

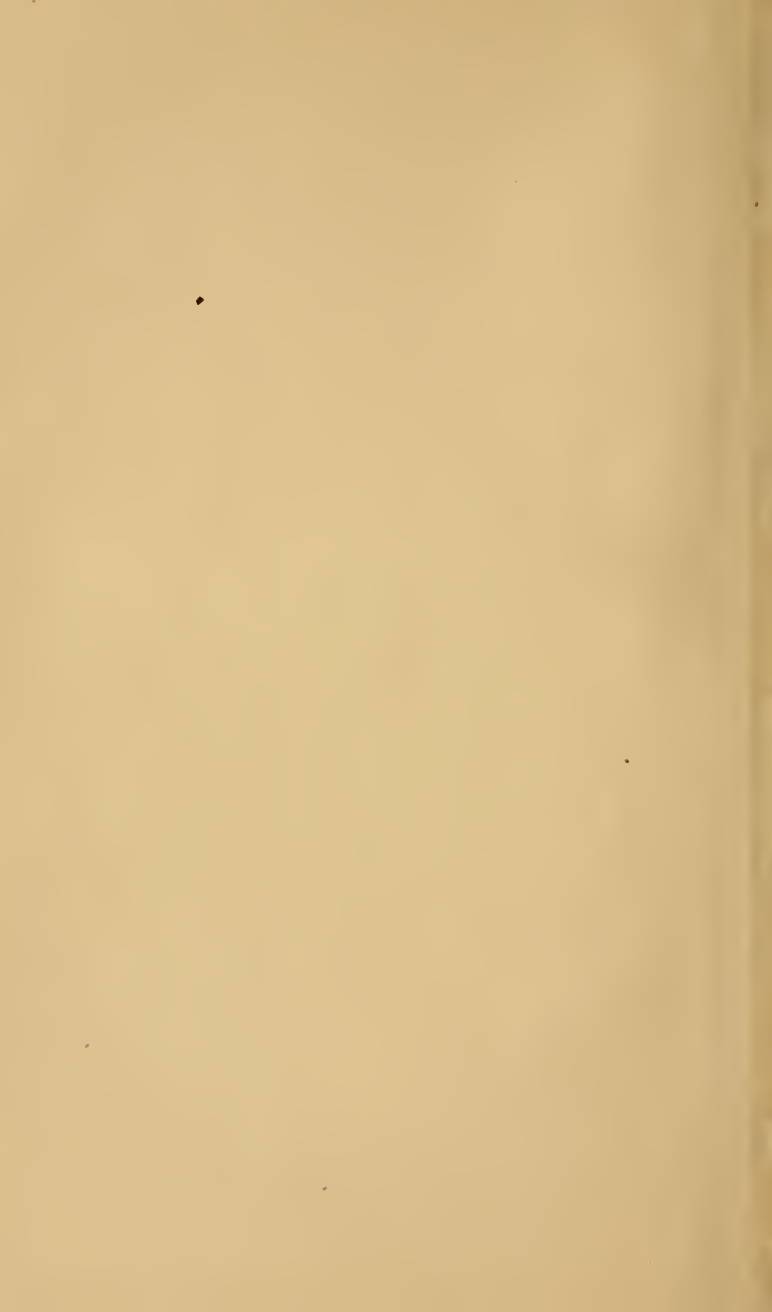


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Robert Burns'
POETICAL WORKS,

WITH LIFE AND NOTES

BY

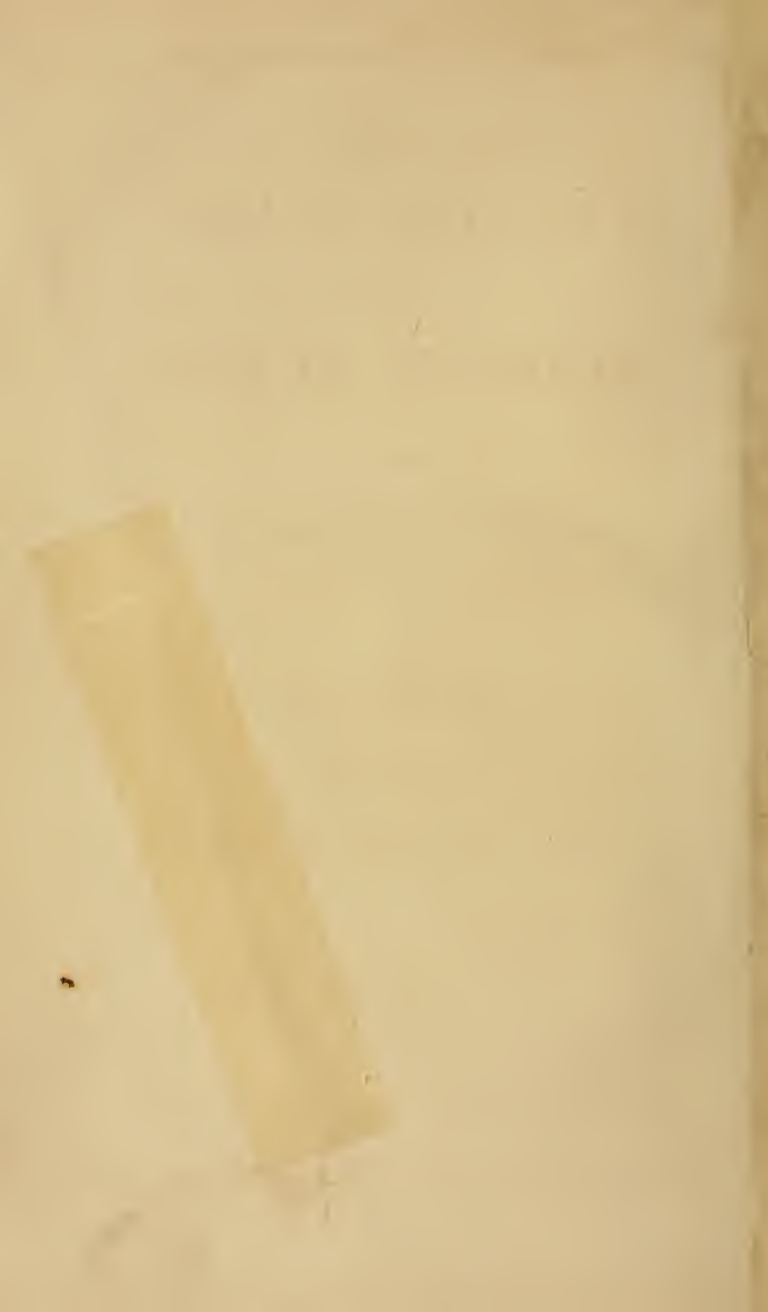
A. CUNNINGHAM, ESQ.

ILLUSTRATED.



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

PHILADELPHIA.



David Hutchison.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
ROBERT BURNS,

WITH
LIFE, NOTES, AND GLOSSARY:

BY
A. CUNNINGHAM, ESQ.

WITH
Many Illustrations on Steel.

PHILADELPHIA:
DAVIS, PORTER & COATES.,
21 SOUTH SIXTH STREET.
1866.

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MR. HUTCHESON

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Life of Robert Burns.

Introductory Remarks.

THOUGH the dialect in which many of the happiest effusions of ROBERT BURNS are composed be peculiar to Scotland, yet his reputation has extended itself beyond the limits of that country, and his poetry has been admired as the offspring of original genius, by persons of taste in every part of the sister islands. It seems proper, therefore, to write the memoirs of his life, not with the view of their being read by Scotchmen only, but also by natives of England, and other countries where the English language is spoken or understood.

Robert Burns, was, in reality, what he has been represented to be, a Scottish peasant. To render the incidents of his humble story generally intelligible, it seems, therefore, advisable to prefix some observations on the character and situation of the order to which he belonged—a class of men distinguished by many peculiarities: by this means we shall form a more correct notion of the advantages with which he started, and of the obstacles which he surmounted. A few observations on the Scottish peasantry will not, perhaps, be found unworthy of attention in other respects—and the subject is, in a great measure, new. Scotland has produced persons of high distinction in every branch of philosophy and literature: and her history while a separate and independent nation, has been successfully explored. But the present character of the people was not then formed; the nation then presented features similar to those which the feudal system and the Catholic religion had diffused over Europe, modified, indeed by the peculiar nature of her territory and climate. The Reformation, by which such important changes were produced on the national character, was speedily followed by the accession of the Scottish monarchs to the English throne; and the period which elapsed from that acces-

sion to the Union, has been rendered memorable chiefly for those bloody convulsions in which both divisions of the island were involved, and which in a considerable degree, concealed from the eye of the historian the domestic history of the people, and the gradual variations in their condition and manners. Since the Union, Scotland, though the seat of two unsuccessful attempts to restore the house of Stuart to the throne, has enjoyed comparative tranquillity; and it is since this period that the present character of her peasantry has been in a great measure formed, though the political causes affecting it are to be traced to the previous acts of her separate legislature.

A slight acquaintance with the peasantry of Scotland will serve to convince an unprejudiced observer, that they possess a degree of intelligence not generally found among the same class in the other countries of Europe. In the very humblest condition of the Scottish peasants, every one can read, and most persons are more or less skilled in writing and arithmetic; and under the disguise of their uncouth appearance, and their peculiar manners and dialect, a stranger will discover that they possess a curiosity, and have obtained a degree of information, corresponding to these acquirements.

These advantages they owe to the legal provision made by the Parliament of Scotland in 1646, for the establishment of a school in every parish throughout the kingdom, for the express purpose of educating the poor—a law which may challenge comparison with any act of legislation to be found in the records of history, whether we consider the wisdom of the ends in view, the simplicity of the means employed, or the provisions made to render these means effectual to their purpose. This excellent statute was repealed on the accession of Charles II. 1660, together with all the other laws passed during the Commonwealth, not as being sanctioned by the royal assent. It slept during the reigns of Charles and James II., but was re-enacted, precisely in the same terms, by the Scottish Parliament, in 1696, after the Revolution; and this is the last provision on the subject. Its effects on the national character may be considered to have commenced about the period of the Union, and doubtless it co-operated with the peace and security arising from that happy event, in producing the extraordinary change in favour of industry and good morals, which the character of the common people of Scotland has since undergone.

The church establishment of Scotland happily coincides with the institution just mentioned, which may be called its school establishment. The clergyman, being everywhere resident in his particular parish, becomes the natural patron and superintendant of the parish school, and is enabled in various ways to promote the comfort of the teacher, and the proficiency of the scholars. The teacher himself is often a candidate for holy orders, who during the long course of study and probation required in the Scottish church, renders the time which can be spared from his professional studies useful to others as well as to himself by assuming the respectable character of a schoolmaster. It is common for the established schools, even in the country pa-

ishes of Scotland, to enjoy the means of classical instruction; and many of the farmers, and some even of the cottagers, submit to much privation, that they may obtain, for one of their sons at least, the precarious advantage of a learned education. The difficulty to be surmounted arises, indeed, not from the expense of instructing their children, but from the charge of supporting them. In the country parish schools, the English language, writing, and accounts, are generally taught at the rate of six shillings, and Latin at the rate of ten or twelve shillings, per annum. In the towns the prices are somewhat higher.

It would be improper in this place to enquire minutely into the degree of instruction received at these seminaries, or to attempt any precise estimate of its effects, either on the individuals who are the subjects of this instruction, or on the community to which they belong. That it is on the whole favourable to industry and morals, though doubtless with some individual exceptions, seems to be proved by the most striking and decisive experience; and it is equally clear, that it is the cause of that spirit of emigration and of adventures so prevalent among the Scotch. Knowledge has, by Lord Verulam, been denominated power; by others it has, with less propriety, been denominated virtue or happiness; we may with confidence consider it as motion. A human being, in proportion as he is informed, has his wishes enlarged, as well as the means of gratifying those wishes. He may be considered as taking within the sphere of his vision a large portion of the globe on which we tread, and discovering advantage at a greater distance on its surface. His desires or ambition, once excited, are stimulated by his imagination; and distant and uncertain objects giving freer scope to the operation of this faculty, often acquire, in the mind of the youthful adventurer, an attraction from their very distance and uncertainty. If, therefore, a greater degree of instruction be given to the peasantry of a country comparatively poor, in the neighbourhood of other countries rich in natural and acquired advantages; and if the barriers be removed that kept them separate, emigration from the former to the latter will take place to a certain extent, by laws nearly as uniform as those by which heat diffuses itself among the surrounding bodies, or water finds its level when left to its natural course. By the articles of the Union, the barrier was broken down which divided the two British nations, and knowledge and poverty poured the adventurous natives of the north over the fertile plains of England; and more especially over the colonies which she had settled in the east and in the west. The stream of population continues to flow from the north to the south, for the causes that originally impelled it continue to operate; and the richer country is constantly invigorated by the accession of an informed and hardy race of men, educated in poverty, and prepared for hardship and danger: patient of labour and prodigal of life.

The preachers of the Reformation in Scotland were disciples of Calvin, and brought with them the temper as well as the tenets of that celebrated heresiarch. The Presbyterian form of

worship and of church government was endeared to the people from its being established by themselves. It was endeared to them, also, by the struggle it had to maintain with the Catholic and Protestant episcopal churches ; over both of which, after a hundred years of fierce, and sometimes bloody contention, it finally triumphed, receiving the countenance of government and the sanction of law. During this long period of contention and of suffering the temper of the people became more and more obstinate and bigoted ; and the nation received that deep tinge of fanaticism which coloured their public transactions, as well as their private virtues, and of which evident traces may be found in our own times. When the public schools were established, the instruction communicated in them partook of the religious character of the people. The Catechism of the Westminster Divines was the universal school-book, and was put into the hands of the young peasant as soon as he had acquired a knowledge of the alphabet ; and his first exercise in the art of reading introduced him to the most mysterious doctrines of the Christian faith. This practice is continued in our own times. After the Assembly's Catechism, the Proverbs of Solomon, and the New and Old Testament follow in regular succession ; and the scholar departs, gifted with the knowledge of the sacred writings, and receiving their doctrines according to the interpretation of the Westminster Confession of Faith. Thus, with the instruction of infancy in the schools of Scotland, are blended the dogmas of the national church ; and hence the first and most constant exercise of ingenuity among the peasantry of Scotland, is displayed in religious disputation. With a strong attachment to the national creed is conjoined a bigoted preference for certain forms of worship, the source of which would be often altogether obscure, if we did not recollect that the ceremonies of the Scottish Church were framed in direct opposition, in every point, to those of the Church of Rome.

The eccentricities of conduct, and singularities of opinion and manners, which characterised the English sectaries in the last century, afforded a subject for the comic muse of Butler, whose pictures lose their interest since their archetypes are lost. Some of the peculiarities common among the more rigid disciples of Calvinism in Scotland, in the present times, have given scope to the ridicule of Burns, whose humour is equal to Butler's, and whose drawings from living manners are singularly expressive and exact. Unfortunately, the correctness of his taste did not always correspond with the strength of his genius.

The information and the religious education of the peasantry of Scotland promote sedateness of conduct and habits of thought and reflection. These good qualities are not counteracted by the establishment of poor laws. Happily in Scotland, the same legislature which established a system of instruction for the poor, resisted the introduction of a legal provision for the support of poverty ; hence it will not appear surprising if the Scottish peasantry have a more than usual share of prudence and reflection, if they approach nearer than persons of their order usually do to the definition of a man — that of " a being

that looks before and after." These observations must indeed be taken with many exceptions; the favourable operation of the causes just mentioned is counteracted by others of an opposite tendency: and the subject, if fully examined, would lead to discussions of great extent.

When the Reformation was established in Scotland, instrumental music was banished from the churches, as savouring too much of "profane minstrelsy." Instead of being regulated by an instrument, the voices of the congregation are led and directed by a person under the name of a precentor, and the people are all expected to join in the tune which he chooses for the psalm which is to be sung. Church music is, therefore, a part of the education of the peasantry of Scotland, in which they are usually instructed in the long winter nights by the parish schoolmaster, who is generally the precentor, or by itinerant teachers, more celebrated for their powers of voice. This branch of education had, in the last reign, fallen into some neglect, but was revived about thirty or forty years ago, when the music itself was reformed and improved. The Scottish system of psalmody, however, is radically bad. Destitute of taste or harmony, it forms a striking contrast with the delicacy and pathos of the profane airs. Our poet, it will be found, was taught church music, in which, however, he attained little proficiency.

That dancing should also be very generally a part of the education of the Scottish peasantry will surprise those who have only seen this description of men; and still more those who reflect on the rigid spirit of Calvinism, with which the nation is so deeply affected, and to which this recreation is so strongly abhorrent. The winter is also the season when they acquire dancing, and, indeed, almost all their other instruction. They are taught to dance by persons generally of their own number, many of whom work at daily labour during the summer months. The school is usually a barn, and the arena for the performers is generally a clay floor. The dome is lighted by candles stuck in one end of a cloven stick, the other end of which is stuck into the wall. Reels, strathspeys, contra-dances, and hornpipes, are here practised. The jig, so much in favour among the English peasantry has no place among them. The attachment of the people of Scotland of every rank, and particularly of the peasantry, to this amusement, is very great. After the labours of the day are over, young men and women walk many miles, in the cold and dreary nights of winter, to these country dancing-schools, and the instant the violin sounds a Scottish air, fatigue seems to vanish, the toil-bent rustic becomes erect, his features brighten with sympathy, every nerve seems to thrill with sensation, and every artery to vibrate with life. These rustic performers, indeed, are less to be admired for grace than for agility and animation, and for their accurate observance of time. Their modes of dancing, as well as their tunes, are common to every rank in Scotland, and are now generally known. In our own day they have penetrated into England, and have established themselves even in the circle of royalty. In another generation they will be naturalised in every part of the island.

The prevalence of this taste, or rather passion, for dancing among a people so deeply tinctured with the spirit and doctrine of Calvin, is one of those contradictions which the philosophic observer so often finds in national character and manners. It is probably to be ascribed to the Scottish music which, throughout all its varieties, is so full of sensibility, and which, in its livelier strains, awakes those vivid emotions that find in dancing their natural solace and relief.

This triumph of the music of Scotland over the spirit of the established religion, has not, however, been obtained without long-continued and obstinate struggles. The numerous sectaries who dissent from the Establishment on account of the relaxation which they perceive, or think they perceive, in the Church, from her original doctrines and discipline, universally condemn the practice of dancing, and the schools where it is taught: and the more elderly and serious part of the people, of every persuasion, tolerate rather than approve these meetings of the young of both sexes, where dancing is practised to their spirit-stirring music, where care is dispelled, toil forgotten, and prudence itself is sometimes lulled to sleep.

The Reformation, which proved fatal to the rise of the other fine arts in Scotland, probably impeded, but could not obstruct, the progress of its music — a circumstance that will convince the impartial inquirer, that this music not only existed previously to that era, but had taken a firm hold of the nation, thus affording a proof of its antiquity stronger than any produced by the researches of our antiquaries.

The impression which the Scottish music has made on the people, is deepened by its union with the national songs, of which various collections of unequal merit are before the public. These songs, like those of other nations, are many of them humorous, but they chiefly treat of love, war, and drinking. Love is the subject of the greater proportion. Without displaying the higher powers of the imagination, they exhibit a perfect knowledge of the human heart, and breathe a spirit of affection, and sometimes of delicate and romantic tenderness, not to be surpassed in modern poetry, and which the more polished strains of antiquity have seldom possessed.

The origin of this amatory character in the rustic muse of Scotland, or of the greater number of these love-songs themselves, it would be difficult to trace; they have accumulated in the silent lapse of time, and it is now perhaps impossible to give an arrangement of them in the order of their date, valuable as such a record of taste and manners would be. Their present influence on the character of the nation is, however, great and striking. To them we must attribute, in a great measure, the romantic passion which so often characterises the attachments of the humblest of the people of Scotland, to a degree that, if we mistake not, is seldom found in the same rank of society in other countries. The pictures of love and happiness exhibited in their rural songs, are early impressed on the mind of the peasant, and are rendered more attractive from the music with which they are united. They associate themselves with his own

youthful emotions ; they elevate the object as well as the nature of his attachment ; and give to the impressions of sense the beautiful colours of imagination. Hence, in the course of his passion, a Scottish peasant often exerts a spirit of adventure, of which a Spanish cavalier need not be ashamed. After the labours of the day are over, he sets out for the habitation of his mistress, perhaps at many miles' distance, regardless of the length or the dreariness of the way. He approaches her in secrecy, under the disguise of night. A signal at the door or window, perhaps agreed on, and understood by none but her, gives information of his arrival ; and sometimes it is repeated again and again, before the capricious fair one will obey the summons. But if she favours his addresses, she escapes unobserved, and receives the vows of her lover under the gloom of twilight or the deeper shade of night. Interviews of this kind are the subjects of many of the Scottish songs, some of the most beautiful of which Burns has imitated and improved. In the art which they celebrate he was perfectly skilled ; he knew and had practised all its mysteries. Intercourse of this sort is indeed universal even in the humblest condition of man in every region of the earth. But it is not unnatural to suppose that it may exist in a greater degree, and in a more romantic form, among the peasantry of a country, who are supposed to be more than commonly instructed—who find in their rural songs expressions for their youthful emotions—and in whom the embers of passion are continually fanned by the breathings of a music full of tenderness and sensibility. The direct influence of physical causes on the attachment between the sexes is comparatively small, but it is modified by moral causes beyond any other affection of the mind. Of these, music and poetry are the chief. Among the snows of Lapland, and under the burning sun of Angola, the savage is seen hastening to his mistress, and everywhere he beguiles the weariness of his journey with poetry and song.

In appreciating the happiness and virtue of a community, there is, perhaps, no single criterion on which so much dependence may be placed as the state of the intercourse between the sexes. Where this displays ardour of attachment, accompanied by purity of conduct, the character and influence of women rise in society, our imperfect nature mounts in the scale of moral excellence ; and, from the source of this single affection, a stream of felicity descends, which branches into a thousand rivulets that enrich and adorn the field of life. Where the attachment between the sexes sinks into an appetite, the heritage of our species is comparatively poor, and man approaches the condition of *the brutes that perish* ! “ If we could with safety indulge the pleasing supposition, that Fingal lived and Ossian sung,” Scotland, judging from this criterion, might be considered as ranking high in happiness and virtue in very remote ages. To appreciate her situation by the same criterion in our own times, would be a delicate and a difficult undertaking. After considering the probable influence of her popular songs and her national music, and examining how far the effects to be expected from these are sup-

ported by facts, the inquirer would also have to examine the influence of other causes, and particularly of her civil and ecclesiastical institutions, by which the character and even the manners of a people, though silently and slowly, are often powerfully controlled. In the point of view in which we are considering the subject, the ecclesiastical establishments of Scotland may be supposed peculiarly favourable to purity of conduct. The dissoluteness of manners among the Catholic clergy, which preceded, and in some measure produced, the Reformation, led to an extraordinary strictness on the part of the reformers, and especially in that particular, in which the licentiousness of the clergy had been carried to its greatest height—the intercourse between the sexes. On this point, as on all others connected with austerity of manners, the disciples of Calvin assumed a greater severity than those of the Protestant Episcopal church. The punishment of illicit connection between the sexes was, throughout all Europe, a province which the clergy assumed to themselves; and the church of Scotland, which at the Reformation renounced so many powers and privileges, at that period took this crime under her more especial jurisdiction. Where pregnancy takes place without marriage, the condition of the female causes the discovery; and it is on her, therefore, in the first instance, that the clergy and elders exercise their zeal. After examination before the kirk-session, touching the circumstances of her guilt, she must endure a public penance and sustain a public rebuke from the pulpit, for three Sabbaths successively, in the face of the congregation to which she belongs, and thus have her weakness exposed and her shame blazoned. The sentence is the same with respect to the male, but how much lighter the punishment! It is well known that this dreadful law, worthy of the iron minds of Calvin and Knox, has often led to consequences, at the very mention of which human nature recoils.

While the punishment of incontinence prescribed by the institutions of Scotland is severe, the culprits have an obvious method of avoiding it, afforded them by the law respecting marriage, the validity of which requires neither the ceremonies, but simply the acknowledgement of each other as husband and wife, made by the parties before witnesses, or in any other way that gives legal evidence of such an acknowledgment having taken place. And as the parties themselves fix the date of their marriage, an opportunity is thus given to avoid the punishment and repair the consequences of illicit gratification. Such a degree of laxity respecting so serious a contract might produce much confusion in the descent of property without a still farther indulgence; but the law of Scotland legitimating all children born before wedlock, on the subsequent marriage of their parents, renders the actual date of the marriage itself of little consequence. Marriages contracted in Scotland without the ceremonies of the church are considered as *irregular*, and the parties usually submit to a *rebuke* for their conduct, in the face of their respective congregations, which is not, however, necessary to render the marriage *valid*. Burns, whose marriage, it will appear, was *irregular*, does not seem to have undergone this part of the discipline of the church.

Thus, though the institutions of Scotland are in many particulars favourable to conduct among the peasantry founded upon foresight and reflection, on the subject of marriage the reverse of this is true. Irregular marriages, it may be naturally supposed, are often improvident ones, in whatever rank of society they occur. The children of such marriages, poorly endowed by their parents, find a certain degree of instruction of easy acquisition, but the comforts of life, and the gratifications of ambition, they find of more difficult attainment in their native soil; and thus the marriage laws of Scotland conspire, with other circumstances, to produce that habit of emigration, and spirit of adventure, for which the people are so remarkable.

The manners and appearance of the Scottish peasantry do not bespeak to a stranger the degree of their cultivation. In their own country, their industry is inferior to that of the same description of men in the southern division of the island. Industry and the useful arts reached Scotland later than England; and though their advance has been rapid there, the effects produced are as yet inferior both in reality and in appearance. The Scottish farmers have in general neither the opulence nor the comforts of those of England, neither vest the same capital in the soil, nor receive from it the same return. Their clothing, their food, and their habitations, are almost everywhere inferior. Their appearance in these respects corresponds with the appearance of their country; and under the operation of patient industry, both are improving. Industry and the useful arts came later into Scotland than into England, because the security of property came later. With causes of internal agitation and warfare, similar to those which occurred to the more southern nation, the people of Scotland were exposed to more imminent hazards and to more extensive and destructive spoliation, from external war. Occupied in the maintenance of their independence against their more powerful neighbours, to this purpose were necessarily sacrificed the arts of peace, and, at certain periods, the flower of their population. And when the union of the crowns produced a security from national wars with England, for the century succeeding, the civil wars common to both divisions of the island, and their dependence, perhaps the necessary dependence, of the Scottish councils on those of the more powerful kingdom, counteracted this disadvantage. Even the union of the British nations was not, from obvious causes, immediately followed by all the benefits which it was ultimately destined to produce. At length, however, these benefits are distinctly felt and generally acknowledged. Property is secure; manufactures and commerce increasing; and agriculture is rapidly increasing in Scotland. As yet, indeed, the farmers are not, in general, enabled to make improvements out of their own capitals, as in England; but the landholders, who have seen and felt the advantages resulting from them, contribute towards them with a liberal hand. Hence property, as well as population, is accumulating rapidly on the Scottish soil; and the nation, enjoying a great part of the blessings of Englishmen, and retaining several of their own happy institutions, might be

considered, if confidence could be placed in human foresight, to be as yet only in an early stage of their progress. Yet there are obstructions in their way. To the cultivation of the soil are opposed the extent and the strictness of the entails; to the improvement of the people, the rapidly-increasing use of spirituous liquors; a detestable practice, which includes in its consequences almost every evil, physical and moral. The peculiarly social disposition of the Scottish peasantry exposes them to this practice. This disposition, which is fostered by their national songs and music, is, perhaps, characteristic of the nation at large. Though the source of many pleasures, it counteracts, by its consequences, the effects of their patience, industry, and frugality, both at home and abroad, of which those especially who have witnessed the progress of Scotsmen in other countries must have known many striking instances.

Since the Union, the manners and language of the people of Scotland have no longer a standard among themselves, but are tried by the standard of the nation to which they are united. Though their habits are far from being flexible, yet it is evident that their manners and dialect are undergoing a rapid change. Even the farmers of the present day appear to have less of the peculiarities of their country in their speech than the men of letters of the last generation. Burns, who never left the island nor penetrated farther into England than Carlisle on the one hand, or Newcastle on the other, had less of the Scottish dialect than Hume, who lived for many years in the best society of England and France—or perhaps than Robertson, who wrote the English language in a style of such purity; and if he had been in other respects fitted to take a lead in the British House of Commons, his pronunciation would neither have fettered his eloquence, nor deprived it of its due effect.

A striking particular in the character of the Scottish peasantry is one which it is hoped will not be lost—the strength of their domestic attachments. The privations to which many parents submit for the good of their children, and particularly to obtain for them instruction, which they consider as the chief good, has already been noticed. If their children live and prosper, they have their certain reward, not merely as witnessing, but as sharing of their prosperity. Even in the humblest ranks of the peasantry, the earnings of the children may generally be considered as at the disposal of their parents: perhaps in no country is so large a portion of the wages of labour applied to the support and comfort of those whose days of labour are past. A similar strength of attachment extends through all the domestic relations. Our poet partook largely of this amiable characteristic of his humble compeers: he was also strongly tinged with another striking feature which belongs to them—a partiality for his native country, of which many proofs may be found in his writings. This, it must be confessed, is a very strong and general sentiment among the natives of Scotland, differing, however, in its character, according to the character of the different minds in which it is found—in some appearing a selfish prejudice, in others a generous affection.

An attachment to the land of their birth is, indeed, common to all men. It is found among the inhabitants of every region of the earth, from the arctic to the ant-arctic circle, in all the vast variety of climate, of surface, and of civilization. To analyse this general sentiment, to trace it through the mazes of association up to the primary affection in which it has its source, would neither be a difficult nor an unpleasing labour. On the first consideration of the subject, we should perhaps expect to find this attachment strong in proportion to the physical advantages of the soil; but inquiry, far from confirming this supposition, seems rather to lead to an opposite conclusion. In those fertile regions where beneficent nature yields almost spontaneously whatever is necessary to human wants, patriotism, as well as every other generous sentiment, seems weak and languid. In countries less richly endowed, where the comforts, and even necessities, of life must be purchased by patient toil, the affections of the mind, as well as the faculties of the understanding, improve under exertion, and patriotism flourishes amidst its kindred virtues. Where it is necessary to combine for mutual defence, as well as for the supply of common wants, mutual good-will springs from mutual difficulties and labours, the social affections unfold themselves and extend from the men with whom we live to the soil on which we tread. It will perhaps be found, indeed, that our affections cannot be originally called forth, but by objects capable, or supposed capable, of feeling our sentiments, and of returning them; but when once excited, they are strengthened by exercise; they are expanded by the powers of imagination, and seize more especially on those inanimate parts of creation, which form the theatre on which we have first felt the alternations of joy and sorrow, and first tasted the sweets of sympathy and regard. If this reasoning be just, the love of our country, although modified, and even extinguished in individuals by the chances and changes of life, may be presumed, in our general reasonings, to be strong among a people, in proportion to their social, and more especially to their domestic affections. Under free governments it is found more active than under despotic ones, because as the individual becomes of more consequence in the community, the community becomes of more consequence to him. In small states it is generally more active than in large ones, for the same reason, and also because the independence of a small community being maintained with difficulty, and frequently endangered, sentiments of patriotism are more frequently excited. In mountainous countries it is generally found more active than in plains, because there the necessities of life often require a closer union of the inhabitants; and more especially, because in such countries, though less populous than plains, the inhabitants, instead of being scattered equally over the whole, are usually divided into small communities on the sides of their separate valleys, and on the banks of their respective streams—situations well calculated to call forth and to concentrate the social affections, amidst scenery that acts most powerfully on the sight, and makes a lasting impression on the memory. It may also be remarked, that mountainous

countries are often peculiarly calculated to nourish sentiments of national pride and independence, from the influence of history on the affections of the mind. In such countries, from their natural strength, inferior nations have maintained their independence against their more powerful neighbours, and valour in all ages, has made its most successful efforts against oppression. Such countries present the field of battle where the tide of invasion was rolled back, and whereon the ashes rest of those who have died in defence of their nation !

The operation of the various causes we have mentioned is doubtless more general and more permanent where the scenery of a country, the peculiar manners of its inhabitants, and the martial achievements of their ancestors, are embodied in national songs, and united to national music. By this combination, the ties that attach men to the land of their birth are multiplied and strengthened, and the images of infancy, strongly associating with the generous affections, resist the influence of time and of new impressions ; they often survive in countries far distant, and amidst far different scenes, to the latest period of life, to soothe the heart with the pleasures of memory when those of hope die away.

If this reasoning be just, it will explain to us why among the natives of Scotland, even of cultivated minds, we so generally find a partial attachment to the land of their birth, and why this is so strongly discoverable in the writings of Burns, who joined to the higher powers of the understanding the most ardent affections. Let not men of reflection think it a superfluous labour to trace the rise and progress of a character like his. Born in the condition of a peasant, he rose by the force of his mind into distinction and influence, and in his works has exhibited what are so rarely found, the charms of original genius. With a deep insight into the human heart, his poetry exhibits high powers of imagination—it displays and, as it were, embalms, the peculiar manners of his country ; and it may be considered as a monument, not to his own name only, but to the expiring genius of an ancient and once independent nation. In relating the incidents of his life, candour will prevent us from dwelling invidiously on those failings which justice forbids us to conceal ; we will tread lightly over his yet warm ashes, and respect the laurels that shelter his untimely grave.

ROBERT BURNS was, as is well known, the son of a farmer in Ayrshire, and afterwards himself a farmer there ; but having been unsuccessful, he was about to emigrate to Jamaica. He had previously, however, attracted some notice by his poetical talents in the vicinity where he lived ; and having published a small volume of his poems at Kilmarnock, this drew upon him more general attention. In consequence of the encouragement he received, he repaired to Edinburgh, and there published, by subscription, an improved and enlarged edition of his poems, which met with extraordinary success. By the profits arising

from the sale of this edition, he was enabled to enter on a farm in Dumfries-shire; and having married a person to whom he had been long attached, he retired to devote the remainder of his life to agriculture. He was again however unsuccessful; and abandoning his farm, he removed into the town of Dumfries, where he filled an inferior office in the Excise, and where he terminated his life in July, 1796, in his thirty-eighth year.

The strength and originality of his genius procured him the notice of many persons distinguished in the republic of letters, and among others that of Dr. Moore, well known for his *Views of Society and Manners on the Continent of Europe*, for his *Zeluco*, and various other works. To this gentleman our poet addressed a letter, after his first visit to Edinburgh, giving a history of his life, up to the period of his writing. In a composition never intended to see the light, elegance, or perfect correctness of composition, will not be expected. These, however, will be compensated by the opportunity of seeing our poet, as he gives the incidents of his life, unfold the peculiarities of his character with all the careless vigour and open sincerity of his mind.

“*Mauchline, 2nd August, 1787.*”

“SIR.—For some months past I have been rambling over the country, but I am now confined with some lingering complaints, originating, as I take it, in the stomach. To divert my spirits a little in this miserable fog of *ennui*, I have taken a whim to give you a history of myself. My name has made some little noise in this country—you have done me the honour to interest yourself warmly in my behalf; and I think a faithful account of what character of a man I am, and how I came by that character, may perhaps amuse you in an idle moment. I will give you an honest narrative, though I know it will be often at my own expense; for I assure you, sir, I have, like Solomon, whose character, excepting in the trifling affair of *wisdom*, I sometimes think I resemble—I have, I say, like him, *turned my eyes to behold madness and folly*, and like him, too frequently shaken hands with their intoxicating friendship. * * * * *

After you have perused these pages, should you think them trifling and impertinent, I only beg leave to tell you, that the poor author wrote them under some twitching qualms of conscience, arising from suspicion that he was doing what he ought not to do—a predicament he has more than once been in before.”

“I have not the most distant pretensions to assume that character which the pye-coated guardians of escutcheons call a gentleman. When at Edinburgh last winter, I got acquainted in the Herald's Office; and, looking through that granary of honours, I there found almost every name in the kingdom! but for me,

‘My ancient but ignoble blood

Has crept thro' scoundrels ever since the flood.’

Gules, Purpure, Argent, &c., quite disowned me.”

My father was of the north of Scotland, the son of a farmer and was thrown by early misfortunes on the world at large,

where, after many years' wanderings and sojournings, he picked up a pretty large quantity of observation and experience, to which I am indebted for most of my little pretensions to wisdom. I have met with few who understood *men, their manners, and their ways*, equal to him; but stubborn, ungainly integrity, and headlong ungovernable irascibility, are disqualifying circumstances, consequently I was born a very poor man's son. For the first six or seven years of my life, my father was a gardener to a worthy gentleman of small estate in the neighbourhood of Ayr. Had he continued in that station I must have marched off to be one of the little underlings about a farm-house; but it was his dearest wish and prayer to have it in his power to keep his children under his own eye till they could discern between good and evil; so, with the assistance of his generous master, my father ventured on a small farm on his estate. At those years I was by no means a favourite with any body. I was a good deal noted for a retentive memory, a stubborn sturdy something in my disposition, and an enthusiastic idiotic piety. I say *idiotic* piety, because I was then but a child. Though it cost the schoolmaster some thrashings, I made an excellent English scholar, and by the time I was ten or eleven years of age, I was a critic in substantives, verbs, and particles. In my infant and boyish days, too, I owed much to an old woman who resided in the family, remarkable for her ignorance, credulity, and superstition. She had, I suppose, the largest collection in the country of tales and songs concerning devils, ghosts, fairies, brownies, witches, warlocks, spunkies, kelpies, elf-candles, dead-lights, wraiths, apparitions, cantraps, giants, enchanted towers, dragons, and other trumpery. This cultivated the latent seeds of poetry, but had so strong an effect on my imagination, that to this hour, in my nocturnal rambles, I sometimes keep a sharp look-out in suspicious places; and though nobody can be more sceptical than I am in such matters, yet it often takes an effort of philosophy to shake off these idle terrors. The earliest composition that I recollect taking pleasure in was *The Vision of Mirza*, and a hymn of Addison's, beginning, "How are thy servants blest, oh Lord!" I particularly remember one half-stanza, which was music to my boyish ear:—

‘For though on dreadful whirls we hung
High on the broken wave.’

I met with these pieces in Mason's English Collection, one of my school-books. The two first books I ever read in private, and which gave me more pleasure than any two books I ever read since, were the *Life of Hannibal*, and *The History of Sir William Wallace*. Hannibal gave my young ideas such a turn, that I used to strut in raptures up and down after the recruiting drum and bagpipe, and wish myself tall enough to be a soldier, while the story of Wallace poured a Scottish prejudice into my veins, which will boil along there till the flood-gates of life shut in eternal rest."

"Polemical divinity about this time was putting the country

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half mad ; and I, ambitious of shining in conversation-parties on Sundays, between sermons, at funerals, &c. , used a few years afterwards, to puzzle Calvinism with so much heat and indiscretion, that I raised a hue and cry of heresy against me, which has not ceased to this hour."

My vicinity to Ayr was of some advantage to me. My social disposition, when not checked by some modifications of spirited pride, was, like our catechism definition of infinitude, *without bounds or limits*. I formed several connections with other youngsters who possessed superior advantages, the *youngling* actors who were busy in the rehearsal of parts in which they were shortly to appear on the stage of life, where, alas ! I was destined to drudge behind the scenes. It is not commonly at this green age that our young gentry have a just sense of the immense distance between them and their ragged playfellows. It takes a few dashes in the world to give the young great man that proper, decent, unnoticing disregard for the poor insignificant stupid devils, the mechanics and peasantry around him, who were perhaps born in the same village. My young superiors never insulted the *clouterly* appearance of my plough-boy carcase, the two extremes of which were often exposed to all the inclemencies of all seasons. They would give me stray volumes of books : among them, even then, I could pick up some observations ; and one, whose heart I am sure not even the *Munny Begum* scenes have tainted, helped me to a little French. Parting with these, my young friends and benefactors, as they occasionally went off to the East or West Indies, was often to me a sore affliction ; but I was soon called to more serious evils. My father's generous master died ; the farm proved a ruinous bargain ; and to clench the misfortune, we fell into the hands of a factor, who sat for the picture I have drawn of one in my tale of *Twa Dogs*. My father was advanced in life when he married ; I was the eldest of seven children ; and he, worn out by early hardships, was unfit for labour. My father's spirit was soon irritated, but not easily broken. There was a freedom in his lease in two years more ; and to weather these two years, we retrenched our expenses. We lived very poorly. I was a dextrous ploughman, for my age ; and the next eldest to me was a brother (Gilbert) who could drive the plough very well, and help me to thrash the corn. A novel writer might perhaps have viewed these scenes with some satisfaction, but so did not I ; my indignation yet boils at the recollection of the scoundrel factor's insolent threatening letters, which used to set us all in tears."

"This kind of life—the cheerless gloom of hermit, with the unceasing toil of a galley-slave, brought me to my sixteenth year ; a little before which period I first committed the sin of rhyme. You know our country custom of coupling a man and woman together as partners in the labours of harvest. In my fifteenth autumn, my partner was a bewitching creature a year younger than myself. My scarcity of English denies me the power of doing her justice in that language ; but you know the Scottish idiom—she was a *bonnie, sweet, sonsie lass*. In short, she altogether, unwittingly to herself, initiated me in that deli-

cious passion which, in spite of acid disappointment, gin-horse prudence, and book-worm philosophy, I hold to be the first or human joys, our dearest blessing here below. How she caught the contagion I cannot tell; you medical people talk so much of infection from breathing the same air, the touch, &c., but I never expressly said I loved her. Indeed I did not know myself why I liked so much to loiter behind with her when returning in the evening from our labours; why the tones of her voice made my heart strings thrill like an Æolian harp; and particularly, why my pulse beat such a furious, ratan when I looked and fingered over her little hand to pick out the cruel nettle stings and thistles. Among her other love-inspiring qualities, she sang sweetly; and it was her favourite reel to which I attempted giving an embodied vehicle in rhyme. I was not so presumptuous as to imagine that I could make verses like printed ones, composed by men who had Greek and Latin; but my girl sang a song, which was said to be composed by a small country laird's son, on one of his father's maids, with whom he was in love, and I saw no reason why I might not rhyme as well as he; for, excepting that he could smear sheep, and cast peats, his father living in the moor-lands, he had no more scholar-craft than myself."

"Thus with me began love and poetry; which at times have been my only, and till within the last twelve months, have been my highest enjoyment. My father struggled on till he reached the freedom in his lease, when he entered on a larger farm, about ten miles farther in the country. The nature of the bargain he made was such as to throw a little ready money into his hands at the commencement of his lease; otherwise the affair would have been impracticable. For four years we lived comfortable here; but a difference commencing between him and his landlord as to terms, after three years' tossing and whirling in the vortex of litigation, my father was just saved from the horrors of a jail by a consumption, which, after two years' promises, kindly stepped in, and carried him away, to *where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.*"

"It is during the time that we lived on this farm that my little story is most eventful. I was, at the beginning of this period, perhaps the most ungainly, awkward boy in the parish—no *solitaire* was less acquainted with the ways of the world. What I knew of ancient story was gathered from Salmon's and Guthrie's Geographical Grammars; and the ideas I had formed of modern manners, of literature, and criticism, I got from the Spectator. These, with Pope's Works, some plays of Shakspeare, Tull and Dickson on Agriculture, the Pantheon, Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding, Stackhouse's History of the Bible, Justice's British Gardener's Directory, Bayle's Lectures, Allan Ramsay's Works, Taylor's Scripture Doctrine of Original Sin, A Select Collection of English Songs, and Hervey's Meditations, had formed the whole of my reading. The collection of songs was *my vade mecum*. I pored over them driving my cart, or walking to labour, song by song, verse by verse—

carefully noting the true, tender, or sublime, from affectation and fustian. I am convinced I owe to this practice much of my critic craft, such as it is."

"In my seventeenth year, to give my manners a brush, I went to a country dancing-school. My father had an unaccountable antipathy against these meetings, and my going was, what to this moment I repent, in opposition to his wishes. My father, as I said before, was subject to strong passions; from that instance of disobedience in me he took a sort of dislike to me, which I believe was one cause of the dissipation which marked my succeeding years. I say dissipation, comparatively with the strictness, and sobriety, and regularity, of Presbyterian country life; for though the Will o' Wisp meteors of thoughtless whim were almost the sole lights of my path, yet early ingrained piety and virtue kept me for several years afterwards within the line of innocence. The great misfortune of my life was to want an aim. I had felt early some stirrings of ambition, but they were the blind gropings of Homer's Cyclops round the walls of his cave. I saw my father's situation entailed on me perpetual labour. The only two openings by which I could enter the temple of fortune, was the gate of niggardly economy, or the path of little, chicaning bargain-making. The first is so contracted an aperture, I never could squeeze myself into it; the last I always hated—there was contumacious in the very entrance! Thus abandoned of aim or view in life, with a strong appetite for sociability, as well from native hilarity as from a pride of observation and remark—a constitutional melancholy or hypochondriasm that made me fly to solitude; add to these incentives to social life, my reputation for bookish knowledge, a certain wild logical talent, and a strength of thought, something like the rudiments of good sense, and it will not seem surprising that I was generally a welcome guest where I visited, or any great wonder that, always where two or three met together, there was I among them. But far beyond all other impulses of my heart, was *un penchant à l'adorable moitié du genre humain*. My heart was completely tinder, and was eternally lighted up by some goddess or other; and, as in every other warfare in this world, my fortune was various, sometimes I was received with favour, and sometimes I was mortified with a repulse. At the plough, scythe, or reaphook, I feared no competitor, and thus I set absolute want at defiance; and as I never cared farther for my labours than while I was in actual exercise, I spent the evenings in the way after my own heart. A country lad seldom carries on a love-adventure without an assisting confidant. I possessed a curiosity, zeal, and intrepid dexterity, that recommended me as a proper second on these occasions; and I dare say I felt as much pleasure in being in the secret of half the loves of the parish of Tarbolton, as ever did statesman in knowing the intrigues of half the courts of Europe. The very goose-feather in my hand seems to know instinctively the well-worn path of my imagination, the favourite theme of my song, and is with difficulty restrained from giving you a couple of paragraphs on the love-adventures of my compeers, the humble

inmates of the farm-house and cottage ; but the grave men of science, ambition, or avarice, baptise these things by the name of follies. To the sons and daughters of labour and poverty they are matters of the most serious nature ; to them, the ardent hope, the stolen interview, the tender farewell, are the greatest and most delicious parts of their enjoyments."

"Another circumstance in my life which made some alteration in my mind and manners was, that I spent my nineteenth summer on a smuggling coast, a good distance from home, at a noted school, to learn mensuration, surveying, dialling, &c., in which I made a pretty good progress. But I made a greater progress in the knowledge of mankind. The contraband trade was at that time very successful, and it sometimes happened to me to fall in with those who carried it on. Scenes of swaggering riot and roaring dissipation were till this time new to me ; but I was no enemy to social life. Here, though I learnt to fill my glass, and to mix without fear in a drunken squabble, yet I went on with a high hand with my geometry, till the sun entered Virgo, a month which is always a carnival in my bosom, when a charming *filette*, who lived next door to the school, overset my trigonometry, and set me off at a tangent from the sphere of my studies. I, however, struggled on with my *sines* and *co-sines* for a few days more ; but stepping into the garden one charming noon to take the sun's altitude, there I met my angel,

' Like Proserpine, gathering flowers,
Herself a fairer flower——'

It was in vain to think of doing any more good at school. The remaining week I staid I did nothing but craze the faculties of my soul about her, or steal out to meet her ; and the two last nights of my stay in the country, had sleep been a mortal sin, the image of this modest and innocent girl had kept me guiltless."

"I returned home very considerably improved. My reading was enlarged with the very important addition of Thompson's and Shenstone's Works. I had seen human nature in a new phasis ; and I engaged several of my school-fellows to keep up a literary correspondence with me. This improved me in composition. I had met with a collection of letters by the wits of Queen Anne's reign, and I pored over them most devoutly ; I kept copies of any of my own letters that pleased me ; and a comparison between them and the composition of most of my correspondents flattered my vanity. I had carried this whim so far, that though I had not three farthings' worth of business in the world, yet almost every post brought me as many letters as if I had been a broad plodding son of day-book and ledger."

"My life flowed on much in the same course till my twenty-third year. *Vive l'amour, et vive la bagatelle*, were my sole principles of action. The addition of two more authors to my library gave me great pleasure ; Sterne and M'Kenzie. Tristram Shandy and The Man of Feeling were my bosom favourites. Poesy was still a darling walk for my mind, but it was only

indulged in according to the humour of the hour. I had usually half a dozen or more pieces on hand; I took up one or other, as it suited the momentary tone of the mind, and dismissed the work as it bordered on fatigue. My passions, when once lighted up, raged like so many devils, till they got vent in rhyme; and then the conning over my verses, like a spell, soothed all into quiet! None of the rhymes of those days are in print, except *Winter*, a *Dirge*, the eldest of my printed pieces; *The death of Poor Mailie*, *John Barleycorn*, and songs first, second, and third. Song second was the ebullition of that passion which ended the fore-mentioned school business."

"My twenty-third year was to me an important era. Partly through whim, and partly that I wished to set about doing something in life, I joined a flax-dresser in a neighbouring town, (Irvine,) to learn his trade. This was an unlucky affair. My * * *; and, to finish the whole, as we were giving a welcome carousal to the new-year, the shop took fire, and burnt to ashes, and I was left, like a true poet, not worth a sixpence."

"I was obliged to give up the scheme: the clouds of misfortune were gathering thick round my father's head; and, what was worst of all, he was visibly far gone in a consumption; and, to crown my distresses, a *belle fille* whom I adored, and who had pledged her soul to meet me in the field of matrimony, jilted me, with peculiar circumstances of mortification. The finishing evil that brought up the rear of this infernal file, was my constitutional melancholy being increased to such a degree, that for three months I was in a state of mind scarcely to be envied by the hopeless wretches who have got their mittimus—*Depart from me, ye accursed!*"

From this adventure I learned something of a town life; but the principal thing which gave my mind a turn was a friendship I formed with a young fellow, a very noble character, but a hapless son of misfortune. He was the son of a simple mechanic: but a great man in the neighbourhood taking him under his patronage, gave him a genteel education, with a view of bettering his situation in life. The patron dying just as he was ready to launch out into the world, the poor fellow in despair went to sea, where, after a variety of good and ill fortune, a little before I was acquainted with him, he had been set on shore by an American privateer, on the wild coast of Connaught, stripped of everything. I cannot quit this poor fellow's story without adding, that he is at this time master of a large West-Indiaman belonging to the Thames."

His mind was fraught with independence, magnanimity, and every manly virtue. I loved and admired him to a degree of enthusiasm, and of course strove to imitate him. In some measure I succeeded—I had pride before me, but he taught it to flow in proper channels. His knowledge of the world was vastly superior to mine, and I was all attention to learn. He was the only man I ever saw who was a greater fool than myself where woman was the presiding star; but he spoke of illicit love with the levity of a sailor, which hitherto I had regarded with horror. Here his friendship did me a mischief; and the conse-

quence was, that soon after I resumed the plough, I wrote the Poet's Welcome. My reading only increased, while in this town, by two stray volumes of Pamela, and one of Ferdinand Count Fathom, which gave me some idea of novels. Rhyme, except some religious pieces that are in print, I had given up; but meeting with Fergusson's Scottish Poems, I strung anew my wildly-sounding lyre with emulating vigour. When my father died, his all went among the hell-hounds that prowl in the kennel of justice; but we made a shift to collect a little money in the family among us, with which to keep us together; my brother and I took a neighbouring farm. My brother wanted my hair-brained imagination, as well as my social and amorous madness; but in good sense, and every other sober qualification, he was far my superior."

"I entered on this farm with a full resolution, *Come, go to, I will be wise!* I read farming books; I calculated crops; I attended markets—and, in short, in spite of *the devil, and the world, and the flesh*, I believe I should have been a wise man; but the first year, from unfortunately buying bad seed, the second, from a late harvest, we lost half our crops. This overset all my wisdom, and I returned, *like the dog to his vomit, and the sow that was washed, to her wallowing in the mire.*"

"I now began to be known in the neighbourhood as a maker of rhymes. The first of my poetic offspring that saw the light was a burlesque-lamentation on a quarrel between two reverend Calvinists, both of them *dramatis personæ* in my Holy Fair. I had a notion myself that the piece had some merit; but to prevent the worst, I gave a copy of it to a friend who was fond of such things, and told him that I could not guess who was the author of it, but that I thought it pretty clever. With a certain description of the clergy, as well as laity, it met with a roar of applause. Holy Willie's Prayer next made its appearance, and alarmed the kirk session so much, that they held several meetings to look over their spiritual artillery, if haply any of it might be pointed against profane writers. Unluckily for me, my wanderings led me on another side, within point-blank shot of their heaviest metal. This is the unfortunate story that gave rise to my printed poem—The Lament. This was a most melancholy affair, which I cannot yet bear to reflect on, and had very nearly given me one or two of the principal qualifications for a place among those who have lost the chart, and mistaken the reckoning, of rationality. I gave up my part of the farm to my brother—in truth it was only nominally mine—and made what little preparation was in my power for Jamaica. But before leaving my native country for ever, I resolved to publish my poems. I weighed my productions as impartially as was in my power: I thought they had merit, and it was a delicious idea that I should be called a clever fellow, even though it should never reach my ears—a poor negro-driver; or perhaps a victim to that inhospitable clime, and gone to the world of spirits! I can truly say, that *pauvre inconnu* as I then was, I had pretty nearly as high an idea of myself and of my works as I have at this moment, when the public has decided in their favour. It ever was my

opinion, that the mistakes and blunders, both in a rational and religious point of view, of which we see thousands daily guilty, are owing to their ignorance of themselves. To know myself had been all along my constant study. I weighed myself alone. I balanced myself with others—I watched every means of information, to see how much ground I occupied as a man and as a poet;—I studied assiduously Nature's design in my formation—where the lights and shades in my character were intended. I was pretty confident my poems would meet with some applause; but, at the worst, the roar of the Atlantic would deafen censure, and the novelty of West-Indian scenes make me forget neglect. I threw off six hundred copies, of which I had got subscriptions for about three hundred and fifty. My vanity was highly gratified by the reception I met with from the public; and, besides, I pocketed, all expenses deducted, nearly twenty pounds. This sum came very seasonably, as I was thinking of indenting myself, for want of money to procure my passage. As soon as I was master of nine guineas, the price of wafting me to the torrid zone, I took a steerage passage in the first ship that was to sail from the Clyde; for

‘Hungry ruin had me in the wind.’

“I had been for some days skulking from covert to covert, under all the terrors of a jail; as some ill-advised people had uncoupled the merciless pack of the law at my heels. I had taken the last farewell of my few friends; my chest was on the road to Greenock; I had composed the last song I should ever measure in Caledonia—The Gloomy Night is Gathering Fast—when a letter from Dr. Blacklock to a friend of mine overthrew all my schemes, by opening new prospects to my poetic ambition. The doctor belonged to a set of critics for whose applausé I had not dared to hope. His opinion, that I would meet with encouragement in Edinburgh for a second edition, fired me so much, that away I posted for that city, without a single acquaintance, or a single letter of introduction. The baneful star that had so long shed its blasting influence in my zenith, for once made a revolution to the nadir; and a kind Providence placed me under the patronage of one of the noblest of men, the Earl of Glencairn. *Oblic moi, Grand Dieu, si jamais je l'oublie!*”

“I need relate no farther. At Edinburgh I was in a new world; I mingled among many classes of men, but all of them new to me, and I was all attention to *catch* the characters and *the manners living as they rise*. Whether I have profited time will shew. * * *

“My most respectful compliments to Miss W. Her very elegant and friendly letter I cannot answer at present, as my presence is requisite in Edinburgh, and I set out to-morrow.”

At the period of our poet's death, his brother, Gilbert Burns, was ignorant that he had himself written the foregoing narrative of his life while in Ayrshire; and having been applied to by Mrs. Dunlop for some memoir of his brother, he complied with her request in a letter, from which the following narrative is chiefly extracted. When Gilbert Burns afterwards saw the letter

of our poet to Dr. Moore, he made some annotations upon it, which shall be noticed as we proceed.

Robert Burns was born on the 25th day of January, 1795, in a small house about two miles from the town of Ayr, and within a few hundred yards of Alloway church, which his poem of *Tam o' Shanter* has rendered immortal. The name, which the poet and his brother modernised into Burns, was originally Burnes or Burness. Their father, William Burnes, was the son of a farmer in Kincardineshire, and had received the education common in Scotland to persons in his condition of life; he could read and write, and had some knowledge of arithmetic. His family having fallen into reduced circumstances, he was compelled to leave his home in his nineteenth year, and turned his steps towards the south, in quest of a livelihood. The same necessity attended his elder brother Robert. "I have often heard my father" (says Gilbert Burns, in his letter to Mrs. Dunlop), "describe the anguish of mind he felt when they parted on the top of a hill on the confines of their native place, each going off his several way in search of new adventures, and scarcely knowing whither he went. My father undertook to act as a gardener, and shaped his course to Edinburgh, where he wrought hard when he could get work, passing through a variety of difficulties. Still, however, he endeavoured to spare something for the support of his aged parent; and I recollect hearing him mention his having sent a bank-note for this purpose, when money of that kind was so scarce in Kincardineshire, that they scarcely knew how to employ it when it arrived." From Edinburgh William Burns passed westward into the county of Ayr, where he engaged himself as a gardener to the Laird of Fairly, with whom he lived two years; then changing his service for that of Crawford of Doonside. At length, being desirous of settling in life, he took a perpetual lease of seven acres of land from Dr. Campbell, physician in Ayr, with the view of commencing nurseryman and public gardener; and, having built a house upon it with his own hands, married, in December, 1757, Agnes Brown, the mother of our poet, who still survives. The first fruit of this marriage was Robert, the subject of these memoirs, born on the 25th of January, 1759, as has already been mentioned. Before William Burns had made much progress in preparing his nursery, he was withdrawn from that undertaking by Mr. Ferguson, who purchased the estate of Doonholm, in the immediate neighbourhood, and engaged him as his gardener and overseer; and this was his situation when our poet was born. Though in the service of Mr. Ferguson, he lived in his own house, his wife managing her family and her little dairy, which consisted sometimes of two, sometimes of three milch cows; and this state of unambitious content continued till the year 1766. His son Robert was sent by him in his sixth year to a school at Alloway Miln, about a mile distant, taught by a person of the name of Cambell; but this teacher being in a few months appointed master of the workhouse at Ayr, William Burnes, in conjunction with some other heads of families, engaged John Murdoch in his stead. The education of our poet, and of his

brother Gilbert, was in common; and of their proficiency under Mr. Murdoch, we have the following account:—"With him we learnt to read English tolerably well, and to write a little. He taught us, too, the English grammar. I was too young to profit much from his lessons in grammar, but Robert made some proficiency in it—a circumstance of considerable weight in the unfolding of his genius and character, as he soon became remarkable for the fluency and correctness of his expression, and read the few books that came in his way with much pleasure and improvement: for even then he was a reader when he could get a book. Murdoch, whose library at that time had no great variety in it, lent him *The Life of Hannibal*, which was the first book he read, (the school-books excepted), and almost the only one he had the opportunity of reading while he was at school; for *The Life of Wallace*, which he classes with it in one of his letters to you, he did not see for some years afterwards, when he borrowed it from the blacksmith who shod our horses."

It appears that William Burnes approved himself greatly in the service of Mr. Ferguson, by his intelligence, industry, and integrity. In consequence of this, with a view of promoting his interest, Mr. Ferguson leased him a farm, of which we have the following account:—

"The farm was upwards of seventy acres, (between eighty and ninety English statute measure), the rent of which was to be forty pounds annually for the first six years, and afterwards forty-five pounds. My father endeavoured to sell his leasehold property, for the purpose of stocking his farm, but at that time was unable, and Mr. Ferguson lent him a hundred pounds for that purpose. He removed to his new situation at Whitsuntide, 1766. It was, I think, not above two years after this that Murdoch, our tutor and friend, left this part of the country, and there being no school near us, and our little services being useful on the farm, my father undertook to teach us arithmetic in the winter evenings, by candle-light; and in this way my two eldest sisters got all the education they received. I remember a circumstance that happened at this time, which, though trifling in itself, is fresh in my memory, and may serve to illustrate the early character of my brother. Murdoch came to spend a night with us, and to take his leave when he was about to go into Carrick. He brought us, as a present and memorial of him, a small compendium of English grammar, and the tragedy of *Titus Andronicus*, and, by way of passing the evening, he began to read the play aloud. We were all attention for some time, till presently the whole party was dissolved in tears. A female in the play (I have but a confused remembrance of it), had her hands chopped off, and her tongue cut out, and then was insultingly desired to call for water to wash her hands. At this, in an agony of distress, we with one voice desired he would read no more. My father observed, that if we would not bear it out, it would be needless to leave the play with us, Robert replied that if it was left he would burn it. My father was going to chide him for this ungrateful return to his tutor's kindness, but Murdoch interfered, declaring that he liked to see so much sen-

sibility; and he left the *School for Love*, a comedy, translated I think from the French, in its place."

"Nothing," continues Gilbert Burns, "could be more retired than our general manner of living at Mount Oliphant; we rarely saw anybody but the members of our own family. There were no boys of our own age, or near it, in the neighbourhood. Indeed, the greatest part of the land in the vicinity was at that time possessed by shopkeepers, and people of that stamp, who had retired from business, or who kept their farm in the country, at the same time that they followed business in town. My father was for some time almost the only companion we had. He conversed familiarly on all subjects with us, as if we had been men; and was at great pains, while we accompanied him in the labours of the farm, to lead the conversation to such subjects as might tend to increase our knowledge, or confirm us in virtuous habits. He borrowed Salomon's Geographical Grammar for us, and endeavoured to make us acquainted with the situation and history of the different countries of the world; while from a book society in Ayr, he procured for us the reading of Durham's Physico and Astro-Theology, and Ray's Wisdom of God in the Creation, to give us some idea of astronomy and natural history. Robert read all these books with an avidity and industry scarcely to be equalled. My father had been a subscriber to Stackhouse's History of the Bible, then lately published by James Meuros in Kilmarnock; from this Robert collected a competent knowledge of ancient history; for no book was so voluminous as to slacken his industry, or so antiquated as to damp his researches. A brother of my mother, who had lived with us some time, and had learned some arithmetic by our winter evening's candle, went into a bookseller's shop at Ayr, to purchase *The Ready Reckoner*, or *Tradesman's Sure Guide*, and a book to teach him to write letters. Luckily, in place of *The Complete Letter Writer*, he got by mistake a small collection of letters by the most eminent writers, with a few sensible directions for attaining an easy epistolary style. This book was to Robert of the greatest consequence. It inspired him with a strong desire to excel in letter-writing, while it furnished him with models by some of the first writers in our language."

