckold coward loun is he! . S. O Willie brew'd †	But ah! those pleasures, Loves, and Joys, Which I too keenly taste, Despondency, an Ode.
A lord may be a lousy loun, Wi' ribbon, star, and a' that. The Election Ballads. II.	He needs not, he heeds not, Or human love or hate; 1b.
Wae worth the loon wha wadna eat	Slighted love is sair to bide, S. Duncan Gray
Sic halesome dainty cheer, man; The Tree of Liberty.	Ye woodland choir that chaunt your idle loves,
But shortly they will cowe the louns! To W. Simpson. P.S	El. on Miss Burnet.
A furnicator lown he call'd me, What ails ye now †	In respect for the love and affection he'd show'd her,
Lounging.	She reduc'd him to dust and she drank up the powder. Epig. on Henpecked Squire.
They loiter, lounging, lank an' lazy; . The Twa Dogs. 30.	The sacred lowe o' weel placed love,
Loup, Lowp [to leap].	Luxuriantly indulge it; Ep. to Young Friend. 6.
As round the fire the giglets keckle	O Thou, whose very self art love! Ep. to Davie. 9.
To see me loup; Add. to Toothache.	The smile of love, the friendly tear,
Or loup the ecliptic like a bar; Ep. to H. Parker.	The sympathetic glow!
But did na Jeanie's heart lowp light, S. There was a lass †	Ev'n love an' friendship should give place To catch-the-plack! Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 20.
Wha by Castalia's wimplin streamies, Lowp, sing, and lave your pretty limbies, To Dr. Blacklock.	Whose arms of love would grasp the human race:
Louping, Lowping [leaping].	Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
Spak o' louping o'er a linn; S. Duncan Gray †	By love and by beauty, By law and by duty; S. Eppie Adair.
Lowping and flinging on a crummock, Tam o' Shanter. 14.	O did not Love exclaim, "Forbear! . S. Fairest Maid !
Lour. Chill came the tempest's lour; To Chloris.	No love but thine my heart shall know Ib.
Lour, Lower, to.	Farewell loves and friendships, ye dear tender ties!
See the front of battle lour; S. Scots, wha ha'e †	S. Farewell, thou fair day
Fear not clouds will always lour Wr. in Friars-Carse H.	Love's veriest wretch, unseen, unknown, S. Farewell, thou stream †
The hoary cavern, wide-surrounding, lowers.	Forlorn, my love, no comfort near, S. Forlorn, my Love t
Wr. by Fall of Fyers. Louse. Is instant made no worth a louse	Far, far from thee, the fate severe
Just at the bit. Add. to the Deil. 11.	At which I most repine, Love
Gae mind your seam, ye prick the louse, What ails ye now †	O wert thou, Love, but near me,
Lousy, -ie.	And mingle sighs with mine, Love
A lord may be a lousy loun,	Save in those arms of thine, Love
Wi' ribbon, star, and a' that. The Election Ballads, II.	Till the Fates, nae mair severe, Friendship, Love, and Peace restore. S. Frae the friends †
What ails ye now, ye lousie b—h, What ails ye now † Love [v. also Luve, Loove].	But boundless oceans, roaring wide,
Where, where is Love's fond, tender throe, A Winter Night. 8.	Between my Love and me, S. From thee, Eliza
Is there, beneath Love's noble name,	Thou'rt to love and heaven sae dear, S. Hark! the mavis
Can harbour, dark, the selfish aim,	At once 'tis music,—and 'tis love! S. Here is the glen !
Mark Maiden-innocence a prey	O welcome dear to love and me!
To love pretending snares,	Still my heart is with my love; S. How can my poor heart
Thou other man of care, the wretch in love, Add. sp. by Fontenelle.	He lo'es sae weel his craps and kye,
I see the Sire of Love on high,	He has nae love to spare for me: S. In simmer when the But the tender heart o' leesome love,
And own his work indeed divine! Add. to Edinburgh. 4.	The gowd and siller canna buy:
An' all the soul of love they shar'd, Add. to the Deil. 15.	Light is the burden love lays on;
When Phœbus peeps over the mountains, On music, and pleasure, and love. S. Adown winding Nith†	Content and love bring peace and joy, 1b.
Ah, Chloris, since it may na be,	Above the world on wings of love I rise,
That thou of love wilt hear; S. Ah, Chloris †	In vain wld Prudence
Youth, grace, and love attendant move,	The sparkling heavenly vintage, Love and bliss! Innocence
S. A. Mastrtn's bonie Anne.	My Love and Native Land fareweel, . S. It was a' for
The captive bands may chain the hands, But powerful love enslaves the man:	But I hae parted frae my Love, Never to meet again,
And love was ay the tale S. As down the burn †	If thou would win my love, Jamie, come try me [re.]
"Love, I like the burn, And ay shall follow you." . Ib.	S. Jamie, come try me
The Queen of love could never move	If thou should ask my love, Could I deny thee? Ib.
With motion more enchanting. S. As I gaed up by †	If thou should kiss me, love, Wha could espy thee? . Ib.
And love said, laughing in her looks, Come kiss me at your leisure 1b.	Gie me love at ony price; S. Jockey fou!
Come kiss me at your leisure 1b. For oh! love forsaken's a tormenting pain.	Love alane can gi'e delight
S. As I was a-wand ring t	Gi'e me love in her I court; Love to love maks a' the sport
My heart-warm love to guid auld Glen, Auld comrade †	Let love sparkle in her e'e;
O this love, this love! [re.] S. Ay waking, O†	Common motives lang sinsyne,
Spare, O spare my love!	Never can engage my love;
Behold, my love, how green the groves, S. Behold, my love †	Spare my love ye winds that blaw,
The courtier's gems may witness love	S. Jockey's ta'en the parting t
But 'tis na love like mine	In love and freedom they rejoice, Lament of Mary of Scots.
Heavy, heavy is the task, Hopeless love declaring; . S. Blythe hae I been †	No more shall the soft thrill of love warm my breast, Lament on leaving Nat. Land.
Supremely blest wi' love and thee S. Bonie lassie, will ye go	And talk of love my dearie O. S. Lassie wi the lintwhite
Wit, and Grace, and Love, and Beauty,	And sair wi' his love he did deave me;
To an apparellation shine:	S Last Man a bream moner

And vow'd for my love he was dying; S. Last May a braw wooer †	Sweet floweret, pledge o' meikle love, On Birth of Posth. Child.
Let not woman e'er complain	Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure! . S. One fond kiss,†
Of inconstancy in love; S. Let not woman † Let her crown my love her law, S. Louis what reck I†	Thy rural loves are nature's sel; Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
And Man, whose heav'n-erected face,	Nae snap conceits, but that sweet spell O' witchin love,
The smiles of love adorn, . Man was made to Mourn. In love's delightful fetters, she chains the willing soul!	Last, tho' not least in love, ye youthful fair, Prologue, at Th., D
S. Mark yonder Pomp† And feel thro' every vein love's raptures roll Ib.	Nay more, that very love their cause of ruin!
Loves, graces and virtues, I call not on you;	How true is love to pure desert,
The diamond-dew in her een sae blue,	So love to her, sae far awa:
Where laughing love sae wanton swims. S. My Lord α-hunting †	Her's are the willing chains o' love, . S. Sae flaxen †
My love she's but a lassie yet, . S. My love she's but t	And hear my vows o' truth and love,
My love's a winsome wee thing, S. My Love's a winsome †	Death tears the brother of her love From Isabella's arms Sad thy tale,†
Tho' the love that I owe to thee I darena show, Yet I love my love in secret, . S. My Sandie gied †	She's down i' the grove, she's wi' a new love,
Which divides my love and me: S. Musing on the roaring †	S. Saw ye my Phely. Bowers adieu! where love decoying,
There catch her ilka glance of love [re.] S. Now bank and bract	First enthrall'd this heart o' mine, . S. Scenes of woe t
But love wi' unrelenting beam Has scorch'd my fountains dry. S. Now Spring has clad †	Till he forgets his loves or debts, . Scotch Drink. Mott. Whyles daez't wi' love, whyles daez't wi' drink,
'till Love has o'er me past, And blighted a' my bloom, 16.	Second Ep. to Davie.
the flowery snare Of witching love,	Polish their grin, nay, sigh for ladies' love
But love is far a sweeter flow'r Amid life's thorny path o' care. S. O bonie was you rosy †	By my love so ill requited; S. Stay, my charmer †
O gie my love brose, brose,	Sweetest May let love inspire thee; . S. Sweetest May †
Gie my love brose and butter; . S. O gie my love brose † But gie me a braw moonlight,	Not high-born, but noble-minded, In Love's silken band can bind it
And me and my love together	Talk not of Love, it gives me pain,
For Love has bound me, hand and foot, S. O Lassie, art thou t	For Love has been my foe: . S. Talk not of Love † There, welcome, win and wear the prize [Friendship],
A slave to love's unbounded sway, S. O lay thy loof t	But never talk of love
If love for love thou wilt na gie, At least be pity to me shown; S. O Mary, at thy window †	Your thought, if love must harbour there, Conceal it in that thought;
O meikle thinks my love o' my beauty,	Thou shalt sit in state,
And meikle thinks my love o' my kin; But little thinks my love I ken brawlie,	And see thy love in battle S. The Captain's Lady. To the shades we'll go, And in love enjoy it Ib.
S. O meikle thinks my love † My laddie's sae meikle in love wi' the siller,	'Twas all my faithful love could gain; S. The capt. Ribband.
He canna ha'e love to spare for me	In youthfu' bloom, Love sparkling in her e'e, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 4.
Your proffer o' love's an airle-penny,	O happy love! where love like this is found! Ib. 9.
At least some pity on me shaw, If love it mayna be S. O mirk, mirk†	A Wretch! a Villain! lost to love and truth! . Ib. 10.
Where first I own'd that virgin love I lang, lang had denied	Led on the Loves and Graces; The Election Ballads. VI. May Freedom, Harmony and Love
But spare and pardon my false Love,	Unite you in the grand Design, The Farewell. To St. J.'s L
O Willy, ay I bless the grove Where first I own'd my maiden love, S. O Phely, †	When Love and Beauty heard the news, The Fête Champetre.
So in my tender bosom grows,	My peace with these, my love with those
The love I bear my Willy	S. The gloomy night † That he was still deceived who trusted
Ye wreck my peace between ye; S. O poortith cauld †	To love or friend; The Hermit. If thou hast known false love's vexation, Ib.
Or why sae sweet a flower as love, Depend on Fortune's shining?	The world then the love should know I bear my Highland lassie, O. S. The Highland Lassie.
O wha can prudence think upon, And sae in love as I am?	Wi' faith an' hope, an' love an' drink, They're a' in famous tune For crack . The Holy Fair. 26.
Oh, nought but love and sorrow join'd,	
Sic notes of woe could wauken! S. O stay, sweet warbling t Kind love is in her e'e S. O this is no my ain t	The first of my loves was a swaggering blade,
It wants to me the witching grace,	The Jolly Beggars. S. II.
The kind love that's in her e'e	Her Love had been a Highland laddie, Ib. R. IV. A highland lad my Love was born, Ib. S. IV.
And ay it charms my very saul, The kind love that's in her e'e	Partly wi' Love o'ercome sae sair,
But gleg as light are lovers' een, When kind love is in the e'e	An' partly she was drunk:
But weel the watching lover marks The kind love that's in her e'e	In raptures sweet this hour we meet, Wi' mutual love an' a' that;
this scene of peace and love, O Thou dread Pow'r †	Does the sober bed of Marriage
Thou God of love and truth,	Witness brighter scenes of love? Ib. S. VIII. How life and love are all a dream! The Lament.
Without my love, not a' the charms Of Paradise could yield me joy; S. O wat ye wha's in t	These were the pledges of my love! Ib.
O were my love you lilac fair, S. O were my love †	While Love's luxurious pulse beat high, Ib.
O were my love yon vi'let sweet,	Love's veriest wretch, despairing, I Fain, fain my crime would cover: . S. The last time I †
Oh, cold is the blast upon my pale cheek,	Their tokens of love, and their true thankfulness; S. The Poor Thresher.
F-1 6: 1 61 1 6 11	O Love will venture in, where it dare na weel be seen;
Halse friends, false love, farewel!	O love will venture in, where wisdom ance has been; S. The Posie.
With love and sleep oppress'd. S. On a bank of flowers †	I'll tie the posie round wi' the silken band o' love, . 16.

There taste that life of life—immortal love. The Rights of Woman.	While through thy sweets she loves to stray, S. Behold the hour †
O meikle do I rue, fause love, The Ruined Maid's Lament.	Thou may'st find those will love thee dear
Alas! sae sweet a tree as love, Sic bitter fruit should bear!	But not a love like mine, S. Canst thou leave me † I ask for dearest life alone,
May secrecy round be the mystical bound, And brotherly love be the centre. S. The Sons of old Killie.	That I may live to love her S. Come, let me take thee † The muse should tell in labor'd strains,
Love blinks, Wit slaps, an' social Mirth	O Mary how I love thee S. Could aught of song †
Forgets there's care upo' the earth The Twa Dogs. 19.	To love they thought nae crime, . S. Damon and Sylvia.
(Fit haunts for Friendship or for Love, In musing mood) [v.A.4] The Vision. D.I.	The rosy banquet loves to sip; Delia. An Ode.
'I saw thee eye the gen'ral mirth With boundless love Ib. D. II., 14.	Full well thou know'st I love thee dear; S. Fairest maid † O, do thou [death] kindly lay me low
youthful Love, warm-blushing, strong,	With him I love at rest S. Fate gave the word, †
'The loves, the ways of simple swains,	How we love, and how agree; . S. First when Maggy † Frae the friends and Land I love, . S. Frae the friends †
Since my true love is parted from me. [re.] S. The Winter it is past †	The Friend we trust; the Fair we love; Grace after Dinner.
Their little loves are blest, and their little hearts at rest, Ib.	O once I lov'd a bonie Lass, Ay, and I love her still, S. Handsome Nell.
My love is like yon sun, whose bright course is begun, Ib.	For the man that loves his mistress weel
While his love's like the moon that wanders up and down, Ib.	Nae travel makes him weary. S. Here's to thy health, †
Oh! you that are in love, and cannot it remove Ib.	Something in ilka part o' thee
Save Love's willing fetters, the chains of his Jean.	To praise, to love, I find, S. It is na, Jean, †
S. Their groves of t	He will think on her he loves, S. Jockey's ta'en the parting the hills of the Highlands for ever I love.
And love will break the soundest rest. S. There was a lass † So trembling, pure, was tender love	S. My heart's in the Highlands †
Within the breast of bonie Jean	I love my Mary's angel air, S. My Mary's face †
As Robie tauld a tale o' love	The Partridge loves the fruitful fells;
And whisper'd thus his tale o' love	The Plover loves the mountains; S. Now westlin winds †
And love was ay between them twa	Swear how I love thee dearly:
Turn away thine eyes of love,	The lad I love's the lad for me, S. O Phely, †
Lest I die with pleasure S. Thine am I† What is life when wanting love? Ib.	To see her, is to love her, And love but her for ever; . S. O Saw ye bonie Lesley †
What is life when wanting love?	To sing how dear I love thee. S. O were I on Parnass. †
Love's first snow-drop, virgin kiss To a Kiss.	And write how dear I love thee
A third—"to thee and me, love!" To a Lady.	I cou'dna sing, I cou'dna say
By Love's simplicity betray'd, . To a Mountain-Daisy.	How much, how dear I love thee
My faithful love disdains, To Clarinda.	By heaven and earth I love thee
Yet love to friendship shall give way,	'Till my last weary sand was run,
Chain'd at his feet they groan,	'Till then—and then I love thee Ib.
Love's vanquish'd foes:	But to see her, was to love her,
To live one day of parting love! . To Mary in Heaven.	Love but her and love for ever S. One fond kiss, †
The birds sang love on ev'ry spray,	A name, which to love was the mark of a true heart, Poet. Add. to Tytler.
Loves and graces all rejected, To Miss Fontenelle.	Let others love the city,
Or love extatic wake his seraph song To Miss Graham.	And gaudy shew at sunny noon; S. Sae flaxen† Whae'er ye be that woman love, . S. She's fair and fause†
Our Sex with guile and faithless love,	Who loves his own smart shadow in the streets, . Sketch.
Is charg'd, perhaps too true; To Miss L., with "Beattie." And jinkin hares, in amorous whids,	If thou shalt love another, . S. Sweet fa's the eve t
Their loves enjoy, To W. Simpson. 12.	That winding stream I love so dear! S. The Banks of Nith.
Now let us lay our heads thegither,	But while my crimson currents flow,
In love fraternal:	I love my Highland lassie, O. S. The Highland Lassie. Each one loves the other, we join with the ant,
S. True hearted was he †	S. The Poor Thresher.
And thou hast plighted me love o' the dearest! S. Twas na her bonie blue e'e †	Yet, dearer than my deathless soul, I still would love my Jean S. Tho' cruel fate \tau
O Love thou hast pleasures, and deep have I lov'd,	Thou canst love another maid, While my heart is breaking; S. Thou hast left me †
O Love thou hast sorrows, and sair have I prov'd; S. Wae is my heart †	"To those who love us!"—second fill;
By whom true love's regarded, . S. When wild War's †	But not to those whom we love;
Tho' poor in gear, we're rich in love,	Lest we love those who love not us! To a Lady.
By the treasure of my soul,	Your friends ay love, your faes ay fear ye, To Terraughty. I love thee, Nith, thy banks and braes,
That's the love I bear thee! . S. Wilt thou be my †	S. To thee, lov'd Nith †
Youth and Love with sprightly dance, Wr. in Friars-Carse H	If to love thy heart denies, . S. Turn again, thou †
And ilka bird sang o' its love,	The noble ward he loves V.s, below Picture.
And fondly sae did I o' mine S. Ye banks and braes † While o'er us unheeded, flie the swift hours o' Love.	I'll love my gallant sailor S. Where Cart rins t
S. You wild mossy mountains †	Loved, -'d. When depriv'd of her husband she loved so well, Epig. on Henpecked Squire.
And the heart beating love as I'm clasp'd in her arms, Ib.	this much lov'd, much honor'd name! . Epit. for R. A.
And reigned resistless King of Love, . S. Young Jamie, †	The wisest Man the warl' saw,
And chang'd with every moon my love,	He dearly lov'd the lasses, O. S. Green grow the Rashes.
Ye pow'rs of honour love and truth From ev'ry ill defend her; S. Young Peggy †	O once I lov'd a bonie Lass, S. Handsome Nell.
From ev'ry ill defend her; S. Young Peggy † Love, to [v. also, Luve, Loe, Loo].	Ere ye toss me afar from my lov'd native shore; Lament on leaving Nat. Land.
And, love a kinder—that's your grand specific. Add. sp. by Fontenelle.	The Friend thou valued'st, I, the Patron, lov'd; Lns sent Sir J. Whiteford.
Altho' I love my Chloris mair	For lack o' thee, I leave this much loved shore,
Than ever tongue could tell; S. Ah, Chloris † Nae ither care in life have I,	Once the lov'd haunts of Scotia's royal train;
But live, an' love my Nanie, . S. Behind you hills †	On Death of Sir J. Blair.

Learning and Worth in equal measures trode, From simple Catrine, their long-lov'd abode:	Torn from that lovely shore, and must never see it more; The Slave's Lament.
The Brigs of Ayr. 13. My lov'd, my honor'd, much respected friend,	Lovely Jessie be the name;
The Cotter's Sat. Night.	The Whistle.
That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad Ib. 19. I lov'd her most sincerely; S. The Rigs o' Barley.	Never may'st thou, lovely Flower, Chilly shrink in sleety shower! To Miss C.
Had we never lov'd so kindly, Had we never lov'd so blindly, S. One fond kiss,†	But in the fair presence of lovely young Jessie, Unseen is the lily, unheeded the rose.
The young, the innocent, who fondly loved us,	S. True hearted was he † Turn again thou lovely maiden, S. Turn again, thou fair †
Remorse. A Frag. lov'd Nith, thy gladsome plains, . S. To thee, lov'd Nith †	You, a charming lovely creature, S. Will ye go and marry †
O Love thou hast pleasures, and deep have I lov'd, S. Wae is my heart †	But my dear and lovely Katie,
ove-gift.	Were fortune lovely Peggy's foe,
Love-gifts of Carnival signoras. [v.A.13] The Twa Dogs. ove-inspiring.	Such sweetness would relent her, . S. Young Peggy † Lover.
And sic twa love-inspiring een, On W. Chalmers.	Lang syne in Eden's bonie yard, When youthfu' lovers first were pair'd, Add. to the Deil. 15.
Sae wistfully she gaz'd on me,	If from the lover thou maun flee,
And lovelier was than ever; S. When wild War's to overliest. Next came the loveliest pair in all the ring.	Yet let the friend be dear S. Ah, Chloris † Amang them I spied my faithless fause lover,
oveliest. Next came the lovliest pair in all the ring, Sweet Female Beauty hand in band with Spring; The Brigs of Ayr. 13.	S. As I was a-wand ring t
And resign to Parent Earth The lovliest form she e'er gave birth To Miss C.	I listen'd to a lover's sang, . S. By Allan stream t
ovelorn.	And in the keen, yet tender eye, O read th' imploring lover S. Could aught of song †
No idly-feign'd, poetic pains, My sad, lovelorn lamentings claim: The Lament.	There's a' the Pleasures o' the Heart,
And give a love-lorn maiden rest! . S. To thee, lov'd Nith †	The Lover and the Frien'; Ep. to Davie. 8. "Nor use a faithful lover so?" S. Fairest maid †
ovely. Thy chrystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides, S. Afton Water.	The bursting sigh, th' unweeting groan Betray the hapless lover: S. Farewell, thou stream †
Yet in thy presence, lovely Fair, To hope may be forgiven; . S. Anna, thy charms †	Fond lovers parting is sweet painful pleasure,
Lovely wee thing was thou mine; . S. Bonie wee thing † More lovely far her beauty blows Delia. An Ode.	S. Gloomy December. To thy new lover hie, S. Had I a cave †
Burnet, lovely from her native skies; El. on Miss Burnet.	Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet, S. Here's a health to ane †
· by these precious drops, That fill thy lovely eyes! . S. Farewell, dear mistress †	It's plenty beets the lover's fire. S. In simmer when t
Auld Nature swears, the lovely Dears Her noblest work she classes, O:	Let her lo'e nae man but me; There the Lover's treasure lies S. Jockey fou, †
S. Green grow the Rashes.	And wha but my fine fickle lover was there, S. Last May a braw wooer†
Fair and lovely as thou art, S. Hark! the mavis† O what can stay my lovely maid! . S. Here is the glen,†	Like music-notes o' Lover's hymns: S. My Lord a-hunting †
Twa lovely een of bonie blue. S. I gaed a waefu't	The merry birds are lovers a', S. Now rosy May † But purer was the lover's vow S. O bonie was yon rosy †
And when her lovely form I see, O haith, she's doubly dear again! S. I'll ay ca' in †	A hapless lover courts thy lay, S. O stay, sweet warbling t
Lovely was she by the dawn, S. It was the charming † Lovely Burns has charms—confess;	But gleg as light are lovers' een, S. O this is no my ain† But weel the watching lover marks
Lns under Pict. of Miss B.	My cave would be a lover's bower, S. O wat ye wha's int
Lovely as yonder sweet opening flower is, S. Mark yonder Pomp †	The absent lover, minor heir, In vain assail him with their prayer, Sketch. New-Yr's Day.
My fair, my lovely Charmer! S. Now westlin winds † The lovely Mary Morison. S. O Mary at thy window †	By the pangs of lovers slighted, . S. Stay, my charmer †
Thou'rt like themselves [the powers aboon] sae lovely,	And my fause lover staw the rose, But left the thorn wi' me. S. The Banks of Doon. Sett. II.
That ill they'll ne'er let near thee. S. O saw ye bonie Lesley † She, who her lovely Offspring eyes	The lover's raptur'd joys or bleeding cares; The Brigs of Ayr. 12.
With tender hopes and fears, . O Thou dread Pow'r† And she, a lovely little flower . S. O wat ye wha's in †	the Lover's raptur'd hour
Her lovely form, her native ease, S. On a bank of flowers †	As from the fondest lover part, The plighted husband of her youth? The Lament.
But Jessy's lovely hand in mine, . On Miss J. Lewars. Chill on thy lovely form; . On Birth of Posth. Child.	The unweeting groan, the bursting sigh, Betray the guilty lover S. The last time I†
Blest be thy bloom, thou lovely gem,	'Some hint the Lover's harmless wile; The Vision. D. II. 9.
Oh still I behold thee, all lovely in death, On Death of fav. Child.	Ev'ry pulse along my veins, Tells the ardent lover S. Thine am I †
O lovely Polly Stewart, [re.] S. Polly Stewart.	See'st thou thy lover lowly laid? . To Mary in Heaven. But may, dear Maid, each lover prove
To paint the lovely hapless Scottish Queen! Scots Prologue. Such to me my lovely maid. S. Sleep'st thou, or wak'st †	An Edwin still to you To Miss L.
the rainbow's lovely form	Are lovers as faithful, and maidens as fair. S. True hearted was he†
Ye're wae men, ye're nae men, That slight the lovely dears: The Ans. to the Guidwife.	Grace, beauty, and elegance, fetter her lover, Ib. Rue on thy despairing lover, S. Turn again, thou †
How lovely, Nith, thy fruitful vales, S. The Banks of Nith. This lovely maid's of royal blood S. The bonie Lass of Albany.	How your dread howling a lover alarms!
M'Murdo and his lovely spouse,	Ae look deprived me o' my heart,
(Th' enamour'd laurels kiss her brows,) The Election Ballads. VI.	And I became a lover. S. When first I saw † And prouder than a belted knight,
The lovely lass of Inverness, Nae joy nor pleasure can she see; S. The lovely lass of I.†	I'd be my Jeanie's lover
And in her lovely bosom I'll place the lily there; S. The Posie.	She'll always find a lover
Sunk on the earth, defac'd its lovely form, The Rights of Woman.	and thus may still True lovers be rewarded. S. When wild War's †

Why, why tell thy lover, Bliss he never must enjoy? S. Why, why tell thy †	Low, in a sandy valley spread, . The Vision. D. I. 15. Who call'd on Fame, low standing by,
Why, why wouldst thou, cruel, Wake thy lover from his dream?	To hand him on, [v.A.4] Ib. Nor longer mourn thy fate is hard,
And my fause lover staw my rose, But ah! he left the thorn wi' me. S. Ye banks and braes †	Thus poorly low! Ib. D. II. 2. But now the share uptears thy bed,
Loving, -in'. A lovin' father I'll be to thee, . Add. to Illegit. Child.	And low thou lies! . To a Mountain-Daisy.
Here lie the loving Husband's dear remains, Epit. for Author's Father.	Till she, like thee, all soil'd, is laid Low i' the dust
In loving bleeze they sweetly join, Halloween. 10.	Low-sunk in squalid, unprotected age, . To R. G. of F., 5. Lowan [burning, flaming, blazing].
Whose only fault is loving thee? S. O Mary, at thy window † An exile frae her father's ha',	An' tho' you lowan heugh's thy hame, Thou travels far: Add. to the Deil. 3.
And a' for loving thee; S. O mirk, mirk †	A vast, unbottom'd, boundless Pit.
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest Pair, In other's arms, breathe out the tender tale, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 9.	Fill'd fou o' lowan brunstane, The Holy Fair. 22. To quench their lowan drouth, The Jolly Beggars. R. VIII.
And here, by sweet endearing stealth,	Lowe [a flame].
Shall meet the loving pair. The Petition of Br. Water. Because thou art loving and kind to thy wife S. The Poor Thresher.	The sacred lowe o' weel plac'd love, Ep. to Young Friend. 6. And by my ingle-lowe I saw, Now bleezan bright, The Vision. D. I. 7.
The offence is loving thee: Turn again, thou †	Beyont the ingle lowe; S. The weary pund.
Listen to a loving swain; . S. Will ye go and marry †	Lower. 'This lower world I you resign; Nature's Law.
Lov'st.	To lower Orders are assign'd, The humbler ranks of Human-kind, The Vision. D. II. 7.
That lov'st to greet the early morn, To Mary in Heaven. Low, But thoughtless follies laid him low, A Bard's Epit	O had she but been of a lower degree, S. There's auld Rob †
darkling grubs this earthly hole, In low pursuit, 1b.	Lower v. Lour.
If friendless, low, we meet together,	Lowest.
Then, Sir, your hand—my Friend and Brother. A Ded. to G. H., 16. The wretch, already crushed low	Tho' shelter'd in the lowest shed S. Twas even—the dewy † Lowly.
By cruel Fortune's undeserved blow? A Winter Night. 9.	And the earth conceals sae lowly; . S. My Collier Laddie.
Their royal Name low in the dust! Add. to Edinburgh. 6. which laid th' accomplish'd Burnet low. El. on Miss Burnet.	A lowly Bard was he,
An' here his body lies fu' low— Epit. on wee Johnie.	The lowly train in life's sequester'd scene;
And owning heaven's mysterious sway,	The Cotter's Sat. Night. In this lone cave, in garments lowly, The Hermit.
Submissive, low, adore Fragment of Ode. I ken they scorn my low estate, S. Here's to thy health, †	Let lofty firs, and ashes cool,
For silent, low, on beds of dust,	My lowly banks o'erspread, The Petition of Br. Water. Stalk'd round his ashes lowly laid, [v.A.4] The Vision. D. I.
Lie a' that would my sorrow share. Lament for Glencairn. In Poverty's low barren vale,	Yet all beneath th' unrivall'd Rose,
O! had I met the mortal shaft	The lowly Daisy sweetly blows; Ib. D. II., 20.
Which laid my benefactor low!	Where the blue-bell and gowan lurk, lowly, unseen; S. Their groves of
For she [our Kirk] by tribulations	See'st thou thy lover lowly laid? . S. To Mary in Heaven.
Is now brought very low New Psalmody. I scorn not the Peasant, tho' ever so low;	While chearful peace, with linnet song, Chants the lowly dells among. Wr. in Friars-Carse H.
S. No Churchman am I †	Reverence with lowly heart Him whose wondrous work thou art; Wr.in Hermitage, F.C.
The spring shall return to thy low narrow hed, On Death of fav. Child.	Lown v. Loun.
"Low lies the hand that oft was stretch'd to save, "Low lies the heart that swell'd with honest pride!	Lowp, Lowping, v. Loup, Louping.
on Death of Sir J. Blair.	Lowrie [Lawrence]. There's Lowrie the laird o' Dumeller, S. Tam Glen.
"Relentless fate has laid their guardian low Ib. But cold successive noontide blasts	Lowrie's burn [the river St. Lawrence].
May lay its beauties low Sad thy tale, †	Down Lowrie's burn he [Montgomery] took a turn,
Lay the proud usurpers low, S. Scots wha ha'e † Is in his "narrow house" for ever darkly low. [v.A.10]	Low'ring. Then low'ring, and pouring,
Sonnet on Death of Riddel.	The storm no more I dread; To Ruin.
There, low he lies, in lasting rest; [v.A.15] Tam Samson's El	Lowse [to loose]. To lowse his pack an' wale a sang, The Jolly Beggars. R. VIII.
To see her sittan on her arse Low i' the dust, The Author's Cry and Prayer.	Can easy, wi' a single wordie Lowse h-ll upon me. To Rev. J. M'Math.
Low in your wintry beds, ye flowers, Again ye'll flourish fresh and fair; S. The Catrine woods †	Lows'd [loosed].
'Till the mortal stroke shall lay me low,	An' lows'd his tinkler jaw, man A Fragment. 5.
S. The Highl. Lassie. An' wi' a curchie low did stoop, . The Holy Fair. 3.	An' lows'd his [Job's] ill-tongu'd, wicked Scawl Add. to the Deil. 18.
And coward maukin sleep secure, Low in her grassy form: . The Petition of Br. Water.	Loyal. In loyal, true affection, A Dream. 8.
Low in her grassy form: The Petition of Br. Water. ere Phœbus, low, Shall kiss the distant, western main.	Wha in his wae days were loyal to Charlie? S. Bannocks o' bear meal †
The Lament. 7.	And ilk loyal, bonie lad
I bow'd fu' low to this sam' maid, S. The Lass that made the bed.	Cross the seas and win his ain S. Frae the friends † To prove our loyal truth—we can no more;
And many a low humble bow to the ground: The Poor Thresher.	Fragment of Ode. For Loyal Harry back again. S. My Harry was a gallant †
Which even the Rights of Kings in low prostration Most humbly own—'tis dear, dear admiration!	For loyal Forbes' Charter'd boast
The Rights of Woman. Must I see thee, my youthful pride,	Your faith proved so loyal, in hot bloody trial,
Thus brought so very low! S. The sun he is sunk ?	S. The small birds t
And the Morro low was laid at the sound of the drum. The Jolly Beggars. S. I.	Ye true "Loyal Natives," attend to my song, S. Ye true "Loyal Natives" †

14	Your de Council on Joseph of County of
oyalty.	Lug, to [produce, bring forth].
But loyalty truce! we're on dangerous ground,	Then lug out your ladle, deal brimstone like adle,
Poet. Add. to Tytler.	The Kirk's Alarm.
The doctrine, to day, that is loyalty found,	Lugar. Behind you hills where Lugar flows [v.A.26]
To-morrow may bring us a halter	S. Behind you hills †
Luath.	That wav'd o'er Lugar's winding stream:
And in his freaks had Luath ca'd him, The Twa Dogs. 4.	Lament for Glencairn.
uck. may guid luck hit you! A Farewell.	Or stately Lugar's mossy fountains boil, The Brigs of Ayr. 7.
But by gude luck I lap a wicket,	While Irwin, Lugar, Aire an' Doon,
And turn'd a neuk. Friend of the Poet † P.S.	Naebody sings To W. Simpson.
And wha winna wish guid luck to our cause,	Lugget [having a lug or handle].
May never guid luck be their fa'! S. Here's a health to them, †	O rare! to see thee fizz an' freath
I wish you luck o' the prize, man. S. The deil cam fiddlin t	I' the lugget caup! Scotch Drink. 10.
Bad luck on the penny that tempted my minnie	Luggie [a wooden dish with a lug or handle].
S. What can a young lassie t	In order, on the clean hearth-stane,
uckily.	The Luggies three are ranged; Halloween. 27.
And there will be roaring Birtwhistle,	Auld Scotland wants nae skinking ware
Yet luckily roars in the right. The Election Ballads. III.	That jaups in luggies; [v.A.7] To a Haggis.
Luckiess.	Luke v. Leuk.
ye'll stain the mitre Some luckless day A Dream. 12.	Lum [the chimney].
Some luckless hour will send him linkan,	
To your black pit; Add. to the Deil. 20.	
luckless fortune's northern storms S. Luckless Fortune.	Lumber. To slap mankind like lumber! Nature's Law.
in luckless hour, Made me the thrall of care.	Lume [tool, instrument].
	the best wark-lume i' the house, . Add. to the Deil. 11.
S. Now Spring has clad t	Lump. My Son, these maxims make a rule,
On Life's rough ocean luckless starr'd l To a Mountain-Daisy.	And lump them ay thegither; Add. to the Unco Guid.
The star that rules my luckless lot, To J. S., 6.	Lumpish. She [nature] kneads the lumpish philosophic dough.
And doubly curse the luckless rhyming trade. To R. G. of F.	Ep. to R. Graham. 2.
No horns but those by luckless Hymen worn, . Ib. 3.	Luna. Is Fortune's fickle Luna waning?
ucky.	E'en let her gang! To J. S., 20.
The lucky moment to improve, . Despondency, an Ode. 4.	Lunardi [a lady's bonnet named after Lunardi the
Yet whose parts and acquirements seem mere lucky hits;	balloonist].
Fragment, inscr. to Fox.	But Miss's fine Lunardi, fye!
If bringing them over was lucky for us,	How daur ye do 't? To a Louse.
I'm sure 'twas as lucky for them [v.A.9]	Lunch [a large piece of bread, cheese, &c.].
Poet. Add. to Tytler.	An' cheese an' bread, frae women's laps,
Some, lucky, find a flow'ry spot,	Was dealt about in lunches, An' dawds The Holy Fair. 23.
For which they never toil'd nor swat; To J. S., 17.	Lunt [a column of smoke].
Lucky, -ie [an ale-house mistress; a designation	
applied to an elderly woman].	She fuff't her pipe wi' sic a lunt,
They'll step in and tak a pint	butter'd So'ns, wi' fragrant lunt,
Wi Lady Onlie, honest lucky. S. A' the lads o' Thornie-bank †	Luntan [smoking],
* 1 0 11 1 11 1 1 1	The luntan pipe, an' sneeshin mill, . The Twa Dogs. 20.
Lady Onlie, honest lucky, Brews gude ale,	Lurch. But the godly old Chaplain left him in the lurch;
And cheary blinks the ingle-gleede O' Lady Onlie, honest lucky	The Jolly Beggars. S. II.
	Lure. Nor think to lure us as in days of yore:
sentimental sister Susie, An' honest Lucky; Ep. to Maj. Logan. 13.	Fragment of Ode.
	Lurk. Whyles, in the human bosom pryin,
And eke the same to honest Lucky, . To Dr. Blacklock.	Unseen thou lurks. Add. to the Deil. 4.
O had your tongue now, Luckie Laing, S. Gat ye me †	He never was known for to idle or lurk;
Lucy.	S. The Poor Thresher.
And doubly welcome be the spring,	Where the blue-bell and gowan lurk, lowly, unseen;
The season to my Lucy dear. S. O wat ye wha's in t	S. Their groves of t
But my delight in yon town,	Evils lurk in felon wait: Wr. in Friars-Carse H
And dearest joy, is Lucy fair	Lust. At times I'm fash'd wi' fleshly lust
But gi'e me Lucy in my arms,	Holy Willie's Prayer. 6.
But spare me, spare me Lucy dear 1b.	lust and pride, The arch-fiend's dearest, darkest powers,
Lug [the ear].	The Hermit.
Altho' a ribban at your lug	Lusted. That few for aught but folly lusted; The Hermit.
Wad been a dress compleater: A Dream. 12.	Lustre. The kindling lustre of an eye; S. My Mary's face †
And thro' my lugs gies mony a twang, Add. to Toothache.	That Indian wealth may lustre throw
But, let me whisper i' your lug, . Add. to Unco Guid. 6.	Around my Highland lassie, O. S. The Highl. Lassie.
They made our lugs grow eerie; . S. Amang the trees †	Deep lights and shades, bold-mingling, threw
While frosty winds blaw in the drift,	A lustre grand; . The Vision. D. I. 12.
Ben to the chimla lug,	But kindness, sweet kindness, in the fond-sparkling e'e,
Out owre the lugs she plumpet,	Has lustre outshining the diamond to me;
That lives at the lug o' the law! S. Here's a health to them t	S. You wild mossy mountains †
I wad been o'er the lugs in luve; S. I do confess †	Luve [love].
	O my Luve's like a red, red rose,
	That's newly sprung in June; S. A red, red Rose.
An' crabbed names an' stories wrack us,	O my Luve's like the melodie That's sweetly play'd in tune
An' grate our lug, Scotch Drink.	
Ne'er claw your lug, an' fidge your back, An' hum an' haw, The Author's Cry and Prayer.	As fair art thou, my bonie lass, So deep in luve am I;
How would his Highland lug been nobler fir'd,	
The Brigs of Ayr. 12.	
4 1 4	And I will come again, my Luve, : 1b.
	I wad been o'er the lugs in luve; S. I do confess t
His hair, his size, his mouth, his lugs, . The Twa Dogs.	O John, my luve, come kiss me now, . S. John, come kiss.
When up they gat an' shook their lugs, Ib. 35.	Thou minds me o' the happy days
An anxious e'e I never throws	When my fause luve was true.
Behint my lug, or by my nose; To J. S., 25.	S. The Banks of Doon, Sett. II.

And ilka bird sang o' it's luve; And sae did I o' mine. S. The Banks of Doon, Sett. II.	Madden. Thy sons ne'er madden in the fierce extremes To R. G. of F., 7.
Gif ye hae ony luve for me, O wrang na my virginity! S. The lass that made the bed.	Maddening. I saw thy pulse's maddening play, . The Vision. D. II. 17.
Luve, to [to love]. And I will luve thee still, my Dear,	Now maddening, wild, I curse that fatal night; To Clarinda.
Till a' the seas gang dry S. A red, red Rose.	Made. D'ye think, said I, this face was made for crying? Add. sp. by Fontenelle. Is instant made no worth a louse
I will luve thee still, my Dear, While the sands o' life shall run	Just at the bit Add. to the Deil. 11. Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
Luxuriant. And [pleasure] pours her cup luxuriant; . Innocence †	Decidedly can try us, Add. to Unco Guid. 8.
Luxuriantly. The sacred lowe o' weel plac'd love,	They made our lugs grow eerie, O. S. Amang the trees † Ask why God made the gem so small,
Luxuriantly indulge it; Ep. to Young Friend. 6. Luxurious. While Love's luxurious pulse beat high,	While huge He made the granite? [v.A.27] Ask why God made †
The Lament.	May he who made him still support him, Auld comrade dear †
pamper'd Luxury, Flatt'ry by her side, A Winter Night. 8.	Hast thou found that beauty's lillies Were not made for aye to last? Blue Bonnets.
And O may Heaven their simple lives prevent From Luxury's contagion, weak and vile!	The Clachan yill had made me canty, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 3.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 20. Or pity's notes, in luxury of tears, . To Miss Graham.	Has made them baith no worth a f—t, Ib. 15. Who called her verse, a parish workhouse made
Lyart [grey, of a mixed colour]. tho' I should beg Wi' lyart pow, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 9.	For motley, foundling fancies, stolen or strayed?) Ep. from Esopus.
though his locks be lyart gray, S. The cardin o't.	Or rhymes an' sangs he'd made himsel, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 6.
His lyart haffets wearing thin and bare; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 12.	If honest Nature made you fools, What sairs your Grammars? Ib. 11.
Twa had manteeles o' dolefu' black, But ane wi' lyart lining; The Holy Fair. 2.	A warmer heart Death ne'er made cold. Epit. for R. A. If there's another world he lives in bliss;
When lyart leaves bestrow the yird, The Jolly Beggars. R. I. Lye v. Lie.	If there is none, he made the best of this. Epit. on a Friend. Her prentice han' she try'd on man,
Lying. The Lord forgi'e me for lying, [re.] S. Last May a braw wooer t	An' then she made the lasses, O. S. Green grow the Rashes. I wat she made nae jaukin;
Lying. There's somebody weary wi' lying her lane, S. The Taylor fell†	'An' he made unco light o't;
Lynin [lining].	"Was made his wedded wife yestreen; Lament for Glencairn. The dew fell fresh, the sun rose mild,
The taylor staw the lynin o't S. The cardin o't. Lyre.	And made my branches grow, . S. Luckless Fortune. When chill November's surly blast
They who but feign a wounded heart, May teach the lyre to languish; S. Could aught of song †	Made fields and forests bare, Man was made to mourn. Made me the thrall of care. S, Now Spring has clad.
Who christened thus Maria's lyre divine; Ep. fr. Esopus. I'll drap the lyre, and mute, admire, S. Lovely Davies.	Again the merry month of May Has made our hills and valleys gay; S. O Logan! sweetly †
Here vanity strums on her idiot lyre; Monody, on a Lady.	For Nature made her what she is, And ne'er made sic anither! S. O saw ye bonie Lesley †
Wha sweetly tune the Scottish lyre, The Ans. to the Guidwife.	A man of fashion too, he made his tour, Sketch.
Or other Holy Seers that tune the sacred lyre. The Cotter's Sat. Night. 14.	Men, three-parts made by Taylors and by Barbers, The Brigs of Ayr. 9.
Here Poesy might wake her heaven taught lyre, Wr. in Kenmore Inn.	Heaven gave me more, it made thee mine. S. The day returns †
Macedonian. Tho', by his banes wha in a tub	Made me the judge o' strife; The Election Ballads. V. An' soon I made me ready; The Holy Fair. 6.
Match'd Macedonian Sandy! To Mr. M'Adam. Machine.	He stoiter'd up an' made a face; The Jolly Beggars. R. III. An' made the bottle clunk
Adjust the unimpair'd machine, . Sketch. New-Yr's Day.	To their health that night
Mad. life's mad career, Wild as the wave, A Bard's Epit. Towns-bodies ran, an' stood abiegh,	The lass that made the bed to me. S. The lass that made the bed.
An' ca't thee mad A Guid New-year + 8. Or mad Ambition's gory hand, . A Winter Night. 7.	For monie a heart thou hast made sair, S. The lovely lass of 1. †
While raving mad, I wish a heckle Were in their doup Add. to Toothache.	But Oliphant aft made her [Common-sense] yell, The Ordination. 2.
Her dowf excuses pat me mad; Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 4. It pit's me ay as mad's a hare; Ep. to J. R., 13.	How graceless Ham leugh at his Dad, Which made Canaan a niger;
Tho' father and mother and a' should gae mad, S. O whistle,† The warld would think I was mad,	He made me blest—and broke my heart! The Tears I shed.
S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie. 'Gainst headlong, ruthless, mad Rebellion's arms.	Was made lang syne, lord knows how lang. The Twa Dogs. 4. And a' that she has made o' that, La poor party a' twa.
Care, mad to see a man sae happy,	Is ae poor pund o' tow S. The weary Pund. I hae as gude a craft rig
E'en drown'd himsel among the nappy: Tam o' Shanter 6	As made o' yird and stane; S. There's news, lasses† Wow, but your letter made me vauntie! To Dr. Blacklock.
Whistling his [combustion's] roaring pack abroad, Of mad, unmuzzled lions; . The Election Ballads. VI. Town of Ayr, town of Ayr, it was mad I declare,	Jove's tunefu' dochters three times three, Made Homer deep their debtor; . To Miss Ferrier.
	I trow it made me proud; To Mr. M'Adam. hae made bare My peace, my hope, for ever!
The Kirk's Alarm. Ae night, the r're mad wi' drink an' wh-ring, The Twa Dogs. 32. The carlin gaed thro' them like ony mad bear,	Verses under Grief. I made an open fair confession, What ails ye now !
S. There liv'd ance a carle †	By him who made yon sun and sky! S. When wild War's †
But I gae mad at their grimaces, . To Rev. J. M*Math. Mad-cap.	Madest, -'st. Who mad'st the sea and shore, . Grace after Dinner.
Not so the idle Muses' mad-cap train, . To R. G. of F., 8.	Thou madest strong two chosen ones, . New Psalmody.

Madgie.	Let simple maid the lesson read, . S. O Lassie, art thou
O Tinkler Madgie was her mither; . S. Willie Wastle† Madlera.	A barefit maid I chanc'd to meet, S. O Mally's meek. The fairest maid's in you town
Balmaghie had better been Drinking Madiera wine The Election Ballads. V.	That evining sun is shining on. [re.] S. O wat ye wha's in †
Drinking Madiera wine The Election Ballads. V. Madness.	He vow'd, he pray'd, he found the maid Forgiving all and good. S. On a bank of flowers †
(Not moony madness more astray) Sent to a Gent. offended.	My bonie maid, before ye wed On W. Chalmers.
By blockhead's daring into madness stung; To R. G. of F., 5.	Such to me my lovely maid S. Sleep'st thou, or wak'st †
Madrid.	This lovely maid's of royal blood S. The bonie Lass of Albany.
Or by Madrid he takes the rout, To thrum guittars an' fecht wi' nowt; . The Twa Dogs. 23.	Or frosty maids forsworn the dear embrace, The Brigs of Ayr. 8.
Mae [more].	Then paints the ruin'd Maid, and their distraction wild!
Forby sax mae, I've sell't awa, . A Guid New-year † 15.	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10.
Sal-alkali o' Midge-tail clippings,	I'd kiss her maids, and kick the perverse h—h. The Henpecked Husband.
And mony mae. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 22. And ye'll crack your credit wi' mae than me.	I once was a maid, tho' I cannot tell when;
S. O meikle thinks my love †	The Jolly Beggars. S. II.
And mony mae we hope to be S. O Willy brew'd †	Was whistle o'er the lave o't
Is th' wish o' mony mae than me: . Tam Samson's El., 14.	I bow'd fu' low to this sam' maid, [re.]
Heav'n sent me ane mae than I wanted The Inventory. My only beast, I had nae mae, S. What will I do sin t	S. The Lass that made the bed. When a' our fairest maids were met,
My only beast, I had nae mae, S. What will I do gin † Magellan.	The fairest maid was bonie Jean. S. There was a lass †
Or whare wild-meeting oceans boil	Thou canst love another maid,
Besouth Magellan To W. Simpson.	While my heart is breaking; . S. Thou hast left me † Such is the fate of artless Maid, . To a Mountain-Daisy.
Wha I wish were maggots' meat, S. First when Maggy †	'Gie fine braw claes to fine Life-guards.
Ye maggots, feed on Nicol's brain.	'And Maids of Honor; . To J. S., 22.
For few sic feasts you've gotten; For W. Nicol.	Fair maid, you need not take the hint, . To Miss Ainslie.
Ye maggots make your windings; The Book-Worms. Maggy, -ie.	But may, dear Maid, each Lover prove An Edwin still to you
A Guid New-year I wish you Maggie! A Guid New-Year	All hail, Religion! maid divine! . To Rev. J. M'Math.
I ken'd my Maggie wad na sleep For that, or Simmer. Ib. 13.	And fair are the maids on the banks of the Ayr;
Maggie coost her head fu' heigh, . S. Duncan Gray †	S. True-hearted was † Thee, dear maid, have I offended? S. Turn again, thou †
Maggie's was a piteous case,	O had she been a country maid, S. Twas even—the dewy t
First when Maggy was my care, Heaven, I thought, was in her air; S. First when Maggy †	Wha spied I but my ain dear maid, S. When wild War's t
But Maggie stood right sair astonish'd, Tam o' Shanter. 11.	The slighted maids my torments see, S. Young Jamie, †
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied, 1b. 16.	Maiden. An' sweet an' gracefu' she did ride Wi' maiden air! A Guid New-Year † 6.
So Maggie runs the witches follow,	Mark Maiden-innocence a prey
Hard upon noble Maggie prest,	To love pretending snares, A Winter Night. 9.
But little wist she Maggie's mettle	maiden May, in rich array, S. But lately seen †
Curst Common-sense, that imp o' h-ll,	Syne as ye brew, my maiden fair, Keep mind that ye maun drink the yill. S. In simmer when t
Cam in wi' Maggie Lauder; The Ordination. 2.	But O the road was very hard,
There was Maggy by the banks o' Nith A dame wi' pride eneugh, The Election Ballads. I.	For that fair maiden's tender feet. S. O Mally's meek. Where first I own'd my maiden love, S. O Phely†
Magic. Who but owns their magic sway, S. My Mary's face t	And there will be maiden Kilkerran,
That breaks the magic of my dream; On Lincluden.	The Election Ballads. III.
But O for Hogarth's magic pow'r . On dining with Daer.	Some grace the Maiden's artless smile; The Vision. D. II. 9.
I'd charm her with the magic of a switch, The Henpecked Husband.	And you, tho' scarce in maiden prime, Are so much nearer Heav'n. To Miss L., with "Beatte."
He circled round the magic ground,	And give a love-lorn maiden rest! S. To thee, lov'd Nith †
But entrance found he nane, man: The Fête Champetre. Magic-wand.	Are lovers as faithful, and maidens as fair. S. True hearted was t
Where Pleasure is the Magic-wand, To J. S., 12.	Turn, again, thou lovely maiden, S. Turn again, thou †
The magic-wand then let us wield; 1b. 13.	A maiden fair I chanc'd to spy; S. Twas even-the dewy
Magistrate. Abuse o' Magistrates might weel be spar'd;	Maidenhead.
Magna Charta. The Brigs of Ayr. 10.	To grant a heart is fairly civil, But to grant a maidenhead's the devil! Auld comrade †
The magna charta flag unfurls, The Election Ballads. VI.	Maidenkirk.
Magnanimity.	Frae Maidenkirk to Johny Groats! On Grose's Peregrinations.
O glorious magnanimity of soul! Remorse. A Frag Magnum-bonum [a double-sized bottle, containing]	Maidenly. And maidenly modesty fixes the chain.
two English quarts].	S. True hearted was het Mailie. Poor Mailie's dead! [re.] Poor Mailie's El
High-wav'd his magnum-bonum round With Cyclopean fury The Election Ballads. VI.	Now Robin, greetin', chows the hams
Mahoun [the devil].	O' Mailie dead! [v.A.19] Ib.
And ilka wife cries, auld Mahoun,	As Mailie, an' her lambs thegither Was ae day nibbling on the tether, The Death of Mailie.
I wish you luck o' the prize man. S. The deil cam fiddlin† Maid.	At length poor Mailie silence brak Ib.
"To sing some favourite Scottish maid. As on the banks †	This said, poor Mailie turn'd her head, Ib.
Thy form and mind, sweet maid, can I forget;	Mailin [a farm].
El. on Miss Burnet.	'Twill please me mair to hear an' see't, Than stocket mailins. Add. to Illegit. Child.
Fairest maid on Devon banks! S. Fairest maid † The maid that I adore! S. From thee, Eliza, †	A weel-stocked mailin, himsel' for the laird,
The maid that I adore! S. From thee, Eliza,† O what can stay my lovely maid! . S. Here is the glen,†	S. Last May a braw wooer †
All for to court this pretty maid, Katharine Jaffray.	There's Meg wi' the mailin that fain wad a haen him; S. There's a youth †
To the weaver's gin ye go, fair maids, S. My heart was ance †	A mailin plenish'd fairly; , , S, When wild War's †
2 P	

Main. An somebodie were come again, Then somebodie maun cross the main, S. Carl, an the king come.	The charms o' the min', the langer they shine, The mair admiration they draw, man; Ronalds of Bennals. 'Twou'd been o'er meikle to've gi'en thee mair.
Weak, timid landsmen on life's stormy main! Ep. to R. Graham. 5.	I mean an angel mind S. She's fair and fause †
I mann cross the main. My dear, S. It was a' for t	Wi' mair o' horrible and awefu', . Tam o' Shanter. 11. I'd be mair vauntie o' my hap, The Ans. to the Guidwife.
The sailor frae the main,	(Deil na they never mair do guid.
The Lament,	The Author's Cry and Prayer. 16. And muckle mair than ye can mak to through.
Flow still between us, thou wide roaring main. S. Wandering Willie.	O, bid him never tye them mair, . The Death of Mailie.
For gold the merchant ploughs the main, S. When wild War's	Wha's mair o' the black than the blue.
Maintain. Who boldly dare thy cause maintain	The Election Ballads. III. Leeze me on Drink! it gies us mair
In spite of foes: . To Rev. J. M'Math.	Than either School or Colledge: . The Holy Fair. 19. Ae auld wheelbarrow, mair for token The Inventory.
Maintop. Then top and maintop croud the sail, To J. S., 11.	Wi' weans I'm mair than weel contented, 1b.
Mair [more; v. also, Nae mair]. What wad ye wish for mair, man? A Bottle and Friend.	I'se ne'er ride horse nor hizzie mair;
But may she wintle in a woodie,	S. The lass that made the bed.
If she whore mair Adam A—'s Prayer. Till in some miry slough he sunk is,	If mair they deave us wi' their din, The Ordination. 14. They're ay in less or mair provided; The Twa Dogs. 16.
Ne'er mair to rise Add. to the Deil. 13.	And ay the mair he hotch'd an' blew,
The mair they tauk I'm kent the better, Add. to Illegit. Child. 'Twill please me mair to hear an' see't,	The mair that she forbade him There came a piper † While deil a hair yoursel ye're better,
Than stocket mailins	But mair profane Third Ep. to J. Lap For me I would be mair than proud
mair Than ever tongue could tell; S. Ah, Chloris †	To share the mercies wi' you To a Medical Gent.
The langer ye ha'e them, the mair they're carest. S. Awa' wi' yr witchcraft †	You shouldna paint at angels mair, To a Painter. Wha does the utmost that he can,
The mair I kiss she's ay my dearie. S. Braw lads of G. Water.	Will whyles do mair To Dr. Blacklock.
Contented wi' little, and canty wi' mair, S. Contented wi' little to the wife slade cannie to her bed.	Mair taen I'm wi' you
'But ne'er spak mair. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 26.	in faith, they're worse And mair unchancy. To J. Kennedy.
'Mair spier na, nor fear na.'	And if we dinna haud a bouze I'se ne'er drink mair
Ouo' she, 'Ye ken we've been sae busy	An' backlins-comin, to the leuk, She grew mair bright. To W. Simpson, P.S.
This month an' mair, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 3. A' that I bargain'd for, an' mair; Ep. to J. R., 5.	Frae less to mair it gaed to sticks;
And screw your temper-pins aboon A fifth or mair, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 4.	In hopes to be mair wise, V.s on Window, Carron. And waft my dear Laddie ance mair to my arms.
But now its gane, and something mair, . Extem. Ap. 1782.	S. Wandering Willie.
Never mair to taste delight. Never mair mann hope to find	And mair, we'se ne'er be parted S. When wild War's t Forbids me e'er to see her mair! . S. Young Jamie t
Ease frae toil, relief frae care: . S. Frae the Friends †	Maist [most]. How guessed ye, Sir, what maist I wanted?
And by that life, I'm promised mair o't, Friend of the poet † And bring a coggie mair S. Gane is the day †	Kind Sir, I've read† There's lang-tocher'd Nancy maist fetters his fancy
Ance mair I hail thee, thou gloomy December l Ance mair I hail thee wi' sorrow and care;	S. There's a youth † The noblest breast adores them maist, S. Women's Minds.
S. Gloomy December.	Maist [almost].
Parting wi' Nancy, Oh! ne'er to meet mair Ib. A pint o' the best o't, And twa pints mair.	I maist forgat my Dedication; . A Ded. to G. H., 11.
S. Gudeen to you Kimmer † Mair braw than when they're fine;	An' gied the infant warld a shog, 'Maist ruin'd a'. Add. to the Deil. 16.
As they wad never mair part,	But her tap-pickle maist was lost, Halloween. 6.
Her cheeks a mair celestial hue, . S. Her flowing locks †	Poor Leezie's heart maist lap the hool; 1b. 26. Ye maist wad think, a wee touch langer,
Content and love bring peace and joy, What mair hae queens upon a throne? S. In simmer when †	An' they maun starve o' cauld and hunger: The Twa Dogs. 11. maist like to rive, Bethankit hums To a Haggis.
A' this and mair I never heard of; Kind Sir, I've read † Even they maun dare an effort mair, S. Lovely Davies.	'Bout which our herds sae aft hae been
That maks us mair than princes;	Maist like to fight, To W. Simpson. P.S. And maist has killed my Hoggie. S. What will I do gint
But Jenny's jimps and jirkinet, My Lord thinks meikle mair upon't. S. My Lord a-hunting †	Maister [master]. The maister drunk—the horse committed:
But Mary she is a' my airi, Ah! Fortune canna gie me mair! S. Now bank and brae t	Maistly [mostly].
It were mair meet, that those fine feet	They're maistly wonderfu' contented; The Twa Dogs. 11.
Were weel lac'd up in silken shoon, . S. O Mally's meek. As songsters of the early year	Majestic. The stately swan majestic swims, S. Again rejoicing Nature
Are ilka day mair sweet to hear, So ilka day to me mair dear	Her form majestic droop'd in pensive woe,
And charming is my Phely S. O Phely† An' they cry crowdie ever mair S. O that I had ne'er†	On Death of Sir J. Blair. Majesty. Guid-mornin to your Majesty! A Dream.
	Hail, Majesty most Excellent! 1b. 9.
Gin ye crowdie ony mair, Ye'll crowdie a' my meal away	Let Majesty your first attention summon, Ah! ça ira! The Majesty of Woman! The Rights of Woman.
And every year come in mair dear . On W. Chalmers.	Major.
Will nane the Shepherd's whistle mair Blaw sweetly Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	(the Major's with the hounds, . Sketch. New-Yr's Day.
A friend mair faithfu' ne'er came nigh him, Poor Mailie's El	And can we forget the auld Major, Wha'll ne'er be forgot in the Greys, The Election Ballads. III.
For mair than a towmond or twa, man; Ronalds of Bennals.	I ne Euction Ballaas. III.

Majority.	if ye mak' objections at it, Third Ep. to J. Lap
But accept, ye sublime Majority, My congratulations hearty The Dean of Fac.	Or fricassee wad mak her spew,
Mak [to make].	Ye Pow'rs wha mak mankind your care,
Yet aft a ragged Cowte's been known.	To mak amends for scrimpet stature, To J. S., 3.
To mak a noble Aiver; A Dream. 11.	Maks Hours like Minutes, hand in hand,
Heav'n mak you guid as weel as braw, Ib. 14. To mak it guid in law, man A Fragment. 9.	Maks Flours like Minutes, hand in hand, Dance by fu' light
They'll mak what rules and laws they please.	I fear they'll now mak mony a stammer, . To W. Creech.
Add. of Beelzebub.	What mak ye sae like a thief? S. Wha is that at †
Let wark and hunger mak them sober!	We's mak nae din about your tocher;
Thence, mystic knots mak great abuse, Add. to the Deil. 11. What maks the mighty differ; Add. to Unco Guid. 3.	S. Will ye go and marry t Make, s. In the make of that wonderful creature, call'd Man,
It maks an unco leeway	Fragment, inscr. to Fox.
It seem'd to mak a kind o' stan', Death and Dr. Hornbook. 8.	Bonie and bloomin, and straught was its make; S. Lady Mary Ann.
Diel mak his king's-hood in a spleuchan! Ib. 14.	Make, to.
Satan took stuff to mak a swine, . Epig. on A. Turner. You wha ken hardly verse frae prose,	Make you as poor a dog as I am, A Ded. to G. H., 16.
To mak a sang? Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 10.	To make three guineas do the work of five: Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
An' if ye winna mak it clink,	My Son, these maxims make a rule, Add. to the Unco Guid.
By Jove I'll prose it! Ib., Ap. 21st, 6. Let time mak proof;	Nae nightly bogle make it eerie; S. By Allan stream †
Ye mak a devil o' the Saunts, Ep. to J. R., 2.	Where turnkeys make the jealous portal fast, Ep. fr. Esopus.
The cruel powers reject the prover	Will make thy hair, tho' erst from gipsy polled, Like hoary bristles to erect and stare
I hourly mak for thee; Fragment. And bade me mak nae clatter; S. Had I the wyte t	And make a vast monopoly of hell? Ib.
And bade me mak nae clatter; . S. Had I the wyte † Than, if I canna mak thee sae,	Yet then content could make us blest; Ep. to Davie. 3.
At least to see thee blest S. It is na, Jean †	The heart ay's the part ay, That makes us right or wrang
Love to love maks a' the sport S. Jockey fou t	It's no in books; it's no in Lear,
Nae the meat, but appetite Maks our eating a delight:	To make us truly blest:
But I will mak o' my gudeman, . S. John, come kiss.	Nor make our scanty Pleasures less, By pining at our state:
Her smile's a gift frae 'boon the lift, That maks us mair than princes; S. Lovely Davies.	They make us see the naked truth,
But the Lassie that man loes best,	Still take her, and make her, Thy most peculiar care!
O that's the Lass to mak him blest. S. My Lord a-hunting †	The caput mortuum of gross desires
Your daddie's gear maks you sae nice; S. O Tibbie † Wha will mak me fidgin fain? S. O wha my babie-clouts †	Makes a material for mere knights and squires; Ep. to R. Graham. 2.
And mak thee a man like thy daddie dear.	Who make poor will do wait upon I should Ib. 5.
S. O whare did ye get t	You have my choicest model ta'en,
For clever Deils he'll mak 'em! On a Schoolmaster. 'Twill mak her poor, auld heart, I fear,	How shall I make a fool again? Epit. on W—. Sad was the parting thou makes me remember,
In flinders flee: On Scot. Bard gne to W.I.	S. Gloomy December.
It [a raep] maks guid fellows girn an' gape, Poor Mailie's El	For the man that loves his mistress weel Nae travel makes him weary. S. Here's to thy health, †
I sing the juice Scotch bear can mak us, . Scotch Drink.	Make the gales you waft around her
Thou maks the gossips clatter bright, Ib. 12.	Soft and peaceful as her breast, S. Highland Mary. To realms unknown while fate exiles me,
Wha mak the Whisky stells their prize! Ib. 20. Yet deil mak' matter! [v.A.2] Ib. P.	Make her bosom still my home
"Whase aught that Chiels maks a' this bustle here?"	Thy strong right hand, L—d make it bare, Holy Willie's Prayer. 13.
Scots Prologue.	"Yet I'll try to make a shift, S. Husband, husband t
In poortith I might mak' a fen'; S. Tam Glen. An' with rhetoric clause on clause	And tho' you'd fain make me your ain,
To mak harangues; The Author's Cry and Prayer. 12.	In troth I'm fear'd to venture, Sir. S. I'm o'er young to marry t
And muckle mair than ye can mak to through. The Brigs of Ayr. 10.	'Twill make your courage rise. 'Twill make a man forget his woe;
I coft a stane o' haslock woo,	Twill make the widow's heart to sing, John Barleycorn.
To mak a coat to Johnie o't; S. The cardin o't. We'll mak our maut, and we'll brew our drink,	Makes woodland echoes ring; Lament for Mary of Scots.
S. The deil cam fiddlin	I'm better pleas'd to make one more, Than be the death of twenty. Lns, on Windows, Gl. Tav
Observ'd ye yon reverend lad Mak faces to tickle the Mob; The Jolly Beggars. S. III.	More pointed still we make ourselves,
Ye ay shall mak' the bed to me.	Regret, Remorse and Shame! Man was made to Mourn. Man's inhumanity to Man
S. The lass that made the bed. Mak haste an' turn King David owre, The Ordination. 3.	Makes countless thousands mourn!
And Common Sense is gaun, she says,	Or why has man the will and pow'r To make his fellow mourn?
To mak to Jamie Beattie Her plaint	It's not the roar o' sea or shore,
I will mak my Ploughman's bed, . S. The Ploughman t It maks him ken himsel, man The Tree of Liberty.	Wad make me langer wish to tarry; . S. My bonie Mary. And make my bed in the Collier's neuk,
And mak us a' content, man	S. My Collier Laddie.
Maks high and low gude friends, man;	I make indeed my daily bread, But ne'er can make it farther, O;
Can mak the bodies unco happy; The Twa Dogs. 18. Then bowses drumlie German-water,	. S. My father was a farmer t
To mak himsel look fair and fatter, Ib. 23.	Make, all and every one, A joyful noise, New Psalmody. I once was persuaded a venture to make;
They mak enow [ills] themsels to vex them; . 1b. 29.	S. No Churchman am I†
But pith and power, till my last hour, I'll mak this declaration; S. The Union.	Then fill up a bumper and make it o'erflow,
But sure as three times three mak nine, S. There was a lad t	They make your youthful fancies reel, . O leave novels † As ye [men o' state] make mony a fond heart mourn,
Or what wad mak', her weel again. S. There was a lass t	S. O Logan! sweetly t

That make the miser's treasure poor: S. O Mary, at thy window †	Malice. Vengeful malice, unrepenting, A Winter Night. 7
The silly bogles, Wealth and State,	Could'st thou to malice lend an ear! S. Fairest maid With all her [fortune's] wonted malice, O:
Can never make them eerie. S. O poortith cauld,† I make my pray'r sincere. O Thou dread Pow'r †	S. My father was a farmer
Thro' future times to make his virtues last. On Death of Sir J. Blair.	The deed that I dared, could it merit their malice? S. The small birds. His beart by causeless wanten malice waying.
Such make his destiny. He who would injure thee, S. Phillis the Fair.	His heart by causeless wanton malice wrung. To R. G. of F., 5 But mean revenge, an' malice fause
But why of that epocha make such a fuss, Poet. Add. to Tytler.	He'll still disdain, . To Rev. J. M'Math
Or make our Bardie, dowie, wear The mourning weed: . Poor Mailie's El	For what? to gie their malice skouth On some puir wight,
Wou'd make a wretch forget his woe; S. Sae flaxen †	Mall [Moll, Mary]. Mall's nit lap out, wi' pridefu' fling,
Wou'd make a saint forget the sky; Ib. Nor makes the hour one moment less.	Mall's nit lap out, wi' pridefu' fling, Halloween. 9 Mallard.
Sketch. New-Yr's Day.	The grave sage hern thus easy picks his frog,
Your friendship much can make me blest, S. Talk not of Love †	And thinks the Mallard a sad worthless dog. To R. G. of F., 7
Inspiring bold John Barleycorn! What dangers thou canst make us scorn! Tam o' Shanter. 11.	Mally, -le [Molly, Mary].
But ere the key-stane she could make, The fient a tail she had to shake!	Was brunt wi' primsie Mallie; Halloween. 9 O Mally's meek, Mally's sweet,
Some useful plan, or book could make,	Mally's modest and discreet, Mally's rare, Mally's fair,
The Ans. to the Guidwife.	Mally's ev'ry way compleat S. O Mally's meek
Ye maggots make your windings; The Book-Worms. Mount and make you ready; S. The Captain's Lady.	Malt. O had the malt thy strength of mind. To Mr. Syme Malvina.
And makes him quite forget his labor and his toil.	In Highland bonnet woo Malvina's charms; Ep. fr. Esopus
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 3. What makes the youth sae bashfu' and sae grave; . Ib. 8.	Mammon.
That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad: . Ib. 19.	While sordid sons o' Mammon's line Are dark as night! Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 16
In Sodom 'twould make him a king. The Election Ballads. III.	Keeper of Mammon's iron chest, Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —
When Politics came there to mix And make his ether-stane, man! . The Fête Champetre.	In other world's can Mammon fail, Ib
Or guilt affrights thy contemplation,	No nerves olfact'ry, Mammon's trusty cur, To R. G. of F., 3 Mammy, -ie [mother].
And makes thee pine, The Hermit. A prince can make a belted knight,	If ought of thee, or of thy mammy,
A marquis, duke, and a' that; . S. The Honest Man.	Shall ever danton me, or awe me, . Add. to Illegit. Child
Here shall the shepherd make his seat, The Petition of Br. Water.	They tell me, Sir, 'twou'd be a sin, To tak me frae my mammy yet;
Muirland Jock, Muirland Jock, when the L—d makes a rock To crush common sense for her sins, The Kirk's Alarm. 11.	I am my mammy's ae bairn, S. I'm o'er young I'm o'er young, my mammy says,
To crush common sense for her sins, The Kirk's Alarm. II. Her sorrows share and make them less? The Lament. 5.	And ay she wrought her mammie's wark, S. There was a lass
I'll make thy days easy the rest of thy life;	And now she works her mammie's wark, And ay she sighs wi' care and pain;
Alas! can I make it no better return!	Or wilt thou leave thy mammie's cot,
S. The small birds rejoice †	Man. Is there a man whose judgment clear,
Just what would make suspicion start; . The Tears I shed. To make a tour an' tak a whirl, The Twa Dogs. 22.	Can others teach the course to steer, A Bard's Epit. What wad ye wish for mair, man? [re.] A Bottle and Friend
And make his cottage-scenes beguile His cares and pains. The Vision. D. II. 9.	He downa see a poor man want; A Ded. to G. H., 5
Sad knowledge makes me know that your hearts are full of woe,	the poor man's friend in need,
S. The winter it is past t	But I'se repeat each poor man's pray'r,
Shall make us baith sae blythe an' witty, Third Ep. to J. Lap An' justifies that ill opinion,	An' did our hellim thraw, man, [re.] A Fragment
Which makes thee startle, . To a Mouse.	'Than heaven-illumin'd Man on brother Man bestows! A Winter Night. 7
To make a happy fire-side clime To Dr. Blacklock. Gi'e me the hour o' gloamin grey,	'Guilt, erring Man, relenting view! Ib. 9
It makes my heart sae cheery O, S. When o'er the hill t	quoth my man of rhymes, Add. sp. by Fontenelle Thou man of crazy care and ceaseless sigh,
Make content and ease thy aim. Wr. in Hermitage at F. C. Those that sip the dew alone,	that sorest task of man alive
Make the butterflies thy own;	Thou other man of care, the wretch in love,
Time but the impression stronger makes, S. To Mary in Heaven.	An' play'd on man a cursed brogue, Add. to the Deil. 16 sklented on the man of Uzz, Your spitefu' joke? . 1b. 17
And spunkie, ance to make us mellow To Mr. J. Kennedy.	Then gently scan your brother Man, Add. to Unco Guid. 7
Thy nod can make the tempest cease to blow, Why am I loth † What makes heroic strife, fam'd afar, fam'd afar? [re.]	The captive hands may chain the hands, But powerful Love enslaves the man:
S. Ye Jacobites †	S. A. Mastrin's bonie Anne
Maker. Thou that of a' things Maker art, S. Sae far awa.	"Man! cruel man!" the Genius sigh'd, As on the banks The ace an' wale of honest men; Auld comrade dear
Making, -In.	Ye'll fin' him just an' honest man:
The Pipers and youngsters were making their game, S. As I was a-wand ring †	I heard a man sing tho' his head it was grey; S. By yon castle wa'
It's no in makin muckle, mair: To make us truly blest: Ep. to Davie. 5.	And every man shall hae his ain, S. Carl, an the king come
For making o' rhymes, and working at times, Does little or naething at a', man. Ronalds of Bennals.	But man is a soldier, and life is a faught:
Still making work his selfish craft must mend Sketch.	S. Contented wi' little
On this ane's dress, an' that ane's leuk,	Despise the silly creature S. Deluded swain The ways of men are distant brought, Despondency, an Ode. 3
They're makin observations; The Holy Fair. 20. Ye little ken what cursed speed	The losses, the crosses,
The blastie's makin! To a Louse.	That active man engage;

A man may drink and no be drunk;	Why then ask of silly Man,
A man may fight and no be slain; A man may kiss a bonie lass,	To oppose great Nature's plan? S. Let not Woman †
And ay be welcome back again S. Duncan Davison.	"Without at least ae honest man, Lns add. to J. Ranken.
Where, haply, Pity strays forlorn,	There's just the man I want, in faith." Ib.
Frae man exil'd. El. on Capt. M. H., 2.	Ye men of wit and wealth, why all this sneering Lns on Window, K.'s Arms.
O, H[enderson]! the man! the brother! Ib. 15.	The man in arms, 'gainst female charms, S. Lovely Davies.
But by thy honest turf I'll wait, Thou man of worth	I spy'd a man, whose aged step
Matthew was a great man	Seem'd weary, worn with care; Man was made to mourn.
a poor-brave-bright-kind-true-queer-rare man	to mourn The miseries of man
If thou on men, their works and ways,	O Man! while in thy early years,
Canst throw uncommon light,	How prodigal of time!
Yet that was never Robin's mark	Man then is useful to his kind,
To mak a man; El. on Death of R. Ruisseaux. Nae waur than he did, honest man! El. on Year 1788.	The smiles of love adorn,
And [Satan] shaped it [the swine stuff] something like a man,	Man's inhumanity to Man
And ca'd it Andrew Turner Epig. on A. Turner.	Or why has man the will and pow'r To make his fellow mourn?
I'll no say, men are villains a'; . Ep. to Young Friend. 3.	The poor, oppressed, honest man
A man may hae an honest heart,	O Death! the poor man's dearest friend, Ib. 11.
Tho' poortith hourly stare him; [re.] 1b. 4. But keek thro' ev'ry other man, 1b. 5.	For without an honest manly heart,
	No man was worth regarding, O.
The social, friendly, honest man, Whate'er he be, "Tis he fulfils great Nature's plan, And none but he.	S. My father was a farmer †
Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 15.	But the lassie that man loes best, O that's the lass to mak him blest. S. My Lord a-hunting †
She [nature] form'd of various parts the various man, Ep. to R. Graham.	That Young Man great in Issachar, . New Psalmody.
Where man and nature fairer in her sight,	The man that fears thy name,
My muse may imp her wing for some sublimer flight. 1b. 5.	No sly man of business contriving a snare,
The poor man weeps-here G[avin] sleeps, Epit. for G. H.	S. No Churchman am I †
The Friend of Man, to vice alone a foe;	The man wha boasts o' warld's wealth, Is aften laird o' meikle care; . S. Now bank and brae t
Epit. for Author's Father.	Wi' man and nature leagu'd my foes,
An honest man here lies at rest, Epit. on a Friend. The friend of man, the friend of truth;	S. Now spring has clad†
Here lyes a man a woman rul'd, Epit. on Henpecked Squire.	The path of man to shun it; S. Now westlin winds †
Here lies J[oh]n B[ushb]y, honest man Epit. on J. B., Writer.	Tyrannic man's dominion;
To whom hae much shall yet be given,	But never honest man's intent, As cursedly miscarry'd S. O ay my wife she dang.
Is every great man's faith;	That blooms sae far frae haunt o' man;
Extem. on Commem.s of Thomson. And there's no a man in all Scotland,	S. O bonie was yon rosy †
But I'll brave him at a word. S. Farewell, ye dungeons †	O can ye labour lea, young man, S. O can ye labour lea †
Wiser men than me's beguil'd, . S. First when Maggy †	I fee'd a man at Martinmas,
With knowledge so vast, and with judgment so strong, No man with the half of 'em e'er went far wrong; [ra.]	O Kenmure's lads are men; S. O Kenmure's on and awa †
No man with the half of 'em e'er went far wrong; [re.] Fragment, inscr. to Fox.	Is nought to what poor she endures That's trusted faithless man, jo. S. O Lassie, art thou
Good L-d, what is man! for as simple he looks,	O wae upon you, men o' state, . S. O Logan! sweetly t
Do but try to develope his hooks and his crooks: . Ib.	Fie, fie on silly coward man,
In the make of that wonderful creature, call'd Man, . 1b.	That he should be the slave o't [of wealth]. S. O poortith cauld †
For ilka man that's drunk's a lord. S. Gane is the day t	The hearts of men adore thee. S. O saw ye bonie Lesley †
What signifies the life o' man, An' 'twere na for the lasses, O. S. Green grow the Rashes.	An' gin she winna tak a man,
An' warly cares, an' warly men,	E'en let her tak her will, jo S. O steer her up†
May a' gae tapsalteerie, Ol	And show what good men are O Thou dread Pow'r † He loosed on me a lang man,
The wisest Man the warl' saw, He dearly lov'd the lasses, O. [v.A.24] 1b.	A mickle man, a strang man, . S. O wat ye what my
Her prentice han' she try'd on man,	An' loose a man on me, jo,
An' then she made the lasses, O	And mak thee a man like thy daddie dear. S. O whare did ye get †
For the man that loves his mistress weel	Nae honest worthy man need care,
Nae travel makes him weary. S. Here's to thy health † Man with brother man to meet,	To meet with noble youthful Daer, On dining with Daer.
And as a brother kindly greet: S. How can my poor heart †	Man, your proud usurping foe, Would be lord of all below: . On scaring Water-fowl.
"One of two must still obey,	Man, to whom alone is given
"Is it man or woman, say, S. Husband, husband	A ray direct from pitying Heaven, Ib.
The man and his wine's sae bewitching! Inscrip. on Goblet. Now a' is done that men can do, S. It was a' for t	if man's superior might Dare invade your native right, Ib.
Let her lo'e nae man but me; S. Jockey fou, †	Man with all his powers you scorn;
her [Nature's] master-work was Man; S. John Anderson †	Inhuman man I curse on thy barb'rous art, On seeing wounded Hare.
Ye're ay the same kind man to me,	For ever,—Oh no! let not man be a slave,
Twill make a man forget his woe; . John Barleycorn.	His hopes from existence to sever. On Death of fav. Child.
Each man a glass in hand;	Now [Wrongs, &c.] gay in hope explore the paths of men:
Weel known to many men, O Katharine Jaffray.	On Death of R. Dundas. Poor man the flie, aft bizzes by, Poem on Life.
I wander in the ways of men, Alike unknowing and unknown: Lament for Glencairn.	Wae worth that man wha first did shape,
Young man, gin ye should be sae kind,	That vile, wanchancie thing—a raep! Poor Mailie's El
S. Lass when yr mither †	Nor even the man in private life forgot;
Young man, do you hear that?	Prologue, sp. by Woods. And Harley rouses all the god in man
I said there was naething I hated like men, S. Last May a braw wooer †	Lives there a man so firm,
Fickle man is apt to rove: S. Let not woman t	O, happy! happy! enviable man!
Ladies, would it not be strange	In Tarbolton, ye ken, there are proper young men,
Man should then a monster prove?	Ronalds of Bennals.

To proper young men, he'll clink in the hand	It's coming yet, for a' that,
Gow'd guineas a hunder or twa, man. Ronalds of Bennals. The poor man's wine;	That man to man, the warld o'er, Shall brothers be, for a' that S. The Honest Man
Out owre a glass o' Whisky-punch Wi' honest men! Ib. 17.	The grace be—"Athole's honest men, "And Athole's bonnie lasses!" The Petition of Br. Water
Of a' the thoughtless sons o' man,	
Commen' me to the Bardie clan; . Second Ep. to Davie.	For men, I've three mischievous boys, . The Inventory
A man of fashion too, he made his tour, Sketch.	And still my delight is in proper young men: The Jolly Beggars. S. II
The Man of Worth, and has not left his peer, Is in his "narrow house" for ever darkly low.	That show'd a man o' spunk,
Sonnet, on Death of Riddel.	We lived full one-and-twenty years
And bids me beware o' young men; S. Tam Glen.	A.man and wife together; S. The Joyful Widower
(Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses,	And drank, "Young man, now sleep ye sound." S. The Lass that made the bea
For honest men and bonnie lasses.) Care, mad to see a man sae happy,	Haud aff your hands, young man, said she,
Nae man can tether time or tide;	"Alas! young man, ye've ruin'd me."
T11	For something beyond it poor man sure must live.
An' cleed her bairns, man, wife, an' wean, In mourning weed;	S. The lazy mist
In mourning weed; . Tam Samson's El	A bloody man I trow thou be; S. The lovely lass Our Patron, honest man! Gl[encairn], . The Ordination.
Ae social, nonest man want we: 10.14.	This poor man was seen to go early to work,
When first amang the yellow corn A man I reckon'd was; . The Ans. to the Guidwife.	S. The Poor Thresher
Ye're wae men, ye're nae men,	Where, like an aged man, it [the hawthorn] stands at break
That slight the lovely dears:	o' day;
The auld man he came over the lea, . S. The auld man †	And even children lisp the Rights of Man; The Rights of Woman
Does ony great man glunch an' gloom? The Author's Cry and Prayer. 5.	Each man of sense has it so full before him,
Till fey men died awa, man. [re.]	A time, when rough rude man had naughty ways; . It
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	Now, well-bred men—and you are all well-bred— . It
doom'd by Man, that tyrant o'er the weak, The Brigs of Ayr.	But heaven's curse will blast the man Denies the bairn he got; . The Ruined Maid's Lamen.
And execrates man's savage, ruthless deeds!) Ib. There's men of taste wou'd tak the Ducat-stream, Ib. 6.	The prosperous man is asleep, . S. The sun he is sunk
Rev'rend Men, their country's glory,	Gie me the groat again, cany young man,
Men, three-parts made by Taylors and by Barbers, . Ib.	S. The Taylor fell
Men wha grew wise priggin owre hops an' raisins, Ib. 10.	The Taylor prov'd a man, O S. The Taylor he cam
No man can tell;	It raises man aboon the brute, . The Tree of Liberty L—d man, our gentry care as little . The Twa Dogs. 12
Few men o' sense will doubt your claims	L—d man, our gentry care as little . The Twa Dogs. 12 The Men cast out in party-matches,
To rank among the Nowte	There's some exceptions, man an' woman; 1b. 3.
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 15.	Rejoic'd they were na men but dogs; Ib. 33
When men display to congregations wide,	O, M[ood]y, man, and wordy R[ussell]. The Twa Herds,
Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the heart! 1b. 17.	'All chuse, as, various they're inclin'd, 'The various man. The Vision. D. II.
'An honest man's the noble work of God:' [v.A.30] Ib. 19. And he wad gae to London town,	The various man. The Vision. D. 11.
Might nae man him withstand The Election Ballads. I.	'Explore at large Man's infant race,
God grant the King and ilka man	And once more, in claret, try which was the man.
May look weel to themsel	The Whistle.
The independent patriot, The honest man, and a' that. <i>Ib. II</i> . The independent commoner Shall be the man for a' that. <i>Ib.</i>	'But gie me your wife, man, for her I must have, S. There liv'd ance a carle
But we'll hae ane frae 'mang oursels,	He pitied the man that was ty'd to a wife,
A man we ken, and a' that	He's the king of gude fellows, and wale of auld men;
Though Nabobs, yet men o' the first: Ib. III.	S. There's auld Rob M.
That year I was the waest man O' ony man alive. Ib. V.	Whaur'll ye e'er see men sae happy, There's naethin like
But O! I was a waefu' man Ere toofa' o' the night Ib.	I'll no gang to my bed Till I get a man. S. There's news, lasses
For woman's wit, or strength o' man, Alas! can do but what they can;	Abusin' me for harsh ill nature
That man shall flourish like the trees	On holy men, Third Ep. to J. Lap
Which by the streamlets grow; The 1st Psalm.	I'm truly sorry Man's dominion Has broken Nature's social union, To a Mous
But hath decreed that wicked men Shall ne'er be truly blest	The best laid schemes o' Mice an' Men, Gang aft agley, I
Thou giv'st the word; Thy creature, man,	And wakeful caution still aware Of ill—but chief, man's felon snare; . To a young Lad
Is to existence brought; Again Thou say'st, 'Ye sons of men,	Of ill—but chief, man's felon snare; . To a young Lady But an auld man shall never daunton me. [re.]
'Return ye into nought!' . The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps	S. To daunton m.
I red you beware at the hunting, young men; S. The heather was blooming t	Ye ken, ye ken, That strang, necessity supreme is
	'Mang sons o' men To Dr. Blacklock
Curs'd be the man, the poorest wretch in life, The Henpecked Husband.	But why should ae man better fare, And a' men brithers! A Come Firm Resolve take thou the van,
And hither came, with men disgusted,	Thou stalk o' carl-hemp in man!
My life to end The Hermit.	And in her freaks, on ev'ry feature,
For Donald was the bravest man, And Donald he was mine. S. The Highl. Widow's Lament.	She's wrote, the Man To J. S.,
O happy is that man, an' blest! The Holy Fair. 11.	"I red you, honest man, tak tent!
The moral man he does define,	A great man's smile, ye ken fu' well,
The man's the gowd for a that S. The Honest Man.	Is ay a blest infection To Mr. M'Adam
A man's a man for a' that	And may he wear an auld man's beard,
The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor, Is king o' men, for a' that	Baith honest men and lasses bonie, . To Terraught;
The man of independent mind,	An honest man may like a glass, An honest man may like a lass, To Rev. J. M'Math
He looks and laughs at a' that	As men, as christians too, renown'd,
But an honest man's aboon his might,	An' manly preachers ,

May never wicked men bamboozle him! . To W. Creech.	And wad na Manhood been to blame,
Rejoicing in the honest man's destruction, Tragic Frag	Had I unkindly us'd her: S. Had I the wyte †
Losh man! hae mercy wi your natch, . What ails ye now t	Fall in bold manhood's hardy prime! Lament for Glencairn.
What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man?	Manhood's active might; . Man was made to Mourn.
S. What can a yng lassiet	In manhood's dawning blush; O Thou dread Pow'r†
O dool on the day I met wi' an auld man. [re.] Ib.	Of manhood but sma' is your share; . The Kirk's Alarm.
While men have eyes, or ears, or taste, She'll always find a lover S. When first I saw †	Maniac. While maniac Winter rages o'er The hills whence classic Yarrow flows,
I am the man—and thus may still	Add. to Shade of Thomson.
True lovers be rewarded S. When wild War's t	Mankind, 'Till daft mankind aft dance a reel
Again exalt the brute and sink the man; Why am I loth †	In gore a shoe-thick; Add. to Toothache.
Can ye think to tak a man? . S. Will ye go and marry †	Because God meant mankind should set
I could wish nae man to get ye,	That higher value on it Ask why God made † at all mankind the flag unfurls, Ep. fr. Esopus.
Save it were my very sel	Ye'll find mankind an unco squad, . Ep. to Young Friend. 2.
If ye wad a man should get ye, Then I can that want supply;	But Och, mankind are unco weak,
say ye'll take me, As the very wale o' men,	Tho' mankind were a pack o' cartes,
Then nae ither man can get ye,	Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 5.
man's true, genuine estimate, . Wr. in Friars-Carse H	Pitying the propless climber of mankind,
Keep the name of man in mind,	Ep. to R. Graham. 4.
And dishonour not thy kind Wr. in Hermitage at F.C.	Mankind are his show box . Fragment, inscr. to Fox.
And [here might] injured Worth forget and pardon man.	Mankind is a science defies definitions
Wr. in Kenmore Inn. Curse on ungrateful man, that can be pleas'd,	Shame fa' the fun; wi' sword and gun To slap mankind like lumber! . Nature's Law.
And yet can starve the author of the pleasure.	
Wr. undr Port. of Fergusson.	'Here, in this hand, does mankind stand, 'And there, is Beauty's blossom!'
And wi' some unco man S. Ye hae lien wrang.	I saw mankind with vice incrusted; The Hermit.
And leave a man undone To his fate S. Ye Jacobites †	Busy haunts of base mankind, S. Thickest night †
To Beauty what man but mann yield him a prize,	Ye Pow'rs wha mak mankind your care, . To a Haggis.
S. Yon wild mossy mountains †	In days when mankind were but callans,
Or will we send a man-o'-law? . The Fête Champetre.	To W. Simpson. P.S.
Man, to. Then, man my soul with firm resolves	Manly. The manly tar, my mason Billie, Auld comrade † What gen'rous, manly bosoms feel; Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 4.
A Prayer under Press. of Anguish.	The sun a backward course shall take
Manage. An' dousely manage our affairs In Parliament, The Author's Cry and Prayer.	Ere ought thy manly courage shake; S. Highland Laddie.
Managing.	He bade me not a manly part,
Was managing St. Stephen's quorum; Kind Sir, Ive read †	Though I had ne'er a farthing, O;
Mandate.	For without an honest manly heart, No man was worth regarding, O.
For thus the royal Mandate ran,	S. My father was a farmer t
When first the human race began, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 15.	With manly lore, or female beauty bright,
O Mandata aladama and 12 to 1	Prologue, sp. by Woods.
O Mandate, glorious and divine!,	
Sir, as your mandate did request, The Inventory.	His manly leg with garter tangle bound.
Sir, as your mandate did request, The Inventory. 'Mang [among].	His manly leg with garter tangle bound. The Brigs of Ayr. 13.
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Sir, as your mandate did request,	His manly leg with garter tangle bound. The Brigs of Ayr. 13. M'Q[uh]e's pathetic manly sense, . The Twa Herds. 17. As men, as christians too, renown'd, An' manly preachers. Manna. The hungry Jew in wilderness Rejoicing o'er his manna, . S. The gowd. Locks of A. Manner, Manners. If ill manners were wit, there's no mortal so fit The Kirk's Alarm. Such conduct neither spirit, wit, nor manners. The Rights of Woman. Even Sir, by them your heart's esteem'd, An' winning manner. To Rev. J. M'Math. Manners-painting. 'I taught thy manners-painting strains, The Vision. D. II. 18. Manor. For gold the merchant ploughs the main, The farmer ploughs the manor; . S. When wild War's † Manse [a parsonage house]. Here's armorial bearings Frac the manse o' Urr; . The Election Ballads. IV. But faith! the birkie wants a Manse, So, cannilie he hums them; . The Holy Fair. 17.
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Sir, as your mandate did request,	His manly leg with garter tangle bound. The Brigs of Ayr. 13. M'Q[uh]e's pathetic manly sense, . The Twa Herds. 17. As nen, as christians too, renown'd, An' manly preachers. Manna. The hungry Jew in wilderness Rejoicing o'er his manna, . S. The gowd. Locks of A. Manner, Manners. If ill manners were wit, there's no mortal so fit The Kirk's Alarm. Such conduct neither spirit, wit, nor manners. The Rights of Woman. Even Sir, by them your heart's esteem'd, An' winning manner. To Rev. J. M'Math. Manners-painting. 'I taught thy manners-painting strains, The Vision. D. II. 18. Manor. For gold the merchant ploughs the main, The farmer ploughs the manor; . S. When wild War's † Manse [a parsonage house]. Here's armorial bearings Frac the manse o' Urr; . The Election Ballads. IV. But faith! the birkie wants a Manse, So, cannille he hums them; . The Holy Fair. 17. Mansfield. old Mansfield who writes like the Bible, Reproof by Himself. Mansion. What dost thou in that mansion fair? On seeing Seat of Lord G. In the dark silent mansions of sorrow, On Death of fav. Child. Mansions that would disgrace the building-taste Of any mason reptile, bird or beast; The Brigs of Ayr. 8. Within this dear mansion may wayward contention Or withered envy ne'er enter; S. The Sons of old Killie. Manson. And taste a swatch o' Manson's barrels, To a Medical Gent.

Mantle.	Mark [an old Scotch silver coin, equal to 133d. ster-
Unfolds her tender mantle green, Add. to Shade of Thomson.	lingj.
In grief thy sallow mantle tear; . El. on Capt. M. H., 13.	He gied me thee, o' tocher clear, An' fifty mark; A Guid New-Year † 4.
Girt on her mantle and her hose, S. It was the charming †	I would na gie her in her sark
Now Nature hangs her mantle green On ev'ry blooming tree, . Lament of Mary of Scots.	For thee wi' a' thy thousand mark; S. O Tibbie!
Now in her green mantle blythe Nature arrays,	My daddy says, gin I'll forsake him, He'll gi'e me gude hunder marks ten: . S. Tam Glen.
S. My Nanie's awa.	Mark. Yet that was never Robin's mark
Her Mantle large, of greenish hue, My gazing wonder chiefly drew; . The Vision. D. I. 12.	To mak a man; El. on Death of R. Ruisseaux.
in thy scanty mantle clad, To a Mountain-Daisy.	Thou strik'st the young hero, a glorious mark!
Mantl'd.	S. Farewell, thou fair day to The marks of sturt and strife; Nature's Law.
Or when the deep-green-mantl'd Earth, Warm-cherish'd ev'ry floweret's birth, <i>The Vision. D. II. 14</i> .	Accept this mark of friendship, warm, sincere,
	Once fondly lov'd †
Mantling. And pours her cup luxuriant, mantling high	A name, which to love was the mark of a true heart,
The sparkling heavenly vintage, Love and Bliss! Innocence †	Poet. Add. to Tytler.
The nappy reeks wi' mantling ream, . The Twa Dogs. 20.	But accept it, good sir, as a mark of regard Ib. But the Doctor's your mark, The Kirk's Alarm.
If mantling high she fills the golden cup, To R. G. of F., 7.	Tak a mark by auntie Betty, . S. Will ye go and marry
Many. Then first she [nature] calls the useful many forth;	Thou flattering mark of friendship kind,
Ep. to R. Graham. 2. Many and sharp the num'rous Ills	Wr. on Leaf of "H. More."
Inwoven with our frame! . Man was made to mourn.	Mark, to. Mark Maiden-innocence a prey
In many a way, and vain essay, S. My father was a farmer †	To love pretending snares, A Winter Night. 8. Ye've nought to do but mark and tell
Baited with many a deadly curse? Ode, to Mem. of Mrs	Your Neebours' fauts and folly! Add. to Unco Guid.
And from thee many a parent stem Arise to deck our land. On Birth of Posth. Child.	And just as lamely can ye mark,
Wrongs, injuries, from many a darksome den,	How far perhaps they rue it
On Death of R. Dundas.	To mark the sweet flowers as they spring; S. Adown winding Nith †
With grateful pride we own your many favors:	Yon wand'ring rill, that marks the hill, S. Damon and Sylvia.
Prologue, at Th., D	Then marks th' unyielding mass with grave designs,
after many a bloody, deathless doing, . Scots Prologue. How many a robe sae gaily floats! The Fête Champetre.	Ep. to R. Graham. 2
How many a robe sae gaily floats! The Fête Champetre. I am a Son of Mars who have been in many wars,	Mark, how their lofty independent spirit Soars on the spurning wing of injur'd merit! Ib. 5.
The Jolly Beggars. S. I.	The wretch beneath the dreary pole,
And many a tatter'd rag hanging over my bum, Ib.	So marks his latest sun. S. Farewell, dear mistress †
I've ta'en the gold an been enroll'd	Mark the winds, and mark the skies; . S. Let not woman t
In many a noble squadron;	Mark yonder pomp of costly fashion, S. Mark yonder pomp†
Long did I bear the heavy yoke, And many griefs attended; . S. The Joyful Widower.	But weel the watching lover marks The kind love that's in her e'e. S. O this is no my ain †
Many-aproned.	Hangman of creation, mark!
all mechanics' many-aproned kinds. Ep. to R. Graham. 2.	Who in widow weeds appears, Ode, to Mem. of Mrs
Many-pounders.	Mark ruffian Violence, distain'd with crimes;
The many-pounders of the Banks, The Election Ballads. VI.	On Death of R. Dundas. Or mould'ring ruins mark the sacred Fane.
Marble. No sculptur'd marble here, nor pompous lay,	On Death of Sir J. Blair.
Inscr. on Tomb of Fergusson.	That's he, mark weel On Grose's Peregrinations.
We'll sculpture the marble, we'll measure the lay; Monody, on a Lady.	Astonish'd, doubly marks its beam, S. Peggy Chalmers.
Her limbs the polish'd marble stane,	Far as the rude barbarian marks the bound. Prologue, sp. by Woods.
S. The Lass that made the bed. March. On guid March-weather, A Guid New-Year † 11.	You auld gray stane, amang the heather,
March. On guid March-weather, A Guid New-Year † 11. In March the three-and-twentieth day,	Marks out his head, Tam Samson's El., 12.
The Election Ballads. V.	Wi' justice they may mark your head— 'Here lies a famous Bullock!' The Calf.
March. He whistl'd up lord Lenox' march,	Mark our jovial, ragged ring! The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII.
To keep his courage cheary; . Halloween. 19.	To mark the mutual-kindling eye The Lament.
March, to. He marches thro' among the stacks, Halloween. 18.	To mark where England's province stands . S. The Union.
Whare birkies march on burning marl: To Mr. Renton.	His Country's Saviour, mark him well! [v.A.4]
March'd. And by our banners march'd Muirhead,	To mark the embryotic trace,
The Election Ballads, V.	Of rustic Bard; Ib. D. II. 10.
But vain they search'd when off I march'd The Jolly Beggars. S. VI.	But mark the Rustic, haggis-fed, To a Haggis.
Mare. a good bay mare, As ever trode on airn: El. on Peg Nicholson.	And mark that eye of fire, V.s below Picture.
El. on Peg Nicholson.	Mark Scotia's fond returning eye, It dwells upon Glencairn
Weel mounted on his gray mare, Meg, Tam o' Shanter. 9.	Marked, -'d.
Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare	And mark'd with many a seamy scar: Add. to Edinburgh. 5.
Margin. If, in their random, wanton spouts, They [the trouts] near the margin stray;	Far mark'd with the courses of clear, winding rills;
The Petition of Br. Water.	S. Afton Water.
Maria. To tell Maria her Esopus' fate. [re.] Ep. fr. Esopus.	And mark'd its bonie holms and haughs, As on the banks† There, latest mark'd her vanish'd sail. S. Behold the hour†
'Tis not Maria's whispering call; [re.] S. Here is the glen †	I marked nought uncommon On dining with Daer
Give me Maria's natal day! Improm., on Mrs.—'s Birthday. Thro' faded groves Maria sang,	I mark'd the cruel hawk
Hersel' in beauty's bloom the while, S. The Catrine woods †	Caught in a snare; S. Phillis the Fair.
But, O Maria, hear my prayer, S. The last time I came †	His rays were outshone, and but mark'd where she lay. S. The heather was blooming t
Marjory.	Who marked each element's border; S. The Sons of old Killie.
And Marjory o' the Monylochs. A carline auld and teugh. The Election Ballads. I.	Was strongly marked in her face; The Vision. D. I. 10.
Then slow raise Marjory o' the Lochs,	I mark'd a martial Race, pourtray'd
And wrinkled was her brow, 1b.	In colour's strong; [v.A.4] Ib.
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Here tumbling billows mark'd the coast, With surging foam; The Vision. D. I. 13.	Where Bruce ance rul'd the martial ranks, . Halloween.
'I mark'd thy embryo-tuneful flame,	Thee [Caledonia] famed for martial deed and sacred song, Liberty.
Market.	Once great in martial story! On Duke of Queensberry. A Douglas followed to the martial strife, [v. A.12]
At kirk, or at market, whene'er ye meet me, Gang by me as tho' that ye car'd nae a flie; S. O whistle, †	She eyes her freeborn, martial boys,
At Kirk or market, Mill or Smiddie, . The Twa Dogs.	Tak aff their whisky. The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.
I might, by this, hae led a market, . The Vision. D. I. 5. There was a lass, and she was fair,	Next follow'd Courage with his martial stride, The Brigs of Ayr. 13.
At kirk and market to be seen; . S. There was a lass † Market-crowd.	But up arose the martial Chuck, The Jolly Beggars. R. II. Scottish name, Sae fam'd in martial story. S. The Union.
As eager runs the market-crowd.	I mark'd a martial Race, pourtray'd
When "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud; Tam o' Shanter. 17.	In colours strong; [v.A.4] The Vision. D. I. Martial. 'Twas laurell'd Martial roaring murder.
Market-day. As market days are wearing late, Tam o' Shanter.	Martinmas, Epig. on E.'s "Martial."
That frae November till October, Ae market-day thou was nae sober;	I fee'd a man at Martinmas, S. O can ye labour lea †
Market-night.	Martyr. From great Dundee, who smiling victory led,
Ae market-night, Tam had got planted unco right; Tam o' Shanter. 5.	And fell a martyr in her arms, Fragment of Ode.
Marking. From marking wildly-scattered flow'rs, Add. to Edinburgh.	Show many a saint and martyr there On Lincluden. Martyrs [name of a minor Psalm-tune].
Marking you his prey below,, . On scaring Water-fowl.	Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy of the name; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 13.
And marking sweet flowerets so fair; S. Where are the joys† Markland. Miss Miller is fine, Miss Markland's divine,	Mary [Queen of Scots],
The Belles of Mauchline.	And dire the discord Langside saw, For beauteous hapless Mary: . The Dean of Fac
Marl. Whare birkie's march on burning marl: To Mr. Renton. Marled [of mingled colours].	Mary. My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream, [re.] S. Afton Water.
The marled plaid ye kindly spare, The Ans. to the Guidwife. Maro. They're no herd's ballats, Maro's catches;	With "Mary when shall we return, Sic pleasure to renew?" . S. As down the burn †
Marquis. Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	The muse should tell in labor'd strains
Here lies a mock Marquis whose titles were shamm'd,	O Mary how I love thee S. Could aught of song † An' Mary, nae doubt, took the drunt,
Extem. on "the Marquis." A prince can make a belted knight,	While in distant climes I wander, Let my Mary be your care. [re.] S. Highl. Mary.
A marquis, duke, and a' that; . S. The Honest Man. Marr'd. And yet no grief has marr'd thy quiet, The Hermit.	O Lady Mary Ann looks o'er the castle wa',
Marriage.	S. Lady Mary Ann. Lady Mary Ann was a flower in the dew: Ib.
And marriage aff-hand, S. Last May a braw wooer † And sock or buskin skelp alang	The pride of my bosom, my Mary's no more. Lament on leaving Nat. Land.
To death or marriage; Poem on Pastoral Poetry. Does the sober bed of Marriage	My Mary's face, my Mary's form, The frost of hermit age might warm:
Witness brighter scenes of love? The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII.	My Mary's worth, my Mary's mind, Might charm the first of humankind. S. My Mary's face †
Married, Marry'd. Now we're married, spier nae mair, S. First when Maggy †	I love my Mary's angel air,
On peace and rest my mind was bent, And fool I was I marry'd; . S. O ay my wife she dang.	But I adore my Mary's heart
O ken ye how Meg o' the mill was married?	There with my Mary let me flee, S. Now bank and brae †
O that I had ne'er been married,	But Mary she is a' my ain,
I wad never had nae care, S. O that I had ne'er t I married with a scolding wife . S. The Joyful Widower.	O Mary, at thy window be, S. O Mary, at thy † Could I the rich reward secure,
Then, O! then, my charming Katie, When we're married what comes then?	The lovely Mary Morison
S. Will ye go and marry †	I sigh'd and said amang them a', Ye are na Mary Morison
Marrow. They wasted, o'er a scorching flame, The marrow of his bones; . John Barleycorn.	O Mary, can'st thou reck his peace,
Marry. Thou'rt ay sae free informing me Thou hast nae mind to marry;	The thought of Mary Morison
S. Here's to thy health, † We'll sew a green ribban round about his hat,	S. Slow spreads the gloom †
And that will let them ken he's to marry yet. S. Lady Mary Ann.	We drank a health to bonie Mary. [re.] S. Th. Menz.'s bonie Mary.
What care I in riches to wallow, If I mauna marry Tam Glen S. Tam Glen.	Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary, [re.] . S. To Mary. My Mary from my soul was torn.
Gin ye will advise me to marry The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen	O Mary! dear, departed shade! [re.] S. To Mary in Heaven.
Will ye go and marry Katie? S. Will ye go and marry †	For there I took the last farewell Of my sweet Highland Mary. [re.]
Marry, Katie, then we'll woo	S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †
Bitter in dool I lickit my winnins	Mashlum [meslin, a mixture of oats and pease]. I'll be his debt twa mashlum bannocks,
O' marrying Bess, to gie her a slave: S. O merry hae I been t Mars. I am a Son of Mars who have been in many wars,	The Author's Cry and Prayer, 20.
S. The Jolly Beggars. S.I. Mar's-year [the year of the Earl of Mar's rebellion,	Maskin-pat [infusing-pot, a tea-pot]. Then up they gat the maskin-pat,
1715].	And in the sea did jaw, man; A Fragment.
Auld, uncle John, wha wedlock's joys, Sin' Mar's-year did desire,	When Masons' mystic word an' grip,
Martial. The martial phosphorus is taught to flow, Ep. to R. Graham?.	In storms an' tempests raise you up, Add. to the Deil. 14. The manly tar, my mason Billie, Auld Comrade;
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Mansions that would disgrace the building-taste	Say, was thy little mate unkind, S. O stay sweet warbling
Of any mason reptile, bird, or beast; The Brigs of Ayr. 8.	'Tis thy trusty quondam Mate, Ode, to Mem. of Mrs
Masonic. And honours masonic prepare for to throw; S. No Churchman am I †	While his mate sits nestling in the bush;
Masonry.	S. On Cessnock banks † Thou'll break my heart, thou bonie bird,
To Masonry and Scotia dear! The Farewell. To St. J.'s L	Thou'll break my heart, thou bonie bird, That sings beside thy mate; S. The Banks of Doon. Sett. II. The feather'd field mates, bound by Nature's tie.
Masquerading.	S. The Banks of Doon. Sett. II.
Mortgaging, gambling, masquerading: The Twa Dogs. 22. Mass. Then marks th' unyielding mass with grave designs,	The feather'd field-mates, bound by Nature's tie, The Brigs of Ayr. 2.
Ep. to R. Graham. 2.	Material. The caput mortuum of gross desires
Massive. Seal'd up with frugal care in massive, waxen piles,	Makes a material, for mere knights and squires;
Massy. The Brigs of Ayr. 2.	Ep. to R. Graham. 2.
The pond'rous wall and massy bar, Add. to Edinburgh. 5.	Of thy caprice maternal I complain To R. G. of F., 2.
Aft clad in massy, siller weed, Scotch Drink. 7.	Matron.
Mast.	Summer with a matron grace Add. to Shade of Thomson.
So, took a birth afore the mast, On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.	Matter.
Master.	No matter—stick to sound believing. A Ded. to G. H., 8.
As Master, Landlord, Husband, Father,	A Prologue, Epilogue, or some such matter, Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
He does no fail his part in either A Ded. to G. H., 5.	a feckless matter To gie ane fash. Add. to Illegit. Child.
I, through the tender-gushing tear, Should recognise my Master dear,	An' hae to Learning nae pretence.
"My noble master lies in clay; . Lament for Glencairn.	Yet, what the matter? Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 9.
Ae spring brought off her master hale, Tam o' Shanter. 18.	An' that there is [anither warl'] I've little swither About the matter; Ep. to Maj. Logan. 8.
They [his looks] say their master is a knave—	Some spumy, fiery, ignis fatuus matter; Ep. to R. Graham. 3.
And sure they do not lie. That there is falsehood † Their Master's and their Mistress's command,	To gather matter for a serious piece; . Scots Prologue.
The youngkers a' are warned to obey; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 6.	Yet deil mak' matter ! [v.A.2] Scotch Drink. P.
	That on this frail uncertain state,
An' bear them to my Master dear The Death of Mailie.	Hang matters of eternal weight: Sketch. New-Yr's Day.
Tell him, he was a Master kin',	If we lead a life of pleasure, 'Tis no matter how or where. The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII.
Like loss o' health or want o' masters, . The Twa Dogs. 11. Wha thinks to knit himsel the faster	As yet ye little ken about the matter, The Brigs of Ayr. 7.
In favour wi' some gentle Master,	Is naething but a moonshine matter; To W. Simpson. P.S.
But will ye tell me, master Cæsar, Ib. 26.	I own'd the tale was true he tell'd me,
Our Master and the Brotherhood To a Medical Gent.	'But what the matter,'. What ails ye now t
Masterpiece. When nature her great master-piece designed,	For Matthew's course was bright; . El. on Capt. M. H.
Master-work.	Thee, Matthew, Nature's sel shall mourn [re.] Ib. 2.
her master-work was Man; S. John Anderson,†	Mattock. Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
Match. 'Tween Inverness and Tiviotdale,	Maturely. The Cotter's Sat. Night.
He had few matches. Ep. to J. $L-k$, Ap. 1st, 6.	
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Then I maun sit the lee lang day, S. Duncan Gray.	A wooer like me maunna hope to come speed;
And frae my een the drapping rains	S. There's auld Rob†
Maun ever flow. El. on Capt. M. H., II.	Maut [malt].
The sympathetic tear maun fa',	O wha will buy the groanin maut? S. O wha my babie-clouts †
Tho' I maun own, as monie still,	O Willie brew'd a peck o' maut, . S. O Willie brew'd †
As far abuse me. $Ep. to J. L-k$, $Ap. 1st, 16$.	"We'll mak our maut, and we'll brew our drink,
To some other warl	S. The deil cam fiddlin †
Maun follow the carl, Epit. on J. Dove, Innkeeper.	For a' his meal and a' his maut, S. To daunton me.
I could write,—but Meg maun see't. S. First when Maggy †	O had the malt thy strength of mind, To Mr. Syme.
Never mair maun hope to find Ease frae toil, relief frae care: S. Frae the Friends †	Mavis [the thrush]. In vain to me, in glen or shaw,
	The mavis and the lintwhite sing, S. Again rejoicing Nature †
And semple-folk maun fecht and fen; S. Gane is the day †	Hark! the mavis' evening sang
Their stocks maun a' be sought ance; Halloween. 4.	Sounding Clouden's woods amang; S. Hark! the mavis' †
Altho' thou maun never be mine, S. Here's a health to ane †	The mavis mild wi' many a note,
Besides, I farther maun allow, . Holy Willie's Prayer. 7.	Sings drowsy day to rest: . Lament of Mary of Scots.
If sae, thy han' maun e'en be borne,	And thou mellow mavis that hails the night fa',
And wilfu' folk maun ha'e their will; S. In simmer when †	S. My Nanie's Awa. The mavis mild and mellow; The Petition of Br. Water.
Keep mind that ye maun drink the yill Ib.	The mavis mild and mellow; . The Petition of Br. Water. The mavis sang, while dew-drops hang
For I maun cross the main, My dear, . S. It was a' for t	Around her on the castle wa'. The night was still †
Now we maun totter down, John, S. John Anderson.	In ev'ry glen the mayis sang.
But I maun lie before the storm, . Lament for Glencairn.	In ev'ry glen the mavis sang, All nature list'ning seem'd the while,
But I, the Queen of a' Scotland,	S. Twas even—the dewy †
Maun lie in prison strang Lament of Mary of Scots.	Mawin [mowing].
I think I maun wed him-to-morrow,	'Guid-een,' quo' I; 'Friend! hae ye been mawin',
S. Last May a braw wooer †	Mawn [mown]. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 8.
Even they maun dare an effort mair, . S. Lovely Davies.	In simmer when the hay was mawn, S. In simmer when †
Sae droops our heart when we maun part	The heather was blooming, the meadows were mawn,
And I maun leave my bonie Mary. S. My Bonie Mary.	S. The heather was blooming t
While my dear lad maun face his faes, S. O Logan! sweetly †	Mawn [a basket].
Sae ye wi' anither your fortune maun try.	We'll hide the Cooper behind the door, And cover him under a mawn, O. S. The Cooper o' cuddy t
S. O meikle thinks my love †	
But Nith maun be my Muse's well, My Muse maun be thy bonie sel; S. O were I on Parnass. †	Maxim.
The bowl we maun renew it; S. On W. Stewart.	My Son, these maxims make a rule,
	And lump them ay thegither; Add. to Unco Guid. Mott.
Tho' I maun say't, I doubt ye flatter, Second Ep. to Davie.	'Life's cares they are comforts'—a maxim laid down
Some less maun sair	By the Bard, what d'ye call him, that wore the black gown; S. No Churchman am I†
But if its ordain'd I maun tak' him, S. Tam Glen.	Grave these maxims on thy soul. Wr. in Hermitage, F. C.
The hour approaches Tam maun ride; . Tam o' Shanter. 7.	Maxwell. And there frae the Nidsdale border,
But here my Muse her wing maun cour; 1b. 16.	Will mingle the Maxwells in droves,
And I maun cross the raging sea; . S. The Highl. Lassie.	The Election Ballads, III.
An' we maun draw our tippence The Holy Fair. 8.	And Maxwell true, o' sterling blue; S. The Laddies by †
But now his Honor maun detach, The Ordination. 10.	The noble Maxwells and their Powers
Now I maun thole the scornfu' sneer	Are coming o'er the border, . S. The noble Maxwells †
The Ruined Maid's Lament.	Maxwell, if merit here you crave, That merit I deny: To Dr. Maxwell.
a wee touch langer, An' they maun starve The Twa Dogs. 11.	
How they maun thole a factor's snash; Ib. 13.	Health to the Maxwells' vet'ran Chief! To Terraughty.
While they maun stan', wi' aspect humble, Ib.	Maxwelton.
But surely poor-folk maun be wretches! Ib. 14.	Maxwelton, that baron bold, . The Election Ballads. VI.
For I maun till'd again S. There's news, lasses †	May. Her looks were like a flow'r in May, S. Blythe was she, †
Then I maun rin amang the rest . Third Ep. to J. Lap	Yet maiden May, in rich array, Again shall bring them a' [our joys]. S. But lately seen †
For I maun crush amang the stoure	Last May a braw wooer cam down the lang glen,
Thy slender stem: To a Mountain-Daisy.	S. Last May a braw wooer cam down the lang gien, S. Last May a braw wooer t
High-shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield, Ib.	nae life like the Ploughman in the month o' sweet May.
What then? poor beastie, thou maun live! . To a Mouse.	S. Lns on a Ploughman.
They maun hae brose and brats o' duddies;	Now rosy May comes in wi' flowers, S. Now rosy May †
To Dr. Blacklock.	Again the merry month o' May
Frae hame this comin Friday; To Gav. Hamilton.	Has made our hills and valleys gay; S. O Logan! sweetly †
They a' maun meet some ither place, To W. Creech.	O May thy morn was ne'er sae sweet,
Tho' I maun say't, I wad be silly, To W. Simpson.	As the mirk night o' December, S. O May thy morn †
Sair do I fear that despair maun abide me;	When merry May its bloom renew'd. S. O were my love †
S. Twas na her bonie blue †	When flow'ry May adorns the scene, S. On Cessnock banks†
Indeed maun I, quo' Findlay Wha is that at my t	Her looks are like the vernal May, Ib. Sett. II.
Ye maun conceal till your last hour!	There's ne'er a flower that blooms in May, That's half sae welcome's thou art. On W. Stewart.
I maun Gae fa' upo' anither plan, What ails ye now †	must be a second of the second
Though I maun never have her, . S. When first I saw †	There's not a flower that blooms in May, That's half so fair as thou art S. Polly Stewart.
Your doctrines I maun blame, S. Ye Jacobites †	There's ne'er a flower that blooms in May,
To Beauty what man but maun yield him a prize,	That's half so sweet as thou art
S. Yon wild mossy mountains †	She's fresh as the morning, the fairest in May,
Maunna, Mauna [must not].	S. There's auld Rob M. †
I canna tell, I maunna tell, . S. Craigie-burn Wood.	Blooming on thy early May, To Miss C.
What care I in riches to wallow,	Fair is the morn in flow'ry May, S. 'Twas even-the dewy t
If I mauna marry Tam Glen S. Tam Glen.	to me more dear, Than all the pride of May: . Winter.
The kirk and state may join, and tell	May. Sweetest May, let love inspire thee; S. Sweetest May t
To do such things I maunna: S. The gowd. Locks of A.	And a' to pu' a posie to my ain dear May. [re.] S. The Posie.
But an honest man's aboon his might,	Maybe. 'Guid faith, Ye're maybe come to stap my breath;
Gude faith he maunna fa' that! . S. The Honest Man.	Death and Dr. Hornbook. 9.

But by your leaves, my learned foes, Ye're maybe wrang. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 10.	But I'se believe ye kindly meant it, . To W. Simpson.
Maybe some ither thing they gie me	Meanwhile. Meanwhile I am, respected Sir, Your most obedient. Ep. to J. R., 13.
They weel can spare Ib. 17.	Measure.
He had twa fauts, or maybe three, Tam Samson's El., 14.	Saint Stephen's boys, wi' jarring noise, They did his measures thraw, man, . A Fragment. 6.
Mayna [may not]. At least some pity on me shaw, If love it mayna be. S. O mirk, mirk †	The ready measure rins as fine.
Maze. When dancing thoughtless Pleasure's maze,	As Phœbus and the famous Nine
Despondency, an Ode. 5.	Were glowran owre my pen Ep. to Davie. 11. Tho' rough an' raploch be her measure,
Mazy. Her [nature's] eye intent on all the mazy plan, Ep. to R. Graham.	She's seldom lazy Second Ep. to Davie.
M'Craw.	Learning and Worth in equal measures trode,
He swoor 'twas hilchan Jean M'Craw, . Halloween. 20. Jenny M'Craw, she has ta'en to the heather, Jenny M'Craw.	The Brigs of Ayr. 13. Perhaps Dundee's wild warbling measures rise,
M'Dowall. And there will be Logan M'Dowall;	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 13.
The Election Ballads. III.	And cowe her measure shorter By th' head some day. The Ordination. 13.
Mead. And o'er the flowery mead she goes, S. It was the charming †	Measure, to.
The sweetest flower that deck'd the mead,	Nae mair at present can I measure, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 14. We'll sculpture the marble, we'll measure the lay;
Now trodden like the vilest weed, S. O Lassie, art thou t	Monody, on a Lady.
Meadow. Nae mair the flow'r in field or meadow springs; The Brigs of Ayr.	Farewell, hours that late did measure Sunshine days of joy and pleasure; . S. Raving winds †
The heather was blooming, the meadows were mawn.	Measur'd.
S. The heather was blooming †	The measur'd time is run! . S. Farewell, dear mistress †
The forests are leafless, the meadows are brown, S. The lazy mist †	Nae Poet thought her worth his while, To set her name in measur'd style; . To W. Simpson. 7.
By mosses, meadows, moors, and fells, The Twa Herds. 15.	Measur'st.
Meal.	Measur'st in desperate thought—a rope—thy neck
An' Stable-meals at Fairs were driegh, A Guid New-Year † 8. Without a penny in my purse	Meat. Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
To buy a meal to me. S. The Highl. Widow's Lament.	They!—they be d——d! what right hae they
I'll sit down o'er my scanty meal, To J. S., 24.	To meat, or sleep, or light o' day?. Add. of Beelzebub. 3.
Meal. An' gied you [ministers] a' baith gear an' meal; El. on Year 1788.	Wha I wish were maggots' meat, . S. First when Maggy \
Ye'll crowdie a' my meal away. S. O that I had ne'er †	Nae the meat, but appetite Maks our eating a delight: S. Jockey fou,†
Blest wi' content, and milk and meal	Some hae meat and canna eat,
S. The Contented Cottager. For a' his meal and a' his maut, S. To daunton me.	And some wad eat that want it, But we hae meat and we can eat, The Selkirk Grace.
Mealy. weel brac'd wi' mealy bags, The Jolly Beggars. R. I.	Mechanic.
Mean.	And all mechanics' many-aproned kinds. Ep. to R. Graham.
In politics if thou would'st mix,	Meddle.
And mean thy fortunes be; Lns on Windows, Gl. Tav See yonder poor, o'erlabour'd wight,	To meddle wi' mischief a-brewing; . The Kirk's Alarm. If ye'll meddle nae mair wi' the matter,
So abject, mean and vile, . Man was made to mourn.	Shou'd meddle wi' a pack sae sturdy, To Rev. J. M'Math.
But sorrow tak him that's sae mean, S. O Tibbie!†	Meddling. His meddling vanity, a busy fiend, . Sketch.
But mean revenge, an' malice fause He'll still disdain, To Rev. J. M'Math.	Meditate.
Pardon a muse sae mean as mine,	Peerest to meditate the healing leap: Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
Mean, to.	Meditation. rapt in meditation high, The Brigs of Ayr. 3. Meed. That dearest meed is granted—honest fame;
Barr Steenie, Barr Steenie, what mean ye? what mean ye? The Kirk's Alarm.	Prologue, sp. by Woods.
I mean your ingle-side to guard	My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise: The Cotter's Sat. Night.
Ae winter night Third Ep. to J. Lap	Conscious the bounteous meed they well deserve,
Ye bad me write you what they mean By this new-light, To W. Simpson. P.S.	To R. G. of F., 7.
Meander.	Meek. When Sh-lb-rne meek held up his cheek, A Fragment. 6.
Adown some trottin burn's meander, . To W. Simpson.	Her bonie face it was as meek,
Meandering, -'ring. As wand'ring, meand'ring,	As ony lamb upon the lee! S. Blythe was she,
He views the solemn sky Despondency, an Ode. 3.	Meg was meek, and Meg was mild, S. First when Maggy † O Mally's meek, Mally's sweet, S. O Mally's meek.
Where Devon, sweet Devon, meand ring flows. S. How pleasant the banks †	Sits meek content with light unanxious heart,
The Tay meandering sweet in infant pride,	
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.	An' meek an' mim has view'd it [the word], The Holy Fair. 16.
The meanest hind in fair Scotland	Meekly. Wha meekly gae your hurdies to the smiters;
May rove their sweets amang; Lament of Mary of Scots.	The Brigs of Ayr. 9.
Meaning. Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 7.	Now meekly calm, now wild in wrath, . The Holy Fair. 13.
Means.	Meere [mare]. Sin' thou was my Guidfather's Meere; A Guid New-year † 4.
Yet while the busy means are ply'd, They hring their own reward: Despondency, an Ode. 2.	Meet. Ye sall get gowns and ribbons meet, S. Ca' the Ewes.
I ken 1hy friends try ilka means	It were mair meet, that those fine feet
Frae wedlock to delay thee; . S. Here's to thy health, †	Were weel lac'd up in silken shoon, . S. O Mally's meek. The bonie Lark, companion meet! To a Mountain-Daisy.
I never had frien's, weel stockit in means, Ronalds of Bennals. Meant.	The bonie Lark, companion meet! To a Mountain-Daisy. But of meet, or unmeet, in a fabric complete,
Because God meant mankind should set	I'll boldly pronounce they [reviewers] are none, Sir.
That higher value on it Ask why God made t	To Capt. Riddel. Meet, to. If friendless, low, we meet together,
Her [nature's] Hogarth-art perhaps she meant to show it) Ep. to R. Graham. 3.	Then, Sir, your hand-my Friend and Brother.
Twas guilty sinners that he meant	A Ded. to G. H., 16. Go on, my Lord! I lang to meet you, Add. of Beelzebub. 5.
Not angels such as you To Miss Ainslie.	Oo on, my nord I lang to meet you, raw of Decisions of

I meet him on the dewy hill S. Again rejoic. Nature †	when the control of t
Wha did I meet, upon the way,	when they meet wi' sair disasters, The Twa Dogs. 11.
But pretty Peg, my dearie S. As I gaed up by t	Resolv'd to meet some ither day
Gin a body meet a body [re.] . S. Comin thro' the rye t	S. Tho' fickle Fortune †
'Niest time we meet, I'll wad a groat, 'He gets his fairin!' Death and Dr. Hornbook. 30.	In vain Religion meets my shrinking eye; . To Clarinda.
Meet every sad returning right. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 30.	To meet the Warld's worm; To Gav. Hamilton.
Meet ev'ry sad-returning night, And joyless morn the same. Despondency, an Ode. 2.	They a' maun meet some ither place, Willie's awa!
To meet with, and greet with,	To W Creech
My Davie or my Jean! Ep. to Davie. 10.	I'll meet thee on the lea-rig, My ain kind dearie O. [re.] S. When o'er the hill t
till we meet and weet our whistle, Ep. to H. Parker.	And pledging aft to meet again.
I should be proud to meet you there;	We tore ourselves asunder.
Ep. to J. L-k, Ap 1st, 18. O let me think we yet shall meet! S. Forlorn, my Love, †	Meeting, s. S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †
O let me think we yet shall meet! S. Forlorn, my Love,† How wisdom and folly meet, mix, and unite!	But he wan my heart's consent
Frag. inser. to Fox.	To be his ain at the neist meeting. S. As I came o'ert
We part to meet no more! . S. From thee, Eliza,	And dreads a meeting worse than Woolwich hulks;
Parting wi' Nancy, Oh! ne'er to meet mair.	Ep. fr. Esopus.
But for to meet the Deil her lane,	Ev'n godly meetings o' the saunts, By thee inspir'd, Scotch Drink. &.
She pat but little faith in:	Meeting. Or thro' each nerve the rapture dart,
Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,	Like meeting her, our bosom's treasure.
S. Here's a health to ane t	"Did ne'er to me sic tidings bring,
May liberty meet wi' success! S. Here's a health to them †	As meeting o' my Willy S. O Phely +
He's on the seas to meet the foe? S. How can my poor heart †	Or whare wild-meeting oceans boil
Man with brother man to meet,	Besouth Magellan To W. Simpson. 7.
Thy favors are the silly wind That kisses ilka thing it meets S. I do confess †	The meeting cliffs each deep-sunk glen divides,
And stownlins we sall meet again S. I'll ay ca' in t	Meet'st. Wr. in Kenmore Inn.
But I hae parted frae my Love,	And where thou meet'st thy mother's friend,
Never to meet again, S. It was a' fort	Remember him for me! . Lament of Mary of Scots.
Meet me on the warlock knowe, . S. Now rosy May t	Meg. Let Meg now take away the flesh, At Globe Tav., D.
To meet my faithful Davie	May he be dad, and Meg the mither, Just five and forty years thegither! . Auld Comrade †
A barefit maid I chanc'd to meet, . S. O Mally's meek.	There was a lass, they ca'd her Meg, S. Duncan Davison.
"When evening shades in silence meet, S. O Phely,†	The moor was driegh, and Meg was skiegh,
If thou shalt meet a lassie In grace and beauty charming; S. O wat ye wha that loes	That Meg should be a bride the morn; 16.
At kirk, or at market, whene'er ye meet me,	Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig, . S. Duncan Gray †
Gang by me as tho' that ye car'd nae a flie; . S. O whistle,	Meg grew sick,—as he grew heal,
What are you forms that meet my sight? . On Lincluden.	Ye hae your Meg, your dearest part,
Henceforth to meet with unconcern,	And I my darling Jean! Ep. to Davie. 8.
One rank as well's another; On dining with Daer. To meet with noble youthful Daer,	Meg was meek and Meg was mild, [re]. S. First when Maggyt
For he but meets a brother.	Meg fain wad to the Barn gaen, Halloween. 21.
No hundred-headed Riot here we meet,	O L-d! yestreen, thou kens, wi' Meg,
Prologue, sp. by Woods.	Holy Willie's Prayer. 7.
Better than e'er the fairest she he meets Sketch.	O ken ye what Meg o' the mill has gotten? [re.] S. O ken ye what Meg †
And fly to meet a kinder heart! S. Slow spreads the gloom	Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg, Tam o' Shanter. 18.
Me, mem'ry of my loss will only meet. Sonnet on Death of Riddel.	There's Meg wi the mailin that fain wad a haen him;
And drouthy neebors, neebors meet, . Tam o' Shanter.	S. There's a youth †
	Meikle, Mickle, Muckle [much, great, big].
An' rin her whittle to the hilt, I' th' first she meets! The Author's Cry and Prayer.	An' meikle Greek an' Latin mangled, Auld comrade †
To meet them were na slaw, man,	And tho' I hae na meikle tocher, S. Braw lads on Yar. braes †
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor. Where twa wheel-barrows tremble when they meet,	The meikle devil wi' a woodie
The Brigs of Ayr. 6.	Haurl thee [death] hame El. on Capt. M. H. I gat some gear wi' meikle care, . Extern., Ap. 1782.
Meet owre a pint, or in the Council-house; Ib. 9.	I gat some gear wi' meikle care, Extem., Ap. 1782. Alake, alake the meikle deil, Friend of the Poet †
On ilka hand the burnies trot,	Laden with years and meikle pain, Lament for Glencairn.
And meet below my bonie cot; S. The Contented Cottager. To meet their Dad, wi' flichterin noise and glee.	But Jenny's jimps and jirkinet,
The Cotter's Sat. Night.3.	My Lord thinks meikle mair upon't. S. My Lord a-hunting †
With joy unfeign'd, brothers and sisters meet, Ib. 5.	Who sung his rhymes in Coila's plains With meikle mirth an' glee; Nature's Law.
Hope 'springs exulting on triumphant wing,'	He [love] oft has wrought me meikle wae; S. O lay thy loof †
That thus they all shall meet in future days: . 16. 10.	O meikle thinks my love o' my beauty,
The blissful day we twa did meet, The day returns t	And meikle thinks my love o' my kin;
On the bonie banks of Ayr to meet, The Fête Champetre.	S. O meikle thinks my love †
The scatt'red coveys meet secure, . S. The gloomy night †	My laddie's sae meikle in love wi' the siller, He canna hae love to spare for me
Ilk star gae hide thy twink'ling ray When I'm to meet my Anna. S. The gowd. Locks of A.	Sweet floweret, pledge o' meikle love,
"An' meet you on the holy spot; The Holy Fair. 6.	On Birth of Posth, Child.
forming assignations To meet some day Ib. 20.	For meikle glee and fun has he, On Grose's Peregrinations.
And here, by sweet endearing stealth.	Why is outlandish stuff sae meikle courted? Scots Prologue.
Shall meet the loving pair, . The Petition of Br. Water.	For gen'rous patronage, and meikle kindness, 1b.
I could meet a troop of Hell at the sound of a drum.	I lo'ed her meikle and lang; . S. She's fair and fauset
The folly Beggars. S. I. If e'er ye want, or meet with scant,	'Twou'd been o'er meikle to've gi'en thee mair, I mean an angel mind
In raptures sweet this hour we meet,	And past the birks and meikle stane,
Whene'er I meet my mither's e'e.	Whare drunken Charlie brak's neck-bane; Tam o' Shanter. 10.
My tears rin down like rain. The Ruined Maid's Lament.	And shook baith meikle corn and bear, Ib. 15.

And mony braw thanks to the meikle black deil, S. The Deil cam fi	
C The Dail case &	The mavis mild and mellow; The Petition of Br. Water.
-	This spanke, and to make as menon
And meikle he wad say, The Election Ball	
Nor meikle speech pretend,	
The meikle Ursa-Major? The Fête Chan	upetre. O my Luve's like the melodie
A tod meikle waur than the Clerk; The Kirk's Ala	
O meikle do I rue, fause love, The Ruined Maid's La	ament. In notes of sweetest melody They hail the charming Chloe: S. It was the charming
M'-ll has wrought us meikle wae, The Twa Her	While simple melody pour'd moving on the heart.
I meikle dread him	Ib. 13. The Brigs of Ayr. 12.
And twice as meikle's a' that, . S. Women's I	
I throw the wee stools o'er the mickle, Add. to Toot	
Helpless, alane, thou clamb the brae,	"Thou found'st me like the morning sun
Wi' mickle, mickle toil, Extem. on Commem.s of The	omson. "That melts the fogs in limpid air, Lament for Glencairn.
A mickle quarter basin S. Gat	
Hey ca' thro', ca' thro,	And Melville melt in wailing. The Election Ballads, VI.
For we hae mickle ado, S. Hey ca	thro'. Whase raging flame, an' scorching heat.
A mickle man, a strang man, S. O wat ye who	Wad melt the hardest whun-stane! The Holy Fair. 22.
Wi' braw new branks in mickle pride, On W. Cha	
And mickle mirth and play S. The last braw b	
But faith! I muckle doubt, my Sire, A Dre	am. 5. Again, again that tender part,
Ye're unco muckle dautet;	Ib. 15. That I may catch thy melting art; S. O stay, sweet warbling †
That day, ye pranc'd wi' muckle pride, A Guid New-ye	ear† 6. Aught of Humanity's sweet melting grace?
That e'er he [the Deil] nearer comes oursel	Ode to Mem. of Mrs. —.
'S a muckle pity. Death and Dr. Horni	
As muckle better as you can El. on Yea	
And muckle they [mankind] may grieve ye:	The Farewell. To St. J.'s L
Ep. to Young Fri	end. 2. Gie me within my straining grasp The melting form of Anna. S. The gowd. Locks of A.
It's no in makin muckle, mair: To make us truly blest:	
The state of the s	With Shenstone's art; The Vision. D. II. 19.
And there was muckle fun and jokin, Ye need na doubt; Ep to $J. L-k$, Ap .	
Or purse-proud, hig wi' cent per cent,	Or melvie his braw claithing! The Holy Fair. 25.
An' muckle wame, Ib., Ap. 2.	
Trowth, they had muckle for to blame! Ep. to J.	
For muckle anes, an' straught anes Hallow	
Behint the muckle thorn:	Ib. 6. She made me weary of my life,
The muckle devil blaw you south,	By one unruly member S. The Joyful Widower.
The Author's Cry and Pra	yer. 4. "To cut it aff, an' whatfore no,
An' to the muckle house repair, Wi' instant speed,	1b. 18. Your dearest member." What ails ye now?
And muckle mair than ye can mak to through.	Memento. Than just a kind memento; Ep. to Young Friend.
The Brigs of A	DICHIOLICO INCLAS
As muckle gear as buy a sheep, . The Death of I	Mailie. A dram was memento mori; Epit. on J. Dove, Innkeeper.
An' twice as muckle's a' that, The Jolly Beggars. S	
Sae my auld stumpie pen I gat it	Memory, Mem'ry. Here's the memory of those on the twelfth that we lost;
Wi' muckle wark, Third Ep. to J.	S. VII. Memory, Mem'ry. Here's the memory of those on the twelfth that we lost; At Meet. of D. Volunteers.
Wi ^r muckle wark, Third Ep. to J. An' muckle din there was about it, To W. Simpson	Memory, Mem'ry. Lap At Meet. of D. Volunteers. O mem'ry, spare the cruel threes
Wi' muckle wark, An' muckle din there was about it, As faith I muckle doubt him, To Gaw. Has	Memory, Mem'ry. Lap. Lap. Memory, Mem'ry. At Meet. of D. Volunteers. O mem'ry, spare the cruel throes Within my bosom swelling: S. Farewell, thou stream †
Wi' muckle wark, An' muckle din there was about it, As faith I muckle doubt him, To Gav. Has Mein v. Mien.	Memory, Mem'ry. Lap. Lap. O mem'ry, spare the cruel throes Within my bosom swelling: Sweets that mem'ry ne'er shall tine. Memory, Mem'ry. At Meet. of D. Volunteers. S. Farewell, thou stream to see that mem'ry ne'er shall tine. S. Scenes of woe to
Wi' muckle wark, An' muckle din there was about it, As faith I muckle doubt him, Mein v. Mien. Melancholious. Third Ep. to J. To W. Simpson To Gav. Han	Memory, Mem'ry. Lap Lap Mere's the memory of those on the twelfth that we lost; At Meet. of D. Volunteers. Millon. O mem'ry, spare the cruel throes Within my bosom swelling: S. Farewell, thou stream to Sweets that mem'ry ne'er shall tine. S. Scenes of woet that secret charm to mem'ry brings All that on Evan's border springs? S. Slow spreads the gloom to
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To sum up all, he merry, I advise; And a wire merry, I advise; And as wire merry, may assilb to wise. If. Sweet fruit o' mony a merry dint, Add. to Illigit. Child. The merry Ploughboy cheers his team. S. Again and merry and merry story. Add. to Illigit. Child. The merry Ploughboy cheers his team. S. Again and merry and merry story. Add. to Illigit. Child. The merry Ploughboy cheers his team. S. Again and merry and merry story. Add. to Illigit. Child. The merry Ploughboy cheers his team. S. Again and merry says she, [r.z.] S. Blythe was she, fr.d. and merchandise whole genus take their high: And merchandise whole genus take their high: S. When wild War's thereourlal. O for some rank, mercurial rozet. To a Loue. Moreov. Vain is his hope, whase stay an' trust is, S. When wild War's thereourlal. O for some rank, mercurial rozet. To a Loue. Moreov. Vain is his hope, whase stay an' trust is, A Fragment. 5. They flactors, Sec. lay aside at ender mercies. Add. of Bealtwin. Hydroxy, Turk, and pusite ! A Ded. to G. H., 7. like ony Turk, Nae mercy had at a', A Fragment. 5. They flactors, Sec. lay aside at ender mercies. Add. of Bealtwin. Hydroxy, and mercy's day is gane. Epit. on Holy Willies Prayer, 5. But, L.—d, remember me and mine. It. On the mercy by em, Hoby Willies Prayer, 5. But, L.—d, remember me and mine. It. On the mercy had be mair than pround To share the mercies wil you. To a Medical Cent. They take of mercy, grace an truth, To Rev. J. M'Math. Losh man'l has emercy, will your highly the high and had a mercy, while the mercies will you. Then how should for Heavenly Mercy pray. Then how should for Heavenly Mercy pray. Then how should for Heavenly Mercy pray. The how should for flevenly Mercy	Mention. It warms me, it charms me,	Say, you'll be merry tho' you can't be rich.
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Merecurlal. O for some rank, mercurial roset, To a Louse, Morey. Merey. You his is his hope, whase stay an' trust is, In moral Mercy, Truth, and Justice! A Ded. to G. H., 7, like ony Turk, Nae mercy had at a', A Fragment.5. They (factors, &c.) lay aside a' tender mercies, And mercy's day is gane. Epti. on Holy Willie's Prayer. 15. But, L.—d, remember me and mine Wi mercies temp'ral and divine, I. Ep. to Moly Willie's Prayer. 15. But, L.—d, remember me and mine Wi mercies temp'ral and divine, I. Ep. to on Holy Willie's Prayer. 15. But, L.—d, remember me and mine Wi mercies temp'ral and divine, I. Ep. to Moly Willie's Prayer. 15. But, L.—d, remember me and mine Wi mercies temp'ral and divine, I. Ep. to Moly Willie's Prayer. 15. But, L.—d, remember me and mine Wi mercies temp'ral and divine, I. Ep. to Moly Willie's Prayer. 15. But, L.—d, remember me and mine Wi mercies temp'ral and divine, I. Ep. to Moly Willie's Prayer. 15. But, L.—d, remember me and mine Wi mercies temp'ral and divine, I. Ep. to Moly Willie's Prayer. 15. But, L.—d, remember me and mine Wi mercies temp'ral and divine, I. Ep. to Moly Willie's Prayer. 15. But, L.—d, remember me and mine Wi mercies temp'ral and divine, I. Ep. to J. R., 3. And mony a lish the merry mong to merry had nony a night we've merry boys. There merry boys, I trow, are we're, And mony a night we've merry boys. There merry boys, I trow, are we're, And mony a night we've merry boys. Merce The captul mortulem of gross desires Makes a material, for mere knights and squires; Ep. to R. Craham. Ep. to R. Craham. Ep. to R. Craham. Ep. to Roraham. Ep. to Ror	Merchant. For gold the merchant ploughs the main,	
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Add. of Beetechule, E.E. to J. R., 3. And mercy's day is gane. Epit. on Holy Willie. An' pass not in thy mercy by 'em, Holy Willie's Prayer. 15. But, L.—dr. remember me and mine Wi' mercies temp'ral and divine,		
And mercy's day is gane. Epit on Holy Willie's Prayer. 15. But, L—d, remember me and mine Wi mercies tempral and divine, 16. 10. Nae mercy, then, for airn or steel; Scotch Drink. 11. For me I would be mair than proud To share the mercies wi you. To a Medical Gent. They talk o' mercy, grace an' truth, To Rev. J. M'Math. Losh man! hae mercy wi' your natch, What ails ye now't Then how should I for Heavenly Mercy's plan! Why am! I loth? Mere: The caful mortuum of gross desires Makes a material, for mere knights and squires; Ep. to R. Graham. We're frail backsliding mortals merely, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 9. Merdidian. The eagle's gaze alone surveys Merdidian. The eagle's gaze alone surveys Merdidian. The sun's meridian splendor: S. Lovely Davies. Life's meridian flaming nigh, Wr, in Priarz-Carse H. Modest Merit's silent claim; Add. to Illegit. Child. Modest Merit's silent claim; Add. to Illegit. Child. Modest Merit's silent claim; Add. to Edinburgh. 3. If thou uncommon merit hast, Yet spurn'd at Fortune's door, El. on Capt. M. H., Epit. Soars on the spurning wing of injur'd merit! Ep. to R. Graham. 5. And fortune favor worth and merit, Prologue, at Th., D. Quite sick of merit's rudeness, The Dean of Fac. St. Mary's, A house of great merit and note: Protogial thoughtless bestowing, His merit had won him respect. 1b. And Yon, farewell! whose merits claim, Justly that highest badge to wear! The Farewell. To St. J.'s L. Maxwell, if merit here you crave, That merit I deny: The Dean of Fac. Merett, to. Merett, to. Merett, to. Merett, to. Mere strained divine. Are with the lave ilk merry morn Could rank my rig and lass; Wp partner in the merry core, Wi'merry dance in winter days, Wp partner in the merry core, Wi'merry dance in winter days, Wp partner in the merry dance in winter days, Wp partner in the merry dance in winter days, Wp partner in the merry core, Wi'merry dance in winter days, Wp partner in the merry roar, O'th merry lads of Ayr, man? The Flete Champétre. Wi'merry dance in winter days. We're frail backsliding mor	Add. of Beelzebub.	
An' pass not in thy mercy by 'em, Holy Willie's Prayer. 15. But, L.—d, remember me and mine W'i mercies temp'ral and divine,		Again the merry month o' May . S. O Logan! sweetly †
But, L.—d, remember me and mine Wi mercies temp'ral and divine,		O merry hae I been teethin a heckle,
Nae mercy, then, for airn or steel; For me I would be mair than proud To share the mercies wi' you. They talk o' mercy, grace an' truth, Losh man! hae mercy wi' your natch, What ails ye now then acts ocounter Heavenly Mercy pray, Who acts ocounter Heavenly Mercy splan! Why am I loth! Mere. The caplut mortuum of gross desires Makes a material, for mere knights and squires; Ep. to R. Graham. 2. Merelly. We're frail backsliding mortals merely, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 9. Meridian. The eagle's gaze alone surveys The sun's meridian splendor: S. Lovely Davies. Life's meridian flaming nigh, . Wr. in Friars-Carse H. Merit. Modest Merit's silent claim; . Add. to Illegit. Child. Modest Merit's silent claim; . Add. to Edinburgh. 3. If thou uncommon merit hast, Yet spurn'd at Fortune's door, El. on Capt. M. H., Epit. Soars on the spurning wing of injur'd merit! Ep. to R. Graham. 5. And fortune favor worth and merit, . Poem on Life. Who think to storm the world by dint of merit, . Prologue, at Th., D. Quite sick of merit's rudeness, . The Dean of Fac. St. Mary's, A house of great merit and note; The Election Ballads. III. For prodigal thoughtless bestowing, His merit had won him respect	But, L-d, remember me and mine	S. O merry hae I been †
There are not young an interproud To share the mercies wi you. To a Medical Cent. They talk o' mercy, grace an' truth, Losh man! hae mercy wi' your natch, What ails ye now the Mercy many pray, Who act so counter Heavenly Mercy's plan! Why am I loth? Mere. The caput mortuum of gross desires Makes a material, for mere knights and squires; Ep. to R. Graham. 2. Merely. We're frail backsliding mortals merely, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 9. Meridian. The eagle's gaze alone surveys The sun's meridian splendor: S. Lovely Davies. Life's meridian flaming nigh, . Wr. in Friars-Carze H. Merit. Thy mither's person, grace an' merit, Modest Merit's silent claim; . Add. to Illegit. Child. Modest Merit's silent claim; . Add. to Edinburgh. 3. If thou uncommon merit hast, Yet spurn'd at Fortune's door, El. on Capt. M. H., Epit. Soars on the spurning wing of injur'd merit; Ep. to R. Graham. 5. And fortune favor worth and merit, Poogue, at Th., D. Quite sick of merit's rudeness, The Election Ballads. III. For prodigal thoughtles bestowing, His merit had won him respect. And You, farewell! whose merits claim, Justly that highest badge to wear! The Survey of the farewell that merit and note; The Election Ballads. III. Maxwell, if merit here you crave, That merit I deny: . To Dr. Maxwell. In spite o' dark banditti stabs At worth an' merit, To Rev. J. M'Math. Merit, 10.		
They talk o' mercy, grace an' truth, Losh man! hae mercy wi' your natch, What ails ye now 'Then how should I for Heavenly Mercy pray, Who actso counter Heavenly Mercy's plan? Why am I loth! Mere. The caput mortuum of gross desires Makes a material, for mere knights and squires; Ep. to R. Graham. 2. Merelly. We're frail backsliding mortals merely, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 9. Meridian. The eagle's gaze alone surveys The suri's meridian splendor: S. Lovely Davies. Life's meridian flaming nigh, . Wr. in Friars-Carse H. Merit. Thy mither's person, grace an' merit, Add. to Illegit. Child. Modest Merit's silent claim; . Add. to Edinburgh. 3. If thou uncommon merit hast, Yet spurn'd at Fortune's door, El. on Capt. M. H., Epit. Soars on the spurning wing of injur'd merit! Ep. to R. Graham. 5. And fortune favor worth and merit, . Poem on Life. Who think to storm the world by dint of merit, Who think to storm the world by dint of merit, The Deam of Fac St. Mary's, A house of great merit and note: The Election Ballads. III. For prodigal thoughtless bestowing, His merit had won him respect	For me I would be mair than proud	Three merry boys, I trow, are we;
On Scot. Bard gre to W. I. Then how should I for Heavenly Mercy pray, Who actso counter Heavenly Mercy is plan? Why am I loth? Mere. The caput mortuum of gross desires Makes a material, for mere knights and squires; Ep. to R. Graham. 2. We're frail backsliding mortals merely, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 9. Meridian. The cagle's gaze alone surveys The sun's meridian splendor: S. Lovely Davies. Life's meridian flaming nigh, . Wr. in Friars-Carse H. Merit. Thy mither's person, grace an' merit, Add. to Illegit. Child. Modest Merit's silent claim; . Add. to Edinburgh. 3. If thou uncommon merit hast, Yet spurn'd at Fortune's door, El. on Capt. M. H., Epit. Soars on the spurning wing of injur'd merit; Who think to storm the world by dint of merit, Prologue, at Th., D Quite sick of merit's rudeness, . The Pene on Life. Who think to storm the world by dint of merit, Prologue, at Th., D And You, farewell! whose merits claim, Justly that highest badge to wear! The Farewell. To St. J.'s L. Maxwell, if merit here you crave, That merit I deny: . To Dr. Maxwell. In spite o' dark banditti stabs At worth an' merit, . To Rev. J. M'anth. Merit, to.		
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Merely. We're frail backsliding mortals merely, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 9. Meridian. The eagle's gaze alone surveys The sun's meridian splendor: S. Lovely Davies. Life's meridian flaming nigh, . Wr. in Friars-Carse H. Merit. Thy mither's person, grace an' merit, Add. to Illegit. Child. Modest Merit's silent claim; . Add. to Edinburgh. 3. If thou uncommon merit hast, Yet spurn'd at Fortune's door, El. on Capt. M. H., Epit. Soars on the spurning wing of injur'd merit! Ep. to R. Graham. 5. And fortune favor worth and merit, . Poem on Life. Who think to storm the world by dint of merit, Prologue, at Th., D Quite sick of merit's rudeness, . The Dean of Fac. St. Mary's, A house of great merit and note: St. Mary's, A house of great merit and note: The Fetetion Ballads. III. And You, farewell! whose merits claim, Justly that highest badge to wear! The Frarewell. To St. J.'s L. Maxwell, if merit here you crave, That merit I deny: . To Dr. Maxwell. In spite o' dark banditti stabs At worth an' merit, . To Rev. J. M'Math. Merit, to.	Makes a material, for mere knights and squires;	My partner in the merry core,
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Quite sick of merit's rudeness,	Who think to storm the world by dint of merit,	And auld Mess John will mend the skaith, S. Duncan Gray.
St. Mary's, A house of great merit and note; The Election Ballads. III. For prodigal thoughtless bestowing, His merit had won him respect		An' syne Mess John, beyond expression,
For prodigal thoughtless bestowing, His merit had won him respect Ib. And You, farewell! whose merits claim, Justly that highest badge to wear! The Farewell. To St. J.'s L Maxwell, if merit here you crave, That merit I deny: To Dr. Maxwell. In spite o' dark banditti stabs At worth an' merit, . To Rev. J. M'Math. Merit, to. Messan [a small dog; any cur of mixed breeds]. Ev'n wi' a Tinkler-gipsey's messan: . S. The Twa Dogs. Met. But oh, it was a tale of woe, As ever met a Briton's ear! A Vision. Whaever has met wi' my Phillis, Has met wi the queen o' the fair. S. Adown winding Nith† Nor ever sorrow stain the hour. The place and time I met my dearie! S. By Allan stream †	St. Mary's, A house of great merit and note;	Message.
His merit had won him respect	For prodigal thoughtless bestowing,	
Met. But oh, it was a tale of woe, As ever met a Briton's ear! Maxwell, if merit here you crave, That merit I deny: To Dr. Maxwell. In spite o' dark banditti stabs At worth an' merit, . To Rev. J. M'Math. Merit, to. Met. But oh, it was a tale of woe, As ever met a Briton's ear! Whaever has met wi' my Phillis, Has met wi the queen o' the fair. S. Adown winding Nith† Nor ever sorrow stain the hour, The place and time I met my dearie! S. By Allan stream †	His merit had won him respect	
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In spite o' dark banditti stabs At worth an' merit, . To Rev. J. M'Math. Merit, to. Nor ever sorrow stain the hour. The place and time I met my dearie! S. By Allan stream †	That merit I deny: To Dr. Maxwell.	Has met wi the queen o' the fair.
Merit, to. The place and time I met my dearie! S. By Allan stream †	In spite o' dark banditti stabs At worth an' merit. To Rev. I. M' Math.	Nor ever sorrow stain the hour,
Nor tempiral mitts we little ment: A Grace. There I met my shenherd-lad	Merit, to.	The place and time I met my dearie! S. By Allan stream †
The temptal galo we little ment,	For temp'ral gifts we little merit; A Grace.	There I met my shepherd-lad, S. Ca' the Ewes.

Donald Brodie met a lass	M'Gaun.
Coming o'er the braes o' Cupar; . S. Donald Brodie †	Master Tootie, Alias, Laird M'Gaun, . To Gav. Hamilton.
I held the gate till you I met, S. Gat ye me, †	M'Gill [Rev. Dr., one of the ministers of Ayr].
Whare three lairds' lan's met at a burn, Halloween. 24.	And in thy fury burn the book
I met a lass, a bonie lass, S. I met a lass †	Even of that man M'Gill New Psalmody.
But I met the Devil and Dundee	M'-ll has wrought us meikle wae, The Twa Herds. 12.
On th' braes o' Killiecrankie, O. S. Killiecrankie.	M'-ll's close nervous excellence,
"O had I met the mortal shaft	M'Graen.
"Which laid my benefactor low! Lament for Glencairn.	Our Stibble-rig was Rab M'Graen, Halloween, 16.
Yestreen I met you on the moor, S. O Tibbie!	Mice. Whiles mice and modewurks they howket;
If thou hast met this fair one, S. O wat ye wha that loes †	The Twa Dogs. 6.
Here are we met, three merry boys, S. O Willie brew'd †	The best laid schemes o' Mice an' Men,
Never met—or never parted,	Gang aft agley, To a Mouse.
We had ne'er been broken-hearted. S. One fond kiss,†	CI 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1
Witness my heart, how oft with panting fear,	Sin' that day Michael did you pierce, Add. to the Deil. 19. Michie. Here lie Willie M—hie's banes, On a Schoolmaster.
As on this night, I've met these judges here! Prologue, sp. by Woods.	
At his daddie's yett,	Mickle v. Meikle.
Wha met me but Robin S. Robin shure in hairst.	Midden [a dunghill].
But Scot with Scot ne'er met so hot, . The Dean of Fac	But better stuff ne'er claw'd a midden! . El. on Year 1788.
And swear he has the Angel met	Midden-creels [panniers for carrying dung].
That met the Ass of Balaam	Her walie nieves, like midden-creels, . S. Willie Wastle †
To send a lad to London town	Midden-hole [a hole or pool beside a dunghill, in
They met upon a day, The Election Ballads. I.	which the filthy water stands].
Wha ever wi' Kerroughtree's met,	An' ran thro' midden-hole an' a',
And has a doubt of a' that! Ib. II.	Middle. Her strappan limb an' gausy middle,
Oft have I met your social Band,	The Jolly Beggars. R. V.
The Farewell. To St. J.'s L	Just in the middle of my care, S. The lass that made the bed.
When angels met, at Adam's yett, . The Fête Champetre.	Midge.
Till I met my old boy in a Cunningham fair; The Jolly Beggars. S. II.	By a thievish midge
	They had amaist been lost The Election Ballads. IV.
He met wi' auld Nick, wha said, how do ye fen? S. There liv'd ance a carle †	Midge-tail. Sal-alkali o' Midge-tail clippings,
But ne'er was in h-ll till I met wi' a wife, Ib.	Death and Dr. Hornbook. 22.
When a' our fairest maids were met,	Midnight. And tells the midnight moon her care. A Vision.
The fairest maid was bonie Jean.	Phæbe, in her midnight reign, . A Winter Night. 6.
S. There was a lass, and †	Wail thro' the dreary midnight hour El. on Capt. M. H., 10.
Thou's met me in an evil hour; . To a Mountain-Daisy.	at moon-shine mid-night hours, . S. Hark! the mavist
Where by the winding Ayr we met To Mary in Heaven.	At the starless midnight hour, S. How can my poor heart †
Yet never met with that surprise	Ever round your midnight bed
That broke my rest . V.s to J. Ranken.	Horrid sprites shall haunt you S. Husband, husband †
O dool on the day I met wi' an auld man. [re.]	Disturbs my lassie's midnight rest,
S. What can a yng lassie †	S. Lassie wi the lintwhite †
Where are the joys I have met in the morning,	O mirk, mirk is this midnight hour, . S. O mirk, mirk
S. Where are the joys †	That seek, in prayer, the midnight fane. On Lincluden.
Metal. Their hearts and swords are metal true,	Ye midnight b[itch]es On Grose's Peregrinations.
S. O Kenmure's on and awa†	Two dusky forms dart thro' the midnight air,
	At mid-night hour, in mirkest glen,
Tropes, metaphors, and figures pour, Like Hecla streaming thunder: The Election Ballads. VI.	I'd rove and ne'er be eerie O, . S. When o'er the hill t
Mete. But mete his cunning by the old Scots ell; Sketch.	Midst.
This day thou metes threescore eleven, . To Terraughty.	
Meteor. And shooting meteors caught the startled eye.	The bride went to bed wi' the silly bridegroom, In the midst o' her kimmers a' The last braw bridal †
On Death of Sir J. Blair.	Midsummer.
That like a deathful meteor gleam'd afar, Ib.	As I was a-wand'ring on a Midsummer ev'ning,
Ambition is a meteor gleam, . Wr. in Hermitage at F. C	S. As I was a-wand ring t
Meteor-ray.	Mien, Mein. But for a modest graceful mien,
Misled by Fancy's meteor-ray, . The Vision. D. II. 17.	Her like I never saw. S. Handsome Nell.
Methinks.	Could I describe her shape and mein;
As on their slender forms I gaze,	S. On Cessnock banks † Wi' thieveless sneer to see his modish mien,
Methinks they brighten to a blaze! On Lincluden.	The Brigs of Ayr. 4.
For why,—methinks I hear her voice	No cold approach, no alter'd mien, . The Tears I shed.
Tearing the clouds asunder. S. The Joyful Widower.	And whose that generous princely mien V.s., below a Picture.
Method. In all the pomp of method, and of art,	Might.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 17.	His bristling beard just rising in its might,
Methusalem. Until a pow as auld's Methusalem! He canty claw! . To W. Creech.	Extem. on W. Smellie.
	I bless and praise thy matchless might,
Metre. We poor sons of metre Are often negleckit, ye ken; To P. Stuart.	Holy Willie's Prayer. 2.
Mettle. But sax Scotch mile, thou try't their mettle,	Manhood's active might; . Man was made to mourn.
A Guid New-Year †	Or, if man's superior might
I am an elf o' mettle, Adam A-'s Prayer.	Dare invade your native right, On scaring Water-fowl.
I'm no design'd to try its mettle;	And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main: Tam o' Shanter. 16.
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 10.	They took the Brig wi' a' their might,
Of a' dimensions, shapes, an' mettles, Ib. 20.	S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
Put life and mettle in their heels Tam o' Shanter. 11.	'Implore his counsel and assisting might:
But little wist she Maggie's mettle Ib. 18.	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 6.
Arouse my hoys! exert your mettle,	But an honest man's aboon his might, S. The Honest Man.
The Author's Cry and Prayer.	Mightiest. At whose destruction-breathing word, The mightiest empires fall! To Ruin.
I have four brutes o' gallant mettle, The Inventory.	
There, try his mettle on the creed, The Ordination. 5.	Mighty. To rule this mighty nation; A Dream, 5.

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What premiers, what? even Monarch's mighty gaigers; Las on Window, K.'s A., D What maks the mighty diefer; Add. to Unco Guid. 3. Ye honoured mighty dead! Fragment of Ode. Now Jove for once be mighty civil, Improm. on Mrs's Birthday. Nature's mighty law is change; . S. Let not woman! Immingled with the mighty dead! Liberty. The Judge that's mighty in thy law, . New Psalmody. mighty squireships of the quorum, On dining with Daer. And hrav'd the mighty monarchs of the world. On Death of Sir J. Blair. 'Gainst mighty England and her guilty Lord, Scots Prologue. Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 15. And there will be Cardoness, Esquire, Sae mighty in Cardoness' eyes, The Election Ballads. III. Amid this mighty tulzie! Ib. VI. Those mighty periods of years Which seem to us so vast, . The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps. While Europe's eye is fixed on mighty things, The Rights of Woman. Amid this mighty fuss just let me mention. The Rights of Woman merit some attention Ib. When by his mighty Warden My youth's return'd to fair Strathspey. S. The yng Highl. Rover. whose mighty Scheme, These woes of mine fulfil; Winter. Wi's sweet-milk cheese in monie a whang, The Holy Fair. Milk-white. Sweet as the dewy, milk-white thorn, Add. to Edinburgh. But are their hearts as light as ours Beneath the milk-white thorn? . S. Behold, my love And milk-white have the milk-white thorn? . S. Behold, my love And milk-white have the milk-white thorn? . S. Behold, my love And milk-white the milk-white thorn? . S. Behold, my love And milk-white the milk-white thorn of Sc. Behold, my love Within yon milk-white thorn? . S. Behold, my love And milk-white the milk-white thorn of Sc. Behold, my love Hills white the milk-white thorn of Sc. Behold, my love Hills white thorn of Sc. Behold, my love Hills white thorn? . S. Behold, my love Hills white thorn of Sc. Behold, my love Hills white thorn? . S. Behold, my love Hills white thorn? . S. Sa I amen of the milk-white thorn of Sc. Behold, my love Hil
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And there will be Cardoness, Esquire, Sae mightly in Cardoness, eyes, The Election Ballads. III. Amid this mighty inlie! Ib. VI. Those mighty periods of years Which seem to us so vast The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps. While Europe's eye is fixed on mighty things, The Rights of Woman. Amid this mighty fuss just let me mention, The Rights of Woman merit some attention. When by his mighty Warden My youth's return d to fair Strathspey. The Nover. Where white Cot aboon the Mill, . As on the banks Gat grist to her mill S. Cauld is the e'enin And todlin down on Willie's mill, Death and Dr. Hornbook. O ken ye what Meg o' the mill has gotten? [re.] S. O ken ye what Meg Her mither's at the mill, jo; S. O steer her up Sweeps dams, an' mills, an' brigs, a' to the gate; The Brigs of Ayr. At Kirk or Market, Mill or Smiddle, Your pin wad help to mend a mill In time o' need, . To a Haggi
Amid this mighty tulzie!
Those mighty periods of years Which seem to us so vast The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps. While Europe's eye is fixed on mighty things, The Rights of Woman. Amid this mighty fuss just let me mention, The Rights of Woman merit some attention. When by his mighty Warden My youth's return d to fair Strathspey. The strathspey. The strathspey. The syng Highl. Rover. Where wishers Schools These was of rise fals I. Winter. With the semichty service of rise fals I. Winter.
While Europe's eye is fixed on mighty things, The Rights of Woman. Amid this mighty fuss just let me mention, The Rights of Woman merit some attention. When by his mighty Warden My youth's return'd to fair Strathspey. The Rights of Woman merit some attention. Ib. When by his mighty Warden My youth's return'd to fair Strathspey. The Prigs of Ayr. At Kirk or Market, Mill or Smiddle, Your pin wad help to mend a mill In time o' need, To a Haggi
Amid this mighty fuss just let me mention, The Rights of Woman merit some attention. When by his mighty Warden My youth's return d to fair Strathspey. The some was of mine fulfill. Rover. When we mighty School These was of mine fulfill. Winter
My youth's return'd to fair Strathspey. S. The yng Highl. Rover. Your pin wad help to mend a mill In time o' need, These was of size false. Winter
S. The yng Highl. Rover. In time o' need, To a Haggi
whose mighty Scheme, These woes of mine fulfil; Winter. I past the mill and trysting thorn
Mild. Where Nancy aft I courted: . S. When wild War's
There oft as mild ev'ning weeps over the lea, S. Afton Water. Miller. Hey, the dusty miller, S. Hey, the dusty miller,
And sing their pleasures, hopes an' joys, In some mild sphere, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 18. Dusty was the kiss That I got frae the miller. I wad gie my coatie For the dusty miller
In some mild sphere, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 18. Meg was meek, and Meg was mild, S. First when Maggy† I wad gie my coatie For the dusty miller. But a Miller us'd him worst of all, John Barleycors
Hope beaming mild on the soft parting hour; That ilka melder, wi' the miller.
O mild be the sun on this sweet blushing flower,
S. How pleasant the vanes Miller, Miller brought up the artillery ranks,
The mavis mild wi' many a note, Lament of Mary of Scots. Wee [Miller] neist, the Guard relieves, The Holy Fair.
The dew fell fresh, the sun rose mild, S. Luckless Fortune. Your bonie face sae mild and sweet, On W. Chalmers. Miss Miller is fine, Miss Markland's divine, The Belles of Mauchlin
Mild, calm, serene, wide-spreads the noontide blaze, The Brigs of Ayr. Million. The senseless, gawky million; To Mr. M'Adam Milton. In Homer's craft Jock Milton thrives;
Benevolence, with mild, benignant air, Ib. 13. Poem on Pastoral Poetry
The mavis mild and mellow; The Petition of Br. Water. Drymple mild, Drymple mild, . The Kirk's Alarm. 4. And sweet is night in autumn mild, S. Twas even—the dewy† The Holy Fair. 10.
Her smile is as the evening mild, S. Young Peggy † Milm-mou'd [milm-mou'ded, affected in Speech]. Some mim-mou'd pouthered priestie, . On W. Chalmer.
Or by the reaper's nightly heam, Mild-chequering thro' the trees, The Petition of Br. Water. Then up spak mim-mou'd Meg o' Nith, The Election Ballads.
Milder. The milder sun and bluer sky S. O Phely, † Mimic. The hero of the mimic scene, . Ep. fr. Esopu.
It's naething but a milder feature, Min' [mind, remembrance].
Mildew. From mildews of abortion: Nature's Law. The charms o' the min', the langer they shine,
Mile. Learn three-mile pray'rs, an' half-mile graces, A Ded. to G. H., 9. The mair admiration they draw, man; Ronalds of Bennal The Lord's cause ne'er gat sic a twistle, Sin' I ha'e min' The Twa Herds.
Mind. A Guid New-year † 10 Mind. Put deer this truth impressed my mind. A Winter Night t
And I will come again, my Luve, Tho it ware ten thousand mile! . S. A red, red Rose. An steer you seven miles south o' hell; Auld comrade dear † Above the narrow, rural vale: . Add. to Edinburgh.
A lang half mile she could descry him: Poor Mailie's El. And [Autumn] sees, with self-approving mind,
We think na on the lang Scots miles, . Tam o' Shanter. Each creature on his bounty fed. Add. to Shade of Thomson.
I wat they glanc'd for twenty miles, S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor. While worth in the mind o' my Phillis Will flourish without a decay. S. Adown winding Nith
Then, whirr! she was over, a mile at a flight. For well I know thy gentle mind
desolation's lang teeth'd harrow, Nine miles an hour, To Terraughty. Disdains art's gay disguising; Thy form and mind, sweet maid, can I forget; El. on Miss Burne
Their three-mile prayers, an hauf-mile graces, And fram'd her last, best work, the human mind,
Militia. Her lost Militia fir'd her bluid; The Author's Cry and Prayer. When Remembrance wracks the mind, Pleasures but unvail Despair. S. Frae the friends
Milk. Cats like milk, And dogs like broo; S. Gudeen to you Kimmer † And while my heart wi' life-blood dunted I'd bear't in mind Friend of the poet
Blest wi' content, and milk and meal S. The Contented Cottager. Thou hast nae mind to marry; S. Here's to thy health,
But gie them guid cow-milk their fill, The Death of Mailie. And giving milk to me. S. The Highl. Widow's Lament. 2 R Keep mind that ye maun drink the yill. S. In simmer when

But dear as is thy form to me, Still dearer is thy mind S. It is na, Jean, †	D'ye mind that day, when in a bizz, Add. to the Deil. 17
Thus the wooer tell'd his mind: S. Jockey fou †	And mind still, you'll find still, A comfort this nae sma';
Who, save thy mind's reproach, nought earthly fear'st,	I mind't as weel's yestreen,
Lns sent Sir J. Whiteford.	He gat hemp-seed, I mind it weel,
Bear this in mind, be deaf and blind, Lns on Windows, Gl. Tav	L-d mind G-n H-n's deserts, Holy Willie's Prayer. 11
Why was an independent wish E'er planted in my mind? . Man was made to Mourn.	They mind me o' Nanie—and Nanie's awa'. S. My Nanie's Awa
My Mary's worth, my Mary's mind, S. My Mary's face †	There's not a bonie bird that sings,
On peace and rest my mind was bent,	But minds me o' my Jean S. Of a' the airts He [Time] hids you mind amid your thoughtless rattle
S. O ay my wife she dang.	He [Time] bids you mind, amid your thoughtless rattle, That the first blow is ever half the battle:
But the mind that shines in ev'ry grace, S. On Cessnock banks †	Prologue, at Th., D.
'Tis the mind that shines in ev'ry grace, An' chiefly in her rogueish een Ib., Sett. II.	And humbly begs you'll mind the important—Now! . It An' minds his griefs no more Scotch Drink. Mott
Some parrow, dirty, dungeon cave.	I mind it weel in early date, . The Ans. to the Guidwift
	Ev'n then a wish (I mind its power)
Thou of an independent mind With soul resolved, with soul resigned; . Poet. Inscription.	Thou minds me o' the happy days
That can inform the mind, or mend the heart,	When my fause luve was true. S. The Banks of Doon, Sett. II
Prologue, sp. by Woods.	An' when ye think upo' your Mither,
That press the soul, or wring the mind with anguish, Remorse. A Frag	Mind to be kind to ane anither The Death of Mailie
In every other circumstance, the mind Has this to say—"It was no deed of mine;" Ib.	When kindly you mind me, The Farewel I'll mind you still, tho' far awa. The Farewell. To St. J.'s L
Rusticity's ungainly form	But oh, if he's faithless, and minds na his Nanie,
May cloud the highest mind; . Rusticity's ungainly †	S. Wandering Willie But kind still, I'll mind still
'Twou'd been o'er meikle to've gi'en thee mair, I mean an angel mind S. She's fair and fause †	The giver in the gift; Wr. on Leaf of "H. More.
	Minded, -'t.
Should auld acquaintance be forgot, And never brought to mind? . S. Shid auld acquaintance †	Or if she [Religion] gie a random-sting,
Or cutty-sarks run in your mind, Tam o' Shanter. 19.	It may be little minded; . Ep. to Young Friend. It They mind't na wha the chorus teuk,
While joys above my mind can move, S. The day returns † The man of independent mind,	
He looks and laughs at a' that S. The Honest Man,	Are mind't, in things they ca' balloons, To tak a flight, To W. Simpson. P. S.
But ay keep mind to moop an' mell, Wi' sheep o' credit like thysel! . The Death of Mailie.	Mind'st. Lord Gregory, mind'st thou not the grove
Wi' sheep o' credit like thysel! . The Death of Mailie. His mind is ever true, jo, S. The Ploughman †	By bonie Irvine-side, S. O mirk, mirk
But praise be blest, My mind's at rest, S. The tither morn †	Thou mind'st me of departed joys,
Western breezes softly blowing,	Departed, never to return S. Ye banks and braes
Suit not my distracted mind S. Thickest night †	Mindfu'. Be mindfu' o' your mither: . The Ans. to the Guidwif.
I'll meet thee with an undaunted mind. S. Tho. fickle Fortune † And fill them high with generous juice,	O Wives be mindfu', ance yoursel,
As generous as your mind; To a Lady.	How bonie lads ye wanted, The Holy Fair. 2
And all the treasures of the mind To a young Lady.	Mine. Lovely wee thing was thou mine; S. Bonie wee thing
Still nobler wealth hast thou in store, The comforts of the mind; To Chloris.	Lest my wee thing be na mine
Last day my mind was in a bog, To Miss Ferrier.	S. Braw lads on Yar. braes
Rich is the tribute of the grateful mind. To Miss Graham.	But not a love like mine, my Katy. S. Canst thou leave me
O had the malt thy strength of mind, To Mr. Syme.	But, Jeanie, say thou wilt be mine, S. Craigie-burn Wood Heavens, should the branded character be mine!
If aught that giver from my mind efface; To R. Graham. My mind it was na steady, S. When first I came t	Ep. to R. Graham.
The women's minds like winter winds	And mingle sighs with mine, Love. S. Forlorn, my Love
May shift and turn, and a' that, S. Women's minds.	Altho' thou maun never be mine, S. Here's a health to ane
Still may thy pages call to mind The dear, the beauteous donor: Wr. on Leaf of "H. More."	But, L—d remember me and mine Holy Willie's Prayer. In They a' are mine, and they shall be thine
Tell them, and press it on their mind, Wr. in Friars-Carse H	S. My Collier Laddi
Keep the name of man in mind, . Wr. in Hermitage, F.C.	She has promis'd right soon to be mine. S. My Love's a winsome
I fear your mind gae wrang, lassie. S. Ye hae lien wrang.	No chilly blast nor shower
Mind, to. Wha wad mind the wind and rain,	Shall blight this rose of mine
Sae weel row'd in his tartan plaidie. S. As I came o'er t	O why thus all alone are mine
'I wad na' mind it, no that spittle Out-owre my beard Death and Dr. Hornbook. 10.	The weary steps o' woe S. Now Spring has clad
Auld age ne'er mind a feg; Ep. to Davie. 2.	The pathless wild, and wimpling burn, Wi' Chloris in my arms, be mine; S. O bonie was yon rosy
Ne'er mind how Fortune waft an' warp;	O lay thy loof in mine, lass,
Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 8.	In mine, lass, in mine, lass; S. O lay thy loof
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle Tam o' Shanter. 5. And mind their labors wi' an eydent hand,	with heart unchang'd as mine, S. Slow spreads the gloom Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair, Tam o' Shanter. I.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 6.	Tell him o' mine an' Scotland's drouth,
And mind your duty, duely, morn and night! Ib.	The Author's Cry and Prayer.
The lads an' lasses, blythely bent To mind baith saul an' body, The Holy Fair. 20.	And ilka bird sang o' its luve; And sae did I o' mine. S. The Banks of Doon, Sett. I.
To mind the Kirk and State affairs; . The Twa Dogs. 18.	Heav'n gave me more, it made thee mine. S. The day returns
I hope we, Bardies, ken some better	How aften didst thou pledge and vow,
Than mind sic brulzie. To W. Simpson, P.S.	Thou wou'dst for ay be mine; . S. O mirk, mirk
'Twas the dear smile when naebody did mind us, S. Twas na her bonie blue e'e t	But Jessy's lovely hand in mine, On Miss J. Lewar Be nameless wilds and lonely wanderings mine,
Gae mind your seam, ye prick the louse, What ails ye now t	On Death of R. Dunda
Mind, to [to remember, recollect; remind].	Has this to say—"It was no deed of mine;" Remorse. A Frag
Ev'n that he does na mind it lang A Ded. to G. H., 5.	Aemorse. A Frug

Mischance

The fault wad be mine, if they didna shine, Ronalds of Bennals.	The pray'r still, you share still, Of grateful Minstrel Burns. To Gav. Hamilton.
Be they wise, be they foolish, is nothing of mine;	Winginglass
Poet. Add. to Tytler. Mine was th' insensate frenzied part, Sent to a Gent. offended.	While arts of Minstrelsy among them rung, The Brigs of Ayr. 11.
First enthrall'd this heart o' mine, S. Scenes of woe t	Minute. The King's most humble servant, I
And surely Ye'll be your pint-stoup, And surely I'll be mine; S. Shid auld acquaintce †	Can scarcely spare a minute; Extem., to an Intimate.
Yestreen lay on this breast o' mine	From housewife cares a minute borrow Sketch, New-Yr's Day. Add to our date one minute more?
The gowden locks of Anna. S. The gowd. Locks of A. O were you hills and vallies mine, S. The Highl. Lassie.	As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
For Donald was the bravest man,	The minutes winged their way wi' pleasure: Tam o' Shanter. 6
And Donald he was mine. S. The Highl. Widow's Lament. Oh! how must thou lament thy station,	Maks Hours like Minutes, hand in hand, Dance by fu' light To J. S., 12.
And envy mine! The Hermit.	Miracle.
When, gin the truth were a' but kent, Her life's been waur than mine. The Ruined Maid's Lament.	You may do miracles by persevering. <i>Prologue, at Th., D.</i> . Mire.
And this district as mine I claim, . The Vision. D. II. II.	Poor dunghill sons o' dirt and mire, . Add. of Beelzebub.
"So thine be the laurel, and mine be the bay; The Whistle. 18.	Then tho' I drudge thro' dub an' mire Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 13.
And ae bonnie lassie, his darling and mine. S. There's auld Rob †	So ran the far-fam'd Roman way, So ended in a mire On Lord G.
Pardon a muse sae mean as mine, . To Rev. J. M'Math.	Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire, . Tam o' Shanter. 9.
The leafless trees my fancy please, Their fate resembles mine! Winter.	And binds the mire like a rock; Tam Samson's El Alas! I'm but a nameless wight,
And ilka bird sang o' its love, And fondly sae did I o' mine. S. Ye banks and braes t	Trode i' the mire out o' sight! The Author's Cry and Prayer. 10.
Mine, s.	To grind them in the mire! . The Election Ballads. VI.
And trust me, not Potosi's mine, Nor King's regard, Can give a bliss o'ermatching thine, <i>The Vision. D. II.</i> , 21.	Do what I dought to set her free, My saul lay in the mire; To Miss Ferrier.
Or downward seek the Indian mine; S. Twas even—the dewy †	Mir'd. An' in the depth of science mir'd, Auld comrade t
Mingle.	Mirk [dark].
Wi' common Lords ye shanna mingle, Add. of Beelzebub. 5. And mingle sighs with mine, Love. S. Forlorn, my Love, †	Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk, . Tam o' Shanter. 3. The night's baith mirk and rainy, O; S. Behind yon hills t
Where Evan mingles with the Clyde. S. Slow spreads the gloom	in the mirk and dreary drift . S. Cauld is the e'enin blast †
Wingl'd. Colours mingl'd unco fine, S. Jockey fou, †	Brightest climes shall mirk appear, S. Frae the friends † Gane is the day and mirk's the night, S. Gane is the day †
Mingling.	As the mirk night o' December, . S. O May thy morn t
Deep lights and shades, bold-mingling, The Vision. D. I., 12. Mining. Or thro'the mining outlet bocked, A Winter Night. 2.	O mirk, mirk is this midnight hour, . S. O mirk, mirk t
Minion.	Mirkest. Thou brought from fortune's mirkest gloom. Lament for Glencairn.
We auld wives' minions gie our opinions, . Symon Gray †	The snellest blast, at mirkest hours, S. O Lassie, art thou †
Thy minions, kings defend, controul, devour, To R. G. of F Minister.	At mid-night hour, in mirkest glen, S. When o'er the hill † Mirth. Mirth or sang can please me; S. Blythe ha'e I been †
tho' a Minister grow dorty, The Author's Cry and Prayer. 23.	My mirth and gude humour are coin in my pouch,
Thy cruel, woe-delighted train, The ministers of Grief and Pain,	S. Contented wi' little † Who sung his rhymes in Coila's plains
Minister [a clergyman].	With meikle mirth an' glee; Nature's Law.
Ev'n Ministers they hae been kenn'd, In holy rapture, Great lies and nonsense baith to vend, [v.A.6]	And loud resounded mirth and dancing. Tam o' Shanter. 10. The mirth and fun grew fast and furious:
Death and Dr. Hornbook. Ye ministers come mount the pupit, El. on Year 1788.	Then mounted Mirth on gleesome wing, The Fête Champetre.
The minister kiss't the fiddler's wife,	And mickle mirth and play S. The last braw bridal
He couldna preach for thinkin' o't. S. My love she's but a lassie †	Love blinks, Wit slaps, an' social Mirth Forgets there's care upo' the earth. The Twa Dogs. 19.
As cauld a minister's ever spak; On Kirk of Lamington.	'I saw thee eye the gen'ral mirth
'Ministration. Ye've trusted 'Ministration,	'With boundless love. The Vision. D. II., 14. Miry. Till in some miry slough he sunk is,
To chaps, wha in a barn or byre, Wad better filled their station Than courts A Dream. 5.	Ne'er mair to rise. Add. to the Deil. 13.
Minny, -ie [mother; dam].	
Ye then was trottan wi' your Minnie: A Guid New-Year 15.	The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh; The Cotter's Sat. Night.
	Misbegot. A sorry, poor, misbegot son of the Muses,
Her Daddie forbad, her Minnie forbad, S. Her Daddie forbad †	The Cotter's Sat. Night. Misbegot. A sorry, poor, misbegot son of the Muses, Frag. inscr. to Fox. Misca' [miscall, abuse].
Her Daddie forbad, her Minnie forbad,	The Cotter's Sat. Night. Misbegot. A sorry, poor, misbegot son of the Muses, Frag. inscr. to Fox. Misca' [miscall, abuse]. Whae'er o' thee shall ill suppose.
Her Daddie forbad, her Minnie forbad, S. Her Daddie forbad † O wat ye what my minnie did, On Tysday 'teen to me, jo? My minny does constantly deave me, S. Tam Glen.	Misbegot. A sorry, poor, misbegot son of the Muses, Frag. inscr. to Fox. Misca' [miscall, abuse]. Whae'er o' thee shall ill suppose, They sair misca' thee; On Grose's Peregrinations. Misca'd, -'t [abused].
Her Daddie forbad, her Minnie forbad, S. Her Daddie forbad † O wat ye what my minnie did, On Tysday 'teen to me, jo? S. O wat ye what my †	Misbegot. A sorry, poor, misbegot son of the Muses, Frag. inscr. to Fox. Misca' [miscall, abuse]. Whae'er o' thee shall ill suppose, They sair misca' thee; On Grose's Peregrinations. Misca'd, -'t [abused]. An' R[ussel] sair misca'd her [Common-sense]:
Her Daddie forbad, her Minnie forbad, S. Her Daddie forbad † O wat ye what my minnie did, On Tysday 'teen to me, jo? S. O wat ye what my † My minny does constantly deave me, Scar'd frae its minnie and the cleckin By hoodie-craw; To W. Creech. Bad luck on the penny that tempted my minny	Misbegot. A sorry, poor, misbegot son of the Muses, Frag. inscr. to Fox. Misca' [miscall, abuse]. Whae'er o' thee shall ill suppose, They sair misca' thee; On Grose's Peregrinations. Misca'd, -'t [abused]. An' R[ussel] sair misca'd her [Common-sense]:
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Her Daddie forbad, her Minnie forbad, O wat ye what my minnie did, On Tysday 'teen to me, jo? My minny does constantly deave me, Scar'd frae its minnie and the cleckin By hoodie-craw; Bad luck on the penny that tempted my minny S. What can a young lassie †	Misbegot. A sorry, poor, misbegot son of the Muses, Frag. inscr. to Fox. Misca' [miscall, abuse]. Whae'er o' thee shall ill suppose, They sair misca' thee; On Grose's Peregrinations. Misca'd, -'t [abused]. An' R[ussel] sair misca'd her [Common-sense]: The Ordination. There's Gaun, misca't waur than a heast, To Rev. J. M'Math. Miscarriage. Scarce ane has tried the shepherd-sang But wi' miscarriage? Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
Her Daddie forbad, her Minnie forbad, S. Her Daddie forbad † O wat ye what my minnie did, On Tysday 'teen to me, jo? My minny does constantly deave me, S. Tam Glen. Scar'd frae its minnie and the cleckin By hoodie-craw; To W. Creech. Bad luck on the penny that tempted my minny S. What can a young lassie † Minor. The absent lover, minor heir, In vain assail him with their prayer, Sketch. New-Yr's Day. Minstrel. Attir'd as minstrels wont to be. A Vision.	Misbegot. A sorry, poor, misbegot son of the Muses, Frag. inscr. to Fox. Misca' [miscall, abuse]. Whae'er o' thee shall ill suppose, They sair misca' thee; On Grose's Peregrinations. Misca'd, -'t [abused]. An' R[ussel] sair misca'd her [Common-sense]: The Ordination. There's Gaun, misca't waur than a heast, Miscarrlage. Scarce ane has tried the shepherd-sang But wi' miscarriage? Poem on Pastoral Poetry. Miscarry'd.
Her Daddie forbad, her Minnie forbad, S. Her Daddie forbad † O wat ye what my minnie did, On Tysday 'teen to me, jo? My minny does constantly deave me, S. Tam Glen. Scar'd frae its minnie and the cleckin By hoodie-craw; To W. Creech. Bad luck on the penny that tempted my minny S. What can a young lassie † Minor. The absent lover, minor heir, In vain assail him with their prayer, Sketch. New-Yr's Day. Minstrel. Attir'd as minstrels wont to be. A Vision. Let minstrels sweep the skilful string, In lordly lighted ha: S. Behold my love †	Misbegot. A sorry, poor, misbegot son of the Muses, Frag. inscr. to Fox. Misca' [miscali, abuse]. Whae'er o' thee shall ill suppose, They sair misca' thee; On Grose's Peregrinations. Misca'd, -'t [abused]. An' R[ussel] sair misca'd her [Common-sense]: The Ordination. There's Gaun, misca't waur than a heast, To Rev. J. M'Math. Miscarriage. Scarce ane has tried the shepherd-sang But wi' miscarriage? Poem on Pastoral Poetry. Miscarry'd. But never honest man's intent, As cursedly miscarry'd. S. O ay my wife she dang.
Her Daddie forbad, her Minnie forbad, S. Her Daddie forbad † O wat ye what my minnie did, On Tysday teen to me, jo? My minny does constantly deave me, S. Tam Glen. Scar'd frae its minnie and the cleckin By hoodie-craw; To W. Creech. Bad luck on the penny that tempted my minny S. What can a young lassie † Minor. The absent lover, minor heir, In vain assail him with their prayer, Sketch. New-Yr's Day. Minstrel. Attir'd as minstrels wont to be. A Vision. Let minstrels sweep the skilful string,	Misbegot. A sorry, poor, misbegot son of the Muses, Frag. inscr. to Fox. Misca' [miscali, abuse]. Whae'er o' thee shall ill suppose, They sair misca' thee; On Grose's Peregrinations. Misca'd, -'t [abused]. An' R[ussel] sair misca'd her [Common-sense]: The Ordination. There's Gaun, misca't waur than a beast, To Rev. J. M'Math. Miscarriage. Scarce ane has tried the shepherd-sang But wi' miscarriage? Poem on Pastoral Poetry. Miscarry'd. But never honest man's intent,

Their [poor mortals'] failings and mischances. Add. to Unco Guid. 2.	(And ne'er misfortune's eastern blast Did nip a fairer flower.)
Mischance, mistake, or by neglect,	Did nip a fairer flower.)
S. My father was a farmer †	As weel's I may; To J. S., 25.
She's got mischief enough already; Adam A—'s Prayer.	Here, to the wrongs of Fate half reconcil'd,
To ken what French mischief was brewin;	Misfortune's lightened steps might wander wild; Wr. in Kenmore Inn.
'Tis you and Taylor are the chief,	O thou my elder brother in misfortune, Wr. under Port. of Fergusson.
Wha are to blame for this mischief; . Letter to J. Goudie.	Misguided.
To meddle wi' mischief a-brewing; . The Kirk's Alarm.	The craz'd creations of misguided whim; The Brigs of Ayr. 8.
He saw mischief was brewin; The Ordination. 8.	Misguidin. He ne'er was gien to great misguidin, On Scot. Bard gne to W.I.
Auld W[odro]w, lang has hatch'd mischief, The Twa Herds. 13.	Mishanter [misfortune, disaster].
Before the morn ye'll work mischief; . S. Wha is that at t	mishanter fa' me, Add. to Illegit. Child.
Wrought 'mang the lasses sic mischief, . What ails ye now †	Yirr, fancy barks, awa' we canter
Mischief-making. O thou grim mischief-making chiel, Add. to Toothache.	Uphill, down brae, till some mishanter, Ep. to Maj. Logan. Mislear'd [lit. mislearned, ill-tutored; unmannerly;
Mischievous.	mischievous].
The bleezan, curst, mischievous monkies	'But if I did, I wad be kittle To be mislear'd, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 10.
Delude his eyes, Add. to the Deil.	Misled. Misled by Fancy's meteor ray, The Vision. D. II. 17.
For men, I've three mischievous boys, The Inventory. Miscreant. Sic a miscreant slave, Epit. on Walter S	Mispending.
To see the miscreants feel the pains they give;	Mispending all thy precious hours, Man was made to Mourn.
Lns, extem. in Lady's Pocket-bk.	Miss. "Can you—but Miss, I own I have my fears, Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
By miscreants torn, who ne'er one sprig must wear: To R. G. of F., 5.	An' ye have laid nae tax on misses; . The Inventory.
Misdeed. L-d weigh it down, and dinna spare,	The vera tapmost, towrin height
For their misdeeds. Holy Willie's Prayer. 18.	O'Miss's bonnet To a Louse.
Let no one misdeem me disloyal; Poet. Add. to Tytler.	But Miss's fine Lunardi, fye! How daur ye do't? . 16. Miss, to. For weel I wat they'll sairly miss him
Miser. That make the miser's treasure poor; S. O Mary at thy window;	On Scot. Bard gne to W.I.
If he but want the miser's dirt,	I'll miss thee sporting o'er the dewy lawn, On seeing wounded Hare.
Ye'll cast your head anither airt, S. O Tibbie!	Miss'd, -'t.
And fondly broods with miser care; To Mary in Heaven. Misery.	For had ye staid whole weeks awa', Your wives they ne'er had miss'd ye Epit. on a Wag.
While o'er the Harp pale Misery moans, A Ded. to G. H., 10.	Your wives they ne'er had miss'd ye Epit. on a Wag. One triffing particular, Truth, should have miss'd him!
in Mis'ry's squalid nest, A Winter Night. 9.	Fragment, inscr. to Fox.
That Misery's another word for Grief: Add. sp. by Fontenelle.	Gae seek for pleasure whare ye will, But here I never miss't it yet S. My love she's but †
Whence a' the tones o' mis'ry yell, . Add. to Toothache. to mourn The miseries of Man. Man was made to Mourn.	Tho' Fortune sair upon him laid,
And much-wrong'd Mis'ry pours th' unpitied wail!	His heart she ever miss'd it. The Jolly Beggars. R. VII. I'll get a blessin wi' the lave,
On Death of R. Dundas.	An' never miss't! To a Mouse.
For misery ever tholed a pang. On Window of C. Inn. F.	Mist. Till in a declamation-mist,
Load to misery most distressing, S. Raving winds † Or dark as misery's woeful night . Sketch. New-Yr's Day.	His argument he tint it: Extem. in Court of Session. May tyrants and tyranny tine in the mist,
But Misery and I must watch	S. Here's a health to them t
The surly tempest blow: The sun he is sunk †	"Thick mists, obscure, involv'd me round: Lament for Glencairn.
By human pride or cunning driv'n To Mis'ry's brink, To a Mountain-Daisy.	Her hair is like the curling mist
(It soothes poor Misery, hearkening to her tale),	That shades the mountain-side at e'en, On Cessnock banks† That climbs the mountain-sides at e'en, 1b. Sett. II.
To R. G. of F	The lazy mist hangs from the brow of the hill,
Misfortune. 'May ne'er misfortune's gowling bark,	S. The lazy mist t
'Howl thro' the dwelling o' the Clerk! A Ded. to G. H., 14.	Dim-seen, through rising mists and ceaseless showers, Wr. by Fall of Fyers.
Where guilt and poor Misfortune pine! A Winter Night. 9.	Mist-shrouded.
Still under bleak misfortune's blasting eye; Add. sp. by Fontenelle.	O'er the mist-shrouded cliffs of the lone mountain straying, Lament, on leaving Nat. Land.
Laugh in Misfortune's face—the beldam witch! Ib.	Mist [missed].
And, ev'n should misfortunes come, I, here wha sit, hae met wi' some,	But mist a fit, an' in the pool, Out owre the lugs she plumpet, Halloween. 26.
An's thankfu' for them yet Ep. to Davie. 7.	Mistak' [to mistake].
Some unforeseen misfortune Comes generally upon me, O; S. My father was a farmer	And Modesty assume your air,
Misfortune sha'na steer thee, S. O saw ye bonie L.	And ne'er a ane mistak' her: . On W. Chalmers. Mistake.
Or did misfortune's bitter storms	Attended, in his [Want's] grim advances,
Around thee blaw, around thee blaw, S. O wert thou int	By sad mistakes and black mischances, A Ded. to G. H., 10.
He saw Misfortune's cauld Nor-west Lang-mustering up a bitter blast;	Their donsie tricks, their black mistakes, Add. to Unco Guid. Mischance, mistake, or by neglect,
On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.	S. My father was a farmer
O'er the hope and misfortune of being to mourn, On Death of fav. Child.	Mistaken. And when my hope was at the top, I still was worst mistaken, O 1b.
But when to all the evil of misfortune This sting is added—"Blame thy foolish self!"	Misteuk [mistook].
Kemorse. A Frag	I fear I my talent misteuk, . The Jolly Beggars. S. III.
And train'd to arms in stern misfortune's field, The Brigs of Ayr.	Wad threap and folk the thing misteuk, To W. Simpson, P.S
Alas! misfortune stares my face, The Farewell.	Mistress. Farewell, dear mistress of my soul,
He'll hae misfortunes great and sma', S. There was a lad t	S. Farewell, dear mistress t
Then come misfortune, I bid thee welcome, S. Tho. fickle Fortune †	For the man that loves his mistress weel Nae travel makes him weary S. Here's to thy health,†
S. Inv. june 1 ortune	

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My name, she says, is Mistress Jean, S. My Collier Laddie. Their Master's and their Mistress's command, The youngkers a' are warned to obey; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 6. Of mistress, friends, and wealth bereav'd me, S. Tho. fickle Fortune† A mistress still I had aye: S. When first I came† Mistrusted. And my fond heart, itsel sae true, It ne'er mistrusted thine. S. O mirk, mirk† Mistrusting. I'm no mistrusting Willie Pitt, A Dream. 7. Misty. Then lost his way, ae misty day, And rising, weets wi' misty showers	And hell mix'd in the brulzie. The Election Ballads. VI. A scene o' sorrow mixed wi' strife, The Tree of Liberty. Mixle-maxie, Mixtle-maxtie [confusedly mixed]. A mixie-maxie motely squad, Lns add. to J. Ranken. Yon mixtie-maxtie, queer hotch-potch, The Coalition. The Author's Cry and Prayer. M'Kenzie [author of "The Man of Feeling"]. M'K[enzi]e, S[tuar]t, such a brace As Rome ne'er saw; To W. Creech. M'Kinlay [a popular Kilmarnock clergyman]. Or great M'[Kinlay] thrawn his heel? Tam Samson's El This day M'[Kinlay] taks the flail, And he's the boy will blaud her [common-sense]!
The birks of Aberfeldy? . S. Bonie Lassie, will ye go † Blows chilly from the misty vale; On Lincluden. And misty mountain, gray; . The Petition of Br. Water. All in this mottie, misty clime, . The Vision. D. I., 4.	M'[Kinlay], R[ussel], are the boys That Heresy can torture;
Mite. But he the helpless, needless wretch, Shall lose the mite he hath. Extem. on Commem.s of Thomson. The mite high heaven bestowed, that mite with thee I'll share.	M'Lauchlan, thairm-inspiring Sage, The Brigs of Ayr. 12. M'Leod. Here's Chieftain M'Leod, a Chieftain worth gowd, S. Here's a health to them † M'Math [a Tarbolton clergyman].
Mite-horn. Mite-horn shavings, filings, scrapings, Distill'd per se; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 22.	And guid M'[Mat]h, The Twa Herds. 17. M'Murdo. Blest be M'Murdo to his latest day, . Blest be M'Murdo †
Mither [mother]. Gude grant that thou may ay inherit Thy mither's person, grace an' merit, May be headed and Mee the mither	M'Murdo and his lovely spouse, The Election Ballads. VI. M'Nab. O saw ye my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab? S. Eppie M'Nab.
May he be dad, and Meg the mither, Just five and forty years thegither! When frae my mither's womb I fell, Thou might ha'e plunged me in hell, Holy Willie's Prayer. 4.	Moan. Our neighbour's sympathy may ease us, Wi' pitying moan; . Add. to Toothache.
Lass, when your mither is frae hame, S. Lass when yr mither † My mither sent me to the town, Her mither's at the mill, jo; S. O steer her up †	The hollow caves return a sullen moan. On Death of R. Dundas. Moan, to. While o'er the Harp pale Misery moans,
Whare Mungo's mither hang'd hersel. Tam o' Shanter. 10. Ye surly sumphs, who hate the name, Be mindfu' o' your mither: The Ans. to the Guidwife.	A Ded. to G. H., 10. Moaning. when he [Satan] approach'd where poor Francis lay moaning,
My mither she bade me gie him a stool, S. The auld man† My mither she bade me gie him some pye, Ib. My mither she bade me gie him a dram, Ib.	Epig, on Capt. Grose. So may the auld year gang out moaning Friend of the poet \tau When I forlorn, Aneath an aik sat moaning, S. The tither morn \tau
My mither she bade me put him to bed,	The birdies dowie moaning, . S. The yng Highl. Rover. Mob. Who would set the mob above the throne, S. Does haughty Gaul †
Scotland, my auld, respected Mither! Ib., P. An' when ye think upo' your Mither, Mind to be kind to ane anither The Death of Mailie.	Mak faces to tickle the Mob; The Jolly Beggars. S. III. To please the Mob they hide the little [sense] giv'n. The Ordination. Mott
An' gin ye tax her or her mither, B' the L—d! ye'se get them a' thegither. The Inventory. She took her mither's holland sheets, And made them a' in sarks to me; S. The Lass that made the bed.	In spite o' crowds, in spite o' mobs, To Rev. J. M'Math. Mock. Here lies a mock Marquis Extem. on "the Marquis." Awa they gaed wi' mock parade, The Tree of Liberty. Mock, s. May taunt you wi' his jeers an' mocks; The Author's Cry and Prayer. 19.
My mither, she has ta'en the bed, Wi' thinking on my fa'. The Ruined Maid's Lament. Whene'er I meet my mither's e'e, My tears rin down like rain	Mock, to. But thee—thou hell o' a' diseases, Ay mocks our groan! Add. to Toothache. Mock'd. The mock'd quotation of the scorner's jest,
Father, quo she, Mither, quo she, Do what ye can, S. There's news, lasses † And sairly thole their mither's han	Mockery. O, bitter mockery of the pompous bier, Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. — Mode. In legal mode an' form: To Gav. Hamilton.
Afore the howdy	Model. You have my choicest model ta'en, Epit. on W——. Modern. Compare wi' bonie Brigs o' modern time? The Brigs of Ayr. 6.
Some luckless day. A Dream. 12. Mix. How wisdom and folly meet, mix, and unite! Fragment, inscr. to Fox.	Moderns. To whom our moderns are but causey-cleaners; The Brigs of Ayr. 9. Modest.
In politics if thou would'st mix, Lns on Windows, Gl. Tav. The helpless poor mix with the orphan's cry; On Death of Sir J. Blair.	Or modest Merit's silent claim; . Add. to Edinburgh. 3. But for a modest, graceful mien, Her like I never saw
The Father mixes a' wi' admonition due. The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5. Wi' dukes and lords let Selkirk mix, The Election Ballads. II.	Mally's modest and discreet, S. O Mally's meek. 'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest Pair, 'In other's arms, breathe out the tender tale, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 9.
When Politics came there, to mix And make his ether-stane, man! While the life beats in my bosom, Thou shalt mix in ilka throe: S. Turn again, thou t	And spak wi' modest grace, The Election Ballads. I. When sweet, like modest Worth, she blusht, The Vision. D. I. 8.
Mixed, -'d, Mixt. 'Tis but the balmy breathing gale, Mixt with some warbler's dying fall, S. Here is the glen, †	Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r. To a Mountain-Daisy. As modest want the tale of woe reveals; To Miss Graham. T[ytle]r's and G[reenfield]'s modest grace; To W. Creech.
And mix'd her wailings with the raving storm. On Death of Sir J. Blair.	Her modest demeanor's the jewel of a'. S. True hearted was he †

Madactle	m-11
Modestly. I modestly fu' fain wad hint it, Friend of the poet †	Tho' large the forest's Monarch throws His army shade, . The Vision. D. II. 20.
Modesty. Set up a face, how I stop short,	Our monarch's hindmost year but ane
For fear your modesty be hurt. A Ded. to G. H.	Was five-and-twenty days begun, . S. There was a lad †
But it's innocence and modesty That polishes the dart S. Handsome Nell.	Monday.
An' (what surprised me) modesty, . On dining with Daer.	Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday. Tamo' Shanter. 3. Money. When sometimes by my labour
And Modesty assume your air,	I earn a little money, O, S. My father was a farmer †
And ne'er a ane mistak her: On W. Chalmers.	Braid money to tocher them a', man, Ronalds of Bennals.
The violet for modesty, which weel she fa's to wear, S. The Posie.	I never was canny for hoarding o' money,
And maidenly modesty fixes the chain.	Proof o' shot to Birth or Money, S. Sweetest May †
S. True hearted was he †	Proof o' shot to Birth or Money, S. Sweetest May † I care na thy daddie, his lands and his money, S. Tibbie Dunbar.
Whiles mice and modewurks they howket; The Twa Dogs. 6.	mongret.
Modish. Wi' thieveless sneer to see his modish mien,	Not all his mongrel diphthongs can compound; The Vowels. Monie v. Mony.
The Brigs of Ayr. 4. Moil. This night his weekly moil is at an end,	Monie [money].
The Cotter's Sat. Night.	For a' his gold and white monie, S. To daunton me.
Moil, to.	Monkey. The bleezan, curst, mischievous monkies Delude his eyes, Add. to the Deil. 13.
I moil, and I toil, and I harrow and plough, S. The Poor Thresher.	So travell'd monkies their grimace improve, Sketch.
I moil, and I toil, and I labour all day, Ib.	Monkish.
Moistify [to make moist].	Fit only for a doited Monkish race, The Brigs of Ayr. 8.
Tho' whyles ye moistify your leather, The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.	Monopoly.
Moisture. The something like moisture conglobes in my eye,	And make a vast monopoly of hell? . Ep. fr. Esopus.
Poet. Add. to W. Tytler.	Monroe, Alex. [Prof. of Anatomy in Edinburgh.] Bloody dissectors, worse than ten Monroes; To R. G. of F., 4.
Alas! nae mair he'll them molest!	Monsmeg [a famous old cannon in Edin. Castle].
Tam Samson's dead! [v.A.15] Tam Samson's El	O for a throat like huge Monsmeg, The Election Ballads. VI.
Moment.	Monster.
Then catch the moments as they fly, A Bottle and Friend. Think, for a moment, on his wretched fate,	Ladies, would it not be strange Man should then a monster prove? Let not woman†
A Winter Night. 9.	Montague. Then M-nt-gue, an' Guilford too,
But cast a moment's fair regard . Add. to Unco Guid. 3.	Began to fear a fa', man; A Fragment. 5.
I seek nae mair o' Heav'n to share, Than sic a moment's pleasure, O!	Montgomery, -ie. Then thro' the lakes Montgomery takes, A Fragment. 2.
S. An' I'll kiss thee yet	Montgomery-like did fa',
But 'till my last moments my words are the same, S. By yon castle wa't	Or some Montgomery, fearless lead them; Add. of Beelzebub.
The lucky moment to improve, . Despondency, an Ode. 4.	But could I like Montgomeries fight,
To tell the truth, they [poverty, care] seldom fash't him,	The Author's Cry and Prayer. Yet happy, happy would I be
Except the moment that they crush't him; El. on Death of R. Ruisseaux.	Had I my dear Montgomerie's Peggy. [re.]
But dreary tho' the moments fleet, . S. Forlorn, my Love,†	S. Montgomerie's Peggy. Ye banks, and braes, and streams around
Ye hae render'd moments dear; S. Scenes of woet	The castle of Montgomery,
Nor makes the hour one moment less. Sketch. New-Yr's Day.	S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams t Month. in the merry months o' spring, A Winter Night. 4.
"The passing moment's all we rest on!" Ib.	My dismal months no joys are crowning,
Return, ye moments of delight, S. Slow spreads the gloom † Welcomes the rapid moments, bids them part,	Improm. on Mrs. —'s Birthday.
Sonnet, wr. on Birthday.	"A few short months [ye woods], and glad and gay, "Again ye'll charm the ear and e'e; Lament for Glencairn.
Or like the snow falls in the river, A moment white—then melts for ever; . Tam o' Shanter. 7.	There's nae life like the Ploughman in the month o' sweet May.
How have the raptur'd moments flown! . The Lament.	S. Lns on a Ploughman.
When the lingering moments are number'd wi' care? S. The small birds †	Again the merry month o' May S. O Logan! sweetly† It's now twa month that I'm your debtor, Third Ep. to J. Lap.
Yours this moment I unseal,	An' stay ae month amang the Moons
Hae ye a leisure-moment's time To J. S., 4.	An' see them right. To W. Simpson, P.S.
I'll wander on with tentless heed,	Montrose. Forgive, forgive! much-wrong'd Montrose! The Election Ballads. VI.
How never-halting moments speed, Ib., 10. And curst be the cause that shall part us!	Mony, Monie [many].
The hour and the moment o' time! S. To Mary.	Sweet fruit o' mony a merry dint, Add. to Illegit. Child.
Not the Poet in the moment Fancy lightens in his e'e, . S. Turn again, thou fair †	thro' my lugs gies mony a twang, Add. to Toothacke. May ye get mony a merry story,
Monarch. For me! before a Monarch's face,	Mony a laugh and mony a drink, , . Auta comrade
Ev'n there I winna flatter; . A Dream. 3.	That cost her mony a blirt and bleary. Braw lads of G. Water.
Where once beneath a Monarch's feet Sat Legislation's sov'reign pow'rs! Add. to Edinburgh.	This while ye hae been mony a gate, At mony a house. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 11.
And my Freedom's my lairdship nae monarch dare touch.	And mony a scheme in vain's been laid,
"The monarch may forget the crown	To stap or scar me;
"That on his head an hour has been;	They hae pierc'd mony a gallant heart;
Lament for Glencairn. What premiers, what? even Monarchs mighty gaigers:	They'll a' be trench'd wi' mony a sheugh, Ib. 24.
Lns on Window, K.'s Arms.	E'en mony a plack, an' mony a peck, . El. on Year 1788.
But cheerful still, I am as well, As a monarch in a palace, O, S. My father was a farmer †	How mony bairns has ye? . S. Gudeen to you Kimmer t
Or were I monarch o' the globe, . S. O wert thou in the †	Yet has sae mony takin' arts, . Holy Willie's Prayer. II. Of mony a joy and hope bereav'd me, . S. I dream'd I lay †
And brav'd the mighty monarchs of the world.	It's ye ha'e wooers mony ane, S. In simmer when t
On Death of Sir J. Blair. Ye monarchs, tak the east and west, Frae Indus to Savannah! . S. The gowd. Locks of A.	And mony a canty day. John, we've had wi' ane anither;
Frae Indus to Savannah! . S. The gowd. Locks of A.	S. John Anderson†

This mony a day I've grain'd and gaunted,	An' monie lads an' lasses fates
Kind Sir, I've read †	Are there that night decided: Halloween. 7.
I've seen sae mony changefu' years, Lament for Glencairn.	For monie a ane has gotten a fright,
And mony a traitor there; . Lament of Mary of Scots.	But monie a day was by himsel,
And mony a guilt-bespotted lad; Lns to J. Ranken.	He was her Laureat monie a year, On Scot. Bard gne to W.I.
There's mony a lass has broke my rest, . S. O lay thy loof	But monie daily weet their weason Wi' liquors nice, Scotch Drink. 14.
As ye make mony a fond heart mourn, . S. O Logan! †	Fell source o' monie a pain an' brash!
And mony a night we've merry been, And mony mae we hope to be. S. O Willie brew'd †	Twins monie a poor, doylt, druken hash O' half his days;
And mony a hill between; S. Of a' the airts †	
And mony shall lament him; . On W. Cruickshanks.	The warl' may play you monie a shavie; Second Ep. to Davie.
And ward o' mony a prayer, . On Birth of Posth. Child.	An' monie ithers, . The Author's Cry and Prayer. 14.
For mony a rantin day	For monie a year come thro' the sheers: The Death of Mailie.
My fiddle and I hae had S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie.	O'er moors and o'er mosses and monie a glen,
There are no mony poets sae braw, man. Ronalds of Bennals.	S. The heather was bloom, †
But we've wander'd mony a weary foot,	Wi' monie a wearie body, The Holy Fair. 6.
Sin' auld lang syne S. Shld auld acquaintnce † To think how mony counsels sweet,	Wi' sweet-milk cheese, in mony a whang, Ib. 7.
How mony lengthen'd sage advices,	How monie stories past,
The husband frae the wife despises! . Tam o' Shanter. 4.	How monie hearts this day converts, 1b. 27.
For mony a beast to dead she shot,	An' monie jobs that day begin,
And perish'd mony a bonie boat,	monie a creditable stock The Twa Dogs. 21.
Wi' mony an eldritch skreech and hollow	Wi' monie a sigh and a tear S. There was a bonie lass †
Owre mony a weary hag he limpit, Tam Samson's El 10.	It wad frae monie a blunder free us To a Louse.
Is th' wish o' mony mae than me:	Has cost thee monie a weary nihble! To a Mouse.
The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	Yarrow an' Tweed, to monie a tune, Owre Scotland rings, . To W. Simpson. 8.
And mony a bouk did fa', man:	Glide sweet in monie a tunefu' line;
And mony bade the warld gudenight; 1b.	An' monie a fallow gat his licks,
And mony a huntit, poor Red-coat	This game was play'd in monie lands,
For fear amaist did swarf, man, Ib.	Monviochs.
This mony a year I've stood the flood an' tide;	Marjory o' the Monylochs,
The Brigs of Ayr. 7. In mony a torrent down the snaw-broo rowes; Ib.	A carline auld and teugh The Election Ballads. I.
In mony a torrent down the snaw-hroo rowes; Ib. Ye worthy Proveses, an' mony a Bailie,	Mood, Or [Spring] pranks the sod in frolic mood,
And mony braw thanks to the meikle black deil,	Add. to Shade of Thomson. Alas! how aft, in haughty mood,
S. The deil cam fiddlin †	God's creatures they oppress! Ep. to Davie. 6.
And mony a knight and mony a laird,	In that sober pensive mood,
That errand fain would gae. [re.] The Election Ballads. I.	Dearest to the feeling soul, S. Streams that glide †
And mony a friend that kiss't his caup, Is now a fremit wight:	This while she's been in crankous mood, The Author's Cry and Prayer.
And listen mony a grateful bird	The Dame brings forth, in complimental mood,
Return you tuneful thanks. The Petition of Br. Water.	To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck, fell,
An' your auld burrough mony a time, The Inventory.	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11.
For mony a pursie she had hooked,	Moody [minister at Riccarton, Ayrshire].
An had in mony a well been douked: The Jolly Beggars, R, IV.	O, M—y, man, and wordy R[usse]ll, The Twa Herds. 3. What flock wi' M—'s flock could rank,
For mony a heart thou hast made sair,	What flock wi' M—'s flock could rank,
S. The lovely lass of I. †	Wi' tidings o' s-lv-t-n. [v.A.22] The Holy Fair. 12.
O' mony a saucy quean; . The Ruined Maid's Lament.	The vera sight o' [Moody]'s face,
Till tir'd at last wi' mony a farce, [v.A.1] The Twa Dogs, 6.	To's ain het hame had sent him Wi' fright Ib.
An' mony a time my hearts heen wae, Ib. 13.	Mools [mould, earth of graves].
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They waste sae mony a braw estate! 1b. 25.	Or worthy friends rak'd i' the mools, Add. to Toothache.
And mony a ane that I could tell, . The Twa Herds. 14.	He wha could brush them down to mools, To IV. Creech.
And mony a ane that I could tell, . The Twa Herds. 14. a richer share Than mony ithers; To Dr. Blacklock.	He wha could brush them down to mools, To W. Creech. Moon.
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And mony a ane that I could tell,	He wha could brush them down to mools, Moon. Where th' howlet mourns in her ivy bower, And tells the midnight moon her care. Or where auld, ruin'd eastles, gray, Nod to the moon, Add. to the Deil. 5. The moon it shines fu' clearly S. Ca' the Evves. I swear and vow by moon and stars, S. Come, boat me o'er. The rising Moon began to glowr, The distant Cumnock hills out-ower; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 4. Bonie was the Lammas moon, . S. Duncan Gray, What time the moon, wi' silent glowr, Sets up her horn, El. on Capt. M. H., 10. But by yon moon!—and that's high swearin' Ept. to Maj. Logan. 11. For ale and brandy's stars and moon, S. Gane is the day the Beneath the moon's pale beams;
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And mony a ane that I could tell,	Moon. Where th' howlet mourns in her ivy bower, And tells the midnight moon her care. Or where auld, ruin'd castles, gray, Nod to the moon, . Add. to the Deil. 5. The moon it shines fu' clearly S. Ca' the Evves. I swear and vow by moon and stars, S. Come, boat me o'er. The rising Moon began to glowr, The distant Cumnock hills out-owre; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 4. Bonie was the Lammas moon, . S. Duncan Gray. What time the moon, wi' silent glowr, Sets up her horn, El. on Capt. M. H., 10. But by yon moon!—and that's high swearin' Ep. to Maj. Logan. 11. For ale and brandy's stars and moon, S. Gane is the day the Beneath the moon's pale beams; . Halloween. Amang the brachens, on the brae, Between her an' the moon, . Ib. 26. O'er the waves that sweetly glide To the moon sae clearly S. Hark! the mavis the same of the same same same same same same same sam
And mony a ane that I could tell,	He wha could brush them down to mools, Moon. Where th' howlet mourns in her ivy bower, And tells the midnight moon her care. Or where auld, ruin'd castles, gray, Nod to the moon, The moon it shines fu' clearly. I swear and vow by moon and stars, The rising Moon began to glowr, The distant Cumnock hills out-owre; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 4. Bonie was the Lammas moon, What time the moon, wi' silent glowr, Sets up her horn, El. on Capt. M. H., 10. But by yon moon!—and that's high swearin' Ep. to Maj. Logan. 11. For ale and brandy's stars and moon, S. Gane is the day the death of the moon's pale beams; Amang the brachens, on the brae, Between her an' the moon, O'er the waves that sweetly glide
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And mony a ane that I could tell,	He wha could brush them down to mools, Moon. Where th' howlet mourns in her ivy bower, And tells the midnight moon her care. Or where auld, ruin'd castles, gray, Nod to the moon, The moon it shines fu' clearly. I swear and vow by moon and stars, The rising Moon began to glowr, The distant Cumnock hills out-owre; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 4. Bonie was the Lammas moon, What time the moon, wi' silent glowr, Sets up her horn, El. on Capt. M. H., 10. But by yon moon!—and that's high swearin' Ef. to Maj. Logan. 11. For ale and brandy's stars and moon, Beneath the moon's pale beams; Amang the brachens, on the brae, Between her an' the moon, O'er the waves that sweetly glide To the moon sae clearly. S. Hark! the mavis † But at twal at night, when the moon shines bright, My dear I'll come and see thee; S. Here's to thy health, †

Morn

The moon was sinking in the west Wi' visage pale and wan, S. My heart was ance †	Mooreoek.
And the moon shines bright, when I rove at night,	And the moorcock springs, on whirring wings, Amang the blooming heather: . S. Now westlin winds †
S. Now westlin winds † Till the silent moon shine clearly;	Ye cootie Moorcocks, crousely craw; Tam Samson's El. 7.
Till the silent moon shine clearly;	Or shootin of a hare or moorcock, The Twa Dogs. 26. Moor-hen. At length they discover'd a bonie moor-hen.
The wan moon is setting behind the white wave,	S. The heather was blooming †
S. Oh, open the door, †	But cannily steal on a bonie moor-hen
The paly moon rose in the livid east, On Death of Sir J. Blair. Gi'e me the lonely valley,	Moorlan, Moorland. Come, kittle up your moorlan harp Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 8.
The dewy eve, and rising moon; . S. Sae flaxen?	She was nae get o' moorlan tips, Poor Mailie's El
The silent moon shone high o'er tow'r and tree: The Brigs of Ayr. 3.	Or where the Greenock winds his moorland course,
Bright to the moon their various dresses glanc'd: Ib. II.	O, may thou ne'er forgather up,
Sun, moon, and stars withdrawn a'; S. The gowd. Locks of A.	Wi' onie blastet, moorlan toop; . The Death of Mailie.
The night was still, and o'er the hill The moon shone on the castle wa'; The night was still †	While moorlan herds like guid, fat braxies; To W. Simpson. Moorlands. And owre the moorlands whistles shill, S. Again rejoic. Nature †
Beneath the moon's unclouded light, I held awa to Annie: S. The Rigs o' Barley.	Moping. Would'st thou be cur'd, thou silly, moping elf,
The moon was shining clearly;	Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
But by the moon and stars so bright,	Moral. Ye'll get the best o' moral works, 'Mang black Gentoos, and Pagan Turks,
S. The Winter it is past \	A Ded. to G. H., 6. Vain is his hope, whase stay an' trust is,
In thae auld times, they thought the Moon, Just like a sark, or pair o' shoon, Woor by degrees,	Vain is his hope, whase stay an' trust is, In moral Mercy, Truth, and Justice!
Just like a sark, or pair o snoon, woor by degrees, To W. Simpson, P.S.	What signifies his barren shine, Of moral pow'rs an' reason? . The Holy Fair. 15.
For 'twas the auld moon turn'd a newk An' out o' sight, Ib.	The moral man he does define,
To hear the Moon sae sadly lie'd on By word an' write. Ib. An' stay as month among the Moons An' see them right. Ib.	But ne'er a word o' faith in That's right
An' stay ae month amang the Moons An' see them right. Ib. when the auld Moon's gaun to lea'e them, Ib.	Morality. Morality, thou deadly bane, A Ded. to G. H., 7. But there's Morality himsel.
Not the little sporting fairy,	Embracing all opinions; The Ordination. 12.
All beneath the summer moon: S. Turn again, thou	Morality's demure decoys Shall here nae mair find quarter:
And chang'd with every moon my love, S. Young Jamie, † Moon-beam.	Moralizing.
And, by the moonbeam, shook, to see	And join with me a moralizing, . Sketch. New-Yr's Day.
A stern and stalwart ghaist arise, A Vision.	Nor with unwilling ear attend The moralizing Muse
The silvery moonbeams trembling play: On Lincluden. The boatmen on Nith's gentle stream,	Morals.
That glistens on the pale moonbeam,	He's blest—if as he brew'd he drink In upright honest morals Epit. on G. Richardson.
As in the bosom of the stream The moon-beam dwells at dewy e'en; S. There was a lass †	More [v. also No more],
Moonlight.	Half-jest, she tried one curious labour more. Ep. to R. Graham. 3.
But gie me a braw moonlight, And me and my love together. S. O gie my love brose†	Your courage much more than your prudence you show it,
Moon-shine.	'Till grief my eyes should close,
at moon-shine mid-night hours, . S. Hark! the mavis †	Ne'er to wake more S. Had I a cave †
Sae, ye observe that a' this clatter Is naething but a 'moonshine matter'; To W. Simpson. P.S.	Nay, more—there is danger in touching; Inscr. on Goblet. His colour sicken'd more and more, John Barleycorn.
Moon-struck.	Never perhaps to greet old Scotland more.
Nor such the workings of their moon-struck brain;	Lns, on Back of Bank Note.
To R. G. of F., 8. Moony [moon-struck].	I'm better pleas'd to make one more, Than be the death of twenty. Lns on Windows, Gl. Tav
(Not moony madness more astray) Sent to a Gent. offended.	The more in this [wealth, power] you look for bliss,
Moop [to nibble; to keep company with].	You leave your view the farther, O: S. My father was a farmer †
But ay keep mind to moop an' mell, Wi' sheep o' credit like thysel! . The Death of Mailie.	False friends, false love, farewel! for more,
Gars me moop wi' the servant hizzie, S. O gude ale comes †	I'll ne'er trouble them, nor thee, Oh. S. Oh, open the door † But he has superadded more,
Moor. 'Mang moors an' mosses many, S. Behind you hills t	And sunk them in contempt; On Duke of Queensberry.
And she held o'er the moors to spin; S. Duncan Davison. The moor was driegh, and Meg was skiegh, Ib.	That queens it o'er our taste—the more's the pity: Prologue, at Th., D
The moor was driegh, and Meg was skiegh, Ib. As o'er the moor they lightly foor, Ib.	Nay more, that very love their cause of ruin!
The Game shall Pay, owre moor an' dail,	Remorse. A Frag the more 'tis a truth, Sir, the more 'tis a libel?
For this, niest year. Ep. to J. R., 10. yon moors. Out-spreading far and wide, Man was made to Mourn. 3.	Reproof by Himself. Heav'n gave me more, it made thee mine.
Out o'er von moor, out o'er von moss, S. My Lord a-hunting t	S. The day returns †
Yestreen I met you on the moor, S. O Tibbie!	This grot, than e'er I felt before in A palace. The Hermit.
And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward bend. The Cotter's Sat. Night.	As far surpassing other common villains, As Thou in natural parts hadst given me more. Tragic Frag.
Alls how a neebor lad came o'er the moor	Morison.
The Hunter now has left the moor, S. The gloomy night †	Could I the rich reward secure.
Her Coila's] heathy moors and winding vales; Ib. O'er i ors and o'er mosses and monie a glen,	The lovely Mary Morison. [v. Mary] S. O Mary, at thy t Morn. Ae bonie simmer morn I stray'd As on the banks t
S. The heather was blooming †	Her smile was like a summer morn; . S. Blythe was she t
The last e I came o'er the moor, . S. The last time †	Meet ev'ry sad-returning night,
By mosses, adows, moors, and fells, The Twa Herds. 15.	And joyless morn the same Despondency, an Ode. 2. That Meg should be a bride the morn; S. Duncan Davison.
Her moors ret rown wi'heather bells, . To W Simpson. the charms o'y vild, mossy moors;	Wail thro' the dreary midnight hour
S. You wild mossy mountains †	Till waukrife morn El. on Capt. M. H., 10.

