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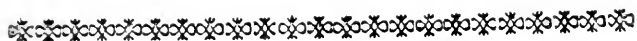
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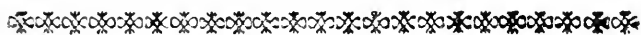




P O E M S,

C H I E F L Y

*S C O T T I S H.*









ROBERT BURNS



P O E M S,

CHIEFLY IN THE

*SCOTTISH DIALECT.*

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BY

ROBERT BURNS.

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EDINBURGH:  
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,  
AND SOLD BY WILLIAM CREECH,

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M, DCC, LXXXVII.

*Entered in Stationer's Hall.*

DEDICATION.

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T O T H E  
NOBLEMEN AND GENTLEMEN  
O F T H E  
CALEDONIAN HUNT.

MY LORDS, AND GENTLEMEN,

*A* Scottish Bard, proud of the name, and whose highest ambition is to sing in his Country's service, where shall he so properly look for patronage as to the illustrious Names of his native Land; those who bear the honours and inherit the virtues of  
their

*their Ancestors?—The Poetic Genius of my Country found me as the prophetic bard Elijah did Elisha—at the plough; and threw her inspiring mantle over me. She bade me sing the loves, the joys, the rural scenes and rural pleasures of my natal Soil, in my native tongue: I tuned my wild, artless notes, as she inspired.—She whispered me to come to this ancient metropolis of Caledonia, and lay my Songs under your honoured protection: I now obey her dictates.*

*Though much indebted to your goodness, I do not approach you, my Lords and Gentlemen, in the usual stile of dedication, to thank you for past favours; that path is so hackneyed by prostituted Learning, that honest Rusticity is ashamed of it.—Nor do I present this Address with the venal soul of a servile Author, looking for a continuation of those favours: I was bred to the Plough, and am independent. I come to claim the common Scottish name with you, my illustri-*

ous Countrymen ; and to tell the world that I glory in the title.—I come to congratulate my Country, that the blood of her ancient heroes still runs uncontaminated ; and that from your courage, knowledge, and public spirit, she may expect protection, wealth, and liberty.—In the last place, I come to proffer my warmest wishes to the Great Fountain of Honour, the Monarch of the Universe, for your welfare and happiness.

When you go forth to waken the Echoes, in the ancient and favourite amusement of your Forefathers, may Pleasure ever be of your party ; and may Social-joy await your return ! When harassed in courts or camps with the jostlings of bad men and bad measures, may the honest consciousness of injured Worth attend your return to your native Seats ; and may Domestic Happiness, with a smiling welcome, meet you at your gates ! May Corruption shrink at your kindling indignant glance ; and may tyranny in the  
 Ruler

( viii )

*Ruler and licentiousness in the People equally  
find you an inexorable foe !*

*I have the honour to be,*

*With the sincerest gratitude and highest  
respect,*

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

*Your most devoted humble servant,*

ROBERT BURNS.

EDINBURGH,  
April 4. 1787.



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 some have been mislaid.*

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P O E M S,

C H I E F L Y

S C O T T I S H.

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T H E

T W A D O G S,

A

T A L E.

'T WAS in that place o' Scotland's isle,  
That bears the name o' *Auld King  
Coil,*

Upon a bonie day in June,  
When wearing thro' the afternoon,  
Twa Dogs, that were na thrang at hame,  
Forgather'd ance upon a time.

A

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

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

The tither was a ploughman's collie,  
 A rhyming, ranting, raving billie,  
 Wha for his friend an' comrade had him,  
 And in his freaks had *Luath* ca'd him,

After some dog in Highland fang\*,  
Was made lang fyne, lord knows how lang;

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

Nae doubt but they were fain o' ither,  
An' unco pack an' thick thegither;  
Wi' social nose whyles snuff'd an' snowkit;  
Whyles mice and mouldewortsthey howkit;  
Whyles scour'd awa in lang excursion,  
An' worry'd ither in diversion;  
Till tir'd at last wi' mony a farce,  
They sat them down upon their a—,  
An' there began a lang digression  
About the *lords o' the creation*.

\* Cuchullin's dog in Ossian's Fingal:

## C Æ S A R.

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

Our Laird gets in his racked rents,  
 His coals, his kain, an' a' his stents :  
 He rises when he likes himsel ;  
 His flunkies answer at the bell ;  
 He ca's his coach ; he ca's his horse ;  
 He draws a bonie, filken purse  
 As lang's my tail, whare thro' the steeks,  
 The yellow letter'd Geordie keeks.

Frae morn to e'en it's nought but toiling,  
 At baking, roasting, frying, boiling ;  
 An' tho' the gentry first are stechin,  
 Yet ev'n the ha' folk fill their pechan  
 Wi' sauce, ragouts, an' sic like trashtrie,  
 That's little short o' downright wastrie.  
 Our Whipper-in, wee, blafit wonner,  
 Poor, worthless elf, it eats a dinner,



Better than ony tenant man  
 His Honor has in a' the lan':  
 An' what poor cot-folk pit their painch in,  
 I own it's past my comprehension.

### L U A T H.

Trowth, Cæsar, whyles their fash't e-  
 nough;  
 A cotter howkin in a sheugh,  
 Wi' dirty stanes biggin a dyke,  
 Baring a quarry, an' sic like,  
 Himsel, a wife, he thus sustains,  
 A smytrie o' wee, duddie weans,  
 An' nought but his han' darg, to keep  
 Them right an' tight in thack an' rape.

An' when they meet wi' fair difasters,  
 Like los' o' health or want o' masters,  
 Ye maist wad think, a wee touch langer,  
 An' they maun starve o' cauld and hunger:  
 But how it comes, I never kend yet,  
 They're maistly wonderfu' contented;

An' buirdly chiels, an' clever hizzies,  
 Are bred in sic a way as this is.

C Æ S A R.

But then, to see how ye're negleckit,  
 How huff'd, an' cuff'd, an' difrespeckit!  
 L—d, man, our gentry care as little  
 For delvers, ditchers, an' sic cattle;  
 They gang as faucy by poor folk,  
 As I wad by a stinking brock.

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

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

## L U A T H.

They're no fae wretched's ane wad think ;  
 Tho' constantly on poortith's brink,  
 They're fae accustom'd wi' the sight,  
 The view o't gies them little fright.

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

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

An' whyles twalpennie worth o' nappy  
 Can mak the bodies unco happy ;  
 They lay aside their private cares,  
 To mind the Kirk and State affairs ;  
 They'll talk o' patronage an' priests,  
 Wi' kindling fury i' their breasts,

Or tell what new taxation's comin,  
An' ferlic at the folk in *Lon'on*.

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

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

Still it's owre true that ye hae said,  
Sic game is now owre aften play'd ;

There's monie a creditable stock  
 O' decent, honest, fawfont folk,  
 Are riven out baith root an' branch,  
 Some rascal's pridefu' greed to quench,  
 Wha thinks to knit himsel the faster  
 In favor wi' some gentle Master,  
 Wha ablins thrang a parliamentin,  
 For Britain's guid his faul indentin——

C Æ S A R.

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

There, at *Vienna* or *Verfailles*,  
 He rives his father's auld entails ;

Or by *Madrid* he takes the rout,  
 To thrum guitars an' fecht wi' nowt ;  
 Or down Italian *Vista* startles,  
 Wh-re-hunting amang groves o' myrtles :  
 Then boufes drumlie German water,  
 To mak himsel look fair and fatter,  
 An' clear the consequential sorrows,  
 Love-gifts of Carnival Signioras.

*For Britain's guid!* for her destruction!  
 Wi' dissipation, feud an' faction!

### L U A T H.

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

O would they stay aback frae courts,  
 An' please themsels wi' countra sports,  
 It wad for ev'ry ane be better,  
 The Laird, the Tenant, an' the Cotter !  
 For thae frank, rantin, ramblin billies,  
 Fient haet o' them 's ill hearted fellows ;

Except for breakin o' their timmer,  
Or speakin lightly o' their Limmer,  
Or shootin o' a hare or moorcock,  
The ne'er-a-bit they're ill to poor folk.

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

C Æ S A R.

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

It's true, they need na starve or fweat,  
Thro' Winter's cauld, or Simmer's heat;  
They've nae fair wark to craze their banes,  
An' fill auld age wi' grips an' granes;  
But human bodies are sic fools,  
For a' their colleges and schools,  
That when nae real ills perplex them,  
They mak enow themfels to vex them;

An' ay the less they hae to flirt them,  
In like proportion, less will hurt them.

A country fellow at the pleugh,  
His acre's till'd, he's right eneugh ;  
A country girl at her wheel,  
Her dizzen's done, she's unco weel :  
But Gentlemen, an' Ladies warst,  
Wi' ev'n down want o' wark are curst.  
They loiter, lounging, lank, an' lazy ;  
Tho' deil haet ails them, yet uneasy ;  
Their days, insipid, dull an' tasteless,  
Their nights, unquiet, lang, and restless.

An' ev'n their sports, their balls an' races,  
Their galloping thro' public places,  
There's sic parade, sic pomp an' art,  
The joy can scarcely reach the heart.

The Men cast out in party matches,  
Then sowther a' in deep debauches.  
Ae night, they're mad wi' drink an' wh-ring,  
Niest day their life is past enduring.



The Ladies arm-in-arm in clusters,  
 As great an' gracious a' as sisters ;  
 But hear their absent thoughts o' ither,  
 They're a' run deils an' jads thegither.  
 Whyles, owre the wee bit cup an' platie,  
 They sip the scandal potion pretty ;  
 Or lee-lang nights, wi' crabbit leuks,  
 Pore owre the devil's pictur'd beuks ;  
 Stake on a chance a farmer's stackyard,  
 An' cheat like ony unhang'd blackguard.

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

By this, the sun was out o' sight,  
 An' darker gloamin brought the night :  
 The *bum-clock* humm'd wi' lazy drone,  
 The kye stood rowtin i' the loan ;  
 When up they gat an' fhook their lugs,  
 Rejoic'd they were na *men* but *dogs* ;  
 An' each took aff his several way,  
 Resolv'd to meet some ither day.

## S C O T C H D R I N K.

*Gie him strong drink until he wink,  
 That's sinking in despair ;  
 An' liquor guid to fire his bluid,  
 That's prest wi' grief an' care :  
 There let him bouse an' deep carouse,  
 Wi' bumpers flowing o'er,  
 Till he forgets his loves or debts,  
 An' minas his griefs no more.*

SOLOMON'S PROVERBS, xxxi. 6, 7.

**L** E T other Poets raise a fracas  
 'Bout vines, an' wines, an' druken  
*Bacchus,*  
 An' crabbit names an' stories wrack us,  
 An' grate our lug,  
 I sing the juice *Scotch bear* can mak us,  
 In glafs or jug.

O thou, my *Muse!* guid, auld *Scotch*  
*Drink!*

Whether thro' wimplin worms thou jink,  
Or, richly brown, ream owre the brink,  
In glorious faem,  
Inspire me, till I lisp an' wink,  
To sing thy name!

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

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

Food fills the wame, an' keeps us livin;  
Tho' life's a gift no worth receivin,

When heavy-dragg'd wi' pine an' grievin ;  
But oil'd by thee,  
The wheels o' life gae down-hill, screevin,  
Wi' rattlin glee.

Thou clears the head o' doited Lear ;  
Thou chears the heart o' drooping Care ;  
Thou strings the nerves o' Labor fair,  
At's weary toil ;  
Thou ev'n brightens dark Despair,  
Wi' gloomy smile.

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

Thou art the life o' public haunts ;  
But thee, what were our fairs and rants ?  
Ev'n godly meetings o' the saunts,  
By thee inspir'd,

When gaping they besiege the *tents*,  
Are doubly fir'd.

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

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

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

When skirlin weanies see the light,  
Thou maks the goffips clatter bright,  
How fumbling Cuifs their Dearies flight,  
Wae worth the name !  
Nae Howdic gets a social night,  
Or plack frae them.

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

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

Wae worth that *brandy*, burning trash !  
Fell source o' monie a pain an' brash !

Twins monie a poor, doylt, druken hash,  
O' half his days ;  
An' fends, beside, auld *Scotland's* cash  
To her warft faes.

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

May gravels round his blather wrench,  
An' gouts torment him, inch by inch,  
Wha twists his gruntle wi' a glunch  
O' four disdain,  
Out owre a glafs o' *Whisky punch*  
Wi' honest men !

O *Whisky* ! foul o' plays an' pranks !  
Accept a Bardie's gratefu' thanks !  
When wanting thee, what tuneless cranks  
Are my poor Verses !

Thou comes——they rattle i' their ranks  
At ither's a—— !

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

Thae curst horse-leeches o' th' Excise,  
Wha mak the *whisky stells* their prize !  
Haud up thy han' Deil ! ance, twice, thrice !  
There, seize the blinkers !  
An' bake them up in brunstane pies  
For poor d--n'd drinkers.

Fortune, if thou'll but gie me still  
Hale brecks, a feone, an' *whisky gill*,  
An' rowth o' rhyme to rave at will,  
Tak' a' the rest,  
An' deal't about as thy blind skill  
Directs thee best.



THE AUTHOR'S

EARNEST CRY AND PRAYER\*,

*To the Right Honourable and Honourable,  
the Scotch Representatives in the House  
of Commons.*

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

PARODY ON MILTON.

**Y**E Irish Lords, ye Knights an' Squires,  
Wha *represent* our brughs an' shires,  
An' doucely manage our affairs  
                                    In Parliament,  
To you a simple Bardie's pray'rs  
                                    Are humbly sent.

\* This was wrote before the Act anent the Scotch Distilleries, of session 1786; for which Scotland and the Author return their most grateful thanks.

Alas ! my roupet Muse is hearse !  
Your Honor's hearts wi' grief 'twad pierce,  
To see her fittin on her a—

Low i' the dust,  
An' screechin out prosaic verse,  
An' like to brust !

Tell them whae hae the chief direction,  
*Scotland* an' *me's* in great affliction,  
E'er sin' they laid that curst restriction

On *Aquavita* ;  
An' rousé them up to strong conviction,  
An' move their pity.

Stand forth, an' tell yon *Premier Youth*  
The honest, open, naked truth :

Tell him o' mine an' Scotland's drouth,  
His servants humble :  
The muckle devil blaw ye fouth,  
If ye dissembel !

Does ony great man glunch an' gloom ?  
Speak out an' never fash your thumb !

Let pofts an' pensions fink or foom

Wi' them wha grant 'em:

If honeftly they canna come,

Far better want 'em.

In gath'rin votes you were na flack ;

Now ftand as tightly by your tack :

Ne'er claw your lug, an' fidge your back,

An' hum an' haw,

But raife your arm, an' tell your crack

Before them a'.

Paint Scotland greetin owre her thriſle ;

Her mutchkin ftoup as toom's a whifſle ;

An' d-mn'd Excifemen in a bufſle,

Seizin a *Stell*,

Triumphant cruſhin't like a muſſel

Or lampit ſhell.

Then on the tither hand preſent her,

A blackguard Smuggler, right behint her,

An' cheek-for-chow, a chuffie Vintner,

Colleaguin join,

Picking her pouch as bare as Winter,  
Of a' kind coin.

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

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

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

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

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

*Erskine*, a spunkie Norland billie ;  
True *Campbells*, *Frederick* an' *Ilay* ;  
An' *Livistone*, the bauld *Sir Willie* ;  
An' monie ithers,  
Whom auld Demosthenes or Tully  
Might own for brithers.

Arouse, my boys ! exert your mettle,  
To get auld Scotland back her *kettle* !

Or faith ! I'll wad my new pleugh-pettle,  
Ye'll fee't or lang,  
She'll teach you, wi' a reekin whittle,  
Anither fang.

This while she's been in crankous mood,  
Her *loft Militia* fir'd her bluid ;  
(Deil na they never mair do guid,  
Play'd her that pliskie !)  
An' now she's like to rin red-wud  
About her Whisky.

An' L—d, if ance they pit her till't,  
Her tartan petticoat she'll kilt,  
An' durk an' pistol at her belt,  
She'll tak the streets,  
An' rin her whittle to the hilt,  
I' th' first she meets !

For G-d fake, Sirs ! then speak her fair,  
An' fraik her cannie wi' the hair,  
An' to the muckle house repair,  
Wi' instant speed,

An' strive, wi' a' your Wit an' Lear,  
To get remead.

Yon ill-tongu'd tinkler, *Charlie Fox*,  
May taunt you wi' his jeers an' mocks ;  
But gie him't het, my hearty cocks !  
E'en cowe the cadie !  
An' fend him to his dicing box  
An' sportin lady.

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

Could he some *commutation* broach,  
I'll pledge my aith in gude braid Scotch,  
He need na fear their foul reproach  
Nor erudition,

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

Yon mixtie-maxtie, queer hotch-potch,  
The *Coalition*.

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

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

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



P O S T S C R I P T.

Let half-starv'd slaves in warmer skies,  
See future wines, rich-clust'ring, rise ;  
Their lot auld Scotland ne'er envies,  
                                But blythe an' frisky,  
She eyes her freeborn, martial boys  
                                Tak aff their Whisky.

What tho' their Phœbus kinder warms,  
While Fragrance blooms and Beauty charms!  
When wretches range, in famish'd swarms,  
                                The scented groves,  
Or hounded forth, dishonor arms  
                                In hungry droves.

Their gun's a burden on their shoulder ;  
They downa bide the stink o' powther ;  
Their bauldest thought's a hank'ring swither  
                                To stan' or rin,

Till skelp—a shot—they're aff, a throw-  
ther,

To save their skin.

But bring a *Scotchman* frae his hill,  
Clap in his cheek a Highland gill,  
Say, such is royal *George's* will,

An' there's the foe,

He has nae thought but how to kill

Twa at a blow.

Nae cauld, faint-hearted doubtings tease  
him ;

Death comes, wi' fearless eye he sees him ;

Wi' bluidy han' a welcome gies him ;

An' when he fa's,

His latest draught o' breathin lea'es him

In faint huzzas.

Sages their solemn een may seek,

An' raise a philosophic reek,

An' physically causes seek,

In clime an' season,

But tell me *Whisky's* name in Greek,  
I'll tell the reason.

*Scotland*, my auld, respected Mither !  
Tho' whyles ye moistify your leather,  
Till whare ye fit, on craps o' heather,  
Ye tine your dam ;  
*Freedom* and *Whisky* gang thegither,  
Tak aff your dram !

T H E

## H O L Y F A I R \*.

*A robe of seeming truth and trust  
 Hid crafty observation;  
 And secret hung, with poison'd crust,  
 The dirk of Defamation:  
 A mask that like the gorget show'd,  
 Dye-varying, on the pigeon;  
 And for a mantle large and broad,  
 He wrapt him in Religion.*

HYPOCRISY A-LA-MODE.

## I.

**U**PON a simmer Sunday morn,  
 When Nature's face is fair,  
 I walked forth to view the corn,  
 An' snuff the caller air.

\* *Holy Fair* is a common phrase in the West of Scotland for a sacramental occasion.

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

## II.

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

## III.

The *twa* appear'd like sisters twin,  
 In feature, form, an' claes ;  
 Their visage wither'd, lang an' thin,  
 An' sour as ony flaes :

The *third* cam up, hap-step-an'-lowp,  
 As light as ony lambie,  
 An' wi' a curchie low did stoop,  
 As foon as e'er she saw me,  
 Fu' kind that day.

## IV.

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

## V.

' My name is *Fun*—your cronie dear,  
 ' The nearest friend ye hae ;  
 ' An' this is *Superstition* here,  
 ' An' that's *Hypocrisy*.

‘ I’m gaun to \*\*\*\*\* *Holy fair*,  
‘ To spend an hour in daffin :  
‘ Gin ye’ll go there, yon runkl’d pair,  
‘ We will get famous laughin  
‘ At them this day.’

VI.

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

VII.

Here, farmers gash, in ridin graith,  
Gaed hoddin by their cotters ;  
There, fwankies young, in braw braid-claith,  
Are springin owre the gutters.

The lasses, skelpin barefit, thrang,  
 In silks an' scarlets glitter ;  
 Wi' *sweet-milk cheese*, in monie a whang,  
 An' *jarls*, bak'd wi' butter,  
 Fu' crump that day.

## VIII.

When by the *plate* we set our nose,  
 Weel heaped up wi' ha'pence,  
 A greedy glowr Black Bonnet throws,  
 An' we maun draw our tippence.  
 Then in we go to see the show,  
 On ev'ry side they're gath'rin ;  
 Some carryin dails, some chairs an' stools,  
 An' some are busy bleth'rin  
 Right loud that day.

## IX.

Here stands a shed to fend the show'rs,  
 An' screen our countra Gentry,  
 There, *racer jesses*, an' twa-three wh—res,  
 Are blinkin at the entry.



Here fits a raw o' tittlin jads,  
Wi' heaving breast an' bare neck ;  
An' there, a batch o' wabster lads,  
Blackguarding frae K\*\*\*\*\*ck  
For *fun* this day.

X.

Here, some are thinkin on their fins,  
An' some upo' their claes ;  
Ane curses feet that fyl'd his shins,  
Anither fighs an' prays :  
On this hand fits a Chofen fwatch,  
Wi' screw'd-up, grace-proud faces ;  
On that, a fet o' Chaps, at watch,  
Thrang winkin on the lassies  
To chairs that day.

XI.

O happy is that man, an' blest !  
Nae wonder that it pride him !  
Wha's ain dear lass, that he likes best,  
Comes clinkin down beside him !

Wi' arm repos'd on the chair-back,  
He sweetly does compose him ;  
Which, by degrees, slips round her neck,  
An's loof upon her bosom  
Unkend that day.

XII.

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

XIII.

Hear how he clears the points o' Faith  
Wi' rattlin an' thumpin !  
Now meekly calm, now wild in wrath,  
He's stampin, an' he's jumpin !

His lengthen'd chin, his turn'd-up snout,  
His eldritch squeel an' gestures,  
O how they fire the heart devout,  
Like cantharidian plasters,  
On sic a day !

XIV.

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

XV.

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

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

XVI.

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

XVII.

Wee \*\*\*\*\* nieft, the Guard relieves,  
An' Orthodoxy raibles,  
Tho' in his heart he weel believes,  
An' thinks it auld wives' fables :

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

But faith ! the birkie wants a Manse,  
So, cannilie he hums them ;  
Altho' his carnal wit an' sence  
Like hafflins-wife o'ercomes him  
At times that day.

XVIII.

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

XIX.

Leeze me on Drink ! it gi'es us mair  
Than either School or Colledge :  
It kindles Wit, it waukens Lair,  
It pangs us fou o' Knowledge.

Be't whisky gill or penny wheep,  
Or ony stronger potion,  
It never fails, on drinkin deep,  
To kittle up our notion,  
By night or day.

XX.

The lads an' lassies, blythely bent  
To mind baith faul an' body,  
Sit round the table, weel content,  
An' flier about the toddy.  
On this ane's drefs, an' that ane's leuk,  
They're makin observations ;  
While some are cozie i' the neuk,  
An' formin assignations  
To meet some day.

XXI.

But now the L—'s ain trumpet touts,  
Till a' the hills are rairin,  
An' echos back return the shouts ;  
Black \*\*\*\*\* is na spar in :

His piercing words, like Highlan fwords,  
Divide the joints an' marrow ;  
His talk o' H-ll, whare devils dwell,  
Our vera ' Sauls does harrow \*'  
Wi' fright that day !

XXII.

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

XXIII.

'Twad be owre lang a tale to tell,  
How monie stories past,  
An' how they crouded to the yill,  
When they were a' dismiss :

\* Shakespeare's Hamlet.

How drink gaed round, in cogs an' caups,  
 Amang the furms an' benches ;  
 An' cheefe an' bread, frae women's laps,  
 Was dealt about in lunches,  
 An' dawds that day.

## XXIV.

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

## XXV.

Waefucks ! for him that gets nae lafs,  
 Or lassies that hae naething !  
 Sma' need has he to fay a grace,  
 Or melvie his braw clathing !



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

## XXVI.

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

## XXVII.

How monie hearts this day converts  
 O' Sinners and o' Lasses !  
 Their hearts o' ftane gin night are gane,  
 As fast as ony flesh is.

There's some are fou o' love divine ;  
There's some are fou o' brandy ;  
An' monie jobs that day begin,  
May end in Houghmagandie  
Some ither day.

D E A T H

A N D

DOCTOR HORNBOOK.

A

*T R U E S T O R Y.*

**S**OME books are lies frae end to end,  
And some great lies were never  
penn'd:  
Ev'n Ministers they hae been kenn'd,  
In holy rapture,  
Great lies and nonsense baith to vend,  
And nail't wi' Scripture.

But this that I am gaun to tell,  
Which lately on a night befel,  
Is juist as true 's the Deil 's in h-ll,  
Or Dublin city :  
That e'er he nearer comes oursel  
'S a muckle pity.

The Clachan yill had made me canty,  
'twas na fou, but juist had plenty ;  
Intacher'd whyles, but yet took tent ay  
To free the ditches ;  
An' hillocks, stanes, an' bushes kenn'd ay  
Frae ghaists an' witches.

The rising Moon began to glow  
O'er distant *Cumnock* hills out-owre ;  
I count her horns, wi' a' my pow'r,  
I set mysel,  
But whether she had three or four,  
I cou'd na tell.

'twas come round about the hill,  
And todlin down on *Willie's mill*,

Setting my staff wi' a' my skill,  
To keep me ficker ;  
Tho' leeward whyles, against my will,  
I took a bicker.

I there wi' *Something* does forgather,  
That pat me in an eerie fwither ;  
An awfu' scythe, out-owre ae shouther,  
Clear-dangling, hang ;  
A three-tae'd leister on the ither  
Lay, large an' lang.

Its stature seem'd lang Scotch ells twa,  
The queereft shape that e'er I saw,  
For fient a wame it had ava,  
And then its shanks,  
They were as thin, as sharp an' sma'  
As cheeks o' branks.