"My brother was about thirteen or fourteen, when my father, regretting that we wrote so ill, sent us, week about, during a summer quarter, to the parish school of Dalrymple, which, though between two and three miles distant, was the nearest to us, that we might have an opportunity of remedying this defect. About this time a bookish acquaintance of my father's procured us a reading of two volumes of Richardson's *Pamela*, which was the first novel we read, and the only part of Richardson's works my brother was acquainted with till the period of his commencing author. Till that time, too, he remained unacquainted with Fielding, with Smollett, (two volumes of *Ferdinand Count Fathom*, and two volumes of *Peregrine Pickle* excepted,) with Hume, with Robertson, and almost all our authors of eminence of the later times. I recollect, indeed, my father borrowed a volume of English history from Mr. Hamilton of Bourtreehill's

gardener. It treated of the reign of James I., and his unfortunate son Charles, but I do not know who was the author; all that I remember of it was something of Charles's conversation with his children. About this time, Murdoch, our former teacher, after having been in different places in the country, and having taught a school some time in Dumfries, came to be the established teacher of the English language in Ayr, a circumstance of consequence to us. The remembrance of my father's former friendship, and his attachment to my brother, made him do everything in his power for our improvement. He sent us Pope's works, and some other poetry, the first that we had an opportunity of reading, excepting what is contained in the English Collection, and in the volume of the Edinburgh Magazine for 1772; excepting also *those excellent new songs* that are hawked about the country in baskets, or exposed on stalls in the streets."

"The summer after we had been at Dalrymple school, my father sent Robert to Ayr, to revise his English grammar with his former teacher. He had been there only one week, when he was obliged to return to assist at the harvest. When the harvest was over, he went back to school, where he remained two weeks; and this completes the account of his school education, excepting one summer quarter, some time afterwards, that he attended the parish school of Kirkoswald, (where he lived with a brother of my mother's,) to learn surveying."

"During the two last weeks that he was with Murdoch, he himself was engaged in learning French, and he communicated the instructions he received to my brother, who, when he returned, brought home with him a French dictionary and grammar, and the *Adventures of Telemachus* in the original. In a little while, with the assistance of these books, he had acquired such a knowledge of the language, as to read and understand any French author in prose. This was considered as a sort of prodigy, and through the medium of Murdoch, procured him the acquaintance of several lads in Ayr, who were at that time gabbling French, and the notice of some families, particularly that of Dr. Malcolm, where a knowledge of French was a recommendation."

"Observing the facility with which he had acquired the French language, Mr. Robinson, the established writing-master in Ayr, and Mr. Murdoch's particular friend, having himself acquired a considerable knowledge of the Latin language by his own industry, without ever having learned it at school, advised Robert to make the same attempt, promising him every assistance in his power. Agreeably to this advice, he purchased the rudiments of the Latin Tongue, but finding the study dry and uninteresting, it was quickly laid aside. He frequently returned to his Rudiments on any little chagrin or disappointment, particularly in his love affairs; but the Latin seldom predominated more than a day or two at a time, or a week at most. Observing himself the ridicule that would attach to this sort of conduct if it were known, he made two or three humorous stanzas on the subject, which I cannot now recollect, but they all ended,

'So I'll to my Latin again.'

"Thus you see Mr. Murdoch was a principal means of my brother's improvement. Worthy man! though foreign to my present purpose, I cannot take leave of him without tracing his future history. He continued for some years a respected and useful teacher at Ayr, till one evening that he had been overtaken in liquor, he happened to speak somewhat disrespectfully of Dr. Dalrymple, the parish minister, who had not paid him that attention to which he thought himself entitled. In Ayr he might as well have spoken blasphemy. He found it proper to give up his appointment. He went to London, where he still lives, a private teacher of French. He has been a considerable time married, and keeps a shop of stationery wares."

"The father of Dr. Paterson, now physician at Ayr, was, I believe, a native of Aberdeenshire, and was one of the established teachers in Ayr when my father settled in the neighbourhood. He early recognised my father as a fellow native of the north of Scotland, and a certain degree of intimacy subsisted between them during Mr. Paterson's life. After his death, his widow, who is a very genteel woman, and of great worth, delighted in doing what she thought her husband would have wished to have done, and assiduously kept up her attentions to all his acquaintances. She kept alive the intimacy with our family, by frequently inviting my father and mother to her house on Sundays, when she met them at church."

"When she came to know my brother's passion for books, she kindly offered us the use of her husband's library, and from her we got the Spectator, Pope's Translation of Homer, and several other books that were of use to us. Mount Oliphant, the farm my father possessed in the parish of Ayr, is almost the poorest soil I know of in a state of cultivation. A stronger proof of this I cannot give than that, notwithstanding the extraordinary rise in the value of lands in Scotland, it was let, after a considerable sum had been laid out in improving it by the proprietor, a few years ago, five pounds per annum lower than the rent paid for it by my father thirty years ago. My father, in consequence of this, soon came into difficulties, which were increased by the loss of several of his cattle by accidents and disease. To the buffetings of misfortune we could only oppose hard labour and the most rigid economy. We lived very sparingly. For several years butcher's meat was a stranger in the house, while all the members of the family exerted themselves to the utmost of their strength, and rather beyond it, in the labours of the farm. My brother, at the age of thirteen, assisted in thrashing the crop of corn, and at fifteen was the principal labourer on the farm, for we had no hired servant, male or female. The anguish of mind we felt, at our tender years, under these straits and difficulties, was, indeed, very great. To think of our father growing old (for he was now above fifty), broken down with the long-continued fatigues of his life, with a wife and five other children, and in a declining state of circumstances—these reflections produced in my brother's mind and mine sensations of the deepest distress. I doubt not but the hard labour and sorrow of this period of his life was in a great

measure the cause of that depression of spirits with which Robert was so often afflicted through his whole life afterwards. At this time he was almost constantly afflicted in the evenings with a dull headache, which, at a future period of his life, was exchanged for a palpitation of the heart, and a threatening of fainting and suffocation in his bed in the night-time."

"By a stipulation in my father's lease, he had a right to throw it up, if he thought fit, at the end of every sixth year. He attempted to fix himself in a better farm at the end of the first six years, but failing in that attempt, he continued where he was for six years more. He then took the farm of Lochlea, of 130 acres, at the rent of twenty shillings an acre, in the parish of Tarbolton, of Mr. ———, then a merchant in Ayr, and now (1797) a merchant in Liverpool. He removed to this farm on Whit-Sunday, 1777, and possessed it only seven years. No writing had ever been made out of the conditions of the lease; a misunderstanding took place respecting them; the subjects in dispute were submitted to arbitration, and the decision involved my father's affairs in ruin. He lived to know of this decision, but not to see any execution in consequence of it. He died on 13th of February, 1784."

"The seven years we lived in Tarbolton parish (extending from the 19th to the 26th year of my brother's age), were not marked by much literary improvement; but during this time the foundation was laid of certain habits in my brother's character, which afterwards became but too prominent, and which malice and envy have taken delight to enlarge on. Though when young he was bashful and awkward in his intercourse with women, yet, when he approached manhood, his attachment to their society became very strong, and he was constantly the victim of some fair enslaver. The symptoms of his passion were often such as nearly to equal those of the celebrated Sappho. I never indeed knew that he *fainted, sunk, and died away*; but the agitations of his mind and body exceeded anything of the kind I ever knew in real life. He had always a particular jealousy of people who were richer than himself, or who had more consequence in life. His love, therefore, rarely settled on persons of this description. When he selected any one out of the sovereignty of his good pleasure, to whom he should pay his particular attention, she was instantly invested with a sufficient stock of charms, out of the plentiful stores of his own imagination; and there was often a great dissimilitude between his fair captivator, as she appeared to others, and as she seemed when invested in the attributes he gave her. One generally reigned paramount in his affections; but as Yorick's affections flowed out towards Madame de L— at the remise door, while the eternal vows of Eliza were upon him, so Robert was frequently encountering other attractions, which formed so many underplots in the drama of his love. As these connections were governed by the strictest rules of virtue and modesty (from which he never deviated till he reached his 23rd year), he became anxious to be in a situation to marry. This was not likely soon to be the case while he remained a farmer as the stocking of the

farm required a sum of money he had no probability of being master of for a great while. He began, therefore, to think of trying some other line of life. He and I had for several years taken land of my father for the purpose of raising flax on our own account. In the course of selling it, Robert began to think of turning flax-dresser, both as being suitable to his grand view of settling in life, and as subservient to the flax raising. He accordingly wrought at the business of a flax-dresser in Irvine for six months, but abandoned it at that period, as neither agreeing with his health nor inclination. In Irvine he had contracted some acquaintance of a freer manner of thinking and living than he had been used to, whose society prepared him for overleaping the bounds of rigid virtue which had hitherto restrained him. Towards the end of the period under review, (in his 26th year,) and soon after his father's death, he was furnished with the subject of his epistle to John Rankin. During this period also he became a freemason, which was his first introduction to the life of a boon companion. Yet, notwithstanding the circumstances and the praise he has bestowed on Scotch drink, (which seems to have misled his historians,) I do not recollect, during these seven years, nor till towards the end of his commencing author, (when his growing celebrity occasioned his being often in company) to have ever seen him intoxicated; nor was he at all given to drinking. A stronger proof of the general sobriety of his conduct need not be required than what I am about to give. During the whole of the time we lived in Lochlea with my father, he allowed my brother and me such wages for our labour as he gave to other labourers, as a part of which, every article of our clothing manufactured in the family was regularly accounted for. When my father's affairs drew near a crisis, Robert and I took the farm of Mossgiel, consisting of 118 acres, at the rent of £90 per annum, (the farm on which I live at present,) from Mr. Gavin Hamilton, as an asylum for the family in case of the worst. It was stocked by the property and individual savings of the whole family, and was a joint concern among us. Every member of the family was allowed ordinary wages for the labour he performed on the farm. My brother's allowance and mine was seven pounds per annum each, and during the whole time this family concern lasted, which was for four years, as well as during the preceding period at Lochlea, his expenses never in any one year exceeded his slender income. As I was entrusted with the keeping of the family accounts, it is not possible that there can be any fallacy in this statement in my brother's favour. His temperance and frugality were everything that could be wished."

"The farm of Mossgiel lies very high, and mostly on a cold wet bottom. The first four years that we were on the farm were very frosty, and the spring was very late; our crops in consequence were very unprofitable; and, notwithstanding our utmost diligence and economy, we found ourselves obliged to give up our bargain, with the loss of a considerable part of our original stock. It was during these four years that Robert formed his connexion with Jean Armour, afterwards Mrs

Burns. This connexion *could no longer be concealed* about the time we came to a final determination to quit the farm. Robert durst not engage with a family in his poor unsettled state, but was anxious to shield his partner, by every means in his power, from the consequences of their imprudence. It was agreed, therefore, between them, that they should make a legal acknowledgment of an irregular and private marriage; and that he should go to Jamaica to *push his fortune*; and that she should remain with her father till it might please Providence to put the means of supporting a family in his power."

"Mrs. Burns was a great favourite of her father's. The intimation of a marriage was the first suggestion he received of her real situation. He was in the greatest distress, and fainted away. The marriage did not appear to him to make the matter better. A husband in Jamaica appeared to him and his wife little better than none, and an effectual bar to any other prospects of a settlement in life that their daughter might have. They therefore expressed a wish to her, that the written papers which respected the marriage should be cancelled, and thus the marriage rendered void. In her melancholy state, she felt the deepest remorse at having brought such heavy affliction on her parents, who loved her so tenderly, and submitted to their entreaties. Their wish was mentioned to Robert. He felt the deepest anguish of mind. He offered to stay at home and provide for his wife and family in the best manner that his daily labours could provide for them, that being the only means in his power. Even this offer they did not approve of; for humble as Miss Armour's station was, and though great her imprudence had been, she still, in the eyes of her partial parents, might look to a better connexion than that with my friendless and unhappy brother, at that time without house or hiding-place. Robert at length consented to their wishes; but his feelings on this occasion were of the most distracting nature: and the impression of sorrow was not effaced till by a regular marriage they were indissolubly united. In the state of mind which this separation produced, he wished to leave the country as soon as possible, and agreed with Dr. Douglas to go out to Jamaica as an assistant overseer, or, as I believe it is called, a bookkeeper, on his estate. As he had not sufficient money to pay his passage, and the vessel in which Dr. Douglas was to procure a passage for him was not expected to sail for some time, Mr. Hamilton advised him to publish his poems in the mean time by subscription, as a likely way of getting a little money, to provide him more liberally in necessaries in Jamaica. Agreeably to this advice, subscription-bills were printed immediately, and the printing was commenced at Kilmarnock, his preparations going on at the same time for his voyage. The reception, however, which his poems met with in the world, and the friends they procured him, made him change his resolution of going to Jamaica, and he was advised to go to Edinburgh to publish a second edition. On his return, in happier circumstances, he renewed his connection with Mrs. Burns, and rendered it permanent by a union for life."

"Thus, madam, have I endeavoured to give you a simple narrative of the leading circumstances in my brother's early life. The remaining part he spent in Edinburgh, or in Dumfriesshire, and its incidents are as well known to you as to me. His genius having procured him your patronage and friendship, this gave rise to the correspondence between you, in which, I believe, his sentiments were delivered with the most respectful, but most unreserved confidence, and which only terminated with the last days of his life."

The narrative of Gilbert Burns may serve as a commentary on the preceding sketch of our poet's life by himself. It will be seen that the distraction of mind which he mentions arose from the distress and sorrow in which he had involved his future wife. The whole circumstances attending this connexion are certainly of a very singular nature.

The reader will perceive, from the foregoing narrative, how much the children of William Burnes were indebted to their father, who was certainly a man of uncommon talents, though it does not appear that he possessed any portion of that vivid imagination for which the subject of these memoirs was distinguished. In a former page it is observed by our poet, that his father had an unaccountable antipathy to dancing-schools, and that his attending one of these brought on him his displeasure and even dislike. On this observation Gilbert has made the following remark, which seems entitled to implicit credit : — " I wonder how Robert could attribute to our father that lasting resentment of his going to a dancing-school against his will, of which he was incapable. I believe the truth was, that he, about this time, began to see the dangerous impetuosity of my brother's passions, as well as his not being amenable to counsel, which often irritated my father, and which he would naturally think a dancing-school was not likely to correct. But he was proud of Robert's genius, which he bestowed more expense in cultivating than on the rest of the family, in the instances of sending him to Ayr and Kirkoswald schools; and he was greatly delighted with his warmth of heart and his conversational powers. He had, indeed, that dislike of dancing-schools which Robert mentions, but so far overcame it during Robert's first month of attendance, that he allowed all the rest of the family that were fit for it to accompany him during the second month. Robert excelled in dancing, and was for some time distractedly fond of it."

"In the original letters to Dr. Moore, our poet described his ancestors as renting lands of the noble Keiths of Marischal, and having had the honour of sharing their fate." "I do not," continues he, "use the word *honor* with any reference to political principles; *loyal and disloyal* I take to be merely relative terms, in that ancient and formidable court, known in the country as Club-law, where the right is always with the strongest. But those who dare welcome ruin, and shake hands with infamy, for what they scarcely believe to be the cause of their God, or their king, are, as Mark Anthony says, in Shakspeare, of Brutus

and Cassius, *honourable men*. I mention this circumstance, because it threw my father on the world at large."

This paragraph has been omitted in printing the letter, at the desire of Gilbert Burns; and it would have been unnecessary to have noticed it on the present occasion, had not several manuscript copies of that letter been in circulation. "I do not know," observed Gilbert Burns, "how my brother could be misled in the account he has given of the Jacobitism of his ancestors. I believe the Earl of Marischal forfeited his title and estate in 1715, before my father was born; and among a collection of parish certificates in his possession, I have read one stating that the bearer had no concern in the *late wicked rebellion*." On the information of one, who knew William Burnes soon after he arrived in the country of Ayr, it may be mentioned, that a report did prevail that he had taken the field with the young Chevalier—a report which the certificate mentioned by his son was, perhaps, intended to counteract. Strangers from the north, in the low country of Scotland, were in those days liable to suspicions of having been, in the familiar phrase of the country, "Out in the forty-five" (1745), especially when they had any stateliness or reserve about them, as was the case with William Burnes. It may easily be conceived, that our poet would cherish the belief of his father's having been engaged in the daring enterprise of Prince Charles Edward. The generous attachment, the heroic valour, and the final misfortunes of the adherents of the house of Stuart, touched with sympathy his youthful and ardent mind, and influenced his original political opinions.

The father of our poet is described, by one who knew him towards the latter end of his life, as above the common stature, thin and bent with labour. His countenance was serious and expressive, and the scanty locks on his head were grey. He was of a religious turn of mind, and, as is usual among the Scottish peasantry, a good deal conversant in speculative theology. There is, in Gilbert's hands, a little manual of religious belief, in the form of a dialogue between a father and his son, composed by him for the use of his children, in which the benevolence of his heart seems to have led him to soften the rigid Calvinism of the Scotch church, into something approaching to Arminianism. He was a devout man, and in the practice of calling his family together to join in prayer. It is known that the following exquisite picture, in the *Cotter's Saturday Night*, represents William Burnes and his family at their evening devotions:—

"The cheerful supper done, with serious face,

They round the ingle, form a circle wide;

The sire turns o'er with patriarchal grace,

The big *hall-bible*, once his father's pride:

His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,

His lyart haffets wearing thin and bare;

Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,

He wales a portion with judicious care ;
 And 'Let us worship God !' he says with solemn air.
 They chant their artless notes in simple guise ;
 They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim :
 Perhaps *Dundee's* wild warbling measures rise,
 Or plaintive *Martyrs*, worthy of the name ;
 Or noble *Elgin* beats the heavenly flame,
 The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays ;
 Compar'd with these Italian trills are tame,
 The tickled ears no heart-felt raptures raise ;
 No unison have they with our Creator's praise.
 The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
 How Abraham was the friend of God on high :
 Or Moses bade eternal welfare 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 wild seraphic fire ;
 Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.
 Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,
 How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed ;
 How he who bore in heaven the second name,
 Had not on earth whereon to lay his head,
 How his first followers and servants sped ;
 The precepts sage they wrote to many a land ;
 How he, who lone in Patmos banished,
 Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand,
 And heard great Babylon's doom pronounced by Hea-
 ven's command !
 Then kneeling down to heaven's eternal King,
 The saint, the father, and the husband prays ;
 'Hope springs exulting on triumphant wing,'
 That thus they all shall meet in future days ;
 There ever bask in uncreated rays,
 No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
 Together hymning their Creator's praise,
 In such society, yet still more dear ;
 While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.
 * * * * *
 Then homeward all take off their several way ;
 The youngling cottagers retire to rest ;
 The parent pair their secret homage pay,

And offer up to Heaven the warm request:
 That He who stills the raven's clam'rous 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!"

Of a family so interesting as that which inhabited the cottage of William Burnes, and particularly of the father of the family, the reader will perhaps be willing to listen to some farther account. What follows is given by one already mentioned with so much honour in the narrative of Gilbert Burns, Mr. Murdoch, the preceptor of our poet, who, in a letter to Joseph Cooper Walker, Esq., of Dublin, author of the *Historical Memoirs of the Irish Bards*, and of the *Historical Memoir of the Italian Tragedy*, thus expresses himself:—

"SIR.—I was lately favoured with a letter from our worthy friend, the Rev. Wm. Adair, in which he requested me to communicate to you whatever particulars I could recollect concerning Robert Burns, the Ayrshire poet. My business being at present multifarious and harassing, my attention is consequently so much divided, and I am so little in the habit of expressing my thoughts on paper, that at this distance of time I can give but a very imperfect sketch of the early part of the life of that extraordinary genius, with which alone I am acquainted.

William Burnes, the father of the poet, was born in the shire of Kincardine, and bred a gardener. He had been settled in Ayrshire ten or twelve years before I knew him, and had been in the service of Mr. Crawford of Doonside. He was afterwards employed as a gardener and overseer by Provost Ferguson of Doonholm, in the parish of Alloway, which is now united with that of Ayr. In this parish, on the roadside, a Scotch mile and a half from the town of Ayr, and half a mile from the bridge of Doon, William Burnes took a piece of land consisting of about seven acres; part of which he laid out in garden ground, and part of which he kept to graze a cow, &c., still continuing in the employ of Provost Ferguson. Upon this little farm was erected a humble dwelling, of which William Burnes was the architect. It was, with the exception of a little straw, literally a tabernacle of clay. In this mean cottage, of which I myself was at times an inhabitant, I really believe there dwelt a larger portion of content than in any palace in Europe. The *Cotter's Saturday Night* will give some idea of the temper and manners that prevailed there."

"In 1765, about the middle of March, Mr. W. Burnes came to Ayr, and sent to the school where I was improving in writing under my good friend Mr. Robinson, desiring that I would come and speak to him at a certain inn, and bring my writing book with me. This was immediately complied with. Having examined my writing, he was pleased with it—you will readily allow he was not difficult—and told me that he had received very satisfactory information of Mr. Tennant, the master of the

English school, concerning my improvement in English, and in his method of teaching. In the month of May following, I was engaged by Mr. Burnes, and four of his neighbours, to teach, and accordingly began to teach the school at Alloway, which was situated a few yards from the argillaceous fabric above-mentioned. My five employers undertook to board me by turns, and to make up a certain salary at the end of the year, provided my quarterly payments from the different pupils did not amount to that sum."

"My pupil, Robert Burns, was then between six and seven years of age, his preceptor about eighteen — Robert and his younger brother Gilbert had been grounded a little in English before they were put under my care. They both made a rapid progress in reading, and a tolerable progress in writing. In reading, dividing words into syllables by rule, spelling without book, parsing sentence, &c., Robert and Gilbert were generally at the upper end of the class, even when ranged with boys by far their seniors. The books most commonly used in the school were the Spelling-book, the New Testament, the Bible, Mason's Collection of Prose and Verse, and Fisher's English Grammar. They committed to memory the hymns and other poems of that collection with uncommon facility. This facility was partly owing to the method pursued by their father and me in instructing them, which was, to make them thoroughly acquainted with the meaning of every word in each sentence that was committed to memory. By the bye, this may be easier done, and at an earlier period, than is generally thought. As soon as they were capable of it, I taught them to turn verse into its natural prose order; sometimes to substitute synonymous expressions for poetical words, and to supply all the ellipses. These you know are the means of knowing that the pupil understands his author. These are excellent helps to the arrangement of words in sentences, as well as to a variety of expression."

"Gilbert always appeared to me to possess a more lively imagination, and to be more of the wit, than Robert. I attempted to teach them a little church-music. Here they were left far behind by all the rest of the school. Robert's ear, in particular, was remarkably dull, and his voice untunable. It was long before I could get them to distinguish one tune from another. Robert's countenance was generally grave, and expressive of a serious, contemplative, and thoughtful mind. Gilbert's face said, *Mirth, with thee I mean to live!* and certainly, if any person who knew the two boys had been asked which of them was most likely to court the Muses, he would surely never have guessed that Robert had a propensity of that kind."

"In the year 1767, Mr. Burns quitted his mud edifice, and took possession of a farm (Mount Oliphant,) of his own improving, while in the service of Provost Ferguson. This farm being at a considerable distance from the school, the boys could not attend regularly; and some changes taking place among the other supporters of the school, I left it, having continued to conduct it for nearly two years and a half."

"In the year 1772, I was appointed (being one of the five

candidates who were examined,) to teach the English school at Ayr; and, in 1773, Robert Burns came to board and lodge with me, for the purpose of revising English grammar, &c., that he might be better qualified to instruct his brothers and sisters at home. He was now with me day and night, in school, at all meals, and in all my walks. At the end of one week I told him that, as he was now pretty much master of the parts of speech, &c., I should like to teach him something of French pronunciation; that when he should meet with the name of a French town, ship officer, or the like, in the newspapers, he might be able to pronounce it something like a French word. Robert was glad to hear this proposal, and immediately we attacked the French with good courage."

"Now there was little else to be heard but the declension of nouns, the conjugation of verbs, &c. When walking together, and even at meals, I was constantly telling him the names of different objects, as they presented themselves, in French; so that he was hourly laying in a stock of words, and sometimes little phrases. In short, he took such pleasure in learning, and I in teaching, that it is difficult to say which of the two was most zealous in the business; and about the end of the second week of our study of the French, we began to read a little of the *Adventures of Telemachus*, in Fenelon's own words."

"But now the plains of Mount Oliphant began to whiten, and Robert was summoned to relinquish the pleasing scenes that surround the grotto of Calypso, and, armed with a sickle, to seek glory by signalising himself in the field of Ceres—and so he did; for although but about fifteen, I was told he performed the work of a man."

"Thus was I deprived of my very apt pupil, and consequently agreeable companion, at the end of three weeks, one of which was spent entirely in the study of English, and the other two chiefly in that of French. I did not, however, lose sight of him, but was a frequent visitant at his father's house, when I had my half holiday; and very often went, accompanied with one or two persons more intelligent than myself, that good William Burnes might enjoy a mental feast. Then the labouring oar was shifted to some other hand. The father and the son sat down with us, when we enjoyed a conversation, wherein solid reasoning, sensible remark, and a moderate seasoning of jocularities, were so nicely blended, as to render it palatable to all parties. Robert had a hundred questions to ask me about the French, &c.; and the father, who had always rational information in view, had still some questions to propose to my more learned friends, upon moral or natural philosophy, or some such interesting subject. Mrs. Burnes, too, was of the party as much as possible;

'But still the house affairs would draw her thence,
Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear,
Devour up their discourse'—

and particularly that of her husband. At all times, and in all companies, she listened to him with a more marked attention

than to anybody else. When under the necessity of being absent while he was speaking, she seemed to regret, as a real loss, that she had missed what the good man had said. This worthy woman, Agnes Brown, had the most thorough esteem for her husband of any woman I ever knew. I can by no means wonder that she highly esteemed him; for I myself have always considered William Burnes as by far the best of the human race that ever I had the pleasure of being acquainted with—and many a worthy character I have known. I can cheerfully join with Robert in the last line of his epitaph (borrowed from Goldsmith),

‘And even his failings lean’d to virtue’s side.’

“He was an excellent husband, if I may judge from his assiduous attention to the ease and comfort of his worthy partner, and from her affectionate behaviour to him, as well as her unwearied attention to the duties of a mother.”

“He was a tender and affectionate father; he took great pleasure in leading his children in the path of virtue, not in driving them, as some parents do, to the performance of duties to which they themselves are averse. He took care to find fault but very seldom; and, therefore, when he did rebuke, he was listened to with a kind of reverential awe. A look of disapprobation was felt; a reproof was severely so; and a strip with the *tawz*, even on the skirt of the coat, gave heart-felt pain, produced a loud lamentation, and brought forth a flood of tears.”

“He had the art of gaining the esteem and goodwill of those that were labourers under him. I think I never saw him angry but twice; the one time it was with the foreman of the band, for not reaping the field as he was desired; and the other time, it was with an old man, for using smutty innuendoes and *double entendres*. Were every foul-mouthed old man to receive a reasonable check in this way, it would be to the advantage of the rising generation. As he was at no time overbearing to inferiors, he was equally incapable of that passive, pitiful, paltry spirit, that induces some people to keep *booing and booing* in the presence of a great man. He always treated superiors with a becoming respect; but he never gave the smallest encouragement to aristocratical arrogance. But I must not pretend to give you a description of all the manly qualities, the rational and Christian virtues, of the venerable William Burnes. Time would fail me. I shall only add that he carefully practised every known duty, and avoided everything that was criminal; or, in the apostle’s words, *Herein did he exercise himself, in living a life void of offence towards God and towards men*. Oh, for a world of men of such dispositions! We should then have no wars. I have often wished, for the good of mankind, that it were as customary to honour and perpetuate the memory of those who excel in moral rectitude, as it is to extol what are called heroic actions; then would the mausoleum of the friend of my youth overtop and surpass most of the monuments I see in Westminster Abbey.”

“Although I cannot do justice to the character of this worthy man, yet you will perceive, from these few particulars, what

kind of person had the principal hand in the education of our poet. He spoke the English language with more propriety (both with respect to diction and pronunciation) than any man I ever knew with no greater advantages. This had a very good effect on the boys, who began to talk, and reason like men, much sooner than their neighbours. I do not recollect any of their contemporaries, at my little seminary, who afterwards made any great degree as literary characters, except Dr. Tennant, who was chaplain to Colonel Fullarton's regiment, and who is now in the East Indies. He is a man of genius and learning; yet affable, and free from pedantry."

"Mr. Burnes, in a short time, found that he had overrated Mount Oliphant, and that he could not rear his numerous family upon it. After being there some years, he removed to Lochlea, in the parish of Tarbolton, where, I believe, Robert wrote most of his poems."

"But here, sir, you will permit me to pause. I can tell you little more relative to our poet. I shall, however, in my next, send you a copy of one of his letters to me, about the year 1783. I received one since, but it is mislaid. Please to remember me in the best manner to my worthy friend, Mr. Adair, when you see him, or write to him."

*"Hart Street, Bloomsbury Square,
London, Feb. 22, 1799."*

As the narrative of Gilbert Burns was written at a time when he was ignorant of the existence of the preceding narrative of his brother, so this letter of Mr. Murdoch was written without his having any knowledge that either of his pupils had been employed on the same subject. The three relations serve, therefore, not merely to illustrate, but to authenticate, each other. Though the information they convey might have been presented within a shorter compass, by reducing the whole into one unbroken narrative, it is scarcely to be doubted, that the intelligent reader will be far more gratified by a sight of these original documents themselves.

[The poet mentions in his own narrative his visit in his nineteenth summer to Kirkoswald parish, and his mingling in scenes of dissipation there amongst the Carrick smugglers. The following additional particulars, respecting this period of his life will probably be interesting: they were collected by the present editor, but appeared originally in *Chambers' Edinburgh Journal*.]

If Burns be correct in stating that it was his nineteenth summer that he spent in Kirkoswald parish, the date of his residence there must be 1777. What seems to have suggested his going to Kirkoswald school, was the connection of his mother with that parish. She was the daughter of Gilbert Brown, farmer, of Craigenton, in this parochial division of Carrick, in which she had many friends still living, particularly a brother, Samuel Brown, who resided, in the miscellaneous capacity of farm-labourer, fisherman, and dealer in wool, at the farm-

house of Ballochneil, above a mile from the village of Kirkoswald. This Brown, though not the farmer or guidman of the place, was a person held to be in creditable circumstances in a district where the distinction between master and servant was, and still is, by no means great. His wife was the sister of Niven, the tenant, and he lived in the "chamber" or better portion of the farm-house, but was now a widower. It was with Brown that Burns lived during his attendance at Kirkoswald school, walking every morning to the village, where the little seminary of learning was situated, and returning at night.

The district into which the young poet of Kyle was thus thrown, has many features of a remarkable kind. Though situated on the shore of the Firth of Clyde, where steamers are every hour to be seen on their passage between enlightened and busy cities, it is to this day the seat of simple and patriarchal usages. Its land composed of bleak green uplands, partly cultivated and partly pastoral, was, at the time alluded to, occupied by a generation of primitive small farmers, many of whom, while preserving their native simplicity, had superadded to it some of the irregular habits arising from a concern in the trade of introducing contraband goods on the Carrick coast. Such dealings did not prevent superstition from flourishing amongst them in a degree of vigour of which no district of Scotland now presents any example. The parish has six miles of sea coast; and the village where the church and school are situated, is in a sheltered situation about a couple of miles inland.

The parish schoolmaster, Hugh Rodger, enjoyed great local fame as a teacher of mensuration and geometry, and was much employed as a practical land surveyor. On the day when Burns entered at the school, another youth, a little younger than himself, also entered. This was a native of the neighbouring town of Maybole, who having there completed a course of classical study, was now sent by his father, a respectable shopkeeper, to acquire arithmetic and mensuration under the famed mathematician of Kirkoswald. It was then the custom, when pupils of their age entered at a school, to take the master to a tavern, and complete the engagement by treating him to some liquor. Burns and the Maybole youth accordingly united to regale Rodger with a potation of ale, at a public-house in the village, kept by two gentlewomanly sort of persons named Kennedy—Jean and Anne Kennedy—the former of whom was destined to be afterwards married to immortal verse, under the appellation of *Kirton Jean*, and whose house, in consideration of some pretensions to birth or style above the common, was always called "the Leddies' House." From that time, Burns and the Maybole youth became intimate friends, insomuch, that during this summer, neither had any companion with whom he was more frequently in company than with the other. Burns was only at the village during school hours; but when his friend Willie returned to the paternal dome on Saturday nights, the poet would accompany him, and stay till it was time for both to come back to school on Monday morning. There was also an interval between the morning and afternoon meetings of the

school, which the two youths used to spend together. Instead of amusing themselves with ball or any other sport, like the rest of the scholars, they would take a walk by themselves in the outskirts of the village, and converse on subjects calculated to improve their minds. By and bye, they fell upon a plan of holding disputations or arguments on speculative questions, one taking one side, and one the other, without much regard to their respective opinions on the point, whatever it might be, the whole object being to sharpen their intellects. They asked several of their companions to come and take a side in these debates, but not one would do so; they only laughed at the young philosophers. The matter at length reached the ears of the master, who, however skilled in mathematics, possessed but a narrow understanding and little general knowledge. With all the bigotry of the old school, he conceived that this supererogatory employment of his pupils was a piece of absurdity, and he resolved to correct them in it. One day, therefore, when the school was fully met, and in the midst of its usual business, he went up to the desk where Burns and Willie were sitting opposite to each other, and began to advert in sarcastic terms to what he had heard of them. They had become great debaters, he understood, and conceived themselves fit to settle affairs of importance, which wiser heads usually let alone. He hoped their disputations would not ultimately become quarrels, and that they would never think of coming from words to blows; and so forth. The jokes of schoolmasters always succeed among the boys, who are too glad to find the awful man in anything like good-humour, to question either the moral aim or point of his wit. They, therefore, on this occasion, hailed the master's remarks with hearty peals of laughter. Nettled at this, Willie resolved he would "speak up" to Rodger; but first he asked Burns in a whisper if he would support him, which Burns promised to do. He then said that he was sorry to find that Robert and he had given offence; it had not been intended. And indeed he had expected that the master would have been rather pleased to know of their endeavours to improve their minds. He could assure him that such improvement was the sole object they had in view. Rodger sneered at the idea of their improving their minds by nonsensical discussions, and contemptuously asked what it was they disputed about. Willie replied, that generally there was a new subject every day; that he could not recollect all that had come under their attention; but the question of to-day had been—"Whether is a great general or a respectable merchant the most valuable member of society?" The dominie laughed outrageously at what he called the silliness of such a question, seeing there could be no doubt for a moment about it. "Well," said Burns, "if you think so, I will be glad if you take any side you please, and allow me to take the other, and let us discuss it before the school." Rodger most unwisely assented, and commenced the argument by a flourish in favour of the general. Burns answered by a pointed advocacy of the pretensions of the merchant, and soon had an evident superiority over his preceptor. The latter replied, but without success. His hand was observed

to shake; then his voice trembled; and he dissolved the house in a state of vexation pitiable to behold. In this anecdote who can fail to read a prognostication of future eminence to the two disputants? The one became the most illustrious poet of his country; and it is not unworthy of being mentioned in the same sentence, that the other advanced, through a career of successful industry in his native town, to the possession of a large estate in its neighbourhood, and some share of the honours usually reserved in this country for birth and aristocratic connection.

The coast in the neighbourhood of Burns's residence at Ballochneil presented a range of rustic characters upon whom his genius was destined to confer an extraordinary interest. At the farm of Shanter, on a slope overlooking the shore, not far from Turnberry castle, lived Douglas Graham, a stout hearty specimen of the Carrick farmer, a little addicted to smuggling, but withal a worthy and upright member of society, and a kind-natured man. He had a wife named Helen M'Taggart, who was addicted to superstitious beliefs and fears. The *steading* where this good couple lived is now no more, for the farm has been divided for the increase of two others in its neighbourhood; but genius has given them a perennial existence in the tale of Tam o'Shanter, where their characters are exactly delineated under the respective appellations of Tam and Kate. * * *

At Ballochneil Burns engaged heartily in the sports of leaping, dancing, wrestling, *putting* (throwing) the stone, and others of the like kind. His innate thirst for distinction and superiority was manifested in these as in more important affairs; but though he was possessed of great strength, as well as skill, he never could match his young bed-fellow, John Niven. Obligated at last to acknowledge himself beat by this person in bodily warfare, he had recourse for amends to a spiritual mode of contention, and would engage young Niven in argument upon some speculative question, when, of course, he invariably floored his antagonist. His satisfaction on these occasions is said to have been extreme. One day, as he was walking slowly along the street of the village in a manner customary to him, with his eyes bent on the ground, he was met by the Misses Biggar, the daughters of the parish pastor. He would have passed without noticing them, if one of the young ladies had not called him by his name. She then rallied him on his inattention to the fair sex, in preferring to look towards the inaninate ground, instead of seizing the opportunity afforded him of indulging in the most valuable privilege of man, that of beholding and conversing with the ladies. "Madam," said he, "it is a natural and right thing for a man to contemplate the ground, from whence *he* was taken, and for woman to look upon and observe man, from whom she was taken." This was a conceit, but it was the conceit of no vulgar boy."

There is a great fair at Kirkoswald in the beginning of August, on the same day, we believe, with a like fair at Kirkoswald in Northumberland, both places having taken their rise from the piety of one person, Oswald, a Saxon king of the Heptarchy, whose memory is probably honoured in these observances. During the

week preceding this fair, in the year 1777, Burns made overtures to his Maypole friend, Willie, for their getting up a dance, on the evening of the approaching festival, in one of the public-houses of the village, and inviting their sweethearts to it. Willie knew little at that time of dances or sweethearts; but he liked Burns, and was no enemy to amusement. He therefore consented, and it was agreed that some other young men should be requested to join in the undertaking. The dance took place as designed, the requisite music being supplied by a hired band, and about a dozen couples partook of the fun. When it was proposed to part, the reckoning was called and found to amount to eighteen shillings and fourpence. It was then discovered that almost every one present had looked to his neighbours for the means of settling this claim. Burns, the originator of the scheme, was in the poetical condition of not being master of a single penny. The rest were in a like condition, all except one, whose resources amounted to a groat, and Maypole Willie, who possessed about half-a-crown. The last individual, who alone boasted any worldly wisdom or experience, took it upon him to extricate the company from its difficulties. By virtue of a candid and sensible narration to the landlord, he induced that individual to take what they had and give credit for the remainder. The payment of the debt is not the worst part of the story. Seeing no chance from begging or borrowing, Willie resolved to gain it, if possible, by merchandise. Observing that stationery articles for the school were procured at Kirkoswald with difficulty, he supplied himself with a stock from his father's warehouse at Maypole, and for some weeks sold pens and paper to his companions with so much advantage, that at length he realised a sufficient amount of profit to liquidate the expense of the dance. Burns and he then went in triumph to the inn, and not only settled the claim to the last penny, but gave the kind-hearted host a bowl of thanks into the bargain. Willie, however, took care from that time forth to engage in no schemes for country dances without looking carefully to the probable state of the pockets of his fellow adventurers.

Burns, according to his own account, concluded his residence at Kirkoswald in a blaze of passion for a fair *filette* who lived next door to the school. At this time, owing to the destruction of the proper school of Kirkoswald, a chamber at the end of the old church, the business of parochial instruction was conducted in an apartment on the ground floor of a house in the main street of the village, opposite the churchyard. From behind the house, as from behind each of its neighbours in the same row, a small strip of kail-yard (*Anglice*, kitchen-garden) runs back about fifty yards, along a rapidly-ascending slope. When Burns went into the particular patch behind the school to take the sun's altitude, he had only to look over a low enclosure to see the similar patch connected with the next house. Here, it seems, Peggy Thompson, the daughter of the rustic occupant of that house, was walking at the time, though more probably engaged in the business of cutting a cabbage for the family dinner, than imitating the flower-gathering Proserpine, or her prototype Eve. Hence

the bewildering passion of the poet. Peggy was the theme of his "Song composed in August," beginning—

"Now westlin winds and slaughtering guns
Bring Autumn's pleasant weather."

She afterwards became Mrs. Neilson, and lived to a good age in the town of Ayr, where her children still reside.

At his departure from Kirkoswald, he engaged his Maybole friend and some other lads to keep up a correspondence with him. His object in doing so, as we may gather from his own narrative, was to improve himself in composition. "I carried this whim so far," says he, "that, though I had not three farthings' worth of business in the world, yet almost every post brought me as many letters as if I had been a broad plodding son of day-book and ledger." To Willie, in particular, he wrote often, and in the most friendly and confidential terms. When that individual was commencing business in his native town, the poet addressed him a poetical epistle of appropriate advice, headed with the well-known lines from Blair's Grave, beginning—

"Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul,
Sweetener of life and solder of society."

This correspondence continued till the period of the publication of the poems, when Burns wrote to request his friend's good offices in increasing his list of subscribers. The young man was then possessed of little influence, but what little he had he exerted with all the zeal of friendship, and with considerable success. A considerable number of copies was accordingly transmitted in proper time to his care, and soon after the poet came to Maybole to receive the money. His friend collected a few choice spirits to meet him at the King's Arms Inn, and they spent a happy night together. Burns was on this occasion particularly elated, for Willie, in the midst of their conviviality, handed over to him seven pounds, being the first considerable sum of money the poor bard had ever possessed. In the pride of his heart, next morning, he determined that he should not walk home, and accordingly he hired from his host a certain poor hack mare, well known along the whole road from Glasgow to Portpatrick—in all probability the first hired conveyance that Poet Burns had ever enjoyed, for even his subsequent journey to Edinburgh, auspicious as were the prospects under which it was undertaken, was performed on foot. Willie and a few other youths who had been in his company on the preceding night, walked out of town before him, for the purpose of taking leave at a particular spot; and before he came up they had prepared a few mock-heroic verses in which to express their 'arewell. When Burns rode up, accordingly, they saluted him in this formal manner, a little to his surprise. He thanked them, however, and instantly added, "What need of all this fine parade of verse? It would have been quite enough if you had said—

Here comes Burns,
 On Rosinante;
 She's d—— poor.
 But he's d—— canty."

The company then allowed Burns to go on his way rejoicing.

Under the humble roof of his parents it appears that our poet had great advantages; but his opportunities of information at school were more limited as to time than they usually are among his countrymen in his condition of life; and the acquisitions which he made, and the poetical talent which he exerted, under the pressure of early and incessant toil, and of inferior and perhaps scanty nutriment, testify at once the extraordinary force and activity of his mind. In his frame of body he rose nearly to five feet ten inches, and assumed the proportions that indicate agility as well as strength. In the various labours of the farm he excelled all his competitors. Gilbert Burns declares, that in mowing, the exercise that tries all the muscles most severely, Robert was the only man that, at the end of a summer's day, he was ever obliged to acknowledge as his master. But though our poet gave the powers of his body to the labours of the farm, he refused to bestow on them his thoughts or his care. While the ploughshare under his guidance passed through the sward, or the grass fell under the sweep of his scythe, he was humming the songs of his country, musing on the deeds of ancient valour, or wrapt in the illusion of fancy, as her enchantments rose on his view. Happily the Sunday is yet a sabbath, on which man and beast rest from their labours. On this day, therefore, Burns could indulge in a free intercourse with the charms of nature. It was his delight to wander alone on the banks of the Ayr, whose stream is now immortal, and to listen to the song of the blackbird at the close of the summer's day. But still greater was his pleasure, as he himself informs us, in walking on the sheltered side of a wood, in a cloudy winter day, and hearing the storm rave among the trees; and more elevated still his delight, to ascend some eminence during the agitations of nature; to stride along its summit, while the lightning flashed around him; and amidst the howlings of the tempest, to apostrophise the spirit of the storm. Such situations he declares most favourable to devotion:—"Rapt in enthusiasm, I seem to ascend towards Him *who walks on the wings of the winds!*" If other proofs were wanting of the character of his genius, this might determine it. The heart of the poet is peculiarly awake to every impression of beauty and sublimity; but with the higher order of poets the beautiful is less attractive than the sublime.

The gaiety of many of Burns's writings, and the lively and even cheerful colouring with which he has portrayed his own character, may lead some persons to suppose, that the melancholy which hung over him towards the end of his days was not an original part of his constitution. It is not to be doubted, indeed, that this melancholy acquired a darker hue in the progress of his life; but, independent of his own and of his brother's testimony, evidence is to be found among his papers,

that he was subject very early to those depressions of mind, which are, perhaps, not wholly separable from the sensibility of genius, but which in him arose to an uncommon degree. The following letter, addressed to his father, will serve as a proof of this observation. It was written at the time when he was learning the business of a flax-dresser, and is dated —

Irvine, Dec. 27, 1781.

“HONOURED SIR.—I have purposely delayed writing. in the hope that I should have the pleasure of seeing you on New-year’s day; but work comes so hard upon us, that I do not choose to be absent on that account, as well as for some other little reasons which I shall tell you at meeting. My health is nearly the same as when you were here, only my sleep is a little sounder; and on the whole I am rather better than otherwise, though I mend by very slow degrees. The weakness of my nerves has so debilitated my mind, that I dare neither review past events, nor look forward into futurity; for the least anxiety or perturbation in my breast produces most unhappy effects on my whole frame. Sometimes, indeed, when for an hour or two my spirits are a little lightened, I *glimmer* a little into futurity; but my principal, and indeed my only pleasurable employment, is looking backwards and forwards in a moral and religious way. I am quite transported at the thought, that ere long, very soon, I shall bid an eternal adieu to all the pains and uneasinesses, and disquietudes of this weary life, for I assure you I am heartily tired of it; and if I do not very much deceive myself, I could contentedly and gladly resign it.

‘The soul, uneasy and confined at home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.’

“It is for this reason I am more pleased with the 15th, 16th, and 17th verses of the 7th chapter of Revelations, than with any ten times as many verses in the whole Bible, and would not exchange the noble enthusiasm with which they inspire me, for all that this world has to offer. As for this world, I despair of ever making a figure in it. I am not formed for the bustle of the busy, nor the flutter of the gay. I shall never again be capable of entering into such scenes. Indeed, I am altogether unconcerned at the thoughts of this life. I foresee that poverty and obscurity probably await me: I am in some measure prepared, and daily preparing, to meet them. I have but just time and paper to return you my grateful thanks for the lessons of virtue and piety you have given me, which were too much neglected at the time of giving them, but which, I hope, have been remembered ere it is yet too late. Present my dutiful respects to my mother, and my compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Muir; and with wishing you a merry New-year’s day, I shall conclude.

I am, honourefl sir, your dutifull son,

ROBERT BURNS.

“P. S.—My meal is nearly out; but I am going to borrow till I get more.”

This letter, written several years before the publication of his poems, when his name was as obscure as his condition was humble, displays the philosophic melancholy which so generally forms the poetical temperament, and that buoyant and ambitious spirit, which indicates a mind conscious of its strength. At Irvine, Burns at this time possessed a single room for his lodging, and rented perhaps at the rate of a shilling a week. He passed his days in constant labour as a flax-dresser, and his food consisted chiefly of oatmeal, sent to him from his father's family. The store of this humble though wholesome nutriment it appears, was nearly exhausted, and he was about to borrow till he should obtain a supply. Yet even in this situation his active imagination had formed to itself pictures of eminence and distinction. His despair of making a figure in the world shews how ardently he wished for honourable fame; and his contempt of life, founded on this despair, is the genuine expression of a youthful and generous mind. In such a state of reflection and of suffering, the imagination of Burns naturally passed the dark boundaries of our earthly horizon, and rested on those beautiful representations of a better world, where there is neither thirst, nor hunger, nor sorrow; and where happiness shall be in proportion to the capacity of happiness.

Such a disposition is far from being at variance with social enjoyments. Those who have studied the affinities of mind know that a melancholy of this description, after a while seeks relief in the endearments of society, and that it has no distant connection with the flow of cheerfulness, or even the extravagance of mirth. It was a few days after the writing of this letter that our poet, "in giving a welcome carousal to the new year with his gay companions," suffered his flax to catch fire, and his shop to be consumed to ashes.

The energy of Burns's mind was not exhausted by his daily labours, the effusions of his muse, his social pleasures, or his solitary meditations. Some time previous to his engagement as a flax-dresser, having heard that a debating club had been established in Ayr, he resolved to try how such a meeting would succeed in the village of Tarbolton. About the end of the year 1780, our poet, his brother, and five other young peasants of the neighbourhood, formed themselves into a society of this sort, the declared objects of which were to relax themselves after toil, promote sociality and friendship, and improve the mind. The laws and regulations were furnished by Burns. The members were to meet after the labours of the day were over, once a week, in a small public-house in the village, where each should offer his opinion on a given question or subject, supporting it by such arguments as he thought proper. The debate was to be conducted with order and decorum; and after it was finished, the members were to choose a subject for discussion at the ensuing meeting. The sum expended by each was not to exceed three-pence; and, with the humble potation that this could procure, they were to toast their mistresses, and to cultivate friendship with each other. This society continued its meetings regularly for some time, and in the Autumn of 1782, wishing to preserve

some account of their proceedings, they purchased a book, into which their laws and regulations were copied, with a preamble, containing a short history of their transactions down to that period. This curious document, which is evidently the work of our poet, has been discovered, and it deserves a place in his memoirs.

"HISTORY OF THE RISE, PROCEEDINGS, AND REGULATIONS
OF THE BACHELORS' CLUB.

'Of birth or blood we do not boast,
Nor gentry does our club afford;
But ploughmen and mechanics we
In Nature's simple dress record.'

"As the great end of human society is to become wiser and better, this ought, therefore, to be the principal view of every man in every station of life. But as experience has taught us, that such studies as inform the head and mend the heart, when long continued, are apt to exhaust the faculties of the mind, it has been found proper to relieve and unbend the mind by some employment or another, that may be agreeable enough to keep its powers in exercise, but at the same time not so serious as to exhaust them. But superadded to this, by far the greater part of mankind are under the necessity of *earning the sustenance of human life by the labour of their bodies*, whereby, not only the faculties of mind, but the nerves and sinews of the body, are so fatigued, that it is absolutely necessary to have recourse to some amusement or diversion, to relieve the wearied man, worn down with the necessary labours of life.

"As the best of things, however, have been perverted to the worst of purposes, so, under the pretence of amusement and diversion, men have plunged into all the madness of riot and dissipation; and, instead of attending to the grand design of human life, they have begun with extravagance and folly, and ended with guilt and wretchedness. Impressed with these considerations, we, the following lads in the parish of Tarbolton, viz. Hugh Reid, Robert Burns, Gilbert Burns, Alexander Brown, Walter Mitchell, Thomas Wright, and William M'Gavin, resolved, for our mutual entertainment, to unite ourselves into a club, or society, under such rules and regulations, that while we should forget our cares and labours in mirth and diversion, we might not transgress the bounds of innocence and decorum; and after agreeing on these, and some other regulations, we held our first meeting at Tarbolton, in the house of John Richard, upon the evening of the 11th November, 1780, commonly called Hallowe'en, and after choosing Robert Burns president for the night, we proceeded to debate on this question: 'Suppose a young man, bred a farmer, but without any fortune, has it in his power to marry either of two women, the one a girl of large fortune, but neither handsome in person nor agreeable in conversation, but who can manage the household affairs of a farm well enough; the other of them a girl every way agreeable in person, conversation, and behaviour, but without any fortune; which of them shall he choose?' Finding ourselves very happy

in our society, we resolved to continue to meet once a month in the same house, in the way and manner proposed, and shortly thereafter we chose Robert Ritchie for another member. In May, 1781, we brought in David Sillar, and in June, Adam Jamaison, as members. About the beginning of the year 1782, we admitted Matthew Patterson and John Orr, and in June following we chose James Patterson as a proper brother for such a society. The club being thus increased, we resolved to meet at Tarbolton on the race night, the July following, and have a dance in honour of our society. Accordingly, we did meet, each one with a partner, and spent the evening in such innocence and merriment, such cheerfulness and good humour, that every brother will long remember it with pleasure and delight." To this preamble are subjoined the rules and regulations.

The philosophical mind will dwell with interest and pleasure on an institution that combined so skilfully the means of instruction and happiness; and if grandeur looks down with a smile on these simple annals, let us trust that it will be a smile of benevolence and approbation. It is with regret that the sequel of the history of the Bachelors' Club of Tarbolton must be told. It survived several years after our poet removed from Ayrshire, but no longer sustained by his talents, or cemented by his social affections, its meetings lost much of their attraction; and at length, in an evil hour, dissension arising amongst its members, the institution was given up, and the records committed to the flames. Happily, the preamble and the regulations were spared; and as matter of instruction and of example, they are transmitted to posterity.

After the family of our bard removed from Tarbolton to the neighbourhood of Mauchline, he and his brother were requested to assist in forming a similar institution there. The regulations of the club at Mauchline were nearly the same as those of the club at Tarbolton; but one laudable alteration was made. The fines for non-attendance had at Tarbolton been spent in enlarging their scanty potations: at Mauchline it was fixed that the money so arising should be set apart for the purchase of books, and the first work procured in this manner was the *Mirror*, the separate numbers of which were at that time recently collected and published in volumes. After it followed a number of other works, chiefly of the same nature, and among these the *Lounger*. The society of Mauchline still (1800) subsists, and appeared in the list of subscribers to the first edition of the works of its celebrated associate.

The members of these two societies were originally all young men from the country, and chiefly sons of farmers—a description of persons, in the opinion of our poet, more agreeable in their manners, more virtuous in their conduct, and more susceptible of improvement, than the self-sufficient mechanics of country towns. With deference to the Conversation Society of Mauchline, it may be doubted, whether the books which they purchased were of a kind best adapted to promote the interest and happiness of persons in this situation of life. The *Mirror* and the *Lounger*, though works of great merit, may be said, on

a general view of their contents, to be less calculated to increase the knowledge than to refine the taste of those who read them ; and to this last object their morality itself, which is, however, always perfectly pure, may be considered as subordinate. As works of taste, they deserve great praise. They are, indeed, refined to a high degree of delicacy ; and to this circumstance it is perhaps owing, that they exhibit little or nothing of the peculiar manners of the age or country in which they were produced. But delicacy of taste, though the source of many pleasures, is not without some disadvantages, and to render it desirable, the possessor should, perhaps, in all cases, be raised above the necessity of bodily labour, unless, indeed, we should include under this term the exercise of the imitative arts, over which taste immediately presides. Delicacy of taste may be a blessing to him who has the disposal of his own time, and who can choose what book he shall read, of what diversion he shall partake, and what company he shall keep. To men so situated, the cultivation of taste affords a grateful occupation in itself, and opens a path to many other gratifications. To men of genius, in the possession of opulence and leisure, the cultivation of the taste may be said to be essential : since it affords employment to those faculties, which without employment, would destroy the happiness of the possessor, and corrects that morbid sensibility, or, to use the expressions of Mr. Hume, that delicacy of passion, which is the bane of the temperament of genius. Happy had it been for our bard, after he emerged from the condition of a peasant, had the delicacy of his taste equalled the sensibility of his passions, regulating all the effusions of his muse, and presiding over all his social enjoyments. But to the thousands who share the original condition of Burns, and who are doomed to pass their lives in the station in which they were born, delicacy of taste, were it even of easy attainment, would, if not a positive evil, be at least a doubtful blessing. Delicacy of taste may make many necessary labours irksome or disgusting ; and should it render the cultivator of the soil unhappy in his situation, it presents no means by which that situation may be improved. Taste and literature, which diffuse so many charms throughout society, which sometimes secure to their votaries distinction while living, and which still more frequently obtain for them posthumous fame, seldom procure opulence, or even independence, when cultivated with the utmost attention, and can scarcely be pursued with advantage by the peasant in the short intervals of leisure which his occupations allow. Those who raise themselves from the condition of daily labour, are usually men who excel in the practice of some useful art, or who join habits of industry and sobriety to an acquaintance with some of the more common branches of knowledge. The penmanship of Butterworth, and the arithmetic of Cocker, may be studied by men in the humblest walks of life ; and they will assist the peasant more in the pursuit of independence than the study of Homer or of Shakespeare, though he could comprehend and even imitate the beauties of those immortal bards.

These observations are not offered without some portion of

doubt and hesitation. The subject has many relations, and would justify an ample discussion. It may be observed, on the other hand, that the first step to improvement is, to awaken the desire of improvement, and that this will be most effectually done by such reading as interests the heart and excites the imagination. The greater part of the sacred writings themselves, which in Scotland are more especially the manual of the poor, come under this description. It may be further observed, that every human being is the proper judge of his own happiness, and, within the path of innocence, ought to be permitted to pursue it. Since it is the taste of the Scottish peasantry to give a preference to works of taste and of fancy, it may be presumed they find a superior gratification in the perusal of such works; and it may be added, that it is of more consequence they should be made happy in their original condition, than furnished with the means, or with the desire, of rising above it. Such considerations are, doubtless, of much weight; nevertheless, the previous reflections may deserve to be examined, and here we shall leave the subject.

Though the records of the society at Tarbolton are lost, and those of the society at Mauchline have not been transmitted, yet we may safely affirm, that our poet was a distinguished member of both these associations, which were well calculated to excite and to develop the powers of his mind. From seven to twelve persons constituted the society of Tarbolton, and such a number is best suited to the purposes of information. Where this is the object of these societies, the number should be such, that each person may have an opportunity of imparting his sentiments, as well as of receiving those of others; and the powers of private conversation are to be employed, not those of public debate. A limited society of this kind, where the subject of conversation is fixed beforehand, so that each member may revolve it previously in his mind, is perhaps one of the happiest contrivances hitherto discovered for shortening the acquisition of knowledge, and hastening the evolution of talents. Such an association requires, indeed, somewhat more of regulation than the rules of politeness, established in common conversation, or rather, perhaps, it requires that the rules of politeness, which in unregulated conversation are liable to perpetual violation, should be vigorously enforced. The order of speech established in the club at Tarbolton appears to have been more regular than was required in so small a society; where all that is necessary seems to be the fixing on a member to whom every speaker shall address himself, and who shall in return secure the speaker from interruption. Conversation, which among men whom intimacy and friendship have relieved from reserve and restraint, is liable, when left to itself, to so many inequalities, and which, as it becomes rapid, so often diverges into separate and collateral branches, in which it is dissipated and lost, being kept within its channel by a simple limitation of this kind, which practice renders easy and familiar, flows along in one full stream, and becomes smoother, and clearer, and deeper, as it flows. It may also be observed, that in this way the acquisition of knowledge

becomes more pleasant and more easy, from the gradual improvement of the faculty employed to convey it. Though some attention has been paid to the eloquence of the senate and the bar, which in this, as in all other free governments, is productive of so much influence to the few who excel in it yet little regard has been paid to the humbler exercise of speech in private conversation—an art that is of consequence to every description of persons under every form of government, and on which eloquence of every kind ought perhaps to be founded.

The first requisite of every kind of elocution, a distinct utterance, is the offspring of much time and of long practice. Children are always defective in clear articulation, and so are young people, though in a less degree. What is called slurring a speech, prevails with some persons through life, especially in those who are taciturn. Articulation does not seem to reach its utmost degree of distinctness in men before the age of twenty, or upwards; in women it reaches this point somewhat earlier. Female occupations require much use of speech, because their duties are in detail. Besides their occupations being generally sedentary, the respiration is left at liberty. Their nerves being more delicate, their sensibility as well as fancy is more lively; the natural consequence of which is, a more frequent utterance of thought, a greater fluency of speech, and a distinct articulation at an earlier age. But in men who have not mingled early and familiarly with the world, though rich perhaps in knowledge, and clear in apprehension, it is often painful to observe the difficulty with which their ideas are communicated by speech, through the want of those habits that connect thoughts, words, and sounds together; which, when established, seem as if they had arisen spontaneously, but which, in truth, are the result of long and painful practice; and when analysed, exhibit the phenomena of most curious and complicated association.

Societies, then, such as we have been describing, while they may be said to put each member in possession of the knowledge of all the rest, improve the powers of utterance; and by the collision of opinion, excite the faculties of reason and reflection. To those who wish to improve their minds in such intervals of labour as the condition of a peasant allows, this method of abbreviating instruction, may, under proper regulations, be highly useful. To the student, whose opinions, springing out of solitary observation and meditation, are seldom in the first instance correct, and which have, notwithstanding, while confined to himself, an increasing tendency to assume in his own eye the character of demonstrations, an association of this kind, where they may be examined as they arise, is of the utmost importance; since it may prevent those illusions of imagination, by which genius being bewildered, science is often debased, and error propagated through successive generations. And to men who having cultivated letters, or general science, in the course of their education, are engaged in the active occupations of life, and no longer able to devote to study or to books the time requisite for improving or preserving their acquisitions, associations of this kind, where the mind may unbend from its usual

JEAN ARMOUR.

cares in discussions of literature or science, afford the most pleasing, the most useful, and the most rational of gratifications.

Whether in the humble societies of which he was a member, Burns acquired much direct information, may perhaps be questioned. It cannot, however, be doubted, that by collision, the faculties of his mind would be excited; that by practice his habits of enunciation would be established; and thus we have some explanation of that early command of words and of expression which enabled him to pour forth his thoughts in language not unworthy of his genius, and which, of all his endowments, seemed, on his appearance in Edinburgh, the most extraordinary. For associations of a literary nature, our poet acquired a considerable relish; and happy had it been for him, after he emerged from the condition of a peasant, if fortune had permitted him to enjoy them in the degree of which he was capable, so as to have fortified his principles of virtue by the purification of his taste; and given to the energies of his mind habits of exertion that might have excluded other associations, in which it must be acknowledged they were too often wasted, as well as debased.

[The allusions in Burns's letter, and that of his brother, to his connection with Jean Armour, afford but a vague account of that affair; and it seems necessary that some farther and clearer particulars should be given now.]