Beset thy servant e'en and morn, Holy Willie's Prayer. 9.	The lav'rock in the morning she'll rise frae her nest,
I restless lie frae e'en to morn, S. How lang and dreary †	S. Lns on a Ploughman. Like Phœbus in the morning, S. Lovely Davies.
In the gay rosy morn, as it bathes in the dew; S. How pleasant the banks †	When purple morning starts the hare, S. Now rosy May †
Now laverocks wake the merry morn,	Winnowing blythe her dewy wings
Lament of Mary of Scots.	In morning's rosy eye; . S. Now Spring has clad t
Fu' lightly rase I on the morn,	Yon rose-buds in the morning dew, S. O bonnie was yon rosy † A dram o' gude strunt in a morning early.
Nae mair light up the morn!	S. O ken ye what Meg†
And violets bathe in the weet of the morn;	Blythe morning lifts his rosy eye, S. O Logan, sweetly †
O May thy morn was ne'er sae sweet,	And sprinkle it wi' freshest dews At morning dawn and parting day. S. O were my love †
As the mirk night o' December, . S. O May thy morn †	She's fresher than the morning dawn S. On Cessnock banks †
When purest in the dewy morn; . S. On Cessnock banks † Fair on the summer morn: . On Birth of Posth. Child.	She's sweeter than the morning dawn Ib., Sett. II.
Sound be his sleep and blythe his morn,	When pale the morning rises keen,
On Window of C. Inn, F.	Sweetly deckt with pearly dew The morning rose may blow; Sad thy tale, †
Such thy morn! did I cry, S. Phillis the Fair.	Frae morning sun 'till dine: . S. Shld auld acquaintce †
Fair on Isabella's morn The sun propitious smil'd; S. Sad thy tale †	Phœbus, gilding the brow of the morning, Ib.
An' Pease an' Beans, at een or morn,	They flourish like the morning flow'r, In beauty's pride array'd; The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps.
Perfume the plain, Scotch Drink. 3. Rosy morn now lifts his eye, S. Sleep'st thou †	In beauty's pride array'd; The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps. The primroses blow in the dews of the morning,
Rosy morn now lifts his eye, S. Sleep'st thou † That woefu' morn be ever mourn'd Tam Samson's El 8.	C The asset II linda b
An' with the lave ilk merry morn	She's fresh as the morning, the fairest in May, S. There's auld Rob †
Could rank my rig and lass; The Ans. to the Guidwife.	what is me when wanting love!
The hoary morns precede the sunny days, The Brigs of Ayr. They cooper'd at e'en, they cooper'd at morn,	Night without a morning: S. Thine am I † O Life! how pleasant in thy morning, . To J. S., 15.
S. The Cooper o' cuddy †	O Life! how pleasant in thy morning, To J. S., 15. Wi' mornings blythe and e'enings funny To Terraughty.
An' tent them duely, e'en an' morn, The Death of Mailie.	Oh fresh is the rose in the gay dewy morning,
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,	S. True hearted was he t
The Cotter's Sat. Night. And mind your duty, duely, morn and night! Ib. 6.	Her look was like the morning's eye, S. Twas even—the dewy
The morn that warns th' approaching day, . The Lament.	Up in the morning's no for me, Up in the morning early, [re.] . S. Up in the morning.
The tither morn, S. The tither morn †	My morning raise sae clear and fair, . V.s, under Grief.
Frae morn to een it's nought but toiling, The Twa Dogs. 9.	The morning it was foggie; S. What will I do gin †
Till Cynthia hinted he'd see them next morn. The Whistle. 13.	The hunter lo'es the morning sun, S. When o'er the hill † Her blush is like the morning, S. Young Peggy †
Or women sonsie, saft an' sappy,	Her blush is like the morning, S. Young Peggy † Where are the joys I have met in the morning,
'Tween morn an' morn, There's naethin like † thy gay morn of life o'ercast, To Chloris.	S. Where are the joys †
That lov'st to greet the early morn, S. To Mary in Heaven.	As Youth and Love with sprightly dance, Beneath thy morning star advance, Wr. in Friars-Carse H.
Fair is the morn in flow'ry May, S. Twas even-the dewy t	Moro [El Morro, a fort of Cuba, taken by the British,
Before the morn ye'll work mischief; S. Wha is that at †	1762, just before the Havana surrendered].
And langs the night frae e'en to morn, S. Up in the morning.	And the Moro low was laid at the sound of the drum. The Jolly Beggars, S.I.
For aye the brose ye sup at e'en, Ye bock them ere the morn, lassie. S. Ye hae lien wrang.	Morrow. Long, long the night, Heavy comes the morrow,
Mornin [morning].	S. Ay waking, 0† And blythely awaukens the morrow; S. Craigie-burn Wood.
Or reekan on a New-year-mornin In cog or bicker, Scotch Drink. 9.	And sigh for this life's latest morrow. On Death of fav. Child.
He's always compleenin frae mornin' to e'enin,	Cheerless night that knows no morrow. S. Raving winds †
S. What can a young †	And blythe awakes the morrow, . S. Sweet fa's the eve †
Morning. All on a dewy morning. S. A Rose-bud by †	Upon the morrow when we raise, I thank'd her for her courtesie; S. The Lass that made the bed.
And drooping rich the dewy head, It scents the early morning	The weary night o' care and grief
The dew sat chilly on her [the linnet's] breast,	May have a joyful morrow; . S. The noble Maxwells †
Sae early in the morning	Thy lengthen'd days on this blest morrow, To Terraughty. Mortal, adj.
Shalt sweetly pay the tender care	O1 had I met the mortal shaft
That tents thy early morning	Which laid my benefactor low! . Lament for Glencairn.
And bless the parent's evening ray That watch'd thy early morning	The hoary Sire—the mortal stroke, Long, long be pleas'd to spare; . O Thou dread Pow'r †
And hail'd the morning with a cheer, A Winter Night. 10.	And hark! what more than mortal sound
Her voice is the song of the morning S. Adown winding Nith †	Of music breathes the pile around? On Lincluden. Your mortal Fae is now awa'
All freshly steep'd in morning dews. S. Again rejoicing Nature †	
Your beauty's a flower, in the morning that blows.	But yet he drew the mortal trigger Wi' weel-aim'd heed; ,
Your beauty's a flower, in the morning that blows, S. Awa wi' yr witchcraft	Wi' weel-aim'd heed; ,
S. Awa wi' yr witchcraft †	Wi' weel-aim'd heed; , Ib. 11.
Fresh o'er the mountains breaks forth the morning, S. Awa wi' yr witchcraft t Fresh o'er the mountains breaks forth the morning, S. Bonie Bell. like the sun eclips'd at morning tide, El. on Miss Burnet.	Wi' weel-aim'd heed; , Ib. 11. As open pussie's mortal foes,
S. Awa wi'yr witchcraft † Fresh o'er the mountains breaks forth the morning, S. Bonie Bell. like the sun eclips'd at morning tide, And morning Poossie whiddan seen, Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st.	Wi' weel-aim'd heed; ,
S. Awa wi'yr witchcraft to Fresh o'er the mountains breaks forth the morning. S. Bonie Bell. like the sun eclips'd at morning tide, And morning Poossie whiddan seen, Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. Such was my life's deceitful morning, S. I dream'd I lay to	Wi' weel-aim'd heed; , Ib. II. As open pussie's mortal foes, Tam o' Shanter, 17. I've paced much this weary, mortal round, The Cotter's Sat. Night, 9. Nae mortal wight can tell: . The Election Ballads, I. 'Till the mortal stroke shall lay me low, S. The Highl. Lassie. But lordly will, I hold it still
S. Awa wi'yr witchcraft to Fresh o'er the mountains breaks forth the morning. S. Bonie Bell. like the sun eclips'd at morning tide, And morning Poossie whiddan seen, Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. Such was my life's deceitful morning, S. I dream'd I lay to One morning by the break of day, S. It was the charming to	Wi' weel-aim'd heed; ,
S. Awa wi'y witchcraft † Fresh o'er the mountains breaks forth the morning, S. Bonie Bell. like the sun eclips'd at morning tide, And morning Poossie whiddan seen, Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. Such was my life's deceitful morning, S. I dream'd I lay † One morning by the break of day, S. It was the charming † "Thou found'st me, like the morning sun	Wi' weel-aim'd heed; ,
S. Awa wi'yr witchcraft to Fresh o'er the mountains breaks forth the morning. S. Bonie Bell. like the sun eclips'd at morning tide, El. on Miss Burnet. And morning Poossie whiddan seen, Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. Such was my life's deceitful morning, S. I dream'd I lay to One morning by the break of day, S. It was the charming to	Wi' weel-aim'd heed;
S. Awa we'y rwitchcraft to S. Awa we'y rwitchcraft to Fresh o'er the mountains breaks forth the morning, S. Bonie Bell. S. C. Loren, S. S.	Wi' weel-aim'd heed;
S. Awa wi' yr witchcraft to S. Awa wi' yr witchcraft to S. Bonie Bell. like the sun eclips'd at morning tide, El. on Miss Burnet. And morning Poossie whiddan seen, Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. Such was my life's deceitful morning, S. I dream'd I lay to One morning by the break of day, S. It was the charming to "Thou found'st me, like the morning sun "That melts the fogs in limpid air, Lament for Glencairn. For the dew-drops of morning fall cold on her grave.	Wi' weel-aim'd heed;

A mortal quite unfit for fortune's strife, Yet oft the sport of all the ills of life; Ep. to R. Graham. 3.	The wily Mother sees the conscious flame The Cotter's Sat. Night. 7.
if these mortals, the critics, should bustle, Frag. inscr. to Fox.	Weel-pleas'd the Mother hears, it's nae wild, worthless Rake. Ib.
Rash mortal, and slanderous Poet, Reproof by Himself.	A strappan youth; he takes the Mother's eye; 1b. 8.
While care-untroubled mortals sleep! The Lament.	The Mother, wi' a woman's wiles,
A woe that no mortal can cure. S. The winter it is past †	Farewell, a mother's blessing dear! The Farewell.
By all on high adoring mortals know! To Clarinda.	An' my auld mother brunt the trin'le The Inventory.
Mortar.	To ev'ry New-light mother's son,
Our friends the reviewers, those chippers and hewers,	From this time forth, Confusion: . The Ordination. 14.
Are judges of mortar and stone, Sir; To Capt. Riddel.	Your thrifty old mother has scarce such another S. The Sons of old Killie.
Mortgaging.	Wha spied I but my ain dear maid,
Mortgaging, gambling, masquerading, The Twa Dogs. 22. Morton. There's beauty and fortune to get wi' Miss Morton,	Down by her mother's dwelling! S. When wild War's t
The Belles of Mauchline.	Motion. The Queen of love could never move
Moses. Kemble, thou cur'st my unbelief	With motion more enchanting . °. S. As I gaed up by †
Of Moses and his rod; Lns on Mrs. Kemble.	The clouds' uncertain motion [type of woman],
Or, Moses bade eternal warfare wage, With Amaleks ungracious progeny; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 14.	S. Deluded swain †
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 14.	Like harmony her motion; S. Sae flaxen †
MOSS. your moss-traversing Spunkles Aut. to the Dett. 13.	Sooner the sun in his motion would falter. S. Twa's na her bonie blue e'e †
'Mang moors an' mosses many, . S. Behind you hills \	Motive. Common motives lang sinsyne, . S. Jockey fou, †
O'er you moss among the heather; Braw lads of G. Water.	Motley, Motely.
Out o'er you moor, out o'er you moss, S. My Lord a-hunting † The mosses, waters, slaps, and styles,	motley, foundling fancies, stolen or strayed? Ep. fr. Esopus.
That lie between us and our hame, . Tam o' Shanter.	A mixie-maxie motely squad, Lns add. to J. Ranken.
O'er moors and o'er mosses and monie a glen,	Mottie [full of motes, dusty].
S. The heather was bloom.	All in this mottie, misty clime, . The Vision. D. I. 4.
By mosses, meadows, moors, and fells, The Twa Herds. 15. Moss-oak, a swirlie, auld moss-oak, . Halloween. 23.	Mou, Mou' [mouth]. Sae white her teeth, sae sweet her mou',
Mossgiel.	S. Braw lads of G. Water.
For rakish rooks, like Rob Mossgiel. [v. Rob] O leave novels †	And weel I wat her willin mou Was e'en like succar-candie S. Had I the wyte †
Mossy. Ye mossy streams, with sedge and rushes stor'd,	Rob, stownlins, prie'd her bonie mou! Halloween. 10.
El. on Miss Burnet.	O, what a feast her bonie mou! . S. Her flowing locks †
Where the mossy riv'let strays, On scaring Water-fowl. Or stately Lugar's mossy fountains boil, The Brigs of Ayr. 7.	And ither some will prie their mou, . S. John, come kiss.
Her colours betray'd her on you mossy fells;	My heart to my mou' gied a sten; S. Tam Glen.
S. The heather was bloom.	Commend me to the Barn yard, And the Corn-mou, man; S. The Ploughman †
Lone wandering by the hermit's mossy cell: Wr. in Kenmore Inn.	For it's like a baumy kiss o' her sweet bonie mou;
The roaring Fyers pours his mossy floods;	S. The Posie.
Wr. by Fall of Fyers.	For ay he pree'd the lassie's mou, S. The Taylor he cam t
wild mossy mountains sae lofty and wide, S. Yon wild mossy mountains	A whiskin beard about her mou', S. Willie Wastle † An' ay my heart came to my mou, S. Young Jockey †
the charms o' you wild, mossy moors;	Moulder.
Most. The heart benevolent and kind	There moulders here a gallant heart;
The most resembles God. A Winter Night. 11.	Mayldoning Ining
Who know them best despise them most. On Window at Stirling.	Mouldering, -'ring. Whose trunk was mould'ring down with years;
Yet an insect's an insect at most,	Lament for Glencairn.
Tho' it crawl on the curl of a queen. On an empty Fellow.	Or mould'ring ruins mark the sacred Fane. On Death of Sir J. Blair.
Mostly. We've all things that's nice, and mostly in season, Impromptu.	Perhaps upon his mould'ring breast
Moth. Now moths deform in shapeless tatters,	Some spitefu' muirfowl bigs her nest, [v.A.15] Tam Samson's El.
Their unknown pages. To J. S., 8.	Cold—mould'ring in the clay? To Ruin.
And with a Mother's fears shrinks at the rocking blast!	And mouldering now in silent dust,
A Winter Night. 8.	That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
Nor ever daughter give the mother pain. Blest be M'Murdo †	S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams Mouldy. O'er-arching, mouldy, gloom-inspiring coves,
The mother linnet in the brake Bewails her ravish'd young; . S. Fate gave the word, †	The Brigs of Ayr. 8.
He's tell'd her father and mother baith, Katharine Jaffray.	Mound.
"The mother may forget the child	Till full he dashes on the rocky mounds, Wr. by Fall of Fyers. Mount.
"That smiles sae sweetly on her knee; Lament for Glencairn.	As I came o'er the Cairney mount, . S. As I came o'er †
God keep thee frae thy mother's faes,	Mount, to. And mounts and sings on flittering wings,
Lament of Mary of Scots.	S. Again rejoic. Nature
And where thou meet'st thy mother's friend, Remember him for me!	And mount to the air wi' the dew on her breast; S. Lns on a Ploughman.
O bless her with a Mother's joys,	When I mount the Creepie-chair, S. O wha my babie-clouts †
But spare a Mother's tears! . O Thou dread Pow'r	That slowly mount the rising steep; S. On Cessnock banks †
Tho' father and mother and a' should gae mad, S. O whistle, † Protect and guard the mother plant, On Birth of Posth. Child.	That dreary hour he mounts his beast in; Tam o' Shanter. 7.
Reclined on the lap of thy mother, On Death of fav. Child.	O mount and go, Mount and make you ready: O mount and go, And be the Captain's Lady.
"And I will join a mother's tender cares,	S. The Captain's Lady.
On Death of Sir J. Blair.	Rumble John, Rumble John, mount the steps wi' a groan,
But, like guid mothers, shore before ye strike; Scots Prologue.	The Kirk's Alarm. His awful chair of state resolves to mount, The Vowels.
Ilk man and mother's son, take heed: Tam o' Shanter, 19. Sires, mothers, children, in one carnage lie: The Brigs of Ayr.	Mountain. When Phoebus peeps over the mountains,
The Mother, wi' her needle and her sheers,	S. Adown winding Nith †
Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new;	Fresh o'er the mountains breaks forth the morning, S. Bonie Bell.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5.	S. Bonie Dett.
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While sans culottes stoop up the mountain high,	O'er the hope and misfortune of being to mourn,
Tho' bred amang mountains o' snaw!	On Death of fav. Child.
S. Here's a health to them † Jenny M'Craw to the mountains is gane, Jenny M'Craw †	Appears to mourn my woefu' case! The Death of Mailie.
O'er the mountains he is gane; S. Jockey's taen the parting t	My voice, a lioness that mourns Her darling cub's undoing! . The Election Ballads. VI.
O'er the mist-shrouded cliffs of the lone mountain straying, Lament, on leaving Nat. Land.	The Autumn mourns her rip'ning corn S. The gloomy night † And now a widow I must mourn
Farewell to the mountains high cover'd with snow, S. My heart's in the Highlands †	The Pleasures that will ne'er return; The Jolly Beggars. S. IV.
The Plover loves the mountains; S. Now westlin winds †	And mourn, in lamentation deep, How life and love are all a dream! The Lament.
When shining sunbeams intervene And gild the distant mountain's brow; S. On Cessnock banks †	And hopeless, comfortless, I'll mourn
Gay the sun's golden eye Peep'd o'er the mountains high; S. Phillis the Fair.	'Nor longer mourn thy fate is hard,
Or up the heathy mountain, . S. Sleep'st thou, or wak'st †	'Thus poorly low!'. The Vision. D. II. 2. My brave gallant friends, 'tis your ruin I mourn;
Before the mountains heav'd their heads Beneath Thy forming hand, The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps	S. The small birds †
And misty mountain, gray; The Petition of Br. Water.	May mourn their loss wi' doolfu' clamour; To W. Creech. Mourn'd.
There, mountains to the skies were tost: The Vision. D. I. 13. The snaws the mountains cover, S. The young Highl. Rover.	That woefu' morn be ever mourn'd Tam Samson's El., 8. Ilk hoary Hunter mourn'd a brither;
He wanders as free as the winds of his mountains, S. Their groves of	Who sin so oft have mourn'd, yet to temptation ran?
Tho' mountains rise and deserts howl, And oceans roar between; S. Tho' cruel fate t	Mournful, -fu'. Why am I loth t
To rouse the mountain deer, my jo; S. When o'er the hill t	The last, sad, mournful rites bestow! A Ded. to G. H., 14. Truth, weeping, tells the mournful tale, A Winter Night. 7.
Yon wild mossy mountains sae lofty and wide, S. Yon wild mossy mountains †	Is drowned amid the mournful scream, . On Lincluden.
Amang thae wild mountains shall still be my path, . Ib.	The mournfu' sang I here enclose, . To Miss Ferrier. Mourning.
Mountain-side. Her hair is like the curling mist	Or make our Bardie, dowie, wear
That shades the mountain-side at e'en, S. On Cessnock banks † That climbs the mountain-sides at e'en, Ib., Sett. II.	The mourning weed: . Poor Mailie's El An' cleed her bairns, man, wife, an' wean,
Mountebank.	In mourning weed; Tam Samson's El. That had been blear'd with mourning; S. When wild War's †
He rails at our mountebank squad, The Jolly Beggars. S. III. Mounted. All mounted in good order, Katharine Jaffray.	Mourn'st,
Weel mounted on his gray mare, Meg. Tam o' Shanter. 9.	Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate, That fate is thine—no distant date; To a Mountain-Daisy.
Then mounted Mirth on gleesome wing, The Fête Champetre. Weel-featur'd, weel-tocher'd, weel mounted and braw;	Mousie [dim. of mouse]. But Mousie, thou art no thy-lane, To a Mouse.
Mourn, to. S. There's a youth †	Mouth.
Where th' howlet mourns in her ivy bower, . A Vision.	Oh, shake him o'er the month o' hell, Adam A—'s Prayer. Wad made a bodie's month to water; . S. Donald Brodie †
Now 'tis fit that thou should'st mourn	And past the Mouth o' Cairn El. on Peg Nicholson.
El. on Capt. M. H., 2. Mourn ilka grove the cushat kens;	Nay, Bobby's mouth may be open'd yet Till for eloquence you hail him, The Dean of Fac
Mourn, little harebells o'er the lee;	Re-echo'd from each mouth! The Jolly Beggars, R. VIII.
Mourn ye wee songsters o' the wood;	His hair, his size, his mouth, his lugs, . The Twa Dogs. They take religion in their mouth; To Rev. J. M'Math.
Mourn sooty coots, and speckled teals; 1b. 8.	Mouth, to.
Mourn, clamouring craiks at close o' day,	To mouth 'A Citizen,' a term o' scandal: The Brigs of Ayr. 10. Move. Youth, grace, and love attendant move,
Mourn him thou Sun, great source of light; Mourn, Empress of the silent night: And you, ye twinkling starnies bright,	S. A. Mastrin's bonic Anne. The Queen of love could never move
And you, ye twinkling starnies bright, My Matthew mourn; Ib. 14.	With motion more enchanting S. As I gaed up by †
For Lords or Kings I dinna mourn, El. on Year 1788.	And do I hear my Jeanie own, That equal transports move her? S. Come, let me take thee, †
My loss I mourn but not repent it, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 12. I mourn through the gay, gawdy day,	Could artful numbers move thee, S. Could aught of song, † And just to stop, and just to move,
S. Here's a health to ane †	With self-respecting art: Despondency, an Ode. 4. O Thou, in whom we live and move, . Grace after Dinner.
We'll mourn till we too go as he has gone, Lus sent Sir J. Whiteford.	How slow ye move, ye heavy hours, S. How lang and dreary †
to mourn The miseries of Man. Man was made to mourn. Man's inhumanity to Man	Sae sweetly move her genty limbs, Like music notes o' Lover's hymns: S. My Lord a-hunting †
Makes countless thousands mourn! Ib. Unmindful, tho' a weeping wife,	Slowly they move, while every eye Is heaven-ward raised in ecstasy On Lincluden.
And helpless offspring mourn	What heart o' stane wad thou na move,
Or why has man the will and pow'r To make his fellow mourn?	On Birth of Posth. Child. That charm, that can the strongest quell,
Had there not been some recompence To comfort those that mourn! Ib. 10.	That charm, that can the strongest quell, The sternest move. Poem on Pastoral Poetry. An' rouse them up to strong conviction,
But Oh! [death!] a blest relief for those That weary-laden mourn!	An' move their pity. The Author's Cry and Prayer.
As ye [men o' state] make mony a fond heart mourn,	While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere. The Cotter's Sat. Night. 16.
S. O Logan! † How I would mourn when it was torn, S. O were my love †	While joys above my mind can move, S. The day returns † To Harmony's enchanting notes,
Come, mourn wi' me! On Scot. Bard gne to W.I. To mourn the woes my country must endure,	As moves the mazy dance, man. The Fête Champetre. Bright as a cloudless summer sun,
On Death of R. Dundas.	With stately port he moves; V.s below Picture.
And curse the ruffian's aim, and mourn thy hapless fate. On seeing wounded Hare.	I'd lay them a' at Jeanie's feet, Could I but hope to move her, . S. When first I saw †

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours, S. When I think on †	Murder.
Moving.	Sending, like blood-hounds from the slip, Woe, Want, and Murder o'er a land! A Winter Night. 7.
One point must still be greatly dark, The moving Why they do it; . Add. to Unco Guid. 7.	Their pounces were murder, and terror their cry, S. Caledonia.
While simple melody pour'd moving on the heart.	'Twas laurell'd Martial roaring murder.
The Brigs of Ayr. 12.	Epig. on E.'s "Martial."
Mow. To plough and sow, to reap and mow, S. My father was a farmer †	I murder hate by field or flood, Tho' glory's name may screen us;
No work comes me wrong for I shear and I mow,	Lns, on Windows, Gl. Tav.
S. The Poor Thresher.	Five scymitars, wi' murder crusted; Tam o' Shanter. 11.
M'Pherson. M'Pherson's time will not be long	As murder at his thrapple shor'd; The Election Ballads. VI.
On yonder gallows-tree. S. Farewell, ye dungeons †	No murders or rapes worth the naming. To Capt. Riddel.
M'Quhe.	Murder, to. To murder men, and gie God thanks! V. on Nat. Thanks.
And that curs'd rascal ca'd M'—e, The Twa Herds. 12.	To murder men, and gie God thanks! V. on Nat. Thanks. Murder-aiming. And blasted be thy murder-aiming eye;
M'Q—e's pathetic manly sense,	On seeing wounded Hare.
Much. To whom hae much, shall yet be given, Is ev'ry great man's faith;	Murder-shout.
Extem. on Commem.s of Thomson.	He roar'd a horrid murder-shout, Halloween. 20.
But as daily bread is all I need,	Murderer. A murderer's banes in gibbet airns; Tam o' Shanter. 11.
I do not much regard her [fortune], O. S. My father was a farmer †	Murder'd. Death has murder'd Johnie; Epit. on wee Johnie.
Much specious lore, but little understood; Sketch.	And thro' the whins, and by the cairn,
Tust much about it wi' your scanty sense;	Whare hunters fand the murder'd bairn; Tam o' Shanter. 10.
The Brigs of Ayr. 6.	Murdering, -'ring.
Much-lov'd. For lack o' thee I leave this much-lov'd shore. Lns, on Back of Bank Note.	Ev'n you on murd'ring errands toil'd, . A Winter Night. 5.
And stand a wall of fire around their much-lov'd Isle.	The Sportsman's joy, the murd'ring cry, S. Now westlin winds
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 20.	Thy girning laugh enjoys his pangs
Much-wrong'd. And much-wrong'd Mis'ry pours th' unpitied wail!	And murdering wrestle, Poem on Life.
On Death of R. Dundas.	Or Phineas drove the murdering blade, Wi' wh-re-abhorring rigour; The Ordination. 4.
Forgive! forgive! much-wrong'd Montrose!	I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,
The Election Ballaas. VI.	Wi' murd'ring pattle! To a Mouse.
Muchkin, Mutchkin [an English pint]. Just ac hauf muchkin does me prime,	Murderous. Delusions, oppressions, and murderous wars; S. By you castle wa'
Ought less is little, S. There's naethin like †	Murky.
Her mutchkin stown as toom's a whissle:	Ne'er sae murky blew the night S. Cauld is the e'enin blast
The Author's Cry and Prayer.	You murky cloud is foul with rain, S. The gloomy night
Come, bring the tither mutchkin in, The Ordination. 14.	Murmur. And now in fainting murmurs die; On Lincluden.
Muck. Three priests' hearts, rotten, black as muck,	Oh! stream whose murmurs still I hear! S. Slow spreads the gloom
Lay stinking, vile, in every neuk. [v.A.16] Tam o' Shanter.	Murmur, to.
Muckle v. Meikle.	'Then never murmur nor repine; . The Vision. D. II. 21
Muffle. When Winter muffles up his cloak, Tam Samson's El	Murmur'd.
Muffled. Dark-muffl'd, [Phœbe] view'd the dreary plain; A Winter Night. 6.	Clos'd in my arms, she murmur'd still, Come kiss me at your leisure. S. As I gaed up by
The muffled murtherer of Charles The Election Ballads. VI.	Murmuring.
me 411 1 11 h-441aa	My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream, S. Afton Water
He's sure to hae; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 20.	While hid the murmuring streamlets flow;
Muir. Might well award him Muir and Palmer's fate: Ep. fr. Esopus.	S. On Cessnock banks † Sett. II
Muir [moor].	The murmuring streamlet winds clear thro' the vale, S. The small birds rejoice
They skim the muirs an' dizzy crags, Add. to the Deil. 9.	Murray's light horse are to muster
Altho' my bed were in you muir, . S. Montgomerie's Peggy.	The Election Ballads. III
The rising sun, our Galston Muirs, Wi' glorious light was glintan; The Holy Fair.	And there will be Murray Commander,
Wi' glorious light was glintan; The Holy Fair. Drumossie muir, Drumossie day,	And hey for the sanctified Murray, Our land wha wi' chapels has stored;
A waefu' day it was to me; S. The lovely lass †	Here is Murray's fragments O' the ten commands; Ib. IV
His voice was heard thro' muir and dale, The Twa Herds. 7.	The Murray's noble name!
Sendin' the stuff o'er muirs an' haggs	The Stewart and the Murray there
Like drivin' wrack; Third Ep. to J. Lap	Did muster a' their powers
Muirfowl [moor-fowl]. Perhaps upon his mould'ring breast	Murther [murder].
Some spitefu' muirfowl bigs her nest, [v.A.15]	God won't accept your thanks for murther!
Tam Samson's Et.	V. on Nat. Thanks.
Muirhead. Muirhead, wha's as gude as he's true; The Election Ballads. III.	Murtherer. The muffled murtherer of Charles The Election Ballads. VI
And by our banners march'd Muirhead, Ib. V.	Muscle. Triumphant crushan't like a muscle
Mulphen. The Muirhen lo'es the heather;	The Author's Cry and Prayer. 7
S. O gie my love brose †	Muse, the Muses.
They tald me 'twas an odd kind chiel	The muse should tell, in labor'd strains, O Mary how I love thee S. Could aught of song
About Muirkirk. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 4.	
	And not a muse in honest grief bewail. El. on Miss Burner
Muirland Jock [Rev. John Shepherd, Muirkirk].	And not a muse in honest grief bewail. El. on Miss Burner Where words ne'er crost the muse's heckles,
Muirland Jock [Rev. John Shepherd, Muirkirk]. Muirland Jock, Muirland Jock, when the L-d makes a rock	Where words ne'er crost the muse's heckles, Ep. to H. Parker
Muirland Jock [Rev. John Shepherd, Muirkirk]. Muirland Jock, Muirland Jock, when the L—d makes a rock To crush common sense for her sins, The Kirk's Alarm.	Where words ne'er crost the muse's heckles, Ep. to H. Parker And morning Poossie whiddan seen,
Muirland Jock [Rev. John Shepherd, Muirkirk]. Muirland Jock, Muirland Jock, when the L—d makes a rock To crush common sense for her sins, Multiply. I sing his name and nobler fame, Wha multiplies our number. Nature's Law.	Where words ne'er crost the muse's heckles, Ep. to H. Parker And morning Poossie whiddan seen, Inspire my Muse, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st Whene'er my Muse does on me glance,
Muirland Jock [Rev. John Shepherd, Muirkirk]. Muirland Jock, Muirland Jock, when the L—d makes a rock To crush common sense for her sins, The Kirk's Alarm. Multiply. I sing his name and nobler fame,	Where words ne'er crost the muse's heckles, Ep. to H. Parker And morning Poossie whiddan seen, Inspire my Muse, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st Whene'er my Muse does on me glance, I jingle at her
Muirland Jock [Rev. John Shepherd, Muirkirk]. Muirland Jock, Muirland Jock, when the L—d makes a rock To crush common sense for her sins, Multiply. I sing his name and nobler fame, Wha multiplies our number. Nature's Law.	Where words ne'er crost the muse's heckles, Ep. to H. Parker And morning Possie whiddan seen, Inspire my Muse, . Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st Whene'er my Muse does on me glance,

My awkart Muse sair pleads and begs,	Muse while the Evan seeks the Clyde? S. Slow spreads the gloom †
I would na write. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 2. My Muse dow scarcely spread her wing: Ep. to J. R., 6.	Apart let me wander, apart let me muse, S. The lazy mist †
Pity the tuneful muses' hapless train, Ep. to R. Gruham. 5.	Some seem'd to muse, some seem'd to dare, [v.A.4]
My muse may imp her wing for some sublimer flight. 16.5.	The Vision.
A sorry, poor, misbegot son of the Muses, Frag. inscr. to Fox.	Mus'd. Or mus'd where limpid streams once hallow'd, well, On Death of Sir J. Blair.
But truce with abstraction, and truce with a muse, Whose rhymes you'll perhaps, Sir, ne'er deign to peruse: 16.	I backward mus'd on wasted time, . The Vision. D. I. 4.
My Muse to dream of such a theme, Her feeble powers surrender; S. Lovely Davies.	Music. When Phœbus peeps over the mountains, On music, and pleasure, and love. S. Adown winding Nith †
But Nith maun be my Muse's well, My Muse maun be thy bonie sell! S. O were I on Parnass.	The music of her pretty foot, On my heart it did play so, S. As I gaed up by t
Then come, sweet Muse, inspire my lay! Ib. The Muse was a' that he took pride in, On Scot. Bard gne to W.I.	The music of thy voice I heard, Nor wist while it enslav'd me; S. Farewell, thou stream † At once 'tis music,—and 'tis love! S. Here is the glen †
"No; every Muse shall join her tuneful tongue, On Death of Sir J. Blair.	And, hark! what more than mortal sound Of music breathes the pile around? On Lincluden.
Inspires my muse to gie 'm his dues, . On W. Chalmers.	To gie them music was his charge: . Tam o' Shanter. 11.
O thou, my Muse! guid, auld Scotch Drink! Scotch Drink. 2.	But all the soul of Music's self was heard;
Alake! that e'er my Muse has reason, To wyte her countrymen wi' treason!	The Brigs of Ayr. 12. The gowdspink, Music's gayest child,
There's themes enow in Caledonian story, Wad shew the Tragic Muse in a' her glory. Scots Prologue.	The Petition of Br. Water. The music of thy tongue I heard,
Where are the Muses fled, that should produce A drama worthy of the name of Bruce?	Nor wist while it enslaved me: S. The last time I† And joy and music pouring forth,
Would take the Muses' servants by the hand, Ib.	In ev'ry grove, . The Vision. D. II, 14.
I'm tauld the Muse ye hae negleckit; Second Ep. to Davie.	Sae sweetly move her genty limbs
The Muse, poor hizzie! Tho' rough an' raploch be her measure,	Like music-notes o' Lover's hymns: S. My Lord a-hunting †
She's seldom lazy Ib.	Musie [dim. of muse].
Haud tae the Muse, my dainty Davie: Ib.	My musie, tir'd wi' mony a sonnet . To Rev. J. M'Math. Ironic satire, sidelins sklented,
But for the Muse, she'll never leave ye,	On my poor musie; . To W. Simpson.
Tho' e'er sae puir,	Musing.
Alas! my roupet Muse is haerse!	Musing on the roaring ocean, Which divides my love and me: Musing on the roaring †
The Author's Cry and Prayer.	Oft as by winding Nith I, musing, wait
Friend o' my muse, friend o' my life, The Election Ballads, VI.	On seeing wounded Hare.
Nae gentle dames the' e'er sae fair	Life's poor day I'll musing rave, . S. Streams that glide †
Shall ever be my muse's care; S. The Highland Lassie.	(Fit haunts for Friendship or for Love, In musing mood) [v.A.4] . The Vision. D. I.
An' thus the Muse suggested	When musing in a lonely glade, S. Twas even—the dewy †
His sang that night. The Jolly Beggars. R. VII. I never drank the Muses' Stank,	For there he is wand'ring, and musing on me,
Castalia's burn an' a' that,	Musing-deep. S. Wae is my heart †
Your muse is a gipsie, e'en tho' she were tipsie,	With musing-deep, astonish'd stare, . The Vision. D.II.
She cou'd ca' us nae waur than we are. The Kirk's Alarm. A prayer from the muse you well may excuse,	Musings.
S. The Sons of old Killie.	And wake the soul to musings high On Lincluden.
I took her for some Scottish Muse, . The Vision. D. I. 9. 'In me thy native Muse regard! Ib. D. II. 2.	Musket. Say pell and mell, wi' muskets knell How Tories fell and Whigs to h-ll Flew off
But browster wives an' whiskie stills,	S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor. Muslin-kail [broth made of vegetables and water
They are the muses. Third Ep. to J. Lap	without beef].
Nor with unwilling ear attend The moralizing Muse	Be't water-brose, or muslin-kail, To J. S., 24.
With every muse to rove:	Muster. For Murray's light horse are to muster The Election Ballads, III.
As lang's the Muses dinna fail To say the grace. To J. S., 24.	Did muster a' their powers
Here, where the Scottish muse immortal lives,	To muster o'er each ardent Whig
To Miss Graham. And fled each Muse that glorious once inspired, To R. G. of F., 5.	Davie Bluster, Davie Bluster, if for a saunt ye do muster, The corps is no nice of recruits; The Kirk's Alarm.
Not so the idle Muses' mad-cap train,	Or else he would muster the heads of the clan, The Whistle. 7.
A fabled Muse may suit a bard that feigns, To R. Graham.	Mustering. Ye mustering thunders from above Your willing victim see! S. O mirk, mirk †
An' not a muse erect her head	Lang-mustering up a bitter blast; On Scot. Bard gne to W.I.
To cowe the blellums? To Rev. J. M'Math.	Musty. (O Ferguson! thy glorious parts,
Pardon a muse sae mean as mine,	Ill-suited laws dry, musty arts! To W. Simpson. 4.
Till by himsel he learn'd to wander, . To W. Simpson.	Mutchkin v. Muchkin. Mute. Then at the balance let's be mute,
By far my elder brother in the muses,	We never can adjust it; . Add. to Unco Guid. 8.
Wr. under Port. of Fergusson. Muse-inspirin'.	I'll drap the lyre, and mute, admire, . S. Lovely Davies.
muse-inspirin' aqua-vitæ Third Ep. to J. Lap	Mutrie. M[utrie] and you were just a match, The Ordination. 10.
Muse, to.	Mutter.
Of Phillis to muse and to sing. S. Adown winding Nith †	He mutters, glow'ring at the bitches, Lns add. to J. Ranken.
To muse some favourite Scottish theme, As on the banks †	And mutter forth a half-heard prayer On Lincluden.
O tell me, does she muse on me! . S. Behold the hour	Mutt'ring.
As hopeless I muse on thy charms, S. Here's a health to ane t	I started, mutt'ring blockhead! coof! The Vision. D. I. 6.

Mutual.

Health and Peace, with mutual rays,

Health and Peace, with included the bands and bliss o' mutual love,
S. Braw lads on Yar. bracs †

A Ded. to G. H., 14.

As hopeless I muse on thy charms, S. Here's a health to ane † And the moon shines bright, when I rove at night,
To muse upon my Charmer.

And ay I muse and sing thy name,
S. O were I on Parnass.†

A mutual faith to plight, On Miss J. Lewars.	And ken na how to wair't: Ep. to Davie. 2
In raptures sweet this hour we meet,	'Mair spier na, nor fear na,'
Wi' mutual love an' a' that; The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII.	I care na by how few may see, . S. First when Maggie
The plighted faith; the mutual flame; . The Lament. 3.	An' she be na noddin too! . S. Gudeen to you Kimmer
We hae plighted our troth, my Mary, In mutual affection to join, S. To Mary.	She notic't na, an aizle brunt
Mutual-kindling.	Her braw new worset apron
To mark the mutual-kindling eye The Lament.	
Muve [move].	It was na sae ye glinted by When I was wi' my dearie! S. How lang and dreary S. When I think on
Had I na found the slightest prayer	She charm'd my soul, I wist na how; S. I gaed a waefu'
That lips could speak thy heart could muve. S. I do confess †	It is na, Jean, thy bonie face, S. It is na, Jean
These muvin' things ca'd wives and weans	But he has na tell'd the lass hersel Katharine Jaffra
Wad muve the very hearts o' stanes! . Searching auld	O tell na me of wind and rain,
Muvin [moving]. These muvin' things ca'd wives and weans Searching auld †	Uphraid na me wi' cauld disdain, S. O Lassie, art thou
Muzzl'd. Nae hand-cuff'd, muzzl'd, haff-shackl'd Regent,	Ye are na Mary Morrison S. O Mary, at thy If love for love thou wilt na gie,
El. on Year 1788.	If love for love thou wilt na gie,
Myra. Dear Myra, the captive ribband's mine,	An' 'twere na for my Jeanie S. O poortith cauld
S. The capt. Kibband.	O steer her up, and be na blate, S. O steer her up
Myrtle. Nae gowden stream thro' myrtles twines, Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	Ye would na been sae shy; S. O Tibbie!
Wh-re-hunting amang groves o' myrtles; The Twa Dogs. 23.	But troth I care na by
Their groves of sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon,	Ye spak' na, hut gaed by like stoure;
S. Their groves of †	I would na gie her in her sark
Mysel [myself].	For thee wi' a' thy thousand mark;
Wi' you, mysel, I gat a fright, Add. to the Deil. 7.	And come na unless the back-yett be a-jee; S. O whistle
Tho' I mysel' ha'e plenty; S. And O for ane and twenty twi' a' my pow'r. I set mysel, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 4.	And come, as ye were na coming to me, [re.]
wi' a' my pow'r, I set mysel, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 4. I took the way that pleas'd mysel, Ib. 31.	We are na fou, we're nae that fou, S. O Willie brew'a What heart o' stane wad thou na move,
I winna blaw about mysel, . Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 16.	On Birth of Posth. Child
I've play'd mysel a bonie spring,	Ah! Nick, ah Nick it is na fair, Poem on Lij
But Oh! I fear the kintra soon	Was na Robin bauld, S. Robin shure in hairs
Will ken as weel's mysel! . S. My heart was ance t	Nor ha'e't in her power to say na, man, Ronalds of Bennai
And I mysel' the zephyr's breath, Amang its bonie leaves to play S. O were my love †	Na, even tho' limpan wi' the spavie
Amang its bonie leaves to play S. O were my love t	Frae door tae door. Second Ep. to Davi
And I mysel' a drap of dew, Into her bonie breast to fa'!	Yet darena for your anger; S. Sweet fa's the eve We think na on the lang Scots miles, . Tam o' Shante
I lo'e her mysel, hut darena weel tell, Ronalds of Bennals.	Tam did na mind the storm a whistle
Poor, plackless devils like mysel, Scotch Drink. 16.	Fair play, he car'd na deils a hoddle
So touched, bewitched,	'Na, waur than a'l' cries ilka chiel, Tam Samson's El
I rav'd ay to mysel: The Ans. to the Guidwife.	I kend na how to tell The Ans. to the Guidwij
I saw mysel, they did pursue The horse-men back to Forth, man,	na bred to barn and byre,
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	(Deil na they never mair do guid,
I am, altho' I say't mysel, Worth gaun a mile to see The Petition of Br. Water.	The Author's Cry and Prayer. I And wist na o' my fate The Banks of Doon. Sett I
Sae I subscribe mysel in haste, . Third Ep. to J. Lap	He wist na where he was gaun, O. S. The Cooper o' Cuddy
He tald mysel by word o' mouth, To Dr. Blacklock.	An he get na hell for his haddin,
Mysel, I've ev'n seen them greetan	The deil gets na justice ava. The Election Ballads. II
Wi' girnan spite, . To W. Simpson, P.S. I canna to mysel' conceal	A place where body saw na'; The gowd. Locks of A
My deeply-ranklin' sorrow Verses under Grief.	Black [Russel] is na spairan: The Holy Fair. 2
Mysle. And tak a look o' Mysie; The Tarbolton Lasses.	They mind't na wha the chorus teuk, The Jolly Beggars. R. II.
Mysterious. owning heaven's mysterious sway, Frag. of Ode.	Like him there is na twa, Jamie; S. The Laddies by
Mystery, Might there have learnt new mysteries of his art; The Vowels.	I kend na where to lodge till day:
Mystic.	S. The lass that made the be
Thence, mystic knots mak great abuse, Add. to the Deil. 11.	O wrang na my virginity!
Masons' mystic word an' grip,	And ay she wist na what to say;
The Brethren o' the mystic level Tam Samson's El	The lassie thought na lang till day
Dear brothers of the mystic tye!	Twa Dogs that were na thrang at hame, The Twa Dog The fient a pride na pride had he,
The Farewell. To St. J.'s L Mystical.	The fient a pride na pride had he,
May secrecy round he the mystical hound.	Yet wist na what her ail might be, S. There was a lass
And brotherly love be the centre. S. The sons of old Killie.	She had na will to say him na:
Na [not, no].	I care na thy daddie, his lands and his money, S. Tibbie Dunba
Ev'n that, he does na mind it lang: . A Ded. to G. H., 5.	S. Tibbie Dunba
He does na fail his part in either	Na faith ye yet!
But sneer na British-boys awa: A Dream. 14. I wat he was na slaw, man; A Fragment. 2.	I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve; . To a Mous
I doubt na they wad bide nae better . Add. of Beelzebub.	I hae na ony fear
Ah, Chloris, since it may na be, S. Ah, Chloris †	We cam' na here to view your warks, V.s on Window, Carron
Come weel, come woe, I care na by, S. Behind you hills †	Your porter dought na hear us;
But 'tis na love like mine S. Behold, my love †	But oh, if he's faithless, and minds na his Nanie, S. Wandering Willi
Lest my wee thing be na mine. S. Bonie wee thing t	'Na, na,' quo' I, 'I'm no for that, What ails ye now
And tho' I hae na meikle tocher, S. Braw lads on Yar. braes t	My mind it was na steady, . S. When first I came
I was na fou, but just had plenty; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 3.	It's a pity ane sae pretty
'My name is Death, But be na fley'd.'	Should na do the thing they can. S. Will ye go and marry Let na this o' thee be tauld.

Or if thou wilt na be my ain,	Nae ray of fame was to be found: . Lament for Glencairn.
Say na thou'lt refuse me S. Wilt thou be my	Nae ruder visit knows, S. Now Spring has clad
Nabob. But as to his fine Nabob fortune,	Nae star blinks thro' the driving sleet; S. O Lassie, art thout Nae mate to help, nae mate to cheer, S. O Logan!
We'll e'en let this subject alane. The Election Ballads. III.	And time nae langer spill, jo: S. O steer her up †
And there will be rich brother Nabobs,	I wad never had nae care, . S. O that I had ne'er †
Though Nabobs, yet men o' the first;	Tho' thou has nae silk and holland sae sma,
Nae [no]. an' that's nae flatt'rin, A Ded. to G. H., 2. He's just—nae better than he should be Ib. 4.	S. O when she cam ben t
But then, nae thanks to him for a' that;	Gang by me as tho' that ye car'd nae a flie; . S. O whistle t
Nae godly symptom ye can ca' that;	But court nae anither, tho' joking ye be,
And Och! that's nae r-g-n-r-t-n! [v.A.29.] Ib.	'Twad been nae plea; On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.
I'll warrant then, ye're nae Deceiver,	The feint a pride, nae pride had he, On Dining with Daer.
So Sir, you see 'twas nae daft vapour,	I am nae stranger to your fame, On W. Chalmers.
my life's a lease, Nae bargain wearing faster, Ib. 6.	Nae gowden stream thro' myrtles twines,
An' did nae less, in full Congress, A Fragment.	Poem on Pastoral Poetry. Nae bombast spates of nonsense swell;
like ony Turk, Nae mercy had at a', man; 16.5.	She was nae get o' moorlan tips, Poor Mailie's El
Nae whip nor spur, but just a wattle A Guid New-year † 10.	She was nae get o' runted rams, [v.A.19] Ib.
But what he said it was nae play, A Vision.	Nae mercy, then, for airn or steel; . Scotch Drink. 11.
Lord grant, nae duddie, desperate beggar, Add. of Beelzebub. I doubt na they wad bide nae better	Nae howdie gets a social night Or plack frae them. [v.A.25] Ib. 12.
Nae sage North, now, nor sager Sackville,	Or plack frae them. [v.A.25] Ib. 12. Nae thought, nae view, nae scheme o' livin',
Ye're aiblins nae temptation Add. to Unco Guid. 6.	Nae cares tae gie us joy or grievin': Second Ep. to Davie.
With nae proportion wanting, S. As I gaed up by †	Nae ferlie 'tis tho' fickle she prove, S. She's fair and fause †
"There was a time, it's nae lang syne. As on the banks t	Ae market-day thou was nae sober; . Tam o' Shanter.
"Nae hitter blast," the sp'rit replies, "It blaws nae here sae fierce and fell, Ib.	Nae man can tether time or tide;
Ye'll do nae gude at a'	Wi' tippeny, we fear nae evil;
Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O: . S. Behind you hills †	Ye're wae men, ye're nae men, The Ans. to the Guidwife.
Nae purer is than Nanie, O	He has nae thought but how to kill
An' has nae care but Nanie, O 1b.	Twa at a blow. The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.
Nae ither care in life have I,	(That Bards are second-sighted is nae joke, The Brigs of Ayr.
Nor nae langer sport and play, Mirth or sang can please me; S. Blythe ha'e I been †	I doubt na, frien', ye'll think ye're nae sheep-shank, . Ib.
Altho' his daddie was nae laird, S. Braw lads on Yar. braes t	Weel-pleas'd the Mother hears, it's nae wild, worthless rake.
I was bred up at nae sic school, S. Ca the ewes.	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 7. But nae ane could their fancy please,
To love they thought nae crime, Sir; S. Damon and Sylvia.	The Election Ballads. I.
'Twas but yestreen, nae farther gaen, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 16.	O there had been nae play;
Nae doubt they'll rive it wi' the plew;	Nae wonder that it pride him! The Holy Fair. 11.
I tell nae common tale o' grief, El. on Capt. M. H., Epit.	There's peace an' rest nae langer; Ib. 14. Waesucks! for him that gets nae lass, Ib. 25.
The tither's dour, has nae sic breedin', . El. on Year 1788.	Waesucks! for him that gets nae lass,
Nae waur than he did, honest man!	I ha'e nae wife; and that my bliss is.
Tho' it should serve nae other end Wha hae nae check but human law, Ep. to Young Friend. Ib. 3.	An' ye have laid nae tax on misses;
A comfort this nae sma':	Wi' people wha ken ye nae better. The Kirk's Alarm. 13.
Nae mair then, we'll care then,	She could ca' us nae waur than we are Ib. 18. Nae joy nor pleasure can she see; S. The lovely lass of I. †
Nae farther we can fa'	Spare them nae day The Ordination. 5.
Ye'll find nae other where	nae reflection on your lear,
Wi' nae converse but Gallowa' bodies, . Ep. to H. Parker.	The sleepy bit lassie she dreaded nae ill, S. The Taylor fell t
Tak this excuse for nae epistle	Nae real joys we know, man The Tree of Liberty.
I am nae Poet, in a sense, . Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 9.	Nae tawted tyke, tho' e'er sae duddie, But he wad stan't, as glad to see him, The Twa Dogs. 3.
An' hae to Learning nae pretence,	Nae cauld nor hunger e'er can steer them, Ib. 27.
Nae wonder he's as black's the grun, Epit. on Holy Willie.	They've nae sair-wark to craze their banes, Ib. 29.
And bade me mak nae clatter; . S. Had I the wyte †	Nae poison'd soor Arminian stank, . The Twa Herds. 5.
An' Mary, nae doubt, took the drunt, Halloween. 9.	This waly boy will be not coof, . S. There was a lad t
I wat she made nae jaukin;	We'll cry nae jads frae heathen hills, Third Ep. to J. Lap Auld Scotland wants nae skinking ware [v.A.7] To a Haggis.
Sometime when nae ane see'd him,	And bade nae better
Thou'rt ay sae free informing me Thou hast nae mind to marry; . S. Here's to thy health †	Poor wights! nae rules nor roads observin; To J. S. 19.
Nae time hae I to tarry	Ye are sae grave, nae doubt ye're wise; Ib. 28.
I'll fear nae scant, I'll bode nae want,	Nae Poet thought her worth his while, To W. Simpson. 7.
As lang's I get employment	Then gae your gate ye'se nae be here! S. Wha is that at my t
Of gude advisement comes nae ill. S. In simmer when t	'Gelding's nae better than 'tis ca't, . What ails ye now † My only beast, I had nae mae, . S. What will I do gin †
He has nae love to spare for me:	But Willie's wife is nae sae trig, S. Willie Wastle †
Jenny was nae ill to gain, S. Jockey fout	I could wish nae man to get ye,
Let her lo'e nae man but me;	Save it were my very sel S. Will ye go and marry t
Nae the meat, but appetite	We's mak nae din about your tocher;
Fancy only kens nae cheat	Then nae ither man can get ye,
Nae leaf o' mine shall greet the spring.	And a' the day to sit in dool,
Nae leaf o' mine shall greet the spring, Nae simmer sun exalt my bloom; Lament for Glencairn.	And nae body to see me S. Ca' the Ewes.

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I'll partake wi' naebody; S. Naebody.	tak that, ye lea'e them naething, To ken them by, Ep. to J. R
I'll gie Cuckold to naebody	O gat ye me wi' naething? S. Gat ye me,
There, thanks to naebody;	To winn three wechts o' naething; Halloween. 21
I'll borrow frae naebody	I said, there was naething I hated like men,
I am naebody's lord, I'll be slave to naebody; Ib.	S. Last May a braw wooer
I'll tak dunts frae naebody	I hae naething to lend,
I'll be sad for naebody; Naebody cares for me, I care for naebody	I've little to spend, and naething to lend, Ronalds of Bennals
I care for naebody. Syne up the back-style, and let naebody see, S. O Whistle, †	For making o' rhymes, and working at times, Does little or naething at a', man
Let nae body name wi' a jeer; The Jolly Beggars. S. III.	He gaped wide, but naething spak, The Death of Mailie.
While Irwin, Lugar, Aire an' Doon.	Waesucks! for him that gets nae lass,
While Irwin, Lugar, Aire an' Doon, Naebody sings To W. Simpson. 8.	Or lasses that hae naething! The Holy Fair. 25.
Twas the dear smile when naebody did mind us,	How I had spent my youthfu' prime,
Nae mair [no more].	An' done nae-thing, . The Vision. D. I. 4
When ebbing life nae mair shall flow, A Ded. to G. H., 14.	Was naething to my hinny bliss Upon the lips o' Anna., S. The gowd. Locks of A.
I heard nae mair, A Winter Night. 10.	Or naething else to trouble thee,
I seek nae mair o' Heav'n to share,	But stray among the heather bells, . There was a lass t
Than sic a moment's pleasure, O! S. An' I'll kiss thee yet †	There's naethin like the honest nappy! There's naethin like
Nae mair then, we'll care then, Ep. to Davie. 3.	An' naething, now, to big a new ane, To a Mouse.
It just play'd dirl on the bane, But did nae mair. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 16.	naething but a 'moonshine matter;' To W. Simpson. P.S.
He'll gabble rhyme, nor sing nae mair, [re.]	Nag. Tell how wi' you on ragweed nags, They skim the muirs an' dizzy crags, Add. to the Deil. 9.
El. on Death of R. Ruisseaux.	Nagie [dim. of nag].
So I can rhyme nor write nae mair; . Ep. to J. R., 13.	And wanton nagies nine or ten. S. There was a lass
Nae mair at present can I measure, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 14.	Naig [nag].
Now we're married, spier nae mair, S. First when Maggie †	And when I downa yoke a naig,
Nae mair my Dearie smiles; Fragment.	Then, Lord be thanket, I can beg; . A Ded. to G. H., 2.
Till the Fates, nae mair severe,	Or dealing thro' amang the naigs
Friendship, Love and Peace restore. S. Frae the friends † I'll come nae mair to thy bower door, S. Here's to thy health †	Their ten-hours bite, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 2. A braw new naig wi' the tail o't a' rottan,
Nae mair ungen'rous wish I hae, S. It is na, Jean †	S. O ken ye what Meg
Jenny, I'll nae mair be nice, S. Jockey fou †	That every naig was ca'd a shoe on, The smith and thee gat roaring fou on; Tam o' Shanter. 3.
O! soon, to me, may summer-suns	The smith and thee gat roaring fou on; Tam o' Shanter. 3. For we're not to be bought or sold
O! soon, to me, may summer-suns Nae mair light up the morn!	Like naigs and nowt, and a' that. The Election Ballads. II.
Nae mair, to me, the autumn winds Wave o'er the yellow corn! Lament of Mary of Scots.	He founder'd his horse among harlots,
The wretch whase Doom is "hope nae mair,"	But gied his auld naig to the Lord
What tongue his woes can tell; S. Now Spring has clad †	Naigie [dim. of Naig].
For pity's sake, sweet bird, nae mair!	And thou live, thou'll steal a naigie S. Hee balout
S. O stay, sweet warbling t	Nail. But some day ye may gnaw your nails, A Dream. 10. But deil a foreign tinkler loun
Gie me Rob, I'll seek nae mair, S. O wha my bable-clouts † Nae mair he'll join the merry roar, On Scot. Bard gne to W.I.	Shall ever ca' a nail in't: S. Does haughty Gault
Thou'lt be a horse when he's nae mair (mayor).	Nail, to. 'I'll nail the self-conceited sot,
On B.'s Horse Impound.	As dead's a herrin'. Death and Dr. Hornbook.30.
Ilk feature—auld nature Declar'd that she cou'd do nae mair! . S. Sae flaxen †	Naii't. Great lies and nonsense baith to vend,
An' fash nae mair Second Ep. to Davie.	And nail't wi' Scripture. [v.A.6] Death and Dr. Hornbook.
Alas! nae mair he'll them molest! [v.A.15] Tam Samson's El.	Naiveté. Sweet naïveté of feature, To Miss Fontenelle.
If ye'll meddle nae mair wi' the matter, The Kirk's Alarm. 13.	Naked.
And your friends they dare grant you nae mair Ib. 14.	And raging bend the naked tree; S. Again rejoic. Nature †
Nae mair the flow'r in field or meadow springs;	Wide o'er the naked world declare
Nae mair the grove with airy concert rings, The Brigs of Ayr.	The worth we've lost, El. on Capt. M. H., 13.
Wag-wits nae mair can have a handle Ib. 10.	They [Misfortunes] make us see the naked trnth, Ep. to Davie. 7.
Nae mair the Council waddles down the street, In all the pomp of ignorant conceit;	The honest, open, naked truth:
But here alas! for me nae mair	The Author's Cry and Prayer. 4. The trees now naked groaning, S. The yng Highl. Rover.
Shall birdie charm, or flow'ret smile;	The trees now naked groaning, S. The yng Highl. Rover. thy poor, fenceless, naked child—the Bard! To R. G. of F., 3.
S. The Catrine woods † Nae mair the knaves shall wrang her, The Ordination. 3.	In naked feeling, and in aching pride,
White weeks at a site was a site of the si	When winds rave thro' the naked tree; To W. Simpson. 13.
Nae mair thou it rowte out-owre the dale, 16. 6. Nae mair by Babel's streams we'll weep, 16. 7.	Name But thoughtless follies laid him low
Now R[obinson] harangue nae mair,	And stain'd his name! A Bard's Epit
Morality's demure decoys	K[ennedy]'s far-honor'd name A Ded. to G. H., 14.
Shall here nae mair find quarter: 1b. 13.	A name not Envy spairges) A Dream. 7.
We'll court nae mair below the bush in our kail-yard, S. There grows a bonie brier †	Is there, beneath love's noble name, Can harbour dark the selfish aim, A Winter Night. 8.
	An' tease my name in kintry clatter: Add. to Illegit. Child.
Whae'er she gat hands on, cam' near her nae mair, S. There liv'd ance a carle †	And never envy blot their [thy sons'] name!
Then Jamie, I shall say nae mair, To J. S., 29.	Add. to Edinburgh. 3.
They durst nae mair than he allow'd, To W. Creech.	Their royal name low in the dust!
Naething, -in [nothing].	Refore ve gie poor frailty names.
It's naething but a milder feature, Of our poor, sinfu', corrupt Nature: . A Ded. to G. H., 6.	Suppose a change o' cases; Add. to Unco Guid. 6.
It seem'd to mak a kind o' stan',	And [Deil] write their names in his black beuk
But naething spak; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 8.	S. Awa, whigs, awa.
There's naething here but Highland pride,	I lo'e weel my Charlie's name, S. Come boat me o'er. It spak right howe—'My name is Death,'
Epig. on being neglected at In. Inn. But never tempt th' illicit rove	Death and Dr. Hornbook. 9.
Tho' naething should divulge it: Ep. to Young Friend. 6.	'Their Latin names as fast he rattles As A B C. Ib. 20.

'A bonie lass, ye kend her name,	Dear to his country by the names,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 28.	Friend, Patron, Benefactor! The Election Ballads. V.
It warms me, it charms me, To mention but her name; Ep. to Davie. 8.	Heav'n bless your honor'd, noble Name, The Farewell. To St. J.'s L.
O, how that name inspires my style! Ib. II. Your Latin names for horns an' stools;	he quat his name, Forswore it, every letter, The Fête Champetre
In some bit Brugh to represent	"My name is Fun—your cronie dear, . The Holy Fair. 3 The promis'd Father's tender name; . The Lamen
A Baillie's name? Ib., Ap. 21st, II. Of this much lov'd, much honor'd name! Epit. for R. A.	Lovely Jessy be the name; The Toass
A coof like him wou'd stain your [Sir deil's] name,	I watna what's the name o't; The Tree of Liberts
Epit. on Holy Willie.	That bears the name o' auld king Coil, . The Twa Dogs
Nor saves e'en the wreck of a name: S. Farewell, thou fair day†	And names, like villain, hypocrite, Ilk ither gi'en, The Twa Herds. 9
May coward shame disdain his name, The wretch that dares not die! S. Farewell, ye dungeons †	Fareweel even to the Scotish name, S. The Union Where many a Patriot-name on high
But now for a patron, whose name and whose glory At once may illustrate and honour my story.	And Hero shone. [v.A.4] . The Vision
Frag. inscr. to Fox.	'Of these am I—Coila my name; . The Vision. D. II. 11
For using thy name offers fifty excuses	'Those accents, grateful to thy tongue, Th' adored Name,
bold Balmerino's undying name, Fragment of Ode.	That name, that well-worn name, and all his own,
G-d confound their stubborn face,	The Vowels
And blast their name, Holy Willie's Prayer. 10. Fondly he'll repeat her name; S. Jockey's ta'en the parting †	That fate may in her fairest page,—enroll thy name:
And Katharine Jaffray was her name, Katharine Jaffray.	Some rhyme a neebor's name to lash; To I. S., 5
Haste, gie her name up i' the chappel, Letter to J. Goudie.	Some rhyme a neebor's name to lash; To J. S., 5 Nae heathen name shall I prefix To Miss Ferrier
Tho' glory's name may screen us; Lns, on Windows, Gl. Tav	Critics—appalled, I venture on the name, To R. G. of F., 4
My name, she says, is Mistress Jean, S. My Collier Laddie.	Ferguson, the writer-chiel, A deathless name. To W. Simpson
I sing his name and nobler fame,	To set her name in measur'd style;
Wha multiplies our number Nature's Law.	At Wallace' name, what Scottish blood,
The man that fears thy name, New Psalmody.	But boils up in a spring-tide flood!
Because ye hae the name o' clink, S. O Tibbie! † But if he hae the name o' gear,	Happiness is but a name, . Wr. in Hermitage at FC.
Ye'll fasten to him like a brier,	Keep the name of man in mind,
And ay I muse and sing thy name, S. O were I on Parnass.†	S. Ye Iacobites
"While empty greatness saves a worthless name!	And bless the dear parental name
On Death of Sir J. Blair.	With many a filial blossom S. Young Peggy Name, to.
The very name of Douglas blasted, On Duke of Queensberry. Follies and crimes have stain'd the name	And dear was she I darena name, S. O may thy morn
	Wi' mair o' horrible and awefu',
I doubt na, lass, that weel-kenned name May cost a pair o' blushes; On W. Chalmers.	Which even to name wad be unlawfu'. Tam o' Shanter. 11.
Of Stuart, a name once respected,	An' warn him-what I winna name [v.A.3] The Death of Mailie.
A name, which to love was the mark of a true heart, Poet. Add. to W. Tytler.	"I'm sure I've seen that bonie face,
My fathers, that name have rever'd on a throne; Ib.	"But yet I canna name ye." The Holy Fair. 4.
Those fathers would spurn their degenerate son,	Let nae hody name wi' a jeer; The Jolly Beggars. S. III.
That name should he scoffingly slight it	The first I'll name they ca'd him Cæsar, The Twa Dogs. that cursed set, I winna name, The Twa Herds. II.
Hail, Caledonia, name for ever dear! Prologue, sp. by Woods. Nor Insolence assumes fair Freedom's name; Ib.	that cursed set, I winna name, . The Twa Herds. 11. An' name the airles an' the fee, . To Gav. Hamilton.
Ror Insolence assumes fair Freedom's name; Ib. Rash mortal, and slanderous Poet, thy name	Who in her rough imperfect line
Shall no longer appear in the records of fame; Reproof by Himself.	Thus daurs to name thee; To Rev. J. M'Math. Named. If man thou would'st be named,
An' crabbed names an' stories wrack us, . Scotch Drink.	Despise the silly creature. S. Deluded swain
Inspire me, till I lisp an' wink, To sing thy name! . 1b.	Sir, in that circle you are nam'd; To Rev. J. M'Math.
Wae worth the name, [v.A.25]	Nameless. Be nameless wilds and lonely wanderings mine, On Death of R. Dundas.
A drama worthy of the name of Bruce? Scots Prologue.	I pass by hunders, nameless wretches,
Ye surly sumphs, who hate the name, The Ans. to the Guidwife.	That ape their betters. Poem on Pastoral Poetry. Alas! I'm but a nameless wight,
Is there, that bears the name o' Scot, But feels his heart's bluid rising hot,	The Author's Cry and Prayer.
The Author's Cry and Prayer. And ane, a chap that's d-mn'd auldfarran,	Windows and doors in nameless sculptures drest, The Brigs of Ayr. 8.
Dundas his name	He to the nameless ghastly wretch assign'd. The Vowels. For your braw, nameless, dateless letter, Third Ep. to J. Lap.
Your humble Bardie sings an' prays While Rab his name is	In your unletter'd, nameless faces! To J. S., 27.
But tell me Whisky's name in Greek, I'll tell the reason	Nancy.
And a town of fame whose princely name	An' next, my auld acquaintance, Nancy, Auld comrade †
Should grace the Lass of Albany.	Where now my Nancy's path may be! S. Behold the hour† One of two must still obey, Nancy, Nancy;
S. The bonie Lass of Albany.	S. Husband, husband †
When B[allantyne] befriends his humble name, The Brigs of Ayr.	My spouse Nancy? [re.]
With heart-struck, anxious care enquires his name, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 7.	Nothing could resist my Nancy: S. One fond kiss † Whare Sandy and Nancy I'm sure will ding them a'?
Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy of the name; Ib. 13.	S. There grows a bonie brier †
How He, who bore in heaven the second name,	There's lang-tocher'd Nancy maist fetters his fancy
Had not on Earth whereon to lay His head: . 1b. 15.	S. There's a youth † I thought upon my Nancy, [re.] . S. When wild War's †
To save them from stark reprobation, He lent them his name to the firm.	Nane [none].
The Election Ballads. III.	There's nane that's blest of human kind,
The Murray's noble name!	But the cheerful and the gay, man. A Bottle and Friend.
THE LIQUIDISC SECTION THE METON CRISMA	THORD CATC The lawn cleave cweeter 4 D

If e'er Detraction shore to smit you,	The spring shall return to thy low narrow bed,
May nane believe him!. A Farewell.	On Death of fav. Child.
Sleep I can get nane, For thinking on my Dearie S. Ay waukin, O.	Is in his "narrow house" for ever darkly low. [v. A. 10]. Sonnet on Death of Riddel.
But pleasure they hae nane for me S. Craigie-burn Wood.	your poor, narrow foot-path of a street, The Brigs of Ayr. 6.
Say thou lo'es nane before me;	Ilk stream foaming down its ain green, narrow strath; S Yon wild mossy mountains †
That nane excell'dit, few cam near't, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 5.	Natai.
Thought nane wad ken	We solemnize this sorrowing natal day, . Frag. of Ode.
For here Johnny Pidgeon had nane [no religion].	Give me Maria's natal day! Improm., on Mrs. —'s Birthday.
Epit. on J. Dove.	'I mark'd thy embryo-tuneful flame, 'Thy natal hour The Vision. D. II. II.
straught or crooked, yird or nane,	Inspir'd, I turn'd Fate's sibyl leaf,
There's nane ever fear'd that the truth should be heard, But they wham the truth wad indite.	This natal morn, To Terraughty.
S. Here's a health to them †	Natch [a notch; any weapon that makes a notch].
That I for gear and grace may shine, Excell'd by nane, Holy Willie's Prayer. 16.	Losh man! hae mercy wi' your natch, What ails ye now t
There's nane sall ken, there's nane sall guess, S. I'll ay ca' in t	Nation. Or say, ye wisdom want, or fire, To rule this mighty nation; A Dream. 5.
But hounds or hawks wi' him are nane;	And save the Honour o' the nation! Add. of Beelzebub. 2.
S. My Lord a-hunting † 1'll tak Cuckold frae nane, S. Naebody.	And cook'ry the first in the nation: Extem. to Mr. S. Kings and nations, swith awa! S. Louis, what reck It
For nane in Carrick or Kyle	Or nations to adore you, O, S. My father was a farmer †
Can please a lassie better S. O gie my love brose †	The flow'r of ancient nations; Nature's Law.
Will nane the shepherd's whistle mair Blaw sweetly Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	an ancient nation fam'd afar, Prologue, sp. by Woods.
That we may brag we hae a lass,	as grateful nations oft have found
There's nane again sae bonie. S. O saw ye bonie L.	Ye'll soon hae Poets o' the Scottish nation, Scots Prologue,
An' I was but a young thing, Wi' nane to pity me, jo S. O wat ye what my †	No nation, no station My envy e'er could raise: . The Ans. to the Guidwife.
His faults they a' in Latin lay,	Or hast been exiled from thy nation, The Hermit.
In English nane e'er kent them. On W. Cruickshanks. Nane other love, nane other dart,	An' pour your creeshie nations; The Ordination.
I feel, but her's sae far awa; S. Sae far awa.	Such a parcel of rogues in a nation! [re.] S. The Union. Far wanders nations over. S. The yng Highl. Rover.
Whose holy priesthood nane can stain,	In shoals and nations;
For wha can dye the black? The Election Ballads. V. But entrance found he nane, man: The Fête Champetre.	Native.
I've nane in female servan' station, . The Inventory.	Here justice from her native skies,
There's few sae bonie, nane sae gude, The Tarbolton Lasses.	High wields her balance and her rod; Add. to Edinburgh. 2. He learned to fear in his own native wood. S. Caledonia.
Shew'd he was nane o' Scotland's dogs, The Twa Dogs. 2.	Burnet, lovely from her native skies; El. on Miss Burnet.
Nane else came near it	To reach their native, kindred skies,
The day comes to me, but delight brings me nane; S. There's auld Rob †	Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 18. Thence peasants, farmers, native sons of earth,
Nanie, Nannie.	Ep. to R. Graham. 2.
And I'll awa to Nanie, O [re.] . S. Behind you hills	And from my native shore: S. From thee, Eliza †
But to me its delightless,—my Nanie's awa'. [re.] S. My Nanie's awa'.	See yonder rosebud, rich in dew, Amang its native hriers sae coy, S. I do confess†
That sark she coft for her wee Nannie, . Tam o' Shanter.	My love and native land fareweel, . S. It was a' for t
To sing how Nannie lap and flang, Ib.	Ere ye toss me afar from my lov'd native shore;
For Nannie, far before the rest, Hard upon noble Maggie prest,	Lament on leaving Nat. Land. Her native grace so void of art; . S. My Mary's face †
But oh, if he's faithless, and minds na his Nanie,	Her lovely form, her native ease, S. On a bank of flowers t
S. Wandering Willie.	Your native soil was right ill-willie;
Nanse. And [Death] tips auld drunken Nanse the wink, Adam A—'s Prayer.	On Scot. Bard gne to W.I. Dare invade your native right, On scaring Water-fowl.
An' drink his health in auld Nanse Tinnock's	in its native air And rural grace; Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
The Author's Cry and Prayer.	Still self-dependent in her native shore,
Nap. Grim Vengeance lang has taen a nap, S. Awa, whigs, awa.	Prologue, sp. by Woods.
Nappy [ale].	We'll cond him o'er to his notive shore
While we sit bousing at the nappy, . Tam o' Shanter.	S. The bonie Lass of Albany.
Care, mad to see a man sae happy, E'en drown'd himsel amang the nappy:	The native feelings strong, the guileless ways, The Cotter's Sat. Night.
An' whyles twalpennie-worth o' nappy	O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!
Can mak the bodies unco happy; The Twa Dogs. 18. The nappy reeks wi' mantling ream,	Why desert ye your auld native shire? The Kirk's Alarm.
There's naethin like the honest nappy! There's naethin like †	Spring, like their fathers, up to prop Their honour'd native land! The Petition of Br. Water.
Narrate.	And he whom ruthless Fates expel
To witness what I after shall narrate; The Brigs of Ayr. 3.	His native land [v.A.4] The Vision.
What verse can sing, what prose narrate, The Election Ballads. VI.	'In me thy native muse regard! Ib., D. II. 2. With native worth, and spotless fame To Chloris.
Narration.	With native worth, and spotless fame, To Chloris. Richly deck thy native stem; To Miss C.
Expect na, Sir, in this narration,	O Ayr, my dear, my native ground, To Rev. J. M. Math.
A fleechan, fleth'ran Dedication,	The lawns wood-fringed in Nature's native taste;
An' hear the sad narration:	Wr. in Kenmore Inn.
Narrow.	Native, s. Good sense and taste are natives here at home; Prologue, at Th., D
Above the narrow, rural vale: . Add. to Edinburgh. 3.	Or the ruthless native's way, Bent on slaughter, blood and spoil: S. Streams that glide †
in the narrow house o' death Lament of Mary of Scots. Some narrow, dirty, dungeon cave,	Ye true "Loyal Natives," attend to my song, Ye true "Loyal Natives," Ye true "Loyal Nat.s"
The picture of thy mind! . On seeing seat of Lord G.	Ye true "Loyal Nat.s" †

Natural. And his hair has a natural buckle and a'. S. There's a youth †	Numbering ev'ry bud which nature Waters wi' the tears of joy. S. Sleep'st thou, or wak'st †
As far surpassing other common villains,	Nature gladdening and adorning;
As Thou in natural parts hadst given me more. Tragic Frag.	Wildly here without control, Nature reigns and rules the whole; S. Streams that glide †
Nature. It's naething but a milder feature,	The feather'd field-mates, bound by Nature's tie,
Of our poor, sinfu', corrupt Nature: A Ded. to G. H., 6.	The Brigs of Ayr. All else was hush'd as Nature's closed e'e; Ib.
We bless thee, God of Nature wide, A Grace before Dinner.	All else was hush'd as Nature's closed e'e; Ib. But Nature sicken'd on the e'e S. The Catrine woods †
'Ill-satisfy'd, keen Nature's clam'rous call, A Winter Night. 9. Again rejoicing Nature sees	Or nature aught of pleasure give; . S. The day returns †
Her robe assume its vernal hues, S. Again rejoicing Nature†	When Nature's face is fair, The Holy Fair.
Thy [Winter's] gloom will soothe my chearless soul, When Nature all is sad like me!	Enjoying large each spring and well As Nature gave them me, . The Petition of Br. Water.
For Nature smiles as sweet, I ween	To Nature's God and Nature's law, They gave their lore, [v.A.4] The Vision.
To shepherds as to kings S. Behold my love † Old time and nature their changes tell, S. Bonie Bell.	They gave their lore, [v.A.4] The Vision. I saw grim Nature's visage hoar,
The voice of Nature prizing S. Could aught of song †	Struck thy young eye Ib., D. II. 13.
Thee, Matthew, Nature's sel shall mourn El. on Capt. M. H., 2.	Love's the cloudless summer sun, Nature gay adorning S. Thine am I †
Nature's sturdiest bairns,	I'm truly sorry Man's dominion Has broken Nature's social union, To a Mouse.
The sweeping vales and foaming floods,	That auld, capricious carlin, Nature, To J. S.
Are free alike to all Ep. to Davie. 4. If honest Nature made you fools,	Not to thee, but thanks to Nature,
What sairs your Grammars? Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 11.	Thou art acting but thyself To Miss Fontenelle. Spurning nature, torturing art;
Gie me ae spark o' Nature's fire, That's a' the learning I desire;	(Nature is adverse to a cripple's rest); To R. G. of F
The social, friendly, honest man, Whate'er he be, 'Tis he fulfils great Nature's plan, And none but he.	Thou, Nature, partial Nature, I arraign;
Is he futing great Nature's plan, And none but he. Ib., Ap. 21st, 15.	O Nature! a' thy shews an' forms To feeling, pensive hearts hae charms! To W. Simpson.
When nature her great master-piece designed, Ep. to R. Graham.	Let me fair Nature's face descrive, 16.
Nature well pleased pronounced it very good; Ib. 3.	All nature list'ning seem'd the while, S. 'Twas even—the dewy † My heart rejoic'd in nature's joy,
(Nature may have her whim as well as we,	My heart rejoic'd in nature's joy,
But honest Nature is not quite a Turk,	woman, nature's darling child!
My muse may imp her wing for some sublimer flight 1b. 5.	The Simmer to Nature, my Willie to me. S. Wandering Willie.
Stop Thief! dame Nature cried to Death, <i>Epit. on W——</i> . Some sort all our qualities each to its tribe,	Beauty's of a fading nature, . S. Will ye go and marry †
And think human nature they truly describe;	She, wi' coy and fickle nature, Trifled aff till she's grown auld,
Auld Nature swears, the lovely Dears	Or frugal Nature grudge thee one [talent]?
Her noblest work she classes, O: S. Green grow the Rashes. when Nature first began To try her canny hand,	Wr. in Friars-Carse H Admiring Nature in her wildest grace, Wr. in Kenmore Inn.
S. John Anderson, †	The lawns wood-fringed in Nature's native taste;
Now Nature hangs her mantle green On every blooming tree, . Lament of Mary of Scots.	The hillocks dropt in Nature's careless haste; Ib. And look through Nature with creative fire; Ib.
Now Nature cleeds the flow'ry lea, S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite †	Naughty. A time, when rough rude man had naughty ways;
Look abroad through Nature's range, Nature's mighty law is change; . S. Let not woman †	Near. The Rights of Woman.
Why then ask of silly Man, To oppose great Nature's plan?	As dear an' near my heart I set thee Add. to Illegit. Child.
Which tenfold force gives Nature's law,	His worthy fam'ly far and near, Auld comrade† Ye hills, near neebors o' the starns, El. on Capt. M. H., 3.
Man was made to Mourn.	nor cankert care E'er mair come near him.
yon lordling's slave, By Nature's law design'd, Ib. This darling child of nature, . S. My Love's a winsome †	El. on Death of R. Ruisseaux.
Hope and Fear's alternate billow	That nane excell'd it, few cam near't, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 5.
Yielding late to Nature's law, S. Musing on the roaring † Great Nature spoke, with air benign, . Nature's Law.	your curst wit, when it comes near it, Ep. to J. R., 3.
Kind Nature's care had given his share,	Forlorn, my Love, no comfort near, S. Forlorn, my Love † O wert thou, Love, but near me,
Large, of the flaming current;	But near, near me;
S. My Nanie's Awa.	Nought of ill may come thee near, S. Hark! the mavis' † I was fow When I came near her, Holy Willie's Prayer. &.
And soothe me wi' tidings o' Nature's decay; Ib. The curtain draws of Nature's rest, . S. Now rosy May †	My last hour I am near it; . S. Husband, husband †
While ilka thing in nature join	When trystin time draws near again; . S. I'll ay ca' in †
Their sorrows to forego, . S. Now Spring has clad † Wi' man and nature leagu'd my foes,	Where'er he be, the Lord be near him; S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. G.†
And view the charms of Nature; S. Now westlin winds †	The day is near the dawin; S. Landlady, count †
For Nature made her what she is, S. O poortith cauld, †	The de'il tak' his taste to gae near her! S. Last May a braw wooer †
Nature's gifts to all are free: . On scaring Water-fowl. All on Nature you depend,	The happy hour may soon be near, S. The noble Maxwells †
Thou paints auld nature to the nines,	That ill they'll ne'er let near thee S. O saw ye bonie L.† Friends so near my bosom ever, . S. Scenes of woe†
Poem on Pastoral Poetry. Thy rural loves are nature's sel;	Near and more near the thunders roll: . Tam o' Shanter.
Ilk feature—auld nature	Ye'll mend or ye win near him. Tam Samson's El., Epit.
Declar'd that she cou'd do nae mair! . S. Sae flaxen † Fate oft tears the bosom chords,	New-christening towns far and near, The Election Ballads. III.
That Nature finest strung: Sad thy tale†	The woodbine I will pu', when the ev'ning star is near, S. The Posie.
The voice of nature loudly cries, And many a message from the skies,	To see my lad sae near me S. The tither morn †
That something in us never dies: Sketch. New-Yr's Day.	Nane else came near it The Vision. D. I. II.

Whae'er she gat hands on, cam' near her nae mair,	In case that worth should wanted be,
S. There liv'd ance a carle † And never drink be near his drouth! . To Dr. Blacklock.	In case that worth should wanted be, O'Kenmure we had need The Election Ballads. V. Sma' need has he to say a grace, . The Holy Fair. 25.
Unmindful that the thorn is near, To J. S., 16.	Your pin wad help to mend a mill
Lord be near ye, To Terraughty.	In time o' need, To a Haggis.
Tells bughtin-time is near, S. When o'er the hill †	See him, the poor man's friend in need, To Rev. J. M'Math.
And grim, surly winter is near? . S. Where are the joys†	Need, to. Gin a body kiss a body Need a body cry. S. Comin thro' the rye †
I little thought the time was near, Repentance I should buy sae dear: . S. Young Jamie †	Gin a body kiss a body Need the warld ken! [re.] . Ib.
Nearer. That e'er he [the Deil] nearer comes oursel	He needs not, he heeds not,
'S a muckle pity. Death and Dr. Hornbook.	Or human love or hate; Despondency, an Ode. 4.
Are so much nearer Heav'n To Miss L., with "Beattie." Nearest. She thro' the yard the nearest taks, Halloween. 11.	(For none that knew him need be told) Epit. for R. A. But as daily bread is all I need,
"My name is Fun-your cronie dear,	I do not much regard her [fortune], O.
The nearest friend ye hae; The Holy Fair. 5.	S. My father was a farmer t
That right to fluttering female hearts the nearest, The Rights of Woman.	Wha gets her needs na say he's woo'd, S. My love she's but † It needs no Siddons' powers in Southern's song;
Nearhand.	Prologue, sp. by Woods.
'Sax thousand years are near hand fled Sin'I was to the butching bred, <i>Death and Dr. Hornbook.</i> 13.	What needs this din about the town o' Lon'on?
'I nearhand cowpit wi' my hurry, Ib. 18.	Scots Prologue. Nor need he hunt as far as Rome or Greece, Ib.
He saw her days were near hand ended, The Death of Mailie.	Fine architecture, trowth, I needs must say't o't!
Nearly.	The Brigs of Ayr. 8.
And by fell death was nearly nicket: Friend of the poet, P.S.	I must needs say, comparisons are odd
Neat. The lasses feat, an' cleanly neat,	Their waefu' fate what need I tell, The Highl. Widow's Lament.
She dresses aye sae clean and neat, . S. Handsome Nell. They footed o'er the wat'ry glass so neat,	Yet let my Country need me, with Elliot to head me,
The Brigs of Ayr. 11.	The Jolly Beggars. S. I.
She's aye sae neat, sae trim, sae tight, S. When first I saw †	Ammunition you never can need; The Kirk's Alarm. Fair maid, you need not take the hint, To Miss Ainslie.
Nebbit. And there will be black-nebbit Johnie, The Election Ballads. III.	Needful, -fu'.
Necessity.	An' ay eneugh o' needfu' clink Auld comrade †
Strong Necessity compels On scaring Water-fowl.	The lead and buoy are needful to the net:
strang necessity supreme is 'Mang sons o' men. To Dr. Blacklock.	Ep. to R. Graham. 2. Some rhyme, (vain thought!) for needfu' cash; To J. S., 5.
Neck. An' may Ye rax Corruption's neck, . A Dream. 8.	Needle. The Mother wi' her needle and her sheers,
Measur'st in desperate thought—a rope—thy neck	Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new;
Add., sp. by Fontenelle.	The Cotter's Sat. Night. Here's the worth o' Broughton In a needle's e'e;
Adown her neck and bosom hing; . S. Her flowing locks † And round that neck entwine her!	The Election Ballads. IV.
	Needless. But he the helpless, needless wretch,
If Warren Hastings neck was yeukin: Kind Sir. I ve read t	Trout to the market of the trout of
If Warren Hastings' neck was yeukin; Kind Sir, I've read † Comes trinkling down her swan-white neck,	Shall lose the mite he hath.
Comes trinkling down her swan-white neck, S. O Mally's meek.	Shall lose the mite he hath. Extem. on Commem.s of Thomson. but needless here is caution, The Rights of Woman.
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For through your orbs he's taen his flight, Ne'er to return. El. on Capt. M. H., 14.	"And drink them to hell, Sir! or ne'er see me more!" The Whistle.
And ne'er gude wine did fear, man;	But he ne'er turned his back on his foe—or his friend, Ib. 9.
What ye'll ne'er ha'e to gi'e again. El. on Year 1788.	But ne'er was in h-ll till I met wi' a wife,
Yet ne'er with Wits prophane to range,	S. There liv'd ance a carle \
Be complaisance extended; . Ep. to Young Friend, 9.	Whare horn nor bane ne'er danr unsettle,
Your heart can ne'er be wanting! Ib. 11.	Your thick plantations To a Louse.
Auld age ne'er mind a feg; Ep. to Davie, 2.	It ne'er cam i' their heads to doubt it, To W. Simpson. P.S.
And joys that riches ne'er could buy; 1b. 8.	Fair tho' she be, that was ne'er my undoing;
Ne'er thinkan they wad fash me for't; Ep. to J. R., 8.	S. Twas na her bonie blue † I ne'er was here before; V.s to Landlady.
I'se ne'er bid better Ep. to Maj. Logan. 8.	I'll ne'er gang by your door
Your wives they ne'er had miss'd ye Epit. on a Wag.	I fear unless ye geld me, I'll ne'er be better.
An' here his body lies fu' low	What ails ye now t
For saul he ne'er had ony Epit. on wee Johnie.	Yet ne'er an inch the less, lassie S. Ye hae lien wrang.
O had I ne'er seen thee, my Eppie M'Nab! S. Eppie M'Nab.	Ne'er-a-bit.
Parting wi' Nancy, Oh! ne'er to meet mair. S. Gloomy December.	The ne'er-a-bit they're ill to poor folk The Twa Dogs. 26.
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.	Negleckit, Negleket [neglected].
S. Green grow the Rashes.	I'm tauld the Muse ye hae negleckit; Second Ep. to Davie.
O! may it ne'er be a livin' plague Holy Willie's Prayer. 7.	But then, to see how ye're negleket, How huff'd, an' cuff'd, an' disrespeket! The Twa Dogs. 12.
And I'll ne'er lift a lawless l-g, Again upon her Ib.	
Or else, thou kens, thy servant true Wad ne'er ha'e steer'd her	Your duty ye wad sae neglekit, The Twa Herds. 4.
I restless lie frae e'en to morn,	We poor sons of metre Are often negleckit, ye ken; To Mr. P. Stuart.
Tho' I were ne'er sae weary. S. How lang and dreary †	Neglect.
I'll ne'er prig for red or white; S. Jockey fou t	now a prey to insulting neglect, Monody, on a Lady. Epit.
	Mischance, mistake, or by neglect,
He bade me act a manly part, Though I had ne'er a farthing, O; S. My father was a farmer†	S. My father was a farmer †
I make indeed my daily bread,	Neglect, to.
But ne'er can make it farther, O;	But since I'm here, I'll no neglect, A Dream. 8.
But come what will, I've sworn it still,	'Yet ye'll neglect to shaw your parts Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 5.
I'll ne'er be melancholy, O	Yon Sang ye'll sen't, wi' cannie care,
And my fond heart, itsel sae true,	And no neglect Ep. to J. R., 5.
It ne'er mistrusted thine S. O mirk, mirk †	Neglected.
For Nature made her what she is, And ne'er made sic anither! S. O saw ye bonie L.	But now 'tis despised and neglected: Poet. Add. to Tytler.
Ne'er break your heart for ae rebute, S. O steer her upt	Neglecting. Or else, neglecting a' that's guid,
O that's the queen o' woman-kind,	They riot in excess! . Ep. to Davie. 6.
And ne'er a ane to peer her. S. O wat ye wha that lo'es †	Our neighbour's sympathy may ease us, Add. to Toothache.
See those hands ne'er stretch'd to save,	That, like th' old Hebrew walking-switch, eats up its neigh-
Ode to Mem. of Mrs. —.	bours: Frag. inscr. to Fox.
He ne'er was gien to great misguidin, On Scot. Bard gone to W. I.	And o'er her neighbours shine, man. The Tree of Liberty.
Wi' him it [coin] ne'er was under hidin; Ib.	Neighbourhood.
And ne'er a ane mistak' her: On W. Chalmers.	The pride of the place and its neighbourhood a';
Syne, whip! his tail ye'll ne'er cast saut on, Poem on Life.	Neighbouring. The Belles of Mauchline.
And ne'er a wrang steek in them a', man.	How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills,
Ronalds of Bennals.	S. Afton Water.
O had I ne'er seen thee, my Phely! S. O saw ye my Phely.	Neist v. Niest.
Sweets that mem'ry ne'er shall tine. S. Scenes of woet	Nell. Nell had the Fause-house in her min', [re.] Halloween. 10.
Sic hauns as you sud ne'er be faikit. Second Ep. to Davie.	Nell had the Fause-house in her min', [re.] Halloween. 10. I'll love my handsome Nell S. Handsome Nell.
(Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses, For honest men and bonny lasses.) . Tam o' Shanter.	Nelly. He grippet Nelly hard an' fast; . Halloween. 6.
But, Och! he gaed and ne'er return'd! Tam Samson's El.	But Nelly's looks are blythe and sweet, S. Handsome Nell.
May losses and crosses	The youthful blooming Nelly lay, [re.]
Ne'er at your hallan ca' The Ans. to the Guidwife.	S. On a bank of flowers †
Ne'er claw your lug, and fidge your back,	Nerve.
The Author's Cry and Prayer.	Tearing my nerves wi' bitter pang, Add. to Tooth-ache.
And ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jauk or play: The Cotter's Sat. Night. 6.	thro' each nerve the rapture dart, . S. By Allan stream t
O, may thou ne'er forgather up,	And a' your views may come to nought,
Wi' onie blastet moorlan toop; . The Death of Mailie.	Where ev'ry nerve is strained. Ep. to Young Friend. 2.
	where evry herve is strained. Ep. to Young Friend. 2.
O ne'er a ane but tway The Election Ballads. I.	Thou strings the nerves o' Labor-sair, . Scotch Drink. 6.
O ne'er a ane but tway	Thou strings the nerves o' Labor-sair, . Scotch Drink. 6. My toil-beat nerves, and tear-worn eye, . The Lament.
O ne'er a ane but tway	Thou strings the nerves o' Labor-sair, . Scotch Drink. 6.
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O ne'er a ane but tway	Where ev ry herve is strained. Ep. to Foung Prictic. 2. Thou strings the nerves o' Labor-sair,
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O ne'er a ane but tway	Thou strings the nerves o' Labor-sair,
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O ne'er a ane but tway	Thou strings the nerves o' Labor-sair,
O ne'er a ane but tway	Thou strings the nerves o' Labor-sair,

to screen the birdie's nest, . S. The Contented Cottager. He who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,	They never, never can divide My heart and soul from thee. S. From thee, Eliza
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 18. And, for the little songster's nest, The close embowering thorn. The Petition of Br. Water.	Yet that was never Robin's mark To mak a man; El. on Death of R. Ruiss
Dut the songster's nest within the bush I willia take away,	Never mair to taste delight. Never mair maun hope to find
S. The Posie. But hawks will rob the tender joys	Ease frae toil, relief frae care: Frae the friends As they wad never mair part, Halloween. &
That bless the little lintwhite's nest; S. There was a lass and	Altho' thou maun never be mine, S. Here's a health to ane
Nae joy her bonie buskit nest Can yield ava, To W. Creech.	She never lets me weary, Sir, S. I'm o'er young
A whaup's i' the nest V.s to J. Ranken.	The weeping blood in woman's breast Was never known to thee; Lament of Mary of Scots
Nestled. The parent's heart that nestled fond in thee, El. on Miss Burnet.	Ill may we never see! S. Landlady, count
And nestled thee close to that bosom. On Death of fav. Child.	I never loot on that I kenn'd it, or car'd, S. Last May a braw wooer
Nestling, s.	Had never, sure, been born,
Amang her nestlings sits the thrush; S. O Logan! sweetly† Nestling. While his mate sits nestling in the bush;	Had there not been some recompence Man was made to Mourn
S. On Cessnock banks †	The fancy may delight, But never, never can come near the heart.
Net. The lead and buoy are needful to the net: Ep. to R. Graham. 2.	S. Mark yonder Pomp
He took my heart as wi' a net, . S. My heart was ance †	I'll never see him back again. S. My Harry was a gallant
Netherplace.	Gae seek for pleasure whare ye will, But here I never miss't it yet, S. My love she's but
But Queen N[etherplace], of a diff'rent complexion, Epig. on Henpecked Squire.	I never saw a fairer, I never lo'ed a dearer, S. My Love's a winsome
Netherton. Or to the N-th-rt-n repair	Ye whom sorrow never wounded,
Nettle. And turn a Carpet-weaver The Ordination. 9.	Ye who never shed a tear, S. Musing on the roaring
But chiefly the nettle so typical, shower, Monody, on a Lady.	And, all devout, he never sought To stem the sacred torrent Nature's Law
Neuk, Newk [nook, corner].	Ye'se never scorn me S. O can ye labour lea
The benmost neuk beside the ingle, . Add. of Beelzebub. I hear a wheel thrum i' the neuk, Ep. to H. Parker.	The silly bogles, Wealth and State, Can never make them eerie. S. O poortith cauld
But by gude luck I lap a wicket,	O that I had ne'er been married, I wad never had nae care, S. O that I had ne'er
And turn'd a neuk. Friend of the Poet † P.S. Kate sits i' the neuk, Suppin hen-broo;	I wad never had nae care, S. O that I had ne'er O never look down, my lassie at a', S. O when she cam ben
S. Gudeen to you Kimmer †	And Lady Jean was never sae braw
Rob, stownlins, prie'd her bonie mou, Fu' cozie in the neuk for't,	Pity's flood there never rose Ode to Mem. of Mrs. —
And make my bed in the Collier's neuk, S. My Collier Laddie.	Hands that took—but never gave
Three priests' hearts, rotten, black as muck, Lay stinking, vile, in every neuk. [v.A.16] Tam o' Shanter.	May never pity soothe thee with a sigh,
Go, fame, an' canter like a filly	On seeing wounded Hare Had we never lov'd so kindly,
Thro' a' the streets and neuks o' Killie, Tam Samson's El. Per C.	Had we never lov'd so blindly, Never met—or never parted,
While some are cozie i' the neuk, The Holy Fair. 20.	We had ne'er been broken-hearted. S. One fond kiss
A fairy Fiddler frae the neuk, He skirl'd out, encore. The Jolly Beggars. R. II.	His heart will never get aboon! Poor Mailie's El. I never had frien's, weel stockit in means,
in the neuk, Sat guzzling wi' a Tinkler-hizzie; Ib. R. III.	Ronalds of Bennals
Ye turned a neuk—I saw your e'e . To Miss Ferrier.	I never was canny for hoarding o' money,
For 'twas the auld moon turn'd a newk To W. Simpson. P.S.	But for the Muse, she'll never leave ye, Tho' e'er sae puir, Second Ep. of Davie
Never. Thou never braing't, an' fetch't, an flisket,	And never brought to mind? S. Shld auld acquaintnee That something in us never dies: Sketch, New-Yr's Day
A Guid New-year † 12.	And live as those who never die
In cart or car thou never reestet;	What wealth could never give nor take away!
May never worse be sent; A Grace before Dinner.	Sonnet, wr. on Birthday Never bound by winter's chains! . S. Streams that glide
And never may their sources fail! And never envy blot their name! Add. to Edinburgh. 3.	A better never lifted leg, Tam o' Shanter
Then at the balance let's be mute,	Speak out an' never fash your thumb. The Author's Cry and Prayer.
We never can adjust it; Add. to Unco Guid. 8. They never wi' her can compare; S. Adown winding Nith †	(Deil na they never mair do guid, 1b. 16
A dream of ane that never wanks. S. Again rejoic. Nature †	Tho' faith, that date, I doubt, ye'll never see; The Brigs of Ayr. 5.
And break it shall I never, O! . S. An' I'll kiss thee yet	Then down ye'll hurl, deil nor ye never rise! Ib. 7.
Oh that happy hour, and shady bow'r, Can I forget it?—Never S. As I gaed up by †	They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright. The Cotter's Sat. Night. 6.
My heart it shall never be broken for ane.	O never, never Scotia's realm desert,
S. As I was a-wand ring † never ranging, still unchanging, S. Bonie Bell.	I know her heart will never change, S. The Highl. Lassie.
And some great lies were never penn'd:	It never fails, on drinkin deep, To kittle up our notion, The Holy Fair. 19.
Death and Dr. Hornbook. For never but by British hands	Of all the women in the world.
Maun British wrangs be righted. S. Does haughty Gaul†	I never could come at her S. The Joyful Widower. Ammunition you never can need; . The Kirk's Alarm. 17.
But never tempt th' illicit rove, Ep. to Young Friend. 6. We may be wise, or rich, or great,	Scenes, never, never to return ! The Lament. 10.
But never can be blest: Ep. to Davie. 5.	We never had sic twa drones; . The Ordination. 10.
At howes or hillocks never stumbled, And late or early never grumbled? . Ep. to H. Parker.	He never was known for to idle or lurk; The Poor Thresher. And I never repine at my lot in the least,
An' never think o' right an' wrang	And I never repine at my lot in the least,
By square an' rule, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 6. That never gives—tho' humbly takes enough;	Then never murmur nor repine; . The Vision. D. II. 21.
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.	May Boreas never thrash your rigs, Third Ep. to J. Lap

Now thou'st left thy lass for ay—I must see thee never. S. Thou hast left me †	His fecket is white as the new driven snaw; S. There's a youth †
I'll get a blessin wi' the lave, An' never miss't! To a Mouse.	She's sweet as the ev'ning amang the new hay; S. There's auld Rob†
And never drink be near his drouth! . To Dr. Blacklock.	
But golden sands did never grace	0 0 ,
The Heliconian stream;	For boons accorded, goodness ever new, To R. Graham.
Then take what gold could never buy . To J. M'Murdo.	An' shortly after she was done
For me, an aim I never fash; To J. S., 5.	They gat a new ane. To W. Simpson. P.S.
	And then his auld brass will buy me a new pan!
	S. What can a yng lassie t
Never may'st thon, lovely Flower,	New-born.
Chilly shrink in sleety shower! [re.] To Miss C.	By her inspir'd, the new-born race
In equanimity they never dwell, To R. G. of F., 8.	Soon drew the avenging steel, man; The Tree of Liberty.
May never wicked fortune touzle him!	The arches striding o'er the new-born stream;
May never wicked men bamboozle him! . To W. Creech.	Wr. in Kenmore Inn.
And thou'rt the angel that never can alter,	New Brig. New Brig was buskit in a braw, new coat,
S. Twas na her bonie blue †	The Brigs of Ayr. 4.
Yet never met with that surprise That broke my rest, . V.s to J. Ranken.	New-ca'd [newly calved].
	While new-ca'd kye rowte at the stake,
May I never see it, may I never trow it,	Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 1.
S. Wandering Willie. I never can please him, do a' that I can;	New-christening. New-christening towns far and near, The Election Ballads. III.
S. What can a yng lassie †	
Forget him shall I never: . S. When wild War's †	New-come. It chanc'd his new-come neebor took his e'e, The Brigs of Ayr. 4.
	New-cutted.
Fain promise never more to disobey; . Why am I loth †	
Bliss he never must enjoy? S. Why, why tell †	
Never after to forsake me, . S. Will ye go and marry †	New-driven.
Night, where dawn shall never break,	And your life like the new driven snaw, The Kirk's Alarm. 4.
Wr. in Friars-Carse H.	His fecket is white as the new driven snaw;
Your waters never drumlie!	And your life like the new driven snaw, The Kirk's Alarm. 4. His fecket is white as the new driven snaw; S. There's a youth t
S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †	New Homanu.
departed joys, Departed never to return.	She lay like some unkend-of isle
S. Ye banks and braes †	Beside New Holland, . To W. Simpson.
Never-ceasing. Wha drudge and drive thro' wet and dry,	New Jerusalem.
Wi' never-ceasing toil; Ep. to Davie. 6.	Then to the blessed, New Jerusalem,
Never-ending.	Fleet wing awa! To W. Creech.
Yet here I lie in foreign bands,	New-light [doctrines opposed to orthodoxy].
And never ending care Lament of Mary of Scots.	To ev'ry New-light mother's son,
Never-halting.	From this time forth, Confusion: The Ordination. 14.
I'll wander on with tentless heed,	Ye'll see how new-light herds will whistle, The Twa Herds. 3.
How never-halting moments speed, To J. S., 10.	And new-light herds could nicely drub,
New. May heaven augment your blisses,	While new-light herds wi' laughin' spite,
On ev'ry new Birth-day ye see, A Dream.	
Ilk spring they're new deckit wi' bonie white yewes. S. Awa' wi' yr witchcraft †	Ye bad me write you what they mean
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Next. The next in succession, I'll give you the King, At Meet. of D. Volunteers.	niest the fire, in auld, red rags, Ane sat;
And the next flowers, that deck the spring,	The Jolly Beggars. R. I. Then niest outspak a raucle Carlin, Ib. R. IV.
Bloom on my peaceful grave. Lament of Mary of Scots. And next my heart I'll wear her, S. My Love's a winsome †	Niest day their life is past enduring. The Twa Dogs. 32.
Till Cynthia hinted he'd see them next morn. The Whistle. 13.	But he wan my heart's consent, To be his ain at the neist meeting. S. As I cam o'er †
Nibble. Has cost thee monie a weary nibble! To a Mouse.	Wee [Miller] neist, the Guard relieves, The Holy Fair. 17.
Nibbling.	If neist my heart I dinna wear ye To Terraughty.
Was ae day nibbling on the tether, The Death of Mailie. Nice.	Nieve [the fist]. The cudgel in my nieve did shake, . Add. to the Deil. 8.
The nice yellow guineas for me. S. Awa' wi' yr. witchcraft †	Whase wife's twa nieves were scarce weel-bred,
We've all things that's nice, and mostly in season, Impromptu.	Death and Dr. Hornbook. 26. Till skin in blypes cam haurlin Aff's nieves Halloween. 23.
Jenny, I'll nae mair be nice,	Till skin in blypes cam haurlin Aff's nieves Halloween. 23. Or glaikit Charlie got his nieve in; Kind Sir, I've read †
weet their weason Wi' liquors nice, . Scotch Drink. 14.	But just the pouchie put the nieve in, Second Ep. to Davie.
The corps is no nice of recruits; The Kirk's Alarm.	Then han' in nieve some day we'll knot it, Third Ep. to J. Lap
I doubt it's hardly worth the while, To be sae nice wi' Robin S. There was a lad †	His nieve a nit; To a Haggis.
O' nice education but sma' is her share;	Clap in his walie nieve a blade, He'll mak it whissle; . Ib.
S. You wild mossy mountains † Nicest. Though twisted smooth with Harry's nicest care,	Her walie nieves, like midden-creels, S. Willie Wastle. Nievefu' [a fist-full].
Nicely.	Their worthless nievefu' of a soul, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 17.
	Niffer [an exchange].
Some o' you nicely ken the laws, To round the period an' panse, <i>The Author's Cry and Prayer</i> .	Ye see your state wi' theirs compar'd And shudder at the niffer, Add. to Unco Guid. 3.
An' O sae nicely's we will fare! The Jolly Beggars. S. V. And new-light herds could nicely drub, The Twa Herds. 8.	Niger [a negro].
Nicholson. / Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare,	How graceless Ham leugh at his Dad, Which made Canaan a niger; The Ordination. 4.
Nick [a name for the devil].	Nigh. Haste, gie her name un i'the chappel.
Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie, . Add. to the Deil.	Nigh unto death; Letter to J. Goudie. And aft as chance he comes thee nigh, Poem on Life.
O, to see auld Nick gaun hame, And Charlie's faes before him! S. Come boat me o'er.	A friend mair faithfu' ne'er came nigh him, Poor Mailie's El.
Will send you, Korah-like, a sinkin,	Life's meridian flaming nigh, Wr. in Friars-Carse H.
Straught to auld Nick's Ep. to J. R. Ah! Nick, ah Nick it is na fair, Poem on Life.	Night. Or rattl'd dice wi' Charlie By night or day. A Dream. 10.
There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast; Tam o' Shanter. 11.	Ae night, at tea, began a plea, , A Fragment.
He met wi' auld Nick, wha said, how do ye fen? S. There liv'd ance a carle †	Ae night the Storm the steeples rocked, A Winter Night. 2.
Wi' auld Nick there's less danger; To a Painter.	And not less anxious sure this night than ever, Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
Nick [a notch cut into anything; "Crummie's nicks," natural markings on cows' horns].	Ae dreary, windy, winter night, Add. to the Deil. 7.
I doubt he's but a grey nick quill, . The Twa Herds. 14.	Her een sae bright, like stars by night, S. A. Mastrin's bonie Anne.
Like scrapin' out auld Crummie's nicks, To Gav. Hamilton.	Long, long the night, Heavy comes the morrow,
Frae words an' aiths to clours an' nicks; To W. Simpson. P.S.	S. Ay waking, O! † Lanely night comes on, A' the lave are sleepin;
Nick, to [cut through, break, sever sharply].	S. Ay waukin, O!
'It's e'en a lang, lang time indeed 'Sin' I began to nick the thread.	The night's baith mirk and rainy, . S. Behind you hills † And [age has] nights o' sleepless pain! S. But lately seen, †
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 12. Nickan [cutting].	Ne'er sae murky blew the night S. Cauld is the e'enin blast †
Now when ye're nickan down fu' cany	A night o' gude fellowship sowthers it a'; S. Contented wi' little, †
The staff o' bread, . Third Ep. to J. Lap Nicket [cut; cut off].	Which lately on a night befel, Death and Dr. Hornbook.
And by fell death was nearly nicket: Friend of the poet † P.S.	Meet ev'ry sad-returning night, And joyless morn the same. Despondency, an Ode. 2.
The knife that nicket Abel's craig On Grose's Peregrinations.	On new-year's night, when we were fou, . Duncan Gray †
Nickie Nickie-hen [familian names for the devil]	Empress of the silent night: El. on Capt. M. H., 14.
So Nickie then got the auld wife on his back, S. There liv'd ance a carle †	We'se gie ae night's discharge to care, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 18.
But fare-you-weel, auld Nickie-ben! . Add. to the Deil.	'I'll write, an' that a hearty blaud, 'This vera night; Ib., Ap. 21st. 4.
Nick-nackets [curiosities].	While sordid sons o' Mammon's line
He has a fouth o' auld nick-nackets: On Grose's Peregrinations.	Are dark as night 1
Nicol. Ye maggots, feed on Nicol's brain, [re.] For W. Nicol.	To what dark cave of frozen night,
Nidsdale. And there frae the Nidsdale border, Will mingle the Maxwell's in droves,	Alas! shall thy poor wand'rer hie; Farewell, dear mistress†
The Election Ballads. III.	Gane is the day and mirk's the night, S. Gane is the day t
Nidsdale rade, Astray upon Nidside Ib. V. Niest, Neist [next].	Upon that night, when Fairies light, Halloween. Amang the rocks an' streams To sport that night. [re.] 16.
'Niest time we meet, I'll wad a groat, 'He gets his fairin!' Death and Dr. Hornbook. 30.	But at twal at night, when the moon shines bright,
'He gets his fairin!' Death and Dr. Hornbook. 30. But a' the niest week as I petted wi' care,	My dear, I'll come and see thee; S. Here's to thy health, † I bless and praise thy matchless might,
S. Last May a braw wooer †	Whan thousands thou hast left in night, Holy Willie's Prayer. 2.
And niest my heart I'll wear her, For fear my jewel tine S. My wife's a winsome.	How lang and dreary is the night,
The game shall pay, owre moor an' dail, For this, niest year. Ep. to J. R., 10.	When I am frae my dearie; S. How lang and dreary
An' niest, my yowie, silly thing, . The Death of Mailie.	For oh, her lanely nights are lang; 10. And nights are lang in winter, Sir,
The niest came in a sodger boy, The Election Ballads. I.	S. I'm o'er young to marry.

Night's horrid car drags, dreary, slow: Improm. on Mrs. —'s Birthday.	The night was still, and o'er the hill The moon shone on the castle wa'; The night was still to
When day is gane, and night is come, . S. It was a' for t	The weary night o' care and grief May have a joyful morrow; S. The noble Maxwells †
I think on him that's far awa', The lee-lang night, and weep,	Fareweel our night o' sorrow
And at night she'll return to her nest back again.	It was upon a Lammas night,
S. Lns on a Ploughman. And winter nights were dark and rainy;	When corn rigs are bonie, S. The Rigs o' Barley. She ay shall bless that happy night,
S. Montgomerie's Peggy.	That happy night was worth them a',
And spen't at night fu' brawlie: . S. My Collier Laddie. I rede you right, gang ne'er at night, S. My heart was ance †	I'll ne'er forget that happy night, Amang the rigs wi' Annie
Gentle Night, do thou befriend me;	Wha canna win her in a night,
S. Musing on the roaring †	Has little art in courting The Tarbolton Lasses.
And thou mellow mavis that hails the night fa', S. My Nanie's Awa.	The day it is short, and the night it is lang, S. The Taylor fell †
And the moon shines bright, when I rove at night, S. Now westlin winds †	Their nights, unquiet, lang an' restless. The Twa Dogs. 30. Ae night, they're mad wi' drink an' wh-ring,
O let me in this ae night, O Lassie, art thou †	
Pass widow'd nights, and joyless days, O Logan! sweetly †	Or lee-lang nights, wi' crabbet leuks, Pore owre the devil's pictur'd beuks;
the mirk night o' December, S. O May thy morn †	An' darker gloamin brought the night: Ib. 35.
O a' the lang night I cuddle my kimmer, An' a' the lang night as happy's a king.	Six bottles a-piece had well wore out the night, The Whistle. 14.
S. O merry hae I been †	The night comes to me, but my rest it is gane;
By night, by day, a field, at hame, S. O were I on Parnass.†	S. There's auld Rob M.
I'd feast on heauty a' the night; S. O were my love †	Thickest night surround my dwelling! . S. Thickest night \\ What is life when wanting love?
Three blyther hearts, that lee lang night, Ye wad na found in Christendie. S. O Willie brew'd †	Night without a morning: S. Thine am I†
And mony a night we've merry been, Ib.	I mean your ingle-side to guard
But day and night my fancy's flight Is ever wi' my Jean	Ae winter night Third Ep. to J. Lap Now maddening, wild, I curse that fatal night; To Clarinda.
One night as I did wander, S. One night as I †	In Paisley John's that night at e'en,
And ushers the long dreary night; Poet. Add to Tytler.	To meet the Warld's worm; To Gav. Hamilton.
Witness my heart, how oft with panting fear, As on this night, I've met these judges here!	And thro' disastrous night they darkling grope, To R. G. of F., 7.
Prologue, sp. by Woods.	Or Winter howls, in gusty storms, The lang, dark night! To W. Simpson.
Hail, thou gloomy night of sorrow, Cheerless night that knows no morrow. S. Raving winds †	And sweet is night in autumn mild, S. Twas even—the dewy t
That merry night we get the corn in, . Scotch Drink. 9.	And lang's the night frae e'en to morn, S. Up in the morning.
Or dark as misery's woeful night Sketch. New-Yr's Day.	Here this night if ye remain, S. Wha is that at †
Then night's gloomy shades, cloudy, dark, o'ercast my sky: S. Sleep'st thou, or wak'st † I could wake a winter night,	The lee-lang night we watch'd the fauld, S. What will I do gin t
For the sake of Somebody S. Somebody.	Altho' the night were ne'er sae wild, S. When o'er the hill † Life is but a day at most,
And find at night a sheltering cave, S. Streams that glide †	Sprung from night, in darkness lost; Wr. in Friars-Carse H.
As he frae Ayr ae night did canter, . Tam o' Shanter. 2.	Night, where dawn shall never break, Ib.
The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter; Ib. 5. That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane, Ib. 7.	In uproar and riot rejoice the night long; Ye true "Loyal Nat.s" †
And sic a night he taks the road in,	An' ay the night comes round again,
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in 16.	When in his arms he taks me a': . S. Young Jockey †
That night, a child might understand, The Deil had husiness on his hand	Night-troubled.
That night enlisted in the core,	I wander my lane, like a night-troubled ghaist, S. There's auld Rob M.†
Ae night, within the ancient brugh of Ayr The Brigs of Ayr. 3.	Nighted. An' nighted Trav'llers are allur'd To their destruction. Add. to the Deil. 12.
Through the still night dash'd hoarse along the shore: 1b.	Nightly.
This night his weekly moil is at an end,	Ye fright the nightly wand'rer's way, . Add. to the Deil. 5.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. And mind your duty, duely, morn and night! Ib.	And a' my nightly dream, S. Ah, Chloris † Nae nightly bogle make it [the bower] eerie;
But O! I was a waefu' man	S. By Allan Stream †
Ere toofa' o' the night The Election Ballads. V.	Whyles glitter'd to the nightly rays, Halloween. 25.
from the shades of death's deep night,	Nightly dreams, and thoughts by day, Are with him that's far away. S. How can my poor heart †
And spent the chearful, festive night; The Farewell. To St. J.'s L	Her teeth are like the nightly snow
But long ere night cut down it lies All wither'd and decay'd The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps.	When pale the morning rises keen, S. On Cessnock banks † Sett. II.
The gloomy night is gath'ring fast, S. The gloomy night t	While nightly breezes sweep the vines, Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
Come, in thy raven plumage, night, S. The gowd. Locks of A	Whare ghaists and houlets nightly cry Tam o' Shanter. 9.
Each night and morn with voice imploring, This wish I sigh: The Hermit.	Or, by the reaper's nightly beam, The Petition of Br. Water.
Their hearts o' stane, gin night are gane, The Holy Fair. 27.	An' ay on Sundays duly, nightly, I on the questions targe them tightly; The Inventory.
Ae night at e'en a merry core The Jolly Beggars. R. I.	With Woe I nightly vigils keep, The Lament.
An' made the bottle clunk To their health that night. 16. R. VII.	when my nightly couch I try
An' shor'd them Dainty Davie O' boot that night Ib.	Keep watchings with the nightly thief: Ib.
An' thus the Muse suggested His sang that night Ib.	And nightly to my bosom strain The bonie lass o' Ballochmyle. S. Twas even—the dewy †
And at night, in barn or stable, Hug our doxies on the hay	Nimble. That faith, the youngsters took the sands
Ev'n day, all-bitter, brings relief,	Wi nimble shanks, . 10 W. Stripson. 1.5.
From such a horror-breathing night The Lament.	Nine. An' drink his health in auld Nanse Tinnock's
The darksome night did me enfauld, S. The Lass that made the bed.	Nine times a week, The Author's Cry and Prayer. 20.

Nine, the. As Phœbus and the famous Nine Were glowran owre my pen. Ep. to Davie. 11.	Ha, ha, ha, but I'll no hae him; S. The auld man
Were glowran owre my pen. Ep. to Davie. 11. The followers o' the ragged Nine, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 16. who court the tuneful nine. Eb. to R. Graham s	Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill taen; S. The Cotter's Sat. Night.
Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 16.	An' no to rin an' wear his cloots, . The Death of Mailie
The court one canonic the court of the court	That what is no sense must be nonsense. The Kirk's Alarm
Nine, Nines, to the [to perfection].	The corps is no nice of recruits;
Thou paints auld nature to the nines, Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	They're no sae wretched's ane wad think; The Twa Dogs. 13
'Twad please me to the Nine. The Ans. to the Guidwife.	and there we'll no be seen, S. There grows a bonie brier ye'll no be right, Till ye've got on it, To a Louse
Nine-pin. They hough'd the Clans like nine-pin kyles	ye'll no be right, Till ye've got on it, To a Louse Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet, . To a Mountain-Dais;
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	But Mousie, thou art no thy-lane, To a Mouse
Nine-tail, Nine-tail'd. But ha'd your nine-tail cat a wee, Epit. on Holy Willie.	You'll tak it no uncivil: To a Painter
Hark, how the nine-tail'd cat she plays! The Ordination. 11.	But no sae weel a stranger
Ninety-five.	It's no I like to sit an' swallow, To Mr. J. Kenneds
'Twas in the seventeen hundred year	I get it no ae day in ten
O' Christ and ninety-five, . The Election Ballads. V.	An' may a bard no crack his jest . To Rev. J. M'Math God knows, I'm no the thing I shou'd be,
Nip. (And ne'er misfortune's eastern blast Did nip a fairer flower.) To Chloris.	My memory's no worth a preen; . To W. Simpson. P.S.
Nipt. Ere the spoiler had nipt thee in blossom,	Up in the morning's no for me, . S. Up in the morning
On Death of fav. Child.	'Na, na,' quo' I, 'I'm no for that, . What ails ye now
But oh! fell death's untimely frost, That nipt my flower sae early!	No more. At present we will ask no more, A Grace
S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †	In Heaven itself, I'll ask no more,
Nit [nut]. To burn their nits, an' pou their stocks, . Halloween. 2.	Than just a Highland welcome. A Verse on being Hosp. Entertained
The auld Guidwife's weel-hoordet nits	Ye cease to charm; Eliza is no more. El. on Miss Burnet
Mall's nit lap out, wi' pridefu' fling,	Resolve to drink, nay, half to whore no more, Ep. fr. Esopus
She gies the Herd a pickle nits,	Till fears no more had sav'd me: S. Farewell, thou stream
His nieve a nit; To a Haggis.	We part to meet no more! S. From thee, Eliza
Nith. Hasting to join the sweeping Nith, A Vision.	To prove our loyal truth—we can no more; Frag. of Odd The Friend we trust; the Fair we love;
Adown winding Nith I did wander, [re.] S. Adown winding Nith †	And we desire no more Grace after Dinner
	The pride of my bosom, my Mary's no more.
the banks of winding Nith, As on the banks † The Nith shall rin to Corsincon, S. Does haughty Gaul †	Lament, on leaving Nat. Land
But now she's floating down the Nith, [re.]	No more by the banks of the streamlet we'll wander, . It No more shall my arms cling with fondness around her, It
El. on Peg Nicholson.	No more shall the soft thrill of love warm my breast, . It
But Nith maun be my Muse's well, S. O were I on Parnass. † The boatmen on Nith's gentle stream, On Lincluden.	And joy shall revisit my bosom no more
Oft as by winding Nith I, musing, wait	We'll be constant while we can—
On seeing wounded Hare.	You can be no more, you know S. Let not woman
But sweeter flows the Nith to me, S. The Banks of Nith.	With the hand and heart of my wee thing, No more at my fate I'll repine. S. My Love's a winsome
How lovely, Nith, thy fruitful vales,	And are they of no more avail,
There was Maggy by the banks o' Nith The Election Ballads. I.	Ten thousand glittering pounds a year? Ode to Mem. of Mrs. —
Then up spak mim-mou'd Meg' o' Nith, Ib.	No more the thickening brakes and verdant plains
The Laddies by the banks o' Nith Wad trust his Grace wi' a', Jamie; S. The Laddies by †	On seeing wounded Hare
Wad trust his Grace wi' a', Jamie; S. The Laddies by † To thee, lov'd Nith, thy gladsome plains,	No more of rest, but now thy dying bed!
S. To thee, lov'd Nith †	Till Fate the curtain drops on worlds to be no more. Prologue, sp. by Woods
I love thee, Nith, thy banks and braes, Ib.	No more, ye warblers of the wood, no more,
by the sweet side of the Nith's winding river, S. True hearted was he	Sonnet, on Death of R.
Nithside.	The Wretched have no more to fear: S. The gloomy night I asked no more but a Sodger laddie.
Dowie she saunters down Nithside, . Ep. to H. Parker.	The Jolly Beggars. S. II
Stranger, go! Heaven be thy guide! Quod the Beadsman of Nith-side. Wr. in Friars-Carse H	Grant me but this, I ask no more, Ay rowth o' rhymes To J. S., 21
No. An' saying aye or no's they bid him: The Twa Dogs. 22.	Noble. An' sprung o' great an' noble bluid; A Ded. to G. H
No [not]. Had I no got greeting, my heart wou'd hae broken;	Yet aft a ragged Cowte's been known.
S. As I was a-wand ring t	To mak a noble Aiver; A Dream. 11
An' no forgetting wabster Charlie, . Auld comrade † A man may drink and no be drunk;	That day, ye was a jinker noble, . A Guid New-year †7
A man may fight and no be slain; S. Duncan Davison.	Thou was a noble Fittie-lan',
I'll no say, men are villains a'; . Ep. to Young Friend. 3.	Can harbour, dark, the selfish aim. A Winter Night. 8
It's no in titles nor in rank; [re.] Ep. to Davie. 5.	And gie their hides a noble curry, . Adam A-'s Prayer
I'se no insist; $Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 15.$	Architecture's noble pride Add. to Edinburgh. 2
But, thanks to Heav'n, that's no the gate Ib., Ap. 21st, 14.	I view that noble, stately Dome,
And no neglect	I threw a noble throw at ane; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 16
no to roose you, Ye may be proud, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 13. She's no the Lass for me S. Handsome Nell.	If thou a noble sodger art, El. on Capt. M.H., Epit A correspondence fix'd wi' Heav'n,
And no for ony guid or ill	Is sure a noble anchor! . Ep. to Young Friend. 10
She'll no be half sae saucy yet S. My love she's but †	a hero bold, Of noble enterprise, John Barleycorn
O this is no my ain lassie, S. O this is no my ain t	My noble master lies in clay; . Lament for Glencairn
It's no the frosty winter wind,	Must thou, the noble, generous, great,
It's no the driving drift and snaw; S. Oh, how can I be blythe	To meet with noble youthful Daer, On dining with Daer
And faith ye'll no be lost a whit, On W. Chalmers.	Hard upon noble Maggie prest, . Tam o' Shanter. 18
It's no the loss o' warl's gear, Poor Mailie's El	That Architecture's noble art is lost! The Brigs of Ayr. 7 The like has been that you may wear
There are no mony poets sae braw, man, Ronalds of Bennals.	A noble head of horns

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Or noble Elgin beets the heaven-ward flame, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 13.	Nodding, -in. We're a' noddin, nid nid noddin, We're a' noddin at our house at hame;
Here's a noble Earl's	S. Gudeen to you Kimmer †
Fame and high renown, . The Election Ballads. IV.	Deil tak Kate An' she be na noddin too! Ib.
The Murray's noble name!	Contending with Billy for proud-nodding laurels.
Heav'n bless your honor'd, noble Name,	Fragment inscr. to Fox.
The Farewell. To St. J.'s L Come, will ye court a noble lord, . S. The Fête Champetre.	yellow Autumn wreath'd with nodding corn;
	Noddle. The Brigs of Ayr.
My Lord, I know, your noble ear Woe ne'er assails in vain; . The Petition of Br. Water.	The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's noddle,
Would then my noble master please	Fair play, he car'd na deils a boddle. Tam o' Shanter. 11.
To grant my highest wishes,	There'll be, if that day come, I'll wad a boddle,
In many a noble squadron; . The Jolly Beggars, S. VI.	Some fewer whigheleeries in your noddle.
The noble Maxwells and their Powers	The Brigs of Ayr. 5.
S. The noble Maxwells†	My barmie noddle's working prime, To J. S., 4.
To follow the noble vocation; . S. The sons of old Killie.	Noise. Saint Stephen's boys, wi' jarring noise, A Fragment. 6.
Or tore, with noble ardour stung, The Sceptic's bays. The Vision. D. II. 6.	Make, all and every one, A joyful noise, New Psalmody.
The Sceptic's bays. The Vision. D. II. 6. three noble chieftains, and all of his blood, . The Whistle.	To meet their Dad, wi' flichterin noise and glee. The Cotter's Sat. Night.
Let's sing about our noble sels; . Third Ep. to J. Lap	Run de'ils for rantin' an' for noise; . The Inventory.
'Twas noble, Sir; 'twas like yoursel, . To Mr. M'Adam.	With a' his noise an' cap'rin; The Jolly Beggars. S. VI.
Glencairn, the truly noble, lies in dust; To R. G. of F., 9.	To see them come round me with prattling noise,
Whose is that noble, dauntless brow? . V.s under Picture.	S. The Poor Thresher.
His guardian seraph eyes with awe	the Reaper's rustling noise, The Vision. D. II. 15.
The noble ward he loves	chearfu' tankards foamin, An' social noise; To J. S., 14.
Noble-minded.	Noiseless. With noiseless step and taper bright, On Lincluden.
Not high-born, but noble-minded, S. Sweetest May †	Noisy. What are their noisy pleasures?
Nobleman.	S. Mark yonder Pompt
A Nobleman liv'd in a village of late, S. The Poor Thresher.	Alike a foe to noisy folly, And brow-bent gloomy melancholy, The Hermit.
One evening this Nobleman, taking his walk,	The noisy domicile of pedant pride; The Vowels.
Did meet the poor Thresher and freely did talk; Ib.	None. 'Tis he fulfils great Nature's plan,
The Nobleman hearing him what he did say, Ib.	And none but he. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 15.
They all went to dine at the Nobleman's hall Ib.	For none e'er approached her but rued the rash deed.
But such Noblemen there's but few to be found Ib.	Monody, on a Lady.
Nobler. I sing his name and nobler fame, Wha multiplies our number Nature's Law.	On right, on left, and every hand, We saw none to deliver New Psalmody.
To sing auld Coil in nobler style	Which none but craftsmen ever saw!
Where every science—every nobler art—	The Farewell. To St. J.'s L.
That can inform the mind, or mend the heart,	For a lalland face he feared none, The Jolly Beggars. S. IV.
Prologue, sp. by Woods.	Nonsense. Great lies and nonsense baith to vend, [v.A.6]
How would his Highland lug been nobler fir'd,	Death and Dr. Hornbook.
The Brigs of Ayr. To ev'ry nobler virtue bred, . The Vision. D. I. 15.	For it was a' but nonsense:
Still nobler wealth hast thou in store, To Chloris.	Nae bombast spates o' nonsense swell;
Nobles. While Nobles strive to please Ye, . A Dream. 9.	Poem on Pastoral Poetry. Does nonsense mend, like Brandy, when imported
	Scots Prologue.
Would thou hae nobles' patronage, "First learn to live without it !"	That what is no sense must be nonsense. The Kirk's Alarm.
Extem. on Commem.s of Thomson.	Whase greed, revenge, an' pride disgraces
But why should we to nobles jouk? The Election Ballads. II.	Waur nor their nonsense. To Rev. J. M'Math.
Noblest. As by his noblest work the Godhead best is known. El. on Miss Burnet.	Nook. I sidling shelter'd in a nook, On dining with Daer.
Auld Nature swears, the lovely Dears	To its blackest nook he has carried her ben,
Her noblest work she classes, O:	Seek the chippey-nook of ease We in Friggs Care H
S. Green grow the Rashes.	Seek the chimney-nook of ease Wr. in Friars-Carse H. Noon. There [on thy hills] daily I wander as noon rises high,
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim: The Cotter's Sat. Night. 13.	Noon. There ion thy miss daily I wander as noon rises high, S. Afton Water.
The noblest breast adores them maist . Women's Winds	But lang or noon, loud tempests storming
The noblest breast adores them maist, . S. Women's Minds. Nobly.	A' my flowery bliss destroy'd S. I dream'd I lay †
Nobly,	A' my flowery bliss destroy'd S. I dream'd I lay † We'll to the breathing woodbine bow'r,
Nobly. Whare ye may nobly rax your leather, A Guid New-year 118.	A' my flowery bliss destroy'd S. I dream'd I lay † We'll to the breathing woodbine bow'r, At sultry noon, my dearie O. S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite †
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Nor [though, than]. Then down ye'll hurl, deil nor ye never rise! The Brigs of Ayr. 7.	Oh, nought but love and sorrow join'd, Sic notes of woe could wanken! S. O stay, sweet warbling t A chiefl's amang you taking notes
Whase greed, revenge, an' pride disgraces Waur nor their nonsense. To Rev. J. M'Math.	A chield's amang you, taking notes, On Grose's Peregrinations. Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure,
Norland [north-land].	Thrill the deepest notes of woe, S. Sensibility, † Yes, pour, ye warblers, pour the notes of woe, [v.A.10]
Here's a health to Tammie, the Norland laddie, S. Here's a health to them	Sonnet on Death of Riddel. They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
Erskine, a spunkie norland billie; The Author's Cry and Prayer. 14.	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 13.
Nor-west. He saw Misfortune's cauld Nor-west	St. Mary's, A house of great merit and note; The Election Ballads. III. To Harmony's enchanting notes,
Lang-mustering up a bitter blast; On Scot. Bard gne to W.I. North, Lord [the Statesman].	As moves the mazy dance, man The Fête Champetre.
For N-rth an' F-x united stocks, A Fragment. 6.	And roar every note of the damn'd The Kirk's Alarm. In plaintive notes my tale rehearses To Clarinda.
N-rth, F-x, & Co. Gowff'd Willie like a ba',	Note, to. Note that eye, 'tis rheum o'erflows, Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.
Add. of Beelzebub. 2. North. The cauld blue north was streaming forth Her lights,	And careful note each op'ning grace,
A Vision. He fir'd a fiddler in the north S. Amang the trees †	Unskilful he to note the card
The fell Harpy-raven took wing from the North, S. Caledonia.	Noted. Of prudent Lore, . To a Mountain-Daisy.
Is he south, or is he north? . S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. G.	So noted for drowning of sorrow and care; The Whistle. 10. Far kend an' noted is thy name; Add. to the Deil. 3.
Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North, S. My heart's in the Highlands †	Noteless.
Out over the Forth I look to the north, But what is the north and its highlands to me? S. Out over the Forth t	Who, noteless, steals the crouds among, A Bard's Epit. Nothing. 'Twould vamp my bill, said I, if nothing better; Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
The chase gaed frae the north, man;	Said, nothing like his works was ever printed; Ib.
As to the north I bent my way, S. The Lass that made the bed. Or when the North his flacty store.	'Twas nothing would serve him but Satan's own crown; Epig. on—. I saw thine eyes, yet nothing fear'd, S. Farewell, thou stream?
Or when the North his fleecy store Drove thro' the sky, The Vision. D. II. 13.	Nothing could resist my Nancy: . S. One fond kiss, †
I sing of a Whistle, the pride of the North, . The Whistle. He's comin frae the North that's to fancy me,	Be they wise, be they foolish, is nothing of mine; Poet. Add. to Tytler.
S. There grows a bonie † Cauld blew the bitter-biting North	Notice. The Devil got notice that Grose was a-dying, Epig. on Capt. Grose. Thae winks and finger-ends, I dread
Upon thy early, humble birth; . To a Mountain-Daisy. Or, the stormy North sends driving forth,	Are notice takin! To a Louse.
The blinding sleet and snaw: Winter.	See wha taks notice o' the bard! To Mr. M'Adam. Notic'd, -'t.
Northern. From some of your northern deities sprung: . S. Caledonia.	She notic't na, an aizle brunt Her braw, new, worset apron Out thro' Halloween. 13.
(What breast of northern ice but warms?) . Frag. of Ode.	I've notic'd on our Laird's court-day, The Twa Dogs. 13.
luckless fortune's northern storms . S. Luckless Fortune. These northern scenes with weary feet I trace; Wr. in Kenmore Inn.	Notion. Or Cuifs of later times, wha held the notion, That sullen gloom was sterling, true devotion: The Brigs of Ayr. &.
Nose.	It never fails, on drinkin deep,
And haud their noses to the grunstane; A Ded. to G. H., 8. While tears hap o'er her auld brown nose! Ep. to H. Parker.	To kittle up our notion, By night or day. The Holy Fair. 19. It wad frae monie a blunder free us
Your Critic folk may cock their nose, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 10.	An' foolish notion: To a Louse. This while my notion's taen a sklent,
If Venus yet had got his nose off; . Kind Sir, I've read †	To try my fate in guid, black prent; To J. S., 7. Notit [noted].
I'd take the rascal by the nose, Wad say, Shame fa' thee. On Grose's Peregrinations.	Day an' date as under notit, The Inventory.
Wi' saut tears trickling down your nose; Poor Mailie's El As open pussie's mortal foes,	Nought.
When, pop! she starts before their nose; Tam o' Shanter. 17.	Ye've nought to do but mark and tell Your Neebours' fauts and folly! Add. to Unco Guid.
While by their nose the tears will revel, Tam Samson's El	Trembling I dow nought but glowr, S. Blythe hae I been† Can yield me nought but sorrow. S. Craigie-burn Wood.
When by the plate we set our nose, . The Holy Fair. 8.	And a' your views may come to nought,
Wi' social nose whyles snuff'd an' snowket; The Twa Dogs. 6. My sooth! right bauld ye set your nose out, To a Louse.	Ep. to Young Friend. 2. And nought but peat reek i'my head, Ep. to H. Parker.
An anxious e'e I never throws	There's nought but care on ev'ry han',
Behint my lug, or by my nose; To J. S., 25. I'll cock my nose aboon them a', To Mr. M Adam.	S. Green grow the Rashes.
Her nose and chin they threaten ither; S. Willie Wastle.	Ye're nought but senseless asses, O:
Nostrum.	Nought but griefs with me remain. S. Jockey's ta'en the t
In guid time comes an antidote Against sic poosion'd nostrum; The Holy Fair. 16.	But nought can glad the weary wight That fast in durance lies. Lament of Mary of Scots.
Note. That gars the notes of discord squeel. Add, to Toothache.	Who, save thy mind's reproach, nought earthly fear'st, Lus sent Sir J. Whiteford.
That gars the notes of discord squeel, Add. to Toothache. Some auld, us'd hands had taen a note, Ep. to J. R., 9.	Is nought to what poor she endures S. O Lassie, art thou t
In notes of sweetest melody	Oh, nought but love and sorrow join'd,
They hail the charming Chloe: S. It was the charming † The winds, lamenting thro' their caves,	The frost that freezes the life at my breast,
To echo bore the notes alang Lament for Glencairn.	Is nought to my pains from thee, Oh. S. Oh, open the door †
The mavis mild wi' many a note, Lament of Mary of Scots. At Yarico's sweet notes of grief,	Wha can do nought but fyke an' fumble, On Scot. Bard gne to W.I.
The rock with tears had flow'd Lns on Mrs. Kemble.	I marked nought uncommon. On dining with Daer.

But a' the pride of Spring's return	Nurst. Forby sax mae, I've sell't awa,
Can yield me nought but sorrow. S. Sweet fa's the eve†	That thou hast nurst; A Guid New-year † 15. nurst in the Peasant's lowly shed, The Brigs of Ayr.
Again Thou say'st, 'Ye sons of men, 'Return ye into nought!' The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps.	nurst in the Peasant's lowly shed, The Brigs of Ayr. Nut-brown.
He hated nought but—to be sad, The Jolly Beggars. R. VII.	Her nut-brown hair, beyond compare, S. As I gaed up by †
And nought but his labour to keep them up all.	Nymph.
The Poor Thresher. Frae morn to een it's nought but toiling,	Hail Poesie! thou Nymph reserv'd! Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
At baking, roasting, frying, boiling; The Twa Dogs. 9.	0. In rueful apprehension enter'd O, The Vowels.
An' nought but his han'-daurk,	Oak.
And my daddie has nought but a cot-house and yard:	And stately oaks their twisted arms, Threw broad and dark across the pool: As on the banks †
S. There's auld Rob†	As soon the rooted oaks would fly
An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain, To a Mouse. We heard nought but the roaring linn, S. What will I do gin †	Before th' approaching fellers. The Election Ballads. VI.
Nourish. It's a' for the apple be'll nourish the tree;	Let Britain boast her hardy oak, The Tree of Liberty.
S. O meikle thinks my love †	Oar. Suspend their dashing oars to hear On Lincluden.
Novel. O leave novels, ye Mauchline belles, O leave novels †	Oath. And they hae sworn a solemn oath [re] John Barleycorn.
November.	By your dear self!—the last great oath I swear, To Clarinda. Obedience. If 'tis still the lordly word,
chill November's surly blast . Man was made to Mourn.	Service and obedience; S. Husband, husband†
November hirples o'er the lea, On Birth of Posth. Child. That frae November till October,	To give obedience due: Nature's Law.
Ae market-day thou was nae sober; . Tam o' Shanter. 3.	Obedient. Meanwhile I am, respected Sir,
November chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh;	Your most obedient. Ep. to J. R. Obey. Yet sure those ills that wring my soul
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 2. I married with a scolding wife	Obey Thy high behest. A Prayer under Anguish.
The fourteenth of November; . S. The Joyful Widower.	"One of two must still obey, . S. Husband, husband†
Now. And humbly begs you'll mind the important—Now!	The youngkers a' are warned to obey;
Prologue, at Th., D Now's the day, and now's the hour, S. Scots, wha ha'e †	Object. The Cotter's Sat. Night. 6.
Let us th' important now employ,	Sweet early object of my youthful vows, Once fondly lov'd†
And live as those who never die Sketch. New-Yr's Day.	Objection. An' if ye mak' objections at it, Third Ep. to J. Lap
Now an' then.	Oblige. Oblige them, patronize their tinsel lays, They persecute you all your future days!
And ev'ry now an' then, he says, 'Hemp-seed I saw thee,	Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
Nowt, Nowte [cattle].	Which will oblige your humble debtor,
Observe the very nowt an' sheep,	S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. G. † Obliging. Obliging Vulcan fell to work, . To J. Taylor.
How dowff an' dowie now they creep; . El. on Year 1788.	Oblivion. And to dark Oblivion join thee! S. Raving winds †
Few men o' sense will doubt your claims To rank amang the Nowte	O' boot [to boot] v. Boot.
For we're not to be bought or sold	Obscure. Thick mists, obscure, involv'd me round;
Like naigs and nowt, and a' that.	Lament for Glencairn.
The Election Ballads. II.	all obscure, unknown, and poor, S. My father was a farmer † For though I be poor, unnoticed, obscure,
Wee Davock hauds the nowt in fother The Inventory. To thrum guittars an' fecht wi' nowt; . The Twa Dogs. 23.	My stomach's as proud as them a', man.
Number. And ranked plagues their numbers tell,	For a' that, and a' that,
In dreadfu' raw, Add. to Toothache.	Our toils obscure, and a' that, . S. The Honest Man.
I sing his name and nobler fame, Wha multiplies our number Nature's Law.	Till curst with Age, obscure an' starvin, . To J. S., 19.
Number, to. Let prudence number o'er each sturdy son,	Observation.
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.	On this ane's dress, an' that ane's leuk, They're makin observations; The Holy Fair. 20.
Only to number out a villain's years! . To R. Graham.	Guid observation they will gie them; To W. Simpson. P.S.
Number'd.	Observe.
Long since, this world's thorny ways Had number'd out my weary days, Ep. to Davie. 10.	Observe wha's standing wi' him Epit. on Holy Willie.
The drowsy Dungeon-clock had number'd two,	Sae, ye observe that a' this clatter Is naething but a 'moonshine matter; To W. Simpson. P.S.
The Brigs of Ayr. 3.	Observ'd.
when ye're number'd wi' the dead, The Calf.	Observ'd ye yon reverend lad
This Hal for genius, wit, and lore, Among the first was number'd; The Dean of Fac	Mak faces to tickle the Mob; The Jolly Beggars. S. III.
When the lingering moments are number'd wi' care?	Oft has thy silent-marking glance Observ'd us, The Lament. Observin.
Numbering.	Poor wights! nae rules nor roads observin; . To J. S., 19.
Numbering ev'ry had which nature	Occasion.
Waters wi' the tears of joy S. Sleep'st thou,	Discount what scant occasion gave, Add. to Unco Guid. 3.
Numbers.	Occupation. O how shall I, unskilfu', try The Poet's occupation? S. Lovely Davies.
Could artful numbers move thee, S. Could aught of song †	The Poet's occupation? S. Lovely Davies. I've travell'd round all Christian ground
My wailing numbers El. on Capt. M. H., 3. In sacred strains and tuneful numbers join'd,	In this my occupation; . The Jolly Beggars. S. VI.
To Miss Graham.	Ocean. The evining gilds the Ocean's swell; S. Bonie Bell.
Numerous, -'rous.	The billows on the ocean [type of woman] S. Deluded Swain †
O' a' the num'rous human dools, Add. to Toothache.	A boundless ocean's roar; But boundless oceans, roaring wide, S. From thee, Eliza†
Of all the numerous ills that hurt our peace, Remorse. A Frag.	Ocean's ebb, and ocean's flow; S. Let not woman †
Nuptial.	Louis what reck I by thee,
Are frae their nuptial labors risen: . A Ded. to G. H., 14.	Or Geordie on his ocean? S. Louis what reck I†
Nurse. That nurse in their bosom the youth o' the Clyde, S. You wild mossy mountains †	Musing on the roaring ocean, Which divides my love and me: S. Musing on the roaring †
Nursing.	O'er life's rough ocean driven, . O Thou dread Pow'r
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm Tam o' Shanter.	like ocean's roar When all his wintry billows pour
Nursling.	
I, wi' my sweet nurslings here, . S. O Logan! sweetly	Against the Buchan Bullers. The Election Ballads. VI. And Tweed rins to the ocean S. The Union.

The mountains rise, and deserts howl,	O'erlabour'd.
And oceans roar between; S. Tho' cruel fate†	See, yonder poor, o'erlabour'd wight, So abject, mean and vile, . Man was made to Mourn.
On Life's rough ocean luckless starr'd! To a Mountain-Daisy. Or whare wild-meeting oceans boil	So abject, mean and vile, . Man was made to Mourn. O'erlay [a cravat, or neckcloth].
Besouth Magellan To IV. Simpson,	And I will dress his o'erlay; S. The Ploughman †
Och! And och! that's nae r-g-n-r-t-n! [v.A.29] A Ded. to G.H.	O'erlook.
But Och, mankind are unco weak, Ep. to Young Friend. 3.	An sic a Lord—lang Scotch ells twa,
But Och! it hardens a' within,	Our Peerage he o'erlooks them a', . On dining with Daer.
But Och! that night, among the shaws, Halloween. 24.	Propriety's cold, cautious rules Warm fervour may o'erlook; Rusticity's ungainly †
And och! o'er aft thy joes hae starv'd, Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	Warm fervour may o'erlook; . Rusticity's ungainly † O'ermatching.
Och, ho! the day! Searching auld †	Can give a bliss o'ermatching thine,
But Och! they catch'd him at the last,	A rustic Bard The Vision. D. II. 21.
The Jolly Beggars. S. IV.	O'erpay. Clarinda, rich reward! o'erpays them all!
Ochils. Where, braving angry winter's storms,	In vain wld Prudence †
The lofty Ochils rise, S. Peggy Chalmers.	O'erpower'd. Sometimes by foes I was o'erpower'd; S. My father was a farmer †
Ochiltree [parish in mid division of Ayrshire].	When baiginets o'erpower'd the targe,
Or frosts on hills of Ochiltree Are hoary gray; To W. Simpson. 13.	S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
Ochon! [alas! oh sorrow!].	O'er-side. Heave Care o'er-side! To J. S., 11.
Ochon for poor Castalian drinkers, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 10.	O'erspread.
Ochon, Ochon, Ochrie! The Highl. Widow's Lament.	Let lofty firs, and ashes cool,
Ochon, O, Donald Oh!	My lowly banks o'erspread, The Petition of Br. Water.
Ochtertyre [Mr. Ramsay's place, near Stirling].	O'erword [any word frequently repeated; the re- frain of a song].
By Ochtertyre grows the aik S. Blythe was she †	But prudence is her o'erword ay, . S. O poortith cauld, †
October. October twenty-third, A ne'er to be forgotten day,	And aye the o'erword o' the spring,
On dining with Daer.	Was Irvine's bairns are bonie a' The night was still †
That frae November till October, Ae market-day thou was nae sober; . Tam o' Shanter. 3.	Offence. The offence is loving thee: S. Turn again, thou t
Odd. They tald me 'twas an odd kind chiel	Fain would I say, 'Forgive my foul offence!'
About Muirkirk. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 4.	Offended. Why am I loth†
I must needs say, comparisons are odd. The Brigs of Ayr. 10.	Thee, dear maid, have I offended? S. Turn again, thout
Odin.	Offer. But thought I might hae waur offers, [re.]
Her grandsire, old Odin, triumphantly swore, S. Caledonia.	S. Last May a braw wooer †
O'er. An' I'll kiss thee o'er again; S. An' I'll kiss thee yet †	Tak me, Katie, at my offer, . S. Will ye go and marry †
"Is o'er ayont the water:" S. Had I the wyte †	Offer, to.
I'm o'er young to marry yet, S. I'm o'er young t	And if he offers to rebel, Just heave him in [to hell]. Adam A—'s Prayer.
I'm o'er young, my mammy says,	I'm tauld he offers very fairly, Auld comrade †
And och! o'er aft thy joes hae starv'd, Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	And offers, bliss to give and to receive. <i>Prologue</i> , at Th., D
He ca't the girrs out o'er us a'; S. The Cooper o' cuddy †	Off'ring. To thee this votive off'ring I impart,
O'er-arching.	Lns sent Sir J. Whiteford.
Bewitchingly o'er arching	Office. I wear away My life, and in my office holy
Twa laughing een o' bonie blue S. Sae flaxen †	Consume the day The Hermit.
O'er-arching, mouldy, gloom-inspiring coves,	Unmindful tho' a weeping wife,
The Brigs of Ayr. 8.	And helpless offspring mourn. Man was made to Mourn.
O'ercast. No envious cloud o'ercast his evening ray; Blest be M'Murdo †	But come, all ye offspring of folly so true,
Then night's gloomy shades, cloudy, dark, o'ercast my sky:	She, who her lovely Offspring eyes Monody, on a Lady.
S. Sleep'st thou, †	With tender hopes and fears, . O Thou dread Pow'r†
The sweeping blast, the sky o'ercast, Winter.	Oft. oft as mild ev'ning weeps over the lea, S. Afton Water.
O'ercome.	Oft have ye heard my canty strains: El. on Capt. M. H., II.
Like hafflins-wise o'ercomes him At times The Holy Fair. 17.	And oft a more endearing band, Ep. to Davie. 10.
Partly wi' Love o'ercome sae sair, An' partly she was drunk: . The Jolly Beggars. R. VII.	tho' oft the prey of care and sorrow, Ep. to R. Graham. 3.
O'erflow. Then fill up a bumper and make it o'erflow,	Yet oft the sport of all the ills of life;
S. No Churchman am I †	Death, oft I've fear'd thy fatal blow, S. Fate gave the word †
Note that eye, 'tis rheum o'erflows, Ode to Mem. of Mrs	Though oft I turned the wistful eye, Lament for Glencairn. How silent that tongue which the echoes oft tired,
Wi' deepening deluges o'erflow the plains;	Monody, on a Lady.
The Brigs of Ayr. 7.	He oft has wrought me meikle wae; . S. O lay thy loof †
The Youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 8.	Who for her favour oft had su'd, S. On a bank of flowers t
O'erflowing. Come, let us sweep them off, said they,	Oft as by winding Nith I, musing, wait
Like an o'erflowing river. New Psalmody.	On seeing wounded Hare.
O'er-gang [to over-go, to master].	Low lies the hand that oft was stretch'd to save, On Death of Sir J. Blair.
If ye gie a woman a' her will, Gude faith she'll soon o'er-gang ye.	Hate, envy, oft the Douglas bore;
S. O ay my wife she dang.	On the Duke of Queensberry.
O'erhang. where the beetling cliff o'erhangs the deep,	as grateful nations oft have found . Prologue, sp. by Woods.
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.	how oft with panting fear,
The hazel bush o'erhangs the Thrush, S. Now westlin windst	Has oft been stretch'd to shield the honour'd land! . Ib. Fate oft tears the bosom chords
Or where you grot o'erhangs the tide, S. Slow spreads the gloom †	That Nature finest strung: Sad thy tale †
O'erhanging.	Does she, with heart unchang'd as mine,
Ye rugged cliffs o'erhanging dreary glens, El. on Miss Burnet.	Oft in the vocal bowers recline? S. Slow spreads the gloom
O'erhung. The foaming stream deep roaring fa's,	Disguising oft the wretch of human kind, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 19.
O'erhung wi' fragrant spreading shaws, S. Bonie Lassie, will ye go †	Oft have I met your social band,
O'erhung with wild woods thickening green,	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 19. Oft have I met your social band, The Farewell. To St. J.'s L The Farewell of the Sat. Night. 19.
T- M 11	Oft honor'd with supreme command

Oft has thy silent-marking glance Observ'd us,	Omnipotence.
Oft have our fearless fathers strode The Lament. 9.	Dread Omnipotence, alone,
By Wallace' side, . To W. Simpson. 11. Who sin so oft have mourn'd, yet to temptation ran?	Can heal the wound He gave; Sad thy tale, † Vain ev'n the omnipotence of Female charms, Scots Prologue.
Why am I loth †	In all th' omnipotence of rule and power. To R. G. of F
Oft-attested. The oft-attested Powers above; The Lament.3. Often. I'll often greet this surging swell;	O, aid me with Thy help, Omnipotence Divine! Why am I loth †
You distant isle will often hail; S. Behold the hour	Omniscient. Beneath th' Omniscient Eye above, The Farewell. To St. J.'s L.
Often hast thou vow'd that death Only should us sever; S. Thou hast left me †	On. O Kenmure's on and awa, Willie!
Oil. And gie their hides a noble curry, Wi' oil of aik Adam A—'s Prayer.	S. O Kenmure's on and awa t Caledonian, on wi' me S. Scots, wha ha'e t
We'll light a spunk, and, ev'ry skin, We'll rin them aff in fusion, Like oil, some day.	Once. Know thy form was once a treasure. Blue Bonnets. Baith their disease, and what will mend it,
The Ordination. 14.	At once he tells't. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 19.
Craigdarroch began with a tongue smooth as oil, The Whistle. 7.	The pie-bald jacket let me patch once more; Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
Oll'd. But oil'd by thee, The wheels o' life gae down-hill scrievin,	At once 'tis music,—and 'tis love! S. Here is the glen † Now Jove for once be mighty civil,
Wi' rattlin glee. Scotch Drink. 5. Old. Old Scotia's bloody lion bore: Add. to Edinburgh. 7.	Improm. on Mrs. —'s Birth-day.
old time then was young, S. Caledonia.	And winter once rejoic'd in glory
Her grandsire, old Odin,	Monody, on a Lady. What once was a butterfly gay in life's beam:
Epig. on Capt. Grose.	Once fondly lov'd, and still remember'd dear,
The old cock'd hat, the grey surtout, the same; Extem. on W. Smellie.	Once fondly lov'd † Stuart, a name once respected, . Poet. Add. to Tytler.
That, like th' old Hebrew walking switch, eats up its neighbours: Fragment, inscr. to Fox.	I once was by Fortune carest, I once could relieve the distrest; . S. The sun he is sunk †
Old winter with his frosty beard, Improm. on Mrs. —'s Birthday.	And would to Common-sense for once betray'd them,
And may his great posterity Ne'er fail in old Scotland! John Barleycorn.	I once was a maid tho' I cannot tell when:
Never perhaps to greet old Scotland more.	One. True it is, she had one failing, Had ae woman ever less? Lns under Pict. of Miss B.
Lns on Back of Bank-Note. The greybeard, old wisdom, may boast of his treasures,	One fond kiss, and then we sever:
Lns on Windows, Gl. Tav I found that old Solomon proved it fair,	One farewell, alas, for ever! One fond kiss † Sires, mothers, children, in one carnage lie: The Brigs of Ayr.
S. No Churchman am I †	Auld Ayr is just one lengthen'd, tumbling sea; Ib. 7.
But the pursy old landlord just waddl'd upstairs, 16. And faith I agree with th' old prig to a hair; 16.	One cordial in this melancholy Vale, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 9.
But mete his cunning by the old Scots ell; Sketch. To you old Bald-pate smooths his wrinkled brow,	One and all cry out, amen! . The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII. One-and-twenty.
Prologue, at Th., D.	We lived full one-and-twenty years
old Mansfield, who writes like the Bible, Reproof by Himself. I see the old, bald-pated fellow, . Sketch. New-Yr's Day.	A man and wife together; S. The Joyful Widower. One more.
old Scotia's melting airs, The Brigs of Ayr. From scenes like these, old Scotia's grandeur springs,	I'm better pleas'd to make one more, Than be the death of twenty. Lns on Windows, Gl. Tav
The Cotter's Sat. Night.	One, two, three.
Dire was the hate at old Harlaw, The Dean of Fac. Farewell, old Scotia's bleak domains, The Farewell.	Wi' hand on hainch, and upward e'e, He croon'd his gamut, one, two, three, The Jolly Beggars. R.V.
Farewell, old Coila's hills and dales, S. The gloomy night †	Onle v. Ony.
Old Scotia's darling hope, Your little angel band The Petition of Br. Water.	Onions. See, how she peels the skin an' fell,
But the godly old Chaplain left him in the lurch; The Jolly Beggars, S. II.	As ane were peelin onions! The Ordination. 12. Onlie. They'll step in and tak a pint
Till I met my old boy in a Cunningham fair; Ib. What aspects old time in his progress has worn;	Wi' Lady Onlie, honest lucky. [re.] S. A' the lads o' Thornie-bnk †
Ye sons of old Killie, assembled by Willie,	Only. And fare thee weel, my only Luve! S. A red, red Rose.
S. The sons of old Killie.	His only son for Hornbook sets, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 27. A title, and the only one I claim, Ep. to R. Graham. 4.
Your thrifty old mother has scarce such another, Ib. Old Loda, still rueing the arm of Fingal, . The Whistle.	Who riches only prize, S. How cruel are †
Old poets have sung, and old chronicles tell, Ib.	And thou, my last, best, only friend, Lament for Glencairn. Want only of wisdom denied her respect,
And trusty Glenriddel, so skilled in old coins; And gallant Sir Robert, deep-read in old wines Ib.	Want only of goodness denied her esteem. Monody, on a Lady.
In the bands of old friendship and kindred so set, . Ib. Older.	I only live to love thee S. O were I on Parnass. †
You're one year older this important day, Prologue, at Th., D	Come to my bosom, my ain only deary, S. Wandering Willie. Only known to wandering swains, On scaring Water-fowl.
Olfact'ry. No nerves olfact'ry, Mammon's trusty cur, To R. G. of F., 3.	My chief, amaist my only pleasure, Second Ep. to Davie.
Olio. Or olio that wad staw a sow, To a Haggis.	Me, mem'ry of my loss will only meet. [v.A.ro] Sonnet on Death of Riddel. Why urge the only one request
Oliphant. But Oliphant aft made her [Common-sense] yell, The Ordination. 2.	Why urge the only, one request, You know I will deny! S. Talk not of Love †
Olive. Peace, thy olive wand extend, S. How can my poor heart †	Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair, Tam o' Shanter. Fit only for a doited Monkish race, . The Brigs of Ayr.
Omen. Like some portentous omen; On dining with Daer.	For Johnie is my only jo, S. The cardin o't.
Omnipotent. In other worlds can Mammon fail,	The soupe their only Hawkie does afford, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11.
Omnipotent as he is here? Ode, to Mem. of Mrs	He only hears and sees the war, The Election Ballads. VI.

Onward.	Open'd.
Still pressing onward, red-wat-shod, To W. Simpson. 11.	Collected Harry stood awee,
	Then open'd out his arm, Extem. in Court of Session.
With careless step I onward stray'd, S. Twas even—the dewy †	She has open'd the door, she has open'd it wide,
Ony, Onie [any].	S. Oh, open the door t
And ony De'il that thinks to get you, Good Lord deceive him A Farewell.	Nay, Bobby's mouth may be open'd yet
Paddy B-rke, like ony Turk, A Fragment. 5.	Till for eloquence you hail him, The Dean of Fac.
Thou could hae gaen like ony staggie A Guid New-Year †	Opening, -'ning.
like ony wabster's shuttle, Adam A—'s Prayer.	The op'ning gowan, wat wi' dew, . S. Behind you hills t
meek, As ony lamb upon the lee! S. Blythe was she †	Fair the tints of op'ning rose; Delia, an Ode.
ony whiggish whingin sot, . El. on Capt. M. H., Epit.	Lovely as yonder sweet opening flower is, S. Mark yonder Pomp †
But still keep something to yoursel	'Sips nectar in the op'ning flower, S. O Phely †
Ye scarcely tell to ony Ep. to Young Friend. 5.	Just opening on its thorny stem:
Frae ony unregenerate Heathen,	S. On Cessnock banks † Sett. II.
Like you or I Ep. to J. R., 4.	Sweet to the opening day,
For saul he ne'er had ony Epit. on Wee Johnie.	Rosebuds bent the dewy spray; S. Phillis the Fair.
Gars ony dress look weel S. Handsome Nell.	I thank thee, author of this opening day!
And no for ony guid or ill Holy Willie's Prayer.	Sonnet, wr. on Birthday.
Like ony common weed and vile S. I do confess †	No heels to bear him from the opening dun; To R. G. of F., 3.
Gi'e me love at ony price; S. Jockey fou †	While bees delight in opening flowers; S. Where Cart rins†
Gin ye crowdie ony mair,	Openly. Wha fain would openly rebel, The Twa Herds. 14.
Ye'll crowdie a' my meal away S. O that I had ne'er †	Opera. At Operas an' Plays parading, The Twa Dogs. 22.
Wha follows ony saucy quean S. O Tibbie! †	Opera-girl.
For us and for our Stage, should ony spier, Scots Prologue.	The news o' princes, dukes and earls,
While by their nose the tears will revel,	Pimps, sharpers, bawds, and opera girls; <i>Kind Sir</i> , <i>I've read</i> † Opinion. We auld wives' minions gie our opinions.
Like ony bead; Tam Samson's El	Solicited or no; Symon Gray †
Than ony ermine ever lap, . The Ans. to the Guidwife.	But there's Morality himsel,
Does ony great man glunch an' gloom?	Embracing all opinions; The Ordination. 12.
The Author's Cry and Prayer. That year I was the waest man	If ye should doubt the truth o' this
O' ony man alive The Election Ballads. V.	It's Bessy's ain opinion! The Tarbolton Lasses.
An' sour as ony slaes: The Holy Fair. 3.	An' justifies that ill opinion,
As light as ony lambie,	Which makes thee startle, . To a Mouse.
Or ony stronger potion,	Oppose. To oppose great Nature's plan? S. Let not woman t
As saft as ony flesh is	In vain the laws their feeble force oppose; . To Clarinda.
As fast as ony in the dwalling The Inventory.	Oppos'd.
	To these what Tory hosts oppos'd The Election Ballads. VI.
To join faith and sense upon ony pretence, Is heretic, damnable error The Kirk's Alarm.	Oppress. Alas! how aft in haughty mood,
Gif ye hae ony luve for me, S. The lass that made the bed.	God's creatures they oppress! Ep. to Davie. 6.
I'se ay be there, And be as canty's ony. S. The tither morn †	Oppressed, -'d, Opprest.
eats a dinner, Better than ony Tenant-man The Twa Dogs. 9.	Oppress'd with grief, oppress'd with care, Despondency, an Ode.
An' cheat like ony unhang'd blackguard Ib. 33.	And much-oppressed and bruised she was;
The carlin gaed thro' them like ony mad bear,	As priest-rid cattle are, El. on Peg Nicholson.
S. There liv'd ance a carle †	Wi' care nor thrall opprest Lament of Mary of Scots.
An' took my jocteleg an' whatt it, Like ony clark. Third Ep. to J. Lap	The poor, oppressed, honest man Man was made to Mourn.
I hae na ony fear	With love and sleep oppress'd. S. On a bank of flowers †
Wi' you I'll canter ony gate, To Mr. Renton.	Oppression. See stern oppression's iron grip,
Syne pale like ony lily, S. When wild War's †	A Winter Night.
Cou'd stown a clue wi' ony bodie; S. Willie Wastle †	Delusions, oppressions, and murderous wars;
	S. By yon castle wa't
Be to the Poor like onie whunstane, A Ded. to G. H., 8. They're better just than want ay On onie day. A Dream. 14.	See from his cavern grim Oppression rise,
	And throw on poverty his cruel eyes; On Death of R. Dundas.
out owre a stank, Like onie bird A Guid New-Year †	By oppression's woes and pains, S. Scots, wha ha'e †
I daur you try sic sportin, As seek the foul Thief onie place, Halloween. 14.	I saw they were resolved a' On my oppression What ails ye now †
But he was gleg as onie wumble, On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.	Oppressor.
I lo'e him best of onie yet S. The cardin o't.	I've seen th' oppressor's cruel smile, Lns on Back of Bank Note.
Wi' onie blastet, moorlan toop; . The Death of Mailie.	With tears indignant I behold th' oppressor
And see an onie bonie lad will fancy me.	Rejoicing in the honest man's destruction, Tragic Frag
S. There grows a bonie†	Or [before, ere].
Trenching your gushing entrails bright	But or the day was done, A Dream. 15.
Like onie ditch; To a Haggis.	wad na sleep For that, or Simmer. A Guid New-Year † 13.
As plump an' gray as onie grozet; To a Louse.	He will win a shilling, Or he spend a groat.
Not dreadin' onie body, S. When first I came †	S. Hey, the dusty miller†
Ony where. Wi' you I'll scarce gang ony where To J. S., 29.	But lang or noon, loud tempests storming S. I dream'd I lay
Ope. Lord Gregory ope thy door S. O mirk, mirk†	Or they rehearse, in equal verse, The charms o' lovely Davies S. Lovely Davies.
Open. With open arms the Stronger heil:	
With open arms the Stranger hail; Add. to Edinburgh. 3.	Ye'se a' be het or I come back. On Kirk of Lamington.
As open pussie's mortal foes,	O would, or I had seen the day S. The Union.
The honest, open, naked truth: The Author's Cry and Prayer.	Ye'll see't or lang, . The Author's Cry and Prayer. 15.
Wha sees Kerroughtree's open yett? The Election Ballads. II.	And or I wad anither jad, I'll wallop in a tow S. The weary pund.
I made an open fair confession, What ails ye now †	Orange. O sweet grows the lime and the orange. To Mary.
	Orator. Thou first of our orators, first of our wits;
Open, to. Oh, open the door, some pity to shew, Oh, open the door to me, Oh; S. Oh, open the door	Frag. inscr. to Fox.
[Smith] opens out his cauld harangues, The Holy Fair. 14.	And orator Bob is its [the church's] ruin. The Kirk's Alarm.
Till fam'd Breadalbaine opens on my view.	Orb. For through your orbs he's taen his flight,
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.	El. on Capt. M. H., 14.

O Thou pale Orb, that silent shines, The Lament.	The warld's wrack, we share o't,
Thou orb of day! thou other paler light! To R. Graham.	The warstle and the care o't; S. My wife's a winsome.
Orcades.	Its pride, and a' the lave o't; . S. O poortith cauld †
From Tweed to the Orcades was her domain. S. Caledonia.	The rantin dog, the daddie o't. [re.]
Ordained. And laws for Scotland's weel ordained;	S. O wha my babie-clouts †
On Window at Stirling.	Fine architecture, trowth, I needs must say't o't!
But if its ordain'd I maun tak' him,	The L-d be thankit that we've tint the gate o't!
O wha will I get but Tam Glen? S. Tam Glen.	The cardin o't, the spinnin o't,
Order.	The warpin o't, the winnin o't; . S. The cardin o't.
The fear o' Hell's a hangman's whip,	May whistle owre the lave o't. [re.] The Jolly Beggars. S. V.
To haud the wretch in order; . Ep. to Young Friend. 8.	The view o't gies them little fright The Twa Dogs. 15.
In order, on the clean hearth-stane, . Halloween. 27.	I'd gie you sic a hearty dose o't, To a Louse.
All mounted in good order Katharine Jaffray.	I'm weary sick o't late and air! . To Dr. Blacklock.
In decency and order, O; . S. My father was a farmer	Ye're welcome for the sake o't. S. When wild War's †
With order, symmetry, or taste unblest; The Brigs of Ayr. 8.	Othello. start in Hamlet, in Othello roar; Ep. fr. Esopus.
A fairy train appear'd in order bright:	Other.
Till Order bright, completely shine, The Farewell. To St. J.'s L	Possessing the one shall imply you've the other.
And set them a' in order S. The noble Maxwells †	Fragment, inscr. to Fox.
And knapsack a' in order; The Jolly Beggars. R. I.	And each for other's weelfare kindly spiers:
Whose sovereign statute is order; S. The Sons of old Killie.	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5.
'To lower Orders are assign'd,	This here was for a wench, and that other in a trench,
'The humbler ranks of Human-kind, The Vision. D. II. 7.	But what could ye other expect The Jolly Beggars. S. I.
	Of ane that's avowedly daft? Ib. S. III.
Then please sir, to lea'e sir, The orders wi' your lady To Gav. Hamilton.	Others. To feel the follies, or the crimes,
Ordered. The ordered system fair before her stood,	Of others, or my own! . Despondency, an Ode. 5.
Ep. to R. Graham, 3,	Or must no tiny sin to others fall,
Ore.	Because thy guilt's supreme enough for all? Ep. fr. Esopus.
In richest ore the brightest jewel set! El. on Miss Burnet.	Who hold your being on the terms, 'Each aid the others,' Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 21.
Orient. Fair the face of orient day, . Delia. An Ode.	
O spare the dear blossom, ye orient breezes,	Of guilt, perhaps where we've involved others; Remorse. A Frag
S. How pleasant the banks †	Like Æsop's Lion, Burns says, sore I feel
Thou whose bright sun now gilds you orient skies!	All others' scorn—but damn that ass's heel.
Streams that glide in orient plains, S. Streams that glide †	Reply to a Reproof.
Ornament. Each Gothic ornament display. On Lincluden.	Let others love the city, S. Sae flaxen †
	Thee, Spring, again with joy shall others greet, [v.A.10]
But still the Patriot, and the Patriot-Bard, In bright succession raise, her Ornament and Guard!	Sonnet on Death of Riddel.
The Cotter's Sat. Night, 21.	Otherwhere. There's wit there, ye'll get there, Ye'll find nae other where. Ep. to Davie. 7.
Orphan.	Otway.
The widow's tears, the orphan's cry! S. O Logan! sweetly †	O! for a Shakespeare or an Otway scene, Scots Prologue.
The helpless poor mix with the orphan's cry;	Ought [aught, anything].
Orra [superfluous, odd].	Nor asks if they bring ought to hope or fear.
m	Sonnet, on Author's Birthday.
To drink their orra dudies: The Jolly Beggars. R.I. Orthodox.	Ought he can lend he'll not refus't, A Ded. to G. H., 5.
or moder.	
Orthodox orthodox who believe in John Know	If ought of thee, or of thy mammy,
Orthodox, orthodox, wha believe in John Knox, The Kirk's Alarm.	Shall ever danton me, or awe me, . Add. to Illegit. Child.
The Kirk's Alarm.	Shall ever danton me, or awe me, . Add. to Illegit. Child. I've scarce heard ought describ'd sae weel,
Well fed on pastures orthodox, The Twa Herds.	Shall ever danton me, or awe me, . Add. to Illegit. Child. I've scarce heard ought describ'd sae weel, Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 4.
Well fed on pastures orthodox, The Twa Herds. Orthodoxy. Or Hunters wild on Ponotaxi,	Shall ever danton me, or awe me, . Add. to Illegit. Child. I've scarce heard ought describ'd sae weel, Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 4. Ere ought thy manly courage shake; S. Highland Laddie.
Well fed on pastures orthodox, The Twa Herds.	Shall ever danton me, or awe me, . Add. to Illegit. Child. I've scarce heard ought describ'd sae weel, Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 4. Ere ought thy manly courage shake; S. Highland Laddie. Ken ye ought o' Captain Grose? Ken ye ought o' Capt. G. †
Well fed on pastures orthodox, The Twa Herds. Orthodoxy. Or Hunters wild on Ponotaxi,	Shall ever danton me, or awe me, . Add. to Illegit. Child. I've scarce heard ought describ'd sae weel, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 4. Ere ought thy manly courage shake; S. Highland Laddie. Ken ye ought o' Captain Grose? Ken ye ought o' Capt. G. † while ought's there, Then, hiltie, skiltie, we gae scrivin'.
Well fed on pastures orthodox, Orthodoxy. Or Hunters wild on Ponotaxi, Wha never heard of Orth-d-xy. The Kirk's Alarm. The Twa Herds. A Ded. to G. H., 6.	Shall ever danton me, or awe me, . Add. to Illegit. Child. I've scarce heard ought describ'd sae weel, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 4. Ere ought thy manly courage shake: Ken ye ought o' Captain Grose? Ken ye ought o' Capt. G. † while ought's there, Then, hiltie, skiltie, we gae scrivin', Second Ep. to Davie.
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Forby turn-coats amang oursel, . The Twa Herds. 14.	Overhang. The Sun that overhangs you moors,
O wad some Pow'r the giftie gie us To see oursels as others see us! To a Louse.	Man was made to Mourn. Overthrow. Thou, Pitt, shalt rue this overthrow.
Ourselves.	The Election Ballads. VI.
More pointed still we make ourselves,	Overtook.
Regret, Remorse and Shame! Man was made to Mourn.	He overtook her in the wood, S. On a bank of flowers †
Out and in.	Overwhelming.
Duncan sigh'd, baith out and in, S. Duncan Gray t	'Mid circling horrors sinks at last In overwhelming ruin S. Farewell, thou stream t
He smell'd their ilka hole and road,	As with a flood Thou tak'st them off
Baith out and in, The Twa Herds. 6.	With overwhelming sweep The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps.
Out-cast [a quarrel]. Ha'e had a bitter black out-cast	Owe. Tho' the love that I owe to thee I darena show,
Atween themsel The Twa Herds. 2.	S. My Sandy gied †
Outdo. It is not, outdo him, the task is, out-thieve him.	Beyond comparison the worst [ills] are those That to our folly, or our guilt we owe Remorse. A Frag
Frag., inscr. to Fox.	Chose one who should owe it all, d'ye see
Outgush'd. They rush'd and push'd, and blude outgush'd, S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	To their gratis grace and goodness The Dean of Fac
Out-Irish.	For sense they little owe to frugal Heav'n
And even out-Irish his Hibernian bronze; Ep. fr. Esopus	The Ordination. Mott.,
Outlandish.	Owl. Or [their soul] in some day-detesting owl May shun the light. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 17.
A race outlandish fills their throne; On Window at Stirling.	Own. And damn a' Parties but your own; A Ded. to G. H., q.
Why is outlandish stuff sae meikle courted? Scots Prologue.	To feel the follies, or the crimes,
A tight outlandish Hizzie, braw, The Vision. D. I. 7.	Of others, or my own! Despondency, an Ode. 5.
Outler [outlier, unhoused, lying in the fields at night].	Longing to wipe each tear, to heal each groan, Yet frequent all unheeded in his own. Ep. to R. Graham. 3.
The Deil or else an outler Quey,	Thy own reproach alone dost fear, Poet. Inscrip.
Gat up an' gae a croon:	Who loves his own smart shadow in the streets, . Sketch,
Outlet.	'All hail! my own inspired Bard! . The Vision. D. II., 2.
Or thro' the mining outlet bocked, A Winter Night.	That name, that well-worn name, and all his own,
Outlive. Ah why should I such scenes outlive! Sent to a Gent. offended.	The Vowels.
Outlustred. Her plumage outlustred the pride o' the spring,	Those that sip the dew alone, Make the butterflies thy own; Wr. in Hermitage at F.C.
S. The heather was blooming t	Own, to. The pow'rs you proudly own? A Winter Night. 8.
Out o'er.	"Can you—but Miss, I own I have my fears,
The conscious sun, out o'er yon hill, And flang them a' out o'er the burn. S. As I gaed up by † S. Duncan Davison.	Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
And spreads her sheets o' daisies white	I see the Sire of Love on high, And own his work indeed divine! Add. to Edinburgh. 4.
Out o'er the grassy lea: . Lament of Mary of Scots.	And own his work indeed divine! Add. to Edinburgh. 4. And do I hear my Jeanie own,
Out o'er you moor, out o'er you moss,	That equal transports move her? S. Come, let me take thee?
S. My Lord a-hunting † He ca't the girrs out o'er us a'; S. The Cooper o' cuddy †	The wretch that would a Tyrant own, S. Does haughty Gault
Out owre [out over].	Tho' I maun own, as monie still, As far abuse me. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 16.
Thou could hae gaen like ony staggie	We own they're prudent, but who feels they're good?
Out owre the lay A Guid New-year t	Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
An' could hae flown out owre a stank,	He hugs his chain, and owns the reign . S. Lovely Davies.
Than let them ance out owre the water; Add. of Beelzebub.	Who but owns their magic sway, . S. My Mary's face †
The rising Moon began to glowr The distant Cumnock hills out-owre;	O wha will own he did the faut? S. O wha my babie-clouts †
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 4.	With grateful pride we own your many favors: Prologue, at Th., D.,
An awfu' scythe, out-owre ae shouther, Ib. b.	Whom auld Demosthenes or Tully
'I wad na mind it, no that spittle 'Out-owre my beard! Ib. 10.	Might own for brithers. The Author's Cry and Prayer.
Rattlin the corn out-owre the rigs,	I own 'twas rash, an' rather hardy, To Rev. J. M'Math. Yet deviating own I must,
Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 2.	For so approving me Wr. on Leaf of "H. More."
Wi' stocks out owre their shouther: Halloween. 5.	Own'd. Where first I own'd that virgin love
An' jump out owre the chimlie Fu' high	I lang, lang had denied. S. O mirk, mirk †
An' tumbl'd wi' a wintle Out owre 16. 19. Out owre the lugs she plumpet, 1b. 26.	"Where first I own'd my maiden love, . S. O Phely, † I own'd the tale was true he tell'd me, What ails ye now †
Out owre a glass o' Whisky-punch . Scotch Drink. 17.	Owning. owning heaven's mysterious sway, Frag. of Ode.
Nae mair thou'lt rowte out-owre the dale,	Owning. owning neaven's mysterious sway, Frag. of Out.
The Oraination, o.	Owre fast for thought, owre hot for rule,
Out-rival'd. Out-rival'd by the radiant eyes	Owre blate to seek, owre proud to snool, . A Bard's Epit.
Of youthful, charming Chloe. S. It was the charming †	Your Hand's owre light on them, I fear; Add. of Beelzebub. 4.
Outshine. Veneering oft outshines the solid wood: Sketch.	An' no owre auld, I hope, to learn! . El. on Year 1788.
Her eyes outshine the radiant beams	Lest he owre high and proud shou'd turn,
That gild the passing shower, Young Peggy† Outshining. Has lustre outshining the diamond to me;	Holy Willie's Prayer.
Outsnining. Has fustre outsnining the diamond to me; S. You wild mossy mountains †	whyles, but ay owre late, Second Ep. to Davie.
Outshone.	'Twad be owre lang a tale to tell, The Holy Fair. 23.
His rays were outshone, and but marked where she lay. S. The heather was blooming †	Still it's owre true that ye hae said, Sic game is now owre aften play'd; The Twa Dogs. 21.
Outspak [spoke out].	We've been owre lang unkenn'd to ither:
Then niest outspak a raucle Carlin, The Jolly Beggars. R. IV.	To W. Simpson. 17.
Out-spreading. you moors, Out-spreading far and wide,	And winna say owre far for thrice, . V.s to J. Ranken.
Man was made to Mourn. 3. Outstretching.	Owre [over; v. also, Out owre].
Th' outstretching lake, imbosomed 'mong the hills,	wad rair't an' risket, An' slypet owre. A Guid New-Year t
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.	To watch and premier owre the pack vile! Add. of Beelzebub. 2.
Out-thleve. It is not, outdo him, the task is, out-thieve him. Fragment, inscr. to Fox.	renew their leagues, Owre howcket dead. Add. to the Deil. 9.
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	Provide the state of the state
And owre the moorlands whistles shill, S. Again rejoic. Nature †	Paced. I've paced much this weary, mortal round, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 9.
An' owre the hill to Nanie, O S. Behind you hills †	Pack [intimate, familiar; "pack an' thick," on
And hing us owre the ingle, Ep. to Davie.	very intimate terms].
As Phoebus and the famous Nine	An' unco pack an' thick thegither; . The Twa Dogs. 6.
Were glowran owre my pen	Pack. To watch and premier owre the pack vile! Add. of Beelzebub.
Sin I could striddle owre a rig; Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 9. The Game shall Pay, owre moor an' dail, Ep. to J. R., 10.	Ye're but a pack o' traitor louns, . S. Awa, whigs, awa.
Or torrents owre a linn, man; Extem. in Court of Session.	Tho' mankind were a pack o' cartes, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 5.
Or owre the lays, in splendid blaze,	Wha cheerfully lays down the pack,
He bleez'd owre her, an' she owre him,	Hornie's turnin' chapman,
An' owre the threshold ventures;	He'll buy a' the pack The Election Ballads. IV.
An' owre the hill gaed scrievin,	Whistling his [combustion's] roaring pack abroad, Ib. VI.
Whyles owre a linn the burnie plays	To lowse his pack an' wale a sang, The Jolly Beggars. R. VIII.
But owre my left shouther I ga'e him a blink, S. Last May a braw wooer†	I'll lay on your head, that the pack ye'll soon lead, S. The Kirk's Alarm.
Our billie's gien us a' a jink, An' owre the Sea. [re.] . On Scot. Bard gne to W.I.	And like a poor pedlar he trudg'd wi' his pack,
Whiles owre a bush wi' downward crush, On W. Chalmers.	S. There liv'd ance a carle †
Comes bleating till him, owre the knowe, Poor Mailie's El	So Clootie was glad to return wi' his pack,
Or, richly brown, ream owre the brink,	Pack [twelve stones of wool].
In glorious faem, Scotch Drink. 2.	To scores o' lamb's, an' packs of woo'!
Owre mony a weary hag he limpit, . Tam Samson's El. 'L—d, five!' he cry'd, an' owre did stagger; Ib.	Pack, to. The Death of Mailie.
Paint Scotland greetan owre her thrissle;	And gar the tatter'd gypsies pack, Add. of Beelzebub. 4.
The Author's Cry and Prayer.	May a' pack aff The Twa Herds. 17.
The Sprites that owre the Brigs of Ayr preside. The Brigs of Ayr.	Packed, -'t.
Ance ye were streekit owre frae bank to bank! Ib.	If the virtues were pack't in a parcel,
Meet owre a pint, or in the Council-house; Ib.	His worth might be sample for a'. The Election Ballads. III. Now there, they're packed aff to hell, The Ordination. 12.
Men wha grew wise priggin owre hops an' raisins, . Ib.	Paddy. Paddy B-rke, like ony Turk, . A Fragment. 5.
An' owre she warsl'd in the ditch: . The Death of Mailie.	Pagan.
Then brandy Jean spak owre her drink, The Election Ballads. I.	'Mang black Gentoos, and Pagan Turks, A Ded. to G. H., 6.
Are springan owre the gutters The Holy Fair. 7.	Or some auld pagan heathen, The Holy Fair. 15.
May whistle owre the lave o't. [re.] The Jolly Beggars, S. V.	Page. Sad thy tale, thou idle page, Sad thy tale † The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
Then owre again the jovial thrang The Poet did request	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 14.
	Or point the inconclusive page Full on the eye. [v.A.4] The Vision. D. II.
I kiss'd her owre and owre again, S. The lass that made the bed.	That fate may in her fairest page,—enroll thy name:
Mak haste an' turn king David owre, . The Ordination. 3. I kiss'd her owre and owre again, . S. The Rigs o' Barley.	Now moths deform in shapeless tatters,
Hung owre his hurdies wi' a swirl The Twa Dogs. 5.	Their unknown pages To J. S., 8.
owre the wee bit cup an' platie, Ib. 33.	Dead, even resentment, for his injured page, To R. G. of F., 5. Still may thy pages call to mind
Pore owre the devil's pictur'd beuks;	The dear, the beauteous donor; Wr. on Leaf of "H. More."
A reekit wee deevil looks ower the wa', S. There liv'd ance a carle †	Pageant. The Power, incens'd, the Pageant will desert,
owre his French ragout,	Paid v. Pay'd.
Poor devil! see him owre his trash,	Paidle [to wander about in a weak, aimless way; to paddle or walk in shallow water or in mud].
ye strunt rarely, Owre gawze and lace; . To a Louse.	
Ye surely hae some warlock-breef Owre human hearts; To J. S.	He paidles out, and he paidles in, An' he paidles late an' early, O! S. The deuks dang o'er.
Comes hostan, hirplan owre the field, Ib. 13.	Thro' dirt and dub for life I'll paidle, The Inventory.
to monie a tune, Owre Scotland rings, . To W. Simpson. 8.	Paidlet [paddled]. We twa ha'e paidlet i' the burn, S. Should auld acquaintance †
Bum owre their treasure	Paidlin [useless].
As sair owre hip as ye can draw't!	He was but a paidlin body, O! . The deuks dang o'er.
Ance lightly lap ye owre the knowe, S. Ye hae lien wrang.	Pain, Pains. Thence, countra wives, wi' toil an' pain, May plunge an plunge the Kirn in vain;
Owrehip [striking with a forehammer by bringing	Add. to the Deil. 10.
it with a swing over the hip.	For oh! love forsaken's a tormenting pain. S. As I was a-wand'ring
Brings hard owrehip, wi' sturdy wheel, The strong forehammer, . Scotch Drink. 11.	Nor ever daughter give the mother pain. Blest be M'Murdo †
Owsen [oxen].	And nights o' sleepless pain! S. But lately seen †
I had sax owsen in a pleugh, S. O gude ale comes †	Come ease or come travail, come pleasure or pain; S. Contented wi' little †
And he had owsen, sheep, and kye, S. There was a lass † And owsen frae the furrowed field	Could aught of song declare my pains, S. Could aught of song †
Return sae dowf and weary O: . S. When o'er the hill †	You, bustling and justling,
And o'er the lea I leuk fu' fain	Forget each grief and pain; . Despondency, an Ode. 2. 'On pain o' hell be rich an' great,' Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 14.
When Jockey's owsen hameward ca'. S. Young Jockey † Ox. So, heavy, passive to the tempest's shocks,	Laden with years and meikle pain, Lament for Glencairn.
Strong on the sign-post stands the stupid ox.	To see the miscreants feel the pains they give;
To R. G. of F., 7. Ovten'd I supported by another nutting his sam	Lns extem. in Lady's Pocket-bk.
Oxter'd [supported by another putting his arm under your armpit].	No view nor care, but shun whate'er Might breed me pain or sorrow, O;
The Priest he was oxter'd, the Clerk he was carried,	S. My father was a farmer †
S. O ken ye what Meg †	My pains o' hell on earth are past, S. O ay my wife she dang. The cauldness of thy heart's the cause
Pace. Comes hostan, hirplan owre the field, Wi' creeping pace. To J. S., 13.	Of a' my grief and pain, jo S. O Lassie, art thou

The frost that freezes the life at my breast, Is nought to my pains from thee, Oh. S. Oh, open the door t	Pleasure with her siren air May delude the thoughtless pair [Youth, Love]; Wr. in Friars-Carse H.
O what a canty warld were it, Would pain and care and sickness spare it; Poem on Life.	Pair'd.
Fell source o' monie a pain an' brash! Scotch Drink. 15.	When youthfu' lovers first were pair'd, Add. to the Deil. 15. Paisley. Her cutty sark, o' Paisley harn, Tam o' Shanter. 15.
By oppression's woes and pains, . Scots wha ha'e † Talk not of Love, it gives me pain, S. Talk not of Love †	In Paisley John's, that night at e'en, To Gav. Hamilton.
The sole reward that crowns my pain. S. The capt. Ribband.	Paitrick [a partridge].
No idly-feign'd, poetic pains, The Lament.	ye whirring paitrick brood; El. on Capt. M. H., 7. Paitrick's scraichan loud at e'en, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st.
Then, who her pangs and pains will soothe, Ib. Whene'er I hear my father's foot,	Paitrick's scraichan loud at e'en, Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. An' brought a Paitrick to the grun', Ep. to J. R., 7.
My heart wad burst wi' pain; The Ruined Maid's Lament.	Rejoice, ye birring Paitricks a'; . Tam Samson's El., 7.
And make his cottage-scenes beguile His cares and pains. The Vision. D. II. 9.	The paitrick whirrin' o'er the ley, S. The Contented Cottager.
And ay she sighs wi' care and pain; S. There was a lass †	Palace. All hail thy palaces and tow'rs Add. to Edinburgh. The lavrock shuns the palace gay,
An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain, For promis'd joy! To a Mouse.	And o'er the cottage sings; S. Behold, my love †
For promis'd joy! To a Mouse. They drink the sweet and eat the fat,	But cheerful still, I am as well, As a monarch in a palace, O, S. My father was a farmert
But care or pain; To J. S., 17.	But now unroof'd their palace stands, On Window at Stirling.
They took nae pains their speech to balance, To W. Simpson. P.S. Pain, to. They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw,	And certes, in fair virtue's heavenly road, The Cottage leaves the Palace far behind: The Cotter's Sat. Night. 19.
S. My Nanie's awa.	Content and comfort bless me more in
Painch [paunch].	This grot, than e'er I felt before in A palace The Hermit. You palace and you gardens fine! S. The Highland Lassie.
An' what poor Cot-folk pit their painch in, I own is past my comprehension The Twa Dogs. 9.	By stately tow'r, or palace fair, [v.A.4] The Vision. D. I.
Aboon them a' ye tak your place, Painch, tripe, or thairm: . To a Haggis.	Their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt the proud palace,
Pain'd.	S. Their groves of t The palace rising on his verdant side; Wr. in Kenmore Inn.
And downward, how weaken'd, how darken'd, how pain'd! S. The lazy mist t	Palaver. And host up some palaver On W. Chalmers
Painful. Fond lovers parting is sweet painful pleasure,	Pale. While o'er the Harp pale Misery moans, A Ded. to G. H., 10.
S. Gloomy December. O'er many a winding dale and painful steep,	Will turn thy very rouge to deadly pale; Ep. fr. Esopus.
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.	Pale sickness withers ilka grace, Fragment.
Paint. Paint Vengeance as he takes his horrid stand Add. sp. by Fontenelle.	Beneath the moon's pale beams; Halloween. This simple stone directs pale Scotia's way
Thou paints auld nature to the nines, Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	Inscrip. on Tomb of Fergusson.
Here History paints with elegance and force,	How pale is that cheek where the rouge lately glistened;
Prologue, sp. by Woods. To paint the lovely hapless Scottish Queen! Scots Prologue.	The moon was sinking in the west
Paint Scotland greetan owre her thrissle;	Wi' visage pale and wan, . S. My heart was ance t
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 7. Then paints the ruin'd Maid, and their distraction wild!	Oh, cold is the blast upon my pale cheek, S. Oh, open the door the She sees his pale corse on the plain, oh;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10. 'To paint with Thomson's landscape-glow;	Her teeth are like the nightly snow When pale the morning rises keen,
The Vision. D. II. 19.	S. On Cessnock Banks † Sett. 11.
You shouldna paint at angels mair, But try and paint the devil.	Pale Scotia's recent wound I may deplore. On Death of R. Dundas.
To paint an angel's kittle wark, To a Painter.	That glistens on the pale moonbeam, On Lincluden.
Painted. The high-arched windows, painted fair, On Lincluden.	pale terror roar'd The Election Ballads. VI.
In window fair, the painted pane	A sight pale envy to convulse) . Sketch. New-Yr's Day. Awa, thou pale Diana! S. The gowd. Locks of A.
Painting.	O Thou pale Orb, that silent shines, The Lament.
Till painting gay the eastern skies, The glorious sun began to rise; S. It was the charming \tau.	As autumn to winter resigns the pale year. S. The lazy mist †
I taught thy manners-painting strains,	Pale he surrenders at the tyrant's throne! . The Vowels. Syne pale like ony lily, S. When wild War's †
The Vision. D. II. 18.	O pale, pale now, those rosy lips
Pair. Kyle-Stewart I could bragged wide, For sic a pair A Gude New-Year † 6.	S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †
Age and Want, Oh! ill-match'd pair! Man was made to mourn.	Her horn the pale-fac'd Cynthia rear'd; [v.A.20] A Vision. Paler.
I doubt na, lass, that weel-kenn'd name May cost a pair o' blushes; On W. Chalmers.	Thou orb of day! thou other paler light! To R. Graham.
O' pairs o' guid breeks I ha'e twa, man, Ronalds of Bennals.	Pales. That e'er ye brak Diana's pales, . A Dream. 10. Palmer.
Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair, . Tam o' Shanter. 13. 'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest Pair,	Might well award him Muir and Palmer's fate; Ep. fr. Esopus.
In other's arms, breathe out the tender tale, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 9.	Palmers. Might fire even holy Palmers; On W. Chalmers.
The parent-pair their secret homage pay, Ib. 18.	Palsied. the palsied arm of tottering, powerless age. Liberty. Paly [paie]. The paly moon rose in the livid east,
And here, by sweet endearing stealth, Shall meet the loving pair, The Petition of Br. Water.	On Death of Sir J. Blair. Pamper'd.
A pair o' trusty lairds, The Election Ballads. V.	pamper'd Luxury, Flatt'ry by her side, A Winter Night. 7.
Wish'd unison between the pair, The Jolly Beggars. R. VII.	Pamphlet. He clench'd his pamphlets in his fist, Exten. in Court of Session.
Ye've cost me twenty pair o' shoon Just gaun to see you;	Pan. There's sax eggs in the pan, gudeman, [re.]
And ev'ry ither pair that's done, Mair taen I'm wi' you To J. S., 2.	S. O gin ye were dead. And then his auld brass will buy me a new pan!
Content with you to mak a pair, Whare'er I gang. Ib. 29.	S. What can a yng lassie T
Just like a sark, or pair o' shoon, . To W. Simpson. P.S.	Pane. In window fair, the painted pane . On Lincluden.

Panegyric.	To help her
But not for panegyric I appear, . Prologue at Th., D. Or labour hard the panegyric close, . The Brigs of Ayr.	The Parents
	Points to the
A panegyric rhyme, I ween, Even as I was he shor'd me; The Petition of Br. Water.	Or hunt a Pa
Pang. Tearing my nerves wi' bitter pang, Add. to Toothache.	Parent-eart
Then let the sudden hursting sigh	Scarce rear'd
The heart-felt pang discover; S. Could aught of song † For misery ever tholed a pang. On Window of C. Inn, F	And resign to
Thy girning laugh enjoys his pangs Poem on Life.	The loveliest
Or worser far, the pangs of keen remorse; Remorse. A Frag.	Parent-pair
By the pangs of lovers slighted; . S. Stay, my charmer †	
Then, who her pangs and pains will soothe, The Lament.	Parentage.
Full many a pang, and many a throe, , . Ib.	Parental. b
Oh! I pity the pangs that you endure:	And bless the
S. The Winter it is past † Is it departing pangs my soul alarms? Why am I loth †	With many
And laugh at a' the pangs I dree; . S. Young Jamie †	Paris. In Lo
Pang, to [to cram].	Parish.
It pangs us fou o' Knowledge The Holy Fair. 19.	Who called 1
Panic. O, what a panic's in thy breastie! . To a Mouse.	The priest o'
Panmuir. I fear my Lord Panmuir is slain,	Parishen [th
Or in his en'mies hands, man: S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	Yet I hae see The pride
Panting. Witness my heart, how oft with panting fear,	Park. There
Prologue, sp. by Woods.	But ca them
Pantry. The tythe o' what ye waste at cartes	Park. Sir Ba
Wad stow'd his pantry!) To W. Simpson.	
Paper [newspaper]. Kind Sir, I've read your paper through, Kind Sir, I've read †	Parley. Wh
The papers are barren of home-news or foreign, To Capt. Riddel.	Parliament.
To Capt. Riddel.	I at Hallicho.
raper.	Whom will y
Sae I gat paper in a blink, . Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 6.	To Parlian
Parade. Awa they gaed wi' mock parade, . The Tree of Liberty.	Parliamenti Wha aiblins
	For Britain's
There's sic parade, sic pomp an' art, The joy can scarcely reach the heart The Twa Dogs. 31.	Parlour. He
Parading.	Parnassus.
At Operas an' Plays parading, The Twa Dogs. 22.	O I
Paradise. Ye cam to Paradise incog, Add. to the Deil. 16.	O were I on My Pegasus
Without my love, not a' the charms Of Paradise could yield me joy; S. O wat ye wha's in †	And up Pa
The desart were a paradise, If thou wert there,	Ah! now sma
S. O wert thou in †	T 11
The echoing wood, the winding flood, Like Paradise did glitter, The Fête Champetre.	For me, I'm And wished
Parasite.	And wished
The parasite [Flatt'ry] empoisoning her [Luxury's] ear,	Nae heathen
A Winter Night. 8.	Frae Pinda Parnassian.
Parcel. If the virtues were pack't in a parcel, His worth might be sample for a'.	i armassiam.
The Election Ballads. III.	Parritch, Po
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation! [re.] . S. The Union.	His wee drap
Parch'd.	The healsom
For oh! my soul is parch'd with love! . Delia. An Ode.	
Pardon.	Parritch-pat
Your pardon, Sir, for this digression, A Ded. to G. H., 11. Thy pardon I sincerely beg, Holy Willie's Prayer. 7.	And parritch
Thy pardon I sincerely beg, Holy Willie's Prayer. 7. Pardon, to.	Parson.
But spare and pardon my false Love, . S. O mirk, mirk †	An' wat ye w
(L-d pardon a' my sins an' that to!) . The Inventory.	Part.
Pardon a muse sae mean as mine, . To Rev. J. M'Math.	As Master, I He does na f
Pardon this freedom I have ta'en,	And now the
And injured Worth forget and pardon man.	An' less, w
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.	In my last pl
And bless the parent's evening ray . S. A Rosebud by t	And had sae
If he's a parent, lass or boy, Auld comrade dear †	Less fit to pl
The parent's heart that nestled fond in thee,	A man may t
How cruel are the parents	Ye hae your
Who riches only prize, S. How cruel	And I my
Up to a Parent's wish O Thou dread Pow'r	That [latest]
Parent, filial, kindred ties? On scaring Water-fowl.	Something in To praise,
And from thee many a parent stem Arise to deck our land. On Birth of Posth. Child.	He bade me
While he, thy fond parent, must sighing sojourn,	That feeling
On Death of fav. Child.	Again, again
	1

Parents dear, if they in hardship be.

The Cotter's Sat. Night. 4. partial eye their hopeful years; . . . 1b. 5. e Parents fondling o'er their Child? . Ib. 10. 'arent's life Wi' bludie war. S. Ye Jacobites † th. d above the Parent-earth
Thy tender form. . To a Mountain-Daisy. o Parent Earth t form she e'er gave birth. . . To Miss C. r. The Parent-pair their secret homage pay, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 18. Her parentage humble as humble can be; S. Yon wild mossy mountains t bereft Of my parental care; . The Farewell. ne dear parental name ny a filial blossom. . . S. Young Peggy † on'on or Paris they'd gotten it a': The Belles of Mauchline. her verse, a parish workhouse Ep. fr. Esopus. 'the parish fell in anither [fever]. S. Scroggam. he parish]. en him on a day e of a' the parishen. The cardin o't. e lives a lass in yonder park, . S. O Tibbie! out to park or hill, . The Death of Mailie. Bard will do himself the pleasure
To call at Park. Ep. to Maj. Logan. 14. ha in a brulzie, will first cry a parley?
S. Bannocks o' bear meal† An' dousely manage our affairs
In Parliament, The Author's Cry and Prayer. you send to London town,
ment and a' that? The Election Ballads. II. thrang a parliamentin, s guid his saul indentin The Twa Dogs. 21. e in the parlour hammer'd. On dining with Daer. An' syne they think to climb Parnassus
By dint o' Greek! Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 12. Parnassus hill; S. O were I on Parnass. † I'm got astride, arnassus pechin; On W. Chalmers. na' heart hae I to speel
The steep Parnassus,
on Parnassus brink,
Second Ep. to Davie. that Parnassus a vineyard had been. The Whistle. 11. name shall I prefix To Miss Ferrier. us or Parnassus; Parnassian queens, I fear, I fear, Ye'll now disdain me, To To Dr. Blacklock. orritch [porridge]. p parritch, or his bread, Thou kitchens fine. Scotch Drink. 7. ne Porritch, chief of Scotia's food:

The Cotter's Sat. Night, 11. t [porridge-pot]. h-pats, and auld saut-backets,

Before the Flood. On Grose's Peregrinations. what the parson did [re.] S. O wat ye what my t Landlord, Husband, Father, fail his part in either. . . A Ded. to G. H., 5. e third part o' the string, will gang about it . will gang about it A Dream. 4. black thy part's be in't, Add. to Illegit. Child. fortify'd the part, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 17. . Despondency, an Ode. 4. olay the part, . . tak a neebor's part, ae cash to spare him. . Ep. to Young Friend. 4. Meg, your dearest part, darling Jean! Ep. to Davie. 8. throb, Eliza, is thy part, S. From thee, Eliza, † in ilka part o' thee, to love, I find, . S. It is na, Jean, t e act a manly part, S. My father was a farmer to heart but acts a part, O leave novels to g heart but acts a part, . Again, again that tender part, S. O stay, sweet warbling †

While down the wretched vital part is driven!	Jockey's ta'en the parting kiss . S. Jockey's ta'en the †
Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —. But I hae ane will take my part, S. Oh, how can I be blythe †	And sprinkle it wi' freshest dews
ye'll find him snug in Some eldritch part,	At morning dawn and parting day S. O were my love † But parting wi' his fiddle,
On Grose's Peregrinations.	The saut tear blin't his e'e; S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie.
Mine was th' insensate frenzied part, Sent to a Gent. offended.	Friends, that parting tear reserve it, . S. Scenes of woe †
To tak their part, . The Author's Cry and Prayer. 22. Or nobly die, the second glorious part:	Who trembling heard my parting sigh, S. Slow spreads the gloom †
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 21.	To live one day of parting love! . To Mary in Heaven
While he, sub rosa, play'd his part The Election Ballads. VI.	Winter winds blew, loud and cauld, at our parting,
Were such the wife had fallen to my part, I'd break her spirit, or I'd break her heart;	Our parting was fu' tender; S. Wandering Willie.
The Henpecked Husband.	S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †
My part in him thou'lt share, The Farewell.	What's done we partly may compute,
Loves and graces all rejected, Then indeed thou'dst act a part To Miss Fontenelle.	But know not what's resisted Add. to Unco Guid. 8.
sweetly female every part, . Wr. on Leaf of "H. More."	Partly wi' Love o'ercome sae sair, An' partly she was drunk: The Jolly Beggars. R. VII.
Part, to.	Partner.
But fate has will'd, and we must part! S. Behold the hour	My partner in the merry core,
Is this thy plighted, fond regard Thus cruelly to part,	She rous'd the forming strain. The Ans. to the Guidwife. There lies the dear partner of my breast, S. The sun he is sunk †
An' faith, we'se be acquainted better	Partridge.
Before we part. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 19.	The partridge loves the fruitful fells; S. Now westlin winds †
Sae tickled Death, they couldna part: Epit. on Tam the Chapman.	As flies the partridge from the brake, S. On a bank of flowers †
We part—but by these precious drops,	Parts.
S. Farewell, dear mistress † We part to meet no more! . S. From thee, Eliza,†	Yet ye'll neglect to shaw your parts An thank him kindly? Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st.
He bleez'd owre her, an' she owre him,	May fireside discords jar a base
As they wad never mair part, Halloween. 8.	To a' their parts ! . Ep. to Maj. Logan. 7. She [nature] form'd of various parts the various man.
I can die,—but canna part, S. Hark! the mavis † Sae droops our heart when we maun part S. Lovely Davies.	She [nature] form d of various parts the various man. Ep. to R. Graham.
O sad and heavy should I part,	whose parts and acquirements seem mere lucky hits;
But for her sake sae far awa; . S. Sae far awa.	Frag., inser. to Fox. (O Ferguson! thy glorious parts,
Swift from this desart let me part, S. Slow spreads the gloom †	Ill-suited law's dry, musty arts! To W. Simpson.
Welcomes the rapid moments, bids them part,	"As far surpassing other common villains, "As Thou in natural parts hadst given me more."
Sonnet, wr. on Birthday. When that grim foe of life below,	Tragic Frag
Comes in between to bid us part; S. The day returns †	Party. And damn a' Parties but your own; A Ded. to G. H., 9.
From thee, my Jeany, must I part! The Farewell.	Expect me o' your party,
As from the fondest lover part, The plighted husband of her youth? The Lament.	Party-matches. The Men cast out in party-matches, The Twa Dogs. 32.
Tho' cruel fate should bid us part, S. Tho' cruel fate †	Pass. About to beg a pass for leave to beg; To R. G. of F
And curst be the cause that shall part us! To Mary.	Pass, to. O, pass not by! A Bard's Epit.
Ae kind blink before we part; . S. Turn again, thou †	That frequent pass douce Wisdom's door Add. to Unco Guid. 2.
Partake. I'll partake wi' naebody; S. Naebody. Our humble cot, and hamely fare,	I set me down, to pass the time, Ep. to Davie.
Ye freely shall partake it, S. When wild War's †	Ye Mauchline bairns, as on ye pass
Parted.	To school in bands thegither, Epit. on a Wag. In ev'ry hour that passes, O: S. Green grow the Rashes.
They parted aff careerin Fu' blythe . Halloween. 28.	In ev'ry hour that passes, O: S. Green grow the Rashes. An' pass not in thy mercy by 'em, Holy Willie's Prayer. 15.
But I hae parted frae my Love, Never to meet again, S. It was a' for t	Whare gor-cocks through the heather pass,
When frae her thou hast parted, S. O wat ye wha that loes †	S. My Lord a-hunting †
Never met—or never parted, We had ne'er been broken-hearted. S. One jond kiss,†	Pass widow'd nights, and joyless days, S. O Logan! sweetly † The weary winter soon will pass, S. Oh, how can I be blythe †
When frae my Jeany parted.	I pass by hunders, nameless wretches,
Sad, cheerless, broken-hearted, . S. Sleep'st thou, †	That ape their betters. Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
Since my true love is parted from me. S. The Winter it is past †	The coward slave, we pass him by, S. The Honest Man. Or in gulravage rinnin scow'r To pass the time,
And mair, we'se ne'er be parted S. When wild War's †	To Rev. J. M'Math.
Partial. Still anxious to secure your partial favor,	What may pass within this bower, Let it pass, quo' Findlay; S. Wha is that at t
Add. sp. by Fontenelle. This partial view of human-kind	And pass the heartless day Winter.
Is surely not the last! Man was made to Mourn.	Passenger.
I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy, S. One fond kiss,† The Parents partial eye their hopeful years;	Stop, passenger! my story's brief, El. on Capt. M. H., Epit. Passing. Still closer knit in friendship's ties
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5.	Each passing year! Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 18.
Thou, Nature, partial Nature, I arraign; To R. G. of F., 2.	"The passing moment's all we rest on!" Sketch. New-Yr's Day.
Particular.	Or why regard the passing year?
One trifling particular, Truth, should have miss'd him! Fragment, inscr. to Fox.	And, like a passing thought she fled,
Parting.	In light away The Vision. D. 11. 23.
O what is death but parting breath? S. Farewell, ye dungeons † Sad was the parting thou makes me remember,	With talents passing most of my compeers, Tragic Frag Her eyes outshine the radiant beams
Parting wi Nancy, Oh I he er to meet mair. [re.]	That gild the passing shower, S. Young Peggy †
S. Gloomy December.	Passion. Thou know'st that thou hast formed me,
Fond lovers parting is sweet painful pleasure, Hope beaming mild on the soft parting hour;	With Passions wild and strong; A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.
And soft as their [lovers'] parting tear, Jessy.	My passion I will ne'er declare,
S. Here's a health to ane †	I'll say I wish thee well S. Ah! Chtoris t

With passions so potent and fancies so bright, Frag., inser. to Fox.	Path. those paths of life I ought to shun; A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.
On his one ruling passion Sir Pope hugely labours, . Ib.	The stream adown its hazelly path, A Vision.
Pull the string, ruling passion, the picture will show him. Ib.	The storm's gloomy path on the breast of the wave. Lament on leaving Nat. Land.
Licentious passions burn; . Man was made to Mourn. But when compar'd with real passion	And tread the dreary path to that dark world unknown.
Poor is all that princely pride. S. Mark yonder Pomp †	Lns sent Sir J. Whiteford. The path of man to shun it; S. Now westlin winds †
Her een sae bonie blue betray, How she repays my passion; S. O poortith cauld †	Amid life's thorny path o' care. S. O bonie was you rosy †
A prayer from the muse you well may excuse.	Now gay in hope explore the paths of men:
'Tis seldom her favourite passion. The Sons of old Killie. By Passion driven; The Vision. D. II. 17.	On Death of R. Dundas. Wha in the paths o' righteousness did toil ay;
Passion's birth and infants' play To a Kiss.	The Brigs of Ayr. 9.
Chloris, I'm thine wi' a passion sincerest,	'Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray, 'Implore his counsel and assisting might:
S. Twas na her bonie blue e'e † Those headlong furious passions to confine; Why am I loth †	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 6.
Passive. heavy, passive to the tempest's shocks,	Alas! Life's path may be unsmooth! The Lament. Never Boreas' hoary path, To Miss C.
Past. 'Twad he owre lang a tale to tell,	May bliss domestic smooth his private path;
How monie stories past, The Holy Fair. 23.	To R. G. of F., 9.
My Prenticeship I past where my Leader breath'd his last, The Jolly Beggars. S. I.	Again in Folly's path might go astray; . Why am I loth † Amang thae wild mountains shall still be my path,
Ye winged Hours that o'er us past, The Lament.	S. You wild mossy mountains †
This past for certain, undisputed; To W. Simpson. P.S. Till crash! the cruel coulter past	M'Q[uh]e's pathetic manly sense, . The Twa Herds. 17.
Out thro' thy cell To a Mouse.	Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
I past the mill, and trysting thorn, S. When wild War's †	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 14. Pathless. The pathless wild, and wimpling burn,
Has thy Prime unheeded past? Blue Bonnets. Wha the de'il ever thinks o' the road he has past.	S. O bonie was von rosv t
S. Contented wi' little †	The snellest blast, at mirkest hours, That round the pathless wanderer pours,
When past the show'r, and every flow'r The garden is adorning: S. Lovely Davies.	S. O Lassie, art thout Pathos. That's the true pathos and sublime
The past was bad, and the future hid; S. My father was a farmer †	Of human life. To Dr. Blacklock.
Love has o'er me past,	Patmos. How he, who lone in Patmos banished,
And blighted a my bloom, . S. Now Spring has clad to My pains o' hell on earth are past, S. O ay my wife she dang.	Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 15.
The past returns, the present flies; On Lincluden.	Patriarchal. The Sire turns o'er, with patriarchal grace, The big ha'-Bible, ance his Father's pride:
When flow'r-reviving rains are past; S. On Cessnock banks †	The big ha'-Bible, ance his Father's pride: The Cotter's Sat. Night. 12. Patrician.
O'er the Past too fondly wandering, . S. Raving winds † Pursuing past, unhappy loves! . S. The gloomy night †	Poor dunghill sons o' dirt and mire,
Appear no more before Thy sight	May to Patrician rights aspire! Add. of Beelzebub.
Than yesterday that's past. The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps	Patriot. "My patriot son fills an untimely grave!" On Death of Sir J. Blair.
The winter it is past, and the summer comes at last S. The winter it is past †	"My patriot falls, but shall he lie unsung, 16.
Those records dear of transports past, To Mary in Heaven.	(The Patriot's God, peculiarly thou art, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 21.
There will surely be some pleasant weather When a' their storms are past and gone. When clouds †	But still the Patriot, and the Patriot-Bard,
Paste. And in paste gems and frippery deck her [life]; Poem on Life.	In bright succession raise, her Ornament and Guard! 16. The independent patriot, The honest man, and a' that.
Pastime. To thee shall home, or food, or pastime yield.	The Election Ballads. II.
Pasture, On seeing wounded Hare.	Around it a' the patriots dance, . The Tree of Liberty. 'Some rouse the Patriot up to bare
With tillage or pasture at times she would sport, S. Caledonia.	Corruption's heart: The Vision. D. II. 4.
Nae mair thou'lt rowte out-owre the dale,	"Shall heroes and patriots ever produce: The Whistle. 18.
Because thy pasture's scanty; The Ordination. 6. Well fed on pastures orthodox, The Twa Herds.	Patriot-heat. An' tell them, wi' a patriot heat,
Pasture, to.	Ye winna bear it? The Author's Cry and Prayer. 11.
Or faith! I fear that, wi' the geese, I shortly boost to pasture A Dream. 6.	Patriot-lore. 'To mend the honest Patriot-lore, 'And grace the hand, The Vision. D. II. 5.
To hunt, or to pasture, or do what she would: S. Caledonia.	Patriot-name. Where many a Patriot-name on high
Pat [pot]. Then up they gat the maskin-pat, A Fragment.	And Hero shone [v.A.4] The Vision. D. I. Patriotic. O Thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide,
Till something held within the pat,	That stream'd thro' great, unhappy Wallace' heart; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 21.
On Grose's Peregrinations.	Patron. Its just sic Poet an' sic Patron. A Ded. to G. H., 2.
It puts but little in your pat; The Inventory	The Patron, (Sir, ve maun forgie me,
Pat [put], I there wi' Something does forgather,	He's just—nae better than he should be 1b. 4. Friend of my life, true patron of my rhymes!
That pat me in an eerie swither; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 6.	Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
It pat me fidgean-fain to hear't, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 5. Her dowf excuses pat me mad; Ib., Ap. 21st, 4.	But now for a Patron, whose name and whose glory At once may illustrate and honour my story.
But for to meet the Deil her lane,	Frag., inscr. to Fox.
She pat but little faith in:	My much-honor'd Patron, helieve your poor poet, The Friend thou valued'st, I, the Patron, lov'd;
Patch. Squire Pope but busks his skinklin patches	Lns sent Sir J. Whiteford.
O' heathen tatters; Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	"The drooping arts surround their patron's bier, On Death of Sir J. Blair.
Patch, to. The pie-bald jacket let me patch once more; Ep. to R. Graham. 5.	Still, if some Patron's gen'rous care he trace,
Patent-bliss. As theirs alone, the patent-bliss	The Brigs of Ayr. And should some Patron be so kind,
To hold a Fête Champetre The Fête Champetre.	As bless you wi' a Kirk, The Calf.

Dear to his country by the names, Friend, Patron, Benefactor! The Election Ballads. VI.	Ye've gien auld Britain peace, A Dream. 6.
Friend, Patron, Benefactor! The Election Ballads. VI.	It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,
Our Patron, honest man i Gilencairii, Ine Oraination. 8.	That coft contentment, peace, or pleasure;
Patronage. Would thou hae nobles' patronage,	S. Braw lads on Yar. braes.
"First learn to live without it!" Extem. on Commem.s of Thomson.	There will never be peace till Jamie comes hame,
Consume that high-place Patrouage,	S. By you castle wa' †
From off thy holy hill; New Psalmody.	A lambkin in peace, but a lion in war, S. Caledonia. It's no in wealth like Lon'on Bank.
For gen'rous patronage, and meikle kindness, Scots Prologue.	To purchase peace and rest; Ep. to Davie. 5.
Lang, Patronage, wi' rod o' airn,	Till the Fates nae mair severe,
Has shor'd the Kirk's undoin, The Ordination. 8.	Friendship, Love, and Peace restore. S. Frae the friends †
Or Patronage intrusion,	Domestic peace and comforts crowning
They'll talk o' patronage an' priests,	The hail design Friend of the Poet †
Wi' kindling fury i' their breasts, The Twa Dogs. 18.	I tint my peace and pleasure; S. Gat ye me,
Patronize.	Then in my bosom try, What peace is there! S. Had I a cave†
Then patronize them wi' your favour, A Ded. to G. H., 13.	Peace, thy olive wand extend, S. How can my poor heart †
Oblige them, patronize their tinsel lays,	Content and love bring peace and joy, S. In simmer when †
They persecute you all your future days! Ep. to R. Graham. 5.	The deities that I adore,
Not only hear—but patronise—defend them, Scots Prologue.	Are social Peace and Plenty, Lns on Windows, Gl. Tav
Pattle v. Pettle.	Ye Powers of peace, and peaceful song, Nature's Law.
Paughty [haughty].	On peace and rest my mind was bent,
As ye disown yon paughty dog That bears the Keys of Peter, A Dream. 12.	S. O ay my wife she dang.
Or is't the paughty, feudal Thane, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 12.	But soon may peace bring happy days, S. O Logan! sweetly t
	O Mary, can'st thou wreck his peace,
Pauky v. Pawky.	Who for thy sake would gladly die! S. O Mary, at thy Window †
Pause. Dissolve in pause—and sentimental tears— Add. sp. by Fontenelle.	Ye wreck my peace between ye; . S. O poortith cauld, †
To round the period an' pause, The Author's Cry and Prayer.	this scene of peace and love, O Thou dread Pow'r †
No pause the dire extremes between, . The Tears I shed.	Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure 1. S. One fond kiss, †
Pause, to. Here pause—and thro' the starting tear,	the numerous ills that hurt our peace, Remorse. A Frag
Survey this grave. A Bard's Epit	Can firmly force his jarring thoughts to peace? Ib.
It's slightest touches, instant pause Ep. to Young Friend. 8.	Last, white-rob'd Peace, crown'd with a hazle wreath,
Pausing. Cold-pausing Caution's lesson scorning, To J. S., 15.	The Brigs of Ayr. 13.
Paw. That aft ha'e made us black and blae,	When the vanquish'd foe Sues for peace and quiet,
Wi' vengefu' paws. The Twa Herds. 12.	S. The Captain's Lady.
Pawky, -ie, Pauky [sly, mischievous].	Can they the peace and pleasure feel Of Bessy at her spinning-wheel? S. The Contented Cottager.
A thief sae pawky is my Jean . S. O this is no my ain †	Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content!
Her pauky smile, her kittle een, The Ans. to the Guidwife.	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 20.
Dear S[mith] the sleest pawkie thief, To J. S.	For why? that God the good adore
Pawn. Tho' I should pawn my pleugh an' graith,	Hath giv'n them peace and rest, The 1st Psalm.
Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 7.	My peace with these, my love with those
Gude ale gars me pawn my shoon, S. O gude ale comes †	S. The gloomy night †
For worth and honour pawn their word, The Fête Champetre.	There's peace an' rest nae langer; The Holy Fair. 14.
Pawn'd. Pawn'd in a gin-shop Quenching holy drouth.	But the Peace it reduc'd me to beg in despair, The folly Beggars. S. II.
The Election Ballads. IV.	Ahl must the agonizing thrill
They toom'd their pocks, they pawn'd their duds, The Jolly Beggars. R. VIII.	For ever bar returning Peace! The Lament.
Pay. That he intends to pay your debt, . A Dream. 7.	For in this world Rest or Peace
To pay your Queen, with due respect,	I never more shall know! S. The sun he is sunk †
My fealty an' subjection	Wi' plenty o' sic trees, I trow, The warld would live in peace, man; The Tree of Liberty.
'His only son for Hornbook sets,	Her heart was tint her peace, was stown! S. There are a lass t
'And pays him well, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 27.	Her heart was tint, her peace was stown! S. There was a lass † (A world 'gainst peace in constant arms) . To Chloris.
The Game shall Pay, owre moor an' dail, For this, niest year. Ep. to J. R., 10.	I'm turn'd a gauger—Peace be here! . To Dr. Blacklock.
Half-a-crown a-piece Will pay for their fleece, Johnny Peep.	
No mercenary Bard his homage pays; The Cotter's Sat. Night.	When shall my soul, in silent peace, Resign Life's joyless day?
The parent pair their secret homage pay, Ib. 18.	Canst thou wreck his peace for ever
Thro' dirt and dub for life I'll paidle, Ere I sae dear pay for a saddle; The Inventory.	Wha for thine wou'd gladly die! S. Turn again, thou t
But Charlie gat the spring to pay	In wildest fury hae made bare
For kissin' Theniel's bonie Mary. S. T. Menzie's bonie Mary.	My peace, my hope, for ever! . V.s, under Grief.
My Pegasus is poorly shod,—	And gentle Peace returning, S. When wild War's
I'll pay you like my master To J. Taylor.	Where is the peace that awaited my wand'ring,
You think I'm glad; oh, I pay weel	At evening the wild-woods among? S. Where are the joys †
For a' the joy I borrow, V.s under Grief.	While chearful peace, with linnet song, Chants the lowly dells among. Wr. in Friars-Carse H
Pay [to beat].	Peace, the tenderest flower of Spring; Wr. in Hermitage at F.C.
And new-light herds could nicely drub, Or pay their skin, The Twa Herds. 8.	Wr. in Hermitage at F.C.
	Peacerui, -iu.
Pay'd, -'t, Paid. ev'ry tail thou pay't them hollow A Gude New-Year † 9.	Ev'n in the peaceful rural vale, . A Winter Night. 7.
'Thus does he poison, kill, an' slay,	And peacefu' raise its ingle reek, As on the banks †
'An's weel pay'd for't; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 29.	Make the gales you waft around her Soft and peaceful as her breast, . S. Highland Mary.
So gat the whissle o' my groat,	17 7
An' pay't the fee Ep. to J. R. 9.	
To Death she's dearly pay'd the kane, Tam Samson's El.	And the next flowers, that deck the spring, Bloom on my peaceful grave. Lament of Mary of Scots.
I've paid enough for her already, The Inventory.	The little floweret's peaceful lot S. Now Spring has clad †
Sol paid him with a sonnet To J. Taylor.	Peaceful keep your dimpling wave, On scaring Water-fowl.
Peace.	And life's poor season peaceful spend
May Health and Peace with mutual rays, Shine on the evining o' his days; . A Ded. to G. H., 14.	O yield me now a peaceful grave, . S. To thee, lov'd Nith †
Dillic on the cy ming o mis days, . A Dea. to G. A., 14.	Jacia me non a poacetta grand, a de anti-

Peach.	A Lord—a Peer—an Earl's son, . On dining with Daer.
While peaches and cherries, and roses and lilies,	The Man of Worth, and has not left his peer, [v.A.10]
They fade and they wither awa, man. Ronalds of Bennals.	Sonnet on Death of R.
Pearl. An' down the briny pearls rowe Poor Mailie's El	Abjuring their democrat doings,
Adown my cheeks the pearls ran, The Jolly Beggars. S. IV.	By kissin' the a— of a peer. The Election Ballads. III.
On every blade the pearls hung; S. 'Twas even-the dewy t	For she's the pink o' womankind, and blooms without a peer;
Pearly.	Peer, to. S. The Posie.
Tripping o'er the pearly lawn, S. It was the charming t	
	And ne'er a ane to peer her. S. O wat ye wha that loes t
Sweetly deckt with pearly dew Sad thy tale,†	And such a leg! my Bess, I ween,
Peasant. Thence peasants, farmers, native sons of earth,	Could only peer it; . The Vision. D. I. 11.
Ep. to R. Graham. 2.	An sic a Lord—lang Scotch ells twa,
Thou strik'st the dull peasant, he sinks in the dark,	Our Peerage he o'erlooks them a', . On dining with Daer.
S. Farewell, thou fair day	Peerest.
I scorn not the Peasant, tho' ever so low; S. No Churchman am I †	Peerest to meditate the healing leap: Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
nurst in the Peasant's lowly shed, The Brigs of Ayr.	Peerless. Then thou mayest freely boast Thou hast given a peerless toast. The Toast.
Gif ance the peasant taste a bit,	Peevish.
He's greater than a lord, man, . The Tree of Liberty.	
Pease.	But truce with peevish, poor complaining! . To J. S., 20.
'The Farina of heans and pease,	He's peevish, and jealous of a' the young fellows,
He has't in plenty; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 21.	Peg. S. What can a yng lassie t
An' Pease an' Beans, at een or morn,	Come, screw the pegs wi' tunefu' cheep, The Ordination. 7.
Perfume the plain, Scotch Drink. 3.	
To slink thro' slaps an' reave an' steal,	Peg. But pretty Peg, my dearie. S. As I gaed up by †
At stacks o' pease, or stocks o' kail. The Death of Mailie.	Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare, El. on Peg Nicholson.
Peat. The red peat gleams, a fiery kernel,	Peg-a-Ramsey.
Enhusked by a fog infernal: . Ep. to H. Parker.	But honie Peg-a-Ramsey
And nought but peat reek i' my head,	Gat grist to her mill S. Cauld is the e'enin†
A toom tar barrel An' twa red peats . Letter to J. Goudie.	Pegasus. My spavet Pegasus will limp,
Pebbled. Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,	Till ance he's fairly het; . Ep. to Davie. 11.
S. To Mary in Heaven.	My Pegasus I'm got astride, On W. Chalmers.
Pechin [fetching the breath short, panting].	Come then, wi' uncouth, kintra fleg, O'er Pegasus I'll fling my leg, The Election Ballads, VI.
My Pegasus I'm got astride,	O'er Pegasus I'll fling my leg, The Election Ballads. VI.
And up Parnassus pechin; On W. Chalmers.	O'er Pegasus' side ye ne'er laid a stride, The Kirk's Alarm.
Peck. E'en mony a plack, an' mony a peck, El. on Year 1788.	With Pegasus upon a day, Apollo weary flying, To J. Taylor.
That he could saw hemp-seed a peck; Halloween. 17.	Poor slip-shod giddy Pegasus
Leeze me on the calling	My Pegasus is poorly shod
Fills the dusty peck S. Hey, the dusty miller	Pegasean. Jenny, my Pegasean pride! Ep. to H. Parker.
O Willie brew'd a peck o' maut, . S. O Willie brew'd †	Peggy. My bonie Peggy Alison. [re.] S. An' I'll kiss thee yet †
Peculiar. Still take her, and make her,	
Thy most peculiar care! . Ep. to Davie. 9.	Yet happy, happy would I be Had I my dear Montgomerie's Peggy. [re.]
Peculiarly. (The Patriot's God, peculiarly thou art,	S. Montgomerie's Peggy.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 21.	Wi' man and nature leagu'd my foes,
Pedagogic.	So Peggy ne'er I'd known! S. Now Spring has clad †
In all his pedagogic powers elate, The Vowels.	But Peggy dear, the evining's clear, S. Now westlin winds †
Pedant.	Far in their shade my Peggy's charms
Philosophy, no idle pedant dream, Prologue, sp. by Woods.	First blest my wond'ring eyes. [re.] S. Peggy Chalmers.
The noisy domicile of pedant pride; The Vowels.	If ye gae up to yon hill-tap,
The Pedant stifles keen the Roman sound 1b.	Ye'll there see bonie Peggy; . The Tarbolton Lasses.
The pedant swung his felon cudgel round, Ib.	Young Peggy blooms our bonniest lass, [re.] S. Young Peggy †
The pedant in his left hand clutch'd him fast, Ib.	Peghan [the stomach].
Pedlar. And like a poor pedlar he trudg'd wi' his pack,	Yet ev'n the ha' folk fill their peghan
S. There liv'd ance a carle t	Wi' sauce, ragouts, an' sic like trashtrie, The Twa Dogs. 9.
Peebles, Rev. Dr. Wm.	Pell and mell.
There's D[unca]n deep, and P—s, shaul,	Say pell and mell, wi' muskets knell
The Twa Herds. 10.	How Tories fell and Whigs to h-ll Flew off
For [Peebles], frae the water-fit,	S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
Ascends the holy rostrum: The Holy Fair. 16.	Pen. By word, or pen, or pointed steel! A. Ded. to G. H., 14.
Peel. And black Joan, frae Chricton Peel, O' gipsy kith and kin, . The Election Ballads. I.	dips in gall unmixed his eager pen, Ep. fr. Esopus.
Peel, to. See, how she peels the skin an' fell,	As Phœbus and the famous Nine
As ane were peelin onions! The Ordination. 12.	Were glowran owre my pen Ep. to Davie. 11.
Peel a willie wand, to be him boots and jacket;	As my auld pen's worn to the grissle;
S. Wee Willie Gray	Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 22.
Peelin. As ane were peelin onions! . The Ordination. 12.	Abjuring a' intentions evil, I quat my pen: Poem on Life.
Peep. Here am I, Johnny Peep; Johnny Peep.	Eschylus' pen Will Shakespeare drives;
	Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
	When your pen can be spared, P. S. to "The Kirk's Alarm."
Peep, to. When Phoebus peeps over the mountains, S. Adown winding Nith †	And bring an angel pen to write
O were my love you vi'let sweet,	My transports wi' my Anna! S. The gowd. Locks of A.
That peeps frae 'neath the hawthorn spray:	Sae my auld stumpie pen I gat it . Third Ep. to J. Lap
S. O were my love t	My pen I here fling to the door, To J. S., 21.
I'll pu' the budding rose, when Phœbus peeps in view,	Pence. On eighteen pence a week I've liv'd before.
S. The Posie.	Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
Peep'd. Gay the sun's golden eye, Peep'd o'er the mountains high; S. Phillis the Fair.	Pendent. Or ruins pendent in the air, [v.A.4]
	The Vision, D. I.
Auld Phœhus himsel, as he peep'd o'er the hill, S. The heather was blooming †	Penn'd. And some great lies were never penn'd.
Peeping.	Death and Dr. Hornbook.
Blush at the curious stranger peeping in; Ep. fr. Esopus.	Tho' in sic phraisin terms ye've penn'd it, To W. Simpson.
Peer. The Peer I don't envy, I give him his bow:	Penny. We hae pennies to spend, . S. Hey ca' thro'.
S, No Churchman am I†	I can win my five pennies in a day, S. My Collier Laddie.
	* *

I has a panny to spand	Pariod My pariods that decombaring date. Et & Easter
I hae a penny to spend, S. Naebody.	Period. My periods that decyphering defy, Ep. fr. Esopus.
I fee'd a man at Martinmas, Wi' arle pennies three; S. O can ye labour lea t	Those mighty periods of years Which seem to us so vast, The 1st b V.s of 90th Ps
Without a penny in my purse	Perish.
To buy a meal to me S. The Highl. Widow's Lament.	
Singet Sawney, Singet Sawney, are ye herding the penny,	Nay, by heaven, said I, may I perish if ever I plant in your bosom a thorn. Spoke extem. to yng Lady.
The Kirk's Alarm.	Though Fate said, a hero should perish in light;
The Pennie's the jewel that beautifies a'. S. There's a youth †	The Whistle. 16.
Bad luck on the penny that tempted my minny	Perished.
S. What can a yng lassie t	Who nobly perished in the glorious cause, Frag. of Ode.
Penny-fee [wages].	And perish'd mony a bonie boat, Tam o' Shanter. 15.
My riches a's my penny-fee, . S. Behind you hills †	Perjur'd.
A' for a penny fee, jo? S. O wat ye what my †	Curse on his perjur'd arts! . The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10.
Or deposite her sair-won penny-fee,	Perjury. Laugh o'er thy perjury S. Had I a cave +
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 4.	Permission. Who has no will but by her high permission;
I will awa to Edinburgh and win a pennie fee,	The Henpecked Husband.
S. There grows a bonie †	Permit. Ere we permit a foreign foe,
Penny-wheep [small beer].	On British ground to rally. S. Does haughty Gaul, †
Be't whisky-gill or penny-wheep, The Holy Fair. 19.	A last request, permit me here, The Farewell. To St. J.'s L.
Pennyworths.	Perplex.
But pennyworths again is fair, Ep. to J. R., 13.	That when nae real ills perplex them,
Pension. For neither Pension, Post, nor Place,	They mak enow themsels to vex them; The Twa Dogs. 29.
Am I your humble debtor: . A Dream. 3.	Persecute.
Let posts an' pensions sink or swoom Wi' them who grant them	They persecute you all your future days Ep. to R. Graham. 5,
Wi' them wha grant them: The Author's Cry and Prayer.	Persecuted.
Pensive.	Still persecuted by the limmer
Still crouding thoughts, a pensive train, A Winter Night. 6.	Frae year to year; Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 10. Persecution.
Come autumn, sae pensive, in yellow and grey,	Small beer persecution, Epit. on J. Dove, Innkeeper.
S. My Nanie's Awa.	Persevering.
And, pensive gaze with wistful eyes, On Lincluden.	
Her form majestic droop'd in pensive woe,	You may do miracles by persevering. Prologue, at Th., D
On Death of Sir J. Blair.	Per se.
In that sober pensive mood, Dearest to the feeling soul, S. Streams that glide \(\)	'Mite-horn shavings, filings, scrapings, Distill'd per se; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 22.
The robin pensive Autumn chear,	Person.
In all her locks of yellow The Petition of Br. Water.	Nor person to befriend me, O; S. My father was a farmer t
To vent thy bosom's swelling rise,	Thy mither's person, grace an' merit, Add. to Illegit. Child.
In pensive walk The Vision. D. II. 15.	Personal.
O Nature! a' thy shews an' forms	Who is proof to thy personal converse and wit,
To feeling, pensive hearts hae charms! To W. Simpson. 14.	Is proof to all other temptation Extem., To Mr. S.
O sweet, to stray an' pensive ponder	Persuaded. I once was persuaded a venture to make;
A heartfelt sang! Ib. 15.	S. No Churchman am I †
Ben i' the Spence, right pensivelie,	Persuasion.
I gaed to rest The Vision. D. I. 2.	Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed, To see me thro' the barley S. The Rigs o' Barley.
People.	Pert.
But while we sing, God save the king, We'll ne'er forget the People. S. Does haughty Gaul	Who calls thee, pert, affected, vain coquette, Ep. fr. Esopus.
	A little, upright, pert, tart, tripping wight, Sketch.
Frae G-d's ain priests the people's hearts He steals awa'. Holy Willie's Prayer. 11.	Perth. She swoor she saw some rebels run
But for thy people's sake destroy 'em,	To Perth and to Dundee, man:
The feather'd people, you might see,	S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
Perch'd all around on every tree, . S. It was the charming	Peruse.
	m
Ve may ha'e some pretence to having and sense.	Peruse them an' return them quickly; . Auld comrade †
Ye may ha'e some pretence to havins and sense, Wi' people wha ken ye nae better The Kirk's Alarm.	Whose rhymes you'll perhaps, Sir, ne'er deign to peruse:
Ye may ha'e some pretence to havins and sense, Wi' people wha ken ye nae better. The Kirk's Alarm. Some people tell me gin I fa', V.s to J. Ranken.	Whose rhymes you'll perhaps, Sir, ne'er deign to peruse: Fragment, inscr. to Fox.
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Wi' people wha ken ye nae better	Whose rhymes you'll perhaps, Sir, ne'er deign to peruse: Fragment, inscr. to Fox. Perusing. Perusing Bunyan, Brown, and Boston: Auld comrade! Perverse. I'd kiss her maids, and kick the perverse b—h. The Henpecked Husband. Pet. The lad, for twa guid gimmer-pets, Was Laird himsel. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 27. An' may they never learn the gaets, Of ither vile, wanrestfu' Pets! Peter. As ye disown yon panghty dog, That bears the keys of Peter, Dear Peter, dear Peter, The Death of Mailie. Petition. And see his lordly fellow-worm, The poor petition spurn, Man was made to Mourn. And in their dear petitions place him: On Scot. Bard gne to W.I. Petitioner. And your Petitioner shall ever A Ded. to G. H., 13. Petrify. But Och! it hardens a' within, And petrifies the feeling! Ep, to Young Friend. 6. Petted. But a' the niest week as I petted wi' care, S. Last May a braw wooer!
Wi' people wha ken ye nae better. The Kirk's Alarm. Some people tell me gin I fa', V.s to J. Ranken. Per cent. Or purse-proud, big wi' cent per cent, An' muckle wame, Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 11. Perching. the perching red-breast shrill, The Brigs of Ayr. Perdition. And he wha acts the traitor's part It to perdition sends, man. The Tree of Liberty. Perfect. And no a perfect kintra cooser. Kind Sir, I've read † Or fricassee wad mak her spew Wi' perfect sconner, To a Haggis. Perfection. Perfection whisper'd, passing by, Behold the lass o' Ballochmyle! [v.A.31] S. 'Twas even—the dewy† Perfidy. Whilst I here, must cry here, At perfidy ingrate! Despondency, an Ode. 4. Perform'd. She [Fortune] promis'd fair, and {S. I dream'd I lay † perform'd but ill; {S. Tho' fickle Fortune † Perfume. Whose innocence did sweets disclose Beyond that flower's perfume. On Poet's Daughter. Where bright beaming summers exalt the perfume; S. Their groves of † Perfume, to. An' Pease an' Beans, at een or morn,	Whose rhymes you'll perhaps, Sir, ne'er deign to peruse: Fragment, inscr. to Fox. Perusing. Perusing Bunyan, Brown, and Boston: Auld comrade! Perverse. I'd kiss her maids, and kick the perverse b—h. The Henpecked Husband. Pet. The lad, for twa guid gimmer-pets, Was Laird himsel. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 27. An' may they never learn the gaets, Of ither vile, warrestfu' Pets! Peter. As ye disown yon panghty dog, That bears the keys of Peter, Dear Peter, dear Peter, To Mr. P. Stuart. Petition. And see his lordly fellow-worm, The poor petition spurn, Man was made to Mourn. And in their dear petitions place him: On Scot. Bard gne to W.I. Petitioner. And your Petitioner shall ever And your Petitioner shall ever And your Fetitioner she feeling! Ep. to Young Friend. 6. Petted. But a' the niest week as I petted wi' care, S. Last May a braw wooer! Petticoat. Her tartan petticoat she'll kilt, The Author's Cry and Prayer. Petticoatie [dim. of petticoat]. She draig!'t a' her petticoatie
Wi' people wha ken ye nae better. The Kirk's Alarm. Some people tell me gin I fa', V.s to J. Ranken. Per cent. Or purse-proud, big wi' cent per cent, An' muckle wame, Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 11. Perching. the perching red-breast shrill, The Brigs of Ayr. Perfelion. And he wha acts the traitor's part It to perdition sends, man. The Tree of Liberty. Perfect. And no a perfect kintra cooser. Kind Sir, I've read to Or fricassee wad mak her spew Wi' perfect sconner, To a Haggis. Perfection. Perfection whisper'd, passing by, Behold the lass o' Ballochmyle! [v.A.31] S. 'Twas even—the dewy to Perform'd. She [Fortune] promis'd fair, and S. I dream'd I lay to perform'd but ill; S. The fickle Fortune to Perfume. Whose innocence did sweets disclose Beyond that flower's perfume. Where bright beaming summers exalt the perfume; S. Their groves of to Perfume, to.	Whose rhymes you'll perhaps, Sir, ne'er deign to peruse: Fragment, inscr. to Fox. Perusing. Perusing Bunyan, Brown, and Boston; Auld comrade? Perverse. I'd kiss her maids, and kick the perverse b—h. The Henpecked Husband. Pet. The lad, for twa guid gimmer-pets, Was Laird himsel. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 27. An' may they never learn the gaets, Of ither vile, warrestfu' Pets! The Death of Mailie. Peter. As ye disown yon paughty dog, That bears the keys of Peter, A Dream. 12. Dear Peter, dear Peter, To Mr. P. Stuart. Petition. And see his lordly fellow-worm, The poor petition spurn, Man was made to Mourn. And in their dear petitions place him: On Scot. Bard gne to W.I. Petitioner. And your Petitioner shall ever A Ded. to G. H., 13. Petrify. But Och! it hardens a' within, And petrifies the feeling! Ep, to Young Friend. 6. Petted. But a' the niest week as I petted wi' care, S. Last May a brave wooer? Petticoat. Her tartan petticoat she'll kilk, The Author's Cry and Prayer. Petticoatie [dim. of petticoat].

Pettle, Pattle [a plough-staff, or small spade with a long shaft to enable the ploughman clear away the earth adhering to the plough.]	Bright Phœbus ne'er witnessed so joyous a corps. The Whistle. 13.
I have four brutes o' gallant mettle, As ever drew afore a pettle The Inventory.	So uprose bright Phœbus—and down fell the knight. <i>Ib.</i> 16. Phosphorus.
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee, Wi' murd'ring pattle! To a Mouse.	The martial phosphorus is taught to flow, Ep. to R. Graham. 2. Phrase. In shepherd's phrase will woo: S. Behold, my love, †
Or faith! I'll wad my new pleugh-pettle	In ploughman phrase 'God send you speed,'
Ye'll see't or lang, The Author's Cry and Prayer. 15.	Ep. to Young Friend. 11. tho' the phrase may seem uncivil, Scots Prologue.
Phely. O Phely, happy be that day, [re.] . S. O Phely † So ilka day to me mair dear And charming is my Phely. [re.]	'Thy rudely-caroll'd, chiming phrase, 'In uncouth rhymes, The Vision. D. II. 12. Phrase, to [flatter].
O saw ye my dear, my Phely? [re.] S. Saw ye my Phely. Phemie.	To phrase you an' praise you, Ye ken your Laureat scorns: To Gav. Hamilton.
But Phemie was a bonier lass	Phraisin' [flattering].
Than braes o' Yarrow ever saw. [re.] S. Blythe was she, † Philadelphia. Till Willie H—e took o'er the knowe	Tho' in sic phraisin terms ye've penn'd it, To W. Simpson. Physically.
For Philadelphia, man; A Fragment. 3. Philibeg [a kilt].	An' physically causes seek, In clime an' season, The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.
Forbye, he'll shape you aff fu' gleg The cut of Adam's philibeg; . On Grose's Peregrinations.	rnysician.
But had ye seen the philibegs And skyrin tartan trews, man, S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	Fy, bring Black-Jock, her [Superstition's] state physician, To see her w-t-r; Letter to J. Goudie. Physics.
With his Philibeg, an' tartan Plaid,	Law, physics, politics, and deep divines: Ep. to R. Graham. Pibroch. 'Twas Pibroch, Sang, Strathspey, or Reels,
The Jolly Beggars. S. IV. Phillis. Of Phillis to muse and to sing. [re.]	S. Amang the trees †
S. Adown winding Nith † Wherefore sighing art thou Phillis? . Blue Bonnets.	An' runts o' grace the pick an' wale, The Ordination. 6.
But did you see my dearest Phillis, In simplicity's array; S. Mark yonder Pomp†	the pick o' his band, S. There liv'd ance a carle † Picking. Picking her pouch as bare as Winter,
Phillis the fair. [re.]	The Author's Cry and Prayer. 8. Pickle [a small quantity; a single grain].
Philomel. Where Philomel,	A guid chiel wi' a pickle siller: Auld comrade †
While nightly breezes sweep the vines, Her griefs will tell! Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	She gies the Herd a pickle nits,
Philosopher. Twa sage Philosophers to glimpse on! Auld comrade dear †	Pickle. In what a pickle thou hast left us! El. on Year 1788. Pictish. Auld Brig appear'd of ancient Pictish race,
Philosophers have fought an' wrangled,	The Brigs of Ayr. 4.
Philosophic	Stalk'd round his ashes lowly laid, [v.A.4] The Vision. D. I. Picture.
She [nature] kneads the lumpish philosophic dough, Ep. to R. Graham. 2.	"When a' my weel-clad banks could see, "Their woody picture in my tide: S. As on the banks †
An' raise a philosophic reek, The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.	Pull the string, ruling passion, the picture will show him. Fragment, inser. to Fox.
Philosophy, Philosophy, no idle pedant dream, Here holds her search by heaven-taught Reason's beam;	Picture o' the great Clanronald; S. Hee balou† My face was but the keekin' glass
Prologue, sp. by Woods.	And there ye saw your picture. In Defence of a Lady. Some narrow, dirty, dungeon cave,
Or Phineas drove the murdering blade, The Ordination. 4. Phiz. Ye did present your smoutie phiz,	The picture of thy mind! . On seeing Seat of Lord G. Here is Satan's picture,
Mang better folk, Add. to the Deil. 17. Phœbe. Phœbe, in her midnight reign, A Winter Night. 6.	Like a bizzard gled, The Election Ballads. IV. Pictur'd.
Phœbus.	Pore owre the devil's pictur'd benks; The Twa Dogs. 33. Pidgeon.
When Phœbus peeps over the mountains,	Here lies Johnny Pidgeon, [re.] Epit. on J. Dove, Innkeeper.
S. Adown winding Nith † Now Phœbus blinkit on the bent, S. As I came o'er †	Pie. An' bake them up in brunstane pies For poor d—n'd Drinkers. Scotch Drink. 20.
While Phoebus sunk beyond Ben-ledi; S. By Allan stream † As Phoebus and the famous Nine	Pie-bald. The pie-bald jacket let me patch once more; Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
Were glowran owre my pen Ep. to Davie. 11. when auld Phoebus bids good-morrow, . Ep. to H. Parker.	Piece. My Sandy brak a piece o' goud, S. My Sandy gied † To gather matter for a serious piece; Scots Prologue.
Now Phœbus chears the crystal streams, Lament of Mary of Scots.	Pier. The boat rocks at the Pier o' Leith, S. My bonie Mary. The ither flutters o'er the rising piers: The Brigs of Ayr. 4.
Like Phoebus in the morning, S. Lovely Davies.	Pierce.
Till fley'd awa' by Phœbus' light S. O were my love † When rising Phœbus first is seen, . S. On Cessnock banks †	Sin' that day Michael did you pierce, Add. to the Deil. 19. What Sorrows yet may pierce me thro', Despondency, an Ode.
When Phœbus sinks behind the seas;	Your Honor's hearts wi' grief 'twad pierce, The Author's Cry and Prayer.
Phoebus, gilding the brow of the morning. S. Sleet'st than t	Pierc'd. 'They hae pierc'd mony a gallant heart;
What tho' their Phoebus kinder warms, The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.	'Fient haet o't wad hae pierc'd the heart
S. The heather was blooming †	'Of a kail-runt
saucy Phœbus' scorching beams, The Petition of Br. Water. Phœbus, low, Shall kiss the distant, western main. The Lament.	And pierc'd my darling's heart: S. Fate gave the word,† Pierein. His piercin words, like Highlan swords, Divide the joints an marrow; The Holy Fair. 21.
I'll pu' the budding rose, when Phoebus peeps in view,	Plety. The piety of ancient days! On Lincluden.
S. The Posie.	And heaven-born piety her sanction seals. To Miss Graham.

Pigmy.	A pint o' the best o't, And twa pints mair.
A pigmy Scraper wi' his Fiddle, The Jolly Beggars. R. V.	We have pennies to spend, S. Gudeen to you Kimmer
Pike, Pyke [to pick].	And we hae pints to bring S. Hey ca' thro'
The hungry bike did scrape and pike S. Amang the trees † Sae merrily's the banes we'll pyke, The Jolly Beggars. S. V.	Go, fetch to me a pint o' wine, S. My bonie Mary
Pile. And, hark! what more than mortal sound	O Willie, come sell your fiddle And buy a pint o' wine; S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie
Of music breathes the pile around? . On Lincluden.	Meet owre a pint, or in the Council-house;
Seal'd up with frugal care in massive, waxen piles,	The Brigs of Ayr. 9
The Brigs of Ayr. Pile, to. Chill, o'er his slumbers, piles the drifty heap!	Yestreen I had a pint o' wine . S. The gowd. Locks of A
A Winter Night. 9.	Pint-stoup, -stowp [a measure containing two quarts].
Pilfer'd. When we nilfer'd the almost the poor! The Vinte Alama	And surely ye'll be your pint-stoup,
When ye pilfer'd the alms o' the poor; The Kirk's Alarm. Pill. Has clad a score i' their last claith,	And surely I ll be mine; S. Should auld acquaintance
By drap and pill. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 25.	An' there the pint-stowp clatters; The Holy Fair. 18
Surrounded thus by bolus pill	Pious. O ye wha are sae guid yoursel, Sae pious and sae holy, . Add. to Unco Guid
And potion glasses Poem on Life. Pillar. I'm here a pillar in thy temple, Holy Willie's Prayer. 5.	Draw near with pious rev'rence and attend!
Pillow.	Epit. for Author's Father
Whisp'ring spirits round my pillow	But pious Bob, 'mid learning's store, Commandment tenth remember'd The Dean of Fac
Talk of him that's far awa S. Musing on the roaring †	O a' ye pious godly flocks, The Twa Herds
Pillow, to. And pillows on the thorn my rack'd repose! Ep. fr. Esopus.	Pipe. Scotland drew her pipe an' blew, . A Fragment. 7
Pillow'st.	And [Caledon] to her pipe was singing; O
Though cauld be the clay, where thou pillows't thy head,	S. Amang the trees She fuff't her pipe wi' sic a lunt,
On Death of fav. Child. Pilot. When Guilford good our Pilot stood, A Fragment.	He screw'd the pipes and gart them skirl, Tam o' Shanter. 11
Pimp.	The time may come, with pipe and drum
The news o' princes, dukes, and earls,	We'll welcome hame fair Albany. S. The bonie Lass of Albany
Pimps, sharpers, bawds and opera-girls; Kind Sir, I've read +	Syne tun'd his pipes wi' grave grimace.
Pin. And ay she shook the temper-pin. S. Duncan Davison. For the auld gudeman o' London court	The Jolly Beggars. R. III
She didna care a pin; The Election Ballads. I.	No shepherd's pipe—Arcadian strains; The Lament
He has cooper'd and cawd a wrang pin in't.	The luntan pipe, an' sneeshin mill, The Twa Dogs. 20 Pipe, to.
Your pin wad help to mend a mill The Kirk's Alarm.	And the shepherd tents his flock as he pipes on his reed.
In time o' need, To a Haggis.	S. You wild mossy mountains
And screw your temper-pins aboon A fifth or mair,	Piper. The pipers and youngsters were making their game, S. As I was a-wand ring
Pinch.	The piper loud and louder blew; . Tam o' Skanter. 12
Wi' pinch I put a Sunday's face on,. What ails ye now t	Till piper lads were wae and weary,
Pinch, to.	S. T. Menz.'s bonie Mary
O Lord, when hunger pinches sore, Do thou stand us in stead, At Globe Tav., D.	There came a piper out o' Fife, . There came a piper Pirate. Hapless bird! a prey the surest
Pindus. Nae heathen name shall I prefix	To each pirate of the skies S. Sensibility
Frae Pindus or Parnassus; To Miss Ferrier.	Pisgah. As once on Pisgah purg'd was the sight
Pine. Let Britain boast her hardy oak, Her poplar and her pine, man, The Tree of Liberty.	Of a son of Circumcision, So may be, on this Pisgah height,
O sweet grows the lime and the orange,	Bob's purblind, mental vision: The Dean of Fac-
And the apple on the pine;	Piss. Which shews that heaven can boil the pot, Though the devil p—s in the fire. The Dean of Fac.
Pine [pain, uneasiness].	Pissed. An' p—d wi' dread, . Holy Willie's Prayer. 14.
When heavy-dragg'd wi' pine an' grievin: Scotch Drink. 5.	Pistol. An' durk an' pistol at her belt,
Pine, to.	She'll tak the streets,
Where Guilt and poor Misfortune pine! A Winter Night. 9.	The Author's Cry and Prayer. 17. Pit. Some luckless hour will send him linkan,
"In weary being now I pine, . Lament for Glencairn. Oh, why should truest worth and genius pine	To your black pit; Add. to the Deil. 20.
Beneath the iron grasp of Want and Woe, Lns on Fergusson.	They filled up a darksome pit With water to the brim, John Barleycorn.
Or guilt affrights thy contemplation, And makes thee pine, The Hermit.	A vast, unbottom'd, boundless Pit,
Thou seest a wretch who inly pines, The Lament.	Fill'd fou o' lowan brunstane, The Holy Fair. 22.
Pining. Nor make our scanty pleasures less,	Pit [put]. It pits me ay as mad's a hare; Ep. to J. R., 13.
By pining at our state: . Ep. to Davie. 7.	She pits hersel an' Rob in;
Pinion. To shun impelling ruin A while [the dove] her pinions tries; S. How cruel	An' L—d! if ance they pit her till't, The Author's Cry and Prayer.
The flutt'ring gory pinion! S. Now westlin winds †	To pit some havins in his breast! . The Death of Mailie.
Pinioned.	An' what poor Cot-folk pit their painch in,
Dangers, eagle-pinioned, bold, . Wr. in Friars-Carse H.	I own it's past my comprehension The Twa Dogs, 9.
Pink.	Pit-a-pat. My heart went fluttering pit-a-pat, S. When first I saw †
O dinna think my pretty pink, But I can live without thee: . S. Here's to thy health,†	Pitch. To thresh my back at sic a pitch? What ails ye now t
And I will my' the pink the emblem o' my dear	Piteur. The bauld Piteur fell in a furr, S. Killiecrankie.
For she's the pink o' womankind, and blooms without a peer; S. The Posie.	Piteous. Maggie's was a piteous case, S. Duncan Gray †
Pint [a Scotch pint is two English quarts].	Reluctant, E stalk'd in; with piteous race The justling tears ran down his honest face! The Vowels.
They'll step in and tak a pint S. A' the lads o' Thornie-bank †	Pith. At Brooses thou had ne'er a fellow,
An' dawtet, twal-pint Hawkie's gane As yell's the Bill. Add. to the Deil. 10.	For pith an' speed; A Guid New-Year † 9.
That set him to a pint of ale, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 6.	An' spread abreed thy weel-fill'd brisket, Wi' pith an' pow'r,
A pint an' gill I'd gie them baith,	The pith of sense and pride of worth,
To hear your crack	Are higher ranks than a' that S. The Honest Man.

