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BURNS'
POETICAL WORKS.

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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
ROBERT BURNS.

With Memoir, Critical Dissertation, and
Explanatory Notes,

BY THE
REV. GEORGE GILFILLAN.

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LIFE OF ROBERT BURNS.

ROBERT BURNS, the greatest poet, save Shakspeare, who has yet sprung from the humbler ranks of society, was born on the 25th of January 1759, in a cottage, still shown to innumerable visitors, two miles south of Ayr, and a short distance from Alloway Kirk, which the poet has immortalised in "Tam o' Shanter." Nine days after his birth, a violent storm overturned a part of the "auld clay biggin" which had been erected by his father, and the infant bard, along with his mother, was conveyed through the tempest to a neighbouring cottage,—an incident in which some will see an omen, and others an emblem of the wild and stormy career which was before him. He was baptised by Dr William Dalrymple, of Ayr, a man he lived to venerate and praise. His father was William Burns or Burness, a native of Kincardineshire, in the north; who, by family misfortunes, had been compelled to come southward in search of employment as a gardener, and who, after various vicissitudes, took a lease of seven acres of ground for a nursery, near the Bridge of Doon—built a clay cottage with his own hands, and brought home as his bride, Agnes Brown, the daughter of a Carrick farmer. He was a man of vigorous mind, considerable culture, and, above all, of warm affections, and strong moral principle. From him the poet seems to have derived that keen sagacity so characteristic of the Norland men, and which formed one of the principal elements in his mind. From his mother, who was fond of singing old ballads, and recounting

Keene

legendary tales, came perhaps the "hair-brained sentimental trace," and the peculiarly poetic qualities, which distinguished him. His father, too, he resembled in the irritability, and almost savage independence of his temper. Before the poet's birth, William Burns had given up the charge of his nursery, and become gardener and overseer to Mr Fergusson of Doonholm, continuing still to reside in his own cottage, where his wife kept two or three milk-cows. In his sixth year Robert was sent to a small school at Alloway Mill, about a mile from the cottage. This was taught by one Campbell, who soon, however, removed to a superior situation in Ayr, and William Burns united with some neighbours in employing a young man named John Murdoch as teacher to the children of several families. This person, who seems to have been a worthy, but somewhat weak man, taught Robert and his younger brother Gilbert, English, and English grammar, and lent the former the "Life of Hannibal," the first book he ever read out of school. The poet seems, however, to have derived a greater impulse to the imaginative part of his mind from an old woman named Betty Davidson, who frequented the family, and who overflowed with tales and songs about ghosts, witches, fairies, and so forth; this, according to Burns "cultivated the latent seeds of poetry." In 1766, his father left his cottage at Alloway, and took the small farm of Mount Oliphant, two miles distant. Robert and his brother continued, however, to attend Murdoch's school, till, at the end of two years, he removed to Carrick. It is curious that Murdoch preferred Gilbert to Robert, and thought, because the former was the merrier of the two, that he was more likely to have turned out a poet! Little did the worthy teacher know what a deep current of enthusiasm, and what dark stern cogitations were saddening the brow of the wondrous boy, who already knew that he "was born a poor man's son," and was already "noted for a stubborn sturdy something in his disposition, and for an enthusiastic idiot-piety," and whose mirth, at all seasons of his life, was only the "silver lining" on the cloud of thickest melancholy!

From the date of Murdoch's departure, William Burness

undertook himself the charge of his children's education, and whiled away the heavy labours of the farm by conversing familiarly with them on useful subjects, using as his text-books Derham's "Physico and Astro-Theology," and Ray's "Wisdom of God in the Creation." Robert himself was an insatiable devourer of books; he procured the "Life of Wallace" from a blacksmith, and read it with the greatest avidity, and with important results,—for it "poured a Scottish prejudice into his veins, which boiled along there till the flood-gates of life shut in eternal rest;"—he also made himself acquainted with Stackhouse's "History of the Bible," and with a collection of letters by eminent writers, which became his standard and model for epistolary composition. When about thirteen or fourteen years of age, he and Gilbert were sent to the parish school of Dalrymple, for a summer quarter, to improve their handwriting; and about this time Robert got hold of some of Richardson's, Fielding's, Smollett's, Hume's, and Robertson's works. Shortly after, his old master, Murdoch, was appointed English teacher in Ayr, and resuming his acquaintance with the Mount Oliphant family, he lent Robert, Pope's works, and took him, at his father's desire, to Ayr, to assist him in revising his grammar, and learning a little French. Burns was advised to begin Latin, too; but proceeded only a very short way in that study, although he resumed it occasionally afterwards.

Meanwhile, the farm of Mount Oliphant had turned out a bad speculation; and the family, although they wrought hard, fared very poorly. Both the sons, as well as the father and the rest of the household, were often plunged into the deepest distress by their circumstances; and to this Gilbert attributes, and, so far, justly, the depression of spirits which often afterwards beclouded Robert's bright mind. After occupying this ungrateful farm for fourteen years, William Burness threw it up, and took that of Lochlea, parish of Tarbolton, in 1777, where he found only a change of difficulties, and where he was only saved from ruin by death.

In his seventeenth year, Burns fell for the first time in love. It was with his harvest partner, Nelly Kilpatrick, daughter of

the blacksmith who had lent him the "Life of Wallace," whom he describes as a "bonnie, sweet, sonsy lass," and on whom he wrote his first copy of verses, sufficiently puerile indeed, entitled, "Handsome Nell." Two years after, the family being now rather more comfortably settled in Lochlea, he went for a few months to the neighbourhood of Kirkoswald, in Carrick, to reside with his maternal uncle, Samuel Brown, a respectable fisher and wool-dealer; and to study mensuration and geometry at the village school, under one Hugh Rodger. Here he became acquainted with some primitive characters, particularly Douglas Graham, a farmer at Shanter, and the prototype of the immortal *Tam*. Here he "learned to fill his glass, and to mix without fear in a drunken squabble." And here the sight, from a garden behind the school, of Peggy Thomson, a "charming fillette," gathering, it is surmised, "a cabbage"! for the family dinner, kindled his susceptible heart into a fierce but transient flame, and "fairly upset his trigonometry." He returned "considerably improved" to Lochlea, resumed the labours of the farm, and spent some years on the whole happily, corresponding with friends, writing occasional pieces of poetry, such as "Poor Mailie" and "John Barleycorn," carrying on divers courtships, all as yet innocent, reading "Tristram Shandy" and the "Man of Feeling;" and sometimes in the peat-moss or on his way to the "coals in the morning," keeping his brother and the rustics around in roars of laughter by his arch and witty conversation, which, according to Gilbert, was then as rich and far more natural and innocent than in the days of his celebrity. It was altogether a remarkable family that of Lochlea. All of them were fond of literature; and when a stranger entered their humble dwelling at meal-time, he found the father, two brothers, and three sisters, Agnes, Annabella, and Isabella, with a spoon in one hand and a book in the other. The daughters, too, like their mother, were fond of reciting legendary poetry and song—meet atmosphere this altogether for rearing a great peasant-poet!

In 1780 he established a debating club in Tarbolton. He had previously acquired considerable controversial renown, in arguing on Sundays with the "yill-caup commentators" of the

country side on theological subjects, when he used to "puzzle Calvinism with much heat and indiscretion." In the club he maintained the same position and the same principles. Here he became acquainted with David Sillar, a youth of some talent, to whom he afterwards addressed his very lively epistles to "Davie." About the same time he fell in love with a girl, Ellison Begbie, a servant, from Galston, and seriously thought of marrying her. She is said to have been much superior to her station, in mind and manners. She declined the honour of the poet's hand. He continued to speak, however, of her to the last with regard. In midsummer 1781 he repaired to Irvine to learn the trade of a flaxdresser, wishing to make it subservient to a scheme for raising flax on his father's land. In Irvine he formed some acquaintances remarkable for free-living and free-thinking, and the consequence was, a considerable deterioration both in his thought and conduct; so at least Gilbert Burns asserts, although Richard Brown, a young sailor, whom Robert met in Irvine, and whom he accuses of teaching him licentious habits, used to assert that Burns, when he first knew him, had on that point nothing to learn. Irvine, at all events, did him no good; his aberrations were followed by remorse and wretchedness, and he ever afterwards looked back to his sojourn there with horror. On the 1st of January 1782, while welcoming in the New Year with the usual revelry, his flax store took fire, and was burned to ashes. He remained in Irvine till March; and then, penniless, chagrined, and corrupted, he returned to his father's house.

Here he resumed his toils; and, after a season, excited by the perusal of Fergusson's poems, new strung his lyre. He plunged, too, into a vortex of new love-agitations. On the 13th of February 1784 his father died, entirely worn out, and heart-broken besides by a litigation about the lease of his farm. On his deathbed he expressed his fears about one of his family not being in the right way. Robert eagerly asked—"Oh, father, is it me you mean?" The old man said it was. Robert turned his face to the window to hide his tears. He mourned for his father most sincerely, and erected afterwards a simple

tombstone over his remains in Alloway kirkyard, which few contemplate without deep and melting emotions. How different from those which are awakened by the proud mausoleum at Dumfries! The father's death was a triumph after a tragedy—the son's was a tragedy after a triumph. There is a day coming in the history of mankind, when it shall be thought the highest honour belonging to Burns that he was the son of such a father.

Foreseeing their father's death, and the ruin that was sure to follow, Robert and Gilbert had taken another farm in the parish of Mauchline—Mossgiel, destined to become so famous in the history of the poet. Entered on this new sphere of exertion, he said—"Go to; I will be wise;" but it soon became evident that he had no aptitude for business, and was a better ploughman than manager of a farm. He was subject, too, to impetuous impulses, and was "driven about with every wind" of whim. He had become famous in the country side; and his notoriety became a curse to him; for it led him, although then habitually temperate, to attend Mason-lodges, and to mingle in every scene of rural dissipation within his reach. About this time his health began to suffer—fainting-fits assailed him at night; and he had frequently to plunge into a barrel of water which stood at his bedside, to relieve the pressure on his heart. Shortly after, a servant-girl in the family bore him a child, and he had to submit to the usual discipline of the church. While he seems to have felt sincere remorse on account of this error, he could not resist seeing and showing it in ridiculous lights, as his "Address to his Illegitimate Child," and his "Letter to John Rankine"—a rough-living farmer in the neighbourhood—prove. Irritated by the severity of the clergyman who had rebuked him, and prompted by the spirit of contradiction and the love of *fun*, he plunged eagerly into the controversy then raging between the Highfliers and Moderates, or, as they were called, the Old and New Lights, and lent the aid of his powerful pen to the latter. The ministers of this party welcomed his "Twa Herds," "Holy Willie's Prayer," &c., with a "roar of applause." His mind, altogether, during the years he resided at

Mossgiel, was in a state of constant and successful activity; then he produced his letters to Davie, to Lapraik, and Simpson—his “Death and Dr Hornbook”—his “Hallowe’en”—his “Address to the De’il”—and far and high above all, his “Cottars’ Saturday Night.” Some of these he repeated to his brother Gilbert, on their way for coals, or while taking the water off the field, or during their occasional Sabbath-day walks; and his brother declares that he never was so much “electrified” as by the repetition of the “Cottars’ Saturday Night.” Poetry, indeed, at that time, *poured* from his mind; and the blank leaves of books, drinking-glasses, the windows of inns and houses, nay, bank-notes, bore marks of his teeming and exhaustless genius. Even while engaged in the hard labours of the plough, he was constantly “crooning to himsel’;” and the simplest incident in the field, the turning up of a mouse’s nest, or the uprooting of a daisy,

“Flash’d upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude,”

and was transfigured into immortal song. Never was there more genuine, unforced, strong, yet sweet and gentle, inspiration than now, every morning, as certainly as the sun, lighted upon him

“Who walked in glory and in joy
Behind his plough upon the mountain-side.”

Yes, joy, although it was a joy which, like glittering armour about a wounded warrior, disguised many secret sorrows—remorse for some passages in the past, fierce loves and hatreds, and a dark and shuddering outlook to the future; for from the ploughed mountain-side, as from a Pisgah, he saw the woes and conflicts which were before him, and said to his poor “fellow-mortal,” the mouse—

“Still art thou blest, compar’d wi’ me!
The present only toucheth thee;
But oeh! I backward cast my e’e
On prospects drear!
And forward though I canna see,
I guess and fear.”

Byron, when speaking of Harold's delight in the grandeurs of nature, says—

‘Had he kept his spirit to that height,
He had been happy—but this clay will sink
The spark immortal.’

It was so peculiarly with Burns. Could he have remained always at the plough, and worn always the mantle of inspiration which fell on him there, and enjoyed ever the lawful intoxication of natural scenery and solitary thought, he had been a being as happy as he was glorious. But night came, and found him weary and jaded in mind and body, thirsting for some new excitement, and eager to pass (O human nature! O hideous anti-climax!) from an Elisha-like plough—to a penny-wedding! There the lower part of his nature found intense gratification and unrestricted play. There the “blood of John Barleycorn” furnished him with a false and hollow semblance of the true inspiration he had met in the solitary field, or on “the side of a plantain, when the wind was howling among the trees, and raving over the plain.” And there, through the misty light of the presiding punch-bowl, he saw the most ordinary specimens of female nature transformed into angels; and fancied that, like divinities, they should be adored.

It will doubtless be said, that thus he acquired materials for his matchless satirical and comic strains. But he did this at the expense of his own character and peace; and, had he acted otherwise—if he would have written fewer songs and satires—we might have had more than one “Cottars’ Saturday Night,” and many poems like the “Vision of Liberty,” or “Man was Made to Mourn.” We are not saying this in any censorious spirit; we are speaking in sorrow, not in anger. Nay, we are persuaded that not one in a million—if placed in Burns’ circumstances, and possessing Burns’ temperament—would have acted otherwise. Still, it is “a lamentation, and it shall be a lamentation” for ever, that he was not as morally strong as he was intellectually gifted.

Mossgiel turned out, like Mount Oliphant, a losing con-

cern; and two bad crops did not tend to improve Burns' spirits. The farm, however, lay near Mauchline; and in that village he met with some associates for his leisure hours, and with some subjects for his Muse. In it lived Smith, Richmond, and Gavin Hamilton—all *cronies* and correspondents of the poet. There stood the hostelry of "Auld Nanse Tinnoch," which he sometimes frequented. There—a perfect cage of oddities—was "Poosie Nancy's," waiting for the immortalisation of the "Jolly Beggars," in which the lowest blackguardism is burnished up into poetry. There, was a debating society established by Burns, on the plan of the Tarbolton one. There, were besides mason-lodges *ad libitum*. And in Mauchline he met with Jean Armour, destined to play so important a part in his history.

It is difficult to make modern readers comprehend Jean's character; how a female, who acted so strangely in her unwedded life, should have become such an affectionate wife, tender mother, and reputable member of society, intelligible as it is to all acquainted with the Scottish rural character, as it was one hundred, or even twenty years ago. Without attempting any explanation, we shall simply state the well-known facts. About the year 1785, Burns met with Jean Armour, daughter of a respectable mason in Mauchline, at one of the penny balls common after races and fairs. He soon became intimate with her; and the next year it became manifest that they had loved "not wisely, but too well." At first, Burns determined not to acknowledge her as his wife; but an interview melted down his resolution, and he gave her a written acknowledgment of marriage. This Jean expected her father to sanction, as equivalent to a legal marriage; but, aware of Burns' embarrassed circumstances, and having no good opinion of his character, he refused to ratify the connexion, and prevailed on Jean to give up the paper, which he placed in the hands of Aiken, a writer in Ayr—an intimate friend of the poet. In vain did Burns remonstrate—storm—weep—offer to go to Jamaica, or to become a day-labourer—anything for her support. Jean became as inexorable as her father, and the unhappy bard was driven almost

frantic. He ran into dissipation of every kind. He wrote "Odes to Ruin," "Laments," &c., in order to drown her memory; but in vain. At last, he resolved to go to the West Indies; and, to procure money for his passage, formed (at the suggestion of Gavin Hamilton, and in conformity with an old wish of his own) the resolution to publish a collection of his poems. Subscription-sheets were accordingly thrown off, and the announcement created a buzzing sensation through Kyle, Carrick, and Cunningham, if not also through Renfrewshire and Lanarkshire; for all had begun to hear of the fact, that there was a great poet rising among them.

"At times a warning trumpet blown,
At times a stifled hum,
Told 'Scotland,' from his mountain throne,
'Her KING did rushing come.'"

Meanwhile, this sovereign mind was on the brink of destruction, and unutterably wretched. He had involved himself not only with Jean Armour, but with that "Highland Mary" whose memory was destined to live in the two sweetest and most impassioned melodies ever written by man. She was born in Dunoon, on the Frith of Clyde, and had come to be dairy-maid at Coilsfield, where Burns made her acquaintance. It was resumed in the spring of 1786; and on the second Sunday, and 14th day of May in that year, the lovers met on the banks of the Ayr, and pledged their eternal troth by exchanging Bibles. One is reminded of the scene similar in pathos, beauty, and sad termination, between Edgar Ravenswood and Lucy Ashton, at the Mermaid's Well. Mary returned to the Highlands, and spent the summer with her parents. She crossed the Clyde to Greenock in the end of the year, to see some relatives, and to have a final interview with Burns ere he went to the West Indies; but, at the house of her relative, Peter M'Pherson, caught a fever which carried her off. She now lies in the West Churchyard, Greenock, with a tall elegant monument erected over her ashes. Happy, may we not say she, thus early to have departed to "the land of the leal!" With Burns she probably would not have

been happy ; and have not his immortal songs reared such a mausoleum over her dust,

“That kings for such a tomb might wish to die ?”

To return to the poet. He had, in addition to his mortifications, to appear again several successive Sabbaths before the church as an offender against the rules of chastity, and was called upon to give security for the maintenance of Jean's expected offspring. This he was unable to do, and was forced to skulk (in a farm-house in Old Rome forest, near Kilmarnock) in consequence, lest he should be imprisoned. His night was now at the very darkest, when there arose in the July sky of 1786 the first streak of his undying fame. His volume was published by John Wilson, Kilmarnock, and went immediately to the heart of that country side. Old and young read it with unmingled delight. Plough-boys and maid-servants gladly gave their “sair-won penny fee” to get possession of the poems of Burns. Many wept blessed tears over the “Cottars' Saturday Night ;” Mrs Dunlop of Dunlop among the number, who found it a solace to her wounded spirit, and became the warm and fast friend of the author. Many laughed day and night at “Death and Dr Hornbook.” All were enchanted with the nature, the ease, the power, and the vraisemblance of the pictures of Scottish life, scenery, and manners. The inhabitants of Mossgiel alone no copy of their friend's immortalities reached, although there, too, the echo of his fame was heard with surprise, pride, and pleasure. The edition of 600 speedily disappeared ; another of 1000 was projected, and Burns became, for the first time in his life, master of twenty pounds ! The success of a first work is felt by all authors to be exhilarating. But never, perhaps, in the history of literature was there such a sudden bound as in the case of Burns from misery, contempt, poverty, and semi-madness, to renown, popularity, and the prospect of competence. Were, not a reprieve, but a royal crown, given to a criminal on the gallows, it would be only a type of the suddenness of the transition, and the greatness of the triumph.

Jamaica, however, was still in his eye. He had engaged as book-keeper with Charles Douglas, of Port Antonio, at

thirty pounds a-year. As soon as he was able to muster nine guineas, he had taken a steerage passage to the West Indies; had written his last song, "The Gloomy Night is Gathering Fast;" and his chest was on the way to Greenock when a warm-hearted letter from kind old Blacklock, the blind poet, to the Rev. George Laurie, of Loudon, who had forwarded him Burns' poems, completely altered his views, and pointed his ambition toward Edinburgh. A day or two before this, Jean bore him twins, and furnished him with another reason for staying at home; his relatives took charge of one of these, while Jean's friends engaged to support the other. The poet remained, even after Blacklock's letter, two months in Ayrshire, working in the harvest-field; writing additional poems, such as the "Briggs of Ayr;" dining with Dugald Stewart at Catrine; meeting there, for the first time in his life, a live-lord at table, Lord Daer, and rejoicing over a flattering critique in the *Edinburgh Magazine* for November on his new-fledged poems.

At last, on the 27th or 28th of November 1786, Burns set out on his memorable journey to Edinburgh. Some say he walked all the way on foot, with his staff in his hand, and muttering to himself the old ditty—

"As I came o'er by Glenap
I met an aged woman,
Wha bade me keep up my heart,
For the best of my days were coming."

Mr R. Chambers, however, was informed by the excellent Mr A. Prentice, of Manchester, that Burns *roule* to Edinburgh on a borrowed pony, and paused on his way for a night at Covington Mains, near Carnwath, where Mr Prentice's father then resided. He had been previously acquainted with Burns; and, being aware of his approach, had circulated the tidings all round the country, and invited the neighbouring farmers to meet him. They were to be apprised of his arrival by a white sheet hoisted, as a signal, on one of the stacks in the farm-yard of the Mains. (A gentleman from Carnwath has kindly sent us a different version of the story. He says,

the flag was hoisted on a central *hill* in that neighbourhood). So soon as the signal was observed, dozens of farmers were seen flocking from all directions to the Mains, where a night of unrivalled jollity and mirth welcomed the bard. We have some suspicion, however, that this incident took place later in Burns' history, when his fame was established.

At all events, in Edinburgh, on the 28th of November, Burns arrived. He had not a single letter of introduction, very little money, and only two acquaintances—Professor Stewart, and John Richmond, a humble writer's clerk from the west country, whom Burns had known in Mauchline, and with whom he lodged for some time. That he felt rather depressed, we doubt not; but must not the sight of "stately Edinburgh, throned on crags," with all its memories and associations, have stirred his blood and roused his ambition? For some days he stalked through the streets unnoticed and unknown; climbed Arthur's Seat—sat on the half-moon battery, and looked wistfully to the west—glared at "Rob Roy's country," with all its frowning hills, as seen from the Castle—went to Ferguson's grave, and knelt and kissed the sod—took off his hat when entering the shop of Allan Ramsay—looked at every body, and was stared at in return, as a clumsy bumpkin, with marvellously bright eyes. This continued for a week or two, till, through Mr Dalrymple of Orangefield, a gentleman he had known in Ayrshire, he was introduced to the amiable Lord Glencairn, and through him to William Creech, the publisher. He was introduced afterwards by Blacklock to Blair—by Stewart to Mackenzie and others; and then the folding-doors of Edinburgh society flew open before him, and his fortune seemed made. Mackenzie wrote a generous critique on the Kilmarnock edition, in the *Lounger*, December 9th. The Caledonian Hunt, at the instance of Glencairn, extended him its patronage. At the table of Lord Monboddo he met with all the distinguished literary men of the city, as well as with the "divine Eliza Burnet," daughter of the host, and other ladies of rank and fashion. His conduct and conversation at this time were generally admired; his manner was

modest, yet thoroughly self-possessed; his conversation rich but well-regulated; and whatever he might think in his heart, he *seemed* always rather to be borrowing light from, than reflecting it on, the luminaries around him. This was the more edifying, as, in reality, he possessed as much talent as any ten of these *literateurs*, and more genius than all of them put together. Dr Johnson, thirteen years before, had, by his single presence, frightened and fluttered these "Volscians" in their own "Corioli;" and Burns could have done the same, were it not that he felt as if the plough was still in his hands, and that the degrading *pat* of the patroniser was on his shoulders. And we doubt not that a sense of relief from restraint, along with the pride of conscious, but curbed, superiority, mingled in his feelings as he returned from these splendid suppers to his humble bed with John Richmond, in the Lawnmarket. By and by he contrived to surround himself with very different circles, where his powers, and his passions, too, were allowed to luxuriate at their own wild will.

In April 1787 appeared the second edition of his poems, prefaced by a dedication to the Caledonian Hunt, and followed by a list of subscribers, amounting to 1500, and engaging for 2800 copies. This volume (it was, we may be permitted to say, the first copy of Burns we ever read) is a large octavo, and is, for the age, beautifully got up and printed. It was received with enthusiasm; and a man of more moderate expectations than our poet might have been satisfied. But he had accurately measured both his patrons and himself; he forgot only to measure the *age* which had established a great gulf between them.

Secure now, however, of sufficient funds for a considerable time to come, wearied of Edinburgh *éclat* and its inevitable drawbacks, and panting for new scenes, he left the metropolis for the south of Scotland, where he saw Coldstream, Hawick, Kelso, Selkirk, Dunbar, Newcastle, and Carlisle—did many foolish things, and returned crying out bitterly, "All is vanity and vexation of spirit." In June of the same year, he returned to his native shire; was received by his mother with

the half-wondering, half-warning words "O Robert!"—lent his brother L.200, and resumed his intimacy with Jean Armour. In August we find him again in Edinburgh, projecting a journey to the Highlands along with William Nicol, a teacher in the High School, and whom, although he passed with most other people for a vulgar, noisy, intolerable pedant, Burns thought a clever fellow and a suitable companion. The ill-matched pair went through Linlithgow and Falkirk to Stirling, where Burns gave great offence by a coarse and witless epigram (inscribed on an inn window) against the House of Hanover, which might have been written by his companion—and thence to Harvieston, where Burns fell in love with Charlotte Hamilton, sister of his friend, Gavin, of Mauchline—a love which haunted him to the close of his life, as his very last song proves. From Harvieston they proceeded to Kenmore, Aberfeldy, and Blair in Athole, where the Duke showed him no small kindness, and where Josiah Walker took him up the beautiful banks of the Tilt by moonlight—and thence to Inverness, Culloden Moor, and to Gordon Castle, where the impatience of his companion, Nicol, hurried him away from a delightful evening with the family—and thence to Aberdeen, Stonehaven, and Montrose. When the twain were returning from this tour, we have been told, the late Provost Burnes, of Montrose, and his father, relatives of the poet, went to meet him at Marykirk, when Robert Burns said to them, "I have been at our paternal farm in the Mearns, and showed our old cousin some little things I had written by the way, which I mean to publish, but the farmer streekit himself up, struck his stick on the floor, and said, 'Fie, fie, man, are ye gaen to affront your respectable friends by printing sic godless nonsense—na, na; gie me them, and I'll put them in the fire.'" To this, it is said, the poet often alluded while in Montrose, and never altogether forgave his old relative. From Montrose he proceeded to Perth, and thence up the river Earn, to Invermay, Crieff, the charming village of Comrie, and the white castle of Abruchill, where, repelled by a cold reception from the inmates, in spite of the attraction of the dark magnificent mountains which tower

above, he turned his horse's head, and left Strathearn for ever behind him. He had seen in this excursion many of the most beautiful scenes, and some of the most beautiful women, in Scotland; but Upper Strathearn may well be proud, that the scenes, and the lady that alone extracted genuine inspiration from him during all his route, were Loch-Turrit, and young Phemy Murray of Lintrose, then residing at Ochertyre. His "Lines on scaring wildfowl in Loch-Turrit," and "Blythe, blythe, and merry was she," are beautiful—his lines on "Foyers" and "Taymouth" are laboriously unsuccessful.

Arrived again in Edinburgh, he found new trials awaiting him. Creech was slow to settle his accounts; and he became acquainted with Clarinda. Her story is too well known to require to be repeated. The whole particulars of it have probably never been told, but from what is divulged we, at least, have gathered an impression of considerable contempt for both parties in the matter. In neither do we see any evidence of real love, or even of that infatuation which often mimics the effects of true passion. From beginning to end it was a case of vanity, dashed in one, and perhaps in both of them, by an admixture of a lower feeling still. The letters which passed between them are about the silliest and most ridiculous which two intelligent persons, who were at the same time thoroughly *sane*, ever addressed to one another; and their perpetuation and popularity disgrace the age.

Burns, by this time, had found out that the nobility and gentry of a land will not long continue to help a man who does not help himself. Spurned from the doors of some of them where he had once been received with a warm welcome, and knowing too well that although, perhaps, misinformed as to particular facts, they were right in their general impression of his recent character and conduct, he determined, partly in pride and partly in remorse, to return to a sphere of manly industry. He became an exciseman and farmer; and we agree with Chambers and some others in thinking that at that time he could not have done any thing else, unworthy as the position was. Literature, and especially poetry, would

then have starved him had he pursued it as a profession. To beg he was ashamed—of pandering to patrons he had got enough—but he *could* dig, and—

“ Even the rumour ran that he could *gauge*.”

And therefore, after marrying his Jean, who had again fallen, through her love to him, and been turned out of her father's house to the naked elements, he settled down at Ellisland, near Dumfries, in a poor farm with a salary of fifty pounds per annum as an exciseman, with a disappointed heart, a wounded spirit, and a determination, as sure to fluctuate as an eddy in the adjacent stream, to become a wise, an honest, an industrious, and a virtuous man. If he only succeeded in attaining the second of these desirable characteristics—still was not that a quality far from common?—had he not often repeated with enthusiasm the words of Pope—

“ An honest man 's the noblest work of God ?”

and was it not something, taking his whole past career and his terrible passions into account, that he did not drown himself in the Nith, instead of setting himself quietly to cultivate its banks? From the society of Stewart, Robertson, and Henry Mackenzie to that of Dumfriesshire ploughmen, and from that of Eliza Burnett and Charlotte Hamilton to that of Jean Armour and her compeers—what a downfall!—felt the more because it came greatly by his own fault, and because it was irremediable. The courage and the firmness which could bear it were surely those of a giant—of one who looked above the judgments of mankind, on toward the awards of future ages—looked so habitually, although, alas! not always.

Yet, for a while, life at Ellisland flowed on rather pleasantly with the poet. He had now, for the first time, a house and farm of his own; his wife came, after some delay, from Ayrshire to be the active mistress of his establishment; his children were now around him to “fill his home with smiles.” The scenery of the farm was beautiful. There was a red scaur impending over the Nith, as if made on purpose

for the steps of a poet; and there he was often found, watching now the calm and rippling water, and now, with a stern delight and strange, the turbid waves of the spate-swollen river. Some of the neighbouring gentry paid him considerable attention; and ever and anon, young enthusiasts, like Sir Egerton Brydges, came, as pilgrims of his genius, to pay him the honour denied him, as usual with the prophetic order, in his own country. Rarest gleams of his old inspiration, too, burst, although fitfully, upon him. In the barn-yard of Ellisland, while the evening star was shining "like another moon," he sang that divine lyric to "Mary in Heaven." From his desk there, were issued many of his noblest letters, some of which are beautiful unrhymed poems; and, wandering by the banks of the Nith, there "came on" him, in the gush of one glorious hour, "Tam o' Shanter;" perhaps the finest short poem ever written, and in which animalism itself is made to glow and glitter into poetry, and Bacchus is crowned, not with vine, but with laurel leaves. Still Burns was not happy. He felt himself in a false position, and that his work—which, while he was at the plough, had been his pride—now that he was a gauger, had become his degradation. He was much in convivial society. His farm, too, was like all the farms with which he had ever been connected, an unfortunate speculation; and he at last determined to throw it up, and to remove to Dumfries. This was in December 1791. Lord Glencairn had died a little before, and poor Burns, who felt that the last link between him and the Scotch nobility was now severed, had sung a plaintive elegy over his grave.

Dumfries was then, as it still is, a small town, beautifully situated on the banks of the Nith, in a green, rich valley, bounded by the huge Criffel to the south, and the high Queensberry Hill to the north. Its society was then, as still, when compared with towns of the same size in Scotland, of rather a refined and intellectual sort, although much more convivial than at present in its habits. In this "Queen of the South," as it is often called, Burns set up the staff of his rest—if the term *rest* can be applied to the four most miserable of his few

and unhappy years. A little after he came to Dumfries, he paid a final visit to Edinburgh, and had a last interview with Clarinda, then preparing to join her husband in the West Indies. Returned, his grief evaporated in some beautiful songs; and he directed his attention to French politics, and to a new object of Platonic flirtation, the accomplished Maria Woodley—Mrs Riddell—a lady of taste and talent, although noted for her caprice. The times had become electric and portentous. It was the hour—memorable for ever in the history of men—when, in the language of a poet kindred to Burns in enthusiasm for liberty, if not in masculine strength of genius—

“Great France sprang forth,
And seized, as if to break the ponderous chains
Which bind in woe the nations of the earth,”

and when her effort was welcomed with a shout of applause from all the ardent and enthusiastic spirits in Europe. Burns' heart—a heart crushed and withered under the pressure of poverty, pride, and a galling sense of aristocratic neglect—leapt up when he saw the beautiful rainbow of the French Revolution bridging the sky. Having assisted in capturing a smuggling vessel in the Solway Frith, he sent a present of the cannon found in her to the French Government—the act of a rash enthusiast, not of a deliberate traitor, but which was long remembered and resented against the poet.

In 1792, George Thomson, then a clerk in Edinburgh, along with some other amateurs, projected a collection of Scotch songs, and asked the aid of Burns. The poet, who had previously contributed many precious lyrics to Johnson's Scots Musical Museum, eagerly closed with the proposal, and, from that time to his death, scarcely a month passed without some immortal drop of song falling from his pen on Thomson's favoured page. He did all this for nothing; and yet, surely the labour was its own reward; and the composition of these songs was a secret spring of consolation to his chafed and embittered soul, and probably restrained him sometimes from the rashest actions, and soothed the fiercest thoughts. The old inspiration of the days of Mossgiel refused now to

settle down upon his pen, except when at his little folding-desk, or swinging to and fro in his arm-chair, he composed his songs, and sung them to, or had them sung by, his own Jean.

In 1792 a young woman connected with the Globe Tavern—his favourite haunt—bore him a daughter, whom Jean adopted as her own, fed at her own bosom, and when asked what child that was, replied, with inimitable simplicity, “A neighbour’s bairn.” Soon after, his enthusiastic admiration of the French Revolution, expressed in toasts, songs, letters, and conversation, attracted the attention of the Board of Excise, led to remonstrances, and, but for Burns’ celebrity and the influence of some of his friends, would have issued in his dismissal. His conduct was certainly, in the last degree, imprudent, and in some measure unreasonable. Had he not sold his birthright for fifty pounds a-year, and was it not now rather late to quarrel with the bargain? As a gauger and Government servant, he had no business to take a part in political agitations. The fault lay in his position, or rather in the poverty which rendered that position involuntary and inevitable.

In the year 1793 he began well with writing some beautiful songs, such as “Lord Gregory,” for Thomson; came to a climax in September by the production of “Scots wha hae wi’ Wallace bled” (composed, John Syme says, among the moors of Kenmure, Galloway, and according to others, in one of his evening walks by the side of the Nith), but fell off sadly in the close, when not only did his political escapades excite general suspicion, but some unfortunate excesses led to an estrangement from such warm friends as the Riddells, and others of the upper classes in Dumfries. In this he was not entirely to blame. Some of these friends—John Bushby, for instance, of Tinwald Downs—sometimes entertained the poet in the housekeeper’s room till dinner was over, and then, with the wine, was this Samson brought in to make the company sport. Chambers says this was by Burns’ own choice—a statement we much question. It is far more probable that such treatment had roused his anger, and that in some unguarded

moment he had shown them what terrible sport a Samson could make—that he had, by sarcasm and invective, shaken the pillars of the house, and was invited there no more. It was the swallowing of *this* burning coal of insult, and not a bit of hot pudding (see Chambers) which led, we suspect, to the quarrel between Bushby and Burns.

1794 was the darkest year in all Burns' dark sojourn on earth. His expected promotion in the Excise was now arrested, as it turned out, for ever; and many doors in Dumfries and its neighbourhood, once wide open, were shut in his face. It was at this time that David M'Culloch, of Ardwell, saw him walking down the shady side of the street, while all the gentry in the neighbourhood, assembled for a ball, were parading the other, taking no notice of the poet. Insinuations of the darkest kind—probably far darker than the truth—were circulating busily against his morals, his religious opinions, the *jeux d'esprit* he was inditing, and the company of his private hours. Even the secret solace of song-writing, this spring was closed for some time, and was only opened again by the force of a ridiculous passion for a Mrs Whelpdale (the Chloris of many a sweet and many a silly ditty), which he seems to have conceived in the autumn. There is no parallel instance of such a universal rejection of a gifted and admired man except in the case of Byron in 1816. But Byron possessed the money-power, and used it in expediting a Parthian retreat from his angry country. Burns' poverty compelled him to remain, else, unquestionably, he too would have fled Dumfries, and shot barbed arrows behind him at every step of his departure. As it was, he persisted in the duties of his calling—"consumed his own smoke" as successfully as he could, and tried to hope in better times. But certainly we can conceive few more painful spectacles than that of this great, unhappy, indignant being, pacing along the banks of the Nith, or going out at eventide to Lincluden, perhaps with "a pocket copy of Milton, that he might study the character of Satan," in his hands, and, with something of Satanic pride, misery and remorse in his heart. Retreat from men was, however, a far greater punishment to Burns than to Byron, for the former was a sincere

lover of his kind, and valued their love even more than their admiration.

In 1795 things seemed to mend. He commenced the year with that noble strain "A man's a man for a' that,"—one of his very highest inspirations, and before which, as at the blast of a trumpet, some of the spectres that haunted him fled for a season. He was reconciled to the beautiful Maria Riddell. Some of the Dumfries gentry began to smile on him once more. The political ferment had subsided, and Burns, by writing some patriotic songs, and afterwards joining the volunteers, gained golden opinions from all parties, without compromising his own principles. And although he had in the end of the preceding year refused an invitation to go to London, and contribute to the *Morning Chronicle*, he was flattered this year by some prospect of an Excise promotion in Leith. He mingled at this time, too, in the electioneering politics of the district, and wrote some spirited ballads in favour of Heron, the Whig candidate; but subjected himself, by this proceeding, to the severest and wittiest retort ever made to his sarcasm, in the shape of an epigram from Martial, modernised by Dr Muirhead, minister of Urr. This, as it is said to have produced a great impression at the time, we may quote:—

“ Vacerras, shabby son of —
 Why do thy patrons keep thee poor?
 Bribe-worthy service thou canst boast,
 At once their bulwark and their post—
 At once a sycophant, a traitor,
 A liar, a calumniator,
 Who, conscience (hadst thou that) would sell,
 Nay, lave (quere, rake) the very sewer of hell
 For whisky. Eke, most precious imp,
 Thou art a rhymster, gauger, pimp,
 Whence comes it, then, Vacerras, that
 Thou art as poor as a church rat?”

This, of course, must be taken *cum grano salis*; but the fact that Burns felt it keenly, shows that there was some truth, as well as much vigour and venom in the lines.

And now came 1796—the last year this ill-fated poet was destined to see. He had lost his infant daughter in the autumn, at Mauchline, and was unable to go westward to her funeral. He had been seized by an “accidental complaint” in October 1795, but had rallied somewhat. In November he had been visited by Professor Walker, an amiable, scholarly, and excellent man—but who was rather too much of a formalist and a martinet to appreciate Burns, and whose account of his intercourse with him is stiff and stilted to a degree. Early in January, the poet unfortunately staid too late at the Globe Tavern, and on his way home dropped asleep in the snow. “In these circumstances,” says Chambers, “and in the peculiar condition to which a severe medicine had reduced his constitution, a fatal chill penetrated to his bones.” A rheumatic fever was the consequence, and his shattered system could not long resist the effects. It is hardly necessary to trace the successive scenes of a tragedy so well known. Suffice it to say, that, after various vain attempts to recruit his strength, such as visiting the Brow for sea-bathing, &c., the unfortunate poet, on the 21st July, with his wife near her confinement, his mind horrified by the dread of a jail on account of a debt of L.7, 4s., with delirium in his brain, and a muttered curse on the creditor in his mouth, closed his weary pilgrimage. His wife survived him till 1834. Of his children, several died in infancy. Robert, James Glencairn, and William Nicol, still live. Great and instant efforts were made for the relief of his family.

It is impossible to close this necessarily rapid outline of Burns' life—an estimate of his genius and poetry we reserve for the preface to our next volume—without a few remarks and reflections on his character and history. We are not among the number of those who charge him with enormous turpitude; nor are we among his out-and-out defenders. He was not a drunkard, in the common sense of that term. He was not, *deliberately* and *systematically*, profane, or even licentious. He was not a disbeliever in Christianity; and he was, in many points, a brave, honest, high-minded, and benevolent man. But there were elements

of folly, levity, coarseness, inconsistency, and weakness almost incredible, in so strong a man, mingled in his composition; and these elements had never been subjected to any check, or laid under any control. If we could believe, in reference to any man, the theory of two or more different beings composing one humanity, it were in the case of Burns. Think of the author of "The Cottars' Saturday Night" writing the "Jolly Beggars" and the "Merry Muses!" Some may account for this by saying he wrote the one sober and the other drunk; even this does not fully explain it—Philip drunk had a certain resemblance to Philip sober—but the Burns of "Holy Willie's Prayer" has none to the Burns of "Mary in Heaven." Some may say, "He must have simulated the sensations of piety and lofty enthusiasm," and may even contend that all genius thus simulates, and quote the words of Moore:—

"What an impostor Genius is!
 How, with that strong mimetic art,
 Which is its life and soul, it takes
 All shapes of thought, all hues of heart;
 Nor feels itself one throb it wakes.
 How, like a gem, its light may smile
 O'er the dark path by mortals trod;
 Itself as mean a worm, the while,
 As crawls along the sullying road.
 What sensibility may fall
 From its false lip, what plans to bless,
 While home, friends, kindred, country, all
 Lie waste beneath its selfishness."

This may, peradventure, be an accurate description of the genius of Rousseau, to whom it refers; or of Byron's or Moore's own; but it certainly is not an accurate picture of the genius of Scotland's great national poet. *He* was no simulator, but intensely sincere; and, while writing "The Cottars' Saturday Night," not only felt at the moment all the emotions he expressed, but felt them in all his better and higher moods, as many of his letters, and the records of his conversation, prove. In vain to say that we find parallel cases in literary history; such as Lord Byron writing

“Childe Harold” as well as “Don Juan.” The spirit of both these poems is selfish; although in the one it is sublimated, and in the other, slipshod and sneering, selfishness. But the spirit of “The Cottars’ Saturday Night” is almost scriptural in its holiness and simplicity; while that of many of his poems and songs is intensely and grossly sensual. The fact is, Burns—more than almost any celebrated man—wanted stability. He was everything by turns, and nothing long. He yielded to all impulses, good or bad—high or low—that assailed him. He was at the mercy of innumerable moods, as diverse from each other as heaven from hell. He began life as a Jacobite in politics; he ended it as a Jacobin. He often loved several females at the same time; and no sooner had one forsaken him, than he had another ready to supply her place. His opinions of men, too, were continually fluctuating. His genius partook of the same uncertainty, and so did his taste and his moral frame. From divinest poetry to sheer doggrel, how frequently did he descend, within the compass of a single page! He often began his letters with flights of sentiment, which were proved sincere by their exquisite truth and tenderness, and closed them with verses disgustingly obscene. A bundle of these unpublished letters Byron saw, and the perusal of them led him to call Burns a compound of “dirt and deity.” All the critics who have tried to find out unity in Burns’ character have failed. He was

“A glorious chaos

Of mind and dust, of passions and pure thoughts.”