John Blane reports the following interesting circumstances respecting the attachment of the poet to Miss Armour:—There was a singing-school at Mauchline, which Blane attended. Jean Armour was also a pupil, and he soon became aware of her talents as a vocalist. He even contracted a kind of attachment to this young woman, though only such as a country lad of his degree might entertain for the daughter of a substantial country mason. One night, there was a *rocking* at Moss-gie, where a lad named Ralph Sillar sang a number of songs in what was considered a superior style. When Burns and Blane were retired to their usual sleeping place in the stable-loft, the former asked the latter what he thought of Sillar's singing, to which Blane answered that the lad thought so much of it himself, and had so many airs about it, that there was no occasion for others expressing a favourable opinion—yet, he added, "I would not give Jean Armour for a score of him." "You are always talking of this Jean Armour," said Burns; "I wish you could contrive to bring me to see her." Blane readily consented to do so, and next evening, after the plough was loosed, the two proceeded to Mauchline for that purpose. Burns went into a public-house, and Blane went into the singing-school, which chanced to be kept in the floor above. When the school was dismissing, Blane asked Jean Armour if she would come to see Robert Burns, who was below and anxious to speak to her. Having heard of his poetical talents, she said she would like much to see him, but was afraid to go without a female companion. This difficulty being overcome by the frankness of a Miss Morton—the Miss Morton of the Six Mauchline Belles—

Jean went down to the room where Burns was sitting. "From that time," Blane adds very naively, "I had little of the company of Jean Armour."

Here for the present ends the story of Blane. The results of Burns's acquaintance with Jean have been already in part detailed. When her pregnancy could be no longer concealed, the poet, under the influence of honourable feeling, gave her a written paper, in which he acknowledged his being her husband—a document sufficient to constitute a marriage in Scotland, if not in the eye of decency, at least in that of law. But her father, from a dislike to Burns, whose theological satires had greatly shocked him, and from hopelessness of his being able to support her as a husband, insisted that she should destroy this paper, and remain as an unmarried woman.

Some violent scenes ensued. The parents were enraged at the imprudence of their daughter, and at Burns. The daughter, trembling beneath their indignation, could ill resist the command to forget and abandon her lover. He, in his turn, was filled with the extremest anguish when informed that she had given him up. Another event occurred to add to the torments of the unhappy poet. Jean, to avoid the immediate pressure of her father's displeasure, went, about the month of May, (1786,) to Paisley, and took refuge with a relation of her mother, one Andrew Purdie, a wright. There was at Paisley a certain Robert Wilson, a good-looking young weaver, a native of Mauchline, and who was realising wages to the amount of three pounds a-week by his then flourishing profession. Jean Armour had danced with this "gallant weaver" at the Mauchline dancing-school balls, and, besides her relative Purdie, she knew no other person in Paisley. Being in much need of a small supply of money, she found it necessary to apply to Mr. Wilson, who received her kindly, although he did not conceal that he had a suspicion of the reason of her visit to Paisley. When the reader is reminded that village life is not the sphere in which high-brought and romantic feelings are most apt to flourish, he will be prepared in some measure to learn that Robert Wilson not only relieved the necessities of the fair applicant, but formed the wish to possess himself of her hand. He called for her several times at Purdie's, and informed her, that if she should not become the wife of Burns, he would engage himself to none while she remained unmarried. Mrs. Burns long after assured a female friend that she never gave the least encouragement to Wilson: but, nevertheless, his visits occasioned some gossip, which soon found its way to Mauchline, and entered the soul of the poet like a demoniac possession. He now seems to have regarded her as lost to him for ever, and that not purely through the objections of her relations, but by her own cruel and perjured desertion of one whom she had acknowledged as her husband. It requires these particulars, little as there may be of pleasing about them, to make us fully understand much of what Burns wrote at this time, both in verse and prose. Long afterwards, he became convinced that Jean, by no part of her conduct with respect to Wilson, had given him just cause for jealousy. It is

improbable that he learned in time to make it the subject of sport, and wrote the song, "Where Cart rins rowing to the sea," in jocular allusion to it. But for months—and it is distressing to think that these were the months during which he was putting his matchless poems for the first time to press—he conceived himself the victim of a faithless woman, and life was to him, as he himself describes it,—

———"a weary dream,
The dream of aye that never wauks."

In a letter, dated June 12, 1786, he says, "Poor ill-advised ungrateful Armour, came home on Friday last. You have heard all the particulars of that affair, and a black affair it is. What she thinks of her conduct now, I don't know; one thing I do know, she has made me completely miserable. Never man loved, or rather adored, a woman more than I did her; and, to confess a truth, between you and me, I do love her still to distraction, after all, though I won't tell her so if I were to see her, which I don't want to do. * * May Almighty God forgive her ingratitude and perjury to me, as I from my very soul forgive her." On the 9th of July he writes—"I have waited on Armour since her return home, not from the least view of reconciliation, but merely to ask for her health, and—to you I will confess it—from a foolish hankering fondness—very ill placed indeed. The mother forbade me the house, nor did Jean show the penitence that might have been expected. However, the priest, I am informed, will give me a certificate as a single man, if I comply with the rules of the church, which for that very reason I intend to do. I am going to put on sackcloth and ashes this day. I am indulged so far as to appear in my own seat. *Peccavi, pater, miserere mei.*"

In a letter of July 17, to Mr. David Brice, of Glasgow, the poet thus continues his story:—"I have already appeared publicly in church, and was indulged in the liberty of standing in my own seat." Jean and her friends insisted much that she should stand along with me in the kirk, but the minister would not allow it, which bred a great trouble, I assure you, and I am blamed as the cause of it, though I am sure I am innocent; but I am very much pleased for all that, not to have had her company." And again, July 30—"Armour has got a warrant to throw me in jail till I find security for an enormous sum. This they keep an entire secret, but I got it by a channel they little dream of; and I am wandering from one friend's house to another, and, like a true son of the gospel, 'have nowhere to lay my head.' I know you will pour an execration on her head, but spare the poor ill-advised girl, for my sake; though may all the furies that rend the injured, enraged lover's bosom, await her mother until her latest hour! I write in a moment of rage, reflecting on my miserable situation—exiled, abandoned, forlorn."

In this dark period, or immediately before it, (July 22,) the poet signed an instrument, in anticipation of his immediately leaving the kingdom, by which he devised all property of what-

ever kind he might leave behind, including the copyright of his poems, to his brother Gilbert, in consideration of the latter having undertaken to support his daughter Elizabeth, the issue of "Elizabeth Paton in Largside." Intimation of this instrument was publicly made at the Cross of Ayr, two days after, by William Chalmers, writer. If he had been upon better terms with the Armours, it seems unlikely that he would have thus devised his property without a respect for the claims of his offspring by Jean.

After this we hear no more of the legal severities of Mr. Armour—the object of which was, not to abridge the liberty of the unfortunate Burns, but to drive him away from the country, so as to leave Jean more effectually disengaged. The POEMS now appeared, and probably had some effect in allaying the hostility of the old man towards their author. It would, at least, appear that, at the time of Jean's accouchement, September 3rd, the "skulking" had ceased, and the parents of the young woman were not so cruel as to forbid his seeing her. We now resume the story of John Blane.

At this time Blane had removed from Mossiel to Mauchline, and become servant to Mr. Gavin Hamilton; but Burns still remembered their old acquaintance. When, in consequence of information sent by the Armours as to Jean's situation, the poet came from Mossiel to visit her, he called in passing at Mr. Hamilton's, and asked John to accompany him to the house. Blane went with him to Mr. Armour's, where, according to his recollection, the bard was received with all desirable civility. Jean held up a pretty female infant to Burns, who took it affectionately in his arms, and, after keeping it a little while, returned it to the mother, asking the blessing of God Almighty upon her and her infant. He was turning away to converse with the other people in the room, when Jean said archly, "But this is not all—here is another baby," and handed him a male child, which had been born at the same time. He was greatly surprised, but took that child too for a little time into his arms, and repeated his blessing upon it. (This child was afterwards named Robert, and still lives: the girl was named Jean, but only lived fourteen months.) The mood of the melancholy poet then changed to the mirthful, and the scene was concluded by his giving the ailing lady a hearty caress, and rallying her on this promising beginning of her history as a mother.

It would appear, from the words used by the poet on this occasion, that he was not without hope of yet making good his matrimonial alliance with Jean. This is rendered the more likely by the evidence which exists of his having, for some time during September, entertained a hope of obtaining an excise appointment, through his friends Hamilton and Aiken; in which case he would have been able to present a respectable claim upon the countenance of the Armours. But this prospect ended in disappointment; and there is reason to conclude, that in a very short time after the accouchement, he was once more forbidden to visit the house in which his children and *all but wife* resided. There was at this time a person named John Kennedy, who

travelled the district on horseback as mercantile agent, and was on intimate terms with Burns. One day, as he was passing Mossiel, Burns stopped him and made the request that he would return to Mauchline with a present for "his poor wife." Kennedy consented, and the poet hoisted upon the pommel of the saddle a bag filled with the delicacies of the farm. He proceeded to Mr. Armour's house, and requested permission to see Jean, as the bearer of a message and a present from Robert Burns. Mrs. Armour violently protested against his being admitted to an interview, and bestowed upon him sundry unceremonious appellations for being the friend of such a man; she was, however, overruled in this instance by her husband, and Kennedy was permitted to enter the apartment where Jean was lying. He had not been there many minutes, when he heard a rushing and screaming in the stair, and, immediately after, Burns burst into the room, followed closely by the Armours, who seemed to have exhausted their strength in endeavouring to repel his intrusion. Burns flew to the bed, and putting his cheek to Jean's, and then in succession to those of the slumbering infants, wept bitterly. The Armours, it is added by Kennedy, who has himself reported the circumstance, remained unaffected by his distress; but whether he was allowed to remain for a short time, or immediately after expelled, is not mentioned. After hearing this affecting anecdote of Burns, the LAMENT may verily appear to us as arising from—

"No idly feign'd poetic pains."

The whole course of the Ayr is fine; but the banks of that river, as it bends to the eastward above Mauchline, are singularly beautiful, and they were frequented, as may be imagined, by our poet in his solitary walks. Here the muse often visited him. In one of these wanderings, he met among the woods a celebrated beauty of the west of Scotland—a lady, of whom it is said that the charms of her person correspond with the character of her mind. This incident gave rise, as might be expected, to a poem, of which an account will be found in the following letter, in which he enclosed it to the object of his inspiration:—

"To Miss ———."

"*Mossiel, November 18, 1786.*

"MADAM.—Poets are such outré beings, so much the children of wayward fancy and capricious whim, that I believe the world generally allows them a larger latitude in the laws of propriety than the sober sons of judgment and prudence. I mention this as an apology for the liberties that a nameless stranger has taken with you in the enclosed poem, which he begs leave to present you with. Whether it has poetical merit any way worthy of the theme, I am not the proper judge, but it is the best my abilities can produce; and, what to a good heart will perhaps be a superior grace, 'tis equally sincere as fervent.

"The scenery was nearly taken from real life, though I dare say, madam, you do not recollect it, as I believe you scarcely noticed the poetic *revoir* as he wandered by you. I had roved

as chance directed, in the favourite haunts of my muse, on the bank of the Ayr, to view nature in all the gaiety of the vernal year. The evening sun was flaming over the distant western hills: not a breath stirred the crimson opening blossom, or the verdant spreading leaf. It was a golden moment for a poetic heart. I listened to the feathered warblers, pouring their harmony on every hand, with a congenial kindred regard, and frequently turned out of my path, lest I should disturb their little songs, or frighten them to another station. Surely, said I to myself, he must be a wretch indeed, who, regardless of your harmonious endeavours to please him, can eye your elusive flights to discover your secret recesses, and to rob you of all the property nature gives you, your dearest comforts, your helpless nestlings. Even the hoary hawthorn twig that shot across the way, what heart at such a time but must have been interested in its welfare, and wished it preserved from the rudely-browsing cattle, or the withering eastern blast? Such was the scene, and such the hour, when in a corner of my prospect I spied one of the fairest pieces of nature's workmanship that ever crowned a poetic landscape, or met a poet's eye; those visionary bards excepted who hold commerce with aerial beings! Had calumny and villany taken my walk, they had at that moment sworn eternal peace with such an object.

"What an hour of inspiration for a poet! It would have raised plain, dull, historic prose into metaphor and measure.

"The enclosed song was the work of my return home; and perhaps it but poorly answers what might have been expected from such a scene. * * * * *

"I have the honour to be, madam, your most obedient, and very humble servant,

"ROBERT BURNS."

Tw'as even—the dewy fields were green
On every blade the pearls hang:
The zephyr wanton'd round the bean,
And bore its fragrant sweets along
In every glen the mavis sang,
All nature list'ning seemed the while,
Except where greenwood echoes rang,
Among the braes of Ballochmyle.

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

Fair is the morn in flowery May,
 And sweet is night in Autumn mild;
 When roving through the garden gay,
 Or wandering in the lonely wild:
 But woman, Nature's darling child!
 There all her charms she does compile
 Even there her other works are foild
 By the bonny lass of Ballochmyle.

Oh, had she been a country maid,
 And I the happy country swain!
 Though sheltered in the lowest shed
 That ever rose on Scotland's plain;
 Through weary winter's wind and rain,
 With joy, 'with rapture I would toil;
 And nightly to my bosom strain
 The bonny lass of Ballochmyle.

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

In the manuscript book in which our poet has recounted this incident, and into which the letter and poem are copied, he complains that the lady made no reply to his effusions, and this appears to have wounded his self-love. It is not, however, difficult to find an excuse for her silence. Burns was at this time little known; and, where known at all, noted rather for the wild strength of his humour, than for those strains of tenderness in which he afterwards so much excelled. To the lady herself his name had, perhaps, never been mentioned, and of such a poem she might not consider herself as the proper judge. Her modesty might prevent her from perceiving that the muse of Tibullus breathed in this nameless poet, and that her beauty was awakening strains destined to immortality on the banks of the Ayr. It may be conceived, also, that, supposing the verse duly appreciated, delicacy might find it difficult to express its acknowledgments. The fervent imagination of the rustic bard possessed more of tenderness than of respect. Instead of raising himself to the condition of the object of his admiration, he presumed to reduce her to his own, and to strain this high-born beauty to his daring bosom. It is true, Burns might have found precedents for such freedoms among the poets of Greece and Rome and, indeed, of every country. And it is not to be

denied, that lovely women have generally submitted to this sort of profanation with patience, and even with good humour. To what purpose is it to repine at a misfortune which is the necessary consequence of their own charms, or to remonstrate with a description of men who are incapable of control?

“The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact.”

It may be easily presumed, that the beautiful nymph or Ballochmyle, whoever she may have been, did not reject with scorn the adorations of our poet, though she received them with silent modesty and dignified reserve.

The sensibility of our bard's temper, and the force of his imagination, exposed him, in a particular manner, to the impressions of beauty; and these qualities, united to his impassioned eloquence, gave him in turn a powerful influence over the female heart. The banks of the Ayr formed the scene of youthful passions of a still tenderer nature, the history of which it would be improper to reveal, were it even in our power; and the traces of which will soon be discoverable only in those strains of nature and sensibility to which they gave birth. The song entitled *Highland Mary*, is known to relate to one of these attachments. “It was written,” says our bard, “on one of the most interesting passages of my youthful days.” The object of this passion died in early life, and the impression left on the mind of Burns seems to have been deep and lasting. Several years afterwards, when he was removed to Nithsdale, he gave vent to the sensibility of his recollections in the following impassioned lines. In the manuscript book from which we extract them they are addressed to *To Mary in Heaven*!

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

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

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

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

To the delineations of the poet by himself, by his brother, and by his tutor, these additions are necessary, in order that the reader may see his character in its various aspects, and may have an opportunity of forming a just notion of the variety, as well as of the power of his original genius.

We have dwelt the longer on the early part of his life, because it is the least known, and because, as has already been mentioned, this part of his history is connected with some views of the condition and manners of the humblest ranks of society, hitherto little observed, and which will perhaps be found neither useless nor uninteresting.

About the time of his leaving his native country, his correspondence commences; and in the series of letters given to the world, the chief incidents of the remaining part of his life will be found. The authentic, though melancholy record, will supersede the necessity of any extended narrative.

Burns set out for Edinburgh in the month of November, 1786. He was furnished with a letter of introduction to Dr. Blacklock from the gentleman to whom the doctor had addressed the letter which is represented by our bard as the immediate cause of his visiting the Scottish metropolis. He was acquainted with Mr. Stewart, Professor of Moral Philosophy in the university, and had been entertained by that gentleman at Catrine, his estate in Ayrshire. He had been introduced by Mr. Alexander Dalzeil to the Earl of Glencairn, who had expressed his high approbation of his poetical talents. He had friends, therefore, who could introduce him into the circles of literature as well as of fashion, and his own manners and appearance exceeding every expectation that could have been formed of them, he soon became an object of general curiosity and admiration. The following circumstance contributed to this in a remarkable degree:—At the

time when Burns arrived in Edinburgh, the periodical paper, entitled the *Lounger*, was publishing, every Saturday producing a successive number. His poems had attracted the notice of the gentlemen engaged in that undertaking, and the ninety-seventh number of those unequal, though frequently beautiful essays, is devoted to An Account of Robert Burns, the Ayrshire Ploughman, with Extracts from his Poems, written by the elegant pen of Mr. Mackenzie. The *Lounger* had an extensive circulation among persons of taste and literature, not in Scotland only, but in various parts of England, to whose acquaintance, therefore, our bard was immediately introduced. The paper of Mr. Mackenzie was calculated to introduce him advantageously. The extracts are well selected; the criticisms and reflections are judicious as well as generous; and in the style and sentiments there is that happy delicacy, by which the writings of the author are so eminently distinguished. The extracts from Burns's poems in the ninety-seventh number of the *Lounger*, were copied into the *London* as well as into many of the provincial papers, and the fame of our bard spread throughout the island. Of the manners, character, and conduct of Burns at this period, the following account has been given by Mr. Stewart, Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, in a letter to the Editor, which he is particularly happy to have obtained permission to insert in these memoirs:—

“The first time I saw Robert Burns was on the 23rd of October, 1786, when he dined at my house in Ayrshire, together with our common friend Mr. John Mackenzie, surgeon in Mauchline, to whom I am indebted for the pleasure of his acquaintance. I am enabled to mention the date particularly, by some verses which Burns wrote after he returned home, and in which the day of our meeting is recorded. My excellent and much-lamented friend, the late Basil, Lord Daer, happened to arrive at Catrine the same day, and by the kindness and frankness of his manners, left an impression on the mind of the poet which was never effaced. The verses I allude to are among the most imperfect of his pieces; but a few stanzas may perhaps be an object of curiosity to you, both on account of the character to which they relate, and of the light which they throw on the situation and feelings of the writer, before his name was known to the public.

I cannot positively say, at this distance of time, whether, at the period of our first acquaintance, the *Kilmarnock* edition of his poems had been just published, or was yet in the press. I suspect that the latter was the case, as I have still in my possession copies in his own handwriting of some of his favourite performances; particularly of his *Verses on Turning up a Mouse* with his *Plough*; the *Mountain Daisy*; and the *Lament*. On my return to Edinburgh, I showed the volume, and mentioned what I knew of the author's history, to several of my friends, and among others to Mr. Henry Mackenzie, who first recommended him to public notice in the ninety-seventh number of *The Lounger*.

"At this time Burns's prospects in life were so extremely gloomy, that he had seriously formed a plan of going out to Jamaica in a very humble situation; not, however, without lamenting that his want of patronage should force him to think of a project so repugnant to his feelings, when his ambition aimed at no higher an object than the station of an exciseman or gauger in his own country.

"His manners were then, as they continued ever afterwards, simple, manly, and independent; strongly expressive of conscious genius and worth, but without anything that indicated forwardness, arrogance, or vanity. He took his share in conversation, but not more than belonged to him; and listened with apparent attention and deference on subjects where his want of education deprived him of the means of information. If there had been a little more of gentleness and accommodation in his temper, he would, I think, have been still more interesting, but he had been accustomed to give law in the circle of his ordinary acquaintance; and his dread of anything approaching to meanness or servility rendered his manner somewhat decided and hard. Nothing, perhaps, was more remarkable among his varied attainments, than the fluency, and precision, and originality of his language, when he spoke in company; more particularly as he aimed at purity in his turn of expression, and avoided more successfully than most Scotchmen the peculiarities of Scottish phraseology.

"He came to Edinburgh early in the winter following, and remained there for several months. By whose advice he took this step I am unable to say. Perhaps it was suggested only by his own curiosity to see a little more of the world; but, I confess, I dreaded the consequences from the first, and always wished that his pursuits and habits should continue the same as in the former part of his life—with the addition of, what I considered as then completely within his reach, a good farm, on moderate terms, in a part of the country which was agreeable to his taste.

"The attentions he received during his stay in town from all ranks and descriptions of persons, were such as would have turned any head but his own. I cannot say that I could perceive any unfavourable effect which they left on his mind. He retained the same simplicity of manners and appearance which had struck me so forcibly when I first saw him in the country; nor did he seem to feel any additional self-importance from the number and rank of his new acquaintance. His dress was perfectly suited to his station, plain and unpretending, with a sufficient attention to neatness. If I recollect right, he always wore boots; and when on more than usual ceremony, buckskin breeches.

"The variety of his engagements, while in Edinburgh, prevented me from seeing him so often as I could have wished. In the course of the spring he called on me once or twice, at my request, early in the morning, and walked with me to Braid Hills, in the neighbourhood of the town, when he charmed me still more by his private conversation than he had ever done in

company. He was passionately fond of the beauties of nature; and I recollect once he told me, when I was admiring a distant prospect in one of our morning walks, that the sight of so many smoking cottages gave a pleasure to his mind, which none could understand who had not witnessed, like himself, the happiness and the worth which they contained.

"In his political principles he was then a Jacobite; which was perhaps owing partly to this, that his father was originally from the estate of Lord Mareschal. Indeed, he did not appear to have thought much on such subjects, nor very consistently. He had a very strong sense of religion, and expressed deep regret at the levity with which he had heard it treated occasionally in some convivial meetings which he frequented. I speak of him as he was in the winter of 1786-7; for afterwards we met but seldom, and our conversations turned chiefly on his literary projects, or his private affairs.

"I do not recollect whether it appears or not from any of your letters to me that you had ever seen Burns. If you have, it is superfluous for me to add, that the idea which his conversation conveyed of the powers of his mind, exceeded, if possible, that which is suggested by his writings. Among the poets whom I have happened to know, I have been struck, in more than one instance, with the unaccountable disparity between their general talents and the occasional inspirations of their more favoured moments. But all the faculties of Burns's mind were, as far as I could judge, equally vigorous; and his predilection for poetry was rather the result of his own enthusiastic and impassioned temper, than of a genius exclusively adapted to that species of composition. From his conversation I should have pronounced him to be fitted to excel in whatever walk of ambition he had chosen to exert his abilities.

"Among the subjects on which he was accustomed to dwell, the characters of the individuals whom he happened to meet, was plainly a favourite one. The remarks he made on them were always shrewd and pointed, though frequently inclining too much to sarcasm. His praise of those he loved was sometimes indiscriminate and extravagant; but this, I suspect, proceeded rather from the caprice and humour of the moment, than from the effects of attachment in blinding his judgment. His wit was ready, and always impressed with the marks of a vigorous understanding; but to my taste, not often pleasing or happy. His attempts at epigram, in his printed works, are the only performances, perhaps, that he has produced totally unworthy of his genius.

"In summer 1787, I passed some weeks in Ayrshire, and saw Burns occasionally. I think that he made a pretty long excursion that season to the Highlands, and that he also visited what Beattie calls the Arcadian ground of Scotland, upon the banks of the Teviot and the Tweed.

"I should have mentioned before, that, notwithstanding various reports I heard during the preceding winter, of Burns's predilection for convivial, and not very select society, I should have concluded in favour of his habits of sobriety, from all of him

that ever fell under my own observation. He told me indeed himself, that the weakness of his stomach was such, as to deprive him entirely of any merit in his temperance. I was, however, somewhat alarmed about the effect of his now comparatively sedentary and luxurious life, when he confessed to me, the first night he spent in my house after his winter's campaign in town, that he had been much disturbed when in bed by a palpitation at his heart, which, he said, was a complaint to which he had of late become subject.

"In the course of the same season, I was led by curiosity to attend for an hour or two a Mason Lodge in Mauchline, where Burns presided. He had occasion to make some short unpremeditated compliments to different individuals from whom he had no reason to expect a visit, and everything he said was happily conceived, and forcibly as well as fluently expressed. If I am not mistaken, he told me, that in that village, before going to Edinburgh, he had belonged to a small club of such of the inhabitants as had a taste for books, when they used to converse and debate on any interesting questions that occurred to them in the course of their reading. His manner of speaking in public had evidently the marks of some practice in extempore elocution.

"I must not omit to mention, what I have always considered as characteristic in a high degree of true genius, the extreme facility and good-nature of his taste, in judging of the compositions of others, where there was any real ground for praise. I repeated to him many passages of English poetry with which he was unacquainted, and have more than once witnessed the tears of admiration and rapture with which he heard them. The collection of songs by Dr. Aikin, which I first put into his hands, he read with unmixed delight, notwithstanding his former efforts in that very difficult species of writing; and I have little doubt that it had some effect in polishing his subsequent compositions.

"In judging of prose, I do not think his taste was equally sound. I once read to him a passage or two in Franklin's works, which I thought very happily executed, upon the model of Addison; but he did not appear to relish, or to perceive the beauty which they derived from their exquisite simplicity, and spoke of them with indifference, when compared with the point, and antithesis, and quaintness of Junius. The influence of this taste is very perceptible in his own prose compositions, although their great and various excellences render some of them scarcely less objects of wonder than his poetical performances. The late Dr. Robertson used to say, that considering his education, the former seemed to him the more extraordinary of the two.

"His memory was uncommonly retentive, at least for poetry, of which he recited to me frequently long compositions with the most minute accuracy. They were chiefly ballads, and other pieces in our Scottish dialect; great part of them, he told me, he had learned in his childhood from his mother, who delighted in such recitations, and whose poetical taste, rude as it probably was, gave, it is presumable, the first direction to her son's genius.

"Of the more polished verses which accidentally fell into his hands in his early years, he mentioned particularly the recommendatory poems by different authors, prefixed to Hervey's *Meditations*, a book which has always had a very wide circulation among such of the country people of Scotland as affect to unite some degree of taste with their religious studies. And these poems (although they are certainly below mediocrity,) he continued to read with a degree of rapture beyond expression. He took notice of this fact himself, as a proof how much the taste is liable to be influenced by accidental circumstances.

"His father appeared to me, from the account he gave of him, to have been a respectable and worthy character, possessed of a mind superior to what might have been expected from his station in life. He ascribed much of his own principles and feelings to the early impressions he had received from his instructions and example. I recollect that he once applied to *him* (and he added, that the passage was a literal statement of the fact,) the two last lines of the following passage in the *Minstrel*, the whole of which he repeated with great enthusiasm :—

' Shall I be left forgotten in the dust,
 When fate, relenting, lets the flower revive;
 Shall Nature's voice, to man alone unjust,
 Bid him, though doom'd to perish, hope to live!
 Is it for this fair virtue oft must strive
 With disappointment, penury, and pain?
 No! Heaven's immortal spring shall yet arrive,
 And man's majestic beauty bloom again,
 Bright through th' eternal year of love's triumphant
 reign.
This truth sublime his simple sire had taught:
In sooth, 'twas almost all the shepherd knew.

"With respect to Burns's early education, I cannot say anything with certainty. He always spoke with respect and gratitude of the schoolmaster who had taught him to read English, and who, finding in his scholar a more than ordinary ardour for knowledge, had been at pains to instruct him in the grammatical principles of the language. He began the study of Latin, but dropped it before he had finished the verbs. I have sometimes heard him quote a few Latin words, such as *omnia vincit amor*, &c., but they seemed to be such as he had caught from conversation, and which he repeated by rote. I think he had a project, after he came to Edinburgh, of prosecuting the study under his intimate friend, the late Mr. Nicol, one of the masters of the grammar-school here: but I do not know that he ever proceeded so far as to make the attempt.

"He certainly possessed a smattering of French; and if he had an affectation in anything, it was in introducing occasionally a word or phrase from that language. It is possible that his knowledge in this respect might be more extensive than I sup-

pose it to be; but this you can learn from his more intimate acquaintance. It would be worth while to enquire, whether he was able to read the French authors with such facility as to receive from them any improvement to his taste. For my own part, I doubt it much; nor would I believe it but on very strong and pointed evidence.

"If my memory does not fail me, he was well instructed in arithmetic, and knew something of practical geometry, particularly of surveying. All his other attainments were entirely his own.

"The last time I saw him was during the winter 1788-1789, when he passed an evening with me at Drumsough, in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, where I was then living. My friend, Mr. Alison, was the only other person in company. I never saw him more agreeable or interesting. A present which Mr. Alison sent him afterwards of his *Essays on Taste*, drew from Burns a letter of acknowledgment, which I remember to have read with some degree of surprise, at the distinct conception he appeared to have formed from it of the general principles of the doctrine of *association*."

The scene that opened on our bard at Edinburgh was altogether new, and in a variety of other respects highly interesting, especially to one of his disposition of mind. To use an expression of his own, he found himself "suddenly translated from the veriest shades of life," into the presence, and into the society, of a number of persons, previously known to him by report as of the highest distinction in his country, and whose characters it was natural for him to examine with no common curiosity.

From the men of letters in general, his reception was particularly flattering. The late Dr. Robertson, Dr. Blair, Dr. Gregory, Mr. Stewart, Mr. Mackenzie, and Mr. Fraser Tytler, may be mentioned in the list of those who perceived his uncommon talents, who acknowledged more especially his powers of conversation, and who interested themselves in the cultivation of his genius. In Edinburgh literary and fashionable society are a good deal mixed. Our bard was an acceptable guest in the gayest and most elevated circles, and frequently received from female beauty and elegance those attentions above all others most grateful to him. At the table of Lord Monboddo he was a frequent guest; and while he enjoyed the society and partook of the hospitalities of the venerable judge, he experienced the kindness and condescension of his lovely and accomplished daughter. The singular beauty of this young lady was illuminated by that happy expression of countenance which results from the union of cultivated taste and superior understanding with the finest affections of the mind. The influence of such attractions was not unfelt by our poet. "There has not been anything like Miss Burnet," said he, in a letter to a friend, "in all the combinations of beauty, grace, and goodness the Creator has formed since Milton's Eve on the first day of her existence." In his address to Edinburgh, she is celebrated in a strain of still greater elevation:—

“ Fair Burnet strikes th’ adorning eye,
 Heaven’s beauties on my fancy shine;
 I see the Sire of Love on high,
 And own his work indeed divine ! ”

This lovely woman died a few years afterwards in the flower of youth. Our bard expressed his sensibility on that occasion in verses addressed to her memory.

Among the men of rank and fashion Burns was particularly distinguished by James, Earl of Glencairn. On the motion of this nobleman, the *Caledonian Hunt*, an association of the principal of the nobility and gentry of Scotland, extended their patronage to our bard, and admitted him to their gay orgies. He repaid their notice by the dedication of the enlarged and improved edition of his poems, in which he has celebrated their patriotism and independence in very animated terms.

“ I congratulate my country that the blood of her ancient heroes runs uncontaminated, and that, from your courage, knowledge, and public spirit, she may expect protection, wealth and liberty. * * * * * May corruption shrink at your kindling indignant glance; and may tyranny in the ruler, and licentiousness in the people, equally find in you an inexorable foe.”

It is to be presumed that these generous sentiments, uttered at an era singularly propitious to independence of character and conduct, were favourably received by the persons to whom they were addressed, and that they were echoed from every bosom, as well as from that of the Earl of Glencairn. This accomplished nobleman, a scholar, a man of taste and sensibility, died soon afterwards. Had he lived, and had his power equalled his wishes, Scotland might still have exulted in the genius, instead of lamenting the early fate of her favourite bard.

A taste for letters is not always conjoined with habits of temperance and regularity; and Edinburgh, at the period of which we speak, contained, perhaps, an uncommon proportion of men of considerable talents devoted to social excesses, in which their talents were wasted and debased.

Burns entered into several parties of this description with the usual vehemence of his character. His generous affections, his ardent eloquence, his brilliant and daring imagination, fitted him to be the idol of such associations; and accustoming himself to conversation of unlimited range, and to festive indulgences that scorned restraint, he gradually lost some portion of his relish for the more pure, but less poignant pleasures, to be found in the circles of taste, elegance, and literature. This sudden alteration in his habits of life operated on him physically as well as morally. The humble fare of an Ayrshire peasant he had exchanged for the luxuries of the Scottish metropolis, and the effects of this change on his ardent constitution could not be inconsiderable. But whatever influence might be produced on his conduct, his excellent understanding suffered no corresponding debasement. He estimated his friends and associates of

every description at their proper value, and appreciated his own conduct with a precision that might give scope to much curious and melancholy reflection. He saw his danger, and at times formed resolutions to guard against it; but he had embarked on the tide of dissipation, and was borne along its stream.

Of the state of his mind at this time, an authentic, though imperfect, document remains, in a book which he procured in the spring of 1787, for the purpose, as he himself informs us, of recording in it whatever seemed worthy of observation. The following extracts may serve as a specimen:—

“*Edinburgh, April 9, 1787.*

“As I have seen a good deal of human life at Edinburgh, a great many characters which are new to one bred up in the shades of life as I have been, I am determined to take down my remarks on the spot. Gray observes, in a letter to Mr. Palgrave, that ‘half a word fixed upon or near a spot, is worth a cartload of recollection.’ I don’t know how it is with the world in general, but with me, making my remarks is by no means a solitary pleasure. I want some one to laugh with me, some one to be grave with me, some one to please and help my discrimination with his or her own remark, and at times, no doubt, to admire my acuteness and penetration. The world are so busied with selfish pursuits, ambition, vanity, interest, or pleasure, that very few think it worth their while to make any observation on what passes around them, except where that observation is a sucker or branch of the darling plant they are rearing in their fancy. Nor am I sure, notwithstanding all the sentimental flights of novel-writers, and the sage philosophy of moralists, whether we are capable of so intimate and cordial a coalition of friendship, as that one man may pour out his bosom, his every thought and floating fancy, his very inmost soul, with unreserved confidence to another, without hazard of losing part of that respect which man deserves from man; or, from the unavoidable imperfections attending human nature, of one day repaying his confidence.

“For these reasons I am determined to make these pages my confidant. I will sketch every character that any way strikes me, to the best of my power, with unshrinking justice. I will insert anecdotes, and take down remarks, in the old law phrase, *without feud or favour*. Where I hit on anything clever, my own applause will in some measure feast my vanity; and, begging Patroclus’ and Achates’ pardon, I think a lock and key a security at least equal to the bosom of any friend whatever.

“My own private story, likewise, my love adventures, my rambles; the frowns and smiles of fortune on my bardship; my poems and fragments that must never see the light, shall be occasionally inserted. In short, never did four shillings purchase so much friendship, since confidence went first to market, or honesty was set up to sale.

“To these seemingly invidious, but too just ideas of human friendship, I would cheerfully make one exception—the connection between two persons of different sexes, when their interests are united and absorbed by the tie of love—

When thought meets thought, ere from the lips it part,
And each warm wish springs mutual from the heart.'

There confidence—confidence that exalts them the more in one another's opinion, that endear: them the more to each other's hearts, unreservedly 'reigns and revels.' But this is not my lot; and, in my situation, if I am wise (which, by the bye, I have no great chance of being), my fate should be cast with the Psalmist's sparrow, 'to watch alone on the house tops.' Oh the pity!

* * * * *

"There are few of the sore evils under the sun give me more uneasiness and chagrin than the comparison how a man of genius, nay, of avowed worth, is received everywhere, with the reception which a mere ordinary character, decorated with the trappings and futile distinctions of fortune, meets. I imagine a man of abilities, his breast glowing with honest pride, conscious that men are born equal, still giving *honour to whom honour is due*; he meets at a great man's table, a Squire something, or a Sir somebody; he knows the *noble* landlord, at heart, gives the bard, or whatever he is, a share of his good wishes, beyond, perhaps, any one at table; yet how will it mortify him to see a fellow whose abilities would scarcely have made an *eightpenny tailor*, and whose heart is not worth three farthings, meet with attention and notice that are withheld from the son of genius and poverty!

"The noble Glencairn has wounded me to the soul here, because I dearly esteem, respect, and love him. He showed so much attention, engrossing attention, one day, to the only blockhead at table (the whole company consisted of his lordship, dunderpate, and myself), that I was within half a point of throwing down my gage of contemptuous defiance; but he shook my hand, and looked so benevolently good at parting. God bless him! though I should never see him more, I shall love him until my dying day! I am pleased to think I am so capable of the throes of gratitude, as I am miserably deficient in some other virtues.

"With Dr. Blair I am more at my ease. I never respect him with humble veneration; but when he kindly interests himself in my welfare, or still more, when he descends from his pinnacle, and meets me on equal ground in conversation, my heart overflows with what is called *liking*. When he neglects me for the mere carcase of greatness, or when his eye measures the difference of our points of elevation, I say to myself, with scarcely any emotion, what do I care for him or his pomp either?"

The intentions of the poet in procuring this book, so fully described by himself, were very imperfectly executed. He has inserted in it few, or no incidents, but several observations and reflections, of which the greater part that are proper for the public eye will be found interwoven in his letters. The most curious particulars in the book are the delineations of the characters he met with. These are not numerous; but they are chiefly of persons of distinction in the republic of letters, and

nothing but the delicacy and respect due to living characters prevents us from committing them to the press. Though it appears that in his conversation he was sometimes disposed to sarcastic remarks on the men with whom he lived, nothing of this kind is discoverable in these more deliberate efforts of his understanding, which, while they exhibit great clearness of discrimination, manifest also the wish, as well as the power, to bestow high and generous praise.

As a specimen of these delineations, we give the character of Dr. Blair, who has now paid the debt of nature, in the full confidence that this freedom will not be found inconsistent with the respect and veneration due to that excellent man, the last star in the literary constellation, by which the metropolis of Scotland was, in the earlier part of the present reign, so beautifully illuminated.

"It is not easy forming an exact judgment of any one; but, in my opinion, Dr. Blair is merely an astonishing proof of what industry and application can do. Natural parts like his are frequently to be met with; his vanity is proverbially known among his acquaintance; but he is justly at the head of what may be called fine writing; and a critic of the first, the very first rank in prose; even in poetry, a bard of Nature's making can only take the *pas* of his. He has a heart, not of the very finest water, but far from being an ordinary one. In short, he is truly a worthy and most respectable character."

"[Mr. Cromek informs us that one of the poet's remarks, when he first came to Edinburgh, was, that between the men of rustic life and the polite world he observed little difference; that in the former, though unpolished by fashion and unenlightened by science, he had found much observation, and much intelligence; but a refined and accomplished woman was a thing almost new to him, and of which he had formed but a very inadequate idea. Mr. Lockhart adds, that there is reason to believe that Burns was much more a favourite amongst the female than the male part of elevated Edinburgh society to which he was introduced, and that, in consequence, in all probability, of the greater deference he paid to the gentler sex. "It is sufficiently apparent," adds Mr. L., "that there were many points in Burns's conversational habits, which men, accustomed to the delicate observances of refined society, might be more willing to tolerate under the first excitement of personal curiosity, than from any very deliberate estimate of the claims of such a genius, under such circumstances developed. He by no means restricted his sarcastic observations on those whom he encountered in the world to the confidence of his note-book, but startled ears polite with the utterance of audacious epigrams, far too witty not to obtain general circulation in so small a society as that of the northern capital, far too bitter not to produce deep resentment, far too numerous not to spread fear almost as widely as admiration." An example of his unscrupulousness is thus given by Mr. Cromek. "At a private breakfast, in a literary circle of Edinburgh, the conversation turned on the poetical merit and pathos of Gray's *Elegy*, a poem of which he w

enthusiastically fond. A clergyman present, remarkable for his love of paradox, and for his eccentric notions upon every subject, distinguished himself by an injudicious and ill-timed attack on this exquisite poem, which Burns with generous warmth for the reputation of Gray, manfully defended. As the gentleman's remarks were rather general than specific, Burns urged him to bring forward the passages which he thought exceptionable. He made several attempts to quote the poem, but always in a blundering, inaccurate manner. Burns bore all this for a good while with his usual good-natured forbearance, till at length, goaded by the fastidious criticisms and wretched quibblings of his opponent, he roused himself, and with an eye flashing contempt and indignation, and with great vehemence of gesticulation, he thus addressed the cold critic: 'Sir, I now perceive a man may be an excellent judge of poetry by square and rule, and after all be a d—d blockhead.' "To pass from these trifles," says Mr. Lockart, "it needs no effort of imagination to conceive what the sensations of an isolated set of scholars (almost all either clergymen or professors,) must have been in the presence of this big-boned, black-browed, brawny stranger, with his great flashing eyes, who having forced his way among them from the plough-tail, at a single stride, manifested, in the whole strain of his bearing and conversation, a most thorough conviction, that, in the society of the most eminent men of his nation, he was exactly where he was entitled to be; hardly deigned to flatter them by exhibiting even an occasional symptom of being flattered by their notice; by turns calmly measured himself against the most cultivated understandings of his time in discussion; overpowered the *bon mots* of the most celebrated convivialists by broad floods of merriment, impregnated with all the burning life of genius; astounded bosoms habitually enveloped in thrice-plied folds of social reserve, by compelling them to tremble, nay, to tremble visibly, beneath the fearless touch of natural pathos; and all this without indicating the smallest willingness to be ranked among those professional ministers of excitement, who are content to be paid in money and smiles for doing what the spectators and auditors would be ashamed of doing in their own persons, even if they had the power of doing it; and, last, and probably worst of all, who was known to be in the habit of enlivening societies which they would have scorned to approach, still more frequently than their own, with eloquence no less magnificent; with wit in all likelihood still more daring; often enough, as the superiors whom he fronted without alarm, might have guessed from the beginning and had, ere long, no occasion to guess, with wit pointed at themselves."]

"By the new edition of his poems Burns acquired a sum of money that enabled him not only to partake of the pleasures of Edinburgh, but to gratify a desire he had long entertained, of visiting those parts of his native country most attractive by their beauty or their grandeur; a desire which the return of summer naturally revived. The scenery on the banks of the Tweed, and of its tributary streams, strongly interested his fancy; and

"Accordingly he left Edinburgh on the 6th of May, 1787, on a tour through a country so much celebrated in the rural songs of Scotland. He travelled on horseback, and was accompanied, during some part of his journey, by Mr. Ainslie, now writer to the signet, a gentleman who enjoyed much of his friendship and of his confidence. Of this tour a journal remains, which, however, contains only occasional remarks on the scenery, and which is chiefly occupied with an account of the author's different stages, and with his observations on the various characters to whom he was introduced. In the course of this tour he visited Mr. Ainslie of Berrywell, the father of his companion; Mr. Brydone, the celebrated traveller, to whom he carried a letter of introduction from Mr. Mackenzie; the Rev. Dr. Somerville of Jedburgh, the historian; Mr. and Mrs. Scott of Wauchope; Dr. Elliot, a physician, retired to a romantic spot on the banks of the Roole; Sir Alexander Don; Sir James Hall of Dunglass; and a variety of other respectable characters. Everywhere the fame of the poet had spread before him, and everywhere he received the most hospitable and flattering attentions. At Jedburgh he continued several days, and was honoured by the magistrates with the freedom of their borough. The following may serve as a specimen of this tour, which the perpetual reference to living characters prevents us giving at large:—

"*Saturday, May 6th.* Left Edinburgh—Lammer-muir-hills, miserably dreary in general, but at times very picturesque.

"Lanson-edge, a glorious view of the Merse. Reach Berrywell. * * * The family meeting with my *compagnon de voyage*, very charming; particularly the sister. * * *

"*Sunday.* Went to Church at Dunse. Heard Dr. Bowmaker.

"*Monday.* Coldstream—glorious river Tweed—clear and majestic—fine bridge—dine at Coldstream with Mr. Ainslie and Mr. Foreman. Beat Mr. Foreman in a dispute about Voltaire. Drink tea at Lenel-House with Mr. and Mrs. Brydone. * * * Reception extremely flattering. Sleep at Coldstream.

"*Tuesday.* Breakfast at Kelso—charming situation of the town—fine bridge over the Tweed. Enchanting views and prospects on both sides of the river, especially on the Scotch side. * * * Visit Roxburgh Palace—fine situation of it. Ruins of Roxburgh Castle—a holly-bush growing where James II. was accidentally killed by the bursting of a cannon. A small old religious ruin, and a fine old garden, planted by the religious, rooted out and destroyed by a Hottentot, a *maitre d'hotel* of the duke's—climate and soil of Berwickshire, and even Roxburghshire, superior to Ayrshire—bad roads—turnip and sheep husbandry, their great improvements. * * * Low markets, consequently low lands—magnificence of farmers and farm-houses. Come up the Teviot, and on the Jed to Jedburgh to lie, and so wish myself good-night.

"*Wednesday.* Breakfast with Mr. Fair. * * * Charming romantic situation of Jedburgh, with gardens and

orchards, intermingled among the houses and the ruins of a once magnificent cathedral. All the towns here have the appearance of old rude grandeur, but extremely idle. Jed, a fine romantic little river. Dined with Captain Rutherford, * * * return to Jedburgh. Walk up the Jed with some ladies to be shown Love-lane, and Blackburn, two fairy scenes. Introduced to Mr. Potts, writer, and to Mr. Somerville, the clergyman of the parish, a man and a gentleman, but sadly addicted to punning.

"Jedburgh, Saturday. Was presented by the magistrates with the freedom of the town.

"Took farewell of Jedburgh with some melancholy sensations.

"Monday, May 14th, Kelso. Dine with the farmers' club—all gentlemen talking of high matters—each of them keeps a hunter from £30 to £50 value, and attends the fox-hunting club in the county. Go out with Mr. Ker, one of the club, and a friend of Mr. Ainslie's, to sleep. In his mind and manners, Mr. Ker is astonishingly like my dear old friend Robert Muir—every thing in his house elegant. He offers to accompany me in my English tour.

"Tuesday. Dine with Sir Alexander Don—a very wet day. * * * Sleep at Mr. Ker's again, and set out next day for Melrose—visit Dryburgh, a fine old ruined abbey, by the way. Cross the Leader, and come up the Tweed to Melrose. Dine there, and visit that far-famed glorious ruin—come to Selkirk up the banks of Ettrick. The whole country hereabouts, both on the Tweed and Ettrick, remarkably stony."

Having spent three weeks exploring this interesting scenery, Burns crossed over into Northumberland. Mr. Ker and Mr. Hood, two gentlemen with whom he had become acquainted in the course of his tour, accompanied him. He visited Alnwick Castle, the princely seat of the Duke of Northumberland; the Hermitage and Old Castle of Warkworth; Morpeth and Newcastle. In this last town he spent two days, and then proceeded to the south-west, by Hexam and Wardrue, to Carlisle. After spending a day at Carlisle with his friend Mr. Mitchel, he returned into Scotland, and at Annan his journal terminates abruptly.

Of the various persons with whom he became acquainted in the course of this journey, he has, in general, given some account, and almost always a favourable one. That on the banks of the Tweed, and of the Teviot, our bard should find nymphs that were beautiful, is what might be confidently presumed. Two of these are particularly described in his journal. But it does not appear that the scenery, or its inhabitants, produced any effort of his muse, as was to have been wished and expected. From Annan, Burns proceeded to Dumfries, and thence through Sanquhar, to Mossiel, near Mauchline, in Ayrshire, where he arrived about the 8th of June, 1787, after a long absence of six busy and eventful months. It will easily be conceived with what pleasure and pride he was received by his mother, his brothers, and sisters. He had left them poor and comparatively friendless—he returned to them high in public estimation, and

easy in his circumstances. He returned to them unchanged in his ardent affections, and ready to share with them to the uttermost farthing, the pittance that fortune had bestowed.

Having remained with them a few days, he proceeded again to Edinburgh, and immediately set out on a journey to the Highlands. Of this tour no particulars have been found among his manuscripts. A letter to his friend Mr. Ainslie, dated *Arrochar, by Lochlong, June 28, 1787*, commences as follows:—

“I write you this on my tour through a country where savage streams tumble over savage mountains, thinly overspread with savage flocks, which starvingly support as savage inhabitants. My last stage was Inverary—to-morrow night's stage Dumbarton. I ought sooner to have answered your kind letter but you know I am a man of many sins.”

Part of a letter from our bard to a friend, giving some account of his journey, has been communicated to the editor. The reader will be amused with the following extract:—

“On our return, at a Highland gentleman's hospitable mansion, we fell in with a merry party, and danced till the ladies left us, at three in the morning. Our dancing was none of the French or English insipid formal movements; The ladies sang Scotch songs like angels, at intervals: then we flew at *Bab at the bewster, Tullochgorum, Loch Erroch side, &c.*, like midges sporting in the mottie sun, or craws prognosticating a storm in a hairst day. When the dear lassies left us, we ranged round the bowl till the good-fellow hour of six; except a few minutes that we went out to pay our devotions to the glorious lamp of day peering over the towering top of Benlomond. We all kneeled; our worthy landlord's son held the bowl, each man a full glass in his hand; and I, as priest, repeated some rhyming nonsense, like Thomas-a-Rhymer's prophecies, I suppose. After a small refreshment of the gifts of Somnus, we proceeded to spend the day on Lochlomond, and reached Dumbarton in the evening. We dined at another good fellow's house, and consequently pushed the bottle; when we went out to mount our horses, we found ourselves ‘No vera fou but gaylie yet.’ My two friends and I rode soberly down the Loch side, till by came a Highlandman at a gallop, on a tolerably good horse, but which had never known the ornaments of iron or leather. We scorned to be out-galloped by a Highlandman, so off we started, whip and spur. My companions, though seemingly gaily mounted, fell sadly astern; but my old mare, Jenny Geddes, one of the Rosinante family, she strained past the Highlandman in spite of all his efforts, with the hair-halter: just as I was passing him, Donald wheeled his horse, as if to cross before me to mar my progress, when down came his horse, and threw his breckless rider in a clipt hedge; and down came Jenny Geddes over all, and my bardship between her and the Highlandman's horse. Jenny Geddes trode over me with such cautious reverence, that matters were not so bad as might well have been expected; so I came off with a few cuts and bruises, and a thorough resolution to be a pattern of sobriety for the future.

"I have yet fixed on nothing with respect to the serious business of life. I am, just as usual, a rhyming, mason-making, raking, aimless, idle fellow. However, I shall somewhere have a farm soon. I ~~was~~ going to say, a wife too; but that must never be my blessed lot. I am but a younger son of the house of Parnassus, and, like other younger sons of great families, I may intrigue, if I choose to run all risks, but must not marry.

"I am afraid I have almost ruined one source, the principal one indeed, of my former happiness—that eternal propensity I always had to fall in love. My heart no more glows with feverish rapture. I have no paradisiacal evening interviews stolen from the restless cares and prying inhabitants of this weary world. I have only. * * * * This last is one of your distant acquaintance, has a fine figure and elegant manners, and in the train of some great folks whom you know, has seen the politest quarters in Europe. I do like her a good deal; but what piques me is her conduct at the commencement of our acquaintance. I frequently visited her when I was in ———, and after passing regularly the intermediate degrees between the distant formal bow and the familiar grasp round the waist, I ventured in my careless way, to talk of friendship in rather ambiguous terms; and, after her return to ———, I wrote to her in the same style. Miss, construing my words farther I suppose than I intended, flew off in a tangent of female dignity and reserve, like a mountain lark in an April morning; and wrote me an answer which measured me out very completely what an immense way I had to travel before I could reach the climate of her favour. But I am an old hawk at the sport; and wrote her such a cool, deliberate prudent reply as brought my bird from her aerial towerings pop down at my foot like corporal Trim's hat.

"As for the rest of my acts and my wars, and all my wise sayings, and why my mare was called Jenny Geddes, they shall be recorded in a few weeks hence, at Linlithgow, in the chronicles of your memory, by

"ROBERT BURNS."

From this journey Burns returned to his friends in Ayrshire, with whom he spent the month of July, renewing his friendships, and extending his acquaintance throughout the country, where he was now very generally known and admired. In August he again visited Edinburgh, whence he undertook another journey towards the middle of this month, in company with Mr. M. Adair, now Dr. Adair, of Harrowgate, of which this gentleman has favoured us with the following account:—

Burns and I left Edinburgh together in August, 1787. We rode by Linlithgow and Carron, to Stirling. We visited the iron works at Carron, with which the poet was forcibly struck. The resemblance between that place and its inhabitants to the cave of the Cyclops, which must have occurred to every classical reader, presented itself to Burns. At Stirling the prospects from the castle strongly interested him; in a former visit to which, his national feelings had been powerfully excited by the ruinous and roofless state of the hall in which the Scottish

parliaments had frequently been held. His indignation had vented itself in some imprudent, but not unpoetical lines, which had given much offence, and which he took this opportunity of erasing, by breaking the pane of the window at the inn on which they were written.

"At Stirling we met with a company of travellers from Edinburgh, among whom was a character in many respects congenial with that of Burns. This was Nicol, one of the teachers of the High Grammar-School at Edinburgh—the same wit and power of conversation, the same fondness for convivial society, and thoughtlessness of to-morrow, characterised both. Jacobitical principles in politics were common to both of them; and these have been suspected, since the revolution of France, to have given place in each to opinions apparently opposite. I regret that I have preserved no *memorabilia* of their conversation, either on this or on other occasions, when I happened to meet them together. Many songs were sung, which I mention for the sake of observing, that when Burns was called in his turn, he was accustomed, instead of singing, to recite one or other of his own shorter poems, with a tone and emphasis which, though not correct or harmonious, were impressive and pathetic. This he did on the present occasion.

"From Stirling we went next morning through the romantic and fertile vale of Devon to Harvieston, in Clackmannanshire, then inhabited by Mrs. Hamilton, with the younger part of whose family Burns had been previously acquainted. He introduced me to the family, and there was formed my first acquaintance with Mrs. Hamilton's eldest daughter, to whom I have been married for nine years. Thus was I indebted to Burns for a connection from which I have derived, and expect farther to derive, much happiness.

"During a residence of about ten days at Harvieston, we made excursions to visit various parts of the surrounding scenery, inferior to none in Scotland in beauty, sublimity, and romantic interest: particularly Castle Campell, the ancient seat of the family of Argyle; and the famous cataract of the Devon, called the Caldron Linn; and the Rumbling Bridge, a single broad arch, thrown by the Devil, if tradition is to be believed, across the river, at about the height of a hundred feet above its bed. I am surprised that none of these scenes should have called forth an exertion of Burns's muse. But I doubt if he had much taste for the picturesque. I well remember, that the ladies at Harvieston, who accompanied us on this jaunt, expressed their disappointment at his not expressing, in more glowing and fervid language, his impressions of the Caldron Linn scene, certainly highly sublime, and somewhat horrible.

"A visit to Mrs. Bruce, of Clackmannan, a lady above ninety, the lineal descendant of that race which gave the Scottish throne its brightest ornament, interested his feelings more powerfully. The venerable dame, with characteristic dignity, informed me, on my observing that I believed she was descended from the family of Robert Bruce, that Robert Bruce was sprung from her family. Though almost deprived of speech by a

paralytic affection, she preserved her hospitality and urbanity. She was in possession of the hero's helmet and two-handed sword, with which she conferred on Burns and myself the honour of knighthood, remarking, that she had a better right to confer that title than *some people*. * * * * You will, of course, conclude, that the old lady's political tenets were as Jacobitical as the poet's, a conformity which contributed not a little to the cordiality of our reception and entertainment. She gave as her first toast after dinner, *Awa' Uncos*, or Away with the Strangers. Who these strangers were you will readily understand. Mrs. A. corrects me by saying it should be *Hooi*, or *Hooi Uncos*, a sound used by shepherds to direct their dogs to drive away the sheep.

"We returned to Edinburgh by Kinross (on the shore of Lochleven,) and Queensferry. I am inclined to think Burns knew nothing of poor Michael Bruce, who was then alive at Kinross, or had died there a short while before. A meeting between the bards, or a visit to the deserted cottage and early grave of poor Bruce, would have been highly interesting.

"At Dunfermline we visited the ruined abbey and the abbey-church, now consecrated to Presbyterian worship. Here I mounted the *catty stool*, or stool of repentance, assuming the character of a penitent for fornication; while Burns from the pulpit addressed to me a ludicrous reproof and exhortation, parodied from that which had been delivered to himself in Ayrshire, where he had, as he assured me, once been one of seven who mounted the *seat of shame* together.

"In the churchyard two broad flag-stones marked the grave of Robert Bruce, for whose memory Burns had more than common veneration. He knelt and kissed the stone with sacred fervour, and heartily (*suus ut mos erat*) execrated the worse than Gothic neglect of the first of Scottish heroes."

The surprise expressed by Dr. Adair, in his excellent letter, that the romantic scenery of the Devon should have failed to call forth any exertion of the poet's muse, is not in its nature singular; and the disappointment felt at his not expressing in more glowing language his emotions on the sight of the famous cataract of that river is similar to what was felt by the friends of Burns on other occasions of the same nature. Yet the inference that Dr. Adair seems inclined to draw from it, that he had little taste for the picturesque, might be questioned, even if it stood uncontroverted by other evidence. The muse of Burns was in a high degree capricious; she came uncalled, and often refused to attend at his bidding. Of all the numerous subjects suggested to him by his friends and correspondents, there is scarcely one that he adopted. The very expectation that a particular occasion would excite the energies of fancy, if communicated to Burns, seemed in him, as in other poets, destructive of the effect expected. Hence perhaps may be explained, why the banks of the Devon and of the Tweed form no part of the subjects of his song.

A similar train of reasoning may perhaps explain the want of emotion with which he viewed the Caldron Linn. Certainly

there are no affections of the mind more deadened by the influence of previous expectation than those arising from the sight of natural objects, and more especially of objects of grandeur. Minute descriptions of scenes of a sublime nature should never be given to those who are about to view them, particularly if they are persons of great strength and sensibility of imagination. Language seldom or never conveys an adequate idea of such objects, but in the mind of a great poet it may excite a picture that far transcends them. The imagination of Burns might form a cataract, in comparison with which the Caldron Linn should seem the purling of a rill, and even the mighty Falls of Niagara a humble cascade.

Whether these suggestions may assist in explaining our bard's deficiency of impression on the occasion referred to, or whether it ought rather to be imputed to some pre-occupation, or indisposition of mind we presume not to decide: but that he was in general feelingly alive to the beautiful or sublime in scenery, may be supported by irresistible evidence. It is true this pleasure was greatly heightened in his mind, as might be expected, when combined with moral emotions of a kind with which it happily unites. That under this association Burns contemplated the scenery of the Devon with the eye of a genuine poet, the following lines written at this very period may bear witness:—

“ON A YOUNG LADY, RESIDING ON THE BANKS OF THE
SMALL RIVER DEVON, CLACKMANNANSHIRE, BUT WHOSE
INFANT YEARS WERE SPENT IN AYRSHERE.

How pleasant the banks of the clear, winding Devon

With green-spreading bushes and flowers blooming fair;

But the bonniest flower on the banks of the Devon,

Was once a sweet bud on the braes of the Ayr.

Mild be the sun on this sweet blushing flower,

In the gay rosy morn as it bathes in the dew!

And gentle the fall of the soft vernal shower,

That steals on the evening each leaf to renew.

Oh spare the dear blossom, ye orient breezes,

With chill hoary wing as ye usher the dawn!

And far be thou distant, thou reptile, that seizes

The verdure and pride of the garden and lawn!

Let Bourbon exult in his gay gilded lilies,

And England, triumphant, display her proud rose.

A fairer than either adorns the green vallies

Where Devon, sweet Devon, meandering flows!”

The different journeys already mentioned did not satisfy the curiosity of Burns. About the beginning of September, he again set out from Edinburgh on a more extended tour to the Highlands, in company with Mr. Nicol, with whom he had now

contracted a particular intimacy, which lasted during the remainder of his life. Mr. Nicol was of Dumfriesshire, of a decent equally humble with our poet. Like him he rose by the strength of his talents, and fell by the strength of his passions. He died in the summer of 1797. Having received the elements of a classical instruction at his parish school, Mr. Nicol made a very rapid and singular proficiency; and by early undertaking the office of an instructor himself, he acquired the means of entering himself at the University of Edinburgh. There he was first a student of theology, then a student of medicine, and afterwards employed in the assistance and instruction of graduates in medicine, in those parts of their exercises in which the Latin language is employed. In this situation he was the contemporary and rival of the celebrated Dr. Brown, whom he resembled in the particulars of his history, as well as in the leading features of his character. The office of assistant-teacher in the High School being vacant, it was as usual filled up by competition; and in the face of some prejudices, and perhaps of some well-founded objections, Mr. Nicol, by superior learning, carried it from all the other candidates. This office he filled at the period of which we speak.

It is to be lamented, than an acquaintance with the writers of Greece and Rome does not always supply an original want of taste and correctness in manners and conduct; and where it fails of this effect, it sometimes inflames the native pride of temper which treats with disdain those delicacies in which it has not learnt to excel. It was thus with the fellow-traveller of Burns. Formed by nature in a model of great strength, neither his person nor his manners had any tincture of taste or elegance: and his coarseness was not compensated by that romantic sensibility, and those towering flights of imagination, which distinguished the conversation of Burns, in the blaze of whose genius all the deficiencies of his manners were absorbed and disappeared.