But pith and power, till my last hour, If the Ordinaction 3, But pith and power, till my last hour, If the third the declaration; S. The United States and the Park of the States and the Park of the States and the Sta	And gloriously she'll whang her,	With tears I pity thy unhappy fate!
Till make this declaration in the content of the part	Wi' pith this day The Ordination. 3.	Wr. under Port. of Fergusson.
Pitt, Pitt (the statesman). In no mistrating Willie Pit, When taxes he enlarges, A Dream, 7, The toubies teaple tween Pitt and Fox, Et. on Year 1985. Thou, Pitt, shadr run this overshrow, The Blackino Ballade, VI. Pitty, This hospet was away. Pitty, This hospet was away. Pitty, This hospet defined run away. On, hear me, Power divine I Oh, in pity hear me! S. Ay webing, O Oh, in pity hear me! S. Canst then teare me the That ever he (the Deli) nearer comes oursel. That ever he (the Deli) nearer comes oursel. That ever he (the Deli) nearer comes oursel. The ter's he (the Deli) nearer comes oursel. Swelling pity smood his wrath; S. Duncan Greyt Where, haply, Pity sarvay afrories. Where, haply, Pity sarvay afrories. A look of woods should be but wind! Epte R. Grahan, J. Oy whose check the tear of pity stains. One trining particular, Truth, should have misd thim one trining particular, Truth, should have misd t	But pith and power, till my last hour, I'll mak this declaration:	
When taxes he calsages, "A Dream, "The toolie's teaple's veen Pit an Fox, Et. on Year 1988. Thou, Pits, shalt rue this overshrow, The Election Beallands, VI. A Garter giet to Willie Pit; "P. J. S. 25. Pity. This hossed Honor turns away, away, A Winter Night, 9. Har me, Deves diving 1 Oh; in pity hear me! S. Ay weaking, of the And canst thou leave me that for pity? S. Canst then leave me that Comment of the Pity in the Section of the Pity in pity hear me! S. Ay weaking, of the Pity in the Section of the Se		Wha pitied Gallia's slaves, man, The Tree of Liberty.
The toolie's teagh 'tween Pits an 'For. El. on Vent 1982 Ptyling.' With awestruck thought, and pitying tears. Add. to Edinburgh. On the pity's According to the pity's and the pity's raing sway. A Winter Night., of the pity's raing sway. A Winter Night., of And canst thou leave me thus for pity's a market pity. Peath and Dr. Hornbook. 2. Samt like itease met That of the Delil nearer comes coursel. That of the Delil nearer comes coursel. The tear has pity of the pity's party of the pity's and the pity's party of the pity's		He pitied the man that was ty'd to a wife, S. There liv'd ance a carle
Thou, Pits, shalt rue this overshrow, The Election Bailands, VI. A Garner giet to Willie Pit;	· · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·	Pitying. With awe-struck thought, and pitying tears,
Wipiying maain; Add. to Technache. Not play. Hear me, Powers divina! Oh, in pity hear me! S. Ay washing, Of And cant thou leave me thus for pity? S. Canti thou leave me thus for pity? S. Canti thou leave me! That c'er he [the Deil] neaver comes oursel. S. Canti thou leave me! S. S. Canti thou leave me! S. S. Canti thou leave me! That c'er he [the Deil] neaver comes oursel. S. S. Discould the pity of S. S. Canti thou leave me! That c'er he [the Deil] neaver comes oursel. S. S. Millag pity and the wrath. S. Discould the leave me! S. S. Discould the leave me! S. S. Discould the leave me! S. Discould the leave m	Thou, Pitt, shalt rue this overthrow, The Election Ballads. VI.	
Shunning soft Pity's rising sway, A Winter Night, 9. Hear me, Powers divine 1 Oh, in pity hear me! S. Ay waking, 0 to Oh, in pity hear me! S. Canta thou kase me that for pity? S. Cant thou kase me thus for pity? S. a muckle pity. Death and Dr. Hornkook, 2. Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath; S. Duncan Gray! A look of pity hither cast, B look of pity hither cast, A look of pity hither cast, A look of pity hither cast, B look of pity hit cast cast cast cast cast cast cast cas		
Hear me, Powers drine 1 Oh, in pity bear me! J. S. Ay wasking, 0! And cannt thou leave me thus for pity. And cannt thou leave me thus for pity. That e'er he [the Dei]] nearer comes conteal That e'er he [the Dei]] nearer comes conteal Sa muckle pity. Death and Dr. Hornkoch, 2. Swelling pity smoord his warth; S. Duncan Gray! Where, haply, Pity strays forlorn Free man crill. A look of pity hither cast, 15., Epit. on Look, 14. H., 2. A look of pity hither cast, 15., Epit. on Look, 15. Cy ov whose cheek the tear of pity stains. O ye whose cheek the tear of pity stains. O ye whose cheek the tear of pity stains. O ye whose cheek the tear of pity stains. O ye whose cheek the tear of pity stains. O ye whose cheek the tear of pity stains. O ye whose cheek the tear of pity stains. O ye whose cheek the tear of pity stains. For pity's sake forgive me! Epit. on Hoby Willie. In the stain of the pity stains. For pity's sake, this an eight, One thing particular, Trath, shown in S. Farewell, thou stream? For pity's sake, this an eight, For pity's sake, this an eight, For pity's sake, sweet hird, nie main. For pity's sake, forgive me! S. The same of the same pity on the sweet sweet sweet same pity on the sweet same pity on the sweet sweet sweet sweet same pity on the sweet sweet sweet sweet sweet same pity on the sweet sweet sweet sweet sweet sweet sweet same pity on the sweet sweet sweet sweet sweet sweet sweet sweet sam	Shunning soft Pity's rising sway, A Winter Night, o.	
On, in pity bear me thus for pity. And cann thou leave me thus for pity. Cann't how the leave me thus for pity. That e'er he [the Deill peacer comes ourse] Sawelling pity smoor'd his wrath; Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath; So ye whose cheek the tear of pity stains, For pity y skells of night. Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath; What pity, in rearing so beauteous a system, For pity skells forgive me! Skell, for Author's Father, For pity skells of might. Special for the pity smoor'd his wrath; What pity, in rearing so beauteous a system, Give over for pity—my Nanie's awa. Sylv Annie's Ana. For pity skells of night. So Chassit, art theur takes the pity on me shaws, If love for love thou with rangic, At least sone pity on me shaws, If love for love thou with rangic, At least sone pity on me shaw, If love it may na be. So Ontary, at thy window's the least sone pity on me shaw, If love it may na be. So Ontary, at thy window's the least sone pity on me shaw, If lowe for love thou with rangic, At least sone pity on me shaw, If lowe for love thou with rangic, At least sone pity on me shaw, If lowe for love thou with rangic, At least sone pity on me shaw, If love for love thou with rangic, At least sone pity on me shaw, If lowe for love thou with rangic, At least sone pity on me shaw, If love for love thou with rangic, At least sone pity on me shaw, If love for love thou with rangic, At least sone pity on me shaw, If love for love thou with rangic, At least sone pity on me shaw, If lowe for love thou with rangic, At least sone pity on me shaw, If lowe for love thou with rangic, At least sone pity on me	Hear me, Powers divine!	
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Ye, whom the seeming good think sin to pity: Tragic Frag And I'll place it in her breast, and I'll swear by a' above, Ib.	Even you, ye helpless crew, I pity you;	And in her lovely bosom I'll place the lily there; S. The Posie.
	Ye, whom the seeming good think sin to pity: Tragic Frag	And I'll place it in her breast, and I'll swear by a' above, Ib.

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Placed, -'d.	She sees his pale corse on the plain, Oh; S. Oh, open the door,
Plac'd for her lordly use thus far, thus vile, below! A Winter Night. 7.	In these savage, liquid plains, . On scaring Water-fowl. No more the thickening brakes and verdant plains
· lonely Hermit plac'd Where never human footstep trac'd, Despondency, an Ode. 4.	On seeing wounded Hare.
placed by thee upon the wish'd-for height Ep. to R. Graham. 5.	The gathering floods burst o'er the distant plains; On Death of R. Dundas.
in life where-ever plac'd, The 1st Psalm.	Ye hills, ye plains, ye forests, and ye caves,
Till now amaist on ev'ry knowe	Ye dark waste hills, and brown unsightly plains, Ib.
Ye'll find ane plac'd; To W. Simpson, P.S	An' Pease an' Beans, at een or morn, Perfume the plain, Scotch Drink. 3.
Across her placid, azure sky,	Streams that glide in orient plains, S. Streams that glide †
She sees the scowling tempest fly: . S. The gloomy night †	Wi' deepening deluges o'erflow the plains; The Brigs of Ayr. 7.
Plack [a small copper coin, equal to the third part of an English penny].	Far dearer than the torrid plains
No, stretch a point to catch a plack; . A Ded. to G. H., 8.	Where rich ananas blow!
In my last plack thy part's be in't, Add. to Illegit. Child.	I see it driving o'er the plain; S. The gloomy night † Aboon the plain sae rashy, O, S. The Highland Lassie.
E'en mony a plack, an' mony a peck, . El. on Year 1788.	'Some teach to meliorate the plain,
For monie a Plack they [the lasses] wheedle frae me, Ep. to J. L-k. Ap. 1st, 17.	With tillage-skill; . The Vision. D. II. 8.
Ev'n love an' friendship should give place	lov'd Nith, thy gladsome plains, . S. To thee, low'd Nith \\ We'll sing auld Coila's plains an' fells, . To W. Simpson.
To catch-the-plack! Ib. 20. Nae howdie gets a social night	Tho' shelter'd in the lowest shed
Or plack frae them. [v.A.25] Scotch Drink.	That ever rose on Scotland's plain! S. Twas even—the dewy †
Plackless [penniless].	Young Jamie, pride of a' the plain, . S. Young Jamie †
Poor, plackless devils like mysel, Scotch Drink. 16.	My Jockey toils upon the plain, S. Young Jockey †
Plague. And ranked plagues their numbers tell, Add. to Toothache. 5.	Plaint. Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 14.
O! may it ne'er be a livin' plague . Holy Willie's Prayer. 7.	And Common Sense is gaun, she says,
Wishin' the ten Egyptian plagues	To mak to Jamie Beattie Her plaint this day. The Ordination. 11.
Wad seize you quick Letter to J. Goudie. And other Poets sing of wars,	Plaintive. When on my ear this plaintive strain,
The plagues of human life; Nature's Law.	Slow-solemn, stole A Winter Night.6.
And he had a wife was the plague of his days, S. There liv'd ance a carle t	Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy of the name; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 13.
Piague, to.	In plaintive notes my tale rehearses To Clarinda.
To plague you with this draunting drivel, . Poem on Life.	Plaister [plaster].
Plaid. But I'll get my plaid an' out I'll steal, S. Behind yon hills †	O how they fire the heart devout Like cantharidian plaisters The Holy Fair. 13.
He row'd me sweetly in his plaid, S. Ca' the Ewes.	Plaister, to [to plaster].
And ye may rowe me in your plaid, Ib.	Her [Britain's] broken shins to plaister; . A Dream. 6.
And rowed his Highland plaid about her. S. Donald Brodie.	Plan. Be sure ye follow out the plan Nae waur than he did, honest man! El. on Year 1788.
Wore a plaid and was fu' braw, . S. Highland Laddie.	But willy he [Satan] changed his plan, Epig. on A. Turner.
The marled plaid ye kindly spare, The Ans. to the Guidwife. With his Philibeg, an' tartan Plaid, The Jolly Beggars. S. IV.	'The social, friendly, honest man, Whate'er he be, 'Tis he fulfils great Nature's plan, And none but he.
Ye wha were ne'er by lairds respekit,	"Tis he fulfils great Nature's plan, And none but he. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 15.
To wear the plaid, The Twa Herds. 4.	Her [nature's] eve intent on all the mazy plan.
Plaiden [a kind of coarse woolien cloth differing from plaid and flannel].	Ep. to R. Graham. But such is the flaw, or the depth of the plan,
To warp a plaiden wab; S. My heart was ance t	Frag. inscr. to Fox.
To warp a wab o' plaiden; . S. Robin shure in hairst.	To oppose great Nature's plan? S. Let not woman t
Plaidie [dim. of plaid].	Here Douglas forms wild Shakspeare into plan, Prologue, sp. by Woods.
Wha wad mind the wind and rain, Sae weel row'd in his tartan plaidie. [re.] S. As I came o'er†	Except it be some idle plan O' rhymin clink,
Amang the heather, in my plaidie, S. Montgom.'s Peggy.	Second Ep. to Davie. Some useful plan, or book could make,
My plaidie to the angry airt, I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee S. O wert thou in †	The Ans. to the Guidwife.
Charlie Gregor tint his plaidie	While quacks of state must each produce his plan, The Rights of Woman.
Kissin' Theniel's bonie Mary. S. T. Menz.'s bonie Mary.	And trust, the Universal Plan Will all protect. The Vision. D. II. 22.
Plain. And on his bonnet grav'd was plain, The sacred posy—Libertie! A Vision.	She's turn'd you off, a human-creature
Plain truth to speak; Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 12.	On her first plan, To J. S., 3.
Plain plodding industry, and sober worth: Ep. to R. Graham. 2.	Gae fa' upo' anither plan, What ails ye now t
In plain, braid Scots hold forth a plain, braid story:	I'll do my endeavour to follow her plan; S. What can a yng lassie†
The Brigs of Ayr. 9.	Who act so counter Heavenly Mercy's plan? Why am I loth
Plain, dull Stupidity stept kindly in to aid them Ib. 10. But spak their thoughts in plain, braid lallans,	Planet. And ne'er shall glimmering planet fix My worship to its ray. S. Farewell, dear mistress†
To W. Simpson. P.S.	Plant.
Plain, s. Dark-muffl'd, [Phœbe] view'd the dreary plain; A Winter Night. 6.	Protect and guard the mother plant, On Birth of Posth. Child. A Knave an' Fool are plants of ev'ry soil: Scots Prologue.
O, rivers, forests, hills, and plains!	A Knave an' Fool are plants of ev'ry soil: Scots Prologue. Plant, to.
Oft have ye heard my canty strains: El. on Capt. M. H., 11.	But I maun lie before the storm,
On many a bloody plain I've dar'd his [death's] face, . S. Farewell, ye dungeons †	And ithers plant them in my room. Lament for Glencairn.
Drifting o'er the frozen plain. S. Jockey's ta'en the parting t	Nay, by heaven, said I, may I perish if ever I plant in your bosom a thorn. Spoke extem. to yng Lady.
Fu' stately strode he on the plain, S. My Harry was a gallant †	She plants the forests, pours the flood:
Who sung his rhymes in Coila's plains . Nature's Law.	S. Streams that glide†
waving grain, wide o'er the plain, S. Now westlin winds †	Sure plant this far-famed tree, man; The Tree of Liberty.

Plantation. Whare horn nor bane ne'er daur unsettle, Your thick plantations. To a Louse. Planted. Let him be planted in my place, Syne, say, I was a fautor. S. Had I the wyte † Why was an independent wish E'er planted in my mind? Man was made to Mourn. Ae market-night, Tam had got planted unco right;

Tam o' Shanter. 5. On ilka brow she's planted a horn, S. The Cooper o' cuddy t Plashy. Plashy sleets and beating rain,
S. Jockey's ta'en the parting Plate [a large pewter plate placed at the door or gate of a church for the collection]. When by the plate we set our nose, Weel heaped up wi' ha'pence, . The Holy Fair. 8. Platie [dim. of plate]. owre the wee bit cup an' platie, . . The Twa Dogs. 33. Play. But what he said it was nae play, . . A Vision. Now nae langer sport and play, Mirth or sang can please me; . S. Blythe hae I been t When a' the lave gae to their play, . S. Duncan Gray. May still your life from day to day, Nae "lente largo" in the play, . Ep. to Maj. Logan. 5. I hope to gie the jads a clearin' In fair play yet. 16. 11. O Whisky! soul o' plays an' pranks! . Scotch Drink, 18. How this new Play, and that new Sang is comin? Scots Prologue. Will bauldly try to gie us Plays at hame? Fair play, he car'd na deils a boddle. Tam o' Shanter, 11. O there had been nae play; . The Election Ballads. V. S. The last braw bridal † And mickle mirth and play. . . The Twa Dogs. 22. At Operas an' Plays parading, The Curlers quat their roaring play, The Vision. D. I. I. 'I saw thy pulse's maddening play, . Ib. D. II. 17. To a Kiss. Passion's birth, and infants' play . Like school boys, at th' expected warning, To joy and play. To J. S., 15. Play, to. And still the clap plays clatter. Add. to Unco Guid. The music of her pretty foot, On my heart it did play so, S. As I gaed up by t On my near treat and many of the series of the chrystal streamlet plays;

And o'er the chrystal streamlet plays;

S. Bonie Lassie, will ye go † I was bred up at nae sic school, My shepherd-lad, to play the fool, S. Ca' the Ewes. Than I, no lonely Hermit - - - Less fit to play the part, . Despondency, an Ode. 4. Whyles owre a linn the burnie plays, . . . Halloween. 25. He drinks, an' swears, an' plays at cartes, Holy Willie's Prayer, 11. Would play anither Charles the twalt: Kind Sir, I've read † And I mysel' the zephyr's breath, Amang its bonie leaves to play. . S. O were my love t The silvery moonbeams trembling play: . On Lincluden. The warl' may play you monie a shavie; Second Ep. to Davie. And ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jauk or play:

The Cotter's Sat. Night. 6. The lightly-jumping, glowrin trouts, That thro' my waters play, Th The Petition of Br. Water. Hark, how the nine-tail'd cat she plays! The Ordination. 11. The polish'd leaves, and berries red, Did rustling play; . The Vision. D.II. 23. Played, -'d. O my Luve's like the melodie That's sweetly play'd in tune. . . S. A red, red Rose. When linnets sang, and lammies play'd. S. As on the banks † An' play'd on man a cursed brogue, Add. to the Deil. 16. 'It just play'd dirl on the hane, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 16. I've play'd mysel a bonie spring, Ep. to J. R. 6. He play'd a spring and danc'd it round, S. Farewell, ye dungeons † . S. Robin sure in hairst. Play'd me sic a trick, (Deil na they never mair do guid, Play'd her that pliskie!) The Author's Cry and Prayer. While he, sub rosa, play'd his part The Election Ballads. VI. I play'd my fillie sic a shavie, . The Inventory. And I served out my Trade when the gallant game was play'd,

The Jolly Beggars. S. I.

But hurchin Cupid shot a shaft,
That play'd a Dame a shavie The Jolly Beggars. R. VIII. Sic game is now owre aften play'd; . The Twa Dogs. 21. He play'd our cousin Kate a spring, When fient a hody bade him. There came a piper † This game was play'd in monie lands, To W. Simpson P.S. O, lassie, ye hae played the fool, . S. Ye hae lien wrang. Playful. In playful bands disporting. . S. Young Peggy † Playing. She saw three bonie boys playing at the ba'; S. Lady Mary Ann. Plea. Ae night, at tea, began a plea, . A Fragment. No other plea I have, But, Thou art good; A Prayer in Prosp. of Death. How daddie Burke the plea was cookin, Kind Sir, I've read † "Twad been nae plea; . . On Scot. Bard gne to W. I. When neebors anger at a plea, . Scotch Drink. 13. So how this weighty plea may end,
Nae mortal wight can tell: . . The Election Ballads. I. Plead. My awkart Muse sair pleads and begs.
I would na write. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 2. Pleading. Heroes in Cesarean fight Or Ciceronian pleading. The Election Ballads. VI. Pleasant. How pleasant thy banks and green vallies below, S. Afton Water. Simmer's a pleasant time, Flow'rs of ev'ry colour; S. Ay waukin, O. A bonie Lass, all will confess, Is pleasant to the e'e, . . S. Handsome Nell. How pleasant the banks of the clear winding Devon,
S. How pleasant the banks † Now westlin winds, and slaught'ring guns
Bring Autumn's pleasant weather; S. Now westlin winds † The happy hour may soon be near, That brings us pleasant weather: S. The noble Maxwells † There will surely be some pleasant weather When a' their storms are past and gone. When clouds in skies † Please. Maun please the Great-folk for a wamefou; A Ded. to G. H., 2. While Nobles strive to please Ye, . A Dream. 9. And if it please thee, heavenly guide,
May never worse be sent; . . A Grace before Dinner. They'll mak what rules and laws they please. Add. of Beelzebub. But what your Lordships please to gie them! . . . Ib. 3. But what your Lordonger p.

'Twill please me mair to hear an' see't,

Than stocket mailins. Add, to Illegit. Child. Now nae langer sport and play, Mirth or sang can please me; S. Blythe ha'e I been t 'Aqua-fontis, what you please,
'He can content ye. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 21. On braes when we please then, We'll sit and sowth a tune;. Ep. to Davie. 4. Then turn me, if Thou please, adrift, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 13. And if it please thee, Pow'r above, Grace after Dinner. 'Tis this in Nelly pleases me, . . S. Handsome Nell. Wha, as it pleases best thysel'. Sends ane to heaven and ten to hell, Holy Willie's Prayer. I. But please transmit the enclosed letter, Ken ye ought o' Capt. G.t Can please a lassie better. . S. O gie my love brose t That ye can please me at a wink, . S. O Tibbie! † Poor is the task to please a barb'rous throng, Prologue, sp. by Woods. How can ye please, ye flowers, with all your dies? Sonnet, on Death of R .. But what a weary wight can please, And care his bosom wringing. S. Sweet fa's the evet 'Twad please me to the Nine. The Ans. to the Guidwife. But nae ane could their fancy please,

The Election Ballads. I. For some had gentle folks to please, And some wad please themsel. Would then my noble master please To grant my nignest the Priest.

Churches built to please the Priest.

The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII. To grant my highest wishes, The Petition of Br. Water. To please the Mob they hide the little giv'n.

The Ordination. Mott. She's dour and din, a deil within,
But aiblins she may please ye. . The Tarbolton Lasses.

An' please themsels wi' countra sports, . The Twa Dogs. 26.

Then please sir, to lea'e sir, The orders wi' your lady To Gav. Hamilton.	Prone to enjoy each pleasure riches give, Yet haply wanting where withal to live; Ep. to R. Graham. 3.
But, as I'm sayin', please step to Dow's To Mr. J. Kennedy.	But come ye who the godlike pleasure know, Heaven's attribute distinguish'd—to bestow! 1b. 5.
'To please us a', I've just ae ither, What ails ye now † I never can please him, do a' that I can;	A' pleasure exile me, , S. Eppie Adair.
S. What can a yng lassie † The leafless trees my fancy please, Winter.	When Remembrance wracks the mind, Pleasures but unvail Despair. S. Frae the friends †
Pleased, -'d.	And pleasure is a wanton trout, . S. Gane is the day
I took the way that pleas'd mysel, And sae did Death. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 31.	I tint my peace and pleasure; S. Gat ye me, † Fond lovers parting is sweet painful pleasure,
There was ae sang, amang the rest, Ahoon them a' it pleas'd me best, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 3.	S. Gloomy December. Such the pleasures I enjoy'd; S. I dream'd I lay †
Nature well pleased pronounced it very good; Ep. to R. Graham. 3.	My cheerless suns no pleasure know; Improm., on Mrs. —'s Birthday.
Weel pleased, he greets a wight sae famous, And Death was nae less pleased wi' Thomas, Epit. on Tam the Chapman.	while rosy pleasure Hides young desire amid her flowery wreath, Innocence † And may those pleasures gild thy reign,
I'm better pleas'd to make one more, Than be the death of twenty. Lns on Windows, Gl. Tav	That ne'er wad hlink on mine! Lament of Mary of Scots.
Long, long be pleas'd to spare; . O Thou dread Pow'r†	I grant him [Wisdom] his calm-blooded, time-settled pleasures, Lns on Windows, Gl. Tav
Weel-pleas'd to think her bairn's respected like the lave. The Cotter's Sat. Night. 8.	Or youthful Pleasure's rage? Man was made to Mourn.
May hear, well pleas'd, the language of the Soul; Ib. 17.	In Pleasure's lap carest;
Which pleased them ane and a', man. The Tree of Liberty.	What are their noisy pleasures? . S. Mark yonder Pomp †
'While ye [Powers] are pleas'd to keep me hale,	Gae seek for pleasure whare ye will,
'I'll sit down o'er my scanty meal, To J. S., 24.	But here I never miss't it yet S. My love she's but †
But, Sir, this pleas'd them warst of ava, What ails ye now	In vain I've roam'd for pleasure, S. My Love's a winsome t
Curse on ungrateful man, that can be pleas'd, And yet can starve the author of the pleasure. Wr. under Port. of Fergusson.	Thus ev'ry kind their pleasure find, S. Now westlin winds † O why should Fate sic pleasure have,
Pleasing. Have I so found it full of pleasing charms?	Life's dearest bands untwining? . S. O poortith cauld, †
Why am I loth †	Glories in his heart humane— And creatures for his pleasure slain.
Pleasure.	S. On scaring Water-fowl.
While hopes, and joys, and pleasures fly him [Want], A Ded. to G. H., 16.	Nor ever pleasure glad thy cruel heart! On seeing wounded Hare.
Down Pleasure's stream, wi' swelling sails, I'm tauld ye're driving rarely; A Dream, 10.	Life's social haunts and pleasures I resign, On Death of R. Dundas.
The pride, the pleasure o' the wood, S. A Rosebud by my	Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure! . S. One fond kiss, †
I'm sure sma' pleasure it can gie, Ev'n to a deil, To skelp an' scaud poor dogs like me, . Add. to the Deil. 2.	Thy auld damned elbow yeuks wi' joy,
When Phœbus peeps over the mountains, On music, and pleasure and love. Adown winding Nith †	And hellish pleasure; Poem on Life. Firm may she rise with generous disdain
Youth, grace, and love attendant move,	At Tyranny's, or direr Pleasure's chain; Prologue, sp. by Woods.
And pleasure leads the van, S. A. Mastrtn's bonie Anne. I seek nae mair o' Heav'n to share,	Sunshine days of joy and pleasure; . S. Raving winds †
Than sic a moment's pleasure, O! S. An' I'll kiss thee, yet †	What pleasure, what treasure, Unto these rosy lips to grow: S. Sae flaxen †
With "Mary, when shall we return,	Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure, Scenes that former thoughts renew; . S. Scenes of woe †
"Sic pleasure to renew?" . S. As down the burn to Weel, since he has left me, may pleasure gae wi' him.	My chief, amaist my only pleasure, Second Ep. to Davie.
S. As I was a-wand ring † Since thou then deny'st the pleasure,	Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure, Thrill the deepest notes of woe, S. Sensibility, †
Now 'tis fit that thou shouldst mourn. S. Blue Bonnets.	As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure, The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure:
It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth, That coft contentment, peace, or pleasure; S. Bravu lads on Yar. braes	But pleasures are like poppies spread,
I listened to a lover's sang, And thought on youthful pleasures many;	You seize the flower, its bloom is shed; 16.7. Can they the peace and pleasure feel
S. By Allan stream †	Of Bessie at her spinning wheel? The Contented Cottager. 'If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
Or chain the soul in speechless pleasure;	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 9.
My warst word is, "Welcome, and welcome again!" S. Contented wi little †	Or nature aught of pleasure give; . S. The day returns † If sae their pleasure was The Election Ballads. I.
But pleasure they [flowers, birds] hae nane for me S. Craigie-burn Wood.	And now a widow I must mourn The Pleasures that will ne'er return; The Jolly Beggars. S. IV.
the pleasure The fickle Fair can give thee, Is but a fairy treasure, Deluded swain †	If we lead a life of pleasure, 'Tis no matter how or where
But ah! those pleasures, Loves and Joys,	From ev'ry joy and pleasure torn, The Lament.
Which I too keenly taste, Despondency, an Ode, 4.	Nae joy nor pleasure can she see; S. The lovely lass †
When dancing thoughtless Pleasure's maze, 1b. 5. When ranting round in Pleasure's ring,	O, these are the pleasures the poor man enjoys! S. The Poor Thresher.
Religion may be blinded; Ep. to Young Friend. 10. Nae treasures, nor pleasures	But a' the pleasures e'er I saw, Tho' three times doubl'd fairly, The beauty into two worth them e' S. The Rige o' Rayley.
Could make us happy lang; Ep. to Davie. 5. Nor make our scanty Pleasures less,	That happy night was worth them a' S. The Rigs o' Barley. But what can give pleasure, or what can seem fair,
By pining at our state:	When the lingering moments are number'd wi' care? S. The small birds †
There's a' the Pleasures o' the Heart, The Lover and the Frien';	Was keepet for His Honor's pleasure; . The Twa Dogs.
ye whom social pleasure charms, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 21.	Sure great folk's life's a life o' pleasure? Ib. 27.
And sing their pleasures, hopes an' joys, In some mild sphere, . Ib. Ap. 21st, 18.	'Wild-send thee Pleasure's devious way, The Vision. D. II. 17. Gay Pleasure ran riot as bumpers ran o'er; The Whistle. 13.
Sir Bard will do himself the pleasure To call at Park. Ep. to Maj. Logan. 14.	Turn away thine eyes of love,
10 Call at Park P.D. 10 Wat 1.00an. 14.	Lest I die with pleasure S. Thine am I †

Where Pleasure is the magic-wand, To J. S., 12.	The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh;
And thou grim Pow'r, by Life abhorr'd,	The Cotter's Sat, Night.
While Life a pleasure can afford,	Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin A cannie errand
And I, wi' pleasure, Shall let the busy, grumbling hive	The Father cracks of horses, pleughs and kye 1b. 8.
Bum owre their treasure. To W. Simpson.	A country fellow at the pleugh,
Kens the pleasure, feels the rapture,	His acre's till'd, he's right enough; . The Twa Dogs. 30.
That thy presence gies to me S. Turn again, thou † . O Love thou hast pleasures, and deep have I lov'd,	Pleugh-pettle [a plough-staff; v. pettle]. Or faith! I'll wad my new pleugh-pettle,
S. Wae is my heart	Ye'll see't or lang, The Author's Cry and Prayer. 15.
And eyes again with pleasure beam'd S. When wild War's †	Pliant.
No more I trace the light footsteps of pleasure,	subtile Litigation's pliant tongue On Death of R. Dundas. Plight. A mutual faith to plight, On Miss J. Lewars.
S. Where are the joys † Then we'll kiss and clap at pleasure,	O plight me your faith, my Mary,
S. Will ye go and marry †	And plight me your lily-white hand; To Mary.
Pleasure with her siren air May delude the thoughtless pair; Wr. in Friars-Carse H	Plighted.
Pleasures, insects on the wing	Is this thy plighted, fond regard S. Canst thou leave me †
Round Peace, the tenderest flower of Spring; Wr. in Hermitage at F.C	All thy fond-plighted vows, fleeting as air! S. Had I a cave † And thy attentions plighted, S. O wat ye wha that loes †
And yet can starve the author of the pleasure.	By the faith you fondly plighted; S. Stay, my charmer †
Wr. under Port. of Fergusson.	The plighted faith; the mutual flame; The Lament.
Why is the bard unpitied by the world, Yet has so keen a relish of its pleasures? Ib.	The plighted husband of her youth?
Pledge.	We hae plighted our troth, my Mary, To Mary.
I gied my heart in pledge o' his ring S. My Sandy gied t	And thou hast plighted me love o' the dearest!
Sweet floweret, pledge o' meikle love,	S. 'Twas na her bonie blue e'e† Pliskie [a trick].
On Birth of Posth. Child.	(Deil na they never mair do guid,
These were the pledges of my love! The Lament. Tend'rest pledge of future bliss, To a Kiss.	Play'd her that pliskie!) The Author's Cry and Prayer.
'Tis Friendship's pledge, my young, fair friend, To Chloris.	Pliver [plover]. To speet him like a Pliver, . The Jolly Beggars. R. VI.
Pledge, to.	Plodding.
And pledge we ne'er shall sunder; . S. Come, let me take †	Plain plodding industry, and sober worth:
How aften didst thou pledge and vow, . S. O mirk, mirk †	Ep. to R. Graham. 2.
"Whilst thou did pledge the Powers above," "To be my ain dear Willy S. O Phely,	'But hark! I'll tell you of a plot, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 30.
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee, [re.]	I was suspected for the plot; Ep. to J. R., 9.
S. One fond kiss,†	Plot, to. No Statesman nor soldier to plot or to fight,
I'll pledge my aith in guid braid Scotch, The Author's Cry and Prayer.	S. No Churchman am I †
And pledge me in the generous toast-	My horny fist assume the plough again; Ep. to R. Graham.5.
"The whole of human kind!" To a Lady.	They took a plough and plough'd him down, John Barleycorn.
Pledged, -'d. And pledg'd her their godheads to warrant it good.	The simple Bard, rough at the rustic plough,
S. Caledonia.	The Brigs of Ayr. The sword would help to mak a plough, The Tree of Liberty.
I wat they pledged their faith, man. The Tree of Liberty.	Henceforth, I'll rove where busy ploughs
Pledging. And pledging aft to meet again, We tore ourselves asunder.	Are whistling thrang, To J. S., 9.
S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †	Plough, to. For, Lord be thanket, I can plough; . A Ded. to G. H., 2.
Plenish'd. A mailin plenish'd fairly; S. When wild War's †	To plough and sow, to reap and mow,
Plenty. An' gie you lads a plenty: A Dream. 14.	S. My father was a farmer t
They'll ha'e me wed a wealthy coof, Tho' I mysel' ha'e plenty; S. And O for ane and twenty †	I moil, and I toil, and I harrow and plough, S. The Poor Thresher.
I was na fou, but just had plenty;	For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 3.	The farmer ploughs the manor; S. When wild War's †
'The Farina of beans and pease, He has't in plenty;	Ploughboy. The merry Ploughboy cheers his team, S. Again rejoicing Nature †
To see the new [year] come laden, groaning,	Plough'd.
Wi' double plenty o'er the loanin To thee and thine; Friend of the poet †	The stibble rig is easy plough'd, . S. O can ye labour lea†
And plenty of bacon each day in the year; . Impromptu.	Ploughman. In ploughman phrase 'God send you speed,' Ep. to Young Friend. 11.
It's plenty beets the lover's fire. S. In simmer when t	I heard a young Ploughman sae sweetly to sing;
The deities that I adore,	S. Lns on a Ploughman.
Are social Peace and Plenty, Lns on Windows, Gl. Tav Farewell then, lang hale then,	There's nae life like the Ploughman in the month o' sweet May. 1b.
An' plenty be your fa': . The Ans. to the Guidwife.	And wi' the merry Ploughman she'll whistle and sing, Ib.
All-chearing Plenty, with her flowing horn,	An stumpan on his ploughman shanks, On dining with Daer.
For lapfu's large o' gospel kail The Brigs of Ayr. 13.	Nor sauce, nor state that I could see,
Shall fill thy crib in plenty, The Ordination. b.	Mair than an honest ploughman
Pleugh, Plew (plough).	An' Ploughmen gather wi' their graith, Scotch Drink. 10. The Ploughman he's a bonie lad, S. The Ploughman
My Pleugh is now thy bairn-time a'; A Guid New-year † 15.	Then up wi't a', my Ploughman lad,
But I'm as blythe that hauds his pleugh, S. Behind yon hills † 'Nae doubt they'll rive it wi' the plew;	And hey, my merry Ploughman; 16.
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 23.	Commend me to the Ploughman
'Ye needna yoke the pleugh, Ib. 24.	My Ploughman he comes hame at e'en,
Tho' I should pawn my pleugh an' graith, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 7.	I will wash my Ploughman's hose,
Then tho' I drudge thro' dub an' mire	The boniest sight that e'er I saw
At pleugh or cart,	Was the Ploughman laddie dancin Ib.
I had sax owsen in a pleugh, . S. O gude ale comes †	I never gat my coggie fou Till I met wi' the Ploughman. Ib.
Or hand a yokin at the pleugh, The Ans. to the Guidwife.	The tither was a ploughman's collie, . The Twa Dogs. 4.

Ploughman-chiel.	So long, sweet Poet of the Year,
The brawnie, banie, ploughman-chiel Scotch Drink. 11.	Shall bloom that wreath thou well hast won; Add. to Shade of Thomson.
Plough-share. Stern Ruin's plongh-share drives, elate, Full on thy bloom, To a Mountain-Daisy.	I am nae Poet in a sense, . Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 9.
Plover. Ye whistling plover; . El. on Capt. M. H., 7.	Her Hogarth-art perhaps she meant to show it)
The Plover loves the mountains; S. Now westlin Winds †	She forms the thing and christens it—a poet. Ep. to R. Graham. 3.
Or deep-ton'd plovers, grey, wild-whistling o'er the hill; The Brigs of Ayr.	My much-honor'd Patron, believe your poor Poet,
Plumage.	Frag., inscr. to Fox.
Come, in thy raven plumage, night, S. The gowd. Locks of A.	Friend of the poet tried and leal, Friend of the poet † To pour her sorrows o'er her poet's dust.
Her plumage outlustred the pride o' the spring, S. The heather was blooming †	Inscrip. on Tomb of Fergusson.
In spite at her plumage he [Phœbus] tried his skill: . Ib.	O how shall I, unskilfu', try The Poet's occupation? S. Lovely Davies.
Plume.	And other Poets sing of wars, Nature's Law.
I see her wave thy towering plumes afar, Ep. fr. Esopus.	Was e'er puir Poet sae befitted, On B.'s Horse Impound.
Plume, to.	deep I feel Your interest in the poet's weal; Poem on Life.
Plumes himself in Freedom's pride, On scaring Water-fowl.	Rash mortal, and slanderous Poet, Reproof by Himself.
Plummet. That you may keep th' unerring line,	There are no mony poets sae braw, man. Ronalds of Bennals. Let other poets raise a fracas
Still rising by the plummet's law,	Bout vines, an' wines, an' druken Bacchus, Scotch Drink.
The Farewell. To St. J.'s L.	Is there nae Poet, burning keen for Fame,
A' plump and strapping in their teens, Tam o' Shanter. 13.	Will bauldly try to gie us Plays at hame? Scots Prologue. Ye'll soon hae Poets o' the Scottish nation,
As plump an' gray as onie grozet; To a Louse.	Will gar Fame blaw until her trumpet crack, Ib.
Plumpet [plumped].	Last day I grat wi' spite and teen, As Poet B[urns] came by, . The Petition of Br. Water.
Out owre the lugs she plumpet, Halloween. 26.	As Poet Blurns came by, . The Petition of Br. Water. The Poet did request,
Plunder. My hand unstain'd wi' plunder: . S. When wild War's †	To lowse his pack an' wale a sang,
Plunder'd.	The Jolly Beggars. R. VIII.
They [the eagles] darken'd the air, and they plunder'd the land:	Poet Burns, Poet Burns, wi' your priest-skelping turns, The Kirk's Alarm.
An' plunder'd o' her hindmost groat.	Poet Willie, Poet Willie, gi' the Doctor a volly, Ib.
An' plunder'd o' her hindmost groat, By gallows knaves? The Author's Cry and Prayer.	Give the poet's darling flame, The Toast.
Plunderer.	Old poets have sung, and old chronicles tell, The Whistle. 3.
Plunderer of Armies, lift thine eyes, Ode to Mem. of Mrs	Fair Empress of the Poet's soul, To a Lady. And with them take the poet's prayer; To a young Lady.
Plundering. As bees bizz ont wi' angry fyke,	My goose-quilt too rude is to tell all your goodness
When plundering herds assail their byke; Tam o' Shanter. 17.	Bestow'd on your servant, the Poet; To Capt. Riddel.
Plunge. Out owre the lugs she plumpet, Wir a plunge	And doubly were the poet blest These joys could he improve To Chloris.
Plunge, to.	"There's ither Poets, much your betters, . To J. S., 8.
Thence, countra wives, wi' toil an' pain,	Will generous G[raham] list to his Poet's wail? To R. G. of F.
May plunge an' plunge the kirn in vain; Add. to the Deil. 10.	The hapless Poet flounders on thro' life
Plunged, -'d.	With all a poet's, husband's, father's fear! Ib. 9.
Thon might ha'e plunged me in hell, Holy Willie's Prayer. 4. And [Love] plung'd me deep in woe. S. Talk not of Love †	(The second sight, ye ken, is given To ilka Poet) To Terraughty.
Plush. That ance were plush, o' gude blue hair,	Nae mair we see his levee door
Tam o' Shanter. 13.	Philosophers and Poets pour, To W. Creech. Nae Poet thought her worth his while, To W. Simpson.
Ply. Ply ev'ry art o' legal thieving; . A Ded. to G. H., 8.	The Muse, nae Poet ever fand her,
As busy Trade his labours plies; . Add. to Edinburgh. 2. She, tardy, hell-ward plies Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.	Till by himsel he learnt to wander,
' As Arts or Arms they understand,	Not the Poet in the moment Fancy lightens in his ee, S. Turn again, thou
Their labors ply The Vision. D. II. 3.	Poetic. Nor limpet in poetic shackles; Ep. to H. Parker.
The dinner being over, the claret they ply, The Whistle. 12. Ply'd. Yet while the busy means are ply'd,	With more poetic fire Nature's Law.
They bring their own reward:	That I might catch poetic skill, S. O were I on Parnass. †
Despondency, an Ode. 2.	(What warm, poetic heart but inly bleeds, And execrates man's savage, ruthless deeds!)
Twas where the birch and sounding thong are ply'd, The Vowels.	The Brigs of Ayr.
Plying. On foot [Apollo] the way was plying. To J. Taylor.	No idly-feign'd, poetic pains, The Lament.
Poacher-Court.	They bind the wild, Poetic rage In energy, [v.A.4] . The Vision. D. II.
Somebody tells the Poacher-Court, Ep. to J. R., 8.	Laurel-boughs, To garland my poetic brows! To J. S., 9.
Pock [a small bag, a wallet]. The auld guidman raught down the pock, Halloween. 17.	King David o' poetic brief, What ails ye now †
They toom'd their pocks, they pawn'd their dads,	Poetic ardours in my bosom swell, Wr. in Kenmore Inn.
The Jolly Beggars. R. VIII.	Poetry. O Thou whom Poetry abhors, Epig. on E.'s Martial.
Poesy, -ie. And even th' abuse of poesy abused! . Ep. fr. Esopus.	Poind [pronounced Pind; to distrain, to seize a tenant's effects for rent unpaid].
Hail Poesie! thou Nymph reserv'd!	He'll apprehend them, poind their gear; The Twa Dogs. 13.
Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	Poin'd. While they're only poin'd and herriet
Here Poesy might wake her heaven-taught lyre, Wr. in Kenmore Inn.	They'll keep their stubborn, Highland spirit. Add. of Beelzebub.
Poet. It's just sic Poet and sic Patron. A Ded. to G. H., 2.	Point. No-stretch a point to catch a plack; A Ded. to G. H. 8.
The Poet, some guid Angel help him,	One point must still be greatly dark,
The Poets too, a venal gang, Wi'r hymes weel turn'd an' ready	The moving Why they do it; . Add. to Unco Guid. 7.
Wi' rhymes weel-turn'd an' ready, A Dream. 2. So, sought a Poet, roosted near the skies,	Hear how he clears the points o' Faith Wi' rattlin an' thumpin! The Holy Fair. 13.
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.	In some sma' points, altho' not a'; . V.s to J. Ranken.
And so, your servant! gloomy Master Poet! Ib.	The breaking of ae point, tho' sma', Breaks a' thegither. Ib.

Point, to. But point the Rake that taks the door;	Polly. O lovely Polly Stewart,
A Ded. to G. H., 8. Point out a censuring world, and bid me fear;	O charming Polly Stewart, [re.] S. Polly Stewart Polycrate.
In vain wld Prudence † As guileful Fraud points out the erring way;	"Tween Herod's hip and Polycrate: . Add. of Beelzebub Pomp.
On Death of R. Dundas. Can point the brimful grief-worn eyes	From pomp and pleasure torn; Man was made to Mourn
To scenes beyond the grave Sad thy tale, †	Mark yonder pomp of costly fashion, S. Mark yonder pomp
Or like the borealis race, That flit ere you can point their place; Tam o' Shanter. 7.	In all the pomp of ignorant conceit; The Brigs of Ayr. 10 In all the pomp of method, and of art,
Anticipation forward points the view;	The Cotter's Sat Night. 17
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5. Points to the Parents fondling o'er their Child? . Ib. 10.	What is a lordling's pomp? a cumbrous load, Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
And points to ruin and disgrace, The Farewell.	There's sic parade, sic pomp an' art, The joy can scarcely reach the heart. The Twa Dogs. 31
Or point the inconclusive Page Pointed Full on the eye. [v.A.4] The Vision. D. II.	The joy can scarcely reach the heart. The Twa Dogs. 31 Pompous. Shall venal lays their [princes'] pompous exit hail
Pointed. Pull on the eye. [v.A.4] The Vision. D. 11. By word, or pen, or pointed steel! A Ded. to G. H., 14.	El. on Miss Burnet
His head weel arm'd wi' pointed spears, John Barleycorn.	No sculptur'd marble here, nor pompous lay, Inscrip. on Tomb of Fergusson
More pointed still we make ourselves, Regret, Remorse and Shame! Man was made to Mourn.	O, bitter mockery of the pompous bier, Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —
Pointer.	The pompous strain, the sacredotal stole;
While pointers round impatient burn'd, Tam Samson's El., 8.	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 17
Pois'nous. Never Eurus' pois'nous breath, . To Miss C. Poison. An' his heart is rank poison," Epit. on Walter S—.	Ponder. I pray an' ponder but the house, Auld comrade I sat me down to ponder,
Toads with their poison, docters with their drug,	Upon an auld tree-root: One night as I
Poison, to. $To R.G. of F.$	O sweet, to stray an' pensive ponder A heart-felt sang! To W. Simpson
Thus does he poison, kill, an' slay,	Pondering. On the hopeless Future pondering, S. Raving winds
An's weel pay'd for't; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 29. Polson'd.	Pond'rous.
Are worse than poison'd darts of steel, . O leave novels †	The pond'rous wall and massy bar, Add. to Edinburgh. 5
And secret hung, with poison'd crust, The dirk of Defamation: The Holy Fair. Mott.	Before this ponderous globe itself Arose at Thy command: The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps
Nae poison'd soor Arminian stank, . The Twa Herds. 5.	Ponotaxi. Or Hunters wild on Ponotaxi, A Ded. to G. H., 6
And fretful envy grins in vain The poisoned tooth to fasten S. Young Peggy †	Pool. "And stately oaks their twisted arms, Threw broad and dark across the pool: As on the banks
Poker. I made a poker o' the spin'le, The Inventory.	Cauld is the e'enin blast
Poland. Or Poland, wha had now the tack o't; Kind Sir, I've read †	O' Boreas o'er the pool, . S. Cauld is the e'enin blast My coggie is a haly pool,
Polar.	That heals the wounds o' care and dool; S. Gane is the day
Thy sons ne'er madden in the fierce extremes Of Fortune's polar frost, or torrid beams. To R. G. of F., 7.	But mist a fit, an' in the pool, Out owre the lugs she plumpet,
Pole. Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole, A Bard's Epit.	The scented birk and hawthorn white,
Or turn the pole like any arrow; Ep. to H. Parker.	Across the pool their arms unite, S. The Contented Cottager And view, deep-bending in the pool,
Last, she [nature] sublimes th' Aurora of the poles, Ep. to R. Graham. 2.	Their shadows' wat'ry bed: The Petition of Br. Water
The wretch beneath the dreary pole, S. Farewell, dear mistress †	Your hearts are just a standing pool, . To J. S., 26 Poor. He downa see a poor man want: A Ded. to G. H., 5
The lightnings flash from pole to pole; Tam o' Shanter. 10.	Of our poor sinfu', corrupt Nature;
Tho' cruel fate should bid us part, Far as the pole and line; S. Tho' cruel fate †	the poor man's friend in need,
Polecat.	But I'se repeat each poor man's pray'r,
The cit and polecat stink, and are secure. To R. G. of F	Make you as poor a dog as I am, 1b. 16
Polish. But it's innocence and modesty That polishes the dart S. Handsome Nell.	For who would humbly serve the poor? Ib by a poor man's hopes in Heaven! Ib
Polish their grin, nay, sigh for ladies' love Sketch.	Poor Labour sweet in sleep was locked, A Winter Night. 2
Polish'd, The polish'd jewel's blaze S. Mark yonder Pomp † With Arts most polish'd blaze S. Peggy Chalmers.	Where Guilt and poor Misfortune pine! Ib. 9.
Her limbs the polish'd marble stane, S. The lass that made the bed.	As for the jurr, poor worthless body, Poor dunghill sons o' dirt and mire, Add. of Beelzebub.
in far less polish'd days The Rights of Woman.	An' thy poor worthless daddy's spirit,
To ev'ry nobler virtue bred,	Without his failins, Add. to Illegit. Child. To scand poor wretches! Add. to the Deil.
And polish'd grace The Vision. D. I. 15. The polish'd leaves, and berries red,	An' let poor, damned bodies bee;
Did rustling play; Ib. D. II. 23.	Hear me, ye venerable Core, As counsel for poor mortals, Add. to Unco Guid. 2.
when Wit and Refinement hae polish'd her [Beauty's] darts, S. Yon wild mossy mountains †	Before ye gie poor Frailty names,
Politics. The frank address, and politicse, O leave novels †	Suppose a change o' cases;
Politics. And longer with Politics, not to be cramm'd, Be Anarchy curs'd, and be Tyranny dann'd;	Comin thro' the rye, poor body, S. Comin thro' the rye
At a Meet. of D. Volunteers. Law, physics, politics and deep divines: Ep. to R. Graham. 2.	Gart poor Duncan stand ablegh; S. Duncan Gray If ony whiggish whingin sot,
In politics if thou would'st mix, Lns on Windows, Gl. Tav	To blame poor Matthew dare, man;
Heroes and heroines commix All in the field of politics, . The Election Ballads, VI.	El. on Capt. M. H., Epit. when he approached where poor Francis lay moaning,
A vow, they seal'd it with a kiss	Epig. on Capt. Grose.
Sir Politics to fetter, The Fête Champetre. When Politics came there, to mix	An athiest-laugh's a poor exchange For Deity offended! Ep. to Young Friend. 9.
And make his ether-stane, man!	The followers o' the ragged Nine, Poor, thoughtless devils! yet may shine
Polled. thy hair, tho' erst from gipsy polled, Ep. fr. Esopus.	Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 16.

The poor wee thing was little hurt; Ep. to J. R., S.	As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in Tam o' Shanter. 7.
Ochon for poor Castalian drinkers, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 10.	And left poor Maggie scarce a stump 1b. 18.
She laugh'd at first, then felt for her poor work. Ep. to R. Graham. 4.	for poor auld Scotland's sake. The Ans. to the Guidwife. To see his poor, auld Mither's pot,
Who make poor will do wait upon I should	Thus dung in staves,
Ere my poor soul such deep damnation stain, Ib.	Thus dung in staves, The Author's Cry and Prayer.
The poor man weeps—here G— N sleeps, Epit. for G. H.	Ye'll snap your fingers, poor an' hearty, Before his face
Poor silly body see him; Epit. on Holy Willie.	mony a huntit, poor Red-coat S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
To what dark cave of frozen night,	
Alas! shall thy poor wand'rer hie; S. Farewell, dear mistress†	Unknown and poor, simplicity's reward, The Brigs of Ayr. 3.
A sorry, poor, misbegot son of the Muses, Frag., inscr. to Fox.	your poor, narrow foot-path of a street,
My much-honor'd Patron, believe your poor Poet, . Ib.	Compar'd with this, how poor Religion's pride, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 17.
Are at it, skelpin! jig and reel,	And in His Book of Life the Inmates poor enroll 16.
In my poor pouches. Friend of the poet †	My poor toop-lamb, my son an' heir, The Death of Mailie.
Poor hav'rel Will fell aff the drift, Halloween. 4.	For your poor friend, the Bard afar,
Poor Willie, wi' his bow-kail runt,	He only hears and sees the war, The Election Ballads. VI.
Poor Leezie's heart maist lap the hool; Ib. 26.	Pouncing poor Redcastle Sprawlin' like a taed Ib. IV.
How can my poor heart be glad, S. How can my poor heart †	We dare be poor for a' that! S. The Honest Man.
And to the wealthy booby	The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,
Poor woman sacrifice: S. How cruel are	Is king o' men, for a' that
My poor heart then break it must, S. Husband, husband †	Foor Andrew that tumbles for sport, The Jolly Beggars. S. 111.
We may be poor, my Rob and I, Light is the burden love lays on; S. In simmer when?	Her charms had struck a sturdy Caird, As weel as poor Gutscraper;
So, e'en to preserve the poor body in life,	XX721 1 .1 1 (T) 11 1
S. Last May a braw wooer,	Upon his hunkers bended,
Poor gapin', glowrin' Superstition, Letter to J. Goudie.	When ye pilfer'd the alms o' the poor; The Kirk's Alarm.
why all this sneering 'Gainst poor Excisemen?	For something beyond it poor man sure must live.
Lns on Window, K.'s A., D	S. The lazy mist †
See yonder poor, o'erlabour'd wight,	Hard by a poor Thresher whose toil it was great,
So abject, mean, and vile, . Man was made to Mourn. 8.	S. The Poor Thresher.
And see his lordly fellow-worm, The poor petition spurn,	This poor man was seen to go early to work, 1b.
The poor, oppressed, honest man	Did meet the poor Thresher and freely did talk;
	What the it be possible we do live poor,
But when compar'd with real passion.	Now life's poor support, hardly earn'd,
O Death I the poor man's dearest friend,	My fate will scarce bestow:
all obscure, unknown, and poor, S. My father was a farmer †	S. The sun he is sunkt
Is nought to what poor she endures	What sort o' life poor dogs like you have; The Twa Dogs. 7.
That's trusted faithless man, jo. S. O Lassie, art thou †	What way poor bodie's liv'd ava 1b.
That make the miser's treasure poor: S. O Mary, at thy window †	wee, blastet wonner, Poor, worthless elf, Ib. 9.
'Compar'd wi' my delight is poor S. O Phely, †	what poor Cot-folk pit their painch in,
For pity's sake, sweet bird, nae mair!	They gang as saucy by poor folk,
Or my poor heart is broken! . S. O stay, sweet warb. †	As I wad by a stinkan brock
Ye geck at me because I'm poor, S. O Tibbie!†	Poor tenant bodies, scant o' cash,
The deil a ane would spier your price,	But surely poor-folk maun be wretches! Ib. 14. The ne'er-a-bit they're ill to poor folk Ib. 26.
Were ye as poor as I	The ne'er-a-bit they're ill to poor folk 1b. 26. And a' that she has made o' that,
'Twill mak her poor, auld heart, I fear, In flinders flee: On Scot. Bard gne to W.I.	Is ae poor pund o' tow S. The weary pund.
	He drank his poor god-ship as deep as the sea, The Whistle.
Else why within so thick a wall Enclose so poor a treasure? On Com. Goldie's Brains.	And like a poor pedlar he trudg'd wi' his pack,
And life's poor season peaceful speud. On scaring Water-fowl.	S. There liv d ance a carle †
poor wanderer of the wood and field,	Poor devil! see him owre his trash, To a Haggis.
On seeing wounded Hare.	Gae somewhere else and seek your dinner,
"The helpless poor mix with the orphan's cry;	On some poor body To a Louse.
On Death of Sir J. Blair.	At me, thy poor earth-born companion, . To a Mouse.
Poor man the flie, aft bizzes bye, Poem on Life.	What then? poor beastie, thou maun live! Ib.
A poor friendless wand'rer may well claim a sigh, Poet. Add. to Tytler.	Poor wights! nae rules nor roads observin; To J. S., 19. But truce with peevish, poor complaining! Ib. 20.
Poor Mailie's dead! Poor Mailie's El.	Poor slip-shod giddy Pegasus To J. Taylor.
Poor is the task to please a barb'rous throng,	We poor sons of metre
Prologue, sp. by Woods.	Are often negleckit, ye ken; To Mr. P. Stuart.
For though I be poor, unnoticed, obscure, My stomach's as proud as them a' man. Ronalds of Bennals.	thy poor, fenceless, naked child—the Bard!
	(It soothes poor Misery, hearkening to her tale), To R. G. of F.
But spare poor Sensibility The ungentle, harsh rebuke. Rusticity's ungainly †	See him, the poor man's riend in need, To Rev. J. M'Math.
The poor man's wine; Scotch Drink. 7.	Poor Burns-e'en Scotch drink canna quicken, To W. Creech.
Twins monie a poor, doylt, druken hash	Ironic satire, sidelins sklented,
O' half his days;	On my poor Musie; To W. Simpson. 2.
Peor, plackless devils like mysel,	Ye poor, despis'd, abandon'd vagabonds, . Tragic Frag
When wanting thee, what tuneless cranks	To sell her poor Jenny for siller and lan'.
Are my poor verses! Ib. 18.	S. What can a young lassiet
An' bake them up in brunstane pies For poor d—n'd Drinkers Ib. 20.	A poor and honest sodger S. When wild War's t
The state of the s	The brave poor sodger ne'er despise,
God help us —we're but poor—ye'se get but thanks Scots Prologue.	Poorest. the poorest wretch in life, The Henpecked Husband.
The Muse, poor hizzie! Second Ep. to Davie.	Poorly. 'Nor longer mourn thy fate is hard,
On this poor being all depends; . Sketch. New-Yr's Day.	Thus poorly low! The Vision. D. II. 2.
Life's poor day I'll musing rave, . S. Streams that glide t	My Pegasus s poorly shod To J. Taylor.

Poortith [poverty].	Who has not sixpence but in her possession;
A man may hae an honest heart,	The Henpecked Husband.
Tho' Poortith hourly stare him; Ep. to Young Friend.	Possest. The brightest o' beauty may cloy, when possest; S. Awa' wi' your witchcraft †
Come wealth, come poortith, late or soon, Heaven send your heart-strings ay in tune,	Possible.
Ep. to Maj. Logan.	What tho' it be possible we do live poor, The Poor Thresher.
The harpy, hoodock, purse-proud race, Wha count on poortith as disgrace	Post. For neither Pension, Post, nor Place,
O poortith cauld, and restless love,	Am I your humble debtor: A Dream. 3. Let posts an' pensions sink or swoom
Ye wreck my peace between ye; Yet poortith a' I could forgive,	Wi' them wha grant them:
An' twere na for my Jeanie. S. O poortith cauld	Posterity. The Author's Cry and Prayer. 5.
In poortith I might mak' a fen'; S. Tam Glen.	And may his great posterity
Tho' constantly on poortith's brink, . The Twa Dogs. 15.	Ne'er fail in old Scotland! John Barleycorn.
Poosie-Nansie's [a change-house in Mauchline].	Posy. The sacred posy—Libertie A Vision.
In Poosie-Nansie's held the splore, The Jolly Beggars. R. I.	But Whigs cam like a frost in June And wither'd a' our posies S. Awa, whigs, awa.
Poosion'd [poison'd].	And a' to pu' a posie to my ain dear May. [re.] S. The Posie.
In guid time comes an antidote Against sic poosion'd nostrum; The Holy Fair. 16.	I'll tie the posie round wi' the silken band o' love, . Ib.
Poossie [a hare].	Pot. A sheep-head's in the pot, gudeman, [re.]
And morning Poossie whiddan seen, Ep.to J. L-k, Ap. 1st.	S. O gin ye were dead. To see his poor, auld Mither's pot,
Pop! When, pop! she starts before their nose;	Thus dung in staves, The Author's Cry and Prayer.
Tam o' Shanter. 17.	Which shews that heaven can boil the pot, Though the devil p—s in the fire The Dean of Fac
Pope. Thought I, 'Can this be Pope, or Steele, Or Beattie's wark; Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 4.	Potatoe.
On his one ruling passion Sir Pope hugely labours,	
Fragment, inscr. to Fox.	Curse thou his basket and his store, Kail an' potatoes. Holy Willie's Prayer. 12.
Wee Pope, the knurlin, 'till him rives Horatian fame; Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	Potatoe-bing [a potatoe-heap].
Squire Pope but busks his skinklin patches	Potatoe-bings are snugged up frae skaith The Brigs of Ayr
O' heathen tatters: Ib.	Potence. And for thy potence vainly wisht,
O Pope, had I thy satire's darts . To Rev. J. M Math.	Lns, on Back of Bank Note.
Poplar.	Potent. With passions so potent, and fancies so bright,
Let Britain boast her hardy oak, Her poplar and her pine, man, . The Tree of Liberty.	Potentate. Frag., inscr. to Fox.
Poppy.	For you, young Potentate o' W[ales], A Dream. 10.
But pleasures are like poppies spread,	Potion. Surrounded thus by bolus pill,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed; Tam o' Shanter. 7. Populace. Then howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,	And potion glasses Poem on Life. Or ony stronger potion, The Holy Fair. 19.
A virtuous Populace may rise the while,	They sip the scandal-potion pretty; . The Twa Dogs. 33.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 20.	Potosi. Had you the wealth Potosi boasts
Pore. While thro' your pores the dews distil Like amber bead To a Haggis.	S. My father was a farmer †
Pore, to. Or lee-lang nights, wi' crabbet leuks,	And trust me, not Potosi's mine, Nor Kings regard, Can give a bliss o'ermatching thine, <i>The Vision. D. II. 21</i> .
Pore owre the devil's pictur'd benks; . The Twa Dogs. 33.	Pou [pull].
Porritch v. Parritch.	To burn their nits, an pou their stocks, Halloween. 2.
Port. Bright as a cloudless summer sun, With stately port he moves; . V.s, below Picture.	To pou their stalks o' corn;
Port. And Port was celestial glory. Epit. on J. Dove, Innkeeper.	Pouch [pocket].
And port, O port! shine thou a wee,	My mirth and gude humour are coin in my pouch, S. Contented wi' little,
And then ye'll see him! On Grose's Peregrinations.	the meikle deil, Wi' a' his witches
Mid Lawson's port entrench'd his hold, The Election Ballads. VI.	Are at it, skelpin! jig and reel, In my poor pouches. Friend of the poet †
Port. Auld Clinkum at the Inner Port	Although his pouch o' coin were clean, S. O Tibbie!
Cry'd three times, "Robin!" What ails ye now †	Yet coin his ponches wad na bide in;
Portal. For glaikit Folly's portals; Add. to Unco Guid. 2. Where turnkeys make the jealous portal fast, Ep. fr. Esopus.	On Scot. Bard gne to W.I. Picking her pouch as bare as Winter,
Portentous.	The Author's Cry and Prayer.
Like some portentous omen; . On dining with Daer.	they'll fetch it wi' them, Just i' their pouch,
Porter.	Pouchie [dim. of pouch].
But when we tirl'd at your door.	But just the pouchie put the nieve in, Second Ep. to Davie
Your porter dought na hear us: V.s, on Window, Carron. Come bouse about the porter! The Ordination. 13.	Pouk [to pluck].
Come bouse about the porter! The Ordination. 13. Portion. And lo! the Bard, a great reward,	The weans haud out their fingers laughin,
Has got a double portion! . Nature's Law.	And pouk my hips. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 14. Pounce. Their pounces were murder, and terror their cry,
He wales a portion with judicious care; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 12.	S. Caledonia.
O Dulness! portion of the truly blest! . To R. G. of F., 7.	Pouncing.
Portuguese.	Pouncing poor Redcastle Sprawlin' like a taed The Election Ballads. 1V.
If Spaniard, Portuguese, or Swiss,	Pound.
Were sayin or takin aught amiss: . Kind Sir, I've read t	That one pound one, I sairly want it; . Friend of the poet †
Position. For in spite of his fine theoretic positions	And are they of no more avail,
For, in spite of his fine theoretic positions, Mankind is a science defies definitions. Frag., inscr. to Fox.	Ten thousand glittering pounds a year? Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.
Possess. May he who wins thy matchless charms	And then my fifty pounds a year Will little gain me To Dr. Blacklock.
Possessing. Possessing the one shall imply you've the other.	Pour. White o'er the linns the burnie pours,
Possessing. Possessing the one shall imply you we the other. Frag., inscr. to Fox.	S. Bonie lassie, will ye go t
So may ye get in glad possession,	And pours his vengeance in the burning line, Ep. fr. Esopus.
The coins o' Satan's coronation!	Why, Lonsdale thus, thy wrath on vagrants pour, . Ib. And [Pleasure] pours her cup luxuriant; . Innocence †
S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. G. †	And [Pleasure] pours her cup luxuriant; . Innocence †

To pour her sorrows o'er her poet's dust.	Pow [the head, the skull].
Inscrip. on Tomb of Fergusson. The snellest blast, at mirkest hours,	But my white pow, nae kindly thowe Shall melt the snaws of age; S. But lately seen †
That round the pathless wanderer pours,	Shall melt the snaws of age; S. But lately seen † Our Mess John, wi' his auld grey pow, S. Donald Brodie †
S. O Lassie, art thou †	Yet blessings on your frosty pow, S. John Anderson †
May He who gives the rain to pour, On Birth of Posth. Child.	She brak it o'er my pow S. The weary Pund.
And much-wrong'd Mis'ry pours th' unpitied wail!	Wi' his teethless gab and his auld beld pow, S. To daunton me.
On Death of R. Dundas.	Until a pow as auld's Methusalem!
But when thou pours thy strong heart's blood, There thou shines chief Scotch Drink. 4.	He canty claw! To W. Creech.
In twining hazel bowers,	Powder.
His lay the linnet pours; S. Skep'st thou,†	She reduc'd him to dust, and she drank up the Powder. Epig. on Henpecked Squire.
Nor pour your descant grating on my ear:	Power, -'r.
Sonnet, on Death of R That strain pours round th' untimely tomb where Riddel lies.	While recollection's pow'r is giv'n, A Ded. to G. H., 16.
Ib.	which Powers above prevent,
Yes, pour, ye warblers, pour the notes of woe, [v.A.10] Ib.	An' spread abreed thy well-filled brisket, Wi' pith an' pow'r, A Gude New-Year † 12.
She plants the forest, pours the flood; S. Streams that glide †	The pow'rs you proudly own? A Winter Night. 9.
Before him Doon pours all his floods; Tam o' Shanter. 10.	Sat Legislation's sov'reign pow'rs! . Add. to Edinburgh.
Tropes, metaphors, and figures pour,	Far less [right] to riches, pow'r or freedom, Add. of Beelzebub.
When all his wintry billows pour The Election Ballads. VI.	Great is thy pow'r, an' great thy fame; Add. to the Deil. 3.
Against the Buchan Bullers	And [Deil] write their names in his black beuk
An' aff the godly pour in thrangs, The Holy Fair. 14.	Wha gae the whigs the power o't! S. Awa, whigs, awa. Hear me, Powers divine!
An' pour your creeshie nations; The Ordination.	Oh, in pity hear me! S. Ay waking, Ot
An' pour divine libations For joy this day	To count her horns, wi' a' my pow'r,
They ardent, kindling spirits pour; The Vision. D. II. 5.	I set mysel, . Death and Dr. Hornbook. 4.
'I taught thee how to pour in song,	It's hardly in a body's pow'r, To keep, at times, frae being sour, Ep. to Davie. 2.
'To soothe thy flame Ib. 16.	O, all ye Pow'rs who rule above!
'Or pour, with Gray, the moving flow, 'Warm on the heart	O, had I power like inclination, Ep. to H. Parker.
Nae mair we see his levee door	The cruel powers reject the prayer Fragment.
Philosophers and Poets pour, To W. Creech.	Your blood shall with incessant cry Awake at last th' unsparing power Frag. of Ode.
The roaring Fyers pours his mossy floods: Wr. by Fall of Fyers.	if it please thee, Pow'r above, . Grace after Dinner.
Pour'd. 'The liquid fire of strong desire	Powers celestial whose protection
'I've pour'd it in each bosom; Nature's Law.	Ever guards the virtuous fair, . S. Highland Mary.
While simple melody pour'd moving on the heart.	When winter rules with boundless power, S. How can my poor heart t
The Brigs of Ayr. 12. O Thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide, That stream'd thro' great, unhappy Wallace' heart; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 21.	Is this the power in freedom's war
That stream'd thro' great, unhappy Wallace' heart;	That wont to bid the battle rage? Liberty.
Here, Doon pour'd down his far-fetch'd floods;	Wae worth thy power, thou cursed leaf,
The Vision. D. I. 14.	Lns, on Back of Bank Note. The tunefu' powers, in happy hours,
Pouring. And dash the gumlie jaups up to the pouring skies.	That whisper inspiration; S. Lovely Davies.
And joy and music pouring forth,	My Muse to dream of such a theme, Her feeble powers surrender;
In ev'ry grove, . The Vision. D. II. 14.	Or why has Man the will and pow'r
Then low'ring, and pouring, The storm no more I dread; To Ruin.	To make his fellow mourn? Man was made to Mourn.
Pourtray'd.	But the present hour was in my pow'r,
I mark'd a martial Race, pourtray'd	S. My father was a farmer † All you who follow wealth and power Ib.
In colours strong; [v.A.4] The Vision. D. I.	Propitious Powers screen'd the young flow'rs, Nature's Law.
Pouse [a push].	Ye Powers of peace, and peaceful song,
I gi'e their wames a random pouse, What ails ye now † Pouther, Powther [powder].	As little reckt I sorrow's power, S. Now Spring has clad t
by my pouther an' my hail, Ep. to J. R., 10.	"Whilst thou did pledge the Powers above, "To be my ain dear Willy S. O Phely, †
Three vollies let his mem'ry crave	"To be my ain dear Willy S. O Phely, † The powers aboon will tent thee, . S. O saw ye bonie L. †
O' pouther an' lead, Tam Samson's El., 13.	O Thou dread Pow'r, who reign'st above!
They down bide the stink o' powther; The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.	O Thou dread Pow'r †
Your hearts are the stuff, will be pouther enough,	Had ne'er sic powers alarming: S. O wat ye wha that lo'es t
Pouthered. The Kirk's Alarm.	Now, by the Powers o' Verse and Prose! On Grose's Peregrinations.
Some mim-mou'd pouthered priestie, . On W. Chalmers.	But O for Hogarth's magic pow'r . On dining with Daer.
Pouthery [powdery].	Man with all his powers you scorn; On scaring Water-fowl.
Chanticleer Shook off the pouthery snaw, A Winter Night. 10.	Now half-extinct your powers of song, On Death of Lap-dog.
Poverty. Cauld poverty, wi' hungry stare,	May powers aboon unite you soon, . On W. Chalmers.
El. on Death of R. Ruisseaux. Poverty's low barren vale, Lament for Glencairn.	Where first I felt their power S. Peggy Chalmers. Prepar'd power's proudest frown to brave, Poet. Inscription.
And throw on poverty his [Oppression's] cruel eyes;	It needs no Siddons' powers in Southern's song;
On Death of R. Dundas.	Prologue, sp. by Woods.
Who poverty ne'er held in scorn, On Window of C. Inn, F	O thou, dread Power! whose empire-giving hand Has oft been stretch'd to shield the honour'd land! 16.
My poverty keeps me in awe, man, Ronalds of Bennals.	Has oft been stretch'd to shield the honour'd land! . Ib. Nor ha'e't in her power to say na, man, Ronalds of Bennals.
in lone poverty's dominion drear, Sonnet, wr. on Birthday. By early Poverty to hardship steel'd, The Brigs of Ayr.	See approach proud Edward's power, S. Scots wha ha'e t
	Ye Powers that smile on virtuous love, S. Somebody.
Where's he for honest poverty, That hangs his head, and a' that? S. The Honest Man.	Sic flights are far beyond her [my Muse's] pow'r; Tam o' Shanter. 16.
An' sklent on poverty their joke,	
Wi bitter sneer, To Mr. J. Kennedy.	Ev'n then a wish (I mind its power) The Ans. to the Guidwife.

Forbid it, ev'ry heavenly Power,	Something in ilka part o' thee
You e'er should be a Stot! The Calf.	To praise, to love, I find, S. It is na, Jean †
The Power, incens'd, the Pageant will desert,	Him it's only justice to praise. The Election Ballads. III.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 17.	To phrase you an' praise you,
Thy power is all prevailing! . The Election Ballads. VI.	Ye ken your Laureat scorns: To Gav. Hamilton.
That Pow'r which rais'd and still upholds	Prais'd. Admir'd and prais'd—and there the homage ends: Ep. to R. Graham. 3.
This universal frame, The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps.	Praising.
lust and pride, The arch-fiend's dearest, darkest powers, The Hermit.	While praising and raising
What signifies his barren shine,	His thoughts to Heaven on high. Despondency, an Ode. 3.
Of moral pow'rs an' reason? The Holy Fair. 15.	Prance. How thou wad prance, an' snore, an' scriegh,
Thou busy pow'r, Remembrance, cease! . The Lament.	A Gude New-Year † 8.
The oft-attested Powers above;	On sprightly coursers prance; Halloween.
The noble Maxwells and their Powers	Then orthodoxy yet may prance, The Twa Herds. 16.
Are coming o'er the border, . S. The noble Maxwells †	Prane'd.
For Heresy is in her pow'r, The Ordination. 3.	That day, ye pranc'd wi' muckle pride, A Guid New-Year † 6.
Ye Pow'rs who preside o'er the wind and the tide,	Prank.
S. The Sons of old Killie.	O Whisky! soul o' plays an' pranks! Scotch Drink. 18.
And get the brutes the power themsels,	Till Lairds forbad, by strict commands, Sic bluidy pranks. To W. Simpson. P.S.
To choose their herds. The Twa Herds. 15.	Sic bluidy pranks. 10 W. Simpson. F.S.
But pith and power, till my last hour, I'll mak this declaration; S. The Union.	Ye hypocrites! are these your pranks? V. on Nat. Thanks
'Where once the Campbells, chiefs of fame,	Prank, to. Or [Spring] pranks the sod in frolic mood. Add. to Shade of Thomson.
'Held ruling pow'r: The Vision. D. II. 11.	Dunda
In all his pedagogic powers elate, The Vowels.	For fools will prate o' right and wrang,
Ye Pow'rs wha mak mankind your care, . To a Haggis.	For fools will prate o' right and wrang, The Election Ballads. I.
O wad some Pow'r the giftie gie us	Prattling. The lisping infant, prattling on his knee,
To see oursels as others see us! To a Louse.	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 3.
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,	The prattling things are just their pride, The Twa Dogs. 17.
Thou bonie gem To a Mountain-Daisy.	Pray. I had amaist said, ever pray, A Ded. to G. H., 13.
And kneel, 'Ye Pow'rs, and warm implore, . To J. S., 21.	I pray an' ponder butt the house, Auld comrade
In all th' omnipotence of rule and power To R. G. of F.	Thou beardless boy, I pray tak' care, El. on Year 1788.
thou grim Pow'r, by Life abhorr'd,	This freedom, in an unknown frien,' I pray excuse Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st.
With that controuling pow'r assist ev'n me, Why am I loth †	All I can—I weep and pray
For all unfit I feel my powers be,	For his weal that's far away S. How can my poor heart †
Thou Pow'r Supreme, whose mighty Scheme, These woes of mine fulfil:	And pray, a' gude things may attend you!
	Kind Sir, I've read †
Ye powr's of honour, love, and truth, From ev'ry ill defend her; S. Young Peggy †	What are they pray? but spiritual Excisemen.
Detraction's eye no aim can gain,	Lns on Window, K.'s A., D.
Her winning powers to lessen;	With earnest tears I pray, O Thou dread Pow'r
Powerful. But powerful love enslaves the man:	Your humble Bardie sings an' prays While Rab his name is. The Author's Cry and Prayer.
S. A Mastrtn's bonie Anne.	Wo'll doily prove we'll nightly prove
He felt the powerful high behest, Nature's Law.	We'll daily pray, we'll nightly pray, S. The bonie Lass of Albany.
Powerless.	The Saint, the Father, and the Husband prays.
And one the palsied arm of tottering, powerless age. Liberty.	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10.
Pownie [a pony].	I pray with holy fire: The Election Ballads. VI
Or die a cadger pownie's death, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 7.	Anither sighs an' prays: The Holy Fair. 10.
An' pownies reek in pleugh or braik, Ib., Ap. 21st.	Then let us pray that come it may, S. The Honest Man.
Powt [a poult, a chicken].	And yet you are chearful, I pray tell me how
An' the wee powts begun to cry, . Ep. to J. R., II.	That you do maintain them so well as you do. The Poor Thresher.
Pow't [pulled].	I've little to say, but only to pray,
An' pow't, for want o' better shift, A runt was like a sow-tail	As praying's the ton of your fashion; S. The Sons of old Killie.
Powther v. Pouther.	
Poz [sure].	Syne let us pray, auld England may Sure plant this far-famed tree, man; The Tree of Liberty.
I'll laugh, that's poz—nay more, the world shall know it;	So prays thy faithful friend, the bard. To a young Lady.
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.	And [wish and] pray in rhyme sincere,
Practice. [Smith] opens out his cauld harangues,	A' gude things may attend you! . To Miss Ferrier.
On practice and on morals; The Holy Fair. 14.	Then how should I for Heavenly Mercy pray.
Count on a friend, in faith an' practice, In Robert Burns To W. Simpson.	Who act so counter Heavenly Mercy's plan? Why am I loth
In Robert Burns To W. Simpson	Pray'd.
Praise. Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise; S. Afton Water.	An' pray'd for grace wi' ruefu' face, The Jolly Beggars. R. VI.
Praise. Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise: S. Afton Water. Here lies wha weel had won thy praise,	An' pray'd for grace wi' ruefu' face, The Jolly Beggars. R. VI. Duncan fleech'd and Duncan pray'd, S. Duncan Gray †
Praise. Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise; S. Afton Water. Here lies wha weel had won thy praise, El. on Capt. M. H., Epit.	An' pray'd for grace wi' ruefu' face, The Jolly Beggars. R. VI. Duncan fleech'd and Duncan pray'd, S. Duncan Gray † An' pray'd wi' zeal and fervour,
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Praise. Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise: S. Afton Water. Here lies wha weel had won thy praise, El. on Capt. M. H., Epit. A Scot still, but blot still, I knew no higher praise. The Ans. to the Guidwife. And all his well-earn'd praise disclaim. The capt. Ribband. My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise:	An' pray'd for grace wi' ruefu' face, The Jolly Beggars. R. VI. Duncan fleech'd and Duncan pray'd, S. Duncan Gray † An' pray'd wi' zeal and fervour, Fu' fast that night. Halloween. 22. He vow'd, he pray'd, he found the maid Forgiving all and good. S. On a bank of flowers † Prayer. Learn three-mile pray'rs, an half-mile graces,
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Praise. Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise: S. Afton Water. Here lies wha weel had won thy praise, El. on Capt. M. H., Epit. A Scot still, but blot still, I knew no higher praise. The Ans. to the Guidwife. And all his well-earn'd praise disclaim. The capt. Ribband. My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise: The Cotter's Sat. Night. Nae unison hae they, with our Creator's praise. Ib. 13, Together hymning their Creator's praise, Ib. 16. But praise be blest, my mind's at rest, S. The tither morn't	An' pray'd for grace wi' ruefu' face, The Jolly Beggars. R. VI. Duncan fleech'd and Duncan pray'd, S. Duncan Gray † An' pray'd wi' zeal and fervour, Fu' fast that night. Halloween. 22. He vow'd, he pray'd, he found the maid Forgiving all and good. S. On a bank of flowers † Prayer. Learn three-mile pray'rs, an half-mile graces, A Ded. to G. H., 9. But I'se repeat each poor man's pray'r, That kens or hears about you, Sir, Ib. 13. Regardless of the tears, and unavailing pray'rs! A Winter Night. 9.
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Praise. Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise: S. Afton Water. Here lies wha weel had won thy praise, El. on Capt. M. H., Epit. A Scot still, but blot still, I knew no higher praise. The Ans. to the Guidwife. And all his well-earn'd praise disclaim. The capt. Ribband. My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise: The Cotter's Sat. Night. Nae unison hae they, with our Creator's praise. Ib. 13, Together hymning their Creator's praise, Ib. 16. But praise be blest, my mind's at rest, S. The tither morn† On every tree appear my verses	An' pray'd for grace wi' ruefu' face, The Jolly Beggars. R. VI. Duncan fleech'd and Duncan pray'd, S. Duncan Gray † An' pray'd wi' zeal and fervour, Fu' fast that night
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The cruel pow'rs reject the prayer Fragment.	Stand forth and tell yon Premier Youth,
L-d, hear my earnest cry an' pray'r,	The honest, open, naked truth:
Holy Willie's Prayer. 13.	The Author's Cry and Prayer. 4. There's even, I'm tauld, i' the Court
Nor hear their pray'r;	A Tumbler ca'd the Premier. The Jolly Beggars. S. III.
That lips could speak thy heart could muve. S. I do confess	Say rather, gaun as Premiers lead him, The Twa Dogs. 22.
to Jove his prayer preferred; Improm. on Mrs's Birthday.	Premier, to.
Now hear our pray'r, accept our song, New Psalmody.	Nae sage North, now, nor sager Sackville, To watch and premier owre the pack vile! Add. of Beelzebub.
When for this scene of peace and love, I make my pray'r sincere O Thou, dread Pow'r†	Prent [print].
That seek, in prayer, the midnight fane. On Lincluden.	To try my fate in guid, black prent; To J. S., 7.
And mutter forth a half-heard prayer 1b.	Prent, to [to print].
And ward o' mony a prayer, . On Birth of Posth. Child.	And, faith, he'll prent it. On Grose's Peregrinations.
Still in prayers for K-G-I most heartily join,	Prentice. truant 'prentices, yet young in sin, Ep. fr. Esopus.
Poet. Add. to Tytler.	Her prentice han' she try'd on man, An' then she made the lasses, O. S. Green grow the Rashes.
Sincere as a saint's dying prayer	He's there but a prentice, I trow,
In vain assail him with their prayer, Sketch. New-Yr's Day. To you a simple Bardie's prayers	But I am a fool by profession. The Jolly Beggars. S. III.
Are humbly sent. The Author's Cry and Prayer.	Prenticeship.
Shall be my prayer when far awa.	My Prenticeship I past where my Leader breath'd his last,
The Farewell. To St. J.'s L.	The Jolly Beggars. S. I. Prepare. Prepare, Maria, for a horrid tale Ep. fr. Esopus.
Wi' humble prayer to join and share This festive Fête Champetre. The Fête Champetre.	And honours masonic prepare for to throw:
Thou haply throw'st a scornful eye at	S. No Churchman am I †
The hermit's prayer The Hermit.	Prepar'd nower's proudest frown to brove Post Jacobit
But, O Maria, hear my prayer, S. The last time I †	Prepar'd power's proudest frown to brave, . Poet. Inscrip. For the future be prepar'd, . Wr. in Hermitage at F. C
A prayer from the muse you well may excuse, S. The Sons of old Killie.	Presage. With every kindliest, best presage,
But if ye wish her gratefu' pray'r,	Of future bliss, To a Young Lady.
Gie her a Haggis! To a Haggis. And with them take the poet's prayer; To a young Lady.	Presbyt'ry. L—d hear my earnest cry an' pray'r,
And with them take the poet's prayer; To a young Lady. The prayer still, you share still,	Against that presbyt'ry o' Ayr; Holy Willie's Prayer. 13.
Of grateful Minstrel Burns To Gav. Hamilton.	Presbyterial.
O! hear my ardent, grateful, selfish prayer! To R. G. of F., 9.	Within thy presbyterial bound
Oh! hear a wretch's pray'r!	A candid lib ral band is found Of public teachers, To Rev. J. M'Math.
Their three-mile prayers, an hauf-mile graces, To Rev. J. M'Math.	Presence.
Prayin.	In whose dread Presence, ere an hour,
For prayin I hae little skill o't; . A Ded. to G. H., 13.	Perhaps I must appear! A Prayer in Prosp. of Death. Yet in thy presence, lovely Fair,
Preach.	To hope may be forgiven; S. Anna, thy charms †
The minister kiss't the fiddler's wife, He could na preach for thinkin' o't. S. My love she's but †	Tell me, fellow-creatures, why
He could na preach for thinkin' o't. S. My love she's but † Not for to preach, but tell his simple story:	At my presence thus you fly? . On scaring Water-fowl.
Prologue, at Th., D.,	"For, saving your presence, to her ye're a saint! S. There liv'd ance a carle \tau
Or R[obinson] again grown weel, To preach an' read? . Tam Samson's El	But in the fair presence of lovely young Jessie,
A text for infamy to preach; To W. Creech.	Unseen is the lily, unheeded the rose. S. True hearted was he †
Preacher.	Kens the pleasure, feels the rapture,
My auld school-fellow, Preacher Willie, Auld comrade †	That thy presence gies to me. S. Turn again, thou †
As men, as Christians too, renown'd,	Present. At present we will ask no more, A Grace.
An' manly preachers. To Rev. J. M'Math. Preaching.	Nae mair at present can I measure, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 14. But the present hour was in my pow'r,
But still the preaching cant forbear, Ep. to Young Friend. 9.	S. My father was a farmer †
Yet that winna save ye, auld Satan must have ye.	The past returns, the present flies; On Lincluden.
For preaching that three's ane and twa. The Kirk's Alarm.	The present only toucheth thee: To a Mouse.
Precede.	Present, to.
The hoary morns precede the sunny days, The Brigs of Ayr.	Ye did present your smoutie phiz, Add. to the Deil. 17. "Nor 'mang the sp'ritual core present them.
Precept. The Precepts sage they wrote to many a land: The Cotter's Sat. Night. 15.	Lns add, to I, Ranken,
Precious.	Then on the tither hand present her,
We part—but by these precious drops, That fill thy lovely eyes! . S. Farewell, dear mistress †	A blackguard Smuggler, right behint her, The Author's Cry and Prayer.
Mispending all thy precious hours,	Should Hornie, as in ancient days,
Man was made to Mourn. 4.	'Mang sons o' G- present him, The Holy Fair. 12.
And still his precious self his dear delight: Sketch.	Presently. Till presently he hears a squeak, Halloween. 19.
Wi' favours, secret, sweet, and precious: Tam o' Shanter. 5.	When presently it does appear, 'Twas but some neebor snoran The Holy Fair. 22.
Precipice. Hanging with threat'ning jut like precipices; The Brigs of Ayr. 8.	Preserve.
Pree'd v. Prie'd.	But gude preserve us frae the gallows, Adam A-'s Prayer.
Preen [a pin].	An' she cry'd, L—d preserve her! Halloween. 22.
My memory's no worth a preen; . To W. Simpson, P.S.	So e'en to preserve the poor body in life, S. Last May a brazu wooer †
Prefer.	The Lord preserve us frae the devil! Poem on Life.
A cheerful honest-hearted clown I will prefer before you, O. S. My father was a farmer †	Preserve the dignity of Man,
Preferred.	With soul erect; . The Vision. D. II. 22.
to Jove his prayer preferred: Improm., on Mrs's Birthday.	Preside. The Sprites that owre the Brigs of Ayr preside.
Prefix. Nae heathen name shall I prefix To Miss Ferrier.	The Brigs of Ayr. 4. But chiefly, in their hearts with Grace divine preside,
Premier.	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 18.
What premiers, what? even Monarchs mighty gaigers: Lns on Window, K.'s Arms.	The arch-fiend's dearest, darkest powers,
in the transmitted in the same.	In state preside The Hermit.

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Ye powers who preside o'er the wind and the tide,	Prevent. which Pow'rs above prevent, A Ded. to G. H., 16.
S. The Sons of old Killie.	And O may Heaven their simple lives prevent
Presided.	From Luxury's contagion, weak and vile! The Cotter's Sat. Night. 20.
Presided o'er the Sons of light: The Farewell. To St. J.'s L	Prey. Mark maiden-innocence a prey
Press.	To love pretending snares, A Winter Night. 8.
Coffins stood round, like open presses, Tam o' Shanter. 11.	For prey, a' holes an' corners tryin; Add. to the Deil. 4.
Press, to. And yellow Autumn presses near, S. Bonie Bell. He bade me on you press this one word—"Think!"	'Yet stops me o' my lawfu' prey, Wi' his d-mn'd dirt! Death and Dr. Hornbook. 29.
Prologue at Th., D That press the soul, or wring the mind with anguish,	That heart how sunk, a prey to grief and care; El. on Miss Burnet.
Remorse. A Frag Deaf as my friend, he sees them press, Sketch. New-Yr's Day.	Creature, tho' oft the prey of grief and sorrow, When blest to-day unmindful of to-morrow.
Tell them, and press it on their mind, Wr. in Friars-Carse H.	Ep. to R. Graham. 3. There keen indignation shall dart on her prey,
Pressed, -'d, Prest. Within the bush, her covert nest	Monody, on a Lady.
A little linnet fondly prest, S. A Rosebud by my †	now a prey to insulting neglect,
Her sweet balmy lip when 'tis prest;	The bird that charm'd his summer day,
S. Adown winding Nith †	Is now the cruel fowler's prey; . S. O Lassie, art thou t
Or haply, prest with cares and woes, Man was made to Mourn.	And then you're prey for Rob Mossgiel. S. O leave novels t
Have a big-belly'd bottle when pressed with care [v.A.28] S. No Churchman am I †	Marking you his prey below, On scaring Water-fowl. View unsuspecting Innocence a prey, On Death of R. Dundas.
I'll grasp thy waist and fondly prest,	Hapless bird! a prey the surest To each pirate of the skies S. Sensibility †
Swear how I love thee dearly; S. Now westlin winds †	The devil the prey will despise. The Election Ballads. III.
The springing lilies sweetly press'd, S. On a bank of flowers †	Thro' fair, thro' foul, they urge the race,
The cold earth with thy bloody bosom prest.	And sieze the prey: To J. S., 18.
An' liquor guid to fire his bluid, On seeing wounded Hare.	Price. Give me love at ony price; S. Jockey fou +
That's prest wi' grief an' care: . Scotch Drink. Mott.	The deil a ane would spier your price,
Hard upon noble Maggie prest, . Tam o' Shanter. 18. By whim inspir'd, or haply prest wi' care, The Brigs of Ayr. 3.	Were ye as poor as I
And aft he's prest, and aft he ca's it guid;	E'er spier her [my Muse's] price. Scotch Drink. 14.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11.	Prick the louse [a term of contempt for a tailor].
While here I wander, prest with care, S. The Gloomy Night †	Gae mind your seam, ye prick the louse, An' jag the flae What ails ye now †
When round the Tinkler prest her, The Jolly Beggars. R. VI.	Prickly.
And I, I wat, Wi' fainness grat, While in his grips he press'd me. S. The tither morn †	All in its rude and prickly bower, S. O bonie was you rosy †
The flow'rs sprang wanton to be prest, To Mary in Heaven.	Pride.
Though prest with care and sunk in woe,	That day ye pranc'd wi' muckle pride, When ye bure hame my bonie Bride; A Gude New-Year + 6.
S. To thee, lov'd Nith †	The pride, the pleasure o' the wood. S. A Rosebud by my t
Pressing.	Architecture's noble pride Add. to Edinburgh. 2.
Still pressing onward, red-wat-shod, . To W. Simpson. Accept the gift a friend sincere	"Ye might hae seen me in my pride, As on the banks †
Wad on thy worth be pressin': . V.s, under Grief.	Through gentle showers, the laughing flowers
Presumption.	In double pride were gay S. But lately seen †
Her feeble pulse gies strong presumption	The pride of her kindred the heroine grew; S. Caledonia.
Death soon will end her. Letter to J. Goudie.	But what avails the pride of art, When wastes the soul with anguish? S. Could aught of song †
Would have eat her dead lord, on a slender pretence,	the pride of the spring in the Craigie-burn wood,
Epig. on Henpecked Squire.	S. Craigie-burn Wood.
An' hae to Learning nae pretence. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 9.	In vain ye flaunt in summer's pride, ye groves;
Ye may ha'e some pretence to havins and sense,	El. on Miss Burnet. Princes whose cumb'rous pride was all their worth, . Ib.
Wi' people wha ken ye nae better The Kirk's Alarm. Pretend.	Princes whose cumb'rous pride was all their worth, . Ib. We saw thee shine in youth and beauty's pride, Ib.
Nor meikle speech pretend, The Election Ballads. I.	There's naething here but Highland pride,
Sir Robert, a soldier, no speech would pretend, The Whistle. 9.	Ep. on being neglected at In. Inn.
Pretending. Mark maiden-innocence a prey	But hanker and canker,
To love pretending snares, A Winter Night. 8.	To see their cursed pride
Pretension. Pretensions rather brassy, The Dean of Fac	'Wi' cits nor lairds I wadna shift,
Pretty. But pretty Peg, my dearie. S. As I gaed up by †	'In a' their pride!' Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 13.
The music of her pretty foot,	Whose verse in manhood's pride sublimely flows,
O dinna think my pretty pink, But I can live without thee: . S. Here's to thy health, †	Yet vilest reptiles in their begging prose. Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
All for to court this pretty maid, Katharine Jaffray.	The dauntless heart that fear'd no human Pride; Epit. for Author's Father.
Her pretty ancle is a spy, S. Sae flaxen †	So fell the pride of all my hopes, S. Fate gave the word, †
I vow it's unco pretty: The Ordination. 11.	Some [nits] start awa, wi saucy pride, Halloween. 7.
They sip the scandal-potion pretty; . The Twa Dogs. 33.	The verdure and pride of the garden and lawn.
Wha by Castalia's wimplin streamies, Lowp, sing, and lave your pretty limbies, To Dr. Blacklock.	S. How pleasant the banks † "His country's pride, his country's stay:
It's a pity ane sae pretty Should na do the thing they can. S. Will ye go and marry †	Lament for Glencairn.
Prevailed.	The pride of my bosom, my Mary's no more. Lament, on leaving Nat. Land.
Th' ungodly o'er the just prevailed,	My pride and my darling to be? S. Leezie Lindsay,
For so thou hadst appointed; New Psalmody.	A haughty lordling's pride; . Man was made to mourn. 3.
The Caird prevail'd—th' unblushing fair	But when compar'd with real passion,
In his embraces sunk; . The Jolly Beggars. R. VII.	Poor is all that princely pride. S. Mark yonder Pomp †
Prevailing. The power is all prevailing! . The Election Ballads. VI.	To quell the Wicked's pride; New Psalmody.
Thy power is all prevailing! . The Election Ballads. VI. Hence, Dempster's truth-prevailing tongne; [v.A.23]	Its [the warld's] pride, and a' the lave o't; S. O poortith cauld † The Muse was a' that he took pride in,
The Vision. D. II. 6.	On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.
3 A	, , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , ,

Again the dome, in pristine pride, Lifts high its roof and arches wide, On Lincluden.	Prie [to taste].
Lifts high its roof and arches wide, On Lincluden. The pride of all the flowery scene,	And ither some will prie their mou, . S. John, come kiss.
S. On Cessnock banks † Sett I.	Prie'd, Pree'd [tasted].
The gentle pride, the lordly state, On dining with Daer.	Rob, stownlins, prie'd her bonie mou,
The feint a pride, nae pride had he,	For ay he pree'd the lassies mou, . S. The Taylor he cam † Prief [proof]. For ne'er a bosom yet was prief
Plumes himself in Freedom's pride, On scaring Water-fowl.	Against your arts. To I.S.
"Low lies the heart that swell'd with honest pride! On Death of Sir J. Blair.	I see thy life is stuff o' prief, Scarce quite half worn To Terraughty.
Wi' braw new branks in mickle pride, On W. Chalmers.	Priest.
With grateful pride we own your many favors:	As a' the priests had seen me get thee Add. to Illegit. Child.
Prologue, at Th., D	Where'er that place be priests ca' hell,
Then Anna comes in, the pride o' her kin, Ronalds of Bennals.	Add. to the Toothache.
Though I canna ride in weel-booted pride, Ib.	And ance she bore a priest; El. on Peg Nicholson. And the priest he rode her sair:
In pride of beauty's light; S. Sleep'st thou, †	Eve's bonie squad priests wyte them sheerly
a' the pride of Spring's return . S. Sweet fa's the eve †	Ep. to Maj. Logan. 9.
The pride of the place and its neighbourhood a';	Frae G-d's ain priests the people's hearts
The Belles of Mauchline.	He steals awa'. Holy Willie's Prayer. 11. Nay, what are Priests? those seeming godly wisemen:
Conceited gowk! puff'd up wi' windy pride! The Brigs of Ayr. 7.	Lns on Window, K.'s Arms.
Yet I hae seen him on a day	The Priest he was oxter'd, the Clerk he was carried,
The pride of a' the parishen S. The cardin o't.	S. O ken ye what Meg†
Oh wha wad leave this humble state For a' the pride of a' the great? S. The Contented Cottager.	Nay been bitch-fou 'mang godly priests, On dining with Daer.
With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end,	The priest o' the parish fell in anither [fever]. S. Scroggam.
The Cotter's Sat. Night.	Three priests' hearts, rotten, black as muck,
The big ha'-Bible, ance his Father's pride: Ib. 12.	Lay stinking, vile, in every neuk. [v.A.16] Tam o' Shanter.
Compar'd with this, how poor Religion's pride, In all the pomp of method, and of art, Ib. 17.	Churches built to please the Priest. The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII.
And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,	They'll talk o' patronage an' priests,
Who dar'd to, nobly, stem tyrannic pride, Ib. 21.	
Than a' the pride that loads the tide, S. The day returns †	The priest and hedgehog in their robes are snug. The priest and hedgehog in their robes are snug. To R. G. of F
A dame wi' pride eneugh, The Election Ballads. I.	Than mony scores as guid's the priest
And she spak up wi' pride,	Wha sae abus't him. To Rev. J. M'Math.
Nor from the seat of scornful Pride	And the Priest shall say, Amen. S. Will ye go and marry †
Casts forth his eyes abroad, The 1st Psalm. In beauty's pride array'd; . The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps.	Priesthood. As for your Priesthood, I shall say but little, The Brigs of Ayr. 10.
Her plumage outlustred the pride o' the spring,	Whose holy priesthood nane can stain,
S. The heather was blooming †	For wha can dye the black? The Election Ballads. V.
lust and pride, The arch-fiend's dearest, darkest powers,	Priestie [dim. of priest].
The pith of sense, and pride of worth,	Some mim-mou'd pouthered priestie, . On W. Chalmers. Priest-like. The priest-like Father reads the sacred page,
Are higher ranks than a' that S. The Honest Man.	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 14.
In flaming summer-pride, . The Petition of Br. Water.	Priest-rid.
ance whan in my wooing pride The Inventory. Irvine side, Irvine side, wi' your turkey-cock pride,	And much oppressed and bruised she was; As priest-rid cattle are El. on Peg Nicholson.
The Kirk's Alarm.	Priest-skelping (priest-siapping).
Must I see thee, my youthful pride,	Poet Burns, Poet Burns, wi' your priest-skelping turns,
Thus brought so very low! S. The sun he is sunk † And now she sees wi' pride, man,	The Kirk's Alarm.
How weel it buds and blossoms there, The Tree of Liberty.	Prig. And faith I agree with th' old prig to a hair; S. No Churchman am I †
The fient a pride na pride had he, The Twa Dogs.	Prig, to [to entreat].
The prattling things are just their pride, Ib. 17.	I'll ne'er prig for red or white; S. Jockey fou, †
And some, the pride of Coila's plains, Become thy friends. The Vision. D. II. 18.	Priggin [haggling].
Become thy friends. The Vision. D. II. 18. The noisy domicile of pedant pride; The Vowels.	Men wha grew wise priggin owre hops an' raisins, The Brigs of Ayr. 10.
I sing of a Whistle, the pride of the North, . The Whistle.	Prime. My barmie noddle's working prime, . To J. S., 4.
The flower and pride of a' the glen; S. There was a lass †	Prime, s. Has thy Prime unheeded past? . Blue Bonnets.
By human pride or cunning driv'n	Thou golden time o' youthful prime, . S. But lately seent
10 Mis ry's Drink, . 10 a Mountain-Daisy.	"Fall in bold manhood's hardy prime! Lament for Glencairn.
In naked feeling, and in aching pride, He bears the unbroken blast from every side:	Thy glorious, youthful prime! Man was made to Mourn. 4.
To R. G. of F., 3.	Look not alone on youthful Prime,
Whase greed, revenge, an' pride disgraces	How I had spent my youthfu' prime,
Waur nor their nonsense. To Rev. J. M'Math.	An' done nae-thing, The Vision. D. I. 4.
Not the bee upon the blossom, In the pride of sunny noon; S. Turn again, thou t	And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime. [re.]
Then pride might climb the slipp'ry steep;	S. There liv'd ance a carle t
S. Twas even—the dewy †	And you, tho' scarce in maiden prime, Are so much nearer Heav'n. To Miss L., with "Beattie."
My joy, my pride, my Hoggie! . S. What will I do gin	Primrose.
Proclaim it the pride of the year S. Where are the joys † to me more dear, Than all the pride of May: . Winter.	Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow;
to me more dear, Than all the pride of May: . Winter. The Tay meandering sweet in infant pride,	S. Afton Water.
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.	The primrose banks how fair; S. Behold, my love,† The haunt o' Spring's the primrose-brae,
Young Jamie, pride of a' the plain, . S. Young Jamie †	S. By Allan stream †
Pride, to. That purity ye pride in, Add. to Unco Guid. 3.	The primrose down the brae; Lament of Mary of Scots.
Nae wonder that it pride him! The Holy Fair. 11.	The snaw-drap and primrose our woodlands adorn,
Pridefu'. Mall's nit lap out, wi' pridefu' fling, Halloween. 9.	S. My Nanie's Awa. The primage I will pu' the firstling o' the year S. The Page
Some rascal's pridefu' greed to quench, The Twa Dogs. 21.	The primrose I will pu', the firstling o' the year, S. The Posie.

The primroses blow in the dews of the morning,	Prodigal.
Primsie [demure, precise].	O Man! while in thy early years, How prodigal of time! . Man was made to Mourn. 4.
Was brunt wi' primsie Mallie; Halloween. 9.	your fathers, prodigal of life, [v.A.12] Scots Prologue.
Prince. Princes whose cumb'rous pride was all their worth, El. on Miss Burnet.	For prodigal thoughtless bestowing, His merit had won him respect. <i>The Election Ballads. III</i> .
The news o' princes, dukes and earls, Pimps, sharpers, bawds and opera-girls; Kind Sir, I've read t	Prodigious.
Her smile's a gift frae 'boon the lift,	But oh! prodigious to reflect, A Towmont, Sirs, is gane to wreck! . El. on Year 1788.
That maks us mair than princes; . S. Lovely Davies. among the princes chief In our Jerusalem, New Psalmody.	Produce.
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,	Where are the Muses fled, that should produce A drama worthy of the name of Bruce? Scots Prologue.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 19. Here's an honest conscience	While quacks of state must each produce his plan,
Might a prince adorn; The Election Ballads. IV.	The Rights of Woman. "Shall heroes and patriots ever produce: The Whistle, 18.
And Burke shall sing, O prince, arise! Ib. VI. A prince can make a belted knight,	Profane.
A marquis, duke, and a' that; . S. The Honest Man.	While deil a hair yoursel ye're better, But mair profane. Third Ep. to J. Lap
Princely. The princely revel may survey Our rustic dance wi' scorn; S. Behold, my love,†	Profess.
But when compar'd with real passion, Poor is all that princely pride S. Mark yonder Pomp †	Would I could guess, I do profess, S. The Joyful Widower. Profession. We've got frae a' professions, sorts, an' ranks:
And a town of fame whose princely name	Scots Prologue.
Should grace the Lass of Albany. S. The bonie Lass of Albany.	But I am a fool by profession. The Jolly Beggars. S. III.
And whose that generous princely mien V.s below Picture.	I' the way of our profession To a Medical Gent. Proffer. A weel-stocked mailin, himsel' for the laird,
Printed. Said, nothing like his works was ever printed; Add. sp. by Fontenelle.	And marriage aff-hand, were his proffers: S. Last May a braw wooer†
Prison.	Your proffer o' love's an airle-penny,
But I, the Queen of a' Scotland, Maun lie in prison strang Lament of Mary of Scots.	S. O meikle thinks my love † Proffer, to. And proffer up to Heaven the warm request,
A prison built by kings, man, . The Tree of Liberty.	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 18.
Prisoner. But a royal ghaist wha ance was cas'd	Profound. A head for thought profound and clear, unmatch'd: Extem. on W. Smellie.
A prisoner aughteen year awa, S. Amang the trees †	lost in thought profound, On Lincluden.
Pristine. the dome, in pristine pride, On Lincluden. Private. Seek not the proofs in private life to find;	Progeny. Or, Moses bade eternal warfare wage, With Amalek's ungracious progeny;
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 14.
And private was the chamber: . S. O May thy morn \ Nor even the man in private life forgot:	Progress. Matron [Summer] oft, delighted, stops to trace The progress of the spiky blade.
Prologue, sp. by Woods.	Add. to Shade of Thomson. What aspects old Time in his progress has worn;
They lay aside their private cares, To mind the Kirk and State affairs; The Twa Dogs. 18.	S. The lazy mist †
May bliss domestic smooth his private path; To R. G. of F., 9. Priviledge. But for the glorious priviledge	Project. as the boughs all temptingly project, Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
Of being independant. Ep. to Young Friend. 7.	Prologue. A Prologue, Epilogue, or some such matter,
Prize. Life ne'er exulted in so rich a prize, El. on Miss Burnet.	'Twould vamp my bill, Add. sp. by Fontenelle. And last, my prologue-business slily hinted Ib.
Wha mak the Whisky stells their prize! Scotch Drink. 20.	Prolong.
There, welcome, win and wear the prize, S. Talk not of Love † I wish you luck o' the prize, man. S. The deil cam fiddlin' †	Whose tones the echoing aisles prolong; On Lincluden. Promise. But Foorsday, Sir, my promise leal,
"Before I surrender so glorious a prize, The Whistle. 8.	Expect me o' your party, To —.
Said, toss down the Whistle, the prize of the field, Ib. 9.	Promise, to. An' if she promise auld or young To tak their part,
But glory is the sodger's prize, S. When wild War's † To Beauty what man but maun yield him a prize,	Tho' by the neck she should be strung She'll no desert. The Author's Cry and Prayer, 22.
S. You wild mossy mountains t	Fain promise never more to disobey; . Why am I loth †
Prize, to. How cruel are the parents Who riches only prize, S. How cruel	Promised -'d. And by that life, I'm promised mair o't, Friend of the poet † P.S.
Let her lo'e nae man but me;	She [Fortune] promis'd fair, and perform'd but ill;
That's the tocher gude I prize, S. Jockey fou † Prizing. Beyond what fancy e'er refin'd	S. I dream'd I lay † She has promis'd right soon to be mine.
The voice of Nature prizing. S. Could aught of song	S. My love's a winsome t
Problem. All in all he's a problem must puzzle the Devil.	Robin promis'd me A' my winter vittle; S. Robin shure in hairst.
Frag., inscr. to Fox. Proceed. Heard'st thou that groan—proceed no further,	The promis'd Father's tender name; . The Lament. 3.
Epig. on E.'s "Martial."	She promis'd fair and perform'd but ill; S. Tho. fickle Fortune †
For shame! gie o'er—proceed no further <i>V. on Nat. Thanks.</i> . Procession.	An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain, For promis'd joy! To a Mouse.
To hold our grand procession; To a Medical Gent.	Prone. Prone to enjoy each pleasure riches give, Ep. to R. Graham. 3.
Proclaim. While Scotia, with exulting tear, Proclaims that Thomson was her son.	Prone down the rock the whitening sheet descends,
Add. to Shade of Thomson.	Wr. by Fall of Fyers. Prone-descending.
Now he [Death] proclaims, wi' tout o' trumpet, Tam Samson's dead! Tam Samson's El., 10.	Or find a sheltering, safe retreat,
No, no! the bees, humming round the gay roses, Proclaim it the pride of the year. S. Where are the joys †	From prone-descending showers. The Petition of Br. Water. Pronounce.
Prociaim'd.	But [Judges] of meet, or unmeet, in a fabrick complete,
'Till too, too soon the glowing west	I'll boldly pronounce they [reviewers] are none, Sir. To Capt. Riddel.
'Till too, too soon the glowing west Proclaim'd the speed of winged day. To Mary in Heaven. Procure.	Pronounc'd. And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounc'd by Heaven's

Proof. Let time mak proof; . Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 7.	Lament in rhyme, lament in prose, . Poor Mailie's El
Seek not the proofs in private life to find;	With all the venal soul of dedicating Prose? The Brigs of Ayr.
Ep. to R. Graham. 5. Who is proof to thy personal converse and wit,	What verse can sing, what prose narrate, The Election Ballads. VI.
Is proof to all other temptation Extem., To Mr. S.	Sworn foe to sorrow, care, and prose,
And ev'ry time has added proofs,	I rhyme away To J. S., 25.
That Man was made to mourn. Man was made to Mourn.	Prose, to. 'An' if ye winna mak it clink.
Proof o' shot to Birth or Money, S. Sweetest May	'By Jove I'll prose it!' Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 6.
Wha's honour is proof to the storm; The Election Ballads. III. That I, henceforth, would be rhyme-proof The Vision. D. I. 6.	Prose-folk. tho' dull prose-folk, latin splatter In logic tulzie, To W. Simpson. P.S.
Quo' scho wha lives will see the proof, S. There was a lad †	Prospect.
Prop.	I, listless, yet restless,
Prop of my dearest hopes for future times. Epito R. Graham. 5.	Find every prospect vain Despondency, an Ode. 2. Wi'a' this care and a' this grief.
Prop, to.	And sma', sma prospect of relief, Ep. to H. Parker.
But build a castle on his head,	I backward cast my e'e, On prospects drear! To a Mouse.
His scull will prop it under Epig. on a Coxcomb.	Prosperous.
Lang may she [Coila] stand to prop the land, Nature's Law. Spring, like their fathers, up to prop	Then may heaven with prosperous gales, Fill my sailor's welcome sails, S. How can my poor heart †
Their honour'd native land! The Petition of Br. Water.	The prosperous man is asleep,
Proper.	Nor hears how the whirlwinds sweep; S. The sun he is sunk †
But I maturely thought it proper, . A Ded. to G.H., 12.	Prostrate. Let the blast sweep o'er the valley,
after proper purpose of amendment, . Remorse. A Frag	See it prostrate on the clay! S. Sensibility †
In Tarbolton, ye ken, there are proper young men, And proper young lasses and a', man; Ronalds of Bennals.	Protect. May prudence protect her [liberty] frae evil! S. Here's a health to them †
To proper young men, he'll clink in the hand	Guardian angels! O protect her, . S. Highland Mary.
Gowd guineas a hunder or twa, man Ib.	May heaven protect my bonie Scots Laddie,
In Mauchline there dwells six proper young belles,	S. O whare did ye get t
The Belles of Mauchline. And still my delight is in proper young men:	Protect thee frae the driving shower, On Birth of Posth. Child.
The Jolly Beggars. S. II.	Protect and guard the mother plant,
Come, let a proper text he read, The Ordination. 4.	Will all protect The Vision D. II. 22.
Property. Looks o'er proud Property, extended wide;	Your impudence protects you sairly: To a Louse.
Prophane. A Winter Night. 8.	Protected.
Yet ne'er with Wits prophane to range,	A fig for those by law protected! The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII.
Be complaisance extended; Ep. to Young Friend. 9.	Protection.
Prophesied. She prophesied that late or soon, Thou would be found deep drown'd in Doon;	Adieu, my Liege! may Freedom geck Beneath your high protection; A Dream. 8.
1 am o Shanter. 3.	Powers celestial whose protection
Prophet. Next uprose our Bard, like a prophet in drink: The Whistle. 17.	Ever guards the virtuous fair, S. Highland Mary.
Propitious. Propitious Powers screen'd the young flow'rs,	Fancies that our guid Brugh denies protection, The Brigs of Ayr. 8.
Nature's Law.	'Twas noble, Sir; 'twas like yoursel, To grant your high protection: . To Mr. M'Adam.
Fair on Isabella's morn The sun propitious smil'd; Sad thy tale,†	Protest.
This day's propitious to be wise in. Sketch. New-Yr's Day.	Ay vow and protest that ye carena for me, . S. O whistle, †
Propless. Pitying the propless climber of mankind,	Proud. owre proud to snool, A Bard's Epit.
Propone [lay down, propose].	Looks o'er proud Property, extended wide; A Winter Night. 8.
I, for their thoughtless, careless sakes	I should be proud to meet you there;
Would here propone defences, . Add. to Unco Guid. 2.	Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 18.
Proportion.	But take it [fortune's road] like the unbacked filly, Proud o' her speed. Ep. to Maj. Logan.
With nae proportion wanting, S. As I gaed up by t	Ye may be proud,
Her pretty ancle is a spy, Betraying fair proportion, S. Sae flaxen	That sic a couple fate allows ye 1b. 13.
An' ay the less they hae to sturt them,	In the field of proud honour, our swords in our hands, S. Farewell, thou fair day †
In like proportion, less will hurt them. The Twa Dogs. 29.	Lest he owre high and proud shou'd turn,
Which I in just proportion have abused . Tragic Frag.	Holy Willie's Prayer. 9.
Propose. And say, 'How can you e'er propose,	England, triumphant, display her proud rose; S. How pleasant the banks †
	Were I a Baron proud and high, S. Montgomerie's Peggy.
'You wha ken hardly verse frae prose, 'To mak a sang?' Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 10. Propriety.	saucy quean That looks sae proud and high. S. O Tibbie!
Propriety's cold, cautious rules	Wi' his proud, independant stomach,
Warm Fervour may o'erlook; . Rusticity's ungainly t	On Scot. Bard gne to W.I.
Propt. Was timmer-propt for thrawin: Halloween. 23.	Man, your proud usurping foe, . On scaring Water-fowl. My stomach's as proud as them a', man. Ronalds of Bennals.
Prosaic. An' scriechan out prosaic verse, An' like to brust! The Author's Cry and Prayer.	See approach proud Edward's power, S Scots, wha ha'e t
A creeping cauld prosaic fog To Miss Ferrier.	Lay the proud usurpers low,
Prose. Wad ding a' Lallan tongue, or Erse,	An' tho' fu' foughten sair eneugh,
In Prose or Rhyme. Add to the Deil. 19.	Yet unco proud to learn The Ans. to the Guidwife. Or proud imperial purple
Whom Prose has turned out of doors, Ep. on E.'s "Martial." A land unknown to Prose or Rhyme; Ep. to H. Parker.	Or proud imperial purple
A land that prose did never view it,	The Brigs of Ayr.
Except when drunk he stacher't thro' it; Ib.	Their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt the proud palace,
'You wha ken hardly verse frae prose, Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 10.	We'll a' he proud o' Robin S. There was a lad †
In rhyme or prose or haith thegither, . Ib., Ap. 21st, 7.	Wi' screw'd up, grace-proud faces; The Holy Fair. 10.
Yet vilest reptiles in their begging prose. Ep. to R. Graham. 5.	For me I would be mair than proud
Now, by the Powers o' Verse and Prose!	To share the mercies wi' you To a Medical Gent. Ye ken yoursels my heart right proud is, To Dr. Blacklock.
On Grose's Peregrinations.	Ye ken yoursels my heart right proud is, To Dr. Blacklock.

I trow it made me proud;	Provoking. wi' hoast-provoking smeek, The Vision. D. I. 3. Provost [the chlef magistrate of a royal burgh]. Provost John is still deaf to the church's relief,
Wr. in Friars-Carse H. Proud-nodding. Contending with Billy for proud-nodding laurels.	The Kirk's Alarm. Prowling. Oft prowling, ensanguin'd the Tweed's silver flood; S. Caledonia. 5.
Prouder. Fragment, inscr. to Fox.	Prude. Cease, ye prudes, your envious railing,
Now prouder still, Maria's temples press. Ep. fr. Esopus.	Lns under Pict. of Miss B Prudence.
And prouder than a belted knight,	May Prudence, Fortitude and Truth
I'd be my Jeanie's lover S. When first I saw †	Erect your brow undaunting! Ep. to Young Friend. 11.
Proudest. Blest Highland bonnet! Once my proudest dress,	Let prudence number o'er each sturdy son,
Ep. fr. Esopus.	Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
Deserves the proudest wreath departed heroes claim. Fragment of Ode.	Your courage much more than your prudence you show it,
Crushing the despot's proudest bearing, Liberty.	Fragment, inscr. to Fox.
Prepar'd power's proudest frown to brave, Poet. Inscription.	May prudence protect her [liberty] frae evil! S. Here's a health to them †
Proudly. The pow'rs you proudly own? A Winter Night. 9.	Prudence, with decorous sneer, . In vain wld Prudence †
That proudly cock your cresting cairns;	Let Prudence' direst bodements on me fall,
El. on Capt. M. H., 3.	Clarinda, rich reward! o'erpays them all! Ib.
The Thames flows proudly to the sea, S. The Banks of Nith.	But prudence is her o'erword ay, S. O poortith cauld †
Prove. And who wou'd to Liberty e'er prove disloyal,	O wha can prudence think upon,
May his son be a hangman, and he his first trial. At Meet. of D. Volunteers.	And sic a lassie by him; O wha can prudence think upon.
I'll prove it from Euclid as clear as the sun: S. Caledonia. 6.	And sae in love as I am?
And quotes thy treacheries to prove it true? Ep. fr. Esopus,	I'll act with prudence as far's I'm able, S. Tho. fickle fortune †
To prove our loyal truth—we can no more; . Frag. of Ode.	Let Prudence bless enjoyment's cup, Wr. in Friars-Carse H
Thy goodness constantly we prove, Grace after Dinner.	Prudent. prudent, cautious, self-controul A Bard's Epit.
They may prove as bad as I am S. Here's to thy health, †	Each prudent cit a warm existence finds,
Tho' thou hast been false, I'll ever prove true,	Ep. to R. Graham. 2.
S. Oh, open the door,†	We own they're prudent, but who feels they're good? Ib. 5.
He'll prove you fully, On Grose's Peregrinations.	Whiles glowring round wi' prudent cares, Tam o' Shanter. 9.
Nae ferlie 'tis tho' fickle she prove, S. She's fair and fause t	Unskilful he to note the card Of prudent Lore, To a Mountain-Daisy.
But Friendship's pure and lasting joys My heart was form'd to prove: S. Talk not of Love †	Prussian. How cut-throat Prussian blades were hingin;
Right, Sir! your text I'll prove it true, The Calf.	Kind Sir, Tve read t
"Should ever prove your sp'ritual foe, . What ails ye now t	Prying, -in.
Proved, -'d. She [Nature] prov'd to be no journey-work,	Whiles, in the human bosom pryin, Add. to the Deil. 4.
S. John Anderson,†	And steal from me Maria's prying eye. Ep. fr. Esopus.
I found that old Solomon proved it fair, No Churchman am I†	Pu' [to pull, gather].
'Twas then I prov'd false to my Sodger laddie.	And a' to pu' a posie to my ain dear May [re.] S. The Posie. The primrose I will pu', the firstling o' the year,
The folly Beggars. S. II. Your faith proved so loyal, in hot bloody trial,	And I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my dear; Ib.
S. The small birds rejoice †	I'll pu' the budding rose, when Phœbus peeps in view, Ib.
O Love thou hast sorrows, and sair have I prov'd;	The hawthorn I will pu', wi' its locks o' siller grey, . Ib.
Proven.	The woodbine I will pu', when the ev'ning star is near, Ib.
Has proven to its [the Kirk's] ruin: . The Ordination. 8.	Public.
Proverb. In his sly, dry, sententious, proverb way!	And dares the public like a noontide sun. Ep. fr. Esopus.
Prologue, at Th., D	Wha bring thy elders to disgrace, An' public shame. Holy Willie's Prayer. 10.
Proverb'd. Unlike sage proverb'd wisdom's hard wrung boon.	by a generous Public's kind acclaim, Prologue, sp. by Woods.
Ep. to R. Graham. 5. Will time, amus'd with proverb'd lore,	Thou art the life o' public haunts; . Scotch Drink. 8.
Add to our date one minute more? Sketch. New-Yr's Day.	Their galloping thro' public places, The Twa Dogs. 31.
Proveses [Provosts].	A candid lib'ral band is found
Ye worthy Proveses, an' mony a Bailie,	Of public teachers, To Rev. J. M'Math.
Wha in the paths o' righteousness did toil ay; The Brigs of Ayr. 9.	Pu'd [pulled, gathered].
Provide.	These wild-wood flowers I've pu'd to deck That spotless breast o't hipe:
O Thou, who kindly dost provide For every creature's want! . A Grace before Dinner.	That spotless breast o' thine; . S. Behold, my love † How sune it [wild-rose] tines its scent and hue When pu'd and worn a common toy! S. I do confess t
Would, in the way His Wisdom sees the best,	When pu'd and worn a common toy! S. I do confess t
For them and for their little ones provide;	And pu'd the gowans fine; . S. Shld auld acquaintance †
Provided. The Cotter's Sat. Night. 18.	Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Then chance and fortune are sae guided,	S. The Banks of Doon. Sett. II.
They're ay in less or mair provided; The Twa Dogs. 16.	Puddin-race [pudding-race]. Great Chieftan o' the Puddin-race! To a Haggis.
Providence.	
If Providence has sent me here, 'Twas surely in an anger. Ep. on being neglected at In. Inn.	Puddock-stool [a toad-stool, a mushroom]. May sprout like simmer puddock-stools
	In glen or shaw; To W. Creech.
To mark where England's province stands S. The Union.	Puff'd. Conceited gowk! puff'd up wi' windy pride!
Proving.	Puir [poor].
But Mousie, thou art no thy-lane,	Was e'er puir Poet sae befitted, . On B.'s Horse Impound.
In proving foresight may be vain; To a Mouse.	Puir harmless beast! tak thee nae care,
Provoke.	my puir, silly, rhymin' clatter . Second Ep. to Davie.
"Whoe'er shall provoke thee, th' encounter shall rue!" S. Caledonia.	But for the Muse, she'll never leave ye,
We live like two lambs and we seldom provoke;	Tho' e'er sae puir,
S. The Poor Thresher.	
Dwarrals'd	Or frae puir man a blessin wan, S. The Laddies by †
Provok'd. Provok'd beyond bearing, at last she arose, S. Caledonia.	Or trae puir man a blessin wan, S. The Laddies by † For what?—to gie their malice skouth On some puir wight, To Rev. J. M'Math.

Puke.	Purpling.
Then like a swine to puke an' wallow, To Mr. J. Kennedy.	When upward-springing, blythe, to greet
Pull. Pull the string, ruling passion, the picture will show him. Frag. inscr. to Fox.	Purpose. The purpling East. To a Mountain-Daisy.
Pulse. Think, when your castigated pulse Gies now and then a wallop, Add. to Unco Guid. 4.	The generous purpose, nobly dear, . S. My Mary's face i
Her feeble pulse gies strong presumption	after proper purpose of amendment, . Remorse. A Frag. He cam on purpose for to court me, . S. The auld man
Death soon will end her. Letter to J. Goudie.	Purse. There Centum per Centum, the Cit with his purse;
Tumultuous tides his pulses roll, S. On a bank of flowers † Wild to my heart the filial pulses glow, On Death of Sir J. Blair.	S. No Churchman am I
While Love's luxurious pulse beat high, . The Lament.	Noosing with care a bursting purse, Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. — A beardless boy comes o'er the hills,
'I saw thy pulse's maddening play, The Vision. D. II. 17.	Wi uncle's purse, and a that; The Election Ballads. 11.
Ev'ry pulse along my veins, Tells the ardent lover S. Thine am I †	Without a penny in my purse To buy a meal to me S. The Highl, Widow's Lament.
Pulteney. Not Pulteney's wealth can Pulteney save;	He draws a bonie, silken purse
The Election Ballads. VI. Pumps. And stockings and pumps to put on my stumps,	As lang's my tail, The Twa Dogs. 8. My purse is light, I've far to gang, S. When wild War's
Pun' [pounds].	Purse-proud.
He'll draw me fifteen pun' at least The Inventory.	Or purse-proud, big wi' cent per cent, An' muckle wame, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 11.
Punch.	The harpy, hoodock, purse-proud race, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 7.
Out owre a glass o' Whisky-punch Scotch Drink. 17. Pund [pound].	Pursie [dim. of purse].
They drew me thretteen pund an' twa, A Guid New-year 15.	I'll seek my pursie whare I tint it, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 12. For mony a pursie she had hooked, The Jolly Beggars. R. IV.
That sark she coft for her wee Nannie, Wi' twa pund Scots, ('twas a' her riches), Tam o' Shanter. 15.	Pursue.
The weary pund, the weary pund,	But shall thy legal rage pursue
The weary pund o' tow; S. The weary Pund.	The Wretch, already crushed low . A Winter Night. 9. I saw mysel, they did pursue
And a' that she has made o' that, Is ae poor pund o' tow	The horse-men back to Forth, man S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
Punish. And punish each transgression; The Ordination. 5.	How quick Time is flying, how keen Fate pursues.
Puny. And tho' the puny wound appear, Short while it grieves. To J. S., 16.	S. The lazy mist Nor idle texts pursue; To Miss Ainslie.
Pupit [pulpit].	Nor idle texts pursue; To Miss Ainslie. My savage journey, curious, I pursue, Wr. in Kenmore Inn
Ye ministers, come mount the pupit, . El. on Year 1788. Puppy.	Pursued. And long pursued me with her eye.
For puppies like you there's but few. The Kirk's Alarm.	S. Slow spreads the gloom Pursuing. The ravining hawk pursuing,
Purblind.	The trembling dove thus flies, S. How cruel
So may be, on this Pisgah height, Bob's purblind, mental vision: The Dean of Fac	And furious Whigs pursuing! The Election Ballads. VI Pursuing Fortune's slidd'ry ba', The Farewell. To St. J.'s L.
Purchase. It's no in wealth like Lon'on Bank, To purchase peace and rest; Ep. to Davie. 5.	Pursuing past, unhappy loves! . S. The gloomy night
Tak tent how ye purchase a dram; The Election Ballads. III.	Pursuit. Or darkling grubs this earthly hole,
Pure.	In low pursuit, A Bard's Epit Pursy. But the pursy old landlord just waddl'd up stairs,
How fair and how pure is the lily, S. Adown winding Nith † Anguish unmingl'd and agony pure. S. Gloomy December.	S. No Churchman am I
Anguish unmingl'd and agony pure. S. Gloomy December. You rose-buds in the morning dew,	Push. And here's to them, that, like oursel, Can push about the jorum; S. O May thy morn
How pure, amang the leaves sae green; S. O bonie was you rosy	Push'd. They rush'd, and push'd, and blude outgush'd, S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor
While larks with little wing,	Pussie [a hare].
Fann'd the pure air, S. Phillis the Fair. How true is love to pure desert, S. Sae far awa.	As open pussie's mortal foes, When, pop! she starts before their nose; Tamo' Shanter. 17
Friendship's pure and lasting joys . S. Talk not of Love †	Put. 'Gudeman', quo he, 'put up your whittle,
So trembling, pure, was tender love Within the breast of bonie Jean. S. There was a lass †	Death and Dr. Hornbook. 10.
The lily it is pure, and the lily it is fair, . S. The Posie.	The witching cursed delicious blinkers Hae put me hyte, . Ep. to Maj. Logan. 10
Purely. A cool spectator purely! The Election Ballads. VI.	Put clods upon his head, John Barleycorn
Purer. How fair and how pure is the lily,	To put a young thing in a fright, S. O wat ye wat my My father put me frae his door, S. Oh how can I be blythe
But fairer and purer her breast. S. Adown winding Nith †	Bright wines and bonie lasses rare,
The op'ning gowan, wat wi' dew, Nae purer is than Nanie, O. , S. Behind yon hills †	To put us daft; Poem on Life
But purer was the lover's vow S. O bonie was you rosy †	And stockings and pumps to put on my stumps, Ronalds of Bennals
Riches denied, thy boon was purer joys, Sonnet, wr. on Birthday.	But just the pouchie put the nieve in, Second Ep. to Davie
Purest.	Put life and mettle in their heels Tam o' Shanter. 11 My mither she bade me put him to bed, S. The auld man
When purest in the dewy morn; . S. On Cessnock banks † Purge.	I put him to bed and he swore he wad wed, Ib
An' purge the bitter ga's an' cankers,	It puts but little in your pat; Sae dinna put me in your buke The Inventory
O' curst Venetian b—res an' ch-ncres. [v.A.13] The Twa Dogs. 23.	Their tricks an' craft hae put me daft,
Purg'd. As once on Pisgah purg'd was the sight	The Jolly Beggars. S. VII
Of a son of Circumcision, . The Dean of Fac. Purity. That purity ye pride in, . Add. to Unco Guid. 3.	Wi' pinch I put a Sunday's face on, What ails ye now Puzzle. All in all he's a problem must puzzle the Devil.
It is not purity and worth,	Fragment, inscr. to Fox
Else Jessy had not died Epit. on Miss Lewars.	Pye. My mither she bade me gie him some pye, S. The auld man
Purple. When purple morning starts the hare, S. Now rosy May †	I gae him some pye, and he lay'd the crust by, Ib
O were my love you lilac fair,	Pyet [a magpie].
With purple blossoms to the spring; S. O were my love † Or proud imperial purple. The Ans. to the Guidwife.	To cast my een up like a Pyet, When by the gun she tumbles o'er, Auld comrade †
C. Proud surposins beribios	

Dula Dila	Quebec.
Pyke v. Pike. Pyle [a single grain].	But yet, whatreck, he, at Quebec,
The cleanest corn that e'er was dight	Montgomery-like did fa', man, A Fragment. 2.
May hae some pyles o' caff in; Add. to Unco Guid. Mott.	Queen. In loyal, true affection, To pay your Queen, with due respect,
Quack. Not a' the quacks, wi' a' their gumption,	My fealty an' subjection A Dream. 8.
Will ever mend her, Letter to J. Goudie. While quacks of state must each produce his plan,	Whaever has met wi' my Phillis,
The Rights of Woman.	Has met wi' the queen o' the fair. S. Adown winding Nith† The Queen of love could never move
Quaffing.	With motion more enchanting S. As I gaed up by †
Wi' quaffing and laughing, They ranted an' they sang; The Jolly Beggars. R. I.	And we will live like king and queen, S. Duncan Davison.
I, ance, was ty'd up like a stirk,	One Queen Artemisa, as old stories tell,
For civilly swearing and quaffing; Ib. S. III.	Epig. on Henpecked Squire. But Queen N—, of a different complexion, Ib.
Quagmire. Ye bitterns, till the quagmire reels, Rair for his sake. El. on Capt. M. H. S.	Content and love bring peace and joy,
Quaick [quack].	What mair hae queens upon a throne? S. In simmer when t
wi' an eldritch, stoor quaick, quaick, Add. to the Deil. 8.	But I, the Queen of a' Scotland, Maun lie in prison strang Lament of Mary of Scots.
Quail. And nocht could him quail, S. There was a bonie lass †	Maun lie in prison strang Lament of Mary of Scots. I was the Queen o' bonie France,
Quaint. No fabled tortures, quaint and tame. The Lament.	But thou art queen within my breast
Quake. Ye'll quake at his conjuring hammer, Ye midnight b—es. On Grose's Peregrinations.	For ever to remain S. O lay thy loof †
Quaking, -in.	Thou art a queen, fair Lesley, S. O saw ye bonie L.
Ye'll some day squeel in quaking terror! A Ded. to G. H., 10.	O that's the queen o' woman-kind, S. O wat ye wha that loes †
My very heart an' saul are quakin', Holy Willie's Prayer. 14.	The brightest jewel in my crown, Wad be my queen, wad be my queen. S. O wert thou in t
Qualification. For talents to deserve a place Are qualifications saucy; The Dean of Fac	Yet an insect's an insect at most,
Quality. Some sort all our qualities each to its tribe,	The' metahing heavy's fabled queen: On an empty Fellow.
Frag., inser. to Fox.	Tho' matching beauty's fabled queen; S. On Cessnock banks †
But without some better qualities She's no the lass for me S. Handsome Nell.	The Q—, and the rest of the gentry, Poet. Add. to Tytler.
Quantum.	To paint the lovely hapless Scottish Queen! Scots Prologue.
I wave the quantum o' the sin; . Ep. to Young Friend. 6.	O! thou bright Queen, who, o'er th' expanse, Now highest reign'st, with boundless sway! The Lament.
Quarrel.	And Oneen of Poetesses; To a Lady.
Will you leave your justings, your jars, and your quarrels, Fragment, inscr. to Fox.	Parnassian queens, I fear, I fear,
wad send relief, An' end the quarrel Letter to J. Goudie.	Ye'll now disdain me, . To Dr. Blacklock.
How easy can the barley-brie	Queen shall she be in my bosom for ever. S. Twas na her bonie blue e'e †
Cement the quarrel! . Seotch Drink. 13.	Queen, to. That queens it o'er our taste—the more's the pity:
An' so the quarrel ended; . The Jolly Beggars. R. VI. Quarry.	Queensberry. Prologue, at Th., D
'I might as weel hae try'd a quarry	But Queensberry, thine the virgin claim,
'O' hard whin-rock. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 18.	From aught that's good exempt. On Duke of Queensberry.
Bairan a quarry, an' sic like, The Twa Dogs. 10.	As Queensberry blue and buff unfurled, The Election Ballads. VI.
Quart. But who can with Fate and Quart Bumpers contend? The Whistle. 16.	But cautious Queensberry left the war,
Quarter.	Queer. wi' funny, queer Sir John, . A Dream. 11.
Morality's demure decoys Shall here nae mair find quarter: The Ordination. 13.	Yet, scarce as lang's a guid kail whittle
An', large upon her quarter	I'm unco queer. Adam A—'s Prayer. Their capon craws and queer ha ha's, S. Amang the trees †
Come full that day A Dream. 13.	You mixtie-maxtie queer hotch-potch,
She's twisted right, she's twisted left, To balance fair in ilka quarter; . S. Willie Wastle †	The Coalition. The Author's Cry and Prayer.
Quarter basin. A mickle quarter basin. S. Gat ye me, †	Queerest. The queerest shape that e'er I saw, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 7.
Quarters. Death takes him hame to gie him quarters.	The Souter tauld his queerest stories; Tam o' Shanter. 5.
Quat [quit]. Epit. on Tam the Chapman.	Quell. To quell the Wicked's pride; . New Psalmody.
Sae I conclude and quat my chanter, . Auld comrade †	That charm that can the strongest quell,
Abjuring a' intentions evil,	Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
I quat my pen: Poem on Life.	To quench their lowan drouth, The Jolly Beggars. R. VIII.
Your friendship sir, I winna quat it, Third Ep. to J. Lap Then I maun rin amang the rest An' quat my chanter; Ib.	Some rascal's pridefu' greed to quench, The Twa Dogs. 21.
I shall say nae mair, But quat my sang, . To J. S., 29.	Quenched.
Quat [quitted].	quenched in darkness like the sinking star, Liberty.
But now he's quat the spurtle-blade,	Quenching. Pawn'd in a gin-shop
And dog-skin wallet, On Grose's Peregrinations.	Quenching holy drouth The Election Ballads. IV.
He blush'd for shame, he quat his name, The Fête Champetre.	Quentin.
The Curlers quat their roaring play, . The Vision. D. I.	And Quentin o' lads not the worst. The Election Ballads. III. Question. But 'twould be rude, you know, to ask the question;
Quaukin [quaking].	Question. But twould be rude, you know, to ask the question; Prologue, at Th., D
Guid L—d! but she was quaukin! Halloween. 12.	And many a question he ask'd him at large, S. The Poor Thresher.
Quean [a young woman].	Questions [the Shorter Catechism of the West
Weel I wat she was a quean Wad made a bodie's mouth to water; S. Donald Brodie.	Questions [the Shorter Catechism of the Westminster Divines. "Getting his questions," preparing his lessons, or speechl.
Wha follows ony saucy quean S. O Tibbie! †	
Now, Tam, O Tam! had the been queans,	The billie is gettin his questions, To say in Saint Stephen's the morn.
A' plump and strapping in their teens, Tam o' Shanter. 13. I see her yet, the sonsy quean,	The Election Ballads. III.
That lighted up my jingle; The Ans. to the Guidwife.	I on the questions targe them tightly; The Inventory.
Now I maun thole the scornfu' sneer O' mony a saucy quean; . The Ruined Maid's Lament.	Quey [a cow from one year to two years old]. The Deil or else an outler Quey,
O mony a saucy quean, . The remember man a Lument.	210 201 01 0100 010 0100 0100 0100 0100

Quick.	Shall I like a fool, quoth he,
	For a haughty hizzie die? S. Duncan Gray †
	Quoth I, 'Before I sleep a wink,
Wishin' the ten Egyptian plagues Wad seize you quick. Letter to J. Goudie.	I vow I'll close it; Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 6.
The dancers quick and quicker flew; . Tam o' Shanter. 12.	"L-d, G-d," quoth he, "I have it now, Lns to J. Ranken.
	Wi' bonnet aff, quoth I, "Sweet lass,
How quick Time is flying, how keen Fate pursues. S. The lazy mist †	I think ye seem to ken me; The Holy Fair. 4.
Quicken.	Quoth I, "With a' my heart, I'll do't; 1b. 6.
Poor Burns-e'en Scotch drink canna quicken, To W. Creech.	Quoth I, for shame, ye dirty dame, S. The weary pund.
Quicker. But souple Donald quicker flew, S. Donald Brodie †	Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, sweet lass, S. When wild War's †
Quickly.	
	Rab [dim. of Robert].
Peruse them an' return them quickly; . Auld comrade	She winna come hame to her ain Jock Rab. [re.] S. Eppie M'Nab.
And quickly stopped Ranken's breath.	But Rab slips out, an' jinks about,
Ens add. to J. Ranken. But I call'd her quickly back again,	
S. The lass that made the bed.	Our Stibble-rig was Rab M'Graen,
Let me, lassie, quickly die,	While Rab his name is The Author's Cry and Prayer.
Trusting that thou lo'es me: . S. Wilt thou be my	Sae I subscribe mysel in haste, Yours, Rab the Ranter Third Ep. to J. Lap.
Quiet. But hamely, tawie, quiet an' cannie,	
An' unco sonsie. A Guid-New-year † 5.	Race. Down the zodiac urge the race, . Ep. to H. Parker.
Long quiet she reign'd S. Caledonia.	Mauchline Race or Mauchline Fair,
And yet no grief has marr'd thy quiet, The Hermit.	Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 18. Who life and wisdom at one race begun EA to P. Contagn 5
Nay even thus invade a lady's quiet. The Rights of Woman.	Who life and wisdom at one race begun, Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
In quiet let me live;	Our race of existence is run S. Farewell, thou fair day t
Thus, resigned and quiet, creep	An' ev'n their sports, their balls an' races, The Twa Dogs. 31.
To the bed of lasting sleep; . Wr. in Friars-Carse H.	Reluctant, E stalk'd in; with piteous race
Quill. I doubt he's but a grey nick quill, The Twa Herds. 14.	The justling tears ran down his honest face! The Vowels.
And self-conceited critic skellum	Thro' fair, thro' foul, they urge the race, . To J. S., 18.
His quill may draw; To W. Creech.	Perhaps related to the race: A Ded. to G. H.
Quire v. Choir.	There's monie waur been o' the Race [of kings],
Quirk. Ye'll catechize him every quirk, To Gav. Hamilton.	And aiblins ane been better A Dream. 3.
Quit.	the Diamond's Ace, of Indian race, A Fragment.
Nor quit for me the trembling spray, S. O stay, sweet warbl.	Their hapless Race wild-wand'ring roam!
I, careless, quit aught else helow.	Add. to Edinburgh. 6.
But spare me, spare me Lucy dear. S. O wat ye wha's in t	Awa ye selfish, warly race, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 20.
Quite. Than quite refuse our law, man A Fragment.	The harpy, hoodock, purse-proud race, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 7.
But honest Nature is not quite a Turk, Ep. to R. Graham. 4.	Whose arms of love would grasp the human race:
Quite sick of merit's rudeness, The Dean of Fac.	Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
	The warly race may riches chase, S. Green grow the Rashes.
Quo' [quoth]. 'Gudeman,' quo' he, put up your whittle, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 10.	For here thou hast a chosen race; Holy Willie's Prayer. 10.
'Ay, ay!' quo' he, an' shook his head, Ib. 12.	'Go on, ye human race! Nature's Law.
Quo' she, 'Ye ken we've been sae busy	Conscious, hlushing for our race, . On scaring Waterfowl.
Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 3.	Discarded remnant of a race
Hiccup, quo' Kimmer, [re.] S. Gudeen to you Kimmer †	Once great in martial story! On Duke of Queensberry.
My head and my heart, now quo' she, are at rest,	A race outlandish fills their throne;
Jenny M'Craw.	An idiot race, to honour lost; On Window at Stirling.
Quo' she, an' laughan as she spak, . The Holy Fair. 4.	Or like the borealis race,
Quo' scho, wha lives will see the proof [re.] S. There was a lad †	That flit ere you can point their place; . Tam o' Shanter. 7.
Father, quo' she, Mither, quo' she, S. There's news, lasses †	Auld Brig appear'd of ancient Pictish race, The Brigs of Ayr. 4.
Indeed maun I, quo' Findlay [re.] S. Wha is that at my †	Fit only for a doited Monkish race,
Quo' I, 'I fear unless ye geld me,	And, agonising, curse the time and place
I'll ne'er be better.' . What ails ye now t	When ye begat the base, degen'rate race! Ib. 9.
"Geld you!" quo' he, "and whatfore no, Ib.	By her inspired, the new-born race Soon drew the avenging steel, man; The Tree of Liberty.
'Na, na,' quo' I, 'I'm no for that,	To see a Race heroic wheel, [v.A.4] . The Vision. D. I.
Quo' she, a sodger ance I lo'ed, . S. When wild War's †	She boasts a Race, To ev'ry nobler virtue bred,
Quo' she, my grandsire left me gowd,	And polish'd grace Ib. 15.
Quod [quoth].	'They Scotia's Race among them share; . Ib. D. II. 4.
Quod the Beadsman of Nith-side. Wr. in Friars-Carse H.	'Explore at large Man's infant race,
	Free as the wind, or feather'd race
Quondam.	That hop from spray to spray To Clarinda.
'Tis thy trusty quondam Mate, Ode, to Mem. of Mrs	The warly race may drudge an' drive, To W. Simpson. 16.
Quorum.	Racer Jess.
managing St. Stephen's quorum; Kind Sir I've read †	There racer Jess, an' twa-three wh-res,
The dearest o' the quorum [re.] . S. O May thy morn †	Are blinkan at the entry The Holy Fair. 9.
When mighty Squireships of the quorum,	Rachel.
Their hydra drouth did sloken. On dining with Daer.	Coila's fair Rachel's care to day, . Sketch, New-Yr's Day.
Quotation. 'The mock'd quotation of the scorner's jest,	Rack. Dr. Mac, Dr. Mac, you should stretch on a rack,
Quote. In vain wld Prudence †	The Kirk's Alarm.
	Racked, -'d.
And quotes thy treacheries to prove it true? Ep. fr. Esopus.	And pillows on the thorn my rack'd repose! Ep. fr. Esopus.
Quoted.	Our Laird gets in his racked rents, . The Twa Dogs. 8.
He quoted and he binted, . Extem. in Court of Session.	Racking.
Quoth.	Tearing my nerves wi' bitter pang,
Quoth Mary, "Love, I like the burn, S. As down the burn t	Like racking engines! . Add. to Toothache.
"Alas!" quoth I, "what ruefu' thance, As on the banks †	Rade [rode].
Quoth I, 'Guid faith,	That auld grey yaud, yea, Nidsdale rade.
'Ye're maybe come to stap my breath;	Astray upon Nidside The Election Ballads. V.
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 9.	
	Where'er I gaed, where'er I rade,
Waes me for Johnny Ged's-Hole now, Quoth I, . 1b. 23.	Where'er I gaed, where'er I rade, A mistress still I had aye: S. When first I came †

Radiant.	And frae my een the drapping rains
But now his radiant course is run, El. on Capt. M. H.	Maun ever flow. El. on Capt. M. H., 11.
Out-rival'd by the radiant eyes	Plashy sleets and beating rain, S. Jockey's ta'en the parting
Of youthful, charming Chloe. S. It was the charming t	That long has stood the wind and rain; Lament for Glencairn.
Her eyes outshine the radiant beams That gild the passing shower, S. Young Peggy †	And shield me frae the rain, jo. S. O Lassie, art thou t
Raep v. Rape.	O tell na me of wind and rain,
Rafters. Till roof and rafters a' did dirl. Tam o' Shanter. 11.	When flow'r-reviving rains are past; S. On Cessnock banks † May He who gives the rain to pour, On Birth of Posth. Child.
Rag. Expires in rags, unknown, and goes to Heaven.	Down from the rivulets, red with dashing rains,
Ode to Mem. of Mrs. —.	On Death of R. Dundas.
First, niest the fire, in auld, red rags, Ane sat; The Jolly Beggars. R.I.	Despising wind, and rain, and fire; Tam o' Shanter. 9.
And many a tatter'd rag hanging over my bum, . Ib. S. I.	heavy, dark, continued, a'-day rains The Brigs of Ayr. 7.
His rags regimental they flutter'd so gaudy, . Ib. S. II.	You murky cloud is foul with rain, S. The gloomy Night †
Rage.	Whene'er I meet my mither's e'e, My tears rin down like rain. The Ruined Maid's Lament.
Not all your rage, as now, united shows	And the rain rains down frae his red blear'd e'e,
More hard unkindness [than Man's], A Winter Night. 7.	S. To daunton me.
But shall thy legal rage pursue The Wretch, already crushed low,	And hail and rain does blaw; Winter.
Some cock or cat your rage maun stop, Add. to the Deil. 14.	Rainbow. Or like the rainbow's lovely form Evanishing amid the storm. Tam o' Shanter. 7.
Sinks in time's wintry rage S. But lately seen †	Rainy.
To show their deadly rage John Barleycorn.	The night's baith mirk and rainy, O; S. Behind yon hills †
Or youthful Pleasure's rage? . Man was made to Mourn.	And winter nights were dark and rainy;
The gentle look that rage disarms; . S. My Mary's face t	Rair [to roar].
When thro' his dear Strathspeys they bore with Highland rage;	Ye bitterns, till the quagmire reels,
The Brigs of Ayr. 12. Such is the rage of Battle. The Election Ballads. VI.	Rair for his sake. El. on Capt. M. H., 8.
They bind the wild, Poetic rage	The storm without might rair and rustle, Tam did na mind the storm a whistle. Tam o' Shanter. 5.
In energy, [v.A.4] The Vision. D. I.	Tam did na mind the storm a whistle. Tam o' Shanter. 5. Rairan [roaring].
He heeds or feels no more the ruthless Critic's rage!	But now the L—d's ain trumpet touts,
Rage, to. To R. G. of F., 5.	Till a' the hills are rairan, The Holy Fair. 21.
While maniac Winter rages o'er	Rair't [roared; 'wad rair't," would have roared].
The hills whence classic Yarrow flows,	Till sprittie knowes wad rair't an' risket, A Gude New-Year † 12.
Add. to Shade of Thomson. Is this the power in freedom's war	Raise.
That wont to bid the battle rage? Liberty.	When Masons' mystic word an' grip,
Ye tempests, rage! ye turbid torrents, roll!	In storm an' tempests raise you up, Add. to the Deil. 14.
On Death of R. Dundas.	Let other Poets raise a fracas 'Bout vines, an' wines, an' druken Bacchus, Scotch Drink.
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard, And whelm him o'er! To a Mountain-Daisy.	No nation, no station
Ragged. Yet aft a ragged Cowte's been known,	My envy e'er could raise: . The Ans. to the Guidwife.
To mak a noble Aiver: A Dream. 11.	But raise your arm, an' tell your crack Before them a', The Author's Cry and Prayer.
thro' the ragged roof and chinky wall, A Winter Night. 9. The followers o' the ragged Nine, Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 16.	An' raise a philosophic reek,
Mark our jovial, ragged ring! The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII.	The tickl'd ears no heartfelt raptures raise;
Here's our ragged Brats and Callets! Ib.	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 13.
Or leaves the faithfu' lass he lo'ed,	But still the Patriot, and the Patriot-Bard, In bright succession raise, her Ornament and Guard! 1b. 21.
To wear a ragged coat. The Ruined Maid's Lament.	They raise a din, that, in the end,
Amang the heathy hills and ragged woods Wr. by Fall of Fyers.	Is like to breed a rupture O' wrath The Holy Fair. 18.
Raging.	Thinking the story himself he did raise, S. The Poor Thresher.
And raging bend the naked tree; S. Again rejoic. Nature †	It raises man aboon the brute, . S, The Tree of Liberty.
raging fortune's withering blast [re.] S. Luckless Fortune.	How could you raise so vile a bustle, The Twa Herds. 3. Some rhyme to court the countra clash,
Tho' raging winter rent the air: . S. O wat ye wha's in t	An' raise a din; To J. S., 5.
My heart is wae, and unco wae, To think upon the raging sea, S. The bonie Lass of Alb	Raise, Rase [rose].
And I maun cross the raging sea, S. The Highland Lassie.	Till Suthron raise, an' coost their claise A Fragment. 9.
Whase raging flame, an' scorching heat,	"And peacefu' raise its ingle reek, . As on the banks †
Wad melt the hardest whun-stane! The Holy Fair. 22.	Fu' lightly rase I on the morn, Lament of Mary of Scots.
Or still the tumult of the raging sea: . Why am I loth t	Then slow raise Marjory o' the Lochs, The Election Ballads. I. Upon the morrow when we raise,
Ragings. What ragings must his veins convulse, That still eternal gallop: Add. to Unco Guid. 4.	I thank'd her for her courtesie;
Ragout.	S. The lass that made the bed.
Wi' sauce, ragouts, an' sic like trashtrie, The Twa Dogs. 9.	The Taylor rase and sheuk his duds, S. The Taylor he cam t
owre his French ragout,	Raised. Which rais'd us baith: Death and Dr. Hornbook. 31. Is heaven-ward raised in ecstasy On Lincluden.
Ragweed [the plant ragword].	That Pow'r which rais'd and still upholds
Tell how wi' you on ragweed nags, They skim the muirs an' dizzy crags, Add. to the Deil. 9.	This universal frame, The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps
Raible [to rattle nonsense].	Raising.
An' Orthodoxy raibles, The Holy Fair. 17.	While praising, and raising His thoughts to Heaven on high, Despondency, an Ode, 3.
Rall. No Churchman am I for to rail and to write,	Raisins. Men wha grew wise priggin owre hops an' raisins,
S. No Churchman am I†	The Bries of Avr. 10.
He rails at our mountebank squad, The Jolly Beggars. S. III. Railing. Cease, ye prudes, your envious railing,	Raize [to madden, inflame]. He should been tight that daur't to raize thee.
Lns under Pict. of Miss B.	Ance in a day A Guid New-Year † 2.
Rain. Wha wad mind the wind and rain, Sae weel row'd in his tartan plaidie. S. As I came o'er.	Rake.
The tears trickled down like the hail and the rain;	But point the Rake that taks the door; A Ded. to G. H., 8. Weel-pleas'd the Mother hears, it's nae wild, worthless Rake.
S. As I was a-wand ring †	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 7.

Polyo 4.	Power
Rake, to. Rake them, like Sodom and Gomorrah,	Range. Look abroad through Nature's range, S. Let not woman †
In brunstane stoure To Terraughty.	Range, to. Then let me range by Cassills' banks,
Rak'd. Or worthy friends rak'd i' the mools . Add. to Toothache.	I could range the world around,
Or worthy friends rak'd i' the mools . Add. to Toothache. The Fiddler rak'd her, fore and aft.	For the sake of Somebody S. Somebody.
Behint the Chicken cavie: The Jolly Beggars. R. VII.	When wretches range, in famish'd swarms, The scented groves, The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.
Rakish. For rakish rooks, like Rob Mossgiel O leave novels t	Altho' thro' foreign climes I range, S. The Highland Lassie.
Tis rakish art in Rob Mossgiel	I wha sae late did range and rove, S. Young Jamie,
Rallied.	Ranged, -'d.
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied, When out the hellish legion sallied. Tam o' Shanter. 16.	In order, on the clean hearth-stane, The Luggies three are ranged; Halloween. 27.
When out the hellish legion sallied. Tam o' Shanter. 16. Rally. Ere we permit a foreign foe,	We ranged a' from Tweed to Spey, The Jolly Beggars. S. IV.
On British ground to rally. S. Does haughty Gaul †	Where late with careless thought I rang'd, S. To thee, low'd Nith †
Ram. She was nae get o' runted rams, [v.A.19] Poor Mailie's El.	hanging,
Especial, rams that cross the breed, . The Ordination. 5.	Whyles, ranging like a roaran lion, . Add. to the Deil. 4. never ranging, still unchanging, S. Bonie Bell.
Rambling. The hairum-scairum, ram-stam boys,	never ranging, still unchanging, S. Bonie Bell. Rank, adj. "An' his heart is rank poison,"
The rambling squad: To J. S., 28. Ramfeezl'd [fatigued, overspent].	Another replies Epit. on Walter S.
The tapetless, ramfeezl'd hizzie, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 3.	O for some rank, mercurial rozet, To a Louse. Rank, s.
Ramgunshoch [rugged, surly, crabbed].	Thou ance was i' the foremost rank, A Guid New-Year 13.
our ramgunshoch, glum goodman S. Had I the wyte †	Thro' hostile ranks and ruin'd gaps Add. to Edinburgh. 7.
Ramsay. Ramsay an' famous Ferguson Gied Forth an' Tay a lift aboon; To W. Simpson.	It's no in titles nor in rank; It's no in wealth like Lon'on Bank,
Ram-stam [headlong, thoughtless].	To purchase peace and rest; Ep. to Davie. 5.
The hairum-scairum, ram-stam boys, To J. S., 28.	The words came skelpan, rank and file,
Ran. An' ran them till they a' did wauble, Far, far behin'! A Gude New-Year † 7.	Where Bruce ance rul'd the martial ranks, Halloween. And thieves of every rank and station, Lns add. to J. Ranken.
Towns-bodies ran, an' stood abiegh,	She talks of rank and fashion. S. O poortith cauld, †
For thus the royal Mandate ran, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 15.	Henceforth to meet with unconcern,
An' ran thro' midden-hole an' a',	One rank as well's another; On dining with Daer. Thou comes—they rattle i' their ranks
S. O gin ye were dead.	At ither's arses! Scotch Drink. 18.
Bright ran thy line, O G On same Lord G.	We've got frae a' professions, sorts, an' ranks: Scots Prologue.
So ran the far-fam'd Roman way, So ended in a mire Ib. Auld Aire ran by before me, One night as I†	Miller brought up the artillery ranks, The Election Ballads. VI.
Wi' kindly bleat, when she did spy him,	The Tory ranks are broken
She ran wi' speed: Poor Mailie's El	The rank is but the guinea's stamp, S. The Honest Man. The pith of sense, and pride of worth,
And reekin red ran mony a sheugh, S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	Are higher ranks than a' that
Foreby a Cowt, o' Cowts the wale, As ever ran afore a tail The Inventory.	'The humbler ranks of Human-kind, The Vision. D. II. 7.
As ever ran afore a tail	Rank, to. Could rank my rig and lass; . The Ans. to the Guidwife.
The hirelings ran-her foes gied chase, The Tree of Liberty.	Few men o' sense will doubt your claims
The justling tears ran down his honest face! The Vowels.	To rank amang the Nowte
Gay Pleasure ran riot as bumpers ran o'er; <i>The Whistle. 13</i> . Who sin so oft have mourn'd, yet to temptation ran?	What flock wi' M[ood]y's flock could rank, The Twa Herds. Ranked, -'d.
Why am I loth †	And ranked plagues their numbers tell,
Randie [boisterous, quarrelsome]. a merry core O' randie, gangrel bodies,	In dreadfu' raw, Add. to Toothache. The glittering spears are ranked ready, S. My bonie Mary.
The Jolly Beggars, R. I.	An' yet he's rank'd amang the chief
Randie, -y [a scold, shrew].	O' lang syne saunts What ails ye now t
And bann'd the cruel randy, S. Had I the wyte† Reif randies I disown ye! . S. Louis what reck I†	"There's just the man I want in faith,"
Random.	And quickly stopped Ranken's breath. Lns to J. Ranken. He who of R-k-n sang, lies stiff and dead,
So ne'er a fellow-creature slight For raudom fits o' daffin Add. to Unco Guid. Mott.	Lns while on Death-bed.
Or if she [Religion] gie a random-sting	Rankling, -in'. I canna to mysel' conceal
It may be little minded; . Ep. to Young Friend. 10.	My deeply-ranklin' sorrow Verses under Grief.
Wha dearly like a random-splore; On Scot. Bard gne to W.I. Knowledge, on a random tramp, . The Brigs of Ayr. 10.	Find balm to soothe her bitter rankling wounds: Wr. in Kenmore Inn.
If, in their random, wanton spouts,	Rant [a jollification; uproar, tumult, outrage].
They near the margin stray; The Petition of Br. Water.	in your wicked, druken rants, Ep. to J. R., 2.
beneath the random bield O' clod or stane, To a Mountain-Daisy.	But thee, what were our fairs and rants? Scotch Drink. 8. As fill'd his after life wi' grief
Has blest me with a random-shot O' countra wit	An' bloody rants, What ails ye now t
I gi'e their wames a random pouse, . What ails ye now t	My wicked rhymes, an' drucken rants,
Random, at. Let Fortune's gifts at random flee,	Rant, to [live wastefully]. While Coofs on countless thousands rant, Ep. to Davie. 2.
S. Bonie Lassie, will ye go † 'Let fortune's wheel at random rin, S. O Phely,†	Ranted [made boisterously merry].
Rang. Wi' jumping, an' thumping,	Wi' quaffing and laughing,
The vera girdle rang. The Iolly Bernars, R. I.	They ranted an' they sang; . The Jolly Beggars. R. I. Ranter [a roving, frolicking fellow].
The bells they rang, and the carlins sang, S. The last braw bridal †	Yours, saint or sinner, Rob the Ranter. Auld Comrade †
Except where green-wood echoes rang S. Twas even—the dewy †	Sae I subscribe mysel in haste,
5. I was even—int aewy f	Yours, Rab the Ranter. Third Ep. to J. Lap.

Rantin [bolsterous mirth].	Then raptured sip and sip it up. Wr. in Friars-Carse H.
A certain Bardie's rantin, drinkin, Add. to the Deil. 20.	Rapturous. the rapturous charm o' the bonie green knowes,
Run de'ils for rantin' an' for noise; . The Inventory.	S. Awa' wi' yr witchcraft †
Ranting, -an [making merry].	Rare, Mally's rare, Mally's fair, S. O Mally's meek.
When ranting round in Pleasure's ring,	Bright wines and bonnie lasses rare, To put us daft; Poem on Life.
Ep. to Young Friend. 10.	To put us daft; Poem on Life. O rare! to see thee fizz an' freath
The young anes rantan thro' the house The Twa Dogs. 20.	I' the lugget caup! Scotch Drink. 10.
Ranting, -in, -an [jolly, merry].	Oh, rare! to see our elbucks wheep, . The Ordination. 7.
'An' ay a rantan Kirn we gat,	Rarely.
Upon a rantin Highlandman. S. O gin ye were dead.	Down Pleasure's stream, wi' swelling sails,
The rantin dog, the daddie o't. S. O wha my babie-clouts †	I'm tauld ye're driving rarely; A Dream. 10.
Lament him a' ye rantan core, On Scot. Bard gne to W.I.	Her heart was beating rarely: . S. The Rigs o' Barley.
For mony a rantin day	I canna say but ye strunt rarely, To a Louse.
My fiddle and I hae had S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie.	Rarer. Some other rarer sorts are wanted yet, Ep. to R. Graham. 2.
A rhyming, ranting, raving billie, The Twa Dogs.	Rascal.
They get the jovial, rantan Kirns,	And rascals whyles that do him wrang, A Ded. to G. H., 5.
thae frank, rantan, ramblan billies, 1b. 26. Rantin' rovin' Robin!	Must earth no rascal, save thyself, endure? Ep. fr. Esopus.
Rantin' rovin' Robin! S. There was a lad† Rantingly [with great glee].	I'd take the rascal by the nose,
Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,	Wad say, Shame fa' thee. On Grose's Peregrinations.
Sae dauntingly gaed he; . S. Farewell, ye dungeons †	Some rascal's pridefu' greed to quench, . The Twa Dogs. 21.
Rap. But hark! a rap comes gently to the door;	And that curs'd rascal ca'd M'[Quh]e, The Twa Herds. 12.
Rape. The Cotter's Sat. Night. 7.	O Pope, had I thy satire's darts To gie the rascals their deserts, . To Rev. J. M'Math.
No murders or rapes worth the naming, To Capt. Riddel.	To gie the rascals their deserts, . To Rev. J. M'Math. Rase v. Rose.
Rape, Raep [a rope].	Rash. For none e'er approached her but rued the rash deed.
That vile, wanchancie thing—a raep! . Poor Mailie's El	Monody, on a Lady.
A thief, new-cutted frae a rape, . Tam o' Shanter. 11.	Rash mortal, and slanderous Poet, Reproof by Himself.
And thack and rape secure the toil-won crap;	When awful Beauty joins with all her charms,
He'd venture the gallows for siller,	Who is so rash as rise in rebel arms? The Rights of Woman. Or some rash aith The Vision. D. I. 6.
An 'twere na the cost o' the rape.	
He'd venture the gallows for siller, An 'twere na the cost o' the rape. The Election Ballads. III. Who should swing in a rape for an hour. The Visite Alexander.	I own 'twas rash, an' rather hardy, To Rev. J. M'Math.
wha should swing in a rape for an ingur. The Kirk's Atarm.	Rash [a rush], Green grow the rashes, O; . S. Green grow the rashes.
They'll gie her on a rape a hoyse, . The Ordination. 13.	Green grow the rashes, O; S. Green grow the rashes. As feckless as a wither'd rash, To a Haggis.
Rapid. Welcomes the rapid moments, bids them part, Sonnet, wr. on Birthday.	,
Rapier. An' draws a roosty rapier. The Jolly Beggars R. VI.	Rash-buss [a bush of rushes]. Ye, like a rash-buss stood in sight,
Raploch [coarse].	Wi' waving sugh Add. to the Deil. 7.
Tho' rough an' raploch be her measure,	Rashy [rushy].
She's seldom lazy Second Ep. to Davie.	Aboon the plain sae rashy, O, S. The Highland Lassie.
Rapt. rapt in meditation high, . The Brigs of Ayr. 3.	Rate.
Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire;	Wha rate the wearer by the cloak, To Mr. J. Kennedy.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 14.	Rattle.
Or thro' each nerve the rapture dart,	He [Time] bids you mind, amid your thoughtless rattle,
Like meeting her, our bosom's treasure. S. By Allan stream †	That the first blow is ever half the battle; Prologue, at Th., D
In holy rapture, Great lies and nonsense baith to vend, [v.A.6]	Hurl down wi' crashing rattle; The Election Ballads. VI.
Death and Dr. Hornbook.	Rattle, to.
Here, for my wonted rhyming raptures,	List'ning, the doors an' winnocks rattle, A Winter Night. 3.
I sit and count my sins by chapters; . Ep. to H. Parker.	'Their Latin names as fast he rattles
But folly has raptures to give. Lns on Windows, Gl. Tav.	As ABC. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 20.
And feel thro' every vein love's raptures roll. S. Mark vonder Pomb †	Still she undaunted reels and rattles on, Ep. fr. Esopus.
O heart-felt raptures! bliss beyond compare!	If you rattle along like your mistress's tongue,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 9.	Your speed will out-rival the dart: Extem. pinned to Coach. Thou comes—they rattle i' their ranks
The tickl'd ears no heart-felt raptures raise; Ib. 13.	At ither's arses! Scotch Drink. 18.
While dying raptures in her arms,	When the drums do beat,
I give and take with Anna! S. The gowd. Locks of A. In raptures sweet this hour we meet.	And the cannons rattle, S. The Captain's Lady.
The Jolly Beggars. S. VII.	To rattle the thundering drum was his trade; The Jolly Beggars. S. II.
Round and round take up the Chorus,	Then back I rattle on the rhyme
And in raptures let us sing Ib. S. VIII.	As gleg's a whittle! There's naethin like †
Kens the pleasure, feels the rapture, That thy presence gies to me S. Turn again, thou †	Rattl'd. Or rattl'd dice wi' Charlie By night or day A Dream. 10.
With joy, with rapture, I would toil; S. Twas even—the dewy	
	A ratton rattl'd up the wa',
Rapture-giving. The saul o' life, the heav'n below,	A ratton rattl'd up the wa',
Rapture-giving. The saul o' life, the heav'n below, Is rapture-giving woman. The Ans. to the Guidwife.	A ratton rattl'd up the wa',
Rapture-giving. The saul o' life, the heav'n below, Is rapture-giving woman. The Ans. to the Guidwife. Raptured, -'d,	A ratton rattl'd up the wa',
Rapture-giving. The saul o' life, the heav'n below, Is rapture-giving woman. The Ans. to the Guidwife. Raptured, -'d, Dear as the raptur'd thrill of joy! Add. to Edinburgh. 4.	A ratton rattl'd up the wa',
Rapture-giving. The saul o' life, the heav'n below, Is rapture-giving woman. The Ans. to the Guidwife. Raptured, -'d, Dear as the raptur'd thrill of joy! An' all the soul of Love they shar'd,	A ratton rattl'd up the wa',
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Rapture-giving. The saul o' life, the heav'n below, Is rapture-giving woman. The Ans. to the Guidwife. Raptured, -'d, Dear as the raptur'd thrill of joy! Add. to Edinburgh. 4. An' all the soul of Love they shar'd, The raptur'd hour, Add. to the Deil, 15. the Lover's raptur'd hour. The Calf. How have the raptur'd moments flown! The Lament. 4. Twin'd amorous round the raptur'd scene:	A ratton rattl'd up the wa',

Pottony on [a not]	Den Martin III II
Ratton, -an [a rat].	Ray. May Health and Peace, with mutual rays, Shine on the evining o' his days; A Ded. to G. H., 14.
A ratton rattl'd up the wa',	Sinhe on the evening o his days; A Ded. to G. H., 14.
Satan, Watches, like bawd'rons by a rattan, . Poem on Life.	And bless the parent's evening ray, S. A Rosebud by my †
While frighted rattons backward leuk,	And ne er shall glimmering planet fiv
An seek the benmost bore: . The Jolly Beggars. R. II.	My worship to its ray. S. Farewell, dear mistress †
And heard the restless rattons squeak	That only ray of solace sweet S. Forlorn, my Love t
And heard the restless rattons squeak About the riggin The Vision. D. I. 3.	Whyles glitter'd to the nightly rays, Halloween. 25.
nation-key.	Nae ray of fame was to be found: Lament for Glencairn.
from Glenbuck, down to the Ratton-key, The Brigs of Ayr. 7.	When Cynthia lights, wi' silver ray,
Raucle [rash; stout; fearless].	S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite t
Auld Scotland has a raucle tongue;	I d lan it wi a constant gale
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 22.	Beneath the noontide's scorching ray: S. O were my love t
Then niest outspak a raucle Carlin, The Jolly Beggars. R. IV.	A ray direct from pitying Heaven, On scaring Water-fowl.
Raught [reached].	Blooming in the sunny ray; S. Sensibility †
The auld guidman raught down the pock, Halloween. 17.	To From hombs with town?t.
Ravage.	Home of my youth, he leads the day.
And bid wild war his ravage end, S. How can my poor heart †	Home of my youth, he leads the day. Shading from the huming sees. S. Slow spreads the gloom t
	bhading from the building ray
By early Winter's ravage torn; . S. The gloomy night †	Hapless wretches sold to toil, . S. Streams that glide †
Rave. cease your strife, Nor longer idly rave,	While thick the gossamour waves wanton in the rays.
S. Husband, husband	The Brigs of Ayr.
Thro' the woods the whirlwinds rave; S. I dream'd I lay	There ever bask in uncreated rays, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 16.
And in the narrow house o' death	Ilk star gae hide thy twink'ling ray S. The gowd. Locks of A.
Let winter round me rave; Lament of Mary of Scots.	He levell'd his rays where she bask'd on the brae—
Where the wild winds of winter incessantly rave,	His rays were outshone, and but mark'd where she lay.
Lament on leaving Nat. Land.	S. The heather was blooming †
An' rowth o' rhyme to rave at will, . Scotch Drink. 21.	I joyless view thy rays adorn, The faintly-marked distant hill: The Lament.
Life's poor day I'll musing rave, . S. Streams that glide †	Ev'n ev'ry ray of Hope destroy'd,
Chill runs my blood to hear it rave, S. The gloomy night †	Beneath thy silver-gleaming ray,
Rave to my darkly dashing stream,	Young Fancy's rays the hills adorning! . To J. S., 15.
The Petition of Br. Water.	Thou ling'ring star with less'ning and The Total is
Howling tempests o'er me rave! . S. Thickest night †	Thou ling'ring star, with less'ning ray, To Mary in Heaven.
When winds rave thro' the naked tree; To W. Simpson. 13.	Reach. To reach their native, kindred skies,
His sad complaining dowie raves S. Young Jamie, †	Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 18.
Rav'd. So touched, bewitched, I rav'd ay to mysel:	When soon or late they reach that coast, O'er life's rough ocean driven, . O Thou dread Pow'r
The Ans. to the Guidwife.	
	The joy can scarcely reach the heart. The Twa Dogs. 31.
The rev'rend gray-beards rav'd an' storm'd, To W. Simpson. P.S	Reach'd. Her strappan limb an' gausy middle, (He reach'd nae higher) The Jolly Beggars. R. V.
Raven.	At langth I reach'd the honner also
Her flowing locks, the raven's wing, S. Her flowing locks †	At length I reach'd the bonny glen, Where early life I sported; S. When wild War's†
Your locks were like the raven, . S. John Anderson, †	Read, to.
He who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,	And in the keen, yet tender eye,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 18.	O read th' imploring lover S. Could aught of song †
Come in thy rayen plumage night S The good Locks of A	
Come, in thy raven plumage, night, S. The gowd. Locks of A.	And nought but peat reek i' my head.
Ravening. The ray'ning hawk pursuing	And nought but peat reek i' my head, How can I write what ye can read? . Ep. to H. Parker.
Ravening. The rav'ning hawk pursuing, The trembling dove thus flies, S. How cruel †	And nought but peat reek i' my head, How can I write what ye can read? . Ep. to H. Parker. Here's freedom to him that wad read,
Ravening. The ravining hawk pursuing, The trembling dove thus flies, S. How cruel † Even as two howling, ravening wolves	And nought but peat reek i' my head, How can I write what ye can read? Here's freedom to him that wad read, S. Here's a health to them †
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Ravening. The ravining hawk pursuing, The trembling dove thus flies, S. How cruel † Even as two howling, ravening wolves To dogs do turn their tail. New Psalmody. We still keep the ravening wolf from the door. The Poor Thresher. Raving. While raving mad, I wish a heckle Were in their doup. And mix'd her wailings with the raving storm. On Death of Sir J. Blair. Raving winds around her blowing, S. Raving winds † A rhyming, ranting, raving billie, The Twa Dogs. 4. Ravish'd. So deckt the woodbine sweet yon aged tree, So from it ravish'd, leaves it bleak and bare. El. on Miss Burnet. The mother linnet in the brake Bewails her ravish'd young; S. Fate gave the word, †	And nought but peat reek i' my head, How can I write what ye can read? Here's freedom to him that wad read, S. Here's a health to them † Let simple maid the lesson read, S. O Lassie, art thou † when you read the simple artless rhymes, Once fondly lov'd † Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read, Ilk man and mother's son take heed: Tam o' Shanter. 19. Or R[obinson] again grown weel, To preach an' read? Tam Samson's El The priest-like father reads the sacred page, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 14. Read. Kind Sir, I've read your paper through, Kind Sir, I've read † I've read it o'er and o'er, Symon Gray† Come, let a proper text be read, The Ordination. 4.
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Ravening. The rav'ning hawk pursuing, The trembling dove thus flies, S. How cruel † Even as two howling, ravening wolves To dogs do turn their tail. New Psalmody. We still keep the ravening wolf from the door. The Poor Thresher. Raving. While raving mad, I wish a heckle Were in their doup. Add. to Toothache. And mix'd her wailings with the raving storm. On Death of Sir J. Blair. Raving winds around her blowing, S. Raving winds † A rhyming, ranting, raving billie, The Twa Dogs. 4. Ravish'd. So deckt the woodbine sweet yon aged tree, So from it ravish'd, leaves it bleak and bare. El. on Miss Burnet. The mother linnet in the brake Bewails her ravish'd young; S. Fate gave the word, † Raw [a row]. coost their claise Behind him in a raw, A Fragment. 9.	And nought but peat reek i' my head, How can I write what ye can read? Here's freedom to him that wad read, S. Here's a health to them to Let simple maid the lesson read, S. Here's a health to them to Let simple maid the lesson read, S. O Lassie, art thou to when you read the simple artless rhymes, Once fondly lov'd to Now, what this tale o' truth shall read, Ilk man and mother's son take heed: To preach an' read? Tam o' Shanter. 19. Or R[obinson] again grown weel, To preach an' read? Tam Samson's El. The priest-like father reads the sacred page, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 14. Read. Kind Sir, I've read your paper through, Kind Sir, I've read to I've read it o'er and o'er, Symon Gray to Come, let a proper text be read, The Ordination. 4. Still, as in Scottish story read, The Vision. D. I. 15. Your news and review, Sir, I've read through and through, Sir, To Capt. Riddel. Reader. Reader attend A Bard's Epit.
Ravening. The rav'ning hawk pursuing, The trembling dove thus flies, S. How cruel † Even as two howling, ravening wolves To dogs do turn their tail. New Psalmody. We still keep the ravening wolf from the door. The Poor Thresher. Raving. While raving mad, I wish a heckle Were in their doup. Add. to Toothache. And mix'd her wailings with the raving storm. On Death of Sir J. Blair. Raving winds around her blowing, S. Raving winds † A rhyming, ranting, raving billie, The Twa Dogs. 4. Ravish'd. So deckt the woodbine sweet yon aged tree, So from it ravish'd, leaves it bleak and bare. El. on Miss Burnet. The mother linnet in the brake Bewails her ravish'd young; S. Fate gave the word, † Raw [a row]. coost their claise Behind him in a raw, A Fragment. 9. And ranked plagues their numbers tell,	And nought but peat reek i' my head, How can I write what ye can read? Here's freedom to him that wad read, S. Here's a health to them? Let simple maid the lesson read, Now, what this tale o' truth shall read, llk man and mother's son take heed: Or R[obinson] again grown weel, To preach an' read? The priest-like father reads the sacred page, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 14. Read. Kind Sir, I've read your paper through, Kind Sir, I've read? I've read it o'er and o'er, Come, let a proper text be read, Still, as in Scottish story read, Your news and review, Sir, I've read through and through, Sir, Reader. Reader attend But when Divinity comes cross me, My readers then are sure to lose me. A Ded. to G. H., 11.
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Ravening. The rav'ning hawk pursuing, The trembling dove thus flies, S. How cruel † Even as two howling, ravening wolves To dogs do turn their tail. New Psalmody. We still keep the ravening wolf from the door. The Poor Thresher. Raving. While raving mad, I wish a beckle Were in their doup. Add. to Toothache. And mix'd her wailings with the raving storm. On Death of Sir J. Blair. Raving winds around her blowing, S. Raving winds † A rhyming, ranting, raving billie, The Twa Dogs. 4. Ravish'd. So deckt the woodbine sweet yon aged tree, So from it ravish'd, leaves it bleak and bare. El. on Miss Burnet. The mother linnet in the brake Bewails her ravish'd young; S. Fate gave the word, † Raw [a row]. coost their claise Behind him in a raw, A Fragment. 9. And ranked plagues their numbers tell, In dreadfu' raw, Add. to Toothache. Still shearing and clearing The tither stooked raw; The Ans. to the Guidwife.	And nought but peat reek i' my head, How can I write what ye can read? Here's freedom to him that wad read, S. Here's a health to them? Let simple maid the lesson read, Now, what his tale o' truth shall read, llk man and mother's son take heed: Or R[obinson] again grown weel, To preach an' read? The priest-like father reads the sacred page, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 14. Read. Kind Sir, I've read your paper through, Kind Sir, I've read? I've read it o'er and o'er, Come, let a proper text be read, Still, as in Scottish story read, Your news and review, Sir, I've read through and through, Sir, Reader. Reader attend But when Divinity comes cross me, My readers then are sure to lose me. Whoe'er thou art, O reader, know, That Death has murder'd Johnie; Reader, dost value matchless worth?
Ravening. The ravining hawk pursuing, The trembling dove thus flies, S. How cruel † Even as two howling, ravening wolves To dogs do turn their tail. New Psalmody. We still keep the ravening wolf from the door. The Poor Thresher. Raving. While raving mad, I wish a heckle Were in their doup. Add. to Toothache. And mix'd her wailings with the raving storm. On Death of Sir J. Blair. Raving winds around her blowing, S. Raving winds † A rhyming, ranting, raving billie, The Twa Dogs. 4. Ravish'd. So deckt the woodbine sweet yon aged tree, So from it ravish'd, leaves it bleak and bare. El. on Miss Burnet. The mother linnet in the brake Bewails her ravish'd young; S. Fate gave the word, † Raw [a row]. coost their claise Behind him in a raw, A Fragment. 9. And ranked plagues their numbers tell, In dreadfu' raw, Add. to Toothache. Still shearing and clearing The tither stooked raw; The Ans. to the Guidwife. Here sits a raw o' tittlan jads, The Holy Fair. 9.	And nought but peat reek i' my head, How can I write what ye can read? Here's freedom to him that wad read, S. Here's a health to them? Let simple maid the lesson read, S. O Lassie, art thou? when you read the simple artless rhymes, Once fondly lov'd? Now, what his tale o' truth shall read, Ilk man and mother's son take heed: Or R[obinson] again grown weel, To preach an' read? The priest-like father reads the sacred page, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 14. Read. Kind Sir, I've read your paper through, Kind Sir, I've read? I've read it o'er and o'er, Symon Gray? Come, let a proper text be read, The Ordination. 4. Still, as in Scottish story read, The Vision. D. I. 15. Your news and review, Sir, I've read through and through, Sir, The read through and through, Sir, The read through and through, Sir, The read through and through sir, I've read through and through comes cross me, My readers then are sure to lose me. Whoe'er thou art, O reader, know, That Death has murder'd Johnie; Reader, dost value matchless worth? Lns on Window, F.'s-C. Her.
Ravening. The rav'ning hawk pursuing, The trembling dove thus flies, S. How cruel † Even as two howling, ravening wolves To dogs do turn their tail. New Psalmody. We still keep the ravening wolf from the door. The Poor Thresher. Raving. While raving mad, I wish a heckle Were in their doup. And mix'd her wailings with the raving storm. On Death of Sir J. Blair. Raving winds around her blowing, S. Raving winds † A rhyming, ranting, raving billie, The Twa Dogs. † Ravish'd. So deckt the woodbine sweet yon aged tree, So from it ravish'd, leaves it bleak and bare. El. on Miss Burnet. The mother linnet in the brake Bewails her ravish'd young; S. Fate gave the word, † Raw [a row]. coost their claise Behind him in a raw, A Fragment. 9. And ranked plagues their numbers tell, In dreadfu' raw, Add. to Toothache. Still shearing and clearing The tither stooked raw; The Ans. to the Guidwife. Here sits a raw o' tittlan jads, The Holy Fair. 9. The Ordination.	And nought but peat reek i' my head, How can I write what ye can read? Here's freedom to him that wad read, S. Here's a health to them † Let simple maid the lesson read, when you read the simple artless rhymes, Once fondly lov'd † Now, what this tale o' truth shall read, llk man and mother's son take heed: Or R[obinson] again grown weel, To preach an' read? The priest-like father reads the sacred page, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 14. Read. Kind Sit, I've read your paper through, Kind Sir, I've read † I've read it o'er and o'er, Come, let a proper text be read, Still, as in Scottish story read, Your news and review, Sir, I've read through and through, Sir, But when Divinity comes cross me, My readers then are sure to lose me. Whoe'er thou art, O reader, know, That Death has murder'd Johnie; Reader, dost value matchless worth? Lns on Window, F.'s-C. Her Readily, I readily and freely grant, A Ded. to G.H., 5.
Ravening. The rav'ning hawk pursuing, The trembling dove thus flies, S. How cruel † Even as two howling, ravening wolves To dogs do turn their tail	And nought but peat reek i' my head, How can I write what ye can read? Here's freedom to him that wad read, S. Here's a health to them? Let simple maid the lesson read, S. O Lassie, art thou? when you read the simple artless rhymes, Once fondly lov'd? Now, what his tale o' truth shall read, llk man and mother's son take heed: Or R[obinson] again grown weel, To preach an' read? The priest-like father reads the sacred page, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 14. Read. Kind Sir, I've read your paper through, Kind Sir, I've read? I've read it o'er and o'er, Synnon Gray? Come, let a proper text be read, Still, as in Scottish story read, The Ordination. 4. Still, as in Scottish story read, The Ordination. 4. Still, as in Scottish story read, The Vision. D. I. 15. Your news and review, Sir, I've read through and through, Sir, I've read through and through, Sir, I've read through and through, Sir, I've read through and through comes cross me, My readers then are sure to lose me. Whoe'er thou art, O reader, know, That Death has murder'd Johnie; Reader, dost value matchless worth? Lus on Window, F.'s-C. Her Reading.
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Recount. Hark, injur'd Want recounts th' unlisten'd tale,
On Death of R. Dundas.

The landlord's laugh was ready chorus: Tam o' Shanter. 5.	Reason, to.
O mount and go, Mount and make you ready;	Can reason down its [his heart's] agonizing throbs;
S. The Captain's Lady.	Reasoning. Remorse. A Frag
An' soon I made me ready; The Holy Fair. 6. From the gilded Spontoon to the Fife I was ready,	Yes—all such reasonings are amiss! Sketch. New-Yr's Day.
The Jolly Beggars. S. II.	Reave.
With the ready trick and fable Ib. S. VIII.	To slink thro' slaps an' reave an steal, The Death of Mailie.
An' cut you up wi' ready slight, To a Haggis.	Rebel. To cowe the rebel generation, Add. of Beelzebub.
Ready-witted.	She swoor she saw some rebels run To Perth and to Dundee, man:
O Rough, rude, ready-witted R[ankine], . Ep. to J. R. Real. Till by an' by, if I haud on,	S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
I'll grunt a real Gospel groan: . Auld comrade †	When awful Beauty joins with all her charms, Who is so rash as rise in rebel arms? The Rights of Woman.
'Tis real hangmen, real scourges bear! . Ep. fr. Esopus.	Rebel. to. And if he offers to rebel,
The real, harden'd wicked, Wha hae nae check but human law, Ep. to Young Friend. 3.	Just heave him in. Adam A-'s Prayer.
They [Misfortunes] make us see the naked truth,	Wha fain would openly rebel, . The Twa Herds. 14.
The real guid and ill Ep. to Davie. 7.	Rebellion. With tumult, disquiet, rebellion, and strife; S. Caledonia. 5.
Tho' real friends I b'lieve are few, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 15.	Vain ev'n the omnipotence of Female charms,
But when compar'd with real passion; Poor is all that princely pride S. Mark yonder Pomp †	'Gainst headlong, ruthless, mad Rehellion's arms. Scots Prologue.
For a' the real judges rise,	Rebuke. The ungentle, harsh rebuke. Rusticity's ungainly †
They canna sit for anger The Holy Fair. 14. That when nae real ills perplex them,	Rebute [a rebut, repulse].
They mak enow themsels to vex them; The Twa Dogs. 29.	Ne'er break your heart for ae rebute, . S. O steer her up t
Nae real joys we know, man The Tree of Liberty.	Recalling.
'But give me real, sterling Wit, To J. S., 23.	While falling, recalling, The amorous thrush concludes his sang; S. Sae flaxen
Reality. I start and see The ruined sad reality! On Lincluden.	Receding. though from the world receding, The Hermit.
Really.	Receipt. Your billet, Sir, I grant receipt; To Mr. Renton.
And faith, to me, 'twas really new! Kind Sir, I've read †	Receive.
Realm.	And offers, bliss to give and to receive. Prologue, at Th., D.
To realms unknown while fate exiles me, Make her bosom still my home S. Highland Mary.	Receivin. Tho' life's a gift no worth receivin,
She goes, but not to realms of everlasting rest!	When heavy-dragg'd wi' pine an' grievin; Scotch Drink. 5.
Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.	Reck. And may ye better reck the rede,
O never, never Scotia's realm desert, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 21.	Than ever did th' Adviser! Ep. to Young Friend. 11.
Ream [cream].	Louis what reck I by thee, S. Louis what reck I † When I, what reck, Did least expect, S. The tither morn †
The nappy reeks wi' mantling ream, . The Twa Dogs. 20.	Reckless.
Ream, to [to cream, froth, foam].	And come to stop those reckless vows,
Or, richly brown, ream owre the brink, In glorious faem, Scotch Drink. 2.	Would soon been broken. The Vision. D. I. 9. Reckon.
O sweetly, then, thou reams the horn in! Ib. 9.	Reckon. Their groves of sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon,
But there it streams an' richly reams, My Helicon I ca' that. The Jolly Beggars. S. VII.	S. Their groves of t
Ream'd [frothed, foamed].	Reckon'd.
The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's noddle,	When first amang the yellow corn A man I reckon'd was; The Ans. to the Guidwife.
Fair play, he car'd na deils a boddle. Tam o' Shanter. 11.	Reckt.
Reaming [creaming, foaming]. Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely; Tam o' Shanter. 5.	As little reckt I sorrow's power, S. Now Spring has clad t
Reap. To plough and sow, to reap and mow,	Recline. Oft in the vocal bowers recline? S. Slow spreads the gloom t
S. My father was a farmer †	Reclined.
by the reaper's nightly beam, The Petition of Br. Water.	Reclined on the lap of thy mother, On Death of fav. Child.
the Reaper's rustling noise, The Vision. D. II. 15.	Reclined that banner, erst in fields unfurl'd,
Rear,	On Death of Sir J. Blair.
With all the servile wretches in the rear, A Winter Night. 7.	Recognise. I, through the tender-gushing tear,
Rear'd. Her horn the pale-fac'd Cynthia rear'd; [v.A.20] A Vision.	Should recognise my Master dear, . A Ded. to G. H., 16.
An ancient Borough rear'd her head; The Vision. D. I. 15.	Recoiling.
Scarce rear'd above the Parent-earth	While back-recoiling seem'd to reel Their Suthron foes. [v.A.4] The Vision. D.I.
Thy tender form To a Mountain-Daisy.	As deep recoiling surges foam below, Wr. by Fall of Fyers.
What pity, in rearing so beauteous a system.	Recollection.
One triffing particular, Truth, should have miss'd him! Fragment, inscr. to Fox.	While recollection's power is giv'n, . A Ded. to G. H. 16. Keen Recollection's direful train, The Lament.
Reason.	Recompence.
Thoughts, words and deeds, the Statute blames with reason;	Had there not been some recompence To comfort those that mourn! Man was made to Mourn.
A Dream. Who feel by reason and who give by rule, Ep. to R. Graham. 5.	
Here holds her search by heaven taught Reason's beam;	Reconcile.
Prologue, sp. by Woods.	Confounds rule and law, reconciles contradiction Fragment, inscr. to Fox.
Alake! that e'er my Muse has reason, To wyte her countrymen wi'treason! . Scotch Drink. 14.	Reconcil'd.
Tam tint his reason a' thegither, . Tam o' Shanter. 16.	to the wrongs of Fate half reconcil'd, Wr. in Kenmore Inn.
But tell me Whisky's name in Greek,	Records. Shall no longer appear in the records of fame; Reproof by Himself.
I'll tell the reason. The Author's Cry and Prayer. P. What signifies his barren shine,	Eternity cannot efface Those records dear of transports past, To Mary in Heaven.
Of moral pow'rs an' reason? The Holy Fair. 15.	Recount. Hark, injur'd Want recounts th' unlisten'd tale,
Reason drops headlong from his sacred throne To Clarinda	On Death of P. Deindag

Reason drops headlong from his sacred throne, To Clarinda.

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Recover'd. If she had recover'd her hearing;	Reduc'd. But the Peace it reduc'd me to beg in despair,
S. Last May a braw wooer †	The Jolly Beggars. S. II. She reduc'd him to dust, and she drank up the Powder.
When rural life, of ev'ry station,	Epig. on Henpecked Squire.
Unite in common recreation; The Twa Dogs. 19. Recruit. The corps is no nice of recruits; The Kirk's Alarm.	Re-echo'd. Shook with a thunder of applause
Rectangle.	Re-echo'd from each mouth! The Jolly Beggars. R. VIII.
Rectangle-triangle, the figure we'll choose. S. Caledonia. 6. Red v. Rede.	Reed. Amang the reeds the ducklings cry, S. Again rejoicing nature †
Red [advised].	The shepherd stops his simple reed, S. Behold, my love, †
But Davie, lad, I'm red ye're glaikit; Second Ep. to Davie.	Come, join the melancholious croon O' Robin's reed! Poor Mailie's El
Red. O my Luve's like a red, red rose, . S. A red, red Rose. brimstone drink, Red, reeking, het. Adam A—'s Prayer.	I kittle up my rustic reed; It gies me ease. To W. Simpson.
The red peat gleams, a fiery kernel, . Ep. to H. Parker.	And the shepherd tents his flock as he pipes on his reed. S. You wild mossy mountains †
And blude red wine's the rysin Sun. S. Gane is the day †	Reedy. Ye heathy wastes immix'd with reedy fens, El. on Miss Burnet.
An' twa red cheeket apples,	Reek [smoke].
A toom tar barrel An' twa red peats . Letter to J. Goudie.	"And peacefu' raise its ingle reek, "That slowly curling clamb the hill As on the banks †
My Lady's white, my Lady's red, . S. My Lord a-hunting †	Hid in an atmosphere of reek, Ep. to H. Parker.
O gin my love were you red rose, S. O were my love † Down from the rivulets, red with dashing rains,	And nought but peat reek i' my head,
On Death of R. Dundas.	An' raise a philosophic reek, <i>The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.</i> The death o' devils, smoor'd wi' brimstone reek:
And reekin red ran mony a sheugh, S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	The Brigs of Ayr.
niest the fire, in auld, red rags, The Jolly Beggars. R. I.	I sat and ey'd the spewing reek, The Vision. D. I. 3. Reek, to [to smoke].
The polish'd leaves, and berries red, Did rustling play; . The Vision. D. II. 23.	An' pownies reek in pleugh or braik, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st.
Turned o'er in one bumper a bottle of red, The Whistle. 14.	The nappy reeks wi' mantling ream, . The Twa Dogs. 20.
Or fell, red smeddum,	Reeket, -it [smoked, smoky]. Wi' reeket duds, an' reestet gizz, . Add. to the Deil. 17.
And rain rains down frae his red blear'd e'e, Ib.	Till ilka carlin swat and reekit, . Tam o' Shanter. 12.
And Ettrick banks now roaring red While tempests blaw; To W. Creech.	A reckit wee deevil looks ower the wa', S. There liv'd ance a carle†
Red-breast. The soaring lark, the perching red-breast shrill,	Reeking, -in, -an [smoking].
Red-brown.	brimstone drink, Red, reeking, het. Adam A-'s Prayer.
Her moors red-brown wi' heather bells, To W. Simpson. 10.	The four-gill chap, we'se gar him clatter, An' kirs'n him wi' reekin water; Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 19.
Redcastle.	Or reekan on a New-year-mornin In cog or bicker, Scotch Drink. 9.
But we winna mention Redcastle, <i>The Election Ballads. III</i> . Pouncing poor Redcastle Sprawlin' like a taed	She'll teach you, wi' a reekan whittle,
Red-coat. "The red-coat lads wi' black cockauds	And reekin red ran mony a sheugh,
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor. And mony a huntit, poor Red-coat	S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
For fear amaist did swarf, man	'Mong swelling floods of reeking gore, The Vision. D. II. 5. And then, O what a glorious sight,
Redden'd. She gaz'd—she redden'd like a rose Syne pale like ony lily, S. When wild War's †	Warm-reekin, rich! To a Haggis.
Red-rusted.	Reeky, -ie [smoky; "Auld Reekie," Edinburgh]. Now he's ta'en her hame to his ain reeky den,
Five tomahawks, wi' blude red-rusted; Tam o' Shanter. 11. Red-wat-shod [red-wet-shod].	S. There liv'd ance a carle †
Still pressing onward, red-wat-shod,	Auld chuckie Reekie's sair distrest, To W. Creech. Reel. Rock and reel and spinnin wheel, . S. Gat ye me,†
Or glorious dy'd! To W. Simpson. Red-wud [very angry, stark mad].	Oh leeze me on my rock and reel;
An' now she's like to rin red-wud	S. The Contented Cottager. Reel [a lively dance].
About her Whisky. The Author's Cry and Prayer. 16. A d—n'd red-wud Kilburnie blastie; The Inventory.	'Till daft mankind aft dance a reel
Rede [counsel].	In gore a shoe-thick; . Add, to Toothache. 'Twas Pibroch, Sang, Strathspey, or Reels,
And may ye better reck the rede, Than ever did th' Adviser! Ep. to Young Friend. 11.	Are at it, skelpin! jig and reel,
Rede, Red, to [to counsel].	In my poor pouches Priend of the poet t
Ye gallants bright I rede ye right, S. A Masterton's bonie Anne.	But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels, Tam o' Shanter. 11. "There's threesome reels, there's foursome reels,
Ye gallants braw, I rede ye a',	S. The deil cam fiddlin' †
I red ye weel, tak care o' skaith, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 9.	Reel, to. Ye bitterns, till the quagmire reels,
I rede you right, gang ne'er at night, S. My heart was ance †	Rair for his sake. El. on Capt. M. H., 8.
If there's a hole in a' your coats, I rede you tent it: On Grose's Peregrinations.	Still she undaunted reels and rattles on, Ep. fr. Esopus. They make your youthful fancies reel, O leave novels t
I red you beware at the hunting, young men; S. The heather was blooming t	Till block an' studdie ring an' reel
"I red you, honest man, tak tent! To J. S., 7.	Wi' dinsome clamour Scotch Drink. 11.
Redeem. Which spurning contempt shall redeem from his ire.	While back-recoiling seem'd to reel Their Suthron foes. [v.A.4] The Vision. D. I.
Monody, on a Lady.	Reel'd. They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit, Tam o' Shanter. 12.
Enthusiasm's past redemption, Letter to J. Goudie.	He reel'd his wonted bottle-swagger, Tam Samson's El., 11.
Redoubled. Dulness, with redoubled sway Symon Gray † Redoubtable. Revers'd that spear, redoubtable in war,	Reeling. The ricket reeling of a crooked swagger? Ep. fr. Esopus.
On Death of Sir J. Blair.	The wounded coveys, reeling, scatter wide;
Redress. Wrongs injurious to redress, S. Thickest night †	The Brigs of Ayr.
)	

My heart rejoic'd in nature's joy, S. Twas even-the dewy t

Reestet [dried, singed, withered].	Regimental. His rags regimental they flutter'd so gaudy,
Wi' reeket duds, an' reestet gizz, . Add. to the Deil. 17. Reestet [stood restive].	The Jolly Beggars. S. II. Region. Through the dire desert regions of sorrow,
In cart or car thou never reestet, A Gude New-Year † 14.	On Death of fav. Child.
Refined, -'d.	Regret. More pointed still we make ourselves,
Beyond what Fancy e'er refin'd The voice of Nature prizing. S. Could aught of song †	Regret, Remorse and Shame! Man was made to Mourn.
Studied in arts of Hell, in wickedness refin'd!	Rehearse.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 19.	Or they rehearse, in equal verse, The charms o' lovely Davies S. Lovely Davies.
The joys refin'd of sense and taste, To Chloris. She showed her taste refined and just	In plaintive notes my tale rehearses To Clarinda.
Wr. on Leaf of "H. More."	a' your doings to rehearse, Add. to the Deil. 19.
when Wit and Refinement hae polish'd her [Beauty's] darts,	Reid [the Scotch metaphysician]. Reid, to common sense appealing Auld comrade †
S. You wild mossy mountains †	Reif [reaving, thieving: "reif randies," thieving
But oh! prodigious to reflect,	beggars; v. also Rief]. Kings and nations, swith awa!
A Towmont, Sirs, is gane to wreck! . El. on Year 1788.	Reif randies I disown ye! S. Louis what reck I†
Reflected. Reflected heams dwell in the streams.	Reign. Phoebe, in her midnight reign, A Winter Night. 6.
Reflected. Reflected beams dwell in the streams, Or down the current shatter; S. The Fête Champetre.	Her heavenly relations there fixed her reign, S. Caledonia. And may those pleasures gild thy reign,
Reflection.	That ne'er wad blink on mine! Lament of Mary of Scots.
So, nae reflection on Your Grace, A Dream. 3. nae reflection on your lear, The Ordination. 9.	He hugs his chain, and owns the reign . S. Lovely Davies. See aged winter 'mid his surly reign,
Reft. Your royal nest, beneath Your wing,	Sonnet, writ. on Birthday.
Is e'en right rest an' clouted, A Dream. 4.	Condemn'd to see my rival's reign, S. The last time I†
Of what enjoyments thou hast reft us! El. on Year 1788. Refuse.	Reign, to. She reigns without control. S. Handsome Nell. I reign in Jeanie's bosom. S. Louis what reck I †
Ought he can lend he'll not refus't, A Ded. to G. H., 5.	Or were I monarch o' the globe,
An' did nae less, in full Congress, Than quite refuse our law, man A Fragment.	Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign, . S. O wert thou in † Wildly here without control,
Oh! what will my torments be,	Nature reigns and rules the whole: S. Streams that glide †
If thou refuse thy Johnie? . S. Craigie-burn Wood.	Fancy, chief, Reigns, hagard-wild, in sore afright: The Lament.
Should she refuse, I'll lay my dead To her twa een sae bonie blue S. I gaed a waefu't	Another happy reigns
Yet I wadna choose to let her refuse, Ronalds of Bennals.	Your dear idea reigns, and reigns alone: Ib.
If thou refuse to pity me, S. Sweet fa's the eve † Now, wham to choose, and wham refuse,	Reigned, -'d. Long quiet she reign'd; . S. Caledonia. Here Stuarts once in glory reigned, On Window at Stirling.
At strife thir carlines fell; The Election Ballads. I.	And reign'd resistless king of love S. Young Jamie, †
Nor thou the gift refuse,	Reign'st. O Thou dread Pow'r, who reign'st above!
Say na thou'lt refuse me. S. Wilt thou be my trefus'd. Could I for shame refus'd her, S. Had I the wyte trefus'd her wyte trefus'd	O! thou bright Queen, who, o'er th' expanse.
Regard.	O! thou bright Queen, who, o'er th' expanse, Now highest reign'st, with boundless sway! The Lament.
But cast a moment's fair regard Add. to the Unco Guid. 3. Is this thy plighted, fond regard S. Canst thou leave me †	Rein. 'The threat'ning Storm, some, strongly, rein; The Vision. D. II. 8.
Is this thy plighted, fond regard S. Canst thou leave me † Forgive the Bard! my fond regard	Reins. And gae his bridle reins a shake, With, adieu for evermore, S. It was a' for †
For ane that shares my bosom, On W. Chalmers.	Reject. The cruel powers reject the prayer . Fragment.
But accept it, good sir, as a mark of regard, Poet. Add. to Tytler.	Rejected. Loves and graces all rejected, To Miss Fontenelle.
Others now claim your chief regard; Sketch. New-Yr's Day.	Rejoice. All Creatures joy in the sun's returning, And I rejoice in my Bonie Bell S. Bonie Bell.
I am a Bard of no regard, Wi' gentle folks an' a' that; The Jolly Beggars. S. VII.	In love and freedom they rejoice, Lament of Mary of Scots.
not Potosi's mine, Nor King's regard,	The furrow'd waving corn is seen Rejoice in fostering showers. S. Now Spring has clad †
Can give a bliss o'ermatching thine, The Vision. D. II. 21. Regard, to. Who, equal to the bustling strife,	The birds rejoice in leafy bow'rs, . S. O Logan! sweetly †
No other view regard! Despondency, an Ode. 2.	May they rejoice, no wand'rer lost, A Family in Heaven! O Thou dread Pow'r
But as daily bread is all I need, I do not much regard her, [fortune] O.	While birds rejoice on every spray;
S. My father was a farmer †	S. Un Cessnock vanks, 7 Sett 11.
Or why regard the passing year? Sketch. New-Yr's Day. As thy constant slave regard it; . S. Sweetest May †	Rejoice, ye birring Paitricks a'; . Tam Samson's El., 7. "We'll laugh, sing and rejoice, man;
Life is all a variorum,	S. The deil cam fiddlin' †
We regard not how it goes; . The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII. 'In me thy native muse regard! . The Vision. D. II. 2.	How Fox and Sheridan rejoice; The Election Ballads. VI. O happy day! rejoice, rejoice! The Ordination. 13.
'In me thy native muse regard! . The Vision. D. II. 2. Regarded.	O happy day ! rejoice, rejoice! . The Ordination. 13. The small birds rejoice on the green leaves returning,
By whom true love's regarded, . S. When wild War's †	S. The small birds rejoice †
Regarding. For without an honest manly heart, No man was worth regarding, O.	Sae I'll rejoice the lee-lang day, S. The young Highl. Rover.
S. My father was a farmer †	While birds rejoice in leafy bowers; S. Where Cart rins †
Regardless. Regardless of the tears and unavailing pray'rs! A Winter Night. 8.	In uproar and riot rejoice the night long; Ye true "Loyal Nat.s." †
I live to-day as well's I may,	Rejoic'd.
Regardless of to-morrow, O. S. My father was a farmer † Regeneration.	But lately seen, in gladsome green, The woods rejoic'd the day, S. But lately seen †
It's just a carnal inclination,	And winter once rejoic'd in glory. Improm., on Mrs. —'s Birthday.
And Och! that's nae r-g-n-r-t-n! [v.A.29] A Ded. to G. H., O.	My heart it rejoic'd at a Sodger-laddie.
Regent. Nae hand-cuff'd, muzzl'd, haff-shackl'd Regent, El. on Year 1788.	The Jolly Beggars. S. II.
Regiment. The Regiment at large for a husband I got:	Rejoic'd they were na men but dogs; . The Twa Dogs. 35. My heart rejoic'd in nature's joy. S. Twas even—the dewy t

Regiment. The Regiment at large for a husband I got:

The Jolly Beggars. S. II.

Rejoicing, -in'. Again rejoicing Nature sees	Nought but griefs with me remain.
Her robe assume its vernal hues, S. Again rejoicing Nature.	S. Jockey's ta'en the parting †
The conscious sun out o'er you hill,	But thou art queen within my breast For ever to remain S. O lay thy loof†
Rejoicin' clos'd the day so, S. As I gaed up by †	The bitter little that of life remains:
The smiling Spring comes in rejoicing; S. Bonie Bell.	On seeing wounded Hare.
The bees rejoicing o'er their summer-toils, The Brigs of Ayr.	How little of life's scanty span may remain; S. The lazy mist †
The hungry Jew in wilderness	Here this night if ye remain, I'll remain, quo' Findlay; S. Wha is that at t
Rejoicing o'er his manna, S. The gowd. Locks of A.	
He, rising, rejoicing Between his twa Deborahs, The Jolly Beggars. R. VIII.	Remained.
Rejoicing in the honest man's destruction, Tragic Frag.	Which [trophy] now in his house has for ages remained; The Whistle. 5:
Relate.	Remaining. Beneath what light she has remaining,
And truth I shall relate, man; El. on Capt. M. H., Epit.	Let's sing our Sang. To J. S., 20.
Related. Perhaps related to the race: "A Ded. to G. H.	Remains. Here lie the loving Husband's dear remains,
Relation. No two virtues, whatever relation they claim	Epit. for Author's Father.
Possessing the one shall imply you've the other.	Remarkin.
Relations. Fragment, inscr. to Fox.	"Faith, we'se hae fine remarkin!" . The Holy Fair. 6.
Her heavenly relations there fixed her reign, S. Caledonia.	Remead [remedy].
Release. In bliss till Fate some day is sent,	Damnation then would be our fate, Beyond remead; Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 14.
For ever to release Ye Frae Care A Dream. 9.	Our Bardie's fate is at a close,
Relent. Were Fortune lovely Peggy's foe,	Past a' remead! Poor Mailie's El
Such sweetness would relent her, S. Young Peggy	He had twa fauts, or maybe three,
Relenting.	Yet what remead? . Tam Samson's El., 14.
Guilt, erring Man, relenting view! A Winter Night. 9.	An' strive, wi' a' your Wit an' Lear, To get remead. The Author's Cry and Prayer.
Is there no Pity, no relenting Ruth,	Remember.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10.	An' L-d, remember singing Sannock, . Auld comrade †
Relentless. "Relentless fate has laid their guardian low. On Death of Sir J. Blair.	Sad was the parting thou makes me remember,
I dread thee, Fate, relentless and severe, To R. G. of F., q.	S. Gloomy December.
Relic. strumpets, relics of the drunken roar, Ep. fr. Esopus.	But thou remembers we are dust, . Holy Willie's Prayer. 6.
Relief. For relief a sigh she brings; . S. Duncan Gray	But, L—d remember me and mine Ib. 16.
Her dear idea brings relief,	"But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,
And solace to my breast Ep. to Davie. 9.	"And a' that thou hast done for me!" Lament for Glencairn.
Wi' a' this care and a' this grief, And sma', sma' prospect of relief, Ep. to H. Parker.	Remember him for me! Lament of Mary of Scots.
	And dear was she I darena name,
Ease frae toil, relief frae care; . S. Frae the Friends †	But I will ay remember. [re.] . S. O May thy morn †
wad send relief, An' end the quarrel. Letter to J. Goudie. But oh! [death's] a blest relief for those	Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare. Tam o' Shanter. 19.
That weary-laden mourn! Man was made to Mourn.	I, with a much indebted tear,
Provost John is still deaf to the church's relief.	Shall still remember you!
Ev'n day, all-bitter, brings relief,	And now, remember Mr. A-k-n, The Inventory.
From such a horror-breathing night The Lament.	"To cut it aff, an' whatfore no, What ails ye now †
So dawning day has brought relief S. The noble Maxwells †	Remember, he's his country's stay
We thought ay death wad bring relief, The Twa Herds. 13.	In day and hour of danger S. When wild War's †
I, sighing, drop the silent tear,	Remember'd. Once fondly lov'd, and still remember'd dear, Once fondly lov'd,†
But no relief can find	O ye, my dear-remember'd, ancient yealings,
Relieve.	The Brigs of Ayr. 9.
'A Brother to relieve, how exquisite the bliss!' A Winter Night. 9.	But pious Bob, 'mid learning's store,
I know thou doom'st me to despair	Commandment tenth remember'd The Dean of Fac.
Nor wilt, nor canst relieve me; S. Farewell, thou stream †	Remembrance. When Remembrance wracks the mind,
Sma' siller will relieve me. S. Here's to thy health, †	Pleasures but unvail Despair. S. Frae the friends †
Wee [Miller] neist, the Guard relieves, An' Orthodoxy raibles,	Thou busy pow'r, Remembrance, cease! The Lament.
Thou wilt nor canst relieve me; . S. The last time I†	Your dear remembrance in my breast,
I once could relieve the distrest; S. The sun he is sunk †	My fondly-treasur'd thoughts employ d
Relieved.	Oh! scenes in strong remembrance set!
She's from a world of woe relieved, On Poet's Daughter.	Remembrance oft may start a tear, . V.s, under Grief.
Religion.	Remnant.
When ranting round in Pleasure's ring,	Discarded remnant of a race Once great in martial story! On Duke of Queensberry.
Religion may be blinded; . Ep. to Young Friend. 10.	Remonstrate.
What was his religion, Epit. on J. Dove, Innkeeper.	As Something, loudly, in my breast,
Compar'd with this, how poor Religion's pride, In all the pomp of method and of art,	Remonstrates I have done; A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 17.	Remorse.
In vain Religion meets my shrinking eye; To Clarinda.	More pointed still we make ourselves,
They take religion in their mouth; To Rev. J. M'Math.	Regret, Remorse and Shame! Man was made to Mourn.
All hail, Religion! maid divine!	Or worser far, the pangs of keen remorse; Remorse. A Frag. That fell remorse, a conscience bleeding
Relinquish.	Hath led me here The Hermit,
Unless he would from that time forth	Remorse's throb, or loose desire;
Relinquish her for ever: . The Jolly Beggars. R. VI.	Remove.
Relique.	That to my latest draught o' life the band shall ne'er remove,
The reliques of the vernal quire; Lament for Glencairn. Relish. Yet has so keen a relish of its pleasures?	S. The Posie. Oh! you that are in love, and cannot it remove
Wr. under Port. of Fergusson,	S. The winter it is past †
Remain. But now, what else for me remains	Removed. From friendship and dearest affection removed;
But tales of woe; El. on Capt. M. H. 11.	Monody, on a Lady.

Rend. And thunders rend the howling air,	O why the deuce should I repine, Extem. Ap. 1782.
S. How can my poor heart † No savage e'er could rend my heart,	Far, far from thee, the fate severe
As, Jessy, thou hast done On Miss J. Lewars.	At which I most repine, Love S. Forlorn, my Love, † With the hand and heart of my wee thing,
when the storm the forest rends, The Election Ballads. VI. Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?	No more at my fate I'll repine. S. My Love's a winsome † Sair, sair may I repine; S. The Highl. Widow's Lament.
To Mary in Heaven. And viewless Echo's ear, astonished, rends.	And I never repine at my lot in the least.
Wr. by Fall of Fyers.	S. The Poor Thresher. 'Then never murmur nor repine; The Vision. D. II. 21.
Render'd. Ye hae render'd moments dear; S. Scenes of woe †	Reply.
And in kirk-yards renew their leagues,	And thy still matchless tongue that conquers all reply. Ep. fr. Esopus.
Owre howcket dead. Add. to the Deil. 9. With "Mary, when shall we return,	In sullen vengeance, I, disdain'd, reply: . The Vowels.
"Sic pleasure to renew?" . S. As down the burn †	Reply, to. And the distant-echoing glens reply. A Vision. "Nae bitter blast," the sp'rit replies, . As on the banks †
And let us all our vows renew, S. Here is the glen, † And gentle the fall of the soft vernal shower,	"An' his heart is rank poison,"
That steals on the evening, each leaf to renew. S. How pleasant the banks †	Another [reptile] replies Epit. on Walter S. "By the gods of the ancients!" Glenriddel replies,
The bowl we maun renew it; On W. Stewart.	Reply'd.
And Art can ne'er renew it, S. Polly Stewart. Scenes that former thoughts renew; . S. Scenes of wee †	The tod reply'd upon the hill, . S. What will I do gin †
Renewed, -'d.	Repose. The Cameleon-savage disturb'd her repose, S. Caledonia. 5.
When merry May its bloom renew'd S. O were my love † The jovial contest again have renewed. The Whistle. 5.	And pillows on the thorn my rack'd repose! Ep. fr. Esopus.
Renewing.	There seek my lost repose, S. Had I a cave † Her closed eyes, like weapons sheath'd,
Some gleams of sunshine mid renewing storms: Why am I loth †	Were seal'd in soft repose; . S. On a bank of flowers †
Renown. Go, for yoursel procure renown, S. Highland Laddie.	The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose: The Cotter's Sat. Night.
Here's a noble Earl's Fame and high renown,	Beck'ning thee to long repose; . Wr. in Friars-Carse H.
The Election Ballads. IV. Renown'd. As men, as christians too, renown'd,	Repose, to. Repose us in the silent dust Sketch. New-Yr's Day.
An' manly preachers. To Rev. J. M'Math.	Repos'd.
Rent. Tho' raging winter rent the air; S. O wat ye wha's in† Then howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,	Wi' arm repos'd on the chair-back, He sweetly does compose him; The Holy Fair. 11.
A virtuous Populace may rise the while, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 20.	Represent. In some bit Brugh to represent
Rent, s. Our Laird gets in his racked rents,	A Baillie's name? Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 11.
His coals, his kane, an' a' his stents: . The Twa Dogs. 8.	Ye Irish lords, ye knights an' squires, Wha represent our Brughs an' Shires,
Rent-roll. What are your landlords' rent-rolls? taxing ledgers:	Representative. The Author's Cry and Prayer.
Lns on Window, K.'s Arms. Repair. Broken trade o' Broughton,	Our representative to be, For weel he's worthy a' that. The Election Ballads, II.
A' in high repair. The Election Ballads. IV. Repair, to.	Reproach. Save thy mind's reproach, nought earthly fear'st,
Then through the dews I will repair, . S. Now rosy May †	Lns sent Sir J. Whiteford. Thy own reproach alone dost fear, . Poet. Inscription.
A loss these evil days can ne'er repair! On Death of R. Dundas.	He need na fear their foul reproach The Author's Cry and Prayer.
An' to the muckle house repair, Wi' instant speed, The Author's Cry and Prayer. 18.	Reprobation. To save them from stark reprobation,
Or to the N-th-rt-n repair,	Reptile. The Election Ballads. III.
And turn a Carpet-weaver Aff-hand . The Ordination. 9. To the board of Glenriddel our heroes repair, The Whistle. 10.	"The worm that gnaws my bonie trees, "That Reptile wears a Ducal crown!" As on the banks †
Repast.	Yet vilest reptiles in their begging prose. Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
And deal from iron hands the spare repast; Ep. fr. Esopus.	Sic a reptile was Wat, Epit. on Walter S
Repay. Her een sae bonie blue betray, How she repays my passion; S. O poortith cauld,†	"In his flesh there's a famine," A starv'd reptile cries:
Repeat. But I'se repeat each poor man's pray'r, A Ded. to G. H., 13.	And far be thou distant, thou reptile that seizes The verdure and pride of the garden and lawn.
Fondly he'll repeat her name; S. Jockey's ta'en the parting t	S. How pleasant the banks †
Repeated. Repeated, successive, for many long years, S. Caledonia.	Mansions that would disgrace the building-taste Of any mason reptile, bird, or beast; The Brigs of Ayr. 8.
Repel. No arts could appease them, no arms could repel; S. Caledonia,	Never, never reptile thief Riot on thy virgin leaf!
Repell'd.	Repulse.
And oft repell'd th' Invader's shock. Add. to Edinburgh. 5. Repent.	(A sight life's sorrows to repulse, Sketch. New-Yr's-Day. Reputation.
My loss I mourn, but not repent it, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 12.	Her reputation is complete, . , . S. Handsome Nell.
Repentance. And where will ye get Howes and Clintons	Here's a reputation Tint by Balmaghie. The Election Ballads. IV.
To bring them to a right repentance? . Add. of Beelzebub. "Rouse from his sluggish slumbers, fell Repentance;	What is reputation's care? The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII. Request. Why urge the only, one request
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.	You know I will deny! S. Talk not of Love †
Where infamy with sad repentance dwells; Ep. fr. Esopus. I little thought the time was near,	And proffer up to Heaven the warm request, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 18.
Repentance I should buy sae dear: . S. Young Jamie, †	A last request permit me here, The Farewell. To St. J.'s L.
Repine. Then, man my soul with firm resolves	A daimen-icker in a thrave 'S a sma' request: , , . To a Mouse.
To bear and not repine! A Prayer under Press. of Anguish.	(Oh, do thou grant This one request of mine!) . Winter.
3 C	

Request, to. Sir, as your mandate did request, The Inventory. The Poet did request,	"Awake, resound thy latest lay, . Lament for Glencairn. As eager runs the market-crowd,
To lowse his pack an' wale a sang, <i>The Jolly Beggars. R. VIII.</i> Requested.	When "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud; Tam o' Shanter. 17.
From the white blossom'd sloe my dear Chloe requested, A sprig her fair breast to adorn; Spoke extem.to yng Lady.	The trembling earth resounds his tread, . To a Haggis. Where, thro' a shapeless breach, his stream resounds.
Requiem. And blew on the Whistle their requiem shrill. The Whistle. 3.	Resounded. Wr. by Fall of Fyers.
And every bird thy requiem sings; To Miss C.	And loud resounded mirth and dancing. Tam o' Shanter. 10. Respect. To pay your queen, with due respect.
Requit. But, in requit, Has blest me with a random shot O' countra wit. To J. S., 6.	Respect. To pay your queen, with due respect, My fealty an' subjection A Dream. 8. In respect for the love and affection he'd showed her,
Requited. By my love so ill requited; S. Stay, my charmer †	She reduc'd him to dust, and she drank up the Powder. Epig. on Henpecked Squire.
Resemble. The heart benevolent and kind The most resembles God. A Winter Night. 11.	Would have eat her dead lord, on a slender pretence, Not to show her respect, but to save the expence Ib.
The leafless trees my fancy please, Their fate resembles mine!	Want only of wisdom denied her respect, Monody, on a Lady. Epit.
Resentment. Dead, even resentment, for his injured page, To R. G. of F., 5.	For prodigal thoughtless bestowing, His merit has won him respect. The Election Ballads. III.
Reserve. A heapet stimpart, I'll reserve ane Laid by for you. A Guid New-Yeart 17.	And served me with due respect; S. The lass that made the bed.
Friends, that parting tear reserve it, . S. Scenes of woet	Respect, to. But, oh! [ye maggots] respect his lordship's taste,
Reserv'd. Hail Poesie! thou Nymph reserv'd! Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	And spare his golden bindings The Book Worms. Respected. Meanwhile I am, respected Sir,
Reside. And winds by the cot where my Mary resides, S. Afton Water.	Your most obedient. Ep. to J. R. 13.
All, all my hopes of bliss reside Where Evan mingles with the Clyde. S. Slow spreads the gloom †	Stuart, a name once respected, Poet. Add. to W. Tytler. Scotland, my auld, respected Mither!
Resides a sweet lassie, my thought and my dream. S. You wild mossy mountains t	The Author's Cry and Prayer. P. My lov'd, my honor'd, much respected friend, The Cotter's Sat. Night.
Resign. If thou at Friendship's sacred ca' Wad life itself resign, El. on Capt. M. H. Epit.	Weel-pleas'd to think her bairn's respected like the lave. 1b.
'This lower world I you resign; Nature's Law.	Respecting. And just to stop, and just to move,
Its joys and griefs alike resign S. O bonie was you rosy † Life's social haunts and pleasures I resign.	With self-respecting art: . Despondency, an Ode. 4. Respects.
On Death of R. Dundas. Gladly how would I resign thee [Life], . S. Raving Winds †	My kindest, best respects I sen' it, Auld comrade † Respectueuse.
And would you ask me to resign The sole reward that crowns my pain. S. The capt. Ribband.	Faites mes baissemains respectueuse, To sentimental sister Susie, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 13.
And resign to Parent Earth The lovliest form she e'er gave birth To Miss C.	Respekit [respected].
Since to enjoy Thou dost deny, Assist me to resign! Winter. Resigned.	Ye wha were ne'er by lairds respekit, The Twa Herds, 4. Responsive.
With soul resolved, with soul resigned; . Poet. Inscription.	Still fan the sweet connubial flame Responsive in each bosom, S. Young Peggy †
Thus, resigned and quiet, creep To the bed of lasting sleep; Wr. in Friars-Carse H	Rest. There was ae sang, amang the rest, Aboon them a' it pleas'd me best,
Resist. Resist the crumbling touch of time; On Lincluden. Nothing could resist my Nancy: S. One fond kiss †	Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 3. The Q[ueen], and the rest of the gentry, Poet. Add. to Tytler.
Resisted. What's done we partly may compute,	Tak a' the rest, Scotch Drink. 21.
But know not what's resisted Add. to Unco Guid. 8.	For Nannie, far before the rest, Hard upon noble Maggie prest, Tam o' Shanter. 18.
Resistless. And all resistless charming, S. Mark yonder Pomp†	I'll make thy days easy the rest of thy life; The Poor Thresher.
Resistless desolation; The Election Ballads. VI. And reign'd resistless king of love S. Young Jamie, †	If ance I had my lovely treasure, Let the rest admire and die. S. Will ye go and marry †
Resolve. Then, man my soul with firm resolves	Rest. Rest I canna get For thinking o' my dearie. S. Ay waking, Q †
To bear and not repine! . A Prayer under Anguish. Come Firm Resolve take thou the van,	It's no in wealth like Lon'on Bank, To purchase peace and rest; . Ep. to Davie 5.
Thou stalk o' carl-hemp in man! To Dr. Blacklock.	When heart-corroding care and grief Deprive my soul of rest,
Resolve, to. Where strumpets, relics of the drunken roar,	An honest man here lies at rest, . Epit. on a Friend.
Resolve to drink, nay, half to whore no more; Ep. fr. Esopus. His awful chair of state resolves to mount, . The Vowels.	O, do thou kindly lay me low With him I love at rest S. Fate gave the word, †
Resolved, -'d. Resolv'd was I, at least to try,	Breathing in the breeze that fans her, Soothe her bosom into rest: S. Highland Mary.
To mend my situation, O S. My father was a farmer † With soul resolved, with soul resigned; Poet. Inscription.	My head and my heart, now quo' she, are at rest, Jenny M'Craw †
Resolv'd to meet some ither day The Twa Dogs. 35.	The mavis mild wi' many a note, Sings drowsy day to rest: . Lament of Mary of Scots.
With stern-resolv'd, despairing eye, To Ruin. I saw they were resolved a'	Disturbs my lassie's midnight rest, S. Lassie voi' the lintwhite †
On my oppression	Welcome the hour, my aged limbs Are laid with thee at rest! Man was made to Mourn.
Uncaring consequences. Ep. to Young Friend. 8. Resort.	The curtain draws of Nature's rest, . S. Now rosy May † On peace and rest my mind was bent,
But chiefly the woods were her fav'rite resort, S. Caledonia. Resound.	S. O ay my wife she dang. There's mony a lass has broke my rest, S. O lay thy loof †
Thou stock dove whose echo resounds thro' the glen, S. Afton Water.	Thou dart of Heav'n that flashest by, O wilt thou give me rest! S. O mirk, mirk †
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She goes, but not to realms of everlasting rest!	Resurrection.
Ode to Mem. of Mrs. —. His bosom ill at rest S. On a bank of flowers †	And soon may they expire, unblest with resurrection! The Brigs of Ayr. 8.
Seek, mangled wretch, some place of wonted rest, No more of rest, but now thy dying bed!	Retire. The sun from India's shore retires S. Slow spreads the gloom †
On seeing wounded Hare. My child, thou art gone to the home of thy rest, On Death of fav. Child.	The youngling Cottagers retire to rest; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 18. "Let me, O Lord! from life retire, The Hermit.
But I look to the West when I gae to rest, S. Out over the Forth †	Retired.
There, low he lies, in lasting rest; [v.A.15] Tam Samson's El.	All creatures retired to rest, S. The sun he is sunk† Retreat. No shelter or retreat, S. How cruel†
And little fishes' caller rest: . S. The Contented Cottager.	Or find a sheltering, safe retreat,
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend, The Cotter's Sat. Night.	From prone descending showers. The Petition of Br. Water.
The youngling Cottagers retire to rest: Ib. 18. For why? that God the good adore	Retreat, to. While summer with a matron grace Retreats to Dryburgh's cooling shade, Add. to Shade of Thomson.
Hath giv'n them peace and rest, The 1st Psalm.	Retreating. The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh; The Cotter's Sat. Night.
All creatures retired to rest,	Retrieve.
For in this world Rest or Peace	Retrieve its doom and take its place. S. The capt. Ribband.
I never more shall know!	Return, a' the pride of Spring's return S. Sweet fa's the eve † Sae fam'd for his gratefu' return?
But praise be blest, my mind's at rest, S. The tither morn †	The Election Ballads. III.
A blink o' rest's a sweet enjoyment The Twa Dogs. 16.	Alas! can I make it no better return! S. The small birds †
Ben i' the Spence, right pensivelie, I gaed to rest The Vision. D. I. 2.	Return, to. With "Mary, when shall we return,
Their little loves are blest, and their little hearts at rest,	"Sic pleasure to renew?" . S. As down the burn t
S. The winter it is past † And love will break the soundest rest. S. There was a lass †	Peruse them an' return them quickly; Auld comrade † The soger frae the wars returns, S. It was a' for †
The night comes to me, but my rest it is gane: S. There's auld Rob M. †	And at night she'll return to her nest back again. S. Lns on a Ploughman.
Then I maun rin amang the rest . Third Ep. to J. Lap.	I've seen yon weary winter-sun Twice forty times return; Man was made to mourn. 3.
Where is thy place of blissful rest? To Mary in Heaven. But peace attune thy gentle soul to rest, To Miss Graham	As annual it returns, Nature's Law.
(Nature is adverse to a cripple's rest); . To R. G. of F	Sae may it on your heads return! S. O Logan! sweetly †
O Dulness! portion of the truly blest! Calm sheltered haven of eternal rest!	Return again, fair Lesley, Return to Caledonie! S. O saw ye bonie L. †
And give a love-lorn maiden rest! . S. To thee, lov'd Nith †	The past returns, the present flies; On Lincluden.
Yet never met with that surprise	The spring shall return to thy low narrow bed, On Death of fav. Child.
That broke my rest, . V.s to J. Ranken. I can feel by its throbbings, will soon be at rest. S. Wae is my heart \(\)	The hollow caves return a sullen moan. On Death of R. Dundas.
Rest, to. Where unknown, unlamented, my ashes shall rest, Lament, on leaving Nat. Land.	Return, ye moments of delight, S. Slow spreads the gloom to The day returns, my bosom burns, S. The day returns to
Seal'd on her silk-saft falds to rest, S. O were my love † "The passing moment's all we rest on!"	Again thou say'st 'Ye sons of men, 'Return ye into nought!' . The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps
Rest on—for what? what do we here? Sketch. New-Yr's-Day.	An' echos back return the shouts; The Holy Fair. 21.
Heav'n rest his saul, whare'er he be! Tan Samson's El., 14. Rest, ye wild storms, in the cave of your slumbers, S. Wandering Willie.	And listen mony a grateful bird Return you tuneful thanks. The Petition of Br. Water. And now a widow I must mourn
And bird and beast, in covert, rest, And pass the heartless day Winter.	The pleasures that will ne'er return; The Jolly Beggars. S. IV.
Here, firm, I rest, they must be best, Because they are Thy Will!	Scenes, never, never to return! The Lament.
Restiess. I, listless, yet restless,	As bleak-fac'd Hallowmass returns, They get the jovial, rantan Kirns, The Twa Dogs. 19.
Find every prospect vain. Despondency, an Ode, 2. I restless lie frae e'en to morn, S. How lang and dreary †	Return him safe to fair Strathspey. So. Cleatie was glad to return will be rack.
O poortith cauld, and restless love,	So Clottle was glad to return withis pack,
Ye wreck my peace between ye; S. O poortith cauld † Their nights, unquiet, lang an' restless . The Twa Dogs. 30.	S. There liv'd ance a carle † And all the tribute of my heart returns, To R. Graham.
And heard the restless rattons squeak About the riggin The Vision. D. I. 3.	Return sae dowf and weary O: . S. When o'er the hill †
About the riggin The Vision. D. I. 3. Fame a restless, airy dream; . Wr. in Hermitage at F. C.	Thou mind'st me of departed joys, Departed, never to return S. Ye banks and braes †
Restoration. A joyful noise, even for the king His restoration New Psalmody.	Returned, -'d.
His restoration New Psalmody.	Till, thence returned, they softly stray O'er Clouden's wave, with fond delay: On Lincluden.
Till the Fates, nae mair severe,	O'er Clouden's wave, with fond delay; On Lincluden. But, Och! he gaed and ne'er return'd! Tam Samson's El., 8.
Friendship, Love and Peace restore. S. Frae the friends † Till Future Life, future no more,	My youth's return'd to fair Strathspey, S. The young Highl. Rover.
To light and joy the good restore, . Wr. in Friars-Carse H.	Returning.
Restored. And now thou hast restored our State, Pity our Kirk also; . New Psalmody.	All Creatures joy in the sun's returning, . S. Bonie Bell.
Restricked [restricted].	Meet ev'ry sad-returning night, And joyless morn the same. Despondency, an Ode. 2.
The real, harden'd wicked, Are to a few restricked; Ep. to Young Friend. 3.	Ah! must the agonizing thrill,
Restriction. Unaided through thy curs'd restriction:	For ever bar returning peace! The Lament, 2. The small birds rejoice on the green leaves returning,
E'er sin' they laid that curst restriction	S. The small birds rejoice † Mark Scotia's fond returning eye,
On Aquavitæ; The Author's Cry and Prayer. Resume. "I saw my sons resume their ancient fire;	It dwells upon Glencairn V.s below Picture.
On Death of Sir J. Blair.	And gentle Peace returning, S. When wild War's †

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Reveal.	Could I the rich reward secure, S. O Mary at thy window t
howsoe'er our tongues may ill reveal it, Prologue, at Th., D	Yourself, you wait your bright reward. Sketch. New-Yr's Day.
As modest want the tale of woe reveals; To Miss Graham.	Fame, honest fame, his great his dear reward. The Brigs of Ayr.
Revel. The princely revel may survey Our rustic dance wi' scorn; S. Behold, my love, †	Unknown and poor, simplicity's reward,
Revel, to.	And would you ask me to resign,
While by their nose the tears will revel, Tam Samson's El	The sole reward that crowns my pain. S. The capt. Ribband.
Revenge.	(The Patriot's God peculiarly thou art,
Till Revenge, wi' laurell'd head	His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!) The Cotter's Sat. Night. 21.
Bring our Banish'd hame again; S. Frae the friends †	'I come to give thee such reward,
Whase greed, revenge, an' pride disgraces Waur nor their nonsense. To Rev. J. M'Math.	'As we bestow The Vision. D. II. 2.
But mean revenge, an' malice fause	These be thy guardian and reward; . To a young Lady.
He'll still disdain, Ib.	Reward, to.
Revere.	For its faith and truth reward it S. Sweetest May †
The great Creator to revere,	Rewarded. I am the man-and thus may still
Must sure become the Creature; Ep. to Young Friend. 9. This ivied cot revere! Lns on Window F.'s C. Her.	True lovers be rewarded. S. When wild War's †
This ivied cot revere! Lns on Window F.'s C. Her. Virtue alone who dost revere, Poetical Inscription.	An' with rhetoric clause on clause
Revered, -'d.	To mak harangues; . The Author's Cry and Prayer.
Revered defender of beauteous Stuart, Poet. Add. to Tytler.	Rheum.
My fathers, that name have rever'd on a throne; Ib.	Note that eye, 'tis rheum o'erflows,
That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad:	Pity's flood there never rose. Ode, to Mem. of Mrs
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 19.	Rheumatics.
Reverend, -'rend.	Rheumatics gnaw, or cholic squeezes; Add. to Toothache.
For you, right rev'rend O[snaburg],	Rhyme. Wi' rhymes weel-turn'd an' ready, A Dream. 2.
Nane sets the lawn-sleeve sweeter, A Dream, 12.	I winna ventur't in my rhymes A Vision.
I've heard my rev'rend Graunie say, Add. to the Deil. 5.	quoth my man of rhymes Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
Dread of black coats and rev'rend wigs, Letter to J. Goudie. Began the rev'rend sage: Man was made to Mourn.	Wad ding a' Lallan tongue, or Erse,
Began the rev'rend sage; . Man was made to Mourn. Ah! little kend thy reverend grannie, Tam o' Shanter. 15.	In Prose or Rhyme. Add. to the Deil. 19.
Nae langer Rev'rend Men, their country's glory,	He'll gabble rhyme, nor sing nae mair, El. on Death of R. Ruisseaux.
In plain, braid Scots hold forth a plain, braid story:	Then wi' a rhyme or song he lash't 'em, [poverty, care] Ib.
The Brigs of Ayr. 9.	And spin a verse or twa o' rhyme, Ep. to Davie.
And, in your lug, most reverend J—, The Calf.	A land unknown to prose or rhyme; . Ep. to H. Parker.
Observ'd ye yon reverend lad	Or rhymes an' sangs he'd made himsel,
Mak faces to tickle the Mob; The Jolly Beggars. S. III.	Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 6.
The rev'rend grey-beards rav'd an' storm'd, To W. Simpson, P.S.	In rhyme, or prose, or baith thegither, Ib., Ap. 21st. 7.
Reverence, -'rence.	Friend of my life, true patron of my rhymes!
Draw near with pious rev'rence and attend!	Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
Epit. for Author's Father.	Whose rhymes you'll perhaps, Sir, ne'er deign to peruse: Fragment, inscr. to Fox.
Wi' reverence be it spoken; On dining with Daer.	Who sung his rhymes in Coila's plains . Nature's Law.
Reverence, to. Reverence with lowly heart Him whose wondrous work thou art;	With future rhymes, an' other times,
Wr. in Hermitage, F. C.	To emulate his sire:
Reverential.	Fareweel, my rhyme-composing billie!
With deep-struck reverential awe, [v. A.4] The Vision. D. I.	On Scot. Bard gne to W. I. when you read the simple artless rhymes, Once fondly lov'd†
Rev'rently.	Lament in rhyme, lament in prose, . Poor Mailie's El
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 12.	For making o' rhymes, and working at times,
Rever'st. Thou, who thy honour as thy God rever'st, Lns sent to Sir J. Whiteford.	Does little or naething at a', man. Ronalds of Bennals.
Revers'd. Revers'd that spear, redoubtable in war,	Hale breeks, a scone, an' whisky gill,
On Death of Sir J. Blair.	An' rowth o' rhyme to rave at will, . Scotch Drink. 21.
Review.	Leeze me on rhyme! it's ay a treasure, Second Ep. to Davie.
Your news and review, Sir, I've read through and through, Sir, . To Capt. Riddel.	The other day, When you sent me some rhyme, Symon Gray †
	The servile, mercenary Swiss of rhymes? The Brigs of Ayr.
Review, to. When a' my works I did review, . A Ded. to G. H., 12.	A panegyric rhyme, I ween, Ev'n as I was he shor'd me; The Petition of Br. Water.
Reviewer.	But stringing blethers up in rhyme
Our friends the reviewers, those chippers and hewers,	For fools to sing The Vision. D. I. 4.
To Capt. Riddel.	'Thy rudely-caroll'd, chiming phrase,
Revisit. And joy shall revisit my bosom no more.	'In uncouth rhymes, Ib. D. II., 12.
Lament, on leaving Nat. Land.	if thou would flourish immortal in rhyme, The Whistle. 17.
Reviving. When flow'r-reviving rains are past; S. On Cessnock banks †	Then back I rattle on the rhyme As gleg's a whittle! There's naethin like †
Revolution.	But to conclude my silly rhyme, To Dr. Blacklock.
And here's the grand fabric, our free Constitution,	Just now I've taen the fit o' rhyme, To J. S., 4.
As built on the base of the great Revolution;	'Grant me but this, I ask no more,
At a Meet. of D. Volunteers.	'Ay rowth o' rhymes Ib. 21.
But truce with kings, and truce with constitutions,	And [wish and] pray in rhyme sincere,
With bloody armaments and revolutions; The Rights of Woman.	A' gude things may attend you! . To Miss Ferrier.
Reward.	To you I dedicate the hour In idle rhyme. To Rev. J. M'Math.
Is this thy faithful swain's reward,	My wicked rhymes, an' drucken rants, What ails ye now t
An aching broken heart, S. Canst thou leave me thus †	Rhyme, to.
Yet while the busy means are ply'd, They bring their own reward: Despondency, an Ode. 2.	Syne rhyme till't, well time till't,
Clarinda, rich reward! o'erpays them all!	And sing't when we hae done Ep. to Davie. 4.
In vain wld Prudence†	'So dinna ye affront your trade, 'But rhyme it right. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 4.
And lo! the Bard, a great reward,	So I can rhyme nor write nae mair; Ep. to J. R., 13:
Has got a double portion! Nature's Law.	