' Guid-een,' quo' I ; ' Friend ! hae ye been  
' mawin,  
' When ither folk are bufy fawin \* ?'

\* This rencounter happened in feed-time 1785.

It seem'd to mak a kind o' stan',  
But naething spak ;  
At length, says I, ' Friend, whare ye gaun,  
' Will ye go back ?'

It spak right howe—' My name is *Death*,  
' But be na' fle'y'd.'—Quoth I, ' Guid faith,  
' Ye're maybe come to flap my breath ;  
' But tent me, billie ;  
' I red ye weel, tak care o' fkaith,  
' See, there's a gully !'

' Gudeman,' quo' he, ' put up your whittle,  
' I'm no design'd to try its mettle ;  
' But if I did, I wad be kittle  
' To be misfear'd,  
' I wad na' mind it, no that spittle  
' Out-owre my beard.'

' Weel, weel !' says I, ' a bargain be't ;  
' Come, gies your hand, an' fae we're gree't ;  
' We'll ease our shanks an' tak a feat,  
' Come, gies your news !'

‘ This while \* ye hae been mony a gate,  
‘ At mony a house.’

‘ Ay, ay !’ quo’ he, an’ shook his head,  
‘ It’s e’en a lang, lang time indeed  
‘ Sin I began to nick the thread,  
‘ An’ choke the breath :  
‘ Folk maun do something for their bread,  
‘ An’ fae maun *Death*.

‘ Sax thousand years are near hand fled  
‘ Sin’ I was to the butching bred,  
‘ And mony a scheme in vain’s been laid,  
‘ To flap or scar me ;  
‘ Till ane Hornbook’s † ta’en up the trade,  
‘ And faith, he’ll waur me.

‘ Ye ken *Jock Hornbook* i’ the Clachan,  
‘ Deil mak his king’s-hood in a spleuchan !

\* An epidemical fever was then raging in that country.

† This gentleman, Dr Hornbook, is, professionally, a brother of the sovereign Order of the Ferula ; but, by intuition and inspiration, is at once an Apothecary, Surgeon, and Physician.

‘ He’s grown fae weel acquaint wi’ *Buchan*\*,  
‘ And ither chaps,  
‘ The weans haud out their fingers laughin,  
‘ And pouk my hips.

‘ See, here’s a scythe, and there’s a dait,  
‘ They hae pierc’d mony a gallant heart ;  
‘ But Doctor *Hornbook*, wi’ his art  
‘ And curfed skill,  
‘ Has made them baith no worth a f—t,  
‘ D--n’d haet they’ll kill!

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

‘ *Hornbook* was by, wi’ ready art,  
‘ And had fae fortify’d the part,  
‘ That when I looked to my dart,  
‘ It was fae blunt,

\* *Buchan’s Domestic Medicine.*



‘ Fient haet o’t wad hae pierc’d the heart  
‘ Of a kail-runt.

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

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

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

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

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

‘ Waes me for *Jobunny Ged’s Hole*\* now,’  
Quoth I, ‘ if that thae news be true !  
‘ His braw calf-ward whare gowans grew,  
    ‘ Sae white an’ bonie,  
‘ Nae doubt they’ll rive it wi’ the plew ;  
    ‘ They’ll ruin *Jobnie* !’

The creature grain’d an eldritch laugh,  
And says, ‘ Ye needna yoke the pleugh,

\* The grave-digger.

‘ Kirk-yards will foon be till’d eneugh,  
‘ Tak ye nae fear :  
‘ They’ll a’ be trench’d wi’ mony a sheugh,  
‘ In twa-three year.

‘ Whare I kill’d ane, a fair strae-death,  
‘ By los o’ blood, or want o’ breath,  
‘ This night I’m free to tak my aith,  
‘ That *Hornbook’s* skill  
‘ Has clad a score i’ their laft claith,  
‘ By drap and pill.

‘ An honest Wabfter to his trade,  
‘ Whafe wife’s twa nieves were scarce weel-  
‘ bred,  
‘ Gat tippence-worth to mend her head,  
‘ When it was fair ;  
‘ The wife flade cannie to her bed,  
‘ But ne’er fpak mair.

‘ A countra Laird had ta’en the batts,  
‘ Or some curmurring in his guts,  
‘ His only fon for *Hornbook* sets,  
‘ And pays him well,

‘ The lad, for twa guid gimmer-pets,  
‘ Was Laird himsel.

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

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

‘ But hark ! I’ll tell you of a plot,  
‘ Tho’ dinna ye be speakin o’t ;  
‘ I’ll nail the self-conceited Sot,  
‘ As dead’s a herrin :  
‘ Nienst time we meet, I’ll wad a groat,  
‘ He gets his fairin !’

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

T H E

B R I G S O F A Y R.

A P O E M.

*Inscribed to J. B\*\*\*\*\*, Esq; AYR.*

**T**HE simple Bard, rough at the rustie  
plough,  
Learning his tuneful trade from ev'ry bough;  
The chanting linnnet, or the mellow thrush,  
Hailing the setting sun, sweet, in the green  
thorn bush,  
The soaring lark, the perching red-breast  
shrill,  
Or deep-ton'd plovers, grey, wild-whistling  
o'er the hill;

Shall he, nurst in the Peasant's lowly shed,  
 To hardy Independence bravely bred,  
 By early Poverty to hardship steel'd,  
 And train'd to arms in stern Misfortune's  
     field,

Shall he be guilty of their hireling crimes,  
 The servile, mercenary Swifs of rhymes?  
 Or labour hard the panegyric close,  
 With all the venal soul of dedicating Prose?  
 No! though his artless strains he rudely  
     sings,

And throws his hand uncouthly o'er the  
     strings,

He glows with all the spirit of the Bard,  
 Fame, honest fame, his great his dear re-  
     ward.

Still, if some Patron's gen'rous care he trace,  
 Skill'd in the secret, to bestow with grace;  
 When B\*\*\*\*\* befriends his humble  
     name,

And hands the rustic Stranger up to fame,  
 With heartfelt throes his grateful bosom  
     swells,

The godlike bliss, to give, alone excels.

'Twas when the flacks get on their winter-  
hap,

And thack and rape secure the toil-won  
crap ;

Potatoc-bings are snugged up frae skaith  
Of coming Winter's biting, frosty breath ;

The bees, rejoicing o'er their summer-  
toils,

Unnumber'd buds an' flow'rs' delicious  
spoils,

Seal'd up with frugal care in massive,  
waxen piles,

Are doom'd by Man, that tyrant o'er the  
weak,

The death o' devils, smoor'd wi' brimstone  
reek :

The thund'ring guns are heard on ev'ry side,

The wounded coveys, reeling, scatter wide ;

The feather'd field-mates, bound by Na-  
ture's tie,

Sires, mothers, children, in one carnage lie :



(What warm, poetic heart but inly bleeds,  
 And execrates man's savage, ruthless deeds!)  
 Nae mair the flow'r in field or meadow  
 springs ;

Nae mair the grove with airy concert rings,  
 Except perhaps the Robin's whistling glee,  
 Proud o' the height o' some bit half-lang  
 tree :

The hoary morns precede the funny days, }  
 Mild, calm, serene, wide-spreads the noon- }  
 tide blaze, }  
 While thick the goffamour waves wanton }  
 in the rays. }

'Twas in that season ; when a simple Bard,  
 Unknown and poor, simplicity's reward,  
 Ae night, within the ancient brugh of *Ayr*,  
 By whim inspir'd, or haply prest wi' care,  
 He left his bed and took his wayward rout,  
 And down by *Simpson's* \* wheel'd the left  
 about :

(Whether impell'd by all-directing Fate,  
 To witness what I after shall narrate ;

\* A noted tavern at the *Auld Brig* end.

Or whether, rapt in meditation high,  
 He wander'd out he knew not where nor  
 why)

The drowsy *Dungeon-clock*\* had number'd  
 two,

And *Wallace Tow'r*\* had sworn the fact  
 was true :

The tide-swoln Firth, with fullen-sounding  
 roar,

Through the still night dash'd hoarse along  
 the shore :

All else was hush'd as Nature's clos'd e'e ;  
 The silent moon shone high o'er tow'r and  
 tree :

The chilly Frost, beneath the silver beam,  
 Crept, gently-crufting, o'er the glittering  
 stream.—

When, lo ! on either hand the list'ning  
 Bard,

The clanging fugh of whistling wings is  
 heard ;

\* The two steeples.

Two dusky forms dart thro' the midnight  
air,

Swift as the *Gos* \* drives on the wheeling  
hare ;

Ane on th' *Auld Brig* his airy shape up-  
rears,

The ither flutters o'er the *rising piers* :

Our warlock Rhymer instantly descry'd

The Sprites that owre the *Brigs of Ayr*  
preside.

(That Bards are second-sighted is nae joke,

And ken the lingo of the sp'ritual folk ;

Fays, Spunkies, Kelpies, a', they can ex-  
plain them,

And ev'n the vera deils they brawly ken  
them).

*Auld Brig* appear'd of ancient Pictish race,

The vera wrinkles Gothic in his face :

He seem'd as he wi' Time had warstl'd lang,

Yet, teughly doure, he bade an unco bang.

*New Brig* was buskit in a braw, new coat,

That he, at *Lon'on*, frae ane *Adams* got ;

\* The gos-hawk, or falcon.

In's hand five taper staves as smooth's a  
 bead,  
 Wi' virls an' whirlygigums at the head.  
 The Goth was stalking round with anxious  
 search,  
 Spying the time-worn flaws in ev'ry arch;  
 It chanc'd his new-come neebor took his e'e,  
 And e'en a vex'd and angry heart had he!  
 Wi' thieveless sneer to see his modish mien,  
 He, down the water, gies him this guid-  
 een——

### A U L D B R I G.

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

## NEW BRIG.

Auld Vandal, ye but shaw your little mense,  
 Just much about it wi' your scanty sence ;  
 Will your poor, narrow foot-path of a  
 street,

Where twa wheel-barrows tremble when  
 they meet,

Your ruin'd, formless bulk o' stane and  
 lime,

Compare wi' bonie *Brigs* o' modern time ?  
 There's men of taste wou'd tak the *Ducat-*  
*stream* \*,

Tho' they should cast the vera fark and  
 swim,

E'er they would grate their feelings wi' the  
 view

Of sic an ugly, Gothic hulk as you.

\* A noted ford, just above the Auld Brig.

## A U L D B R I G.

Conceited gowk ! puff'd up wi' windy pride!  
 This mony a year I've stood the flood an'  
 tide ;

And tho' wi' crazy eild I'm fair forfairn,  
 I'll be a *Brig* when ye're a shapeless cairn !  
 As yet ye little ken about the matter,  
 But twa-three winters will inform ye bet-  
 ter.

When heavy, dark, continued, a'-day rains  
 Wi' deepening deluges o'erflow the plains ;  
 When from the hills where springs the  
 brawling *Coil*,

Or stately *Lugar's* mossy fountains boil,  
 Or where the *Greenock* winds his moorland  
 course,

Or haunted *Garpal*\* draws his feeble source,

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

Arous'd by blustering winds an' spotting  
 thowes,  
 In mony a torrent down the snaw-broo  
 rowes ;  
 While crashing ice, borne on the roaring  
 speat,  
 Sweeps dams, an' mills, an' brigs, a' to the  
 gate ;  
 And from *Glenbuck* \*, down to the *Ratton-*  
*key* †,  
 Auld *Ayr* is just one lengthen'd, tumbling  
 sea ;  
 Then down ye'll hurl, deil nor ye never  
 rise !  
 And dash the gumlie jaups up to the pour-  
 ing skies.  
 A lesson sady teaching, to your cost,  
 That Architecture's noble art is lost !

\* The source of the river of Ayr.

† A small landing-place above the large key.

## NEW BRIG.

Fine *architecture*, trowth, I needs must fay't  
o't!

The L—d be thankit that we've tint the  
gate o't!

Gaunt, ghaftly, ghaist-alluring edifices,  
Hanging with threat'ning jut like precipi-  
ces;

O'er-arching, mouldy, gloom-inspiring  
coves,

Supporting roofs, fantastic, stony groves:  
Windows and doors in nameless sculptures  
drest,

With order, symmetry, or taste unblest;  
Forms like some bedlam Statuary's dream,  
The craz'd creations of misguided whim;  
Forms might be worshipp'd on the bend-  
ed knee,

And still the *second dread command* be free,  
Their likeness is not found on earth, in  
air, or sea.



Manfions that would difgrace the building-  
tafte

Of any mafon reptile, bird, or beaft ;

Fit only for a doited Monkifh race,

Or frofty maids forfsworn the dear em-  
brace,

Or Cuifs of later times, wha held the no-  
tion,

That fullen gloom was fterling, true devo-  
tion :

Fancies that our guid Brugh denies pro-  
tection,

And foon may they expire, unbleft with  
refurrection !

### A U L D B R I G.

O ye, my dear-remember'd, ancient yeal-  
ings,

Were ye but here to fhare my wounded  
feelings !

Ye worthy *Proveses*, an' mony a *Bailie*,

Wha in the paths o' righteoufnefs did toil  
ay ;

Ye dainty *Deacons*, an' ye douce *Conveeners*,  
 To whom our moderns are but causey-  
 cleaners ;

Ye godly *Councils* wha hae blest this town ;  
 Ye godly *Brethren* o' the sacred gown,  
 Wha meekly gae your *burdies* to the *smi-*  
*ters* ;

And (what would now be strange) ye god-  
*ly Writers* :

A' ye douce folk I've borne aboon the broo,  
 Were ye but here, what would ye say or  
 do !

How would your spirits groan in deep vex-  
 ation,

To see each melancholy alteration ;

And, agonising, curse the time and place

When ye begat the base, degen'rate race !

Nae langer Rev'rend Men, their country's  
 glory,

In plain, braid Scots hold forth a plain,  
 braid story :

Nae langer thrifty Citizens, an' douce,

Meet owre a pint, or in the Council-house ;

But staumrel, corky-headed, graceless Gen-  
 try,  
 The herryment and ruin of the country ;  
 Men, three-parts made by Taylors and by  
 Barbers,  
 Wha waste your weel-hain'd gear on d—d  
*new Brigs and Harbours !*

### NEW BRIG.

Now haud you there ! for faith ye've said  
 enough,  
 And muckle mair than ye can mak to  
 through.  
 As for your Priesthood, I shall say but little,  
*Corbies and Clergy* are a shot right kittle :  
 But, under favor o' your langer beard,  
 Abuse o' Magistrates might weel be spar'd ;  
 To liken them to your auld-warld squad,  
 I must needs say, comparifons are odd.  
 In *Ayr*, Wag-wits nae mair can have a  
 handle  
 To mouth ' A Citizen,' a term o' scandal :

Nae mair the Council waddles down the  
 street,  
 In all the pomp of ignorant conceit ;  
 Men wha grew wise priggin owre hops an'  
 raisins,  
 Or gather'd lib'ral views in Bonds and Sei-  
 fins.  
 If haply Knowledge, on a random tramp,  
 Had shor'd them with a glimmer of his  
 lamp,  
 And would to Common-sense for once be-  
 tray'd them,  
 Plain, dull Stupidity stept kindly in to aid  
 them.

---

What farther clishmaclaver might been said,  
 What bloody wars, if Sprites had blood to  
 shed,  
 No man can tell ; but, all before their fight,  
 A fairy train appear'd in order bright :

Adown the glittering stream they featly  
danc'd ;

Bright to the moon their various drestes  
glanc'd :

They footed o'er the wat'ry glafs so neat,  
The infant ice scarce bent beneath their  
feet :

While arts of Minstrelfy among them rung,  
And soul-ennobling Bards heroic ditties  
fung.

O had *M'Lauchlan*\*, thairm-inspiring  
Sage,  
Been there to hear this heavenly band  
engage,  
When thro' his dear *Strathspeys* they bore  
with Highland rage ;  
Or when they struck old Scotia's melting  
airs,  
The lover's raptur'd joys or bleeding cares ;

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

How would his Highland lug been nobler  
     fir'd,  
 And ev'n his matchless hand with finer  
     touch inspir'd !  
 No gues's could tell what instrument ap-  
     pear'd,  
 But all the soul of Music's self was heard ;  
 Harmonious concert rung in every part,  
 While simple melody pour'd moving on the  
     heart.

The Genius of the Stream in front appears,  
 A venerable Chief advanc'd in years ;  
 His hoary head with water-lilies crown'd,  
 His manly leg with garter tangle bound.  
 Next came the loveliest pair in all the  
     ring,  
 Sweet Female Beauty hand in hand with  
     Spring ;  
 Then, crown'd with flow'ry hay, came  
     Rural Joy,  
 And Summer, with his fervid-beaming  
     eye :

All-cheering Plenty, with her flowing horn,  
 Led yellow Autumn wreath'd with nod-  
 ding corn ;

Then Winter's time-bleach'd locks did  
 hoary show,

By Hospitality with cloudless brow.

Next follow'd Courage with his martial  
 stride,

From where the *Feal* wild-woody coverts  
 hide :

Benevolence, with mild, benignant air,

A female form, came from the tow'rs of  
*Stair* :

Learning and Worth in equal measures  
 trode,

From simple *Catrine*, their long-lov'd abode :

Last, white-rob'd Peace, crown'd with a  
 hazle wreath,

To rustic Agriculture did bequeath

The broken, iron instruments of Death,

At sight of whom our Sprites forgot their  
 kindling wrath.

## T H E

## O R D I N A T I O N,

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

## I.

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



## II.

Curst Common-sense, that imp o' h-ll,  
 Cam in wi' Maggie Lauder \* ;  
 But C\*\*\*\*\* aft made her yell,  
 An' R\*\*\*\*\* fair misca'd her :  
 This day M\*\*\*\*\* taks the flail,  
 An' he's the boy will blaud her !  
 He'll clap a *shangan* on her tail,  
 An' fet the bairns to daud her  
 Wi' dirt this day,

## III.

Mak haste an' turn king David owre,  
 An' lilt wi' holy clangor ;  
 O' double verse come gie us four,  
 An' skirl up the Bangor :  
 This day the Kirk kicks up a stoure,  
 Nae mair the knaves shall wrang her,

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

For Herefy is in her pow'r,  
And gloriously she'll whang her  
Wi' pith this day.

IV.

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

V.

There, try his mettle on the creed,  
And bind him down wi' caution,

\* Genesis, ch. ix. vers. 22.

† Numbers, ch. xxv. vers. 8.

‡ Exodus, ch. iv. vers. 25.

That *Stipend* is a carnal weed  
He takes but for the fashion ;  
And gie him o'er the flock, to feed,  
And punish each transgression ;  
Especial, *rams* that cross the breed,  
Gie them sufficient threshin,  
Spare them nae day.

VI.

Now auld K\*\*\*\*\*, cock thy tail,  
An' tofs thy horns fu' canty ;  
Nae mair thou'lt rowte out-owre the dale,  
Because thy pasture's scanty ;  
For lapfu's large o' *gospel kail*  
Shall fill thy crib in plenty,  
An' *runts* o' *grace* the pick an' wale,  
No gi'en by way o' dainty  
But ilka day.

VII.

Nae mair by *Babel's streams* we'll weep,  
To think upon our *Zion* ;

And hing our fiddles up to sleep,  
Like baby-clouts a-dryin :  
Come, screw the pegs wi' tunefu' cheep,  
And o'er the thairms be tryin ;  
Oh, rare ! to see our elbucks wheep,  
And a' like lamb-tails flyin  
Fu' fast this day !

VIII.

Lang, *Patronage*, wi' rod o' airn,  
Has shor'd the Kirk's undoin,  
As lately *F-nw-ck*, fair forfairn,  
Has proven to its ruin :  
Our Patron, honest man ! *Gl\*\*\*\*\**,  
He saw mischief was brewin ;  
And like a godly, elect bairn,  
He's wal'd us out a true ane,  
And found this day.

IX.

Now *R\*\*\*\*\** harangue nae mair,  
But steek your gab for ever ;

Or try the wicked town of A\*\*,  
For there they'll think you clever ;  
Or, nae reflection on your lear,  
Ye may commence a Shaver ;  
Or to the *N-th-r-t-n* repair,  
And turn a Carpet-weaver  
Aff-hand this day.

X.

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

XI.

See, see auld Orthodoxy's faes  
She's swingein thro' the city !

L

Hark, how the nine-tail'd cat she plays !

I vow it's unco pretty :

There, Learning, with his Greekish face,

Grunts out some Latin ditty ;

And Common Sense is gaun, she says,

To mak to *Jamie Beattie*

Her plaint this day.

## XII.

But there's Morality himsel,

Embracing all opinions ;

Hear, how he gies the tither yell,

Between his twa companions !

See, how she peels the skin an' fell,

As ane were peelin onions !

Now there, they're packed aff to h-ll,

And banish'd our dominions,

Hencetorth this day.

## XIII.

O happy day ! rejoice, rejoice !

Come boufe about the porter !

Morality's demure decoys

Shall here nae mair find quarter :

M'\*\*\*\*\*, R\*\*\*\*\*, are the boys

That Herefy can torture ;

They'll gie her on a rape a hoyse,

And cove her measure shorter

By th' head some day.

XIV.

Come, bring the tither mutchkin in,

And here's, for a conclusion,

To ev'ry *New-light* \* mother's son,

From this time forth, Confusion :

If mair they deave us wi' their din,

Or Patronage intrusion,

We'll light a spunk, and, ev'ry fkin,

We'll rin them aff in fusion

Like oil, some day.

\* *New-light* is a cant phrase, in the West of Scotland, for those religious opinions which Dr Taylor of Norwich has defended so strenuously.

T H E

C A L F.

*To the Rev. Mr ———, on his text,  
MALACHI, ch. iv. vers. 2. ' And they  
' shall go forth, and grow up, like  
' CALVES of the stall.'*

**R**IGHT, Sir! your text I'll prove it  
true,

Tho' Heretics may laugh ;  
For instance, there's yoursel just now,  
God knows, an unco *Calf!*

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



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

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

And, in your lug, most reverend J——,  
To hear you roar and rowte,  
Few men o' sence will doubt your claims  
To rank amang the *Nowte*.

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

A D D R E S S S

T O T H E

D E I L.

*O Prince! O Chief of many throned Pow'rs,  
That led th'embattl'd Seraphim to war—*

MILTON.

**O** Thou! whatever title suit thee,  
Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie,  
Wha in yon cavern grim an' footie,  
Clos'd under hatches,  
Spairges about the brunstane cootie,  
To scaud poor wretches!

Hear me, auld *Hangie*, for a wee,  
An' let poor, damned bodies be ;  
I'm fure sma' pleafure it can gie,  
                                  Ev'n to a *deil*,  
To skelp an' scaud poor dogs like me,  
                                  An' hear us squeel !

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

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

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

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

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

Ae dreary, windy, winter night,  
The stars shot down wi' sklentim light,  
Wi' you, mysel, I gat a fright,  
Ayont the lough ;  
Ye, like a rash-buif, stood in fight,  
Wi' waving fugh.

The cudgel in my nieve did shake,  
Each bristl'd hair stood like a stake,  
When wi' an eldritch, floor quaick, quaick,  
Amang the springs,

Awa ye squatter'd like a drake,  
On whistling wings.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Lang syne, in *Eden's* bonie yard,  
When youthfu' lovers first were pair'd,

An' all the Soul of Love they shar'd,  
The raptur'd hour,  
Sweet on the fragrant, flow'ry swaird,  
In shady bow'r :

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

D'ye mind that day, when in a bizz,  
Wi' reekit dud's, an' reestit gizz,  
Ye did present your smoutie phiz,  
'Mang better folk,  
An' sklentend on the *man of Uzz*  
Your spitefu' joke ?

An' how ye gat him i' your thrall,  
An' brak him out o' house an' hal',  
While scabs an' botches did him gall,  
Wi' bitter claw,

An' lows'd his ill-tongu'd, wicked Scawl,  
Was warst ava ?

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

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

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

\* Vide MILTON, Book VI.



T H E

*DEATH AND DYING WORDS*

O F

P O O R M A I L I E,

THE AUTHOR'S ONLY PET YOWE.

*An Unco Mournfu' Tale.*

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

\* A neibor herd-callan.

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

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

' Tell him, if e'er again he keep  
 As muckle gear as buy a sheep,  
 O, bid him never tie them mair  
 Wi' wicked strings o' hemp or hair !  
 But ca' them out to park or hill,  
 An' let them wander at their will :  
 So may his flock increafe, an' grow  
 To scores o' lambs, an' packs of woo' !

' Tell him, he was a Master kin',  
 An' ay was guid to me an' mine ;

An' now my dying charge I gie him,  
My helpless lambs, I trust them wi' him.

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

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

' My poor *toop-lamb*, my son an' heir,  
O, bid him breed him up wi' care !  
An' if he live to be a beast,  
To pit some havins in his breast !

An' warn him, what I winna name,  
 To stay content wi' yowes at hame ;  
 An' no to rin an' wear his cloots,  
 Like ither menfeles, gracefeles brutes.

' An' nieft my *yowie*, silly thing,  
 Gude keep thee frae a tether string !  
 O, may thou ne'er forgather up  
 Wi' ony blaftit, moorland toop ;  
 But ay keep mind to moop an' mell,  
 Wi' sheep o' credit like thyfel !

' And now, my bairns, wi' my laft breath,  
 I lea'e my bleffin wi' you baith :  
 An' when you think upo' your Mither,  
 Mind to be kind to anc anither.

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

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

POOR MAILIE'S ELEGY.

LAMENT in rhyme, lament in prose,  
Wi' faut tears trickling down your  
nose ;

Our Bardie's fate is at a close,

Past a' remead !

The last, sad cape-stane of his woes ;

*Poor Mailie's* dead !

Its no the losf o' warl's gear,  
That could fae bitter draw the tear,  
Or mak our Bardie, dowie, wear

The mourning weed :

He's lost a friend and neebor dear,

In *Mailie* dead.

