

THE RIVER
SCENE
AT
THE FALLS

POEMS AND SONGS

BY ROBERT BURNS

ILLUSTRATED WITH NUMEROUS ENGRAVINGS.

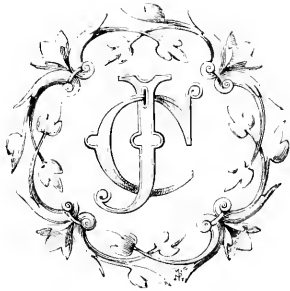


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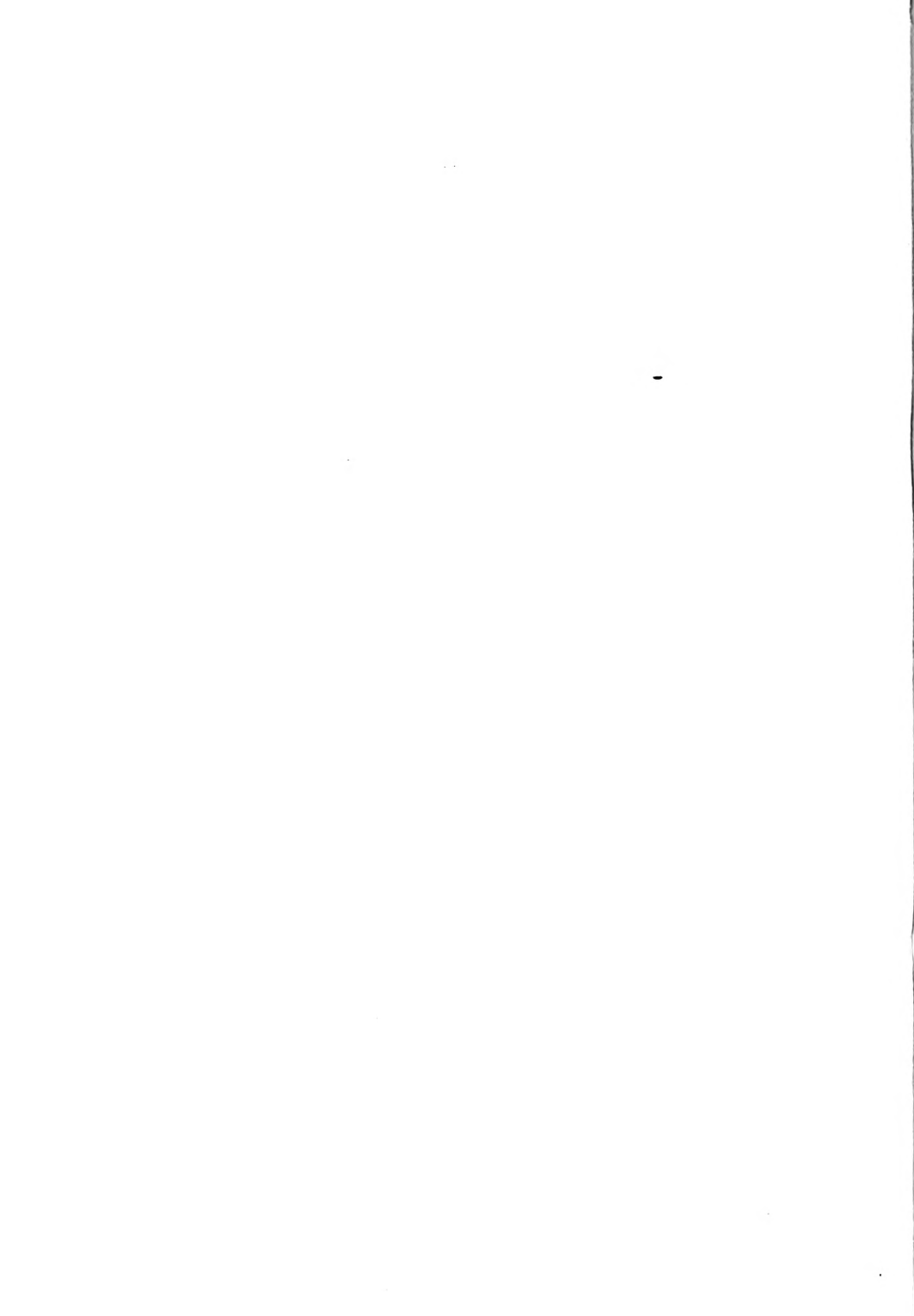
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THIS selection from the Poetical Works of ROBERT BURNS includes such of his popular POEMS as may with propriety be given in a volume intended for the Drawing-room ; and nearly all the SONGS which are usually published.





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THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

VERSE

ENGRAVER

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*The expectant wee-things, toddlin', stacher through
To meet their Dad, wi' flichterin noise and glee.*

C. W. COPE, R.A. . *E. Evans* . . . 1

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

C. W. COPE, R.A. . *E. Evans* . . . 4

*The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
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THE ORNAMENTS AND . . . TAIL-PIECES, W. H. ROGERS. . . E. Evans.

POEMS AND SONGS.





THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

INSCRIBED TO R. AIKEN, ESQ.

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

My loved, my honour'd, much-respected friend!
No mercenary bard his homage pays;
With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end,
My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise:

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

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

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' bonnilie,
 His clean hearth-stane, his thrifty wifie's smile,
 The lispin' infant prattling on his knee,
 Does a' his weary carkin' cares beguile,
 And makes him quite forget his labour and his toil.

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

Wi' joy unfeign'd brothers and sisters meet,
 And each for other's weelfare kindly spiers :
 The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnoticed fleet :
 Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears :
 The parents, partial, eye their hopefu' years :
 Anticipation forward points the view :
 The Mother, wi' her needle and her shears,
 Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new :
 The Father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

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

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

Wi' kindly welcome Jenny brings him ben :
 A strappin' youth ! he tak's the mother's eye ;
 Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill-ta'en ;
 The father cracks o' horses, pleughs, and kye.
 The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
 But blate and laithfu', scarce can weel behave ;
 The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy

What mak's the youth sae bashfu' and sae grave :
Weel pleased to think her bairn's respectit like the lave.

O happy love ! where love like this is found !
O heartfelt raptures ! bliss beyond compare !



I've paced much this weary, mortal round,
And sage experience bids me this declare—
"If Heav'n a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair.

In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale."

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 perjured arts! dissembling smooth!
Are honour, virtue, conscience, all exiled?
Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
Points to the parents fondling o'er their child!
Then paints the ruin'd maid, and their distraction wild!

But now the supper crowns their simple board.

The halesome parritch, chief o' Scotia's food;
The sopp 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 kebbuck, fell,
And aft he's prest, and aft he ca's it gude;
The frugal wife, garrulous, will tell,
How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' lint was i' the bell.

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,

They round the ingle form a circle wide;
The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
The big ha'-Bible, ance his father's pride:
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets wearing thin 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.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise:

They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim:
Perhaps Dundee's wild warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy of the name:

Or noble Elgin beets the heav'nward flame,
 The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays :
 Compared wi' these, Italian trills are tame ;
 The tickled ears no heartfelt raptures raise ;
 Nae unison ha'e they wi' our Creator's praise.

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

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 banishèd,
 Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand ;
 And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounced by Heaven's
 command.

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

Compared with this, how poor Religion's pride,
 In all the pomp of method, and of art,
 When men display to congregations wide,
 Devotion's every grace, except the heart !



The power, incensed, the pageant will desert,
 The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole :
 But haply, in some cottage far apart,
 May hear, well pleased, the language of the soul :
 And in his book of life the inmates poor enrol.

Then homeward all take off their several way :
 The youngling cottagers retire to rest ;
 The parent pair their secret homage pay,
 And proffer up to Heav'n the warm request—
 That He, who stills the raven's clamorous nest,
 And decks the lily fair in flowery 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.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
 That makes her loved at home, revered abroad :
 Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
 "An honest man's the noblest work of God :"
 And certes, in fair Virtue's 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 refined !

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 bless'd with health, and peace, and sweet content !
 And, oh, 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-loved Isle.

O Thou ! who pour'd the patriotic tide
 That stream'd thro' Wallace's undaunted heart,
 Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
 Or nobly die, the second glorious part,

(The patriot's God peculiarly thou art,
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward ;)



O never, never, Scotia's realm desert !
But still the patriot, and the patriot bard,
In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard.

VERSES

LEFT AT A REVEREND FRIEND'S HOUSE, IN THE ROOM WHERE
THE AUTHOR SLEPT.

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.

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

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

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 !

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

When soon or late they reach that coast,
O'er life's rough ocean driven,
May they rejoice, no wand'rers lost.
A family in heaven !

THE
DEATH AND DYING WORDS OF POOR MAILIE,

THE AUTHOR'S ONLY PET YOWE.

An unco' mournfu' Tale.

As Mailie and her lambs thegither,
Were ae day nibbling on the tether,
Upon her cloot she coost a hitch,
And owre she warsled in the ditch :
There, groaning, dying, she did lie,
When Hughoc he came doytin by.

Wi' glowrin een, and lifted han's,
Poor Hughoc like a statue stan's ;
He saw her days were near-hand endit.
But, waes my heart ! he cou'dna mend it !
He gaped wide, but naething spak' !
At length poor Mailie silence brak' :

“ O thou, whase lamentable face
Appears to mourn my woefu' case !
My dying words attentive hear,
And 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,
And let them wander at their will ;
So may his flock increase, and grow
To scores o' lambs and packs o' woo'.

“Tell him, he was a Master kin’,
 And aye was gude to me and mine ;
 And now my dying charge I gi’e him,
 My helpless lambs I trust them wi’ him.

“O, bid him save their harmless lives
 Frae dogs, and tods, and butchers’ knives !
 But gi’e them gude cow-milk their fill.
 Till they be fit to fend themsel’ ;
 And tent them duly, e’en and morn,
 Wi’ teats o’ hay and rips o’ corn.

“And may they never learn the gaets
 Of ither vile wanrestfu’ pets !
 To slink thro’ slaps, and reave and steal
 At stacks o’ pease, or stocks o’ kail.
 So may they, like their great forbears,
 For mony a year come thro’ the shears :
 So wives will gi’e them bits o’ bread,
 And bairns greet for them when they’re dead.

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

“And neist, my yowie, silly thing,
 Gude keep thee frae a tether string !
 O, may thou ne’er forgather up
 Wi’ only blastit, moorland toop !
 But aye keep mind to moop and mell
 Wi’ sheep o’ credit like thysel.

“And now, my bairns, wi’ my last breath,
 I lea’e my blessin’ wi’ you baith ;
 And when you think upon your mither,
 Mind to be kind to ane anither.

“Now, honest Hughoc, dinna fail
 To tell my master a’ my tale ;
 And bid him burn this cursed tether :
 And for thy pains thou’s get my blether.”

This said, poor Mailie turn’d her head,
 And closed her een among the dead !



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

On giving her the accustomed ripp of corn to hansel in the New Year.

A GUDE New-Year I wish thee, Maggie !
 Hae, there’s a ripp to thy auld baggie ;
 Tho’ thou’s howe-backit now, and knaggie,
 I’ve seen the day,
 Thou could ha’e gaen like ony staggie
 Out-owre the lay.

Tho’ now thou’s dowie, stiff, and crazy,
 And thy auld hide’s as white’s a daisy,
 I’ve seen thee dapplet, sleek, and glaizie,
 A bonnie 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, and swank,
 And set weel down a shapely shank
 As e'er trod yird :
 And could ha'e flown out-owre a stank
 Like ony bird.

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

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

That day ye pranced wi' muckle pride,
 When ye bure hame my bonny bride ;
 And sweet and 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,
 And wintle like a saumont-coble,
 That day ye was a jinker noble,
 For heels and win',
 And ran them till they a' did wauble
 Far, far behin'.

When thou and I were young and skeigh,
And stable-meals at fairs were driegh,



How thou wad prance, and snort and skeigh,
And tak' the road'

Town's bodies ran, and stood abeigh,
 And ca't thee mad.

When thou was corn't, and I was mellow,
 We took the road ay like a swallow :
 At brooses thou had ne'er a fallow,
 For pith and speed :
 But every 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,
 And gar't them whaizle :
 Nae whip nor spur, but just a wattle
 O' saugh or hazel.

Thou was a noble fittie-lan'
 As e'er in tug or tow was drawn ;
 Aft thee and I, in aught hours gaun,
 In gude March weather,
 Ha'e turn'd sax rood beside our han',
 For days thegither.

Thou never braindg't, and fech't, and fliskit,
 But thy auld tail thou wad hae whiskit,
 And spread abreed thy weel-fill'd brisket,
 Wi' pith and power,
 Till spritty knowes wad rair't and riskit
 An' slypet owre.

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

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

My pleugh is now thy bairn-time a' :
 Four gallant brutes as e'er did draw ;
 Forbye sax mae, I've sell'd awa,
 That thou hast nurst :
 They drew me thretteen pund and twa.
 The very warst.

Mony a sair darg we twa ha'e wrought,
 And wi' the weary warl' fought !
 And mony an anxious day, I thought
 We wad be beat !
 Yet here to crazy age we're brought,
 Wi' something yet.

And think na, my auld trusty servan',
 That now, perhaps, thou's less deservin',
 And thy auld days may end in starvin',
 For my last fou,
 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,
 With sma' fatigue.

STANZAS

IN THE PROSPECT OF DEATH.

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

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

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

A WINTER NIGHT.

Poor naked wretches, where-so'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, defend you
 From seasons such as these?—SHAKESPEARE.

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

As night the storm the steeple rocked,
 Poor Labour sweet in sleep was locked,
 While burns, wi' snawy wreaths up-choked,
 Wild-eddying swirl,
 Or thro' the mining outlet bock'd,
 Down headlong hurl.

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

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

Ev'n you on murd'ring errands toil'd,
 Lone from your savage homes exiled,
 The blood-stain'd roost, and sheep-cote spoil'd,
 My heart forgets,
 While pitiless the tempest wild
 Sore on you beats.

Now Phæbe, in her midnight reign,
 Dark muffled, 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 heav'n-illumin'd 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 servile wretches in the rear,
 Looks o'er proud Property extended wide,
 And eyes the simple, rustic Hind,
 Whose toil upholds the glittering show,
 A creature of another kind,
 Some coarser substance, unrefined,
 Placed for her lordly use thus far, thus vile below.
 Where, where is Love's fond, tender throe,

With lordly Honour's lofty brow,
The powers you proudly own ?
Is there, beneath Love's noble name,
Can harbour, dark, the selfish aim,
To bless himself alone ?



Mark maiden-innocence a prey
To love-pretending snares :
This boasted honour turns away,
Shunning soft Pity's rising sway,
Regardless of the tears and unavailing prayers .
Perhaps, this hour, in Mis'ry's squalid nest,
She strains your infant to her joyless breast,
And with a mother's fears shrinks at the rocking blast

Oh ye! who, sunk in beds of down,
 Feel not a want but what yourselves create,
 Think, for a moment, on his wretched fate,
 Whom friends and fortune quite disown!
 Ill-satisfied 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 bliss!"

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

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



Thou saw the fields laid bare and waste,
 An' weary winter coming fast,
 An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
 Thou thought to dwell,
 Till crash! the cruel coulter past
 Out through thy cell.

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

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane,
 In proving foresight may be vain:
 The best-laid schemes o' mice and men
 Gang aft a-gley,
 And lea'e us nought but grief and pain,
 For promised joy.

still thou art blest, compared wi' me:
 The present only toucheth thee:
 But, och! I backward cast my e'e,
 On prospects drear!
 And forward, though I canna see,
 I guess an' fear.





LAMENT OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS,

ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

Now Nature hangs her mantle green
On every blooming tree,
And spreads her sheets o' daisies white
Out o'er the grassy lea :

Now Phœbus cheers the crystal streams,
 And glads the azure skies :
 But nocht can glad the weary wight
 That fast in durance lies.

Now lav'rocks wake the merry morn,
 Aloft on dewy wing ;
 The merle, in his noontide bow'r,
 Makes woodland echoes ring ;
 The mavis mild, wi' many a note,
 Sings drowsy day to rest :
 In love and freedom they rejoice,
 Wi' care nor thrall opprest.

Now blooms the lily by the bank,
 The primrose down the brae ;
 The hawthorn's budding in the glen,
 And milk-white is the slae :
 The meanest hind in fair Scotland
 May rove their sweets amang ;
 But I, the Queen of a' Scotland,
 Maun lie in prison strang.

I was the Queen o' bonnie France,
 Where happy I ha'e been ;
 Fu' lightly raise I in the morn,
 As blythe lay down at e'en :
 And I'm the Sov'reign of Scotland,
 And monie a traitor there :
 Yet here I lie in foreign bands,
 And never-ending care.

But as for thee, thou false woman !
 My sister and my fae,
 Grim Vengeance, yet, shall whet a sword
 That through thy soul shall gae :

The weeping blood in woman's breast
Was never known to thee ;
Nor th' balm that drops on wounds of woe
Frae woman's pitying e'e.

My son! my son! may kinder stars
Upon thy fortune shine ;
And may those pleasures gild thy reign,
That ne'er wad blink on mine !
God keep thee frae thy mother's faes,
Or turn their hearts to thee ;
And where thou meet'st thy mother's friend,
Remember him for me !

Oh! soon, to me, may summer suns
Nae mair light up the morn !
Nae mair, to me, the autumn winds
Wave o'er the yellow corn !
And in the narrow house o' death
Let winter round me rave ;
And the next flowers that deck the spring
Bloom on my peaceful grave !



ON THE BIRTH OF A POSTHUMOUS CHILD,

Born in peculiar circumstances of family distress.

SWEET flow'ret, pledge o' meikle love
 And ward o' monie a pray'r,
 What heart o' stane wad thou na move,
 Sae helpless, sweet, and fair!

November hirples o'er the lea,
 Chill, on thy lovely form;
 And gane, alas! the shelt'ring tree,
 Should shield thee frae the storm.

May He who gives the rain to pour,
 And wings the blast to blaw,
 Protect thee frae the driving show'r,
 The bitter frost and snaw!

May He, the friend of woe and want,
 Who heals life's various stounds,
 Protect and guard the mother plant,
 And heal her cruel wounds!

But late she flourish'd, rooted fast,
 Fair on the summer morn:
 Now feebly bends she in the blast,
 Unshelter'd and forlorn.

Blest be thy bloom, thou lovely gem,
 Unscathed by ruffian hand!
 And from thee many a parent stem
 Arise to deck our land!

TO MISS CRUICKSHANKS,

A VERY YOUNG LADY,

Written on the blank leaf of a book, presented to her by the Author.

BEAUTEOUS rose-bud, young and gay,
 Blooming in thy early May,
 Never may'st thou, lovely flow'r,
 Chilly shrink in sleety show'r!
 Never Boreas' hoary path,
 Never Eurus' pois'nous breath,
 Never baleful stellar lights,
 Taint thee with untimely blights!
 Never, never reptile thief
 Riot on thy virgin leaf!
 Nor even Sol too fiercely view
 Thy bosom blushing still with dew!

May'st thou long, sweet crimson gem,
 Richly deck thy native stem,
 Till some evening, sober, calm,
 Dropping dews, and breathing balm,
 While all around the woodland rings,
 And every bird thy requiem sings;
 Thou, amid the dirgeful sound,
 Shed thy dying honours round,
 And resign to parent Earth
 The loveliest form she e'er gave birth.





W I N T E R.

A DIRGE.

THE wintry west extends his blast,
And hail and rain does blow,
Or the stormy north sends driving forth
The blinding sleet and snow :

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.

“ 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.

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



THE TWA DOGS.

A TALE.

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

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

His lock'd, letter'd, braw brass collar,
 Shaw'd him the gentleman and scholar ;
 But though he was o' high degree,
 The fient a pride, nae pride had he ;
 But wad ha'e spent an hour caessin'
 Ev'n wi' a tinkler gipsy's messin' :
 At kirk or market, mill or smiddie,
 Nae tawted tyke, though e'er sae duddie,
 But he wad stand as glad to see him,
 And stroan't on stanes an' hillocks wi' him.

The tither was a ploughman's collie,
 A rhyming, ranting, roving billie,
 Wha for his friend and comrade had him,
 And in his freaks had Luath ca'd him,
 After some dog in Highland sang,
 Was made lang syne—Gude kens how lang.

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

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

CÆSAR.

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

Our laird gets in his racked rents,
 His coals, his kain, and a' his stents :
 He rises when he likes himsel' ;
 His flunkies answer at the bell :
 He ca's his coach : he ca's his horse ;
 He draws a bonnie silken purse
 As lang's my tail, whare, through the steeks,
 The yellow-letter'd geordie keeks.

Frae morn to e'en it's nought but toiling
 At baking, roasting, frying, boiling ;

And though the gentry first are stechin,
 Yet e'en the ha' folk fill their pechan
 Wi' sauce, ragouts, and sic like trashtrie,
 That's little short o' downright wastrie.
 Our whipper-in, wee blastit wonner,
 Poor worthless elf, it eats a dinner
 Better than ony tenant man
 His Honour has on a' the la.' :
 And what poor cot-folk pit their painch in,
 I own it's past my comprehension.

LUATH.

Trowth, Cæsar, whiles they're fash't enOUGH ;
 A cotter howkin in a sheugh,
 Wi' dirty stanes biggin' a dyke,
 Barin' a quarry, and sic like ;
 Himsel', a wife, he thus sustains,
 A smytrie o' wee duddy weans,
 And nought but his han'-darg to keep
 Them right and tight in thack and rape.

And when they meet wi' sair disasters,
 Like loss o' health, or want of 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 ;
 And buirdly chiels, and clever hizzies,
 Are bred in sic a way as this is.

CÆSAR.

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

I've noticed, on our Laird's court-day,
And mony a time my heart's been wae,
Poor tenant bodies, scant o' cash,



How they maun thole a factor's snash :
He'll stamp and threaten, curse and swear,
He'll apprehend them, poind their gear :

While they maun stan', wi' aspect humble
 And hear it a', and fear and tremble !
 I see how folk live that ha'e riches ;
 But surely poor folk maun be wretches !

LUATH.

They're no sae wretched's ane wad think ,
 Though constantly on poortith's brink,
 They're sae accustom'd wi' the sight,
 The view o't gi'es them little fright.

Then chance and fortune are sae guided,
 They're aye in less or mair provided :
 And though fatigued wi' close employment,
 A blink o' rest's a sweet enjoyment.

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

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

As bleak-faced Hallowmas returns,
 They get the jovial, rantin' kirns,
 When rural life o' every station
 Unite in common recreation ;
 Love blinks, Wit slaps, and social Mirth
 Forgets there's Care upo' the earth.

That merry day the year begins,
 They bar the door on frosty win's :
 The nappy reeks wi' mantling ream,

And sheds a heart-inspiring steam ;
 The luntin' pipe, and sneeshin' mill,
 Are handed round wi' right gude-will ;
 The canty auld folks crackin' crouse,
 The young anes rantin' through the house :
 My heart has been sae fain to see them,
 That I for joy ha'e barkit wi' them.

Still it's owre true that ye ha'e said,
 Sic game is now owre often play'd.
 There's mony a creditable stock
 O' decent, honest-fawsont folk,
 Are riven out baith root and branch,
 Some rascal's pridefu' greed to quench,
 Wha thinks to knit himsel' the faster
 In favour wi' some gentle master,
 Wha, aiblins, thrang a-parliamentin',
 For Britain's gude his saul indentin'—

CÆSAR.

Haith, lad, ye little ken about it ;
 For Britain's gude ! gude faith, I doubt it !
 Say rather, gaun, as Premiers lead him,
 And saying ay or no's they bid him !
 At operas and plays parading,
 Mortgaging, gambling, masquerading ;
 Or maybe, in a frolic daft,
 To Hague or Calais tak's a waft,
 To mak' a tour and tak' a whirl,
 To learn bon ton, and see the warl'.

There, at Vienna or Versailles,
 He rives his father's auld entails ;
 Or by Madrid he takes the route,
 To thrum guitars and fecht wi' nowt ;
 Then bouses drumly German water,
 To mak' himsel' look fair and fatter.
 For Britain's gude ! for her destruction !
 Wi' dissipation, feud, and faction.

LUATH.

Hech, man! dear sirs! is that the gate
 They waste sae monie a brow estate?
 Are we sae foughthen and harass'd
 For gear to gang that gate at last?

O wad they stay aback frae courts,
 And please themsel's wi' country sports,
 It wad for every ane be better,
 The laird, the tenant, and the cotter!
 For thae frank, rantin' ramblin' billies,
 Fient haet o' them's ill-hearted fellows,
 Except for breaking o' their timmer,
 Or speaking lightly o' their limmer,
 Or shootin' o' a hare or moor-cock,
 The ne'er a bit they're ill to poor folk.

But will ye tell me, Master Cæsar,
 Sure great folk's life's a life o' pleasure!
 Nae cauld nor hunger e'er can steer them,
 The very thought o't needna fear them.

CÆSAR.

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

It's true they need na starve or sweat,
 Through winter's cauld, or simmer's heat:
 They've nae sair wark to craze their banes,
 An' fill auld age wi' gripes an' granes:
 But human bodies are sic fools,
 For a' their colleges and schools,
 That when nae real ills perplex them,
 They mak enow themselves to vex them:
 An' aye the less they ha'e to sturt them,
 In like proportion less will hurt them.

A country fellow at the pleugh,
 His acres till'd, he's right enugh;

A country girl at her wheel,
 Her dizzens done, she's unco weel :
 But gentlemen, an' ladies warst,
 Wi' ev'ndown want o' wark are curst.
 They loiter, lounging, lank, an' lazy ;
 Though de'il haet ails them, yet uneasy :
 Their days, insipid, dull, an' tasteless ;
 Their nights unquiet, lang, an' restless ;
 An' e'en their sports, their balls an' races,
 Their galloping through 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.
 The ladies arm-in-arm in clusters,
 As great and gracious a' as sisters ;
 But hear their absent thoughts o' 'ither,
 They're a' run deils and jads thegither.
 Whyles o'er the wee bit cup and platie,
 They sip the scandal potion pretty ;
 Or lee-lang nights, wi' crabbit leuks
 Pore owre the devil's pictured beuks ;
 Stake on a chance a farmer's stackyard,
 An' cheat like ony unhang'd blackguard.
 There's some exception, man an' woman ;
 But this is gentry's life in common.

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

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF BRUAR WATER,

TO THE NOBLE DUKE OF ATHOLE.

MY LORD, I know your noble ear
 Woe ne'er assails in vain !
 Embolden'd thus, I beg you'll hear
 Your humble slave complain,
 How saucy Phœbus' scorching beams,
 In flaming summer pride,
 Dry-withering, waste my foamy streams,
 And drink my crystal tide.

The lightly-jumping glow'rin' trouts,
 That thro' my waters play,
 If, in their random, wanton spouts,
 They near the margin stray ;
 If, hapless chance ! they linger lang,
 I'm scorching up so shallow,
 They're left the whitening stanes amang,
 In gasping death to wallow.

Last day I grat wi' spite and teen,
 As Poet Burns came by,
 That to a bard I should be seen
 Wi' half my channel dry :
 A panegyric rhyme, I ween,
 Ev'n as I was he shored me ;
 But had I in my glory been,
 He, kneeling, wad adored me.

Here, foaming down the shelvy rocks,
In twisting strength I rin ;
There, high my boiling torrent smokes,
Wild-roaring o'er a linn :



Enjoying large each spring and well
As nature gave them me,
I am, altho' I say't mysel',
Worth gaun a mile to sec.

Wad then my noble master please
 To grant my highest wishes,
 He'll shade my banks wi' tow'ring trees,
 And bonnie spreading bushes ;
 Delighted doubly then, my Lord,
 You'll wander on my banks,
 And listen mony a grateful bird
 Return you tuneful thanks.

The sober laverock, warbling wild,
 Shall to the skies aspire ;
 The gowdspink, Music's gayest child,
 Shall sweetly join the choir :
 The blackbird strong, the lintwhite clear,
 The mavis mild and mellow :
 The robin, pensive autumn cheer,
 In all her locks of yellow.

This, too, a covert shall ensure,
 To shield them from the storm ;
 And coward maukin sleep secure,
 Low in her grassy form :
 Here shall the shepherd make his seat,
 To weave his crown o' flowers :
 Or find a sheltering safe retreat,
 From prone descending show'rs.

And here, by sweet endearing stealth,
 Shall meet the loving pair,
 Despising worlds with all their wealth
 As empty idle care :
 The flowers shall vie in all their charms
 The hour of heaven to grace,
 And birks extend their fragrant arms
 To screen the dear embrace.

Here haply too, at vernal dawn,
Some musing bard may stray,
And eye the smoking, dewy lawn,
And misty mountain grey ;
Or, by the reaper's nightly beam,
Mild-chequering thro' the trees,
Rave to my darkly-dashing stream,
Hoarse swelling on the breeze.

Let lofty firs, and ashes cool,
My lowly banks o'erspread,
And view, deep-bending in the pool,
Their shadows' wat'ry bed !
Let fragrant birks, in woodbines drest
My craggy cliff adorn ;
And, for the little songster's nest,
The close embow'ring thorn.

So may old Scotia's darling hope,
Your little angel band,
Spring, like their fathers, up to prop
Their honour'd native land !
So may, thro' Albion's farthest ken,
To social flowing glasses,
The grace be—"Athole's honest men,
And Athole's bonnie lasses !"



ADDRESS TO EDINBURGH.

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

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

Thy sons, Edina, social, kind,
 With open arms the stranger hail;
 Their views enlarged, 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.

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 Burnet 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 !

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

With awe-struck thought, and pitying tears,
 I view that noble, stately dome,
 Where Scotia's kings of other years,
 Famed heroes ! had their royal home :
 Alas ! how changed the times to come !
 Their royal name low in the dust !
 Their hapless race wide-wand'ring roam !
 Though rigid Law cries out, 't was just !