C1	Pick is the tribute of the special mind. To Miss Conferen
Some rhyme a neebor's name to lash; Some rhyme, (vain thought!) for needfu' cash;	Rich is the tribute of the grateful mind. To Miss Graham.
Some rhyme to court the countra clash, . To J. S. 5.	Clad in rich dulness' comfortable fur To R. G. of F., 3.
I rhyme for fun	Tho' poor in gear, we're rich in love, S. When wild War's † How rich the hawthorn's blossom;
Sworn foe to sorrow, care, and prose, I rhyme away. 1b. 25.	S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams
Rhyme-composing.	Not Gowrie's rich valley, S. You wild mossy mountains t
Fareweel, 'my rhyme-composing' brither! To W. Simpson.	Rich-clust'ring. See future wines, rich-clust'ring rise:
Rhyme-inspiring.	The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.
Auld Reekie dings them a' to sticks,	Richard. And there will be wealthy young Richard,
For rhyme-inspiring lasses To Miss Ferrier.	The Election Ballads. III.
Rhyme-proof. That I, henceforth, would be rhyme-proof Till my last breath The Vision. D. I. 6.	Richardton.
Rhymer.	Bold Richardton's heroic swell; [v.A.4] The Vision. D. I.
But just a Rhymer like by chance, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 9.	Richer. "Still richer breathes and fairer blows, S. O Phely,
I Rhymer Robin, alias Burns, . On dining with Daer.	Her lips still as she fragrant breath'd, It richer dy'd the rose. S. On a bank of flowers †
Our warlock Rhymer instantly descry'd	Return, ye moments of delight,
The Sprites that owre the Brigs of Ayr preside.	With richer treasures bless my sight!
Rhyming, -in.	S. Slow spreads the gloom t
Here, for my wonted rhyming raptures,	Not but I hae a richer share Than mony ithers; To Dr. Blacklock.
I sit and count my sins by chapters; . Ep. to H. Parker.	
Though fortune's road be rough an' hilly	A richer dye has graced them; . S. Young Peggy t Riches. Far less [right] to riches, pow'r or freedom,
To every fiddling, rhyming billie, Ep. to Maj. Logan.	Add. of Beelzebub. 3.
An' trowth my rhymin' ware's nae treasure; . 1b. 14.	My riches a's my penny-fee, . S. Behind you hills t
For my puir, silly, rhymin' clatter	And joys that riches ne'er could buy; . Ep. to Davie. 8.
Some less maun sair. Second Ep. to Davie.	Prone to enjoy each pleasure riches give,
Except it be some idle plan O' rhymin clink, Ib.	Yet haply wanting wherewithal to live; Ep. to R. Graham. 3.
Whare Burns has wrote, in rhyming blether, Tam Samson's dead! Tam Samson's El. 12.	The warly race may riches chase,
A rhyming, ranting, raving billie, The Twa Dogs.	An' riches still may fly them, O; S. Green grow the Rashes.
And doubly curse the luckless rhyming trade. To R . G . of F	How cruel are the parents Who riches only prize, S. How cruel
Rhymin-ware. An' hae a swap o' rhymin-ware,	Riches denied, thy boon was purer joys,
Wi' ane anither. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 18.	Sonnet, wr. on Birthday.
I've sent you here some rhymin ware, Ep. to J. R. 5.	What care I in riches to wallow, S. Tam Glen.
Ribbon, Ribband, Ribband.	That sark she coft for her wee Nannie,
Although a ribban at your lug	Wi' twa pund Scots, ('twas a' her riches), Tam o' Shanter. 15.
Wad been a dress compleater: A Dream. 12.	I see how folk live that hae riches;
Ye sall get gowns and ribbons meet, . S. Ca' the Ewes.	But surely poor-folk maun be wretches! The Twa Dogs. 14.
We'll sew a green ribban round about his hat,	Richest.
S. Lady Mary Ann.	In richest ore the brightest jewel set! El. on Miss Burnet.
Dear Myra, the captive ribband's mine, S. The capt. Ribband.	Richly.
The Ribband shall its freedom lose,	Or, richly brown, ream owre the brink, . Scotch Drink. 2.
For why, a lord may be a gouk, Wi' ribbon, star, and a' that [re.] The Election Ballads. II.	But there it streams an' richly reams, My Helicon I ca' that The Jolly Beggars. S. VII.
His ribband, star, and a' that, . S. The Honest Man.	Richly deck thy native stem; To Miss C.
A feather in his bonnet and a ribbon at his knee,	Richly-gleaming.
S. There grows a bonie t	These, their richly-gleaming waves,
They gied me rings and ribbons fine; S. Where Cart rins †	I leave to tyrants and their slaves; S. Streams that glide †
Rich. drooping rich the dewy head, S. A Rosebud by my	Ricket.
Say, you'll be merry tho' you can't be rich.	The ricket reeling of a crooked swagger? Ep. fr. Esopus.
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.	Rickle [dim. of rick; a small heap; a small rick of
Yet rich in kindest, truest love, S. Braw lads on Yar. braes †	grain, not higher than a man can reach, set up in the field].
maiden May, in rich array, S. But lately seen t	Nor kick your rickles aff their legs, Third Ep. to J. Lap
Life ne'er exulted in so rich a prize, El. on Miss Burnet.	Riddell. Riddell, much lamented man!
If Happiness hae not her seat And center in the breast,	Lns, on Window in F.'s C. Her
We may be wise, or rich, or great,	th' untimely tomb where Riddel lies. Sonnet, on Death of R
But never can be blest: Ep. to Davie. 5.	Riddle.
Were this the charter of our state, On pain o' hell be rich an' great,' Ep. to J. L—k. Ap. 21st, 14.	Had hol'd his heartie like a riddle, The Jolly Beggars. R.V.
See yonder rose-bud, rich in dew, S. I do confess †	Ride. Should rue this hasty ride, Ep. to Davie. 11.
Clarinda, rich reward! o'erpays them all!	Ride, to. An' sweet an' gracefu' she did ride
In vain wld Prudence†	Wi' maiden air! A Gude New-Year † 6.
Yet, think not all the Rich and Great,	The ship rides by the Berwick-law, . S. My bonie Mary.
Are likewise truly blest Man was made to Mourn.	There's no a heart that fears a Whig, That rides by Kenmure's hand.
Tho' to be rich was not my wish, Yet to be great was charming, O:	S. O Kenmure's on and awa t
S. My father was a farmer	Though I canna ride in weel-booted pride,
But now I've found a treasure Too rich for a king to huy S. My Love's a winsome †	Ronalds of Bennals.
Could I the rich reward secure, S. O Mary at thy window †	The hour approaches Tam maun ride; Tam o' Shanter. 7.
And there will be rich brother Nabobs,	Wi' winged spurs did ride, The Election Ballads. V.
The Election Ballads. III.	I like a blockhead boost to ride, The Inventory.
Where rich ananas blow! The Farewell.	I'se ne'er ride horse nor hizzie mair;
	Wilt thou ride on a horse, or be drawn in a car, S. Tibbie Dunbar,
Ye are rich, and look big, but lay by hat and wig, And ye'll ha'e a calf's head o' sma' value.	Riding, -in.
The Kirk's Alarm.	An' warn him ay at ridin time,
Tho' rich is the breeze in their gay sunny vallies, S. Their groves of t	To stay content wi' yowes at hame; [v.A.3]
Take away these rosy lips,	The Death of Mailie.
Rich with balmy treasure: S. Thine am I †	Here, farmers gash, in ridin graith, . The Holy Fair. 7.
Warm-reekin, rich! To a Haggis.	In days when riding was nae crime The Inventory.

Rief [reaving; v. also Reif].	I set her down, wi' right good will, S. The Rigs o' Barley
Dear S[mith], the sleest, pawkie thief,	right an' tight in thack an' raep The Twa Dogs. 10
That e'er attempted stealth or rief, To J. S.	Are handed round wi' right guid will;
Rifled. Rifled ilka charm about her S. Donald Brodie †	His acre's till'd, he's right eneugh; Ib. 30
Rig [a ridge].	right pensivelie, I gaed to rest The Vision. D. I. 2
I'll flit thy tether, To some hain'd rig,	
A Guid New-Year † 18.	An' a' the vittel in the yard, An' theekit right, . Third Ep. to J. Lap
Rattlin the corn out-owre the rigs, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 2.	
Sin I could striddle owre a rig;	Na faith ye yet! ye'll no be right, Till ye've got on it, To a Louse
Our Stibble-rig was Rab M'Graen,	
O gear will buy me rigs o' land, . S. In simmer when t	Ye ken yoursels my heart right proud is, To Dr. Blacklock
The stibble rig is easy plough'd, S. O can ye labour lea †	That, wielded right, Maks Hours like Minutes, To J. S., 12
Could rank my rig and lass; . The Ans. to the Guidwife.	To right or left, eternal swervin,
Lammas night, When corn rigs are bonie,	a true good fallow Wi' right ingine, To Mr. J. Kennedy
S. The Rigs o' Barley.	Is grown right eerie now she's done it, To Rev. J. M'Math
Amang the rigs o' barley: [re.]	An' stay ae month among the Moons
Corn rigs, an' barley rigs, An' corn rigs are bonie:	An' see them right. To W. Simpson. P.S.
I'll ne'er forget that happy night, Amang the rigs' wi' Annie.	"If that your right hand, leg, or toe,
10.	Should ever prove your spiritual foe, What ails ye now
But he sae trig Lap o'er the rig, . S. The tither morn †	She's twisted right, she's twisted left, . S. Willie Wastle
I hae as gude a craft rig	Right, s.
As made o' yird and stane; . S. There's news, lasses †	Poor dunghill sons o' dirt and mire,
May Boreas never thrash your rigs, Third Ep. to J. Lap	May to Patrician rights aspire! Add. of Beelzebub
I'll meet thee on the lea-rig, . S. When o'er the hill †	They ! they be dd! what right hae they
Rigg'd. Weel rigg'd for Venus barter; . A Dream. 13.	To meat, or sleep, or light o' day?
Riggin [the top or ridge of a house].	And wha wad betray Old Albions rights,
Or kirk deserted by its riggin, On Grose's Peregrinations.	May they never eat of her bread!
And heard the restless rattons squeak	S. Here's a health to them
About the riggin The Vision. D. I. 3.	Supported is his right: Man was made to Mourn
Right, adj. adv.	Dare invade your native right, . On scaring Water-fowl
	The life-blood equal sucks of Right and Wrong:
Faith, you and A[pplecros]s were right Add. of Beelzebub.	On Death of R. Dundas
To bring them to a right repentance?	if bowls row right, and right succeeds, [v.A.12]
At my right-hand assign'd your seat,	Scots Prologue
Right on ye scud your sea-way; . Add. to Unco Guid. 4.	The royal right of Albany S. The bonie Lass of Alb.
Ye gallants bright I rede ye right S. A Mastrtn's bonie Anne.	For fools will prate o' right and wrang,
It spak right howe,—' My name is Death,	For fools will prate o' right and wrang, The Election Ballads. I.
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 9.	Yet luckily roars in the right
If self the wavering balance shake,	Yerl Galloway lang did rule this land
It's rarely right adjusted! Ep. to Young Friend. 3.	Wi' equal right and fame, Ib. V
The heart ay's the part ay,	Right to the wrang did yield:
That makes us right or wrang Ep. to Davie. 5.	S. The Highl. Widow's Lament
That trouth, my head is grown right dizzie,	But ne'er a word o' faith in That's right The Holy Fair. 15.
Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 3.	He gave him the rights of it all in his hand.
So dinna ye affront your trade,	S. The Poor Thresher.
But rhyme it right	And even children lisp the Rights of Man;
An' never think o' right an' wrang	The Rights of Woman
By square an' rule, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 6.	The Rights of Woman merit some attention Ib.
With passions so potent and fancies so bright, No man with the half of 'em e'er went quite right,	One sacred Right of Woman is protection Ib.
Fragment, inscr. to Fox.	Our second Right—but needless here is caution,
Right fear't that night	To keep that right inviolate's the fashion, Ib.
Thy strong right hand, L—d make it bare,	
Holy Willie's Prayer. 13.	For Right the third, our last, our best, our dearest, That right to fluttering female hearts the nearest,
He turn'd him right and round about, . S. It was a fort	Which even the Rights of Kings in low prostration
	Most humbly own—'tis dear, dear admiration! Ib.
She has promis'd right soon to be mine. S. My Love's a winsome †	His right are these hills, and his right are these vallies,
On right, on left, and every hand,	S. The small birds
We saw none to deliver New Psalmody.	Wad gladden every isle, man The Tree of Liberty.
And wasna Cockpen right saucy witha',	In the cause of right engaged, S. Thickest night
S. O when she cam ben †	An' hunt him down o'es wight an' mith
Your native soil was right ill-willie;	An' hunt him down, o'er right an' ruth, To ruin straight. To Rev. J. M'Math.
On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.	What is Right, and what is Wrang, by the law, [re.]
And we'll tak' a right gude willie-waught,	S. Ye Jacobites
S. Should auld aquaintance †	Right, to.
Tam had got planted unco right; Tam o' Shanter. 5.	My fathers have fallen to right it; Poet. Add. to Tytler.
But Maggie stood right sair astonish'd, Ib. 11.	Righted.
In formless jumble, right an' wrang, The Ans. to the Guidwife.	For never but by British hands
A blackguard smuggler, right behint her,	Maun British wrangs be righted. S. Does haughty Gaul,
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 8.	Righteous.
Some fell for wrang and some for right,	The Rigid Righteous is a fool.
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	The Rigid Righteous is a fool, The Rigid Wise anither: . Add. to Unco Guid. Mott.
Corbies and Clergy are a shot right kittle:	Righteousness.
The Brigs of Ayr. 10.	Wha in the paths o' righteousness did toil ay;
Right, Sir! your text I'll prove it true, The Calf.	The Brigs of Ayr. 9.
I set me down wi' right good will,	Rightful, -fu'. Thy fair-won, rightful spoil.
To sing my Highland Lassie O S. The Highl. Lassie.	Extem. on Commem.s of Thomson.
Whose strong right hand has ever been	It was a' for our rightfu' king
Their stay and dwelling-place? The 1st o V.s of 90th Ps.	We left fair Scotland's strand; [re.] . S. It was a' for t
busy bleth'ran Right loud The Holy Fair. 8.	Rightly. Or some hotch-potch that's rightly neither,
But ne'er a word o' faith in That's right 16. 16.	Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 4.

Right Worshipful.	Ringlet.
By our Right Worshipful anointed To a Medical Gent.	'Twas not her golden ringlets bright, S. I gaed a waefu' †
Rigid.	Sae flaxen were her ringlets, S. Sae flaxen †
Tho' rigid Law cries out, 'twas just! Add. to Edinburgh. 6.	Rink [a term in curling, the course of the stones]. Or up the rink like Jehu roar
The Rigid Righteous is a fool, The Rigid Wise anither: . Add. to Unco Guid. Mott.	In time o' need: . Tam Samson's El. 5.
But still the preaching cant forbear,	Rinnan, -in [running].
And ev'n the rigid feature: . Ep. to Young Friend. 9.	An' young an auld come rinnan out, Halloween. 20.
Or Phineas drove the murdering blade,	Or in gulravage rinnin scow'r To pass the time, . To Rev. J. M'Math.
Wi' wh-re-abhorring rigour; The Ordination. 4.	Riot. No hundred-headed Riot here we meet, With decency and law beneath his feet;
Rigwoodie [/it. ridge-withe; a rough rope or chain, originally a withe, laid over the saddle to support the cart-shafts; resembling a rigwoodie].	Prologue, sp. by Woods. Stranger, if full of youth and riot,
Rigwoodie hags wad spean a foal, . Tam o' Shanter. 14.	And yet no grief has marr'd thy quiet, The Hermit.
Rill. Far mark'd with the courses of clear, winding rills: S. Afton Water.	Would swagger, swear, get drunk, kick up a riot, The Rights of Woman.
You wand'ring rill, that marks the hill,	Gay Pleasure ran riot as bumpers ran o'er; The Whistle. 13.
S. Damon and Sylvia.	In uproar and riot rejoice the night long; Ye true "Loyal Nat.s."
Sweet the tinkling rill to hear; Delia. An Ode. I joyless view thy trembling horn,	Riot, to. Or else neglecting a' that's guid,
Reflected in the gurgling rill The Lament.	They riot in excess! Ep. to Davie. 6.
Concealing the course of the dark winding rill;	And riots wanton in forbidden fields! To Clarinda.
S. The lazy mist †	Never, never reptile thief Riot on thy virgin leaf! To Miss C.
Rimpled. And smile at the moon's rimpled face in the wave; Lament, on leaving Nat. Land.	Rip. I'd rip their rotten, hollow hearts, To Rev. J. M'Math. Ripe. Her lips are like the cherries ripe, S. On Cessnock banks †
Rin [to run].	Ripen. "O! why has Worth so short a date?
The water rins o'er the heugh, S. Ay waukin, O. The ready measure rins as fine, Ep. to Davie. 11.	"While villains ripen grey with time! Lament for Glencairn.
The ready measure rins as fine, Ep. to Davie. 11. And then he'll hilch, and stilt, and jimp,	Ripen'd. ripen'd fields, and azure skies, The Vision. D. II. 15.
And rin an unco fit:	"I burn, I burn, as when through ripen'd corn,
Where Doon rins, wimplin, clear, Halloween.	"By driving winds, the crackling flames are borne! To Clarinda.
The vera wee-things, toddlan, rin, Wi' stocks out owre their shouther:	Rip'ning.
'Let fortune's wheel at random rin, S. O Phely, †	The Autumn mourns her rip'ning corn
Whare Tay rins wimplin by sae clear;	By early Winter's ravage torn; S. The gloomy night † Riper.
S. O whare did ye get † An' now she's like to rin red-wud	How ill exchang'd for riper times, Despondency, an Ode. 5.
About her Whisky. The Author's Cry and Prayer.	Beat hemp for others, riper for the string: Ep. fr. Esopus.
An' rin her whittle to the hilt	Riplin-kame [a comb for dressing flax].
I' th' first she meets I	He claw'd her wi' the riplin-kame, . S. Had I the wyte †
Their bauldest thought's a hank'ring swither, To stan' or rin, Ib. P.	Ripp [a handful of unthrashed corn].
tentie rin A cannie errand to a neehor town:	Hae, there's a ripp to thy auld baggie: A Guid New-Year† Wi' taets o' hay, an' ripps o' corn. The Death of Mailie.
The Cotter's Sat. Night.	Ripple [a weakness in the back and reins].
An' no to rin an' wear his cloots, . The Death of Mailie. Here, foaming down the skelvy rocks,	But now she's got an unco ripple, Letter to J. Goudie.
In twisting strength I rin; The Petition of Br. Water.	Rise. 'To vent thy bosom's swelling rise,
Turn tail and rin awa, Jamie S. The Laddies by †	'In pensive walk. The Vision. D. II. 15.
We'll light a spunk, and ev'ry skin, We'll rin them aff in fusion Like oil, some day.	Wi' kindling eyes cry'd, 'Willie, rise! . A Fragment. 8.
The Ordination, 14.	There Architecture's noble pride
Whene'er I meet my mither's e'e, My tears rin down like rain. The Ruined Maid's Lament.	Bids elegance and splendor rise; Add. to Edinburgh. 2. Till in some miry slough he sunk is,
Now Sark rins o'er the Solway sands,	Ne'er mair to rise Add. to the Deil. 13.
And Tweed rins to the ocean S. The Union. Then I mount rin among the rest Third FA to I land	There daily I wander as noon rises high, S. Afton Water.
Then I maun rin amang the rest . Third Ep. to J. Lap I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,	Who said that not the soul alone, But body too must rise Epit. on a Laird.
Wi' murd'ring pattle! To a Mouse.	If ever he rise, it will be to be d—'d.
Where Cart rins rowing to the sea, S. Where cart rins †	Extem. on "the Marquis." Dost thou not rise, indignant Shade,
Ring. When ranting round in Pleasure's ring, Ep. to Young Friend. 10.	Extem. on Commem.s of Thomson.
My Sandy gied to me a ring, Was a' beset wi' diamonds fine; S. My Sandy gied †	Above the world on wings of love I rise,
I gied my heart in pledge o' his ring	In vain wld Prudence † Till painting gay the eastern skies,
Mark our jovial, ragged ring! The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII.	The glorious sun began to rise; . S. It was the charming †
C	'Twill make your courage rise John Barleycorn. Sun and moon but set to rise: S. Let not woman †
And in token of favour he gave him a ring. The Poor Thresher.	Sun and moon but set to rise; . S. Let not woman † The lav'rock in the morning she'll rise frae her nest,
But seeing the ring, then she stood in amaze Ib.	S. Lns on a Ploughman.
They gied me rings and ribbons fine; S. Where Cart rins †	O rise and let me in, jo S. O Lassie, art thou t
Ring, to.	Wha first shall rise to gang awa, A cuckold coward loun is he! S. O Willie brew'd †
Makes woodland echoes ring; Lament of Mary of Scots.	Never to rise again, Oh! S. Oh, open the door,
Till block an' studdie ring an' reel Wi' dinsome clamour Scotch Drink. 11.	When pale the morning rises keen,
Nae mair the grove with airy concert rings.	S. On Cessnock banks † Sett II.
Nae mair the grove with airy concert rings, The Brigs of Ayr.	See from his cavern grim Oppression rise, On Death of R. Dundas.
The Brigs of Ayr. And long with this Whistle all Scotland shall ring. The Whistle.	Where, braving angry winter's storms,
But let the kirk-folk ring their bells, Third Ep. to J. Lap	The lofty Ochils-rise, S. Peggy Chalmers. Firm may she rise with generous disdain
While all around the woodland rings, To Miss C.	Prologue, sp. by Woods.

Is there no daring Bard will rise and tell Scots Prologue.	With linked hands we took the sands,
If Honest Worth in heaven rise,	Down by you winding river; S. As I gaed up by †
Ye'll mend or ye win near him. Tam Samson's El., Epit	
See future wines, rich-clust'ring rise;	O rivers, forests, hills, and plains! Oft have ye heard my canty strains: El. on Capt. M. H., 11.
The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.	that unknown river, Life's dreary bound! Ib. 15.
Then down ye'll hurl, deil nor ye never rise!	Or drowned in the river Forth? Ken ye ought o' Capt. G. †
The Brigs of Ayr. 7.	
Perhaps Dundee's wild warbling measures rise,	Come, let us sweep them off, said they, Like an o'erflowing river New Psalmody.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 13.	
Then howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,	There wild-woods grow, and rivers row, S. Of a' the airts †
A virtuons Populace may rise the while, Ib. 20.	By a river hoarsely roaring S. Raving winds †
For a' the real judges rise,	Or like the snow falls in the river, Tam o' Shanter. 7.
They canna sit for anger The Holy Fair. 14.	But I will down yon river rove amang the wood sae green,
He rises when he likes himsel; The Twa Dogs. 8.	S. The Posie.
	Here, rivers in the sea were lost; . The Vision. D. I. 13.
But now a rumour's like to rise, A whaup's i' the nest V.s to J. Ranken.	by the sweet side of the Nith's winding river,
	S. True hearted was het
Gif I rise and let you in, S. Wha is that at †	No more a-winding the course of you river,
Risen.	S. Where are the joys †
Are frae their nuptial labors risen: A Ded. to G.H., 14.	Still thro' the gap the struggling river toils,
Rising.	Wr. by Fall of Fyers.
Shunning soft Pity's rising sway, . A Winter Night. 8.	Rivulet'let.
Grim-rising o'er the rugged rock, . Add. to Edinburgh. 5.	Where the mossy riv'let strays, . On scaring Water-fowl.
And rising, weets wi' misty showers	Down from the rivulets, red with dashing rains,
The birks of Aberfeldy. S. Bonie lassie, will ye go †	On Death of R. Dundas.
The rising Moon began to glowr	Road. How thou wad prance, an' snore, an' scriegh,
The distant Cumnock hills out-owre;	An' tak the road! . A Gude New-Year † 8.
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 4.	We took the road ay like a Swallow:
His bristling beard just rising in its might,	What he de'il ever thinks o' the road he has past.
Extem. on W. Smellie.	S. Contented wi' little †
And blude red wine's the rysin Sun. S. Gane is the day †	O Life! Thon art a galling load,
Now on the rising gale swell high, On Lincluden,	Along a rough, a weary road, Despondency, an Ode.
When rising Phæbus first is seen, . S. On Cessnock banks †	Though fortune's road be rough an' hilly Ep. to Maj. Logan.
	His saul has ta'en some other way,
	I fear, the left-hand road Epit. on Holy Willie.
Gi'e me the lonely valley, The dewy eve, and rising moon; S. Sae flaxen †	But O the road was very hard, S. O Mally's meek.
	And sic a night he taks the road in,
But feels his heart's bluid rising hot, The Author's Cry and Prayer.	As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in. Tam o' Shanter. 7.
	in fair virtue's heavenly road, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 19.
The ither flutters o'er the rising piers: The Brigs of Ayr. 4.	Three hizzies early at the road, The Holy Fair. 2.
Still rising by the plummet's law,	
The Farewell. To St. J.'s L He, rising, rejoicing,	For roads were clad, frae side to side, Wi' monie a weary body,
Between his twa Deborahs, The Jolly Beggars. R. VIII.	
The rising sun, our Galston Muirs,	
Wi' glorious light was glintan; The Holy Fair.	He smell'd their ilka hole and road, Baith out and in, The Twa Herds. 6.
The palace rising on his verdant side; Wr. in Kenmore Inn.	
	Poor wights! nae rules nor roads observin; To J. S., 19.
Dim-seen, through rising mists and ceaseless showers, Wr. by Fall of Fyers.	I see ye upward cast your eyes
Adore the rising snn, S. Ye Jacobites †	Ye ken the road Ib. 28.
Risked. He ventur'd the Soul, and I risked the Body,	Roam.
The Jolly Beggars. S. II.	Their hapless Race wild-wand'ring roam! Add. to Edinburgh. 6.
Risket [made a noise like the tearing of roots].	
	When in distant lands I roam; . S. Highl. Mary.
Till sprittie knowes wad rair't, an' risket, A Guid New-Year. 12.	We'll roam through the forest for each idle weed;
Rite.	Monody, on a Lady.
The last, sad, monrnful rites bestow! A Ded. to G. H., 14.	Tho' by the bye, abroad why will you roam? Prologue, at Th., D
Rival.	Roam'd.
Wild wanton kiss'd her rival breast; S. On a bank of flowers t	In vain I've roam'd for pleasure, S. My Love's a winsome †
And wi' the far-fam'd Grecian share A rival place? . Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	Roaming. The breezes idly roaming, S. Deluded Swain †
	Bonie Doon, whare early roaming, First I weav'd the rustic sang S. Scenes of woet
A hint o' a rival or twa, man, Ronalds of Bennals.	
Condemn'd to see my rival's reign, . S. The last time I †	Then fareweel vacant, careless roamin; . To J. S., 14.
Rival, to.	Roar.
Delighted, rival other's lays: S. The Contented Cottager.	And fac'd grim Danger's loudest roar, Add. to Edinburgh. 7.
Rivalship.	Ronsing the turbid torrent's roar Add. to Shade of Thomson.
Its rivalship just i' the job The Jolly Beggars. S. III.	Across the rolling, dashing roar,
Rivan [riving].	I'll westward turn my wistful eye: S. Behold the hour †
Rivan the words tae gar them clink; Second Ep. to Davie.	strumpets, relics of the drunken roar, Ep. fr. Esopus.
Rive. 'Nae doubt they'll rive it wi' the plew';	A boundless ocean's roar; S. From thee, Eliza †
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 23.	Where the winds howl to the waves' dashing roar;
But your curst wit, when it comes near it,	S. Had I a cave t
Rives't aff their back Ep. to J. R., 3.	As set the warld in a roar
Wee Pope, the knurlin, 'till him rives	O laughin' at us; Holy Willie's Prayer. 12.
Horatian fame; Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	Listening to the doubling roar, S. How can my poor heart †
He rives his father's auld entails; The Twa Dogs. 23.	It's not the roar o' sea or shore,
Then auld Gnidman, maist like to rive,	Wad make me langer wish to tarry; S. My bonie Mary.
Bethankit hums To a Haggis.	And loud the tempest's roar: S. O mirk, mirk †
Riven.	Nae mair he'll join the merry roar, On Scot. Bardgne to W. I.
Are riven out baith root an' branch, . The Twa Dogs. 21.	to the whistling blast and waters' roar,
River. Flow gently, sweet River, the theme of my lays;	On Death of R. Dundas.
S. Afton Water.	Or haply lies beneath th' Atlantic roar. Once fondly lov'd†

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Bold may she brave grim danger's loudest roar,	Flow still between us, thou wide roaring main.
Prologue, sp. by Woods. More welcome were to me grim winter's wildest roar.	S. Wandering Willie. We heard nought but the roaring linn, S. What will I do gin †
The tide-swoln Firth, with sullen-sounding roar,	The roaring Fyers pours his mossy floods; Wr. by Fall of Fyers. Roast.
The Brigs of Ayr. 3. like ocean's roar When all his wintry billows pour,	(And aye a rowth, roast beef and claret; . Poem on Life.
Against the Buchan Bullers. The Election Ballads. VI.	'Gie dreeping roasts to countra Lairds, To J. S., 22.
'Tis not the surging billow's roar, . S. The gloomy night † For her I'll dare the billows' roar; S. The Highl. Lassie.	Roast, to. In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin! Tam o' Shanter. 18.
He ended; and the kebars sheuk, Aboon the chorus roar; . The Jolly Beggars. R. II.	Roasting, -in.
And many a lesser torrent scuds,	My shins, my lane, I there sit roastin, Auld comrade dear † Frae morn to een it's nought but toiling,
With seeming roar. The Vision. D. I. 14. mid the venal Senate's roar,	At baking, roasting, frying, boiling; The Twa Dogs. 9.
'Delighted with the dashing roar; Ib. 13.	Rob. Yours, saint or sinner, Rob The Ranter. Auld comrade † She pits hersel an' Rob in; [re.]
Across the Atlantic's roar? S. To Mary.	But yet, despite the kittle kimmer,
The incessant roar of headlong tumbling floods Wr. in Kenmore Inn.	I, Rob, am here. Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 10. We may be poor, my Rob and I, . S. In simmer when †
Roar, to. There [o'er hell] let him hing, and roar, and yell,	For rakish rooks, like Rob Mossgiel O leave novels †
start in Hamlet, in Othello roar; Ep. fr. Esopus.	And then you're prey for Rob Mossgiel 1b.
They roar an' cry a' throw'ther; Halloween.	'Tis rakish art in Rob Mossgiel
Trumpets sound and cannons roar, And a' the hills wi' echoes roar, . S. Highland Laddie.	Gie me Rob, I'll seek nae mair, S. O wha my babie-clouts †
Whar damned devils roar and yell,	And Rob and Allan came to see; . S. O Willie brew'd †
Holy Willie's Prayer. 4.	There's auld Rob Morris that wons in yon glen, S. There's auld Rob M.†
And now what seas between us roar, S. How lang and dreary †	Rob, to.
The doubling storm roars thro' the woods; Tam o' Shanter. 10.	But hawks will rob the tender joys That bless the little lintwhite's nest; S. There was a lass †
And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-sark!" Ib. 16.	Robb'd. And robb'd him at once of his hopes and his life:
Or up the rink like Jehu roar In time o' need; . Tam Samson's El., 5.	S. Caledonia. 5. Robe. Nature sees Her robe assume its vernal hues,
To think upon the raging sea,	S. Again rejoic. Nature †
That roars between her gardens green And the bonie Lass of Albany. S. The bonie Lass of Alb.	That holy robe, O dinna tear it! Ep. to J. R., 3. Her robes, light waving in the breeze,
To hear you roar and rowte,	Her tender limbs embrace, S. On a bank of flowers †
And there will be roaring Birtwhistle, Yet luckily roars in the right. The Election Ballads. III.	Than kingly robes, than crowns and globes, Heav'n gave me more, it made thee mine. S. The day returns †
Loud roars the wild, inconstant blast, S. The gloomy night t	How many a robe sae gaily floats! The Fête Champetre. Down flow'd her robe, a tartan sheen, The Vision. D. I. 11.
And roars frae bank to brae;	Down flow'd her robe, a tartan sheen, The Vision. D. I. 11. The priest and hedgehog in their robes, are snug. To R. G. of F
Roar'd. He roar'd a horrid murder-shout, Halloween. 20.	wi' holy robes, But hellish spirit. To Rev. J. M'Math.
Th' increasing blast roar'd round the beetling rocks, On Death of Sir J. Blair.	There simmer first unfauld her robes, S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †
But seas between us braid ha'e roar'd	Robert.
S. Shld auld acquaintance †	Robert, the lord of the Cairn and the Scaur, The Whistle. 4. Thus Robert, victorious, the trophy has gained, Ib. 5.
Grim horror grin'd; pale terror roar'd As murder at his thrapple shor'd; The Election Ballads. VI.	And gallant Sir Robert, deep-read in old wines 1b. 6.
Then staggering, an' swaggering, He roar'd this ditty up The Jolly Beggars. R. I.	Sir Robert, a soldier, no speech would pretend, Ib. 9. When gallant Sir Robert, to finish the fight,
Roaring, -in, -an.	Turned o'er in one bumper a bottle of red, Ib. 14.
Whase distant roaring swells and fa's A Vision.	The gallant Sir Robert fought hard to the end; . Ib. 16.
Whyles, ranging like a roaran lion, Add. to the Deil. 4. The foaming stream deep roaring fa's, S. Bonie Lassie†	Robie. But blythe's the blink o' Robie's e'e, S. In simmer when †
Thou, Winter, hurling thro' the air The roaring blast, . El. on Capt. M. H., 13.	Young Robie was the brawest lad, S. There was a lass †
'Two laurell'd Martial roaming murder	Robin. Now Robin lies in his last lair, El. on Death of R. Ruisseaux.
Epig. on E.'s "Martial."	Yet that was never Robin's mark
boundless oceans, roaring wide, S. From thee, Eliza† Musing on the roaring ocean,	To mak a man;
Which divides my love and me: S. Musing on the roaring	I Rhymer Robin, alias Burns, . On dining with Daer. An' Robin's bonnet wave wi' crape . Poor Mailie's El
O rattlin, roarin Willie, [re.] . S. Rattlin, roarin Willie.	Come, join the melancholious croon O' Robin's reed! . Ib.
By a river hoarsely roaring S. Raving winds †	Now Robin, greetin', chows the hams O' Mailie dead! [v.A.19]
That every naig was ca'd a shoe on, The smith and thee gat roaring fou on; Tam o' Shanter. 3.	Wha met me but Robin S. Robin shure in hairst.
crashing ice, borne on the roaring speat, The Brigs of Ayr. 7.	Was na Robin bauld,
And there will be roaring Birtwhistle, Yet luckily roars in the right. The Election Ballads. III.	Robin promis'd me A' my winter vittle; Ib. I doubt it's hardly worth the while, To be sae nice wi' Robin. S. There was a lad †
Combustion thro' our boroughs rode.	
Whistling his roaring pack abroad,	Robin was a rovin' boy,
The half asleep start up wi' fear, An' think they hear it [hell] roaran, . The Holy Fair. 22.	'Twas then a blast o' Janwar win'
Wild-roaring o'er a linn: . The Petition of Br. Water.	Blew hansel in on Robin
The Curlers quat their roaring play, . The Vision. D. I. Turbid torrents, wintry swelling,	We'll a' be proud o' Robin
Roaring by my lonely cave S. Thickest night †	So leeze me on thee, Robin

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But oh, she's an heiress, auld Robin's a laird; S. There's auld Rob †	Roe. Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe, [re.] S. My hear's in the Highlands †
Auld Clinkum at the Inner port Cry'd three times, "Robin!" What ails ye now †	The hart, hind, and roe, freely, wildly-wanton stray; S. Sleep'st thou,
Robin, the.	Rogue. That straw where many a rogue has lain of yore, Ep. fr. Esopus.
Proud o' the height o' some bit half-lang tree:	Then ty'd him fast upon a cart, Like a rogue for forgerie John Barleycorn.
The Brigs of Ayr. The robin in the hedge descends,	Such a parcel of rogues in a nation! [re.] . S. The Union.
And sober chirps securely The Election Ballads. VI. The robin pensive Autumn chear,	Rogueish. An' she has twa sparkling rogueish een. [re.] S. On Cessnock banks † Sett II.
The Petition of Br. Water. Robinson ["a preacher, a favourite with the few"].	'Tis the mind that shines in ev'ry grace, An' chiefly in her rogueish een
Or Riobinson again grown weel.	with a would-be-roguish leer and wink, <i>Prologue</i> , at Th., D. Roll. And feel thro' every vein love's raptures roll.
To preach an' read? . Tam Samson's El Now R[obinson] harangue nae mair, . The Ordination. 9.	S. Mark yonder Pomp †
Rock. And the rocks melt wi' the sun; S. A red, red Rose. The pond'rous wall and massy bar,	Ye tempests, rage! ye turbid torrents, roll!
Grim-rising o'er the rugged rock, Add. to Edinburgh. 5.	On Death of R. Dundas. Near and more near the thunders roll: Tam o' Shanter. 10.
Dark as the frowning rock his brow, As on the banks † I might as weel hae try'd a quarry O' hard whin-rock. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 18.	Then roll to me, along your wandering spheres, Only to number out a villain's years! . To R. Graham.
O' hard whin-rock. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 18. Amang the rocks an' streams	Rolling.
To sport that night Halloween. I'm here a pillar in thy temple,	Across the rolling, dashing roar, S. Behold the hour † I guess by the dear rolling ee; S. Here's a health to ane †
Strong as a rock, . Holy Willie's Prayer. 5.	The far foreign land, or the wide rolling sea. S. Out over the Forth †
At Yarico's sweet notes of grief, The rock with tears had flow'd Lns. on Mrs. Kemble.	In the rolling tide of spreading Clyde S. The bonie Lass of Alb
Or, beneath the sheltering rock, Bide the surging billow's shock On scaring Water-fowl.	Roman. Be-north the Roman wa', man. A. Fragment. 8. So ran the far-fam'd Roman way, On Lord G.
Shun the fierce storms among the sheltering rocks; On Death of R. Dundas.	She fell-but fell with spirit truly Roman, Scots Prologue.
Th' increasing blast roar'd round the beetling rocks, On Death of Sir J. Blair.	The Pedant stifles keen the Roman sound . The Vowels. Romantic.
And [Winter] binds the mire like a rock; Tam Samson's El.,	Thro' many a wild, romantic grove, [v.A.4] The Vision. D. I.
This rock my shield, when storms are blowing, <i>The Hermit</i> . Here, foaming down the skelvy rocks,	Rome. Nor need he hunt as far as Rome or Greece, Scots Prologue.
In twisting strength I rin; The Petition of Br. Water. Beneath the woods and rocks, aftentimes for a home,	M'K[enzi]e, S[tuar]t, such a brace As Rome ne'er saw; To W. Creech.
The Jolly Beggars. S. I when the L-d makes a rock	Ronalds. But ken ye the Ronalds that live in the Bennals, Ronalds of Bennals.
To crush common sense for her sins, . The Kirk's Alarm.	Rood.
Prone down the rock the whitening sheet descends, Wr. by Fall of Fyers.	Hae turn'd sax rood beside our han', A Guid New-year † 11. Roof.
Rock [a distaff]. For wi' the rock she wad him knock, S. Duncan Davison.	thro' the ragged roof and chinky wall, A Winter Night. 9. Lifts high its roof and arches wide, . On Lincluden.
Rock and reel and spinnin wheel, S. Gat ye me,† Oh leeze me on my rock and reel; S. The Contented Cottager.	Till roof and rafters a' did dirl Tam o' Shanter. 11. Supporting roofs, fantastic, stony groves: The Brigs of Ayr. 8.
She took the rock, and wi' a knock, She brak it o'er my pow S. The weary Pund.	To swear by a' you starry roof, The Vision. D. I. 6.
Rock, to.	Roofless. As I stood by you roofless tower, A Vision. Rooks. For rakish rooks, like Rob Mossgiel. O leave novels †
The boat rocks at the Pier o' Leith, . S. My bonie Mary. Rocked.	Room. "But I maun lie before the storm, "And ithers plant them in my room.
Ae night the Storm the steeples rocked, A Winter Night. 2. Rockin [a social gathering to which the women took	Lament for Glencairn. O Fortune! they hae room to grumble!
their rock or spinning-gear].	On Scot. Bard gne to W. I. For her too scanty once of room! The Lament.
On Fasteneen we had a rockin, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 2. Rocking.	Roomy.
And with a Mother's fears shrinks at the rocking blast! A Winter Night. 8.	I tent less, and want less Their [the Great-folk's] roomy fire-side; . Ep. to Davie.
Rockingham. Then R-ck-ngh-m took up the game; . A Fragment. 6.	Roon [a shred, a remnant]. Woor by degrees, till her last roon
Rocky. Has laid your rocky bosom bare, As on the banks †	Gaed past their viewin, To W. Simpson. P.S. Roose [boast]. Jamy Goose, ye ha'e made but toom roose,
Whyles round a rocky scar it strays;	Roose, to [to praise, extol].
And hollow whistled in the rocky cave.	To roose you up, an' ca' you guid, A Ded. to G. H.
On Death of Sir J. Blair. Till full he dashes on the rocky mounds,	But friends an' folk that wish me well, They sometimes roose me; Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 16.
Wr. by Fall of Fyers. Or in the glens and rocky caves, S. Young Jamie †	'Roose you sae weel for your deserts, . Ib., Ap. 21st, 5. no to roose you, Ye may be proud, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 13.
Rod. High wields her balance and her rod; Add. to Edinburgh. 2.	For de'il a hair I roose him On W. Chalmers.
Her doubtful balance eyed, and sway'd her rod;	We'll cry nae jads frae heathen hills To help, or roose us, Third Ep. to J. Lap.
On Death of R. Dundas. Patronage, wi' rod o' airn, The Ordination. 8.	Roos'd, Rous'd [praised, extolled]. I'm rous'd by Craigen-Gillan! To Mr. M'Adam.
· And justly smart beneath his sin-avenging rod. Why am I loth †	But tell him he was learn'd and clark, Ye roos'd him then! El. on Death of R. Ruisseaux.
Rode. And rode thro' thick and thin; El. on Peg Nicholson.	He roos'd my een sae bonie blue, He roos'd my waist sae genty sma'; . S. Young Jockey †
And the priest he rode her sair:	120 2000 a my want sac gently sind , wing fockey

Roost. The blood-stain'd roost, and sheep-cote spoil'd, A Winter Night. 5.	Rose. Still crouding thoughts, a pensive train, Rose in my soul, . A Winter Night. 6.
Roosted. So, sought a Poet, roosted near the skies, Add. sp. by Fontenelle.	When, from the eddying deep below, Up rose the Genius of the stream. As on the banks †
Roosty [rusty].	The dew fell fresh, the sun rose mild, S. Luckless Fortune.
An' draws a roosty rapier The Jolly Beggars. R. VI. Root. Know, prudent, cautious, self-controul	Pity's flood there never rose Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —. The paly moon rose in the livid east,
Is Wisdom's root. A Bard's Epit The cavern wild with tangling roots, Despondency, an Ode. 3.	On Death of Sir J. Blair.
Here lies in earth a root of Hell, Epit. on D. C.	The rattling showers rose on the blast; . Tam o' Shanter. 8. The sun rose clear and bright; The Election Ballads. V.
The fruitful top is spread on high, And firm the root below The 1st Psalm.	Though shelter'd in the lowest shed
	That ever rose on Scotland's plain!
Are riven out baith root an' branch, . The Twa Dogs. 21.	S. Twas even—the dewy †
Rooted. But late she flourished, rooted fast, On Birth of Posth. Child.	Rose-bud. A Rose-bud by my early walk, S. A Rose-bud by t
As soon the rooted oaks would fly	So thou, sweet rose-bud, young and gay,
Before th' approaching fellers. The Election Ballads. VI.	Shalt beauteous blaze upon the day,
Even rooted foes admire? V.s below Picture.	The Rose-bud's the blush o' my charmer, S. Adown winding Nith †
Rootless. And like the rootless stubble tost, Before the sweeping blast The 1st Ps.	See yonder rose-bud, rich in dew,
Rope. Measur'st in desperate thought—a rope—thy neck	Amang its native briers sae coy, S. I do confess †
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.	Yon rose-buds in the morning dew, How pure, amang the leaves sae green;
Rory More. "I'll conjure the ghost of the great Rory More,	S. O bonie was you rosy t
Rosa. The Whistle. 8.	In tears the rose-buds steeping: S. O wat ye wha that loes †
While he, sub rosa, play'd his part	Sweet to the opening day, Rosebuds bent the dewy spray; S. Phillis the Fair.
Among their wives and lasses. The Election Ballads. VI.	
Rose, s. O my Luve's like a red, red rose,	
That's newly sprung in June; S. A red, red Rose.	Roslin. In Roslin's fairest bower S. My Love's a winsome t
And bonie bloom'd our roses; . S. Awa, whigs, awa.	Rostrum. Ascends the holy rostrum: . The Holy Fair. 16.
Fair the tints of opining rose; Delia. An Ode.	Rosy. The flower-enamour'd busy bee The rosy banquet loves to sip; Delia. An Ode.
Ye roses on your thorny tree, The first o' flowers. El. on Capt. M. H., 5.	In the gay rosy morn, as it bathes in the dew; S. How pleasant the banks †
Her lips are roses wet wi' dew! . S. Her flowing locks †	while rosy pleasure
England, triumphant, display her proud rose; S. How pleasant the banks †	Hides young desire amid her flowery wreath, Innocence †
Her lips like roses wet wi' dew, S. I gaed a waefu't	Now rosy May comes in wi' flowers, . S. Now rosy May †
And roses blaw in ilka bield; S. In simmer when †	Winnowing blythe her dewy wings In morning's rosy eye; S. Now Spring has clad †
No chilly blast nor shower	O bonie was you rosy brier, S. O bonie was you rosy †
Shall blight this rose of mine. S. My Love's a winsome t	Blythe morning lifts his rosy eye, . S. O Logan! sweetly †
The lily's hue, the rose's dye, . S. My Mary's face t	For sparkling was the rosy wine, . S. O May thy morn †
That crimson rose how sweet and fair;	Unto these rosy lips to grow: S. Sae flaxen†
S. O bonie was yon rosy †	Down and life his and C Clarket than t
And here's the flower that I lo'e best— The rose that's like the snaw. S. O Kenmure's on and awat	She put the cup to her rosy lip, S. The lass that made the bed. Of the stirt my rosy cheeks. The Revised Maid's Lament
	S. The lass that made the bed.
"As on the brier the budding rose "Still richer breathes and fairer blows, S. O Phely †	O I had that my losy checks, . The stander made a Lambour
O gin my love were you red rose, . S. O were my love †	Fill me with the rosy wine,
Her lips still as she fragrant breath'd,	An' ay they dimpled wi' a smile The rosy cheeks o' bonie Mary.
It richer dy'd the rose On a bank of flowers †	S. Th. Menz.'s bonie Mary.
Here lies a rose, a budding rose, . On Poet's Daughter. And blooms a rose in Heaven	Take away these rosy lips, S. Thine am I†
And blooms a rose in Heaven	O pale, pale now, those rosy lips
They fade and they wither awa, man. Ronalds of Bennals.	S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams
Sweetly deckt with pearly dew,	Your rosy cheeks are turned sae wan, S. Ye hae lien wrang.
The morning rose may blow; Sad thy tale, †	The rosy dawn, the springing grass, . S. Young Peggy
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose, S. The Banks of Doon. Sett II.	Rot. And rot the dyvors i' the jails! Add. of Beelzebub. 4.
	Rotten, -an.
And my fause luver staw the rose,	But, a fly for your load, you'll break down on the road, If your stuff be as rotten's her heart.
S. The Posie.	Exten. pinnea to Coach.
'Yet all beneath th' unrivall'd Rose.	And fix your claws in Nicol's heart, For deil a bite o't's rotten For W. Nicol.
'The lowly Daisy sweetly blows; . The Vision. D. II. 20.	
The rose upon the brier by the waters running clear, S. The Winter it is past †	A braw new naig wi' the tail o't a' rottan, S. O ken ye what Meg †
The blude red rose at Yule may blaw, . S. To daunton me.	Ye're like to the timmer o' you rotten wood,
We eye the rose upon the brier, Unmindful that the thorn is near, To J. S., 16.	Ve're like to the bark o' von rotten tree;
Unmindful that the thorn is near, To J. S., 16.	S. O meikle thinks my love †
Oh fresh is the rose in the gay dewy morning, S. True hearted was he	Three priests' hearts, rotten, black as muck, [v.A.16] Tam o' Shanter.
Unseen is the lily, unheeded the rose	The crest, an auld crab-apple Rotten at the core. The Election Ballads, IV.
The lily's hue and rose's dye	
Bespoke the lass o' Ballochmyle. S.'Twas even—the dewy †	I'd rip their rotten, hollow hearts, . To Rev. J. M'Math.
The rose upon the brier will be him trouse an' doublet,	Rouge.
S. Wee Willie Gray †	Will turn thy very rouge to deadly pale; Ep. fr. Esopus. How pale is that cheek where the rouge lately glistened;
She gaz'd—she redden'd like a rose S. When wild War's t	Monody, on a Lady.
the bees humming round the gay roses, S. Where are the joyst	Rough. Thy rough, rude Fortress gleams afar;
To see the rose and woodbine twine; S. Ye banks and braes†	Add. to Edinburgh. 5.
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose, Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;	O Life! Thou art a galling load, Along a rough, a weary road, . Despondency, an Ode.
And my fause lover staw my rose,	I to the crambo-jingle fell,
But ah! he left the thorn wi me	The rude an rough, Et. to I. Ik. At. 1st. 8.

O Rough, rude, ready-witted R[ankine], . Ep. to J. R.	Routine.
Though fortune's road be rough an' hilly Ep. to Maj. Logan.	To wheel the equal, dull routine. Sketch. New-Yr's Day.
O'er life's rough ocean driven, . O Thou dread Pow'r	Rove. But never tempt th' illicit rove, Ep. to Young Friend. 6.
Tho' rough an' raploch be her measure, She's seldom lazy Second Ep. to Davie.	Rove, to. By Allan stream I chanc'd to rove S. By Allan stream †
The rough burr-thistle spreading wide The Ans. to the Guidwife.	But, Delia, on thy balmy lips Let me, no vagrant insect, rove! Delia. An Ode.
The simple Bard, rough at the rustic plough, The Brigs of Ayr.	Frae my best Belov'd I rove, . S. Frae the friends †
Her way may lie thro' rough distress! . The Lament. 5.	There, up the Cove, to stray an' rove, Halloween.
A time, when rough rude man had naughty ways; The Rights of Woman.	Let me wander, let me rove, Still my heart is with my love; S. How can my poor heart †
On Life's rough ocean luckless starr'd!	For whare'er he distant roves, Jockey's heart is still at hame. S. Jockey's ta'en the parting t
To a Mountain-Daisy. bout a house that's rude an' rough, To Gav. Hamilton.	May rove their sweets amang; Lament of Mary of Scots.
bout a house that's rude an' rough, . To Gav. Hamilton. in her rough imperfect line To Rev. J. M'Math.	Fickle man is apt to rove: S. Let not woman t
Rough-shod.	Wherever I wander, wherever I rove, The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.
Lord, send a rough-shod troop o' Hell O'er a' wad Scotland buy or sell, The Election Ballads. VI.	S. My heart's in the Highlands † And the moon shines bright, when I rove at night,
Roun' [round].	S. Now westlin winds †
Or whom in a' the country roun',	Thro' lofty groves, the Cushat roves,
The best deserves to fa' that? The Election Ballads. II.	There, dearest Chloris, wilt thou rove
Round. The happy tenants share his rounds; Sketch. New-Yr's Day.	By wimpling burn and leafy shaw, S. Sae flaxen † The scenes where wretched Fancy roves,
I've paced much this weary, mortal round,	S. The gloomy night † Does the train-attended Carriage
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 9. One round, I ask it with a tear,	Thro' the country lighter rove? The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII.
To him, the Bard, that's far awa. The Farewell. To St. J.'s L	But I will down you river rove amang the wood sae green, S. The Posic.
Again the silent wheels of time Their annual round have driv'n, To Miss L., with "Beattie."	An aged Judge, I saw him rove,
Round, to. To round the period an' pause,	Dispensing good. [v.A.4] The Vision. D. I.
The Author's Cry and Prayer.	With every muse to rove:
Round about. He turn'd him right and round about	Are whistling thrang, To J. S., 9.
Upon the Irish shore, S. It was a' for †	At mid-night hour, in mirkest glen, I'd rove and ne'er be eerie O. S. When o'er the hill †
Sing round about the fire wi' a rung she ran, S. O gin ye were dead.	I'd rove and ne'er he eerie O S. When o'er the hill † For there, wi' my Lassie, the day-lang I rove,
Round and round.	S. Yon wild mossy mountains †
Are round an' round divided, Halloween. 7.	Thro' a' our lasses he did rove, S. Young Jamie, †
And they hae taen his very heart's blood, And drank it round and round; John Barleycorn.	I wha sae late did range and rove,
Round and round take up the Chorus,	Aft hae I rov'd by bonie Doon, S. The Banks of Doon. Sett II.
The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII.	For there he rov'd that broke my heart, S. To thee, lov'd Nith
Rounded. With laden sighs, and solemn-rounded sentence, Add. sp. by Fontenelle.	Rover.
Roupet, Rupit [hoarse, as with a cold].	Since my young Highland Rover Far wanders nations over. S. The young Highl, Rover.
An' cry till ye be haerse an' rupit; . El. on Year 1788.	Roving, -in. I gaed a rovin wi' the gun, Ep. to J. R., 7.
Alas! my roupet Muse is haerse! The Author's Cry and Prayer.	'When roving through the gather'd hay, S. O Phely, happy †
Rouse. Rouse from his sluggish slumbers, fell Repentance;	Robin was a rovin boy, - •
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.	Rantin' rovin' Robin 1 S. There was a lad † When roving through the garden gay, S. Twas even—the dewy †
That brethren rouse in deadly hate! S. O Logan! sweetly	S. Twas even—the dewy t
And Harley rouses all the god in man. Prologue, sp. by Woods.	Row. Come boat me o'er, come row me o'er,
An' rouse them up to strong conviction, The Author's Cry and Prayer.	Come boat me o'er to Charlie; . S. Come boat me o'er t
'Some rouse the Patriot up to bare	Row, Rowe [to roll, to wrap].
Corruption's heart: The Vision. D. II. 4.	Ca' them [the ewes] whare the burnie rowes, S. Ca' the Ewes.
An' rouse their holy thunder on it To Rev. J. M'Math. To rouse the mountain deer, my jo; S. When o'er the hill †	And ye may rowe me in your plaid,
Roused, -'d.	There wild-woods grow, and rivers row, S. Of a' the airts †
Might rous'd the slumb'ring dead to hear; A Vision.	An' down the briny pearls rowe . Poor Mailie's El Perhaps if bowls row right, and right succeeds, [v. A. 12]
Roused by the sound, I start and see	Scots Prologue.
The ruined sad reality! On Lincluden. My partner in the merry core,	In mony a torrent down the snaw-broo rowes;
She rous'd the forming strain. The Ans. to the Guidwife.	The Brigs of Ayr. 7. Wauken, ye breezes! row gently, ye billows!
Rous'd v. Roos'd.	S. Wandering Willie.
Rousing. A cottage-rousing craw A Winter Night. 10. Rousing the turbid torrent's roar, Add. to Shade of Thomson.	Rowed, -'d, -'t [rolled, wrapped].
A rousing whid at times to vend, [v.A.6]	Wha wad mind the wind and rain, Sae weel row'd in his tartan plaidie. [re.] S. As I came o'er†
Death and Dr. Hornbook.	He row'd me sweetly in his plaid, . S. Ca' the Ewes.
Rousing elate in these degenerate times; On Death of R. Dundas.	And rowed his Highland plaid about her. S. Donald Brodie
Rout. Or for Colean, the rout is taen, Halloween.	While down his cheeks the saut tears row'd; S. My Sandy gied †
He left his bed and took his wayward rout,	So, row't his hurdies in a hammock,
The Brigs of Ayr. 3. Or by Madrid he takes the rout, The Twa Dogs. 23.	An' owre the Sea. On Scot. Bard gne to W. I. Rowing [rolling].
Routh v. Rowth.	Where Cart rins rowing to the sea, S. Where Cart rins †
Routhie [plentiful, well-filled].	Rowtan [lowing].
A routhie butt, a routhie ben: S. In simmer when t	The Kye stood rowtan i' the loan; The Twa: Dogs. 35.

Ruin

Rowte [to low, bellow].	"Whoe'er shall provoke thee, th' encounter shall rue !" S. Caledonia.
While new-ca'd kye rowte at the stake, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st.	Should rue this hasty ride, Ep. to Davie. II.
To hear you roar and rowte,	A gate, I fear, I'll dearly rue; S. I gaed a waefu' †
Nae mair thou'lt rowte out-owre the dale, The Ordination. 6.	I rue the day I sought her O, [re.]
Rowth, Routh [plenty, abundance].	S. My love she's but a lassie t
(And aye a rowth, roast beef and claret; . Poem on Life.	Ilk action may he rue it; On W. Stewart.
An' rowth o' rhyme to rave at will, . Scotch Drink. 21.	Thou, Pitt, shalt rue this overthrow, The Election Ballads. VI.
A coof came in wi' rowth o' gear, . S. She's fair and fause t	O mailte do I rue fance love
And there was routh o' drink and fun,	O sairly do I rue, The Ruined Maid's Lament.
S. The last braw bridal †	Rue on thy despairing lover, . S. Turn again, thou t
'Grant me but this, I ask no more, 'Ay rowth o' rhymes To J. S., 21.	'As sair owre hip as ye can draw't!
Royal. Your royal nest, beneath your wing, A Dream. 4.	'Tho' I should rue it What ails ye now the Rued. For none e'er approached her but rued the rash deed.
Young, royal Tarry-Breeks,	Monody, on a Lady.
Ye royal Lasses dainty,	Rueful, -fu'.
Where Scotia's kings of other years,	"Alas!" quoth I, "what ruefu' chance, Has twin'd ye o' your bonie trees; . As on the banks †
Fam'd heroes! had their royal home:	Has twin'd ye o' your bonie trees; . As on the banks † His lordship sat wi' ruefu' e'e, Exten. in Court of Session.
Add. to Edinburgh. 6.	And rueful thy alarms: Sad thy tale, †
Their royal Name low in the dust!	An' pray'd for grace wi' ruefu' face, The Jolly Beggars, R. VI.
But a royal ghaist wha ance was cas'd A prisoner aughteen year awa, . S. Amang the trees †	In rueful apprehension enter'd O, The Vowels.
Gude help the day when royal heads	Rueing.
Are hunted like a maukin S. Awa, whigs, awa.	Old Loda, still rueing the arm of Fingal, . The Whistle.
For thus the royal Mandate ran,	Ruffian.
When first the human race began, Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 15. His royal heart was firm and true, S. Highland Laddie.	And curse the ruffian's aim and mourn thy hapless fate.
Royal George, the Lord leuk o'er him! Kind Sir, I've read †	On seeing wounded Hare.
Once the lov'd haunts of Scotia's royal train;	Unscathed by ruffian hand! . On Birth of Posth. Child.
On Death of Sir J. Blair.	Mark ruffian Violence, distain'd with crimes; On Death of R. Dundas.
The feeling heart's the royal blue, On W. Chalmers.	So may no ruffian feeling in thy breast,
A poor friendless wand'rer may well claim a sigh, Still more if that wand'rer were royal. <i>Poet. Add. to Tytler</i> .	Discordant jar thy bosom-chords among; To Miss Graham.
Say such is royal George's will	Ruffi'd,
An' there's the foe, The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.	Wi' ruffl'd sark an' glancin' cane, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 12. Ruffum. Scroggam, my dearie, ruffum. [re.] S. Scroggam.
Where royal cities stately stand; . S. The Banks of Nith.	Rugged.
This lovely maid's of royal blood S. The bonie Lass of Alb.	G: 11 - 1 - 1 - 1 - 1 - 1 - 1 - 1 - 1 - 1
The royal right of Albany	Ve rugged cliffs o'erhanging dreary glens, El. on Miss Burnet.
Or how the royal Bard did groaning lye, Beneath the stroke of heaven's avenging ire;	El. on Miss Burnet.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 14.	Ruin. When Ruin, with his sweeping besom, Just frets till Heav'n commission gies him;
Yet to worth let's be just, royal blood ye might boast,	A Ded. to G. H., 10.
If the ass were the king of the brutes. The Kirk's Alarm.	The Church is in ruins, the State is in jars:
Rozet [rosin]. O for some rank, mercurial rozet, To a Louse.	'Mid circling horrors sinks at last
Ruddy. His leg was so tight and his cheek was so ruddy,	In overwhelming ruin. S. Farewell, thou stream T
The Jolly Beggars. S. II.	The snowy ruin smokes along, With doubling speed and gathering force, Fragment of Ode.
Rude. An' swoor fu' rude, A Fragment. 9.	To shun impelling ruin
Thy rough, rude rortress gleams afar; Add. to Edinburgh. 5.	A while her pinions tries; S. How cruelt
I to the crambo-jingle fell,	ruins, hoar and grey, Ruins yet beauteous in decay,
Tho' rude an' rough, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 8.	Or mould'ring ruins mark the sacred Fane.
O Rough, rude, ready-witted R[ankine], Ep. to J. R.	On Death of Sir J. Blair.
his caustic wit was biting, rude, . Extem. on W. Smellie.	Nay more, that very love their cause of ruin! Remorse. A Frag
All in its rude and prickly bower, S. O bonie was you rosy t	Wrench'd his dear country from the jaws of Ruin!
By autumn wild, and winter rude! . S. O were my love† Far as the rude barbarian marks the bound.	Scots Prologue.
Prologue, sp. by Woods.	The herryment and ruin of the country; The Brigs of Ayr. 9.
But 'twould be rude, you know, to ask the question;	Alas I misfortune stares my face, And points to ruin and disgrace, The Farewell.
Prologue, at Th., D A time when rough rude man had naughty ways;	And orator Bob is its [the church's] ruin. The Kirk's Alarm.
The Rights of Woman.	Has proven to its [the Kirk's] ruin: The Ordination. 8.
My goose-quill too rude is to tell all your goodness To Capt. Riddel.	My brave gallant friends, 'tis your ruin I mourn;
	S. The small birds† Or ruins pendent in the air. [v.A.4] . The Vision. D. I.
An' bout a house that's rude an' rough, To Gav. Hamilton. Rudely. God's image rudely etch'd on base alloy!	
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.	Ruin's wheel has driven o'er us,
No! though his artless strains he rudely sings, The Brigs of Ayr.	Full on thy bloom, To a Mountain-Daisy.
Thy rudely-caroll'd, chiming phrase,	Thy wee-bit housie, too, in ruin! To a Mouse.
'In uncouth rhymes, The Vision. D. 11. 12.	An' hunt him down, o'er right an' ruth, To ruin straight. To Rev. J. M'Math.
Rudeness. Quite sick of merit's rudeness, The Dean of Fac Ruder.	"Whom vice, as usual, has turn'd o'er to ruin. Tragic Frag
Which, save the linnet's flight, I wot,	'Twas na her honie blue e'e was my ruin:
Nae ruder visit knows, . S. Now spring has clad †	S. Twas na her bonie blue e e t
Rue. Hey and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme, [re.]	Wantonness has been my ruin; S. Wantonness for ever t
S. There liv'd ance a carle † And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime, [re.] Ib.	Ruin, to. 'They'll ruin Johnie!' Death and Dr. Hornbook. 23.
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime. [re.] Ib. Rue, to. And just as lamely can ye mark,	O help, master, help, or she'll ruin us a',
How far perhaps they rue it. Add. to Unco Guid. 7.	S. There liv'd ance a carle t

Ruined, -'d. Was rushing by the ruin'd wa's, A Vision.	And years sinsyne hae o'er us run,
Thro' hostile ranks and ruin'd gaps Add. to Edinburgh. 7.	Like Logan to the simmer sun. S. O Logan! sweetly †
Or where auld ruin'd castles, gray,	'Till my last weary sand was run, S. O were I on Parnass. †
Nod to the moon, Add to the Deil.5.	We twa ha'e run about the braes, S. Shld auld acquaintance †
An' gied the infant warld a shog, 'Maist ruin'd a'	To run the twelvemonth's length again:
	Go bid the hero who has run
They'd conquered and ruin'd a world beside; S. Caledonia.	Thro' fields of death to gather fame, S. The capt. Ribband.
I start and see The ruin'd sad reality! On Lincluden.	Run dells [downright devils].
Your ruin'd formless bulk o' stane and lime, The Brigs of Ayr. 6.	Run deils for rantin' an' for noise; The Inventory.
Then paints the ruin'd Maid, and their distraction wild!	They're a' run deils an' jads thegither. The Twa Dogs. 33.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10.	Rung [a cudgel].
"Alas! young man, ye've ruin'd me."	Till, slap! come in an unco loun,
S. The Lass that made the bed.	And wi' a rung decide it: S. Does haughty Gaul, †
Till wrench'd of ev'ry stay but Heav'n, He, ruin'd, sink! To a Mountain-Daisy.	Sing round about the fire wi' a rung she ran,
He, ruin'd, sink! . To a Mountain-Daisy.	S. O gin ye were dead.
Folk thought them ruin'd stick-an-stowe, To W. Simpson. P.S.	She's just a devil wi' a rung; The Author's Cry and Prayer.
Rule.	Rung. While arts of Minstrelsy among them rung,
Owre fast for thought, owre hot for rule, A Bard's Epit	The Brigs of Ayr, 11.
They'll mak what rules and laws they please.	Harmonious concert rung in every part, Ib. 12.
Mar San Abasa manina mala and Add. of Beelzebub.	Runkl'd [wrinkled]. yon runkl'd pair, The Holy Fair. 5.
My Son, these maxims make a rule, And lump them ay thegither; Add. to Unco Guid. Mott.	Running.
An' never think o' right an' wrang	A running stream they dare na cross. Tam o' Shanter. 18.
By square an' rule, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 6.	The rose upon the brier by the waters running clear,
Who feel by reason and who give by rule,	S. The winter it is past †
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.	Runt [the stem of colewort].
Confounds rule and law, reconciles contradiction	A runt was like a sow-tail Halloween. 4.
Frag., inscr. to Fox.	Poor Willie, wi' his bow-kail runt,
Propriety's cold cautious rules . Rusticity's ungainly †	An' runts o' grace the pick an' wale, . The Ordination. 6.
Poor wights! nae rules nor roads observin; To J. S., 19.	Runted.
O ye, douse folk, that live by rule, Ib. 26.	She was nae get o' runted rams,
In all th' omnipotence of rule and power. To R . G . of F	Wi' woo' like goats, an' legs like trams; [v.A.19]
They took nae pains their speech to balance,	Rupit v. Roupet.
Or rules to gie, . To W. Simpson, P.S.	Rupture.
Rule, to. Or say, ye wisdom want, or fire,	
To rule this mighty nation; . A Dream. 5.	They raise a din, that, in the end, Is like to breed a rupture O' wrath . The Holy Fair. 18.
O, all ye Pow'rs who rule above! Ep. to Davie. 9.	Rural.
When winter rules with boundless power,	'Ev'n in the peaceful rural vale,
S. How can my poor heart t	'Truth, weeping, tells the mournful tale, A Winter Night. 8.
Wildly here without control,	Above the narrow, rural vale: . Add. to Edinburgh. 3.
Nature reigns and rules the whole; S. Streams that glide \	in its native air And rural grace; Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
Yerl Galloway long did rule this land, The Election Ballads. V.	Thy rural loves are nature's sel;
I rule them as I ought, discreetly, . The Inventory.	Then, crown'd with flow'ry hay, came Rural Joy,
The star that rules my luckless lot, To J. S., 6.	The Brigs of Ayr. 13.
To rule their torrent in th' allowed line; Why am I loth †	When rural life, of ev'ry station,
Ruled, -'d.	Unite in common recreation; The Twa Dogs. 19.
	Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade! . To a Mountain-Daisy.
Here lyes a man a woman rul'd, The devil rul'd the woman. Epit. on Henpecked Squire.	Rush'd. They rush'd, and push'd, and blude outgush'd,
Where Bruce ance rul'd the martial ranks, . Halloween.	S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
That ruled Albion's kingdoms three, S. The bonie Lass of Alb.	With headlong speed rush'd to the charge, The Election Ballads. VI.
Ruling. On his one ruling passion Sir Pope hugely labours,	Rushes. Ye mossy streams, with sedge and rushes stor'd,
Fragment, inscr. to Fox.	El. on Miss Burnet.
Pull the string, ruling passion, the picture will show him. Ib.	The sheltering rushes whistling o'er thy head,
Where once the Campbell's chiefs of fame,	On seeing wounded Hare.
Held ruling pow'r:. The Vision. D. II. 11.	Rushing. Was rushing by the ruin'd wa's, A Vision.
A high ruling elder to wallow in wine! . The Whistle. 15.	Russel [Rev. J., minister of the Chapel of Ease, Kil-
Rumble John.	marnock].
Rumble John, Rumble John, mount the steps wi' a groan,	Black [Russell] is na spairnan: The Holy Fair. 21.
The Kirk's Alarm.	An' R[ussel] sair misca'd her: The Ordination. 2.
Ruminate.	M'[Kinlay], R[ussel], are the boys
There ruminate with sober thought; Wr. in Friars-Carse H	That Heresy can torture;
Rumour. But now a rumour's like to rise,	O, M-y, man, and wordy R-ll, The Twa Herds. 3.
A whaup's i' the nest. V.s to J. Ranken.	What herd like R—ll tell'd his tale,
Rump. The carlin claught her by the rump. Tam o' Shanter. 18.	Russet.
The carlin claught her by the rump, Tam o' Shanter. 18. Run, to. Yet runs, himself, life's mad career, A Bard's Epit.	Her ancient weed was russet gray, The Election Ballads. I.
	Has fated me the russet coat,
	Be thou clad in russet weed, Wr. in Friars-Carse H.
As eager runs the market-crowd, When "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud;	Russians.
So Maggie runs, the witches follow, Tam o' Shanter. 17.	Or how the collieshangie works
Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,	Atween the Russians and the Turks; Kind Sir, Ive read
She swoor she saw some rehels run	Rust. But Cl-nt-n's glaive frae rust to save He hung it to the wa', man A Fragment. 4.
To Perth and to Dundee, man:	
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	Rusted. I saw that honour's sword was rusted; The Hermit.
Chill runs my blood to hear it rave, S. The gloomy night †	Five tomahawks, wi' blude red-rusted; Tam o' Shanter. 11.
Run. But now his radiant course is run, El. on Capt. M. H.	Rustic. a Bard of rustic song, A Bard's Epit.
The measur'd time is run! . S. Farewell, dear mistress t	And eyes the simple, rustic Hind, A Winter Night. 7.
Our race of existence is run S. Farewell, thou fair day t	Ev'n I who sing in rustic lore, . Add. to Edinburgh. 7.

The princely revel may survey Our rustic dance wi' scorn; S. Behold, my love,	Nae sage North, now, nor sager Sackville, To watch and premier owre the pack vile! Add. of Beelzebub.
"The friendless Bard and rustic song,	Sacred. The sacred posy-Libertie! A Vision.
"Became alike thy fostering care. Lament for Glencairn. First I weav'd the rustic sang S. Scenes of woe †	The sacred vow he ne'er should sever. S. By Allan stream
	at Friendship's sacred ca' . El. on Capt. M. H., Epit.
The simple Bard, rough at the rustic plough, The Brigs of Ayr.	The sacred lowe o' weel plac'd love, Ep. to Young Friend. 6.
And hands the rustic Stranger up to fame, 1b.	famed for martial deed and sacred song, Liberty. Deal Freedom's sacred treasures free as air,
To rustic Agriculture did bequeath	Lns extem. in Lady's Pocket-book.
The broken, iron instruments of Death,	And, all devout, he never sought
thy hardy sons of rustic toil, . The Cotter's Sat. Night. 20.	To stem the sacred torrent Nature's Law.
A wildly-witty, rustic grace Shone full upon her; The Vision. D. I. 10.	Or mould'ring ruins mark the sacred Fane. On Death of Sir J. Blair.
The rustic Bard, the lab'ring Hind, The Artisan; Ib. D. II. 7.	Ye godly brethren o' the sacred gown, The Brigs of Ayr. 9.
To mark the embryotic trace,	The priest-like Father reads the sacred page,
Of rustic Bard;	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 14.
Can give a bliss o'ermatching thine, A rustic Bard. 1b. 21. But mark the Rustic, haggis-fed, To a Haggis.	Or other Holy Seers that tune the sacred lyre Ib.
His knife see Rustic-labour dight,	By sacred truth and honour's band! S. The Highl. Lassie. But it sealed freedom's sacred cause
An' teach the lanely heights an' howes	The League and Covenant.
My rustic sang To J. S., 9.	One sacred Right of Woman is protection.
I kittle up my rustic reed; It gies me ease. To W. Simpson.	The Rights of Woman
Rusticity.	Reason drops headlong from his sacred throne, To Clarinda.
Rusticity's ungainly form May cloud the highest mind; Rusticity's ungainly †	That sacred hour can I forget, . S. To Mary in Heaven,
Rustle.	In sacred strains and tuneful numbers join'd, To Miss Graham.
The storm without might rair and rustle,	Sacrifice. And to the wealthy booby
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle Tam o' Shanter. 5.	Poor woman sacrifice: S. How cruel
It [the gale] rustles, and whistles The Farewell.	By Heavens, the sacrilegious dog
Rustling.	Shall fuel be to boil it! . S. Does haughty Gaul
Or, rustling, thro' the boortries coman, Wi' heavy groan Add. to the Deil. 6.	Sad. The last, sad, mournful rites bestow! A Ded. to G. H., 14.
To feed her fair flocks by her green rustling corn:	Attended, in his [Want's] grim advances,
S. Caledonia.	By sad mistakes, and black mischances, Ib. 16.
At even, when beans their fragrance shed, I' th' rustling gale, El. on Capt. M. H., 6.	The victim sad of Fortune's strife,
The rustling corn, the fruited thorn, S. Now westlin winds †	Or worthy friends rak'd i' the mools, Sad sight to see! Add. to Toothache.
the Reaper's rustling noise, The Vision. D. II. 15.	When Nature all is sad like me! S. Again rejoicing Nature
The polish'd leaves, and berries red,	Our sad decay in church and state, S. Awa, whigs, awa.
Did rustling play; 1b. 23. Rusty.	Meet ev'ry sad-returning night,
Wi' durk, claymore, or rusty trigger, . Add. of Beelzebub.	And joyless morn the same. Despondency, an Ode. 2.
Rusty airn caps and jinglin jackets,	Where infamy with sad repentance dwells; Ep. fr. Esopus.
On Grose's Peregrinations.	Sad was the parting thou makes me remember, S. Gloomy December,
Glenriddel, skill'd in rusty coins, The Election Ballads. VI.	An' hear the sad narration:
Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump, S. Willie Wastle †	"Sad will I be, so bereft, . S. Husband, husband †
Ruth.	"Awake thy last sad voice, my harp! Lament for Glencairn.
Is there no Pity, no relenting Ruth, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10.	Waes me! she's in a sad condition; Letter to J. Goudie.
An' hunt him down, o'er right an' ruth,	They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw, S. My Nanie's Awa,
To ruin straight To Rev. J. M'Math.	I'll be sad for naebody;
She trusts the ruthless falconer S. How cruel †	I start and see The ruined sad reality! . On Lincluden.
'Gainst headlong, ruthless, mad Rebellion's arms.	Sad to your sympathetic scenes I fly;
Scots Prologue.	On Death of R. Dundas.
Or the ruthless native's way, . S. Streams that glide †	The last, sad cape-stane of his woes; . Poor Mailie's El O sad and heavy should I part,
And execrates man's savage, ruthless deeds!) The Brigs of Ayr.	But for her sake sae far awa; S. Sae far awa.
And He whom ruthless Fates expel	Sad thy tale, thou idle page, Sad thy tale
His native land. [v.A.4]. The Vision. D.I.	Now a sad and last adieu S. Scenes of woe, †
He heeds or feels no more the ruthless Critic's rage! To R. G., of F. 5.	When frae my Jenny parted, Sad, cheerless, broken-hearted, . S. Sleep'st thou,
Rye. Comin thro' the rye, poor body, S. Comin thro' the rye †	He hated nought but—to be sad, The Jolly Beggars. R. VII.
She draigi't a' her petticoatie	No idly-feign'd, poetic pains,
Comin thro' the rye	My sad, lovelorn lamentings claim: . The Lament. 3.
Ryke [to reach].	Can soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair. S. The small birds rejoice †
Let me ryke up to dight that tear, . The Jolly Beggars. S. V.	I car'dna by, Sae sad was I, S. The tither morn t
Rysin [rising]. And blude red wine's the rysin Sun. S. Gane is the day †	Now every thing is glad, while I am very sad,
And blude red wine's the rysin Sun. S. Gane is the day † Sab [to sob].	S. The Winter it is past †
But the weary, weary warpin o't	Sad knowledge makes me know that your hearts are full of
Has gart me sigh and sab S. My heart was ance †	woe,
Sacerdotal. The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;	And thinks the Mallard a sad worthless dog. To R. G. of F.,7.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 17. Sack. Hey, the dusty miller, And his dusty sack;	As whiles they're like to be my dead,
S. Hey, the dusty miller	(O sad disease!) . To W. Simpson. 5.
But may the tapmast grain that wags	True hearted was he the sad swain of the Yarrow, S. True hearted was he t
Come to the sack Third Ep. to J. Lap Sackville.	But sorrow and sad sighing care. S. Where are the joys +
S-ckv-lle doure, wha stood the stoure, A Fragment. 5.	His sad complaining dowie raves S. Young Jamie †

- 331-	It was her een sae bonie blue. [re.] . S. I gaed a waefu'
addle.	He lo'es sae weel his craps and kye,
Thro' dirt and dub for life I'll paidle, Ere I sae dear pay for a saddle; The Inventory.	He has nae love to spare for me: S. In simmer when
sadly. Thee Ferintosh! O sadly lost! Scotch Drink. 19. A lesson sadly teaching, to your cost,	Than, if I canna mak thee sae, At least to see thee blest S. It is na, Jean
That Architecture's noble art is lost! To hear the Moon sae sadly lie'd on To W. Simpson. P.S.	Whare hae ye been sae brankie O? . S. Killiecrankie.
Sadness.	I've seen sae mony changefu' years,
A bard who detested all sadness and spleen, The Whistle. 11.	On earth I am a stranger grown; Lament for Glencairn
	That smiles sae sweetly on her knee;
Sae [so]. when I'm tir'd—and sae are ye, A Ded. to G. H.	May I but be sae bauld . S. Lass, when yr mither
	The sun shines on sae brawlie? . S. My Collier Laddie
	Weel buskit up sae gaudy;
thae Birth-day dresses Sae fine this day A Dream. Sae gently bent its thorny stalk, . S. A Rosebud by my †	And gowden flowers sae rare upon't; S. My Lord a-hunting
	Sae sweetly move her genty limbs,
Her house sae bien, her curch sae clean, S. A' the lads o' Thornie-bank † O ye wha are sae guid yoursel,	The diamond-dew in her een sae blue, Where laughing love sae wanton swims
Sae pious and sae holy, Add. to Unco Guid.	She'll no be half sae saucy yet S. My love is but
Her comely face sae fu' o' grace, S. A. Mastrin's bonie Anne.	They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw,
Sae jimply lac'd her genty waist	S. My Nanie's awa'
by thy een sae bonie blue, . S. An' I'll kiss thee yet †	Come autumn, sae pensive, in yellow and grey, Ib
Sae weel row'd in his tartan plaidie S. As I came o'er †	How pure, amang the leaves sae green; S. O bonie was yon rosy:
"Shaded my streams sae clear and cool; As on the banks †	The groom gat sae fu' he fell awald beside it.
"It blaws nae here sae fierce and fell, Ib.	S. O ken ye what Meg
For now I'm grown sae cursed douse, . Auld comrade †	My laddie's sae meikle in love wi' the siller,
Lesley is sae fair and coy, S. Blythe ha'e I been †	S. O meikle thinks my love
Sae fair her hair, sae brent her brow,	And my fond heart, itsel sae true,
S. Braw lads of G. Water.	It ne'er mistrusted thine S. O mirk, mirk
And see the waves sae sweetly glide S. Ca' the ewes.	Is nocht sae fragrant or sae sweet As is a kiss o' Willy
While day blinks in the lift sae hie; 1b.	Or why sae sweet a flower as love,
Come, gies your hand, an' sae we're gree't;	Depend on Fortune's shining? . S. O poortith cauld
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 11.	Her een sae bonie blue
Folk maun do something for their bread,	O wha can prudence think upon,
An' sae maun Death Ib. 12.	And sae in love as I am?
had sae fortify'd the part,	Thou'rt like themsels sae lovely,
It was sae blunt,	That ill they'll ne'er let near thee. S. O saw ye bonie L.
whare gowans grew, Sae white an' bonie, 1b. 23.	That we may brag we hae a lass, There's nane again sae bonie
Sae blythe and merry's we will be, S. Duncan Davison.	A thief sae pawky is my Jean . S. O this is no my ain
That live sae bien an' snug: Ep. to Davie.	O Tibbie! I hae seen the day
I've scarce heard ought describ'd sae weel, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 4.	Ye would na been sae shy; S. O Tibbie!
An' sae about him there I spier't;	That looks sae proud and high
Quo' she, 'Ye ken we've been sae busy Ib., Ap. 21st, 3.	Your daddie's gear maks you sae nice;
Roose you sae weel for your deserts,	Ye need na look sae high
In terms sae friendly, 1b. 5.	Ere while thy breast sae warming,
Ye hae sae monie cracks an' cants, Ep. to J. R., 2.	S. O wat ye wha that lo'es
Weel pleased, he greets a wight sae famous,	Thy waist sae jimp, thy limbs sae clean, S. O were I on Parnass.
Epit. on Tam the Chapman.	Sae bleak and bare, sae bleak and bare, S. O wert thou in
Sae tickled Death, they couldna part:	Thy smiles are sae like my blythe sodger laddie,
The Bench sae wise lift up their eyes, Extem. in Court of Session.	S. O whare did ye get
Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,	Tho' thou has nae silk and holland sae sma,
Sae dauntingly gaed he; . S. Farewell, ye dungeons †	S. O when she cam ben
For you sae douce, ye sneer at this,	And Lady Jean was never sae braw
S. Green grow the Rashes.	That's blinking in the lift sae hie;
Sae craftilie she took me ben, S. Had I the wyte†	She shines sae bright, to wyle us hame, S. O Willie brew'd
I dighted ay her een sae blue,	Was e'er puir Poet sae befitted, . On B.'s Horse Impound Sae far I sprackled up the brae . On Dining with Daer
The lads sae trig, wi' wooer-babs, Halloween. 3.	Sae far I sprackled up the brae . On Dining with Daer Sae helpless, sweet, and fair . On Birth of Posth. Child
A runt was like a sow-tail Sae bow't	Your bonie face sae mild and sweet . On W. Chalmers
In wrath she was sae vap'rin,	That's half sae welcome's thou art . On W. Stewart
He was sae sairly frighted	Thou need na jouk behint the hallan,
He was sae fley'd an' eerie:	A chiel sae clever; Poem on Pastoral Poetry
She dresses aye sae clean and neat, . S. Handsome Nell.	It's no the loss o' warl's gear, That could sae bitter draw the tear, Poor Mailie's El.
sweetly glide To the moon sae clearly. S. Hark! the mavis't	
Fairies dance sae cheery	O sell your fiddle sae fine; . S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie
Sae brawly's he could flatter; . S. Here's his health.	Sae sonsy and sweet, sae fully complete, Ronalds of Bennals
Thou'rt ay sae free informing me Thou hast nae mind to marry; . S. Here's to thy health†	There are no mony poets sae braw, man
I'll count my health my greatest wealth.	But for her sake sae far awa; [re.] . S. Sae far awa
I'll count my health my greatest wealth, Sae lang as I'll enjoy it:	Sae flaxen were her ringlets, S. Sae flaxen
'Cause he's sae gifted;	Her smiling, sae wyling,
If sae, thy han' maun e'en be borne, Holy Willie's Prayer. 9.	Sae warming, sae charming,
	Her fautless form and graceful air.
Yet has sae mony takin' arts,	Her fautless form and graceful air;
	Bonie Doon, sae sweet at gloaming, . S. Scenes of woe
Yet has sae mony takin' arts,	Her fautless form and graceful air;

An' gif it's sae, ye sud be licket . Second Ep. to Davie.	Bout which our herds sae aft hae been
But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen? S. Tam Glen.	Maist like to fight. To W. Simpson. P.S.
O Tam! hadst thou but been sae wise, . Tam o' Shanter.	The evening sun was ne'er sae sweet, As was the blink o' Phemie's e'e. S. Blythe was she
The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's noddle,	Sae loud and shill's I hear the blast, S. Up in the morning.
I gae him a dram o' the brand sae strang, S. The auld man † How can ye blume sae fair! . S. The Banks of Doon.	My morning raise sae clear and fair, Verses under Grief.
And I sae fu' o' care!	What mak ye sae like a thief? . S. Wha is that at my †
For sae I sat, and sae I sang,	I did na suffer ha'f sae much
And wist na o' my fate	Frae Daddie Auld What ails ye now † Is that enough for you to souse Your servant sae? . Ib.
And ilka bird sang o' it's luve; And sae did I o' mine	She's aye sae neat, sae trim, sae tight, S. When first I saw †
	She's aye sae bonie, blythe, and gay,
But the body he was sae doited an' blin, S. The Cooper o' cuddy \	It was na sae ye glinted by
What makes the youth sae bashfu' and sae grave;	When I was wi' my dearie S. When I think on t
The Cotter's Sat. Night.	Return sae dowf and weary O: . S. When o'er the hill t
Ne'er summer sun was half sae sweet. S. The day returns t	It makes my heart sae cheery O,
I've seen the day, and sae hae ye, Ye wad na been sae donsie, O S. The deuks dang o'er.	Sae wistfully she gaz'd on me, . S. When wild War's † But Willie's wife is nae sae trig, . S. Willie Wastle †
In Galloway sae wide The Election Ballads. I.	But Willie's wife is nae sae trig, S. Willie Wastle † It's a pity ane sae pretty
If sae their pleasure was	Should na do the thing they can. S. Will ye go and marry †
But it's ne'er be sae wi' brandy Jean	Ye're a wanter, sae am I;
Sae knit in alliance are kin	That nipt my flower sae early!
A boy no sae black at the bane; Ib.	S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †
And there, sae grave, Squire Cardoness Look'd on till a' was done;	those rosy lips I aft ha'e kiss'd sae fondly!
It wasna sae in the Highland hills,	How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair; S. Ye banks and braes †
The Highl. Widow's Lament.	And I sae weary fu' of care!
Feeding on you hill sae high,	And fondly sae did I o' mine Ib.
To see a scene sae gay, The Holy Fair. 2.	Sae gallant and sae gay a swain, . S. Young Jamie †
Within the glen sae bushy, O,	He roos'd my een sae bonie blue,
Aboon the plain sae rashy, O, [re.] S. The Highl. Lassie. The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,	He roos'd my waist sae genty sma'; S. Young Jockey t
Is king o' men, for a' that S. The Honest Man.	Safe. And safe beneath the shady thorn Defies the angler's art: S. Now Spring has clad †
The wilfu' creature sae I pat to, The Inventory.	And [Heaven] send him safe hame to his babie and me.
Till faith, wee Davock's turn'd sae gleg, Ib.	S. O whare did ye get t
Ere I sae dear pay for a saddle;	And send me safe my Somebody S. Somebody.
Sae dinna put me in your buke,	Now safe the stately Sawmont sail, Tam Samson's El., 6.
Between themsels they were sae busy: The Jolly Beggars. R. III.	Or find a sheltering safe retreat, From prone-descending showers. The Petition of Br. Water.
An' O sae nicely's we will fare! Ib. S. V.	Return him safe to fair Strathspey, S. The yng Highl. Rover.
Sae merrily's the banes we'll pyke,	Safeguard.
Partly wi' Love o'ercome sae sair,	Whare the trees and the branches will be our safeguard.
An' partly she was drunk:	S. There grows a bonie †
And dinna sae uncivil be; S. The lass that made the bed.	Sound and safely may he sleep, S. Jockey's ta'en the parting †
Twa drifted heaps sae fair to see,	And Honour safely back her [Truth], On W. Chalmers.
And the diamond drops o' dew shall be her een sae clear;	Safer. Ye're safer at your spinning wheel; O leave novels †
S. The Posie.	Safe's [save us !]
There's few sae bonie, nane sae gude, The Tarbolton Lasses.	Wi' deils, they say, L—d safe's! colleaguin At some black art. On Grose's Peregrinations.
But he sae trig Lap o'er the rig, . S. The tither morn †	Saft [soft].
To see my lad sae near me	She's saft at best an' something lazy,
I card'na by, sae sad was I,	Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 3.
Nae tawted tyke, tho' e'er sae duddie, The Twa Dogs. 3. They're sae accustom'd wi' the sight, Ib.	She laid me in a saft bed, [re.] . S. O wat ye what my † Seal'd on her silk-saft falds to rest, . S. O were my love †
Then chance and fortune are sae guided,	Their hearts o' stane, gin night are gane,
Your duty ye wad sae neglekit, The Twa Herds. 4.	As saft as ony flesh is The Holy Fair. 27.
Sae hale and hearty every shank,	women sonsie, saft an' sappy, . S. There's naethin like t
That bites sae sair, . ,	Saftest [softest].
Sae straught, sae taper, tight and clean, The Vision. D. I. 11.	There the saftest sweets enjoying, . S. Scenes of wee †
Her e'en sae bright, her brow sae white,	Sage, adj.
S. Th. Menz.s bonie Mary. I doubt it's hardly worth the while,	Nae sage North, now, nor sager Sackville, Add. of Beelzebub. 2.
To be sae nice wi' Robin S. There was a lad †	Twa sage Philosophers to glimpse on! . Auld comrade †
And ay she sang sae merrilie; S. There was a lass, and †	Unlike sage proverb'd wisdom's hard wrung boon.
His coat is the hue of his bonnet sae blue; S. There's auld Rob †	Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
I care na thy kin, sae high and sae lordly: S. Tibbie Dunbar.	The sage grave ancient cough'd, and bade me say, Prologue, at Th., D
How daur ye set your fit upon her,	How mony lengthen'd sage advices,
Sae fine a Lady! To a Louse.	The husband frae the wife despises! . Tam o Shanter. 4.
Thou need na start awa sae hasty, To a Mouse.	And sage Experience bids me this declare The Cotter's Sat. Night. 9.
But no sae weel a stranger	The Precepts sage they wrote to many a land: . Ib. 15.
To daunton me, and me sae young, S. To daunton me. If sae be, ye may be Not fitted otherwhere.	worthy Glenriddel, so cautious and sage, The Whistle. 15.
To Gav. Hamilton.	The grave sage hern thus easy picks his frog, To R. G. of F., 7
Ye are sae grave, nae doubt ye're wise; . To J. S., 28.	Saws of experience, sage and sound. Wr. in Friars-Carse H.
Shou'd meddle wi' a pack sae sturdy, To Rev. J. M'Math.	Sage, s.
Than mony scores as guid's the priest Wha sae abus't him , Ib.	Say, sages, what's the charm on earth, Can turn death's dart aside? . Epit. on Miss Lewars.
Wha sae abus't him. , . , 16.	

Began the rev'rend Sage; . Man was made to Mourn.	Saint.
Sages their solemn een may steek, The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.	Yours, saint or sinner, Rob the Ranter. Auld Comrade †
	Show many a saint and martyr there On Lincluden.
M'Lauchlan, thairm-inspiring Sage, The Brigs of Ayr. 12.	Sincere as a saint's dying prayer Poet. Add. to Tytler.
And when the Bard, or hoary Sage, Charm or instruct the future age, [v.A.4] The Vision. D.II.	Would make a saint forget the sky; . S. Sae flaxen †
Sagitarre [the constellation Sagitarius].	The Saint, the Father, and the Husband prays;
	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 16.
	For, saving your presence, to her ye're a saint! S. There liv'd ance a carle †
Said. I had amaist said, ever pray, A Ded. to G. H., 13.	Saint Johnston.
a cukoo sang That's unco easy said ay: . A Dream. 2.	Between Saint Johnston and bonie Dundee.
But what he said it was nae play, A Vision.	S. O whare did ye get †
'Twould vamp my bill, said I, if nothing better; Add. sp. by Fontenelle.	I hae been east, I hae been west,
	I hae been at Saint Johnston, . S. The Ploughman †
Said, nothing like his works was ever printed; Ib.	Saint Stephen.
Thou [daisy] emblem, said I, o' my Phillis, S. Adown winding Nith †	Saint Stephen's boys, wi' jarring noise,
	They did his measures thraw, man, . A Fragment. 6.
And love said, laughing in her looks, Come kiss me at your leisure. S. As I gaed up by t	Was managing St. Stephen's quorum; Kind Sir, I've read †
She, sinking, said, "I'm thine for ever!"	Then echo thro' St. Stephen's wa's
S. By Allan stream †	Auld Scotland's wrangs. The Author's Cry and Prayer. 12.
If ye'll but stand to what ye've said, . S. Ca' the Ewes.	The billie is gettin his questions,
Who said that not the soul alone,	To say in Saint Stephen's the morn.
But body too must rise. [re.] Epit. on a Laird.	The Election Ballads. III.
I said, there was naething I hated like men,	O wha will to Saint Stephen's house, [re.]
S. Last May a braw wooer †	The Fête Champetre.
I said he might die when he liked for Jean; Ib.	Sair [sore].
But what was said, or what was done, Shame fa' me gin I tell; S. My heart was ance †	Your sair taxation does her fleece, A Dream. 6.
	Led him a sair faux pas, man: A Fragment. 7.
Come, let us sweep them off, said they,	Monie a sair daurk we twa hae wrought,
Like an o'erflowing river New Psalmody.	A Guid New-Year † 16.
I sigh'd, and said amang them a', Ye are na Mary Morison S. O Mary, at thy window †	Wi' stanged hips, and buttocks bluidy, She's suffer'd sair; . Adam A—'s Prayer.
She said, and vanish'd with the sweeping blast. On Death of Sir J. Blair.	They snool me sair, and haud me down, S. And O for ane and twenty †
Nay, by heaven, said I, may I perish if ever	'Gat tippence-worth to mend her [his wife's] head,
I plant in your bosom a thorn. Spoken Extem. to yng Lady.	When it was sair; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 26.
Till on that hairst I said before, The Ans. to the Guidwife.	Slighted love is sair to bide, S. Duncan Gray †
Now haud you there! for faith ye've said enough,	And the priest he rode her sair: . El. on Peg Nicholson.
The Brigs of Ayr. 10.	Forjesket sair, with weary legs, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 2.
What farther clishmaclaver might been said, . Ib. 11.	My awkart Muse sair pleads and begs,
This said, poor Mailie turn'd her head, The Death of Mailie.	I would na write
And said, Sweet lassie dinna cry, S. The lass that made the bed.	'That trouth, my head is grown right dizzie,
Still it's owre true that ye hae said, . The Twa Dogs. 21.	'An something sair.' Ib. 3.
'And wear thou this'-She solemn said, The Vision. D. II. 23.	Here Holy Willie's sair worn clay
Though Fate said, a hero should perish in light;	Taks up its last abode; Epit. on Holy Willie.
The Whistle. 16.	Grim loon! he [death] gat me by the fecket,
He met wi' auld Nick, wha said, how do ye fen?	And sair me sheuk; Friend of the poet † P.S. An' Jean had e'en a sair heart
S. There liv'd ance a carle †	To see't that night Halloweeen. 8.
"O welcome most kindly, the blythe carle said, 1b.	They hoy't out Will, wi' sair advice; 1b. 23.
An' said my fau't frae bliss expell'd me; What ails ye now t	Till for his sake I'm slighted sair,
I said 'Gude night,' and cam' awa', Ib.	S. Here's his health in water.
Sail.	And oh, her widow'd heart is sair, S. How lang and dreary t
Down Pleasure's stream, wi' swelling sails,	Oh! thoughtless lassie, life's a fecht,
I'm tauld ye're driving rarely: A Dream. 10.	The canniest gate, the strife is sair; S. In simmer when †
"There, latest mark'd her vanish'd sail." S. Behold the hour †	And sair wi' his love he did deave me;
Then may heaven with prosperous gales,	S. Last May a braw wooer t
Fill my sailor's welcome sails, S. How can my poor heart †	Whae'er o' thee shall ill suppose, They sair misca' thee; On Grose's Peregrinations.
Then top and maintop croud the sail, To J. S., 11.	Sair I fecht them [Want and Hunger] at the door,
Sail, to.	Sair I recht them [want and Irunger] at the door, S. O that I had ne'er †
But, in the teeth o' baith [wind and tide] to sail,	Thou strings the nerves o' Labor-sair, . Scotch Drink. 6.
It maks an unco leeway Add. to Unco Guid. 4.	My heart is sair, I darena tell,
Now safe the stately Sawmont sail, Tam Samson's El., 6.	My heart is sair for Somebody; S. Somebody.
Sailing.	But Maggie stood right sair astonish'd, Tam o' Shanter. 11.
Ye cliffs, the haunts of sailing yearns, El. on Capt. M. H., 3.	An' tho' fu' foughten sair eneugh,
Sailor.	Vet unco proud to learn. The Ans. to the Guidzvife.
The wheeling torrent viewing S. Eggenell, they streams to	"I saw the battle sair and teugh, S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
The wheeling torrent viewing, S. Farewell, thou stream †	S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
When absent from my sailor lad? S. How can my poor heart †	tho' wi' crazy eild I'm sair forfairn, The Brigs of Ayr. 7.
Then may heaven with prosperous gales, Fill my sailor's welcome sails,	Partly wi' Love o'ercome sae sair, The Jolly Beggars. R. VII.
The sailor [returns] frae the main, S. It was a' for †	Tho' Fortune sair upon him laid,
Where sailors gang to fish for Cod The Twa Dogs.	His heart she ever miss'd it
There lives a lad, the lad for me,	Sair, sair may I repine; . S. The Highl. Widow's Lament.
He is a gallant sailor S. Where Cart rins †	For mony a heart thou hast made sair, . S. The lovely lass †
And I was fear'd my heart wou'd tine,	An' R[ussel] sair misca'd her [Common-sense]: The Ordination. 2.
And I gied it to the sailor	As lately, F-nw-ck, sair forfairn,
But to my heart I'll add my hand,	Has proven to its ruin:
And gie it to the sailor	An' when they meet wi' sair disasters,
I'll love my gallant sailor	Like loss o' health or want o' masters, The Twa Dogs. 11.

They've nae sair-wark to craze their banes, The Twa Dogs. 29.	Sall [shall].
And that fell cur ca'd common sense,	An' tak' the counsel I sall gi'e thee, Add. to Illegit. Child. Ye sall get gowns and ribbons meet, S. Ca' the ewes.
That bites sae sair, . The Twa Herds. 16.	And ye sall be my dearie. [re.]
Auld chuckie Reekie's sair distrest, To W. Creech. Sair do I fear that to hope is denied me,	There's nane sall ken, there's nane sall guess,
Sair do I fear that to hope is defined me; Sair do I fear that despair maun abide me; S. Twas na her bonie blue †	And stownlins we sall meet again. S. I'll ay ca' in †
I thought sair storms wad never Bedew the scene; . Verses under Grief.	Sallied. When out the hellish legion sallied. Tam o' Shanter. 16.
O Love thou hast sorrows, and sair have I prov'd; S. Wae is my heart †	Sallow. In grief thy [Autumn's] sallow mantle tear; El. on Capt. M. H., 13.
'As sair owre hip as ye can draw't! . What ails ye now t	With ardent eyes, complexion sallow, Sketch. New-Yr's Day.
But sair I fear some happier swain	Sal-marinum. True Sal-marinum o' the seas; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 21.
Has gained sweet Jeanie's favour: S. When first I saw †	Salt.
Sair-won [hard-earned]. Or deposite her sair-won penny-fee,	And aye the salt tear blinds her ee; S. The lovely lass of I.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 4.	Salute. Syne to salute her wi' a kiss, I flang my arms about her neck.
Sair, to [to serve].	S. The Lass that made the bed.
If honest Nature made you fools, What sairs your Grammars? Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 11.	Salvation. For [Moodie] speels the holy door,
For my puir, silly, rhymin' clatter	Wi' tidings o' s-lv-t-n. [v.A.22] The Holy Fair. 12.
Some less maun sair. Second Ep. to Davie.	Same. But till my last moments my words are the same,
Some less maun sair. Second Ep. to Davie. But he'll sair them, as he sair'd the King, Turn tail and rin awa, Jamie S. The Laddies by	S. By you castle wa't Meet ev'ry sad-returning night,
Your clerkship he should sair, To Gav. Hamilton.	And joyless morn the same. Despondency, an Ode. 2.
Sae may, shou'd we to hell's yetts come, Your billy Satan sair us! . V.s, on Window, Carron.	The old cock'd hat, the grey surtout, the same; Extem. on W. Smellie.
Sair't [served].	From countless, unbeginning time Was ever still the same. The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps
I'd better gaen an' sair't the king, Ep. to J. R., 6.	Ye're ay the same kind man to me, . S. John Anderson †
Sairle [poor, sorry, feeble].	How aft her fate's the same, jo S. O Lassie, art thou †
Some sairie comfort still at last, S. O ay my wife she dang.	Tell me thou bring'st me, my Willie, the same.
Sairly [sorely]. An' curse your folly sairly, A Dream. 10. That one pound one, I sairly want it; Friend of the poet	Sample. S. Wandering Willie.
'He was sae sairly frighted That vera night. Halloween. 16.	Yet I am here a chosen sample, Holy Willie's Prayer. 5.
For weel I wat they'll sairly miss him	If the virtues were pack't in a parcel, His worth might be sample for a'.
On Scot. Bard gne to W.I. And, Oh, I find it sairly, O! . S. The deuks dang o'er.	If the virtues were pack't in a parcel, His worth might be sample for a'. The Election Ballads. III.
O sairly do I rue, The Ruined Maid's Lament.	Samson. Tam Samson's dead! [re.] Tam Samson's Et
Your impudence protects you sairly: To a Louse.	Tam Samson's weel-worn clay here lies,
The drift is driving sairly; . S. Up in the morning.	Sanctified.
And sairly thole their mither's ban, . What ails ye now †	And hey for the sanctified Murray, The Election Ballads. III.
Sake. I'm wae to think upo' yon den, Ev'n for your sake! Add. to the Deil. 21.	Full soon I grew sick of my sanctified Sot, The Jolly Beggars. S. II.
I, for their thoughtless, careless sakes	Sanction. And heaven-born piety her sanction seals. To Miss Graham.
Would here propone defences, . Add. to Unco Guid. 2. For my sake this I beg it o' you, . Auld comrade t	Sand. While the sands o' life shall run. S. A red, red Rose.
Rair for his sake El. on Capt. M. H., 8.	With linked hands we took the sands,
Spare't for their sakes wha aften wear it, Ep. to J. R., 3.	Down by you winding river; . S. As I gaed up by t
for my lost darling's sake, S. Fate gave the word t	While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands, O, who would not die with the brave!
Till for his sake I'm slighted sair, S. Here's his health in water.	S. Farewell, thou fair day †
But for thy people's sake destroy 'em,	'Till my last weary sand was run, S. O were I on Parnass. † Glowing here on golden sands, S. Streams that glide †
Holy Willie's Prayer. 15.	But golden sands did never grace
The sun took delight to shine for its sake; S. Lady Mary Ann.	The Heliconian stream; To John M'Murdo.
Who for thy sake would gladly die! S. O Mary, at thy window †	That faith, the youngsters took the sands Wi' nimble shanks, To W. Simpson. P.S.
For sake o' Willie Chalmers On W. Chalmers.	Sandy. Low, in a sandy valley spread, The Vision. D. I. 15.
But for her sake sae far awa; S. Sae far awa.	Sandy [dim. of Alexander].
For the sake of Somebody. [re.] S. Somebody.	My Sandy gied to me a ring, S. My Sandy gied † My Sandy O, my Sandy O.
for poor auld Scotland's sake . The Ans. to the Guidwife. Now, for my friends' and brethren's sakes.	My Sandy O, my Sandy O, My bonie, bonie Sandy O; [re.]
The Election Ballads. VI.	Whare Sandy and Nancy I'm sure will ding them a'? S. There grows a bonie brier t
I for thy sake must go!	Tho', by his banes wha in a tub
"Ye, for my sake, hae gien the feck "Of a' the ten comman's A screed some day."	Match'd Macedonian Sandy! To Mr. M'Adam.
The Holy Fair. 4.	Sang [a Song]. "God save the king"'s a cukoo sang
The sword I forsook for the sake of the church: The Jolly Beggars. S. II.	That's unco easy said ay: A Dream. 2.
How have I wish'd for Fortune's charms,	'Twas Pibroch, Sang, Strathspey, or Reels, S. Amang the trees †
For her dear sake, and her's alone! The Lament.	I'll learn my kin a rattling sang, [re.] S. And O for ane and twenty
But for their sake my heart doth ache, With many a bitter throe: S. The sun he is sunk †	Mirth or sang can please me; . S. Blythe ha'e I been †
That gallant badge, the dear cockade, Ye're welcome for the sake o't S. When wild War's †	I listen'd to a lover's sang.
Sal-alkali. Sal-alkali o' Midge-tail clippings,	And thought on youthful pleasures many; S. By Allan stream †
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 22.	I gi'e them [sorrow and care] a skelp as they're creeping alang Wi'a cog o' gude ale, and an auld Scottish sang.
Sale. I wish her sale for her gude ale, S. A' the lads o' Thornie bank †	Wi' a cog o' gude ale, and an auld Scottish sang. S. Contented wi little †
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Perhaps it may turn out a Sang;	Sank.
Perhaps, turn out a Sermon Ep. to Young Friend.	"As through the cliff he sank him down; As on the banks †
At length we had a hearty yokin,	She sank within my arms, and cried,
At sang about. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 2.	Art thou my ain dear Willie? . S. When wild War's †
There was ae sang, amang the rest, Aboon them a' it pleas'd me best,	Sannock [dim. of Sandy].
Or rhymes an' sangs he'd made himsel,	An' L-d, remember singing Sannock, . Auld comrade †
'You wha ken hardly verse frae prose,	Sans culottes.
To mak a sang?' Ib. 10.	While sans culottes stoop up the mountain high,
Yon sang ye'll sen't, wi' cannie care, Ep. to J. R., 5.	Sapling. Ep. fr. Esopus.
A blessing on the cheery gang	By cruel hands the sapling drops, S. Fate gave the word, †
Wha dearly like a jig or sang, . Ep. to Maj. Logan. 6.	Sappho.
I tint my whistle and my sang, S. Gat ye met	In thy sweet sang, Barbauld, survives
Wi' merry sangs, an' friendly cracks, . Halloween. 28.	Even Sappho's flame. Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
Hark! the mavis' evening sang	Sappy. women sonsie, saft an' sappy, There's naethin like †
Sounding Clouden's woods amang; S. Hark! the mavis †	Sarah.
as he tuned his doleful sang, Lament for Glencairn.	Or hauding Sarah by the wame? S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. G. †
Has gart me change my sang. S. My heart was ance t	Saratoga. Then lost his way, ae misty day,
Scarce ane has tried the shepherd-sang But wi' miscarriage? Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	In Saratoga shaw, man. A Fragment. 4.
In thy sweet sang, Barbauld, survives	Sark. Now Sark rins o'er the Solway sands, S. The Union.
Even Sappho's flame Ib.	The Chief on Sark who glorious fell,
While falling, recalling,	In high command; [v.A.4] The Vision. D. I.
The amorous thrush concludes his sang; S. Sae flaxen†	Sark [a shirt].
First I weav'd the rustic sang S. Scenes of woe t	Wi' ruffl'd sark an' glancin cane, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 12.
How this new Play, and that new Sang is comin?	To dip her left sark sleeve in, Halloween. 24.
Scots Prologue.	I would na gie her in her sark
The lav'rock, to the sky Ascends wi' sangs o' joy; S. Sleep'st thou t	For thee wi' a' thy thousand mark; S. O Tibbie!
The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter; Tam o' Shanter. 5.	Thy coat and thy sark are thy ain handywark, S. O when she cam ben t
Or sing a sang at least The Ans. to the Guidwife.	My sarks they are few, but five o' them new,
But still the elements o' sang	Ronalds of Bennals.
In formless jumble, right an' wrang,	My droukit sark sleeve, as ye ken; S. Tam Glen.
Wild floated in my brain; 10.	And linket at it in her sark! Tam o' Shanter. 12.
She'll teach you, wi' a reekan whittle,	Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,
Anither sang. The Author's Cry and Prayer.	Been snaw-white seventeen hunder linnen! Ib. 13.
And we hae sangs to sing; S. The Carls of Dysart.	Her cutty sark, o' Paisley harn,
Fame and high renown, For an auld sang The Election Ballads. IV.	That sark she coft for her wee Nannie,
They heard the blackbird's sang, man; The Fête Champetre.	Wi' twa pund Scots ('twas a' her riches),
An' thus the Muse suggested	And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-sark!" 1b. 16.
His sang that night. The Jolly Beggars. R. VII.	Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,
To lowse his pack an' wale a sang, Ib. R. VIII.	Tho' they should cast the vera sark and swim, The Brigs of Ayr. 6.
She sang a sang o' liberty, The Tree of Liberty.	"I'll get my Sunday's sark on, The Holy Fair. 6.
After some dog in Highland sang, . The Twa Dogs.	She took her mither's holland sheets,
An' teach the lanely heights an' howes	And made them a' in sarks to me; S. The lass that made the bed.
My rustic sang To J. S., 9.	
I shall say nae mair, But quat my sang, Ib. 29.	In thae auld times, they thought the Moon,
The mournfu' sang I here enclose, In gratitude I send you; To Miss Ferrier.	Just like a sark, or pair o' shoon, . To W. Simpson. P.S.
	Twice a lily flower will be him sark and cravat; S. Wee Willie Gray †
O sweet, to stray an' pensive ponder A heart-felt sang! To W. Simpson.	Sarket [shirted, provided with shirts].
Sang.	While here, half-mad, half-fed, half-sarket,
He sang wi' joy his former day, A Vision.	Is a' th' amount The Vision. D. I. 5.
When linnets sang, and lammies play'd. As on the banks t	Sark-neck [shirt-neck].
The wild-birds sang, the echoes rang, S. Damon and Sylvia.	There's some sark-necks I wad draw tight,
He who of R-k-n sang, lies stiff and dead,	The Author's Cry and Prayer.
Lns while on Death-bed.	Sat. The dew sat chilly on her breast, S. A Rosebud by my
For sae I sat, and sae I sang, And wist na o' my fate. S. The Banks of Doon. Sett II.	Sat Legislation's sov'reign pow'rs! Add. to Edinburgh.
And wist na o my late. S. The Banks of Doon. Sett II.	I sat me down upon a craig, As on the banks †
And ilka bird sang o' it's luve;	But Merran sat behint their backs, Her thoughts on Andrew Bell; Halloween. 11.
Nae lav'rock sang on hillock green, S. The Catrine woods †	
Thro' faded groves Maria sang,	
Wi' quaffing, and laughing, They ranted an' they sang; The Jolly Beggars. R. I.	I sat beside my warpin-wheel,
The bells they rang, and the carlins sang,	S. O Mary at thy window †
S. The last braw bridal †	I sat me down to ponder,
The mavis sang, while dew-drops hang Around her on the castle wa' The night was still †	Upon an auld tree-root: One night as I†
	That ilka melder, wi' the miller, Thou sat as lang as thou had siller; Tam o' Shanter. 3.
She sang a sang o' liberty, The Tree of Liberty.	
At last her feet, I sang to see't, Gaed foremost o'er the knowe; . S. The weary Pund.	There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast; Ib. 11.
And ay she wrought her mammie's wark,	Until wi' daffin weary grown, Upon a knowe they sat them down. [v.A.1] The Twa Dogs.
And ay she wrought her maining s wark, And ay she sang sae merrilie; . S. There was a lass †	For sae I sat, and sae I sang, S. The Banks of Doon. Sett. II.
The birds sang sweet in ilka grove; Ib.	But still as the fairest she sat in their sight,
The birds sang love on ev'ry spray, To Mary in Heaven.	S. The heather was blooming t
In ev'ry glen the mavis sang, . S. Twas even-the dewy t	G . 1' '' M'-11 1' ' M' 7.77 D D 777
	Sat guzzling wi' a Tinkler-hizzie; The Jolly Beggars. R. III.
And ilka bird sang o' its love,	Sat guzzing with a Tinkler-nizzie; The Joury Beggars. R. III. I sat and ey'd the spewing reek, The Vision. D. I. 3.
And ilka bird sang o' its love, And fondly sae did I o' mine. S. Ye banks and braes † And through the wood ye sang, lassie; S. Ye hae lien wrang.	

	G Freshold W
Satan.	Saunt [saint]. Ye mak a devil o' the Saunts, An' fill them fou; Ep. to J. R. 2.
Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie, . Add. to the Deil. 'Twas nothing would serve him but Satan's own crown;	It's just the Blue-gown badge an' claithing,
Epig. on —.	O' Saunts;
Satan took stuff to mak a swine, . Epig. on A. Turner.	Ev'n godly meetings o' the saunts, By thee inspir'd, Scotch Drink. 8.
So whip! at the summons, old Satan came flying; Epig. on Capt. Grose.	Davie Bluster, Davie Bluster, if for a saunt ye do muster,
Astonished! confounded! cry'd Satan, by G-d,	The corps is no nice of recruits; The Kirk's Alarm.
I'll want 'im, ere I take such a d-ble load Ib.	The timmer is scant, when ye're ta'en for a saunt, . Ib. Detested, shunn'd, by saunt an' sinner, . To a Louse.
Satan, gie him thy gear to keep, He'll haud it weel thegither. Epit. on Rul. Elder.	Detested, shunn'd, by saunt an' sinner, . To a Louse. An' yet he's rank'd amang the chief
The coins o' Satan's coronation!	O' lang syne saunts What ails ye now †
S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. G. †	An' snugly sit amang the saunts, At Davie's hip yet Ib.
O Satan, when ye tak him, Gie him the schulin of your weans; . On a Schoolmaster.	Saunter.
that curst carmagnole auld Satan, Poem on Life.	Dowie she saunters down Nithside, . Ep. to H. Parker. When idly goavan whyles we saunter, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 2.
Even Satan glowr'd, and fidg'd fu' fain, Tam o' Shanter. 16.	Saut [salt].
Here is Satan's picture, Like a bizzard gled, The Election Ballads. IV.	He'd ne'er cast saut upo' thy tail Ep. to H. Parker.
Yet that winna save ye, auld Satan must have ye,	While down his cheeks the saut tears row'd; S. My Sandy gied †
The Kirk's Alarm.	An' stain them wi' the saut, saut tear:
Sae may, shou'd we to hell's yetts come, Your billy Satan sair us! . V.s, on Window, Carron.	On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.
Satire.	Syne, whip! his tail ye'll ne'er cast saut on, Poem on Life. Wi' saut tears trickling down your nose; Poor Mailie's El
Who on my fair one satire's vengeance hurls? Ep. fr. Esopus.	The saut tear blin't his e'e; . S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie.
O Pope, had I thy satire's darts . To Rev. J. M'Math.	For a' his fresh beef and his saut, S. To daunton me.
Ironic satire, sidelins sklented, On my poor musie; To W. Simpson.	Saut-backet [salt-bucket].
Satisfy'd.	And parritch-pats, and auld saut-backets, Before the Flood. On Grose's Peregrinations.
Ill-satisfy'd, keen Nature's clam'rous call, A Winter Night. 9.	Sautet [salted]. But ere the course o' life be through,
Saturday. Inform him [death], and storm him,	It may be bitter sautet: A Dream. 15.
That Saturday ye'll fecht him To a Medical Gent.	Sauty [salt]. Alas! that e'er a bonie face
Sauce.	Should draw a sauty tear! . The Ruined Maid's Lament.
Nor sauce, nor state that I could see, On dining with Daer. Wi' sauce, ragouts, an' sic like trashtrie, The Twa Dogs. 9.	Savage, adj.
Saucy.	Lone from your savage homes exil'd, A Winter Night. 5.
Some [nits] start awa, wi' saucy pride, Halloween. 7.	Thus ev'ry kind their pleasure find, The savage and the tender; S. Now westlin winds †
Leest neebours might say I was saucy:	In these savage, liquid plains, . On scaring Water-fowl.
S. Last May a braw wooer † She'll no be half sae saucy yet. S. My love she's but a lassie †	As one who by some savage stream, A lonely gem surveys, S. Peggy Chalmers.
Wha follows ony saucy quean S. O Tibbie!	And execrates man's savage, ruthless deeds!)
And wasna Cockpen right saucy witha',	The Brigs of Ayr. 2.
S. O when she cam ben †	The wildest savage Tory, . The Election Ballads. VI.
Are qualifications saucy; The Dean of Fac	My savage journey, curious, I pursue, Wr. in Kenmore Inn.
saucy Phoebus' scorching beams, The Petition of Br. Water.	As blooming spring unbends the brow
They gang as saucy by poor folk, As I wad by a stinkan brock The Twa Dogs. 12.	Of surly, savage winter S. Young Peggy † Savage, s.
Now, I maun thole the scornfu' sneer	The Cameleon-savage disturb'd her repose, . S. Caledonia,
O mony a saucy quean; . The Ruined Maid's Lament. Saugh [the willow].	Talk not to me of savages, On Miss J. Lewars.
Nae whip nor spur, but just a wattle	No savage e'er could rend my heart, As, Jessy, thou hast done
O' saugh or hazle A Guid New-Year † 10.	Savannah.
But I'll sned besoms—thraw saugh woodies, To Dr. Blacklock.	Ye monarchs, tak the east and west, Frae Indus to Savannah! . S. The gowd. Locks of A
Saul [soul].	
Tak thou the Carlin's carcase aff, Thou'se get the saul o' hoot. Epig. on Henpecked Squire.	Save. "God save the King" 's a cukoo sang That's unco easy said ay: A Dream. 2.
His saul has ta'en some other way, Epit. on Holy Willie.	But Cl-nt-n's glaive frae rust to save
An' here his body lies fu' low—	He hung it to the wa', man A Fragment. 4. And save the Honour o' the nation! Add. of Beelzebub. 2.
For saul he ne'er had ony Epit. on wee Johnie. My vera heart an' saul are quakin', Holy Willie's Prayer. 14.	
And ay it charms my very saul,	Who will not sing, God save the King, Shall hang as high's the steeple: S. Does haughty Gaul, †
The kind love that's in her e'e S. O this is no my ain t	Nor saves e'en the wreck of a name: S. Farewell, thou fair day t
Our sinfu' saul to get a claute on Poem on Life.	Our King and our country to save,
Heav'n rest his saul, whare'er he be! Tam Samson's El., 14. The saul o' life, the heav'n below,	See those hands, ne'er stretch'd to save, Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.
Is rapture-giving woman. The Ans. to the Guidwife.	Low lies the hand that oft was stretch'd to save,
The lads an' lasses, blythely bent To mind baith saul an' body, The Holy Fair, 20.	On Death of Sir J. Blair.
Our vera "Sauls does harrow" Wi' fright Ib. 21.	While empty greatness saves a worthless name! Ib.
For Britain's guid his saul indentin . The Twa Dogs. 21.	Till skelp—a shot—they're aff, a' throw'ther, To save their skin. The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.
And tired o' sauls to waste his lear on, E'en tried the body. To Dr. Blacklock.	O, bid him save their harmless lives, The Death of Mailie.
Do what I dought to set her free,	To save them from stark reprobation, He lent them his name to the firm.
My saul lay in the mire; To Miss Ferrier.	The Election Ballads. III.
Saumont, Sawmont [salmon].	Not Pulteney's wealth can Pulteney save; Ib. VI.
An' wintle like a saumont-coble, . A Gude New-Year † 7. Now safe the stately Sawmont sail, Tam Samson's El., 6.	Yet that winna save ye, auld Satan must have ye, The Kirk's Alarm.
ATOH SAIC SHE STATELY DATIMONE SAILY TWO DWOODS DAY V.	

You save fair Jessie from the grave!	And dire the discord Langside saw, . The Dean of Fac.
An angel could not die To Dr. Maxwell. Crush the locusts, save the flower. Wr. in Hermitage at F. C.	He saw her days were near hand ended, The Death of Mailie
Sav'd. But with such as he, where'er he be,	And wha is't never saw that? . The Election Ballads. II
May I be saved or d—'d! . Epit. for G. H.	A House o' Commons such as he,
I saw thine eyes, yet nothing fear'd, Till fears no more had sav'd me: S. Farewell, thou stream t	They wad be blest that saw that
Saving.	Saw ye e'er sic troggin?
But a full flowing bowl,	. The Farewell. To St. J.'s L.
Was the saving his soul, Epit. on J. Dove, Innkeeper. "For, saving your presence, to her ye're a saint!	A place where body saw na'; . S. The gowd. Locks of A.
S. There liv'd ance a carle t	For well I saw in halls and towers That lust and pride, The arch-fiend's dearest, darkest powers, In state preside.
Saving-fit.	I ne Hermi
But, G-d-sake! let nae saving-fit Abridge your bonie Barges An' Boats A Dream. 7.	I saw mankind with vice incrusted; I saw that honour's sword was rusted;
Saviour. His country's Saviour, mark him well! [v.A.4]	An' wi' a curchie low did stoop,
The Vision. D. I.	As soon as e'er she saw me, The Holy Fair. 3
Saw [an old saying, a proverb]. Saws of experience, sage and sound. Wr. in Friars-Carse H.	That day the Duke ne'er saw, Jamie. S. The Laddies by He saw mischief was brewin; The Ordination.
Saw [salve, plaster].	An' when the gentry's life I saw,
'And then a' doctor's saws and whittles	What way poor bodies liv'd ava The Twa Dogs. 7
Saw [to sow]. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 20.	And saw gin they were sick or hale, At the first sight The Twa Herds. 7
That he could saw hemp-seed a peck; Halloween. 17.	And by my ingle-lowe I saw, The Vision. D. I. 7
And every now an' then he says,	An aged Judge, I saw him rove,
'Hemp-seed I saw thee,	Dispensing good. [v.A.4]
Saw [pret. of See]. (Inspired Bardies saw, man) : A Fragment. 8.	The learned Sire and Son I saw, [v.A.4]
I'll learn my kin a rattling sang,	'I saw thee seek the sounding shore, 10. D. 11. 13
Gin I saw ane and twenty. S. And O for ane and twenty †	'I saw thee eye the gen'ral mirth With boundless love.
But Phemie was a bonier lass Than braes o' Yarrow ever saw S. Blythe was she †	Ib. 14
The queerest shape that e'er I saw,	'I saw thee leave their ev'ning joys, And lonely stalk, Ib. 13 'I saw thy pulse's maddening play, Ib. 17
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 7.	Thou saw the fields laid bare an' wast, . To a Mouse
We saw thee shine in youth and beauty's pride, El. on Miss Burnet.	Before I saw Clarinda's face,
And saw each bed-post with its burden a-groaning,	My heart was blithe and gay, To Clarinda
Epig. on Capt. Grose.	Ye turned a neuk—I saw your e'e— She took the wing like fire! To Miss Ferries
O saw ye my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab? S. Eppie M'Nab. I saw thine eyes, yet nothing fear'd,	Ye shades that echo'd to his vows,
Till fears no more had sav'd me:	And saw me once supremely blest, S. To thee, lov'd Nith
S. Farewell, thou stream † The wisest Man the warl' saw,	such a brace As Rome ne'er saw; To W. Creech An' therefore, Tam, when that I saw,
He dearly lov'd the lasses, O. [v.A.24]	I said 'Gude night,' and cam' awa', . What ails ye now
S. Green grow the Rashes. But for a modest, graceful mien,	I saw they were resolved a' On my oppression
Her like I never saw S. Handsome Nell.	When first I saw fair Jeanie's face, I couldna tell what ailed me, S. When first I saw
The bonniest lad that e'er I saw, . S. Highl. Laddie.	An' ay my heart came to my mou,
My face was but the keekin' glass— And there ye saw your picture. In Defence of a Lady.	
It was a' for our rightfu' king,	Sawin [sowing].
We e'er saw Irish land, S. It was a' for t I saw three sheep, And these three sheep saw me;	'Friend! hae ye been mawin, When ither folk are busy sawin? Death and Dr. Hornbook.
Johnny Peep.	Sawmont v. Saumont.
She saw three bonie boys playing at the ba'; S. Lady Mary Ann.	Sawney [Sandy, Alexander]. Singet Sawney, Singet Sawney, are ye herding the penny,
I never saw a fairer, S. My Love's a winsome t	The Kirk's Alarm.
We saw none to deliver New Psalmody.	Sax [Six]. But sax Scotch mile, thou try't their mettle,
And Kenmure's lord's the bravest lord	A Gude New-Year † 10 Hae turn'd sax rood beside our han',
That ever Galloway saw. S. O Kenmure's on and awa† I sat, but neither heard nor saw: S. O Mary, at the window †	Forby sax mae, I've sell't awa,
O converse bonie Lesley	Sax thousand years are near hand fled
As she gaed o'er the border? . S. O saw ye bonie L.	Sin' I was to the butching bred, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 13
O gin I saw the laddie that gae me't! S. O whare did ye get †	Now comes the sax an' twentieth simmer,
He saw Misfortune's cauld Nor-west	I've seen the bud upo' the timmer, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 10. There's sax eggs in the pan, gudeman, S. Ogin ye were dead
Lang-mustering up a bitter blast; On Scot. Bard gne to W.I.	I had sax owsen in a pleugh, S. O gude ale comes
"I saw my sons resume their ancient fire; "I saw fair freedom's blossoms richly blow:	Saxon. The Saxon lads, wi' loud placads, A Fragment.
On Death of Sir J. Blair.	Saxpence [sixpence].
When first her bonie face I saw; . S. Sae flaxen† O saw ye my dear, my Phely? . S. Saw ye my Phely.	Wi' hale breeks, saxpence an' a bannock; Auld comrade
O saw ye my dear, my Phely? S. Saw ye my Phely. And, vow! Tam saw an unco sight! Tam o' Shanter. 11.	Say. Sae I shall say, an' that's nae flatt'rin, It's just sic Poet an' sic Patron. A Ded. to G. H., 2
That woefu' morn be ever mourn'd	What ance he says, he winna break it;
	But that's a word I need na say:
Saw him in shootin' graith adorn d, I am Samson's Et., o. I saw the battle sair and teugh, S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor. I saw mysel, they did pursue	Or say ye wisdom want, or fire, A Dream. 5
	I canna say but they do gailies; . Add. of Beelzebub. 4
The horsemen back to Forth, man 1b. She swoor she saw some rebels run	Say you'll be merry tho' you can't be rich. Add. sp. by Fontenelle
To Perth and to Dundee, man:	I've heard my rev'rend graunie say, In lanely glens ye like to stray, Add. to the Deil. 3
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand;	To say her pray'rs, douse, honest woman! Ib. 6

My passion I will be er declare, I'll say I wish thee well S. Ah, Chloris†	And say thou lo'es me best of a'. S. Sae flaxen t
I'll hide the struggle in my heart,	What says she, my dearest, my Phely? [re.]
And say it is esteem	S. Saw ye my Phely.
That we lost, did I say, nay, by heav'n that we found, At Meet. of D. Volunteers.	Wink hard, and say, "The folks hae done their best." Scots Prologue.
We darena weel say't, tho' we ken wha's to blame,	But—what'll ye say! Searching auld†
S. By you castle wa't	Tho' I maun say't, I doubt ye flatter, Second Ep. to Davie.
But, Jeanie, say thou wilt be mine, Say, thou lo'es nane before me; S. Craigie-burn Wood.	They flatter, she says, to deceive me S. Tam Glen.
Say, thou lo'es nane before me; S. Craigie-burn Wood. At length, says I, 'Friend, whare ye gaun,	My daddy says, gin I'll forsake him,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 8.	He'll gi'e me gude hunder marks ten; 1b.
'Weel, weel!' says I, 'a bargain be't; Ib. II.	They [his looks] say their master is a knave— And sure they do not lie That there is falsehood †
And says, 'Ye needna yoke the pleugh, Ib. 24.	Say, such is royal George's will,
And says, 'Ye needna yoke the pleugh,	The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.
I'll no say, men are villains a'; Ep. to Young Friend. 3.	Hale to the sex, ilk guid chiel says,
(To say aught less wad wrang the cartes, Ep. to Davie. 8.	The Ans. to the Guidwife.
'Conscience,' says I, 'ye thowless jad! Ép. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 4.	Say pell and mell, wi' muskets knell How Tories fell and Whigs to h-ll
	The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
Say, sages, what's the charm on earth, Can turn death's dart aside? . Epit. on Miss Lewars.	Fine architecture, trowth, I needs must say't o't!
What says she, my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab? [re.]	The Brigs of Ayr. 8.
S. Eppie M' Nao.	Were ye but here, what would ye say or do! Ib. 9. As for your Priesthood, I shall say but little, . Ib. 10.
Whae'er shall say I wanted grace, S. Had I the wyte †	I must needs say, comparisons are odd
Syne, say I was a fautor	'And let us worship God!' he says with solemn air.
But this is Jock, an' this is me, She says in to hersel:	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 12.
Wee Jenny to her Graunie says,	And meikle he wad say, The Election Ballads. I.
'Will ye go wi' me Graunie?	Says black Joan frae Crichton Peel,
And ev'ry now an' then, he says,	The billie is gettin his questions,
'Hemp-seed I saw thee	To say in Saint Stephen's the morn Ib. III.
Give me, and I've no more to say, Give me Maria's natal day! Improm. on Mrs.—'s Birth-day.	I am, altho' I say't mysel, Worth gaun a mile to see. The Petition of Br. Water.
Says, I'll be wed come o't what will, S. In simmer when t	Sma' need has he to say a grace, The Holy Fair. 25.
Say, was it the covenant carried her thither; Jenny M'Craw.	And ay she wist na what to say;
They say ye're turning auld, John, and what though it be so,	S. The lass that made the bed.
S. John Anderson †	I've little to say, but only to pray, . S. The Sons of old K
As I hear sindry say, O; Katharine Jaffray.	Say rather, gaun as Premiers lead him, . The Twa Dogs. 22.
And say thou'lt be my dearie O? S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite †	She had na will to say him na: . S. There was a lass †
Leest neebours might say I was saucy: S. Last May a braw wooer†	But say thou wilt hae me for better for waur, S. Tibbie Dunbar.
And as he was singin' thir words he did say,	I canna say but ye strunt rarely, To a Louse.
Lns on a Ploughman.	Altho' I say't, he's gleg enough, To Gav. Hamilton.
My name, she says, is Mistress Jean, S. My Collier Laddie.	'As lang's the Muses dinna fail
Wha gets her needs na say he's woo'd,	'To say the grace.' To J. S., 24.
But he may say he's bought her O. S. My love she's but a lassie †	Then, Jamie, I shall say nae mair,
Let witless, trusting woman say	Tho' I maun say't, I wad be silly, . To W. Simpson. And winna say owre far for thrice, . V.s to J. Ranken.
How aft her fate's the same, jo S. O Lassie, art thou †	And winna say owre far for thrice, But fegs, the Session says I maun What ails ye now †
He'd look into thy bonie face, And say, "I [the Deil] canna wrang thee."	Fain would I say, 'Forgive my foul offence!'
S. O saw ye bonie L. †	Why am I loth t
Say, was thy little mate unkind, . S. O stay, sweet warb. †	Say then, Katie, say ye'll take me, S. Will ye go and marry †
I cou'dna sing, I cou'dna say,	And the Priest shall say, Amen
How much, how dear I love thee. S. O were I on Parnass. †	Lassie, say thou lo'es me; . S. Wilt thou be my dearie †
Wi' deils, they say, L-d safe's! colleaguin On Grose's Peregrinations,	Or if thou wilt na be my ain, Say na thou'lt refuse me:
I'd take the rascal by the nose,	4.7
Wad say, Shame fa' thee Ib.	Say, to be just, and kind, and wise, There solid self-enjoyment lies; . Wr. in Friars-Carse H.
Who shall say that Fortune grieves him,	Saying, -in.
While the star of hope she leaves him? . S. One fond kiss †	Were sayin or takin aught amiss:. Kind Sir, I've read t
Such thy bloom! did I say, S. Phillis the Fair. Say, Lassie, why thy train amang,	An' saying aye or no's they bid him: The Twa Dogs. 22.
Scarce ane has tried the shepherd-sang	But, as I'm sayin', please step to Dow's To J. Kennedy.
Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	Say'st.
I'll say't, she never brak a fence, Thro' thievish greed Poor Mailie's El.	Again Thou say'st, 'Ye sons of men, Return ye into nought!' The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps.
Who think to storm the world by dint of merit,	Scab. While scabs an' botches did him [Job] gall,
To you the dotard [Time] has a deal to say,	Scab. While scabs an' botches did him [Job] gall, Wi' bitter claw, Add. to the Deil. 18.
Prologue, at Th., D	Highland scab and hunger; Epig. on being neglected at I. Inn.
The sage grave ancient cough'd, and bade me say, "You're one year older this important day," Ib.	Scale. Life's proud summits wouldst thou scale? Wr. in Friars-Carse H.
Has this to say—"It was no deed of mine;"	Scan.
Remorse. A Frag.	Here heart-struck Grief might heavenward stretch her scan,
Like Æsop's Lion, Burns says, sore I feel	Wr. in Kenmore Inn
	m , m 1 1 1 17
All others' scorn—but damn that ass's heel.	Scan, to. Then gently scan your brother Man, Still gentler sister Woman: Add. to Unco Guid. 7.
Reply to a Reproof.	Still gentler sister Woman; Add. to Unco Guid. 7.
Reply to a Reproof. Says [Mansfield] the more 'tis a truth, Sir, the more 'tis a libel?	Still gentler sister Woman; Add. to Unco Guid. 7. Scandal. What scandal called Maria's jaunty stagger,
Reply to a Reproof. Says [Mansfield] the more 'tis a truth, Sir, the more 'tis a	Still gentler sister Woman; Add. to Unco Guid. 7.

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Scandal-potion.	"Ye scatter'd birds that faintly sing Lament for Glencairn.
They sip the scandal-potion pretty; . The Twa Dogs. 33.	And scattered cowslips sweetly spring; S. Now bank and bract
Scandinavian.	The scatt'red coveys meet secure, . S. The gloomy night †
The wild Scandinavian boar issu'd forth . S. Caledonia.	And wild scatter'd cowslips bedeck the green dale.
Scant. For Kings are unco scant ay, A Dream. 14.	S. The small birds rejoice †
Discount what scant occasion gave, Add. to Unco Guid. 3.	The woods, wild-scattered, clothe their ample sides;
	Wr. in Kenmore Inn.
The timmer is scant, when ye're ta'en for a saunt, The Kirk's Alarm.	Scaud [to scald].
	Spairges about the brunstane cootie,
Poor tenant-bodies, scant o' cash, The Twa Dogs. 13.	To scaud poor wretches! Add. to the Deil.
(I'm scant o' verse, and scant o' time,) To Dr. Blacklock.	To skelp an' scaud poor dogs like me,
Scant [scarcity, scantness].	Seauldin [seolding].
Scant [scarcity, scantness]. I'll fear mae scant, I'll bode nae want, As lang's I get employment. S. Here's to thy health †	1
As lang's I get employment. S. Here's to thy health †	Or Zipporah, the scauldin jad, The Ordination. 4.
If e'er ye want, or meet with scant,	Scaur [a stream in Nithsdale].
As lang's 1 get employment. S. Here's to thy health † If e'er ye want, or meet with scant, May I ne'er weet my craigie! The folly Beggars. S. VI.	Robert, the lord of the Cairn and the Scaur, The Whistle. 4.
	Scaur [apt to be scared].
By pining at our state: . Ep. to Davie. 7.	An' faith! thou's neither lag nor lame,
In longitude tho' sorely scanty, It was her best, and she was vauntie. Tam o' Shanter. 15.	Nor blate nor scaur Add. to the Deil.
-	Scawl [scold].
Just much about it wi' your scanty sense; The Brigs of Ayr. 6.	An' lows'd his ill-tongu'd, wicked scawl Add. to the Deil. 18.
For her too scanty once of room! The Lament.	Scene.
How little of life's scanty span may remain; S. The lazy mist †	Dim-backward as I cast my view,
There, in thy scanty mantle clad, . To a Mountain-Daisy.	What sick'ning Scenes appear! . Despondency, an Ode.
'I'll sit down o'er my scanty meal	From these dire scenes my wretched lines I date,
'Wi' chearfu' face, To J. S., 24.	Ep. fr. Esopus.
G	The hero of the mimic scene,
And thro' the drift, deep-lairing, sprattle, Beneath a scar. A Winter Night. 3.	It lightens, it brightens,
Beneath a scar A Winter Night. 3.	The tenebrific scene, Ep. to Davie. 10.
And mark'd with many a seamy scar: Add. to Edinburgh. 5.	this scene of peace and love, O Thou dread Pow'r t
Whyles round a rocky scar it strays; Halloween. 25.	I view the solemn scene around, On Lincluden.
Let other heroes boast their scars, Nature's Law.	And all the splendid scene's decayed;
And show my cuts and scars wherever I come;	
The Jolly Beggars. S. I.	When flow'ry May adorns the scene, S. On Cessnock banks †
	The pride of all the flowery scene, Ib., Sett II.
Scar, to [to scare].	Sad to your sympathetic scenes I fly;
And mony a scheme in vain's been laid, To stap or scar me; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 13.	On Death of R. Dundas.
Scarce. Whase wife's twa nieves were scarce weel-bred,	Can point the brimful grief-worn eyes
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 26.	To scenes beyond the grave Sad thy tale,†
I've scarce heard aught describ'd sae weel,	Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure, Scenes that former thoughts renew; [re.] S. Scenes of woe †
Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 4.	
But twa-three draps about the wame	O! for a Shakespeare or an Otway scene, Scots Prologue.
Scarce through the feathers; Ep. to J. R., 12.	Ah why should I such scenes outlive! Scenes so abhorrent to my heart! Sent to a Gent. offended.
On scarce a bellyfu' o' drummock, On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.	
Scarce ane has tried the shepherd-sang	The lowly train in life's sequester'd scene; The Cotter's Sat. Night.
But wi' miscarriage? Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	
A trifle scarce worthy your care; . Poet. Add. to Tytler.	From scenes like these, old Scotia's grandeur springs, Ib. 19.
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump. Tam o' Shanter. 19.	Strong Mem'ry on my heart shall write Those happy scenes when far awa!
The infant ice scarce bent beneath their feet:	The Farewell. To St. J.'s L
The Brigs of Ayr. 11.	The scenes where wretched Fancy roves,
But blate and laithfu', scarce can weel behave;	S. The gloomy night †
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 8.	As lightsomely I glowr'd abroad,
Wi' you I'll scarce gang ony where To J. S., 29.	To see a scene sae gay, The Holy Fair. 2.
Scarcely. But still keep something to yoursel	Does the sober bed of Marriage
Ye scarcely tell to ony. Ep. to Young Friend. 5.	Witness brighter scenes of love ?
Wha scarcely tent us in their way, . Ep. to Davie. 6.	The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII.
My Muse dow scarcely spread her wing: Ep. to J. R., 6.	Oh! scenes in strong remembrance set!
	Scenes, never, never to return!
The King's most humble servant, I Can scarcely spare a minute; Extem. to an Intimate.	Scenes, if in stupor I forget, Again I feel, again I burn! The Lament.
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,	Again I feet, again I built
When out the hellish legion sallied. Tam o' Shanter. 16.	How languid the scenes, late so sprightly, appear, S. The lazy mist †
Tho' scarcely langer than your leg, The Inventory.	A scene o' sorrow mixed wi' strife, . The Tree of Liberty.
They scarcely left to coor their fuds,	
To quench their lowan drouth, The Jolly Beggars. R. VIII.	,
Scar'd. they scar'd at blows S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	Twin'd amorous round the raptur'd scene: To Mary in Heaven.
Scar'd from its minnie and the cleckin	
By hoodie-craw; To W. Creech.	
Scarlet. In silks an' scarlets glitter; . The Holy Fair. 7.	I court, I beg thy friendly aid, To close this scene of care! To Ruin.
As when I us'd in scarlet to follow a drum. S. The Jolly Beggars. S.I.	Eden scenes on crystal Jed, To W. Creech.
	I thought sair storms wad never Bedew the scene; V.s., under Grief.
Scathe [v. also Skaith].	
then the scathe an' banter We're forced to thole. Ep. to Maj. Logan. 2.	Why am I loth to leave this earthly scene? Why am I loth †
Scatter.	These northern scenes with weary feet I trace; Wr. in Kenmore Inn.
	Scent.
Such as the slightest breath of air might scatter; Ep. to R. Graham. 3.	How sune it [wild-rose] times its scent and hue
	When pu'd and worn a common toy! S. I do confess t
The wounded coveys, reeling, scatter wide; The Brigs of Ayr.	Scent, to.
Scattered, -'d.	And, drooping rich the dewy head,
From marking wildly-scatt'red flow'rs, Add. to Edinburgh.	It scents the early morning S. A Rosebud by t

Where the wa' flower scents the dewy air, A Vision. 'Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the ev'ning gale.' The Cotter's Sat. Night.	A lee dyke-side, a sybow-tail, And barley-scone shall cheer me. To Mr. M'Adam. Sconner [loathing].
Scented. The sweet scented birk shades my Mary and me. S. Afton Water.	Or fricassee wad make her spew Wi' perfect sconner, . To a Haggis
Ye woodbines hanging bonnilie,	Sconner, to [to loathe].
In scented bowers; El. on Capt. M. H., 5. The scented breezes round us blaw, S. Now rosy May t	And yill an' whisky gie to Cairds, Until they sconner To J. S., 22.
When wretches range, in famish'd swarms The scented groves, The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.	Seorch'd.
The scented birk and hawthorn white,	But love wi' unrelenting beam Has scorch'd my fountains dry. S. Now Spring has clad †
S. The Contented Cottager. Down by the burn, where scented birks	Scorching. They wasted, o'er a scorching flame, The marrow of his bones; John Barleycorn.
Wi' dew are hanging clear, my jo, S. When o'er the hill †	I'd fan it wi' a constant gale,
Sceptle. Or tore, with noble ardour stung, The Sceptic's bays. The Vision. D. II. 6.	Beneath the noontide's scorching ray; S. O were my love saucy Phœbus' scorching beams, The Petition of Br. Water.
Scepter'd. A scepter'd hand, a king's command, Is in her darting glances: S. Lovely Davies.	I'm scorching up so shallow,
There, where a sceptr'd Pictish shade	Score. Has clad a score i' their last claith,
Stalk'd round his ashes lowly laid, [v.A.4] The Vision. D. I. Sceptre. Their sceptre's sway'd by other hands;	Death and Dr. Hornbook. 25.
On Window at Stirling. But now Yerl Galloway's sceptre's broke,	To scores o' lambs, an' packs of woo'! The Death of Mailie Or buy a score o' lairds, man? . S. The Fête Champetre.
The Election Ballads. V.	For then I had a score o' kye, The Highl. Widow's Lament.
Scheme. 'And mony a scheme in vain's been laid.	And there I had three score o' yowes, Ib. Than mony scores as guid's the priest
'And mony a scheme in vain's been laid, 'To stap or scar me; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 13.	Wha sae abus't him. To Rev. J. M'Math.
I dropt my schemes, like idle dreams, S. My father was a farmer †	toothy critics by the score, In bloody raw! . To W. Creech. On the same sicker score I mentioned before,
Nae thought, nae view, nae scheme o' livin', Second Ep. to Davie.	P.S. to "The Kirk's Alarm."
If he some scheme, like tea an' winnocks,	We set nought to their score: . The Election Ballads. V. I see by ilka score and line, S. There was a lad
Wad kindly seek. The Author's Cry and Prayer. They fell upon a scheme,	Scorn. And bear the scorn that's in her e'e!
To send a lad to London town . The Election Ballads. I. The best laid schemes o' Mice an' Men,	The princely revel may survey
Gang aft agley, To a Mouse.	Our rustic dance wi' scorn; . S. Behold, my love of Then it was thy hour of scorn; . Blue Bonnets.
Thou Pow'r Supreme, whose mighty Scheme, These woes of mine fulfil; Winter.	Dost thou not rise, indignant Shade, And smile wi' spurning scorn,
Then let your schemes alone, in the state, [re.] S. Ye Jacobites †	Extem. on Commem.s of Thomson.
Scho [she]. Quo' scho wha lives will see the proof, [re.]	If not, why am I subject to His cruelty, or scorn? Man was made to Mourn.
Scholar.	Who poverty ne'er held in scorn, On Window of C. Inn, F.
Shew'd him the gentleman an' scholar; The Twa Dogs.	sore I feel All others' scorn
School. I was bred up at nae sic school, My shepherd-lad, to play the fool, S. Ca' the Ewes.	S. The Cooper o' cuddy
What's a' your jargon o' your Schools, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 11.	The lalland laws he held in scorn: The Jolly Beggars. S. IV. My vows and tears her scorn excite . To Clarinda.
Ye Mauchline bairns, as on ye pass	And ye will dree the scorn, lassie; S. Ye hae lien wrang.
To school in bands thegither, Epit. on a Wag. Leeze me on Drink! it gies us mair	Scorn, to. I scorn him [death] yet again! S. Farewell, ye dungeons
Than either School or Colledge: . The Holy Fair. 19.	I ken they scorn my low estate, S. Here's to thy health
An' I held awa to the school; The Jolly Beggars. S. III. But human-bodies are sic fools,	I scorn not the Peasant, tho' ever so low; S. No Churchman am I
For a' their colledges an' schools, The Twa Dogs. 29.	And I the warld nor wish nor scorn.
School-boy. Like school-boys, at th' expected warning, To joy and play. To J. S., 15.	S. O bonie was yon rosy t Ye'se never scorn me S. O can ye labour lea t
School-fellow. My auld school-fellow, Preacher Willie, Auld comrade, †	Man with all his powers you scorn; On scaring Water-fowl
Schulin [schooling].	And the foe you cannot brave, Scorn at least to be his slave
Gie him the schulin of your weans; On a Schoolmaster.	Inspiring hold John Barleycorn! What dangers thou canst make us scorn!
Seeks Science in her coy abode Add. to Edinburgh. 2.	Tam o' Shanter. 11.
An' in the depth of science mir'd, Auld comrade † Mankind is a science defies definitions. Frag., inscr. to Fox.	With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end, The Cotter's Sat. Night.
And grateful science heaves the heartfelt sigh.	To phrase you an' praise you, Ye ken your Laureat scorns: To Gav. Hamilton.
On Death of Sir J. Blair. Where every science—every nobler art	Scorn'd, I scorn'd to lie; {Ep. to J. R., 9. What ails ye now
That can inform the mind, or mend the heart, Prologue, sp. by Woods.	Scorner. 'The mock'd quotation of the scorner's jest,'
Scoff. Which fools may scoff at; . Add. to Illegit. Child.	Scornful, -fu'. In vain wld Prudence †
Scoffingly. Those fathers would spurn their degenerate son, That name should he scoffingly slight it.	Nor from the seat of scornful Pride Casts forth his eyes abroad, The 1st Ps
Scolding. Poet. Add. to Tytler.	Thou haply throw'st a scornful eye at
I married with a scolding wife	Now I maun thole the scornfu' sneer
The fourteenth of November; . S. The Joyful Widower. Scone [a kind of bread, thinner than a bannock].	O' mony a saucy quean; The Ruined Maid's Lament. Looks down, wi' sneering scornfu' view
In souple scones, the wale o' food! . Scotch Drink. 4.	On sic a dinner? To a Haggis.
Hale breeks, a scone, an' whisky gill,	While she, my cruel, scornfu' Fair,

Scorning.	'Then turn me, if Thou please, adrift, 'Thro' Scotland wide; Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 13.
Cold-pausing Caution's lesson scorning, . To J. S., 15.	And there's no a man in all Scotland,
Scorpion. Love grasps its scorpions—stifled they expire; To Clarinda.	But I'll brave him at a word. S. Farewell, ye dungeons †
And scorpion Critics cureless venom dart. To R. G. of F., 3.	It was a' for our rightfu' king We left fair Scotland's strand; S. It was a' for t
Scot. Oh! had each Scot of ancient times,	
Been, Jeany Scott, as thou art, . On Miss Scott.	And may his great posterity Ne'er fail in old Scotland! John Barleycorn.
Hear, Land o' Cakes, and brither Scots, On Grose's Peregrinations.	The meanest hind in fair Scotland May rove their sweets amang;
Ye Scots wha wish auld Scotland well, Scotch Drink. 16.	But I, the Queen of a' Scotland,
Scots, wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled;	Maun lie in prison strang. Lament of Mary of Scots.
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led; S. Scots wha ha'e†	And I'm the sovereign of Scotland,
A Scot still, but blot still, I knew no higher praise The Ans. to the Guidwife.	Lns, on Back of Bank Note.
Is there, that bears the name o' Scot,	And laws for Scotland's weel ordained;
But feels his heart's blood rising hot, The Author's Cry and Prayer.	On Window at Stirling. On thee aft Scotland chows her cood, . Scotch Drink. 4.
Dempster, a true-blue Scot I'se warran; Ib. 13.	On thee aft Scotland chows her cood, . Scotch Drink. 4. An' sends, beside, auld Scotland's cash
Dire was the hate at old Harlaw,	To her warst faes
That Scot to Scot did carry; The Dean of Fac	Ye Scots wha wish auld Scotland well, Ib. 16.
But Scot with Scot ne'er met so hot,	Scotland lament frae coast to coast! Ib. 19.
And also the wild Scot o' Galloway, Sodgerin gunpowder Blair. The Election Ballads. III.	Wha for Scotland's king and law, Freedom's sword will strongly draw? . S. Scots wha ha'e t
Scotch. But sax Scotch mile, thou try't their mettle,	That I for poor auld Scotland's sake
A Guid New-year † 10.	Some useful plan, or book could make,
Its stature seem'd lang Scotch ells twa, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 7.	Or sing a sang at least. The Ans. to the Guidwife. Scotland an' me's in great affliction,
And sic a Lord—lang Scotch ells twa, On dining with Daer.	The Author's Cry and Prayer.
My coat and my vest, they are Scotch o' the best,	Tell him o' mine an' Scotland's drouth, Ib. 4.
Ronalds of Bennals.	Paint Scotland greetan owre her thrissle; 1b. 7.
I sing the juice Scotch bear can mak us, . Scotch Drink.	Then echo thro' Saint Stephen's wa's Auld Scotland's wrangs
O thou, my Muse! guid, auld Scotch Drink! Ib. I'll pledge my aith in guid braid Scotch,	Arouse my boys! exert your mettle,
The Author Com and Dunney	To get auld Scotland back her kettle! 1b. 15.
Poor Burns—e'en Scotch drink canna quicken, To W. Creech.	Auld Scotland has a raucle tongue;
	Their lot auld Scotland ne'er envies,
Scotchman. But bring a Scotchman frae his hill, Clap in his cheek a Highland gill,	Scotland, my auld, respected Mither! 16. Lord, send a rough-shod troop o' Hell
The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.	O'er a' wad Scotland buy or sell, The Election Ballads. VI.
Scotia. Edina! Scotia's darling seat! Add. to Edinburgh.	Or him wha led o'er Scotland a'
Scotia's kings of other years, Fam'd heroes l	The meikle Ursa-Major? The Fête Champetre.
While Scotia, with exulting tear,	My Donald's arm was wanted then For Scotland and for me. S. The Highl. Widow's Lament.
Proclaims that Thomson was her son.	The Solemn League and Covenant
Add. to Shade of Thomson. This simple stone directs pale Scotia's way	Cost Scotland blood—cost Scotland tears; The League and Covenant.
Inscrip. on Tomb of Fergusson.	'Twas in that place o' Scotland's isle,
Pale Scotia's recent wound I may deplore.	That bears the name o' auld king Coil, . The Twa Dogs.
Once the lov'd haunts of Scotia's royal train;	Shew'd he was nane o' Scotland's dogs,
On Death of Sir J. Blair.	And long with this whistle an Scotland shall ring. The Whistle.
Or when they struck old Scotia's melting airs,	"This Whistle's your challenge, to Scotland get o'er, . Ib.
The Brigs of Ayr. 12.	Auld Scotland wants nae skinking ware
The healsome Porritch, chief of Scotia's food: The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11.	That jaups in luggies; [v.A.7] To a Haggis. Yarrow an' Tweed, to monie a tune,
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays:	Owre Scotland rings, . To W. Simpson.
From scenes like these, old Scotia's grandeur springs, 1b. 19.	To equal young Jessie, seek Scotland all over; S. True hearted was he †
O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!	Tho' shelter'd in the lowest shed
O never, never Scotia's realm desert, Ib. 21. Farewell, old Scotia's bleak domains, The Farewell.	That ever rose on Scotland's plain! S. Twas even—the dewy †
To Masonry and Scotia dear! The Farewell. To St. J.'s L	Scots [Scottish; the Scottish language].
Old Scotia's darling hope,	· May Heaven protect my bonie Scots Laddie,
Your little angel band . The Petition of Br. Water.	S. O whare did ye get.
Brydon's brave Ward I well could spy, Beneath old Scotia's smiling eye; [v.A.4] The Vision. D. I.	But mete his cunning by the old Scots ell; Sketch.
They Scotia's Race among them share; . Ib. D. II. 4.	We think na on the lang Scots miles, . Tam o' Shanter. Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet; Ib. 9.
And leave auld Scotia's shore? To Mary.	That sark she coft for her wee Nannie,
Before I leave Scotia's strand	Wi' twa pund Scots, ('twas a' her riches), 16. 15.
Mark Scotia's fond returning eye, It dwells upon Glencairn V.s below Picture.	Her auld Scots heart was true; The Election Ballads. I.
For Scotia's son—ance gay like thee . V.s under Grief.	In plain, braid Scots held forth a plain, braid story: The Brigs of Ayr. 9.
And for fair Scotia, hame again,	Scottish, Scotish.
I cheery on did wander S. When wild War's †	. "To muse some favourite Scottish theme,
Scotish v. Scottish.	"To sing some favourite Scottish maid. As on the banks t
Scotland.	Wi' a cog o' gude ale, and an auld Scottish sang. S. Contented wi' little,†
An' Scotland drew her pipe an' blew, 'Up, Willie, waur them a', man!' A Fragment. 7.	The hopeful youth, in Scottish senate bred, Ep. fr. Esopus.
May twin auld Scotland o' a life Add. of Beelzebub.	Yes! there is ane; a Scottish callan! Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
Gie a' the faes o' Scotland's weal	

	1
Ye'll soon hae Poets o' the Scottish nation,	Here stands a shed to fend the show'rs,
Ye'll soon hae Poets o' the Scottish nation, Will gar Fame blaw until her trumpet crack, Scots Prologue.	An' screen our countra Gentry; The Holy Fair. 9.
Title And And Cariffee to	And birks extend their fragrant arms To screen the dear embrace. The Petition of Br. Water.
To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays, The Cotter's Sat. Night.	Screen'd.
The Cotter's Sat. Night.	Propitious Powers screen'd the young flow'rs, Nature's Law
Fareweel to a our Scotish tame, S. The Union.	Screw. And [Heaven] screw your temper-pins aboon A fifth or mair, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 4.
Fareweel even to the Scotish name, 16. I took her for some Scottish Muse	Come, screw the pegs wi' tunefu' cheep, The Ordination. 7.
By that same token; . The Vision. D. I. 9.	Screw'd.
Still, as in Scottish story read,	He screw'd the pipes and gart them skirl, Tam o' Shanter. 11.
Was brought to the court of our good Scotish King, The Whistle.	Screw'd-up.
Here, where the Scottish muse immortal lives,	Wi' screw'd-up, grace-proud faces; . The Holy Fair. 10.
At Wallace' name, what Scottish blood,	Scribble.
But boils up in a spring-tide flood! To W. Simpson.	But I shall scribble down some blether Just clean aff-loof. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 7.
Among the illustrious Scottish sons	Scriechan [screeching].
That chief thou may'st discern; . V.s, below Picture.	An' scriechan out prosaic verse, An' like to brust! The Author's Cry and Prayer.
Scoundrel. By scoundrels, even wi' holy robes,	
But hellish spirit, . To Rev. J. M'Math.	Scriegh [to cry shrilly]. How thou wad prance, an' snore, an' scriegh,
Scour'd. Whiles scour'd awa in lang excursion,	A Gude New-Year † 8.
The Twa Dogs. 6.	Scrievin, Scrivin' [gliding easily, swiftly, glee-
The scourge of the seas, and the dread of the shore:	somely]. An' owre the hill gaed scrievin,
S. Caledonia.	An' owre the hill gaed scrievin,
'Tis real hangmen, real scourges bear!. Ep. fr. Esopus.	Wi' rattlin glee Scotch Drink. 5.
The burden I must bear, while the cruel scourge I fear, S. The Slave's Lament.	Then, hiltie, skiltie, we gae scrivin',
And flagrant from the scourge he grunted, ai! The Vowels.	An' fash nae mair Second Ep. to Davie. Serimgeour. Bold Scrimgeour follows gallant Graham,
Scowl.	The Election Ballads. VI.
When thou shrunk frae the scowl of the loud winter storm,	Scrimp [to scant, pinch, limit].
Scowl, to. On Death of fav. Child.	For lack o' thee I scrimp my glass.
Around me scowls a wintry sky, . S. Forlorn, my Love †	Scrimpet [scanty]. Lns, on Back of Bank Note.
Scowling.	To mak amends for scrimpet stature, To J. S., 3.
She sees the scowling tempest fly:. S. The gloomy Night †	Scrimply [scantily].
Scow'r. Or in gulravage rinnin scow'r To pass the time, To Rev. J. M'Math.	Till half a leg was scrimply seen; . The Vision. D. I. 11.
Scraichan [screaming].	Scripture. Great lies and nonsense baith to vend, And nail't wi' Scripture. [v.A.6]
Paitricks scraichan loud at e'en, . Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st.	Death and Dr. Hornbook.
Scrap. Here's a little wadset Buittles scrap o' truth, The Election Ballads, IV.	A rousing whid at times to vend,
Scrape.	And nail't wi' Scripture. [v.A.6] Ib. Wi' Logic, an' wi' Scripture,
The hungry bike did scrape and pike S. Amang the trees †	They raise a din, The Holy Fair. 18.
Tho' here they scrape, an' squeeze, an' growl,	Scrivin' v. Scrievin.
Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 17.	Scroggam.
A pigmy Scraper wi' his Fiddle, The Jolly Beggars. R. V.	There was a wife wonn'd in Cockpen, Scroggam; [re.] S. Scroggam.
Scrapin'.	Scroggam, my dearie, ruffum. [re.]
Like scrapin' out auld Crummie's nicks, To Gav. Hamilton.	Scroggie [bushy].
Scrapings,	We heard nought but the roaring linn, Amang the braes sae scroggie. S. What will I do gin †
Mite-horn shavings, filings, scrapings, Distill'd per se; Death and Dr. Hornbook, 22.	Scrub.
Scrawl. Sae I've begun to scrawl,	He fine a mangy sheep could scrub, . The Twa Herds, 8.
Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 7.	Scud. Wi' wind and tide fair i' your tail,
Scream. Is drowned amid the mournful scream, On Lincluden.	Right on ye scud your sea-way; Add. to Unco Guid. 4.
Scream, to.	And many a lesser torrent scuds, With seeming roar. The Vision. D. I. 14.
Scream your discordant joys; . On Death of Lap-dog.	Sculduddry [a ludicrous term denoting fornication].
Screaming.	Sculduddry and he will be there:
Thou green crested lapwing thy screaming forbear,	The Election Ballads. III. Scull. But build a castle on his head,
Screeching. S. Afton Water.	His scull will prop it under. Epig. on Coxcomb.
Ye jarring screeching things around, On Death of Lap-dog.	Sculpture. Windows and doors in nameless sculptures drest,
Screed [a tear, a rent].	Sculpture, to. The Brigs of Ayr. 8.
"Ye, for my sake, hae gien the feck	We'll sculpture the marble, we'll measure the lay;
"Of a' the ten comman's A screed some day." The Holy Fair. 4.	Monody, on a Lady.
Or lasses gie my heart a screed, To W. Simpson.	Sculptur'd.
Screed, to [to repeat glibly].	Go to your sculptur'd tombs, ye Great, El. on Capt. M. H., 16.
He'll screed you aff Effectual Calling, As fast as ony in the dwalling The Inventory.	No sculptur'd marble here, nor pompous lay,
Screen. Than under gospel colours hid be	Inscrip. on Tomb of Fergusson.
Just for a screen. To Rev. J. M'Math.	Scymitar. Five scymitars, wi' murder crusted; Tam o' Shanter. 11:
Screen, to. Tho' glory's name may screen us; Lns on Windows, Gl. Tav	Five scymitars, wi' murder crusted; Tam o' Shanter. 11. Scythe. An awfu' scythe, out-owre ae shouther,
That sunny walls from Boreas screen, S. On Cessnock banks †	Clear-dangling, hang; Death and Dr. Hornbook.
Alike to screen the birdie's nest,	'See, here's a scythe, and there's a dart, 1b. 15.
And little fishes' caller rest: . S. The Contented Cottager.	'I drew my scythe in sic a fury,
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Sea. Then up they gat the maskin-pat	The Goth was stalking round with anxious search,
And in the sea did jaw, man; . A Fragment.	Search, to. The Brigs of Ayr. 4.
And I will luve thee still, my Dear, Till a' the seas gang dry. [re.] . S. A red, red Rose.	We'll search through the garden for each silly flower,
up amang thae lakes and seas Add. of Beelzebub.	Monody, on a Lady.
While waters wimple to the sea; . S. Ca' the Ewes.	Search'd. But vain they search'd when off I march'd
The scourge of the seas, and the dread of the shore; S. Caledonia.	The Jolly Beggars. S. VI. Searching. Searching auld wives' barrels
	Och, ho! the day! Searching auld†
We'll o'er the water and o'er the sea, S. Come boat me o'er. 'True Sal-marinum o' the seas; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 21.	Season.
There's wooden walls upon our seas, S. Does haughty Gaul	Thus seasons dancing, life advancing, Old Time and Nature their changes tell, S. Bonie Bell.
And ilk loyal, bonie lad	We've all things that's nice, and mostly in season,
Cross the seas and win his ain. S. Frae the friends †	Impromptu.
Who mad'st the sea and shore, . Grace after Dinner.	Round and round the seasons go: . S. Let not woman †
He's on the seas to meet the foe? S. How can my poor heart	And doubly welcome he the spring, The season to my Lucy dear. S. O wat ye wha's in †
On the seas and far away, On stormy seas and far away, [re.]	And life's poor season peaceful spend. On scaring Water-fowl.
And now what seas between us roar, S. How lang and dreary t	An' bardly, in a winter season,
I faught at land, I faught at sea, S. Killiecrankie.	E'er spier her [my Muse's] price. Scotch Drink. 14.
It's not the roar o' sea or shore,	An' physically causes seek, In clime an' season, The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.
Wad make me langer wish to tarry; S. My bonie Mary. Tho' I were doom'd to wander on,	'Twas in that season; The Brigs of Ayr. 3.
Beyond the sea, beyond the sun, S. O were I on Parnass. †	His English style, and gesture fine,
Our billie's gien us a' a jink,	Are a' clean out o' season The Holy Fair. 15.
An' owre the Sea. [re.] . On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.	Beauty's of a fading nature, Has a season, and is gane. S. Will ye go and marry t
When Phoebus sinks behind the seas; S. On Cessnock banks† Auld Aire ran by before me,	Seat. At my right hand assign'd your seat, Add. of Beelzebub.
And bicker'd to the seas; One night as I †	A seat, I'm sure ye're weel deservin't;
The far foreign land, or the wide rolling sea.	Edina! Scotia's darling seat! Add. to Edinburgh.
S. Out over the Forth † But seas between us braid hae roar'd	We'll ease our shanks an' tak a seat,
S. Should auld acquaintance †	Death and Dr. Hornbook. 11. If Happiness hae not her seat
The Thames flows proudly to the sea, S. The Banks of Nith †	And center in the breast, Ep. to Davie. 5.
My heart is wae, and unco wae,	Nor from the seat of scornful Pride
To think upon the raging sea, S. The bonie Lass of Alb Auld Ayr is just one lengthen'd, tumbling sea;	Casts forth his eyes abroad, The 1st Psalm.
The Brigs of Ayr. 7.	Here shall the shepherd make his seat, The Petition of Br. Water.
Their likeness is not found on earth, in air, or sea Ib. 8.	Second. (Beauty, where faultless symmetry and grace,
And I maun cross the raging sea; S. The Highl. Lassie.	Can only charm us in the second place,) Prologue, sp. by Woods.
They banish'd him beyond the sea, The Jolly Beggars. S. IV. Be banish'd o'er the sea to France. The Twa Herds. 16.	And still the second dread command be free,
Be banish'd o'er the sea to France, Here, rivers in the sea were lost; The Vision. D. I. 13.	The Brigs of Ayr. 8.
He drank his poor god-ship as deep as the sea,	He, who bore in heaven the second name,
The Whistle. 4.	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 15. Or nobly die, the second glorious part:
Over sea, over shore, Where the cannons loudly roar; S. There was a bonie Lass †	Second sight. (The second sight, ye ken, is given
The frost may freeze the deepest sea, . S. To daunton me.	To ilka Poet) To Terraughty.
Where Cart rins rowing to the sea, S. Where Cart rins †	Second-sighted. (That Bards are second-sighted is nae joke,
Or still the tumult of the raging sea: . Why am I loth †	The Brigs of Ayr. 4.
Sea-fowl.	Secrecy.
While flitting Sea-fowls round me cry, S. Behold the hour	May secrecy round be the mystical bound, And brotherly love be the centre. S. The Sons of old K
Sea-way.	Secret. A secret word or twa, man; . A Fragment. 8.
Wi' wind and tide fair i' your tail, Right on ye scud your sea-way; Add. to Unco Guid. 4.	"Or canker worm wi' secret sting? . As on the banks †
Seal.	But there is ane, a secret ane, S. Braw lads on Yar. braes t
While many a kiss the seal imprest, S. By Allan stream †	But secret love will break my heart,
Humid seal of soft affections, To a Kiss.	If I conceal it langer S. Craigie-burn Wood. What secret charm to mem'ry brings
Seal, to. And on thy lips I seal my vow, S. An' I'll kiss thee yet, †	All that on Evan's border springs? S. Slow spreads the gloom †
And on thy lips I seal my vow, S. An Ill kiss thee yet, † And heaven-born piety her sanction seals. To Miss Graham.	But secret love will break my heart,
Sealed, -'d.	If I conceal it langer S. Sweet fa's the eve t Wi' favours, secret, sweet, and precious: Tam o' Shanter. 5.
Seal'd on her silk-saft falds to rest, . S. O were my love †	The Parent-pair their secret homage pay,
Her closed eyes, like weapons sheath'd,	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 18.
Were seal'd in soft repose; . S. On a bank of flowers †	And secret hung, with poison'd crust, The dirk of Defamation: The Holy Fair. Mott.
Seal'd up with frugal care in massive, waxen piles, The Brigs of Ayr.	The dirk of Defamation: The Holy Fair. Mott. My secret heart's exulting boast? . The Lament. 4.
A vow, they seal'd it with a kiss	Secret.
Sir Politics to fetter, The Fête Champetre. But it sealed freedom's sacred cause	Condemn'd to drag a hopeless chain,
The League and Covenant,	And yet in secret languish; S. Farewell, thou stream t
Seam. Gae mind your seam, ye prick the louse,	Nor give the coward secret breath Liberty.
What ails ye now t	Yet I love my love in secret, S. My Sandy gied† Skill'd in the secret, to bestow with grace; The Brigs of Ayr.
Seam'd. Three lawyers' tongues, turn'd inside out, Wi' lies seam'd like a beggar's clout; [v.A.16]	Who must to her his dear friend's secret tell;
Tam o' Shanter.	The Henpecked Husband.
Seamy. And mark'd with many a seamy scar: Add. to Edinburgh. 5.	Condemn'd to see my rival's reign, While I in secret languish; S. The last time I†
And mark a with many a seamy scar. Aug. to Eurnourgh. 5. Search.	Secure. The scatt'red coveys meet secure, S. The gloomy night †
Here holds her search by heaven-taught Reason's beam;	
Prologue, sp. by Woods.	And coward maukin sleep secure, Low in her grassy form: . The Petition of Br. Water.

Secure in valour's station; S. The Union.	See yonder rose-bush, rich in dew, . S. I do confess
The cit and polecat stink, and are secure. To R. G. of F secure, to. Still anxious to secure your partial favor,	And see my bonie Jean again S. I'll ay ca' in † And when her lovely form I see,
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.	O haith, she's doubly dear again!
Could I the rich reward secure, S. O Mary, at thy window † And thack and rape secure the toil-won crap:	Than, if I canna mak thee sae, At least to see thee blest S. It is na, Jean, †
The Brigs of Ayr.	The feather'd people, you might see, Perch'd all around on every tree, S. It was the charming †
Securely. The robin in the hedge descends,	"Why did I live to see that day? . Lament for Glencairn.
And sober chirps securely The Election Ballads. VI.	Ill may we never see! S. Landlady, count †
Sedge. Ye mossy streams, with sedge and rushes stor'd, El. on Miss Burnet.	Fy, bring Black-Jock, her state physician, To see her w-t-r; . Letter to J. Goudie.
See. He downa see a poor man want; . A Ded. to G. H., 5.	See how she fetches at the thrapple,
So, Sir, you see 'twas nae daft vapour,	Asham'd himself to see the wretches, Lns add. to J. Ranken. To see the miscreants feel the pains they give;
On ev'ry new Birth-day ye see, A Dream.	Lns extm. in Lady's Pocket-book.
Is sure an uncouth sight to see,	I see the children of affliction, Unaided through thy curs'd restriction;
She soon shall see her tender brood,	Lns, on Back of Bank Note. Let great folks hear and see. Lns on Windows, Gl. Tav.
The pride, the pleasure o' the wood, . S. A Rosebud by †	But see him on the edge of life, Man was made to Mourn.
And, by the moon-beam, shook, to see A stern and stalwart ghaist arise, A Vision.	See, yonder poor, o'erlabour'd wight, So abject, mean and vile,
See stern Oppression's iron grip, A Winter Night. 7.	And see his lordly fellow-worm,
'Twill please me mair to hear an' see't, Than stocket mailins. Add. to Illegit. Child.	The poor petition spurn,
I see the Sire of Love on high, . Add. to Edinburgh. 4.	But did you see my dearest Phillis, In simplicity's array; S. Mark yonder Pomp†
And sees, with self-approving mind, Each creature on his [Autumn's] bounty fed.	See you not yon hills and dales The sun shines on sae brawlie? . S. My Collier Laddie.
Add. to Shade of Thomson.	I'll never see him back again. S. My Harry was a gallant †
As round the fire the giglets keckle, To see me loup; . Add. to Toothache.	But see you the Crown how it waves in the air, S. No Churchman am I †
Or worthy friends rak'd i' the mools, Sad sight to see! Ib. Ye see your state wi' theirs compar'd, Add. to Unco Guid. 3.	Those smiles and glances let me see,
See Social-life and Glee sit down,	That make the miser's treasure poor: S. O Mary, at thy t
Nature sees Her robe assume its vernal hues, S. Again rejoic. Nature †	Ye mustering thunders from above Your willing victim see! S. O mirk, mirk †
"When a' my weel-clad banks could see,	See those hands, ne'er stretch'd to save, Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.
"Their woody picture in my tide: . As on the banks † What wives an' wabsters see an' feel; . Auld comrade †	I see her in the dewy flowers, I see her sweet and fair; S. Of a' the airts †
Sae shortly you shall see me bright,	She sees his pale corse on the plain, Oh;
But first, before you see heaven's glory, May ye get mony a merry story,	S. Oh, open the door, † I start and see The ruined sad reality, On Lincluden.
Grim Vengeance lang has taen a nap,	Nor sauce, nor state that I could see, On dining with Daer.
But we may see him wauken: . S. Awa, whigs, awa. And see the waves sae sweetly glide . S. Ca' the ewes.	See from his cavern grim Oppression rise, On Death of R. Dundas.
And a' the day to sit in dool,	Keen on the helpless victim see him fly, Ib.
And naebody to see me	But wad ye see him in his glee, On Grose's Peregrinations.
And Charlie's faes before him! . S. Come boat me o'er t	And port, O port! shine thou a wee, And Then ye'll see him! 16.
I see the spreading leaves and flowers, S. Craigie-burn Wood. I see thee gracefu', straight and tall,	Those smiles and glances let me see, S. O Mary, at thy window t
I see thee sweet and bonie;	Ye mustering thunders from above
To see thee in another's arms, - 'Twill be my dead, . Ib. tak care o' skaith, See, there's a gully!	Your willing victim see ! S. O mirk, mirk † To see her, is to love her, S. O poortith cauld, †
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 9.	I see a form, I see a face,
See, here's a scythe, and there's a dart,	Ye weel may wi' the fairest place: S. O this is no my ain† I see thee dancing o'er the green, S. O were I on Parnass.†
I see her wave thy towering plumes afar, . Ep. fr. Esopus.	O silly blind body, O dinna ye see; S. O whare did ye get †
I see her face the first of Ireland's sons, Ib.	Syne up the back-style, and let naebody see, S. O whistle, †
But hanker, and canker, To see their cursed pride Ep. to Davie.	And Roh and Allan came to see; . S. O Willie brew'd † But to see her, was to love her, . S. One fond kiss, †
To see how things are shar'd;	O rare! to see thee fizz an' freath
With honest joy, our hearts will bound, To see the coming year:	I' the lugget caup! Scotch Drink. 10. When skirlin weanies see the light,
They [Misfortunes] make us see the naked truth, Ib. 7.	See the front of battle lour;
I dinna like to see your face, Nor hear your crack. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 20.	See approach proud Edward's power, S. Scots, wha ha'e † I see the old, bald-pated fellow, Sketch. New-Yr's Day.
Poor silly body see him; . Epit. on Holy Willie.	Deaf as my friend, he sees them press, 1b.
Your brunstane devilship I see Has got him there before ye;	See aged winter 'mid his surly reign, Sonnet, wr. on Birthday.
I care na by how few may see, . S. First when Maggy †	I see the flowers and spreading trees, S. Sweet fa's the eve †
I could write,—but Meg mann see't,	Care, mad to see a man sae happy, S. Tam o' Shanter. 6.
How can I see him die!	I see her yet, the sonsy quean, The Ans. to the Guidwife. To see her sittan on her arse
An' Jean, had e'en a sair heart	Low i' the dust, The Author's Cry and Prayer.
To see't that night	To see his poor, auld Mither's pot, Thus dung in staves,
In hopes to see Tam Kipples	God bless your Honors, can ye see't, The kind, auld, cantie Carlin greet,

Or faith! I'll wad my new pleugh-pettle, Ye'll see't or lang, The Author's Cry and Prayer. 15.	And see an onie bonie lad will fancy me. S. There grows a bonie
See future wines, rich-clust'ring rise;	Quo' scho wha lives will see the proof, S. There was a lad
Death comes, wi' fearless eye he sees him; Ib.	I see by ilka score and line,
To see the woodbine twine, S. The Banks of Doon. Sett. II.	Whaur'll ye e'er see men sae happy, There's naethin like
When shall I see that honour'd land, S. The Banks of Nith.	I scarce could wink or see a styme;
Or did the battle see, man. S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	Now thou'st left thy lass for ay—I must see thee never-
and see the cluds O' Clans frae woods	S. Thou hast left me
Wi' thieveless sneer to see his modish mien,	His knife see Rustic-labour dight, To a Haggi. Poor devil! see him owre his trash,
The Brigs of Ayr. 4. Tho' faith, that date, I doubt, ye'll never see; Ib. 5.	O wad some Pow'r the giftie gie us
To see each melancholy alteration;	To see oursels as others see us! To a Louse
Thou shalt sit in state,	An' forward, tho' I canna see, I guess an' fear! To a Mouse
And see thy love in battle S. The Captain's Lady.	That is the thing you ne'er shall see, . S. To daunton me
Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears.	Ye've cost me twenty pair o' shoon
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5.	Just gaun to see you; To J. S
The wily mother sees the conscious flame	See, crazy, weary, joyless Eild,
Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill taen;	I see ye upward cast your eyes
	(Though glad I'm to see't, man), To Mr. P. Stuars
Chose one who should owe it all, d'ye see, To their gratis grace and goodness The Dean of Fac	I see thy life is stuff o' prief,
Wha sees Kerroughtree's open yett?	Scarce quite half worn. To Rev. J. M. Math
The Election Ballads. II.	With stern-resolv'd, despairing eye,
And ye shall see me try him	I see each aimed dart;
For your poor friend, the Bard afar, He only hears and sees the war,	See him, the poor man's friend in need, To Rev. J. M'Math
It [the gale] rustles, and whistles	Nae mair we see his levee door Philosophers and Poets pour, To W. Creeck
I'll never see thee more! The Farewell.	An' stay ae month amang the Moons
I see it driving o'er the plain; . S. The gloomy night †	An' see them right. To W. Simpson. P.S.
Across her placid, azure sky,	An' when the new-light billies see them, I think they'll crouch!
She sees the scowling tempest fly: Ib. Then in we go to see the show, The Holy Fair. 8.	May I never see it, may I never trow it,
See, up he's got the word o' G-,	S. Wandering Willia
I am, altho' I say't mysel,	To see the rose and woodhine twine; S. Ye banks and braes
Worth gaun a mile to see The Petition of Br. Water.	The slighted maids my torments see, . S. Young Jamie,
See the smoking bowl before us, The Jolly Beggars. R. VIII.	Forbids me e'er to see her mair!
I see the hours, in long array, The Lament.	See'd [saw]. Sometime when nae ane see'd him,
Twa drifted heaps sae fair to see, S. The Lass that made the bed.	Sometime when nae ane see'd him,
Condemn'd to see my rival's reign, . S. The last time I †	Wi' joy the tentie Seedsman stalks,
Nae joy nor pleasure can she see; S. The lovely lass †	S. Again rejoicing Nature
Their graves are growing green to see; Ib.	Seeing. But seeing the ring, then she stood in amaze. The Poor Thresher
Oh, rare! to see our elbucks wheep, . The Ordination. 7.	Seek.
See, see auld Orthodoxy's faes She's swingein thro' the city!	Owre blate to seek, owre proud to snool, A Bard's Epit
See, how she peels the skin an' fell,	Seeks Science in her coy abode Add. to Edinburgh.
To see them come round me with prattling noise,	I seek nae mair o' Heaven to share, S. An' I'll kiss thee yet
Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed,	I seek nae mair o' Heaven to share, Than sic a moment's pleasure: S. Come let me take
To see me thro' the barley S. The Rigs o' Barley.	I'll seek my pursie whare I tint it, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 12
Torn from that lovely shore, and must never see it more;	Seek not the proofs in private life to find;
S. The Slave's Lament. Must I see thee, my youthful pride,	Ep. to R. Graham. 3
Thus brought so very low! S. The sun he is sunk †	There seek my lost repose, S. Had I a cave
Ye'll there see bonie Peggy; . The Tarbolton Lasses.	'I daur you try sic sportin, 'As seek the foul Thief, onie place, Halloween. 14
There's some that are dowie, I trow wad be fain	Ithers seek they kenna what, S. Jockey fou,
To see the bit Taylor come skippin again. S. The Taylor fell!	I'd seek some dell, and in my arms
I didna trow, I'd see my jo S. The tither morn t	I'd shelter dear S. Montgomerie's Peggy
Did least expect, To see my lad sae near me 1b. And now she sees wi' pride, man,	Gae seek for pleasure whare ye will, But here I never miss't it yet. S. My Love she's but
How weel it buds and blossoms there, The Tree of Liberty.	We seek but little, L-, from thee; . New Psalmody
But vicious folk aye hate to see	A waefu' wanderer seeks thy tower, . S. O mirk, mirk
The works o' Virtue thrive, man;	Gie me Rob, I'll seek nae mair, S. O wha my babie-clouts
And grat to see it thrive, man;	That seek, in prayer, the midnight fane. On Lincluden
But then, to see how ye're negleket	Swiftly seek on clanging wings, Other lakes and other springs; On scaring Water-found
I see how folk live that hae riches;	Seek, mangled wretch, some place of wonted rest,
My heart has been sae fain to see them,	· On seeing wounded Hare
That I for joy hae barket wi' them 16. 20.	Seek Heaven for help, and barefit skelp
To learn bon ton and see the worl' Ib. 22.	Awa' wi' Willie Chalmers On W. Chalmers Muse while the Evan seeks the Clyde?
Ye'll see how new-light herds will whistle, The Twa Herds. 3.	S. Slow spreads the gloom
Sic twa, O! do I live to see't, Ib. 9.	If he some scheme, like tea an' winnocks,
To see a Race heroic wheel, [v.A. 4] . The Vision. D. I.	Wad kindly seek. The Author's Cry and Prayer
At last her feet, I sang to see't,	An' physically causes seek, In clime an' season, Ib. P An' [Rattons] seek the benmost bore:
Gaed foremost o'er the knowe; S. The weary Pund. "And drink them to hell, Sir! or ne'er see me more!"	The Jolly Beggars. R. II
The Whistle.	'I saw thee seek the sounding shore, The Vision. D. II. 13
Till Cynthia hinted he'd see them next morn 1b. 13.	Gae somewhere else and seek your dinner, To a Louse

To equal young Jessie, seek Scotland all over ; To equal young Jessie, you seek it in vain ;	Has auld K[ilmarnock] seen the Deil? Tam Samson's El "But had ye seen the philibegs S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
S. True hearted was he to Or downward seek the Indian mine; S. Twas even—the dewy to the heart h	The Catrine woods were yellow seen, S. The Catrine woods † Or were more in fury seen, Sir, The Dean of Fac
S. Twas even—the dewy †	I've seen the day and sae hae ye,
At noon the fisher seeks the glen, Enjoyment I'll seek in my woe. S. When o'er the hill † S. Where are the joys †	Ye wadna been sae donsie, O.
Enjoyment I'll seek in my woe. S. Where are the joys † As life itself becomes disease,	I've seen the day ye butter'd my brose, S. The deuks dang o'er.
Seek the chimney-nook of ease. Wr. in Friars-Carse H.	Yet I hae seen him on a day
Seem.	The pride of a' the parishen S. The cardin o't.
Yet whose parts and acquirements seem mere lucky hits;	"I'm sure I've seen that bonie face, "But yet I canna name ye." The Holy Fair. 4.
Fragment, inscr. to Fox.	That, to a Bard, I should be seen
Tho' they seem fair, still have a care, S. Here's to thy health \	Wi' half my channel dry: . The Petition of Br. Water.
A heart that warmly seems to feel; . S. O leave novels †	This poor man was seen to go early to work,
tho' the phrase may seem uncivil, Scots Prologue.	S. The Poor Thresher.
Those mighty periods of years Which seem to us so vast, . The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps	O Love will venture in, where it dare na weel be seen; S. The Posie.
"Sweet lass, I think ye seem to ken me; The Holy Fair. 4.	O would, or I had seen the day
But what can give pleasure, or what can seem fair,	That treason thus could sell us, S. The Union.
When the lingering moments are number'd wi' care?	Till half a leg was scrimply seen; The Vision. D. I. 11.
S. The small bids rejoice †	We'll awa to Athole's green, and there we'll no be seen, S. There grows a bonie †
My griefs it seems to join; Winter.	At kirk and market to be seen; S. There was a lass, and
Seem'd. Its stature seem'd lang Scotch ells twa, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 7.	I've seen me daez't upon a time; . There's naethin like t
It seem'd to mak a kind o' stan',	Far seen in Greek, deep men o' letters, To J. S., 8.
I spy'd a man, whose aged step	Mysel, I've ev'n seen them greetan
Seem'd weary, worn with care; Man was made to Mourn.	Wi' girnan spite, . To W. Simpson. P.S.
Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a bleeze; Tam o' Shanter. 10.	There ruminate with sober thought;
He seem'd as he wi' Time had warstl'd lang, S. The Brigs of Ayr. 4.	On all thou'st seen, and heard, and wrought! Wr. in Friars-Carse H.
And seem'd, to my astonish'd view,	Dim-seen, through rising mists and ceaseless showers,
A well-known Land. The Vision. D. I. 12.	Wr. by Fall of Fyers. Seer. Or other Holy Seers that tune the sacred lyre.
Some seem'd to muse, some seem'd to dare, With feature stern. [v.A.4] Ib.	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 14.
While back recoiling seem'd to reel Their Suthron foes. [v.A.4] Ib.	Seest. See'st thou whose step, unwilling, hither bends? Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.
Their Suthron foes. [v.A.4] Ib. All nature list'ning seem'd the while, S.'Twas even—the dewy †	Seest thou thy lover lowly laid? . To Mary in Heaven.
Seeming.	Seine.
Nay, what are priests? those seeming godly wise men:	Th' Illissus, Tiber, Thames an' Seine,
Lns on Window, K.'s A., D.	Glide sweet in monie a tunefu' line; . To W. Simpson.
A robe of seeming truth and trust The Holy Fair. Mott.	Seisin. Or gather'd lib'ral views in Bonds and Seisins. The Brigs of Ayr. 10.
And many a lesser torrent scuds, 'With seeming roar. The Vision. D. I. 14.	Seize. Some devils seize them in a hurry, Adam A-'s Prayer.
I view'd the heavenly-seeming Fair; Ib. D. II.	Lesley is sae fair and coy,
Ye, whom the seeming good think sin to pity: Tragic Frag.	Care and anguish seize me. S. Blythe ha'e I been †
Seen. An' I hae seen their coggie fou,	And far be thou distant, thou reptile that seizes The verdure and pride of the garden and lawn.
That yet hae tarrow't at it, A Dream. 15.	S. How pleasant the banks †
I've seen the day, Thou could hae gaen like ony staggie A Guid New-Year †	Wishin' the ten Egyptian plagues Wad seize you quick. Letter to J. Goudie.
I've seen thee dappl't, sleek an' glaizie,	The tyrant Death, with grim control,
As a' the priests had seen me get thee Add. to Illegit. Child.	May seize my fleeting breath; S. Peggy Chalmers.
"Ye might hae seen me in my pride, . As on the banks †	Fell Despair my fancy seizes S. Raving winds †
But lately seen, in gladsome green, . S. But lately seen †	Haud up thy han' Deil! ance, twice, thrice! There, seize the blinkers! Scotch Drink. 20.
'Twill be my dead, that will be seen, S. Craigie-burn Wood.	You seize the flower, its bloom is shed; . Tam o' Shanter. 7.
And morning Poossie whiddan seen, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st.	Calvin's sons, Calvin's sons, seize your sp'ritual guns,
Now comes the sax an' twentieth simmer,	The Kirk's Alarm.
I've seen the bud upo' the timmer, . Ib., Ap. 21st, 10. And then their [the Saunts'] failings, flaws an' wants,	Like winter on me seizes, . S. The yng Highl, Rover.
Are a' seen thro' Ep. to J. R., 2.	Seizan [seizing]. An' d-mn'd Excise-men in a bussle,
O had I ne'er seen thee, my Eppie M'Nab! [re.]	Seizan a Stell, The Author's Cry and Prayer. 7.
S. Eppie M'Nab. As bonie Lasses I ha'e seen,	Seized. Dulness, with redoubled sway Has seized the wits of
And mony full as braw, S. Handsome Nell.	Sel, Sel', Sell [self].
An ye had seen what I hae seen,	Auld, grim, black-bearded Geordie's sel, Adam A—'s Prayer.
I'th' braes o' Killiecrankie O S. Killiecrankie. And the days are awa that we hae seen; S. Lady Mary Ann.	Thee, Matthew, Nature's sel shall mourn El. on Capt. M. H.
"I've seen sae mony changefu' years, Lament for Glencairn.	Yet crooning to a body's sel,
I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock, [re.]	Does weel eneugh. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 8.
S. Last May a braw wooer †	A' forbye my bonie sel', S. Gat ye me †
"By[G-d I'll not be seen behint them, Lns add. to J. Ranken.	My Muse maun be thy bonie sell; S. O were I on Parnass.
I've seen th' oppressor's cruel smile, Lns, on Back of Bank Note.	Thy rural loves are nature's sel; Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
I've seen you weary winter-sun Twice forty times return; Man was made to mourn. 3.	But th' laddie's dear sel he loe's dearest of a'. S. There's a youth †
The furrow'd waving corn is seen	Let's sing about our noble sels; . Third Ep. to J. Lap
Rejoice in fostering showers. S. Now Spring has clad †	I could wish nae man to get ye,
O Tibbie! I hae seen the day	Save it were my very sel S. Will ye go and marry †
Ye would na been sae shy; S. O Tibbie! †	Seldom. Jenny's seldom dry, . S. Comin thro' the rye t
When rising Phœbus first is seen, S. On Cessnock banks † There's ane they ca' Jean I'll warrant ye've seen	To tell the truth, they seldom fash't him, El. on Death of R. Ruiss
There's ane they ca' Jean, I'll warrant ye've seen As bonie a lass or as braw, Ronalds of Bennals.	She's [the Muse's] seldom lazy Second Ep. to Davie.
•	

We live like two lambs and we seldom provoke;	Senate.
The Poor Thresher. A prayer from the muse you well may excuse,	The hopeful youth, in Scottish senate bred, . Ep. fr. Esopus.
Tis seldom her favourite passion. S. The sons of old Killie.	Or, mid the venal Senate's roar, They, sightless, stand, The Vision. D. II. 5.
Selected.	Send.
A bard was selected to witness the fray, The Whistle. 11.	will send him linkan, To your black pit; Add. to the Deil. 20.
She showed her taste refined and just When she selected thee, . Wr. on Leaf of "H. More."	And send us from thy bounteous store A tup or wether head! At Globe Tav., D
Solf If Self the wavering halance shake	A tup or wether head! At Globe Tav., D 'Just sh— in a kail-blade and send it,
Self. If Self the wavering balance shake, It's rarely right adjusted! Ep. to Young Friend. 3.	Death and Dr. Hornbook. 19.
O Thou, whose very self art love! Ep. to Davie. 9.	In ploughman phrase 'God send you speed,'
And, by thy beauteous self I swear, . S. Fairest maid †	Ep. to Young Friend. 11.
wi' warldly trust, Vile self gets in; Holy Willie's Prayer. 6.	Will send you, Korah-like, a sinkin, Straught to auld Nick's. Ep. to J. R.
This sting is added—"Blame thy foolish self!" Remorse. A Frag	Heaven send your heart-strings ay in tune,
And still his precious self his dear delight: . Sketch.	Sends ane to heaven and ten to hell,
But all the soul of Music's self was heard?	A' for thy glory, . Holy Willie's Prayer.
The Brigs of Ayr. 12.	We'll send him a year to the College yet; S. Lady Mary Ann.
By your dear self!—the last great oath I swear, To Clarinda.	wad send relief, An' end the quarrel Letter to J. Goudie.
Self-approving. And sees, with self-approving mind,	Kind Fortune ease a breaking heart,
Each creature on his bounty fed.	And send my laddie back again. S. My Harry was a gallant †
Add. to Shade of Thomson. Thine is the self-approving glow,	And send him safe hame to his babie and me.
On conscious honour's part; , , . To Chloris.	S. O whare did ye get †
Self-conceited.	I send you a trifle, a head of a bard, Poet. Add. to Tytler. An' sends, beside, auld Scotland's cash
'I'll nail the self-conceited Sot, As dead's a herrin': Death and Dr. Hornbook. 30.	To her warst faes [Scotch Drink. 15.
And self-conceited critic skellum	The fumes of wine infuriate send; . Sent to a Gent. offended.
His quill may draw; To W. Creech.	And send me safe my Somebody S. Somebody.
Self-controul. Know, prudent, cautious, self-controul	An' send him to his dicing box, An' sportin lady. The Author's Cry and Prayer,
Is Wisdom's root A Bard's Epit.	We'll send him o'er to his native shore,
Self-dependent. Still self-dependent in her native shore,	S. The bonie Lass of Alb,
Self-enjoyment. Prologue, sp. by Woods.	They fell upon a scheme, To send a lad to London town . The Election Ballads. I.
	And she wad send the sodger lad, [re.]
Say, to be just, and kind, and wise, There solid self-enjoyment lies; Wr. in Friars-Carse H	But I will send to London town
Self-respecting.	Whom I like best at hame
And just to stop, and just to move, With self-respecting art: Despondency, an Ode. 4.	It may send Balmaghie to the Commons, In Sodom 'twould make him a king Ib. III.
Selfish.	Lord, send a rough-shod troop o' Hell
the selfish aim, To bless himself alone! A Winter Night. 8.	O'er a' wad Scotland buy or sell, Ib. VI.
Awa ye selfish, warly race, . Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 20.	Or will we send a man-o'-law? Or will we send a sodger? The Fête Champetre.
Their hearts no selfish stern absorbent stuff, Ep. to R. Graham. 5.	Or will we send a sodger? The Fête Champetre. I send you here a faithfu' list, The Inventory.
Still making work his selfish craft must mend Sketch.	And he wha acts the traitor's part,
With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end,	It to perdition sends, man The Tree of Liberty.
The Cotter's Sat. Night.	Wild-send thee Pleasure's devious way, The Vision. D. II. 17.
With sober selfish ease they sip it up: . To R. G. of F., 7. O! hear my ardent, grateful, selfish prayer! Ib. o.	The god of the bottle sends down from his hall The Whistle.
O! hear my ardent, grateful, selfish prayer! 16. 9. That foolish, selfish, faithless ways,	Lord send you ay as weel's I want ye, . To Dr. Blacklock. I send you more than India boasts
Lead to be wretched, vile, and base. Wr. in Friars-Carse H	To Miss L., with "Beattie."
Sell v. Sel.	Or, the stormy North sends driving forth,
Sell, to.	The blinding sleet and snaw: Winter. Sending, -in.
Gude ale gars me sell my hose, Sell my hose, and pawn my shoon, S. O gude ale comes †	Sending, like bloodhounds from the slip,
An' for to sell his fiddle S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie.	Woe, Want, and Murder o'er a land! A Winter Night. 7.
Wi' sma' to sell and less to buy,	Sendin' the stuff o'er muirs an' haggs
Aboon distress, below envy, . S. The Contented Cottager.	Like drivin' wrack : Third Ep. to J. Lap.
O'er a' wad Scotland buy or sell, The Election Ballads. VI.	It was in sweet Senegal that my foes did me enthral,
When the tother bag I sell and the tother bottle tell, The Jolly Beggars. S. I.	S. The Slave's Lament.
And weel he lik'd to shed their bluid, And sell their skin The Twa Herds. 6.	Sense. I am nae Poet, in a sense, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 9. Wha think that havins, sense an' grace,
O would, or I had seen the day	Ev'n love an' friendship should give place
That treason thus could sell us, S. The Union.	To catch-the-plack! . , . Ib. 20.
There's a boatfu' o' lads Come to our town to sell.	'Gie me o' wit an' sense a lift, Ib., Ap. 21st, 13.
S. There's news, lasses † And Calvin's fock, are fit to sell him; . To W. Creech.	Tho' hardly he, for sense or lear, Be better than the kye S. O Tibbie †
To sell her poor Jenny for siller and lan'.	I wat she was a sheep o' sense, Poor Mailie's El
S. What can a yng lassie t	But for sense and guid taste she'll vie wi' the best
Sell't, -'d [sold]. Forby sax mae, I've sell't awa, . A Gude New-Year † 15.	Ronalds of Bennals.
Forby sax mae, I've sell't awa, . A Gude New-Year † 15. I sell'd them a' just ane by ane; . S. O gude ale comes †	His solid sense—by inches you must tell, Sketch. Auld Vandal, ye but show your little mense,
Semple-folk [folk of humble station].	Just much about it wi' your scanty sense; The Brigs of Ayr. 6.
There's wealth and ease for gentlemen,	Altho' his carnal Wit an' Sense
And semple-folk maun fecht and fen; . S. Gane is the day t	Like hafflins-wise o'ercomes him At times The Holy Fair. 17.
Sen' [send].	The pith of sense, and pride of worth, Are higher ranks than a' that S. The Honest Man.
My kindest, best respects I sen' it, Auld comrade †	That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
I'll tak what Heav'n will sen' me, S. Behind yon hills †	May bear the gree, and a' that! 1b.

That what is no sense must be nonsense. The Kirk's Alarm.	Serene. May, When evining Phoebus shines serene,
To join faith and sense upon ony pretence, Is heretic, damnable error	S. On Cessnock banks † Sett I. Mild, calm, serene, wide-spreads the noontide blaze,
Ye may ha'e some pretence to havins and sense,	Serious. The Brigs of Ay:
Wi' people wha' ken ye nae better	To gather matter for a serious piece; . Scots Prologue
The Ordination. Mott.	The chearfu' Supper done, wi' serious face.
Each man of sense has it so full before him, The Rights of Woman.	They, round the ingle, form a circle wide; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 1:
If ye'll dispense wi' want o' sense The Tarbolton Lasses.	Sermon. Perhaps it may turn out a Sang:
M'Q-e's pathetic manly sense, . The Twa Herds, 17.	Perhaps, turn out a Sermon. Ep. to Young Friend
Than the sense, wit, and taste of a sweet lovely dame.	Servan' [servant]. An' think na, my auld trusty Servan',
The yors refin'd of sense and taste, . To Chloris,	That now perhaps thou's less deservin, A Guid-New-year † 17
A creeping cauld prosaic fog	I've nane in female servan' station, . The Inventory
My very senses doited To Miss Ferrier.	And others like your humble servan', Poor wights! nae rules nor roads observin; To J. S., 19
My senses wad be in a creel, To W. Simpson. But there is an aboon the lave,	Servant.
Has wit, and sense, and a' that; S. Women's Minds.	I am, Dear Sir, with zeal most fervent,
Senseless. When they wha wad hae starv'd thy life	Your much indebted, humble servant. A Ded. to G. H., 13 Your humble servant then no more;
Thy senseless turf adorn! Extem. on Commem.s of Thomson.	Your humble servant then no more; Ib. 10 And till ye come—your humble servant, Add. of Beelzebuch
Ye're nought but senseless asses, O: S. Green grow the Rashes.	And so, your servant! gloomy Master Poet!
The senseless gawky million; To Mr. M'Adam.	While I can either sing, or whissle,
Lies, senseless of each tugging bitch's son. To R. G. of F., 6. Sensibility.	Your friend and servant. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 22
But spare poor Sensibility	The King's most humble servant, I Extem. to an Intimate
The ungentle, harsh rebuke Rusticity's ungainly †	Or else, thou kens, thy servant true Wad ne'er ha'e steer'd her. Holy Willie's Prayer.
Sensibility, how charming, Thou, my friend, canst truly tell; S. Sensibility †	lets this fleshly thorn, Beset thy servant
Sent. In bliss, till Fate some day is sent.	And horse and servants waiting ready, S. Montgomrie's Peggy
For ever to release Ye Frae Care . A Dream. 9.	Gars me moop wi' the servant hizzie, S. O gude ale comes
May never worse be sent; A Grace before Dinner.	Would take the Muses' servants by the hand, Scots Prologue Tell him o' mine an' Scotland's drouth,
I've sent you here by Johny Simson, Twa sage Philosophers to glimpse on! Auld comrade †	His servants humble: The Author's Cry and Prayer.
'Horn sent her aff to her lang hame,	How His first followers and servants sped;
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 28. A Something to have sent you, . Ep. to Young Friend.	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 13 In your servants this is striking The Dean of Fac.
I've sent you here, some rhymin ware, Ep. to J. R., 5.	Is that enough for you to souse
If wi' the hizzie down we sent it	Your servant sae? What ails ye now
It would be kind; Friend of the poet t	And sev'n braw fellows, stout an' able,
My mither sent me to the town, . S. My heart was ance † The other day, When you sent me some rhyme, Symon Gray †	To serve their King an' Country weel, A Ded. to G. H., 14
To you a simple Bardie's pray'rs	For who would humbly serve the Poor? Ib. 16
Are humbly sent. The Author's Cry and Prayer.	'Twas nothing would serve him but Satan's own crown; Epig. on —
For whom my warmest wish to heaven is sent! The Cotter's Sat. Night. 20.	Tho' it should serve nae other end Than just a kind memento; Ep. to Young Friend
To's ain het hame had sent him Wi' fright The Holy Fair. 12.	Served.
Heav'n sent me ane mae than I wanted The Inventory.	And I served out my Trade when the gallant game was play'd
To comfort us 'twas sent, man: . The Tree of Liberty.	And served me with due respect; The Jolly Beggars. S. I
Sen't [send it]. Yon Sang ye'll sen't, wi' cannie care, Ep. to J. R., 5.	S. The Lass that made the bed
Sentence. With laden sighs, and solemn-rounded sentence,	I've serv'd my king and country lang, S. When wild War's
For pity, hide the cruel sentence Add. sp. by Fontenelle.	Service. If 'tis still the lordly word, Service and obedience; S. Husband, husband
Under friendship's kind disguise. S. Turn again, thou	That I may drink before I go
Sententious. In his sly, dry, sententious, proverb way! Prologue, at Th., D	A service to my bonie lassie S. My bonie Mary At Service out, amang the Farmers roun';
Sentiment. (Instinct's a brute, and sentiment a fool!)	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 4
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.	Servile. 'With all the servile wretches in the rear [of Flatt'ry],
Sentimental. "Dissolve in pause—and sentimental tears Add. sp. by Fontenelle.	A Winter Night. 8
sentimental sister Susie, An' honest Lucky;	By your sons in servile chains, S. Scots wha ha'e
Ep. to Maj. Logan. 13. A "hare-brain'd, sentimental trace" The Vision. D. I. 10.	The servile, mercenary Swiss of rhymes? The Brigs of Ayr
A "hare-brain'd, sentimental trace" The Vision. D. I. 10. Nae hare-brain'd, sentimental traces, To J. S., 27.	Session. Sir Knave is a fool in a Session, The Jolly Beggars. S. III.
Sequestered, -'d.	But fegs, the Session says I maun
Blest be the wild sequester'd shade, . S. Peggy Chalmers.	Gae fa upo' anither plan, What ails ye now
The lowly train in life's sequester'd scene;	This leads me on, to tell for sport, How I did wi' the Session sort
by a lauely, sequestered stream,	An' snoov'd awa' before the Session— Ib.
Seraph. S. Yon wild mossy mountains t	I said 'Gude night,' and cam' awa', And left the Session;
The beauteous, seraph Sister-band, O Thou dread Pow'r	Set.
The flower stem shall bloom like thy sweet Seraph form,	A set o' dull, conceited Hashes, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 12.
On Death of fav. Child. Or love extatic wake his seraph song To Miss Graham.	that cursed set, I winna name, The Twa Herds. 11.
His guardian seraph eyes with awe	On that, a set o' chaps, at watch, Thrang winkan on the lasses The Holy Fair. 10
His guardian seraph eyes with awe The noble ward he loves V.s, below Picture.	Set, to [to face in a dance].
eraphic. Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 14.	They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit,
2 100 Cotter & Out. 14 ght. 14.	Tam o' Shanter. 12.

Set, to [to set off, start].	His setting beam ne'er shone upon. S. O wat ye wha's in t	
'His only son for Hornbook sets,	The wan moon is setting hehind the white wave,	
'And pays him well, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 27.		
To watch, while for the Barn she sets, Halloween. 21.	Hailing the setting sun, sweet, in the green thorn bush,	
Set, to [to become]. Nane sets the lawn-sleeve sweeter, A Dream. 12.	The Brigs of Ayr. Settled. I grant him his calm-blooded, time-settled pleasures,	
It sets you ill, Wi' bitter, dearthfu' wines to mell,	Lns on Windows, Gl. Tav.	
Scotch Drink, 16.	Settlin [settling; "gat a settlin," was frightened	
Set, to [pres., pt., and pp. of the verb].	into quietnessj.	
Set up a face, how I stop short, For fear your modesty be hurt A Ded. to G. H.	She gat a fearfu' settlin!	
An set weel down a shapely shank, A Guid New-Year 3.		
May set their Highland blude a-ranklin; Add. of Beelzebub.	The sacred vow, we ne'er should sever. S. By Allan stream † For ever,—Oh no! let not man be a slave,	
As dear an' near my heart I set thee Add to Illegit. Child.	His hopes from existence to sever. On Death of fav. Child.	
Because God meant mankind should set	One fond kiss, and then we sever; [re.] S. One fond kiss,	
That higher value on it. [v. A.27] Ask why God made †	But alas! when forc'd to sever, Then the stroke, O how severe! . S. Scenes of wee†	
To count her [the Moon's] horns, wi' a' my pow'r, I set mysel, . Death and Dr. Hornbook.	Often hast thou vow'd that death	
Good claret set before thee: S. Deluded swain †	Only should us sever; S. Thou hast left me †	
I set me down and sigh: Despondency, an Ode.	tho' fell fortune should fate us to sever,	
And ay she set the wheel between; . S. Duncan Davison.	S. Twas na her bonie blue e'e †	
When ye set by the wheel at e'en	Sever'd. Sever'd from thee, can I survive? . S. Behold the hour †	
What time the moon, wi'silent glowr,	Several, -'ral [separate].	
Sets up her horn, . El. on Capt. M. H., 10.	Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way;	
In richest ore the brightest jewel set! . El. on Miss Burnet. For care and trouble set your thought, Ep. to Young Friend.	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 18.	
It heats me, it beets me,	An' each took off his several way, The Twa Dogs. 35.	
And sets me a' on flame! Ep. to Davie. 8.	Severe. Tho' losses, and crosses, Be lessons right severe, Ep. to Davie. 7.	
That set him to a pint of ale, . Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 6.	Be lessons right severe, Ep. to Davie. 7. Far, far from thee, the fate severe	
Here lies in earth a root of Hell,	At which I most repine, Love S. Forlorn, my Love,†	
Set by the Deil's ain dibble; Epit. on D. C. Set a' their gabs a steerin;	Till the Fates, nae mair severe,	
As set the warld in a roar	Friendship, Love and Peace restore. S. Frae the friends †	
O' laughin' at us; Holy Willie's Prayer. 12.	To bear this hated doom severe? Improm., on Mrs.—'s Birthday.	
Sun and moon but set to rise; S. Let not woman †	But alas! when forc'd to sever,	
To think life's sun did set ere well begun	Then the stroke, O how severe! . S. Scenes of woet	
To shed its influence on thy bright career. Lns on Fergusson.	I dread thee, Fate, relentless and severe, To R. G. of F., 9.	
The sons of Belial in the Land	Severer.	
Did set their heads together; New Psalmody. They set their heads together, I say,		
They set their heads together;	b. We'll sew a green ribban round about his hat,	
Then set him down, and twa or three	S. Lady Mary Ann.	
Gude fellows wi' him; On Grose's Peregrinations.	The Laylor he came here to the first the contract of the contr	
Then up he gets, and off he sets, On W. Chalmers. And Aits set up their awnie horn, Scotch Drink. 3.	DUA	
My best leg foremost, I'll set up my brow, . Scots Prologue.	bite, the third that the said, but a to be to the said th	
There's some great folks set light by me,	But clear your decks an' here's the Sex	
I set as light by them; The Election Ballads. I.	I. I like the jads for a' that The Jolly Beggars. S. VII.	
We set nought to their score:	in the sexes intermix'd connexion, The Rights of Woman.	
Redoubted Staig who set at nought The wildest savage Tory,	Our Sex with guile and faithless love,	
I set me down wi' right good will,	13 charged, perhaps too trace, 25 Mills 25, toothe	
To sing my Highland lassie O S. The Highl. Lassie.	hl. Lassie. Does both the sexes honour. Wr. on Leaf of "H. More."	
Till Charlie Stewart cam at last, Sae far to set us free; S. The Highl. Widow's Lament.	Shachl't [unshapely, deformed].	
When by the plate we set our nose, . The Holy Fair. 8.	And how her new shoon fit her auld shachl't leet:	
The wee Apollo Set off wi' allegretto glee	Shackles. Nor limpet in poetic shackles; Ep. to H. Parker.	
His giga solo The Jolly Beggars. R. V.	Shade.	
And set them a' in order The noble Maxwells † Oh! scenes in strong remembrance set! . The Lament.	In shades of darkness hide. A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.	
An' set the bairus to daud her [Common Sense]	Ere twice the shades of dawn are fled, S. A Rosebud by †	
Wi' dirt this day The Ordination, 2.	I shelter in thy honor'd shade Add. to Edinburgh.	
I set her down, wi' right good will, Amang the rigs o' barley: S. The Rigs o' Barley.	Retreats to Dryburgh's cooling shade, Add. to Shade of Thomson.	
Amang the rigs o' barley: S. The Rigs o' Barley. They set them down upon their arse, [v.A. 1] The Twa Dogs. 6.	"To wander in my broken shade, . S. As on the banks †	
The Twa Dogs. 6.	6. My age's future shade S. Fate gave the word, †	
In the bands of old friendship and kindred to set,	Dost thou not rise, indignant Shade,	
The Whistle. 12. How daur ye set your fit upon her, To a Louse.	Extem. on Commem.s of Thomson. And shelter, shade, nor home, have I,	
How daur ye set your fit upon her, To a Louse. My sooth! right bauld ye set your nose out, Ib.		
An' set your beauties a' abread!	Nor even two different shades of the same [virtue],	
Do what I dought to set her free, To Miss Ferrier.	Pragment, inser. to Fox.	
To set her name in measur'd style; . To W. Simpson. 7.	All underneath the birchen shade; S. Here is the gien, T	
set your fit to mine, An' cock your crest,	o'er the day's fair, gladsome e'e.	
Setting.	S. Jockey's ta'en the parting t	
Setting my staff wi' a' my skill, To keep me sicker; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 5. But purer was the lover's vow They witness'd in their shade yestreen.		
Now gay with the broad setting sun!		
S. Farewell, thou fair day t	"When evening shades in silence meet, . S. O Phely †	

Prologue, sp. by Woods.

Far in their shade my Peggy's charms S. Peggy Chalmers. Here Douglas forms wild Shakespeare into plan, Blest be the wild sequester'd shade, O! for a Shakespeare or an Otway scene, S. Sleep'st thou, t Banishes ilk darksome shade, To paint the lovely hapless Scottish Queen! Scots Prologue. Then night's gloomy shades, cloudy, dark, o'ercast my sky: Ib. Then night's globally standard to the shades we'll go, And in love enjoy it.

S. The Captain's Lady. Shallow. I'm scorching up so shallow, . The Petition of Br. Water. from the shades of death's deep night,

The Election Ballads. VI. Shallows. Deep lights and shades, bold-mingling, threw Shame. The Vision. D. I. 12. A lustre grand; There, where a sceptr'd Pictish shade Stalk'd round his ashes lowly laid, [v.A.4]. . Ib. D. I. Tho' large the forest's Monarch throws His army shade, Ib. D. II. 20. To a Mountain-Daisy. Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade! O Mary! dear, departed shade! . To Mary in Heaven. S. To thee, lov'd Nitht Ye shades that echo'd to his vows, As thy shades of evening close, Wr. in Friars Carse H. As underneath their fragrant shade,
I clasp'd her to my bosom!
S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams † Shame fa' me gin I tell; Shade, to. The sweet scented birk shades my Mary and me. S. Afton Water. er hair is like the curling must That shades the mountain-side at e'en, S. On Cessnock banks † Her hair is like the curling mist Now life's chilly evening dim shades on your eye, Poet. Add. to Tytler. He'll shade my banks wi' towering trees, And bonie spreading bushes. The Petition of Br. Water. Shaded. "When spreading beech and tapering elm, Shaded my streams As on the banks † It shaded frae the ev'ning sun. . S. O bonie was you rosy t Shading. Shame, to. Shading from the burning ray To shame ye, disclaim ye, Ilk honest birkie swears. . S. Streams that glide t Hapless wretches sold to toil, Shamefu'. Who loves his own smart shadow in the streets, . And o'er the stream your shadows throw, S. Slow spreads the gloom t And view, deep-bending in the pool,
Their shadows' wat'ry bed:
The Petition of Br. Water. Shamm'd. Shady. Sweet on the fragrant, flow'ry swaird, In shady bow'r. Add. to the Deil. 15. Oh that happy hour, and shady bow'r, S. As I gaed up by t Sha'na v. Shanna. And safe beneath the shady thorn Shangan [a cleft stick]. Defies the angler's art: . S. Now Spring has clad t Denes the angler's are.

Down in a shady walk, Doves cooing were;

S. Phillis the Fair. Shaft. "O! had I met the mortal shaft
"Which laid my benefactor low! Lament for Glencairn. But hurchin Cupid shot a shaft, That play'd a Dame a shavie The Jolly Beggars. R. VII. Shaird [a shred, a shard]. haird [a shred, a shard.

The hindmost shaird, they'll fetch it wi' them,

To W. Simpson. P.S. Shake, s. And gae his bridle reins a shake, With, adieu for evermore, . S. It was a' fort Shake, to. Adam A-'s Prayer. Oh, shake him o'er the mouth o' hell, The cudgel in my nieve did shake, . Add. to the Deil. 8. If Self the wavering balance shake, It's rarely right adjusted! Shank, to [to go on foot]. . Ep. to Young Friend. 3. I'll laugh, an' sing, an' shake my leg,
As lang's I dow! Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, q. Shanna, Sha'na [shall not]. The sun a backward course shall take Misfortune sha'na steer thee; Ere ought thy manly courage shake; S. Highl. Laddie. Shape. But ere the key-stane she could make, The fient a tail she had to shake! . Tam o' Shanter. 18. Could shake them o'er the burning dub, Or heave them in. . The Twa Herds. 8. One shakes the forest, and one spurns the ground:

To R. G. of F.. It is na, Jean, thy bonie face, Nor shape that I admire, Shaken. Such is the tempest has shaken my bosom, S. Gloomy December. Shaking, -in'. To think how we stood sweatin', shakin', Holy Willie's Prayer. 14. Came shaking hands wi' wabster-loons,

The Election Ballads, VI. Shakespeare. Eschylus' pen Will Shakespeare drives; Poem on Pastoral Poetry.

With his depths and his shallows, his good and his evil,
Fragment, inscr. to Fox. 'She trusts hersel, to hide the shame,
'In Hornbook's care; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 28. May coward shame disdain his name,
The wretch that dares not die! S. Farewell, ye dungeons † Could I for shame refus'd her, [re.] . S. Had I the wyte t Wha bring thy elders to disgrace, An' public shame. Holy Willie's Prayer, 10. I think nae shame to own, John, I lo'ed ye ear' and late: S. John Anderson, † More pointed still we make ourselves, Regret, Remorse and Shame! Man was made to Mourn. . S. My heart was ance t Shame fa' the fun; wi' sword and gun
To slap mankind like lumber! . Nature's Law. I'd take the rascal by the nose, Wad say, Shame fa' thee. On Grose's Peregrinations. She, honest woman, may think shame That ye're connected with her. Th The Ans. to the Guidwife. That ye're connected when the same, He blush'd for shame, he quat his name,

The Fête Champetre. S. The weary Pund. Quoth I, for shame, ye dirty dame, For me, shame fa' me, If neist my heart I dinna wear ye To Terraughty. For shame! gie o'er-proceed no further V. on Nat. Thanks. The Ans. to the Guidwife. But gude preserve us frae the gallows, That shamefu' death! Adam A-'s Prayer. Shameless. They dun benevolence with shameless front; Ep. to R. Graham. 5. Here lies a mock Marquis whose titles were shamm'd,

Extem. on "the Marquis." He'll clap a shangan on her tail, . . The Ordination, 2. Shank [the leg, the leg and foot]. An' set weel down a shapely shank, As e'er tread yird; A Guid New-yeart 3. And then its shanks,
They were as thin, as sharp an' sma'
As cheeks o' branks. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 7. 'We'll ease our shanks an' tak a seat, . . . Upon the banks they eas'd their shanks, S. Duncan Davison. An' stumpan on his ploughman shanks, On dining with Daer. Sae hale and hearty every shank, . . The Twa Herds. 5. His spindle shank a guid whip-lash, . To a Haggis. That faith, the youngsters took the sands Wi'nimble shanks, . T To W. Simpson. P.S. My travel a' on foot I'll shank it, . . The Inventory. Wi' common Lords ye shanna mingle, . Add. of Beelzebub. S. O saw ye bonie L. † Her air so sweet, her shape complete, S. As I gaed up by t The queerest shape that e'er I saw, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 7. 'And then a' doctor's saws and whittles, 'Of a' dimensions, shapes, an' mettles, . . S. It is na, Jean, † Could I describe her shape and mein; S. On Cessnock banks t There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast; Tam o' Shanter. 11. Ane on th' Auld Brig his airy shape uprears,

The Brigs of Ayr. 4. The Wretched have no more to fear: S. The gloomy night †

Shape, to.	Sharin't [sharing it].			
Forbye, he'll shape you aff fu' gleg The cut of Adam's philibeg; On Grose's Peregrinations.	Then a' 'twad gie o' joy to me, The sharin't with Montgomerie's Peggy.			
Wae worth that man wha first did shape,				
That vile, wanchancie thing—a raep! . Poor Mailie's El	Sharp. Sharp shivers thro' the leafless how'r: A Winter Winkt			
Shaped.	Sharp shivers thro' the leafless bow'r; . A Winter Night They fits shanks] were as thin as sharp an' sma'			
[Satan] shaped it [the swine stuff] something like a man, And ca'd it Andrew Turner Epig. on A. Turner.	They [its shanks] were as thin, as sharp an' sma' As cheeks o' branks. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 7			
Shapeless. I'll be a Brig when ye're a shapeless cairn!				
The Brigs of Ayr. 7.	The' Fortune use you hand on' shows t			
"Now moths deform in shapeless tatters, "Their unknown pages." To J. S., 8.	Ep. to J. L-R, Ap. 21st, & They've taen a weapon, long and sharp, John Barleycorn			
Where, thro' a shapeless breach, his stream resounds.	Many and sharp the num'rous Ills			
Wr. by Fall of Fyers.	Inwoven with our frame! . Man was made to Mourn.			
Shapely.	Sharpen'd.			
An' set weel down a shapely shank, A Guid New-Year 13.	But keek thro' ev'ry other man, Wi' sharpen'd, sly inspection. Ep. to Young Friend. 5.			
Shapin. An' merry hae I been shapin a spoon; S. O merry hae I been t	Sharpers.			
Share [ploughshare].	The news o' princes, dukes and earls,			
But now the share uptears thy bed, To a Mountain-Daisy.	Pimps, sharpers, bawds and opera-girls; Kind Sir, I've read†			
Share.	Shatter. Reflected beams dwell in the streams,			
Wha kens, before his life may end,	Or down the current shatter; . The Fête Champetre.			
What his share may be o' care, man? A Bottle and Friend. by that health, I've got a share o't, Friend of the poet † P.S.	Shaul [shallow].			
Kind Nature's care had given his share,	There's D[unca]n deep, and P[eeble]s, shaul,			
Large, of the flaming current; Nature's Law.	Shaven.			
An angel form's faun to thy share! S. She's fair and fause t	Wi' his auld beard newlin shaven. [re.] S. The auld mant			
And aiblins gowd and honour baith Might be that laddie's share The Election Ballads. I.	Shaver [a wag]. He was an unco shaver,			
An' take a share with those that bear	For monie a day. A Dream. 11. Shaver [a barber].			
The budget and the apron! . The Jolly Beggars. S. VI.	Ye may commence a Shaver; The Ordination. 9.			
Of manhood but sma' is your share; . The Kirk's Alarm.	Shavle [a trick; an ili turn].			
Not but I hae a richer share Than mony ithers; To Dr. Blacklock.	The warl' may play you monie a shavie;			
O' nice education but sma' is her share:	Second Ep. to Davie.			
S. You wild mossy mountains †	I play'd my fillie sic a shavie, The Inventory.			
I seek nae mair o' Heav'n to share,	But hurchin Cupid shot a shaft, That play'd a Dame a shavie The Jolly Beggars. R. VII.			
Than sic a moment's pleasure, O! S. An' I'll kiss thee yet t	Shaving-night.			
In all of thee sure thy Esopus shares Ep. fr. Esopus.	"Twas four long nights and days to shaving-night,			
The little fate allows, they share as soon, Ep. to R. Graham. 5. Those wonted smiles, O let me share! S. Fairest maid †				
For silent low, on beds of dust.	Mite-horn shavings, filings, scrapings,			
"Lie a' that would my sorrows share. Lament for Glencairn.	Distill'd per se; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 22.			
O wilt thou share its [Nature's] joys wi' me, S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite †	Shaw [a wooded dell; wild natural wood].			
The warld's wrack, we share o't, S. My wife's a winsome.	In Saratoga shaw, man A Fragment. 4. In vain to me, in glen or shaw,			
Her faithfu' mate will share her toil, S. O Logan, sweetly †	The mavis and the lintwhite sing.			
Thy bield should be my bosom,	S. Again rejoicing Nature			
To share it a', to share it a'. S. O wert thou in the t	Blythe in the birken shaw S. Behold, my love, † On Yarrow banks the birken shaw, . S. Blythe was she, †			
Doomed to share thy fiery fate, Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —. For ane that shares my bosom, . On W. Chalmers.	O'erhung wi fragrant spreading shaws,			
In each bird's careless song, Glad did I share;	S. Bonie Lassie, will ye go †			
S. Phillis the Fair.	But Yarrow braes, nor Ettrick shaws, Can match the lads o' Galla water.			
And wi' the far-fam'd Grecian share	S. Braw lads on Yar. braes †			
A rival place? . Poem on Pastoral Poetry. The happy tenants share his rounds; Sketch. New-Yr's Day.	Ye hazly shaws and briery dens; . El. on. Capt. M. H., 4.			
The mite high heaven bestowed, that mite with thee I'll share.	But Och! that night, amang the shaws, She gat a fearfu' settlin!			
Sonnet, wr. on Birthday.	While birds warble welcomes in ilka green shaw:			
Wi' merry dance in winter-days, An' we to share in common: The Ans. to the Guidwife.	S. My Nanie's Awa.			
Were ye but here to share my wounded feelings!	Now, haply down yon gay green shaw, She wanders by yon spreading tree; S. O wat ye wha's in t			
The Brigs of Ayr. 9.	By fountain, shaw, or green; S. Of a' the airts †			
And share the fate I would impose On thee, wert thou my captive too. S. The capt. Ribband.	And spring will cleed the birken shaw;			
My part in him thou'lt share, The Farewell.	S. Oh, how can I be blythet			
Wi' humble prayer to join and share	Or [thy burnie] trots by hazelly shaws and braes,			
This festive Fête Champetre. The Fête Champetre. Her sorrows share and make them less? The Lament.	De winnling how and looks show C Cas do want			
And wi' the beggar shares a mite	Ilk glen and shaw she [Mirth] knew, man:			
'They Scotia's Race among them share; The Vision. D. II. 4.	In glen or shaw; To W. Creech.			
For me I would be mair than proud	Shaw. And baith the S-s, The Twa Herds. 12.			
To share the mercies wi' you To a Medical Gent	Shaw's and Dalrymple's eloquence,			
ecause thy joy in both would be To share them with a friend To John M'Murdo. Shaw, to [to show]. Yet ye'll neglect to shaw your parts Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st,				
Shar'd.	At least some pity on me shaw,			
An' all the Soul of Love they shar'd, Add. to the Deil. 15.	If love it mayna be S. O mirk, mirk †			
To keep, at times, frae being sour, To see how things are shar'd; Ep. to Davie. 2.	Tho' wit and worth, in either sex, St. Mary's Isle can shaw that, The Election Ballads. II.			
20 400 How emings are smarty , 1 Dp. to Davie. 2.	De army 5 2510 can share share 1 no 15000000 150000000 111			

Shaw'd [showed].	Sheep-shank [a sheep's trotter; "nae sheep-shank," no unimportant personage].		
And up the loan she shaw'd me S. Had I the wytet That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses; Tam o' Shanter. 11.	Wha thinks himsel nae sheep-shank bane, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 12.		
She. Is nought to what poor she endures	I doubt na, frien', ye'll think ye're nae sheep-shank, The Brigs of Ayr. 5.		
That's trusted faithless man, jo S. O Lassie, art thou t Better than e'er the fairest she he meets Sketch.	Sheers [scissors]. The Mother, wi' her needle and her sheers,		
Shear.	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5.		
Thy gay, green, flowery tresses shear, El. on Capt. M. H., 12.	For monie a year come thro' the sheers: The Death of Mailie.		
No work comes me wrong for I shear and I mow, S. The Poor Thresher.	Eve's bonie squad priests wyte them sheerly		
Shearer [a reaper]. The weary shearer's hameward way, S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite the While at the stook the shearers cow To Rev. J. McMath.	Ep. to Maj. Logan. 9. Sheet. And spreads her sheets o' daisies white		
Shearing [cutting grain with a sickle].	Out o'er the grassy lea: Lament of Mary of Scots. She took her mither's holland sheets, And made them a' in sarks to me;		
Still shearing and clearing The tither stooked raw; . The Ans. to the Guidwife.	S. The lass that made the bed. The blankets were thin, and the sheets they were sma',		
Sheath. And in the fire throws the sheath; A Ded. to G. H., 10.	S. The Taylor fell † For instance, your sheet, man, To Mr. P. Stuart.		
frae the sheath, Drew blades o' death, S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	Prone down the rock the whitening sheet descends, Wr. by Fall of Fyers.		
Sheath'd. Her closed eyes, like weapons sheath'd, S. On a bank of flowers †	Shelburne.		
Shed, s. Haply my Sires have left their shed,	When Sh-lb-rne meek held up his cheek, A Fragment. 6. Shell. Triumphant crushan't like a muscle. Shell. Triumphant crushan't like a muscle.		
And fac'd grim Danger's loudest roar, Add. to Edinburgh. 7.	Or laimpet shell. The Author's Cry and Prayer. Thou giv'st the ass his hide, the snail his shell, To R. G. of F		
nurst in the Peasant's lowly shed, The Brigs of Ayr. Here stands a shed to fend the show'rs, The Holy Fair. 9.	Shelter. The branchy shelter lost and gane . As on the banks †		
Tho' shelter'd in the lowest shed, S. 'Twas even—the dewy' Shed, to [pres. and pp.].	And shelter, shade, nor home, have I, Save in those arms of thine, Love. S. Forlorn, my Love,		
At even, when beans their fragrance shed, El. on Capt. M. H., 6.	No shelter or retreat,		
"Ye woods that shed on a' the winds "The honours of the aged year, Lament for Glencairn.	S. The Cotter's Sat. Night.		
To think life's sun did set ere well begun To shed its influence on thy bright career. Lns on Fergusson.	The Rights of Woman Where wild beasts find shelter, tho' I can find none!		
Ye who never shed a tear, . S. Musing on the roaring t	Shelter, to.		
The groaning trees untimely shed their locks, On Death of Sir J. Blair.	Tailury stood the minking shiely		
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed; Tam o' Shanter. 7. How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 15.	To shelter frae the stormy weather. S. As I came o'er † I'd seek some dell, and in my arms I'd shelter dary Montemerie's Pergy		
An' sheds a heart-inspiring steam; . The Twa Dogs. 20.	I'd seek some dell, and in my arms I'd shelter dear Montgomerie's Peggy. S. Montgom.'s Peggy. In Roslin's fairest bower		
Shed thy dying honours round, To Miss C. Sheen.	I'll shelter this sweet flower, And she, a lovely little flower S. My Love's a winsome †		
Down flow'd her robe, a tartan sheen, The Vision. D. I. 11. Sheep.	That I would tent and shelter there. S. O wat ye wha's in t And I a bird to shelter there, S. O were my love t		
Or silly sheep, wha bide this brattle . A Winter Night. 3. Our auld Guidman delights to view	My plaidie to the angry airt, I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee. S. O wert thou in the †		
His sheep an' kye thrive bonie, . S. Behind yon hills † Observe the very nowt an' sheep,	Sheltered, -'d.		
How dowff an' dowie now they creep; . El. on Year 1788. And gear will buy me sheep and kye; S. In simmer when t	Cami shelter d haven of eternal lest 10 11. 0. 0/ 1., /.		
I saw three sheep, And these three sheep saw me; Johnny Peep.	Sheltering.		
Her teeth are like a flock o' sheep, S. On Cessnock banks † I wat she was a sheep o' sense, Poor Mailie's El	St Bide the surging billow's shock. On scaring Water-fowl.		
Or herd the sheep wi' me, man, S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	On seeing wounded Hare.		
As muckle gear as buy a sheep, . The Death of Mailie.	And gane, alas! the sheltering tree, On Birth of Posth. Child. Shun the fierce storms among the sheltering rocks; On Death of R. Dundas.		
But ay keep mind to moop an' mell, Wi' sheep o' credit like thysel! He kend the Lord's sheep ilka tail, The Twa Herds. 7.	And find at night a sheltering cave, S. Streams that glide †		
He fine a mangy sheep could scrub, Ib. 8.	8. From prone-descending showers. The Petition of Br. Water.		
And he had owsen, sheep, and kye, S. There was a lass † He has gowd in his coffers, he has sheep, he has kid,	High-shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield,		
S. There's auld Rob M. † Th' abodes of coveyed grouse and timid sheep, Wr. in Kenmore Inn.	Shenstone. Or wake the bosom-melting three, With Shenstone's art; The Vision. D. II. 19.		
Sheep-cote. The blood-stain'd roost, and sheep-cote spoil'd, A Winter Night. 5.	Shepherd. For nature smiles as sweet, I ween, To shepherds as to kings. S. Behold, my love t		
Sheep-head. A sheep-head's in the pot, gudeman, [re.] S. O gin ye were dead.	The shepherd stops his simple reed,		
And like a sheep-head on a tangs, Poem on Life.	In shepherd in the nowery gien, In shepherd's phrase will woo: The shepherd to warn of the grey-breaking dawn,		
Sheep-herd. The sheep-herd steeks his faulding slap, S. Again rejoic. Nature †	S. My Nanie's Awa,		

Will nane the Shepherd's whistle mair	Shilling, -in.			
Blaw sweetly in its native air And rural grace; Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	And thretty gude shillins and three; S. Her Daddie forbad †			
Where blackbirds join the shepherd's lays Ib.	He will win a shilling, Or he spend a groat. S. Hey, the dusty miller t			
Here shall the shepherd make his seat, The Petition of Br. Water.	A ten-shillings hat, a Holland cravat; Ronalds of Bennals. Nor for my ten white shillings luke The Inventory.			
No shepherd's pipe—Arcadian strains; . The Lament.	Shin. Her broken shins to plaister; A Dream. 6.			
And the shepherd tents his flock as he pipes on his reed. S. You wild mossy mountains t	My shins, my lane, I there [butt the house] sit roastin, Auld comrade †			
Shepherd-lad. There I met my shepherd-lad, S. Ca' the Ewes.	But wi' a Lord-stand out my shin, On dining with Daer			
I was bred up at nae sic school,	Ane curses feet that fyl'd his shins, . The Holy Fair. 10.			
My shepherd-lad, to play the fool,	Shine. What signifies his barren shine, Of moral pow'rs an' reason? . The Holy Fair. 15.			
Shepherd-sang.	Shine, to. May Health and Peace, with mutual rays			
Scarce ane has tried the shepherd-sang But wi' miscarriage? Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	May Health and Peace, with mutual rays, Shine on the ev'ning o' his days; . A Ded. to G. H., 14.			
Shepherd-train.	Heav'n's beauties on my fancy shine; Add. to Edinburgh. 4.			
And some instruct the Shepherd-train, Blythe o'er the hill. The Vision. D. II. 8.	Wit, and Grace, and Love, and Beauty, In ae constellation shine; S. Bonie wee thing			
Sheridan. How Fox and Sheridan rejoice; The Election Ballads. VI.	The moon it shines fu' clearly S. Ca' the Ewes. We saw thee shine in youth and beauty's pride,			
Sheriff. And there will be Wigton's new sheriff,	El. on Miss Burnet.			
The Election Ballads. III. Sherra-moor [Sheriff-moor, between Stirling and	For other wars, where he a hero shines; Ep. fr. Esopus. The followers o' the ragged Nine,			
Dunblane, where a famous battle was fought in the Rebellion of 1715].	Poor thoughtless devils! yet may shine In glorious light, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 16.			
'Ae Hairst afore the Sherra-moor, Halloween. 15.	While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands,			
Or were you at the Sherra-moor, S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	O, who would not die with the brave! S. Farewell, thou fair day †			
Sheugh [a trench, a ditch]. 'They'll a' be trench'd wi' mony a sheugh,	That only ray of solace sweet Can on thy Henry shine, Love! S. Forlorn, my Love, †			
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 24.	But at twal at night, when the moon shines bright, My dear, I'll come and see thee; S. Here's to thy health, †			
And reekin red ran mony a sheugh, S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	That I for gear and grace may shine,			
He was a gash an' faithfu' tyke, As ever lap a sheugh or dyke The Twa Dogs. 5.	Holy Willie's Prayer. 16 The sun took delight to shine for its sake:			
A Cotter howkan in a sheugh,	C 7 m J. 75 mm A			
Sheuk [shook]. Grim loon! he [Death] gat me by the fecket,	Upon thy fortune shine! . Lament of Mary of Scots.			
And sair me sheuk; Friend of the poet † the kebars sheuk, Aboon the chorus roar;	While titled knaves and idiot greatness shine Lns on Fergusson.			
The Jolly Beggars. R. II.	The sun shines on sae brawlie? . S. My Collier Laddie.			
The Taylor rase and sheuk his duds, S. The Taylor he cam† Shew v. Show.	And the moon shines bright, when I rove at night, S. Now westlin winds †			
Shew'd v. Showed.	Till the silent moon shine clearly;			
Shewing. First shewing us the tempting ware, <i>Poem on Life</i> . Shiel [a shed, a hut].	She [the moon] shines sae bright, to wyle us hame, S. O Willie brew'd† But the mind that shines in ev'ry groce			
Kindly stood the milking-shiel, . S. As I came o'er†	But the mind that shines in ev'ry grace, S. On Cessnock banks †			
Blythe Bessie in the milking shiel, S. In simmer when † The swallow jinkin' round my shiel,	May, When ev'ning Phœbus shines serene, . Ib., Sett II.			
S. The Contented Cottager.	And port, O port! shine thou a wee, And then ye'll see him! On Grose's Peregrinations.			
Shield. 'Twas Caledonia's trophied shield I view'd: On Death of Sir J. Blair.	The charms o' the min', the langer they shine, The mair admiration they draw, man; Ronalds of Bennals.			
This rock my shield, when storms are blowing, The Hermit.	The fault wad be mine, if they didna shine,			
But where is your shield from the darts of contempt? Ye true "Loyal Nat.s" †	There thou shines chief Scotch Drink. 4.			
Shield, to. And shield me frae the rain, jo S. O Lassie, art thou	Till Order bright, completely shine, † The Farewell. To St. J.'s L			
And gane, alas! the sheltering tree, Should shield thee frae the storm.	eltering tree, O thou pale Orb, that silent shines,			
On Birth of Posth. Child.	And o'er her neighbours shine, man. The Tree of Liberty.			
Has oft been stretch'd to shield the honour'd land! Prologue, sp. by Woods.	'Strive in thy humble sphere to shine; The Vision. D. II. 21. And spunkie, ance to make us mellow			
This too, a covert shall ensure, To shield them from the storm; The Petition of Br. Water.	And then we'll shine. To Mr. J. Kennedy.			
High-shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield, To a Mountain-Daisy.	We'll gar our streams an' burnies shine Up wi' the best To W. Simpson.			
Shift. Though thanks to heaven I dare even that last shift,	Then pride might climb the slipp'ry steep, Where fame and honours lofty shine; S. Twas even—the dewy t			
An' pow't, for want o' better shift,	S. Twas even—the dewy †			
A runt was like a sow-tail	Or Hopetoun's wealth to shine in; S. When first I saw † Shining, -in'.			
Shift, to.	A burning an' a shining light Auld comrade †			
Athort the lift they start and shift,	A burnin' an' a shinin' light, Holy Willie's Prayer. 2. Or why sae sweet a flower as love,			
Tho' women's minds like winter winds	Depend on Fortune's shining? . S. O poortith cauld t			
May shift and turn, and a' that, Women's Minds. Shill [shrill]. And owre the moorlands whistles shill,	The fairest maid's in yon town That ev'ning sun is shining on S. O wat ye wha's in t			
S. Again rejoic. Nature † The westlin wind blaws loud an' shill; S. Behind you hills †	When shining sunbeams intervene . S. On Cessnock banks t in the fashion shining Fu' gay that day. The Holy Fair. 2.			
Sae loud and shill's I hear the blast, S. Up in the Morning.	The moon was shining clearly; . S. The Rigs o' Barley.			