Thro' a' the toun she trotted by him ;  
A lang half-mile she could descry him ;  
Wi' kindly bleat, when she did spy him,

She ran wi' speed :

A friend mair faithfu' ne'er cam nigh him,  
Than *Mailie* dead.

I wat she was a sheep o' sense,  
An' could behave hersel wi' mense :  
I'll say't, she never brak a fence,  
Thro' thievish greed.  
Our Bardie, lanely, keeps the Spence .  
Sin' *Mailie's* dead.

Or, if he wanders up the howe,  
Her living image in her *yowe*,  
Comes bleating to him, owre the knowe,  
For bits o' bread ;  
An' down the briny pearls rowe  
For *Mailie* dead.

She was nae get o' moorland tips,  
Wi' tawted ket, an' hairy hips ;  
For her forbears were brought in ships,  
Frae yont the *Tweed* :  
A bonier *fleesh* ne'er cross'd the clips  
Than *Mailie's* dead.

Wae worth the man wha first did shape  
That vile, wanchancie thing—*a rape!*  
It maks guid fellows girn an' gape,  
                    Wi' chokin dread;  
An' *Robin's* bonnet wave wi' crape  
                    For *Mailie* dead.

O, a' ye Bards on bonie *Doon!*  
An' wha on *Ayr* your chanters tune!  
Come, join the melancholious croon  
                    O' *Robin's* reed!  
His heart will never get aboon!  
                    His *Mailie's* dead!

T O

J. S \* \* \* \* .

*Friendship ! mysterious cement of the soul !  
Sweet'ner of Life, and folder of Society !  
I owe thee much——*

BLAIR.

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

For me, I swear by sun an' moon,  
And ev'ry star that blinks aboon,  
Ye've cost me twenty pair o' shoon  
Just gaun to see you ;



And ev'ry ither pair that's done,  
Mair taen I'm wi' you.

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

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

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

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

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

' There's ither Poets, much your betters,  
' Far seen in *Greek*, deep men o' letters,  
' Hae thought they had enfur'd their debtors,  
' A' future ages ;  
' Now moths deform in shapeless tatters,  
' Their unknown pages.'

Then farewell hopes o' laurel-boughs,  
To garland my poetic brows !

Henceforth I'll rove where busy ploughs  
Are whistling thrang,  
An' teach the lanely heights an' howes  
My rustic fang.

I'll wander on with tentless heed,  
How never-halting moments speed,  
Till fate shall snap the brittle thread ;  
Then, all unknown,  
I'll lay me with th' inglorious dead,  
Forgot and gone !

But why o' Death begin a tale ?  
Just now we're living, found an' hale ;  
Then top and maintop croud the fail,  
Heave *Care* o'er-side !  
And large, before Enjoyment's gale,  
Let's tak the tide.

This life, fae far's I understand,  
Is a' enchanted fairy-land,  
Where Pleasure is the Magic Wand,  
That, wielded right,

Maks Hours like Minutes, hand in hand,  
Dance by fu' light.

The magic-wand then let us wield ;  
For, ance that five-an'-forty's speel'd,  
See, crazy, weary, joyless Eild,  
  Wi' wrinkl'd face,  
Comes hostin, hirplin owre the field,  
  Wi' creeping pace.

When ance *life's day* draws near the  
  gloamin,  
Then fareweel vacant, careless roamin ;  
An' fareweel chearfu' tankards foamin,  
  An' social noise ;  
An' fareweel dear, deluding *woman*,  
  The joy of joys !

O Life ! how pleafant in thy morning,  
Young Fancy's rays the hills adorning !  
Cold-pausing Caution's lesson scorning,  
  We frisk away.

Like school-boys, at th' expected warning,  
To joy and play.

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

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

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

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

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

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

'Gie dreeping roasts to countra Lairds,  
 'Till icicles hing frae their beards;

‘ Gie fine braw claes to fine Life-guards,  
‘ And Maids of Honor ;  
‘ And yill an’ whisky gie to Cairds,  
‘ Until they sconner.

‘ A Title, *Dempster* merits it ;  
‘ A Garter gie to *Willie Pitt* ;  
‘ Gie Wealth to some be-ledger’d Cit,  
‘ In cent. per cent. ;  
‘ But give me real, sterling Wit,  
‘ And I’m content.

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

An anxious e’e I never throws  
Behint my lug, or by my nose ;  
I jouk beneath Misfortune’s blows  
As weel’s I may ;

Sworn foe to Sorrow, Care, and Prose,  
I rhyme away.

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

Nae hair-brain'd, sentimental traces,  
In your unletter'd, nameless faces !  
In *arioso* trills and graces  
Ye never stray,  
But *gravissimo*, solemn basses  
Ye hum away.

Ye are fae *grave*, nae doubt ye're *wife* ;  
Nae ferly tho' ye do despise  
The hairum-scairum, ram-stam boys,  
The rattling squad :  
I see ye upward cast your eyes—  
—Ye ken the road—



Whilft I—but I fhall haud me there—  
Wi' you I'll fcarce gang *ony where*—  
Then, *Jamie*, I fhall fay nae mair,  
  But quat my fang,  
Content with *You* to mak a pair,  
  Whare'er I gang.

A

D R E A M.

*Thoughts, words, and deeds, the Statute  
blames with reason ;  
But surely Dreams were ne'er indicted Treason.*

[On reading, in the public Papers, the *Laureate's Ode*, with the other parade of June 4. 1786, the Author was no sooner dropt asleep, than he imagined himself transported to the Birth-day Levee ; and, in his dreaming fancy, made the following *Address*.]

I.

**G**UID-MORNIN to your *Majesty* !  
May heaven augment your bliffes,  
On ev'ry new *Birth-day* ye see,  
A humble Bardie wishes !

My Bardship here, at your Levee;  
On sic a day as this is,  
Is sure an uncouth fight to see,  
Amang thae Birth-day drestes  
Sae fine this day.

II.

I see ye're complimented thrang,  
By many a lord an' lady ;  
' God save the King ! ' 's a cuckoo sang  
That's unco easy said ay :  
The *Poets*, too, a venal gang,  
Wi' rhymes weel-turn'd and ready,  
Wad gar you trow ye ne'er do wrang,  
But ay unerring steady,  
On sic a day.

III.

For me ! before a Monarch's face,  
Ev'n *there* I winna flatter ;  
For neither Pension, Post, nor Place,  
Am I your humble debtor :

So, nae reflection on *Your Grace*,  
 Your Kingship to bespatter ;  
 There's monie waur been o' the Race,  
 And aiblins ane been better  
 Than You this day.

## IV.

'Tis very true, my soveraign King,  
 My skill may weel be doubted :  
 But Facts are cheels that winna ding,  
 An' downa be disputed :  
 Your Royal Nest, beneath Your wing,  
 Is e'en right reft an' clouted,  
 And now the third part of the string,  
 An' lefs, will gang about it  
 Than did ae day.

## V.

Far be't frae me that I aspire  
 To blame your Legislation,  
 Or say, ye wisdom want, or fire,  
 To rule this mighty nation ;

But, faith ! I muckle doubt, my *Sire*,  
Ye've trusted Ministration  
To chaps, wha, in a barn or byre,  
Wad better fill'd their station  
Than courts yon day.

VI.

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

VII.

I'm no mistrusting *Willie Pitt*,  
When taxes he enlarges,  
(An' *Will's* a true guid fallow's Get,  
A Name not Envy spairges)

That he intends to pay your debt,  
An' lessen a' your charges ;  
But, G-d fave ! let nae *saving-fit*  
Abridge your bonie Barges  
An' Boats this day.

VIII.

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

IX.

Hail, *Majesty most Excellent!*  
While Nobles strive to please Ye,  
Will Ye accept a Compliment  
A simple Bardie gies Ye ?

Thae bonie Bairntime, Heav'n has lent,  
Still higher may they heeze Ye  
In blifs, till Fate some day is fent,  
For ever to release Ye  
Frae Care that day.

X.

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

XI.

Yet aft a ragged *Cowte's* been known  
To mak a noble *Aiver* ;  
So, ye may doucely fill a Throne,  
For a' their clish-ma-claver :

There, Him \* at *Agincourt* wha shone,  
 Few better were or braver ;  
 And yet, wi' funny, queer *Sir John* †,  
 He was an unco shaver  
 For monie a day.

## XII.

For you, right rev'rend O———,  
 Nane sets the *lawn-sleeve* sweeter,  
 Altho' a ribban at your lug  
 Wad been a drefs completer :  
 As ye difown yon paughty dog  
 That bears the Keys of Peter,  
 Then, swith ! an' get a wife to hug,  
 Or, trowth ! ye'll stain the Mitre  
 Some luckless day.

## XIII.

Young, royal *Tarry Breeks*, I learn,  
 Ye've lately come athwart her ;

\* King Henry V.

† Sir John Falstaff. *Wide Shakespeare.*



A glorious *Galley* \*, stem and stern,  
Weel rigg'd for *Venus* barter ;  
But first hang out, that she'll discern  
Your hymeneal charter,  
Then heave aboard your grapple airn,  
An', large upon her quarter  
Come full that day.

XIV.

Ye lastly, bonie blossoms a',  
Ye royal Lassies dainty,  
Heav'n mak you guid as weel as braw,  
An' gie you lads a plenty :  
But sneer na *British boys* awa',  
For Kings are unco scant ay ;  
An' German Gentles are but *fma'*,  
They're better just than *want ay*  
On onie day.

XV.

God blefs you a' ! consider now,  
Ye're unco muckle dautet ;

\* Alluding to the News-paper account of a certain  
Royal Sailor's amour.

But ere the *course* o' life be through,

It may be bitter fautet :

An' I hae feen their *coggie* fou,

That yet hae tarrow't at it ;

But or the *day* was done, I trow,

The laggen they hae clautet

Fu' clean that day.

T H E

V I S I O N.

D U A N F I R S T \*.

**T**HE fun had clos'd the winter-day,  
The Curlers quat their roaring play,  
An' hunger'd Maukin taen her way  
To kail-yards green,  
While faithless snaws ilk step betray  
Whare she has been.

The Thresher's weary *flingin-tree*,  
The lee-lang day had tir'd me ;

\* *Duan*, a term of Ossian's for the different divisions of a digressive Poem. See his *Cath-Loda*, vol. 2. of M'Pherson's Translation.

And when the Day had clos'd his e'e,  
Far i' the West,  
Ben i' the *Spence*, right pensivelie,  
I gaed to rest.

There, lanely, by the ingle-cheek,  
I fat and ey'd the spewing reek,  
That fill'd, wi' hoast-provoking smeek,  
The auld, clay biggin ;  
And heard the restless rattons squeak  
About the riggin.

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

Had I to guid advice but harkit,  
I might, by this, hae led a market,  
Or strutted in a Bank and clarkit  
My cash-account :

While here, half-mad, half-fed, half-farkit,  
Is a' th' amount.

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

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

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

Green, slender, leaf-clad *Holly-boughs*  
Were twisted, gracefu', round her brows,  
I took her for some *Scottish Muse*,  
By that same token ;  
And come to stop those reckless vows,  
Would soon been broken.

A ' hair-brain'd, sentimental trace '  
Was strongly marked in her face ;  
A wildly-witty, rustic grace  
Shone full upon her ;  
Her eye, ev'n turn'd on empty space,  
Beam'd keen with Honor.

Down flow'd her robe, a tartan shcen,  
Till half a leg was scrimply seen ;  
And such a leg ! my bonie *jean*  
Could only peer it ;  
Sae straught, fae taper, tight and clean,  
Nane else came near it.

Her *Mantle* large, of greenish hue,  
My gazing wonder chiefly drew ;

Deep *lights* and *shades*, bold-mingling, threw  
A lustre grand ;  
And seem'd, to my astonish'd view,  
A *well-known* Land.

Here, rivers in the sea were lost ;  
There, mountains to the skies were tost :  
Here, tumbling billows mark'd the coast,  
With surging foam ;  
There, distant shone Art's lofty boast,  
The lordly dome.

Here, *Doon* pour'd down his far-fetch'd  
floods ;  
There, well-fed *Irwine* stately thuds :  
Auld hermit *Ayr* staw thro' his woods,  
On to the shore ;  
And many a lesser torrent scuds,  
With seeming roar.

Low, in a sandy valley spread,  
An ancient *Borough* rear'd her head ;  
Still, as in Scottish story read,  
She boasts a Race,

To ev'ry nobler virtue bred,  
And polish'd grace,

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

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

HIS COUNTRY'S SAVIOUR †, mark him  
well !

Bold *Richardton's* ‡ heroic swell ;

\* The Wallaces.

† William Wallace.

‡ Adam Wallace of Richardton, cousin to the immortal Preserver of Scottish Independence.



The Chief on *Sark*\* who glorious fell,  
                                In high command ;  
And *He* whom ruthless Fates expel  
                                His native land.

There, where a sceptr'd *Pictish* † shade  
Stalk'd round his ashes lowly laid,  
I mark'd a martial Race, pourtray'd  
                                In colours strong ;  
Bold, soldier-featur'd, undismay'd  
                                They strode along.

‡ Thro' many a wild, romantic grove,  
Near many a hermit-fancy'd cove,

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

† Coilus King of the Picts, from whom the district of Kyle is said to take its name, lies buried, as tradition says, near the family-feat of the Montgomeries of Coilsfield, where his burial place is still shown.

‡ Barskimming, the feat of the Lord Justice Clerk.

(Fit haunts for Friendship or for Love,  
In musing mood)  
An *aged Judge*, I saw him rove,  
Dispensing good.

\* With deep-struck, reverential awe,  
The learned *Sire* and *Son* I saw,  
To Nature's God and Nature's law  
They gave their lore,  
This, all its source and end to draw,  
That, to adore.

*Brydon's* brave Ward † I well could spy,  
Beneath old *Scotia's* smiling eye ;  
Who call'd on Fame, low standing by,  
To hand him on,  
Where many a Patriot-name on high  
And Hero shone.

\* Catrine, the seat of the late Doctor, and present  
Professor Stewart.

† Colonel Fullarton.

D U A N S E C O N D.

With musing-deep, astonish'd stare,  
I view'd the heavenly-seeming *Fair* ;  
A whisp'ring throb did witness bear  
Of kindred sweet,  
When with an elder Sister's air  
She did me greet.

' All hail ! my own inspired Bard !  
' In me thy native Muse regard !  
' Nor longer mourn thy fate is hard,  
' Thus poorly low !  
' I come to give thee such reward  
' As we bestow.

' Know, the great *Genius* of this Land  
' Has many a light, aerial band,  
' Who, all beneath his high command,  
' Harmoniously,

‘ As Arts or Arms they understand,  
‘ Their labors ply.

‘ They *Scotia's* Race among them share ;  
‘ Some fire the Soldier on to dare ;  
‘ Some rouse the Patriot up to bare  
‘ Corruption's heart :  
‘ Some teach the Bard, a darling care,  
‘ The tuneful art.

‘ 'Mong swelling floods of reeking gore,  
‘ They ardent, kindling spirits pour ;  
‘ Or, mid the venal Senate's roar,  
‘ They, fightless, stand,  
‘ To mend the honest Patriot-lore,  
‘ And grace the hand.

‘ And when the Bard, or hoary Sage,  
‘ Charm or instruct the future age,  
‘ They bind the wild, Poetic rage  
‘ In energy,  
‘ Or point the inconclusive page  
‘ Full on the eye.

‘ Hence, *Fullarton*, the brave and young ;  
‘ Hence, *Dempster’s* zeal-inspired tongue ;  
‘ Hence, sweet harmonious *Beattie* sung  
    ‘ His “ Minstrel lays ;”  
‘ Or tore, with noble ardour stung,  
    ‘ *The Sceptic’s* bays.

‘ To lower Orders are assign’d  
‘ The humbler ranks of Human-kind,  
‘ The rustic Bard, the lab’ring Hind,  
    ‘ The Artisan ;  
‘ All chuse, as, various they’re inclin’d,  
    ‘ The various man.

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

‘ Some hint the Lover’s harmless wife ;  
‘ Some grace the Maiden’s artless smile ;

‘ Some soothe the Lab’rer’s weary toil,  
    ‘ For humble gains,  
‘ And make his cottage-scenes beguile  
    ‘ His cares and pains.

‘ Some, bounded to a district-space,  
‘ Explore at large Man’s infant race,  
‘ To mark the embryotic trace  
    ‘ Of *rustic Bard* ;  
‘ And careful note each op’ning grace,  
    ‘ A guide and guard.

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

‘ With future hope, I oft would gaze,  
‘ Fond, on thy little, early ways,  
‘ Thy rudely-caroll’d, cluiming phrase,  
    ‘ In uncouth rhymes,

‘ Fir’d at the simple, artless lays

‘ Of other times.

‘ I saw thee seek the founding shore,

‘ Delighted with the dashing roar ;

‘ Or when the North his fleecy store

‘ Drove thro’ the sky,

‘ I saw grim Nature’s visage hoar,

‘ Struck thy young eye.

‘ Or when the deep green-mantl’d Earth,

‘ Warm cherish’d ev’ry flow’ret’s birth,

‘ And joy and music pouring forth,

‘ In ev’ry grove,

‘ I saw thee eye the gen’ral mirth

‘ With boundless love.

‘ When ripen’d fields, and azure skies,

‘ Call’d forth the Reaper’s rustling noise,

‘ I saw thee leave their ev’ning joys,

‘ And lonely stalk,

‘ To vent thy bosom’s swelling rise,

‘ In pensive walk.

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

‘ I saw thy pulse’s maddening play,  
‘ Wild-send thee Pleasure’s devious way,  
‘ Missed by Fancy’s meteor-ray,  
‘ By Passion driven ;  
‘ But yet the *light* that led astray  
‘ Was *light* from Heaven.

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

‘ Thou canst not learn, nor I can show,  
‘ To paint with *Thomson’s* landscape-glow ;



‘ Or wake the bosom-melting throe,  
    ‘ With *Shenstone’s* art ;  
‘ Or pour, with *Gray*, the moving flow,  
    ‘ Warm on the heart.

‘ Yet, all beneath th’ unrivall’d Rose,  
‘ The lowly Daisy sweetly blows ;  
‘ Tho’ large the forest’s Monarch throws  
    ‘ His army shade,  
‘ Yet green the juicy Hawthorn grows,  
    ‘ Adown the glade.

‘ Then never murmur nor repine ;  
‘ Strive in thy humble sphere to shine ;  
‘ And trust me, not *Potosi’s* mine,  
    ‘ Nor King’s regard,  
‘ Can give a bliss o’ermatching thine,  
    ‘ *A rustic Bard.*

‘ To give my counsels all in one,  
‘ Thy tuneful flame still careful fan ;  
‘ Preserve *the dignity of Man*,  
    ‘ With Soul erect ;

‘ And trust, the *Universal Plan*  
‘ Will all protect.

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

A D D R E S S

T O T H E

U N C O G U I D,

O R T H E

R I G I D L Y R I G H T E O U S.

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

SOLOMON.—Ecclef. ch. vii. verf. 16.

I.

**O** YE wha are fae guid yoursel,  
Sae pious and fae holy,  
Ye've nought to do but mark and tell  
Your Neebours' fauts and folly !

Whafe life is like a weel-gaun mill,  
Supply'd wi' ftore o' water,  
The heaped happer's ebbing ftill,  
And ftill the clap plays clatter.

II.

Hear me, ye venerable Core,  
As counfel for poor mortals,  
That frequent pafs douce Wifdom's door  
For glaikit Folly's portals ;  
I, for their thoughtlefs, carelefs fakes  
Would here propone defences,  
Their donfie tricks, their black mistakes,  
Their failings and mifchances.

III.

Ye fee your ftate wi' theirs compar'd,  
And fhudder at the niffer,  
But caft a moment's fair regard  
What maks the mighty differ ;  
Discount what fcant occafion gave,  
That purity ye pride in,

And (what's aft mair than a' the lave)  
Your better art o' hiding.

IV.

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

V.

See Social-life and Glee fit down,  
All joyous and unthinking,  
Till, quite transmugrify'd, they're grown  
Debauchery and Drinking :  
O would they stay to calculate  
Th' eternal consequences ;  
Or your more dreaded h-ll to state,  
D-mnation of expences !

VI.

Ye high, exalted, virtuous Dames,  
Ty'd up in godly laces,  
Before ye gie poor *Frailty* names,  
Suppose a change o' cafes ;  
A dear-lov'd lad, convenience snug,  
A treacherous inclination——  
But, let me whisper i' your lug,  
Ye're aiblins nae temptation.

VII.

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

VIII.

Who made the heart, 'tis *He* alone  
Decidedly can try us,

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

T A M S A M S O N ' s \*

E L E G Y.

*An honest man's the noblest work of God—*

POPE.

**H**AS auld K\*\*\*\*\* seen the Deil?  
Or great M\*\*\*\*\* † thrawn his  
heel?  
Or R\*\*\*\*\* ‡ again grown weel,  
To preach an' read?

\* When this worthy old Sportsman went out last  
muir-fowl season, he supposed it was to be, in Ossian's  
phrase, 'the last of his fields;' and expressed an ar-  
dent wish to die and be buried in the muirs. On this  
hint the Author composed his Elegy and Epitaph.

† A certain Preacher, a great favourite with the  
Million. *Vide* the ORDINATION, p. 85.

‡ Another Preacher, an equal favourite with the  
Few, who was at that time ailing. For him see also  
the ORDINATION, stanza IX.



' Na, waur than a ' ! ' cries ilka chiel,  
' *Tam Samson's* dead !'

K\*\*\*\*\* lang may grunt an' grane,  
An' sigh an' sob, an' greet her lane,  
An' clead her bairns, man, wife, an' wean,  
In mourning weed ;  
To Death she's dearly pay'd the kane,  
Tam Samson's dead !

The Brethren o' the mystic *level*  
May hing their head in wofu' bevel,  
While by their nose the tears will revel,  
Like ony bead ;  
Death's gien the Lodge an unco devel,  
Tam Samson's dead !

When Winter muffles up his cloak,  
And binds the mire like a rock ;  
When to the loughs the Curlers flock,  
Wi' glee some spied,  
Wha will they station at the *cock*,  
Tam Samson's dead ?

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

Now fafe the stately Sawmont fail,  
And Trouts bedropp'd wi' crimson hail,  
And Eels weel kend for fouple tail,  
And Geds for greed,  
Since dark in Death's *fish-creel* we wail  
Tam Samson dead !

Rejoice, ye birring Paitricks a' ;  
Ye cootie Moorcocks, croufely craw ;  
Ye Maukins, cock your fud fu' braw,  
Withoutten dread ;  
Your mortal Fae is now awa',  
Tam Samson's dead !

That woefu' morn be ever mourn'd  
Saw him in shootin graith adorn'd,

While pointers round impatient burn'd,  
Frae couples freed ;  
But, Och ! he gaed and ne'er return'd !  
Tam Samson's dead !

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

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

When at his heart he felt the dagger,  
He reel'd his wonted bottle-fwagger,  
But yet he drew the mortal trigger  
Wi' weel-aim'd heed ;

' L—d, five !' he cry'd, an' owre did stagger ;

Tam Samfon's dead !

Ilk hoary Hunter mourn'd a brither ;  
Ilk Sportsman-youth bemoan'd a father ;  
Yon auld gray stane, amang the heather,  
Marks out his head,  
Whare *Burns* has wrote, in rhyiming blether,  
*Tam Samfon's dead !*

When August winds the heather wave,  
And Sportsmen wander by yon grave,  
Three vollies let his mem'ry crave  
O' pouter an' lead,  
Till Echo answer frae her cave,  
Tam Samfon's dead !

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

T H E E P I T A P H.

*Tam Samson's* weel-worn clay here lies,  
 Ye canting Zealots, spare him !  
 If Honest Worth in heaven rise,  
 Ye'll mend or ye win near him.

P E R C O N T R A.

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

\* *Killie* is a phrase the country-folks sometimes use for the name of a certain town in the West.

THE following POEM will, by many Readers, be well enough understood ; but, for the sake of those who are unacquainted with the manners and traditions of the country where the scene is cast, Notes are added, to give some account of the principal Charms and Spells of that Night, so big with Prophecy to the Peasantry in the West of Scotland. The passion of prying into Futurity makes a striking part of the history of Human Nature, in its rude state, in all ages and nations ; and it may be some entertainment to a philosophic mind, if any such should honour the Author with a perusal, to see the remains of it, among the more unenlightened in our own.

# H A L L O W E E N\*.

*Yes ! let the Rich deride, the Proud disdain,*

*The simple pleasures of the lowly train ;*

*To me more dear, congenial to my heart,*

*One native charm, than all the gloss of art.*

GOLDSMITH.

## I.

**U**PON that night, when Fairies light,

On *Cassilis Downans* † dance,

Or owre the lays, in splendid blaze,

On sprightly courfers prance ;

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

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

Or for *Colean* the rout is taen,  
 Beneath the moon's pale beams ;  
 There, up the *Cove* \*, to stray an' rove,  
 Among the rocks an' streams  
 To sport that night.

## II.

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

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

† The famous family of that name, the ancestors of ROBERT the great Deliverer of his country, were Earls of *Carrick*.



## III.

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

## IV.

Then, first an' foremost, thro' the kail,  
 Their *stocks* \* maun a' be fought ance ;

\* The first ceremony of Halloween is, pulling each a *Stock*, or plant of kail. They must go out, hand in hand, with eyes shut, and pull the first they meet with: its being big or little, straight or crooked, is prophetic of the size and shape of the grand object of all their Spells—the husband or wife. If any *yird*, or earth, slick to the root, that is *tocher*, or fortune; and the taste of the *custoc*, that is, the heart of the stem, is indicative of the natural temper and disposition. Lastly,  
 the

They steek their een, an' grape an' wale,  
 For muckle anes, an' straught anes.  
 Poor hav'rel Will fell aff the drift,  
 An' wander'd thro' the *Bow-kail*,  
 An' pow't, for want o' better shift,  
 A *runt* was like a fow-tail,  
 Sae bow't that night.