Nothing too high, and nothing too low, could be believed or asserted concerning him. He was a living antithesis—a magnificent weathercock—a striking and awful witness to that shock, which has crossed and shattered humanity, to the Scripture doctrine of a Fall.

If these remarks seem to cast no new light on Burns’ character and history, it is partly because on such an inconsistent and anomalous character little satisfactory light *can* be cast; its contradictions were never reconciled, its controversies raged on till the very hour of death, and despair over the unresolved and unresolvable problem of

his history, will always mingle with, and shade, the delight with which we peruse the miracles of his genius. Much of this inconsistency may, indeed, be traced to his irregular education, and his poverty-stricken circumstances, as well as to his want of sound, solid Christian principle. But whatever the cause, the effect is certain. He had no leading principle or guiding star:—not conscience, for that was often asleep; not benevolence, for his humane feelings, though sincere, were fluctuating and uncertain; not religion, for although not an infidel, neither was he a firm believer; not a high ideal of art, for to this he had never risen; not even his boasted independence, for no man, at times, descended, although it was with reluctance, to more servile flatteries. Impulse was his idol, and this acting on a nature in which the passions were greater than even the powers, made wild work, strengthened what in him was low and animal, weakened what in him was high and noble—infuriated his passions and degraded his genius. Indeed, why have critics and moralists wasted so much time in discussing the moral character of Burns? *He* saw it, at an early period, with his own inevitable eye, and in his “Bard’s Epitaph,” has, in living colours, at once painted his character, and predicted his fate. In it we see the prophet as well as the poet.

NOTE.—For the sake of convenience, a complete GLOSSARY is given with the First Volume. A full INDEX, giving the first line of all the songs, &c., will be added in the Third Volume of the Poems.

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BURNS' POEMS.

THE TWA DOGS: A TALE.

'Twas in that place o' Scotland's isle
That bears the name o' Auld King Coil,¹
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,
Show'd he was nane o' Scotland's dogs, 19
But whalpit some place far abroad,
Where sailors gang to fish for cod.

His locked, letter'd, braw brass collar
Show'd him the gentleman and scholar ;
But though he was o' high degree,
The fient a pride—na pride had he ;
But wad hae spent an hour caressin',
Ev'n wi' a tinkler-gypsy's messan.
At kirk or market, mill or smiddie, 20
Nae tawted tyke, though e'er sae duddie,
But he wad stan't, as glad to see him,
And stroan't on stanes an' hillocks wi' him.

¹ 'Auld King Coil:' the ancient King of the Picts.

The tither was a ploughman's collie, 23
 A rhyming, ranting, roving billie,
 Wha for his friend an' comrade had him,
 And in his freaks had Luath ca'd him,
 After some dog¹ in Highland sang,
 Was made lang syne—Lord knows how lang.

He was a gash an' faithful tyke,
 As ever lap a sheugh or dyke. 30
 His honest, sonsie, baws'nt face,
 Aye gat him friends in ilka place.
 His breast was white, his touzie back
 Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy black ;
 His gaucie tail, wi' upward curl,
 Hung o'er his hurdies wi' a swirl.

Nae doubt but they were fain o' ither,
 And unco pack an' thick thegither ;
 Wi' social nose whyles snuff'd and snowkit,
 Whyles mice and mouldieworts they howkit ; 40
 Whyles scour'd awa' in lang excursion,
 An' 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 o' the creation.

CÆSAR.

I've aften wonder'd, honest Luath,
 What sort o' life poor dogs like you have ;
 An' when the gentry's life I saw,
 What way poor bodies lived ava. 50

Our Laird gets in his racked rents,
 His coals, his kain, and a' his stents ;

¹ 'Dog : ' Cuchullin's dog in Ossian's 'Fingal.'—B.

He rises when he likes himsel' ; 53
 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 ; 60
 An' though the gentry first are stechin,
 Yet ev'n 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 in a' the lan' :
 An' what poor cot-folk pit their painch in,
 I own it's past my comprehension. 70

LUATH.

Troth, Cæsar, whyles they're fash't eneugh ;
 A cottar howkin' in a sheugh,
 Wi' dirty stanes biggin' a dyke,
 Baring a quarry, and sic like :
 Himself, a wife, he thus sustains,
 A smytrie o' wee duddie weans,
 An' nought but his han' darg, to keep
 Them right and tight in thack an' rape.

An' when they meet wi' sair disasters,
 Like loss o' health, or want o' masters, 80
 Ye maist wad think, a wee touch langer,
 An' they maun starve o' cauld and hunger ;
 But, how it comes, I never kenn'd it,
 They're maistly wonderfu' contented ;

An' buirdly chieils, an' clever hizzies,
Are bred in sic a way as this is. 85

CÆSAR.

But then to see how ye're negleckit,
How huff'd, and cuff'd, and disrespeckit !
L——, man, our gentry care as little
For delvers, ditchers, an' sic cattle ; 90
They gang as saucy by puir folk
As I wad by a stinkin' brock.

I've noticed, on our Laird's court-day,
An' mony a time my heart's been wae,
Puir tenant bodies, scant o' cash,
How they maun thole a factor's snash ;
He'll stamp an' threaten, curse an' swear,
He'll apprehend them, poind their gear ;
While they maun stan', wi' aspect humble,
An' hear it a', an' fear and tremble ! 100

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

LUATH.

They're nae sae wretched's ane wad think ;
Though constantly on poortith's brink :
They're sae accustom'd wi' the sight,
The view o't gies them little fright.
Then chance and fortune are sae guided,
They're aye in less or mair provided ;
An' though fatigued wi' close employment,
A blink o' rest's a sweet enjoyment. 110
The dearest comfort o' their lives,
Their grushie weans and faithfu' wives ;
The prattling things are just their pride,
That sweetens a' their fireside.

An' whyles twalpenny worth o' nappy 115
 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, 120
 Or tell what new taxation 's comin',
 An' ferlie at the folk in Lon'on.

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

That merry day the year begins,
 They bar the door on frosty win's ; 130
 The nappy recks wi' mantling ream,
 An' sheds a heart-inspiring steam ;
 The luntin' pipe, an' sneeshin mill,
 Are handed round wi' right guid 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 hae barkit wi' them.

Still it's ower true that ye hae said,
 Sic game is now owre aften play'd. 140
 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 guid his saul indentin'—

CÆSAR.

Haith, lad, ye little ken about it : 149
 For Britain's guid !—guid faith, I doubt it !
 Say rather, gaun as Premiers lead him,
 An' saying Aye or No's they bid him :
 At operas an' plays parading,
 Mortgaging, gambling, masquerading ;
 Or may be, in a frolic daft,
 To Hague or Calais takes a waft,
 To make a tour, and tak a whirl,
 To learn *bon ton*, an' see the worl'.

There, at Vienna or Versailles,
 He rives his father's auld entails ; 160
 Or by Madrid he takes the route,
 To thrum guitars, and fecht wi' nowte ;
 Or down Italian vista startles,
 W—— hunting amang groves o' myrtles ;
 Then bouses drumly German water,
 To mak himsel' look fair and fatter,
 An' clear the consequential sorrows,
 Love-gifts of Carnival signoras.
 For Britain's guid !—for her destruction !
 Wi' dissipation, feud, an' faction. 170

LUATH.

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

Oh would they stay aback frae courts,
 An' please themselves wi' kintra sports,
 It wad for every ane be better,
 The Laird, the Tenant, an' the Cottar !

For thae frank, rantin', ramblin' billies, 179
 Fient haet o' them's ill-hearted fellows ;
 Except for breakin' o' their timmer,
 Or speakin' lightly o' their limmer,
 Or shootin' o' a hare or muircock,
 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 or hunger e'er can steer them,
 The vera thought o't needna fear them.

CÆSAR.

L——, man, were ye but whyles whare I am,
 The gentles ye wad ne'er envy 'em. 190

It's true, they needna 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' grips an' granes ;
 But human bodies are sic fools,
 For a' their colleges and schools,
 That when nae real ills perplex them,
 They make enow themsels to vex them ;
 An' aye the less they hae to sturt them,
 In like proportion less will hurt them. 200

A country fellow at the pleugh,
 His acres till'd, he's right eneugh ;
 A country girl at her wheel,
 Her dizzens done, she's unco weel :
 But gentlemen, an' ladies warst,
 Wi' even-down want o' wark are curst.
 They loiter, lounging, lank, an' lazy ;
 Though deil haet ails them, yet uneasy ;
 Their days insipid, dull, an' tasteless ;
 Their nights unquiet, lang, an' restless. 210

An' e'en their sports, their balls an' races, 211
 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 ;
 Ae night they 're mad wi' drink an' w—ing,
 Neist day their life is past enduring.

The ladies arm-in-arm in clusters,
 As great and gracious a' as sisters ; 220
 But hear their absent thoughts o' ither,
 They 're a' run deils an' jads thegither.
 Whyles, o'er the wee bit cup an' platic,
 They sip the scandal potion pretty ;
 Or lee-lang nights, wi' crabbit leuks
 Pore owre the devil's picture-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. 230

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

SCOTCH DRINK.

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

SOLOMON'S PROVERBS, xxxi. 6, 7.

- 1 LET other Poets raise a fracas
 'Bout vines, an' wines, an' drunken Bacchus,
 An' crabbit names an' stories wrack us,
 An' grate our lug,
 I sing the juice Scotch beare can mak us,
 In glass or jug.

- 2 O thou, my Muse! guid auld Scotch drink;
 Whether through wimpling worms thou jink,
 Or, richly brown, ream o'er the brink,
 In glorious faem,
 Inspire me, till I lisp and wink,
 To sing thy name!

- 3 Let husky wheat the haughs adorn,
 An' aits set up their awnie horn,
 An' pease and beans, at e'en or morn,
 Perfume the plain,
 Leeze me on thee, John Barleycorn,
 Thou king o' grain!

- 4 On thee aft Scotland chows her cood,
 In souple scones, the wale o' food!

- Or tumblin' in the boilin' flood,
 Wi' kail an' beef ;
 But when thou pours thy strong heart's blood,
 There thou shines chief.
- 5 Food fills the wame, an' keeps us livin' ;
 Though life 's a gift no worth receivin',
 When heavy dragg'd wi' pine an' grievin' ;
 But, oil'd by thee,
 The wheels o' life gae downhill, scricivin',
 Wi' rattlin' glee.
- 6 Thou clears the head o' doited Lear ;
 Thou cheers the heart o' drooping Care ;
 Thou strings the nerves o' Labour sair,
 At 's weary toil ;
 Thou even brightens dark Despair
 Wi' gloomy smile.
- 7 Aft, clad in massy silver weed,
 Wi' gentles thou erects thy head ;
 Yet humbly kind in time o' need,
 The poor man's wine,
 His wee drap parritch, or his bread,
 Thou kitchens fine.
- 8 Thou art the life o' public haunts ;
 But thee, what were our fairs and rants ?
 Even godly meetings o' the saunts,
 By thee inspired,
 When gaping they besiege the tents,
 Are doubly fired.
- 9 That merry night we get the corn in,
 O sweetly then thou reams the horn in !

- Or reckin' on a New-year mornin',
In cog or bicker,
An' just a wee drap sp'ritual burn in,
An' gusty sucker!
- 10 When Vulcan gies his bellows breath,
An' ploughmen gather wi' their graith,
Oh rare! to see thee fizz an' freath
I' th' lugget cap!
Then Burnewin comes on like death
At ev'ry chap.
- 11 Nae mercy then for airn or steel,
The brawnie, bainie, ploughman chiel
Brings hard owrehip, wi' sturdy wheel,
The strong forehammer,
Till block and studdie ring and reel
Wi' dinsome clamour.
- 12 When skirlin' weanies see the light,
Thou maks the gossips clatter bright,
How fumblin' cuifs their dearies slight;
Wae worth the name!
Nae howdie gets a social night,
Or plack frae them.
- 13 When neebours anger at a plea,
An' just as wud as wud can be,
How easy can the barley bree
Cement the quarrel!
It's aye the cheapest lawyer's fee
To taste the barrel.
- 14 Alake! that e'er my Muse has reason
To wyte her countrymen wi' treason!

- But mony daily weet their weason
 Wi' liquors nice,
 An' hardly, in a winter's season,
 E'er spier her price.
- 15 Wae worth that brandy, burning trash!
 Fell source o' mony a pain an' brash!
 Twins mony a poor doylt, drunken hash,
 O' half his days!
 An' sends, beside, auld Scotland's cash
 To her warst faes.
- 16 Ye Scots, wha wish auld Scotland well,
 Ye chief, to you my tale I tell;
 Poor plackless devils like mysel',
 It sets you ill,
 Wi' bitter, dearthfu' wines to mell,
 Or foreign gill.
- 17 May gravels round his blather wrench,
 An' gouts torment him inch by inch,
 Wha twists his gruntle wi' a glunch
 O' sour disdain,
 Out owre a glass o' whisky punch
 Wi' honest men.
- 18 O Whisky, soul o' plays an' pranks!
 Accept a Bardie's gratefu' thanks;
 When wantin' thee, what tuneless cranks
 Are my poor verses!
 Thou comes—they rattle i' their ranks
 At ither's —!
- 19 Thee, Ferintosh! oh sadly lost!
 Scotland lament frae coast to coast!

Now colic grips, an' barkin' hoast,
 May kill us a' ;
 For loyal Forbes'¹ charter'd boast
 Is ta'en awa !

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

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

THE AUTHOR'S EARNEST CRY AND PRAYER²
 TO THE SCOTCH REPRESENTATIVES IN THE HOUSE
 OF COMMONS.

' Dearest of distillation ! last and best,
 How art thou lost !'

PARODY ON MILTON.

1 YE Irish lords, ye knights an' squires,
 Wha represent our brughs an' shires,

¹ 'Forbes' of Culloden, who first, by an Act of Parliament, was empowered to distil whisky at his barony of Ferintosh, free of duty. In 1785 this privilege was abolished, but a handsome compensation was made to the Forbes family.—² 'Prayer : ' this was written before the Act anent the Scotch Distilleries, of session 1786 ; for which Scotland and the author return their most grateful thanks.—*B.* Previous to that the excise laws were enforced with the utmost rigour.

An' doucely manage our affairs
 In parliament,
 To you a simple Bardie's prayers
 Are humbly sent.

2 Alas! my roopit Muse is hearse!
 Your honours' hearts wi' grief 'twad pierce,
 To see her sittin' on her ——
 Low i' the dust,
 An' screechin' out prosaic verse,
 An' like to brust!

3 Tell them wha hae the chief direction,
 Scotland an' me's in great affliction,
 E'er sin' they laid that curst restriction
 On aqua vitæ;
 An' rouse them up to strong conviction,
 An' move their pity.

4 Stand forth, an' tell yon Premier youth,¹
 The honest, open, naked truth;
 Tell him o' mine an' Scotland's drouth,
 His servants humble:
 The muckle devil blaw ye south,
 If ye dissemble!

5 Does ony great man glunch an' gloom?
 Speak out, an' never fash your thoom!
 Let posts an' pensions sink or soon
 Wi' them wha grant 'em:
 If honestly they canna come,
 Far better want 'em.

¹ 'Premier youth:' Pitt.

- 6 In gath'rin' votes you were na slack ;
 Now stand as tightly by your tack ;
 Ne'er claw your lug, an' fidge your back,
 An' hum an' haw ;
 But raise your arm, an' tell your crack
 Before them a'.
- 7 Paint Scotland greetin' owre her thrissle ;
 Her mutchkin stoup as toom's a whistle ;
 An' — excisemen in a bussle.
 Seizin' a stell,
 Triumphant crushin' t like a mussel,
 Or lampit shell.
- 8 Then on the tither hand present her,
 A blackguard smuggler right behint her,
 An' cheek-for-chow, a chuffie vintner,
 Colleaguin' join,
 Picking her pouch as bare as winter
 Of a' kind coin.
- 9 Is there, that bears the name o' Scot,
 But feels his heart's bluid rising hot,
 To see his poor auld mither's pot
 Thus dung in staves,
 An' plunder'd o' her hindmost goat
 By gallows knaves ?
- 10 Alas ! I'm but a nameless wight,
 Trod i' the mire out o' sight !
 But could I like Montgomeries¹ fight,
 Or gab like Boswell,²
 There's some sark-necks I wad draw tight,
 An' tie some hose well.

¹ 'Montgomeries:' afterwards the twelfth Lord Eglinton.—² 'Boswell:' Johnson's Bozzy.

- 11 God bless your honours, can ye see't,
 The kind, auld, cantie carlin greet,
 An' no get warmly to your feet,
 An' gar them hear it,
 An' tell them wi' a patriot heat
 Ye winna bear it ?
- 12 Some o' you nicely ken the laws,
 To round the period and pause,
 An' wi' rhetoric clause on clause
 To mak harangues ;
 Then echo through Saint Stephen's wa's
 Auld Scotland's wrangs.
- 13 Dempster,¹ a true-blue Scot I'se warran' ;
 Thee, aith-detesting, chaste Kilkerran ;²
 An' that glibe-gabbet Highland baron,
 The Laird o' Graham ;³
 An' aue, a chap that's — auldfarran,
 Dundas⁴ his name.
- 14 Erskine,⁵ a spunkie Norland billic ;
 True Campbells, Frederick an' Ilay ;⁶
 An' Livingstone, the bauld Sir Willie :
 An' mony ithers,
 Whom auld Demosthenes or Tully
 Might own for brithers.
- 15 Arouse, my boys ! exert your mettle
 To get auld Scotland back her kettle ;

¹ 'Dempster : ' of Dunnichen, Angusshire. — ² 'Kilkerran : ' Sir Adam Ferguson. — ³ 'The Laird o' Graham : ' Duke of Montrose. — ⁴ 'Dundas : ' afterwards Lord Melville. — ⁵ 'Erskine : ' Thomas, afterwards Lord Erskine. — ⁶ 'Frederick and Ilay : ' one Lord Register, and the other Lord Advocate, for Scotland.

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

16 This while she 's been in crankous mood,
 Her lost militia¹ fired her bluid ;
 (Deil na they never mair do guid,
 Play'd her that pliskie !)
 An' now she 's like to rin red-wud
 About her whisky.

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

18 For G— sake, sirs ! then speak her fair,
 An' straik her cannie wi' the hair,
 An' to the muckle house repair,
 Wi' instant speed,
 An' strive wi' a' your wit and lear
 To get remead.

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

¹ ' Militia : ' a Militia Bill in 1782, when the country was threatened with invasion, was mangled by Rockingham, and lost.

20 Tell you guid bluid o' auld Boconuock's¹
 I'll be his debt twa mashlum bannocks,
 An' drink his health in auld Nanse Tinnock's²
 Nine times a-week,
 If he some scheme, like tea an' winnocks,³
 Wad kindly seek.

21 Could he some commutation broach,
 I'll pledge my aith in guid braid Scotch,
 He need na fear their foul reproach,
 Nor erudition,
 Yon mixtie-maxtie queer hotch-potch,
 The Coalition.⁴

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

23 An' now, ye chosen five-and-forty,
 May still your mither's heart support ye ;
 Then, though a minister grow dorty,
 An' kick your place,
 Ye'll snap your fingers, poor an' hearty,
 Before his face.

24 God bless your honours a' your days,
 Wi' sowps o' kail and brats o' claise,

¹ 'Boconuock:' the Earl of Chatham was the son of Robert Pitt of Boconuock, in Cornwall.—² 'Nanse Tinnock:' a worthy old hostess of the author's in Mauchline, where he sometimes studies politics over a glass of guid auld Scotch drink.—*B.*—³ 'Tea an' winnocks:' Pitt reduced the tax on tea, and laid one on windows, in 1784.—⁴ 'Coalition:' between Fox, North, and Burke.

In spite o' a' the thievish kaes,
 That haunt St Jamie's!
 Your humble poet sings an' prays
 While Rab his name is.

POSTSCRIPT.

- 25 Let half-starved slaves, in warmer skies,
 See future wines, rich clustering, rise ;
 Their lot auld Scotland ne'er envies,
 But blithe and frisky,
 She eyes her freeborn, martial boys,
 Tak aff their whisky.
- 26 What though their Phœbus kinder warms,
 While fragrance blooms and beauty charms !
 When wretches range, in famish'd swarms,
 The scented groves,
 Or hounded forth, dishonour arms
 In hungry droves.
- 27 Their gun's a burden on their shoulder ;
 They downa bide the stink o' powther ;
 Their bauldest thought's a hankering swither
 To stan' or rin,
 Till skelp—a shot—they're aff, a' throwther,
 To save their skin.
- 28 But bring a Scotsman frae his hill,
 Clap in his check a Highland gill,
 Say, such is royal George's will,
 An' there's the foe,
 He has nac thought but how to kill
 Twa at a blow.

- 29 Nae cauld, faint-hearted doubtings tease him ;
 Death comes,—wi' fearless eye he sees him ;
 Wi' bluidy hand a welcome gies him ;
 An' when he fa's,
 His latest draught o' breathin' lea'es him
 In faint huzzas !
- 30 Sages their solemn e'en may steek,
 An' raise a philosophic reck,
 An' physically causes seek,
 In clime and season.
 But tell me whisky's name in Greek,
 I'll tell the reason.
- 31 Scotland, my auld, respected mither !
 Though whiles ye moistify your leather,
 Till whare ye sit, on craps o' heather,
 Ye tine your dam ;
 —Freedom and whisky gang thegither !—
 Tak aff your dram !

THE HOLY FAIR.¹

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

HYPOCRISY à la mode.

1 UPON a simmer Sunday morn,
 When Nature's face is fair,

¹ 'Holy Fair' is a common phrase in the West of Scotland for a sacramental occasion.—*B.*

I walked forth to view the corn,
 An' snuff the caller air.
 The risin' sun owre Galston muirs,
 Wi' glorious light was glintin' ;
 The hares were hirplin' down the furs,
 The lav'rocks they were chantin'
 Fu' sweet that day.

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

3 The twa appear'd like sisters twin,
 In feature, form, an' claes ;
 Their visage, wither'd, lang, an' thin,
 An' sour as ony slaes :
 The third cam up, hap-step-an'-lowp,
 As light as ony lambie,
 An' wi' a curchie low did stoop,
 As soon as e'er she saw me,
 Fu' kind that day.

4 Wi' bonnet aff, quoth I, 'Sweet lass,
 I think you seem to ken me ;
 I'm sure I've seen that bonnie face,
 But yet I canna name ye.'
 Quo' she, an' laughin' as she spak,
 An' taks me by the hands,

‘Ye, for my sake, hae gi’en the feck
 Of a’ the ten commands
 A screed some day.

5 ‘My name is Fun—your cronic dear,
 The nearest friend ye hae ;
 An’ this is Superstition here,
 An’ that’s Hypocrisy.
 I’m gam to Mauchline Holy Fair,
 To spend an hour in daffin’ :
 Gin ye’ll go there, you runkled pair,
 We will get famous laughin’
 At them this day.

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

7 Here farmers gash, in ridin’ graith,
 Gaed hoddin by their cottars ;
 There, swankies young, in braw braid-claith
 Are springin’ o’er the gutters ;
 The lasses, skelpin’ barefit, thrang,
 In silks an’ scarlets glitter ;
 Wi’ sweet-milk cheese, in mony a whang,
 An’ farls baked wi’ butter,
 Fu’ crump that day.

- 8 When by the plate we set our nose,
 Weel heaped up wi' ha'pence,
 A greedy glowr Black-bonnet¹ throws,
 An' we maun draw our tippence.
 Then in we go to see the show,
 On every side they 're gath'rin',
 Some carrying deals, some chairs an' stools,
 An' some are busy blethrin'
 Right loud that day.
- 9 Here stands a shed to fend the showers,
 An' screen our countra gentry,
 There, racer Jess,² an' twa-three —,
 Are blinkin' at the entry.
 Here sits a raw of tittlin' jads,
 Wi' heaving breast and bare neck,
 An' there a batch of wabster lads,
 Blackguarding frae Kilmarnock,
 For fun this day.
- 10 Here, some are thinkin' on their sins,
 An' some upo' their claes ;
 Ane curses feet that fyled his shins,
 Anither sighs and prays :
 On this hand sits a chosen swatch,
 Wi' screw'd-up, grace-proud faces ;
 On that a set o' chaps at watch,
 Thrang winkin' on the lasses
 To chairs that day.
- 11 O happy is that man an' blest !
 Nae wonder that it pride him !

¹ 'Black-bonnet:' the elder at the *plate*.—² 'Racer Jess:' a half-witted girl, of remarkable pedestrian powers, daughter of Poozie Naney.

Wha's ain dear lass, that he likes best,
 Comes clinkin' down beside him !
 Wi' arm reposed on the chair-back,
 He sweetly does compose him ;
 Which, by degrees, slips round her neck,
 An's loof upon her bosom,
 Unken'd that day.

12 Now a' the congregation o'er
 Is silent expectation :
 For Moodie ¹ speels the holy door,
 Wi' tidings o' d——tion.
 Should Hornie, as in ancient days,
 'Mang sons o' G— present him,
 The vera sight o' Moodie's face
 To's ain het hame had sent him
 Wi' fright that day.

13 Hear how he clears the points o' Faith
 Wi' rattlin' an' wi' thumpin' !
 Now meekly calm, now wild in wrath,
 He's stampin' an' he's jumpin' !
 His lengthen'd chin, his turn'd-up snout,
 His eldrich squeel and gestures,
 Oh ! how they fire the heart devout,
 Like cantharidian plasters,
 On sic a day !

14 But hark ! the tent has changed its voice ;
 There's peace an' rest nae langer :
 For a' the real judges rise,
 They canna sit for anger.

¹ ' Moodie : ' minister of Riccarton, a great preacher of terror.

Smith¹ opens out his cauld harangues
 On practice and on morals ;
 An' aff the godly pour in thrangs,
 To gie the jars an' barrels
 A lift that day.

15 What signifies his barren shine
 Of moral powers and reason ?
 His English style, an' gesture fine,
 Are a' clean out o' season.
 Like Socrates or Antonine,
 Or some auld pagan heathen,
 The moral man he does define,
 But ne'er a word o' faith in
 That's right that day.

16 In guid time comes an antidote
 Against sic poison'd nostrum ;
 For Peebles,² frae the Water-fit,
 Ascends the holy rostrum :
 See, up he's got the Word o' G—,
 An' meck an' mim has view'd it,
 While Common-Sense³ has ta'en the road,
 An' aff, an' up the Cowgate,⁴
 Fast, fast, that day.

17 Wee Miller⁵ neist the guard relieves,
 An' Orthodoxy raibles,
 Though in his heart he weel believes,
 An' thinks it auld wives' fables :

¹ 'Smith : ' minister of Galston.—² 'Peebles : ' minister of Newton-on-Ayr, called the 'Water-foot ;' an Evangelical preacher.—³ 'Common-Sense : ' one Mackenzie, doctur in the village, who had written on some controversial topic under that sobriquet.—⁴ 'Cowgate : ' a street so called which faces the tent in Mauchline.—*B.*—⁵ 'Miller : ' afterwards minister of Kilmaurs, a man of low stature, but great girth.

But, faith! the birkie wants a manse,
 So, cannily he hums them ;
 Although his carnal wit an' sense
 Like hafflins-ways o'ercomes him
 At times that day.

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

19 Leeze me on drink! it gies us mair
 Than either school or college :
 It kindles wit, it waukens lair,
 It pangs us fou o' knowledge.
 Be't whisky gill, or penny wheep,
 Or ony stronger potion,
 It never fails, on drinking deep,
 To kittle up our notion
 By night or day.

20 The lads an' lasses, blithely bent
 To mind baith saul an' body,
 Sit round the table, weel content,
 An' steer about the toddy.
 On this ane's dress, an' that ane's leuk,
 They're making observations ;
 While some are cozy i' the neuk,
 An' formin' assignments
 To meet some day.

21 But now the L—'s ain trumpet touts,
 Till a' the hills are rairin',
 An' echoes back return the shouts—
 Black Russell¹ is na sparin':
 His piercing words, like Highland swords,
 Divide the joints an' marrow;
 His talk o' hell, where devils dwell,
 Our vera sauls does harrow²
 Wi' fright that day.

22 A vast, unbottom'd, boundless pit,
 Fill'd fou o' lowin' brunstane,
 Wha's ragin' flame, an' scorchin' heat,
 Wad melt the hardest whun-stane!
 The half-asleep start up wi' fear,
 An' think they hear it roarin',
 When presently it does appear
 'Twas but some neebour snorin'
 Asleep that day.

23 'Twad be owre lang a tale to tell
 How mony stories past,
 An' how they crowded to the yill,
 When they were a' dismissit:
 How drink gaed round, in cogs an' caups,
 Amang the furms and benches:
 An' cheese an' bread, frae women's laps,
 Was dealt about in lunches,
 An' dauds that day.

24 In comes a gaucie, gash guidwife,
 An' sits down by the fire,

¹ 'Black Russell:' afterwards of Stirling. His son, who, like the father, was an excellent man, was minister of Muthil, Perthshire.—² 'Sauls does harrow:' Shakspeare's 'Hamlet.'—*B.*

- Syne draws her kebbuck an' her knife ;
 The lasses they are shyer.
 The auld guidmen, about the grace,
 Frae side to side they bother,
 Till some ane bye his bonnet lays,
 An' gi'es them 't like a tether,
 Fu' lang that day.
- 25 Waesucks ! for him that gets nae lass,
 Or lasses that hae naething !
 Sma' need has he to say a grace,
 Or melvie his braw claithing !
 O wives, be mindfu' ance yoursel'
 How bonnie lads ye wanted,
 An' dinna, for a kebbuck-heel,
 Let lasses be affronted
 On sic a day !
- 26 Now Clinkumbell, wi' rattlin' tow,
 Begins to jow an' croon ;
 Some swagger hame, the best they dow,
 Some wait the afternoon.
 At slaps the billies halt a blink,
 Till lasses strip their shoon :
 Wi' faith an' hope, an' love an' drink,
 They 're a' in famous tune,
 For crack that day.
- 27 How many hearts this day converts
 O' sinners and o' lasses !
 Their hearts o' stane, gin night, are gane
 As saft as ony flesh is.
 There 's some are fou o' love divine ;
 There 's some are fou o' brandy ;

An' mony jobs that day begin,
 May end in houghmagandie
 Some ither day.

DEATH AND DOCTOR HORNBOOK :

A TRUE STORY.

- 1 SOME books are lies frae end to end,
 And some great lies were never penn'd :
 Ev'n ministers, they hac been kenn'd,
 In holy rapture,
 A rousing whid,¹ at times, to vend,
 And nail't wi' Scripture.
- 2 But this that I am gaun to tell,
 Which lately on a night befell,
 Is just as true 's the deil 's in hell,
 Or Dublin city :
 That e'er he nearer comes oursel'
 'S a muckle pity.
- 3 The clachan yill had made me canty—
 I was na fou, but just had plenty ;
 I stacher'd whyles, but yet took tent aye
 To free the ditches ;
 An' hillocks, stanes, and bushes kenn'd aye
 Frae ghaists an' witches.
- 4 The rising moon began to glow
 The distant Cumnock hills outwre :

¹ 'A rousing whid : ' in Second Edition—
 'Great lies and nonsense baith to ver.d.'

To count her horns, wi' a' my power,
 I set mysel' ;
 But whether she had three or four,
 I could na tell.

5 I was come round about the hill,
 And todlin' down on Willie's mill,¹
 Setting my staff wi' a' my skill,
 To keep me sicker ;
 Though leeward whyles, against my will,
 I took a bicker.

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

7 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, an' sharp, an' sma',
 As cheeks o' branks.

8 ' Guid-e'en', quo' I ; ' Friend, hae ye been mawin',
 When ither folk are busy sawin' ?'²
 It seem'd to mak a kind o' stan',
 But naething spak ;
 At length, says I, ' Friend, whare ye gaun ?—
 Will ye go back ?'

¹ ' Willie's mill : ' a mill near Mauchline, on the river Faile, occupied by William Muir, a crony of Burns.—² ' Busy sawin' : ' this rencounter happened in seed-time, 1785.—*B.*

- 9 It spak right howe—‘ My name is Death,
But be na fley’d.’ Quoth I, ‘ Guid faith,
Ye’re maybe come to stap my breath ;
But tent me, billie—
I red ye weel, tak care o’ skaith,
See, there’s a gully.’
- 10 ‘ 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 wad na mind it, no that spittle
Outowre my beard.’
- 11 ‘ Weel, weel,’ says I, ‘ a bargain be’t ;
Come, gie’s your hand, an’ sae we’re gree’t ;
We’ll ease our shanks an’ tak a seat—
Come, gie’s your news ;
This while¹ ye hae been mony a gate,
At mony a house.’
- 12 ‘ Ay, ay!’ quo’ he, an’ shook his head,
‘ It’s e’en a lang, lang time indeed
Sin’ I began to nick the thread,
An’ choke the breath :
Folk maun do something for their bread,
An’ sae maun Death.
- 13 ‘ Sax thousand years are near hand fled,
Sin’ I was to the butching bred,

¹ ‘ This while : ’ an epidemical fever was then raging in that county.—*B.*

An' mony a scheme in vain 's been laid,
 To stap or scaur me ;
 Till ane Hornbook¹ 's ta'en up the trade,
 An' faith, he 'll waur me.

14 ' Ye ken Jock Hornbook² i' the clachan,
 Deil mak his king's-hood in a spleuchan !
 He 's grown sae weel acquaint wi' Buchan³
 An' ither chaps,
 The weans haud out their fingers laughin'
 And pouk my hips.

15 ' See, here 's a scythe, and there 's a dart,
 They hae pierced mony a gallant heart ;
 But Doctor Hornbook, wi' his art
 And cursed skill,
 Has made them baith no worth a ——;
 D—— haet they 'll kill

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

17 ' Hornbook was by, wi' ready art,
 And had sae fortified the part,

¹ Hornbook : ' this gentleman, Dr Hornbook, is professionally a brother of the Sovereign Order of the Ferula ; but, by intuition and inspiration, is at once an apothecary, surgeon, and physician.—*B.* —² ' Jock Hornbook : ' John Wilson, a grocer, schoolmaster, and would-be apothecary in Tarbolton, afterwards a respectable merchant in Glasgow.—³ ' Buchan : ' Buchan's ' Domestic Medicine.'—*B.*

- That when I looked to my dart,
 It was sae blunt,
 Fient haet o't wad hae pierced the heart
 O' a kail-runt.
- 18 ' I drew my scythe in sic a fury,
 I nearhand cowpit wi' my hurry,
 But yet the bauld apothecary
 Withstood the shock ;
 I might as weel hae tried a quarry
 O' hard whin rock.
- 19 ' Ev'n them he canna get attended,
 Although their face he ne'er had kenn'd it,
 Just — in a kail-blade, and send it,
 As soon he smells't,
 Baith their disease, and what will mend it,
 At once he tells't.
- 20 ' And then a' doctor's saws and whittles,
 Of a' dimensions, shapes, an' mettles,
 A' kinds o' boxes, mugs, an' bottles,
 He's sure to hae ;
 Their Latin names as fast he rattles
 As A, B, C.
- 21 ' Calces o' fossils, earths, and trees ;
 True sal-marinum o' the seas ;
 The farina of beans and pease,
 He has't in plenty ;
 Aqua-fontis, what you please,
 He can content ye.
- 22 ' Forbye some new, uncommon weapons,
 Urinus spiritus of capons ;

Or mite-horn shavings, filings, scrapings,
 Distill'd *per se* ;
 Sal-alkali o' midge-tail clippings,
 And mony mac.'

23 ' Waes me for Johnny Ged's hole¹ now,
 Quo' I ; ' if that the news be true,
 His braw calf-ward whare gowans grew,
 Sac white and bonnie,
 Nae doubt they 'll rive it wi' the pleugh ;
 They 'll ruin Johnny !'

24 The creature grinn'd an eldritch laugh,
 And says, ' Ye need na yoke the pleugh,
 Kirkyards will soon be till'd enugh,
 Tak ye nae fear :
 They 'll a' be trench'd wi' mony a sleugh
 In twa-three year.

25 ' Whare I kill'd ane a fair strae death,
 By loss o' blood or want o' breath,
 This night I'm free to tak my aith,
 That Hornbook's skill
 Has clad a score i' their last claith,
 By drap an' pill.

26 ' 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.

¹ ' Johnny Ged's hole : ' the grave-digger.—*B.*

- 27 ' A countra laird had ta'en the batts,
 Or some curmurring in his guts ;
 His only son for Hornbook sets,
 An' pays him well—
 The lad, for twa guid gimmer pets,
 Was laird himsel'.
- 28 ' A bonnie lass, ye kenn'd her name,
 Some ill-brewn drink had hoved her wame ;
 She trusts hersel', to hide the shame,
 In Hornbook's care ;
 Horn sent her aff to her lang hame,
 To hide it there.
- 29 ' 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 d—— dirt :
- 30 ' But, hark ! I'll tell you of a plot,
 Though 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' !'
- 31 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.

THE BRIGS OF AYR: A POEM.

INSCRIBED TO J. BALLANTYNE,¹ ESQ., AYR.

THE simple Bard, rough at the rustic plough,
 Learning his tuneful trade from every bough ;
 The chanting linnnet, or the mellow thrush,
 Hailing the setting sun, sweet, in the green thorn bush ;
 The soaring lark, the perching red-breast shrill,
 Or deep-toned plovers, gray, wild-whistling o'er the hill ;
 Shall he, nurst in the peasant's lowly shed,
 To hardy independence bravely bred,
 By early poverty to hardship steel'd,
 And train'd to arms in stern misfortune's field— 10
 Shall he be guilty of their hireling crimes,
 The servile, mercenary Swiss of rhymes ?
 Or labour hard the panegyric close,
 With all the venal soul of dedicating prose ?
 No ! though his artless strains he rudely sings,
 And throws his hand uncouthly o'er the strings,
 He glows with all the spirit of the Bard,
 Fame, honest fame, his great, his dear reward !
 Still, if some patron's generous care he trace,
 Skill'd in the secret to bestow with grace ; 20
 When Ballantyne befriends his humble name,
 And hands the rustic stranger up to fame,
 With heartfelt throes his grateful bosom swells,
 The godlike bliss, to give, alone excels.

'Twas when the stacks get on their winter hap,
 And thack and rape secure the toil-won crap ;

¹ ' Ballantyne : ' an early friend and patron of Burns.

Potatoc-bings are snuggèd up frae skaith 27
 Of coming Winter's biting, frosty breath ;
 The bees, rejoicing o'er their summer toils,
 Unnumber'd buds and flowers' delicious spoils,
 Seal'd up with frugal care in massive waxen piles,
 Are doom'd by man, that tyrant o'er the weak,
 The death o' devils, smoor'd wi' brimstone reek :
 The thundering guns are heard on every side,
 The wounded coveys, reeling, scatter wide ;
 The feather'd field-mates, bound by Nature's tie,
 Sires, mothers, children, in one carnage lie :
 (What warm, poetic heart, but inly bleeds,
 And execrates man's savage, ruthless deeds ?)
 Nae mair the flower in field or meadow springs : 40
 Nae mair the grove with airy concert rings,
 Except, perhaps, the robin's whistling glee,
 Proud o' the height o' some bit half-lang tree :
 The hoary morns precede the sunny days,
 Mild, calm, serene, wide spreads the noontide blaze,
 While thick the gossamer waves wanton in the rays.
 'Twas in that season, when a simple Bard,
 Unknown and poor, simplicity's reward,
 Ae night, within the ancient brugh of Ayr,
 By whim inspired, or haply press'd wi' care, 50
 He left his bed, and took his wayward route,
 And down by Simpson's¹ wheel'd the left about :
 (Whether impell'd by all-directing Fate,
 To witness what I after shall narrate ;
 Or whether, wrapt in meditation high,
 He wander'd out he knew not where, nor why)
 The drowsy Dungeon-clock² had number'd two,
 And Wallace-tower² had sworn the fact was true :

¹ 'Simpson's : ' a noted tavern at the Auld Brig end.—*B.* —² 'Dungeon-clock and Wallace-tower : ' the two steeples.—*B.*

The tide-swoll'n Firth, with sullen sounding roar, 59
 Through the still night dash'd hoarse along the shore ;
 All else was hush'd as Nature's closèd e'e ;
 The silent moon shone high o'er tower and tree :
 The chilly frost, beneath the silver beam,
 Crept, gently-crusting, o'er the glittering stream.
 When, lo! on either hand the listening Bard,
 The clanging sugh of whistling wings is heard ;
 Two dusky forms dart through the midnight air,
 Swift as the gos¹ drives on the wheeling hare ;
 Ane on th' Auld Brig his airy shape uprears,
 The ither flutters o'er the rising piers : 70
 Our warlock Rhymer instantly descried
 The Sprites that owre the Brigs of Ayr preside.
 (That Bards are second-sighted is nae joke,
 And ken the lingo of the sp'ritual folk ;
 Fays, Spunkies, Kelpies, a', they can explain them,
 And even the vera Deils they brawly ken them.)
 Auld Brig appear'd of ancient Pictish race,
 The very wrinkles Gothic in his face :
 He seem'd as he wi' Time had warstled lang,
 Yet, teughly doure, he bade an unco bang. 80
 New Brig was buskit in a braw new coat,
 That he, at Lon'on, frae ane Adams, got ;
 In's hand five taper staves as smooth's a bead,
 Wi' virls and whirlygigums at the head.
 The Goth was stalking round with anxious search,
 Spying the time-worn flaws in every arch ;
 It chanced his new-come neebour took his e'e,
 And e'en a vex'd and angry heart had he !
 Wi' thieveless sneer to see his modish mien,
 He down the water gies him this guide'en :— 90

¹ 'Gos:' the gos-hawk, or falcon.—B.

AULD BRIG.

I doubt na', frien', ye'll think ye're nae sheepshank, 91
 Ance ye were streekit o'er frae bank to bank!
 But gin ye be a brig as auld as me—
 Though, faith! that day I doubt ye'll never see—
 There'll be, if that date come, I'll wad a bodle,
 Some fewer whigmaleeries in your noddle.

NEW BRIG.

Auld Vandal, ye but show your little mense,
 Just much about it wi' your scanty sense;
 Will your poor narrow footpath of a street—
 Where twa wheelbarrows tremble when they meet— 100
 Your ruin'd, formless bulk o' stane an' lime,
 Compare wi' bonnie brigs o' modern time?
 There's men o' taste would tak the Ducat-stream¹
 Though they should cast the very sark and swim,
 Ere they would grate their feelings wi' the view
 Of sic an ugly Gothic hulk as you.

AULD BRIG.

Conceited gowk! puff'd up wi' windy pride!
 This mony a year I've stood the flood an' tide;
 And though wi' crazy eild I'm sair forfairn,
 I'll be a brig when ye're a shapeless cairn! 110
 As yet ye little ken about the matter,
 But twa-three winters will inform ye better.
 When heavy, dark, continued, a'-day rains
 Wi' deepening deluges o'erflow the plains;
 When from the hills where springs the brawling Coil,
 Or stately Lugar's mossy fountains boil,

¹ 'Ducat-stream': a noted ford, just above the Auld Brig.—*B.*

Or where the Greenock winds his moorland course, 117
 Or haunted Garpal¹ draws his feeble source,
 Aroused by blustering winds and spotting thowes,
 In mony a torrent down his sna'-broo rowes ;
 While crashing ice, borne on the roaring speat,
 Sweeps dams, an' mills, an' brigs a' to the gate ;
 And from Glenbuck,² down to the Ratton-key,³
 Auld Ayr is just one lengthen'd, tumbling sea—
 Then down ye'll hurl, deil nor ye never rise !
 And dash the gumlie jaups up to the pouring skies ;
 A lesson sadly teaching, to your cost,
 That Architecture's noble art is lost !