At slaps the billies halt a blink, Till lasses strip their shoon:

I'd gie my shoon frae aff my feet, To taste sic fruit, I swear, man. Shinn'd. The Tree of Liberty. She's bow-hough'd, she's hein-shinn'd, . S. Willie Wastle † His hose they are blae, and his shoon like the slae, Ship. The ship rides by the Berwick-law, S. My bonie Mary. S. There's a youth t Would keep a sinking ship frae wreck. S. O Mally's meek. Ye've cost me twenty pair o' shoon Just gaun to see you; For her forbears were brought in ships,
Frae 'yout the Tweed: Poor Mailie's El.. . To J.S. " To W. Simpson. P.S. Just like a sark, or pair o' shoon, Shire. Thou bure the Bard through many a shire? Shoot. Ep. to H. Parker. Ye Irish lords, ye knights an' squires,
Wha represent our Brughs an' Shires,
The Author's Cry and Prayer. That shoots my tortur'd gums alang; Add. to Toothache. And shoots its head above each bush: On Cessnock banks t When corn begins to shoot, . One night as I † Why desert ye your auld native shire? . The Kirk's Alarm. Shooting, -in. And shooting meteors caught the startled eye. Shiver. On Death of Sir J. Blair. Sharp shivers thro' the leafless bow'r; . A Winter Night. Saw him in shootin graith adorn'd, Tam Samson's El., 8. "And twa-three stinted birks are left,
"To shiver in the blast their lane." . The Twa Dogs. 26 Or shootin of a hare or moorcock, . As on the banks t Shore. When they gae to the shore o' Bucky, [re.]
S. A' the lads o' Thorniebank † Auld covenanters shiver . The Election Ballads. VI. Along the solitary shore, While flitting sea-fowls round me cry, S. Behold the hour † When youthful Love, warm-blushing, strong, Keen-shivering shot thy nerves along, The Vision. D. II. 16. While litting sea-lows.

The scourge of the seas, and the dread of the shore;

S. Caledonia. Shoal. In shoals and nations; To a Louse. . . There's wooden walls upon our seas, And Volunteers on shore, Sir. Shock. S. Does haughty Gault And oft repell'd th' Invader's shock. Add. to Edinburgh. 5. when ye [craiks] wing your annual way

Procedure cauld shore, El. on Capt. M. H., 9. 'But yet the bauld Apothecary
'Withstood the shock; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 18. Thou chrystal streamlet with thy flowery shore, Bide the surging billow's shock. . On scaring Water-fowl. El. on Miss Burnet. What tho', with hoary locks I must stand the winter shocks, The Jolly Beggars. S. I. S. Frae the friends † Desart ilka blooming shore; . And from my native shore: . S. From thee, Elizat heavy, passive to the tempest's shocks, . To R. G. of F., 7. Who mad'st the sea and shore, . S. Grace after Dinner. Shod. A broom-stick o' the witch of Endor,
Weel shod wi' brass. On Grose's Peregrinations. Had I a cave on some wild distant shore, S. Had I a cave t My Pegasus is poorly shod . . To J. Taylor. Surging on the rocky shore : S. How can my poor heart † . To W. Simpson. II. He turn'd him right and round about, Still pressing onward, red-wat-shod, S. It was a' fort Upon the Irish shore, . Ere ye toss me afar from my lov'd native shore; That every naig was ca'd a shoe on, The smith and thee gat roaring fou on; Tam o' Shanter. 3. Lament, on leaving Nat. Land. I haste with the storm to a far distant shore; Shoe-thick. For lack o' thee, I leave this much-loved shore 'Till daft mankind aft dance a reel Lns, on Back of Bank Note. In gore a shoe-thick; . Add. to Toothache. As the wretch looks o'er Siheria's shore, S. Lovely Davies. Shog [a shock, a shove]. It's not the roar o' sea or shore, Wad make me langer wish to tarry; An' gied the infant warld a shog, 'Maist ruin'd a'. S. My bonie Mary. Add. to the Deil. 16. For now he's taen anither shore, Shone. Him at Agincourt wha shone, . . A Dream. 11. An' owre the Sea! On Scot. Bard gne to W. I. Still self-dependent in her native shore,

Prologue, sp. by Woods. A fairer than's in you town, His setting beam ne'er shone upon. S. O wat ye wha's in t The silent moon shone high o'er tow'r and tree: (Lang after kend on Carrick shore; Tam o' Shanter. 15. The Brigs of Ayr. 3. The night was still, and o'er the hill We'll send him o'er to his native shore The night was still † S. The bonie Lass of Alb .. The moon shone on the castle wa'; But by the moon and stars so bright,
That shone that night so clearly!
S. The Rigs o' Barley. Through the still night dash'd hoarse along the shore:

The Brigs of Ayr. 3. Where many a Patriot-name on high All-hail then, the gale then, Wafts me from thee, dear shore! . And Hero shone. [v.A.4] The Vision. D. I. The Farewell. A wildly-witty, rustic grace Shone full upon her; S. The gloomy Night † . Ib. 'Tis not that fatal, deadly shore; There, distant shone, Art's lofty boast, The lordly dome. For her I'll trace a distant shore; S. The Highl. Lassie. Ib. 13. Torn from that lovely shore, and must never see it more;
S. The Slave's Lament, Shook. And, by the moon-beam, shook, to see A stern and stalwart ghaist arise, . A Vision. Auld, hermit Aire staw thro' his woods, Chanticleer Shook off the pouthery snaw, A Winter Night. 10. The Vision. D. I. 14. On to the shore: S. Duncan Davison. And ay she shook the temper-pin. . I saw thee seek the sounding shore, Ib. D. II. 13. Delighted with the dashing roar; An' [Bruce] shook his Carrick spear, Halloween. Over sea, over shore, Where the cannons loudly roar;
S. There was a bonie lass † And shook baith meikle corn and bear, Tam o' Shanter. 15. And shook patter mount.

Shook with a thunder of applause

The Jolly Beggars. R. VIII. . S. To Mary. And leave auld Scotia's shore? Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,
S. To Mary in Heaven. When up they gat an' shook their lugs, The Twa Dogs. 35. Shool [a shovel]. Not Gowrie's rich valley, nor Forth's sunny shores, S. You wild mossy mountains † Ye'd better taen up spades and shools, Or knappin-hammers. Ep. to f. L-k, Ap. 1st, 11. Shore, to [to offer; threaten]. Auld Tubalcain's fire-shool and fender; If e'er Detraction shore to smit you, A Farewell. On Grose's Peregrinations. . S. O steer her up t Shoon [shoes]. First shore her wi' a kindly kiss, . I doubt na Fortune may you shore Some mim-mou'd pouthered priestie, Cauf-leather shoon upon your feet, . S. Ca' the Ewes. On W. Chalmers. Some mim-mou d poutation pour strike;
But, like guid mothers, shore before ye strike;
Scots Prologue. I tint my curch and baith my shoon, S. Duncan Gray. And how her new shoon fit her auld shachl't feet; Gude ale gars me - - pawn my shoon, [re.]
S. O gude ale comes † S. Last May a braw wooer † An' shore him weel wi' hell; . . To Gav. Hamilton. Shor'd [threatened; offered]. hor'd [threatened, one of his lamp,

Had shor'd them with a glimmer of his lamp,

The Brigs of Ayr. 10. Were weel lac'd up in silken shoon, S. O Mally's meek.

. The Holy Fair. 26

As murder at his thrapple shor'd; The Election Ballads. VI.

A panegyric rhyme, I ween,	He by his showther gae a keek, Halloween. 19.			
Even as I was he shor'd me; The Petition of Br. Water. An' shor'd them Danity Davie The Valle Beautiff P. V. L. V. L. V. L. V. L. V.	But owre my left shouther I ga'e him a blink S. Last May a braw wooer †			
O' boot that night. The Jolly Beggars R. VII. Lang, Patronage, wi' rod o' airn, Has shor'd the Kirk's undoin, The Ordination. 8.	Their gun's a burden on their shouther; The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.			
Short. Where human weakness has come short,	She has a hump upon her breast, The twin o' that upon her shouther; . S. Willie Wastle †			
A Prayer in Prosp. of Death. But three short years will soon wheel roun',	Show, Shew.			
S. And O for ane and twenty †	Whose toil upholds the glitt'ring show, A Winter Night. 8. And gaudy shew at sunny noon; S. Sae flaxen †			
Some wee, short hour ayont the twal, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 31.	Their titles a' are empty show;			
But what his common sense came short,	Then in we go to see the show, The Holy Fair. 8.			
He eked it out wi' law, man Extem. in Court of S A few short months, and glad and gay, For a' that, and a' that, Their tinsel shew, and a' that, S. The Hones				
Again ye'll charm the ear and e'e; Lament for Glencairn. O Nature! a' thy shews an' forms				
"O why has Worth so short a date?	Show, Shew, to.			
On Death of fav. Child.	Not all your rage, as now, united shows More hard unkindness, unrelenting, A Winter Night. 7.			
O' stature short, but genius bright, On Grose's Peregrinations. That's little short o' downright wastrie. The Twa Dogs. 9.	For which we daurna show our face Adam A—'s Prayer.			
And tho' the puny wound appear	Not to show her respect, but—to save the expence. Epig. on Henpecked Squire.			
Short while it grieves	Her [nature's] Hogarth-art perhaps she meant to show it)			
Short-liv'd.	Ep. to R. Graham. 3. Pull the string, ruling passion, the picture will show him.			
When Phœbus gies a short-liv'd glow'r, A Winter Night.	Fragment, inscr. to Fox.			
Shortening. How cheery, thro' her shortening day,	Your courage much more than your prudence you show it, <i>Ib</i> . To show thy grace is great an' ample;			
Is autumn in her weeds o' yellow: S. By Allan stream †	Holy Willie's Prayer. 5.			
The short'ning winter-day is near a close; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 2.	To show their deadly rage John Barleycorn. Then Age and Want, Oh! ill-match'd pair!			
Shorter. And cowe her measure shorter By th' head some day	Show Man was made to mourn. Man was made to Mourn.			
And cowe her measure shorter By th' head some day. The Ordination. 13. Tho' the love that I owe to thee I darena show, S. My Sandy				
Ae limpin leg a hand-breed shorter; . S. Willie Wastle † Non accide shorter by a sport				
Shortly.	Oh, open the door, some pity to shew, S. Oh, open the door to Show many a saint and martyr there On Lincluden.			
Or faith! I fear that, wi' the geese, I shortly boost to pasture I' the craft A Dream 6.	To show Sir Bardy's willyart glowr, On dining with Daer.			
Sae shortly von shall see me bright. Auld comrade t				
An' shortly after she was done Auld Vandal, ye but show your little mense,				
They gat a new ane. To W. Simpson. P.S. But shortly they will cowe the louns!				
	thou thyself must shortly find, Wr. in Friars-Carse H. Comes hame, perhaps, to shew a hraw new gown,			
Shortsyne [short since]. But now as glad I'm wi' my lad, Which shews that heaven can boil the pot,				
As shortsyne broken hearted S. The tither morn 7 Shot, s.	was glad I'm wi' my lad, ortsyne broken hearted. S. The tither morn to Though the devil p—s in the fire. The Dean of Fac. And show my cuts and scars wherever I come;			
That sic a hen had got a shot; Ep. to J. R., 9.	The Jolly Beggars. S. I.			
But every shot and every knock, My heart it gae a stoun S. My heart was ance †	to justly shew that brow, V.s, below Picture. Show box. Mankind are his show box Frag., inscr. to Fox.			
Proof o' shot to Birth or Money, . S. Sweetest May †	Showed, -'d, Shew'd.			
An' ay the tither shot he thumpit, Tam Samson's El., 10. Till skelp—a shot—they're aff, a' throw'ther,	it, Tam Samson's El., 10. His bending joints and drooping head			
The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.	A mask that like the gorget show'd,			
Corbies and Clergy are a shot right kittle: The Brigs of Ayr. 10.	Dye-varying, on the pigeon; The Holy Fair. Mott. That show'd a man o' spunk, The Jolly Beggars. R. VII.			
Has blest me with a random-shot O' countra wit. To J. S., 6.	Shew'd he was nane o' Scotland's dogs, . The Twa Dogs.			
Shot. The stars they shot along the sky; A Vision. The stars shot down wi' sklentan light, . Add. to the Deil. 7.	Shew'd him the gentleman an' scholar:			
Behold that eye which shot immortal hate, Liberty.	When she selected thee, . Wr. on Leaf of "H. More."			
For mony a beast to dead she shot, Tam o' Shanter. 15. But hurchin Cupid shot a shaft, The Jolly Beggars. R. VII.	Shower. Dim-dark'ning thro' the flaky shower, . A Winter Night.			
'Keen-shivering shot thy nerves along, The Vision. D. II. 16.	And rising, weets wi' misty showers			
The Vision. D. II. 16. Shote. At gloamin-shote it was, I wat, S. Had I the wyte †	The birks of Aberfeldy. S. Bonie Lassie, will ye got Through gentle showers, the laughing flowers			
Should, -'d. Who make poor will do wait upon I should	In double pride were gay S. But lately seen †			
Ep. to R. Graham. 5. God knows, I'm no the thing I shou'd be, To Rev. J. M'Math,	And gentle the fall of the soft vernal shower, S. How pleasant the banks †			
Shouldna [should not].	And show'rs began to fall; John Barleycorn. the welcome summer show'r . S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite †			
You shouldna paint at angels mair, To a Painter.	When past the show'r, and every flow'r,			
Shout. He roar'd a horrid murder-shout, Halloween. 20. The shouts o' war are heard afar, S. My bonie Mary.	The garden is adorning: S. Lovely Davies. No chilly blast nor shower			
The bairns gat out wi' an unco shout, S. The deuks dang o'er.	Shall blight this rose of mine. S. My Love's a winsome †			
An' echos back return the shouts; . The Holy Fair. 21. Shouther, Showther [shoulder].	The furrow'd waving corn is seen Rejoice in fostering showers. S. Now Spring has clad†			
An awfu' scythe, out-owre ae shouther,	Not vernal show'rs to budding flow'rs, S. Now westlin winds t			
Clear-dangling, hang; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 6. Wi's tocks out owre their shouther: Halloween. 5.	Protect thee frae the driving shower, On Birth of Posth. Child.			

The rattling showers rose on the blast; . Tam o' Shanter. 8. Here stands a shed to fend the show'rs,	Shunning. 'Shunning soft Pity's rising sway, A Winter Night. 9.
An' screen our countra Gentry; The Holy Fair. 9. Or find a sheltering, safe retreat,	Shure [did shear, i.e., reap].
From prone-descending showers. The Petition of Br. Water.	I shure wi' him; S. Robin shure in hairst. Shut. But, cursed lot! the gates were shut,
But bitter, daudin showers hae wat it, Third Ep. to J. Lap	S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
Never may'st thou, lovely Flower,	Shuttle. And can, like ony wabster's shuttle, Jink there or here; Adam A—'s Prayer.
Chilly shrink in sleety shower! To Miss C. To shun the bitter blaudin' show'r, To Rev. J. M'Math.	Shy. Believe me, happiness is shy, . A Bottle and Friend.
While corn grows green in summer showers,	So shy, grave and distant, ye shed not a tear:
S. Where Cart rins †	Ye would na been sae shy; S. O Tibbie!
Dim-seen, through rising mists and ceaseless showers, Wr. by Fall of Fyers.	If she be shy, her sister try, The Tarbolton Lasses.
Her eyes outshine the radiant beams	Shyer. The lasses they are shyer The Holy Fair. 24.
That gild the passing shower, S. Young Peggy † Shower, to.	Siberia.
But chiefly the nettle so typical, shower, Monody, on a Lady.	As the wretch looks o'er Siberia's shore, S. Lovely Davies.
Show'ry.	Sibyl. Inspir'd, I turn'd Fate's sibyl leaf, To Terraughty. Sic [such]. Its just sic Poet an' sic Patron. A Ded. to G. H., 2.
Her forehead's like the show'ry bow, S. On Cessnock banks †	On sic a day as this is,
Shown. If love for love thou wilt na gie,	Kyle-Stewart I could bragged wide,
At least be pity to me shown; S. O Mary, at thy window t	For sic a pair A Guid New Year + 6. And frae his harp sic strains did flow, A Vision.
Showther v. Shouther.	And frae his harp sic strains did flow, A Vision. I seek nae mair o' Heav'n to share,
Showy.	Than sic a moment's pleasure, O! S. An' I'll kiss thee yet †
What are their showy treasures? S. Mark yonder Pomp † Shriek.	when shall we return, Sic pleasure to renew?" S. As down the burn
Still louder shrieks, and heavier groans! A Ded. to G. H., 10.	I was bred up at nae sic school, . S. Ca' the ewes.
Shrill to heaven's gates the lark's shrill song ascends,	I drew my scythe in sic a fury. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 18.
Fu' loud and shrill the frosty wind	And oh! her een they spak sic things! . S. Duncan Gray
S. I'm o'er young to marry t	The tither's dour, has nae sic breedin', . El. on Year 1788. sic as you and I,
The soaring lark, the perching red-breast shrill, The Brigs of Ayr.	That sic a hen had got a shot; Ep. to J. R., q.
And blew on the Whistle their requiem shrill. The Whistle. 3.	That sic a couple fate allows ye . Ep. to Maj. Logan. 13.
Shrimp. Despise that Shrimp, that wither'd Imp,	Sic a reptile was Wat, Sic a miscreant slave, Epit. on Walter S
Shrine. The Jolly Beggars. S. VI.	Sic a miscreant slave, Epit. on Walter S For few sic feasts you've gotten; For W. Nicol.
Approach this shrine, and worship here. Poet. Inscription.	When sic a husband was frae hame, . S. Had I the wyte
Shrink.	She fuss't her pipe wi' sic a lunt, Halloween. 13.
And with a Mother's fears shrinks at the rocking blast! A Winter Night. 8.	I danr you try sic sportin,
Why shrinks my soul half-blushing, half afraid,	An' liv'd an' di'd deleeret, On sic a night
Never may'st thou, lovely flower,	Thou kens how he bred sic a splore,
Chilly shrink in sleety shower! To Miss C.	Sic fate ere lang shall thee betide; . S. I do confess
No more I shrink appall'd, afraid; To Ruin.	Did ne'er to me sic tidings bring, S. O Phely
Shrinking. The shrinking bard adown an alley skulks, Ep. fr. Esopus.	O why should Fate sic pleasure have, Life's dearest bands untwining? . S. O poortith cauld?
Shrinking from the gaze of day. S. Mark yonder Pomp †	O wha can prudence think upon,
In vain Religion meets my shrinking eye; To Clarinda.	And sic a lassie by him;
Shrunk.	Sic notes of woe could wanken! . S. O stay, sweet warb.
When thou shrunk frae the scowl of the loud winter storm, On Death of fav. Child.	Had ne'er sic powers alarming: S. O wat ye wha that lo'es t
Shudder. Ye see your state wi' theirs compar'd,	An sic a Lord—lang Scotch ells twa, On Dining with Daer.
And shudder at the niffer, Add. to Unco Guid. 3. Shun. those paths Of life I ought to shun;	And sic twa love-inspiring een, On W. Chalmers. Play'd me sic a trick, S. Robin shure in hairst.
A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.	Sic hauns as you sud ne'er be faikit, Second Ep. to Davie.
The lavrock shuns the palace gay, And o'er the cottage sings; . S. Behold, my love,†	And sic a night he taks the road in,
Or [their soul] in some day-detesting owl	As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in Tam o' Shanter. 7. Sic flights are far beyond her pow'r; 1b. 16.
May shun the light. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 17.	Of sic an ugly, Gothic hulk as you. The Brigs of Ayr. 6.
To shun a tyrant father's hate, S. How cruel†	Saw ye e'er sic troggin? The Election Ballads. IV.
[The dove] To shun impelling ruin A while her pinions tries;	Like cantharidian plaisters On sic a day! [re.] The Holy Fair. 13
No view nor care, but shun whate'er	Against sic poosion'd nostrum;
Might breed me pain or sorrow, O; S. My father was a farmer †	I play'd my fillie sic a shavie, The Inventory.
The path of man to shun it; S. Now westlin winds †	Hunger, Cauld, an' a' sic harms The Jolly Beggars. S. V.
Shun the fierce storms among the sheltering rocks; On Death of R. Dundas.	We never had sic twa drones; The Ordination. 10.
O cam ye here the fight to shun, S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	Alas! sae sweet a tree as love, Sic bitter fruit should bear! S. The Ruined Maid's Lament.
But she, ungrateful, shuns my sight, To Clarinda.	That sic a tree can not be found, 'Twixt London and the Tweed, man. The Tree of Liberty.
No claws to dig, his hated sight to shun; To R. G. of F., 3.	Wi' plenty o' sic trees, I trow,
To shun the bitter blaudin' show'r, To Rev. J. M'Math.	The warld would live in peace, man; Ib.
But thy utmost duly done, Welcome what thou canst not shun: Wr. in Hermitage at F.C.	Sic halesome dainty cheer, man;
Shunn'd. 'Wrong'd, injur'd, shunn'd, unpitied, unredrest;	To taste sic fruit, I swear, man
In vain wld Prudence †	Are bred in sic a way as this is The Twa Dogs. 11.

Sic game is now owre aften play'd; . The Twa Dogs. 21.	Oft have our fearless fathers strode By Wallace' side, . To W. Simpson. 11.			
But human-bodies are sic fools, For a' their colledges an' schools,	He bears the unbroken blast from every side;			
There's sic parade, sic pomp an' art,	To R. G. of F.,			
The Lord's cause ne'er gat sic a twistle, The Twa Herds. 3.	Sidelins [sidelong, slanting].			
O' sic a feast!	For ay she tipp'd the sidelin's wink, S. As I gaed up			
Sic twa, O! do I live to see't,	Ironic satire, sidelins sklented,			
Sic famous twa should disagreet,	On my poor Musie; . To W. Simps			
Looks down wi' sneering, scornfu' view On sic a dinner? To a Haggis.	Side-pretences.			
On sic a dinner? To a Haggis. I fear ye dine but sparely, On sic a place To a Louse.				
I'd gie you sic a hearty dose o't,	MI			
An' get sic fair example straught, To Gav. Hamilton.	Here, heave a sigh. A Bard's Epit			
And taste sic gear as Johnnie brews, To Mr. J. Kennedy.	With laden sighs, and solemn-rounded sentence,			
in sic phraisin terms ye've penn'd it, . To W. Simpson. 2.	Add. sp. by Fontenelle. Thou man of crazy care and ceaseless sigh, Ib.			
but callans, At Grammar, Logic, an' sic talents, . Ib. P.S.	And deep, as soughs the boding wind,			
An auld-light caddies bure sic hands,	Amang his caves, the sigh he gave. As on the banks †			
forbad, by strict commands, Sic bluidy pranks 1b.	Then let the sudden bursting sigh			
But new-light herds gat sic a cowe,	The heart-felt pang discover; S. Could aught of song t			
ken some better Than mind sic brulzie	For relief a sigh she brings; S. Duncan Gray †			
To thresh my back at sic a pitch? . What ails ye now † Wrought 'mang the lasses sic mischief Ib.	The bursting sigh, th' unweeting groan, Betray the hapless lover: . S. Farewell, thou stream †			
Sic a wife as Willie had, S. Willie Wastle †	And mingle sighs with mine, Love. S. Forlorn, my Love †			
Siclike [suchlike].	And thine that latest sigh! S. From thee, Eliza, †			
Wi' sauce, ragouts, an' sic like trashtrie, The Twa Dogs. 9.	May never pity soothe thee with a sigh,			
Bairan a quarry, an' sic like,	On seeing wounded Hare.			
Sick. Meg grew sick,—as he grew heal, S. Duncan Gray †	And grateful science heaves the heartfelt sigh. On Death of Sir J. Blair.			
Quite sick of merit's rudeness, The Dean of Fac	One friendly sigh for him, he asks no more,			
Full soon I grew sick of my sanctified Sot, The Jolly Beggars. S. II.	Once fondly lov'd †			
And saw gin they were sick or hale,	Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee. [re.] S. One fond kiss †			
At the first sight The Twa Herds. 7.	A poor friendless wand'rer may well claim a sigh,			
I'm weary sick o't late and air! To Dr. Blacklock.	Poet. Add. to W. Tytler.			
Sicken'd. His colour sicken'd more and more, . John Barleycorn.	Who trembling heard my parting sigh, S. Slow spreads the gloom †			
But Nature sicken'd on the e'e S. The Catrine woods †				
Sickening.	Wi' sighs an' sobs she thus began The Jolly Beggars. R. IV			
Dim-backward as I cast my view,	The unwesting group, the bursting sigh			
What sick'ning Scenes appear! . Despondency, an Ode.	Betray the guilty lover . S. The last time I			
Sicker [safe, secure, steady].	Wi monie a sigh and a S. There was a bonne lass			
Setting my staff wi' a' my skill, To keep me sicker; Death and Dr. Hornbook.	And with sincere tho' unavailing sighs, . Tragic Frag. Farewell! within thy bosom free			
And in his arms he lock'd her sicker S. Donald Brodie †				
Already in thy fancy's eye, Thy sicker treasure.	In her armour of glances, and blushes, and sighs;			
On the same sicker score I mentioned before,	S. You wild mussy mountains † But now wi' sighs and starting tears . S. Young Jamie†			
P.S. to "The Kirk's Alarm."	Sigh, to.			
Sickness. Pale sickness withers ilka grace, . Fragment.	I set me down and sigh: Despondency, an Ode.			
O what a canty warld were it,	But the weary, weary warpin o't			
Would pain and care, and sickness spare it; Poem on Life. Siddons. It needs no Siddons' powers in Southern's song;	Has gart me sigh and sab S. My heart was ance †			
Prologue, sp. by Woods.	And sigh for this life's latest morrow. On Death of fav. Child.			
Side.	Polish their grin, nay, sign for ladies love Sketch.			
pamper'd Luxury, Flatt'ry by her side, A Winter Night. 7. Blythe waukens by the daisy's side, S. Again rejoic. Nature †	An' sigh an' sob, an' greet her lane, Tam Samson's El No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,			
And like stockfish [the devil] come o'er his studdie	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 16.			
Wi' thy [death's] auld sides! El. on Capt. M. H.	Each night and morn with voice imploring,			
She watch'd me by the hie-gate-side, S. Had I the wytet	This wish I sigh: The Hermit.			
Some [nits] kindle, couthie, side by side, . Halloween. 7.	But if thou hast good cause to sigh at Thy fault or care:			
Here's friends on both sides of the Forth, And friends on both sides of the Tweed;	Anither sighs an' prays: The Holy Fair. 10.			
S. Here's a health to them†	And ay she sighs wi' care and pain; S. There was a lass †			
O wae gae by his wanton sides, S. Here's his health in water.	And I sigh as my heart it wad burst in my breast. S. There's auld Rob M.			
My true love! she cried,—and sunk down by his side, S. Oh, open the door	Sigh'd.			
The thund'ring guns are heard on ev'ry side,	"Man! cruel Man!" the Genius sigh'd, As on the banks †			
The Brigs of Ayr. 2.	Duncan sigh'd, baith out and in, . S. Duncan Gray †			
On ev'ry side they're gath'ran; The Holy Fair. 8.	I sigh'd, and said amang them a', Ye are na Mary Morison S. O Mary, at thy t			
Frae side to side they hother,	Ye are na Mary Morison S. O Mary, at thy t And sigh'd his very soul S. On a bank of flowers t			
An' guid Claymore down by his side, The Jolly Beggars. S. IV.	But ay she sigh'd and cry'd, "Alas!			
O'er Pegasus' side ye ne'er laid a stride, The Kirk's Alarm. 11.	"Alas! young man, ye've ruin'd me."			
The Kirk's Alarm. 11.	S. The Lass that made the vea.			
Irvine side, Irvine side, wi' your turkey-cock pride, Ib. 14.	Sighing, -an. Wherefore sighing art thou Phillis? Blue Bonnets.			
by the sweet side of the Nith's winding river, S. True hearted was he †	Sighing, dumb, despairing! S. Blythe ha'e I been t			
The woods, wild-scattered, clothe their ample sides;	While he, thy fond parent, must sighing sojourn,			
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.	On Death of fav. Child.			
The palace rising on his verdant side;	I, sighing, drop the silent tear, To Clarinda.			

But oh! what signifies to you His lexicons and grammars;

. . On W. Chalmers.

Their sighan, cantan, grace-proud faces, To Rev. J. M'Math.	What signifies his barren shine,		
But sorrow and sad sighing care S. Where are the joys t	Of moral pow'rs an' reason? The Holy Fair. 15.		
Sight. Is sure an uncouth sight to see, A Dream.	Signora.		
To keep the Highland hounds in sight! . Add. of Beelzebub.	Love-gifts of Carnival Signoras. [v.A.13] The Twa Dogs.		
Ye, like a rash-buss, stood in sight,	Silence.		
Wi' waving sugh Add. to the Deil. 7.	"Awake, resound thy latest lay,		
Or worthy friends rak'd i' the mools,	"Then sleep in silence evermair! Lament for Glencairn.		
Sad sight to see! Add. to Toothache.	Ye babbling winds, in silence sweep; Liberty.		
For sure 'twere impious to despair	"When evening shades in silence meet, . S. O Phely, †		
So much in sight of Heaven. S. Anna, thy charms †	At length poor Mailie silence brak. The Death of Mailie		
Where man and nature fairer in her sight, My muse may imp her wing for some sublimer flight.	Speaking silence, dumb confession, To a Kiss.		
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.	Silent. modest Merit's silent claim; Add. to Edinburgh. 3.		
Nae doubt but we may get a sight!	What time the moon, wi' silent glowr,		
'Great cause ye hae to fear it;	Sets up her horn, . El. on Capt. M. H., 10.		
That I am here afore thy sight, Holy Willie's Prayer. 2.	Empress of the silent night:		
'Were ne'er sae welcome to my eye,	Yonder Clouden's silent towers, . S. Hark! the mavis †		
As is a sight o' Phely S. O Phely,	Well, Sir, from the silent dead,		
What are you forms that meet my sight? . On Lincluden.	Still I will try to daunt you; . S. Husband, husband t		
They tempt the taste and charm the sight;	For silent, low, on beds of dust, Lie a' that would my sorrows share.		
S. On Cessnock banks † Not ev'n to view the Heavenly choir,	Lament for Glencairn.		
Would be so blest a sight On Miss J. Lewars.	How silent that tongue which the echoes oft tired,		
(A sight life's sorrows to repulse,	Monody, on a Lady.		
A sight pale envy to convulse) . Sketch. New-Yr's Day.	Till the silent moon shine clearly; . S. Now westlin winds †		
But when she charms my sight,	In the dark silent mansions of sorrow, On Death of fav. Child.		
In pride of beauty's light; S. Sleep'st thou,	With echo silent lies On Death of Lap-dog.		
With richer treasures bless my sight!	Repose us in the silent dust Sketch. New-Yr's Day.		
S. Slow spreads the gloom t	The silent moon shone high o'er tow'r and tree:		
And, vow! Tam saw an unco sight! Tam o' Shanter. 11. Trode i' the mire out o' sight!	The Brigs of Ayr. 3.		
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 10.	Now a' the congregation o'er		
all before their sight,	Is silent expectation; The Holy Fair. 12.		
A fairy train appear'd in order bright: The Brigs of Avr. II. O Thou pale Orb, that silent shines, . The Lan			
At sight of whom [Peace] our Sprites forgat their kindling 1, sighing, drop the silent tear, To Claric			
wrath	Again the silent wheels of time		
And ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jauk or play:	Their annual round have driv'n, To Miss L., with "Beattie."		
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 6.	When shall my soul, in silent peace,		
As once on Pisgah purg'd was the sight	Resign Life's joyless day?		
And 11-in and in the state of the state			
Appear no more before Thy sight Than yesterday that's past. The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps			
But still as the fairest she sat in their sight,	Silent-marking.		
S. The heather was blooming t	Oft has thy silent-marking glance Observ'd us, The Lament.		
The vera sight o' [Moodie]'s face,	Silk. Tho' thou has nae silk and holland sae sma,		
To's ain het hame had sent him Wi' fright	S. O when she cam ben †		
The Holy Fair. 12.	In silks an' scarlets glitter; The Holy Fair. 7.		
The boniest sight that e'er I saw Was th' Ploughman laddie dancin. S. The Ploughman †	Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine, S. The Honest Man.		
They're sae accustom'd wi' the sight,	Silk-saft [silk-soft].		
The view o't gies them little fright The Twa Dogs. 15.	Seal'd on her silk-saft falds to rest, . S. O were my love †		
By this, the sun was out o' sight,	Silken.		
And saw gin they were sick or hale,	The lassie lost a silken snood, S. Braw lads of G. Water.		
At the first sight The Twa Herds. 7.	weel lac'd up in silken shoon, S. O Mally's meek.		
A tight, outlandish Hizzie, braw,	In Love's silken band can bind it S. Sweetest May †		
Come full in sight The Vision. D. I. 7.	I'll tie the posie round wi' the silken band o' love, S. The Posie.		
But, ah! deform'd, dishonest to the sight! . The Vowels.	He draws a bonie, silken purse The Twa Dogs. 8.		
Depute a min ew, and kick a min from ms signt 10.			
And then, O what a glorious sight, Warm-reekin, rich! To a Haggis.	Siller, adj. [silver].		
Now hand you there, ye're out o' sight, . To a Louse.	Aft, clad in massy, siller weed, Scotch Drink. 7.		
But she, ungrateful, shuns my sight, To Clarinda.	A. I. III. I. II. I. I. I. I. I. I. I. I.		
Now bless the hour which charm'd my guilty sight Ib.	The hawthorn I will pu', wi' its locks o' siller grey, S. The Posie.		
	S. The Posie.		
And his slean sillen bushles there dends on all			
An' out o' sight To W Simpson PS			
They charm th' admiring gazer's sight, . S. Young Peggy t	Siller [silver, money].		
Sightless.	Altho' he has left me for greed o' the siller,		
Or, mid the venal Senate's roar,	S. As I was a-wand ring t		
They, sightless, stand, . The Vision. D. II. 5.	A guid chiel wi' a pickle siller: Auld comrade †		
	Sma' siller will relieve me S. Here's to thy health, †		
Sign. And still, as signs of life appear'd, They toss'd him to and fro. John Barleycorn.	Brings the dusty siller; S. Hey, the dusty miller †		
Sign-post. But the tender heart o' lessome love, The gowd and siller canna have.			
Strong on the sign-post stands the stupid ox. To R. G. of F., 7. The gowd and siller canna buy: S. In simmer when My laddie's sae meikle in love wi' the siller,			
Sign'd. He canna ha'e love to spare for me.			
My daddie sign'd my tocher band, S. Where Cart rins † S. O meikle thinks my low			
Signify.	Thou sat as lang as thou had siller; . Tam o' Shanter. 3.		
What signifies the life o' man, He'd venture the gallows for siller,			
An' 'twere na for the lasses, O. S. Green grow the Rashes.			
But oh! what signifies to you	He brags and he blaws o' his siller, S. Tam Glen.		

He brags and he blaws o' his siller, . . . S. Tam Glen.
The dearest siller that ever I wan. . . S. The Taylor fell?

But chiefly the siller, that gars him gang till her,	There simmer first unfauld her robes,		
S. There's a youth † To sell her poor Jenny for siller and lan'.	And there the langest tarry: S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †		
S. What can a yng lassie t	Simper James [the Rev. J. Mackinlay of Kilmannock]		
Silly. Or silly sheep, wha bide this brattle A Winter Night. 3.	Simper James, Simper James, leave the fair Killie dames,		
Would'st thou be cur'd, thou silly, moping elf, Add. sp. by Fontenelle.	The Kirk's Alarm		
If man thou wouldst be named,	Simple. Will re accept a Compliment,		
Despise the silly creature S. Deluded swain † Poor silly body see him; . Epit. on Holy Willie.	And eyes the simple, rustic Hind, A Winter Night. 7.		
Thy favors are the silly wind S. I do confess †	So artless, so simple, so wild; S. Adown winding Nith †		
Why then ask of silly Man,	The shepherd stops his simple reed, S. Behold, my love, †		
To oppose great Nature's plan? S. Let not woman †	Good L—d, what is man! for as simple he looks, Do but try to develope his hooks and his crooks:		
We'll search through the garden for each silly flower, Monody, on a Lady.	Fragment, inscr. to Fox.		
Fie, fie on silly coward man,	This simple stone directs pale Scotia's way Inscrip. on Tomb of Fergusson.		
That he should be the slave o't [of wealth]. S. O poortith cauld t	Let simple maid the lesson read, . S. O Lassie, art thou		
The silly bogles, Wealth and State,	He [the cotter] woos his simple dearie: S. O poortith cauld,		
O silly blind body, O dinna ye see; S. O whare did ye get †	the simple artless rhymes, Once fondly lov'd †		
my puir, silly, rhymin' clatter . Second Ep. to Davie.	Not for to preach, but tell his simple story:		
That anger'd the silly gudeman, O. S. The Cooper o' cuddy t	Prologue, at Th., D in simple beauty drest, S. Slow spreads the gloom t		
my yowie, silly thing, The Death of Mailie. The bride went to bed wi' the silly bridegroom,	To you a simple Bardie's pray'rs		
The last braw bridal †	Are humbly sent. The Author's Cry and Prayer.		
It's silly wa's the win's are strewin! To a Mouse.	The simple Bard, rough at the rustic plough, The Brigs of Ayr.		
But to conclude my silly rhyme, To Dr. Blacklock.	a simple Bard, Unknown and poor,		
Even silly woman has her warlike arts, To R. G. of F., 2.	While simple melody pour'd moving on the heart. Ib. 12.		
Tho' I maun say't, I wad be silly, . To W. Simpson. Silver, adj.	Learning and Worth in equal measures trode,		
Nor ever sorrow add one silver hair! Blest be M'Murdo †	From simple Catrine, their long-lov'd abode: . Ib. 13.		
the Tweed's silver flood; S. Caledonia. 5.	To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays, The Cotter's Sat. Night.		
When Cynthia lights, wi' silver ray,	But now the Supper crowns their simple board, . 16. 11.		
The weary shearer's hameward way, S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite †	They chant their artless notes in simple guise; . Ib. 13.		
And fill it in a silver tassie; S. My bonie Mary.	And O may Heaven their simple lives prevent From Luxury's contagion, weak and vile! Ib. 20.		
That glides, a silver dart, . S. Now Spring has clad †	Yet simple Bob the victory got, The Dean of Fac		
Fair beaming, and streaming Her silver light the boughs amang; S. Sae flaxen†	the earth bestowing My simple food; The Hermit.		
The chilly Frost beneath the silver beam, The Brigs of Ayr. 3.	fae flaxen† Fir'd at the simple, artless lays		
Silver, s. Cynthia's car, o' silver fu', The Fête Champetre.			
Silver-gleaming.	Such is the fate of simple Bard, . To a Mountain-Daisy.		
Beneath thy silver-gleaming ray, The Lament.	When simple bodies let him; To Gav. Hamilton.		
Silvery.	Simple, wild, enchanting elf, To Miss Fontenelle.		
The silvery moonbeams trembling play: On Lincluden. Sim. His Sin gat Eppie Sim wi' wean,	I send you more than India boasts In Edwin's simple tale. To Miss I mith "Reattie"		
Sim. His Sin gat Eppie Sim wi' wean,	In Edwin's simple tale To Miss L., with "Beattie." I, a simple, countra bardie, To Rev. J. M'Math.		
I ken'd my Maggie wad na sleep	Simplicity.		
For that, or Simmer. A Guid New-year † 13.	Thou [daisy] emblem, said I, o' my Phillis,		
As on the banks † Simmer's a pleasant time, S. Ay waukin, O.	For she is simplicity's child. S. Adown winding Nith † In simplicity's array; S. Mark yonder Pomp †		
Simmer's a pleasant time, S. Ay waukin, O. Now simmer blinks on flow'ry braes, S. Bonie lassie, will ye go †	Unknown and poor, simplicity's reward, The Brigs of Ayr. 3.		
The simmer joys the flocks to follow; S. By Allan stream †	The daisy for simplicity, and unaffected air, S. The Posie.		
Thou, Simmer, while each corny spear Shoots up its head,	By Love's simplicity betray'd, . To a Mountain-Daisy.		
Thy gay, green, flowery tresses shear, El. on Capt. M. H., 12.	Simpson, Simson.		
Now comes the sax an' twentieth simmer, I've seen the bud upo' the timmer,	And down by Simpson's wheel'd the left about: The Brigs of Ayr. 3.		
Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 10.	Assist poor Simson a' ye can, Auld comrade †		
'The Simmer had been cauld an' wat,	Sin' [since].		
In simmer when the hay was mawn, S. In simmer when † I'll aulder be gin simmer, S. I'm o'er young to marry †	Sin' thou was my Guidfather's Meere; A Guid New-year † 4.		
The simmer is gane when the leaves they were green, S. Lady Mary Ann.	Sin' that day Michael did you pierce, Add. to the Deil. 19. Sin' I began to nick the thread, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 12.		
S. Lady Mary Ann.	Sin' I was to the butching bred,		
"Nae simmer sun exalt my bloom; Lament for Glencairn. My heart was ance as blythe and free	Sin I could striddle owre a rig; Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 9.		
As simmer days were lang, S. My heart was ance †	Auld, uncle John, wha wedlock's joys,		
And years sinsyne hae o'er us run,	Sin' Mar's-year did desire,		
Like Logan to the simmer sun. S. O Logan! sweetly † a' the lee-lang simmer's day, S. O were I on Parnass. †	Sin' Mailie's dead Poor Mailie's El		
While laigh descends the simmer sun,	Sin' auld lang syne. S. Should auld acquaintance †		
S. The Contented Cottager.	E'er sin' they laid that curst restriction On Aquavitæ; The Author's Cry and Prayer.		
Upon a simmer Sunday morn, When Nature's face is fair, The Holy Fair.	How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' Lint was i' the bell.		
Heaven spare you lang to kiss the breath	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11.		
O'mony flow'ry simmers! To Mr. M'Adam.	C' I T I J Transfer TT. Transfer a		
The simmer lillies bloom in snaw, S. To daunton me. May sprout like simmer puddock-stools . To W. Creech.	- Calabration (Calabratical Control Co		
Welcome now Simmer, and welcome, my Willie;	Guid Christian bluid to draw, . A Fragment. 3.		
The Simmer to Nature, my Willie to me.	Where truant 'prentices, yet young in sin, Blush at the curious stranger peeping in; Ep. fr. Esopus.		
S. Wandering Willie.	Blush at the curious stranger peeping in; Ep. fr. Esopus.		

	Or must no tiny sin to others fall,	'Twill
	Because thy guilt's supreme enough for all? Ep. fr. Esopus.	"Yes
	I wave the quantum o' the sin; Ep. to Young Friend. 6.	Sings
	I sit and count my sins by chapters; . Ep. to H. Parker.	I wad If y
	'His Sin gat Eppie Sim wi' wean,	I hear
	Defil'd in sin Holy Willie's Prayer. 6.	
	They tell me, Sir, 'twou'd be a sin,	And v
		And [
	In your heretic sins may you live, and die, Ye heretic eight and thirty! The Dean of Fac	I sing Wh
	Here, some are thinkan on their sins,	To sir
	Here, some are thinkan on their sins, An' some upo' their claes; The Holy Fair. 10.	And I
	(L-d pardon a' my sins an' that to!) The Inventory.	O sing
	But lordly will, I hold it still A mortal sin to thraw that The Jolly Beggars. S. VII.	An' a'
	To crush common sense for her sins, . The Kirk's Alarm.	Aud h
	"Ye, whom the seeming good think sin to pity: Tragic Frag	How
	Who sin so oft have mourn'd, yet to temptation ran?	
5	Sin-avenging. Why am I loth †	That To:
	And justly smart beneath his sin-avenging rod.	10
	Why am I loth †	And a
	Sincere. Thou know'st my words sincere! Ep. to Davie. 9.	But I
	I make my pray'r sincere O Thou dread Pow'r † Accept this mark of friendship, warm, sincere,	Wh There
	Once fondly lov'd†	But
	Sincere as a saint's dying prayer Poet. Add. to Tytler.	Her v
	For our sincere, tho' haply weak endeavours,	Tha
	What words can ever speak affection	To yo
	So thrilling and sincere as thine I To a Kiss.	
	And [wish and] pray in rhyme sincere, A' gude things may attend you! To Miss Ferrier.	How
	A' gude things may attend you! . To Miss Ferrier. And with sincere tho' unavailing sighs, . Tragic Frag.	I sing
	Accept the gift a friend sincere	Inspi
	Wad on thy worth be pressin'; . Verses under Grief.	Sing
	Sincerest.	Sing
	I'm thine wi' a passion sincerest, S. 'Twas na her bonie blue †	Sin
1	Sincerely.	To si
	Thy pardon I sincerely beg, Holy Willie's Prayer. 7. I lov'd her most sincerely; S. The Rigs o' Barley.	Or si
	Sindry [sundry].	Your
	As I hear sindry say, O; Katharine Jaffray.	ans.
	Sinew. Keen hope does ev'ry sinew brace; To J. S., 18.	Thou Th
	Sinfu'. Wi' monie a fulsome, sinfu' lie, . A Ded. to G. H.	
	It's naething but a milder feature, Of our poor, sinfu', corrupt Nature:	That
	Of our poor, sinfu', corrupt Nature:	Now
	Sing. And o'er this grassy heap sing dool, A Bard's Epit.	thous
	Delighted me to hear thee sing A Winter Night. 4.	I'll si
	1 who shig in tustic lote,	-
	Of I mins to muse and to sing.	То у
	Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise; S. Afton Water.	"We
	In vain to me, in glen or shaw, The mavis and the lintwhite sing. S. Again rejoicing Nature † And mounts and sings on flittening wings.	· I'll si
	And mounts and sings on flittering wings,	Wha
	"To sing some favourite Scottish maid. As on the banks †	And
	The lavrock shuns the palace gay,	I set
	And o'er the cottage sings: S. Behold, my love †	То
	The little hirdies blythely sing, S. Bonie Lassie, will ye go t	Sing
	I heard a man sing though his head it was grey; S. By you castle wa't	We'll
	Thou shalt dance and I will sing, S. Carl, an the king come.	Rour
	Who will not sing, God save the King,	An
	Shall hang as high's the steeple; But while we sing, God save the King,	So bl
	We'll ne'er forget the People S. Does haughty Gaul †	And
	He'll gabhle rhyme, nor sing nae mair, Et. on Death of Ruisseaux.	And Th
	Syne rhyme till't, well time till't,	But:
	And sing't when we hae done Ep. to Davie. 4.	
	While I can either sing, or whissle, Your friend and servant. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 22.	I sin
	I'll laugh, an' sing, an' shake my leg,	And
	And sing their pleasures, hopes an' joys, In some mild sphere,	Let's Wha
	Tho' faith, sma' heart hae I to sing! . Ep. to J. R., 6.	Low

Twill make the widow's heart to sing, John Barleycorn.
"Ye scatter'd birds that faintly sing Lament for Glencairn.
Sings drowsy day to rest: . Lament of Mary of Scots. I wad sit and sing to you [cog],
If ye were ay fou S. Landlady, count †
I heard a young Ploughman sae sweetly to sing; S. Lns on a Ploughman.
And wi' the merry Ploughman she'll whistle and sing, Ib. And [let] other Poets sing of wars, Nature's Law.
I sing his name and nobler fame,
Wha multiplies our number
And B[urn]s' spring, her fame to sing,
O come Dominander
O sing a new song to the L—,
How blest, ye birds that round her sing, S. O wat ye wha's in †
To sing how dear I love thee. [re.]
S. O were I on Parnass.
But I would sing on wanton wing.
When merry May its bloom renew'd. S. O were my love † There's not a bonie bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean
S. On Cessnock banks † To you I sing my grief-inspired strains:
On Death of R. Dundas.
How shall I sing Drumlanrig's Grace? On Duke of Queensberry.
I sing the juice Scotch bear can mak us, . Scotch Drink.
Inspire me, till I lisp an' wink, To sing thy name! . Ib. 2. Sing auld Cowl, lay you down by me, [re.] . S. Scroggam.
Sing on sweet thrush, upon the leafless bough, Sing on sweet bird, I listen to thy strain,
Sonnet, wr. on Birthady.
To sing how Nannie lap and flang, Tam o' Shanter. 16. Or sing a sang at least The Ans. to the Guidwife.
Your humble Bardie sings an' prays While Rab his name is. The Author's Cry and Prayer.
got at the form the standard Lind
That sings upon the bough; S. The Banks of Doon. Sett II.
That sings beside thy mate;
Now wad ye sing this double flight, S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
though his artless strains he rudely sings, The Brigs of Ayr.
I'll sit me down and sing and spin, S. The Contented Cottager.
To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays, The Cotter's Sat. Night.
"We'll laugh, sing and rejoice, man;
S. The deil cam fiddlin' † I'll sing the zeal Drumlanrig bears, The Election Ballads. VI.
And Burke shall sing, O prince, arise!
I set me down wi' right good will, To sing my Highland lassie O. [re.] S. The Highl. Lassie.
Sing hey my braw John Highlandman!
The Jolly Beggars. S. IV. We'll bowse about till Dadie Care
Sing whistle owre the lave o't
And in raptures let us sing
So blythe and so merry he'd whistle and sing S. The Poor Thresher.
And blythe we'll sing, and hail the day That gave us liberty, man The Tree of Liberty.
But stringing blethers up in rhyme
I sing of a Whistle, a Whistle of worth,
And the small birds sing on every tree; The Winter it is past t
Let's sing about our noble sels; . Third Ep. to J. Lap Wha by Castalia's wimplin streamies.
Lown, sing, and lave your pretty limbies. To Dr. Blacklock,

Beneath what light she has remaining,	Put accept it good six as a week of would
Let's sing our Sang To J. S., 20.	But accept it, good sir, as a mark of regard, Poet. Add. to Tytler.
And every bird thy requiem sings; To Miss C.	Says the more 'tis a truth, Sir, the more 'tis a libel?
While Irwin, Lugar, Aire an' Doon,	Reproof, by Himself.
Naebody sings To W. Simpson.	For G-d-sake, Sirs! then speak her fair,
We'll sing auld Coila's plains an' fells,	The Author's Cry and Prayer. 18.
Singing, -in'.	Right, Sir! your text I'll prove it true, The Calf.
And singing, lone, the ling'ring hours, Add. to Edinburgh.	Or were more in fury seen, Sir, The Dean of Fac
And [Caledon] to her pipe was singing; O	Sir Politics to fetter, S. The Fête Champetre.
S. Amang the trees t	Sir Wisdom's a fool when he's fou:
And as he was singing the tears down came, S. By you castle wa't	Sir Knave is a fool in a Session, The Jolly Beggars. S. III.
An' L—d, remember singing Sannock, . Auld comrade †	Sir Violino with an air That show'd a man o' spunk,
And singin' there, and dancin' here,	Sir Bard, Sir Bardy.
Wi' great an' sma'; [v.A.11] Holy Willie's Prayer.	Sir Bard will do himself the pleasure
How libbet Italy was singin; Kind Sir, I've read t	To call at Park Ep. to Maj. Logan. 14.
And as he was singin' thir words he did say,	To show Sir Bardy's willyart glowr, On dining with Daer.
S. Lns on a Ploughman.	Sir James. What Whig but wails the good Sir James
I hear the wild birds singing; S. Sweet fa's the eve †	The Election Ballads. VI.
Shall a' be blythely singing, . S. The yng Highl. Rover.	Sir John [Falstaff].
Singet [singed; "Singet Sawney," the Rev. Alex.	And yet wi' funny, queer Sir John,
Moodie].	He was an unco shaver For monie a day A Dream. 11.
Singet Sawney, Singet Sawney, are ye herding the penny, The Kirk's Alarm.	Sir Loin. Sir Loin he hacked sma', A Fragment. 3.
Single. I dinna care a single flie; S. In simmer when t	Sir Willie. An' Livistone, the bauld Sir Willie;
wi' a single wordie, Lowse h-ll upon me. To Rev. J. M'Math.	The Author's Cry and Prayer. 14.
Sink. The Criffel sink in Solway, . S. Does haughty Gaul	Sire. But faith! I muckle doubt, my Sire, . A Dream. 5.
Thou strik'st the dull peasant, he sinks in the dark,	I see the Sire of Love on high, . Add. to Edinburgh. 4. Haply my Sires have left their shed,
S. Farewell, thou fair day †	Bold-following where your Fathers led!
'Mid circling horrors sinks at last S. Farewell, thou stream t	Add. to Edinburgh. 7.
There let him sink or swim John Barleycorn.	This was thy billie, dam, and sire, El. on Capt. M. H., Epit.
The altar sinks, the tapers fade, On Lincluden.	To emulate his sire; Nature's Law.
When Phoebus sinks behind the seas; S. On Cessnock banks †	The hoary Sire—the mortal stroke,
Let posts an' pensions sink or swoom	Long, long be pleas'd to spare; . O Thou dread Pow'r t
Wi' them wha grant them:	Thro' many a far-fam'd sire! On Lord G.
The Author's Cry and Prayer.	May every son be worthy of his sire; Prologue, sp. by Woods.
For me may sink or swim; The Election Ballads. I.	Sires, mothers, children, in one carnage lie; The Brigs of Ayr.
"Craigdarroch, thou'lt soar when creation shall sink!	The Sine turns also with matter that and a sure of the Brigs of Ayr.
Till wrench'd of ev'ry stay but Heav'n.	The Sire turns o'er, with patriarchal grace, The big ha'-Bible, ance his Father's pride:
Till wrench'd of ev'ry stay but Heav'n, He, ruin'd, sink! . To a Mountain-Daisy.	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 12.
Again exalt the brute and sink the man; Why am I loth †	With deep-struck, reverential awe,
Sinking, -in.	The learned Sire and Son I saw, [v.A.4] The Vision. D. I.
She, sinking, said, "I'm thine for ever!" S. By Allan stream t	Siren. Pleasure with her siren air Wr. in Friars-Carse H.
Will send you, Korah-like, a sinkin,	Sirnam'd.
Straught to auld Nick's. Ep. to J. K.	Because ye're sirnam'd like His Grace, A Ded. to G. H.
One quenched in darkness like the sinking star, . Liberty.	Sister.
The moon was sinking in the west Wi' visage pale and wan, S. My heart was ance †	Still gentler [scan] sister Woman; . Add. to Unco Guid. 7.
Would keep a sinking ship frae wreck. S. O Mally's meek.	respects I sen' it, To cousin Kate an' sister Janet,
You sinking sun's gane down upon; S. O wat ye wha's in t	Auld comrade †
Gie him strong Drink until he wink,	sentimental sister Susie, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 13.
That's sinking in despair; Scotch Drink. Mott.	thou false woman, My sister and my fae, Lament of Mary of Scots.
The sun was sinking in the west, . S. There was a lass †	The beauteous, seraph Sister-band, O Thou dread Pow'r
Sinn [the sun].	"My sister Kate cam up the gate
An' now the sinn keeks in the west, Third Ep. to J. Lap.	Wi' crowdie unto me, S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
Sinner.	A brother's sigh! a sister's tear! The Farewell.
Yours, saint or sinner, Rob the Ranter. Auld Comrade †	The twa appear'd like sisters twin, . The Holy Fair. 3.
Think, wicked Sinner, wha ye're skaithing: Ep. to J. R., 4.	If she be shy, her sister try, The Tarbolton Lasses.
And sic a night he taks the road in,	As great an' gracious a' as sisters; The Twa Dogs. 33.
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in Tam o' Shanter. 7.	When with an elder Sister's air
How monie hearts this day converts, O' sinners and o' Lasses! The Holy Fair. 27.	She did me greet The Vision. D. II.
	My compliments to sister Beckie; To Dr. Blacklock.
Detested, shunn'd, by saunt an' sinner, . To a Louse.	Sit. See Social-life and Glee sit down, All joyons and unthinking, . Add. to Unco Guid. 5.
Twas guilty sinners that he meant— Not angels such as you To Miss Ainslie.	
Sinsyne [since then, since].	
And years sinsyne hae o'er us run, S. O Logan! sweetly †	
Common motives lang sinsyne, S. Jockey fou	
Sip. The rosy banquet loves to sip; . Delia. An Ode.	Sits [the Solitary] o'er his newly-gather'd fruits, Beside his crystal well! Despondency, an Ode. 3.
'Sips nectar in the op'ning flower, S. O Phely, †	I, here wha sit, hae met wi' some [Misfortunes],
They sip the scandal-potion pretty; . The Twa Dogs. 33.	Ep. to Davie, 7.
With soher selfish ease they sip it up: . To R. G. of F., 7.	Syne we'll sit down an' tak our whitter,
Then raptured sip and sip it up Wr. in Friars-Carse H	Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 19.
Those that sip the dew alone,	Kate sits i' the neuk, Suppin hen-broo;
Make the butterflies thy own; Wr. in Hermitage at F.C.	S. Gudeen to you Kimmer † I wad sit and sing to you [cog],
Sir. But hear me, Sir, de'il as ye are, Epit. on Holy Willie.	If ye were ay fou S. Landlady, count †
Kind Sir, I've read your paper through, Kind Sir, I've read t	I sit me down and greet my fill, S. My Harry was a gallant †
How guessed ye, Sir, what maist I wanted? Ib.	Amang her nestlings sits the thrush; S. O Logan! sweetly t

And twere more fit that she should sit,	To skelp an' scaud poor dogs like me, Add. to the Deil. 2.
Within you chariot gilt aboon S. O Mally's meek.	Seek Heaven for help, and barefit skelp
When I mount the Creepie-chair, Wha will sit beside me there? S. O wha my babie-clouts †	Awa' wi' Willie Chalmers On W. Chalmers. And sock or buskin skelp alang
While his mate sits nestling in the bush;	To death or marriage; Poem on Pastoral Poetry
S. On Cessnock banks †	Skelper [striker].
Sits meek content with light unanxious heart, Sonnet, writ. on Birthday.	That vile doup-skelper, Emperor Joseph, Kind Sir, I've read †
While we sit bousing at the nappy, . Tam o' Shanter.	Skelpie-limmer [a bold, forward young woman; a
Whare sits our sulky sullen dame,	technical term in female scolding].
Till whare ye sit, on craps o' heather, Ye tine your dam; [v.A.2]	'Ye little Skelpie-limmer's-face! 'I daur you try sic sportin,
The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.	Skelping, -in, -an (slapping; moving with swiftness
In the rolling tide of spreading Clyde There sits an isle of high degree, S. The bonie Lass of Alb	and spirit].
Thou shalt sit in state.	The words come skelpan, rank and file, Ep. to Davie. 11.
And see thy love in battle S. The Captain's Lady.	Are at it, skelpin! jig and reel, In my poor pouches. Friend of the poet †
I'll sit me down and sing and spin, S. The Contented Cottager. Sae, in the tower o' Cardoness,	Three hizzies, early at the road,
A howlet sits at noon The Election Ballads. V.	Cam skelpan up the way
Here sits a raw o' tittlan jads, The Holy Fair. 9.	The lasses, skelpan barefit, thrang,
On this hand sits an Elect swatch,	The Kirk's Alarm. 18.
They canna sit for anger	I'm bizzie too, an' skelpin' at it, . Third Ep. to J. Lap.
An' steer about the toddy Ib. 20.	Skelpit [moved swiftly and vigorously]. Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire, . Tam o' Shanter. 9.
In comes a gawsie, gash Guidwife, An' sits down by the fire,	Skelvy.
An' sits down by the fire,	Here, foaming down the skelvy rocks,
	In twisting strength I rin; The Petition of Br. Water.
While here I sit all sore beset . S. The sun he is sunk † 'I'll sit down o'er my scanty meal, To J. S., 24.	Skiegh, Skeigh [high-mettled; proud, nice, disdainful].
'I'll sit down o'er my scanty meal, To J. S., 24. It's no I like to sit an' swallow,	When thou an' I were young an' skiegh,
Then like a swine to puke an' wallow, To Mr. J. Kennedy.	A Gude New-Year † 8. The moor was driegh, and Meg was skiegh,
Love sits in her smile, a wizard ensnaring; S. True hearted was he	S. Duncan Davison.
The birds sit chittering in the thorn, S. Up in the morning.	Look'd asklent and unco skeigh, S. Duncan Gray †
An' snugly sit amang the saunts,	Skilful.
At Davie's hip yet What ails ye now † Auld baudrans by the ingle sits, S. Willie Wastle.	Let minstrels sweep the skilful string, S. Behold, my love, † Skill. For prayin I hae little skill o't; A Ded. to G. H., 13.
Sitting, -an.	My skill may weel be doubted; A Dream. 4.
Sitting at yon boord-en',	For Oh! the yellow treasure's taen
And amang guid companie; S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie.	By witching skill; . Add. to the Deil. 10. Setting my staff wi' a' my skill,
To see her sittan on her arse Low i' the dust, The Author's Cry and Prayer.	To keep me sicker; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 5.
Situation.	wi' his art 'And cursed skill,
Resolv'd was I, at least to try, To mend my situation, O. S. My father was a farmer †	'That Hornbook's skill 'Has clad a score i' their last claith,
Six. In Mauchline there dwells six proper young belles,	That I might catch poetic skill, S. O were I on Parnass. †
The Belles of Mauchline.	An' deal't about as thy blind skill
Sixpence. Who has not sixpence but in her possession; The Henpecked Husband.	Directs thee best Scotch Drink. 21. Tried all my skill, but find I'm still
Size. His hair, his size, his mouth, his lugs, The Twa Dogs. 2.	Just where I was before Symon Gray †
Skaith [injury, damage; v. also Scathe].	Their left-hand General had nae skill; The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
'I red ye weel, tak care o'skaith, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 9.	In spite at her plumage he [Phœbus] tried his skill:
And auld Mess John will mend the skaith, S. Duncan Gray. Potatoe-bings are snugged up frae skaith	S. The heather was blooming †
Of coming Winter's biting, frosty breath; The Brigs of Ayr.	The best of our lads wi' the best o' their skill; Ib. Come join your counsel and your skills, The Twa Herds. 15.
Tho' ye can do little skaith, ye'll be in at the death, The Kirk's Alarm,	Some teach to meliorate the plain,
If death, then, wi' skaith, then,	With tillage-skill; The Vision. D. II. 8.
Some mortal heart is hechtin, . To a Medical Gent.	A thing unteachable in world's skill, . To R. G. of F., 3. Skilled, -'d.
Skaithe, to [to injure]. The Deil he cou'dna skaithe thee, S. O saw ye bonie L. †	Skill'd in the secret, to bestow with grace; The Brigs of Ayr.
Skaithing.	Glenriddel, skill'd in rusty coins, The Election Ballads. VI.
Think, wicked Sinner, wha ye're skaithing: Ep. to J. R., 4.	And trusty Glenriddel, so skilled in old coins; The Whistle. 6.
Skeigh v. Skiegh.	Skiltie [v. Hiltie-skiltie],
Skellum [a worthless fellow].	Then, hiltie, skiltie, we gae scrivin', An' fash nae mair Second Ep. to Davie.
She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum, Tam o' Shanter. 3. An' shall his fame an' honour bleed	Skim. They skim the muirs an' dizzy crags, Add. to the Deil. 9.
By worthless skellums, To Rev. J. M'Math.	The wanton coot the water skims, S. Again rejoic. Nature †
And self-conceited critic skellum His quill may draw; To W. Creech. 9.	Skimming. Thick flies the skimming Swallow; S. Now westlin winds †
Skelp [a slap, a smart blow].	Skin. Her skin's fair hue is like the swan;
I gie them [sorrow, care] a skelp as they're creeping alang,	S. A. Masterton's bonie Anne.
S. Contented wi' little †	And wanting even the skin El. on Peg Nicholson. Till skin in blypes cam haurlin Aff's nieves Halloween. 23.
Till skelp—a shot—they're aff, a' throw'ther, The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.	See, how she peels the skin an' fell,
Skelp, 'to [to strike, slap; to trip along, to walk	As ane were peelin onions! The Ordination. 12.
with vigour and spirit]. Or else, I fear, some ill ane skelp him! A Ded. to G. H., 3.	We'll light a spunk, and, ev'ry skin, We'll rin them aff in fusion Like oil, some day. 16. 14.
, , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , ,	10. 14.

And weel he lik'd to shed their bluid,	But gi's me I year in my come
And sell their skin The Twa Herds. 6.	But gi'e me Lucy in my arms, And welcome Lapland's dreary sky. S. O wat ye wha's in t
could nicely drub, Or pay their skin,	No fallen angel, hurled from upper skies;
By toil and famine wore to skin and bone, To R. G. of F., 6.	Ode, to Mem. of Mrs
Skinking [watery].	The clouds swift-wing'd flew o'er the starry sky,
Auld Scotland wants nae skinking ware	On Death of Sir J. Blair.
That jaups in luggies; [v.A.7] To a Haggis.	like the star that athwart gilds the sky, Poet. Add. to Tytler.
Skinklin [shining, glittering].	Wou'd make a saint forget the sky; S. Sae flaxen† Hapless bird! a prey the surest
Squire Pope but busks his skinklin patches O' heathen tatters: . Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	To each pirate of the skies S. Sensibility,†
Skipping, -in. Skipping on yon bonie knowes,	And many a message from the skies, Sketch. New-Yr's Day.
S. The Highl. Widow's Lament.	The lav'rock, to the sky Ascends wi' sangs o' joy;
To see the bit Taylor come skippin again. S. The Taylor fell †	S. Sleep'st thou,†
Skirl [to cry shrilly, to shriek].	Then night's gloomy shades, cloudy, dark, o'ercast my sky:
He screw'd the pipes and gart them skirl, Tam o' Shanter. 11.	Thou whose bright sun now gilds you orient skies!
An' skirl up the Bangor; The Ordination. 3.	Sonnet, wr. on Birthday.
Skirl'd [shrleked].	half-starv'd slaves in warmer skies, The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.
Loud skirl'd a' the lasses;	And dash the gumlie jaups up to the pouring skies.
He skirl'd out, encore The Jolly Beggars. R. II.	The Brigs of Ayr. 7.
Skirlin [shrilly crying].	And Cynthia's car, o' silver fu',
When skirlin weanies see the light, . Scotch Drink. 12.	Clamb up the starry sky, man: . The Fête Champetre. Across her placid, azure sky,
Skirt.	She sees the scowling tempest fly: S. The gloomy night †
That the some by the skirt may try to snatch him [Time], Yet by the forelock is the hold to catch him;	The sober laverock, warhling wild,
Prologue, at Th., D	Shall to the skies aspire; . The Petition of Br. Water.
Skirt, to.	The sky was blue, the wind was still S. The Rigs o' Barley.
Their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt the proud palace,	There, mountains to the skies were tost: The Vision. D. I. 13.
S. Their groves of † Sklent [slant, deviation from the usual].	Or when the North his fleecy store
This while my notion's taen a sklent,	Drove thro' the sky, Ib. D. II. 13. ripen'd fields, and azure skies, Ib. 15.
To try my fate in guid, black prent; To J. S., 7.	As day was dawin in the sky . S. Th. Menz.'s bonie Mary.
Sklent, to [to deviate from the truth; to glance].	And bright in cloudless skies his sun go down!
Behint a kist to lie an' sklent, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 11.	To R. G. of F., q.
An' sklent on poverty their joke,	When clouds in skies do come together When clouds in skies †
Wi' bitter sneer, . To Mr. J. Kennedy.	By Him who made yon sun and sky! S. When wild War's †
Sklentan [slanting].	The sweeping blast, the sky o'ercast, Winter.
The stars shot down wi' sklentan light, Add. to the Deil. 7.	Skyrin [showy, gaudy, anything that strongly takes
Sklented [slanted, squinted, glanced].	the eye].
An' sklented on the man of Uzz, Your spitefu' joke?. Add. to the Deil. 17.	And skyrin tartan trews, man, S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
Ironic satire, sidelins sklented,	Skyte [a sharp oblique stroke].
On my poor Musie; . To W. Simpson.	When hailstanes drive wi' bitter skyte, The Jolly Beggars. R.I. Slack.
Skouth [range, scope, freedom to act].	May foes be strang, and friends be slack, On W. Stewart.
For what? to gie their malice skouth	In gath'rin votes you were na slack,
On some puir wight, To Rev. J. M'Math.	The Author's Cry and Prayer.
Wi' mony an eldritch skreech and hollow. Tam o' Shanter. 17.	If to buy ye're slack, Hornie's turnin' chapman,
Skulk.	The Election Ballads. IV.
The shrinking bard adown an alley skulks, Ep. fr. Esopus.	And Buittle was na slack;
Skull. Your hearts are the stuff, will be powther enough,	Slade [slid].
And your skulls are storehouses o' lead. The Kirk's Alarm.	'The wife slade cannie to her bed, 'But ne'er spak mair. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 26.
Sky. The stars they shot alang the sky; A Vision.	Slae [the sloe].
So, sought a Poet, roosted near the skies,	And milk-white is the slae: . Lament of Mary of Scots.
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.	Their visage wither'd, lang an' thin,
Here Justice, from her native skies, High wields her balance and her rod;	An' sour as ony slaes: The Holy Fair. 3.
Add. to Edinburgh. 2.	His hose they are blae, and his shoon like the slae,
Gay as the gilded summer sky,	S. There's a youth † Slain. Thy tens o' thousands thou [morality] hast slain!
And bonie blue are the sunny skies S. Bonie Bell.	A Ded. to G. H., 7.
As wand'ring, meand'ring,	'Wi' less, I'm sure, I've hundreds slain;
He views the solemn sky Despondency, an Ode, 3.	Death and Dr. Hornbook. 16.
Burnet, lovely from her native skies; El. on Miss Burnet.	A man may fight and no be slain; . S. Duncan Davison.
To reach their native, kindred skies, Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 18.	Is he slain by Highlan' bodies? S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. G. †
Farewell, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies,	Glories in his heart humane— And creatures for his pleasure slain. On scaring Water-fowl.
S. Farewell, thou fair day †	I fear my Lord Panmuir is slain,
Now farewell, light, thou sunshine bright,	S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
And all beneath the sky! S. Farewell, ye dungeons †	Slander. May I be slander's common speech; To W. Creech.
Around me scowls a wintry sky, . S. Forlorn, my Love,†	Slander, to.
Straight the sky grew black and daring; S. I dream'd I lay †	Andro Gouk, Andro Gouk, ye may slander the book,
And [Phœbus] glads the azure skies; Lament of Mary of Scots.	Slanderous. The Kirk's Alarm.
Mark the winds, and mark the skies; . S. Let not woman †	Rash mortal, and slanderous Poet, Reproof by Himself.
The waken'd lav'rock warbling springs	Slap [a gate, a stile, a breach in a fence].
And climbs the early sky, . S. Now Spring has clad†	The Sheep-herd steeks his faulding slap,
The sky is blue, the fields in view,	S. Again rejoicing Nature †
All fading-green and yellow: . Now westlin winds †	The mosses, waters, slaps, and styles,
And her two eyes like stars in skies, . S. O Mally's meek. The milder sup and bluer sky.	That lie between us and our hame, . Tam o' Shanter
The milder sun and bluer sky S. O Phely,†	To slink thro' slaps an' reave an' steal, The Death of Mailie.

At slaps the billies halt a blink, Till lasses strip their shoon: With love and sleep oppress'd. S. On a bank of flowers + . The Holy Fair. 26. O sweet be thy sleep in the land of the grave,
On Death of fav. Child. Slap! [unexpectedly]. Sound be his sleep and blythe his morn,
On Window of C. Inn, F.. Till, slap! come in an unco loun,
And wi' a rung decide it: . . S. Does haughty Gaul, † Slap, to. To slap mankind like lumber! Nature's Law. Thou layest them with all their cares In everlasting sleep; . . The 1st 6 V.s of the 90th Ps .. Love hlinks, Wit slaps, The Twa Dogs. 19. To the bed of lasting sleep;
Sleep, whence thou shalt ne'er awake,

Wr. in Friars-Carse H.. Slaught'ring. Now westlin winds, and slaught'ring guns Bring Autumn's pleasant weather; S. Now westlin winds † Sleep. to. Slave. Sic a miscreant slave, . Epit. on Walter S -. I ken'd my Maggie wad na sleep For that, or Simmer. A Guid New-Year † 13. Go [King of Terrors!] frighten the coward and slave! Stretch'd on his straw he lays himself to sleep,

A Winter Night. 9. S. Farewell, thou fair day t Tho' I am your wedded wife, . S. Husband, husband † Yet I am not your slave, Sir. When I sleep I dream, O! when I wake I'm eerie. Till slave and despot be but things which were. S. Ay waking, 0 + Lns extem. in Lady's Pocket-bk. S. Ca' the Ewes. And in my arms ye'se lie and sleep, The man in arms, 'gainst female charms,
Even he her willing slave is; . . . S. Lovely Davies. Quoth I, 'Before I sleep a wink,
'I vow I'll close it; Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st., 6. If I'm design'd you lordling's slave, Man was made to Mourn. The poor man weeps-here G-N sleeps, Epit. for G. H .. I am naebody's lord, I'll be slave to naebody; S. Naebody. Here Sowter [Hood] in Death does sleep; A slave to love's unbounded sway, S. O lay thy looft Epit. on a Ruling Elder. A weary slave from sun to sun, S. O Mary, at thy window t S. It was a' fort And a' folk bound to sleep, . O' marrying Bess, to gie her a slave; S. O merry hae I been t Sound and safely may he sleep, S. Jockey's ta'en the parting t Fie, fie on silly coward man, And sleep thegither at the foot, . . S. John Anderson, † That he should be the slave o't [of wealth] "Awake, resound thy latest lay,
"Then sleep in silence evermair! Lament for Glencairn. S. O poortith cauld t And the foe you cannot brave, Scorn at least to be his slave. And coward maukin sleep secure,
Low in her grassy form: The Petition of Br. Water. On scaring Water-fowl. For ever,—Oh no! let not man be a slave. His hopes from existence to sever. On I On Death of fav. Child. While care-untroubled mortals sleep! . . The Lament. And drank, "Young man, now sleep ye sound."
S. The lass that made the bed. Poet. Inscription. Who wilt not be, nor have a slave, Wha sae base as be a slave?. . S. Scots, wha ha'e t And bing our fiddles up to sleep, . . The Ordination. 7. These, their richly-gleaming waves, I leave to tyrants and their slaves; S. Streams that glide † Sleeping, -in. Woods that ever verdant wave, I cou'dna get sleeping till dawing, for greeting, S. As I was a-wand'ring † . . Ib. I leave the tyrant and the slave, . S. Sweetest May t As thy constant slave regard it; A'the lave are sleepin: . S. Ay waukin, O. half-starv'd slaves in warmer skies, O Lassie, art thou sleeping yet, S. O Lassie, art thou sleep. † The Author's Cry and Prayer. P. Sleep'st. Sleep'st thou, or wak'st thou, fairest creature? S. The Honest Man. The coward slave, we pass him by, S. Sleep'st thou t I beg you'll hear Your humble slave complain, Sleepless. The Petition of Br. Water. And [age has] nights o' sleepless pain! . S. But lately seen, t Great love I bear to all the Fair, reat love I bear to an the same,
Their humble slave an' a' that;
S. The Jolly Bezgars. S. VII. Sleepy, The sleepy bit lassie she dreaded nae ill, S. The Taylor fell + Sleest [slyest]. If thou'rt a slave, indulge thy sneers, The League and Covenant. Dear S[mith], the sleest, pawkie thief, . My blessings aye attend the chiel, Wha pitied Gallia's slaves, man, Sleet. Plashy sleets and beating rain, S. Jockey's ta'en the parting † The Tree of Liberty. What are they?—The haunt of the Tyrant and Slave! Nae star blinks thro' the driving sleet; S. O Lassie, art thou t What are they?—I ne nature of the Tyrant and Sant The Slave's spicy forests, and gold-bubbling fountains,

S. Their groves of Or, the stormy North sends driving forth, The blinding sleet and snaw: . . . Slavers [saliva]. Sleety. To thole the Winter's sleety dribble, To a Mouse. Adown my beard the slavers trickle! Add. to Toothache. 3. To Miss C. Chilly shrink in sleety shower! . . Slavery. Edward, chains, and slavery! S. Scots wha ha'e t Slaw [slow]. I wat he was na slaw, man, A Fragment. 2. Sleeve. To meet them were na slaw, man,
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor. He feign'd to snirtle in his sleeve The Jolly Beggars. R. VI. . Halloween. 24. To dip her left sark-sleeve in, Slender. The slender bit beauty you grasp in your arms;
S. Awa' we' yr witchcraft † Slay. 'Thus does he poison, kill, an' slay,
An's weel pay'd for't; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 29. Would have eat her dead lord, on a slender pretence,

Epig. on Henpecked Squire. Slee [sly, cunning, ingenious]. While slee D-nd-s arous'd the class . On Lincluden, Be-north the Roman wa', man: A Fragment. 8. As on their slender forms I gaze, . Green, slender, leaf-clad Holly-boughs The Vision. D. I., 9. Tho' ye was trickie, slee an' funnie,
Ye ne'er was donsie; A Guid New-Year † 15. For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem: To a Mountain-Daisy. O for a spunk o' Allan's glee, Or Ferguson's, the bauld an' slee, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 14. Slept. Then thou hadst slept for ever! . Epit. on a Laird. Sleek. I've seen thee dappl't, sleek an' glaizie,
A Guid New-Year † 2. Slidd'ry [slippery]. Pursuing Fortune's slidd'ry ba', The Farewell. To St. J.'s L .. Sleeket, -it [sleek]. Slide. Slides by a bower where monie a flower S. Damon and Sylvia. If sleekit Chatham Will was livin, . Kind Sir, I've read t Wee, sleeket, cowran, tim'rous beastie, . . To a Mouse. Slight [sleight, cunning, art, dexterity]. And wow! he has an unco slight
O' cauk and keel. On Grose's Peregrinations. Poor Labour sweet in sleep was locked, A Winter Night. 2. Stretch'd on his straw he lays himself to sleep, . Ib. 10. Tam o Shanter. 11. by some devilish cantraip slight . Sleep I can get nane, For thinking on my Dearie. . To a Haggis. An' cut you up wi' ready slight, . S. Ay waukin, O. And had o' things an unco' slight; . To W. Creech. They! they be d-d! what right hae they
To meat, or sleep, or light o' day? . Add. of Beelzebub. Slight, to. So ne'er a fellow-creature slight Disturb not ye [winds] the hero's sleep, Liberty. Add. to Unco Guid. Mott. For random fits o' daffin. .

Downy Sleep, the curtain draw; S. Musing on the roaring t

3 I

Those fathers would spurn their degenerate son,	But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber,
That name should he scoffingly slight it. Poet. Add. to Tytler.	S. Here's a health to ane t
How fumbling coofs their dearies slight, Scotch Drink. 12.	From peaceful slumber she arose, S. It was the charming † Till down my weary bones I lay
Ve're wae men, ye're nae men,	In everlasting slumber; O. S. My father was a farmer †
That slight the lovely dears: The Ans. to the Guidwife.	That happy my dreams and my slumbers may be, S. Out over the Forth †
Slighted. Slighted love is sair to bide, S. Duncan Gray † Till for his sake I'm slighted sair,	Rest, ye wild storms, in the cave of your slumbers,
S. Here's his health in water.	S. Wandering Willie.
That ilka body talking But her by thee is slighted, S. O wat ye wha that loes †	Slumber, to. Where Echo slumbers. El. on Capt. M. H., 3.
But her by thee is slighted, S. O wat ye wha that loes † By the pangs of lovers slighted; S. Stay, my charmer †	Or if I slumber, Fancy, chief, Reigns, hagard-wild, in sore afright: The Lament.
The slighted maids my torments see, . S. Young Jamie †	Or why, while fancy, raptur'd, slumbers, S. Why, why tell thy †
Slightest.	Slumbering.
It's [Honor's] slightest touches, instant pause Ep. to Young Friend. 8.	Might rous'd the slumbering dead to hear; A Vision.
Such as the slightest breath of air might scatter;	I charge you disturb not my slumbering Fair. S. Afton Water.
Ep. to R. Graham. 3. Had I na found the slightest prayer	Sly. But keek thro' ev'ry other man,
That lips could speak thy heart could muve. S. I do confess †	Wi' sharpen'd sly inspection. Ep. to Young Friend. 5. No sly man of business contriving a snare,
Slightly.	No Churchman am I †
A gaudy dress and gentle air May slightly touch the heart, . S. Handsome Nell.	In his sly, dry, sententious, proverb way! Prologue, at Th., D
Slink.	with studied, sly, ensnaring art, <i>The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10</i> . Slyly. And last, my prologue-business slyly hinted.
To slink thro' slaps an' reave an' steal, The Death of Mailie.	Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
Slip.	Slypet [slipped, fell over, as a wet furrow would
Sending, like blood-hounds from the slip, Woe, Want, and Murder o'er a land! A Winter Night. 7.	do from the plough]. Till sprittie knowes wad rair't an' risket,
I'll gie auld cloven Clooty's haunts	An' slypet owre A Gude New-Year † 12.
An unco slip yet, What ails ye now †	Sma' [small]. An' German-Gentles are but sma', A Dream. 14.
Slip, to. But Rab slips out, an' jinks about, Halloween. 6. Jean slips in twa [nits], wi' tentie e'e;	wi' knife an fork, Sir Loin he hacked sma', A Fragment. 3.
An' slips out by hersel:	Tho' it was sma', 'twas weel-won gear,
Syne bad him slip frae 'mang the folk, Ib. 17.	A Guid New-Year † 4.
Ye'll slip frae me like a knotless thread, S. O meikle thinks my love †	The sma', droot-rumpl't, hunter cattle,
Which, by degrees, slips round her neck, The Holy Fair. 11.	I'm sure sma' pleasure it can gie,
Slipp'ry.	Ev'n to a deil, Add. to the Deil. 2.
Then pride might climb the slipp'ry steep; S. Twas even—the dewy †	They [its shanks] were as thin, as sharp an' sma' As cheeks o' branks. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 7.
Slip-shod. Poor slip-shod giddy Pegasus . To J. Taylor.	O Eighty-eight, in thy sma' space
Sloe.	What dire events ha'e taken place! El. on Year 1788. And sma', sma' prospect of relief, Ep. to H. Parker.
From the white blossom'd sloe my dear Chloe requested,	Tho' faith, sma' heart hae I to sing! . Ep. to J. R., 6.
A sprig her fair breast to adorn; Spoke Extem. to Lady. Sloken [to quench, slake].	Altho' that his [Charlie's] band be sma'.
Their hydra drouth did sloken On dining with Daer.	S. Here's a health to them † Sma' siller will relieve me S. Here's to thy health †
Sloping.	Yet has sae mony takin' arts,
How sweetly wind thy sloping dales, S. The Banks of Nith.	Wi' grit an' sma', . Holy Willie's Prayer. And singin' there and dancin' here,
Slough. Till in some miry slough he sunk is, Add. to the Deil. 13.	Wi' great an' sma'; [v.A.11] Ib.
Slow.	Tho' thou has nae silk and holland sae sma, S. O when she cam ben †
How slow ye move, ye heavy hours, S. How lang and dreary †	Ah! now sma' heart hae I to speel
Night's horrid car drags, dreary, slow: Improm. on Mrs. —'s Birthday.	The steep Parnassus, Poem on Life.
Slow spreads the gloom my soul desires,	Wi' sma' to sell, and less to buy, S. The Contented Cottager. Sma' need has he to say a grace, The Holy Fair. 25.
S. Slow spreads the gloom †	Ye are rich, and look big, but lay by hat and wig,
Then slow raise Marjory o' the Lochs, The Election Ballads. I.	And ye'll hae a calf's head o' sma' value. The Kirk's Alarm, 12.
I see the hours, in long array,	Of manhood but sma' is your share; Ib. 14.
That I must suffer, lingering, slow The Lament. 7. How slow ye move, ye heavy hours, . When I think on †	Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed, . S. The Rigs o' Barley.
Slow-solemn.	O I hae tint my rosy cheeks, Likewise my waist sae sma'; The Ruined Maid's Lament.
When on my ear this plaintive strain,	The blankets were thin, and the sheets they were sma',
Slow-solemn, stole A Winter Night. 6. Slowly. Slowly they move, while every eye	King Loui' thought to cut it down,
Is heaven-ward raised in ecstasy On Lincluden.	When it was unco sma', man; . The Tree of Liberty.
That slowly mount the rising steep; S. On Cessnock banks †	He'll hae misfortunes great and sma', S. There was a lad
"And peacefu' raise its ingle reek, "That slowly curling clamb the hill As on the banks †	A daimen-icker in a thrave 'S a sma' request: To a Mouse.
Sluggish.	In some sma' points, altho' not a'; . V.s to J. Ranken.
"Rouse from his sluggish slumbers, fell Repentance; Add. sp. by Fontenelle.	The breaking of ae point, tho' sma',
Sluggishly.	Breaks a' thegither
With deaf endurance sluggishly they bear, To R. G. of F., 7.	S. You wild mossy mountains
Slumber. 'Chill, o'er his slumbers, piles the drifty heap! A Winter Night. 9.	He roos'd my waist sae genty sma'; . S. Young Jockey
"Rouse from his sluggish slumbers, fell Repentance;	Smack. Ilk smack still did crack still,
Add. sp. by Fontenelle. Slumber ev'n I dread,	Just like a cadger's whip; The Jolly Beggars. R. I.
Ev'ry dream is horror S. Ay waking, O†	Then turn'd, an laid a smack on Grizzie . Ib. R. III.

Small. Ask why God made the gem so small, While huge He made the granite? Ask why God†	I thought upon the witching smile That caught my youthful fancy: S. When wild War's †
Small beer persecution, Epit. on Dove, Innkeeper.	The smile or frown of aweful Heaven,
Who had many children and most of them small, The Poor Thresher.	Wr. in Friars-Carse H Her smile is as the evening mild, S. Young Peggy †
There was he, and his wife, and his seven children small, Ib.	Smile, to.
The small birds rejoice on the green leaves returning, S. The small birds rejoice †	For nature smiles as sweet, I ween, To shepherds as to Kings. S. Behold, my love,
And the small birds sing on every tree; S. The winter it is past t	Has ay some cause to smile: Ep. to Davie. 3.
Smart. Although a lad were e'er sae smart, . S. O Tibbie!	Dost thou not rise, indignant Shade, And smile wi' spurning scorn,
Who loves his own smart shadow in the streets, . Sketch. Smart, s.	Extem. on Comments of Thomson. And smile as thou were wont to do? [re.] S. Fairest maid †
And nocht can heal my bosom's smart, . S. Sae far awa.	Nae mair my Dearie smiles; Fragment.
She's fair and fause that causes my smart, S. She's fair and fause t	"The mother may forget the child "That smiles sae sweetly on her knee;
Smart, to. May ne'er his gen'rous honest heart,	Lament for Glencairn. And smile at the moon's rimpled face in the wave;
For that same gen'rous spirit smart! A Ded. to G. H., 14.	Lament, on leaving Nat. Land. Ye Powers that smile on virtuous love,
And justly smart beneath his sin-avenging rod. Why am I loth †	O sweetly smile on Somebody! S. Somebody.
Smash. But smash them! crash them a' to spails! Add. of Beelzebub.	Shall birdie charm, or flow'ret smile; S. The Catrine woods† Like brethren in a common cause,
Smash'd. And thro' they dash'd, and hew'd and smash'd,	We'd on each other smile, man; The Tree of Liberty. Smil'd.
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor. Smeddum [dust, powder].	She talk'd, she smil'd, my heart she wyl'd, S. I gaeda waefu'†
O for some rank, mercurial rozet, Or fell, red smeddum, To a Louse.	Fair on Isabella's morn The sun propitious smil'd; Sad thy tale, †
Smeek [smoke].	I then might hae hop'd she wad smil'd upon me!
That fill'd, wi' hoast-provoking smeek, The auld, clay biggin; The Vision. D. I. 3.	Smiling. S. There's auld Rob M.+
Smell. Sweet was its smell, and bonie was its hue; S. Lady Mary Ann.	The smiling Spring comes in rejoicing; . S. Bonie Bell. Till smiling Spring again appear
Smell, to. As soon's he smells't, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 19.	great Dundee, who smiling victory led, . Frag. of Ode.
Smell'd, Smelt. Ye but smelt, man, the place where he [Pegasus] sh-t.	Innocence Looks gaily-smiling on; Innocence. Her smiling, sae wyling,
The Kirk's Alarm. He smell'd their ilka hole and road,	Wou'd make a wretch forget his woe; . S. Sae flaxen†
Baith out and in, The Twa Herds. 6.	Beneath old Scotia's smiling eye; [v.A.4] The Vision. D. I. Smirking.
Smiddie [smithy]. Haurl thee hame to his black smiddie, El. on Capt. M. H.	My sonsie smirking dear-bought Bess, The Inventory.
At Kirk or Market, Mill or Smiddie, . The Twa Dogs.	Smit [to stain, pollute, infect]. If e'er Detraction shore to smit you, A Farewell.
Smile. blest with Fortune's smiles and favours, A Ded. to G. H., 25.	Smiter. Wha meekly gae your hurdies to the smiters; The Brigs of Ayr. 9.
Her smile was like a summer morn; . S. Blythe was she, †	Smith [blacksmith],
To catch Dame Fortune's golden smile, Assiduous wait upon her; Ep. to Young Friend. 7.	That every naig was ca'd a shoe on, The smith and thee gat roaring fou on; Tam o' Shanter. 3.
The smile of love, the friendly tear, The sympathetic glow! Ep. to Davie. 10.	Smith [Adam, the Philosopher]. Smith, wi' his sympathetic feeling, . Auld comrade †
Those wonted smiles, O let me share! . S. Fairest maid †	Smith. Adieu too, to you too, My Smith, my bosom frien';
Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet, S. Here's a health to ane †	Miss Smith she has wit, and Miss Betty is braw:
I guess by the dear angel smile,	The Belles of Mauchline. [Smith] opens out his cauld harangues, The Holy Fair. 14.
Lns, on Back of Bank Note.	Forby turn-coats amang oursel,
Her smile's a gift frae 'boon the lift, . S. Lovely Davies. And man, whose heav'n-erected face,	There's S—h for ane, The Twa Herds. 14. S—th wha thro' the heart can glance,
	Dear S[mith], the sleest, pawkie thief, To J. S.
The smiles of love adorn, Man was made to Mourn. Those smiles and glances let me see. S. O. Mary, at thy window † Thy smiles are sae like my blythe Sodger laddie.	Smoke. The snowy ruin smokes along.
S. O whare did ve get †	The snowy ruin smokes along, With doubling speed and gathering force, There, high my boiling torrent smokes,
Thou ev'n brightens dark Despair, Wi' gloomy smile Scotch Drink. 6.	Wild-roaring o'er a linn: . The Petition of Br. Water.
Her pauky smile, her kittle een, The Ans. to the Guidwife. His clean hearth-stane, his thrifty Wifie's smile,	Smoking. And eye the smoking, dewy lawn,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 3.	The Petition of Br. Water. See the smoking bowl before us, The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII.
Smiles, glances, sighs, tears, fits, flirtations, airs, 'Gainst such an host what flinty savage dares	Smoor'd [choked, suffocated].
The Rights of Woman. 'Some grace the Maiden's artless smile; The Vision. D. 11. 9.	Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath; S. Duncan Gray † Whare, in the snaw, the chapman smoor'd;
An' ay they dimpled wi' a smile The rosy cheeks o' bonie Mary. S. Th. Mena.'s bonie Mary	Tam o' Shanter. 10.
A great man's smile, ye ken fu' well,	The death o' devils, smoor'd wi' brimstone reek: The Brigs of Ayr.
Is ay a blest infection To Mr. M'Adam. Love sits in her smile, a wizard ensnaring;	Smooth. Though twisted smooth with Harry's nicest care, Ep. fr. Esopus.
S. True hearted was he † Ae sweet smile on me bestow. S. True hearted was he † S. Turn again, thou †	In's hand five taper staves as smooth's a bead, The Brigs of Ayr. 4.
Her air like Nature's vernal smile; S. Twas even-the dewy t	Curse on his perjur'd arts! dissembling smooth!
'Twas the dear smile when naebody did mind us,	The Cotter's Sat. Night, 10.

Smooth, to. To you old Bald-pate smooths his wrinkled brow,	Her bosom was the driven snaw,
May bliss domestic smooth his private path; To R. G. of F., 9.	Twa drifted heaps sae fair to see, S. The Lass that made the bed.
Smoothly. Beware a tongue that's smoothly hung; O leave novels †	While faithless snaws ilk step betray Whare she has been The Vision. D. I.
Smothering.	The snaws the mountains cover, S. The yng Highl. Rover. His fecket is white as the new driven snaw;
Descend, ye chilly, smothering Snows! A Winter Night. 7. Smoutle [smutty].	S. There's a youth †
Ye did present your smoutie phiz,	The simmer lillies bloom in snaw, S. To daunton me. And lastly, streekit out to bleach
'Mang better folk, . Add. to the Deil. 17. Smuggle.	In winter snaw; To W. Creech.
He'll have them by fair trade, if not, he will smuggle;	When a' the hills are cover'd wi' snaw, [re.] S. Up in the morning.
Fragment, inscr. to Fox. Smuggler. A blackguard Smuggler, right behint her,	The blinding sleet and snaw: Winter.
The Author's Cry and Prayer. Smytrie [a number of small creatures].	Thro' wind and weet, thro' frost and snaw; S. Young Jockey † Snaw-broo [melted snow].
A smytrie o' wee, duddie weans, The Twa Dogs. 10.	In mony a torrent down the snaw-broo rowes;
Snail. Thou giv'st the ass his hide, the snail his shell, To R. G. of F	Snaw-drap [snowdrop.] The Brigs of Ayr. 7.
Snakin'.	The snaw-drap and primrose our woodlands adorn, S. My Nanie's Awa.
Wi' hingin' lips and snakin', . Holy Willie's Prayer. 14. Snap [smart].	Snaw-white.
Nae snap conceits, but that sweet spell	snaw-white seventeen hunder linnen! Tam o' Shanter. 13. Snawy, -ie [snowy].
O' witchin love, Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	burns, wi' snawy wreeths up-choked, . A Winter Night. 2.
Ye'll snap your fingers, poor an' hearty,	When thowes dissolve the snawy hoord, Add to the Deil. 12.
Before his face. The Author's Cry and Prayer. Till fate shall snap the brittle thread; To J. S., 10.	Thy snawie bosom sun-ward spread, To a Mountain-daisy. Sned [to lop, cut off, prune].
When disappointment snaps the clue of hope,	An' legs, an' arms, an' heads will sned,
Snapper [to stumble].	Like taps o' thrissle To a Haggis. I'll sned besoms—thraw saugh woodies,
Blind chance, let her snapper and stoyte on her way, S. Contented wi' little,	Before they want To Dr. Blacklock.
Snare. 'Mark Maiden-innocence a prey 'To love-pretending snares, A Winter Night. 8.	Prudence, with decorous sneer, . In vain wld Prudence †
Your wily snares an' fechtin fierce, Add. to the Deil. 19.	Wi' thieveless sneer to see his modish mien, The Brigs of Ayr. 4.
But wha can avoid the fell snare? Inscrip. on Goblet. No sly Man of business contriving a snare,	If thou'rt a slave, indulge thy sneers. The League and Covenant.
S. No Churchman am I †	Now I maun thole the scornfu' sneer
the flowery snare Of witching love, S. Now Spring has clad t	O' mony a saucy quean; . The Ruined Maid's Lament. An' sklent on poverty their joke,
Thou know'st the snares on ev'ry hand, O Thou dread Pow'r†	Wi' bitter sneer, . To Mr. J. Kennedy. Sneer, to. But sneer na British-boys awa; . A Dream. 14.
I mark'd the cruel hawk Caught in a snare;	For you sae douse, ye sneer at this, S. Green grow the Rashes.
S. Phillis the Fair. thy spider snare O' hell's damned waft Poem on Life.	Sneering. Ye men of wit and wealth, why all this sneering Lns on Window, K.'s Arms.
Of ill—but chief, man's felon snare; . To a yng Lady.	Looks down wi' sneering, scornfu' view On sic a dinner? To a Haggis.
Snarling. O let us not, like snarling curs,	Sneeshin mill [a snuff-box].
	The luntan pipe, an' sneeshin mill, . The Twa Dogs. 20.
For half-starved snarling curs a dainty feast; To R. G. of F., 6.	Snell [bitter, biting]. Baith snell an' keen! To a Mouse. Snellest [sharpest, keenest].
Snash [abuse, impertinence]. How they maun thole a factor's snash; The Twa Dogs. 13.	The snellest blast, at mirkest hours, S. O Lassie, art thou †
Snatch. Ev'n then, sometimes we'd snatch a taste	Snick [the latchet of a door]. When click! the string the snick did draw;
Of truest happiness Ep. to Davie. 3. some by the skirt may try to snatch him [Time],	The Vision. D. I. 7.
Prologue, at Th., D Snatch'd. She snatch'd the candle in her hand,	I ken he weel a Snick can draw, To Gav. Hamilton. Snick-drawing [crafty, trick-contriving].
S. The lass that made the bed.	ye auld, snick-drawing dog! Add. to the Deil. 16.
Snaw [snow]. When frosts lay lang, an' snaws were deep, A Gude New-Year 13.	Snirtle [to snigger]. He feign'd to snirtle in his sleeve The Jolly Beggars. R. VI.
Chanticleer Shook off the pouthery snaw, A Winter Night. 10. But my white pow, nae kindly thowe	Snood [a ribbon with which a young woman's hair is bound up; "to lose her snood," to lose
Shall melt the snaws of age; . S. But lately seen †	her virginity].
And [winds] bar the doors wi' driving snaw, Ep. to Davie. Tho' bred amang mountains o' snaw!	The lassie lost a silken snood, That cost her mony a blirt and bleary.
S. Here's a health to them \	S. Braw lads of G. water. Snool [to submit tamely, to cringe; to snub].
Spare my love, thou feath'ry snaw, Drifting o'er the frozen plain. S. Jockey's ta'en the parting †	Owre blate to seek, owre proud to snool, A Bard's Epit.
The dark, dreary winter, and wild-driving snaw, S. My Nanie's awa.	They snool me sair, and haud me down, S. And O for ane and twenty t
And here's the flower that I lo'e best, The rose that's like the snaw. S.O Kenmure's on and awa †	Snoov't, -'d [went smoothly and steadily; sneaked].
It's no the driving drift and snaw; S. Oh, how can I be blythe †	But just thy step a wee thing hastet, Thou snoov't awa A Guid New-Year † 14.
The bitter frost and snaw On Birth of Posth. Child.	An' snoov'd awa' before the Session . What ails ye now t
Twal'hundred, as white as the snaw, man, Ronalds of Bennals.	Snore. How thou wad prance, an snore, an' scriegh,
Whare, in the snaw, the chapman smoor'd; Tam o' Shanter. 10.	An' tak the road! . A Guid New-year † 8. Snoran. 'Twas but some neebor snoran
And your life like the new driven snaw, The Kirk's Alarm.	Asleep that day. The Holy Fair. 22.

Snout.	Social. Thy Sons, Edina, social, kind, Add. to Edinburgh. 3.
His lengthen'd chin, his turn'd up snout, The Holy Fair. 13.	See Social-life and Glee sit down,
Snow.	All joyous and unthinking, Add. to Unco Guid. 5. ye whom social pleasure charms, Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 21.
Descend, ye chilly, smothering snows! A Winter Night. 7. Or sweeping, wild, a waste of snows,	The social, friendly, honest man, Whate'er he be, 'Tis he fulfils great Nature's plan, And none but he.
Add. to Shade of Thomson. your locks are like the snow S. John Anderson †	Ib., Ap. 21st., 15. Ye wise ones, hence! ye hurt the social eye!
O had my fate been Greenland snows, S. Now Spring has clad	Ep. to R. Graham. 5
Her teeth are like the nightly snow When pale the morning rises keen,	His social, friendly, honest heart <i>Epit. on Tam the Chapman</i> . Syne, wi' a social glass o' strunt,
S. On Cessnock banks † Sett II.	They parted aff careerin
All on that charming coast is no bitter snow and frost, S. The Slave's Lament.	Are social Peace and Plenty, Lns on Windows, Gl. Tav.
Snow-drop. Love's first snow-drop, virgin kiss To a Kiss.	Some social join, and leagues combine; S. Now westlin winds
Snow fall.	Nae mair he'll join the merry roar, In social key; On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.
Or like the snow falls in the river, A moment white—then melts for ever; Tam o' Shanter. 7.	Except good-sense and social glee, On dining with Daer
Snowket [smelt at objects like a dog].	Why disturb your social joys, . On scaring Water-fowl. Life's social haunts and pleasures I resign,
Wi' social nose whyles snuff'd an' snowket; The Twa Dogs. 6. Snowy.	On Death of R. Dundas
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave, S. Afton Water.	Nae howdie gets a social night Or plack frae them. [v.A.25] Scotch Drink.
The snowy ruin smokes along, With doubling speed and gathering force, . Frag. of Ode.	Ae social, honest man want we; Tam Samson's El., 14
Snuff. An' snuff the callor air The Holy Fair.	Tell ev'ry social, honest billie - To cease his grievin,
Snuff'd.	The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnotic'd fleet; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5
Wi' social nose whyles snuff'd an' snowket; The Twa Dogs. 6. Snug.	Companions of my social joy! The Farewell. To St. J.'s L.
A dear-lov'd lad, convenience snug, Add. to Unco Guid. 6.	Oft have I met your social Band,
That live sae bien an' snug: Ep. to Davie.	She summon'd every social sprite, . S. The Fête Champetre. Wi' social nose whyles snuff'd an' snowket; The Twa Dogs. 6
It's ten to ane ye'll find him snug in Some eldritch part, On Grose's Peregrinations.	Love blinks, Wit slaps, an' social Mirth
Below the fatt'rels, snug and tight, To a Louse.	Forgets there's care upo' the earth
The priest and hedgehog in their robes, are snug. To R. G. of F	Has broken Nature's social union, To a Mouse
Snugged. Potatoe-bings are snugged up frae skaith The Brigs of Ayr.	chearfu' tankards foamin, An' social noise; . To J. S., 14 couthie fortune, kind and cannie, In social glee,
Snugly. That 'yout the hallan snugly chows her cood: The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11.	Social-flowing.
An' snugly sit amang the saunts,	To social-flowing glasses . The Petition of Br. Water
At Davie's hip yet What ails ye now to Soar. Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole, A Bara's Epit.	Society. Together hymning their Creator's praise, In such society, yet still more dear;
Soars on the spurning wing of injur'd merit! Ep. to R. Graham. 5.	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 16
"Craigdarroch, thou'lt soar when creation shall sink!	And sock or buskin skelp alang To death or marriage; Poem on Pastoral Poetry
Dangers, eagle-pinioned, bold,	Socrates, Like Socrates or Antonine,
Soar around each cliffy hold, . Wr. in Friars-Carse H. Soaring.	Or some auld pagan heathen, The Holy Fair. 15 Sod. Or [spring] pranks the sod in frolic mood,
The soaring Hern the fountains: S. Now westlin winds †	Add. to Shade of Thomson
The soaring lark, the perching red-breast shrill, The Brigs of Ayr.	Underneath the grass-green sod, Soon maun be my dwelling. S. Blythe ha'e I been
with thoughts still soaring To God on high, The Hermit.	Ye blow upon the sod that wraps my friend: Sonnet, on Death of R.
By turns in soaring heaven, or vaulted hell. To R.G. of F., 8.	Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
Sob. Wi'sighs an' sobs she thus began The Jolly Beggars. R. IV. Sob, to. An' sigh an' sob, an' greet her lane, Tam Samson's El.	That wraps my Highland Mary! S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams
Sobbin. In loving bleeze they sweetly join,	Sodger, Soger [soldier].
Sober.	Wi' constables, those blackguard fallows, And sodgers baith; . Adam A—'s Prayer
Let wark and hunger mak them sober! Add. of Beelzebub.	If thou a noble sodger art, . El. on Capt. M. H., Epit
Plain plodding industry, and sober worth: Ep. to R. Graham. 2.	I'm twenty-three, and five feet nine, I'll go and be a sodger Extem., Ap. 1782
The sober Autumn enter'd mild, John Barleycorn. Druken or sober here's to thee, Katie! S. O merry ha'e I been t	The soger frae the wars returns, S. It was a' for
I, musing, wait The sober eve, On seeing wounded Hare.	I gat it frae a young brisk Sodger Laddie, S. O whare did ye get
An' whyles, but ay owre late, I think	Thy smiles are sae like my blythe Sodger laddie,
Braw sober lessons. Second Ep. to Davie. In that sober pensive mood,	It's tauld he was a sodger bred, On Grose's Peregrinations The neist came in a sodger boy, The Election Ballads. 1
Dearest to the feeling soul, . S. Streams that glide †	And she wad send the sodger lad,
That frae November till October, Ae market-day thou was nae sober; Tam o' Shanter. 3.	But she wad send the sodger youth To greet his eldest son
The robin in the hedge descends, And sober chirps securely. The Election Ballads. VI.	But the sodger's friends hae blawn the best,
The sober laverock, warbling wild, The Petition of Br. Water.	Fine [head] for a sodger A' the wale o' lead Ib. IV
Does the sober bed of Marriage Witness brighter scenes of love? The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII.	Or will we send a sodger? The Fête Champetre She blinket on her sodger: The Jolly Beggars. R. I
Till some evening, sober, calm,	No wonder I'm fond of a Sodger laddie Ib. S. II
With sober selfish ease they sip it up: $To R. G. of F_*, 7.$	Transported I was with my Sodger laddie
There ruminate with sober thought; Wr. in Friars-Carse H.	'Twas then I prov'd false to my Sodger laddie Ib

I asked no more but a Sodger laddie. The Jolly Beggars. S. II.	Sole.
My heart it rejoic'd at a Sodger laddie 1b.	And would you ask me to resign, The sole reward that crowns my pain. S. The Capt. Ribbana
Here's to thee, my Hero my Sodger laddie Ib.	Solemn.
'Some fire the Sodger on to dare; . The Vision. D. II. 4.	Grunt up a solemn, lengthen'd groan, . A Ded. to G. H.,
A poor and honest sodger S. When wild War's †	When on my ear this plaintive strain, Slow-solemn, stole . A Winter Night.
Take pity on a sodger	As wand'ring, meand'ring,
Forget him shall I never:	He views the solemn sky Despondency, an Ode.
And come, my faithful sodger lad,	And they hae sworn a solemn oath [re.]. John Barleycorn
Thou'rt wescome to it dearly!	I view the solemn scene around, On Linclude: Sages their solemn een may steek,
The sodger's wealth is honor;	The Author's Cry and Prayer.
The brave poor sodger ne'er despise,	'And let us worship God!' he says with solemn air.
Sodgerin [soldiering].	The Cotter's Sat. Night. I. The Solemn League and Covenant
Sodgerin gunpowder Blair The Election Ballads. III. Sodom.	The League and Covenan
In Sodom'twould make him a king. The Election Ballads. III.	'And wear thou this'—She solemn said, The Vision. D. II. 2
Rake them, like Sodom and Gomorrah,	First enter'd A, a grave, broad, solemn wight, The Vowe
In brunstane stoure . To Terraughty.	But gravissimo, solemn basses,
Soft. Shunning soft Pity's rising sway, A Winter Night. 8. Hope beaming mild on the soft parting hour;	Ye hum away To J. S., 2 Solemn-rounded.
S. Gloomy December.	"With laden sighs, and solemn-rounded sentence,
And soft as their [lovers'] parting tear—Jessy.	Add. sp. by Fontenell
S. Here's a health to ane † Make the gales you waft around her	Solemnize.
Soft and peaceful as her breast, S. Highland Mary.	We solemnize this sorrowing natal day, Frag. of Od Solleited. We auld wives' minions gie our opinions,
And gentle the fall of the soft vernal shower, S. How pleasant the banks †	Solicited or no; . Symon Gray
No more shall the soft thrill of love warm my breast,	Solid.
Lament, on leaving Nat. Land.	Veneering oft outshines the solid wood: His solid sense—by inches you must tell, Sketc.
The frank address, the soft caress, O leave novels †	Say, to be just, and kind, and wise,
Were seal'd in soft repose; S. On a bank of flowers † 'Tis the soft, spotless, vestal train, On Lincluden.	There solid self-enjoyment lies; . Wr. in Friars-Carse I Solitary.
'Tis the soft chanted choral song,	Along the solitary shore,
Humid seal of soft affections, To a Kiss.	While flitting sea-fowls round me cry, S. Behold the hour
Softer. the friendly glow, And softer flame; A Bard's Epit.	How blest the Solitary's lot, Despondency, an Ode The Solitary can despise [pleasures, Loves, Joys],
Softly. Till, thence returned, they softly stray	Can want, and yet be blest!
O'er Clouden's wave, with fond delay; On Lincluden.	Some solitary wander: S. Now westlin winds
Broke softly sweet on fancy's ear,	Solitude. From those drear solitudes and frowzy cells,
Western breezes softly blowing, S. Thickest night † Soger v. Sodger.	Where infamy with sad repentance dwells; Ep. fr. Esopu
Soil. Your native soil was right ill-willie;	In solitude—then, then I feel I canna to mysel' conceal My deeply-ranklin' sorrow V.s, under Grie
On Scot. Bard gne to W. I. A Knave an' Fool are plants of ev'ry soil: Scots Prologue.	Solo. Set off wi' allegretto glee His giga Solo. The Jolly Beggars. R. 1
O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!	Solomon. I found that old Solomon proved it fair,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 20.	That a big-belly'd bottle's a cure for all care.
To tend the flocks or till the soil, S. 'Twas even—the dewy † Soil, to. Th' unmanner'd dust might soil his star,	S. No Churchman am l Solway. The Criffel sink in Solway, S. Does haughty Gau
The Election Ballads. VI.	For Solway fish a feast El. on Peg Nicholson
Soil'd. Till she, like thee, all soil'd is laid Low i' the dust. To a Mountain-Daisy.	Now Sark rins o'er the Solway sands, S. The Union
Sojourn.	Solwayside.
Whoe'er he be that sojourns here,	And blinkin Bess of Annandale, That dwelt on Solwayside, The Election Ballads.
I pity much his case, Epig. on being neglected at I. Inn. While he, thy fond parent, must sighing sojourn,	Somebody, -ie.
On Death of fav. Child.	An somebodie were come again, Then somebodie maun cross the main,
Sol. And did Sol's business in a crack; Sol paid him with a sonnet To J. Taylor.	S. Carl, an the king com
Nor even Sol too fiercely view	There's somebody there we'll teach better behaviour S. Cock up yr beave
Thy bosom blushing still with dew! To Miss C.	Somebody tells the Poacher-Court, Ep. to J. R.,
Solace. Her dear idea brings relief, And solace to my breast. Ep. to Davie. 9.	My heart is sair for Somebody; S. Somebody
That only ray of solace sweet . S. Forlorn, my Love †	For the sake of Somebody. [re.]
Sold. By barber woven, and by barber sold, Ep. fr. Esopus.	O hey! for Somebody, O dear! for Somebody; [re.] . If O sweetly smile on Somebody!
For we're not to be bought or sold Like naigs and nowt, and a' that. The Election Bailads. II.	And send me safe my Somebody
We're bought and sold for English gold . S. The Union.	There's somebody weary wi' lying her lane, S. The Taylor fell
Soldier,	Something.
But man is a soldier, and life is a faught: S. Contented wi' little †	Yet here to crazy Age we're brought, Wi' something yet. A Guid New-Year † 10
No Statesman nor Soldier to plot or to fight,	As Something, loudly, in my breast, Remonstrates I have done; A Prayer in Prosp. of Death
S. No Churchman am I† Sir Robert, a soldier, no speech would pretend,	I there wi' Something does forgather,
S. The Whistle. 9.	Death and Dr. Hornbook.
Soldier-featur'd.	'Folk maun do something for their bread, Ib. Is Something in her bosom wrings, S. Duncan Gray
Bold, soldier-featur'd, undismay'd They strode along, [v.A.4] The Vision, D. I.	A Something to have sent you Et. to Young Friend

But still keep something to yoursel	Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil,
Ye scarcely tell to ony Ep. to Young Friend. 5.	Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content!
Till something held within the pat,	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 20.
And then there's something in her gait	As once on Pisgah purg'd was the sight Of a son of Circumcision, The Dean of Fac
Gars ony dress look weel	My poor toop-lamb, my son an' heir, The Death of Mailie.
Something in ilka part o' thee To praise, to love, I find, S. It is na, Jean, †	To greet his eldest son The Election Ballads. I.
Tho' something like moisture conglobes in my eye,	And my son Maitland, wise as brave,
Poet. Add. to Tytler.	Presided o'er the Sons of light:
That something in us never dies: Sketch. New-Yr's Day.	The Farewell. To St. J.'s L
For something beyond it poor man sure must live.	Again Thou say'st, 'Ye sons of men, Return ye into nought!' The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps.
S. The lazy mist †	
Something cries, "Hoolie!	'Mang sons o' G- present him, The Holy Fair. 12.
Something [somewhat].	I am a Son of Mars who have been in many wars, The Jolly Beggars. S. I.
I thought them [my works] something like yoursel.	Calvin's sons, Calvin's sons, seize your sp'ritual guns,
She's saft at best an' something lazy,	The Kirk's Alarm.
Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 3.	To ev'ry New-light mother's son,
That trouth, my head is grown right dizzie,	From this time forth, Confusion: . The Ordination. 14.
An something sair	Ye sons of old Killie, assembled by Willie, S. The Sons of old K
Look something to your credit; . Epit. on Holy Willie.	Her [Freedom's] sons did loudly ca', man;
But now its gane, and something mair, . Extem., Ap. 1782.	The Tree of Liberty.
Tho' he was something sturtan;	With deep-struck, reverential awe,
Sometime, -times.	The learned Sire and Son I saw, [v.A. 4] The Vision. D. I.
Ev'n then, sometimes we'd snatch a taste	The son of great Loda was conqueror still, . The Whistle. 3.
Of truest happiness	strang necessity supreme is 'Mang sons o' men. To Dr. Blacklock.
But friends an' folk that wish me well, They sometimes roose me; Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 16.	Ye Vulcan's sons of Wanlockhead, To J. Taylor.
Sometime when nae ane see'd him,	We poor sons of metre Are often negleckit, ye ken!
An' sometimes too, wi' warldly trust,	To Mr. Syme.
Vile self gets in; . Holy Willie's Prayer. 6.	Lies, senseless of each tugging bitch's son. To R. G. of F., 6.
Sometimes by foes I was o'erpower'd;	Thy sons ne'er madden in the fierce extremes . Ib. 7.
Sometimes by friends forsaken, O; S. My father was a farmer †	Among the illustrious Scottish sons
	That chief thou may'st discern; . V.s below Picture.
Son. Ye sons of Heresy and Error, . A Ded. to G. H., 10.	For Scotia's son—ance gay like thee Verses under Grief.
Affliction's sons are brothers in distress; A Winter Night. 9.	Song. a bard of rustic song, A Bard's Epit.
Poor dunghill sons o' dirt and mire, . Add. of Beelzebub. Thy Sons, Edina, social, kind, . Add. to Edinburgh. 3.	Her voice is the song of the morning S. Adown winding Nith †
	Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise; S. Afton Water.
While Scotia, with exulting tear, Proclaims that Thomson was her son.	· · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·
Add. to Shade of Thomson.	Instead of a song, boys, I'll give you a toast, At a Meet. of D. Volunteers.
My son, these maxims make a rule, Add. to the Unco Guid. Mott.	Could aught of song declare my pains, S. Could aught of song †
	Then wi' a rhyme or song he lash't 'em,
"And come ye here, my Son," he says, "To wander in my broken shade, . As on the banks †	El. on Death of R. Ruisseaux.
May his son be a hangman, and he his first trial.	So, to heaven's gates the lark's shrill song ascends,
At a Meet. of D. Volunteers.	Ep. to R. Graham. 5. The friendless Bard and rustic song,
O, may no son the father's honour stain, Blest be M'Murdo †	Became alike thy fostering care. Lament for Glencairn.
My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword,	famed for martial deed and sacred song, Liberty.
S. By yon castle wa' †	Ye Powers of peace, and peaceful song, . Nature's Law.
'His only son for Hornbook sets, And pays him well, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 27.	O sing a new song to the L-, New Psahnody.
Happy! ye sons of Busy-life, . Despondency, an Ode.	Now hear our pray'r, accept our song, Ib.
I see her face the first of Ireland's sons, . Ep. fr. Esopus.	Or wi' his song her cares beguile: S. O Logan! sweetly t
While sordid sons o' Mammon's line	"Tis the soft chanted choral song, On Lincluden.
Are dark as night I Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 16.	Where the songs of the good, where the hymns of the blest,
Thence peasants, farmers, native sons of earth,	Through an endless existence shall charm thee. On Death of fav. Child.
Ep. to R. Graham. 2.	Now half-extinct your powers of song, On Death of Lap-dog.
Let prudence number o'er each sturdy son, Ib. 5.	In each bird's careless song,
A sorry, poor, misbegot son of the Muses, Frag., inscr. to Fox.	Glad did I share; S. Phillis the Fair.
My son! my son! may kinder stars	No song nor dance I bring from you great city,
Upon thy fortune shine! . Lament of Mary of Scots.	Prologue, at Th., D.
Yet, let not this too much, my Son,	It needs no Siddons' powers in Southern's song; Prologue, sp. by Woods.
Disturb thy youthful breast: Man was made to Mourn.	And still I can join in a cup and a song; The Jolly Beggars. S. II.
The sons of Belial in the Land New Psalmody.	The Jolly Beggars. S. II.
A Lord—a Peer—an Earl's son, . On dining with Daer.	'I taught thee how to pour in song, 'To soothe thy flame. The Vision. D. II. 16.
"My patriot son fills an untimely grave!"	
On Death of Sir J. Blair.	Or love extatic wake his seraph song To Miss Graham.
"I saw my sons resume their ancient fire; Ib.	chearful peace, with linnet song, Wr. in Friars-Carse H
Those fathers would spurn their degenerate son, Poet. Add. to Tytler.	Ye true "Loyal Natives," attend to my song, Ye true "Loyal Nat.s" †
Before whose sons I'm honour'd to appear!	
Prologue, sp. by Woods.	Songster. Mourn, ye wee songsters o' the wood; El. on Capt. M. H., 7.
May every son be worthy of his sire;	'As songsters of the early year
By your sons in servile chains, S. Scots, wha hae t	
Of a' the thoughtless sons o' man,	And, for the little songster's nest, The close embowering thorn. The Petition of Br. Water.
Commen' me to the Bardie clan; . Second Ep. to Davie.	The close embowering thorn. The Petition of Br. Water.
Whom his ain son o' life hereft, . Tam o' Shanter. 11.	But the soligater's nest within the bush I within take away.
Ilk man and mother's son, take heed: Ib. 19.	S. The Posie.

Sonnet. Our Peerage he o'erlooks them a',	reckless vows, Would soon been broken.
As I look o'er my sonnet. On dining with Daer. Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet;	The Vision. D. I. 9. The trees now naked groaning,
Tam o' Shanter. 9.	Shall soon wi' leaves be hinging, S. The yng Highl. Rover.
Sol paid him with a sonnet	The wounds I must hide which will soon be my dead. S. There's auld Rob†
So'ns [sowens, a sort of smooth porridge, or thick drink, made from oatmeal husks steeped in	Soon my weary eyes I'll close, nevermore to waken. S. Thou hast left me t
water until sour.	'Till too, too soon the glowing west Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.
butter'd So'ns, wi' fragrant lunt,	S. To Mary in Heaven.
An' unco' sonsie A Gude New-Year † 5.	Sooner. Sooner the sun in his motion would falter. S. Twas na her bonie blue †
Sae sonsy and sweet, sae fully complete, Ronalds of Bennals. I see her yet, the sonsy quean,	Soor Isour]. Soor Bigotry, on her last legs, . Letter to J. Goudie.
That lighted up my jingle; The Ans. to the Guidwife.	Nae poison'd soor Arminian stank, . The Twa Herds. 5.
My sonsie smirking dear-bought Bess, The Inventory. His honest, sonsie, baws'nt face, The Twa Dogs. 5.	Sooth. But by my sooth she'll wait a wee! S. O Willie brew'd†
women sonsie, saft an' sappy, . There's naethin like †	My sooth! right bauld ye set your nose out, To a Louse.
Fair fa' your honest, sonsie face, To a Haggis. My blessings on you, sonsie wife; V.s to a Landlady.	Soothe. Thy gloom will soothe my chearless soul, S. Again rejoic. Nature
Soon. But three short years will soon wheel roun',	Breathing in the breeze that fans her,
S. And O for ane and twenty † Underneath the grass-green sod,	Soothe her bosom into rest: . S. Highland Mary. And soothe me wi' tidings o' Nature's decay;
Soon maun be my dwelling. S. Blythe ha'e I been †	S. My Nanie's Awa. May never pity soothe thee with a sigh,
As soon's he smells't, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 19. Kirk-yards will soon be till'd eneugh, 1b. 24.	On seeing wounded Hare. And soothe the Virtues weeping on this bier: [v.A.10]
Thy hopes will soon deceive thee S. Deluded swain †	Sonnet on Death of Riddel.
Ye'll try the world soon my lad, . Ep. to Young Friend. 2. Amaist as soon as I could tell, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 8.	Then, who her pangs and pains will soothe, . The Lament. Can soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair.
As soon's the clockin-time is by, Ep. to J. R., II.	S. The small birds †
Come wealth, come poortith, late or soon, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 4.	'For humble gains, . The Vision. D. II. 9.
The little fate allows, they share as soon,	'I taught thee how to pour in song, 'To soothe thy flame Ib. 16.
Ep. to R. Graham. 5. Whate'er thou hast done, be it late be it soon,	(It soothes poor Misery, hearkening to her tale), To R. G. of F
O! soon, to me, may summer-suns	Give energy to life; and soothe his latest breath, . Ib. 9.
Nae mair light up the morn! Lament of Mary of Scots.	The Tempest's howl, it soothes my soul, Winter. Find balm to soothe her bitter rankling wounds:
Her feeble pulse gives strong presumption Death soon will end her. Letter to J. Goudie.	Wr. in Kenmore Inn.
Too soon thou hast began, To wander forth, with me, to mourn Man was made to Mourn.	Thy soothing fond complaining. S. O stay, sweet warbling †
But Oh! I fear the kintra soon Will ken as weel's mysel! . S. My heart was ance t	Sooty, -le.
She has promis'd right soon to be mine.	in yon cavern grim and sootie, Add. to the Deil. Mourn, sooty coots, and speckled teals; El. on Capt. M. H., 8.
S. My Love's a winsome †	Auld Sootie then swore by the edge of his knife, S. There liv'd ance a carle †
If ye gie a woman a' ber will, Gude faith she'll soon o'er-gang ye. S. O ay my wife she dang. But soon wi' sounding victorie	Sophy.
But soon wi' sounding victorie May Kenmure's Lord come hame.	There Sophy tight, a lassie bright, The Tarbolton Lasses. Sordid.
S. O Kenmure's on and awa + But soon may peace bring happy days, S. O Logan! sweetly +	While sordid sons o' Mammon's line
When soon or late they reach that coast,	Are dark as night! Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 16. Sore. While pityless the tempest wild
O Thou dread Pow'r† The weary winter soon will pass, S. Oh, how can I be blythe†	Sore on you beats A Winter Night. 5.
Conscious, blushing for our race,	O Lord, when hunger pinches sore, Do thou stand us in stead, At Globe Tav., D.
Soon, too soon, your fears I trace: On scaring Water-fowl. May powers aboon unite you soon, . On W. Chalmers.	And sore surpris'd them all John Barleycorn. And cudgell'd him full sore;
Soon heels o'er gowdie! in he gangs, Poem on Life.	Then sore harass'd, and tir'd at last,
Ye'll soon hae Poets o' the Scottish nation, Scots Prologue. She prophesied that late or soon,	S. My father was a farmer t sore I feel All others' scorn
Thou would be found deep drown'd in Doon; Tam o' Shanter.	Fancy, chief, Reigns, hagard-wild, in sore affright:
Kate soon will be a woefu' woman! 1b. 18. And soon may they expire, unblest with resurrection!	While here I sit all sore beset
As soon the rooted oaks would fly	With sorrow, grief, and wo; S. The sun he is sunk † Sore-harass'd.
Before th' approaching fellers. The Election Ballads. VI. As soon as e'er she saw me, The Holy Fair. 3.	Sore-harass'd out, with care and grief, The Lament.
An' soon I made me ready;	Sorely. In longitude the sorely scanty, Tam o' Shanter. 15.
Full soon I grew sick of my sanctified Sot, The Jolly Beggars. S. II.	Doom'd to that sorest task of man alive-
I'll lay on your head, that the pack ye'll soon lead,	To make three guineas do the work of five: Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
The Kirk's Alarm. 6. The happy hour may soon be near,	Sorrow. Attentive still to Sorrow's wail, Add. to Edinburgh. I rather wou'd bear a' the load o' my sorrow
That brings us pleasant weather: S. The noble Maxwells † But soon grew weary o' the trade, . The Tree of Liberty.	S. As I was a-wandring t
the new-born race Soon drew the avenging steel, Ib.	While my soul's delight Is on her bed of sorrow. S. Ay waking, O†
And soon 'twill be agreed, man,	Nor ever sorrow add one silver hair! Blest be M·Murdo†
We labour soon, we labour late, To feed the titled knave, man;	Nor ever sorrow stain the hour, The place and time I met my dearie! S. By Allan stream †

Farewelli and ne'er such sorrows tear	Sough, to [to sigh or moan like the wind].
That fickle heart of thine, . S. Canst thou leave me †	Deep, as soughs the boding wind,
Whene'er I foregather wi's sorrow and care,	Amang his caves, the sigh he gave. As on the banks †
I gie them a skelp as they're creeping alang, S. Contented wi' little †	Sought.
	Believe me, happiness is shy,
But the pride of the Spring in the Craigie-burn wood, Can yield me nought but sorrow. S. Craigie-burn Wood.	And comes not ay when sought, man. A Bottle and Friend.
	So, sought a Poet, roosted near the skies,
What Sorrows yet may pierce me thro', Too justly I may fear! Despondency, an Ode.	Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
May dool and sorrow be his lot, El. on Capt. M. H., Epit.	Then, first an' foremost, thro' the kail,
And all my frowzy couch in sorrow steep; Ep. fr. Esopus.	Their stocks maun a' be sought ance; . Halloween.
	I rue the day I sought her O, [re.] S. My love she's but †
Creature, tho' oft the prey of care and sorrow, When blest to-day unmindful of to-morrow.	And, all devout, he never sought
Ep. to R. Graham. 3.	To stem the sacred torrent Nature's Law.
Ance mair I hail thee wi' sorrow and care;	And sought a correspondent breast, Ib.
S. Gloomy December.	Nor cause me from my bosom tear
To pour her sorrows o'er her poet's dust.	The very friend I sought S. Talk not of Love †
Inscrip. on Tomb of Fergusson.	He sought them out, he sought them in,
For silent, low, on beds of dust,	S. The Cooper o' cuddy t
Lie a' that would my sorrows share. Lament for Glencairn.	'They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright.'
Or else I wad kill him with sorrow:	Souk [a suck]. The Cotter's Sat. Night. 6.
S. Last May a braw wooer †	
With Cares and Sorrows worn, Man was made to Mourn.	And ay she took the tither souk, . S. The weary Pund.
If sorrow and anguish their exit await, Monody, on a Lady.	Soul whether thy soul Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole, A Bard's Epit. 5.
No view nor care, but shun whate'er	
Might breed me pain or sorrow, O;	Yet sure those ills that wring my soul Obey Thy high behest A Prayer under Anguish.
S. My father was a farmer †	
Ye whom Sorrow never wounded, S. Musing on the roaring †	Then, man my soul with firm resolves
While ilka thing in nature join	Still crouding thoughts, a pensive train, Rose in my soul, A Winter Night. 6.
Their sorrows to forego, . S. Now Spring has clad t	By my soul I'll dance a dance with you, Add. to Dumourier.
As little reckt I sorrow's power,	
Oh, nought but love and sorrow join'd,	An' all the Soul of Love they shar'd, . Add. to the Deil. 15.
Sic notes of woe could wauken! S. O stay, sweet warbling †	Thy [Winter's] gloom will soothe my chearless soul,
But sorrow tak him that's sae mean, . S. O Tibbie!	S. Again rejoicing Nature †
In the dark silent mansions of sorrow,	And waste my soul with care; . S. Anna, thy charms, †
On Death of fav. Child.	While my soul's delight Is on her bed of sorrow.
Through the dire desert regions of sorrow, Ib.	S. Ay waking, 0†
Hail, thou gloomy night of sorrow, . S. Raving winds †	To adore thee is my duty, Goddess o' this soul o' mine! . S. Bonie wee thing †
(A sight life's sorrows to repulse, Sketch. New-Yr's Day.	Or chain the soul in speechless pleasure; S. By Allan stream †
But a' the pride of Spring's return	But what avails the pride of art,
Can yield me nought but sorrow. S. Sweet fa's the eve t	When wastes the soul with anguish?
Her sorrows share and make them less? . The Lament.	S. Could aught of song †
Fareweel our night o' sorrow S. The noble Maxwells †	For oh! my soul is parch'd with love! Delia. An Ode.
While here I sit all sore beset	His soul was like the glorious sun, . El. on Capt. M. H.
With sorrow, grief, and wo; . S. The sun he is sunk †	To you [wastes, cliffs] I fly, ye with my soul accord.
And clear the consequential sorrows,	El. on Miss Burnet.
Love-gifts of Carnival Signoras. [v.A.13] The Twa Dogs.	When heart-corroding care and grief
A scene o' sorrow mixed wi' strife, The Tree of Liberty.	Deprive my soul of rest, Ep. to Davie. 9.
So noted for drowning of sorrow and care; The Whistle. 10.	Their worthless nievefu' of a soul, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 17.
Sworn foe to sorrow, care, and prose, I rhyme away. To J.S., 25.	Last, she sublimes th' Aurora of the poles,
If envious buckies view wi' sorrow	The flashing elements of female souls. Ep. to R. Graham. 2.
Thy lengthen'd days . To Terraughty.	
iny lengthen d days . 10 1 erranghty.	Why shrinks my soul half blushing, half afraid, . Ib. 5.
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That press the soul, or wring the mind with anguish, Remorse. A Frag.	In souple scones, the wale o' food! . Scotch Drink. 4. (A souple jade she was, and strang), . Tam o' Shanter 16.
O glorious magnanimity of soul!	And Eels weel kend for souple tail, Tam Samson's El., 6. Sour. It's hardly in a body's pow'r,
Slow spreads the gloom my soul desires, S. Slow spreads the gloom †	To keep, at times, frae being sour, Ep. to Davie. 2. An' gif the custock's sweet or sour,
In that sober pensive mood, Dearest to the feeling soul, S. Streams that glide	Wi' joctelegs they taste them; Halloween. 5.
With all the venal soul of dedicating Prose?	Wha twists his gruntle wi' a glunch O' sour disdain, Scotch Drink. 17.
The Brigs of Ayr. But all the soul of Music's self was heard; Ib. 12.	Their visage wither'd, lang an' thin, An' sour as ony slaes:
May hear, well pleas'd the language of the Soul; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 17.	Sour, to. No thought of guilt my bosom sours; The Hermit. Sour-mou'd [sour-mouthed].
He ventur'd the Soul, and I risked the Body, The Jolly Beggars. S. II.	ev'ry sour-mou'd girnin' blellum, To W. Creech.
But sure her soul is not in hell, The deil would ne'er abide her S. The Joyful Widower.	Source. And never may their [thy sons'] sources fail! Add. to Edinburgh. 3. thou Sun, great source of light; El. on Capt. M. H., 14.
Wi' a jump, yell and howl, alarm every soul, The Kirk's Alarm.	Fell source of a' my woe and grief;
Keen Recollection's direful train, Must wring my soul,	Lns, on Back of Bank Note. Fell source o' monie a pain an' brash! . Scotch Drink, 15.
'Preserve the dignity of Man, With soul erect; . The Vision. D. II. 22.	Or haunted Garpal draws his feeble source, The Brigs of Ayr. 7.
Yet, dearer than my deathless soul, I still would love my Jean S. Tho' cruel fate †	This, all its source and end to draw, That, to adore. [v.A.4] . The Vision. D. I.
Fair Empress of the Poet's soul, To a Lady.	Souse [to beat, to drub].
Nor life nor soul was ever half so dear! To Clarinda. Again thou usher'st in the day	Is that enough for you to souse Your servant sae? . What ails ye now t
My Mary from my soul was torn. To Mary in Heaven.	Souter, Sowter [a shoe-maker, a cobbler].
But peace attune thy gentle soul to rest, To Miss Graham. When shall my soul, in silent peace,	Here Sowter [Hood] in Death does sleep; Epit. on a Ruling Elder.
Resign Life's joyless day?	And at his elbow, Souter Johnny,
By the treasure of my soul,	South. Far south the lift, A Winter Night.
That's the love I bear thee! S. Wilt thou be my to The Tempest's howl, it soothes my soul, Winter.	An' steer you seven miles south o' hell; . Auld comrade † Out came the Lord of Lauderdale,
Grave these counsels on thy soul. Wr. in Friars-Carse H	Out frae the south countrie, Katharine Jaffray.
Soul-ennobling. And soul-ennobling Bards heroic ditties sung.	Is he south, or is he north? . S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. G. † The south nor the east give ease to my breast,
Sound, adj.	S. Out over the Forth †
No matter-stick to sound believing A Ded. to G. H., 8.	The Author's Cry and Prayer. 4. There was five carlines in the south, The Election Ballads. I.
Sound and safely may he sleep, S. Jockey's ta'en the parting † Sound be his sleep and blythe his morn, On Window of C. Inn, F.	Five wighter carlines werna found The south countrie within
He's wal'd us out a true ane, And sound The Ordination. 8.	The ill-thief blaw the Heron south! . To Dr. Blacklock. Southern.
Just now we're living sound an' hale; To J. S., 11. Saws of experience, sage and sound. Wr. in Friars-Carse H.	Like frost-work touched by southern gales; On Lincluden.
Sound, s. A workhouse! ah, that sound awakes my woes, Ep. fr. Esopus.	It needs no Siddons' powers in Southern's song; Prologue, sp. by Woods.
And, hark! what more than mortal sound Of music breathes the pile around? On Lincluden.	Sovereign. 'Tis very true, my sovereign King,
Roused by the sound, I start and see Ib.	My skill may weel he doubted; A Dream. 4.
your din of tuneless sound, On Death of Lap-dog. The Pedant stifles keen the Roman sound . The Vowels.	Sat Legislation's sov'reign pow'rs! . Add. to Edinburgh. I'll desert my sov'reign lord, S. Husband, husband †
amid the dirgeful sound, To Miss C.	And I'm the sovereign of Scotland, Lament of Mary of Scots.
Sound, to. Trumpets sound and cannons roar, S. Highl. Laddie.	By conquering beauty's sov'reign law; S. Sae flaxen † Whose sovereign statute is order; S. The sons of old Killie.
The trumpets sound, the banners fly, . S. My bonie Mary.	Sow, s. Or olio that wad staw a sow, To a Haggis.
Let me sound an alarm to your conscience; The Kirk's Alarm.	Sow, to. To plough and sow, to reap and mow,
And the sweet voice of pity ne'er sounds in my ear. S. Wae is my heart †	Sowp, Soupe [a spoonful; a quantity of liquid food].
Soundest. And love will break the soundest rest. S. There was a lass, and †	A' ye wha live by sowps o' drink, A Scotch Bard gne to W.I. Wi' sowps o' kail, and brats o' claise,
Sounding. Hark! the mavis' evening sang	The Author's Cry and Prayer. The soupe their only Hawkie does afford,
Sounding Clouden's woods amang; S. Hark! the mavis' † But soon wi' sounding victorie May Kenmure's Lord come hame.	Sowter v. Souter. Sowth [to try over a tune with a low whistle].
S. O Kenmure's on and awa † The tide-swoln Firth, with sullen-sounding roar,	On braes when we please then, We'll sit and sowth a tune; Ep. to Davie. 4.
I saw thee seek the sounding shore, The Vision. D. II. 13.	Sowther [to solder, to cement]. A night o' gude fellowship sowthers it a';
'Twas where the birch and sounding thong are ply'd, The Vowels.	S. Contented wi' little,†
Soundly.	Then sowther a' in deep debauches The Twa Dogs. 32. Space.
A chield wha'll soundly buff our beef; The Twa Herds. 13. Soupe v. Sowp.	O Eighty-eight in thy sma' space What dire events ha'e taken place! El. on Year 1788.
Souple [supple; swift].	through the broken space the gale Blows chilly On Lincluden.
But souple Donald quicker flew, S. Donald Brodie †	On Linctuaen.

Her eye, ev'n turn'd on empty space, Beam'd keen with Honor. The Vision. D. I. 10.	Spare my love, thou feath'ry snaw,
	S. Jockey's ta'en the parting t
Some, bounded to a district-space,	My laddie's sae meikle in love wi' the siller, He canna ha'e love to spare for me.
Or knappin-hammers. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 11.	S. O meikle thinks my love †
Collects his spades, his mattocks and his hoes,	But spare and pardon my false Love, . S. O mirk, mirk †
Spae [to foretell, to divine].	The hoary Sire—the mortal stroke,
'As seek the foul Thief onie place,	Long, long be pleas'd to spare; O Thou dread Pow'r † But spare a Mother's tears!
'For him to space your fortune: Halloween. 14.	But spare me, spare me Lucy dear. S. O wat ye wha's in t
Spail [a chip of wood, a splinter].	O what a canty warld were it,
But smash them! crash them a' to spails! Add. of Beelzebub.	Would pain and care, and sickness spare it; . Poem on Life.
Spaln. Th' Inquisitor of Spain the most expert, The Vowels.	Their father's a laird, and weel he can spare't,
Spalran [sparing].	But spare poor Sensibility Ronalds of Bennals.
Black [Russell] is na spairan: The Holy Fair. 21.	The ungentle, harsh rebuke. Rusticity's ungainly †
Spairge [to dash, or scatter about; to soil as with	Ye canting Zealots, spare him! Tam Samson's El., Epit.
mud]. A name not Envy spairges) A Dream. 7.	The marled plaid ye kindly spare, The Ans. to the Guidwife.
A name not Envy spairges) A Dream. 7. Spairges about the brunstane cootie, . Add. to the Deil.	But, oh! respect his lordship's taste,
Spak [did speak].	And spare his golden bindings The Book-Worms.
It seem'd to mak a kind o' stan',	If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 9.
But naething spak; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 8.	Spare them nae day The Ordination. 5.
It spak right howe—'My name is Death,' 1b. 9.	To spare thee now is past my pow'r, To a Mountain-Daisy.
'The wife slade cannie to her bed,	Spare me thy vengeance, G[alloway] To Lord G.
'But ne'er spak mair 16. 26.	Heaven spare you lang to kiss the breath
Spak o' louping o'er a linn;	O' mony flow'ry simmers! To Mr. M'Adam.
Out spak' a dame in wrinkled eild, S. In simmer when t	F[intry], my other stay, long bless and spare! To R. G of F., 9.
If Denmark, any body spak o't; . Kind Sir, I've read †	Spared, -'d.
He spak o' the darts o' my bonie black een,	A lovin' father I'll be to thee,
S. Last May, a braw wooer	If thou be spar'd; Add. to Illegit. Child.
Ye spak' na, but gaed by like stoure; S. O Tibbie!	O Death, hadst thou but spar'd his life, Epig. on Henpecked Squire.
As cauld a minister's ever spak; . On Kirk of Lamington.	When your pen can be spared, P.S. to "The Kirk's Alarm."
He gaped wide, but naething spak, The Death of Mailie.	I turn'd my weeding heuk aside,
And spak wi' modest grace, The Election Ballads. I.	An' spar'd the symbol dear. The Ans. to the Guidwife.
Then up spak mim-mou'd Meg o' Nith, And she spak up wi' pride,	Abuse o' Magistrates might weel be spar'd; The Brigs of Ayr. 10.
Then brandy Jean spak owre her drink,	If he be spar'd to be a beast, The Inventory.
an' laughan as she spak, The Holy Fair. 4.	But if the beast and branks be spar'd Third Ep. to J. Lap.
Bout whom ye spak the tither day, . To Gav. Hamilton.	Commander That City I Commend the but something Town I amended
But spak their thoughts in plain braid lallans,	A' day they [the birds] fare but sparely; 10 a Louse. A' day they [the birds] fare but sparely; S. Up in the morning.
Like you or me To W. Simpson. P.S	S. Up in the morning.
Span. How little of life's scanty span may remain; S. The lazy mist †	Spark. Then let us fight about, 'Till freedom's spark is out, Add. to Dumourier.
Did many talents gild thy span? . Wr. in Friars-Carse H.	Gie me ae spark o' Nature's fire, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 13.
Span-lang.	It may escape the courtly sparks, . S. O this is no my ain t
Twa span-lang, wee, unchristen'd bairns; Tamo' Shanter. 11.	Sparkle. Let love sparkle in her e'e; . S. Jockey fou,
Span, to.	The wily Mother sees the conscious flame
That sweetly ye might span S. A. Mastrin's bonie Anne.	Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 7.
Spaniard.	Sparkling, -in'.
If Spaniard, Portuguese, or Swiss, Were sayin or takin aught amiss: . Kind Sir, I've read t	The sparkling heavenly vintage, Love and Bliss! Innocence
Spanish. The Spanish empire's tint a head, El. on Year 1788.	For sparkling was the rosy wine, . S. O May thy morn †
Spare.	And the glancin' of her sparklin' e'en. S. On Cessnock banks †
And deal from iron hands the spare repast; . Ep. fr. Esopus.	An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' e'en. [re.] Ib.
Spare, to. But, my Chloris spare me!	An' chiefly in her sparklin' e'en
Spare, O spare my love! . S. Ay waking, O † A man may tak a neebor's part,	An' she has twa sparkling rogueish een. [re.] Ib., Sett II.
Yet hae nae cash to spare him Ep. to Young Friend.	well-form'd taste, and sparkling wit Prologue, sp. by Woods.
Maybe some ither thing they gie me	In youthfu' bloom, Love sparkling in her e'e, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 4.
They weel can spare. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 17.	What sparkling jewels glance, man! S. The Fête Champetre.
Hypocrisy, in mercy spare it! Ep. to J. R., 3.	And all ye many sparkling stars of night; To R. Graham.
Spare't for their sakes wha aften wear it,	And clos'd for ay, the sparkling glance
Sae when ye hae an hour to spare,	S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams t
Can scarcely spare a minute; . Extem. to an Intimate.	But Kindness, sweet Kindness, in the fond-sparkling e'e, S. You wild mossy mountains †
O mem'ry, spare the cruel throes	Spate, Speat [a flood after heavy rain, or thaw].
Within my bosom swelling: S. Farewell, thou stream t	Nae bombast spates o' nonsense swell;
L—d weigh it down, and dinna spare, Holy Willie's Prayer. 13.	Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
But for thy people's sake destroy 'em,	crashing ice, borne on the roaring speat, The Brigs of Ayr. 7.
And dinna spare	Spavet [having the spavin].
O spare the dear blossom, ye orient breezes, S. How pleasant the banks t	My spavet Pegasus will limp, Till ance he's fairly het; Ep. to Davie. 11.
But spare to speak, and spare to speed; S. I gaed a waefu' †	Spavie [the spavin].
He has nae love to spare for me: . S. In simmer when t	Na, even tho' limpan wi' the spavie
But some will spend, and some will spare, Ib.	Frae door tae door Second Ep. to Davie.
Spare my love, ye winds that blaw,	She's a' bedevil'd wi' the spavie The Inventory.
S. Jockey's ta'en the parting \	Tho' limpan wi' the Spavie, . The Jolly Beggars. R. VII.

Speak.	And frae my chamber went wi' speed;
For who can write and speak as thou and I? Ep. fr. Esopus.	S. The Lass that made the bed. Guid speed an' furder to you Johny, Third Ep. to J. Lap.
Plain truth to speak; Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 12.	Guid speed an' furder to you Johny, Third Ep. to J. Lap. Ye little ken what cursed speed
But spare to speak, and spare to speed; S. I gaed a waefu' †	The blastie's makin! To a Louse.
Ye speak sae fair; Second Ep. to Davie. Speak out an' never fash your thumb.	Proclaim'd the speed of winged day. To Mary in Heaven.
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 5.	Speed, to.
For G-d-sake, Sirs! then speak her fair, 1b. 18.	But spare to speak, and spare to speed; S. I gaed a waefu' † I'll wander on with tentless heed,
Till when ye speak, ye aiblins blether, [v.A.2] . Ib. P.	How never-halting moments speed, To J. S., 10.
While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 7.	Speedy. The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd;
Yet dare not speak my anguish S. The last time I †	Now do thy speedy utmost. Meg
I speak, and do not flatter, . S. The Joyful Widower.	Now do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
What words can ever speak affection So thrilling and sincere as thine! To a Kiss.	The steep Parnassus, Poem on Life.
So thrilling and sincere as thine! To a Kiss. Speaking, -in.	For [Moodie] speels the holy door, Wi' tidings of s-lv-tion. [v.A.22] . The Holy Fair. 12.
'But hark! I'll tell you of a plot,	If on a beastie I can speel,
'Tho' dinna ye be speakin o't; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 30.	Should I but dare a hope to speel,
Or speakin lightly o' their Limmer, . The Twa Dogs. 26. Speaking silence, dumb confession To a Kiss.	Wi' Allan, or wi' Gilbertfield, The braes o' fame; To W. Simpson.
Speaking silence, dumb confession, To a Kiss. Spean [to wean].	Speel'd [climbed].
Rigwoodie hags wad spean a foal, Tam o' Shanter. 14.	ance that five an' forty's speel'd, To J. S., 13.
Spear, while each corny spear Shoots up its head,	Speet [to spit, to pierce].
El. on Capt. M. H., 12.	To speet him like a Pliver, . The Jolly Beggars. R. VI. Speer v. Spier.
An' [Bruce] shook his Carrick spear, Halloween. His head weel arm'd wi' pointed spears, John Barleycorn.	Speir v. Spier.
The glittering spears are ranked ready, S. My bonie Mary.	Spell.
Revers'd that spear, redoubtable in war,	May guardian angels tak a spell, An' steer you seven miles south o' hell: Auld comrade †
On Death of Sir J. Blair.	An' steer you seven miles south o' hell; Nae snap conceits, but that sweet spell
Her tongue and eyes, her dreaded spear and darts. To R. G. of F	O' witchin love, Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
Speat v. Spate.	Spell, to.
Specific. And love a kinder—that's your grand specific.	Amaist as soon as I could spell, I to the crambo-jingle fell, . Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 8.
Add. sp. by Fontenelle. Specious. Much specious lore, but little understood; Sketch.	On Corsincon I'll glow'r and spell, S. O were I on Parnass. †
Speckled.	Spence [the country parlour].
sooty coots, and speckled teals; . El. on Capt. M. H., 8.	Our Bardie, lanely, keeps the spence . Poor Mailie's El Ben i' the Spence, right pensivelie,
Spectator.	I gaed to rest The Vision. D. I. 2.
A cool spectator purely! . The Election Ballads. VI.	Spend.
Spectre. Ye ugly glow'rin spectre? In Defence of a Lady.	Come let us spend the lightsome days In the birks of Aberfeldy. S. Bonie Lassie, will ye go t
Ye ugly glow'rin spectre? In Defence of a Lady. Sped.	The sweetest hours that e'er I spend.
Fate gave the word, the arrow sped, S. Fate gave the word †	Are spent among the lasses, O. [v.A.24] S. Green grow the Rashes.
How His first followers and servants sped;	We hae pennies to spend, S. Hey ca' thro'.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 15. Dame Justice fu' brawly has sped;	He will win a shilling Or he spend a groat.
The Election Ballads. III.	S. Hey the dusty millert But some will spend, and some will spare, S. In simmer when t
The time, unheeded, sped away, The Lament.	In wars at hame I'll spend my blood,
Speech.	Lns on Windows, Gl. Tav
Nor meikle speech pretend, The Election Ballads. I. Sir Robert, a soldier, no speech would pretend, The Whistle. 9.	I have a penny to spend, S. Nacebody.
May I be slander's common speech; To W. Creech.	There I'll spend the day wi' you, S. Now rosy May † And life's poor season peaceful spend. On scaring Water fowl.
They took nae pains their speech to balance,	I've little to spend, and naething to lend, Ronalds of Bennals.
To W. Simpson. P.S.	And spend the gear they win
Speechless. Or chain the soul in speechless pleasure; S. By Allan stream †	Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend, The Cotter's Sat. Night.
Of speechless grief, and dark despair:	"To spend an hour in daffin: The Holy Fair. 5.
S. O stay, sweet warbling t	Spen't [spend it].
Speed. At Brooses thou had ne'er a fellow,	And spen't at night fu' brawlie: . S. My Collier Laddie.
For pith an' speed; A Guid New-Year † 9.	Spent. The sweetest hours that e'er I spent, Are spent amang the lassies, O. [v.A. 24]
They skim the muirs an' dizzy crags, Wi' wicked speed; Add. to the Deil. 9.	S. Green grow the Rashes.
In ploughman phrase 'God send you speed,'	When I think on the lightsome days I spent wi' thee, my dearie; S. How lang and dreary †
Ep. to Young Friend. 11.	And spent the chearful, festive night;
But take it [fortune's road] like the unbacked filly, Proud o' her speed. Ep. to Maj. Logan.	The Farewell. To St. J.'s L But wad hae spent an hour caressan,
If you rattle along like your mistress's tongue,	Ev'n wi' a Tinkler-gipsey's messan; . The Twa Dogs.
Your speed will out-rival the dart: Extem. pinned to a Coach.	How I had spent my youthfu' prime,
With doubling speed and gathering force, . Frag. of Ode.	An' done nae-thing, . The Vision. D. 1. 4. When I think on the happy days
Wi' kindly bleat, when she did spy him,	I spent wi' you, my dearie; . S. When I think on
She ran wi' speed: Poor Mailie's El The Laird o' Braehead has been on his speed,	Spew. Or fricassee, wad mak her spew Wi' perfect sconner, . To a Haggis.
Ronalds of Bennals.	Spewing.
An' to the muckle house repair, Wi' instant speed, The Author's Cry and Prayer.	I sat and ey'd the spewing reek, The Vision. D. I. 3.
With headlong speed rush'd to the charge,	Spey.
The Election Ballads. VI.	We ranged a' from Tweed to Spey, The Jolly Beggars. S. IV.

Sphere. And virtue's light that beams beyond the spheres;	Marl Soar
El. on Miss Burnet.	Let 1
And sing their pleasures, hopes an' joys, In some mild sphere, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 18.	Ar
While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere. The Cotter's Sat. Night. 16.	Let 1 Dr
In that blest sphere alone we live and move; The Rights of Woman.	Whis Ta
'Strive in thy humble sphere to shine; The Vision. D. II. 21.	Spiri Ta
Then roll to me, along your wandering spheres.	With Na
Spicy. Spicy forests, ever gay, . S. Streams that glide †	Ye s
The Slave's spicy forests, and gold-bubbling fountains, S. Their groves of	She
Spider. thy spider snare O' hell's damned waft. Poem on Life. Spied [speed]. When to the loughs the Curlers flock,	He g How
Spied v. Spy'd. Wi' gleesome spied, Tam Samson's El.	I'd b
Spier, Speir, Speer [to ask, inquire; "spier your price," ask you in marriage; "speer in for," call in and ask for].	Such
At kith or kin I needna speir,	'The
Gin I saw and twenty. S. And O for ane and twenty †	Frier
'Mair spier na, nor fear na', Ep. to Davie. 2.	wi' h
Now we're married, spier nae mair, S. First when Maggy † She did na wait on talkin	No v Spirit
To spier that night Halloween. 12.	Urin
The deil a ane would spier your price,	Spirit
Were ye as poor as I	"No
An' hardly in a winter season, E'er spier her [my Muse's] price. Scotch Drink. 14.	Wha
For us and for our Stage, should ony spier, Scots Prologue. And each for other's weelfare kindly spiers:	An' j
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5. Speer in for bonie Bessy; The Tarbolton Lasses.	And
Spier'd, -'t [asked, inquired]. An' sae about him there I spier't; Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 5.	Calv
I spier'd for my cousin fu' couthy and sweet, S. Last May a braw wooer†	"Sh
Spiky.	Spite.
The progress of the spiky blade. Add. to Shade of Thomson. Spill. And time nae langer spill, jo: . S. O steer her up †	And
The Angus lads had nae gude will,	Driv
That day their neebour's blude to spill; S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	In sp
Spin.	
And she held o'er the moors to spin . S Duncan Danisan	Last
And she held o'er the moors to spin; S. Duncan Davison. And spin a verse or twa o' rhyme	
	Whil
	Whil
And spin a verse or twa o' rhyme, Ep. to Davie. I'll sit me down and sing and spin, S. The Contented Cottager. I think my wife will end her life, Before she spin her tow S. The weary Pund. Gae spin your tap o' tow!	Whil
And spin a verse or twa o' rhyme, Ep. to Davie. I'll sit me down and sing and spin, S. The Contented Cottager. I think my wife will end her life, Before she spin her tow S. The weary Pund. Gae spin your tap o' tow! Ib. Spindle, -'le, I made a poker o' the spin'le, The Inventory.	While Myse Spite
And spin a verse or twa o' rhyme,	While Myse Spite in sp
And spin a verse or twa o' rhyme, Ep. to Davie. I'll sit me down and sing and spin, S. The Contented Cottager. I think my wife will end her life, Before she spin her tow S. The weary Pund. Gae spin your tap o' tow! Ib. Spindle, -'le. I made a poker o' the spin'le, The Inventory. His spindle shank a guid whip-lash, To a Haggis. Spinnin.	While Myse Spite in sp
And spin a verse or twa o' rhyme,	White Myse Spite in sp In sp
And spin a verse or twa o' rhyme, Ep. to Davie. I'll sit me down and sing and spin, S. The Contented Cottager. I think my wife will end her life, Before she spin her tow S. The weary Pund. Gae spin your tap o' tow! Ib. Spindle, -'le. I made a poker o' the spin'le, The Inventory. His spindle shank a guid whip-lash, To a Haggis. Spinnin. The cardin o't, the spinnin o't,	While Myse Spite in sp In sp And Who
And spin a verse or twa o' rhyme,	While Myse Spite in sp In sp And Who In sp
And spin a verse or twa o' rhyme,	Whil Myse Spite in sp In sp And Who In sp In sp In sp
And spin a verse or twa o' rhyme,	While Mys. Spite in sp In sp And Who In sp In sp
And spin a verse or twa o' rhyme,	While Myse Spite in sp In sp And Who In sp In sp In sp In sp Spitef
And spin a verse or twa o' rhyme,	Whil Myse Spite in sp In sp And Who In sp In sp In sp
And spin a verse or twa o' rhyme,	While Myse Spite in sp
And spin a verse or twa o' rhyme,	Whil Myss Spite in sp In sp And Who In sp In sp In sp Spitef Perh Some
And spin a verse or twa o' rhyme,	While Myse Spite in sp
And spin a verse or twa o' rhyme,	While Myss Spite in sp
And spin a verse or twa o' rhyme,	Whil Mys. Spite in sp I
And spin a verse or twa o' rhyme,	While Myss Spite in sp
And spin a verse or twa o' rhyme,	While Myse Spite in sp I
And spin a verse or twa o' rhyme,	Whil Myss Spite in sp

k, how their lofty independent spirit s on the spurning wing of injur'd merit! Ep. to R. Graham. 5. Meg now take away the flesh, ad Jock bring in the spirit! . At Globe Tav., D. ny Mary's kindred spirit aw your choicest influence down. . S. Highl. Mary. sp'ring spirits round my pillow lk of him that's far awa. S. Musing on the roaring t ts kind, again attend me. lk of him that's far awa!. in whase bosom save Despair ae kinder spirits dwell. . S. Now Spring has clad t prightly youths, quite flush with hope and spirit,

Prologue, at Th., D.. fell—but fell with spirit truly Roman, Scots Prologue.
glows with all the spirit of the Bard, The Brigs of Ayr. would your spirits groan in deep vexation, . . . Ib. 9. reak her spirit, or I'd break her heart; The Henpecked Husband. conduct neither spirit, wit, nor manners. The Rights of Woman. ong swelling floods of reeking gore, ey ardent, kindling spirits pour; The Vision. D. II. 5. nd of my life! my ardent spirit burns, To R. Graham. oly robes, But hellish spirit. . To Rev. J. M'Math. rengeful spirit bid him fear; . S. To thee, lov'd Nith t us. us Spiritus of capons; . Death and Dr. Hornbook. 22. ual, Sp'ritual ["sp'ritual burn," aquavitæ]. or 'mang the sp'ritual core present them, Lns add. to J. Ranken. t are they [priests] pray? but spiritual Excisemen. Lns on Window, K.'s Arms. just a wee drap sp'ritual burn in, Scotch Drink. 9. An' gusty sucker! . An gusty succes.
[Bards] ken the lingo of the sp'ritual folk;

The Brigs of Ayr. 4. in's sons, Calvin's sons, seize your sp'ritual guns, The Kirk's Alarm. 17. ould ever prove your sp'ritual foe, What ails ye now t gart me weet my waukrife winkers, Wi' girnan spite. . Ep. to Maj. Logan. 10. 'n by Fortunes felly spite, . S. Frae the friends † oite at her plumage he [Phœbus] tried his skill: S. The heather was blooming † day I grat wi' spite and teen, The Petition of Br. Water. le new-light herds wi' laughin' spite,
Say neither's liein'. . . The Twa Herds. 9. el, I've ev'n seen them greetan Wi' girnan spite, To W. Simpson, P.S.. of, Spite o'. ite of his fine theoretic positions, Frag., inscr. to Fox. ite o' a' the thievish kaes That haunt St. Jamie's!

The Author's Cry and Prayer. 24. staw'd a branch, spite o' the deil, The Tree of Liberty. boldly dare thy cause maintain In spite of foes: To Rev. J. M'Math. oite o' crowds, in spite o' mobs, oite of undermining jobs, oite o' dark banditti stabs Ib. 'u'. An' sklented on the man of Uzz, Your spitefu' joke? Add. to the Deil. 17. aps upon his mould'ring breast e spitefu' muirfowl bigs her nest, [v.A.15] Tam Samson's El.. ad na' mind it, no that spittle
'Out-owre my beard.' Death and Dr. Hornbook. 10. er. But the dull prose-folk latin splatter
In logic tulzie, To W. Simpson, P.S. n e'en worse than Burns' venom Ep. fr. Esopus. ny. spleeny English, hanging, drowning.

Improm. on Mrs.—'s Birthday. did. Or owre the lays, in splendid blaze, Halloween. all the splendid scene's decayed; . . On Lincluden.

Splendour, -dor.	Ilk Sportsman-youth bemoan'd a father;
There Architecture's noble pride Bids elegance and splendour rise; Add. to Edinburgh.	Tam Samson's El., 12. When August winds the heather wave,
Bids elegance and splendour rise; Add. to Edinburgh. In all the splendour Fortune can bestow! Lns on Fergusson.	And Sportsmen wander by you grave,
The eagle's gaze alone surveys	Spot. How on this spot he first unsheath'd the sword
The sun's meridian splendor: S. Lovely Davies.	Scots Prologue.
Spleuchan [a tobacco-pouch].	"An' meet you on the holy spot; The Holy Fair. 6.
Because we've stang'd her through the place,	Some, lucky, find a flow'ry spot, For which they never toil'd nor swat; To J. S., 17.
And hurt her spleuchan, Adam A -'s Prayer.	The spot they ca'd it Linkum-doddie, . S. Willie Wastle.
'Diel mak his king's-hood in a spleuchan!' Death and Dr. Hornbook. 14.	Spotless. As spotless as she's bonie, O; S. Behind you hills t
Culous to fuelia a mist a maigal	These wild-wood flowers I've pu'd to deck
Thou kens how he bred sic a splore,	That spotless breast o' thine; . S. Behold, my love †
Thou kens how he bred sic a splore, Holy Willie's Prayer. 12.	'Tis the soft, spotless, vestal train, On Lincluden.
Wha dearly like a random-splore; On Scot. Bara gne to W.I.	She's spotless as the flow'ring thorn S. On Cessnock banks †
In Poosie-Nansie's held the splore, The Jolly Beggars. R. I.	There Isabella's spotless worth Shall happy be at last Sad thy tale, †
Spoil. Thy sair-won, rightful spoil. Extem. on Commem.s of Thomson.	With native worth, and spotless fame,
Amid his hapless victim's spoil. Lns, on Back of Bank Note.	Spotting. Arous'd by blustering winds an' spotting thowes,
Unnumber'd buds an' flow'rs' delicious spoils,	The Brigs of Ayr. 7.
The Brigs of Ayr.	Spouse. "My spouse Nancy?" . S. Husband, husband, †
Desiring Glenriddel to yield up the spoil; The Whistle. 7.	M'Murdo and his lovely spouse, The Election Ballads. VI.
Spoil, to.	Spout,
Our father's blude the kettle bought!	in their random, wanton spouts, The Petition of Br. Water.
And wha wad dare to spoil it? . S. Does haughty Gaul, † Spoil'd. The blood-stain'd roost, and sheep-cote spoil'd,	Sprackled [clambered].
My heart forgets, A Winter Night. 5.	Sae far I sprackled up the brae, . On dining with Daer.
Spoiler.	Sprang. The flow're appears wenten to be prest S. To Mary in Harris.
Ere the spoiler had nipt thee in blossom,	The flow'rs sprang wanton to be prest, S. To Mary in Heaven Sprattle [to struggle, to scramble].
On Death of fav. Child.	And thro' the drift, deep-lairing, sprattle,
Spoke. Great Nature spoke, with air benign, Nature's Law.	Beneath a scar A Winter Night. 3.
But, to my comfort be it spoke, Now, now her life is ended. S. The Joyful Widower.	There ye may creep, and sprawl, and sprattle, To a Louse.
Spoken. Wi' reverence be it spoken; On dining with Daer.	Sprawl.
But fate the word has spoken: The Election Ballads. VI.	There ye may creep, and sprawl, and sprattle, To a Louse.
Spontoon.	Sprawlin'. Sprawlin' like a taed. The Election Ballads. IV.
From the gilded Spontoon to the Fife I was ready,	Spray. Nor quit for me the trembling spray, S. O stay, sweet warbling †
The Jolly Beggars. S. II.	O were my love you vi'let sweet,
An' merry hae I been shapin a spoon; S. O merry hae I been †	That peeps frae 'neath the hawthorn spray;
Sport. Now nae langer sport and play,	S. O were my love t
Mirth or sang can please me; S. Blythe ha'e I been †	While birds rejoice on every spray; S. On Cessnock banks † Sett, II.
Then wi' a rhyme or song he lash't 'em [poverty, care]	Rosebuds bent the dewy spray; S. Phillis the Fair.
And thought it sport. El. on Death of R. Ruisseaux. I straiket it a wee for sport, Ep. to J. R., 8.	That hop from spray to spray To Clarinda.
A mortal quite unfit for fortune's strife,	The birds sang love on ev'ry spray, To Mary in Heaven.
Yet oft the sport of all the ills of life; Ep. to R. Graham. 3.	Spread. Wi' weel spread looves, an' lang, wry faces;
Their sports were cheap an' cheary: Halloween. 28.	A Ded. to G. H., 9. An spread abreed thy weel-fill'd brisket,
Love to love maks a' the sport S. Jockey fou, †	Wi' pith an' pow'r, A Gude New-Year t
While healths gae round to him wha, tight, Gies famous sport. [v.A. 25] Scotch Drink. 12.	In all its crimson glory spread, S. A Rosebud by t
Poor Andrew that tumbles for sport,	And spreads her sheets o' daisies white
The Jolly Beggars. S. III.	Out o'er the grassy lea: . Lament of Mary of Scots. She's gane, like Alexander,
An' please themsels wi' countra sports, . The Twa Dogs. 26.	To spread her conquests farther. S. O saw ye bonie L. †
An' ev'n their sports, their balls an' races, Ib. 31.	Slow spreads the gloom my soul desires,
Sport, to.	S. Slow spreads the gloom t
With tillage or pasture at times she would sport, S. Caledonia.	But pleasures are like poppies spread, . Tam o' Shanter. 7. Wi' her twa white hands she spread it down;
Ye tiny elves that guiltless sport, . Despondency, an Ode. 5. Amang the rocks an' streams	S. The Lass that made the bed.
To sport that night Halloween.	The fruitful top is spread on high, The 1st Ps.
She summon'd every social sprite,	Low, in a sandy valley spread, . The Vision. D. I. 15.
That sports by wood or water, . The Fête Champetre.	Thy snawie bosom sun-ward spread, To a Mountain-Daisy.
Sported. Where early life I sported; S. When wild War's † Sporting, -'in.	Spreading.
L-d, I'se hae sportin by an' by, Ep. to J. R., 8.	That wakes through the green-spreading grove, S. Adown winding Nith
'I daur you try sic sportin,	spreading beech and tapering elm, . As on the banks †
I'll miss thee sporting o'er the dewy lawn,	O'erhung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,
On seeing wounded Hare.	S. Bonie lassie, will ye got
An' send him to bis dicing box, An' sportin lady. The Author's Cry and Prayer.	And see the waves sae sweetly glide Beneath the hazels spreading wide, S. Ca' the Ewes.
Not the little sporting fairy,	I see the spreading leaves and flowers, S. Craigie-burn Wood.
All beneath the summer moon: S. Turn again, thou fair †	Whyles cooket underneath the braes,
Sportive.	Below the spreading hazle Unseen
Her looks are like the sportive lamb, S. On Cessnock banks † And teach the sportive younkers round,	Through the hazel's spreading wide S. Hark! the mavis't With green spreading bushes, and flow'rs blooming fair;
Wr. in Friars-Carse H.	S. How pleasant the banks †
Sportsman.	yon moors, Out-spreading far and wide,
The Sportsman's joy, the murd'ring cry, The flutt'ring, gory pinion! S. Now westlin winds †	Man was made to Mourn.
The flutt'ring, gory pinion! . S. Now westlin winds †	To deck her gay green spreading bowers; S. Now rosy May †

The spreading thorn [o'erhangs] the Linnet.	"The little swallow's wanton wing, "Tho' wafting o'er the flowery spring S. O Phely,
S. Now westlin winds † She wanders by yon spreading tree; S. O wat ye wha's in †	"Tho' wafting o'er the flowery spring, . S. O Phely,† And doubly welcome be the spring,
I see the flowers and spreading trees, S. Sweet fa's the eve †	The season to my Lucy dear S. O wat ye wha's in t
The rough burr-thistle spreading wide The Ans. to the Guidwife.	O were my love you lilac fair, With purple blossoms to the spring; S. O were my love †
Where spreading hawthorns gaily bloom! S. The Banks of Nith.	And spring will cleed the birken shaw; S. Oh, how can I be blythe †
In the rolling tide of spreading Clyde S. The bonie Lass of Alb	As blooming spring unbends the brow Of surly, savage winter S. Young Peggy†
And bonie spreading bushes The Petition of Br. Water.	Spring.
Its branches spreading wide, man The Tree of Liberty.	O ye wha leave the springs o' C-lv-n, For gumlie dubs of your ain delvin! A Ded. to G. H., 10.
By mony a flow'r and spreading tree, S. Where Cart rins † Spreckled [speckled],	Amang the springs, Add. to the Deil. 8.
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet !	He knows each cord its various tone,
Wi's spreckled breast, To a Mountain-Daisy.	Each spring its various bias: . Add. to Unco Guid. 8. Swiftly seek, on clanging wings,
Sprig. A sprig her fair breast to adorn; Spoke extem. to yng Lady.	Other lakes and other springs; . On scaring Water-fowl.
By miscreants torn, who ne'er one sprig must wear:	Ae spring brought off her master hale, Tam o' Shanter. 18.
To R. G. of F., 5.	Ilk wimpling burn, ilk chrystal spring, The Fête Champetre. Enjoying large each spring and well
Sprightly. On sprightly coursers prance; . Halloween.	As Nature gave them me, The Petition of Br. Water.
Ye sprightly youths, quite flush with hope and spirit, Prologue, at Th., D	And every new cork is a new spring of joy; The Whistle. 12.
How languid the scenes, late so sprightly, appear, S. The lazy mist †	Spring, to. To mark the sweet flowers as they spring: S. Adown winding Nith †
Youth and Love with sprightly dance,	In vain to me the vi'lets spring; S. Again rejoicing Nature †
Wr. in Friars-Carse H.	And B[urn]s' spring, her fame to sing, . Nature's Law. And scattered cowslips sweetly spring; S. Now bank and brae †
Spring [a quick air in music; a Scotch reel]. I've play'd mysel a bonie spring,	The waken'd lav'rock warbling springs
An' danc'd my fill! Ep. to J. R., 6.	S. Now Spring has clad t
He play'd a spring, and danc'd it round, S. Farewell, ye dungeons t	And the moorcock springs, on whirring wings, S. Now westlin winds †
	There's not a bonie flower that springs, By fountain, shaw, or green; . S. Of a' the airts †
But Charlie gat the spring to pay For kissin' Theniel's bonie Mary. S. T. Menz,'s bonie Mary.	Away affrighted springs. S. On a bank of flowers †
S. T. Menz.'s bonie Mary.	What secret charm to mem'ry brings
He play'd our cousin Kate a spring, When fient a body bade him There came a piper t	All that on Evan's border springs? S. Slow spreads the gloom † Nae mair the flow'r in field or meadow springs;
Spring [season].	The Brigs of Ayr.
in the merry months o' Spring, A Winter Night. 4.	from the hills where springs the brawling Coil, 1b. 7.
While virgin Spring, by Eden's flood, Unfolds her tender mantle green, Add. to Shade of Thomson.	From scenes like these, old Scotia's grandeur springs, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 19.
Add. to Shade of Thomson.	Tak some on the wing, and some as they spring, S. The heather was blooming t
That scatters bright in early spring ! . As on the banks !	Spring, like their fathers, up to prop
Ilk spring they're new deckit wi' bonie white yewes. S. Awa' wi' your witchcraft †	Their honour'd native land! The Petition of Br. Water. Springing, -an.
The smiling Spring comes in rejoicing; S. Bonie Bell. The flowery Spring leads sunny Summer, 1b.	I dream'd I lay where flowers were springing,
The flowery Spring leads sunny Summer, 16. Till smiling Spring again appear 1b.	S. I dream'd I lay †
The haunt o' Spring's the primrose-brae,	The springing lilies sweetly press'd, S. On a bank of flowers † There, swankies young, in braw braid-claith,
S. By Allan stream †	Are springan owre the gutters The Holy Fair. 7.
The pride of the spring in the Craigie-burn wood, S. Craigie-burn Wood.	And every flower be springing. S. The yng Highl. Rovert
Spring, thou darling of the year; . El. on Capt. M. H., 12.	The rosy dawn, the springing grass, . S. Young Peggy †
That brilliant gift will so enrich me [winter],	Spring-tide. At Wallace' name, what Scottish blood,
Spring, summer, autumn, cannot match me; Improm., on Mrs. —'s Birthday.	But boils up in a spring-tide flood! . To W. Simpson. 11.
But the chearful Spring came kindly on, John Barleycorn.	Sprinkle.
The spring shall return to thy low narrow bed, On Death of fav. Child.	And sprinkle it wi' freshest dews S. O were my love † Sprite. Horrid sprites shall haunt you. S. Husband, husband †
Tasting the breathing spring, S. Phillis the Fair.	The Sprites that owre the Brigs of Ayr preside.
Thou young-eyed Spring, thy charms I cannot bear;	The Brigs of Ayr. 4.
Sonnet, on Death of R Thee, Spring, again with joy shall others greet,	What bloody wars, if Sprites had blood to shed, . Ib. II.
Me, mem'ry of my loss will only meet. [v.A.10] Ib.	At sight of whom [Peace] our Sprites forgat their kindling wrath
a' the pride of Spring's return . S. Sweet fa's the eve t	Sprittie [full of sprits, rushy].
Sweet Female Beauty hand in hand with Spring; The Brigs of Ayr. 13.	Till sprittie knowes wad rair't an' risket, A Gude New-Year † 12.
Her plumage outlustred the pride o' the spring, S. The heather was blooming †	Sp'rit v. Spirit; Sp'ritual v. Spiritual.
As canty as ever a bird in the spring. S. The Poor Thresher.	Sprout. Young Charlie Cochran was the sprout of an aik: S. Lady Mary Ann.
Peace, the tenderest flower of Spring;	Sprout, to.
Wr. in Hermitage at F.C. "Nae leaf o' mine shall greet the spring,	May sprout like simmer puddock-stools . To W. Creech.
"Nae leaf o mine shall greet the spring, Lament for Glencairn.	Sprung. An' sprung o' great an' noble bluid; A Ded. to G. H. That's newly sprung in June; . S. A red, red Rose.
And the next flowers, that deck the spring, Bloom on my peaceful grave. Lament of Mary of Scots.	From some of your northern deities sprung: S. Caledonia.
As I was a wand'ring ae morning in spring,	Sprung from night, in darkness lost; Wr. in Friars-Carse H.
S. Lns on a Ploughman.	Sprush [spruce, smart].
Now Spring has clad the grove in green, S. Now Spring has clad †	Cock up your beaver, and cock it fu' sprush, S. Cock up your beaver.

I've ta'en the gold an been enroll'd

In many a noble squadron;

Ib. 23.

His bonnet he A thought ajee, Cock'd sprush
S. The tither morn † But now his Honor maun detach,
Wi' a' his brimstone squadrons, Fast, fast
The Ordination. 10. Spumy. Some spumy, fiery, ignis fatuus matter; Ep. to R. Graham. 3. Squalid. in Mis'ry's squalid nest, A Winter Night. 8. Low-sunk in squalid, unprotected age, To R. G. of F., 5. Spunk [fire, mettle; a spark]. Square. An' never think o' right an' wrang
By square an' rule, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 6. For life and spunk like ither Christians, I'm dwindled down to mere existence, Ep. to H. Parker. Squatter'd [fluttered in water like a wild duck, &c.]. O for a spunk o' Allan's glee, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 14. Awa ye squatter'd like a drake, . That show'd a man o' spunk, The Jolly Beggars. R. VII. . Add. to the Deil. 8. That showd a man o spunns,
We'll light a spunk, and, ev'ry skin,
We'll rin them aff in fusion Like oil, some day.

The Ordination. 14. Squattle [to lie squat, to sprawl]. Swith, in some beggar's haffet squattle; To a Louse. Squeak. Till presently he hears a squeak, An' then a grane an' gruntle; . Halloween. 19. Spunkie [full of spirit]. Erskine, a spunkie norland billie;
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 14. Squeak, to. And heard the restless rattons squeak Spunkie [whisky]. About the riggin. . The Vision. D. I. 3. And spunkie, ance to make us mellow
And then we'll shine. . To Mr. J. Kennedy. Squeel [school; a great number of people]. When there cam a yell o' foreign squeels, S. Amang the trees t Spunkies [Wills o' the wisp]. Squeel [a scream, screech]. An' aft your moss-traversing Spunkies
Decoy the wight that late an' drunk is: Add. to the Deil. 13. His eldritch squeel an' gestures, . The Holy Fair. 13. Decoy the wight that late all drains and explain them.

Fays, Spunkies, Kelpies, a', they can explain them.

The Brigs of Ayr. 4. Squeel, to [to scream, screech]. Ye'll some day squeel in quaking terror! A Ded. to G. H., 10. Spur. B-rg-ne gaed up, like spur an' whip, A Fragment. 4. To skelp an' scaud poor dogs like me, An' hear us squeel! Nae whip nor spur, but just a wattle
O' saugh or hazle. . A Guid New-Year † 10. . Add. to the Deil. 2. That gars the notes of discord squeel, Add. to Toothache. Wi' winged spurs did ride, . The Election Ballads, V. Saueeze. Spurn. Rheumatics gnaw, or cholic squeezes; . Add. to Toothache. And I shall spurn as vilest dust,

The warld's wealth and grandeur; S. Come, let me take † Tho' here they scrape, an' squeeze, an' growl,

Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 17. And see his lordly fellow-worm, The poor petition spurn, The caput mortuum of gross desires Makes a material, for mere knights and squires;

Ep. to R. Graham. 2. Man was made to Mourn. Those fathers would spurn their degenerate son,
Poet. Add. to Tytler. Here passes the Squire on his brother-his horse; One shakes the forest, and one spurns the ground:

To R. G. of F.. S. No Churchman am I † Squire Pope but busks his skinklin patches
O' heathen tatters: Poem on Pastoral Poetry. Dost thou spurn the humble vale? Wr. in Friars-Carse H. Ye Irish lords, ye knights an' squires, Wha represent our Brughs an' Shires The Author's Cry and Prayer. Spurn'd. If thou uncommon merit hast, Yet spurn'd at Fortune's door, El. on Capt. M. H., Epit. Squire Hal besides had in this case Spurning. Soars on the spurning wing of injur'd merit! Pretensions rather brassy, . . The Dean of Fac. Ep. to R. Graham. 5. And there, sae grave, Squire Cardoness Dost thou not rise, indignant Shade, The Election Ballads. V. ost thou not rise, marginale scorn,
And smile wi' spurning scorn,
Extem. on Commem.s of Thomson. Squireship. When mighty Squireships of the quorum, Which spurning contempt shall redeem from his ire. Their hydra drouth did sloken. . On dining with Daer. Monody, on a Lady. Spurtle-blade [a sword. A "spurtle" is a stick for stirring porridge, &c., while being boiled]. St. Jamie's. In spite o' a' the thievish kaes
That haunt St. Jamie's! The Author's Cry and Prayer. But now he's quat the spurtle-blade, On Grose's Peregrinations. Spy. Her pretty ancle is a spy,
Betraying fair proportion, . St. Mary's. And there will be folk frae St. Mary's
A house of great merit and note; The Election Ballads. III. S. Sae flaxent Spy, to. Wi' kindly bleat, when she did spy him,
She ran wi' speed: Poor Mailie's El.. St. Mary's Isle. The Mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
What makes the youth sae bashtu' and sae grave;

The Cotter's Sat. Night. 8. Tho' wit and worth, in either sex, St. Mary's Isle can shaw that, The Election Ballads. II. Stab. In spite o' dark banditti stabs Brydon's brave Ward I well could spy, Beneath old Scotia's smiling eye; [v.A. 4] The Vision. D. I. To Rev. J. M'Math. At worth an' merit, . Stable. I wad na been surpriz'd to spy You on an auld wife's flainen toy; And at night, in barn or stable, Hug our doxies on the hay. The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII. To a Louse. Spy'd, Spied. Amang them I spied my faithless, fause lover, S. As I was a-wand ring Stable-meal [liquor, &c., consumed in an inn to pay for the stabling of your horse]. I spy'd a man, whose aged step Seem'd weary, worn with care; Man was made to mourn. An' Stable-meals at Fairs were driegh, A Guid New-Year † 8. Stacher [to stagger]. Wha spied I but my ain dear maid, S. When wild War's † The expectant wee-things, toddlan, stacher through

The Cotter's Sat. Night. Spying. Spying the time-worn flaws in ev'ry arch; The Brigs of Ayr. 4. Stacher'd, -'t [staggered]. Squad. I stacher'd whyles, but yet took tent ay
To free the ditches; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 3. Ye'll find mankind an unco squad, Ep. to Young Friend. 2. Eve's bonie squad priests wyte them sheerly A land that prose did never view it, Except when drunk he stacher't thro' it: Ep. to H. Parker. Ep. to Maj. Logan. 9. Stack. He marches thro' amang the stacks, Halloween. 18. Lns to J. Ranken. A mixie-maxie motely squad, the Stack he faddom't thrice, . To liken them to your auld-warld squad. the Stack he taddom t three, .
'Twas when the stacks get on their winter-hap,

The Brigs of Ayr. I must needs say, comparisons are odd.

The Brigs of Ayr. 10. He rails at our mountebank squad, The Jolly Beggars. S. III. At stacks o' pease, or stocks o' kail. The Death of Mailie. The rambling squad: . . To J. S., 28. Stack [stuck]. Fient a heuk had I, Yet I stack by him.
S. Robin shure in hairst. Squadron. The gray hairs yet stack to the heft; . Tam o' Shanter. 11. Squadrons extended long and large, The Election Ballads. VI.

Stackvard.

Stake on a chance a farmer's stackyard, The Twa Dogs. 33.

The Jolly Beggars. S. VI.

Stall	Standard
Staff. Setting my staff wi' a' my skill,	'I saw thee leave their ev'ning joys,
To keep me sicker; Death and Dr. Hornbook.	'And lonely stalk, . The Vision. D. II. 15.
Now when ye're nickan down fu' cany The staff o' bread, . Third Ep. to J. Lap	Stalk'd. Reluctant, E stalk'd in; The Vowels. Stalk'd round his ashes lowly laid, [v.A.4] The Vision. D. I.
Stage.	Stalking.
For us and for our Stage, should ony spier, Scots Prologue. Stagger. Maria's jaunty stagger, Ep. fr. Esopus.	His likeness cam' up the house stalking, . S. Tam Glen.
Stagger, to. 'L—d, five!' he cry'd, an' owre did stagger;	The Goth was stalking round with anxious search, The Brigs of Ayr. 4.
Staggering.	Stalwart.
Then staggering, an' swaggering,	A stern and stalwart ghaist arise, [v.A.20] A Vision. Stammer.
He roar'd this ditty up . The Jolly Beggars. R. I.	I fear they'll now mak mony a stammer, . To W. Creech.
Staggle [dim. of stag]. Thou could hae gaen like ony staggie A Guid New-Year†	Stammer, to.
Staid, Stay'd.	The doited heastie stammers; On W. Chalmers. Stammer'd.
For had ye staid whole weeks awa', Your wives they ne'er had miss'd ye. Epit. on a Wag.	An how he star'd and stammer'd, . On dining with Daer.
And them that stay'd gat fearfu' thuds,	Stamp.
Stalg. Stalg.	The rank is but the guinea's stamp, S. The Honest Man.
Redoubted Staig who set at nought	Stamp, to. He'll stamp an' threaten, curse an' swear, The Twa Dogs. 13.
The wildest savage Tory, . The Election Ballads. VI. Staig [a young horse not yet broken for riding or	Stampan.
work; a stallion].	He's stampan, an' he's jumpan! The Holy Fair. 13.
'Its neither your stot nor your staig I shall crave, S. There liv'd ance a carle†	Stamp-office. And there will be stamp-office Johnie, The Election Ballads. III.
Stain.	Stan' [stand]. It seem'd to mak a kind o' stan',
If thou art staunch without a stain, El. on Capt. M. H., Epit.	But naething spak; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 8.
In window fair, the painted pane No longer glows with holy stain, On Lincluden.	Stan', to [to stand]. Their bauldest thought's a hank'ring swither,
There commix'd with foulest stains From tyranny's empurpled bands: S. Streams that glide †	To stan' or rin, The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.
Tho' blotch't an' foul wi' mony a stain, To Rev. J. M'Math.	On ilka brow she's planted a horn, And swears that there they shall stan', O.
Stain, to. Or trouth! ye'll stain the Mitre Some luckless day	S. The Cooper o' cuddy †
Some luckless day A Dream. 12. O, may no son the father's honor stain, Blest be M'Murdo †	Poor Hughoc like a statue stan's; . The Death of Mailie. While they maun stan', wi' aspect humble, The Twa Dogs.
Nor ever sorrow stain the hour,	While they maun stan', wi' aspect humble, The Twa Dogs. Stan't [stood; 'wad stan't,' would have stood].
The place and time I met my dearie! S. By Allan stream † Ere my poor soul such deep damnation stain,	But he wad stan't, as glad to see him, . The Twa Dogs.
My hornie fist assume the plough again; Ep. to R. Graham. 5.	Stand. "Paint Vengeance as he takes his horrid stand Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
O ye whose cheek the tear of pity stains, Epit. for Author's Father.	Stand, to.
A coof like him wou'd stain your [Sir deil's] name,	Thy creature here before Thee stands, All wretched and distrest; . A Prayer under Anguish.
Epit. on Holy Willie. An' stain them wi' the saut, saut tear:	O Lord, when hunger pinches sore, Do thou stand us in stead, At Globe Tav., D.
On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.	If ye'll but stand to what ye've said, . S. Ca' the Ewes.
That clarty barm should stain my laurels; Searching auld † Whose holy priesthood nane can stain,	Gart poor Duncan stand abiegh; S. Duncan Gray †
For wha can dye the black? The Election Ballads. V.	While Death stands victor by, S. From thee, Eliza, † We'll let her stand a year or twa, S. My love she's but †
No fear more, no tear more, To stain my lifeless face,	Lang may she [Coila] stand to prop the land, Nature's Law.
Stain'd. But thoughtless follies laid him low, And stain'd his name! A Bard's Epit.	Stand i' the stool when I hae done, S. O gude ale comes †
Follies and crimes have stain'd the name	But wi' a Lord—stand out my shin, On Dining with Daer But now unroof'd their palace stands,
On Duke of Queensberry. Stair.	On Window at Stirling.
A female form, [Benevolence] came from the tow'rs of Stair:	when they winna stand the test,
The Brigs of Ayr. 13.	Stand forth and tell yon Premier Youth,
Stairs. But the pursy old landlord just waddl'd up stairs, S. No Churchman am I †	The honest, open, naked truth: The Author's Cry and Prayer. 4.
Stake. He [Fox] swept the stakes awa', man, . A Fragment. 7.	In gath'rin votes you were na slack,
Each bristl'd hair stood like a stake, . Add. to the Deil. 8.	Now stand as tightly by your tack:
Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—	And stand a wall of fire around their much-lov'd Isle.
Still hae a stake	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 20. Like brothers they'll stand by each other;
Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. Whar damned devils roar and yell,	The Election Ballads, III.
Chain'd to a stake. Holy Willie's Prayer. 4.	Here stands a shed to fend the show'rs, The Holy Fair. 9. What tho', with hoary locks I must stand the winter shocks,
Cauld Boreas, wi' his boisterous crew, Were hound to stakes like kye, man; The Fête Champetre.	
Stake, to.	Where, like an aged man, it stands at break o' day; S. The Posie.
Stake on a chance a farmer's stackyard, The Twa Dogs. 33.	It stands where ance the Bastile stood, The Tree of Liberty.
Stalk. Sae gently bent its thorny stalk, S. A Rose-bud by † To pou their stalks o' corn;	'Or, mid the venal Senate's roar, 'They, sightless stand, The Vision. D. II. 5.
Come Firm Resolve take thou the van,	On my ain legs thro' dirt and dub,
Thou stalk o' carl-hemp in man! To Dr. Blacklock. Stalk, to.	I independent stand ay To Mr. M'Adam. Strong on the sign-post stands the stupid ox. To R. G. of F., 7.
Wi' joy the tentie Seedsman stalks, S. Again rejoic. Nature †	Standard.
Wha thinks himsel nae sheep-shank bane, But lordly stalks, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 12.	Pitying the propless climber of mankind, She cast about a standard tree to find; Ep. to R. Graham. 4.
3 L	

Standing.	For why, a lord may be a gouk,
Observe wha's standing wi' him Epit. on Holy Willie.	Wi' ribbon, star, and a' that. The Election Ballads. II. A lord may be a lousy loun,
Who call'd on Fame, low standing by, To hand him on, [v.A. 4] The Vision. D. I.	Wi' ribbon, star and a' that
For Freedom, standing by the tree,	Th' unmanner'd dust might soil his star, Ib. VI.
Her sons did loudly ca', man; . The Tree of Liberty.	Ilk star gae hide thy twink'ling ray
Your hearts are just a standing pool To J. S., 26.	S. The gowd. Locks of Anna. Sun, moon, and stars withdrawn a';
Stane [a stone weight].	His ribband, star, and a' that, S. The Honest Man.
I coft a stane o' haslock woo, S. The cardin o't. I bought my wife a stane o' lint, . S. The weary Pund.	Tho' stars in skies may disappear, S. The noble Maxwells †
Stane [stone, a stone].	The woodbine I will pu', when the ev'ning star is near,
Had I a statue been o' stane,	S. The Posie.
His darin look had daunted me; A Vision.	Now thank our stars! these Gothic times are fled; The Rights of Woman.
An' hillocks, stanes, an' bushes kenn'd ay Frae ghaists an' witches. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 3.	But by the moon and stars so bright, S. The Rigs o' Barley.
Below thir stanes lie Jamie's banes; . Epit. on a Polemic.	And [by] ev'ry star that blinks aboon, To J. S.
So may ye hae auld stanes in store,	The star that rules my luckless lot,
The very stanes that Adam bore, S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. G.†	Thou ling'ring star with less'ning ray, To Mary in Heaven.
What heart o' stane wad thou na move,	And all ye many sparkling stars of night; To R. Graham.
On Birth of Posth. Child. These muvin things ca'd wives and weans	When o'er the hill the eastern star Tells bughtin-time is near, my jo; S. When o'er the hill †
Wad muve the very hearts o' stanes! . Searching auld†	As Youth and Love with sprightly dance.
And past the birks and meikle stane, "	Beneath thy morning star advance, Wr. in Friars-Carse H
Whare drunken Charlie brak's neck-bane; Tam o' Shanter. 10.	Stare. Cauld poverty, wi' hungry stare,
Yon auld gray stane, amang the heather,	El. on Death of R. Ruisseaux.
Marks out his head, Tam Samson's El., 12.	With musing-deep, astonish'd stare, The Vision. D. II. Stare, to.
Your ruin'd, formless bulk o' stane and lime, The Brigs of Ayr. 6.	Like hoary bristles to erect and stare Ep. fr. Esopus.
And make his ether-stane, man! . S. The Fête Champetre.	A man may hae an honest heart,
Their hearts o' stane, gin night are gane, The Holy Fair. 27.	Tho' Poortith hourly stare him; Ep. to Young Friend. 4.
They're left, the whitening stanes amang,	Alas! misfortune stares my face, The Farewell.
The Petition of Br. Water.	Wha struts and stares, and a' that; S. The Honest Man.
Her limbs the polish'd marble stane, S. The lass that made the bed.	She stares the daddy in her face, The Inventory. Whene'er my father thinks on me,
An' stroan't on stanes an' hillocks wi' him. The Twa Dogs.	He stares into the wa'; S. The Ruined Maid's Lament.
Wi' dirty stanes biggan a dyke, Ib. 10.	Star'd.
I hae as gude a craft rig As made o' yird and stane; S. There's news, lasses †	An how he star'd and stammer'd, On dining with Daer.
As made o' yird and stane; . S. There's news, lasses † beneath the random bield O' clod or stane,	Staring. His uncombed grizzly locks wild staring, thatch'd, Extem. on W. Smellie.
To a Mountain-Daisy.	Stark [stout, strong].
Stang [a sting].	An' thou was stark A Guid New-Year † 4.
My curse upon your venom'd stang, Add. to Tooth-ache.	And counted was both wight and stark,
Stang, to [to sting]. But as the clegs o' feeling stang	El. on Death of R. Ruisseaux. To save them from stark reprobation, The Election Ballads. III.
Are wise or fool Ep. to Maj. Logan. 6.	Starless.
But for how lang the flie may stang,	At the starless midnight hour, S. How can my poor heart †
Let Inclination law that The Jolly Beggars. S. VII. Stanged, -'d.	Starn [star].
We've stang'd her through the place, Adam A—'s Prayer.	Ye hills, near neebors o' the starns, El. on Capt. M. H., 3.
Wi' stangèd hips, and buttocks bluidy, She's suffer'd sair; Ib.	Starnie [dim. of starn].
Stank [a pool of standing water].	ye twinkling starnies bright, . El. on Capt. M. H., 14.
An' could hae flown out owre a stank, A Guid New-Year † 3.	Starr'd.
I never drank the Muses' Stank, The Jolly Beggars. S. VII.	On Life's rough ocean luckless starr'd! To a Mountain-Daisy.
Nae poison'd soor Arminian stank, He let them taste, The Twa Herds. 5.	Starry. The clouds swift-wing'd flew o'er the starry sky, On Death of Sir J. Blair.
Stap [to stop].	And Cynthia's car, o' silver fu',
'And mony a scheme in vain's been laid, 'To stap or scar me; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 13.	Clamb up the starry sky, man: . S. The Fête Champetre.
'To stap or scar me; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 13.	To swear by a' you starry roof, . The Vision. D. I. 6.
Star. The stars they shot along the sky; A Vision.	Start. Athort the lift they start and shift, A Vision. start in Hamlet, in Othello roar; Ep. fr. Esopus.
The stars shot down wi'sklentan light, Add. to the Deil. 7.	Some [nits] start awa, wi' saucy pride,
Her een sae bright, like stars by night, S. A. Masterton's bonie Anne.	Thou lavrock that starts frae the dews of the lawn,
An' her kind stars hae airted till her, A guid chiel wi' a pickle siller: Auld comrade †	S. My Nanie's Awa.
I swear and vow by moon and stars, S. Come boat me o'er.	When purple morning starts the hare, . S. Now rosy May †
An' [by] every star within my hearin'! Ep. to Maj. Logan. 11.	I start and see The ruined sad reality! On Lincluden. Gie body strength, then I'll ne'er start, . S. Sae far awa.
For ale and brandy's stars and moon, S. Gane is the day t	As open pussie's mortal foes,
The dewy star of eve to hail S. Here is the glen, †	When, pop! she starts before their nose; Tam o' Shanter. 17.
My son! my son! may kinder stars Lipon thy fortune shine! Lament of Many of Scate	The half asleep start up wi' fear, The Holy Fair. 22.
Upon thy fortune shine! . Lament of Mary of Scots. quenched in darkness like the sinking star, Liberty.	Just what would make suspicion start; The Tears I shed.
[Thieves] From him that wears the star and garter	Thou need na start awa sae hasty, To a Mouse.
To him that wintles in a halter: . Lns add. to J. Ranken.	Remembrance oft may start a tear, . Verses under Grief. Started. Aff she started in a fright, . S. Donald Brodie†
Nae star blinks thro' the driving sleet; S. O Lassie, art thou †	Till fuff! he started up the lum,
And her two eyes like stars in skies, . S. O Mally's meek.	Then started Bess of Annandale, . The Election Ballads. I.
Who shall say that Fortune grieves him, While the star of hope she leaves him? S. One fond kiss, †	I started, mutt'ring blockhead! coof! . The Vision. D. I. 6.
But you like the star that athwart gilds the sky,	Starting, -in.
Your course to the latest is bright. Poet. Add. to Tytler.	thro' the starting tear, Survey this grave A Bard's Epit.

Gar lasses hearts gang startin Whyles fast at night Halloween.	Stately. I view that noble, stately Dome, . Add. to Edinburgh. 6.
wi' sighs and starting tears S. Young Jamie †	The stately swan majestic swims, S. Again rejoic. Nature
Startle [to run hurriedly].	"And stately oaks their twisted arms,
Or down Italian Vista startles, The Twa Dogs. 23.	"Threw broad and dark across the pool: As on the banks t
An' justifies that ill opinion, Which makes thee startle, To a Mouse.	Ye stately foxgloves fair to see; El. on Capt. M. H., 5. Fu' stately strode he on the plain,
Startled. And shooting meteors caught the startled eye. On Death of Sir J. Blair.	S. My Harry was a gallant † She's stately like yon youthful ash, S. On Cessnock banks †
Startling.	And 'mong the cliffs disclos'd a stately Form,
So Nelly startling half awake,	On Death of Sir J. Blair.
Away affrighted springs S. On a bank of flowers † Starve. (And aye a rowth, roast beef and claret;	Now safe the stately Sawmont sail, Tam Samson's El., 6. Where royal cities stately stand; . S. The Banks of Nith.
Syne wha would starve?) Poem on Life.	Or stately Lugar's mossy fountains boil, The Brigs of Ayr. 7.
Ye maist wad think, a wee touch langer,	There, well-fed Irwine stately thuds: The Vision. D. I. 14.
Ye maist wad think, a wee touch langer, An' they maun starve o' cauld and hunger: The Twa Dogs. 11.	By stately tow'r, or palace fair, [v.A.4]
It's true, they need na starve or sweat, Ib. 29.	Up wimpling stately Tweed I've sped, To W. Creech.
They only wonder "some folks" do not starve. To R. G. of F., 7.	With stately port he moves; V.s below Picture.
And yet can starve the author of the pleasure. Wr. under Port. of Fergusson.	Statesman. No Statesman [am I] nor Soldier to plot or to fight, S. No Churchman am I †
Starv'd. "In his flesh there's a famine," A starv'd reptile cries: Epit. on Walter S—.	Foxes and statesmen, subtile wiles ensure; To R. G. of F
When they wha wad hae starv'd thy life	Station. To chaps, wha, in a barn or byre,
Thy senseless turf adorn! Extem. on Commem.s of Thomson.	Wad better fill'd their station A Dream. 5.
And och! o'er aft thy joes hae starv'd,	if you on your station tarrow, . Add. of Beelzebub. 5.
Mid a' thy favors! Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	thieves of every rank and station, Lns add. to J. Ranken.
Starving, -in. An' thy auld days may end in starvin'. A Guid New-Year † 17.	No nation, no station My envy e'er could raise: The Ans. to the Guidwife.
In all the clam'rous cry of starving want, Ep. to R. Graham.5.	Oh! how must thou lament thy station, And envy mine! The Hermit.
Till curst with Age, obscure an' starvin, . To J. S., 19.	I've nane in female servan' station, The Inventory.
State [condition, Commonwealth, &c.].	A Tinkler is my station: The Jolly Beggars. S. VI.
Ye see your state wi' theirs compar'd, And shudder at the niffer, Add. to Unco Guid. 3.	An' there tak up your stations; The Ordination. Your thrifty old mother has scarce such another
Our sad decay in Church and state,	To sit in that honoured station. S. The Sons of old Killie.
Surpasses my descriving: S. Awa, whigs, awa.	Secure in valour's station; S. The Union.
The Church is in ruins, the state is in jars: S. By you castle wa'	Station, to. Wha will they [the Curlers] station at the cock, Tam Samson's El
The kettle o' the Kirk and State Perhaps a clout may fail in't; . S. Does haughty Gaul †	Statuary. Forms like some bedlam Statuary's dream, The Brigs of Ayr. 8.
In a' the tinsel trash o' state! . El. on Capt. M. H., 16.	Statue. Had I a statue been o' stane, A Vision.
Though there, his [the bard's] heresies in church and state Might well award him Muir and Palmer's fate:	Poor Hughoc like a statue stan's; . The Death of Mailie.
Ep. fr. Esopus.	Stature. Its stature seem'd lang Scotch ells twa, Death and Dr. Hornbook.
Nor make our scanty Pleasures less, By pining at our state: Ep. to Davie. 7.	O' stature short, but genius bright, On Grose's Peregrinations.
Were this the charter of our state,	To mak amends for scrimpet stature, To J. S., 3.
'On pain o' hell be rich an' great,' Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 14.	Statute. Thoughts, words and deeds, the Statute blames with reason;
to support his helpless woodbine state, Ep. to R. Graham. 4.	A Dream.
Had Kirk and State been in the gate,	Whose sovereign statute is order; S. The Sons of old Killie.
I lighted when she bade me S. Had I the wyte† And now thou hast restored our State,	Staumrel [half-witted].
Pity our Kirk also; New Psalmody.	But staumrel, corky-headed, graceless Gentry, The Brigs of Ayr. 9.
O wae upon you, men o' state, That brethren rouse in deadly hate! S. O Logan! sweetly t	Staunch.
That brethren rouse in deadly hate! S. O Logan! sweetly to The silly bogles, Wealth and State, S. O poortith cauld to	A steady, sturdy, staunch Believer A Ded. to G. H., 9. If thou art staunch without a stain,
The gentle pride, the lordly state,	Like the unchanging blue, . El. on Capt. M. H., Epit.
The arrogant assuming; On dining with Daer.	Teugh Johnie, staunch Geordie and Wattie,
Nor sauce, nor state that I could see,	The Election Ballads. III.
That on this frail, uncertain state, Hang matters of eternal weight: . Sketch. New-Yr's Day.	To see his poor, auld Mither's pot,
Thou shalt sit in state,	Thus dung in staves, The Author's Cry and Prayer. 9. In's hand five taper staves as smooth's a bead,
And see thy love in battle S. The Captain's Lady. Oh wha wad leave this humble state	The Brigs of Ayr. 4.
For a' the pride of a' the great? S. The Contented Cottager.	Staw [stall].
The Kirk and State may join, and tell	Your horns shall tie you to the staw, S. O gin ye were dead. Staw, to [to surfeit, fill with loathing].
To do such things I maunna: The Kirk and State may gae to hell, The gowd. Locks of A.	Or olio that wad staw a sow,
The arch-fiend's dearest, darkest powers, In state preside The Hermit.	Staw [stole]. The lasses staw frae 'mang them a',
While quacks of state must each produce his plan, The Rights of Woman.	To pou their stalks o' corn; Halloween. 6. And my fause luver staw the rose, S. The Banks of Doon. Sett II. The taylor staw the lynin o't. S. The cardin o't.
His awful chair of state resolves to mount, . The Vowels.	The taylor staw the lynin o't S. The cardin o't.
To mind the Kirk and State affairs; . The Twa Dogs. 18.	Auld, hermit Aire staw thro' his woods, The Vision. D. I. 14.
Then let your schemes alone, in the state, [re.] Ye Jacobites †	And my fause lover staw my rose, S. Ye banks and braes †
State, to. Or your more dreaded h-ll to state,	Staw'd [stole]. And staw'd a branch, spite o' the deil,
D-mnation of expences! Add. to Unco Guid. 5.	Frae yont the western waves, man. The Tree of Liberty.

Stay.	They steek their een, an' grape an' wale, . Halloween.
Vain is his hope, whase stay an' trust is,	Sages their solemn een may steek,
In moral Mercy, Truth and Justice! A Ded. to G. H., 7.	The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.
"His country's pride, his country's stay:	But steek your gab for ever; The Ordination. 9.
Lament for Glencairn.	Steel. By word, or pen, or pointed steel! A Ded. to G. H., 14.
Their hope, their stay, their darling youth, O Thou dread Pow'r†	Are worse than poison'd darts of steel, O leave novels †
Fintry, my stay in worldly strife, The Election Ballads. VI.	Nae mercy, then, for airn or steel; . Scotch Drink. 11.
Whose strong right hand has ever been	Soon drew the avenging steel, man; The Tree of Liberty.
Their stay and dwelling-place! The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps	The English steel we could disdain, S. The Union.
Till wrench'd of ev'ry stay but Heav'n, To a Mountain-Daisy.	And brandish round the deep-dy'd steel
F[intry], my other stay, long bless and spare! To R. G. of F., 9.	In sturdy blows; [v.A. 4] The Vision. D. I.
Remember, he's his country's stay	Steel'd.
In day and hour of danger S. When wild War's †	By early Poverty to hardship steel'd, . The Brigs of Ayr.
	Steele.
Stay, to. O would they stay to calculate Th' eternal consequences; Add. to Unco Guid. 5.	Thought I, 'Can this be Pope, or Steele, Or Beattie's wark;' Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 4.
O what can stay my lovely maid! S. Here is the glen, †	
O stay, sweet warbling wood-lark, stay,	Steennie [Stephen; v. Barr Steennie].
Nor quit for me the trembling spray, S. O stay, sweet warb. †	Barr Steennie, Barr Steennie, what mean ye? what mean ye? The Kirk's Alarm. 13.
Stay, my charmer, can you leave me? S. Stay, my charmer †	Steep. Beneath a craigy steep, . Lament for Glencairn.
O would they stay aback frae courts, . The Twa Dogs. 26.	That slowly mount the rising steep; S. On Cessnock banks †
To stay content wi' yowes at hame; The Death of Mailie.	Ah! now sma' heart hae I to speel
An' ay ae month amang the Moons	The steep Parnassus, Poem on Life.
An' see them right. To W. Simpson. P.S.	Then pride might climb the slipp'ry steep;
In my bower if ye should stay, Let me stay, quo' Findlay: S. Wha is that at t	S. Twas even—the dewy t
	O'er many a winding dale and painful steep,
Stay'd v. Staid.	Wr. in Kenmore Inn.
Stead. O Lord, when hunger pinches sore, Do thou stand us in stead, At Globe Tav., D.	Steep, to.
	And all my frowzy couch in sorrow steep; . Ep. fr. Esopus.
Steady. A steady, sturdy, staunch Believer. A Ded. to G. H., 9.	Steep'd.
But ay unerring steady,	All freshly steep'd in morning dews. S. Again rejoic. Nature †
My mind it was na steady, S. When first I came †	Steeping.
With steady aim, some Fortune chase; To J. S., 18.	In tears the rose-buds steeping: S. O wat ye wha that loes †
Steal.	Steeple.
Who, noteless, steals the crouds among, A Bard's Epit.	Ae night the Storm the steeples rocked, A Winter Night. 2.
Steal thro' the winnock frae a wh-re, But point the Rake that taks the door; A Ded. to G. H., 8.	Who will not sing, God save the king,
But I'll get my plaid an' out I'll steal, S. Behind you hills †	Shall hang as high's the steeple; S. Does haughty Gault
	Steer. Can others teach the course to steer, A Bard's Epit.
But, Delia, more delightful still Steal thine accents on mine ear Delia. An Ode.	An' steer you seven miles south o' hell; Auld comrade †
O let me steal one liquid kiss!	till thitherward steers A flight of bold eagles S. Caledonia.
And steal from me Maria's prying eye. Ep. fr. Esopus.	Adown the hurn to steer, my jo: . S. When o'er the hill \
He'd up the backstairs, and by G— he would steal 'em.	Steer [to molest, injure; stir, stir up].
Frag., inscr. to Fox.	As for the deil, he daurna steer him
Wha, wanting thee might beg or steal; . Friend of the poet †	S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. G.
And thou live, thou'll steal a naigie S. Hee balou, †	Misfortune sha'na steer thee; S. O saw ye bonie Lesley †
Frae G-d's ain priests the people's hearts	O steer her up and haud her gaun, S. O steer her up t
He steals awa'. Holy Willie's Prayer. 11.	O steer her up, and be na blate,
And gentle the fall of the soft vernal shower,	Sit round the table, weel content, An' steer about the toddy The Holy Fair. 20.
That steals on the evening, each leaf to renew. S. How pleasant the banks †	
	Nae cauld nor hunger e'er can steer them, The Twa Dogs. 27.
To steal upon her early fare, S. Now rosy May † To steal a blink by a' unseen; . S. O this is no my ain †	And then the Deil he daurna steer ye: To Terraughty.
But steal me a blink o' your bonie black e'e, . S. O whistle,†	
	Steer'd. At length from me her course she steer'd, S. The Joyful Widower.
The state of the s	Steer'd [molested].
To slink thro' slaps an' reave an' steal, The Death of Mailie.	Or else, thou kens, thy servant true
The western breeze steals thro' the trees, The Fête Champetre.	Wad ne'er ha'e steer'd her Holy Willie's Prayer. 8.
but callilly steal on a bonie moor-nen.	Steerin [stirring].
S. The heather was blooming t	Set a' their gabs a steerin;
Stealing.	Steeve [firm, compacted].
Wi' the burn stealing under the lang, yellow broom: S. Their groves of \(\)	A filly buirdly, steeve an' swank, A Guid New-year † 3.
	Steghan [cramming, panting with repletion].
Steal't [stole]. An' at his lordship steal't a look . On dining with Daer.	the gentry first are steghan, The Twa Dogs. 9.
Stealth.	Stell [a still].
	Wha mak the Whisky stells their prize l Scotch Drink. 20.
by sweet, endearing stealth, . The Petition of Br. Water.	An' d-mn'd Excise-men in a bussle,
Dear S[mith], the sleest, pawkie thief, That e'er attempted stealth or rief, To J. S.	Seizan a Stell, The Author's Cry and Prayer. 7.
Steam.	Stellar. Never baleful stellar lights, Taint thee with untimely blights! To Miss C.
An' sheds a heart-inspiring steam; . The Twa Dogs. 20.	
Steed. So, by some hedge, the generous steed deceased,	Stem. A glorious Galley, stem and stern, Weel rigg'd for Venus barter; . A Dream. 13.
To R. G. of F., 6.	Weel rigg'd for Venus barter; . A Dream. 13. My stem was fair, my bud was green, S. Luckless Fortune.
Steek [a stitch; an insterstice in net-work].	Just opening on its thorny stem;
And ne'er a wrang steek in them a', man. Ronalds of Bennals.	Just opening on its thorny stem; S. On Cessnock banks † Sett. II.
As lang's my tail, whare thro' the steeks,	And from thee many a parent stem
The yellow letter'd Geordie keeks The Twa Dogs. 8.	Arise to deck our land On Birth of Posth. Child.
Steek, to [to shut]. The Sheep-herd steeks his faulding slap,	The flower stem shall bloom like thy sweet Seraph form,
S, Again rejoicing Nature †	On Death of fav. Child.

Stilt

But why of this epocha make such a fuss,	Stern Ruin's plough-share drives, elate,
That gave us the Hanover stem; [v.A.9] Poet. Add. to Tytler.	Full on thy bloom, . To a Mountain Daisy. Stern, s. A glorious Galley, stem and stern, . A Dream. 13.
Bold stems of Heroes, here and there, I could discern: [v.A.4] The Vision. D. I.	Sternest.
For I maun crush amang the stoure Thy slender stem: To a Mountain-Daisy.	That charm, that can the strongest quell, The sternest move. Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
Mayst thou long, sweet crimson gem,	Stern-resolv'd. With stern-resolv'd, despairing eye, To Ruin.
Richly deck thy native stem; To Miss C. Stem, to.	Stewart, Stuart.
As gathering sweet flowerets she stems thy clear wave. S. Afton Water.	You're welcome, Willie Stewart, [re.] . On W. Stewart. O lovely Polly Stewart,
And, all devout, he never sought To stem the sacred torrent Nature's Law.	O charming Polly Stewart, [re.] . S. Polly Stewart.
Who dar'd to, nobly, stem tyrannic pride,	No Stewart art thou G— The Stewarts all were brave; Besides the Stewarts were but fools, On Lord G.
Sten [a leap, bound, rush].	Here Stuarts once in glory reigned, On Window at Stirling. The injured Stuart line is gone,
Or foaming, strang, wi' hasty stens, Frae lin to lin. El. on Capt. M. H., 4.	Revered defender of beauteous Stuart, Of Stuart, a name once respected, Poet, Add. to W. Tytler.
My heart to my mou' gied a sten; S. Tam Glen. Sten't [reared].	The Stewart and the Murray there
Thou never lap, an' sten't, an' breastet,	Did muster a' their powers. The Election Ballads. V. And Stewart bold as Hector
A Guid New-Year † 14. Stents [assessments, dues of any kind].	M'K[enzi]e, S[tuar]t, such a brace As Rome ne'er saw; To W. Creech.
How cesses, stents, and fees were rax'd, Kind Sir, Ive read, † His coals, his kane, an' a' his stents: . The Twa Dogs. 8.	Till Charlie Stewart cam at last,
Step.	The Highl. Widow's Lament. Stewart Kyle [the northern portion of the Kyle or
But just thy step a wee thing hastet, A Guid New-Year † 14. Wild-beats my heart, to trace your steps,	middle division of Ayrshire]. When first I came to Stewart Kyle, S. When first I came t
Add. to Edinburgh. 7.	Stewartry [Kirkcudbrightshire, which is, strictly speaking, not a shire but a stewartry].
Wi' wild, unequal, wand'ring step S. Again rejoicing Nature † No other light shall guide my steps	Then let us drink the Stewartry,
S. Farewell, dear mistress t whose aged step Seem'd weary, Man was made to Mourn.	Kerroughtree's laird, and a' that. The Election Ballads. II. Steyest [steepest].
Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain, Ib.	The steyest brac thou wad hae fac't it; A Guid New-Year † 14. Stibble [stubble].
The weary steps o' woe	The stibble rig is easy plough'd, S. O can ye labour leat
Seest thou whose step, unwilling, hither bends? Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.	That wee-bit heap o' leaves an' stibble, To a Mouse. Adorns the histie stibble-field.
With noiseless step and taper bright, On Lincluden.	Unseen, alane To a Mountain-Daisy.
Nor more may aught my steps divide, From that dear stream which flows to Clyde.	Stibble-rig [the reaper in harvest who takes the lead].
S. Slow spreads the gloom † Rumble John, Rumble John, mount the steps wi' a groan,	'Our Stibble-rig was Rab M'Graen, Halloween, 16. Stick ["a" to sticks," completely].
While faithless snaws ilk step betray	Auld Reekie dings them a' to sticks, . To Miss Ferrier.
Whare she has been. The Vision. D. I. With careless step I onward stray'd, S. Twas even—the dewy	Frae less to mair it gaed to sticks; To W. Simpson. P.S Stick, to.
Check thy climbing step, elate, Wr. in Friars-Carse H	No matter—stick to sound believing. A Ded. to G. H., 8. Stick-an-stowe [totally, altogether].
Step, to. They'll step in and tak a pint S. A' the lads o' Thornie-bank †	Folk thought them ruin'd stick-an-stowe,
To step aside is human: Add. to Unco Guid. 7. But, as I'm sayin', please step to Dow's	To W. Simpson. P.S.
And taste sic gear as Johnnie brews, To Mr. J. Kennedy.	Tho' now thou's dowie, stiff an' crazy, A Guid New-Year † 2. He who of R-k-n sang, lies stiff and dead,
Step-mother. But Oh! thou bitter step-mother and hard,	Lns while on Deathbed.
To thy poor, fenceless, naked child—the Bard! To R. G. of F., 3.	Stiffest. The stiffest o' them a' he bow'd, To W. Creech. Stifle. And stifle, dark, the feebly-bursting cry:
Stepped, Stept. Or frailty stept aside, . A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.	On Death of R. Dundas. The Pedant stifles keen the Roman sound . The Vowels.
Some cause unseen still stept between, S. My father was a farmer	Stifled. the short stifled breath, Told how dear On Death of fav. Child.
Plain, dull Stupidity stept kindly in to aid them. The Brigs of Ayr. 10.	Stigmatize. To stigmatize false friends of thine
When sweet, like modest Worth, she blusht,	Can ne'er defame thee. To Rev. J. M'Math.
And stepped ben The Vision. D. I. 8. Sterlin [a silver coin].	Still. The winds were laid, the air was still, A Vision. Through the still night dash'd hearse along the shore:
Wha ken't fu' weel to cleek the Sterlin; The Jolly Beggars. R. IV.	The Brigs of Ayr. 3. The night was still, and o'er the hill
Sterling. That sullen gloom was sterling, true devotion;	The moon shone on the castle wa'; The night was still †
The Brigs of Ayr. 8. And Maxwell true, o' sterling blue; . S. The Laddies by †	The sky was blue, the wind was still, S. The Rigs o' Barley. Still, s.
'But give me real, sterling Wit, To J. S., 23. Stern. A stern and stalwart ghaist arise, [v.A.20] A Vision.	But browster wives an' whiskie stills, They are the muses. Third Ep. to J. Lap.
See stern Oppression's iron grip, A Winter Night. 7.	Still, to.
Their hearts no selfish stern absorbent stuff, Ep. to R. Graham. 5.	He who stills the raven's clam'rous nest, The Cotter's Sat. Night, 18.
And train'd to arms in stern Misfortune's field, The Brigs of Ayr.	Or still the tumult of the raging sea: . Why am I loth † Stilt [to halt, as on stilts or crutches].
some seem'd to dare, With feature stern. [v.A.4]. The Vision, D. I.	And then he'll hilch, and stilt, and jimp, And rin an unco fit:
# 110 1 00000g 201 24	Davie. II.

	1
Stimpart [the eighth part of a Winchester bushel]. A heapet Stimpart, I'll reserve ane	Stone. This simple stone directs pale Scotia's way Inscrip. on Tomb of Fergusson.
Laid by for you A Guid New-Year † 17.	For he crush'd him between two stones. John Barleycorn.
Stinchar [a stream in the south of Ayrshire]. Behind you hills where Stinchar flows	Are judges of mortar and stone, Sir; . To Capt. Riddel. Stony.
'Mang moors an' mosses many, O, [v.A.26] S. Behind yon hills †	Supporting roofs, fantastic, stony groves: The Brigs of Ayr. 8.
Sting.	Stood. When Guilford good our Pilot stood, A Fragment.
"Or canker worm wi' secret sting?" . As on the banks † Or if she [Religion] gie a random-sting,	And S-ckv-lle doure, wha stood the stoure,
It may be little minded; . Ep. to Young Friend. 10.	Towns-bodies ran, an' stood abiegh, A Guid New-Year † 8.
This sting is added—" Blame thy foolish self!" Remorse. A Frag	lap, an' sten't, an' breastet, Then stood to blaw; . Ib. 14. As I stood by you roofless tower, A Vision.
Stink. They downa bide the stink o' powther; The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.	Ye, like a rash-buss, stood in sight,
Stink, to.	Wi' waving sugh Add. to the Deil. 7. Each bristl'd hair stood like a stake, Ib. 8.
The cit and polecat stink, and are secure To R. G. of F	Kindly stood the milking-shiel, . S. As I came o'er
Stinking, -an. Three priests' hearts, rotten, black as muck,	Collected Harry stood awee, Extem. in Court of Session. To think how we stood sweatin', shakin',
Lay stinking, vile, in every neuk. [v.A.16] Tam o' Shanter. As I wad by a stinkan brock The Twa Dogs. 12.	Holy Willie's Prayer. 14.
Stinted.	"That long has stood the wind and rain; Lament for Glencairn.
"And twa-three stinted birks are left, "To shiver in the blast their lane." . As on the banks †	And trembl'd where he stood. S. On a bank of flowers †
Stipend. That Stipend is a carnal weed	How glorious Wallace stood, how hapless fell? Scots Prologue.
He takes but for the fashion; The Ordination. 5.	But Maggie stood right sair astonish'd, Tam o' Shanter. 11.
That greatly stirs the blossom'd bean, S. On Cessnock banks †	Coffins stood round, like open presses,
Stirk [a bullock or heifer a year old].	And how Tam stood, like ane bewitch'd, 16. 16. This mony a year I've stood the flood an' tide;
They gang in Stirks, and come out Asses, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 12.	The Brigs of Ayr. 7.
I doubt na, Sir, but then we'll find, Ye're still as great a Stirk	The day he stude his country's friend, S. The Laddies by † While the tear stood twinklin' in her e'e;
I, ance, was ty'd up like a stirk, The Jolly Beggars. S. III.	S. The Lass that made the bed.
Stirling. And straught to Stirling wing'd their flight, S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	But seeing the ring, then she stood in amaze. S. The Poor Thresher.
Stock. For N-rth an' F-x united stocks, A Fragment. 6.	The kye stood rowtan i' the loan; The Twa Dogs. 35.
There's monie a creditable stock O' decent, honest, fawsont folk, Are riven out	Stook a few sheaves of corn, generally from six to twelve, set up on end, in two rows, sheaf leaning against sheaf, and, sometimes, with two sheaves laid on the topl.
Stock [a plant of colewort].	two sheaves laid on the top].
To burn their nits, an' pou their stocks, . Halloween.	But stooks are cowpet wi' the blast, Third Ep. to J. Lap
Then, first an' foremost, thro' the kail, Their stocks maun a' be sought ance;	While at the stook the shearers cow'r To Rev. J. M'Math. Stooked [set up in stooks].
Wi' stocks out owre their shouther: Ib. 5.	Still shearing and clearing
To slink thro' slaps an' reave an' steal, At stacks o' pease, or stocks o' kail. The Death of Mailie.	The tither stooked raw; . The Ans. to the Guidwife. Stool ["cutty stool," stool of repentance].
Stock-dove.	I throw the wee stools o'er the mickle, Add. to Toothache.
Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds thro' the glen, S. Afton Water.	Ill har'sts, daft bargains, cutty stools,
Stocked, -et.	Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 11.
'Twill please me mair to hear an' see't, Than stocket mailins. Add. to Illegit. Child.	Stand i' the stool when I hae done, S. O gude ale comes to My mither she bade me gie him a stool, S. The auld man't
A weel-stocked mailin, himsel' for the laird, Last May a braw wooer t	I gae him a stool, and he look'd like a fool,
Stock-fish.	Some carryan dails, some chairs an' stools, The Holy Fair. 8.
And like stock-fish come o'er his studdie Wi' thy [death's] auld sides! El. on Capt. M. H.	Stoop. While sans culottes stoop up the mountain high, Ep. fr. Esopus.
Stocking, -in.	An' wi' a curchie low did stoop, The Holy Fair. 3.
On Fasteneen we had a rockin, To ca' the crack and weave our stockin;	Stoor [sounding hollow and hoarse; strong and hoarse].
Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 2. And stockings and pumps to put on my stumps,	Wi' an eldritch, stoor quaick, quaick, . Add. to the Deil. 8. A carline stoor and grim The Election Ballads. I.
Ronalds of Bennals.	Stop. Set up a face, how I stop short,
Snaw-white stockins on his legs, . S. The Ploughman † Stoited [walked in a stupid, staggering way].	For fear your modesty be hurt A Ded. to G. H. Some cock or cat, your rage maun stop, Add. to the Deil. 14.
Down George's Street I stoited; To Miss Ferrier.	Yet oft, delighted, stops to trace
Stoiter'd [staggered]. He stoiter'd up an' made a face; The Jolly Beggars. R. III.	The progress of the spiky blade. Add. to Shade of Thomson.
Stole, s. The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;	The shepherd stops his simple reed, . S. Behold, my love †
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 17. Be thou deckt in silken stole, Wr. in Friars-Carse H	'Yet stops me o' my lawfu' prey, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 29. And just to stop, and just to move,
Stole. When on my ear this plaintive strain,	With self-respecting art: Despondency, an Ode. 4.
Slow-solemn, stole A Winter Night. 6. A flatt'ring ardent kiss he stole; S. On a bank of flowers †	Stop, passenger! my story's brief, El. on Capt. M. H., Epit. Stop! there he is as sure's a gun, Epit. on Holy Willie.
Stolen.	Stop Thief! dame Nature cried to Death, Epit. on W
motley, foundling fancies, stolen or strayed? Ep. fr. Esopus.	Till stop! she trotted thro' them a'; Halloween. 20.
Stomach. Wi' his proud, independant stomach, On Scot. Bard gne to W.I.	And come to stop those reckless yows, Would soon been broken. The Vision. D. I. 9.
My stomach's as proud as them a', man. Ronalds of Bennals. I wonder didna turn thy stomach. Tam o' Shanter. 14.	Stopped. And quickly stopped Ranken's breath. Lns add. to f. Ranken.
a wonder didna turn my stomach	The quierry stopped Pannell's Dicatil, Das man to J. Namen

Store. Whase life is like a weel-gaun mill,	Some gleams of sunshine mid renewing storms:
Supply'd wi' store o' water, . Add. to Unco Guid. And send us from thy bounteous store	Why am I loth †
A tup or wether head! At Globe Tav., D.	Storm, to. Who think to storm the world by dint of merit, Prologue, at Th., D
Still grant us with such store;	Inform him [death], and storm him, That Saturday ye'll fecht him To a Medical Gent.
The Friend we trust; the Fair we love; Grace after Dinner. Curse thou his basket and his store, Holy Willie's Prayer. 12.	Storm'd. The rev'rend gray-beards rav'd an' storm'd,
So may ye hae auld stanes in store,	To W. Simpson, P.S.,
S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. G. †	Storming. But lang or noon, loud tempests storming
O burning hell! in all thy store of torments There's not a keener lash! Remorse. A Frag	A' my flowery bliss destroy'd S. I dream'd I lay †
'mid learning's store, The Dean of Fac	Stormy.
Hath happiness in store, The 1st Ps.	Kindly stood the milking-shiel, To shelter frae the stormy weather S. As I came o'er †
Or when the North his fleecy store Drove thro' the sky, The Vision. D. II. 13.	Weak, timid landsmen on life's stormy main!
Drove thro' the sky, The Vision. D. II. 13. Still nobler wealth hast thou in store,	On stormy seas and far away, [re.]
The comforts of the mind; To Chloris.	S. How can my poor heart †
Stored, -'d. Ye mossy streams, with sedge and rushes stor'd, El. on Miss Burnet.	When lightnings fire the stormy lift, The Election Ballads, VI.
Our land wha wi' chapels has stored;	I think upon the stormy wave, . S. The gloomy night † Or, the stormy North sends driving forth,
Storehouse. The Election Ballads. III.	The blinding sleet and snaw: Winter.
And your skulls are storehouses o' lead. The Kirk's Alarm.	Story.
Storied. "No storied urn nor animated bust,"	But first, before you see heaven's glory, May ye get mony a merry story, Auld comrade †
Storm. Inscrip. on Tomb of Fergusson.	Stop, passenger! my story's brief, El. on Capt. M. H., Epit.
Ae night the Storm the steeples rocked, A Winter Night. 2.	One Queen Artemisa, as old stories tell,
"Calling the storms to bear him o'er a guilty land!" Add. sp. by Fontenelle.	Epig. on Henpecked Squire. Ay free, aff han', your story tell, Ep. to Young Friend. 5.
When Masons' mystic word an' grip,	Ay free, aff han', your story tell, Ep. to Young Friend. 5. But ha'd your nine-tail cat a wee,
In storms an' tempests raise you up, Add. to the Deil. 14.	Till ance you've heard my story. Epit. on Holy Willie.
His lordship sat wi' ruefu' e'e, And ey'd the gathering storm, Extem. in Court of Session.	But now for a Patron, whose name and whose glory At once may illustrate and honour my story.
As the storms the forest tear, S. How can my poor heart t	Frag. inscr. to Fox.
They hung him up before the storm, . John Barleycorn.	Once great in martial story! . On Duke of Queensberry.
"But I maun lie before the storm, "And ithers plant them in my room. Lament for Glencairn.	Not for to preach, but tell his simple story: Prologue, at Th., D
The storm's gloomy path on the breast of the wave.	An' crabbed names an' stories wrack us, . Scotch Drink.
Lament, on leaving Nat. Land. I haste with the storm to a far distant shore; Ib.	There's themes enow in Caledonian story, Scots Prologue.
But luckless fortune's northern storms	The Souter tauld his queerest stories; Tam o' Shanter. 5. In plain, braid Scots hold forth a plain, braid story:
Laid a' my blossoms low, O; . S. Luckless Fortune.	The Brigs of Ayr. Q.
When o'er the hills beat surly storms, S. Montgomerie's Peggy.	'Twad be owre lang a tale to tell, How monie stories past, The Holy Fair. 23.
Or did misfortune's bitter storms Around thee blaw, around thee blaw, S. O wert thou in the †	Thinking the story himself he did raise, S. The Poor Thresher.
And gane, alas! the sheltering tree,	Sae fam'd in martial story S. The Union.
Should shield thee frae the storm. On Birth of Posth. Child. When thou shrunk frae the scowl of the loud winter storm,	Still, as in Scottish Story read, . The Vision. D. I. 15.
On Death of fav. Child.	Wallace Aft bure the gree, as story tells, Frae Suthron billies. To W. Simpson. 10.
Shun the fierce storms among the sheltering rocks;	Stot (an ox).
On Death of R. Dundas. And mix'd her wailings with the raving storm.	Forbid it, ev'ry heavenly Power, You e'er should be a Stot!
On Death of Sir J. Blair.	'Its neither your stot nor your staig I shall crave, S. There liv'd ance α carle †
braving angry winter's storms, . S. Peggy Chalmers.	
Give me the groves that lofty brave The storms, by Castle Gordon. S. Streams that glide †	Stoun, Stound [a sudden sharp pain]. And ay the stound, the deadly wound,
Gathering her brows like gathering storm, Tam o' Shanter.	Came frae her een sae bonie blue S. I gaed a waefu't
The storm without might rair and rustle, Tam did na mind the storm a whistle	My heart it gae a stoun S. My heart was ance †
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle	Who heals life's various stounds, On Birth of Posth. Child. Stound, to.
Evanishing amid the storm	
The doubling storm roars thro' the woods; Ib. 10.	And my heart it stounds wi' anguish, Lest my wee thing be na mine S. Bonie wee thing t
Wha's honour is proof to the storm; The Election Ballads. III. when the storm the forest rends, Ib. VI.	Stoup, Stowp [a drink-measure; a drinking vessel with a handle].
This rock my shield, when storms are blowing, The Hermit.	Her mutchkin-stowp as toom's a whissle;
This too, a covert shall ensure,	The Author's Cry and Prayer. An' there the pint-stowp clatters; The Holy Fair. 18.
To shield them from the storm; The Petition of Br. Water. Unless your shelter ward th' impending storm.	And by that Stowp! my faith an' houpe,
The Rights of Woman.	The Jolly Beggars. S. VI.
'The threat'ning Storm, some, strongly, rein; The Vision. D. II. 8.	May ye ne'er want a stoup o' bran'y To clear your head. Third Ep. to J. Lap
Yet chearfully thou glinted forth	And surely ye'll be your pint-stoup,
Amid the storm, . To a Mountain-Daisy. Then low'ring, and pouring, The Storm no more I dread;	And surely I'll be mine; S. Should auld acquaintance †
To Ruin.	Stoure [dust, particularly dust blown on the wind, or in motion; battle, fight, pressure of circum-
Or Winter howls, in gusty storms, The lang, dark night! . To W. Simpson.	stances].
I thought sair storms wad never	S-ckv-lle doure, wha stood the stoure, . A Fragment. 5. Deil blin' them wi' the stoure o't, . S. Awa, whigs, awa.
Bedew the scene; V.s under Grief.	How blythely would I bide the stoure,
Rest, ye wild storms, in the cave of your slumbers, S. Wandering Willie.	S. O Mary, at thy window †
There will surely be some pleasant weather When a' their storms are past and gone. When clouds in skies †	Ye spak' na, but gaed by like stoure; S. O Tibbie!† This day the Kirk kicks up a stoure, The Ordination. 3.
The state of the s	and the same and a storiety and or withthing.

	Charly I haliana and accept hilling
For I maun crush amang the stoure Thy slender stem: To a Mountain-Daisy.	Should I believe, my coaxin billie, Your flatterin strain To W. Simpson.
Rake them, like Sodom and Gomorrah,	Strain, to.
In brunstane stoure . To Terraughty.	She strains your infant to her joyless breast,
Stourie [dusty].	And nightly to my bosom strain A Winter Night. 8.
And ay she took the tither souk, To drouk the stourie tow S. The weary Pund.	The bonie lass o' Ballochmyle. S. Twas even—the dewy t
Stout.	Strained.
And sev'n braw fellows, stout an' able, A Ded. to G. H., 14.	And a' your views may come to nought,
Stow'd.	Where ev'ry nerve is strained Ep. to Young Friend.
The tythe o' what ye waste at cartes	Straining.
Wad stow'd his [Ferguson's] pantry!) To W. Simpson.	Gie me within my straining grasp The melting form of Anna. S. The gowd. Locks of A.
Stown [stolen].	Alas! what bitter toil an' straining To J. S., 20.
Thou hast stown my very heart, . S. Hark! the mavis' † 'My youthful heart was stown away, S. O Phely, †	Strak [struck]. The auld kirk-hammer strak the bell
It's thought the gudes were stown.	Death and Dr. Hornbook. 31.
The Election Ballads. IV.	A flight of bold eagles from Adria's strand; . S. Caledonia.
Her heart was tint, her peace was stown!	It was a' for our rightfu' King
S. There was a lass †	We left fair Scotland's strand; . S. It was a for t
'Twas the bewitching, sweet, stown glance o' kindness. S. Twas na her bonie blue e'e †	Before I leave Scotia's strand S. To Mary.
Cou'd stown a clue wi' ony bodie; S. Willie Wastle †	Strang [strong].
Stownlins [by stealth].	Or foaming, strang, wi' hasty stens, Frae lin to lin. El. on Capt. M. H., 4.
Rob, stownlins, prie'd her bonie mou, Halloween. 10.	But I, the Queen of a' Scotland,
And stownlins we sall meet again. S. I'll ay ca' in t	Maun lie in prison strang Lament of Mary of Scots.
Stowp v. Stoup.	A mickle man, a strang man, S. O wat ye what my †
Stoyte [to stumble].	May foes be strang, and friends be slack, On W. Stewart.
Blind chance, let her snapper and stoyte on her way, S. Contented wi' little, †	(A souple jade she was, and strang), Tam o' Shanter. 16.
	I gae him a dram o' the brand sae strang, S. The auld mant
Strae [straw; "a fair strae-death," lit. a fair death in the straw, i.e., in bed, a natural death].	strang necessity supreme is 'Mang sons o' men. To Dr. Blacklock.
'Whare I kill'd ane, a fair strae-death,	A weak arm, and a strang S. Ye Jacobites †
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 25.	Strange.
Straight.	strange to tell! Add. to the Deil. 14.
I see thee gracefu', straight, and tall, S. Craigie-burn Wood.	In this strange land, this uncouth clime, Ep. to H. Parker.
Straight the sky grew black and daring; S. I dream'd I lay † She's bonie, blooming, straight, and tall;	Ladies, would it not he strange
S. O This is no my ain t	Man should then a monster prove? . S. Let not woman t
Then straight he makes fifty, the pick o' his band,	And (what would now be strange) ye godly Writers: The Brigs of Ayr. 9.
S. There liv'd ance a carle t	Stranger.
An' hunt him down, o'er right an' ruth, To ruin straight. To Rev. J. M'Math.	With open arms the Stranger hail; Add. to Edinburgh. 3.
Straik [to stroke].	truant 'prentices, yet young in sin, . Ep. fr. Esopus.
May claw his lug, and straik his beard, On W. Chalmers.	Know thou, O stranger to the fame
An' straik her cannie wi' the hair,	Of this much lov'd, much honor'd name! Epit. for R. A.
The Author's Cry and Prayer. Straiket [stroked].	"I've seen sae mony changefu' years, "On earth I am a stranger grown; Lament for Glencairn.
I straiket it a wee for sport, Ep. to J. R., 8.	Young stranger, whither wand'rest thou?
Strain. And frae his harp sic strains did flow, A Vision.	Man was made to Mourn.
When on my ear this plaintive strain,	I am nae stranger to your fame, On W. Chalmers.
Slow-solemn, stole A Winter Night. 6.	Their carriage and dress, a stranger would guess, In Lon'on or Paris they'd gotten it a'; The Belles of Mauchline.
Or [Spring] tunes Aeolian strains between.	The Belles of Mauchline.
Add. to Shade of Thomson. The muse should tell, in labor'd strains,	And hands the rustic stranger up to tame, The Brigs of Ayr.
O Mary how I love thee S. Could aught of song †	Stranger, if full of youth and riot, The Hermit.
O, rivers, forests, hills, and plains!	He still was a stranger to fear; S. There was a bonie lass †
Oft have ye heard my canty strains; El. on Capt. M. H., 11.	You'll easy draw a weel-kent face, But no sae weel a stranger To a Painter.
I wad in vain essay the strain, S. Lovely Davies.	And still to her charms
The Hero of these artless strains, A lowly hard was he,	She alone is a stranger! . S. True hearted was he t
To you I sing my grief-inspired strains:	Stranger, to justly shew that brow, . V.s below Picture.
On Death of R. Dundas.	Lang, lang, joy's heen a stranger to me; S. Wae is my heart †
How can I to the tuneful strains attend?	The brave poor sodger ne'er despise, Nor count him as a stranger, . S. When wild War's t
That strain pours round th' untimely tomb where Riddel lies. Sonnet, on Death of R	Nor count him as a stranger, . S. When wild War's t Stranger, go! Heaven be thy guide! Wr. in Friars-Carse H
Sing on sweet bird, I listen to thy strain,	Strapping, -an [tall and handsome].
Sonnet, wr. on Birthday.	A' plump and strapping in their teens, Tam o' Shanter. 13.
My partner in the merry core, She rous'd the forming strain. The Ans. to the Guidwife.	A strappan youth: he takes the Mother's eye;
though his artless strains he rudely sings, The Brigs of Ayr.	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 8.
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,	Her strappan limb an' gausy middle, The Jolly Beggars. R. V.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 12.	Strath [level land between hills, through which a stream flows].
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole; Ib. 17.	Farewell to the straths and green valleys below;
No shepherd's pipe—Arcadian strains; The Lament.	S. My heart's in the Highlands†
'I taught thy manners-painting strains, The Vision. D. II. 18.	Ilk stream foaming down its ain green, narrow strath;
In sacred strains and tuneful numbers join'd, To Miss Graham.	S. You wild mossy mountains t
While conscious virtue all the strain endears, Ib.	Strathspey [the Strath of the river Spey, in Moray-shire].
I call no goddess to inspire my strains. To R. Graham.	Return him safe to fair Strathspey, S. The yng Highl. Rover.