## V.

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

the stems, or, to give them their ordinary appellation, the *runts*, are placed somewhere above the head of the door ; and the Christian names of the people whom chance brings into the house, are, according to the priority of placing the *runts*, the names in question.

VI.

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

VII.

The auld Guidwife's weel-hoordet *nits* ‡  
Are round an' round divided,

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

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

‡ Burning the nuts is a favourite charm. They

An' monie lads an' lassies fates  
 Are there that night decided :  
 Some kindle, couthie, side by side,  
 An' *burn* thegither trimly ;  
 Some start awa, wi' faucy pride,  
 An' jump out-owre the chimlie  
 Fu' high that night.

## VIII.

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

name the lad and lass to each particular nut, as they lay them in the fire ; and according as they burn quietly together, or start from beside one another, the course and issue of the Courtship will be.

IX.

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

X.

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

## XI.

But Merran sat behint their backs,  
 Her thoughts on Andrew Bell;  
 She lea'es them gashin at their cracks,  
 An' slips out by hersel:  
 She thro' the yard the nearest takes,  
 An' to the kiln she goes then,  
 An' darklins grapit for the bauks,  
 And in the *blue-clue* \* throws then,  
 Right fear't that night.

## XII.

An' ay she win't, an' ay she swat,  
 I wat she made nae jaukin;  
 Till something held within the pat,  
 Guid L—d! but she was quaukin!

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

But whether 'twas the Deil himsel;  
Or whether 'twas a bauk-en',  
Or whether it was Andrew Bell,  
She did na wait on talkin  
To spier that night;

XIII.

Wee Jenny to her Graunie says,  
' Will ye go wi' me, Graunie ?  
' I'll *eat the apple\* at the glass,*  
' I gat frae uncle Johnie :'  
She fuff't her pipe wi' sic a lunt,  
In wrath she was fae vap'rin,  
She notic't na, an aizle brunt  
Her braw new worset apron  
Out thro' that night;

XIV.

' Ye little Skelpie-limmer's face !  
' I daur you try sic sportin,

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

- ‘ As feek the foul Thief onie place,  
‘ For him to spae your fortune :  
‘ Nae doubt but ye may get a *sight* !  
‘ Great cause ye hae to fear it ;  
‘ For monie a ane has gotten a fright,  
‘ An’ liv’d an’ di’d deleeret,  
‘ On sic a night.

XV.

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

XVI.

- ‘ Our Stibble-rig was Rab M’Graen,  
‘ A clever, sturdy fallow ;



‘ His Sin gat Eppie Sim wi’ wear,  
‘ That liv’d in Achmacalla :  
‘ He gat *hemp-feed* \*, I mind it weel,  
‘ An’ he made unco light o’t ;  
‘ But monie a day was *by himsel*,  
‘ He was fae fairly frightened  
‘ That vera night.’

XVII.

Then up gat fechtin Jamie Fleck,  
An’ he swoor by his conscience,  
That he could *saw hemp-feed* a peck ;  
For it was a’ but nonsense :

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

The auld guidman raught down the pock,  
 An' out a handfu' gied him ;  
 Sync bad him slip frae 'mang the folk,  
 Sometime when nae ane see'd him,  
 An' try't that night:

## XVIII.

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

## XIX.

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

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

XX.

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

XXI.

Meg fain wad to the *Barn* gaen,  
To *winn three wechts o' naething* \* ;

\* This charm must likewise be performed, unperceived and alone. You go to the *barn*, and open both

But for to meet the Deil her lane,  
 She pat but little faith in :  
 She gies the Herd a pickle nits,  
 An' twa red checkit apples,  
 To watch, while for the *Barn* she sets,  
 In hopes to see Tam Kipples  
 That vera night.

## XXII.

She turns the key, wi' cannie thraw,  
 An' owre the threshold ventures ;  
 But first on Sawnie gies a ca',  
 Syne bauldly in she enters :

doors, taking them off the hinges, if possible ; for there is danger, that the *being*, about to appear, may shut the doors, and do you some mischief. Then take that instrument used in winnowing the corn, which, in our country-dialect, we call a *wecht* ; and go through all the attitudes of letting down corn against the wind. Repeat it three times ; and the third time, an apparition will pass through the barn, in at the windy door, and out at the other, having both the figure in question, and the appearance or retinue, marking the employment or station in life.

A *rattion* rattl'd up the wa',  
An' she cry'd, L—d preserve her !  
An' ran thro' midden-hole an' a',  
An' pray'd wi' zeal and fervour,  
Fu' fast that night.

XXIII.

They hoy't out Will, wi' fair advice ;  
They hecht him some fine braw ane ;  
It chanc'd the *Stack* he *faddom't thrice* \*,  
Was timmer-propt for thrawin :  
He taks a fwirlie, auld moss-oak,  
For some black, groufome Carlin ;  
An' loot a winze, an' drew a stroke,  
'Till skin in blypes cam haulin  
Aff's nieves that night.

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

## XXIV.

A wanton widow Leezie was,  
 As cantie as a kittlen ;  
 But, Och ! that night, amang the shaws,  
 She gat a fearfu' settlin !  
 She thro' the whins, an' by the cairn,  
 An' owre the hill gaed scrievin,  
 Whare *three Lairds' lands met at a burn\**,  
 To dip her left fark-sleeve in,  
 Was bent that night.

## XXV.

Whyles owre a linn the burnie plays,  
 As thro' the glen it wimpl't ;  
 Whyles round a rocky scar it strays ;  
 Whyles in a wiel it dimpl't ;

\* You go out, one or more, for this is a social spell, to a south-running spring or rivulet, where 'three Lairds' lands meet,' and dip your left shirt-sleeve. Go to bed in sight of a fire, and hang your wet sleeve before it to dry. Lie awake ; and, some time near midnight, an apparition, having the exact figure of the grand object in question, will come and turn the sleeve, as if to dry the other side of it.

Whyles glitter'd to the nightly rays,  
Wi' bickering, dancing dazzle ;  
Whyles cookit underneath the braes,  
Below the spreading hazle  
Unseen that night.

XXVI.

Amang the brachens, on the brae,  
Between her an' the moon,  
The Deil, or else an outler Quey,  
Gat up an' gae a croon :  
Poor Leezie's heart maist lap the hool ;  
Near lav'rock-height she jumpit,  
But mist a fit, an' in the *pool*  
Out-owre the lugs she plumpit,  
Wi' a plunge that night.

XXVII.

In order, on the clean hearth-flane,  
The *Luggies* three \* are ranged ;

\* Take three dishes ; put clean water in one, foul water in another, and leave the third empty : blind-

And ev'ry time great care is taen,  
 To see them duly changed :  
 Auld uncle John, wha wedlock's joys,  
 Sin' *Mar's-year* did desire,  
 Because he gat the toom dish thrice,  
 He heav'd them on the fire,  
 In wrath that night.

## XXVIII.

Wi' merry fangs, an' friendly cracks,  
 I wat they did na weary ;  
 And unco tales, an' funnie jokes,  
 Their sports were cheap an' cheary :

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



Till *butter'd So'ns* \*, wi' fragrant lunt,  
Set a' their gabs a-fleerin ;  
Syne, wi' a social glafs o' stunt,  
They parted aff careerin  
Fu' blythe that night.

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

T H E

A U L D F A R M E R ' S

*NEW-YEAR MORNING SALUTATION*

T O H I S

A U L D M A R E , M A G G I E ,

*On giving her the accustomed Ripp of Corn  
to Hansel in the New-year.*

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

Tho' now thou's dowie, stiff, an' crazy,  
An' thy auld hide as white's a daisie,

I've seen thee dappl't, fleek an' glaizie,  
A bonie gray :  
He should been tight that daur't to *raize* thee,  
Ance in a day.

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

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

When first I gaed to woo my *Jenny*,  
Ye then was trottin wi' your Minnie :  
Tho' ye was trickie, flee, an' funnie,  
Ye ne'er was donsie ;

But hamely, tawie, quiet, an' cannie,  
An' unco sonfie.

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

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

When thou an' I were young an' skiegh,  
An' stable-meals at Fairs were driegh,  
How thou wad prance, an' snore, an' skriegh,  
An' tak the road !  
Town's-bodies ran, an' stood abiegh,  
An' ca't thee mad.

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

The sma', droop-rumpl't, hunter cattle,  
Might aiblins waur't thee for a brattle ;  
But sax Scotch miles thou try't their mettle,  
An' gar't them whaizle :  
Nae whip nor spur, but just a wattle  
O' faugh or hazle.

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

Thou never braindg't, an' fetch't, an' fliskit,  
But thy auld tail thou wad hae whiskit,

An' spread abreed thy weel-fill'd brisket,  
Wi' pith an' pow'r,  
Till spritty knowes wad rair't an' riskit,  
An' flypet owre.

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

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

My *Pleugh* is now thy bairn-time a' ;  
Four gallant brutes as e'er did draw ;  
Forbye fax mae, I've fell't awa,  
That thou hast nurst :

They drew me thretteen pund an' twa,  
The vera warft.

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

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

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

( 180 )

T H E

C O T T E R' S

SATURDAY NIGHT.

INSCRIBED TO R. A\*\*\*\*, Esq;

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

GRAY.

I.

**M**Y lov'd, my honor'd, much respect-  
ed friend!

No mercenary Bard his homage pays ;  
With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end,  
My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and  
praise :



To you I sing, in simple *Scottish* lays,  
The lowly train in life's sequester'd scene;  
The native feelings strong, the guileless  
ways,  
What A\*\*\*\* in a Cottage would have  
been;  
Ah! tho' his worth unknown, far happier  
there, I ween!

II.

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

## III.

At length his lonely Cot appears in view,  
 Beneath the shelter of an aged tree ;  
 Th' expectant *wee-things*, toddlin, stacher  
 through  
 To meet their Dad, wi' flichterin noise  
 and glee.  
 His wee-bit ingle, blinkin bonilie,  
 His clean hearth-stane, his thrifty *Wife's*  
 smile,  
 The lisping infant, prattling on his knee,  
 Does a' his weary kiaugh and care be-  
 guile,  
 And makes him quite forget his labor and  
 his toil.

## IV.

Belyve, the elder bairns come drapping in,  
 At service out, amang the Farmers roun' ;  
 Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some ten-  
 tie rin  
 A cannie errand to a neebor town :

Their eldest hope, their *Jenny*, woman-  
gown,  
In youthfu' bloom, Love sparkling in  
her e'e,  
Comes hame, perhaps, to shew a braw new  
gown,  
Or deposite her fair-won penny-fee,  
To help her Parents dear, if they in hard-  
ship be.

V.

With joy unfeign'd, brothers and sisters  
meet,  
And each for other's weelfare kindly  
spiers :  
The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnotic'd  
fleet ;  
Each tells the uncoss that he sees or hears.  
The Parents, partial, eye their hopeful  
years ;  
Anticipation forward points the view ;  
The *Mother*, wi' her needle and her sheers,

Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the  
new ;

The *Father* mixes a' wi' admonition due.

VI.

Their Master's and their Mistress's com-  
mand,

The youngkers a' are warned to obey ;  
And mind their labors wi' an eydent hand,  
And ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jauk or  
play :

' And O! be sure to fear the LORD alway !

' And mind your *duty*, duely, morn and  
' night !

' Left in temptation's path ye gang astray,

' Implore his counfel and assisting might :

' They never fought in vain that fought the

' LORD aright.'

VII.

But hark ! a rap comes gently to the door ;

*Jenny*, wha kens the meaning o' the same,

Tells how a neebor lad cam o'er the moor,  
To do some errands, and convoy her  
hame.

The wily Mother sees the conscious flame  
Sparkle in *Jenny's* e'e, and flush her  
cheek,

With heart-struck, anxious care, enquires  
his name,

While *Jenny* hafflins is afraid to speak ;  
Weel pleas'd the Mother hears, it's nae  
wild, worthless Rake.

### VIII.

With kindly welcome, *Jenny* brings him  
ben ;

A strappan youth ; he takes the Mother's  
eye ;

Blythe *Jenny* sees the visit's no ill taen ;  
The Father cracks of horses, pleughs,  
and kye.

The Youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi'  
joy,

But blate an' laithfu', scarce can weel  
    behave ;  
The Mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy  
    What makes the Youth fae bashfu' and  
    fae grave ;  
Weel-pleas'd to think her *bairn's* respected  
    like the lave.

IX.

O happy love ! where love like this is  
    found !  
    O heart-felt raptures ! blifs beyond com-  
    pare !  
I've paced much this weary, *mortal round*,  
    And sage *Experience* bids me this de-  
    clare——  
' If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure  
    ' spare,  
    ' One cordial in this melancholy Vale,  
' 'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest Pair,  
    ' In other's arms, breathe out the tender  
    ' tale,  
' Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents  
    ' the ev'ning gale.'

X.

Is there, in human form, that bears a  
heart—

A Wretch ! a Villain ! lost to love and  
truth !

That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,  
Betray sweet *Jenny's* unsuspecting youth ?  
Curse on his perjur'd arts ! dissembling  
smooth !

Are Honor, Virtue, Conscience, all ex-  
il'd ?

Is there no Pity, no relenting Ruth,  
Points to the Parents fond'ling o'er their  
Child ?

Then paints the ruin'd Maid, and their di-  
fraction wild !

XI.

But now the Supper crowns their simple  
board,

The healthsome *Parritch*, chief of *Scotia's*  
food :

The soupe their only *Hawkie* does afford,  
 That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her  
 cood :

The Dame brings forth, in complimental  
 mood,

To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd keb-  
 buck, fell,

And aft he's prest, and aft he ca's it guid ;

The frugal Wife, garrulous, will tell,  
 How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' Lint was  
 i' the bell.

## XII.

The chearf' Supper done, wi' ferious face,  
 They, round the ingle, form a circle  
 wide ;

The Sire turns o'er, with patriarchal grace,  
 The big *ba'-Bible*, ance his Father's  
 pride :

His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,

His lyart haffets wearing thin and bare ;  
 Those strains that once did sweet in *Zion*  
 glide,



He wales a portion with judicious care ;  
' *And let us worship GOD !*' he says, with  
solemn air.

XIII.

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

XIV.

The priest-like Father reads the sacred page,  
How *Abram* was the *Friend of GOD* on  
high ;

Or, *Moses* bade eternal warfare wage  
With *Amalek's* ungracious progeny ;  
Or how the *royal Bard* did groaning lye,  
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging  
ire ;  
Or *Job's* pathetic plaint, and wailing cry ;  
Or rapt *Isaiab's* wild, seraphic fire ;  
Or other Holy Seers that tune the sacred  
lyre.

XV.

Perhaps the *Christian Volume* is the theme,  
How guiltless blood for guilty man was  
shed ;  
How *He*, who bore in heaven the second  
name,  
Had not on Earth whereon to lay His  
head :  
How His first followers and servants sped ;  
The Precepts sage they wrote to many a  
land :  
How *he*, who lone in *Patmos* banished,

Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand ;  
And heard great *Bab'lon's* doom pronounc'd  
by Heaven's command.

XVI.

Then kneeling down to HEAVEN'S ETER-  
NAL KING,

The *Saint*, the *Father*, and the *Husband*  
prays :

Hope ' springs exulting on triumphant  
wing\*,'

That *thus* they all shall meet in future  
days :

There, ever bask in uncreated rays,

No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,  
Together hymning their *Creator's* praise,

In such society, yet still more dear ;

While circling Time moves round in an  
eternal sphere.

XVII.

Compar'd with this, how poor Religion's  
pride,

In all the pomp of method, and of art,

\* Pope's Windsor Forest.

When men display to congregations wide,  
 Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the *heart!*  
 The *Power*, incens'd, the Pageant will de-  
 fert,  
 The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole ;  
 But haply, in some *Cottage* far apart,  
 May hear, well pleas'd, the language of  
 the Soul ;  
 And in His *Book of Life* the Inmates poor  
 enroll.

## XVIII.

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral  
 way ;  
 The youngling Cottagers retire to rest :  
 The Parent-pair their *secret homage* pay,  
 And proffer up to Heaven the warm re-  
 quest,  
 That *He* who fills the raven's clam'rous  
 nest, .  
 And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,  
 Would, in the way His Wisdom sees the  
 best,

For them and for their little ones provide ;  
 But chiefly, in their hearts with *Grace divine* preside.

## XIX.

From scenes like these, old *Scotia's* grandeur springs,  
 'That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad :  
 Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,  
 ' An honest man's the noble work of ' GOD ;'  
 And *certes*, in fair *Virtue's* heavenly road,  
 The *Cottage* leaves the *Palace* far behind :  
 What is a lordling's pomp ? a cumbrous load,  
 ' Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,  
 Studied in arts of Hell, in wickedness refin'd !

## XX.

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

## XXI.

O *Thou!* who pour'd the patriotic tide,  
 That stream'd thro' great, unhappy *Wal-*  
*lace's* heart;  
 Who dar'd to, nobly, stem tyrannic pride,  
 Or nobly die, the second glorious part:

(The Patriot's *God*, peculiarly thou art,  
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and re-  
ward !)

O never, never *Scotia's* realm desert,  
But still the *Patriot*, and the *Patriot-  
Bard*,

In bright succession raise, her Ornament  
and Guard !

T O A

M O U S E,

*On turning her up in her Nest, with the  
Plough, November 1785.*

**W**EE, fleekit, cowrin, tim'rous beastie,  
O, what a panic's in thy breastie !  
Thou need na start awa fae hasty,  
Wi' bickering brattle !  
I wad be laith to rin an' chafe thee,  
Wi' murd'ring *pattle* !

I'm truly sorry Man's dominion  
Has broken Nature's social union,  
An' justifies that ill opinion,  
Which makes thee startle,



At me, thy poor, earth-born companion,  
An' *fellow-mortal!*

I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve ;  
What then ? poor beaftie, thou maun live !  
A *daimen-icker* in a *thrave*

'S a sma' request :  
I'll get a bleffin wi' the lave,  
An' never mis's't !

Thy wee-bit *houfie*, too, in ruin !  
It's filly wa's the win's are strewin !  
An' naething, now, to big a new ane,  
O' foggage green !  
An' bleak December's winds ensuin,  
Baith snell an' keen !

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste,  
An' weary Winter comin fast,  
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,  
Thou thought to dwell,  
Till crash ! the cruel *coulter* past  
Out thro' thy cell.

That wee-bit heap o' leaves an' stibble,  
Has cost thee monie a weary nibble !  
Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,  
But house or hald,  
To thole the Winter's sleety dribble,  
An' cranreuch cauld !

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane,  
In proving *foresight* may be vain :  
The best-laid schemes o' *Mice* an' *Men*,  
Gang aft a-gley,  
An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain,  
For promis'd joy !

Still thou art blest, compar'd wi' *me* !  
The present only toucheth thee :  
But, Och ! I backward cast my e'e,  
On prospects drear !  
An' forward, tho' I canna *see*,  
I *guess* an' *fear* !

A

## W I N T E R N I G H T.

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

SHAKESPEARE,

**W**HEN biting *Boreas*, fell and dour,  
Sharp shivers thro' the leafless  
bow'r ;  
When *Phæbus* gies a short-liv'd glow'r,  
Far south the list,  
Dim-dark'ning thro' the flaky show'r,  
Or whirling drift.

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

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

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

Ev'n you on murd'ring errands toil'd,  
Lone from your savage homes exil'd,

The blood-stain'd roof, and sheep-côte  
    spoil'd,

My heart forgets;

While pitiless the tempest wild

Sore on you beats.

Now *Phæbe*, in her midnight reign,  
Dark-muff'd, view'd the dreary plain ;  
Still crowding thoughts, a pensive train;

Rose in my soul,

When on my ear this plaintive strain,

Slow-solemn; stole—

' Blow, blow, ye Winds, with heavier  
    ' gust !

' And freeze, thou bitter-biting Frost !

' Descend, ye chilly, smothering Snows !

' Not all your rage, as now, united shows

    ' More hard unkindness, unrelenting,

    ' Vengeful malice, unrepenting,

' Than heaven-illumined Man on brother

    ' Man bestows :

‘ See stern Oppression’s iron grip,  
‘ Or mad Ambition’s gory hand,  
‘ Sending, like blood-hounds from the slip,  
‘ Woe, Want, and Murder o’er a land!  
‘ Ev’n in the peaceful rural vale,  
‘ Truth, weeping, tells the mournful tale,  
‘ How pamper’d Luxury, Flatt’ry by her side,  
‘ The parasite empoisoning her ear,  
‘ With all the fervile wretches in the rear,  
‘ Looks o’er proud Property, extended wide;  
‘ And eyes the simple, rustic Hind,  
‘ Whose toil upholds the glitt’ring show,  
‘ A creature of another kind,  
‘ Some coarser substance, unrefin’d,  
‘ Plac’d for her lordly use thus far, thus  
‘ vile, below !

‘ Where, where is Love’s fond, tender  
‘ throe,  
‘ With lordly Honor’s lofty brow,  
‘ The pow’rs you proudly own ?  
‘ Is there, beneath Love’s noble name,  
‘ Can harbour, dark, the selfish aim,  
‘ To bless himself alone !

- ‘ Mark Maiden-innocence a prey  
‘ To love-pretending snares,  
‘ This boasted Honor turns away,  
‘ Shunning soft Pity’s rising sway,  
‘ Regardless of the tears, and unavailing  
‘ pray’rs !  
‘ Perhaps, this hour, in Mis’ry’s squalid  
‘ nest,  
‘ She strains your infant to her joyless  
‘ breast,  
‘ And with a Mother’s fears shrinks at the  
‘ rocking blast !
- ‘ Oh ye ! who, sunk in beds of down,  
‘ Feel not a want but what yourselves  
‘ create,  
‘ Think, for a moment, on his wretch-  
‘ ed fate,  
‘ Whom friends and fortune quite dis-  
‘ own !
- ‘ Ill-satisfy’d, keen Nature’s clam’rous call,  
‘ Stretch’d on his straw he lays himself  
‘ to sleep,

' While thro' the ragged roof and chinky  
   ' wall,  
 ' Chill, o'er his slumbers, piles the drifty  
   ' heap!  
 ' Think on the dungeon's grim confine,  
 ' Where Guilt and poor Misfortune pine!  
 ' Guilt, erring Man, relenting view!  
 ' But shall thy legal rage pursue  
 ' The Wretch, already crushed low  
 ' By cruel Fortune's undeserved blow?  
 ' Affliction's sons are brothers in distress;  
 ' A Brother to relieve, how exquisite the  
   ' blifs!'

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

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



E P I S T L E

T O

D A V I E,

A

B R O T H E R P O E T.

*January*—

I.

**W**HILE winds frae off *Ben-Lomond*  
blaw,  
And bar the doors wi' driving snaw,  
And hing us owre the ingle,  
I set me down, to pass the time,  
And spin a verse or twa o' rhyme,  
In hamely, westlin jingle.

While frosty winds blaw in the drift,  
 Ben to the chimla lug,  
 I grudge a wee the Great-folk's gift,  
 That live fae bien an' snug :  
 I tent less, and want less  
 Their roomy fire-side ;  
 But hanker, and canker,  
 To see their cursed pride.

## II.

It's hardly in a body's pow'r,  
 To keep, at times, frae being four,  
 To see how things are shar'd ;  
 How best o' chieles are whyles in want,  
 While Coofs on countless thousands rant,  
 And ken na how to wair't :  
 But *Davie*, lad, ne'er fash your head,  
 Tho' we hae little gear,  
 We're fit to win our daily bread,  
 As lang's we're hale and fier :  
 ' Mair spier na, nor fear na' \*,  
 Auld age ne'er mind a feg ;

\* Ramfay.

The last o't, the warst o't,  
Is only but to beg.

III.

To lie in kilns and barns at e'en,  
When banes are craz'd, and bluid is thin,  
Is, doubtless, great distress !  
Yet then content could make us blest ;  
Ev'n then, sometimes we'd snatch a taste  
Of truest happiness.

The honest heart that's free frae a'  
Intended fraud or guile,  
However Fortune kick the ba',  
Has ay some cause to smile :  
And mind still, you'll find still,  
A comfort this nae sma' ;  
Nae mair then, we'll care then,  
Nae farther we can' fa',

IV.

What tho', like Commoners of air,  
We wander out, we know not where,  
But either house or hal' ?

Yet Nature's charms, the hills and woods,  
 The sweeping vales, and foaming floods,  
 Are free alike to all.

In days when Daifies deck the ground,  
 And Blackbirds whistle clear,  
 With honest joy our hearts will bound,  
 To see the coming year :

On braes when we please, then,  
 We'll fit and fowth a tune ;  
 Syne *rhyme* till't, well time till't,  
 And sing't when we hae done.

## V.

It's no in titles nor in rank ;  
 It's no in wealth like Lon'on Bank,  
 To purchase peace and rest ;  
 It's no in makin muckle, *mair* :  
 It's no in books ; it's no in lear,  
 To make us truly blest :  
 If Happiness hae not her seat  
 And centre in the breast,  
 We may be wise, or rich, or great,  
 But never can be blest :

Nae treasures, nor pleasures,  
    Could make us happy lang ;  
The *heart* ay's the part ay,  
    That makes us right or wrang.

VI.

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

## VII.

Then let us chearfu' acquiesce ;  
 Nor make our scanty Pleasures less,  
     By pining at our state :  
 And, ev'n should Misfortunes come,  
 I, here wha sit, hae met wi' some,  
     An's thankfu' for them yet.  
 They gie the wit of Age to Youth ;  
     They let us ken oursel ;  
 They make us see the naked truth,  
     The *real* guid and ill.  
     Tho' losses, and crosses,  
         Be lessons right severe,  
 There's wit there, ye'll get there,  
     Ye'll find nae other where.