NEW BRIG.

Fine Architecture, troth, I needs must say't o't !
 The L— be thankit that we've tint the gate o't ! 130
 Gaunt, ghaistly, ghaist-alluring edifices,
 Hanging with threat'ning jut, like precipices ;
 O'erarching, mouldy, gloom-inspiring coves,
 Supporting roofs fantastic, stony groves :
 Windows and doors, in nameless sculpture dress'd,
 With order, symmetry, or taste unbles'd ;
 Forms like some bedlam statuary's dream,
 The crazed creations of misguided whim ;
 Forms might be worshipp'd on the bended knee,
 And still the second dread command be free, 140
 Their likeness is not found on earth, in air, or sea.
 Mansions that would disgrace the building taste
 Of any mason reptile, bird, or beast ;

¹ 'Garpal:' the banks of Garpal Water is one of the few places in the West of Scotland where those fancy-searing beings, known by the name of Ghaists, still continue pertinaciously to inhabit.—*B.*—² 'Glenbuck:' the source of the river Ayr.—*B.*—³ 'Ratton-key:' a small landing-place above the large key.—*B.*

Fit only for a doited monkish race, 144
 Or frosty maids forsworn the dear embrace ;
 Or cuifs of latter times, wha held the notion
 That sullen gloom was sterling, true devotion ;
 Fancies that our guid brugh denies protection,
 And soon may they expire, unblest with resurrection !

AULD BRIG.

O ye, my dear remember'd ancient yealings, 150
 Were ye but here to share my wounded feelings !
 Ye worthy Proveses, an' mony a Bailie,
 Wha in the paths o' righteousness did toil aye ;
 Ye dainty Deacons, an' ye douce Conveners,
 To whom our moderns are but causey-cleaners ;
 Ye godly Councils, wha hae blest this town ;
 Ye godly brethren of the sacred gown,
 Wha meekly gie your hurdies to the smiters ;
 And (what would now be strange) ye godly writers :
 A' ye douce folk I've born aboon the broo, 160
 Were ye but here, what would ye say or do !
 How would your spirits groan in deep vexation,
 To see each melancholy alteration ;
 And agonising, curse the time and place
 When ye begat the base, degenerate race !
 Nae langer reverend men, their country's glory,
 In plain braid Scots hold forth a plain braid story ;
 Nae langer thrifty citizens, an' douce,
 Meet owre a pint, or in the council-house ;
 But stauurel, corky-headed, graceless gentry, 170
 The herryment and ruin of the country ;
 Men, three-parts made by tailors and by barbers,
 Wha waste your well-hain'd gear on d—— new brigs
 and harbours !

NEW BRIG.

Now haud you there ! for, faith ! ye've said enough, 174
 And muckle mair than ye can mak to through ;
 As for your Priesthood, I shall say but little,
 Corbies and Clergy are a shot right kittle :
 But, under favour o' your langer beard,
 Abuse o' Magistrates might weel be spared :
 To liken them to your auld-world squad, 180
 I must needs say, comparisons are odd.
 In Ayr, wag-wits nae mair can hae a handle
 To mouth 'a citizen,' a term o' scandal ;
 Nae mair the council waddles down the street,
 In all the pomp of ignorant conceit ;
 Men wha grew wise priggin' owre hops an' raisins,
 Or gather'd liberal views in bonds and seisins,
 If haply Knowledge, on a random tramp,
 Had shored them with a glimmer of his lamp,
 And would to Common-sense for once betray'd them, 190
 Plain, dull Stupidity stept kindly in to aid them.

What further clishmaclaver might been said,
 What bloody wars, if Sprites had blood to shed,
 No man can tell : but all before their sight,
 A fairy train appear'd in order bright ;
 Adown the glittering stream they featly danced ;
 Bright to the moon their various dresses glanced :
 They footed o'er the watery glass so neat,
 The infant ice scarce bent beneath their feet :
 While arts of minstrelsy among them rung, 200
 And soul-ennobling bards heroic ditties sung.
 Oh had M'Lauchlan,¹ thairm-inspiring sage,

¹ ' M'Lauchlan : ' a well-known performer of Scotch music on the violin.—*B.*
 He was from Argyleshire, and patronised by the Earl of Eglinton, himself a
 great musician, and alluded to in the next stanza as ' Courage.'

Been there to hear this heavenly band engage, 203
 When through his dear strathspeys they bore with
 Highland rage;

Or when they struck old Scotia's melting airs,
 The lover's raptured joys or bleeding cares;
 How would his Highland lug been nobler fired,
 And even his matchless hand with finer touch inspired!
 No guess could tell what instrument appear'd,
 But all the soul of Music's self was heard; 210
 Harmonious concert rung in every part,
 While simple melody pour'd moving on the heart.

The Genius of the stream in front appears,
 A venerable chief advanced in years;
 His hoary head with water-lilies crown'd,
 His manly leg with garter tangle bound.
 Next came the loveliest pair in all the ring,
 Sweet Female Beauty hand in hand with Spring;
 Then, crown'd with flowery hay, came Rural Joy,
 And Summer, with his fervid-beaming eye: 220
 All-cheering Plenty, with her flowing horn,
 Led yellow Autumn wreath'd with nodding corn;
 Then Winter's time-bleach'd locks did hoary show,
 By Hospitality with cloudless brow.
 Next follow'd Courage, with his martial stride,
 From where the Feal wild-woody coverts hide;
 Benevolence, with mild benignant air,
 A female form, came from the towers of Stair:¹
 Learning and Worth in equal measures trode
 From simple Catrine,² their long-loved abode: 230
 Last, white-robed Peace, crown'd with a hazel wreath,
 To rustic Agriculture did bequeath
 The broken iron instruments of death;
 At sight of whom our Sprites forgot their kindling wrath.

¹ 'Towers of Stair:' the poet alludes here to Mrs Stewart of Stair, his early patroness.—² 'Catrine:' alluding to Dugald Stewart.

THE ORDINATION.¹

'For sense they little owe to frugal heaven—
To please the mob they hide the little given.'

- 1 KILMARNOCK wabsters, fidge an' claw,
An' pour your creeshie nations ;
An' ye wha leather rax an' draw,
O' a' denominations,
Swith to the Laigh Kirk, ane an' a',
An' there tak up your stations ;
Then aff to Begbie's² in a raw,
An' pour divine libations
For joy this day.
- 2 Curst Common-sense, that imp o' hell,
Cam in wi' Maggie Lauder ;³
But Oliphant⁴ aft made her yell,
An' Russell⁵ sair misca'd her ;
This day Mackinlay taks the flail,
An' he's the boy will blaud her !
He'll clap a shangan on her tail,
An' set the bairns to daud her
Wi' dirt this day.
- 3 Mak haste an' turn King David owre,
An' lilt wi' holy clangor ;
O' double verse come gie us four,
An' skirl up the 'Bangor :'

¹ 'The ordination : ' of Rev. James Mackinlay, in Kilmarnock, whose call and ordination gave the highliars a great triumph.—² 'Begbie's : ' a tavern near the church.—³ 'Maggie Lauder : ' alluding to a scoffing ballad which was made on the admission of the late reverend and worthy Mr Lindsay to the Laigh Kirk.—*B.* His wife, Margaret Lauder, had been housekeeper to Lord Glencairn ; and he owed, it was said, his promotion to this.—⁴ 'Oliphant : ' an Evangelical minister in Kilmarnock.—⁵ 'Russell : ' see former note.

This day the Kirk kicks up a stoure,
 Nae mair the knaves shall wrang her,
 For Heresy is in her power,
 And gloriously she 'll whang her
 Wi' pith this day.

4 Come, let a proper text be read,
 An' touch it aff wi' vigour,
 How graceless Ham¹ leugh at his dad,
 Which made Canaan a nigger ;
 Or Phinehas² drove the murdering blade,
 Wi' w—— abhorring rigour ;
 Or Zipporah,³ the scauldin' jaud,
 Was like a bluidy tiger
 I' th' inn that day.

5 There, try his mettle on the creed,
 And bind him down wi' caution,
 That stipend is a carnal weed
 He taks but for thê fashion ;
 And gie him o'er the flock, to feed,
 And punish each transgression ;
 Especial, rams that cross the breed,
 Gie them sufficient threshin',
 Spare them nae day.

6 Now, auld Kilmarnock, cock thy tail,
 And toss thy horns fu' canty ;
 Nae mair thou 'lt rowte outowre the dale.
 Because thy pasture 's scanty ;
 For lapfu's large o' gospel kail
 Shall fill thy crib in plenty,

¹ 'Ham : ' Genesis ix. 22. — ² 'Phinehas : ' Numbers xxv. 8. — ³ 'Zipporah : ' Exodus iv. 25.

An' runts o' grace the pick and wale,
 No gi'en by way o' dainty,
 But ilka day.

7 Nae mair by Babel's streams we'll weep,
 To think upon our Zion ;
 And hing our fiddles up to sleep,
 Like baby-clouts a-dryin' ;
 Come, screw the pegs wi' tunefu' cheep,
 And o'er the thairms be tryin' ;
 Oh, rare to see our elbucks wheep,
 An' a' like lamb-tails flyin'
 Fu' fast this day !

8 Lang, Patronage, wi' rod o' airn,
 Has shored the Kirk's undoin',
 As lately Fenwick,¹ sair forfairn,
 Has proven to its ruin :
 Our patron, honest man ! Glencairn,
 He saw mischief was brewin' ;
 And like a godly elect bairn
 He's waled us out a true ane,
 And sound this day.

9 Now, Robertson,² harangue nae mair,
 But steek your gab for ever :
 Or try the wicked town of Ayr,
 For there they'll think you clever ;
 Or, nae reflection on your lear,
 Ye may commence a shaver ;
 Or to the Netherton³ repair,
 And turn a carpet-weaver
 Aff-hand this day.

¹ 'Fenwick : ' one Boyd was forced upon the parish of Fenwick in 1782.--

² 'Robertson : ' the colleague of Mackinlay, a moderate.--³ 'Netherton : ' a part of Kilmarnock full of weavers.

- 10 Mutrie¹ and you were just a match,
 We never had sic twa drones :
 Auld Hornie did the Laigh Kirk watch,
 Just like a winkin' baudrons :
 And aye he catch'd the tither wretch,
 To fry them in his caudrons :
 But now his honour maun detach,
 Wi' a' his brimstone squadrons,
 Fast, fast this day.
- 11 See, see auld Orthodoxy's faes
 She's swingein' through the city ;
 Hark, how the nine-tail'd cat she plays !
 I vow it's unco pretty :
 There, Learning, with his Greekish face,
 Grunts out some Latin ditty ;
 And Common Sense is gaun, she says,
 To mak to Jamie Beattie²
 Her plaint this day.
- 12 But there's Morality himsel'
 Embracing all opinions ;
 Hear, how he gies the tither yell,
 Between his twa companions ;
 See, how she peels the skin an' fell,
 As ane were peelin' onions !
 Now there—they're packed aff to hell,
 And banish'd our dominions,
 Henceforth this day.
- 13 O happy day ! rejoice, rejoice !
 Come bouse about the porter !
 Morality's demure decoys
 Shall here nae mair find quarter :

¹ 'Mutrie : ' Mackinlay's predecessor.—² 'James Beattie : ' the author of the ' Essay on Truth,' and the ' Minstrel.'

Mackinlay, Russell, are the boys,
 That Heresy can torture :
 They 'll gie her on a rape a hoysie,
 And cove her measure shorter
 By the head some day.

14 Come, bring the tither mutchkin in,
 And here 's for a conclusion,
 To every New Light ¹ mother's son,
 From this time forth, Confusion :
 If mair they deave us with their din,
 Or Patronage intrusion,
 We 'll light a spunk, and every skin,
 We 'll rin them aff in fusion,
 Like oil, some day.

THE CALF.

TO THE REV. MR JAMES STEVEN.²

On his Text, Malachi iv. 2—'And they shall go forth, and grow up, like calves of the stall.'

1 RIGHT, Sir! your text I 'll prove it true,
 Though heretics may laugh ;
 For instance, there 's yoursel' just now,
 God knows, an unco calf!

2 And should some patron be so kind,
 As bless you wi' a kirk,

¹ 'New Light : ' is a cant phrase in the West of Scotland for those religious opinions which Dr Taylor of Norwich has defended so strenuously.—*B.*—

² 'Rev. Mr James Steven : ' minister, afterwards, of Kilwinning, Ayrshire. These verses were written for a wager with Gavin Hamilton.

- I doubt na, Sir, but then we'll find,
Ye're still as great a stirk.
- 3 But, if the lover's raptur'd hour
Shall ever be your lot,
Forbid it, every heavenly power,
You e'er should be a stot!
- 4 Though, when some kind, connubial dear,
Your but-and-ben adorns,
The like has been that you may wear
A noble head of horns.
- 5 And in your lug, most reverend James,
To hear you roar and rowte,
Few men o' sense will doubt your claims
To rank amang the nowte.
- 6 And when ye're number'd wi' the dead,
Below a grassy hillock,
Wi' justice they may mark your head—
'Here lies a famous bullock!'

 ADDRESS TO THE DEIL.

'O Prince! O chief of many throned powers!
That led th' embattled seraphim to war.'

MILTON.

- 1 O THOU! whatever title suit thee,
Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie,
Wha in you cavern grim an' sootie,
Closed under hatches,
Spairges about the brunstane cootie,
To scaud poor wretches!

- 7 Ae dreary, windy winter night,
 The stars shot down wi' sklentín' light,
 Wi' you, mysel', I gat a fright,
 Ayont the lough;
 Ye, like a rash-bush stood in sight,
 Wi' waving sough.
- 8 The cudgel in my nieve did shake,
 Each bristled hair stood like a stake,
 When wi' an eldritch stour, quaick—quaick—
 Among the springs,
 Awa' ye squatter'd, like a drake,
 Ou whistling wings.
- 9 Let warlocks grim, an' wither'd hags,
 Tell how wi' you, on ragweed nags,
 They skim the muirs and dizzy crags,
 Wi' wicked speed;
 And in kirkyards renew their leagues,
 Owre howkit dead.
- 10 Thence countra wives, wi' toil an' pain,
 May plunge an' plunge the kirk in vain;
 For, oh! the yellow treasure 's taen
 By witching skill;
 And dawtit, twal-pint hawkie's gaen
 As yeld's the bill.
- 11 Thence mystic knots mak great abuse,
 On young guidmen, fond, keen, an' crouse;
 When the best wark-lune i' the house,
 By cantrip wit,
 Is instant made no worth a louse,
 Just at the bit.

- 12 When thowes dissolve the snawy hoord,
And float the jinglin' icy-board,
Then water-kelpies haunt the foord,
 By your direction,
And 'nighted travellers are allured
 To their destruction.
- 13 An' aft your moss-traversing spunkies
Decoy the wight that late an' drunk is:
The bleezin', cursed mischievous monkeys
 Delude his eyes,
Till in some miry slough he sunk is,
 Ne'er mair to rise.
- 14 When masons' mystic word an' grip,
In storms an' tempests raise you up,
Some cock or cat your rage maun stop,
 Or, strange to tell!
The youngest brother ye wad whip
 Aff straught to hell!
- 15 Lang syne, in Eden's bonnie yard,
When youthfu' lovers first were pair'd,
And all the soul of love they shared,
 The raptured hour,
Sweet on the fragrant, flowery swaird,
 In shady bower:
- 16 Then you, ye auld sneck-drawing dog!
Ye came to Paradise *incog.*,
An' play'd on man a cursed brogue,
 (Black be your fa!)
And gie'd the infant warld a shog,
 'Maist ruin'd a'.

- 17 D'ye mind that day, when in a bizz,
 Wi' reekit duds an' reestit gizz,
 Ye did present your smootie phiz
 'Mang better folk,
 An' sklented on the man of Uz
 Your spitefu' joke ?
- 18 And how ye gat him i' your thrall,
 And brak him out o' house an' hall,
 While scabs an' blotches did him gall,
 Wi' bitter claw,
 And lowsed his ill tongued, wicked scawl,
 Was warst ava ?
- 19 But a' your doings to rehearse,
 Your wily snares an' fechtin' fierce,
 Sin' that day Michael¹ did you pierce,
 Down to this time,
 Wad ding a Lallan tongue, or Erse,
 In prose or rhyme.
- 20 And now, auld Cloots, I ken ye're thinkin',
 A certain Bardie's rantin', drinkin',
 Some luckless hour will send him linkin',
 To your black pit ;
 But, faith! he'll turn a corner jinkin',
 An' cheat you yet.
- 21 But, fare you weel, auld Nickie-ben!
 O wad ye tak a thought and men'!
 Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—
 Still hae a stake—
 I'm wae to think upo' yon den,
 E'en for your sake!

¹ 'Michael:' *Vide* Milton, book vi.—*B.*

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 Hughoc¹ he cam doytin' by.
 Wi' glowrin' e'en, and lifted han's,
 Poor Hughoc like a statue stan's ;
 He saw her days were near-hand ended,
 But, waes my heart ! he couldna mend it ! 10
 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,
 An' bear them to my master dear.
 ' Tell him, if e'er again he keep
 As muckle gear as buy a sheep,
 Oh, bid him never tie them mair
 Wi' wicked strings o' hemp or hair ! 20
 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, an' packs o' woo' !
 ' Tell him, he was a master kin',
 And aye was guid to me and mine ;

¹ ' Hughoc : ' a neighbour herd-callan.—B.

And now my dying charge I gie him— 27
 My helpless lambs I trust them wi' him.)

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

‘ And may they never learn the gates
 Of other vile, wanrestfu’ pets !
 To slink through slaps, and reave an’ steal,
 At stacks o’ pease, or stocks o’ kail.
 So may they, like their great forbears,
 For mony a year come through the sheers : 40
 So wives will gie them bits o’ bread,
 An’ bairns greet for them when they ’re dead.

‘ My poor toop-lamb, my son an’ heir,
 Oh, 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 an’ wear his cloots,
 Like ither menseless, graceless brutes. 50

‘ And neist my yowie, silly thing,
 Gude keep thee frae a tether string !
 O ! may thou ne’er forgather up
 Wi’ ony blastit moorland toop ;
 But aye keep mind to moop an’ 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 upo’ your mither,
 Mind to be kin’ to ane anither. 60

' Now, honest Hughoc, dinna fail
 To tell my maister a' my tale ;
 And bid him burn this cursed tether,
 And, for thy pains, thou 'se get my blether.'
 This said, poor Mailie turn'd her head,
 And closed her e'en amang the dead.

POOR MAILIE'S ELEGY.

- 1 Lament in rhyme, lament in prose,
 Wi' saut tears trickling down your nose ;
 Our Bardie's fate is at a close,
 Past a' remead ;
 The last sad cap-stane o' his woes—
 Poor Mailie's dead !
- 2 It's no the loss o' warl's gear,
 That could sae bitter draw the tear,
 Or make our Bardie, dowie, wear
 The mourning weed :
 He's lost a friend and neebour dear,
 In Mailie dead.
- 3 Through a' the toun she trotted by him ;
 A long half-mile she could descry him ;
 Wi' kindly bleat, when she did spy him,
 She ran wi' speed :
 A friend mair faithfu' ne'er cam nigh him,
 Than Mailie dead.
- 4 I wat she was a sheep o' sense,
 And could behave hersel' wi' mense :
 I'll say 't, she never brak a fence,
 Through thievish greed.
 Our Bardie, lanely, keeps the spence
 Sin' Mailie's dead.

- 5 Or, if he wanders up the howe,
Her living image in her yowe
Comes bleating to him, owre the knowe,
For bits o' bread ;
An' down the briny pearls rowe
For Mailie dead.
- 6 She was nae got o' moorland tips,
Wi' tawted ket, an' hairy hips :
For her forbears were brought in ships
Frae yont the Tweed :
A bonnier fleesh ne'er cross'd the clips
Than Mailie dead.
- 7 Wae worth the man wha first did shape
That vile, wanchancie thing—a rape !
It maks guid fellows girn an' gape,
Wi' chokin' dread ;
And Robin's bonnet wave wi' crape,
For Mailie dead.
- 8 O a' ye bards on bonnie Doon !
An' wha on Ayr your chanters tune !
Come join the melancholious croon
O' Robin's reed !
His heart will never get aboon
His Mailie dead.
-

TO JAMES SMITH.¹

' Friendship ! mysterious cement of the soul,
Sweetener of life, and solder of society,
I owe thee much !'

BLAIR.

- 1 DEAR SMITH, the slee'est, paukie thief
That e'er attempted stealth or rief,
Ye surely hae some warlock-breef
Owre human hearts ;
For ne'er a bosom yet was prief
Against your arts.
- 2 For me, I swear by sun and moon,
And every star that blinks aboon,
Ye've cost me twenty pair o' shoon,
Just gaun to see you :
And every ither pair that's done,
Mair ta'en I'm wi' you.
- 3 That auld, capricious carlin, Nature,
To mak amends for scrimpit stature,
She's turn'd you aff, a human creature
On her first plan,
And, in her freaks, on every feature
She's wrote the Man.
- 4 Just now I've ta'en the fit o' rhyme,
My barmie noddle's working prime,
My fancy yerkit up sublime
Wi' hasty summon :
Hae ye a leisure moment's time
To hear what's comin' ?

¹ ' James Smith : ' a calico-printer, who died in the West Indies.

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

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

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

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

9 Then fareweel hopes o' laurel-boughs,
To garland my poetic brows !
Henceforth I 'll rove where busy ploughs
 Are whistling thrang,
And teach the lanely heights an' howes
 My rustie sang.

- 20 Alas ! what bitter toil an' straining—
 But truce with peevish, poor complaining !
 Is Fortune's fickle Luna waning ?
 E'en let her gang !
 Beneath what light she has remaining,
 Let's sing our sang.
- 21 My pen I here fling to the door,
 And kneel, ' Ye Powers ! ' and warm implore,
 ' Though I should wander Terra o'er,
 In all her climes,
 Grant me but this, I ask no more,
 Aye rowth o' rhymes.
- 22 ' Gie dreeping roasts to countra lairds,
 Till icicles hing frae their beards ;
 Gie fine braw claes to fine life-guards,
 And maids of honour !
 And yill and whisky gie to cairds,
 Until they scammer.
- ✓ 23 ' A title—Dempster¹ merits it ;
 A garter gie to Willie Pitt ;
 Gie wealth to some be-ledger'd cit,
 In cent. per cent. ;
 But give me real, sterling wit,
 And I'm content.
- 24 ' While ye are pleased to keep me hale,
 I'll sit down o'er my scanty meal,
 Be 't water-brose, or muslin-kail,
 Wi' cheerfu' face,
 As lang's the Muses dinna fail
 To say the grace.'

¹ ' Dempster : ' see a former note.

A DREAM.

' Thoughts, words, and deeds, the statute blames with reason ;
But surely dreams were ne'er indicted treason ? '

On reading, in the public papers, the Laureate's Ode, with the other parade of June 4, 1786, the author was no sooner dropped asleep, than he imagined himself transported to the birthday levee ; and in his dreaming fancy made the following Address.—*B.*

- 1 GUID-MORNIN' to your Majesty !
 May Heaven augment your blisses,
 On every new birthday ye see,
 A humble poet wishes !
 My bardship here, at your levee,
 On sic a day as this is,
 Is sure an uncouth sight to see,
 Amang the birthday dresses
 Sae fine this day.

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

- 3 For me, before a monarch's face,
 Even there I winna flatter ;
 For neither pension, post, nor place,
 Am I your humble debtor :

So, nae reflection on your grace,
 Your kingship to bespatter;
 There's mony waur been o' the race,
 And aiblins ane been better
 Than you this day.

4 'Tis very true, my sovereign King,
 My skill may weel be doubted:
 But facts are chiefls that winna ding,
 And downa be disputed:
 Your royal nest,¹ beneath your wing,
 Is e'en right reft an' clouted,
 And now the third part of the string,
 And less, will gang about it
 Than did ae day.

5 Far be 't frae me that I aspire
 To blame your legislation,
 Or say ye wisdom want, or fire,
 To rule this mighty nation!
 But, faith! I muckle doubt, my Sire,
 Ye've trusted ministration
 To chaps, wha in a barn or byre
 Wad better fill'd their station
 Than courts yon day.

6 And now ye've gi'en auld Britain peace,
 Her broken shins to plaister;
 Your sair taxation does her fleece,
 Till she has scarce a tester;
 For me, thank God! my life's a lease,
 Nae bargain wearing faster,

¹ 'Royal nest:' alluding to the loss of America.

Or, faith ! I fear, that wi' the geese,
 I shortly boost to pasture
 I' the craft some day.

7 I'm no mistrusting Willie Pitt,
 When taxes he enlarges,
 (And Will's a true guid fallow's get,
 A name not Envy spairges)
 That he intends to pay your debt,
 And lessen a' your charges ;
 But, G— sake, let nae saving fit
 Abridge your bonnie barges¹
 And boats this day.

8 Adieu, my liege ! may Freedom geck
 Beneath your high protection ;
 And may ye rax Corruption's neck,
 And gie her for dissection !
 But since I'm here, I'll no neglect,
 In loyal, true affection,
 To pay your Queen, with due respect,
 My fealty and subjection
 This great birthday.

9 Hail, Majesty Most Excellent !
 While nobles strive to please ye,
 Will ye accept a compliment
 A simple poct gies ye ?
 Thae bonnie bairntime, Heaven has lent,
 Still higher may they heeze ye
 In bliss, till fate some day is sent,
 For ever to release ye
 Frae care that day.

¹ 'Barges : ' alluding to a proposition, in 1786, by Captain Macbride, to give up 64 gun-ships and make other reductions in the navy.

- 10 For you, young potentate o' Wales,
 I tell your Highness fairly,
 Down Pleasure's stream, wi' swelling sails,
 I'm tauld ye're driving rarely;
 But some day ye may gnaw your nails,
 And curse your folly sairly,
 That e'er ye brak Diana's pales,
 Or rattled dice wi' Charlie,
 By night or day.
- 11 Yet aft a ragged cowte's been known
 To mak a noble aiver;
 So, ye may doucely fill a throne,
 For a' their clish-ma-claver:
 There, him¹ at Agincourt wha shone,
 Few better were or braver;
 And yet, wi' funny, queer Sir John,²
 He was an unco shaver,
 For mony a day.
- 12 For you, right reverend Osnaburg,³
 Nane sets the lawn-sleeve sweeter,
 Although a ribbon at your lug
 Wad been a dress completer:
 As ye disown yon paughty dog
 That bears the keys of Peter,
 Then, swith! and get a wife to hug,
 Or, troth! ye'll stain the mitre
 Some luckless day.
- 13 Young royal Tarry Brecks,⁴ I learn,
 Ye've lately come athwart her,—

¹ 'Him:' King Henry V.—*B.* — ² 'Sir John:' Sir John Falstaff, *vile* Shakspeare.—*B.* — ³ 'Osnaburg:' afterwards the Duke of York. — ⁴ 'Tarry Brecks:' afterwards William IV.

A glorious galley,¹ stem and stern,
 Weel rigg'd for Venus' barter ;
 But first hang out, that she'll discern
 Your hymeneal charter,
 Then heave aboard your grapple airn,
 And large upo' her quarter,
 Come full that day.

14 Ye, lastly, bonnie blossoms a',
 Ye royal lasses dainty,
 Heaven mak you guid as weel as braw,
 And gie you lads a-plenty :
 But sneer na British boys awa',
 For kings are unco scant aye ;
 And German gentles are but sma',
 They're better just than want aye,
 On ony day.

15 God bless you a' ! consider now,
 Ye're unco muckle dautet ;
 But, ere the course o' life be through,
 It may be bitter sautet ;
 And I hae seen their coggie fou,
 That yet hae tarrow't at it ;
 But or the day was done, I trow,
 The laggen they hae clautet
 Fu' clean that day.

¹ 'Galley : ' alluding to the newspaper account of a certain royal sailor's
 amour.—*B.*

THE VISION.

DUAN FIRST.¹

- 1 THE sun had closed the winter day,
 The curlers quat their roaring play,
 And hunger'd maukin ta'en her way
 To kail-yards green,
 While faithless snaws ilk step betray
 Whare she has been.
- 2 The thrasher's weary flingin'-tree
 The lee-lang day had tired me ;
 And whan the day had closed his e'e,
 Far i' the west,
 Ben i' the spence, right pensivelie,
 I gaed to rest.
- 3 There, lanely, by the ingle-check
 I sat and eyed the spewing reek,
 That fill'd wi' hoast-provoking smeeke
 The auld clay biggin';
 And heard the restless rattons squeak
 About the riggin'.
- 4 All in this motty, misty clime,
 I backward mused on wasted time,
 How I had spent my youthfu' prime,
 And done nae thing,
 But stringin' blethers up in rhyme,
 For fools to sing.

¹ 'Duan:' a term of Ossian's for the different divisions of a digressive poem. See his *Cath-Loda*, vol. ii. of M^rPherson's translation.—*B.*

ADDRESS TO THE UNCO GUID, OR THE RIGIDLY RIGHTEOUS.

‘My son, these maxims make a rule,
And lump them aye thegither ;
The Rigid Righteous is a fool,
The Rigid Wise anither :
The cleanest corn that e'er was dight
May hae some pyles o' caff in ;
So ne'er a fellow-creature slight
For random fits o' daffin.’

SOLOMON.—*Eccles.* vii. 16.

- 1 O YE wha are sae guid yoursel'
Sae pious and sae holy,
Ye've nought to do but mark and tell
Your neebour's fauts and folly !
Whase life is like a weel-gaun mill,
Supplied wi' store o' water,
The heapit happer's ebbing still,
And still the clap plays clatter.

- 2 Hear me, ye venerable core,
As counsel for poor mortals,
That frequent pass douce Wisdom's door
For glaiket Folly's portals ;
I, for their thoughtless, careless sakes,
Would here propone defences,
Their donsie tricks, their black mistakes,
Their failings and mischances.

- 3 Ye see your state wi' theirs compared,
And shudder at the niffer,
But cast a moment's fair regard
What maks the mighty differ ?

- Discount what scant occasion gave
That purity ye pride in,
And (what's aft mair than a' the lave)
Your better art o' hidin'.
- 4 Think, when your castigated pulse
Gies now and then a wallop,
What ragings must his veins convulse,
That still eternal gallop :
Wi' wind and tide fair i' your tail,
Right on ye scud your sea-way ;
But in the teeth o' baith to sail,
It maks an unco lee-way.
- 5 See Social Life and Glee sit down,
All joyous and unthinking,
Till, quite transmugrified, they're grown
Debauchery and Drinking :
Oh, would they stay to calculate
The eternal consequences ;
Or, your more dreaded hell to state,
Damnation of expenses !
- 6 Ye high, exalted, virtuous dames,
Tied up in godly laces,
Before ye gie poor frailty names,
Suppose a change o' cases ;
A dear-loved lad, convenience snug,
A treacherous inclination—
But, let me whisper i' your lug,
Ye're aiblins nae temptation.
- 7 Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler, sister woman ;
Though they may gang a kennin' wrang,
To step aside is human :

One point must still be greatly dark,
 The moving *why* they do it:
 And just as lamely can ye mark,
 How far perhaps they rue it.

- 8 Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
 Decidedly can try us,
 He knows each chord—its various tone,
 Each spring—its various bias:
 Then at the balance let's be mute,
 We never can adjust it;
 What's done we partly may compute,
 But know not what's resisted.

TAM SAMSON'S ELEGY.¹

'An honest man's the noblest work of God.'

POPE.

- 1 HAS auld Kilmarnock seen the Deil?
 Or great Mackinlay² thravn his heel?
 Or Robertson³ again grown weel,
 To preach an' read?
 'Na, waur than a'!' cries ilka chiel—
 'Tam Samson's dead!'

¹ 'Tam Samson's Elegy:' when this worthy old sportsman went out last muirfowl season, he supposed it was to be, in Ossian's phrase, 'the last of his fields;' and expressed an ardent wish to die and be buried in the muirs. On this hint, the author composed his elegy and epitaph.—*B.* Samson was a nursery and seedsman, and a great sportsman.—² 'Mackinlay:' a certain preacher, a great favourite with the million. *Vide* 'The Ordination,' stanza ii.—*B.*—³ 'Robertson:' another preacher, an equal favourite with the few, who was at that time ailing. For him see also 'The Ordination,' stanza ix.—*B.*

PER CONTRA.

Go, Fame! and canter like a filly,
 Through a' the streets and neuks o' Killie,¹
 Tell every social, honest billie
 To cease his grievin',
 For yet, unskait'h'd by Death's gleg gullie,
 Tam Samson 's leevin'.

HALLOWE'EN.²

' 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 the perusal, to see the remains of it among the more unenlightened in our own.—*B.*

1 UPON that night, when fairies light,
 On Cassilis Downans³ dance,

¹ 'Killie:' is a phrase the country-folks sometimes use for Kilmarnock.—*B.*
² 'Hallowe'en:' is thought to be a night when witches, devils, and other mischief-making beings, are all abroad on their baneful midnight errands; particularly those aerial people, the Fairies, are said on that night to hold a grand anniversary.—*B.*—³ 'Cassilis Downans:' certain little romantic rocky green hills, in the neighbourhood of the ancient seat of the Earls of Cassilis.

Or owre the lays, in splendid blaze,
 On sprightly coursers prance ;
 Or for Colzean the route is ta'en,
 Beneath the moon's pale beams ;
 There, up the cove,¹ to stray an' rove
 Among the rocks and streams
 To sport that night.

2 Among the bonnie winding banks,
 Where Doon rins, wimplin, clear,
 Where Bruce ² ance ruled the martial ranks,
 An' shook his Carrick spear,
 Some merry, friendly countra folks
 Together did convene,
 To burn their nits, an' pu' their stocks,
 And haud their Hallowe'en,
 Fu' blithe that night.

3 The lasses feat, and 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'
 Whiles fast at night.

4 Then first and foremost, through the kail,
 Their stocks³ maun a' be sought ance ;

¹ 'Cove:' a noted cavern near Colzean-house, called The Cove of Colzean ; which, as Cassilis Downans, is famed in country story for being a favourite haunt of fairies.—*B.*—² 'Bruce:' the famous family of that name, the ancestors of Robert, the great deliverer of his country, were Earls of Carrick.—*B.*—³ 'Stocks:' the first ceremony of Hallowe'en is pulling each a *stock*, or

They steek their e'en, and graip an' wale,
 For muckle anes and straught anes.
 Poor hav'rel Will fell aff the drift,
 And wander'd through the bow-kail,
 And pu't, for want o' better shift,
 A runt was like a sow-tail,
 Sae bow't that night.

5 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 custoc's sweet or sour,
 Wi' joktelegs they taste them;
 Syne coziely, aboon the door,
 Wi' cannie care, they've placed them
 To lie that night.

6 The lasses staw frac 'mang them a'
 To pu' their stalks o' corn;¹
 But Rab slips out, an' jinks about,
 Behint the muckle thorn:
 He grippet Nelly hard an' fast:
 Loud skirled a' the lasses;
 But her tap-pickle maist was lost,

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 state 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.—*B.*—¹ 'Stalks o' corn:' they go to the barnyard 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.—*B.*

When kittlin' in the fause-house¹
 Wi' him that night.

7 The auld guidwife's weel-hoordlet nits²
 Are round and round divided,
 And mony 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 outowre the chimlie,
 Fu' high that night.

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

9 Poor Willie, wi' his bow-kail runt,
 Was brunt wi' primsie Mallie;
 And Mary, nae doubt, took the drunt,
 To be compared to Willie:

¹ 'Fause-house:' when the corn is in a doubtful state, by being too green, or wet, the stack-builder, by means of old timber, &c., makes a large apartment in his stack, with an opening in the side which is fairest exposed to the wind: this he calls a *fause-house*.—*B.*—² 'Nits:' burning the nuts is a famous 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.—*B.*

Mall's nit lap out wi' pridefu' fling,
 An' her ain fit it brunt it ;
 While Willie lap, and swoor, by jing,
 'Twas just the way he wanted
 To be that night.

10 Nell had the fause-house in her min',
 She pits hersel' an' Rob in ;
 In loving bleeze they sweetly join,
 Till white in ase they 're sobbin' :
 Nell's heart was dancin' at the view,
 She whisper'd Rob to look for 't :
 Rob, stowlins, pried her bonnie mou',
 Fu' cozie in the neuk for 't,
 Unseen that night.

11 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 through the yard the nearest taks,
 And to the kiln she goes then,
 And darklins grapit for the bauks,
 And in the blue-clue¹ throws then,
 Right fear't that night.

12 And aye she win 't, and aye she swat,
 I wat she made nae jaukin' ;
 Till something held within the pat,
 Guid L— ! but she was quakin' !

¹ 'Blue-clue:' 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 clue of blue yarn; wind it in a new clue of the old one; and, towards the latter end, something will hold the thread; demand, *Wha hauds? i. e., who holds?* An answer will be returned from the kiln-pot, by naming the Christian and surname of your future spouse.—*B.*

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

13 Wee Jenny to her grannie says,
 ' Will ye go wi' me, grannie ?
 I'll eat the apple¹ at the glass,
 I gat frae uncle Johnny :'
 She fuff't her pipe wi' sic a lunt,
 In wrath she was sae vap'rin',
 She notice't na an aizle brunt
 Her braw new worset apron
 Out through that night.

14 ' 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 hae to fear it ;
 For mony a ane has gotten a fright,
 And lived and died deleeret
 On sic a night.

15 ' 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 :

¹ ' Eat the apple : ' 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.—*B.*

The simmer had been cauld an' wat,
 And stuff was unco green ;
 And aye a rantin' kirn we gat,
 And just on Hallowe'en
 It fell that night.

16 'Our stibble-rig was Rab M'Graen,
 A clever, sturdy fallow ;
 His sin gat Eppie Sim wi' wean,
 That lived in Achmacalla :
 He gat hemp-seed,¹ I mind it weel,
 And he made unco light o't ;
 But mony a day was by himsel',
 He was sae sairly frighted
 That vera night.'

17 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 guidman raught down the pock,
 An' out a handfu' gied him ;
 Syne bad him slip frae 'mang the folk
 Sometime when nac ane see'd him,
 And try't that night.

18 He marches through amang the stacks,
 Though he was something sturtin',

¹ 'Hemp-seed:' steal out, unperceived, and sow a handful of hemp-seed ; 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 shaw thee,' that is, show thyself: in which case it simply appears. Others omit the harrowing, and say, 'Come after me, and harrow thee.'

The graip he for a harrow taks,
 And hauls at his curpin :
 And every now an' 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.'

19 He whistled up ' Lord Lennox' March,'
 To keep his courage cheerie ;
 Although his hair began to arch,
 He was sae fley'd an' erie :
 Till presently he hears a squeak,
 An' then a grane an' gruntle ;
 He by his shouther gae a keek,
 And tumbled wi' a wintle
 Outowre that night.

20 He roar'd a horrid murder-shout,
 In dreadfu' desperation ;
 And young and auld cam rinnin' out,
 And hear the sad narration :
 He swoor 'twas hilchin' Jean M'Craw,
 Or crouchie Merran Humphie,
 Till, stop !—she trotted through them a'—
 And wha was it but grumphie,
 Asteer that night !

21 Meg fain wad to the barn ha'e gaen,
 To win three wechts o' naething ;¹

¹ ' Win three wechts o' naething : ' 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

But for to meet the deil her lane,
 She pat but little faith in :
 She gies 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 vera night.

22 She turns the key wi' cannie thraw,
 And 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, L—— preserve her !
 And ran through midden-hole an' a',
 And pray'd wi' zeal an' fervour,
 Fu' fast that night.

23 They hoy't out Will, wi' sair advice ;
 They hecht him some fine braw ane ;
 It chanced the stack he faddom'd thrice,¹
 Was timmer propt for thrawin' ;
 He taks a swirlie auld moss-oak,
 For some black, grousome carlin' ;
 And loot a winze, and drew a stroke,
 Till skin in blypes came haulin'
 Aff's nieves that night.

24 A wanton widow Leezie was,
 As cantie as a kittlin' ;

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.—*B.*—¹ 'Faddom'd thrice:' take an opportunity of going unnoticed, to a bear-stack, and fathom it three times round. The last fathom of the last time you will catch in your arms the appearance of your future conjugal yoke-fellow.—*B.*

But, och! that night, among the shaws,
 She got a fearfu' settlin'!
 She through the whins, an' by the cairn,
 An' owre the hill gaed scrievin',
 Whare three lairds' lands met at a burn,¹
 To dip her left sark-sleeve in,
 Was bent that night.

25 Whyles owre a linn the burnie plays,
 As through the glen it wimplet ;
 Whyles round a rocky scaur it strays ;
 Whyles in a wiel it dimplet ;
 Whyles glitter'd to the nightly rays,
 Wi' bickering, dancing dazzle ;
 Whyles cookit underneath the braes,
 Below the spreading hazel,
 Unseen that night.

26 Among the brackens, on the brae,
 Between her and the moon,
 The deil, 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 mist a fit, an' in the pool
 Outowre the lugs she plumpit,
 Wi' a plunge that night.

¹ ' Met at a burn : ' you go out, one or more, for this is a social spell, to a south running spring or rivulet, where ' three lairds' lands meet,' and dip your left shirt sleeve. Go to bed in sight of a fire, and hang your wet sleeve before it to dry. Lie awake ; and, some time near midnight, an apparition, having the exact figure of the grand object in question, will come and turn the sleeve, as if to dry the other side of it.—*B.*

27 In order, on the clean hearth-stane,
 The luggies three¹ 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.

28 Wi' merry sangs, and friendly cracks,
 I wat they did na wearie ;
 And unco tales, and funnie jokes,
 Their sports were cheap and cheerie ;
 Till butter'd so'ns,² wi' fragrant lunt,
 Set a' their gabs a-steerin' ;
 Syne, wi' a social glass o' strunt,
 They parted aff careerin'
 Fu' blithe that night.

¹ 'Luggies three : ' take three dishes ; put clean water in one, foul water in another, 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.—*B.*—² 'Butter'd so'ns : ' sowens, with butter instead of milk to them, is always the *Hallowe'en supper.*—*B.*

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 GUID new-year I wish thee, Maggie!
Hae, there's a ripp to thy auld baggie:
Though thou's howe-backit now, and knaggie,
I've seen the day
Thou could hae gaen like ony staggie
Outowre the lay.

2 Though now thou's dowie, stiff, an' 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 raise thee,
Ance in a day.

3 Thou ance was i' the foremost rank,
A filly buirdly, steeve, an' swank,
And set weel down a shapely shank,
As e'er tread yird;
And could hae flown outowre a stank,
Like ony bird.