Wild beats my heart to trace your steps,
 Whose ancestors, in days of yore,
 Through 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 faced grim danger's loudest roar,
 Bold-following where your fathers led !

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



ON THE LATE CAPTAIN GROSE'S PEREGRINATIONS
THROUGH SCOTLAND,

COLLECTING THE ANTIQUITIES OF THAT KINGDOM.

HEAR, Land o' Cakes, and brither Scots,
Frae Maidenkirke to Johnny Groats ;
If there's a hole in a' your coats,

I rede you tent it :

A chield's amang you, taking notes,
 And faith, he'll prent it!

If in your bounds ye chance to light
 Upon a fine, fat, fodgeg wight,
 O' stature short, but genius bright,
 That's he, mark weel—
 And wow! he has an unco sleight
 O' cauk and keel.

By some auld, howlet-haunted biggin',
 Or kirk deserted by its riggin',
 It's ten to ane ye'll find him snug in
 Some eldritch part,
 Wi' deils, they say, Lord save's! colleagain'
 At some black art.

It's tauld he was a sodger bred,
 And ane wad rather fa'n than fled,
 But now he's quat the spurtle-blade,
 And dog-skin wallet,
 And ta'en the—Antiquarian trade,
 I think they call it.

He has a fouth o' auld nick-nackets:
 Rusty airn caps and jinglin' jackets,
 Wad haud the Lothians three in tackets
 A towmont gude;
 And parritch-pats, and auld saut-backets,
 Before the Flood.

Forbye, he'll shape you aff, fu' gleg,
 The cut of Adam's philibeg;
 The knife that nicket Abel's craig
 He'll prove you fully,
 It was a faulding jocteleg,
 Or lang-kail gullie.

But wad ye see him in his glee,
For meikle glee and fun has he,
Then set him down, and twa or three
 Guid fellows wi' him ;
And port, O port! shine thou a wee,
 And then ye'll see him !

Now, by the pow'rs o' verse and prose !
Thou art a dainty chield, O Grose !
Whae'er o' thee shall ill suppose,
 They sair misca' thee ;
I'd take the rascal by the nose
 Wad say, Shame fa' thee.



WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL,

OVER THE CHIMNEY-PIECE IN THE PARLOUR OF THE INN AT
KENMURE, TAYMOUTH.

ADMIRING Nature in her wildest grace,
 These northern scenes with weary feet I trace ;
 O'er many a winding dale and painful steep,
 Th' abodes of covey'd grouse and timid sheep,
 My savage journey, curious, I pursue,
 Till fam'd Breadalbane opens to my view.—
 The meeting cliffs each deep-sunk glen divides,
 The woods, wild scatter'd, clothe their ample sides ;
 Th' outstretching lake, embosom'd 'mong the hills,
 The eye with wonder and amazement fills ;
 The Tay, meandering sweet in infant pride,
 The palace rising on its verdant side ;
 The lawns wood-fringed in Nature's native taste ;
 The hillocks dropt in Nature's careless haste ;
 The arches striding o'er the new-born stream ;
 The village glittering in the noontide beam—

* * * * *

Poetic ardours in my bosom swell,
 Lone wandering by the hermit's mossy cell :
 The sweeping theatre of hanging woods ;
 Th' incessant roar of headlong tumbling floods—

* * * * *

Here Poesy might wake her heaven-taught lyre ;
 And look through Nature with creative fire ;
 Here, to the wrongs of fate half-reconciled,
 Misfortune's lighten'd steps might wander wild ;
 And Disappointment, in these lonely bounds,
 Find balm to soothe her bitter rankling wounds :
 Here heart-struck Grief might heav'nward stretch her scan,
 And injured Worth forget and pardon man.

* * * * *

WRITTEN IN FRIARS-CARSE HERMITAGE,

ON NITH-SIDE.

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

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

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

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

As the shades of ev'ning close,
 Beck'ning thee to long repose ;
 As life itself becomes disease,
 Seek the chimney-nook of ease,
 There ruminatè with sober thought,
 On all thou'st seen, and heard, and wrought ;

And teach the sportive younkers round,
Saws of experience, sage and sound.
Say, man's true genuine estimate,
The grand criterion of his fate,
Is not, art thou high or low ?
Did thy fortune ebb or flow ?
Did many talents gild thy span ?
Or frugal nature grudge thee one ?
Tell them, and press it on their mind,
As thou thyself must shortly find,
The smile or frown of awful Heaven,
To virtue or to vice is giv'n.
Say, to be just, and kind, and wise,
There solid self-enjoyment lies ;
That foolish, selfish, faithless ways,
Lead to the wretched, vile, and base.

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

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



ON SEEING A WOUNDED HARE LIMP BY ME,

WHICH A FELLOW HAD JUST SHOT AT.

INHUMAN man ! curse on thy barb'rous art,
 And blasted be thy murder-aiming eye :
 May never pity soothe thee with a sigh,
 Nor ever pleasure glad thy cruel heart !

Go live, poor wanderer of the wood and field,
 The bitter little of that life remains :
 No more the thickening brakes and verdant plains
 To thee shall home, or food, or pastime yield.

Seek, mangled wretch, some place of wonted rest,
 No more of rest, but now thy dying bed !
 The sheltering rushes whistling o'er thy head,
 The cold earth with thy bloody bosom prest.

Oft as by winding Nith, I, musing, wait
 The sober eve, or hail the cheerful dawn,
 I'll miss thee sporting o'er the dewy lawn,
 And curse the ruffian's aim, and mourn thy hapless fate





ON SCARING SOME WATER-FOWL

IN LOCH-TURIT, A WILD SCENE AMONG THE HILLS OF OUGHTERTARE.

Why, ye tenants of the lake,
For me your wat'ry haunt forsake!
Tell me, fellow-creatures, why
At my presence thus you fly!

Why disturb your social joys,
 Parent, filial, kindred ties?—
 Common friend to you and me,
 Nature's gifts to all are free :
 Peaceful keep your dimpling wave,
 Busy feed, or wanton lave ;
 Or, beneath the sheltering rock,
 Bide the surging billow's shock.

Conscious, blushing for our race,
 Soon, too soon, your fears I trace.
 Man, your proud usurping foe,
 Would be lord of all below :
 Plumes himself in Freedom's pride,
 Tyrant stem to all beside.

The eagle, from the cliffy brow,
 Marking you his prey below,
 In his breast no pity dwells,
 Strong necessity compels ;
 But Man, to whom alone is giv'n
 A ray direct from pitying Heav'n,
 Glories in his heart humane—
 And creatures for his pleasure slain !

In these savage liquid plains,
 Only known to wand'ring swains,
 Where the mossy riv'let strays,
 Far from human haunts and ways ;
 All on Nature you depend,
 And life's poor season peaceful spend.

Or, if man's superior might,
 Dare invade your native right,
 On the lofty ether borne,
 Man with all his pow'rs you scorn ;

Swiftly seek, on clanging wings,
 Other lakes and other springs ;
 And the foe you cannot brave,
 Scorn at least to be his slave.



TO MISS LOGAN,

WITH BEATTIE'S POEMS, AS A NEW-YEAR'S GIFT,

Jan. 1, 1787.

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

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

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

HALLOWE'EN.¹

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.

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.

UPON that night, when fairies light
 On Cassilis Downans² dance,
 Or owre the lays, in splendid blaze,
 On sprightly coursers prance:
 Or for Colean the route is ta'en,
 Beneath the moon's pale beams;
 There up the Cove³ to stray and rove,
 Among the rocks and streams
 To sport that night.

Among the bonny winding banks,
 Where Doon rins wimplin clear,
 Where BRUCE⁴ ance ruled the martial ranks,
 And shook his Carrick spear,
 Some merry, friendly countra folks
 Together did convene,
 To burn their nits, and pu' their stocks,
 And haud their Hallowe'en
 Fu' blithe that night.

The lasses feat, an' cleanly neat,
 Mair braw than when they're fine;

Their faces blithe, fu' sweetly kythe,
 Hearts leal and warm, and kin':
 The lads sae trig, wi' wooer-babs,
 Weel knotted on their garten,
 Some unco blate, and some wi' gabs
 Gar lasses' hearts gang startin',
 Whyles fast at night.

Then first and foremost, thro' the kail,
 Their stocks⁵ maun a' be sought ance;
 They steek their een, and graip and wail
 For muckle anes, and straught anes.
 Poor hav'rel Will fell aff the drift,
 And wander'd thro' the bow-kail,
 And pu'd, for want o' better shift,
 A runt was like a sow-tail,
 Sae bow't that night.

Then, straught or crooked, yird or nane,
 They roar and cry a' throu'ther;
 The vera wee things, todlin,' rin
 Wi' stocks out-owre their shouter;
 And gif the custocs sweet or sour,
 Wi' joctelegs they taste them;
 Syne cozily, aboon the door,
 Wi' cannie care they've placed them
 To lie that night.

The lasses staw frae 'mang them a',
 To pu' their stalks o' corn;⁶
 But Rab slips out, and jinks about
 Behint the muckle thorn:
 He grippet Nelly hard and fast;
 Loud skirled a' the lasses;
 But her tap-pickle maist was lost,
 When kiutlin i' the fause-house⁷
 Wi' him that night.

The auld gudewife's weel-boardit mits,
 Are round and round divided,
 And monie lads' and lasses' fates
 Are there that night decided :



Some kindle, couthie, side by side,
 And burn thegither trimly ;
 Some start awa' wi' saucy pride,
 And jump out-owre the chimlie
 Fu' high that night.

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

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

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

But Merran sat behint their backs,
 Her thoughts on Andrew Bell ;
 She lea'es them gashin' at their cracks,
 And slips out by hersel' :
 She thro' the yard the nearest tak's,
 And to the kiln she goes then,

And darklins graipit for the bauks,
 And in the blue-clew⁹ throws then,
 Right fear't that night.

And ay she win't, and ay she swat ;
 I wat she made nae jaukin' ;
 Till something held within the pat,
 Guid Lord ! but she was quakin' !
 But whether 't was the de'il himsel',
 Or whether 't was a bauk-en',
 Or whether it was Andrew Bell,
 She didna wait on talkin'
 To spier that night.

Wee Jenny to her Grannie says,
 " Will ye go wi' me, grannie ?
 I'll eat the apple¹⁰ at the glass
 I gat frae uncle Johnnie ;"
 She fuff't her pipe wi' sic a lunt,
 In wrath she was sae vap'rin',
 She noticed na, an aizle brunt
 Her braw new worsset apron
 Out thro' that night.

" Ye little skelpie-limmer's face !
 How daur you try sic sportin',
 As seek the foul Thief ony place,
 For him to spae your fortune ?
 Nae doubt but ye may get a sight !
 Great cause ye ha'e to fear it ;
 For monie a ane has gotten a fright,
 An' lived and died deleeret
 On sic a night.

" Ae hairst afore the Sherra-Muir,
 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 and wat,
 And stuff' was unco green ;
 And ay a rantin' kirn we gat,
 And just on Hallowe'en
 It fell that night.

“ Our stibble-rig was Rab M'Graen,
 A clever sturdy fallow ;
 He's sin' gat Eppie Sim wi' wean,
 That lived in Achmacalla ;
 He gat hemp-seed,¹¹ I mind it weel,
 And he made unco light o't ;
 But monie a day was by himsel',
 He was sae sairly frightened
 That vera night.”

Then up gat fechtin' Jamie Fleck,
 And he swoor by his conscience,
 That he could saw hemp-seed a peck,
 For it was a' but nonsense :
 The auld gudeman raught down the pock,
 And out a handfu' gied him ;
 Syne bade him slip frae 'mang the folk,
 Some time when nae ane see'd him,
 And try't that night.

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

He whistled up Lord Lennox' March,
 To keep his courage cheery :
 Altho' his hair began to arch,
 He was sae fley'd and eerie :
 Till presently he hears a squeak.
 And then a grane an' gruntle :
 He by his shouther gae a keek,
 And tumbled wi' a wintle
 Out-owre that night.

He roar'd a horrid murder-shout,
 In dreadfu' desperation !
 And young and auld cam' rinnin out,
 To hear the sad narration :
 He swear 'twas hilchin' Jean M'Craw,
 Or crouchie Merran Humphie,
 Till stap ! she trotted thro' them a' :
 And wha was it but Grumphie
 Asteer that night !

Meg fain wad to the barn ha'e gane,
 To win three wechts o' naething ;¹²
 But for to meet the de'il her lane,
 She pat but little faith in :
 She gi'es the herd a pickle nits,
 And twa red-cheekit apples,
 To watch, while for the barn she sets,
 In hopes to see Tam Kipples
 That very night.

She turns the key wi' cannie thraw,
 An' owre the threshold ventures ;
 But first on Sawnie gies a ca',
 Syne bauldly in she enters :
 A ratton rattled up the wa',
 And she cried, Lord, preserve her !



And ran thro' midden-hole and a,
 An' pray'd wi' zeal and fervour,
 Fu' fast that night.

They hoy't out Will, wi' sair advice ;
 They hecht him some fine braw ane !
 It chanced the stack he faddom'd thrice¹³
 Was timmer propt for thrawin :

He tak's a swerlie auld moss-oak
 For some black grewsome carlin ;
 And loot a winze, and drew a stroke,
 Till skin in blypes cam' haurlin
 Aff's nieves that night.

A wanton widow Leezie was,
 As canty as a kittlen ;
 But, och ! that night, among the shaws,
 She gat a fearfu' settlin' !
 She thro' the whins, and by the cairn,
 And owre the hill gaed scrievin,
 Whare three lairds' lands met at a burn,¹¹
 To dip her left sark-sleeve in,
 Was bent that night.

Whyles owre a linn the burnie plays,
 As thro' the glen it wimpl't ;
 Whyles round a rocky scaur it stays,
 Whyles in a wiel it dimpl't ;
 Whyles glittered to the nightly rays,
 Wi' bickering, dancing dazzle ;
 Whyles joukit underneath the braes,
 Below the spreading hazel,
 Unseen that night.

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

In order, on the clean hearth-stane,
 The luggies three¹⁵ are ranged,
 And every time great care is ta'en
 To see them duly changed :
 Auld uncle John, wha wedlock's joys
 Sin' Mar's-year did desire,
 Because he gat the toom dish thrice,
 He heaved them on the fire,
 In wrath that night.

Wi' merry sangs, an' friendly cracks,
 I wat they didna weary ;
 And unco tales, and funny jokes,
 Their sports were cheap and cheery :
 Till butter'd so'ns,¹⁶ wi' fragrant lunt,
 Sets a' their gabs a-steerin' ;
 Syne, wi' a social glass o' strunt,
 They parted aff' careerin'
 Fu' blythe that night.



A VISION.

As I stood by yon roofless tower,
 Where the wa'-flower scents the dewy air,
 Where the howlet mourns in her ivy bower,
 And tells the midnight moon her care ;

The winds were laid, the air was still,
 The stars they shot along the sky ;
 The fox was howling on the hill,
 And the distant-echoing glens reply.

The stream, adown its hazelly path,
 Was rushing by the ruin'd wa's,
 Hasting to join the sweeping Nith,
 Whose distant roaring swells and fa's.

The cauld blue north was streaming forth
 Her lights, wi' hissing, eerie din ;
 Athort the lift they start and shift,
 Like fortune's favours, tint as win.

By heedless chance I turn'd mine eyes,
 And by the moon-beam, shook, to see
 A stern and stalwart ghaist arise,
 Attired as minstrels wont to be.

Had I a statue been o' stane,
 His darin' look had daunted me ;
 And on his bonnet graved was plain,
 The sacred posy—"Libertie !"

And frae his harp sic strains did flow,
 Might roused the slumbering dead to hear ;
 But oh, it was a tale of woe,
 As ever met a Briton's ear !

He sang wi' joy the former day,
 He weeping wail'd his latter times ;
 But what he said it was nae play,
 I winna venture't in my rhymes.



SONNET ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT RIDDEL, ESQ.

April, 1794.

No more, ye warblers of the wood, no more !
 Nor pour your descant, grating, on my soul :
 Thou young-ey'd Spring, gay in thy verdant stole,
 More welcome were to me grim Winter's wildest roar.

How can ye charm, ye flow'rs, with all your dyes ?
 Ye blow upon the sod that wraps my friend :
 How can I to the tuneful strain attend ?
 That strain flows round th' untimely tomb where Riddel lies.

Yes, pour, ye warblers, pour the notes of woe,
 And soothe the Virtues weeping on this bier :
 The Man of Worth, who has not left his peer,
 Is in his "narrow house" for ever darkly low.

Thee, Spring, again with joy shall others greet :
 Me, mem'ry of my loss will only meet.

SONNET,

ON HEARING A THRUSH SING IN A MORNING WALK.

Written on the 25th of January, 1793, the Birth-day of the Author.

SING on, sweet thrush, upon the leafless bough,
 Sing on, sweet bird, I listen to thy strain !
 See aged Winter, 'mid his surly reign,
 At thy blithe carol clears his furrowed brow.

So, in lone Poverty's dominion drear,
 Sits meek Content, with light, unanxious heart,
 Welcomes the rapid moments—bids them part,
 Nor asks if they bring aught to hope or fear.

I thank thee, Author of this opening day !
 Thou whose bright sun now gilds yon orient skies !
 Riches denied, thy boon was purer joys,
 What wealth could never give nor take away !

Yet come, thou child of poverty and care !
 The mite high Heaven bestowed, that mite with thee
 I'll share.





TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY.

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

WEE, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r,
Thou's met me in an evil hour ;
For I maun crush among the stoure
Thy slender stem :

To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
 Thou bonnie gem !

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

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

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

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
 Thy snawy bosom sun-ward spread,
 Thou lifts thy unassuming head
 In humble guise :
 But now the share 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 soil'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 overwhelm him o'er !

Such fate to suffering worth is given,
Who long with wants and woes has striven,
By human pride or cunning driven,
 To mis'ry's brink,
Till wench'd of ev'ry stay but Heaven,
 He, ruin'd, sink !

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date ;
Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives, elate,
 Full on thy bloom.
Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
 Shall be thy doom !



TAM O' SHANTER.

A TALE.

O! Brownie and of Bogilie full is this Bake.—GAWIN DOUGLAS.

WHEN chapman billies leave the street,
 And drouthy neebors, neebors meet,
 As market-days are wearin' late,
 And folk begin to tak' the gate ;
 While we sit bousin' at the nappy,
 And getting fou and unco happy,
 We think na on the lang Scots miles.
 The mosses, waters, slaps, and stiles.
 That lie between us and our hame,
 Where sits our sulky sullen dame,
 Gatherin' her brows like gatherin' storm,
 Nursin' 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 bonnie 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 bhellum ;
 That fray November till October,
 Ae market-day thou was na sober ;

'That ilka melder wi' the miller,
 'Thou sat as long as thou had siller ;
 'That every naig was ca'd a shoe on ;
 'The smith and thee gat roarin' fou on,
 'That at the Lord's house, ev'n on Sunday,
 'Thou drank wi' Kirton Jean till Monday.
 She prophesied that, late or soon,
 'Thou wad 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 growin' better ;
 'The landlady and Tam grew gracious,
 'Wi' favours secret, sweet, and precious ;
 'The souter tauld his queerest stories ;
 'The landlord's laugh was ready chorus ;
 'The storm without might rair and rustle,
 'Tam didna mind the storm a whistle.

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

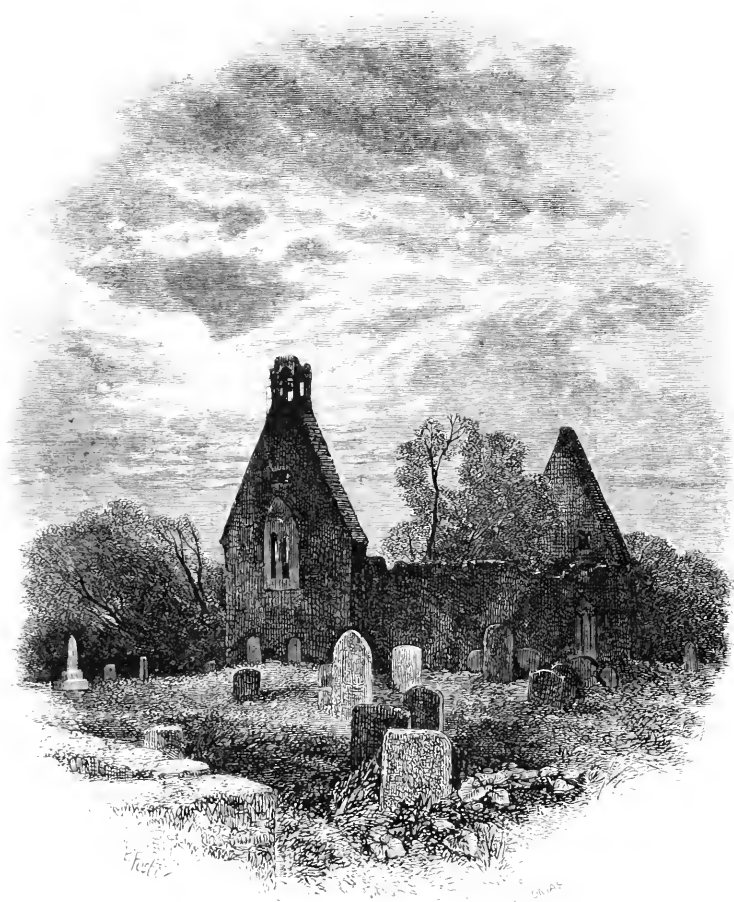
The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last ;
 The rattling show'rs rose on the blast ;
 The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd ;
 Loud, deep, and lang the thunder bellow'd :
 That night a child might understand,
 The de'il had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his grey mare, Meg—
 A better never lifted leg—
 Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire,
 Despising wind, and rain, and fire ;
 Whiles hauding fast his gude blue bonnet ;
 Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scot's sonnet ;
 Whiles glow'ring round wi' prudent cares,
 Lest bogles catch him unawares ;
 Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
 Whare ghaists and howlets nightly cry.

By this time he was 'cross the ford,
 Whare in the snaw the chapman smoor'd ;
 And past the birks and meikle stane,
 Whare drunken Charlie brak's neck-bane ;
 And thro' the whins, and by the cairn,
 Whare hunters fand the murder'd bairn ;

And near the thorn, aboon the well,
 Whare Mungo's mither hang'd hersel'—
 Before him Doon pours all his floods ;
 The doubling storm roars through the woods ;
 The lightning's flash from pole to pole,
 Near and more near the thunders roll ;
 When, glimmering thro' the groaning trees,
 Kirk-Alloway seen'd in a bleeze ;
 Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancing ;
 And loud resounded mirth and dancing.

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn !
 What dangers thou canst make us scorn !
 Wi' tippenny we fear nae evil,
 Wi' usquebaugh we'll face the devil !—
 The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's noddle,
 Fair play, he cared na de'ils 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.
 A winnock-bunker in the east,
 There sat auld Nick in shape o' beast ;
 A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large,
 To gie them music was his charge :
 He screw'd the pipes and gar't them skirl,
 Till roof and rafters a' did dirl !—
 Coffins stood round like open presses,
 That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses :
 And by some devilish cantrip sleight,
 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-arms ;
 Twa span-lang, wee, unchristen'd bairns ;
 A thief, new-cuttet frae a rape ;
 Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape ;
 Five tomahawks, wi' blude red-rusted ;
 Five scimitars, wi' murder crusted ;
 A garter, which a babe had strangled ;
 A knife, a father's throat had mangled,

Whom his ain son o' life bereft,
 The grey hairs yet stack to the heft ;
 Three lawyers' tongues turn'd inside out,
 Wi' lies seam'd like a beggar's clout ;
 And priests' hearts, rotten black as muck,
 Lay stinkin', vile, in ev'ry neuk :
 Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',
 Which ev'n to name wad be unlawfu'.

As Tammie glowr'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 sat, they cross'd, they cleekit,
 Till ilka carline swat and reekit,
 And coost her duddies to the wark,
 And linket at it in her sark !

Now Tam, O Tam ! had thae been queans,
 A' plump and strappin' in their teens ;
 Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,
 Been snaw-white se'enteen-hunder linen !
 Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,
 That ance were plush o' gude blue hair,
 I wad ha'e gi'en them aff my hurdies,
 For ae blink o' the bonnie burdies !
 But wither'd beldams, auld and droll,
 Rigwoodie hags wad speen a foal,
 Louping and flinging on a cummock,
 I wonder didna turn thy stomach.

But Tam kenn'd what was what fu' brawne,
 There was ae winsome wench and walie,
 That night enlisted in the corps,
 (Lang after kenn'd on Carrick shore !
 For mony a beast to dead she shot,
 And perish'd mony a bonnie boat,

And shook baith muckle corn and bear,
 And kept the country-side in fear ;)
 Her cutty-sark, o' Paisley harn,
 That while a lassie she had worn,
 In longitude tho' sorely scanty,
 It was her best, and she was vauntie.—
 Ah ! little kenn'd thy reverend grannie,
 That sark she coft for her wee Nannie,
 Wi' twa pund Scots ('twas a' her riches),
 Wad ever graced a dance of witches !

But here my Muse her wing maun cower,
 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 glowr'd and fidg'd fu' fain,
 And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main ;
 Till first ae caper, syne anither,
 Tam tint his reason a' thegither,
 And roars out, " Weel done, Cutty-sark !"
 And in an instant all was dark :
 And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
 When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,
 When plundering herds assail their byke ;
 As open pussie's mortal foes,
 When, pop ! she starts before their nose ;
 As eager runs the market-crowd,
 When " Catch the thief !" resounds aloud ;
 So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
 Wi' mony an eldritch screech and hollow.

Ah, Tam ! ah, Tam ! thou'lt get thy fairin' !
 In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin' !

In vain thy Kate awaits thy coming
Kate soon will be a woeful woman
Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,



And win the key-stane of the brig;
There at them thou thy tail may toss,
A running stream they darena cross.

But ere the key-stane she could make,
The fient a tail she had to shake !
For Nannie, far before the rest,
Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle :
But little wist she Maggie's mettle—
Ae spring brought off her master hale,
But left behind her ain grey tail :
The carline claught her by the rump,
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

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



ANSWER TO A MANDATE

SENT BY THE SURVEYOR OF TAXES.

SIR, as your mandate did request,
 I send you here a faithfu' list,
 O' gudes an' gear, an' a' my graith,
 To which I'm free to tak' my aith.

Imprimis, then, for carriage cattle,—
 I ha'e four brutes o' gallant mettle,
 As ever drew afore a pettle ;
 My land-afore, a guid auld has-been,
 And wight and wilfu' a' his days been ;
 My land-ahin's a weel-gaun filly,
 Wha aft has borne me safe frae Killie,
 And your auld borough mony a time,
 In days when riding was nae crime :
 But ance when in my wooing pride
 I like a blockhead boost to ride,
 The wilfu' creature sae I pat to,
 (Lord, pardon a' my sins an' that too!)
 I play'd my filly sic a shavie,
 She's a' bedevil'd wi' the spavie.
 My fur-ahin', a wordy beast,
 As e'er in tug or tow was traced :
 The fourth, a Highland Donald hasty,
 A d——d red-wud Kilburnie blastie,
 Foreby a cowte, of cowtes the wale,
 As ever ran afore a tail ;
 An' he be spared to be a beast,
 He'll draw me fifteen pund at least.
 Wheel carriages I ha'e but few :
 Three carts, and twa are feckly new ;
 An auld wheelbarrow, mair for token,
 Ae leg and baith the trams are broken ;

I made a poker o' the spindle,
And my auld mither brunt the trundle.

For men, I've three mischievous boys,
Run-de'ils for rantin' and for noise ;
A gaudsman ane, a thresher t'other,
Wee Davoc hauds the nowte in fother.
I rule them, as I ought, discreetly,
And aften labour them completely ;
And aye on Sundays duly nightly,
I on the Questions tairge them tightly,
Till, faith ! wee Davoc's grown sae gleg,
(Tho' scarcely langer than my leg,)
He'll screed you aff Effectual Calling
As fast as ony in the dwelling.

I've nane in female servan' station,
Lord keep me aye frae a' temptation !
I ha'e nae wife, and that my bliss is,
And ye ha'e laid nae tax on misses ;
Wi' weans I'm mair than weel contented,
Heaven sent me ane mair than I wanted ;
My sonsie, smirking, dear-bought Bess,
She stares the daddie in her face,
Eneugh of aught ye like but grace.
But her, my bonny, sweet, wee lady,
I've paid enough for her already ;
And if ye tax her or her mither,
B' the Lord, ye'se get them a' thegither !

And now, remember, Mr. Aiken,
Nae kind of licence out I'm takin' :
Frae this time forth, I do declare,
I'se ne'er ride horse nor hizzie mair ;
Thro' dirt and dub for life I'll paidle,
Ere I sae dear pay for a saddle ;
I've sturdy stumps, the Lord be thankit !

And a' my gates on foot I'll shank it.
 The Kirk an' you may tak' you that,
 It puts but little in your pat ;
 Sae dinna scribe me in your buke,
 Nor for my ten white shillings luke.

This list wi' my ain hand I've wrote it,
 The day and date as under noted ;
 Then know all ye whom it concerns,
Subscripsi huic,

ROBERT BURNS.

Mossiel, Feb. 22d, 1789.



MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN.

A DIRGE.

WHEN chill November's surly blast
 Made fields and forests bare,
 One evening, as I wander'd forth
 Along the banks of Ayr,
 I spied 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.

Young stranger, whither wanderest thou !
 (Began the reverend sage :)
 Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,
 Or youthful pleasure's rage !
 Or, haply, press'd with cares and woes,
 Too soon thou hast began
 To wander forth, with me, to mourn
 The miseries of man !

The sun that overhangs yon moors,
 Outspreading 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 every time has added proofs,
 That man was made to mourn.

O man ! while in thy early years,
 How prodigal of time !
 Mis-spending 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.

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.