## VIII.

But tent me, *Davie*, Ace o' Hearts !  
 (To say aught less wad wrang the cartes,  
     And flatt'ry I detest)  
 This life has joys for you and I ;  
 And joys that riches ne'er could buy ;  
     And joys the very best.

There's a' the *Pleasures o' the Heart*,  
 The Lover an' the Frien' ;  
 Ye hae your *Meg*, your dearest part,  
 And I my darling *Jean* !  
 It warms me, it charms me,  
 To mention but her *name* :  
 It heats me, it beets me,  
 And sets me a' on flame !

## IX.

O, all ye Pow'rs who rule above !  
 O *Thou*, whose very self art *love* !  
*Thou* know'st my words sincere !  
 The life-blood streaming thro' my heart,  
 Or my more dear Immortal part,  
 Is not more fondly dear !  
 When heart-corroding care and grief  
 Deprive my soul of rest,  
 Her dear idea brings relief,  
 And solace to my breast.  
 Thou *Being*, All-seeing,  
 O hear my fervent pray'r !  
 Still take her, and make her  
 Thy most peculiar care !

X.

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

XI.

O, how that *name* inspires my style!  
The words come skelpin, rank and file,  
Amass't before I ken!  
The ready measure rins as fine,  
As Phœbus and the famous Nine  
Were glowrin owre my pen.



My spaviet *Pegasus* will limp,  
Till ance he's fairly het ;  
And then he'll hilch, and stilt, and jimp,  
And rin an unco fit :  
But least then, the beast then,  
Should rue this hafty ride,  
I'll light now, and dight now  
His sweaty, wizen'd hide.

THE  
L A M E N T.

OCCASIONED BY THE UNFORTUNATE ISSUE

O F A

F R I E N D ' S A M O U R .

*Alas! how oft does Goodness wound itself!  
And sweet Affection prove the spring of Woe!*  
HOME.

I.

**O** Thou pale Orb, that silent shines,  
While care-untroubled mortals sleep!  
Thou seeft a Wretch, who inly pines,  
And wanders here to wail and weep!

With Woe I nightly vigils keep,  
    Beneath thy wan, unwarming beam ;  
And mourn, in lamentation deep,  
    How *life* and *love* are all a dream !

II.

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

III.

No idly-feign'd, poetic pains,  
    My sad, love-lorn lamentings claim :  
No shepherd's pipe—Arcadian strains ;  
    No fabled tortures, quaint and tame ;  
The plighted faith ; the mutual flame ;  
    The oft-attested Pow'rs above ;

The *promis'd Father's tender name* ;  
These were the pledges of my love !

IV.

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

V.

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

## VI.

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

## VII.

The morn that warns th' approaching day,  
 Awakes me up to toil and woe:  
 I see the hours, in long array,  
 That I must suffer, lingering, flow.  
 Full many a pang, and many a throe,  
 Keen Recollection's direful train,  
 Must wring my soul, ere Phœbus, low,  
 Shall kiss the distant, western main.

The *promis'd Father's tender name* ;  
These were the pledges of my love !

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Alas ! Life's path may be unsmooth !  
Her way may lie thro' rough distress !  
Then, who her pangs and pains will soothe,  
Her sorrows share and make them less ?

## VI.

Ye winged Hours that o'er us pass,  
 Enraptur'd more, the more enjoy'd,  
 Your dear remembrance in my breast,  
 My fondly-treasur'd thoughts employ'd.  
 That breast, how dreary now, and void,  
 For her too scanty once of room!  
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 Keen Recollection's direful train,  
 Must wring my soul, ere Phœbus, low,  
 Shall kiss the distant, western main.

VIII.

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

IX.

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



X.

Oh ! scenes in strong remembrance set !

Scenes, never, never to return !

Scenes, if in stupor I forget,

Again I feel, again I burn !

From ev'ry joy and pleasure torn,

Life's weary vale I'll wander thro' ;

And hopeless, comfortless, I'll mourn

A faithless woman's broken vow.

D E S P O N D E N C Y.

A N

O D E.

I.

**O**PPRESS'D with grief, oppress'd with  
care,

A burden more than I can bear,

I fet me down and sigh :

O Life ! thou art a galling load,

Along a rough, a weary road,

To wretches such as I !

Dim-backward as I cast my view,

What sick'ning Scenes appear !

What Sorrows *yet* may pierce me thro',

Too justly I may fear !

Still caring, despairing,  
Must be my bitter doom ;  
My woes here shall close ne'er,  
But with the closing tomb !

II.

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

III.

How blest the Solitary's lot,  
Who, all-forgetting, all-forgot,  
Within his humble cell,

The cavern wild with tangling roots,  
 Sits o'er his newly-gather'd fruits,  
     Beside his crystal well !  
 Or haply, to his ev'ning thought,  
     By unfrequented stream,  
 The ways of men are distant brought,  
     A faint-collected dream :  
     While praising, and raising  
         His thoughts to Heaven on high,  
     As wand'ring, meand'ring,  
         He views the solemn sky.

## IV.

Than I, no lonely Hermit plac'd  
 Where never human footstep trac'd,  
     Less fit to play the part,  
 The lucky moment to improve,  
 And *just* to stop, and *just* to move,  
     With self-respecting art :  
 But ah ! those pleasures, Loves and Joys,  
     Which I too keenly taste,  
 The *Solitary* can despise,  
     Can want, and yet be blest !

He needs not, he heeds not,  
Or human love or hate ;  
Whilst I here, must cry here,  
At perfidy ingrate !

V.

Oh ! enviable, early days,  
When dancing thoughtless Pleasure's maze,  
To Care, to Guilt unknown !  
How ill exchange'd for riper times,  
To feel the follies, or the crimes,  
Of others, or my own !  
Ye tiny elves that guiltless sport,  
Like linnets in the bush,  
Ye little know the ills ye court,  
When Manhood is your wish !  
The losses, the crosses,  
That *active man* engage ;  
The fears all, the tears all,  
Of dim declining *Age* !

MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN.

A

D I R G E.

I.

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

II.

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

III.

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

IV.

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

V.

Look not alone on youthful Prime,  
Or Manhood's active might;  
Man then is useful to his kind,  
*Supported* is his right:  
But see him on the edge of life,  
With Cares and Sorrows worn,  
Then Age and Want, Oh! ill-match'd pair!  
Show Man was made to mourn.

VI.

A few seem favourites of Fate,  
In Pleasure's lap carest;



Yet, think not all the Rich and Great  
Are likewise truly blest.  
But, Oh ! what crouds in ev'ry land,  
All wretched and forlorn,  
Thro' weary life this lesson learn,  
That Man was made to mourn !

VII.

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

VIII.

See yonder poor, o'erlabour'd wight,  
So abject, mean, and vile,  
Who begs a brother of the earth  
To give him leave to toil ;

And see his lordly *fellow-worm*,  
 The poor petition spurn,  
 Unmindful, tho' a weeping wife  
 And helpless offspring mourn.

## IX.

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

## X.

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

XI.

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

W I N T E R.

A

*D I R G E.*

I.

**T**HE Wintry West extends his blast,  
And hail and rain does blow ;  
Or, the stormy North sends driving forth  
The blinding fleet and snaw :  
While, tumbling brown, the Burn comes  
down,  
And roars frae bank to brae ;  
And bird and beast, in covert, rest,  
And pass the heartless day.

II.

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

III.

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

\* Dr Young.

A

P R A Y E R,

I N T H E

*P R O S P E C T O F D E A T H.*

I.

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

II.

If I have wander'd in those paths  
Of life I ought to shun ;

As *Something*, loudly, in my breast,  
Remonstrates I have done ;

III.

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

IV.

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

V.

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

S T A N Z A S

*ON THE SAME OCCASION.*

**W**H Y am I loth to leave this earthly  
scene ?

Have I so found it full of pleasing charms?  
Some drops of joy with draughts of ill be-  
tween ;

Some gleams of sunshine mid renewing  
storms :

Is it departing pangs my soul alarms ?

Or Death's unlovely, dreary, dark abode?  
For guilt, for guilt, my terrors are in arms ;

I tremble to approach an angry GOD,  
And justly smart beneath his sin-avenging  
rod.



Fain would I say, ' Forgive my foul of-  
' fence !'

Fain promise never more to disobey ;  
But, should my Author health again dis-  
pense,

Again I might desert fair Virtue's way ;  
Again in Folly's path might go astray ;

Again exalt the brute and sink the man ;  
Then how should I for Heavenly Mercy  
pray,

Who act so counter Heavenly Mercy's  
plan ?

Who sin so oft have mourn'd, yet to temp-  
tation ran ?

O Thou, Great Governor of all below !

If I may dare a lifted eye to thee,

Thy nod can make the tempest cease to  
blow,

Or still the tumult of the raging sea :

With that controuling pow'r assist ev'n me,  
Those headlong, furious passions to con-  
fine ;

For all unfit I feel my powers be,  
To rule their torrent in th'allowed line ;  
O, aid me with Thy help, *Omnipotence Di-*  
*vine !*

*Lying at a Reverend Friend's house one night, the Author left the following Verses in the room where he slept :—*

I.

**O** THOU dread Pow'r, who reign'st  
above !

I know Thou wilt me hear ;  
When for this scene of peace and love,  
I make my pray'r sincere.

II.

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

III.

She, who her lovely Offspring eyes  
With tender hopes and fears,  
O blefs her with a Mother's joys,  
But spare a Mother's tears !

IV.

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

V.

The beauteous, seraph Sister-band,  
With earnest tears I pray,  
Thou know'st the snares on ev'ry hand,  
Guide Thou their steps alway.

VI.

When soon or late they reach that coast,  
O'er life's rough ocean driven,  
May they rejoice, no wand'rer lost,  
A Family in Heaven !

T H E

F I R S T P S A L M.

**T**HE man, in life where-ever plac'd,  
Hath happiness in store,  
Who walks not in the wicked's way,  
Nor learns their guilty lore !

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

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

Sure Thou, Almighty, canst not act  
From cruelty or wrath !

O, free my weary eyes from tears,  
Or close them fast in death !

But if I must afflicted be,

To suit some wise design ;

Then, man my soul with firm resolves

To bear and not repine !

T H E

*FIRST SIX VERSES*

O F T H E

NINETIETH PSALM.

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

Before the mountains heav'd their heads  
Beneath Thy forming hand,  
Before this ponderous globe itself  
Arose at Thy command :

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

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

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

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

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



T O A

MOUNTAIN DAISY,

*On turning one down, with the Plough, in  
April 1786.*

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

Alas ! its no thy neebor fweet,  
The bonie *Lark*, companion meet !

Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet !  
Wi' spreckl'd breast,  
When upward-springing, blythe, to greet  
The purpling East.

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

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

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,  
Thy snawie bosom sun-ward spread,  
Thou lifts thy unassuming head  
In humble guise ;

But now the *shore* uptears thy bed,  
And low thou lies !

Such is the fate of artless Maid,  
Sweet *flow'ret* of the rural shade !  
By Love's simplicity betray'd,  
And guileless trust,  
Till she, like thee, all foil'd, is laid  
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple Bard,  
On Life's rough ocean luckless starr'd !  
Unskilful he to note the card  
Of prudent *Lore*,  
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,  
And whelm him o'er !

Such fate to *suffering Worth* is giv'n,  
Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,  
By human pride or cunning driv'n  
To Mis'ry's brink,  
Till wrench'd of ev'ry stay but *Heav'n*,  
He, ruin'd, sink !

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,  
*That fate is thine*—no distant date ;  
Stern Ruin's *plough-share* drives, elate,  
Full on thy bloom,  
Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,  
Shall be thy doom !

T O

R U I N.

I.

**A**LL hail ! inexorable lord !  
At whose destruction-breathing word,  
The mightiest empires fall !  
Thy cruel, woe-delighted train,  
The ministers of Grief and Pain,  
A fullen welcome, all !  
With stern-resolv'd, despairing eye,  
I see each aimed dart ;  
For one has cut my *dearest tye*,  
And quivers in my heart.

H h

Then low'ring, and pouring,  
The *Storm* no more I dread ;  
Tho' thick'ning, and black'ning,  
Round my devoted head.

II.

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

T O

M I S S L—,

*With BEATTIE'S POEMS for a New-Year's  
Gift. Jan. 1. 1787.*

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

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

Our Sex with guile and faithless love  
Is charg'd, perhaps too true ;  
But may, dear Maid, each Lover prove  
An *Edwin* still to you.

E P I S T L E

T O A

Y O U N G F R I E N D .

May—1786.

I.

**I** Lang hae thought, my youthfu' friend,  
A Something to have sent you,  
Tho' it should serve nae ither end  
Than just a kind *memento* ;  
But how the subject theme may gang,  
Let time and chance determine ;  
Perhaps it may turn out a Sang ;  
Perhaps, turn out a Sermon.



II.

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

III.

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

IV.

Yet they wha fa' in Fortune's strife,  
Their fate we should na censure,  
For still th' *important end* of life,  
They equally may answer :

A man may hae an honest heart,  
Tho' Poortith hourly stare him ;  
A man may tak a neebor's part,  
Yet hae nae *cash* to spare him.

V.

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

VI.

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

VII.

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

VIII.

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

IX.

The great *Creator* to revere,  
Must sure become the *Creature* ;  
But still the preaching cant forbear,  
And ev'n the rigid feature :

Yet ne'er with Wits prophane to range,  
Be complaisance extended ;  
An Atheist-laugh's a poor exchange  
For Deity offended !

X.

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

XI.

Adieu, dear, amiable Youth !  
Your heart can ne'er be wanting !  
May Prudence, Fortitude, and Truth  
Erect your brow undaunting !  
In ploughman phrase, 'God send you speed,'  
Still daily to grow wiser ;  
And may ye better reckon the *rede*,  
Than ever did th' Adviser !

O N A

S C O T C H B A R D,

*GONE TO THE WEST INDIES.*

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

Lament him a' ye rantin core,  
Wha dearly like a random-splore ;  
Nae mair he'll join the *merry roar*,  
In social key ;

For now he's taen anither shore,  
An' owre the Sea !

The bonie lassies weel may wifs him,  
And in their dear *petitions* place him :  
The widows, wives, an' a' may bless him,  
Wi' tearfu' e'e ;  
For weel I wat they'll fairly miss him  
That's owre the Sea !

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

Auld, cantie *Kyle* may weepers wear,  
An' stain them wi' the faut, faut tear :  
'Twill mak her poor, auld heart, I fear,  
In flinders flee :  
He was her *Laureat* monie a year,  
That's owre the Sea !

He saw Misfortune's cauld *Nor-west*  
Lang mustering up a bitter blast ;  
A Jillet brak his heart at last,  
                                Ill may she be !  
So, took a birth afore the mast,  
                                An' owre the Sea.

To tremble under Fortune's cummock,  
On scarce a bellyfu' o' drummock,  
Wi' his proud, independent stomach,  
                                Could ill agree ;  
So, row't his hurdies in a *hammock*,  
                                An' owre the Sea.

He ne'er was gien to great misguiding,  
Yet coin his pouches wad na bide in ;  
Wi' him it ne'er was *under hiding* ;  
                                He dealt it free :  
The Muse was a' that he took pride in,  
                                That's owre the Sea.

*Jamaica bodies*, use him weel,  
An' hap him in a cozie biel :

Ye'll find him ay a dainty chiel,  
An' fou o' glee :  
He wad na wrang'd the vera Deil,  
That's owre the Sea.

Fareweel, my *rhyme-composing* billie !  
Your native foil was right ill-willie ;  
But may ye flourish like a lily,  
Now bonilie !  
I'll toast ye in my hindmost gillie,  
Tho' owre the Sea !



T O A

H A G G I S.

**F**AIR fa' your honest, sonie face,  
Great Chieftan o' the Puddin-race!  
Aboon them a' ye tak your place,  
Painch, tripe, or thairm:  
Weel are ye wordy of a *grace*  
As lang's my arm.

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

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

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

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

Poor devil ! see him owre his trash,  
As feckless as a wither'd rash,

His spindle shank a guid whip-lash,  
His nieve a nit ;  
Thro' bluidy flood or field to dash,  
O how unfit !

But mark the Rustic, *haggis-fed*,  
The trembling earth resounds his tread,  
Clap in his walie nieve a blade,  
He'll mak it whisle ;  
An' legs, an' arms, an' heads will fned,  
Like taps o' thrifls.

Ye Pow'rs wha mak mankind your care,  
And dish them out their bill o' fare,  
Auld Scotland wants nae skinking ware  
That jaups in luggies ;  
But, if ye wish her gratefu' pray'r,  
Gie her a *Haggis* !

A

DEDICATION

TO

G\*\*\*\*\* H\*\*\*\*\* Esq;

**E**XPECT na, Sir, in this narration,  
A fleechin, fleth'rin Dedication,  
To roose you up, an' ca' you guid,  
An' sprung o' great an' noble bluid;  
Because ye're surnam'd like *His Grace*,  
Perhaps related to the race:  
Then when I'm tir'd—and fae are *ye*,  
Wi' monie a fulsome, sinfu' lie,  
Set up a face, how I stop short,  
For fear your modesty be hurt.

This may do--maun do, Sir, wi' them wha  
 Maun please the Great Folk for a wamefou;  
 For me ! fae laigh I need na bow,  
 For, LORD be thankit, *I can plough* ;  
 And when I downa yoke a naig,  
 Then, LORD be thankit, *I can beg* ;  
 Sae I shall say, an' that's nae flatt'rin,  
 It's just *sic Poet* an' *sic Patron*.

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

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

I readily and freely grant,  
 He downa see a poor man want ;  
 What's no his ain, he winna tak it ;  
 What ance he says, he winna break it ;

Ought he can lend he'll no refus't,  
 Till aft his guidness is abus'd ;  
 And rascals whyles that do him wrang,  
 Ev'n *that*, he does na mind it lang :  
 As Master, Landlord, Husband, Father,  
 He does na fail his part in either.

But then, nae thanks to him for a' that ;  
 Nae *godly symptom* ye can ca' that ;  
 It's naething but a milder feature,  
 Of our poor, sinfu', corrupt Nature :  
 Ye'll get the best o' moral works,  
 'Mang black Gentoos, and Pagan Turks,  
 Or hunters wild on *Ponotaxi*,  
 Wha never heard of Orth-d-xy.  
 That he's the poor man's friend in need,  
 The *Gentleman* in word and deed,  
 It's no thro' terror of D-mn-t--n ;  
 It's just a carnal inclination.

Morality, thou deadly bane,  
 Thy tens o' thousands thou hast slain !  
 Vain is his hope, whase stay an' trust is  
 In *moral* Mercy, Truth and Justice !

No—stretch a point to catch a plack ;  
 Abuse a Brother to his back ;  
 Steal thro' the *winnock* frae a wh-re,  
 But point the Rake that taks the *door* ;  
 Be to the Poor like onie whunstone,  
 And haud their noses to the grunstone ;  
 Ply ev'ry art o' *legal* thieving ;  
 No matter—stick to *sound believing*.

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

O ye wha leave the springs o' *C-lv-n*,  
 For *gumlie dubs* of your ain delvin !  
 Ye sons of Heresy and Error,  
 Ye'll some day squeel in quaking terror !  
 When Vengeance draws the sword in wrath,  
 And in the fire throws the sheath ;  
 When Ruin, with his sweeping *besom*,  
 Just frets till Heav'n commission gies him ;

While o'er the *Harp* pale Mis'ry moans,  
 And strikes the ever-deep'ning tones,  
 Still louder shrieks, and heavier groans!

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

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

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



‘ May ne’er Misfortune’s gowling bark,  
 ‘ Howl thro’ the dwelling o’ the *Clerk!*  
 ‘ May ne’er his gen’rous, honest heart,  
 ‘ For that same gen’rous spirit smart !  
 ‘ May K\*\*\*\*\*’s far-honour’d name  
 ‘ Lang beet his hymeneal flame,  
 ‘ Till H\*\*\*\*\*’s, at least a diz’n,  
 ‘ Are frae their nuptial labors risen :  
 ‘ Five bonie Lassies round their table,  
 ‘ And sev’n braw Fellows, stout an’ able,  
 ‘ To serve their King an’ Country weel,  
 ‘ By word, or pen, or pointed steel !  
 ‘ May Health and Peace, with mutual rays,  
 ‘ Shine on the ev’ning o’ his days ;  
 ‘ Till his wee, curlie *John’s* ier-oe,  
 ‘ When ebbing life nae mair shall flow,  
 ‘ The last, sad, mournful rites bestow !

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

But if (which Pow'rs above prevent)  
 That iron-hearted Carl, *Want*,  
 Attended, in his grim advances,  
 By sad mistakes, and black mischances,  
 While hopes, and joys, and pleasures fly him,  
 Make you as poor a dog as I am,  
 Your *humble servant* then no more ;  
 For who would humbly serve the Poor ?  
 But, by a poor man's hopes in Heav'n !  
 While recollection's pow'r is giv'n,  
 If, in the vale of humble life,  
 The victim sad of Fortune's strife,  
 I, thro' the tender-gushing tear,  
 Should recognise my *Master dear*,  
 If friendless, low, we meet together,  
 Then, Sir, your hand—my *Friend* and  
     *Brother !*

T O A

L O U S E,

*On seeing one on a Lady's Bonnet at Church.*

**H**A! whare ye gaun, ye crowlin ferlie!  
Your impudence protects you fairlie:  
I canna say but ye strut rarely,  
Owre gauze and lace;  
Tho' faith, I fear, ye dine but sparely  
On sic a place.

Ye ugly, creepin, blastit wonner,  
Detested, shunn'd, by faunt an' sinner,  
How daur ye set your fit upon her,  
Sae fine a Lady!  
Gae somewhere else and seek your dinner,  
On some poor body.

Swith, in some beggar's haffet squattle ;  
There ye may creep, and sprawl, and sprattle  
Wi' ither kindred, jumping cattle,  
                                    In shoals and nations ;  
Whare *horn* nor *bane* ne'er daur unsettle  
                                    Your thick plantations.

Now haud you there, ye're out o' fight,  
Below the fatt'rels, snug and tight ;  
Na faith ye yet ! ye'll no be right  
                                    Till ye've got on it,  
The vera tapmost, tow'ring height  
                                    O' *Miss's bonnet*.

My sooth ! right bauld ye fet your nose  
                                    out,  
As plump an' gray as onie grozet :  
O for some rank, mercurial rozet,  
                                    Or fell, red fmeddum,  
I'd gie you sic a hearty dose o't,  
                                    Wad dress your droddum !

I wad na been surpris'd to spy  
You on an auld wife's flainen toy ;

Or aiblins some bit duddie boy,  
On's wyliecoat ;  
But Mifs's fine *Lunardi!* fie !  
How daur ye do't ?

O, *Fenny*, dinna tofs your head,  
An' fet your beauties a' abroad !  
Ye little ken what curled speed  
The blastie's makin !  
Thae *winks* and *finger-ends*, I dread,  
Are notice takin !

O wad some Pow'r the giftie gie us  
*To see ourselfs as others see us !*  
It wad frae monie a blunder free us  
An' foolish notion ;  
What airs in dress an' gait wad lea'e us,  
And ev'n Devotion !

A D D R E S S

T O

E D I N B U R G H.

I.

**E** DINA! *Scotia's* darling feat!  
All hail thy palaces and tow'rs,  
Where once beneath a Monarch's feet  
Sat Legislation's sov'reign pow'rs!  
From marking wildly-scatt' red flow'rs,  
As on the banks of *Ayr* I stray'd,  
And singing, lone, the ling'ring hours,  
I shelter in thy honor'd shade.

II.

Here Wealth still swells the golden tide,  
As busy Trade his labours plies ;  
There Architecture's noble pride  
Bids elegance and splendor rise ;  
Here Justice, from her native skies,  
High wields her balance and her rod ;  
There Learning, with his eagle eyes,  
Seeks Science in her coy abode.

III.

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

IV.

Thy Daughters bright thy walks adorn,  
Gay as the gilded summer sky,

Sweet as the dewy, milk-white thorn,  
 Dear as the raptur'd thrill of joy !  
 Fair B—— strikes th' adoring eye,  
 Heav'n's beauties on my fancy shine ;  
 I see the *Sire of Love* on high,  
 And own his work indeed divine !

## V.

There, watching high the least alarms,  
 Thy rough, rude Fortrefs gleams afar ;  
 Like some bold Vet'ran, gay in arms,  
 And mark'd with many a feamy scar ;  
 The pond'rous wall and mairly bar,  
 Grim-rising o'er the rugged rock,  
 Have oft withstood affailing War,  
 And oft repel'd th' Invader's knock.

## VI.

With awe-struck thought, and pitying tears,  
 I view that noble, stately Dome,  
 Where *Scotia's* kings of other years,  
 Tum'd heroes ! had their royal home ;



Alas, how chang'd the times to come !  
Their royal Name low in the dust !  
Their hapless Race wild-wand'ring roam !  
Tho' rigid Law cries out, 'twas just !

VII.

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

VIII.

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

E P I S T L E

T O

J. L \* \* \* \* K,

*AN OLD SCOTCH BARD.*

*April 1. 1785.*

**W**HILE briers an' woodbines bud-  
ding green,  
An' Paitricks scaichin loud at e'en,  
And morning Pouffie whiddin seen,  
Inspire my Muse,  
This freedom, in an *unknown* frien',  
I pray excuse.

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

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

I've scarce heard ought describ'd fae weel,  
What gen'rous, manly bosoms feel ;  
Thought I, ' Can this be Pope, or Steele,  
' Or Beattie's wark ?'  
They tald me 'twas an odd kind chiel  
About *Muirkirk*.

It pat me fidgin-fain to hear't,  
An' fae about him there I spier't ;

Then a' that ken't him round declar'd,  
He had *ingine*,  
That nane excell'd it, few cam near't,  
It was fae fine.

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

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

But, first an' foremost, I should tell,  
Amaist as soon as I could spell,  
I to the *crambo-jingle* fell,  
Tho' rude an' rough,

Yet crooning to a body's sel,  
Does weel eneugh.