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

- 5 When first I gaed to woo my Jenny,
 Ye then was trottin' wi' your minny :
 Though ye was trickie, slee, an' funnie,
 Ye ne'er was donsie ;
 But hamely, tawie, quiet, an' cannie,
 And unco sonsie.
- 6 That day ye pranced wi' muckle pride,
 When ye bure hame my bonnie bride :
 And sweet an' gracefu' she did ride,
 Wi' maiden air !
 Kyle Stewart I could bragged wide
 For sic a pair.
- 7 Though now ye dow but hoyte and hobble,
 And wintle, like a saumont-coble,
 That day ye was a jinker noble,
 For heels an' win' !
 And ran them till they a' did wauble,
 Far, far behin'.
- 8 When thou an' I were young and skeigh,
 And stable-meals at fairs were dreigh,
 How thou wad prance, an' snore, an' skreigh,
 And tak the road !
 Town's bodies ran, and stood abeigh,
 And ca't thee mad.
- 9 When thou was corn't, an' I was mellow,
 We took the road aye like a swallow :
 At brooses¹ thou had ne'er a fellow
 For pith and speed ;
 But every tail thou pay't them hollow,
 Where'er thou gaed.

¹ 'Broose:' a race at a wedding, see 'Hogg's Tales,' *passim*.

- 10 The sma', droop-rumplet 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.
- 11 Thou was a noble fittie-lan',
 As e'er in tug or tow was drawn !
 Aft thee an' I, in aught hours' gaun,
 In guid March weather,
 Hae turn'd sax rood beside our han',
 For days thegither.
- 12 Thou never braindg't, an' fetch't, an' 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 rain't and risket,
 An' slypet owre.
- 13 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 kenn'd my Maggie wad na sleep
 For that, or simmer.
- 14 In cart or car thou never reestit ;
 The steyest brae thou wad hae faced it ;
 Thou never lap, and sten't, and breastit,
 Then stood to blow ;
 But just thy step a wee thing hastit,
 Thou snoov't awa'.

- 15 My pleugh is now thy bairn-time a' ;
 Four gallant brutes as e'er did draw ;
 Forbye sax mae, I've selt awa'
 That thou hast nurst :
 They drew me thretteen pund an' twa,
 The vera warst.
- 16 Mony a sair daurk we twa hae 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.
- 17 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 fow,
 A heapit stimpart I'll reserve ane,
 Laid by for yoa.
- 18 We've worn to crazy years thegither ;
 We'll toyte about wi' ane anither ;
 Wi' tentie care I'll flit thy tether,
 To some hain'd rig,
 Whare ye may nobly rax your leather,
 Wi' sma' fatigue.
-

5 Thou saw the fields laid bare and waste,
 And weary winter comin' fast,
 And cozie here, beneath the blast,
 Thou thought to dwell,
 Till, crash ! the cruel coultter pass'd
 Out through thy cell.

6 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 !

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

8 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.

5 Even you, on murdering 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.

6 Now Phœbe, 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 Heaven-illumined man on brother man bestows !

See stern Oppression's iron grip,
 Or mad Ambition's gory hand,
 Sending, like blood-hounds from the slip,
 Woe, want, and murder o'er a land !
 Even in the peaceful rural vale,
 Truth, weeping, tells the mournful tale,
 How pamper'd Luxury, Flattery 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 Misery'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 clamorous call,
 Stretch'd on his straw he lays himself to sleep,
 While through 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 crushèd low
 By cruel Fortune's undeservèd blow ?
 Affliction's sons are brothers in distress,
 A brother to relieve, how exquisite the bliss !

- 7 I heard nae mair, for chanticleer
 Shook off the pouthery snaw,
 And hail'd the morning with a cheer,
 A cottage-rousing craw.
- 8 But deep this truth impress'd my mind—
 Through all His works abroad,
 The heart, benevolent and kind,
 The most resembles God.

EPISTLE TO DAVIE,

A BROTHER POET.¹

- ✓ 1 WHILE winds frae aff Ben-Lomond blaw,
 And bar the doors wi' driving snaw,
 And hing us owre the ingle,
 I set me down to pass the time,
 And spin a verse or twa o' rhyme,
 In hamely westlin' jingle.
 While frosty winds blaw in the drift,
 Ben to the chimla lug,
 I grudge a wee the great folks' gift,
 That live sae bien an' snug :
 I tent less, and want less
 Their roomy fireside ;
 But hanker and cauker
 To see their cursed pride.
- 2 It's hardly in a body's power
 To keep, at times, frae being sour,
 To see how things are shared ;

¹ ' Brother poet : ' David Sillar, one of the club at Tarbolton, and author of a volume of poems in the Scottish dialect.

How best o' chieks are whiles in want,
 While coofs on countless thousands rant,
 And ken na how to wair 't :
 But, Davie, lad, ne'er fash your head,
 Though we hae little gear,
 We're fit to win our daily bread,
 As lang's we're hale and fier :
 ' Mair spier na, nor fear na,'¹
 Auld age ne'er mind a feg,
 The last o't, the warst o't,
 Is only for to beg.

- 3 To lie in kilns and barns at e'en
 When banes are crazed, and bluid is thin,
 Is, doubtless, great distress !
 Yet then content could make us blest ;
 Even then, sometimes, we'd snatch a taste
 Of truest happiness.
 The honest heart that's free frae a'
 Intended fraud or guile,
 However Fortune kick the ba',
 Has aye some cause to smile :
 And mind still, you'll find still,
 A comfort this nae sma' ;
 Nae mair then, we'll care then,
 Nae farther can we fa'.

- 4 What though, like commoners of air,
 We wander out, we know not where,
 But either house or hall ?
 Yet nature's charms, the hills and woods,
 The sweeping vales, and foaming floods,
 Are free alike to all.

¹ ' Fear na : ' Ramsay.—B.

In days when daisies deck the ground,
 And blackbirds whistle clear,
 With honest joy our hearts will bound,
 To see the coming year :
 On braes when we please, then,
 We'll sit an' sowth a tune ;
 Syne rhyme till 't, we'll time till 't,
 And sing 't when we hae dunc,

5 It's no in titles nor in rank ;
 It's no in wealth like Lon'on bank,
 To purchase peace and rest ;
 It's no in making muckle mair :
 It's no in books ; it's no in lear,
 To make us truly blest :
 If happiness hae not her seat
 And centre in the breast,
 We may be wise, or rich, or great,
 But never can be blest :
 Nae treasures, nor pleasures,
 Could make us happy lang ;
 The heart aye 's the part aye,
 That makes us right or wrang.

6 Think ye, that sic as you and I,
 Wha drudge and drive through wet an' dry,
 Wi' never-ceasing toil ;
 Think ye, are we less blest than they,
 Wha scarcely tent us in their way,
 As hardly worth their while ?
 Alas ! how aft in haughty mood,
 God's creatures they oppress !
 Or else, neglecting a' that 's guid,
 They riot in excess !

Baith careless, and fearless,
 Of either heaven or hell!
 Esteeming, and deeming
 It's a' an idle tale!

- 7 Then let us cheerfu' acquiesce ;
 Nor make our scanty pleasures less,
 By pining at our state ;
 And, even should misfortunes come,
 I, here wha sit, hae met wi' some,
 An 's thankfu' for them yet :
 They gie the wit of age to youth ;
 'They let us ken oursel' ;
 They make us see the naked truth,
 The real guid and ill.
 Though losses, and crosses
 Be lessons right severe,
 There 's wit there, ye 'll get there,
 Ye 'll find nae other where.

- 8 But tent me, Davie, ace o' hearts !
 (To say aught less wad wrang the cartes,
 And flattery I detest)
 This life has joys for you and I ;
 And joys that riches ne'er could buy ;
 And joys the very best.
 There 's a' the pleasures o' the heart,
 The lover an' the frien' ;
 Ye hae your Meg,¹ your dearest part,
 And I my darling Jean !
 It warms me, it charms me,
 To mention but her name :
 It heats me, it beets me,
 And sets me a' on flame !

¹ 'Meg:' Margaret Orr, a servant of Mrs Stewart of Stair

- 9 O all ye Powers who rule above !
 O Thou, whose very self art Love !
 Thou know'st my words sincere !
 The life-blood streaming through my heart,
 Or my more dear immortal part,
 Is not more fondly dear !
 When heart-corroding care and grief
 Deprive my soul of rest,
 Her dear idea brings relief
 And solace to my breast.
 Thou Being, All-seeing,
 Oh hear my fervent prayer ;
 Still take her, and make her
 Thy most peculiar care !
- 10 All hail, ye tender feelings dear !
 The smile of love, the friendly tear,
 The sympathetic glow !
 Long since, this world's thorny ways
 Had number'd out my weary days,
 Had it not been for you !
 Fate still has blest me with a friend,
 In every care and ill ;
 And oft a more endearing band,
 A tie more tender still.
 It lightens, it brightens
 The tenebrific scene,
 To meet with, and greet with
 My Davie or my Jean !
- 11 Oh, how that name inspires my style !
 The words come skelpin', rank and file,
 Amaist before I ken !
 The ready measure rins as fine,

As Phœbus and the famous Nine
 Were glourin' owre my pen.
 My spaviet Pegasus will limp,
 Till ance he's fairly het ;
 And then he'll hilch, and stilt, and jimp,
 An' rin an unco fit ;
 But lest then, the beast then,
 Should rue this hasty ride,
 I'll light now, and dight now
 His sweaty wizen'd hide.

THE LAMENT.

OCCASIONED BY THE UNFORTUNATE ISSUE OF A FRIEND'S
 AMOUR.

'Alas! how oft does Goodness wound itself,
 And sweet Affection prove the spring of woe !'
 HOME.

- 1 O THOU pale Orb, that silent shines,
 While care-untroubled mortals sleep !
 Thou seest a wretch that iuly pines,
 And wanders here to wail and weep !
 With woe I nightly vigils keep
 Beneath thy wan, unwarming beam ;
 And mourn, in lamentation deep,
 How life and love are all a dream.

- 2 I joyless view thy rays adorn
 The faintly-markèd distant hill :
 I joyless view thy trembling horn,
 Reflected in the gurgling rill :

My fondly-fluttering heart, be still !
 Thou busy power, Remembrance, cease !
 Ah! must the agonising thrill
 For ever bar returning peace ?

3 No idly-feign'd poetic pains,
 My sad, love-lorn lamentings claim ;
 No shepherd's pipe—Arcadian strains ;
 No fabled tortures, quaint and tame :
 The plighted faith ; the mutual flame ;
 The oft attested Powers above ;
 The promised father's tender name—
 These were the pledges of my love !

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

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

6 Ye wingèd hours that o'er us pass'd,
 Enraptured more, the more enjoy'd,

Your dear remembrance in my breast,
My fondly-treasured thoughts employ'd.
That breast, how dreary now, and void,
For her too scanty once of room !
Even every ray of hope destroy'd,
And not a wish to gild the gloom !

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

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

9 O thou bright Queen ! who o'er the expanse
Now highest reign'st, with boundless sway !
Oft has thy silent-marking glance
Observed us, fondly-wandering, stray !
The time, unheeded, sped away,
While love's luxurious pulse beat high,
Beneath thy silver-gleaming ray,
To mark the mutual kindling eye.

- 10 Oh! scenes in strong remembrance set!
 Scenes never, never to return!
 Scenes, if in stupor I forget,
 Again I feel, again I burn!
 From every joy and pleasure torn,
 Life's weary vale I'll wander through;
 And hopeless, comfortless, I'll mourn
 A faithless woman's broken vow.
-

DESPONDENCY : AN ODE.

- 1 OPPRESS'D with grief, oppress'd with care,
 A burden more than I can bear,
 I sit me down and sigh :
 O life! thou art a galling load,
 Along a rough, a weary road,
 To wretches such as I!
 Dim backward as I cast my view,
 What sickening scenes appear!
 What sorrows yet may pierce me through,
 Too justly I may fear!
 Still caring, despairing,
 Must be my bitter doom;
 My woes here shall close ne'er,
 But with the closing tomb!
- 2 Happy, ye sons of busy life,
 Who, equal to the bustling strife,
 No other view regard!
 Even when the wishèd end's denied,
 Yet while the busy means are plied,
 They bring their own reward :

Whilst I, a hope-abandon'd wight,
 Unfitted with an aim,
 Meet every sad returning night
 And joyless morn the same ;
 You, bustling, and justling,
 Forget each grief and pain ;
 I, listless, yet restless,
 Find every prospect vain,

3 How blest the Solitary's lot,
 Who, all-forgetting, all-forgot,
 Within his humble cell,
 The cavern wild with tangling roots,
 Sits o'er his newly gather'd fruits,
 Beside his crystal well !
 Or, haply, to his evening thought,
 By unfrequented stream,
 The ways of men are distant brought,
 A faint collected dream ;
 While praising, and raising
 His thoughts to heaven on high,
 As wand'ring, meand'ring,
 He views the solemn sky.

4 Than I, no lonely hermit placed
 Where never human footstep traced,
 Less fit to play the part ;
 The lucky moment to improve,
 And just to stop, and just to move,
 With self-respecting art :
 But ah ! those pleasures, loves, and joys,
 Which I too keenly taste,
 The Solitary can despise,
 Can want, and yet be blest !

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

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

WINTER, A DIRGE.

- 1 THE wintry west extends his blast,
 And hail and rain does blaw ;
 Or, the stormy north sends driving forth
 The blinding sleet and snaw :
 While, tumbling brown, the burn comes down,
 And roars frae bank to brae ;
 And bird and beast in covert rest,
 And pass the heartless day.

- 2 'The sweeping blast, the sky o'ercast,'¹
 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!
- 3 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 (oh, do Thou grant
 This one request of mine!)
 Since to enjoy Thou dost deny,
 Assist me to resign.

THE COTTAR'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

INSCRIBED TO R. AIKEN,² 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 annuals of the poor.'

GRAY.

- 1 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:

¹ 'O'ercast:' Dr Young.—*B.*—² 'Aiken:' a writer in Ayr and great friend of Burns.

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 !

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

3 At length his lonely cot appears in view,
 Beneath the shelter of an aged tree :
 The expectant wee things, toddlin', stacher through
 To meet their dad, wi' flichterin' noise an' glee.
 His wee bit ingle, blinkin' bonnily,
 His clean hearth-stane, his thriftie wife's smile,
 The lispin' infant prattling on his knee,
 Does a' his weary carking cares beguile,
 And makes him quite forget his labour an' his toil.

4 Belyve, the elder bairns come drapping in,
 At service out, amang the farmers roun',
 Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin
 A cannie errand to a neibour town :
 Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,
 In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling 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.

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

6 Their master's and their mistress's command,
The youngers a' are warnèd to obey ;
And mind their labours wi' an eydent hand,
And ne'er, though out o' sight, to jauk or play :
' And oh ! be sure to fear the Lord alway !
And mind your *duty*, duly, morn an' 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 !'

7 But hark ! a rap comes gently to the door ;
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
Tells how a neighbour lad can 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 its nae wild, worthless
rake.

- 8 Wi' kindly welcome, Jenny brings him ben ;
 A strappin' youth ; he tak's the mother's eye ;
 Blithe Jenny sees the visit's no ill ta'en ;
 The father cracks of horses, pleughs, and kye.
 The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
 But blate an' laithfu', scarce can weel behave ;
 The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
 What makes the youth sac bashfu' and sae grave ;
 Weel pleased to think her bairn's respected like the lave.
- 9 O happy love !—where love like this is found !
 O heart-felt raptures !—bliss beyond compare !
 I've pacèd much this weary mortal round,
 And sage experience bids me this declare—
 'If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
 One cordial in this melancholy vale,
 'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
 In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,
 Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening
 gale.'
- 10 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 ?
- 11 But now the supper crowns their simple board,
 The halesome parritch, chief o' Scotia's food :
 The soupe their only hawkie does afford,

That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cood :
 The dame brings forth, in complimental mood,
 To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck, fell,
 And aft he 's press'd, and aft he ca's it guid ;
 The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell,
 How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' lint was i' the bell.

12 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 reverently is laid aside,
 His lyart haffets wearing thin an' 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.

13 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 heavenward flame,
 The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays :
 Compared with these, Italian trills are tame ;
 The tickled ears no heartfelt raptures raise ;
 Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

14 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.

- 15 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 Babylon's doom pronounced by
Heaven's command.
- 16 Then kneeling down, to HEAVEN'S ETERNAL KING,
The saint, the father, and the husband prays:
Hope 'springs exulting on triumphant wing,'¹
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.
- 17 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.

¹ Pope's 'Windsor Forest.'—B.

- 18 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 Heaven 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.
- 19 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 !
- 20 O Scotia ! my dear, my native soil !
 For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent !
 Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
 Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content !
 And, oh ! may Heaven their simple lives prevent
 From luxury's contagion, weak and vile !
 Then, how'er crowns and coronets be rent,
 A virtuous populace may rise the while,
 And stand a wall of fire around their much-loved isle.
- 21 O Thou ! who pour'd the patriotic tide
 That stream'd through Wallace's undaunted¹ heart ;

¹ ' Undaunted : ' it was originally ' great unhappy.'

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!

MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN:

A DIRGE.

- 1 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.
- 2 ' 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 !

- 3 ' The sun that everhangs yon moors,
 Out-spreading far and wide,
Where hundreds labour to support
 A haughty lordling's pride :
I've seen you weary winter-sun
 Twice forty times return ;
And every time has added proofs
 That man was made to mourn.
- 4 ' O man ! while in thy early years,
 How prodigal of time !
Mispending all thy precious hours ;
 Thy glorious youthful prime !
Alternate follies take the sway ;
 Licentious passions burn ;
Which tenfold force gives Nature's law
 That man was made to mourn.
- 5 ' 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.
- 6 ' A few seem favourites of fate,
 In pleasure's lap caress'd ;
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.

- 7 ' 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 !
- 8 ' 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.
- 9 ' 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 power
 To make his fellow mourn ?
- 10 ' 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, oppressèd, honest man,
 Had never, sure, been born,
Had there not been some recompence
 To comfort those that mourn !

- 11 '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!'
-

A PRAYER IN THE PROSPECT OF DEATH.

- 1 O THOU unknown, Almighty Cause
 Of all my hope and fear!
 In whose dread presence, ere an hour,
 Perhaps I must appear!
- 2 If I have wander'd in those paths
 Of life I ought to shun—
 As something, loudly, in my breast,
 Remonstrates I have done—
- 3 Thou know'st that Thou has formèd me
 With passions wild and strong;
 And listening to their witching voice
 Has often led me wrong.
- 4 Where human weakness has come short,
 Or frailty stept aside,
 Do thou, All-good! for such thou art,
 In shades of darkness hide.

- 5 Where with intention I have err'd,
 No other plea I have,
 But, Thou art good ; and goodness still
 Delighteth to forgive.
-

STANZAS ON THE SAME OCCASION.

- 1 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.
- 2 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 ?
- 3 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 power assist even me,
 Those headlong furious passions to confine ;
 For all unfit I feel my powers to be,
 To rule their torrent in the allowèd line ;
 Oh, aid me with Thy help, Omnipotence Divine !

LYING AT A REVEREND FRIEND'S¹ HOUSE ONE NIGHT,
 THE AUTHOR LEFT THE FOLLOWING

VERSES

IN THE ROOM WHERE HE SLEPT.

- 1 O THOU dread Power, who reign'st above !
 I know Thou wilt me hear :
 When for this scene of peace and love
 I make my prayer sincere.
- 2 The hoary sire—the mortal stroke,
 Long, long, be pleased to spare !
 To bless his little filial flock,
 And show what good men are.
- 3 She, who her lovely offspring eyes
 With tender hopes and fears,
 Oh, bless her with a mother's joys,
 But spare a mother's tears !
- 4 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 !

¹ ' Reverend Friend : ' Mr Laurie of Loudoun.

- 5 The beauteous, seraph sister-band,
 With earnest tears I pray,
 Thou know'st the snares on every hand—
 Guide Thou their steps always !
- 6 When soon or late they reach that coast,
 O'er life's rough ocean driven,
 May they rejoice, no wanderer lost,
 A family in heaven !

 THE FIRST PSALM.

- 1 THE man, in life wherever placed,
 Hath happiness in store,
 Who walks not in the wicked's way,
 Nor learns their guilty lore!
- 2 Nor from the seat of scornful pride
 Casts forth his eyes abroad,
 But with humility and awe
 Still walks before his God.
- 3 That man shall flourish like the trees
 Which by the streamlets grow ;
 The fruitful top is spread on high,
 And firm the root below.
- 4 But he whose blossom buds in guilt
 Shall to the ground be cast,
 And, like the rootless stubble, tost
 Before the sweeping blast.

- 5 For why ? that God the good adore
Hath given them peace and rest,
But hath decreed that wicked men
Shall ne'er be truly blest.
-

A PRAYER UNDER THE PRESSURE OF
VIOLENT ANGUISH.

- 1 O THOU Great Being ! what Thou art,
Surpasses me to know :
Yet sure I am that known to Thee
Are all Thy works below.
- 2 Thy creature here before Thee stands,
All wretched and distress'd,
Yet sure those ills that wring my soul
Obey Thy high behest.
- 3 Sure Thou, Almighty, canst not act
From cruelty or wrath !
Oh free my weary eyes from tears,
Or close them fast in death !
- 4 But if I must afflicted be,
To suit some wise design ;
Then man my soul with firm resolves,
To bear and not repine !
-

THE FIRST SIX VERSES OF THE NINETIETH
PSALM.

- 1 O THOU, the first, the greatest Friend
Of all the human race !
Whose strong right hand has ever been
Their stay and dwelling-place !
- 2 Before the mountains heaved their heads
Beneath Thy forming hand,
Before this ponderous globe itself
Arose at Thy command ;
- 3 That power which raised and still upholds
This universal frame,
From countless, unbeginning time
Was ever still the same.
- 4 Those mighty periods of years
Which seem to us so vast,
Appear no more before Thy sight
Than yesterday that's past.
- 5 Thou giv'st the word : Thy creature, man,
Is to existence brought :
Again Thou say'st, ' Ye sons of men,
Return ye into nought !'
- 6 Thou layest them, with all their cares,
In everlasting sleep ;
As with a flood Thou tak'st them off
With overwhelming sweep.

- 7 They flourish like the morning flower,
 In beauty's pride array'd ;
 But long ere night, cut down, it lies
 All wither'd and decay'd.
-

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY,

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

- 1 WEE, modest, crimson-tippèd flower,
 Thou's met me in an evil hour ;
 For I maun crush amang the stoure
 Thy slender stem ;
 To spare thee now is past my power,
 Thou bonnie gem !
- 2 Alas ! it's no thy neibour sweet,
 The bonnie lark, companion meet !
 Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet,
 Wi' speckled breast,
 When upward-springing, blithe, to greet
 The purpling east.
- 3 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.
- 4 The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,
 High sheltering woods and wa's maun shield ;

But thou beneath the random bield
 O' clod or stane,
 Adorns the histie stibble-field,
 Unseen, alane.

5 There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
 Thy snawie bosom sunward spread,
 Thou lifts thy unassuming head
 In humble guise;
 But now the share uptears thy bed,
 And low thou lies!

6 Such is the fate of artless maid,
 Sweet floweret 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.

7 Such is the fate of simple bard,
 On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd!
 Unskilful he to note the card
 Of prudent lore,
 Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
 And whelm him o'er!

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

9 Even thou who mourn'st the daisy's fate,
 That fate is thine—no distant date;

Stern Ruin's plough-share drives, elate,
 Full on thy bloom,
 Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
 Shall be thy doom !

TO RUIN.

- 1 ALL hail ! inexorable lord !
 At whose destruction-breathing word
 The mightiest empires fall !
 Thy cruel, woe-delighted train,
 The ministers of grief and pain,
 A sullen welcome, all !
 With stern-resolved, despairing eye,
 I see each aimed dart ;
 For one has cut my dearest tie,
 And quivers in my heart.
 Then lowering, and pouring,
 The storm no more I dread ;
 Though thick'ning and black'ning
 Round my devoted head.
- 2 And thou grim Power, by life abhorr'd,
 While life a pleasure can afford,
 Oh ! hear a wretch's prayer !
 No more I shrink appall'd, afraid ;
 I court, I beg thy friendly aid,
 To close this scene of care !
 When shall my soul, in silent peace,
 Resign life's joyless day ;

My weary heart its throbbings cease,
Cold mould'ring in the clay ?
No fear more, no tear more,
To stain my lifeless face ;
Enclaspèd, and graspèd
Within thy cold embrace :

TO MISS LOGAN,¹

WITH BEATTIE'S POEMS AS A NEW YEAR'S GIFT,
JAN. 1, 1787.

- 1 AGAIN the silent wheels of Time
Their annual round have driven,
And you, though scarce in maiden prime,
Are so much nearer heaven.
- 2 No gifts have I from Indian coasts
The infant year to hail ;
I send you more than India boasts
In Edwin's simple tale.
- 3 Our sex with guile and faithless love
Is charged, perhaps, too true ;
But may, dear maid, each lover prove
An Edwin still to you !

¹ ' Miss Logan : ' sister of Major Logan, a retired military officer in Ayr.

EPISTLE TO A YOUNG FRIEND.¹

- 1 I LANG hae thought, my youthfu' friend,
 A something to have sent you,
 Though it should serve nae other end
 Than just a kind momento ;
 But how the subject-theme may gang,
 Let time and chance determine ;
 Perhaps it may turn out a sang,
 Perhaps turn out a sermon.
- 2 Ye'll try the world fu' soon, my lad,
 And, Andrew dear, believe me,
 Ye'll find mankind an unco squad,
 And muckle they may grieve ye :
 For care and trouble set your thought,
 E'en when your end's attain'd ;
 And a' your views may come to nought,
 Where every nerve is strain'd.
- 3 I'll no say, men are villains a' ;
 The real, harden'd wicked,
 Wha hae nae check but human law,
 Are to a few restricked ;
 But, och ! mankind are unco weak,
 An' little to be trusted ;
 If self the wavering balance shake,
 It's rarely right adjusted !
- 4 Yet they wha fa' in fortune's strife,
 Their fate we should nae censure,
 For still th' important end of life
 They equally may answer :

¹ ' Young friend : ' Andrew Aiken, son of Robert Aiken. He became British consul in Riga.

A man may hae an honest heart,
 Though poortith hourly stare him ;
 A man may tak a neighbour's part,
 Yet hae nae cash to spare him.

5 Aye free, aff han' your story tell,
 When wi' a bosom crony ;
 But still keep something to yoursel'
 Ye scarcely tell to ony.
 Conceal yoursel' as weel's ye can
 Frae critical dissection ;
 But keek through every other man,
 Wi' sharpen'd, sly inspection,

6 The sacred lowe o' weel-placed love,
 Luxuriantly indulge it ;
 But never tempt the illicit rove,
 Though naething should divulge it :
 I waive the quantum o' the sin,
 The hazard of concealing ;
 But, och ! it hardens a' within,
 And petrifies the feeling !

7 To catch dame Fortune's golden smile,
 Assiduous wait upon her ;
 And gather gear by every wile
 That 's justified by honour ;
 Not for to hide it in a hedge,
 Nor for a train-attendant ;
 But for the glorious privilege
 Of being independent.

8 The fear o' hell 's a hangman's whip
 To haud the wretch in order ;

But where ye feel your honour grip,
 Let that aye be your border ;
 Its slightest touches, instant pause---
 Debar a' side pretences ;
 And resolutely keep its laws,
 Uncaring consequences.

9 The great Creator to revere
 Must sure become the creature ;
 But still the preaching cant forbear,
 And e'en the rigid feature ;
 Yet ne'er with wits profane to range,
 Be complaisance extended ;
 An Atheist's laugh 's a poor exchange
 For Deity offended.

10 When ranting round in pleasure's ring,
 Religion may be blinded ;
 Or if she gie a random sting,
 It may be little minded ;
 But when on life we're tempest-driven,
 A conscience but a canker,
 A correspondence fix'd wi' Heaven,
 Is sure a noble anchor !

✓ 11 Adieu, dear, amiable youth !
 Your heart can ne'er be wanting ;
 May prudence, fortitude, and truth,
 Erect your brow undaunting !
 In ploughman phrase, ' God send you speed,'
 Still daily to grow wiser !
 And may you better reckon the rede,
 Than ever did the adviser !

ON A SCOTCH BARD,

GONE TO THE WEST INDIES.

- 1 A' YE wha live by sowps o' drink,
 A' ye wha live by crambo-clink,
 A' ye wha live and never think,
 Come mourn wi' me !
 Our billic's gi'en us a' a jink,
 And owre the sea.
- 2 Lament him, a' ye rantin' core,
 Wha dearly like a random-splore,
 Nae mair he'll join the merry roar,
 In social key ;
 For now he's ta'en anither shore,
 And owre the sea !
- 3 The bonnie lasses weel may wiss him,
 And in their dear petitions place him :
 The widows, wives, and a' may bless him,
 Wi' tearfu' e'e ;
 For weel I wat they'll sairly miss him
 That's owre the sea.
- 4 O Fortune, they hae room to grumble !
 Hadst thou ta'en aff some drowsy bummle,
 Wha can do nought but fyke an' fumble,
 'Twad been nae plea ;
 But he was gleg as ony wumble,
 That's owre the sea.

- 5 Auld, cantie Kyle may weepers wear,
 And stain them wi' the saut, saut tear,
 'Twill mak her poor auld heart, I fear,
 In flinders flee ;
 He was her laureate mony a year,
 That 's owre the sea.
- 6 He saw misfortune's cauld nor-wast
 Lang mustering up a bitter blast ;
 A jillet brak his heart at last,
 Ill may she be !
 So took a berth afore the mast,
 And owre the sea.
- 7 To tremble under Fortune's cummock,
 On scarce a bellyfu' o' drummock,
 Wi' his proud, independent stomach
 Could ill agree ;
 So, row't his hurdies in a hammock,
 An' owre the sea.
- 8 He ne'er was gi'en to great misguiding,
 Yet coin his pouches wad na bide in ;
 Wi' him it ne'er was under hiding—
 He dealt it free :
 The Muse was a' that he took pride in,
 That 's owre the sea.
- 9 Jamaica bodies, use him weel,
 And hap him in a cozie biel :
 Ye'll find him aye a dainty chiel,
 And fou' o' glee ;
 He wad na wrang'd the vera Deil,
 That 's owre the sea.

- 10 Fareweel, my rhyme-composing billie !
 Your native soil was right ill-willie ;
 But may ye flourish like a lily,
 Now bonnilie !
 I'll toast ye in my hinmost gillie,
 Though owre the sea.
-

TO A HAGGIS.

- 1 FAIR fa' your honest, sonsie face,
 Great chieftain o' the puddin'-race !
 Aboon them a' ye tak your place,
 Painch, tripe, or thairm :
 Weel are ye worthy of a grace
 As lang's my arm.
- 2 The groaning trencher there ye fill,
 Your hurdies like a distant hill,
 Your pin wad help to mend a mill
 In time o' need,
 While through your pores the dews distil
 Like amber bead.
- 3 His knife see rustic labour dight,
 And cut you up wi' ready slight,
 Trenching your gushing entrails bright,
 Like ony ditch ;
 And then, oh what a glorious sight,
 Warm-reekin', rich !
- 4 Then horn for horn they stretch and strive,
 Deil tak the hindmost, on they drive,

Till a' their weel-swallow'd kytes belyve
 Are bent like drums ;
 Then auld guidman, maist like to ryve,
 ' Bethankit' hums.

5 Is there that o'er his French ragout,
 Or olio that wad staw a sow,
 Or fricassee wad mak her spew
 Wi' perfect scunner,
 Looks down wi' sneering, scornfu' view,
 On sic a dinner ?

6 Poor devil ! see him owre his trash
 As feckless as a wither'd rash,
 His spindle shank a guid whip lash,
 His nieve a nit ;
 Through bloody flood or field to dash,
 O how unfit !

7 But mark the rustic, haggis-fed,
 The trembling earth resounds his tread,
 Clap in his walie nieve a blade,
 He'll mak it whistle ;
 An' legs, an' arms, an' heads will sned,
 Like taps o' thrissle.

8 Ye Powers, wha mak mankind your care,
 And dish them out their bill o' fare,
 Auld Scotland wants nae skinking ware
 That jaups in luggies ;
 But, if ye wish her gratefu' prayer,
 Gie her a haggis !

A DEDICATION TO GAVIN HAMILTON, ESQ.

EXPECT na, Sir, in this narration,
 A fleechin', fleethrin' dedication,
 To roose you up, an' ca' you guid,
 An' sprung o' great an' noble bluid,
 Because ye're surnamed like his Grace,¹
 Perhaps related to the race ;
 Then when I'm tired, and sae are ye,
 Wi' mony a fulsome, sinfu' lie,
 Set up a face, how I stop short,
 For fear your modesty be hurt. 10

This may do—maun do, Sir, wi' them wha
 Maun please the great folk for a wamefu' ;
 For me, sae laigh I needna bow,
 For, L—— be thankit, I can plough :
 And when I downa yoke a naig,
 Then, L—— be thankit, I can beg ;
 Sae I shall say, an' that's nae flatt'rin',
 It's just sic poet, an' sic patron.

The Poet, some guid angel help him,
 Or else, I fear some ill ane skelp him, 20
 He may do weel for a' he's done yet,
 But only he's no just begun yet.

The Patron, (Sir, ye maun forgie me,
 I winna lie, come what will o' me),
 On every hand it will allow'd be,
 He's just—nae better than he should be.

I readily and freely grant,
 He downa see a poor man want ;
 What's no his ain he winna tak it,
 What ance he says he winna brak it ;

¹ ' His Grace : ' the Duke of Hamilton.

Ought he can lend he'll no refuse't, 31
 Till aft his guidness is abused ;
 And rascals whyles that do him wraug,
 Even that, he does na mind it lang :
 As master, landlord, husband, father,
 He does na fail his part in either.

But then, nae thanks to him for a' that ;
 Nae godly symptom ye can ca' that ;
 It's naething but a milder feature,
 Of our poor, sinfu', corrupt nature : 40
 Ye'll get the best o' moral works,
 'Mang black Gentoos and pagan 'Turks,
 Or hunters wild on Ponotaxi,
 Wha never heard of Orthodoxy.
 That he's the poor man's friend in need,
 The gentleman in word and deed,
 It's no through terror of damnation ;
 It's just a carnal inclination.

Morality, thou deadly bane,
 Thy tens o' thousands thou hast slain ! 50
 Vain is his hope, whose stay and trust is
 In moral mercy, truth, and justice !

No—stretch a point to catch a plack ;
 Abuse a brother to his back ;
 Steal through a winnock frae a w——,
 But point the rake that taks the door :
 Be to the poor like ony whunstane,
 And haud their noses to the grunstane ;
 Ply every art o' legal thieving ;
 No matter—stick to sound believing ! 60

Learn three-mile prayers, an' half-mile graces,
 Wi' weel-spread looves, and lang wry faces ;
 Grunt up a solemn, lengthen'd groan,
 And damn a' parties but your own ;

I'll warrant then, ye're nae deceiver, 65
A steady, sturdy, staunch believer.

O ye wha leave the springs of Calvin,
For gumlic dubs of your ain delvin'!
Ye sons of heresy and error,
Ye'll some day squeel in quaking terror! 70
When Vengeance draws the sword in wrath,
And in the fire throws the sheath;
When Ruin, with his sweeping besom,
Just frets till Heaven commission gies him :
While o'er the harp pale Misery moans,
And strikes the ever deepening tones,
Still louder shrieks, and heavier groans!

Your pardon, Sir, for this digression,
I maist forgot my dedication;
But when divinity comes 'cross me, 80
My readers still are sure to lose me.

So, Sir, ye see 'twas nae daft vapour,
But I maturely thought it proper,
When a' my works I did review,
To dedicate them, Sir, to you :
Because (ye need na tak it ill)
I thought them something like yoursel'.

Then patronise them wi' your favour,
And your petitioner shall ever—
I had amaist said, ever pray, 90
But that's a word I need na say :
For prayin' I hae little skill o't ;
I'm baith dead-sweer, an' wretched ill o't ;
But I'se repeat each poor man's prayer,
That kens or hears about you, Sir—
'May ne'er misfortune's gowling bark,
Howl through the dwelling o' the Clerk!

May ne'er his generous, honest heart, 98
 For that same generous spirit smart !
 May Kennedy's far-honour'd name
 Lang beet his hymeneal flame,
 Till Hamiltons, at least a dizen,
 Are frae their nuptial labours risen :
 Five bonnie lasses round their table,
 And seven braw fellows, stout an' able
 To serve their king and country weel,
 By word, or pen, or pointed steel !
 May health and peace, with mutual rays,
 Shine on the evening o' his days ;
 Till his wee curlie John's ier-oe, 110
 When ebbing life nae mair shall flow,
 The last, sad, mournful rites bestow !'

I will not wind a lang conclusion,
 Wi' complimentary effusion :
 But whilst your wishes and endeavours
 Are blest with Fortune's smiles and favours,
 I am, dear Sir, with zeal most fervent,
 Your much indebted, humble servant.

But if (which Powers above prevent !)
 That iron-hearted carl, Want, 120
 Attended in his grim advances,
 By sad mistakes and black mischances,
 While hopes, and joys, and pleasures fly him,
 Make you as poor a dog as I am,
 Your humble servant then no more ;
 For who would humbly serve the poor ?
 But by a poor man's hopes in Heaven !
 While recollection's power is given,
 If, in the vale of humble life,
 The victim sad of fortune's strife, 130

ADDRESS TO EDINBURGH.

- 1 EDINA! Scotia's darling seat!
All hail thy palaces and towers,
Where once beneath a monarch's feet
Sat Legislation's sovereign powers!
From marking wildly-scatter'd flowers,
As on the banks of Ayr I stray'd,
And singing, lone, the lingering hours,
I shelter in thy honour'd shade.

- 2 Here wealth still swells the golden tide,
As busy Trade his labour plies;
There 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.

- 3 Thy sons, Edina! social, kind,
With open arms the stranger hail;
Their views enlarged, their liberal 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!

- 4 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 Burnet¹ strikes the adoring eye,
 Heaven's beauties on my fancy shine;
 I see the Sire of Love on high,
 And own his work indeed divine!

- 5 There, watching high the least alarms,
 Thy rough, rude fortress gleams afar;
 Like some bold veteran, gray in arms,
 And mark'd with many a scamy scar;
 The ponderous wall and massy bar,
 Grim-rising o'er the rugged rock,
 Have oft withstood assailing war,
 And oft repell'd the invader's shock.
- 6 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 wild-wandering roam,
 Though rigid law cries out, 'twas just!
- 7 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;
 E'en 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!
- 8 Edina! Scotia's darling seat!
 All hail thy palaces and towers,

¹ 'Burnet:' Eliza, daughter of Lord Monboddo.

Where once beneath a monarch's feet
 Sat Legislation's sovereign powers!
 From marking wildly-scatter'd flowers,
 As on the banks of Ayr I stray'd,
 And singing, lone, the lingering hours,
 I shelter'd in thy honour'd shade.

EPISTLE TO J. LAPRAIK,¹ AN OLD SCOTTISH
 BARD.

APRIL 1, 1785.

- 1 WHILE briars and woodbines budding green,
 An' paitricks sraichin' loud at e'en,
 An' morning poussie whiddin' seen,
 Inspire my Muse,
 This freedom in an unknown frien'
 I pray excuse.
- 2 On Fasten-e'en² we had a rockin',
 To ca' the crack and weave our stockin';
 And there was muckle fun an' jokin',
 Ye need na doubt;
 At length we had a hearty yokin'
 At sang about.
- 3 There was ae sang, amang the rest,
 Aboon them a' it pleased me best,
 That some kind husband had address'd
 To some sweet wife:
 It thirled the heart-strings through the breast,
 A' to the life.

¹ 'Lapraik:' an old rhymster, residing in Muirkirk. The song that pleased Burns was borrowed from an old ditty.—² 'Fasten-e'en:' Shrovetide, a festival that used to be religiously held in Scotland.

TO THE SAME.

APRIL 21, 1785.

- 1 WHILE now-ca'd kye rowte at the stake,
 An' pownies reck in pleugh or braik,
 This hour on e'enin's edge I take,
 To own I'm debtor
 To honest-hearted, auld Lapraik,
 For his kind letter.
- 2 Forjesket sair, wi' weary legs,
 Rattlin' the corn outowre the rigs,
 Or dealing through amang the naigs
 Their ten-hours' bite,
 My awkward Muse sair pleads and begs,
 I would na write.
- 3 The tapetless ramfeezled hizzie,
 She's saft at best, and something lazy,
 Quo' she, 'Ye ken, we've been sae busy
 This month an' mair,
 That, trowth! my head is grown right dizzie,
 An' something sair.'
- 4 Her dowff excuses pat me mad :
 'Conscience,' says I, 'ye thowless jad !
 I'll write, and that a hearty blaud,
 This vera night ;
 So dinna ye affront your trade,
 But rhyme it right.
- 5 ' Shall bauld Lapraik, the king o' hearts,
 Though mankind were a pack o' cartes,

Still persecuted by the limmer
 Frae year to year;
 But yet, despite the kittle kimmer,
 I, Rob, am here.

- 11 Do ye envy the city gent,
 Behint a kist to lie and sklent,
 Or purse-proud, big wi' cent. per cent.
 And muckle wame,
 In some bit brugh to represent
 A bailie's name ?
- 12 Or is 't the paughty, feudal Thane,
 Wi' ruffled sark and glancing cane,
 Wha thinks himsel' nae sheep-shank bane,
 But lordly stalks,
 While caps and bonnets aff are taen,
 As by he walks ?
- 13 O Thou, wha gies us each guid gift !
 Gie me o' wit an' sense a lift,
 Then turn me, if Thou please, adrift
 Through Scotland wide,
 Wi' cits nor lairds I wadna shift,
 In a' their pride !
- 14 Were this the charter of our state,
 'On pain o' hell be rich an' great,'
 Damnation then would be our fate,
 Beyond remead ;
 But, thanks to Heaven ! that's no the gate
 We learn our creed.
- 15 For thus the royal mandate ran,
 When first the human race began,

‘ The social, friendly, honest man,
 Whate’er he be,
 ’Tis he fulfils great Nature’s plan,
 An’ none but he !’

16 Oh mandate glorious and divine !
 The ragged followers of the Nine,
 Poor, thoughtless devils ! yet may shine
 In glorious light,
 While sordid sons of Mammon’s line
 Are dark as night.

17 Though here they scrape, and squeeze, and growl,
 Their worthless nievefu’ of a soul
 May in some future carcase howl
 The forest’s fright ;
 Or in some day-detesting owl
 May shun the light.

18 Then may Lapraik and Burns arise,
 To reach their native, kindred skies,
 And sing their pleasures, hopes, and joys,
 In some mild sphere,
 Still closer knit in friendship’s ties,
 Each passing year !

TO W. SIMPSON,¹ OCHILTREE.

MAY, 1785.

1 I GAT your letter, winsome Willie ;
 Wi’ gratefu’ heart I thank you brawlie ;

¹ ‘ Simpson : ’ parish teacher in Cumnock ; a man of considerable talent.

