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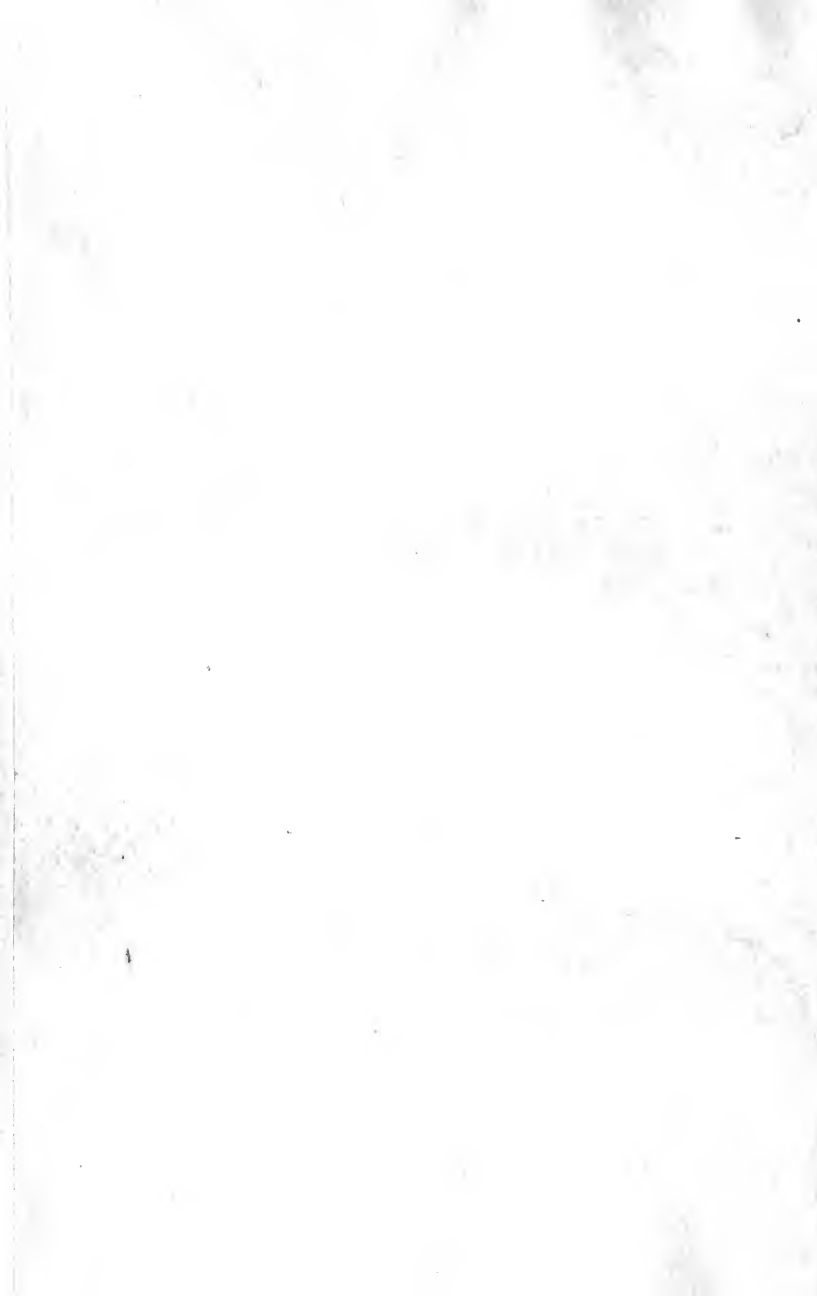
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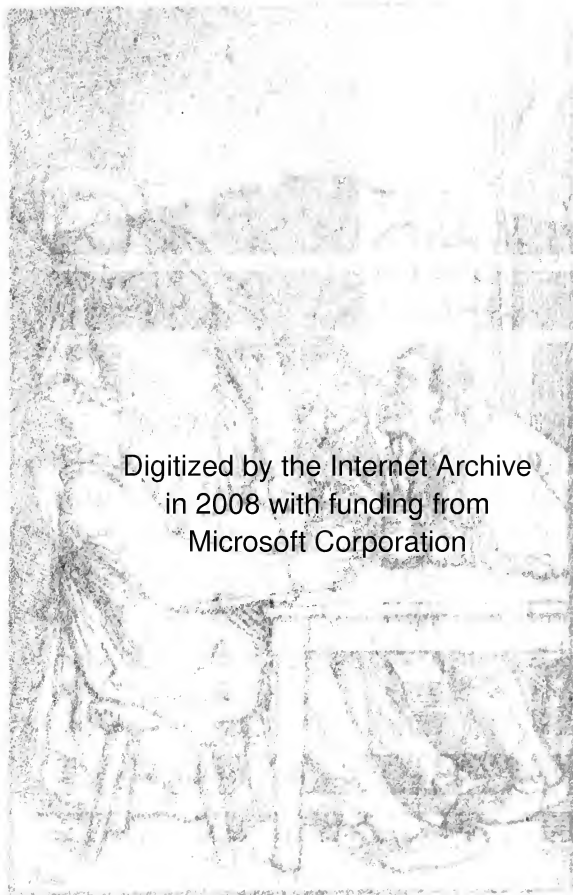
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HEN CHAP-
MAN BIL-
LIES LEAVE
THE STREET,
AND DROU-
THY NEI-
BORS, NEI-
BORS MEET,
AS MARKET
DAYS ARE