Mr. Nicol and our poet travelled in a post-chaise, which they engaged for the journey; and passing through the heart of the Highlands, stretched northwards, about ten miles beyond Inverness. There they bent their course eastward, across the island, and returned by the shore of the German sea to Edinburgh. In the course of this tour, some particulars of which will be found in a letter of our bard, they visited a number of remarkable scenes, and the imagination of Burns was constantly excited by the wild and sublime scenery through which he passed. Of this several proofs may be found in the poems formerly printed. Of the history of one of these poems, the Humble Petition of Bruar Water, and of the bard's visit to Athole-house, some particulars have been given; and by the favour of Mr. Walker, of Perth then residing in the family of the Duke of Athole, we are enabled to give the following additional account:—

“On reaching Blair, he sent me notice of his arrival, (as I had been previously acquainted with him,) and I hastened to meet him at the inn. The Duke, to whom he brought a letter of introduction, was from home; but the Duchess, being informed of his arrival, gave him an invitation to sup and sleep at Athole-

house. He accepted the invitation ; but as the hour of supper was at some distance, begged I would in the interval be his guide through the grounds. It was already growing dark ; yet the softened though faint and uncertain view of their beauties, which the moonlight afforded us, seemed exactly suited to the taste of his feelings at the time. I had often, like others, experienced the pleasures which arise from the sublime or elegant landscape, but I never saw those feelings so intense as in Burns. When we reached a rustic hut on the river Tilt, where it was overhung by a woody precipice, from which there is a noble waterfall, he threw himself on the heathy seat, and gave himself up to a tender, abstracted, and voluptuous enthusiasm of imagination. I cannot help thinking that it might have been here that he conceived the idea of the following lines, which he afterwards introduced into his poem on Bruar Water, when only fancying such a combination of objects as were now present to his eye.

‘ Or by the reaper’s nightly beam,
Mild, chequering through the trees,
Rave to my darkly-dashing stream,
Hoarse swelling on the breeze.’

It was with much difficulty I prevailed on him to quit this spot, and to be introduced in proper time to supper.

“ My curiosity was great to see how he would conduct himself in company so different from what he had been accustomed to. His manner was unembarrassed, plain, and firm. He appeared to have complete reliance on his own native good sense for directing his behaviour. He seemed at once to perceive and to appreciate what was due to the company and to himself, and never to forget a proper respect for the separate species of dignity belonging to each. He did not arrogate conversation, but, when led into it, he spoke with ease, propriety, and manliness. He tried to exert his abilities, because he knew it was ability alone that gave him a title to be there. The Duke’s fine young family attracted much of his admiration ; he drank their healths as *honest men and bonnie lasses*, an idea which was much applauded by the company, and with which he has very felicitously closed his poem.

“ Next day I took a ride with him through some of the most romantic part of that neighbourhood, and was highly gratified by his conversation. As a specimen of his happiness of conception and strength of expression, I will mention a remark which he made on his fellow traveller, who was walking at the time a few paces before us. He was a man of a robust but clumsy person ; and while Burns was expressing to me the value he entertained for him on account of his vigorous talents, although they were clouded at times by coarseness of manners ; ‘ in short,’ he added, ‘ his mind is like his body—he has a confounded strong in-kneed sort of a soul.’

“ Much attention was paid to Burns both before and after the Duke’s return, of which he was perfectly sensible, without being vain ; and at his departure I recommended to him, as the most

appropriate return he could make, to write some descriptive verses on any of the scenes with which he had been so much delighted. After leaving Blair, he, by the Duke's advice, visited the Falls of Bruar, and in a few days I received a letter from Inverness, with the verses enclosed.

It appears that the impression made by our poet on the noble family of Athole, was in a high degree favourable; it is certain he was charmed with the reception he received from them, and he often mentioned the two days he spent at Athole-house as among the happiest of his life. He was warmly invited to prolong his stay, but sacrificed his inclinations to his engagement with Mr. Nicol; which is the more to be regretted, as he would otherwise have been introduced to Mr. Dundas (then daily expected on a visit to the Duke), a circumstance that might have had a favourable influence on Burns's future fortunes. At Athole-house he met, for the first time, Mr. Graham of Fintry, to whom he was afterwards indebted for his office in the Excise.

The letters and poems which he addressed to Mr. Graham bear testimony to his sensibility, and justify the supposition, that he would not have been deficient in gratitude had he been elevated to a situation better suited to his disposition and to his talents.

A few days after leaving Blair of Athole, our poet and his fellow-traveller arrived at Fochabers. In the course of the preceding winter, Burns had been introduced to the Duchess of Gordon at Edinburgh, and presuming on this acquaintance, he proceeded to Gordon Castle, leaving Mr. Nicol at the inn in the village. At the castle our poet was received with the utmost hospitality and kindness, and the family being about to sit down to dinner, he was invited to take his place at the table as a matter of course. This invitation he accepted, and after drinking a few glasses of wine, he rose up, and proposed to withdraw. On being pressed to stay, he mentioned for the first time his engagement with his fellow-traveller; and his noble host offering to send his servant to conduct Mr. Nicol to the castle, Burns insisted on undertaking that office himself. He was, however, accompanied by a gentleman, a particular acquaintance of the duke, by whom the invitation was delivered in all the forms of politeness. The invitation came too late; the pride of Nicol was inflamed into a high degree of passion, by the neglect which he had already suffered. He had ordered the horses to be put to the carriage, being determined to proceed on his journey alone; and they found him parading the streets of Fochabers, before the door of the inn, venting his anger on the postillion, for the slowness with which he obeyed his commands. As no explanation nor entreaty could change the purpose of his fellow-traveller, our poet was reduced to the necessity of separating from him entirely, or of instantly proceeding with him on their journey. He chose the last of these alternatives; and seating himself beside Nicol in the post-chaise, with mortification and regret, he turned his back on Gordon Castle, where he had promised himself some happy days. Sensible, however of the great kind-

ness of the noble family, he made the best return in his power, by the following poem:—

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

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

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

Burns remained at Edinburgh during the greater part of the winter of 1787-8, and again entered into the society and dissipation of that metropolis. It appears that on the 31st December he attended a meeting to celebrate the birth-day of the lineal descendant of the Scottish race of kings, the late unfortunate Prince Charles Edward. Whatever might have been the wish or purpose of the original institutors of this annual meeting, there is no reason to suppose that the gentlemen of whom it was at this time composed, were not perfectly loyal to the king on the throne. It is not to be conceived that they entertained any hope of, any wish for, the restoration of the House of Stuart; but over their sparkling wine they indulged the generous feelings which the recollection of fallen greatness is calculated to inspire, and commemorated the heroic valour which strove to sustain it in vain—valour worthy of a nobler cause, and a happier fortune.

On this occasion our bard took upon himself the office of a poet-laureate; and produced an ode, which, though deficient in the complicated rhythm and polished versification that such compositions require, might on a fair competition, where energy of feeling and of expression were alone in question, have won the butt of Malmsey from the real laureate of that day.

The following extracts may serve as a specimen:—

* * * *

“False flatterer, Hope, away!

Nor think to lure us as in days of yore:

We solemnise this sorrowing natal day,

To prove our loyal truth—we can no more;

And owning heaven’s mysterious sway,

Submissive low, adore.

Ye honoured mighty dead

Who nobly perished in the glorious cause,

Your king, your country, and her laws!

From great Dundee, who smiling victory led,

And fell a martyr in her arms,

(What heart of northern ice but warms?)

To bold Balmerino’s undying name,

Whose soul of fire, lighted at heaven’s high
flame,

Deserves the proudest wreath departed heroes
claim.

Nor unrevenged your fate shall be,

It only lags the fatal hour.

Your blood shall, with incessant cry,

Awake at last th’ unsparing power:

As from the cliff, with thundering course,

The snowy ruin smokes along,

With doubling speed and gathering force,

Till deep it crashing whelms the cottage in
the vale!

So vengeance” * *

In relating the incidents of our poet’s life in Edinburgh, we ought to have mentioned the sentiments of respect and sympathy with which he traced out the grave of his predecessor Fergusson, over whose ashes, in the Cannongate churchyard, he obtained leave to erect a humble monument, which will be viewed by reflecting minds with no common interest, and which will awake in the bosom of kindred genius many a high emotion. Neither should we pass over the continued friendship he experienced from a poet then living, the amiable and accomplished Blacklock. To his encouraging advice it was owing

(as already appeared,) that Burns, instead of emigrating to the West Indies, repaired to Edinburgh. He received him there with all the ardour of affectionate admiration—he eagerly introduced him to the respectable circle of his friends—he consulted his interest—he blazoned his fame—he lavished upon him all the kindness of a generous and feeling heart, into which nothing selfish or envious ever found admittance. Among the friends to whom he introduced Burns, was Mr. Ramsay of Ochertyre, to whom our poet paid a visit in the autumn of (1787) October, at his delightful retirement in the neighbourhood of Stirling, and on the banks of the Teith. Of this visit we have the following particulars:—

“I have been in the company of many men of genius” says Mr. Ramsay, “some of them poets; but never witnessed such flashes of intellectual brightness as from him, the impulse of the moment, sparks of celestial fire! I never was more delighted, therefore, than with his company for two days, tête-à-tête. In a mixed company I should have made little of him; for, in the gamester’s phrase, he did not always know when to play off and when to play on. * * * I not only proposed to him the writing of a play similar to the Gentle Shepherd, *qualem decet esse sororem*, but Scottish Georgies, a subject which Thompson has by no means exhausted in his Seasons. What beautiful landscapes of rural life and manners might not have been expected from a pencil so faithful and forcible as his, which could have exhibited scenes as familiar and interesting as those in the Gentle Shepherd, which every one who knows our swains in their unadulterated state, instantly recognises as true to nature. But to have executed either of these plans, steadiness and abstraction from company were wanting, not talents. When I asked him whether the Edinburgh literati had mended his poems by their criticisms; ‘Sir,’ said he, ‘these gentlemen remind me of some spinsters in my country, who spin their thread so fine that it is neither fit for weft nor woof.’ He said he had not changed a word, except one, to please Dr. Blair.”

Having now settled with his publisher, Mr. Creech, in February 1788, Burns found himself master of nearly five hundred pounds, after discharging all his expenses. Two hundred pounds he immediately advanced to his brother Gilbert, who had taken upon himself the support of their aged mother, and was struggling with many difficulties in the farm of Mossiel. With the remainder of this sum, and some farther eventual profits from his poems, he determined on settling himself for life in the occupation of agriculture, and took from Mr. Miller of Dalswinton, the farm of Ellisland, on the banks of the river Nith, six miles above Dumfries, on which he entered at Whit-Sunday, 1788. Having been previously recommended to the Board of Excise, his name had been put on the list of candidates for the humble office of a gauger or exciseman; and he immediately applied to acquiring the information necessary for filling that office, when the honourable board might judge it proper to employ him. He expected to be called into service in the district in which his farm was situated, and vainly hoped to

unite with success the labours of the farmer with the duties of the exciseman.

When Burns had in this manner arranged his plans for futurity, his generous heart turned to the object of his most ardent attachment, and, listening to no considerations but those of honour and affection, he joined with her in a public declaration of marriage, thus legalising their union, and rendering it permanent for life.

Before Burns was known in Edinburgh, a specimen of his poetry had recommended him to Mr. Miller of Dalwinton. Understanding that he intended to resume the life of a farmer, Mr. Miller had invited him, in the spring of 1787, to view his estate in Nithsdale, offering him at the same time the choice of any of his farms out of lease, at such a rent as Burns and his friends might judge proper. It was not in the nature of Burns to take an undue advantage of the liberality of Mr. Miller. He proceeded in this business, however, with more than usual deliberation. Having made choice of the farm of Ellisland, he employed two of his friends, skilled in the value of land, to examine it, and with their approbation, offered a rent to Mr. Miller, which was immediately accepted. It was not convenient for Mrs. Burns to remove immediately from Ayrshire, and our poet therefore took up his residence alone at Ellisland, to prepare for the reception of his wife and children, who joined him towards the end of the year.

[Dr. Currie omits all allusion to the circumstances which led to a permanent union between Burns and his Jean. That the mind of the poet, notwithstanding all past irritation, and various entanglements with other beauties, was never altogether alienated from her, is evident; but up to June 1787, when he first returned from Edinburgh to Mauchline, he certainly did not entertain any self-avowed notion of ever again renewing his acquaintance with her. It was in this state of his feelings, that, one day, soon after his return from Edinburgh, when meeting some friends over a glass at John Dow's tavern, close to the residence of his once fondly-loved mistress, he chanced to encounter her in the court behind the inn, and was immediately inflamed with all his former affection. Their correspondence was renewed—was attended with its former results—and, towards the end of the year, when the poet was fixed helplessly in Edinburgh by a bruised limb, her shame becoming apparent to her parents, she was turned out of doors, and would have been utterly destitute, if she had not obtained shelter from a relation in the village of Ardrossan. Jean was once mere deliverer of twins—girls—on the 3rd of March, 1788: the infants died a few days after their birth. In a letter of that date to Mr. R. Ainslie, written from Mauchline, Burns says—"I found Jean banished, forlorn, destitute, and friendless: I have reconciled her to her fate, and I have reconciled her to her mother." Soon after, he seems to have formed the resolution of overlooking all dishonouring circumstances in her past history, and making her really his own for life. On the 7th of April, we find him writing to Miss Chalmers, evidently with allusion to this resort.

tion:—"I have lately made some sacrifices, for which, *viva voce* with you to paint the situation and recount the circumstances, you would applaud me." And then, on the 29th, in a letter to Smith, we see the resolution has been virtually acted upon. "To let you a little into the secrets of my pericranium, there is, you must know, a certain clean-limbed, handsome, bewitching young hussey of your acquaintance, to whom I have lately given a matrimonial title to my corpus. * * I intend to present Mrs. Burns with a printed shawl, an article of which I dare say you have variety: 'tis my first present to her since I irrevocably called her mine. * * Mrs. Burns ('tis only her private designation), presents her best compliments to you." He tells Ainslie, May 26, that the title is now avowed to the world—a sufficient legal proof of marriage in Scotland. Ultimately, on the 3rd of August, as we learn from the session books, the poet and Jean were openly married; when Burns, being informed that it was customary for the bridegroom, in such cases, to bestow something on the poor of the parish, gave a guinea for that purpose. The ceremony took place in Dow's tavern, unsanctioned by the lady's father, who, ever, to the day of the poet's death, would treat him as a friend; even Gavin Hamilton, from respect for the feelings of Armour, declined being present. It was not till the ensuing winter that Mrs. Burns joined her husband at Ellisland—their only child Robert following her in the subsequent spring.]

The situation in which Burns now found himself was calculated to awaken reflection. The different steps he had of late taken were in their nature highly important, and might be said to have, in some measure, fixed his destiny. He had become a husband and a father; he had engaged in the management of a considerable farm, a difficult and laborious undertaking; in his success the happiness of his family was involved. It was time, therefore, to abandon the gaiety and dissipation of which he had been too much enamoured; to ponder seriously on the past, and to form virtuous resolutions respecting the future. That such was actually the state of his mind, the following extract from his common-place book may bear witness:—

"Ellisland, Sunday, 14th June, 1788.

"This is now the third day that I have been in this country. 'Lord, what is man!' What a bustling little bundle of passions, appetites, ideas, and fancies! And what a capricious kind of existence he has here! * * There is indeed an elsewhere, where, as Thompson says, *virtue sole survives*.

'Tell us, ye dead:

Will none of you in pity disclose the secret,
What 'tis you are, and we must shortly be;

————— A little time

Will make us wise as you are, and as close.'

"I am such a coward in life, so tired of the service, that I could almost at any time, with Milton's Adam, 'gladly lay

me in my mother's lap, and be at peace.' But a wife and children bind me to struggle with the stream, till some sudden squall shall overset the silly vessel, or, in the listless return of years, its own craziness reduce it to a wreck. Farewell now to those giddy follies, those varnished vices, which though half sanctified by the bewitching levity of wit and humour, are at best but thriftless idling with the precious current of existence; nay, often poisoning the whole, that, like the plains of Jericho, *the water is nought and the ground barren*, and nothing short of a supernaturally gifted Elisha can ever after heal the evils.

"Wedlock, the circumstance that buckles me hardest to care, if virtue and religion were to be anything with me but names, was what in a few seasons I must have resolved on; in my present situation it was absolutely necessary. Humanity, generosity, honest pride of character, justice to my own happiness in after life, so far as it could depend (which it surely will a great deal) on internal peace; all these join their warmest suffrages, their most powerful solicitations, with a rooted attachment, to urge the step I have taken. Nor have I any reason on her part to repent it. I can fancy how, but have never seen where, I could, have made a better choice. Come, then, let me act up to my favourite motto, that glorious passage in Young—

'On reason build resolve,
That column of true majesty in man!'

Under the impulse of these reflections, Burns immediately engaged in rebuilding the dwelling-house on his farm, which, in the state he found it, was inadequate to the accommodation of his family. On this occasion he himself resumed at times the occupation of a labourer, and found neither his strength nor his skill impaired. Pleased with surveying the grounds he was about to cultivate, and with the rearing of a building that should give shelter to his wife and children, and, as he fondly hoped, to his own grey hairs, sentiments of independence buoyed up his mind, pictures of domestic content and peace, rose on his imagination; and a few days passed away, as he himself informs us, the most tranquil, if not the happiest, which he had ever experienced.

It is to be lamented that at this critical period of his life, our poet was without the society of his wife and children. A great change had taken place in his situation; his old habits were broken, and the new circumstances in which he was placed were calculated to give a new direction to his thoughts and conduct. But his application to the cares and labours of his farm was interrupted by several visits to his family in Ayrshire; and as the distance was too great for a single day's journey, he generally spent a night at an inn on the road. On such occasions he sometimes fell into company, and forgot the resolutions he had formed. In a little while, temptation assailed him nearer home.

His fame naturally drew upon him the attention of his neighbours, and he soon formed a general acquaintance in the district in which he lived. The public voice had now been pronounced on the subject of his talents; the reception he had met with in Edinburgh had given him the currency which fashion bestows; he had surmounted the prejudices arising from his humble birth, and he was received at the table of the gentlemen of Nithsdale with welcome, with kindness, and even with respect. Their social parties too often seduced him from his rustic labours and his rustic fare, overthrew the unsteady fabric of his resolutions, and inflamed those propensities which temperance might have weakened, and prudence ultimately suppressed. It was not long, therefore, before Burns began to view his farm with dislike and despondence, if not with disgust.

Unfortunately, he had for several years looked to an office in the Excise as a certain means of livelihood, should his other expectations fail. As has already been mentioned, he had been recommended to the Board of Excise, and had received the instruction necessary for such a situation. He now applied to be employed; and by the interest of Mr. Graham of Fintry, was appointed exciseman, or, as is vulgarly called, gauger, of the district in which he lived. His farm was after this in a great measure abandoned to servants, while he betook himself to the duties of his new appointment.

He might, indeed, still be seen in the spring, directing his plough, a labour in which he excelled; or with a white sheet, containing his seed-corn, slung across his shoulders, striding with measured steps along his turned-up furrows, and scattering the grain in the earth. But his farm no longer occupied the principal part of his care or thoughts. It was not at Ellisland that he was now in general to be found. Mounted on horseback, this high-minded poet was pursuing the defaulters of the revenue among the hills and vales of Nithsdale, his roving eye wandering over the charms of nature, and *muttering his wayward fancies* as he moved along.

"I had an adventure with him in 1790," says Mr. Ramsey of Ochtertyre, in a letter to the editor, "when passing through Dumfriesshire, on a tour to the south, with Dr. Stewart of Luss. Seeing him pass quickly near Closeburn, I said to my companion, 'That is Burns.' On coming to the inn the hostler told us he would be back in a few hours to grant permits; that where he met with anything seizable he was no better than any other gauger; in everything else, that he was perfectly a gentleman. After leaving a note to be delivered to him on his return, I proceeded to his house, being curious to see his Jean, &c. I was much pleased with his *uxor Sabina qualis*, and the poet's modest mansion, so unlike the habitation of ordinary rustics. In the evening he suddenly bounced in upon us, and said, as he entered, 'I come, to use the words of Shakspeare, *stowed in haste*.' In fact, he had ridden incredibly fast after receiving my note. We fell into conversation directly, and soon got into the *mare magnum* of poetry. He told me that he had now gotten a story for a drama, which he was to call *Rob Macque*

chan's Elshon, from a popular story of Robert Bruce being defeated on the water of Caern, when the heel of his boot having loosened in his flight, he applied to Robert Macquechan to fit it; who, to make sure, ran his awl nine inches up the king's heel. We were now going on at a great rate, when Mr. S—— popped in his head, which put a stop to our discourse, which had become very interesting. Yet in a little while it was resumed; and such was the force and versatility of the bard's genius, that he made the tears run down Mr. S——'s cheeks, albeit unused to the poetic strain. * * * * From that time we met no more, and I was grieved at the reports of him afterwards. Poor Burns! we shall hardly ever see his like again. He was, in truth, a sort of comet in literature, irregular in its motions, which did not do good proportioned to the blaze of light which it displayed."

In the summer of 1791, two English gentlemen, who had before met with him in Edinburgh, paid a visit to him at Ellisland. On calling at the house they were informed that he had walked out on the banks of the river; and, dismounting from their horses, they proceeded in search of him. On a rock that projected into the stream, they saw a man employed in angling, of a singular appearance. He had a cap made of fox's skin on his head, a loose great coat fixed round him by a belt, from which depended an enormous Highland broadsword. It was Burns. He received them with great cordiality, and asked them to share his humble dinner—an invitation which they accepted. On the table they found boiled beef, with vegetables and barley broth, after the manner of Scotland, of which they partook heartily. After dinner the bard told them ingenuously that he had no wine to offer them, nothing better than Highland whisky, a bottle of which Mrs. Burns set on the board. He produced at the same time his punch-bowl made of Inverary marble; and mixing the spirit and water and sugar, filled their glasses and invited them to drink. The travellers were in haste, and, besides, the flavour of the whisky to their *suthron* palates was scarcely tolerable; but the generous poet offered them his best, and his ardent hospitality they found it impossible to resist. Burns was in his happiest mood, and the charms of his conversation were altogether fascinating. He ranged over a great variety of topics, illuminating whatever he touched. He related the tales of his infancy and his youth; he recited some of the gayest and some of the tenderest of his poems; in the wildest of his strains of mirth he threw in some touches of melancholy, and spread around him the electric emotions of his powerful mind. The Highland whisky improved in its flavour, the marble bowl was again and again emptied and replenished; the guests of our poet forgot the flight of time, and the dictates of prudence; at the hour of midnight they lost their way in returning to Dumfries, and could scarcely distinguish it when assisted by the morning's dawn.

Besides his duties in the Excise, and his social pleasures, other circumstances interfered with the attention of Burns to his farm. He engaged in the formation of a society for purchasing and

circulating books among the farmers of his neighbourhood, of which he undertook the management; and he occupied himself occasionally in composing songs for the musical work of Mr. Johnson, then in the course of publication. These engagements, useful and honourable in themselves, contributed, no doubt, to the abstraction of his thoughts from the business of agriculture.

The consequences may be easily imagined. Notwithstanding the uniform prudence and good management of Mrs. Burns, and though his rent was moderate and reasonable, our poet found it convenient, if not necessary, to resign his farm to Mr. Miller, after having occupied it three years and a half. His office in the Excise had originally produced about fifty pounds per annum. Having acquitted himself to the satisfaction of the board, he had been appointed to a new district, the emoluments of which arose to about seventy pounds per annum. Hoping to support himself and his family on this humble income till promotion should reach him, he disposed of his stock and of his crop on Ellisland by public auction, and removed to a small house which he had taken in Dumfries, about the end of the year 1791.

Hitherto Burns, though addicted to excess in social parties, had abstained from the habitual use of strong liquors, and his constitution had not suffered any permanent injury from the irregularities of his conduct. In Dumfries, temptations to *the sin that so easily beset him* continually presented themselves, and his irregularities grew by degrees into habits. These temptations unhappily occurred during his engagements in the business of his office, as well as during his hours of relaxation; and though he clearly foresaw the consequences of yielding to them, his appetites and sensations, which could not prevent the dictates of his judgment, finally triumphed over the powers of his will. Yet this victory was not obtained without many obstinate struggles, and at times temperance and virtue seemed to have obtained the mastery. Besides his engagements in the Excise, and the society into which they led, many circumstances contributed to the melancholy fate of Burns. His great celebrity made him an object of interest and curiosity to strangers, and few persons of cultivated minds passed through Dumfries without attempting to see our poet, and to enjoy the pleasure of his conversation. As he could not receive them under his own humble roof, these interviews passed at the inns of the town, and often terminated in those excesses which Burns sometimes provoked, and was seldom able to resist. And among the inhabitants of Dumfries and its vicinity, there were never wanting persons to share his social pleasures; to lead or accompany him to the tavern; to partake in the wildest sallies of his wit; to witness the strength and the degradation of his genius,

Still, however, he cultivated the society of persons of taste and respectability, and in their company could impose on himself the restraints of temperance and decorum. Nor was his muse dormant. In the four years which he lived at Dumfries, he produced many of his beautiful lyrics, though it does not appear that he attempted any poem of considerable length. During

this time he made several excursions into the neighbouring country, of one of which, through Galloway, an account is preserved in a letter of Mr. Syme, written soon after; which, as it gives an animated picture of him, by a correct and masterly hand, we shall present to the reader.

"I got Burns a grey Highland sheltie to ride on. We dined the first day, 27th July, 1793, at Glendenwynes of Parton a beautiful situation on the banks of the Dee. In the evening we walked out, and ascended a gentle eminence, from which we had as fine a view of Alpine scenery as can well be imagined. A delightful soft evening shewed all its wilder as well as its grander graces. Immediately opposite and within a mile of us, we saw Airds, a charming romantic place, where dwelt Low, the author of *Mary weep no more for me*. This was classical ground for Burns. He viewed 'the highest hill which rises o'er the source of Dee;' and would have staid till 'the passing spirit' had appeared, had we not resolved to reach Kenmure that night. We arrived as Mr. and Mrs. Gordon were sitting down to supper.

"Here is a genuine baron's seat. The castle, an old building, stands on a large natural moat. In front the river Ken winds for several miles through the most fertile and beautiful *holm*, till it expands into a lake twelve miles long, the banks of which, on the south, present a fine and soft landscape of green knolls, natural wood, and here and there a grey rock. On the north, the aspect is great, wild, and I may say, tremendous. In short, I can scarcely conceive a scene more terribly romantic than the castle of Kenmure. Burns thinks so highly of it, that he meditates a description of it in poetry. Indeed, I believe he has begun the work. We spent three days with Mr. Gordon, whose polished hospitality is of an original and endearing kind. Mrs. Gordon's lap-dog, Echo, was dead. She would have an epitaph for him. Several had been made. Burns was asked for one. This was setting Hercules to his distaff. He disliked the subject; but, to please the lady, he would try. Here is what he produced:—

"In wood and wild, ye warbling throng,
Your heavy loss deplore!
Now half extinct your powers of song
Sweet Echo is no more

Ye jarring screeching things around,
Scream your discordant joys!
Now half your din of tuneless song
With Echo silent lies."

"We left Kenmure and went to Gatchouse. I took him the moor road, where savage and desolate regions extended wide around. The sky was sympathetic with the wretchedness of the soil; it became lowering and dark. The hollow winds sighed, the lightnings gleamed, the thunder rolled. The poet

enjoyed the awful scene ; he spoke not a word, but seemed wrapt in meditation. In a little while the rain began to fall ; it poured in floods upon us. For three hours did the wild elements *rumble their bellyful* upon our defenceless heads. *Oh ! oh ! 'twas foul.* We got utterly wet ; and, to revenge ourselves, Burns insisted at Gatehouse on our getting utterly drunk.

"From Gatehouse, we went next day to Kirkcudbright, through a fine country. But here I must tell you that Burns had got a pair of *jemmy* boots for the journey, which had been thoroughly wet, and which had been dried in such manner that it was not possible to get them on again. The brawny poet tried force, and tore them to shreds. A whiffing vexation of this sort is more trying to the temper than a serious calamity. We were going to St. Mary's Isle, the seat of the Earl of Selkirk, and the forlorn Burns was discomfited at the thought of his ruined boots. A sick stomach and a head-ache lent their aid, and the man of verse was quite *accablé*. I attempted to reason with him. Mercy on us ! how he did fume and rage ! Nothing could reinstate him in temper. I tried various expedients, and at last hit on one that succeeded. I showed him the house of * * * * , across the bay of Wigton. Against * * * * , with whom he was offended, he expectorated his spleen, and regained a most agreeable temper. He was in a most epigrammatic humour indeed ! He afterwards fell on humbler game. There is one * * * * whom he does not love. He had a passing blow at him.

'When —— deceased, to the devil went down,
'Twas nothing would serve him but Satan's own crown ;
Thy fool's head, quoth Satan, that crown shall wear never,
I grant thou'rt as wicked, but not quite so clever.'

"Well, I am to bring you to Kirkcudbright along with our poet, without boots. I carried the torn ruins across my saddle in spite of his fulminations, and in contempt of appearances ; and, what is more, Lord Selkirk carried them in his coach to Dumfries. He insisted they were worth mending.

"We reached Kirkcudbright about one o'clock. I had promised that we should dine with one of the first men in our country, J. Dalzell ; but Burns was in a wild obstreperous humour, and swore he would not dine where he should be under the smallest restraint. We prevailed, therefore, on Mr. Dalzell to dine with us at the inn, and had a very agreeable party. In the evening we set out for St. Mary's Isle. Robert had not absolutely regained the mildness of good temper, and it occurred once or twice to him, as he rode along, that St. Mary's Isle was the seat of a Lord ; yet that Lord was not an aristocrat, at least in his sense of the word. We arrived about eight o'clock, as the family were at tea and coffee. St. Mary's Isle is one of the most delightful places that can, in my opinion, be formed by the assemblage of every soft, but not tame, object, which constitutes natural and cultivated beauty. But not to dwell on its ternal graces, let me tell you that we found all the ladies of

the family (all beautiful,) at home, and some strangers; and, among others, who but Urbani! The Italian sang us many Scottish songs, accompanied with instrumental music. The two young ladies of Selkirk sang also. We had the song of Lord Gregory, which I asked for, to have an opportunity of calling on Burns to recite *his* ballad to that tune. He did recite it; and such was the effect, that a dead silence ensued. It was such a silence as a mind of feeling naturally preserves when it is touched with that enthusiasm which banishes every other thought but the contemplation and indulgence of the sympathy produced. Burns's Lord Gregory is, in my opinion, a most beautiful and affecting ballad. The fastidious critic may, perhaps, say, some of the sentiments and imagery are of too elevated a kind for such a style of composition; for instance, 'Thou bolt of Heaven that passest by;' and, 'Ye mustering thunder,' &c; but this is a cold-blooded objection, which will be *said* rather than *felt*.

"We enjoyed a most happy evening at Lord Selkirk's. We had, in every sense of the word, a feast, in which our minds and our senses were equally gratified. The poet was delighted with his company, and acquitted himself to admiration. The lion that had raged so violently in the morning was now as mild and gentle as a lamb. Next day we returned to Dumfries, and so ends our peregrination. I told you that in the midst of the storm, on the wilds of Kenmure, Burns was wrapt in meditation. What do you think he was about? He was charging the English army, along with Bruce, at Bannockburn. He was engaged in the same manner on our ride home from St. Mary's Isle, and I did not disturb him. Next day he produced me the following address of Bruce to his troops, and gave me a copy for Dalzell:—

'Scots who hae wi' Wallace bled,' &c.

Burns had entertained hopes of promotion in the Excise; but circumstances occurred which retarded their fulfilment, and which in his own mind destroyed all expectation of their being ever fulfilled. The extraordinary events that ushered in the Revolution of France, interested the feelings and excited the hopes of men in every corner of Europe. Prejudice and tyranny seemed about to disappear from among men, and the day-star of reason to rise upon a benighted world. In the dawn of this beautiful morning, the genius of French freedom appeared on our southern horizon with the countenance of an angel, but speedily assumed the features of a demon, and vanished in a shower of blood.

Though previously a Jacobite and Cavalier, Burns had shared in the original hopes entertained of this astonishing revolution by ardent and benevolent minds. The novelty and the hazard of the attempt meditated by the First or Constituent Assembly, served rather, it is probable, to recommend it to his daring temper; and the unfettered scope proposed to be given to every kind of talent, was doubtless gratifying to the feelings of conscious but indignant genius. Burns foresaw not the mighty ruin that was to be the immediate consequence of an enterprise, which, on

its commencement, promised so much happiness to the human race. And even after the career of guilt and blood commenced, he could not immediately, it may be presumed, withdraw his partial gaze from a people who had so lately breathed the sentiments of universal peace and benignity, or obliterate in his bosom the pictures of hope and happiness to which those sentiments had given birth. Under these impressions, he did not always conduct himself with the circumspection and prudence which his dependent situation seemed to demand. He engaged, indeed, in no popular associations, so common at the time of which we speak, but in company he did not conceal his opinions of public measures, or of the reforms required in the practice of our government; and sometimes, in his social and unguarded moments, he uttered them with a wild and unjustifiable vehemence. Information of this was given to the Board of Excise, with the exaggeration so general in such cases. A superior officer in that department was authorised to enquire into his conduct. Burns defended himself in a letter addressed to one of the board, (Mr. Graham of Fintry,) written with great independence of spirit, and with more than his accustomed eloquence. The officer appointed to enquire into his conduct gave a favourable report. His steady friend, Mr. Graham of Fintry, interposed his good offices in his behalf, and the imprudent guager was suffered to retain his situation, but given to understand that his promotion was deferred, and must depend on his future behaviour.

This circumstance made a deep impression on the mind of Burns. Fame exaggerated his misconduct, and represented him as actually dismissed from his office; and this report induced a gentleman of much respectability (Mr. Erskine of Marr,) to propose a subscription in his favour. The offer was refused by our poet in a letter of great elevation of sentiment, in which he gives an account of the whole of this transaction, and defends himself from the imputation of disloyal sentiments on the one hand, and on the other, from the charge of having made submissions, for the sake of his office, unworthy of his character.

"The partiality of my countrymen," he observes, "has brought me forward as a man of genius, and has given me a character to support. In the poet I have avowed manly and independent sentiments, which I hope have been found in the man. Reasons of no less weight than the support of a wife and children, have pointed out my present occupation as the only eligible line of life within my reach. Still my honest fame is my dearest concern, and a thousand times have I trembled at the idea of the degrading epithets that malice or misrepresentation may affix to my name. Often in blasting anticipation have I listened to some future hackney scribbler, with the heavy malice of savage stupidity, exultingly asserting that Burns, notwithstanding the *fanfaronade* of independence to be found in his works, and after having been held up to public view, and to public estimation, as a man of some genius, yet, quite destitute of resources within himself to support his borrowed dignity, dwindled into a paltry exciseman, and slunk out the rest of his insignificant existence in the meanest of pursuits, and among the lowest of mankind.

"In your illustrious hands, Sir, permit me to lodge my strong disavowal and defiance of such slanderous falsehoods. Burns was a poor man from his birth, and an exciseman by necessity; but—I *will* say it—the sterling of his honest worth poverty could not debase, and his independent British spirit oppression might bend, but could not subdue."

It was one of the last acts of his life to copy this letter into his book of manuscripts, accompanied by some additional remarks on the same subject. It is not surprising, that at a season of universal alarm for the safety of the constitution, the indiscreet expressions of a man so powerful as Burns should have attracted notice. The times certainly required extraordinary vigilance in those entrusted with the administration of the government, and to ensure the safety of the constitution was doubtless their first duty. Yet generous minds will lament that their measures of precaution should have robbed the imagination of our poet of the last prop on which his hopes of independence rested; and by embittering his peace, have aggravated those excesses which were to conduct him to an untimely grave.

Though the vehemence of Burns's temper, increased as it often was by stimulating liquors, might lead him into many improper and unguarded expressions, there seems no reason to doubt his attachment to our mixed form of government. In his common-place book, where he could have no temptation to disguise, are the following sentiments:—Whatever might be my sentiments of Republics, ancient or modern, as to Britain, I ever abjured the idea. A constitution, which, in its original principles, experience has proved to be every way fitted for our happiness, it would be insanity to abandon for an untried visionary theory." In conformity to these sentiments, when the pressing nature of public affairs called, in 1795, for a general arming of the people, Burns appeared in the ranks of the Dumfries Volunteers, and employed his poetical talents in stimulating their patriotism; and at the season of alarm he brought forward the following hymn, worthy of the Grecian muse, when Greece was most conspicuous for genius and valour:—

Scene.—A field of Battle—Time of the day, evening.—The wounded and dying of the victorious army are supposed to join in the following song:—

Farewell, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye
skies,

Now gay with the bright setting sun!

Farewell, loves and friendships, ye dear tender ties,

Our race of existence is run!

Thou grim king of terrors, thou life's gloomy foe,

Go, frighten the coward and slave;

Go, teach them to tremble, fell tyrant! but know

No terrors hast thou for the brave!

Thou strik'st the dull peasant, he sinks in the dark
 Nor saves e'en the wreck of a name;
 Thou strik'st the young hero—a glorious mark!
 He falls in the blaze of his fame!
 In the field of proud honour—our swords in our
 hands,
 Our king and our country to save—
 While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands,
 Oh! who would not rest with the brave!

Though by nature of an athletic form, Burns had in his constitution the peculiarities and the delicacies that belong to the temperament of genius. He was liable, from a very early period of his life, to that interruption in the process of digestion, which arises from deep and anxious thought, and which is sometimes the effect, and sometimes the cause, of depression of spirits. Connected with this disorder of the stomach, there was a disposition to headache, affecting more especially the temples and eye-balls, and frequently accompanied by violent and irregular movements of the heart. Endowed by nature with great sensibility of nerves, Burns was, in his corporeal, as well as in his mental system, liable to inordinate impressions—to fever of body as well as of mind. This predisposition to disease, which strict temperance in diet, regular exercise, and sound sleep, might have subdued, habits of a very different nature strengthened and inflamed. Perpetually stimulated by alcohol in one or other of its various forms, the inordinate actions of the circulating system became at length habitual; the process of nutrition was unable to supply the waste, and the powers of life began to fail. Upwards of a year before his death, there was an evident decline in our poet's personal appearance, and though his appetite continued unimpaired, he was himself sensible that his constitution was sinking. In his moments of thought he reflected with the deepest regret on his fatal progress, clearly foreseeing the goal towards which he was hastening, without the strength of mind necessary to stop, or even to slacken, his course. His temper now became more irritable and gloomy; he fled from himself into society, and often of the lowest kind. And in such company, that part of the convivial scene in which wine increases sensibility and excites benevolence, was hurried over, to reach the succeeding part, over which uncontrolled passion generally presided. He who suffers the pollution of inebriation, how shall he escape other pollution? But let us refrain from the mention of errors over which delicacy and humanity draw the veil.

[A similar view of the latter days of Burns is taken by his biographers, Heron, Irving, Walker, and, in general, by all who wrote soon after his death. Mr. Lockhart, supported by attestations from Gilbert Burns, James Gray, then rector of the grammar-school of Dumfries, and Mr. Findlater, the poet's superior officer, gives a more favourable representation. The letter of Gray presents so interesting a picture of Burns in all respects, that we cannot resist the temptation to connect it with the text of Currie:—

"I love Dr. Currie, but I love the memory of Burns **more**, and no consideration shall deter me from a bold declaration of the truth. The poet of the Cotter's Saturday Night, who felt all the charms of the humble piety and virtue which he sang, is charged (in Dr. Currie's narrative) with vices which would reduce him to a level with the most degraded of his species. As I knew him during that period of his life emphatically called his evil days, *I am enabled to speak from my own observation*. It is not my intention to extenuate his errors, because they were combined with genius; on that account, they were only the more dangerous, because the more seductive, and deserve the more severe reprehension; but I shall likewise claim that nothing be said in malice even against him. . . . It came under my own view professionally, that he superintended the education of his children with a degree of care that I have never seen surpassed by any parent in any rank of life whatever. In the bosom of his family he spent many a delightful hour in directing the studies of his eldest son, a boy of uncommon talents. I have frequently found him explaining to this youth, then not more than nine years of age, the English poets from Shakspeare to Gray, or storing his mind with examples of heroic virtue, as they live in the pages of our most celebrated historians. I would ask any person of common candour, if employments like these are consistent with *habitual drunkenness*? It is not denied that he sometimes mingled with society unworthy of him. He was of a social and convivial nature. He was courted by all classes of men for the fascinating powers of his conversation, but over his social scene uncontrolled passion never presided. Over the social bowl his wit flashed for hours together, penetrating whatever it struck, like the fire from heaven; but even in the hour of thoughtless gaiety and merriment, I never knew it tainted by indecency. It was playful or caustic by turns, following an allusion through all its windings; astonishing by its rapidity, or amusing by its wild originality, and grotesque, yet natural combinations, but never, within my observation, disgusting by its grossness. In his morning hours, I never saw him like one suffering from the effects of last night's intemperance. He appeared then clear and unclouded. He was the eloquent advocate of humanity, justice, and political freedom. From his paintings, virtue appeared more lovely, and piety assumed a more celestial mien. While his keen eye was pregnant with fancy and feeling, and his voice attuned to the very passion which he wished to communicate, it would hardly have been possible to conceive any being more interesting and delightful. I may likewise add, that, to the very end of his life, reading was his favourite amusement. I have never known any man so intimately acquainted with the elegant English authors. He seemed to have the poets by heart. The prose authors he could quote either in their own words, or clothe their ideas in language more beautiful than their own. Nor was there ever any decay in any of the powers of his mind. To the last day of his life, his judgment, his memory, his imagination, were fresh and vigorous as when he composed the Cotter's Saturday Night. The truth

is, that Burns was seldom *intoxicated*. The drunkard soon becomes besotted, and is shunned even by the convivial. Had he been so, he could not long have continued the idol of every party. It will be freely confessed, that the hour of enjoyment was often prolonged beyond the limit marked by prudence; but what man will venture to affirm, that in situations where he was conscious of giving so much pleasure, he could at all times have listened to her voice?

"The men with whom he generally associated were not of the lowest order. He numbered among his intimate friends many of the most respectable inhabitants of Dumfries and the vicinity. Several of those were attached to him by ties that the hand of calumny, busy as it was, could never snap asunder. They admired the poet for his genius, and loved the man for the candour, generosity, and kindness of his nature. His early friends clung to him, through good and bad report, with a zeal and fidelity that proved their disbelief of the malicious stories circulated to his disadvantage. Among them were some of the most distinguished characters in this country, and not a few females eminent for delicacy, taste, and genius. They were proud of his friendship, and cherished him to the last moment of his existence. He was endeared to them even by his misfortunes, and they still retain for his memory that affectionate veneration which virtue alone inspires."

In the midst of all his wanderings, Burns met nothing in his domestic circle but gentleness and forgiveness, except in the gnawings of his own remorse. He acknowledged his transgressions to the wife of his bosom, promised amendment, and again and again received pardon for his offences. But as the strength of his body decayed, his resolution became feebler, and habit acquired predominating strength.

From October 1795 to the January following, an accidental complaint confined him to the house. A few days after he began to go abroad, he dined at a tavern and returned home about three o'clock in a very cold morning, benumbed and intoxicated. This was followed by an attack of rheumatism, which confined him about a week. His appetite now began to fail; his hand shook, and his voice faltered on any exertion or emotion. His pulse became weaker and more rapid, and pain in the larger joints, and in the hands and feet, deprived him of the enjoyment of refreshing sleep. Too much dejected in his spirits, and too well aware of his real situation to entertain hopes of recovery, he was ever musing on the approaching desolation of his family, and his spirits sank into a uniform gloom.

It was hoped by some of his friends, that if he could live through the months of spring, the succeeding season might restore him. But they were disappointed. The genial beams of the sun infused no vigour into his languid frame; the summer wind blew upon him, but produced no refreshment. About the latter end of June he was advised to go into the country, and, impatient of medical advice, as well as of every species of control, he determined for himself to try the effects of bathing in the sea. For this purpose he took up his residence at Brow, in Annan-

dale, about ten miles east of Dumfries, on the shore of the Solway Firth.

It happened that at that time a lady with whom he had been connected in friendship by the sympathies of kindred genius, was residing in the immediate neighbourhood. Being informed of his arrival, she invited him to dinner, and sent her carriage for him to the cottage where he lodged, as he was unable to walk. "I was struck," says this lady (in a confidential letter to a friend written soon after,) "with his appearance on entering the room. The stamp of death was imprinted on his features. He seemed already touching the brink of eternity. His first salutation was, 'Well, madam, have you any commands for the other world?' I replied, it seemed a doubtful case which of us should be there soonest, and that I hoped he would yet live to write my epitaph. (I was then in a bad state of health.) He looked in my face with an air of great kindness, and expressed his concern at seeing me look so ill, with his accustomed sensibility. At table he ate little or nothing, and he complained of having entirely lost the tone of his stomach. We had a long and serious conversation about his present situation, and the approaching termination of all his earthly prospects. He spoke of his death without any of the ostentation of philosophy, but, with firmness as well as feeling, as an event likely to happen very soon, and which gave him concern chiefly from leaving his four children so young and unprotected, and his wife in so interesting a situation—in hourly expectation of lying in of a fifth. He mentioned, with seeming pride and satisfaction, the promising genius of his eldest son, and the flattering marks of approbation he had received from his teachers, and dwelt particularly on his hopes of that boy's future conduct and merit. His anxiety for his family seemed to hang heavy upon him, and the more perhaps from the reflection that he had not done them all the justice he was so well qualified to do. Passing from this subject, he shewed great concern about the care of his literary fame, and particularly the publication of his posthumous works. He said he was well aware that his death would occasion some noise, and that every scrap of his writing would be revived against him to the injury of his future reputation; that letters and verses written with unguarded and improper freedom, and which he earnestly wished to have buried in oblivion, would be handed about by idle vanity or malevolence, when no dread of his resentment would restrain them, or prevent the censures of shrill-tongued malice, or the insidious sarcasms of envy, from pouring forth all their venom to blast his fame.

"He lamented that he had written many epigrams on persons against whom he entertained no enmity, and whose characters he should be sorry to wound; and many indifferent poetical pieces, which he feared would now, with all their imperfections on their head, be thrust upon the world. On this account he deeply regretted having deferred to put his papers in a state of arrangement, as he was now quite incapable of the exertion." The lady goes on to mention many other topics of a private nature on which he spoke. "The conversation," she adds,

“ was kept up with great evenness and animation on his side. I had seldom seen his mind greater or more collected. There was frequently a considerable degree of vivacity in his sallies, and they would probably have had a greater share, had not the concern and dejection I could not disguise damped the spirit of pleasantry he seemed not unwilling to indulge.

“ We parted about sunset on the evening of that day (the 5th of July, 1796) : the next day I saw him again, and we parted to meet no more ! ”

At the first Burns imagined bathing in the sea had been of benefit to him : the pains in his limbs were relieved ; but this was immediately followed by a new attack of fever. When brought back to his own house in Dumfries, on the 18th of July, he was no longer able to stand upright. At this time a tremor pervaded his frame : his tongue was parched, and his mind sank into delirium, when not roused by conversation. On the second and third day the fever increased, and his strength diminished. On the fourth, the sufferings of this great but ill-fated genius were terminated ; and a life was closed, in which virtue and passion had been in perpetual variance.

The death of Burns made a strong and general impression on all who had interested themselves in his character, and especially on the inhabitants of the town and county in which he had spent the latter years of his life. Flagrant as his follies and errors had been, they had not deprived him of the respect and regard entertained for the extraordinary powers of his genius, and the generous qualities of his heart. The Gentlemen-Volunteers of Dumfries determined to bury their illustrious associate with military honours, and every preparation was made to render this last service solemn and impressive. The Fencible Infantry of Angussshire, and the regiment of cavalry of the Cinque Ports, at that time quartered in Dumfries, offered their assistance on this occasion ; the principal inhabitants of the town and neighbourhood determined to walk in the funeral procession ; and a vast concourse of persons assembled, some of them from a considerable distance, to witness the obsequies of the Scottish Bard. On the evening of the 25th of July, the remains of Burns were removed from his house to the Town-Hall, and the funeral took place on the succeeding day. A party of the volunteers, selected to perform the military duty in the churchyard, stationed themselves in the front of the procession, with their arms reversed ; the main body of the corps surrounded and supported the coffin, on which were placed the hat and sword of their friend and fellow-soldier : the numerous body of attendants ranged themselves in the rear ; while the Fencible regiments of infantry and cavalry lined the streets from the Town-Hall to the burial-ground in the southern churchyard, a distance of more than half a mile. The whole of the procession moved forward to that sublime and affecting strain of music, the Dead March in Saul ; and three volleys fired over his grave marked the return of Burns to his parent earth ! The spectacle was in a high degree grand and solemn, and accorded with the general sentiments of sympathy and sorrow which the occasion had called forth.

It was an affecting circumstance, that, on the morning of the day of her husband's funeral, Mrs. Burns was undergoing the pains of labour; and that during the solemn service we have just been describing, the posthumous son of our poet was born. This infant boy, who received the name of Maxwell, was not destined to a long life. He has already become an inhabitant of the same grave with his celebrated father. The four other children of our poet, all sons (the eldest at that time about ten years of age), yet survive, and give every promise of prudence and virtue that can be expected from their tender years. They remain under the care of their affectionate mother in Dumfries, and are enjoying the means of education which the excellent schools of that town afford; the teachers of which, in their conduct to the children of Burns, do themselves great honour. On this occasion the name of Mr. Whyte deserves to be particularly mentioned, himself a poet as well as a man of science.

Burns died in great poverty; but the independence of his spirit, and the exemplary prudence of his wife, had preserved him from debt. He had received from his poems a clear profit of about nine hundred pounds. Of this sum the part expended on his library, (which was far from extensive,) and in the humble furniture of his house, remained; and obligations were found for two hundred pounds advanced by him to the assistance of those to whom he was united by the ties of blood, and still more by those of esteem and affection. When it is considered that his expenses in Edinburgh, and on his various journeys, could not be inconsiderable; that his agricultural undertaking was unsuccessful; that his income from the Excise was for some time as low as fifty, and never rose to above seventy pounds a-year; that his family was large, and his spirit liberal—no one will be surprised that his circumstances were so poor, or that, as his health decayed, his proud and feeling heart sank under the secret consciousness of indigence, and the apprehensions of absolute want. Yet poverty never bent the spirit of Burns to any pecuniary meanness. Neither chicanery nor sordidness ever appeared in his conduct. He carried his disregard of money to a blameable excess. Even in the midst of distress he bore himself loftily to the world, and received with a jealous reluctance every offer of friendly assistance. His printed poems had procured him great celebrity, and a just and fair recompense for the latter offsprings of his pen might have produced him considerable emolument. In the year 1795, the editor of a London newspaper, high in its character for literature and independence of sentiment, made a proposal to him that he should furnish them, once a-week, with an article for their poetical department, and receive from them a recompense of fifty-two guineas per annum; an offer which the pride of genius disdained to accept. Yet he had for several years furnished, and was at that time furnishing, the Museum of Johnson with his beautiful lyrics, without fee or reward, and was obstinately refusing all recompense for his assistance to the greater work of Mr. Thompson, which the justice and generosity of that gentleman was pressing upon him.

The sense of his poverty, and of the approaching distress of

his infant family, pressed heavily on Burns as he lay on the bed of death. Yet he alluded to his indigence, at times, with something approaching to his wonted gaiety. "What business," said he to Dr. Maxwell, who attended him with the utmost zeal, "has a physician to waste his time on me? I am a poor pigeon not worth plucking. Alas! I have not feathers enough upon me to carry me to my grave." And when his reason was lost in delirium, his ideas ran in the same melancholy train: the horrors of a jail were continually present to his troubled imagination, and produced the most affecting exclamations.

As for some months previous to his death he had been incapable of the duties of his office, Burns dreaded that his salary should be reduced one half, as is usual in such cases. His full emoluments were, however, continued to him by the kindness of Mr. Stobie, a young expectant in the Excise, who performed the duties of his office without fee or reward; and Mr. Graham of Fintry, hearing of his illness, though unacquainted with its dangerous nature, made an offer of his assistance towards procuring him the means of preserving his health. Whatever might be the faults of Burns, ingratitude was not one of the number. Amongst his manuscripts, various proofs are found of the sense he entertained of Mr. Graham's friendship, which delicacy towards that gentleman has induced us to suppress; and on this last occasion there is no doubt that his heart overflowed towards him, though he had no longer the power of expressing his feelings.

On the death of Burns, the inhabitants of Dumfries and its neighbourhood opened a subscription for the support of his wife and family: and Mr. Miller, Mr. M'Murdo, Dr. Maxwell, Mr. Syne, and Mr. Cunningham, gentlemen of the first respectability, became trustees for the application of the money to its proper objects. The subscription was extended to other parts of Scotland, and of England also, particularly London and Liverpool. By this means a sum was raised amounting to seven hundred pounds; and thus the widow and children were rescued from immediate distress, and the most melancholy of the forebodings of Burns happily disappointed. It is true, this sum, though equal to their present support, is insufficient to secure them from future penury. Their hope in regard to futurity depends on the favourable reception of these volumes from the public at large, in the promoting of which the candour and humanity of the reader may induce him to lend his assistance.

Burns, as has already been mentioned, was nearly five feet ten inches in height, and of a form that indicated agility as well as strength. His well-raised forehead, shaded with black curling hair, indicated extensive capacity. His eyes were large, dark, full of ardour and intelligence. His face was well formed, and his countenance uncommonly interesting and expressive. His mode of dressing was often slovenly, and a certain fulness and bend in his shoulders, characteristic of his original profession, disguised in some degree the natural symmetry and elegance of

his form. The external appearance of Burns was most strikingly indicative of the character of his mind. On a first view, his physiognomy had a certain air of coarseness, mingled, however, with an expression of deep penetration, and of calm thoughtfulness, approaching to melancholy. There appeared in his first manner and address, perfect ease and self-possession, but a stern and almost supercilious elevation, not indeed, incompatible with openness and affability, which, however, bespoke a mind conscious of superior talents. Strangers that supposed themselves approaching an Ayrshire peasant who could make rhymes, and to whom their notice was an honour, found themselves speedily overawed by the presence of a man who bore himself with dignity, and who possessed a singular power of correcting forwardness and of repelling intrusion. But though jealous of the respect due to himself, Burns never enforced it where he saw it was willingly paid; and, though inaccessible to the approaches of pride, he was open to every advance of kindness and of benevolence. His dark and haughty countenance easily relaxed into a look of good will, of pity, or of tenderness; and, as the various emotions succeeded each other in his mind, assumed with equal ease the expression of the broadest humour, of the most extravagant mirth, of the deepest melancholy, or of the most sublime emotion. The tones of his voice happily corresponded with the expression of his features, and with the feelings of his mind. When to these endowments are added a rapid and distinct apprehension, a most powerful understanding, and a happy command of language—of strength as well as brilliancy of expression—we shall be able to account for the extraordinary attractions of his conversation—for the sorcery which in his social parties he seemed to exert on all around him. In the company of women this sorcery was more especially apparent. Their presence charmed the fiend of melancholy in his bosom, and awoke his happiest feelings; it excited the powers of his fancy, as well as the tenderness of his heart; and, by restraining the vehemence and exuberance of his language, at times gave to his manners the impression of taste, and even of elegance, which in the company of men they seldom possessed. This influence was doubtless reciprocal. A Scottish lady, accustomed to the best society, declared with characteristic *naïveté*, that no man's conversation ever *carried her so completely off her feet* as that of Burns; and an English lady, familiarly acquainted with several of the most distinguished characters of the present times, assured the editor, that in the happiest of his social hours there was a charm about Burns which she had never seen equalled. This charm arose not more from the power than the versatility of his genius. No langour could be felt in the society of a man who passed at pleasure from *grave to gay*, from the ludicrous to the pathetic, from the simple to the sublime; who wielded all his faculties with equal strength and ease, and never failed to impress the offspring of his fancy with the stamp of his understanding.

This indeed, is to represent Burns in his happiest phasis. In large and mixed parties he was often silent and dark, sometimes

fierce and overbearing; he was jealous of the proud man's scorn, jealous to an extreme of the insolence of wealth, and prone to avenge, even on its innocent possessor, the partiality of fortune. By nature kind, brave, sincere, and in a singular degree compassionate, he was on the other hand proud, irascible, and vindictive. His virtues and his failings had their origin in the extraordinary sensibility of his mind, and equally partook of the chills and glows of sentiment. His friendships were liable to interruption from jealousy or disgust, and his enmities died away under the influence of pity or self-accusation. His understanding was equal to the other powers of his mind, and his deliberate opinions were singularly candid and just; but, like other men of great and irregular genius, the opinions which he delivered in conversation were often the offspring of temporary feelings and widely different from the calm decisions of his judgment. This was not merely true respecting the characters of others, but in regard to some of the most important points of human speculation.

On no subject did he give a more striking proof of the strength of his understanding, than in the correct estimate he formed of himself. He knew his own failings; he predicted their consequence; the melancholy foreboding was never long absent from his mind; yet his passions carried him down the stream of error, and swept him over the precipice he saw directly in his course. The fatal defect in his character lay in the comparative weakness of his volition, that superior faculty of the mind, which governing the conduct according to the dictates of the understanding, alone entitles it to be denominated rational; which is the parent of fortitude, patience, and self-denial: which, by regulating and combining human exertions, may be said to have effected all that is great in the works of man, in literature, in science, or on the face of nature. The occupations of a poet are not calculated to strengthen the governing powers of the mind, or to weaken that sensibility which requires perpetual control, since it gives birth to the vehemence of passion as well as to the higher powers of imagination. Unfortunately, the favourite occupations of genius are calculated to increase all its peculiarities; to nourish that lofty pride which disdains the littleness of prudence, and the restrictions of order: and, by indulgence, to increase that sensibility which, in the present form of our existence, is scarcely compatible with peace or happiness, even when accompanied with the choicest gifts of fortune!

It is observed by one who was a friend and associate of Burns, and who has contemplated and explained the system of animated nature, that no sentient being, with mental powers greatly superior to those of men, could possibly live and be happy in this world. "If such a being really existed," continues he, "his misery would be extreme. With senses more delicate and refined; with perceptions more acute and penetrating; with taste so exquisite that the objects around him would by no means gratify it; obliged to feed on nourishment too gross for his frame—he must be born only to be miserable, and the continuation of his

existence would be utterly impossible. Even in our present condition, the sameness and the insipidity of objects and pursuits, the futility of pleasure, and the infinite sources of excruciating pain, are supported with great difficulty by cultivated and refined minds. Increase our sensibilities, continue the same objects and situation, and no man could bear to live."

Thus it appears, that our powers of sensation, as well as all our other powers, are adapted to the scene of our existence; that they are limited in mercy, as well as in wisdom.

The speculations of Mr. Smellie are not to be considered as the dreams of a theorist; they were probably founded on sad experience. The being he supposes "with senses more delicate and refined, with perceptions more acute and penetrating," is to be found in real life. He is of the temperament of genius, and perhaps a poet. Is there, then, no remedy for this inordinate sensibility? Are there no means by which the happiness of one so constituted by nature may be consulted? Perhaps it will be found, that regular and constant occupation, irksome though at first it may be, is the true remedy. Occupation, in which the powers of the understanding are exercised, will diminish the force of external impressions, and keep the imagination under restraint.

That the bent of every man's mind should be followed in his education and in his destination in life, is a maxim which has been often repeated, but which cannot be admitted without many restrictions. It may be generally true when applied to weak minds, which being capable of little, must be encouraged and strengthened in the feeble impulses by which that little is produced. But where indulgent nature has bestowed her gifts with a liberal hand, the very reverse of this maxim ought frequently to be the rule of conduct. In minds of a higher order, the object of instruction and discipline is very often to restrain, rather than to impel; to curb the impulses of imagination, so that the passions also may be kept under control.

Hence the advantages, even in a moral point of view, of studies of a severer nature, which, while they inform the understanding, employ the volition, that regulating power of the mind, which, like all our other faculties, is strengthened by exercise, and on the superiority of which virtue, happiness, and honourable fame, are wholly dependent. Hence also the advantage of regular and constant application, which aids the voluntary power by the production of habits so necessary to the support of order and virtue, and so difficult to be formed in the temperament of genius. The man who is so endowed and so regulated, may pursue his course with confidence in almost any of the various walks of life which choice or accident shall open to him; and, provided he employ the talents he has cultivated, may hope for such imperfect happiness, and such limited success, as are reasonably to be expected from human exertions.

The preeminence among men, which procures personal respect, and which terminates in lasting reputation, is seldom or never obtained by the excellence of a single faculty of mind. Experience teaches us, that it has been acquired by those only who have

possessed the comprehension and the energy of general talents, and who have regulated their application in the line which choice, or perhaps accident, may have determined, by the dictates of their judgment. Imagination is supposed, and with justice, to be the leading faculty of the poet. But what poet has stood the test of time by the force of this single faculty? Who does not see that Hómer and Shakspeare excelled the rest of their species in understanding as well as in imagination; that they were preeminent in the highest species of knowledge—the knowledge of the nature and character of man? On the other hand, the talent of ratiocination is more especially requisite to the orator; but no man ever obtained the palm of oratory, even by the highest excellence in this single talent. Who does not perceive that Demosthenes and Cicero were not more happy in their addresses to the reason than in their appeals to the passions? They knew, that to excite, to agitate, and to delight, are among the most potent arts of persuasion; and they enforced their impression on the understanding, by their command of all the sympathies of the heart. These observations might be extended to other walks of life. He who has the faculties to excel in poetry, has the faculties which, duly governed, and differently directed, might lead to preeminence in other, and, as far as respects himself, perhaps in happier destinations. The talents necessary to the construction of an Iliad, under different discipline and application, might have led armies to victory, or kingdoms to prosperity; might have wielded the thunder of eloquence, or discovered and enlarged the sciences that constitute the power and improve the condition of our species. Such talents are, indeed, rare among the productions of nature, and occasions of bringing them into full exertion are rarer still. But safe and salutary occupations may be found for men of genius in every direction, while the useful and ornamental arts remain to be cultivated, while the sciences remain to be studied and to be extended, and principles of science to be applied to the correction and improvement of art. In the temperament of sensibility, which is, in truth, the temperament of general talents, the principal object of discipline and instruction is, as has already been mentioned, to strengthen the self-command; and this may be promoted by the direction of the studies, more effectually, perhaps, than has been generally understood.

If these observations be founded in truth, they may lead to practical consequences of some importance. It has been too much the custom to consider the possession of poetical talents as excluding the possibility of application to the severer branches of study, and as, in some degree, incapacitating the possessor from attaining those habits, and from bestowing that attention which are necessary to success in the details of business, and in the engagements of active life. It has been common for persons conscious of such talents, to look with a sort of disdain on other kinds of intellectual excellence, and to consider themselves as in some degree absolved from those rules of prudence by which humbler minds are restricted. They are too much disposed to abandon themselves to their own sensations, and to suffer life to pass away without regular exertion or settled purpose.