- 6 Auld Coila, now, may fidge fu' fain,
She's gotten poets o' her ain,
Chiels wha their chanters winna hain,
 But tune their lays,
Till echoes a' resound again
 Her weel-sung praise.
- 7 Nae poet thought her worth his while,
To set her name in measured style ;
She lay like some unkenn'd-of isle
 Beside New Holland,
Or whare wild-meeting oceans boil
 Be-south Magellan.
- 8 Ramsay and famous Fergusson
Gaed Forth an' Tay a lift aboon ;
Yarrow and Tweed, to mony a tune,
 Owre Scotland rings,
While Irwin, Lugar, Ayr, and Doon,
 Naebody sings.
- 9 The Illissus, Tiber, Thames, an' Seine,
Glide sweet in mony a tunefu' line ;
But, Willie, set your fit to mine,
 An' cock your crest.
We'll gar our streams and burnies shine
 Up wi' the best!
- 10 We'll sing auld Coila's plains an' fells,
Her moors red-brown wi' heather bells,
Her banks an' braes, her dens an' dells,
 Where glorious Wallace
Aft bure the gree, as story tells,
 Frac southron billies.

- 11 At Wallace' name what Scottish blood
 But boils up in a spring-tide flood!
 Oft have our fearless fathers strode
 By Wallace' side,
 Still pressing onward, red-wat-shod,
 Or glorious died!
- 12 Oh! sweet are Coila's haughs an' woods,
 When lintwhites chant among the buds,
 And jinkin' hares, in amorous whids,
 Their loves enjoy,
 While through the brae the cushat croods
 With wailfu' cry!
- 13 Even winter bleak has charms to me
 When winds rave through the naked tree;
 Or frosts on hills of Ochiltree
 Are hoary gray;
 Or blinding drifts, wild, furious flee,
 Darkening the day!
- 14 O Nature! a' thy shows an' forms
 To feeling, pensive hearts hae charms!
 Whether the summer kindly warms
 Wi' life and light,
 Or winter howls, in gusty storms,
 The lang, dark night!
- 15 The Muse, nae poet ever fand her,
 Till by himsel' he learn'd to wander,
 Adown some trottin' burn's meander,
 And no think lang;
 Oh sweet, to stray and pensive ponder
 A heart-felt sang!

16 The war'ly race may drudge an' drive,
 Hog-shouther, jundie, stretch, and strive ;
 Let me fair Nature's face describe,
 And I, wi' pleasure,
 Shall let the busy, grumbling hive
 Bum owre their treasure.

17 Fareweel, ' my rhyme-composing brither !'
 We've been owre lang unkenn'd to ither :
 Now let us lay our heads thegither,
 In love fraternal :
 May Envy wallop in a tether,
 Black fiend, infernal !

18 While Highlandmen hate tolls and taxes ;
 While moorlan' herds like guid fat braxies ;
 While terra firma, on her axis,
 Diurnal turns,
 Count on a friend, in faith an' practice,
 In ROBERT BURNS.

POSTSCRIPT.

19 My memory's no worth a preen ;
 I had amaist forgotten clean,
 You bade me write you what they mean
 By this New-Light,
 'Bout which our herds sae aft have been
 Maist like to fight.

20 In days when mankind were but callans
 At grammar, logic, an' sic talents,
 They took nae pains their speech to balance,
 Or rules to gie,
 But spak their thoughts in plain, braid Lallans,
 Like you or me.

- 26 This game was play'd in mony lands,
 And Auld-Light caddies bure sic hands,
 That, faith! the youngsters took the sands,
 Wi' nimble shanks,
 Till lairds forbade, by strict commands,
 Sic bluidy pranks.
- 27 But New-Light herds gat sic a cove,
 Folk thought them ruin'd stick-an'-stowe,
 Till now amaist on every knowe
 Ye'll find ane placed;
 And some their New-Light fair avow,
 Just quite barefaced.
- 28 Nae doubt the Auld-Light flocks are bleatin';
 Their zealous herds are vex'd an' sweatin';
 Mysel' I've even seen them greetin'
 Wi' girnin' spite,
 To hear the moon sae sadly lied on
 By word an' write.
- 29 But shortly they will cove the louns!
 Some Auld-Light herds in neibour towns
 Are mind't, in things they ca' balloons,
 To tak a flight,
 And stay a month amang the moons,
 An' see them right.
- 30 Guid observation they will gie them;
 And when the auld moon's gaun to lea'e them,
 The hindmost shaird, they'll fetch it wi' them,
 Just i' their pouch,
 And when the New-Light billies see them,
 I think they'll crouch!

- 31 Sae, ye observe that a' this clatter
 Is naething but a 'moonshine matter ;'
 But though dull prose-folk Latin splatter
 In logic tulzie,
 I hope, we bardies ken some better
 Than mind sic brulzie.
-

EPISTLE TO J. RANKINE.

ENCLOSING SOME POEMS.

- 1 O ROUGH, rude, ready-witted Rankine,
 The wale o' cocks for fun and drinkin'!
 There's mony godly folks are thinkin',
 Your dreams¹ an' tricks
 Will send you, Korah-like, a-sinkin',
 Straught to Auld Nick's.
- 2 Ye hae sae mony cracks and cants,
 And in your wicked, drucken rants,
 Ye mak a devil o' the saunts,
 And fill them fu':
 And then their failings, flaws, an' wants,
 Are a' seen through.
- 3 Hypocrisy, in mercy spare it!
 That holy robe, oh dinna tear it!

¹ 'Dreams:' a certain humorous *dream* of his was then making a noise in the countryside.—*B.* Rankine was a farmer in Adamhill, near Lochlea, a boon companion of Burns.

Spare 't for their sakes wha aften wear it,
 The lads in black !
 But your curst wit, when it comes near it,
 Rives 't aff their back.

4 Think, wicked sinner, wha ye 're skaithing,
 It's just the blue-gown¹ badge and claithing
 O' saunts; tak that, ye lea'e them naithing
 To ken them by,
 Frae ony unregenerate heathen
 Like you or I.

5 I've sent you here some rhyming ware,
 A' that I bargain'd for, and mair;
 Sae, when ye hae an hour to spare,
 I will expect
 You sang,² ye 'll sen 't wi' cannie care,
 And no neglect.

6 Though, faith ! sma' heart hae I to sing,
 My Muse dow scarcely spread her wing;
 I've play'd mysel' a bonnie spring,
 And danced my fill !
 I'd better gaen an' sair'd the king
 At Bunker's Hill.

7 'Twas ae night lately, in my fun,
 I gaed a roving wi' the gun,
 And brought a pairrick to the grun',
 A bonnie hen,
 And, as the twilight was begun,
 Thought nane wad ken.

¹ 'Blue-gown:' see 'Antiquary.'—² 'You sang:' a song he had promised to the author.—*B.*

- 5 The sober autumn enter'd mild,
When he grew wan and pale;
His bending joints and drooping head
Show'd he began to fail.
- 6 His colour sicken'd more and more,
He faded into age;
And then his enemies began
To show their deadly rage.
- 7 They've taen a weapon, long and sharp,
And cut him by the knee;
Then tied him fast upon a cart,
Like a rogue for forgerie.
- 8 They laid him down upon his back,
And cudgell'd him full sore;
They hung him up before the storm,
And turn'd him o'er and o'er.
- 9 They fillèd up a darksome pit
With water to the brim;
They heavèd in John Barleycorn,
There let him sink or swim.
- 10 They laid him out upon the floor,
To work him farther woe;
And still, as signs of life appear'd,
They toss'd him to and fro.
- 11 They wasted, o'er a scorching flame,
The marrow of his bones;
But a miller used him worst of all,
For he crush'd him between two stones.

- 12 And they hae ta'en his very heart's blood,
 And drank it round and round;
 And still the more and more they drank,
 Their joy did more abound.
- 13 John Barleycorn was a hero bold,
 Of noble enterprise;
 For if you do but taste his blood,
 'Twill make your courage rise.
- 14 'Twill make a man forget his woe;
 'Twill heighten all his joy:
 'Twill make the widow's heart to sing,
 Though the tear were in her eye.
- 15 Then let us toast John Barleycorn,
 Each man a glass in hand;
 And may his great posterity
 Ne'er fail in old Scotland!

 A FRAGMENT.

TUNE—' *Killiecrankie.*'

- 1 WHEN Guildford good our pilot stood,
 And did our helm thraw, man,
 Ae night, at tea, began a plea,
 Within America, man:
 Then up they gat the maskin'-pat,
 And in the sea did jaw, man;
 And did nae less, in full Congress,
 Than quite refuse our law, man.

- 2 Then through the lakes Montgomery takes,
 I wat he was na slaw, man :
 Down Lowrie's burn he took a turn,
 And Carleton did ca', man :
 But yet, what reck, he at Quebec,
 Montgomery-like, did fa', man ;
 Wi' sword in hand, before his band,
 Amang his enemies a', man.
- 3 Poor Tammy Gage, within a cage
 Was kept at Boston Ha', man ;
 Till Willie Howe took o'er the knowe
 For Philadelphia, man :
 Wi' sword an' gun he thought a sin
 Guid Christian blood to draw, man ;
 But at New York, wi' knife an' fork,
 Sirloin he hackèd sma', man.
- 4 Burgoyne gaed up, like spur an' whip,
 Till Fraser brave did fa', man ;
 Then lost his way, ae misty day,
 In Saratoga shaw, man.
 Cornwallis fought as lang's he dought,
 And did the buckskins claw, man ;
 But Clinton's glaive frae rust to save,
 He hung it to the wa', man.
- 5 Then Montague, an' Guildford too,
 Began to fear a fa', man ;
 And Sackville dour, wha stood the stoure,
 The German Chief to thrav, man :
 For Paddy Burke, like ony Turk,
 Nae mercy had at a', man ;
 And Charlie Fox threw by the box,
 And lowsèd his tinkler jaw, man.

- 6 Then Rockingham took up the game ;
 Till death did on him ca', man ;
 When Shelburne meek held up his check.
 Conform to Gospel law, man.
 Saint Stephen's boys, wi' jarring noise,
 They did his measures thraw, man,
 For North an' Fox united stocks,
 And bore him to the wa', man.
- 7 Then clubs and hearts were Charlie's cartes,
 He swept the stakes awa', man,
 Till the diamond's ace, of Indian race,
 Led him a sair *faux pas*, man :
 The Saxon lads, wi' loud placads,
 On Chatham's boy did ca', man ;
 An' Scotland drew her pipe, an' blew
 ' Up, Willie, waur them a', man !'
- 8 Behind the throne then Grenville's gone,
 A secret word or twa, man ;
 While slee Dundas aroused the class
 Be-north the Roman wa', man :
 And Chatham's wraith, in heavenly graith.
 (Inspirèd Bardies saw, man)
 Wi' kindling eyes cried, ' Willie, rise !
 Would I hae fear'd them a', man ?'
- 9 But, word an' blow, North, Fox, and Co.,
 Gowff'd Willie like a ba', man,
 Till Southron raise, and coost their claise
 Behind him in a raw, man ;
 And Caledon threw by the drone,
 And did her whittle draw, man ;
 And swore fu' rude, through dirt an' blood,
 To make it guid in law, man.

SONG.

TUNE—' *Corn rigs are bonnie.*'

- 1 It was upon a Lamma's night,
 When corn rigs are bonnie,
 Beneath the moon's unclouded light,
 I held awa to Annie:¹
 The time flew by wi' tentless heed,
 Till 'tween the late and early,
 Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed,
 To see me through the barley.
- 2 The sky was blue, the wind was still,
 The moon was shining clearly;
 I set her down, wi' right good will,
 Amang the rigs o' barley;
 I ken't her heart was a' my ain;
 I loved her most sincerely;
 I kiss'd her owre and owre again,
 Amang the rigs o' barley.
- 3 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 so bright,
 That shone that hour so clearly,
 She aye shall bless that happy night,
 Amang the rigs o' barley!

¹ 'Annie:' Anne Mary, youngest daughter of John Rankine; she became the keeper of a hostelry at Cumnoek

- 4 I hae been blithe wi' comrades dear ;
 I hae been merry drinkin' ;
 I hae been joyfu' gath'rin' gear ;
 I hae been happy thinkin' :
 But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,
 Though three times doubled fairly,
 That happy night was worth them a',
 Among the rigs o' barley.

CHORUS

Corn rigs, an' barley rigs,
 An' corn rigs are bonnie :
 I'll ne'er forget that happy night,
 Among the rigs wi' Annie.

SONG COMPOSED IN AUGUST.

TUNE—' *I had a horse, I had na mair.*'

- 1 Now westlin' winds, and slaughtering 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.
- 2 The partridge loves the fruitful fells ;
 The plover loves the mountains ;
 The woodcock haunts the lonely dells ;
 The soaring hern the fountains :

Through lofty groves the cushat roves,
 The path of man to shun it;
 The hazel bush o'erhangs the thrush,
 The spreading thorn the linnet.

3 Thus every 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 murdering cry,
 The fluttering, gory pinion!

4 But Peggy,¹ dear, the evening'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.

5 We'll gently walk, and sweetly talk,
 Till the silent moon shine clearly;
 I'll grasp thy waist, and fondly press'd,
 Swear how I love thee dearly:
 Not vernal showers to budding flowers,
 Not autumn to the farmer,
 So dear can be as thou to me,
 My fair, my lovely charmer!

¹ 'Peggy:' Margaret Thomson, Burns' flame at Kirkoswald.

SONG.

TUNE—' *My Nannie O!* '

- 1 BEHIND yon hills where Lugar¹ flows,
 'Mang moors an' mosses many, O!
 The wintry sun the day has closed,
 And I'll awa' to Nannie, O!
- 2 The westlin' wind blaws loud an' shrill;
 The night's baith mirk and rainy, O!
 But I'll get my plaid, an' out I'll steal,
 And owre the hills to Nannie, O!
- 3 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!
- 4 Her face is fair, her heart is true,
 As spotless as she's bonnie, O!
 The opening gowan, wet wi' dew,
 Nae purer is than Nannie, O!
- 5 A country lad is my degree,
 And few there be that ken me, O!
 But what care I how few they be?
 I'm welcome aye to Nannie, O!
- 6 My riches a's my penny-fee,
 And I maun guide it cannie, O!
 But warl's gear ne'er troubles me,
 My thoughts are a'—my Nannie, O!

¹ 'Lugar:' originally Stinchar.

- 7 Our auld guidman delights to view
 His sheep an' kye thrive bonnie, O!
 But I'm as blithe that hauds his pleugh,
 And has nae care but Nannie, O!
- 8 Come weel, come woe, I care na by,
 I'll tak what Heaven will sen'^o me, O!
 Nae ither care in life have I,
 But live, an' love my Nannie, O!
-

GREEN GROW THE RASHIES, A FRAGMENT.¹

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

CHORUS.

- Green grow the rashes, O!
 Green grow the rashes, O!
 The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,
 Are spent amang the lasses, O!
- 2 The warly race may riches chase,
 And riches still may fly them, O!
 And though at last they catch them fast,
 Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O!
- 3 But gie me a canny hour at c'en,
 My arms about my dearie, O!
 And warly cares, an' warly men,
 May a' gae tapsalteerie, O!

¹ Note.—This is an improvement on an old song.—B.

- 4 For you sae douse, ye sneer at this,
 Ye 're nought but senseless asses, O!
 The wisest man the warl' e'er saw,
 He dearly loved the lasses, O!
- 5 Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears
 Her noblest work she classes, O!
 Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
 And then she made the lasses, O!
-

SONG.

TUNE—' *Jockey's Gray Breeks.*'

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

CHORUS.¹

And maun I still on Menie² 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!

- 2 In vain to me the cowslips blaw,
 In vain to me the violets spring;
 In vain to me, in glen or shaw,
 The mavis and the lintwhite sing.

¹ This chorus is part of a song composed by a gentleman in Edinburgh, a particular friend of the author's.—*B.*—² 'Menie:' is the common abbreviation of Mariamne.

- 3 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.
- 4 The wanton coot the water skims,
 Among the reeds the ducklings cry,
 The stately swan majestic swims,
 And everything is blest but I.
- 5 The shepherd steeks his faulding slap,
 And owre the moorlands whistles shrill ;
 Wi' wild, unequal, wandering step,
 I meet him on the dewy hill.
- 6 And when the lark, 'tween light and dark,
 Blithe waukens by the daisy's side,
 And mounts and sings on fluttering wings,
 A weworn ghaist I hameward glide.
- 7 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 !

 SONG.

 TUNE—' *Roslin Castle.*'

- 1 THE gloomy night is gathering 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, press'd with care,
Along the lonely banks of Ayr.

2 The Autumn mourns her ripening 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.

3 'Tis not the surging billow's roar,
'Tis not that fatal deadly shore ;
Though death in every 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.

4 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 !

SONG.

TUNE—' *Gilderoy*.'

- 1 FROM thee, Eliza,¹ I must go,
 And from my native shore ;
 The cruel fates between us throw
 A boundless oceans roar ;
 But boundless ocean's, roaring wide,
 Between my love and me,
 They never, never can divide
 My heart and soul from thee !
- 2 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 !

THE FAREWELL TO THE BRETHREN OF
ST JAMES'S LODGE, TARBOLTON.TUNE—' *Good night an' joy be wi' you a'!*'

- 1 ADIEU ! a heart-warm, fond adieu !
 Dear brothers of the mystic tie !
 Ye favour'd, ye enlighten'd few,
 Companions of my social joy !

¹ ' Eliza : ' one of the ' six belles ' of Mauchline—Betty Miller, afterwards Mrs Templeton.

Though I to foreign lands must hie,
Pursuing Fortune's sliddery ba',
With melting heart, and brimful eye,
I'll mind you still, though far awa'.

2 Oft have I met your social band,
And spent the cheerful, festive night ;
Oft, honour'd with supreme command,
Presided o'er the Sons of Light :
And by that Hieroglyphic Bright,
Which none but Craftsmen ever saw,
Strong Memory on my heart shall write
Those happy scenes when far awa'!

3 May Freedom, Harmony, and Love,
Unite you in the grand design,
Beneath the Omniscient Eye above,
The glorious Architect Divine !
That you may keep the unerring line,
Still rising by the plummet's law,
Till Order bright completely shine,
Shall be my prayer when far awa'.

4 And you, farewell ! whose merits claim,
Justly, that highest badge to wear !
Heaven bless your honour'd, noble name,
To Masonry and Scotia dear !
A last request permit me here,
When yearly ye assemble a',
One round—I ask it with a tear—
To him, the Bard that's far awa' !

SONG.

TUNE—'Prepare, my dear brethren, to the
tavern let's fly.'

- 1 No churchman am I for to rail and to write,
No statesman nor soldier to plot or to fight,
No sly man of business contriving a snare,—
For a big-bellied bottle 's the whole of my care.
- 2 The peer I don't envy, I give him his bow ;
I scorn not the peasant, though ever so low ;
But a club of good fellows, like those that are here,
And a bottle like this, are my glory and care.
- 3 Here passes the squire on his brother—his horse ;
There centum per centum, the eit with his purse ;
But see you The Crown, how it waves in the air !
There a big-bellied bottle still eases my care.
- 4 The wife of my bosom, alas ! she did die ;
For sweet consolation to church I did fly ;
I found that old Solomon provèd it fair,
That a big-bellied bottle 's a cure for all care.
- 5 I once was persuaded a venture to make ;
A letter inform'd me that all was to wreck ;
But the pury old landlord just waddled up stairs,
With a glorious bottle that ended my cares.
- 6 ' Life's cares they are comforts'¹—a maxim laid down
By the bard, what d' ye call him, that wore the black
gown ;

¹ ' Comforts : ' Young's ' Night Thoughts.'—B.

And, faith ! I agree with the old prig to a hair ;
For a big-bellied bottle's a heaven of care.

ADDED IN A MASON LODGE.

Then fill up a bumper, and make it o'erflow,
And honours masonic prepare for to throw ;
May every true brother of the compass and square
Have a big-bellied bottle when harass'd with care !

WRITTEN IN FRIARS-CARSE HERMITAGE,¹

ON NITHSIDE.

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 every hour,
Fear not clouds will always lower.

As youth and love with sprightly dance,
Beneath thy morning star advance, 10
Pleasure with her siren air
May delude the thoughtless pair ;
Let Prudence bless Enjoyment's cup,
Then raptured sip, and sip it up.
As thy day grows warm and high,
Life's meridian flaming nigh

¹ ' Friars-Carse : ' an estate near Ellisland, belonging to Mr Riddell.

Dost thou spurn the humble vale? 17
 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 evening close,
 Beckoning 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 ; 30
 And teach the sportive youngers 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, 40
 The smile or frown of awful Heaven,
 To virtue or to vice is given.
 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, 50

Till future life, future no more, 51
 To light and joy the good restore,
 To light and joy unknown before.
 Stranger, go! Heaven be thy guide!
 Quod the beadsman of Nithside.

ODE,¹ SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF MRS
 OSWALD OF AUCHENCRAIG.

DWELLER in yon dungeon dark,
 Hangman of creation! mark
 Who in widow-weeds appears,
 Laden with unhonour'd years,
 Noosing with care a bursting purse,
 Baited with many a deadly curse!

STROPHE.

View the wither'd beldame's face—
 Can thy keen inspection trace
 Aught of humanity's sweet, melting grace?
 Note that eye, 'tis rheum o'erflows, 10
 Pity's flood there never rose.
 See those hands, ne'er stretch'd to save,
 Hands that took—but never gave.
 Keeper of Mammon's iron chest,
 Lo, there she goes, unpitied and unblest;
 She goes, but not to realms of everlasting rest!

¹ 'Ode:' every reader of Burns remembers the circumstances under which this savage ode was composed

ANTISTROPHIE.

Plunderer of armies, lift thine eyes, 17
 (A while forbear, ye torturing fiends!)
 Seest thou whose step unwilling hither bends?
 No fallen angel, hurl'd from upper skies;
 'Tis thy trusty quondam mate,
 Doom'd to share thy fiery fate,
 She, tardy, hellward plies.

EPODE.

And are they of no more avail,
 Ten thousand glittering pounds a-year?
 In other worlds can Mammon fail,
 Omnipotent as he is here?
 Oh, bitter mockery of the pompous bier,
 While down the wretched vital part is driven!
 The cave-lodged beggar, with a conscience clear,
 Expires in rags, unknown, and goes to heaven.

 ELEGY ON CAPTAIN MATTHEW HENDERSON,¹

A GENTLEMAN WHO HELD THE PATENT FOR HIS HONOURS
 IMMEDIATELY FROM ALMIGHTY GOD!

'But now his radiant course is run,
 For Matthew's course was bright;
 His soul was like the glorious sun,
 A matchless, heavenly light!'

1 O DEATH! thou tyrant fell and bloody!
 The meikle devil wi' a woodie
 Haurl thee hame to his black smiddie,
 O'er hurcheon hides,
 And like stockfish come o'er his studdie
 Wi' thy auld sides!

¹ 'Captain M. Henderson:' a harmless old Edinburgh *bon-vivant*, who had once been in the army.

- 7 Mourn, ye wee songsters o' the wood;
 Ye grouse, that crap the heather bud;
 Ye curlews, calling through a clud;
 Ye whistling plover;
 And mourn, ye whirring paitrick brood—
 He's gane for ever!
- 8 Mourn, sooty coots, and speckled teals;
 Ye fisher herons, watching eels;
 Ye duck and drake, wi' airy wheels
 Circling the lake;
 Ye bitterns, till the quagmire reels,
 Rair for his sake!
- 9 Mourn, clam'ring craiks at close o' day,
 'Mang fields o' flowering clover gay;
 And when ye wing your annual way
 Frae our cauld shore,
 Tell thae far warlds, wha lies in clay,
 Wham we deplore.
- 10 Ye houlets, frae your ivy bower,
 In some auld tree, or eldritch tower,
 What time the moon, wi' silent glower,
 Sets up her horn,
 Wail through the dreary midnight hour
 Till waukrife morn!
- 11 O rivers, forests, hills, and plains!
 Oft have ye heard my canty strains:
 But now, what else for me remains
 But tales of woe?
 And frae my e'en the drapping rains
 Maun ever flow.

THE EPITAPH.

- 1 Stop, passenger!—my story's brief;
And truth I shall relate, man;
I tell nae common tale o' grief—
For Matthew was a great man.

- 2 If thou uncommon merit hast,
Yet spurn'd at fortune's door, man;
A look of pity hither cast—
For Matthew was a poor man.

- 3 If thou a noble sodger¹ art,
That passest by this grave, man;
There moulders here a gallant heart—
For Matthew was a brave man.

- 4 If thou on men, their works and ways,
Canst throw uncommon light, man;
Here lies wha weel had won thy praise—
For Matthew was a bright man.

- 5 If thou at friendship's sacred ca'
Wad life itself resign, man;
Thy sympathetic tear maun fa'—
For Matthew was a kind man.

- 6 If thou art staunch without a stain,
Like the unchanging blue, man;
This was a kinsman o' thy ain—
For Matthew was a true man.

¹ 'Sodger:' R. Chambers says that the name 'Captain' was a mere pet name conferred on Henderson. The allusion here, however, to his gallantry, confutes the supposition. He was probably an officer retired on half-pay.

- 7 If thou hast wit, and fun, and fire,
 And ne'er guid wine did fear, man ;
 This was thy billie, dam, and sire—
 For Matthew was a queer man.
- 8 If ony whiggish, whingin' sot,
 To blame poor Matthew dare, man ;
 May dool and sorrow be his lot—
 For Matthew was a rare man.
-

LAMENT OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS,

ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

- 1 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 nought can glad the weary wight
 That fast in durance lies.
- 2 Now lav'rocks wake the merry morn,
 Aloft on dewy wing ;
 The merle, in his noontide bower,
 Makes woodland echoes ring ;
 The mavis mild wi' mony a note,
 Sings drowsy day to rest :
 In love and freedom they rejoice,
 Wi' care nor thrall oppress'd.

- 3 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 !
- 4 I was the Queen o' bonnie France,
 Where happy I hae been ;
 Fu' lightly rase I in the morn,
 As blithe lay down at e'en :
 And I'm the sovereign of Scotland,
 And mony a traitor there ;
 Yet here I lie in foreign bands,
 And never-ending care.
- 5 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 the balm that draps on wounds of woe
 Frae woman's pitying e'e.
- 6 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 !

7 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 !

FIRST EPISTLE TO MR GRAHAM OF FINTRY.

WHEN Nature her great masterpiece design'd,
 And framed her last, best work, the human mind,
 Her eye intent on all the mazy plan,
 She form'd of various parts the various man.
 Then first she calls the useful many forth ;
 Plain plodding industry, and sober worth :
 Thence peasants, farmers, native sons of earth,
 And merchandise' whole genus take their birth ;
 Each prudent eit a warm existence finds,
 And all mechanics' many-apron'd kinds. 10
 Some other rarer sorts are wanted yet,
 The lead and buoy are needful to the net ;
 The *caput mortuum* of gross desires
 Makes a material for mere knights and squires ;
 The martial phosphorus is taught to flow ;
 She kneads the lumpish philosophic dough,
 Then marks the unyielding mass with grave designs,
 Law, physic, politics, and deep divines ;
 Last, she sublimes the Aurora of the poles,
 The flashing elements of female souls. 20

The order'd system fair before her stood, 21
 Nature, well-pleas'd, pronounced it very good;
 But ere she gave creating labour o'er,
 Half-jest, she tried one curious labour more.
 Some spumy, fiery, *ignis fatuus* matter,
 Such as the slightest breath of air might scatter;
 With arch alacrity and conscious glee
 (Nature may have her whim as well as we,
 Her Hogarth-art perhaps she meant to show it)
 She forms the thing, and christens it—a poet; 30
 Creature, though oft the prey of care and sorrow,
 When blest to-day, unmindful of to-morrow.
 A being form'd to amuse his graver friends,
 Admired and praised—and there the homage ends:
 A mortal quite unfit for fortune's strife,
 Yet oft the sport of all the ills of life;
 Prone to enjoy each pleasure riches give,
 Yet haply wanting wherewithal to live;
 Longing to wipe each tear, to heal each groan,
 Yet frequent all unheeded in his own. 40

{ But honest nature is not quite a Turk,
 She laugh'd at first, then felt for her poor work.
 Pitying the propless climber of mankind,
 She cast about a standard tree to find;
 And, to support his helpless woodbine state,
 Attach'd him to the generous, truly great,
 A title, and the only one I claim,
 To lay strong hold for help on bounteous Graham.
 Pity the tuneful Muses' hapless train,
 Weak, timid landsmen on life's stormy main! 50
 Their hearts no selfish stern absorbent stuff,
 That never gives—though humbly takes enough;
 The little fate allows, they share as soon,
 Unlike sage proverb'd wisdom's hard-wrung boon.

The world were bless'd did bliss on them depend, 55
 Ah, that 'the friendly e'er should want a friend !'
 Let prudence number o'er each sturdy son,
 Who life and wisdom at one race begun,
 Who feel by reason and who give by rule
 (Instinct's a brute, and sentiment's a fool!)— 60
 Who make poor 'will do' wait upon 'I should'—
 We own they're prudent, but who feels they're good ?
 Ye wise ones, hence ! ye hurt the social eye !
 God's image rudely etch'd on base alloy !
 But come, ye who the godlike pleasure know,
 Heaven's attribute distinguish'd—to bestow !
 Whose arms of love would grasp the human race :
 Come thou who giv'st with all a courtier's grace ;
 Friend of my life, true patron of my rhymes,
 Prop of my dearest hopes for future times ! 70
 Why shrinks my soul, half-blushing, half-afraid,
 Backward, abash'd, to ask thy friendly aid ?
 I know my need, I know thy giving hand,
 I crave thy friendship at thy kind command ;
 But there are such who court the tuneful Nine—
 Heavens ! should the branded character be mine !
 Whose verse in manhood's pride sublimely flows,
 Yet vilest reptiles in their begging prose.
 Mark, how their lofty independent spirit
 Soars on the spurning wing of injured merit ! 80
 Seek not the proofs in private life to find ;
 Pity the best of words should be but wind !
 So to Heaven's gate the lark's shrill song ascends,
 But grovelling on the earth the carol ends.
 In all the clamorous cry of starving want,
 They dun benevolence with shameless front ;
 Oblige them, patronise their tinsel lays,
 They persecute you all your future days !

Ere my poor soul such deep damnation stain, 89
 My horny fist assume the plough again ;
 The piebald jacket let me patch once more ;
 On eighteenpence a-week I've lived before.
 Though, thanks to Heaven, I dare even that last shift !
 I trust, meantime, my boon is in thy gift :
 That, placed by thee upon the wished-for height,
 Where, man and nature fairer in her sight,
 My Muse may imp her wing for some sublimer flight.

SECOND EPISTLE TO MR GRAHAM
OF FINTRY.¹

- 1 FINTRY, my stay in worldly strife,
 Friend o' my Muse, friend o' my life !
 Are ye as idle's I am ?
 Come, then, wi' uncouth, kintra fleg,
 O'er Pegasus I'll fling my leg,
 And ye shall see me try him.

- 2 I'll sing the zeal Drumlanrig bears,
 Who left the all-important cares
 Of princes and their darlings ;
 And, bent on winning borough towns,
 Came shaking hands wi' wabster loons,
 And kissing barefit carlins.

- 3 Combustion through our boroughs rode,
 Whistling his roaring pack abroad,
 Of mad, unmuzzled lions ;
 As Queensberry buff and blue unfur'd,
 And Westerha' and Hopetoun hurl'd
 To every Whig defiance.

¹ *Note.*—This second epistle refers to a contested election between Sir J. Johnstone and Captain Miller for the Dumfries burghs.

- 4 But Queensberry, cautious, left the war,
The unmanner'd dust might soil his star,
 Besides, he hated bleeding ;
But left behind him heroes bright,
Heroes in Cæsarean fight
 Or Ciceronian pleading.
- 5 Oh for a throat like huge Mons-Meg,
To muster o'er each ardent Whig
 Beneath Drumlanrig's banners ;
Heroes and heroines commix
All in the field of politics,
 To win immortal honours.
- 6 M'Murdo and his lovely spouse
(The enamour'd laurels kiss her brows)
 Led on the loves and graces ;
She won each gaping burgess' heart,
While he, all-conquering, play'd his part,
 Among their wives and lasses.
- 7 Graigdarroch led a light-arm'd corps ;
Troops, metaphors, and figures pour,
 Like Hecla streaming thunder ;
Glenriddel, skill'd in rusty coins,
Blew up each Tory's dark designs,
 And bared the treason under.
- 8 In either wing two champions fought,
Redoubted Staig, who set at nought
 The wildest savage Tory,
And Welsh, who ne'er yet flinch'd his ground,
High waved his magnum bonum round
 With Cyclopean fury.

- 9 Miller brought up the artillery ranks,
The many-pounders of the Banks,
Resistless desolation ;
While Maxwelton, that baron bold,
'Mid Lawson's port entrench'd his hold,
And threaten'd worse damnation.
- 10 To these, what Tory hosts opposed ;
With these, what Tory warriors closed,
Surpasses my describing :
Squadrons extended long and large,
With furious speed rush'd to the charge,
Like raging devils driving.
- 11 What verse can sing, what prose narrate,
The butcher deeds of bloody fate
Amid this mighty tulzie ?
Grim Horror grim'd ; pale Terror roar'd,
As Murther at his thrapple shored ;
And hell mix'd in the brulzie !
- 12 As Highland crags, by thunder cleft,
When lightnings fire the stormy lift,
Hurl down wi' crashing rattle ;
As flames amang a hundred woods ;
As headlong foam a hundred floods—
Such is the rage of battle.
- 13 The stubborn Tories dare to die ;
As soon the rooted oaks would fly,
Before the approaching fellers ;
The Whigs come on like Ocean's roar,
When all his wintry billows pour
Against the Buchan Bullers.

- 14 Lo, from the shades of Death's deep night,
Departed Whigs enjoy the fight,
 And think on former daring!
The muffled murderer of Charles
The Magna-Charta flag unfurls,
 All deadly gules its bearing.
- 15 Nor wanting ghosts of Tory fame ;
Bold Scrimgeour follows gallant Grahame—
 Auld Covenanters shiver—
(Forgive, forgive, much-wrong'd Montrose !
While death and hell engulf thy foes,
 Thou liv'st on high for ever !)
- 16 Still o'er the field the combat burns ;
The Tories, Whigs, give way by turns ;
 But Fate the word has spoken—
For woman's wit, or strength of man,
Alas! can do but what they can—
 The Tory ranks are broken.
- 17 Oh that my e'en were flowing burns !
My voice a lioness that mourns
 Her darling cub's undoing !
That I might greet, that I might cry,
While Tories fall, while Tories fly,
 And furious Whigs pursuing !
- 18 What Whig but wails the good Sir James ;
Dear to his country by the names,
 Friend, Patron, Benefactor ?
Not Pulteney's wealth can Pulteney save !
And Hopetoun falls, the generous, brave !
 And Stuart, bold as Hector !

- 19 Thou, Pitt, shall rue this overthrow,
 And Thurlow growl a curse of woe,
 And Melville melt in wailing!
 Now Fox and Sheridan, rejoice!
 And Burke shall sing: 'O Prince, arise!
 Thy power is all-prevailing!'
- 20 For your poor friend, the Bard, afar
 He hears, and only hears the war,
 A cool spectator purely;
 So when the storm the forest rends,
 The robin in the hedge descends,
 And sober chirps securely.

THIRD EPISTLE TO MR GRAHAM OF FINTRY.

LATE crippled of an arm, and now a leg,
 About to beg a pass for leave to beg;
 Dull, listless, teased, dejected, and depress'd,
 (Nature is adverse to a cripple's rest;)
 Will generous Graham list to his poet's wail?
 (It soothes poor misery, hearkening to her tale)
 And hear him curse the light he first survey'd,
 And doubly curse the luckless rhyming trade?
 Thou, Nature! partial Nature! I arraign;
 Of thy caprice maternal I complain.
 The lion and the bull thy care have found,
 One shakes the forests and one spurns the ground:
 Thou giv'st the ass his hide, the snail his shell,
 The envenom'd wasp, victorious, guards his cell.

Thy minions, kings, defend, control, devour, 15
 In all the omnipotence of rule and power;
 Foxes and statesmen, subtile wiles insure,
 The cit and polecat stink, and are secure.
 Toads with their poison, doctors with their drug,
 The priest and hedgehog in their robes are snug; 20
 Even silly woman has her warlike arts,
 Her tongue and eyes, her dreaded spear and darts.

But, oh! thou bitter stepmother and hard,
 To thy poor, fenceless, naked child, the Bard!
 A thing unteachable in world's skill,
 And half an idiot, too, more helpless still;
 No heels to bear him from the opening dun;
 No claws to dig, his hated sight to shun;
 No horns, but those by luckless Hymen worn,
 And those, alas! not Amalthea's horn: 30
 No nerves olfactory, Mammon's trusty cur,
 Clad in rich dulness' comfortable fur!—
 In naked feeling, and in aching pride,
 He bears the unbroken blast from every side:
 Vampyre booksellers drain him to the heart,
 And scorpion critics cureless venom dart.

Critics!—appall'd I venture on the name,
 Those cut-throat bandits in the paths of fame:
 Bloody dissectors, worse than ten Monroes!¹
 He hacks to teach, they mangle to expose. 40

His heart by causeless wanton malice wrung,
 By blockheads' daring into madness stung;
 His well-won bays, than life itself more dear,
 By miscreants torn, who ne'er one sprig must wear:
 Foil'd, bleeding, tortured, in the unequal strife,
 The hapless poet flounders on through life;
 Till, fled each hope that once his bosom fired,

¹ 'Monroe:' Alexander, Professor of Anatomy, Edinburgh.

And fled each Muse that glorious once inspired, 48
 Low sunk in squalid, unprotected age,
 Dead even resentment, for his injured page,
 He heeds or feels no more the ruthless critic's rage !

So, by some hedge, the generous steed deceased,
 For half-starved snarling curs a dainty feast ;
 By toil and famine wore to skin and bone,
 Lies senseless of each tugging bitch's son.

O Dulness ! portion of the truly blest !
 Calm shelter'd haven of eternal rest !
 Thy sons ne'er madden in the fierce extremes
 Of fortune's polar frost, or torrid beams.
 If mantling high she fills the golden cup, 60
 With sober selfish ease they sip it up :

Conscious the bounteous meed they well deserve,
 They only wonder, 'some folks' do not starve.
 The grave, sage hern thus easy picks his frog,
 And thinks the mallard a sad worthless dog.
 When disappointment snaps the clue of hope,
 And through disastrous night they darkling grope,
 With deaf endurance sluggishly they bear,
 And just conclude that 'fools are fortune's care.'

So, heavy, passive to the tempest's shocks, 70
 Strong on the sign-post stands the stupid ox.
 Not so the idle Muses' mad-cap train,
 Not such the workings of their moon-struck brain ;
 In equanimity they never dwell,
 By turns in soaring heaven, or vaulted hell.

I dread thee, Fate, relentless and severe,
 With all a poet's, husband's, father's fear !
 Already one stronghold of hope is lost,
 Glencairn, the truly noble, lies in dust ;
 (Fled, like the sun eclipsed as noon appears, 80
 And left us darkling in a world of tears ;)

Oh! hear my ardent, grateful, selfish prayer!— 82
 Fintry, my other stay, long bless and spare!
 Through a long life his hopes and wishes crown,
 And bright in cloudless skies his sun go down!
 May bliss domestic smooth his private path,
 Give energy to life, and soothe his latest breath,
 With many a filial tear circling the bed of death!

FOURTH EPISTLE TO MR GRAHAM
 OF FINTRY.

- 1 I CALL no goddess to inspire my strains,
 A fabled Muse may suit a bard that feigns;
 Friend of my life! my ardent spirit burns,
 And all the tribute of my heart returns,
 For boons accorded, goodness ever new,
 The gift still dearer, as the giver, you.
- 2 Thou orb of day! thou other paler light!
 And all ye many sparkling stars of night!
 If aught that giver from my mind efface,
 If I that giver's bounty e'er disgrace;
 Then roll to me, along your wandering spheres,
 Only to number out a villain's years!

LAMENT FOR JAMES, EARL OF GLENCAIRN.

- 1 THE wind blew hollow frae the hills,
 By fits the sun's departing beam
 Look'd on the fading yellow woods
 That waved o'er Lugar's winding stream:

- Beneath a craigy steep, a Bard,
 Laden with years and meikle pain,
 In loud lament bewail'd his lord,
 Whom death had all untimely ta'en.
- 2 He lean'd him to an ancient aik,
 Whose trunk was mouldering down with years;
 His locks were bleachèd white with time,
 His hoary cheek was wet wi' tears;
 And as he touch'd his trembling harp,
 And as he tuned his doleful sang,
 The winds lamenting through their caves,
 To Echo bore the notes alang:
- 3 ' Ye scatter'd birds, that faintly sing,
 The reliques of the vernal quire!
 Ye woods, that shed on a' the winds
 The honours of the aged year!
 A few short months, and glad and gay,
 Again ye'll charm the ear and e'e;
 But nocht in all revolving time
 Can gladness bring again to me.
- 4 ' I am a bending, aged tree,
 That long has stood the wind and rain;
 But now has come a cruel blast,
 And my last hald of earth is gane:
 Nae leaf o' mine shall greet the spring,
 Nae simmer sun exalt my bloom;
 But I maun lie before the storm,
 And ithers plant them in my room.
- 5 ' I've seen sae mony changefu' years,
 On earth I am a stranger grown;
 I wander in the ways of men,
 Alike unknowing and unknown:

Unheard, unpitied, unrelieved,
 I bear alane my lade o' care,
 For silent, low, on beds of dust,
 Lie a' that would my sorrows share.

- 6 ' And last, (the sum of a' my griefs!)
 My noble master lies in clay;
 The flower amang our barons bold,
 His country's pride, his country's stay—
 In weary being now I pine,
 For a' the life of life is dead,
 And hope has left my aged ken,
 On forward wing for ever fled.
- 7 ' Awake thy last sad voice, my harp!
 The voice of woe and wild despair!
 Awake! resound thy latest lay—
 Then sleep in silence evermair!
 And thou, my last, best, only friend,
 That fillest an untimely tomb,
 Accept this tribute from the Bard
 Thou brought from fortune's mirkest gloom.
- 8 ' In poverty's low barren vale,
 Thick mists, obscure, involved me round;
 Though oft I turn'd the wistful eye,
 Nae ray of fame was to be found:
 Thou found'st me, like the morning sun
 That melts the fogs in limpid air,
 The friendless Bard and rustic song,
 Became alike thy fostering care.
- 9 ' Oh! why has worth so short a date?
 While villains ripen gray with time!
 Must thou, the noble, generous, great,
 Fall in bold manhood's hardy prime?

Why did I live to see that day ?
 A day to me so full of woe !—
 Oh ! had I met the mortal shaft
 Which laid my benefactor low !

10 ' The bridegroom may forget the bride
 Was made his wedded wife yestreen ;
 The monarch may forget the crown
 That on his head an hour has been ;
 The mother may forget the child
 That smiles sac sweetly on her knee ;
 But I 'll remember thee, Glencairn,
 And a' that thou hast done for me !'