I am nae *Poet*, in a sense,  
But just a *Rhymer*, like, by chance,  
An' hae to Learning nae pretence,  
Yet, what the matter?  
Whene'er my Muse does on me glance,  
I jingle at her.

Your Critic-folk may cock their nose;  
And say, ' How can you e'er propose,  
' You wha ken hardly *verse* frae *prose*,  
' To mak a *sang* ?'  
But, by your leaves, my learned foes,  
Ye're maybe wrang.

What's a' your jargon o' your Schools,  
Your Latin names for horns an' stools;  
If honest Nature made you *fools*;  
What sairs your Grammars?  
Ye'd better taen up spades and shools,  
Or knappin-hammers.

A fet o' dull, conceited Hasbes,  
Confuse their brains in College-classes !  
They *gang in* Stirks, and *come out* Affes,  
Plain truth to speak ;  
An' fyne they think to climb Parnassus  
By dint o' Greek !

Gie me ae spark o' Nature's fire,  
That's a' the learning I desire ;  
Then tho' I drudge thro' dub an' mire  
At pleugh or cart,  
My Muse, tho' hamely in attire,  
May touch the heart.

O for a spunk o' *Allan's* glee,  
Or *Ferguson's*, the bauld an' flee,  
Or bright *L\*\*\*\*\*k's*, my friend to be,  
If I can hit it !  
That would be *lear* enough for me,  
If I could get it.

Now, Sir, if ye hae friends enow,  
Tho' real friends I b'lieve are few,

Yet, if your catalogue be fow,  
I'fe no infist ;  
But gif ye want ae friend that's true,  
I'm on your list.

I winna blaw about mysel,  
As ill I like my fauts to tell ;  
But friends an' folk that wish me well,  
They sometimes roose me ;  
Tho' I maun own, as monie still  
As far abuse me.

There's ae *wee faut* they whiles lay to me,  
I like the lasses—Gude forgie me !  
For monie a Plack they wheedle frae me,  
At dance or fair :  
Maybe some *ither thing* they gie me  
They weel can spare.

But *Mauchline Race* or *Mauchline Fair*,  
I should be proud to meet you there ;  
We'fe gie ae night's discharge to care,  
If we forgather,

An' hae a swap o' *rhyming-ware*  
Wi' ane anither.

The four-gill chap, we've gar him clatter,  
An' kirsen him wi' reekin water ;  
Syne we'll sit down an' tak our whitter,  
To chear our heart ;  
An' faith, we've be acquainted better  
Before we part.

Awa ye selfish, warly race,  
Wha think that havins, sense, an' grace,  
Ev'n love an' friendship, should give place  
To *catch-the-plack!*  
I dinna like to see your face,  
Nor hear your crack.

But ye whom social pleasure charms,  
Whose hearts the tide of kindness warms,  
Who hold your *being* on the terms,  
' Each aid the others,'  
Come to my bowl, come to my arms,  
My friends, my brothers!



But to conclude my lang epistle,  
As my auld pen's worn to the gristle ;  
Twa lines frae you wad gar me fisle,  
Who am, most fervent,  
While I can either sing, or whisle,  
Your friend and servant.

*T O T H E S A M E .*

*April 21. 1785.*

**W**HILE new-ca'd kye rowte at the  
stake,  
An' pownies reek in pleugh or braik,  
This hour on e'enin's edge I take,  
To own I'm debtor,  
To honest-hearted, auld L\*\*\*\*k,  
For his kind letter.

Forjesket fair, with weary legs,  
Ratlin the corn out-owre the rigs,  
Or dealing thro' amang the naigs  
Their ten-hours bite,

My awkart Muse fair pleads and begs,  
I would na write.

The tapetless, ramfeezl'd hizzie,  
She's fast at best an' something lazy,  
Quo' she, ' Ye ken we've been sae busy  
    ' This month an' mair,  
' That trowth, my head is grown right dizzie,  
    ' An' something fair.'

Her dowff excuses pat me mad ;  
' Conscience,' says I, ' ye thowless jad !  
' I'll write, an' that a hearty blaud,  
    ' This vera night ;  
' So dinna ye affront your trade,  
    ' But rhyme it right.

' Shall bauld L\*\*\*\*\*k, the king o' hearts,  
' Tho' mankind were a pack o' cartes,  
' Roofe you sae weel for your deserts,  
    ' In terms sae friendly,  
' Yet ye'll neglect to shaw your parts  
    ' An' thank him kindly ?'

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

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

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

She's gien me monie a jirt an' fleg,  
Sin I could striddle owre a rig ;

But, by the L—d, tho' I should beg  
    Wi' lyart pow,  
I'll laugh, an' fing, an' shake my leg,  
    As lang's I dow !

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

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

Or is't the paughty, feudal Thane,  
Wi' ruffl'd fark an' glancing cane,  
Wha thinks himsel nae sheep-shank bane,  
    But lordly stalks,

While caps and bonnets aff are taen,  
As by he walks ?

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

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

For thus the royal Mandate ran,  
When first the human race began,  
‘ The social, friendly, honest man,  
‘ Whate’er he be,  
‘ ’Tis *he* fulfils *great Nature’s* plan,  
‘ And none but *he*.’

O Mandate, glorious and divine !  
 The followers o' the ragged Nine,  
 Poor, thoughtless devils ! yet may shine  
                           In glorious light,  
 While fordid sons o' Mammon's line  
                           Are dark as night

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

Then may *L\*\*\*\*\*k* and *B\*\*\*\*\** arise,  
 To reach their native, kindred skies,  
 And *sing* their pleasures, hopes an' joys,  
                           In some mild sphere,  
 Still closer knit in friendship's ties  
                           Each passing year !



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

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

Yet when a tale comes i' my head,  
Or lasses gie my heart a screed,  
As whiles they're like to be my dead,  
(O sad disease !)  
I kittle up my *rustic reed* ;  
It gies me ease.

Auld *Coila*, now, may fidge fu' fain,  
She's gotten Bardies o' her ain,



Chiels wha their chanters winna hain,  
But tune their lays,  
Till echoes a' resound again  
Her weel-fung praise.

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

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

Th' *Illiffus*, *Tiber*, *Thames*, an' *Seine*,  
Glide sweet in monie a tunefu' line ;  
But, *Willie*, fet your fit to mine,  
An' cock your crest,

We'll gar our streams an' burnies shine  
Up wi' the best.

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

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

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

Ev'n winter bleak has charms to me,  
When winds rave thro' the naked tree ;  
Or frosts on hills of *Ochiltree*

Are hoary gray ;  
Or blinding drifts wild-furious flee,  
Dark'ning the day !

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

The Muse, nae Poet ever fand her,  
Till by himsel he learn'd to wander,  
Adown some trotting burn's meander,  
An' no think lang ;  
O sweet, to stray an' pensive ponder  
A heart-felt sang !

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

Let me fair *Nature's* face describe,  
And I, wi' pleasure,  
Shall let the busy, grumbling hive  
Bum owre their treasure.

Fareweel, 'my rhyme-composin' brither!  
We've been owre lang unkenn'd to ither :  
Now let us lay our heads thegither,  
In love fraternal :  
May *Envy* wallop in a tether,  
Black fiend, infernal !

While Highlandmen hate tolls an' taxes ;  
While moorian herds like guid, fat braxies ;  
While Terra Firma, on her axis,  
Diurnal turns,  
Count on a friend, in faith an' practice,  
In *Robert Burns*.

P O S T S C R I P T .

My memory's no worth a preen ;  
I had amais't forgotten clean,

Ye bade me write you what they mean  
By this *new-light* \*,  
'Bout which our *berds* fae aft hae been  
Maist like to fight.

In days when mankind were but callans  
At *Grammar*, *Logic*, an' sic talents,  
They took nae pains their speech to balance,  
Or rules to gie,  
But spak their thoughts in plain, braid Lallans,  
Like you or me.

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

This past for certain, undisputed ;  
It ne'er cam i' their heads to doubt it,  
Till chiels gat up an' wad confute it,  
An' ca'd it wrang ;

O o

\* See note page 91.

An' muckle din there was about it,  
Baith loud an' lang.

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

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

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

This game was play'd in monie lands,  
An' *auld-light* caddies bure sic hands,  
That faith, the youngsters took the fands  
Wi' nimble shanks,  
Till Lairds forbade, by strict commands,  
Sic bluidy pranks.

But *new-light herds* gat sic a cowe,  
Folk thought them ruin'd stick-an-stowe,  
Till now amaist on ev'ry knowe  
Ye'll find ane plac'd ;  
An' some, their *new-light* fair avow,  
Just quite barefac'd.

Nae doubt the *auld-light flocks* are bleatin ;  
Their zealous *herds* are vex'd an' sweatin ;  
Myself, I've even seen them greetin  
Wi' girnin spite,  
To hear the *Moon* fae sadly lie'd on  
By word an' write.

But shortly they will cowe the louns !  
Some *auld-light herds* in neebor towns

Are mind't, in things they ca' *balloons*,  
To tak a flight,  
An' stay ae month among the *Moons*  
An' see them right.

Guid observation they will gie them ;  
An' when the *auld Moon's* gaun to lea'e them,  
The hindmost shaird, they'll fetch it wi'  
them,

Just i' their pouch,  
An' when the *new-light* billies see them,  
I think they'll crouch !

Sae, ye observe that a' this clatter  
Is naething but a ' moonshine matter ;'  
But tho' dull prose-folk Latin splatter  
In logic tulzie,  
I hope, we Bardies ken some better  
Than mind sic brulzie,



E P I S T L E

T O

J. R \* \* \* \* \*

*Inclosing some Poems.*

**O** Rough, rude, ready-witted R\*\*\*\*\*,  
The wale o' cocks for fun an'  
drinkin !

There's monie godly folks are thinkin,  
Your *dreams* \* an' tricks  
Will fend you, Korah-like, a-sinkin,  
Straught to auld Nick's.

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

Ye hae fae monie cracks an' cants,  
And in your wicked, druken rants,  
Ye mak a devil o' the Saunts,  
An' fill them fou ;  
And then their failings, flaws, an' wants,  
Are a' seen thro'.

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

Think, wicked Sinner, wha ye're skaith-  
ing,  
Is just the *Blue-gown* badge an' claithing  
O' Saunts ; tak that, ye lea'e them naithing  
To ken them by,  
Frae ony unregenerate Heathen,  
Like you or I.

I've sent you here some rhyming ware,  
A' that I bargain'd for, an' mair ;

Sae, when ye hae an hour to spare,  
I will expect,  
Yon *Sang* \* ye'll sen't, wi' cannie care,  
And no neglect.

Tho' faith, sma' heart hae I to sing !  
My Muse dow scarcely spread her wing :  
I've play'd mysel a bonie spring,  
An' danc'd my fill !  
I'd better gaen an' fair't the king,  
At *Bunker's Hill*.

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

The poor, wee thing was little hurt ;  
I straikit it a wee for sport,  
Ne'er thinkin they wad fash me for't ;  
But, Deil-ma-care !

\* A *sang* he had promised the Author.

Somebody tells the *Poacher-court*  
The hale affair.

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

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

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

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

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

JOHN BARLEYCORN\*.

A

B A L L A D.

I.

**T**HERE was three kings into the east,  
Three kings both great and high,  
And they hae sworn a solemn oath  
John Barleycorn should die.

II.

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

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

III.

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

IV.

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

V.

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

VI.

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

VII.

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

VIII.

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

IX.

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

X.

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



XI.

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

XII.

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

XIII.

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

XIV.

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

XV.

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

A

F R A G M E N T.

*Tune, GILLICRANKIE.*

I.

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

II.

Then thro' the lakes *Montgomery* takes,  
I wat he was na slaw, man ;  
Down *Lowrie's burn* he took a turn,  
And *C-r-l-t-n* did ca', man :

But yet, whatreck, he, at *Quebec*,  
Montgomery-like did fa', man,  
Wi' sword in hand, before his band,  
Amang his en'mies a', man.

III.

Poor *Tammy G-ge* within a cage  
Was kept at *Boston-ha'*, man ;  
Till *Willie H--e* took o'er the knowe  
For *Philadelphia*, man :  
Wi' sword an' gun he thought a fin  
Guid Christian bluid to draw, man ;  
But at *New-York*, wi' knife an' fork,  
Sir Loin he hacked sma', man.

IV.

*B-rg--ne* gaed up, like spur an' whip,  
Till *Frazer* brave did fa', man ;  
Then lost his way, ae misty day,  
In *Saratoga* shaw, man.  
*C-rnw-ll-s* fought as lang's he dought,  
An' did the Buckskins claw, man ;  
But *Cl-nt-n's* glaive frae rust to save  
He hung it to the wa', man.

## V.

'Then *M-nt-gue*, an' *Guilford* too,  
 Began to fear a fa', man ;  
 And *S-ckv-lle* doure, wha stood the stoure,  
 The German Chief to thraw, man :  
 For Paddy *B-rke*, like ony Turk,  
 Nae mercy had at a', man ;  
 An' *Charlie F-x* threw by the box,  
 An' lows'd his tinkler jaw, man.

## VI.

Then *R-ck-ngh-m* took up the game ;  
 Till Death did on him ca', man ;  
 When *Sb-lb-rne* meek held up his cheek,  
 Conform to Gospel law, man :  
 Saint Stephen's boys, wi' jarring noise,  
 They did his measures thraw, man,  
 For *N-rth* an' *F-x* united stocks,  
 An' bore him to the wa', man.

## VII.

Then Clubs an' Hearts were *Charlie's* cartes,  
 He swept the stakes awa', man,  
 Till the Diamond's Ace, of *Indian* race,  
 Led him a fair *faux pas*, man :  
 The Saxon lads, wi' loud placads,  
 On *Chatham's Boy* did ca', man ;  
 An' Scotland drew her pipe an' blew,  
 ' Up, Willie, waur them a', man !'

## VIII.

Behind the throne then *Gr-nv-lle's* gone,  
 A secret word or twa, man ;  
 While flee *D-nd-s* arousd' the clafs  
 Be-north the Roman wa', man :  
 An' *Chatham's* wraith, in heav'nly graith,  
 (Inspired Bardies saw, man)  
 Wi' kindling eyes cry'd, ' *Willie*, rise !  
 ' Would I hae fear'd them a', man !'

## IX.

But, word an' blow, *N-rtb, F-x, and Co.*  
 Gowff'd *Willie* like a ba', man,

Till *Suthron* raife, an' cooft their claife

Behind him in a raw, man :

An' *Caledon* threw by the drone,

An' did her whittle draw, man ;

An' swoor fu' rude, thro' dirt an' blood,

To mak it guid in law, man.

\* \* \* \* \*

S O N G.

Tune, *Corn rigs are bonie.*

I.

**I**T was upon a Lammas night,  
When corn rigs are bonie,  
Beneath the moon's unclouded light,  
I held awa to Annie :  
The time flew by, wi' tentless head,  
Till 'tween the late and early ;  
Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed,  
To see me thro' the barley.

II.

The sky was blue, the wind was still,  
The moon was shining clearly ;  
I set her down, wi' right good will,  
Amang the rigs o' barley :



I ken't her heart was a' my ain ;  
I lov'd her most sincerely ;  
I kifs'd her owre and owre again,  
Amang the rigs o' barley.

III.

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

IV.

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

C H O R U S.

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

S O N G,

COMPOSED IN AUGUST.

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

I.

**N**OW westlin winds, and slaught'ring  
guns

Bring Autumn's pleasant weather ;  
The moorcock springs, on whirring wings,  
Amang the blooming heather :  
Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain,  
Delights the weary Farmer ;  
And the moon shines bright, when I rove  
at night,  
To muse upon my Charmer.

II.

The Partridge loves the fruitful fells ;  
The Plover loves the mountains ;  
The Woodcock haunts the lonely dells ;  
The soaring Hern the fountains :

Thro' lofty groves the Cushat roves,  
The path of man to shun it ;  
The hazel bush o'erhangs the Thrush,  
The spreading thorn the Linnet.

III.

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

IV.

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

V.

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

S O N G.

Tune, *My Nanie, O.*

I.

**B**EHIND yon hills where Stinchar flows,  
'Mang moors an' mosses many, O,  
The wintry sun the day has clos'd,  
And I'll awa to Nanie, O.

II.

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

III.

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

IV.

Her face is fair, her heart is true,  
As spotless as she's bonie, O;  
The op'ning gowan, wat wi' dew,  
Nae purer is than Nanie, O.

V.

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

VI.

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

VII.

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

VIII.

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



GREEN GROW THE RASHES.

A

FRAGMENT.

CHORUS.

*Green grow the rashes, O ;  
Green grow the rashes, O ;  
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,  
Are spent among the lasses, O.*

I.

**T**HERE'S nought but care on ev'ry  
han',

In ev'ry hour that passes, O :  
What signifies the life o' man ;  
An' 'twere na for the lasses, O.

*Green grow, &c.*

II.

The warly race may riches chafe,  
An' riches still may fly them, O ;

An' tho' at last they catch them fast,  
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.  
*Green grow, &c.*

III.

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

IV.

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

V.

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

S O N G.

Tune, *Jockey's Gray Brecks.*

I.

**A** GAIN rejoicing Nature sees  
Her robe assume its vernal hues,  
Her leafy locks wave in the breeze  
All freshly steep'd in morning dews.

C H O R U S\*.

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

\* This Chorus is part of a song composed by a gentleman in Edinburgh, a particular friend of the Author's.

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

II.

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

III.

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

IV.

The wanton coot the water skims,  
Amang the reeds the ducklings cry,  
The stately swan majestic swims,  
And ev'ry thing is blest but I.  
*And man I still, &c.*

V.

The Sheep-herd steeks his faulding flap,  
And owre the moorlands whistles shill,

Wi' wild, unequal, wand'ring step  
I meet him on the dewy hill.

*And maun I still, &c.*

VI.

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

*And maun I still, &c.*

VII.

Come Winter, with thine angry howl,  
And raging bend the naked tree ;  
Thy gloom will soothe my chearless foul,  
When Nature all is sad like me !

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

S O N G.

Tune, *Roslin Castle.*

I.

**T**HE gloomy night is gath'ring fast,  
Loud roars the wild, inconstant blast,  
Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,  
I see it driving o'er the plain ;  
The Hunter now has left the moor,  
The scatt' red coveys meet secure,  
While here I wander, prest with care,  
Along the lonely banks of *Ayr.*

II.

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

III.

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

IV.

Farewell, old *Coila's* hills and dales,  
Her heathy moors and winding vales ;  
The scenes where wretched Fancy roves,  
Pursuing past, unhappy loves !  
Farewell, my friends ! farewell, my foes !  
My peace with these, my love with those—  
The bursting tears my heart declare,  
Farewell, the bonie banks of *Ayr* !

S O N G.

Tune, *Gilderoy*.

I.

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

II.

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



T H E

F A R E W E L L.

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

*Tune, Goodnight and joy be wi' you a'.*

I.

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

## II.

Oft have I met your social Band,  
 And spent the chearful, festive night ;  
 Oft, honour'd with supreme command,  
 Presided o'er the *Sons of light* :  
 And by that *Hieroglyphic* bright,  
 Which none but *Craftsmen* ever saw !  
 Strong Mem'ry on my heart shall write  
 Those happy scenes when far awa !

## III.

May Freedom, Harmony, and Love,  
 Unite you in the *grand Design*,  
 Beneath th' Omniscient Eye above,  
 The glorious *Architect* Divine !  
 That you may keep th'*unerring line*,  
 Still rising by the *plummet's law*,  
 Till *Order* bright completely shine,  
 Shall be my Pray'r when far awa.

## IV.

And *You*, farewell ! whose merits claim,  
 Justly that *highest badge* to wear !

Heav'n blefs your honour'd, noble Name,  
To *Mafonry* and *Scotia* dear !  
A laft request permit me here,  
When yearly ye affemble a',  
One *round*, I afk it with a *tear*,  
To him, *the Bard that's far awa.*

S O N G.

*Tune, Prepare, my dear brethren, to the  
tavern let's fly, &c.*

I.

**N**O Churchman am I for to rail and to  
write,  
No Statesman nor Soldier to plot or to fight,  
No fly Man of business contriving a snare,  
For a big-belly'd bottle's the whole of my  
care.

II.

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

III.

Here passes the Squire on his brother—his  
horse ;  
There Centum per Centum, the Cit with  
his purse ;  
But see you the Crown how it waves in  
the air,  
There a big-belly'd bottle still eases my  
care.

IV.

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

V.

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

## VI.

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

*A Stanza added in a Mason Lodge :*

Then fill up a bumper and make it o’er-  
 flow,  
 And honours masonic prepare for to throw ;  
 May ev’ry true Brother of th’ Compass and  
 Square  
 Have a big-belly’d bottle when pressed with  
 care.

\* Young’s Night Thoughts.

*E P I T A P H S.*

---

ON A CELEBRATED RULING ELDER.

Here Sowter \*\*\*\* in Death does sleep ;  
To H-ll, if he's gane thither,  
Satan, gie him thy gear to keep,  
He'll haud it weel thegither.

---

ON A NOISY POLEMIC.

Below thir stanes lie Jamie's banes ;  
O Death, it's my opinion,  
Thou ne'er took such a bleth'rin b-tch  
Into thy dark dominion !

ON WEE JOHNIIE.

*Hic jacet wee Johnie.*

Whoe'er thou art, O reader, know,  
That Death has murder'd Johnie!  
An' here his *body* lies fu' low——  
For *faul* he ne'er had ony.

---

FOR THE AUTHOR'S FATHER.

O ye whose cheek the tear of pity stains,  
Draw near with pious rev'ence, and at-  
tend!  
Here lie the loving Husband's dear remains,  
The tender Father, and the gen'rous  
Friend.



The pitying heart that felt for human Woe;  
The dauntless heart that fear'd no hu-  
man Pride ;  
The Friend of Man, to vice alone a foe ;  
' For ev'n his failings lean'd to Virtue's  
' side \*.

---

FOR R. A. Esq.

Know thou, O stranger to the fame  
Of this much lov'd, much honour'd name !  
(For none that knew him need be told)  
A warmer heart Death ne'er made cold.

---

FOR G. H. Esq.

The poor man weeps—here G——n sleeps,  
Whom canting wretches blam'd :  
But with *such as he*, where'er he be,  
May I be *sav'd* or *d——d* !

\* Goldsmith.

*A BARD'S EPITAPH.*

IS there a whim-inspir'd fool,  
Owre fast for thought, owre hot for rule,  
Owre blate to seek, owre proud to snool,  
                    Let him draw near ;  
And owre this grassy heap sing dool,  
                    And drap a tear.

Is there a Bard of rustic song,  
Who, noteless, steals the crouds among,  
That weekly this area throng,  
                    O, pass not by !  
But, with a frater-feeling strong,  
                    Here, heave a sigh.

Is there a man, whose judgment clear,  
Can others teach the course to steer,  
Yet runs, himself, life's mad career,  
                    Wild as the wave,  
Here pause—and, thro' the starting tear,  
                    Survey this grave.

The poor Inhabitant below  
Was quick to learn and wise to know,  
And keenly felt the friendly glow,  
                    And *softer flame* ;  
But thoughtless follies laid him low,  
                    And stain'd his name !

Reader, attend—whether thy soul  
Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole,  
Or darkling grubs this earthly hole,  
                    In low pursuit,  
Know, prudent, cautious, *self-controul*  
                    Is Wisdom's root.

F I N I S.

1871  
1872  
1873

1874

1875  
1876  
1877

1878

1879

---

## G L O S S A R Y.

---

THE *ch* and *gh* have always the guttural sound. The sound of the English diphthong *oo*, is commonly spelled *ou*. The French *u*, a sound which often occurs in the Scotch language, is marked *oo*, or *ui*. The *a* in genuine Scotch words, except when forming a diphthong, or followed by an *e* mute after a single consonant, sounds generally like the broad English *a* in *wall*. The Scotch diphthongs, *ae*, always, and *ea* very often, sound like the French *é* masculine. The Scotch diphthong *ey*, sounds like the Latin *ei*.

### A

**A**’, all  
 Aback, away, aloof  
 Aboon, above, up  
 Abeigh, at a lhy distance  
 Abreed, in breadth  
 Abread, abroad, in sight  
 Ae, one  
 Aft, oft

Aften, often  
 Aff, off, *Aff-loof*, unpreme-  
 ditated  
 Afure, before  
 Agley, off the right line,  
 wrong  
 Aiblins, perhaps  
 Aits, oats  
 Airn, iron  
 Aith, an oak  
 U u

Ain, own  
 Aiver, an old horse  
 Aizle, a hot cinder  
 Alake, alas  
 Alane, alone  
 Amang, among  
 Amaist, almost  
 An', and, if  
 Ane, one, an  
 Ance, once  
 Anither, another  
 Artfu', artful  
 Ase, ashes  
 Asteer, abroad, stirring  
 Auld, old  
 Auld-tarran, or auld-far-  
 rant, sagacious, cunning,  
 prudent  
 Aught, eight, possession, as  
*in a' my aught*, in all my  
 possession  
 Ava, at all  
 Awa, away  
 Awn, the beard of barley,  
 oats, &c.  
 Awnie, bearded  
 Awfu', awful  
 Awkart, awkward  
 Ayont, beyond

## B

**B**A', ball  
 Baw'nt, having a white  
 stripe down the face  
 Barkit, barked  
 Barkin, barking  
 Baith, both  
 Bane, bone  
 Bainie, having large bones,  
 stout  
 Bardie, *diminutive* of bard  
 Bauld, bold, *Bauldly*, boldly

Barefit, bare-footed  
 Batch, a crew, a gang  
 Batts, botts  
 Bade, endured, did stay  
 Bang, an effort  
 Bairn, a child  
 Bairntime, a family of chil-  
 dren, a brood  
 Baudrons, a cat  
 Barmie, of, or like barm  
 Bauk, a cross beam, *Bauk-  
 en'*, the end of a beam  
 Bad, did bid  
 Baggie, the belly  
 Bashfu', bashful  
 Backlins-comin, coming  
 back, returning  
 Be, *to let be*, to give over,  
 to cease  
 Beuk, a book  
 Behint, or behin', behind  
 Be't, be it  
 Ben, into the *spence* or par-  
 lour  
 Belyve, by and by  
 Beet, to add fuel to fire  
 Beastie, *dimin.* of beast  
 Benlomond, a noted moun-  
 tain in Dunbartonshire  
 Belly-tu', belly-full  
 Bethankit, the grace after  
 meat  
 Befu', to befall  
 Billie, a brother, a young  
 fellow  
 Big, to build, *Biggit*, build-  
 ed  
 Biggin, building, a house  
 Bicker, a kind of wooden  
 dish, a short race  
 Birkie, a clever fellow  
 Bing, a heap of grain, po-  
 tatoes, &c.