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 crowds in every land
 Are wretched and forlorn !
 Through weary life this lesson learn,
 That man was made to mourn.

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

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, though a weeping wife,
 And helpless offspring, mourn.

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

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.

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



DELIA.

FAIR the face of orient day,
 Fair the tints of op'ning rose;
 But fairer still my Delia dawns,
 More lovely far her beauty blows.

Sweet the lark's wild warbled lay,
 Sweet the tinkling rill to hear;
 But, Delia, more delightful still,
 Steal thine accents on mine ear.

The flower-enamour'd busy bee
 The rosy banquet loves to sip;
 Sweet the streamlet's limpid lapse
 To the sun-brown'd Arab's lip;

But, Delia, on thy balmy lips
 Let me, no vagrant insect, rove!
 O let me steal one liquid kiss,
 For oh! my soul is parch'd with love!

L I N E S

ADDRESSED TO MR. MITCHELL, COLLECTOR OF EXCISE, DUMFRIES, 1796.

FRIEND of the Poet, tried and leal,
 Wha, wantin' thee, might beg or steal ;
 Alake, alake ! the meikle de'il,
 Wi' a' his witches,
 Are at it, skelpin, jig and reel,
 In my poor pouches.

I modestly fu' fain wad hint it,
 That one-pund-one, I sairly want it :
 If wi' the hizzie down ye sent it,
 It would be kind ;
 And, while my heart wi' life-blood dunted,
 I'd bear 't in mind.

So may the auld year gang out moaning
 To see the new come laden, groaning,
 Wi' double plenty o'er the loanin'
 To thee and thine—
 Domestic peace and comforts crowning
 The hale design.

POSTSCRIPT.

Ye've heard this while how I've been licket,
 And by fell Death was nearly nicket :
 Grim loun ! he gat me by the fecket,
 And sair me sheuk ;
 But by gude luck I lap a wicket,
 And turn'd a neuk.

But by that health, I've got a share o't,
 And by that life, I'm promised mair o't,

My hale and weel I'll take a care o't
 A tentier way:
 Then farewell, folly, hide and hair o't,
 For ance and ay.



A MOTHER'S LAMENT FOR THE DEATH OF
 HER SON.

FATE gave the word, the arrow sped,
 And pierced my darling's heart:
 And with him all the joys are fled
 Life can to me impart.
 By cruel hands the sapling drops,
 In dust dishonour'd laid:
 So fell the pride of all my hopes,
 My age's future shade.

The mother-linnet in the brake
 Bewails her ravish'd young;
 So I, for my lost darling's sake,
 Lament the live-day long.
 Death, oft I've fear'd thy fatal blow,—
 Now, fond I bare my breast,
 O, do thou kindly lay me low
 With him I love, at rest!

Though leeward whyles against my will,
I took a bicker.

I there wi' Something did forgather,
That put me in an eerie swither ;
An awfu' scythe, out-owre ae shouther,
Clear-dangling, hang ;
A three-taed leister on the ither
Lay, large and lang.

Its stature seem'd lang Scotch ells twa,
The queerest 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 ! ha'e ye been mawin,
When ither folk are busy sawin ?"
It seem'd to mak' a kind o' staun,
But naething spak' :
At length says I, " Friend ! whare ye gaun !
Will ye gae back !"

It spak' right howe :—" My name is Death—
But he na fley'd."—Quoth I, " Guid faith,
Ye're maybe come to stap my breath ;
But tent me, billie,
I red ye weel, take care o' skaith,
See, there's a gully !"

" Guidman," 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 mislear'd,
I wadna mind it, no that spittle
Out-owre my beard."



"Weel, weel," says I, "a bargain he't :
 Come, gie's your hand, and say we're gree't :
 We'll ease our shanks and tak' a seat,
 Come, gie's your news :
 This while ye ha'e been mony a gate,
 At mony a house."

"Ay, ay!" quo' he, and shook his head,
 "It's e'en a lang, lang time indeed
 Sin' I began to nick the thread,
 And choke the breath :
 Folk maun do something for their bread,
 And sae 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 stap or scaur me :
 Till ane Hornbook's ta'en up the trade,
 And faith! he'll waur me.

"Ye ken Jock Hornbook i' the Clachan,
 De'il mak' his king's-hood in a spleuchan!
 He's grown sae weel acquaint wi' Buchan
 And ither chaps,
 The weans haud out their fingers laughin'
 And pouk my hips.

"'Twas but yestreen, nae farther gane,
 I threw a noble throw at ane :
 Wi' less, I'm sure, I've hundreds slain :
 But de'il-ma-care,
 It just play'd dirl on the bane,
 But did nae mair.

"Hornbook was by, wi' ready art,
 And had sae fortified the part,
 That when I look'd to my dart,
 It was sae blunt,
 Fient haet o't wad ha'e pierced the heart
 O' a kail-runt.

"I drew my scythe in sic a fury,
 I near-hand cowpit wi' my hurry,

Nae doubt they'll rive it wi' the plew :
 They'll ruin Johnny !"

The creature grain'd an eldritch laugh,
 And says, "Ye needna yoke the pleugh,
 Kirk-yards will soon be till'd enough,
 Tak' ye na fear ;
 They'll a' be trench'd wi' mony a sheugh,
 In twa-three year.

"Where I kill'd ane a fair strae-death,
 By loss o' bluid, or want o' breath,
 This night I'm free to tak' my aith,
 That Hornbook's skill
 Has clad a score i' their last claiht,
 By drap and pill.

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

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

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

“But, hark! I’ll tell you of a plot,
 Tho’ dinna ye be speaking o’t;
 I’ll nail the self-conceited sot
 As dead’s a herrin’:
 Neist 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 raised us baith:
 I took the way that pleased mysel’,
 And sae did Death.



VERSES TO A YOUNG LADY,

WITH A PRESENT OF SONGS.

HERE, where the Scottish Muse immortal lives,
 In sacred strains and tuneful numbers join’d,
 Accept the gift; tho’ humble he who gives,
 Rich is the tribute of the grateful mind.

So may no ruffian-feeling in thy breast,
 Discordant jar thy bosom-chords among!
 But Peace attune thy gentle soul to rest,
 Or Love, ecstasie, wake his scrapp song!

Or Pity's notes, in luxury of tears,
 As modest Want the tale of woe reveals ;
 While conscious Virtue all the strain endears,
 And heaven-born Piety her sanction seals !



TO A YOUNG LADY,

MISS JESSY LEWARS, DUMFRIES ; WITH THE BOOKS WHICH THE
 BARD PRESENTED HER.

THINE be the volumes, Jessy fair,
 And with them take the Poet's prayer—
 That fate may in her fairest page,
 With every kindest, best presage
 Of future bliss, enrol thy name ;
 With native worth, and spotless fame,
 And wakeful caution still aware
 Of ill—but chief, man's felon snare :
 All blameless joys on earth we find,
 And all the treasures of the mind—
 These be thy guardian and reward :
 So prays thy faithful friend, the Bard.



SONGS AND BALLADS.





SONG.

TUNE —“ *I had a horse, I had nae mair.*”

Now westlin' winds, and slaught'ring guns
Bring autumn's pleasant weather :
The moorcock springs, on whirring wings,
Among the blooming heather :

Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain,
 Delights the weary farmer ;
 And the moon shines bright, when I rove at night
 To muse upon my charmer.

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.

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 !

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

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!



HANDSOME NELL.

TUNE—“*I am a man unmarried.*”

O, ONCE I lov'd a bonnie lass,
 Ay, and I love her still,
 And whilst that honour warms my breast
 I'll love my handsome Nell.

As bonnie lasses I ha'e seen
 And mony full as braw,
 But for a modest gracefu' mien
 The like I never saw.

A bonnie lass, I will confess,
 Is pleasant to the e'e,
 But without some better qualities
 She's no a lass for me.

But Nelly's looks are blithe and sweet :
 And what is best of a',
 Her reputation is complete,
 And fair without a flaw.

She dresses aye sae clean and neat,
 Both decent and genteel ;
 And then there's something in her gait
 Gars ony dress look weel.

A gaudy dress and gentle air
 May slightly touch the heart,
 But it's innocence and modesty
 That polishes the dart.

'Tis this in Nelly pleases me,
 'Tis this enchants my soul :
 For absolutely in my breast
 She reigns without control.



BONNIE LESLEY.

TUNE—" *The Collier's bonnie Daughter.*"

O saw ye bonnie Lesley,
 As she gaed o'er the Border !
 She's gane, like Alexander,
 To spread her conquests farther.

To see her is to love her,
 And love but her for ever ;
 For Nature made her what she is,
 And ne'er made sic anither !

Thou art a queen, fair Lesley,
 Thy subjects we, before thee :
 Thou art divine, fair Lesley,
 The hearts o' men adore thee.

The de'il he could na scaith thee,
 Or aught that wad belang thee :
 He'd look into thy bonnie face,
 And say, " I canna wrang thee."

The Powers aboon will tent thee ;
 Misfortune sha'na steer thee ;
 Thou'rt like themselves sae lovely,
 That ill they'll ne'er let near thee.

Return again, fair Lesley,
 Return to Caledonie !
 That we may brag, we ha'e a lass
 There's nane again sae bonnie.



TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

TUNE—“*Miss Forbes's Farewell to Banff.*”

THOU lingering star, with less'ning ray,
 That lov'st to greet the early morn,
 Again thou usher'st in the day
 My Mary from my soul was torn.
 O Mary! dear departed shade!
 Where is thy place of blissful rest?
 See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast!

That sacred hour can I forget?
 Can I forget the hallow'd grove
 Where by the winding Ayr we met,
 To live one day of parting love!
 Eternity will not efface
 Those records dear of transports past;
 Thy image at our last embrace;
 Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!



Ayr gurgling kiss'd his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning green :
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
Twin'd am'rous round the raptur'd scene,
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on ev'ry spray,
Till too, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
 And fondly broods with miser care !
 Time but the impression deeper makes,
 As streams their channels deeper wear.
 My Mary, dear departed shade !
 Where is thy blissful place of rest ?
 See'st thou thy lover lowly laid ?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast ?



I DREAM'D I LAY WHERE FLOWERS WERE
 SPRINGING.

I DREAM'D I lay where flowers were springing,
 Gaily in the sunny beam ;
 List'ning to the wild birds singing,
 By a falling, crystal stream :
 Straight the sky grew black and daring ;
 Thro' the woods the whirlwinds rave :
 Trees with aged arms were warring,
 O'er the swelling, drumlie wave.

Such was my life's deceitful morning,
 Such the pleasure I enjoy'd ;
 But lang or noon, loud tempests storming,
 A' my flow'ry bliss destroy'd.
 Tho' fickle Fortune has deceived me,
 (She promised fair, and perform'd but ill ;)
 Of mony a joy and hope bereaved me,
 I bear a heart shall support me still.

THE HIGHLAND LASSIE.

TUNE — *The Deuks dang o'er my Daddy!*"

NAE gentle dames, though e'er sae fair
 Shall ever be my muse's care :
 Their titles a' are empty show :
 Gi' me my highland lassie, O.

*Within the glen sae bushy, O,
 Aboon the plain sae rushy, O,
 I set me doon wi' right good will
 To sing my highland lassie, O.*

Oh, were yon hills and valleys mine,
 Yon palace and yon gardens fine !
 The world then the love should know
 I bear my highland lassie, O.

But fickle fortune frowns on me,
 And I maun cross the raging sea ;
 But while my crimson currents flow
 I'll love my highland lassie, O.

Although through foreign climes I range,
 I know her heart will never change,
 For her bosom burns with honour's glow,
 My faithful highland lassie, O.

For her I'll dare the billows' roar,
 For her I'll trace a distant shore,
 That Indian wealth may lustre throw
 Around my highland lassie, O.

She has my heart, she has my hand,
 By sacred truth and honour's band!
 Till the mortal stroke shall lay me low
 I'm thine, my highland lassie, O.

*Farewell the glen sae bushy, O!
 Farewell the plain sae rushy, O!
 To other lands I now must go,
 To sing my highland lassie, O!*



NANNIE.

TUNE:—"My Nannie, O."

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

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

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

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

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 aye to Nannie, O.

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

Our auld guidman delights to view
 His sheep an' kye thrive bonnie, O ,
 But I'm as blythe that haud his pleugh,
 An' ha'e nae care but Nannie, O.

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



FORLORN, MY LOVE, NO COMFORT NEAR.

TUNE—" *Let me in this ae night.*"

FORLORN, my love, no comfort near,
 Far, far from thee, I wander here ;
 Far, far from thee, the fate severe
 At which I most repine, love.

*O wert thou, love, but near me,
 But near, near, near me ;
 How kindly thou wouldst cheer me,
 And mingle sighs with mine, love.*

Around me scowls a wintry sky,
 That blasts each bud of hope and joy,
 No shelter, shade, nor home have I,
 Save in those arms of thine, love.

O wert thou, &c.

Cold, alter'd friendship's cruel part,
 To poison fortune's ruthless dart—
 Let me not break thy faithful heart,
 And say that fate is mine, love.

O wert thou, &c.

But dreary though the moments fleet,
 O let me think we yet shall meet!
 That only ray of solace sweet
 Can on thy Chloris shine, love.

O wert thou, &c.



HER FLOWING LOCKS.

HER flowing locks, the raven's wing,
 Adown her neck and bosom hing;
 How sweet unto that breast to cling,
 And round that neck entwine her!

Her lips are roses wat wi' dew,
 O what a feast her bonnie mou'!
 Her cheeks a mair celestial hue,
 A crimson still diviner.



THE RIGS O' BARLEY.

TUNE—"Corn rigs are bonnie."

It was upon a Lammas night,
When corn rigs are bonnie,
Beneath the moon's unclouded light,
I held awa' to Annie :

The time flew by wi' tentless heed,
 Till 'tween the late and early,
 Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed,
 To see me thro' the barley.

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'd her heart was a' my ain ;
 I loved her most sincerely ;
 I kiss'd her owre and owre again
 Amang the rigs o' barley.

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

I ha'e been blithe wi' comrades dear ,
 I ha'e been merry drinking ;
 I ha'e been joyfu' gathering gear ;
 I ha'e been happy thinking ;
 But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,
 Though three times doubled fairly,
 That happy night was worth them a',
 Amang the rigs o' barley.

CHORUS.

*Corn rigs an' barley rigs,
 And corn rigs are bonnie ;
 Ill ne'er forget that happy night
 Amang the rigs wi' Annie.*

THERE'S NOUGHT BUT CARE.

TUNE—"Green grow the Rashes."

Green grow the rashes, O!
Green grow the rashes, O!
The sweetest hours that e'er I spent,
Were spent among the lasses, O!

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

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

But gi'e me a cannie hour at e'en,
 My arms about my dearie, O ;
 An' war'ly cares, an' war'ly men,
 May a' gae tapsalteerie, O !

For you sae douce, wha sneer at this,
 Ye're nought but senseless asses, O ;
 The wisest man the warl' e'er saw,
 He dearly loved the lasses, O.

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears
 Her noblest work she classes, O :
 Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
 An' then she made the lasses, O.

Green grow the rashes, O!
Green grow the rashes, O!
The sweetest hours that e'er I spent,
Were spent among the lasses, O!

MONTGOMERIE'S PEGGY.

TUNE—“*Galla Water.*”

ALTHO' my bed were in yon muir,
 Among the heather, in my plaidie,
 Yet happy, happy would I be
 Had I my dear Montgomerie's Peggy.

When o'er the hill beat surly storms,
 And winter nights were dark and rainy ;
 I'd seek some dell, and in my arms
 I'd shelter dear Montgomerie's Peggy.

Were I a baron proud and high,
 And horse and servants waiting ready,
 That a' 'twad gi'e o' joy to me,
 The sharin' 't with Montgomerie's Peggy.

* * * * *



MY JEAN.

TUNE—“*The Northern Lass.*”

THOUGH cruel Fate should bid us part,
 As far's the Pole and Line,
 Her dear idea round my heart
 Should tenderly entwine.

Though mountains frown and deserts howl,
 And oceans roar between ;
 Yet, dearer than my deathless soul,
 I still would love my Jean.

BLITHE WAS SHE.

TUNE—" *Andro and his cutty gun.*"

*Blithe, blithe and merry was she,
Blithe was she but and ben :
Blithe by the banks of Ern,
But blither in Glenturit glen.*

By Oughtertyre grows the aik,
On Yarrow banks, the birken shaw ;
But Phemie was a bonnier lass
Than braes o' Yarrow ever saw.

Her looks were like a flower in May,
Her smile was like a simmer morn ;
She tripped by the banks of Ern,
As light's a bird upon a thorn.

Her bonnie face it was as meek
As ony lamb's upon a lea,
The evening sun was ne'er sae sweet
As was the blink o' Phemie's e'e.

The Highland hills I've wander'd wide
And o'er the Lowlands I ha'e been ;
But Phemie was the blithest lass
That ever trod the dewy green.

*Blithe, blithe and merry was she,
Blithe was she but and ben :
Blithe by the banks of Ern,
But blither in Glenturit glen.*



WHEN WILD WAR'S DEADLY BLAST WAS BLAWN.

WHEN wild war's deadly blast was blawn,
And gentle peace returning,
Wi' monie a sweet babe fatherless,
And mony a widow mourning :

I left the lines and tented field,
Where lang I'd been a lodger,
My humble knapsack a' my wealth.
A poor and honest soger.

A leal, light heart was in my breast.
My hand unstain'd wi' plunder ;
And for fair Scotia, hame again,
I cheery on did wander.
I thought upon the banks o' Coil,
I thought upon my Nancy,
I thought upon the witching smile
That caught my youthful fancy.

At length I reach'd the bonie glen,
Where early life I sported ;
I pass'd the mill, and trysting thorn,
Where Nancy aft I courted :
Wha spied I but my ain dear maid,
Down by her mother's dwelling !
And turn'd me round to hide the flood
That in my een was swelling.

Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, Sweet lass,
Sweet as yon hawthorn's blossom,
O! happy, happy may he be,
That's dearest to thy bosom !
My purse is light, I've far to gang,
And fain wad be thy lodger ;
I've served my King and Country lang,
Take pity on a soger.

Sae wistfully she gazed on me,
And lovelier was than ever :
Quo' she, A soger ance I lo'ed,
Forget him shall I never :

Our humble cot, and hamely fare,
Ye freely shall partake it,
That gallant badge, the dear cockade,
Ye're welcome for the sake o't.

She gazed—she redden'd like a rose—
Synce pale like onie lily ;
She sank within my arms, and cried,
Art thou my ain dear Willie ?
By Him who made yon sun and sky—
By whom true love's regarded,
I am the man ; and thus may still
True lovers be rewarded !

The wars are o'er, and I'm come hame,
And find thee still true-hearted ;
Tho' poor in gear, we're rich in love,
And mair we'se ne'er be parted.
Quo' she, My grandsire left me gowd,
A mailen plenish'd fairly ;
And come, my faithfu' soger lad,
Thou'rt welcome to it dearly !

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
The farmer ploughs the manor ;
But glory is the soger's prize,
The soger's wealth is honour :
The brave poor soger ne'er despise,
Nor count him as a stranger,
Remember he's his country's stay
In the day and hour o' danger.



ROBIN.

THERE was a lad was born at Kyle,
 But what na day o' what na' style—
 I doubt it's hardly worth the while
 To be sae nice wi' Robin.

Robin was a rovin' boy,

Rantin' rovin', rantin' rovin' :

Robin was a rovin' boy,

Rantin' rovin' Robin.

Our monarch's hindmost year but ane
 Was five-and-twenty days begun,
 'Twas then a blast o' Januar' win'
 Blew handsel in on Robin.

The gossip keekit in his loof :
 Quo' scho, "Wha lives will see the proof,
 This waly boy will be nae cuif,
 I think we'll ca' him Robin.

"He'll ha'e misfortunes great and sma',
 But ay a heart aboon them a' ;
 He'll be a credit till us a',
 We'll a' be proud o' Robin.

"But sure as three times three mak' nine,
 I see by ilka score and line,
 This chap will dearly like our kin'—
 So leeze me on thee, Robin !

"Guid faith," quo' scho, "I doubt ye'll gar
 The bonnie lasses lie aspar,
 But twenty faults ye may ha'e waur,
 So blessin's on thee, Robin !"

Robin was a rovin' boy, &c.

BONNIE PEGGY ALISON.

TUNE—" *Baacs o' Balquhiddar.*"

*I'll kiss thee yet, yet,
 An' I'll kiss thee o'er again,
 An' I'll kiss thee yet, yet,
 My bonnie Peggy Alison!*

ILK care and fear, when thou art near,
 I ever mair defy them, O ;
 Young kings upon their handsel throne
 Are no sae blest as I am, O !

When in my arms, wi' a' thy charms,
 I clasp my countless treasure, O ;
 I seek nae mair o' Heaven to share,
 Than sic a moment's pleasure, O !

And by thy een, sae bonnie blue,
 I swear I'm thine for ever, O ;—
 And on thy lips I seal my vow,
 And break it shall I never, O !



O LEAVE NOVELS.

O LEAVE novels, ye Mauchline belles,
 Ye're safer at your spinning-wheel ;
 Such witching books are baited hooks
 For rakish rooks, like Rob Mossziel.
 Your fine Tom Jones and Grandisons,
 They make your youthful fancies reel,

They heat your brains, and fire your veins,
And then you're prey for Rob Mossgiel.

Beware a tongue that's smoothly hung,
A heart that warmly seems to feel;
That feeling heart but acts a part,
'Tis rakish art in Rob Mossgiel.
The frank address, the soft caress,
Are worse than poison'd darts of steel.
The frank address, and politesse,
Are all finesse in Rob Mossgiel.



YOUNG PEGGY.

TUNE—" *The last time we came o'er the Muir.*"

YOUNG Peggy blooms our bonniest lass,
Her blush is like the morning,
The rosy dawn, the springing grass,
With pearly gems adorning.
Her eyes outshine the radiant beams
That gild the passing shower,
And glitter o'er the crystal streams,
And cheer each fresh'ning flower.

Her lips more than the cherries bright,
A richer dye has graced them;
They charm th' admiring gazer's sight,
And sweetly tempt to taste them.
Her smiles are like the evening mild,
When feather'd pairs are courting,
And little lambkins wanton wild,
In playful bands disporting.

Were fortune lovely Peggy's foe,
 Such sweetness would relent her ;
 As blooming spring unbends the brow
 Of savage, surly winter.
 Detraction's eye no aim can gain
 Her winning powers to lessen ;
 And spiteful envy grins in vain,
 The poison'd tooth to fasten.

Ye powers of honour, love, and truth,
 From every ill defend her ;
 Inspire the highly favour'd youth
 The destinies intend her.
 Still fan the sweet connubial flame,
 Responsive in each bosom ;
 And bless the dear parental name
 With many a filial blossom.



TIBBIE DUNBAR.

TUNE—“*Johnny M'Gill.*”

O WILT thou go wi' me, sweet Tibbie Dunbar?
 O wilt thou go wi' me, sweet Tibbie Dunbar?
 Wilt thou ride on a horse, or be drawn in a car,
 Or walk by my side, O sweet Tibbie Dunbar?
 I carena thy daddie, his lands and his money,
 I carena thy kin sae high and sae lordly:
 But say thou wilt ha'e me for better for waur,
 And come in thy coatie, sweet Tibbie Dunbar.



THE BANKS OF THE DEVON.

TUNE: "*Bhann-crach dhon na cca.*"

How pleasant the banks of the clear winding Devon,
With green-spreading bushes, and flowers blooming fair:

But the bonniest flower on the banks of the Devon
 Was once a sweet bud on the braes of the Ayr.

Mild be the sun on this sweet blushing flower,
 In the gay rosy morn as it bathes in the dew !
 And gentle the fall of the soft vernal shower,
 That steals on the evening each leaf to renew.

O spare the dear blossom, ye orient breezes,
 With chill hoary wing as ye usher the dawn !
 And far be thou distant, thou reptile that seizes
 The verdure and pride of the garden and lawn !

Let Bourbon exult in his gay gilded lilies,
 And England triumphant display her proud rose ;
 A fairer than either adorns the green valleys
 Where Devon, sweet Devon, meandering flows.



MENIE.

TUNE—" *Johnny's Grey Brecks.*"

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

*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 !*

In vain to me the cowslips blaw,
 In vain to me the v'lets spring ;
 In vain to me, in glen or shaw,
 The mavis and the lintwhite sing.

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.

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

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

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

Come, Winter, with thine angry howl,
 And raging bend the naked tree ;
 Thy gloom will soothe my cheerless soul,
 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 !*

ON CESSNOCK BANKS.

TUNE—“*If he be a Butcher neat and trim.*”

ON Cessnock banks there lives a lass—
 Could I describe her shape and mien ;
 The graces of her weel-far'd face,
 And the glancin' of her sparklin' een.

She's fresher than the morning dawn
 When rising Phœbus first is seen,
 When dew-drops twinkle o'er the lawn ;
 An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

She's stately like yon youthful ash,
 That grows the cowslip braes between,
 And shoots its head above each bush ;
 An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

She's spotless as the flow'ring thorn
 With flow'rs so white and leaves so green,
 When purest in the dewy morn ;
 An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

Her looks are like the sportive lamb,
 When flow'ry May adorns the scene,
 That wantons round its bleating dam ;
 An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

Her hair is like the curling mist
 That shades the mountain-side at e'en,
 When flow'r-reviving rains are past ;
 An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

Her forehead's like the show'ry bow,
When shining sunbeams intervene
And gild the distant mountain's brow ;
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

Her voice is like the ev'ning thrush
That sings on Cessnock banks unseen,
While his mate sits nestling in the bush ;
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

Her lips are like the cherries ripe
That sunny walls from Boreas screen,
They tempt the taste and charm the sight ;
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

Her teeth are like a flock of sheep,
With fleeces newly washen clean,
That slowly mount the rising steep ;
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

Her breath is like the fragrant breeze
That gently stirs the blossom'd bean,
When Phœbus sinks behind the seas ;
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

But it's not her air, her form, her face,
Tho' matching Beauty's fabled queen,
But the mind that shines in ev'ry grace,
An' chiefly in her sparklin' een.



A ROSE-BUD BY MY EARLY WALK.

TUNE—" *The Shepherd's Wife.*"

A ROSE-BUD by my early walk,
 Adown a corn-enclosed bawk,
 Sae gently bent its thorny stalk,
 All on a dewy morning.

Ere twice the shades o' dawn are fled,
 In a' its crimson glory spread,
 And drooping rich the dewy head,
 It scents the early morning.

Within the bush, her covert nest
 A little linnet fondly prest,
 The dew sat chilly on her breast
 Sae early in the morning.

She soon shall see her tender brood,
 The pride, the pleasure o' the wood ;
 Among the fresh green leaves bedew'd,
 Awake the early morning.

So thou, dear bird ! young Jeannie fair,
 On trembling string or vocal air,
 Shall sweetly pay the tender care,
 That tents thy early morning.

So thou, sweet rose-bud ! young and gay,
 Shall beauteous blaze upon the day,
 And bless the parent's evening ray,
 That watch'd thy early morning.



DUNCAN GRAY.

DUNCAN GRAY came here to woo,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
On blythe Yule night when we were fou,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
Maggie coost her head fu' high,
Look'd asklent and unco skeigh,
Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

STREAMS THAT GLIDE.

TUNE—"Morag."

STREAMS that glide in orient plains,
 Never bound by winter's chains,
 Glowing here on golden sands,
 There commix'd with foulest stains
 From tyranny's empurpled bands ;
 These, their richly-gleaming waves,
 I leave to tyrants and their slaves ;
 Give me the stream that sweetly laves
 The banks by Castle Gordon.

Spicy forests, ever gay,
 Shading from the burning ray
 Hapless wretches sold to toil,
 Or the ruthless native's way,
 Bent on slaughter, blood, and spoil :
 Woods that ever verdant wave,
 I leave the tyrant and the slave,
 Give me the groves that lofty brave
 The storms by Castle Gordon.

Wildly here, without control,
 Nature reigns and rules the whole ;
 In that sober pensive mood,
 Dearest to the feeling soul,
 She plants the forest, pours the flood :
 Life's poor day I'll musing rave,
 And find at night a sheltering cave,
 Where waters flow and wild woods wave
 By bonnie Castle Gordon.

MARY.

TUNE—"Blue Bonnets."

POWERS celestial, whose protection
 Ever guards the virtuous fair,
 While in distant climes I wander
 Let my Mary be your care :
 Let her form sae fair and faultless,
 Fair and faultless as your own ;
 Let my Mary's kindred spirit,
 Draw your choicest influence down.

Make the gales you waft around her,
 Soft and peaceful as her breast ;
 Breathing in the breeze that fans her,
 Soothe her bosom into rest :
 Guardian angels, O protect her,
 When in distant lands I roam ;
 To realms unknown while fate exiles me,
 Make her bosom still my home.



ELIZA.

TUNE—"Gilderoy."