LINES SENT TO SIR JOHN WHITEFOORD,
 OF WHITEFOORD, BART.,

WITH THE FOREGOING POEM.

'THOU, who thy honour as thy God rever'st,
 Who, save thy mind's reproach, nought earthly fear'st,
 To thee this votive offering I impart,
 The tearful tribute of a broken heart.
 The friend thou valued'st, I the patron loved ;
 His worth, his honour, all the world approved.
 We'll mourn till we, too, go as he has gone,
 And tread the dreary path to that dark world unknown.

TAM O' SHANTER: A TALE.

'Of brownyis and of bogilis full is this buke.'

GAWIN DOUGLAS.

WHEN chapman billies leave the street,
 And drouthy neibours, neibours meet,
 As market-days are wearing late,
 And folk begin to tak the gate ;
 While we sit bousing at the nappy,
 And gettin' fu' and unco happy,
 We think na on the lang Scots miles,
 The mosses, waters, slaps, and stiles,
 That lie between us and our hame,
 Whare sits our sulky, sullen dame, 10
 Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
 Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest Tam o' Shanter,
 As he frae Ayr ae night did canter,
 (Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses,
 For honest men and bonny lasses.)

O Tam ! had'st thou but been sae wise,
 As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice !
 She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum,
 A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum ; 20
 That frae November till October,
 Ae market day thou was nae sober ;
 That ilka melder, wi' the miller,
 Thou sat as lang as thou had siller ;
 That every naig was ca'd a shoe on ;
 The smith and thee gat roaring fu' on ;
 That at the L——'s house, even on Sunday,
 Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean¹ till Monday.

¹ 'Kirkton Jean : ' Jean Kennedy, an alehouse-keeper in Kirkoswald.

She prophesied, that late or soon, 29
 Thou would be found deep drown'd in Doon ;
 Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk,
 By Alloway's auld hunted 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 ; 40
 And at his elbow, Souter Johnny,
 His ancient, trusty, drouthie crony ;
 Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither—
 They had been fu' for weeks thegither !
 The night drave on wi' sangs an' clatter,
 And aye the ale was growing 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 : 50
 The storm without might rair and rustle—
 Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
 E'en drown'd himself 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 ! 60
 Or like the snow-fall in the river,
 A moment white—then melts for ever ;

Or like the borealis race, 63
 That flit ere you can point their place ;
 Or like the rainbow's lovely form
 Evanishing amid the storm.
 Nae man can tether time or tide ;
 The hour approaches Tam maun ride ;
 That hour, o' night's black arch the keystone,
 That dreary hour he mounts his beast in ; 70
 And sic a night he takes the road in,
 As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

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

Weel mounted on his gray mare, Meg,
 A better never lifted leg, 80
 Tam skelpit on through dub and mire,
 Despising wind, and rain, and fire ;
 Whiles holding fast his guid blue bonnet ;
 Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet ;
 Whiles glowering round, wi' prudent cares,
 Lest bogles catch him unawares ;
 Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
 Whare ghaists and houlets nightly cry.

By this time he was cross the ford,
 Whare in the snaw the chapman smoor'd ; 90
 And past the birks and meikle stane,
 Whare drucken Charlie brak's neck-bane ;
 And through 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 ; 97
 The doubling storm roars through the woods ;
 The lightnings flash from pole to pole ;
 Near and more near the thunders roll ;
 When, glimmering through the groaning trees,
 Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a bleeze ;
 Through ilka bore the beams were glancing ;
 And loud resounded mirth and dancing.

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn !
 What dangers thou canst make us scorn !
 Wi' tippenny, we fear nae evil ;
 Wi' usquabae we 'll face the devil !—
 The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's noddle,
 Fair play, he cared na deils a boddle. 110
 But Maggie stood right sair astonish'd,
 Till, by the heel and hand admonish'd,
 She ventured forward on the light ;
 And, vow ! Tam saw an unco sight !
 Warlocks and witches in a dance ;
 Nae cotillon brent new frae France,
 But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,
 Put life and metal in their heels.

A winnock-bunker in the east,
 There sat Auld Nick, in shape o' beast ; 120
 A towsie tyke, black, grim, and large,
 To gie them music was his charge ;
 He screw'd the pipes and gart them skirl,
 Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.
 Coffins stood round, like open presses,
 That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses ;
 And by some devilish cantrip slight,
 Each in its cauld hand held a light,—
 By which heroic Tam was able
 To note upon the haly table, 120

A murderer's banes in gibbet airns ; 131
 Twa span-lang, wee unchristen'd bairns ;
 A thief new cutted frae a rape,
 Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape :
 Five tomahawks, wi' bluid red-rusted ;
 Five 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 gray hairs yet stack to the heft : 140
 Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',
 Which even to name wad be unlawfu'.

As Tammie glowred, amazed and curious,
 The mirth and fun grew fast and furious :
 The piper loud and louder blew ;
 The dancers quick and quicker flew ;
 They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleckit,
 Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,
 And coost her duddies to the wark
 And linkit at it in her sark ! 150

Now Tam, O Tam ! had they been queans
 A' plump and strapping, in their teens ;
 Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,
 Been snaw-white seventeen-hunder linen :
 Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,
 That ance were plush, o' guid blue hair,
 I wad hae gi'en them off my hurdies,
 For ae blink o' the bonnie burdies !
 But wither'd beldams, auld and droll,
 Rigwoodie hags wad spean a foal, 160
 Lowping and flinging on a crummock,
 I wonder didna turn thy stomach.

But Tam kenn'd what was what fu' brawlie ;
 There was ae winsome wench and walie,

That night inlisted in the core, 165
 (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 meikle corn and bear,
 And kept the countryside in fear) 170
 Her cutty sark, o' Paisley harn,
 That while a lassie she had worn,
 In longitude though 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 cour ;
 Sic flights are far beyond her power! 180
 To sing how Nannie lap and flang,
 (A souple jaud she was and strang)
 And how 'Tam stood like ane bewitch'd,
 And thought his very e'en enrich'd ;
 Even Satan glowred, and fidget fu' fain,
 And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main ;
 Till first ae caper, syne anither,
 Tam tint his reason a' thegither,
 And roars out, ' Weel done, Cutty-sark !'
 And in an instant all was dark : 190
 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, 199
 Wi' mony an eldritch skreech 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 comin' !

Kate soon will be a woofu' woman !

Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,

And win the keystone¹ o' the brig ;

There at them thou thy tail may toss,

A running stream they dare na cross !

But ere the keystone she could make,

The fient a tail she had to shake ! 210

For Nannie, far before the rest,

Hard upon noble Maggie press'd,

And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle ;

But little wist she Maggie's mettle—

Ae spring brought off her master hale,

But left behind her ain gray tail :

The carline clautht 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 : 220

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.

¹ 'Keystone:' it is a well-known fact, that witches, or any evil spirits, have no power to follow a poor wight any farther than the middle of the next running stream. It may be proper likewise to mention to the benighted traveller, that when he falls in with bogles, whatever danger may be in his going forward, there is much more hazard in turning back.—*B.*

ON SEEING A WOUNDED HARE LIMP BY ME,

WHICH A FELLOW HAD JUST SHOT AT.

- 1 INHUMAN man! curse on thy barbarous art,
 And blasted be thy murder-aiming eye :
 May never pity soothe thee with a sigh,
 Nor ever pleasure glad thy cruel heart !
- 2 Go, live, poor wanderer of the wood and field !
 The bitter little that of life remains :
 No more the thickening brakes and verdant plains
 To thee shall home, or food, or pastime yield.
- 3 Seck, 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 press'd.
- 4 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.

ADDRESS TO THE SHADE OF THOMSON

ON CROWNING HIS BUST¹ AT EDNAM, ROXBURGHSHIRE,
 WITH BAYS.

- 1 WHILE virgin Spring, by Eden's flood,
 Unfolds her tender mantle green,
 Or pranks the sod in frolic mood,
 Or tunes Æolian strains between :

¹ 'Crowning his bust:' this was in September 1790, under the auspices of the Earl of Buchan.

- 2 While Summer with a matron grace
Retreats to Dryburgh's cooling shade,
Yet oft, delighted, stops to trace
The progress of the spiky blade :
- 3 While Autumn, benefactor kind,
By Tweed erects his aged head,
And sees, with self-approving mind,
Each creature on his bounty fed :
- 4 While maniac Winter rages o'er
The hills whence classic Yarrow flows,
Rousing the turbid torrent's roar,
Or sweeping, wild, a waste of snows :
- 5 So long, sweet Poet of the year !
Shall bloom that wreath thou well hast won :
While Scotia, with exulting tear,
Proclaims that THOMSON was her son.

 EPITAPHS.

ON A CELEBRATED RULING ELDER.

HERE souter Hood in death does sleep—
To hell, if he 's gane thither,
Satan, gie him thy gear to keep,
He 'll haud it weel thegither.

ON A NOISY POLEMIC.

BELOW thir stanes lie Jamie's¹ banes :
O Death, it 's my opinion,
Thou ne'er took such a bleth'rin' bitch
Into thy dark dominion !

¹ ' Jamie : ' Humphrey, a west country mason, fond of controversy.

ON WEE JOHNNY.¹*'Hic jacet wee Johnnie.'*

WHOE'ER thou art, O reader! know,
 That death has murder'd Johnnie!
 And here his body lies fu' low—
 For soul he ne'er had ony.

FOR THE AUTHOR'S FATHER.

O YE whose cheek the tear of pity stains,
 Draw near with pious reverence and attend!
 Here lie the loving husband's dear remains,
 The tender father, and the generous friend.

The pitying heart that felt for human woe;
 The dauntless heart that fear'd no human pride;
 The friend of man, to vice alone a foe;
 'For even his failings lean'd to virtue's side.'²

FOR ROBERT AIKEN, ESQ.

KNOW thou, O stranger to the fame
 Of this much loved, much honour'd name!
 (For none that knew him need be told)
 A warmer heart death ne'er made cold.

FOR GAVIN HAMILTON, ESQ.

THE poor man weeps—here Gavin sleeps,
 Whom canting wretches blamed;
 But with such as he—where'er he be,
 May I be saved or damn'd!

A BARD'S EPITAPH.

1 Is there a whim-inspirèd fool,
 Owre fast for thought, owre hot for rule,

¹ 'Wee Johnny:' Wilson, the printer of Burns' Kilmarnock edition.—

² 'Virtue's side:' Goldsmith.

ON THE LATE CAPTAIN GROSE'S¹

PEREGRINATIONS THROUGH SCOTLAND, COLLECTING THE
ANTIQUITIES OF THAT KINGDOM.

- 1 HEAR, Land o' Cakes, and brither Scots,
Frae Maidenkirk to Johnny Groat's ;
If there 's a whole in a' your coats,
I rede you tent it:
A chiel's amang you taking notes,
And, faith ! he'll prent it.

- 2 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 slight
O' cauk and keel.

- 3 By some auld, houlet-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, L—— save 's ! colleaguin'
At some black art.

- 4 Ilk ghaist that haunts auld ha' or chaumer,
Ye gipsy-gang that deal in glamour,
And you deep-red in hell's black grammar,
Warlocks and witches ;
Ye'll quake at his conjuring hammer,
Ye midnight bitches.

¹ ' Captain Grose : ' a fat and funny Englishman, author of many works on Antiquities, in one of which ' Tam o' Shanter ' first appeared.

10 Now, by the powers o' verse and prose,
 Thou art a dainty chiel, 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!

TO MISS CRUIKSHANKS,¹ 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 flower,
 Chilly shrink in sleety shower!
 Never Boreas' hoary path,
 Never Eurus' poisonous 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!
 Mayst 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;

10

¹ Miss Cruikshanks: daughter of William Cruikshanks, a teacher in the High School, Edinburgh.

Thou, amid the dirgeful sound, 19
 Shed thy dying honours round,
 And resign to parent earth
 The loveliest form she e're gave birth.

SONG.

- 1 ANNA, thy charms my bosom fire,
 And waste my soul with care ;
 But ah ! how bootless to admire,
 When fated to despair !
- 2 Yet in thy presence, lovely fair !
 To hope may be forgiven ;
 For sure 'twere impious to despair,
 So much in sight of heaven.

ON READING, IN A NEWSPAPER,

THE DEATH OF JOHN M'LEOD,¹ Esq.

BROTHER TO A YOUNG LADY, A PARTICULAR FRIEND OF
 THE AUTHOR'S.

- 1 SAD thy tale, thou idle page,
 And rueful thy alarms—
 Death tears the brother of her love
 From Isabella's arms.

¹ ' M'Leod : ' of Raasay. His sister Isabella was a favourite of Burns, who composed on her his song, ' Roaring winds around her blowing.'

- 2 Sweetly deck'd with pearly dew
The morning rose may blow ;
But cold successive noontide blasts
May lay its beauties low.
- 3 Fair on Isabella's morn
The sun propitious smiled ;
But, long ere noon, succeeding clouds
Succeeding hopes beguiled.
- 4 Fate oft tears the bosom chords
That nature finest strung :
So Isabella's heart was form'd,
And so that heart was wrung.
- 5 Were it in the poet's power,
Strong as he shares the grief
That pierces Isabella's heart,
To give that heart relief !
- 6 Dread Omnipotence, alone,
Can heal the wound he gave ;
Can point the brimful grief-worn eyes
To scenes beyond the grave.
- 7 Virtue's blossoms there shall blow,
And fear no withering blast ;
There Isabella's spotless worth
Shall happy be at last.
-

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF BRUAR WATER.¹

TO THE NOBLE DUKE OF ATHOLE.

- 1 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.

- 2 The lightly-jumping glowrin' trouts
 That through 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.

- 3 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,
 Even as I was he shored me ;
 But had I in my glory been,
 He, kneeling, wad adored me

¹ ' Bruar Water : ' Bruar Falls, in Athole, are exceedingly picturesque and beautiful ; but their effect is much impaired by the want of trees and shrubs.

—*B.* This defect has long ago been supplied.

- 4 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, although I say't mysel',
 Worth gaun a mile to see.
- 5 Would, then, my noble master please
 To grant my highest wishes,
 He'll shade my banks wi' towering 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.
- 6 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 :
- 7 This too, a covert shall insure,
 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 of flowers ;
 Or find a sheltering safe retreat,
 From prone descending showers.

- 8 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.
- 9 Here haply too, at vernal dawn,
 Some musing bard may stray,
 And eye the smoking, dewy lawn,
 And misty mountain, gray ;
 Or, by the reaper's nightly beam,
 Mild-chequering through the trees,
 Rave to my darkly dashing stream,
 Hoarse-swelling on the breeze.
- 10 Let lofty firs, and ashes cool,
 My lowly banks o'erspread,
 And view, deep-bending in the pool,
 Their shadows' watery bed !
 Let fragrant birks in woodbines dress'd
 My craggy cliffs adorn ;
 And, for the little songster's nest,
 The close embowering thorn.
- 11 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 through Albion's farthest ken,
 To social-flowing glasses,
 The grace be—' Athole's honest men,
 And Athole's bonnie lasses !'

ON SCARING SOME WATERFOWL IN
LOCH-TURIT,

A WILD SCENE AMONG THE HILLS OF OCHTERTYRE.¹

WHY, ye tenants of the lake,
For me your watery 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 : 10
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 stern to all beside.
The eagle, from the clifty brow,
Marking you his prey below, 20
In his breast no pity dwells,
Strong necessity compels :
But man, to whom alone is given
A ray direct from pitying Heaven,
Glories in his heart humane—
And creatures for his pleasure slain.
In these savage, liquid plains,
Only known to wandering swains,

¹ 'Ochertyre:' near Crieff, Perthshire, a place of exquisite beauty, as Loch-Turrit is of wild and savage grandeur.

Where the mossy riv'let strays, 29
 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 powers 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. 40

 WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL

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

ADMIRING Nature in her wildest grace,
 These northern scenes with weary feet I trace ;
 O'er many a winding dale and painful steep,
 The abodes of covied grouse and timid sheep,
 My savage journey, curious, I pursue,
 Till famed Breadalbane opens to my view.
 The meeting cliffs each deep-sunk glen divides,
 The woods, wild-scatter'd, clothe their ample sides ;
 The outstretching lake, embosom'd 'mong the hills,
 The eye with wonder and amazement fills ; 10
 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 ; 15
 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 ;
 The incessant roar of headlong tumbling floods— 20

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 heavenward stretch her scan,
 And injured Worth forget and pardon man.

WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL,

STANDING BY THE FALL OF FYERS,¹ NEAR LOCH-NESS.

AMONG the heathy hills and ragged woods
 The roaring Fyers pours his mossy floods ;
 Till full he dashes on the rocky mounds,
 Where, through a shapeless breach, his stream resounds.
 As high in air the bursting torrents flow,
 As deep recoiling surges foam below ;
 Prone down the rock the whitening sheet descends,
 And viewless Echo's ear, astonish'd, rends.
 Dim-seen, through rising mists, and ceaseless showers,
 The hoary cavern, wide-surrounding, lowers. 10

¹ ' Fyers : ' more frequently now printed Foyers.

Still through the gap the struggling river toils, 11
 And still below, the horrid cauldron boils—

.

ON THE BIRTH OF A POSTHUMOUS CHILD,¹

BORN IN PECULIAR CIRCUMSTANCES OF FAMILY DISTRESS.

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

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

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

4 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 !

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

¹ ' Posthumous child : ' grand-child of Mrs Dunlop, whose daughter had married M. Henri, a Frenchman. This son, after many vicissitudes, succeeded to his paternal estates. The father had died ere the birth.

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

THE WHISTLE, A BALLAD.

As the authentic prose history of the whistle is curious, I shall here give it. In the train of Anne of Denmark, when she came to Scotland with our James the Sixth, there came over also a Danish gentleman of gigantic stature and great prowess, and a matchless champion of Bacchus. He had a little ebony whistle, which at the commencement of the orgies he laid on the table, and whoever was last able to blow it, every body else being disabled by the potency of the bottle, was to carry off the whistle as a trophy of victory. The Dane produced credentials of his victories, without a single defeat, at the courts of Copenhagen, Stockholm, Moscow, Warsaw, and several of the petty courts in Germany; and challenged the Scots bacchanalians to the alternative of trying his prowess, or else of acknowledging their inferiority. After many overthrows on the part of the Scots, the Dane was encountered by Sir Robert Lawrie of Maxwelton, ancestor of the present worthy baronet of that name: who, after three days and three nights' hard contest, left the Scandinavian under the table,
 'And blew on the whistle his requiem shrill.'

Sir Walter, son to Sir Robert before-mentioned, afterwards lost the whistle to Walter Riddel of Glenriddel, who had married a sister of Sir Walter's. On Friday, the 16th of October 1790, at Friars-Carse, the whistle was once more contended for, as related in the ballad, by the present Sir Robert Lawrie of Maxwelton; Robert Riddel, Esq. of Glenriddel, lineal descendant and representative of Walter Riddel, who won the whistle, and in whose family it had continued; and Alexander Ferguson, Esq. of Craighdarroch, likewise descended of the great Sir Robert; which last gentleman carried off the hard-won honours of the field.—*B.*

1 I SING of a whistle,¹ a whistle of worth,
 I sing of a whistle, the pride of the North,
 Was brought to the court of our good Scottish king,
 And long with this whistle all Scotland shall ring.

¹ 'Whistle:' Burns was present at this bacchanalian encounter, and wrote the poem in the room.

- 2 Old Loda,¹ still rueing the arm of Fingal,
 The god of the bottle sends down from his hall—
 ‘This whistle’s your challenge—to Scotland get o’er,
 And drink them to hell, Sir, or ne’er see me more!’
- 3 Old poets have sung, and old chronicles tell,
 What champions ventured, what champions fell;
 The son of great Loda was conqueror still,
 And blew on the whistle his requiem shrill.
- 4 Till Robert, the lord of the Cairn and the Skarr,²
 Unmatch’d at the bottle, unconquer’d in war,
 He drank his poor godship as deep as the sea—
 No tide of the Baltic e’er drunker than he.
- 5 Thus Robert, victorious, the trophy has gain’d,
 Which now in his house has for ages remain’d;
 Till three noble chieftains, and all of his blood,
 The jovial contest again have renew’d.
- 6 Three joyous good fellows, with hearts clear of flaw:
 Craigdarroch, so famous for wit, worth, and law;
 And trusty Glenriddel, so skill’d in old coins;
 And gallant Sir Robert, deep read in old wines.
- 7 Craigdarroch began, with a tongue smooth as oil,
 Desiring Glenriddel to yield up the spoil;
 Or else he would muster the heads of the clan,
 And once more, in claret, try which was the man.
- 8 ‘By the gods of the ancients,’ Glenriddel replies,
 ‘Before I surrender so glorious a prize,
 I’ll conjure the ghost of the great Rorie More,³
 And bumper his horn with him twenty times o’er.’

¹ ‘Old Loda:’ See Ossian’s Caric-thura. — *B.* — ² ‘Cairn and Skarr:’ tributaries to the Nith. — ³ ‘Rorie More:’ See Johnson’s ‘Tour to the Hebrides.’ — *B.*

- 9 Sir Robert, a soldier, no speech would pretend,
But he ne'er turn'd his back on his foe, or his friend,
Said, 'Toss down the whistle, the prize of the field,
And, knee-deep in claret, he 'd die or he 'd yield.
- 10 To the board of Glenriddel our heroes repair,
So noted for drowning of sorrow and care ;
But for wine and for welcome not more known to fame,
Than the sense, wit, and taste of a sweet lovely dame.
- 11 A Bard was elected to witness the fray,
And tell future ages the feats of the day ;
A Bard who detested all sadness and spleen,
And wish'd that Parnassus a vineyard had been.
- 12 The dinner being over, the claret they ply,
And every new cork is a new spring of joy ;
In the bands of old friendship and kindred so set,
And the bands grew the tighter the more they were
wet.
- 13 Gay pleasure ran riot as bumpers ran o'er ;
Bright Phœbus ne'er witness'd so joyous a core,
And vow'd that to leave them he was quite forlorn,
Till Cynthia hinted he 'd see them next morn.
- 14 Six bottles a-piece had well wore out the night,
When gallant Sir Robert, to finish the fight,
Turn'd o'er in one bumper a bottle of red,
And swore 'twas the way that their ancestor did.
- 15 Then worthy Glenriddel, so cautious and sage,
No longer the warfare, ungodly, would wage ;
A high ruling-elder to wallow in wine !
He left the foul business to folks less divine.

- 16 The gallant Sir Robert fought hard to the end ;
 But who can with fate and quart bumpers contend ?
 Though Fate said—a hero should perish in light ;
 So uprose bright Phœbus—and down fell the knight.
- 17 Next uprose our Bard, like a prophet in drink :—
 ‘ Craigdarroch, thou ’lt soar when creation shall sink !
 But if thou would flourish immortal in rhyme,
 Come—one bottle more—and have at the sublime !
- 18 ‘ Thy line, that have struggled for freedom with Bruce,
 Shall heroes and patriots ever produce ;
 So thine be the laurel, and mine be the bay ;
 The field thou hast won, by yon bright god of day !’

SECOND EPISTLE TO DAVIE, A BROTHER
 POET.¹

AULD NEIBOUR,

- 1 I ’M three times doubly owre your debtor,
 For your auld-farrant, frien’ly letter ;
 Though I maun say ’t, I doubt you flatter,
 Ye speak sae fair,
 For my puir, silly, rhymin’ clatter
 Some less maun sair.

- 2 Hale be your heart, hale be your fiddle ;
 Lang may your elbuck jink an’ diddle,

¹ ‘ Brother poet : ’ this was prefixed to the poems of David Sillar, published at Kilmarnock, 1789.

To cheer you through the weary widdle
 O' war'ly cares,
 Till bairns' bairns kindly cuddle
 Your auld gray hairs.

3 But, Davie lad, I'm red ye're glaikit;
 I'm tauld the Muse ye hae negleckit;
 And gif it's sac, ye sud be licket
 Until ye fyke;
 Sic hauns as you sud ne'er be faiket,
 Be hain't wha like.

4 For me, I'm on Parnassus' brink,
 Rivin' the words to gar them clink;
 Whyles daez't wi' love, whyles daez't wi' drink,
 Wi' jauds or masons;
 And whyles, but aye owre late, I think
 Braw sober lessons.

5 Of a' the thoughtless sons o' man,
 Commen' me to the bardie clan;
 Except it be some idle plan
 O' rhymin' clink,
 The devil-hae't, that I sud ban,
 They ever think.

6 Nae thought, nae view, nae scheme o' livin',
 Nae cares to gie us joy or grievin':
 But just the pouchie put the nieve in,
 And while ought's there,
 Then, hiltie skiltie, we gae scrievin'
 And fash nae mair.

7 Leeze me on rhyme! it's aye a treasure,
 My chief, amaist my only pleasure,

At hame, a-fiel', at wark, or leisure,
 The Muse, poor hizzie!
 Though rough an' raploch be her measure
 She's seldom lazy.

- 8 Haud to the Muse, my dainty Davie:
 The warl' may play you mony a shavie;
 But for the Muse, she'll never leave ye,
 Though c'er sae puir,
 Na, even though limp'in' wi' the spavie
 Frae door to dcor.

THE LEA-RIG.

TUNE—' *The Lea-rig.*'

- 1 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 weary O!
 Down by the burn where scented birks
 Wi' dew are hanging clear, my jo,
 I'll meet thee on the lea-rig,
 My ain kind dearie O!
- 2 In mirkest glen, at midnight hour,
 I'd rove and ne'er be eerie O!
 If through that glen I gae'd to thee,
 My ain kind dearie O!
 Although the night were ne'er sae wild,
 And I were ne'er sae weary O!
 I'd meet thee on the lea-rig,
 My ain kind dearie O!

- 3 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 ;
 Gie me the hour o' gloamin' gray,
 It maks my heart sae cheerie O !
 To meet thee on the lea-rig,
 My ain kind dearie O !
-

SONG.

TUNE—' *Ewe-bughts.*'

- 1 WILL ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
 And leave auld Scotia's shore ?
 Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
 Across the Atlantic's roar ?
- 2 Oh! sweet grow the lime and the orange,
 And the apple on the pine ;
 But a' the charms o' the Indies
 Can never equal thine.
- 3 I hae sworn by the Heavens to my Mary,
 I hae sworn by the Heavens to be true ;
 And sae may the Heavens forget me,
 When I forget my vow !
- 4 Oh! plight me your faith, my Mary,
 And plight me your lily-white hand ;
 Oh plight me your faith, my Mary,
 Before I leave Scotia's strand.

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

MY WIFE'S A WINSOME WEE THING.

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

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

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

 - 4 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.
-

BONNIE LESLEY.¹

- 1 Oh saw ye bonnie Lesley,
 As she gaed o'er the Border?
 She's gane, like Alexander,
 To spread her conquests farther.
- 2 To see her is to love her,
 And love but her for ever;
 For Nature made her what she is,
 And never made anither!
- 3 Thou art a queen, fair Lesley,
 Thy subjects we, before thee:
 Thou art divine, fair Lesley,
 The hearts o' men adore thee.
- 4 The Deil he could na scaith thee,
 Or aught that wad belang thee;
 He'd look into thy bonnie face,
 And say, 'I canna wrang thee!'
- 5 The Powers aboon will tent thee,
 Misfortune sha' na steer thee;
 Thou'rt like themselves sac lovely,
 That ill they'll ne'er let near thee.
- 6 Return again, fair Lesley,
 Return to Caledonic!
 That we may brag, we hae a lass
 There's nane again sac bonnie.

¹ 'Lesley:' an Ayrshire girl, Miss Lesley Baillie, afterwards Mrs Cumming of Logie.

HIGHLAND MARY.

TUNE—'Katharine Ogie.'

- 1 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 unfold her robes,
 And there the langest tarry :
 For there I took the last fareweel
 O' my sweet Highland Mary !
- 2 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.
- 3 Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace,
 Our parting was fu' tender ;
 And, pledging aft to meet again,
 We tore oursels 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 !
- 4 Oh pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
 I aft hae 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.

AULD ROB MORRIS.

- 1 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.
- 2 She 's fresh as the morning, the fairest in May ;
 She 's sweet as the evening amang the new hay ;
 As blithe and as artless as the lambs on the lea,
 And dear to my heart as the light to my e'e.
- 3 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.
- 4 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 wad burst in my breast.
- 5 Oh had she but been of a lower degree,
 I then might hae hoped she wad smiled upon me !
 Oh, how past describing had then been my bliss,
 As now my distraction no words can express !

DUNCAN GRAY.

- 1 DUNCAN GRAY cam here to woo,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
 On blithe Yule night when we were fu',
 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.
- 2 Duncan fleech'd, and Duncan pray'd :
 Ha, ha, &c. ;
 Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,
 Ha, ha, &c.
 Duncan sigh'd baith out and in,
 Grat his e'en baith bleert and blin',
 Spak' o' loupin' o'er a linn ;
 Ha, ha, &c.
- 3 Time and chance are but a tide,
 Ha, ha, &c. ;
 Slighted love is sair to bide,
 Ha, ha, &c.
 Shall I, like a fool, quoth he,
 For a haughty hizzie die ?
 She may gae to France for me !
 Ha, ha, &c.
- 4 How it comes let doctors tell,
 Ha, ha, &c. ;
 Meg grew sick—as he grew heal,
 Ha, ha, &c.

Something in her bosom wrings,
 For relief a sigh she brings ;
 And oh, her e'en, they spak sic things !
 Ha, ha, &c.

5 Duncan was a lad o' grace,
 Ha, ha, &c. ;
 Maggie's was a piteous case,
 Ha, ha, &c.
 Duncan couldna be her death,
 Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath ;
 Now they're crouse and canty baith,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

SONG.

TUNE—' *I had a horse.*'

- 1 O POORTITH cauld, and restless love,
 Ye wreck my peace between ye ;
 Yet poortith a' I could forgive,
 An' 'twere na for my Jeanie.
 Oh why should Fate sic pleasure have,
 Life's dearest bands untwining ?
 Or why sae sweet a flower as love,
 Depend on Fortune's shining ?
- 2 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.
 Oh why, &c.

- 3 Her e'en sae bonny blue betray
 How she repays my passion ;
 But prudence is her o'erword aye,
 She talks of rank and fashion.
 Oh why, &c.
- 4 Oh wha can prudence think upon,
 And sic a lassie by him ?
 Oh wha can prudence think upon,
 And sae in love as I am ?
 Oh why, &c.
- 5 How blest the humble cottar's fate !
 He woos his simple dearie ;
 The silly bogles, wealth and state,
 Can never make them eerie.
 Oh why should fate sic pleasure have,
 Life's dearest bands untwining ?
 Or why sae sweet a flower as love,
 Depend on Fortune's shining ?

 GALA WATER.

- 1 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' Gala water.
- 2 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' Gala water.

- 3 Although his daddie was nae laird,
And though I hae nae meikle tocher ;
Yet, rich in kindest, truest love,
We'll tent our flocks by Gala water.
- 4 It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,
That coft contentment, peace, or pleasure ;
The bands and bliss o' mutual love,
Oh that's the chiefest warld's treasure !
-

LORD GREGORY.

- 1 OH mirk, mirk is this midnight hour,
And loud the tempest's roar ;
A waefu' wanderer seeks thy tower,
Lord Gregory, ope thy door.
- 2 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.
- 3 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 ?
- 4 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.

- 5 Hard is thy heart, Lord Gregory,
 And flinty is thy breast—
 Thou dart of heaven that flashest by,
 Oh wilt thou give me rest !
- 6 Ye mustering thunders from above
 Your willing victim see !
 But spare, and pardon my fause love
 His wrangs to Heaven and me !

 MARY MORISON.

TUNE—‘ *Bide ye yet.*’

- 1 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.
- 2 Yestreen, when, to the trembling string,
 The dance gaed through the lighted ha’,
 To thee my fancy took its wing,
 I sat, but neither heard nor saw :
 Though 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.’

- 3 Oh, 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.
-

WANDERING WILLIE.

- 1 HERE awa, there awa, wandering Willie,
 Now tired wi' wandering, haud awa hame !
 Come to my bosom my ae only dearie,
 And tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the same.
- 2 Loud blew the cauld winter winds at our parting ;
 It was nae the blast brought the tear in my e'e :
 Now welcome the simmer, and welcome my Willie,
 The simmer to Nature, my Willie to me.
- 3 Ye hurricanes, rest in the cave o' your slumbers !
 Oh, how your wild horrors a lover alarms !
 Awaken, ye breezes, row gently ye billows,
 And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.
- 4 But if he 's forgotten his faithfulest Nanny,
 Oh, still flow 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 !

OPEN THE DOOR TO ME, O!

WITH ALTERATIONS.

- 1 '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!
- 2 'Cauld is the blast upon my pale check,
 But caulder thy love for me, O!
 The frost that freezes the life at my heart,
 Is nought to my pains frae thee, O!
- 3 '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!'
- 4 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!

 JESSIE.

TUNE—'Bonnie Dundee.'

- 1 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 of 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.
- 2 Oh, 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 wizzard ensnaring ;
 Enthroned in her e'en he delivers his law :
 And still to her charms she alone is a stranger !—
 Her modest demeanour's the jewel of a'.

WHEN WILD WAR'S DEADLY BLAST WAS
 BLAWN.

AIR—' *The mill, mill O!*'

- 1 WHEN wild war's deadly blast was blawn,
 And gentle peace returning,
 Wi' mony 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 sodger.
- 2 A leal, light heart was in my breast,
 My hand unstain'd wi' plunder :
 And for fair Scotia, hame again,
 I cheerie 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.
- 3 At length I reach'd the bonnie 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 e'en was swelling.
- 4 Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, ' Sweet lass,
 Sweet as yon hawthorn's blossom,
 Oh ! happy, happy may he be,
 That 's dearest to thy bosom !
 My purse is light, I 've far to gang,
 And fain would be thy lodger ;
 I 've serv'd my king and country lang,—
 Take pity on a sodger.'
- 5 Sae wistfully she gazed on me,
 And lovelier was than ever ;
 Quo' she, ' A sodger ance I lo'ed,
 Forget him shall I never :
 Our humble cot and hamely fare,
 Ye freely shall partake o't ;
 That gallant badge, the dear cockade,
 Ye 're welcome for the sake o't.'
- 6 She gazed—she redden'd like a rose—
 Syne pale like ony 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.

7 ' The wars are o'er, and I'm come hame,
 And find thee still true-hearted !
 Though 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' sodger lad,
 Thou'rt welcome to it dearly.'

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

MEG O' THE MILL.

AIR—' *O bonnie lass, will you lie in a barrack ?*'

1 OH, 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.

- 2 The miller was strappin', the miller was ruddy ;
 A heart like a lord, and a hue like a lady :
 The laird was a widdiefu', bleerit knurl ;
 She's left the guid-fellow and ta'en the churl.
- 3 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-chainèd bridle,
 A whip by her side, and a bonnie side-saddle.
- 4 Oh 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, gie me my love, and a fig for the warl' !

 SONG.

TUNE—*'Liggeram Cosh.'*

- 1 BLITHE hae I been on yon hill,
 As the lambs before me ;
 Careless ilka thought and free,
 As the breeze flew o'er me ;
 Now nae langer sport and play,
 Mirth or sang can please me ;
 Lesley is sae fair and coy,
 Care and anguish seize me.
- 2 Heavy, heavy, is the task,
 Hopeless love declaring :
 Trembling, I dow nocht but glower,
 Sighing, dumb, despairing !

If she winna ease the thraws
 In my bosom swelling;
 Underneath the grass-green sod,
 Soon maun be my dwelling.

LOGAN WATER.

TUNE—' *Logan Water.*'

- 1 OH, Logan, sweetly didst thou glide
 That day I was my Willie's bride!
 And years sinsyne hae o'er us run,
 Like Logan to the simmer sun.
 But now thy flowery banks appear
 Like drumlie winter, dark and drear,
 While my dear iad maun face his faes,
 Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

- 2 Again the merry month o' May
 Has made our hills and valleys gay;
 The birds rejoice in leafy bowers,
 The bees hum round the breathing flowers:
 Blithe Morning lifts his rosy eye,
 And Evening's tears are tears of joy:
 My soul, delightless, a' surveys,
 While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

- 3 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.

- 4 O wae upon you, men o' state,
 That brethren rouse to deadly hate!
 As ye make mony 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!

 SONG.

AIR—' *Hughie Graham.*'

- 1 OH, gin my love were yon red rose,
 That grows upon the castle wa',
 And I mysel' a drap o' dew,
 Into her bonnie breast to fa'!
- 2 Oh, there beyond expression blest,
 I'd feast on beauty a' the night:
 Seal'd on her silk-saft faulds to rest,
 Till fley'd awa' by Phœbus' light.
- 3 Oh, 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!

- 4 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.¹
-

BONNIE JEAN.

- 1 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.
- 2 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.
- 3 But hawks will rob the tender joys
That bless the little lintwhite's nest ;
And frost will blight the fairest flowers,
And love will break the soundest rest.
- 4 Young Robie was the bravest lad,
The flower and pride of a' the glen ;
And he had owsen, sheep, and kye,
And wanton naigies nine or ten.
- 5 He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryste,
He danced wi' Jeanie on the down ;
And lang ere witless Jeanie wist,
Her heart was tint, her peace was stown.

¹ The two last stanzas of this song only are Burns'.

- 6 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.
- 7 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.
- 8 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 ?
- 9 The sun was sinking in the west,
 The birds sang sweet in ilka grove ;
 His cheek to hers he fondly press'd,
 And whisper'd thus his tale o' love :
- 10 'O Jeanie fair, I lo'e thee dear ;
 Oh canst thou think to fancy me ?
 Or wilt thou leave thy mammie's cot,
 And learn to tent the farms wi' me ?
- 11 '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.'
- 12 Now what could artless Jeanie do ?
 She had nae will to say him na :
 At length she blush'd a sweet consent,
 And love was aye between them twa.

PHILLIS THE FAIR.

TUNE—'Robin Adair.'

- 1 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.

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

 - 3 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 !
-

HAD I A CAVE.

- 1 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 !
- 2 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 !

SONG.

TUNE—' *Allan Water.*'

- 1 BY Allan-stream I chanced to rove,
 While Phœbus sank beyond Benledi ;¹
 The winds were whispering through the grove,
 The yellow corn was waving ready :
 I listen'd to a lover's sang,
 And thought on youthfu' pleasures many ;
 And aye the wild-wood echoes rang—
 Oh dearly do I love thee, Annie !
- 2 Oh happy be the woodbine bower,
 Nae nightly bogle make it eerie ;
 Nor ever sorrow stain the hour,
 The place and time I met my dearie !

¹ ' Benledi : ' a mountain west of Strath-Allan, 3009 feet high.—*B.*

Her head upon my throbbing breast,
 She, sinking, said, 'I'm thine for ever !'
 While mony a kiss the seal impress'd,
 The sacred vow, we ne'er should sever.

- 3 The haunt o' spring's the primrose brae,
 The simmer joys the flocks to follow ;
 How cheerie through 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 through each nerve the rapture dart,
 Like meeting her, our bosom's treasure ?

SONG.

TUNE—' *Whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad.*'

- 1 OH whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad,
 Oh whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad,
 Though father and mither and a' should gae mad,
 Oh whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad.
- 2 But warily tent, when you come to court me,
 And come na unless the back-yett be ajee ;
 Syne up the back-stile, and let naebody see,
 And come as ye were na comin' to me.
- 3 At kirk, or at market, whenc'er ye 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 lookin' at me.

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

ADOWN WINDING NITH I DID WANDER.

TUNE—' *The Muckin' o' Geordie's Byre.*'

- 1 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.

CHORUS.

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.

- 2 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.
- 3 The rose-bud 's the blush o' my charmer,
 Her sweet balmy lip when 'tis press'd :
 How fair and how pure is the lily,
 But fairer and purer her breast.
- 4 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.

- 5 Her voice is the song of the morning,
 That wakes through the green-spreading grove,
 When Phœbus peeps over the mountains,
 On music, and pleasure, and love.
- 6 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.

SONG.

AIR—' *Cauld Kail*.'

- 1 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.
- 2 Thus in my arms, wi' a' 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 e'en, sae bonnie blue,
 I swear I'm thine for ever!
 And on thy lips I seal my vow,
 And break it shall I never!

DAINTY DAVIE.¹

TUNE—'Dainty Davie.'

- 1 Now rosy May comes in wi' flowers,
 To deck her gay, green spreading bowers ;
 And now come in my happy hours,
 To wander wi' my Davie.

CHORUS.

Meet me on the warlock knowe,
 Dainty Davie, dainty Davie,
 There I'll spend the day wi' you,
 My ain dear dainty Davie.

- 2 The crystal waters round us fa',
 The merry birds are lovers a',
 The scented breezes round us blaw,
 A-wandering wi' my Davie.
- 3 When purple morning starts the hare,
 To steal upon her early fare,
 Then through the dews I will repair,
 To meet my faithfu' Davie.
- 4 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.

¹ 'Daintie Davie:' is the title of an old Scotch song, from which Burns has taken nothing but the title and the measure.

BRUCE TO HIS TROOPS ON THE EVE OF
THE BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN.

TO ITS AIN TUNE.

- 1 SCOTS, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led ;
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victory !
- 2 Now 's the day and now 's the hour :
See the front o' battle lower :
See approach proud Edward's power—
Chains and slavery !
- 3 Wha will be a traitor-knave ?
Wha can fill a coward's grave ?
Wha sae base as be a slave ?
Let him turn and flee !
- 4 Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
Let him follow me !
- 5 By oppression's woes and pains !
By your sons in servile chains !
We will drain our dearest veins
But they shall be free !
- 6 Lay the proud usurpers low !
Tyrants fall in every foe !
Liberty's in every blow !—
Let us DO or DIE !

BEHOLD THE HOUR.¹TUNE—' *Oran-gaoil.*'

- 1 BEHOLD the hour, the boat arrive ;
 Thou go'st, 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.'
- 2 Along the solitary shore,
 While flitting sea-fowl 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,
 Oh tell me, does she muse on me ?

SONG.

TUNE—' *Fee him, father.*'

- 1 THOU hast left me ever, Jamie !
 Thou hast left me ever ;
 Thou hast left me ever, Jamie !
 Thou hast left me ever.

¹ *Note.*—A song referring to Clarinda's departure to the West Indies.

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'll see thee never !

2 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 e'en I'll close—
 Never mair to waken, Jamie,
 Ne'er mair to waken.

AULD LANG SYNE.

1 SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And never brought to min' ?
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And days o' lang syne ?

CHORUS.

For auld lang syne, my dear,
 For auld lang syne ;
 We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
 For auld lang syne.

2 We twa hae run about the braes,
 And pu'd the gowans fine ;
 But we've wander'd mony a weary foot,
 Sin' auld lang syne.

- 3 We twa hae paidl't i' the burn,
 Frae mornin' sun till dine;
 But seas between us braid hae roar'd,
 Sin' auld lang syne.
- 4 And here 's a hand my trusty fiere,
 And gie 's a haud o' thine;
 And we'll tak a right guid willie-waught,
 For auld lang syne.
- 5 And surely ye 'll be your pint-stoup,
 And surely I 'll be mine;
 And we 'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
 For auld lang syne.