Return him safe to fair Strathspey, S. The yng Highl. Rover.
My youth's return'd to fair Strathspey, Ib.

While conscions virtue all the strain endears, 16. I call no goddess to inspire my strains, . . . To R. Graham. With trembling voice I tune my strain . . . To Rev. J. M'Math.

Strathspey [a kind of dance in which two persons	Up rose the Genius of the stream As on the banks †
engage; or, its music].	"When spreading beech and tapering elm, "Shaded my streams sae clear and cool;
'Twas Pibroch, Sang, Strathspey, or Reels, S. Amang the trees†	
A sweeping, kindling, bauld strathspey Ep. to Maj. Logan. 5.	The foaming stream deep roaring fa's, S. Bonie Lassie, will ye go t
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels, Tam o' Shanter. 11.	By Allan stream I chanc'd to rove S. By Allan stream †
When thro' his dear Strathspeys they bore with Highland rage;	By unfrequented stream, Despondency, an Ode. 3.
The Brigs of Avr. 12.	Ye mossy streams, with sedge and rushes stor'd,
"There's hornpipes and strathspeys, man; S. The deil cam fiddling	El. on Miss Burnet.
Straught [straight].	Farewell, thou stream that winding flows
And waff them in the infernal wherry	S. Farewell, thou stream † Amang the rocks an' streams
Straught through the lake, Adam A-'s Prayer.	To sport that night Halloween.
ye wad whip Aff straught to H-ll. Add. to the Deil. 14.	List'ning to the wild birds singing,
Will send you, Korah-like, a sinkin. Straught to auld Nick's. Ep. to J. R.	By a falling, chrystal stream; . S. I dream'd I lay †
For muckle anes, an' straught anes	Lugar's winding stream; Lament for Glencairn.
straught or crooked, yird or nane,	Now Phoebus chears the crystal streams, Lament of Mary of Scots.
Bonie and bloomin, and straught was its make:	Girvan's fairy haunted stream . S. Now bank and brae †
S. Lady Mary Ann.	My life was ance that careless stream,
And straught to Stirling wing'd their flight, S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	S. Now Spring has clad t
Sae straught, sae taper, tight and clean, The Vision. D. I. 11.	The boatmen on Nith's gentle stream, On Lincluden.
An' get sic fair example straught, To Gav. Hamilton.	And drinks the stream with vigour fresh;
Straught [stretch].	S. On Cessnock banks † Sett II.
The Laird o' the Ford will straught on a board,	Or mus'd where limpid streams once hallow'd, well, On Death of Sir J. Blair.
Ronalds of Bennals.	As one who by some savage stream,
Straw. 'Stretch'd on his straw he lays himself to sleep,	A lonely gem surveys, S. Peggy Chalmers.
A Winter Night. 9.	Nae gowden stream thro' myrtles twines,
That straw where many a rogue has lain of yore, Ep. fr. Esopus.	Poem on Pastoral Poetry. Oh! stream whose murmurs still I hear!
Straw'd [strewed].	S. Slow spreads the gloom †
Her nut-brown hair, beyond compare,	And o'er the stream your shadows throw, Ib.
Was on her bosom straw'd so, S. As I gaed up by †	Blest stream! she views thee haste to Clyde Ib.
Stray. In lanely glens ye like to stray; Add. to the Deil. 5.	that dear stream which flows to Clyde Ib.
While through thy sweets she loves to stray, O tell me, does she muse on me! . S. Behold the hour †	Streams that glide in orient plains, S. Streams that glide †
But we'll ne'er stray for faute o' light, . S. Gane is the day †	Give me the stream that sweetly laves
There, up the Cove, to stray an' rove, Halloween.	The banks by Castle Gordon
Whyles round a rocky scar it strays; Ib. 25.	A running stream they dare na cross. Tam o' Shanter. 18 That winding stream I love so dear! S. The Banks of Nith.
Through yellow, waving fields we'll stray,	
S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite t	Crept, gently-crusting, o'er the glittering stream. The Brigs of Ayr. 3.
Come let us stray our gladsome way, S. Now westlin winds †	Adown the glittering stream they featly danc'd; . Ib. II.
Till, thence returned, they softly stray O'er Clouden's wave, with fond delay; On Lincluden.	The Genius of the Stream in front appears, Ib. 13.
O'er Clouden's wave, with fond delay; . On Lincluden. Where the mossy riv'let strays, . On scaring Water-fowl.	Reflected beams dwell in the streams, The Fête Champetre.
In gowany glens thy burnie strays, Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	Dry-withering, waste my foamy streams,
The hart, hind, and roe, freely, wildly-wanton stray:	The Petition of Br. Water.
S. Sleep'st thou, †	Rave to my darkly dashing stream,
And sae the kye might stray The Election Ballads. V.	There streams for ever flow, and there flowers for ever blow,
If, in their random, wanton spouts,	S. The Slave's Lament.
They [the trouts] near the margin stray; The Petition of Br. Water.	As in the bosom of the stream The moon-beam dwells at dewy e'en; S. There was a lass†
Here haply too, at vernal dawn,	But golden sands did never grace
Some musing bard may stray,	The Heliconian stream; To John M'Murdo.
Observ'd us, fondly-wand'ring, stray! The Lament.	Time but the impression stronger makes,
Where'er he go, where'er he stray, May Heaven be his warden; S. The yng Highl. Rover.	As streams their channels deeper wear. To Mary in Heaven.
But stray among the heather bells, S. There was a lass †	We'll gar our streams an' burnies shine
In arioso trills and graces Ye never stray, . To J. S., 27.	Up wi' the best To W. Simpson.
And should the false one hither stray,	Down by yon stream, and yon bonie castle green; S. Wae is my heart †
No vengeful spirit bid him fear; S. To thee, lov'd Nith	The arches striding o'er the new-born stream;
O sweet, to stray an' pensive ponder A heart-felt sang! To W. Simpson.	Wr. in Kenmore Inn.
He strays among the woods and briers, . S. Young Jamie, †	Where, thro' a shapeless breach, his stream resounds.
Strayed.	Wr. by Fall of Fyers.
As on the banks of Ayr I stray'd, Add. to Edinburgh.	Ye banks, and braes, and streams around
Ae bonie simmer morn I stray'd As on the banks †	The castle of Montgomery, S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †
motley, foundling fancies, stolen or strayed? Ep. fr. Esopus.	by a lanely, sequestered stream,
By a river hoarsely roaring	S. You wild mossy mountains †
Isabella stray'd deploring S. Raving winds †	Ilk stream foaming down its ain green, narrow strath; Ib.
With careless step I onward stray'd, S. Twas even—the dewy † Straying. Lone on the bleaky hills the straying flocks	And glitter o'er the crystal streams . S. Young Peggy†
On Death of R. Dundas.	Stream, to. But there it streams an' richly reams,
Stream.	My Helicon I ca' that The Jolly Beggars. S. VII.
Down Pleasure's stream, wi' swelling sails, . A Dream. 10.	Stream'd.
When death's dark stream I ferry o'er, A V. on being Hosp. Entertained.	O Thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide, That stream'd thro' great, unhappy Wallace' heart:
The stream adown its hazelly path, A Vision.	That stream'd thro' great, unhappy Wallace' heart; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 21.
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream, S. Afton Water.	Streamie [dim. of stream].
Thy chrystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides, Ib.	by Castalia's wimplin streamies, . To Dr. Blacklock.
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Streaming.	Stride. Next follow'd Courage with his martial stride, The Brigs of Ayr. 13.
The cauld blue north was streaming forth Her lights, wi' hissing eerie din; A Vision.	O'er Pegasus' side ye ne'er laid a stride, The Kirk's Alarm.
The life blood streaming thro' my heart, Ep. to Davie. 9.	Striding. The arches striding o'er the new-born stream;
Fair beaming, and streaming	Wr. in Kenmore Inn.
Her silver light the boughs amang; S. Sae flaxen t	Strife. The victim sad of Fortune's strife, A Ded. to G. H., 16.
Now, to the streaming fountain, . S. Sleep'st thou, †	With tumult, disquiet, rebellion, and strife; S. Caledonia.
Like Hecla streaming thunder: The Election Ballads. VI.	Who, equal to the bustling strife,
Streamlet.	No other view regard! Despondency, an Ode. 2.
And [Simmer] o'er the chrystal streamlet plays;	Yet they wha fa' in Fortune's strife, Their fate we should na censure, Ep. to Young Friend. 4.
S. Bonie Lassie, will ye go † Sweet the streamlet's limpid lapse	A mortal quite unfit for fortune's strife,
To the sun-brown'd Arab's lip; Delia. An Ode.	Yet oft the sport of all the ills of life; Ep. to R. Graham. 3.
Thou chrystal streamlet with thy flowery shore,	I've liv'd a life of sturt and strife, S. Farewell, ye dungeons t
El. on Miss Burnet.	Meanwhile the hapless daughter
No more by the banks of the streamlet we'll wander,	Has but a choice of strife, S. How cruel†
Lament, on leaving Nat. Land. While hid the murmuring streamlets flow;	cease your strife, Nor longer idly rave, S. Husband, husband †
S. On Cessnock banks † Sett II.	The canniest gate, the strife is sair; S. In simmer when †
That man shall flourish like the trees	The marks of sturt and strife; Nature's Law.
Which by the streamlets grow; The 1st Psalm.	A Douglas followed to the martial strife, [v.A. 12]
The limpid streamlet yonder flowing Supplying drink,	Scots Prologue. At strife thir carlines fell; The Election Ballads. I.
The murmuring streamlet winds clear thro' the vale,	
S. The small birds †	Made me the judge o' strife;
Chrystal streamlets gently flowing, S. Thickest night †	A scene o' sorrow mixed wi' strife, . The Tree of Liberty.
Streekit [stretched].	Foiled, bleeding, tortured, in the unequal strife,
Ance ye were streekit owre frae bank to bank!	To R. G. of F., 5.
The Brigs of Ayr. 5.	Heaven keep you free frae care and strife, V.s to Landlady.
And lastly, streekit out to bleach In winter snaw; To W. Creech.	What makes heroic strife, fam'd afar, . S. Ye Jacobites †
Street. As I was walking up the street, S. O Mally's meek.	Strike.
Who loves his own smart shadow in the streets, . Sketch.	And strikes the ever-deep'ning tones, A Ded. to G. H., 10.
When chapmen billies leave the street, . Tam o' Shanter.	Fair B- strikes th' adoring eye, . Add. to Edinburgh. 4.
Go, Fame, an' canter like a filly	But, like guid mothers, shore before ye strike; Scots Prologue.
Thro' a' the streets an' neuks o' Killie,	To strike evil doers wi' terror; The Kirk's Alarm.
An' durk an' pistol at her belt,	Striking.
She'll tak the streets, The Author's Cry and Prayer. 17.	In your servants this is striking The Dean of Fac
your poor, narrow foot-path of a street, The Brigs of Ayr. 6.	Strik'st. Thou strik'st the dull peasant, he sinks in the dark,
Nae mair the Council waddles down the street,	S. Farewell, thou fair day
In all the pomp of ignorant conceit; Ib. 10.	Thou strik'st the young hero, a glorious mark! Ib.
Strength.	String. And now the third part o' the string, An' less, will gang about it A Dream. 4.
"Strength to bear it will be given, S. Husband, husband †	On trembling string, or vocal air, S. A Rosebud by my
Yet they, even they, with all their strength, Began to faint and fail; New Psalmody.	Let minstrels sweep the skilful string, S. Behold, my love, †
Began to faint and fail; New Psalmody. Gie body strength, then I'll ne'er start,	Beat hemp for others, riper for the string: Ep. fr. Esopus.
At this my way sae far awa S. Sae far awa.	Pull the string, ruling passion, the picture will show him.
For woman's wit, or strength o' man,	Fragment, inscr. to Fox.
Alas! can do but what they can; The Election Ballads. VI.	Yestreen, when to the trembling string
Here, foaming down the skelvy rocks, In twisting strength I rin; . The Petition of Br. Water	The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha', S. O Mary, at thy window †
O had the malt thy strength of mind, To Mr. Syme.	And throws his hand uncouthly o'er the strings,
Stretch.	The Brigs of Ayr.
No—stretch a point to catch a plack; . A Ded. to G. H., 8.	Wi' wicked strings o' hemp or hair! The Death of Mailie.
Dr. Mac, Dr. Mac, you should stretch on a rack,	Gude keep thee frae a tether string!
The Kirk's Alarm.	When click!! the string the snick did draw; The Vision. D. I. 7.
Then, horn for horn they stretch an' strive, . To a Haggis.	String, to.
The warly race may drudge an' drive,	Thou strings the nerves o' Labor-sair, . Scotch Drink. 6.
Hog-shouther, jundie, stretch an' strive, To W. Simpson.	Stringing. But stringing blethers up in rhyme For fools to sing. The Vision. D. I. 4.
Here heart-struck Grief might heavenward stretch her scan, Wr. in Kenmore Inn.	Strip. At slaps the billies halt a blink,
Stretch'd. Stretch'd on his straw he lays himself to sleep,	Till lasses strip their shoon: The Holy Fair. 26.
A Winter Night. 9.	Stript.
See those hands, ne'er stretch'd to save,	"And stript the claeding aff your braes? As on the banks †
Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —. "Low lies the hand that oft was stretch'd to save,	Strive. While nobles strive to please Ye, . A Dream. 9.
On Death of Sir J. Blair.	An' strive, wi' a' your Wit an' Lear, To get remead. The Author's Cry and Prayer. 18.
Has oft been stretch'd to shield the honour'd land!	'Strive in thy humble sphere to shine; The Vision. D. II. 21.
Prologue, sp. by Woods.	Then, horn for horn they stretch an' strive, To a Haggis.
Strew'd.	The warly race may drudge an' drive,
And strew'd the lea wi' flowers: S. Now Spring has clad †	Hog-shouther, jundie, stretch an' strive, To W. Simpson.
Strewin, Strowing.	
	Striv'n. Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,
Yellow leaves the woodlands strowing, . S. Raving winds †	Striv'n. Who long with wants and woes has striv'n, To a Mountain-Daisy.
Yellow leaves the woodlands strowing, . S. Raving winds † It's silly wa's the win's are strewin! To a Mouse.	Striv'n. Who long with wants and woes has striv'n, To a Mountain-Daisy. Stroan't [pissed].
Yellow leaves the woodlands strowing, . S. Raving winds † It's silly wa's the win's are strewin! To a Mouse.	Striv'n. Who long with wants and woes has striv'n, To a Mountain-Daisy. Stroan't [pissed]. An' stroan't on stanes an' hillocks wi' him. The Twa Dogs. 3.
Yellow leaves the woodlands strowing, . S. Raving winds † It's silly wa's the win's are strewin! To a Mouse.	Striv'n. Who long with wants and woes has striv'n, To a Mountain-Daisy. Stroan't [pissed]. An' stroan't on stanes an' hillocks wi' him. The Twa Dogs. 3. Strode.
Yellow leaves the woodlands strowing, . S. Raving winds † It's silly wa's the win's are strewin! . To a Mouse. Strict. Till Lairds forbad, by strict commands, Sic bluidy pranks To W. Simpson, P.S.	Striv'n. Who long with wants and woes has striv'n, To a Mountain-Daisy. Stroan't [pissed]. An' stroan't on stanes an' hillocks wi' him. The Twa Dogs. 3. Strode. Fu' stately strode he on the plain, S. My Harry was a gallant †
Yellow leaves the woodlands strowing, . S. Raving winds † It's silly wa's the win's are strewin! . To a Mouse. Strict. Till Lairds forbad, by strict commands, Sic bluidy pranks To W. Simpson, P.S.	Striv'n. Who long with wants and woes has striv'n, To a Mountain-Daisy. Stroan't [pissed]. An' stroan't on stanes an' hillocks wi' him. The Twa Dogs. 3. Strode.
Yellow leaves the woodlands strowing, . S. Raving winds † It's silly wa's the win's are strewin! To a Mouse. Strict. Till Lairds forbad, by strict commands, Sic bluidy pranks To W. Simpson, P.S. Strictly.	Striv'n. Who long with wants and woes has striv'n, To a Mountain-Daisy. Stroan't [pissed]. An' stroan't on stanes an' hillocks wi' him. The Twa Dogs. 3. Strode. Fu' stately strode he on the plain, S. My Harry was a gallant † Bold, soldier-featur'd, undismay'd

Stroke. An' loot a winze, an' drew a stroke, Halloween. 23.	Her charms had struck a sturdy Caird,
The hoary Sire—the mortal stroke,	The Jolly Beggars. R. VI.
Long, long be pleas'd to spare; . O Thou dread Pow'r † But alas! when forc'd to sever,	'I saw grim Nature's visage hoar, 'Struck thy young eye. The Vision. D. II. 13.
Then the stroke, O how severe! . S. Scenes of weet	Struggle. I'll hide the struggle in my heart, S. Ah, Chloris,
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;	Struggle, to.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 14.	In vain with Squire Billy for laurels you struggle,
'Till the mortal stroke shall lay me low, S. The Highl. Lassie.	Struggled. Fragment, inscr. to Fox.
Strong. with a frater-feeling strong, . A Bard's Epit With Passions wild and strong; A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.	"Thy line, that have struggled for freedom with Bruce,
To lay strong hold for help on bounteous Graham.	The Whistle. 18.
Ep. to R. Graham.	Struggling. Still thro' the gap the struggling river toils,
Strong ale was ablution, Epit. on J. Dove, Innkeeper.	Wr. by Fall of Fyers. Strum. The idiot strum of vanity bemused, Ep. fr. Esopus.
Farewell, ye dungeons dark and strong,	Strum, to.
S. Farewell, ye dungeons † With knowledge so vast, and with judgment so strong,	Here vanity strums on her idiot lyre; Monody, on a Lady.
Frag., inscr. to Fox.	Strumpet.
I'm here a pillar in thy temple, Strong as a rock, . Holy Willie's Prayer. 5.	strumpets, relics of the drunken roar, Ep. fr. Esopus.
Thy strong right hand, L—d make it bare, 18. 13.	Strung. Fate oft tears the bosom chords
And he grew thick and strong, John Barleycorn.	That Nature finest strung: S. Sad thy tale, † Tho' by the neck she should be strung,
Her feeble pulse gies strong presumption	She'll no desert. The Author's Cry and Prayer.
Death soon will end her. Letter to J. Goudie.	Strunt [spirituous liquor of any sort].
The liquid fire of strong desire Nature's Law.	Syne, wi' a social glass o' strunt,
Thou madest strong two chosen ones, . New Psalmody. Strong Necessity compels On scaring Water-fowl.	They parted aff careerin
Strong may she glow with all her ancient fire;	S. O ken ye what Meg †
Prologue, sp. by Woods.	Strunt, to [to walk sturdily].
Gie him strong Drink until he wink, That's sinking in Despair; Scotch Drink. Mott.	I canna say but ye strunt rarely, To a Louse.
But when thou pours thy strong heart's blood,	Strut. Wha struts and stares, and a' that; S. The Honest Man. Strutted. Or strutted in a Bank and clarket
There thou shines chief	My Cash-Account; The Vision. D. I. 5.
Brings hard owrehip, wi' sturdy wheel,	Stuart v. Stewart.
The strong forehammer, Ib. 11. And what is this day's strong suggestion?	Stubble. And like the rootless stubble tost,
Sketch. New-Yr's Day.	Before the sweeping blast. The 1st Psalin.
The native feelings strong, the guileless ways,	Stubborn. They'll keep their stubborn, Highland spirit. Add. of Beelzebub.
The Cotter's Sat. Night.	G-d confound their stubborn face, Holy Willie's Prayer. 10.
Whose strong right hand has ever been Their stay and dwelling-place! The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps.	The stubborn Tories dare to die: The Election Ballads. VI.
An' rouse them up to strong conviction,	A harden'd, stubborn, unrepenting villain, Tragic Frag.
The Author's Cry and Prayer.	Studdle [a stithy, an anvil].
The blackbird strong, the lintwhite clear, The Petition of Br. Water.	And like stock-fish [the devil] come o'er his studdie Wi' thy [death's] auld sides! El. on Capt. M. H.
Strong Mem'ry on my heart shall write	Till block an' studdie ring an' reel
Those happy scenes when far awa!	Wi' dinsome clamour Scotch Drink. 11.
The Farewell. To St. J.'s L	Stude [stood]. The day he stude his country's friend, S. The laddies by †
Oh! scenes in strong remembrance set! The Lament. 10. I mark'd a martial Race, pourtray'd	Studied.
In colours strong; [v.A.4] The Vision. D. I.	with studied, sly, ensnaring art, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10.
youthful Love, warm-blushing, strong, Ib. D. II. 16.	Studied in arts of Hell, in wickedness refin'd! . Ib. 19.
Strong on the sign-post stands the stupid ox. To R. G. of F., 7.	Study. To ware his theologic care on, And holy study; To Dr. Blacklock.
Stronger.	Stuff [corn or pulse of any kind].
Nae mair ungen'rous wish I hae, Nor stronger in my breast, S. It is na, Jean, †	'The Simmer had been cauld an' wat,
But tearing Peggy from my soul	'An' Stuff was unco green;
Must be a stronger death S. Peggy Chalmers.	Sendin' the stuff o'er muirs an' haggs Like drivin' wrack; Third Ep. to J. Lap.
Or ony stronger potion,	Stuff.
Time but the impression stronger makes, S. To Mary in Heaven.	But better stuff ne'er claw'd a midden! . El. on Year 1788.
Strongest.	Satan took stuff to mak a swine, . Epig. on A. Turner.
That charm, that can the strongest quell,	Their hearts no selfish stern absorbent stuff, Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
The sternest move. Poem on Pastoral Poetry. Stronghold.	Why is outlandish stuff sae meikle courted? Scots Prologue.
Already one strong hold of hope is lost, To R. G. of F., 9.	Here's the stuff and lining
Strongly. How strongly still your view displays	O' Cardoness' head; The Election Ballads. IV.
The piety of ancient days! . On Lincluden.	Your hearts are the stuff, will be powther enough, The Kirk's Alarm.
Freedom's sword will strongly draw? . S. Scots, wha ha'e † A wish, that to my latest hour	I see thy life is stuff o' prief,
Shall strongly heave my breast;	Scarce quite half worn To Terraughty.
The Ans. to the Guidwife.	At howes or hillocks never stumbled, . Ep. to H. Parker.
Was strongly marked in her face; The Vision. D. I. 10. The threat'ning storm, some, strongly, rein; Ib. D. II. 8.	Stump. Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump, S. Willie Wastle †
Honour's war we strongly waged, S. Thickest night †	Stumpan [walking clumslly].
Strong-wing'd.	An stumpan on his ploughman shanks, On dining with Daer.
Whyles, on the strong-wing'd Tempest flyin,	Stumple [dim. of stump; a worn quill].
Add. to the Deil. 4.	An, down gaed stumpie in the ink: Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 6.
Strove. Who long with jiltish arts and airs hast strove; Add. sp. by Fontenelle.	Sae my auld stumpie pen I gat it Wi' muckle wark, . Third Ep. to J. Lap
Strowing v. Strewin.	Stumps [legs].
Struck. Or when they struck old Scotia's melting airs,	And stockings and pumps to put on my stumps, Ronalds of Bennals,
The Brigs of Ayr. 12.	Nomines of Dennais.

I'd clatter on my stumps at the sound of a drum.	Subscribe.
The folly Beggars. S. I. Stung. Or tore, with noble ardour stung The Sceptic's bays. The Vision. D. II. 6.	Sae I subscribe mysel in haste, Yours, Rab the Ranter. Third Ep. to J. Lap
By blockhead's daring into madness stung; $To R. G. of F., S.$ Stupid.	Subscripsi. Subscripsi huic, Robert Burns. The Inventory. Substance. Some coarser substance, unrefin'd, A Winter Night. 7.
So, heavy, passive to the tempest's shocks,	Subtile.
Strong on the sign-post stands the stupid ox. To R. G. of F., 7. Stupidity. Plain, dull Stupidity stept kindly in to aid them.	subtile Litigation's pliant tongue . On Death of R. Dundas.
The Brigs of Ayr. 10.	Foxes and statesmen, subtile wiles ensure; To R. G. of F., 2.
Stupor. Scenes, if in stupor I forget, Again I feel, again I burn! The Lament.	Succar-candle [sugar-candy]. And weel I wat her willin mou
Sturdy. A steady, sturdy, staunch Believer A Ded. to G. H., q.	Was e'en like succar-candie S. Had I the wyte
A steady, sturdy, staunch Believer A Ded. to G. H., 9. Let prudence number o'er each sturdy son,	Succeed.
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.	But he has gotten to our grief, Ane to succeed him, The Twa Herds. 13.
'A clever, sturdy fallow;	Perhaps if bowls row right, and right succeeds, [v.A.12]
The strong forehammer, Scotch Drink. 11.	Succeeding. But, long ere noon, succeeding clouds
I've sturdy bearers, Gude be thankit The Inventory.	Succeeding hopes beguil'd. Sad thy tale,
Her charms had struck a sturdy Caird, The Jolly Beggars, R. VI.	Success. May liberty meet wi' success! S. Here's a health to them
And brandish round the deep-dy'd steel In sturdy blows; [v.A.4] The Vision. D. I.	May liberty meet wi' success! S. Here's a health to them to Success to Kenmure's band; S. O Kenmure's on and awa to
Shou'd meddle wi' a pack sae sturdy, To Rev. J. M'Math.	But the Heavens deny'd success S. Thickest night
Sturdiest.	But if success I must never find, Then come misfortune, I bid thee welcome,
ye [hills, cliffs] Nature's sturdiest bairns, El. on Capt. M. H., 3.	S. Tho. fickle Fortune †
Sturt [trouble]. I've liv'd a life of sturt and strife, S. Farewell, ye dungeons †	Ah, though my looks betray, I envy your success; To Clarinda.
The marks of sturt and strife; Nature's Law.	Succession. The next in succession, I'll give you the King,
Sturt, to [to molest, trouble, vex].	At a Meet. of D. Volunteers.
An' ay the less they hae to sturt them, In like proportion, less will hurt them The Twa Dogs. 29.	In bright succession raise, her Ornament and Guard! The Cotter's Sat. Night. 21.
Sturtan [frighted].	Successive. Repeated, successive, for many long years, . S. Caledonia.
Tho' he was something sturtan; Halloween. 18.	cold successive noontide blasts Sad thy tale, †
Style [a stile]. Syne up the back-style, and let naebody see, S. O whistle†	Such. But with such as he, where'er he be,
The mosses, waters, slaps, and styles,	May I he sav'd or d—'d! Epit. for G. H. Suck. The life-blood equal sucks of Right and Wrong:
That lie between us and our hame, . Tam o' Shanter.	On Death of R. Dundas.
Style. O, how that name inspires my style! Ep. to Davie. 11. To sing auld Coil in nobler style Nature's Law.	Sucker [sugar]. An' just a wee drap sp'ritual burn in,
His English style, and gesture fine, The Holy Fair. 15.	An' gusty sucker! Scotch Drink. 9.
But whatna day o' whatna style . S. There was a lad†	Sud [should]. An' gif it's sae, ye sud be licket . Second Ep. to Davie.
To set her name in measur'd style; . To W. Simpson.	Sic hauns as you sud ne'er be faikit, Ib.
Styme [a particle; the slightest degree; a glimpse]. I scarce could wink or see a styme; There's naethin like †	The devil-haet, that I sud ban, They ever think
Subdue. What force or guile could not subdue, S. The Union.	I sud be laith to think ye hinted Ironic satire, To W. Simpson.
Subject.	Sudden. To W. Simpson.
If not, why am I subject to His cruelty, or scorn? Man was made to Mourn.	Then let the sudden bursting sigh
But how the subject theme may gang, Let time and chance determine; Ep. to Young Friend.	The heart-felt pang discover; . S. Could aught of song † Sue. When the vanquish'd foe
But as to his fine Nabob fortune,	Sues for peace and quiet, . S. The Captain's Lady.
We'll e'en let this subject alane. The Election Ballads. III.	Su'd. Who for her favour oft had su'd, . S. On a bank of flowers †
Thou art a queen, fair Lesley, Thy subjects we before thee: S. O saw ye bonie L. †	Suffer I see the hours in long array
Subjection. To pay your Queen, with due respect, My fealty an' subjection A Dream. 8.	That I must suffer, lingering, slow. The Lament.
Sublime. Ye holy walls, that, still sublime,	I did na suffer ha'f sae much Frae Daddie Auld What ails ye now†
Resist the crumbling touch of time; On Lincluden.	'I'd rather suffer for my faut, A hearty flewit, Ib.
But accept, ye sublime Majority, My congratulations hearty The Dean of Fac	Suffer'd. Wi' stanged hips, and buttocks bluidy, She's suffer'd sair; Adam A—'s Prayer.
"Come—one bottle more—and have at the sublime! S. The Whistle. 17.	Suffering.
That's the true pathos and sublime	And suffering I am doom'd to bear, S. O wat ye wha's in the Where suffering no longer can harm thee,
Of human life To Dr. Blacklock. My fancy yerket up sublime	On Death of fav. Child.
Sublime, to.	That whether doing, suffering, or forbearing, You may do miracles by persevering. <i>Prologue</i> , at Th., D
Last, she [nature] sublimes th' Aurora of the poles, Ep. to R. Graham. 2.	But 'tis not my sufferings, thus wretched, forlorn,
Sublimely. Whose verse in manhood's pride sublimely flows,	S. The small birds † Such fate to suffering worth is giv'n, To a Mountain-Daisy.
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.	Sufficient. Gie them sufficient threshin, The Ordination. 5.
My muse may imp her wing for some sublimer flight.	Suggested.
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.	An' thus the Muse suggested His sang that night. The Jolly Beggars. R. VII.
And owning beaven's mysterious sway,	Suggestion.
Sub rosa. Frag. of Ode. Sub rosa.	If wiser too—he hinted some suggestion, Prologue, at Th., D
While he, sub rosa, play'd his part	And what is this day's strong suggestion? "The passing moment's all we rest on!"
Among their wives and lasses. The Election Ballads. VI.	Sketch. New Yr's Day.

Sugh [a rushing sound]. Ye, like a rash-buss, stood in sight,	While corn grows green in summer showers, S. Where Cart rins
Wi' waving sugh Add. to the Deil. 7.	Summer-pride. In flaming summer-pride, . The Petition of Br. Water
The clanging sugh of whistling wings is heard; The Brigs of Ayr. 4.	Summer-toils.
November chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh; The Cotter's Sat. Night.	The bees, rejoicing o'er their summer-toils, The Brigs of Ayr Summit. How foolish, or worse, 'till our summit is gain'd!
Sult. To suit some wise design; A Prayer under Anguish.	S. The lazy mist
O Thou, whatever title suit thee! Add. to the Deil.	Life's proud summits would'st thou scale? Wr. in Friars-Carse H.
Ye suit the joyless tenor of my soul. On Death of R. Dundas. Western breezes softly blowing,	Summon. So whip! at the summons, old Satan came flying Epig. on Capt. Grose
Suit not my distracted mind S. Thickest night † A fabled Muse may suit a bard that feigns; To R. Graham.	My fancy yerket up sublime Wi' hasty summon: To J. S., 4
Sullen. The bird of eve flits sullen by On Lincluden.	Summon, to.
The hollow caves return a sullen moan.	When twilight did my Graunie summon, To say her pray'rs, douse, honest woman; Add. to the Deil. 6
On Death of R. Dundas. Whare sits our sulky sullen dame, Tam o' Shanter.	Summon'd.
That sullen gloom was sterling, true devotion:	She [Mirth] summon'd ev'ry social sprite, The Fête Champetre Sumph [a dull-witted person, a blockhead].
The Brigs of Ayr. 8. In sullen vengeance, I, disdain'd, reply: . The Vowels.	Ye surly sumphs, who hate the name,
A sullen welcome, all 1	Be mindfu' o' your mither: The Ans. to the Guidwife Sun. And the rocks melt wi' the sun; S. A red, red Rose
Sullen-sounding.	The conscious sun, out o'er you hill,
The tide-swoln Firth, with sullen-sounding roar, The Brigs of Ayr. 3.	Rejoicin' clos'd the day so, S. As I gaed up by The wintry sun the day has clos'd, S. Behind you hills
Sultana.	The evening sun was ne'er sae sweet,
There I'll despise imperial charms, An Empress or Sultana, S. The gowd. Locks of A	As was the blink o' Phemie's e'e. Blythe was she
Sultry. The sultry suns of Summer came, John Barleycorn.	All Creature's joy in the suns returning, . S. Bonie Bell I'll prove it from Euclid as clear as the sun: S. Caledonia. 6
We'll to the breathing woodbine bow'r, At sultry noon, my dearie O. S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite †	I swear and vow by moon and stars,
And crosses o'er the sultry line; . S. The day returns †	And sun that shines so early, . S. Come boat me o'er His soul was like the glorious sun, . El. on Capt. M. H
In summer he toil'd thro' the faint, sultry heat; The Poor Thresher.	Mourn him thou Sun, great source of light; . Ib. 14
Sum.	But like the sun eclips'd at morning tide, El. on Miss Burnet And dares the public like a noontide sun. Ep. fr. Esopus
"And last, (the sum of a' my griefs!) "My noble master lies in clay; . Lament for Glencairn.	The wretch beneath the dreary pole,
Sum, to.	So marks his latest sun. S. Farewell, dear mistress The sun of all his joy
To sum up all, be merry, I advise; Add. sp. by Fontenelle.	The sun of all his joy
Summer. Gay as the gilded summer sky, . Add. to Edinburgh. 4.	Now gay with the broad setting sun!
While Summer with a matron grace	S. Farewell, thou fair day And blude red wine's the rysin Sun. S. Gane is the day
Retreats to Dryburgh's cooling shade, Add. to Shade of Thomson.	The sun a backward course shall take
The bloom of a fine summer's day! S. Adown winding Nith †	Ere ought thy manly courage shake; . S. Highl. Laddie. O mild be the sun on this sweet blushing flower,
Her smile was like a summer morn; . S. Blythe was she,† The flowery Spring leads sunny Summer, . S. Bonie Bell.	S. How pleasant the banks 'My cheerless suns no pleasure know;
In vain ye flaunt in summer's pride, ye groves;	Improm., on Mrs. —'s Birthday
El. on Miss Burnet.	Till painting gay the eastern skies, The glorious sun began to rise; S. It was the charming
Till the last leaf o' the summer is flown, S. Gloomy December. The sultry suns of Summer came, John Barleycorn.	The sultry suns of summer came, John Barleycorn
O! soon, to me, may summer-suns	The sun took delight to shine for its sake; S. Lady Mary Ann By fits the sun's departing beam
Nae mair light up the morn! Lament of Mary of Scots. the welcome summer show'r . S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite †	Look'd on the fading yellow woods Lament for Glencairn
The bird that charm'd his summer day, S. O Lassie, art thou †	"Nae simmer sun exalt my bloom;
[Sweet] As dews o' summer weeping, In tears the rose-buds steeping: S. O wat ye wha that loes t	"That melts the fogs in limpid air,
On a bank of flowers one summer's day,	O! soon, to me, may summer-suns Nae mair light up the morn! Lament of Mary of Scots.
For summer lightly dress'd, S. On a bank of flowers † Fair on the summer morn: On Birth of Posth. Child.	Sun and moon but set to rise; S. Let not woman
Summer, with his fervid-beaming eye: The Brigs of Ayr. 13.	To think life's sun did set ere well begun To shed its influence on thy bright career.
Tho' winter wild in tempest toil'd, Ne'er summer sun was half sae sweet. S. The day returns †	The eagle's gaze alone surveys
And all the gay foppery of Summer is flown;	The sun's meridian splendor: S. Lovely Davies
S. The lazy mist † In summer he toil'd thro' the faint, sultry heat;	The dew fell fresh, the sun rose mild, S. Luckless Fortune The Sun that overhangs you moors,
S. The Poor Thresher.	Man was made to Mourn. 3
Thro' Winter's cauld, or Summer's heat; The Twa Dogs. 29. These five and twenty summers past, The Twa Herds. 2.	I've seen yon weary winter-sun Twice forty times return;
The winter it is past, and the summer comes at last,	See you not you hills and dales The sun shines on sae brawlie? . S. My Collier Laddie
The Winter it is past † Where bright beaming summers exalt the perfume;	Tho' ye had a' the sun shines on,
S. Their groves of	It shaded frae the evining sun. S. O bonie was you rosy
Love's the cloudless summer sun, S. Thine am I†	And years sinsyne hae o'er us run, Like Logan to the simmer sun. S. O Logan! sweetly
Whether the Summer kindly warms, Wi' life an' light, To W. Simpson.	A weary slave from sun to sun, S. O Mary, at thy window
Not the little sporting fairy, All beneath the summer moon: S. Turn again, thou fair †	'The milder sun and bluer sky S. O Phely, 'The fairest maid's in you town
Bright as a cloudless summer sun, . V.s below Picture.	That evining sun is shining on. [re.] S. O wat ye what s in
Is it that summer's forsaken our vallies, S. Where are the joys †	The sun blinks blythe on you town,

Tho' I were doom'd to wander on, Beyond the sea, beyond the sun, S. O were I on Parnass.	While Phœbus sunk beyond Benledi; S. By Allan stream † That heart how sunk, a prey to grief and care:
Talk not to me of savages From Afric's burning sun, On Miss J. Lewars.	El. on Miss Burnet. My true love! she cried, and sunk down by his side,
Gay the sun's golden eye, Peep'd o'er the mountains high; S. Phillis the Fair.	S. Oh, open the door, † She [Justice] sunk abandon'd to the wildest woe.
Fair on Isabella's morn	On Death of R. Dundas.
The sun propitious smil'd; Sad thy tale, † Frae morning sun 'till dine: S. Should auld acquaintance †	Dim, cloudy, sunk beneath the western wave; On Death of Sir J. Blair.
While the sun and thou arise to bless the day. S. Sleep'st thou, †	And sunk them in contempt; On Duke of Queensberry. sunk enerv'd 'Mang heaps o' clavers;
The sun from India's shore retires; S. Slow spreads the gloom † Thou whose bright sun now gilds you orient skies!	Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
Sonnet, wr. on Birthday. Hailing the setting sun, sweet, in the green thorn bush,	th' unblushing fair In his embraces sunk; The Jolly Beggars. R. VII.
The Brigs of Aur	Sunk on the earth, defac'd its lovely form, The Rights of Woman.
While laigh descends the simmer sun, S. The Contented Cottager.	The sun he is sunk in the west, . S. The sun he is sunk †
The sun blinks kindly in the biel',	Low-sunk in squalid, unprotected age, . To R. G. of F., 5. Though prest with care and sunk in woe, S. To thee, lov'd Nith \(\tau\)
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 15. Tho' winter wild in tempest toil'd,	S. To thee, lov'd Nith † Sunny. And bonie blue are the sunny skies. S. Bonie Bell.
Ne'er summer sun was half sae sweet. S. The day returns t	The flowery Spring leads sunny summer, Ib.
The sun rose clear and bright; The Election Ballads. V. Sun, moon, and stars withdrawn a'; S. The gowd. Locks of A.	Gaily in the sunny beam; S. I dream'd I lay † 'The bee that through the sunny hour
The rising sun, our Galston Muirs, Wi' glorious light was glintan; . The Holy Fair.	'Sips nectar in the op'ning flower, S. O Phely. †
The sun he is sunk in the west, . S. The sun he is sunk †	That sunny walls from Boreas screen, S. On Cessnock banks † And gaudy shew at sunny noon; S. Sae flaxen †
The sun had clos'd the winter-day, . The Vision. D. I. By this, the sun was out o' sight, The Twa Dogs. 35.	Blooming in the sunny ray; S. Sensibility †
My love is like yon sun, whose bright course is begun,	The hoary morns precede the sunny days, The Brig of Ayr. Tho' rich is the breeze in their gay, sunny vallies,
S. The winter it is past † The sun was sinking in the west, . S. There was a lass †	S. Their groves of † In the pride of sunny noon; S. Turn again, thou fair †
Love's the cloudless summer sun, S. Thine am I †	Forth's sunny shores, . S. You wild mossy mountains t
Would to God I had one like a beam of the sun, To Capt. Riddel.	Sunshine. Now farewell, light, thou sunshine bright, S. Farewell, ye dungeons †
For me, I swear by sun an' moon,	Sunshine days of joy and pleasure; . S. Raving winds †
And bright in cloudless skies his sun go down! Ib.	She is the sunshine o' my e'e, S. The gowd. Locks of A. Some gleams of sunshine mid renewing storms:
Sooner the sun in his motion would falter. S. Twas na her bonie blue e'e †	S. Why am I loth † Hope not sunshine every hour, . Wr. in Friars-Carse H.
Bright as a cloudless summer sun, . V.s, below Picture.	Sun-ward.
To hide the brightness of the sun, When clouds in skies † The hunter lo'es the morning sun, S. When o'er the hill †	Thy snawie bosom sun-ward spread, To a Mountain-Daisy. Sup. For aye the brose ye sup at e'en,
By Him who made you sun and sky! S. When wild War's † Adore the rising sun, S. Ye Jacobites †	Ye bock them ere the morn, lassie. S. Ye hae lien wrang.
Sun, to.	Superadded. But he has superadded more, On Duke of Queensberry.
An' sun oursells about the dyke; The Jolly Beggars. S. V. Sunbeam.	Superior. Or, if man's superior might
When shining sunbeams intervene S. On Cessnock banks †	Dare invade your native right, On scaring Water-fowl.
Sun-brown'd. Sweet the streamlet's limpid lapse	Superstition. Poor gapin', glowrin' Superstition, Letter to J. Goudie.
To the sun-brown'd Arab's lips; Delia. An Ode.	"An' this is Superstition here, "An' that's Hypocrisy The Holy Fair. 5.
Sunday. That at the L—d's house, even on Sunday,	Superstition's hellish brood The Tree of Liberty.
Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday. Tam o' Shanter. Upon a simmer Sunday morn,	Supper. But now the Supper crowns their simple board, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11.
When Nature's face is fair, The Holy Fair.	The chearfu' Supper done, wi' serious face, They, round the ingle, form a circle wide; Ib. 12.
"I'll get my Sunday's sark on,	Suppin. Kate sits i' the neuk, Suppin hen broo;
I on the questions targe them tightly; The Inventory. Wi' pinch I put a Sunday's face on, . What ails ye now †	S. Gudeen to you Kimmer†
Sunder.	Whase life is like a weel-gaun mill, Supply'd wi' store o' water, Add. to Unco Guid.
And pledge we ne'er shall sunder; S. Come, let me take thee, † Sune [soon]. sune as chance or fate had hush't 'em	Support
El. on Death of R. Ruisseaux. How sune it [wild-rose] times its scent and hue S. I do confess †	Now life's poor support, hardly earn'd, My fate will scarce bestow: S. The sun he is sunk †
Yet sune thou shalt be thrown aside, Ib.	Support, to. May he who made him still support him, Auld comrade t
Sung. Who sung his rhymes in Coila's plains Nature's Law. And soul-ennobling Bards heroic ditties sung.	to support his helpless woodbine state, Ep. to R. Graham. 4.
The Brigs of Ayr. 11.	It's guid to support Caledonia's cause, S. Here's a health to them
So sung the Bard—and Nansie's waws Shook with a thunder of applause <i>The Jolly Beggars</i> . R. VIII.	I bear a heart shall support me still. S. I dream'd I lay † Where hundreds labour to support
Hence, sweet harmonious Beattie sung His "Minstrel lays;" The Vision. D. II. 6.	A haughty lordling's pride; Man was made to Mourn. 3.
Old poets have sung, and old chronicles tell, The Whistle. 3.	May still your Mither's heart support ye; The Author's Cry and Prayer.
Till echoes a' resound again Her weel-sung praise To W. Simpson. 6.	Yet I bear a heart shall support me still. S. Tho. fickle Fortune
Sunk. sunk in beds of down, A Winter Night. 9. Till in some miry slough he sunk is, Add. to the Deil. 13.	Supported. Supported is his right: Man was made to Mourn.
Till in some miry slough he sunk is, Add. to the Deil. 13.	publication to mo tighte to the titue and times to significant

Supporting.	When o'er the hills beat surly storms, S. Montgomerie's Peggy.
Supporting roofs, fantastic, stony groves: The Brigs of Ayr. 8.	See aged winter 'mid his surly reign, Sonnet, wr. on Birthday.
Suppose. Suppose a change o' cases; Add. to Unco Guid. 6. Whae'er o' thee shall ill suppose,	Ye surly sumphs, who hate the name, The Ans. to the Guidwife.
They sair misca thee; On Grose's Peregrinations.	But Misery and I must watch The surly tempest blow: S. The sun he is sunk
Or must no tiny sin to others fall,	And grins, surly winter is near? . S. Where are the joys
Because thy guilt's supreme enough for all? . Ep. fr. Esopus.	the brow Of surly, savage winter S. Young Peggy
Oft, honor'd with supreme command, The Farewell. To St. J.'s L	Surpass. O Thou great Being! what Thou art,
strang necessity supreme is 'Mang sons o' men.	Surpasses me to know: . A Prayer under Anguish.
To Dr. Blacklock. Thou Pow'r Supreme, whose mighty Scheme,	Our sad decay in church and state, Surpasses my descriving; S. Awa, whigs, awa
These woes of mine fulfil; Winter.	(Auld Avr. wham ne'er a town surpasses
Supremely.	For honest men and bonny lasses.) . Tam o' Shanter. 2 Surpasses my descriving: . The Election Ballads, VI
Supremely blest wi' love and thee S. Bonie lassie, will ye go † Ye shades that echo'd to his vows,	Surpassing.
And saw me once supremely blest, S. To thee, lov'd Nith †	As far surpassing other common villains,
Sure. My readers then are sure to lose me. A Ded. to G. H., 11.	As Thou in natural parts hadst given me more. Tragic Frag Surprise. Yet never met with that surprise
My readers then are sure to lose me. A Ded. to G. H., 11. Is sure an uncouth sight to see, A Dream.	That broke my rest, V.s to J. Ranken
Yet sure I am, that known to Thee	But only, lest we gang to hell, It may be nae surprise: V.s, on Window, Carron.
Are all Thy works below A Prayer under Anguish. Yet sure those ills that wring my soul	Suppris'd. And sore surpris'd them all. John Barleycorn.
Obey Thy high behest	An' (what surprised me) modesty, . On dining with Daer
Sure Thou, Almighty, canst not act From cruelty or wrath!	I wad na been surpriz'd to spy You on an auld wife's flainen toy; To a Louse
A seat, I'm sure ye're weel deservin't; . Add. of Beelzebub.	Surrender. Her feeble powers surrender; S. Lovely Davies.
I'm sure sma' pleasure it can gie, Add. to the Deil.	Pale he surrenders at the tyrant's throne! . The Vowels
For sure 'twere impious to despair So much in sight of Heaven. S. Anna, thy charms t	"Before I surrender so glorious a prize, The Whistle. 8 Surround. "The drooping arts surround their patron's bier,
Wi' less, I'm sure, I've hundreds slain:	On Death of Sir J. Blair
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 16. He's sure to hae;	Thickest night surround my dwelling! S. Thickest night
The great Creator to revere,	Surrounded. Surrounded thus by bolus pill, And potion glasses.
Must sure become the Creature; Ep. to Young Friend. 9. A correspondence fix'd wi' Heav'n,	Poem on Life.
Is sure a noble anchor!	Care-untroubled, joy-surrounded, S. Musing on the roaring Surrounding. The hoary cavern, wide-surrounding, lowers.
In all of thee sure thy Esopus shares Ep. fr. Esopus.	Wr. by Fall of Fyers
Stop! there he is as sure's a gun, Epit. on Holy Willie. I was a gilpey then, I'm sure,	Surtout. The old cock'd hat, the grey surtout, the same; Extem. on W. Smellie.
My pains o' hell on earth are past.	Survey.
I'm sure o' bliss aboon, man. S. O ay my wife she dang. And sure they do not lie. That there is falsehood †	thro' the starting tear, Survey this grave. A Bard's Epit.
Whare Sandy and Nancy I'm sure will ding them a'?	The princely revel may survey Our rustic dance wi' scorn; S. Behold, my love
S. There grows a bonie brier † But sure as three times three mak nine, S. There was a lad †	The eagle's gaze alone surveys
	The sun's meridian splendor: S. Lovely Davies. My soul, delightless, a' surveys, . S. O Logan! sweetly!
If bringing them over was lucky for us, I'm sure 'twas as lucky for them [v.A.9] Poet. Add. to Tytler.	As one who by some savage stream,
And U! be sure to lear the Lord alway!	A lonely gem surveys, S. Peggy Chalmers. Surveyed, -'d.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 6. "I'm sure I've seen that bonie face, The Holy Fair. 4.	When Peggy's charms I first survey'd, S. Peggy Chalmers.
But sure her soul is not in hell,	And hear him curse the light he first surveyed, To R. G. of F.
The deil would ne'er abide her S. The Joyful Widower.	Surveying. What woes wring my heart while intently surveying
Syne let us pray, auld England may Sure plant this far-famed tree, man; The Tree of Liberty.	The storm's gloomy path on the breast of the wave.
An' if a Devil be at a', In faith he's sure to get him. To Gav. Hamilton.	Lament, on leaving Nat. Land.
I'm sure it's winter fairly S. Up in the morning.	Sever'd from thee, can I survive? . S. Behold the hour
Surely. A time that surely shall come;	In thy sweet sang, Barbauld, survives Even Sappho's flame. Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
A V. on being Hosp. Entertained. For surely that would touch her heart	Susie. sentimental sister Susie, . Ep. to Maj. Logan. 13.
Wha kills me wi' disdaining S. O stay, sweet warb. †	And Susie whase daddy was laird o' the Ha'; S. There's a youth;
And surely ye'll be your pint-stoup, And surely I'll be mine; S. Should auld acquaintance †	Suspected. I was suspected for the plot; Ep. to J. R., q.
Surest. Hapless bird! a prey the surest	Suspend. Suspend their dashing oars to hear On Lincluden.
To each pirate of the skies. S. Sensibility, †	Suspicion.
As deep recoiling surges foam below, Wr. by Fall of Fyers.	Alas! there's ground o' great suspicion She'll ne'er get better. Letter to J. Goudie.
Surging.	Just what would make suspicion start; The Tears I shed.
I'll often greet this surging swell; . S. Behold the hour† doubling roar Surging on the rocky shore;	Sustain. And labour to sustain me, O: S. My father was a farmer
S. How can my poor heart †	Himsel, a wife, he thus sustains, The Twa Dogs. 10.
Bide the surging billow's shock. On scaring Water-fowl. 'Tis not the surging billow's roar, S. The gloomy night †	Suthron. Till Suthron raise, an' coost their claise
	Behind him in a raw, man; A Fragment. 9. While back-recoiling seem'd to reel
Here, tumbling billows mark'd the coast, With surging foam; The Vision. D. I. 13.	Their Suthron foes. [v.A.4] The Vision. D. I.
Surly. And surly winter grimly flies; S. Bonie Bell. chill November's surly blast . Man was made to Mourn.	Aft bure the gree, as story tells, Frae Suthron billies. To W. Simpson.
The state of the s	- To the Sampson.

Swagger.	Sway. 'Shunning soft Pity's rising sway, A Winter Night. 8.
The ricket reeling of a crooked swagger? Ep. fr. Esopus.	And owning heaven's mysterious sway; . Frag. of Ode.
He reeled his wonted bottle-swagger, . Tam Samson's El	Alternate Follies take the sway; Man was made to Mourn.
Swagger, to.	Who but owns their magic sway, S. My Mary's face t
Some swagger hame, the best they dow, The Holy Fair. 26.	Libra's equal sway, Nature's Law.
Would swagger, swear, get drunk, kick up a riot,	Avaunt, away! the cruel sway, . S. Now westlin winds †
The Rights of Woman. Swaggering.	A slave to love's unbounded sway, S. O lay thy loof †
Then staggering, an' swaggering,	Dulness, with redoubled sway Symon Gray †
He roar'd this ditty up The Jolly Beggars. R. I.	O! thou bright Queen, who, o'er th' expanse, Now highest reign'st, with boundless sway! The Lament.
The first of my loves was a swaggering blade, . Ib. S. II.	Sway'd. Her doubtful balance eyed, and sway'd her rod;
Swain.	On Death of R. Dundas.
Is this thy faithful swain's reward, S. Canst thou leave me †	Their sceptre's sway'd by other hands;
Deluded swain, the pleasure The fickle Fair can give thee,	On Window at Stirling.
Is but a fairy treasure, S. Deluded swain †	Swear. I swear I'm thine for ever, S. An' I'll kiss thee yet † I swear and vow by moon and stars,
Only known to wandering swains, . On scaring Water-fowl.	And sun that shines so early, . S. Come boat me o'er.
'The loves, the ways of simple swains, The Vision. D. II. 18.	An' by my hen, an' by her tail,
True hearted was he the sad swain of the Yarrow, S. True hearted was he	I vow an' swear! Ep. to J. R., 10.
O had she been a country maid,	I swear to be true to My Eppie Adair! S. Eppie Adair. And, by thy beauteous self I swear, S. Fairest maid †
And I the happy country swain, S. Twas even—the dewy	Aud Nature swears, the lovely Dears
But sair I fear some happier swain Has gained sweet Jeanie's favour. S. When first I saw †	Her noblest work she classes, O: S. Green grow the Rashes.
Therefore while ye're blooming Katie,	I vow and swear, I dinna care,
Listen to a loving swain; . S. Will ye go and marry †	How lang ye look about ye. S. Here's to thy health, †
Sae gallant and sae gay a swain, . S. Young Jamie,	He drinks, an' swears, an' plays at cartes, Holy Willie's Prayer. 11.
Swaird [sward].	When drinkers drink, and swearers swear, [v.A.11] . 16.
Sweet on the fragrant, flow'ry swaird, Add. to the Deit. 15.	Swear how I love thee dearly: . S. Now westlin winds †
Swall'd [swelled]. Till a' their weel-swall'd kytes belyve	And swear on thy white hand, lass, S. O lay thy loof †
Are bent like drums; To a Haggis.	Auld Truth hersel' might swear ye're fair, On W. Chalmers.
Swallow.	To shame ye, disclaim ye, Ilk honest birkie swears. The Ans. to the Guidwife.
We took the road ay like a Swallow: A Guid New-Year † 9.	Ilk honest birkie swears The Ans. to the Guidwife. On ilka brow she's planted a horn,
Thick flies the skimming Swallow; S. Now westlin winds † "The little swallow's wanton wing, S. O Phely, †	And swears that there they shall stan', O.
"The little swallow's wanton wing, S. O Phely,† The swallow jinkin' round my shiel,	S. The Cooper o' cuddy t
S. The Contented Cottager.	And, O how the heroes will swear! The Election Ballads. III.
Swallow, to.	And I'll place it in her breast, and I'll swear by a' above, S. The Posie.
It's no I like to sit an' swallow, Then like a swine to puke an' wallow, To Mr. J. Kennedy.	Would swagger, swear, get drunk, kick up a riot,
Swallow'd. The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd;	The Rights of Woman.
Tam o' Shanter. 8.	I'd gie my shoon frae aff my feet, To taste sic fruit, I swear, man The Tree of Liberty.
Swan. The stately swan majestic swims, S. Again rejoicing Nature †	To swear by a' you starry roof, The Vision. D. I. 6.
Her skin's fair hue is like the swan;	By your dear self! - the last great oath I swear, To Clarinda.
S. A. Masterton's bonie Anne.	The boy might learn to swear; To Gav. Hamilton.
Swan-white. Comes trinkling down her swan-white neck,	For me, I swear by sun an' moon, To J. S.
Swank [stately].	I swear and vow that only thou Shall ever be my dearie: . S. Wilt thou be my t
A filly buirdly, steeve an' swank, . A Guid New-Year 13.	Swearer.
Swankie [a strapping young fellow].	O L—d thou kens what zeal I bear,
There, swankies young, in braw braid-claith, The Holy Fair. 7.	When drinkers drink, and swearers swear, [v.A.11]
Swap [an exchange].	Holy Willie's Prayer. Swearing, -in'. But by you moon ! and that's high swearin'
The swap we yet will do't; . Epig. on Henpecked Squire.	Ep. to Maj. Logan. 11.
An' hae a swap o' rhymin-ware, Wi' ane anither. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 18.	Here cursing, swearing Burton lies, Epit. on Mr. Burton.
Swapped [exchanged].	I, ance, was ty'd up like a stirk,
I trow we swapped for the warse, S. Carl, an the king come.	For civilly swearing and quaffing; The Jolly Beggars. S. III.
Swarf [to swoon].	He swoor by a' was swearing worth Ib. R. VI. Sweat. So I must toil and sweat and broil,
For fear amaist did swarf, man. S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	S. My father was a farmer
Swarm.	It's true, they need na starve or sweat, The Twa Dogs. 29.
When wretches range, in famish'd swarms, The scented groves, The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.	Sweatan, -in'. To think how we stood sweatin', shakin',
Swat [did sweat].	Holy Willie's Prayer. 14.
An' ay she win't, an' ay she swat, Halloween. 12.	Their zealous herds are vex'd an' sweatan; To W. Simpson. P.S.
Till ilka carlin swat and reekit, Tam o' Shanter. 12.	Sweaty. I'll light now, and dight now,
Some, lucky, find a flow'ry spot,	His sweaty, wizen'd hide. Ep. to Davie. 11.
For which they never toil'd nor swat; To J. S., 17.	Swede.
Swatch [a sample, a specimen]. 'That's just a swatch o' Hornbook's way,'	Or if the Swede, hefore he halt, Would play anither Charles the twalt: Kind Sir, I've read t
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 29.	
On this hand sits an Elect swatch,	Sweep. As with a flood Thou tak'st them off With overwhelming sweep. The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps.
Wi' screw'd-np, grace-proud faces; [v.A.18] The Holy Fair. 10.	Sweep, to.
And taste a swatch o' Manson's barrels, To a Medical Gent.	Let minstrels sweep the skilful string, S. Behold, my love t
Swats [new ale].	Ye babbling winds, in silence sweep; Liberty.
Wi'reaming swats, that drank divinely; Tam o' Shanter. 5.	Come, let us sweep them off, said they, New Psalmody.
The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's noddle,	While nightly breezes sweep the vines,

Ib. 11.

Come, let us sweep them on, while nightly breezes sweep the vines,

Poem on Pastoral Poetry.

The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's noddle, Fair play, he car'd na deils a boddle.

Let the blast sweep o'er the valley,	Was once a sweet bud on the braes of the Ayr.
See it prostrate on the clay! S. Sensibility, †	S. How pleasant the banks †
Sweeps dams, an' mills, an' brigs, a' to the gate;	O mild be the sun on this sweet blushing flower, Ib.
The Brigs of Ayr. 7.	Where Devon, sweet Devon, meand'ring flows Ib.
Ruin, with his sweeping besom, . A Ded. to G. H., 10.	I do confess thee sweet, but find
Ruin, with his sweeping besom, . A Ded. to G. H., 10. Hasting to join the sweeping Nith, A Vision.	Thou art sae thriftless o' thy sweets, . S. I do confess †
Or sweeping, wild, a waste of snows.	I gat my death frae twa sweet een, . S. I gaed a waefu'†
Add. to Shade of Thomson.	Sweet was its smell, and bonie was its hue; S. Lady Mary Ann.
The sweeping vales, and foaming floods, Ep. to Davie. 4.	Sweet lass, may I do that? . S. Lass, when yr mither †
A sweeping, kindling, bauld strathspey Ep. to Maj. Logan. 5.	And a' is young and sweet like thee;
She said, and vanished with the sweeping blast.	S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite
On Death of Sir J. Blair.	I spier'd for my cousin fu' couthy and sweet,
And like the rootless stubble tost,	S. Last May a braw wooer †
Before the sweeping blast The 1st Ps.	There's nae life like the Ploughman in the month o' sweet
'The sweeping blast, the sky o'ercast,' Winter.	May Lns on a Ploughman.
The sweeping theatre of hanging woods;	At Yarico's sweet notes of grief, The rock with tears had flow'd Lns on Mrs. Kemble.
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.	My blossom sweet did blow, . S. Luckless Fortune.
weer [averse, lazy].	Lovely as yonder sweet opening flower is,
I'm baith dead-sweer, an' wretched ill o't; A Ded. to G. H., 13.	S. Mark yonder Pomp †
Sweet.	In Roslin's fairest bower
An' sweet an' gracefu' she did ride, A Guid New-Year † 6.	I'll shelter this sweet flower, . S. My Love's a winsome †
sweet rose-bud, young and gay, . S. A Rosebud by my	More sweet than the light to my eye
Poor Labour sweet in sleep was locked, A Winter Night. 2.	This sweet wee wife o' mine S. My Wife's a winsome.
My sweet wee lady, Add. to Illegit. Child.	For sweet consolation to church I did fly;
Sweet fruit o' mony a merry dint,	S. No Churchman am I† That crimson rose how sweet and fair;
Sweet as the dewy, milk-white thorn, Add. to Edinburgh. 4.	S. O bonie was you rosy †
Sweet on the fragrant, flow'ry swaird, Add. to the Deil. 15.	I, wi' my sweet nurslings here, . S. O Logan! sweetly t
sweet Poet of the Year, . Add. to Shade of Thomson.	O Mally's meek, Mally's sweet, S. O Mally's meek.
To mark the sweet flowers as they spring; S. Adown winding Nith	O May thy morn was ne'er sae sweet,
	As the mirk night o' December, . S. O May thy morn †
The rose-bud's the blush o' my charmer, Her sweet balmy lip when 'tis prest:	'As songsters of the early year
Flow gently, sweet Afton, [re.] S. Afton Water.	'Are ilka day mair sweet to hear, S. O Phely, †
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye Ib.	"Is nocht sae fragrant or sae sweet "As is a kiss o' Willy
The sweet scented birk shades my Mary and me 1b.	Or why sae sweet a flower as love,
As gathering sweet flowerets she stems thy clear wave. Ib.	
Flow gently, sweet River, the theme of my lays; Ib.	O stay, sweet warbling wood-lark, stay, S. O stay, sweet warb.
And hey, sweet her shape complete. S. As I goed up by	S. O stay, sweet warb.
S. And O for ane and twenty t	For pity's sake, sweet bird, nae mair!
Tier air 30 3 week, acr sample complete, . D. 110 1 given wp 05 1	O sweet is she that lo'es me, . S. O wat she wha that loes †
But the sweet yellow darlings wi' Geordie imprest, S. Awa' wi' yr witchcraft †	Then come, sweet Muse, inspire my lay! S. O were I on Parnass. †
My Nanie's charming, sweet an' young; S. Behind you hills †	O were my love you vi'let sweet, S. O were my love †
For nature smiles as sweet, I ween,	O sweet is she in you town S. O wat ye wha's in t
To shepherds as to kings S. Behold, my love †	My blessins upon thy sweet, wee lippie!
The evening sun was ne'er sae sweet, As was the blink o' Phemie's e'e. S. Blythe was she, †	S. O whare did ye get t
	Thy lips are as sweet and thy figure compleat,
Sae white her teeth, sae sweet her mou', S. Braw lads of G. water.	S. O when she cam ben †
It brake the sweet heart of my faithfu' auld dame,	Aught of Humanity's sweet melting grace? Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.
S. By yon castle wa' †	I see her sweet and fair; S. Of a' the airts †
Sweet closes the evening on Craigie-burn wood,	Broke softly sweet on fancy's ear, On Lincluden.
S. Craigie-burn Wood.	Sweet floweret, pledge o' meikle love,
I see thee sweet and bonie;	On Birth of Posth. Child.
Sweet the lark's wild-warbled lay, Sweet the tinkling rill to hear; Delia. An Ode.	Sae helpless, sweet, and fair
Sweet the streamlet's limpid lapse	O sweet be thy sleep in the land of the grave,
To the sun-brown'd Arab's lip;	On Death of fav. Child. The flower stem shall bloom like thy sweet Seraph form, Ib.
Thy form and mind, sweet maid, can I forget;	
El. on Miss Burnet.	Sweet Echo is no more On Death of Lap-dog. Your bonie face sae mild and sweet . On W. Chalmers.
And thou, sweet excellence! forsake our earth [unsung], Ib.	Sweet early object of my youthful vows, Once fondly lov'd, †
So deckt the woodbine sweet you aged tree, Ib.	There's ne'er a flower that blooms in May,
That some kind husband had addrest, To some sweet wife: Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 3.	That's half so sweet as thou art S. Polly Stewart.
By some sweet elf I'll yet be dinted,	And bring our ain sweet Albany The bonie Lass of Alb.
Ep. to Maj. Logan. 12.	Hailing the setting sun, sweet, in the green thorn bush,
Sweet and harmless as a child; . S. First when Maggy t	The Brigs of Ayr.
That only ray of solace sweet . S. Forlorn, my love †	Sweet Female Beauty hand in hand with Spring; 1b. 13.
Fond lovers parting is sweet painful pleasure, S. Gloomy December.	Sweet to the opening day, Rosebuds bent the dewy spray; S. Phillis the Fair.
S. Gloomy December.	
An' gif the custock's sweet or sour, Wi' joctelegs they taste them; Halloween. 5.	In thy sweet sang, Barbauld, survives Even Sappho's flame Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
But Nelly's looks are blythe and sweet, S. Handsome Nell.	In thy sweet Caledonian lines; Ib.
Hee balou, my sweet wee Donald, S. Hee balou, †	that sweet spell O' witchin love,
How sweet unto that breast to cling, S. Her flowing locks †	Sae sonsy and sweet, sae fully complete, Ronalds of Bennals.
Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,	Bonie Doon, sae sweet at gloaming, . S. Scenes of woet
S. Here's a health to ane †	Sweet banks! ye bloom by Mary's side;
But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber,	S, Slow spreads the gloom t

Sing on sweet thrush, upon the leafless bough, Sing on sweet bird, I listen to thy strain,	But Kindness, sweet Kindness, in the fond-sparkling e'e, S. Yon wild mossy mountains †
Sonnet, wr. on Birthday.	Still fan the sweet connubial flame S. Young Peggy †
Sweet fa's the eve on Craigieburn, S. Sweet fa's the eve † how mony counsels sweet	Sweeten.
how mony counsels sweet,	The prattling things are just their pride, That sweetens a' their fire side The Twa Dogs. 17.
Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?	Sweeter. Nane sets the lawn-sleeve sweeter, A Dream. 12.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10. Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide, Ib. 12.	'Tis sweeter for thee despairing, Than aught in the world beside S. Here's a health to ane †
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content! Ib. 20.	And the langer it blossom'd, the sweeter it grew;
The winter wild in tempest toil'd,	S. Lady Mary Ann.
Ne'er summer sun was half sae sweet. S. The day returns † Sweet brushing the dew from the brown heather bells,	But love is far a sweeter flow'r S. O bonie was yon rosy† She's sweeter than the morning dawn
S. The heather was blooming \	She's sweeter than the morning dawn S. On Cessnock banks † Sett. II.
The lav'rocks they were chantan Fu' sweet that day. The Holy Fair.	But sweeter flows the Nith to me, S. The Banks of Nith.
Wi' bonnet aff, quoth I, "Sweet lass,	Sweetest. The sweetest hours that e'er I spend, Are spent among the lasses, O. [v.A.24]
I think ye seem to ken me;	S. Green grow the Rashes.
my bonny sweet wee lady, The Inventory.	the flower which bloomed sweetest in Coila's green vale, Lament, on leaving Nat. Land.
In raptures sweet this hour we meet, The Jolly Beggars. S. VII.	The sweetest flower that deck'd the mead, Now trodden like the vilest weed, S. O Lassie, art thou
And said, Sweet lassie dinna cry, S. The lass that made the bed.	Now trodden like the vilest weed, S. O Lassie, art thou? The sweetest and best o' them a', man. Ronalds of Bennals.
S. The lass that made the bed.	Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure,
For it's like a baumy kiss o' her sweet bonie mou; S. The Posie.	Thrill the deepest notes of woe, S. Sensibility, †
Alas! sae sweet a tree as love, Sic bitter fruit should bear! The Ruined Maid's Lament.	Sweetest May let love inspire thee; . S. Sweetest May † The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays:
It was in sweet Senegal that my foes did me enthral,	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 13.
S. The Slave's Lament.	The sweetest still to wife or maid, Was whistle owre the lave o't. The Jolly Beggars. S. V.
There lie my sweet babies in her arms, S. The sun he is sunk † A blink o' rest's a sweet enjoyment. The Twa Dogs. 16.	To gie the sweetest blush o' health, The Tree of Liberty.
When sweet, like modest Worth, she blusht,	Sweetly.
And stepped ben The Vision. D. I. 8.	O my Luve's like the melodie That's sweetly play'd in tune S. A red, red Rose.
A whisp'ring throb did witness bear Of kindred sweet,	That sweetly ye might span. S. A Mastrin's bonie Anne.
sweet harmonious Beattie	He row'd me sweetly in his plaid, S. Ca' the Ewes.
the sense, wit, and taste of a sweet lovely dame. The Whistle. 10.	And see the waves sae sweetly glide
Their groves of sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon,	Their faces blythe, fu' sweetly kythe,
S. Their groves of †	O'er the waves, that sweetly glide
The birds sang sweet in ilka grove; S. There was a lass † At length she blush'd a sweet consent,	To the moon sae clearly S. Hark! the mavis' †
She's sweet as the ev'ning amang the new hay;	Sweetly blythe his waukening be. S. Jockey's ta'en the parting † "The mother may forget the child
S. There's auld Rob M.† Sweet ane an' twenty! Third Ep. to J. Lap.	"That smiles sae sweetly on her knee;
O wilt thou go wi' me, sweet Tibbie Dunbar?	Lament for Glencairn. Sae sweetly move her genty limbs.
S. Tibbie Dunbar.	Sae sweetly move her genty limbs, Like music-notes o' Lover's hymns: S. My Lord a-hunting t
Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet, . To a Mountain-Daisy. Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade!	They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw, S. My Nanie's awa.
They drink the sweet and eat the fat,	And scattered cowslips sweetly spring; S. Now bank and brae†
But care or pain; To J. S., 17.	We'll gently walk, and sweetly talk, S. Now westlin winds †
O sweet grows the lime and the orange, S. To Mary. Mayst thou long, sweet crimson gem,	O Logan! sweetly didst thou glide, S. O Logan! sweetly † The springing lilies sweetly press'd, S. On a bank of flowers †
Richly deck thy native stem; To Miss C.	Blaw sweetly in its native air
Sweet naïveté of feature, To Miss Fontenelle. Glide sweet in monie a tunefu' line; . To W. Simpson. q.	And rural grace; Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
Glide sweet in monie a tunefu' line; . To W. Simpson. 9. O sweet are Coila's haughs an' woods,	Sweetly deckt with pearly dew
O sweet, to stray an' pensive ponder	Which sweetly winds so far below; S. Slow spreads the gloom †
A heart-felt sang! 1b. 15. by the sweet side of the Nith's winding river,	O sweetly smile on Somebody! S. Somebody.
S. True hearted was he †	Give me the stream that sweetly laves The banks by Castle Gordon S. Streams that glide†
And sweet is the lily at evening close;	Wha sweetly tune the Scottish lyre, The Ans. to the Guidwife.
Ae sweet smile on me bestow. S. Turn again, thou fair † And sweet is night in autumn mild, S. Twas even—the dewy †	How sweetly wind thy sloping dales, S. The Banks of Nith.
'Twas the bewitching, sweet, stown glance o' kindness.	He sweetly does compose him; The Holy Fair. 11. The gowdspink, Music's gayest child,
S. Twas na her bonie blue † And the sweet voice of pity ne'er sounds in my ear.	Shall sweetly join the choir: The Petition of Br. Water.
S. Wae is my heart †	Nor birds sweetly singing, nor flowers gaily springing, Can soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair.
Has gained sweet Jeanie's favour: S. When first I saw †	S. The small birds rejoice †
sweet lass, Sweet as you hawthorn's blossom, S. When wild War's †	The lowly Daisy sweetly blows; . The Vision. D. II. 20. Though sweetly female every part,
And marking sweet flowerets so fair; S. Where are the joys †	Wr. on Leaf of "H. More."
The Tay meandering sweet in infant pride, Wr. in Kenmore Inn.	How sweetly bloom'd the gay, green birk, S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams t
For there I took the last farewell	And sweetly tempt to taste them: . S. Young Peggyt
Of my sweet Highland Mary. [re.] S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams t	Sweet-milk ["sweet-milk cheese," cheese made of milk as it comes from the cow, opposed to "skim- milk cheese," or cheese made of milk from which the cream has been removed].
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree; . S. Ye banks and braes †	milk cheese," or cheese made of milk from
Resides a sweet Lassie, my thought and my dream. S. You wild mossy mountains t	which the cream has been removed. Wi'sweet-milk cheese, in monie a whang, The Holy Fair. 7.
J. 2 010 www mossy mountains	Sweet-min cheese, in monie a whang, The Holy Pair. J.

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Sweetness.

Were Fortune lovely Peggy's foe,	Satan took stuff to mak a swine, . Epig. on A. Turner
Such sweetness would relent her, . S. Young Peggy † Sweets.	It's no I like to sit an' swallow, Then like a swine to puke an' wallow, . To Mr J. Kennedy.
While through thy sweets she loves to stray, O tell me, does she muse on me! S. Behold the hour	Swing. Whoe'er wou'd betray him, on high may he swing: At a Meet. of D. Volunteers.
Thou art sae thriftless o' thy sweets, . S. I do confess t	tiny thieves not destin'd yet to swing, . Ep. fr. Esopus.
May rove their sweets amang; Lament of Mary of Scots. Whose innocence did sweets disclose	Wha should swing in a rape for an hour. The Kirk's Alarm. Swinge [to lash].
Beyond that flower's perfume On Poet's Daughter.	The young dogs—swinge them to the labour—
There the saftest, sweets enjoying, Sweets that mem'ry ne'er shall tine S. Scenes of woe †	Swingein [whipping]. Add. of Beelzebub.
	See, see auld Orthodoxy's faes
The zephyr wanton'd round the bean, And bore its fragrant sweets along; Twas even—the dewy †	She's swingein thro' the city! : The Ordination. 11. Swirl [a curve].
Sweet-scented.	Hung owre his hurdies wi' a swirl The Twa Dogs. 5.
Their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt the proud palace, S. Their groves of †	Swirl, to [to curve, whirl].
Swell. I'll often greet this surging swell; S. Behold the hour †	While burns, wi' snawy wreeths up-choked, Wild-eddying swirl, . A Winter Night.
The ev'ning gilds the Ocean's swell; . S. Bonie Bell. Bold Richardton's heroic swell; [v.A.4] The Vision. D. I.	Swirlie [knaggy, full of knots].
Swell, to.	He taks a swirlie, auld moss-oak, For some black, grousome Carlin;
Whase [Nith's] distant roaring swells and fa's. A Vision.	Swiss.
Here Wealth still swells the golden tide, Add. to Edinburgh. 2.	If Spaniard, Portuguese, or Swiss, Were sayin or takin aught amiss: . Kind Sir, Ive read †
Must thou alone in guilt immortal swell, Ep. fr. Esopus to Maria.	The servile, mercenary Swiss of rhymes? The Brigs of Ayr.
Now on the rising gale swell high, On Lincluden.	Switch. I'd charm her with the magic of a switch, The Henpecked Husband.
Nae bombast spates o' nonsense swell; Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	Swith [swift, off! away!].
With heartfelt throes his grateful bosom swells,	Then swith! an' get a wife to hug, A Dream. 12.
The Brigs of Ayr.	Kings and nations, swith awa! . S. Louis what reck I† Swith to the Laigh Kirk, ane an' a, . The Ordination.
Poetic ardours in my bosom swell, . Wr. in Kenmore Inn. Swell'd. "Low lies the heart that swell'd with honest pride!	Swith, in some heggar's haffet squattle; . To a Louse.
On Death of Sir J. Blair.	Swither [doubt, irresolute wavering].
Swelling, Down Pleasure's stream, wi' swelling sails, A Dream. 10.	I there wi' Something does forgather, That pat me in an eerie swither; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 6.
If she winna ease the throes,	I' th' ither warl', if there's anither,
In my bosom swelling; S. Blythe hae I been f O mem'ry, spare the cruel throes	Their hauldest thought's a hank'ring swither.
Within my bosom swelling: S. Farewell, thou stream	To stan' or rin, The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.
Trees with aged arms were warring, O'er the swelling, drumlie wave. S. I dream'd I lay †	Swoln. The tide-swoln Firth, with sullen-sounding roar, The Brigs of Ayr. 3.
Ye howling winds, and wintry swelling waves! On Death of R. Dundas.	Swoom [swim]. Let posts an' pensions sink or swoom
Hoarse-swelling on the breeze. The Petition of Br. Water.	Wi' them wha grant them:
What throes, what tortures passing cure, Were in my bosom swelling: S. The last time I †	The Author's Cry and Prayer. Swoor [swore].
Were in my bosom swelling: . S. The last time I † 'Mong swelling floods of reeking gore, The Vision. D. II. 5.	An' swoor fu' rude, thro' dirt an' blood, To mak it guid in law, man A Fragment. 9.
To vent thy bosom's swelling rise,	But Duncan swoor a haly aith, . S. Duncan Davison.
Turbid torrents, wintry swelling, S. Thickest night t	Then up I gat, an swoor an aith, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 7.
the flood That in my een was swelling. S. When wild War's † Swept. He swept the stakes awa', man, A Fragment. 7.	While Willie lap, and swoor by jing,
Swerv'd. In chase o' thee [Poesie], what crouds hae swerv'd	He swoor 'twas hilchan Jean M'Craw,
Frae common sense, Poem on Pastoral Poetry. Swervin.	She swoor she saw some rebels run To Perth and to Dundee, man:
To right or left, eternal swervin,	S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
They zig-zag on; To J. S., 19.	He swoor by a' was swearing worth The Jolly Beggars. R. VI.
Swift from this desart let me part, S. Slow spreads the gloom	Sword.
Swift as the Gos drives on the wheeling hare; The Brigs of Ayr. 4.	When Vengeance draws the sword in wrath, And in the fire throws the sheath; . A Ded to G. H., 10.
While o'er us unheeded, flie the swift hours o' Love.	Wi' sword in hand, before his band, . A Fragment. 2.
S. You wild mossy mountains †	Wi' sword and gun he thought a sin Guid Christian bluid to draw,
Swiftly seek, on clanging wings,	My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword, S. By you castle wa't
Other lakes and other springs; . On scaring Water-fowl. Swift-wing'd.	In the field of proud honour, our swords in our hands,
The clouds swift-wing'd flew o'er the starry sky,	S. Harewell, thou fair day t
On Death of Sir J. Blair. The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnotic'd fleet;	Untie these bands from off my hands, And bring to me my sword; S. Farewell, ye dungeons †
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5.	Grim vengeance, yet, shall whet a sword That thro' thy soul shall gae: Lament of Mary of Scots.
Swim. The stately swan majestic swims, S. Again rejoicing Nature †	I hae a gude braid sword,
There let him sink or swim John Barleycorn.	I'll tak dunts frae naebody S. Naebody. Shame fa' the fun; wi' sword and gun
Where laughing love sae wanton swims. S. My Lord a-hunting †	To slap mankind like lumber!
Tho' they should cast the yera sark and swim,	Their hearts and swords are metal true, S. O Kenmure's on and area t
The Brigs of Ayr. 6.	How on this spot he first unsheath'd the sword Scots Prologue.
To thee I turn with swimming eyes; Liberty.	Freedom's sword will strongly draw? . S. Scots, wha hae †

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Swine.

They hack'd and hash'd while braid swords clash'd S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	Syne up the back-style, and let naebody see, S. O whistle †
I saw that honour's sword was rusted; The Hermit.	(And aye a rowth, roast beef and claret; Syne wha would starve?) . Poem on Life.
His piercin words, like Highlan swords, The Holy Fair. 21.	Syne, whip! his tail ye'll ne'er cast saut on, Ib.
The sword I forsook for the sake of the church; The Jolly Beggars. S. II.	Syne weave, unseen, thy spider snare
The sword would help to mak a plough, The Tree of Liberty.	Till first ae caper, syne anither, Tam o' Shanter. 16. Syne tun'd his pipes wi' grave grimace.
A short sword, and a lang, S. Ye Jacobites †	The Jolly Beggars. R. III.
Swore.	Syne draws her kebbuck an' her knife; The Holy Fair. 24.
Her grandsire, old Odin, triumphantly swore, "Whoe'er shall provoke thee, th' encounter shall rue!"	Syne to salute her wi' a kiss, I flang my arms about her neck.
S. Caledonia.	S. The lass that made the bed.
I put him to bed, and he swore he wad wed, S. The auld man †	A wicked crew syne, on a time, Did tak a solemn aith, man, The Tree of Liberty.
And swore 'twas the way that their ancestor did.	Syne let us pray, auld England may
Auld Sootie then swore by the edge of his knife,	Sure plant this far-famed tree, man;
S. There liv'd ance a carle	Fell foul o' me What ails ye now †
Sworn. And the wretch, his true sworn brother,	Syne pale like ony lily, S. When wild War's † System.
S. Does haughty Gaul, †	The ordered system fair before her stood, Ep. to R. Graham. 3.
And they hae sworn a solemn oath [re.] John Barleycorn.	What pity, in rearing so beauteous a system.
But come what will, I've sworn it still, I'll ne'er be melancholy, O. S. My father was a farmer	One trifling particular, Truth, should have miss'd him l Fragment, inscr. to Fox.
If angry fate is sworn my foe, . S. O wat ye wha's in †	Table.
And Wallace Tow'r had sworn the fact was true: The Brigs of Ayr. 3.	Five bonie Lasses round their table, A Ded. to G. H., 14.
Sworn foe to sorrow, care, and prose, To J. S., 25.	To note upon the haly table, Tam o' Shanter. 11. Sit round the table, weel content,
I hae sworn by the Heavens to my Mary,	An' steer about the toddy The Holy Fair. 20.
I hae sworn by the Heavens to be true; To Mary. Swung.	Tack [a lease; "stand by your tack," stand to your bargain].
The pedant swung his felon cudgel round, . The Vowels.	Or Poland, wha had now the tack o't; Kind Sir, I've read t
Sybow [a young onion].	Now stand as tightly by your tack:
A lee dyke-side, a sybow-tail, And barley-scone shall cheer me To Mr. M'Adam.	The Author's Cry and Prayer. 6. On thee a tack o' seven times seven
Sylvia.	Will yet bestow it To Terraughty.
There Damon lay, with Sylvia gay: S. Damon and Sylvia.	Tacket [a kind of nail or large-headed tack for drlving into the heels and soles of boots and
Symbol.	shoes].
I turn'd my weeding heuk aside, An' spar'd the symbol dear. The Ans. to the Guidwife.	Wad haud the Lothians three in tackets, A towmont gude; On Grose's Peregrinations.
Syme. A gift that e'en for S[ym]e were fit To Mr. Syme.	Tae [to].
Symmetry.	Tae cheer you thro' the weary widdle Second Ep. to Davie.
(Beauty, where faultless symmetry and grace, Can only charm us in the second place,)	Rivan the words tae gar them clink;
Prologue, sp. by Woods.	Haud tae the Muse, my dainty Davie:
With order, symmetry, or taste unblest; The Brigs of Ayr. 8. Sympathetic.	Frae door tae door
Smith, wi' his sympathetic feeling, Auld comrade †	Come Sir, here's tae you; To Mr. J. Kennedy.
Thy sympathetic tear maun fa', El. on Capt. M. H., Epit.	Tae [toe]. I maun sit the lee lang day,
The smile of love, the friendly tear, The sympathetic glow! Ep. to Davie. 10.	And jeeg the cradle wi' my tae, . S. Duncan Gray.
Sad to your sympathetic scenes I fly;	Taed [toad]. Sprawlin' like a taed. The Election Ballads. IV.
On Death of R. Dundas. Sympathy.	Tae'd [toed; a "three-tae'd" or three-pronged leister was a fish-spear with a long shaft, used when the fish were very difficult to
Our neighbour's sympathy may ease us, Add. to Toothache.	used when the fish were very difficult to spear].
Symptom.	A three-tae'd leister on the ither [shouther]
I watch'd the symptoms o' the Great, On dining with Daer.	Lay, large an' lang. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 6.
Nae godly symptom ye can ca' that; . A Ded. to G. H., 6. Syne [since, ago, then].	Taen, Ta'en [taken]. For Oh! the yellow treasure's taen
Lang syne in Eden's bonie yard, . Add. to the Deil. 15.	By witching skill; . Add. to the Deil. 10.
"There was a time, it's nae lang syne, . As on the banks t	Grim Vengeance lang has taen a nap, S. Awa, whigs, awa.
Syne rhyme till't, well time till't, Ep. to Davie. 4.	'Till ane Hornbook's ta'en up the trade, 'And faith, he'll waur me. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 13
An' syne they think to climb Parnassus By dint o' Greek! Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 12.	'A countra Laird had ta'en the batts,
Syne we'll sit down an' tak our whitter, Ib. 19.	In Eighty-eight, ye ken, was ta'en What ye'll ne'er ha'e to gi'e again. El. on Year 1788.
Syne I began to wander: S. Gat ye me t	Ye'd better taen up spades and shools,
Let him be planted in my place, Syne, say, I was a fantor S. Had I the wyte †	Or knappin-hammers. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 11. While caps an' bonnets aff are taen,
Syne coziely, aboon the door,	As by he walks? Ib., Ap. 21st, 12.
Wi' cannie care, they've plac'd them	His saul has ta'en some other way, Epit. on Holy Willie.
Syne bauldly in she enters:	You have my choicest model ta'en, . Epit. on W—— And ev'ry time great care is taen,
Syne, wi' a social glass o' strunt, They barted aff careerin Fn' blythe	To see them duely changed: Halloween. 27.
They parted aff careerin Fn' blythe Ib. 28. Syne to the Highlands hame to me S. Hee balou †	she has ta'en to the heather, Jenny M'Craw, †
Syne as ye brew, my maiden fair,	Their leagues and their covenants a' she has ta'en; . 16. Jockey's ta'en the parting kiss, . S. Jockey's ta'en the †
Keep mind that ye maun drink the yill. S. In simmer when t	They've taen a weapon, long and sharp, John Barleycorn.
And syne deny'd she did it at a' S. O when she cam ben t	And they hae ta'en his very heart's blood, Ib.

Whom death had all untimely taen. Lament for Glencairn.	Tak this excuse for nae epistle Ep. to H. Parker
For now he's taen anither shore, On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.	A man may tak a neebor's part,
Hadst thou taen aff some drowsy bummle, Ib. And taen the—Antiquarian trade, On Grose's Peregrinations.	Yet hae nae cash to spare him. Ep. to Young Friend. 4 Syne we'll sit down an' tak our whitter,
For loyal Forbes' Charter'd boast	Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 19
Is ta'en awa! Scotch Drink. 19.	tak that, ye lea'e them naething To ken them by, Ep. to J. R., 4
As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice! . Tam o' Shanter. 3. Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill taen;	Taks up its last abode; Epit. on Holy Willie
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 8.	Deil tak Kate
And a deadly aith she's ta'en, . The Election Ballads. I.	An' she be na noddin too! . S. Gudeen to you Kimmer
While Common-Sense has taen the road, The Holy Fair. 16.	She thro' the yard the nearest taks, . Halloween. 11 The graip he for a harrow taks,
I've ta'en the gold, an been enroll'd The Jolly Beggars. S. VI.	He taks a swirlie, auld moss-oak,
They've ta'en me in, an' a' that,	For some black, grousome Carlin;
The Kirk's Alarm.	They tell me, Sir, 'twould be a sin, To tak me frae my mammy yet; S. I'm o'er young to marry
My mither, she has ta'en the bed, Wi' thinking on my fa' The Ruined Maid's Lament.	Tak this frae me, my bonie hen, . S. In simmer when
And hunger'd Maukin taen her way	Tak' tent, I'll tell thee what, S. Lass, when yr mither
To kail-yards green, . The Vision. D. I.	The de'il tak' his taste to gae near her!
Now he's ta'en her hame to his ain reeky den, S. There liv'd ance a carle †	S. Last May a braw wooer I'll tak Cuckold frae nane, S. Naebody
And ev'ry ither pair that's done,	I'll tak Cuckold frae nane,
Mair taen I'm wi' you	An' gin she winna tak a man,
This while my notion's taen a sklent,	E'en let her tak her will, jo S. O steer her up
To try my fate in guid, black prent;	An' gin she tak the thing amiss [re.]
Pardon this freedom I have ta'en, . To Rev. J. M'Math.	But sorrow tak' him that's sae mean, S. O Tibbie! But Tibbie, lass, tak' my advice:
'aet [a small quantity].	O Satan, when ye tak him,
Wi' taets o' hay an' ripps o' corn The Death of Mailie.	Gie him the schulin of your weans; On a Schoolmaster.
But ev'ry tail thou pay't them hollow, A Gude New-Year to.	Puir harmless beast! tak thee nae care, On B.'s Horse Impound.
But thy auld tail thou wad hae whisket, 1b. 12.	If ye be for Miss Jean, tak this frae a frien',
Wi' wind and tide fair i' your tail,	Ronalds of Bennals.
Right on ye scud your sea-way; Add. to Unco Guid. 4. He'd ne'er cast saut upo' thy tail Ep. to H. Parker.	Tak a' the rest,
He'd ne'er cast saut upo' thy tail Ep. to H. Parker. An' by my hen, an' by her tail Ep. to J. R., 10.	We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet, S. Should auld acquaintance
A runt was like a sow-tail Sae bow't	And we'll tak' a right gude willie-waught, Ib. But if its ordain'd I maun tak' him,
Was threshin still at hizzies tails, . Kind Sir, I've read t	O wha will I get but Tam Glen? S. Tam Glen.
Even as two howling, ravening wolves	An' folk begin to tak the gate; Tam o' Shanter.
To dogs do turn their tail New Psalmody. A braw new naig wi' the tail o't a' rottan,	And sic a night he taks the road in, As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in
S. O ken ye what Meg †	An' durk an' pistol at her belt, She'll tak the streets, The Author's Cry and Prayer.
Syne, whip! his tail ye'll ne'er cast saut on, Poem on Life. There at them thou thy tail may toss, Tam o' Shanter. 18.	
The fient a tail she had to shake!	if she promise auld or young To tak their part, Ib. She eyes her freeborn, martial boys,
But left behind her ain gray tail:	Tak aff their Whisky Ib. P.
Eels weel kend for souple tail, . Tam Samson's El., 6.	Freedom and Whisky gang thegither, Tak aff your dram!
As ever ran afore a tail	Tak aff your dram!
Turn tail and rin awa, Jamie S. The Laddies by †	There's men of taste wou'd tak the Ducat-stream,
He'll clap a shangan on her tail, The Ordination. 2. Now auld K[ilmarnock], cock thy tail,	The Brigs of Ayr. 6.
An' toss thy horns fu' canty;	Tak tent how ye purchase a dram; The Election Ballads. III.
His gawsie tail, wi' upward curl,	Ye monarchs, tak the east and west, Frae Indus to Savannah! The gowd. Locks of A.
Hung owre his hurdies wi' a swirl The Twa Dogs. 5. He draws a bonie, silken purse As lang's my tail, . Ib. 8.	Tak some on the wing, and some as they spring,
He kend the Lord's sheep ilka tail, . The Twa Herds. 7.	S. The heather was blooming †
aint. Never baleful stellar lights,	An' taks me by the han's, The Holy Fair. 4. The Kirk an' you may tak' you that, The Inventory.
Taint thee with untimely blights! . To Miss C.	The Kirk an' you may tak' you that, The Inventory. He taks the Fiddler by the beard, The Jolly Beggars. R. VI.
ak [to take]. What's no his ain, he winna tak it; A Ded. to G. H., 5.	An' there tak up your stations; The Ordination.
But point the Rake that taks the door;	This day M'[Kinlay] taks the flail, 1b.
(ye need na tak it ill)	And tak a look o' Mysie; The Tarbolton Lasses.
How thou wad prance, an' snore, an' scriegh,	De'il tak the war! S. The tither mornt
An' tak the road! . A Guid New-Year † 8. They'll step in and tak a pint S. A' the lads o' Thornie-bank †	Did tak a solemn aith, man, The Tree of Liberty. To make a tour an' tak a whirl, The Twa Dogs. 22.
An' tak' the counsel I sall gi'e thee, Add. to Illegit. Child.	Aboon them a' ye tak your place,
O wad ye tak a thought an' men'! Add. to the Deil. 21.	Deil tak the hindmost, on they drive,
May guardian angels tak a spell,	You'll tak it no uncivil; To a Painter.
An' steer you seven miles south o' hell; Auld comrade †	He tald mysel by word o' mouth,
I'll tak what Heav'n will sen' me, O: S. Behind yon hills † 'I red ye weel, tak care o' skaith, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 9.	He'd tak my letter; To Dr. Blacklock. "I red you, honest man, tak tent! To J. S., 7.
We'll ease our shanks an' tak a seat,	"I red you, honest man, tak tent! To J. S., 7. And large, before Enjoyment's gale,
'Kirkyards will soon be till'd eneugh,	Let's tak the tide Ib. 11.
Tak ye nae fear: 16. 24.	See wha taks notice o' the bard! To Mr. M'Adam.
'This night I'm free to tak my aith,	Are mind't, in things they ca' balloons, To tak a flight, To W. Simpson. P.S.
Thou beardless boy, I pray tak' care, . El. on Year 1788. Tak thou the Carlin's carcase aff,	Can ye think to tak a man? . S. Will ye go and marry
Thou'se get the saul o' boot. Epig. on Henpecked Squire.	Tak a mark by auntie Betty,

Tak me, Katie, at my offer,	Tak'st.
Or be-had, and I'll tak you: S. Will ye go and marry †	As with a flood Thou tak'st them off
When in his arms he taks me a'; S. Young Jockey †	With overwhelming sweep The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps
Take.	Tald v. Tauld.
Then thro' the lakes Montgomery takes, A Fragment. 2.	Tale But oh, it was a tale of woe, A Vision.
"Paint Vengeance as he takes his horrid stand	Truth, weeping, tells the mournful tale, A Winter Night. 8.
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.	And love was ay the tale S. As down the burn t
I will take my chance with you; . Add. to Dumourier.	The courtier tells a finer tale, . S. Behold, my love, †
Let Meg now take away the flesh, At Globe Tav., D.	But now, what else for me remains
Take [Powers divine 1] aught else of mine,	But tales of woe; . El. on Capt. M. H., II.
But, my Chloris spare me! S. Ay waking, O†	I tell nae common tale o' grief, Ib., Epit.
Come, let me take thee to my breast,	Prepare, Maria, for a horrid tale
S. Come, let me take thee t	Will turn thy very rouge to deadly pale; . Ep. fr. Esopus.
I'll want 'im, ere I take such a d-ble load.	Esteeming, and deeming, It [Heaven, Hell] a' an idle tale! . Ep. to Davie. 6.
Still take her, and make her,	
Thy most peculiar care! Ep. to Davie. 9.	An' either douse or merry tale, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 6.
This hour on e'enin's edge I take, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st.	And unco tales, an' funnie jokes, Halloween. 28.
And merchandise' whole genus take their birth:	We hae tales to tell,
Ep. to R. Graham.	And we hae sangs to sing; S. Hey ca' thro'.
But take it [fortune's road] like the unbacked filly,	Hark, injur'd Want recounts th' unlisten'd tale,
Proud o' her speed Ep. to Maj. Logan.	On Death of R. Dundas.
That never gives—tho' humbly takes enough;	Sad thy tale, thou idle page, Sad thy tale †
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.	Ye chief, to you my tale I tell, Scotch Drink. 16.
Death takes him hame to gie him quarters.	But to our tale:
Epit. on Tam the Chapman.	Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read.
My hale and weel I'll take a care o't	Ilk man and mother's son, take heed: Ib. 19.
A tentier way: Friend of the poet † P.S.	And echo cons the doolfu' tale; S. The Contented Cottager.
The sun a backward course shall take . S. Highl. Laddie.	'In other's arms, breathe out the tender tale,
Alternate Follies take the sway: Man was made to mourn.	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 9.
Take pity on my weary feet, . S. O Lassie, art thou	dinna fail, To tell my Master a' my tale;
But I hae ane will take my part, S. Oh, how can I be blythe †	The Death of Mailie.
I'd take the rascal by the nose,	'Twad be owre lang a tale to tell, The Holy Fair. 23.
Wad say, Shame fa' thee. On Grose's Peregrinations.	What herd like R[usse]ll tell'd his tale, The Twa Herds. 7.
Would take the Muses' servants by the hand, Scots Prologue.	As Robie tauld a tale o' love S. There was a lass †
That future-life in worlds unknown	And whisper'd thus his tale o' love
Must take its hue from this alone; Sketch. New-Yr's Day.	In plaintive notes my tale rehearses To Clarinda.
What wealth could never give nor take away!	But why, o' Death, begin a tale? To J. S., 11.
Sonnet, wr. on Birthday.	As modest want the tale of woe reveals; To Miss Graham.
Take a heart which he designs thee; . S. Sweetest May †	I send you more than India boasts
Ilk man and mother's son, take heed: Tam o' Shanter. 19.	In Edwin's simple tale To Miss L.
Retrieve its doom and take its place. S. The capt. Ribband.	(It soothes poor Misery, hearkening to her tale),
A strappan youth; he takes the Mother's eye;	To R. G. of F
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 8.	Yet when a tale comes i' my head, . To W. Simpson
Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way; . 1b. 18.	I own'd the tale was true he tell'd me, What ails ye now t
While dying raptures in her arms,	Talent. My talents they were not the worst,
I give and take with Anna! S. The gowd. Locks of A.	S. My father was a farmer †
Round and round take up the Chorus, The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII.	For talents to deserve a place
	Are qualifications saucy; The Dean of Fac.
	I fear I my talent misteuk, . The Jolly Beggars. S. III.
But the songster's nest within the bush I winna take away, S. The Posie.	In days when mankind were but callans At Grammar, Logic, an' sic talents, To W. Simpson, P.S.
Take away these rosy lips,	O injured God! Thy goodness has endow'd me
Rich with balmy treasure: S. Thine am I†	With talents passing most of my compeers, Tragic Frag.
To Hague or Calais takes a waft, The Twa Dogs. 22.	Did many talents gild thy span? Wr. in Friars-Carse H.
Or by Madrid he takes the rout,	Talk. His talk o' H-ll, whare devils dwell,
some day we'll knot it, An' witness take, Third Ep. to J. Lap.	Our vera "Sauls does harrow" Wi' fright
Clarinda, take this little boon, To a Lady.	The Holy Fair. 21.
And with them take the poet's prayer; . To a yng Lady.	And talk of love my dearie O. S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite †
Come Firm Resolve take thou the van, To Dr. Blacklock.	Talk of him that's far awa. [re.] S. Musing on the roaring †
Then take what gold could never buy—	We'll gently walk and sweetly talk, S. Now westlin winds †
An honest Bard's esteem To J. M'Murdo.	She talks of rank and fashion. S. O poortith cauld \
Fair maid, you need not take the hint, . To Miss Ainslie.	Talk not to me of savages On Miss J. Lewars.
They take religion in their mouth; . To Rev. J. M'Math.	Talk not of Love, it gives me pain, S. Talk not of Love †
Would take His hand, whose vernal tints	But never talk of love
His other works admire V.s below Picture.	Did meet the poor Thresher and freely did talk;
Say then, Katie, say ye'll take me,	The Poor Thresher.
S. Will ye go and marry †	They'll talk o' patronage an' priests,
Take pity on a sodger S. When wild War's †	
Taken. What dire events ha'e taken place! El. on Year 1788.	They talk o' mercy, grace an' truth, To Rev. J. M'Math.
Taking, -in'.	Talk'd.
Yet has sae mony takin' arts, . Holy Willie's Prayer. 11.	She talk'd, she smil'd, my heart she wyl'd, S. I gaed a waefut
Were sayin or takin aught amiss: . Kind Sir, I've read †	Talking, -in. She didna wait on talkin
A chield's amang you, taking notes,	To spier that night. Halloween. 12.
On Grose's Peregrinations.	If thou hast heard her talking, S. O wat ye wha that loes t
Nae kind of licence out I'm takin'; The Inventory.	That ilka body talking But her by thee is slighted, . Ib.
One evening this Nobleman, taking his walk,	Tall.
The Poor Thresher.	I see thee gracefu', straight and tall, S. Craigie-burn Wood.
Thae winks and finger-ends, I dread,	She's bonie, blooming, straight, and tall;
Are notice takin! To a Louse.	S. O this is no my aint

Tam [dim. of Thomas]. And O for ane and twenty, Tam! [re.]	The vera tapmost, towrin height
S. And O for ane and twenty † As Tam the Chapman on a day	O' Miss's bonnet To a Louse. Tap-pickle [the grain at the top of the stalk].
Wi' death forgather'd by the way, Epit. on Tam the Chapman.	But her tap-pickle maist was lost, Halloween. 6.
In hopes to see Tam Kipples	Tappit-hen [a tin pot with a knob on the top,
O Tam! badst thou but been sae wise, Tam o' Shanter.	holding a quart]. The tappit-hen gae bring her ben, On W. Stewart.
Tam bad got planted unco right;	Tapsalteerie [topsy-turvy].
Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither;	When there cam a yell o' foreign squeels,
The landlady and Tam grew gracious,	That dang her tapsalteerie, O S. Amang the trees, † He fir'd a fiddler in the north
The hour approaches Tam mann ride; 16. 6.	That dang them tapsalteerie, O
Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire,	An' warly cares, an' warly men, May a' gae tapsalteerie, O! S. Green grow the Rashes.
And, vow! Tam saw an unco sight! Ib. 11.	Tar. The manly tar, my mason Billie, Auld comrade †
By which heroic Tam was able	A toom tar barrel An' twa red peats Letter to J. Goudie.
Now, Tam, O Tam! had that been queans,	Tarbolton.
And how Tam stood, like ane bewitch'd, 1b. 16.	Tarbolton, twenty-fourth o' June, Ye'll find me in a better tune; Ep. to H. Parker.
Tam tint his reason a' thegither,	In Tarbolton, ye ken, there are proper young men,
Ah, Tam! Ah, Tam! thou'll get thy fairin!	Ronalds of Bennals. Tandy She tardy helloward plies Ode to Many of Man
And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle; 1b. "O how deil Tam can that be true?	Tardy. She, tardy, hell-ward plies. Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —. Targe. When baiginets o'erpower'd the targe,
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
And there will be gleg Colonel Tam. The Election Ballads. III.	Targe, to [to drill, to examine strictly]. I on the questions targe them tightly; The Inventory.
Thou hast left me ever, Tam, [re.] S. Thou hast left me †	Tarrow [to murmur].
And maybe, Tam, for a' my cants, [re.] What ails ye now †	Or, if you on your station tarrow,
This truth fand honest Tam o' Shanter, Tam o' Shanter.	Between Almagro and Pizarro; . Add. of Beelzebub. 5. Tarrow't [murmured].
Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare	An' I hae seen their coggie fou,
Tam Samson.	That yet hae tarrow't at it, A Dream. 15.
Tam Samson's dead! [re.] Tam Samson's El.	Tarry. Nae time hae I to tarry S. Here's to thy health,† It's not the roar o' sea or shore,
Compar'd with these, Italian trills are tame;	Wad make me langer wish to tarry; . S. My bonie Mary.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 13.	Come counsel, dear titty, don't tarry; S. Tam Glen.
Here's a health to Tammie, the Norland laddie,	At Darlet we a blink did tarry; S. Th. Menzies' bonie Mary.
S. Here's a health to them \	There simmer first unfauld her robes, And there the langest tarry:
The swats sac ream'd in Tammie's noddle, Tam o' Shanter. 11. As Tammie glowr'd, amaz'd, and curious,	S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †
Cammy Gage.	Tarry-Breeks [a sailor]. Young, royal Tarry-Breeks, A Dream. 13.
Poor Tammy G-ge within a cage,	Tart. A little, upright, pert, tart, tripping wight, Sketch.
Was kept at Boston-ha', man; A Fragment. 3. Camtallan [Tantallan Castie, on the coast of Hadding-	Tartan.
tonshire].	Sae weel row'd in his tartan plaidie. [re.] S. As I came o'er†
The teeth o' time may gnaw Tamtallan, But thou's for ever. Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	And I'll cleed thee in the tartan sae fine, S. O whare did ye get †
Tane [the one].	Her tartan petticoat she'll kilt, The Author's Cry and Prayer.
The tane is game, a bluidy devil, El. on Year 1788.	O' Clans frae woods, in tartan duds, S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor
That the heat o' the tane might cool the tither. S. Scroggam.	the philibegs And skyrin tartan trews,
His manly leg with garter tangle bound. The Brigs of Ayr. 13.	With his Philibeg, an' tartan Plaid, The Jolly Beggars. S. IV.
fangling.	Down flow'd her robe, a tartan sheen, The Vision. D. I. II.
The cavern wild with tangling roots, Despondency, an Ode. 3.	Tartaned. leaves the tartaned lines, For other wars, Ep. fr. Esopus.
Tangs [tongs; "a sheep-head on a tangs," a sheep's head being singed].	Task. Doom'd to that sorest task of man alive-
And like a sheep-head on a tangs, Poem on Life.	To make three guineas do the work of five: Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
Tankard. An' fareweel chearfu' tankards foamin, An' social noise; . To J. S., 14.	Heavy, heavy is the task, Hopeless love declaring:
Tap [top; "tap o' tow," the quantity of flax put on	S. Blythe ha'e I been † It is not, outdo him, the task is, out thieve him.
the spinning-wheel at one time].	Frag., inscr. to Fox.
Frae tap to tae that cleeds me bien, S. The Contented Cottager.	Poor is the task to please a barb'rous throng, Prologue, sp. by Woods.
Gae spin your tap o' tow! S. The weary Pund.	Tassel. As dangling in the wind he hangs
An' legs, an' arms, an' heads will sned,	A gibbet's tassel Poem on Life.
Like taps o' thrissle To a Haggis. Taper, adj. In's hand five taper staves as smooth's a bead,	Tassle [a goblet]. And fill it in a silver tassie; S. My bonie Mary.
The Brigs of Ayr. 4.	Taste. Ev'n then, sometimes we'd snatch a taste
Sae straught [a leg], sae taper, tight and clean, The Vision. D. I. II.	Of truest happiness Ep. to Davie. 3.
Taper. With noiseless step and taper bright, On Lincluden.	O Death, how horrid is thy taste . Epit. on Grizel Grim. The de'il tak' his taste to gae near her!
The altar sinks, the tapers fade,	S. Last May a braw wooer †
Tapering.	They tempt the taste and charm the sight; S. On Cessnock banks †
spreading beech and tapering elm, . As on the banks † [apetless [heedless, foolish, purposeless].	That queens it o'er our taste Prologue, at Th., D
The tapetless, ramfeezl'd hizzie, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 3.	Good sense and taste are natives here at home; Ib.
Tapmost [topmost].	well-form'd taste, and sparkling wit <i>Prologue</i> , sp. by Woods.
But may the tapmast grain that wags Come to the sack Third Ep. to J. Lap.	But for sense and guid taste she'll vie wi' the best Ronalds of Bennals.
	,

But, oh! respect his lordship's taste,	Tawle [tame, tractable; that lets itself peaceably be
And spare his golden bindings The Book-Worms.	handled].
There's men of taste wou'd tak the Ducat-stream, The Brigs of Ayr. 6.	But hamely, tawie, quiet an' cannie, A Guid New-Year † 5. Tawpie [a silly, sluggish young person].
With order, symmetry, or taste unblest; Ib. 8.	gawkies, tawpies, gowks and fools, To W. Creech.
Anbank, wha guess'd the ladies' taste, The Fête Champetre. the sense, wit, and taste of a sweet lovely dame.	Tax. When taxes he enlarges, A Dream. 7.
The Whistle. 10.	An' ye have laid nae tax on misses; . The Inventory. While Highlandmen hate tolls an' taxes; To W. Simpson.
The joys refin'd of sense and taste, To Chloris.	While Highlandmen hate tolls an' taxes; To W. Simpson. Tax, to.
While men have eyes, or ears, or taste, She'll always find a lover S. When first I saw †	An' gin ye tax her or her mither,
She showed her taste refined and just	B' the L-d! ye'se get them a' thegither The Inventory. Taxation. Your sair taxation does her fleece, A Dream. 6.
When she selected thee, . Wr. on Leaf of "H. More." The lawns wood-fringed in Nature's native taste;	Or tell what new taxation's comin, . The Twa Dogs. 18.
· Wr. in Kenmore Inn.	Tax'd. Or if bare a - yet were tax'd; Kind Sir, I've read t
Taste, to. But ah! those pleasures, Loves and Joys,	Taxing. What are your landlords rent-rolls? taxing ledgers. Lns on Window, K.'s Arms.
Which I too keenly taste, Despondency, an Ode. 4.	Tay.
Never mair to taste delight S. Frae the friends † Wi' joctelegs they taste them [the custocks]; Halloween. 5.	Whare Tay rins wimplin by sae clear; S. O whare did ye get † Ramsay an' famous Ferguson
She wadna trow't, the broust she brew't,	Gied Forth an' Tay a lift aboon; To W. Simpson.
Wad taste sae bitterlie S. Her Daddie forbad † For if you do but taste his blood,	The Tay meandering sweet in infant pride, Wr. in Kenmore Inn.
'Twill make your courage rise John Barleycorn.	Taylor. Men, three-parts made by Taylors and by Barbers,
And ay we'll taste the barley bree. S. O Willie brew'd †	The Brigs of Ayr. 9. The taylor staw the lynin o't S. The cardin o't.
It's aye the cheapest Lawyer's fee To taste the barrel. Scotch Drink. 13.	The Taylor fell thro' the bed, thimble an' a', [re.]
There taste that life of life—immortal love.	S. The Taylor fell †
Gif ance the peasant taste a bit,	She thought that a Taylor could do her nae ill Ib. There's some that are dowie, I trow wad be fain
He's greater than a lord, man, . The Tree of Liberty. I'd gie my shoon frae aff my feet,	To see the bit Taylor come skippin again Ib.
To taste sic fruit, I swear, man	The Taylor he cam here to sew,
Nae poison'd soor Arminian stank, He let them taste, The Twa Herds. 5.	The Taylor prov'd a man, O
As them wha like to taste the drappie There's naethin like †	Taylor [Dr. Taylor of Norwich].
And taste a swatch o' Manson's barrels, To a Medical Gent. And taste sic gear as Johnnie brews, To Mr. J. Kennedy.	'Tis you and Taylor are the chief, Wha are to blame for this mischief; Letter to J. Goudie.
And sweetly tempt to taste them:. S. Young Peggy †	Tea. Ae night, at tea, began a plea, A Fragment.
Tasting. Tasting the breathing spring, S. Phillis the Fair.	some scheme, like tea an' winnocks, The Author's Cry and Prayer.
Tatter'd. And gar the tatter'd gypsies pack, Add. of Beelzebub. 4.	Teach. whose judgment clear Can others teach A Bard's Epit.
And many a tatter'd rag hanging over my bum,	There's somebody there we'll teach better behaviour. S. Cock up your beaver.
Tatters. The Jolly Beggars. S. I.	They who but feign a wounded heart, May teach the lyre to languish; S. Could aught of song †
Squire Pope but busks his skinklin patches	Go [King of Terrors] frighten the coward and slave!
O' heathen tatters: Poem on Pastoral Poetry. Now moths deform in shapeless tatters,	Go teach them to tremble, fell tyrant! S. Farewell, thou fair day †
Their unknown pages To J. S., 8.	She'll teach you, wi' a reekan whittle
taught by the bright Caledonian lance, . S. Caledonia. 5	Anither sang. The Author's Cry and Prayer. 'Some teach the Bard, a darling care,
The martial phosphorus is taught to flow, Ep. to R. Graham. 2.	'The tuneful Art The Vision. D. II. 4.
But still the hope Experience taught to live, Prologue, sp. by Woods.	'Some teach to meliorate the plain, With tillage-skill;
'I taught thee how to pour in song, 'To soothe thy flame. The Vision. D. II. 16.	An' teach the lanely heights an' howes My rustic sang To J. S., 9.
'I taught thy manners-painting strains, Ib. 17.	He [Monroe] hacks to teach, they [Critics] mangle to expose.
But then wi' you, he'll be sae taught, . To Gav. Hamilton.	And teach the sportive younkers round,
Tauk [to talk]. The mair they tauk I'm kent the better, Add. to Illegit. Child.	Saws of experience, sage and sound. Wr. in Friars-Carse H.
Tauld, Tald [told].	Teacher. A candid lib'ral band is found Of public teachers, To Rev. J. M'Math.
Down Pleasure's stream, wi' swelling sails, I'm tauld ye're driving rarely; A Dream. 10.	Teaching. A lesson sadly teaching, to your cost, The Brigs of Ayr. 7.
I'm tauld he offers very fairly, Auld comrade †	Teal. Mourn sooty coots, and speckled teals;
They tald me 'twas an odd kind chiel	El. on Capt. M. H., &. Team. The merry Ploughboy cheers his team,
About Muirkirk. Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 4. It's tauld he was a sodger bred, On Grose's Peregrinations.	S. Again rejoic. Nature †
I'm tauld the Muse ye hae negleckit; Second Ep. to Davie.	Tear. And o'er this grassy heap sing dool, And drap a tear A Bard's Epit.
She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum, Tam o' Shanter. 3. The Souter tauld his queerest stories;	Here pause—and thro' the starting tear, Survey this grave
There's even, I'm tauld, i' the Court	thro' the tender-gushing tear, . A Ded. to G. H., 16.
A Tumbler ca'd the Premier. The Jolly Beggars. S. III. As Robie tauld a tale o' love S. There was a lass †	O, free my weary eyes from tears, A Prayer under Anguish.
He tald mysel by word o' mouth, To Dr. Blacklock.	Regardless of the tears, and unavailing pray'rs! A Winter Night. 8.
Let na this o' thee be tauld S. Will ye go and marry †	Dissolve in pause—and sentimental tears— Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
Taunt. May taunt you wi' his jeers an' mocks; The Author's Cry and Prayer.	With awe-struck thought, and pitying tears,
Tauted, Tawted [matted, uncombed].	I view that noble, stately Dome, Add. to Edinburgh. 6. While Scotia, with exulting tear,
Wi' tauted ket, an' hairy hips; Poor Mailie's El Nae tawted tyke, tho' e'er sae duddie, . The Twa Dogs.	Proclaims that Thomson was her son. Add. to Shade of Thomson. 5.
Nae tawted tyke, tho' e'er sae duddie, . The Twa Dogs.	nun, w Snune of Thomson J.

The tears trickled down like the hail and the rain;	I, sighing, drop the silent tear, To Clarinda.
S. As I was a-wand ring t	My vows and tears her scorn excite
And as he was singing the tears down came, S. By you castle wa't	Or pity's notes, in luxury of tears, To Miss Graham.
The fears all, the tears all,	And left us darkling in a world of tears:) To R. G. of F., q.
Of dim declining Age! Despondency, an Ode. 5.	With many a filial tear circling the bed of death! . Ib.
Ilk cowslip cup shall kep a tear: . El. on Capt. M. H., 12.	No fear more, no tear more,
Thy sympathetic tear mann fa',	To stain my lifeless face,
El. on Miss Burnet.	"Rejoicing in the honest man's destruction, . Tragic Frag
The smile of love, the friendly tear,	Remembrance oft may start a tear, . V.s, under Grief.
The sympathetic glow! Ep. to Davie. 10.	A tear may wet thy laughin' e'e,
While tears hap o'er her auld brown nose! Ep. to H. Parker. Longing to wipe each tear, to heal each groan,	Wae is my heart, and the tear's in my e'e;
Yet frequent all unheeded in his own. Ep. to R. Graham. 3.	S. Wae is my heart t
O ye whose cheek the tear of pity stains,	Wha wou'd soon dry the tear frae his Phillis's e'e. Fears for my Willie brought tears in my e'e;
Epit. for Author's Father.	S. Wandering Willie.
And soft as their [lovers'] parting tear—Jessy. S. Here's a health to ane †	With tears I pity thy unhappy fate!
"Twill make the widow's heart to sing	Wr. under Port. of Fergusson.
Tho' the tear were in her eye John Barlevcorn.	But now wi's ighs and starting tears . S. Young Jamie,† Tear, to.
His hoary cheek was wet wi' tears; Lament for Glencairn.	Farewell! and ne'er such sorrows tear
What heart that feels and will not yield a tear, Lns on Fergusson.	That fickle heart of thine, . S. Canst thou leave me thus †
At Yarico's sweet notes of grief,	In grief thy sallow mantle tear; . El. on Capt. M. H. 13.
The rock with tears had flow'd Lns on Mrs. Kemble.	That holy robe, O dinna tear it! Ep. to J. R. 3.
So shy, grave and distant, ye shed not a tear: Monody, on a Lady.	As the storms the forest tear, . S. How can my poor heart †
The tender thrill, the pitying tear, S. My Mary's face †	Death tears the brother of her love From Isabella's arms
While down his cheeks the saut tears row'd;	Fate oft tears the bosom chords
S. My Sandy gied to t	That Nature finest strung:
Ye who never shed a tear, . S. Musing on the roaring t	Nor cause me from my bosom tear The very friend I sought S. Talk not of Love †
And ev'ning's tears are tears o' joy: S. O Logan! sweetly † The widow's tears, the orphan's cry!	What bursting anguish tears my heart! The Farewell.
But spare a Mother's tears! O Thou dread Pow'r †	These bleed afresh, those ties I tear, S. The gloomy night †
With earnest tears I pray,	Though mem'ry there my bosom tear; S. To thee, lov'd Nith †
In tears the rose-buds steeping: S. O wat ye wha that loes †	Tearful, -fu'. The tearful tribute of a broken heart.
But ave the tear comes in my ee	Lns sent Sir J. Whiteford.
To think on him that's far awa. S. Oh, how can I be blythe †	may bless him, Wi' tearfu' e'e; On Scot. Bard gne to W. I. Tearing.
And a' my tears be tears of joy,	Tearing my nerves wi' bitter pang, Add. to Toothache.
An' stain them wi' the saut, saut tear: On Scot. Bard gne to W.I.	Wild as the winter now tearing the forest,
When the tear trickled bright, . On Death of fav. Child.	S. Gloomy December.
The lightning of her eye in tears imbued.	But tearing Peggy from my soul
On Death of Sir J. Blair.	Must be a stronger death S. Peggy Chalmers. For why,—methinks I hear her voice
"A weeping country joins a widow's tear, Ib. Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee, S. One fond kiss, †	Tearing the clouds asunder S. The Joyful Widower.
Wi' saut tears trickling down your nose; Poor Mailie's El.	Tear-worn.
It's no the loss o' warl's gear.	My toil-beat nerves, and tear-worn eye, The Lament.
That could sae bitter draw the tear,	Tease.
The saut tear blin't his e'e; . S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie.	An' tease my name in kintry clatter: Add. to Illegit. Child Nae cauld, faint-hearted doubtings tease him;
Friends, that parting tear reserve it, . S. Scenes of woe † Numbering ev'ry bud which nature	The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.
Waters wi' the tears of joy S. Sleep'st thou, †	Teased.
While by their nose the tears will revel, Tam Samson's El	Dull, listless, teased, dejected, and deprest, To R. G. of F.
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,	'Teen [abbrev. of "at e'en"; evening]. O wat ye what my minnie did,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 16. A brother's sigh! a sister's tear! The Farewell.	On Tysday 'teen to me, jo? . S. O wat ye what my †
I, with a much indebted tear,	Teen [chagrin, vexation].
Shall still remember you!	Last day I grat wi' spite and teen, The Petition of Br. Water.
One round, I ask it with a tear, The Farewell. To St. J.'s L.	Teens. I've been but three years in my teens; S. I'm o'er young to marry †
The bursting tears my heart declare, S. The gloomy night †	A' plump and strapping in their teens, . Tam o' Shanter. 13.
Let me ryke up to dight that tear, The Jolly Beggars. S. V.	Teeth. But in the teeth o' baith [wind, tide] to sail,
While the tear stood twinklin' in her e'e; S. The Lass that made the bed.	It maks an unco leeway. Add. to Unco Guid. 4.
The Solemn League and Covenant	Sae white her teeth, sae sweet her mou', S. Braw lads of G. water.
Cost Scotland blood—cost Scotland tears: The League and Covenant.	Her teeth are like a flock o' sheep,
And aye the salt tear blinds her ee: . The lovely lass †	With fleeces newly washen clean, S. On Cessnock banks †
Smiles glances sighs tears fits flirtations aire	Her teeth are like the nightly snow When pale the morning rises keen
'Gainst such an host what flinty savage dares	When pale the morning rises keen, Ib., Sett. II. The teeth o' time may graw Tamtallan.
Whene'er I meet my mither's e'e,	The teeth o' time may gnaw Tamtallan, But thou's for ever. Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
My tears rin down like rain. The Ruined Maid's Lament.	When in the teeth they dar'd our Whigs,
Alas! that e'er a bonie face	S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
Should draw a sauty tear!	Her teeth were like the ivory, S. The Lass that made the bed.
S. The Slave's Lament.	Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump, S. Willie Wastlet Teeth'd. desolation's lang teeth'd harrow, To Terraughty.
The justling tears ran down his honest face! The Vowels.	Teethin ["teethin a heckle," putting new teeth in
In helpless infants' tears he dipp'd his right,	a heckle].
Wi' monie a sigh and a tear S. There was a bonie lass †	O merry hae I been teethin a heckle S. O merry hae I been t

Ceethless.	His solid sense—by inches you must tell, Sketch.
An' my auld teethless Bawtie's dead; . El. on Year 1788.	My heart is sair, I darena tell, S. Somebody.
Wi' his teethless gab and his auld beld pow,	Tell ev'ry social, honest billie
S. To daunton me.	To cease his grievin, Tam Samson's El., Per C
Tell. I tell your Highness fairly, A Dream. 10. And tells the midnight moon her care A Vision.	But hashing and dashing, I kend na how to tell The Ans. to the Guidwife.
Truth, weeping, tells the mournful tale, A Winter Night. 7.	Tell them wha hae the chief direction,
"Ma'am, let me tell you," quoth my man of rhymes,	Scotland an' me's in great affliction,
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.	The Author's Cry and Prayer.
Tell how wi' you on ragweed nags,	Tell him o' mine an' Scotland's drouth, Ib. 4. But raise your arm, an' tell your crack Before them a'. Ib. 6.
They skim the muirs an' dizzy crags, . Add. to the Deil. 9.	An' tell them, wi' a patriot-heat, Ye winna hear it? Ib. 11.
strange to tell!	Tell yon guid bluid o' auld Boconnock's,
In dreadfu' raw, Add to Toothache.	But tell me Whisky's name in Greek.
Ye've nought to do but mark and tell	I'll tell the reason Ib., P.
Your Neebours' fauts and folly! . Add. to Unco Guid.	No man can tell; The Brigs of Ayr. 11.
Than ever tongue could tell; S. Ah, Chloris†	No guess could tell what instrument appear'd, . Ib. 12.
Tell them frae me, wi' chiels he cautious; . Auld comrade† The courtier tells a finer tale,	Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears. The Cotter's Sat. Night.
But is his heart as true? S. Behold, my love †	Tells how a neehor lad came o'er the moor,
While through thy sweets she loves to stray,	The frugal Wifie, garrulous, will tell,
O tell me, does she muse on me! . S. Behold the hourt	How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' Lint was i' the bell. 1b. 11.
Old Time and Nature their changes tell, . S. Bonie Bell.	Tell him, if e'er again he keep As muckle gear as huy a sheep, . The Death of Mailie.
As Largs well can witness, and Loncartie tell. S. Caledonia.	Tell him, he was a Master kin',
And that we'll tell them at the cross, S. Carl, an the King come.	To tell my Master a' my tale;
Gin a body kiss a body, need a body tell; S. Comin thro' the rye.	So how this weighty plea may end, Nae mortal wight can tell: The Election Ballads. I.
The muse should tell, in labor'd strains, S. Could aught of song †	The Kirk and State may join, and tell
I canna tell, I maunna tell, I darena for your anger: S. Craigie-burn Wood.	To do such things I maunna; S. The gowd. Locks of A Who must to her his dear friend's secret tell;
this that I am gaun to tell, . Death and Dr. Hornbook.	Their waefu' fate what need I tell,
But whether she [the Moon] had three or four [horns], I cou'd na tell	S. The Highl. Widow's Lament. 'Twad be owre lang a tale to tell, The Holy Fair. 23.
	When the tother bag I sell and the tother bottle tell,
'Baith their disease, and what will mend it, 'At ance he tells't	The Jolly Beggars. S. I.
'But hark! I'll tell you of a plot, Ib. 30.	I once was a maid tho' I cannot tell when; Ib. S. II.
But just as he began to tell,	And now my conclusion I'll tell, Ib. S. III.
The auld kirk-hammer strak the bell	And yet you are chearful, I pray tell me how
Tell that far warlds, wha lies in clay, El. on Capt. M. H., 9.	And yet you are chearful, I pray tell me how That you do maintain them so well as you do. The Poor Thresher.
I tell nae common tale o' grief,	Its virtues a' can tell, man; The Tree of Liberty.
To tell the truth, they seldom fash't him,	Or tell what new taxation's comin, . The Twa Dogs. 18.
El. on Death of R. Ruisseaux.	But will ye tell me, Master Cæsar, 1b. 27.
But tell him he was learn'd and clark,	O! dool to tell, The Twa Herds. 2.
Ye roos'd him then! 1b. To tell Maria her Esopus' fate	And mony a ane that I could tell,
Ay free, aff han', your story tell, Ep. to Young Friend. 5.	Old poets have sung, and old chronicles tell, The Whistle. 3.
But still keep something to yoursel	And tell future ages the feats of the day;
Ye scarcely tell to ony	S. There's news, lasses t
But first an' foremost, I should tell, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 8.	Ev'ry pulse along my veins, Tells the ardent lover S. Thine am I †
As ill I like my fauts to tell;	To tell the truth and shame the Deil
The hale affair Ep. to J. R., 8.	And I can tell that bounteous Heaven
Wha 'twas, she wadna tell;	On thee a tack o' seven times seven
To tell thee that I loe thee S. Here's to thy health †	Will yet bestow it To Terraughty. An' tell aloud Their jugglin' hocus-pocus arts
They tell me, Sir, 'twould be a sin,	To Rev. J. M'Math.
To tak me frae my mammy yet; S. I'm o'er young † Tak' tent, I'll tell thee what, S. Lass, when yr mither †	But tell him, though he broke my heart,
Tak' tent, I'll tell thee what, S. Lass, when yr mither And tell me what they ca' ye? . S. My Collier Laddie.	Yet to that heart he still was dear! S. To thee, lov'd Nith†
Shame fa' me gin I tell; S. My heart was ance †	Wallace, Aft hure the gree, as story tells,
The wretch whase doom is "hope nae mair,"	
What tongue his woes can tell; S. Now Spring has clad †	Some people tell me gin I fa', V.s to J. Ranken Tell me thou bring'st me, my Willie, the same.
O tell na me of wind and rain, . S. O Lassie, art thou t	S. Wandering Willie.
I tell you now this ae night,	This leads me on, to tell for sport, What ails ye now t
And here's to them, we darena tell, [re.] S. O May thy morn † Thou tells of never-ending care; S. O stay, sweet warbling †	I couldna tell what ailed me, S. When first I saw t
O wha will tell me how to ca't? S. O wha my baby-clouts	the eastern star Tells hughtin-time is near,
Tell me, fellow-creatures, why	S. When o'er the hill†
At my presence thus you fly? . On scaring Water-fowl.	Bliss he never must enjoy? S. Why, why tell†
Where Philomel, - Her griefs will tell!	But, my dear and lovely Katie,
Poem on Pastoral Poetry. Not for to preach, but tell his simple story:	This ae thing I hae to tell, S. Will ye go and marry † Tell them, and press it on their mind, Wr. in Friars-Carse H.
Not for to preach, but tell his simple story: Prologue, at Th., D	Tell'd [told].
I lo'e her mysel, but darena weel tell, Ronalds of Bennals.	Thus the wooer tell'd his mind: S. Jockey fout
Ye chief, to you my tale I tell, Scotch Drink. 16.	He's tell'd her father and mother haith,
Is there no daring Bard will rise and tell Scots Prologue.	But he has na tell'd the lass hersel Katkarine Jaffray.

Telling. Hear the woodlark charm the forest, Telling o'er his little joys: S. Sensibility,	Ten-hours-bite [a slight feed to the horses while in yoke in the forenoon].
Like scrapin' out auld Crummie's nicks, An' tellin' lies about them; To Gav. Hamilton.	Or dealing thro' amang the naigs Their ten-hours bite, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 2.
Temper-pin [the pin for tempering or regulating the motion of a spinning-wheel; the pin for tempering a fiddle-string].	Ten-pund. her tenpund lands o' tocher gude . S. My Lord a-hunting †
	Ten-shillings.
And ay she shook the temper-pin S. Duncan Davison. And [Heaven] screw your temper-pins aboon	A ten-shillings hat, a Holland cravat; . Ronalds of Bennals. Tenant.
A fifth or mair, The melancholious, lazie croon	Why, ye tenants of the lake,
O' cankrie care Ep. to Maj. Logan. 4. Tempest. While pityless the tempest wild	For me your wat'ry haunt forsake? On scaring Waterfowl. The happy tenants share his rounds; Sketch. New-Yr's Day.
Sore on you beats. A Winter Night. 5.	Poor tenant bodies, scant o' cash, How they maun thole a factor's snash; . The Twa Dogs. 13.
Whyles, on the strong-wing'd Tempest flyin, Tirlan the kirks; . Add. to the Deil. 4.	It wad for ev'ry ane be better,
When Masons' mystic word an' grip, In storms an' tempests raise you up,	The Laird, the Tenant, an' the Cotter! Ib. 26. Tenant-man.
Such is the tempest has shaken my bosom, S. Gloomy December.	Poor, worthless elf, it eats a dinner,
But lang or noon, loud tempests storming	Better than ony Tenant-man The Twa Dogs. 9. Tend.
A' my flowery bliss destroy'd S. I dream'd I lay † And loud the tempest's roar: S. O mirk, mirk †	Give me the cot below the pine, To tend the flocks or till the soil, S. 'Twas even—the dewy t
Ye tempests, rage! ye turbid torrents, roll!	Tender.
On Death of R. Dundas. Tho' winter wild in tempest toil'd, . S. The day returns †	She soon shall see her tender brood, The pride, the pleasure o' the wood, S. A Rosebud by my †
Across her placid, azure sky, She sees the scowling tempest fly: S. The gloomy night †	Where, where is Love's fond, tender throe, A Winter Night. 8.
Tho' stars in skies may disappear,	They lay aside a' tender mercies, . Add. of Beelzebub. 4.
And angry tempests gather, S. The noble Maxwells† But Misery and I must watch	Unfolds her tender mantle green, Add. to Shade of Thomson. In the keen, yet tender eye,
The surly tempest blow: S. The sun he is sunk † Howling tempests o'er me rave! . S. Thickest night †	O read th' imploring lover S. Could aught of song t
Chill came the tempest's lour; To Chloris.	His chicken heart so tender; Epig. on a Coxcomb. All hail! ye tender feelings dear! Ep. to Davie. 10.
heavy, passive to the tempest's shocks, To R. G. of F., 7. And Ettrick banks now roaring red	A tye more tender still
While tempests blaw; To W. Creech.	The tender Father, and the gen'rous Friend. Epit. for Author's Father.
Thy nod can make the tempest cease to blow, Why am I loth†	Farewell, loves and friendships, ye dear tender ties! S. Farewell, thou fair day †
The Tempest's howl, it soothes my soul, Winter. Tempest-driven, But when on Life we're tempest-driven,	But why urge the tender confession, 'Gainst fortunes fell cruel decree S. Here's a health to ane †
Ep. to Young Friend. 10.	the tender heart o' leesome love, . S. In Simmer when t
I'm here a pillar in thy temple, . Holy Willie's Prayer. 5.	The tender thrill, the pitying tear, S. My Mary's face † Thus ev'ry kind their pleasure find,
Temples. Now prouder still, Maria's temples press Ep.fr. Esopus.	The savage and the tender; . S. Now westlin winds † But O the road was very hard,
Temp'ral. For temp'ral gifts we little merit; . A Grace.	For that fair maiden's tender feet S. O Mally's meek.
Wi' mercies temp'ral and divine, Holy Willie's Prayer. 16. Tempt.	"So in my tender bosom grows, "The love I bear my Willy S. O Phely, †
But never tempt th' illicit rove, . Ep. to Young Friend. 6.	Again, again that tender part, S. O stay, sweet warbling † She, who her lovely Offspring eyes
They tempt the taste and charm the sight; S. On Cessnock banks †	With tender hopes and fears, . O Thou dread Pow'r †
And thirst of gold might tempt the deep, S.'Twas even—the dewy †	Her tender limbs embrace, S. On a bank of flowers † "And I will join a mother's tender cares,
And sweetly tempt to taste them: . S. Young Peggy †	On Death of Sir J. Blair. In other's arms, breathe out the tender tale,
Temptation. Ye're aiblins nae temptation Add. to Unco Guid. 6.	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 9.
Who is proof to thy personal converse and wit, Is proof to all other temptation Exten., To Mr. S.	The promis'd Father's tender name; . The Lament. 3. The tender flower that lifts its head, elate,
'Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,	Helpless, must fall before the blasts of fate, The Rights of Woman.
'Implore his counsel and assisting might: The Cotter's Sat. Night. 6.	But hawks will rob the tender joys That bless the little lintwhite's nest; S. There was a lass, and t
(L—d keep me ay frae a' temptation!) The Inventory. Who sin so oft have mourn'd, yet to temptation ran?	So trembling, pure, was tender love
Why am I loth †	Within the breast of bonie Jean
Tempted. Bad luck on the penny that tempted my minny S. What can a yng lassie †	Thy tender form To a Mountain-Daisy. Our parting was fu' tender;
Tempting. Thy tempting lips, thy glancing een,	S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †
S. O were I on Parnass. † First shewing us the tempting ware, Poem on Life.	through the tender-gushing tear, . A Ded. to G. H., 16.
Temptingly.	Tenderest. Tend'rest pledge of future bliss, To a Kiss.
as the boughs all temptingly project, Add. sp. by Fontenelle. Ten. It's ten to ane ye'll find him snug in	Peace, the tenderest flower of Spring; Wr. in Hermitage at F.C. Tenderly.
Some eldritch part, On Grose's Peregrinations.	Her dear idea round my heart
He'll gi'e me gude hunder marks ten: S. Tam Glen. Ve, for my sake, hae gien the feck	Should tenderly entwine S. Tho' cruel fate † Tenderness.
Of a' the ten comman's A screed some day. The Holy Fair. 4. Here is Murray's fragments	But oh! that tenderness forbear, Though 'twad my sorrows lessen. V.s, under Grief.
O' the ten commands; . The Election Ballads. IV.	Tenebrific. It lightens, it brightens
Nor for my ten white shillings luke The Inventory.	The tenebrific scene, Ep. to Davie. 10.

Tenor.	Ye'll some day squeel in quaking terror A Ded. to G. H., 10.
Ye suit the joyless tenor of my soul. On Death of R. Dundas.	Ev'ry hope is fled, Ev'ry fear is terror; . S. Ay waking, O t
Tent [a box-like movable pulpit for preaching in	Their pounces were murder, and terror their cry,
the open air].	S. Caledonia.
When gaping they [the saunts] besiege the tents,	The Anglian lion, the terror of France, 1b. 5.
Are doubly fir'd Scotch Drink. 8.	Thou grim King of Terrors, thou life's gloomy foe,
But hark! the tent has chang'd it's voice; The Holy Fair. 14.	S. Farewell, thou fair day t
Tent [heed, caution].	No terrors hast thou to the brave
I stacher'd whyles, but yet took tent ay	O Goudie! terror of the Whigs, Letter to J. Goudie.
To free the ditches; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 3.	Grim horror grin'd; pale terror roar'd
Tak' tent, I'll tell thee what, . S. Lass, when yr mither †	As murder at his thrapple shor'd; The Election Ballads. VI.
Tak tent how ye purchase a dram; The Election Ballads. III.	For guilt, for guilt, my terrors are in arms; Why am I loth †
"I red you, honest man, tak tent! To J. S., 7.	Test. And aiblins when they winns stand the test, Wink hard, and say, "The folks hae done their best."
Tent, to [to tend, watch over; look to; mark,	Scots Prologue.
observe; regard, value].	Tester [an old coin, about sixpence in value].
Shalt sweetly pay the tender care That tents thy early morning S. A Rosebud by †	Your sair taxation does her fleece,
We'll tent our flocks by Galla water.	Till she has scarce a tester: A Dream. 6.
S. Braw lads on Yar. braes †	Tether.
'But tent me, billie; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 9.	Wi' tentie care I'll flit thy tether, . A Guid New-Year 18.
I tent less, and want less	Was ae day nibbling on the tether, The Death of Mailie.
Their [the Great folk's] roomy fire-side; . Ep. to Davie.	Gude keep thee frae a tether string!
Think ye, are we less blest than they,	An' bid him burn this cursed tether,
Wha scarcely tent us in their way,	An' gies them't, like a tether, Fu' lang The Holy Fair. 24.
But tent me, Davie, Ace o' Hearts! 1b. 8.	May Envy wallop in a tether, To W. Simpson.
Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks, S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite †	
The powers aboon will tent thee, S. O saw ye bonie Lesley †	Tether, to. Nae man can tether time or tide; Tam o' Shanter. 7.
And she, a lovely little flower	
That I would tent and shelter there. S. O wat ye wha's in t	Teugh [tough].
O wha will tent me when I cry? S. O wha my babie-clouts †	The toolzie's teugh 'tween Pitt an' Fox. El. on Year 1788.
But warily tent, when ye come to court me, S. O whistle, †	"I saw the battle sair and teugh, S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
If there's a hole in a' your coats,	
I rede you tent it: On Grose's Peregrinations.	
An' tent them duely, e'en an' morn,	Teugh Johnie, staunch Geordie and Wattie, . Ib. III.
Wi' taets o' hay an' ripps o' corn The Death of Mailie.	Teughly [toughly].
There's no a callant tents the kye, But kens o' Westerha', Jamie S. The Laddies by t	Yet, teughly doure, he bade an unco bang. The Brigs of Ayr. 4.
	Teuk [took]. They mind't na wha the chorus teuk, The Jolly Beggars. R. III.
Or wha will tent the waifs and crocks, About the dykes The Twa Herds.	Text. Right, Sir! your text I'll prove it true,
A' ye wha tent the gospel fauld, Ib. 10.	Tho' Heretics may laugh; The Calf.
And learn to tent the farms wi' me? S. There was a lass t	Come, let a proper text be read, The Ordination. 4.
And tent the waving corn wi' me	Nor idle texts pursue; To Miss Ainslie.
And the shepherd tents his flock as he pipes on his reed.	A text for infamy to preach;
S. You wild mossy mountains t	Thack [thatch].
Tentie [watchful, cautious, careful, attentive].	and the second s
Wi' tentie care I'll flit thy tether, . A Guid New-Year † 18.	And thack and rape secure the toil-won crap; The Brigs of Ayr.
Wi' joy the tentie Seedsman stalks,	right an' tight in thack an' raep The Twa Dogs. 10.
S. Again rejoicing Nature †	Thae [those].
Jean slips in twa [nits], wi' tentie e'e; Halloween. 8.	thae Birth-day dresses Sae fine this day A Dream.
some tentie rin A cannie errand to a neebor town:	Thae bonie Bairntime, Heav'n has lent,
The Cotter's Sat. Night.	up amang thae lakes and seas Add. of Beelzebub.
Tented.	'Waes me for Johnny Ged's-Hole now,
I left the lines, and tented field, . S. When wild War's †	Quoth I, 'if that thae news be true!
Tenth. But pious Bob, 'mid learning's store, Commandment tenth remember'd. The Dean of Fac.	Death and Dr. Hornbook. 23.
Tentier [more careful].	Tell thae far warlds, wha lies in clay,
My hale and weel I'll take a care o't	El. on Capt. M. H., 9.
A tentier way: . Friend of the poet $\dagger P.S$.	Thae curst horse-leeches o' th' Excise, Scotch Drink. 29.
Tentless [heedless, inattentive].	Now, Tam, O Tam! had that been queans,
The time flew by, wi' tentless head, S. The Rigs o' Barley.	Tam o' Shanter. 13.
I'll wander on with tentless heed,	thae frank, rantan, ramblan billies, . The Twa Dogs. 26.
How never-halting moments speed, To J. S., 10.	That winks and finger ends, I dread, To a Louse.
Term. Who hold your being on the terms,	In that auld times, To W. Simpson. P.S.
Each aid the others, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 21.	Amang thae wild mountains shall still be my path, S. You wild mossy mountains †
'In terms sae friendly, Ib., Ap. 21st, 5.	The state of the s
To mouth 'A Citizen,' a term o' scandal:	Thairm [the gut or intestinal canal; a fiddle-string].
The Brigs of Ayr. 10.	while I kittle hair on thairms The Jolly Beggars. S. V.
Tho' in sic phraisin terms ye've penn'd it, To W. Simpson.	And o'er the thairms be tryin: The Ordination. 7.
Terra, Terra firma.	Aboon them a' ye tak your place, Painch, tripe, or thairin: To a Haggis.
Tho' I should wander Terra o'er, In all her climes, To J. S., 21.	
	Thairm-inspiring. Hail, thairm-inspirin', rattlin' Willie! Ep. to Maj. Logan.
While Terra firma, on her axis, Diurnal turns, To W. Simpson.	
Terreagle. And they'll gae build Terreagle's towers,	
S. The noble Maxwells †	Thames.
And they declare Terreagle's fair,	The Thames flows proudly to the sea, S. The Banks of Nith.
Terrific. Learn to despise those frowns now so terrific,	Th' Illissus, Tiber, Thames an' Seine,
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.	Glide sweet in monie a tunefu' line: To W. Simbson.
	Glide sweet in monie a tunefu' line; . To W. Simpson.
Terror.	Glide sweet in monie a tunefu' line; . To W. Simpson. Thane.
	Glide sweet in monie a tunefu' line; . To W. Simpson.

Thank. For me, thank God, my life's a lease, A Dream. 6.	As Mailie, an' her lambs thegither, The Death of Mailie.
L—d, we thank an' thee adore A Grace.	B' the L-d! ye'se get them a' thegither The Inventory.
'Yet ye'll neglect to shaw your parts 'An' thank him kindly?' Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 5.	An' unco pack an' thick thegither; . The Twa Dogs. 6. They're a' run deils an' jads thegither
I thank thee, author of this opening day! Sonnet, vor. on Birthday. Now, thank our stars! these Gothic times are fled;	Now let us lay our heads thegither, In love fraternal: . To W. Simpson. 17.
The Rights of Woman. Wi' gratefu' heart I thank you brawlie; To W. Simpson.	The breaking of ae point, tho' sma', Breaks a' thegither V.s to J. Ranken.
Thanked, -'d, Thanket, -it.	'I'll frankly gi'e her't a' thegither, What ails ye now t
For, Lord be thanket, I can plough; A Ded. to G. H., 2.	Theme. Flow gently, sweet River, the theme of my lays; S. Afton Water.
Then, Lord be thanket, I can beg; Ib.	To muse some favourite Scottish theme, As on the banks †
The L—d be thankit that we've tint the gate o't! The Brigs of Ayr. 8.	But how the subject theme may gang, Let time and chance determine; Ep. to Young Friend.
I've sturdy bearers, Gude be thankit The Inventory. And thank'd her for her courtesie;	My Muse to dream of such a theme, Her feeble powers surrender; . S. Lovely Davies.
S. The lass that made the bed. He thanked his Lordship and taking his leave	There's themes enow in Caledonian story, . Scots Prologue. Perhaps the Christian Volume is the theme,
But we hae meat and we can eat, And sae the Lord be thanket The Selkirk Grace.	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 15. Chloris, Chloris all the theme! . S. Why, why tell thy †
And sae the Lord be thanket The Selkirk Grace. Thankfu'.	Themsel, Themsels [themselves].
And, ev'n should Misfortunes come,	Thou'rt like themsels [the powers aboon] sae lovely.
I, here wha sit, hae met wi' some,	That ill they'll ne'er let near thee. S. O Saw ye bonie L. †
An's thankfu' for them yet Ep. to Davie. 7. Thankfulness.	Till they be fit to fend themsel; . The Death of Mailie. And some wad please themsel The Election Ballads. I.
Their tokens of love, and their true thankfulness;	God grant the King and ilka man
S. The Poor Thresher.	May look weel to themsel
Thanks. But then, nae thanks to him for a' that; A Ded. to G. H., 6.	Between themsels they were sae busy: The Jolly Beggars, R. III.
But, thanks to Heav'n, that's no the gate	An' please themsels wi' countra sports, . The Twa Dogs. 29.
We learn our creed. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 14.	That when nae real ills perplex them,
Though thanks to heaven I dare even that last shift, Ep. to R. Graham. 5.	They mak enow themsels to vex them;
Ep. to K. Graham. 5. I hae a penny to spend, There, thanks to naebody; S. Naebody.	Atween themsel The Twa Herds. 2. And get the brutes the power themsels, Ib. 15.
Accept a Bardie's gratefu' thanks! Scotch Drink. 18. God help us!—we're but poor—ye'se get but thanks!	Theniel. Theniel Menzie's bonie Mary, [re.]
Thanks to you for your line The Aug to the Caidwife	S. Th. Menzie's bonie Mary.
Thanks to you for your line The Ans. to the Guidwife. "And mony braw thanks to the meikle black de'il, "That danc'd awa' wi' th' Exciseman.	For kissin' Theniel's bonie Mary
S. The deil cam fiddlin't	To ware his theologic care on, To Dr. Blacklock. Theopocritus. But thee, Theopocritus, wha matches?
And listen mony a grateful bird Return you tuneful thanks. The Petition of Br. Water.	Poem on Pastoral Poetry. Theoretic.
Not to thee, but thanks to Nature, Thou art acting but thyself. To Miss Fontenelle.	For, in spite of his fine theoretic positions, Mankind is a science defies definitions. Frag., inser. to Fox.
To murder men, and gie God thanks! V. on Nat. Thanks	Thick.
God won't accept your thanks for murther! Ib. Thatch'd.	And rode thro' thick and thin; . El. on Peg Nicholson.
His uncombed grizzly locks wild staring, thatch'd, Extem. on W. Smellie.	And he grew thick and strong, John Barleycorn. Thick mists, obscure, involv'd me round;
Theatre. The sweeping theatre of hanging woods; Wr. in Kenmore Inn.	Lament for Glencairn. Thick flies the skimming Swallow; S. Now westlin winds †
Theekit [thatched].	Crowd thick on fancy's wondering eye, On Lincluden.
An' a' the vittel in the yard,	Else why within so thick a wall Enclose so poor a treasure? On Com. Goldie's Brains.
An' theekit right, . Third Ep. to J. Lap Thegither [together].	Enclose so poor a treasure? On Com. Goldie's Brains. While thick the gossamour waves wanton in the rays.
For days thegither A Guid New-Year † 11.	The Brigs of Ayr. 2.
We've worn to crazy years thegither; Ib. 18.	thick an' thrang, an' loud an' lang, . The Holy Fair. 18.
And lump them ay thegither; . Add. to the Unco Guid.	Whare horn nor bane ne'er daur unsettle, Your thick plantations To a Louse.
May he be dad, and Meg the mither, Just five and forty years thegither! Auld comrade †	Thick [intimate, familiar].
In rhyme, or prose, or baith thegither, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 7.	An' unco pack an' thick thegither; . The Twa Dogs. 6. Thickening.
We cheek for chow shall jog thegither, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 8.	No more the thickening brakes and verdant plains
Satan, gie him thy gear to keep, He'll haud it weel thegither Epit. on a Ruling Elder.	On seeing wounded Hare. And cruelty directs the thickening blows; . The Vowels.
To school in bands thegither, Epit. on a Wag.	O'erhung with wild woods thickening green,
I gat some gear wi' meikle care, I held it weel thegither; Extem., Ap. 1782.	Tho' thick'ning, and black ning, Round my devoted head.
Some kindle, couthie, side by side, An' burn thegither trimly;	Thickest.
we clamb the hill thegither, S. John Anderson †	Thickest night surround my dwelling! . S. Thickest night †
And sleep thegither at the foot,	Thief. tiny thieves not destin'd yet to swing, . Ep. fr. Esopus.
They had been for for weeks the other. Scroggam. They had been for for weeks the other. They had been for for weeks the other.	Stop Thief! dame Nature cried to Death, . Epit. on W
They had been fou for weeks thegither. Tam o' Shanter. 5. Tam tint his reason a' thegither,	'I daur you try sic sportin, 'As seek the foul Thief onie place,
Freedom and Whisky gang thegither, [v.A.2]	Wha got my young Highland thief S. Hee balou, †
The Author's Cry and Prayer, P.	And thieves of every rank and station, Lns add. to J. Ranken.

A thief sae pawky is my Jean . S. O this is no my ain t	My Loves a winsome wee thing,
A thief, new-cutted frae a rape, . Tam o' Shanter. 11.	She is a handsome wee thing, She is a bonie wee thing, She is a bonie wee thing, She is a winsome to she i
As eager runs the market-crowd,	O blessings on my wee thing,
When "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud; 1b. 17.	My kindly blythesome wee thing,
For the foul thief is just at your gate. The Kirk's Alarm.	With the hand and heart of my wee thing,
Keep watchings with the nightly thief: . The Lament. The ill-thief blaw the Heron south! . To Dr. Blacklock.	No more at my fate I'll repine
	But I gied him a far better thing, I gied my heart in pledge o' his ring S. My Sandy gied †
Dear S[mith], the sleest, pawkie thief, That e'er attempted stealth or rief,	While ilka thing in nature join
Never, never reptile thief Riot on thy virgin leaf! To Miss C.	Their sorrows to forego, Now Spring has clad †
What mak ye sae like a thief? S. Wha is that at †	An' gin she tak the thing amiss
Thieve. It is not, outdo him, the task is, out thieve him.	E'en let her flyte her fill, jo. S. O steer her up t
Fragment, inscr. to Fox.	An' I was but a young thing, [re.] S. O wat ye what my †
I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve; . To a Mouse.	To put a young thing in a fright,
Thieveless [cold, dry, spited].	Ye jarring screeching things around, On Death of Lap-dog.
Wi' thieveless sneer to see his modish mien,	That vile, wanchancie thing—a raep! . Poor Mailie's El
The Brigs of Ayr. 4.	Thou that of a' things Maker art, . S. Sae far awa.
	These muvin' things ca'd wives and weans Searching auld †
	An' niest my yowie, silly thing, . The Death of Mailie.
Thievish. I'll say't, she never brak a fence, Thro' thievish greed. Poor Mailie's El	While Europe's eye is fix'd on mighty things,
In spite o' a' the thievish kaes	The Rights of Woman.
That haunt St. Jamie's! The Author's Cry and Prayer.	The prattling things are just their pride, The Twa Dogs. 17.
By a thievish midge	The kirk and state may join, and tell To do such things I maunna: S. The gowd. Locks of A.
They had amaist been lost. The Election Ballads, IV.	Now every thing is glad, while I am very sad,
Thiggan [begging].	S. The winter it is past t
Come thiggan at your doors and yetts, Add. of Beelzebub.	That is the thing you ne'er shall see, . S. To daunton me.
Thimble. The Taylor fell thro' the bed, thimble an' a; [re.]	
S. The Taylor fell †	God knows, I'm no the thing I shou'd be,
Thin. They were as thin, as sharp an' sma' As cheeks o' branks. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 7.	A thing unteachable in world's skill, To R. G. of F., 3. God knows, I'm no the thing I shou'd be, Nor am I even the thing I cou'd be, To Rev. J. M'Math.
And rode thro' thick and thin; . El. on Peg Nicholson.	And had o' things an unco' slight; To W. Creech.
When banes are craz'd, and bluid is thin, Ep. to Davie. 3.	Wad threap auld folk the thing misteuk;
His lyart haffets wearing thin and bare;	To W. Simpson, P.S
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 12.	in things they ca' balloons, To tak a flight, Ib.
Their visage wither'd, lang an' thin, . The Holy Fair. 3.	It's a pity ane sae pretty Should na do the thing they can. S. Will ye go and marry †
The blankets were thin, and the sheets they were sma',	This ae thing I hae to tell,
S. The Taylor fell †	
Thine. I swear I'm thine for ever, O! S. An' I'll kiss thee yet †	Think. And ony De'il that thinks to get you, Good Lord deceive him. A Farewell.
I'm thine at ane and twenty. S. And O for ane and twenty t	
She, sinking, said, "I'm thine for ever!" S. By Allan stream †	An' think na, my auld, trusty Servan', That now perhaps thou's less deservin, A Guid New-Year † 17.
No love but thine my heart shall know. S. Fairest maid †	Think, for a moment, on his wretched fate,
And shelter, shade, nor home have I, Save in those arms of thine, Love. S. Forlorn, my Love †	A Winter Night. 9.
Wi' double plenty o'er the loanin	Think on the dungeon's grim confine,
To thee and thine; . Friend of the poet †	D'ye think, said I, this face was made for crying? Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
And thine that latest sigh! . S. From thee, Eliza, †	I also think—so may I be a bride!
An' a' the glory shall be thine, Holy Willie's Prayer. 16.	That so much laughter, so much life enjoy'd Ib.
They a' are mine, and they shall be thine	An' think't weel war'd Add. to Illegit. Child.
Gin ye'll leave your Collier laddie. S. My Collier Laddie.	I'm wae to think upo' yon den,
Thine be ilka joy and treasure, S. One fond kiss, †	Ev'n for your sake! Add. to the Deil. 21.
thine the virgin claim, From aught that's good exempt.	Think, when your castigated pulse
On Duke of Queensberry. 'Tis thine to pity and forgive. Sent to a Gent. offended.	Gies now and then a wallop, . Add. to Unco Guid. 4.
	I think on my bonie lad, And I bleer my een wi' greetin S. Ay waukin, O.
	Wha the de'il ever thinks o' the road he has past.
'Till the mortal stroke shall lay me low, I'm thine, my Highland lassie, O S. The Highl. Lassie.	S. Contented wi' little†
"So thine be the laurel, and mine be the bay;	Think ye, are we less blest than they, . Ep. to Davie. 6.
I'm thine, my Highland lassie, O. S. The Highl. Lassie. "So thine be the laurel, and mine be the bay; The Whistle. 18.	An' syne they think to climb Parnassus
Thine am I my faithful fair, S. Thine am I †	By dint o' Greek! Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 12.
That fate is thine—no distant date; To a Mountain-Daisy.	Wha think that havins, sense an' grace, Ev'n love an' friendship should give place
Chloris, I'm thine wi' a passion sincerest,	To catch-the-plack! 1b. 20.
Thing. S. Twas na her bonie blue †	Wha thinks himsel nae sheep-shank bane, Ib. Ap. 21st, 12.
Ilk happing bird, wee, helpless thing! . A Winter Night. 4.	Think, wicked Sinner, wha ye're skaithing: Ep. to J. R., 4.
And ev'ry thing is blest but I. S. Again rejoic. Nature †	An' never think o' right an' wrang
Bonie wee thing, canie wee thing,	By square an' rule, . Ep. to Maj. Logan. 6.
	O let me think we yet shall meet! . S. Forlorn, my Love, †
Lest my wee thing be na mine	Some sort all our qualities each to its tribe, And think human nature they truly describe;
And oh! her een they spak sic things! . S. Duncan Gray †	Frag., inscr. to Fox.
To see how things are shar'd; Ep. to Davie. 2.	Nor think to lure us as in days of yore: . Frag. of Ode.
Maybe some ither thing they gie me	O dinna think my pretty pink,
They weel can spare. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 17. The poor, wee thing was little hurt; Ep. to J. R., 8.	
The poor, wee thing was little hurt: Ep. to J. R., 8. She forms the thing and christens it—a poet.	To think how we stood sweatin', shakin',
	When I think on the lightcome days
Ep. to R. Graham. 3. We've all things that's nice, and mostly in season, Impromptu.	When I think on the lightsome days I spent wi' thee, my dearie; S. How lang and dreary
İmpromptu.	When you lay me in the dust,
That kisses ilka thing it meets S. I do confess †	Think, think how you will bear it. S. Husband, husband †

I think on him that's far awa', The lee-lang night, and weep, . S. It was a' for †	Ye maist wad think, a wee touch langer, An' they maun starve o' cauld and hunger: The Twa Dogs. 11.
He will think on her he loves, S. Jockey's ta'en the parting t	They're no sae wretched's ane wad think; Ib. 15.
I think nae shame to own, John, I lo'ed ye ear' and late: S. John Anderson †	Wha thinks to knit himsel the faster In favor wi' some gentle Master,
O father, O father, an' ye think it fit, We'll send him a year to the College yet; S. Lady Mary Ann.	Ye'll see how new-light herds will whistle, And think it fine! The Twa Herds. 3.
But what wad ye think? . S. Last May a braw wooer †	I think my wife will end her life,
I think I maun wed him—to-morrow,	Before she spin her tow S. The weary pund. I think we'll ca' him Robin S. There was a lad t
Yet, think not all the Rich and Great, Are likewise truly blest Man was made to Mourn.	O can'st thou think to fancy me! . S. There was a lass † But what d'ye think, my trusty fier, . To Dr. Blacklock.
But Jenny's jimps and jirkinet, My Lord thinks meikle mair upon't. S. My Lord a-hunting †	The grave sage hern thus easy picks his frog.
Wi' her I'll blythely bear it,	And thinks the Mallard a sad worthless dog. To R. G. of F., 7. I sud be laith to think ye hinted Ironic satire, To W. Simpson.
And think my lot divine S. My Wife's a winsome. O meikle thinks my love o' my beauty,	Adown some trottin burn's meander, An' no think lang;
And meikle thinks my love o' my kin; But little thinks my love I ken brawlie,	Should think they better were inform'd,
My tocher's the jewel has charms for him. S. O meikle thinks my love †	Than their auld dadies 1b., P.S. An' when the new-light billies see them,
This warld's wealth when I think on, Its pride, and a' the lave o't; . S. O poortith cauld, †	I think they'll crouch!
O wha can prudence think upon,	You think I'm glad; Verses under Grief.
And sic a lassie by him; [re.] Ib. But think upon it still, jo,	When I think on the happy days I spent wi' you, my dearie; S. When I think on t
I doubt na, lass, but ye may think, S. O Tibbie! †	Can ye think to tak a man? . S. Will ye go and marry † Thinking, -in, -an.
But aye the tear comes in my ee, To think on him that's far awa. S. Oh, how can I be blythe †	An' now, auld Cloots, I ken ye're thinkan,
And taen the—Antiquarian trade, I think they call it. On Grose's Peregrinations.	Add. to the Deil. 20. Rest I canna get For thinking o' my dearie.
A' ye wha live and never think, On Scot. Bard gne to W. I. But lest you think I am uncivil, Poem on Life.	S. Ay waking, 0 † Sleep I can get nane, For thinking on my Dearie.
He bade me on you press this one word—"Think!"	S. Ay waukin, O. There's monie godly folks are thinkin, . Ep. to J. R.
Prologue, at Th., D Who think to storm the world by dint of merit, Ib.	Ne'er thinkan they wad fash me for't;
The warld would think I was mad, S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie. Could I think I did deserve it.	The minister kiss't the fiddler's wife, He could na preach for thinkin' o't. S. My love she's but t
Could I think I did deserve it, How much happier wou'd I be S. Scenes of woe †	I'm thinking wi' sic a braw fellow, In poortith I might mak' a fen'; S. Tam Glen.
An' whyles, but ay owre late, I think Braw sober lessons. Second Ep. to Davie.	Here, some are thinkan on their sins, An' some upo' their claes; The Holy Fair. 10.
The devil-haet, that I sud ban, They ever think Ib.	Thinking the story himself he did raise, The Poor Thresher.
But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen? S. Tam Glen. We think na on the lang Scots miles, . Tam o' Shanter.	I hae been happy thinking: S. The Rigs o' Barley. Thir [these].
To think how mony counsels sweet, The husband frae the wife despises!	Below thir stanes lie Jamie's banes; Epit. on a noisy Polemic.
Think, ye may buy the joys o'er dear, Ib. 19.	And as he was singin' thir words he did say, Lns on a Ploughman.
She, honest woman, may think shame That ye're connected with her. The Ans. to the Guidwife.	Some sairie comfort still at last, When a' thir days are done, man, S. O ay my wife she dang.
My heart is wae, and unco wae, To think upon the raging sea, S. The bonie Lass of Alb.	Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair, Tam o' Shanter. 13. At strife thir carlines fell; The Election Ballads. I.
I doubt na, frien', ye'll think ye're nae sheep-shank, The Brigs of Ayr. 5.	Third. The third of Libra's equal sway,
Weel-pleas'd to think her bairn's respected like the lave.	That gave another B[urns] . Nature's Law. The third, that gaed a wee a-back,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 8. An' when ye think upo' your Mither,	Was in the fashion shining Fu' gay . The Holy Fair. 2. The third cam up, hap-step-an'-loup,
Mind to be kind to ane anither The Death of Mailie. Departed Whigs enjoy the fight,	Thirl'd [thrilled].
And think on former daring; The Election Ballads. VI. I think upon the stormy wave . S. The gloomy night †	It thirl'd the heart-strings thro' the breast, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 3.
	Thirst. Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain, Man was made to Mourn.
Think not, though from the wo receding, I joy my lonely days to lead in This desert drear; The Hermit.	And thirst of gold might tempt the deep, S. Twas even—the dewy
"I think ye seem to ken me; The Holy Fair. 4. Tho' in his heart he weel believes,	Thirty. Ye heretic eight and thirty! . The Dean of Fac.
An' thinks it auld wives' fables:	Thistle. The rough burr-thistle spreading wide
The half asleep start up wi' fear, An' think they hear it roaran,	Amang the bearded bear, . The Ans. to the Guidwife. This while. 'This while ye hae been mony a gate,
No comfort but a hearty can, When I think on John Highlandman. The Jolly Beggars. S. IV. I rather think she is aloft, S. The Joyful Widower.	Death and Dr. Hornbook. 11. Ye've heard this while how I've been licket,
And, must I think it! is she gone, The Lament.	Thole [to endure, suffer].
Nae mair by Babel's streams we'll weep, To think upon our Zion;	An' haith a yellow George to claim, An' thole their blethers!. Ep. to J. R., 12.
For there [in Ayr] they'll think you clever; 1b. 9. Most justly think (and we are much the gainers)	then the scathe an' banter We're forced to thole. Ep. to Maj. Logan.
The Rights of Woman. Whene'er my father thinks on me,	Now I maun thole the scornfu' sneer O' mony a saucy quean; . The Ruined Maid's Lament.
He stares into the wa'; . The Ruined Maid's Lament. And I think on friends most dear, with the bitter, bitter tear,	How they maun thole a factor's snash; . The Twa Dogs. 13. To thole the Winter's sleety dribble,
And I think on triends most dear, with the officer, bitter tear, S. The Slave's Lament.	An' cranreuch cauld! To a Mouse.

And sairly thole their mither's ban, Afore the howdy What ails ye now †	A head for thought profound and clear, unmatch'd: Extem. on W. Smellie,
Tholed [endured].	77 1 1. 4 1 90 11
For misery ever tholed a pang. On Window of C. Inn, F	How can I the thought forego.
Thomas. And death was nae less pleased wi' Thomas,	He's on the seas to meet the foe? S. How can my poor heart †
Epit. on Tam the Chapman.	Nightly dreams, and thoughts by day,
Thomson. While Scotia, with exulting tear,	Are with him that's far away 1b.
Proclaims that Thomson was her son.	A thought ungentle canna be The thought of Mary Morison. S. O Mary, at thy window †
Add. to Shade of Thomson.	My thoughts are a' bound up in ane, S. O Phely, †
'To paint with Thomson's landscape-glow; The Vision. D. II. 19.	Ae thought frae her shall ne'er depart; S. O wat ye wha's int
Thong.	The thoughts o' thee my breast inflame;
The langest thong, the fiercest growler Add. of Beelzebub.	S. O were I on Parnass, t
'Twas where the birch and sounding thong are ply'd,	as lost in thought profound, On Lincluden.
The Vowels.	Each worldly thought a while forbear, 16.
Thorn,	Can firmly force his jarring thoughts to peace?
Sweet as the dewy, milk-white thorn, Add. to Edinburgh. 4.	Remorse. A Frag.
But are their hearts as light as ours Beneath the milkwhite thorn? . S. Behold, my love †	Scenes that former thoughts renew; . S. Scenes of weet
As light's a bird upon a thorn. S. Blythe was she, †	Nae thought, nae view, nae scheme o' livin',
	Second Ep. to Davie.
And pillows on the thorn my rack'd repose! Ep. fr. Esopus.	Then of its faults my honest thoughts I'll give Symon Gray †
Behint the muckle thorn:	Your thought, if love must harbour there,
Maybe thou lets this fleshly thorn, Holy Willie's Prayer. 9.	Conceal it in that thought; . S. Talk not of Love †
And safe beneath the shady thorn Defies the angler's art: S. Now spring has clad †	Their bauldest thought's a hank'ring swither, To stan' or rin, The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.
The spreading thorn [o'erhangs] the Linnet.	He has nae thought but how to kill Twa at a blow 16.
S. Now westlin winds †	No thought of guilt my bosom sours; The Hermit.
The rustling corn, the fruited thorn, Ib.	with thoughts still soaring To God on high,
She's spotless as the flow'ring thorn	Your dear remembrance in my breast,
With flowr's so white and leaves so green,	My fondly-treasur'd thoughts employ'd The Lament.
S. On Cessnock banks †	The vera thought o't need na fear them. The Twa Dogs. 27.
Nay, by heaven, said I, may I perish if ever I plant in your bosom a thorn. Spoke Extem. to a Lady.	But hear their absent thoughts o' ither, 16.33.
And near the thorn, aboon the well,	And, like a passing thought, she fled.
Whare Mungo's mither hang'd hersel. Tam o' Shanter. 10.	In light away The Vision. D. II. 23.
And my fause luver staw the rose,	Each thought intoxicated homage yields, . To Clarinda.
But left the thorn wi' me. S. The Banks of Doon. Sett II.	Some rhyme, (vain thought!) for needfu' cash; To J. S., 5.
Hailing the setting sun, sweet, in the green thorn bush,	Where late with careless thought I rang'd,
The Brigs of Ayr.	S. To thee, lov'd Nith†
'In other's arms, breathe out the tender tale, 'Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the ev'ning gale.'	But spak their thoughts in plain, braid lallans, Like you or me. To W. Simpson. P.S
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 9.	There ruminate with sober thought; Wr. in Friars-Carse H
	Resides a sweet Lassie, my thought and my dream.
And, for the little songster's nest, The close embowering thorn. The Petition of Br. Water.	S. You wild mossy mountains †
We eye the rose upon the brier,	Thought.
Unmindful that the thorn is near, To J. S., 16.	But I maturely thought it proper, A Ded. to G. H., 12.
The birds sit chittering in the thorn, S. Up in the morning.	I thought them [my works] something like yoursel Ib.
I past the mill, and trysting thorn, Where Nancy aft I courted: S. When wild Wars †	Wi' sword an' gun he thought a sin Guid Christian bluid to draw, man; . A Fragment. 3.
That wantons thro' the flowery thorn: S. Ye banks and braes +	I thought We wad be beat! A Guid New-Year † 16.
But ah! he left the thorn wi'me	I thought me on the ourie cattle, A Winter Night. 3.
Thornie-bank. A' the lads o' Thornie-bank S. A' the lads †	To love they thought nae crime, Sir; S. Damon and Sylvia.
Thorny. Saegently bent its thorny stalk, S. A Rosebud by my †	I listen'd to a lover's sang,
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in you thorny den,	And thought on youthful pleasures many;
S. Afton Water.	S. By Allan stream †
Ye roses on your thorny tree, . El. on Capt. M. H., 5.	And, as the twilight was begun, Thought nane wad ken. Ep. to J. R., 7.
Long since, this world's thorny ways	I lang hae thought, my youthfu' friend,
Had number'd out my weary days, . Ep. to Davie. 10.	A Something to have sent you, . Ep. to Young Friend.
Amid life's thorny path o' care. S. O bonie was you rosy t	Thought I, 'Can this be Pope, or Steele,
Just opening on its thorny stem; S.On Cessnock banks † Sett II.	Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 4.
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose, Frae aff its thorny tree; S. The Banks of Doon. Sett II.	Heaven, I thought, was in her air; S. First when Maggy †
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree; S. Ye banks of Doon. Sett 11.	But thought I might hae waur offers, S. Last May a braw wooer †
Thought, s.	And thought his very een enrich'd; . Tam o' Shanter. 16.
Thoughts, words and deeds, the Statute blames with reason;	It's thought the gudes were stown. The Election Ballads. IV.
A Dream.	The lassie thought na lang till day.
Still crouding thoughts, a pensive train,	The lassie thought na lang till day. S. The Lass that made the bed.
Rose in my soul, A Winter Night. 6.	She thought that a Taylor could do her nae ill.
Measur'st in desperate thought—a rope—thy neck	The Taylor fell †
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.	We thought ay death wad bring relief, The Twa Herds. 13.
With awe-struck thought, and pitying tears, Add. to Edinburgh. 6.	An' cozie here, beneath the blast, Thou thought to dwell, To a Mouse.
O wad ye tak a thought an' men'! . Add. to the Deil. 21,	Hae thought they had ensur'd their debtors,
My thoughts are a', my Nanie, . S. Behind you hills †	A' future ages; To J. S., 8.
Careless ilka thought and free, S. Blythe ha'e I been +	Nae Poet thought her worth his while, To W. Simpson. 7.
I whyles claw the elbow o' troublesome thought,	In thae auld times, they thought the Moon,
S. Contented wi' little †	Just like a sark, or pair o' shoon,
Or haply, to his ev'ning thought,	Folk thought them ruin'd stick-an-stowe, 1b.
By unfrequented stream, Despondency, an Ode. 3.	Ah! little thought we 'twas our last! To Mary in Heaven.
While praising, and raising His thoughts to Heaven on high,	I thought sair storms wad never Bedew the scene; Verses under Grief.

Markent was cought before I shought C Wiley Cout I amend	Thurst Threeh
My heart was caught before I thought, S. When first I came † I thought upon the banks o' Coil,	Thrash, Thresh.
I thought upon my Nancy,	An' first cou'd thrash the barn, The Ans. to the Guidwife. May Boreas never thrash your rigs, Third Ep. to J. Lap
I thought upon the witching smile	To thresh my back at sic a pitch? What ails ye now \tag{*}
That caught my youthful fancy: S. When wild War's † I little thought the time was near,	Thrasher v. Thresher.
Repentance I should buy sae dear: . S. Young Jamie, †	Thrave [twenty-four sheaves of corn].
Thoughtless.	
But thoughtless follies laid him low, . A Bard's Epit	A daimen-icker in a thrave 'S a sma' request: To a Mouse.
I, for their thoughtless, careless sakes	Thraw [a twist, turn].
Would here propone defences, . Add. to Unco Guid. 2.	She turns the key, wi' cannie thraw,
When dancing thoughtless Pleasure's maze,	Thraw, to [to twist; to cross, contradict].
Despondency, an Ode. 5. The followers o' the ragged Nine,	An' did our hellim thraw, man, A Fragment.
Poor, thoughtless devils! yet may shine	wha stood the stoure, The German Chief to thraw, man: Ib. 5.
Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 16.	They [Saint Stephen's boys] did his measures thraw, man, Ib. 6.
Oh! thoughtless lassie, life's a fecht, S. In simmer when t	But lordly will, I hold it still A mortal sin to thraw that. The Jolly Beggars. S. VII.
He [Time] bids you mind, amid your thoughtless rattle, That the first blow is ever half the battle:	But I'll sned besoms-thraw saugh woodies,
Prologue, at Th., D.,	To Dr. Blacklock.
Of a' the thoughtless sons o' man, Commen' me to the Bardie clan; Second Ep. to Davie.	Thrawin [twisting; "for thrawin," to prevent
Commen' me to the Bardie clan; Second Ep. to Davie. For prodigal thoughtless bestowing,	twisting or warping]. It chanc'd the Stack he faddom't thrice,
His merit had won him respect. The Election Ballads. III.	Was timmer-propt for thrawin:
Pleasure with her siren air	Thrawn [twisted, sprained].
May delude the thoughtless pair [Youth, Love];	Or great M'[Kinlay] thrawn his heel? . Tam Samson's El
Wr. in Friars-Carse H Thousand. Thy tens o' thousands thou [morality] hast slain!	Thread. 'It's e'en a lang, lang time indeed
A Ded. to G. H., 7.	'Sin' I began to nick the thread, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 12.
Tho' it ware ten thousand mile! S. A red, red Rose.	Ye'll slip frae me like a knotless thread,
If I had twenty thousand lives,	S. O meikle thinks my love †
I'd die as aft for Charlie S. Come, boat me o'er †	Till fate shall snap the brittle thread; To J. S., 10.
While Coofs on countless thousands rant, Ep. to Davie. 2. Sax thousand years are near hand fled	Threap [to maintain by dint of loud and much
Sin' I was to the butching bred, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 13.	assertion]. Wad threap auld folk the thing misteuk;
Whan thousands thou hast left in night, Holy Willie's Prayer.	To W. Simpson. P.S
Five thousand year 'fore my creation,	Threat.
I would na gie her in her sark For thee wi'a' thy thousand mark; S. O Tibbie!	Does haughty Gaul, invasion threat? Then let the louns beware, Sir, . S. Does haughty Gaul,
	Threaten.
And are they of no more avail, Ten thousand glittering pounds a year?	He'll stamp an' threaten, curse an' swear, The Twa Dogs. 13.
Ode to Mem. of Mrs	Her nose and chin they threaten ither; . S. Willie Wastle †
And thousands hasten'd to the charge;	Threaten'd.
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	An' threaten'd labor back to keep, . A Guid New-year † 13.
As happy as those that have thousands a year. The Poor Thresher.	Mid Lawson's port entrench'd his hold,
Thou'se [thou shalt].	And threaten'd worse damnation. The Election Ballads. VI.
I'se be fou and thou'se be toom,	
Coggie, an the king come. S. Carl, an the King come.	Threat'ning. Hanging with threat'ning jut like precipices; The Brigs of Ayr. 8.
Thou'se get the saul o' boot. Epig. on Henpecked Squire.	The threat'ning Storm, some, strongly, rein; The Vision. D. II. 8.
Thowe [thaw].	Three.
When thowes dissolve the snawy hoord, Add. to the Deil. 12. But my white pow, nae kindly thowe	Whare three Lairds' lan's met at a burn, . Halloween. 24.
Shall melt the snaws of age; S. But lately seen †	The Luggies three are ranged;
Arous'd by blustering winds an' spotting thowes,	And thretty gude shillins and three; S. Her Daddie forbad †
The Brigs of Ayr. 7.	Tree Y
Thowless [slack, lazy].	I saw three sheep And these three sheep saw me; Johnny Peep.
'Conscience,' says I, 'ye thowless jad! Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 4.	There's ane to you, and twa to me,
Thrall. An' how ye gat him i' your thrall, Add. to the Deil. 18.	And three to our John Highlandman.
Wi' care nor thrall opprest Lament of Mary of Scots.	S. O gin ye were dead.
love, in luckless hour, Made me the thrall of care.	Fient haet he had but three Goos feathers and a whittle S. Robin shure in hairst.
S. Now spring has clad t	I'm three times doublir o'er your debtor.
And lang has had my heart in thrall, S. O this is no my ain t	Second Ep. to Davie.
Thrang, adj. adv. [throng; busy]. I see ye're complimented thrang,	Three vollies let his mem'ry crave . Tam Samson's El., 13.
By many a lord an' lady; A Dream. 2.	He had twa fauts, or maybe three, Ib. 14.
The lasses, skelpan barefit, thrang,	Wha glaum'd at kingdoms three, man. S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
In silks an' scarlets glitter; The Holy Fair. 7.	That ruled Albion's kingdoms three, S. The bonie lass of Alb.
Thrang winkan on the lasses To chairs Ib. 10. thick an' thrang, an' loud an' lang, Ib. 18.	Three lawyers' tongues, turn'd inside out, [v.A.16]
thick an' thrang, an' loud an' lang,	Tam o' Shanter.
aiblins thrang a parliamentin,	Three priests' hearts, rotten, black as muck, [v.A.16] . 1b.
where busy ploughs Are whistling thrang, . To J. S., 9.	Had I on earth but wishes three, The first should be my Anna. S. The gowd. Locks of A
Thrang [a throng, crowd].	Three hizzies, early at the road, The Holy Fair. 2.
An' aff the godly pour in thrangs, . The Holy Fair. 14.	Three-mile.
Then owre again the jovial thrang The Poet did request The Jolly Beggars. R. VIII.	Their three-mile prayers, an hanf-mile graces,
	To Rev. J. M. Math.
Thrapple [the windpipe, throat].	Three-parts.
See how she fetches at the thrapple, Letter to J. Goudie. As murder at his thrapple shor'd; The Election Ballads. VI.	Men, three-parts made by Taylors and by Barbers, The Brigs of Ayr. 9.
As murder at his thrappie shord; The Election Dutinus. VI.	

Threesome [three together].	Thriving.
There's threesome reels, there's foursome reels, S. The deil cam fiddlin' †	And we have done wi' thriving. S. Awa, whigs, awa.
Three-tae'd [three-toed or pronged; v. Tae'd].	Thro'. Hey ca' thro' ca' thro', S. Hey ca' thro'. Throat.
A three-tae'd leister on the ither [shouther]	A knife, a father's throat had mangled, Tam o' Shanter. 11.
Lay large an' lang. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 6. Thresh v. Thrash.	O for a throat like huge Monsmeg, The Election Ballads. VI.
Thresher, Thrasher.	Throb. But the latest throb that leaves my heart
A gaudsman ane, a thrasher t'other, The Inventory.	While Death stands victor by, That throb, Eliza, is thy part, S. From thee, Eliza, †
Hard by a poor Thresher whose toil it was great,	Can reason down its [his heart's] agonizing throbs;
S. The Poor Thresher. Did meet the poor Thresher and freely did talk; Ib.	Remorse. A Frag.
The Thresher's weary flingin-tree, . The Vision. D. I.	"Remorse's throb, or loose desire; The Hermit. A whisp'ring throb did witness bear
Threshin.	Of kindred sweet, The Vision. D. II.
Was threshin still at hizzies tails, . Kind Sir, Ive read t	Throb, to. To thy bosom lay my heart,
Gie them sufficient threshin The Ordination. 5. Threshold.	There to throb and languish; S. Thine am I† Throbbing.
• An' owre the threshold ventures; Halloween. 22.	Her head upon my throbbing breast, S. By Allan stream;
Thretteen [thirteen].	My weary heart it's throbbings cease, To Ruin.
They drew me thretteen pund an' twa, A Guid New-Year † 15.	I can feel by its throbbings, will soon be at rest.
Thretty [thirty].	S. Wae is my heart † Throe. Where, where is Love's fond, tender throe,
And thretty gude shillins and three; S. Her Daddie forbad † As ye were nine year less than thretty, Third Ep. to J. Lap.	A Winter Night. 8.
Threw. An' Charlie F-x threw by the box, A Fragment. 5.	If she winna ease the throes, In my bosom swelling; S. Blythe ha'e I been †
An' Caledon threw by the drone,	In my bosom swelling; S. Blythe ha'e I been † O mem'ry, spare the cruel throes
"And stately oaks their twisted arms,	Within my bosom swelling: S. Farewell, thou stream †
"Threw broad and dark across the pool: As on the banks † I threw a noble throw at ane; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 16.	But heaves impassion'd with the grateful throe. Prologue, sp. by Woods.
Deep lights and shades, bold-mingling, threw	With heartfelt throes his grateful bosom swells,
A lustre grand; . The Vision. D. I. 12.	The Brigs of Ayr.
Threw by his coat and bonnet, To J. Taylor.	My Jean's heart-rending throe! The Farewell. Full many a pang, and many a throe, The Lament.
Thrice. the Stack he faddom't thrice,	What throes, what tortures passing cure,
He heav'd them on the fire,	Were in my bosom swelling: S. The last time I †
Haud up thy han' Deil! ance, twice, thrice! There, sieze the blinkers! Scotch Drink. 20.	But for their sake my heart doth ache, With many a bitter throe: S. The sun he is sunk †
For thrice I drew ane without failing,	Or wake the bosom-melting throe,
And thrice it was written, Tam Glen. S. Tam Glen.	With Shenstone's art; The Vision. D. II. 19.
The part sae thriftless o' thy sweets	While the life beats in my bosom, Thou shalt mix in ilka throe: . S. Turn again, thou †
Thou art sae thriftless o' thy sweets, . S. I do confess † Thrifty.	Throne. So, ye may dousely fill a Throne,
Nae langer thrifty Citizens, an' douce,	For a' their clish-ma-claver: . A Dream. 11. Behind the throne then Gr-nv-lle's gone, A Fragment. 8.
Meet owre a pint, or in the Council-house; The Brigs of Ayr. 9.	Behind the throne then Gr-nv-lle's gone, A Fragment. 8. Who would set the Mob above the throne,
His clean hearth-stane, his thrifty Wifie's smile,	S. Does haughty Gault
The Cotter's Sat. Night.	Content and love bring peace and joy, What mair hae queens upon a throne? S. In simmer when?
Your thrifty old mother has scarce such another S. The Sons of old Killie.	A race outlandish fills their throne; On Window at Stirling.
Thrill.	My fathers, that name have rever'd on a throne;
Dear as the raptur'd thrill of joy! . Add. to Edinburgh. 4. No more shall the soft thrill of love warm my breast,	Poet. Add. to W. Tytler. A king and a father to place on his throne?
Lament, on leaving Nat. Land.	S. The small birds †
The tender thrill, the pitying tear, S. My Mary's face †	Pale he surrenders at the tyrant's throne! . The Vowels.
Ah! must the agonizing thrill, For ever bar returning Peace! The Lament.	Reason drops headlong from his sacred throne, <i>To Clarinda</i> . Throng. In wood and wild ye warbling throng,
Thrill, to. He felt the powerful, high behest,	Your heavy loss deplore; On Death of Lap-dog.
	Poor is the task to please a barb'rous throng,
Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure, Thrill the deepest notes of woe, S. Sensibility, †	Prologue, sp. by Woods. Throng, to. That weekly this area throng, A Bard's Epit.
Thrilling.	Through ["to mak to through," to make good].
What words can ever speak affection So thrilling and sincere as thine ! To a Kiss.	And muckle mair than ye can mak to through.
Thrissle [a thistle].	The Brigs of Ayr. 10.
Our thrissles flourish'd fresh and fair, S. Awa, whigs, awa.	'I threw a noble throw at ane; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 16.
Paint Scotland greetan owre her thrissle; The Author's Cry and Prayer.	Throw, to.
An' legs, an' arms, an' heads will sned,	And in the fire throws the sheath; A Ded. to G. H., 10. I throw the wee stools o'er the mickle, Add. to Toothache.
Like taps o' thrissle To a Haggis.	And ay a westlin leuk she throws, Ep. to H. Parker.
Thristed [thirsted]. Nor want but—when he thristed: The Jolly Beggars. R. VII.	The cruel fates between us throw
Thrive.	A boundless ocean's roar; S. From thee, Eliza†
Our auld Guidman delights to view	And in the blue-clue throws then, Right fear't <i>Halloween</i> . 11. And honours masonic prepare for to throw;
His sheep an' kye thrive bonie, . S. Behind you hills †	S. No Churchman am I†
And how do ye thrive; S. Gudeen to you Kimmer† In Homer's craft Jock Milton thrives;	And throw on poverty his [Oppression's] cruel eyes; On Death of R. Dundas.
Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	And o'er the stream your shadows throw,
But vicious folk aye hate to see The works o' Virtue thrive, man: The Tree of Liberty.	
And grat to see it thrive, man;	And throws his hand uncouthly o'er the strings, The Brigs of Ayr.

That Indian wealth may lustre throw Around my Highland lassie, O. S. The Highl. Lassie.	And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime. [re.]
Around my Highland lassie, O S. The Highl. Lassie. A greedy glowr black-bonnet throws, The Holy Fair. S.	S. There liv'd ance a carle † Thysel [thyself].
Tho' large the forest's Monarch throws His army shade, . The Vision. D. II. 20.	Wha, as it pleases best thysel', . Holy Willie's Prayer.
Where ignorance her darkening vapour throws, The Vowels.	Wi' sheep o' credit like thysel! . The Death of Mailie. Thyself.
An anxious e'e I never throws	Laugh at her follies—laugh e'en at thyself:
Behint my lng, or by my nose; To J. S. 25. Thrown. Yet sune thou shalt be thrown aside, S. I do confess;	Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
Throw'st. Thou haply throw'st a scornful eye at	Must earth no rascal, save thyself, endure? Ep. fr. Esopus. Not to thee, but thanks to Nature,
The hermit's prayer. The Hermit. Throw'ther [through-other, pell mell].	Thou art acting but thyself To Miss Fontenelle.
They roar an' cry a' throw'ther; Halloween. 5.	Tibbie. O Tibbie! I hae seen the day Ye would na been sae shy; S. O Tibbie! †
Till skelp—a shot—they're aff, a' throw'ther, The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.	O wilt thou go wi' me, sweet Tibbie Dunbar? S. Tibbie Dunbar.
Thrum. He took my heart as wi' a net, In every knot and thrum. S. My heart was ance †	Tiber.
Thrum, to.	Th' Illissus, Tiber, Thames an' Seine, Glide sweet in monie a tunefu' line; To W. Simpson.
I hear a wheel thrum i' the neuk, Ep. to H. Parker.	Tickle.
To thrum guittars an' fecht wi' nowt; . The Twa Dogs. 23. Thrush. The hazel bush o'erhangs the Thrush.	Mak faces to tickle the Mob; The Jolly Beggars. S. III. Tickled.
S. Norn questin quinds t	Sae tickled Death, they couldna part:
Within you milk-white hawthorn bush, Amang her nestlings sits the thrush; S. O Logan! sweetly †	Epit. on Tam the Chapman. The tickl'd ears no heart-felt raptures raise;
Her voice is like the evining thrush S. On Cessnock banks † While falling, recalling,	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 13.
The amorous thrush concludes his sang; . S. Sae flaxen†	Here Wealth still swells the golden tide,
Sing on sweet thrush, upon the leafless bough, Sonnet, wr. on Birthday.	Add. to Edinburgh. 2. Wi' wind and tide fair i' your tail,
The chanting linnet, or the mellow thrush, The Brigs of Ayr.	Right on ye scud your sea-way; Add. to Unco Guid. 4.
Thud [a stroke causing a dull, hollow sound; the sound itself].	"When a' my weel-clad banks could see, "Their woody picture in my tide: . As on the banks †
To hear the thuds, and see the cluds O' Clans	Time and chance are but a tide, . S. Duncan Gray †
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor. And them that stay'd gat fearfu' thuds,	like the sun eclips'd at morning tide, El. on Miss Burnet. Whose hearts the tide of kindness warms,
S. The Taylor he cam†	Ep. to J. $L-k$, Ap. 1st, 21.
Thud, to [to rush with a hollow sound; to move swiftly].	Tumultuous tides his pulses roll, S. On a bank of flowers †
There, well-fed Irwine stately thuds: The Vision. D. I. 14.	The tide of Empire's fluctuating course; Prologue, sp. by Woods.
Thumb. Speak out an' never fash your thumb. The Author's Cry and Prayer.	Or where you grot o'erhangs the tide, S. Slow spreads the gloom †
Thummart [the fourart, or polecat].	Nae man can tether time or tide; Tam o' Shanter. 7.
The thummart, willcat, brock and tod, . The Twa Herds. 6. Thumping, -in.	In the rolling tide of spreading Clyde S. The bonie Lass of Alb.
Hear how he clears the points o' Faith	This mony a year I've stood the flood an' tide;
Wi' rattlin an' thumpin! The Holy Fair. 13. Wi' jumping, an' thumping,	The Brigs of Ayr. 7. O Thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide,
The vera girdle rang The Jolly Beggars. R. I.	That stream'd thro' great, unhappy Wallace' heart; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 21.
Thumplt [thumped]. An' ay the tither shot he thumpit Tam Samson's El., 10.	Than a' the pride that loads the tide, S. The Day returns†
Thunder.	And drink my crystal tide The Petition of Br. Water. Ye powers who preside o'er the wind and the tide,
And thunders rend the howling air, S. How can my poorheart	S. The Sons of old Killie.
Ye mustering thunders from above Your willing victim see ! S. O mirk, mirk †	No tide of the Baltic e'er drunker than he The Whistle. 4. And large, before Enjoyment's gale,
Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellow'd: Tam o' Shanter. 8.	Let's tak the tide To J. S., II.
Near and more near the thunders roll: Ib. 10.	Tideless-blooded. Grave, tideless-blooded, calm and cool, To J. S., 26.
Tropes, metaphors, and figures pour, Like Hecla streaming thunder: The Election Ballads. VI.	Tide-swoln. The tide-swoln Firth, with sullen-sounding roar,
As Highland craigs by thunder cleft,	The Brigs of Ayr. 3. Tidings. And soothe me wi' tidings o' Nature's decay;
Nansie's waws Shook with a thunder of applause The Jolly Beggars. R. VIII.	S. My Nanie's Awa.
I rather think she is aloft,	"Did ne'er to me sic tidings bring, "As meeting o' my Willy S. O Phely, †
And imitating thunder; S. The Joyful Widower. An' rouse their holy thunder on it . To Rev. J. M'Math.	Hearing the tidings of the fatal blow, On Death of R. Dundas.
Thundering.	To send a lad to London town
As from the cliff, with thundering course, The snowy ruin smokes along, Fragment of Ode.	Not only bring them tidings hame,
nerved with thundering fate, Liberty.	But do their errands there,
The thund'ring guns are heard on ev'ry side, The Brigs of Ayr. 2.	Wi' tidings o' s-lv-t-on. [v.A.22] . The Holy Fair. 12.
To rattle the thundering drum was his trade; The Jolly Beggars. S. II.	Wi' tidings o' d-mn-t-n. [v. A.22]
Thurlow.	Still closer kuit in friendship's ties
And Thurlow growl a curse of woe, The Election Ballads. VI. Thwart.	Each passing year! Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 18. Farewell loves and friendships, ye dear tender ties!
Unknowing what my way may thwart, . S. Sae far awa.	S. Farewell, thou fair day t
Thy-lane [thyself alone].	Parent, filial, kindred ties? On scaring Water-fowl. The feather'd field-mates, bound by Nature's tie,
But Mousie, thou art no thy-lane, To a Mouse. Thyme. Hey and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme, [re.]	The Brigs of Ayr.
S. There liv'd ance a carle †	Dear brothers of the mystic tye The Farewell. To St. J.'s L

But round my heart the ties are bound, That heart transpierced with many a wound;	A rousing whid at times to vend [v.A.6] Death and Dr. Hornbook.
These bleed afresh, those ties I tear, S. The gloomy night †	'It's e'en a lang, lang time indeed 'Sin' I began to nick the thread,
What ties cruel fate in my bosom has torn. S. The lazy mist † Dearest tie of young connexions, To a Kiss.	'Niest time we meet I'll wad a groat,
For one [dart] has cut my dearest tye,	'He gets his fairin'! Ib. 30.
And quivers in my heart	How ill exchang'd for riper times, Despondency, an Ode. 5. Time and chance are but a tide, . S. Duncan Gray †
Your horns shall tie you to the staw, S. O gin ye were dead.	What time the moon, wi' silent glowr,
An' tye some hose well. The Author's Cry and Prayer.	Sets up her horn, . El. on Capt. M. H., 10.
O, bid him never tye them mair, . The Death of Mailie.	But how the subject theme may gang, Let time and chance determine; Ep. to Young Friend.
I'll tie the posie round wi' the silken band o' love, S. The Poste.	It's hardly in a body's pow'r,
Tiger. Was like a bluidy tiger	To keep, at times, frae being sour, . Ep. to Davie. 2. Let time mak proof; . Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 7.
I' th' inn that day The Ordination. 4.	But pennyworth's again is fair,
Tight [prepared, girt for action]. He should be tight that daur't to raize thee,	When time's expedient: Ep. to J. R., 13.
A Guid New-Year † 2.	Prop of my dearest hopes for future times. Ep. to R. Graham.5.
While healths gae round to him wha, tight, Gies famous sport. [v.A.25] Scotch Drink. 12.	The measur'd time is run! . S. Farewell, dear mistress †
Tight. There's some sark-necks I wad draw tight,	M'Pherson's time will not be long On yonder gallows-tree. S. Farewell, ye dungeons †
The Author's Cry and Prayer. His leg was so tight and his cheek was so ruddy,	And ev'ry time great care is taen,
The Jolly Beggars. S. II.	To see them duely changed:
There Sophy tight, a lassie bright, The Tarbolton Lasses.	Nae time hae I to tarry. S. Here's to thy health, † At times I'm fash'd wi' fleshly lust Holy Willie's Prayer. 6.
right an' tight in thack an' raep The Twa Dogs. 10. A tight, outlandish Hizzie, braw, The Vision. D. I. 7.	Wi' Lizie's lass, three times I trow; Ib. 8.
Sae straught, sae taper, tight and clean [a leg], . Ib. II.	When trystin time draws near again; . S. I'll ay ca' in t
Below the fatt'rels, snug and tight, To a Louse.	His locks were bleached white with time, Lament for Glencairn.
Auld Reekie ay he keepit tight, And trig an' braw: To W. Creech.	"But nocht in all-revolving time "Can gladness bring again to me
She's aye sae neat, sae trim, sae tight, S. When first I saw †	"O! why has Worth so short a date?
Tighter.	"While villains ripen grey with time! Ib.
And the bands grew the tighter the more they were wet. The Whistle. 12.	And ev'ry time has added proofs, That Man was made to mourn. Man was made to Mourn. 3.
Tightly [firmly]. Now stand as tightly by your tack:	O Man! while in thy early years, How prodigal of time!
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 6. I on the questions targe them tightly; The Inventory.	With future rhymes, an' other times,
Till [to].	To emulate his sire; Nature's Law.
An' her kind stars hae airted till her,	And time nae langer spill, jo: . S. O steer her up † Three times crowdie in a day; . S. O that I had ne'er †
A guid chiel wi' a pickle siller: Auld comrade †	And time is setting with me, Oh; . S. Oh, open the door, †
He'll be a credit 'till us a', S. There was a lad † But chiefly the siller, that gars him gang till her,	Resist the crumbling touch of time; On Lincluden.
S. There's a youth †	Oh! had each Scot of ancient times, Been, Jeany Scott, as thou art, On Miss J. Scott.
Till, to. Give me the cot below the pine.	[Violence] Rousing elate in these degenerate times;
Give me the cot below the pine, To tend the flocks or till the soil, S. Twas even—the dewy †	On Death of R. Dundas.
Tillage. With tillage or pasture at times she would sport, S. Caledonia.	"Thro' future times to make his virtues last On Death of Sir J. Blair.
Tillage-skill.	The teeth o' time may gnaw Tamtallan, But thou's for ever. Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
'Some teach to meliorate the plain, 'With tillage-skill; The Vision. D. II. 8.	Old Father Time deputes me here before ye,
Till'd. 'Kirkyards will soon be till'd eneugh,	Prologue, at Th., D For making o' rhymes, and working at times,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 24.	Does little or naething at a', man. Ronalds of Bennals.
His acre's till'd, he's right eneugh; . The Twa Dogs. 30. And waly fa' the ley-crap	Yet humbly kind, in time o' need,
For I maun till'd again S. There's news, lasses †	And warsle Time, and lay him on his back. Scots Prologue. I'm three times doubly o'er your debtor, Second Ep. to Davie.
Till't [to it].	This day, Time winds th' exhausted chain,
Syne rhyme till't, well time till't, Ep. to Davie. 4. An' L—d! if ance they pit her till't,	Sketch. New-Yr's Day. Will time, amus'd with proverb'd lore,
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 17.	Add to our date one minute more? Ib.
They're welcome till't for a' that. The Jolly Beggars. S. VII.	I could not then just ascertain Its worth, for want of time, Symon Gray †
Time. A time that surely shall come; A V. on being Hosp. Entertained.	Nae man can tether time or tide; Tam o' Shanter. 7.
He weeping wail'd his latter times; A Vision.	Or up the rink like Jehu roar In time o' need; . Tam Samson's El., 5.
"I know your bent—these are no laughing times: Add. sp. by Fontenelle.	With clavers and haivers Wearing the time awa':
Alas, how chang'd the times to come! Add. to Edinburgh. 6.	The Ans. to the Guidwife.
Sin' that day Michael did you pierce, Down to this time, . Add. to the Deil. 19.	An' drink his health in auld Nanse Tinnock's Nine times a week, The Author's Cry and Prayer.
'There was a time, it's nae lang syne, . As on the banks †	The time may come, with pipe and drum We'll welcome hame fair Albany. S. The bonie Lass of Alb
Simmer's a pleasant time, S. Ay waukin, O.	He seem'd as he wi' Time had warstl'd lang,
Old Time and Nature their changes tell, S. Bonie Bell.	The Brigs of Ayr. 4.
My trunk of eild, but buss or beild, Sinks in time's wintry rage S. But lately seen,†	Compare wi' bonie Brigs o' modern time? 1b. 6. Or Cuifs of later times, wha held the notion,
Thou golden time o' youthful prime,	That sullen gloom was sterling, true devotion: Ib. 8.
old Time then was young, S. Caledonia. With tillage or pasture at times she would sport, Ib.	And, agonising, curse the time and place Ib. 9.
The upright is Chance, and old Time is the base; Ib.	While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere. The Cotter's Sat. Night. 16.

An' warn him ay at ridin time,	Timmer-propt [propped up with timber].
To stay content wi' yowes at hame; [v.A.3] The Death of Mailie.	[The Stack] Was timmer-propt for thrawin: Halloween. 23.
From countless, unbeginning time Was ever still the same. The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps	Tim'rous.
In guid time comes an antidote The Holy Fair. 16.	Wee, sleeket, cowran, tim'rous beastie, To a Mouse.
Like hafflins-wise o'ercomes him At times Ib. 17.	Tine, Tyne [to lose; be lost].
An' your auld burrough mony a time, . The Inventory.	I wad wear thee in my bosom,
Frae this time forth, I do declare,	Least my Jewel I should tine S. Bonie wee thing † May tyrants and tyranny tine in the mist,
I'se ne'er ride horse nor hizzie mair;	S. Here's a health to them †
Unless he would from that time forth	How sune it [wild-rose] times its scent and hue
Relinquish her for ever: . The Jolly Beggars. R. VI. The time, unheeded, sped away, The Lament.	When pu'd and worn a common toy!. S. I do confess †
The last time I came o'er the moor, S. The last time I came	And next my heart I'll wear her,
How quick Time is flying, how keen Fate pursues.	For fear my jewel tine. S. My Love's a winsome † And fools may tyne, and knaves may win; S. O Phely †
S. The lazy mist †	Sweets that mem'ry ne'er shall tine S. Scenes of woe †
What aspects old Time in his progress has worn; . Ib.	Ye tine your dam; [v.A.2] The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.
To ev'ry New-light mother's son,	And I was fear'd my heart wou'd tine, S. Where Cart rins t
From this time forth, Confusion: . The Ordination. 14. A time, when rough rude man had naughty ways;	Tingle.
The Rights of Woman.	That gart my heart-strings tingle. The Ans. to the Guidwife.
Now, thank our stars! these Gothic times are fled; . Ib.	Tinkler [a tinker].
The time flew by, wi' tentless head, S. The Rigs o' Barley.	An' [Fox] lows'd his tinkler jaw, man A Fragment. 5.
Tho' three times doubl'd fairly,	But deil a foreign tinkler loun
A wicked crew syne, on a time,	Shall ever ca' a nail in't: S. Does haughty Gaul,†
Did tak a solemn aith, man, . The Tree of Liberty.	Yon ill-tongu'd tinkler, Charlie Fox, The Author's Cry and Prayer. 19.
Forgather'd ance upon a time The Twa Dogs. An' mony a time my heart's been wae	When round the Tinkler prest her, The Jolly Beggars. R. VI.
An' mony a time my heart's been wae,	A Tinkler is my station;
Fir'd at the simple, artless lays Of other times. <i>Ib. D. II. 12</i> .	O Tinkler Madgie was her mither; . S. Willie Wastle †
"And bumper his horn with him twenty times o'er."	Tinkler-gipsey.
The Whistle.	Ev'n wi' a Tinkler-gipsey's messan: . The Twa Dogs.
I've seen me daez't upon a time; . There's naethin like †	Tinkler-hizzie [tinker-hussy].
Your pin wad help to mend a mill	Sat guzzling wi' a Tinkler-hizzie; The Jolly Beggars. R. III.
In time o' need, To a Haggis. (I'm scant o' verse, and scant o' time,) To Dr. Blacklock.	Tinkling. Sweet the tinkling rill to hear: Delia. An Ode.
(I'm scant o' verse, and scant o' time,) To Dr. Blacklock. Hae ye a leisure-moment's time To J. S., 4.	Tinnock's. And drink his health in auld Nanse Tinnock's The Author's Cry and Prayer. 20.
	Tinsel. In a' the tinsel trash o' state El. on Capt. M. H., 16.
Time but the impression stronger makes, As streams their channels deeper wear. To Mary in Heaven.	Oblige them, patronize their tinsel lays,
Again the silent wheels of time	They persecute you all your future days!
Again the silent wheels of time Their annual round have driv'n, To Miss L., with "Beattie."	Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
To Miss L., with "Beattie."	Their tinsel shew, and a' that, . S. The Honest Man.
Or in gulravage rinnin scow'r To pass the time, To Rev. J. M'Math.	Tinwaid.
But twenty times, I rather wou'd be An atheist clean, . Ib.	Frae the downs o' Tinwald . The Election Ballads. IV.
In thae auld times, they thought the Moon,	Tint [lost; "tint as win," lost as won].
Just like a sark, or pair o' shoon, . To W. Simpson. P.S	Like fortune's favours, tint as win A Vision.
at times when I grow crouse, What ails ye now †	My funny toil is now a' tint, Add. to Illegit. Child.
at the Inner port Cry'd three times, "Robin!" Ib.	Since I tint my bairns, and he tint his crown, S. By you castle wa't
the eastern star Tells bughtin-time is near, S. When o'er the hill †	I tint my curch and baith my shoon, . S. Duncan Gray.
Time cannot aid me, my griefs are immortal,	The Spanish empire's tint a head, El. on Year 1788.
S. Where are the joys †	For some o' you.[lasses] hae tint a frien'; Ib.
I little thought the time was near,	I'll seek my pursie whare I tint it, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 12.
Repentance I should buy sae dear: . S. Young Jamie, †	Till in a declamation-mist,
lime, to. Syne rhyme till't, well time till't,	
And sing't when we have done Et to Davie 1.	His argument he tint it: . Extem. in Court of Session.
And sing't when we hae done. Ep. to Davie. 4.	His argument he tint it: Extem. in Court of Session. I tint my whistle and my sang, I tint my peace and pleasure; S. Gat ye me, †
And sing't when we have done. Ep. to Davie. 4.	I tint my whistle and my sang,
And sing't when we hae done. Ep. to Davie. 4. Fime-bleach'd. Then Winter's time-bleach'd locks did hoary show, The Brigs of Ayr. 13.	I tint my whistle and my sang, I tint my peace and pleasure; And I hae tint my dearest dear; S. She's fair and fause † Tam tint his reason a' thegither, Tam o' Shanter. 19.
And sing't when we hae done. Ep. to Davie. 4. Fime-bleach'd. Then Winter's time-bleach'd locks did hoary show, The Brigs of Ayr. 13. Time-settled.	I tint my whistle and my sang, I tint my peace and pleasure; And I hae tint my dearest dear; S. She's fair and fause † Tam tint his reason a' thegither, Tam o' Shanter. 19. The L—d be thankit that we've tint the gate o't!
And sing't when we hae done. Ep. to Davie. 4. Fime-bleach'd. Then Winter's time-bleach'd locks did hoary show, The Brigs of Ayr. 13.	I tint my whistle and my sang, I tint my peace and pleasure; And I hae tint my dearest dear; S. She's fair and fause † Tam tint his reason a' thegither, Tam o' Shanter. 19. The L—d be thankit that we've tint the gate o't! The Brigs of Ayr. 8.
And sing't when we hae done. Ep. to Davie. 4. Fime-bleach'd. Then Winter's time-bleach'd locks did hoary show, The Brigs of Ayr. 13. Fime-settled. I granthim [Wisdom] his calm-blooded, time-settled pleasures, Lns on Windows, Gl. Tav.	I tint my whistle and my sang, I tint my peace and pleasure; And I hae tint my dearest dear; S. She's fair and fause † Tam tint his reason a' thegither, Tam o' Shanter. 19. The L—d be thankit that we've tint the gate o't!
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And sing't when we hae done. Ep. to Davie. 4. Fime-bleach'd. Then Winter's time-bleach'd locks did hoary show, The Brigs of Ayr. 13. Fime-settled. I grant him [Wisdom] his calm-blooded, time-settled pleasures, Lns on Windows, Gl. Tav Fime-worn. Spying the time-worn flaws in ev'ry arch; The Brigs of Ayr. 4. Fimid. Weak, timid landsmen on life's stormy main! Ep. to R. Graham. 5. Th' abodes of coveyed grouse and timid sheep, Wr. in Kenmore Inn.	I tint my whistle and my sang, I tint my peace and pleasure; And I hae tint my dearest dear; S. She's fair and fause † Tam tint his reason a' thegither, The L—d be thankit that we've tint the gate o't! The Brigs of Ayr. 8. Here's a reputation Tint by Balmaghie. The Election Ballads. IV. O I hae tint my rosy cheeks, The Ruined Maid's Lament. Charlie Gregor tint his plaidie, Kissin' Theniel's bonie Mary. S. Th. Menzie's bonie Mary. Her heart was tint, her peace was stown! S. There was a lass † Tints. Fair the tints of op'ning rose; Delia. An Ode.
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	I
Tippence [two pence].	Tiviotdale.
An' we maun draw our tippence The Holy Fair. 8.	'Tween Inverness and Tiviotdale,
Tippence-worth.	He had few matches. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 6.
Gat tippence-worth to mend her [wife's] head, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 26.	To. Be't to me, be't frae me, e'en let the jade gae, S. Contented wi' little,
Tippeny [two-penny ale].	Toad. Toads with their poison, docters with their drug,
Wi' tippeny, we fear nae evil; . Tam o' Shanter. 11.	To R . \bar{G} . of F
Tipsie.	Toast. Instead of a song, boys, I'll give you a toast,
Your muse is a gipsie, e'en tho' she were tipsie, She cou'd ca' us nae waur than we are. The Kirk's Alarm.	And you the toast of a' the town, S. O Mary, at thy window t Call a toast—a toast divine: The Taget
Tired, -'d.	S. O Mary, at thy window t
Then when I'm tir'd-and sae are ye,	The Louise at the Louise at the Louise.
Wi' monie a fulsome, sinfu' lie, A Ded. to G. H.	Thou hast given a peerless toast
Till with their Logic-jargon tir'd, Auld comrade †	"The whole of human kind!" To a Lady.
How silent that tongue which the echoes oft tired, Monody, on a Lady.	Toast, to.
sore harass'd, and tir'd at last, S. My father was a farmer +	Then let us toast John Barleycorn, . John Barleycorn.
Till tir'd at last wi' mony a farce,	I'll toast you in my hindmost gillie,
They set them down upon their arse, [v.A.1] The Twa Dogs. 6.	On Scot. Bard gne to W. I. Tocher [marriage portion; "tocher band," dowry
The Thresher's weary flingin-tree,	bond].
The lee-lang day had tir'd me; The Vision. D. I. 2.	He gied me thee, o' tocher clear, A Guid New-Year †
And tired o' sauls to waste his lear on, E'en tried the body To Dr. Blacklock.	Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher, S. Awa' wi' yr witchcraft
My musie, tir'd wi' mony a sonnet To Rev. J. M'Math.	And tho' I hae na meikle tocher, S. Braw lads on Yar. braes †
Tirl [to uncover, strip].	A very gude tocher, a cotter-man's dochter, S. Her daddie forbad †
And tirl the hallions to the birsies; Add. of Beelzebub. 4.	Let her lo'e nae man but me;
Tirlan [unroofing].	That's the tocher gude I prize, S. Jockey fou, † her tenpund lands o' tocher gude S. My Lord a-hunting †
Whyles, on the strong-wing'd Tempest flyin, Tirlan the kirks; Add. to the Deil. 4.	her tenpund lands o' tocher gude S. My Lord a-hunting † My tocher's the jewel has charms for him.
Tirl'd [knocked].	S. O meikle thinks my love †
But whan we tirl'd at your door,	My tocher's the bargain ye wad buy;
Your porter dought na hear us; V.s, on Window, Carron.	My daddy sign'd my tocher band, . S. Where Cart rins †
Tiseday v. Tysday. Tither [the other].	We's mak nae din about your tocher; S. Will ye go and marry †
The tither's dour, has nae sic breedin', . El. on Year 1788.	Tocher, to [to give one a dowry].
Was driving to the tither warl', Lns to J. Ranken.	Braid money to tocher them a', man, Ronalds of Bennals.
That the heat o' the tane might cool the tither. S. Scroggam.	Tochered [dowered].
An' ay the tither shot he thumpit, . Tam Samson's El	Nae weel tochered aunts, to wait on their drants,
Still shearing and clearing	Ronalds of Bennals.
The tither stooked raw; . The Ans. to the Guidwife.	Weel-featur'd, weel-tocher'd, weel mounted and braw; S. There's a youth †
Then on the tither hand present her, The Author's Cry and Prayer.	There's lang-tocher'd Nancy maist fetters his fancy . Ib.
And ay he catch'd the tither wretch, The Ordination. 10.	Tod [a fox]. Frae dogs an' tods, an' butcher's knives!
Hear, how he gies the tither yell,	The Death of Mailie.
Come, bring the tither mutchkin in,	Daddy Auld, Daddy Auld, there's a tod in the fauld, A tod meikle waur than the Clerk; . The Kirk's Alarm.
The tither morn,	The thummart, willcat, brock and tod, The Twa Herds. 6.
The tither was a ploughman's collie, . The Twa Dogs. 4. The tither skelpan kiss, The Jolly Beggars. R. I.	The tod reply'd upon the hill, . S. What will I do gin †
And ay she took the tither sonk, S. The weary pund.	To-day. When blest to-day unmindful of to-morrow.
Bout whom ye spak the tither day, . To Gav. Hamilton.	I live to-day as well's I may,
Title. O Thou, whatever title suit thee! Add. to the Deil.	Regardless of to-morrow, O. S. My father was a farmer †
It's no in titles nor in rank;	The doctrine, to-day, that is loyalty found, To-morrow may bring us a halter. Poet. Add. to Tytler.
It's no in wealth like Lon'on Bank, To purchase peace and rest; . Ep. to Davie. 5.	Coila's fair Rachel's care to-day, Sketch. New-Yr's Day.
A title, and the only one I claim,	Toddle [to walk with short, tottering steps, like a
To lay strong hold for help on bounteous Graham.	chiid].
Ep. to R. Graham. 4. whose titles were shamm'd, Extem. on "the Marquis."	while I toddle on through life, V.s to a Landlady.
Their title's avowed by my country. Poet. Add. to Tytler.	Toddlin, -an, Todlin [walking with short steps and in a tottering way, like a child; purling, mov-
Their titles a' are empty show; . S. The Highl. Lassie.	ing with a gentle noise].
What is title? what is treasure? The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII.	And todlin down on Willie's mill, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 5.
And next the title following close behind, . The Vowels.	Ye burnies, wimplin down your glens, Wi' toddlin din, . El. on Capt. M. H., 4.
A Title, Dempster merits it; To J. S., 23.	The vera wee-things, toddlan, rin,
Titled. No more of your guests, be they titled or not, Extem., To Mr. S.	Wi' stocks out owre their shouther: Halloween.
While titled knaves and idiot greatness shine	The expectant wee-things, toddlan, stacher through
Lns on Fergusson.	The Cotter's Sat. Night. Toddy. Sit round the table, weel content.
Mark yonder pomp of costly fashion, Round the wealthy, titled bride . S. Mark yonder Pomp †	Toddy. Sit round the table, weel content, An' steer about the toddy The Holy Fair. 20.
We labour soon, we labour late,	10e.
To feed the titled knave, man; . The Tree of Liberty.	"If that your right hand, leg or toe, "Should ever prove your sp'ritual foe, What ails ye now t
Tit-ta. when thou shalt ca' me Tit-ta or daddy.	Together.
Tittlan [whispering]. Add. to Illegit. Child.	But gie me a braw moonlight, And me and my love together. S. O gie my love brose †
Here sits a raw o' tittlan jads,	
Wi' heaving breasts an' bare neck; . The Holy Fair. 9. Titty [dim. of Sister].	Or claughtin't together at a', man, Ronalds of Bennals. Together hymning their Creator's praise,
My heart is a-breaking, dear titty, S. Tam Glen.	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 16.
Come counsel, dear titty, don't tarry;	We lived full one and twenty years A man and wife together; . S. The loyful Widower.
	and the together, S. The toyjut Wraower.

Toil. And eyes the simple, rustic Hind,	Cotorowaldania
'Whose toil upholds the glitt'ring show,	Go to your sculptur'd tombs, ye Great, El. on Capt. M. H., 16. "That fillest an untimely tomb, Lament for Glencairn.
A Winter Night. 7. My funny toil is now a' tint, Add. to Illegit. Child.	th' untimely tomb where Riddel lies.
My funny toil is now a' tint, Add. to Illegit. Child. Thence, countra wives, wi' toil an' pain,	Sonnet, on Death of R
May plunge an' plunge the kirn in vain; Add. to the Deil. 10.	To-morrow. When blest to-day unmindful of to-morrow.
Wha drudge and drive thro' wet and dry, Wi' never-ceasing toil;	I think I maun wed him—to-morrow,
Helpless, alane, thou clamb the brae.	I live to-day as well's I may,
Wi' mickle, mickle toil, Extem. on Commem.s of Thomson.	Regardless of to-morrow, O. S. My father was a farmer t
Ease frae toil, relief frae care: S. Frae the friends †	Like the beam of the day-star to morrow. On Death of fav. Child.
Her faithfu' mate will share her toil, S. O Logan! sweetly † Thou strings the nerves o' Labor-sair,	The doctrine, to-day, that is loyalty found,
At's weary toil; Scotch Drink. 6.	To-morrow may bring us a halter. Poet. Add. to Tytler.
Hapless wretches sold to toil, . S. Streams that glide †	That grandchild's cap will do tomorrow Sketch. New-Yr's Day.
The bees, rejoicing o'er their summer-toils, The Brigs of Ayr. 2.	Ton.
And makes him quite forget his labor and his toil.	As praying's the ton of your fashion; S. The Sons of old K
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 3. thy hardy sons of rustic toil,	And strikes the ever-deep'ning tones, A Ded. to G. H., 10.
For a' that, and a' that,	Whence a' the tones o' mis'ry yell, Add, to Toothache.
Our toils obscure, and a' that, . S. The Honest Man.	He knows each chord its various tone, Add. to Unco Guid. 8.
Awakes me up to toil and woe; The Lament.	Whose tones the echoing aisles prolong; . On Lincluden.
Hard by a poor Thresher whose toil it was great, S. The Poor Thresher.	Tongue. An auld wife's tongue's a feckless matter To gie ane fash. Add. to Illegit. Child.
the Lab'rer's weary toil, For humble gains,	Wad ding a' Lallan tongue, or Erse, Add. to the Deil. 19.
The Vision. D. II. 9. Alas! what bitter toil an' straining . To J. S., 20.	Altho' I love my Chloris mair
By toil and famine wore to skin and bone, To R. G. of F., 6.	May ill befa' the flattering tongue
Toil-beat.	That wad beguile my Nanie, . S. Behind you hills †
My toil-beat nerves, and tear-worn eye, . The Lament.	And thy still matchless tongue that conquers all reply. Ep. fr. Esopus.
Toil-won. And thack and rape secure the toil-won crap; The Brigs of Ayr.	If you rattle along like your mistress's tongue.
Toil-worn. The toil-worn Cotter frae his labor goes,	Your speed will outrival the dart: Extem. pinned to Coach.
The Cotter's Sat. Night.	O had your tongue now, Luckie Laing, O had your tongue and jauner; S. Gat ye me, †
Toil, to. To give him leave to toil; Man was made to Mourn.	How silent that tongue which the echoes oft tired,
So I must toil and sweat and broil, S. My father was a farmer †	Monody, on a Lady. The wretch whase doom is "hope nae mair,"
For Comedy abroad he need na toil, Scots Prologue.	What tongue his woes can tell; S. Now Spring has clad t
Wha in the paths o' righteousness did toil ay; The Brigs of Ayr. 9.	Beware a tongue that's smoothly hung; . O leave novels †
I moil, and I toil, and I harrow and plough,	subtile Litigation's pliant tongue On Death of R. Dundas. every Muse shall join her tuneful tongue,
S. The Poor Thresher.	On Death of Sir J. Blair.
I moil, and I toil, and I labour all day,	howsoe'er our tongues may ill reveal it, Prologue, at Th., D
With joy, with rapture, I would toil; S. Twas even—the dewy †	Three lawyers' tongues, turn'd inside out, Wi' lies seam'd like a beggar's clout; [v.A.16] Tamo' Shanter.
Still thro' the gap the struggling river toils, Wr. by Fall of Fyers.	Auld Scotland has a raucle tongue;
My Jockey toils upon the plain, S. Young Jockey †	The Author's Cry and Prayer. 22. O haud your tongue, my feirrie auld wife,
Toll'd.	O haud your tongue, now Nansie, O:
Ev'n you on murd'ring errands toil'd, . A Winter Night. 5.	S. The deuks dang o'er. The tongue o' the trump to them a';
Tho' winter wild in tempest toil'd, S. The day returns † In summer he toil'd thro' the faint, sultry heat;	The Election Ballads. III.
S. The Poor Thresher.	The music of thy tongue I heard, Nor wist while it enslaved me: . S. The last time I†
Some, lucky, find a flow'ry spot, For which they never toil'd nor swat; To J. S., 17.	No tongue then was able their joy to express,
Toiling.	S. The Poor Thresher. That e'er I heard your flattering tongue,
Frae morn to een it's nought but toiling,	The Ruined Maid's Lament.
At baking, roasting, frying, boiling; . The Twa Dogs. 9. Token.	Dempster's truth-prevailing tongue; [v.A.23] The Vision. D. II. 6.
Ae auld wheelbarrow, mair for token, The Inventory.	'Those accents, grateful to thy tongue, Ib. 16.
And in token of favour he gave him a ring.	Craigdarroch began with a tongue smooth as oil,
S. The Poor Thresher. Their tokens of love, and their true thankfulness; . Ib.	The Whistle. 7. Wi' his fause heart and flatt'ring tongue, S. To daunton me.
I took her for some Scottish Muse,	Her tongue and eyes, her dreaded spear and darts.
By that same token; . The Vision. D. I. 9.	To R. G. of F.,
Told. Told him, I came to feast my curious eyes; Add. sp. by Fontenelle.	A clapper tongue wad deave a miller; . S. Willie Wastle† Too much.
(For none that knew him need be told) . Epit. for R. A.	Yet let not this too much, my Son,
The village bell has told the hour, . S. Here is the glen,†	Disturb thy youthful breast: Man was made to Mourn.
Told how dear ye were aye to each other. On Death of fav. Child.	Toofa' [lit. to fall; the close; "toofa' o' the night," the evening].
Toll.	But O! I was a waefu' man
While Highlandmen hate tolls an' taxes; To W. Simpson.	Ere toofa' o' the night The Election Ballads. V. Took. Down Lowrie's burn he took a turn, A Fragment. 2.
Tom Jones. Your fine Tom Jones and Grandisons, . O leave novels †	Till Willie H—e took o'er the knowe
Tomahawk.	For Philadelphia, man:
Five tomahawks, wi' blude red-rusted; Tam o' Shanter. 11.	Then R-ck-ngh-m took up the game;
Tomb. My woes here, shall close ne'er, But with the closing tomb! Despondency, an Ode.	We took the road ay like a Swallow: A Guid New-Year † 9. As down the burn they took their way, S. As down the burn †
	, , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , ,

With linked hands we took the sands, S. As I gaed up by	And pledging aft to meet again,
"E'en here, I took the last farewell; S. Behold the hour †	We tore ourselves asunder. S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams
She took to her hills, and her arrows let fly, . S. Caledonia. The fell Harpy-raven took wing from the north, Ib.	Torment.
I stacher'd whyles, but yet took tent ay	But, oh! what will my torments be, If thou refuse thy Johnie? S. Craigie-burn Wood
To free the ditches; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 3. Tho' leeward whyles, against my will,	O burning hell! in all thy store of torments There's not a keener lash! Remorse. A Frag
I took a bicker	The slighted maids my torments see, . S. Young Jamie, Torment, to.
And sae did Death , . Ib. 31. Then Meg took up her spinnin-graith, And flang them a' out o'er the burn. S. Duncan Davison.	An' Gouts torment him, inch by inch, . Scotch Drink. r Tormenting. For oh! love forsaken's a tormenting pain.
Satan took stuff to mak a swine, . Epig. on A. Turner.	Torn. S. As I was a-wand ring
Thou [Death] ne'er took such a bleth'ran b-tch, Into thy dark dominion! Epit. on a noisy Polemic.	He's gane! he's gane! he's frae us torn, El. on Capt. M. H., From pomp and pleasure torn; Man was made to Mour.
Sae craftilie she took me ben, S. Had I the wyte † An' Mary, nae doubt, took the drunt,	How I would mourn when it was torn, S. O were my love By early Winter's ravage torn; S. The gloomy night
They took a plough and plough'd him down, John Barleycorn.	From ev'ry joy and pleasure torn, The Lamen
The sun took delight to shine for its sake; S. Lady Mary Ann.	What ties cruel Fate in my bosom has torn. S. The lazy mist
He took my heart as wi' a net, . S. My heart was ance t	Torn from that lovely shore, and must never see it more; S. The Slave's Lamen
He took a hauf and gied it to me, S. My Sandy gied †	My Mary from my soul was torn To Mary in Heaves
To thee my fancy took its wing, S. O Mary, at thy window †	By miscreants torn, who ne'er one sprig must wear:
Hands that took—but never gave. Ode, to Mem. of Mrs.—. So, took a birth afore the mast, On Scot. Bard gne to W.I.	To R. G. of F.,
The Muse was a' that he took pride in,	Torrent. Rousing the turbid torrent's roar, Add. to Shade of Thomson
They took the brig wi' a' their might, S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	Or torrents owre a linn, Extem. in Court of Session aghast, The wheeling torrent viewing,
He left his bed and took his wayward rout, The Brigs of Ayr. 3.	S. Farewell, thou stream Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.
It chanc'd his new-come neebor took his e'e,	S. My heart's in the Highlands
And brandy Jean, that took her gill, The Election Ballads. I.	And, all devout, he never sought To stem the sacred torrent
An' each took off his several way, The Twa Dogs. 35. I took her for some Scottish Muse, The Vision. D. 1. 9.	Ye tempests, rage! ye turbid torrents, roll! On Death of R. Dunda
And ay she took the tither souk, . S. The weary Pund.	In mony a torrent down the snaw-broo rowes;
She took the rock, and wi' a knock, She brak it o'er my pow	The Brigs of Ayr. There, high my boiling torrent smokes,
An' took my jocteleg an' whatt it, Third Ep. to J. Lap	Wild-roaring o'er a linn: . The Petition of Br. Wate
She took the wing like fire! To Miss Ferrier.	And many a lesser torrent scuds, . The Vision. D. I. I.
They took nae pains their speech to balance,	Turbid torrents, wintry swelling, S. Thickest night
To W. Simpson. P.S.	To rule their torrent in th' allowed line; Why am I loth
That faith, the youngsters took the sands Wi' nimble shanks,	As high in air the bursting torrents flow, Wr. by Fall of Fyer Torrid. Who distant burns in flaming torrid climes,
Of my sweet Highland Mary. S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †	Far dearer than the torrid plains Where rich ananas blow!
oolzie v. Tulzie.	Thy sons ne'er madden in the fierce extremes
oom [empty].	Of Fortune's polar frost, or torrid beams. To R. G. of F.,
I'se be fou and thou'se be toom, S. Carl, an the king come. Because he gat the toom dish thrice,	Torture. No fabled tortures, quaint and tame. The Lamen What throes, what tortures passing cure,
He heav'd them on the fire, Halloween. 27.	Were in my bosom swelling: S. The last time is
A toom tar barrel An' twa red peats Letter to J. Goudie. Her mutchkin stowp as toom's a whissle;	Torture, to. M'[Kinlay], R[ussel], are the boys
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 7. Jamy Goose, ye ha'e made but toom roose, The Kirk's Alarm.	That Heresy can torture; The Ordination. I. Tortur'd.
The Kirk's Alarm.	That shoots my tortur'd gums alang; . Add. to Tooth-ach
'oom'd [emptled]. They toom'd their pocks, they pawn'd their duds,	Torturing. (A while forbear, ye torturing fiends), Ode, to Mem. of Mrs
The Jolly Beggars. R. VIII.	The torturing, gnawing consciousness of guilt Remorse. A Frag
And fretful envy grins in vain The poison'd tooth to fasten. S. Young Peggy †	Tory. How Tories fell and Whigs to h-ll Flew off S, The Battle of Sherra-Moo
ooth-ache. Thou, Toothache surely bear'st the bell Amang them a'! Add. to Toothache.	Blew up each Tory's dark designs, The Election Ballads. V
Gie a' the faes o' Scotland's weal A towmond's Tooth-Ache! Ib.	who set at nought The wildest savage Tory,
Coothy [biting]. And toothy critics by the score, In bloody raw! To W. Creech.	To these what Tory hosts oppos'd With these what Tory warriors clos'd,
Cootle.	The stubborn Tories dare to die:
Master Tootie, Alias, Laird M'Gaun, To Gav. Hamilton.	The Tories, Whigs, give way by turns;
op. so trig from top to toe, S. John Anderson, †	The Tory ranks are broken
And when my hope was at the ton.	While Tories fall, while Tories fly,
I still was worst mistaken, O. S. My father was a farmer t	Toss [a belle, a beauty].
The fruitful top is spread on high, And firm the root below	my bonie sel', The toss of Ecclefechan S. Gat ye me
Then top and maintop croud the sail, To J. S., II.	Toss, to. Ere ve toss me afar from my lov'd native shore;
ore.	Lament, on leaving Nat. Land
Or tore, with noble ardour stung,	There at them thou thy tail may toss, . Tam o' Shanter. I

Said, toss down the Whistle, the prize of the field,	saw in halls and towers That lust and pride,
The Whistle. 9.	In state preside The Hermit
Toss'd, Tost.	Beside Kirkcudbright's towers, The Election Ballads. V.
And still, as signs of life appear'd,	Sae, in the tower o' Cardoness, A howlet sits at noon
They toss'd him to and fro John Barleycorn.	And they'll gae build Terreagle's towers,
And like the rootless stubble tost,	S. The noble Maxwells
Before the sweeping blast The 1st Psalm.	By stately tow'r, or palace fair, [v.A.4] The Vision.
There, mountains to the skies were tost: The Vision. D. I. 13. T'other. A gaudsman ane, a thrasher t'other, The Inventory.	Towering.
When the tother bag I sell and the tother bottle tell,	I see her wave thy towering plumes afar, Ep. fr. Esopus.
The Jolly Beggars. S. I.	He'll shade my banks wi' towering trees
Totter.	The Petition of Br. Water. Towmond, Towmont [a twelvemonth].
Now we maun totter down, John, but hand in hand we'll go, S. John Anderson, †	Gie a' the faes o' Scotland's weal
Tottering.	A towmond's Tooth-Ache! Add. to Toothache.
the palsied arm of tottering, powerless age Liberty.	A towmond o' trouble, should that be my fa',
Touch. It's [Honor's] slightest touches, instant pause	A night o' gude fellowship sowthers it a'; S. Contented wi' little †
Ep. to Young Friend. 8.	A Towmont, Sirs, is gane to wreck! . El. on Year 1788.
Wi' gleesome touch! Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 8.	Wad hand the Lothians three in tackets,
Resist the crumbling touch of time; On Lincluden.	A towmont gude; On Grose's Peregrinations.
And ev'n his matchless hand with finer touch inspir'd! The Brigs of Ayr. 12.	For mair than a towmond or twa, man; Ronalds of Bennals.
Ye maist wad think, a wee touch langer,	How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' Lint was i' the bell. The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11.
An' they maun starve o' cauld and hunger:	Town [a general name including towns from a city
Touch, to.	to a hamlet and farmhouse].
And my Freedom's my lairdship nae monarch dare touch.	When first my brave Johnie lad came to this town,
S. Contented wi' little †	S. Cock up your beaver.
My Muse, tho' hamely in attire, May touch the heart. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 13.	Gin a body meet a body, Comin frae the town, S. Comin thro' the rye.
A gaudy dress and gentle air	I'll ay ca' in by yon town, S. I'll ay ca' in †
May slightly touch the heart, S. Handsome Nell.	My mither sent me to the town, . S. My heart was ance t
For surely that would touch her heart S. O stay, sweet warbling †	And you the toast of a' the town, S. O Mary, at thy window †
I ken the devils dare na touch me The Inventory.	O wat ye wha's in you town,
An' touch it aff wi' vigour, The Ordination. 4.	Ye see the evining sun upon? [re.] S. O wat ye wha's in † The sun blinks blythe on you town,
The present only toucheth thee: To a Mouse.	A fairer than's in you town, A fairer than's in you town,
Touched, -'d.	His setting beam ne'er shone upon. [re.]
as he touch'd his trembling harp, . Lament for Glencairn.	Thro' a' the town she trotted by him; . Poor Mailie's El.
Like frost-work touched by southern gales; On Lincluden.	But my delight in you town,
But fairer never touch'd a heart S. Sae far awa.	And dearest joy, is Lucy fair
So touched, bewitched, I rav'd ay to mysel: The Ans. to the Guidwife.	Scots Prologue.
Fouching.	(Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses,
Nay more—there is danger in touching; Inscrip. on Goblet.	For honest men and bonny lasses.) Tam o' Shanter. 2. And a town of fame whose princely name
Four. A man of fashion too, he made his tour, . Sketch.	Should grace the Lass of Albany.
To make a tour an' tak a whirl The Twa Dogs. 22.	S. The bonie Lass of Alb.
Tout [the blast of a horn or trumpet].	Ye godly Councils wha hae blest this town; The Brigs of Ayr. q.
Now he [Death] proclaims, wi' tout o' trumpet, Tam Samson's dead! Tam Samson's El., 10.	A cannie errand to a neebor town: The Cotter's Sat. Night.
Fout, to [to blow a horn or trumpet].	The deil cam fiddlin' thro' the town,
But now the L—'s ain trumpet touts,	S. The deil cam fiddlin' †
Till a' the hills are rairan, The Holy Fair. 21.	To send a lad to London town [re.] The Election Ballads. I.
Touzle [to rumple].	And he wad gae to London town, [re.]
May never wicked fortune touzle him! To W. Creech. Tow [a rope; coarse flax].	Whom will you send to London town,
As e'er in tug or tow was drawn! . A Guid New-Year † 11.	New-christening towns far and near,
Clinkumbell, wi' rattlan tow, The Holy Fair. 26.	
As e'er in tug or tow was trac'd The Inventory.	But Homer like the glowran byke, Frae town to town I draw that. The Jolly Beggars. S. VII.
The weary pund o' tow; S. The weary Pund.	Town of Ayr, town of Ayr, it was mad I declare,
I think my wife will end her life,	Or try the wicked town of A[yr], . The Ordination. 9.
Before she spin her tow	There's a boatfu' o' lads
And a' that she has made o' that, Is ae poor pund o' tow	Come to our town to sell S. There's news, lasses †
And ay she took the tither souk,	A' the colours in the town,
To drouk the stourie tow	I hae won their wanton favour S. Wantonness †
Gae spin your tap o' tow!	Young Jockey was the blythest lad In a our town or here awa; . S. Young Jockey †
And or I wad anither jad, I'll wallop in a tow Ib.	Towns-bodies.
Nower. As I stood by you roofless tower, A Vision. All hail thy palaces and tow'rs, Add. to Edinburgh.	Towns-bodies ran, an' stood abiegh, A Gude New-Year † 8.
All hail thy palaces and tow'rs, . Add. to Edinburgh. Yonder Clouden's silent towers, . S. Hark! the mavis' †	Towrin [towering].
A waefu' wanderer seeks thy tower, . S. O mirk, mirk †	The vera tapmost, towrin height
Who now commands the towers and lands—	O' Miss's honnet To a Louse.
The royal right of Albany S. The bonie Lass of Alb.	Towsing [handling roughly, dishevelling]. For towsing a lass i' my daffin. The Jolly Beggars. S. III.
And Wallace Tow'r had sworn the fact was true:	Towsie [rough, shaggy].
The Brigs of Ayr. 3. The silent moon shone high o'er tow'r and tree: Ib.	A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large, Tam o' Shanter. 11.
A female form, [Benevolence] came from the tow'rs of Stair:	His breast was white, his towzie back,
Ib.	Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy black; . The Twa Dogs. 5.