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

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

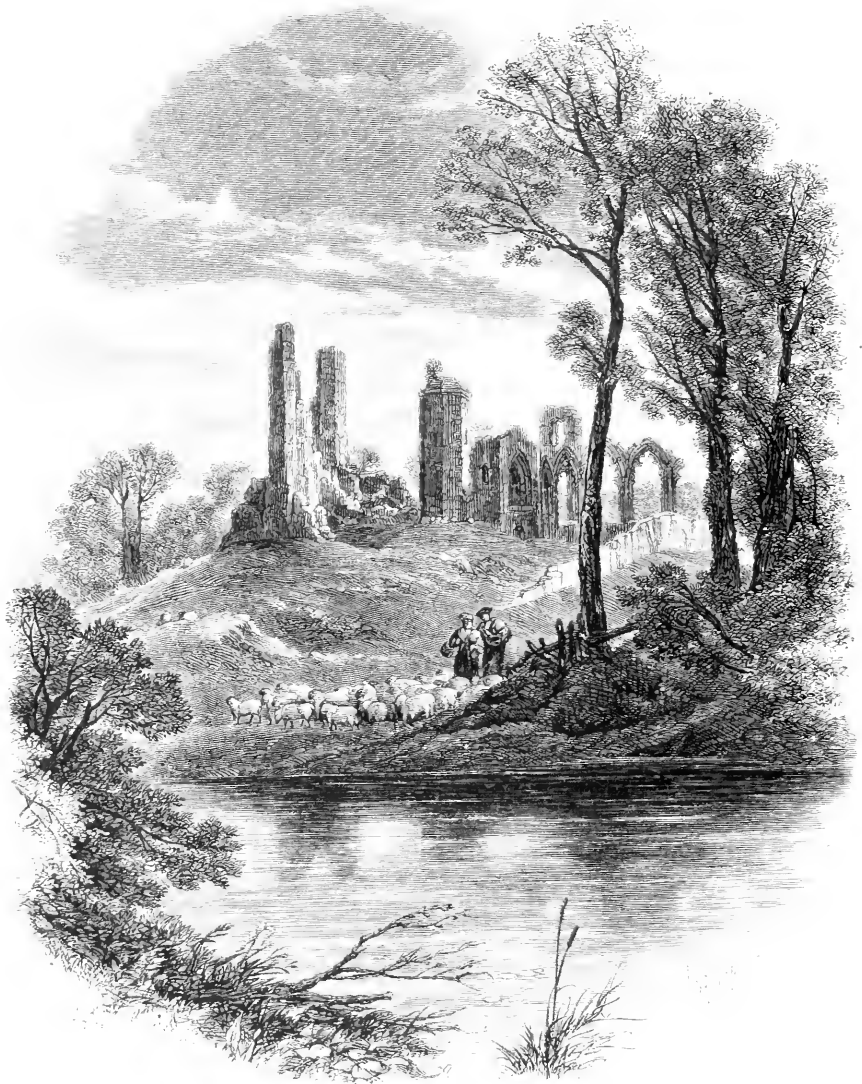


RAVING WINDS AROUND HER BLOWING.

TUNE—“*M'Grigor of Ruara's Lament.*”

RAVING winds around her blowing,
 Yellow leaves the woodlands strewing,
 By a river hoarsely roaring,
 Isabella strayed deploring :
 “Farewell, hours that late did measure
 Sunshine days of joy and pleasure ;
 Hail, thou gloomy night of sorrow—
 Cheerless night that knows no morrow !

“O'er the past too fondly wandering,
 On the hopeless future pondering :
 Chilly grief my life-blood freezes,
 Fell despair my fancy seizes.
 Life, thou soul of every blessing,
 Load, to misery most distressing,
 O how gladly I'd resign thee,
 And to dark oblivion join thee !”



CÀ THE YOWES.

TUNE "Cà the Yowes to the Knowes."

*Cà the yowes to the knowes,
Cà them where the heather grows.*

*Ca' them where the burnie roves,
My bonnie dearie.*

HARK, the mavis' evening sang,
Sounding Clouden's woods amang ;
Then a-faulding let us gang,
My bonnie dearie.

We'll gae down by Clouden side,
Through the hazels spreading wide,
O'er the waves that sweetly glide
To the moon sae clearly.

Yonden Clouden's silent towers,
Where at moonshine midnight hours,
O'er the dewy bending flowers,
Fairies dance sae cheery.

Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear ;
Thou'rt to love and heaven sae dear,
Nocht of ill may come thee near,
My bonnie dearie.

Fair and lovely as thou art,
Thou hast stown my very heart :
I can die—but canna part,
My bonnie dearie.

*Ca' the yowes to the knowes,
Ca' them where the heather grows,
Ca' them where the burnie roves,
My bonnie dearie.*

THE AUTHOR'S FAREWELL TO HIS NATIVE
COUNTRY.

Burns intended this song as a farewell dirge to his native land, from which he was to embark in a few days for Jamaica. "I had taken," says he, "the last farewell of my friends: my chest was on the road to Greenock: I composed the last song I should ever measure in Caledonia—'The gloomy night is gath'ring fast.'"

TUNE—"Roslin Castle."

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

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

'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 transpierced with many a wound

These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,
To leave the bonnie banks of Ayr.

Farewell old Coila's hills and dales,
Her heathy moors and winding vales ;
The scenes where wretched fancy roves,
Pursuing past, unhappy loves !
Farewell, my friends ! farewell, my foes !
My peace with these, my love with those—
The bursting tears my heart declare,
Farewell the bonnie banks of Ayr !



WHERE, BRAVING ANGRY WINTER'S STORMS.

TUNE—“ *Neil Gow's Lamentation for Abercainny.* ”

WHERE braving angry winter's storms,
The lofty Ochils rise,
Far in their shade my Peggy's charms
First blest my wondering eyes.
As one who, by some savage stream,
A lonely gem surveys,
Astonish'd, doubly marks its beam
With art's most polish'd blaze.

Blest be the wild, sequester'd shade,
And blest the day and hour,
Where Peggy's charms I first survey'd,
When first I felt their pow'r !
The tyrant death, with grim control,
May seize my fleeting breath :
But tearing Peggy from my soul
Must be a stronger death.

BONNIE LASSIE, WILL YE GO.

TUNE—"The Birks of Aberfeldy."

*Bonnie lassie, will ye go, will ye go, will ye go:
Bonnie lassie, will ye go to the Birks of Aberfeldy!*

Now simmer blinks on flowery braes,
And o'er the crystal streamlet plays,
Come let us spend the lightsome days
In the Birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonnie lassie, &c.

While o'er their heads the hazels hing,
The little birdies blithely sing,
Or lightly flit on wanton wing
In the Birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonnie lassie, &c.

The braes ascend like lofty wa's,
The foaming stream deep roaring fa's,
O'er-hung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,
The Birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonnie lassie, &c.

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,
White o'er the linn the burnie pours,
And rising, weets wi' misty showers
The Birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonnie lassie, &c.

Let fortune's gifts at random flee,
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,
Supremely blest wi' love and thee,
In the Birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonnie lassie, &c.



TIBBIE, I HA'E SEEN THE DAY.

TUNE—"Invercauld's Reel."

*O Tibbie, I ha'e seen the day,
Ye wad nae been sae shy:
For lack o' gear ye lightly me,
But, trooth, I care na by.*

YESTREEN I met you on the moor,
Ye spak na, but gaed by like stoure,
Ye geck at me because I'm poor,
But fient a hair care I.

I doubt na, lass, but ye may think,
Because ye ha'e the name o' clink,
That ye can please me at a wink,
 Whene'er ye like to try;

But sorrow tak' him, that's sae mean,
Although his pouch o' coin were clean,
Wha follows onie saucy quean
 That looks sae proud and high.

Although a lad were e'er sae smart,
If that he want the yellow dirt,
Ye'll cast your head anither airt,
 And answer him fu' dry.

But if he ha'e the name o' gear,
Ye'll fasten to him like a brier,
Though hardly he, for sense or lear,
 Be better than the kye.

But Tibbie, lass, tak' my advice,
Your daddie's gear mak's you sae nice
The de'il a ane wad spier your price,
 Were ye as poor as I.

There lives a lass in yonder park,
I wad na gie her in her sark,
For thee, wi' a' thy thousan' mark;
 Ye need na look sae high.



HOW LONG AND DREARY IS THE NIGHT

TUNE—" *Cauld Kail in Aberdeen.*"

How long and dreary is the night,
 When I am frae my dearie!
 I restless lie frae e'en to morn,
 Tho' I were ne'er sae weary.

*For oh, her lanely nights are lang,
 And oh, her dreams are eerie;
 And oh, her widow'd heart is sair,
 That's absent frae her dearie.*

When I think on the lightsome days
 I spent wi' thee, my dearie;
 And now what seas between us roar,
 How can I be but eerie!

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours,
 The joyless day how drearie!
 It was na sae ye glinted by,
 When I was wi' my dearie.



THICKEST NIGHT, O'ERHANG MY DWELLING.

TUNE—" *Strathallan's Lament.*"

THICKEST night, o'erhang my dwelling!
 Howling tempests, o'er me rave!
 Turbid torrents, wintry swelling,
 Still surround my lonely cave!

Crystal streamlets, gently flowing,
 Busy haunts of base mankind,
 Western breezes, softly blowing,
 Suit not my distracted mind.

In the cause of right engaged,
 Wrongs injurious to redress,
 Honour's war we strongly waged,
 But the heavens denied success.

Ruin's wheel has driven o'er us,
 Not a hope that dare attend,
 The wide world is all before us—
 But a world without a friend!



UP IN THE MORNING EARLY.

*Up in the morning's no for me,
 Up in the morning early:
 When a' the hills are cover'd wi' snaw,
 I'm sure it's winter fairly.*

CAULD blows the wind frae east to west,
 The drift is driving sairly;
 Sae loud and shrill's I hear the blast
 I'm sure it's winter fairly.
 Up in the morning, &c.

The birds sit chittering in the thorn,
 A' day they fare but sparely;
 And lang's the night frae e'en to morn,
 I'm sure it's winter fairly.
 Up in the morning, &c.

THE YOUNG HIGHLAND ROVER.

TUNE—" *Morag*."

LOUD blaw the frosty breezes,
 The snaws the mountains cover ;
 Like winter on me seizes,
 Since my young Highland Rover
 Far wanders nations over
 Where'er he go, where'er he stray,
 May Heaven be his warden :
 Return him safe to fair Strathspey,
 And bonnie Castle Gordon !

The trees now naked groaning,
 Shall soon wi' leaves be hinging,
 The birdies dowie moaning,
 Shall a' be blithely singing,
 And every flower be springing.
 Sae I'll rejoice the lee-lang day,
 When by his mighty warden
 My youth's return'd to fair Strathspey,
 And bonnie Castle Gordon.



MUSING ON THE ROARING OCEAN.

TUNE—" *Drumion dubh*."

MUSING on the roaring ocean,
 Which divides my love and me ;
 Wearing Heaven in warm devotion,
 For his weal where'er he be.

Hope and fear's alternate billow
 Yielding late to nature's law :
 Whisp'ring spirits round my pillow
 Talk of him that's far awa'.

Ye whom sorrow never wounded,
 Ye who never shed a tear,
 Care untroubled, joy surrounded,
 Gaudy day to you is dear.

Gentle night, do thou befriend me :
 Downy sleep, the curtain draw ;
 Spirits kind, again attend me,
 Talk of him that's far awa'!



STAY, MY CHARMER.

TUNE—" *An Gillie-dubh ciar-dhubh.*"

STAY, my charmer, can you leave me ?
 Cruel, cruel to deceive me !
 Well you know how much you grieve me ;
 Cruel charmer, can you go ?
 Cruel charmer, can you go ?

By my love so ill requited ;
 By the faith you fondly plighted ;
 By the pangs of lovers slighted ;
 Do not, do not leave me so !
 Do not, do not leave me so !



THE LASS O' BALLOCHMYLE.

TUNE—"*Miss Forbes's Farewell to Banff.*"

'Twas even—the dewy fields were green,
On every blade the pearls hang;
The zephyr wanton'd round the bean
And bore its fragrant sweets along
In every glen the mavis sang,
All nature listening seem'd the while,
Except where green-wood echoes rang,
Among the braes o' Ballochmyle.

With careless step I onward stray'd,
 My heart rejoiced in nature's joy,
 When musing in a lonely glade,
 A maiden fair I chanced to spy ;
 Her look was like the morning's eye,
 Her air like nature's vernal smile,
 Perfection whisper'd, passing by,
 Behold the lass o' Ballochmyle !

Fair is the morn in flowery May,
 And sweet is night in autumn mild ;
 When roving thro' the garden gay,
 Or wandering in a lonely wild :
 But woman, nature's darling child !
 There all her charms she does compile ;
 Ev'n there her other works are foil'd
 By the bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

O, had she been a country maid,
 And I the happy country swain,
 Tho' shelter'd in the lowest shed
 That ever rose in Scotland's plain
 Thro' weary winter's wind and rain,
 With joy, with rapture, I would toil ;
 And nightly to my bosom strain
 The bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

Then pride might climb the slipp'ry steep,
 Where fame and honours lofty shine ;
 And thirst of gold might tempt the deep,
 Or downward seek the Indian mine ;
 Give me the cot below the pine,
 To tend the flocks or till the soil,
 And every day have joys divine
 With the bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

I GAED A WAEFU' GATE, YESTREEN.

TUNE—" *The Blue-eyed Lassie.*"

I GAED a waefu' gate yestreen,
 A gate, I fear, I'll dearly rue ;
 I gat my death frae twa sweet een,
 'Twa lovely een o' bonnie blue.
 'Twas not her golden ringlets bright ;
 Her lips like roses weet wi' dew,
 Her heaving bosom lily-white ;—
 It was her een sae bonnie blue.

She talk'd, she smil'd, my heart she wyl'd,
 She charm'd my soul I wist na how ;
 And aye the stound, the deadly wound,
 Cam frae her een sae bonnie blue.
 But spare to speak, and spare to speed ;
 She'll aiblins listen to my vow :
 Should she refuse, I'll lay my dead
 To her twa een sae bonnie blue.



YOUNG JOCKEY.

YOUNG Jockey was the blithest lad
 In a' our town or here awa ;
 Fu' blithe he whistled at the gaud,
 Fu' lightly danced he in the ha' !
 He roos'd my een sae bonnie blue,
 He roos'd my waist sae genty sma' ;
 An' aye my heart came to my mou,
 When ne'er a body heard or saw.

My Jockey toils upon the plain,
 Thro' wind and weat, thro' frost and snaw ;
 And o'er the lea I look fu' fain
 When Jockey's owsen hameward ca'.
 An' aye the night comes round again,
 When in his arms he taks me a' :
 An' aye he vows he'll be my ain
 As lang 's he has a breath t' draw.



MY BONNIE MARY.

Go fetch to me a pint o' wine,
 An' fill it in a silver tassie ;
 That I may drink before I go,
 A service to my bonnie lassie ;
 The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith ;
 Fu' loud the wind blows frae the ferry :
 The ship rides by the Berwick-law,
 And I maun lea'e my bonnie Mary.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
 The glittering spears are ranked ready ;
 The shouts o' war are heard afar,
 The battle closes thick and bloody ;
 But it's not the roar o' sea or shore
 Wad mak me langer wish to tarry ;
 Nor shout o' war that's heard afar :
 It's leaving thee, my bonnie Mary.

WILLIE BREW'D A PECK O' MAUT.

These verses were composed to celebrate a visit which the Poet and Allan Masterton made to William Nichol, of the High-school, Edinburgh, who happened to be at Moffat during the autumn vacation. — The air is by Masterton.

O, WILLIE brew'd a peck o' maut,
 And Rob and Allan came to see :
 Three blither hearts, that lee-lang night,
 Ye wad na find in Christendie.

*We are na' fou, we're nae that fou.
 But just a drappie in our èe :
 The cock may craw, the day may daw',
 But aye we'll taste the barley-bree.*

Here are we met, three merry boys,
 Three merry boys, I trow, are we ;
 And mony a night we've merry been,
 And mony mae we hope to be !

It is the moon, I ken her horn,
 That's blinkin' in the lift sae hie ;
 She shines sae bright to wyle us hame,
 But, by my sooth, she'll wait a wee !

Wha first shall rise to gang awa',
 A cuckold, coward loon is he !
 Wha last beside his chair shall fa',
 He is the king amang us three !

*We are na' fou, we're nae that fou.
 But just a drappie in our èe :
 The cock may craw, the day may daw',
 But ay we'll taste the barley-bree.*



CASSILLIS' BANKS.

Now bank an' brae are claiht'd in green,
An' scatter'd cowslips sweetly spring;

By Girvan's fairy-haunted stream
 The birdies flit on wanton wing,
 To Cassillis' banks when e'ening fa's,
 There wi' my Mary let me flee,
 There catch her ilka glance of love,
 The bonnie blink o' Mary's e'e!

The chield wha boasts o' world's wealth
 Is aften laird o' meikle care;
 But Mary she is a' my ain—
 Ah! fortune canna gi'e me mair.
 Then let me range by Cassillis' banks,
 Wi' her, the lassie dear to me,
 And catch her ilka glance o' love,
 The bonnie blink of Mary's e'e!



WAE IS MY HEART.

WAE is my heart, and the tear's in my e'e:
 Lang, lang joy's been a stranger to me:
 Forsaken and friendless my burden I bear,
 And the sweet voice o' pity ne'er sounds in my ear.

Love, thou hast pleasures; and deep ha'e I loved:
 Love, thou hast sorrows; and sair ha'e I proved:
 But this bruised heart that now bleeds in my breast,
 I can feel by its throbbings will soon be at rest.

O if I were happy, where happy I ha'e been,
 Down by yon stream, and yon bonnie castle green:
 For there he is wand'ring and musing on me,
 Wha wad soon dry the tear frae Phillis's e'e.

BONNIE ANN.

Ye gallants bright, I rede you right,
 Beware o' bonnie Ann ;
 Her comely face sae fu' o' grace,
 Your heart she will trepan.
 Her een sae bright, like stars by night,
 Her skin is like the swan ;
 Sae jimpy lac'd her genty waist,
 That sweetly ye might span.

Youth, grace, and love, attendant move,
 And pleasure leads the van ;
 In a' their charms, and conquering arms,
 They wait on bonnie Ann.
 The captive bands may chain the hands,
 But love enslaves the man :
 Ye gallants braw, I rede you a',
 Beware o' bonnie Ann.



MY HARRY.

TUNE—“*Highlander's Lament.*”

My Harry was a gallant gay,
 Fu' stately strode he on the plain :
 But now he's banish'd far away,
 I'll never see him back again.

*O for him back again !
 O for him back again !
 I wad gi' a' Knockhaspie's land,
 For Highland Harry back again.*

When a' the lave gae to their bed,
 I wander dowie up the glen ;
 I sit me down and greet my fill,
 And ay I wish him back again.

O were some villains hangit high,
 And ilka body had their ain !
 Then I might see the joyfu' sight,
 My Highland Harry back again.



THE LAZY MIST.

IRISH AIR—" *Coolum*."

THE lazy mist hangs from the brow of the hill,
 Concealing the course of the dark-winding rill :
 How languid the scenes, late so sprightly, appear,
 As autumn to winter resigns the pale year !
 The forests are leafless, the meadows are brown,
 And all the gay foppery of summer is flown :
 Apart let me wander, apart let me muse,
 How quick time is flying, how keen fate pursues :

How long I have lived, but how much lived in vain :
 How little of life's scanty span may remain :
 What aspects, old Time, in his progress, has worn :
 What ties, cruel fate in my bosom has torn.
 How foolish, or worse, till our summit is gain'd !
 And downward, how weaken'd, how darken'd, how pain'd ;
 This life's not worth having with all it can give,
 For something beyond it poor man sure must live.

THERE'S A YOUTH IN THIS CITY.

TUNE—"Neil Gow's Lament."

THERE's a youth in this city,
 It were a great pity,
 That he from our lasses should wander awa';
 For he 's bonnie an' braw,
 Weel favour'd an' a',
 And his hair has a natural buckle and a'.
 His coat is the hue
 Of his bonnet sae blue;
 His fecket is white as the new-driven snaw;
 His hose they are blae,
 And his shoon like the slae,
 And his clear siller buckles they dazzle us a'.

For beauty and fortune
 The laddie's been courtin';
 Weel-featur'd, weel-tocher'd, weel-mounted, and braw;
 But chiefly the siller,
 That gars him gang till her,
 The pennie's the jewel that beautifies a'.
 There's Meg wi' the mailin
 That fain wad a haen him,
 And Susy, whase daddy was laird o' the ha'.
 There's lang-tocher'd Nancy
 Maist fetters his fancy,
 —But the laddie's dear sel' he lo'es dearest of a'.



MY HEART IS A-BREAKING, DEAR TITTIE.

TUNE—" *The Mucking o' Gordie's Byre.*"

My heart is a-breaking, dear Tittie,
Some counsel unto me come len',
To anger them a' is a pity ;
But what will I do wi' Tam Glen !

I'm thinkin', wi' sic a braw fallow,
 In poortith I might mak a fen';
 What care I in riches to wallow,
 If I maunna marry Tam Glen?

There's Lowrie the laird o' Dumeller,
 "Guid-day to you, brute!" he comes ben:
 He brags and he blaws o' his siller,
 But when will he dance like Tam Glen?

My minnie does constantly deave me,
 And bids me beware o' young men;
 They flatter, she says, to deceive me;
 But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen?

My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,
 He'll gie me guid hunder marks ten:
 But, if it's ordain'd I maun tak' him,
 O wha will I get but Tam Glen?

Vestreen at the Valentines' dealing,
 My heart to my mou' gied a sten:
 For thrice I drew ane without failing,
 And thrice it was written, Tam Glen.

The last Halloween I was waukin
 My droukit sark-sleeve, as ye ken;
 His likeness cam up the house staukin—
 And the very grey breeks o' Tam Glen!

Come counsel, dear Tittie, don't tarry;
 I'll gie you my bonnie black hen,
 Gif ye will advise me to marry
 The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.

OF A' THE AIRTS THE WIND CAN BLOW.

TUNE—" *Miss Admiral Gordon's Strathspey.* "

OF a' the airts the wind can blaw,
 I dearly like the west,
 For there the bonnie lassie lives,
 The lassie I lo'e best :
 There wild woods grow, and rivers row,
 And mony a hill between :
 But day and night my fancy's flight
 Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
 I see her sweet and fair :
 I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
 I hear her charm the air :
 There's not a bonnie flower that springs
 By fountain, shaw, or green ;
 There's not a bonnie bird that sings
 But minds me o' my Jean.



THE DAY RETURNS, MY BOSOM BURNS.

TUNE—" *Seventh of November.* "

THE day returns, my bosom burns,
 The blissful day we twa did meet,
 Tho' winter wild in tempest toil'd,
 Ne'er summer-sun was half sae sweet.

Than a' the pride that loads the tide,
 And crosses o'er the sultry Line ;
 Than kingly robes, than crowns and globes,
 Heaven gave me more, it made thee mine.

While day and night can bring delight,
 Or nature aught of pleasure give ;
 While joys above my mind can move,
 For thee, and thee alone, I live !
 When that grim foe of life below
 Comes in between to make us part ;
 The iron hand that breaks our band,
 It breaks my bliss—it breaks my heart.



GLOOMY DECEMBER.

ANCE mair I hail thee, thou gloomy December !
 Ance mair I hail thee, wi' sorrow and care ;
 Sad was the parting thou makes me remember,
 Parting wi' Nancy, oh, ne'er to meet mair !
 Fond lovers' parting is sweet painful pleasure ;
 Hope beaming mild on the soft parting hour ;
 But the dire feeling, *O farewell for ever*,
 Is anguish unmingled and agony pure.

Wild as the winter now tearing the forest,
 Till the last leaf of the summer is flown,
 Such is the tempest has shaken my bosom,
 Since my last hope and last comfort is gone ;
 Still as I hail thee, thou gloomy December,
 Still shall I hail thee wi' sorrow and care :
 For sad was the parting thou makes me remember,
 Parting wi' Nancy, oh, ne'er to meet mair !

MARY MORISON.

TUNE—" *Bide ye yet.*"

O MARY, at thy window be,
 It is the wish'd, the trysted hour !
 Those smiles and glances let me see,
 That make the miser's treasure poor :
 How blithely wad I bide the stoure,
 A weary slave frae sun to sun ;
 Could I the rich reward secure,
 The lovely Mary Morison.

Vestreen, when to the trembling string
 The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha',
 To thee my fancy took its wing,
 I sat, but neither heard or saw :
 Tho' this was fair, and that was braw,
 And yon the toast of a' the town,
 I sigh'd, and said amang them a',
 " Ye are na Mary Morison."

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,
 Wha for thy sake wad gladly die ?
 Or canst thou break that heart of his,
 Whase only faut is loving thee ?
 If love for love thou wilt na gie,
 At least be pity to me shown !
 A thought ungentle canna be
 The thought o' Mary Morison.





BONNIE JEAN.

THERE was a lass, and she was fair,
At kirk and market to be seen,
When a' the fairest maids were met,
The fairest maid was bonnie Jean.

And aye she wrought her mammie's wark,
And aye she sang sae merrilie :
The blithest bird upon the bush
Had ne'er a lighter heart than she.

But hawks will rob the tender joys
 That bless the little lintwhite's nest ;
 And frost will blight the fairest flow'rs,
 And love will break the soundest rest.

Young Robie was the brawest lad,
 The flower and pride of a' the glen ;
 And he had owsen, sheep and kye,
 And wanton naigies nine or ten.

He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryst,
 He danced wi' Jeanie on the down ;
 And lang ere witless Jeanie wist,
 Her heart was tint, her peace was stown.

As in the bosom o' the stream,
 The moonbeam dwells at dewy e'en ;
 So trembling, pure, was tender love
 Within the breast o' bonnie Jean.

And now she works her mammie's wark,
 And aye she sighs wi' care and pain ;
 Yet wist na what her ail might be,
 Or what wad mak' her weel again.

But did na Jeanie's heart loup light,
 And did na joy blink in her e'e,
 As Robie tauld a tale o' love,
 Ae e'enin' on the lily lea !

The sun was sinking in the west,
 The birds sang sweet in ilka grove ;
 His cheek to hers he fondly prest,
 And whisper'd thus his tale o' love :

“ O Jeanie fair, I lo'e thee dear ;
 O canst thou think to fancy me !

Or wilt thou leave thy mammie's cot,
And learn to tent the farms wi' me !

“ At barn or byre thou shalt na drudge,
Or naething else to trouble thee ;
But stray amang the heather-bells,
And tent the waving corn wi' me.”

Now what could artless Jeanie do !
She had nae will to sae him na :
At length she blush'd a sweet consent,
And love was aye between them twa.



WHISTLE OWRE THE LAVE O'T.

FIRST when Maggie was my care,
Heaven, I thought, was in her air ;
Now we're married—spier nae mair—
Whistle owre the lave o't.

Meg was meek, and Meg was mild,
Bonnie Meg was nature's child—
Wiser men than me's beguil'd—
Whistle owre the lave o't.

How we live, my Meg and me,
How we love and how we 'gree,
I care na by how few may see—
Whistle owre the lave o't.

Wha I wish were maggots' meat,
Dish'd up in her winding sheet,
I could write—but Meg maun see 't—
Whistle owre the lave o't.

JOHN ANDERSON MY JO.

JOHN ANDERSON my jo, John,
 When we were first acquent,
 Your locks were like the raven,
 Your bonnie brow was brent ;
 But now your brow is beld, John,
 Your locks are like the snaw ;
 Yet blessings on your frosty pow,
 John Anderson my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John,
 We clamb the hill thegither ;
 And monie a canty day, John,
 We've had wi' ane anither :
 Now we maun totter down, John,
 But hand in hand we'll go,
 And sleep thegither at the foot,
 John Anderson my jo.



O, WERE I ON PARNASSUS' HILL !

[THIS SONG WAS WRITTEN IN HONOUR OF MRS. BURNS.]

O, WERE I on Parnassus' hill !
 Or had of Helicon my fill ;
 That I might catch poetic skill,
 To sing how dear I love thee.
 But Nith maun be my Muse's well,
 My Muse maun be thy bonnie sel' ;
 On Corsincon I'll glow'r and spell,
 And write how dear I love thee !

Then come, sweet Muse, inspire my lay!
 For a' the lee-lang simmer's day,
 I couldna sing, I couldna say,
 How much, how dear I love thee.
 I see thee dancing o'er the green,
 Thy waist sae jimp, thy limbs sae clean,
 Thy tempting lips, thy roguish een—
 By Heaven and earth I love thee!

By night, by day, a-field, at hame,
 The thoughts o' thee my breast inflame;
 And aye I muse and sing thy name,
 I only live to love thee.
 Tho' I were doom'd to wander on,
 Beyond the sea, beyond the sun,
 Till my last weary sand was run;
 Till then—and then I'd love thee.



HAD I A CAVE.

HAD I a cave on some wild, distant shore,
 Where the winds howl to the waves' dashing roar,
 There would I weep my woes,
 There seek my lost repose,
 Till grief my eyes should close,
 Ne'er to wake more.

Falsest of womankind, canst thou declare,
 All thy fond plighted vows—fleeing as air!
 To thy new lover hie,
 Laugh o'er thy perjury,
 Then in thy bosom try
 What peace is there!



WHISTLE, AND I'LL COME TO YOU, MY LAD.

*O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad:
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad:
Though father and mither and a' should gae mad.
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad.*

BUT warily tent, when ye come to court me,
 And come na unless the back-yett be a-jee :
 Syne up the back-stile, and let naebody see,
 And come as ye were na comin' to me.
 And come, &c.

O whistle, &c.

At kirk, or at market, whene'er you meet me,
 Gang by me as though that ye cared na a flie :
 But steal me a blink o' your bonnie black e'e,
 Yet look as ye were na looking at me.
 Yet look, &c.

O whistle, &c.

Aye vow and protest that ye care na for me,
 And whyles ye may lightly my beauty a wee :
 But court na anither, though jokin' ye be,
 For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me.
 For fear, &c.

O whistle, &c.



MEIKLE THINKS MY LUVIE.

TUNE—"My Tocher's the Jewel."

O MEIKLE thinks my luvie o' my beauty,
 And meikle thinks my luvie o' my kin ;
 But little thinks my luvie I ken brawlie,
 My tocher's the jewel has charms for him.
 It 's a' for the apple he'll nourish the tree ;
 It 's a' for the hiney he'll cherish the bee ;
 My laddie's sae meikle in luvie wi' the siller,
 He canna ha'e luvie to spare for me.

Your proffer o' love's an airt-penny,
 My tocher's the bargain ye wad buy ;
 But an ye be crafty, I am cunnin',
 Sae ye wi' anither your fortune maun try.
 Ye're like to the timmer o' yon rotten wood,
 Ye're like to the bark o' yon rotten tree,
 Ye'll slip frae me like a knotless thread,
 An' ye'll crack your credit wi' mae nor me.