But though men of genius are generally prone to indolence, with them indolence and unhappiness are in a more especial manner allied. The unbidden splendours of imagination may, indeed, at times irradiate the gloom which inactivity produces; but such visions, though bright, are transient, and serve to cast the realities of life into deeper shade. In bestowing great talents, Nature seems very generally to have imposed on the possessor the necessity of exertion, if he would escape wretchedness. Better for him than sloth, toils the most painful, or adventures the most hazardous. Happier to him than idleness were the condition of the peasant, earning with incessant labour his scanty food; or that of the sailor, though hanging on the yard-arm, and wrestling with the hurricane.

These observations might be amply illustrated by the biography of men of genius of every denomination, and more especially by the biography of the poets. Of this last description of men, few seem to have enjoyed the usual portion of happiness that falls to the lot of humanity, those excepted who have cultivated poetry as an elegant amusement in the hours of relaxation from other occupations, or the small number who have engaged with success in the greater or more arduous attempts of the muse, in which all the faculties of the mind have been fully and permanently employed. Even taste, virtue, and comparative independence, do not seem capable of bestowing on men of genius peace and tranquillity without such occupation as may give regular and healthful exercise to the faculties of body and mind. The amiable Shenstone has left us the records of his imprudence, of his indolence, and of his unhappiness, amidst the shades of the Leasowes; and the virtues, the learning, and the genius of Gray, equal to the loftiest attempts of the epic muse, failed to procure him in the academic bowers of Cambridge that tranquillity and that respect which less fastidiousness of taste, and greater constancy and vigour of exertion, would have doubtless obtained.

It is more necessary that men of genius should be aware of the importance of self-command, and of exertion, because their indolence is peculiarly exposed, not merely to unhappiness, but to diseases of mind, and to errors of conduct, which are generally fatal. This interesting subject deserves a particular investigation; but we must content ourselves with one or two cursory remarks. Relief is sometimes sought from the melancholy of indolence in practices which, for a time, soothe and gratify the sensations, but which, in the end, involve the sufferer in darker gloom. To command the external circumstances by which happiness is affected is not in human power: but there are various substances in nature which operate on the system of the nerves, so as to give a fictitious gaiety to the ideas of imagination, and to alter the effect of the external impressions which we receive. Opium is chiefly employed for this purpose by the disciples of Mahomet and the inhabitants of Asia; but alcohol, the principle of intoxication in vinous and spirituous liquors, is preferred in Europe, and is universally used in the Christian world. Under the various wounds to which indolent insensibility is exposed,

and under the gloomy apprehensions respecting futurity to which it is so often a prey, how strong is the temptation to have recourse to an antidote by which the pain of these wounds is suspended, by which the heart is exhilarated, visions of happiness are excited in the mind, and the forms of external nature clothed with new beauty!

Elysium opens round

A pleasing phrenzy buoys the lighten'd soul,
And sanguine hopes dispel your fleeting care;
And what was difficult, and what was dire,
Yields to your prowess, and superior stars:
The happiest you of all that e'er were mad,
Or are, or shall be, could this folly last,
But soon your heaven is gone; a heavier gloom
Shuts o'er your head. ———

* * * * *

——— Morning comes; your cares return
With tenfold rage. An anxious stomach well
May be endur'd—so may the throbbing head;
But such a dim delirium, such a dream
Involves you; such a dastardly despair
Unmans your soul, as maddening Pentheus felt,
When, baited round Cithæron's cruel sides,
He saw two suns and double Thebes ascend."

Armstrong's Art of Preserving Health, bk. iv. l. 163.

Such are the pleasures and pains of intoxication, as they occur in the temperament of sensibility, described by a genuine poet with a degree of truth and energy, which nothing but experience could have dictated. There are, indeed, some individuals, of this temperament on whom wine produces no cheering influence. On some, even in very moderate quantities, its effects are painfully irritating; in large draughts it excites dark and melancholy ideas; and in draughts still larger, the fierceness of insanity itself. Such men are happily exempted from a temptation to which experience teaches us the finest dispositions often yield, and the influence of which, when strengthened by habit, it is a humiliating truth, that the most powerful minds have not been able to resist.

It is the more necessary for men of genius to be on their guard against the habitual use of wine, because it is apt to steal on them insensibly, and because the temptation to excess usually presents itself to them in their social hours, when they are alive only to warm and generous emotions, and when prudence and moderation are often contemned as selfishness and timidity.

It is the more necessary for them to guard against excess in the use of wine, because on them its effects are, physically and morally, in an especial manner injurious. In proportion to its stimulating influence on the system (on which the pleasurable

sensations depend,) is the debility that ensues—a debility that destroys digestion, and terminates in habitual fever, dropsy, jaundice, paralysis, or insanity. As the strength of the body decays, the volition fails; in proportion as the sensations are soothed and gratified, the sensibility increases; the morbid sensibility is the parent of indolence, because, while it impairs the regulating power of the mind, it exaggerates all the obstacles to exertion. Activity, perseverance, and self-command, become more and more difficult, and the great purposes of utility, patriotism, or of honourable ambition, which had occupied the imagination, die away in fruitless resolutions, or in feeble efforts.

To apply these observations to the subject of our memoirs would be as useless as well as a painful task. It is indeed a duty we owe to the living not to allow our admiration of great genius, or even our pity for its unhappy destiny, to conceal or disguise its errors. But there are sentiments of respect, and even of tenderness, with which this duty should be performed; there is an awful sanctity which invests the mansions of the dead; and let those who moralise over the graves of their contemporaries, reflect with humility on their own errors, nor forget how soon they may themselves require the candour and sympathy they are called upon to bestow.

THE
Poetical Works of Robert Burns.

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF

CHARLES THE FIRST

Burns's Poetical Works.

The Death and Dying Words of Poor Mailie.

THE AUTHOR'S ONLY PET YOWE.

AN UNCO MOURNFU' TALE.

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

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

“ Oh thou, whose lamentable face
Appears to mourn my woefu' case!
My dying words attentive hear,
And bear them to my master dear.

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

“ Tell him he was a master kin’
 And aye was good to me and mine;
 And now my dying charge I gie him —
 My helpless lambs I trust them wi’ him.

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

“ And may they never learn the gaets
 Of other vile wanresfu’ pets;
 To slink through slaps, and reave and steal
 At stacks o’ peas, or stocks o’ kail.
 So may they, like their great forbears,
 For many a year come through the shears:
 So wives will gie them bits of bread,
 And bairns greet for them when they’re dead.

“ My poor toop-lamb, my son and 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 and wear his cloots,
 Like ither menseless, graceless brutes.

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

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

“ Now, honest Hughoc, diinna fail
 To tell my master a’ my tale;
 And bid him burn this cursed tether,
 And for thy pains thou’s get my blether.”
 This said, poor Mallie turn’d her head,
 And closed her e’en among the dead.

Poor Mailie's Elegy.

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 cape-stane of his woes —
 Poor Mailie's dead!

It's no the loss o' warl's gear,
 That could sae bitter draw the tear,
 Or mak our bardie, dowie, wear
 The mourning weed:
 He's lost a friend and neibor dear,
 In Mailie dead.

Thro' 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 with speed:
 A friend mair faithfu' ne'er cam nigh him
 Than Mailie dead.

I wat she was a sheep o' sense,
 And could behave hersel' wi' mense;
 I'll say't, she never brak a fence,
 Thro' thievish greed.
 Our bardie, lanely, keeps the spence
 Sin' Mailie's dead.

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

She was nae get o' moorland tips,
 Wi' towted ket, and hairy hips,
 For her forbears were brought in ships
 Frae yont the Tweed;
 A bonnier flesh ne'er cross'd the clips
 Than Mailie dead.

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

Oh, a' ye bards on bonnie Doon!
 And wha on Ayr your chanter's tune!
 Come, join the melancholious croon
 O' Robin's reed!
 His heart will never get aboon —
 His Mailie's dead!

Epistle to Davie.

A BROTHER POET.

January, 1784.

WHILE winds frae off Ben Lomond blaw,
 And bar the doors with 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 sa bien and snug:
 I tent less, and want less
 Their roomy fireside;
 But hanker and canker
 To see their cursed pride.

It's hardly in a body's power
 To keep, at times, frae being sour,
 To see how things are shar'd;
 How best o' chieles are whiles in want,
 While coofs on countless thousands rant,
 And ken na how to wair't;
 Nae, Davie, lad, ne'er fash your head,
 Tho' we hae little gear,
 We're fit to win our daily bread,
 As lan's we're hale and fier:
 "Mair spier na, no fear na
 Old age ne'er mind a feg,
 The last o't, the warst o't,
 Is only but to beg.

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

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

Yet nature's charms, the hills and woods,
 The sweeping vales, and foaming floods,
 Are free alike to all.
 In days when 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 and sowth a tune;
 Syne rhyme till't, we'll time till't,
 And sing't when we hae dune.

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 mak 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.

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

Then let us cheerfu' acquiesce,
 Nor make our scanty pleasures less,
 By pining at our state;
 And, even should misfortune 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.

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

Oh, all ye powers who rule above !
 Oh, 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 pray'r !
 Still take her, and make her,
 Thy most peculiar care !

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 hand,
 A tie more tender still.
 It lightens, it brightens
 The tenebrific scene,
 To meet with, and greet with
 My Davie or my Jean !

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 glowrin' owre my pen.
 My spaviet Pegasus will limp,
 Till ance he's fairley het;
 And then he'll hileh, and stilt, and jimp,
 And rin an unco fit:
 Bu tlest then, the beast then
 Should rue this hasty ride,
 I'll light now, and dight now,
 His sweaty, wizen'd hide.

Address to the Deil.

Oh Prince! Oh chief of many throned pow'rs,
 That led th' embattled seraphim to war.—

MILTON.

Oh thou! whatever title suit the,
 Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie,
 Wha in yon cavern grim and sootie,
 Closed under hatches,
 Spairges about the brunstane cootie,
 To scaud poor wretches!

Hear me, auld Hangie, for a wee,
 And let poor damned bodies be;
 I'm sure sma' pleasure it can gie,
 E'en to a deil,
 To skelp and scaud poor dogs like me,
 And hear us squeel!

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

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

I've heard my reverend granny say,
 In lanely glens ye like to stray;
 Or where auld ruin'd castles, gray,
 Nod to the moon,
 Ye fright the nightly wand'rer's way
 Wi' eldritch croon.

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

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

The cudgel in my nieve did shake,
 Each bristl'd hair stood like a stake,
 When wi' an eldritch, stoor quaick—quaick—
 Among the springs,
 Awa ye squatter'd, like a drake,
 On whistling wings.

Let warlocks grim, and 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.

Thence countra wives, wi' toil and pain,
 May plunge and plunge the kirk in vain;
 For, oh, the yellow treasure's taen
 By witching skill;
 And dawtit, twal-pint hawkie's gaen
 As yell's the bill.

When thowes dissolve the snawy hoord,
 And float the jinglin' icy boord,
 Then water kelpies haunt the foord,
 By your direction,
 And 'nighted trav'lers are allur'd
 To their destruction.

And aft your moss-traversing spunkies
 Decoy the wight that late and drunk is:
 The bleezin', curst, mischievous monkeys
 Delude his eyes,
 Till in some miry slough he sunk is,
 Ne'er mair to rise.

When mason's mystic word and grip
 In storms and 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!

Lang syne, in Edin's bonnie yard,
 When youthfu' lovers first were pair'd,
 And all the soul of love they shar'd,
 The raptur'd hour,
 Sweet on the fragrant flow'ry sward,
 In shady bow'r :

Then you, ye auld sneec-drawing dog !
 Ye came to Paradise incog,
 And played on man a cursed brogue,
 (Black be your fa !)
 And gied the infant warld a shog,
 'Maist ruin'd a'.

D'ye mind that day, when in a bizz,
 Wi' reekit duds, and reestit gizz,
 Ye did present your smontie phiz
 'Mang better folk,
 And sklented on the man of Uzz
 Your spitefu' joke ?

And how ne gat him i' your thrall,
 And brak him out o' house and hall,
 While scabs and botches did him gall,
 Wi' bitter claw,
 And lows'd his ill-tongued, wicked scawl,
 Was warst ava ?

But a' your doings to rehearse,
 Your wily snares and fetchin' fierce,
 Sin' that day Michael did you pierce,
 Down to this time,
 Wad ding a Lallan tongue, or Earse,
 In prose or rhyme.

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',
 And cheat you yet.

But, fare you weel, auld Nickie-ben !
 Oh 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,
 Ev'n for your sake !

The Auld Farwer'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;
Tho' thou's howe-backit, now, and knaggie,
I've seen the day
Thou could hae gaen like onie staggie
Out-owre the lay.

Tho' now thou's dowie, stiff, and crazy,
And thy old hide's as white's a daisy,
I've seen thee dappl't, sleek, and glaizie,
A bonny gray;
He should been tight that daur't to raise thee
Ance a day.

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

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

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

That day ye pranc'd wi' muckle pride,
When ye bure hame my bonny bride:
And sweet and gracefu' she did ride,
Wi' maiden air!
Kyle Stewart I could bragged wide,
For sic a pair.

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

When thou and I were young and skeigh,
 At stable-meals at fairs were dreigh,
 How thou wad prance, and snore, and skeigh
 And tak the road!
 Town's bodies ran, and stood abeigh,
 And ca't the mad.

When thou was corn't, and I was mellow,
 We took the road aye like a swallow:
 At brooses thou had ne'er a fellow
 For pith and speed;
 But ev'ry tail thou pay't them hollow
 Whare'er thou gaed.

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

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

Thou never braindg't, and fech't, and fliskit,
 But thy auld tail thou wad hae wiskit,
 And spread abreed thy well-filled brisket,
 Wi' pith and pow'r,
 Till spritty knowes wad ruin't and risket,
 And slypet owre.

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

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

My pleugh is now thy bairn-time a';
 Four gallant brutes as e'er did draw;
 Forbye sax mae I've sell't awa,
 That thou hast **nuist**:
 They drew me thretteen pund and **twa**,
 The vera warst.

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

And think na, my auld trusty servan',
 That now perhaps thou's less deservin'
 And thy auld days may end in starvin'
 For my last fou,
 A heapit stimpert, I'll reserve ane
 Laid by for you.

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

Halloween.

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

Amang the bonny, winding banks,
 Where Doon rins, whimplin', clear,
 Where Bruce ance rul'd the martial ranks,
 And shook his Carrick spear,
 Some merry, friendly, countra folks,
 Together did convene,
 To burn their nits, and pou their stocks,
 And haud their Halloween
 Fu' blythe that night.

The lasses feat, and cleanly neat,
 Mair braw than when they're fine;
 Their faces blythe, 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.

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

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

The lasses straw frae 'mang them a'
 To pou their stalks o' corn;
 But Rab slips out, and jinks about,
 Behint the muckle thorn:
 He grippet Nelly hard and fast;
 Loud skirl'd a' the lasses;
 But her tap-pickle maist was lost,
 When kuittlin' in the fause-house
 Wi' him that night.

The auld guidwife's weel-hoordet ~~mits~~
 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 out-owre the chimlie
 Fu' high that night.

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

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

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

Nell had the fause-house in her min,'
 She pits hersel and 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 leuk for't:
 Rob, stowlin, prie'd her bonny mou'
 Fu' cozie in the neux for't,
 Unseen that night.

But Merran sat behind 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 tak,
 And to the kiln she goes then,
 And darklins graipit for the banks,
 And in the blue-clue throws then
 Right fear't that night.

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

Wee Jenny to her granny says,
 "Will ye go wi' me, granny?
 I'll eat the apple 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 notic't na, aizle brunt
 Her braw new worset apron
 Out thro' that night.

"Ye little skelpie-limmer's face!
 I daur you try sic sporting',
 As seek the foul thief onie place,
 For him to spae your fortune:
 Na doubt but ye may get a sight!
 Great cause ye had to fear it;
 For monie a ane has gotten a fright,
 And lived and died deleeret.
 On sic a night.

Ae hairst afore the Sherra-moor—
 I mind't as well's yestreen,
 'Twas a gilpey, then I'm sure
 I was na past fyfteen :
 The simmer had been cauld and wat,
 And stuil' was unco' green ;
 And aye a rantin' kirm we gat,
 And just on Halloween
 It fell that night.

Our stibble rig was Rab M'Graen,
 A clever sturdy fallow :
 He's sin' gat Eppie Sim w' wean,
 That lived in Achmacalla :
 He gat hemp-seed, I mind it weel,
 And he made unco light o't ;
 But mony a day was by himsel',
 He was sae saurly frigitied
 That very night."

Then up gat fetchin' Jamie Fleck,
 And he swoor by his conscience,
 That he could sow hemp-seed a peck ;
 For i' was a' but nonsense.
 The auld g'uidman raught down the pock,
 And out a handfu' gied him ;
 Syne bade him slip frae 'mang the folk'
 Sometime when nae ane see'd him,
 And try'd that night.

He marches through amang the stacks,
 Tho' he was something sturtin' ;
 The graip he for a harrow taks,
 And hauls at his curpin ;
 And every now and then he says,
 " Hemp-seed I saw thee,
 And her that is to be my lass,
 Come after me, and draw thee
 As fast this night."

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

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 grumphia
 Asteer that night!

Meg fain wad to the barn hae gaen,
 To win three wechts o' naething;
 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.

She turns the key wi' cannie thraw,
 And owre the threshold venturs;
 But first on Sawny gies a ca',
 Syne bauldly in she enters:
 A ratton rattled up the wa',
 And she cried, "L—d, preserve her!"
 And ran thro' midden hole and a',
 And pray'd with zeal and fervour,
 Fu' fast that night.

They hoy't out, Will, wi' sair advice;
 They hecht him some fine brow ane;
 It chanc'd the stack he faddom't thrice
 Was timmer-propt for thrawin';
 He taks a surly old moss oak
 For some black, grousome carlin';
 And loot a wuize, and drew a stroke,
 Till skin in blypes cam haurlin'
 Aff's nieves that night.

A wanton widow Leczie was,
 As canty as a kittlin';
 But, och! that night, amang the shaws,
 She got a fearfu' settlin'!
 She thro' the wiws, and by the cairn,
 And owre the hill gaed scrievin,
 Where three lairds' lands met at a burn,
 To dip her left sark-sleeve in,
 Was bent that night.

Whyles owre a linn the burnie plays,
 As through the glen it whimpl't;
 Whyles round a rocky scaur it strays;
 Whyles in a wiel it dimpl't:
 Whyles glitter'd to the nightly rays,
 Wi' bickering, dancing dazzle;
 Whyles cooyit underneath the braes,
 Below the spreading hazel,
 Unseen that night.

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

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

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

A Winter Night.

Poor naked wretches ! wheresoe'er you are,
 That bide the pelting of the pitiless storm !
 How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
 Your looped and windowed raggedness defend you
 From seasons such as these ?

SHAKSPEARE.

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

Ae night the storm the steeples rocked,
 Poor labour sweet in sleep was rocked,
 While burns, wi' snawy wreaths upchocked,
 Wild eddying swirl,
 Or through the mining outlet bocked,
 Down headlong hurl.

Listening, the doors and winnocks rattle,
 I thought me on the ourie cattle,
 Or silly sheep, wha bide this brattle
 O' winter war,
 And through the drift, deep-lairing sprattle,
 Beneath a scaur.

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

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

Now Phoebe, 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 bestow!
 See stern oppression's iron grip,
 On mad ambition's gory hand,
 Sending, like blood-hounds from the slip,
 Woe, want, and murder o'er a land!
 E'en 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,
 Stretched on his straw he lays himself to sleep,
 While through the ragged roof and chinky wall,
 Chill o'er his slumbers piles the drifts heap ;
 Think on the dungeon's grim confine,
 Where guilt and poor misfortune pine !
 Guilt, erring man, relenting view !
 But shall thy legal rage pursue
 The wretch already crushed low
 By cruel fortune's undeserved blow ?
 Affliction's sons are brothers in distress ;
 A brother to relieve, how exquisite the bliss !"
 I hear nae mair, for chanticleer
 Shook off the pouteray snaw,
 And hailed the morning with a chee—
 A cottage-rousing crow.
 But deep this truth impressed my mind—
 Through all his works abroad,
 The heart benevolent and kind
 The most resembles God.

Epistle to J. Lapraik.

AN OLD SCOTTISH BARD.

April 1st, 1785.

While briars and woodbines budding green,
 And pairicks sraichin' loud at e'en,
 And morning poussie whiddin seen,
 Inspire my muse,
 This freedom in an unknown frien'
 I pray excuse.
 On Fasten-e'en we had a rockin',
 To ca' the crack and weave our stockin';
 And there was muckle fun and jokin',
 Ye need na' doubt;
 At length we had a hearty yokin'
 At sang about.

There was ae sang, amang the rest,
 Aboon them a' it pleas'd me best,
 That some kind husband had address
 To some sweet wife:
 It thirl'd the heart-strings thro' the breast,
 A' to the life.

I've scarce heard aught described sae weel
 What gen'rous manly bosoms feel;
 Thought I, "Can this be Pope, or Steele,
 Or Beattie's wark?"
 They told me 'twas an odd kind chiel
 About Muirkirk.

It pat me fidgin-fain to hear't,
 And sae about him there I spier't,
 Then a' that ken't him round declar'd
 He had ingine,
 That nane excell'd it, few cam near't,
 It was sae fine.

That, set him to a pint of ale,
 And either douce or merry tale,
 Or rhymes and sangs he'd made himsel',
 Or witty catches,
 'Tween Inverness and Teviotdalo
 He had few matches.

Then up I gat, and swoor an aith,
 Though I should pawn my plough and graith,
 Or die a cadger pownie's death
 At some dyke back;
 A pint and gill I'd gie them baith
 To hear your crack.

But, first and foremost, I should tell,
 Amaist as soon as I could spell,
 I to the crambo-jingle fell;
 Tho' rude and rough,
 Yet crooning to a body's sell,
 Does weel enough.

I am na poet, in a sense,
 But just a rhymmer, like by chance,
 And hae to learning nae pretence,
 Yet, what the matter!
 Whene'er my muse does on me glance,
 I jingle at her.

Your critic folk may cock their nose,
 And say "How can you e'er propose,
 You, wha ken hardly verse frae prose,
 To mak a sang?"
 But, by your leaves, my learned foes,
 Ye're may be wrang.

What's a' your jargon o' your schools,
 Your Latin names for horns and stools;
 If honest nature made you fools,
 What sairs your grammars?
 Ye'd better ta'en up spades and shoals
 Or knappin-hammers.

A set o' dull, conceited hashes,
 Confuse their brains in College classes!
 They gang in stirks, and come out asses,
 Plain truth to speak:
 And syne they think to climb Parnassus
 By dint o' Greek!

Gie me a spark o' nature's fire!
 That's a' the learning I desire;
 Then though I drudge thro' dub and mire
 At pleugh or cart,
 My muse, tho' hamely in attire,
 May touch the heart.

Oh for a spunk o' Allan's glee,
 Or Fergusson's, the bauld and slee,
 Or bright Lapraik's, my friend to be,
 If I can hit it;
 That would be lear enough for me,
 If I could get it.

Now, sir, if ye hae friends enow,
 Tho' real friends I believe are few,
 Yet, if your catalogue be fou,
 I'se no insist,
 But gif ye want ae friend that's true,
 I'm on your list.

I winna blaw about mysel;
 As ill I like my faults to tell;
 But friends and folk that wish me well,
 They sometimes roose me;
 Tho' I maun own, as monie still
 As far abuse me.

But Mauchline race, or Mauchline fair,
 I should be proud to meet you there;
 We'se gie ae night's discharge to care
 If we forgather,
 And hae a swap o' rhymmin'-ware
 Wi' ane anither.

The four-gill chap, we'se gar him clatter
 And kirsen him wi' reekin water;
 Syne we'll sit down and tak our whitter
 To cheer our heart;
 And, faith, we'se be acquainted better
 Before we part.

Awa ye selfish war'ly race,
 Wha think that havins, sense, and grace,
 Even love and friendship should give place
 To catch the plack;
 I dinna like to see your face
 Nor hear your crack.

But ye whom social pleasure charms,
 Whose heart the tide of kindness warms,
 Who hold your being on the terms
 "Each aid the others,"
 Come to my bowl, come to my arms,
 My friends, my brothers!

But, to conclude my lang epistle,
 As my auld pen's worn to the grissle,
 Twa lines frae you wad gar me fiddle,
 Who am, most fervent,
 While I can either sing or whistle,
 Your friend and servant.

To the Same.

April 21, 1785.

WHILE new-ca'd kye rowte at the stake
 And pouwies reek in plough 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.

Forjeskit sair, wi' weary legs,
 Rattlin the corn out-owre the rigs,
 Or dealing thro' amang the naigs
 Their ten hours' bite,
 My awkward muse sair pleads and begs
 I would na write.

The tapetless, ramfeezl'd hizzie,
 She's saft at best, and something lazy,
 Quo' she, "Ye ken we've been sae busy,
 This month and mair,
 That, trouth, my head is grown right dizzie,
 And something sair."

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.

Shall bauld Lapraik, the king o' hearts,
 Tho' mankind were a pack o' cartes,
 Roose you sae weel for your deserts,
 In terms sae friendly,
 Yet ye'll neglect to shaw your parts,
 And thank him kindly."

Sae I gat paper in a blink,
 And down gae'd stumpie in the ink:
 Quoth I, "Before I sleep a wink,
 I vow I'll close it;
 And if ye winna mak it clink,
 By Jove I'll prose it!"

Sae I've begun to scrawl, but whether
 In rhyme, or prose, or baith thegither,
 Or some hotch-potch that righty neither
 Let time mak proof:
 But I shall scribble down some blether
 Just clean aff-loof.

My worthy friend, ne'er grudge and carp,
 Tho' fortune use you hard and sharp;
 Come, kittle up your moorland harp
 Wi' gleesome touch:
 Ne'er mind how fortune waft and warp—
 She's but a b-tch.

She's gien me monie a jirt and fleg,
 Sin' I could striddle owre a rig;
 But, by the L—d, tho' I should beg
 Wi' lyart pow,
 I'll laugh, and sing, and shake my leg,
 As lang's I dow!

Now comes the sax-and-twentieth simmer,
 I've seen the bud upo' the timmer,
 Still persecuted by the limmer
 Frae year te year;
 But yet, despite the kittle kimmer,
 I, Rob, am here.

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 baillie's name?

Or is't the paughty, feudal Thane,
 Wi' raff'd 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?

Oh, 'Thou, wha gies us each guid gift!
 Gie me o' wit and sense a lift,
 Then turn me, if Thou please, adrift,
 Thro' Scotland wide;
 Wi' cits nor lairds I wadna shift,
 In a' their pride!

Were this the charter of our state,
 "On pain o' hell be rich and great,"
 Damnation then would be our fate,
 Beyond remead;
 But thanks to Heav'n that's no the gate
 We learn our creed;

For thus the royal mandate ran,
 When first the human race began,
 "The social, friendly, honest man,
 Whate'er he be,
 'Tis he fulfils great Nature's plan,
 And none but he!"

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

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

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 William S [impson],

OCHILTREE.

May, 1785.

I GAT your letter, winsome Willie;
 Wi' gratefu' heart I thank you brawlie
 Tho' i maun say't, I wad be silly,
 And unco vain,
 Should I believe, my coaxin' Billie,
 Your flatterin' strain.

TO WILLIAM S[IMPSON]

But I'se believe ye kindly meant it,
I sud be laith to think ye hinted
Ironie satire, sidelins sklentet
On my poor Musie;
Tho' in sic phraisin' terms ye've penn'd it,
I scarcely excuse ye.

My senses wad be in a creel,
Should I but dare a hope to speel,
Wi' Allan, or wi' Gilbertfield,
The braes o' fame;
Or Fergusson, the writer chiel,
A deathless name.

(Oh Fergusson! thy glorious parts
Ill suited law's dry musty arts!
My curse upon your whunstaue heart
Ye E'nbrugh gentry;
The tythe o' what ye waste at cartes
Wad stow'd his pantry!)

Yet when a tale comes i' my head,
Or lasses gied my heart a screed,
As whiles they're like to be my dead,
(Oh sad disease!)
I kittle up my rustic reed;
It gies me ease.

Auld Coila, now may fidge fu' fain,
She's gotten poets o' her ain,
Shiels wha their chanter's winna hain,
But tune their lays,
Till echoes a' resound again
Her weel-sung praise.

Nae poet thought her worth his while,
To set her name in measur'd style;
She lay like some unkean'd-of-isle
Beside New Holland,
Or whare wild-meeting oceans boil
Besouth Magellan.

Ramsay and famous Fergusson
Gied Forth and Tay a lift aboon
Yarrow and Tweed, to monie a tune,
Owre Scotland rings,
While Irwin, Lugar, Ayr, and Doon,
Naebody sings.

Th' Illissus, Tiber, 'Thames, and Seine,
Glide sweet in monie a tunefu' line;
But, Willie, set your fit to mine,
And cock your crest,
We'll gar our streams and burnies shine
Up wi' the best.

We'll sing auld Coila's plains and fells,
 Her moors red-brown wi' heather bells,
 Her banks and braes, her dens and dells,
 Where glorious Wallace
 Aft burn the grec, as story tell,
 Frae southron billies.

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!

Oh sweet are Coila's haughs and woods,
 When lintwhites chant amang the buds,
 And jinkin' hares, in amorous whids,
 Their loves enjoy,
 While thro' the braes the crushat croods
 With wailfu' cry!

Ev'n winter bleak has charms to me
 When winds rave thro' the naked tree;
 Or frosts on hills of Ochiltree
 Are hoary gray;
 Or blinding drifts wild furions flee,
 Dark'ning the day!

Oh, nature! a' thy shows and 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!

The muse, nae poet ever fand her,
 Till by himsel he learn'd to wander,
 Adown some trotting hurn's meander,
 And no think lang;
 Oh sweet, to stray and pensive ponder,
 A heart-felt sang!

The war'ly race may drudge and 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.

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!

While Highlandmen hate tolls and taxes;
 While moorlan' heads like guid fat braises;
 While terra firma on her axis
 Diurnal turns,
 Count on a friend in faith and practice,
 IN ROBERT BURNS.

POSTSCRIPT.

My memory's no worth a preen;
 I had amais't forgotten clean,
 Ye bade me write you what they mean,
 By this New Light,
 'Bout which our herds sae aft hae been
 Maist like to fight.

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

In thae auld times, they thought the moon
 Just like a sark, or pair o' shoon,
 Wore by degrees, till her last roon
 Gaed past their viewing,
 And shortly after she was done,
 They gat a new one.

This past for certain—undisputed;
 It ne'er cam i' their heads to doubt it,
 Till chiefs gat up and wad confute it,
 And ca'd it wrang;
 And muckle din there was about it,
 Baith loud and lang.

Some herds, well learn'd upo' the beuk,
 Wad threap auld folk the think misteuk!
 For 'twas the auld moon turned a neuk
 And out o' sight,
 And backlin-comin', to the leuk
 She grew mair bright.

This was denied—it was affirmed;
 The herds and hirsels were alarmed:
 The rev'rend grey-beards rav'd and storm'd
 That beardless laddies
 Should think they better were inform'd
 Than their auld daddies.

Frae less to mair it gaed to sticks;
 Frae words and aiths to clours and nicks,
 And mony a fallow gat his licks,
 Wi' hearty crunt;
 And some, to learn them for their tricks,
 Were hang'd and brunt.

This game was play'd in monie 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.

But New Light herds gat sic a cove,
 Folk thought them ruin'd stick-and-stowe,
 Till now amaisht on every knowe,
 Ye'll find aue plac'd;
 And some their New-Light fair avow,
 Just quite barefac'd.

Nae doubt the Auld Light flocks are bleatin',
 Their zealous herds are vex'd and sweatin';
 Mysel' I've even seen them greetin'
 Wi' girnin' spite,
 To hear the moon sae sadly lied on
 By word and write.

But shortly they will cove the loons!
 Some Auld Light herds in neebor towns
 Are mind't on thims they ca' balloons,
 To tak a flight,
 And stay ae month among the moons
 And see them right.

Guid observation they will gie them;
 And when the auld moon's gaun to lea'e them,
 The hindmost shair'd, they'll fetch it wi' them,
 Just i' their pouch,
 And when the New Light Billicies see them,
 I think they'll crouch:

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

Drath and Dr. Wornbook.

A TRUE STORY.

SOME books are lies fra end to end,
 And some great lies were never penn'd;
 E'en ministers they hae been kenn'd,
 In holy rapture,
 A rousing whid at times to vend,
 And nail't wi' Scripture.

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's city :
 That e'er he nearer comes oursel
 's a muckle pity.

The clachan yill had made me canty—
 I was na fou, but just had plenty ;
 Istacher'd whyles, but yet took tent aye
 To free the ditches ;
 And hillocks, stanes, and bushes kenn'd aye
 Frae ghaists and witches.

The rising moon began to glow'r
 The distant Cunnock hills out-owre :
 To count her horns, wi' a' my pow'r,
 I set mysel ;
 But whether she had three or four,
 I could na tell.

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

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

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

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

It spake right hwe—" 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 ! "

"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
 Out-owre my beard."

"Weel, weel," says I, "a bargain be't;
 Come, gies your hand, and sae we're greet,
 We'll ease our shanks and tak a seat—
 Come, gies your news;
 This while ye hae been mony a gate,
 At mony a house."

"Ay, ay," quo' he, and shook his head,
 "It's e'en a lang time indeed
 Sin' I began to nick the thread
 And choke the breath;
 Folk maun do something for their bread,
 And sae maun Death."

"Sax thousand years are nearhand fled
 Sin' I was to the butchering bred,
 And mony a scheme in vain's been laid,
 To stap or scour me;
 Till one Hornbook's taen up the trade,
 And faith he'll wanr me."

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

"See, here's a scythe, and there's a dart,
 They hae pierc'd mony a gallant heart;
 But Doctor Hornbook wi' his art
 And curs'd skill,
 Has made them both no worth a f—t;
 Damn'd haet they'll kill."

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

"Hornhook was by wi' ready art,
 And had sae fortified the part,
 That when I looked to my dart,
 It was sae blunt,
 Fient haet o't wad hae pierc'd the heart
 Of a kail-runt."

"I drew my scythe in sic a fury,
 I nearhand cowpit wi' my hurry,
 But yet the bauld apothecary
 Withstood the shock;
 I might as weel hae tried a quarry
 O' hard whin rock.

"And then a' doctor's saws and whittles,
 Of a' dimensions, shapes, and metals,
 A' kinds o' boxes, mugs, and bottles,
 He's sure to hae;
 Their Latin names as fast he rattles
 As A B C.

"Calces o' fossils, earths, and trees;
 True sal-marinum o' the seas;
 The farina of beans and peas,
 He has't in plenty;
 Aqua-fortis, what you please,
 He can content ye.

"Forbye some new, uncommon weapons,
 Urinus spiritus of capons;
 Or mite-horn shavings, filings, scrapings,
 Distill'd *per se*;
 Sal-alkali o' midge-tail clippings,
 And mony mae."

"Waes me for Johnny Ged's Hole now,"
 Quo' I; "if that thae news be true,
 His braw calf-ward where gowans grew,
 Sae white and bonny,
 Nae doubt they'll rive it wi' the plew;
 They'll ruin Johnny!"

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

"Whare I kill'd ane a fair strae death,
 By 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 claiith,
 By drap and pill.

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

" A countra laird had taen the batts,
 Or rome curnurring in his guts;
 His only son for Hornbook sets,
 And pays him well—
 The lad, for twa guidl gimmer-pets,
 Was laird himsel.

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

" 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 get's his fairin'!"

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

The Waly Fair.

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

Upon a simmer Sunday morn,
 When Nature's face is fair,
 I walk'd forth to view the corn,
 And snuff the cauler air:
 The rising sun owre Galston muirs,
 Wi' glorious light was glintin';
 The hares were hirpling down the fi
 The lav'rocks they were chantin'
 Fu' sweet that da.

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

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

Wi' bonnet aff, quoth I, "Sweet lass,
 I think ye seem to ken me;
 I'm sure I've seen that bonny face,
 But yet I canna name ye."
 Quo' she, and laughin' as she spak,
 And taks me by the hands,
 "Ye, for my sake, hae gien the feek,
 Of a' the ten commands
 A screed some day.

"My name is Fum—your cronie dear,
 The nearest friend ye hae;
 And this is Superstition here,
 And that's Hypoerisy.
 I'm gaun to Mauchline Holy Fair,
 To spend an hour in daffin':
 Gin ye'll go there, yon runkl'd pair,
 We will get famous laughin'
 At them this day."

Quoth I, "Wi' a' my heart, I'll do't;
 I'll get my Sunday sark on,
 And meet you on the holy spot—
 Faith, we'se hae fine remarkin'!"
 Then I gaed hame at crowdie-time,
 And soon I made me ready;
 For roads were clad, from side to side,
 Wi' monie a weary body,
 In droves that day.

Here farmers gash, in riding graith,
 Gaed hoddin by their cottars;
 There, swankies young, in braw braud claitth,
 Are springin' o'er the gutters.

The lasses, skelpin' barefit, thrang,
 In silks and scarlet glitter;
 Wi' sweet-milk cheese, in mony a whang,
 And farls bak'd wi' butter,
 Fu' crump that day.

When by the plate we set our nose,
 Weel heaped up wi' ha'pence,
 A greedy glow'r black bonnet throws,
 And we maun draw our tippence,
 Then in we go to see the show;
 On ev'ry side they're gath'rin',
 Some carrying dails, some chairs, and stools,
 And some are busy blethrin'
 Right loud that day.

Here stands a shed to fend the show'rs,
 And screen our country gentry,
 There racer, Jess, and twa-three wh-res,
 Are blinkin' at the entry.
 Here sits a raw of tittlin' jauds,
 Wi' heaving breast and bare neck,
 And there a batch o' wabster lads,
 Blackguarding frae Kilmarnock
 For fun this day.

Here sum are thinkin' on their sins,
 And some upo' their claes;
 Ane curses feet that fy'd 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' chap's at watch,
 Thrang winking on the lasses
 To chairs that day.

Oh happy is that man and blest!
 (Nae wonder that it pride him!)
 Wha's ain dear lass that he likes best,
 Comes clinkin' down beside him!
 Wi' arm repos'd on the chair back,
 He sweetly does compose him;
 Which, by degrees, slips round her neck,
 An's loof upon her bosom,
 Unkenn'd that day.

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

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

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

What signifies his barren shine,
 Of moral powr's and reason?
 His English style and gesture fine
 Are a' clean out o' reason.
 Like Socrates or Antoine,
 Or some auld Pagan heathen,
 The moral man he does d-fine,
 But ne'er a word o' faith 'n,
 That's right tha' day,

In guid time comes an antidote
 Against sic poison'd nostrum:
 For Peebles, frae the water-fit,
 Ascends the holy rostrum:
 See, up he's got the word o' God,
 And meek and mim has view'd it,
 While Common Sense has ta'en the roar,
 And aff, and up the Cowgate,
 Fast, fast, that day.

Wee Miller neist the guard relieves,
 And orthodoxy raibles,
 Tho' in his heart he weel believes,
 And thinks it auld wives' fables.
 But faith! birkie wants a manse,
 So, cannily he hums them;
 Altho' his carnal wit and sense
 Like hafflins-ways o'ercomes him,
 At times that day.

Now butt and ben the change-house fills
 Wi' yill-caup commentators:
 Here's crying out for bakes and gills,
 And there the pint-stoup clatters;

While thick and thrang, and loud and lang,
 Wi' logic and wi' Scripture,
 They raise a din, that in the end,
 Is like to breed a rupture
 O' wrath that day.

Leeze on me 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 any stronger potion,
 It never fails, en drinking deep,
 To pittle up our notion
 By day or night.

The lads and lasses, blythely bent
 To mind baith saul and body,
 Sit round the table weel content,
 And steer about the toddy.
 On this ane's dress, and that ane's leuk,
 They're making observations ;
 While some are cozie i' the neuk,
 And fornin' assignations
 To meet some day.

But w the L—d's ain trumpet touts,
 Till a' the hills are rairin',
 And echoes back return the shouts—
 Black Russell is na sparin' :
 His piercing words, like Highlan' swords,
 Divide the joints and marrow ;
 His talk o' hell, whare devils dwell,
 Our vera sauls does harrow
 Wi' fright that day.

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

'Twad be owre long a tale to tell
 How monie stories past,
 And how they crowded to the yill
 When they were a' dismiss :
 How drink gaed round, in cogs and caups
 Among the furms and benches ;
 And cheese and bread, frae women's laps
 Was dealt about in lunches,
 And dauds that day.

In comes a gaucie, gash guidwife,
 And sits down by the fire,
 Syne draws her kebbuck and her knife;
 The lasses they are shyer.
 The auld guidmen, about the grace,
 Frae side to side they bother,
 Till some ane by his bonnet lays,
 And gi'es them't like a tether,
 En' lang that day.

Waesluck! for him that gets nae lass,
 Or lasses that hae naething!
 Sma' need has he to say a grace,
 Or melvie his braw claithing!
 Oh wives be mindfu' ance yoursel
 How bonny lads ye wanted,
 And dinna, for a kebbuck-heel,
 Let lasses be affronted
 On sic a day.

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

How monie 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;
 And many jobs that day begin
 May end in houghmagandy,
 Some ither day.

The Ordination.

"For sense they little owe to frugul heav'n—
 To please the mob they hide the little giv'n."

KILMAENOCK wabsters fidge and claw,
 And pour your creeshie nations;
 And ye wha leathie rax and draw,
 Of a' denominations,
 Swith to the Laigh Kirk, ane and a',
 And there tak up your stations;
 Then aff to Begbie's in a raw,
 And pour divine libations.
 For joy this day.

BURNS'S POETICAL WORKS.

Curst Common Sense, that imp o' hell,
 Cam in wi' Maggie Lauder;
 But Oliphant aft made her yell,
 And Russell sair misca'd her;
 This day M——taks the flail,
 And he's the boy will blaud her!
 He'll clap a shangan on her fail,
 And set the bairns to daud her.
 Wi' dirt this day.

Mak haste and turn king David owre,
 And lilt wi' holy claugor;
 O' double verse come gie us four,
 And skirl up the Bangor:
 This day the Kirk kicks up a stoure,
 Nae mair the knaves shall wrang her,
 For Heresy is in her pow'r,
 And gloriously she'll whang her
 Wi' pith this day.

Come, let a proper text be read,
 And touch it aff wi' vigour,
 How graceless Ham leugh at his dad,
 Which made Canaan a nigger;
 Or Phineas drove the murdering blade,
 Wi' wh-re-~~ab~~horring rigour:
 Or Zipporah, the scauldin' jad,
 Was like a bluidy tiger
 I' th' inn that day.

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

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

Nae mair by Babel's streams we'll weep,
 To think upon our Zion;
 And hing our noddles up to sleep,
 Like baby-clouts a-drying;

Come screw the pegs, wi' tunefu' cheap
 And o'er the thairms be tryin';
 Oh, rare! to see our elbucks wneep,
 And a' like lamb-tails flyin'
 Fu' fast this day;

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

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

Mutrie 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 catched the tither wretch,
 To fry them in his caudrons:
 But now his honour maun detach,
 Wi' a' his brimstone squadrons,
 Fast, fast this day.

See, see auld Orthodoxy's face
 She's swingin through the city;
 Hark, how the nine-tail'd cat she plays!
 I vow it's uuco pretty:
 There, Learning, with his Greekish face,
 Grunts out some Latin ditty,
 And Common Sense is gaun, sae say,
 To mak to Jamie Beattie
 Her plant this day.

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 and fell,
 As ane were peelin' onions!
 Now there—they're packed aff to hell,
 And banish'd our dominions,
 Henceforth this day.

Oh, happy day! rejoice, rejoice!
 Come bouse about the porter!
 Morality's demure decoys
 Shall here nae mair find quarter:
 M——, Russell, are the boys,
 That Heresy can torture:
 They'll gie her on a rape a hoyse,
 And cove her measure shorter
 By th' head some day.

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

To James Smith.

"Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul!
 Sweet'ner of life, and solder of society!
 I owe thee much!"—BLAIR.

DEAR Smith; the slee'est, pankie thief,
 That e'er attempted stealth or rief,
 Ye surely hae some warlock-breef
 Owre human hearts:
 For ne'er a bosom yet was prief
 Against your arts.

For me, I swear, by sun and moon,
 And every star that blinks aboon,
 Ye've cost me twenty pair o' shoon
 Just gaun to see you;
 And ev'ry ither pair that's done
 Mair ta'en I'm with you.

That auld capricious earlin, 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.

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'?

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

The star that rules my luckless lot.
 Hae rated me the russet coat,
 An amn'd my fortune to the groat;
 But in requit,
 Hae blest me wi' a random shot
 O' countra wit.

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, take tent!
 Ye'll shaw your folly.

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

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

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

But why o' death begin a tale?
 Just now we're living sound and hale,
 Then top and maintop crowd the sail,
 Heave care o'er side;
 And large before enjoyment's gale,
 Let's tak the tide.

This life sae far's I understand,
 Is a' enchanted fairy land,
 Where pleasure is the magic wand,
 That, wielded right,
 Maks hours like minutes, hand in hand,
 Dance by fu' light.

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

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

Oh life! how pleasant is thy morning,
 Young Fancy's rays the hills adorning!
 Cold-pausing caution's lesson scorning,
 We frisk away,
 Like school-boys, at the expected warning,
 To joy and play.

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

Some, lucky, find a flowr'y spot,
 For which they never toil'd or swat;
 They drink the sweet and eat the fat,
 But care or pain;
 And, haply, eye the barren hut
 With high disdain.

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

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

Alas! what bitter toil and 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.

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

Gie dreeping roasts to countra lairds,
 Till'cicles 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 sconnor.

A title, Dempster merits it;
 A garter gie to Willie Pitt;
 Gie wealth to some be-ledger'd cit,
 In cent. per cent.
 But give me real, sterling wit,
 And I'm content.

While ye are 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."

An anxious e'e I never throws
 Behint my lug or by my nose;
 I jouk beneath misfortune's blows
 As weel's I may:
 Sworn foe to sorrow, care, and prose,
 I rhyme away.

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

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

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

My 'prenticeship I past where my leader breath'd his last,
 When the bloody die was cast on the heights of Abram;
 I served out my trade when the gallant game was play'd,
 And the Morro low was laid at the sound of the drum.

Lal de daudle, &c.

I lastly was with Curtis, among the floating batt'ries,
 And there I left for witness an arm and a limb;
 Yet let my country need me, with Elliot to head me,
 I'd clatter on my stumps at the sound of a drum.

Lal de daudle, &c.

And now though I must beg with a wooden arm and leg,
 And many a tatter'd rag hanging over my bum,
 I'm as happy with my wallet, my bottle and my callet,
 As when I used in scarlet to follow a drum.

Lal de daudle, &c.

What tho' with hoary locks I must stand the winter shocks,
 Beneath the woods and rocks oftentimes for a home,
 When the tother bag I sell, and the tother bottle tell,
 I could meet a troop of hell at the sound of a drum.

Lal de daudle &c.

RECITATIVO.

He ended; and the kebars sheuk,
 Aboon the chorus roar;
 While frighted rattons backward leuk,
 And seek the benmost bore;
 A fairy fiddler frae the neuk
 He skirl'd out "Encore!"
 But up arose the martial chuck,
 And laid the loud uproar.

AIR.

TUNE—*Soldier Laddie.*

I once was a maid, tho' I cannot tell when,
 And still my delight is in proper young men;
 Some one of a troop of dragoons was my daddie,
 No wonder I'm fond of a sodger laddie.

Sing Lal de ral, &c.

The first of my loves was a swaggering blade,
 To rattle the thundering drum was his trade!
 His leg was so tight, and his cheek was so ruddy,
 Transported I was with my sodger laddie.

Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

But the godly old chaplain left him in the lurch,
 The sword I forsook for the sake of the church;
 He ventur'd the soul, and I risk'd the body—
 'Twas then I prov'd false to my sodger laddie.

Sing Lal, de lal, &c.

Full soon I grew sick of my sanctified sot,
 The regiment at large for a husband I got;
 From the gilded spontoon to the life I was ready,
 I asked no more but a sodger laddie.

Sing, Lal de lai, &c.

Bur the peace it reduc'd me to beg in despair,
 Till I met my old boy at Cunningham fair;
 His rags regimental they flutter'd so gandy,
 My heart it rejoiced at a sodger laddie.

Sing, Lal, de lai, &c.

And now I have lived—I know not how long,
 And still I can join in a cup and a song!
 But whilst with both hands I can hold the glass steady,
 Here's to thee, my hero, my sodgor laddie.

Sing, Lal, de lai, &c.

RECITATIVO.

Poor Merry Andrew in the neuk,
 Sat guzzling wi' a tinkler hizzie;
 They mind't na wha the chorus teuk
 Between themselves they were sae busy:
 At length wi' drink and courting dizzy,
 He soiter'd up and made a face;
 Then turn'd, and laid a smack on Grizzie,
 Syne tuned his pipes wi' grave grimace.

AIR.

TUNE—*Auld Sir Symon.*

Sir Wisdom's a fool when he's fou,
 Sir Knave is a fool in a session:
 He's there but a 'prentice l trow,
 But I am a fool by profession.

My grannie she bought me a beuk,
 And I held awa to the school;
 I fear my talent misteuk,
 But what will ye hae of a fool?

For drink I would venture my neck,
 A hizzie's the half o' my craft,
 But what could ye other expect,
 For ane that's avowedly daft?

I ance was tied up like a stirk,
 For civilly swearing and quaffin';
 I ance was abus'd in the kirk,
 For touzling a lass i' my daffin.

Poor Andrew, that tumbles for sport,
 Let naeboddy name with a jeer;
 There's ev'n, I'm taught, i' the court
 A tumbler ca'd the premier.

Observ'd ye, yon reverend lad
 Maks faces to tickle the mob;
 He rails at our mountebank squad—
 It's rivalry just i' the job.

And now my conclusion I'll tell,
 For faith I'm confoundedly dry:
 The chiel that's a fool for himsel',
 Guid L—d! he's far dafter than I.

RECITATIVO.

Then neist outspak a rauce carlin,
 Wha keut fu' weel to cleek the sterling,
 For monie a pursie she had hooked,
 And had in monie a well been ducked.
 Her dove had been a Highland laddie,
 But weary fa' the wae'fu' woodie!
 Wi' sighs and sohs she thus began
 To wail her braw John Highlandman.

AIR.

TUNE—*Oh an ye were dead, Guidman.*

A Highlaud lad my love was born,
 The Lawland laws he held in scorn;
 But he still was faithfu' to his clan,
 My gallant braw John Highlandman.

CHORUS.

Sing hey, my braw John Highlandman!
 Sing ho, my braw John Highlandman!
 There's not a lad in a' the lan'
 Was match for my John Highlandman.

With his philabeg and tartan plaid,
 And guid claymore down by his side,
 The ladies' hearts he did trepan,
 My gallant braw John Highlandman.
 Sing hey, &c.

We ranged a' from Tweed to Spey,
 And liv'd like lords and ladies gay;
 For a Lawland face he feared none,
 My gallant braw John Highlandman.

Sing hey, &c.

They banish'd him beyond the sea,
 But ere the bud was on the tree
 Adown my cheeks the pearls ran,
 Embracing my John Highlandman.
 Sing hey, &c.

But, oh, they catch'd him at the last,
 And bound him in a dungeon fast;

My curse upon them every one,
They've hang'd my braw young Highlandman.
Sing hey, &c.

And now a widow I must inourn,
The pleasures that will ne'er return;
No comfort but a hearty can,
When I think on John Highlandman.
Sing hey, &c.

RECITATIVO.

A pigmy scraper, wi' his fiddle,
Wha us'd at trysts and fairs to driddle,
Her strappin' limb, and gaucy middle
(He reach'd na higher)
Had hol'd his heartie like a fiddle,
And blawn't on tire.

Wi' hand on haunch, and upward e'e
He croon'd his gamut, one, two, three,
Then in an arioso key,
The wee Apollo
Set off wi' allegretto glee
His giga solo.

AIR.

TUNE—*Whistle o'er the lave o'*

Let me ryke up to dight that tear,
And go wi' me and be my dear,
And then you every care and fear
May whistle owre the lave o't.

CHORUS.

I am a fiddler to my trade,
And a' the tunes that e'er I play'd,
The sweetest still to wife or maid,
Was whistle o'er the lave o't.

At kirns and weddings we'se be there,
And oh, sae nicely we will fare:
We'll bouse about till Daddie Care
Sings whistle owre the lave o't.
I am, &c.

Sae merrily the banes we'll pyke,
And sun oursels about the dyke,
And at our leisure, when ye like,
We'll whistle o'er the lave o't.
I am, &c.

But bless me wi' your heaven o' charms,
And while I kittle hair on thairms,

Hunger, cauld, and a' sic harms,
 May whistle owre the lave o't.
 I am, &c.

RECITATIVO.

Her charms had struck a sturdy cair'd
 As weel as poor gut-scraper;
 He tak's the fiddler by the beard
 And draws a roosty rapier—

He had no wish but—to be glad,
 Nor want but—when he thirsted;
 He had nought but—to be sad,
 And thus the Muse suggested
 His sang that night.

AIR.

TUNE—*For a' ihat, and a' that.*

I am a bard of no regard
 Wi' gentle folks and a' that;
 But Homer-like, the glowrin' byke,
 Frae town to town I draw that.

CHORUS.

For a' that, and a' that,
 And twice as muckle's a' that;
 I've lost but aye, I've twa behin',
 I've wife eneugh for a' that.

I never drank the Muses' stank,
 Castalia's burn and a' that;
 But there it streams, and richly reams,
 My Helicon I ca' that,
 For a' that, &c.

Great love I bear to a' the fair,
 Their humble slave and a' that;
 But lordly will, I hold it still,
 A mortal sin to thraw that,
 For a' that, &c.

In raptures sweet, this hour we meet,
 Wi' mutual love and a' that;
 But for how lang the flee may stang
 Let inclination law that.
 For a' that, &c,

Their tricks and craft have put me daft,
 They've ta'en me in, and a' that;
 But clear your decks, and here's the sex
 I like the jads for a' that.

CHORUS.

For a' that, and a' that,
 And twice as muckle's a' that;
 My dearest bluid, to do them gaid,
 They welcome till't for a' that.

RECITATIVO.

So sang the bard—and Nansie's wa's
 Shook with a wonder of applause,
 Re-echo'd from each mouth;
 They toom'd their pocks, and pawn'd their duds,
 They scarcely left to co'er their fuds,
 To quench their lowin' drouth.
 Then owre again, the jovial thrang,
 The poet did request,
 To loose his pack and wale a sang,
 A hailad o' the best.
 He rising, rejoicing,
 Between his twa Deborahs,
 Looks round him, and found them
 Impatient for the chorus,

AIR.

TUNE—*Jolly Mortals, fill your glasses.*

See! the smoking bowl before us,
 Mark our iavial ragged ring!
 Round and round take up the chorus,
 And in raptures let us sing.

CHORUS.

A fig for those by law protected!
 Liberty's a glorious feast!
 Courts for cowards were erected,
 Churches built to please the priest.

What is title? what is treasure?
 What is reputation's care?
 If we lead a life of pleasure,
 'Tis no matter how or where.
 A fig, &c.

With the ready trick and fable,
 Round we wander all the day:
 And at night, in barn or stable,
 Hug our doxies on the hay.
 A fig, &c.

Does the train-attended carriage
 Through the country lighter rove?
 Does the sober bed of marriage
 Witness brighter scenes of love?
 A fig, &c.

ife is all a variorum,
 We regard not how it goes;
 Let them cant about decorum
 Who have characters to lose.
 A fig, &c.

Here's to budgets, bags, and wallets,
 Here's to all the wandering train;
 Here's our ragged brats and callets,
 One and all cry out—Amen!
 A fig for those by law protected!
 Liberty's a glorious feast!
 Courts for cowards were erected,
 Churches built to please the priest.

Man was made to Mourn

A DIRGE.

WHEN chill November's surly blast
 Made fields and forests bare,
 One ev'ning as I wandered forth
 Along the banks of Ayr,
 I spied a man whose aged step
 Seem'd weary, worn with care;
 His face was furrow'd o'er with years,
 And hoary was his hair.
 "Young stranger, whither wand'rest thou?
 Began the rev'rend sage:
 "Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,
 Or youthful pleasure's rage?
 Or haply, prest with cares and woes,
 Too soon thou hast begun
 To wander forth with me to mourn
 The miseries of man.

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

Oh man, while in thy early years,
 How prodigal of time!
 Misspending all thy precious hours,
 Thy glorious, youthful prime!

Alternate follies take the sway ;
 Licentious passions burn ;
 With tenfold force gives nature's law,
 That man was made to mourn.

Look not alone on youthful prime,
 Or manhood's active might ;
 Man then is useful to his kind,
 Supported is his right ;
 But see him on the edge of life,
 With cares and sorrows worn :
Then age and want—oh ! ill-match'd pair !
 Show man was made to mourn.

A few seem favourites of fate,
 In pleasure's lap carest ;
 Yet, think not all the rich and great
 Are likewise truly blest.
 But, oh ! what crowds in every land,
 All wretched and forlorn,
 Through weary life this lesson learn—
 That man was made to mourn.

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

See yonder poor, o'erlabour'd wight,
 So abject, mean, and vile,
 Who begs a brother of the earth
 To give him leave to toil ;
 And see his lordly fellow worm
 The poor petition spurn,
 Unmindful, though a weeping wife
 And helpless offspring mourn.

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

Yet, let not this too much, my son,
 Disturb thy youthful breast ;
 This partial view of human kind
 Is surely not the last !

The poor, oppressed, honest man
 Had never, sure, been born,
 Had there not been some recompense
 To comfort those that mourn!

Oh 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!"

TO A MOUSE,

ON TURNING UP HER NEST WITH HIS PLOUGH.

November, 1785.

WEE, sleekit, cow'rin', tim'rous beastie,
 Oh, what a panic's in thy breastie!
 Thou need na start awa sae hasty,

Wi' bickering brattle!
 I wad be laith to rin and chase thee,
 Wi' murd'ring prattle!

I'm truly sorrow man's dominion
 Has broken nature's social union,
 And justifies that ill opinion,
 Which makes thee startle
 At me, thy poor earth-born companion,
 And fellow-mortal!

I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve;
 What then, boor beastie, thou maun live!
 A daimen icker in a thrave
 s' a sma' request:
 I'll get a blessin' wi' the laive,
 And never miss't.

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin!
 Its silly wa's the win's are strewin'!
 And naething now to big a new ane,
 O' foggage green;
 And bleak December's winds ensuin',
 Baith snell and keen!

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 coulter past
 Out thro' thy cell.

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

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

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

The Vision.

DUAN FIRST.

The sun had clos'd 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,

The thrasher's weary flingin' tree
 The lee-lang day had tir'd me;
 And when the day had clos'd his e'e,
 Far i' the west,
 Beu i' the spence right pensivelie,
 I gaed to rest.

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

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

Had I to guid advice but harkit.
 I might by this hae led a market,
 Or strutted in a bank and clarkit
 My cash account:
 While here, half mad, half fed, **half sarkit**
 Is a' th' amount.

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

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

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

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

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

Down flow'd her robe a tartan sheen,
 Till half a leg was scrimply seen;
 And such a leg! my bonnie Jean
 Could only peer it;
 Sae thought, sae taper, tight, and clean,
 Nane else came near it.

Her mantle large, of greenish hue,
 My gazing wonder chiefly drew;
 Deep lights and shades, bold-mingling, **threw**
 A lustre grand;
 And seemed to my astonish'd view,
 A well-known land.

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

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

Low in a sandy valley spread,
 An ancient borough rear'd her head,
 Still, as in Scottish story read,
 She boasts a race,
 To ev'ry nobler virtue bred,
 And polish'd grace.

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

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

His Country's Saviour, mark him well !
 Bold Richardton's heroic swell ;
 The chief on Sark, who glorious fell
 In high command ;
 And he whom ruthless fates expel
 His native land.

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

Thro' many a wild romantic grove,
 Near many a hermit-fancied cove.

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

Brydone's brave ward I well could spy,
 Beneath old Scotia's smiling eye;
 Who call'd on Fame, low standing by,
 To haul him on,
 Where many a patriot-name on high
 And hero shone.

DUAN SECOND.

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

"All hail! my own inspir'd bard!
 In me thy native Muse regard!
 Nor longer mourn thy fate is hard,
 Thus poorly low!
 I come to give thee such regard
 As we bestaw.

Know, the great genius of this land
 Has many a light aerial band,
 Who, all beneath his high command,
 Harmoniously,
 As arts or arms they understand,
 Their labours ply.

They Scotia's race among them share;
 Some fire the soldier on to dare;
 Some raise the patriot on to bare
 Corruption's heart:
 Some teach the bard, a darling care,
 The tuneful art.

'Mong swelling floods of reeking gore,
 They, ardent, kindling spirits, pour,
 Or, 'mid the venal senate's roar,
 They, sightless, stand,
 To mend the honest patriot lore,
 And grace the hand.

And when the bard, or hoary sage,
 Charm or instruct the future age,

They bind the wild, poetic rage
 In energy,
 Or point the inconclusive page
 Full on the eye.

Hence Fullarton, the brave and young;
 Hence Dempster's zeal-inspir'd tongue;
 Hence sweet harmonious Beattie sung
 His 'Minstrel Lays:'
 Or tore, with nobler ardour stung,
 The sceptic's bays.

To lower orders are assign'd
 The humbler ranks of human-kind,
 The rustic bard, the lab'ring hind,
 The artizan;
 All choose, as various they're inclin'd,
 The various man.

When yellow waves the heavy grain,
 The threat'ning storm some strongly rein;
 Some teach to meliorate the plain,
 With tillage skill;
 And some instruct the shepherd train,
 Blythe o'er the hill.

Some hint the lover's harmless wile;
 Some grace the maiden's artless smile;
 Some soothe the lab'rer's weary toil,
 For humble gains,
 And make his cottage scenes beguile
 His cares and pains.

Some, bounded to a district space,
 Explore at large man's infant race,
 To mark the embryotic trace
 Of rustic bard;
 And careful note each op'ning grace,
 A guide and guard.

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

With future hope, I oft would gaze,
 Fond, on thy little early ways,
 Thy rude, j-caroll'd, chiming phrase,
 In uncouth rhymes,
 Fir'd at the simple, artless lays,
 Of other times.