Toy [an old fashlon of female headdress]. on an auld wife's flainen toy;	Train-attended. Does the train-attended Carriage Through the County Partners S. VIII.
Toy. How sune it [wild-rose] tines its scent and hue When pu'd and worn a common toy! S. I do confess †	Train'd. And train'd to arms in stern misfortune's field,
Amid their flaring, idle toys, . S. The Contented Cottager.	Traitor. The Brigs of Ayr.
Toyte [to totter like old age].	Ye're but a pack o' traitor louns, . S. Awa, whigs, awa.
We'll toyte about wi' ane anither; A Guid New-Year † 18. Tozie [tlpsy].	And I'm the sovereign of Scotland, And mony a traitor there; . Lament of Mary of Scots.
An' ay he gies the tozie drah	Wha will be a traitor knave? S. Scots, wha ha'e
The tither skelpan kiss, The Jolly Beggars. R. I.	Traitor, coward, turn and flee!
Trace.	And he wha acts the traitor's part,
A "hare-brain'd, sentimental trace" The Vision. D. I. 10.	It to perdition sends, man The Tree of Liberty. For hireling traitors' wages
To mark the embryotic trace, Of rustic Bard; Ib. D. II. 10. Nae hare-brain'd, sentimental traces, To J. S., 27.	For hireling traitors' wages
Trace, to. Wild-beats my heart, to trace your steps,	Wi' woo' like goats, an' legs like trams; [v.A.19]
Add. to Edinburgh. 7.	Tramp.
Yet oft, delighted, [Summer] stops to trace The progress of the spiky blade. Add. to Shade of Thomson.	Knowledge, on a random tramp, . The Brigs of Ayr. 10.
Can thy keen inspection trace	Transgression.
Aught of Humanity's sweet melting grace? Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.	And punish each transgression; The Ordination. 5.
Soon, too soon, your fears I trace; On scaring Water-fowl.	Transmit. But please transmit the enclosed letter,
Still, if some Patron's gen'rous care he trace, The Brigs of Ayr.	S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. G. † Transmugrify'd [transformed].
For her I'll trace a distant shore; . S. The Highl. Lassie.	Till, quite transmugrify'd, they're grown
No more I trace the light footsteps of pleasure,	Debauchery and Drinking: . Add. to Unco Guid. 5.
S. Where are the joys † These northern scenes with weary feet I trace;	Transpierc'd. That heart transpierc'd with many a wound; S. The gloomy night †
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.	Transport.
Trac'd.	And do I hear my Jeanie own, That equal transports move her? S. Come, let me take thee?
Where never human footstep trac'd, Despondency, an Ode. 4. As e'er in tug or tow was trac'd The Inventory.	My heart did glowing transport feel, [v.A.4] The Vision. D. I.
Tracery. knit with curious tracery, On Lincluden.	And bring an angel pen to write
Trade.	My transports wi' my Anna! S. The gowd. Locks of A.
As busy Trade his labours plies; . Add. to Edinburgh. 2.	Those records dear of transports past, To Mary in Heaven.
'Till ane Hornhook's ta'en up the trade, 'And faith, he'll waur me. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 13.	Transported. Transported I was with my Sodger laddie. The Jolly Beggars. S. II.
'An honest Wabster to his trade,	Trap. But fell in a trap
'So dinna ye affront your trade, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 4.	On the hraes o' Gemappe, The Black-Headed Eagle. Trash. In a' the tinsel trash o' state! El. on Capt. M. H. 16.
He'll have them by fair trade, if not, he will smuggle;	Wae worth that Brandy, burnan trash! Scotch Drink. 15.
And taen the—Antiquarian trade,	Poor devil! see him owre his trash, To a Haggis.
I think they call it. On Grose's Peregrinations.	Trashtrie [trash].
Learning his tuneful trade from ev'ry bough; The Brigs of Ayr.	Wi' sauce, ragouts, an sic like trashtrie, The Twa Dogs. 9.
Broken trade o' Broughton, A' in high repair.	Travail. Come ease, or come travail, come pleasure or pain; S. Contented wi' little, †
The Election Ballads, IV.	Travel.
And I served out my Trade when the gallant game was play'd, The Jolly Beggars. S. I.	For the man that loves his mistress weel Nae travel makes him weary. S. Here's to thy health,
To rattle the thundering drum was his trade; . Ib. S. II.	My travel a' on foot I'll shank it, The Inventory.
I am a Fiddler to my trade, Ib. S. V.	Travel, to. An' tho' you lowan heugh's thy hame,
Of a' the trades that I do ken, Commend me to the Ploughman. S. The Ploughman.	Thou travels far; Add. to the Deil. 3. Travel the country thro' and thro', S. Hee balou, †
But soon grew weary o' the trade, The Tree of Liberty.	Travell'd.
And doubly curse the luckless rhyming trade. To R. G. of F	So travell'd monkies their grimace improve, Sketch.
Tragic.	I've travell'd round all Christian ground
There's themes enow in Caledonian story, Wad shew the Tragic Muse in a' her glory. Scots Prologue.	In this my occupation; The Jolly Beggars. S. VI.
Train.	An' nighted Trav'llers are allur'd
Still crouding thoughts, a pensive train, A Winter Night. 6.	To their destruction. Add. to the Deil. 12. Traversing.
Pity the tuneful muses' hapless train, Ep. to R. Graham. 5. 'Tis the soft, spotless, vestal train, On Lincluden.	An' aft your moss-traversing Spunkies
Once the lov'd haunts of Scotia's royal train:	Decoy the wight that late an' drunk is: Add. to the Deil. 13.
On Death of Sir J. Blair.	Treacherie. And quotes thy treacheries to prove it true? Ep. fr. Esopus.
Say, Lassie, why thy train amang, Scarce ane has tried the shepherd-sang	I die by treacherie; S. Farewell, ye dungeons
But wi' miscarriage? . Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	Treacherous.
A fairy train appear'd in order bright: The Brigs of Ayr. 11.	A dear-lov'd lad, convenience snug, A treacherous inclination Add. to Unco Guid. 6.
The lowly train in life's sequester'd scene; The Cotter's Sat. Night.	A treacherous inclination Add. to Unco Guid. 6. Tread. The trembling earth resounds his tread, To a Haggis.
The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose: Ib.	Tread, to.
Here's to all the wandering train! The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII.	a shapely shank, As e'er tread yird; A Guid New-Year 13.
Keen Recollection's direful train, The Lament.	O tread ye lightly on his grass, Epit. on a Wag.
Not so the Muses' mad-cap train, To R. G. of F., 8.	And tread the dreary path to that dark world unknown. Lns sent Sir J. Whiteford.
Thy cruel, woe-delighted train,	Treason.
The ministers of Grief and Pain,	But surely Dreams were ne'er indicted Treason. A Dream.
Train-attendant.	To wyte her [my Muse's] countrymen wi' treason! Scotch Drink. 14.
Nor for a train-attendant; Ep. to Young Friend. 7.	And bar'd the treason under The Election Ballads. VI.

O would, or I had seen the day That treason thus could sell us, S. The Union.	It's a' for the apple he'll nourish the tree; S. O meikle thinks my love †
reasure.	Ye're like to the bark o' you rotten tree; Ib.
For oh! the yellow treasure's taen	She wanders by yon spreading tree; S. O wat ye wha's in t
By witching skill; . Add. to the Deil. 10.	And gane, alas! the sheltering tree, On Birth of Posth. Child.
When in my arms, wi' a' thy charms, I clasp my countless treasure, O! S. An' I'll kiss thee yet †	The groaning trees untimely shed their locks,
Know thy form was once a treasure; Blue Bonnets.	On Death of Sir J. Blair.
The bands and bliss o' mutual love,	I see the flowers and spreading trees, S. Sweet fa's the eve† When you green leaves fade frae the tree,
O that's the chiefest warld's treasure!	Around my grave they'll wither
S. Braw lads on Yar. braes †	When, glimmering through the groaning trees,
Like meeting her, our bosom's treasure. S. By Allan stream †	Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a bleeze; Tam o' Shanter. 10.
the pleasure The fickle Fair can give thee, Is but a fairy treasure, S. Deluded Swain †	Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose, Frae aff its thorny tree; S. The Banks of Doon. Sett. II.
Is but a fairy treasure, S. Detuded Swain T Nae treasures, nor pleasures	Proud o' the height o' some bit half-lang tree:
Could make us happy lang; Ep. to Davie. 5.	The Brigs of Ayr.
An' trowth my rhymin' ware's nae treasure;	The silent moon shone high o'er tow'r and tree: Ib. 3.
Ep. to Maj. Logan. 14.	Beneath the shelter of an aged tree; The Cotter's Sat. Night.
But your green graff, now, Luckie Laing, Wad airt me to my treasure S. Gat ye me †	The western breeze steals through the trees,
Let her lo'e nae man but me;	That man shall flourish like the trees
There the Lover's treasure lies S. Jockey fou t	Which by the streamlets grow; The 1st Psalm.
Deal Freedom's sacred treasures free as air,	He'll shade my banks wi' towering trees,
Lns extem. in Lady's Pocket-bk.	The Petition of Br. Water. Or, by the reaper's nightly beam,
The greybeard, old wisdom, may boast of his treasures, Lns on Windows, Gl. Tav.	Mild-chequering through the trees,
What are their showy treasures? . S. Mark yonder Pomp †	But ere the bud was on the tree, The Jolly Beggars. S. IV.
But now I've found a treasure	Alas! sae sweet a tree as love,
Too rich for a King to buy. S. My Love's a winsome t	Sic bitter fruit should bear! The Ruined Maid's Lament.
That make the miser's treasure poor: S. O Mary, at thy window †	Heard ye o' the tree o' France, . The Tree of Liberty. Upo' this tree there grows sic fruit
Else why within so thick a wall	Upo' this tree there grows sic fruit,
Enclose so poor a treasure? On Com. Goldie's Brains.	For Freedom standing by the tree,
Thine be ilka joy and treasure, . S. One fond kiss†	Her sons did loudly ca', man;
Already in thy fancy's eye, Thy sicker treasure. Poem on Life.	That sic a tree cannot be found
What pleasure, what treasure, Unto these rosy lips to grow: S. Sae flaxen	'Twixt London and the Tweed, man
Leeze me on rhyme! it's ay a treasure, Second Ep. to Davie.	Without this tree, alake this life Is but a vale o' woe, man;
Dearly bought the hidden treasure	Wi' plenty o' sic trees, I trow,
Finer feelings can bestow! S. Sensibility, †	The warld would live in peace, man; 16.
With richer treasures bless my sight! S. Slow spreads the gloom †	Syne let us pray, auld England may Sure plant this far-famed tree, man:
As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure, . Tam o' Shanter. b.	Sure plant this far-famed tree, man;
What is title? what is treasure? The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII.	And the small birds sing on every tree; The Winterit is past †
Take away these rosy lips,	The trees now naked groaning.
Rich with balmy treasure: S. Thine am I †	Shall soon wi' leaves be hinging, S. The yng Highl. Rover.
And all the treasures of the mind To a yng Lady.	Whare the trees and the branches will be our safe guard. S. There grows a bonie †
Shall let the busy, grumbling hive Bum owre their treasure. To W. Simpson. 16.	On every tree appear my verses To Clarinda.
If ance I had my lovely treasure,	When winds rave thro' the naked tree; To W. Simpson.
Let the rest admire and die. S. Will ye go and marry t	By mony a flow'r and spreading tree, S. Where Cart rins †
By the treasure of my soul	The leafless trees my fancy please, Winter.
That's the love I bear thee! S. Wilt thou be my	Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree; . S. Ye banks and braes †
reasur'd.	Tree-root. I sat me down to ponder,
Your dear remembrance in my breast, My fondly-treasur'd thoughts employ'd. The Lament. 6.	Upon an auld tree-root: One night as I t
ree.	Tremble. Go teach them to tremble, fell tyrant! S. Farewell, thou fair day †
And raging bend the naked tree; S. Again rejoicing Nature	To tremble under Fortune's cummock,
Amang the trees where humming bees S. Amang the trees	S. On Scot Bard gne to W. I.
When glimmering through the trees appear'd, You wee white Cot aboon the Mill, As on the banks †	Where twa wheel-barrows tremble when they meet, The Brigs of Ayr. 6.
"Alas!" quoth I, "what ruefu' chance,	I tremble to approach an angry God, . Why am I loth †
"Has twin'd ye o' your bonie trees;	Trembled, -'d.
"The worm that gnaws my bonie trees, "That Reptile wears a Ducal crown!"	And trembl'd where he stood. S. On a bank of flowers t
"Calces o' fossils, earths, and trees;	I trembled for my Hoggie S. What will I do gin t
Death and Dr. Harnbook, 21.	Trembling.
Ye houlets, frae your ivy bower, In some auld tree, or eldritch tower, El. on Capt. M. H., 10.	On trembling string, or vocal air, . S. A Rosebud by my t
So deckt the woodbine sweet you aged tree,	Trembling, I dow nought but glowr, S. Blythe ha'e I been †
El. on Miss Burnet.	The trembling dove thus flies, S. How cruel †
Pitying the propless climber of mankind,	
She cast about a standard tree to find; Ep. to R. Graham. 4.	Yestreen, when to the trembling string The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha',
Trees with aged arms were warring, S. I dream'd I lay t	S. O Mary, at thy window
She'll wander by the aiken tree, . S. I'll ay ca' in t	Nor quit for me the trembling spray, S. O stay, sweet warbling
The feather'd people you might see, Perch'd all around on every tree, S. It was the charming †	The silvery moonbeams trembling play: . On Lincluden.
"I am a bending aged tree,	Who trembling heard my parting sigh, S. Slow spreads the gloom †
"That long has stood the wind and rain;	I joyless view thy trembling horn,
Now Nature hangs her mantle green	Reflected in the gurgling fill
On every blooming tree, . Lament of Mary of Scots.	And call the trembling vowels to account The Vowels.

,	
As trembling U stood staring all aghast, . The Vowels.	Tried all my skill, but find I'm still
So trembling, pure, was tender love	Just where I was before Symon Gray †
Within the breast of bonie Jean. S. There was a lass t	But I hae tried this border knight,
The trembling earth resounds his tread, . To a Haggis.	I'll try him yet again The Election Ballads. I.
With trembling voice I tune my strain To Rev. J. M'Math.	In spite at her plumage he [Phœbus] tried his skill:
Trench.	S. The heather was blooming t
This here was for a wench, and that other in a trench.	And tired o' sauls to waste his lear on, E'en tried the body. To Dr. Blacklock.
The Jolly Beggars. S. I.	Trifle.
Trench'd.	I send you a trifle, a head of a bard,
'They'll a' be trench'd wi' mony a sheugh, In twa-three year. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 24.	A trifle scarce worthy your care; Poet. Add. to Tytler.
Trencher. The groaning trencher there ye fill, To a Haggis.	O, could I give thee India's wealth,
	As I this trifle send! To John M'Murdo.
Trenching.	Trifled.
Trenching your gushing entrails bright . To a Haggis.	Trifled aff till she's grown auld, S. Will ye go and marry †
Trepan.	Trifling.
Your hearts she will trepan. S. A. Masterton's bonie Anne.	One trifling particular, Truth, should have miss'd him!
The ladies' hearts he did trepan, The Jolly Beggars. S. IV.	Frag., inscr. to Fox.
Tresses.	Trig [spruce, neat].
Thy gay, green, flowery tresses shear, El. on Capt. M. H., 12.	The lads sae trig, wi' wooer-babs,
Trews, Trouse [trousers].	so trig from top to toe, S. John Anderson, †
the philibegs And skyrin tartan trews,	But he sae trig Lap o'er the rig, . S. The tither morn †
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	Auld Reckie ay he keepit tight,
The rose upon the breer will be him trouse an' doublet, S. Wee Willie Gray †	And trig an' braw: To W. Creech.
Trial. May his son be a hangman, and he his first trial.	But Willie's wife is nae sae trig, She dights her grunzie wi' a hushion; S. Willie Wastle †
At a Meet. of D. Volunteers.	Trigger.
Your faith proved so loyal, in hot bloody trial,	Wi' durk, claymore, or rusty trigger, . Add. of Beelzebub.
S. The small birds †	
Triangle.	But yet he drew the mortal trigger Wi' weel-aim'd heed; Tam Samson's El., 11.
Rectangle-triangle, the figure we'll choose, S. Caledonia. 6.	Trills.
Tribe. Some sort all our qualities each to its tribe,	Compar'd with these, Italian trills are tame;
Frag., inscr. to Fox. Issachar. The burden-bearing tribe. New Psalmody.	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 13.
,,	In arioso trills and graces Ye never stray, . To J. S., 27.
When feather'd tribes are courting, S. Young Peggy†	Trim.
Tribulation. For she [our Kirk] by tribulations Is now brought very low. New Psalmody.	She's aye sae neat, sae trim, sae tight, S. When first I saw †
Tribute.	Trimly. An' [some nits] burn thegither trimly; Halloween. 7.
"Accept this tribute from the Bard Lament for Glencairn.	Trinkling [trickling].
The tearful tribute of a broken heart.	Comes trinkling down her swan-white neck, S. O Mally's meek.
Lns sent Sir J. Whiteford.	Trin'le [the wheel of a barrow].
Rich is the tribute of the grateful mind. To Miss Graham.	An' my auld mother brunt the trin'le The Inventory
And all the tribute of my heart returns, To R. Graham.	Trip. Though 'twere a trip to you blue warl', To Mr. Renton.
Trick.	Tripe. Aboon them a' ye tak your place,
The tricks o' knaves, or fash o' fools, . Add. to Toothache.	Painch, tripe, or thairm: To a Haggis.
Their donsie tricks, their black mistakes, Add. to Unco Guid.	Tripped.
Your dreams an' tricks	She tripped by the banks of Earn,
Will send you, Korah-like, a sinkin, Ep. to J. R.	As light's a bird upon a thorn S. Blythe was she, †
Play'd me sic a trick, S. Robin shure in hairst.	Tripping.
Their tricks an' craft bae put me daft,	Tripping o'er the pearly lawn, . S. It was the charming †
The Jolly Beggars. S. VII.	A little, upright, pert, tart, tripping wight, Sketch.
With the ready trick and fable Round we wander all the day;	lightly tripping amang the wild flowers, S. Their groves of t
lest he learn the callan tricks, To Gav. Hamilton.	Triumphant. England, triumphant, display her proud rose;
An' some, to learn them for their tricks,	S. How pleasant the banks †
Were hang'd an' brunt. To W. Simpson. P.S.	Triumphant crushan't like a muscle
Trick, to.	The Author's Cry and Prayer 7.
Dame life, tho' fiction out may trick her, . Poem on Life.	Hope 'springs exulting on triumphant wing,' The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10.
Trickle [tricksy].	Triumphantly.
Tho' ye was trickie, slee and funnie,	Her grandsire, old Odin, triumphantly swore, S. Caledonia.
Ye ne'er was donsie; A Guid New-Year † 5.	Triumph'd. Nor envious death so triumph'd in a blow,
Trickle.	El. on Miss Burnet.
Adown my beard the slavers trickle! . Add. to Toothache.	Trodden.
Trickled. The tears trickled down like the hail and the rain; S. As I was a-wand'ring †	The sweetest flower that deck'd the mead,
When the tear trickled bright, . On Death of fav. Child.	Now trodden like the vilest weed, S. O Lassie, art thou
	Trode. But Phemie was the blythest lass That ever trode the dewy green. S. Elythe was she,†
Trickling.	a good bay mare, As ever trode on airn;
Wi's saut tears trickling down your nose; Poor Mailie's El	El. on Peg Nicholson.
Tried, Try'd, Try't.	Trode i' the mire out o' sight!
But sax Scotch mile, thou try't their mettle, A Guid New-Year † 10.	The Author's Cry and Prayer. 10.
'I might as weel hae try'd a quarry	Learning and Worth in equal measures trode,
'O' hard whin-rock. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 18.	The Brigs of Ayr. 13.
Half-jest, she [nature] tried one curious labour more.	Troggin [wares sold by wandering merchants].
Ep. to R. Graham. 3.	Wha will buy my troggin, Gude election ware; The Election Ballads. IV.
Friend of the poet tried and leal, Friend of the poet	Gude election ware; The Election Ballads. IV. Buy braw troggin, Frae the banks o' Dee;
Her prentice han' she try'd on man, An' then she made the lasses, O. S. Green grow the Rashes.	Wha wants troggin Let him come to me
	Saw ye e'er sic troggin?
Sometime when nae ane see'd him, An' try't that night Halloween. 17.	Troke [to exchange, barter].
	Wi' you no friendship I will troke
Scarce ane has tried the shepherd-sang But wi' miscarriage? Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	Nor cheap nor dear. To Mr. J. Kennedy

Truce. But truce with abstraction, and truce with a muse,
Frag., inscr. to Fo.
But loyalty truce! we're on dangerous ground, Poet. Add. to Tytle
But truce with peevish, poor complaining! . To J. S., 2
True. 'Tis very true, my sovereign King.
My skill may weel be doubted; . A Dream.
Will's a true guid fallow's get,
In loyal, true affection,
And I long for my true lover! . S. Ay waukin, (
Her face is fair, her heart is true, . S. Behind you hills
The courtier tells a finer tale, But is his heart as true? S. Behold, my love,
as true's the Deil's in hell, Or Dublin city;
Death and Dr. Hornbook.
True Sal-marinum o' the seas;
Quoth I, 'if that thae news be true! Ib. 2
Be Britain still to Britain true, S. Does haughty Gaul,
And the wretch, his true sworn brother,
And quotes thy treacheries to prove it true? Ep. fr. Esopu.
But gif ye want ae friend that's true,
Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 19 Friend of my life, true patron of my rhymes!
Ep. to R. Graham.
I swear to be true to My Eppie Adair? S. Eppie Adair
And art thou come, and art thou true! S. Here is the glen,
It's guid to be honest and true, S. Here's a health to them
His royal heart was firm and true, . S. Highl. Laddie
Or else, thou kens, thy servant true
Wad ne'er ha'e steer'd her. Holy Willie's Prayer. & True it is, she had one failing, Lns under Pict. of Miss H
But come, all ye offspring of folly so true, Monody, on a Lady
May ev'ry true Brother of th' Compass and Square
Have a big-belly'd bottle when pressed with care.
S. No Churchman am I Their hearts and swords are metal true,
S. O Kenmure's on and awa
And my fond heart, itsel sae true, It ne'er mistrusted thine S. O mirk, mirk
Tho' thou hast been false, I'll ever prove true,
S. Oh, open the door,
My true love! she cried,—and sunk down by his side, It
May he who wins thy matchless charms
Possess a leal and true heart; S. Polly Stewart
A name, which to love was the mark of a true heart, Poet. Add. to Tytler
How true is love to pure desert, . S. Sae far awa
True Campbells, Frederick an' Ilay;
The Author's Cry and Prayer, 14
When my fause luve was true. S. The Banks of Doon. Sett. 11
"O how deil Tam can that be true?
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor
And Wallace-Tow'r had sworn the fact was true:
The Brigs of Ayr. 3 That sullen gloom was sterling, true devotion: Ib. 8
Right, Sir, your text I'll prove it true. The Calt
Right, Sir, your text I'll prove it true,
Her auld Scots heart was true; The Election Ballads. I
Her auld Scots heart was true; The Election Ballads. I Muirhead, wha's as gude as he's true; Ib. III
Her auld Scots heart was true; The Election Ballads. I
Her auld Scots heart was true; The Election Ballads. I Muirhead, wha's as gude as he's true; Ib. III And Maxwell true, o' sterling blue; . S. The Laddies by He's wal'd us out a true ane, And sound His mind is ever true, jo, S. The Ploughman
Her auld Scots heart was true; The Election Ballads. I Muirhead, wha's as gude as he's true; Ib. III And Maxwell true, o' sterling blue; . S. The Laddies by He's wal'd us out a true ane, And Sound The Ordination. 8 His mind is ever true, jo, S. The Ploughman Their tokens of love, and their true thankfulness;
Her auld Scots heart was true; The Election Ballads. I Muirhead, wha's as gude as he's true; Ib. III And Maxwell true, o' sterling blue; . S. The Laddies by He's wal'd us out a true ane, And sound The Ordination. 8 His mind is ever true, jo, S. The Ploughman Their tokens of love, and their true thankfulness; The Poor Thresher.
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Her auld Scots heart was true; The Election Ballads. I Muirhead, wha's as gude as he's true; II. III And Maxwell true, o' sterling blue;
Her auld Scots heart was true; The Election Ballads. I Muirhead, wha's as gude as he's true; Ib. III And Maxwell true, o' sterling blue; . S. The Laddies by He's wal'd us out a true ane, And sound The Ordination. 8 His mind is ever true, jo, S. The Ploughman Their tokens of love, and their true thankfulness; The Poor Thresher. Still it's owre true that ye hae said, . The Twa Dogs. 21 It's true, they need na starve or sweat, Ib. 29 Since my true love is parted from me. [72.] S. The Winter it is past
Her auld Scots heart was true; The Election Ballads. I Muirhead, wha's as gude as he's true; Ib. III And Maxwell true, o' sterling blue; S. The Laddies by He's wal'd us out a true ane, And sound The Ordination. 8 His mind is ever true, jo, The Ploughman: Their tokens of love, and their true thankfulness; The Poor Thresher. Still it's owre true that ye hae said, The Twa Dogs. 21 It's true, they need na starve or sweat, Ib. 29 Since my true love is parted from me. [re.] S. The Winter it is past. And is constant for ever and true;
Her auld Scots heart was true; The Election Ballads. I Muirhead, wha's as gude as he's true;
Her auld Scots heart was true; The Election Ballads. I Muirhead, wha's as gude as he's true;
Her auld Scots heart was true; The Election Ballads. I Muirhead, wha's as gude as he's true; Ib. III And Maxwell true, o' sterling blue; The Laddies by He's wal'd us out a true ane, And sound The Ordination. 8 His mind is ever true, jo,
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Her auld Scots heart was true; The Election Ballads. I Muirhead, wha's as gude as he's true; Ib. III And Maxwell true, o' sterling blue; . S. The Laddies by the's wal'd us out a true ane, And sound The Ordination. 8 His mind is ever true, jo, S. The Plonghman their tokens of love, and their true thankfulness; The Poor Thresher. Still it's owre true that ye hae said, . The Twa Dogs. 21. It's true, they need na starve or sweat, Ib. 29. Since my true love is parted from me. [re.] S. The Winter it is past to the Winter it is past to the Winter it is past to the Minter it is past to the Winter it is past to the Still it's the true pathos and sublime Of human life To Dr. Blacklock. I hae sworn by the Heavens to be true; To Mary. Our Sex with guile and faithless love, Is charg'd, perhaps too true; To Miss L., with "Beattie." But gie me just a true good fallow
Her auld Scots heart was true; The Election Ballads. I Muirhead, wha's as gude as he's true; Ib. III And Maxwell true, o' sterling blue; S. The Laddies by the's wal'd us out a true ane, And sound The Ordination. 8 His mind is ever true, jo, S. The Ploughman: Their tokens of love, and their true thankfulness; The Poor Thresher. Still it's owre true that ye hae said, The Twa Dogs. 21 It's true, they need na starve or sweat, Ib. 29 Since my true love is parted from me. [re.] S. The Winter it is past that's the true pathos and sublime Of human life. To Dr. Blacklock. I hae sworn by the Heavens to be true; To Miss L., with Beattie.' But gie me just a true good fallow Wi' right ingine, To Mr. J. Kennedy.
Her auld Scots heart was true; The Election Ballads. I Muirhead, wha's as gude as he's true; Ib. III And Maxwell true, o' sterling blue; . S. The Laddies by the's wal'd us out a true ane, And sound The Ordination. 8 His mind is ever true, jo, S. The Plonghman their tokens of love, and their true thankfulness; The Poor Thresher. Still it's owre true that ye hae said, . The Twa Dogs. 21. It's true, they need na starve or sweat, Ib. 29. Since my true love is parted from me. [re.] S. The Winter it is past to the Winter it is past to the Winter it is past to the Minter it is past to the Winter it is past to the Still it's the true pathos and sublime Of human life To Dr. Blacklock. I hae sworn by the Heavens to be true; To Mary. Our Sex with guile and faithless love, Is charg'd, perhaps too true; To Miss L., with "Beattie." But gie me just a true good fallow

man's true, genuine estimate, . Wr. in Friars-Carse H. Trusted. Ye true "Loyal Natives," attend to my song,

Ye true "Loyal Natives" † Ye've trusted 'Ministration,
To chaps, wha. in a barn or byre
Wad better fill'd their station Than courts True-blue. Dempster, a true-blue Scot I'se warran;

The Author's Cry and Prayer. 13. A Dream. 5. But Och, mankind are unco weak, When in the teeth they dar'd our Whigs, And covenant True blues, man; S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor. An' little to be trusted; . Ep. to Young Friend. 3. Is nought to what poor she endures That's trusted faithless man, jo. S. O Lassie, art thout True-hearted. That he was still deceived who trusted True hearted was he the sad swain of the Yarrow, To love or friend; . S. True hearted was het And find thee still true-hearted; . S. When wild War's t Add. of Beelzebub. 4. Truest. Trusting. Yet rich in kindest, truest love, S. Braw lads on Yar. braes † Let witless, trusting woman say
How aft her fates the same, jo. . S. O Lassie, art thou; In thee, high Heaven above, was truest shown, El. on Miss Burnet. Let me, lassie, quickly die, Trusting that thou lo'es me: Ev'n then, sometimes we'd snatch a taste S. Wilt thou be my t Of truest happiness. Et. to Davie. 3. For she, as fairest is her form, Trusty. my auld, trusty Servan', A Guid New-Year † 17. She has the truest, kindest heart. S. O wat ye wha's in t She has the truest, Kindest Records
Oh. why should truest worth and genius pine
Beneath the iron grasp of Want and Woe,

Lns on Fergusson. 'Tis thy trusty quondam Mate, Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. -. To that trusty auld worthy Clackleith, P.S. to "The Kirk's Alarm." And there's a hand, my trusty feire,
S. Should auld acquaintance † And, dearest gift of heaven below, Thine friendship's truest heart. To Chloris. His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony; . Tam o' Shanter. 5. Truly. It's no in books; it's no in Lear,
To make us truly blest: . . . And there will be trusty Kerroughtree,

The Election Ballads. III.

A pair o' trusty lairds, Ib. V. Ep. to Davie. 5. Attach'd him to the generous truly great,

Ep. to R. Graham, 4. And trusty Glenriddel, so skilled in old coins; The Whistle. And think human nature they truly describe; But what d'ye think, my trusty fier, . To Dr. Blacklock. Fragment, inscr. to Fox. No nerves olfact'ry, Mammon's trusty cur, To R. G. of F., 3. Yet, think not all the Rich and Great, Are likewise truly blest. Man was made to mourn. Truth. Vain is his hope, whase stay an' trust is, In moral Mercy, Truth and Justice! . A Ded. to G. H., 7. Her face so truly heavenly fair, S. My Mary's face t Her face so truly nearent, ..., Believe our glowing bosoms truly feel it.

Prologue at Th., D.. Truth, weeping, tells the mournful tale, A Winter Night. 8. But deep this truth impress'd my mind— . . . 1b. 10. She fell-but fell with spirit truly Roman, Scots Prologue. And truth I shall relate, man; El. on Capt. M. H., Epit. But hath decreed that wicked men Shall ne'er be truly blest. To tell the truth, they seldom fash't him, El. on Death of R. Ruisseaux. Trump. While loud, the trump's heroic clang,
Poem on Pastoral Poetry. May Prudence, Fortitude and Truth
Erect your brow undaunting! Ep. to Young Friend. 11. The tongue o' the trump to them a';

The Election Ballads. III. They [Misfortunes] make us see the naked truth,

Ep. to Davie. 7. Trumpet. Plain truth to speak; . Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 12. Trumpets sound and cannons roar, . S. Highl, Laddie. The friend of man, the friend of truth; Epit. on a Friend. . S. My bonie Mary. The trumpets sound, the banners fly, One trifling particular, Truth, should have miss'd him! Will gar Fame blaw until her trumpet crack, Scots Prologue. Frag., inscr. to Fox. Now he proclaims, wi' tout o' trumpet, Tam Samson's dead! To prove our loyal truth—we can no more; Frag. of Ode. Tam Samson's El., 10. There's nane ever fear'd that the truth should be heard, But they wham the truth wad indite. But now the L—'s ain trumpet touts, Till a' the hills are rairan, . . . The Holy Fair. 21. S. Here's a health to them t Trunk. My trunk of eild, but buss or beild, S. But lately seen, † Thou God of love and truth. . . O Thou dread Pow'rt Auld Truth hersel' might swear ye're fair, On W. Chalmers. Whose trunk was mould'ring down with years; Lament for Glencairn. But Worth and Truth eternal Youth Trust. Will give to Polly Stewart. . S. Polly Stewart. Vain is his hope, whase stay an' trust is, In moral Mercy, Truth, and Justice! . A Ded. to G. H., 7. Says the more 'tis a truth, Sir, the more 'tis a libel ? Reproof by Himself. wi' warldly trust, Vile self gets in; Holy Willie's Prayer. 6. . S. Sae flaxent And hear my vows o' truth and love. By Love's simplicity hetray'd, For its faith and truth reward it. . . S. Sweetest May t And guileless trust, . To a Mountain-Daisy. This truth fand honest Tam o' Shanter, Tam o' Shanter. 2. Keep His Goodness still in view, Thy trust—and thy example too. Wr. in Hermitage at F.C. Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read, Ilk man and mother's son, take heed: . 16. 19. Trust, to. Stand forth and tell yon Premier Youth,
The honest, open, naked truth:
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 4. 'She trusts hersel, to hide the shame,
'In Hornbook's care; Death and Dr. Hornbook, 28. I trust mean time my boon is in thy gift: A Wretch! a Villain! lost to love and truth!

The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10. Ep. to R. Graham. 5. Here's a little wadset The Friend we trust; the Fair we love; Grace after Dinner. Buittles scrap o' truth, . . The Election Ballads. IV. She trusts the ruthless falconer . . . S. How cruel† I will hope and trust in heaven, . S. Husband, husband† . S. How cruelt By sacred truth and honour's band! S. The Highl. Lassie. So lost to Honor, lost to Truth, The Lament. gin the truth were a' but kent, The Ruined Maid's Lament. But far better days I trust will come again;
S. Lady Mary Ann. If ye should doubt the truth o' this-And grateful still, I trust, ye'll ever find us: Scots Prologue. The Tarbolton Lasses. It's Bessy's ain opinion! . . . To tell the truth an' shame the Deil My helpless lambs, I trust them wi' him. . . . To -The Death of Mailie. To Rev. J. M'Math. They talk o' mercy, grace an' truth, Wad trust his Grace wi' a', Jamie; S. The Laddies by t Ye pow'rs of honour, love and truth From ev'ry ill defend her; But chiefly thou, apostle A[ul]d, We trust in thee, . S. Young Peggy † The Twa Herds. 10.

Truth-prevailing.

Hence, Dempster's truth-prevailing tongue, [v.A.23]

The Vision. D. II.

And trust me, not Potosi's mine, Nor King's regard, Can give a bliss o'ermatching thine, The Vision. D. II. 21.

And trust, the Universal Plan Will all protect. . 1b. 22.

Try. Who made the heart, 'tis He alone	Tumble. To cast my een up like a Pyet, When by the gun she tumbles o'er, Auld comrade †
Decidedly can try us, Add. to Unco Guid. 8. Already I begin to try it, Auld comrade †	Poor Andrew that tumbles for sport, The Jolly Beggars. S. III.
Ye'll try the world soon my lad, . Ep. to Young Friend.	Tumbl'd. An' tumbl'd wi' a wintle Out owre Halloween. 19.
Do but try to develope his hooks and his crooks: Frag., inscr. to Fox.	Tumbler.
Then in thy bosom try,	There's even, I'm tauld, i' the Court A Tumbler ca'd the Premier. The Jolly Beggars. S. III.
What peace is there! S. Had I a cave†	Tumbling.
'I daur you try sic sportin,	Or tumbling in the boiling flood Wi' kail an' beef; Scotch Drink. 4.
Frae wedlock to delay thee; . S. Here's to thy health,†	TITLE TO THE TOTAL THE TAXABLE TO TH
But far off fowls hae feathers fair, And ay until ye try them:	While, tumbling brown, the Burn comes down, . Winter. Here, tumbling billows mark'd the coast, With surging foam; The Vision. D. I. 13.
L-d in the day of vengeance try him,	With surging foam; The Vision. D. 1. 13. The incessant roar of headlong tumbling floods
Holy Willie's Prayer. 15. [The dove] To shun impelling ruin	Wr. in Kenmore Inn.
A while her pinions tries; , . S. How cruel,	Tumult. With tumult, disquiet, rebellion, and strife; S. Caledonia. 5.
"Yet I'll try to make a shift, . S. Husband, husband t	Or still the tumult of the raging sea: . Why am I loth †
Still I will try to daunt you;	Tumultuous.
S. Jamie, come try me †	Tumultuous tides his pulses roll, S. On a bank of flowers †
when Nature first began To try her canny hand, S. John Anderson,	Tune. O my Luve's like the melodie That's sweetly play'd in tune. S. A red, red Rose.
O how shall I, unskilfu', try	On braces when we please then,
The Poet's occupation? S. Lovely Davies. Resolv'd was I, at least to try,	We'll sit and sowth a tune; Ep. to Davie. 4. Ye'll find me in a better tune; Ep. to H. Parker.
To mend my situation, O S. My father was a farmer t	Heaven send your heart-strings ay in tune,
Sae ye wi' anither your fortune maun try. S. O meikle thinks my love †	Ep. to Maj. Logan. 4. They're a' in famous tune For crack The Holy Fair. 26.
That ye can please me at a wink,	An' a' the tunes that e'er I play'd,
Whene'er ye like to try	The sweetest still to wife or maid, Was whistle owre the lave o't. The Jolly Beggars. S. V.
Yet by the forelock is the hold to catch him;	Yarrow an' Tweed, to monie a tune,
Prologue, at Th., D Will bauldly try to gie us Plays at hame? . Scots Prologue.	Owre Scotland rings, To W. Simpson. 8.
But I hae tried this border knight	Tune, to. Or [Spring] tunes Eolian strains between. Add. to Shade of Thomson.
I'll try him yet again The Election Ballads. I.	An' wha on Aire your chanters tune! . Poor Mailie's El
And ye shall see me try him	Wha sweetly tune the Scottish lyre, The Ans. to the Guidwife.
There, try his mettle on the creed, The Ordination. 5.	They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim:
Or try the wicked town of A[yr],	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 13. Or other Holy Seers that tune the sacred lyre. Ib. 14.
If she be shy, her sister try, The Tarbolton Lasses. And once more, in claret, try which was the man.	But tune their lays, Till echoes a' resound again
The Whistle. 7.	Tuned, -'d.
To try my fate in guid, black prent; To J. S., 7.	as he tuned his doleful sang, Lament for Glencairn.
Try'd, Try't v. Tried. Tryin.	Syne tun'd his pipes wi' grave grimace. The Jolly Beggars. R. III.
For prey, a' holes an' corners tryin; . Add. to the Deil. 4.	Tuneful, -fu'.
And o'er the thairms be tryin; The Ordination. 7.	Pity the tuneful muses' hapless train, Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
Tryste [an appointed meeting; a fair or market]. I gaed to the tryste o' Dalgarnock;	But there are such who court the tuneful nine Ib. The tunefu' powers, in happy hours,
S. Last May a braw wooer†	That whisper inspiration; S. Lovely Davies.
Wha us'd to trystes an' fairs to driddle, The Jolly Beggars. R. V.	I hear her in the tunefu' birds, S. Of a' the airts †
He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryste, . S. There was a lass †	every Muse shall join her tuneful tongue, On Death of Sir J. Blair.
Trysted [appointed].	How can I to the tuneful strain attend?
It is the wish'd, the trysted hour; S.O Mary, at thy window † Trysting [pertaining to the time or place of an	Sonnet, on Death of R Learning his tuneful trade from ev'ry bough;
appointed meeting].	The Brigs of Ayr.
When trystin time draws near again; . S. I'll ay ca' in t	And listen mony a grateful bird Return you tuneful thanks. The Petition of Br. Water.
the mill, and trysting thorn, Where Nancy aft I courted: S. When wild War's †	Come, screw the pegs wi' tunefu' cheep, The Ordination. 7.
Tub. Tho', by his banes wha in a tub Match'd Macedonian Sandy! . To Mr. M'Adam.	'Some teach the Bard, a darling care, 'The tuneful Art The Vision. D. II. 4.
Tubalcain. Auld Tubalcain's fire-shool and fender;	I mark'd thy embryo-tuneful flame, Ib. 11.
Ou Cusada Danaminationa	
On Grose's Peregrinations.	'Thy tuneful flame still careful fan; Ib. 22.
Tug [traces].	'Thy tuneful flame still careful fan;
Tug [traces].	'Thy tuneful flame still careful fan;
Tug [traces]. As e'er in tug or tow was drawn! As e'er in tug or tow was trac'd. The Inventory. Tugging.	'Thy tuneful flame still careful fan;
Tug [traces]. As e'er in tug or tow was drawn! As e'er in tug or tow was trac'd. The Inventory. Tugging. Lies, senseless of each tugging bitch's son. To R. G. of F., 6.	'Thy tuneful flame still careful fan;
Tug [traces]. As e'er in tug or tow was drawn! As e'er in tug or tow was trac'd. Tugging. Lies, senseless of each tugging bitch's son. To R. G. of F., 6. Tully. Whom auld Demosthenes or Tully	'Thy tuneful flame still careful fan;
Tug [traces]. As e'er in tug or tow was drawn! As e'er in tug or tow was trac'd. The Inventory. Tugging. Lies, senseless of each tugging bitch's son. To R. G. of F., 6. Tully. Whom auld Demosthenes or Tully Might own for brithers. The Author's Cry and Prayer. 14.	'Thy tuneful flame still careful fan;
Tug [traces]. As e'er in tug or tow was drawn! As e'er in tug or tow was trac'd. The Inventory. Tugging. Lies, senseless of each tugging bitch's son. To R. G. of F., 6. Tully. Whom auld Demosthenes or Tully Might own for brithers. The Author's Cry and Prayer. 14. Tulzie, Toolzie [a fight, wrangle, quarrel].	'Thy tuneful flame still careful fan;
Tug [traces]. As e'er in tug or tow was drawn! As e'er in tug or tow was trac'd. The Inventory. Tugging. Lies, senseless of each tugging bitch's son. To R. G. of F., 6. Tully. Whom auld Demosthenes or Tully Might own for brithers. The Author's Cry and Prayer. 14. Tulzie, Toolzie [a fight, wrangle, quarrel]. The toolzie's teugh 'tween Pitt an' Fox, El. on Year 1788. The butcher deeds of bloody fate,	'Thy tuneful flame still careful fan;
Tug [traces]. As e'er in tug or tow was drawn! As e'er in tug or tow was trac'd. The Inventory. Tugging. Lies, senseless of each tugging bitch's son. To R. G. of F., 6. Tully. Whom auld Demosthenes or Tully Might own for brithers. The Author's Cry and Prayer. 14. Tulzie, Toolzie [a fight, wrangle, quarrel]. The toolzie's teugh 'tween Pitt an' Fox, El. on Year 1788. The butcher deeds of bloody fate, Amid this mighty tulzie! The Election Ballads. VI.	'Thy tuneful flame still careful fan;
Tug [traces]. As e'er in tug or tow was drawn! As e'er in tug or tow was trac'd. The Inventory. Tugging. Lies, senseless of each tugging bitch's son. To R. G. of F., 6. Tully. Whom auld Demosthenes or Tully Might own for brithers. The Author's Cry and Prayer. 14. Tulzie, Toolzie [a fight, wrangle, quarrel]. The toolzie's teugh 'tween Pitt an' Fox, El. on Year 1788. The butcher deeds of bloody fate,	'Thy tuneful flame still careful fan;

O, may thou ne'er forgather up, Wi' onie blastet, moorlan toop; . The Death of Mailie.	Turned'd.
Toop-lamb.	Hae turn'd sax rood beside our han', A Guid New Year † 11.
My poor toop-lamb, my son an' heir, The Death of Mailie.	By heedless chance I turn'd mine eyes, A Vision. Whom Prose has turned out of doors, Epig. on E.'s "Martial."
Turbid.	But by gude luck I lap a wicket,
Rousing the turbid torrent's roar, Add. to Shade of Thomson.	And turn'd a neuk. Friend of the Poet † P.S.
Ye tempests, rage! ye turbid torrents, roll!	He turn'd him right and round about, . S. It was a for †
On Death of R. Dundas. Turbid torrents, wintry swelling, S. Thickest night †	They hung him up before the storm, And turn'd him o'er and o'er John Barleycorn.
Turner But by the honest turf I'll wait.	And turn'd him o'er and o'er John Barleycorn. "Though oft I turned the wistful eye,
Turf. But by thy honest turf I'll wait, Thou man of worth! El. on Capt. M. H., 16.	"Nae ray of fame was to be found: Lament for Glencairn.
When they wha wad hae starv'd thy life	Three lawyer's tongues, turn'd inside out, [v.A.16]
Thy senseless turf adorn! Extem. on Commem.s of Thomson.	I turn'd my weeding heuk aside,
Beneath that hallowed turf where Wallace lies 1 . Liberty.	An' spar'd the symbol dear. The Ans. to the Guidwife.
A green turf on your head, gudeman, S. O gin ye were dead.	This said, poor Mailie turn'd her head,
Turk.	An' clos'd her een amang the dead! The Death of Mailie. His lengthen'd chin, his turn'd up snout, The Holy Fair. 13.
Ye'll get the best o' moral works,	Till faith, wee Davock's turn'd sae gleg, . The Inventory.
'Mang black Gentoos, and Pagan Turks, A Ded. to G. H., 6. For Paddy B-rke, like ony Turk,	Then turn'd an' laid a smack on Grizzie
Nae mercy had at a', man; A Fragment. 5.	The Jolly Beggars, R. III.
But honest Nature is not quite a Turk, Ep. to R. Graham. 4.	But he ne'er turned his back on his foe—or his friend, The Whistle. q.
Or how the collieshangie works	Turned o'er in one bumper a bottle of red, 1b. 14.
Atween the Russians and the Turks; Kind Sir, I've read †	Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,
Turkey-cock.	But house or hald, To a Mouse.
Irvine side, Irvine side, wi' your turkey-cock pride, The Kirk's Alarm. 14.	I'm turn'd a gauger—Peace be here! . To Dr. Blacklock.
Turn. Down Lowrie's burn he took a turn, A Fragment. 2.	She's turn'd you off, a human creature On her first plan, To J. S., 3.
Then in his turn comes gloomy Winter, . S. Bonie Bell.	Ye turn'd a neuk—I saw your e'e To Miss Ferrier.
The Tories, Whigs, give way by turns;	Inspir'd, I turn'd Fate's sibyl leaf, . To Terraughty.
The Election Ballads. VI. Poet Burns, Poet Burns, wi' your priest-skelping turns,	For 'twas the auld moon turn'd a newk To W. Simpson. P.S.
The Kirk's Alarm.	Whom vice, as usual, has turn'd o'er to ruin. Tragic Frag.
By turns in soaring heaven, or vaulted hell. To R. G. of F., 8.	And turned me round to hide the flood
Turn, to.	That in my een was swelling S. When wild War's t Your rosy cheeks are turned sae wan, S. Ye hae lien wrang.
This boasted Honor turns away,	Turner. And shap'd it something like a man,
Shunning soft Pity's rising sway, A Winter Night. 8. But faith! he'll turn a corner jinkan, Add. to the Deil. 20.	And ca'd it Andrew Turner. Epig. on A. Turner.
But faith! he'll turn a corner jinkan, Add. to the Deil. 20. I'll westward turn my wistful eye: S. Behold the hour	Turnin'. Hornie's turnin' chapman.
Will turn thy very rouge to deadly pale; . Ep. fr. Esopus.	Turnkey. He'll buy a' the pack. The Election Ballads. IV.
Perhaps it may turn out a Sang;	Where turnkeys make the jealous portal fast, Ep. fr. Esopus.
Perhaps turn out a Sermon Ep. to Young Friend.	Tutti taiti.
Or turn the pole like any arrow; Ep. to H. Parker.	Hey tutti taiti, How tutti taiti, . S. Landlady, count †
Gie me o' wit an sense a lift, ' Then turn me, if Thou please, adrift,	Twa [two].
Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 13.	A secret word or twa, man; A Fragment. 8.
Say, sages, what's the charm on earth, Can turn death's dart aside? Epit. on Miss Lewars.	They drew me thretteen pund an' twa, A Guid New-Year † 15. Monie a sair daurk we twa hae wrought,
She turns the key, wi' cannie thraw,	Twa sage Philosophers to glimpse on! . Auld comrade †
Lest he owre high and proud shou'd turn,	Its stature seem'd lang Scotch ells twa,
Holy Willie's Prayer. 9.	Death and Dr. Hornbook. 7.
Or turn their hearts to thee: Lament of Mary of Scots.	Whase wife's twa nieves were scarce weel-bred, . Ib. 26.
To thee I turn with swimming eyes; Liberty.	The lad, for twa guid gimmer-pets, Was Laird himsel
I wad turn my back on you and it a', S. My Collier Laddie. Even as two howling, ravening wolves	And spin a verse or twa o' rhyme, Ep. to Davie.
To dogs do turn their tail New Psalmody.	Twa lines frae you wad gar me fissle,
May woman on him turn her back, . On W. Stewart.	Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 22. A pint o' the best o't,
Traitor, coward, turn and flee! S. Scots wha ha'e	And twa pints mair S. Gudeen to you Kimmer †
I wonder didna turn thy stomach. Tam o' Shanter. 14.	Twa o' them were gotten When Johny was awa Ib.
Where blythe I turn my spinning-wheel. S. The Contented Cottager.	Jean slips in twa, wi' tentie e'e; Halloween. 8.
The Sire turns o'er, with patriarchal grace,	An' twa red cheeket apples,
The big ha'-Bible, ance his Father's pride: The Cotter's Sat. Night. 12.	I gat my death frae twa sweet een, Twa lovely een of bonie blue. [re.] S. I gaed a waefu' †
Turn tail and rin awa, Jamie S. The Laddies by †	A toom tar barrel An' twa red peats . Letter to J. Goudie.
Mak haste an' turn king David owre, . The Ordination. 3.	We'll let her stand a year or twa, . S. My love she's but †
And turn a Carpet-weaver Aff-hand Ib. 9.	There's ane to you, and twa to me, S. O gin ye were dead.
O whither, O whither shall I turn? S. The sun he is sunk †	An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' e'en. [re.] S. On Cessnock banks †
Turn out on her guard in the clap of a hand,	An' she has twa sparkling rogueish een. [re.] Ib., Sett II.
S. There liv'd ance a carle † Turn away thine eyes of love,	An sic a Lord—lang Scotch ells twa, On Dining with Daer.
Lest I die with pleasure S. Thine am I †	Then set him down, and twa or three
While Terra firma, on her axis, Diurnal turns, To W. Simpson.	Gude fellows wi' him; On Grose's Peregrinations.
Turn again, thou fair Eliza, [re.] S. Turn again, thou fair †	And sic twa love-inspiring een, On W. Chalmers. Gowd guineas a hunder or twa, man. Ronalds of Bennals.
Turn again, thou lovely maiden,	Gowd guineas a hunder or twa, man. Ronalds of Bennals. A hint o' a rival or twa, man,
Tho' women's minds like winter winds May shift and turn, and a' that, S. Women's Minds.	For mair than a towmond or twa, man;
Turncoat. Ye turncoat Whigs awal S. The Laddies by	O' pairs o' guid breeks I ha'e twa, man,
Forby turn-coats amang oursel, . The Twa Herds. 14.	To leave me a hundred or twa, man,

Twa laughing een o' bonie blue S. Sae flaxen †	But twa-three winters will inform ye better.
They laid the twa i' the bed thegither, Scroggam;	The Brigs of Ayr. 7.
S. Scroggam. We twa ha'e run about the braes,	There, racer Jess, an' twathree wh-res, Are blinkan at the entry The Holy Fair. 9.
S. Should auld acquaintance †	Tway [two].
We twa ha'e paidlet i' the burn,	O ne'er a ane but tway The Election Ballads. I.
Twa span-lang, wee, unchristen'd bairns; Tam o' Shanter. 11.	Tweed.
Wi' twa pund Scots, ('twas a' her riches),	While Autumn, benefactor kind, By Tweed erects his aged head, Add. to Shade of Thomson.
He has nae thought but how to kill	From Tweed to the Orcades was her domain, S. Caledonia.
Twa at a blow. The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.	Oft prowling, ensanguin'd the Tweed's silver flood; . Ib.
Where twa wheel-barrows tremble when they meet, The Brigs of Ayr. 6.	And friends on both sides of the Tweed; S. Here's a health to them †
The blissful day we twa did meet, . The Dean of Fac.	For her forbears were brought in ships,
Twa had manteeles o' dolefu' black, . The Holy Fair. 2.	Frae 'yont the Tweed: . Poor Mailie's El
The twa appear'd like sisters twin,	We ranged a' from Tweed to Spey, The Jolly Beggars. S. IV.
Three carts, an' twa are feckly new; The Inventory.	That sic a tree can not be found, 'Twixt London and the Tweed, man. The Tree of Liberty.
I've lost but ane, I've twa behin', The Jolly Beggars. S. VII.	And Tweed rins to the ocean S. The Union.
Between his twa Deborahs,	Up wimpling stately Tweed I've sped, To W. Creech.
For preaching that three's ane and twa. The Kirk's Alarm. 4.	Yarrow an' Tweed, to monie a tune, Owre Scotland rings, To W. Simpson.
Like him there is na twa, Jamie; S. The Laddies by †	Owre Scotland rings, . To W. Simpson. 'Twixt Forth and Tweed all over, . S. When first I saw †
Wi' her twa white hands she spread it down; S. The lass that made the bed.	Willie Wastle dwalt on Tweed, S. Willie Wastle †
Twa drifted heaps sae fair to see,	Tweedledee [a fiddler].
We never had sic twa drones; The Ordination. 10.	Wi' ghastly e'e poor Tweedledee
Hear, how he [morality] gies the tither yell,	Upon his hunkers bended, . The Jolly Beggars, R. VI. 'Tween [between].
Between his twa companions!	'Tween Inverness and Tiviotdale,
Twa Dogs, that were na thrang at hame, The Twa Dogs. The twa best herds in a' the wast, The Twa Herds. 2.	He had few matches. Ep. to J. $L-k$, Ap. 1st, 6.
Sic twa, O! do I live to see't,	I laid her 'tween me and the wa', S. The lass that made the bed.
Sic famous twa should disagreet,	The time flew by, wi' tentless head,
And love was ay between them twa. S. There was a lass † It's now twa month that I'm your debtor,	Till 'tween the late and early; . S. The Rigs o' Barley.
Third Ep. to J. Lap.,	Or women sonsie, saft an' sappy, 'Tween morn an' morn, There's naethin like †
I hae a wife and twa wee laddies, To Dr. Blacklock.	Twelfth.
To try to get the twa to gree, To Gav. Hamilton.	Here's the memory of those on the twelfth that we lost; At a Meet. of D. Volunteers.
The cat has twa, the very colour; . S. Willie Wastle †	Twelvemonth. To run the twelvemonth's length again:
'Twad [it would]. Then a' 'twad gie o' joy to me,	Sketch. New-Yr's Day.
The sharin't with Montgomerie's Peggy.	Twenty. I wat they glanc'd for twenty miles, S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
S. Montgomerie's Peggy.	Twenty-three.
'Twad been nae plea; On Scot. Bard gne to W. I. The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last; Tam o' Shanter. 8.	I'm twenty-three, and five feet nine, I'll go and be a sodger Extem., Ap. 1782.
'Twad please me to the Nine. The Ans. to the Guidwife.	I'll go and be a sodger Extem., Ap. 1782. Twice.
Your Honor's hearts wi' grief 'twad pierce,	
	For a' that an' a' that,
The Author's Cry and Prayer.	An' twice as muckle's a' that, The Jolly Beggars. S. VII.
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 'Twad be owre lang a tale to tell, The Holy Fair. 23.	An' twice as muckle's a' that, The Jolly Beggars. S. VII. Twilight.
The Author's Cry and Prayer.	An' twice as muckle's a' that, The Jolly Beggars. S. VII.
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 'Twad be owre lang a tale to tell, The Holy Fair. 23. Though 'twad my sorrows lessen Verses under Grief.	An' twice as muckle's a' that, The Jolly Beggars. S. VII. Twilight. When twilight did my Graunie summon, To say her prayers, And, as the twilight was begun,
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 'Twad be owre lang a tale to tell, The Holy Fair. 23. Though 'twad my sorrows lessen Verses under Grief. Twa-fauld [two-fold, double]. He hirples twa-fauld as he dow, S. To daunton me. Twal [twelve; "the twal," twelve o'clock].	An' twice as muckle's a' that, The Jolly Beggars. S. VII. Twilight. When twilight did my Graunie summon, To say her prayers, Add. to the Deil. 6. And, as the twilight was begun, Thought nane wad ken Ep. to J. R., 7.
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 'Twad be owre lang a tale to tell, The Holy Fair. 23. Though 'twad my sorrows lessen Verses under Grief. Twa-fauld [two-fold, double]. He hirples twa-fauld as he dow, S. To daunton me. Twal [twelve; "the twal," twelve o'clock]. Some wee, short hour ayont the twal,	An' twice as muckle's a' that, The Jolly Beggars. S. VII. Twilight. When twilight did my Graunie summon, To say her prayers, Add. to the Deil. 6. And, as the twilight was begun, Thought nane wad ken Ep. to J. R., 7. Twin. Though like as was ever twin brother to brother, Frag., inser. to Fox.
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 'Twad be owre lang a tale to tell, The Holy Fair. 23. Though 'twad my sorrows lessen Verses under Grief. Twa-fauld [two-fold, double]. He hirples twa-fauld as he dow, S. To daunton me. Twal [twelve; "the twal," twelve o'clock]. Some wee, short hour ayont the twal, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 31.	An' twice as muckle's a' that, The Jolly Beggars. S. VII. Twilight. When twilight did my Graunie summon, To say her prayers, Add. to the Deil. 6. And, as the twilight was begun, Thought nane wad ken. Twin. Though like as was ever twin brother to brother, Frag., inscr. to Fox. The twa appear'd like sisters twin, . The Holy Fair. 3.
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While the tear stood twinklin' in her e'e; S. The lass that made the bed.	Tythe. The tythe o' what ye waste at cartes
Ilk star gae hide thy twinkling ray S. The gowd. Locks of A.	Wad stow'd his [Ferguson's] pantry!) To W. Simpson. Tytler.
'wist. Wha twists his gruntle wi' a glunch O' sour disdain, . Scotch Drink. 17.	T[ytle]r's and G[reenfield]'s modest grace; To W. Creech.
Wisted.	U. U, His dearest friend and brother scarcely knew; As trembling U stood staring all aghast, . The Vowels.
"Threw broad and dark across the pool. As on the outsits I	Ugly. Lincluden's ugly witch; . Epit. on Grizel Grim.
Though twisted smooth with Harry's nicest care, Ep. fr. Esopus.	Ye ugly glow'rin spectre? In Defence of a Lady.
Were twisted, gracefu', round her brows, The Vision. D. I. 9.	sic an ugly, Gothic hulk as you The Brigs of Ayr. 6. Ye ugly, creepan, blastet wonner, To a Louse.
His twisted head look'd backward on his way, The Vowels.	Unaffected.
She's twisted right, she's twisted left, . S. Willie Wastle †	The daisy for simplicity, and unaffected air, S. The Posie.
Here, foaming down the skelvy rocks,	Unaided. Unaided through thy curs'd restriction; Lns, on Back of Bank Note.
In twisting strength I rin; . The Petition of Dr. Water.	Unanxious. Sits meek content with light unanxious heart,
Twistle [a twist]. The Lord's cause ne'er gat sic a twistle, The Twa Herds. 3.	Sonnet, wr. on Birthday. Unassuming.
Two. The drowsy Dungeon-clock had number'd two, The Brigs of Ayr. 3.	Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In either wing two champions fought, The Election Ballads. VI.	In humble guise; . To a Mountain-Daisy. Unavailing. Regardless of the tears, and unavailing pray'rs!
Tye v. Tie.	And with sincere the unavailing sighs,
Ty'd. Ty'd up in godly laces, Add. to Unco Guid. 6. Then ty'd him fast upon a cart, John Barleycorn.	I view the helpless children of distress Tragic Frag. Unawares.
I, ance, was ty'd up like a stirk, The Jolly Beggars. S. III.	Whiles glowring round wi' prudent cares,
Tyke [a dog].	Lest bogles catch him unawares: Tam o' Shanter. 9.
A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large, Tam o' Shanter. 11.	Unbacked. But take it [fortune's road] like the unbacked filly,
Nae tawted tyke, tho' e'er sae duddie, But he wad stan't, as glad to see him, . The Twa Dogs.	Ep. to Maj. Logan. Unbeginning.
He was a gash an' faithfu' tyke,	From countless, unbeginning time
Wha now will keep you frae the fox, Or worrying tykes, The Twa Herds.	Was ever still the same The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps. Unbelief. Kemble, thou cur'st my unbelief
An unco tyke lap o'er the Dyke, . S. What will I do gin †	Of Moses and his rod; Las on Mrs. Remote.
Type. They [billows, breezes, clouds] are but types of woman.	Unbend. As blooming spring unbends the brow Of surly, savage winter. S. Young Peggy †
S. Detuded Swath	Unblest. Lo, there she goes, unpitied and unblest,
Typical. But chiefly the nettle so typical, shower, Monody, on a Lady.	Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —. With order, symmetry, or taste unblest; The Brigs of Ayr. 8.
Tyrannic.	And soon may they expire, unblest with resurrection! . Ib.
Tyrannic man's dominion; S. Now westlin winds † Who dar'd to, nobly, stem tyrannic pride,	Unblushing. th' unblushing fair In his embraces sunk; The Jolly Beggars. R. VII.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 21.	Unbottom'd.
Tyranny. Be Anarchy curs'd, and be Tyranny damn'd; At a Meet. of D. Volunteers.	A vast, unbottom'd, boundless Pit, . The Holy Fair. 22. Unbounded.
May tyrants and tyranny tine in the mist, And wander their way to the devil!	A slave to love's unbounded sway, . S. O lay thy loof t
S. Here's a neath to them	Unbroken. He bears the unbroken blast from every side: To R. G. of F., 3.
Firm may she rise with generous disdain At Tyranny's, or direr Pleasure's chain;	Uncaring.
Protogue, sp. by woods.	And resolutely keep it's [Honor's] laws, Uncaring consequences Ep. to Young Friend. 8.
From tyranny's empurpled bands: S. Streams that glide t	Uncertain. The clouds' uncertain motion [a type of woman],
Tyrant. The wretch that would a Tyrant own, S. Does haughty Gaul†	S. Detuaea swain
O Death! thou tyrant fell and bloody! El. on Capt. M. H.	That on this frail, uncertain state, Hang matters of eternal weight: . Sketch. New-Yr's Day.
Go teach them to tremble, fell tyrant! S. Farewell, thou fair day t	Unchancy [dangerous].
May tyrants and tyranny tine in the mist,	And down the gate, in faith, they're worse And mair unchancy To Mr. J. Kennedy.
And wander their way to the devil! S. Here's a health to them t	Unchang'd.
To shun a tyrant father's hate, S. How cruel †	with heart unchang'd as mine, S. Slow spreads the gloom to thee I bring a heart unchang'd. S. To thee, lov'd Nith t
Plumes himself in Freedom's pride, Tyrant stern to all beside On scaring Water-fowl.	Unchanging.
The tyrant Death, with grim control, S. Peggy Chalmers.	But never ranging, still unchanging, I adore my Bonie Bell S. Bonie Bell.
Tyrants fall in every foe; S. Scots, wha ha'e t	To the east steamed without a stain.
These, their richly-gleaming waves, I leave to tyrauts and their slaves; S. Streams that glide †	Like the unchanging blue, man; El. on Capt. M. H., Epit. The hyacinth for constancy, wi' its unchanging blue,
Woods that ever verdant wave, I leave the tyrant and the slave, Ib.	S. The Poste.
Are doom'd by Man, that tyrant o'er the weak, The Brigs of Ayr.	Unchristen'd. Twa span-lang, wee, unchristen'd bairns; Tam o' Shanter. 11.
The crouching vassal to the tyrant wife,	Uncivil. But lest you think I am uncivil, . Poem on Life.
The Henpecked Husband. Pale he surrenders at the tyrant's throne! The Vowels.	tho' the phrase may seem uncivil, Scots Prologue. And dinna sae uncivil be; S. The lass that made the bed.
What are they? The bount of the Tyrant and Slave!	You'll tak it no uncivil: To a Painter.
Tysday, Tiseday [Tuesday; "Tyseday 'teen," Tues-	Uncle. 'I'll eat the apple at the glass,
day evening.	Auld, uncle John, wha wedlock's joys,
O wat ye what my minnie did, On Tysday 'teen to me, jo? S. O wat ye what my	Sin' Mar's-year did desire,
But I cam through the Tiseday's dew, S. Had I the wyte t	Wi' uncle's purse, and a' that; The Election Ballads. 11.

Unclouded. Beneath the moon's unclouded light,	Thy rudely-caroll'd, chiming phrase, In uncouth rhymes, The Vision. D. II. 12.
I held awa to Annie: S. The Rigs o' Barley. Unco, adj., adv. [strange, unusual, great, extreme, foreign; unusually, very].	Uncouthly. And throws his hand uncouthly o'er the strings, The Brigs of Ayr.
a cukoo sang That's unco easy said ay: . A Dream. 2.	Uncreated. There, ever bask in uncreated rays, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 16.
He was an unco shaver For monie a day	Undaunted. Still she undaunted reels and rattles on, . Ep. fr. Esopus.
Ye're unco muckle dautet;	I'll meet thee with an undaunted mind. S. Tho' fickle Fortune
Yet scarce as lang's a guid kail whittle,	Undaunting. May Prudence, Fortitude and Truth
I'm unco queer Adam A—'s Prayer. It maks an unco leeway Add. to Unco Guid. 4.	Erect your brow undaunting! Ep. to Young Friend. 11. Undeceive.
Till, slap! come in an unco loun, S. Does haughty Gaul, † And Duncan, ye're an unco loun; S. Duncan Gray.	Why, why undeceive him, S. Why, why tell thy †
Look'd asklent and unco skeigh, S. Duncan Gray †	Undermining. In spite of undermining jobs, To Rev. J. M'Math.
But to the hen-birds unco civil; El. on Year 1788. Ye'll find mankind an unco squad, Ep. to Young Friend. 2.	Undernotit. Day an' date as under notit, . The Inventory.
But Och, mankind are unco weak,	Understand. That night, a child might understand,
Some unco blate, an' some wi' gabs,	The Deil had business on his hand Tam o' Shanter. &. As Arts or Arms they understand,
'An' Stuff was unco green;	Their labors ply The Vision. D. II. 3. Understood.
And unco tales, an' funnie jokes,	Much specious lore, but little understood; Sketch. Undeserved.
A hungry care's an unco care; S. In simmer when † Colours mingl'd unco fine, S. Jockey fou, †	By cruel Fortune's undeserved blow? . A Winter Night. 9.
But now she's got an unco ripple, Letter to J. Goudie. And wow! he has an unco slight	Undismay'd. Bold, soldier-featur'd, undismay'd
O' cauk and keel. On Grose's Peregrinations. And getting fou and unco happy, Tam o' Shanter.	They strode along. [v.A.4] The Vision. D. I. Undisputed.
Tam had got planted unco right;	This past for certain, undisputed; . To W. Simpson. P.S.
And, vow! Tam saw an unco sight!	Undoing, -in. My voice, a lioness that mourns
An' tho' fu' foughten sair eneugh,	Her darling cub's undoing! The Election Ballads. VI. Lang, Patronage, wi' rod o' airn,
Yet, teughly doure, he bade an unco bang. The Brigs of Ayr. 4.	Has shor'd the Kirk's undoin, The Ordination. &. Fair tho' she be, that was ne'er my undoing;
God knows, an unco Calt!	Undone. S. Twas na her bonie blue e'e †
The bairns gat out wi' an unco shout, S. The deuks dang o'er. I vow it's unco pretty: The Ordination. 11.	And leave a man undone To his fate. : S. Ye Jacobites † Undying. bold Balmerino's undying name, . Frag. of Ode
King Loui' thought to cut it down, When it was unco sma', man; . The Tree of Liberty.	Uneasy.
An' unco pack an' thick thegither; . The Twa Dogs. 6.	Tho' deil-haet ails them, yet uneasy; . The Twa Dogs. 30. Unequal.
Can mak the bodies unco happy;	Wi' wild, unequal, wand'ring step S. Again rejoic. Nature †
And had o' things an unco' slight; To W. Creech. Grief's gien his heart an unco kickin',	Foiled, bleeding, tortured, in the unequal strife, To R. G. of F., 5.
I wad be silly, An' unco vain, To W. Simpson.	Unerring. But ay unerring steady, A Dream. That you may keep th' unerring line,
I'll gie auld cloven Clooty's haunts An unco slip yet, What ails ye now t	Still rising by the plummet's law, The Farewell. To St. J.'s L.
An unco tyke lap o'er the Dyke, . S. What will I do gin † Ye've lien in some unco bed,	Unfading. And claught th' unfading garland there, Extem. on Commem.s of Thomson.
And wi's ome unco man S. Ye hae lien wrang. Uncos [strange things, news of the country side].	Unfauld [to unfold]. There simmer first unfauld her robes, S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †
Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears. The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5.	Unfeign'd. With joy unfeign'd, brothers and sisters meet, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5.
Uncombed. His uncombed grizzly locks wild staring, thatch'd, Extem. on W. Smetlie.	Unfit. A mortal quite unfit for fortune's strife, Ep. to R. Graham. 3.
Uncommon. 'Forbye some new, uncommon weapons', Death and Dr. Hornbook, 22.	Thro' bluidy flood or field to dash, O how unfit! To a Haggis.
If thou uncommon merit hast, Yet spurn'd at Fortune's door, man;	For all unfit I feel my powers be, Why am I loth †
El. on Capt. M. H., Epit. If thou on men, their works and ways,	Unfitted. Whilst I, a hope-abandon'd wight, Unfitted with an aim, Despondency, an Ode. 2.
Canst throw uncommon light,	Unfold. Unfolds her [Spring's] tender mantle green, Add. to Shade of Thomson.
Unconcern.	Unforeseen. Some unforeseen misfortune
Henceforth to meet with unconcern, One rank as well's another; On dining with Daer.	Comes generally upon me, O; S. My father was a farmer † . Unfrequented.
Unconquered. Thus bold, independent, unconquer'd, and free, S. Caledonia.	Or haply, to his ev'ning thought, By unfrequented stream, . Despondency, an Ode. 3.
Unmatched at the bottle, unconquered in war, The Whistle. 4. Unconscious.	Unfurl.
Unconscious what evils await; The Kirk's Alarm.	As thou at all mankind the flag unfurls, Ep. fr. Esopus. The magna charta flag unfurls, The Election Ballads. VI.
Uncouth. Is sure an uncouth sight to see, . A Dream. In this strange land, this uncouth clime, Ep. to H. Parker.	Unfurled, -'d. Reclined that banner, erst in fields unfurl'd, On Death of Sir J. Blair.
Come then, wi' uncouth, kintra fleg, O'er Pegasus I'll fling my leg, The Election Ballads. VI.	As Queensberry blue and buff unfurled, The Election Ballads. VI.

Ungainly.	Unkind.
Rusticity's ungainly form	Say, was thy little mate unkind, S. O stay, sweet warbling †
May cloud the highest mind; . Rusticity's ungainly †	But now dejected I appear, Clarinda proves unkind; To Clarinda.
Ungen'rous. Nae mair ungen'rous wish I hae, S. It is na, Jean, †	Unkindly. And wad na Manhood been to blame,
Ungentle. A thought ungentle canna be	Had I unkindly us'd her: S. Had I the wyte †
The thought of Mary Morison. S. O Mary, at the window t	Unkindness.
=	'Not all your rage, as now, united shows 'More hard unkindness, unrelenting, A Winter Night. 7.
The ungentle, harsh rebuke Rusticity's ungainly †	Unknowing.
Ungodly. Th' progodly o'er the just prevailed. New Psalmody.	Unknowing what my way may thwart, S. Sae far awa.
Th' ingodly o'er the just prevailed, . New Psatmody. No longer the warfare, ungodly, would wage;	Unknown. O Thou unknown, Almighty Cause
The Whistle. 15.	A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.
Ungracious. Or, Moses bade eternal warfare wage,	To Care, to Guilt unknown! Despondency, an Ode. 5. And hast thou crost that unknown river,
With Amalek's ungracious progeny; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 14.	Life's dreary bound! El. on Capt. M. H., 15.
Ungrateful.	A land unknown to prose or rhyme; . Ep. to H. Parker.
But she, ungrateful, shuns my sight, To Clarinda.	This freedom, in an unknown frien',
Curse on ungrateful man, Wr. under Port. of Fergusson.	I pray excuse Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st.
Unhallow'd.	Love's veriest wretch, unseen, unknown, S. Farewell, thou stream †
Conscience in vain upbraids the unhallow'd fire; To Clarinda.	To realms unknown while fate exiles me,
Unhang'd.	Make her bosom still my home S. Highl. Mary.
An' cheat like ony unhang'd blackguard. The Twa Dogs. 33.	"Alike unknowing and unknown: Lament for Glencairn.
Unhappy.	Where unknown, unlamented, my ashes shall rest, Lament, on leaving Nat. Land.
That stream'd thro' great, unhappy Wallace' heart; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 21.	And tread the dreary path to that dark world unknown.
The scenes where wretched Fancy roves,	Lns sent Sir J. Whiteford.
The scenes where wretched Fancy roves, Pursuing past, unhappy loves! . S. The gloomy night †	Thus all obscure, unknown, and poor,
With tears I pity thy unhappy fate!	S. My father was a farmer †
Wr. under Port. of Fergusson. Unheard.	Expires in rags, unknown, and goes to Heaven. Ode, to Mem. of Mrs
"Unheard, unpitied, unreliev'd, . Lament for Glencairn.	That future-life in worlds unknown
Unheard, unseen, by human ear or eye,	Must take its hue from this alone; Sketch. New-Yr's Day.
On Death of R. Dundas.	Unknown and poor, simplicity's reward, <i>The Brigs of Ayr. 3</i> . Ah! tho' his worth unknown, far happier there I ween!
Unheeded. Has thy Prime unheeded past? Blue Bonnets.	The Cotter's Sat. Night.
Longing to wipe each tear, to heal each groan, Yet frequent all unheeded in his own. Ep. to R. Graham. 3.	"Unknown each guilty worldly fire,
Unheeded howls, unheeded fa's; . S. O Lassie, art thou	
The time, unheeded, sped away, The Lament. 9.	"Now moths deform in shapeless tatters, "To J. S., &.
Unseen is the lily, unheeded the rose.	Then, all unknown, I'll lay me with th' inglorious dead,
S. True hearted was he †	Ib. 10.
While o'er us unheeded, flie the swift hours o' Love. S. You wild mossy mountains t	To light and joy unknown before. Wr. in Friars-Carse H.
Unhonoured.	Unlamented. Where unknown, unlamented, my ashes shall rest,
Laden with unhonoured years, Ode, to Mem. of Mrs	Lament, on leaving Nat. Land.
Unimpair'd.	Unlawfu'.
Adjust the unimpair'd machine, . Sketch. New-Yr's Day.	Wi' mair o' horrible and awefu', Which even to name wad be unlawfu'. Tam o' Shanter. 11.
Union. I'm truly sorry Man's dominion Has broken Nature's social union To a Mouse.	Unletter'd. In your unletter'd, nameless faces! To J. S., 27.
Has broken Nature's social union, . To a Mouse. Unison. Nae unison hae they, with our Creator's praise.	Unlike. Compar'd wi' you-O fool! fool! fool!
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 13.	How much unlike! . To J. S., 26.
Wish'd unison between the pair, The Jolly Beggars. R. VII.	Unlisten'd. Hark, injur'd Want recounts th' unlisten'd tale,
Unite. How wisdom and folly meet, mix, and unite!	On Death of R. Dundas. Unloved. Thon diedst unwept as thou livedst unloved.
Frag., inscr. to Fox.	Monody, on a Lady.
May powers aboon unite you soon, . On W. Chalmers.	Unlovely.
When well-form'd taste, and sparkling wit unite, With manly lore, or female beauty bright,	Death's unlovely, dreary, dark abode? . Why am I loth
Prologue, sp. by Woods.	Unmanner'd. Th' unmanner'd dust might soil his star, The Election Ballads. VI.
The scented hirk and hawthorn white, Across the pool their arms unite, S. The Contented Cottager.	Unmatched, -'d.
	A head for thought profound and clear, unmatch'd: Extem. on W. Smellie
May Freedom, Harmony and Love Unite you in the grand Design, The Farewell. To St. J.'s L When rural life of avery station	Unmatched at the bottle, unconquered in war, The Whistle. 4.
The Farewell. To St. J.'s L	The Whistle. 4.
When rural life, of ev'ry station, Unite in common recreation; The Twa Dogs. 19.	Unmeet.
United. For N-rth an' F-x united stocks, A Fragment. 6.	But of meet, or unmeet, in a fabric complete, I'll boldly pronounce they [reviewers] are none [no judges],
Not all the rage, as now, united shows	Sir To Capt. Riddel.
More hard unkindness, unrelenting, A Winter Night. 7.	Unmindful. When blest to-day unmindful of to-morrow.
Be Britain still to Britain true, Amang oursels united: . S. Does haughty Gaul, †	Unmindful, tho' a weeping wife,
Our force united on thy foes we'll turn, Ep. fr. Esopus.	And helpless offspring mourn. Man was made to Mourn.
Universal. 'And trust, the Universal Plan	Unmindful that the thorn is near, To J. S., 16.
will all protect The Vision. D. 11. 22.	Unmingl'd.
That Pow'r which rais'd and still upholds This universal frame, The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps.	But the dire feeling, O farewell for ever, Anguish unmingl'd and agony pure. S. Gloomy December.
Unkend, Unkend-of, Unkenn'd [unknown].	Unmixed.
An's loof upon her bosom Unkend . The Holy Fair. 11.	He dips in gall unmixed his eager pen, Ep. from Esopus.
She lay like some unkend-of isle	Unmuzzled.
Beside New Holland, . To W. Simpson.	
We've been owre lang unkenn'd to ither: Ib.	Whistling his [Combustion's] roaring pack abroad, Of mad, unmuzzled lions; . The Election Ballads. VI.

Unnoticed, -'d.	Unskaith'd [unscathed].
For though I be poor, unnoticed. obscure, My stomach's as proud as them a', man. Ronalds of Bennals.	Unskaith'd by hunger'd Highland boors! Add. of Beelzebub.
The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnotic'd fleet;	unskaith'd by Death's gleg gullie, Tam Samson's El., per C. Unskilful, -fu'. O how can I, unskilfu', try
Unnumbered. The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5.	The Poet's occupation? S. Lovely Davies.
Unnumber'd buds an' flow'rs' delicious spoils, The Brigs of Ayr. 2.	Unskilful he to note the card Of prudent Lore, . To a Mountain-Daisy.
Unpitled. 'Wrong'd, injur'd, shunn'd, unpitied, unredrest;	Unsmooth. Alas! Life's path may be unsmooth! The Lament. Unsour'd.
"Unheard, unpitied, unreliev'd, . Lament for Glencairn.	Health, ay unsour'd by care or grief: . To Terraughty.
Lo, there she goes, unpitied and unblest, Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.	Unsparing. Your blood shall with incessant cry
And much-wrong'd Mis'ry pours th' unpitied wail!	Awake at last th' unsparing power Frag. of Ode.
On Death of R. Dundas. Why is the bard unpitied by the world,	Unstain'd. My hand unstain'd wi' plunder: . S. When wild War's †
Unprotected. Wr. under Port. of Fergusson.	Unsubmitting.
Low-sunk in squalid, unprotected age, . To R. G. of F., 5. Unredrest. 'Wrong'd, injur'd, shunn'd, unpitied, unredrest;	Whose unsubmitting heart was all his crime. Tragic Frag. Unsung. "My patriot falls, but shall he lie unsung,
Unrefin'd.	On Death of Sir J. Blair. Unsuspecting. View unsuspecting innocence a prey,
Some coarser substance, unrefin'd, . A Winter Night. 7.	On Death of R. Dundas.
Unregenerate.	Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth? S. The Cotter's Sat Night. 10.
Frae ony unregenerate Heathen, Like you or I Ep. to J. R., 4. Unrelenting.	Unteachable. A thing unteachable in world's skill, To R. G. of F., 3.
More hard unkindness, unrelenting, . A Winter Night. 7.	Unthinking.
love wi' unrelenting beam . S. Now Spring has clad† Unreliev'd.	See Social-life and Glee sit down, All joyous and unthinking, Add. to Unco Guid. 5.
"Unheard, unpitied, unreliev'd, . Lament for Glencairn.	Untie. Untie these bands from off my hands, S. Farewell, ye dungeons †
Unremitting. All you who follow wealth and power	Untimely. Whom death had all untimely taen. Lament for Glencairn.
With unremitting ardour, O, S. My father was a farmer	"That fillest an untimely tomb,
Unrepenting. Vengeful malice, unrepenting, A Winter Night. 7.	The groaning trees untimely shed their locks, On Death of Sir J. Blair.
A harden'd, stubborn, unrepenting villain, . Tragic Frag.	"My patriot son fills an untimely grave!" Ib.
Unrevenged. Not unrevenged your fate shall be, Frag. of Ode.	th' untimely tomb where Riddel lies. Sonnet, on Death of R Taint thee with untimely blights! To Miss C.
Unrivall'd.	But oh! fell death's untimely frost, S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †
Yet all heneath th' unrivall'd Rose, The lowly Daisy sweetly blows; . The Vision. D. II. 20.	Untried. Its [the future's] good or ill untried, O;
Unroof'd. But now unroof'd their palace stands, On Window at Stirling.	S. My father was a farmer †
Unruly. She made me weary of my life,	Care-untroubled, joy-surrounded, S. Musing on the roaring † Untrue. Cold, comfortless, changing, untrue.
By one unruly member. S. The Joyful Widower. Unscathed.	Untwining.
Unscathed by ruffian hand! . On Birth of Posth. Child. Unseal. Yours this moment I unseal,	O why should Fate sic pleasure have,
Unseen. Whyles, in the human bosom pryin,	Life's dearest bands untwining?. S. O poortith cauld† Unvail.
Unseen thou lurks. Add. to the Deil. 4. Love's veriest wretch, unseen, unknown,	When Remembrance wracks the mind, Pleasures but unvail Despair. S. Frae the friends †
S. Farewell, thou stream † Rob, stownlins, prie'd her bonie mou,	Unwarming.
Fu' cozie in the neuk for't, Unseen that night. Halloween. 10.	Beneath thy wan, unwarming beam; The Lament. Unwary.
Whyles cooket underneath the braes, Below the spreading hazle Unseen	Th' unwary sailor, thus, aghast, The wheeling torrent viewing,
Some cause unseen still stept between,	'Mid circling horrors sinks at last S. Farewell, thou stream t
S. My father was a farmer t To steel a blink by a' unseen; S. O this is no my ain t	Unweeting. The bursting sigh, th' unweeting groan,
That sings in Cessnock banks unseen, S. On Cessnock banks †	The bursting sigh, th' unweeting groan, Betray the hapless lover: . S. Farewell, thou stream † The unweeting groan, the bursting sigh,
Unheard, unseen, by human ear or eye, On Death of R. Dundas.	Betray the guilty lover S. The last time I †
Syne weave, unseen, thy spider snare O' hell's damned waft Poem on Life.	Unwept. Thou diedst unwept as thou livedst unloved. Monody, on a Lady.
Where the blue-bell and gowan lurk, lowly, unseen; S. Their groves of	Unwilling. Seest thou whose step, unwilling, hither bends? Ode, to Mem. of Mrs
Adorns the histie stibble-field, Unseen, alane. To a Mountain-Daisy.	Nor with unwilling ear attend The moralizing Muse To Chloris.
Unseen is the lily, unheeded the rose. S. True hearted was het Unsettle. Whare horn nor bane ne'er daur unsettle,	Unworthy.
Your thick plantations. To a Louse.	An' far unworthy of thy train, . To Rev. J. M'Math. Unyielding.
How on this spot he first unsheath'd the sword Scots Prologue.	Then marks th' unvielding mass with grave designs,
Unsheltered. Unsheltered and forlorn. On Birth of Posth. Child.	Ep. to R. Graham. 2. Up ["up wi't a", up with it all].
Unsicker [not secure; unsteady].	'Up, Willie, waur them a', man!'. A Fragment. 7.
Oh! flickering, feeble, and unsicker I've found her [life] still, . Poem on Life.	Up wi' the carls of Dysart, S. Hey ca' thro'. Up and waur them a', Jamie,
Unsightly. Ye dark waste hills, and brown unsightly plains, On Death of R. Dundas.	Up and waur them a'; S. The Laddies by † Then up wi't a', my Ploughman lad, S. The Ploughman †

We'll gar our streams an' hurnies shine	Useful.
Up wi' the best To W. Simpson. q.	Then first she [nature] calls the useful many forth; Ep. to R. Graham. 2.
Upbraid na me wi' cauld disdain, S. O Lassie, art thou †	Man then is useful to his kind, Man was made to Mourn.
Conscience in vain upbraids the unhallow'd fire; To Clarinda.	Some useful plan, or book could make,
Up-choked.	Usher. The Ans. to the Guidwife.
While burns, wi' snawy wreeths up-choked, Wild-eddying swirl, A Winter Night. 2.	With chill hoary wing as ye [breezes] usher the dawn:
Uphill.	S. How pleasant the banks
Yirr, fancy barks, awa' we canter Uphill, down brae, till some mishanter, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 2.	And ushers the long dreary night; Poet. Add. to Tytler.
Uphoid.	Usher'st.
Whose toil upholds the glitt'ring show, A Winter Night. 7.	Again thou usher'st in the day My Mary from my soul was torn To Mary in Heaven.
That Pow'r which rais'd and still upholds	Using. For using thy name offers fifty excuses.
This universal frame, The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps.	Fragment, inscr. to Fox. Usquabae, Usquabae [whisky].
Upo' [upon]. An' when ye think upo' your Mither,	Wi' usquabae, we'll face the devil! . Tam o' Shanter. 11.
Mind to be kind to ane anither The Death of Mailie.	Wi' usquebae an' blankets warm, . The Jolly Beggars. R. I.
Upper. No fallen angel, hurled from upper skies;	An' when wi' Usquebae we've wat it
Ode to Mem. of Mrs. —. Uprear. Ane on th' Auld Brig his airy shape uprears,	It winna break Third Ep. to J. Lap Usurpation. Braved usurpation's boldest daring! Liberty.
The Brigs of Ayr. 4.	Usurper. Lay the proud usurpers low, S. Scots, wha ha'e
Upright. The upright is Chance, and old time is the base;	Alas the day, and wo the day,
S. Caledonia. 6. He's blest—if as he brew'd he drink—	A false usurper wan the gree, S. The bonie Lass of Alb.
In upright honest morals Epit. on G. Richardson.	Usurping.
A little, upright, pert, tart, tripping wight, Sketch.	Man your proud usurping foe, . On scaring Water-fow!. Utmost.
Uproar. But up arose the martial Chuck, An'laid the loud uproar. The Jolly Beggars. R. II.	Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg, Tam o' Shanter. 18.
In uproar and riot rejoice the night long;	Wha does the utmost that he can,
Ye true "Loyal Natives" †	Will whyles do mair To Dr. Blacklock.
Uprose. So uprose bright Phœbus—and down fell the knight. The Whistle. 16.	But to his utmost would befriend Ought that belang'd ye. To Rev. J. M'Math.
Next uprose our Bard, like a prophet in drink: . 1b. 17.	But thy utmost duly done,
Uptear.	Welcome what thou canst not shun: Wr. in Hermitage at F.C.
But now the share uptears thy bed, To a Mountain-Daisy.	Uzz. An' sklented on the man of Uzz, Your spitefu' joke? Add. to the Deil. 17.
Upward.	Vacant. Then fareweel vacant, careless roamin; To J. S., 14.
Wi' hand on hainch, and upward e'e, The Jolly Beggars. R. V.	Vagabond.
His gawsie tail, wi' upward curl, The Twa Dogs. 5.	"Ye poor, despis'd, abandon'd vagabonds, Tragic Frag
I see ye upward cast your eyes—Ye ken the road To J. S., 28.	Vagrant.
Upward-springing.	But, Delia, on thy balmy lips Let me, no vagrant insect, rove! Delia. An Ode.
When upward-springing, blythe, to greet The purpling East To a Mountain-Daisy.	Why, Lonsdale thus, thy wrath on vagrants pour,
Urge. Down the zodiac urge the race, . Ep. to H. Parker.	Vain. Ep. fr. Esopus.
But why urge the tender confession, 'Gainst fortune's fell cruel decree S. Here's a health to ane t	Vain is his hope, whase stay an' trust is,
Why urge the only, one request,	In moral Mercy, Truth and Justice! A Ded. to G. H., 7.
You know I will deny! S. Talk not of Love †	May plunge an' plunge the kirn in vain; Add. to the Deil. 10. In vain to me the cowslips blaw, [re.] S. Again rejoic. Nature †
Urged. his warm-urged wishes On W. Chalmers.	But brave Caledonia in vain they assail'd, . S. Caledonia.
Urinus Spiritus.	And mony a scheme in vain's been laid,
Urinus Spiritus of capons; . Death and Dr. Hornbook. 22. Urn. "No storied urn nor animated bust,"	To stap or scar me; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 13.
Inscrip. on Tomb of Fergusson.	I, listless, yet restless, Find ev'ry prospect vain Despondency, an Ode. 2.
Urr. Here's armorial bearings Frae the manse o' Urr; The Election Ballads. IV.	In vain ye flaunt in summer's pride, ye groves;
Ursa-Major [Dr. Samuel Johnson].	El. on Miss Burnet.
Or him wha led o'er Scotland a'	Who calls thee, pert, affected, vain coquette, Ep. fr. Esopus. I hear it—for in vain I leuk Ep. to H. Parker.
The meikle Ursa-Major? The Fête Champetre.	In vain with Squire Billy for laurels you struggle,
Use. Disc'd for her IT never'd lordly use thus for thus vile below!	Frag., inscr. to Fox.
Plac'd for her [Luxury's] lordly use, thus far, thus vile, below! A Winter Night. 7.	In vain would Prudence, with decorous sneer,
Use, to.	Point out a censuring world, and bid me fear; In vain wld Prudence †
Then catch the moments as they fly, And use them as ye ought, man: A Bottle and Friend.	Now a' is done that men can do, And a' is done in vain; S. It was a' for †
My worthy friend, ne'er grudge an' carp,	I was discussing aggrees the atomin C. I amake Demise
Tho' Fortune use you hard an' sharp; Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 8.	In many a way, and vain essay,
O did not Love exclaim, "Forbear!	In many a way, and vain essay, S. My father was a farmer t
"Nor use a faithful lover so?" . S. Fairest maid †	With fortune's vain delusion, O,
Jamaica bodies, use him weel, On Scot. Bard gne to W.I.	Vain ev'n the omnipotence of Female charms,
Use't, Us'd. Some auld, us'd hands had taen a note, . Ep. to J. R., 9.	'Gainst headlong, ruthless, mad Rebellion's arms.
And wad na Manhood been to blame,	Scots Prologue. In vain assail him with their prayer, Sketch. New-Yr's Day.
Had I unkindly us'd her: S. Had I the wyte †	In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin! Tam o' Shanter. 18.
But a Miller us'd him worst of all, . John Barleycorn.	In vain Auld-age his body batters;
As when I us'd in scarlet to follow a drum. The Jolly Beggars. S. I.	In vain the Gout his ancles fetters; In vain the burns cam down like waters. An acre-braid!
Wha us'd to trystes an' fairs to driddle, Ib. R. V.	Tam Samson's El., 9.
An' may a bard no crack his jest	They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright.
What way they've use't him? To Rev. J. M'Math.	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 6.

My Lord, I know, your noble ear Woe ne'er assails in vain; The Petition of Br. Water. But mis they coretely when off I moved?	Vampyre. Vampyre booksellers drain him to the heart, To R.G. of F., 3.
But vain they search'd when off I march'd To go an' clout the Caudron. The Jolly Beggars. S. VI. How long I have liv'd, but how much liv'd in vain;	Van. Come Firm Resolve take thou the van, To Dr. Blacklock.
But Mousie, thou art no thy lane,	Youth, grace, and love attendant move, And pleasure leads the van, S. A. Masterton's bonie Anne.
In proving foresight may be vain: To a Mouse. In vain the laws their feeble force oppose; . To Clarinda.	Vandal. Auld Vandal, ye but show your little mense, The Brigs of Ayr. 6.
In vain Religion meets my shrinking eye:	Vanish'd. "There, latest mark'd her vanish'd sail." S. Behold the hour
Conscience in vain upbraids the unhallow'd fire; Ib. Some rhyme, (vain thought!) for needfu' cash; To J. S., 5.	She said, and vanish'd with the sweeping blast.
Tho' I maun say't, I wad be silly,	On Death of Sir J. Blair. Vanity. The idiot strum of vanity bemused, Ep. fr. Esopus.
An' unco vain, To W. Simpson. To equal young Jessie, you seek it in vain:	The gay gaudy glare of vanity and art:
S. True hearted was he † And fretful envy grins in vain . S. Young Peggy †	S. Mark yonder Pomp † Here vanity strums on her idiot lyre; Monody, on a Lady.
Vainly.	His meddling vanity, a busy fiend, Sketch.
And for thy potence vainly wisht, Lns, on Back of Bank Note.	Vanquish'd. When the vanquish'd foe
Vale. in the vale of humble life, . A Ded. to G. H., 16. 'Ev'n in the peaceful rural vale,	Sues for peace and quiet, . S. The Captain's Lady.
'Truth, weeping, tells the mournful tale, A Winter Night. 8.	Chain'd at his feet they groan, Love's vanquish'd foes: To Clarinda.
Above the narrow, rural vale: . Add. to Edinburgh. The sweeping vales, and foaming floods, Ep. to Davie. 4.	Vapour.
'Till deep it crashing whelms the cottage in the vale;	So Sir, you see 'twas nae daft vapour, A Ded. to G. H., 12. Where ignorance her darkening vapour throws, The Vowels.
Frag. of Ode. Poverty's low harren vale, Lament for Glencairn.	Vap'rin [vapouring].
the flower which bloom'd sweetest in Coila's green vale, Lament on leaving Nat. Land.	In wrath she was sae vap'rin,
Blows chilly from the misty vale; On Lincluden.	Life is all a variorum, The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII.
How lovely, Nith, thy fruitful vales, S. The Banks of Nith. One cordial in this melancholy vale,	Various.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 9.	He knows each chord its various tone, Each spring its various bias: . Add. to Unco Guid. &.
Her [Coila's] heathy moors and winding vales; S. The gloomy night †	She [nature] form'd of various parts the various man. Ep. to R. Graham.
Life's weary vale I wander thro': The Lament. The murmuring streamlet winds clear thro' the vale,	Who heals life's various stounds, On Birth of Posth. Child. Bright to the moon their various dresses glanc'd:
S. The small birds †	The Bries of Avr. 11
Dost thou spurn the humble vale? Wr. in Friar's-Carse H.	'All chuse, as, various they're inclin'd, 'The various man The Vision. D. II. 7.
Valentine ["Valentines dealing," a kind of lottery held on St. Valentine's day to ascertain if you were to be married, and if so, to whom].	Vassal. The crouching vassal to the tyrant wife,
Yestreen at the Valentines dealing,	The Henpecked Husband. Vast. And make a vast monopoly of hell? . Ep. fr. Esopus.
My heart to my mou' gied a sten; S. Tam Glen. Valley. How pleasant thy banks and green vallies below,	With knowledge so vast, and with judgment so strong, Frag., inscr. to Fox.
S. Afton Water. A fairer than either adorns the green vallies,	Those mighty periods of years Which seem to us so vast, . The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps
Where Devon, sweet Devon, meand'ring flows. S. How pleasant the banks †	A vast, unbottom'd, boundless Pit, The Holy Fair. 22. Vaulted.
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below; S. My heart's in the Highlands †	By turns in soaring heaven, or vaulted hell.
May Has made our hills and valleys gay; S. O Logan! sweetly †	Vaunt. I need na vaunt, To Dr. Blacklock.
Gi'e me the lonely valley, The dewy eve, and rising moon; S. Sae flaxen†	Vauntie [proud, boastful].
Let the blast sweep o'er the valley, See it prostrate on the clay! S. Sensibility †	It was her best, and she was vauntie. Tam o' Shanter. 15. I'd be mair vauntie o' my hap, The Ans. to the Guidwife.
They hunted the valley, they hunted the bill,	Wow, but your letter made me vauntie! To Dr. Blacklock.
S. The heather was blooming † O were you hills and vallies mine, S. The Highl. Lassie.	Vein. What ragings must his veins convulse, That still eternal gallop: . Add. to Unco Guid. 4.
His right are these hills, and his right are these vallies, S. The small birds †	To feel a fire in every vein, . S. Farewell, thou stream †
Low, in a sandy valley spread, . The Vision. D. I. 15.	And feel thro' every vein love's raptures roll. S. Mark yonder Pomp †
Tho' rich is the breeze in their gay, sunny vallies, S. Their groves of	They heat your brains, and fire your veins, O leave novels † We will drain our dearest veins, S. Scots, wha ha'e †
Not Gowrie's rich valley, nor Forth's sunny shores, S. Yon wild mossy mountains †	To feel a fire in every vein, Yet dare not speak my anguish S. The last time I†
Valour. The birth-place of valour, the country of worth; S. My heart's in the Highlands †	Ev'ry pulse along my veins,
Secure in valour's station; S. The Union.	Tells the ardent lover S. Thine am I† Venal. The Poets too, a venal gang, A Dream. 2.
Value. Because God meant mankind should set	Shall venal lays their [princes'] pompous exit hail; El. on Miss Burnet.
That higher value on it. [v.A.27] Ask why God made † Ye are rich, and look big, but lay by hat and wig,	With all the venal soul of dedicating Prose?
And ye'll ha'e a calf's head o' sma' value. The Kirk's Alarm.	'mid the venal Senate's roar, The Vision. D. II. 5.
Value, to. Reader, dost value matchless worth? Lns, on Window, F.'s C. Her.	Vend [to set forth, to offer for acceptance]. Great lies and nonsense baith to vend,
Valued'st. The Friend thou valued'st, I, the Patron, lov'd;	Death and Dr. Hornbook. A rousing whid at times to vend [v.A.6] Ib.
Lns sent Sir J. Whiteford. Vamp. 'Twould vamp my bill, said I, if nothing better;	Veneering.
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.	Veneering oft outshines the solid wood: Sketch.

Venerable.	The vera sight o' [Moodie]'s face,
Hear me, ye venerable Core, Add. to Unco Guid. 2.	To's ain het hame had sent him
A venerable Chief advanc'd in years; The Brigs of Ayr. 13.	The vera girdle rang The Jolly Beggars, R. I
Venetian.	The vera thought o't need na fear them. The Twa Dogs. 27
An' purge the bitter ga's an' cankers,	The vera tapmost, towrin height To a Louse
O' curst Venetian b—res an' ch-ncres [v.A.13]	Ye hate as ill's the vera de'il, To Mr. J. Kennedy
The Twa Dogs. 23.	Verdant. No more the thickening brakes and verdant plains
Vengeance.	On seeing wounded Hare
When Vengeance draws the sword in wrath,	Woods that ever verdant wave, . S. Streams that glide
And in the fire throws the sheath; A Ded. to G. H., 10.	
Paint Vengeance as he takes his horrid stand	The palace rising on his verdant side; Wr. in Kenmore Inn
Waving on high the desolating brand, Add. sp. by Fontenelle.	Verdure. The verdure and pride of the garden and lawn.
And thro' my lugs gies mony a twang, Wi' gnawing vengeance; Add. to Toothache.	S. How pleasant the banks
	Veriest. Love's veriest wretch, unseen, unknown,
Grim Vengeance lang has taen a nap, S. Awa, whigs, awa.	S. Farewell, thou stream
And pours his vengeance in the burning line, Ep. fr. Esopus.	Love's veriest wretch, despairing, S. The last time I
Who on my fair one satire's vengeance hurls? Ib.	Vermin.
'Till deep it crashing whelms the cottage in the vale;	The courtly vermin's banned the tree, The Tree of Liberty
So vengeance * * * Frag. of Ode.	Vermined.
L—d in the day of vengeance try him,	And vermined gipsies litter'd heretofore Ep. fr. Esopus
Holy Willie's Prayer. 15.	Vernal.
Grim vengeance, yet, shall whet a sword	Again rejoicing Nature sees
That thro' thy soul shall gae: Lament of Mary of Scots.	Her robe assume its vernal hues,
In sullen vengeance, I, disdain'd, reply: . The Vowels.	S. Again rejoicing Nature
Spare me thy vengeance, G[alloway] To Lord G	And gentle the fall of the soft vernal shower,
Vengefui -fu'.	S. How pleasant the banks
Vengeful malice, unrepenting, . A Winter Night. 7.	The reliques of the vernal quire; . Lament for Glencairn
To glut that direst foe, -a vengeful woman: Scots Prologue.	Not vernal showers to budding flow'rs, S. Now westlin winds
That aft ha'e made us black and blae,	Her looks are like the vernal May,
Wi' vengefu' paws The Twa Herds. 12.	S. On Cessnock banks † Sett II
No vengeful spirit bid him fear; S. To thee lov'd Nith †	Here haply too, at vernal dawn,
Veni, vidi, vici.	Some musing hard may stray, The Petition of Br. Water
	Her air like nature's vernal smile; S. 'Twas even—the dewy
Comes, 'mid a string of coxcombs to display, That veni, vidi, vici, is his way; Ep. fr. Esopus.	Would take His hand, whose vernal tints
Venom.	His other works admire V.s below Picture.
Whose spleen e'en worse than Burns' venom when	Versailles.
He dips in gall unmixed his eager pen, . Ep. fr. Esopus.	There, at Vienna or Versailles,
Venom'd.	He rives his father's auld entails; The Twa Dogs. 23.
My curse upon your venom'd stang, . Add. to Toothache.	Verse. Who called her verse, a parish workhouse made
	For motley, foundling fancies, stolen or strayed?
Vent. 'To vent thy bosom's swelling rise, 'In pensive walk The Vision. D. II. 15.	Ep. fr. Esopus.
	And spin a verse or twa o' rhyme, Ep. to Davie.
Venture. I once was persuaded a venture to make; S. No Churchman am I†	'You wha ken hardly verse frae prose,
Venture, to. I winna ventur't in my rhymes A Vision.	Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 10.
And when I wad na venture in,	Whose verse in manhood's pride sublimely flows,
A coward loon she ca'd me; [re.] . S. Had I the wyte †	Yet vilest reptiles in their begging prose. Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
An' owre the threshold ventures; Halloween. 22.	Or they [tunefu' powers] rehearse, in equal verse, The charms o' lovely Davies
In troth I'm fear'd to venture, Sir. S. I'm o'er young to marry †	
	Now, by the Powers o' Verse and Prose !
He'd venture the gallows for siller, An'twere na the cost o' the rape. <i>The Election Ballads. III.</i>	On Grose's Peregrinations.
For drink I would venture my neck;	When wanting thee, what tuneless cranks Are my poor Verses! . Scotch Drink. 18.
The Jolly Beggars. S. III.	
O Love will venture in, where it dare na weel be seen;	An' scriechan out prosaic verse, An' like to brust! The Author's Cry and Prayer.
O love will venture in, where wisdom ance has been;	What verse can sing, what prose narrate,
S. The Posie.	The Election Ballads. VI.
Critics-appalled, I venture on the name, To R. G. of F., 4.	O' double verse come gie us four, The Ordination. 3.
Ventured, -'d.	On every tree appear my verses To Clarinda.
She ventured forward on the light; Tam o' Shanter. 11.	(I'm scant o' verse, and scant o' time,) To Dr. Blacklock.
He ventur'd the Soul, and I risked the Body,	
The Jolly Bergars, S. II.	Very.
What champions ventured, what champions fell;	So may ye hae auld stanes in store, The very stanes that Adam bore, Ken ye aught o' Capt. G.†
The Whistle.	And the very grey breeks o' Tam Glen! . S. Tam Glen.
Venus. Weel rigg'd for Venus barter; A Dream. 13.	
If Venus yet had got his nose off; . Kind Sir, I've read t	Vest. My coat and my vest, they are Scotch o' the best, Ronalds of Bennals.
Life-giving wars of Venus Lns, on Windows, Gl. Tav	
Vera [very]. thretteen pund an' twa, The vera warst.	
A Guid New-Year † 15.	Vet'ran.
a hearty blaud, This vera night; Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 4.	Like some bold Vet'ran, gray in arms,
The vera wee-things, toddlan, rin,	And mark'd with many a seamy scar: Add. to Edinburgh. 5.
He was sae sairly frighted That vera night 16. 16.	Health to the Maxwell's vet'ran Chief! To Terraughty.
In hopes to see Tam Kipples That vera night	Vex.
	That when nae real ills perplex them,
A vera gude tocher, a cotter-man's dochter, S. Her Daddie forbad †	They mak enow themsels to vex them; The Twa Dogs. 29.
Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither; . Tam o' Shanter. 5.	Vexation. How would your spirits groan in deep vexation, The Brigs of Ayr. 9.
And ev'n the vera deils they brawly ken them).	If thou hast known false love's vexation, . The Hermit.
The Brigs of Ayr. 4.	
The vera wrinkles Gothic in his face:	Vex'd.
FD1 1-1 1 11 1	And e'en a vex'd and angry heart had he! The Brigs of Ayr. 4.
Our vera "Sauls does harrow" Wi' fright <i>The Holy Fair</i> . 21.	Their zealous herds are vex'd an' sweatan; To W. Simpson. P.S
Out tota Sauts does harrow WI Inghi Ing How Fair, 21.	10 W. Simpson. I .S.

Vibrate. Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure,	They're sae accustom'd wi' the sight,
Thrill the deepest notes of woe, S. Sensibility, † Vice, the Vices.	The view o't gies them little fright. The Twa Dogs. 15. And seem'd, to my astonish'd view,
The vices also, must they club their curse? Ep. fr. Esopus. The Friend of Man, to vice alone a foe;	A well-known Land. The Vision. D. I. 12. Looks down wi' sneering, scornfu' view
Epit. for Author's Father.	On sic a dinner? To a Haggis. Keep His Goodness still in view, . Wr. in Hermitage, F.C.
How virtue and vice blend their black and their white! Frag., inser. to Fox.	Till fam'd Breadalbaine opens on my view. Wr. in Kenmore Inn.
I saw mankind with vice incrusted; The Hermit. "Whom vice, as usual, has turn'd o'er to ruin. Tragic Frag	View, to.
The smile or frown of aweful Heaven, To Virtue or to Vice is given. Wr. in Friars-Carse H	Guilt, erring Man, relenting view! A Winter Night. 9. With awe-struck thought, and pitying tears,
Vicegerent. Justice, the high vicegerent of her God, On Death of R. Dundas.	I view that noble, stately Dome, Add. to Edinburgh. 6. Our auld Guidman delights to view
Vicious.	His sheep an' kye thrive bonie, S. Behind yon hills † As wand'ring, meand'ring,
But vicious folk aye hate to see The works o' Virtue thrive, man; The Tree of Liberty.	He views the solemn sky Despondency, an Ode. 3. And view the charms of Nature; . S. Now westlin winds †
Victim. The victim and of Fortune's stuife A. D. J. A. C. 77 of	View the wither'd beldam's face Ode, to Mem. of Mrs
The victim sad of Fortune's strife, . A Ded. to G. H., 16. I've seen th' oppressor's cruel smile,	I view the solemn scene around, On Lincluden. Not ev'n to view the Heavenly choir,
Amid his hapless victim's spoil. Lins, on Back of Bank Note. Ye mustering thunders from above	Would be so blest a sight On Miss J. Lewars.
Your willing victim see! S. O mirk, mirk † Keen on the helpless victim see him fly,	View unsuspecting Innocence a prey, On Death of R. Dundas. Blest stream! she views thee haste to Clyde.
On Death of R. Dundas.	S. Slow spreads the gloom † The western breeze steals through the trees,
Victor. While Death stands victor by, S. From thee, Eliza,† Victorious.	To view this Fête Champetre The Fête Champetre. I walked forth to view the corn,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious! Tam o' Shanter. 6.	An' snuff the callor air The Holy Fair.
Th' envenomed wasp, victorious, guards his cell. To R. G. of F., 2.	And view, deep-bending in the pool, Their shadows' wat'ry bed: The Petition of Br. Water.
Victory, -ie. While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands,	I joyless view thy rays adorn, [re.] . The Lament. Nor even Sol too fiercely view
O, who would not die with the brave!	Thy bosom blushing still with dew! To Miss C.
S. Farewell, thou fair day † From great Dundee, who smiling victory led,	And with sincere tho' unavailing sighs, I view the helpless children of distress. Tragic Frag.
And fell a martyr in her arms, Frag. of Ode. But soon wi' sounding victorie	We cam' na here to view your warks, V.s, on Window, Carron. View'd. Dark-muffl'd, [Phœbe] view'd the dreary plain;
May Kenmure's Lord come hame. S. O Kenmure's on and awa t	A Winter Night. 6.
Welcome to your gory bed, Or to glorious victory S. Scots, wha ha'e †	'Twas Caledonia's trophied shield I view'd: On Death of Sir J. Blair.
Yet simple Bob the victory got, The Dean of Fac	An' meek an' mim has view'd it [the word], The Holy Fair. 16. I view'd the heavenly-seeming Fair; . The Vision. D. II.
Vie. Yon knot of gay flowers in the arbour, They ne'er wi' my Phillis can vie:	Viewing, -in. Sae, after viewing knives and garters.
S. Adown winding Nith† But for sense and guid taste she'll vie wi' the best	Epit. on Tam the Chapman. aghast The wheeling torrent viewing,
The flowers shall vie in all their charms	S. Farewell, thou stream † Woor by degrees, till her last roon
The Petition of Br. Water.	Gaed past their viewin, To W. Simpson. P.S. Viewless. And viewless Echo's ear, astonished, rends.
There, at Vienna or Versailles,	Wr. by Fall of Fyers.
He rives his father's auld entails; . The Twa Dogs. 23. View. Their views enlarg'd, Add. to Edinburgh. 3.	Vigils. With Woe I nightly vigils keep, . The Lament. Vigour. And drinks the stream with vigour fresh;
An' views beyond the grave comfort him. Auld comrade †	S. On Cessnock banks † Sett II. An' touch it aff wi' vigour, The Ordination. 4.
Dim-backward as I cast my view, What sick'ning scenes appear! . Despondency, an Ode.	Vile. Plac'd for her lordly use thus far, thus vile, below!
Who, equal to the bustling strife, No other view regard!	A Winter Night. 7. To watch and premier owre the pack vile! Add. of Beelzebub.
And a' your views may come to nought, Where ev'ry nerve is strained Ep. to Young Friend. 2.	wi' warldly trust, Vile self gets in; Holy Willie's Prayer. 6. Yet sune thou shalt be thrown aside,
Nell's heart was dancin at the view;	Like ony common weed and vite S. I do conjess !
This partial view of human-kind Is surely not the last! Man was made to Mourn.	That vile doup-skelper, Emperor Joseph, Kind Sir, Iveread † See, yonder poor, o'erlabour'd wight,
No help, nor hope, nor view had I, S. My father was a farmer t	So abject, mean and vile, . Man was made to Mourn. That vile, wanchancie thing—a raep! . Poor Mailie's El.
No view nor care, but shun whate'er	Three priests' hearts, rotten, black as muck.
Might breed me pain or sorrow, O;	Lay stinking, vile, in every neuk. [v.A.16] Tam o' Shanter. From Luxury's contagion, weak and vile!
You leave your view the farther, O:	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 20. An' may they never learn the gaets,
The piety of ancient days! On Lincluden.	Of ither vile, wanrestfu' Pets! The Death of Mailie. How could you raise so vile a bustle, The Twa Herds. 3.
Nae thought, nae view, nae scheme o' livin', Second Ep. to Davie.	That foolish, selfish, faithless ways,
E'er they would grate their feelings wi' the view The Brigs of Ayr. 6.	Lead to be wretched, vile, and base. Wr. in Friars-Carse H. Vilest.
Or gather'd lib'ral views in Bonds and Seisins Ib. 10. Anticipation forward points the view;	And I shall spurn as vilest dust, The warld's wealth and grandeur; S. Come, let me take thee t
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5.	Yet vilest reptiles in their begging prose. Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
There's a holier chace in your view; . The Kirk's Alarm. I'll pu' the budding rose, when Phœbus peeps in view,	The sweetest flower that deck'd the mead, Now trodden like the vilest weed, S. O Lassie, art thou t
S. The Posie.	Vi'let v. Violet,
J 5	

Village.	"Thro' future times to make his virtues last
The village bell has told the hour, . S. Here is the glen, †	On Death of Sir J. Blair.
A Nobleman liv'd in a village of late, The Poor Thresher.	His forbears' virtues all contrasted, On Duke of Queensberry. Virtue alone who dost revere, Poet. Inscription.
The village glittering in the noontide beam Wr. in Kenmore Inn.	What breast so dead to heav'nly Virtue's glow,
Villain, Villian.	Prologue, sp. by Woods.
I'll no say, men are villains a'; . Ep. to Young Friend. 3. "O! why has Worth so short a date?	Virtue's blossoms there shall blow, And fear no withering blast; Sad thy tale, †
"While villains ripen grey with time!	And soothe the Virtues weeping on this bier: [v.A.10]
Lament for Glencairn. To crush the villain in the dust: Lns, on Back of Bank Note.	Sonnet, on Death of R.
A Wretch! a Villain! lost to love and truth!	Are Honor, Virtue, Conscience, all exil'd? The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10.	And certes, in fair Virtue's heavenly road.
And names, like villian, hypocrite, Ilk ither gi'en, The Twa Herds. 9.	The Cottage leaves the Palace far behind: . Ib. 19.
By all the conscious villian fears below! . To Clarinda.	If the virtues were pack't in a parcel, His worth might be sample for a'. The Election Ballads. III.
Only to number out a villain's years! . To R. Graham.	Its virtues a' can tell, man; The Tree of Liberty.
"A harden'd, stubborn, unrepenting villain, Tragic Frag	Fair Virtue water'd it wi' care,
"As far surpassing other common villains, "As Thou in natural parts hadst given me more." 1b.	But vicious folk aye hate to see The works o' Virtue thrive, man;
Vines. While nightly breezes sweep the vines,	To ev'ry nobler virtue bred,
Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	And polish'd grace. The Vision. D. I. 15. While conscious virtue all the strain endears,
'Bout vines, an' wines, an' druken Bacchus, Scotch Drink. Vineyard. And wished that Parnassus a vineyard had been.	To Miss Graham.
The Whistle. 11.	Again I might desert fair Virtue's way; Why am I loth †
Vintage. The sparkling heavenly vintage, Love and Bliss! Innocence †	The smile or frown of awful Heaven, To Virtue or to Vice is given. Wr. in Friars-Carse H
Vintner. An' cheek-for-chow, a chuffie Vintner,	Virtuous.
The Author's Cry and Prayer.	Ye high, exalted, virtuous Dames, Add. to the Unco Guid. 6.
Violence. Mark ruffian Violence, distain'd with crimes; On Death of R. Dundas.	Powers celestial whose protection Ever guards the virtuous fair, S. Highl. Mary.
Violet, Vi'let.	Ye Powers that smile on virtuous love, . S. Somebody.
In vain to me the vi'lets spring; S. Again rejoicing Nature †	A virtuous Populace may rise the while,
In vain to me the vi'lets spring; S. Again rejoicing Nature † And violets bathe in the weet of the morn; S. My Nanie's Awa.	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 20.
O were my love yon vi'let sweet, That peeps frae 'neath the hawthorn spray;	Visage. The moon was sinking in the west Wi' visage pale and wan, S. My heart was ance t
C O migra area Toma	Their visage wither'd, lang an' thin,
The violet for modesty, which weel she fa's to wear, S. The Posie.	An' sour as ony slaes: The Holy Fair. 3. 'I saw grim nature's visage hoar
Violino.	'Struck thy young eye. The Vision.' D. II. 13.
Sir Violino with an air That show'd a man o' spunk, The Jolly Beggars. R. VII.	Vision.
That show'd a man o' spunk, The Jolly Beggars. R. VII. Virgin.	But as I gaze the vision fails, Like frost-work touched by southern gales; On Lincluden.
virgin Spring, by Eden's flood, Add. to Shade of Thomson.	So may be, on this Pisgah height,
Where first I own'd that virgin love	Bob's purblind, mental vision: The Dean of Fac Visit. Which, save the linnet's flight, I wot,
I lang, lang had denied S. O mirk, mirk † But Queensberry, thine the virgin claim	Nae ruder visit knows, S. Now Spring has clad †
From aught that's good exempt.	Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill taen;
On Duke of Queensberry. Love's first snow-drop, virgin kiss To a Kiss.	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 8. Visit, to. L—d visit them wha did employ him,
Never, never reptile thief	Holy Willie's Prayer. 15.
Riot on thy virgin leaf! To Miss C.	Vista. Or down Italian Vista startles, The Twa Dogs. 23.
Virginia. Tho' I should herd the buckskin kye	Vital. Thrill, vital, thro' and thro'; Nature's Law. While down the wretched vital part is driven!
For't, in Virginia! Ep. to J. R., 11.	Ode, to Mem. of Mrs
It was in sweet Senegal that my foes did me enthral, For the lands of Virginia-ginia, O:	Vittle, Vittel, [victual; grain]. Robin promis'd me
S. The Slave's Lament.	A' my winter vittle; S. Robin shure in hairst.
All on that charming coast is no bitter snow and frost, Like the lands of Virginia-ginia O; 1b.	An' a' the vittel in the yard, An' theekit right, Third Ep. to J. Lap.
The burden I must bear, while the cruel scourge I fear,	Vive. By some sweet elf I'll yet be dinted,
In the lands of Virginia-ginia O;	Then, vive l'amour! Ep. to Maj. Logan. 12.
Virginity. O wrang na my virginity! S. The lass that made the bed.	Learn'd vive la bagatelle, et vive l'amour; Sketch. Vocal. On trembling string, or vocal air, S. A Rosebud by my
Virl [ferrule, ferrel, a ring round the end of a	Oft in the vocal bowers recline? S. Slow spreads the gloom
staff, tool-handle, column, &c.].	Again ye'll charm the vocal air. S. The Catrine woods †
Wi' virls an' whirlygigums at the head. The Brigs of Ayr.	Vocation.
Virtue, the Virtues. And virtue's light that beams beyond the spheres;	To follow the noble vocation; S. The Sons of old Killie.
El. on Miss Burnet.	Vogie [vain, proud, highly pleased]. And vow but I was vogie! S. What will I do gin t
Thou know'st, the virtues cannot hate thee worse, Ep. fr. Esopus.	Voice.
'For ev'n his failings lean'd to Virtue's side.'	And list'ning to their witching voice
Epit. for Author's Father.	Has often led me wrong. A Prayer in Prosp. of Death. Her voice is the song of the morning S. Adown winding Nith †
Few hearts like his, with virtue warm'd, Epit. on a Friend. How virtue and vice blend their black and their white!	
Frag., inscr. to Fox.	Beyond what Fancy e'er refin'd The voice of Nature prizing. S. Could aught of song †
No two virtues, whatever relation they claim, Possessing the one shall imply you've the other Ib.	The music of thy voice I heard, Nor wist while it enslav'd me; S. Farewell, thou stream †
e IV.	
Loves, graces and virtues, I call not on you;	A boding voice is in mine ear, . S. From thee, Eliza, †

"Awake thy last sad voice, my harp!	How aften didst thou pledge and vow, . S. O mirk, mirk †
"The voice of woe and wild despair! Lament for Glencairn.	Ay vow and protest that ye carena for me, . S. O whistle,
Her voice is like the evining thrush S. On Cessnock banks †	I vow it's unco pretty: The Ordination. 11.
The voice of nature loudly cries, And many a message from the skies,	I swear and vow that only thou Shall ever be my dearie: S. Wilt thou be my t
That something in us never dies: . Sketch. New-Yr's Day.	Shall ever be my dearie: S. Wilt thou be my † An' ay he vows he'll be my ain
My voice, a lioness that mourns Her darling cub's undoing! The Election Ballads. VI.	As lang's he has a breath to draw S. Young Jockey t
Each night and morn with voice imploring,	Vowed, -'d. And vow'd for my love he was dying;
This wish I sigh: The Hermit.	S. Last May a braw wooer† And vow'd I was his dear lassie, [re.]
But bark I the tent has chang'd it's voice; The Holy Fair. 14.	And vow'd I was his dear lassie, [re.]
For why,—methinks I hear her voice Tearing the clouds asunder. S. The Joyful Widower.	Forgiving all and good S. On a bank of flowers †
Weel kend his voice thro' a' the wood, The Twa Herds. 6.	And vowed that to leave them he was quite forlorn,
His voice was heard thro' muir and dale, 16. 7.	Often hast thou vow'd that death The Whistle. 13.
With trembling voice I tune my strain To Rev. J. M'Math.	Only should us sever: S. Thou hast left me t
And the sweet voice of pity ne'er sounds in my ear.	Vowel.
S. Wae is my heart † Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, sweet lass, S. When wild War's †	And call the trembling vowels to account The Vowels.
Void.	And knock'd the groaning vowel to the ground! Ib. Vulcan.
Her native grace so void of art; . S. My Mary face †	When Vulcan gies his bellys breath, . Scotch Drink. 10.
That breast, how dreary now, and void, . The Lament.	To Vulcan then Apollo goes,
Volly.	To get a frosty calker To J. Taylor.
Three vollies let his mem'ry crave Tam Samson's El., 13.	Obliging Vulcan fell to work,
Poet Willie, Poet Willie, gi' the Doctor a volly,	Ye Vulcan's sons of Wanlockhead,
Volume. Perhaps the Christian Volume is the theme.	Wa', Waw [wall]. He hung it to the wa', A Fragment. 4. An' bore him to the wa', man
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 15.	Be-north the Roman wa', man:
Thine be the volumes, Jessy fair, To a young Lady.	Was rushing by the ruin'd wa's,
Volunteers.	The state of the s
There's wooden walls upon our seas, And Volunteers on shore, Sir S. Does haughty Gaul †	By yon castle wa' at the close of the day, S. By yon castle wa' †
	A ratton rottl'd up the we'
Now stand as tightly by your tack:	A ratton rattl'd up the wa',
Ine Author's Cry and Prayer. O.	O Lady Mary Ann looks o'er the castle wa',
The deil ane but honours them highly, The deil ane will give them his vote.	S. Lady Mary Ann.
The Election Ballads. III.	That grows upon the castle wa'! S. O were my love t
For worth and honour pawn their word, Their vote shall be Glencaird's, man? The Fête Champetre.	Then echo thro' Saint Stephen's wa's Auld Scotland's wrangs.
Vote, to. That she wad vote the border knight,	The Author's Cry and Prayer. 12.
Though she should vote her lane.	His back's been at the wa'; The Election Ballads. I.
The Election Ballads. I. Votive. To thee this votive offring I impart,	I laid her 'tween me and the wa', S. The lass that made the bed.
Lns sent Sir J. Whiteford.	Whene'er my father thinks on me,
Vow! [an exclamation of surprise or delight].	He stares into the wa'; . The Ruined Maid's Lament.
And, vow! Tam saw an unco sight! Tam o' Shanter. 11.	And jee I the door gaed to the wa'; . The Vision. D. I. 7.
And vow but I was vogie! . S. What will I do gint	A reckit wee deevil looks ower the wa', S. There liv'd ance a carle †
Vow. And on thy lips I seal my vow, . S. An' I'll kiss thee yet †	High-shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield,
While many a kiss the seal imprest,	To a Mountain-Daisy.
The sacred vow, we ne'er should sever. S. By Allan stream †	It's silly wa's the win's are strewin! To a Mouse.
All thy fond-plighted vows, fleeting as air! S. Had I a care t	But the houlet cry'd frae the Castle wa', S. What will I do gint
And let us all our vows renew, S. Here is the glen,	So sung the Bard—and Nansie's waws
She'll aiblins listen to my vow: S. I gaed a waefu'† But purer was the lover's vow S. O bonie was you rosy t	Shook with a thunder of applause The Jolly Beggars. R. VIII.
But purer was the lover's vow S. O bonie was you rosy t Sweet early object of my youthful vows, Once fondly lov'd t	Wab [a web].
And hear my vows o' truth and love, . S. Sae flaxen †	To warp a plaiden wab; S. My heart was ance † To warp a wab o' plaiden; . S. Robin shure in hairst.
She's broken her vow, she's broken my heart,	Wabster [a weaver].
S. She's fair and fause †	And can, like ony wabster's shuttle,
A vow, they seal'd it with a kiss Sir Politics to fetter, The Fête Champetre.	Jink there or here; Adam A-'s Prayer.
A faithless woman's broken vow	What wives an' wabsters see an' feel; . Auld comrade †
And come to stop those reckless yows.	An' no forgetting wabster Charlie,
Would soon been broken. The Vision. D. I. 9.	An honest Wabster to his trade, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 26. Came shaking hands wi' wabster-loons,
My vows and tears her scorn excite To Clarinda.	The Election Ballads. VI.
And sae may the Heavens forget me, When I forget my vow!	An' there, a batch o' Wabster lads,
Ye shades that echo'd to his vows, S. To thee, lov'd Nith t	Blackguarding frac K[ilmarno]ck . The Holy Fair. 9.
Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace,	K[ilmarnock] Wabsters, fidge an' claw, . The Ordination. Willie was a wabster gude, S. Willie Wastle †
Vow, to. S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams t	Wad [to wager].
I swear and vow by moon and stars,	'Niest time we meet, I'll wad a groat,
And sun that shines so early, . S. Come boat me o'er.	'He gets his fairin! Death and Dr. Hornbook. 30.
Quoth I, 'Before I sleep a wink,	Or faith ! I'll wad my new pleugh-pettle, Ye'll see't or lang, The Author's Cry and Prayer. 15.
'I vow I'll close it; Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 6. An' by my hen, an' by her tail,	I'll wad a boddle, The Brigs of Ayr. 5.
I vow an' swear! Ep. to J. R., 10.	Wad [wed].
I vow and swear, I dinna care,	And or I wad anither jad,
How lang ye look about ye. S. Here's to thy health,	I'll wallop in a tow S. The weary Pund.

Vad [would].	What heart o' stane wad thou na move,
What wad ye wish for mair, man? A Bottle and Friend.	On Birth of Posth. Child.
Wad gar you trow ye ne'er do wrang, A Dream. 2.	And ane wad rather fa'n than fled; On Grose's Peregrinations. Wad haud the Lothians three in tackets,
Wad been a dress compleater:	But wad ye see him in his glee,
How thou wad prance, an' snore, an' scriegh, A Guid New-Year † 8.	I'd take the rascal by the nose,
But thy auld tail thou wad hae whisket, Ib. 12.	Wad say, Shame fa' thee Ib.
Till sprittie knowes wad rair't an' risket,	The Laird o' Blackbyre wad gang through the fire, If that wad entice her awa', man. Ronalds of Bennals.
The steyest brae thou wad hae fac't it; Ib. 14.	The fault wad be mine, if they didna shine, 16.
I thought We wad be beat!	Wad shew the Tragic Muse in a' her glory. Scots Prologue.
I doubt na they wad bide nae better . Add. of Beelzebub. An' if thou be what I wad ha'e thee, Add. to Illegit. Child.	Wad muve the very hearts o' stanes! . Searching auld t
ye wad whip Aff straught to H-ll. Add. to the Deil. 14.	Which even to name wad be unlawfu'. Tam o' Shanter. 11.
Wad ding a' Lallan tongue, or Erse, Ib. 19.	I wad hae gi'en them off my hurdies, Ib. 13.
O wad ye tak a thought an' men'! Ib. 21.	Rigwoodie hags wad spean a foal,
Wha wad mind the wind and rain, S. As I came o'er†	Wad ever grac'd a dance of witches!
I wad wear thee in my bosom, S. Bonie wee thing t	There's some sark-necks I wad draw tight,
My heart wad burst wi' anguish. S. Craigie-burn Wood.	The Author's Cry and Prayer. 10.
I wad be kittle To be mislear'd, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 10.	If he some scheme, like tea an' winnocks, Wad kindly seek
Fient haet o't wad hae pierc'd the heart Of a kail-runt	Now wad ye sing this double flight,
And wha wad dare to spoil it? . S. Does haughty Gault	S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
Wad made a bodie's mouth to water; . S. Donald Brodie †	Oh wha wad leave this humble state S. The Contented Cottager.
His haly lips wad licket at her	That errand fain wad gae; The Election Ballads. I.
For wi' the rock she wad him knock, S. Duncan Davison. at Friendship's sacred ca' Wad life itself resign,	And he wad gae to London town,
El. on Capt. M. H., Epit.	And meikle he wad say,
We freely wad exchang'd the wife,	And he wad gang to London town, 1b.
Epig. on Henpecked Squire.	But he wad hecht an honest heart, Wad ne'er desert his friend
Twa lines frae you wad gar me fissle, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 22.	And some wad please themsel
Ne'er thinkan they wad fash me for't; Ep. to J. R., 8.	And she wad send the sodger lad, [re.]
they wha wad hae starv'd thy life	That she wad vote the border knight, Ib.
Extem. on Comments of Thomson.	They wad be blest that saw that
I modestly fu' fain wad hint it, . Friend of the Poet † But your green graff, now, Lucky Laing,	In the front rank he wad shine;
Wad airt me to my treasure S. Gat ye me †	O'er a' wad Scotland buy or sell,
What wife but wad excus'd her? S. Had I the wyte†	Wad melt the hardest whun-stane! . The Holy Fair. 22. He, kneeling, wad ador'd me. The Petition of Br. Water.
As they wad never mair part, Halloween. 8.	But wad hae spent an hour caressan, . The Twa Dogs. 3.
Meg fain wad to the Barn gaen,	But he wad stan't, as glad to see him,
Here's freedom to him that wad read, Here's freedom to him that wad write!	As I wad by a stinkan brock
There's nane ever fear'd that the truth should be heard, But they wham the truth wad indite.	
S. Here's a health to them t	O, Sirs! whae'er wad ha'e expekit, Your duty ye wad sae neglekit, The Twa Herds. 4.
And wha wad betray Old Albion's rights, May they never eat of her bread!	We thought ay death wad bring relief, Ib. 13.
May they never eat of her bread!	And I sigh as my heart it wad burst in my breast.
For the dusty miller S. Hey, the dusty miller	S. There's auld Rob† I then might hae hop'd she wad smil'd upon me! Ib.
Or else, thou kens, thy servant true	Or olio that wad staw a sow,
Wad ne'er hae steer'd her Holy Willie's Prayer. 8. I wad been o'er the lugs in luve; S. I do confess t	Or fricassee wad mak her spew To a Haggis.
His haly lips wad licket at her S. I met a lass †	Wad dress your droddum! To a Louse.
If thou wad be my love,	O wad some Pow'r the giftie gie us
Jamie, come try me S. Jamie, come try me †	It wad frae monie a blunder free us, 16. I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,
That ne'er wad blink on mine! Lament of Mary of Scots. I wad sit and sing to you,	your wee bit jauntie, Wad bring ye to: To Dr. Blacklock.
If ye [cog] were ay fou S. Landlady, count †	An' wad hae done't aff han': To Gav. Hamilton.
But what wad ye think? . S. Last May a braw wooer t	Nine Ferriers wad done better! To Miss Ferrier.
He begged for gude-sake I wad be his wife,	L—d man there's lasses there wad force A hermit's fancy, To Mr. J. Kennedy.
Or else I wad kill him with sorrow:	Tho' I maun say't, I wad be silly, To W. Simpson.
Wad seize you quick Letter to J. Goudie.	My senses wad he in a creel,
An' twa red peats wad send relief,	The tythe o' what ye waste at cartes Wad stow'd his pantry!
I wad in vain essay the strain, S. Lovely Davies.	Wad stow'd his pantry!) 16. Till chiels gat up and wad confute it, 16. P.S.
It's not the roar o' sea or shore, Wad make me langer wish to tarry; . S. My bonie Mary.	Wad on thy worth be pressin'; Verses under Grief.
I wad turn my back on you and it a', S. My Collier Laddie.	Feathers of a flee wad feather up his bonnet,
But wha wad keep the handless coof,	S. Wee Willie Gray t And fain wad be thy lodger: S. When wild War's t
S. O can ye labour lea† I wad bestow my widowhood	And fain wad be thy lodger; S. When wild Wars t A clapper tongue wad deave a miller; S. Willie Wastle t
Upon a rantin Highlandman. S. O gin ye were dead t	
My tocher's the bargain ye wad buy:	Wharefore wad ye lie y'er lane! S. Will ye go and marry t If ye wad a man should get ye,
S. O meikle thinks my love †	Wharefore wad ye lie y'er lane! S. Will ye go and marry † If ye wad a man should get ye, Then I can that want supply:
S. O meikle thinks my love t Or aught that wad belang thee! S. O saw ye bonie L.	Wharefore wad ye lie y'er lane! S. Will ye go and marry † If ye wad a man should get ye, Then I can that want supply:
S. O meikle thinks my love †	Wharefore wad ye lie y'er lane! S. Will ye go and marry † If ye wad a man should get ye, Then I can that want supply:

Waddle. Nae mair the Council waddles down the street,	Wae's me, Wae's my heart [woe's me, woe's my heart].
In all the pomp of ignorant conceit; The Brigs of Ayr. 10.	'Waes me for Johnny Ged's-Hole now,
Waddl'd. But the pursy old landlord just waddl'd up stairs, S. No Churchman am I †	Death and Dr. Hornbook. 23. Waes me! she's [Superstition's] in a sad condition,
Wadna [would not]. I ken'd my Maggie wad na sleep	But, waes my heart! he could na mend it!
For that, or Simmer. A Guid New-Year † 13.	The Death of Mailie. Waesucks [lit. wae's us; alas!].
I wad na mind it, no that spittle Death and Dr. Hornbook. 10.	Waesucks! for him that gets nae lass,
Wi' cits nor lairds I wadna shift, In a' their pride! Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 13.	Or lasses that hae naething! The Holy Fair. 25. Wae worth [woe befall].
Wha wadna be happy Wi' Eppie Adair? S. Eppie Adair.	Wae worth thy power, thou cursed leaf,
And when I wad na venture in, A coward loon she ca'd me; . S. Had I the wyte †	Lns, on Back of Bank Note. Wae worth that man wha first did shape,
And wad na Manhood been to blame, Ib.	That vile, wanchancie thing—a raep! . Poor Mailie's El
Wha 'twas, she wadna tell;	Wae worth them for't! [v.A.25]
Wad taste sae bitterlie S. Her Daddie forbad †	Wae worth that Brandy, burnan trash! Ib. 15. Wae worth the loon wha wadna eat
Ae blink o' him I wadna gie For Buskie-glen and a' his gear. S. In simmer when †	Sic halesome dainty cheer, man; The Tree of Liberty.
An ye had been whare I hae been, Ye wad na been sae cantie O; . S. Killiecrankie.	Waff [to waft]. And [devils] waff them in the infernal wherry
Ye wad na found in Christendie S. O Willie brew'd †	Straught through the lake, Adam A-'s Prayer.
Yet coin his pouches wad na bide in; On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.	Wa'-flower [the wall-flower]. Where the wa'-flower scents the dewy air, A Vision.
He wad na wrang'd the vera Diel,	Waft. Or maybe, in a frolic daft, To Hague or Calais takes a waft, The Twa Dogs. 22.
Yet I wadna choose to let her refuse, Ronalds of Bennals. I've seen the day, and sae hae ye,	Wast [the west or woos in a web].
Ye wad na been sae donsie, O S. The deuks dang o'er. He wadna hecht them courtly gifts, The Election Ballads, I.	Syne weave, unseen, thy spider snare O' hell's damned waft Poem on Life.
Wae worth the loon wha wadna eat	Waft, to.
Sic halesome dainty cheer, man; The Tree of Liberty. I wadna been surprized to spy	Make the gales you waft around her Soft and peaceful as her breast, . S. Highl. Mary.
I wadna been surprized to spy You on an auld wife's flainen toy; To a Louse.	All-hail then, the gale then, Wasts me from thee, dear shore! The Farewell.
I wad na gie a button for her S. Willie Wastle† Wadset [a mortgage].	And wast my dear Laddie ance mair to my arms. S. Wandering Willie.
Here's a little wadset Buittles scrap o' truth, . The Election Ballads. IV.	Waft, to Ito send the shuttle with the weft through
Wae [woful, sorrowful].	the warp; to "'waft an' warp," to weave]. Ne'er mind how Fortune waft an' warp;
I'm wae to think upo' yon den, Ev'n for your sake Add. to the Deil, 21.	Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 8.
Till we were wae and wearie: . S. Amang the trees †	"The little swallow's wanton wing,
Wha in his wae days were loyal to Charlie? S. Bannocks o' bear meal †	"The wafting o'er the flowery spring, S. O Phely, † Wag.
Ye're wae men, ye're nae men, That slight the lovely dears: The Ans. to the Guidwife.	But may the tapmast grain that wags Come to the sack Third Ep. to J. Lap
My heart is wae, and unco wae, S. The bonie Lass of Alb. An' mony a time my heart's been wae, The Twa Dogs. 13.	Wage.
Till piper lads were wae and weary,	Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee. S. One fond kiss, † No longer the warfare, ungodly, would wage; The Whistle. 15.
S. Th. Menzies' bonie Mary. Wae is my heart, and the tear's in my e'e;	Or, Moses bade eternal warfare wage, With Amalek's ungracious progeny;
How slow ye move, ye heavy hours,	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 14.
As ye were wae and weary! When I think on † Wae [woe].	Honour's war we strongly waged, S. Thickest night †
Wae gae by you, Duncan Gray, S. Duncan Gray.	Wages. Your labour is hard and your wages are low, S. The Poor Thresher.
Wae on the bad girdin o't,	At night I do bring my full wages away:
O wae gae by his wanton sides, S. Here's his health in water.	For hireling traitors' wages S. The Union. Wag-wit.
He [love] oft has wrought me meikle wae: S. O lay thy loof †	In Ayr, Wag-wits nae mair can have a handle To mouth 'A Citizen,' a term o' scandal: The Brigs of Ayr. 10.
O wae upon you, men o' state, That brethren rouse in deadly hate! S. O Logan! sweetly †	Waifs [stray sheep].
Now wae to thee, thou cruel lord, S. The lovely lass †	Or wha will tent the waifs and crocks, About the dykes The Twa Herds.
M'[Gi]ll has wrought us meikle wae, The Twa Herds. 12. Waest [most woful].	Wall. Attentive still to Sorrow's wail, Add. to Edinburgh. 3.
That year I was the waest man	Come [ye maukins] join my wail El. on Capt. M. H., 6. And much-wrong'd Mis'ry pours th' unpitied wail!
O' ony man alive. The Election Ballads. V. Waefu' [woful, sorrowful].	On Death of R. Dundas. Will generous G[raham] list to his Poet's wail? To R. G. of F
And now thou kens our waefu' case, Adam A—'s Prayer.	Wail, to. Wail [houlets] thro' the dreary midnight hour
I gaed a waefu' gate yestreen, S. I gaed a waefu' † A waefu' wanderer seeks thy tower, . S. O mirk, mirk †	To gnash my gums, to weep and wail,
Waefu' Want and Hunger fley me, S. O that I had ne'er †	In burnin' lake, . Holy Willie's Prayer. 4. Ye foam-crested billows, allow me to wail,
But O! I was a waefu' man Ere toofa' o' the night The Election Ballads. V.	Lament, on leaving Nat. Land. Since dark in Death's fish-creel we wail
But weary fa' the waefu' woodie! The Jolly Beggars. R. IV.	Tam Samson dead! Tam Samson's El
Their waefu' fate what need I tell, The Highl. Widow's Lament.	On lofty aiks the cushats wail, S. The Contented Cottager. What Whig but wails the good Sir James
A waefu' day it was to me; S. The lovely lass of I.†	The Election Ballads, VI,

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To wail her braw John Highlandman.	Wakeful. wakeful caution still aware Of ill To Chloris,
The Jolly Beggars. R. IV.	Waken. Soon my weary eyes I'll close, never more to waken.
Wall'd. He weeping wail'd his latter times; . A Vision. Wailfu'.	S. Thou hast left me † Waken'd. The waken'd lav'rock warbling springs
While thro' the braes the cushat croods	S. Now Spring has cladt
Wailing. With wailfu' cry! To W. Simpson. 12.	Waking, -in. Ay waking, O! Waking ay and wearie, S. Ay waking, O†
Come join, ye [hills, cliffs] Nature's sturdiest bairns,	Or art thou wakin, I would wit, . S. O Lassie, art thou t
My wailing numbers. El. on Capt. M. H., 3.	Wak'st. Sleep'st thou, or wak'st thou, fairest creature? S. Sleep'st thou, †
Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 14.	Wale [choice; "pick and wale," the choicest].
The wailing minstrel of despairing woe; . The Vowels.	The ace an' wale of honest men; Auld Comrade †
Wailing, s. And mix'd her wailings with the raving storm. On Death of Sir J. Blair.	The wale o' cocks for fun an' drinkin! Ep. to J. R.
And Melville melt in wailing. The Election Ballads. VI.	But by my gun, o' guns the wale,
Wair, Ware [to spend; bestow; "wair't," spend it].	O' lasses that live here awa, man, Ronalds of Bennals.
And ken na how to wair't: Ep. to Davie. 2.	In souple scones, the wale o' food! . Scotch Drink. 4.
Had at the time some dainty fair one, To ware his theologic care on, To Dr. Blacklock.	Fine [head] for a sodger A' the wale o' lead The Election Ballads. IV.
Waired, War'd [spent, bestowed].	Foreby a Cowt, o' Cowts the wale, The Inventory.
Thro' a' thy childish years I'll e'e thee, An' think't weel war'd. Add. to Illegit. Child.	An' runts o' grace the pick an' wale, . The Ordination. 6.
And faith ye'll no be lost a whit,	He's the King of gude fellows, and wale of auld men; S. There's auld Rob M. †
Tho' waired on Willie Chalmers On W. Chalmers.	Say then, Katie, say ye'll take me,
Walst. Sae jimply lac'd her genty waist S. A. Mastrin's bonie Anne.	As the very wale o' men, . S. Will ye go and marry t Wale, to [to choose].
I'll grasp thy waist, and fondly prest,	They steek their een, an' grape an' wale, . Halloween.
Swear how I love thee dearly: . S. Now westlin winds † Thy waist sae jimp, thy limbs sae clean,	Then wait a wee, and cannie wale S. In simmer when t
S. O were I on Parnass. †	He wales a portion with judicious care; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 12.
O I hae tint my rosy cheeks, Likewise my waist sae sma'; The Ruined Maid's Lament.	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 12. To lowse his pack an' wale a sang, The Jolly Beggars. R. VIII. Waled'd [chosen: "hand-waled" hand-nicked.
He roos'd my waist sae genty sma'; . S. Young Jockey †	Waled -'d Jahasan : "hand-waled " hand-nicked
Walt. Evils lurk in felon wait: . Wr. in Friars-Carse H	Waled, -'d [chosen; "hand-waled," hand-picked, choicest].
Walt, to. In a' their charms, and conquering arms,	My hand-waled curse keep hard in chase The harpy, hoodock, purse-proud race, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 7.
They wait on bonie Anne S. A. Mastrtn's bonie Anne.	He's wal'd us out a true ane, And sound The Ordination. 8.
But by thy honest turf I'll wait, Thou man of worth! El. on Capt. M. H., 16.	Wales. young Potentate o' W-, A Dream. 10.
Unless he come to wait upon	If that daft buckie, Geordie W-s, Was threshin still at hizzies tails, . Kind Sir, I've read †
The Lord their God, his Grace. Epig. on being neglected at In. Inn.	Walie, Waly, Wawlie [large, ample; strapping;
To catch Dame Fortune's golden smile,	also an interlection expressive of distress.
Assiduous wait upon her; Ep. to Young Friend. 7.	"Waly fa," ill befall, also good fortune befall. Clap in his walie nieve a blade, To a Haggis.
Who make poor will do wait upon I should Ep. to R. Graham: 5.	Her walie nieves, like midden-creels, . S. Willie Wastle.
She did na wait on talkin To spier that night. Halloween. 12.	This waly boy will be nae coof, . S. There was a ladt
Then wait a wee, and cannie wale	There was ae winsome wench and wawlie, Tam o' Shanter. 15.
A routhie butt, a routhie ben: S. In simmer when t	And waly fa' the ley-crap For I maun till'd again S. There's news, lasses †
And ane to wait on every hand, . S. My Collier Laddie. She [the moon] shines sae bright, to wyle us hame,	Walk. A Rose-bud by my early walk, S. A Rose-bud by t
But by my sooth she'll wait a wee! S. O Willie brew'd †	Thy daughters bright thy walks adorn, Add. to Edinburgh. 4.
Oft as by winding Nith, I, musing, wait The sober eve, or hail the chearful dawn,	Down in a shady walk, Doves cooing were; S. Phillis the Fair.
On seeing wounded Hare.	'To vent thy bosom's swelling rise,
Nae weel tochered aunts, to wait on their drants, Ronalds of Bennals.	In pensive walk The Vision. D. II. 15. Walk, to. While caps an' bonnets aff are taen,
Yourself, you wait your bright reward.	As by he walks? Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 12.
Shetch. New Yr's Day. Some wait the afternoon The Holy Fair. 26.	We'll gently walk and sweetly talk, S. Now westlin winds to Who walks not in the wicked's way, The 1st Psalm.
Waiting.	Who walks not in the wicked's way, . The 1st Psalm. But with humility and awe
And horse and servants waiting ready, S. Montgom.'s Peggy.	Still walks before his God
Wake.	And kindly she did me invite, To walk into a chamber fair. S. The Lass that made the bed.
Her voice is the song of the morning That wakes through the green-spreading grove,	Or walk by my side, O sweet Tibbie Dunbar?
S. Adown winding Nith	S. Tibbie Dunbar. Walked. I walked forth to view the corn,
O! when I wake I'm eerie S. Ay waking, O† 'Till grief my eyes should close,	An' snuff the callor air The Holy Fair.
Ne'er to wake more S. Had I a cave †	Walker. Poor slip-shod giddy Pegasus Was but a sorry walker; To J. Taylor.
Now laverocks wake the merry morn, Lament of Mary of Scots.	Walking.
And wake the soul to musings high On Lincluden.	As I was walking up the street, . S. O Mally's meek.
'Tis then-'tis then, I wake to life and joy! S. Sleep'st thou, †	Walking-switch.
I could wake a winter night, For the sake of Somebody S. Somebody.	That, like th' old Hebrew walking-switch, eats up its neighbours: Fragment, inscr. to Fox.
Or wake the bosom-melting throe, The Vision. D. II. 19.	Wall.
Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes, To Mary in Heaven.	thro' the ragged roof and chinky wall, . A Winter Night. 9.
Why, why wouldst thou, cruel, Wake thy lover from his dream? S. Why, why tell thy t	The pond'rous wall and massy bar, Add. to Edinburgh. 5. There's wooden walls upon our seas, S. Does haughty Gaul, †
Here Poesy might wake her heaven taught lyre,	Ye holy walls, that, still sublime,
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.	Resist the crumbling touch of time; . On Lincluden.

That sunny walls from Boreas screen, S. On Cessnock banks t	Wanchancie [unchancy, unlucky].
Else why within so thick a wall	That vile, wanchancie thing—a raep! . Poor Mailie's El
Enclose so poor a treasure? On Com. Goldie's Brains.	Wand.
And stand a wall of fire around their much-lov'd Isle. The Cotter's Sat. Night. 20.	Peace, thy olive wand extend, S. How can my poor heart †
Wallace.	Peel a willie wand, to be him boots and jacket; S. Wee Willie Gray
And hunted as was William Wallace, Adam A-'s Prayer.	Wander, to.
Beneath that hallowed turf where Wallace lies!	Adown winding Nith I did wander, S. Adown winding Nith †
Hear it not, Wallace, in thy bed of death! Liberty.	There [on thy hills] daily I wander as noon rises high,
How glorious Wallace stood, how hapless fell? Scots Prologue.	S. Afton Water. 3.
Scots, wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled; . S. Scots, wha ha'e t	"To wander in my broken shade, As on the banks †
O Thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide, That stream'd thro' great, unhappy Wallace' heart;	Ye wander thro' the blooming heather; S. Braw lads on Yar. braes †
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 21.	What the' like Commoners of air,
Wi' Bruce and loyal Wallace! S. The Union.	We wander out, we know not where, . Ep. to Davie. 4.
Where glorious Wallace	Far, far from thee, I wander here; S. Forlorn, my Love, †
Aft bure the gree, as story tells, Frae Suthron billies. To W. Simpson.	Syne I began to wander: S. Gat ye me, †
At Wallace' name, what Scottish blood,	May tyrants and tyranny tine in the mist, And wander their way to the devil!
But boils up in a spring-tide flood!	S. Here's a health to them †
Oft have our fearless fathers strode By Wallace' side, . Ib.	While in distant climes I wander, . S. Highl, Mary.
Wallace Tow'r.	Let me wander, let me rove,
And Wallace Tow'r had sworn the fact was true;	Still my heart is with my love; S. How can my poor heart †
Wallet.	She'll wander by the aiken tree, S. I'll ay ca' in †
But now he's quat the spurtle-blade,	"I wander in the ways of men, "Alike unknowing and unknown: Lament for Glencairn.
And dog-skin wallet,	No more by the banks of the streamlet we'll wander,
On Grose's Peregrinations.	Lament, on leaving Nat. Land.
I'm as happy with my wallet my bottle and my Callet, The Jolly Beggars, S. I.	To wander forth, with me, to mourn Man was made to Mourn.
Here's to budgets, bags and wallets! Ib. S. VIII.	Thus all obscure, unknown, and poor,
Wee Willie Gray, an' his leather wallet; [re.]	Thro' life I'm doom'd to wander, O, S. My father was a farmer †
S. Wee Willie Gray t	When a' the lave gae to their bed
Wallop [a quick, agitated movement].	I wander dowie up the glen; S. My Harry was a gallant †
Think, when your castigated pulse	Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
Gies now and then a wallop, . Add. to Unco Guid. 4.	The hills of the Highlands for ever I love. S. My heart's in the Highlands †
Wallop, to [to move in a quick, agitated way; "wallop in a tow or tether," be hanged].	And now come in my happy hours,
And or I wad anither jad,	To wander wi' my Davie S. Now rosy May †
I'll wallop in a tow S. The weary Pund.	Some solitary wander: S. Now westlin winds †
May Envy wallop in a tether,	She wanders by you spreading tree; S. O wat ye wha's in t
Wallow. Black fiend, infernal! . To W. Simpson. 17.	One night as I did wander, One night as I †
To wanton in carnage and wallow in gore: . S. Caledonia.	Tho' I were doom'd to wander on, Beyond the sea, beyond the sun, S. O were I on Parnass. †
What care I in riches to wallow, S. Tam Glen.	Or if he wanders up the howe, Poor Mailie's El
In gasping death to wallow The Petition of Br. Water.	And Sportsmen wander by you grave, Tam Samson's El., 13.
A high ruling elder to wallow in wine! . The Whistle. 15.	An' let them wander at their will: The Death of Mailie.
Then like a swine to puke an' wallow, To Mr. J. Kennedy.	While here I wander, prest with care, S. The gloomy night t
Walth [wealth]. You've gi'en us walth for horn and knife,	Delighted doubly then, my Lord,
Waly v. Walle.	
Wame [the belly].	With the ready trick and fable Round we wander all the day; The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII.
For fient a wame it had ava, . Death and Dr. Hornbook. 7.	And wanders here to wail and weep! The Lament.
'Some ill-brewn drink had hov'd her wame, . 1b. 28.	Life's weary vale I'll wander thro';
Or purse-proud, big wi' cent per cent,	Apart let me wander, apart let me muse, S. The lazy mist †
An' muckle wame, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 11.	While his love's like the moon that wanders up and down,
But twa-three draps about the wame . Ep. to J. R., 12.	S. The Winter it is past †
Or hauding Sarah by the wame? S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. G. †	Far wanders nations over. S. The yng Highl. Rover.
Food fills the wame, an' keeps us livin; Scotch Drink. 5.	A-listening the linnet, oft wanders my Jean. S. Their groves of †
I gi'e their wames a random pouse, . What ails ye now t	He wanders as free as the winds of his mountains, . Ib.
Wamefou [a bellyful].	That he from our lasses should wander awa;
This may do—maun do, Sir, wi' them wha Maun please the Great-folk for a wamefou;	S. There's a youth t
A Ded. to G. H., 2.	I wander my lane, like a night-troubled ghaist,
Wan. When he grew wan and pale; . John Barleycorn.	S. There's auld Rob M. †
The moon was sinking in the west	I'll wander on with tentless heed, To J. S., 10.
Wi' visage pale and wan, S. My heart was ance †	We wander there, we wander here,
The wan moon is setting behind the white wave, S. Oh, open the door, †	'Tho' I should wander Terra o'er, In all her climes, Ib. 21. Till by himsel he learn'd to wander,
Beneath thy wan, unwarming beam; The Lament.	Adown some trottin burn's meander, . To W. Simpson.
Your rosy cheeks are turned sae wan, S. Ye hae lien wrang.	And for fair Scotia, hame again,
Wan [won].	I cheery on did wander S. When wild War's †
But he wan my heart's consent,	Here, to the wrongs of Fate half reconcil'd, Misfortune's lightened steps might wander wild;
To be his ain at the neist meeting . S. As I came o'er †	Wr. in Kenmore Inn.
A false usurper wan the gree, . S. The bonie Lass of Alb.	Wander'd.
And wan his heart's desire; The Dean of Fac Or frae puir man a blessin wan, S. The Laddies by t	If I have wander'd in those paths Of life I ought to shun: A Proper in Proceed of Death
Or frae puir man a blessin wan, S. The Laddies by † The dearest siller that ever I wan S. The Taylor fell ‡	Of life I ought to shun; A Prayer in Prosp. of Death. The Highland hills I've wander'd wide, S. Blythe was she t
And let us mind, faint heart ne'er wan	Poor hav'rel Will fell aff the drift,
A lady fair: To Dr. Blacklock.	An' wander'd thro' the Bow-kail, Halloween.

One ev'ning as I wander'd forth Along the banks of Aire, Beneath the iron grasp of Want and Woe, Lns on Fergusson. Man quas made to Mourn Age and Want, Oh! ill-match'd pair! When Willy wander'd thro' the wood, S. On a bank of flowers † Man was made to Mourn. Want only of wisdom denied her respect, Lone as I wander'd by each cliff and dell, Want only of goodness denied her esteem. On Death of Sir J. Blair. Monody, on a Lady. Epit. But we've wander'd mony a weary foot, Sin' auld lang syne. S. Should auld acquaintance Waefu' Want and Hunger fley me, S. O that I had ne'ert Sin' auld lang syne.

He wander'd out he knew not where nor why)

The Brigs of Ayr. 3. Waeth Want and Allows and want,

May He, the friend of woe and want,

On Birth of Posth. Child. Hark, injur'd Want recounts th' unlisten'd tale, Wanderer, -'rer. Ye fright the nightly wand'rer's way, Wi' eldritch croon. Add. to the Deil. 5. Nor want but—when he thristed:

The Jolly Beggars. R. VII. On Death of R. Dundas. To what dark cave of frozen night Alas! shall thy poor wand'rer hie;
S. Farewell, dear mistress And do our endeavour to keep us from want. The snellest blast, at mirkest hours,
That round the pathless wanderer pours,
S. O Lassie, art thou S. The Poor Thresher. Wi' ev'n down want o' wark are curst. . The Twa Dogs. 30. Who long with wants and woes has striv'n, To a Mountain-Daisy. S. O mirk, mirk † A waefu' wanderer seeks thy tower, As modest want the tale of woe reveals; To Miss Graham. May they rejoice, no wand'rer lost, A Family in Heaven! If ye wad a man should get ye, Then I can that want supply: S. Will ye go and marry † O Thou dread Pow'r t poor wanderer of the wood and field, On seeing wounded Hare. A poor friendless wand'rer may well claim a sigh, Still more if that wand'rer were royal. *Poet. Add. to Tytler*. Want, to. He downa see a poor man want; . . A Ded. to G. H., 5. Or say, ye wisdom want, or fire, To rule this mighty nation; Wand'rest. Young stranger, whither wand'rest thou? . . . A Dream. 5. Man was made to Mourn. They're better just than want ay On onie day. . Wandering, -'ring. Their hapless Race wild-wand'ring roam!

Add. to Edinburgh. 6. The Solitary can despise [pleasures, Loves, Joys], Can want, and yet be blest! . Despondency, an Ode. 4. I'll want 'im, ere I take such a d-ble load. Wi' wild, unequal, wand'ring step S. Again rejoic. Nature t Epig. on Capt. Grose. Yon wand'ring rill, that marks the hill, I tent less, and want less Their roomy fire-side; . S. Damon and Sylvia. Their roomy nre-size, .

But gif ye want ae friend that's true,

Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 15. As wand'ring, meand'ring, He views the solemn sky. . . Despondency, an Ode. 3. As I was a wand'ring ae morning in spring, S. Lns on a Ploughman. Ah, that "the friendly e'er should want a friend!" Ep. to R. Graham. 5. Only known to wandering swains, . On scaring Water-fowl. That one pound one, I sairly want it; Friend of the poet † O'er the Past too fondly wandering, . S. Raving winds t O'er the Past 100 londs, wanted by my doom, S. The Banks of Nith. "There's just the man I want, in faith," Lns add. to J. Ranken. Here's to all the wandering train!

The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII. S. O this is no my ain t It wants to me the witching grace, If he but want the miser's dirt, Observ'd us, fondly-wand'ring, stray! . The Lament. 9. Ye'll cast your head anither airt, . S. O Tibbie! 1 Then roll to me, along your wandering spheres, Only to number out a villain's years! . To R. Graham. Ae social, honest man want we: . Tam Samson's El., 14. If honestly they canna come,
Far better want them. The Author's Cry and Prayer. 5. Or wand'ring in the lonely wild: S. Twas even-the dewy t For there he is wand'ring, and musing on me,
S. Wae is my heart Wha wants troggin Here awa, there awa, wandering Willie,
S. Wandering Willie. Let him come to me. . The Election Ballads, IV. But faith! the birkie wants a Manse, The Holy Fair. 17. If e'er ye want, or meet with scant,
May I ne'er weet my craigie! The Jolly Beggars. S. VI.
And some wad eat that want it, . . . The Selkirk Grace. Where is the peace that awaited my wand'ring, S. Where are the joys † Lone wandering by the hermit's mossy cell:

Wr. in Kenmore Inn. The wean wants a cradle, An' the cradle wants a cod, . S. There's news, lasses t Wanderings. May ye ne'er want a stoup o' bran'y To clear your head. Be nameless wilds and lonely wanderings mine, Third Ep. to J. Lap .. On Death of R. Dundas. Auld Scotland wants nae skinking ware
That jaups in luggies; [v.A.7] To a Haggis. Waning. Is Fortune's fickle Luna waning? But I'll sned besoms—thraw saugh woodies,

Patore they want, . . . To Dr. Blacklock. E'en let her gang! . To J. S., 20. Wanlockhead [a lead-mining village, near Lead-hills, on the high ridge separating Dumfries-shire and Lanarkshire]. Then all I want (Oh, do thou grant . Winter. Wanted. He had a blue bonnet that wanted the crown; Ye Vulcan's sons of Wanlockhead, Pity my sad disaster; . . . S. Cock up your beaver. . . To J. Taylor. Some other rarer sorts are wanted yet, Ep. to R. Graham. 2. Wanrestfu' [unrestful, restless]. Whae'er shall say I wanted grace, When I did kiss and dawte her, . An' may they never learn the gaets, Of ither vile, wanrestfu' Pets! S. Had I the wyte t The Death of Mailie. Twas just the way he wanted To be that night. Want. That iron-hearted Carl, Want, A Ded. to G. H., 16. . Halloween. 9. O Thou, who kindly dost provide For every creature's want! How guessed ye, Sir, what maist I wanted? A Grace before Dinner. Kind Sir, I've read t Sending, like blood-hounds from the slip,
'Woe, Want, and Murder o'er a land [A Winter Night. 7. In case that worth should wanted be,
O' Kenmure we had need. . The Election Ballads. V. 'Feel not a want but what yourselves create, My Donald's arm was wanted then 'By loss o' blood, or want o' breath,

Death and Dr. Hornbook. 25. S. The Highl. Widow's Lament. O wives be mindfu', ance yoursel, How best o' chiels are whyles in want, . Ep. to Davie. 2. How bonie lads ye wanted, . . The Holy Fair. 25. And then their [the Saunts'] failings, flaws an' wants, Are a' seen thro'. . . Ep. to Heav'n sent me ane mae than I wanted. . The Inventory. Ep. to J. R., 2. In all the clam'rous cry of starving want, Ep. to R. Graham. 5. Wanter. Mony words are needless, Katie, Ye're a wanter, sae am I; S. Will ye go and marry t An' pow't, for want o' better shift, Wanting. A runt was like a sow-tail . . Halloween. 4. A runt was like a so.

I'll fear nae scant, I'll bode nae want,

A lang's I get employment. S. Here's to thy health, With nae proportion wanting, . S. As I gaed up by t

And wanting even the skin. .

El. on Peg Nicholson.

Your heart can ne'er be wanting! Ep. to Young Friend. 11.	What bloody wars, if Sprites had blood to shed,
Prone to enjoy each pleasure riches give, Yet haply wanting wherewithal to live; Ep. to R. Graham. 3.	But cautious Queensberry left the war,
Wha, wanting thee might beg or steal; Friend of the poet †	The Election Ballads. VI.
When wanting thee, what tuneless cranks Are my poor Verses! . Scotch Drink. 18.	He only hears and sees the war, I am a Son of Mars who have been in many wars,
Nor wanting ghosts of Tory fame; The Election Ballads. VI. What is life when wanting love? S. Thine am I†	The Jolly Beggars. S. I.
Wanton.	Unmatched at the bottle, unconquered in war, The Whistle. 4.
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave, S. Afton Water. The wanton coot the water skims, S. Again rejoicing Nature;	The war s loud alarms
Or lightly flit on wanton wing S. Bonie Lassie, will ye go t	Tore her laddie frae her arms, S. There was a bonie lass † Honour's war we strongly waged, . S. Thickest night †
And pleasure is a wanton trout, S. Gane is the day † A wanton widow Leezie was,	When wild War's deadly blast was blawn, S. When wild War's t
Brawlie kens our wanton Chief Wha got my young Highland thief S. Hee balou, †	The wars are o'er, and I'm come hame, 1b.
O wae gae by his wanton sides, S. Here's his health in water.	Or hunt a Parent's life Wi' bludie war S. Ye Jacobites † Warble. While birds warble welcomes in ilka green shaw;
Where laughing love sae wanton swims. S. My Lord a-hunting †	S. My Nanie's Awa. Warbled. Sweet the lark's wild-warbled lay, Delia. An Ode.
The birdies flit on wanton wing. S. Now bank and brae † That wanton trout was I; S. Now Spring has clad †	Warbler.
That wanton trout was I; S. Now Spring has clad† "The little swallow's wanton wing, S. O Phely, †	Mixt with some warbler's dying fall, S. Here is the glen,† No more, ye warblers of the wood, no more,
But I would sing on wanton wing, S. O were my love † Wild wanton kiss'd her rival breast; S. On a bank of flowers †	Sonnet, on Death of R
Busy feed, or wanton lave; On scaring Water-fowl.	Yes, pour, ye warblers, pour the notes of woe, [v.A.10] Ib. Warbling. The waken'd lav'rock warbling springs
While thick the gossamour waves wanton in the rays. The Brigs of Ayr.	S. Now Spring has clad † O stay, sweet warbling wood-lark, stay,
in their random, wanton spouts, The Petition of Br. Water. And wanton nagies nine or ten. S. There was a lass t	O stay, sweet warbling wood-lark, stay, S. O stay, sweet warbling † In wood and wild ye warbling throng,
And wanton nagres nine or ten S. There was a lass † And riots wanton in forbidden fields! To Clarinda.	Your heavy loss deplore; On Death of Lap-dog.
His heart by causeless wanton malice wrung, To R. G. of F., 5.	Perhaps Dundee's wild warbling measures rise, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 13.
The flow'rs sprang wanton to be prest, To Mary in Heaven.	The sober laverock, warbling wild, The Petition of Br. Water.
I hae won their wanton favour S. Wantonness for ever † Wanton, to.	Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird, S. Ye banks and braes †
To wanton in carnage and wallow in gore: . S. Caledonia.	Ward. The noble ward he loves V.s, below Picture. And ward o' mony a prayer, . On Birth of Posth. Child.
But I cam through the Tiseday's dew, To wanton Willie's brandy S. Had I the wyte †	Ward [a small plece of pasture ground enclosed].
That wantons round its bleating dam; S. On Cessnock banks † Where lambkins wanton through the broom!	His braw calf-ward whare gowans grew, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 23.
S. The Banks of Nith. Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,	Ward, to. Unless your shelter ward th' impending storm. The Rights of Woman.
That wantons thro' the flowery thorn: S. Ye banks and braes †	He wha could brawlie ward their bellum, . To W. Creech.
And little lambkins wanton wild, S. Young Peggy †	Warden, May Heaven be his warden; . S. The yng Highl. Rover.
Wanton'd. And O! as she wanton'd gay on the wing.	When by his mighty Warden My youth's return'd to fair Strathspey,
S. The heather was blooming † The zephyr wanton'd round the bean,	Ware, s.
Wantonly. S. Twas even—the dewy †	An' hae a swap o' rhymin-ware, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 18. I've sent you here, some rhymin ware, Ep. to J. R., 5.
Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,	An' trowth my rhymin' ware's nae treasure; Ep. to Maj. Logan. 14.
Sae dauntingly gaed he; S. Farewell, ye dungeons† Wantonness.	First shewing us the tempting ware, Poem on Life.
Wantonness for ever mair, Wantonness has been my ruin; Yet, for a' my dool and care, It's wantonness for ever!	An' for to sell his fiddle And buy some other ware; . S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie.
War. S. Wantonness for ever †	Wha will buy my troggin, Gude election ware; . The Election Ballads. IV.
wha bide this brattle O' winter war, A Winter Night. 3.	Auld Scotland wants nae skinking ware That jaups in luggies; [v.A.7] To a Haggis.
Delusions, oppressions, and murderous wars;	Ware [were].
S. By yon castle wa' † A lambkin in peace, but a lion in war, S. Caledonia.	Tho' it ware ten thousand mile! S. A red, red Rose. Ware [worn].
And call each coxcomb to the wordy war. Ep. fr. Esopus.	The marled plaid ye kindly spare, By me should gratefully be ware; The Ans. to the Guidwife.
For other wars, where he a hero shines;	Ware v. Wair.
And bid wild war his ravage end, S. How can my poor heart †	War'd v. Walred. Warfare. Or, Moses bade eternal warfare wage,
The soger frae the wars returns, S. It was a' for † Is this the power in freedom's war That wont to bid the battle rage? Liberty.	With Amalek's ungracious progeny; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 14.
That wont to bid the battle rage? Liberty. In wars at hame I'll spend my blood,	No longer the warfare, ungodly, would wage; The Whistle. 15.
Life-giving wars of Venus Lns on Windows, Gl. Tav The shouts o' war are heard afar, S. My bonie Mary.	Warily. But warily tent, when ye come to court me, S. O whistle, †
And other Poets sing of wars,	Wark [work]. Let wark and hunger mak them sober! Add. of Beelzebub.
Revers'd that spear, redoubtable in war,	Tho' he was bred to kintra wark,
On Death of Sir J. Blair. For genius, learning high, as great in war	El. on Death of R. Ruisseaux. Thought I, 'Can this be Pope, or Steele,
Prologue, sp. by Woods.	Or Beattie's wark; Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 4.

At hame, a-fiel, at wark or leisure, Second Ep. to Davie.	Even silly woman has her warlike arts, To R. G. of F., 2.
And coost her duddies to the wark, . Tam o' Shanter. 12.	Did warlike laurels crown my brow, S. When first I saw †
To end the wark here's Whistlebirk, . S. The Laddies by †	Warlock [a male witch or wizard; "warlock knowe," a knoll where warlocks most do con-
They've nae sair-wark to craze their banes, The Twa Dogs. 29.	knowe," a knoll where warlocks most do con- gregate].
Wi' ev'n down want o' wark are curst	Warlocks grim, an' wither'd Hags, . Add. to the Deil. 9.
And ay she wrought her mammie's wark,	I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock, [re.]
And ay she sang sae merrilie; . S. There was a lass † And now she works her mammie's wark,	S. Last May a braw wooer †
And ay she sighs wi' care and pain;	Meet me on the warlock knowe, S. Now rosy May †
Sae my auld stumpie pen I gat it	And you, deep-read in hell's black grammar,
Wi' muckle wark, . Third Ep. to J. Lap	Warlocks and witches; On Grose's Peregrinations.
To paint an angel's kittle wark, To a Painter.	Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk, . Tam o' Shanter. 3. Warlocks and witches in a dance;
Wark-lume [a tool to work with].	Warlocks and witches in a dance;
the best wark-lume i' the house, . Add. to the Deil. 11.	The Sprites that owre the Brigs of Ayr preside.
Warks [works, such as iron-works, &c.].	The Brigs of Ayr. 4.
We cam' na here to view your warks, V.s, on Window, Carron.	Warlock-breef [a warlock writing or charm].
Warl, Warl, Warld [world; "warld's worm," a	Ye surely hae some warlock-breef Owre human hearts; To J. S.
miser].	Warly [worldly].
An' wi' the weary warl' fought! . A Guid New-Year † 16.	Awa ye selfish, warly race, . Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 20.
Sin' thou came to the warl asklent, Add. to Illegit. Child.	The warly race may riches chase, S. Green grow the Rashes.
An' gied the infant warld a shog, . Add. to the Deil. 16.	An' warly cares, an' warly men,
But warl's gear ne'er troubles me, . S. Behind you hills †	May a gae tapsalteerie, O!
The bands and bliss o' mutual love, O that's the chiefest warld's treasure!	The warly race may drudge an' drive, Hog-shouther, jundie, stretch an' strive, To W. Simpson.
S. Braw lads on Yar, braes †	Hog-shouther, jundie, stretch an' strive, To W. Simpson. Warm. Each prudent cit a warm existence finds,
And I shall spurn as vilest dust,	Ep. to R. Graham. 2.
The warld's wealth and grandeur: S. Come let me take thee,†	His heart was warm, benevolent, and good.
Gin a body kiss a body Need the warld ken! S. Comin thro' the rye.	Extem. on W. Smellie.
Tell thae far warlds, wha lies in clay, El. on Capt. M. H., q.	Hearts leal, an' warm, an' kin': Halloween.
To cheer you through the weary widdle	Wearying Heav'n in warm devotion, S. Musing on the roaring †
O' this wild warl', . Ep. to Maj. Logan, 3.	And while life's dearest blood is warm, S. O wat ye wha's in t
I' th' ither warl', if there's anither,	Accept this mark of friendship, warm, sincere,
An' that there is I've little swither About the matter; Ib. 8.	Once fondly lov'd †
Whae'er desires to ken [his religion], To some other warl Maun follow the carl, Epit. on Dove, Innkeeper.	But when the heart is nobly warm, The good excuse will find Rusticity's ungainly †
The wisest man the warl saw,	Nursing her wrath to keep it warm Tam o' Shanter.
He dearly lov'd the lasses, O. [v.A.24]	And haps me fiel and warm at e'en!
S. Green grow the Rashes. As set the warld in a roar	S. The Contented Cottager.
O' laughin' at us; Holy Willie's Prayer. 12.	(What warm, poetic heart but inly bleeds, The Brigs of Ayr. 2.
[Death] Was driving to the tither warl',	And proffer up to Heaven the warm request,
A mixie-maxie motely squad, Lns add. to J. Ranken.	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 18.
And the warld before me to win my bread, S. My Collier Laddie.	A grateful, warm adieu! The Farewell.
The warld's wrack, we share o't,	Adieu! a heart-warm, fond adieu!
The warstle and the care o't; S. My Wife's a winsome.	The Farewell. To St. J.'s L. Wi' usquebae an' blankets warm, . The Jolly Beggars. R. I.
The man wha boasts o' warld's wealth,	And kneel, 'Ye Pow'rs, and warm implore, . To J. S., 21.
Is aften laird o' meikle care; S. Now bank and brae † And I the warld nor wish nor scorn, S. O bonie was you rosy †	to gude, warm kail, To Mr. M'Adam.
This warld's wealth when I think on,	As thy day grows warm and high, . Wr. in Friars-Carse H.
Its pride and a' the lave o't; . S. O poortith cauld †	Warm-blushing.
O what a canty warld were it,	youthful Love, warm-blushing, strong, The Vision. D. II. 16.
Would pain, and care, and sickness spare it; Poem on Life.	Warm-cherish'd.
It's no the loss o' warl's gear, Poor Mailie's El	'Or when the deep-green-mantl'd Earth, 'Warm-cherish'd ev'ry floweret's birth, <i>The Vision. D. II. 14.</i>
The warld would think I was mad, S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie.	
The warl' may play you monie a shavie; Second Ep. to Davie.	Warm-reekin [warm-smoking]. And then, O what a glorious sight,
But woman is but warld's gear, . S. She's fair and fause t	Warm-reekin, rich! To a Haggis.
And mony bade the warld gudenight;	warm-urgea.
The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	Nor his warm-urged wishes On W. Chalmers.
To liken them to your auld-warld squad, The Brigs of Ayr. 10. Nae woman in the warld wide.	Warm, to. It warms me, it charms me, To mention but her name: Ep. to Davie. 8.
Nae woman in the warld wide, Sae wretched now as me. S. The Highl. Widow's Lament.	Whose hearts the tide of kindness warms,
That man to man, the warld o'er,	Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 21.
Shall brothers be, for a' that S. The Honest Man.	(What breast of northern ice but warms?) . Frag. of Ode.
Wi' plenty o' sic trees, I trow, The warld would live in peace, man; The Tree of Liberty.	And whilst that honour warms my heart, S. Handsome Nell.
Lord help me through this warld o' care! To Dr. Blacklock.	No more shall the soft thrill of love warm my breast, Lament, on leaving Nat. Land.
To meet the Warld's worm; To Gav. Hamilton.	To warm me in thy bosom, . S. Lass, when yr mither †
Now if ye're ane o' warl's folk,	The frost of hermit age might warm; . S. My Mary's face †
Wha rate the wearer by the cloak, To Mr. J. Kennedy.	What the their Phoebus kinder warms,
Though 'twere a trip to you blue warl', To Mr. Renton.	The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.
Warldly [worldly; v. also, Warly]. An' sometimes too, wi' warldly trust,	Whether the Summer kindly warms, Wi' life an' light, To W. Simpson.
Vile self gets in; Holy Willie's Prayer. 6.	Warm'd.
Warlike.	Few hearts like his, with virtue warm'd, Epit. on a Friend.
What force or guile could not subdue, Thro' many warlike ages	Warmer. A warmer heart Death ne'er made cold. Epit. for R. A.
Thro' many warlike ages, S. The Union.	A warmer near Death he er made cold. Epit. for R. A.

Washen.

With fleeces newly washen clean,

On that, a set o' chaps, at watch, Thrang winkan on the lasses To chairs The Holy Fair. 10.

half-starv'd slaves in warmer skies,	Washin.
The Author's Cry and Prayer. P. For whom [Scotia] my warmest wish to heaven is sent!	And wi' her loof her face a washin; . S. Willie Wastle† Washington.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 20. Warming. Ere while thy breast sae warming,	Some Washington again may head them, Add. of Beelzebub.
S. O wat ye wha that loes t	Wasna [was not]. And wasna Cockpen right saucy witha', S. O when she cam ben't
Her fautless form and gracefu' air; . S. Sae flaxen† Warmly.	It wasna sae in the Highland hills, The Highl. Widow's Lament.
A heart that warmly seems to feel; . O leave novels † An' no get warmly to your feet,	Wasp. Th' envenomed wasp, victorious, guards his cell. To R. G. of F
An' gar them hear it, The Author's Cry and Prayer. Warn. The shepherd to warn of the grey-breaking dawn.	Wast [west]. The twa best herds in a' the wast, The Twa Herds.
An' warn him ay at ridin time, To stay content wi' yowes at hame; [v.A.3]	Wast, Waste. Ye dark waste hills, and brown unsightly plains,
The Death of Mailie. The morn that warns th' approaching day, . The Lament.	On Death of R. Dundas. Thou saw the fields laid bare an' wast, To a Mouse.
I hold it, Sir, my bounden duty To warn you To Gav. Hamilton.	Waste, s. Or sweeping, wild, a waste of snows. Add. to Shade of Thomson.
Warned. The youngkers a' are warned to obey; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 6.	Ye heathy wastes immix'd with reedy fens, El. on Miss Burnet.
Warning. Like school-boys, at th' expected warning, To joy and play To J. S., 15.	Or were I in the wildest waste, S. O wert thou in the Waste, to.
Warp [to prepare the warp for the loom]. Ne'er mind how Fortune waft an' warp;	And waste my soul with care; S. Anna, thy charms † But what avails the pride of art,
Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 8. To warp a plaiden wab; S. My heart was ance †	When wastes the soul with anguish? S. Could aught of song! Wha waste your weel-hain'd gear on d—d new Brigs and
To warp a wab o' plaiden; S. Robin shure in hairst. Warpin.	Harbours! The Brigs of Ayr. 9. Dry-withering, waste my foamy streams,
But the weary, weary warpin o't . S. My heart was ance † The warpin o't, the winnin o't; . S. The cardin o't.	The Petition of Br. Water. Hech man! dear sirs! is that the gate,
Warpin-wheel.	They waste sae mony a braw estate! The Twa Dogs. 25. And tired o' sauls to waste his lear on,
I sat beside my warpin wheel, And ay I ca'd it roun'; S. My heart was ance †	E'en tried the body To Dr. Blacklock. The tythe o' what ye waste at cartes
Warran [to warrant]. Dempster, a true-blue Scot I'se warran;	Wad stow'd his [Ferguson's] pantry!) To W. Simpson.
Warrant. The Author's Cry and Prayer. 13.	Wasted. They wasted, o'er a scorching flame, The marrow of his bones; John Barleycorn.
I'll warrant then, ye're nae Deceiver, . A Ded. to G. H., q. And pledg'd her their godheads to warrant it good.	I backward mus'd on wasted time, The Vision. D. I. 4. Wastrie [wastefulness, riot].
There's ane they ca' Jean, I'll warrant ye've seen As bonie a lass or as braw, man, Ronalds of Bennals.	That's little short o' downright wastrie. The Twa Dogs. 9. Wat. Sic a reptile was Wat, Epit. on Walter S
Warren Hastings. If Warren Hastings' neck was yeukin; Kind Sir, I've read †	Wat [wet]. The op'ning gowan, wat wi' dew, . S. Behind you hills t
Warring. Trees with aged arms were warring, .S. I dream'd I lay †	The Simmer had been cauld an' wat, Halloween. 15.
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee. [re.] S. One fond kiss,†	When it is cauld an' wat, . S. Lass, when yr mither the's aften wat and weary:
Warrior. With these what Tory warriors clos'd, The Election Ballads. VI.	Cast off the wat, put on the dry, S. The Ploughman † Still pressing onward, red-wat-shod, To W. Simpson. 11.
Warse [worse]. I trow we swapped for the warse, S. Carl, an the king come.	Wat, to [to wet]. But bitter, daudin showers hae wat it,
Warsle, to [to wrestle].	Third Ep. to J. Lap An' when wi' Usquehae we've wat it
And warsle Time, and lay him on his back. Scots Prologue.	It winna break
Warsi'd, Warstl'd [wrestled]. He seem'd as he wi' Time had warstl'd lang,	I wat he was na slaw, man; A Fragment. 2. I wat she is a dainty Chuckie!
The Brigs of Ayr. 4. An' owre she warsl'd in the ditch: The Death of Mailie.	S. A' the lads o' Thornie-bank t
Warst [worst]. They drew me thretteen pund an' twa,	Wad made a bodie's mouth to water; S. Donald Brodie † And weel I wat her willin mou
The vera warst. A Guid New-Year † 15. An' lows'd his ill-tongu'd, wicked Scawl	Was e'en like succar-candie S. Had I the wyte † At gloamin-shote it was, I wat,
Was warst ava? . Add. to the Deil. 18. My warst word is, "Welcome, and welcome again!"	I wat she made nae jaukin;
S. Contented wi' little †	O wat ye wha that lo'es me, . S. O wat ye wha that lo'es t O wat ye wha's in yon town, . S. O wat ye wha's in t
Is only but to beg	An' wat ye what the parson did, . S. O wat ye what my t
To her warst faes	I wat the kirk was in the wyte,
Wi' ev'n down want o' wark are curst The Twa Dogs. 30. But, Sir, this pleas'd them warst of ava, What ails ye now †	On Scot. Bard gne to W.I. I wat she was a sheep o' sense, Poor Mailie's El.
Warstle [wrestle, struggle]. The warld's wrack, we share o't,	I wat they glanc'd for twenty miles, S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
The warstle and the care o't; . S. My wife's a winsome. Wash.	And I, I wat, Wi' fainness grat, . S. The tither morn† I wat she is a dainty chuckie, . To Dr. Blacklock.
I will wash my Ploughman's hose, S. The Ploughman †	Watch.

S. On Cessnock banks t

Watch, to. To watch and premier owre the pack vile! Add. of Beelzebub. 2.	Water-Illies. His hoary head with water-lilies crown'd, The Brigs of Ayr. 13.
To watch, while for the Barn she sets, Halloween. 21.	Water-side [river-side].
May a' that's gude watch o'er them: S. O May thy morn t	As I gaed down the water-side, S. Ca' the Ewes.
Then that curst carmagnole auld Satan, Watches, like bawd'rons by a rattan, Poem on Life.	Will ye gang down the water-side And see the waves sae sweetly glide
Auld Hornie did the Laigh Kirk watch, Just like a winkin baudrons: The Ordination. 10.	Watna [wot not].
But Misery and I must watch	I watna what's the name o't; The Tree of Liberty. I watna what they ca'd him; There came a pipert
The surly tempest blow: . S. The sun he is sunk t	Wat'ry.
Watch'd. That watch'd thy early morning S. A Rosebud by my t	For me your wat'ry haunt forsake? On scaring Water-fowl.
She watch'd me by the hie-gate-side, S. Had I the wytet	They footed o'er the wat'ry glass so neat, The Brigs of Ayr. 11.
I watch'd the symptoms o' the Great, On dining with Daer.	And view, deep-bending in the pool,
The lee-lang night we watch'd the fauld, S. What will I do gin †	Their shadows' wat'ry bed: The Petition of Br. Water. Wattle. Teugh Johnie, staunch Geordie and Wattie,
Watching. There, watching high the least alarms, Add. to Edinburgh. 5.	That griens for the fishes and loaves. The Election Ballads. III.
Ye fisher herons, watching eels; El. on Capt. M. H., 8.	Wattle [a wand, a twig].
But weel the watching lover marks	Nae whip nor spur, but just a wattle O' saugh or hazle A Guid New-Year † 10.
The kind love that's in her e'e. S. O this is no my ain† Watchings.	Wauble [to swing, to reel].
Keep watchings with the nightly thief: . The Lament.	An' ran them till they a' did wauble,
Watchman. For this the watchman cracked his crown, The Tree of Liberty.	Far, far behin'! . A Guid New-Year†7. Wauk [to awake].
Water, Waters.	When I wauk I'm eerie; S. Ay waukin, O.
I doubt na they wad bide nae better Than let them ance out owre the water; Add. of Beelzebub.	But life to me's a weary dream, A dream of ane that never wauks. S. Again rejoic. Nature †
Whase life is like a weel-gaun mill,	Wauken [waken].
Supply'd wi' store o' water, Add. to Unco Guid. How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave, S. Afton Water.	And when the lark, 'tween light and dark, Blythe waukens by the daisy's side, S. Again rejoic. Nature †
The wanton coot the water skims, S. Again rejoicing Nature †	But we may see him [vengeance] wauken:
The water rins o'er the heugh, S. Ay waukin, O.	S. Awa, whigs, awa. Oh, nought but love and sorrow join'd,
The bonnie lad o' Galla water [re.] S. Braw lads on Yar. braes†	Sic notes of woe could wauken! S. O stay sweet warbling t
I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee, And follow my love through the water.	It [Drink] kindles Wit, it waukens Lear, The Holy Fair. 19. Wauken ye breezes! row gently, ye billows!
S. Braw lads of G. Water.	S. Wandering Willie.
Now chrystal clear are the falling waters, . S. Bonie Bell. While waters wimple to the sea; . S. Ca' the Ewes.	Wauken'd. Half-wauken'd wi' the din, Exten. in Court of Session.
We'll o'er the water and o'er the sea,	Waukening [awakening].
We'll o'er the water to Charlie, S. Come, boat me o'er † The four-gill chap, we'se gar him clatter,	Sweetly blythe his waukening be. S. Jockey's ta'en the parting †
An' kirs'n him wi' reekin water; Ep. to J. L-R, Ap. 1st, 19.	Wauket [made hard and thick by toil, callous].
"Is o'er ayont the water:" S. Had I the wyte † They filled up a darksome pit	And heav'd on high my wauket loof, The Vision. D. I. 6.
With water to the brim, John Barleycorn.	Waukin [waking; watching]. Ay waukin, O,
The chrystal waters round us fa', S. Now rosy May to the whistling blast and waters' roar,	Waukin still and weary; S. Ay waukin, O.
On Death of R. Dundas.	The last Halloween I was waukin My droukit sark sleeve, as ye ken; S. Tam Glen.
Where waters flow and wild woods wave, S. Streams that glide†	Ye'll keep me waukin wi' your din; . S. Wha is that at t
The mosses, waters, slaps, and styles, That lie between us and our hame, Tam o' Shanter.	Waukrife [wakeful]. Wail thro' the dreary midnight hour
In vain the burns cam down like waters,	Till waukrife morn. El. on Capt. M. H., 10.
An acre-braid! . Tam Samson's El., 9. He, down the water, gies him this guid-een	And gart me weet my waukrife winkers, Wi' girnan spite Ep. to Maj. Logan. 10.
The Brigs of Ayr. 4.	Waur [worse].
She summon'd every social sprite, That sports by wood or water, . The Fête Champetre.	There's monie waur been o' the Race [of Kings], A Dream. 3. But a' the lads they loe me, and what the waur am I.
The lightly-jumping, glowrin trouts, That thro' my waters play, The Petition of Br. Water.	Be sure ye follow out the plan S. Comin thro' the rye.
Then bowses drumlie German-water, . The Twa Dogs. 23.	Nae waur than he did, honest man? . El. on Year 1788.
The rose upon the brier by the waters running clear, S. The Winter it is past †	Thou know'st, the virtues cannot hate thee worse, Ep. fr. Esopus.
Your waters never drumlie! S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams t	But thought I might hae waur offers, S. Last May a braw wooer†
Water, to.	'Na, want than a'!' cries ilka chiel.
Wad made a bodie's mouth to water; . S. Donald Brodie† Numbering ev'ry bud which nature	'Tam Samson's dead!' . Tam Samson's El.
Waters wi' the tears of joy. S. Sleep'st thou, or wak'st I	When, gin the truth were a' but kent, Her life's been waur than mine.
Water-brose [brose made of meal and water simply]. Be't water-brose, or muslin-kail,	The Ruined Maid's Lament. She [your muse] cou'd ca' us nae waur than we are.
Water'd.	The Kirk's Alarm.
Fair Virtue water'd it wi' care, . The Tree of Liberty.	"But if ye can match her ye're waur than ye're ca'd, S. There liv'd ance a carle t
Water-fit [water-foot, i.e. mouth of the river]. For [Peebles], frae the water-fit,	C There are a last
Ascends the holy rostrum: Interiory rate. 10.	But twenty lauts ye may hae waur, S. There was a man But say thou wilt hae me for better for waur, S. Tibbie Dunbar.
Water-kelpies [mischievous spirits supposed to haunt the fords of rivers].	Whase greed, revenge, an' pride disgraces
Then, water-kelpies haunt the foord, By your direction, . Add. to the Deil. 12.	Waur nor their nonsense. To Rev. J. M'Math. There's Gaun, misca't waur than a beast,

Waur, to [to overcome, to worst]. 'Up, Willie, waur them a', man!' A Fragment. 7.	Her robes, light waving in the breeze, S. On a bank of flowers †
'Till ane Hornbook's ta'en up the trade, And faith, he'll waur me. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 13.	And tent the waving corn wi' me S. There was a lass † Waw v. Wa'.
Up and waur them a', Jamie, The Laddies by t	Wawlie v. Walie.
Waur't [worsted]. Might aiblins waur't thee for a brattle; A Guid New Year † 10.	Waxen. Seal'd up with frugal care in massive, waxen piles, The Brigs of Ayr.
Wave. life's mad career, Wild as the wave, . A Bard's Epit. As gathering sweet flowerets she stems thy clear wave.	Waxing. The day was waxing weary, S. As I gaed up by t Way. Then lost his way, ae misty day, . A Fragment. 4.
S. Afton Water.	Ye fright the nightly wand'rer's way,
And [brow] curled as the wintry wave, . As on the banks † Will ye gang down the water-side	Wi' eldritch croon Add. to the Deil. 5. As down the burn they took their way, S. As down the burn t
And see the waves sae sweetly glide . S. Ca' the Ewes.	Wha did I meet, upon the way,
Where the winds howl to the waves' dashing roar: S. Had I a cave †	But pretty Peg, my dearie S. As I gaed up by †
Through the hazels spreading wide	Blind chance, let her snapper and stoyte on her way, S. Contented wi' little
O'er the waves, that sweetly glide . S. Hark! the mavis' † Trees with aged arms were warring,	'That's just a swatch o' Hornbook's way, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 29.
O'er the swelling, drumlie wave. S. I dream'd I lay † The storm's gloomy path on the breast of the wave.	I took the way that pleas'd mysel, And sae did Death
Lament, on leaving Nat. Land.	The ways of men are distant brought,
And smile at the moon's rimpled face in the wave; . Ib.	Despondency, an Ode. 3.
When winter-bound the wave is; S. Lovely Davies. The wan moon is setting behind the white wave,	And when ye [craiks] wing your annual way Frae our cauld shore, El. on Capt. M. H., 9.
S. Oh, open the door, †	If thou on men, their works and ways,
O'er Clouden's wave, with fond delay; On Lincluden.	Canst throw uncommon light,
Peaceful keep your dimpling wave, On scaring Water-fowl.	That veni, vidi, vici, is his way; Ep. fr. Esopus. Wha scarcely tent us in their way, . Ep. to Davie. 6.
Ye howling winds, and wintry swelling waves! On Death of R. Dundas.	Long since, this world's thorny ways Had number'd out my weary days,
Dim, cloudy, sunk beneath the western wave;	771 11 1 1
On Death of Sir J. Blair. These, their richly-gleaming waves,	His saul has ta'en some other way, Wi' Death forgather'd by the way,
I leave to tyrants and their slaves; S. Streams that glide †	Epit. on Tam the Chapman.
I think upon the stormy wave, . S. The gloomy night †	O come thy ways to me, my Eppie M'Nab! [re.] S. Eppie M'Nab.
And staw'd a branch, spite o' the deil, Frae yont the western waves, man. The Tree of Liberty.	My hale and weel I'll take a care o't
And cauld, Caledonia's blast on the wave; S. Their groves of t	A tentier way: . Friend of the poet † P.S.
Wave, to.	'Twas just the way he wanted To be that night Halloween. q.
Her leafy locks wave in the breeze S. Again rejoic. Nature †	May tyrants and tyranny tine in the mist,
The balmy gales awake the flowers, And wave thy flaxen hair S. Behold, my love †	And wander their way to the devil! S. Here's a health to them
I see her wave thy towering plumes afar, Ep. fr. Esopus.	This simple stone directs pale Scotia's way
Nae mair, to me, the autumn winds	Inscrip. on Tomb of Fergusson.
Wave o'er the yellow corn! Lament of Mary of Scots. But see you the Crown how it waves in the air,	For weel ye ken the way to woo S. John, come kiss. And that's the way I like to do
S. No Churchman am I†	"I wander in the ways of men,
An' Robin's bonnet wave wi' crape . Poor Mailie's El	"Alike unknowing and unknown: Lament for Glencairn.
Ye lavish woods that wave around, S. Slow spreads the gloom †	The way to me lies through the kirk: S. Lass when yr mither †
I wave the quantum o' the sin; . Ep. to Young Friend. 6. Woods that ever verdant wave, . S. Streams that glide †	The weary shearer's hameward way, S. Lassie wi the lintwhite †
Where waters flow and wild woods wave,	In many a way, and vain essay, S. My father was a farmer †
When August winds the heather wave, Tam Samson's El., 13.	Come let us stray our gladsome way, S. Now westlin winds †
While thick the gossamour waves wanton in the rays. The Brigs of Ayr.	Mally's ev'ry way compleat S. O Mally's meek. So ran the far-fam'd Roman way, . On same Lord G.
'When yellow waves the heavy grain, The Vision. D. II. &.	Far from human haunts and ways; On scaring Water-fowl.
Wav'd.	As guileful Fraud points out the erring way:
And corn wav'd green in ilka field, S. In simmer when †	On Death of R. Dundas. In his sly, dry, sententious, proverb way! Prologue, at Th., D.
That wav'd o'er Lugar's winding stream: Lament for Glencairn.	Unknowing what my way may thwart, S. Sae far awa.
High-wav'd his magnum-bonum round	Gie body strength, then I'll ne'er start
With Cyclopean fury The Election Ballads. VI.	At this my way sae far awa
Wavering. If Self the wavering balance shake,	Or the ruthless native's way,
It's rarely right adjusted! Ep. to Young Friend. 3.	Bent on slaughter, blood, and spoil: S. Streams that glide †
Ay wavering like the willow wicker, Tween good and ill Poem on Life.	As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure, The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure: Tam o' Shanter. 6.
When lyart leaves bestrow the yird,	The native feelings strong, the guileless ways,
Or wavering like the Bauckie-bird, The Jolly Beggars. R. I.	The Cotter's Sat. Night. Then homeward all take aff their sev'ral way; . Ib. 18.
Waving.	in the way His Wisdom sees the best,
Waving on high the desolating brand, Add. sp. by Fontenelle. Ye, like a rash-buss, stood in sight,	Who walks not in the wicked's way, . The 1st Psalm.
Wi' waving sugh Add. to the Deil. 7.	Three hizzies, early at the road,
The yellow corn was waving ready: S. By Allan stream †	Cam skelpan up the way The Holy Fair. 2. Her [Life's] way may lie thro' rough distress! The Lament.
Through yellow, waving fields we'll stray, S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite †	As to the north I bent my way,
The furrow'd waving corn is seen	As to the north I bent my way, S. The Lass that made the bed. No given by way o' dainty The Ordination for
Rejoice in fostering showers. S. Now Spring has clad †	No gi'en by way o' dainty The Ordination. 6. A time, when rough rude man had naughty ways;
Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain, S. Now westlin winds †	The Rights of Woman.

Wear

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For weel he kend the way, O, S. The Taylor t	Can all the wealth of India's coast,
And weel he kend the way to woo,	Atone for years in absence lost? S. Slow spreads the gloom t
What way poor bodies liv'd ava The Twa Dogs. 7.	What wealth could never give nor take away! Sonnet, writ. on Birthday.
Are bred in sic a way as this is	Not Pulteney's wealth can Pulteney save :
An' each took off his several way,	Not Pulteney's wealth can Pulteney save; The Election Ballads. VI.
And hunger'd Maukin taen her way	That Indian wealth may lustre throw
To kail-yards green, The Vision. D. I.	Around my Highland lassie, O. S. The Highl. Lassie.
With future hope, I oft would gaze,	Despising worlds with all their wealth
'Fond, on thy little, early ways, Ib. D. II. 12.	The Petition of Br. Water.
Wild-send thee Pleasure's devious way,	This fruit is worth a' Afric's wealth, The Tree of Liberty.
The loves, the ways of simple swains,	Of mistress, friends, and wealth bereav'd me,
And swore 'twas the way that their ancestor did, The Whistle. 14.	S. Tho. fickle Fortune
I' the way of our profession To a Medical Gent.	Still nobler wealth hast thou in store, The comforts of the mind;
But still the mair I'm that way bent,	O, could I give thee India's wealth, . To John M'Murdo.
Something cries "Hoolie! . To J. S., 7.	'Gie Wealth to some be-ledger'd Cit, To J. S., 23.
On foot [Apollo] the way was plying To J. Taylor.	Or Hopetoun's wealth to shine in; S. When first I saw
An' may a bard no crack his jest	My humble knapsack a' my wealth, S. When wild War's t
What way they've use't him? . To Rev. J. M'Math.	
Again I might desert fair Virtue's way; Why am I loth †	The sodger's wealth is honor;
That foolish, selfish, faithless ways,	Wealthy.
Lead to be wretched, vile, and base. Wr. in Friars-Carse H	They'll ha'e me wed a wealthy coof, S. And O for ane and twenty †
Wayward.	And to the wealthy booby
Must wayward fortune's adverse hand	Poor woman sacrifice; S. How cruelt
For ever, ever keep me here? . S. The Banks of Nith.	The Great, the Wealthy fear thy blow,
He left his bed and took his wayward rout,	Man was made to Mourn.
The Brigs of Ayr. 3.	Mark yonder pomp of costly fashion, Round the wealthy, titled bride S. Mark yonder Pomp †
Within this dear mansion may wayward contention Or withered envy ne'er enter; S. The Sons of Old Killie.	Round the wealthy, titled bride S. Mark yonder Pomp †
Weak.	Not the wealthy, but the bonie; . S. Sweetest May †
But Och, mankind are unco weak, Ep. to Young Friend. 3.	And there will be wealthy young Richard,
Weak, timid landsmen on life's stormy main!	The Election Ballads. III.
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.	Wean [a child].
For our sincere, tho' haply weak endeavours,	Thou's welcome wean, Add. to Illegit. Child.
Prologue, at Th., D	'The weans haud out their fingers laughin, And pouk my hips. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 14.
Are doomed by Man, that tyrant o'er the weak,	'His Sin gat Eppie Sim wi' wean,
The Brigs of Ayr.	Gie him the schulin of your [Satan's] weans;
From Luxury's contagion, weak and vile! The Cotter's Sat. Night. 20.	On a Schoolmaster.
A weak arm and a strang S. Ye Jacobites †	These muvin' things ca'd wives and weans Searching auld t
	An' cleed her hairns, man, wife, an' wean.
Weaken'd. And downward, how weaken'd, how darken'd, how pain'd!	In mourning weed; . Tam Samson's El.
S. The lazy mist †	Wi' weans I'm mair than weel contented, . The Inventory.
Weakness. Where human weakness has come short,	A smytrie o' wee, duddie weans, The Twa Dogs. 10.
A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.	Their grushie weans an' faithfu' wives;
Weal. Gie a' the faes o' Scotland's weal	The wean wants a cradle, S. There's news, lasses t
A towmond's Tooth-Ache! Add. to Toothache.	To make a happy fire-side clime
All I can—I weep and pray For his weal that's far away. S. How can my poor heart †	To weans and wife, . To Dr. Blacklock.
	Weanle [dim. of Wean].
Wearying Heav'n in warm devotion, For his weal where'er he be. S. Musing on the roaring t	When skirlin weanies see the light, . Scotch Drink. 12.
deep I feel Your interest in the poet's weal; Poem on Life.	Weapon. 'Forbye some new, uncommon weapons,
Wealth.	Death and Dr. Hornbook. 22.
Here Wealth still swells the golden tide, Add. to Edinburgh.	They've taen a weapon, long and sharp, John Barleycorn.
It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,	Her closed eyes, like weapons sheath'd,
That coft contentment, peace, or pleasure;	S. On a bank of flowers t
That coft contentment, peace, or pleasure; S. Braw lads on Yar. braes †	Wear ["wear the plaid," be a shepherd, or pastor].
And I shall spurn as vilest dust,	"That Reptile wears a Ducal crown!" As on the banks †
The warld's wealth and grandeur: S. Come, let me take thee,	I wad wear thee in my bosom, . S. Bonie wee thing t
It's no in wealth like Lon'on Bank,	Spare't for their sakes wha aften wear it, . Ep. to J. R., 3.
To purchase peace and rest; Ep. to Davie. 5.	And wear it there! and call aloud
Come wealth, come poortith, late or soon,	This axiom undoubted Exten. on Commen.'s of Thomson.
Heaven send your heart-strings ay in tune,	[Thieves] From him that wears the star and garter To him that wintles in a halter: . Lns add. to J. Ranken.
Ep. to Maj. Logan. 4.	And next my heart I'll wear her, S. My Love's a winsome t
There's wealth and ease for gentlemen, S. Gane is the day t	Auld, cantie Kyle may weepers wear,
I'll count my health my greatest wealth,	On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.
S. Here's to thy health, †	dowie, wear The mourning weed: Poor Mailie's El
Ye men of wit and wealth, why all this sneering Lns on Window, K.'s Arms.	There, welcome, win and wear the prize, S. Talk not of Love †
Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,	The like has been that you may wear
Man was made to Mourn.	A noble head of horns
All you who follow wealth and power	An' no to rin an' wear his cloots, . The Death of Mailie.
S. My father was a farmer t	And you, farewell! whose merits claim,
Had you the wealth Potosi boasts, Ib.	Justly that highest badge to wear! The Farewell. To St. J.'s L
The man wha boasts o' warld's wealth,	I wear away My life, and in my office holy
Is aften laird o' meikle care; . S. Now bank and brae †	Consume the day The Hermit.
"T 1.1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	Consume the day
"I care na wealth a single flie; S. O Phely,	What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
This warld's wealth when I think on,	What tho' on hamely fare we dine, Wear hodden-grey, and a' that; S. The Honest Man.
	What tho' on hamely fare we dine,

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0.1 4 634611 1 1 1 1	William in a marrie bades The Trade The Trade The Control of
Or leaves the faithfu' lass he lo'ed, To wear a ragged coat The Ruined Maid's Lament.	Wi' monie a wearie body, The Holy Fair. 6.
Ye wha were ne'er by lairds respekit,	She made me weary of my life, By one unruly member S. The Joyful Widower.
To wear the plaid, The Twa Herds. 4.	Life's weary vale I'll wander thro': . The Lament. 10.
'And wear thou this'-She solemn said,	The weary night o' care and grief
And bound the Holly round my head The Vision. D. II. 23.	May have a joyful morrow; . S. The noble Maxwells †
Time but the impression stronger makes,	He's aften wat and weary: S. The Ploughman †
As streams their channels deeper wear.	Tho' I am as weary as weary can be, Ib.
To Mary in Heaven.	And, alas! I am weary, weary O! [re.] The Slave's Lament.
And may he wear an auld man's beard, . To Mr. M'Adam.	There's somebody weary wi' lying her lane,
By miscreants torn, who ne'er one sprig must wear: To R. G. of F., 5.	S. The Taylor fell †
Wearer.	Until wi' daffin weary grown,
Wha rate the wearer by the cloak, To Mr. J. Kennedy.	Upon a knowe they sat them down. [v.A.1] The Twa Dogs. 6.
Wearied.	But soon grew weary o' the trade, . The Tree of Liberty.
And I a bird to shelter there,	The Thresher's weary flingin-tree, . The Vision. D. I. 2.
When wearied on my little wing. S. O were my love †	the Lab'rer's weary toil, For humble gains, . Ib., D. II. 9.
Wearing. For me, thank God, my life's a lease,	The weary pund, the weary pund, The weary pund o' tow; S. The weary pund.
Nae bargain wearing faster, . A Dream. 6. As market-days are wearing late, Tam o' Shanter.	Till piper lads were wae and weary,
As market-days are wearing late, Tam o' Shanter. With clavers and haivers	S. Th. Menzie's bonie Mary.
Wearing the time awa': . The Ans. to the Guidwife.	Soon my weary eyes I'll close, never more to waken.
His lyart haffets wearing thin and bare;	S. Thou hast left met
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 12.	An' weary Winter comin fast, To a Mouse.
When wearing thro' the afternoon, . The Twa Dogs.	Has cost thee monie a weary nibble! 1b.
Weary, -ie.	I'm weary sick o't late and air? To Dr. Blacklock.
An' wi' the weary warl' fought! . A Guid New-Year † 16.	crazy, weary, joyless Eild, To J. S., 13.
O, free my weary eyes from tears, A Prayer under Anguish.	Apollo weary flying, To J. Taylor.
But life to me's a weary dream, S. Again rejoicing Nature	My weary heart its throbbings cease, To Ruin.
The hungry bike did scrape and pike	Thro' weary winter's wind and rain S. 'Twas even-the dewy †
Till we were wae and wearie: O S. Amang the trees †	He hosts and he hirples the weary day lang:
The day was waxing weary, S. As I gaed up by t	S. What can a yng lassie †
Waking ay and wearie, S. Ay waking, O †	How slow ye move, ye heavy hours, As ye were wae and weary! When I think on t
Ay waukin, O, Waukin still and weary; S. Ay waukin, O.	Return sae dowf and weary O: . S. When o'er the hill t
Oh! age has weary days! S. But lately seen,	And I were ne'er sae weary O,
O Life! Thou art a galling load,	These northern scenes with weary feet I trace;
Along a rough, a weary road, . Despondency, an Ode.	Wr. in Kenmore Inn.
Long since, this world's thorny ways	And I sae weary fu' of care! . S. Ye banks and braes †
Had number'd out my weary days, . Ep. to Davie. 10.	Weary, to.
Forjesket sair, with weary legs, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 2.	Wi' merry sangs, an' friendly cracks,
To cheer you through the weary widdle O' this wild warl', Ep. to Maj. Logan. 3.	I wat they did na weary; Halloween. 28.
For the man that loves his mistress weel	Weary fa' [an imprecation, a curse befaii].
Nae travel makes him weary. S. Here's to thy health, †	Weary fa' you, Duncan Gray, S. Duncan Gray.
I restless lie frae e'en to morn,	But weary fa' the waefu' woodie! The Jolly Beggars. R. IV.
Tho' I were ne'er sae weary. S. How lang and dreary t	Wearying. Wearying Heav'n in warm devotion,
She [my mammy] never lets me weary, Sir, S. I'm o'er young t	Weary-laden. S. Musing on the roaring t
"In weary being now I pine, . Lament for Glencairn.	But oh! [death] a blest relief for those
But nought can glad the weary wight	That weary-laden mourn! . Man was made to Mourn.
That fast in durance lies Lament of Mary of Scots.	Weason [the weasand].
The weary shearer's hameward way, S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite	But monie daily weet their weason
Seem'd weary, worn with care; Man was made to mourn.	Wi' liquors nice, Scotch Drink. 14.
I've seen you weary winter-sun	Weather.
Twice forty times return;	On guid March-weather, A Guid New-Year † 11. Kindly stood the milking-shiel,
Thro' weary life this lesson learn, Ib.	To shelter frae the stormy weather S. As I came o'er †
Till down my weary bones I lay	Autumn's pleasant weather; S. Now westlin winds †
In everlasting slumber; O. S. My father was a farmer	The happy hour may soon be near.
But the weary, weary warpin o't S. My heart was ance †	That brings us pleasant weather: S. The noble Maxwells †
The weary steps o' woe. S. Now Spring has clad	The weather was cauld, and the lassie lay still, S. The Taylor fell †
Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain. Delights the weary Farmer: S. Now westlin winds +	
Take pity on my weary feet, S. O Lassie, art thou t	Guid health, hale han's, an' weather bonie; Third Ep. to J. Lap
A weary slave from sun to sun, S. O Mary, at thy window †	There will surely be some pleasant weather
'Till my last weary sand was run, S. O were I on Parnass.	When a' their storms are past and gone.
The weary winter soon will pass, S. Oh, how can I be blythe †	When clouds in skies †
Thou strings the nerves o' Labor-sair,	Weather, to.
At's weary toil; Scotch Drink. 6.	A wight, that will weather damnation, The devil the prey will despise. The Election Ballads. III.
Tae cheer you thro' the weary widdle	Weave ["weave our stockin," knit our stocking].
O' war'ly cares, Second Ep. to Davie.	On Fasteneen we had a rockin,
But we've wander'd many a weary foot,	To ca' the crack and weave our stockin;
Sin' auld lang syne. S. Should auld acquaintance †	Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 2.
But what a weary wight can please, And care his bosom wringing S. Sweet fa's the eve t	Syne weave, unseen, thy spider snare O' hell's damned waft Poem on Life.
Owre mony a weary hag he limpit, Tam Samson's El., 10.	Here shall the shepherd make his seat,
And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward bend.	To weave his crown of flowers: The Petition of Br. Water.
The Cotter's Sat. Wight.	Weav'd. Bonie Doon, whare early roaming,
Does a' his weary kiaugh and care beguile, [v.A.5] Ib. 3.	First I weav'd the rustic sang. S. Scenes of woe t
Does a' his weary carking cares beguile; [v.A.5] Ib.	Weaver.

To the weaver's gin ye go, fair maids, S. My heart was ance t	
the first of the f	Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r, To a Mountain-Daisy.
	Wee, sleeket, cowran, tim'rous beastie, To a Mouse.
And turn a Carpet-weaver Aff-hand . The Ordination. 9.	
Wecht [a vessel resembling a sleve, but without	I hae a wife and twa wee laddies, To Dr. Blacklock.
holes, mostly used for winnowing grain].	Wee Willie Gray, an' his leather wallet; [re.]
Meg fain wad to the Barn gaen,	S. Wee Willie Gray †
To winn three wechts o' naething; Halloween. 21.	Wee-bit. I gied thy cog a wee-bit heap
Wed. They'll hae me wed a wealthy coof,	Aboon the timmer; A Guid New-Year † 13.
S. And O for ane and twenty t	His wee-bit ingle, blinkan bonilie, The Cotter's Sat. Night.
"I'll wed another like my dear . S. Husband, husband †	
	Whyles, owre the wee bit cup an' platie, The Twa Dogs. 33.
I'll be wed come o't what will, . S. In simmer when t	Thy wee-bit housie, too, in ruin! To a Mouse.
I think I maun wed him-to-morrow, [re.]	That wee-bit heap o' leaves an' stibble, Ib.
S. Last May a braw wooer t	your wee bit jauntie, Wad bring ye to; To Dr. Blacklock.
before ye wed Sic clumsy-witted hammers, On W. Chalmers.	
I put him to bed, and he swore he wad wed,	Wee-things [little children].
S. The auld man t	The vera wee-things, toddlan, rin,
Wedded.	Wi' stocks out owre their shouther: Halloween.
Tho' I am your wedded wife,	The expectant wee-things, toddlan, stacher through
Yet I am not your slave, Sir. S. Husband, husband †	To meet their Dad, wi' flichterin noise and glee.
	The Cotter's Sat. Night.
Wedding, -in.	Weed. Yet sune thou shalt be thrown aside,
But he has na tell'd the lass hersel	Like ony common weed and vile. S. I do confess †
Till on her wedding day, O Katharine Jaffray.	We'll roam through the forest for each idle weed;
At Kirns an' weddins we'se be there, The Jolly Beggars. S. V.	Monody, on a Lady.
The Jolly Beggars. S. V.	The sweetest flower that deck'd the mead,
Wedlock. Auld, uncle John, wha wedlock's joys,	Now trodden like the vilest weed, S. O Lassie, art thou t
Wedlock. Auld, uncle John, wha wedlock's joys, Sin' Mar's-year did desire, . Halloween. 27.	That stipend is a carnal weed
I ken thy friends try ilka means	He takes but for the fashion; The Ordination. 5.
Frae wedlock to delay thee; . S. Here's to thy health,	
Wee [little].	Weed [dress, apparel].
	dowie, wear The mourning weed; Poor Mailie's El
his wee, curlie John's ier-oe, A Ded. to G. H., 14.	Aft, clad in massy, siller weed, Scotch Drink. 7.
But just thy step a wee thing hastet, A Guid New-Year † 14.	An' cleed her hairns, man, wife, an' wean.
Ilk happing bird, wee, helpless thing! . A Winter Night. 4.	Aft, clad in massy, siller weed,
My sweet wee lady, Add. to Illegit. Child.	Her ancient weed was russet gray, The Election Ballads. I.
Wee image of my bonny Betty,	Be thou clad in russet weed, Wr. in Friars-Carse H.
I throw the wee stools o'er the mickle, . Add. to Toothache.	Weeds. Autumn in her weeds o' yellow. S. By Allan stream †
"Yon wee white Cot aboon the Mill, . As on the banks t	Who in widow weeds appears, . Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.
Bonie wee thing, canie wee thing,	In weeds of woe that frantic beat her breast,
Lovely wee thing was thou mine; S. Bonie wee thing †	On Death of Sir J. Blair.
Lest my wee thing be na mine	Weeding.
Some wee, short hour ayont the twal,	I turn'd my weeding hook aside,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 31.	An' spar'd the symbol dear. The Ans. to the Guidwife.
	Titagle On sighteen manage a week Three livid hefere
We will big a wee, wee house,	week. On eighteen bence a week I ve hv a before.
We will big a wee, wee house, And we will like king and queen, S. Duncan Davison.	Week. On eighteen pence a week I've liv'd before. Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
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And we will like king and queen, S. Duncan Davison. Mourn, ye wee songsters o' the wood; El. on Capt. M. H., 7.	For had ye staid whole weeks awa', Your wives they ne'er had miss'd ye. Ep. to R. Graham. 5. Epit. on a Wag.
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And we will like king and queen, Mourn, ye wee songsters o' the wood; El. on Capt. M. H., 7. An' our gudewife's wee hirdy cocks; El. on Year 1788. There's ae wee faut they whiles lay to me, Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 17. The poor, wee thing was little hurt; Ep. to J. R., 8. An' the wee powts begun to cry, Ib. 11. Wee Jenny to her Graunie says, Halloween. 13. Hee balon, my sweet wee Donald, S. Hee balon † Loove for loove is the bargain for me, Tho' the wee Cot-house should hand me; S. My Collier Laddie. My Love's a winsome wee thing, She is a handsome wee thing, She is a handsome wee thing, She is a bonie wee thing, My kindly blythesome wee thing, With the hand and heart of my wee thing, No more at my fate I'll repine. My blessins upon thy sweet, wee lippie! S. O whare did ye get † Wee Pope, the knurlin, Poem on Pastoral Poetry. His wee drap parritch, or his bread Thou kitchens fine. Scotch Drink, 7. An' just a wee drap sp'ritual burn in, An' gusty sucker! Ib. 9. Twa span-lang, wee, unchristened bairns; Tam o' Shanter. 11. That sark she coft for her wee Nannie, Tam o' Shanter. 11. That sark she coft for her wee Nannie, Wee Davock hauds the nowt in fother. Till faith, wee Davock's turn'd sae gleg, my bonny sweet wee lady, Wee [Miller] neist, the Guard relieves, The Holy Fair. 17. The wee Apollo The Jolly Beggars. R. V. Our Whipper-in, wee, blastet wonner, The Twa Dogs. 9. A smytrie o' wee, duddie weans, a wee touch langer, An' they maun starve	For had ye staid whole weeks awa', Your wives they ne'er had miss'd ye. Epit. on a Wag. But a' the niest week as I petted wi' care, S. Last May a braw wooser to they had been fou for weeks thegither. Tam o' Shanter. 5. Weekly. This night his weekly moil is at an end, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 2. Weel [well; "weel's," well as]. He may do weel for a' he's done yet, A Ded. to G. H., 3. Wi' weel spread looves, an' lang, wry faces;
And we will like king and queen, Mourn, ye wee songsters o' the wood; El. on Capt. M. H., 7. An' our gudewife's wee birdy cocks; El. on Year 1788. There's ae wee faut they whiles lay to me, Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 17. The poor, wee thing was little hurt; Ep. to J. R., 8. An' the wee powts begun to cry, Ib. 11. Wee Jenny to her Graunie says, Halloween. 13. Hee balon, my sweet wee Donald, S. Hee balon† Loove for loove is the bargain for me, Tho' the wee Cot-house should hand me; S. My Collier Laddie. My Love's a winsome wee thing, She is a handsome wee thing, She is a handsome wee thing, Wy kindly blythesome wee thing, Wy kindly blythesome wee thing, No more at my fate I'll repine. Ib. This sweet wee wife o' mine. S. My Wife's a winsome. My blessins upon thy sweet, wee lippie! S. O whare did ye get to wee drap parritch, or his bread Thou kitchens fine. Scotch Drink. 7. An' just a wee drap sp'ritual burn in, An' gusty sucker! Ib. 9. Twa span-lang, wee, unchristened bairns; Tam o' Shanter. 11. That sark she coft for her wee Nannie, Wee Davock hauds the nowt in fother. The Inventory. Till faith, wee Davock's turn'd sae gleg, my bonny sweet wee lady, Ib. Wee [Miller] neist, the Guard relieves, The Holy Fair. 17. The wee Apollo The Twa Dogs. 9. A smytrie o' wee, duddie weans, Ib. 10.	For had ye staid whole weeks awa', Your wives they ne'er had miss'd ye. Epit. on a Wag. But a' the niest week as I petted wi' care, S. Last May a brave wooser t They had been fou for weeks thegither. Tam o' Shanter. 5. Weekly. This night his weekly moil is at an end, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 2. Weel [Well; "weel's," well as]. He may do weel for a' he's done yet, My skill may weel be doubted; My skill may weel be doubted; My skill may weel be doubted; A Dean. 4. Weel rigg'd for Venus barter; Ald. of Beelzebub. 5. An' think't weel war'd. Aseat, I'm sure ye're weel deservin't; Add. to Illegit. Child. Sae weel row'd in his tartan plaidie. S. As I cwas a-wand'ring t We darena weel say't, though we ken wha's to blame, S. By yon castle wa' t 'I red ye weel, tak care o' skaith, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 9. 'Weel, weel!' says I, 'a bargain be't; I might as weel hae try'd a quarry 'O' hard whin-rock. An's weel pay'd for't; He's grown sae weel acquaint wi' Buchan, Ib. 14. 'I might as weel had won thy praise, El. on Capt. M. H., Epit. For Eighty-eight he wish'd you weel, El. on Capt. M. H., Epit. For Eighty-eight he wish'd you weel, El. on Vear 1782. An'a' been weel content. Epig. on Henpecked Squire. Conceal yoursel as weel's ye can Frae critical dissection; L' es carce heard ought describ'd sae weel,

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	Maybe some ither thing they gie me	But no sae weel a stranger To a Painter.
	They weel can spare. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 17.	Lord send you ay as weel's I want ye, . To Dr. Blacklock.
r s	Roose you sae weel for your deserts, Ib., Ap. 21st, 5.	An' shore him weel wi' hell; To Gav. Hamilton.
	He'll haud it weel thegither Epit. on a Ruling Elder.	I ken he weel a Snick can draw,
	I gat some gear wi' meikle care, I held it weel thegither; Extem., Ap. 1782.	I jouk beneath Misfortune's blows As weel's I may; To J. S., 25.
	Lads like lasses weel, . S. Gudeen to you Kimmer†	As weel's I may; To J. S., 25. as I'm informed weel, To Mr. J. Kennedy.
	wooer-babs, Weel knotted on their garten, . Halloween. 3.	I wiss you weel, and gude be wi' you
	I mind't as weel's yestreen,	We've lost a birkie weel worth gowd, To W. Creech.
	He gat hemp-seed, I mind it weel,	weel learn'd upo' the beuk, To W. Simpson. P.S.
	Gars ony dress look weel S. Handsome Nell.	oh, I pay weel For a' the joy I borrow, Verses under Grief.
	Weel, my babie, may thou furder: S. Hee balout	Weel [prosperity, welfare].
	For the man that loves his mistress weel	Come weel, come woe, I care na by, S. Behind you hills †
	Nae travel makes him weary S. Here's to thy health †	Come weel, come woe, I care na by, S. Behind you hills f Come weel, come woe, we'll gather and go, S. Come boat me o'er.
	He lo'es sae weel his craps and kye, He has nae love to spare for me: S. In simmer when	My hale and weel I'll take a care o't
	Altho' thy beauty and thy grace	A tentier way: . Friend of the Poet † P.S.
	Might weel awauk desire S. It is na, Jean †	And laws for Scotland's weel ordained;
	His head weel arm'd wi' pointed spears, John Barleycorn.	On Window at Stirling.
	For weel ye ken the way to woo S. John, come kiss.	Weel-aim'd. But yet he drew the mortal trigger Wi' weel-aim'd heed; Tam Samson's El., 11.
	Weel known to many men, O Katharine Jaffray.	Weel-booted. Though I canna ride in weel-booted pride,
	Weel may we a' be! S. Landlady, count †	Ronalds of Bennals.
	Weel buskit up sae gaudy; . S. My Collier Laddie.	Weel-bred. Whase wife's twa nieves were scarce weel-bred, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 26.
	But cheerful still, I am as well, As a monarch in a palace, O, S. My father was a farmer †	Weel-burnish't.
	Will ken as weel's mysel! . S. My heart was ance †	Down droops her ance weel-burnish't crest, To W. Creech.
	They drew a' weel enough; . S. O gude ale comes †	Weel-clad.
	Weel shod wi' brass On Grose's Peregrinations.	"When a' my weel-clad banks could see,
	Were weel lac'd up in silken shoon, . S. O Mally's meek.	"Their woody picture in my tide: . As on the banks †
	And here's to them that wish us weel, S. O May thy morn †	Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy black; . The Twa Dogs. 5.
	O weel ken I my ain lassie, . S. O this is no my ain t	Weel-far'd [weel-favoured].
	I see a form, I see a face, Ve weel may wi' the fairest place:	My winsome, weel-far'd Highland laddie; S. As I came o'er† The graces of her weelfar'd face, S. On Cessnock banks†
	Ye weel may wi' the fairest place:	Weelfare [welfare].
	The kind love that's in her e'e	And each for other's weelfare kindly spiers:
	The bonie lasses weel may wiss him,	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5.
	On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.	Weel-favour'd. For he's bonie and braw, weel-favour'd with a',
	Jamaica bodies, use him weel, 1b.	S. There's a youth †
	Their father's a laird, and weel he can spare't, Ronalds of Bennals.	Weel-featur'd.
	I lo'e her mysel, but darena weel tell, Ib.	Weel-featur'd, weel-tocher'd, weel mounted and braw; S. There's a youth †
	She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum, Tam o' Shanter. 3.	Weel-fill'd. An' spread abreed thy weel-fill'd brisket,
	Weel mounted on his gray mare, Meg,	A Guid New-Year † 12.
	And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-sark!" Ib. 16.	Weel-gaun [well-going].
	Or R[obinson] again grown weel, Tam Samson's El	Whase life is like a weel-gaun mill, Add. to Unco Guid. My Lan' ahin's a weel gaun fillie, The Inventory.
	Abuse o' Magistrates might weel be spar'd; The Brigs of Ayr. 10.	Weel-hain'd [well-saved, frugally spent, or used].
	Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new;	Wha waste your weel-hain'd gear on d—d new Brigs and
	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5.	Harbours! The Brigs of Ayr. 9.
	But blate and laithfu,' scarce can weel behave; 1b. 8.	To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck, fell,
	And he wad do their errands weel, The Election Ballads. I.	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11. Weel-hoordet [well-hoarded].
	Ye weel ken, kimmers a',	The auld Guidwife's weel-hoordet nits Halloween. 7.
	God grant the King and ilka man May look weel to themsel	Weel-kenned, -kend, -kent [well-known].
	And weel does Selkirk fa' that	I doubt na, lass, that weel-kenned name
	For weel he's worthy a' that	May cost a pair o' blushes; . On W. Chalmers. And eels weel kend for souple tail, Tam Samson's El., 6.
	Weel heaped up wi' ha'pence, The Holy Fair. 8.	And eels weel kend for souple tail, Tam Samson's El., 6. Weel kend his voice thro' a' the wood, The Twa Herds. 6.
	Tho' in his heart he weel believes,	You'll easy draw a weel-kent face, To a Painter.
	An' thinks it auld wives' fables:	Weel-plac'd.
	Sit round the table, weel content,	The sacred lowe o' weel plac'd love, Ep. to Young Friend. 6.
	weel brac'd wi' mealy bags, The Jolly Beggars. R. I.	Weel-pleased, -'d.
	Wha ken't fu' weel to cleek the Sterlin; Ib. R. IV.	Weel pleased, he [Death] greets a wight sae famous,
	As weel as poor Gutscraper;	Epit. on Tam the Chapman. Weel-pleas'd the Mother hears, it's nae wild, worthless Rake.
	O love will venture in, where it dare na weel be seen:	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 7.
	The Posie.	Weel-pleas'd to think her bairn's respected like the lave. Ib. 8.
	The violet for modesty, which weel she fa's to wear, . Ib.	Weel I wat [well I wot or know].
	Her dizzen's done, she's unco weel; . The Twa Dogs. 30. For weel he kend the way, O, S. The Taylor †	Weel I wat she was a quean Wad made a bodie's mouth to water: (S. Donald Brodie †
		Wad made a bodie's mouth to water; S. Donald Brodie†
	And weel he kend the way to woo,	And weel I wat her willin mou
	Or what wad mak her weel again. S. There was a lass †	Was e'en like succar-candie S. Had I the wyte † And weel I wat he lo'es me dear; . S. In simmer when †
	Weel Europe kens the fame o't The Tree of Liberty.	And weel I wat he lo'es me dear; S. In simmer when † For weel I wat they'll sairly miss him
	And now she [Virtue] sees wi' pride, man,	On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.
	How weel it buds and blossoms there, 16.	Weel-sung.
	And banged the despot weel, man	Till echoes a' resound again Her weel-sung praise To W. Simpson. 6.
		The stand plants of the standards
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Weel-tochered, -'d [well-dowered].	Weigh.
Weel-featur'd, weel-tocher'd, weel mounted and braw; S. There's a youth †	L-d weigh it down, and dinna spare, Holy Willie's Prayer. 13 Weight.
Nae weel-tochered aunts, to wait on their drants, Ronalds of Bennals.	That on this frail, uncertain state,
Weel-turn'd.	Hang matters of eternal weight: . Sketch. New-Yr's Day Had felt our weight before The Election Ballads. V
Wi' rhymes weel-turn'd an' ready, A Dream. 2.	But Douglasses o' weight had we,
Weel-won [honestly-earned]. Tho' it [the tocher] was sma', 'twas weel-won gear, A Guid New-Year t 4.	Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight, Shall be thy doom! To a Mountain-Daisy Weighty.
Weel-worn.	So how this weighty plea may end,
Tam Samson's weel-worn clay here lies, Tam Samson's El., Epit.	Nae mortal wight can tell: The Election Ballads. I Welcome. In Heaven itself I'll ask no more
Weel-stocked, -stockit [well-replenished]. O gi'e me the lass wi' the weel-stockit farms.	Than just a Highland welcome. A V. on being Hosp. Entertained
S. Awa' wi' your witchcraft †	Thou's welcome wean, Add. to Illegit. Child
A weel-stocked mailin, himsel' for the laird, S. Last May a braw wooer †	You're welcome to Despots, Dumourier; Add. to Dumourier
I never had frien's, weel-stockit in means, Ronalds of Bennals.	My warst word is, "Welcome, and welcome again!" S. Contented vii little A man may kiss a bonie lass,
Weel-swall'd [well-swelled].	And ay be welcome back again. S. Duncan Davison
Till a' their weel-swall'd kytes belyve Are bent like drums; To a Haggis.	Whate'er thou hast done, be it late be it soon, Thou's welcome again to thy ain Jock Rab.
Ween. For nature smiles as sweet, I ween,	S. Eppie M'Nab
To shepherds as to kings. S. Behold, my love † Ah! tho' his worth unknown, far happier there I ween!	O welcome dear to love and me! S. Here is the glen But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber,
The Cotter's Sat. Night.	S. Here's a health to ane
And there was Balmaghie I ween, The Election Ballads. V. A panegyric rhyme, I ween,	Then may heaven with prosperous gales, Fill my sailor's welcome sails, S. How can my poor heart
Even as I was he shor'd me; The Petition of Br. Water.	the welcome summer show'r S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite
And such a leg! my Bess, I ween, Could only peer it; [v.A.14] The Vision. D. I. 11.	While birds warble welcomes in ilka green shaw; S. My Nanie's Awa.
Weep.	'Were ne'er sae welcome to my eye, 'As is a sight o' Phely
There oft as mild ev'ning weeps over the lea, S. Afton Water. And weep the ae best fellow's fate	And doubly welcome be the spring, S. O wat ye wha's in
E'er lay in earth. El. on Capt. M. H., 16.	But gi'e me Lucy in my arms, And welcome Lapland's dreary sky
The poor man weeps—here G—N sleeps, Epit. for G. H. There would I weep my woes, S. Had I a cave †	You're welcome, Willie Stewart,
To gnash my gums, to weep and wail,	There's ne'er a flower that blooms in May, That's half sae welcome's thou art. On W. Stewart.
In burnin' lake, . Holy Willie's Prayer. 4. All I can—I weep and pray	Ye're welcome hame to me! . S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie.
For his weal that's far away. S. How can my poor heart † I think on him that's far awa',	Welcome to your gory bed, Or to glorious victory S. Scots, wha ha'e
The lee-lang night, and weep, . S. It was a' for t	More welcome were to me grim winter's wildest roar. Sonnet, on Death of R.
And wanders here to wail and weep! The Lament. Nae mair by Babel's streams we'll weep, The Ordination. 7.	There, welcome, win and wear the prize, S. Talk not of Love
Weepers.	Wi' bluidy han' a welcome gies him; The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.
Auld, cantie Kyle may weepers wear, On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.	With kindly welcome, Jenny brings him ben;
Weeping. He weeping wail'd his latter times; . A Vision.	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 8. My dearest bluid to do them guid, They're welcome till't for a' that. The Jolly Beggars. S. VII.
Truth, weeping, tells the mournful tale, A Winter Night. 7.	How welcome to me were the grave! S. The sun he is sunk!
The weeping blood in woman's breast Lament of Mary of Scots.	But for wine and for welcome not more known to fame,
Unmindful, tho' a weeping wife, And helpless offspring mourn. Man was made to Mourn.	"O welcome most kindly, the blythe carle said,
As dews o' summer weeping, S. O wat ye wha that loes †	S. There liv'd ance a carle wi' welcome canna bear me; To Mr. M'Adam.
"A weeping country joins a widow's tear, On Death of Sir J. Blair.	A sullen welcome, all!
Thou, weeping, answ'rest no! The Farewell.	Welcome now Simmer, and welcome my Willie; S. Wandering Willie.
And soothe the Virtues weeping on this bier: [v.A.10] Sonnet, on Death of R.	Ye're welcome for the sake o't. S. When wild War's
Weet, adj. [wet]. Oh Jenny's a weet poor body S. Comin thro' the rye †	Thou'rt welcome to it dearly!
Weet [wet, wetness, dew, rain].	Are laid with thee [Death!] at rest!
And violets bathe in the weet of the morn; S. My Nanie's Awa.	Man was made to Mourn. And welcome in the blooming year! S. O wat ye wha's in t
Thou hear'st the winter wind and weet,	The tappit-hen gae bring her ben,
"The woodbine in the dewy weet, S. O Phely, †	To welcome Willie Stewart On W. Stewart. Welcomes the rapid moments, bids them part,
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet! To a Mountain-Daisy.	Sonnet, wr. on Birthday.
Thro' wind and weet, thro' frost and snaw; S. Young Jockey †	We'll welcome hame fair Albany. S. The bonie Lass of Alb. But thy utmost duly done,
Weet, to [to wet]. And rising, weets wi' misty showers	Welcome what thou canst not shun: Wr. in Hermitage at F.C.
The birks of Aberfeldy. S. Bonie Lassie, will ye go † till we meet and weet our whistle, Ep. to H. Parker.	When welcoming the French at the sound of the drum.
And gart me weet my waukrife winkers,	The Jolly Beggars. S. I. Well. My passion I will ne'er declare, I'll say I wish thee well S. Ah, Chloris†
Wi' girnan spite Ép. to Maj. Logan. 10. But monie daily weet their weason	
But monie daily weet their weason Wi' liquors nice,	His only son for Hornbook sets, And pays him well, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 27.
If e'er ye want, or meet with scant, May I ne'er weet my craigie! The Jolly Beggars. S. VI.	When deprived of her husband she loved so well, Epig. on Henpecked Squire.