YON WILD MOSSY MOUNTAINS.

YON wild mossy mountains sae lofty and wide,
 That nurse in their bosom the youth o' the Clyde,
 Where the grouse lead their coveys through the heather
 to feed,
 And the shepherd tents his flock as he pipes on his reed :

Not Gowrie's rich valley, nor Forth's sunny shores,
 To me hae the charms o' yon wild, mossy moors ;
 For there, by a lanely, sequester'd, clear stream,
 Resides a sweet lassie, my thought and my dream.

Amang thae wild mountains shall still be my path,
 Ilk stream foaming down its ain green, narrow strath :
 For there, wi' my lassie, the day lang I rove,
 While o'er us, unheeded, fly the swift hours o' love.

She is not the fairest, altho' she is fair :
 O' nice education but sma' is her share ;
 Her parentage humble as humble can be :
 But I lo'e the dear lassie because she lo'es me.

To beauty what man but maun yield him a prize,
 In her armour of glances, and blushes, and sighs !
 And when wit and refinement ha'e polish'd her darts,
 They dazzle her een, as they fly to our hearts.

But kindness, sweet kindness, in the fond sparkling ee,
 Has lustre outshining the diamond to me ;
 And the heart-beating love, as I'm clasp'd in her arms,
 O, these are my lassie's all-conquering charms !



GANE IS THE DAY.

TUNE—“ *Guidwife, count the lawin.* ”

GANE is the day, and mirk's the night,
 But we'll ne'er stray for faute o' light,
 For ale and brandy's stars and moon,
 And bluid-red wine's the risin' sun.

*Then guidwife, count the lawin,
 The lawin, the lawin,
 Then guidwife, count the lawin,
 And bring a coggie mair.*

There's wealth and ease for gentlemen,
 And semple-folk maun fecht and fen',
 But here we're a' in ae accord,
 For ilka man that's drunk's a lord.
 Then guidwife, &c.

My coggie is a haly pool,
 That heals the wounds o' care and dool ;
 And pleasure is a wanton trout,
 An' ye drink deep ye'll find him out.
 Then guidwife, &c.

THERE'LL NEVER BE PEACE.

By yon castle wa', at the close of the day,
 I heard a man sing, though his head it was grey :
 And as he was singing the tears fast down came—
 There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

The church is in ruins, the state is in jars,
 Delusions, oppressions, and murderous wars :
 We dare na weel say't, but we ken wha's to blame—
 There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword,
 And now I greet round their green beds in the yerd :
 It brak the sweet heart o' my faithfu' auld dame—
 There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

Now life is a burden that sair bows me down,
 Sin' I tint my bairns, and he tint his crown :
 But till my last moment my words are the same—
 There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.



I DO CONFESS THOU ART SAE FAIR.

I do confess thou art sae fair,
 I wad been o'er the lugs in luv ;
 Had I na found the slightest prayer
 That lips could speak, thy heart could muve.

I do confess thee sweet, but find
 Thou art sae thriftless o' thy sweets,

Thy favours are the silly wind
That kisses ilka thing it meets.

See yonder rose-bud, rich in dew,
Amang its native briers sae coy,
How soon it tines its scent and hue
When pu'd and worn a common toy!

Sic fate ere lang shall thee beïde,
Though thou may gaily bloom a while;
Yet soon thou shalt be thrown aside,
Like ony common weed and vile.



THE BONNIE WEE THING.

BONNIE wee thing, cannie wee thing,
Lovely wee thing, wast thou mine,
I wad wear thee in my bosom,
Lest my jewel I should tine.

Wistfully I look and languish
In that bonnie face o' thine;
And my heart it stounds wi' anguish,
Lest my wee thing be na mine.

Wit, and grace, and love, and beauty
In ae constellation shine;
To adore thee is my duty,
Goddess o' this soul o' mine!

Bonnie wee thing, cannie wee thing,
Lovely wee thing, wast thou mine,
I wad wear thee in my bosom,
Lest my jewel I should tine



THE BRAES O' BALLOCHMYLE.

AIR—*Miss Forb's*

THE Catrine woods were yellow seen,
The flowers decay'd on Catrine lee,
Nae lav'rock sang on hillock green,
But nature sicken'd on the ee.

Thro' faded groves Maria sang,
 Hersel' in beauty's bloom the while,
 And aye the wild-wood echoes rang,
 Fareweel the braes o' Ballochmyle.

Low in your wintry beds, ye flowers,
 Again ye'll flourish fresh and fair ;
 Ye birdies dumb, in with'ring bowers,
 Again ye'll charm the vocal air.
 But here, alas! for me nae mair
 Shall birdie charm, or floweret smile ;
 Fareweel the bonnie banks of Ayr,
 Fareweel, fareweel! sweet Ballochmyle.



BESSY AND HER SPINNING-WHEEL.

TUNE—" *The sweet lass that lōes me.*"

O LEEZE me on my spinning-wheel,
 O leeze me on my rock and reel ;
 Frae tap to tae that cleeds me bien,
 And haps me fiel and warm at e'en !
 I'll set me down and sing and spin,
 While laigh descends the simmer sun,
 Blest wi' content, and milk and meal—
 O leeze me on my spinning-wheel.

On ilka hand the burnies trot,
 And meet below my theekit cot ;
 The scented birk and hawthorn white
 Across the pool their arms unite,

Alike to screen the birdie's nest,
 And little fishes' caller rest ;
 The sun blinks kindly in the biel'
 Where blithe I turn my spinning-wheel.

On lofty aiks the cushats wail,
 And echo cons the doolfu' tale ;
 The lintwhites in the hazel braes,
 Delighted, rival ither's lays :
 The craik amang the claver hay,
 The pairtick whirrin' o'er the ley,
 The swallow jinkin' round my shiel,
 Amuse me at my spinning-wheel.

Wi' sma' to sell, and less to buy,
 Aboon distress, below enzy,
 O wha would leave this' humble state,
 For a' the pride of a' the great !
 Amid their flaring, idle toys,
 Amid their cumbrous, dinsome joys,
 Can they the peace and pleasure feel
 Of Bessy at her spinning-wheel ?



AE FOND KISS.

TUNE—*“Rory Dall's part.”*

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever !
 Ae fareweel, alas, for ever !
 Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
 Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee,
 Who shall say that Fortune grieves him,
 While the star of hope she leaves him ?
 Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me ;
 Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
 Naething could resist my Nancy :
 But to see her, was to love her ;
 Love but her, and love for ever.
 Had we never loved sae kindly,
 Had we never loved sae blindly,
 Never met—or never parted,
 We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest !
 Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest !
 Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
 Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure !
 Æ fond kiss, and then we sever !
 Æ fareweel, alas for ever !
 Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
 Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.



O LUVE WILL VENTURE IN.

TUNE—“*The Posie*.”

O LUVE will venture in where it daurna weel be seen,
 O luve will venture in where wisdom ance has been ;
 But I will down yon river rove, among the woods sae
 green,

And a' to pu' a posie to my ain dear May.

The primrose I will pu', the firstling o' the year,
 And I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my dear,
 For she's the pink o' womankind, and blooms without a
 peer ;

And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll pu' the budding rose, when Phoebus peeps in view,
For it's like a baummy kiss o' her sweet bonnie mou';
The hyacinth's for constancy, wi' its unchanging blue,
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The lily it is pure, and the lily it is fair,
And in her lovely bosom I'll place the lily there;
The daisy's for simplicity and unaffected air,
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The hawthorn I will pu', wi' its locks o' siller grey,
Where, like an aged man, it stands at break o' day;
But the songster's nest within the bush I winna take
away;
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The woodbine I will pu' when the e'ening star is near,
And the diamond drops o' dew shall be her een sae
clear:
The violet's for modesty which weel she fa's to wear,
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll tie the posie round wi' the silken band o' luvè,
And I'll place it in her breast, and I'll swear by a'
above,
That to my latest draught o' life the band shall ne'er
remuve,
And this will be a posie to my ain dear May.





WHAT CAN A YOUNG LASSIE.

WHAT can a young lassie, what shall a young lassie,
What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man!
Bad luck on the penny that tempted my minnie
To sell her poor Jenny for siller an' lan'!

He's always compleenin' frae mornin' to e'enin',
He hoasts and he hirkles the weary day lang,
He's doylt and he's dozen, his bluid it is frozen.
O, dreary's the night wi' a crazy auld man!

He hums and he hankers, he frets and he cankers,
 I never can please him, do a' that I can ;
 He's peevish and jealous of a' the young fellows :
 O, dool on the day I met wi' an auld man !

My auld auntie Katie upon me takes pity,
 I'll do my endeavour to follow her plan :
 I'll cross him, and rack him, until I heart-break him,
 And then his auld brass will buy me a new pan.



NAEBODY.

I HA'E a wife o' my ain,
 I'll partake wi' naebody ;
 I'll tak' cuckold frae nane,
 I'll gie cuckold to naebody.

I ha'e a penny to spend,
 There—thanks to naebody ;
 I ha'e nothing to lend,
 I'll borrow frae naebody.

I am naebody's lord,
 I'll be slave to naebody ;
 I ha'e a guid braid sword,
 I'll tak dunts frae naebody.

I'll be merry and free,
 I'll be sad for naebody ;
 If naebody care for me,
 I'll care for naebody.

SONG OF DEATH.

SCENE.—A field of battle. Time of the day—Evening. The wounded and dying of the victorious army are supposed to join in the following Song.

FAREWELL, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies,
 Now gay with the bright setting sun!
 Farewell, loves, and friendships, ye dear, tender ties,
 Our race of existence is run!

Thou grim King of Terrors, thou life's gloomy foe,
 Go, frighten the coward and slave;
 Go, teach them to tremble, fell tyrant! but know,
 No terrors hast thou for the brave.

Thou strik'st the dull peasant—he sinks in the dark,
 Nor saves e'en the wreck of a name;
 Thou strik'st the young hero—a glorious mark!
 He falls in the blaze of his fame.

In the field of proud honour—our swords in our hands
 Our King and our Country to save—
 While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands,
 O! who would not rest with the brave!



AS I WAS A-WANDERING.

[This is an old Highland air, and the title means "My Love did deceive me." There is much feeling expressed in this song.]

TUNE—"Rinn Mèndial mo Mhcalladh."

As I was a-wand'ring ae midsummer e'enin',
 The pipers and youngsters were making their game;
 Among them I spied my faithless fause lover,
 Which bled a' the wounds o' my dolour again.

Weel, since he has left me, may pleasure gae wi' him ;
 I may be distress'd, but I winna complain ;
 I flatter my fancy I may get anither,
 My heart it shall never be broken for ane.

I couldna get sleeping till dawnin' for greetin',
 The tears trickled down like the hail and the ram.
 Had I na got greetin', my heart would ha'e broken,
 For, oh! love forsaken's a tormenting pain.

Although he has left me for greed o' the siller,
 I dinna envy him the gains he can win ;
 I rather wad bear a' the lade o' my sorrow,
 Than ever ha'e acted sae faithless to him.

Weel, since he has left me, may pleasure gae wi' him ;
 I may be distress'd, but I winna complain ;
 I flatter my fancy I may get anither,
 My heart it shall never be broken for ane.



COUNTRY LASSIE.

TUNE—“*John, come kiss me now.*”

IN simmer when the hay was mawn,
 And corn waved green in ilka field,
 While clover blooms white o'er the lea,
 And roses blaw in ilka bield ;
 Blithe Bessie in the milking shiel,
 Says, “I'll be wed, come o't what will.”
 Out spak' a dame in wrinkled eild,
 “O' guid advisement comes nae ill.

"It's ye ha'e wooers mony a ane,
 And, lassie, ye're but young, ye ken :
 Then wait a wee, and cannie wale
 A routhie but, a routhie ben :
 There's Johnie o' the Buskie-glen,
 Fu' is his barn, fu' is his byre ;
 'Tak' this frae me, my bonnie hen,
 It's plenty beets the luv'er's fire."

"For Johnie o' the Buskie-glen
 I dinna care a single flie ;
 He lo'es sae well his craps and kye,
 He has na luv'e to spare for me :
 But blithe's the blink o' Robie's e'e,
 And weel I wat he lo'es me dear :
 Ae blink o' him I wad na'e gi'e
 For Buskie-glen and a' his gear."

"O thoughtless lassie ! life's a faught :
 The canniest gate the strife is sair :
 But aye fu'-han't is fechtin best,
 An hungry care's an unco care :
 But some will spend, and some will spare,
 An' wilfu' folk maun ha'e their will :
 Syne as ye brew, my maiden fair,
 Keep mind that ye maun drink the yill."

"O, gear will buy me rigs o' land,
 And gear will buy me sheep and kye ;
 But the tender heart o' leesome luv'e,
 The gowd and siller canna buy :
 We may be poor—Robie and I,
 Light is the burden luv'e lays on :
 Content and luv'e bring peace and joy,
 What mair ha'e queens upon a throne !"



THE BANKS O' DOON.

FIRST VERSION.

TUNE—“*Catharine Ogilvie*.”

YE flowery banks o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye blume sae fair!
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae fu' o' care!

Thou'lt break my heart, thou bonnie bird,
 That sings upon the bough ;
 Thou minds me o' the happy days
 When my fause luvè was true.

Thou'lt break my heart, thou bonnie bird,
 That sings beside thy mate ;
 For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
 And wist na o' my fate.

Aft ha'e I roved by bonnie Doon,
 To see the woodbine twine,
 And ilka bird sang o' its luvè,
 And sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
 Frae off its thorny tree,
 And my fause luvèr staw the rose,
 But left the thorn wi' me.



THE BANKS O' DOON.

SECOND VERSION.

TUNE—"Caledonian Hunt's Delight."

YE banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
 How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair !
 How can ye chant, ye little birds,
 And I sae weary, fu' o' care !
 Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,
 That wantons through the flowering thorn ;
 Thou minds me o' departed joys,
 Departed—never to return.

Oft ha'e I roved by bonnie Doon,
 To see the rose and woodbine twine ;
 And ilka bird sang o' its luvie,
 And fondly sae did I o' mine.
 Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
 Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree :
 But my false luvie stole my rose,
 And ah ! he left the thorn wi' me.



FAIR ELIZA.

TUNE—" *The bonnie bricket Lassie.*"

TURN again, thou fair Eliza,
 Ae kind blink before we part,
 Rew on thy despairing lover !
 Canst thou break his faithfu' heart !
 Turn again, thou fair Eliza ;
 If to love thy heart denies,
 For pity hide the cruel sentence
 Under friendship's kind disguise !

Thee, dear maid, ha'e I offended !
 The offence is loving thee :
 Canst thou wreck his peace for ever,
 Wha for thine would gladly die !
 While the life beats in my bosom,
 Thou shalt mix in ilka throe :
 Turn again, thou lovely maiden,
 Ae sweet smile on me bestow.

Not the bee upon the blossom,
 In the pride o' sunny noon ;
 Not the little sporting fairy,
 All beneath the simmer moon ;
 Not the poet in the moment
 Fancy lightens in his e'e,
 Kens the pleasure, feels the rapture,
 That thy presence gi'es to me.



JOCKEY'S TA'EN THE PARTING KISS.

JOCKEY's ta'en the parting kiss,
 Owre the mountains he is gane,
 And with him is a' my bliss,
 Nought but griefs with me remain.

Spare my love, ye winds that blaw,
 Plashy sleets and beatin' rain !
 Spare my love, thou feathery snaw,
 Drifting owre the frozen plain .

When the shades of evening creep
 Owre the day's fair, gladsome ee,
 Sound and safely may he sleep,
 Sweetly blythe his waukening be !

He will think on her he loves,
 Fondly he'll repeat her name ;
 For where'er he distant roves,
 Jockey's heart is still at hame.

CHLORIS.

TUNE—*“My lodging is on the cold ground.”*

My Chloris, mark how green the groves,
 The primrose banks how fair :
 The balmy gales awake the flowers,
 And wave thy flaxen hair.

The lav’rock shuns the palace gay,
 And o’er the cottage sings :
 For nature smiles as sweet, I ween,
 To shepherds as to kings.

Let minstrels sweep the skilfu’ string
 In lordly lighted ha’ :
 The shepherd stops his simple reed,
 Blithe, in the birken shaw.

The princely revel may survey
 Our rustic dance wi’ scorn ;
 But are their hearts as light as ours
 Beneath the milk-white thorn !

The shepherd, in the flowery glen,
 In shepherd’s phrase will woo :
 The courtier tells a finer tale,
 But is his heart as true !

These wild-wood flowers I’ve pu’d, to deck
 That spotless breast o’ thine :
 The courtiers’ gems may witness love—
 But ’tis na love like mine.



HIGHLAND MARY.

Ye banks, and braes, and streams around
The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie!

There simmer first unfauld her robes,
And there the langest tarry ;
For there I took the last fareweel
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As underneath their fragrant shade
I clasp'd her to my bosom !
The golden hours, on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie ;
For dear to me, as light and life,
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender ;
And, pledging aft to meet again,
We tore oursel's asunder ;
But oh ! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early !—
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary.

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips
I aft ha'e kiss'd sae fondly !
And closed for aye the sparkling glance,
That dwelt on me sae kindly !
And mouldering now in silent dust,
That heart that lo'ed me dearly !
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.

O FOR ANE-AND-TWENTY, TAM.

An' O for ane-and-twenty, Tam!
An' hey, sweet ane-and-twenty, Tam!
I'll learn my kin a rattlin' sang,
An I saw ane-and-twenty, Tam.

THEY snool me sair, and haud me down,
 And gar me look like bluntie, Tam!
 But three short years will soon wheel roun',
 And then comes ane-and-twenty, Tam!

A gleib o' lan', a claut o' gear,
 Was left me by my aunty, Tam:
 At kith or kin I need na spier,
 An I saw ane-and-twenty, Tam.

They'll ha'e me wed a wealthy coof,
 Tho' I mysel' ha'e plenty, Tam:
 But hear'st thou, laddie! there's my loof,
 I'm thine at ane-and-twenty, Tam!



HOW CAN I BE BLITHE AND GLAD.

TUNE—"Over the hills and far awa'."

O how can I be blithe and glad,
 Or how can I gang brisk and braw,
 When the bonnie lad that I lo'e best
 Is o'er the hills and far awa'!

It's no the frosty winter wind,
 It's no the driving drift and snaw:

But aye the tear comes in my e'e,
 To think on him that's far awa'.

My father pat me frae his door,
 My friends they ha'e disown'd me a',
 But I ha'e ane will tak my part,
 The bonnie lad that's far awa'.

A pair o' gloves he gave to me,
 And silken snoods he gave me twa ;
 And I will wear them for his sake,
 The bonnie lad that's far awa'.

The weary winter soon will pass,
 And spring will clead the birken-shaw ;
 And my sweet babie will be born,
 And he'll come hame that's far awa'.



AULD ROB MORRIS.

THERE'S auld Rob Morris that wons in yon glen,
 He's the king o' guid fellows and wale of auld men .
 He has gowd in his coffers, he has owsen and kine,
 And ae bonnie lassie, his darling and mine.

She's fresh as the morning, the fairest in May ;
 She's sweet as the evening among the new hay ;
 As blithe and as artless as the lamb on the lea,
 And dear to my heart as the light to my e'e.

But oh ! she's an heiress, auld Robin's a laird,
 And my daddie has nought but a cot-house and yard .

A wooer like me maunna hope to come speed,
The wounds I must hide that will soon be my dead.

The day comes to me but delight brings me nane ;
The night comes to me, but my rest it is gane ;
I wander my lane like a night-troubled ghaist,
And I sigh as my heart it would burst in my breast.

O had she but been of a lower degree,
I then might ha'e hoped she wad smil'd upon me !
O, how past describing had then been my bliss,
As now my distraction no words can express !



MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here ;
My heart's in the Highlands a chasing the deer ;
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.
Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
The birth-place of valour, the country of worth ;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high cover'd with snow ;
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below ;
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods ;
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.
My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here ;
My heart's in the Highlands a chasing the deer :
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go.



O POORTITH CAULD.

TUNE—"I had a horse."

O POORTITH cauld, and restless love,
Ye wreck my peace between ye ;
Yet poortith a' I could forgive,
An twere na for my Jeanie.

*O why should Fate sic pleasure have,
Life's dearest bands untwining !
Or why see sweet a flower as love
Depend on Fortune's shining !*

This world's wealth when I think on,
 Its pride, and a' the lave o't;
 Fie, fie on silly coward man,
 That he should be the slave o't.

Her een, sae bonnie blue, betray
 How she repays my passion;
 But prudence is her o'erword aye,
 She talks of rank and fashion.

O wha can prudence think upon,
 And sic a lassie by him!
 O wha can prudence think upon,
 And sae in love as I am!

How blest the humble cotter's fate!
 He woos his simple dearie;
 The sillie bogles, wealth and state,
 Can never make them eerie.

O why should Fate sic pleasure have, &c. &c.



BONNIE BELL.

THE smiling Spring comes in rejoicing,
 And surly Winter grimly flies;
 Now crystal clear are the falling waters,
 And bonnie blue are the sunny skies;

Fresh o'er the mountains breaks forth the morning,
 The ev'ning gilds the ocean's swell:

All creatures joy in the sun's returning,
 And I rejoice in my bonnie Bell.

The flowery Spring leads sunny Summer,
 And yellow Autumn presses near,
 Then in his turn comes gloomy Winter,
 Till smiling Spring again appear.
 Thus seasons dancing, life advancing,
 Old Time and Nature their changes tell,
 But never ranging, still unchanging,
 I adore my bonnie Bell.



THE GALLANT WEAVER.

WHERE Cart rins rowin' to the sea,
 By monie a flow'r, and spreading tree,
 There lives a lad, the lad for me,
 He is a gallant weaver.

Oh! I had woers eight or nine,
 They gi'ed me rings and ribbons fine ;
 And I was fear'd my heart would tine,
 And gi'ed it to the weaver.

My daddie sign'd my tocher band,
 To gi'e the lad that has the land ;
 But to my heart I'll add my hand,
 And gi'e it to the weaver.

While birds rejoice in leafy bowers ;
 While bees rejoice in opening flowers ;
 While corn grows green in simmer showers,
 I'll love my gallant weaver.

SHE'S FAIR AND FAUSE.

SHE'S fair and fause that causes my smart,
 I lo'ed her meikle and lang ;
 She's broken her vow, she's broken my heart,
 And I may e'en gae hang.
 A coof came in with rowth o' gear,
 And I ha'e tint my dearest dear ;
 But woman is but warld's gear,
 Sae let the bonnie lass gang.

Whae'er ye be that woman love,
 To this be never blind,
 Nae ferlie 't is though fickle she prove,
 A woman has't by kind :
 O woman lovely, woman fair !
 An angel form's faun to thy share,
 'Twad been owre meikle to've gi'en thee mair—
 I mean an angel mind.



THE EXCISEMAN.

THE de'il cam' fiddling through the town,
 And danced awa' wi' the Exciseman ;
 And ilka wife cried—"Auld Mahoun,
 I wish you luck o' your prize, man !

*The de'il's awa', the de'il's awa',
 The de'il's awa' wi' the Exciseman :
 He's danced awa', he's danced awa',
 He's danced awa' wi' the Exciseman.*

“We’ll mak’ our maut, we’ll brew our drink,
 We’ll dance, and sing, and rejoice, man;
 And monie thanks to the meikle black de’il
 That danced awa’ wi’ the Exciseman.

“There’s threesome reels, there’s foursome reels,
 There’s hornpipes and strathspeys, man;
 But the ae best dance e’er cam’ to the land
 Was—the de’il’s awa’ wi’ the Exciseman.”



THE CHEVALIER'S LAMENT.

TUNE—“*Captain O’Kane.*”

THE small birds rejoice in the green leaves returning,
 The murmuring streamlet winds clear thro’ the vale;
 The hawthorn trees blow in the dews of the morning,
 And wild scattered cowslips bedeck the green dale:
 But what can give pleasure, or what can seem fair,
 While the lingering moments are numbered by care?
 No flowers gaily springing, nor birds sweetly singing,
 Can soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair.

The deed that I dared, could it merit their malice,
 A king and a father to place on his throne?
 His right are these hills and his right are these valleys
 Where the wild beasts find shelter, but I can find none.
 But ’tis not my sufferings thus wretched, forlorn,
 My brave gallant friends, ’tis your ruin I mourn:
 Your deeds proved so loyal in hot bloody trial,
 Alas! can I make you no sweeter return?



THE BANKS OF NITH.

THESE—“*Robie Donna Gorach.*”

THE Thames flows proudly to the sea ;
Where royal cities stately stand :
But sweeter flows the Nith to me,
Where Cummins ance had high command :
When shall I see that honour'd land,
That winding stream I love so dear ?
Must wayward fortune's adverse hand,
For ever, ever keep me here ?

How lovely, Nith, thy fruitful vales,
 Where spreading hawthorns gaily bloom ;
 How sweetly wind thy sloping dales,
 Where lambkins wanton through the broom !
 Though wandering, now, must be my doom,
 Far from thy bonnie banks and braes,
 May there my latest hours consume,
 Among the friends of early days !



A RED, RED ROSE.

TUNE—“*Wishaw's Favourite.*”

O, MY luvè's like a red, red rose,
 That's newly sprung in June :
 O, my luvè's like the melodie
 That's sweetly play'd in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
 So deep in luvè am I :
 And I will luvè thee still, my dear,
 Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
 And the rocks melt wi' the sun :
 I will luvè thee still, my dear,
 While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only luvè !
 And fare thee weel awhile !
 And I will come again, my luvè,
 Though it were ten thousand mile.

THE BATTLE OF CULLODEN.

THE lovely lass o' Inverness,
 Nae joy nor pleasure can she see ;
 For e'en and morn she cries—"Alas !"
 And aye the saut tear blin's her e'e :
 "Drumossie moor, Drumossie day,
 A waefu' day it was to me ;
 For there I lost my father dear,
 My father dear, and brethren three.

"Their winding-sheet the bluidy clay,
 Their graves are growing green to see ;
 And by them lies the dearest lad
 That ever blest a woman's ee.
 Now wae to thee, thou cruel Lord !
 A bluidy man I trow thou be ;
 For monie a heart thou hast made sair,
 That ne'er did wrong to thine or thee."



FOR THE SAKE OF SOMEBODY.

TUNE—" *The Highland Watch's Farewell.*"

My heart is sair, I darena tell,
 My heart is sair for somebody ;
 I could wake a winter night
 For the sake o' somebody.
 Oh-hon ! for somebody !
 Oh-hey ! for somebody !
 I could range the world around,
 For the sake o' somebody !

Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,
 O, sweetly smile on somebody!
 Frae ilka danger keep him free,
 And send me safe my somebody.
 Oh-hon! for somebody!
 Oh-hey! for somebody!
 I wad do—what wad I not?
 For the sake o' somebody!



POLLY STEWART.

TUNE—"Ye're welcome, Charlie Stewart."

*O lovely Polly Stewart,
 O charming Polly Stewart,
 There's n'er a flower that blooms in May
 That's half so fair as thou art.*

THE flower it blaws, it fades, it fa's,
 And art can n'er renew it;
 But worth and truth eternal youth
 Will gi'e to Polly Stewart.

May he whase arms shall fauld thy charms
 Possess a leal and true heart;
 To him be given to ken the heaven
 He grasps in Polly Stewart!

*O lovely Polly Stewart,
 O charming Polly Stewart,
 There's n'er a flower that blooms in May
 That's half so fair as thou art.*

TO THEE, LOVED NITH.

To thee, lov'd Nith, thy gladsome plains
 Where late wi' careless thought I ranged,
 Tho' prest wi' care and sunk in woe,
 To thee I bring a heart unchanged.

I love thee, Nith, thy banks and braes,
 Tho' mem'ry there my bosom tear ;
 For there he roved that brake my heart,
 Yet to that heart, ah ! still how dear !



O MAY, THY MORN.

O MAY, thy morn was ne'er sae sweet
 As the mirk night o' December ;
 For sparkling was the rosy wine,
 And private was the chamber :
 And dear was she I darena name,
 But I will aye remember ;
 And dear was she I darena name,
 But I will aye remember.

And here's to them, that like oursel',
 Can push about the jorum ;
 And here's to them that wish us weel,
 May a' that's guid watch o'er them !
 And here's to them, we darena tell,
 The dearest o' the quorum ;
 And here's to them, we darena tell,
 The dearest o' the quorum !



PHILLIS THE FAIR.

TUNE—*Robin Adair.*

WHILE larks with little wing
Fann'd the pure air,
Tasting the breathing spring,
Forth I did fare :
Gay the sun's golden eye
Peep'd o'er the mountains high,
Such thy morn ! did I cry,
Phillis the fair.

In each bird's careless song,
 Glad did I share ;
 While yon wild flow'rs among,
 Chance led me there :
 Sweet to the opening day,
 Rosebuds bent the dewy spray ;
 Such thy bloom ! did I say,
 Phillis the fair.

Down in a shady walk,
 Doves cooing were,
 I mark'd the cruel hawk
 Caught in a snare :
 So kind may Fortune be,
 Such make his destiny,
 He who would injure thee,
 Phillis the fair.



O, WAT YE WHA'S IN YON TOWN.

TUNE—"I'll gang nae mair to yon town."

O, WAT ye wha's in yon town,
 Ye see the e'enin' sun upon ?
 The fairest dame's in yon town,
 That e'enin' sun is shining on.

Now haply down yon gay green shaw,
 She wanders by yon spreading tree ;
 How blest, ye flow'rs that round her blaw,
 Ye catch the glances o' her e'e !

How blest, ye birds that round her sing,
And welcome in the blooming year ;
And doubly welcome be the spring,
The season to my Lucy dear !