I saw thee seek the sounding shore,
 Delighted with the dashing roar;

Or when the north his fleecy store
 Drove through the sky,
 I saw grim nature's visage hoar
 Struck thy young eye.

Or when the deep green-mantled earth
 Warm cherish'd ev'ry flow'ret's birth,
 And joy and music pouring forth
 In ev'ry grove,
 I saw thee eye the general mirth
 With boundless love.

When ripen'd fields, and azure skies,
 Call'd forth the reaper's rustling noise,
 I saw thee leave their evening joys,
 And lonely stalk,
 To vent thy bosom's swelling rise
 In pensive walk.

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

I saw thy pulse's maddening play,
 Wild send thee pleasure's devious way,
 Misled by fancy's meteor-ray,
 By passion driven;
 But yet the light that led astray
 Was light from Heaven.

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

Thou canst not learn, nor can I show,
 To paint with Thomson's landscape glow;
 Or wake the bosom-melting throe,
 With Shenstone's art;
 Or pour, with Gray, the moving flow
 Warm on the heart.

Yet all beneath the unrivall'd rose,
 The lowly daisy sweetly blows;
 Tho' large the forest's monarch throws
 His army shade,
 Yet green the juicy hawthorn grows,
 Adown the glade.

Then never murmur nor repine;
 Strive in thy humble sphere to shine;

And, trust me, not Potosi's mine,
 Nor king's regard,
 Can give a bliss o'ermatching thine,
 A rustic bard.

To give my counsels all in one—
 Thy tuneful flame still careful fan;
 Preserve the dignity of man,
 With soul erect;
 And trust, the universal plan
 With all protect.

And wear thou"—she solemn said,
 And bound the holly round my head:
 The polish'd leaves, and berries red,
 Did rustling play!
 And, like a passing thought, she fled
 In light away.

The Author's Earnest Cry and Prayer

TO THE SCOTCH REPRESENTATIVES IN THE HOUSE
 OF COMMONS.

"Dearest of distillation! last and best!
 How art thou lost!"—PARODY ON MILTON.

YE Irish lords, ye knights and squires
 Wha represent our brughs and shires,
 And doucely manage our affairs
 In parliament,
 To you a simple bardie's prayers
 Are humbly sent.

Alas! my roopit Muse is hearse!
 Your honour's heart wi' grief 'twad pierce,
 To see her sittin' on her a—
 Low i' the dust,
 And screechin' out prosaic verse,
 And like to brust!

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

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

Does ony great man glunch and gloom?
 Speak out, and never fas your thoom!
 Let posts and pensions sink or soom

Wi' them wha grant 'em,
 If honestly they canna come,
 Far better want 'em.

In gathrin' votes you were na slack
 Now stand as tightly by your tack;
 Ne'er claw your lug, and fidge your back,
 And hum and haw;
 But raise your arm, and tell your crack
 Before them a'.

Paint Scotland greeting ower her thrissie,
 Her mutchkin stoup a toom's a whistle;
 And d-mn'd Excisemen in a bussie,
 Seizin' a stell,
 Triumphant crushin't like a mussel
 Or lampit shell.

Then on the tither hand present her,
 A blackguard smuggler, right behint her,
 And cheek-for-chow, a chuffie vinter,
 Colleaguin join,
 Picking her pouch as bare as winter
 Of a' kind coin.

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

Alas! I'm but a nameless wight,
 Trod i' the mire out of sight!
 But could I like Montgomeries fight,
 Or gab like Boswell,
 There's some sark-necks I wad draw tight,
 And tie some hose well.

God bless your honours, can ye see't,
 The kind, auld, cantie carlin greet,
 And no get warmly to your feet,
 And gar them hear it,
 And tell them, with a patriot heat,
 Ye winna bear it.

Some o' you nicely ken the laws,
 To round the period and pause,
 And wi' rhetoric clause on clause
 So mak harangues;
 Then echo through St. Stephen's wa's
 Auld Scotland's wrangs.

Campster, a true blue Scot I'se warran
 Thee, aith-detesting, chaste Kilkerran,
 And that glib-gabbet Highland baron,
 The Laird o' Graham,
 And ane, a chap that's d-mn'd auldsarran
 Dundas his name.

Erskine, a spunkie Norland billie,
 True Campbells, Frederick and Ilay;
 And Livingstone, the bauld Sir Willie;
 And monie ithers,
 Whom auld Demosthenes or Tully
 May'n own for brithers.

See sodger Hugh, my watchmen stented,
 If bardies e'er were represented;
 I ken if that your sword were wanted,
 Ye'd lend a hand,
 But when there's aught to say anent it,
 Ye're at a stand.

Arouse, my boys! exert your mettle,
 To get auld Scotland back her kettle;
 Or faith, I'll wad my now pleugh-pettle,
 Ye'll see't ere lang,
 She'll teach you, wi' a reekin' whittle,
 Anither sang.

This while she's been in crankus mood,
 Her lost militia fir'd her bluid;
 (Deil na they never mair do guid,
 Play'd her that pliskie!)
 And now she's like to run red-wud
 About her whisky.

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

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

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

Tell yon guid bluid o' auld Bococonock's,
 I'll be his debt twa mashlum bonnocks,
 And drink his health in auld Nanse Tinnock's
 Nine times a week,
 If he some scheme, like tea and winnocks,
 Wad kindly seek.

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

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

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

God bless your honours a' your days,
 Wi' sowps o' kail and brats o' claise,
 In spite o' a' the thievish kaes,
 That haunt St. Jamies!
 Your humble Poet sings and prays
 While Rab his name is.

POSTSCRIPT.

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

What though their Phoebus kinder warms,
 While fragrance blooms and beauty charms,
 When wretches range, in famish'd swarms,
 The scented groves,
 Or hounded forth, di-honour arms
 In hungry droves.

Their gun's a burthen on their shoulther,
 They downa bide the stink o' powther;

Their bauldest thought's a hank'ring swither
 To stan' or rin,
 Till skelp—a shot—they're aff, a' throwther,
 To save their skin.

But bring a Scotsman frae his hill,
 Clap in his cheek a Highland gill,
 Say such is royal George's will,
 And there's the foe,
 He has nae thoughtit but how to kill
 Twa at a blow.

Nae cauld, faint-hearted doubtings tease him
 Death comes—wi' fearless eye he sees him;
 Wi' bluidy han' a welcome gies him;
 And when he fa's,
 His latest draft o' breathing lea'es him
 In faint huzzas!

Sages their solemn een may steek,
 And raise a philosophic reek,
 And physically causes seek,
 In clime and season:
 But tell me whisky's name in Greek,
 I'll tell the reason.

Scotland, my auld, respected mither,
 Tho' whiles ye moistify your leather,
 Till whare ye sit, on craps o' heather
 Ye tine your dam;
 Freedom and whisky gang thegither!—
 Take aff your dram!

Scotch Drink.

“Gie him strong drink, until he wink,
 That's sinking in despair;
 And liquor guid to fire his bluid,
 That's prest wi' grief and care;
 There let him bouise, and deep carouse,
 Wi' bumpers flowing o'er,
 Till he forgets his loves or debts,
 And minds his griefs no more.”
 SOLOMON'S PROVERB, xxxi, 6, 7.

LET other poets raise a fracas,
 'Bout vines, and wines, and dru'ken Bacchus,
 And crabbit names and stories wrack us,
 And grate our lug,
 I sing the juice Scotch beer can mak us,
 In glass or jug.

Oh thou, my Muse! guid auld Scotch drink;
 Whether thro' winplin' worms thou jink,
 Or, richly brown, ream o'er the brink,
 In glorions facin,
 Inspire me, till I lisp and wiuk,
 To sing thy name!

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

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

Food fills the wame, and keeps us livin';
 Tho' life's a gift no worth receivin',
 When heavy dragg'd wi' pine and grievin'
 But, oil'd by thee,
 The wheels o' life gae down-hill screevin',
 Wi' rattlin' glee.

Thou clears the head o' doited Lear:
 Thou 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.

Aft clad in massy siller 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 kitchen's fine.

Thou art the life o' public haunts;
 But thee, what were our fairs and rants?
 Ev'n godly meetings o' the saunts,
 By thee inspir'd,
 When gaping they besiege the tents,
 Are doubly fir'd.

That merry night we get the corn in,
 Oh sweetly then thou reams the horn in,
 Or reekin' on a new-year morning
 In cog or bicker,
 And just a wee drap sp'ritual burn in,
 And gusty sucker!

When Vulcan gies his bellows breath,
 And ploughmen gather wi' their graith,
 Oh rare! to see thee fizz and freath
 I' the lugget caup!
 Then Burnewin comes on like death
 At ev'ry chap.

Nae mercy, then, for air 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.

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.

When neebors anger at a plea,
 And 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.

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

Wae worth that brandy, burning trash!
 Fell source o' monie a pain and brash;
 Twins monie a poor, doylt, drucken hash,
 O' half his days;
 And sends, beside, auld Scotland's cash
 To her warst faes.

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, dearthlifu' wines to mell,
 Or foreign gill.

May gravels round his blather wrench
 And 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!

Oh whisky ! soul o' plays and pranks !
 Accept a Bardie's gratefu' thanks ;
 When wanting thee what tuneless cranks
 Are my poor verses !
 Thou comes—they rattle i' their ranks
 At ither's a— !

Thee, Ferintosh, oh sadly lost !
 Scotland lament from coast to coast ;
 Now colic grips, and barkin hoast,
 May kill us a' ;
 For loyal Forbes' charter'd boast,
 Is ta'en awa !

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

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

Address to the Aunc Guid,

OR THE RIGIDLY RIGHTEOUS.

“ My son, these maxims make a rule,
 And lump them aye thegither ;
 The Rigid Righteous is a fool,
 Tho 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.

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

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.

Ye see your state wi' theirs compar'd,
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' hiding.

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 seud your sea-way;
But in the teeth o' baith to sail,
It maks an unco lee-way.

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
Th' eternal consequences;
Or your more dreaded hell to state,
D-mnation of expenses!

Ye high, exalted, virtuous dames,
Tied up in godly laces,
Before ye gie poor frailty names,
Suppose a change o' cases:
A dear-lov'd lad, convenience snug,
A treacherous inclination—
But, let me whisper i' your lug,
Ye're aiblins nae temptation.

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

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

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

HAS auld Kilmarnock seen the deil?
 Or great M'Kinlay thrawn his heel?
 Or Robertson again-grown weel,
 To preach and read?
 "Na, waur than a'!" cries ilka chiel—
 Tam Samson's dead.

Kilmarnock lang may grunt and grane
 And sigh, and sob, and greet her lane.
 And cleed her bairns, man, wife, and wean
 In mourning weed;
 To death she's dearly paid the kane—
 Tam Samson's dead!

The brethren o' the mystic level
 May hing their head in woefu' bevel,
 While by their nose the tears will revel,
 Like ony head;
 Death's gi'en the lodge an ony deil—
 Tam Samson's dead!

When Winter muffles up his cloak,
 And binds the mire like a rock;
 When to the lochs the curlers flock
 Wi' gleesome speed,
 Wha will they station at the cock?
 Tam Samson's dead.

He was the king o' a' the core,
 To guard, to draw, to wick a bore,
 Or up the rink like Jehu roar
 In time o' need;
 But now he lags on death's hog-score—
 Tam Samson's dead!

Now safe the stately sawmont sail,
 And trouts be-dropp'd wi' crimson hail,—
 And eels weel kenn'd for souple tail,
 And geds for creed,
 Since dark in death's fish-creel we wail
 Tam Samson dead.

Rejoice, ye birring pattricks a';
 Ye cootie moorcocks, crouselly craw

Ye maukins, cock your fud tu' braw,
 Withouten dread;
 Your mortal fae is now awa'—
 Tam Samson's dead!

That woefu' mourn be ever mourn'd,
 Saw him in shooting graith adorn'd,
 While pointers round impatient burn'd,
 Frae couples freed;
 But, och, he gaed and ne'er return'd!—
 Tam Samson's dead!

In vain old age his body batters;
 In vain the gout his ancles fetters:
 In vain the burns cam' down like waters,
 An acre braid!
 Now ev'ry auld wife, greeting, clatters,
 Tam Samson's dead!

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

When at his heart he felt the dagger,
 He reel'd his wonted bottle swagger,
 But yet he drew the mortal trigger
 Wi' weel-aim'd heed;
 "L-d! fire! he cried, and owre did stagger—
 Tam Samson's dead!

Ilk hoary hunter mourn'd a brither!
 Ilk sportsman youth bemoan'd a father;
 Yon auld grey stane, amang the heather,
 Marks out his head,
 Whare Burns has wrote, in rhyming blether
 Tam Samson's dead!

There now he lies in lasting rest;
 Perhaps upon his mould'ring breast
 Some spitefu' muirfowl bigs her nest,
 To hatch and breed;
 Alas! na mair he'll them molest!—
 Tam Samson's dead!

When August winds the heather wave,
 And sportsmen wander by yon grave,
 Three vollies let his mem'ry crave
 O' pouter and lead,
 Till echoes answer fra her cave,
 Tam Samson's dead!

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

EPITAPH.

Tam Samson's weel-worn clay here lies,
 Ye canting zealots spare him;
 If honest worth in heaven rise,
 Ye'll mend or ye win near him.

PER CONTRA.

Go, Fame, and canter like a filly,
 Thro' a' the streets and nooks o' Killie,
 Tell ev'ry social, honest Billy
 To cease his grievin',
 For yet, unskaith'd by death's gleg gullie,
 Tam Samson's livin'!

 Despondency.

AN ODE.

OPPRESS'D with grief, oppress'd with care
 A burden more than I can bear,
 I sit me down and sigh:
 Oh life! thou art a galling load,
 Along a rough, a weary road,
 To wretches such as I!
 Dim backward as I cast my view,
 What sick'ning scenes appear!
 What sorrows yet may pierce me thro'
 Too justly I may fear.
 Still caring, despairing,
 Must be my bitter doom;
 My woes here shall close ne'er
 But with the closing tomb:
 Happy, ye sons of busy life,
 Who, equal to the bustling strife,
 No other view regard;
 Ev'n when the wished 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 ev'ry 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.

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

Than I, no lonely hermit plac'd
 Where never human footstep trac'd,
 Less fit to play the part;
 The lucky moment to improve,
 And just to stop, and just to move,
 With self-respecting art:
 But, ah! those pleasures, loves, and joys
 Which I too keenly taste,
 The Solitary can despise,
 Can want, and yet be blest!
 He needs not, he heeds not,
 Or human love or hate,
 Whilst I here, must cry here
 At perfidy ingrate!

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!

The Cotter's Saturday Night.

INSCRIBED TO ROBERT AIKIN, ESQ.

"Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys and destiny obscure;
 Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
 The short and simple annals of the poor."

GRAY.

My lov'd, my honour'd, much respected friend,
 No mercenary bard his homage pays;
 With honest pride I scorn each selfish end;
 My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise:
 To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,
 The lowly train in life's sequester'd scene;
 The native feelings strong, the guileless ways;
 What Aitken in a cottage would have been;
 Ah! though his worth unknown, far happier there, I ween.

November chill blaws loud wi' angry sough;
 The short'ning winter day is near a close;
 The miry beasts retreating frae the plough;
 The black'ning train o' craws to their repose:
 The toil-worn Cotter frae his labour goes,
 This night his weekly toil 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 homeward bend.

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 and glee:
 His wee bit ingle, blinkin' bonnily,
 His clean hearth-stane, his thriftie wifie's smile,
 The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
 Does a' his weary kiaugh and care beguile,
 And makes him quite forget his labour and his toil.

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

With joy unfeign'd brothers and sisters meet,
 And each for other's weelfare kindly spiers:
 The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnotic'd fleet;
 Each tells the uncas that he sees or hears;

The parents, partial, eye their their hopeful years;
 Anticipation forward points the view,
 The mother wi' her needle and her shears,
 Gars auld claes amaisht as weel's the new;
 The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

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

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

Wi' kindly welcome, Jenny brings him ben;
 A strappin youth; he tak's the mether's e'e;
 Blythe 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 and lathefu', scarce can weel behave;
 The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
 What makes the youth sae bashfu' an' sae grave;
 Weel pleas'd to think her bairn's respected like the lave.

Oh happy love!—where love like this is found!
 Oh heartfelt raptures! bliss beyond compare!
 I've paced 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 ev'ning gale."

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart,
 A wretch! a villain! lost to love and truth!—
 That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
 Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?
 Curse on his perjur'd arts! dissembling smooth!
 Are honour, virtue, conscience, all exil'd?
 Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
 Points to the parents fondling o'er their child?
 Then paints the ruin'd maid, and their distraction wild?

But now the supper crowns their simple board,
 The halesame parritch, chief of Scotia's food;
 The soupe their only hawkie does afford,
 That 'yont the hallow snugly chows her cood:
 The dame brings forth, in complimentary mood,
 To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebluck, fell,
 And aft he's prest, and aft he ca's it guid;
 The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell,
 How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' lint was i' the bell

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
 They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;
 The sire turns o'er, with patriarchal grace,
 The big ha'-bible, ance his father's pride;
 His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
 His lyart haffets wearing thin and bare;
 Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
 He wales a portion with judicious care;
 And "Let us worship God!" he says, with solemn air.

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

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

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme—
 How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
 How He who bore in Heaven the second name,
 Had not on earth whereon to lay his head:
 How his first followers and servants sped
 The precepts sage they wrote to many a land:
 How he, who lone in Patmos banished,
 Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand; [command.
 And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounced by Heaven's

Then kneeling down to HEAVEN'S ETERNAL KING
 The saint, the father, and the husband prays
 Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing,"
 That thus they all shall meet in future days:

'There ever bask in uncreated rays,
 No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
 Together hymning their Creator's praise,
 In such society, yet still more dear;
 While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compar'd with this, how poor Religion's pride,
 In all the pomp of method and of art,
 When men display to congregations wide,
 Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the heart!
 The pow'r, incens'd, the pageant will desert,
 The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;
 But, haply, in some cottage far apart,
 May hear, well pleas'd, the language of the soul;
 And in his book of life the inmates poor enrol.

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way;
 The youngling cottagers retire to rest:
 The parent-pair their secret homage pay,
 And proffer up to Heaven the warm request,
 That HE, who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,
 And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,
 Would, in the way his wisdom sees the best,
 For them, and for their little ones provide;
 But, chiefly, in their hearts with grace divine preside.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
 That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad:
 Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
 "An honest man's the noblest work of God!"
 And certes, in fair virtue's heav'nly road,
 The cottage leaves the palace far behind;
 What is a lordling's pomp?—a cumbrous load,
 Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
 Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refin'd!

Oh 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-lov'd isle.

Oh Thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide
 That stream'd through Wallace's undaunted heart,
 Who dar'd to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
 Or nobly die the second glorious part,
 (The patriot's God, peculiarly thou art,
 His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!)
 Oh never, never, Scotia's realm desert;
 But still the patriot, and the patriot bard,
 In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard.

To a Mountain Daisy.

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

WEE, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem:
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
My bonnie gem.

Alas! it's no thy neibor sweet,
The bonnie lark, companion meet,
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet,
Wi' speckl'd breast,
When upward springing, blythe, to greet
The purpling east.

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

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

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!

Such is the fate of artless maid,
Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade!
By love's simplicity betray'd,
And guileless trust,
Till she, like thee, all soil'd, is laid
Low i' the dust.

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

Such fate to suffering worth it giv'n,
 Who long with wants and woes have striv'n,
 By human pride or cunning driv'n
 To mis'ry's brink,
 Till wretch'd of ev'ry stay but Heav'n,
 He, ruin'd, sink!

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

Epistle to a Young Friend,

MAY, 1796.

I LANG hae thought, my youthfu' friend,
 A something to have sent you,
 Though it should serve nae other end
 Than just a kind memento;
 But how the subject-theme may gang,
 Let time and chance determine:
 Perhaps it may turn out a sang,
 Perhaps turn out a sermon.

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,
 Ev'n when your end's attained;
 And a' your views may come to nought
 Where ev'ry nerve is strain'd.

I'll no say men are villains a':
 The real, harden'd wicked,
 Wha hae nae check but human law,
 Are to a few restrick'd:
 But, och, mankind are unco weak,
 And little to be trust'd;
 If self the wavering balance shake,
 It's rarely right adjust'd.

Yet they who fa' in fortune's strife,
 Their fate we should na censure,
 For still the important end of life
 They equally may answer:
 A man may hae an honest heart,
 Tho' poortith hourly stare him,
 A man may take a neibor's part,
 Yet hae no cash to spare him.

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 ev'ry other man,
 Wi' sharpen'd, sly inspection.

The sacred lowe o' weel-plac'd love,
 Luxuriantly indulge it;
 But never tempt th' illicit rove,
 Tho' 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!

To catch dame Fortune's golden smile,
 Assiduous wait upon her;
 And gather gear by ev'ry 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.

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 keeps its laws,
 Uncaring consequences.

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

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

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 reek the rede
 Than ever did th' adviser !

Dedication to Gavin Hamilton, Esq.

EXPECT na, Sir, in this narration,
 A fleeching, fleth'ring dedication,
 To roose you up, and ca' you guid,
 And sprung o' great and noble bluid,
 Because ye're surnam'd like his grace ;
 Perhaps related to the race ;
 Then when I'm tir'd, and sae are ye,
 Wi' mony a fulsome, sinfu' lie,
 Set up a face, how I stop short,
 For fear your modesty be hurt.

This may do—maun do, Sir, wi' them wha
 Maun please the great folk for a wamefou
 For me—sae laigh I needna bow,
 For me, Lord be thankit, I can plough
 And when I downa yoke a naig,
 Then, Lord be thankit, I can beg ;
 Sae I shall say, and that's na flatt'rin',
 It's just sic poet, and sic patron.
 The poet, some guid angel help him,
 Or else, I fear some ill ane skelp him
 He may do weel for a' he's done yet,
 But only he's no just begun yet.

The Patron (Sir, ye maun forgive me,
 I winna lie, come what will o' me),
 On ev'ry hand it will allowed 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 break it ;
 Ought he can lend he'll no refus't
 Till aft his goodness is abus'd ;
 And rascals whyles that do him wrang,
 Ev'n that he does na mind it lang :
 As master, landlord, husband, father,
 He does na fail his part in either.

But then, nae thanks to him for a' that
 Nae godly symptom ye can ca' that ;
 It's naething but a milder feature,
 Of our poor sinfu', corrupt nature :

Ye'll get the best o' moral works,
 'Mang black Gentoos and Pagan Turks
 Or hunters wild on Ponotaxi,
 Wha never heard of orthodoxy.
 That he's the poor man's friend in need,
 The gentleman in word and deed,
 It's no thro' terror of d-mn-tion;
 Its just a carnal inclination.

Morality, thou deadly bane,
 Thy tens of thousands thou hast slam!
 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 thro' a winnock frae a wh-re,
 But point the rake that taks the door;
 Be to the poor like ony whuustane,
 And hand their noses to the grunstone—
 Ply ev'ry art o' legal thieving,
 No matter—stick to sound believing.

Learn three-mile pray'rs and 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,
 A steady, sturdy, stanch believer.

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

Your pardon, Sir, for this digression,
 I maist forgat my dedication;
 But when divinity comes cross me
 My readers still are sure to loss 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 lik yoursel

Then patronise them wi' your favour,
 And your petitioner shall ever—
 I had amaist said, ever pray,
 But that's a word I need na say :
 For prayin' I hae little skill o't ;
 I'm baith dead sweer, and wretched ill o't ;
 But I'se repeat each poor man's pray'r,
 That kens and hears about you, Sir—

“ May ne'er Misfortune's growling bark,
 Howl thro' the dwelling o' the clerk ;
 May ne'er his gen'rous, honest heart
 For that same gen'rous spirit smart !
 May Kennedy's far-honour'd name .
 Lang beet his hymeneal flame,
 Till Hamiltons, at least a dizen,
 Are by their canty fireside risen :
 Five bonnie lasses round their table,
 And seven braw fellows, stout and 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 ev'ning o' his days,
 Till his wee curlie John's ier-oe,
 When ebbing life nae muir shall flow,
 The last, sad, mournful rites bestow.”

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

But if (which pow'rs above prevent,)
 That iron-hearted carl, Want,
 Attended in his grim advances,
 By sad mistakes and black mischances,
 While hopes, and joys, and pleasures fly him
 Makè you as poor a dog as I am,
 Your humble servant then no more ;
 For who would humbly serve the poor !
 But, by a poor man's hopes in Heav'n !
 While recollection's power is giv'n,
 If, in the vale of humble life,
 The victim sad of fortune's strife,
 I, thro' the tender gushing tear,
 Should recognise my master dear,
 If, friendless, low, we meet together,
 Then, Sir, your hand—my friend and brother.

A Dream.

"Thoughts, words, and deeds, the statute blames with reason:
But surely dreams were ne'er indicted treason."

GUID morning to your Majesty!
May Heaven augment your blisses,
On ev'ry new birth-day 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 birth-day dresses,
Sa fine this day.

I see ye're complimented thrang,
By many a lord and lady;
"God save the king!" 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.

For me, before a monarch's face,
Ev'n there I winna flatter:
For neither pension, post, nor place,
Am I your humble debtor:
So, nae reflections on your grace,
Your kingship to bespatter;
There's mony waur been o' the race,
And aiblins ane been better
Than you this day.

'Tis very true my sov'reign king,
My skill may weel be doubted:
But facts are chiefs that winna ding
And downa be disputed:
Your royal nest beneath your wing
Is e'en right roft and clouted,
And no the third part of the string,
And less, will gang about it
Than did ae day.

Far be't fra 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 sira,
Ye've trusted ministration

To chaps, wha, in a barn or byre,
 Wad better fill'd their station
 Than court, yon day.

And now ye've gien auld Britain peace;
 Her broken shins to paister,
 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,
 Or faith, I fear, that with the geese,
 I shortly boost to pasture
 I' the craft some day.

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-dsakes, let nae saving fit
 Abridge your bonnie barges
 And boats this day.

Adieu, my liege! may freedom geck,
 Beneath your high protection;
 And may ye rax corruption's neck,
 And gie her for dessection!
 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 birth-day.

Hail, Majesty most Excellent!
 While nobles strive to please ye,
 Will ye accept a compliment
 A simple poet gies you?
 Thae bonnie bairntime Heav'n 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.

For you, young potentate o' Wales,
 I tell your Highness fairly,
 Down pleasure's stream, wi' swelling sails,
 I'm told your driving rarely;
 But some day you may knaw your nails,
 And curse your folly sairly,
 That e'er ye brak Diana's pales,
 Or rattl'd dice wi' Charlie,
 By night or day.

Yet aft a ragged cowte's been known
 To mak a noble aiver;
 So, ye may douncely fill a throne,
 For a' their elish-ma-claver:
 There, him at Agincourt wha shone,
 Few better were or braver,
 And yet wi' funny, queer Sir John,
 He was an unco shaver
 For monie a day.

For you, right rev'rend Osnaburg
 Nane sets the lawn sleeve sweeter,
 Altho' 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, trowth, ye'll stain the mitre
 Some luckless day.

Young, royal Tarry Breeks, I learn,
 Ye've lately come athwart her:
 A glorious gullely, stem and stern,
 Weel rig'd for Venus' barter;
 But first hang out that she'll discern
 Your hymeneal charter,
 Then heave aboard your grapple airn,
 And, large upon her' quarter,
 Come full that day.

Ye, lastly, bonnie blossoms a',
 Ye royal la sies dainty,
 Heav'n mak you guid as well as braw,
 And gie you lads a-plenty:
 But sneer na British boys awa',
 For kings are unco scant eve,
 And German gentles are but sma'
 They're better just than want aye
 On onie day.

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

A Bard's Epitaph.

Is there a whim-inspir'd fool,
Owre fast for thought, owre hot for rule,
Owre blate to seek, owre proud to snool,
Let him draw near;
And owre this grassy heap sing dool,
And drap a tear.

Is there a bard of rustic song,
Who, noteless, steals the crowds among,
That weekly this area throng,
Oh, pass not by!
But, with a frater-feeling strong,
Here heave a sigh.

Is there a man, whose judgment clear,
Can others teach the course to steer,
Yet runs him-elf life's mad career,
Wild as the wave;
Here pause—and, thro' the starting tear,
Survey this grave.

The poor inhabitant below,
Was quick to learn, and wise to know,
And keenly felt the friendly glow,
And softer flame;
But thoughtless follies laid him low,
And stain'd his name!

Reader, attend—whether thy soul
Soar's fancy's flights beyond the pole,
Or darkling grubs this earthly hole,
In low pursuit;
Know, prudent, cautious self-control
Is wisdom's root.

The Twa Dogs.

A TALE.

'Twas in that place o' Scotland's isle
That bears the name o' Auld King Coil,
Upon a bonnie day in June,
When wearing through the afternoon,
Twa dogs that were na thrang at hame,
Forgather'd ance upon a time.

The first I'll name, they ca'd him Cæsar,
Was keepit for his honour's pleasure;
His hair, his size, his mouth, his lugs,
Show'd he was nane o' Scotland's dogs:

But whelpit some place far abroad,
 Whare sailors gang to fish for cod.
 His locked, leather'd, braw brass collar
 Show'd him the gentleman and scholar
 But though he was o' high degree,
 The fient a pride—nae pride had he;
 But wad hae spent an hour caressin',
 E'en wi' a tinkler-gipsy's messin'.
 At kirk or market, mill or smiddie,
 Nae tawted tyke, though ere sae duddie,
 But he wad stant, as glad to see him,
 And stroom't on stanes and hillocks wi' him,
 The tither was a ploughman's collie,
 A rhyming, ranting, raving billie,
 Wha for his friend and comrade had him,
 And in his freaks had Luath ca'd him,
 After some dog in Highland sang
 Was made lang syne—Lord knows how lang.
 He was a gash and faithful tyke,
 As ever lap or shengh or dyke.
 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 gauzy tail, wi' upward curl,
 Hung o'er his hurdies wi' a swirl.
 Nae doubt but they were fain o' ither,
 And unco pack and thick thegither:
 Wi' social nose whyles snuff'd and snowkit.
 Whyles mice and moudieworts they howkit;
 Whyles scour'd awa in lang excursion.
 And worried ither in diversion;
 Until wi' daffin' weary grown,
 Upon a knowe they sat them down,
 And there began a lang digression
 About the lords o' the creation.

CESAR.

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

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

Frae morn to e'en its nought but toiling,
 At baking, roasting, frying, boiling ;
 And though the gentry first are stetchin,
 Yet e'en the ha' folk fill their pechan
 Wi' sauce, ragouts, and sic like trashtrie :
 That's little short o' downright wastrie.
 Our whipper-in, wee blastit wonner,
 Poor worthless elf, it eat a dinner,
 Better than ony tenant man
 His hanour has in a' the lan' ;
 And what poor cot-folk pit their painch in,
 I own its past my comprehension.

LUATH.

Trowth, Caesar, whyles they're fash enough ;
 A cotter 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,
 And nought but his han' dark to keep
 Them right and tight in thack and rape.

And when they meet wi' sair disasters,
 Like loss o' health, or want o' masters,
 Ye maist wad think, a wee touch langer,
 And they maun starve o' cauld or hunger ;
 But how it comes I never kenn'd yet,
 They're maistly wonderfu' contented :
 And bairdly chiefs, and clever hizzies,
 Are bred in sic a way as this is.

CÆSAR.

But then to see how ye're nagletit,
 How huff'd, and cuff'd, and disrespeckit !
 L—d, man, our gentry care as little
 For delvers, ditchers, and sic cattle ;
 They gang as saucy by poor folk,
 As I would by a stinkin' brock.
 I've notic'd, on our laird's court-day,
 And mony a time my heart's been wac,
 Poor tenant bodies, scant o' cash,
 How they maun thole a factor's snash ;
 He'll stamp and threaten, curse and swear,
 He'll apprehend them, pound their gear :
 While they maun stan', wi' aspect humble,
 And hear it a', and fear and tremble !
 I see how folk live that hae riches ;
 But surely poor folk maun be wretches !

LUATH.

They're no sae wretched's ane may think;
 Tho' 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;
 And tho' fatigu'd wi' close employment,
 A blink o' rest's a sweet enjoyment.

The dearest comfort o' their lives,
 Their grushie weans and faithfu' wives;
 The prattling things are just their pride,
 That sweetens a' their fireside;
 And whyles twalpennie-worth o' nappy
 Can make the bodies unco happy;
 They lay aside their private cares,
 To mind the Kirk and State affairs:
 They'll talk o' patronage and priests
 Wi' kindling fury in their breasts:
 Or tell what new taxation's comin',
 And ferlie at the folk in Lon'on.

As bleak-fac'd Hallowinas returns,
 They get the jovial, ranting kirms
 When rural life, o' ev'ry station,
 Unite in common recreation;
 Love blinks, Wit slaps, and social Mi
 Forgets there's Care upo' the earth.

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

Still it's owre true that ye hae said,
 Sic game is now owre aften play'd.
 There's monie a creditable stock
 O' decent, honest, 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;
 For Britain's guid! guid faith, I doubt it.
 Say, rather, gaun as Premiers lead him,
 And saying ay or no's they bid him:
 At operas and plays parading,
 Mortgaging, gambling, masquerading:
 Or may be, in a frolic daft,
 To Hague or Calais takes a waft,
 To mak a tour and tak a whirl,
 To learn *bon ton*, and see the worl'.

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

LUATH.

Hech, man! dear sirs! is that the gate
 They waste sae mony a braw estate!
 Are we sae foughthen and harass'd
 For fear to gang that gate at last!

Oh would they stay aback frae courts,
 And please themselves with countra sports,
 It wad for ev'ry ane be better,
 The Laird, the Tenant, and the Cotter!
 For thae frank, rantin', rambling billies
 Fient haet o' them's ill-hearted fellows;
 Except for breakin' o' their timmer,
 Or speaking lightly o' their limmer,
 Or shootin' o' a hare or moor-cock,
 The ne'er a bit they're ill to poor folk.

But will ye tell me, Master Cæsar,
 Sae great folk's life's a life o' pleasure?
 Nae cauld or hunger e'er can steer them,
 The vera thought o't need na fear them.

CÆSAR.

L—d, man, were ye but whvles whare I am,
 The gentles ye wae ne'er envy 'em.

it's true, they needna starve or sweat,
 Thro' winter's cauld or simmer's heat;
 They've nae sair wark to craze their banes,
 And fill auld age wi' grips and granes:
 But human bodies are sic fools,
 For a' their colleges and schools,
 That when nae real ills perplex them,
 They mak enow themselves to vex them;
 And aye the less they hae to sturt them,
 In like proportion less will hurt them.

A country fellow at the pleugh,
 His acre's till'd, he's right enough;
 A country girl at her wheel,
 Her dizen's done, she's unco weel:
 But gentlemen and ladies warst,
 Wi' ev'n down want o' wark are curst,
 They loiter, lounging, lank, and lazy;
 Tho' deil haet ails them, yet ueeasy;
 Their days insipid, dull, and tasteless;
 Their nights unquiet, lang, and restless;
 And e'en their sports, their balls and races,
 Their galloping thro' public places,
 There's sic parade, sic pomp, and art,
 The joy can scarcely reach the heart.
 The men cast out in party matches,
 Then sawthier a' in deep debauches;
 Ae night they're mad wi' drink and wh-ring,
 Neist day their life is past enduring,
 The ladies, arm-in-arm, in clusters,
 As great and gracious a' as sisters;
 But hear their absent thoughts o' ither,
 They're a' run deils and jads thegither.
 Whyles o'er the wee bit cup and platie,
 They sip the scandal potion pretty;
 O'er lee-lang nights, wi' crabbit leuks,
 Pore owre the devil's pictur'd beuks;
 Stake on a chance a farmer's stack-yard,
 And cheat like onie unhang'd blackguard.
 There's some exception, man and woman,
 But this is Gentry's life in common.

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

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!"

HOMER.

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

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

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

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

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 thro' rough distress!
Then who her pangs and pains will soothe,
Her sorrows share, and make them less?

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

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

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:
 Ev'n day, all-bitter, brings relief,
 From such a horror-breathing night.

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

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

Address to Edinburgh.

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

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.

Thy sons, Edina! social, kind,
 With open arms, the stranger hail;
 Their views enlarg'd, their lib'ral mind,
 Above the narrow, rural vale;
 Attentive still to sorrow's wail,
 Or modest merit's silent claim;
 And never may their sources fail!
 And never envy blot their name!

Thy daughters bright thy walks adorn,
 Gay as the gilded summer sky,
 Sweet as the dewy milk-white thorn,
 Dear as the raptur'd thrill of joy!
 Fair Burnet strikes th' adorning eye,
 Heav'n's beauties on my fancy shine;
 I see the Sire of Love on high,
 And own His work indeed divine!

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

With awe-struck thought, and pitying tears,
 I view that noble, stately dome,
 Where Scotia's kings of other years,
 Fam'd heroes! had their royal home:
 Alas, how chang'd the times to come!
 Their royal name low in the dust!
 Their hapless race, wild-wand'ring, roam
 Tho' rigid law cries out, 'twas just!

Wild beats my heart to trace your steps,
 Whose ancestors, in days of yore,
 Thro' hostile ranks and ruin'd gaps
 Old Scotia's bloody lion bore:
 Ev'n I, who sing in rustic lore,
 Haply, my sires have left their shed,
 And fac'd grim danger's loudest roar,
 Bold-following where your fathers led!

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

The Brigs of Ayr.

INSCRIBED TO JOHN BALLANTYNE, ESQ., AYR.

THE simple Bard, rough at the rustic plough,
 Learning his tuneful trade from ev'ry bough;
 The chanting linnet, or the mellow thrush,
 Hailing the setting sun, sweet in the green-thorn bush
 The soaring lark, the perching red-breast shrill,
 Or deep-ton'd plovers, grey, wild-whistling o'er the hill;
 Shall he, nurst in the peasant's lowly shed,
 To hardy independence bravely bred,
 By early poverty to hardship steel'd,
 And train'd to arms in stern misfortune's field—
 Shall he be guilty of their hireling crimes,
 The servile, mercenary 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 gen'rous care he trace,
 Skill'd in the secret to bestow with grace;
 When Ballantyne befriends his humble name,
 And hands the rustic stranger up to fame,
 With heartfelt throes his grateful bosom swells,
 The god-like bliss, to give, alone excels.

'Twas when the stacks get on their winter-hap,
 And thack and rape secure the toil-worn crap;
 Potato-bings are snugged up frae skaith
 Of coming Winter's biting, frosty breath;
 The bees, rejoicing o'er their summer toils,
 Unnumber'd buds and flow'rs, delicious spoils,
 Seal'd up with frugal care in massive waxen piles,
 Are doom'd by man, that tyrant o'er the weak,
 The death o' devils smoor'd wi' brimstone reek;
 The thundering guns are heard on ev'ry side,
 The wounded conveys, 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 flow'r in field or meadow springs;
 Nae mair the grove with airy concert rings,
 Except, perhaps, the robin's whistling glee,
 Proud o' the height o' some bit half-lang tree:
 The hoary morn precede the sunny days,
 Mild, calm, serene, wide-spreads the noon-tide blaze,
 While thick the gossamour waves wanton in the rays.

'Twas in that season, when a simple bard,
 Unknown and poor, simplicity's reward,
 Ae night, within the ancient burgh of Ayr,
 By whim inspired, or haply prest wi' care,
 He left his bed, and took his wayward route,
 And down by Simpson's wheel'd the left about:
 (Whether impell'd by all-directing Fate
 To witness what I after shall narrate;
 Or whether, rapt in meditation high,
 He wander'd out he knew not where or why)
 The drowsy Dungeon-clock had number'd two,
 And Wallace Tower had sworn the fact was true:
 The tide-swoln Firth, with sullen, sounding roar,
 Through the still night dash'd hoarse along the shore.
 All else was hush'd as Nature's closed e'e:
 The silent noon shone high o'er tow'r and tree:
 The chilly frost, beneath the silver beam,
 Crept, gently-crusting, o'er the glittering stream.
 When lo! on either hand the list'ning Bard,
 The clanging sigh of whistling wings is heard;
 Two dusky forms dart through the midnight air,
 Swift as the gos drives on the wheeling hare;

Ane on the Auld Brig his airy shape uprears,
 Theither flutters o'er the rising piers:
 Our warlock Rhymers instantly decry'd
 The Sprites that owre the Brigs of Ayr preside.
 (That bards are second-sighted is nae joke,
 And ken the lingo of the sp'ritual folk;
 Fays, Spunkies, Kelpies, a', they can explain them,
 And ev'n 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 warstl'd lang,
 Yet toughly dure, he bade an unco bang.
 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 ev'ry arch;—

It chanc'd his new-come neebor took his e'e,
 And e'en a vex'd and angry heart had he!
 Wi' thieveless sneer to see his moodish mien,
 He, down the water, gies him this good e'en :—

AULD BRIG.

I doubt na', frien', ye'll think ye're nae sheepshank,
 Ane ye were streekit o'er frae bank to bank !
 But gin ye be a brig as auld as me,
 Tho' faith, that day I doubt ye'll never see;
 There'll be, if that date come, I'll wad a boddle,
 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 foot-path of a street,
 Where twa wheel-barrows tremble when they meet—
 Your ruin'd, formless bulk o' stane and lime,
 Compare wi' bonnie Brigs o' modern time ?
 There's men o' taste wou'd tak the Ducat stream
 Tho' they should cast the vera 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 many a year I've stood the flood and tide ;
 And tho' wi' crazy eild I'm sair forfairn,
 I'll be a Brig, when ye'se a shapeless cairn ;
 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,
 Or where the Greenock winds his moorland course,
 Or haunted Garpal draws his feeble source,
 Arous'd by blust'ring winds and spotting thowes,
 In mony a torrent down his snaw-broo rows ;
 While crashing ice, borne on the roaring speat,
 Sweeps dams and mills, and brigs, a' to the gate ;
 And from Glenbuck down to the Ratton-key,
 Auld Ayr is just one lengthen'd, tumbling sea—
 Then down ye'll hurl, deil nor ye never rise !
 And dash the gumlie jaups up to the pouring skies.
 A lesson sadly teaching, to your cost,
 That Architecture's noble art is lost !

NEW BRIG.

Fine Architecture, trowth, I needs must say't o't !
 The L—d be thankit that we've tint the gate o't !
 Gaunt, ghaistly, ghaist-alluring edifices,
 Hanging with threat'ning jut like precipices ;

O'er-arching, mouldy, gloom-inspiring coves,
 Supporting roofs fantastic, stony groves :
 Windows and doors in nameless sculpture drest,
 With order, symmetry, or taste unblest ;
 Forms like some bedlam Statuary's dream,
 The craz'd creations of misguided whim ;
 Forms might be worshipp'd on the bended knee,
 And still the second dread command be free,
 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 ;
 Fit only for a doited monkish race,
 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 good Brugh denies protection,
 And soon may they expire, unblest with resurrection !

AULD BRIG.

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

NEW BRIG.

Now haud you there ! for faith you've said enough,
 And muckle mair than ye can mak to through ;
 As for your Priesthood, I shall say but little,
 Corbies and Clergy are a shot right kittle :
 But, under favour o' your langer beard,
 Abuse o' Magistrates might weel be spar'd :

To liken them to your auld-world squad,
 I needs must say, comparisons are odd.
 In Ayr, wag-wits nae mair can have a handle
 To mouth "a citizen," a term o' scandal;
 Nae mair the Council waddles down the street,
 In all the pomp of ignorant conceit;
 Men wha grew wise prigg'in' owre hops and raisins,
 Or gather'd lib'ral views in bonds and seisins,
 If haply Knowledge, on a random tramp,
 Had shor'd them with a glimmer of his lamp,
 And would to Common Sense for once betray'd them,
 Plain, dull Stupidity stept kindly in to aid them.

What further elish-ma-claver 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 glitt'ring stream they featly danc'd:
 Bright to the moon their various dresses glanc'd:
 They footed o'er the wat'ry glass so neat,
 The infant ice scarce bent beneath their feet:
 While arts or minstrelsy among them rung,
 And soul-ennobling bards heroic ditties sung.
 Oh, had M'lauchlan, thairin-inspiring sage,
 Been there to hear this heavenly band engage,
 When thro' his dear strathspeys they bore with High-
 land rage;
 Or when they struck old Scotia's melting air,
 The lover's raptur'd joys or bleeding cares;
 How would his Highland lug been nobler fir'd,
 And ev'n his matchless hand with finer touch inspir'd!
 No guess could tell what instrument appear'd,
 But all the soul of Music's self was heard;
 Harmonious concert rung in every part,
 While simple melody pour'd moving on the heart.

The Genius of the stream in front appears,
 A venerable Chief advanc'd in years;
 His hoary head with water-lilies crown'd,
 His manly leg with garter tangle bound:
 Next came the loveliest pair in all the ring,
 Sweet female beauty, hand in hand with Spring;
 Then, crown'd with flow'ry hay, came Rural Joy,
 And Summer, with his fervid, beaming eye:
 All-cheering Plenty, with her flowing horn,
 Led yellow Autumn, wreathed 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;

Learning and Worth in equal measures trode,
 From simple Catrine, their long-lov'd abode;
 Last, white-rob'd 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.

On Captain Matthew Henderson,

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

"Should the poor be flattered?"—SHAKESPEARE.

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

Oh Death! thou tyrant fell and bloody;
 The meikle devil wi' a woodie
 Haur! thee hame to his black smiddie,
 O'er hurcheon hides,
 And like stock-fish come o'er his studdie
 Wi' thy auld sides!

He's gane! he's gane! he's frae us torn,
 The ae best fellow e'er was born!
 Thee, Matthew, Nature's sel' shall mourn
 By wood and wild,
 Where, haply, Pity strays forlorn,
 Frae man exil'd!

Ye hills, near neighbours o' the starns,
 That proudly cock your cresting cairns:
 Ye cliffs, the haunts of sailing yearns,
 Where echo slumbers!
 Come join, ye Nature's sturdiest bairns,
 My wailing numbers.

Mourn, ilka grove the cushat kens,
 Ye haz'ly shaws and briary dens,
 Ye burnies, wimplin' down your glens,
 Wi' toddlin' din,
 Or foaming strang, wi' hasty stens,
 Frae lin to lin.

Mourn, little harebells o'er the lca,
 Ye stately foxgloves, fair to see,
 Ye woodbines, hanging bounillie,
 In scented bow'rs;
 Ye roses on your thorny tree,
 The first of flowers.

At dawn, when ev'ry glassy blade
 Droops with a diamond at its head,
 At ev'n, when beans their fragrance shed,
 I' th' rustling gale,
 Ye maukins whidding through the glade,
 Came, join my wail.

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.

Mourn, sooty coots, and speckl'd 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.

Mourn, clam'ring crakes, at close o' day,
 'Mang fields o' flow'ring clover gay,
 And when ye wing your annual way
 Frae our cauld shore,
 Tell the far warlds, wha lies in clay,
 Wham we deplore.

Ye owlets, frae your ivy bow'r,
 In some auld tree, or eldritch tow'r,
 What time the moon, wi' silent glow'r,
 Sets up her horn,
 Wail through the dreary midnight hour
 Till waukrife morn!

Oh, 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 een the drapping rains
 Maun ever flow.

Mourn, Spring, thou darling of the year,
 Ilk cowslip cup shall kep a tear:
 Thou, Simmer, while each corny spear
 Shoots up its head,
 Thy gay, green, flow'ry tresses shear
 For him that's dead!

Thou, Autumn, wi' thy yellow hair,
 In grief thy sallow mantle tear;
 Thou, Winter, hurling thro' the air
 The roaring blast,
 Wide o'er the naked world declare
 The worth we've lost!

Mourn him, thou sun, great source of light;
 Mourn, empress of the silent night!
 And you, ye twinkling starries bright,
 My Matthew mourn!
 For through your orbs he's ta'en his flight,
 Ne'er to return.

Oh, Henderson! the man—the brother!
 And art thou gone, and gone for ever?
 And hast thou cross'd that unknown river,
 Life's dreary bound?
 Like thee where shall I find another,
 The world around?

Go to your sculptur'd tombs, ye great,
 In a' the tinsel trash o' state!
 But by thy honest turf I'll wait,
 Thou man of worth!
 And weep the ae best fellow's fate—
 E'er lay in earth.

THE EPITAPH.

Stop, passenger!—my story's brief,
 And truth I shall relate, man:
 I tell na common tale of grief—
 For Matthew was a great man.

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.

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

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.

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

If thou art stanch without a stain,
 Like the unchanging blue, man,
 This was a kinsman o' thine ain—
 For Matthew was a true man.

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.

If ony whiggish whingin' sot,
 To blame poor Matthew dare, man,
 May dool and sorrow be his lot!
 For Matthew was a rare man.

Tam O' Shanter,

A TALE.

"Of brownysis and of bogifis, full is this buke."

GAWIN DOUGLAS.

WHEN chapman billies leave the street,
 And dronthy neighbours, neighbours meet,
 As market-days are wearing late,
 And folk begin to tak the gate;
 While we sit bousing at the nappy,
 And gettin' fon' and unco happy,
 We think na on the lang Scots miles,
 The mosses, waters, slaps, and stiles,
 That lie between us and our hame,
 Where sits our sulky sullen dame,
 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 bonnie lasses).

Oh Tam! had'st thou but been sa wise,
 As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice!
 She tauld the weal thou was a skellum,
 A biethering, blustering, drunken, blellum:
 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 ev'ry naig was ca'd a shoe on,
 The smith and thee gat roaring fou on;
 That at the Lord's house, ev'n on Sunday,
 Thou drank wi' Kirton Jean till Monday
 She prophesied, that, late or soon,
 Thou would be found deep drown'd in Doon,
 Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk,
 By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet,
 To think how mony counsels sweet,

How mony lengthen'd sage advices,
 The husband frae the wife despises;
 But to our tale:—ae market night,
 Tam had got planted unco right,
 Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
 Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely;
 And at his elbow, Souter Johnny,
 His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony;
 Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither—
 They had been fou' for weeks thegither;
 The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter,
 And aye the ale was growing better:
 The landlady and Tam grew gracious,
 Wi' favours secret, sweet, and precious,
 The Souter tauld his queerest stories,
 The landlord's laugh was ready chorus;
 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;
 Or like the snowfall in the river,
 A moment white—then melts for ever:
 Or like the borealis race,
 That flit ere you can point their place;
 Or like the rainbow's lovely form,
 Evanishing amid the storm.

Nae man can tether time or tide,
 The hour approaches Tam maun ride;
 That hour, o' night's black arch the keystone,
 That dreary hour he mounts his beast on;
 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 rattling show'rs rose on the blast;
 The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd,
 Loud, deep, and lang the thunder bellow'd:
 That night a child might understand,
 The deil had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his grey mare, Meg,
 A better never lifted leg,
 Tam skelpit on through dub and mire,
 Despising wind, and rain, and fire;
 Whyles holding fast his guid blue bonnet,
 Whyles crooning o'er some auld Scot's sonnet,

Whyles glow'ring round wi' prudent cares,
Lest bogles catch him unawares;
Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
Where ghaists and owlets nightly cry.

By this time he was cross the ford,
Where in the snaw the chapman smoor'd;
And past the birks and meikle stane,
Where drunken Charlie brak's neck bane;
And thro' the whins, and by the cairn,
Where hunters fand the murder'd bairn;
And near the thorn, aboon the well,
Where Mungo's mither hang'd hersel:
Before him Doon pours all his floods;
The doubling storm roars thro' the woods;
The lightnings flash from pole to pole,
Near and more near the thunders roll;
When glimmering thro' the groaning trees
Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a bleeze;
Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancing,
And loud resounded mirth and dancing.

Inspiring, bold John Barleycorn!
What dangers thou can'st make us scorn!
Wi' tippenny we fear nae evil;
Wi' usquebae we'll face the devil!—
The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's noddle,
Fair play, he car'd nae deils a boddle.
But Maggie stood right sair astonish'd,
Till, by the heel and hand admonish'd,
She ventur'd forward on the light;
And, wow, 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 mettle in their heels:
A winnock-bunker in the east,
There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast;
A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large,
To gie them music was his charge;
He screw'd the pipes and garb 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,
A murderer's banes in gibbet airns;
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 scymetars, wi' murder crusted;

A garter, which a babe had strangled,
 A knife a father's throat had mangled
 Whom his ain son o' life bereft,
 The grey hairs yet stack to the left:
 'Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',
 Which ev'n to name wad be unlawfu'.

As Tammie glowr'd, amaz'd 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 cleek'd
 Till ilka carline swat and reekit,
 And coost her duddies to the wark,
 And linket at it in her sark;

Now Tam, oh Tam, had thae been quean
 A' plump and strapping, in their teens;
 Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,
 Been snaw-white seventeen-hunder linen!
 Their brecks 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,
 Louping and flinging on a cummock,
 I wonder didna turn thy stomach.
 But Tam kenn'd what was what, fu' brawlie;
 There was a winsome wench and walie,
 That night enlisted in the core,
 (Lang after kenn'd on Carrick shore;
 For mony a beast to dead she shot,
 And perish'd mony a bonnie boat,
 And shook baith meikle corn and beer
 And kept the country-side in fear.)
 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 grac'd a dance o' witches!
 But here my muse her wing maun cover
 Sic flights are far beyond her pow'r;
 To sing how Nannie lap and flang,
 (A souple jade she was and strang,)
 And how Tam stood like ane bewitch'd,
 And thought his very een enrich'd
 Even Satan glowr'd and fidg'd fu' fain,
 And hotch'd and blew wi' might and mai

Till first ae caper, syne anither,
 Tam tint his reason a' thegither,
 And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-sark!"
 And in an instant all was dark:
 And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
 When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,
 When plundering herds assail their byke;
 As open pussie's mortal foes,
 When pop! she starts before their nose;
 As eager runs the market-crowd,
 When "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud;
 So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
 Wi' mony an eldritch screech and holloa.
 Ah, Tam! ah, Tam! thou'll get thy fairin'!
 In hel! they'll roast thee like a herrin'!
 In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin'!
 Kate soon will be a woefu' woman!
 Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
 And win the key-stane o' the brig;
 There at them thou thy tail may toss,
 A running stream they darena cross!
 But ere the key-stane she could make,
 The fient a tail she had to shake!
 For Nannie, far before the rest,
 Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
 And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle,
 But little wist she Maggie's mettle—
 Ae spring brought off her master hale,
 But left behind her ain grey tail;
 The carline caught her by the rump,
 And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

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

Tragic Fragment.

ALL devil as I am, a damned wretch,
 A harden'd stubborn, unrepenting villain,
 Still my heart melts at human wretchedness;
 And with sincere tho' unavailing sighs,
 I view the helpless children of distress,
 With tears indignant I behold th' oppressor
 Rejoicing in the honest man's destruction,
 Whose unsubmitting heart was all his crime.
 Even you, ye helpless crew, I pity you;

Ye whom the seeming good think sin to pity,
 Ye poor despis'd abandon'd vagabonds,
 Whom vice, as usual, has turn'd o'er to ruin.
 —Oh, but for kind, tho' ill-requited friends,
 I had been driven forth like you forlorn,
 The most detested, worthless wretch among you

Winter, a Dirge.

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.

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

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

A Prayer.

UNDER THE PRESSURE OF VIOLENT ANGUISH.

OH thou, Great Being ! what thou art
 Surpasses me to know :
 Yet sure I am, that known to Thee
 Are all Thy works below.

Thy creature here before Thee stands,
 All wretched and distress'd ;
 Yet sure those ills that wring my soul
 Obey Thy high behest.

Sure Thou, Almighty, canst not act
 From cruelty or wrath!
 Oh, free my weary eyes from tears,
 Or close them fast in death!

But if I must afflicted be,
 To suit some wise design;
 Then man my soul with firm resolves,
 To bear and not repine!

A Prayer,

ON THE PROSPECT OF DEATH.

Oh thou unknown, Almighty Cause
 Of all my hope and fear!
 In whose dread presence, ere an hour,
 Perhaps I must appear!

If I have wander'd in those paths
 Of life I ought to shun;
 As something loudly, in my breast,
 Remonstrates I have done.

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

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

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.

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

Fain would I sav "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?
 Oh Thou, Great Governor of all below!
 If I may dare a lifted eye to Thee,
 Thy nod can make the tempest cease to blow,
 Or still the tumult of the raging sea:
 With that controlling pow'r assist ev'n me,
 Those headlong furious passions to confine;
 For all unfit I feel my pow'rs to be,
 To rule their torrent in the hallowed line;
 Oh, aid me with Thy help, Omnipotence Divine!

Elegy on the Death of Robert Ruisseaux.

Now Robin lies in his last lair,
 He'll gabble rhyme, nor sing nae mair,
 Could poverty, wi' hungry stare,
 Nae mair shall fear him,
 Nor anxious fear, nor cankert care,
 E'er mair come near him.
 To tell the truth, they seldom fash't him,
 Except the moment that they crush't him,
 For sune as chance or fate had hush't 'em,
 Tho' e'er sae short,
 Then wi' a rhyme or song he lash't 'em,
 And thought it sport.
 Tho' he was bred to kintra wark,
 And counted was baith wight and stark,
 Yet that was never Robin's mark
 To mak a man;
 But tell him, he was learned and clark,
 Ye roos'd him than!

The Calf.

TO THE REV. MR. JAMES STEVEN.

On his Text, MAL. iv. 2.—"And they shall go forth,
 and grow up, like CALVES of the stall."

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!

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

But, if the lover's raptur'd hour
 Shall ever be your lot,
 Forbid it, ev'ry heavenly power
 You e'er should be a Scot!

Tro', when some kind, connubial dear,
 Your but-and-ben adorns,
 The like has been that you may wear
 A noble head of horns.

And in your lug, most reverend James,
 To hear you roar and rowte,
 Few men o' sense will doubt your claims
 To rank amang the nowte.

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

The Twa Herds.

OR, THE HOLY TULZIE.

OH a' ye pious godly flocks,
 Weel fed on pastures orthodox,
 Wha now will keep you frae the fox,
 Or worrying tykes,
 Or wha will tent the waifs and crocks,
 About the dykes?

The twa best herds in a' the wast,
 That e'er gae gospel horn a blast,
 These five and twenty summers past,
 Oh! dool to tell,
 Ha'e had a bitter black out-cast
 Atween themsel.

Oh, Moodie, man, and wordy Russell,
 How could you raise so vile a bustle,
 Ye'll see how New-Light herds will whistle
 And think it fine:
 The L—'s cause ne'er got sic a twistle
 Sin' I ha'e mine.

O, Sirs! whae'er wad ha'e expeckit
 Your duty ye wad sae negleckit,
 Ye wha were ne'er by lairds respeckit,
 To wear the plaid,
 But by the brutes themselves eleckit,
 To be their guide.

What flock wi' Moodie's flock could rank,
 Sae hale and hearty every shank !
 Nae poison'd sour Arminian stank,
 He let them taste,
 Frae Calvin's well, aye clear, they drank—
 Oh sic a feast !

The thummart, wil'-cat, brock, and tod,
 Well kenn'd his voice through a' the wood,
 He smelt their ilka hale and rod,
 Baith out and in,
 And weel he lik'd to shed their bluid,
 And sell their skin .

What herd like Russell tell'd his tale,
 His voice was heard thro' muir and dale,
 He kenn'd the Lord's sheep, ilka tail,
 O'er a' the height,
 And saw gin they were sick or hale,
 At the first sight,

He fine a mangy sheep could scrub,
 Or nobly fling the gospel club,
 And New-Light herds could nicely drub,
 Or pay their skin ;
 Could shake them o'er the burning dub,
 Or heave them in.

Sic twa—Oh ! do I live to see't,
 Sic famous twa should disagree't,
 And names like villain, hypocrite,
 Ilk ither mien,
 While New-Light herds, wi' laughin' spite,
 Say neither's lyin' !

A' ye wha tent the gospel fauld,
 There's Duncan deep, and Peebles shaul,
 But chiefly thou, apostle Auld,
 We trust in thee,
 That thou wilt work them, het and cauld,
 Till they agree.

Consider, Sirs, how we're beset ;
 There's scarce a new herd that we get
 But comes frae 'mang that cursed set
 I winna name ;
 I hope frae Heav'n to see them yet
 In fiery flame.

Dalrymple has been lang our fae,
 M'Gill has wrought us meikle wae,
 And that curs'd rascal ca'd M'Quhae,
 And baith the Shaws,
 That aft ha'e made us black and blae,
 Wi' vengefu' paws.

Auld Wodrow, lang has hat h'd mischief,
 We thought aye death wad bring relief,
 But he has gotten, to our grief,
 Ane to succeed him,
 A chield wha'll soundly buff our beef;
 I meikle dread him.

And mony a ane that I could tell,
 Wha fain would openly rebel,
 Forbye turn-coats amang oursel,
 There's Smith for ane,
 I doubt he's but a grey-nick quill,
 And that ye'll fin'.

Oh, a' ye flocks o'er a' the hills,
 By mosses, meadows, moors, and fells,
 Come, join your counsel and your skills
 To cove the lairds,
 And get the brutes the powers themsles
 To choose their herds.

Then Orthodoxy yet may prance,
 Lnd Learning in a woody dance,
 And that fell cur called Common Sense,
 That bites sae sair,
 Be banish'd o'er the sea to France:
 Let him bark there.

Then Shaw's and Dalrymple's eloquence,
 M'Gill's close nervous excellence,
 Quhae's pathetic manly sense,
 And guid M'Math,
 Wi' Smith, wha thro' the heart can glance
 May a' pack aff.

Holy Willie's Prayer.

On Thon, wha in the heavens dost dwell,
 Wha, as it pleasest best thyself,
 Send ane ta heaven and ten to hell,
 A' for Thy glory
 And no for ony guid or ill
 They've done afore Thee!

I bless and praise Thy matchless might,
 When thousands Thou hast left in night,
 That I am here afore Thy sight,
 For gifts and grace,
 A burnin' and a shinin' light
 To a' this place.

What was I, or my generation,
 That I should get sic exaltation,

I who deserve sic just damnation,
 For broken laws,
 Five thousand years 'fore my creation,
 Thro' Adam's cause.

When frae my mother's womb I fell,
 Thou might hae plung'd me into hell,
 To gnash my gums, to weep and wail,
 In burnin' lake,
 Where damned devils roar and yell,
 Chain'd to a stake.