 FAIR JENNY.

TUNE—' *Saw ye my father ?* '

- 1 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 wandering,
 At evening the wild woods among?
- 2 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.
- 3 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.

- 4 Fain would I hide what I fear to discover,
 Yet long, long too well have I known,
 All that has causèd this wreck in my bosom,
 Is Jenny, fair Jenny alone.
- 5 Time cannot aid me, my griefs are immortal,
 Not hope dare a comfort bestow :
 Come then, enamour'd and fond of my anguish,
 Enjoyment I'll seek in my woe.
-

SONG.

TUNE—' *The collier's bonnie lassie.*'

- 1 DELUDED swain, the pleasure
 The fickle fair can give thee,
 Is but a fairy treasure—
 Thy hopes will soon deceive thee.
- 2 The billows on the ocean,
 The breezes idly roaming,
 The clouds' uncertain motion—
 They are but types of woman.
- 3 Oh ! art thou not ashamed,
 To doat upon a feature ?
 If man thou would'st be named,
 Despise the silly creature.
- 4 Go, find an honest fellow ;
 Good claret set before thee :
 Hold on till thou art mellow,
 And then to bed in glory.

NANCY.

TUNE—' *Quaker's Wife.*'

- 1 THINE am I, my faithful fair,
Thine, my lovely Nancy ;
Every pulse along my veins,
Every roving fancy.
- 2 To thy bosom lay my heart,
There to throb and languish :
Though despair had wrung its core,
That would heal its anguish.
- 3 Take away these rosy lips,
Rich with balmy treasure :
Turn away thine eyes of love,
Lest I die with pleasure.
- 4 What is life when wanting love ?
Night without a morning :
Love 's the cloudless summer sun,
Nature gay adorning.

MY SPOUSE, NANCY.

TUNE—' *My jo, Janet.*'

- 1 ' HUSBAND, husband, cease your strife,
Nor longer idly rave, sir ;
Though I am your wedded wife,
Yet I am not your slave, sir.'

- 2 'One of two must still obey,
Nancy, Nancy ;
Is it man, or woman, say,
My spouse, Nancy ?'
- 3 'If 'tis still the lordly word,
Service and obedience ;
I'll desert my sovereign lord,
And so good-by allegiance !'
- 4 'Sad will I be, so bereft,
Nancy, Nancy ;
Yet I'll try to make a shift,
My spouse, Nancy.'
- 5 '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.'
- 6 'I will hope, and trust in Heaven,
Nancy, Nancy ;
Strength to bear it will be given,
My spouse, Nancy.'
- 7 'Well, sir, from the silent dead,
Still I'll try to daunt you ;
Ever round your midnight bed
Horrid sprites shall haunt you.'
- 8 'I'll wed another, like my dear
Nancy, Nancy ;
Then all hell will fly for fear,
My spouse, Nancy.'

WILT THOU BE MY DEARIE ?

AIR—*'The Sutor's Tochter.'*

- 1 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
 Shall ever be my dearie.
 Only thou, I swear and vow,
 Shall ever be my dearie.
- 2 Lassie, say thou lo'es me ;
 Or if thou wilt na 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 BANKS OF CREE.
TUNE—*'The Banks of Cree.'*

- 1 HERE is the glen, and here the bower,
 All underneath the birchen shade ;
 The village-bell has told the hour,
 Oh, what can stay my lovely maid ?

- 2 'Tis not Maria's whispering call;
 'Tis but the balmy-breathing gale,
 Mix'd with some warbler's dying fall,
 The dewy star of eve to hail.
- 3 It is Maria's voice I hear!—
 So calls the woodlark in the grove,
 His little faithful mate to cheer,
 At once 'tis music—and 'tis love.
- 4 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.

LINES WRITTEN ON A COPY OF THOMSON'S
 SONGS,

PRESENTED TO MISS GRAHAM OF FINTRY.

- 1 HERE, where the Scottish Muse immortal lives,
 In sacred strains and tuneful numbers join'd,
 Accept the gift, though humble he who gives;
 Rich is the tribute of the grateful mind.
- 2 So may no ruffian-feeling in thy breast,
 Discordant jar thy bosom-chords among;
 But Peace attune thy gentle soul to rest,
 Or Love ecstatic wake his seraph song:
- 3 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.

ON THE SEAS AND FAR AWAY.

TUNE—' *O'er the hills,* &c.

- 1 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

CHORUS.

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.

- 2 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!
- 3 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.

- 4 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.

CA' THE YOWES TO THE KNOWES.

CHORUS.

Ca' the yowes to the knowes,
 Ca' them whare the heather grows,
 Ca' them whare the burnie rowes,
 My bonnie dearie.

- 1 Hark the mavis' evening sang
 Sounding Cluden's¹ woods amang ;
 Then a-faulding let us gang,
 My bonnie dearie.
- 2 We'll gae down by Cluden side,
 Through the hazels spreading wide,
 O'er the waves that sweetly glide
 To the moon sae clearly.

¹ 'Cluden:' the river Cluden, a tributary stream to the Nith.

- 3 Yonder Cluden's silent towers,¹
 Where at moonshine midnight hours,
 O'er the dewy bending flowers,
 Fairies dance sae cheerie.
- 4 Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear ;
 Thou 'rt to Love and Heaven sae dear,
 Nocht of ill may come thee near,
 My bonnie dearie.
- 5 Fair and lovely as thou art,
 Thou hast stown my very heart ,
 I can die—but canna part,
 My bonnie dearie.
- 6 While waters wimple to the sea ,
 While day blinks in the left sae hie ;
 Till clay-cauld death shall blin' my e'e,
 Ye shall be my dearie.

 SHE SAYS SHE LO'ES ME BEST OF A'

TUNE—' *Onagh's Waterfall*.

- 1 SAE flaxen were her ringlets,
 Her eyebrows of a darker hue,
 Bewitchingly o'erarching
 Twa laughing e'en o' bonnie blue.
 Her smiling sae wiling,
 Wad make a wretch forget his woe ,
 What pleasure, what treasure,
 Unto these rosy lips to grow :

¹ ' Cluden's silent towers : ' Lincluden Abbey.

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'.

- 2 Like harmony her motion ;
 Her pretty ancle is a spy,
 Betraying fair proportion,
 Wad make 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 :
 Her's 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'.

- 3 Let other's love the city,
 And gaudy show at sunny noon ;
 Gie 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'.
-

TO DR MAXWELL,

ON MISS JESSY STAIG'S RECOVERY.

MAXWELL, if merit here you crave,
 That merit I deny :
 You save fair Jessy from the grave!
 An angel could not die.

SAW YE MY PHELY ?

(Quasi dicat Phillis.)

TUNE—' *When she cam ben she bobbit.*'

- 1 Oh, saw ye my dear, my Phely?
 Oh, saw ye my dear, my Phely?
 She's down i' the grove, she's wi' a new love,
 She winna come hame to her Willie.
- 2 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 Willie.
- 3 Oh, had I ne'er seen thee, my Phely!
 Oh, had I ne'er seen thee, my Phely!
 As light as the air, and fause as thou's fair,
 Thou's broken the heart o' thy Willie.

HOW LANG AND DREARY IS THE NIGHT.

TUNE—' *Cauld kail in Aberdeen.*'

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

CHORUS.

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.

- 2 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 ?
- 3 How slow ye move, ye heavy hours ;
 The joyless day how dreary !
 It was nae sae ye glinted by,
 When I was wi' my dearie !

LET NOT WOMAN E'ER COMPLAIN.

TUNE—' *Duncan Gray.*'

- 1 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 ?

2 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 LOVER'S MORNING SALUTE TO HIS
MISTRESS.

TUNE—*Deil tak the Wars.*'

1 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 through 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 laverock to the sky
Ascends wi' sangs o' joy,
While the sun and thou arise to bless the day.

- 2 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'ercast my sullen sky ;
 But when in beauty's light,
 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.

THE WINTER OF LIFE.

TUNE—' *Gil Morice.*'

- 1 BUT lately seen in gladsome green,
 The woods rejoiced 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'.
- 2 But my white pow, nae kindly thowe
 Shall melt the snaws of age ;
 My trunk of cild, 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 !

CHLORIS.

TUNE—‘*My lodging is on the cold ground.*’

- 1 MY Chloris, mark how green the groves,
The primrose banks how fair ;
The balmy gales awake the flowers,
And wave thy flaxen hair.

- 2 The laverock shuns the palace gay,
And o’er the cottage sings :
For Nature smiles as sweet, I ween,
To shepherds as to kings.

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

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

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

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

SONG.

ALTERED FROM AN OLD ENGLISH ONE.

TUNE—' *Dainty Davie.*'

- 1 It was the charming month of May,
 When all the flowers 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 flowery mead she goes,
 The youthful, charming Chloe.

CHORUS.

- Lovely was she by the dawn,
 Youthful Chloe, charming Chloe,
 Tripping o'er the pearly lawn,
 The youthful, charming Chloe.
- 2 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.
-

LASSIE WI' THE LINT-WHITE LOCKS.

TUNE—' *Rothiemurchie's Rant.*'

CHORUS.

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

- 1 Now Nature cleeds the flowery lea,
And a' is young and sweet like thee ;
Oh, wilt thou share its joys wi' me,
And say thou 'lt be my dearie O ?
 - 2 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 !
 - 3 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 !
 - 4 And when the howling wintry blast
Disturbs my lassie's midnight rest,
Enclaspèd to my faithful breast,
I 'll comfort thee, my dearie O !
-

SONG.

TUNE—*'Nancy's to the Greenwood,' &c.*

- 1 FAREWELL, thou stream that winding flows
 Around Eliza's dwelling!
 O Memory! 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 every vein,
 Nor dare disclose my anguish.

 - 2 Love's veriest wretch, unseen, unknown,
 I fain my griefs would cover:
 'The bursting sigh, the 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!

 - 3 The music of thy voice I heard,
 Nor wist while it enslaved me;
 I saw thine eyes, yet nothing fear'd,
 Till fears no more had saved me:
 The unwary sailor thus, aghast,
 The wheeling torrent viewing;
 'Mid circling horrors sinks at last
 In overwhelming ruin.
-

PHILLY AND WILLY.

TUNE—' *The Sow's Tail*'

HE.

- 1 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.

- 2 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.

- 3 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.

- 4 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.

- 5 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.

- 6 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.

- 7 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.

- 8 The woodbine in the dewy weat
When evening shades in silence meet,
Is nocht sae fragrant or sae sweet
As is a kiss o' Willy.

HE.

- 9 Let fortune's wheel at random rin,
And fools may tyne, and knaves may win ;
My thoughts are a' bound up in ane,
And that's my ain dear Philly.

SHE.

- 10 What's a' the joys that gowd can gie!
I care nae wealth a single flie ;
The lad I love's the lad for me,
And that's my ain dear Willy.
-

CONTENTED WI' LITTLE.

TUNE—' *Lumps o' Pudding.*'

- 1 CONTENTED wi' little, and cantie wi' mair,
 Whene'er I forgather wi' sorrow and care,
 I gie them a skelp, as they 're creepin' alang,
 Wi' a cog o' guid swats, and an auld Scottish sang.
- 2 I whiles claw the elbow o' troublesome thought ;
 But man is a sodger, 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.
- 3 A towmond o' trouble, should that be my fa',
 A night o' guid fellowship sowthers it a' :
 When at the blythe end o' our journey at last,
 Wha the deil ever thinks o' the road he has past?
- 4 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!'

CANST THOU LEAVE ME THUS, MY KATY?

TUNE—' *Roy's Wife.*'

CHORUS.

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?

- 1 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?

 - 2 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.
-

MY NANNIE'S AWA'.

TUNE—*'There'll never be peace,' &c.*

- 1 Now in her green mantle blithe Nature arrays,
 And listens the lambkins that bleat o'er the braes,
 While birds warble welcome in ilka green shaw;
 But to me it's delightless—my Nannie's awa'!

- 2 The snaw-drap and primrose our woodlands adorn,
 And violets bathe in the weat o' the morn;
 They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw,
 They mind me o' Nannie—and Nannie's awa'!

- 3 Thou laverock that springs frae the dews of the lawn,
 The shepherd to warn o' the gray-breaking dawn,
 And thou mellow mavis, that hails the night fa',
 Give over for pity—my Nannie's awa'!

- 4 Come, autumn, sae pensive, in yellow and gray,
 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'!

FOR A' THAT, AND A' THAT.

TUNE—'For a' that, an' a' that.'

- 1 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 !
- 2 What though on hamely fare we dine,
 Wear hoddin gray, and a' that ;
 Gie 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 !
- 3 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.
- 4 A prince 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 rank than a' that.

- 5 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 coming yet, for a' that,
 That man to man, the warld o'er,
 Shall brothers be for a' that!

CRAIGIE-BURN WOOD.¹

TUNE—' *Craigie-burn Wood.*'

- 1 SWEET fa's the eve on Craigie-burn,
 And blithe awakes the morrow ;
 But a' the pride o' spring's return
 Can yield me nocht but sorrow.
- 2 I see the flowers and spreading trees,
 I hear the wild birds singing ;
 But what a weary wight can please,
 And care his bosom wringing ?
- 3 Fain, fain would I my griefs impart,
 Yet dare na for your anger ;
 But secret love will break my heart,
 If I conceal it langer.

¹ 'Craigie-burn wood:' is situated on the banks of the river Moffat. It was there the Poet met the 'Lassie wi' the lint-white locks,' Mrs Whelpdale, and that he conceived several of his beautiful lyrics.

- 4 If thou refuse to pity me,
 If thou shalt love anither,
 When yon green leaves fade frae the tree,
 Around my grave they'll wither.

O LASSIE, ART THOU SLEEPING YET ?

TUNE—*Let me in this ae night.*'

- 1 O LASSIE, art thou sleeping yet ?
 Or art thou wakin' I would wit ?
 For love has bound me hand and foot,
 And I would fain be in, jo.

CHORUS.

- Oh let me in this ae night,
 This ae, ae, ae night ;
 For pity's sake this ae night,
 Oh rise and let me in, jo.
- 2 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.
- 3 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.

HER ANSWER.

- 1 Oh tell na me o' wind and rain,
 Upbraid na me wi' cauld disdain ;

Gae back the gait ye cam again,—
I winna let you in, jo!

CHORUS.

I tell ye now this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night,
And ance for a' this ae night,
I winna let you in, jo!

- 2 The snellest blast, at mirkest hours,
That round the pathless wanderer pours,
Is nocht to what poor she endures,
That's trusted faithless man, jo!
- 3 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!
- 4 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!

 ADDRESS TO THE WOOD-LARK.

TUNE—' *Where'll bonnie Ann lie?* ' OR—' *Loch-Eroch Side.* '

- 1 OH stay, sweet warbling wood-lark, stay!
Nor quit for me the trembling spray;
A hapless lover courts thy lay,
Thy soothing, fond complaining.

- 2 Again, again that tender part,
That I may catch thy melting art ;
For surely that wad touch her heart,
Wha' kills me wi' disdainin'.
- 3 Say, was thy little mate unkind,
And heard thee as the careless wind ?
Oh! nocht but love and sorrow join'd,
Sic notes o' woe could wauken.
- 4 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 !
-

ON CHLORIS BEING ILL.

TUNE—'Aye wakin' O!'

- 1 CAN I cease to care,
Can I cease to languish,
While my darling fair
Is on the couch of anguish ?

CHORUS.

Long, long the night,
Heavy comes the morrow,
While my soul's delight,
Is on her bed of sorrow.

- 2 Every hope is fled,
Every fear is terror ;
Slumber even I dread ;
Every dream is horror.

- 3 Hear me, Powers divine !
 Oh, in pity hear me !
 Take aught else of mine,
 But my Chloris spare me !
-

CALEDONIA.

TUNE—'Humours of Glen.'

- 1 THEIR groves o' sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon,
 Where bright-beaming summers exalt the perfume ;
 Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green breckan,
 Wi' the burn stealing under the lang yellow broom.
- 2 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.
- 3 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 !
- 4 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 !
-

SONG.

TUNE—*‘Laddie, lie near me.’*

- 1 'Twas na her bonnie blue e'e was my ruin ;
 Fair though she be, that was ne'er my undoing :
 'Twas the dear smile when naebody did mind us,
 'Twas the bewitching, sweet, stown glance o' kindness.
- 2 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 !
- 3 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.

 HOW CRUEL ARE THE PARENTS !

ALTERED FROM AN OLD ENGLISH SONG.

TUNE—*‘John Anderson, my jo.’*

- 1 How cruel are the parents
 Who riches only prize ;
 And to the wealthy booby,
 Poor woman sacrifice !
 Meanwhile the hapless daughter
 Has but a choice of strife ;—
 To shun a tyrant father's hate,
 Become a wretched wife.

- 2 The ravening hawk pursuing,
 The trembling dove thus flies,
 To shun impelling ruin
 Awhile her pinions tries;
 Till of escape despairing,
 No shelter or retreat,
 She trusts the ruthless falconer,
 And drops beneath his feet.
-

MARK YONDER POMP.

TUNE—' *Deil tak the Wars.*'

- 1 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 wondering gaze,
 And courtly grandeur bright
 The fancy may delight,
 But never, never can come near the heart.
- 2 But did you see my dearest Chloris,
 In Simplicity's array;
 Lovely as yonder sweet opening flower is,
 Shrinking from the gaze of day.
 Oh 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.

THIS IS NO MY AIN LASSIE.

TUNE—' *This is no my ain House.*'

CHORUS.

OH this is no my ain lassie,
Fair though the lassie be ;
Oh weel ken I my ain lassie,
Kind love is in her e'e !

- 1 I see a form, I see a face,
Ye weel may wi' the fairest place :
It wants, to me, the witching grace,
The kind love that's in her e'e.
- 2 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.
- 3 A thief sac pawkie is my Jean,
To steal a blink, by a' unseen ;
But gleg as light are lovers' e'en,
When kind love is in the e'e.

4 It may escape the courtly sparks,
It may escape the learnèd clerks ;
But weel the watching lover marks
The kind love that 's in her e'e.

END OF VOL. I.

GLOSSARY.

A.

A', all.
Aback, away, aloof.
Abeigh, at a shy distance, aloof.
Aboon, above.
Abread, abroad.
Abreed, in breadth.
Adle, putrid water.
Ae, one.
Aff, off; *aff loof*, off hand.
Afore, before.
Aft, oft.
Aften, often.
Agley, off the right line, wrong.
Aiblins, perhaps.
Aik, an oak.
Ain, own.
Airles, earnest.
Airl-penny, a penny given as earnest, or hiring money.
Airn, iron; an iron tool.
Airt, to direct.
Airts, directions, points of the compass.
Aith, an oath.
Aits, oats.
Aiver, a work-horse.
Aizle, a hot cinder.
Ajee, awry, ajar.
Alake, alas!
Alane, alone.
Akwart, awkward.
Amaist, almost.
Amang, among.
An', and, if.
Ance, once.
Ane, one.
Anent, about, concerning.
Anither, another.
Ase, ashes.
Asklent, aslant, asquint.

Asteer, astir.
Athart, or *athort*, athwart.
Aught, possession; as, *in a' my aught*, in all my possession.
Auld, old.
Auld-farrant, knowing, sagacious.
Auld-lang-syne, long ago, the days of other years.
Auld-shoon, old shoes; term for a discarded lover.
Auld-world, old-fashioned.
Aumous, or *awmous*, alms.
Aumous-dish, a beggar's dish, a vessel for collecting money for the poor at church.
Aumry, a cupboard for keeping victuals, dishes, &c.
Ava, at all.
Awa', away.
Awfu', awful.
Awn, the beard of barley or other grain.
Awnie, bearded.
Ayont, beyond.

B.

Ba', a ball.
Backet, or *baikey*, a wooden coal scuttle; *saut-backet*, salt-box.
Bakes, biscuits.
Backlins, back, backwards.
Bad, did, bid.
Baggie, the belly.
Baide, remained, endured, resided.
Bainie, large-boned.
Bairn, a child.
Bairntime, a family of children, a brood.
Baith, both.
Ban, to swear or curse.

- Bane*, bone.
Bang, to beat, to excel.
Bang, a blow, also a great number.
Bannocks, round flat cakes.
Baps, rolls of bread.
Bardie, diminutive of bard.
Barefit, barefooted.
Barley-bree, malt liquor.
Barmie, of or like barm, yeasty.
Batch, a crew or gang.
Batts, botts, colic.
Bauckie-bird, the bat.
Baudrons, a cat.
Bauks, cross beams.
Bauld, bold.
Bawbee, a halfpenny; *bawbees*, money.
Bark, a bank, a strip of unploughed land.
Bars'nt, having a white spot on the forehead or face.
Be (to let be), to give over.
Beare, barley.
Beast, vermin.
Beastie, diminutive of beast.
Beck, a curtsy.
Bedesman, a poor pensioner, one who prays for his patron.
Beek, to bask.
Beel, to add fuel to fire.
Begoud, began.
Begunk, trick, jilting.
Beld, bald.
Belyve, by and by.
Ben, into the spence, or parlour.
Benlomond, a noted mountain in Dumbartonshire.
Benmost bore, innermost hole.
Bennison, blessing.
Bent, a kind of grass; 'ta'en the bent,' taken the moor, run away.
Bethankit, grace after meat.
Beuk, a book.
Bicker, a wooden dish; a short race.
Bid, to propose, to offer; *bade nae better*, desired no more.
Bide, to stay or reside, to endure.
Bield, or *biel*, shelter.
Bien, comfortable, well-to-do.
Big, to build.
Biggin', a building.
Biggit, built.
Biggonet, a linen cap or coif.
- Bill*, a bull.
Billie, a brother, a young fellow.
Bing, a heap of grain, potatoes, &c.
Binna, be not.
Birk, birch.
Birken-schar, plantation of birches.
Birkie, a forward, lively fellow.
Birle, to drink; 'birle the bawbee,' to club for drink.
Birring, the noise of partridges, &c. when they spring.
Birses, bristles.
Bit, crisis, nick of time; and also as a diminutive, as 'a bit burn,' a small stream; 'a bit lassie,' a little grl.
Bittock, a little bit, a short distance.
Bizz, a bustle; to buzz.
Bizzard, buzzard.
Blae, pale blue, the colour of the skin when bruised.
Blastic, a shrivelled dwarf, a term of contempt.
Blastit, blasted.
Blate, bashful, sheepish.
Blather, bladder.
Blaud, a flat piece of anything; to slap; a *heartly blaud*, a large piece.
Blaw, to blow, to boast; 'blaw i' my lug,' to flatter.
Bleerit, bleared, sore with rheum, or dim with weeping.
Bleert an' blin', bleared and blind.
Bleezing, blazing.
Blellum, idle, talking fellow.
Blether, to talk idly; nonsense.
Blethers, babbling, foolish talk.
Blethrin', babbling.
Blink, an instant, a little while; a smiling look; to look kindly; to shine by fits, twinkle.
Blinker, a term of contempt.
Blinkin', smirking.
Blue-gown, an order of paupers, who receive annually, on the Sovereign's birthday, a blue cloak or gown, with a pewter badge.
Bluid, blood.
Bluntie, snivelling.
Blutter, the mire-snipe.
Blype, a shred, a piece rent off.

- Bock*, to vomit, to gurgle.
Bocked, gushed, vomited.
Bodle, a small copper coin.
Bogie, a small bog.
Bogles, goblins.
Bonnie, or *bonny*, handsome, pretty.
Boord, a board.
Boortree, or *bu'tree*, the shrub elder, formerly much planted in hedges of farm-yards, &c.
Boost, behoved, must needs.
Bore, a hole in the wall.
Botch, an inflamed tumour.
Bouk, bulk; a corpse.
Bousing, tipping.
Bow-kail, cabbage.
Bowt, bent, crooked.
Brackens, or *breckens*, fern.
Brae, the face of a hill.
Braid, broad.
Braik, a kind of harrow.
Brainge, to dash forward.
Braing't, rushed forward.
Brak, broke, made insolvent.
Brankie, gaudy, pranked out gaily.
Branks, a halter with wooden cheek-pieces for cows and horses.
Brash, a smart fit of illness.
Brats, rags, coarse clothes; the term is also applied to children.
Battle, a short race, hurry, fury.
Brau, fine, handsome, well-dressed.
Brawlies, or *brawlie*, bravely, heartily, very well.
Braxie, a diseased sheep, or the mutton of a sheep which has been smothered in snow.
Breastie, little breast.
Breastit, sprang breast-high.
Brecham, a horse-collar.
Breckan, fern.
Breef, an irresistible spell.
Breeks, breeches.
Brent, smooth, clear; *brent new*, quite new.
Brewin', brewing.
Brie, juice, liquid.
Brig, a bridge.
Brisket, the breast, the bosom.
Brither, a brother.
Brock, a badger.
Broque, a hum, a trick.
- Broo*, broth, liquid, water.
Broose, a race at country weddings, from the church to the bridegroom's house.
Brose, hasty pudding, made by pouring boiling water or broth on oatmeal. The dish is named from the liquid used, as, *water-brose*, *kail-brose*.
Browst, a brewing.
Brugh, a burgh.
Bruilzie, a broil, a strife.
Brunstane, brimstone.
Brunt, burned.
Brust, to burst, burst.
Buchan-bullers, the boiling of the sea among the rocks on the coast of Buchan, Aberdeenshire.
Buckskin, an inhabitant of Virginia.
Bught, a pen for sheep.
Bughtin-time, the time for collecting the sheep into the pens to be milked.
Buirldly, athletic, broad and large of make.
Bum-clock, the humming beetle, which flies in the summer evenings.
Bumming, humming, droning.
Bumme, to blunder, to bungle.
Bummler, bungler.
Bunker, a window-seat, or seat which also serves for a chest, opening with a hinged lid.
Burdies, small birds.
Bure, bore.
Burn, a stream, a rivulet.
Burnie, a small streamlet.
Burnewin, *i. e.*, burn-the-wind, a blacksmith.
Buskie, bushy.
Buskit, dressed.
Busks, dresses.
Bussle, a bustle, to bustle.
Buss, shelter.
But, or *bot*, without.
But an' ben, the country kitchen and parlour.
By himself, lunatic, distracted.
Byke, a bee-hive, nest of the wild bee; a swarm; *glourin' byke*, staring multitude.
Byre, a cow-house, a sheep-pen.

C.

- Ca'*, to call, to name ; to drive.
Ca't, or *ca'd*, called ; driven ; calved.
Cadger, a carrier, a huxter.
Cadie, or *caddie*, a porter or messenger.
Caff, chaff.
Caird, a tinker.
Cairn, a heap of loose stones.
Calf-ward, a small enclosure for calves.
Callan, a boy.
Caller, or *cauler*, fresh, sound, refreshing.
Canie, or *cannie*, gentle, mild, knowing ; *canniest gate*, easiest way.
Cannilie, gently, sagaciously.
Cantrip, a charm, a spell.
Canty, or *cantie*, cheerful, merry.
Cap-stane, cope-stone, key-stone.
Careerin', cheerfully.
Carl, an old man.
Carl-hemp, the male stalk of hemp, known by its superior strength and height.
Carlina, a stout old woman.
Carritch, catechism ; *single carritch*, the Shorter Catechism.
Cartes, cards.
Caudron, a caldron.
Cauk, chalk.
Cauld, cold.
Cawp, a wooden bowl.
Cavie, a hen-coop.
Cesses, taxes.
Chanter, part of a bagpipe.
Chap, a person, a fellow ; a blow, a stroke.
Cheekit, cheeked.
Cheep, a chirp, to chirp.
Chiel, a young fellow.
Chimla, or *chimlie*, a fire-place.
Chimla-lug, fireside.
Chittering, shivering with cold.
Chokin', choking.
Chow, to chew ; *cheek-for-chow*, side-by-side, cheek-by-jole.
Chuckie, a brood hen.
Chuffie, fat-faced.
Clachan, a small village about a church, a hamlet.
Claise, or *clacs*, clothes.
- Clait*, cloth.
Claiting, clothing.
Clap, the clapper of a mill.
Clarokit, wrote.
Clarty, dirty.
Clash, an idle tale, gossip.
Clatter, to tell idle stories ; an idle story.
Claut, snatched at, laid hold of.
Claut, to scrape, to clean ; *claut o' gear*, heap of money.
Clauted, scraped clean.
Clavers, idle stories.
Claw, to scratch.
Cleckin, a brood, a litter.
Cleed, to clothe.
Cleeds, clothes.
Cleekit, hooked, caught.
Cleg, the gadfly.
Chink, money.
Clinkin', jerking, clinking.
Clinkumbell, man who rings the church-bell.
Clips, shears.
Clishmaclaver, gossip, idle chat, palaver.
Clock, to hatch ; a beetle.
Clockin', hatching.
Cloot, or *cluit*, the hoof of a cow, sheep, &c.
Clootie, an old name for the Devil, in allusion to the cloven foot.
Clour, a bump or swelling after a blow.
Clout, to patch.
Cluds, clouds.
Clunk, the gurgling sound of liquor in emptying a cask or bottle.
Coaxin', wheedling.
Coble, a fishing-boat.
Cockernony, a lock of hair tied on a girl's head ; a cap.
Coft, bought.
Cog, a wooden dish.
Coggie, a little cog.
Coila, from Kyle, a district of Ayrshire ; so called, according to tradition, from Coil, or Coilus, a Pictish king.
Collie, a cur-dug.
Collieshangie, a quarrel, a noisy altercation.
Comman', command.
Cood, the cud.

Coof, or *cuiſ*, a blockhead, a ninny.
Cookit, appeared and disappeared by turns.
Coost, caſt.
Coot, the ankle.
Cootie, a wooden kitchen diſh; alſo, thoſe fowls whoſe legs are clad with feathers are ſaid to be *cootie*.
Corbie, the raven, the carrion crow.
Core, corps, party, clan.
Corn't, fed with oats.
Cottar, the inhabitant of a cot-houſe or cottage.
Couthie, kind, loving.
Cove, a cave.
Cove, to overbear, to keep under, to lop off; a fright; a buſh of furze or broom.
Cowp, to barter; to tumble over; a gang.
Cowpit, bartered; tumbled.
Cowrin', cowering.
Cowte, a colt.
Cozie, snug, warm.
Cozily, snugly.
Crabbit, crabbed, peeviſh.
Crack, converſation, to conſerſe.
Crackin', conſerſing; *crackin'* *crouſe*, talking briskly.
Craft, or *croft*, a field near a houſe (in old huſbandry).
Craig, the neck or throat; dimin. *craigie*.
Craik, a bird, the rail or corn-crake.
Craiks, cries or calls inceſſantly.
Crambo-clink, or *crambo-jingle*, doggrel rhymes.
Crancreuch, hoarfroſt.
Crank, the noiſe of an ungreased wheel.
Crankous, fretful, captious.
Crap, a crop, to crop.
Craw, the crow of a cock; a crow or rook.
Creel, a coarſe baſket; *to have one's wits in a creel*, to be crazed, to be fascinated.
Creeshie, greaſy.
Croo'd, or *crou'd*, to coo as a dove.
Croon, a low, droning ſound; to make ſuch a ſound; to hum a tune.

Crooning, droning, humming.
Crouchie, crook-backed.
Croulin', crawling.
Crouſe, cheerful, courageous.
Crouſely, cheerfully, courageouſly.
Crowdie, a ſtir-about of oatmeal and boiling water, or the broth of beef or mutton, &c.
Crowdie-time, breakfast-time.
Crummock, a cow with crooked horns.
Crump, brittle, friable, criſp; ſpoken of bread or pie-cruſt, &c.
Crunt, a blow on the head with a cudgel.
Cuddle, to caeſs.
Cuiſ, a ninny.
Cummock, a ſhort ſtaff, with a crooked head.
Curehie, a curtſey.
Curler, a player at the game of curling.
Curlie, curled, one whoſe hair naturally falls in ringlets.
Curling, a well-known game in Scotland, played on the ice.
Curmurring, murmuring, a ſlight rumbling noiſe.
Curpin, the crupper.
Cuſhat, the wood-pigeon.
Cutty, ſhort, a ſhort ſpoon; a looſe girl; *cutty ſark*, ſhort ſhift.
Cutty-ſtool, the ſtool of repentance, which was uſed in former times in the churches in Scotland.

D.

Daddie, a father.
Daffin', fun, merriment, fooliſhneſs.
Daft, merry, giddy, fooliſh.
Daidlin', loitering, trifling, tippling.
Daimen, rare, now and then.
Daimen-icker, an ear of corn now and then.
Daintie, pleaſant, good-humoured, agreeable.
Dales, valleys.
Darklins, in the dark.
Daud, to thrash, to abuſe, to pelt.
Daud (noun), a large piece; noiſe of a heavy fall.

Daudin', beating.
Daur, to dare.
Daur't, dared.
Daurg, *daurk*, or *darg*, a day's work.
Davoc, David.
Dawtit, or *dawtet*, fondled, caressed.
Dead, death.
Dearies, diminutive of dears.
Dearthju', dear.
Deave, to deafen.
Di-cl-mæ-care, devil-may-care.
Deleerit, delirious.
Describe, to describe.
Devel, a severe blow.
Dight, to wipe; to winnow corn.
Dight, cleaned from chaff.
Dights, cleans.
Dike, stone fence.
Din, dun, swallow.
Ding, to wrest, to push, to beat; *winna ding*, will not be beat.
Dirna, do not.
Dirl, a slight, tremulous stroke, or pain; to vibrate.
Dizzen, or *di'zn*, a dozen.
Doited, stupid, silly from age.
Dolt, stupified, crazed.
Donzie, or *donsie*, unlucky.
Dool, sorrow; *to sing dool*, to lament.
Doos, doves.
Dorty, saucy, pettish, nice.
Douce, sober, wise, prudent; *doucer*, more prudent.
Doucely, soberly, prudently.
Dought, was or were able.
Doup, backside.
Doup-skelper, one that strikes the tail.
Dour, obstinate.
Doure, stout, stubborn, sullen.
Dow, am or are able, can.
Dowff, pithless, wanting force.
Dowie, worn with grief or fatigue; half-asleep.
Downa, am or are not able, cannot.
Doylt, stupid.
Dozen't, stupified.
Drab, a slatternly young woman.
Drants, long prayers.
Drap, a drop, to drop.
Draping, dropping.

Draunting, drawling.
Dreep, to ooze, to drop.
Dree, to suffer.
Dreigh, tedious, long about it.
Dribble, drizzling, slaver.
Driddle, to scrape on a fiddle.
Drift, a drove.
Droddum, the breech.
Drone, part of a bagpipe.
Droop-rumple't, that droops at the crupper.
Droukit, drenched.
Drouth, thirst, drought.
Drucken, drunken.
Drumly, muddy.
Drummock, meal and water mixed, raw.
Drun't, pet, sour humour, sulks.
Dub, a dirty pool.
Duds, rags, tattered clothes.
Duddie, ragged.
Dung, worsted, pushed, driven.
Dunt, a knock or stroke; to beat, to throb.
Dunted, beaten, boxed.
Dush, to push like a ram, to butt.
Dush't, butted by a ram or ox, &c.
Dwam, a qualm or swoon.
Dwining, pining away, decaying.
Dyke, a stone-wall fence.
Dyvoor, a bankrupt, an ill-dressed, seedy, idle fellow.

E.

E'e, the eye.
E'en, the eyes.
E'enin', evening.
Eerie, lonely, frightened, dreading ghosts and spirits.
Eild, old age.
Elbuck, the elbow.
Eldritch, dreary, ghastly, frightful, unearthly.
En', end.
Enbrugh, Edinburgh.
Eneugh, enough.
Especial, especially.
Etile, to try, attempt, intend.
Eydent, or *edent*, diligent.

F.

Fa', fall, lot, fate, waterfall; as a verb, it signifies to get or obtain.

Fa'ard, favoured ; *ill-fa'ard*, ill-favoured, ugly.
Faddom't, fathomed, encompassed with the arms.
Fae, a foe.
Faem, foam.
Faiket, unknown, unemployed, abated, folded.
Fain, fond.
Fairin', a fairing, a present.
Fallow, fellow.
Fand, found.
Farl, a crisp cake.
Fash, trouble, care ; to trouble, to care for.
Fashious, troublesome.
Fasht, troubled.
Fastern-e'en, Fastens-even.
Fattrels, ribbon ends.
Fauld, a fold, to fold.
Faulding, folding.
Faur'd, favoured ; *ill-faur'd*, ill-favoured.
Fause, false.
Fause-house, opening in a corn-stack for ventilation.
Faut, fault.
Fawsont, decent, seemly.
Feal, a field, grassy turf, smooth.
Fearfu', frightful.
Fear't, frightened.
Feat, neat, spruce.
Fecht, to fight.
Fechtin', fighting.
Feck, many, plenty, the most.
Feket, waistcoat.
Fekfu', large, brawny, stout.
Fekless, puny, weak, silly.
Fekly, mostly.
Feg, a fig.
Feid, fend.
Fell, keen, biting ; the flesh immediately under the skin ; a level space on the side or top of a hill.
Fen', successful struggle, fight.
Fend, to beat off want, to live comfortably, to provide for ; to *mak a fen'*, to make a shift.
Ferlie, or *ferley*, to wonder, a wonder ; a term of contempt.
Fetch, to pull by fits.
Fetch't, pulled intermittently.

Fey, doomed, predestinated.
Fidge, to fidget, to shrug.
Fidgin' fain, excitedly eager.
Fiel, soft, smooth.
Fient, fiend, a petty oath.
Fient haet, deuce a bit.
Fiere, sound, healthy ; a brother, a friend.
Fisle, to make a rustling noise, to fidget, to bustle.
Fit, a foot.
Fittie-lan', the near horse of the hindmost pair in the plough.
Fizz, to make a hissing noise like fermentation, or as when a hot iron is plunged into water.
Flaffan, fluttering.
Flainen, or *flannen*, flannel.
Flaughtering, light gleaming fitfully.
Fleech, to cajole, to beseech flatteringly.
Fleech'd, wheedled.
Fleechin', wheedling.
Fleesh, a fleece.
Fleg, a kick, a random blow, a vagary.
Fletcher, to deny by fair words.
Fletherin', flattering.
Fley, to frighten, scare.
Flichter, to flutter like nestlings when their dam approaches.
Flickering, meeting, encountering with.*
Flinders, shreds, splinters.
Flingin-tree, a bale, or piece of timber hung horizontally between two horses in a stable, by way of partition ; a flail.
Flisk, to fret at the yoke.
Fliskit, fretted.
Flitter, to vibrate like the wings of small birds.
Flittering, fluttering, vibrating.
Flunkie, a servant in livery.
Flyte, to scold.
Fodgel, plump.
Foord, a ford.
Forbears, forefathers.
Forbye, besides.
Fore, to the fore, still in existence.
Forfairn, distressed, worn out, jaded, enfeebled.

* To *flicker* in Jamieson is to coax, to flirt ; but flickering is glossed as above in Blaikie.

Forfoughten, fatigued, knocked up.
Forgather, to meet, to encounter with.
Forgie, to forgive.
Forjesket, jaded with fatigue.
Fother, fodder.
Fou', full, drunk.
Foughten, troubled, harassed.
Fouth, plenty, enough, or more than enough.
Fow, a bushel; also a pitchfork.
Frae, from.
Freath, froth.
F'remit, strange, estranged.
Frien', friend.
Fu', full.
Fud, the scut or tail of the hare, rabbit, &c.
Fuff, to blow in puffs.
Fufft, blew.
Funnie, amusing, full of merriment.
Fur, a furrow.
Fur-ahin', the hindmost horse on the right hand when ploughing.
Furm, a form or bench.
Fyke, trifling cares; to make a fuss about trifles, to fret; to shrug, to wince.
Fyle, to soil, to dirty.
Fyft, soiled.

G.

Gab, the mouth; to speak boldly or pertly.
Gaber-lunzie, a beggar man, one who carries a wallet.
Gadsman, a ploughboy.
Gae, to go; *gaed*, went; *gaen* or *gane*, gone; *gaun*, going.
Gact, or *gate*, way, manner, road.
Gang, to go, to walk.
Gangrel, a vagrant.
Gangrel, a vagrant.
Gar, to force to, to compel.
Gar't, forced to.
Garten, a garter.
Gash, shrewd, talkative; to converse.
Gashin', conversing.
Gaucy, jolly, large.
Gaunted, yawned.

Gawky, half-witted, foolish, romping.
Gaylies, pretty well.
Gear, riches, goods of any kind.
Geck, to toss the head in scorn or wantonness, to mock, to sport.
Ged, a pike.
Gentles, great folks.
Geordie, a guinea.
Get, a child, a young one.
Ghaist, a ghost.
Gie, to give; *gied*, gave; *gien*, given.
Gif, if.
Giftie, diminutive of gift.
Giglets, giggling girls.
Gillie, diminutive of gill.
Gilpie, a half-grown boy or girl, a romping lad, a hoyden.
Gimmer, a ewe from one to two years old.
Gi'n, if, against.
Gipsey, a young girl.
Girn, to grin, to twist the features in rage or pain.
Girning, grinning.
Gisz, a periwig; a shaggy head of hair.
Glaikit, heedless, foolish.
Glaive, a sword.
Glaizie, glittering, smooth as glass.
Glamour, necromancy.
Glamm'd, aimed, snatched at.
Gleck, sharp, ready.*
Gled, a kite.
Gleg, sharp, ready.
Gleib, glebe.
Glen, dale, deep valley.
Gley, a squint, to squint.
Glibe-gabbet, ready-tongued, smooth-spoken.
Glint, to peep.
Glinted, peeped.
Glintin', peeping.
Gloamin, the twilight.
Glowr, to stare, a stare.
Glowred, stared.
Glunch, to frown, to look sulky.
Goavan, moving stupidly.
Gowan, a daisy.
Gowany, *gowany glens*, daisied valleys.
Gowd, gold.

* Gleck, so given in Blaikie, but not found in Jamieson.

Gowdspink, the goldfinch.
Gowff, the game of golf; to strike as the bat does the ball at golf.
Gowff'd, struck.
Gowk, a cuckoo; a term of contempt.
Gowl, to howl.
Grain'd, groaned.
Graining, groaning.
Graip, a dung-fork.
Graith, accoutrements, furniture, dress, gear, implements.
Grane, or *grain*, a groan, to groan, to long for.
Grannie, grandmother.
Grape, to grope.
Grapit, groped.
Grat, wept.
Great, to be great with any one, means to be intimate, familiar.
Gree, to agree; to bear the gree, to be decidedly victor.
Gree't, agreed.
Greet, to weep.
Greetin', weeping.
Grippet, caught, seized.
Groat, to get the whistle of one's groat, to play a losing game.
Grousome, loathsomely grim.
Grozet, a gooseberry.
Grumph, a grunt, to grunt.
Grumphie, a swine.
Grun', ground.
Grunstane, a grindstone.
Gruntle, the phiz, a grunting noise.
Grunzie, the mouth.
Grushie, thick, of thriving growth.
Grutten, wept.
Gude, good; the Supreme Being.
Guffaw, loud burst of laughter.
Guid, good.
Guid-e'en, good evening.
Guidfather, *guidmither*, father-in-law, mother-in-law.
Guidman and *guidwife*, the master and mistress of the house; *young guidman*, a man newly married.
Guid-mornin', good morrow.
Gully, or *gullie*, a large knife; *gley gullie*, a sharp knife.
Gulravage, confusion.
Gumlie, inuddy.
Gumpton, shrewd sense.