- Bill**, a bull  
**Bizz**, a bustle, to buzz  
**Birring**, the noise of partridges, &c. when they spring  
**Bit**, crisis, nick of time  
**Bien**, wealthy, plentiful  
**Biel**, or bield, shelter  
**Blaftit**, blasted  
**Blaftie**, a shrivell'd dwarf, a term of contempt  
**Blink**, a little while, a smiling look; to look kindly, to shine by fits  
**Blinker**, a term of contempt  
**Blinkin**, smirking  
**Bluid**, blood, *Bluidy*, bloody  
**Blather**, the bladder  
**Blaw**, to blow, to boast  
**Blether**, to talk idly; nonsense  
**Bleth'rin**, talking idly  
**Blaud**, a flat piece of any thing; to flap  
**Blate**, bashful, sheepish  
**Bleezin**, blazing  
**Blessin**, blessing  
**Blusht**, did blush  
**Blype**, a shred, a large piece  
**Bleatin**, bleating  
**Blue-gown**, one of those beggars who get annually, on the King's birthday, a blue cloke or gown with a badge  
**Bonie**, or bony, handsome, beautiful  
**Bonillie**, handsomely, beautifully  
**Bonnock**, a kind of thick cake of bread  
**Bother**, to pother  
**Bodle**, a small old coin  
**Boortrie**, the shrub elder, planted much of old in hedges of barn-yards, &c.  
**Boord**, a board  
**Botch**, an angry tumour  
**Boost**, behoved, mult needs  
**Bow-kail**, cabbage  
**Bow't**, bended, crooked  
**Bock**, to vomit, to gusk intermittingly  
**Bocked**, gushed, vomited  
**Braw**, fine, handsome  
**Brawly**, or brawlie, very well, finely, heartily  
**Breakin**, breaking  
**Brawnie**, stout, brawny  
**Brie**, juice, liquid  
**Brash**, a sudden illness  
**Branstane**, brimstone  
**Breeks**, breeches  
**Brough**, a burgh  
**Bruft**, to burst  
**Brither**, a brother  
**Braid**, broad  
**Brats**, coarse clothes, rags  
**Breathin**, breathing  
**Branks**, a kind of wooden curb for horses  
**Brig**, a bridge  
**Broo**, broth, liquid, water  
**Brewin**, brewing  
**Brogue**, a hum, a trick  
**Brak**, broke, made insolvent  
**Breef**, an invulnerable or irresistible spell  
**Brunt**, did burn  
**Brae**, a declivity, a precipice, the slope of a hill  
**Brachens**, fern  
**Broose**, a race at country weddings who shall first reach the bridegroom's

- house on returning from church  
 Brattle, a short race, hurry, fury  
 Braindge, to run rashly forward  
 Braindg't, reeled forward  
 Brisket, the breast, the bosom  
 Breastit, did spring up or forward  
 Breastie, *dimin.* of breast  
 Braik, a kind of harrow  
 Braxie, a morkin sheep, &c.  
 Bruilzie, a broil, a combustion  
 Buirdly, stout-made, broad-built  
 Bum-clock, a humming beetle that flies in the summer evening  
 Bummin, humming as bees  
 Burn, water, a rivulet  
 Burnie, *dimin.* of burn  
 Burnewin, *i. e.* burn the wind, a blacksmith  
 Bustle, a bustle; to bustle  
 But an' ben, the country kitchen and parlour  
 Buskit, dressed  
 Bummle, to blunder  
 Bummler, a blunderer  
 Buckskin, an inhabitant of Virginia  
 But, without  
 Bure, did bear  
 Byre, a cow-stable  
 By himsel, lunatic, distracted
- C
- C**A', to call, to name, to drive  
 Ca't or ca'd, called, driven, calved  
 Careffin, careffing  
 Cauld, cold  
 Cantie or canty, chearful, merry  
 Caup, a wooden drinking vessel  
 Carlin, a stout old woman  
 Cannie, gentle, mild, dextrous  
 Cannilie, dextrously, gently  
 Cadie, or caddie, a person, a young fellow  
 Caller, fresh, sound  
 Cam, did come  
 Canna, cannot  
 Carryin, carrying  
 Cantharidian, made of cantharides  
 Calf-ward, a small inclosure for calves  
 Cairn, a loose heap of stones  
 Caudron, a caldron  
 Cantraip, a charm, a spell  
 Cape stane, cope-stone, key-stone  
 Caird, a tinker  
 Caff, chaff  
 Careerin, chearfully  
 Cartes, cards  
 Cadger, a carrier  
 Callan, a boy  
 Chap, a person, a fellow, a blow  
 Chiel or cheel, a young fellow  
 Chow, to chew; *cheek for chow*, side by side  
 Chuffie, fat-faced  
 Chantin, chanting  
 Chanter, a part of a bagpipe  
 Cheep, a chirp; to chirp  
 Chokin, choking



- Chearfu', chearful  
 Chimla or chimlie, a fire grate  
 Chimla-lug, the fireside  
 Cheekit, cheeked  
 Chittering, shivering, trembling  
 Clash, an idle tale, the story of the day  
 Claw, to scratch  
 Claife or claes, cloaths  
 Claith, cloth, *claitbing*, cloathing  
 Clinkin, jerking, clinking  
 Clinkumbell, who rings the church bell  
 Clachan, a small village about a church, a hamlet  
 Clithmaclaver, idle conversation  
 Clout, the hoof of a cow, sheep, &c.  
 Cloutie, an old name for the Devil  
 Clips, sheers  
 Claut, to clean, to scrape  
 Clauted, scraped  
 Clarkit, wrote  
 Clap, clapper of a mill  
 Cleed, to clothe  
 Clatter, to tell little idle stories; an idle story  
 Clour, a bump or swelling after a blow  
 Clock, to hatch; a beetle  
 Clockin, hatching  
 Collie, a general, and sometimes a particular name for country curs  
 Comin, coming  
 Countra, country  
 Cotter, the inhabitant of a *cot house* or cottage  
 Cood, the cud  
 Cog, a wooden dish  
 Coggie, *dimin.* of cog  
 Cowe, to terrify, to keep under, to lop; a fright, a branch of turze, broom, &c.  
 Commaun, command  
 Cozie, snug, *coziely*, snugly  
 Cowp, to barter, to tumble over; a fall a gang  
 Cowpit, tumbled  
 Cove, a cavern  
 Cootie, wooden kitchen dish; *also those fowls, whose legs are clad with feathers, are said to be cootie*  
 Coost, did cast  
 Cowte, a colt  
 Coof, a blockhead, a ninny  
 Core, corps, party, clan  
 Couthie, kind, loving  
 Cookit, appeared and disappeared by fits  
 Coble, a fishing boat  
 Corn't, fed with oats  
 Cowrin, covering  
 Coaxin, wheedling  
 COILA, from Kyle, a district of Ayrshire, so called, faith tradition, from Coil or Coilus, a Pictish monarch  
 Crack, conversation; to converse  
 Crackin, conversing  
 Crabbit, crabbed, fretful  
 Crouse, chearful, courageous  
 Croussly, chearfully, courageously  
 Crank, the noise of an ungreased wheel

- Crankous, fretful, *captious*  
 Crushin, cruthing, crusht,  
     crushed  
 Crap, a crop, the top  
 Cronie, crony  
 Crowdie time, breakfast time  
 Crump, hard and brittle,  
     *spoken of bread*  
 Croon, a hollow continued  
     moan; to make a noise  
     like the continued roar of  
     a bull, to hum a tune  
 Crooning, humming  
 Creeshie, greasy  
 Craft or croft, a field near  
     a house, *in old husbandry*  
 Creel, a basket; *to have one's*  
     *wits in a creel*, to be craz'd,  
     to be fascinated  
 Crow, a crow *of a cock*, a rook  
 Crouchie, crook-backed  
 Cranreuch, the hoar frost  
 Crambo-clink or crambo-  
     jingle, rhymes, doggerel  
     verses  
 Crowlin, crawling  
 Creepin, creeping  
 Crood, or croud, to coo as a  
     dove  
 Crunt, a blow on the head  
     with a cudgel  
 Cuit, a blockhead, a ninny  
 Curchie, a courtesy  
 Cumurring, murmuring;  
     flight, rumbling noise  
 Curing, a well known game  
     on ice  
 Curler, a player at ice  
 Curpin, the crupper  
 Cummock, a short staff with  
     a crooked head  
 Curlie, curled, whose hair  
     falls naturally in ringlets
- Cushat, the dove or wood  
     pigeon
- D
- D**AFT, merry, giddy;  
     foolish  
 Daffin, merriment, foolish-  
     ness  
 Darg or daurk, a day's la-  
     bour  
 Dawd, a large piece  
 Daud, to thrash, to abuse  
 Dawit or daudet, fondled,  
     caressed  
 Dainty, pleasant, good hu-  
     moured, agreeable  
 Dancin, dancing  
 Darklins, darkling  
 Daur, to dare, *daur't*, dared  
 Dappl't, dappled  
 Daimen, rare, now and then;  
     *daimen-icker*, an ear of  
     corn now and then  
 Daddie, a father  
 Dearies, *dimin.* of dears  
 Dearthiu', dear  
 Deil-ma-care! no matter!  
     for all that!  
 Deave, to deafen  
 Devel, a stunning blow  
 Delecret, delirious  
 Deservin, deserving  
 Delvin, delving  
 Describe, to describe  
 Disrespecket, disrespected  
 Dizen, or diz'n, a dozen  
 Dirl, a slight tremulous  
     stroke or pain  
 Ding, to worst, to push  
 Dinna, do not  
 Dight, to wipe, to clean  
     corn from chaff; cleaned  
     from chaff

Dimpl't, dimpled  
 Dizzie, dizzy, giddy  
 Doited, stupified, hebetated  
 Doylt, stupified, crazed  
 Douce, or doufe, sober, wise,  
 prudent  
 Doucely, soberly, prudent-  
 ly  
 Dorty, faucy, nice  
 Dow, am *or* are able to, can  
 Downa, am *or* are not able,  
 cannot  
 Dought, was *or* were able  
 Dolefu', doleful  
 Doure, stout, durable, stub-  
 born, fullen  
 Dowie, worn with grief,  
 fatigue, &c.  
 Donfie, unlucky  
 Dowff, pithless, wanting  
 force  
 Dool, sorrow; *to sing dool*,  
 to lament, to mourn  
 Drap, a drop; to drop  
 Drapping, dropping  
 Drumlie, muddy  
 Druken, drunken  
 Drouth, thirst, drought  
 Drinkin, drinking  
 Dryin, drying  
 Dreep, to ooze, to drop  
 Dreeping, oozing, dropping  
 Drift, a drove  
 Drunt, pet, sour humour  
 Dreadfu', dreadful  
 Droop-rumpl't, that droops  
 at the crupper  
 Dribble, drizzling, flaver  
 Drummock, meal and water  
 mixed raw  
 Droddum, the brecch  
 Dub, a small pond  
 Duds, rags, clothes

Duddie, ragged  
 Dung, worsted, pushed, driven  
 Dush, to push *as a ram*, &c.  
 Dusht, pushed by a ram, ox,  
 &c.

## E

**E**'E, the eye, *een*, the eyes  
 Eerie, frightened, *dread-*  
*ing spirits*  
 E'enin, evening  
 Eild, old age  
 Elbuck, the elbow  
 Eldritch, ghastly, frightful  
 En', end  
 ENBRUGH, EDINBURGH  
 Eneugh, enough  
 Enfuin, ensuing  
 Especial, especially  
 Eydent, diligent

## F

**F**A', fall, lot; to fall  
 Fae, a foe  
 Faithfu', faithful  
 Fash, trouble, care; to  
 trouble, to care for  
 Fash't, troubled  
 Fawfont, decent, seemly  
 Faem, foam  
 Farl, a cake of bread  
 Fairin, a fairing, a present  
 Fareweel, farewell  
 Fallow, fellow  
 Faut, fault  
 Faddom't, fathomed  
 Fac't, faced  
 Fatterels, ribbon ends, &c.  
 Fasten-*een*, Fastens-*Even*  
 Fand, did find

- Fauld, a fold; to fold  
 Faulding, folding  
 Ferlie, or ferly, to wonder;  
     a wonder, a term of con-  
     tempt  
 Fecht, to fight, *sechtin*, fight-  
     ing  
 Fend, to live comfortably  
 Feide, feud, enmity  
 Feat, neat, spruce  
 Fear't, frightened  
 Fearfu', frightful  
 Fetch, to pull by fits  
 Fetch't, pulled intermittently  
 Feg, a fig  
 Feckfu', large, brawny,  
     stout  
 Feckless, puny, weak, silly  
 Fell, keen, biting; the flesh  
     immediately under the  
     skin; a field pretty level  
     on the side or top of a  
     hill  
 Fient, fiend, *a petty oath*  
 Fizz, to make a hissing  
     noise like fermentation  
 Fit, a foot  
 Fittie-lan', the near horse  
     of the hindmost pair in  
     the plough  
 Fier, found, healthy; a bro-  
     ther, a friend  
 Fidge, to fidget  
 Fidgin, fidgeting  
 Fisle, to make a rustling  
     noise, to fidget; a bustle  
 Flatterin', flattering  
 Fleg, a kick, a random  
     blow  
 Flunkie, a servant in livery  
 Fley, to scare, to frighten  
 Fley'd, frightened, scared  
 Flyin, flying  
 Flecsh, a flecce
- Flingin-tree, a piece of tim-  
     ber hung by way of par-  
     tition between two horses  
     in a stable, a flail  
 Flisk, to fret at the yoke  
 Fliskit, fretted  
 Flichter, to flutter *as young*  
     *nestlings when their dam*  
     *approaches*  
 Flichterin, fluttering  
 Flinders, shreds, broken  
     pieces  
 Fleech, to supplicate in a  
     flattering manner  
 Fleechin, supplicating  
 Flainen, flannel  
 Flether, to decoy by fair  
     words  
 Fletherin, flattering  
 Flitter, to vibrate like the  
     wings of small birds  
 Flittering, fluttering, vibra-  
     ting  
 Forgather, to meet, to en-  
     counter with  
 Fou, full, drunk  
 Foughten, troubled, harassed  
 Formin, forming  
 Forbye, besides  
 Forfairn, distressed, worn  
     out, jaded  
 Foord, a ford  
 Forbears, forefathers  
 Foamin, foaming  
 Fow, a bushel, &c.  
 Forgie, to forgive  
 Forjesket, jaded with fa-  
     tigue  
 Frae, from  
 Freath, froth  
 Frien', friend  
 Fu', full  
 Fur, a furrow  
 Furm, a form, a bench

Fud, the scut of the hare,  
coney, &c.

Fuff, to blow intermittently

Fuff't, did blow

Funnie, full of merriment

Fyle, to foil, to dirty

Fyl't, foiled, dirtied

Fyfeen, fifteen

Fyke, trifling cares; to  
piddle, to be in a fufs a-  
bout trifles

## G

**G** A B, the mouth; to  
fpeak boldly or pertly

Gang, to go, to walk

Gafh, wife, fagacious, talka-  
tive; to converse

Gafhln, converfing

Gaucy, jolly, large

Gae, to go, *gaed*, went,  
*gaen* or *gane*, gone, *gaun*,  
going

Gaet or gate, way, manner,  
road

Gatherin, gathering

Gar, to make, to force to

Gar't, forced to

Garten, a garter

Geordie, a guinea

Gear, riches, goods of any  
kind

Gentles, great folks

Get, a child, a young one

Geck, to tofs the head in  
wantonness or fcorn

Ged, a pike

Gie, to give, *Gied*, gave,  
*Gi'en*, given

Gimmer, a ewe from one  
to two years old

Gin, if, againft

Gizz, a periwig

Girn, to grin, to twist the  
features in rage, agony,  
&c.

Girnin, grinning

Gipfy, a young girl

Gillie, *dimin.* of gill

Giftie, *dimin.* of gift

Ghaift, a ghost

Gloamin, the twilight

Glunch, a frown; to frown

Glib-gabbet, that fpeaks  
smoothly and readily

Glint, to peep, *Glinted*, peep-  
ed, *Glintin*, peeping

Glowr, to stare, to look;  
a stare, a look

Glowr'd, looked, stared

Glowrin, flaring

Glaikit, inattentive, foolifh

Gleg, fharp, ready

Glaizie, glittering, fmooth  
like glats

Glev, a fquint; to fquint,  
*Agley*, off at a fide,  
wrong

Gowan, the flower of the  
daisy, dandelion, hawk-  
weed, &c.

Gowk, a cuckoo, a term  
of contempt

Gowl, to howl

Gowling, howling

Gowd, gold

Gowff, the game of golf;  
to ftrike, *as the bat does  
the ball at golf*

Gowf'd, ftruck

Grane or grain, a groan;  
to groan

Grain'd, groaned

Graining, groaning

Grushie, thick, of thriving growth  
 Great, intimate, familiar  
 Grievin, grieving  
 Graith, accoutrements, furniture, dress  
 Gruntle, the phiz, a grunting noise  
 Gracefu', graceful  
 Greet, to shed tears, to weep  
 Greetin, crying, weeping  
 Gree't, agreed  
 Graunie, a grandmother  
 Gracefu', graceful  
 Grape, to grope, *grapit*, groped  
 Grippet, caught, seized  
 Graip, a pronged instrument for cleaning stables  
 Grumphie, a sow  
 Grumph, a grunt; to grunt  
 Grousome, loathsome, grim  
 Grunstone, a grindstone  
 Grozet, a gooseberry  
 Grisle, gristle  
 Gratefu', grateful  
 Gree, to agree, *to bear the grace*, to be decidedly victor  
 Grun', ground  
 Groat, *to get the whistle of one's groat*, to play a losing game  
 GUDF, the SUPREME BEING; good  
 Gully, tasteful  
 Gully, or gullie, a large knife  
 Guid, good, *Guid-mornin*, good morrow, *Guid-eeen*, good evening  
 Guidman and *Guidwife*, the master and mistress of the house, *Young Guidman*, a

man newly married  
 Guidfather, Guidmither, father-in-law and mother-in-law  
 Gumlie, muddy

## H

**H**A', hall  
 Hae, to have  
 Haen, had, *the participle*  
 Hame, home, *Hameward*, homeward  
 Hamely, homely, affable  
 Han', or haun, hand  
 Haith, a petty oath  
 Haet, *sent haet*, a petty oath of negation, nothing  
 Haughs, low-lying rich lands, valleys  
 Hah, a sot  
 Haud, to hold  
 Hale, whole, tight, healthy  
 Hap-step an'-lowp, hop, skip, and leap  
 Hap, an outer garment, mantle, plaid, &c. to wrap, to cover, to hop  
 Happing, hopping  
 Haffins, nearly half, partly  
 Hain, to spare, to save, *hain'd*, spared  
 Hawkie, a cow, *properly one with a white face*  
 Hal', or hald, an abiding place  
 Havins, good manners, decorum, good sense  
 Harkit, harkened  
 Happer, a hopper  
 Hag, a scar or gulf in mosses and moors  
 Haverel, a half-witted person; half-witted

- Hairst, harvest  
 Hauri, to drag, to peel  
 Haurlin, peeling  
 Haultit, hastened  
 Hallan, a particular partition wall in a cottage  
 Ha' bible, the great bible that lies in the hall  
 Haffet, the temple, the side of the head  
 Haggis, a kind of pudding boiled in the stomach of a cow or sheep  
 Hech! Oh! strange!  
 Hearse, hoarse  
 Het, hot  
 Herfel, herself  
 Herrin, a herring  
 Herry, to plunder, *most properly to plunder bird-nests*  
 Herryment, plundering, devastation  
 Heugh, a crag, a coal-pit  
 Heeze, to elevate, to raise  
 Heather, heath  
 Hecht, to foretell something that is to be got or given; foretold; the thing foretold  
 Heapit, heaped  
 Herd, to tend flocks; one who tends flocks  
 Healsome, healthful, wholesome  
 Hear't, hear it  
 Hellim, the rudder or helm  
 Himsel, himself  
 Hizzie, hussy, a young girl  
 Hirpl, to walk crazily, to creep, *Hirplin*, creeping  
 Hing, to hang  
 Hitch, a loop, a knot  
 Hilch, to hobble, to halt  
 Hilchin, halting  
 Hittie, dry, chapt, barren  
 Hissel, so many cattle as one person can attend  
 Howk, to dig, *Howokit*, digged, *Howkin*, digging  
 Howdie, a midwife  
 Hoddin, the motion of a sage country man riding on a cart-horse  
 Hornie, one of the many names of the Devil  
 Houghmagandie, fornication  
 Howe, hollow; a hollow, or dell  
 Howe-backit, sunk in the back, *spoken of a horse, &c.*  
 Hove, to heave, to swell  
 Hov'd, heaved, swelled  
 Hoyse, a pull upwards  
 Hoord, a hoard; to hoard  
 Hoordet, hoarded  
 Hoolie, slowly, leisurely; *Hoolie!* take leisure! stop!  
 Host, or hoast, to cough, *Hoslin*, coughing  
 Hog-score, a kind of distance line, in curling, drawn across the *rink*  
 Hoy, to urge, *Hoy't*, urged  
 Hool, outer skin or case  
 Hoyte, to amble crazily  
 Houfie, *dimin.* of house  
 Horn, a spoon made of horn  
 Hog-shouter, a kind of horse play by jussling with the shoulder; to jussle  
 Hurdies, the loins, the crupper  
 Hughoc, *dimin.* of Huggle

## I

**I'**, In  
I'er-oe, a great grand-child

Icker, an ear of corn  
Ilk or ilka, each, every  
Ill-willie, ill-natured, malicious, niggardly

Indentin, indenting  
Ingle, fire, fire-place  
Ingin, genius, ingenuity  
I'fe, I shall or will  
Ither, other, one another

## J

**JAD**, jade ; also a familiar term among country folks for a giddy young girl

Jaup, a jerk of water ; to jerk as agitated water

Jauk, to dally, to trifle

Jaukin, trifling, dallying

Jaw, coarse raillery ; to pour out, to spurt, to jerk, *as water*

Jink, to dodge, to turn a corner ; a sudden turning a corner

Jinkin, dodging

Jinker, that turns quickly, a gay sprightly girl, a wag

Jimp, to jump ; slender in the waist, handsome

Jillet, a jilt, a giddy girl

Jirt, a jerk

Jinglin, jingling

Jow, *to jow*, a verb, which includes both the swinging motion and pealing sound of a large bell

Jouk, to stoop, to bow the head

Joeteleg, a kind of knife

Jokin, joking

Joyfu', joyful

Jundie, to juggle

Jumpit, did jump

Jumpin, jumping

## K

**KAE**, a daw

Kain, fowls, &c. paid as rent by a farmer

Kail, coleworts, a kind of broth

Kail-runt, the stem of the colewort

Kebbuck, a cheese

Ken, to know, *kend* or *ken't*, knew

Kennin, a small matter

Keek, a peep ; to peep

Keepit, kept

Kelpies, a sort of mischievous spirits, said to haunt fords and ferries at night, especially in storms

Ket, a matted, hairy fleece of wool

Kin', kind

Kilt, to truss up the cloaths  
Kirn, the harvest supper, a churn ; to churn

Kitchen, any thing that eats with bread ; to serve for soup, gravy, &c.

Kittle, to tickle ; ticklish, likely

Kittlin, a young cat

King's hood, a certain part of the entrails of an ox, &c.