Yet I am here a chosen sample;
 To show Thy grace is great and ample;
 I'm here a pillar in Thy temple,
 Strong as a rock;
 A guide, a buckler, an example,
 To a' Thy flock.

But yet, Oh Lord, confess I must,
 At times I'm fash'd wi' fleshly lust;
 And sometimes, too, wi' wardely trust,
 Vile self gets in;
 But Thou remembers we are dust,
 Defil'd in sin.

* * * * * *

Maybe Thou lets this fleshly thorn,
 Beset Thy servant e'en and morn,
 Lest he owre high and proud should turn,
 'Cause he's sae gifted;
 If sae, Thy han' maun e'en be borne,
 Until Thou lift it.

Lord, bless Thy chosen in this place,
 For here Thou hast a chosen race:
 But God confound their stubborn face,
 And blast their name,
 Wha bring thy elders to disgrace
 And public shame.

Lord, mind Gaw'n Hamilton's deserts,
 He drinks, and swears, and plays at cards,
 Yet hae sae mony takin' arts,
 Wi' grat and sma',
 Frae God's ain priests the people's hearts
 He steals awa'.

And when we chasten'd him therefore,
 Thou kens how he bred sic a splore,
 As set the world in a roar
 O' laughin' at us;—
 Curse Thou his basket and his store,
 Kail and potatoes.

Lord, hear my earnest cry and pray'r,
 Against the Presbyt'ry of Ayr;
 Thy strong right hand, Lord, mak it bare
 Upo' their heads,
 Lord, weigh it down, and dinna spare,
 For their misdeeds.

Oh Lord, my God! that glib-tongu'd Aikin,
 My very heart and saul are quakin'
 To think how we stood groanin', shakin',
 And swat wi' dread,
 While he wi' hingin' lips and snakin',
 Held up his head.

Lord, in the day of vengeance try him,
 Lord, visit them wha did employ him,
 And pass not in Thy mercy by 'em,
 Nor hear their pray'r;
 But for Thy people's sake destroy 'em,
 And dinna spare.

But, Lord, remember me and mine,
 Wi' mercies temp'ral and divine,
 That I for gear and grace may shine,
 Excell'd by nane,
 And a' the glory shall be thine,
 Amen! Amen!

Epitaph on Holy Willie.

HERE holy Willie's sair-worn clay
 Taks up its last abode;
 His soul has ta'en some other way,
 I fear the left-hand road.

Stop! there he is, as sure's a gun,
 Poor, silly body, see him;
 Nae wonder he' as black's the grun',
 Observe wha's standing wi' him.

Your brunstane devilship, I see,
 Has got him there before ye;
 But haud your nine-tail cat a wee,
 Till ance you've heard my story.

Your pity I will not implore,
 For pity ye hae nane;
 Justice, alas! has gi'en him o'er,
 And mercy's day is gaen.

But hear me, sir, deil as ye are,
 Look something to your credit;
 A coof like him wad stain your name,
 If it were kent ye did it.

Epistle to John Goudie, of Rilmarnock,

ON THE PUBLICATION OF HIS ESSAYS.

OH Goudie, terror of the Whigs,
Dread of black coats and rev'rend wigs,
Sour Bigotry, on her last legs,
 Girnin', looks back,
Wishin' the ten Egyptian plagues
 Wad seize you quick.

Poor, gapin', glowrin' Superstition,
Wae's me! she's in a sad condition;
Fie! bring Black Jock, her state physician
 To see her water.
Alas! there's ground o' great suspicion
 She'll ne'er get better.

Auld Orthodoxy lang did grapple,
But now she's got an unco ripple;
Haste, gie her name up i' the chapel,
 Nigh unto death;
See, how she fetches at the thrapple,
 And gasps for breath.

Enthusiasm's past redemption,
Gae in a galloping consumption,
Not a' the quacks, with a' their gumpion
 Will ever mend her.
Her feeble pulse gies strong presumption,
 Death soon will end her.

'Tis you and Taylor are the chief,
Wha are to blame for this mischief,
But gin the Lord's ain fouk gat leave,
 A toom tar barrel
And twa red peats wad send relief,
 And end the quarrel.

Epistle to John Rankine.

ENCLOSING SOME POEMS.

OH rough, rude, ready-witted Rankine,
The wale of cocks for fun and drinkin',
There's mony godly folks are thinkin'
 Your dreams and tricks
Will send you, Korah-like, a-sinkin',
 Straught to Auld Nick's.

Ye hae sae mony cracks and cants,
And in your wicked, drunken rants,

Ye mak a devil o' the saunts,
 And fill them foun;
 And then their failings, flaws, and wants,
 Are a' seen through.

Hypocrisy, in mercy spare it!
 That holy robe, oh dinna tear it!
 Spare 't for their sakes wha aften wear it,
 The lads in black!
 But your curse w't, when it comes near it,
 Rives 't aff their back.

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

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

* * * * *

Third Epistle to John Lapraik.

September 13, 1785.

Good speed and farder to you, Johnny,
 Guid health, hale han's and weather bonny,
 Now when ye're nickan down fu' canny
 The staff o' bread,
 May ye ne'er want a stonp o' bran'y
 To clear your head.

May Boreas never thresh your rigs,
 Nor kick your rickles aff their legs,
 Sending the stuff o'er muirs and hags
 Like driving wrack;
 But may the tapmast grain the wags
 Come to the sack.

I'm bizzie too, and skelpin at it,
 But bitter, daudin' show'rs hae wat it,
 Sae my auld stumpie pen I gat it
 Wi' muckle wark,
 And took my jotteleg and whatt' it,
 Like ony clark.

It's now twa month that I'm your debtor,
 For your braw, nameless, dateless letter,
 Abusing me for ha'rd ill nature
 On holy men,
 While deil a hair yoursel' ye're better,
 But mair profane.

But let the kirk folk ring their belis,
 Let's sing about our noble sel's;
 We'll cry nae jads frae heathen hills
 To help, or roose us,
 But browster wives and whisky stills,
 They are the muses.

Your friendship, sir, I winna quat it,
 And if ye mak objections at it,
 Then han' in nieve some day we'll knot it,
 And witness take
 And when wi' esq'uebae we've wat it,
 It winna break.

But if the beast and branks be spar'd
 Till kye be gaun without the herd,
 And a' the vittel in the yard,
 And theekit right,
 I mean your ingle-side to guard
 Ae winter night.

Then muse-inspiring aqua vitæ
 Shall make us baith sae blythe and witty
 Till ye forget ye're auld and gatty,
 And be as canty
 As ye were nine year less than thretty,
 Sweet ane and twenty!

But stooks are cowpet wi' the blast,
 And now the sinn keeks in the west,
 Then I maun rin amang the rest,
 And quat my chanter;
 Sae I subscribe myself in haste.
 Your's, Rab the Ranter

Epistle to the Rev. John M'Math.

September 17, 1785.

WHILE at the stook the shearers cow'r,
 To shun the bitter, blandin' show'r,
 Or in gulravage rinnin' scow'r,
 To pass the time,
 To yor I dedicate the hour
 In idle rhyme

My musie, tir'd wi' mony a sonnet
 On gown, and ban, and douse black bonnet,
 Is grown right eerie now she's done it,
 Lest they should blame her,
 And rouse their holy thunder on it,
 And anathem her.

I own 'twas rash, and rather hardy,
 That I, a simple countra bardie,
 Should meddle wi' a pack sae sturdy,
 Wha, if they ken me,
 Can easy, wi' a single wordie,
 Louse h—ll upon me.

But I gae mad at their grimaces,
 Their sighin', cantin', grace-proud faces,
 Their three-mile pray'rs and hauf-mile graces
 Their raxin' conscience,
 Whase greed, revenge, and pride disgraces
 Waur nor their nonsense.

There's Gawn, misca't waur than a beast,
 Wha has mair honour in his breast
 Than mony scores as guid's the priest
 Wha sae abus't him:
 And may a bard no crack his jest
 What way they've use't him?

See him, the poor man's friend in need,
 The gentleman in word and deed,
 And shall his fame and honour bleed
 By worthless skellums,
 And not a muse erect her head
 To cowe the bhellums?

Oh, Pope, had I thy satire's darts,
 To gie the rascals their deserts,
 I'd rip their rotten, hollow hearts,
 And tell aloud
 Their jugglin' hocus-pocus arts,
 To cheat the crowd.

God knows, I'm no the thing I should be,
 Nor am I ev'n the thing I could be,
 But twenty times I rather would be
 An atheist clean,
 Than under gospel colours hid be,
 Just for a screen.

An honest man may like a glass,
 An honest man may like a lass,
 But mean revenge and malice fause,
 He'll still disdain,
 And then cry zeal for gospel laws,
 Like some we ken.

They take religion in their mouth ;
 They talk o' mercy, grace, and truth,
 For what ?--to gie their malice skouth
 On some puir wight,
 And hunt him down, o'er right and rith
 To ruin straight.

All hail, Religion ! maid divine !
 Pardon a muse sac mean as mine,
 Who in her rough imperfect line,
 Thus daurs to name thee ;
 To stigmatise false friends of thine
 Can ne'er defame thee.

Tho' blotch't and foul wi' mony a stain,
 And far unworthy of thy train,
 With trembling voice I tune my strain
 To join with those
 Who boldly daur thy cause maintain
 In spite o' foes :

In spite o' crowds, in spite o' mobs,
 In spite o' undermining joks,
 In spite o' dark banditti stabs
 At worth andrit
 By scoundrels, ev'n wi' holy robes,
 But hellish spite.

Oh Ayr ! my dear, my native ground,
 Within thy presbyterial bound
 A candid, lib'ral band is found
 Of public teachers,
As men, as Christians, too, renowned,
 And manly preachers.

Sir, in that circle you are named ;
 Sir, in that circle you are fam'd ;
 And some, by whom your doctrine's blam'd,
 (Which gies you honour,)
 Ev'n, Sir, by them your heart's esteem'd,
 And winning manner.

Pardon this freedom I have ta'en,
 And if impertinent I've been,
 Impute it not, good Sir, in ane
 Whase heart ne'er wrang'd yf
 But to his utmost would befriend
 Ought that belang'd ye.

The American War.

A FRAGMENT.

WHEN Guildford good our pilot stood,
 And did our helm thrav, 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.

Then thro' 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', mau,
 Wi' sword in hand, before his band,
 Amang his en'mies a', man.

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 and gun he thought a sin
 Guid Christian bluid to draw, man
 But at New York, wi' knife and fork,
 Sir-loin he hacked sma', man.

Burgoyne gaed up, like spur and whip,
 Till Frazer 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.

Then Montague, and 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 merey had at a', man;
 And Charlie Fox threw by the box,
 And lows'd his tinkler jaw, man.

Then Rockingham took up the game,
 Till death did on him ca', man;
 When Shelbourne meek held up his cheek,
 Conform to gospel law, man.

Saint Stephen's boys, wi' jarring noise
 They did his measures throw, man,
 For North and Fox united stocks,
 And bore him to the wa', man.

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;
 And Scotland drew her pipe and blew,
 "Up, Willie, waur them a', man!"

Behind the throne then Grenville's gone,
 A secret word or twa, man;
 While sleet Dundas arous'd the class,
 Be-north the Roman wa', man;
 And Chatham's wraith, in heavenly graith,
 (Inspir'd bardies saw, man,)
 Wi' kindling eyes cried, "Willie, rise!
 Would I hae fear'd them a', man!"

But, word and blow, North, Fox, and Co.
 Gowff'd Willie like a ba', man,
 Till Suthron raise, and coost their claise
 Behind him in a raw, man;
 And Caledon threw by the drone,
 And did her whittle draw, man;
 And swoor fu' rude, thro' dirt and blood,
 To make it guid in law, man.

* * * * *

Second Epistle to Davie,

A BROTHER POET.

AULD NEIBOR,
 I'm three times doubly o'er your debtor,
 For your auld-farrant, frien'ly letter;
 Tho' I maun say't, I doubt ye flatter,
 Ye speak sae fair,
 For my puir, silly, rhymin' clatter
 Some less maun sair.

Hale be your heart, hale be your fiddle:
 Lang may your elbock jink and diddle,
 To cheer you thro' the weary widdle
 O' war'ly cares,
 Till bairns' bairns kindly cuddle
 Your auld gray hairs.

But, Davie, I'm red ye're glaikit;
 I'm tauld the muse ye hae negleckit;

And gif it's sae, ye sud be licket
 Until ye fyke;
 Sic hauns as you sud ne'er be faiket,
 Be hain't wha like.

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' jads or masons;
 And whyles, but aye owre late, I think,
 Braw sober lessons.

Of a' the thoughtless sons o' man,
 Commen' me to the bardie clan;
 Except it be some idle plan
 O' rhymin' clink,
 The devil-haet, that I sud ban,
 They ever think.

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.

Leeze me on rhyme! it's aye a treasure,
 My chief, amais't my only pleasure,
 At hame, at fiel', at wark, or leisure,
 My Muse, poor hizzie!
 Tho' rough and raploch be her measure,
 She's seldom lazy.

Haud to the Muse, my dainty Davie,
 The warl' may play you monie a shavie;
 But for the Muse, she'll never leave ye,
 Tho' e'er sae puir,
 Na, even tho' limp'in wi' the spavie
 Frae door to door.

On Ruin.

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-resolv'd, despairing eye,
 I see each aimed dart!
 For one has cut my dearest tie,
 And quivers in my heart.
 Then low'ring and pouring,
 The storm no more I dread;
 Though thick'ning and black'ning,
 Round my devoted head.

And thou, grim pow'r, 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;
 Enclasped, and grasped
 Within thy cold embrace!

The first six Verses of the Nineteenth Psalm.

OH Thou, the First, the Greatest Friend
 Of all the human race!
 Whose strong right hand has ever been
 Their stay and dwelling place!

Before the mountains heav'd their heads,
 Beneath Thy forming hand,
 Before this ponderous globe itself
 Arose at Thy command;

That Pow'r which raised and still upholds
 This universal frame,
 From countless, unbeginning time
 Was ever still the same.

Those mighty periods of years,
 Which seem to us so vast,
 Appear no more before Thy sight
 Than yesterday that's past.

Thou giv'st the word: Thy creature, man,
 Is to existence brought;
 Again Thou say'st, "Ye sons of men,
 Return ye into nought!"

Thou layest them, with all their cares,
 In everlasting sleep;
 As with a flood Thou tak'st them off
 With overwhelming sweep.

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

The first Psalm.

THE man, in life wherever plac'd,
 Hath happiness in store,
 Who walks not in the wicked's way,
 Nor learns their guilty lore!

Nor from the seat of scornful pride
 Casts forth his eyes abroad,
 But with humility and awe
 Still walks before his God.

That man shall flourish like the trees
 Which by the streamlets grow;
 The fruitful top is spread on high,
 And firm the root below.

But he whose blossom buds it guilt,
 Shall to the ground be cast,
 And, like the rootless stubble, tost
 Befroe the sweeping blast.

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

TO A LOUSE,

ON SEEING ONE ON A LADY'S BONNET AT CHURCH.

HA! whare ye gaun, ye crowlin' ferlie!
 Your impudence protects you sairly:
 I canna say but ye strunt rarely,
 Owre gauze and lace;
 Tho', faith, I fear ye dine but sparely
 On sic a place.

Ye ugly, creeping, blastit wonner,
 Detested shunn'd, by saunt and sinner,
 How dare you set your feet upon her
 Sae fine a lady!
 Gae somewhere else, and seek your dinner
 On some poor body.

Swith, in some beggar's haffet squattle,
 There ye may creep, and sprawl, and sprattle
 Wi' ither kindred, jumping cattle,
 In shoals and nations;
 Whare horn nor bane ne'er daur unsettle
 Your thick plantations.

Now haud you there, ye're out o' sight,
 Below the fatt'rells, snug and tight;

Na, faith, ye yet! ye'll no be right
 Till ye've got on it,
 The vera tapmost, tow'ring height
 O' Miss's bonnet.

My sooth, right bauld ye set your nose out
 As plump and grey as ony grozet;
 Oh for some rank, mercurial rozet,
 Or fell, red smeddum,
 I'd gie you sic a hearty dose o't,
 Wad dress your droddum!

I wad na been surpris'd to spy
 You on an auld wife's flannen toy;
 Or aiblins some bit ducklie boy,
 On's wyliecoat;
 But Miss's fine Lamardi! fie!
 How daur ye do't?

Oh, Jenny, dinna toss your head,
 And set your beauties a' abroad;
 Ye little ken what cursed speed
 The blastie's makin'!
 Thae winks and finger-ends, I dread,
 Are notice takin'!

Oh wad some power the giftie gie us
 To see oursel's as others see us!
 It wad frae mony a blunder free us,
 And foolish notion;
 What airs in dress and gait wad lea'e us,
 And ev'n devotion!

The Inventory.

WE ANSWER TO A MANDATE BY THE SURVEYOR OF THE
 TAXES.

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

Imprimis, then, for carriage cattle,
 I have four brutes o' gallant mettle,
 As ever drew afore a pettle.
 My han' afore's a gude auld has-been
 And wight and winfu' a' his days been.
 My han' ahin's a weel-graun filly,

But ance, whan in my wooing pride,
 I like a blockhead boost to ride,
 The willfu' creature sae I pat to,
 (L—d pardon a' my sins and that too!)
 I play'd my tilly sic a shavie,
 She's a' bedevil'd with the spavie.
 My fur amn's a wordy beast,
 As e'er in tug or tow was trac'd.
 The fourth's a Highland Donald hastie,
 A d—n'd red wud Kilburnie blastie!
 Forbye a cowte o' cowtes the wale,
 As ever ran afore a tail.
 If he be spar'd to be a beast,
 He'll draw me fifteen pun' at least—
 Wheel carriages I hae but few,
 Three carts, and twa a feckly new;
 Ae auld wheelbarrow, mair for token,
 Ae leg and baith the trains are broken;
 I made a poker o' the spin'le,
 And my auld mithel brunt the trin'le.

For men, I've three mischievous boys,
 Run deils for rartin' and for noise;
 A gaudsman ane, a thrasher t' other,
 Wee Davock hauds the nowte in fother.
 I rule them, as I ought, discreetly,
 And aften labour them completely;
 And aye on Sundays duly, nightly,
 I on the Questions targe them tightly!
 Till, faith, wee Davock's turn'd sae gleg,
 Though scarcely langer than your leg,
 He'll screed you aff Effectual Calling;
 As fast as ony in the dwelling.
 I've nane in female servan' station,
 (L—d keep me aye frae a' temptation!)
 I hae nae wife—and that my bliss is,
 And ye have laud nae tax on misses;
 A' then, if kirk folk dinna clutch me,
 I ken the devils dare na touch me.
 Wi' weans I'm mair than weel contented,
 Heav'n sent me ane mae than I wanted,
 My sonsie, smirking, dear-bought Bess,
 She stares the daddy in her face,
 Enough of aught ye like but grace;
 But her, my bonny, sweet, wee lady,
 I've paid enough for her already,
 And gin ye tax her or her mithel,
 B' the L—d, ye'se get them a' thegither.

And now remember, Mr. Aikin,
 Nae kind of deuse out I'm takin';
 Thr' dirt and dub for lif I'll paidle,
 Ere I sae dear pay for a saddle;

My travel ae on foot I'll shank it,
 I've sturdy bearers, Gude be thankit,
 Sae dinna put me in your buke,
 Nor for my ten white shillings luke.

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

ROBERT BURNS.

Mossgiel, February 22, 1786.

A Note to Gavin Hamilton

MAUCHLINE,

(RECOMMENDING A BOY),

Mossgiel, May 3, 1789

I HOLD it, Sir, my bounden duty,
 To warn you how that Master Tootie,
 Alias Laird M'Gaun,
 Was here to hire yon lad away,
 'Bout whom ye spak the tither day,
 And wad hae don't aff' han' ;
 But lest he learn the callan tricks,
 As, faith, I muckle doubt him,
 Like scrapin' out auld Crummle's nicks,
 And tellin' lies about them :
 As lieve then, I'd have then,
 Your clerkship he should sair,
 If sae be, ye may be
 Not fitted other where.

Altho' I say't, he's gleg enough,
 And 'bout a house that's rude and rough,
 The boy might learn to swear ;
 But then wi' you he'll be sae taught,
 An' get sic fair example straught,
 I havena ony fear.
 Ye'll catechise him every quirk,
 And shore him weel wi' hell ;
 And gar him follow to the kirk—
 —Aye when ye gang yoursel.
 If ye then maun be then
 Frae hame this comin' Friday,
 Then please, Sir, to lea'e, Sir,
 The orders wi' your lady.

My word of honour I hae gien,
 In Paisley John's, that night at e'en,

To meet the world's worm ;
 To try to get the twa to gree,
 And name the airless and the fee,
 In legal mode and form :
 I ken he weel a snick can draw,
 When simple bodies let him ;
 And if a devil be at a,
 In faith he's sure to get him,
 To phrase you, and praise you,
 Ye ken your Laureat scorns :
 The pray'r still, you share still,
 Of grateful MINSTREL BURNS.

Willie Chalmers.

Wi' braw new branks in mickle pride,
 And eke a braw new brechan,
 My Pegasus I'm got astride,
 And up Parnassus peeliin ;
 Whyles owre a bush wi' downward crush-
 The doited beastie stammers ;
 Then up he gets and off he sets
 For sake o' Willie Chalmers.

I doubt na, lass, that weel-kenn'd name
 May cost a pair o' blushes ;
 I am nae stranger to your fame,
 Nor his warm, urged wishes.
 Your bonnie face sae mild and sweet,
 His honest heart enamours,
 And faith ye'll no be lost a whit,
 Tho' waired on Willie Chalmers.

Auld truth hersel' might swear ye're fair,
 And honour safely back her,
 And modesty assume your air,
 And ne'er a ane mistake her :
 And sic twa love-inspiring een
 Might fire ev'n holy Palmers ;
 Nae wonder then they've fatal been
 To honest Willie Chalmers.

I doubt na fortune may you shore
 Some mim-mou'd pouter'd priestie,
 Fu' lifted up wi' Hebrew lore,
 And band upon his breastie :
 But oh ! what signifies to you
 His lexicons and grammars :
 The feeling heart's the royal blue,
 And that's wi' Willie Chalmers.

Some gapin', glowrin', countra laird
 May warsle for your favour;
 May claw his lug, and straik his beard,
 And hoast up some palaver.
 My bonnie maid, before ye wed
 Sic clumsy-witted hammers,
 Seek Heaven for help, and barefit skelp
 Awa' wi' Willie Chalmers.

Forgive the Bard! my fond regard
 For ane that shares my bosom,
 Inspires my muse to gie' in his dues,
 For deil a hair I roose him.
 May powers aboon unite you soon,
 And fructify your amours,
 And every year come in mair dear
 To you and Willie Chalmers.

Lines written on a Bank Note.

WAE worth thy power, thou cursed leaf,
 Fell source o' a' my woe and grief:
 For lack o' thee I've lost my lass,
 For lack o' thee I scrimp my glass.
 I see the children of affliction
 Unaided, through thy curs'd restriction:
 I've seen the oppressor's cruel smile
 Amid his hapless victim's spoil,
 And, for thy potency, vainly wish'd
 To crush the villain in the dust.
 For lack o' thee I leave this much-loved
 shore,
 Never, perhaps, to greet old Scotland more.
 R. B.—Kyle.

On a Kiss.

HUMID seal of soft affections,
 Tend'rest pledge of future bliss,
 Dearest tie of young connections,
 Love's first snow-drop, virgin kiss.
 Speaking silence, dumb confession,
 Passion's birth, and infants' play,
 Dove-like fondness, chaste concession,
 Glowing dawn of brighter day.
 Sorrowing joy, adieu's last action,
 When ling'ring lips no more must join:
 What words can ever speak affection,
 So thrilling and sincere as thine!

Verses written under violent grief.

ACCEPT the gift a friend sincere
Wad on thy worth be pressing ;
Remembrance oft may start a tear,
But oh ! that tenderness forbear,
Though 'twad my sorrows lessen.

My morning raise sae clear and fair,
I thought sair storms wad never
Bedew the scene ; but grief and care
In wildest fury hae made bare
My peace, my hope, for ever !

You think I'm glad ; oh, I pay weel
For a' the joy I borrow ;
In solitude—then, then I feel
I canna to mysel' conceal
My deeply-ranklin' sorrow.

Farewell ; within thy bosom free
A sigh may whyles awaken ;
A tear may wet thy laughin' e'e,
For Scotia's sons—ance gay like thee—
Now hopeless, comfortless, forsaken !

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

Verses

In the Room where he slept.

OH 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 !

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

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 !

Their hope, their stay, their darling youth,
In manhood's dawning blush—
Bless him, Thou God of love and truth,
Up to a parent's wish !

The beauteous, scrapp sister-band,
 With earnest tears I pray,
 Thou know'st the snares on every hand—
 Guide Thou their steps alway.

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 !

TO MR. M'ADAM,

OF CRAIGEN-GILLAN.

SIR, o'er a gill I gat your card,
 I trow it made me proud ;
 "See wha taks notice o' the bard !"
 I lap and cry fu' loud

Now deil-ma-care about their jaw,
 The senseless, gawky million :
 I'll cock my nose aboon them a'—
 I'm roos'd by Craigen-gillan !

'Twas noble, Sir ; 'twas like yoursel',
 To grant your high protection :
 A great man's smile, ye ken fu' well,
 Is aye a blest infection.

Tho' by his banes, who in a tub
 Match'd Macedonian Sandy !
 On my ain legs, thro' dirt and dub,
 I independent stand aye.

And wies those legs to guid, warm kai'
 Wi' welcome canna bear me !
 A lee dyke-side, a sybow-tail,
 A barley-scone shall cheer me.

Heaven spare you lang to kiss the breath
 O many flow'ry simmers !
 And bless your bonnie lassies baith—
 I'm told they're loosome kimmers !

And God bless young Dunaskin's laird,
 The blossom of our gentry !
 And may he wear an old man's beard,
 A credit to his country.

LINES ON MEETING WITH BASIL, LORD DAER,

THIS wot ye all whom it concerns,
 I, Rhymer Robin, alias Burns,
 October, twenty-third,
 A ne'er-to-be-forgotten day,
 Sae far I sprachled up the brae,
 I dinner'd wi' a Lord.

I've been at drucken writers' feasts,
 Nay, been bitch-fou 'mang godly priests,
 Wi' rev'rence be it spoken;
 I've ev'n join'd the honour'd jorum,
 When mighty squireships of the quorum,
 Their hydra drouth did sloken.

But wi' a Lord!—stand out my shin,
 A Lord—a Peer—an Earl's son!
 Up higher yet my bonnet!
 And sic a Lord!—lang Scotch ells twa,
 Our Peerage he o'erlooks them a',
 As I look o'er my sonnet!

Bat, oh! for Hogarth's magic pow'r!
 To show Sir Bardie's wilyart glow'r,
 And how he star'd and stammer'd
 When goavan, as if led wi' branks,
 And stumpin' on his ploughman shanks,
 He in the parlour hammer'd.

I sliding shelter'd in a nook,
 And at his Lordship steal't a look,
 Like some portentous omen:
 Except good sense and social glee,
 And (what surprised me) modesty,
 I marked nought uncommon.

I watch'd the symptoms o' the great,
 The gentle pride, the lordly state,
 The arrogant assuming;
 The fient a pride, nae pride had he,
 Nor sauce, nor state, that I could see,
 Mair than an honest ploughman.

Then from his Lordship I shall learn,
 Henceforth to meet with unconcern
 One rank as weel's another;
 Nae honest worthy man need care
 To meet with noble youthful Daer,
 For he but meets a brother.

Epistle to Major Logan.

HAIL, thairm-inspirin', rattlin' Willie,
 Though fortune's road be rough and hilly
 To every fiddling, rhyming billie,
 We never heed,
 But take it like the nback'd filly,
 Proud o' her speed.

When idly goavan whyles we saunter
 Yirr, fancy barks, awa we canter
 Uphill, down brae, till some mishanter
 Some black bog-hole,
 Arrests us, then the scathe and banter
 We're forced to thole.

Hale be your heart!—hale be your fiddle!
 Lang may your elbock jink and diddle,
 To cheer you through the weary widdle
 O' this wild warl',
 Until you on a crummock driddle
 A grey hair'd carle.

Come wealth, come poortith, late or soon.
 Heaven send your heart-strings aye in ~~tune~~
 And screw your temper pins aboon
 A fifth or mair,
 The melancholious, lazy croon
 O' cankrie care.

May still your life, from day to day,
 Nae "lente largo" in the play,
 But "allegretto forte" gay,
 Harmonious flow
 A sweeping, kindling, bauld strathspey—
 Encore! bravo!

A blessing on the cheery gang,
 Wha dearly like a jig or sang,
 And never think o' right or wrang
 By square and rule,
 But as the elegs o' feeling stang
 Are wise or fool.

My hand-waled curse keep hard in chase
 The harpy, hoodock, purse-proud race,
 Wha count on poortith as disgrace—
 Their tuneless hearts!
 May fireside discords jar a base
 To a' their parts!

But come, your hand, my careless brither,
 I' th' ither warl', if there's anither—

And that there is I've little swither
 About the matter—
 We cheek for chow shall jog thegither;
 I'se ne'er bid better.

We've faults and failings—granted clearly,
 We're frail, backsliding mortals merely,
 Eve's bonny squad priests wyte them sheerly
 For our grand fa';
 But still, but still, I like them dearly—
 God bless them a'!

Ochon for poor Castalian drinkers,
 When they fa' foul o' earthly jinkers,
 The witching, curs'd, delicious blinkers
 Hae put me hyte,
 And gart me weet my waukrife winkers,
 Wi' girmin' spite.

But by yon moon! and that's high swearin',
 And every star within my hearin',
 And by her een wha was a dear ane!
 I'll ne'er forget;
 I hope to gie the jads a clearin'
 In fair play yet.

My loss I mourn, but not repent it,
 I'll seek my pursie whare tint it,
 Ance to the Indies I were wonted,
 Some cantrip hour,
 By some sweet elf I'll yet be dinted,
 Then, *vive l'amour!*

Faites mes baise-mains respectueuses,
 To sentimental sister Susie,
 And honest Lucky; no to roose you,
 Ye may be proud,
 That sic a couple fate allows ye
 To grace your blood.

Nae mair at present can I measure
 And trowth, my rhymmin' ware's nae treasure
 But when in Ayr, some half-hour's leisure,
 Be't light, be't dark,
 Sir bard will do himself the pleasure
 To call at Park.

ROBERT BURNS. 

Mossiel, 30th October, 1786.

LAMENT.

WRITTEN WHEN THE POET WAS ABOUT TO LEAVE
SCOTLAND.

O'ER the mist-shrouded cliffs of the lone mountain straying,
Where the wild winds of winter incessantly rave,
What woes wring my heart while intently surveying
The storm's gloomy path on the breast of the wave.

Ye foam-crested billows, allow me to wail,
'Ere ye toss me afar from my lov'd native shore !
Where the flower which bloom'd sweetest in Coila's green vale,
The pride of my bosom, my Mary's no more.

No more by the banks of the streamlet we'll wander,
And smile at the moon's rippled face in the wave ;
No more shall my arms cling with fondness around her,
For the dew-drops of morning fall cold on her grave.

No more shall the soft thrill of love warm my breast,
I haste with the storm to a far distant shore ;
Where, unknown, unlamented, my ashes shall rest,
And joy shall revisit my bosom no more.

ON A SCOTCH BARD.

GONE TO THE WEST INDIES.

A' ye, wha live by sowps o' drink,
A' ye, wha live by crambo-clink,
A' ye, who live and never think,
Come, mourn wi' me !
Our billie's gi'en us a' jink,
And owre the sea.

Lament him a' ye rantin core,
Wha dearly like a random-splore,
Nae mair he'll join the merry roar
In social key ;
For now he's gien anither shore,
And owre the sea !

The bonny lassies weel may miss him,
And in their dear petitions place him :
The widows, wives, and a' may bless him,
With tearfu' e'e ;
For weel I wat they'll sairly miss him
That's owre the sea.

Oh, fortune, they ha'e room to grumble;
 Hadst thou ta'en aff some drowsy bumble,
 Wha can do nought but fyke and fumble,
 'Twad been na plea;
 But he was gleg as ony wumble,
 That's owre the sea.

Auld canty Kyle may weepers wear,
 And stain them wi' the saut, saut tear;
 'Twill make her poor auld heart, I fear,
 In flinders flee;
 He was her laureat mony a year,
 That's owre the sea.

He saw misfortune's cauld nor-west;
 Lang mustering up a bitter blast;
 A jillet brak his heart at last,
 Ill may she be!
 So, took a berth afore the mast,
 And owre the sea.

To tremble under fortune's cummock,
 On scarce a bellyfu' o' drummock,
 Wi' his proud, independent stomach,
 Could ill agree;
 So row't his hurdies in a hammock,
 And owre the sea.

He ne'er was gi'en to great misguiding,
 Yet coin his pouches wad na hide in;
 Wi' him it ne'er was under hiding—
 He dealt it free:
 The muse was a' that he took pride in,
 That's owre the sea.

Jamaica bodies, use him weel,
 And hap him in a cozy 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.

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 hindmost gillie,
 Tho' owre the sea!

WRITTEN ON THE BLANK LEAF OF A COPY OF THE
POEMS, PRESENTED TO AN OLD SWEETHEART,
~THEN MARRIED.

Once fondly lov'd and still remembered dear,
Sweet early object of my youthful vows,
Accept this mark of friendship, warm, sincere,
Friendship! 'tis all cold duty now allows.

And when you read the simple artless rhymes,
One friendly sigh for him—he asks no more,
Who distant burns in flaming torrid climes,
Or haply lies beneath th' Atlantic roar.

THE FAREWELL.

“The valiant, in himself, what can he suffer,
Or what does he regard his single woes?
But when, alas! he multiplies himself,
To dearer selves, to the lov'd tender fair,
To those whose bliss, whose beings hang upon him.
To helpless children!—then, oh then! he feels
The point of misery fest'ring in his heart,
And weakly weeps his fortune like a coward.
Such, such am I! undone!”

THOMSON'S *Edward and Eleanor*.

FAREWELL, old Scotia's bleak domains
Far dearer than the torrid plains,
Where rich anana's blow!
Farewell, a mother's blessing dear,
A brother's sigh, a sister's tear,
My Jean's heart-rending throe!
Farewell, my Bess! tho' thou'rt bereft
Of my parental care,
A faithful brother I have left,
My part in him thou'lt share;
Adieu too, to you too,
My Smith, my losom frien';
When kindly you mind me,
Oh then befriend my Jean.

What bursting anguish tears my heart!
From thee, my Jenny, must I part!
Thou, weeping, answerest “No!”
Alas! misfortune stares my face,
And points to ruin and disgrace,
I for thy sake must go!
Thee, Hamilton, and Aikin dear
A grateful, warm adieu!
I, with a much indebted tear,
Shall still remember you!

All hail then, the gale then,
 Wafts me from thee, dear shore!
 It rustles, and whistles—
 I'll never see thee more!

TO A HAGGIS.

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 wordy o' a grace
 As lang's my arm.

The groaning trencher there ye fill,
 Your hurdies like a distant hill,
 Your pin wad help to mend a mill
 In time o' need,
 While through your pores the dew's distil
 Like amber bead.

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!

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 guid man, maist like to rive,
 Bethankit hums.

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

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

But mark the rustic, haggis-fed,
 The trembling earth resounds his tread,
 Clap in his walle nieve a blade,
 He'll mak it whissle;
 And legs, and arms, and heads will sn
 Like taps of thrissle.

Ye pow'rs, who 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.

TO MISS LOGAN, WITH BEATTIE'S POEMS,

As a New-Year's Gift, Jan. 1, 1787.

AGAIN the silent wheels of time
 Their annual round have driven,
 And you, though scarce in maiden prime,
 Are so much nearer Heaven.

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

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

Extempore in the Court of Session

TUNE—*Cillicrankie.*

LORD ADVOCATE.

HE chench'd his pamphlets in his fist,
 He quoted and he hinted,
 Till in a declamation-mist,
 His argument he tint it:
 He gaped for't, he graip'd for't.
 He fand it was awa, man;
 But what his common-sense came short,
 He eked out wi' law, man.

MR. ERSKINE.

Collected Harry stood a wee,
 Then open'd out his arm, man:
 His lordship sat wi' ruefu' e'e,
 And ey'd the gathering storm, man;
 Like wind-driv'n hail, it did assail,
 Or torrents owre a linn, man;
 The bench sae wise lift up their eyes,
 Half-wauken'd wi' the din, man.

TO THE GUIDWIFE OF WANCHOPE HOUSE.

" My cantie, witty, rhymning ploughman,
 I haillins doubt it is na' true, man,
 That ye between the stilts was bred,
 Wi' ploughmen schooled, wi' ploughmen fed;
 I doubt it sair, ye've drawn your knowledge
 Either frae grammar-school or college.
 Guid troth, your saul and body baith
 War better fed, I'd gie my aith,
 Than theirs who sup sour milk and parritch,
 And bummil through the single Carritch
 Whae'er heard the ploughman speak,
 Could tell gif Homer was a Greek!
 He'd flee as soon upon a cudgel,
 As get a single line of Virgil.
 And then sae slee ye crack your jokes
 O' Willie Pitt and Charlie Fox:
 Our great men a' sae weel describe,
 And how to gar the nation thrive,
 Ane maist wad swear ye dwelt amang them.
 And as ye saw them sae ye sang them.
 But be ye ploughman, be ye peer,
 Ye are a funny blade, I swear;
 And though the cauld I ill can bide,
 Yet twenty miles and mair I'd ride
 O'er moss and moor, and never grumble,
 Though my auld yad should gie a stumble,
 To crack a winter night wi' thee,
 And hear thy sangs and sonnets slee,
 Oh gif I kenn'd but where ye baide,
 I'd send to you a marled plaid;
 'Twad houd your shouthers warm and braw.
 And dounce at kirk or market shaw;
 Fra' south as weel as north, my lad,
 'V honest Scotchmen loe the maud."

I MIND it weel in early dath,
 When I was beardless, young, and blate,
 And first could thresh the barn;
 Or haud a yokin' at the pleugh;
 And tho' forfoughten sair enegh,
 Yet unco proud to learn:
 When first amang the yellow corn
 A man I reckon'd was,
 And wi' the lave ilk merry morn
 Could rank my rig and lass,
 Still shearing and clearing,
 The tither stooked raw,
 Wi' claivers, and haivers,
 Wearing the day awa;

E'en then, a wish, I mind its pow'r—
 A wish that to my latest hour
 Shall strongly heave my breast—
 That I, for poor auld Scotland's sake,
 Some usefu' plan or beuk could make
 Or sing a sang at least.
 The rough burr-thistle, spreading wide
 Among the bearded bear,
 I turn'd the weeder-clips aside,
 And spar'd the symbol dear:
 No nation, no station,
 My envy e'er could raise,
 A Scot still, but blot still,
 I knew nae higher praise.

But still the elements o' sang
 In formless jumble, right and wrang
 Wild floated in my brain;
 Till on that hurst I said before,
 My partner in the merry core,
 She roused the forming strain:
 I see her yet, the sonsie quean,
 That lighted up her jingle,
 Her witching smile, her pauky een,
 That gart my heart-strings tingle:
 I fired, inspired,
 At every kindling keek,
 But bashing and dashing
 I feared aye to speak.

Health to the sex, ilk guid chiel says,
 Wi' merry dance in winter days,
 And we to share in common:
 The gust o' joy, the balm of woe.
 The saul o' life, the heaven below,
 Is rapture-giving woman.
 Ye surly sumplis, who hate the name
 Be mindfu' o' your mither:
 She, honest woman, may think shame
 That ye're connected with her.
 Ye're wae men, ye're nae men
 That slight the lovely dears;
 To shame ye, disclaim ye,
 Ilk honest birkie swears.

For you, no bred to barn and byre,
 Wha sweetly tune the Scottish lyre,
 Thanks to you for your line:
 The marled plaid ye kindly spare,
 By me should gratefully be ware;
 'Twad please me to the nine.

I'd be mair vauntie o' my hap,
 Douce hingin' owre my curple,
 Than ony ermine ever lap,
 Or proud imperial purple.
 Fareweel then, lang heal then,
 And plenty be your fa',
 May losses and crosses
 Ne'er at your hallan ca'.

Verses

WRITTEN UNDER THE PORTRAIT OF FERGUSSON, THE
 POET, IN A COPY OF THAT AUTHOR'S WORKS PRE-
 SENTED TO A YOUNG LADY IN EDINBURGH, MARCH
 19, 1787.

CURSE on ungrateful man that can be pleas'd,
 And yet can starve the author of the pleasure!
 Oh thou, my elder brother in misfortune,
 By far my elder brother in the muses,
 With tears I pity thy unhappy fate.
 Why is the bard unpitied by the world,
 Yet has so keen a relish of its pleasures?

Inscription

ON THE HEADSTONE OF FERGUSSON.

Here lies
 ROBERT FERGUSSON, Poet,
 Born, Sept. 5, 1751.
 Died, Oct. 15, 1774.

No sculptured marble here, no pompous lay,
 "No storied urn nor animated bust;"
 This simple stone directs pale Scotia's way
 To pour her sorrows o'er her poet's dust.

Prologue,

SPOKEN BY MR. WOODS ON HIS BENEFIT NIGHT.

Monday, 16th April, 1787.

WHEN by a generous public's kind acclaim,
 That dearest meed is granted—honest fame—
 When here your favour is the actor's lot,
 Nor even the man in private life forgot;

What breast so dead to heavn'ly Virtue's glow,
But heaves impassion'd with the grateful throe.

Poor is the task to please a barb'rous throng,
It needs no Siddons' powers in Southern's song
But here an ancient nation fam'd afar,
For genius, learning high, as great in war—
Hail, CALEDONIA, name for ever dear!
Before whose sons I'm honour'd to appear!
Where every science—every nobler art—
That can inform the mind, or mend the heart,
Is known; as grateful nations oft have found,
Far as the rude barbarian marks the bound.
Philosophy, no idle pedant dream
Here holds her search by heaven-taught Reason's beam;
Here history paints, with elegance and force,
The tide of Empire's fluctuating course;
Here Douglas forms wild Shakespeare into plan
And Harley rouses all the god in man,
When well-form'd taste and sparkling wit unite
With manly lore, or female beauty bright,
(Beauty, where faultless symmetry and grace,
Can only charm us in the second place),
Witness my heart, how oft with panting fear
As on this night, I've met these judges here!
But still the hope Experience taught to live,
Equal to judge—you're candid to forgive.
No hundred-headed Riot here we meet,
With decency and law beneath his feet;
Nor Insolence assumes fair Freedom's name,
Like CALEDONIANS, you applaud or blame.

Oh thou dread Pow'r, whose empire-giving hand
Has oft been stretch'd to shield the honour'd land!
Strong may she glow with all her ancient fire!
May every son be worthy of his sire!
Firm may she rise with generous disdain
At Tyranny's, or direr Pleasure's chain!
Still self-dependent in her native shore,
Bold may she brave grim Danger's loudest roar,
Till fate the curtain drop on worlds to be no more.

Epistle to William Creech.

AULD chuckie Reekie's sair distrest,
Down droops her ance weel-burnish'd crest,
Nae joy her bonnie buskit nest,
Can yield awa,
Her darling bird that she lo'es best,
Willie's awa!

Oh Willie was a witty wight,
 And had o' things an unco slight,
 Auld Reekie aye he keepit tight,
 And trig and brow;
 But now they'll busk her like a fright—
 Willie's awa!

The stiffest o' them a' he bow'd;
 The bauldest o' them a' he cow'd;
 They durst nae mair than he allow'd,
 That was a law:
 We've lost a birkie weel worth gowd—
 Willie's awa!

Now gawkies, tawpies, gowks, and fools,
 Frae colleges and boarding-schools,
 May sprout like simmer puddock-stools
 In glen or shaw;
 He wha could brush them down to mools,
 Willie's awa!

The brethren o' the Commerce-Chaumer
 May mourn their loss wi' doleful clamour;
 He was a dictionar and grammar
 Among them a':
 I fear they'll now mak mony a stammer,
 Willie's awa!

Nae mair we see his levee door
 Philosophers and poets pour,
 And toothy critics by the score,
 In bloody raw!
 The adjutant o' a' the core,
 Willie's awa!

Now worthy Gregory's Latin face,
 Tyler's and Greenfield's modest grace;
 Mackenzie, Stewart, sic a brace
 As Rome ne'er saw:
 They a' maun meet some ither place,
 Willie's awa!

Poor Burns—e'en Scotch drink canna quicken
 He cheeps like some bewilder'd chicken,
 Scar'd frae his minnie and the cleekin
 By hoodie-craw!
 Grief's gien his heart an unco kickin'—
 Willie's awa!

Now ev'ry sour-mou'd girnin' bellum,
 And Calvin's folk are fit to fell him;
 And self-conceited critic skellum
 His quill may draw;
 He wha could brawlie ward their bellum,
 Willie's awa!

Up wimpling stately Tweed I've sped,
 And Eden scenes on crystal Jed,
 And Ettrick banks now roaring red,
 While tempests blaw;
 But every joy and pleasure's fled—
 Willie's awa!

May I be slander's common speech;
 A text for infamy to preach;
 And, lastly, streekit out to bleach
 In winter snaw;
 When I forget thee, Willie Creech,
 Tho' far awa!

May never wicked fortune touzzle him!
 May never wicked men bamboozle him!
 Until a pow as auld's Methusalem
 He canty claw!
 Then to the blessed New Jerusalem,
 Fleet wing awa!

On the Death of Sir James Hunter Blair.

The lamp of day, with ill-presaging glare,
 Dim, cloudy, sank beneath the western wave,
 Th' inconstant blast howl'd thro' the dark'ning air,
 And hollow whistl'd in the rocky cave.

Lone as I wander'd by each cliff and dell,
 Once the lov'd haunts of Scotia's royal train,
 Or mus'd where limpid streams once hallow'd well,
 Or mould'ring ruins mark the sacred fane.

Th' increasing blast roar'd round the beetling rocks,
 The clouds, swift-wing'd, flew o'er the starry sky,
 The groaning trees untimely shed their locks,
 And shooting meteors caught the startled eye.

The paly moon rose in the livid east,
 And 'mong the cliffs disclos'd a stately form,
 In weeds of woe, that frantic beat her breast,
 And mix'd her wailings with the raging storm.

Wild to my heart the filial pulses glow,
 'Twas Caledonia's trophied shield I view'd:
 Her form majestic droop'd in pensive woe,
 The lightning of her eye in tears imbued.

Reversed that spear, redoubtable in war;
 Reclin'd that banner, erst in fields unfurl'd,
 That like a deathful meteor gleam'd afar,
 And brav'd the mighty monarchs of the world.

"My patriot son fills an untimely grave!"

With accents wild and lifted arms, she cried,

"Low lies the hand that oft was stretch'd to save,
Low lies the heart that swelled with honest pride!

A weeping country joins a widow's tear;
The helpless poor mix with the orphan's cry;
The drooping arts surround their patron's bier;
And grateful science heaves the heartfelt sigh.

I saw my sons resume their ancient fire;
I saw fair freedom's blossoms richly blow;
But ah! how hope is born but to expire!
Relentless fate has laid their guardian low.

My patriot falls, but shall he lie unsung,
While empty greatness saves a worthless name?
No; every muse shall join her tuneful tongue,
And future ages hear his growing fame.

And I will join a mother's tender cares,
Through future times to make his virtue last;
That distant years may boast of other Blairs!"

She said, and vanish'd with the sweeping blast.

On Scaring some Water-Fowl in Loch-Turit.

A wild scene among the Hills of Ochertyre.

WHY, ye tenants of the lake,
For me your wat'ry haunt forsake?
Tell me, fellow-creatures, why
At my presence thus you fly?
Why disturb your social joys,
Parent, filial, kindred ties?
Common friend to you and me,
Nature's gifts to all are free:
Peaceful keep your dimpling wave,
Busy feed, or wanton lave;
Or beneath the shelt'ring rock,
Bide the surging billows' 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 yon cliffy brow,
Marking you his prey below,
In his breast no pity dwells,
Strong necessity compels;
But man, to whom alone is giv'n,
A ray direct from pitying Heaven,

Glories in his heart humane—
 And creatures for his pleasure slain.
 In these savage, liquid plains,
 Only known to wand'ring swains,
 Where the mossy riv'let strays,
 Far from human haunts and ways ;
 All on Nature you depend,
 And life's poor season peaceful spend.

Or, if man's superior might
 Dare invade your native right,
 On the lofty æther 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.

The Humble Petition of Bruar Water.

TO THE NOBLE DUKE OF ATHOLE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

This, too, a covert shall 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 flow'rs:
Or find a shelt'ring safe retreat
From prone descending show'rs.

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

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

Let lofty firs, and ashes cool,
My lowly banks o'erspread,
And view, deep-bending in the pool,
Their shadows' wat'ry bed!

Let fragrant birks, in woodbines drest,
 My craggy cliffs adorn;
 And, for the little song-ter's nest,
 The close embow'ring thorn.

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

The Hermit.

WRITTEN ON A MARBLE SIDEBOARD, IN THE HERMITAGE
 BELONGING TO THE DUKE OF ATHOLE, IN THE WOOD
 OF ABERFELDY.

WHOE'ER thou art these lines now reading,
 Think not, tho' from the world receding,
 I joy my lonely days to lead in
 This desert drear:
 That fell remorse, a conscience bleeding,
 Hath led me here.

No thought of guilt my bosom sours;
 Free-will'd I fled from courtly bowers;
 For well I saw in halls and towers
 That lust and pride,
 The arch-fiend's dearest, darkest powers,
 In state preside.

I saw mankind with vice incrust'd;
 I saw that honour's sword was rusted;
 That few for aught but folly lusted;
 That he was still deceiv'd who trusted
 To love or friend:
 And hither came, with men disgusted,
 My life to end.

In this lone cave, in garments lowly
 Alike a foe to noisy folly,
 And brow-bent, gloomy melancholy,
 I wear away
 My life, and in my office holy
 Consume the day.

This rock my shield, when storms are blowing,
 The limpid streamlet, yonder flowing,

Supplying drink, the earth bestowing
 My simple food;
 But few enjoy the calm I know in
 This desert wood.

Content and comfort bless me more in
 This grot, than e'er I felt before in
 A palace—and with thoughts still soaring
 To God on high,
 Each night and morn, with voice imploring,
 This wish I sigh.

"Let me, oh Lord! from life retire,
 Unknown each guilty, worldly fire,
 Remorse's throb, or loose desire;
 And when I die,
 Let me in this belief expire—
 To God I fly."

Stranger, if full of youth and riot,
 And yet no grief has marr'd thy quiet
 Thou haply throw'st a scornful eye at
 The hermit's prayer—
 But if thou hast good cause to sigh at
 Thy fault or care—

If thou hast known false love's vexation,
 Or hast been exil'd from thy nation,
 Or guilt affrights thy contemplation,
 And makes thee pine,
 Oh! how must thou lament thy station,
 And envy mine!

VERSES

WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL OVER THE CHIMNEY-PIECE
 IN THE PARLOUR OF THE INN AT KENMORE,
 TAYMOUTH.

ADMIRING Nature, in her wildest grace,
 These nothern scenes with weary feet I trace;
 O'er many a winding dale and painful steep,
 Th' abodes of covied grouse and timid sheep,
 My savage journey, curious, I pursue,
 Till fam'd Breadalbane opens to my view,
 The meeting cliffs each deep-sunk glen divides,
 The woods, wild scatter'd, clothe their ample sides
 Th' outstretching lake, embosom'd 'mong the hills,
 The eye with wonder and amazement fills;
 The Tay, meand'ring sweet in infant pride,
 The palace, rising on its verdant side;

The lawns, wood-fring'd in Nature's native taste;
 The hillocks, dropt in Nature's careless haste;
 The arches, striding o'er the new-born stream;
 The village glittering in the noontide beam—

* * * *

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

. * * *

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

* * * *

Elegy on the Death of Lord President Dundas

LoNE on the bleaky hills the straying flocks
 Shun the fierce storms among the sheltering rocks;
 Down from the rivulets, red with dashing rains,
 The gathering floods burst o'er the distant plains;
 Beneath the blasts the leafless forests groan;
 The hollow caves return a sullen moan.

Ye hills, ye plains, ye forests, and ye caves,
 Ye howling winds, and wintry swelling waves!
 Unheard, unseen, by human ear or eye,
 Sad to your sympathetic scenes I fly;
 Where to the whistling blast and waters' roar,
 Pale Scotia's recent wound I may deplore.
 Oh heavy loss, thy country ill could bear!
 A loss these evil days can ne'er repair!
 Justice the high vicegerent of her God,
 Her doubtful balance ey'd, and sway'd her rod;
 Hearing the tidings of the fatal blow,
 She sank, abandon'd to the wildest woe.
 Wrongs, injuries, from many a darksome den,
 Now gay in hope explore the paths of men:
 See from his cavern grim Oppression rise,
 And throw on Poverty his cruel eyes;
 Keen to the helpless victim see him fly,
 And stifle, dark, the feebly-bursting cry.

Ma k ruffian Violence, distam'd with crimes,
 Rousing elate in these degenerate times;
 View unsuspecting Innocence a prey,
 As guileful Fraud points out the erring way:

While subtle Litigation's pliant tongue
 The life-blood equal sucks of Right and Wrong ;
 Hark ! injur'd Want recounts the unlisten'd tale,
 And much-wrong'd Mis'ry pours her unpitied wail !

Ye dark, waste hills, and brown unsightly plains,
 To you I sing my grief-inspired strains ;
 The tempests, rage ! ye turbid torrents, roll !
 Ye suit the joyless tenor of my soul.

Life's social haunts and pleasures I resign,
 Be nameless wilds and lonely wand'rings mine,
 To mourn the woes my country must endure,
 That wound degenerate ages cannot cure.

VERSES

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

AMONG the heathy hills and ragged woods,
 The foaming Fyers pours his mossy floods,
 Till full he dashes on the rocky mounds,
 Where, through a shapeless beach, 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, thro' rising mists and ceaseless show'rs,
 The hoary cavern, wide surrounding low'rs ;
 Still thro' the gap the struggling river toils,
 And still below the horrid cauldron boils—

ON READING IN A NEWSPAPER

THE DEATH OF JOHN M'LEOD, ESQ.,

Brother to a Young Lady, a particular friend of the Author.

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

Sweetly deck'd with pearly dew,
 The morning rose may blow,
 But cold, successive noontide blasts
 May lay its beauties low.

Fair on Isabella's morn
 The sun propitious smil'd,
 But long 'ere noon succeeding clouds
 Succeeding hopes beguil'd.

Fate oft tears the bosom cords
 That Nature finest strung;
 So Isabella's heart was form'd,
 And so that heart was wrung.

Were it in the poet's power,
 Strong as he shares the grief,
 That pierces Isabella's heart,
 To give that heart relief.

Dread Omnipotence alone
 Can heal the wound He gave—
 Can point the brimful, grief-worn eyes
 To scenes beyond the grave.

Virtue's blossoms there shall blow
 And fear no with'ring blast;
 There Isabella's spotless worth
 Shall happy be at last.

On William Smellie.

SHREWD Willie Smellie to Crochallan came,
 The old cock'd hat, the grey surtout the same;
 His bristling beard just rising in its might,
 'Twas four long nights and days to shaving night
 His uncomb'd grizzly locks, wild staring, thatch'd
 A head for thought profound and clear unmatch'd
 Yet though his caustic wit was biting, rude,
 His heart was warm, benevolent, and good.

ADDRESS TO MR WM. TYTLER,

With the present of the Bard's Picture.

REVEREND defender of beauteous Stuart,
 Of Stuart, a name once respected—
 A name which to love was the mark of a true heart,
 But now 'tis despis'd and neglected.
 Though something like moisture conglobes in my eye,
 Let no one misdeem me disloyal;
 A poor, friendless wand'rer may well claim a sigh,
 Still more, if that wand'rer were royal.
 My fathers that name have rever'd on a throne;
 My fathers have fallen to right it;
 Those fathers would spurn their degenerate son,
 That name should he scoffingly slight it.

Still in prayers for King George I most heartily join,
 The Queen, and the rest of the gentry,
 Be they wise, be they foolish, is nothing of mine;
 Their title's avowed by my country.

But why of that epocha make such a fuss,
 That gave us the Hanover stem;
 If bringing them over was lucky for us,
 I'm sure 'twas as lucky for them.

But loyalty, truce! we're on dangerous ground,
 Who knows how the fashions may alter?
 The doctrine to-day, that is loyalty sound,
 To-morrow may bring us a halter!

I send you a trifle, a head of a bard,
 A trifle scarce worthy your care;
 But accept it, good Sir, as a mark of regard,
 Sincere as a saint's dying prayer.

Now life's chilly evening dim shades on your eye,
 And ushers the long dreary night;
 But you, like the star that athwart gilds the sky,
 Your course to the latest is bright.

A Sketch.

A LITTLE, upright, pert, tart, tripping wight,
 And still his precious self his dear delight:
 Who loves his own smart shadow in the streets,
 Better than e'er the fairest she he meets,
 A mar of fashion, too, he made his tour,
 Learn'd *à vive la bagatelle, et vive l'amour*;
 So travelled monkies their grimace improve,
 Polish their grin, nay, sigh for ladies love.
 Much specious lore, but little understood;
 Veneering oft outshines the solid wood:
 His solid sense—by inches you must tell,
 But mete his cunning by the old Scots ell!
 His meddling vanity, a busy fiend
 Still making work his selfish craft must mend.

To Miss Cruikshanks,

A VERY YOUNG LADY.

WRITTEN ON THE BLANK LEAF OF A BOOK PRESENTED
 TO HER BY THE AUTHOR.

BEAUTEOUS rose-bud, young and gay,
 Blooming in thy early May,
 Never may'st thou, lovely flow'r,
 Chilly shrink in sleety show'r;

Never Boreas' hoary path,
 Never Eurus' 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 !

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

An Extempore Effusion,

ON BEING APPOINTED TO THE EXCISE-

SEARCHING auld wives barrels,
 Och hon! the day !
 That clarty barm should stain my laurels ;
 But what'll ye say ?
 These muvin' things ca'd wives and weans,
 Wad mave the very hearts o' stanes !

To Clarinda,

WITH A PRESENT OF A PAIR OF DRINKING GLASSES.

FAIR Empress of the Poet's soul,
 And Queen of Poetesses!
 Clarinda, take this little boon,
 This humble pair of glasses.
 And fill them high with generous juice,
 As generous as your mind ;
 And pledge me in the generous toast—
 "The whole of human kind !"
 "To those who love us !"—second fill ;
 But not to those whom we love ;
 Let us love those who love not us !—
 A third—"To thee and me, love !"

To Clarinda,

ON HIS LEAVING EDINBURGH.

CLARINDA, mistress of my soul,
 The measur'd time is run!
 The wretch beneath the dreary pole
 So marks his latest sun.

To what dark cave of frozen night
 Shall poor Sylvander hie;
 Depriv'd of thee, his life and light,
 The sun of all his joy.

We part—but by these precious drops
 That fill thy lovely eyes!
 No other light shall guide my steps
 Till thy bright beams arise.

She, the fair sun of all her sex,
 Has blest my glorious day!
 And shall a glimmering planet fix
 My worship to its ray?

Epistle to Hugh Parker.

IN this strange land, this uncouth clime,
 A land unknown to prose or rhyme;
 Where words ne'er crossed the muse's ~~heckles~~,
 Nor limpet in poetic shackles;
 A land that prose did never view it,
 Except when drunk he stacher't thro' it;
 Here ambush'd by the chimla cheek,
 Hid in an atmosphere of reek,
 I hear a wheel thrum i' the neuk,
 I hear it—for in vain I leuk.
 The red peat gleams, a fiery kerenl,
 Enhusked by a fog infernal:
 Here for my wonted rhyming raptures,
 I sit and count my sins by chapters,
 For life and spunk like ithier Christians,
 I'm dwindled down to mere existence;
 Wi' nae converse but Gallowa' bodies,
 Wi' nae-kenn'd face but Jenny Geddes.
 Jenny, my Pegasean pride!
 Dowie she saunters down Nithside,
 And aye a westlin heuk she throws,
 While tears hap o'er he auld brown nose
 Was it for this, wi' canny care,
 Thou bure the Bard thro' many a shire?

At howes or hillocks never stumbled,
 And late or early never grumbled?
 Oh, had I power, like inclination,
 I'd heeze thee up a constellation,
 To canter with the Sagitarre,
 Or loup the ecliptic like a bar!
 Or turn the pole like any arrow;
 Or, when anld Phœbus bids good-morrow
 Down the zodiac urge the race,
 And cast dirt on his godship's face;
 For I could lay my bread and kail
 He'd ne'er cast salt upo' thy tail.
 Wi' a' this care and a' this grief,
 And sma', sma' prospect of relief,
 And nought but peat-reck i' my head,
 How can I write what ye can read?
 Tarbolton, twenty-fourth o' June,
 Ye'll find me in a better tune;
 But till we meet and weet our whistle,
 Tak this excuse for nae epistle.

ROBERT BURNS.

WRITTEN

IN FRIARS' CARSE HERMITAGE, ON THE BANKS OF THE
 NITH.

THOU whom chance may hither lead,
 Be thou clad in rnsset weed,
 Be thou dectt in silken stole,
 Grave these maxims on thy soul.

Life is but a day at most,
 Sprung from night; in darkness lost;
 Day, how rapid in its flight—
 Day, how few must see the night;
 Hope not sunshine every hour,
 Fear not clouds will always lower.
 Happiness is but a name,
 Make content and ease thy aim.
 Ambition is a meteor gleam;
 Fame, a restless idle dream:
 Pleasures, insects on the wing
 Round Peace, the tend'rest flower of Spring.
 Those that sip the dew alone,
 Make the butterflies thy own;
 Those that would the bloom devour,
 Crush the locusts—save the flower.
 For the future be prepar'd,
 Guard wherever thou can'st guard;
 But thy utmost duly done,

Welcome what thou can'st not shun,
 Follies past give thou to air,
 Make their consequence thy care:
 Keep the name of man in mind,
 And dishonour not thy kind.
 Reverence with lowly heart,
 Him whose wondrous work thou art;
 Keep His goodness still in view,
 Thy trust—and thy example, too.