Gusty, tasteful, appetising.
Gutcher, grandsire.
Gutty, bigbellied, gross.
Gyre-carline, hag.

H.

Ha', hall.
Ha' Bible, the large Bible that lies in the hall.
Hae, to have.
Haen, had.
Haet, thing; *fient haet*, a petty oath of negation.
Haffet, the temple, the side of the head.
Hafflins, nearly half, partly.
Hagg, a scar or gulf in mosses and moors.
Haggis, a kind of pudding, made of pluck, suet, onions, &c., and boiled in the stomach of a sheep.
Hain, to spare, save, economise.
Hain'd, spared.
Hairst, harvest.
Haith, a petty oath.
Hal', or *hald*, a hold, a dwelling.
Hale, whole, tight, healthy.
Hallan, a particular partition wall in a cottage, or, more properly, a seat of turf at the outside; a porch.
Hallan-shaker, a sturdy, beggarly scamp.
Hallions, rogues.
Hallowmas, Hallow-eve, the 31st October.
Haly, holy.
Hame, home.
Hamely, homely, frank, affable.
Han', or *haun*, haud.
Hantle, a good many.
Hap, an outer garment, a mantle or plaid; to wrap, to cover.
Happer, hopper of a mill.
Happing, hopping.
Hap-step-an'-leap, hop-step-and-leap.
Harkit, hearkened.
Harn, very coarse linen.
Hash, a rough, clumsy fellow.
Hastit, hastened.
Haud, to hold.

- Haughs*, rich level meadows by a river side.
Haur, to drag, to peel.
Haurlin', peeling, dragging.
Haver-meal, oatmeal.
Havers, nonsense, thoughtless chat.
Havrel, half-witted.
Havins, good manners, propriety, good sense.
Hawkie, a cow, properly one with a white face.
Healsome, wholesome, healthful.
Heapit, heaped.
Hearse, hoarse.
Hear't, hear it.
Heather, heath.
Hech! oh! strange!
Hecht, foretold, offered, promised; *hechtin'*, aiming at.
Heckle, a card on which flax and hemp are dressed; one of the sharp steel spikes of such a card.
Heels-o'er-gowdic, heels over head.
Hein-shinned, having large projecting shin bones.
Heize, to raise, to lift up.
Hellin, a helm.
Herd, one who tends flocks.
Hern, the heron.
Herrin, a herring.
Herry, to plunder, to rob a bird's nest.
Herryment, plundering, devastation.
Het, hot.
Heugh, a crag, a ravine, a coal-pit.
Hie, high.
Hitch, to hobble, to limp.
Hilchin', limping.
Hiney, honey.
Hing, to hang.
Hirple, to walk crazily.
Hirsel, a herd of sheep or cattle.
Histic, dry, chapped, barren.
Hitch, a loop, a knot.
Hizzy, a hussie, a young girl.
Hoddin, jogging, the motion of a countryman jogging along on a cart-horse; humble.
Hoddin-gray, coarse gray woollen cloth.
Hoggie, a two-year-old sheep.
Hog-score, a kind of distance line in curling, drawn across the rink.
Hoy-shouther, a kind of horse-play by jostling with the shoulder; to jostle.
Hoodock, miserly.
Hool, outer-skin or case, a nutshell, pease-swade.
Hoolie, slowly, leisurely, cautiously.
Hoolic, take time, softly, stop.
Hoord, a hoard, to hoard.
Hoordit, hoarded.
Horn, a spoon made of horn.
Hornie, a name for the Devil.
Host, or *hoast*, to cough.
Hostin', coughing.
Hotch, to jerk, to move the body by jerks.
Hotch'd, turned topsy-turvy, mixed.
Houghmagandie, fornication.
Housie, diminutive of house.
Hove, to heave, to swell.
Hov'd, swelled.
Howdie, a midwife.
Hove, hollow; a hollow or dell.
Howebackit, sunk in the back, spoken of a horse, &c.
Howff, a place of resort, an ale-house.
Howk, to dig.
Howkin', digging.
Howkit, digged.
Howlet, an owl.
Hoy, to urge on.
Hoy't, urged.
Hoyse, to pull upwards.
Hoyte, to amble stiffly.
Hughoc, diminutive of Hugh.
Hunkers, the hams.
Hurcheon, a hedgehog.
Hurdies, the loins, the crupper, the hips.
Hushion, cushion.
Hyte, mad, in a fury.

I.

- I*, in.
Icker, an ear of corn.
Ier-oe, a great grandchild.
Ilk, or *ilka*, each, every.

Ill-thief, the devil.
Ill-willie, ill-natured, malicious,
 niggardly.
Ingine, genius, ingenuity.
Ingle, fire, fireplace.
I'se, I shall or will.
Ither, other, one another.

J.

Jad, jade; also a familiar term
 among country folks for a giddy
 young girl.
Jauk, to dally, to trifle.
Jaukin', trifling.
Jauner, prattle.
Jaup, a jerk of water; to jerk or
 splash as agitated water, to splash.
Jaw, coarse raillery; to pour out,
 to jerk as water, to dash.
Jaw-hole, sink.
Jillet, a jilt, a giddy girl.
Jimp, slender in the waist, hand-
 some; to jump.
Simply, barely, scarcely.
Jing, *by jing*, a petty oath.
Jink, to dodge, to turn a corner,
 a sudden turning a corner.
Jinker, that turns quickly, that
Jinkin', dodging, furtive.
 gives the slip; a gay, sprightly
 girl, a wag.
Jirt, a jerk.
Jockteleg, a kind of knife.
Joos, sweethearts.
Jougs, the pillory.
Jouk, to stoop, to bow the head,
 to skulk.
Jow, to *jow*, a verb which ex-
 presses both the swinging
 motion and pealing sound of a
 large bell.
Jowkery-pawkery, sly juggling talk
 or tricks.
Jundie, to jostle.

K.

Kae, a jackdaw.
Kail, colewort, broth.
Kail-runt, the stem of colewort.
Kain, fowls, &c., paid as rent by a
 farmer.
Kebars, rafters.

Kebbuck, a cheese.
Keek, a peep, to peep; *keekit ben*,
 looked in.
Keel, red chalk.
Kelpies, a sort of mischievous
 goblins, said to haunt fords and
 ferries at night, especially in
 storms.
Ken, to know; *ken'd*, or *ken't*,
 knew.
Kennin', a small matter.
Kenspeckle, well-known, peculiar,
 a gazing-stock.
Kep, to receive, to catch.
Ket, matted, hairy; a fleece of
 wool.
Kiaugh, carking anxiety.
Kilt, to truss up the clothes; the
 philabeg.
Kimmer, or *cummer*, a young girl,
 a gossip.
Kin, kindred.
Kin', kind (adjective).
Kingshood, a certain part of the
 entrails of an ox.
Kintra, country.
Kintra-cooser, a country stallion.
Kirn, a churn; the harvest home.
Kirsen, to christen.
Kist, chest, trunk, coffin.
Kitchen, anything eaten with
 bread, or other fare, to give it a
 relish. 'Hunger is gude kit-
 chen,' hunger is good sauce.
Kith, kindred.
Kitlin', a kitten.
Kittle, to tickle; skittish, ticklish,
 difficult.
Knaggie, like knags or nobs, bony.
Knappin'-hammer, a hammer for
 breaking stones.
Knowe, a knoll.
Knurl, or *knurlin'*, a dwarf.
Kuittle, to cuddle.
Kuittlin', cuddling.
Kye, cows.
Kyle, a district in Ayrshire.
Kyte, the belly.
Kythe, to come to light, to show
 one's self.

L.

Laddie, diminutive of lad a boy.

Lude, a load.
Laggan, the angle between the side and bottom of a wooden dish.
Laigh, low.
Lair, or *lear*, learning.
Lairing, wading, and sinking in snow or mire.
Laith, loath.
Laithfu', bashful, sheepish.
Laive, or *lave*, the rest, the remainder.
Lallans, Scottish dialect, Lowlands.
Lambie, diminutive of lamb.
Lammas-moon, harvest moon.
Lampit, a limpet, a kind of shellfish.
Lan', land, estate.
Lan'-afore, foremost horse in the plough.
Lan'-ahin', the hindmost horse in the plough.
Lane, lone; *my lane*, *thy lane*, &c., myself alone.
Lanely, lonely.
Lang, long; *to think lang*, to long, to weary.
Langsyne, long since.
Lap, leaped.
Lave, or *laive*, the rest, the remainder, the others, other people.
Laverock, the lark.
Lawin, shot, reckoning, bill.
Lawlan', Lowland.
Lays, or *leys*, fields.
Leal, loyal, faithful, true.
Lear, or *lair*, learning.
Lea-rig, grassy ridge.
Lea'e, to leave.
Lee-lang, livelong.
Leesome, pleasant; *leesome lane*, dear self alone.
Leeze-me, a phrase of congratulatory endearment; I am happy in thee, or proud of thee, blessings on thee.
Leister, a three-pronged fish-spear.
Leugh, laughed.
Leuk, a look, to look.
Libbet, emasculated.
Licks, a beating.
Lift, the sky.

Lightly, sneering, to sneer at, to slight.
Lilt, a ballad, a tune, to sing.
Limmer, a kept mistress, a strumpet.
Limpt, limped, hobbled.
Link, to trip along.
Linkin', tripping.
Linn, a waterfall, a cascade.
Lint, flax; *lint i' the bell*, flax in flower.
Lintwhite, a linnet.
Lippen, to trust.
Loan, or *loanin'*, a lane; the place of milking.
Loof, the palm of the hand.
Loopy, crafty.
Loot, did let or permit.
Looves, plural of loof.
Loun, or *loon*, a fellow, a ragamuffin, a woman of loose character.
Loup, jump, leap.
Lowe, a flame.
Lowin', flaming.
Lowrie, abbreviation of Lawrence.
Lowse, to loose.
Loused, loosed.
Lug, the ear, a handle.
Lugget, having a handle; *lugget caup*, eared cup.
Luggie, a small wooden dish with a handle.
Lum, the chimney.
Lunch, a large piece of cheese, meat, &c.
Lunt, a column of smoke; to smoke.
Luntin', smoking.
Ljart, of a mixed colour, gray.

M.

Mae, more.
Mahoun, Satan.
Mailen, farm.
Mair, more.
Maisi, most, almost.
Maisly, mostly.
Mak, to make.
Makin', making.
Malison, curse.
Mullie, Molly or Mary.

Mang, among.
Manse, a parsonage house.
Mantcele, a mantle.
Mark, or *merk*, marks; a denomination of ancient Scottish money. (This and several other words, which in English require an *s* to form the plural, are in Scotch the same in both numbers, like the words, sheep, deer.)
Marrow, match, mate, one of a pair.
Mar's year, the year 1715, when the Earl of Mar was in arms for the Pretender.
Mashlum, *mestlin*, mixed corn.
Mask, to mash, as malt, &c.; to infuse.
Maskin'-pat, teapot.
Maukin, a hare.
Maun, must; *maunna*, must not.
Maut, malt.
Mavis, the thrush.
Maw, to mow.
Mawin', mowing.
Meere, mare.
Meikle, or *muckle*, much.
Melancholious, mournful.
Melder, quantity of grain sent to the mill to be ground.
Mell, a mallet; also to meddle, to be intimate.
Melvie, to soil with meal.
Men', to mend.
Mense, good manners, decorum.
Menseless, ill-bred, rude, impudent.
Mercies, provisions, entertainment.
Merle, the blackbird.
Messan, a small dog.
Middin, dunghill.
Middin-hole, dunghill, gutter.
Midge, a gnat.
Min, prim.
Min', mind.
Mind't, mind it, resolved, amind.
Minnie, mother, dam.
Mirk, *mirkst*, dark, darkest.
Misae', to abuse, to call names.
Misca'd, abused.
Mishanter, misfortune.
Misclear'd, mischievous, unman-nerly; to be put out of one's art.
Mistippen, neglect.
Misteuk, mistook.

Mistryst, to disappoint by breaking an appointment, to deceive.
Mither, mother.
Mixtie-martie, confusedly mixed.
Moistify, to moisten.
Mony, or *monie*, many.
Mools, or *mouls*, earth, mould, the grave, the dust.
Moop, to nibble as a sheep, to mump.
Moorlan', of or belonging to moors.
Morn, to-morrow.
Moss-hags, pits and sloughs in a mire or bog.
Mostie, dustie.
Mou, the mouth.
Moudivort, a mole.
Mouls, or *mools*, earth, the grave.
Mousie, diminutive of mouse.
Muckle, or *meikle*, much, big, great.
Musie, diminutive of muse.
Mustin-kail, broth composed simply of water, shelled barley, and greens.
Mutch, a woman's cap.
Mutchkin, an English pint.
Mysel', myself.

N.

Na, no, not, nor.
Nae, no, not any.
Naething, or *naithing*, nothing.
Naig, a horse.
Nane, none.
Nappy, ale; to be tipsy.
Negleckit, neglected.
Neighbour, a neighbour.
Neist, next.
Neuk, nook.
New-fangled, new-fashioned, engrossed with some novelty.
Nick, a cut.
Nickin', cutting.
Nieve, the fist.
Nievefu', handful.
Niffer, an exchange; to exchange, to barter.
Nigger, a negro.
Nine-tailed-cat, a hangman's whip.
Nit, a nut.
Norlan', of or belonging to the north.

Notic't noticed.
Noutc, black cattle.

O.

O', of.
Ochils, hills in Perthshire.
Oe, or *oye*, a grandchild.
O haith! O faith!
Ony, or *onie*, any.
Or, is often used for ere.
Orra, odd, not matched, that may be spared.
O't, of it.
Oughtlins, at all, in any degree.
Ourie, shivering, drooping.
Oursel', or *oursels*, ourselves.
Outcast, a quarrel.
Outlers, cattle not housed.
Ower, over, too, too much.
Owre-hip, a way of fetching a blow with the hammer over the arm.
Owsen, oxen.

P

Pack, intimate, familiar; twelve stone of wool.
Paidle, to plash among water; also short and irregular steps, like those of children.
Paiks, blows.
Painch, paunch.
Pairtrick, or *pairtrick*, a partridge.
Pang, to cram.
Parle, speech.
Parritch, oatmeal pudding, a well-known Scotch dish.
Pat, put; a pot.
Pattle, or *pettle*, a plough-staff.
Paughty, proud, haughty.
Pauky, or *parkie*, cunning, sly.
Paj't, paid, beaten.
Peck, to fetch the breath short as in an asthma.
Pechan, the crop, the stomach.
Peelin', peeling.
Penny-fee, wages.
Pet, a domesticated sheep, &c.
Pettle, to cherish; a plough-staff.
Philabeg, the Highland kilt.
Phraise, fair speeches, flattery; to flatter.

Phraisin', flattery, cajoling.
Pibroch, a Highland war-song, adapted to the bagpipe.
Pickle, a small quantity of anything.
Pig, an earthen pot, or pitcher.
Pine, pain, uneasiness.
Pint-stoup, a two-quart measure.
Pirn, bobbin.
Pit, to put.
Placal, a public proclamation; a cheer; to publish.
Plack, a doit, an old Scotch coin, two bodles, or the third of a penny English.
Plackless, penniless.
Platic, diminutive of plate.
Plenishiny, furniture.
Plew, or *pleugh*, a plough.
Pliskie, a trick.
Poind, to seize on cattle or take the goods, as the laws of Scotland allow for rent.
Poortith, poverty.
Posie, a nosegay.
Pow', to pull.
Pouk, to twitch, to pluck.
Poussie, a hare or cat.
Pout, a poult, a chick.
Pow't, pulled.
Pouthery, powdery.
Pouther, or *powther*, powder.
Pow, the head, the skull.
Pownie, a pony.
Preen, a pin.
Prent, print.
Prie, or *pree*, to taste.
Prie'd, tasted.
Prief, proof.
Prig, to cheapen, to entreat.
Priggin', cheapening.
Primsie, demure, precise.
Propine, a present, a gift.
Propone, to lay down, to propose.
Provoses, provosts, mayors.
Puir, poor.
Pund, pound, pounds.
Pyle, a *pyle o' caff*, a single grain of chaff.

Q.

Quaich, a small wooden drinking cup.

Quak, to quake.
Quarters, lodgings.
Quat, to quit.
Quean, a wench.
Quey, a cow from one to two years old.

R.

Ragweed, the herb ragwort.
Raible, to rattle nonsense.
Rair, to roar.
Raize, to madden, to inflame, to excite.
Ranfeced, fatigued, overspent.
Ran-stan, heedless, thoughtless, forward.
Raploch, a coarse cloth; coarse.
Rarely, excellently, very well.
Rash, a rush; *rash bush*, a bush of rushes.
Ratton, a rat.
Raucle, rash, stout, fearless; *rauclie carline*, stout beldam.
Raught, reached.
Rave, tore.
Ravelled, entangled, confused.
Raw, a row.
Rax, to reach, to stretch.
Raxin', stretching.
Ream, cream; to cream.
Reamin', brimful, frothing.
Reave, to rove, to rob.
Reaving, open violent thieving.
Reck, to heed.
Red, or *rede*, a warning, counsel, to counsel, to warn; also to separate, to put to rights; *I'm red*, I am informed.
Red-wat-shod, walking in blood over the shoe-tops.
Red-wud, stark mad.
Rec, half drunk, fuddled.
Reck, smoke.
Reekin', smoking.
Reckit, smoked, smoky.
Reft, broken.
Reisted, stopped, stuck fast; also smoke-dried.
Remead, remedy.
Requite, requited.
Rest, or *reist*, to stand restive.
Restit, stood restive; stunted, withered.

Restricket, restricted.
Rickles, shocks of corn.
Rief, reef, plenty; robbery.
Rief-randies, sturdy beggars.
Rig, a ridge.
Riggin', a roof.
Rigwoodie-hag, old hag deserving the gallows.
Rin, to run, to melt; *rinnin'*, running.
Rink, the course of the stones, a term in the game of curling.
Rip, a handful of unthrashed corn.
Ripling-kame, an instrument for dressing flax.
Riskit, made a noise like the tearing of roots.
Rive, to tear, to burst.
Rockin', spinning on the *rock* or distaff.
Rood, stands likewise for the plural *roods*.
Roon, a shred, a paring.
Roose, to praise, to commend.
Roun', round, in the circle of neighbourhood.
Roupit, or *roopit*, hoarse with a cold.
Routh, plenty.
Roothie, plentiful.
Row, to roll, to wrap.
Rowan-tree, mountain ash.
Row't, rolled, wrapped.
Route, to low, to bellow.
Routh, or *routh*, plenty; *routh o' gear*, plenty of goods.
Routin', lowing.
Rozet, rosin.
Rue, or *reu*, to repent.
Rug, pull; a dog-cheap bargain.
Rung, a cudgel.
Runkled, wrinkled.
Runt, the stem of colewort or cabbage.
Ruth, sorrow.
Ryke, reach.

S.

Suckless, innocent.
Sae, so.
Soft, soft.
Sain, to bless against evil influence.

- Sair*, sore, a sore ; to serve.
Sairly, or *sairlie*, sorely.
Sair't, served.
Sark, a shirt.
Sarkit, provided in shirts.
Saugh, a willow.
Saul, soul.
Saumont, salmon.
Saunt, a saint.
Saut, salt.
Saw, to sow.
Sawin', sowing.
Sax, six.
Scath, injury ; to damage, to injure.
Scathless, unharmed.
Scar, to scar, a scare.
Scaud, to scald.
Scauld, to scold.
Scaur, apt to be scared ; a precipitous bank of earth overhanging a river.
Scawl, a scold.
Scone, a kind of bread, limp barley cakes.
Screich, to scream as a hen, partridge, &c.
Screed, to tear, a rent ; a long story.
Serieve, to glide swiftly along.
Serievin', gleesomely, swiftly.
Scrimp, to scant.
Scrimpet, did scant, scanty.
Scroggie, covered with underwood.
Scud, to run.
Sculduddery, loose, obscene.
Scunner, disgust.
See'd, saw.
Seizin', seizing.
Sel, self ; *a body's sel'*, one's self alone.
Sell't, did sell.
Sen', to send.
Sen't, I, he, or she sent ; send it.
Servan', servant.
Sets, sends for ; *sets off*, goes away.
Settlin', settling ; *to get a settlin'*, to be frightened into quietness.
Shackl't, distorted, out of shape.
Shaird, a shred, a shard.
Shangan, a stick cleft at one end, and put on the tail of a dog, &c., for mischief, or to frighten him away.
- Shanks*, legs.
Shangling, shambling.
Shaver, a humorous wag, a barber.
Shavie, an ill turn played to one.
Shaw, to show ; a small wood in a hollow.
Shearers, reapers.
Sheen, bright, shining.
Sheep-shank, to think one's self nae *sheep-shank*, to be conceited.
Sherra-moor, Sheriffinoor, where a battle was fought in the rebellion of 1715.
Sheugh, a ditch or trench, a sluice, a channel.
Shiel, a shed.
Shill, shrill.
Shilpit, weak, washy, insipid.
Shog, a shock, a push off at one side, a shake ; to shake.
Shool, a shovel.
Shoon, shoes.
Shore, to offer, to threaten.
Shored, offered.
Shouther, shoulder.
Sibb, related by blood.
Sic, such.
Sicker, sure, steady.
Sidelins, sidelong, slanting.
Silken-snood, a fillet of silk, formerly worn as a token of virginity.
Siller, silver, money.
Simmer, summer.
Sin, a son.
Sin', since.
Skuith, see *scath*.
Skance, a sight of.
Skeigh, coy.
Skellum, a worthless fellow.
Skelp, to strike, to slap, a smart stroke ; to walk with a smart tripping pace.
Skelpin', walking ; also slapping with the palm of the hand.
Skeps, bee-hives.
Skelpy-limmer, a technical term in female scolding.
Skiegh, or *skeigh*, proud, nice, high-mettled.
Skinking ware, thin stuff.
Skinklin, a small portion.
Skirl, to shriek, to cry shrilly.
Skirlin', shrieking, crying.

- Skirl't*, shrieked.
Sklent, slant, to run aslant, to deviate from truth, to deceive.
Sklented, ran, or hit, in an oblique direction, glanced.
Skouth, vent, scope, free action.
Skreigh, a scream, to scream.
Skyrin, shining, bright coloured.
Skyte, to slide rapidly off; a worthless fellow.
Slude, did slide.
Slae, the sloe.
Slap, a gate, a breach in a fence.
Slaw, slow.
Slee, sly; *sleest*, slyest.
Sleck'il, sleek, sly.
Slidderly, slippery.
Sloken, quench, slake.
Slype, to fall over as a wet furr w from the plough.
Slypit, fell over.
Sma', small.
Smeddum, dust, powder; mettle, sense.
Sneek, smoke, fumes.
Smiddy, a smithy.
Smoor, to smother.
Smoor'd, smothered.
Smoutie, smutty, obscene, ugly.
Smytrie, a numerous collection of small individuals.
Snapper, stumble.
Snash, abuse, Billingsgate.
Snaw, snow, to snow.
Snaw-broo, melted snow.
Snawie, snowy.
Sneck, latch of a door.
Sneck-drawing, trick-contriving.
Sned, to lop away, to cut off.
Sneeskin, snuff.
Sneeskin-mill, snuff-box.
Snell, bitter, biting, keen.
Snick, same as sneck.
Snirtle, to titter, to laugh.
Snod, neat.
Snood, virgin fillet.
Snool, to submit tamely, to sneak; one whose spirit is broken by oppression; to snub.
Snoove, to go smoothly and constantly, to sneak; *snoove awa'*, push on.
Snork, to scent or snuff, as a dog, &c.
- Snowkit*, scented, snuffed.
Sonsie, having sweet, engaging looks, lucky, jolly, fat.
Soom, to swim.
Sooth, truth, a petty oath.
Sorners, sturdy beggars, obtrusive guests.
Sot, a fool.
Sough, the noise of the wind, a sigh, a sound dying on the ear; also a rumour.
Souple, flexible, swift.
Souter, a shoemaker.
Sovens, a dish made of oatmeal, the seeds of oatmeal soured, &c., and boiled up till they make an agreeable pudding.
Sowp, a spoonful, a small quantity of anything liquid.
Sowth, to try over a tune with a low whistle.
Sowther, solder; to solder, to cement.
Spae, to prophesy, to divine.
Spails, chips.
Spairge, to dash, to soil as with mire, to asperse.
Spate, or *speat*, a swell in a river, an inundation, a sweeping torrent after rain or thaw.
Spaul, a limb, the shoulder-blade.
Spaviet, having the spavin.
Spean, to wean.
Speat, or *spate*, an inundation.
Speel, to climb.
Spence, the parlour.
Spier, to ask, to inquire.
Spier't, asked.
Splatter, to splutter.
Spleuchan, a tobacco-pouch.
Splore, a frolic, noise, disturbance.
Sporran, a purse.
Sprachled, scrambled.
Sprattle, to scramble.
Spreckled, spotted, speckled.
Spree, a convivial indulgence, a frolic, a lark.
Spring, a quick air in music, a Scotch reel.
Spirit, a tough-rooted plant, something like rushes.
Sprittie, full of such plants.
Spunk, fire, a match, a spark; mettle, wit.

- Spunkie*, mettlesome, brisk, fiery ;
Will o' Wisp, or *ignis fatuus*.
Spartle, a stick used in making oatmeal pudding or porridge.
Squad, a crew, a party.
Squatter, to flutter in water, as a wild duck, &c.
Squattle, to sprawl.
Squeel, a scream, a screech ; to scream.
Stacker, to stagger.
Stack, a rick of corn or hay.
Staggie, diminutive of stag.
Stairg, a young horse not broken in.
Stalwart, strong, stout.
Stance, standing-place.
Stane, a stone.
Stang, a pole, a branch of a tree.
Stank, did stink ; a pool of standing water.
Stant, to stand ; *stan't*, did stand.
Stap, stop.
Stark, stout.
Starile, to run, as cattle stung by the gadfly.
Stauwrel, a blockhead ; half-witted.
Staw, stole ; to surfeit.
Stech, to cram the belly.
Stechin', cramming.
Steek, to shut ; a stitch.
Steer, to molest, to stir.
Steeve, or *stieve*, firm, compact.
Stell, a still.
Sten, to rear like a horse ; to bound, to leap.
Sten't, reared.
Stents, tribute, dues of any kind.
Sterns, stars.
Stey, steep ; *steyest*, steepest.
Stibble, stubble ; *stibble-rig*, the reaper in harvest who takes the lead.
Stick-an'-stove, totally, altogether.
Sticket, stuck, spoiled.
Stilt, a crutch ; to halt, to limp.
Stimpart, the eighth part of a Winchester bushel.
Stirk, a young cow or bullock.
Stock, a plant or root of colewort, cabbage, &c.
Stockin', a stocking ; *throwing the stockin'*, an old marriage custom.
- Stoitin'*, staggering.
Stook, a shock of corn.
Stoked, made up in shocks.
Stoor, sounding hollow ; strong, and hoarse ; austere.
Stot, an ox.
Stound, a pang.
Stoup, or *stowp*, a kind of jug or dish with a handle.
Stour, stern, gruff.
Stoure, dust, particularly dust in motion.
Stow, to cut off, to lop.
Stowlin's, by stealth.
Stown, stolen.
Stoyte, to stumble.
Strack, did strike.
Strae, straw ; *to die a fair strae death*, to die in bed, a natural death.
Straik, to stroke.
Straikit, stroked.
Strappin', tall and handsome.
Straight, straight.
Stravagin', wandering without an aim.
Streek, to stretch.
Stress, hard pressure, straining.
Striddle, to straddle.
Stroan, to spout, to piss.
Studdie, an anvil.
Stumpie, diminutive of stump.
Strunt, spirituous liquor of any kind ; to walk sturdily, to strut ; *to tak' the strunt*, to take the pet.
Stuff, corn or pulse of any kind.
Sturt, trouble ; to molest.
Sturtin', frightened.
Sucker, sugar.
Sul, should.
Sugh, the continued rushing noise of wind or water.
Sumph, a soft stupid fellow.
Sunkets, provisions, delicacies.
Sunkie, a low stool.
Suthron, Southern, an old name for the English.
Swaird, sword.
Swall'd, swelled.
Swank, stately, jolly.
Swankie, or *swanker*, a tight strapping young fellow or girl.
Swap, an exchange or barter.

Swarf, swoon.
Swat, did sweat.
Swatch, a sample.
Swats, drink, good ale, wort.
Sweatin', sweating.
Sweer, lazy, averse; *dead sweer*, extremely averse.
Swinge, to beat, to whip.
Swirl, a curve; an eddying blast, or pool; a knot in wood; a whirl; circular motion.
Swirlie, knaggie, full of knots.
Swith, get away, quickly.
Swither, to hesitate in choice; an irresolute wavering in choice; *an eerie swither*, a dismal hesitation.
Swoor, swore.
Syboes, a garden vegetable.
Synd, rinse.
Syndings, rinsings.
Syne, since, ago, then, after that, in that case.
Syver, a drain, a gutter.

T.

Tack, lease.
Tackets, hobnails for shoes.
Tae, a toe; *three-tae'd*, three-pronged.
Taed, a toad.
Tairge, target; to task, to exercise.
Tait, a small quantity.
Tak, to take; *takin'*, taking.
Tamtallan, the name of a mountain.
Tangle, a sea-weed.
Tangs, tongs.
Tap, the top.
Tapetless, heedless, foolish, feeble, numb.
Tappit-ken, a drinking vessel with a nob at the top and containing a quart.
Tapsalteerie, topsy-turvy.
Tarrow, to murmur at one's allowance.
Tarrow't, murmured.
Tarry-brecks, a sailor.
Tasse, or *tussie*, a cup.
Tauld, or *tald*, told.
Taupie, a foolish, thoughtless young woman.

Tauted, or *tautie*, matted together; spoken of hair or wool.
Tawie, that allows itself peaceably to be handled; spoken of a horse, cow, &c.
Teat, or *tait*, a small quantity.
Tedding, spreading after the mower.
Teen, grief.
Ten-hours'-bite, a slight feed to the horses while in the yoke, in the forenoon.
Tent, a field pulpit; heed, caution; take heed, observe.
Tentie, heedful, cautious.
Tentless, heedless.
Tough, tough.
Thack, thatch; *thack an' rape*, clothing, necessaries.
Thae, these.
Thairms, small guts, fiddle strings.
Thankit, thanked.
Theekit, thatched.
Thegither, together.
Themsel', themselves.
Thick, intimate, familiar.
Thieveless, cold, dry, spited; spoken of a person's demeanour.
Thigger, to rob.
Thir, these.
Thirl, to thrill.
Thirled, thrilled, vibrated.
Thole, to suffer, to endure, to bear with.
Thowe, a thaw, to thaw.
Thowless, slack, lazy, feeble.
Thrang, throng, a crowd; busy; on good terms.
Thrapple, throat, windpipe.
Thrave, twenty-four sheaves of corn.
Thraw, to sprain, to twist, to contradict, to thwart; *thraws*, throes, pangs.
Thrawin', twisting, &c.
Thrawn, sprained, twisted, given to contradiction.
Threap, to maintain by dint of assertion.
Threshin', thrashing.
Thretteen, thirteen.
Thistle, thistle.
Through, to mak to through, to go on with, to make out, to make good.

Throuther, pell-mell, confusedly.
Thud, to make a loud intermittent noise.
Thunmart, pole cat.
Thumpit, thumped.
Thysel, thyself.
Till 't, to it.
Timmer, timber.
Tine, or *tyne*, to lose; *tint*, lost.
Tinkler, a tinker.
Tint the gate, lost the way.
Tip, a ram.
Tippence, twopence.
Tirl, to make a slight noise, knock at a door; to uncover.
Tirlin', stripping, uncovering.
Tither, the other.
Tittie, a sister.
Tittle, to whisper.
Tittlin', whispering.
Tocher, marriage portion.
Tod, a fox.
Toddle, to totter, like the walk of a child.
Toddlin', tottering.
Toom, empty; *toom roose*, empty praise.
Toop, a ram.
Toun, a hamlet, a farm-house.
Tout, the blast of a horn or trumpet; to blow a horn, &c.
Tow, a rope.
Towmond, a twelvemonth.
Towzie, rough, shaggy.
Towzled, ruffled, in disorder.
Toy, a very old fashion of female head-dress.
Toyte, to totter like old age.
Tozie, tipsy, fuddled.
Transmogriſied, transmigrated, metamorphosed.
Trashtric, trash.
Trews, trousers.
Trickie, full of tricks.
Trig, spruce, neat.
Trinly, excellently.
Trin'le, wheel of a barrow.
Troke, to exchange.
Trow, to believe.
Trowth, truth, a petty oath.
Tryste, a fair.
Trysted, appointed; *to tryste*, to make an appointment.
Try't, tried.

Tug, raw hide, of which, in old times, plough-traces were frequently made.
Tulzie, a quarrel, a brawl; to quarrel, to fight.
Twa, two.
Twa-three, a few.
'Twad, it would.
Twal, twelve; *twal-penny-worth*, a small quantity, a penny worth. One penny English is 12d. Scotch.
Twin, to part, to separate.
Tyke, a dog of the larger kind.
Tyne, or *tine*, to lose.

U.

Ugsome, disgusting.
Unchancy, unlucky.
Unco, strange, uncouth; very, very great, prodigious; *an unco fit*, a rapid pace.
Unco's, news, strangers.
Unkenn'd, unknown.
Unsieker, unsure, unsteady.
Unskaited, undamaged, unhurt.
Unweeting, unwotting, unknowingly.
Up-bye, up the way.
Upcast, reproach.
Uphauden, supported.
Upo', upon.
Upsettin', assuming, conceited.
Upsides with, even with.
Urchin, a hedgehog.

V.

Vap'rin', vapouring.
Vauntie, elated.
Vera, very.
Vir, a ring round a column, &c.

W.

Wa', wall; *wa's*, walls.
Wabster, a weaver.
Wad, would; to bet, a bet, a pledge.
Wadna, would not.

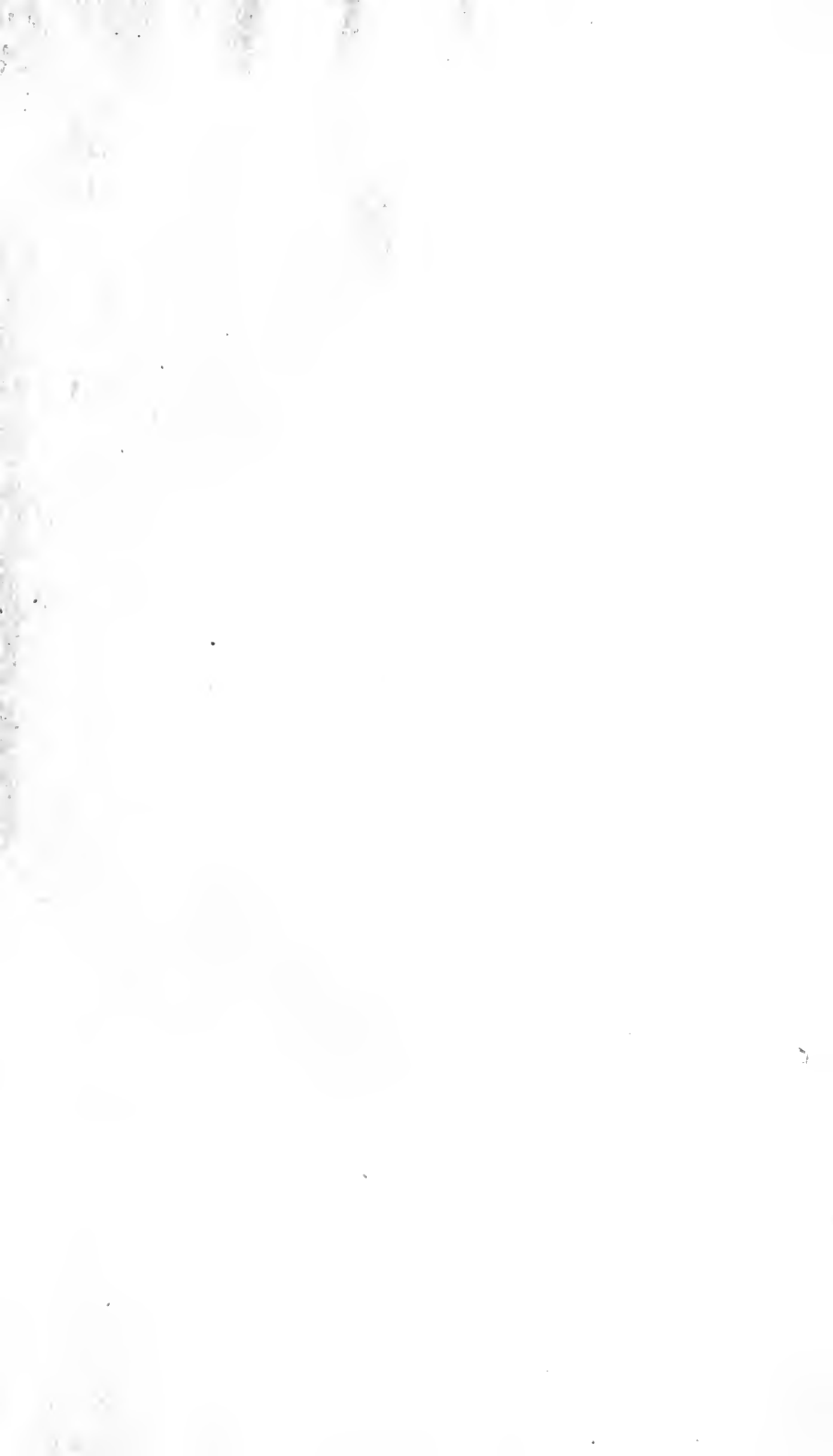
- Wae*, woe, sorrowful.
Waesucks! *O waes me!* alas! O the pity!
Waff, shabby.
Waft, the woof in weaving.
Waif, a straggler.
Waifu', wailing.
Wair, or *ware*, to lay out, to expend.
Wale, choice.
Waled, chose, chosen; *handwaled*, carefully picked.
Walie, ample, large, jolly; also an interjection of distress.
Wame, the belly.
Wamefu', a bellyful.
Wanchansie, unlucky.
Wanrestfu', restless.
Ware, worn. See *wair*.
Wark, work.
Wark-lume, a tool to work with.
Warl, or *warld*, the world.
Warlock, a wizard.
Warly, worldly, eager on amassing wealth.
Warran', a warrant, to warrant.
Wart, worst.
Warsled, or *warsled*, wrestled.
Wastrie, prodigality, waste.
Wat, wet; *I wat*, *I wot*, I know.
Water-brose, brose made of meal and water simply, without the addition of milk or butter, &c.
Wattle, a twig, a wand.
Wauble, to swing, to reel.
Waught, a hearty draught of liquor.
Waukit, thickened, as fullers do cloth.
Waukrife, not apt to sleep; *waukrife winkers*, sleepless eyelids.
Waur, worse; to worst, to get the better of.
Waur't, worsted.
Wean, or *weanie*, a child.
Wearie, or *weary*; *mony a weary body*, many a different person.
Weason, wind-pipe.
Weaving the stockin', throwing the stocking, old marriage custom.
Wecht, winnowing basket.
Wee, little; *wee things*, little ones; *wee bit*, small matter.
Weel, well; *welfare*, welfare.
- Weet*, rain, wetness.
Weird, fate, destiny.
We'se, we shall.
Wha, who.
Whaizle, to wheeze.
Whalpit, whelped.
Whang, a leathern string or strap; a cut of cheese, bread, &c.; to give the strappado.
Whare, where; *whare'er*, wherever.
Whase, whose.
Whatreck, nevertheless.
Whatt, cut with a knife, whittled.
Wheep, to fly nimbly, to jerk; *penny-wheep*, small beer.
Whid, the motion of a hare, running but not frightened; a lie.
Whiddin', running as a hare or rabbit.
Whigmaleeries, whims, fancies, crotchets.
Whingin', crying, complaining, fretting.
Whins, gorse.
Whirligiguns, useless ornaments; trifling appendages.
Whisht, silence; *to hold one's whisht*, to be silent.
Whisk, to sweep, to lash.
Whiskit, lashed.
Whistle, a whistlet, to whistle.
Whitter, a hearty draught of liquor.
Whittle, a knife.
Whunstone, a whinstone.
Whyles, sometimes.
Wi, with
Wick, to strike a stone in an oblique direction, a term in curling.
Wicker, willow (the smaller sort).
Widdiefu', deserving the *widdie*, or gallows.
Widdle, wriggling motion; struggle, bustle.
Wiel, a small whirlpool, an eddy.
Wife, a diminutive or endearing term for wife.
Wight, active, handsome.
Williewaught, draught of liquor.
Willyard, wild, strange, shy.
Wimple, to meander.
Wimpl't, meandered.
Wimplin', meandering.
Win, to winnow, to get.

Win', wind ; *win's*, winds.
Win't, winded, as a bottom of yarn.
Winna, will not.
Winnock, a window.
Winsome, hearty, vaunted, gay, engaging in manners or appearance.
Wintle, a staggering motion ; to stagger ; to reel.
Winze, an oath.
Wiss, to wish.
Withoutten, without.
Wizen'd, hidebound, dried, shrunk.
Wonner, a wonder, a contemptuous appellation.
Wons, dwells.
Woo', wool.
Woodie, a rope, more properly one made of withs or willows ; the gallows.
Woer-bab, the garter knotted below the knee with a couple of loops.
Wordy, worthy.
Worset, worsted.
Wow, an exclamation of pleasure or wonder.
Wrack, to tease, to vex.
Wraith, a spirit, a ghost ; an apparition exactly like a living person, whose appearance is said to forebode the person's approaching death.
Wrang, wrong, to wrong.
Wreath, or *wreeth*, a drifted heap of snow.
Wud, mad, distracted.
Wumble, a wimble.

Wuzzent, withered, dried.
Wyle, beguile.
Wyliecoat, a flannel vest.
Wyte, blame, to blame.

Y.

Yad, a horse.
Yald, supple, active.
Yammer, to complain peevishly.
Ye ; this pronoun is frequently used for *thou*.
Year, is used both for singular and plural, *years*.
Yearlings, or *yealings*, born in the same year, coevals.
Yearns, longs much.
Yearns, eagles.
Yell, or *yeld*, barren, that gives no milk.
Yellow-yeldrin, the yellow hammer
Yerk, to lash, to jerk.
Yerkit, jerked, lashed.
Yestreen, yesternight.
Yett, a gate, such as is usually at the entrance into a farmyard or field.
Yeuks, itches.
Yill, ale.
Yivd, earth.
Yokin', yoking a bout.
Yont, beyond.
Yourself, yourself.
Yowe, an ewe.
Yowie, diminutive of ewe.
Yule, Christmas.



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