Kin, kindred



Kiutle, to cuddle  
 Kiutlin, cuddling  
 Kiaugh, carking anxiety  
 Kirfen, to christen  
 Kimmer, a young girl, a  
 gossip  
 Kist, chest, a shop-counter  
 Knaggie, like *knags* or points  
 of rocks  
 Knappin-hammer, a hammer  
 for breaking stones  
 Knowe, a small round hillock  
 Kye, cows  
 Kythe, to discover, to show  
 one's self  
 KYLE, a district of Ayrshire  
 Kyte, the belly

## L

**L** AN', land, estate  
 Lang, long, *to think*  
*lang*, to long, to weary  
 Lap, did leap  
 Lampit, a kind of shell-fish  
 Laverock, the lark  
 Lambie, *dimin.* of lamb  
 Laughin, laughing  
 Lawfu', lawful  
 Lapfu', lapsful  
 Laigh, low  
 Lane, lone, *my lane, thy lane,*  
 &c. myself alone, &c. thy-  
 self alone, &c.  
 Lanely, lonely  
 Lallan, Lowland, *Lallans,*  
 Scotch dialect  
 Laggen, the angle between  
 the side and bottom of a  
 wooden dish  
 Lave, the rest, the remain-  
 der, the others

Laith, loath  
 Laithfu', bashful, sheepish  
 Lairing, wading and sink-  
 ing in snow, mud, &c.  
 Laddie, *dimin.* of lad  
 Lee-lang, live-long  
 Leuk, a look, to look  
 Leeze me, a phrase of con-  
 gratulatory endearment  
 Lear, *pronounce* lare, learn-  
 ing  
 Lea'e, to leave  
 Leister, a three-pronged  
 dart for striking fish  
 Leugh, did laugh  
 Leal, loyal, true, faithful  
 Lightly, sneeringly, to sneer  
 at  
 Limmer, a kept-mistress; a  
 strumpet  
 Livin, living  
 Link, to trip along  
 Linkin, tripping  
 Limpit, limp'd, hobbled  
 Linn, a water-fall  
 Lint, flax. *lint in the bell*, flax  
 in flower  
 List, the sky  
 Lilt, a ballad, a tune; to  
 sing  
 Lintwhite, a linnet  
 Loan, the place of milking  
 Loof, the palm of the hand  
 Looves, *plural of loof*  
 Lowe, a flame; to flame  
 Lowin, flaming  
 Lowse, to loose  
 Low'd, loosed  
 Loot, did let  
 Loun, a fellow, a ragamuf-  
 fin, a woman of easy vir-  
 tue

- Lowrie, *abbreviation of Lawrence*  
 Lug, the ear, a handle  
 Lugget, having a handle  
 Luggie, a small wooden dish with a handle  
 Lunt, a column of smoke; to smoke  
 Luntin, smoking  
 Lunch, a large piece of cheese, flesh, &c.  
 Lum, the chimney  
 Lyart, of a mixed colour, grey

## M

- M**AE, more  
 Maist, most, almost  
 Maistly, mostly  
 Maun, must  
 Mair, more  
 Mak, to make, *making*, making  
 Mashlum, messin, mixed corn  
 Mantecele, a mantle  
 Maw, to mow, *mauin*, mowing  
 Maukin, a hare  
 Mallie, Molly  
 Mar's year, the rebellion A. D. 1715  
 Mark, marks, *this and several other nouns, which in English require an s to form the plural, are in Scotch like the words sheep, deer, the same in both numbers*  
 Mask, to mash, *as malt*, &c.  
 Maskin-pat, a tea pot  
 Mang, among  
 Mavis, the thrush  
 Mell, to meddle  
 Men', to mend  
 Messin, a small dog  
 Melvie, to soil with meal  
 Menfe, good manners, *decorum*  
 Menfeels, ill-bred, rude, impudent  
 Melancholious, mournful  
 Meere, a mare  
 Mither, a mother  
 Mixtie-maxtie, confusedly mixed  
 Mim, prim, affectedly meek  
 Miadfu', mindful  
 Miflear'd, mischievous, unmannerly  
 Misca', to abuse, to call names  
 Misca'd, abused  
 Min', mind, remembrance  
 Mind't, mind it, resolved, intending  
 Middin, a dunghill  
 Midden-hole, a gutter at the bottom of the dunghill  
 Minnie, mother, dam  
 Mistruk, mistook  
 Morn, the next day, to-morrow  
 Moudiewort, a mole  
 Mony, or monie, many  
 Moistify, to moisten  
 Mournfu', mournful  
 Moop, to nibble as a sheep  
 Mottie, full of motes  
 Mou, the mouth  
 Mousie, *dimin.* of mouse

Moorlan, of or belonging to  
moors

Muckle, or maikle, great,  
big, much

Mutchkin, an English pint

Muslin-kail, broth composed  
simply of water, shelled  
barley and greens

Musie, *dimin.* of muse

Myfel, myself

## N

**N**A, no, not, nor

Nae, no, not any

Nane, none

Naething, or naithing, no-  
thing

Naig, a horse

Neebor, a neighbour

Needfu', needful

Negleckit, neglected

Neuk, nook

Niest, next

Nieve, the fist

Nievesu', handful

Niger, a negroe

Nine tailed cat, a hangman's  
whip

Niffer, an exchange; to ex-  
change, to barter

Nit, a nut

Nowte, black cattle

Norland, of or belonging to  
the North

Notic't, noticed

Nor-west, North-west

Noteless, unnoticed, un-  
knowna

## O

**O**'', Of

Observin, observing

Ony, or onie, any

Or, *is often used for ere, be-  
fore*

O't, of it

Ourie, shivering, drooping

Oursel, or ourfels, ourselves

Outler, not housed

Owre, over, too

Owre hip, a way of fetch-  
ing a blow with a ham-  
mer over the arm

## P

**P**ACK, intimate, fami-  
liar; twelve stones of  
wool

Painch, paunch

Parliamentin, at parliament

Parritch, oatmeal pudding, a  
well known Scotch dish

Pang, to cram

Paukie, cunning, fly

Paughty, proud, haughty

Patrick, a partridge

Pat, did put; a pot

Pay't, paid, beat

Pattle, or pettle, a plough-  
staff

Pech, to fetch the breath  
*short as in an asthma*

Pechan, the crop, the sto-  
mach

Pettle, to cherish; a plough-  
staff

Pct, a domesticated sheep,  
 &c.  
 Peelin, peeling  
 Pensivelie, pensively  
 Phraife, fair speeches, flattery; to flatter  
 Phraisin, flattery  
 Pit, to put  
 Pine, pain, uneasiness  
 Pickle, a small quantity  
 Platic, *dimin.* of plate  
 Plack, an old Scotch coin  
 Plackless, pennyless  
 Pliskie, a trick  
 Plew, or plough, a plough  
 Plumpit, did plump  
 Placad, a public proclamation  
 Poortith, poverty  
 Powther, or pouter, powder  
 Pouthery, like powder  
 Pouk, to pluck  
 Pou, to pull  
 Pou't, did pull  
 Pouffie, a hare or cat  
 Pownie, a little horse  
 Pow, the head, the skull  
 Pout, a poult, a chicken  
 Prayin, praying  
 Pridefu', proud, faucy  
 Proveses, provosts  
 Prig, to cheapen, to dispute  
 Priggin, cheapening  
 Pryin, prying  
 Prief, proof  
 Prent, print  
 Propone, to lay down, to propose  
 Primic, demure, precise  
 Prie, to taste  
 Prie'd, tasted  
 Preen, a pin

Pund, pound, pounds  
 Puddin, pudding  
 Pyle, *a pyle o' chaff*, a single grain of chaff

## Q

**Q**UAT, to quit  
 Quak, to quake  
 Quakin, quaking  
 Quey, a cow from one year to two years old

## R

**R**AM-Feez'd, fatigued; overspent  
 Rantin, ranting  
 Ramblin, rambling  
 Rattlin, rattling  
 Raucle, rash, stout, fearless  
 Raw, a row  
 Raible, to rattle nonsense  
 Rair, to roar, *rair't*, roared, *rairing*, roaring  
 Rax, to stretch  
 Rash, a rush, *rash bush*, a bush of rushes  
 Ram-flam, forward, thoughtless  
 Rarely, excellent, very well  
 Ragweed, the plant ragwort  
 Ratton, a rat  
 Raught, reached  
 Raize, to madden, to enflame  
 Ree, half-drunk, fuddled  
 Ream, cream  
 Reek, smoke; to smoke, *reekin*, smoking, *reekit*, smoked, smoky  
 Receivin, receiving  
 Red-wud, stark-mad

Remead, remedy  
 Remarkin, remarking  
 Reest, to stand restive  
 Reestit, stood restive, stunted, withered  
 Reave, to rob  
 Requit, requital  
 Rest, torn, ragged  
 Restricket, restricted  
 Reck, to heed  
 Rede, counsel ; to counsel  
 Refus't, refuse it  
 Rin, to run, to melt; *rinnin*, running  
 Ridin, riding  
 Rip, a handful of unthreshed corn, &c.  
 Rink, the course of the stones, *a term in curling*  
 Riskit, made a noise like the tearing of roots  
 Rig, a ridge  
 Rowte, to low, to bellow  
 Rowtin, lowing  
 Rowth, plenty  
 Roupet, hoarse, *as with a cold*  
 Rowe, to roll, to wrap  
 Row't, rolled, wrapped  
 Roamin, roaming  
 Rood, *stands likewise for the plural roods*  
 Roun', round, in the circle of neighbourhood  
 Roose, to praise, to commend  
 Rozet, rosin  
 Roon, a shred, a remnant  
 Rung, a cudgel  
 Runkl'd, wrinkled  
 Runt, the stem of colewort or cabbage  
 Rustlin, rustling  
 Rhymin, rhyming

## S

S, Is  
 Sae, so  
 Sang, a song  
 Sair, to serve ; fore  
 Sairly or fairlie, sorely  
 Sair't, served  
 Saul, foul  
 Saunt, a faint  
 Sark, a shirt  
 Sarkit, provided in shirts  
 Saft, soft  
 Saw, to sow  
 Sawin, sowing  
 Sax, six  
 Saut, salt, *sautet*, salted  
 Saumont, salmon  
 Saugh, the willow  
 Scone, a kind of bread  
 Scribe, to glide swiftly along  
 Screevin, gleesomely, swiftly  
 Screechin, screeching  
 Screed, to tear ; a rent  
 Scar, to scare  
 Scauld, to scold, *scaulding*, scolding  
 Scawl, a scold  
 Scaud, to scald  
 Scaur, apt to be scared  
 Scornfu', scornful  
 Scrimp, to scant, *scrimpet*, did scant, scanty  
 Sconner, a lothing ; to lothe  
 Scaich, to scream *as a hen*, *partridge*, &c.  
 Scaichin, screaming  
 Sel, self, *a body's sel*, one's self alone  
 Sets, *sets aff*, goes away  
 See'd, did see  
 Settlin, settling, *to get a*  
 Y y

- settin*, to be frightened in-  
 to quietness  
 Sell't, did fell  
 Seizin, seizing  
 Servan', servant  
 Sen', to send, *sen't*, send it  
 Shaw, to show ; a small  
 wood in a hollow place  
 Sheugh, a ditch, a trench  
 Shootin, shooting  
 Shouter, the shoulder  
 Shoon, shoes  
 Sheep-shank, *to think one's  
 self nae sheep-shank*, to be  
 conceited  
 Shore, to offer, to threaten  
 Shor'd, offered  
 Shangan, a rick cleft at one  
 end for putting the tail  
 of a dog, &c. into, by  
 way of mischief, or to  
 frighten him away  
 Shaver, a humorous wag,  
 a barber  
 Shog, a shock  
 Sheen, bright, shining  
 Sherra-moor, Sherriff-moor,  
*the famous battle fought in  
 the Rebellion, A. D. 1715*  
 Shool, a shovel  
 Shaird, a shred, a shard  
 Shill, thrill  
 Sic, such  
 Simmer, summer  
 Siller, silver, money  
 Sittin, sitting  
 Sin', since  
 Nin, a son  
 Sicker, sure, steady  
 Sinfu', sinful  
 Sidelins, sidelong, slanting  
 Sinking, sinking  
 Sniegh, a scream; to scream  
 Skaith, to damage, to injure ;  
 injury  
 Sklent, slant ; to run a slant,  
 to deviate from truth  
 Sklented, ran or hit in an  
 oblique direction  
 Sklentin, slanting  
 Skelpie-limmer, a technical  
 term in female scolding  
 Skiagh, proud, nice, high-  
 mettled  
 Skirl, to shriek, to cry shrilly  
 Skirl't, shrieked  
 Skirling, shrieking, crying  
 Skelp, to strike, to slap ; to  
 walk with a smart trip-  
 ping step ; a smart stroke  
 Skelpin, slapping, walking  
 smartly  
 Slaw, slow  
 Slae, sloe  
 Slap, a gate, a breach in a  
 fence  
 Slade, did slide  
 Slee, fly, *sleepst*, flyest  
 Slype, to fall over as a wet  
*furrow from the plough*  
 Slypet, fell  
 Sleekit, sleek  
 Slidery, slippery  
 Sma', small  
 Smiddy, smithy  
 Smytrie, a numerous collec-  
 tion of small individuals  
 Smoor, to smother, *moor'd*,  
 smothered  
 Smoutie, smutty, obscene,  
 ugly  
 Smeddum, dust, powder ;  
 nettle, sence  
 Snaw, snow ; to snow  
 Snawie, snowy  
 Snaw-broo, melted snow

- Snash, abuse, Billingsgate  
 Sneeshin, snuff, *sneeshin-mill*,  
 snuff-box  
 Snowk, to scent or snuff *as*  
*a dog, horse, &c.*  
 Snowkit, scented, snuffed  
 Snick-drawing, trick-con-  
 triving  
 Snick, the latchet of a door  
 Snoove, to go smoothly and  
 constantly, to sneak  
 Snoov't, went smoothly  
 Snell, bitter, biting  
 Sned, to lop, to cut off  
 Snool, one whose spirit is  
 broken with oppressive sla-  
 very; to submit tamely,  
 to sneak  
 Sonfie, having sweet, enga-  
 ging looks; lucky, jolly  
 Sowther, folder; to folder,  
 to cement  
 Souple, flexible, swift  
 Soom, to swim  
 Sowp, a spoonful, a small  
 quantity of any thing li-  
 quid  
 Sootie, footy  
 Sobbin, fobbing  
 Sowth, to try over a tune  
 with a low whistle  
 Sooth, truth, a petty oath  
 Souter, a shoemaker  
 Spaul, a limb  
 Speakin, speaking  
 Spier, to ask, to enquire  
 Spier't, enquired  
 Spunk, fire, mettle, wit  
 Spunkie, mettlefome, fiery;  
 will o' wisp or *ignis fatuus*  
 Sportin, sporting  
 Spak, did speak  
 Springin, springing  
 Speel, to climb  
 Spleuchan, a tobacco pouch  
 Speat, a sweeping torrent af-  
 ter rain or thaw  
 Spairge, to dash, to foil *as*  
*with mire*  
 Spitefu', spiteful  
 Spence, the country par-  
 lour  
 Spae, to prophesy, to divine  
 Sprit, a tough-rooted plant  
 something like rushes  
 Sprittie, full of sprits  
 Sprattle, to scramble  
 Sparin, sparing  
 Spaviet, having the spavin  
 Spreckl'd, spotted, speckled  
 Splore, a frolic, a riot, a  
 noise  
 Splatter, a splutter; to  
 splutter  
 Spring, a quick air in mu-  
 sic, a Scotch reel  
 Squad, a crew, a party  
 Squeel, a scream, a screech;  
 to scream  
 Squatter, to flutter in water  
*as a wild duck, &c.*  
 Squattle, to sprawl  
 Stan', to stand; *stan't*, did  
 stand  
 Stane, a stone  
 Stroan, to spout, to piss  
 Stroan't, spouted, pissed  
 Stents, tribute, dues of any  
 kind  
 Steek, to shut; a stitch  
 Stech, to cram the belly  
 Stechin, cramming  
 Startle, to run *as cattle stung*  
*by the gadfly*  
 Steer, to molest, to stir  
 Sturt, trouble; to molest

- Sturtin, frightened  
 Studdie, an anvil  
 Stell, a still  
 Stoup or slowp, a kind of  
 jug or dish with a handle  
 Straik, to stroke, *strakit*,  
 stroked  
 Stampin, stamping  
 Stacher, to stagger  
 Stap, to stop  
 Strae, straw, *to die a fair*  
*frae death*, to die in bed  
 Strack, did strike  
 Stack, a rick of corn, hay,  
 &c.  
 Streek, stretched, to stretch,  
*streekit*, stretched  
 Staumrel, half-witted  
 Stoure, dust, *more particular-*  
*ly* dust in motion  
 Stirk, a cow or bullock a  
 year old  
 Stot, an ox  
 Stoor, sounding hollow,  
 strong and hoarse  
 Straught, straight  
 Stock, a plant of colewort,  
 cabbage, &c.  
 Starvin, starving  
 Stringin, stringing  
 Startin, starting  
 Staw, did steal; to surfeit  
 Stown, stolen  
 Stownlins, by stealth  
 Stuff, corn or pulse of any  
 kind  
 Gubble, stubble, *fibble rig*,  
 the reaper, in harvest,  
 who takes the lead  
 Strunt, spiritous liquor of  
 any kind; to walk sturdily  
 Staggie, *dimin.* of stag  
 Steeve, firm, compacted  
 Stank, a pool of standing  
 water  
 Stark, stout  
 Stey, steep, *steyest*, steepest  
 Sten, to rear as a horse  
 Sten't, reared  
 Stimpart, the eighth part  
 of a Winchester bushel  
 Strappan, tall and hand-  
 some  
 Strewin, strewing  
 Stilt, a crutch; to halt, to  
 limp  
 Stockin, stocking  
 Stumpie, *dimin.* of stump  
 Striddle, to straddle  
 Stick an' stow, totally, al-  
 together  
 Sucker, sugar  
 Sugh, the continued rush-  
 ing noise of wind or  
 water  
 Suthron, southern, an old  
 name for the English  
 nation  
 Sud, should  
 Swap, an exchange; to  
 barter  
 Swirl, a curve, an eddying  
 blast or pool, a knot in  
 wood  
 Swirlie, knaggy, full of knots  
 Swither, to hesitate in  
 choice; an irresolute wa-  
 vering in choice  
 Swank, stately, jolly  
 Swankie, or swanker, a tight  
 strapping young fellow or  
 girl  
 Swatch, a sample  
 Swith! get away!  
 Swinge, to beat, to whip  
 Swingein, beating, whipping



Swaird, fward  
 Swat, did sweat  
 Swervin, swerving  
 Swoor, swore, did swear  
 Swall'd, swelled  
 Sweer, lazy, averse, *dead-  
 sweer*, extremely averse  
 Sweatin, sweating  
 Syne, since, ago, then

## T

**T**AE, a toe, *three tac'd*,  
 having three prongs  
 Tauted, or tautie, matted  
 together, *spoken of hair or  
 wool*  
 Tak, to take, *takin*, taking  
 Tangle, a sea weed  
 Tauld, or tald, told  
 Tarrow, to murmur at one's  
 allowance  
 Tarrow't, murmured  
 Talkin, talking  
 Tawie, that allows itself  
 peaceably to be handled,  
*spoken of a horse, cow, &c.*  
 Tap, the top  
 Taupie, a foolish, thought-  
 less young person  
 Tapetless, heedless, foolish  
 Tapfalteerie, topsy-turvy  
 Tarry-brecks, a sailor  
 Tent, a field pulpit, heed,  
 caution; to take heed  
 Tentie, heedful, cautious  
 Tentless, heedless  
 Tough, tough, *toughly*,  
 toughly  
 Teat, a small quantity  
 Tearfu', tearful  
 Ten hours bite, a slight feed  
 to the horses while in the  
 yoke in the forenoon

Thack, thatch, *thack an<sup>d</sup>  
 rape*, cloathing, necessaries  
 Thrang, throng, a croud  
 Thegither, together  
 Thick, intimate, familiar  
 Thole, to suffer, to endure  
 Thae, these  
 Thrifles, thistle  
 'Throuther, pell-mell, con-  
 fusedly  
 Thinkin, thinking  
 Thumpit, thumped  
 Thumpin, thumping  
 Thieveless, cold, dry, spited,  
*spoken of a person's de-  
 meanour*  
 Thowe, a thaw; to thaw  
 Thankit, thanked  
 Through, to go on with, to  
 make out  
 Threshin, thrashing  
 Thairms, small guts, fiddle-  
 strings  
 Themsel, themselves  
 Thyfel, thyself  
 Thud, to make a loud, in-  
 termittent noise  
 Thraw, to sprain, to twist,  
 to contradict  
 Thrawn, sprained, twisted,  
 contradicted  
 Thrawin, twisting, &c.  
 Threteen, thirteen  
 Thankfu', thankful  
 Thirl, to thrill  
 Thirl'd, thrilled, vibrated  
 Thowless, slack, lazy  
 Threap, to maintain by dia-  
 of assertion  
 Thir, these  
 Tither, the other  
 'Timmer, timber, *Timmer-  
 propt*, propped with timber  
 Till't, to it

Tinkler, a tinker  
 Tine, to lose, *Tint*, lost  
 Tippence, two-pence  
 Tittle, to whisper  
 Tittlin, whispering  
 Tirl, to make a slight noise,  
     to uncover  
 Tirlin, uncovering  
 'Tip, a ram  
 Towzie, rough, shaggy  
 'Toom, empty  
 'Tout, the blast of a horn or  
     trumpet; to blow a horn,  
     &c.  
 Tow, a rope  
 'Toddle, to totter like the  
     walk of a child  
 'Toddlin, tottering  
 'Tod, a fox  
 'Toop, a ram  
 'Toun, a hamlet, a farm-  
     house  
 'Tocher, marriage portion  
 'Toyte, to totter like old age  
 'Towmond, a twelvemonth  
 'Toy, a very old fashion of  
     female head-dress  
 'Trastrrie, trash  
 'Trowth, truth, a petty oath  
 'Tryin, trying  
 'Trow, to believe  
 'Transmugrify'd, transmi-  
     grated, metamorphosed  
 'Trig, spruce, neat  
 'Trimly, excellently  
 'Trottin, trotting  
 'Trickie, full of tricks  
 'Try't, tried  
 'Tunefu', tuneful  
 'Tug, raw hide, *of which, in  
     old times, plough traces were  
     frequently made*  
 'Tulzie, a quarrel; to quar-

rel, to fight  
 Twa, two  
 Twa-three, a few  
 'Twal, twelve, *Twalpennis-  
     worth*, a small quantity,  
     a penny-worth  
 'Twin, to part  
 'Twad, it would  
 'Tyke, a dog

## U

**U**NCOS, news  
 Unco, strange, un-  
     couth, very, very great,  
     prodigious  
 Undoin, undoing  
 Unkaith'd, undamaged, un-  
     hurt  
 Uncaring, disregarding  
 Unkenn'd, unknown  
 Upo', upon

## V

**V**AP'RIN, vapouring  
 Vera, very  
 Viri, a ring round a column,  
     &c.

## W

**W**A', wall, *Wa's*, walls  
 Wae, woe; sorrow-  
     ful  
 Wad, would; to bet; a  
     bet, a pledge  
 Wadna, would not  
 Wastrie, prodigality  
 Warl, or warld, world  
 Warly, worldly, eager on  
     amassing wealth

- Wark, work  
 Wark-lume, a tool to work with  
 Warft, worst  
 Wale, choice; to chuse  
 Wal'd, chose, chosen  
 Wame, the belly, *Wamefou'*, a bellyfull  
 Warran, a warrant; to warrant  
 Wabfter, a weaver  
 Wauken, to awake  
 Waefucks! or waes me! alas!  
 O the pity!  
 Waur, worie; to worst  
 Waur't, worsted  
 Warlock, a wizzard  
 Warftl'd, or warl'd, wrestled  
 Wanrestfu', restless  
 Wat, wet; *I wat*, I wot, I know  
 Wanchancie, unlucky  
 Water-brofe, *brofe* made of meal and water simply without the addition of milk, butter, &c.  
 Waukit, thickened, *as fullers do cloth*  
 Wauble, to swing, to reel  
 Wattle, a twig, a wand  
 Wair, to lay out, to expend  
 Walie, ample, large, jolly; also an interjection of distress  
 Waft, the woof  
 Wailfu', wailing  
 Wee, little, *Wee-things*, little ones, *Wee-bit*, a small matter  
 Weel, well, *Weelfare*, wellfare  
 Wean, or weanie, a child  
 Weafon, weafand  
 We'se, we shall  
 Wearie, or weary, *monie a wearie body*, many a different person  
 Weet, rain, witness  
 Wha, who  
 Whafe, whose  
 Whare, where, *Whare'er*, wherever  
 Whyles, whites, sometimes  
 Whistle, a whistle; to whistle  
 Whang, a leathern string, a piece of cheefe, bread, &c. to give the strappado  
 Wheep, to fly nimble, to jerk, *Penny wheep*, small beer  
 Whun-ftane, a whin-stone!  
 Whirlygigums, uselefs ornaments, trifling appendages  
 Whigmeleeries, whims, fancies, crotchets  
 Whifft! silence! *to hold one's whifft*, to be silent  
 Whaizle, to wheeze  
 Whilk, to sweep, to lash  
 Whilkit, lashed  
 Whid, the motion of a hare running but not frightened, a lie  
 Whiddin, running as a hare or coney  
 Whitter, a hearty draught of liquor  
 Whatreck, nevertheless  
 Whalpit, whelped  
 Wi', with  
 Win', wind, *Win's*, winds  
 Wimple, to meander  
 Wimpl't, meandered  
 Wimplin, waving, meandering  
 Winna, will not  
 Winnock, a window

- Winkin, winking  
 Wick, to strike a stone in an oblique direction, *a term in curling*  
 Witheutten, without  
 Win, to wind, to winnow  
 Win't, winded, *as a bottom of yarn*  
 Wintle, a staggering motion; to stagger, to reel  
 Winze, an oath  
 Wiel, a small whirlpool  
 Wise, *a diminutive or endearing term for wife*  
 Wizen'd, hide-bound, dried, shrunk  
 Wifs, to wish  
 Winsome, gay, hearty, vaunted  
 Waefu', woeful  
 Wonner, a wonder, a contemptuous appellation  
 Wonderfu', wonderful, wonderfully  
 Woo', wool  
 Wooser-bab, the garter knotted below the knee with a couple of loops  
 Worset, worsted  
 Wordy, worthy  
 Wrack, to tease, to vex  
 Wrang, wrong; to wrong  
 Wreeth, a drifted heap of snow  
 Wraith, a spirit; a ghost; an apparition exactly like a living person, whose appearance is said to forbode the person's approaching death  
 Wud, mad, distracted  
 Wumble, a wimble  
 Wyte, blame; to blame  
 Wyliecoat, a flannel vest

## Y

- YEAR, *is used for both sing. and plur. years*  
 Yell, barren, that gives no milk  
 Yerk, to lash, to jerk  
 Yerkit, jerked, lathed  
 Yestreen, yesternight  
 Yealings, born in the same year, coevals  
 Ye, this pronoun is frequently used for *Thou*  
 Yill, ale  
 Yird, earth  
 Yourself, yourself  
 Yont, beyond  
 Youthfu', youthful  
 Yokin, yoking, a bout  
 Yowe, a ewe  
 Yowie, *dimin. of yowe*  
 Yule, Christmas





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