The sun blinks blithe on yon town,
And on yon bonnie braes of Ayr ;
But my delight in yon town,
And dearest bliss, is Lucy fair.

Without my love, not a' the charms
O' Paradise could yield me joy ;
But gi'e me Lucy in my arms,
And welcome Lapland's dreary sky.

My cave wad be a lover's bower,
Tho' raging winter rent the air ;
And she a lovely little flower,
That I wad tent and shelter there.

O sweet is she in yon town,
Yon sinking sun's gaun down upon ;
A fairer than's in yon town,
His setting beam ne'er shone upon.

If angry Fate is sworn my foe,
And suff'ring I am doom'd to bear ;
I careless quit all else below,
But spare me, spare me Lucy dear !

For while life's dearest blood is warm,
Ae thought frae her shall ne'er depart ;
And she—as fairest is her form,
She has the truest, kindest heart.

MY PEGGY'S FACE.

My Peggy's face, my Peggy's form.
 The frost of hermit age might warm :
 My Peggy's worth, my Peggy's mind,
 Might charm the first of human kind.
 I love my Peggy's angel air,
 Her face so truly, heavenly fair,
 Her native grace so void of art.
 But I adore my Peggy's heart.

The lily's hue, the rose's dye,
 The kindling lustre of an eye ;
 Who but owns their magic sway,
 Who but knows they all decay !
 The tender thrill, the pitying tear,
 The generous purpose, nobly dear,
 The gentle look that rage disarms—
 These are all immortal charms.



THE WINSOME WEE THING.

SHE is a winsome wee thing,
 She is a handsome wee thing,
 She is a bonnie wee thing,
 This sweet wee wife o' mine.

I never saw a fairer,
 I never lo'ed a dearer,
 And niest my heart I'll wear her,
 For fear my jewel tine.

She is a winsome wee thing,
 She is a handsome wee thing,
 She is a bonnie wee thing,
 This sweet wee wife o' mine.

The world's wrack we share o't,
 The warstle and the care o't:
 Wi' her I'll blithely bear it,
 And think my lot divine.



LASSIE WI' THE LINT-WHITE LOCKS.

TUNE—"Rethiemurchu's Rant."

*Lassie wi' the lint-white locks,
 Bonnie lassie, artless lassie,
 Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks,
 Wilt thou be my dearie, O!*

Now nature cleeds the flowery lea,
 And a' is young and sweet like thee:
 O wilt thou share its joys wi' me,
 And say thou'lt be my dearie, O!

And when the welcome simmer-shower
 Has cheer'd ilk drooping little flower,
 We'll to the breathing woodbine bower
 At sultry noon, my dearie, O.

When Cynthia lights, wi' silver ray,
 The weary shearer's hameward way:
 Through yellow waving fields we'll stray,
 And talk o' love, my dearie, O.

And when the howling wintry blast
 Disturbs my lassie's midnight rest;

Enclasped to my faithfu' breast,
I'll comfort thee, my dearie, O.

*Lassie wi' the lint-white locks,
Bonnie lassie, artless lassie,
Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks,
Wilt thou be my dearie, O?*



MARY CAMPBELL.

TUNE—"Ewe-bughts, Marion."

Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
And leave auld Scotia's shore?
Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
Across th' Atlantic's roar?

O sweet grow the lime and the orange,
And the apple on the pine;
But a' the charms o' the Indies
Can never equal thine.

I ha'e sworn by the heavens to my Mary,
I ha'e sworn by the heavens to be true;
And sae may the heavens forget me,
When I forget my vow!

O plight me your faith, my Mary,
And plight me your lily-white hand:
O plight me your faith, my Mary,
Before I leave Scotia's strand.

We ha'e plighted our troth, my Mary,
In mutual affection to join,
And curst be the cause that shall part us!
The hour, and the moment o' time!



BANNOCKBURN.

TUNE—" *Hey, tuttie, tuttie.*"

Scots, wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led ;
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to glorious victorie !

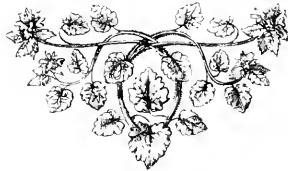
Now's the day, and now's the hour ;
 See the front o' battle lower ;
 See approach proud Edward's power—
 Edward ! chains and slaverie !

Wha will be a traitor knave ?
 Wha can fill a coward's grave ?
 Wha sae base as be a slave ?
 Traitor ! coward ! turn and flee !

Wha for Scotland's king and law
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
 Free-man stand, or free-man fa',
 Caledonian ! on with me !

By oppression's woes and pains !
 By your sons in servile chains !
 We will drain our dearest veins,
 But they shall—they shall be free.

Lay the proud usurpers low !
 Tyrants fall in every foe !
 Liberty's in every blow !
 Forward ! let us do, or die !



SHE SAYS SHE LOVES ME BEST OF A'.

TUNE—" *Onagh's Water-fall.* "

SÆ flaxen were her ringlets,
 Her eyebrows of a darker hue,
 Bewitchingly o'er-arching
 Twa laughing een o' bonnie blue.
 Her smiling, sae wyling,
 Wad make a wretch forget his woe ;
 What pleasure, what treasure,
 Unto these rosy lips to grow !
 Such was my Chloris' bonnie face,
 When first her bonnie face I saw ;
 And aye my Chloris' dearest charm,
 She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Like harmony her motion ;
 Her pretty ancle is a spy
 Betraying fair proportion,
 Wad mak a saint forget the sky ;
 Sae warming, sae charming,
 Her faultless form, and gracefu' air :
 Ilk feature—auld Nature
 Declared that she could do nae mair.
 Hers are the willing chains o' love,
 By conquering beauty's sovereign law ;
 And aye my Chloris' dearest charm,
 She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Let others love the city,
 And gaudy show at sunny noon ;
 Gi'e me the lonely valley,
 The dewy eve, and rising moon ;
 Fair beaming, and streaming,

Her silver light the boughs amang ;
 While falling, recalling,
 The amorous thrush concludes his sang :
 There, dearest Chloris, wilt thou rove
 By wimpling burn and leafy shaw,
 And hear my vows o' truth and love,
 And say thou lo'es me best of a'.



GALLA-WATER.

THERE' s braw, braw lads on Yarrow braes,
 That wander through the blooming heather ;
 But Yarrow braes, nor Ettrick shaws,
 Can match the lads o' Galla-water.

But there is ane, a secret ane,
 Aboon them a' I lo'e him better ;
 And I'll be his, and he'll be mine,
 The bonnie lad o' Galla-water.

Although his daddie was nae laird,
 And though I ha'e no meikle tocher ;
 Yet rich in kindest, truest love,
 We'll tent our flocks by Galla-water.

It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,
 That coft contentment, peace, or pleasure ;
 The bands and bliss o' mutual love,
 O that's the chiefest warld's treasure !

LOGAN BRAES.

O LOGAN, sweetly didst thou glide,
 That day I was my Willie's bride ;
 And years sinsyne ha'e o'er us run,
 Like Logan to the simmer sun.
 But now thy flow'ry banks appear
 Like drumlie winter, dark and drear,
 While my dear lad maun face his faes,
 Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

Again the merry month o' May
 Has made our hills and valleys gay :
 The birds rejoice in leafy bow'rs,
 The bees hum round the breathing flow'rs :
 Blythe morning lifts his rosy eye,
 And ev'ning's tears are tears of joy :
 My soul, delightless, a' surveys,
 While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

Within yon milk-white hawthorn bush,
 Amang her nestlings, sits the thrush :
 Her faithfu' mate will share her toil,
 Or wi' his song her cares beguile :
 But I, wi' my sweet nurslings here,
 Nae mate to help, nae mate to cheer,
 Pass widow'd nights and joyless days,
 While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

O wae upon you, men o' state,
 That brethren rouse to deadly hate !
 As ye make monie a fond heart mourn,
 Sae may it on your heads return !
 How can your flinty hearts enjoy
 The widow's tears, the orphan's cry ?
 But soon may peace bring happy days,
 And Willie hame to Logan braes !



SWEET CLOSÉS THE EVENING.

TUNE—"Craigie-burn-wood."

*Beyond thee, dearie, beyond thee, dearie,
And O to be lying beyond thee,
O sweetly, soundly, weel may he sleep,
That's laid in the bed beyond thee.*

SWEET closes the evening on Craigie-burn-wood,
And blythely awakens the morrow ;
But the pride of the spring in the Craigie-burn-wood,
Can yield to me nothing but sorrow.

I see the spreading leaves and flowers,
I hear the wild birds singing ;
But pleasure they hae nane for me,
While care my heart is wringing.

I canna tell, I maun na tell,
I dare na for your anger ;
But secret love will break my heart
If I conceal it langer.

I see thee gracefu', straight and tall,
I see thee sweet and bonnie,
But oh, what will my torments be,
If thou refuse thy Johnie !

To see thee in anither's arms,
In love to lie and languish,
'Twad be my dead, that will be seen,
My heart wad burst wi' anguish.

But, Jeanie, say thou wilt be mine,
Say, thou lo'es nane before me ;
An' a' my days o' life to come
I'll gratefully adore thee.



OH! OPEN THE DOOR TO ME.

Oh! open the door, some pity to show,
 Oh, open the door to me, O!
 Though thou hast been false, I'll ever prove true,
 Oh, open the door to me, O!

Cauld is the blast upon my pale cheek,
 But cauldier thy love for me, O!
 The frost that freezes the life at my heart,
 Is nought to my pains frae thee, O!

The wan moon is setting behind the white wave,
 And time is setting with me, O!
 False friends, false love, farewell! for mair
 I'll ne'er trouble them, nor thee, O!

She has open'd the door, she has open'd it wide;
 She sees his pale corse on the plain, O!
 "My true love," she cried, and sank down by his side,
 Never to rise again, O!



WANDERING WILLIE.

HERE awa', there awa', wandering Willie,
 Here awa', there awa', haud awa' hame;
 Come to my bosom, my ain only dearie,
 Tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the same.

Winter winds blew loud and cauld at our parting,
 Fears for my Willie brought tears in my e'e,
 Welcome now simmer, and welcome my Willie,
 The simmer to nature, my Willie to me.

Rest, ye wild storms, in the cave of your slumbers,
 How your dread howling a lover alarms!
 Wauken, ye breezes, row gently, ye billows,
 And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.

But oh, if he's faithless, and minds na his Nannie,
 Flow still between us, thou wide roaring main:
 May I never see it, may I never trow it,
 But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain.



FRAGMENT.

AIR—*“Hughie Graham.”*

O GIN my love were yon red rose,
 That grows upon the castle wa',
 And I mysel' a drop o' dew,
 Into her bonnie breast to fa'!

Oh, there beyond expression blest,
 I'd feast on beauty a' the night:
 Seal'd on her silk-saft faultds to rest,
 Till fley'd awa' by Phœbus' light.

O were my love yon lilac fair,
 Wi' purple blossoms to the spring:
 And I, a bird to shelter there,
 When wearied on my little wing:

How I wad mourn, when it was torn
 By autumn wild, and winter rude:
 But I wad sing on wanton wing,
 When youthfu' May its bloom renew'd.

ADOWN WINDING NITH.

TUNE—" *The muckie o' Geordie's Byre.*"

ADOWN winding Nith I did wander,
 To mark the sweet flowers as they spring ;
 Adown winding Nith I did wander,
 Of Phillis to muse and to sing.

*Awa' wi' your belles and your beauties,
 They never wi' her can compare ;
 Whaever has met wi' my Phillis,
 Has met wi' the queen o' the fair.*

The daisy amused my fond fancy,
 So artless, so simple, so wild ;
 Thou emblem, said I, o' my Phillis,
 For she is simplicity's child.

The rose-bud's the blush o' my charmer,
 Her sweet balmy lip when 't is prest :
 How fair and how pure is the lily !
 But fairer and purer her breast.

Yon knot of gay flowers in the arbour,
 They ne'er wi' my Phillis can vie :
 Her breath is the breath o' the woodbine,
 Its dew-drop o' diamond, her eye.

Her voice is the song of the morning,
 That wakes thro' the green-spreading grove,
 When Phœbus peeps over the mountains,
 On music, and pleasure, and love.

But beauty, how frail and how fleeting,
 The bloom of a fine summer's day !
 While worth in the mind o' my Phillis
 Will flourish without a decay.



LORD GREGORY.

O Mirk, mirk is this midnight hou,
And loud the tempest's roar ;
A waefu' wanderer seeks thy tow'r,
Lord Gregory, ope thy door.

An exile frae her father's ha',
 And a' for loving thee ;
 At least some pity on me shaw,
 If love it may na be !

Lord Gregory, mind'st thou not the grove,
 By bonnie Irwin side,
 Where first I own'd that virgin-love
 I lang, lang had denied !

How aften didst thou pledge and vow,
 Thou wad for aye be mine !
 And my fond heart, itsel' sae true,
 It ne'er mistrusted thine.

Hard is thy heart, Lord Gregory,
 And flinty is thy breast :
 Thou dart of heaven, that flashest by,
 O wilt thou give me rest !

Ye mustering thunders from above,
 Your willing victim see !
 But spare, and pardon my fause love,
 His wrangs to heaven and me !



JESSIE.

TUNE—"Bonnie Dundee."

TRUE-HEARTED was he, the sad swain o' the Yarrow,
 And fair are the maids on the banks o' the Ayr,
 But by the sweet side o' the Nith's winding river,
 Are lovers as faithful, and maidens as fair :

To equal young Jessie seek Scotland all over :
 To equal young Jessie you seek it in vain :
 Grace, beauty, and elegance fetter her lover,
 And maidenly modesty fixes the chain.

O, fresh is the rose in the gay, dewy morning.
 And sweet is the lily at evening close :
 But in the fair presence o' lovely young Jessie,
 Unseen is the lily, unheeded the rose.
 Love sits in her smile, a wizard ensnaring ;
 Enthroned in her een he delivers his law,
 And still to her charms she alone is a stranger !
 Her modest demeanour 's the jewel of a'.



MEG O' THE MILL.

AIR—“ *O bonnie lass, will you lie in a barrack !* ”

O KEN ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten,
 An' ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten !
 She has gotten a coof wi' a claut o' siller,
 And broken the heart o' the barley Miller.

The Miller was strappin', the Miller was ruddy :
 A heart like a lord, and a hue like a lady ;
 The Laird was a widdiefu', blecrit knurl ;
 She's left the guid fellow and ta'en the churl.

The Miller he hecht her a heart leal and loving :
 The Laird did address her wi' matter mair moving,
 A fine pacing horse wi' a clear chained bridle
 A whip by her side, and a bonnie side-saddle.

O wae on the siller, it is sae prevailing ;
 And wae on the love that is fix'd on a mailen !
 A tocher's nae word in a true lover's parle,
 But, gi'e me my love, and a fig for the warl' !



BY ALLAN STREAM.

By Allan stream I chanced to rove,
 While Phœbus sank beyond Benleddi ;
 The winds were whispering thro' the grove,
 The yellow corn was waving ready :
 I listen'd to a lover's sang,
 And thought on youthfu' pleasures mony ;
 And ay the wild-wood echoes ran—
 O, dearly do I love thee, Annie !

O, happy be the woodbine bower,
 Nae nightly bogle mak' it eerie ;
 Nor ever sorrow stain the hour,
 The place and time I met my dearie !
 Her head upon my throbbing breast,
 She, sinking, said, " I'm thine for ever !"
 While mony a kiss the seal imprest,
 The sacred vow, we ne'er should sever.

The haunt o' spring's the primrose brae,
 The simmer joys the flocks to follow ;
 How cheery thro' her shortening day
 Is autumn, in her weeds o' yellow !
 But can they melt the glowing heart,
 Or chain the soul in speechless pleasure,
 Or, thro' each nerve the rapture dart,
 Like meeting her, our bosom's treasure ?

AULD LANG SYNE.

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And never brought to min' ?
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And days o' lang syne ?

*For auld lang syne, my dear,
 For auld lang syne,
 We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
 For auld lang syne.*

We twa ha'e run about the braes,
 And pu'd the gowans fine ;
 But we've wandered mony a weary foot,
 Sin' auld lang syne.

We twa ha'e paidl't i' the burn,
 Frae mornin' sun till dune :
 But seas between us braid ha'e roar'd,
 Sin' auld lang syne.

And here's a hand, my trusty fier,
 And gie's a hand o' thine ;
 And we'll tak' a right good-willie waught,
 For auld lang syne.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp,
 And surely I'll be mine ;
 And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
 For auld lang syne.

HUSBAND, HUSBAND, CEASE YOUR STRIFE.

TUNE—“*My jo, Janet.*”

HUSBAND, husband, cease your strife,
 Nor longer idle rave, Sir ;
 Though I am your wedded wife,
 Yet I am not your slave, Sir.
 “ One of two must still obey,
 Nancy, Nancy ;
 Is it man or woman, say,
 My spouse, Nancy ! ”

If 't is still the lordly word,
 Service and obedience ;
 I'll desert my sov'reign lord,
 And so, good bye allegiance !
 “ Sad will I be, so bereft,
 Nancy, Nancy ;
 Yet I'll try to make a shift,
 My spouse, Nancy.”

My poor heart then break it must,
 My last hour I'm near it ;
 When you lay me in the dust,
 Think, think how you will bear it !
 “ I will hope and trust in Heaven,
 Nancy, Nancy ;
 Strength to bear it will be given,
 My spouse, Nancy.”

Well, Sir, from the silent dead
 Still I'll try to daunt you ;
 Ever round your midnight bed
 Horrid sprites shall haunt you.
 “ I'll wed another, like my dear
 Nancy, Nancy ;
 Then all hell will fly for fear.
 My spouse, Nancy.”



FLOW GENTLY, SWEET AFTON.

TUNE — "Afton Water."

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise :

My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Thou stock-dove, whose echo resounds thro' the glen,
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear,
I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills,
Far mark'd with the courses of clear, winding rills ;
There daily I wander, as noon rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow ;
There oft as mild ev'ning weeps over the lea,
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides ;
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As gathering sweet flow'rets she stems thy clear wave.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays ;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.



BEHOLD THE HOUR.

BEHOLD the hour, the boat arrive !
Thou goest, thou darling of my heart !
Sever'd from thee can I survive ?
But fate has will'd, and we must part !

I'll often greet this surging swell,
 Yon distant isle will often hail :
 "E'en here I took the last farewell :
 There latest mark'd her vanish'd sail."

Along the solitary shore,
 While flitting sea-fowls round me cry,
 Across the rolling, dashing roar,
 I'll westward turn my wistful eye :
 "Happy, thou Indian grove," I'll say,
 "Where now my Nancy's path may be !
 While through thy sweets she loves to stray,
 O tell me, does she muse on me !"



THOU HAST LEFT ME EVER.

TUNE—" *Ecce him, Father.* "

THOU hast left me ever, Jamie, thou hast left me ever ;
 Thou hast left me ever, Jamie, thou hast left me ever.
 Aften hast thou vow'd that death only should us sever ;
 Now, thou'st left thy lass for aye—I maun see thee never.
 Jamie,

I shall see thee never.

Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie, thou hast me forsaken ;
 Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie, thou hast me forsaken.
 Thou canst love anither jo, while my heart is breaking.
 Soon my weary een I'll close—never mair to waken.

Jamie,

Never mair to waken.

FAIR JENNY.

WHERE are the joys I have met in the morning,
 That danced to the lark's early song?
 Where is the peace that awaited my wand'ring,
 At evening the wild woods among!

No more a-winding the course of yon river,
 And marking sweet flow'rets so fair:
 No more I trace the light footsteps of pleasure,
 But sorrow and sad sighing care.

Is it that summer's forsaken our valleys,
 And grim, surly winter is near?
 No, no, the bees humming round the gay roses
 Proclaim it the pride of the year.

Fain would I hide what I fear to discover,
 Yet long, long too well have I known:
 All that has caused this wreck in my bosom,
 Is Jenny, fair Jenny alone.

Time cannot aid me, my griefs are immortal,
 Nor hope dare a comfort bestow:
 Come then, enamour'd and fond of my anguish,
 Enjoyment I'll seek in my woe.



DELUDED SWAIN, THE PLEASURE.

TUNE—"The Collier's Dochter."

DELUDED swain, the pleasure
 The fickle fair can give thee,

Is but a fairy treasure—
 Thy hopes will soon deceive thee.

The billows on the ocean,
 The breezes idly roaming,
 The clouds' uncertain motion—
 They are but types of woman.

O! art thou not ashamed,
 To dote upon a feature?
 If man thou wouldst be named,
 Despise the silly creature.

Go, find an honest fellow;
 Good claret set before thee:
 Hold on till thou art mellow,
 And then to bed in glory.



NANCY.

TUNE—"The Quaker's Wife."

THINE am I, my faithful fair,
 Thine, my lovely Nancy;
 Ev'ry pulse along my veins,
 Ev'ry roving fancy.

To thy bosom lay my heart,
 There to throb and languish:
 Though despair had wrung its core,
 That would heal its anguish.

Take away these rosy lips,
 Rich with balmy treasure !
 Turn away thine eyes of love,
 Lest I die with pleasure.

What is life when wanting love !
 Night without a morning :
 Love's the cloudless summer sun,
 Nature gay adorning.



COME, LET ME TAKE THEE.

TUNE—" *Cauld Kail.* "

COME, let me take thee to my breast,
 And pledge we ne'er shall sunder ;
 And I shall spurn, as vilest dust,
 The world's wealth and grandeur :
 And do I hear my Jeanie own
 That equal transports move her !
 I ask for dearest life alone,
 That I may live to love her.

Thus in my arms, wi' all thy charms,
 I clasp my countless treasure ;
 I'll seek nae mair o' heaven to share,
 Than sic a moment's pleasure :
 And by thy een, sae bonnie blue,
 I swear I'm thine for ever !
 And on thy lips I seal my vow,
 And break it shall I never.



CHLOE.

ALTERED FROM AN OLD ENGLISH SONG.

TUNE—"Dainty Davie."

IT was the charming month of May,
When all the flow'rs were fresh and gay,
One morning, by the break of day,
The youthful, charming Chloe ;

From peaceful slumber she arose,
 Girt on her mantle and her hose,
 And o'er the flow'ry mead she goes,
 The youthful, charming Chloe.

*Lovely was she by the dawn,
 Youthful Chloe, charming Chloe,
 Tripping o'er the pearly lawn,
 The youthful, charming Chloe.*

The feather'd people you might see,
 Perch'd all around on every tree,
 In notes of sweetest melody
 They hail the charming Chloe ;
 Till, painting gay the eastern skies,
 The glorious sun began to rise,
 Out-rivall'd by the radiant eyes
 Of youthful, charming Chloe.



ON THE SEAS AND FAR AWAY.

TUNE—"O'er the Hills." &c.

How can my poor heart be glad,
 When absent from my sailor lad !
 How can I the thought forego,
 He's on the seas to meet the foe !
 Let me wander, let me rove,
 Still my heart is with my love ;
 Nightly dreams and thoughts by day
 Are with him that's far away.

*On the seas and far away,
 On stormy seas and far away :
 Nightly dreams and thoughts by day
 Are aye with him that's far away.*

When in summer's noon I faint,
As weary flocks around me pant,
Haply in this scorching sun
My sailor's thund'ring at his gun :
Bullets, spare my only joy !
Bullets, spare my darling boy !
Fate, do with me what you may,
Spare but him that's far away !

At the starless midnight hour,
When winter rules with boundless power ;
As the storms the forest tear,
And thunders rend the howling air,
Listening to the doubling roar,
Surging on the rocky shore,
All I can—I weep and pray,
For his weal that's far away.

Peace, thy olive wand extend,
And bid wild war his ravage end,
Man with brother man to meet,
And as a brother kindly greet :
Then may heaven, with prosperous gales,
Fill my sailor's welcome sails,
To my arms their charge convey,
My dear lad that's far away.



WILT THOU BE MY DEARIE ?

WILT thou be my dearie ?
When sorrow wrings thy gentle heart,
Wilt thou let me cheer thee ?
By the treasure of my soul.

That's the love I bear thee !
 I swear and vow that only thou
 Shalt ever be my dearie ;
 Only thou, I swear and vow,
 Shalt ever be my dearie.

Lassie, say thou lo'es me ;
 Or if thou wiltna be my ain,
 Say na thou'lt refuse me :
 If it winna, canna be,
 Thou for thine may choose me,
 Let me, lassie, quickly die,
 Trusting that thou lo'es me ;
 Lassie, let me quickly die,
 Trusting that thou lo'es me.



THE AULD MAN.

But lately seen in gladsome green
 The woods rejoice the day,
 Through gentle showers the laughing flowers
 In double pride were gay ;
 But now our joys are fled,
 On winter blasts awa' !
 Yet maiden May, in rich array,
 Again shall bring them a'.

But my white pow, nae kindly thowe
 Shall melt the snaws of age ;
 My trunk of eild, but buss or bield,
 Sinks in time's wintry rage.
 Oh, age has weary days,
 And nights o' sleepless pain !
 Thou golden time o' youthfu' prime,
 Why com'st thou not again !

O AY MY WIFE SHE DANG ME.

*O ay my wife she dang me,
An' aft my wife she bang'd me;
If ye gi'e a woman a' her will,
Guid faith! she'll soon d'ergang ye.*

ON peace and rest my mind was bent,
And, fool I was! I married;
But never honest man's intent
As cursedly miscarried.

Some sairie comfort still at last,
When a' thir days are done, man,
My pains o' hell on earth are past—
I'm sure o' bliss aboon, man.



TO MARY.

TUNE—" *Could aught of song.*"

COULD aught of song declare my pains,
Could artful numbers move thee,
The muse should tell, in labour'd strains,
O Mary, how I love thee!
They who but feign a wounded heart,
May teach the lyre to languish;
But what avails the pride of art,
When wastes the soul with anguish!

Then let the sudden bursting sigh
The heart-felt pang discover;
And in the keen, yet tender eye,
O read th' imploring lover.

For well I know thy gentle mind
 Disdains art's gay disguising ;
 Beyond what fancy e'er refined,
 The voice of nature prizing.



HERE IS THE GLEN.

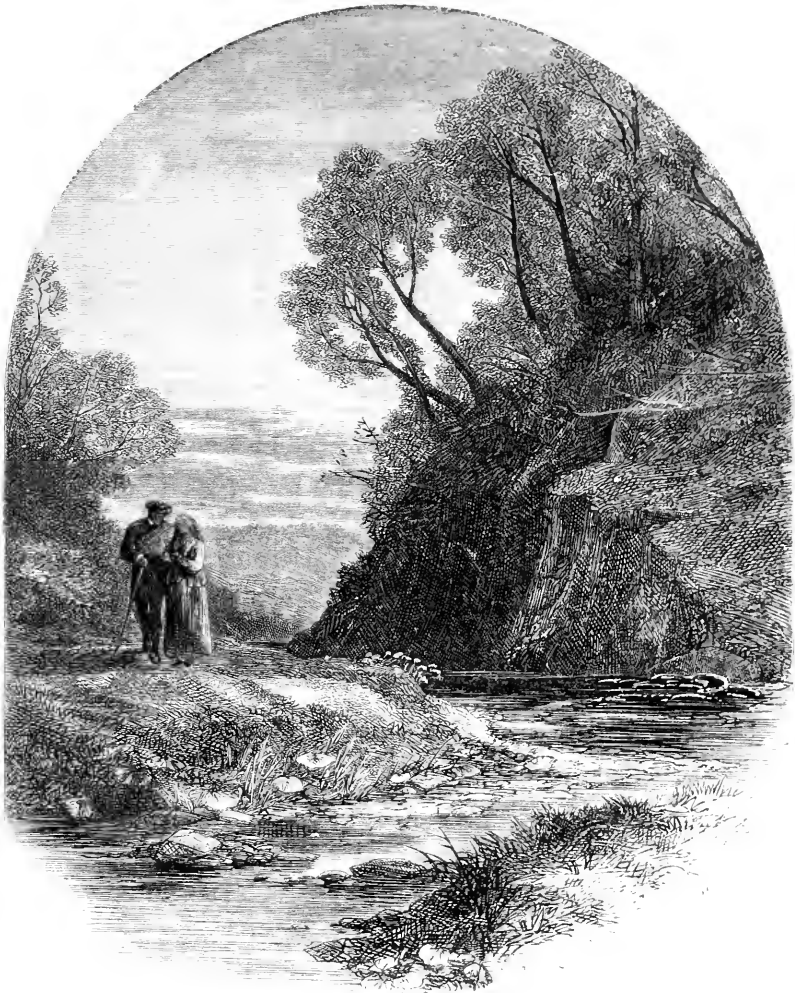
TUNE—“ *Banks of Cree.* ”

HERE is the glen, and here the bower
 All underneath the birchen shade ;
 The village-bell has toll'd the hour—
 O what can stay my lovely maid !

'T is not Maria's whispering call,
 'T is but the balmy breathing gale,
 Mix'd with some warbler's dying fall,
 The dewy star of eve to hail.

It is Maria's voice I hear !
 So calls the woodlark in the grove,
 His little, faithful mate to cheer,
 At once 't is music—and 't is love.

And art thou come ! and art thou true ?
 O welcome, dear, to love and me !
 And let us all our vows renew,
 Along the flowery banks of Cree.



MY AIN KIND DEARIE, O.

TUNE.—“*The Last Rig.*”

WHEN o'er the hill the eastern star
Tells bughtin'-time is near, my jo:
And owsen frae the furrow'd field,
Return sae dowf and wearie, O:

Down by the burn, where scented birks
 Wit' dew are hanging clear, my jo,
 I'll meet thee on the lea-rig,
 My ain kind dearie, O.

In mirkest glen, at midnight hour,
 I'd rove, and ne'er be eerie, O,
 If through that glen, I gaed to thee,
 My ain kind dearie, O.
 Although the night were ne'er sae wild,
 And I were ne'er sae wearie, O,
 I'd meet thee on the lea-rig,
 My ain kind dearie, O.