WEARIN' LATE, AND FOLK BE-
GIN TO TAK THE GATE; WHILE WE SIT BOUSING AT THE
NAPPY, AND GETTING FOU &
UNCO HAPPY, WE THINK NA
ON THE LANG SCOTS MILES,
THE MOSSES, WATERS, SLAPS,
AND STILES, THAT LIE BE-
TWEEN US AND OUR HAME,
WHARE SITS OUR SULKY SUL-
LEN DAME, GATHERING
HER BROWS LIKE GATHERING
STORM, NURSING HER
WRATH TO KEEP IT WARM.

THIS truth fand honest Tam o'Shanter,
 As he frae Ayr ae night did canter,
 (Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses
 For honest men and bonny lasses).
 O Tam! hadst thou but been sae wise
 As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice!
 She tauld thee weel thou wast a skellum,
 A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum;
 That frae November till October,
 Ae market day thou wasna sober;
 That ilka melder wi' the miller
 Thou sat as long as thou hadst siller;
 That every naig was ca'd a shoe on,
 The smith and thee gat roaring fou on;
 That at the Lord's house, even on Sunday,
 Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday.
 She prophesied that, late or soon,
 Thou wouldst be found deep drown'd in Doon!
 Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk,
 By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.

AH gentle dames! it gars me greet
 To think how mony counsels sweet,
 How mony lengthen'd, sage advices,
 The husband frae the wife despises!

BUT to our tale: Ae market night,
Tam had got planted unco right,
Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely;
And at his elbow, Souter Johnny,
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony;
Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither—
They had been fou for weeks thegither!
The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter,
And aye the ale was growing better:
The landlady and Tam grew gracious,
Wi' favours secret, sweet, and precious;
The Soutar tauld his queerest stories,
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus:
The storm without might rair and rustle—
Tam didna care the storm a whistle.

C'ARE, mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drown'd himsel amang the nappy!
As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure:
Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious!

BUT pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed!

Or like the snowfall in the river,
A moment white—then melts for ever;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form,
Evanishing amid the storm.
Nae man can tether time or tide;
The hour approaches Tam maun ride;
That hour, o' night's black arch the keystone,
That dreary hour he mounts his beast in;
And sic a night he taks the road in
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

THE wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;
The rattling showers rose on the blast,
The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd;
Loud, deep, and lang the thunder bellow'd:
That night, a child might understand
The deil had business on his hand.

WEEL mounted on his gray mare, Meg,
A better never lifted leg,
Tam skelpit on through dub and mire,
Despising wind, and rain, and fire;
Whiles holding fast his guid blue bonnet,
Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet;

Whiles glowering round wi' prudent cares,
Lest bogles catch him unawares:
Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
Whare ghaists and houlets nightly cry.