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But friends an' folk that wish me well,	West.
They sometimes roose me; Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 16.	The moon was sinking in the west
Full well thou know'st I love thee dear; S. Fairest maid † To think life's sun did set ere well begun Lns on Fergusson.	Wi' visage pale and wan, S. My heart was ance † The flower and fancy o' the west; S. My Lord a-hunting †
I live to-day as well's I may,	When day, expiring in the west,
Regardless of to-morrow, O. S. My father was a farmer t	The curtain draws of Nature's rest, S. Now rosy May †
Ye Scots wha wish auld Scotland well, Scotch Drink. 16. But distress, with horrors arming,	I dearly like the west, S. Of a' the airts † But I look to the West when I gae to rest,
Thou hast also known too well! S. Sensibility †	S. Out over the Forth †
An' tye some hose well. The Author's Cry and Prayer. 10.	For far in the west lives he I lo'e best,
His Country's Saviour, mark him well! [v.A.4] The Vision. D. I.	Ye monarchs, tak the east and west, Frae Indus to Savannah! . S. The gowd. Locks of A.
Brydon's brave Ward I well could spy, [v.A.4] Ib.	I hae been east, I hae been west, S. The Ploughmant
Her body is bestowed well, S. The Joyful Widower.	And when the Day had clos'd his e'e, Far i' the West, The Vision. D. I. 2.
That you do maintain them so well as you do. The Poor Thresher.	An' now the sinn keeks in the west, Third Ep. to J. Lap
Well thou may'st discover; S. Thine am I†	'Till too, too soon the glowing west Proclaim'd the speed of winged day. To Mary in Heaven.
Well, s. Gin a body meet a body, comin frae the well, S. Comin thro' the rye.	But gang she east, or gang she west S. When first I saw †
Sits o'er his newly-gather'd fruits,	The Wintry West extends his blast, Winter.
Beside his crystal well! Despondency, an Ode. 3. Embro' wells are grutten dry El. on Year 1788.	Westerha' [Sir James Johnstone of Westerhall].
But Nith maun be my Muse's well, S. O were I on Parnass. †	And Westerha' and Hopeton hurled To every Whig, defiance The Election Ballads. VI.
And near the thorn, aboon the well, Whare Mungo's mither hang'd hersel. Tam o' Shanter. 10.	There's no a callant tents the kye,
Enjoying large each spring and well	But kens o' Westerha', Jamie S. The Laddies by † Western. Dim, cloudy, sunk beneath the western wave;
As Nature gave them me, . The Petition of Br. Water.	On Death of Sir J. Blair.
An had in mony a well been douked: The Jolly Beggars. R. IV.	The western breeze steals thro' the trees, To view this Fête Champetre. S. The Fête Champetre.
Frae Calvin's well, ay clear they drank,	Must wring my soul, ere Phœbus, low,
O' sic a feast! The Twa Herds. 5. Well, to. Or mus'd where limpid streams once hallow'd, well,	Shall kiss the distant, western main The Lament, 7.
On Death of Sir J. Blair.	Frae yont the western waves, man. The Tree of Liberty. Western breezes softly blowing,
Well-bred. Now, well-bred men—and you are all well-bred The Rights of Woman.	Suit not my distracted mind S. Thickest night †
Well-earn'd.	Westlin [western, westward].
And all his well-earn'd praise disclaim. S. The capt. Ribband.	The westlin wind blaws loud an' shill; S. Behind you hills †
Well-fed. There, well-fed Irwine stately thuds: The Vision. D. I. 14.	In hamely, westlin jingle
Well-form'd.	A bonie, westlin weaver lad [re.] . S. My heart was ance †
well-form'd taste, and sparkling wit Prologue, sp. by Woods.	Now westlin winds, and slaught'ring guns
Well-known.	Bring Autumn's pleasant weather; S. Now westlin winds † Westward.
And seem'd, to my astonish'd view, A well-known Land The Vision. D. I. 12.	I'll westward turn my wistful eye: S. Behold the hour †
Well-pleas'd. May hear, well pleas'd, the language of the Soul;	Wet.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 17.	Wha drudge and drive thro' wet and dry, Ep. to Davie. 6. Her lips are roses wet wi' dew! . S. Her flowing locks †
Well-won. His well-won bays, than life itself more dear, To R. G. of F., 5.	Her lips like roses wet wi' dew, . S. I gaed a waefu' t
Well-worn.	His hoary cheek was wet wi' tears; Lament for Glencairn.
That name, that well-worn name, and all his own, The Vowels.	Wet, to.
Welsh. Welsh, who ne'er yet flinch'd his ground, The Election Ballads. VI.	And the bands grew the tighter the more they were wet. The Whistle, 12.
Wench. There was ae winsome wench and wawlie,	A tear may wet thy laughin' e'e,
Tam o' Shanter. 15. This here was for a wench, and that other in a trench,	For Scotia's son—ance gay like thee Verses under Grief. Wether.
The Jolly Beggars. S. I.	And send us from thy bounteous store
When -, deceased, to the Devil went down, Epig. on	A tup or wether head! At Globe Tav., D. And eaten like a wether haggis? S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. G. †
No man with the half of 'em e'er went far wrong; Fragment, inscr. to Fox.	Wha [who].
	Wha kens, before his life may end, A Bottle and Friend.
No man with the half of 'em e'er went quite right, . 16. And frae my chamber went wi' speed;	Wha never heard of Orth-d-xy A Ded. to G. H., 6.
S. The lass that made the bed.	O ye wha leave the springs o' C-lv-n,
The bride went to bed wi' the silly bridegroom, The last braw bridal	And S-ckv-lle doure, wha stood the stoure, A Fragment. 5.
Went home to his wife who scarce could believe,	wha bide this brattle O' winter war, A Winter Night. 3.
The Poor Thresher. They all went to dine at the Nobleman's hall Ib.	Wha in yon cavern grim an' sootie, . Add. to the Deil. O ye wha are sae guid yoursel, . Add. to Unco Guid.
My heart went fluttering pit-a-pat, S. When first I saw	O ye wha are sae guid yoursel, . Add. to Unco Guid. a royal ghaist wha ance was cas'd . S. Amang the trees †
Werna [were not].	Wha wad mind the wind and rain, . S. As I came o'er t
Five wighter carlines werna found The Election Ballads. I. We'se [we shall, or will].	Wha did I meet, upon the way, S. As I gaed up by †
We'se gie ae night's discharge to care,	Wha gae the whigs the power o't! S. Awa, whigs, awa. Wha in a brulzie, will first cry a parley?
Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 18.	S. Bannocks o' bear meal †
The four-gill chap, we'se gar him clatter,	Wha in his wae days were loyal to Charlie? Wha but the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley
Faith, we'se hae fine remarkin! The Holy Fair. 6.	We darena weel say't, though we ken wha's to blame,
At Kirns an' weddins we'se be there, The Jolly Beggars. S. V.	S. By you castle wa'
And mair, we'se ne'er be parted. S. When wild War's †	Wha the de'il ever thinks o' the road he has past. S. Contented wi' little †
The many is so no parties	

And wha wad dare to spoil it? . S. Does haughty Gaul †	Wha mak the Whisky stells their prize! Scotch Drink. 20
Tell that far warlds, wha lies in clay, El. on Capt. M. H., 9.	Scots, wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled; . S. Scots, wha ha'e
Here lies wha weel had won thy praise, Ib., Epit.	Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha hae nae check but human law, Ep. to Young Friend. 3.	Wha can fill a coward's grave?
they wha fa' in Fortune's strife,	Wha sae base as be a slave?
Wha drudge and drive thro' wet and dry, Ep. to Davie. 6.	Wha for Scotland's King and law,
	Freedom's sword will strongly draw?
Wha scarcely tent us in their way,	Be hain't wha like Second Ep. to Davi
I, here wha sit, hae met wi' some [Misfortunes], Ib. 7.	But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen? S. Tam Gles
'You wha ken hardly verse frae prose, Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 10.	O wha will I get but Tam Glen?
	wha this tale o' truth shall read, . Tam o' Shanter. I
Wha thinks himsel nae sheep-shank bane, Ib., Ap. 21st, 12.	Wha will they station at the cock, . Tam Samson's E
O Thou wha gies us each guid gift! Ib. 13.	Wha sweetly tune the Scottish lyre, The Ans. to the Guidwif
Spare't for their sakes wha aften wear it, . Ep. to J. R., 3.	Wha represent our Brughs an' Shires,
Think, wicked Sinner, wha ye're skaithing: Ib. 4.	The Author's Cry and Praye
Wha dearly like a jig or sang, . Ep. to Maj. Logan. 6.	Tell them wha hae the chief direction,
Wha count on poortith as disgrace	Let posts an' pensions sink or swoom
An' by her een wha was a dear ane! Ib. 11.	Wi' them wha grant them:
Nae wonder he's as black's the grun,	Wha glaum'd at Kingdoms three, man.
Observe wha's standing wi' him. Epit. on Holy Willie.	S. The Battle of Sherra-Moo
Wha cheerfully lays down the pack,	Or Cuifs of later times, wha held the notion,
Epit. on Tam the Chapman.	That sullen gloom was sterling, true devotion:
Wha wadna be happy Wi' Eppie Adair? S. Eppie Adair.	The Brigs of Ayr.
they wha wad hae starv'd thy life	Wha in the paths o' righteousness did toil ay; Ib.
Extem. on Commem.s of Thomson.	Ye godly Councils wha hae blest this town;
Wha I wish were maggots' meat, . S. First when Maggy †	Wha meekly gie your hurdies to the smiters; I
Wha, wanting thee might beg or steal; Friend of the Poet	7771
Wha'twas, she wadna tell; Halloween. 8.	
	Men wha grew wise priggin owre hops an' raisins, Ib. It
An' wha was it but Grumphie Asteer that night? . Ib. 20.	Oh wha wad leave this humble state For a' the pride of a' the great? S. The Contented Cottage.
wha wedlock's joys, Sin' Mar's-year did desire, . Ib. 27.	
Wha got my young Highland thief S. Hee balou †	Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same, The Cotter's Sat. Night.
And wha winna wish guid luck to our cause,	Wha sees Kerroughtree's open yett?
May never guid luck be their fa'! S. Here's a health to them	And wha is't never saw that? . The Election Ballads.
	Our land wha wi' chapels has stored; Ib. II.
And wha wad betray Old Albion's rights, May they never eat of her bread!	**** *** * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *
O Thou, wha in the heavens dost dwell,	
Wha, as it pleases best thysel', . Holy Willie's Prayer.	Wha will buy my troggin, [re.]
I wha deserve sic just damnation,	For wha can dye the black?
	O wha will to Saint Stephen's house, S. The Fête Champetre
	Or him wha led o'er Scotland a'
L—d visit them wha did employ him,	The meikle Ursa Major?
But wha can avoid the fell snare? Inscrip. on Goblet.	Anbank, wha guess'd the ladies' taste,
If thou should kiss me, love,	Wha struts and stares, and a' that; S. The Honest Man
Wha could espy thee? S. Jamie, come try met	They mind't na wha the chorus teuk,
Or Poland, wha had now the tack o't; Kind Sir, I've read †	The Jolly Beggars. R. II.
Hey tutti taiti, Wha's fou now? . S. Landlady, count †	Wha ken't fu' weel to cleek the Sterlin; . Ib. R. IV
And wha but my fine fickle lover was there,	Wha us'd to trystes an' fairs to driddle, Ib. R. V
S. Last May a braw wooer †	Orthodox, orthodox, wha believe in John Knox,
Wha are to blame for this mischief; . Letter to J. Goudie.	The Kirk's Alarn
Wha gets her needs na say he's woo'd, S. My love she's but †	But wha is he, his Country's boast? . S. The Laddies by
Wha multiplies our number Nature's Law.	Wha canna win her in a night,
The man wha boasts o' warld's wealth, Is aften laird o' meikle care; . S. Now bank and brae †	Has little art in courting The Tarbolton Lasses
	Wha for his friend an' comrade had him, The Twa Dogs. 4
But wha wad keep the handless coof, S. O can ye labour leat	Wha now will keep you frae the fox, . The Twa Herds
O wha can prudence think upon.	Or wha will tent the waifs and crocks,
And sic a lassie by him; [re.] . S. O poortith cauld	A' ye wha tent the gospel fauld, Ib. 10
Wha kills me wi' disdaining S. O stay, sweet warbling †	A chield wha'll soundly buff our beef; Ib. 13
Wha follows ony saucy quean S. O Tibbie!	Quo' scho wha lives will see the proof, S. There was a lad
O wat ye wha that lo'es me, S. O wat ye wha t	As them wha like to taste the drappie There's naethin like
O wat ye wha's in you town, S. O wat ye wha's in t	Wha does the utmost that he can,
O wha my babie-clouts will buy?	Will whyles do mair To Dr. Blacklock
O wha will tent me when I cry? [re.] S. O wha my babie-clouts †	Wha rate the wearer by the cloak, To Mr. J. Kennedy
	See wha taks notice o' the bard! To Mr. M'Adam
A' ye wha live by sowps o' drink,	He wha could brush them down to mools, . To W. Creech
A' ye wha live by crambo-clink, A' ye wha live and never think, On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.	Wha wou'd soon dry the tear frae his Phillis's e'e.
Wha dearly like a random-splore;	S. Wae is my heart
Wha can do nought but fyke an' fumble, Ib.	Wha is that at my bower door?
Syne wha would starve?) Poem on Life.	O wha is it but Findlay: S. Wha is that at my
But thee, Theopocritus, wha matches?	Wha spied I but my ain dear maid, S. When wild War's
Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	And wha a crime dare ca' that? S. Women's Minds
Wae worth that man wha first did shape,	I wha sae late did range and rove, . S. Young Jamie
That vile wanchancie thing—a raep! . Poor Mailie's El	Whae'er [whoe'er].
An' wha on Aire your chanters tune! Ib.	Whae'er desires to ken, Epit. on J. Dove, Innkeeper
Wha met me but Robin. S. Robin shure in hairst.	Whae'er shall say I wanted grace, S. Had I the wyte
wha, tight, Gies famous sport Scotch Drink. 12.	
Ye Scots wha wish auld Scotland well, Ib. 16.	Whae'er o' thee shall ill suppose, They sair misca' thee; On Grose's Peregrinations
Wha twists his gruntle wi' a glunch	Whae'er ye be that woman love,
O' sour disdain, 1b. 17.	To this be never blind; S. She's fair and fause
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Whaever [whoever]. Whaever [whoever]. Whaever with we will be queen of the fair. It am Kernoghtrees me, the state of the fair. And has a doubt of a that?. And patch the whale? A death New-Year! to Manage the patch of the patch		
Whatever [winderver]. Whatever [winderver] with a pythic with a content with the tot make a pair. Whatever [winderver] with a pythic winding Nilk† And has a doubt of a that. The Election Balladat. I. Whatever [winderver] But sax Societh mile, thou try't their mettle, Whatever [winderver] But sax Societh mile, thou try't their mettle, Whatever [winderver] Winderver [winderver] Whatever [winderver] Whatev		
where has met wi my Phillis, Has met wi my Phillis, Wha ever wi Kerroughtree's met. And has allow to quen of the fair. And has allow to quen of the fair. And has allow to quen of the fair. Whalzle (to wheeze). But sas Scotch mile, thou try't their mettle, Whalzle (to wheeze). Whan we deplore. But sas Scotch mile, thou try't their mettle, Whalzle (to wheeze). Whan we deplore. But sas Agont mile, thou try't their mettle, Whan who place far abroad, The Two Dagt. Whan we help off. But whalps to some place far abroad. Whan we well with the truth should be heard, But they whan the truth was fifther 'a health is themst Scots, wham Bruce has aften led; Scots whan bruce has aften led; The Election Ballada. At strife thir earlines fell; The Election Ballada. At strife thir earlines fell; The Election Ballada. At strife thir earlines fell; The Henderson. At strife thir earlines fell; The Henderson. At strife thir earlines fell; The Henderson. And gloriously shell whan her [Heresy] Whan, Whane, Whane (Where). Whar damned devils roar and yell, Whar will thou cow'r thy chittering wing, A Winter Night. And whare will be get Howes and Clintons Add of Belachedo. Ca' them whare the heather grows, Friend, whare ye gam, will be back? Whane while has been as braw, lad? Whare has ye been as brankele O! Whate conditions of the Belachedo. Ca' them whare the bamile rows, South and the shall be supported the shall be supported to the shall goe and the branches of the shall be supported to the shall goe and the shall be supported to the shall goe and the shall be supported to the shall goe and the shall be supported to the shall goe and the shall be supported to the shall goe and the shall be supported to the shall goe and the shall be supported to the shall goe and the shall be supported to the shall goe and the shall be	S. There liv'd ance a carle †	A Guid New-Year † 9.
Has met wi'the queen o' the fair. Whas never with Carmosphree's method has a Gooth of a 'than?'. The Election Ballads. J. Malzle (to wheeces). But san Soctch mile, thou try't their metide. The Pood Dogs. Whan Market with the state of the property of the property of the state of the property of the		
Whatefore (wherefore), Whatefore and the storm, Whatefore (wherefore), Whatefore way be lie yet lane! S. Will ye go and marry: Whatefore where way be lie yet lane! S. Will ye go and marry: Whatefore way be lie yet lane! S. Will ye go and marry: Whatefore way be lie yet lane! S. Will ye go and marry: Whatefore way be lie yet lane! S. Will ye go and marry: Whatefore way be lie yet lane! S. Will ye go and marry: Whatefore way be lie yet lane! S. Will ye go and marry: Whatefore way be lie yet lane! S. Will ye go and marry: Whatefore way be lie yet lane! S. Will ye go and marry: Whatefore way be lie yet lane! S. Will ye go and marry: Whatefore way be lie yet lane! S. Will ye go and marry: Whatefore way be lie yet lane! S. Will ye go and marry: Whatefore way be lie yet lane! S. Will ye go and marry: Whatefore way be lie yet lane! S. Will ye go and marry: Whatefore way be lie yet lane! S. Will ye go and marry: Whatefore way be lie yet lane! S. Will ye go and marry: Whatefore way be lie yet lane! S. Will ye go and marry: Whate yet lane! S. S. Stort was held. If yet lane was a good as her is yet lane! S. Will ye go and marry: Whate yet lane! S. S. Stort was held. If yet lane! S. S. Stort was held. If yet lane! S. S. Stort was heard. If yet lan	Has met wi' the queen o' the fair.	
Marchon to a thea? The Election Balladat. Markazio (to Menoceze). But sax Societh mile, thou try't their mettle, what pet wheelegd. But sax Societh mile, thou try't their mettle, what pet wheelegd. But shalpet some place far abroad, The Two Dags. What pet what pet wheelegd. But shalpet some place far abroad, The Two Dags. The Two Two Dags. The Two Two Dags. The Two Two Dags. The Two Two Two Two Dags. The Two	S. Adown winding Nith † Wha ever wi' Kerronghtree's met.	Content with You to mak a pair,
Wharefore wad ye lie yer lane! S. Will ye go and marry: Whare (whose) who is lower wad ye lie yer lane! S. Will ye go and marry: Whare whe lower land the three was a first live and the store of the st	And has a doubt of a' that? The Election Ballads. I.	
Marlye two ley of their metry. Whalpet scotted mist, the other process. Whalpet scotted mist provided the storm. But whalpet some place far abroad, The Two Dogs. The Waham (whom). Tell thac far wadds, what lies in clay, Whas me deplore. Et. on Capt. M. H., o. There's nane ever fear'd that the truth should be heard, But they whan the truth wad indite. Stort, whan groce has aften left truth should be heard, But they whan the truth wad indite. As triffe thir carliers fell: The Election Ballads. II. Whan (when). Whan the cand wham refuse. As triffe thir carliers fell: The Election Ballads. II. Whan (when). Whan the cand wham refuse. As triffe thir carliers fell: The Election Ballads. II. Whan (when). Whan the cand wham refuse. Stort what he was early and the truth should be heard, But they whan to chose and wham refuse. As triffe thir carliers fell: The Election Ballads. II. Whas (whose): who is.) Whas bear are was early the was a far was early the was a far was early the was early was early the truth was early the was early the was early the same of the black than the blue. Whas for was early savell the same of the black than the blue. Whas incorn was ever his like a weel-gaun mill. Must can be a ware the same of the same of the was early the same of th	Whalzle [to wheeze].	
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Multi-field, what's as guide as he's true; Multi-field, what's and guide as he's true; Multi-field, what's and guide as he's true; Multi-field, what's and the blue. Multi-field what he truth and indice. Soots, wham the truth was indice. At strick thir carlines fell: The Election Ballads. An wham we chasten'd him therefore. An whan we tirl'd at your door. Ve son Window, Carron. Whang, I fall age sileo! Wi sweet-milk cheese, in monie a whang, The Holy Fair, 7, whan, Whang is large sileo! Wi sweet-milk cheese, in monie a whang, The Holy Fair, 7, whan, Whater, Whater when yell whang her [Herrsy] Wi pith this day. Whang, to 16 for with a thong; to beat in argument. Mang is large sileo! Whas an deal also, that his bustle here? Whang, whater, Whaur (where). Whar, Whare, Whaur (where). Whar, Whare, Whater (where). Whar whate the burnier rows. Ca't men whare the burnier rows. Ca't men whare the burnier rows. Ca't men whare the burnier rows. So also whate of the was a burnier with the work of the succession of the	Whalpet [whelped].	Wha's honour is proof to the storm;
There's nane over fear'd that the truth should be heard, But they wham the truth wad indite. But they wham the truth wad indite. Scots, wham Bruce has aften led; S. S. Stew's a health to them's Scots, wham Bruce has aften led; S. S. Sots wha he's Now, wham to chose and wham refuse. At strife thir earlines fell: The Election Ballads. I. Mhan thousands thou hast left in night. Whan thousands thou hast left in night. An' whan we chasterd him therefore, If it, ance whan in my wooing pride The Investment of the war the string silled. Whas great was never and the the Markey Fair, 7. Whang, I for flow with a thong; to beat in argu- And gloriously she'll whang her [Hersey]. Wif pith this day. The Ordination. 5. Whar with too cow' rhy chittering wing, A Winter Night. And whare will too cow' rhy chittering wing, A Winter Night. And whare will too cow' rhy chittering wing, A Winter Night. And whare will too cow' rhy chittering wing, A Winter Night. And whare will too cow' rhy chittering wing, A Winter Night. And whare will too cow' rhy chittering wing, A Winter Night. And whare will too cow' rhy chittering wing, A Winter Night. And whare will too cow' rhy chittering wing, A Winter Night. And whare will too cow' rhy chittering wing, A Winter Night. And whare will too cow' rhy chittering wing, A Winter Night. And whare whe heather grow, Ca' them whare the heather grow, Ca' them whare the heather grow, Ca' them whare the heather grow, Ca' the my hare the heather grow, Ca' ther whare the phouse of the grow hard win the grow hard what grow hard win the grow hard win to grow ha		
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S. Her's a health to them't Now, wham to chose and feel ed; S. Sots wha had't Now, wham to chose and wham refuse. As strife thir carlines fell: T. The Election Ballads. I. Whan (When). Whan thousands thou hast left in night, Whan thousands thou hast left in night, Whan thousands thou hast left in night, whan the chart of a your door, I. J. anne whan in my wooing pride The Inventory. The Inventory. Whan get a large of slice). Whan we have the state of a whang, The Holy Fair, 7. Whang, to [to flog with a thone; to beat in argument]. And gloriously shell whang her [Heresy] The Ordination. 3. What was a support of the state of the property of the Name with the Name will be seen and the Name will ye get Howes and Clintons Add of Besidente. Carl And whare will ye get Howes and Clintons Add of Besidente. Carl And whare will ye get Howes and Clintons Add of Besidente. Carl And whare will ye get Howes and Clintons Add of Besidente. Carl And whare will ye get Howes and Clintons Add of Besidente. Carl How whare the heather grows, S. Ca' the ewes. Friend, whare ye gaun, Will ye go back? Period, whare ye gaun, will ye go back? Whare the heather grows, S. Ca' the ewes. Friend, whare ye gaun, will ye go back? Whare the peed peed good of the peed to the peed good of the pe		
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What tongue his wose can tell; S. Now Spring has clad- What we chasten'd him therefore, 16.12. An' whan we chasten'd him therefore, 16.12. Anee whan in my wooing pride The Inventory. whan we tirl'd at your door, V. S. on Window, Carron. Whang (a large silice). Wis weet-milk cheese, in monie a whang, The Holy Fair, 7. Whang, I to flog with a thong; to beat in argument. I to flog with a thong; to beat in argument. My pith this day. The Ordination 3. Whar, Whare, Whaur [Where]. Whare, Whang, we may nobly rax your leather, A Guid New-Yeart 18. Whare whang the leather, S. Ca' the whare the heather grows, Ca' them whare the burnie rowes, Ca' them whare the burnie rowes, Ca' them whare the heather grows, Ca' them whare the burnie rowes, Ca' them whare the heather grows, Ca' them whare the pass of the third of the third of the whate of the work of the third of the whate of the work of the third of the whate of the work of t		Death and Dr. Hornbook. 26.
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Whare wilt thou cow'r thy chittering wing, A Winter Night. 4. And whare will ye get Howes and Clintons Add. of Beelzebub. Ca' them whare the heather grows, Ca' the whare the heather grows, Ca' the whare the humie rowes, . S. Ca' the ewes. 'Friend, whare ye gaun, Will ye go back?' Leath and Dr. Hornbook. 8. His braw calf-ward whare gowans grew, B. 23. Whare I kill'd ane, a fair strae-death, B. 25. I'll seek my pursie whare I tint it, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 12. Whare three Lairds' lan's met at a burn, Halloweer. 24. Whare hae ye been sae braw, lad? Whare live ye my bonie lass, S. My Collier Laddie. Whare gor-cocks thro' the heather pass, S. My Lord a-hunting to Whare live ye my bonie lass, S. My Lord a-hunting to Whare did ye get that hauver-meal bamoock? S. O whare did ye get the Whare Tay rins wimplin by sae clear; S. O whare did ye get the Whare Tay rins wimplin by sae clear; S. O whare did ye get the Whare ghe sists and houlest nightly cry, [re.] Tam o' Shanter. Whare Burns has wrote, in rhyming blether, Tam Samson's deal. Tam Samson's El. Till, whare ye sit, on craps o' heather, Yetine your dam; [v.A.2] The Author's Cry and Prayer. P. He wist na whare he was gaun, O. S. The Cooper o' cuddy! His talk o' H-ll, whare devil's dwell, The Holy Fair. 21. Whare the trees and the branches will be our safe guard. S. There grows a bonic brier? Whare the trees and the branches will be our safe guard. Whare she has been. The Vision. D. I. Whare the trees and the branches will be our safe guard. Whare will-meeting occass boil but our safe guard. S. There grows a bonic brier? Hall whare ye gaun, ye crowlan ferlie! To a Louse. Whare birkies march on burning mar! To Mr. Renton. Or whare wild-meeting occass boil The social, friendly, honest done, Whate'er thou hast done, be it late be it soon. Thou's welcome again to thy ain Jock Rab. S. Eppie M'Nab "The social, friendly, honest care, but shill be a		Whase greed, revenge, an' pride disgraces Want nor their pensense Ta Rey I. M'Math
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Whare Tay rins simplin by sae clear;	S. O whare did ve get †	William I what well Did least award
Whare ghaists and houlets nightly cry. [re.] Tam o' Shanter. Whare Burns has wrote, in rhyming blether, Tam Samson's dead! Tam Samson's El Till, whare ye sit, on craps o' heather, Ye tine your dam [v.A.2] The Author's Cry and Prayer. P. He wist na whare he was gaun, O. S. The Cooper o' cuddy† His talk o' H-ll, whare devil's dwell, The Holy Fair. 21. whare thro' the steeks, The yellow letter'd Geordie keeks. The Twa Dogs. & While faithless snaws ilk step betray Whare she has been. The Vision. D. I. Whare the trees and the branches will be our safe guard. S. There grows a bonic brier† Whaur'll ye e'er see men sae happy, There's nacthin like† Ha! whare ye gaun, ye crowlan ferlie! To a Louse. Whare birkies march on burning marl: To Mr. Renton. Or whare wild-meeting oceans boil An' took my jocteleg an' whatt it, Like ony clark. Third Ep. to J. Lap. Whaup's i' the nest.		To see my lad sae near me S. The tither morn †
Whare ghaists and houlets nightly cry. [re.] Tam o' Shanter. Whare Burns has wrote, in rhyming blether, Tam Samson's dead! . Tam Samson's El Till, whare ye sit, on craps o' heather, Ye tine your dam; [v.A.2] The Author's Cry and Prayer. P. He wist na whare he was gaun, O. S. The Cooper o' cuddy't His talk o' H-ll, whare devil's dwell, . The Holy Fair. 21. whare thro' the steeks, The yellow letter'd Geordie keeks. The Twa Dogs. 8. While faithless snaws ilk step betray Whare she has been The Vision. D. I. Whare the trees and the branches will be our safe guard. S. There grows a bonie brier't Whaur'll ye e'er see men sae happy, There's nacthin like't Ha! whare ye gaun, ye crowlan ferlie! . To a Louse. Whate birkies march on burning marl: To Mr. Renton. Or whare wild-meeting oceans boil An' took my jocterig an what 1s, Like ony clark Third Ep. to J. Lap. Whaup (the curlew). A whaup's i' the nest V.s to J. Ranken. Whaup. What. What. Let husky Wheat the haughs adorn, . Scotch Drink. 3 Wheedle. For monie a Plack they [the lasses] wheedle frae me, At dance or fair: Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 17. Wheel. And ay she set the wheel between: S. Duncan Davison. Sae blythe and merry's we will be, When ye set by the wheel at e'en. I hear a whaut 1s, I like ony clark. Third Ep. to J. Lap. Whaup's i' the nest V.s to J. Ranken. Whaup. What. Whaup. What. Wheat. Wheedle. For monie a Plack they [the lasses] wheedle frae me, At dance or fair: Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 17. Wheel. And ay she set the wheel between: S. Duncan Davison. Sae blythe and merry's we will be, When ye set by the wheel at e'en. I hear a wheel thrum i' the neuk, . Ep. to H. Parker. And ay I ca'd it roun'; . S. My heart was ance.	Bonie Doon, whare early roaming, First I weav'd the rustic sang S. Scenes of woe †	
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Or whare wild-meeting oceans boil And ay I ca'd it roun'; S. My heart was ance	The man of Brand, it are many	I sat beside my warpin-wheel,
	Or whare wild-meeting oceans boil	And ay I ca'd it roun'; . S. My heart was ance †
Besouth Magellan To W. Simpson. 7. Let fortune's wheel at random rin, S. O Phely,	Besouth Magellan To W. Simpson. 7.	'Let fortune's wheel at random rin, S. O Phely, †

The wheels o' life gae down-hill, scrievin, Wi' rattlin glee Scotch Drink. 5.	Whig.
Brings hard owrehip, wi' sturdy wheel,	But whigs cam like a frost in June, S. Awa, whigs, awa And [Deil] write their names in his black beuk
The strong forehammer, Ib. 11.	Wha gae the whigs the power o't!
Wheel carriages I ha'e but few, The Inventory.	The whigs cam o'er us for a curse,
A country girl at her wheel, Her dizzen's done, She's unco weel; . The Twa Dogs. 30.	O Goudie! terror of the Whigs, Letter to J. Goudie
Ruin's wheel has driven o'er us, . S. Thickest night †	There's no a heart that fears a Whig, That rides by Kenmure's hand.
Again the silent wheels of time	S. O Kenmure's on and awa
Their annual round have driv'n, To Miss L., with "Beattie."	When in the teeth they dar'd our Whigs,
Wheel, to.	And covenant True blues, man; S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor
But three short years will soon wheel roun',	How Tories fell and Whigs to h-ll Flew off
S. And O for ane and twenty † To wheel the equal, dull routine. Sketch. New-Yr's Day.	To every Whig, defiance The Election Ballads. V.
My heart did glowing transport feel,	To muster o'er each ardent Whig
To see a Race heroic wheel, [v.A.4] . The Vision. D. I.	The Whigs came on like ocean's roar
Wheel-barrow.	Departed Whigs enjoy the fight,
Where twa wheel-barrows tremble when they meet, The Brigs of Ayr. 6.	The Tories, Whigs, give way by turns;
Ae auld wheelbarrow, mair for token, The Inventory.	What Whig but wails the good Sir James
Wheel'd. And down by Simpson's wheel'd the left about:	Ye turncoat Whigs awa! S. The Laddies by
The Brigs of Ayr. 3.	Whiggish.
Wheeling.	If ony whiggish whingin sot,
aghast, The wheeling torrent viewing, S. Farewell, thou stream †	To blame poor Matthew dare, El. on Capt. M. H., Epit
Swift as the Gos drives on the wheeling hare;	Whigmeleeries [crotchets, whims, fancies]. There'll be, if that day come, I'll wad a boddle,
Wheep [small beer].	Some fewer whigmeleeries in your noddle. The Brigs of Ayr. 5
Be't whisky-gill or penny-wheep, The Holy Fair. 19.	While. This while ye hae been mony a gate,
Wheep [fly nimbly, jerk].	Death and Dr. Hornbook. 11 Ye've heard this while how I've been licket,
Oh, rare! to see our elbucks wheep, . The Ordination. 7.	Friend of the poet
Whelm. 'Till deep it crashing whelms the cottage in the vale;	This while she's been in crankous mood, The Author's Cry and Prayer, 16
Fragment of Ode. Till billows race, and cales blow hard	Hersel' in beauty's bloom the while, S. The Catrine woods
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard, And whelm him o'er! To a Mountain-Daisy.	A virtuous Populace may rise the while,
Whene'er. That ye can please me at a wink, Whene'er ye like to try. S. O Tibbie!	The Cotter's Sat. Night, 20 Wha scarcely tent us in their way,
	As hardly worth their while? Ep. to Davie, of
Whene'er my father thinks on me, He stares into the wa'; . The Ruined Maid's Lament.	Nae Poet thought her worth his while, To W. Simpson.
Whene'er I hear my father's foot, My heart wad burst wi' pain;	Whiles v. Whyles.
Whene'er I meet my mither's e'e,	Whim. (Nature may have her whim as well as we, Ep. to R. Graham. 3
My tears rin down like rain	By whim inspir'd, or haply prest wi' care, The Brigs of Ayr.
Where. He wander'd out he knew not where nor why) The Brigs of Ayr. 3.	The craz'd creations of misguided whim; Ib. &
If we lead a life of pleasure,	Whim-inspir'd. a whim-inspir'd fool, A Bard's Epit
'Tis no matter how or where. The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII. Where'er, But with such as he, where'er he be,	Whingin [whining, complaining, fretting].
May I be sav'd or d—'d! . Epit. for G. H.	If ony whiggish whingin sot, . El. on Capt. M. H., Epit Whin-rock [greenstone or trap rock].
Where'er he be, the Lord be near him;	'I might as weel hae try'd a quarry
Ken ye ought o' Capt. G. † Wearying Heav'n in warm devotion,	O' hard whin-rock. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 18
For his weal where'er he be. S. Musing on the roaring t	Whins [furze bushes].
Where'er he go, where'er he stray,	She thro' the whins, an' by the cairn, An' owre the hill gaed scrievin,
May Heaven be his warden; S. The young Highl. Rover. Whereon. Had not on Earth whereon to lay his head:	And thro' the whins, and by the cairn,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 15.	Whare hunters fand the murder'd bairn; Tam o' Shanter. 10
Wherever. My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go. S. My heart's in †	Whip. B-rg-ne gaed up, like spur an' whip. A Fragment. 4 Nae whip nor spur, but just a wattle
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,	O' saugh or hazle A Guid New-Year † 10
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love	So whip! at the summons, old Satan came flying; Epig. on Capt. Gross
And show my cuts and scars wherever I come; The Jolly Beggars, S. I.	The fear o' Hell's a hangman's whip, Ep. to Young Friend. &
Wherewithal.	Syne, whip! his tail ye'll ne'er cast saut on, . Poem on Life
Prone to enjoy each pleasure riches give,	Ilk smack still did crack still,
Yet haply wanting wherewithal to live; Ep. to R. Graham. 3.	Just like a cadger's whip; The Jolly Beggars. R. I
Wherry. And waff them in the infernal wherry	Whip, to. The youngest Brother ye wad whip
Straught through the lake, Adam A—'s Prayer.	Aff straught to H-ll. Add. to the Deil. 14
Whet. Grim vengeance, yet, shall whet a sword Lament of Mary of Scots.	Whip-lash. His spindle shank a guid whip-lash, To a Haggis
What makes heroic strife?	His spindle shank a guid whip-lash, To a Haggis Whipper-in.
To whet th' assassin's knife, S. Ye Jacobites †	Our Whipper-in, wee, blastet wonner, . The Twa Dogs. 9
Whid [a lie]. A rousing whid at times to vend, And nail't wi' Scripture. [v.A.6]	Whirl. To make a tour an' tak a whirl, The Twa Dogs. 22
Death and Dr. Hornbook.	Whirling. the flaky show'r, Or whirling drift A Winter Night
Whid [a quick motion like that of a small animal].	the flaky show'r, Or whirling drift. A Winter Night Whirlwind.
And jinkiu hares, in amorous whids, Their loves enjoy, To W. Simpson. 12.	Thro' the woods the whirlwinds rave; . S. I dream'd I lay
Whiddin, -an [moving nimbly].	Nor hears how the whirlwinds sweep; S. The sun he is sunk
Ye maukins whiddin thro' the glade, El. on Capt. M. H., 6.	Whirlygigums.
And manning Doogie whidden seen Ed to I I - h Ad 15t	Wi' virls an' whirly origing at the head. The Bries of Avr. 4

Whire. Then, whire! she was over, a mile at a flight.	But whistle o'er the lave o't S. First when Magg
Whirring, -in'. S. The heather was blooming t	I care not, not I, let the critics go whistle. Frag., inscr. to Fo.
ye whirring paitrick brood; El. on Capt. M. H., 7.	And wi' the merry Ploughman she'll whistle and sing,
And the moorcock springs, on whirring wings,	S. Lns on a Ploughma
S. Now westlin winds †	An' a' the lang day I whistle and sing;
The paitrick whirrin' o'er the ley, S. The Contented Cottager.	S. O merry hae I been
Whisht [hush! "held my whisht," kept silence].	O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad, [re.] S. O whistle It [the gale] rustles, and whistles The Farewe.
Ye need na doubt, I held my whisht; The Vision. D. I. 8.	An' then your every care an' fear
Whiskers. And there will be Collieston's whiskers, The Election Ballads. III.	May whistle owre the lave o't The Jolly Beggars. S. i
Whisket [whisked].	The sweetest still to wife or maid.
But thy auld tail thou wad hae whisket,	Was whistle owre the lave o't
Whiskin [great, swinging]. A Guid New-Year † 12.	We'll bowse about, till Dadie Care Sings whistle owre the lave o't
A whiskin beard about her mou', S. Willie Wastle †	An' at our leisure when ye like
Whisky, -ie.	We'll whistle owre the lave o't
O Whisky! soul o' plays an' pranks! . Scotch Drink. 18.	Hunger, Cauld, an' a' sic harms
Wha mak the Whisky stells their prize! Ib. 20.	May whistle owre the lave o't
Hale breeks, a scone, an' whisky gill,	So blythe and so merry he'd whistle and sing S. The Poor Threshe
An' rowth o' rhyme to rave at will,	Ye'll see how new-light herds will whistle, The Twa Herds.
An' now she's like to rin red-wud About her Whisky. The Author's Cry and Prayer. 16.	Whistlebirk.
She eyes her freeborn, martial boys,	To end the wark here's Whistlebirk,
Tak aff their Whisky	Lang may his whistle blaw, Jamie; . S. The Laddies by
But tell me whisky's name in Greek,	Whistled, -'d.
I'll tell the reason,	He whistl'd up lord Lenox' march,
Freedom and Whisky gang thegither, Tak aff your dram! [v.A.2] Ib.	To keep his courage cheary; Halloween. I. And hollow whistled in the rocky cave.
But browster wives an' whiskie stills,	On Death of Sir J. Blai
They are the muses. Third Ep. to J. Lap	Fu' blythe he whistled at the gaud, . S. Young Jockey
And yill an' whisky gie to Cairds,	Whistling.
Until they sconner To J. S., 22.	Awa ye squatter'd like a drake,
Be't whisky-gill or penny-wheep, The Holy Fair. 19.	On whistling wings. Add. to the Deil.
Whisky-punch.	Ye wild whistling blackbirds in you thorny den, S. Afton Wate
Out owre a glass o' Whisky-punch . Scotch Drink. 17.	Ye whistling plover: El. on Capt. M. H.,
Whisper.	The sheltering rushes whistling o'er thy head,
But let me whisper i' your lug,	On seeing wounded Har
Ye're aiblins nae temptation Add. to Unco Guid. 6. The tunefu' powers, in happy hours,	to the whistling blast and waters' roar, On Death of R. Dunda
That whisper inspiration; S. Lovely Davies.	Or deep-ton'd plovers, grey, wild-whistling o'er the hill;
Whisper'd. She whisper'd Rob to leuk for't: Halloween. 10.	The Brigs of Ay
And whisper'd thus his tale o' love. S. There was a lass †	the Robin's whistling glee,
Perfection whisper'd, passing by, Behold the lass o'Ballochmyle! [v.A.31]	The clanging sugh of whistling wings is heard; Ib.
S. 'Twas even—the dewy †	Whistling his [Combustion's] roaring pack abroad, The Election Ballads, V.
Whispering, -'ring.	where busy ploughs Are whistling thrang, . To J. S.,
The winds were whispering thro' the grove, S. By Allan stream †	Whit.
'Tis not Maria's whispering call; S. Here is the glen,	And faith ye'll no be lost a whit,
Whisp'ring spirits round my pillow S. Musing on the roaring †	Tho' waired on Willie Chalmers. On Willie Chalmer
A whisp'ring throb did witness bear	White.
Of kindred sweet, The Vision. D. II.	An' thy auld hide as white's a daisie, A Guid New-Year to "Yon wee white Cot aboon the Mill, . As on the banks
Whissle [whistle: "gat the whissle o' my groat,"	Ilk spring they're new deckit wi' bonie white yewes.
So gat the whissle o' my groat, Ep. to J. R., q.	S. Awa' wi' yr witchcraft
Her mutchkin stowp as toom's a whissle;	White o'er the linns the burnie pours,
The Author's Cry and Prayer.	S. Bonie Lassie, will ye go Sae white her teeth, sae sweet her mou',
Whissle, to [to whistle]. While I can either sing, or whissle,	S. Braw lads of G. Water
Your friend and servant. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 22.	But my white pow, nae kindly thowe
Clap in his walie nieve a blade,	Shall melt the snaws of age: S. But lately seen
Whistle. He'll mak it whissle; To a Haggis.	whare gowans grew, Sae white an' bonie, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 2:
till we meet and weet our whistle, Ep. to H. Parker.	How virtue and vice blend their black and their white!
I tint my whistle and my sang, S. Gat ye me †	In loving bleeze they sweetly join,
Will nane the Shepherd's whistle mair	Till white in ase they're sobbin: Halloween. 10
Blaw sweetly in its native air . Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	Her heaving bosom, lily white, S. I gaed a waefu'
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle Tam o' Shanter. 5.	While clover blooms white o'er the lea, S. In simmer when
Lang may his whistle blaw, Jamie; . S. The Laddies by†	I'll ne'er prig for red or white; S. Jockey fou
I sing of a Whistle, a Whistle of worth, I sing of a Whistle, the pride of the North, The Whistle.	His locks were bleached white with time, Lament for Glencairs
And long with this Whistle all Scotland shall ring Ib.	And spreads her sheets o' daisies white
"This Whistle's your challenge, to Scotland get o'er, . Ib.	Out o'er the grassy lea: . Lament of Mary of Scot.
And blew on the Whistle their requiem shrill 1b. 3.	My Lady's white, my Lady's red, . S. My Lord a-hunting
Said, toss down the Whistle the prize of the field, . Ib. 9.	And swear on thy white hand, lass, S. O lay thy loof
Whistle, to. And owre the moorlands whistles shill, S. Again rejoicing Nature †	The wan moon is setting behind the white wave, S. Oh, open the door
In days when Daisies deck the ground,	With flow'rs so white and leaves so green,
And Blackbirds whistle clear, Ep. to Davie. 4.	S. On Cessnock banks

From the white blossom'd sloe Spoke Extem. to yng Lady	Why. One point must still be greatly dark,
Twal' hundred, as white as the snaw, man, Ronalds of Bennals.	The moving Why they do it; Add. to Unco Guid. 7
A moment white-then melts for ever; . Tam o' Shanter. 7.	He wander'd out he knew not where nor why)
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evining gale.	Whyles, Whiles [sometimes].
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 9.	And rascals whyles that do him wrang, A Ded. to G. H., 5
The scented birk and hawthorn white, S. The Contented Cottager.	Whyles, ranging like a roaran lion, . Add. to the Deil. 4
Nor for my ten white shillings luke The Inventory.	Whyles, on the strong-wing'd Tempest flyin,
Wi' her twa white hands she spread it down;	Whyles, in the human bosom pryin,
S. The lass that made the bed.	I whyles claw the elbow o' troublesome thought,
Snaw-white stockins on his legs, . S. The Ploughman t	S. Contented wi' little
His breast was white, The Twa Dogs. 5.	I stacher'd whyles, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 3
Her een sae bright, her brow sae white,	Tho' leeward whyles, against my will, I took a bicker
S. Th. Menz.'s bonie Mary.	How best o' chiels are whyles in want, Ep. to Davie. 2
His fecket is white as the new driven snaw; S. There's a youth †	When idly goavan whyles we saunter, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 2
For a' his gold and white monie, S. To daunton me.	Gar lasses hearts gang startin
White-rob'd.	Whyles fast at night Halloween. 3
Last, white-rob'd Peace, crown'd with a hazle wreath,	Whyles owre a linn the burnie plays, [re.] Ib. 25
The Brigs of Ayr. 13.	And whyles ye may lightly my beauty a wee; S. O whistle
Whitening.	Whyles daez't wi' love, whyles daez't wi' drink,
They're left, the whitening stanes amang, In gasping death to wallow. The Petition of Br. Water.	Second Ep. to Davie An' whyles, but ay owre late, I think
Prone down the rock the whitening sheet descends,	Braw sober lessons
Wr. by Fall of Fyers.	Wi' social nose whyles snuff'd an' snowket;
Whither.	Whyles mice and modewurks they howket;
And gone I know not whither: S. The Joyful Widower. But then my wife and children dear,	Whyles scour'd awa in lang excursion, . The Twa Dogs. 6 Trowth, Cæsar, whyles their fash't enough; . Ib. 10
O whither would they go? S. The sun he is sunk †	An' whyles twalpennie-worth o' nappy
O whither, O whither shall I turn! Ib.	Can mak the bodies unco happy;
Whitter [a hearty draught of liquor].	L-d man, were ye but whyles where I am, Ib. 28
Syne we'll sit down an' tak our whitter,	Whyles, owre the wee bit cup an' platie,
To chear our heart; Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 19.	They sip the scandal-potion pretty;
Freedom and Whisky gang thegither Tak' aff your whitter. [v.A 2]	I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve; . To a Mouse
The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.	Wha does the utmost that he can, Will whyles do mair To Dr. Blacklock
Whittle.	There's ae wee faut they whiles lay to me,
An' [Caledon] did her whittle draw, man; A Fragment. 9.	Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 17
scarce as lang's a guid kail whittle, Adam A-'s Prayer.	Whiles owre a bush wi' downward crush,
'Gudeman,' quo' he, 'put up your whittle, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 10.	The doited beastie stammers; On W. Chalmers
'And then a' doctor's saws and whittles, Ib. 20.	Whiles holding fast his gude blue bonnet; Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet:
Figure haet he had but three	Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet; Whiles glowring round wi' prudent cares, Tam o' Shanter.
Goos feathers and a whittle. S. Robin shure in hairst.	As whiles they're like to be my dead, . To W. Simpson.
She'll teach you, wi' a reekan whittle,	Farewell! within thy bosom free
Anither sang. The Author's Cry and Prayer. 15.	A sigh may whiles awaken; Verses under Grie
An' rin her whittle to the hilt, I' th' first she meets! Ib. 17.	Wi' [with; "wi's," with his; "wi't," with it]. Deil blin' them wi' the stoure o't, . S. Awa, whigs, awa
Then back I rattle on the rhyme	And we hae done wi' thriving
As gleg's a whittle! . There's naethin like †	The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,
Whoe'er. Whoe'er thou art, these lines now reading, . The Hermit.	S. Bonie lassie will ye go
Whoe'er thou art, these lines now reading, . The Hermit. Whole. For a big-belly'd bottle's the whole of my care.	Supremely blest wi' love and thee
S. No Churchman am I †	Contented wi' little, and canty wi' mair, S. Contented wi' little
Nature reigns and rules the whole; S. Streams that glide †	I nearhand cowpit wi' my hurry, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 16
And pledge me in the generous toast	
"The whole of human kind!" To a Lady.	An' hae a swap o' rhymin-ware, Wi' ane anither. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 1st
on my dry and wholsome banks, As on the banks †	Observe wha's standing wi' him Epit. on Holy Willia
Wh-re.	But I'll be wi' ye by an' bye; . Extem. to an Intimate
Who left the all-important cares	O gat ye me wi' naething? S. Gat ye me
Of fiddles, wh-res, and hunters: The Election Ballads. VI.	How's a' wi' you, Kimmer, . S. Gudeen to you Kimmer
There, racer Jess, an' twathree wh-res,	He claw'd her wi' the riplin-kame, S. Had I the wyte
Are blinkan at the entry The Holy Fair. 9. Steal thro' the winnock frae a wh-re, . A Ded. to G. H., 8.	Some unco blate, an' some wi' gabs,
,	An' tumbl'd wi' a wintle Out owre
Whore, to. But may she wintle in a woodie,	Gude night and joy be wi' thee: . S. Here's to thy health
If she whore mair Adam A—'s Prayer.	Then set him down, and twa or three Gude fellows wi' him; On Grose's Peregrinations
Wh-re-abhorring.	Then up wi't a', my Ploughman lad, S. The Ploughman
Or Phineas drove the murdering blade,	An' cut you up wi' ready slight, To a Haggie
Wi' wh-re-abhorring rigour; The Ordination. 4.	wad mak her spew Wi' perfect sconner, 11
Wh-re-hunting. Wh-re-hunting amang groves o' myrtles: The Twa Dogs. 23.	Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet!
Wh-re-hunting amang groves o myrties. The Twa Dogs. 23. Wh-ring. Ae night, they're mad wi' drink an' wh-ring,	Wi's spreckl'd breast, To a Mountain-Daisy
Wn-Ping. Ae night, they re mad wi drink an whishing, The Twa Dogs. 32.	Wi' bickering brattle!
Whunstane [whinstone, trap, or any hard rock].	An' shore him weel wi' hell; To Gav. Hamilton
Be to the Poor like onie whunstane, A Ded. to G. H., 8.	Mair taen I'm wi' you
Whase raging flame, an' scorching heat,	I wiss you weel, And gude be wi' you. To Mr. J. Kennedy
Wad melt the hardest whun-stane! . The Holy Fair. 22.	My musie, tir'd wi' mony a sonnet To Rev. J. M'Math
My curse upon your whunstane hearts, Ye Enbrugh Gentry! . To W. Simpson. 4.	wi' a single wordie, Lowse h-ll upon me

mourn their loss wi' doolfu' clamour; To W. Creech.	Nae woman in the warld wide,
Wi' Allan, or wi' Gilbertfield, To W. Simpson. 3.	Sae wretched now as me. The Highl. Widow's Lament.
shine Up wi' the best	Its branches spreading wide, man. The Tree of Liberty.
Her moors, red-brown, wi' heather bells,	Till now, o'er all my wide domains,
greetan Wi' girnan spite,	Thy fame extends; The Vision. D. II. 18.
When a' the hills are cover'd wi' snaw, S. Up in the morning.	The wide world is all before us, S. Thickest night †
	Flow still between us, thou wide roaring main.
Losh man! hae mercy wi' your natch, What ails ye now †	S. Wandering Willie.
Wi' pinch I put a Sunday's face on,	You wild mossy mountains sae lofty and wide,
What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man? S. What can a yng lassie †	Wide-spread. S. You wild mossy mountains t
Wick [to strike a stone, in the game of curling, in an oblique direction; "wick a bore," get a curl-	Mild, calm, serene, wide-spreads the noontide blaze, The Brigs of Ayr.
ing stone through an opening, by wicking].	Wide-surrounding.
To guard, or draw, or wick a bore, Tam Samson's El., 5.	The hoary cavern, wide-surrounding, lowers.
Wicked.	Wr. by Fall of Fyers.
They skim the muirs an' dizzy crags,	Widow. A wanton widow Leezie was, Halloween. 24.
Wi' wicked speed; Add. to the Deil. 9.	'Twill make the widow's heart to sing, . John Barleycorn.
An' lows'd his ill-tongu'd, wicked Scawl Ib. 18.	The widow's tears, the orphan's cry! S. O Logan! sweetly †
I grant thou'rt as wicked, but not quite so clever. Epig. on	mark! Who in widow weeds appears, Ode, to Mem. of Mrs
The real, harden'd wicked,	The widows, wives, an' a' may bless him,
Wha hae nae check but human law, Ep. to Young Friend. 3.	On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.
And in your wicked, druken rants,	"A weeping country joins a widow's tear,
Ye mak a devil o' the Saunts, Ep. to J. R 2.	On Death of Sir J. Blair.
Think, wicked Sinner, wha ye're skaithing: Ib. 4.	And now a widow I must mourn
To quell the Wicked's pride; New Psalmody.	The Pleasures that will ne'er return; The Jolly Beggars. S. IV.
As able—and as wicked as the devil! Scots Prologue.	Widow'd.
Wi' wicked strings o' hemp or hair! The Death of Mailie.	And oh, her widow'd heart is sair, S How lang and dreary †
Who walks not in the wicked's way, The 1st Psalm.	
But hath decreed that wicked men	Pass widow'd nights, and joyless days, S. O Logan! sweetly †
Shall ne'er be truly blest	Widowhood.
In hunting the wicked Lieutenant; The Kirk's Alarm. 10.	I wad bestow my widowhood Upon a rantin Highlandman. S. O gin ye were dead.
Or try the wicked town of A[yr], The Ordination. 9.	Wiel [a small whirlpool].
A wicked crew syne, on a time,	
Did tak a solemn aith, man, . The Tree of Liberty.	Whyles in a wiel it dimpl't:
May never wicked fortune touzle him !	Wield.
May never wicked men bamboozle him! . To W. Creech.	High wields her balance and her rod; Add. to Edinburgh. 2.
My wicked rhymes, an' drucken rants, What ails ye now †	The magic wand then let us wield; To J. S., 13.
Wickedness. Studied in arts of Hell, in wickedness refin'd!	Wielded. wielded right, Maks Hours like Minutes, To J. S. 12.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 19.	Wierd [fate, destiny].
Wicker. Ay wavering like the willow wicker,	The wierd may be her ain, jo. S. O Lassie, art thou t
'Tween good and ill. Poem on Life.	Wife. Then swith! an' get a wife to hug, A Dream. 12.
But by gude luck I lap a wicket,	And if the wives and dirty brats
And turn'd a neuk. Friend of the poet † P.S.	Come thiggan at your doors and yetts, Add. of Beelzebub.
Widdle [a struggle].	An auld wife's tongue's a feckless matter To gie ane fash Add. to Illegit. Child.
To cheer you through the weary widdle	Thence, countra wives, wi' toil an' pain,
O' this wild warl', . Ep. to Maj. Logan. 3.	May plunge an' plunge the kirn in vain; Add. to the Deil. 10.
Tae cheer you thro' the weary widdle	What wives an' wabsters see an' feel; . Auld comrade †
O' war'ly cares, Second Ep. to Davie.	'Whase wife's twa nieves were scarce weel-bred,
Wide. Kyle-Stewart I could bragged wide,	Death and Dr. Hornbook. 26.
For sic a pair. A Guid New-Year † 6.	'The wife slade cannie to her bed,
God of nature wide, A Grace before Dinner.	'But ne'er spak mair
Looks o'er proud Property, extended wide;	We freely wad exchang'd the wife,
A Winter Night. 7.	Epig. on Henpecked Squire.
The Highland hills I've wander'd wide, S. Blythe was she †	That some kind husband had addrest,
Beneath the hazels spreading wide, S. Ca' the ewes.	To some sweet wife: Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 3.
Wide o'er the naked world declare The worth we've lost. El. on Capt. M. H., 13.	For had ye staid whole weeks awa', Your wives they ne'er had miss'd ye. Epit. on a Wag.
Then turn me, if Thou please, adrift,	When sic a husband was frae hame,
Thro' Scotland wide; Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 13.	What wife but wad excus'd her? . S. Had I the royte †
boundless oceans, roaring wide, . S. From thee, Eliza,	To shun a tyrant father's hate,
Through the hazel's spreading wide S. Hark! the mavis'	Become a wretched wife! S. How cruelt
Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain,	Tho' I am your wedded wife,
S. Now westlin winds †	Yet I am not your slave, Sir. S. Husband, husband †
She has open'd the door, she has open'd it wide,	"Was made his wedded wife yestreen; Lament for Glencairn.
S. Oh, open the door, †	He begged for gude-sake! I wad be his wife,
Lifts high its roof and arches wide, On Lincluden.	S. Last May a braw wooer †
The far foreign land, or the wide rolling sea.	Unmindful, tho' a weeping wife, And helpless offspring mourn. Man was made to Mourn.
S. Out over the Forth†	The minister kiss't the fiddler's wife, S. My love she's but †
The rough burr-thistle spreading wide Amang the bearded bear, . The Ans. to the Guidwife.	She is a bonie wee thing,
The wounded coveys, reeling, scatter wide;	This sweet wee wife o' mine S. My Wife's a winsome.
The Brigs of Ayr. 2.	I hae a wife o' my ain,
They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;	The wife of my bosom, alas! she did die;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 12.	S. No Churchman am I†
When men display to congregations wide,	O ay my wife she dang me, An' aft my wife she bang d me, S. O ay my wife she dang me.
Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the heart! Ib. 17.	
In Galloway sae wide The Election Ballads. I.	Now I've gotten wife and bairns, S. O that I had ne'er†
Nae woman in the Country wide Sae happy was as me The Highl, Widow's Lament.	The widows, wives, an' a' may bless him, On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.
	On Sept. Daria gite to W. 1.
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There was a wife wonn'd in Cockpen, Scroggam;	Wight.
S. Scroggam.	Decoy the wight that late an' drunk is: Add. to the Deil. 13.
Searching auld wives' barrels Och, ho! the day! Searching auld †	a hope-abandon'd wight, Despondency, an Ode. 2.
These muvin' things ca'd wives and weans	Weel pleased, he [Death] greets a wight sae famous,
We auld wives' minions gie our opinions, . Symon Gray †	Epit. on Tam the Chapman.
As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice! . Tam o' Shanter. 3.	But nought can glad the weary wight That fast in durance lies. Lament of Mary of Scots.
How mony lengthen'd sage advices,	See, vonder poor, o'erlabour'd wight.
The husband frae the wife despises!	So abject, mean and vile, . Man was made to Mourn.
An' cleed her bairns, man, wife, an' wean, In mourning weed; Tam Samson's El.	a fine, fat, fodgel wight, On Grose's Peregrinations.
Now ev'ry auld wife, greetin, clatters,	A little, upright, pert, tart, tripping wight, Sketch. But what a weary wight can please,
'Tam Samson's dead!' Ib. 9. So wives will gie them bits o' bread, The Death of Mailie.	And care his bosom wringing S. Sweet fa's the eve †
And ilka wife cries "Auld Mahoun,	Alas! I'm but a nameless wight,
"I wish you luck o' the prize, man. S. The deil cam fiddlin †	The Author's Cry and Prayer. And mony a friend that kiss't his caup,
The fient-ma-care, quo' the feirrie auld wife,	Is now a fremit wight: The Election Ballads. I.
S. The deuks dang o'er. O haud your tongue, my feirrie auld wife, Ib.	So how this weighty plea may end,
While he, sub rosa, play'd his part	Nae mortal wight can tell:
Among their wives and lasses. The Election Ballads. VI.	A wight that will weather damnation, The devil the prey will despise
The crouching vassal to the tyrant wife, The Henpecked Husband.	The devil the prey will despise
Were such the wife had fallen to my part,	The Jolly Beggars. R. VII.
I'd break her spirit, or I'd break her heart; Ib.	7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7
An' thinks it auld wives' fables: The Holy Fair. 17.	Poor wights! nae rules nor roads observin; . To J. S., 19. For what?—to gie their malice skouth
O Wives be mindfu', ance yoursel, How bonie lads ye wanted,	On some puir wight, To Rev. J. M'Math.
I ha'e nae wife; and that my bliss is, . The Inventory.	O Willie was a witty wight, To W. Creech.
The sweetest still to wife or maid,	Wighter [stronger].
Was whistle owre the lave o't The Jolly Beggars. S. V. I've lost but ane I've two behin'	Five wighter carlines werna found The Election Ballads. I. Wigton 12 quiet County Town in South, west Sections
I've lost but ane, I've twa behin', I've wife eneugh for a' that	Wigton [a quiet County Town in South-west Scotland, famous for its martyrs].
I married with a scolding wife . S. The Joyful Widower.	And there will be Wigton's new Sheriff,
We lived full one-and-twenty years A man and wife together;	Dame Justice fu' brawly has sped; The Election Ballads. III.
My wife she is willing to draw in the yoke,	Wild. life's mad career, Wild as the wave, A Bard's Epit.
S. The Poor Thresher.	Or Hunters wild on Ponotaxi, A Ded. to G. H., 6.
To my wife and children in whom I delight, 1b.	With Passions wild and strong; A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.
His wife and his children he charg'd him to bring, . Ib.	pityless the tempest wild Sore on you beats. A Winter Night. 5.
Went home to his wife who scarce could believe, Ib. There was he, and his wife, and his seven children small, Ib.	Wild-beats my heart, to trace your steps,
Because thou art loving and kind to thy wife 1b.	Add. to Edinburgh. 7. Or sweeping, wild, a waste of snows.
But then my wife and children dear.	Add. to Shade of Thomson.
O whither would they go? S. The sun he is sunk †	So artless, so simple, so wild; S. Adown winding Nith †
Himsel, a wife, he thus sustains, The Twa Dogs. 10. Their grushie weans an' faithfu' wives; Ib. 17.	Ye wild whistling blackbirds in you thorny den,
I think my wife will end her life,	S. Afton Water. Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow; . Ib.
Before she spin her tow S. The weary Pund. I bought my wife a stane o' lint,	Wi' wild, unequal, wand'ring step S. Again rejoicing Nature +
	And ay the wild wood echoes rang, S. By Allan stream †
And he had a wife was the plague of his days, S. There liv'd ance a carle †	The wild Scandinavian boar issu'd forth . S. Caledonia.
"I've got a bad wife, Sir, that's a' my complaint, . Ib.	Sweet the lark's wild-warbled lay, . Delia. An Ode.
"But gie me your wife, man, for her I must have, . Ib.	The cavern wild with tangling roots, Despondency, an Ode. 3. To cheer you through the weary widdle
So Nickie then got the auld wife on his back, Ib.	O' this wild warl', . Ep. to Maj. Logan, 3.
He pitied the man that was ty'd to a wife,	His uncombed grizzly locks wild staring, thatch'd,
But ne'er was in h-ll till I met wi' a wife,	Extem. on W. Smellie. Wild as the winter now tearing the forest,
They are the muses. Third Ep. to J. Lap	S. Gloomy December.
You on an auld wife's flainen toy; To a Louse.	Had I a cave on some wild distant shore, S. Had I a cave t
I hae a wife and twa wee laddies, To Dr. Blacklock.	List'ning to the wild birds singing, . S. I dream'd I lay †
To make a happy fire-side clime To weans and wife, . Ib.	And bid wild war his ravage end, S. How can my poor heart †
My blessings on you, sonsie wife; . V.s to a Landlady. He had a wife was dour and din, . S. Willie Wastle†	The voice of woe and wild despair! Lament for Glencairn. Where the wild winds of winter incessantly rave,
Sic a wife as Willie had,	Lament, on leaving Nat. Land.
I wad na gie a button for her. [re] Ib.	Thee, Caledonia, thy wild heaths among, Liberty
But Willie's wife is nae sae trig,	Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe, S. My heart's in the Highl.
Wifle [dim. of wife]. His clean hearth-stane, his thrifty Wifle's smile,	The pathless wild, and wimpling burn,
The Cotter's Sat. Night.	S. O bonie was yon rosy t
The frugal Wifie, garrulous, will tell, Ib. 11.	By autumn wild, and winter rude! . S. O were my love †
Wig.	Wild wanton kiss'd her rival breast; S. On a bank of flowers t Wild to my heart the filial pulses glow,
Dread of black coats and rev'rend wigs, Letter to J. Goudie.	On Death of Sir J. Blair.
Ye are rich, and look big, but lay by hat and wig, And ye'll ha'e a calf's head o' sma' value.	With accents wild and lifted arms she cried; 1b.
Wight [strong, powerful].	Blest be the wild sequester'd shade, . S. Peggy Chalmers.
And counted was baith wight and stark,	While you wild flowers among, Chance led me there;
El. on Death of R. Ruisseaux.	Here Douglas forms wild Shakespeare into plan,
An' wight an' wilfu' a' his days been The Inventory.	Prologue, sp. by Woods.

Wildly-scatt'red.

Wildly here without control,
Nature reigns and rules the whole; S. Streams that glide †

From marking wildly-scatt'red flow'rs, Add. to Edinburgh.

wild from wisdom's way, . . Sent to a Gent. offended.

Wildly-wanton.

Where waters flow and wild woods wave, S. Streams that glide †	The hart, hind, and roe, freely, wildly-wanton stray: S. Sleep'st thou or wak'st †
I hear the wild birds singing; . S. Sweet fa's the eve †	Wildly-witty. A wildly-witty, rustic grace
Wild floated in my brain; . The Ans. to the Guidwife.	Shone full upon her; The Vision. D. I. 10. Wild-meeting. Or whare wild-meeting oceans boil
Weel-pleas'd the Mother hears, it's nae wild, worthless Rake. The Cotter's Sat. Night. 7.	Besouth Magellan. To W. Simpson. 7.
Then paints the ruin'd maid, and their distraction wild! Ib. 10.	Wild-roaring. There, high my boiling torrent smokes,
Perhaps Dundee's wild warbling measures rise, 1b. 13. Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire; 1b. 14.	Wild-roaring o'er a linn: . The Petition of Br. Water.
Tho' winter wild in tempest toil'd, S. The day returns †	Wild-scattered.
And also the wild Scot o' Galloway, The Election Ballads. III.	The woods, wild-scattered, clothe their ample sides; Wr. in Kenmore Inn.
Loud roars the wild, inconstant blast, S. The gloomy night † Now meekly calm, now wild in wrath, The Holy Fair. 13.	Wild-wand'ring. Their hapless Race wild-wand'ring roam!
The sober laverock, warbling wild,	Wild-warbled. Add. to Edinburgh. 6.
The Petition of Br. Water.	Sweet the lark's wild-warbled lay, Delia, an Ode.
Fancy, chief, Reigns, hagard-wild, in sore affright: The Lament.	Wild-whistling. Or deep-toned plovers, grey, wild-whistling o'er the hill;
And wild scatter'd cowslips bedeck the green dale. S. The small birds rejoice †	Wild-wood.
Where wild beasts find shelter, tho' I can find none! . Ib.	These wild-wood flowers I've pu'd to deck
I glowr'd as eerie's I'd been dusht,	That spotless breast o' thine; . S. Behold, my love t
In some wild glen; . The Vision. D. I. 8. Thro' many a wild, romantic grove, [v.A.4] Ib. D. I.	And ay the wild-wood echoes rang, S. By Allan stream † There wild-woods grow and rivers row, S. Of a' the airts †
They bind the wild, Poetic rage	Where waters flow, and wild-woods wave,
In energy, [v.A.4.]	S. Streams that glide † And ay the wild-wood echoes rang, S. The Catrine woods †
lightly tripping amang the wild flowers, S. Their groves of †	O'erhung with wild woods thickening green,
Simple, wild, enchanting elf, To Miss Fontenelle.	S. To Mary in Heaven. At evening the wild-woods among? S. Where are the joys †
Rest, ye wild storms, in the cave of your slumbers, S. Wandering Willie.	Wild-woody. From where the Feal wild-woody coverts hide:
Altho' the night were ne'er sae wild, S. When o'er the hill †	The Brigs of Ayr. 13.
When wild War's deadly blast was blawn, S. When wild War's †	Wile. Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, S. Behind you hills † And gather gear by ey'ry wile.
Misfortune's lightened steps might wander wild;	And gather gear by ev'ry wile, That's justify'd by Honor; Ep. to Young Friend. 7.
Wr. in Kenmore Inn. You wild mossy mountains sae lofty and wide,	The Mother, wi' a woman's wiles, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 8.
S. You wild mossy mountains †	'Some hint the Lover's harmless wile; The Vision. D. II. 9.
the charms o' you wild, mossy moors;	Foxes and statesmen, subtile wiles ensure; To R. G. of F Wilfire [wildfire].
Amang thae wild mountains shall still be my path, . Ib. And little lambkins wanton wild, S. Young Peggy †	"Or was't the wilfire chok'd your boughs? As on the banks
Wild, s. In wood and wild ye warbling throng, Your heavy loss deplore; On Death of Lap-dog.	Wilfu' [wilful; willing].
Be nameless wilds and lonely wanderings mine,	And wilfu' folk maun ha'e their will; S. In simmer when the An' wight an' wilfu' a' his days been. The Inventory.
On Death of R. Dundas.	The wilfu' creature sae I pat to,
Thee, Matthew, Nature's sel shall mourn By wood and wild, . El. on Capt. M. H., 2.	Wilily.
Or wand'ring in the lonely wild : S. Twas even-the dewy t	But willy he [Satan] changed his plan, Epig. on A. Turner. Will [dim. of William].
Wild-birds.	Will's a true guid fallows get, A Dream. 7.
The wild-birds sang, the echoes rang, S. Damon and Sylvia. List'ning to the wild birds singing, S. I dream'd I lay †	Poor hav'rel Will fell aff the drift, [re.] Halloween. 4.
I hear the wild birds singing; . S. Sweet fa's the eve t	If sleekit Chatham Will was livin, . Kind Sir, I've read † Honest Will's to Heaven gane, . On W. Cruickshanks.
Wild-driving.	
The dark, dreary winter, and wild-driving snaw, S. My Nanie's Awa.	Holy Will, Holy Will, there was wit i' your skull, When ye pilfer'd the alms o' the poor; The Kirk's Alarm. 16.
Wild-eddying. While burns, wi' snawy wreeths up-choked,	Will. Tho' leeward whyles, against my will, I took a bicker. Death and Dr. Hornbook.
Wild-eddying swirl, . A Winter Night. 2.	Or why has Man the will and pow'r
Wilderness. A lily in a wilderness. S. My Lord a-hunting the hungry Jew in wilderness	To make his fellow mourn? Man was made to Mourn. If ye gie a woman a' her will,
Rejoicing o'er his manna, . S. The gowd. Locks of A	Gude faith she'll soon o'er-gang ve.
Wildest. Or were I in the wildest waste, S. O wert thou in t	S. O ay my wife she dang. E'en let her tak her will, jo S. O steer her up †
More welcome were to me grim winter's wildest roar. Sonnet, on Death of R	An' rowth o' rhyme to rave at will, . Scotch Drink. 21.
Redoubted Staig who set at nought The wildest savage Tory, . The Election Ballads. VI.	Say, such is royal George's will, An' there's the foe, The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.
In wildest fury hae made bare	An' let them wander at their will: The Death of Mailie.
My peace, my hope, for ever! Verses under Grief. Admiring Nature in her wildest grace, Wr. in Kenmore Inn.	Who has no will but by her high permission; The Henpecked Husband.
Wild-furious.	But lordly will, I hold it still
Or blinding drifts wild-furious flee, . To W. Simpson. 13.	A mortal sin to thraw that. The Jolly Beggars. S. VII. She had na will to say him na: S. There was a lass †
Wild-hanging. Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods,	they must be best, Because they are Thy Will! . Winter.
S. My heart's in the Highlands†	Willcat [the wild cat].
	The thummart, willcat, brock and tod, The Twa Herds. 6.

But fate has will'd, and we must part! S. Behold the hourt

Will do. Who make poor will do wait upon I should Ep. to R. Graham. 5.

**************************************	Winnling in (moundaring waving)
William.	Wimpling, -in [meandering, waving].
And hunted as was William Wallace, Adam A—'s Prayer.	Ye burnies, wimplin down your glens, El. on Capt. M. H., 4.
Let William Hislop give the spirit A Grace.	Where Doon rins, wimplin, clear, Halloween. 2.
Willie, Willy. I'm no mistrusting Willie Pit, A Dream. 7.	The trout within you wimpling burn S. Now Spring has clad †
Till Willie H—e took o'er the knowe	The pathless wild, and wimpling burn,
For Philadelphia, man: A Fragment. 3.	The pathless wild, and wimpling burn, S. O bonie was you rosy †
An' Scotland drew her pipe an' blew.	whare Tay rins wimpin by sae clear;
'Up, Willie, waur them a', man!'	S. O whare did ye get t
Wi' kindling eyes cry'd, 'Willie, rise! 1b. 8.	By wimpling burn and leafy shaw, S. Sae flaxen†
N-rth, F-x, & Co. Gowff'd Willie like a ba', 1b. 9.	Whether thro' wimplin worms thou jink, Scotch Drink. 2.
My auld school-fellow, Preacher Willie, Auld comrade †	Ilk wimpling burn, ilk chrystal spring, The Fête Champetre.
And todlin down on Willie's mill,	by Castalia's wimplin streamies, To Dr. Blacklock.
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 5.	Up wimpling stately Tweed I've sped, To W. Creech.
Hail, thairm-inspirin', rattlin' Willie! Ep. to Maj. Logan.	Wimpl't [meandered].
Stop Thief! dame Nature cried to Death,	As thro' the glen it wimpl't;
As Willie drew his latest breath; Epit. on W	Win' [wind]. ye was a jinker noble, For heels an' win'!
To wanton Willie's brandy S. Had I the wyte†	A Gude New-Year † 7.
Poor Willie, wi' his bow-kail runt, [re.] Halloween. 9.	How do ye this blae eastlin win', Auld comrade †
O Kenmure's on and awa, Willie I [re.]	They bar the door on frosty win's; . The Twa Dogs. 20.
S. O Kenmure's on and awa†	'Twas then a blast o' Janwar win'
O Logan! sweetly didst thou glide,	Blew hansel in on Robin S. There was a lad †
The day I was my Willie's bride; S. O Logan! sweetly †	It's silly wa's the win's are strewin! To a Mouse.
While Willie's far frae Logan braes. [re.] Ib.	
O Willie brew'd a peck o' maut, S. O Willie brew'd †	Win, to. I dinna envy him the gains he can win; S. As I was a-wand ring t
Here lie Willie M-hie's banes, . On a Schoolmaster.	Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O: . S. Behind yon hills †
For sake o' Willie Chalmers. [re.] . On W. Chalmers.	Her favour Duncan couldna win; . S. Duncan Davison.
You're welcome, Willie Stewart, On W. Stewart.	·
O rattlin, roarin Willie, [re.] S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie.	We're fit to win our daily bread, Ep. to Davie. 2.
An' Livistone, the bauld Sir Willie;	And ilk loyal, bonie lad Cross the seas and win his ain S. Frae the friends †
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 14.	
Poet Willie, Poet Willie, gi' the Doctor a volly,	He will win a shilling, Or he spend a groat. S. Hey, the dusty miller †
The Kirk's Alarm. 11.	And spend the gear they win S. Hey ca' thro'.
Her darling bird that she lo'es best	If thou would win my love, Jamie, come try me.
Willie's awa! [re.] To W. Creech.	S. Jamie, come try me †
I gat your letter, winsome Willie; [re.] To W. Simpson.	I can win my five pennies in a day, S. My Collier Laddie.
Here awa, there awa, wandering Willie, [re.]	
S. Wandering Willie.	And the warld before me to win my bread,
Wee Willie Gray, an' his leather wallet; [re.]	And fools may tyne, and knaves may win; S. O Phely, †
S. Wee Willie Gray †	May he who wins thy matchless charms
Art thou my ain dear Willie? S. When wild War's †	Possess a leal and true heart; S. Polly Stewart.
Willie Wastle dwalt on Tweed, [re.] . S. Willie Wastle†	There, welcome, win and wear the prize, S. Talk not of Love †
Ye sons of old Killie, assembled by Willie,	Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
S. Ye sons of old Killie †	And win the key-stane of the brig; Tam o' Shanter. 18.
O Willy, ay I bless the grove Where first I own'd my maiden love, S. O Phely	If Honest Worth in heaven rise, Ye'll mend or ye win near him. Tam Samson's El., Epit.
	All in the field of politics,
When Willy, wander'd thro' the wood, [re.] S. On a bank of flowers †	To win immortal honors The Election Ballads. VI.
She winna come hame to her Willy. S. Saw ye my Phely.	Wha canna win her in a night,
And for ever disowns thee, her Willy	Has little art in courting The Tarbolton Lasses.
Thought broken the beauty of the Willer	For weel he kend the way, O,
Thou'st broken the heart o' thy Willy Ib.	The lassie's heart to win, O! . S. The Taylor he cam †
Willie [willow].	I will awa to Edinburgh and win a pennie fee,
Peel a willie wand, to be him boots and jacket; S. Wee Willie Gray	S. There grows a bonie †
	Win [won]. Like fortune's favors, tint as win. A Vision.
Willie-waught [a hearty draught].	Wind. The winds were laid, A Vision.
And we'll tak' a right gude willie-waught,	'Blow, blow, ye Winds, with heavier gust!
S. Should auld acquaintance †	A Winter Night. 7.
And weel I wat her willin mou	Wi' wind and tide fair i' your tail,
Was e'en like succar-candie. S. Had I the wyte	Right on ye scud your sea-way; Add. to Unco Guid. 4.
The man in arms, 'gainst female charms,	Wha wad mind the wind and rain,
Even he her willing slave is: S. Lovely Davies.	Sae weel row'd in his tartan plaidie. S. As I came o'er t
In love's delightful fetters, she chains the willing soul!	And deep as soughs the boding wind,
S. Mark yonder Pomp †	Amang his caves, the sigh he gave. As on the banks †
Ye mustering thunders from above	The westlin wind blaws loud an' shill; S. Behind you hills †
Your willing victim see! S. O mirk, mirk †	The westlin wind blaws loud an' shill; S. Behina yon hills? The winds were whispering thro' the grove, S. By Allan stream?
Her's are the willing chains o' love, S. Sae flaxen †	S. By Auan stream \$
My wife she is willing to draw in the yoke,	While winds trae off Ben-Lomond blaw, . Ep. to Davie.
S. The Poor Thresher.	While frosty winds blaw in the drift,
Save Love's willing fetters, the chains of his Jean.	Pity the best of words should be but wind!
S. Their groves of	Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
Then, Sir, God willing, I'll attend ye, . To Mr. Renton.	Have you found this or t'other? there's more in the wind, Fragment, inscr. to Fox.
Willow. Ay wavering like the willow wicker,	
Tween good and ill. Poem on Life.	Where the winds howl to the waves' dashing roar: S. Had I a cave †
Willyart [wild, timid, awkward and confused].	Thy favors are the silly wind
To show Sir Bardy's willyart glowr, On dining with Daer.	That kisses ilka thing it meets S. I do confess t
Wily. Your wily snares an' fechtin fierce, Add. to the Deil. 19.	Fu' loud and shrill the frosty wind
The wily Mother sees the conscious flame	Blaws through the leafless timmer,
Wimple [to meander]. The Cotter's Sat. Night. 7.	S. Im o'er young to marry.
While waters wimple to the sea; . S. Ca' the Ewes.	Spare my love ye winds that blaw, S. Jockey's ta'en the parting †
	S. Juckey's talen the parting f

The wind blew hollow frae the hills, Lament for Glencairn.	Oft as by winding Nith I, musing, wait
The winds, lamenting thro' their caves,	On seeing wounded Hare.
Ye woods that shed on a' the winds	That winding stream I love so dear! S. The Banks of Nith.
The honours of the aged year,	The echoing wood, the winding flood, Like Paradise did glitter, . S. The Fête Champetre.
That long has stood the wind and rain;	Her [Coila's] heathy moors and winding vales;
Nae mair, to me, the autumn winds Wave o'er the yellow corn! Lament of Mary of Scots.	S. The gloomy night †
Where the wild winds of winter incessantly rave,	Concealing the course of the dark winding rill;
Lament, on leaving Nat. Land.	S. The lazy mist †
Mark the winds, and mark the skies; . S. Let not woman †	Where by the winding Ayr we met S. To Mary in Heaven.
Ye babbling winds, in silence sweep; Liberty.	by the sweet side of the Nith's winding river,
Fu' loud the wind blaws frae the Ferry, S. My bonie Mary.	S. True hearted was he
Now westlin winds, and slaught'ring guns	O'er many a winding dale and painful steep,
Bring Autumn's pleasant weather; S. New westlin winds †	Wr, in Kenmore Inn.
Thou hear'st the winter wind and weet, S. O Lassie, art thou †	Ye maggots make your windings; The Book-Worms.
O tell na me of wind and rain,	Winding-sheet.
And heard thee as the careless wind?	Wha I wish were maggots' meat,
S. O stay, sweet warbling † Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,	Dish'd up in her winding-sheet; S. First when Maggy t
I dearly like the west, S. Of a' the airts †	Their winding-sheet the bloody clay, S. The lovely lass †
It's no the frosty winter wind, S. Oh, how can I be blythe †	Window.
Ye howling winds, and wintry swelling waves!	May I but be sae bauld
On Death of R. Dundas.	As come to your bower-window, [re.] S. Lass, when yr mither †
As cauld a wind as ever blew; . On Kirk of Lamington.	
As dangling in the wind he hangs	The high-arched windows, painted fair, Show many a saint and martyr there On Lincluden.
A gibbet's tassel Poem on Life.	In window fair, the painted pane
Raving winds around her blowing, . S. Raving winds †	Windows and doors in nameless sculptures drest,
The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last; . Tam o' Shanter. 7.	The Brigs of Ayr. 8.
Despising wind, and rain, and fire;	Windy.
When August winds the heather wave, Tam Samson's El., 13.	Ae dreary, windy, winter night, Add. to the Deil. 7.
Arous'd by blustering winds an' spotting thowes, The Brigs of Ayr. 7.	Conceited gowk! puff'd up wi' windy pride! The Brigs of Ayr. 7.
When January winds were blawing cauld,	Wine.
S. The lass that made the bed.	And ne'er gude wine did fear, El. on Capt. M. H., Epit.
The sky was blue, the wind was still, S. The Rigs o' Barley.	And blude red wine's the rysin Sun, S. Gane is the day †
Ye powers who preside o'er the wind and the tide,	The man and his wine's sae bewitching! Inscrip. on Goblet.
S. The Sons of old Killie.	Go, fetch to me a pint o' wine, . S. My bonie Mary.
He wanders as free as the winds of his mountains, S. Their groves of †	Here's Kenmure's health in wine;
An' bleak December's winds ensuin,	S. O Kenmure's on and awa†
Baith snell an' keen! To a Mouse.	For sparkling was the rosy wine, . S. O May thy morn †
Free as the wind, or feather'd race To Clarinda.	Bright wines and bonnie lasses rare
"By driving winds, the crackling flames are borne!". Ib.	To put us dast; Poem on Life.
When winds rave thro' the naked tree; To W. Simpson.	And buy a pint o' wine; . S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie.
Thro' weary winter's wind and rain S. Twas even-the dewy †	Bout vines, an' wines, an' druken Bacchus, Scotch Drink.
Cauld blaws the wind frae east to west, S. Up in the morning.	Yet humbly kind, in time o' need, The poor man's wine;
Winter winds blew, loud and cauld, at our parting,	It sets you ill, Wi' bitter, dearthfu' wines to mell, 1b. 16.
S. Wandering Willie. Tho' women's minds like winter winds	See future wines, rich-clust'ring, rise;
May shift and turn, and a' that, . S. Women's Minds.	The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.
Thro' wind and weet, thro' frost and snaw; S. Young Jockey †	But Balmaghie had better been
Wind, to.	Drinking Madeira wine The Election Ballads. V.
I will not wind a lang conclusion,	Ane gies them coin, ane gies them wine, The Fête Champetre.
With complimentary effusion: . A Ded. to G. H., 15.	Yestreen I had a pint o' wine S. The gowd. Locks of A
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides; S. Afton Water.	Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine, S. The Honest Man.
This day, Time winds th' exhausted chain,	Her cheeks like lilies dipt in wine,
Sketch. New-Yr's Day.	S. The lass that made the bed.
Which sweetly winds so far below; S. Slow spreads the gloom †	Fill me with the rosy wine,
How sweetly wind thy sloping dales, S. The Banks of Nith.	And gallant Sir Robert, deep-read in old wines. The Whistle. 6.
Where the Greenock winds his moorland course,	
The Brigs of Ayr. 7.	But for wine and for welcome not more known to fame, 16. 10.
The murmuring streamlet winds clear thro' the vale,	A high ruling elder to wallow in wine 1
S. The small birds †	Wing. Your royal nest, beneath Your wing, . A Dream. 4.
Wind-driv'n.	Whare wilt thou cow'r thy chittering wing, A Winter Night. 4.
Like wind-driv'n hail it did assail, Extem. in Court of Session.	Awa ye squatter'd like a drake,
Winding.	On whistling wings Add. to the Deil. 8.
Adown winding Nith I did wander, S. Adown winding Nith †	And mounts and sings on flittering wings, S. Again rejoic. Nature †
Far marked with the courses of clear, winding rills; S. Afton Water.	Or lightly flit on wanton wing S. Bonie Lassie, will ye go †
Down by you winding river; . S. As I gaed up by †	My Muse dow scarcely spread her wing: . Ep. to J. R., 6.
the banks of winding Nith, As on the banks †	'Twas neither broken wing nor limb,
Crystal Devon, winding Devon,	Soars on the spurning wing of injur'd merit!
Farewell, thou stream that winding flows	Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
Around Eliza's dwelling; . S. Farewell, thou stream †	My muse may imp her wing for some sublimer flight Ib. 5.
Amang the bonie, winding banks,	Her flowing locks, the raven's wing, S. Her flowing locks †
Where Doon rins, wimplin, clear, Halloween. 2.	With chill hoary wing as ye [breezes] usher the dawn:
the clear winding Devon, . S. How pleasant the banks †	S. How pleasant the oanks T
That wav'd o'er Lugar's winding stream: Lament for Glencairn.	Above the world on wings of love I rise, In vain wld Prudence †
Lument for Gientairn.	816 00011 0000 = 1 00001000

On forward wing [Hope] for ever fled. Lament for Glencairn.	I winne blow cheet would be to the transfer
Aloft on dewy wing; Lament of Mary of Scots.	I winna blaw about mysel, . Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 16.
	An' if ye winna mak it clink,
The birdies flit on wanton wing S. Now bank and brae †	By Jove I'll prose it! . Ib., Ap. 21st, 6.
Winnowing blythe her dewy wings S. Now Spring has clad †	She winna come hame to her ain Jock Rab. S. Eppie M'Nab.
And the moorcock springs, on whirring wings, S. Now westlin winds †	And wha winna wish guid luck to our cause, May never guid luck be their fa'!
To thee my fancy took its wing, S. O Mary, at thy window t	S. Here's a health to them
	I winna let you in, jo. [re.] . S. O Lassie, art thou
The little swallow's wanton wing, S. O Phely,	An' gin she winna tak a man,
When wearied on my little wing S. O were my love t	E'en let her tak her will, jo S. O steer her up t
But I would sing on wanton wing,	That gin the lassie winns do't
On fear inspired wings; S. On a bank of flowers †	Ye'll fin' anither will, jo
Swiftly seek, on clanging wings,	She winna come hame to her Willy. S. Saw ye my Phely.
Other lakes and other springs; . On scaring Water-fowl.	when they winna stand the test, Scots Prologue.
While larks with little wing, Fann'd the pure air,	Ye winna bear it? The Author's Cry and Prayer. 11.
But here my Muse her wing maun cour; Tam o' Shanter. 16.	But we winna mention Redcastle, The Election Ballads. III.
The clanging sugh of whistling wings is heard;	An' warn him-what I winna name.
The Brigs of Ayr. 4.	To stay content wi' yowes at hame; [v.A.3]
In either wing two champions fought,	The Death of Mailie.
The Election Ballads. VI.	Yet that winna save ye, auld Satan must have ye,
Then mounted Mirth on gleesome wing, The Fête Champetre.	The Kirk's Alarm. 4.
Tak some on the wing, and some as they spring,	But the songster's nest within the bush I winna take away,
S. The heather was blooming †	S. The Posie.
And O! as she wanton'd gay on the wing Ib.	that cursed set, I winna name, . The Twa Herds. 11.
She took the wing like fire! To Miss Ferrier.	I winna gang to the dance in Carlyle ha'.
Pleasures, insects on the wing Wr. in Hermitage at F. C.	S. There grows a bonie brier
The golden hours, on angel wings,	Your friendship sir, I winna quat it, Third Ep. to J. Lap.
S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †	An' when wi' Usquebae we've wat it It winna break
Wing, to. And when ye [craiks] wing your annual way	Chiels wha their chanters winna hain, . To W. Simpson. 6.
Frae our cauld shore, El. on Capt. M. H., 9.	And winna say owre far for thrice, . V.s to J. Ranken.
And wings the blast to blaw, . On Birth of Posth. Child.	
Then to the blessed, New Jerusalem,	If it winna, canna be, S. Wilt thou be my † Winnin [winding].
Fleet wing awa! To W. Creech.	
Winged, -'d. Whyles, on the strong-wing'd Tempest flyin, Add. to the Deil. 4.	The warpin o't, the winnin o't; S. The cardin o't.
As bees flew hame wi' lades o' treasure,	Winning. And bent on winning borough towns, The Election Ballads. VI.
The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure:	
And straught to Stirling wing'd their flight, S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	Even Sir, by them your heart's esteem'd, An' winning manner. To Rev. J. M'Math. Detraction's eye no aim can gain,
The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnotic'd fleet;	Her winning powers to lessen; . S. Young Peggy †
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5.	Winnins [winnings].
Wi' winged spurs did ride, The Election Ballads. V.	Bitter in dool I lickit my winnins
Ye winged Hours that o'er us past, . The Lament. 6.	O' marrying Bess, to gie her a slave: S. O merry hae I been
Proclaim'd the speed of winged day. S. To Mary in Heaven.	Winnock [a window].
Wink. And [Death] tips auld drunken Nanse the wink,	Steal thro' the winnock frae a wh-re, . A Ded. to G. H., 8.
For our she tipn'd the sidelin's wink	List'ning, the doors an' winnocks rattle, A Winter Night. 3.
For ay she tipp'd the sidelin's wink, Come kiss me at your leisure. S. As I gaed up by	some scheme, like tea an' winnocks,
Quoth I, 'Before I sleep a wink,	The Author's Cry and Prayer. 20.
'I vow I'll close it; Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 6.	Winnock-bunker [a seat in a window, or formed by
That ye can please me at a wink, S. O Tibbie!	the window sill.
with a would-be roguish leer and wink, Prologue, at Th., D	A winnock-bunker in the east,
Thae winks and finger-ends, I dread,	There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast; Tam o' Shanter. 11. Winnowing.
Are notice takin! To a Louse.	
Wink, to.	Winnowing blythe her dewy wings S. Now Spring has clad †
Gie him strong Drink until he wink, Scotch Drink. Mott.	Winsome [comely, pleasant, attractive, engaging; gay, cheerful, merry].
Inspire me, till I lisp an' wink, To sing thy name! . Ib. 2.	My winsome, weel-far'd Highland laddie; S. As I came o'er't
Wink hard, and say, "The folks hae done their best."	My Love's a winsome wee thing, S. My Love's a winsome †
Scots Prologue. I scarce could wink or see a styme; There's naethin like †	She is a winsome wee thing, S. My wife's a winsome.
Winkers [the eye-lashes].	There was ae winsome wench and wawlie, Tam o' Shanter. 15.
And gart me weet my waukrife winkers,	I gat your letter, winsome Willie; . To W. Simpson.
Wi' girnan spite Ep. to Maj. Logan. 10.	Win't [did wind].
Winkin, -an.	An' ay she win't, an' ay she swat,
Thrang winkan on the lasses To chairs . The Holy Fair. 10.	Winter.
Just like a winkin baudrons: The Ordination. 10.	
Winn [to winnow].	wha bide this brattle O' winter war, . A Winter Night. 3. Ae dreary, windy, winter night, . Add. to the Deil. 7.
To winn three wechts o' naething; Halloween. 21.	While maniac Winter rages o'er
Winna [will not].	The hills whence classic Yarrow flows,
I winna lie, come what will o' me) A Ded. to G. H., 4.	Add. to Shade of Thomson.
What's no his ain, he winna tak it;	Come Winter, with thine angry howl,
What ance he says, he winna break it;	Again rejoicing Nature †
Ev'n there I winna flatter; A Dream. 3.	And surely winter grimly flies; S. Bonie Bell.
But Facts are chiels that winna ding,	Then in his turn comes gloomy Winter, Ib.
I winna ventur't in my rhymes A Vision.	But now our joys are fled On winter blasts awa! S. But lately seen, †
An' it winna let a body be! . S. Again rejoic. Nature t	On winter blasts awa! S. But lately seen, † Winter, hurling thro' the air
I may be distress'd, but I winna complain: S. As I was a-wand ring †	The roaring blast, . El. on Capt. M. H., 13.
If she winna ease the throes,	Wild as the winter now tearing the forest,
In my bosom swelling; S. Blythe ha'e I been t	S. Gloomy December.

When winter rules with boundless power, S. How can my poor heart †	The short'ning winter-day is near a close; The Cotter's Sat. Night.
And nights are lang in winter, Sir,	The sun had clos'd the winter-day, . The Vision. D. I.
S. I'm o'er young to marry.	The joyless winter-day, Let others fear, Winter.
Old winter with his frosty beard,	Winter-bound.
Improm., on Mrs. —'s Birthday. And winter once rejoic'd in glory	When winter-bound the wave is; S. Lovely Davies.
And in the narrow house o' death	Winter-hap [winter-clothing].
Let winter round me rave; . Lament of Mary of Scots.	'Twas when the stacks get on their winter-hap, The Brigs of Ayr.
Where the wild winds of winter incessantly rave, Lament, on leaving Nat. Land.	Wintle [a staggering motion].
I've seen you weary winter-sun	An' tumbl'd wi' a wintle Out owre that night. Halloween. 19.
	Wintle, to [to stagger, reel; wriggle, writhe].
And winter nights were dark and rainy; S. Montgom.'s Peggy.	An' wintle like a saumont-coble, . A Gude New-Year † 7. But may she wintle in a woodie, . Adam A—'s Prayer.
The dark, dreary winter, and wild-driving snaw,	To him that wintles in a halter: . Lns add. to J. Ranken.
S. My Nanie's Awa.	Wintry. And curled as the wintry wave, As on the banks †
Thou hear'st the winter wind and weet, S. O Lassie, art thou	The wintry sun the day has clos'd, S. Behind you hills †
Like drumlie winter, dark and drear, S. O Logan! sweetly † Tho' raging winter rent the air; S. O wat ye wha's in †	My trunk of eild, but buss or beild, Sinks in time's wintry rage S. But lately seen †
By autumn wild, and winter rude! . S. O were my love †	Sinks in time's wintry rage S. But lately seen † Around me scowls a wintry sky, . S. Forlorn, my Love †
It's no the frosty winter wind, S. Oh, how can I be blythe	the howling wintry blast . S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite †
The weary winter soon will pass,	Ye howling winds, and wintry swelling waves!
When thou shrunk frae the scowl of the loud winter storm,	On Death of R. Dundas. Low in your wintry beds, ye flowers,
On Death of fav. Child. braving angry winter's storms, . S. Peggy Chalmers.	Again ye'll flourish fresh and fair; S. The Catrine woods †
Robin promis'd me A' my winter vittle;	When all his wintry billows pour
S. Robin shure in hairst.	Against the Buchan Bullers. The Election Ballads. VI. Turbid torrents, wintry swelling, S. Thickest night †
An' hardly, in a winter season, E'er spier her [my Muse's] price. Scotch Drink. 14.	The Wintry West extends his blast, Winter.
I could wake a winter night,	Winze [an oath; "loot a winze," uttered an oath].
For the sake of Somebody S. Somebody.	An' loot a winze, an' drew a stroke,
More welcome were to me grim winter's wildest roar. Sonnet, on Death of R	Wipe. Longing to wipe each tear, to heal each groan, Ep. to R. Graham. 3.
See aged winter 'mid his surly reign, Sonnet, wr. on Birthday.	Wisdom. Know, prudent, cautious, self-controul
Never bound by winter's chains! . S. Streams that glide t	Is Wisdom's root. A Bard's Epit
When Winter muffles up his cloak, . Tam Samson's El.	Or say, ye wisdom want, or fire, To rule this mighty nation; A Dream. 5.
Picking her pouch as bare as Winter, The Author's Cry and Prayer.	That frequent pass douce Wisdom's door
Potatoe-bings are snugged up frae skaith	Add. to Unco Guid. 2. Unlike sage proverb'd wisdom's hard wrung boon.
Of coming Winter's biting, frosty breath; The Brigs of Ayr. But twa-three winters will inform ye better	Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
But twa-three winters will inform ye better 1b. 7. Then Winter's time-bleach'd locks did hoary show,	Who life and wisdom at one race begun,
By Hospitality with cloudless brow	How wisdom and folly meet, mix, and unite! Frag., inscr. to Fox.
Tho' winter wild in tempest toil'd, S. The day returns †	The greybeard, old wisdom, may boast of his treasures,
The Autumn mourns her rip'ning corn By early Winter's ravage torn; S. The gloomy night †	Lns, on Windows, Gl. Tav
What tho', with hoary locks I must stand the winter shocks,	Want only of wisdom denied her respect, Monody, on a Lady. Epit.
The Jolly Beggars. S. I.	wild from wisdom's way, Sent to a Gent. offended.
As autumn to winter resigns the pale year. S. The lazy mist † Alike in the winter, the cold, and the weet;	in the way His Wisdom sees the best,
S. The Poor Thresher.	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 18. Here's the worth and wisdom Collieston can boast;
Thro' Winter's cauld, or Summer's heat; The Twa Dogs. 29.	The Election Ballads. IV.
The winter it is past, and the summer comes at last, The Winter it is past	Sir Wisdom's a fool when he's fou; The Jolly Beggars. S. III.
Like winter on me seizes, . S. The yng Highl. Rover.	O love will venture in, where wisdom ance has been; S. The Posie.
I mean your ingle-side to guard	Wise. Was quick to learn and wise to know, A Bard's Epit.
An' weary Winter comin fast,	To suit some wise design; . A Prayer under Anguish.
To thole the Winter's sleety dribble, An' cranreuch cauld! Ib.	And as we're merry, may we still be wise. Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
Streekit out to bleach In winter snaw; To W. Creech.	The Rigid Righteous is a fool,
Ev'n winter bleak has charms to me, . To W. Simpson.	The Rigid Wise anither: . Add. to Unco Guid. Mott. If Happiness hae not her seat
Or Winter howls, in gusty storms, The lang, dark night!	And center in the breast,
Through weary winter's wind and rain	We may be wise, or rich, or great, But never can be blest: Ep. to Davie. 5.
S. Twas even—the dewy t	But as the clegs o' feeling stang
Sae loud and shill's I hear the blast, I'm sure it's winter fairly S. Up in the morning.	Are wise or fool Ep. to Maj. Logan. 6. Ye wise ones, hence! ye hurt the social eye!
When a' the hills are cover'd wi' snaw,	Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
I'm sure it's winter fairly. [re.]	The Bench sae wise lift up their eyes, Extem. in Court of Session.
And lang's the night frace e'en to morn, I'm sure it's winter fairly	It's guid to be merry and wise, S. Here's a health to them †
Winter winds blew, loud and cauld, at our parting,	Be they wise, be they foolish, is nothing of mine;
S. Wandering Willie. And grim, surly winter is near? . S. Where are the joys †	Poet. Add. to Tytler. This day's propitious to be wise in. Sketch. New-Yr's Day.
Tho' women's minds like winter winds S. Women's Minds.	Then is it wise to damp our bliss?
As blooming spring unbends the brow	O Tam! hadst thou but been sae wise,
Of surly, savage winter S. Young Peggy †	As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice! Tam o' Shanter. 3.
Wi' merry dance in winter-days, The Ans. to the Guidwife.	Men wha grew wise priggin owre hops an' raisins, The Brigs of Ayr. 10.

And my son Maitland, wise as brave,	I could wish nae man to get ye, Save it were my very sel S. Will ye go and marry †
Ye are sae grave, nae doubt ye're wise; . To J. S., 28.	Wished, -'d, Wisht.
In hopes to be mair wise, . V,s, on Window, Carron.	Ev'n when the wished end's deny'd, Despondency, an Ode. 2.
Say, to be just, and kind, and wise, There solid self-enjoyment lies; . Wr. in Friars-Carse H	For Eighty-eight he wish'd you [ministers] weel,
	El. on Year 1788. plac'd by thee upon the wish'd-for height
Wisemen. Nay, what are priests? those seeming godly wisemen:	Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
Lns on Window, K.'s Arms.	And for thy potence vainly wisht, Lns, on Back of Bank Note.
Wiser.	It is the wish'd, the trysted hour;
In ploughman phrase 'God send you speed,' Still daily to grow wiser; Ep. to Young Friend. 11.	S. O Mary, at thy window † He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,
Wiser men than me's beguil'd, . S. First when Maggy †	S. On a bank of flowers †
If wiser too—he hinted some suggestion, Prologue, at Th., D	Wish'd unison between the pair, The Jolly Beggars. R. VII.
Wisest. The wisest Man the warl' saw, He dearly lov'd the lasses, O. [v.A.24]	How have I wish'd for Fortune's charms, For her dear sake, and her's alone! . The Lament.
3. Green grow the Mushes.	De'il tak the war! I late and air
Wish. But whilst your wishes and endeavours,	Hae wish'd since Jock departed; S. The tither morn †
Are blest with Fortune's smiles and favours, A Ded. to G. H., 15.	And wished they'd been at hame, man. The Tree of Liberty.
Let Fortune's gifts at random flee,	And wished that Parnassus a vineyard had been. The Whistle, 11.
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me, . S. Bonie Lassie †	Wishfully.
Ye little know the ills ye court, When Manhood is your wish! . Despondency, an Ode. 5.	Wishfully I look and languish In that bonie face of thine; S. Bonie wee thing †
Nae mair ungen'rous wish I hae, S. It is na, Jean, †	Wishin'. Wishin' the ten Egyptian plagues
Why was an independent wish E'er planted in my mind? . Man was made to Mourn.	Wad seize you quick. Letter to J. Goudie.
E'er planted in my mind? Man was made to Mourn. Tho' to be rich was not my wish,	Wiss [to wish]. The bonie lasses weel may wiss him, On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.
Yet to be great was charming, O:	I'll bless her and wiss her
S. My father was a farmer† Up to a Parent's wish O Thou dread Pow'r†	A Friend above the Lift Wr. on Leaf of "H. More." Hae there's my haun', I wiss you weel, To Mr. J. Kennedy.
Up to a Parent's wish O Thou dread Pow'r† Nor his warm-urged wishes On W. Chalmers.	Wist.
Is th' wish o' mony mae than me: . Tam Samson's El., 14.	The music of thy voice I heard,
Ev'n then a wish (I mind its power)	Nor wist while it enslav'd me; S. Farewell, thou stream †
A wish, that to my latest hour Shall strongly heave my breast; The Ans. to the Guidwife.	She charm'd my soul, I wist na how; S. I gaed a waefu't But little wist she Maggie's mettle Tam o' Shanter. 18.
For whom my warmest wish to heaven is sent!	And wist na o' my fate. S. The Banks of Doon. Sett II.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 20.	The wint we when he was some O C The Contant of and do t
Had I on earth but wishes three, The first should be my Anna. S. The gowd. Locks of A.	And ay she wist na what to say;
Each night and morn with voice imploring,	And ay she wist na what to say; S. The Lass that made the bed. And I hae lost my lightsome heart
This wish I sigh: The Hermit.	That little wist a fa' The Ruined Maid's Lament.
To grant my highest wishes, . The Petition of Br. Water. He had no wish but—to be glad, The Jolly Beggars. R. VII.	And lang ere witless Jeanie wist,
And not a Wish to gild the gloom! The Lament.	Her heart was tint, her peace was stown! S. There was a lass †
Thro' a long life his hopes and wishes crown;	Yet wist na what her ail might be,
To R. G. of F., 9. Wish, to.	Wistful.
What wad ye wish for mair, man? A Bottle and Friend.	I'll westward turn my wistful eye: "Though oft I turn'd the wistful eye,
A humble Bardie wishes! A Dream. 1.	"Nae ray of fame was to be found: Lament for Glencairn.
A Guid New-year I wish you Maggie! A Guid New-Year	And pensive gaze with wistful eyes, . On Lincluden.
I wish her sale for her gude ale, S. A' the lads o' Thornie-bnk †	Wistfully.
I wish a heckle Were in their doup Add. to Toothache.	Sae wistfully she gaz'd on me, S. When wild War's † Wit. By cantraip wit,
My passion I will ne'er declare,	Is instant made no worth a louse Add. to the Deil. 11.
I'll say, I wish thee well S. Ah, Chloris† An' Auchenbay, I wish him joy; Auld comrade†	Wit and Grace, and Love and Beauty, In ac constellation shine: S. Bonie wee thing
But friends an' folk that wish me well,	In ae constellation shine; S. Bonie wee thing? If thou hast wit, and fun, and fire,
They sometimes roose me; Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 16.	And ne'er gude wine did fear, El. on Capt. M. H., Epit.
Wha I wish were maggots' meat, . S. First when Maggie † And wha winna wish guid luck to our cause,	A wit in folly, and a fool in wit Ep. fr. Esopus.
May never guid luck be their fa'!	Yet ne'er with Wits prophane to range, Be complaisance extended; Ep. to Young Friend. 9.
S. Here's a health to them	They [Misfortunes] gie the wit of Age to Youth;
And as wi' thee I'd wish to live, For thee I'd bear to die S. It is na, Jean,	Ep, to Davie. 7.
And aye I wish him back again.	There's wit there [in losses and crosses], ye'll get there, Ye'll find nae other where
S. My Harry was a gallant †	Gie me o' wit an' sense a lift, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 13.
It's not the roar o' sea or shore, Wad make me langer wish to tarry; . S. My Bonie Mary.	But your curst wit, when it comes near it, Rives't aff their back. Ep. to J. R., 3.
And I the warld nor wish nor scorn, S. O bonie was you rosy †	Yet tho' his caustick wit was biting, rude,
And here's to them that wish us weel, S. O May thy morn †	His heart was warm, benevolent, and good.
I come to wish you all a good new year! Prologue, at Th., D	Extem. on W. Smellie. Who is proof to thy personal converse and wit,
And wish them in hell for it a', man Ronalds of Bennals.	Is proof to all other temptation Extem. to Mr. S.
Ye Scots wha wish auld Scotland well, . Scotch Drink. 16.	Thou first of our orators, first of our wits; Frag. inser. to Fox.
I wish you luck o' the prize man. S. The deil cam fiddlin' †	Ye men of wit and wealth, why all this sneering Lns on Window, K.'s Arms.
But, if ye wish her gratefu' pray'r, Gie her a Haggis To a Haggis.	In this braw age o' wit and lear, Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
Yet love to friendship shall give way,	well-form'd taste, and sparkling wit Prologue, sp. by Woods.
I cannot wish it less	An' strive, wi' a' your Wit an' Lear, To get remead. The Author's Cry and Prayer. 18.
Nae heart could wish for more V.s to a Landlady.	To get Tellicad. The Handle's Cry white Tragerito.

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Miss Smith she has wit, and Miss Betty is braw:	Withered, -'d.
The Belles of Mauchline. In Ayr, Wag-wits nae mair can have a handle	Warlocks grim, an' wither'd Hags, . Add. to the Deil. 9.
The Brigs of Ayr. 10. This Hal for genius, wit, and lore,	But whigs cam like a frost in June, And wither'd a' our posies S. Awa, whigs, awa.
Among the first was number'd; The Dean of Fac	View the wither'd beldam's face Ode, to Mem. of Mrs
Tho' wit and worth in either sex, St. Mary's Isle can shaw that, The Election Ballads. II.	But wither'd beldams, auld and droll, Tam o' Shanter. 14. But long ere night cut down it lies
For woman's wit, or strength o' man,	All wither'd and decay'd The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps.
Alas! can do but what they can;	Despise that Shrimp, that withered Imp, The Jolly Beggars. S. VI.
Like hafflins-wise o'ercomes him At times The Holy Fair. 17.	Their visage wither'd, lang an' thin, An' sour as ony slaes: The Holy Fair. 3.
It kindles Wit, it waukens Lear,	Within this dear mansion may wayward contention
It pangs us fou o' Knowledge	Or withered envy ne'er enter; . S. The sons of old Killie. And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime. [re.]
Wi' your liberty's chain and your wit; The Kirk's Alarm. If ill manners were wit, there's no mortal so fit Ib.	S. There liv'd ance a carle t
Holy Will, Holy Will, there was wit i' your skull,	As feckless as a wither'd rash, To a Haggis. Withering.
When ye pilfer'd the alms o' the poor; Ib. Such conduct neither spirit, wit, nor manners.	raging fortune's withering blast [re.] S. Luckless Fortune.
The Rights of Woman.	And now beneath the withering blast
Love blinks, Wit slaps, an' social Mirth Forgets there's care upo' the earth. The Twa Dogs. 19.	My youth and joy consume. S. Now Spring has clad t Virtue's blossoms there shall blow,
Craigdarroch so famous for wit, worth, and law;	And fear no withering blast; Sad thy tale, †
The Whistle. 6. Than the sense, wit, and taste of a sweet lovely dame. Ib. 10.	Ye birdies dumb, in with'ring bowers, Again ye'll charm the vocal air. S. The Catrine woods †
Has blest me with a random-shot	Dry-withering, waste my foamy streams,
O' countra wit	Within. The Petition of Br. Water.
Or hops the flavour of thy wit; To Mr. Syme.	But Och! it hardens a' within, . Ep. to Young Friend. b.
But there is ane aboon the lave, Has wit, and sense, and a' that; S. Women's Minds.	Without. Would thou hae nobles' patronage, "First learn to live without it!"
And when Wit and Refinement hae polish'd her darts,	Extem. on Commem.s of Thomson. Withoutten [without].
Wit, to. S. You wild mossy mountains †	Ye Maukins, cock your fud fu' braw,
She lets thee to wit, that she has thee forgot, S. Eppie M'Nab.	Withoutten dread; . Tam Samson's El., 7.
Or art thou wakin, I would wit, . S. O Lassie, art thou †	And he wad gae to London town, Might nae man him withstand The Election Ballads. I.
Witch. Laugh in Misfortune's face—the beldam witch! Add. sp. by Fontenelle.	Withstood.
An' hillocks, stanes, an' bushès kenn'd ay	Have oft withstood assailing War, Add. to Edinburgh. 5.
Frae ghaists an' witches. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 3. Lincluden's ugly witch; . Epit. on Grizel Grim.	'But yet the bauld Apothecary Withstood the shock; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 18.
the melkle deil, Wi' a' his witches	Witless. witless, trusting woman . S. O Lassie, art thou †
Are at it, skelpin! jig and reel, In my poor pouches. Friend of the poet †	But there's a youth, a witless youth, That fills the place where she should be;
And you, deep-read in hell's black grammar, Warlocks and witches; On Grose's Peregrinations.	S. The bonie Lass of Alb. And lang ere witless Jeanie wist,
A broom-stick o' the witch of Endor,	Her heart was tint, her peace was stown!
Warlocks and witches in a dance; Tam o' Shanter. 11.	S. There was a lass t Witness. And there I left for witness, an arm and a limb;
Wad ever grac'd a dance of witches!	The Jolly Beggars. S. I. A whisp'ring throb did witness bear
Wi' mony an eldritch skreech and hollow Ib. 17.	Of kindred sweet, The Vision. D. II.
Witchcraft. Awa' wi' your witchcraft o' beauty's alarms, S. Awa' wi' yr witchcraft †	Then han' in nieve some day we'll knot it, An' witness take, . Third Ep. to J. Lap
Witching, -in.	Witness, to.
And list'ning to their [Passions] witching voice Has often led me wrong. A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.	The courtier's gems may witness love S. Behold, my love † Witness my heart, how oft with panting fear,
For Oh! the yellow treasure's taen By witching skill; . Add. to the Deil. 10.	Prologue, sp. by Woods.
The witching cursed delicious blinkers	Witness that filial circle round, . Sketch. New-Yr's Day. To witness what I after shall narrate; The Brigs of Ayr. 3.
Hae put me hyte, . Ep. to Maj. Logan. 10. the flowery snare Of witching love, S. Now Spring has clad?	Does the sober bed of Marriage
Such witching books are baited hooks . O leave novels †	Witness brighter scenes of love? The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII. A hard was selected to witness the fray, The Whistle. 11.
It wants to me the witching grace, S. O this is no my ain †	Witnessed, -'d. But purer was the lover's vow
Nae snap conceits, hut that sweet spell O' witchin love, Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	They witness'd in their shade yestreen. S. O bonie was yon rosy †
I thought upon the witching smile	Bright Phœbus ne'er witnessed so joyous a corps,
That caught my youthful fancy: S. When wild War's † Witha' [withal].	Wits. Dulness, with redoubled sway
And wasna Cockpen right sancy witha',	Has seized the wits of Symon Gray. Symon Gray † Witty. Or witty catches, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 6.
S. O when she cam ben t For he's bonie and braw, weel favour'd with a',	A wildly-witty, rustic grace The Vision. D. I. 10.
S. There's a youth †	Then muse-inspirin' aqua-vitæ
Withdrawn. Sun, moon, and stars withdrawn a'; S. The gowd. Locks of A.	Then muse-inspirin' aqua-vitæ Shall make us baith sae blythe an' witty, Third Ep. to J. Lap
Wither. Your beauty's a flower, in the morning that blows, And withers the faster, the faster it grows; S. Awa' wi'yr witchcraft †	Wiles v. Wife.
Pale sickness withers lika grace, Fragment.	Wizard. Love sits in her smile, a wizard ensnaring;
They fade and they wither awa, man. Ronalds of Bennals.	S. True-hearted was he †
When you green leaves fade frae the tree, Around my grave they'll wither. S. Sweet fa's the eve †	Wizen'd. I'll light now, and dight now, His sweaty, wizen'd hide Ep. to Davie. 11.
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Wo. Alas the day, and wo the day, S. The bonie Lass of Alb.	Kate soon will be a woefu' woman! . Tam o' Shanter. 18.
Wodrow [Rev. Peter, minister of Tarbolton].	The Brethren o' the mystic level
Auld W-w, lang has hatch'd mischief, The Twa Herds. 13.	May hing their head in wofu' bevel, Tam Samson's El
Woe. But oh, it was a tale of woe, A Vision.	That woefu' morn be ever mourn'd
Sending, like bloodhounds from the slip,	"O thou, whase lamentable face
Woe, Want, and Murder o'er a land! A Winter Night. 7.	Appears to mourn my woefu' case! The Death of Mailie.
Come weel come woe, I care na by, S. Behind you hills †	Wolf. Even as two howling, ravening wolves To dogs do turn their tail. New Psalmody.
Come weel come woe, we'll gather and go,	To dogs do turn their tail New Psalmody. We still keep the ravening wolf from the door.
S. Come boat me o'er.	S. The Poor Thresher.
My woes here, shall close ne'er, But with the closing tomb! . Despondency, an Ode.	Woman.
But now, what else for me remains	To say her pray'rs, douse, honest woman! Add. to the Deil. 6.
But tales of woe; . El. on Capt. M. H., 11.	Still gentler [scan] sister Woman; Add. to the Unco Guid. 7.
A workhouse ! ah, that sound awakes my woes,	The billows on the ocean. The breezes idly roaming.
Ep. fr. Esopus.	The billows on the ocean, The breezes idly roaming, The clouds' uncertain motion, They are but types of woman.
The pitying Heart that felt for human Woe;	S. Deluded swain †
Epit. for Author's Father.	And dare the war with all of woman born: Ep. fr. Esopus.
There would I weep my woes, S. Had I a cave †	Here lyes a man a woman rul'd,
To work him farther woe, John Barleycorn.	The devil rul'd the woman. Epit. on Henpecked Squire.
'Twill make a man forget his woe;	And to the wealthy booby Poor woman sacrifice: S. How cruel†
"The voice of woe and wild despair! Lament for Glencairn.	
"A day to me so full of woe? Ib.	"One of two must still obey, "Is it man or woman, say, S. Husband, husband †
Nor th' balm that draps on wounds of woe	Let not woman e'er complain
Frae woman's pitying e'e Lament of Mary of Scots.	Of inconstancy in love;
What woes wring my heart Lament, on leaving Nat. Land.	Let not woman e'er complain,
Beneath the iron grasp of Want and Woe, Lns on Fergusson.	Fickle man is apt to rove: S. Let not woman †
Fell source of a' my woe and grief;	thou false woman, My sister and my fae,
Lns, on Back of Bank Note.	Lament of Mary of Scots.
Or haply, prest with cares and woes, Man was made to Mourn.	The weeping blood in woman's breast
The weary steps o' woe S. Now Spring has clad †	Was never known to thee; Nor th' balm that draps on wounds of woe
The wretch whase doom is "hope nae mair,"	Frae woman's pitying e'e
What tongue his woes can tell;	True it is, she had one failing,
Oh, nought but love and sorrow join'd, Sic notes of woe could wauken! S. O stay, sweet warbling †	Had ae woman ever less? . Lns under Pict. of Miss B.
	If ye gie a woman a' her will,
May He, the friend of woe and want, On Birth of Posth. Child.	Gude faith she'll soon o'er-gang ye.
She [Justice] sunk abandon'd to the wildest woe.	If ye gie a woman a' her will, Gude faith she'll soon o'er-gang ye, S. O ay my wife she dang. Let witless trusting woman say.
On Death of R. Dundas.	Let witless, trusting woman say How aft her fate's the same, jo. S. O Lassie, art thou †
To mourn the woes my country must endure, Ib.	May woman on him turn her back, . On W. Stewart.
In weeds of woe that frantic beat her breast,	To glut that direct foe—a vengeful woman:
On Death of Sir J. Blair.	A woman—tho' the phrase may seem uncivil,
Her form majestic droop'd in pensive woe, Ib.	As able—and as wicked as the devil! Scots Prologue.
She's from a world of woe relieved, On Poet's Daughter.	But woman is but warld's gear, . S. She's fair and fause †
The last, sad cape-stane of his woes; . Poor Mailie's El.	Whae'er ye be that woman love,
	Nae ferlie 'tis tho' fickle she prove
Her smiling, sae wyling, Would make a wretch forget his woe: . S. Sae flaxen †	A woman has't by kind
Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,	O woman, lovely woman fair,
Scenes that former thoughts renew; S. Scenes of woe †	An angel form's faun to thy share!
By oppression's woes and pains, . S. Scots, wha ha'e †	Kate soon will be a woefu' woman! Tam o' Shanter. 18.
Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure,	The gust o' joy, the balm of woe,
Thrill the deepest notes of woe, S. Sensibility, †	The gust o' joy, the balm of woe, The saul o' life, the heav'n below, Is rapture-giving woman. The Ans. to the Guidwift.
Yes, pour, ye warblers, pour the notes of woe, [v.A.10] Sonnet on Death of R.	She, honest woman, may think shame
	That ye're connected with her
And [Love] plunged me deep in woe. S. Talk not of Love † The gust o' joy, the balm of woe, The Ans. to the Guidwife.	The Mother, wi' a woman's wiles, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 8.
	For woman's wit, or strength o' man,
And Thurlow growl a curse of woe, The Election Ballads. VI.	Alas! can do but what they can; The Election Ballads. VI.
Woe ne'er assails in vain; . The Petition of Br. Water.	Nae woman in the Country wide
With woe I nightly vigils keep, The Lament.	Sae happy was as me. S. The Highl. Widow's Lament.
Awakes me up to toil and woe:	Nae woman in the warld wide Sae wretched now as me
While here I sit all sore beset With sorrow, grief, and wo; S. The sun he is sunk†	
	An' cheese an' bread, frae women's laps, Was dealt about in lunches, An' dawds The Holy Fair. 23.
Without this tree, alake this life Is but a vale o' woe, man; The Tree of Liberty.	Of all the women in the world,
The wailing minstrel of despairing woe; . The Vowels.	I never could come at her S. The Joyful Widower.
Sad knowledge makes me know that your hearts are full of woe,	A faithless woman's broken vow The Lament.
A woe that no mortal can cure. S. The Winter it is past †	And by them lies the dearest lad
Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,	That ever blest a woman's ee! S. The lovely lass t
To a Mountain-Daisy.	The Rights of Woman merit some attention.
As modest want the tale of woe reveals; To Miss Graham.	· The Rights of Woman.
Though prest with care and sunk in woe, S. To thee, lov'd Nith†	One sacred Right of Woman is protection 1b.
	Let Majesty your first attention summon, Ah! ça ira! The Majesty of Woman!
Enjoyment I'll seek in my woe S. Where are the joys t	
Thou Pow'r Supreme, whose mighty Scheme,	There's some exceptions, man an' woman; The Twa Dogs. 34.
These woes of mine fulfil; Winter.	Or women sonsie, saft an' sappy, 'Tween morn an' morn, There's naethin like †
Woe-delighted. Thy cruel, woe-delighted train, The ministers of Grief and Pain, To Ruin.	dear deluding women The icr of icred.
	dear, deluding woman, The joy of joys! . To J. S., 14.
Woe-worn. A woe-worn ghaist I hameward glide. S. Again rejoicing Nature †	Even silly woman has her warlike arts, To R. G. of F
Woeful, -fu', Wofu'.	But woman, nature's darling child! There all her charms she does compile;
Or dark as misery's woeful night Sketch. New-Yr's Day.	S. Twas even—the dewy †

Tho' women's minds like winter winds May shift and turn, and a' that, S. Women's Minds. Woman-grown. Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman-grown,	To scores o' lambs, an' packs of woo'! The Death of Mailie. And casting woo' to me. S. The Highl. Widow's Lament. Wi' woo' like goats, an' legs like trams; [v.A.10] Poor Mailie's El
Woman-kind. Falsest of woman-kind, canst thou declare, All thy fond-plighted vows, fleeting as air! S. Had I a cave † O that's the queen o' woman-kind, S. O wat ye what that loes †	Woo, to. When first I gaed to woo my Jenny, A Guid New-Year † 5. In shepherd's phrase will woo: S. Behold, my love, † Duncan Gray cam' here to woo, S. Duncan Gray † In Highland bonnet woo Malvina's charms; Ep. fr. Esophs.
For she's the pink o' womankind, and blooms without a peer; S. The Posie.	For weel ye ken the way to woo S. John, come kiss.
Womb. When frae my mither's womb I fell, Thou might ha'e plunged me in hell, Holy Willie's Prayer. 4.	He [the cotter] woos his simple dearie: S. O poortith cauld the And weel he kend the way to woo, S. The Taylor he cam to
Won. Shall bloom that wreath thou well hast won;	Marry, Katie, then we'll woo. S. Will ye go and marry
Add. to Shade of Thomson. And thack and rape secure the toil-won crap;	Woo'd. Wha gets her needs na say he's woo'd, S. My love she's but †
The Brigs of Ayr. 2. For prodigal thoughtless bestowing,	Wood. She soon shall see her tender brood,
His merit had won him respect. The Election Ballads. III. She won each gaping burgess' heart, 1b. VI.	The pride, the pleasure o' the wood, S. A rosebud by my † But lately seen, in gladsome green,
"The field thou hast won, by yon bright god of day!"	The woods rejoic'd the day, S. But lately seen † And ay the wild wood echoes rang,
The Whistle. 18. I hae won their wanton favour S. Wantonness for ever t	O dearly do I lo'e thee Annie S. By Allan stream t
Won [to dwell].	But chiefly the woods were her fav'rite resort, S. Caledonia. 2. He learned to fear in his own native wood
There wons auld Colin's bonie lass, S. My Lord a-hunting † There's auld Rob Morris that wons in yon glen,	Sweet closes the evening on Craigie-burn wood, S. Craigie-burn Wood.
Wonder. S. There's auld Rob M.†	the pride of the spring in the Craigie-burn wood, Ib.
Nae wonder he's as black's the grun, Observe wha's standing wi' him. Epit. on Holy Willie.	Thee, Matthew, Nature's sel shall mourn By wood and wild, El. on Capt. M. H., 2.
Nae wonder then they've fatal been	Mourn, ye wee songsters o' the wood;
To honest Willie Chalmers. On W. Chalmers. No wonder I'm fond of a Sodger laddie.	Yet Nature's charms, the hills and woods, The sweeping vales, and foaming floods, Ep. to Davie. 4.
The Jolly Beggars. S. II. My gazing wonder chiefly drew; The Vision. D. I. 12.	Hark! the mavis' evening sang Sounding Clouden's woods amang; S. Hark! the mavis'
The eye with wonder and amazement fills; Wr. in Kenmore Inn.	Thro' the woods the whirlwinds rave; S. I dream'd I lay the fading yellow woods . Lament for Glencairn.
Wonder, to.	Ye woods that shed on a' the winds
I wonder didna turn thy stomach Tam o' Shanter. 14. They only wonder "some folks" do not starve.	The honours of the aged year,
Wonder'd.	S. My heart's in the Highlands † Ye're like to the timmer o' you rotten wood,
I've aften wonder'd, honest Luath, What sort o' life poor dogs like you have; The Twa Dogs. 7.	S. O meikle thinks my love t There wild-woods grow and rivers row, S. Of a' the airts t
Wonderful, -fu'.	When Willy wander'd thro' the wood, S. On a bank of flowers
In the make of that wonderful creature, call'd Man, Fragment, inscr. to Fox.	ne overtook her in the wood,
They're maistly wonderfu' contented; . The Twa Dogs. 11. Wondering, -'ring.	poor wanderer of the wood and field, On seeing wounded Hare. In wood and wild ye warbling throng,
The polish'd jewel's blaze May draw the wond'ring gaze, S. Mark yonder Pomp't	Your heavy loss deplore: On Death of Lap-dog. Veneering oft outshines the solid wood: Sketch.
Crowd thick on fancy's wondering eye, On Lincluden.	Ye lavish woods that wave around, S. Slow spreads the gloom †
Far in their shade my Peggy's charms First blest my wond'ring eyes S. Peggy Chalmers.	No more, ye warblers of the wood, no more, Sonnet, on Death of R
Wondrous. Reverence with lowly heart Him whose wondrous work thou art;	Woods that ever verdant wave, . S. Streams that glide † The doubling storm roars thro' the woods; Tamo' Shanter. 10.
Wr. in Hermitage, F. C. Wonn'd [dwelt].	To hear the thuds, and see the cluds O' Clans frae woods, in tartan duds,
There was a wife wonn'd in Cockpen, Scroggam;	S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
S. Scroggam. Wonner [wonder, a term of contempt].	The Catrine woods were yellow seen, S. The Catrine woods And ay the wild-wood echoes rang,
Our Whipper-in, wee, blastet wonner, . The Twa Dogs. 9.	As flames amang a hundred woods, The Election Ballads. VI.
Ye ugly, creepan, blastet wonner, To a Louse. Wont. Attir'd as minstrels wont to be A Vision.	The gay-green woods, amang, man; The Fête Champetre. That sports by wood or water,
And smile as thou wert wont to do? . S. Fairest maid †	That sports by wood or water,
Is this the power in freedom's war That wont to bid the battle rage? Liberty.	But few enjoy the calm I know in This desert wood The Hermit.
Wonted.	Beneath the woods and rocks, aftentimes for a home,
Here, for my wonted rhyming raptures, I sit and count my sins by chapters; . Ep. to H. Parker.	The Jolly Beggars. S. I. But I will down you river rove among the wood sae green,
Ance to the Indies I were wonted, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 12. Those wonted smiles, O let me share 1. S. Fairest maid †	S. The Posie. Weel kend his voice thro' a' the wood, The Twa Herds, 6.
With all her [fortune's] wonted malice, O:	Auld, hermit Aire staw thro' his woods, The Vision. D. I. 14.
S. My father was a farmer † Seek, mangled wretch, some place of wonted rest,	High-shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield, To a Mountain-Daisy.
On seeing wounded Hare. He reel'd his wonted bottle-swagger, Tam Samson's El., 11.	O'erhung with wild woods thickening green, To Mary in Heaven.
Woo', Woo [wool].	O sweet are Coila's haughs an' woods, . To W. Simpson.
I coft a stane o' haslock woo,	The woods, wild-scattered, clothe their ample sides;

The sweeping theatre of hanging woods; Wr. in Kenmore Inn.	Wooing. Ha, ha, the wooing o't; [re.] S. Duncan Gray †
Among the heathy hills and ragged woods Wr. by Fall of Fyers.	ance whan in my wooing pride The Inventory. Woolwich.
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,	And dreads a meeting worse than Woolwich hulks; Ep. fr. Esopus.
Ye banks, and braes, and streams † And through the wood ye sang, lassie; S. Ye hae lien wrang.	Woor [wore].
He stays amang the woods and briers, S. Young Jamie †	Woor by degrees, till her last roon Gaed past their viewin, To W. Simpson, P.S.
Woodbine. Her breath is the breath o' the woodbine,	Word, The Gentleman in word and deed, A Ded. to G. H., 6.
S. Adown winding Nith †	By word, or pen, or pointed steel!
O happy be the woodbine bower, Ye woodbines hanging bonnille, In scented bowers; El. on Capt. M. H., 5.	Thoughts, words and deeds, the Statute blames with reason; A Dream.
So deckt the woodbine sweet you aged tree. El, on Miss Burnet.	A secret word or twa, man; A Fragment. 8. But, word an' blow, N-rth, F-x, and Co.
briers an' woodbines budding green, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st.	Gowff'd Willie like a ba', man,
And to support his helpless woodbine state, Ep. to R. Graham. 4. We'll to the breathing woodbine bow'r	Masons' mystic word an' grip, . Add. to the Deil. 14. But till my last moments my words are the same,
S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite †	S. By yon castle wa't My warst word is, "Welcome, and welcome again!"
"When evening shades in silence meet, . S. O Phely † To see the woodbine twine, S. The Banks of Doon, Sett II.	S. Contented wi' little, † Thou know'st my words sincere! . Ep. to Davie. 9.
Let fragrant birks, in woodbines drest,	The words come skelpan, rank and file,
My craggy cliffs adorn; . The Petition of Br. Water.	Where words ne'er crost the muse's heckles, Ep. to H. Parker.
The woodbine I will pu', when the ev'ning star is near, S. The Posie.	Pity the best of words should be but wind! Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
To see the rose and woodbine twine; S. Ye banks and braes †	And his last words were Dem my blood! Epit. on Mr. Burton.
Woodcock. The Woodcock haunts the lonely dells; S. Now westlin winds †	And there's no a man in all Scotland, But I'll brave him at a word. S. Farewell, ye dungeons †
Wooden.	Fate gave the word, the arrow sped, S. Fate gave the word †
There's wooden walls upon our seas, S. Does haughty Gaul† tho' I must beg with a wooden arm and leg,	If 'tis still the lordly word, Service and obedience; S. Husband, husband †
The Jolly Beggars. S. I. Wood-fringed.	He bade me on you press this one word—"Think!" Prologue, at Th., D
The lawns wood-fringed in Nature's native taste;	Rivan the words tae gar them clink; Second Ep. to Davie.
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.	My dying words attentive hear, . The Death of Mailie.
Woodland. Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow; S. Afton Water.	But fate the word has spoken: The Election Ballads. VI. For worth and honour pawn their word, The Fête Champetre.
Ye woodland choir that chaunt your idle loves, El. on Miss Burnet.	Thou giv'st the word; Thy creature, man, Is to existence brought; . The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps
The merle, in his noontide bower, Makes woodland echoes ring; Lament of Mary of Scots.	But ne'er a word o' faith in That's right The Holy Fair. 15.
The snaw-drap and primrose our woodlands adorn, S. My Nanie's Awa.	See, up he's got the word o' G—,
Yellow leaves the woodlands strowing, S. Raving winds † Their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt the proud palace,	Divide the joints an' marrow;
S. Their groves of t	He's but a coof for a' that: S. The Honest Man. As now my distraction no words can express!
While all around the woodland rings, To Miss C. Woodlark.	S. There's auld Rob M. † What words can ever speak affection
So calls the woodlark in the grove, His little faithful mate to chear, . S. Here is the glen †	So thrilling and sincere as thine! To a Kiss.
	He tald mysel by word o' mouth, He'd tak my letter; . To Dr. Blacklock.
O stay, sweet warbling wood-lark, stay, Nor quit for me the trembling spray, S. O stay sweet warbling †	My word of honor I hae gien, To Gav. Hamilton. At whose destruction-breathing word,
Hear the woodlark charm the forest, S. Sensibility, † Woody.	The mightiest empires fall! To Ruin.
Their woody picture in my tide: As on the banks †	The gentleman in word an' deed, . To Rev. J. M'Math. Frae words an' aiths to clours an' nicks;
From where the Feal wild woody coverts hide: The Brigs of Ayr. 13.	To W. Simpson, P.S
Woody, -ie [a rope, properly one made of withes or	sae sadly lie'd on By word an' write. Mony words are needless, Katie, S. Will ye go and marry t
willows; the gallowsl. But may she wintle in a woodie, . Adam A—'s Prayer.	Wordie [dim. of word], Can easy, wi' a single wordie,
The meikle devil wi' a woodie Haurl thee [death] hame El. on Capt. M. H.	Lowse h-ll upon me. To Rev. J. M'Math.
But weary fa' the waefu' woodie! The Jolly Beggars. R. IV. And learning in a woody dance, The Twa Herds. 16.	And call each coxcomb to the wordy war. Ep. fr. Esopus.
But I'll sned besoms—thraw saugh woodies, To Dr. Blacklock.	Wordy [worthy]. My Furr ahin's a wordy beast, The Inventory.
Wooer. It's ye ha'e wooers mony ane, S. In Simmer when t	Weel are ye wordy of a grace
Thus the wooer tell'd his mind: S. Jockey fou t	As lang's my arm To a Haggis. O, M[ood]y, man, and wordy R[usse]ll, The Twa Herds. 3.
Last May a braw wooer cam' down the lang glen, S. Last May a braw wooer †	Wore. Wore a plaid and was fu' braw, . S. Highl. Laddie.
My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink, Ib.	By toil and famine wore to skin and bone, To R. G. of F., 6.
A wooer like me maunna hope to come speed; S. There's auld Rob M. †	Work, Works. Doom'd to that sorest task of man alive—
Oh I had wooers, eight or nine, They gied me rings and ribbons fine; S. Where Cart rins †	To make three guineas do the work of five: Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
Woor-bab [lit. wooer-knot; the garter knotted below the knee in a couple of loops].	I see the Sire of Love on high, And own his work indeed divine! Add. to Edinburgh. 4.
The lads sae trig, wi' wooer-babs, Weel knotted on their garten,	As by his noblest work the Godhead best is known. El. on Miss Burnet.
in our minores on orion Surrous,	

And fram'd her last, best work, the human-mind,	And brav'd the mighty monarchs of the world.
Ep. to R. Graham.	On Death of Sir J. Blair.
She laugh'd at first, then felt for her poor work Ib. 4. Auld Nature swears, the lovely Dears	She's from a world of woe relieved, On Poet's Daughter. Who think to storm the world by dint of merit,
Her noblest work she [Nature] classes, O:	Prologue, at Th., D
S. Green grow the Rashes.	Till fate the curtain drops on worlds to be no more.
Still making work his selfish craft must mend. Sketch. 'An honest man's the noble work of God;' [v.A.30]	Prologue, sp. by Woods. That future-life in worlds unknown
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 19.	Must take its hue from this alone; Sketch. New-Yr's Day.
This poor man was seen to go early to work,	I could range the world around, For the sake of Somebody S. Somebody.
S. The Poor Thresher.	
No work comes me wrong for I shear and I mow,	Think not, though from the world receding, I joy my lonely days to lead in This desert drear;
Reverence with lowly heart	The Hermit.
Him whose wondrous work thou art;	The world then the love should know I bear my Highland lassie, O. S. The Highl. Lassie.
Wr. in Hermitage at F. C. Ye'll get the best o' moral works,	Despising worlds with all their wealth
'Mang black Gentoos, and Pagan Turks, A Ded. to G. H., 6.	The Petition of Br. Water.
When a' my works I did review,	Of all the women in the world, I never could come at her S. The Joyful Widower.
Yet sure I am that known to Thee Are all thy works below. A Prayer under Anguish.	For in this world Rest or Peace
Thro' all his works abroad,	I never more shall know! S. The sun he is sunk †
The heart benevolent and kind The most resembles God A Winter Night. II.	The wide world is all before us, But a world without a friend! . S. Thickest night †
The most resembles God A Winter Night. 11. Said, nothing like his works was ever printed;	And then all the world, Sir, should know it! To Capt. Riddel.
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.	Since thou, in all thy youth and charms,
If thou on men, their works and ways,	Must hid the world adieu, (A world 'gainst peace in constant arms) . To Chloris.
Canst throw uncommon light, El. on Capt. M. H., Epit. Even there her other works are foil'd	A thing unteachable in world's skill, . To R. G. of F., 3.
By the bonie lass o' Ballochmyle. S. Twas even—the dewy t	And left us darkling in a world of tears: 16. 9.
Work, to. To work him farther woe, . John Barleycorn.	Why is the bard unpitied by the world,
Or how the collieshangie works Atween the Russians and the Turks; Kind Sir, I've read †	Wr. under Port. of Fergusson. Worldly.
My bonie lass I work in brass, The Jolly Beggars. S. VI.	Each worldly thought a while forbear, . On Lincluden.
That thou wilt work them, hot and cauld,	Fintry, my stay in worldly strife, The Election Ballads. VI.
Till they agree The Twa Herds. 10.	Unknown each guilty worldly fire, The Hermit.
Before the morn ye'll work mischief; S. Wha is that at † And now she works her mammie's wark, S. There was a luss †	Worm ["warld's worm," a miser].
Workhouse. Who called her verse, a parish workhouse made	"The worm that gnaws my bonie trees, "That Reptile wears a Ducal crown!" S. As on the banks †
For motley, foundling fancies, stolen or strayed?	That the worms ev'n d—d him
Ep. fr. Esopus. A workhouse! ah, that sound awakes my woes, Ib.	When laid in his grave Epit. on Walter S—.
A workhouse! ah, that sound awakes my woes, 16. Working, Workings.	To meet the Warld's worm; To Gav. Hamilton.
Sat working at his loom; . S. My heart was ance t	Whether thro' wimplin worms thou jink, Scotch Drink. 2. Worn.
For making o' rhymes, and working at times,	We've worn to crazy years thegither; A Guid New-Year † 18.
Does little or naething at a', man. Ronalds of Bennals.	As my auld pen's worn to the grissle;
My barmie noddle's working prime, To J. S., 4. Nor such the workings of their moon-struck brain;	Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 22.
To R. G. of F., 8.	Here Holy Willie's sair worn clay Taks up its last abode; Epit. on Holy Willie.
Worl' [world].	How sune it [wild-rose] tines its scent and hue
To learn bon ton and see the worl'. The Twa Dogs. 22. World.	When pu'd and worn a common toy! . S. I do confess †
I'll laugh, that's poz—nay more, the world shall know it;	Seem'd weary, worn with care; Man was made to Mourn. With Cares and Sorrows worn,
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.	mi , 1'1 - 1 - 1 - 1 - he he denous Tour o' Chauten I'
For their fame it shall last while the world goes round. At Meet. of D. Volunteers.	Spying the time-worn flaws in ev'ry arch: The Brigs of Ayr. 4.
They conquer'd and ruin'd a world beside; S. Caledonia.	The Brigs of Ayr. 4.
Wide o'er the naked world declare	The toil-worn Cotter frae his labor goes, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 2.
The worth we've lost. El. on Capt. M. H., 9.	Frae the downs o' Tinwald-So was never worn.
Like thee where shall I find another, The world around! Ib. 15.	The Election Ballads. IV.
Ye'll try the world soon my lad, Ep. to Young Friend. 2.	What aspects old Time in his progress has worn; S. The lazy mist †
Long since, this world's thorny ways	No horns, but those by luckless Hymen worn,
Had number'd out my weary days, . Ep. to Davie. 10. The world were blest did bliss on them depend,	To R. G. of F., 3. I see thy life is stuff o' prief,
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.	Scarce quite half worn To Terraughty.
If there's another world he lives in bliss;	Worry'd, Worried.
If there is none, he made the best of this. Epit. on a Friend.	That might hae worried me, jo. S. O wat ye what my
'Tis sweeter for thee despairing, Than aught in the world beside S. Here's a health to ane	An' worry'd ither in diversion; The Twa Dogs. 6.
Point out a censuring world, and bid me fear;	Worrying. Wha now will keep you frae the fox,
Above the world on wings of love I rise, In vain wld Prudence †	Or worrying tykes, The Twa Herds.
His worth, his honour, all the world approv'd.	Worse. May never worse be sent; A Grace before Dinner.
Lns sent Sir J. Whiteford.	And dreads a meeting worse than Woolwich hulks; Ep. fr. Esopus.
And tread the dreary path to that dark world unknown. Ib. Ambition would disown	Whose spleen e'en worse than Burns' venom Ib.
The world's imperial crown, . S. Mark yonder Pomp†	Thou know'st, the virtues cannot hate thee worse, . Ib.
Then out into the world	The frank address the soft caress.
My course I did determine, O; S. My father was a farmer † 'This lower world I you resign: Nature's Law.	Are worse than poison'd darts of steel, S.O leave novels † Who dreads a curtain-lecture worse than hell.
In other worlds can Mammon fail, Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.	The Henpecked Husband.

And down the gate, in faith, they're worse And mair unchancy. To Mr. J. Kennedy.	His worth, his honour, all the world approv'd. Lns sent Sir J. Whiteford.
Bloody dissectors, worse than ten Monroes; To R. G. of F., 4.	Reader, dost value matchless worth?
And threaten'd worse damnation. The Election Ballads, VI.	Lns on Window, F.'s C. Her
Worser.	The birth-place of valour, the country of worth; S. My heart's in the Highlands †
Or worser far, the pangs of keen remorse; Remorse. A Frag Worset [worsted].	My Mary's worth, my Mary's mind, S. My Mary's face †
Her braw, new, worset apron Halloween. 13.	And fortune favor worth and merit, Poem on Life.
Worship.	But Worth and Truth eternal Youth Will give to Polly Stewart S. Polly Stewart.
And ne'er shall glimmering planet fix My worship to its ray. S. Farewell, dear mistress †	There Isabella's spotless worth
So their worships of the Faculty,	Shall happy be at last Sad thy tale,† I could not then just ascertain
Quite sick of merit's rudeness, The Dean of Fac	Its worth, for want of time, Symon Gray †
Worship, to. Approach this shrine, and worship here. Poet. Inscription.	If Honest Worth in heaven rise, Ye'll mend or ye win near him. Tam Samson's El., Epit
'And let us worship God!' he says with solemn air.	The Man of Worth, and has not left his peer, [v.A.10]
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 12.	Sonnet on Death of R.
Though hundreds worship at his word, He's but a coof for a' that: S. The Honest Man.	Learning and Worth in equal measures trode, The Brigs of Ayr. 13.
Worshipful.	Ah! tho' his worth unknown, far happier there I ween!
By our Right Worshipful anointed, . To a Medical Gent.	The Cotter's Sat. Night.
Worshipp'd.	St. Mary's Isle can shaw that, The Election Ballads. 11.
Forms might be worshipp'd on the bended knee, And still the second dread command be free,	If the virtues were pack't in a parcel, His worth might be sample for a'
The Brigs of Ayr. 8.	Here's the worth o' Broughton In a needle's e'e; Ib. IV.
Worst. I know its worst—and can that worst despise. In vain wld Prudence †	Here's the worth and wisdom Collieston can boast; . Ib.
But a Miller us'd him worst of all, John Barleycorn,	In case that worth should wanted be, Ib. V. For worth and honour pawn their word, The Fête Champetre.
My talents they were not the worst, S. My father was a farmer †	The pith of sense, and pride of worth,
And when my hope was at the top,	Are higher ranks than a' that S. The Honest Man.
I still was worst mistaken, O	That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth, May bear the gree, and a' that!
Beyond comparison the worst [ills] are those That to our folly, or our guilt we owe. Remorse. A Frag	Yet to worth let's be just, royal blood ye might boast, If the ass was the king of the brutes. The Kirk's Alarm.
And Quentin o' lads not the worst. The Election Ballads. III.	
Worth ["wae worth," woe befall].	When sweet, like modest Worth, she blusht, And stepped ben The Vision. D. I. 8.
Is instant made no worth a louse Just at the bit. Add. to the Deil. 11.	I sing of a Whistle, a Whistle of worth, The Whistle.
Has made them baith no worth a f-t,	Craigdarroch so famous for wit, worth, and law; Ib. 6.
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 15. Wha scarcely tent us in their way,	Such fate to suffering worth is giv'n, To a Mountain-Daisy. With native worth, and spotless fame, To a young Lady.
As hardly worth their while? Ep. to Davie. 6.	In spite o' dark banditti stabs
Here's Chieftain M'Leod, a Chieftain worth gowd, S. Here's a health to them †	At worth an' merit, To Rev. J. M'Math. Wad on thy worth be pressin'; . V.s, under Grief.
For without an honest manly heart,	And injured Worth forget and pardon man.
No man was worth regarding, O. S. My father was a farmer	Wr. in Kenmore Inn.
Tho' life's a gift no worth receivin,	As for the jurr, poor worthless body, Adam A—'s Prayer.
When heavy-dragg'd wi' pine an' grievin; Scotch Drink. 5.	An' thy poor worthless daddy's spirit,
Wae worth them for't! [v.A.25]	Without his failins, Add. to Illegit. Child. Their worthless nievefu' of a soul, Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 17.
I am, altho' I say't mysel,	This worthless body damn'd himsel,
Worth gaun a mile to see The Petition of Br. Water.	To save the Lord the trouble Epit. on D. C.
He swoor by a' was swearing worth <i>The Jolly Beggars</i> , R. VI. Life is not worth having with all it can give,	While empty greatness saves a worthless name! On Death of Sir J. Blair.
S. The lazy mist †	Weel-pleas'd the Mother hears, it's nae wild worthless Rake.
That happy night was worth them a', S. The Rigs o' Barley.	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 7. Poor, worthless elf, it eats a dinner,
This fruit is worth a' Afric's wealth, The Tree of Liberty. I doubt it's hardly worth the while,	Better than ony Tenant-man The Twa Dogs. 9.
To be sae nice wi' Robin S. There was a lad t	The most detested, worthless wretch among you! Tragic Frag.
We've lost a birkie weel worth gowd, To W. Creech.	And thinks the Mallard a sad worthless dog. To R.G. of F., 7. An' shall his fame an' honor bleed
Nae Poet thought her worth his while, To W. Simpson. My memory's no worth a preen; Ib. P.S.	By worthless skellums, To Rev. J. M'Math.
Worth, s.	Worthy. Or worthy friends rak'd i' the mools, . Add. to Toothache.
While worth in the mind o' my Phillis Will flourish without a decay. S. Adown winding Nith †	His worthy fam'ly far and near, Auld comrade †
Wide o'er the naked world declare	My worthy friend, ne'er grudge an' carp, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 8.
The worth we've lost. El. on Capt. M. H., 13.	Nae honest worthy man need care,
But by thy honest turf I'll wait, Thou man of worth! Ib. 16.	To meet with noble youthful Daer, On dining with Daer.
Princes whose cumb'rous pride was all their worth,	A trifle scarce worthy your care; . Poet. Add. to Tytler. To that trusty and worthy Clackleith.
El. on Miss Burnet. Plain plodding industry, and sober worth:	To that trusty auld worthy Clackleith, P.S. to "The Kirk's Alarm."
Ep. to R. Graham. 2.	May every son be worthy of his sire; Prologue, sp. by Woods.
It is not purity and worth, Else Jessy had not died Epit. on Miss Lewars.	A drama worthy of the name of Bruce? Scots Prologue. Ye worthy Proveses, an' mony a Bailie, The Brigs of Ayr. 9.
"O! why has Worth so short a date? Lament for Glencairn.	Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy of the name;
Oh, why should truest worth and genius pine Beneath the iron grasp of Want and Woe,	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 13.
Lns on Fergusson.	Our representative to be, For weel he's worthy a' that. The Election Ballads, II.
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worthy Glenriddel, so cautious and sage, The Whistle. 15.	Wrangs [wrongs].
worthy G[regor]y's latin face, To W. Creech.	For never but by British hands
Wot. Which, save the linnet's flight, I wot,	Maun British wrangs be righted. S. Does haughty Gaul †
Nae ruder visit knows, S. Now Spring has clad †	Then echo thro' Saint Stephen's wa's
This wot ye all whom it concerns, On dining with Daer.	Auld Scotland's wrangs.
Would-be-roguish.	Wrang, to [to wrong]. The Author's Cry and Prayer. 12.
with a would-be-roguish leer and wink, Prologue, at Th., D	/m
Wound. Which bled all the wounds of my dolour again.	(10 say aught less wad wrang the cartes, Ep. to Davie. 8. He'd look into thy bonie face,
S. As I was a-wand'ring†	And say, "I [the Deil] canna wrang thee."
My coggie is a haly pool,	S. O saw ye bonie L.
That heals the wounds o' care and dool; S. Gane is the day †	May woman on him turn her back,
And ay the stound, the deadly wound,	That wrangs thee, Willie Stewart. On W. Stewart.
Came frae her een sae bonie blue. S. I gaed a waefu'†	That never did a lassie wrang; On Window of C. Inn, F.
Nor th' balm that draps on wounds of woe Frae woman's pitying e'e Lament of Mary of Scots.	O wrang na my virginity! S. The Lass that made the bed.
And heal her cruel wounds On Birth of Posth. Child.	. Nae mair the knaves shall wrang her [the Kirk],
Pale Scotia's recent wound I may deplore.	Wranged, -'d [wronged].
On Death of R. Dundas.	He wad na wrang'd the vera Diel, On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.
That wound degenerate ages cannot cure Ib.	They've wranged the Lass of Albany.
Dread Omnipotence, alone,	S. The bonie Lass of Alb.
Can heal the wound He gave; Sad thy tale, †	Whase heart ne'er wrang'd ye, . To Rev. J. M'Math.
That heart transpierc'd with many a wound;	Wrangled.
S. The gloomy night †	
The wounds I must hide which will soon be my dead.	
S. There's auld Rob M. †	Wrangling.
And the the puny wound appear,	O let us not, like snarling curs, In wrangling be divided, S. Does haughty Gaul,†
Short while it grieves To J. S., 16.	
Find balm to soothe her bitter rankling wounds: Wr. in Kenmore Inn.	Wrap. Ye blow upon the sod that wraps my friend: Sonnet, on Death of R
Wounded.	Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
They who but feign a wounded heart,	That wraps my Highland Mary!
May teach the lyre to languish; S. Could aught of song †	S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams t
Ye whom Sorrow never wounded, S. Musing on the roaring †	Wrapt.
The wounded coveys, reeling, scatter wide; The Brigs of Ayr.	And for a mantle large and broad, He wrapt him in Religion The Holy Fair, Mott.
Were ye but here to share my wounded feelings! Ib. 9.	
Woven. By barber woven, and by barber sold, Ep. fr. Esopus.	Wrath. When Vengeance draws the sword in wrath, A Ded. to G. H., 10.
Wow! [an exclamation of wonder or pleasure].	Sure Thou, Almighty, canst not act
And wow! he has an unco slight	From cruelty or wrath! . A Prayer under Anguish.
O' cauk and keel. On Grose's Peregrinations.	'Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath; S. Duncan Gray†
Wow, but your letter made me vauntie! To Dr. Blacklock.	Why, Lonsdale thus, thy wrath on vagrants pour,
Wrack.	Ep. fr. Esopus.
	In wrath she was sae vap'rin,
The warld's wrack, we share o't, S. My Wife's a winsome.	Because he gat the toom dish thrice,
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Whench	Nee woman in the world will
Wrench. May Gravels round his blather wrench, Scotch Drink. 17.	Nae woman in the warld wide, Sae wretched now as me. S. The Highl. Widow's Lament.
Wrench'd. Wrench'd his dear country from the jaws of Ruin!	But 'tis not my sufferings, thus wretched, forlorn,
Scots Prologue.	S. The small birds rejoice †
Till wrench'd of ev'ry stay but Heav'n, He, ruin'd, sink! To a Mountain-Daisy.	They're no sae wretched's ane wad think; The Twa Dogs. 15.
Wrestle. Thy girning laugh enjoys his pangs	That foolish, selfish, faithless ways, Lead to be wretched, vile, and base. Wr. in Friars-Carse H
And murdering wrestle, Poem on Life.	Wretchedness.
Wretch.	Still my heart melts at human wretchedness; Tragic Frag
With all the servile wretches in the rear, A Winter Night. 7.	Wring. Yet sure those ills that wring my soul
But shall thy legal rage pursue The wretch already crushed low	Obey Thy high behest. A Prayer under Anguish.
Thou other man of care, the wretch in love,	Something in her bosom wrings, S. Duncan Gray t
Add. sp. by Fontenelle. Spairges about the brunstane cootie,	What woes wring my heart Lament, on leaving Nat. Land.
To scaud poor wretches! Add. to the Deil.	That press the soul, or wring the mind with anguish,
O Life! Thou art a galling load,	Remorse. A Frag.
To wretches such as I! Despondency, an Ode.	Keen Recollection's direful train, Must wring my soul, Th Lament.
The wretch that would a Tyrant own, And the wretch, his true sworn brother,	When sorrow wrings thy gentle heart, S. Wilt thou be my t
Who would set the Mob above the throne,	Wringing.
S. Does haughty Gaul† The fear o' Hell's a hangman's whip,	But what a weary wight can please,
To haud the wretch in order; . Ep. to Young Friend. 8.	And care his bosom wringing S. Sweet fa's the eve t
Whom canting wretches blam'd: Epit. for G. H.	Wrinkle. No wrinkle furrow'd by the hand of care. Blest be M'Murdo †
But he the helpless, needless wretch,	The vera wrinkles Gothic in his face: The Brigs of Ayr. 4.
Shall lose the mite he hath. Extem. on Comments of Thomson.	Wrinkled. a dame in wrinkled eild, S. In simmer when t
The wretch beneath the dreary pole,	To you old Bald-pate smooths his wrinkled brow,
S. Farewell, dear mistress †	Prologue, at Th., D
Love's veriest wretch, unseen, unknown,	And wrinkled was her brow, The Election Ballads. I. crazy, weary, joyless Eild, Wi' wrinkl'd face, To J. S., 13.
S. Farewell, thou stream † Farewell, ye dungeons dark and strong,	crazy, weary, joyless Eild, Wi' wrinkl'd face, To J. S., 13. Write.
The wretch's destinie! . S. Farewell, ye dungeons †	sae sadly lie'd on By word an' write. To W. Simpson, P.S.
May coward shame disdain his name,	Write, to. And write their names in his [Deil's] black beuk
The wretch that dares not die!	S. Awa, whigs, awa.
Asham'd himself to see the wretches, Lns add. to J. Ranken. As the wretch looks o'er Siberia's shore, S. Lovely Davies.	For who can write and speak as thou and I? Ep. fr. Esopus.
The wretch whase doom is "hope nae mair,"	And nought but peat reek i' my head, How can I write what ye can read? . Ep. to H. Parker.
S. Now Spring has clad †	My awkart Muse sair pleads and begs,
Seek, mangled wretch, some place of wonted rest,	I would na write. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 2.
On seeing wounded Hare. I pass by hunders, nameless wretches,	'I'll write, an' that a hearty blaud, 'This vera night;
That ape their betters Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	So I can rhyme nor write nae mair; . Ep. to J. R., 13.
Wou'd make a wretch forget his woe: S. Sae flaxen †	I could write,-but Meg maun see't, S. First when Maggyt
Hapless wretches sold to toil, S. Streams that glide †	Here's freedom to him that wad write!
When wretches range, in famish'd swarms, The scented groves, The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.	S. Here's a health to them t
A Wretch! a Villain! lost to love and truth!	No Churchman am I for to rail and to write, S. No Churchman am I †
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10.	And write how dear I love thee. S. O were I on Parnass.†
What is a lordling's pomp? a cumbrous load, Disguising oft the wretch of human kind, 16. 19.	old Mansfield, who writes like the Bible, Reproof by Himself.
Curs'd be the man, the poorest wretch in life,	Strong Mem'ry on my heart shall write
The Henpecked Husband.	Those happy scenes when far awa! The Farewell. To St. J's L
Thou seest a wretch, who inly pines, The Lament.	And bring an angel pen to write
Love's veriest wretch, despairing, I Fain, fain my crime would cover: S. The last time I	My transports wi' my Anna! S. The gowd. Locks of A.
And ay he [Hornie] catch'd the tither wretch,	Ye bad me write you what they mean To W. Simpson. P.S.
The Ordination. 10.	Writer [an attorney, or, in Scotch law, a solicitor]. I've been at druken writers' feasts, On dining with Daer.
But surely poor-folk maun be wretches! The Twa Dogs. 14.	And (what would now be strange) ye godly Writers:
He to the nameless, ghastly wretch assign'd. The Vowels.	The Brigs of Ayr. 9.
Oh! hear a wretch's pray'r!	Writer-chiel [a young solicitor-fellow].
All devil as I am, a damned wretch, Tragic Frag The most detested, worthless wretch among you! Ib.	Or Ferguson, the writer-chiel, A deathless name To W. Simpson.
Wretched.	Written.
'I'm baith dead-sweer, an' wretched ill o't;	And thrice it was written, Tam Glen S. Tam Glen.
A Ded. to G. H., 13.	Wrong, Wrongs.
Thy creature here before Thee stands, All wretched and distrest; . A Prayer under Anguish.	And list'ning to their [Passions'] witching voice Has often led me wrong. A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.
Think, for a moment, on his wretched fate, Whom friends and fortune quite disown!	No man with the half of 'em e'er went far wrong;
Whom friends and fortune quite disown! A Winter Night. q.	Frag. inscr. to Fox.
From these dire scenes my wretched lines I date,	The life-blood equal sucks of Right and Wrong:
Ep. fr. Esopus.	On Death of R. Dundas. For mony a heart thou hast made sair,
To shun a tyrant father's hate, Become a wretched wife! S. How cruel†	That ne'er did wrong to thine or thee. S. The lovely lass †
But oh! what crouds in ev'ry land,	No work comes me wrong The Poor Thresher.
All wretched and forlorn, . Man was made to Mourn.	But spare and pardon my false Love, His wrongs to Heaven and me! . S. O mirk, mirk †
While down the wretched vital part is driven! Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.	Wrongs, injuries, from many a darksome den,
Tho' Death in ev'ry shape appear,	On Death of R. Dundas.
The Wretched have no more to fear: S. The gloomy night †	Wrongs injurious to redress, S. Thickest night †
The scenes where wretched Fancy roves, Ib.	to the wrongs of Fate half reconcil'd, Wr. in Kenmore Inn

Wrong, to.	On Yarrow banks the birken shaw, . S. Blythe was she,
His head weel arm'd wi' pointed spears,	But Phemie was a bonier lass
That no one should him wrong John Barleycorn.	Than braes o' Yarrow ever saw
He'd die before he'd wrong it—'tis decorum.	Braw, braw lads on Yarrow braes, S. Braw lads on Yar. braes
The Rights of Woman.	But Yarrow braes, nor Ettrick shaws,
Wrong'd. Wrong'd, injur'd, shunn'd, unpitied, unredrest;	Can match the lads o' Galla water
In vain would Prudence †	Yarrow an' Tweed, to monie a tune,
Forgive! forgive! much-wrong'd Montrose!	Owre Scotland rings, . To W. Simpson. 8
The Election Ballads, VI.	
Wrote.	True hearted was he the sad swain of the Yarrow,
Whare Burns has wrote, in rhyming blether,	S. True hearted was
Tam Samson's dead! Tam Samson's El., 12.	Yaud [a mare, an old mare].
The Precepts sage they wrote to many a land:	The Murray, on the auld grey yaud, The Election Ballads. V
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 15	That auld grey yaud, yea, Nidsdale rade, 1b
This list wi' my ain han' I wrote it, The Inventory.	Yealings [coevals, born in the same year].
And in her freaks, on ev'ry feature,	O ye, my dear-remember'd, ancient yealings,
She's wrote, the man To J. S., 3.	The Brigs of Ayr. 9
	Year.
Wrought. Monie a sair daurk we twa hae wrought, A Guid New-Year † 16	It's now some nine-an'-twenty-year, A Guid New-Year † 4
He [love] oft has wrought me meikle wae; S. O lay thy loof †	We've worn to crazy years thegither; Ib. 18
M'[Gi]ll has wrought us meikle wae, The Twa Herds. 12.	Thro' a' thy childish years I'll e'e thee, Add. to Illegit. Child
Is wrought now by a coward few, S. The Union.	Scotia's kings of other years, Fam'd heroes!
And ay she wrought her mammie's wark,	Add. to Edinburgh. 6
S. There was a lass t	sweet Poet of the Year, Add. to Shade of Thomson
Wrought 'mang the lasses sic mischief What ails ye now t	A prisoner aughteen year awa, . S. Amang the trees
There ruminate with sober thought,	But three short years will soon wheel roun',
On all thou'st seen, and heard, and wrought;	S. And O for ane and twenty
Wr. in Friars-Carse H.	Beneath the load of years and cares, . Auld comrade
Wrung. And so that heart was wrung Sad thy tale, †	
Tho' despair had wrung its core,	May he be dad, and Meg the mither, Just five and forty years thegither!
That would heal its anguish S. Thine am I †	
His heart by causeless wanton malice wrung,	Repeated, successive, for many long years,
To R. G. of F., 5.	They [the eagles] darken'd the air, and they plunder'd the land:
Wry. Wi' weel-spread looves, an' lang, wry faces; A Ded. to G. H., 9.	'Sax thousand years are near hand fled 'Sin' I was to the butching bred,
	Death and Dr. Hornbook. 13
Wud [mad, furiously angry; "red-wud," stark mad].	'They'll a' be trench'd wi' mony a sheugh,
	'In twa-three year Ib. 24
An' just as wud as wud can be, Scotch Drink. 13.	
An' now she's like to rin red-wud	Spring, thou darling of the year; El. on Capt. M. H., 12
About her Whisky. The Author's Cry and Prayer. 16.	With honest joy, our hearts will bound, To see the coming year: Ep. to Davie. 4
A d—n'd red wud Kilburnie blastie; . The Inventory.	
Wumble [wimble].	Still persecuted by the limmer Frae year to year; Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 10.
But he was gleg as onie wumble, On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.	
Wyle [to beguile, decoy].	Still closer knit in friendship's ties Each passing year! 16. 18
For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me, [re.] S. O whistle t	The Game shall Pay, owre moor an' dail,
She [the moon] shines sae bright, to wyle us hame,	For this, niest year. Ep. to J. R., 10
S. O Willie brew'd †	So may the auld year gang out moaning Friend of the poet
Wyl'd [beguiled, decoyed].	
She talk'd, she smil'd, my heart she wyl'd, S. I gaed a waefu't	For broken laws,
Wylecoat [a flannel vest].	Five thousand years' fore my creation, Holy Willie's Prayer. 3
Or aiblins some bit duddie boy,	What have I [Winter] done of all the year,
On's wylecoat; To a Louse.	To bear this hated doom severe? Improm., on Mrs. —'s Birthday.
Wyling [beguiling].	We'll send him a year to the College yet; S. Lady Mary Ann.
Her smiling, sae wyling, Wou'd make a wretch forget his woe; S. Sae flaxen	Laden with years and meikle pain, Lament for Glencairn
	Whose trunk was mould'ring down with years; Ib.
Wyte [reproach, blame].	"The honours of the aged year,
Had I the wyte she bade me? [re.] S. Had I the wyte †	"I've seen sae monie changefu' years,
I wat the kirk was in the wyte, . S. O wat ye what my t	"On earth I am a stranger grown; Ib.
Wyte, to [to reproach, blame].	His face was furrow'd o'er with years,
Eve's bonie squad priests wyte them sheerly	Man was made to Mourn
For our grand fa'; Ep. to Maj. Logan. 9.	O Man! while in thy early years,
To wyte her [my Muse's] countrymen wi' treason!	How prodigal of time!
Scotch Drink. 14.	We'll let her stand a year or twa, . S. My love she's but t
Y. The cobweb'd gothic dome resounded, Y! The Vowels.	And years sinsyne hae o'er us run,
Yard [a garden; an enclosure; a churchyard; v.	Like Logan to the simmer sun S. O Logan! sweetly
also, Kail-yard].	As songsters of the early year
	Are ilka day mair sweet to hear, S. O Phely
	And welcome in the blooming year! S. O wat ye wha's in
And now I greet round their green beds in the yard, S. By yon castle wa't	Laden with unhonoured years, Ode, to Mem. of Mrs
	And are they of no more avail,
She's down in the yard, she's kissin the Laird; S. Eppie M'Nab.	Ten thousand glittering pounds a year? Ib.
	He was her Laureat monie a year, On Scot Bard gue to W. I
She thro' the yard the nearest taks,	
And my daddie has nought but a cot-house and yard:	"That distant years may boast of other "Blairs"
S. There's auld Rob M. †	On Death of Sir J. Blair.
An' a' the vittel in the yard, An' theekit right, . Third Ep. to J. Lap., 7.	And every year come in mair dear . On W. Chalmers.
Yarico.	"You're one year older this important day,"
At Yarico's sweet notes of grief,	Prologue, at Th., D.
The rock with tears had flow'd. Lns on Mrs. Kemble.	"Another year is gone for ever." . Sketch. New-Yr's Day.
Yarrow. The hills whence classic Yarrow flows,	A few days may—a few years must
Add. to Shade of Thomson.	Repose us in the silent dust

Can all the wealth of India's coast,	Venket [inked leghed get excited an array to
Atone for years in absence lost? S. Slow spreads the gloom †	Yerket [jirked, lashed, got excited or roused]. My fancy yerket up sublime Wi' hasty summon: To J. S., 4.
This mony a year I've stood the flood an' tide, The Brigs of Ayr. 7.	Yerl [earl]. Yerl Galloway lang did rule this land, [re.] The Election Ballads. V.
A venerable Chief advanc'd in years: 1b. 13. The Parents partial eye their hopeful years;	But now Yerl Galloway's sceptre's broke,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5.	An there had been the Yerl himsel',
For monie a year come thro' the sheers: The Death of Mailie.	Ye'se [you shall, or will]. And in my arms ye'se lie and sleep, S. Ca' the ewes.
This seven lang years I hae lain by his side, S. The deuks dang o'er.	Ye'se never scorn me S. O can ye labour lea †
'Twas in the seventeen hundred year	Ye'se a' be het or I come back. On Kirk of Lamington.
O' Christ and ninety five, That year I was the waest man	God help us!—we're but poor—ye'se get but thanks!
O' ony man alive The Election Ballads. V.	B' the L-d! ye'se get them a' thegither. Scots Prologue. The Inventory.
Those mighty periods of years Which seem to us so vast, . The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps	B' the L-d! ye'se get them a' thegither. The Inventory. Then gae your gate ye'se nae be here! S. Wha is that at my
As autumn to winter resigns the pale year. S. The lazy mist †	Yesterday.
The primrose I will pu', the firstling o' the year, S. The Posie.	Appear no more before Thy sight
That merry day the year begins, The Twa Dogs. 20.	Than yesterday that's past. The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps Yesternight.
Our monarch's hindmost year but ane Was five-and-twenty days begun, . S. There was a lad †	First what did vesternight deliver 9
As ye were nine year less than thretty,	"Another year is gone for ever." Sketch. New-Yr's Day.
Sweet ane an' twenty! Third Ep. to J. Lap	Yestreen [yesternight].
And then my fifty pounds a year Will little gain me To Dr. Blacklock.	'Twas but yestreen, nae farther gaen, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 16.
No gifts have I from Indian coasts	'I mind't as weel's yestreen,
The infant year to hail: . To Miss L., with "Beattie."	O L-d! yestreen, thou kens, wi' Meg,
Only to number out a villain's years! . To R. Graham. Proclaim it the pride of the year. S. Where are the joys †	Holy Willie's Prayer. 7. I gaed a waefu' gate yestreen, . S. I gaed a waefu' †
Yearly.	Was made his wedded wife yestreen; Lament for Glencairn.
A last request permit me here,	But purer was the lover's vow
When yearly ye assemble a', The Farewell. To St. J.'s L. Yearn [an eagle].	They witness'd in their shade yestreen. S. O bonie was yon rosy †
Ye cliffs the haunts of sailing yearns, El. on Capt. M. H., 3.	Yestreen, when to the trembling string
Yell [giving no milk].	The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha', S. O Mary, at thy t
As yell's the Bill Add. to the Deil. 10.	Yestreen I met you on the moor, S. O Tibbie! † And the dukes that you dined wi' yestreen,
Yell.	On an empty Fellow.
When there cam a yell o' foreign squeels, S. Amang the trees † Wi' a jump, yell and howl, alarm every soul,	Yestreen I had a pint o' wine S. The gowd. Locks of A
The Kirk's Alarm.	Yestreen lay on this breast o' mine The gowden locks of Anna
Hear, how he [Morality] gies the tither yell, Between his twa companions! The Ordination. 12.	Yet. What Sorrows yet may pierce me thro',
Yell, to. There [o'er hell] let him hing, and roar, and yell,	Too justly I may fear! . Despondency, an Ode.
Adam A—'s Prayer.	Yett [a gate].
Whence a' the tones o' mis'ry yell, . Add. to Toothache. Whar damned devils roar and yell, Holy Willie's Prayer. 4.	May Hornie gie her doup a clink Ahint his yett, Adam A—'s Prayer.
But O[liphant] aft made her [Common-sense] yell,	Come thiggan at your doors and yetts, Add. of Beelzebub. 4.
The Ordination. 2.	And come na unless the back-yett be a-jee; . S. O whistle †
Yellow. For Oh! the yellow treasure's taen By witching skill; Add. to the Deil. 10.	At his daddie's yett, Wha met me but Robin. S. Robin shure in hairst.
The nice yellow guineas for me. S. Awa' wi' your witchcraft †	Wha sees Kerroughtree's open yett?
the sweet yellow darlings wi' Geordie imprest, Ib.	The Election Ballads. II.
And yellow Autumn presses near, S. Bonie Bell. The yellow corn was waving ready: S. By Allan stream t	When angels met, at Adam's yett, . The Fête Champetre. Sae may, shou'd we to hell's yetts come,
autumn in her weeds o' yellow:	Your billy Satan sair us! . V.s, on Window, Carron.
Autumn, wi' thy yellow hair, El. on Capt. M. H., 13.	Yeuk [to itch].
An' baith a yellow George to claim,	Thy auld damued elbow yeuks wi' joy, Poem on Life.
An' thole their blethers! Ep. to J. R., 12. the fading yellow woods Lament for Glencairn.	Yeukin [Itching; feeling uneasy]. If Warren Hastings' neck was yeukin; Kind Sir, I've read t
Nae mair, to me, the autumn winds	Yewe v. Yowe.
Wave o'er the yellow corn! Lament of Mary of Scots.	Yield.
Through yellow, waving fields we'll stray, S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite †	But the pride of the spring in the Craigie-burn wood, Can yield me nought but sorrow. S. Craigie-burn Wood.
Come autumn, sae pensive, in yellow and grey,	What heart that feels and will not yield a tear,
S. My Nanie's Awa.	Lns on Fergusson.
All fading-green and yellow: S. Now westlin winds † Her yellow hair, beyond compare, . S. O Mally's meek.	Without my love, not a' the charms Of Paradise could yield me joy; S. O wat ye wha's in t
Yellow leaves the woodlands strowing, . S. Raving winds †	To thee shall home, or food, or pastime yield.
Led yellow Autumn wreath'd with nodding corn;	On seeing wounded Hare. But a' the pride of Spring's return
When first amang the yellow corn	Can yield me nought but sorrow. S. Sweet fa's the eve t
A man I reckon'd was; . The Ans. to the Guidwife.	Right to the wrang did yield: S. The Highl. Widow's Lament.
The Catrine woods were yellow seen, S. The Catrine woods †	Desiring Glenriddel to yield up the spoil; The Whistle. 7.
The robin pensive Autumn chear, In all her locks of yellow. The Petition of Br. Water.	And knee-deep in claret he'd die or he'd yield Ib. 9.
The yellow letter'd Geordie keeks The Twa Dogs. &.	The flaunting flow'rs our Gardens yield,
'When yellow waves the heavy grain, The Vision. D. II. 8.	To a Mountain-Daisy. Each thought intoxicated homage yields. To Clarinda.
Wi' the burn stealing under the lang, yellow broom: S. Their groves of t	Each thought intoxicated homage yields, . To Clarinda. O yield me now a peaceful grave, S. To thee, lov'd Nith †
Y'er [your].	Nae joy her bonie buskit nest
Wharefore wad ye lie y'er lane! S. Will ye go and marry t	Can yield ava, To W. Creech.
	.1.

To Beauty what man but maun yield him a prize,	My bonie laddie's young but he's growin yet.
S. You wild mossy mountains † Yielded. The bravest heart on English ground,	S. Lady Mary Ann. Young Charlie Cochran was the sprout of an aik: . 1b.
Had yielded like a coward. On Miss J. Scott.	Young man, gin ye should be sae kind,
Yielding.	S. Lass, when yr mither †
Hope and Fear's alternate billow Yielding late to Nature's law, S. Musing on the roaring t	Young man, do you hear that?
Yill [ale]. The Clachan yill had made me canty,	And a' is young and sweet like thee; S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite †
Death and Dr. Hornbook.	I heard a young Ploughman sae sweetly to sing;
Syne as ye brew, my maiden fair, Keep mind that ye maun drink the yill.	Lns on Ploughman.
S. In simmer when t	Young stranger, whither wand'rest thou?
An' how they crouded to the yill,	Man was made to Mourn. Propitious Powers screen'd the young flow'rs, Nature's Law.
When they were a' dismist: The Holy Fair. 23.	That Young Man great in Issachar, . New Psalmody.
And yill an' whisky gie to Cairds, Until they sconner To J. S., 22.	O can ye labour lea, young man, . S. O can ye labour lea t
Yill-caup [ale-stoup].	An' I was but a young thing, S. O wat ye what my t
Now, butt an' ben, the Change-house fills,	To put a young thing in a fright,
Wi' yill-caup Commentators: The Holy Fair. 18.	The young, the innocent, who fondly loved us,
Yird, Yirth [earth]. a shapely shank, As e'er tread yird; A Guid New-Year † 3.	Remorse. A Frag In Tarbolton, ye ken, there are proper young men,
Then, straught or crooked, yird or nane,	And proper young lasses and a', man; Ronalds of Bennals.
They roar an' cry a' throw'ther; Halloween.	To proper young men, he'll clink in the hand
When lyart leaves bestrow the yird, The Jolly Beggars. R. I.	Gowd guineas a hunder or twa, man
I hae as gude a craft rig As made o' yird and stane; S. There's news, lassies t	And bids me beware o' young men; S. Tam Glen. When I was beardless, young and blate,
Nay, even the yirth itsel' does cry, . El. on Year 1788.	The Ans. to the Guidwife.
Yirr [the bark of a dog].	In Mauchline there dwells six proper young belles,
Yirr, fancy barks, awa' we canter . Ep. to Maj. Logan. 2.	The Belles of Mauchline. And there will be wealthy young Richard,
Yoke.	The Election Ballads, II.
Long did I bear the heavy yoke, . S. The Joyful Widower.	I red you beware at the hunting, young men; S. The heather was blooming †
My wife she is willing to draw in the yoke. S. The Poor Thresher.	S. The heather was blooming †
Yoke, to. when I downa yoke a naig, . A Ded. to G. H., 2.	swankies young, in braw braid-claith, . The Holy Fair. 7. And still my delight is in proper young men:
"Ye needna yoke the pleugh," Death and Dr. Hornbook. 24.	The Jolly Beggars. S. II.
Yokin [yoking; a bout, a set to].	And drank, "Young man, now sleep ye sound."
At length we had a hearty yokin,	S. The lass that made the bed.
At sang about. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 2.	Haud aff your hands, young man, said she,
Or haud a yokin at the pleugh, The Ans. to the Guidwife. Yon. And you the toast of a' the town, S. O Mary, at thy t	S. The Taylor fell
Sitting at yon boord-en', . S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie.	The young anes rantan thro' the house The Twa Dogs. 20.
Ye see you birkie ca'd a Lord, . S. The Honest Man.	Fullarton, the brave and young; . The Vision. D. II. 6.
Observ'd ye yon reverend lad The Jolly Beggars. S. III.	I saw grim Nature's visage hoar, Struck thy young eye
He's a bonie, bonie laddie and you be he.	my young Highland Rover . S. The yng Highl. Rover.
S. Their grows a bonie brier t	Young Robie was the brawest lad, S. There was a lass †
There liv'd a lass in yonder dale,	Dearest tie of young connexions, To a Kiss
And down in yonder glen, O; . S. Katharine Jaffray.	'Tis friendship's pledge, my young, fair friend, To Chloris.
'Yont [beyond].	To daunton me, and me sae young, . S. To daunton me.
Aft 'yont the dyke she's heard you bumman, Add. to the Deil. 6.	Young Fancy's rays the hills adorning! . To J. S., 15. Beauteous rose-bud, young and gay, . To Miss C.
For her forbears were brought in ships,	And God bless young Dunaskin's laird, To Mr. M'Adam.
Frae 'yout the Tweed: . Poor Mailie's El That 'yout the hallan snugly chows her cood:	To equal young Jessie, seek Scotland all over;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11.	To equal young Jessie, you seek it in vain:
Frae yont the western waves, man. The Tree of Liberty.	S. True hearted was het in the fair presence of lovely young Jessie, Ib.
Yore. ancestors, in days of yore, . Add. to Edinburgh. 7.	What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man?
Young. For you, young Potentate o' W[ales], A Dream. 10. Young, royal Tarry-Breeks,	S. What can a young lassie †
Young, royal Tarry-Breeks,	He's peevish, and jealous of a' the young fellows, . Ib.
A Guid New-Year † 8.	Young Jamie, pride of a' the plain, . S. Young Jamie +
dear bird, young Jeany fair, . S. A Rosebud by my t	Young Jockey was the blythest lad . S. Young Jockey t Young Peggy blooms our bonniest lass, S. Young Peggy t
sweet rose-bud, young and gay,	Youngest. The youngest Brother ye wad whip
The young dogs,—swinge them to the labour— Add. of Beelzebub.	Aff straught to H-ll. Add to the Deil. 14.
My Nanie's charming, sweet an' young;	The youngest he was the flower amang them a': S. Lady Mary Ann.
S. Behind you hills t	Young-eyed.
old Time then was young,	Thou young-eyed spring, thy charms I cannot bear;
Thou strik'st the young hero, a glorious mark!	Sonnet, on Death of R Young-Guidman [newly-married man].
S. Farewell, thou fair day \	Thence, mystic knots mak great abuse,
The mother linnet in the brake Bewails her ravish'd young; S. Fate gave the word,	On Young-Guidmen, fond, keen, an' croose;
An' young an' auld come rinnan out,	Add. to the Deil. 11.
Wha got my young Highland thief S. Hee balou †	The auld gudeman, or the young gudeman, For me may sink or swim; . The Election Ballads. I.
And lassie ye're but young, ye ken; S. In simmer when t	Voungker Vounker (voungster).
I'm o'er young to marry yet, S. I'm o'er young t	The youngkers a' are warned to obey; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 6.
I'm o'er young, my mammy says,	And teach the sportive younkers round,
while rosy pleasure Hides young desire amid her flowery wreath, . Innocense.	Wr. in Friars-Carse H.

[APPENDIX.

Youngling [young]. The youngling Cottagers retire to rest:	I lang hae thought, my youthfu' friend, A Something to have sent you, . Ep. to Young Friend.
Youngster. The Cotter's Sat. Night, 18.	Thou golden time o' youthful prime, . S. But lately seen † I listen'd to a lover's sang,
The pipers and youngsters were making their game, S. As I was a-wand ring †	And thought on youthful pleasures many; S. By Allan stream †
The Youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 8.	The youthful charming Chloe; . S. It was the charming † Or youthful Pleasure's rage? Man was made to Mourn.
That faith, the youngsters took the sands Wi'nimble shanks, To W. Simpson. P.S.	Thy glorious youthful prime! 1b.
Younker v. Youngker.	Look not alone on youthful Prime,
Yours. And gratefully my gude auld cockie. I'm yours for ay. To Dr. Blacklock.	Yet, let not this too much, my Son, Disturb thy youthful breast:
Yoursel [yourself; yourselves].	They make your youthful fancies reel, . O leave novels † 'My youthful heart was stown away, S. O Phely, †
I thought them [my works] something like yoursel. A Ded. to G. H., 12.	The youthful blooming Nelly lay, S. On a bank of flowers †
O ye wha are sae guid yoursel, . Add. to Unco Guid. An' lastly, Jamie, for yoursel, . Auld Comrade †	She's stately like you youthful ash, To meet with noble youthful Daer, On dining with Daer.
Ye ken yoursels, for little feck! El. on Year 1788.	Sweet early object of my youthful vows, Once fondly lov'd, † Last, tho' not least in love, ye youthful fair,
But still keep something to yoursel Ep. to Young Friend. 5. Conceal yoursel as weel's ye can	Prologue, at Th., D
Frae critical dissection;	In youthfu' bloom, Love sparkling in her e'e, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 4.
For instance, there's yoursel just now,	'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest Pair, In other's arms, breathe out the tender tale, Ib. q.
God knows, an unco Calf! The Calf. O Wives be mindfu', ance yoursel,	Must I see thee, my youthful pride, Thus brought so very low! S. The sun he is sunk †
How bonie lads ye wanted, . The Holy Fair. 25. While deil a hair yoursel ye're better, Third Ep. to J. Lap	How I had spent my youthfu' prime,
An' gar him follow to the kirk—	An' done nae-thing, The Vision. D. I. 4. youthful Love, warm-blushing, strong, Ib. D. II. 16.
Ay when ye gang yoursel. To Gav. Hamilton. Ye ken yoursels my heart right proud is, To Dr. Blacklock.	I thought upon the witching smile That caught my youthful fancy: S. When wild War's †
'Twas noble, Sir; 'twas like yoursel, . To Mr. M'Adam. Yourself.	Yowe, Yewe [ewe].
Yourself, you wait your bright reward. Sketch. New Yr's Day.	Ilk spring they're new deckit wi' bonie white yewes. S. Awa' wi' yr witchcraft †
Youth. Youth, grace, and love attendant move,	A cow and a cauf, a yowe and a hauf, S. Her Daddie forbad † Her living image in her yowe, Poor Mailie's El
S. A. Masterton's bonie Anne.	To stay content wi' yowes at hame; The Death of Mailie.
We saw thee shine in youth and beauty's pride, El. on Miss Burnet.	And there I had three score o' yowes, Skipping on yon bonie knowes, S. The Highl. Widow's Lament.
The hopeful youth, in Scottish senate bred, Ep. fr. Esopus. Adieu, dear, amiable Youth! . Ep. to Young Friend. 11.	His gear may buy him kye and yowes, S. To daunton me.
They [Misfortunes] gie the wit of Age to Youth; Ep. to Davie. 7. The friend of age, and guide of youth: Epit. on a Friend.	Yowie [dim. of yowe]. An' niest my yowie, silly thing, . The Death of Mailie.
And now beneath the withering blast	Yule [Christmas, Yule-5th Jan old style-was not
My youth and joy consume. S. Now Spring has clad† Their hope, their stay, their darling youth,	a religious festival as in England, but a season of festivities, and a survival from Pagan times].
O Thou dread Pow'r† But Worth and Truth eternal Youth	And dawin it is dreary, When birks are bare at Yule. S. Cauld is the e'enin blast †
Will give to Polly Stewart S. Polly Stewart. Ye sprightly youths, quite flush with hope and spirit,	On blithe yule night when we were fou, [v.A.32] S. Duncan Gray †
Prologue, at Th., D	The blude red rose at Yule may blaw, S. To daunton me. Zeal.
Home of my youth, S. Slow spreads the gloom † Ilk Sportsmau-youth bemoan'd a father; Tam Samson's El.	I am, Dear Sir, with zeal most fervent.
Stand forth and tell you Premier Youth, The honest, open, naked truth:	Your much indebted, humble servant. A Ded. to G. H., 15. An' pray'd wi' zeal and fervour, Fu' fast Halloween. 22.
. The Author's Cry and Prayer. 4	O L—d thou kens what zeal I bear, When drinkers drink, and swearers swear, [v.A.11]
But there's a youth, a witless youth, That fills the place where she should be; S. The bonie Lass of Alb.	Holy Willie's Prayer. I'll sing the zeal Drumlanrig bears, The Election Ballads, VI.
A strappan youth; he takes the Mother's eye; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 8.	An' then cry zeal for gospel laws,
What makes the youth sae bashfu' and sae grave; . Ib.	Like some we ken To Rev. J. M'Math.
Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth? Ib. 10.	Ye canting Zealots, spare him! Tam Samson's El., Epit.
But she wad send the sodger youth To greet his eldest son The Election Ballads. I.	Zealous. Their zealous herds are vex'd an' sweatan; To W. Simpson. P.S.
Stranger, if full of youth and riot, And yet no grief has marr'd thy quiet, The Hermit.	Zephyr. And I mysel' the zephyr's breath,
The plighted husband of her youth? The Lament.	Amang its bonie leaves to play S. O were my love † The zephyr wanton'd round the bean, S. 'Twas even—the dewy †
My youth's return'd to fair Strathspey, S. The yng Highl. Rover.	S. 'Twas even—the dewy † Zig-zag. To right or left, eternal swervin,
There's a youth in this city, it were a great pity, S. There's a youth t	They zig-zag on; To J. S., 19.
in all thy youth and charms, To Chloris. Youth and Love with sprightly dance, Wr. in Friars-Carse H.	Zion. Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide, The Cotter's Sat. Night, 12.
That nurse in their bosom the youth o' the Clyde.	Nae mair by Babel's streams we'll weep, To think upon our Zion;
S. You wild mossy mountains † Inspire the highly favour'd youth	Zipporah. Or Zipporah the scauldin jad, Was like a bluidy tiger I' th' inn that day.
The destinies intend her S. Young Peggy † Youthful, -fu'.	The Ordination. 4. Zodiac. Down the Zodiac urge the race, Ep. to H. Parker.
When youthfu' lovers first were pair'd, Add. to the Deil. 15.	Zone. Afric's burning zone, . S. Now Spring has clad † [Appendix.
	IAPPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

FERRINGS TO BUY A

APPENDIX.

In each case, the alteration made by the Poet is given immediately after the original line or lines, and the date indicated.

date indicated.	
K., The Kilm	arnock E
E. 1787, & Edinburg	h Edition
L. 1787, London H	
1.—Till tir'd at last wi' mony a farce, They set them down upon their arse	. 17
Until wi' daffin weary grown, Upon a knowe they sat them down. E. 1794 The Twa Dogs	. 18
2.—Till whare ye sit, on craps o' heather.	
Ye tine your dam; Freedom and Whisky gang thegither Tak' aff your dram!	. 19
Till when ye speak, ye aiblins blether, Yet deil mak' matter! Freedom and Whisky gang thegither, Tak' aff your whitter. The Author's Cry and Prayer. P	
3.—An' warn him ay at ridin time,	The Mailie
To stay content wi' yowes at hame; K	20 -
An' warn him—what I winna name— To stay content wi' yowes at hame; E. 1787. The Death of Mailie.	21
4.—Quoted from inserted stanzas which appeared, E. 1787, and were retained in subsequent editions.	,
5.—Does a' his weary kiaugh and care beguile K.	22
Does a' his weary carking cares beguile . E. 1793. The Cotter's Sat. Night.	1
6.—Great lies and nonsense baith to vend E. 1787.	
A rousing whid at times to vend E. 1794.	with th
Death and Dr. Hornbook.	1 2.
7.—Auld Scotland wants nae stinking ware . L. 1787.	
In the London Edition of 1787 "skinking" was misprinted "stinking" "Stinking" also appears in many copies of the	
1707 Edinburgh Edition.	24.
8.—"But now our joys are fled," was altered by Thomson, to suit the music, into "Tho' now, all Nature's sweets are fled."	'
 But why of this epocha make such a fuss, That gave us the Hanover stem; 	
If bringing them over was lucky for us, I'm sure 'twas as lucky for them.	
Poet. Add. to Tytler.	-5-
The above, which, with the exception of the first line, had been previously omitted, was printed in Pickering's Edition of 1839.	
ro.—Quoted from additional lines printed in Currie's Second Edition.	
11.—Quoted from an additional verse printed in Stewart's Edition of 1802.	
12.—Quoted from additional lines printed in "Cromek's Reliques," 1810.	by the
13.—An' purge the bitter ga's an' cankers, O' curst Venetian b-res an' ch-ncres. And clear the consequential sorrows,	27
Love-gifts of Carnival signoras E. 1787.	Tr.
The Twa Dogs. 23.	
"B-res," is evidently a misprint for "buboes," a venereal disease generally accompanying the "chancres."	28.—
14.—And such a leg! my Bess, I ween, Could only peer it;	29
And such a leg! my bonie Jean Could only peer it; E. 1787.	The
The Vision. D. I. 11.	Edition
In 1787 Burns had got reconciled to Jean Armour.	30.—
15.—From verse inserted by the Poet in his E. Editions of	The
1793 and 1794.	a mista
16.—At the suggestion of Mr. Tytler, the Poet omitted the following lines when he printed "Tam o' Shanter" in his	31.—
Editions of 1793 and 1794:— Three lawyers' tongues, turn'd inside out,	song.
Wi' lies seam'd like a beggar's clout;	32.—
Three priests' hearts, rotten, black as muck, Lay stinking, vile, in every neuk. Tam o' Shanter.	was alt
"Tam o' Shanter" was first printed in Captain Grose's "Antiquities of Scotland."	
¥To the terms of the contract	

The Kilma	rnock Edition (published, July, 1786).
	Edition of 1787, &c. lition of 1787.
	17.—At ev'ry chap.
K.	At ev'ry chaup
E. 1794. Le Twa Dogs.	Scotch Drink. 10. 18.—On this hand sits an Elect swatch K. On this hand sits a chosen swatch
K.	19.—She was nae get o' runted rams, Wi' woo' like goats, an' legs like trams; She was the flower o' Fairlee lambs, A famous breed: Now Robin, greetin', chows the hams
E. 1794. d Prayer. P.	O' Mailie dead! The above verse occurs in original manuscript copies of "Poor Mailie's Elegy" in place of the sixth verse of the poem as printed.
K.	20.—Quoted from a variation of the fifth verse.
. E. 1787.	21.—His wee drap pirratch,
th of Mailie. red, E. 1787,	His wee drap parritch, E. 1787. Scotch Drink, 7.
K.	"Pirratch" is evidently a misprint.
E. 1793.	22.—Wi' tidings o' s-lv-t—n
. E. 1787. . E. 1794.	The Holy Fair. 12. Dr. Blair suggested 'd-mn-t—n' as being more in accordance with the "Gospel" preached by the type of clergymen satirised.
r. Hornbook.	23.—Hence, Dempster's truth-prevailing tongue; . K.
. L. 1787.	Hence, Dempster's zeal-inspired tongue; E. 1787.
copies of the	The Vision. D. II. 6. 24.—The sweetest hours that e'er I spend . E. 1787.
Thomson, to	The sweetest hours that e'er I spent; . E. 1793, 1794. S. Green grow the Rashes.
	The wisest man the warl' saw E. 1787.
	The wisest man the warl' e'er saw; . E. 1793, 1794. S. Green grow the Rashes.
d. to Tytler.	25.— Wae worth them for't! While healths gae round to him wha, tight,
ine, had been ion of 1839.	Gies famous sport K.
rrie's Second	Wae worth the name, Nae howdie gets a social night
in Stewart's	Or plack frae them E. 1787. Scotch Drink, 12.
romek's Re-	25.—"Lugar," instead of "Stinchar," was suggested to Thomson by the Poet.
K.	27.—Ask why God made the gem so small, While huge He made the granite? Because God meant mankind should set That higher value on it.
. E. 1787. wa Dogs. 23.	The above version is considered the more correct, and is the one concorded.
'a venereal	28.—when pressed with care E. 1787.
K.	when harassed with care
. E. 1787.	A Ded. to G. H., 6. The above line was omitted by the Poet in all his subsequent Editions.
mour.	30.—"An honest man's the noble work of God:". K.
Editions of	The Poet misquoted Pope, using "noble" instead of "noblest," a mistake he corrected in his subsequent Editions.
omitted the iter" in his	a mistake he corrected in his subsequent Editions. 31.—A variation of the two last lines of the second verse of the song.
,	32.—The line—
ck, 10' Shanter.	"On blithe Yule night when we were fou," was altered by Thomson to-
tain Grose's	"On new-year's night, when we were fou."
	S. Duncan Gray †

INDEX

OF

"TITLES" AND "FIRST LINES."

INDEX OF "TITLES" AND "FIRST LINES."

The "Titles" and "First Lines" not used in the Concordance are indented. The "Titles" which are not those of the Poet, are printed in italics. A † indicates a "First Line."

A Bard's Epitaph.
Is there a whim-inspir'd fool t

A Bottle and a Friend. Here's a bottle and an honest friend †

A Dedication to G**** H****** Esq. Expect na, Sir, in this narration t

A Dream. Guid-Mornin to your Majesty †

A Farewell. Farewell, dear Friend! may guid luck hit you †

A Fragment. When Guilford good our Pilot stood †

A Guid New-year I wish you Maggie†
The Auld Farmer's New-year-morning Salutation to his auld Mare, Maggie.

A Grace. L-d, we thank an' thee adore †

A Grace before Dinner.
O Thou, who kindly dost provide † A Prayer in the Prospect of Death.
O Thou unknown, Almighty Cause † A Prayer under the Pressure of violent Anguish. O Thou great Being! what Thou art †

A red, red Rose. S.
O my Luve's like a red, red rose t A Rose-bud by my early walk † S.

A Verse on being Hospitably Entertained in the Highlands. When death's dark stream I ferry o'er

A Vision. As I stood by you roofless tower t

A Winter Night. When biting Boreas, fell and doure† A' the lads o' Thornie-bank † S.

Adam A-'s Prayer. Gude pity me, because I'm little †

Address of Beelzebub to the Right Honourable the Earl of B****.

Long life, my lord, and health be yours †

Address spoken by Miss Fontenelle at the Theatre, Dumfries. Still anxious to secure your partial favor †

Address to an Illegitimate Child. Thou's welcome wean, mishanter fa' me t Address to Edinburgh. Edina! Scotia's darling seat †

Address to General Dumourier. You're welcome to Despots, Dumourier †

Address to the Deil.
O Thou, whatever title suit thee! †

Address to the Shade of Thomson. While virgin Spring, by Eden's flood † Address to the Tooth-Ache.

My curse upon your venom'd stang †

Address to the Unco Guid, or the Rigidly Righteous.

O ye wha are sae guid yoursel †

Adown winding Nith I did wander † S. Afton Water. S. Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes t

Again rejoicing Nature sees † S. Ah, Chloris, since it may na be † S.

Allan Masterton's bonie Anne. S. Ye gallants bright I rede ye right † Amang the trees where humming bees † S.

An' I'll kiss thee yet, yet † S. And O for ane and twenty, Tam † S. Anna, thy charms my bosom fire † S. As down the burn they took their way † S.

As I came o'er the Cairney mount † S. As I gaed up by you gate end † S.

As I was a-wand'ring on a Midsummer ev'ning † S.

As on the banks of winding Nith †
Verses on the Destruction of the Woods near Drumlanrig.

Ask why God made the gem so small †
On being asked why God had made Miss Davis so Little
and Mrs. *** so Large.

At a meeting of the Dumfriesshire Volunteers (Extempore Lines).

Instead of a song, boys, I'll give you a toast †

At Globe Tavern, Dumfries: on being compelled so to officiate.
O Lord, when hunger pinches sore †

Auld comrade dear and brither sinner † Letter to J-s T-t, Gl-nc-r.

Awa, whigs, awa. S.
Our thrissles flourish'd fresh and fair t Awa' wi' your witchcraft o' beauty's alarms † S. Ay waking, O! † S.

Ay waukin, O. S. Simmer's a pleasant time †

Bannocks o' bear meal, bannocks o' barley † S. Behind yon hills where Stinchar [Lugar] flows † S.

Behold, my love, how green the groves † S. Behold the hour, the boat arrive! † S.

Blest be M'Murdo to his latest day †
Inscribed on a Pane of Glass in Mr. M'Murdo's House. Blue Bonnets. S.

Wherefore sighing art thou Phillis ? †

Blythe was she, &c. S.
Blythe, blythe, and merry was she t

Blythe hae I been on yon hill † S.

Bonie Bell. S.

The smiling Spring comes in rejoicing t Bonie Lassie, will ye go † S.

Bonie wee thing, canny wee thing † S.
The bonie wee Thing.

Braw, braw lads on Yarrow braes † S.

Braw lads of Galla water. S. Sae fair her hair, sae brent her brow t But lately seen, in gladsome green † S.

By Allan stream I chanc'd to rove † S. By you castle wa' at the close of the day † S.

Ca' the Ewes to the Knowes. S. As I gaed down the water-side †

[Another Sett of this song begins "Hark! the mavis evening sang."]

Caledonia. S. There was once a day, but old time then was young † Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy? † S.

Carl, an the King come. S.

An somebodie were come again †

Cauld is the e'enin blast † S.

Cock up your beaver. S.
When first my brave Johnie lad came to this town † Come boat me o'er to Charlie. S.
Come boat me o'er, come row me o'er †

Come let me take thee to my breast † S.

[The second stanza of this song and the second and third stanzas of the song "An' I'll kiss thee yet, yet," are the same.]

Comin thro' the rye, poor body † S. [First Sett.]

Comin thro' the rye. S.
Gin a body meet a body, comin thro' the rye †
[Second Sett.]

Contented wi' little, and canty wi' mair † S. Could aught of song declare my pains † S.

Craigie-burn Wood. S. Sweet closes the evening on Craigie-burn Wood † [Another Sett of this song begins "Sweet fa's the eve on Craigieburn."]

Damon and Sylvia. S.
You wand'ring rill, that marks the hill † Death and Dr. Hornbook. A True Story. Some books are lies frae end to end † Delia. An Ode. Fair the face of orient day † Deluded swain, the pleasure † S. Despondency, an Ode.
Oppress'd with grief, oppress'd with care t Does haughty Gaul invasion threat?† S.
The Dumfries Volunteers. Donald Brodie met a lass † S.
Donald Brodie. Duncan Davison. S.
There was a lass, they ca'd her Meg† Duncan Gray. S. Weary fa' you, Duncan Gray Duncan Gray cam' here to woo † S. Elegy on Capt. M— H—, A gentleman who held the Patent for his Honours immediately from Almighty God!

O Death! thou tyrant fell and bloody!† Elegy on Peg Nicholson. Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare t Elegy on the Death of Robert Ruisseaux. Now Robin lies in his last lair † Elegy on the late Miss Burnet of Monboddo. Life ne'er exulted in so rich a prize † Elegy on the year 1788.
For Lords or Kings I dinna mourn † Epigram on ____. When ******, deceased, to the Devil went down † Epigram on a Henpecked Country Squire.
O Death, hadst thou but spar'd his life † Epigram on a Henpecked Country Squire, Another. One Queen Artemisa, as old stories tell † Epigram on a Noted Coxcomb.

Light lay the earth on Billy's breast † Epigram on Andrew Turner.
In seventeen hunder forty-nine † Epigram on being Neglected at Inverary Inn. Whoe'er he be that sojourns here † Epigram on Capt. Francis Grose.
The Devil got notice that Grose was a dying † Epigram on Elphinstone's Translation of Martial's Epigrams. O Thou whom Poetry abhors † Epistle from Esopus to Maria.
From those drear solitudes and frowzy cells † Epistle to a Young Friend.
I lang hae thought, my youthfu' Friend † Epistle to Davie, a Brother Poet. While winds frae off Ben-Lomond blaw † Epistle to Hugh Parker. In this strange land, this uncouth clime † Epistle to J. L*****k, an old Scotch Bard. April 1st, 1785.
While briers an' woodbines budding green † Epistle to J. L*****k, an old Scotch Bard. A While new-ca'd kye rowte at the stake † April 21st, 1785. Epistle to J. R******, enclosing some Poems.
O rough, rude, ready-witted R******, † Epistle to Major Logan. Hail, thairm-inspirin', rattlin' Willie! Epistle to R. Graham, Esq., of Fintry:
When nature her great master-piece designed † Epitaph for G. H., Esq.
The poor man weeps—here G—n sleeps † Epitaph for R. A., Esq.
Know thou, O stranger to the fame † Epitaph for the Author's Father. O ye whose cheek the tear of pity stains † Epitaph on a Celebrated Ruling Elder. Here Sowter **** in Death does sleep † Epitaph on a Country Laird, not quite so Wise as Solomon.
Bless Jesus Christ, O C********, † Epitaph on a Friend. An honest man here lies at rest t Epitaph on a Henpecked Country Squire. As father Adam first was fool'd Epitaph on a Noisy Polemic.

Below thir stanes lie Jamie's banes †

Epitaph on a Wag in Mauchline.

Lament 'im Mauchline husbands a' †

Epitaph on D— C—. Here lies on earth a root of Hell†

Epitaph on Gabriel Richardson. Here brewer Gabriel's fire's extinct † Epitaph on Grizel Grim. Here lies with death auld Grizel Grim† Epitaph on Holy Willie. Here Holy Willie's sair worn clay Epitaph on J-n B-y, Writer, D-s.
Here lies J-n B-y, honest man †
Epitaph on John Dove, Innkeeper, Mauchline.
Here lies Johnny Pidgeon † Epitaph on Miss Jessy Lewars. Say, sages, what's the charm on earth † Epitaph on Mr. Burton. Here cursing, swearing Burton lies † Epitaph on Tam the Chapman.
As Tam the Chapman on a day † Epitaph on W--.
Stop Thief! dame Nature cried to Death † Epitaph on Walter S—. Sic a reptile was Wat † Epitaph on wee Johnie. Whoe'er thou art, O reader, know † Eppie Adair. S. An' O, my Eppie † Eppie M'Nab. S. O saw ye my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab † Extempore. April, 1782. O why the deuce should I repine † Extempore in the Court of Session.

He clench'd his pamphlets in his fist † Extempore on a Person Nicknamed the Marquis. Here lies a mock Marquis† Extempore on some Commemorations of the Poet Thomson.

Dost thou not rise, indignant shade † Extempore on the late Mr. William Smellie. To Crochallan came † Extempore. Pinned to a Lady's coach.
If you rattle along like your mistress's tongue † Extempore. To Mr. S**e, on refusing to dine with him.

No more of your guests, be they titled or not † Extempore, to an Intimate in Reply to an Invitation. The king's most humble servant, I † Fairest maid on Devon banks! † S. Farewell, dear mistress of my soul † S. Farewell, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies † S. Farewell, thou stream that winding flows † S. Farewell, ye dungeons dark and strong † S. Fate gave the word, the arrow sped, † S.
A Mother's Lament for the Death of her Son. First when Maggy was my care, † S. For W. Nicol, one of the Teachers of the High-school of Edinburgh.
Ye maggots, feed on Nicol's brain, † Forlorn, my Love, no comfort near, † S. Frae the friends and Land I love, † S. Fragment. Now health forsakes that angel face, † Fragment, inscribed to the Right Hon. Charles James Fox. How wisdom and folly meet, mix, and unite! † Fragment of an Ode on the Birth-day of Prince Charles Edward. False flatterer, Hope, away! Friend of the poet tried and leal, †
Poem, addressed to Mr. Mitchell, Collector of Excise,
Dumfries, 1796. From thee, Eliza, I must go, † S. Gane is the day and mirk's the night, † S. Then Guidwife count the Lawin. Gat ye me, O gat ye me, † S. The Lass of Ecclefechan. Gloomy December. S.
Ance mair I hail thee, thou gloomy December! † Grace after Dinner.
O Thou, in whom we live and move, † Green grow the Rashes. S.
There's nought but care on ev'ry han', † Gudeen to you Kimmer, † S. Had I a cave on some wild distant shore, † S. Had I the wyte, had I the wyte, † S. Halloween. Upon that night, when Fairies light † Handsome Nell. S.
O once I lov'd a bonie Lass†

Hark! the mavis' evening sang † S. Hee balou, my sweet wee Donald, † S.
The Highland Balou. Her Daddie forbad, her Minnie forbad † S. Jumpin John. Her flowing locks, the raven's wing † S. Here is the glen, and here the bower, † S. Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear † S. Here's a health to them that's awa † S. Here's his health in water. S. Altho' my back be at the wa', † Here's to thy health, my bonie lass † S. Hey ca' thro'. S.
Up wi' the carls of Dysart + Hey, the dusty miller † S. Highland Laddie. S. The bonniest lad that e'er I saw Highland Mary. S.
Powers celestial whose protection Holy Willie's Prayer.
O Thou wha in the heavens dost dwell, † How can my poor heart be glad, † S. How cruel are the parents † S. How lang and dreary is the night, † S. How pleasant the banks of the clear winding Devon, † S. Husband, husband, cease your strife, † S. I do confess thou art sae fair, † S. I dream'd I lay where flowers were springing, † S. I gaed a waefu' gate yestreen † S. I met a lass, a bonie lass † S.
[Almost the whole of this piece occurs in "Donald Brodie met a lass."] I'll ay ca' in by yon town † S. I'm o'er young to marry. S.
I am my mammy's ae bairn † Impromptu. At Brownhill we always get dainty good cheer t Impromptu, on Mrs. —'s Birthday, 4th Nov., 1793. Old winter with his frosty beard † In Defence of a Lady: at Dalswinton. How daur ye ca' me howlet-faced, † In simmer when the hay was mawn † S. In vain would Prudence, with decorous sneer, † Innocence looks gaily-smiling on t Inscription on a Goblet.
There's death in the cup—sae beware! † Inscription on the Tomb of Robert Fergusson, Poet. No sculptur'd marble here, nor pompous lay, † It is na, Jean, thy bonie face, † S. It was a' for our rightfu' king † S. It was the charming month of May † S. Jamie, come try me † S. Jenny M'Craw, she has ta'en to the heather, † Jockey fou, and Jenny fain, † S. Jockey's ta'en the parting kiss, † S. John Anderson, my Jo, John † S. John Barleycorn. A Ballad. There was three kings into the east † John, come kiss me now. S.
O John, come kiss me now, now, now, † Johnny Peep. Here am I, Johnny Peep;† Katharine Jaffray.
There liv'd a lass in yonder dale, † Ken ye ought o' Captain Grose?† Written in an Envelope, enclosing a Letter to Captain Grose. Killiecrankie. S. Whare hae ye been sae braw, lad! † Kind Sir, I've read your paper through †
Poem written to a Gentleman who had sent him a Newspaper, and offered to continue it free of Expense. Lady Mary Ann. S.
O Lady Mary Ann looks o'er the castle wa't Lament for James, Earl of Glencairn.
The wind blew hollow frae the hills, † Lament of Mary, Queen of Scots, on the Approach of Spring. Now Nature hangs her mantle green †

Landlady, count the lawin † S. Hey tutti taiti. Lass, when your mither is frae hame † S.
The Discreet Hint. Lassie wi' the lintwhite locks. S. Now Nature cleeds the flow'ry lea † Last May a braw wooer cam' down the lang glen † S. Leezie Lindsay. S.
Will ye go to the Highlands, Leezie Lindsay † Let not woman e'er complain † S. Letter to John Goudie, Kilmarnock, on the Publication of his Essays.
O Goudie! terror of the Whigs † Liberty.

Thee, Caledonia, thy wild heaths among † Lines addressed to Mr. John Ranken. Ae day, as Death, that grusome carl Lines on a Ploughman. S.
As I was a-wand'ring ae morning in spring † Lines on Fergusson.
Ill-fated genius! Heaven-taught Fergusson † Lines sent to Sir John Whiteford of Whiteford, Bart., with Poem "Lament for James, Earl of Glencairn." Thou, who thy honour as thy God rever'st† Lines written on Mrs. Kemble as Yarico. Kemble, thou cur'st my unbelief † Lines written Extempore in a Lady's Pocket-book. Grant me, indulgent heaven, that I may live † Lines written on a Window, in Friar's Carse Hermitage.
To Riddell, much lamented man † Lines written on a Window, at the King's Arms Tavern, Dumfries. Ye men of wit and wealth, why all this sneering † Lines written on the Back of a Bank Note. Wae worth thy power, thou cursed leaf † Was worth my power, thou cursed lear t Lines written on Windows of the Globe Tavern, Dumfries.

1. The greybeard, old wisdom, may boast of his treasures the state of the sta Lines written under the Picture of the celebrated Miss Burns. Cease, ye prudes, your envious railing † Lines wrote by Burns, while on his Death-bed, to J-n R-k-n. He who of R-k-n sang, lies stiff and dead † Louis what reck I by thee † S. Lovely Davies. S. O how shall I, unskilfu', try † Luckless Fortune. S.
O raging fortune's withering blast † Man was made to Mourn, a Dirge. When chill November's surly blast † Mark yonder pomp of costly fashion † S. Monody, on a Lady famed for her Caprice. How cold is that bosom which folly once fired † [The Epitaph affixed to this Monody begins—"Here lies, now a prey to insulting neglect,"]. Montgomerie's Peggy. S.
Altho' my bed was in yon muir † My bonie Mary. S.
Go, fetch to me a pint o' wine † My Collier Laddie. S.
Whare live ye my bonie lass t My father was a farmer † S. My Harry was a gallant gay † S. O for him back again. My heart was ance as blythe and free † S.
To the Weavers gin ye go. My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here † S. My Lord a-hunting he is gane † S.

My Lady's gown there's gairs upon't. My love she's but a lassie yet † S. My Love's a winsome wee thing † S. [Another Sett of this song is headed—"My wife's a winsome wee thing," and begins—"She is a winsome wee thing."] My Mary's face, my Mary's form † S. My Nanie's Awa. S, Now in her green mantle blythe Nature arrays † My Sandy gied to me a ring † S. My Wife's a winsome wee thing. S.
She is a winsome wee thing †
[Another Sett of this song begins—"My Love's a winsome wee thing"]. Lament, written when the Author was about to leave his Native O'er the mist-shrouded cliffs of the lone mountain straying †

Musing on the roaring ocean † S.

Naebody. S.
I hae a wife o' my ain t

Nature's Law. A Poem humbly inscribed to G. H., Esq. Let other heroes boast their scars †

New Psalmody.
O sing a new song to the L-

No Churchman am I for to rail and to write, †

Now bank and brae are clothed in green, † S.

Now rosy May comes in wi' flowers † S.

Now Spring has clad the grove in green † S Now westlin winds, and slaught'ring guns † S.

O ay my Wife she dang me. S. On peace and rest my mind was bent †

O bonie was rosy brier † S.

O can ye labour lea, young man † S.

O gie my love brose, brose † S.

O gin ye were dead, Gudeman. S. There's sax eggs in the pan, gudeman t

O gude ale comes, and gude ale goes † S.

O Kenmure's on and awa, Willie! † S.

O ken ye what Meg o' the mill has gotten? † S.

O Lassie, art thou sleeping yet, † S.

O lay thy loof in mine, lass † S.
A slave to love's unbounded sway †
The Imploring Lover.

O leave novels, ye Mauchline belles t

O Logan! sweetly didst thou glide, † S.

O Mally's meek, Mally's sweet. S. As I was walking up the street †

O Mary at thy window be † S.

O May thy morn was ne'er sae sweet † S.

O meikle thinks my love o' my beauty † S.

O merry hae I been teethin a heckle † S.

O mirk, mirk is this midnight hour † S.

O Phely, happy be that day, † S.

O poortith cauld, and restless love, † S.

O saw ye bonie Lesley † S.

O stay, sweet warbling wood-lark, stay † S.

O steer her up and haud her gaun † S.

O that I had ne'er been married † S.

O this is no my ain lassie † S.

O Thou dread Pow'r, who reign'st above! †

Lying at a Reverend Friend's house one night, the Author left these Verses in the room where he slept.

O Tibbie! I hae seen the day † S. Yestreen I met you on the moor †

O wat ye wha that lo'es me † S.

O wat ye wha's in yon town † S.

O wat ye what my minnie did † S.

O were I on Parnassus hill † S.

O were my love yon lilac fair, † S.

O wert thou in the cauld blast † S.

O wha my babie-clouts will buy?† S. The rantin dog, the daddie o't.

O whare did ye get that hauver-meal bannock?† S. Bonie Dundee.

O when she cam ben she bobbed fu' law † S. When she cam ben she bobbed.

O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad † S.

O Willie brew'd a peck o' maut † S.

Ode, Sacred to the Memory of Mrs. -Dweller in yon dungeon dark †

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw † S.

Oh, how can I be blythe and glad † S.

Oh, open the door, some pity to shew † S.

On a bank of flowers one summer's day † S.

On a Schoolmaster in Cleish Parish, Fifeshire. Here lie Willie M—hie's banes †

On a Scotch Bard gone to the West Indies.
A' ye wha live by sowps o' drink †

On an Empty Fellow.
Of lordly acquaintance you boast †

On an Evening View of the Ruins of Lincluden Castle. Ye holy walls, that, still sublime †

On Burns's Horse being Impounded. Was e'er puir Poet sae befitted †

On Cessnock banks there lives a lass † S.

On Cessnock banks a lassie dwells † S. [Second Sett].

On Commissary Goldie's Brains. Lord, to account who dares thee call †

On Dining with Lord Daer.
This wot ye all whom it concerns t

On Miss Jessy Lewars.

Talk not to me of savages †

On Miss J. Scott, of Ayr. Oh! had each Scot of ancient times †

On Mr. W. Cruickshanks. Honest Will's to Heaven gane †

On scaring some Water-fowl in Loch-Turit.
Why, ye tenants of the lake †

On seeing a Wounded Hare limp by me, which a Fellow had just shot at,
Inhuman man! curse on thy barb'rous art †

On seeing the beautiful Seat of Lord G.. What dost thou in that mansion fair? †

On the Birth of a Posthumous Child, born in peculiar Circum-

stances of Family-distress.
Sweet floweret, pledge o' meikle love †

On the Death of a Favourite Child.

O sweet be thy sleep in the land of the grave †

On the Death of a Lap-dog, named Echo.
In wood and wild ye warbling throng

On the Death of Robert Dundas, Esq., of Arniston, late Lord President of the Court of Session.

Lone on the bleaky hills the straying flocks †

On the Death of Sir James Hunter Blair. The lamp of day with ill-presaging glare †

On the Kirk of Lamington. As cauld a wind as ever blew t

On the late Captain Grose's Peregrinations thro' Scotland, collecting the Antiquities of that Kingdom.

Hear, Land o' Cakes, and brither Scots t

On the late Duke of Queensberry.
How shall I sing Drumlanrig's Grace?†

On the Poet's Daughter. Here lies a rose, a budding rose t

On Willie Chalmers.
Wi' braw new branks in mickle pride t

On Willie Stewart.

You're welcome, Willie Stewart †

On Window at Stirling.

Here Stuarts once in glory reigned †

On Window of Cross-Keys Inn, Falkirk. Sound be his sleep and blythe his morn t

Once fondly lov'd, and still remember'd dear t

Written on the blank Leaf of a Copy of the Poems, presented to an old Sweetheart, then married.

One fond kiss, and then we sever; † S. Parting for ever.

One night as I did wander t

Out over the Forth I look to the north † S.

Peggy Chalmers. S. Where, braving angry winter's storms †

Phillis the Fair. S.
While larks with little wing †

Poem on Life, addressed to Colonel De Peyster, Dumfries,

1796. My honored colonel, deep I feel †

Poem on Pastoral Poetry. Hail Poesie! thou Nymph reserv'd!t

Poetical Address to Wm. Tytler. Copy of a Poetical Address to Mr. William Tytler with the Present of the Bard's Picture. Revered defender of beauteous Stuart †

Poetical Inscription, for an Altar to Independence.

Thou of an independent mind t

Polly Stewart. S. O Lovely Polly Stewart †

Poor Mailie's Elegy. Lament in rhyme, lament in prose t

Postscript to "The Kirk's Alarm. Afton's Laird, Afton's Laird † Prologue, spoken at the Theatre, Dumfries, on New-Year's-day Evening, 1790.

No song nor dance I bring from you great city †

Prologue, spoken by Mr. Woods on his Benefit Night, 16th Ap., 1787. When by a generous Public's kind acclaim †

Rattlin, Roarin Willie. S. O Rattlin, roarin Willie †

Raving winds around her blowing † S.

Remorse. A Fragment.
Of all the numerous ills that hurt our peace †

Reply to a Reproof.
Like Aesop's Lion, Burns says, sore I feel †

Reproof by Himself, for writing on Window at Stirling. Rash mortal, and slanderous Poet, thy name †

Robin shure in Hairst. S.

I gaed up to Dunse †
Ronalds of Bennals.
In Tarbolton, ye ken, there are proper young men †

Rusticity's ungainly form †
Apologetic, to Mrs. Lawrie, Manse, Newmills.

Sae far awa. S.
O sad and heavy should I part †

Sae flaxen were her ringlets † S.

Sad thy tale, thou idle paget
On reading in a Newspaper the Death of J.—M·L.—, Esq.,
Brother to a Young Lady, a particular Friend of the Author's.

Saw ye my Phely? S.
O saw ye my dear, my Phely?†
[The third Stanza of this Song is identical with words in "Eppie M'Nab"—only with change of dramatis

Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure † S.

Scotch Drink.

Let other Poets raise a fracas †

Scots Prologue, for Mr. Sutherland's Benefit Night, spoken at the Theatre, Dumfries. What needs this din about the town o' Lon'on?†

Scots, wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled; † S.
Robert Bruce's Address to his Army at Bannockburn.

Scroggam. S.

There was a wife wonn'd in Cockpen, Scroggam †

Searching auld wives' barrels †
An Extemporaneous Effusion on being appointed to the Excise.

Second Epistle to Davie, a Brother Poet.
I'm three times, doubly, o'er your debtor †

Sensibility, how charming † S.

Sent to a Gentleman whom he had offended.

The friend whom wild from wisdom's way She's fair and fause that causes my smart † S.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot † S.

Sketch.

A little, upright, pert, tart, tripping wight † n. New Year's Day. To Mrs. Dunlop. This day, Time winds th' exhausted chain t

Sleep'st thou, or wak'st thou, fairest creature † S.

Slow spreads the gloom my soul desires † S.

Somebody. S.

My heart is sair, I darena tell† Sonnet, on the Death of Mr. Riddel.

No more, ye warblers of the wood, no more †

Sonnet, written on the 25th Jan., 1793, the Birthday of the Author, on hearing a Thrush sing in a morning Walk. Sing on sweet thrush, upon the leafless bough †

Spoke extempore to a young Lady.

From the white blossom'd sloe my dear Chloe requested †

Stay, my charmer, can you leave me? † S. Streams that glide in orient plains,† S.

Sweet fa's the eve on Craigieburn † S.

Sweetest May let love inspire thee † S.

Symon Gray†
To a Poetaster at Dunse.

Talk not of Love, it gives me pain † S.

Tam Glen. S.

My heart is a-breaking, dear titty t

Tam o' Shanter. A Tale. When chapmen billies leave the street, †

Tam Samson's Elegy.
Has auld K******* seen the Deil?†

That there is falsehood in his looks †
On hearing that there was Falsehood in the Rev. Dr.
B—'s very Looks.

The Answer to the Guidwife of Wauchope-House.

I mind it weel in early date †

The auld man he came over the lea † S.

The Author's earnest Cry and Prayer, to the Right Honorable and Honorable, the Scotch Representatives in the House of Commons.

Ye Irish Lords, ye knights an' squires, †

Postscript, to above.

Let half-starv'd slaves in warmer skies †

The Banks of Doon. S.

Ye flowery banks o' bonie Doon †

The Banks of Nith. S.

The Thames flows proudly to the sea †

The Battle of Sherra-Moor. S.
O cam ye here the fight to shun †

The Belles of Mauchline.
In Mauchline there dwells six proper young belles†

The Black-Headed Eagle.
The black-headed Eagle †

The bonie Lass of Albany. S.
My heart is wae, and unco wae t

The Book-Worms.

Through and through the inspired leaves †

The Brigs of Ayr.

The simple Bard, rough at the rustic plough †

The Calf.

Right, Sir! your text I'll prove it true †

The Captain's Lady. S. When the drums do beat †

The Captive Ribband, S. Dear Myra, the captive ribband's mine †

The cardin o't, &c. S.
I coft a stane o' haslock woo †

The Catrine woods were yellow seen † S.

The Contented Cottager. S.

Oh leeze me on my spinning-wheel †

The Cooper o' cuddy cam here awa † S.

The Cotter's Saturday Night.
My lov'd, my honor'd, much respected friend †

The day returns, my bosom burns † S.

The Dean of Faculty. A New Ballad.
Dire was the hate at old Harlaw

The Death and dying Words of poor Mailie. As Mailie, an' her lambs thegither †

The deil cam' fiddlin' thro' the town, † S.
Song, written and sung at a meeting of Excise-officers.

The Deuks dang o'er my Daddie. S.
The bairns gat out wi' an unco shout †

The Election Ballads.

I. The Five Carlines.

There was five carlines in the south † II. Whom will you send to London town †

III. Fy, let us a' to Kirkcudbright †

IV. Wha will buy my troggin †

V. John Bushby's Lamentation.
'Twas in the seventeen hundred year †

VI. Epistle to R. Graham, Esq., of Fintry. Fintry, my stay in worldly strife †

The Farewell.

Farewell, old Scotia's bleak domains †

The Farewell. To the Brethren of St. James's Lodge, Tarbolton. Adieu! a heart-warm, fond adieu! †

The Fête Champetre.
O wha will to Saint Stephen's house †

The First Psalm.

The man, in life where-ever plac'd †

The First six Verses of the Ninetieth Psalm. O Thou, the first, the greatest friend †

The gloomy night is gath'ring fast † S.

The gowden Locks of Anna. S. Yestreen I had a pint o' wine †

The heather was blooming, the meadows were mawn † S.

The Henpecked Husband.

Curs'd be the man, the poorest wretch in life †

The Hermit.
Whoe'er thou art, these lines now reading †

The Highland Lassie. S. Nae gentle dames, tho' e'er sae fair †

The Highland Widow's Lament. S. Oh, I am come to the low countrie †

The Holy Fair. Upon a simmer Sunday morn † The Honest Man the best of Men. S.
Where's he for honest poverty †
Is there for honest poverty † The Humble Petition of Bruar Water.

My Lord, I know, your noble ear †

The Inventory.

Sir, as your mandate did request †

The Jolly Beggars: A Cantata.

I. When lyart leaves bestrow the yird † R.

I. I am a Son of Mars who have been in many S. wars t

II. He ended; and the Kebars sheuk †

II. I once was a maid tho' I cannot tell when † S

III. Poor Merry Andrew in the neuk † R. III. Sir Wisdom's a fool when he's fou † S.

R. IV. Then niest outspak a raucle Carlin †

S IV. A highland lad my love was born †

V. A pigmy scraper wi' his fiddle † R.

V. Let me ryke up to dight that tear † S.

VI. Her charms had struck a sturdy caird † R.

VI. My bonie lass I work in brass † S.

VII. The Caird prevail'd-th' unblushing fair † R.

S. VII. I am a Bard of no regard †

R. VIII. So sung the Bard-and Nansie's waws †

S. VIII. See the smoking bowl before us †

The Joyful Widower. S.

I married with a scolding wife †

The Kirk's Alarm.

Orthodox, orthodox, wha believe in John Knox †

The Laddies by the banks o' Nith † S.

The Lament. Occasioned by the unfortunate Issue of a Friend's

Amour.
O Thou pale Orb, that silent shines †

The Lass that made the bed to me. S. When January winds were blawing cauld †

The last braw bridal that I was at † S.

The last time I came o'er the Moor † S.

[This song is almost identical, especially in the last stanza, with the Song—" Farewell, thou stream, &c."]

The lazy mist hangs from the brow of the hill † S.

The League and Covenant.

The Solemn League and Covenant † The lovely lass of Inverness † S.

The night was still, and o'er the hill †

The noble Maxwells and their Powers † S. Nithsdale's Welcome Hame.

The Ordination.

K******** Wabsters, fidge an' claw †

The Ploughman he's a bonie lad † S.

The Poor Thresher. S.

A Nobleman liv'd in a village of late †

O Love will venture in, where it darena weel be seen †

The Rights of Woman.
While Europe's eye is fix'd on mighty things †

The Rigs o' Barley. S.
It was upon a Lammas night †

The Ruined Maid's Lament.
O meikle do I rue, fause love †

The Selkirk Grace.

Some hae meat and canna eat †

The Slave's Lament. S.

It was in sweet Senegal that my foes did me enthral †

The small birds rejoice on the green leaves returning † S

The Sons of old Killie. S.
Ye sons of old Killie assembled by Willie †

The sun he is sunk in the west † S.

Song, in the Character of a Ruined Farmer.

The Tarbolton Lasses.

If ye gae up to you hill-tap †

The Taylor fell thro' the bed, thimble an' a' † S.

The Taylor he cam here to sew † S.
The Taylor.

"The Tears I shed."
No cold approach, no alter'd mien †

The tither morn † S.

The Toast.
Fill me with the rosy wine †

The Tree of Liberty.

Heard ye o' the Tree o' France †

The Twa Dogs, A Tale.
'Twas in that place o' Scotland's isle †

The Twa Herds.
O a' ye pious godly flocks †

The Union. S.

Fareweel to a' our Scotish fame † Such a parcel of rogues in a nation.

The Vision.

The sun had clos'd the winter-day, †

The Vowels.
'Twas where the birch and sounding thong are ply'd †

The weary Pund o' Tow. S.

I bought my wife a stane o' lint †

The Whistle.

I sing of a Whistle, a Whistle of worth † The winter it is past, and the summer comes at last † S.

The young Highland Rover. S.

Loud blaw the frosty breezes †

Their groves of sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon † S.

Theniel Menzie's bonie Mary. S. In coming by the brig o' Dye †

There came a piper out o' Fife †

There grows a bonie brier bush in our kail-yard † S.

There liv'd ance a carle in Kellyburn-braes † S.

There was a bonie lass † S.

There was a lad was born in Kyle † S.

There was a lass, and she was fair † S.

There's a youth in this city, it were a great pity † S.

There's naethin like the honest nappy ! †

There's auld Rob Morris that wons in you glen † S.

There's news, lasses, news † S.

Thickest night surround my dwelling † S.

Thine am I my faithful fair † S.

Third Epistle to J. Lapraik.
Guid speed an' furder to you Johny †

Tho' cruel fate should bid us part † S.
The Northern Lass.

Thou hast left me ever, Tam † S. Though fickle Fortune has deceiv'd me † S.

[The first Stanza of this Song is almost the same as the last four lines of "I dream'd I lay," &c.]

Tibbie Dunbar. S. O wilt thou go wi' me, sweet Tibbie Dunbart

-. (Mossgiel-1786). Yours this moment I unseal †

To a Haggis. Fair fa' your honest, sonsie face †

To a Kiss.

Humid seal of soft affections †

To a Lady, with a Present of a Pair of Drinking Glasses. Fair Empress of the Poet's soul†

To a Louse. Ha! whare ye gaun, ye crowlan ferlie †

To a Medical Gentleman, inviting him to a Masonic Meeting. Friday first's the day appointed †

To a Mountain-Daisy, on turning one down with the Plough. Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r †

To a Mouse. Wee, sleeket, cowran, tim'rous beastie †

To a Painter.

-, I'll gie ye some advice † Dear -

To a Young Lady, Miss Jessy L-, Dumfries. Thine be the volumes, Jessy fair †

To Captain Riddel, Glenriddel. Your news and review, Sir, I've read †

To Chloris.
'Tis Friendship's pledge, my young, fair friend †

To Clarinda.

Before I saw Clarinda's face †

To Clarinda.
"I burn, I burn, as when through ripen'd corn †

To daunton me. S.

The blude red rose at Yule may blaw t

To Dr. Blacklock.
Wow, but your letter made me vauntie!

To Dr. Maxwell, on Miss Jessy Staig's Recovery. Maxwell, if merit here you crave †

To Gavin Hamilton, Esq., Mauchline (recommending a boy).
I hold it, Sir, my bounden duty †

To John M'Murdo. O, could I give thee India's wealth †

To J. S****.

Dear S****, the sleest, pawkie thief†

To John Taylor. With Pegasus upon a day t

To Lord G.

Spare me thy vengeance, G-t

To Mary. Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary†

To Mary in Heaven.
Thou ling'ring star, with less'ning ray †

To Miss Ainslie while looking for a Text at Church. Fair maid, you need not take the hint †

To Miss C., a very young Lady. Beauteous rose-bud, young and gay t

To Miss Ferrier. Nae heathen name shall I prefix †

To Miss Fontenelle.

Sweet naïveté of feature †

To Miss Graham of Fintry, with a Present of Songs. Here, where the Scottish muse immortal lives

To Miss L., with Beattie's Poems for a New-Year's Gift.
Again the silent wheels of time †

To Mr. John Kennedy. Now Kennedy, if foot or horse †

To Mr. M'Adam, of Craigen-Gillan. Sir, o'er a gill I gat your card †

To Mr. Renton, of Lamerton, near Berwick. Your billet, Sir, I grant receipt †

To Mr. S**e, with a Present of a dozen of Porter. O had the malt thy strength of mind t

To Mr. Peter Stuart, publisher of "The Star," London.
Dear Peter, dear Peter †
To R***** G***** of F*****, Esq.
Late crippled of an arm, and now a leg †

To Robert Graham, Esq. of Fintry, on receiving a Favor.

I call no goddess to inspire my strains †

To Ruin.
All hail! inexorable lord! †

To Terraughty, on his Birth-day. Health to the Maxwells' vet'ran Chief †

To the Rev. John M'Math. While at the stook the shearers cow'r †

To thee, lov'd Nith, thy gladsome plains † S.

To William Creech. Auld chuckie Reekie's sair distrest †

To W. Simpson, Ochiltree.
I gat your letter, winsome Willie †

Tragic Fragment.
"All devil as I am, a damned wretch †

True hearted was he the sad swain of the Yarrow † S.

Turn again, thou fair Eliza † S.

'Twas even—the dewy fields were green † S.
'Twas even; or, the Lass o' Ballochmyle.

'Twas na her bonie blue e'e was my ruin; † S.

Up in the Morning early, S.
Cauld blaws the wind frae east to west †

Verse written on a Pane of Glass, on the occasion of a National Thanksgiving for a Naval Victory. Ye hypocrites! are these your pranks?†

Verses addressed to the Landlady of the Inn at Rosslyn. My blessings on you, sonsie wife †

Verses addressed to J. Ranken.
I am a keeper of the law †

Verses intended to be written below a noble Earl's Picture. Whose is that noble, dauntless brow? †

Verses written on a Window of the Inn at Carron. We cam' na here to view your warks t

Verses written under violent Grief.
Accept the gift a friend sincere †

Wae is my heart, and the tear's in my e'e † S.

Wandering Willie. S. Here awa, there awa, wandering Willie †

Wantonness for ever mair † S.

Wee Willie Gray, an' his leather wallet † S.

Wha is that at my bower door?† S.

What ails ye now, ye lousie b—h†
Robert Burns' Answer to an Epistle from a Taylor.

What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man † S.

What will I do gin my Hoggie die? † S.

When clouds in skies do come together †

When first I came to Stewart Kyle † S.

When first I saw fair Jeanie's face † S.

When I think on the happy days t

When o'er the hill the eastern star t S.

When wild War's deadly blast was blawn † S.

Where are the joys I have met in the morning † S.

Where Cart rins rowing to the sea † S.

Why am I loth to leave this earthly scene?†
Stanzas on the same Occasion as the Poem entitled "A
Prayer in the Prospect of Death."

Why, why tell thy lover † S.

Willie Wastle dwalt on Tweed † S. Willie Wastle's Wife.

Will ye go and marry Katie?† S.

Wilt thou be my dearie?† S.

Winter, a Dirge.
The Wintry West extends his blast †

Women's Minds. S.

In S Minus. 5.

Tho' women's minds like winter winds †

[Stanzas 2nd, 4th, 5th of this Song same as Stanzas in another Sett of the Song in "The Jolly Beggars.]

Written on a Blank Leaf of one of Miss Hannah More's Works which she had given him. Thou flattering mark of friendship kind †

Written in Friars-Carse Hermitage on Nith-side. Thou whom chance may hither lead †

Written in the Hermitage at Friars-Carse.

Written in the Hermitage at Friars-Carse.

Thou whom chance may hither lead†

[The first 8 lines and the last 2 lines of this piece occur
in the preceding version.]

Written with a Pencil over the Chimney-piece in the Parlour of
the Inn at Kenmore, Taymouth.

Admiring Nature in her wildest grace †

Written under the Portrait of Fergusson, the Poet. Curse on ungrateful man, that can be pleas'd †

Written with a Pencil, standing by the Fall of Fyers.

Among the heathy hills and ragged woods †

Ye banks, and braes, and streams around † S.

Ye banks and braes o' bonie Doon† S.
[Another Sett of this Song is entitled—"The Banks of Doon".]

Ye hae lien wrang, Lassie. S. Your rosy cheeks are turned sae wan t

Ye Jacobites by name, give an ear, give an ear † S.

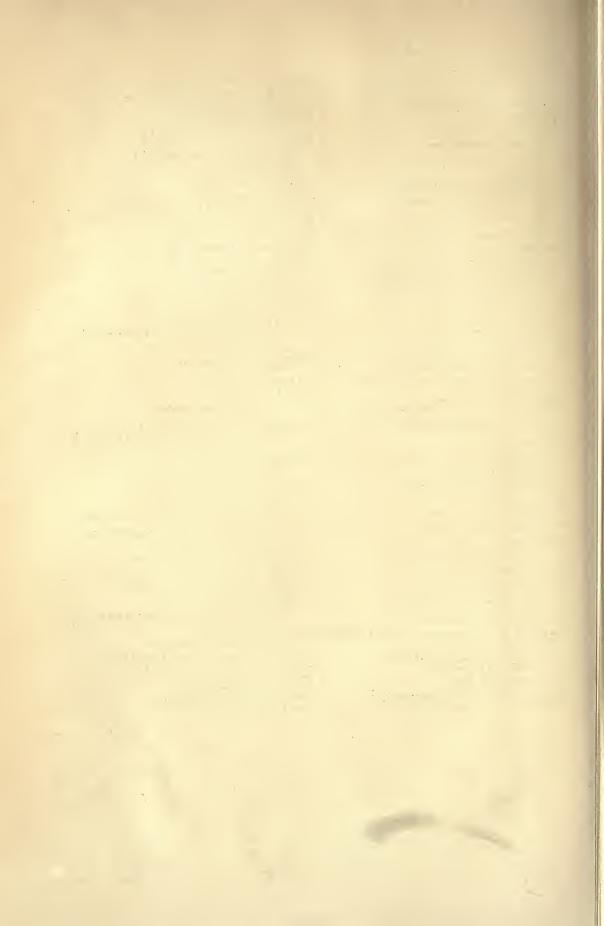
Ye true "Loyal Natives," attend to my song t

You wild mossy mountains sae lofty and wide † S.

Young Jamie, pride of a' the plain † S.

Young Jockey was the blythest lad † S.

Young Peggy blooms our bonniest lass † S.



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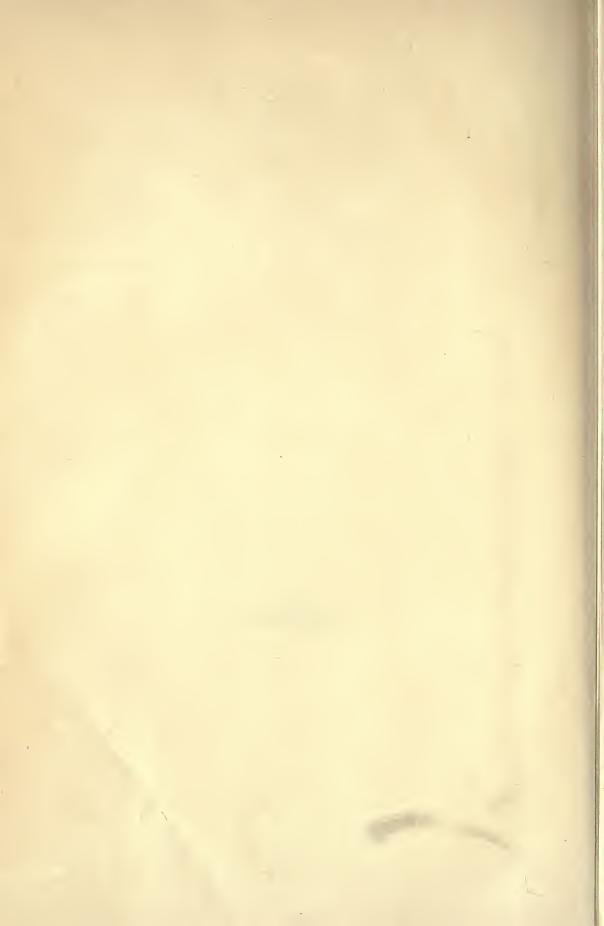
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