The hunter lo'es the morning sun,
 To rouse the mountain deer, my jo,
 At noon the fisher seeks the glen,
 Along the burn to steer, my jo ;
 Gi'e me the hour o' gloamin' grey,
 It maks my heart sae cheery, O,
 To meet thee on the lea-rig.
 My ain kind dearie, O.



OUT OVER THE FORTH.

Out over the Forth I look to the north,
 But what is the north and its Highlands to me ?
 The south nor the east gi'e ease to my breast,
 The far foreign land, or the wild rolling sea.

But I look to the west, when I gae to rest,
 That happy my dreams and my slumbers may be
 For far in the west lives he I lo'e best.
 The lad that is dear to my babie and me.

IT IS NA, JEAN, THY BONNIE FACE.

TUNE—" *The Maid's Complaint.*"

It is na, Jean, thy bonnie face,
 Nor shape that I admire,
 Altho' thy beauty and thy grace
 Might weel awake desire.
 Something, in ilka part o' thee,
 To praise, to love, I find ;
 But dear as is thy form to me,
 Still dearer is thy mind.

Nae mair ungen'rous wish I ha'e,
 Nor stronger in my breast,
 Than if I canna mak' thee sae,
 At least to see thee blest.
 Content am I, if Heaven shall give
 But happiness to thee ;
 And as wi' thee I'd wish to live,
 For thee I'd bear to die.



LOVELY DAVIES.

TUNE—" *Miss Muir.*"

O HOW shall I, unskilfu', try
 The poet's occupation,
 The tunefu' powers, in happy hours,
 That whispers inspiration ?
 Even they maun dare an effort mair,
 Than aught they ever gave us,
 Ere they rehearse, in equal verse,
 The charms o' lovely Davies.

Each eye it cheers, when she appears,
 Like Phœbus in the morning,
 When past the shower, and ev'ry flower
 The garden is adorning.
 As the wretch looks o'er Siberia's shore,
 When winter-bound the wave is ;
 Sae droops our heart when we maun part
 Frae charming lovely Davies.

Her smile's a gift, frae 'boon the lift,
 That mak's us mair than princes ;
 A scepter'd hand, a king's command,
 Is in her darting glances :
 The man in arms, 'gainst female charms,
 Even he her willing slave is ;
 He hugs his chain, and owns the reign
 Of conquering, lovely Davies.

My muse to dream of such a theme,
 Her feeble pow'rs surrender ;
 The eagle's gaze alone surveys
 The sun's meridian splendour.
 I wad in vain essay the strain,
 The deed too daring brave is :
 I'll drap the lyre, and mute admire
 The charms o' lovely Davies.



SAE FAR AWA'.

O, SAD and heavy should I part,
 But for her' sake sae far awa' ;
 Unknowing what my way may thwart,
 My native land sae far awa'.

Thou that of a' things Maker art,
 That form'd this fair sae far awa'.
 Gi' body strength, then I'll ne'er start
 At this my way sae far awa'.

How true is love to pure desert,
 So love to her, sae far awa' :
 And nocht can heal my bosom's smart,
 While, oh ! she is sae far awa'.
 Nane other love, nane other dart,
 I feel but hers, sae far awa' ;
 But fairer never touch'd a heart
 Than hers, the fair sae far awa'.



THE LOVER'S MORNING SALUTE TO HIS
 MISTRESS.

TUNE—" *Dèil tak' the Wars.*"

SLEEP'ST thou, or wak'st thou, fairest creature !
 Rosy morn now lifts his eye,
 Numbering ilka bud which Nature
 Waters wi' the tears o' joy :
 Now thro' the leafy woods,
 And by the reeking floods,
 Wild Nature's tenants freely, gladly stray :
 The lintwhite in his bower
 Chants o'er the breathing flower :
 The lav'rock to the sky
 Ascends wi' sangs o' joy,
 While the sun and thou arise to bless the day.

Phœbus, gilding the brow o' morning,
 Banishes ilk darksome shade,
 Nature gladdening and adorning ;
 Such to me my lovely maid.
 When absent frae my fair,
 The murky shades o' care
 With starless gloom o'er cast my sullen sky :
 But when, in beauty's ligh',
 She meets my ravish'd sight,
 When through my very heart
 Her beaming glories dart ;
 'Tis then I wake to life, to light, and joy.



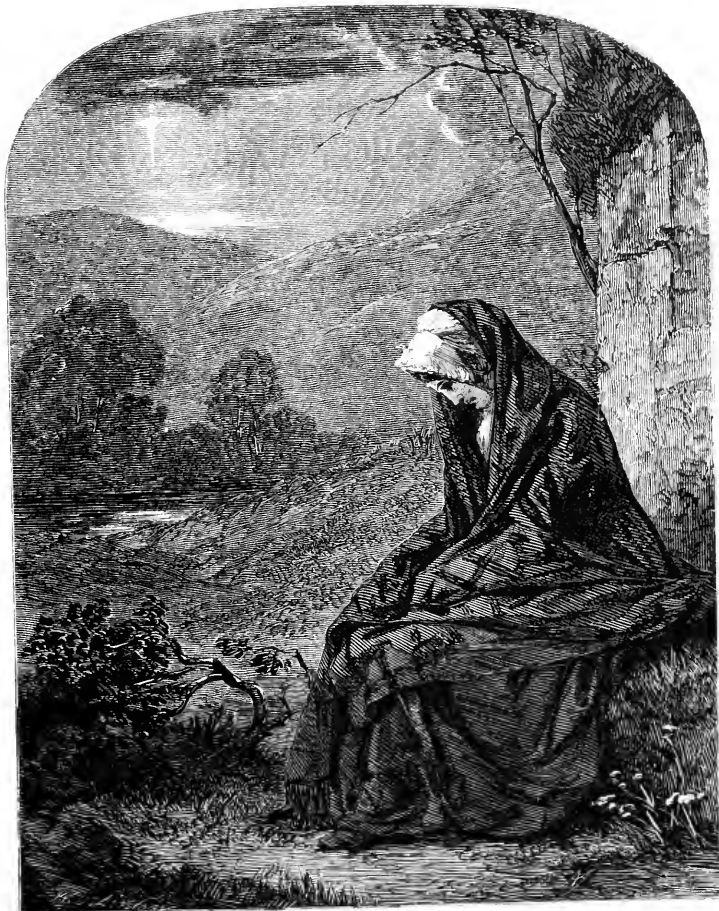
LET NOT WOMAN E'ER COMPLAIN.

LET not woman e'er complain
 Of inconstancy in love ;
 Let not woman e'er complain,
 Fickle man is apt to rove :

Look abroad through Nature's range,
 Nature's mighty law is change ;
 Ladies, would it not be strange,
 Man should then a monster prove ?

Mark the winds, and mark the skies ;
 Ocean's ebb, and ocean's flow :
 Sun and moon but set to rise,
 Round and round the seasons go.

Why then ask of silly man
 To oppose great Nature's plan !
 We'll be constant while we can—
 You can be no more, you know.



THE HIGHLAND WIDOW'S LAMENT.

Oh! I am come to the low countrie,
Och-on, och-on, och-rie!
Without a penny in my purse,
To buy a meal to me.

It was na sae in the Highland hills,
Och-on, och-on, och-rie!
Nae woman in the country wide
Sae happy was as me.

For then I had a score o' kye,
Och-on, och-on, och-rie!
Feeding on yon hills so high,
And giving milk to me.

And there I had three score o' yowes,
Och-on, och-on, och-rie!
Skipping on yon bonnie knowes,
And casting woo' to me.

I was the happiest of a' the clan,
Sair, sair may I repine;
For Donald was the brawest lad,
And Donald he was mine.

Till Charlie Stewart cam' at last,
Sae far to set us free;
My Donald's arm was wanted then,
For Scotland and for me.

Their waefu' fate what need I tell,
Right to the wrang did yield:
My Donald and his country fell
Upon Culloden's field.

Oh! I am come to the low countrie
Och-on, och-on, och-rie!
Nae woman in the world wide
Sae wretched now as me.

CANST THOU LEAVE ME THUS ?

TUNE—" *Roy's Wife.*"

*Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy !
 Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy !
 Well thou know'st my aching heart
 And canst thou leave me thus, for pity !*

Is this thy plighted, fond regard,
 Thus cruelly to part, my Katy ?
 Is this thy faithful swain's reward—
 An aching, broken heart, my Katy !

Farewell ! and ne'er such sorrows tear
 That fickle heart of thine, my Katy ;
 Thou may'st find those will love thee dear—
 But not a love like mine, my Katy.



O PHILLY, HAPPY BE THAT DAY.

He—O PHILLY, happy be that day
 When, roving through the gather'd hay,
 My youthfu' heart was stown away,
 And by thy charms, my Philly.

She—O Willy, aye I bless the grove
 Where first I own'd my maiden love,
 Whilst thou didst pledge the Powers above,
 To be my ain dear Willy.

He—As songsters of the early year
 Are ilka day mair sweet to hear,

So ilka day to me mair dear
 And charming is my Philly.

She—As on the brier the budding rose
 Still richer breathes, and fairer blows,
 So in my tender bosom grows
 The love I bear my Willy.

He—The milder sun and bluer sky,
 That crown my harvest cares wi' joy,
 Were ne'er sae welcome to my eye
 As is a sight o' Philly.

She—The little swallow's wanton wing,
 Though wafting o'er the flowery spring,
 Did ne'er to me sic tidings bring,
 As meeting o' my Willy.

He—The bee that through the sunny hour
 Sips nectar in the opening flower,
 Compared wi' my delight is poor,
 Upon the lips o' Philly.

She—The woodbine in the dewy weat,
 When evening shades in silence meet,
 Is not sae fragrant or sae sweet
 As is a kiss o' Willy.

He—Let fortune's wheel at random rin,
 And fools may tine, and knaves may win ;
 My thoughts are a' bound up in ane,
 And that's my ain dear Philly.

She—What's a' the joys that gowd can gi'e !
 I care nae wealth a single flie ;
 The lad I love's the lad for me,
 And that's my ain dear Willy.

CA' THE EWES.

*Ca' the ewes to the knowes,
 Ca' them whare the heather grows,
 Ca' them whare the burnie rowes,
 My bonnie dearie!*

As I gaed down the water side,
 There I met my shepherd lad,
 He row'd me sweetly in his plaid,
 And he ca'd me his dearie.

Will ye gang down the water-side,
 And see the waves sae sweetly glide,
 Beneath the hazels spreading wide!
 The moon it shines fu' clearly.

I was bred up at nae sic school,
 My shepherd lad, to play the fool,
 And a' the day to sit in dool,
 And naebody to see me.

Ye sall get gowns and ribbons meet,
 Cauf-leather shoon upon your feet,
 And in my arms ye'se lie and sleep,
 And ye sall be my dearie.

If ye'll but stand to what ye've said,
 I'se gang wi' you, my shepherd lad,
 And ye may rowe me in your plaid,
 And I sall be your dearie.

While waters wimple to the sea;
 While day blinks in the lift sae hie:
 Till clay-cauld death sall blin' my e'e.
 Ye sall be my dearie.

CONTENTED WI' LITTLE.

TUNE—"Lumps o' Pudding."

CONTENTED wi' little, and cantie wi' mair,
 Whene'er I forgather wi' sorrow and care,
 I gi'e them a skelp, as they're creepin' along,
 Wi' a cog o' guid swats, and an auld Scottish sang.

I whyles claw the elbow o' troublesome Thought ;
 But man is a soger, and life is a faught :
 My mirth and guid humour are coin in my pouch,
 And my Freedom's my lairdship nae monarch dare touch.

A towmond o' trouble, should that be my fa,
 A night o' guid fellowship sowthers it a' :
 When at the blithe end o' our journey at last,
 Wha the de'il ever thinks o' the road he has past ?

Blind Chance, let her snapper and stoyte on her way,
 Be't to me, be't frae me, e'en let the jade gae :
 Come ease, or come travail ; come pleasure or pain,
 My warst word is, "Welcome, and welcome again !"



SAW YE MY PHELY ?

Quasi dicat Phillis.

O SAW ye my dear, my Phely ?
 O saw ye my dear, my Phely ?
 She's down i' the grove, she's wi' a new love,
 She winna come hame to her Willy.

What says she, my dearest, my Phely ?
 What says she, my dearest, my Phely ?
 She lets thee to wit that she has thee forgot,
 And for ever disowns thee, her Willy.

O had I ne'er seen thee, my Phely !
 O had I ne'er seen thee, my Phely !
 As light as the air, and fause as thou's fair,
 Thou'st broken the heart o' thy Willy.



O WHA IS SHE THAT LO'ES ME !

O WHA is she that lo'es me,
 And has my heart a-keeping ?
 O sweet is she that lo'es me,
 As dews o' simmer weeping,
 In tears the rose-buds steeping.

*O that's the lassie o' my heart,
 My lassie ever dearer ;
 O that's the queen o' woman-kind,
 And ne'er a aue to peer her.*

If thou shalt meet a lassie,
 In grace and beauty charming,
 That e'en thy chosen lassie,
 Erewhile thy breast sae warming,
 Had ne'er sic powers alarming ;

If thou hadst heard her talking,
 And thy attentions plighted,
 That ilka body talking
 But her by thee is slighted ;
 And thou art all delighted :

If thou hast met this fair one ;
 When frae her thou hast parted,
 If every other fair one
 But her thou hast deserted,
 And thou art broken-hearted.



FAREWELL, THOU STREAM.

FAREWELL, thou stream that winding flows
 Around Eliza's dwelling !
 O Mem'ry ! spare the cruel throes
 Within my bosom swelling :
 Condemn'd to drag a hopeless chain,
 And yet in secret languish,
 To feel a fire in ev'ry vein,
 Nor dare disclose my anguish.

Love's veriest wretch, unseen, unknown,
 I fain my griefs would cover :
 The bursting sigh, th' unweeting groan,
 Betray the hapless lover.
 I know thou doom'st me to despair,
 Nor wilt, nor canst relieve me :
 But oh, Eliza, hear one prayer,
 For pity's sake forgive me !

The music of thy voice I heard,
 Nor wist while it enslaved me :
 I saw thine eyes, yet nothing fear'd,
 Till fears no mōre had saved me :
 Th' unwary sailor thus aghast,
 The wheeling torrent viewing :
 'Mid circling horrors sinks at last
 In overwhelming ruin.



LAST MAY A BRAW WOOPER.

TUNE—*“The Lochian Lassie.”*

LAST May a braw wooer cam' down the lang glen,
And sair wi' his love he did deave me ;
I said there was naething I hated like men—
The deuce gae wi'm, to believe me, believe me,
The deuce gae wi'm to believe me !

He spak' o' the darts in my bonnie black een,
 And vow'd for my love he was dying ;
 I said he might die when he liked, for Jean—
 The Lord forgi'e me for lying, for lying,
 The Lord forgi'e me for lying !

A well-stocked mailen, himsel' for the laird,
 And marriage aff-hand, were his proffers :
 I never loot on that I kem'd it, or cared,
 But thought I might ha'e waur offers. waur offers,
 But thought I might ha'e waur offers.

But what wad ye think ! in a fortnight or less,
 The de'il tak' his taste to gae near her !
 He up the lang loan to my black cousin Bess—
 Guess ye how, the jad ! I could bear her, could bear her,
 Guess ye how, the jad ! I could bear her.

But a' the niest week as I fretted wi' care,
 I gaed to the tryste o' Dalgarnock,
 And wha but my fine fickle lover was there !
 I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock, a warlock,
 I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock.

But owre my left shouther I gae him a blink,
 Lest neebors might say I was saucy :
 My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,
 And vow'd I was his dear lassie, dear lassie,
 And vow'd I was his dear lassie.

I spier'd for my cousin fu' couthy and sweet,
 Gin she had recover'd her hearin',
 And how her new shoon fit her auld shackl't feet,
 But, heavens ! how he fell a swearin', a swearin',
 But, heavens ! how he fell a swearin'.

He begged, for Gudesake! I wad be his wife,
 Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow :
 So e'en to preserve the poor body in life,
 I think I maun wed him to-morrow, to-morrow,
 I think I maun wed him to-morrow.



MY NANNIE'S AWA'.

TUNE—" *There'll never be peace,*" &c.

Now in her green mantle blithe Nature arrays,
 And listens the lambkins that bleat o'er the braes,
 While birds warble welcomes in ilka green shaw ;
 But to me its delightless—my Nannie's awa'.

The snaw-drap and primrose our woodlands adorn,
 And violets bathe in the weet o' the morn :
 They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw,
 They mind me o' Nannie—my Nannie's awa'.

Thou lav'rock that springs frae the dews of the lawn,
 The shepherd to warn o' the grey-breaking dawn,
 And thou, mellow mavis that hails the night-fa'.
 Give over for pity—my Nannie's awa'.

Come autumn, sae pensive, in yellow and grey,
 And soothe me wi' tidings o' nature's decay :
 The dark, dreary winter, and wild-driving snaw.
 Alane can delight me—now Nannie's awa'.

HERE'S A HEALTH.

TUNE—" *The Bonnets o' blue.*"

HERE'S a health to them that's awa',
 Here's a health to them that's awa';
 And wha winna wish guid luck to our cause,
 May never guid luck be their fa!
 It's guid to be merry and wise,
 It's guid to be honest and true,
 It's guid to support Caledonia's cause,
 And bide by the buff and the blue.

Here's a health to them that's awa',
 And here's to them that's awa';
 Here's a health to Charlie, the chief o' the clan,
 Although that his band be sma'.
 May liberty meet wi' success!
 May prudence protect her fra' evil!
 May tyrants and tyranny tine in the mist.
 And wander their way to the devil!

Here's a health to them that's awa',
 And here's to them that's awa';
 Here's a health to Tammie, the Norland laddie,
 That live's at the lug o' the law!
 Here's freedom to him that wad read,
 Here's freedom to him that wad write!
 There's nane ever fear'd that the truth should be heard,
 But they wham the truth wad indite.

Here's a health to them that's awa',
 And here's to them that's awa':
 Here's Maitland and Wycombe, and wha does na like
 'em,
 We'll build in a hole o' the wa'.

Here's timmer that's red at the heart,
 Here's fruit that's sound at the core !
 May he that would turn the buff and blue coat,
 Be turn'd to the back o' the door.

Here's a health to them that's awa',
 And here's to them that's awa' ;
 Here's Chieftain M'Leod, a chieftain worth gowd,
 Though bred amang mountains o' snaw !
 Here's friends on baith sides o' the Forth,
 And friends on baith sides o' the Tweed,
 And wha would betray old Albion's rights,
 May they never eat of her bread.



O LAY THY LOOF IN MINE, LASS.

O LAY thy loof in mine, lass,
 In mine, lass, in mine, lass ;
 And swear on thy white hand, lass,
 That thou wilt be my ain.
 A slave to Love's unbounded sway,
 He aft has wrought me meikle wae ;
 But now he is my deadly fae,
 Unless thou be my ain.

There's mony a lass has broke my rest,
 That for a blink I ha'e lo'ed best,
 But thou art queen within my breast,
 For ever to remain.
 O lay thy loof in mine, lass,
 In mine, lass, in mine, lass,
 And swear on thy white hand, lass.
 That thou wilt be my ain.

O LASSIE, ART THOU SLEEPING YET ?

TUNE—: *Let me in this ae night.*"

O LASSIE, art thou sleeping yet ?
 Or art thou wakin', I would wit ?
 For love has bound me, hand^d and fit,
 And I would fain be in, jo.

*O let me in this ae night,
 This ae, ae, ae night:
 For pity's sake this ae night,
 O rise and let me in, jo.*

Thou hear'st the winter wind and weet,
 Nae star blinks through the driving sleet :
 Tak' pity on my weary feet,
 And shield me frae the rain, jo.

The bitter blast that round me blows,
 Unheeded howls, unheeded fa's ;
 The cauldness o' thy heart's the cause
 Of a' my grief and pain, jo.

*O let me in this ae night,
 This ae, ae, ae night:
 For pity's sake this ae night,
 O rise and let me in, jo.*

HER ANSWER.

O TELL na' me o' wind and rain,
 Upbraid na' me wi' cauld disdain !
 Gae back the gate ye cam' again,
 I winna let you in, jo.

*I tell you now this ae night,
 This ae, ae, ae night:
 And ance for a' this ae night,
 I winna let you in, jo.*

The snellest blast, at mirkest hours,
 That round the pathless wand'rer pours,
 Is nocht to what poor she endures,
 That's trusted faithless man, jo.

The sweetest flower that deck'd the mead,
 Now trodden like the vilest weed:
 Let simple maid the lesson read,
 The weird may be her ain, jo.

The bird that charm'd his summer-day,
 Is now the cruel fowler's prey;
 Let witless, trusting woman say,
 How aft her fate's the same, jo.



IS THERE, FOR HONEST POVERTY.

TUNE— "*For a' that, and a' that.*"

Is there, for honest poverty,
 That hangs his head, and a' that!
 The coward-slave, we pass him by,
 We dare be poor for a' that!
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Our toils obscure, and a' that:
 The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
 The man's the gowd for a' that!

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
 Wear hoddin grey, and a' that ;
 Gi'e fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
 A man's a man for a' that !
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Their tinsel show, and a' that ;
 The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
 Is king o' men, for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
 Wha struts, and stares, and a' that ;
 Though hundreds worship at his word,
 He's but a coof for a' that :
 For a' that, and a' that,
 His riband, star, and a' that :
 The man of independent mind,
 He looks and laughs at a' that !

A king can mak' a belted knight,
 A marquis, duke, and a' that :
 But an honest man's aboon his might,
 Guid faith he maunna fa that !
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Their dignities, and a' that,
 The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
 Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may—
 As come it will for a' that—
 That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
 May bear the gree and a' that :
 For a' that, and a' that,
 It's comin' yet for a' that,
 That man to man, the world o'er,
 Shall brothers be for a' that.



DAINTY DAVIE.

Now rosy May comes in wi' flowers,
To deck her gay, green-spreading bowers ;
And now comes in my happy hours,
To wander wi' my Davie.

*Meet me on the wearlock knoe,
Dainty Davie, dainty Davie,
There I'll spend the day wi' you,
My ain dear dainty Davie.*

The crystal waters round us fa',
 The merry birds are lovers a',
 The scented breezes round us blaw,
 A wandering wi' my Davie.

When purple morning starts the hare,
 To steal upon her early fare,
 Then through the dews I will repair,
 To meet my faithfu' Davie.

When day, expiring in the west,
 The curtain draws o' nature's rest,
 I flee to his arms I lo'e best,
 And that's my ain dear Davie.



CALEDONIA.

TUNE—*"Humours of Glen."*

THEIR groves o' sweet myrtles let foreign lands reckon,
 Where bright-beaming summers exalt their perfume,
 Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green breckan,
 Wi' the burn stealing under the lang yellow broom.
 Far dearer to me are yon humble broom bowers,
 Where the blue-bell and gowan lurk lowly unseen :
 For there, lightly tripping amang the wild flowers,
 A-listening the linnet, aft wanders my Jean.

Though rich is the breeze in their gay sunny valleys,
 And cauld Caledonia's blast on the wave :

Their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt the proud palace,
 What are they ? The haunt of the tyrant and slave !
 The slave's spicy forests, and gold bubbling fountains,
 The brave Caledonian views wi' disdain ;
 He wanders as free as the winds of his mountains,
 Save love's willing fetters, the chains o' his Jean.



ADDRESS TO THE WOODLARK.

TUNE—“ *Where'll bonnie Ann lie !* ” or “ *Loch-Eroch-Sidc.* ”

O STAY, sweet warbling woodlark, stay,
 Nor quit for me the trembling spray ;
 A hapless lover courts thy lay,
 Thy soothing, fond complaining.

Again, again that tender part,
 That I may catch thy melting art ;
 For surely that wad touch her heart,
 Wha kills me wi' disdainin.

Say was thy little mate unkind,
 And heard thee as the careless wind !
 Oh, nocht but love and sorrow join'd,
 Sic notes o' wae could wauken.

Thou tells o' never-ending care ;
 O' speechless grief, and dark despair ;
 For pity's sake, sweet bird, nae mair !
 Or my poor heart is broken !

'T WAS NA HER BONNIE BLUE EEN.

TUNE—" *Laddie, lie near me.*"

'T WAS na her bonnie blue een was my ruin ;
 Fair though she be, that was ne'er my undoing :
 'T was the dear smile when naebody did mind us,
 'T was the bewitching, sweet, stown glance o' kindness.

Sair do I fear that to hope is denied me,
 Sair do I fear that despair maun abide me !
 But though fell fortune should fate us to sever,
 Queen shall she be in my bosom for ever.

Mary, I'm thine wi' a passion sincerest,
 And thou hast plighted me love o' the dearest,
 And thou 'rt the angel that never can alter,
 Sooner the sun in his motion would falter.



THIS IS NO MY AIN LASSIE.

TUNE—" *This is no my ain House.*"

*O this is no my ain lassie,
 Fair though the lassie be,
 O weel ken I my ain lassie,
 Kind love is in her e'e.*

I SEE a form, I see a face,
 Ye weel may wi' the fairest place :
 It wants, to me, the witchin' grace,
 The kind love that's in her e'e.

She's bonnie, blooming, straight, and tall,
 And lang has had my heart in thrall ;
 And aye it charms my very saul,
 The kind love that 's in her e'e.

A thief sae pawkie is my Jean,
 To steal a blink, by a' unseen ;
 But gleg as light are lovers' een,
 When kind love is in the e'e.

It may escape the courtly sparks :
 It may escape the learned clerks :
 But weel the watching lover marks
 The kind love that 's in her e'e.



CHLORIS.

TUNE—" *De'il tak' the wars.*"

MARK yonder pomp of costly fashion,
 Round the wealthy, titled bride :
 But when compared with real passion,
 Poor is all that princely pride.
 What are the showy treasures ?
 What are the noisy pleasures ?
 The gay, gaudy glare of vanity and art :
 The polish'd jewel's blaze
 May draw the wond'ring gaze,
 And courtly grandeur bright
 The fancy may delight,
 But never, never can come near the heart.

But did you see my dearest Chloris,
 In simplicity's array ;
 Lovely as yonder sweet opening flower is,
 Shrinking from the gaze of day.
 O then the heart alarming,
 And all resistless charming,
 In Love's delightful fetters she chains the willing soul !
 Ambition would disown
 The world's imperial crown :
 Even Avarice would deny
 His worshipp'd deity,
 And feel through every vein Love's raptures roll.



O BONNIE WAS YON ROSY BRIER.

TUNE—" *I wish my love was in a mire.*"

O BONNIE was yon rosy brier,
 That blooms sae far frae haunt o' man ;
 And bonnie she, and ah, how dear !
 It shaded frae the e'ening sun.

Yon rosebuds in the morning dew,
 How pure amang the leaves sae green :
 But purer was the lover's vow,
 They witness'd in their shade yestreen.

All in its rude and prickly bower,
 That crimson rose, how sweet and fair !
 But love is far a sweeter flower
 Amid life's thorny path o' care.

The pathless wild, and wimpling burn,
 Wi' Chloris in my arms, be mine ;
 And I the world nor wish, nor scorn,
 Its joys and griefs alike resign.



COMING THROUGH THE RYE.

[This is altered from an old favourite song of the same name.]

TUNE—“ *Coming through the rye.* ”

COMING through the rye, poor body,
 Coming through the rye,
 She draiglet a' her petticoatie,
 Coming through the rye.
 Jenny 's a' wat, poor body,
 Jenny 's seldom dry ;
 She draiglet a' her petticoatie,
 Coming through the rye.

*Gin a body meet a body—
 Coming through the rye :
 Gin a body kiss a body—
 Need a body cry !*

Gin a body meet a body
 Coming through the glen,
 Gin a body kiss a body—
 Need a body ken ?
 Jenny 's a wat, poor body,
 Jenny 's seldom dry ;
 She draiglet a' her petticoatie,
 Coming through the rye.

ALTHO' THOU MAUN NEVER BE MINE.

TUNE—"Here's a health to them that's awa, hinny."

*Here's a health to ane I lō'e dear,
Here's a health to ane I lō'e dear,
Thou art as sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,
And soft as their parting tear—Jessy!*

ALTHO' thou maun never be mine,
Altho' even hope is denied ;
'T is sweeter for thee despairing,
Than aught in the world beside—Jessy!

I mourn thro' the gay, gaudy day,
As, hopeless, I muse on thy charms :
But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber,
For then I am lock'd in thy arms—Jessy!

I guess by the dear angel smile,
I guess by the love-rolling e'e ;
But, why urge the tender confession,
'Gainst fortune's fell cruel decree !—Jessy!



HEY FOR A LASS WI' A TOCHER.

TUNE—"Balinamona Ora."

AWA' wi' your witchcraft o' beauty's alarms,
The slender bit beauty you grasp in your arms :
O gi'e me the lass that has acres o' charms,
O gi'e me the lass wi' the weel stockit farms.

*Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher,
 Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher :
 Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher,
 The nice yellow guineas for me.*

Your beauty's a flower in the morning that blows,
 And withers the faster, the faster it grows ;
 But the rapturous charm o' the bonny green knuckles,
 Ilk spring they're new-deckit wi' bonny white yowes.

And e'en when this beauty your bosom has blest,
 The brightest o' beauty may cloy when possessit ;
 But the sweet yellow darlings wi' Geordie imprest,
 The langer ye ha'e them—the mair they're carest.



THERE WAS A BONNIE LASS.

AN UNFINISHED SKETCH.

THERE was a bonnie lass,
 And a bonnie, bonnie lass,
 And she lo'ed her bonnie laddie dear ;
 Till war's loud alarms
 Tore her laddie frae her arms,
 Wi' mony a sigh and tear.

Over sea, over shore,
 Where the cannons loudly roar,
 He still was a stranger to fear :
 And nocht could him quell,
 Or his bosom assail,
 But the bonnie lass he lo'ed so dear.