BY this time he was 'cross the ford,
Whare in the snaw the chapman smoor'd;
And past the birks and meikle stane
Whare drunken Charlie brak's neck-bane;
And through the whins, and by the cairn
Whare hunters fand the murdered bairn;
And near the thorn, aboon the well,
Whare Mungo's mither hang'd hersel.
Before him Doon pours a' his floods;
The doubling storm roars through the woods;
The lightnings flash frae pole to pole;
Near and more near the thunders roll;
When, glimmering through the groaning trees,
Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a bleeze;
Through ilka bore the beams were glancing,
And loud resounded mirth and dancing.
Inspiring bold John Barleycorn!
What dangers thou canst make us scorn!
Wi' tipenny, we fear nae evil;
Wi' usquebae, we'll face the devil!
The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's noddle,

Fair play, he cared na deils a boddle.
But Maggie stood right sair astonish'd,
Till, by the heel and hand admonish'd,
She ventured forward on the light;
And, wow! Tam saw an unco sight!
Warlocks and witches in a dance;
Nae cotillion brent-new frae France,
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,
Put life and mettle in their heels:
At winnock-bunker, in the east,
There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast;
A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large,
To gie them music was his charge;
He screw'd the pipes, and gart them skirl,
Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.
Coffins stood round, like open presses,
That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses;
And by some devilish cantraip slight
Each in its cauld hand held a light,—
By which heroic Tam was able
To note upon the haly table,
A murderer's banes in gibbet-airns;
Twa span-long, wee, unchristen'd bairns,
A thief, new-cutted frae a rape,
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;
Five tomahawks, wi' bluid red-rusted;

Five scymitars, wi' murder crusted;
A garter, which a babe had strangled,
A knife, a father's throat had mangled,
Whom his ain son o' life bereft,
The gray hairs yet stack to the heft:
Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',
Which even to name wad be unlawfu'.

AS Tammie glower'd, amazed and curious,
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious:
The piper loud and louder blew;
The dancers quick and quicker flew;
They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit,
Till ilka carlin' swat and reekit,
And coost her duddies to the wark,
And linkit at it in her sark.

NOW Tam! O Tam! had they been queans,
A' plump and strappin in their teens,
Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,
Been snaw-white seventeen-hunder linen!
Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,
That ance were plush, o' guid blue hair,
I wad hae gien them aff my hurdies,
For ae blink o' the bonny burdies!

BUT wither'd beldams, auld and droll,
Rigwoodie hags, wad spean a foal,
Lowpin' and flingin' on a crummock,
I wonder didna turn thy stomach.

BUT Tam kenn'd what was what fu' brawlie,
"There was ae winsome wench and walie,"
That night enlisted in the core,
(Lang after kenn'd on Carrick shore;
For mony a beast to dead she shot,
And perish'd mony a bonny boat,
And shook baith meikle corn and bear,
And kept the country-side in fear.)
Her cutty sark, o' Paisley harn,
That, while a lassie, she had worn,
In longitude was sorely scanty,
It was her best, and she was vauntie.

AH! little kenn'd thy reverend grannie,
That sark she coft for her wee Nannie,
Wi' twa pund Scots ('twas a' her riches),
Wad ever graced a dance o' witches!

BUT here my Muse her wing maun cour,
Sic flights are far beyond her power;
To sing how Nannie lap and flang,

(A souple jade she was, and strang)
And how Tam stood, like ane bewitch'd,
And thought his very een enrich'd;
Even Satan glower'd, and fidget fu' fain,
And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main:
Till first ae caper, syne anither,
Tam tint his reason a' thegither,
And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-sark!"
And in an instant a' was dark:
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
When out the hellish legion sallied;
As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,
When plundering herds assail their byke,
As open pussie's mortal foes,
When, pop! she starts before their nose;
As eager runs the market-crowd,
When "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud;
So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
Wi' mony an eldritch screich and hollo.

AH, Tam! ah, Tam! thou'lt get thy fairin'!
In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin'!
In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin'!
Kate soon will be a woefu' woman!
Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
And win the keystone o' the brig;

There at them thou thy tail may toss,
 A running stream they darena cross;
 But ere the keystone she could make,
 The fient a tail she had to shake!
 For Nannie, far before the rest,
 Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
 And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle;
 But little wist she Maggie's mettle—
 Ae spring brought off her master hale,
 But left behind her ain gray tail;
 The carlin claught her by the rump,
 And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

NOW, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
 Ilk man and mother's son, take heed:
 Whane'er to drink you are inclined,
 Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,
 Think! ye may buy the joys owre dear—
 Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare.

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BY
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