TO CHARLOTTE HAMILTON.

(The Poet's last Song.)

*Fairest maid on Devon banks,
 Crystal Devon, winding Devon,
 Wilt thou lay that frozen aside,
 And smile as thou wert wont to do ?*

FULL well thou know'st I love thee dear,
 Couldst thou to malice lend an ear !
 O, did not love exclaim, " Forbear,
 Nor use a faithful lover so ? "

Then come, thou fairest of the fair,
 Those wonted smiles, O, let me share ;
 And by thy beauteous self I swear,
 No love but thine my heart shall know.

*Fairest maid on Devon banks,
 Crystal Devon, winding Devon,
 Wilt thou lay that frozen aside,
 And smile as thou wert wont to do !*



NOTES TO HALLOWE'EN.



¹ Is thought to be a night when witches, devils, and other mischief-making beings, are all abroad on their baneful midnight errands ; particularly those aërial people, the fairies, are said on that night to hold a grand anniversary.

² Certain little, romantic, rocky, green hills, in the neighbourhood of the ancient seat of the Earls of Cassilis.

³ A noted cavern near Colzean, or 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.

⁴ The famous family of that name, the ancestors of Robert the great deliverer of his country, were Earls of Carrick.

⁵ The first ceremony of Hallowe'en, is, pulling each a *stock*, or plant of kail. They must go out, hand in hand, with eyes shut, and pull the first they meet with : its being big or little, straight or crooked, is prophetic of the size and shape of the grand object of all their spells—the husband or wife. If any *yird*, or earth, stick to the root, that is *tocher* or fortune : and the taste of the *custoc*, that is, the heart of the stem, is indicative of the natural temper and disposition. Lastly, the stems, or, to give them their ordinary appellation, the *runts*, are placed somewhere above the head of the door ; and the Christian names of the people whom chance brings into the house are, according to the priority of placing the *runts*, the names in question.

⁶ 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 anything but a maid.

⁷ 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 most exposed to the wind ; this he calls a *fause-house*.

⁸ Burning the nuts is a favourite charm. They name the lad and lass to each particular nut, as they lay them in the fire ; and accordingly as they burn quietly together, or start from beside one another, the course and issue of the courtship will be.

⁹ 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, *Il'ha hands? i. e.* who holds? an answer will be returned from the kiln-pot, by naming the Christian and surname of your future spouse.

¹⁰ 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.

¹¹ Steal out, unperceived, and sow a handful of hempseed, harrowing it with anything you can conveniently draw after you. Repeat, now and then, "Hemp-seed, I saw thee, hemp-seed, I saw thee ; and him (or her) that is to be my true-love, come after me and pu' 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 slaw thee," that is, show thyself ; in which case it simply appears. Others omit the harrowing, and say, "Come after me, and harrow thee."

¹² This charm must likewise be performed unperceived and alone. You go to the barn, and open both doors, taking them off the hinges if possible ; for there is danger that the being about to appear may shut the doors, and do you some mischief. Then take that instrument, used in winnowing the corn, which in our country dialect we call a wecht, and go through all the attitudes of letting down corn against the wind. Repeat it three times ; and the third time an apparition will pass through the barn, in at the windy door and out at the other, having both the figure in question, and the appearance or retinue marking the employment or station in life.

¹³ Take an opportunity of going, unnoticed, to a bean-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.

¹⁴ 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 sometime 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.

¹⁵ Take three dishes ; put clean water in one, foul water in another, and leave the third empty. Blindfold 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.

¹⁶ Sowens, with butter instead of milk to them, is always the Hallowe'en supper.

GLOSSARY.



"THE *ch* and *gh* have always the guttural sound. The sound of the English diphthong *oo* is commonly spelt *ou*. The French *u*, a sound which often occurs in the Scottish language, is marked *oo* or *ui*. The *a* in genuine Scottish words, except when forming a diphthong, or followed by an *e* mute after a single consonant, sounds generally like the broad English *a* in *wall*. The Scottish diphthong *ae*, always, and *ea*, very often, sound like the French *e* masculine. The Scottish diphthong *ey* sounds like the Latin *ei*."—BURNS.

ABEIGH, at a shy distance
Aboon, above
Abroad, abroad
Ae, one
Aff, off
Agley, awry
Aibhins, perhaps
Ain, own
Airles, earnest-money
Airn, iron
Airt, quarter of the heavens
Aith, an oath
Aizle, a hot cinder
Ajee, ajar: on one side
Alake, alas!
Ance, once
Ane, one, an
Anither, another
Ase, ashes
Asteer, abroad
Aught, possession; as, *in a my aught*, in all my stock
Auld, old
Ava, at all
Ayont, beyond
BAGGIE, the belly
Bairn-time, a family of children
Ban, to swear, to curse
Baudrons, a cat
Bauk, to balk
Bauld, bold
Bawk, a ridge, a bank
Baws'nt, having a white stripe down the face
Bear, barley
Beet, to add fuel to fire
Belyve, by and by
Ben; in; into the room; ben-most, inmost
Bicker, a short race
Biel, or bield, shelter
Bien, wealthy, plentiful, comfortable
Big, bigg, to build
Billie, a brother; a companion
Birk, birch-tree
Birkie, lively young fellow
Bizz, a bustle; to buzz
Blae, blue
Blastie, a shrivelled dwarf, a term of contempt

Blastit, degenerate
Blate, bashful, sheepish
Bleerit, bleared
Bleezing, blazing
Blellum, idle talking fellow
Blether, talk idly, nonsense
Bleth'rin, talking idly
Blink, a gleam; a smiling look
Bluntie, one abashed
Blype, a strip
Bocked, gushed
Boddie, a small copper coin
Bogles, spirits, hobgoblins
Boost, beloved, must needs
Bore, hole in a wall, crevice
Bousing, drinking
Bow-kail, cabbage
Bowt, bended
Brae, a hillock
Braindg't, reeled forward
Braik, a kind of harrow
Branks, a wooden curb for horses
Brattle, a short race, hurry
Braw, fine, handsome
Brawly, or brawlie, very well, finely, heartily
Breastit, did spring forth
Brechan, fern
Bree, liquor; barley-bree, ale, whiskey
Breeks, breeches
Brent, smooth
Brent new, quite new
Brig, a bridge
Brisket, the breast
Brither, a brother
Brock, a badger
Broose, a race at weddings
Brunt, did burn
Bughtin'-time, time of collecting ewes to be milked
Burdily, stout-made
Bum-clock, a humming beetle
Bunker, a window-seat
Burdies, diminutive of birds
Burn, a brook, a rivulet
Burnie, diminutive of burn
Buss, a bush
But, without
But an' ben, kitchen and parlour; two rooms

Butching, killing
Byke, a bee-hive, a swarm
Byre, a cow-house
CA'T, or ca'd, called, driven
Cairn, a heap of stones
Calf-ward, small enclosure for calves
Caller, fresh, sound
Canny, or cannie, gentle, careful
Cantie, or canty, cheerful
Cantrip, a charm, a spell
Carkin', fretting
Carline, a stout old woman
Cauk and **keel**, chalk and red or black-lead pencil
Chapmen bilbies, pedlars
Chiel, chield, a young fellow
Chinla, or chimlic, chimney, a fire-place
Chittering, chattering, shivering
Claut, a handful, a quantity
Cleed, to clothe
Cleekit, hooked on: having caught
Clink, money
Clinkin', jerking, squatting
Cloot, hoof
Coble, a fishing-boat
Colt, bought
Cog, a wooden dish; sieve
Coost, did cast
Couthie, kind, loving; kindly, lovingly
Cowpit, tumbled
Cowte, a colt
Crack, conversation, to converse
Craig, crag; throat
Craik, landrail
Cranreuch, hoar frost
Crazed, worn out
Creschie, greasy
Croon, a continued moan
Crouchie, crook-backed
Crouse, cheerful, courageous
Cuif, coof, a blockhead
Cummock, a short staff
Curmurring, a slight rumbling noise
Curpin, the crupper

Custor, the stalk of the colewort
 Cutty, short; a spoon; cutty stool, stool of repentance
 DAFKINS, merriment, foolery
 Daimen, rare, now and then; daimen-icker, an ear of corn now and then
 Dang, knocked, vanquished
 Darklins, without light
 Darg, a day's labour
 Daunt, to frighten
 Daur, to dare
 Dead (be my), be my death
 Deave, to deafen
 Deleerit, delirious
 Dirl, a stroke; tremulous concussion
 Dizzen, or diz'n, a dozen
 Donsie, unlucky; affectedly neat; of vicious temper
 Dool, sorrow, mourning
 Doure, stout, durable; sullen, stubborn
 Dow, am or are able, can
 Dowfi, wanting force
 Dowie, pensive, melancholy; worn with grief, fatigue, &c.; half asleep
 Doytit, stupid; doytin, loitering, stumbling
 Drap, a drop; draps, lead drops, small shot; to drop
 Driegh, slow, plodding; of steep ascent
 Drift, a drove; heap of snow
 Droop-ramp't, thin flank
 Droukit, wet
 Drouth, thirst, drought
 Drumly, muddy; turbid
 Drunt, pet, sour humour
 Dub, a puddle
 Duds, rags, clothes
 Duddie, ragged
 Dunted, beaten; throbb'd, as the pulse
 E'E, eye; een (eyen), eyes
 Eerie, fright, dreading spirits; melancholy
 Eild, old age
 Eldritch, elvish
 Ettle, to try, attempt
 Eydent, diligent
 FA', fall, lot, to fall; befall; fa'n, fallen
 Fa's, does fall; water-falls
 Faddom't, fathomed
 Fae, a foe
 Fain, glad; rapture
 Fairin', recompense
 Fair-strae, chance-medley
 Follow, fellow
 Fash, trouble, care, to trouble, care for
 Faulding, folding
 Faut, fault
 Fawsont, decent, seemly
 Fecht, to fight
 Fecht, strained
 Feckett, waistcoat
 Feckly, mostly
 Fend, to keep off; to make shift; to live comfortably
 Ferlie, or ferly, to wonder; a wonder; a term of contempt
 Fidge, to fidget; fidgin' fan, very desirous of
 Fiel, soft, smooth
 Fient, fiend, deuce

Fit, a foot
 Fittie-lan, the nearer horse of the hindmost pair in the plough
 Flannen, flannel
 Fleech, to supplicate in a flattering manner
 Fley, to scare, to frighten
 Fliskit, fretted
 Fodgel, an unwieldy person
 Fog, dry moss; foggage, stray vegetable materials used by birds, &c. in constructing nests
 Forbears, forefathers
 Forbye, besides
 Forgather, to meet with
 Fother, fodder
 Fou, drunk
 Foughten, troubled, harassed
 Fouth, plenty, enough, or more than enough
 Frae, from
 Full't, did blow
 Fur-ahin, plough horse
 Fyke, trifling cares; to be in a fuss about trifles
 GAB, the mouth; to speak boldly, or pertly
 Gae, to go; gaed, went; gane, gone; gaun, going
 Gaet, or gate, way, manner, road
 Gang, to go, to walk
 Gar, to make, to force to
 Garten, a garter
 Gash, wise, sagacious, talkative
 Gashin', conversing
 Gaudsman, ploughboy
 Gawwey, gaucy, jolly, plump
 Gear, riches of any kind
 Geck, to toss the head in scorn
 Geordie, a guinea
 Ghaist, a ghost
 Gi'e, to give; gied, gave; gi'en given
 Gif, if
 Gilpey, a half-grown, half-informed, boy or girl, a romping lad, a hoyden
 Gimmer, a ewe from one to two years old
 Gin, if, before; against
 Glaizie, glittering, smooth, like glass
 Glamour, witchery; also an enchanted atmosphere in which objects are seen in a false light
 Gleg, sharp, ready
 Glieb, glieb, gleebe; portion of lard
 Glint, to peep; pass quickly
 Gloomin, the twilight
 Glowr, to stare, to look
 Gowran, the wild daisy
 Gowdspink, goldfinch
 Grane, or grain, a groan, to groan; grain'd, grinned, groaned
 Graip, a pronged instrument for cleaning stables
 Graith, furniture, dress
 Grape, or graip, to grope; graipit, or graipit, groped
 Grat, wept, shed tears
 Gree, to agree; to be the victor

Gree't, agreed
 Greet, to shed tears
 Grewsome, loathsome, grim
 Grippet, caught, seized
 Grumphie, a sow
 Gruntle, the phiz, snout grunting noise
 Grushie, thick, of thriving growth
 Gude, the Supreme Being
 Guid, gude, good
 Gully, gorgie, alarge pocket-knife
 HAET, fient haet, a petty oath of negation; nothing
 Haffet, the temple, the side of the head
 Hafflins, nearly half, partly, almost; not fully grown
 Hain, to spare, to save
 Hairst, harvest
 Haith, a petty oath
 Ha', hal', or hald, an abiding place; ha'-bible, family bible
 Hale, or hail, entire, whole; tight, healthy
 Haly, holy
 Han', or haun', hand; han'-breed, hand's breadth
 Hap, an outer garment, mantle, plaid, &c.; to wrap, to cover, to hap
 Harn, very coarse linen
 Haud, to hold
 Haurl, or harl, to drag, to strip, to peel
 Haurlin, dragging; peeling
 Haverel, a half-witted person; half-witted
 Havins, acquirements; decorous manners, good sense
 Hawkie, familiar name for a cow; properly one with a white face
 Hech! oh! strange!
 Hecht, forgot, offered
 Heft, hant, handle
 Herd, to tend flocks, one who tends flocks of sheep, or droves of cattle
 Hiech, a hobble, to halt
 Hirple, to walk crazily or lonely, to creep
 Histic, dry, barren
 Itzizie, or hizzy, hussy, a young girl
 Hoast, a cough
 Hoddin, jolting motion; humble; hoddin-gray, coarse woollen stuff
 Hool, outer skin or case, husk or shell; heart's-hool, pericardium
 Hotch, to shake the sides with joy or laughter
 Howe, hollow, *adj.*, a hollow
 Howe-back, sunken back
 Howk, to dig; howkit, dug
 Hloy, to urge; hoy't, urged
 Hoyte, to amble crazily
 Hums and hankers, fumbles
 Hurdies, the loins, the crupper
 IKA, or ilka, each, every
 Ingle, fire, fire-place; ingle cheek, chimney-corner
 Ither, other
 JAWK, to dally, to trifle
 Jimp, to jump; slender, handsome

- Jink**, to dodge, to turn a corner, a sudden turning
Jinker, that turns quickly; a sprightly girl; a wag
Joceteleg, a clasp-knife
Johnny Ged's-hole, the grave-digger
Jo, joe (joy), a lover
Jouk, to stoop, to bow the head; to conceal
KALE, kale, colewort; broth
Kain, kane, fowls, &c. paid as rent by a farmer
Kebbuck, a cheese
Keek, a peep; to peep; to spy
Ken, to know; ken't, known
King's-hood, a certain part of the entrails of the ox
Kirk, church, chapel
Kirn, the harvest-supper; a churn
Kittle, ticklish; coquettish
Knaggy, knotty, showing the bones
Knowe, a round hillock
Knurl, dwarf
Kye, cows
Kyle, a district in Ayrshire
Kythe, to discover, to show one's self
LATGH, low
Laith, loath
Laithfu', bashful, reserved
Lan'-afore, foremost plough-horse; lan'-ahin', the hind-most one
Lane, lone; my lane, thy lane, myself, &c. alone
Lap, did leap
Lave, the rest, remainder
Lavrock, the lark; lavrock-height, high as the clouds
Lawin', reckoning
Lay, or ley, lea; pasture ground, unploughed
Leal, loyal, true
Lee-lang, live-long
Leeze-me, I am proud of thee
Leister, 3-pronged fish-dart
Leuk, a look; to look
Lick, a blow; licket, licked; beaten
Lift, sky, firmament
Limmer, a kept mistress
Link, to trip along; fall to
Linn, a waterfall, precipice
Lint, flax; lint i' the beil, flax in flower
Lintwhite, linnet; flaxen
Loan, or loaning, the place of milking; country lane
Loof, the palm of the hand
Loof, did let; let fly
Loon, a fellow, a ragamuffin
Loup, jump, leap
Lug, the ear, a handle
Luggie, small looped wooden dish with a handle
Lum, the chimney
Lunt, a column of smoke; to smoke
Lyart, silvery, light-coloured; grey; sete
MÆ, mair, more
Maist, most; 'maist, almost
Maiien, farm; estate
Maukin, a hare
Mann, must; maunna, may not
Maut, malt; groanin' maunt, liquor provided for a lying-in or christening
Meere, a mare
Meikle, or mickle, much
Melder, corn or grain sent to be ground
Mell, associate with; also a mallet
Menseless, ill-bred, rude
Merle, a blackbird
Messin, a small dog
Midden-hole, gutter at the bottom of a dung-hill
Mind, to recollect
Minnie, mother, dam
Mirk, murky, dark
Mislear'd, mischievous, unmannerly; led astray
Moi, labour
Moop, to nibble as a sheep
Mou', the mouth
Mouddie-wort, a mole
Muckle, great, big, much
NAG, a nag
Nappy, ale
Neuk, nook, corner
Nick, to cut
Nicket, cut off
Nieve, the fist
Nit, a nut
Nocht, nothing
Nowte, black cattle
OURIE, shivering, drooping
Outlers, outliers, cattle not housed
Out over, over, across
Ower, ovre, over, upon, too
Owsen, oxen
PACK, familiar; twelve stone of wool
Painch, paunch
Patrick, a partridge
Parritch, oatmeal pudding
Fat, did put; a pot
Pattle, or pettle, a plough-seraper
Pawky, pauky, or pawkie, cunning, sly
Pechan, the stomach
Penny-fee, wages
Pet, a domesticated sheep
Pettle, tocherish; the plough-staff
Phibbeg, the kilt
Pickle, a small quantity
Plew or plough, a plough
Pock, a bag, a small sack
Pound, to seize on cattle; take goods in execution
Poorthith, poverty
Posie, a nosegay, a garland
Pouk, to pluck at
Pow, the head, the skull
Powther, pouter, powder; pounthery, powdery
Prent, print; printing
Prie, to taste; prie't, tasted
Prief, proof
Primsie, demure, precise
Pund, pound
QUEY, a cow from one to two years old
RATR, to roar; to lament
Ran-feezl'd, overpowered, fatigued
Rantin', ranting; romping, frolicking
Rape, a rope
Ratton, a rat
Raught, reached
Rax, to stretch
Ream, cream; to cream, to foam
Reave, take by force
Red, to warn
Rede, counsel, to counsel
Red-wud, stark mad
Reek, smoke; reokit, smoky
Reestit, stood restive
Rig, a ridge; hain'd-rig, reserved grassy corner
Riggin, roof, rafters
Rigwoodie, long, gaunt
Rin, to run, to melt
Rip, ripp, a handful of unthreshed corn
Riskit, a wrenching noise
Rive, to tear, pluck
Roose, to praise
Routhie, plentiful
Rowe, row; to roll, to wrap
Rowt, to low, to bellow
Runt, the stem of colewort or cabbage
SABBS, sobbing; also comingling
Sair, ser'e, to serve; a sore; unlucky; sair-won, hard-earned
Sark, a shirt or shift; half-sarkit, poorly clad
Saugh, the willow
Saul, soul
Saumont, salmon
Saut, salt; sauit, salted; saut-basket, salt-box
Sax, six
Scath or skaith, to damage; to injure
Scar, to scare; a scare or scaur, foot of a precipice
Scaur, apt to be scared
Screed aff, to do anything quickly
Settlin, settling; to get a settlin, to be frighted into quietness
Shackl't, mis-shapen
Shank, to walk
Shavie, a trick
Shaw, to show; a small wood in a hollow place
Sherra-Muir, battle of Sherridmuir, fought A.D. 1715 (*Mars's*, vol. 4.)
Shengh, a ditch, a trench, a sluice
Shenk, shook
Shoon, shoes
Shore, to grant, deal out, to offer; to threaten
Shouther, shoulder
Sic, such
Sicker, sure, steady, firm
Siller, silver, money
Summer, summer
Sin, a son
Skaith, harm, damage
Skellum, a reckless fellow
Skelp, to strike; to walk briskly
Skelpie-limmer, a young jade; term of reproach
Skiegh, skiegh, proud, nice, high-mettled, skittish
Skirl, shriek, cry shrilly
Scream, a scream, also to scream; to neigh

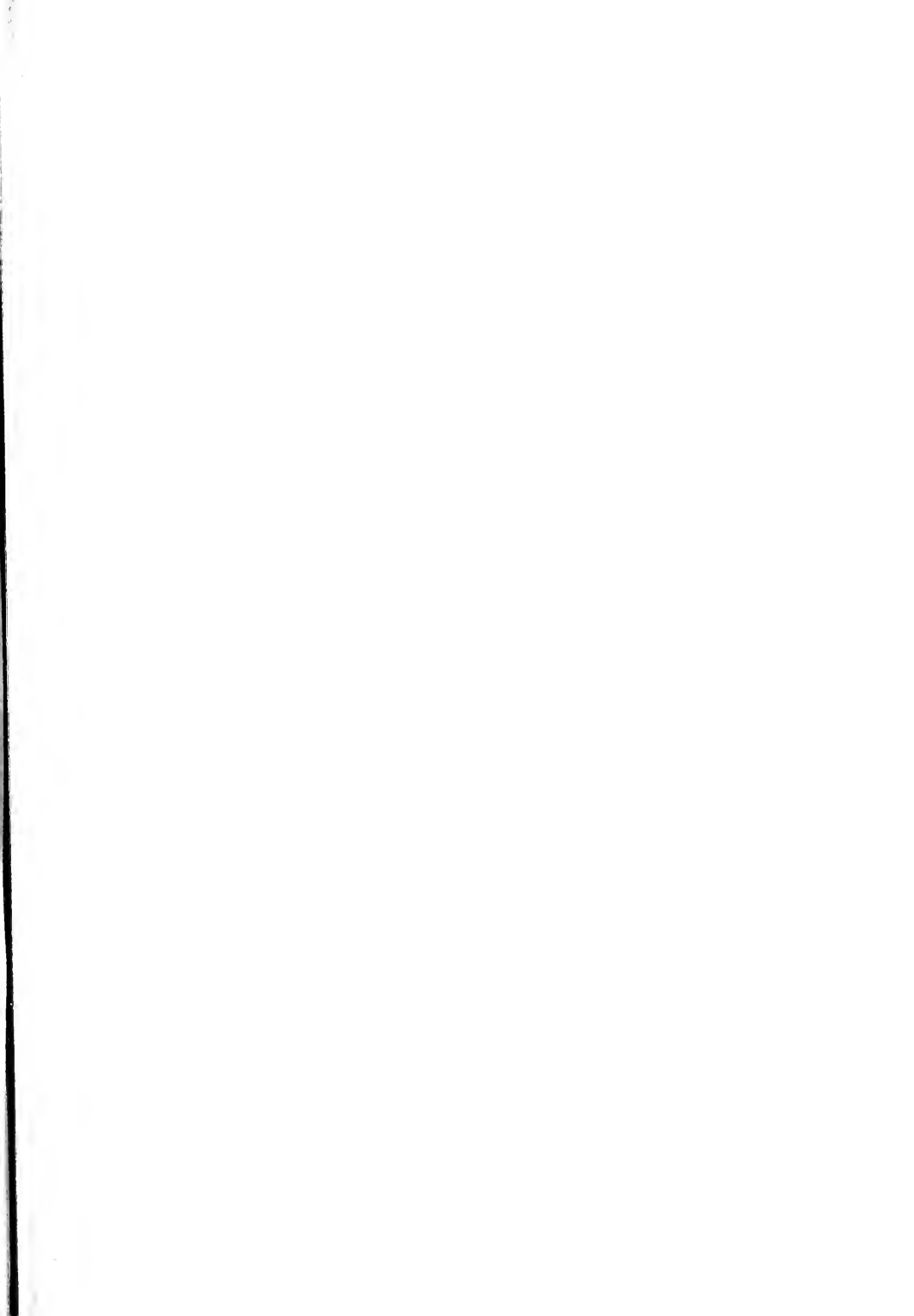
Slac, sloc
 Slade, did slide
 Slap, gate, breach in a fence
 Slec, sly; slee'st, slyest
 Sleekit, sleek, sly
 Slypet o'er, slipped, fell
 Smiddy, a smithy
 Smoor, to smother
 Smyttrie, a numerous collection of small individuals
 Snash, reprimand; abuse
 Sneeshin-mill, a snuff-box
 Snell, bitter, biting
 Snool, to oppress
 Snoove, to go smoothly and constantly; to sneak
 Snawk, to scent or snuff as a dog
 Sonsie, having sweet engaging looks, comely, plump
 Souter, a cobler
 Sowens, or so'ns, a dish made of the seeds of oatmeal sored
 Spae, to prophesy, to divine
 Spavie, the spavin
 Span, to wean; to disgust
 Spier, to ask, to inquire
 Spuechan, a tobacco-pouch
 Sprattle, to scramble
 Sprit, a rush-like plant
 Spurtle, a stick used in making hasty-pudding
 Stacher, to stagger
 Stank, a pool of standing water; a wet ditch
 Stap, stop
 Stark, stout, potent
 Staun, stand
 Staw, did steal; a surfeit
 Stech, to cram the belly
 Steek, to shut; a stitch
 Steer, to molest; to stir
 Steeve, firm, compact
 Sten, to rear as a horse; jump
 Stents, tribute, dues of any kind
 Stey, steep
 Stibble, stubble; stiblerig, the reaper who takes the lead
 Stimpart, the eighth part of a Winchester bushel
 Stock, a plant or spout of clewort, cabbage, &c
 Stound, a numbing blow
 Stoup, or stowp, a kind of jug with a handle
 Stowins, by stealth
 Straight, straight
 Stroan, to spout
 Strunt, spirituous liquor; walk sturdily; be piqued
 Stuit, to trouble; unquietness; sturtin, frightened
 Swank, stately, well built
 Swat, did sweat
 Swatch, a sample
 Swats, drink, ale
 Swinge, to beat, to whip
 Swirl, a curve, an eddying blast or pool; knot in wood

Swirlie, gnarled, knotty
 Swither, hesitate in choice
 Syne, since, ago, then, afterwards; an'd lang syne, the dear olden time
 TACKETS, kind of shoe-nails
 Tae, a toe; three-tae'd, having three prongs
 Taige, to examine
 Tak the gate, go away
 Tapsalteerie, topsy-turvy
 Tassie (Fr. *tasse*), drinking-cup, beaker
 Tatted, tawted, or tautie hair, &c. matted together
 Tawie, that allows itself peaceably to be handled
 Tedding, spreading after the mower
 Teen, anger
 Tent, heed, caution; take heed
 Tentie, heedful, cautious
 Thack, thatch; thack an' rape (figuratively), clothing and necessaries
 Thae, thir, these
 Theekit, thatched
 Thole, to suffer, to endure
 Thowe, a thaw; to thaw
 Thrang, a crowd; much occupied
 Thrave, twenty-four sheaves of corn
 Thraw, to turn, to sprain, to twist; to counterwork obstinately or maliciously
 Thirteen, thirteen
 Throther, thro'ither, pell-mell, confusedly
 Timmer, timber; also trees
 Tine, tye, to lose; tint, lost
 Tint, lost
 Tippence, two-pence; tip-penny, country ale
 Tither, the other
 Tocher, marriage portion
 Tod, a fox
 Toom, empty; to empty
 Tow, a rope; wallop in a tow, dangle in a halter
 Towmond, a twelvemonth
 Towzie, rough, shaggy
 Toyte, to totter, like old age
 Trams, shafts of a vehicle
 Trashtie, trash, rubbish
 Trig, spruce, neat
 Tzyste, country wake, fur
 Tug, raw hide, of which, in old times, plough traces were frequently made
 Tug or tow, leather or rope
 Twa, two; twa-three, a few
 Twal, twelve; twal-penny-worth, one English penny-worth
 Tyke, a dog
 Uxco, strange, uncouth; very, very great, prodigious; unco folks, straights; uncos, uncommon events; news

VAPOUR, vap'rin, vapouring, bullying, bragging
 Vauntie, vain, proud
 Vera, very
 WABSTER, a weaver
 Wad, would; to bet, a bet, a pledge; to wed
 Wae, wae, sorrowful; wae-worth! woe to
 Waf, wof
 Wale, or wail, choice; to choose
 Walle, ample, large, plump; also an exclamation of distress
 Wame, the belly
 Wanrestfu', restless
 Wark, work
 Warl', or warld, world
 Warlock, a wizard, a spirit
 Warl'y, worldly
 Warst, worst
 Warsted, or warsled, wrestled; rolled over
 Wastrie, prodigality
 Wat, wet; I wat, I wot, I know; red-wat-shod, over the shoes in blood
 Wattie, a twig, a wand
 Wauble, to swing, to reel; to waddle
 Wanken, waking, awake
 Waur, worse, to worst
 Wean, or weanie, a child
 Wecht, a hoop covered with leather
 Wee, little; wee things, little ones; wee bit, small matter
 Weel, well
 Westlin', whistling
 Wheazle, to wheeze
 Whalpit, whelped
 Whid, a lie
 Whiles, sometimes
 Whittle, a knife
 Whyles, whiles, sometimes
 Wiel, a small whirlpool
 Wight, courageous
 Wimple, to meander
 Win, to get, to earn
 Win't, winded, as a bottom of yarn; winnin, winding
 Winnoek, a window
 Winsome, comely, vaunted
 Wintle, a staggering motion; to stagger, to reel
 Winze, an oath
 Wons, dwells
 Woer bab, lover's rosette; the garter knotted outwardly below the knee
 Wordy, worthy
 Wer-set, worsted
 Wrack, to tease, to vex
 Wud, enraged
 YESTREEN, yesternight, the night before
 Yett, a gate, such as leads to a farm-yard or field
 Yill, ale
 Yird, earth
 Yowe, yowie, a ewe







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