Stranger, go; Heaven be thy guide!
 Quoth the Beadsman on Nithside.

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

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

As youth and love with sprightly dance,
 Beneath thy morning star advance,
 Pleasure with her siren air
 May delude the thoughtless pair;
 Let Prudence bless Enjoyment's cup,
 Then raptur'd sip, and sip it up,
 As the day grows warm and high,
 Life's meridian flaming nigh,
 Dost thou spurn the humble vale?
 Life's proud summits would'st 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 thy shades of ev'ning close,
 Beck'ning thee to long repose.
 As life itself becomes disease,
 Seek the chimney-neuk of ease;
 There ruminate with sober thought,
 On all thou'st seen, and heard and wrought
 And teach the sportive youngsters 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?
 Die thy fortune ebb or flow?
 Wast thou cottager or king?
 Peer or peasant?—no such thing.

Did many talents gild thy span?
 Or frugal nature grudge thee one?
 Tell them, and press it on their mind,
 As thyself must shortly find,
 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!
 Till future I te—future no more—
 To light and joy the good restore,
 To light and joy unknown before.

Stranger, go; Heaven be thy guide!
 Quoth the Beadsman on Nithside.

EXTEMPORE TO CAPTAIN RIDDEL,
 OF GLENRIDDLE, ON RETURNING A NEWSPAPER.

Ellisland, Monday Evening.

YOUR news and review, Sir, I've read thro' and thro', Sir
 With little admiring or blaming;
 The papers are barren of home-news or foreign,
 No murders or rapes worth the naming.

Our friends, the reviewers, those chippers and hewers,
 Are judges of mortar and stone, Sir,
 But of *meet* or *unmeet*, in a *fabric complete*,
 I'll boldly pronounce they are none, Sir.

My goose-quill too rude is to tell all your goodness
 Bestow'd on your servant, the Poet;
 Would to God I had one like a beam of the sun,
 And then all the world, Sir, should know it!

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

FATE gave the word, the arrow sped,
 And pierc'd my darling's heart!
 And with him all the joys are fled
 Life can to me impart.

By cruel hands the sapling drops,
 In dust dishonour'd laid:
 As fell the pride of all my hopes,
 My age's future shade.

The mother linnet in the braae
 Bewails her ravish'd young;
 So I, for my lost darling's sake,
 Lament the live-day long.

Death! oft I've fear'd thy fatal blow,
 Now, fond I bare my breast,
 Oh, do thou kindly lay me low
 With him I love, at rest!

Elegy

ON THE YEAR 1788.

FOR lords & kings I dinna mourn,
 E'en let them die—for that they're born;
 But oh, prodigious to reflect!
 A towmont, Sirs, is gane to wreck!
 Oh, Eighty-eight, in thy sma' space
 What dire events ha'e taken place!
 Of what enjoyments thou hast reft us;
 In what a pickle thou hast left us!

The Spanish empire's tint a head,
 And my old toothless Bawtie's dead;
 The tulzie's sair 'tween Pitt and Fox,
 And our guidwife's wee birdie cocks;
 The tane is game, a bluidie devil,
 But to the hen-birds unco civil:
 The tither's something dear o' treadin',
 But better stuff ne'er claw'd a midden.
 Ye ministers, come mount the pu'pit,
 And cry till ye be hoarse or roupit,
 For Eighty-eight he wish'd you weel,
 And gied you a' baith gear and meal;
 E'en mony a plack, and mony a peck,
 Ye ken yo'rsels, fer little feck!

Up bonnie lasses, dight your e'en,
 For some o' you ha'e tint a frien';
 In Eighty-eight, ye ken, was ta'en.
 What ye'll ne'er ha'e to gie again.
 Observe the very nowte and sheep,
 How dowf and dowie now they creep;
 Nay, even the yirth itsel' does cry,
 For Embro' wells are gotten dry.

Oh, Eighty-nine, thou's but a bairn,
 And no owre auld, I hope, to learn!
 Thou heedless boy, I pray tak' care,
 Thou now hast got thy daddie's chair,
 Nae hand-cuff'd, muzzl'd, hap-shackl'd Regent,

But like himsel', a full, free agent,
 Be sure ye follow out the plan
 Nae waur than he did, honest man !
 As muckle better as ye can.

Address to the Tooth-Ache.

My curse upon thy venom'd stang,
 That shoots my tortur'd gums alang,
 And thro' my lugs gies mony a twang,
 Wi' knowing vengeance ;
 Tearing my nerves wi' bitter pang,
 Like racking engines !

When fevers burn, or ague freezes,
 Rheumatics gnaw, or cholic squeezes ;
 Our neighbour's sympathy may ease us,
 Wi' pitying moan ;
 But thee—thou hell o' a' diseases,
 Aye mocks our groan !

A down my beard the slavers trickle ;
 I kick the wee stools o'er the mickle,
 As round the fire the giglets keckle,
 To see me loup ;
 While, raving mad, I wish a heckle
 Were in their doup.

O' a' the num'rous human dools,
 Ill har'sts, daft bargains, cutty-stools,
 Or worthy friends rak'd i' the mools,
 Sad sight to see !
 The tricks o' knaves, or fash o' fools—
 Thou bear'st the gree.

Where'er that place be priests ca'd hell,
 Whence a' the tones o' mis'ry yell,
 And ranked plagues their numbers tell,
 In dreadfu' raw,
 Thou, Tooth-ache, surely bear'st the bell
 Among them a' !

Oh, thou grim mischief-making chiel,
 That gars the notes of discord squeel,
 Till daft mankind aft dance a reel
 In gore a shoe-thick !—
 Gie a' the faes o' Scotland's weal
 A towinmond's Toothache !

ODE,

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. OSWALD.

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 beldam's face—
 Can thy keen inspection trace
 Aught of humanity's sweet melting grace?
 Note that eye, 'tis rheum o'erflows,
 Pity's flood there never rose.
 See these 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.

ANTISTROPHE.

Plunderer of armies, lift thine eyes,
 (Awhile forbear, ye tort'ring 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, hell-ward plies.

EPODE.

And are they of no more avail,
 Ten thousand glitt'ring pounds a-year?
 In other words, can Mammon fail,
 Omnipotent as he is here?
 Oh, bitter mock'ry of the pompous bier,
 While down the wretched vital part is driv'n!
 The cave-lodg'd beggar, with a conscience clear,
 Expires in rags, unknown, and goes to Heav'n.

Letter to James Tennant,

OF GLENCONNER.

AULD comrade dear, and brither sinner,
 How's a' the folk about Glenconner?
 How do you this blae, eastlin wind,
 That's like to blaw a body blind?
 For me, my faculties are frozen,
 And ilka member nearly dozen'd.

I've sent you here, by Johnny Simson,
 Twa sage philosophers to glimpse on :—
 Smith, wi' his sympathetic feeling,
 And Reid, to common sense appealing.
 Philosophers have fought and wrangled,
 And meikle Greek and Latin mangled,
 Till wi' their logic-jargon tir'd,
 And in the depth of science mir'd,
 To common sense they now appeal,
 What wives and wabsters see and feel.
 But, hark ye, friend, I charge you strictly,
 Peruse them, and return them quickly,
 For now I'm grown sae cursed douce,
 I pray and ponder butt the house;
 My shins, my lane, I there sit roastin',
 Perusing Bunyan, Brown, and Boston;
 Till by-and-bye, if I hand on,
 I'll grunt a blouset gospel groan :
 Already I begin to try it,
 To cast my cen up like a pyet,
 When by the gun she tumbles o'er,
 Flutt'ring and gasping in her gore:
 Sae shortly you shall see me bright,
 A burning and a shining light.
 My heart-warm love to guid auld Glen,
 The ace and wale o' honest men :
 When bending down wi' auld grey hairs,
 Beneath the load of years and cares,
 May He who made him still support him,
 And views beyond the grave comfort him.
 His worthy fam'ly, far and near
 God bless them a' wi' grace and gear ;
 My auld schoolfellow, preacher Willie,
 The manly tar, my mason Billie,
 And Auchenbay, I wish him joy ;
 If he's parent, lass or boy,
 May he be dad, and Meg the mither,
 Just five-and-forty years thegither !
 And no forgetting wabster Charlie,
 I'm told he offers very fairly.
 And, Lord remember singing Sannock,
 Wi' hale breeks, sexpence, and a bannock ;
 And next my auld acquaintance, Nancy,
 Since she is fitted to her fancy ;
 And her kind stars hae airted till her
 A good chiel wi' a pickle siller.
 My kindest, best respects I sen' it,
 To cousin Kate and sister Janet ;
 Tell them, frae me, wi' chiefs be cautious,
 For, faith, they'll aiblins fin' them fashious.
 And lastly, Jamie, for yoursel,
 May guardian angels tak a spell,
 And steer you seven miles south o' heid,

But first, before you see Heaven's glory,
 May ye get mony a merry story,
 Mony a laugh and mony a drink,
 And aye enough o' needfu' clink.

Now fare ye weel, and joy be wi' you,
 For my sake this I beg it o' you,
 Assist poor Simson a' ye can,
 Ye'll fin' him just an honest mau:
 Sae I conclude, and quat my chanter,
 Your's, saint or sinner,

ROB THE RANTER.

A Fragment,

INSCRIBED TO THE RIGHT HON. C. J. FOX.

How wisdom and folly meet, mix, and unite;
 How virtue and vice blend their black and their white;
 How genius, th' illustrious father of fiction,
 Confounds rule and law, reconciles contradiction—
 I sing: if these mortals, the critics, should bustle,
 I care not, not I—let the critics go whistle!

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

Thou first of our orators, first of our wits;
 Yet whose parts and acquirements seem mere lucky hits;
 With knowledge so vast, and with judgment so strong,
 No man with the half of 'em e'er went far wrong;
 With passions so potent, and fancies so bright,
 No man with the half of 'em e'er went quite right;—
 A sorry, poor misbegot son of the muses,
 For using thy name offers fifty excuses.

Good L—d, what is man? for as simple he looks,
 Do but try to develope his hooks and his crooks,
 With his depths and his shallows, his good and his evil,
 All in all he's a problem must puzzle the devil.

On his one ruling passion Sir Pope hugely labours,
 That, like th' Hebrew walking-switch, eats up its neighbour;
 Mankind are his show-box—a friend, would you know him?
 Pull the string, ruling passion the picture will show him.
 What pity, in rearing so beauteous a system,
 One trifling particular, truth, should have miss'd him,
 For, spite of his fine theoretic positions,
 Mankind is a science defies definitions.

Some sort all our qualities, each to its tribe,
 And think human nature they truly describe;
 Have you found this or t'other? there's more in the wind,
 As by one drunken fellow his comrades you'll find.
 But such is the flaw, or the depth of the plan,
 In the make of the wonderful creature call'd man,

No two virtues, whatever relation they claim,
Nor even two different shades of the same,
Though like as was ever twin brother to brother,
Possessing the one shall imply you've the other.

On Seeing a Wounded Hare

LIMP BY ME, WHICH A FELLOW HAD JUST SHOT.

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

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

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

Of 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.

The Kirk's Alarm.

A SATIRE.

ORTHODOX, orthodox,
Wha believe in John Knox,
Let me sound an alarm to your conscience;
There's a heretic blast
Has been blawn in the wast,
That what is no sense must be nonsense.

Dr. Mac, Dr. Mac,
You shot'd stretch on a rack,
To strike evil doers wi' terror;
To join faith and sense
Upon ony pretence,
Is heretic, damnable error.

Town of Ayr, town of Ayr,
It was mad, I declare,
To meddle wi' mischief a-brewing;

Provost John is still deaf
To the church's relief,
And orater Bob is its ruin.

D cymple mild, D'rymple mild,
Tho' your heart's like a child,
And your life like the new-driven snaw,
Yet that winna save ye,
Auld Satan must have ye,
For preaching that three's ane and twa.

Rumble John, Rumble John,
Mount the steps wi' a groan,
Cry the book is wi' heresy cramm'd;
Then lug out your ladle,
Deal brimstone like adle,
And roar every note of the damn'd.

Simper James, Simper James,
Leave the fair Killie dames,
There's a holier chase in your view;
I'll lay on your head,
That the pack ye'll soon lead,
For puppies like you there's but few.

Signet Sawney, Signet Sawney,
Are ye huirding the penny,
Unconscious what evil await;
Wi' a jump, yell, and howl,
Alarm every soul,
For the foul thief is just at your gate.

Daddy Auld, Daddy Auld,
There's a tod in the fauld,
A tod meikle waur than the clerk:
Though ye do na skaith,
Ye'll be in at the death,
And if ye canna bite ye may bark.

Davie Bluster, Davie Bluster,
If for a saint ye do muster,
The corps is no nice of recruits;
Yet to worth let's be just,
Royal blood ye might boast,
If the ass was the king of the brutes.

Jamy Goose, Jamy Goose,
Ye ha'e made but toom roose,
In hunting the wicked lieutenant;
But the doctor's your mark,
For the L—d's haly ark:
He has cooper'd and cawt a wrong pin in't

Poet Willie, Poet Willie,
Gie the Doctor a volley,
Wi' your Liberty's Chain and your wit;

O'er Pegusus' side
 Ye ne'er laid a stride,
 Ye but smelt, man, the place where he * *

Andro Gouk, Andro Gouk,
 Ye may slander the book,
 And the book not the waur, let me tell ye;
 Ye are rich and look big,
 But lay by hat and wig,
 And ye'll ha'e a calf's head o' sma' value.

Barr Steenie, Barr Steenie,
 What mean ye, what mean ye?
 If ye'll meddle nae mair wi' the matter,
 Ye may ha'e some pretence
 To havins and sense,
 Wi' people wba ken ye no better.

Irvine side, Irvine side,
 Wi' your turkey-cock pride,
 Of manhood but sma' is your share;
 Ye've the figure, 'tis true,
 Ev'n your faes will allow,
 And your friends they dare grant ye nae mair.

Muirland Jock, Muirland Jock,
 When the Lord makes a rock
 To crush Common Sense for her sins,
 If ill manners were wit,
 There's no mortal so fit
 To confound the poor Doctor at ance.

Holy Will, Holy Will,
 There was wit i' your skull,
 When ye pilfer'd the alms of the poor;
 The timmer is scant,
 When ye're ta'en for a saunt,
 Wha should swing in a rape for an hour.

Calvin's sons, Calvin's sons,
 Seize your spir'tual guns,
 Ammunition you never can need;
 Your hearts are the stuff,
 Will be powther enough,
 And your skulls are storehouses o' lead.

Poet Burns, Poet Burns,
 Wi' your priest-skelping turns,
 Why desert ye your auld native shire?
 Your muse is a gipsie:
 E'en though she were tipsie,
 She could ca' us nae waur than we are.

To Dr. Blacklock,

IN ANSWER TO A LETTER.

Ellisland, 21st Oct. 1789.

Wow, but your letter made me vauntie!
 And are ye hale, and weel, and cantie?
 I kenn'd it still your wee bit jauntie,
 Wad bring ye to:
 Lord send you aye as weel's I want ye,
 And then ye'll do.

The ill-thief blaw the Heron south!
 And never drink be near his drouth!
 He tauld mysel by word o' mouth,
 He'd tak my letter;
 I lippen'd to the chield in trouth,
 And bade nae better.

But aiblins honest Master Heron
 Had at the time some dainty fair one
 To ware his theologic care on,
 And holy study;
 And tir'd o' sauls to waste his lear on,
 E'en tried the body.

But what d'ye think, my trusty fier,
 I'm turn'd a gauger—Peace be here!
 Parnassian queans, I fear, I fear,
 Ye'll now disdain me!
 And then my fifty pounds a-year
 Will little gain me.

Ye glaiket, gleesome, dainty damies,
 Wha, by Castalia's wimplin' streamies,
 Lowp, sing, and lave your pretty limbies,
 Ye ken, ye ken,
 That strang necessity supreme is
 'Mang sons o' men.

I hae a wife and twa wee laddies,
 They maun hae brose and brats o' duddies;
 Ye ken yoursels my heart right proud is—
 I need na vaunt,
 But I'll sned besoms—thraw saugh woodies
 Before they want.

Lord help me thro' this warld o' care!
 I'm weary sick o't late and air!
 Not but I hae a richer share
 Than mony ithers;
 But why should ae man better fare,
 And a' men brithers?

Come, firm Resolve, take thou the van,
 Thou stalk o' carl hemp in man!
 And let us mind, faint heart ne'er wan
 A lady fair:
 Wha does the utmost that he can,
 Will whyles do mair.

But to conclude my silly rhyme,
 (I'm scant o' verse and scant o' time,)
 To make a happy fire-side clime
 To weans and wife,
 That's the true pathos and sublime
 Of human life.

My compliments to sister Beckie;
 And eke the same to honest Lucky,
 I wat she is a dainty chuckie,
 As e'er trod clay!
 And gratefully, my guid auld cockie,
 I'm yours for aye.

ROBERT BURNS.

Delia.

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

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

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

But, Delia, on thy balmy lips
 Let me, no vagrant insect, rove;
 Oh, let me steal one liquid kiss,
 For, oh! my soul is parched with love.

SKETCH—NEW YEAR'S DAY.

TO MRS. DUNLOP.

THIS day, Time winds th' exhausted chain,
 To run the twelvemonth's length again:

I see the old, bald-pated fellow,
 With ardent eyes, complexion sallow,
 Adjust the unimpair'd machine,
 To wheel the equal, full routine.
 The absent lover, minor heir,
 In vain assail him with their prayer;
 Deaf as my friend, he sees them press,
 Nor makes the hour one moment less.
 Will you (the Major's with the hounds,
 The happy tenants share his rounds;
 Coila's fare Rachel's care to-day,
 And blooming Keith's engaged with Gray)
 From housewife cares a minute borrow—
 —That grandchild's cap will do to-morrow,
 And join with me a moralizing:
 This day's propitious to be wise in.
 First, what did yesternight deliver?
 "Another year is gone for ever."
 And what is this day's strong suggestion?
 "The passing moment's all we rest on!"
 Rest on—for what? What do we here?
 Or why regard the passing year?
 Will Time, amus'd with proverb'd lore,
 Add to our date one minute more?
 A few days may—a few years must—
 Repose us in the silent dust.
 Then is it wise to damp our bliss?
 Yes—all such reasonings are amiss!
 The voice of Nature loudly cries,
 And many a message from the skies,
 That something in us never dies:
 That on this frail, uncertain state,
 Hang matters of eternal weight:
 That future life in worlds unknown
 Must take its hue from this alone;
 Whether as heavenly glory bright,
 Or dark as misery's woeful night.
 Since, then, my honour'd, first of friends,
 On this poor being all depends,
 Let us th' important *now* employ
 And live as those who never die:
 Tho' you, with days and honours crown'd
 Witness that filial circle round,
 (A sight life's sorrows to repulse,
 A sight pale envy to convulse,)
 Others now claim your chief regard;
 Yourself, you wait your bright reward.

Prologue.

SPOKEN AT THE THEATRE, DUMFRIES, ON NEW-YEAR'S-DAY EVENING.

No song nor dance I bring from yon great city,
That queens it o'er our taste—the more's the pity :
Tho', by-the-bye, abroad why will you roam ?
Good sense and taste are natives here at home :

But not for panegyric I appear,
I come to wish you all a good new year !
Old Father Time deposes me here before ye,
Not for to preach, but tell his simple story :
The sage, grave ancient cough'd, and bade me say,
" You're one year older this important day."
If wiser too—he hinted some suggestion,
But 'twould be rude, you know, to ask the question ;
And with a would-be roguish leer and wink,
He bade me on you press this one word—" think !"

Ye sprightly youths, quite flush'd with hope and spirit
Who think to storm the world by dint of merit,
To you the dotard has a deal to say,
In his dry, sly, sententious, proverb way ;
He bids you mind, amid your thoughtless rattle,
That the first blow is ever half the battle ;
That tho' some by the skirt may try to snatch him,
Yet by the forelock is the hold to catch him.
That, whether doing, suffering, or forbearing,
You may do miracles by persevering.

Last, though not least, in love, ye youthful fair,
Angelic forms, high Heaven's peculiar care !
To you old Bald-pate smooths his wrinkl'd brow,
And humbly begs you'll mind the important Now !
To crown your happiness he asks your leave
And offers bliss to give and to receive.

For our sincere, tho' haply weak endeavours,
With grateful pride we own your many favours ;
And howsoe'er our tongue may ill reveal it,
Believe our glowing bosoms truly feel it.

Prologue,

FOR MR. SUTHERLAND'S BENEFIT NIGHT, DUMFRIES.

What needs this din about the town of Lon'on,
How this new play and that new sang is comin' ?
Why is outlandish stuff sae meikle courted ?
Does nonsense mend, like whisky, when imported ?

Is there nae poet, burning keen for fame,
 Will try to gi'e us sangs and plays at hame?
 For comedy abroad he needna toil,
 A fool and knave are plants of every soil;
 Nor need he hunt as far as Rome and Greece
 To gather matter for a serious piece;
 There's themes enough in Caledonian story,
 Would show the Tragic Muse in all her glory.

Is there no daring bard will rise and tell
 How glorious Wallace stood, how hapless fell?
 Where are the muses fled that could produce
 A drama worthy o' the name o' Bruce;
 How here, even here, he first unsheath'd the sword,
 'Gainst mighty England and her guilty lord;
 And after many a bloody, deathless doing,
 Wrench'd his dear country from the jaws of ruin?
 Oh for a Shakspeare or an Otway scene,
 To draw the lovely, hapless Scottish Queen!
 Vain all th' omnipotence of female charms
 'Gainst headlong, ruthless, mad Rebellion's arms.
 She fell—but fell with spirit truly Roman,
 To glut the vengeance of a rival woman:
 A woman—tho' the phrase may seem uncivil—
 As able and as cruel as the Devil!
 One Douglas lives in Home's immortal page,
 But Douglasses were heroes every age:
 And tho' your fathers, prodigal of life,
 A Douglas followed to the martial strife,
 Perhaps if bowls row right, and Right succeeds,
 Ye yet may follow where a Douglas leads.

As ye hae generous done, if a' the land
 Would take the muses' servants by the hand;
 Not only hear, but patronise, befriend them,
 And where ye justly can commend, commend them
 And aiblins when they wiuna stand the test,
 Wink hard and say the folk ha'e done their best;
 Would a' the land do this, then I'll be caution
 Ye'll soon ha'e poets o' the Scottish nation,
 Will gar fame blaw until her trumpet crack,
 And warsle Time, and lay him on his back!
 For us and for our stage should ony spier,
 "What's aught thae chiefs maks a' this bustle here?"
 My best leg foremost, I'll set up my brow,
 We have the honour to belong to you!
 We're your ain bairns, e'en guide us as ye like,
 But like gude mithers, shore before you strike.
 And gratefu' still I hope ye'll ever find us,
 For a' the patronage and meikle kindness
 We've got frae a' professions, sects, and ranks,
 God help us! we're but poor—ye'se get but thanks.

Written

TO A GENTLEMAN WHO HAD SENT THE POET A NEWSPAPER, AND OFFERED TO CONTINUE IT FREE OF EXPENSE.

KIND Sir, I've read pour paper through,
 And faith, to me 'twas really new!
 How guessed ye, Sir, what maist I wanted?
 This mony a day I've grain'd and gaunted,
 To ken what French mischief was a-brewin',
 Or what the drumlie Dutch were doin';
 That vile doup-skelper, Emperor Joseph,
 If Venus yet had got his nose off;
 Or how the collieshangie works
 Atween the Russians and the Turks;
 Or if the Swede, before he halt,
 Would pay anither Charles the Twalt:
 If Denmark, ony body spak o't;
 Or Poland, wha had now the tack o't;
 How cut-throat Prussian blades were hingin';
 How libbet Italy was singin';
 If Spaniard, Portuguese, or Swiss,
 Were sayin' or takin aught amiss;
 Or how our merry lads at hame,
 In Britain's court, kept up the game;
 How royal George, the Lord leuk o'er him!
 Was managing St. Stephen's quorum;
 If sleekit Chatham Will was livin',
 Or glaikit Charlie got his nieve in;
 How daddie Burke the plea was cookin',
 If Warren Hastings' neck was yeukin';
 How cesses, stents, and fees were rax'd,
 Or if bare——yet were tax'd;
 The news o' princes, dukes, and earls,
 Pimps, sharpers, bawds, and opera girls;
 If that daft buckie, Geordie Wales,
 Was threshin' still at hizzies tails;
 Or if he was grown oughtlins douser,
 And na o' perfect kintra cooser.
 A' this and mair I never heard of,
 And but for you I might despair'd of.
 So gratefu' back your news I send you,
 And pray a' guid things may attend you!
Ellisland, Monday Morning.

 Peg Nicholson.

PEG Nicholson was a good bay mare,
 As ever trod on air;
 But now she's floating down the Nith,
 And past the mouth o' Cairn.

Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare,
And rode thro' thick and thin ;
But now she's floating down the Nith,
And wanting e'en the skin.

Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare,
And ance she bore a priest ;
But now she's floating down the Nith,
For Solway fish a feast.

Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare,
And the priest he rode her sair ;
And much oppress'd and bruis'd she was
As priest-rid cattle are—

* *

TO MY BIRD.

THOU bird, in which I first began
To be that various creature—*Man!*
And when again the Fates decree,
The place where I must cease to be ;—
When sickness comes, to whom I fly,
To soothe my pain, or close mine eye ;—
When cares around me, where I weep,
Or lose them all in balmy sleep ;—
When sore with labour, whom I court,
And to thy downy breast resort—
Where, too ecstatic joys I find,
When deigns my Delia to be kind—
And full of love, in all her charms,
Thou giv'st the fair one to my arms.
The centre thou—where grief and pain,
Disease and rest, alternate reign.
Oh, since within thy little space,
So many various scenes take place ;
Lessons as useful shalt thou teach,
As sages dictate—churchmen preach ;
And man convinced by thee alone,
This great important truth shall own :
*"That thin partitions do divide
The bounds where good and ill reside ;
That nought is perfect here below
But BLISS still bordering upon WOE."*

First Epistle to Mr. Graham,

OF FINTRY.

WHEN Nature her great master-piece designed,
And fram'd her last best work, the human mind,
Her eye intent on all the mazy plan,
She formed 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 cit a warm existence finds,
 And all mechanics' many apron'd kinds.
 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 th' unyielding mass with grave designs,
 Law, physic, politics, and deep divines :
 Last, she sublimes th' Aurora of the poles,
 The flashing element of female souls.
 The order'd system fair before her stood,
 Nature, well pleas'd, pronounc'd it very good ;
 But 'ere she gave creating labour o'er,
 Half-jest, she cried one curious labour more.
 Some spunky, 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,
 Creature, tho' oft the prey of care and sorrow,
 When blest to-day unmindful of to-morrow,
 A being form'd t' amuse his graver friends,
 Admir'd and prais'd—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 frequently unheeded in his own.

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 landmen on life's stormy main !
 Their hearts no selfish, stern, absorbent stuff,
 That never gives— tho' humbly takes enough ;
 The little fate allows they share as soon,
 Unlike sage proverb'd wisdom's hard-wrung boon.

The world were blest, did bliss on them depend,
 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 a fool!)
 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.
 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, now their lofty, independent spirit
 Soars on the spurning wing of injur'd merit!
 Seek not the proofs in private life to find;
 Pity the best of words should be but wind!
 So to Heaven's gates the lark's shrill song ascends,
 But grovelling on the earth the carol ends.
 In all the clam'rous 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!
 My horny fist assume the plough again;
 The pie-bald jacket let me patch once more;
 On eighteen-pence a-week I've liv'd before.
 Tho', thanks to Heaven, I dare even that last shift!
 I trust, meantime, my boon is in thy gift:
 That, plac'd by thee upon the wish'd-for height,
 Where, man and nature fairer in her sight,
 My muse may imp her wing for some sublimer flight.

The Five Carlins.

THERE were five carlines in the south,
 They fell upon a scheme,
 To send a lad to Lon'on town,
 To bring them tidings hame.

Nor only bring them tidings hame,
 But do their errands there,
 And aiblins gowd, and honour baith
 Might be that laddie's share.

There was Maggy by the banks o' Nith,
 A dame with pride eneugh,
 And Marjory o' the Monylochs,
 A carline old and tough.

And blinkin' Bess o' Annandale,
 That dwelt near Solwayside,
 And whisky Jean, that took her gill,
 In Galloway sae wide.

And black Joan, frae Crichton Peel,
 O' gipsy kith and kin—
 Five whiter carlines warn a foun'
 The south countra within.

To send a lad to Lon'on town,
 They met upon a day,
 And mony a knight, and mony a laird,
 Their errand fain would gae.

O mony a knight and mony a laird,
 This errand fain would gae;
 But nae ane could their fancy please,
 O ne'er a ane but twae.

The first he was a belted knight,
 Bred o' a border clan,
 And he wad gang to Lon'on town,
 Might nae man him withstau',

And he wad do their errands weel,
 And meikle he wad say,
 And ilka ane at Lon'on court
 Would bid to him guid day.

Then next came in a sodger youth,
 And spak wi' modest grace,
 And he wad gae to Lon'on town
 If sae their pleasure was.

He wadna hecht them courtly gifts,
 Nor meikle speech pretend,
 But he wad hecht an honest heart,
 Wad ne'er desert a friend.

Now, wham to choose, and wham refuse,
 At strife their carlines fell!
 For some had gentlefolks to please,
 And some would please themsel.

Then out spak min-mou'd Meg o' Nith,
 And she spak up wi' pride,
 And she wad send the sodger youth,
 Whatever might betide.

For the auld guidman o' Lon'on court
 She didna care a pin;
 But she wad send the sodger youth
 To greet his eldest son,

Then up sprang Bess o' Annandale,
 And a deadly aith she's ta'en,
 That she wad vote the border knight,
 Though she should vote her lane.

For far-off fowls ha'e feathers fair,
 And fools o' change are fain;
 But I ha'e tried the border knight,
 And I'll try him yet again.

Says black Joan frae Crichton Peel,
 A carline stoor and grim,
 The auld guidman, and the young guidmman,
 For me may sink or swim.

For fools will freat o' right or wrang,
 While knaves laugh them to scorn!
 But the sodgers friends ha'e blawn the best,
 So he shall bear the horn.

Then whisky Jean spak owre her drink,
 Ye weel ken, kimmers a',
 The auld guidman o' Lon'on court,
 His back's been at the wa';

And mony a friend that kiss'd his cup,
 Is now a fremit wight:
 But it's ne'er be said o' whisky Jean—
 I'll send the border knight.

Then slow raise Marjory o' the Loch,
 And wrinkled was her brow,
 Her ancient weed was russet grey,
 Her auld Scot's bluid was true.

There's some great folks set light by me,
 I set as light by them;
 But I will send to Lon'on town
 Wham I like best at hame.

Sae how this weighty plea may end,
 Nae mortal wight can tell:
 God grant the king and ilka man
 May look weel to himsel.

Second Epistle to Mr. Graham,

OF FINTRY.

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.

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 louns,
 And kissing barefit carlins.

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

But Queensberry, cautious, left the war,
 The unmanner'd dust might soil his star,
 Besides, he hated bleeding;
 But left behind his heroes bright,
 Heroes in Cæsarean fight
 Or Ciceronian pleading.

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.

M'Murdo and his lovely spouse,
 (Th' 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.

Craidarroch led a light-arm'd corps;
 Tropes, metaphors, and figures pour,
 Like Hecla, streaming thunder;
 Glenriddel, skill'd in rusty coins,
 Blew up each Tory's dark designs,
 And bar'd the treason under.

In either wing two champions fought,
 Redoubted Staig, who set at nought

SECOND EPISTLE TO MR. GRAHAM.

The wildest savage Tory.
And Welsh, who ne'er yet flinch'd his ground,
High wav'd his magnum bonum round
With Cyclopean fury.

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.

To these, what Tory hosts oppos'd ;
With these, what Tory warriors clos'd,
Surpasses my describing :
Squadrons extended long and large,
With furious speed rush'd to the charge,
Like raging devils driving.

What verse can sing, what prose narrate,
The butcher deeds of bloody fate
Amid this mighty tulzie ?
Grim horror grinn'd, pale terror roar'd,
As murther at his thrapple shor'd ;
And hell mixt in the brulzie !

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.

The stubborn Tories dare to die ;
As soon the rooted oaks would fly,
Before th' approaching fellers ;
The Whigs come on like ocean's roar,
When all his wintry billows pour
Against the Buchan Bullers.

Lo ! from the shades of death's deep night,
Departed Whigs enjoy the fight,
And think on former daring ;
The muffled murtherer of Charles
The Magna Charta flag unfurls,
All deadly gules its bearing.

Nor wanting ghosts of Tory fame,
Bold Scrimgeour follows gallant Grahame,
And Covenanters shiver—
[Forgive, forgive, much-wrong'd Montrose,
While death and hell engulf thy foes,
Thou liv'st on high for ever !)

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!

Oh that my een 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.

What Whig but wails the good Sir James
 Dear to his country by the names
 Friend, Patron, Benefactor?
 Not Pultney's wealth can Pultney save:
 And Hopeton falls, the generous brave!
 And Stuart bold as Hector!

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."

For your poor friend, the Bard afar,
 He hears, and only hears the war,
 A good spectator purely;
 So when the storm the forest rends,
 The robin in the hedge descends
 And sober chirps securely.

On Captain Grase's Peregrinations

THROUGH SCOTLAND, COLLECTING THE ANTIQUITIES OF
 THAT KINGDOM.

HEAR, Land o' Cakes, and brither Scots,
 Frae Maidenkirk to Johnny Groats,
 If there's a hole in a' your coats,
 I rede ye tent it;
 A chield's amang you taking notes,
 And, faith, he'll prent it

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

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

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

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

He has a fouth o' auld nick-nackets,
 Rusty aird caps and jinglin' jackets,
 Wad haud the Lothians thre in tackets,
 A towmont guid:
 And parraitch-pats, and auld saut-backets
 Before the Flood.

Of Eve's first fire he has a cinder,
 Auld Tubalcain's fire-shool and fender,
 That which distinguished the gender
 O' Balaam's ass;
 A broomstick o' the witch of Endor,
 Weel shod wi' brass.

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

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

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

Written in an Envelope,

ENCLOSING A LETTER TO CAPTAIN GROSE.

KEN ye aught o' Captain Grose?
 Igo and ago,
 If he's amang his friends or foes?
 Iram, coram, dago.
 Is he south or is he north?
 Igo and ago,
 Or drowned in the river Forth?
 Iram, coram, dago.
 Is he slain by Highlan' bodies?
 Igo and ago,
 And eaten like a wether haggis?
 Iram, coram, dago.
 Is he to Abram's bosom gane?
 Igo and ago,
 Or haudin Sarah by the wame?
 Iram, coram, dago,
 Where'er he be, the Lord be near him,
 Igo and ago,
 As for the deil, he daurna steer him,
 Iram, coram, dago.
 But please transmit the enclosed letter,
 Igo and ago,
 Which will oblige your humble debtor,
 Iram, coram, dago.
 So may ye ha'e auld stanes in store,
 Igo and ago,
 The very stanes that Adam bore,
 Iram, coram, dago.
 So may ye get in glad possession,
 Igo and ago,
 The coins o' Satan' coronation!
 Iram, coram, dago.

Address of Beelzebub.

TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE HIGHLAND SOCIETY.

LONG life, my Lord, and health be yours,
 Unscath'd by hunger'd Highland boors;
 Lord grant nae duddie, desperate beggar,
 Wi' dirk, claymore, or rusty trigger,
 May twin auld Scotland o' a life
 She likes—as lambkins like a knife.
 Faith, you and A——s were right
 To keep the Highland hounds in sight:
 I doubt na! they wad bid nae better
 Than let them ance out owre the water;

Then up amang thrae lakes and seas
 They'll mak what rules and laws they please;
 Some daring Hancock or a Franklin,
 May set their Highland bluid a-ranklin';
 Some Washington again may head them,
 Or some Montgomery, fearless, lead them,
 Till God knows what may be effected
 When by such heads and hearts directed—
 Poor dunghill sons of dirt and mire
 May to Patrician rights aspire!
 Nae sage North, now, nor sager Sackville,
 To watch and premier o'er the pack vile,
 And whare will ye get Howes and Clintons
 To bring them to a right repentance,
 To cove the rebel generation,
 And save the honour o' the nation?
 They and be d——d! what right ha'e they
 To meat, or sleep, or light o' day?
 Far less to riches, pow'r, or freedom,
 But what your lordship likes to gi'e them?

But hear, my lord! Glengarry, hear!
 Your hand's owre light on them, I fear;
 Your factors, grieves, trustees, and bailies,
 I canna say but they do gaylies;
 They lay aside a' tender mercies,
 And tirl the hallions to the birses;
 Yet while they're only poind't and herriet,
 They'll keep their stubborn Highland spirit
 But smash them! crash them a' to spails!
 And rot the dyvors i' the jails!
 The young dogs, swinge them to the labour
 Let wark and hunger mak them sober!
 The hizzies, if they're aughtlins fawsont,
 Let them in Drury-lane be lesson'd!
 And if the wives and dirty brats
 E'en thigger at your doors and yetts
 Flaflan wi' duds and grey wi' beas',
 Frightin' awa your dencks and geese,
 Get ont a horsewhip or a jowler,
 The langest thong, the fiercest growler,
 And gar the tattered gipsies' pack,
 Wi' a' their bastards on their back!
 Go on, my Lord! I lang to meet you,
 And in my house at hame to greet you;
 Wi' common lords ye shanna mingle,
 The benmost neuk beside the ingle,
 At my right han' assigned your seat
 'Tween Herod's hip and Polycrate—
 Or if you on your station tarrow,
 Between Almagro and Pizarro.

A seat, I'm sure ye're weel deservin't;
 And till ye come—Your humble servant,
 BEELZEBUB.

June 1st, Anno Mundi, 5790.

Lament of Mary, Queen of Scots,

ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

Now Nature hangs her mantle green
 On every blooming tree,
 And spreads her sheet o' daisies white
 Out o'er the grassy lee:
 Now Phoebus cheers the crystal streams,
 And glads the azure skies;
 But nought can glad the weary wight
 That fast in durance lies.

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

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

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

But as for thee, thou false woman!
 My sister and my fae,
 Grim vengeance yet shall whet a sword
 That thro' thy soul shall gae!
 The weeping blood in woman's breast
 Was never known to thee;
 Nor th' balm that draps on wounds of woe
 Frae woman's pitying e'e.

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

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

The Whistle.

I SING of a whistle, 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.

Old Loda, 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 !"

Old poets have sung, and old chronicles tell,
 What champions ventur'd, what champions fell ;
 The son of great Loda was conqueror still,
 And blew on the whistle his requiem shrill.

Till Robert, the lord of the Cairn and the Scaur,
 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.

Thus Robert, victorious, the trophy has gain'd,
 Which now in his house has for ages remained ;
 Till three noble chieftains, and all of his blood,
 The jovial contest again have renew'd.

Three joyous good fellows, with hearts clear as **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.

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**.

"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,
 And bumper his horn with him twenty times o'er."

Sir Robert, a soldier, no speech would pretend,
 But he ne'er turned 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.

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.

A bard was selected 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.

The dinner being o'er, 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.

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.

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.

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.

The gallant Sir Robert fought hard to the end,
 But who can with fate and quart bumpers contend?
 Though fate said—a hero shall perish in light,
 So up rose bright Phœbus—and down fell the knight,

Next up rose 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!"

Thy line, that have struggl'd for freedom and Bruce,
 Shall heroes and patriots ever produce;
 So thine be the laurel, and mine be the lay,
 The field thou hast won, by yon bright God of day!"

Elegy

MISS BURNET, OF MONBODDO.

LIFE ne'er exulted in so rich a prize
 As Burnet, lovely from her native skies ;
 Nor envious death so triumph'd in a blow,
 As that which laid the accomplished Burnet low.

Thy form and mind, sweet maid, can I forget ?
 In richest ore the brightest jewel set !
 In thee, high Heaven above was truest shown,
 As by His noblest work the Godhead best is known.

In vain ye flaunt in summer's pride, ye groves ;
 Thou crystal streamlet with thy flow'ry shore,
 Ye woodland choir, that chant your idle loves,
 Ye cease to charm—Eliza is no more !

Ye heathy wastes, immix'd with reedy fens ;
 Ye mossy streams, with sedge and rushes stor'd ;
 Ye rugged cliffs, o'erhanging dreary glens,
 To you I fly, ye with my soul accord.

Princes, whose cumb'rous pride was all their worth,
 Shall venal lays their pompous exit hail ?
 And thou, sweet excellence ! forsake our earth,
 And not a muse in honest grief bewail ?

We saw thee shine in youth and beauty's pride,
 And virtue's light, that beams beyond the spheres ;
 But, like the sun eclips'd at morning tide,
 Thou left'st us darkling in a world of tears.

The parent's heart that nestled fond in thee
 That heart how sunk, a prey to grief and care ;
 So deck'd the woodbine sweet yon aged tree ;
 So from it ravish'd, leaves it bleak and bare.

Lament

FOR JAMES, EARL OF GLENCAIRN.

THE wind blew hollow frae the hills,
 By fits the sun's departing beam
 Look'd on the fading yellow woods
 That wav'd o'er Lugar's winding stream
 Beneath a craggy steep, a bard.
 Laden with years and meikle pain,
 In loud lament bewail'd his lord,
 Whom death had all untimely ta'en.

He lean'd him to an ancient aik,
 Whose trunk was mould'ring down with years;
 His locks were bleached white with time,
 His hoary cheek was wet wi' tears;
 And as he touch'd his trembling harp,
 And as he tun'd his doleful sang,
 The winds, lamenting thro' their caves,
 To echo bore the notes alang.

"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 nought in all revolving time
 Can gladness bring again to me.

I am a bending aged tree,
 That long has stood the wind and rain;
 But now has come a cruel blast,
 And my last hold 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.

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.

And last (the sum of a' my griefs!)
 My noble master lies in clay;
 The flow'r amang our barons bold,
 His country's pride! his country's stay—
 In weary being now I pine,
 For a' the life o' life is dead,
 And hope has left my aged ken,
 On forward wing for ever fled.

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
 Thoubrought' + from fortune's mirkest gloom.

In poverty's low barren vale
 Thick mists, obscure, involv'd me round;
 Though oft I turned 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.

Oh! why has worth so short a date?
 While villains ripen grey with time;
 Must thou, the noble, gen'rous, 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!

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 sae sweetly on her knee:
 But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,
 And a' that thou hast done for me!

Lines

SENT TO SIR JOHN WHITEFORD, BART., OF WHITE-
 FORD, 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 fearful 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.

Third Epistle to Mr. Graham,

OF FINTRY.

LATE crippl'd of an arm, and now a leg,
 About to beg a pass for leave to beg:
 Dull, listless, teased, dejected, and deprest,
 (Nature is adverse to a cripple's rest);
 Will generous Graham list to his Poet's wail?
 (It soothes poor misery, hearkning 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,
Th' envenom'd wasp, victorious, guards his cell;
Thy minion, kings, defend, control, devour,
In all th' omnipotence of rule and power;
Foxes and statesmen, subtle 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;
Ev'n 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 op'ning 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:
No nerves olfact'ry, Mammon's trusty cur,
Clad in rich dullness' 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 Mourees!
He hacks to teach, they mangle to expose.

His heart by causeless, wanton malice wrung,
By blockhead's daring into madness stung;
His well-won ways than life itself more dear,
By miscreants torn, who ne'er one sprig must wear;
Foil'd, bleeding, tortur'd, in the unequal strife,
The hapless poet flounders on through life;
Till fled each hope that once his bosom fir'd,
And fled each muse that glorious once inspir'd,
Low sunk in squalid, unprotected age,
Dead, even resentment, for his injur'd page,
He heeds or feels no more the ruthless critic's rage!

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

Oh dullness ! 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,
 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 heron thus easy picks his frog,
 And thinks the mallard a sad, worthless dog.

When disappointment snaps the clue of hope,
 And thro' 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,
 Strong on the sign-post stands the stupid ox.
 Not so the idle muse's 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 strong hold of hope is lost,
 Glencairn, the truly noble, lies in dust ;
 (Fled, like the sun eclips'd as noon appears,
 And left us darkling in a world of tears ;)
 Oh, hear my ardent, grateful, selfish, pray'r !—
 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, ON RECEIVING A FAVOUR.

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.

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 !

The Rights of Woman.

AN OCCASIONAL ADDRESS, SPOKEN BY MISS FONTENELLE,
ON HER BENEFIT NIGHT, (NOV. 26, 1792).

WHILE Europe's eye is fix'd on mighty things,
The fate of empires, and the fall of kings;
While quacks of state must each produce his plan,
And even children lisp the Rights of Man;
Amidst this mighty fuss just let me mention,
The Rights of Woman merit some attention.

First, in the sexes' intermixed connection,
One sacred Right of Woman is protection.
The tender flower that lifts its head, elate,
Helpless, must fall before the blasts of fate,
Sunk on the earth, defac'd its lovely form,
Unless your shelter ward th' impending storm.

Our second right—but needless here is caution,
To keep that right inviolate's the fashion;
Each man of sense has it so full before him,
He'd die before he'd wrong it—'tis decorum.
There was, indeed, in far less polish'd days,
A time when, rough, rude man had naughty ways;
Would swagger, swear, get drunk, kick up a riot,
Nay even thus invade a lady's quiet.
Now, thank our stars, these Gothic times are fled;
Now, well-bred men—and you are all well bred—
Most justly think (and we are much the gainers),
Such conduct neither spirit, wit, nor manners.

For Right the third, our last, our best, our dearest,
That right to fluttering female hearts the nearest,
Which even the Rights of Kings in low prostration,
Most humbly own—'tis dear, dear admiration!
In that blest sphere alone we live and move;
There taste that life of life—immortal love!
Smiles, glances, sighs, tears, fits, flirtations, airs,
'Gainst such an host what flinty savage dares?—
When awful Beauty joins with all her charms,
Who is so rash as rise in rebel arms?

But truce with kings, and truce with constitutions,
With bloody armaments and revolutions,
Let majesty your first attention summon,
Ah! ca ira! THE MAJESTY OF WOMAN!

To Mr. Maxwell,

OF TERRAUGHTY, ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

HEALTH to thee, Maxwell's vet'ran chief!
 Health aye unsour'd by care or grief,
 Inspir'd, I turn Fate's sybil leaf
 This natal morn;
 I see thy life is stuff o' prief,
 Scarce quite half worn.

This day thou metes't three score eleven,
 And I can tell that bounteous Heaven,
 (The second sight, ye ken, is given
 To ilka poet)
 On thee a tack o' seven times seven
 Will yet bestow it.

If envious buckies view wi' sorrow
 Thy lengthen'd days on this blest morrow,
 May desolation's lang-teeth'd harrow,
 Nine miles an hour,
 Rake them like Sodom and Gomorrah,
 In briumstaue shoure—

But for thy friends, and they are mony,
 Baith honest men and lasses bonnie,
 May couthie fortune, kind and cannie,
 In social glee,
 Wi' mornings blythe and e'enings funny,
 Bless them and thee!

Fareweel, auld birkie! Lord be near ye,
 And the deil be daurna steer ye;
 Your friends aye love, your faes aye fear ye,
 For me, shame fa' me,
 If near'st my heart I dinna wear ye
 While BURNS they ca' me.

On Pastoral Poetry.

HAIL, Poesie! thou nymph reserv'd,
 In chase o' thee what crowds hae swerv'd
 Frae common sense, or sunk unnerv'd
 'Mang heaps o' clavers;
 And, och, owre aft thy joes ha'e starv'd
 'Mid a' thy favours!

Say, lassie, why thy train amang,
 While loud the trump's heroic clang,
 And sock or buskin skelp alang
 To death or marriage;
 Scarce ane has tried the shepherd-sang,
 But wi' miscarriage?

In Homer's craft Jock Milton thrives;
 Eschylus' pen Will Shakspeare drives;
 Wee Pope, the knurlin, 'til him rives
 Horatian fame;
 In thy sweet sang, Barbauld, survives
 Ev'n Sappho's fame.

But thee, Theocritus, wha matches?
 They're no herd's ballats, Maro's catches;
 Squira Pope but busks his skinklin patches
 O' heathen tatters;
 I pass by hundred nameless wretches,
 That ape their betters.

In this braw age of wit and lear,
 Will nane the Shepherd's whistle mair
 Blaw sweetly in its native air
 And rural grace;
 And wi' the far-fam'd Grecian share
 A rival place?

Yes, there's ane, a Scottish callan—
 There's ane; come forrit, honest Allan!
 Thou need na jouk behind the hallan,
 A chiel sae clever;
 The teeth of time may gnaw Tantallan,
 But thou's for ever.

Thou paints auld Nature to the nines,
 In thy sweet, Caledonian lines;
 Nae gowden stream thro' myrtles twines,
 Where Philomel,
 While nightly breezes sweep the vines,
 Her griefs will tell!

In goweny glens thy burnie strays,
 Where bonnie lasses bleach their claes:
 Or trots by hazelly shaws and braes,
 Wi' hawthorns grey,
 Where blackbirds join the shepherd's lays
 At close o' day.

Thy rural loves are nature's sel';
 Nae bombast spates o' nonsense swell;
 Nae snap conceits, but that sweet spell
 O' witchin' love;
 That charm, that can the strongest quell,
 The sternest move.

Sonnet.

WRITTEN ON THE 25TH JANUARY, 1793, THE BIRTH-DAY
OF THE AUTHOR, ON HEARING A THRUSH SING IN A
MORNING WALK.

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

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

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

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

THE TREE OF LIBERTY.

HEARD ye o' the tree o' France,
I watna what's the name o't;
Around it a' the patriots dance,
Weel Europe kens the fame o't;
It stands where ance the Bastile stood,
A prison built by kings, man,
When Superstition's hellish brood
Kept France in leading strings, man.

Upo' this tree there grows sic fruit,
Its virtues a' can tell, man;
It raises man aboon the brute,
It makes him ken himself, man.
If ance the peasant taste a bit
He's greater than a lord, man,
And wi' the beggar shares a mite
O' a' he can afford, man.

This fruit is worth a' Afric's wealth,
To comfort us 'twas sent, man;
To gi'e the sweetest blush o' health,
And mak us a' content, man.
It clears the cen, it cheers the heart,
Maks high and low guid friends, man,
And he wha acts the traitor's part,
It to perdition sends, man.

My blessings aye attend the chiel,
 Wha pitied Gallia's slaves, man,
 And staw'd a branch, spite o' the deil,
 Frae yon't the western waves, man.
 Fair Virtue water'd it wi' care,
 And now she sees wi' pride, man,
 How weel it buds and blossoms there,
 Its branches spreading wide, man,

But vicious folk aye hate to see
 The works o' Virtue thrive, man;
 The courtly vermin's banned the tree,
 And grat to see it thrive, man,
 King Loui' thought to cut it down,
 When it was unco sma', man;
 For this the watchman cracked his crown
 Cut aff his head and a', man.

A wicked crew syne, on a time,
 Did tak a solemn aith, man,
 It ne'er should flourish to its prime,
 I wat they pledged their faith, man.
 Awa, they gaed wi' mock parade,
 Like beagles hunting game, man,
 But soon grew weary o' the trade,
 And wished they'd been at hame, man.

For Freedom, standing by the tree,
 He sons did loudly ca', man;
 She sang a song o' liberty,
 Which pleased them ane and a', man.
 By her inspired, the new-born race
 Soon drew the avenging steel, man;
 The hirelings ran—her foes gried chase,
 And bang'd the despot weel, man.

Let Britain boast her hardy oak,
 Her poplar and her pine, man,
 Auld Britain ance could crack her joke,
 And o'er her neighbours shine, man.
 But seek the forest round and round,
 And soon 'twill be agreed, man,
 That sic a tree can not be found,
 'Twixt London and the Tweed, man.

Without this tree, alack this life
 Is but a vale o' woe, man;
 A scene o' sorrow mixed wi' strife,
 Nae real joys we know, man.
 We labour soon, we labour late,
 To feed the titled knave, man,
 And a' the comfort we're to get,
 Is that ayont the grave, man.

Wi' plenty o' sic trees, I trow,
 The warld would live in peace, man ;
 The sword would help to mak a plough,
 The din o' war wad cease, man.
 Like brethren in a common cause,
 We'd on each other smile, man ;
 And equal rights and equal laws
 Wad gladden every isle, man.

Wae worth the loon wha wadna eat
 Sic wholesome, dainty cheer, man ;
 I'd gae my shoon frae aff my feet,
 To taste sic fruit, I swear, man.
 Syne let us pray, auld England may
 Sure plant this far-famed tree, man ;
 And blythe we'll sing, and hail the day
 That gave us liberty, man.

To General Dumourier.

A PARODY ON ROBIN ADAIR.

You'RE welcome to Despots, Dumourier ;
 You're welcome to Despots, Dumourier ;
 How does Dampiere do ?
 Ay, and Bournonville too ?
 Why did they not come along with you, Dumourier ?

I will fight France with you, Dumourier ;
 I will fight France with you, Dumourier ;
 I will fight France with you ;
 I will take my chance with you ;
 By my soul I'll dance a dance with you, Dumourier.

Then let us fight about, Dumourier ;
 Then let us fight about, Dumourier ;
 Then let us fight about,
 Till freedom's spark is out,
 Then we'll be damn'd, no doubt—Dumourier.

Lines

SENT TO A GENTLEMAN WHOM HE HAD OFFENDED.

THE friend whom wild from wisdom's way,
 The fumes of wine infuriate send ;
 (Not moony madness more astray)—
 Who but deplores that hapless friend ?

Mine was th' insensate frenzied part,
 Ah, why should I such scenes outlive!—
 Scenes so abhorrent to my heart!
 'Tis thine to pity and forgive.

Monday

ON A LADY FAMED FOR HER CAPRICE.

How cold is that bosom which folly once fir'd,
 How pale is that cheek where the rouge lately glisten'd;
 How silent that tongue which the echoes oft tired,
 How dull is that ear which to flattery so listen'd!
 If sorrow and anguish their exit await,
 From friendship and dearest affection remov'd;
 How doubly severer. Eliza thy fate,
 Thou diedst unwept, as thou lived'st unlov'd.
 Loves, graces, and virtues, I call not on you!
 So shy, grave, and distant, ye shed not a tear:
 But come, all ye offspring of folly so true,
 And flowers let us cull for Eliza's cold bier.
 We'll search through the garden for each silly flower,
 We'll roam through the forest for each idle weed;
 But chiefly the nettle, so typical, shower,
 For none e'er approached her but rued the rash deed.
 We'll sculpture the marble, we'll measure the lay;
 Here vanity strums on her idiot lyre;
 There keen indignation shall dart on her prey,
 Which spurning contempt shall redeem from his ire.

THE EPITAPH.

Here lies now a prey to insulting neglect,
 What once was a butterfly gay in life's beam:
 Want only of wisdom denied her respect,
 Want only of goodness—denied her esteem.

Epistle from Esopus to Maria.

From those drear solitudes and frowsy cells,
 Where infamy with sad repentance dwells;
 Where turnkeys make the jealous portal fast,
 And deal from iron hands the spare repast,
 Where truant 'prentices, yet young in sin,
 Blush at the curious stranger peeping in;
 Where strumpets, relics of the drunken roar,
 Resolve to drink, nay, half to whore no more:
 Where tiny thieves not destin'd yet to swing,
 Beat hemp for others, riper for the string:

From these dire scenes my wretched lines I date,
To tell Maria her Esopus' fate.

"Alas! I feel I am no actor here!"

'Tis real hangman, real scourges bear
Prepare, Maria, for a horrid tale
Will turn thy very rouge to deadly pale;
Will make thy hair tho' erst from gipsey poll'd,
By barber woven, and by barber sold,
Though twisted smooth with Harry's nicest care,
Like hoary bristles to erect and stare.
The hero of the mimic scene, no more,
I start in Hamlet, in Othello roar:
Or haughty chieftain, 'mid the din of arms,
In Highland bonnet woo Malvina's charms;
While sans culottes stoop up the mountain high,
And steal from me Maria's eye.

Blest Highland bonnet! once my proudest dress,
Now prouder still, Maria's temples press,
I see her wave thy towering plumes afar,
And call each coxcomb to the wordy war;
I see her face the first of Ireland's sons,
And even out-Irish his Hibernian bronze;
The crafty Colonel leaves the tartaned lines
For other wars where he a hero shines;
The hopeful youth in Scottish senate bred,
Who owns a Bushby's heart without the head,
Comes 'mid a string of coxcombs to display,
That *veni, vidi, vici*, is his way;
The shrinking bard adown an alley skulks,
And dreads a meeting worse than Woolwich hulks
Though there, his heresies in church and state
Might well award him Muir and Palmer's fate:
Still she undaunted reels and rattles on,
And dares the public like a noontide sun.
(What scandal call'd Maria's jaunty stagger;
The ricket reeling of a crooked swagger!
Whose spleen e'en worse than Burns's venom, when
He dips in gall unmix'd his eager pen,
And pours his vengeance in the burning line,
Who christen'd thus Maria's lyre divine,
The idiot strum of vanity bemused,
And even th' abuse of poesy abused:
Who call'd her verse a parish workhouse, made
For motley, foundling fancies, stolen or stray'd?)

A workhouse! ah! that sound awakes my woes.
And pillows on the thorn my rack'd repose!
In durance vile here must I wake and weep!
And all my frowsy couch in sorrow steep!
That straw where many a rogue has lain of yore,
And vermin'd gipsies litter'd heretofore.
Why, Lonsdale, thus thy wrath on vagrants pour;
Must earth no rascal save thyself endure?

Must thou alone, in guilt immortal swell,
 And make a vast monopoly of hell?
 Thou knows't the virtues cannot hate thee worse;
 The vices, also, must they club their curse?
 Or must no tiny sin to others fall,
 Because thy guilt's supreme, enough for all?
 Maria, send me, too, thy griefs and cares;
 In all of thee, sure thy Esopus shares.
 As thou at all mankind the flag unfurls,
 Who on my fair one satire's vengeance hurls?
 Who calls thee pert, affected, vain coquette,
 A wit in folly, and a fool in wit?
 Who says that fool alone is not thy due,
 And quotes thy treacheries to prove it true?
 Our force united on thy foes we'll turn,
 And dare the war with all of woman born:
 For who can write and speak as thou and I?
 My periods that decyphering defy,
 And thy still matchless tongue that conquers all reply.

SONNET,

ON THE DEATH OF CAPTAIN RIDDEL, OF GLENRIDDEL,
 . APRIL, 1794.

No more, ye warblers of the wood,—no more!
 Nor pour your descant, grating, on my soul:
 Thon young-eyed Spring, gay in thy verdant stole,
 More welcome were to me grim Winter's wildest roar.
 How can ye charm, ye flow'rs, with all your dyes?
 Ye blow upon the sod that wraps my friend!
 How can I to the tuneful strain attend?
 That strain flows round th' untimely tomb where Riddel
 lies!
 Yes, pour, ye warblers, pour the notes of woe!
 And soothe the Virtues weeping on the bier:
 The man of worth, who hath not left his peer,
 Is in his "narrow house" for ever darkly low.
 The Spring again with joy shall others greet,
 Me, mem'ry of my loss will only meet.

IMPROMPTU,

ON MRS. RIDDEL'S BIRTH-DAY.

Old Winter, with his frosty beard,
 Thus orce to Jove his prayer prefer'd—
 "What have I done of all the year,
 To bear this hated doom severe?"

My cheerless suns no pleasure know ;
 Night's horrid car drags dreary, slow ;
 My dismal months no joys are crowning,
 But spleeny English, hanging, drowning.
 Now Jove, for once, be mighty civil,
 To counterbalance all this evil ;
 Give me, and I've no more to say,
 Give me Maria's natal day !
 That brilliant gift shall so enrich me,
 Spring, summer, autumn, cannot match me."
 "'Tis done !" says Jove ; so ends my story,
 And Winter once rejoic'd in glory.

A Vision.

As I stood by yon roofless tower,
 Where the wa'-flower scents the dewy air,
 Where th' owlet mourns in her ivy bower
 And tells the midnight moon her care—
 The winds were laid, the air was still,
 The stars they shot along the sky ;
 The fox was howling on the hill,
 To the distant-echoing glen's reply.
 The stream, adown its hazelly path,
 Was rushing by the ruin'd wa's,
 Hastening to join the sweeping Nith,
 Whose distant roaring swells and fa's.
 The cauld blue north was streaming forth
 Her lights, wi' hissing, eerie din ;
 Athwart the lift they start and shift,
 Like fortune's favours, tint as win.
 By heedless chance I turn'd mine eyes,
 And, by the moonbeam, shook to see
 A stern and stalwart ghaist arise,
 Attir'd as minstrels wont to be.
 Had I a statue been o' stane,
 His daring look had daunted me ;
 And on his bonnet grav'd was plain,
 The sacred motto—"Libertie !"
 And frae his harp sic strains did flow,
 Might rous'd the slumb'ring dead to hear ;
 But oh ! it was a tale of woe,
 As ever met a Briton's ear.
 He sang wi' joy the former day,
 He weeping waul'd his latter times ;
 But what he said it was nae play—
 I winna ventur't in my rhymes.

Liberty—A Fragment.

THEE, Caledonia, thy wild heaths among,
 Thee, fam'd for martial deeds and sacred song,
 To thee I turn with swimming eyes;
 Where is that soul of freedom fled?
 Immingl'd with the mighty dead!
 Beneath the hallow'd turf where Wallace lies.
 Hear it not, Wallace, in thy bed of death!
 Ye babbling winds, in silence sweep,
 Disturb not ye the hero's sleep,
 Nor give the coward secret breath.
 Is this the power in freedom's war,
 That wont to bid the battle rage?
 Behold that eye which shot immortal hate,
 Crushing the despot's proudest bearing—
 Behold e'en grizzly death's majestic state
 When Freedom's sacred glance e'en death is wearing.

Verses to Miss Graham,

OF FINTRY.

HERE, where the Scottish muse immortal lives,
 In sacred strains and tuneful numbers join'd,
 Accept the gift;—tho' humble he who gives,
 Rich is the tribute of the grateful mind.
 So may no ruffian-feeling in thy breast,
 Discordant jar thy bosom-chords among;
 But peace attune thy gentle soul to rest,
 Or love ecstatic wake thy seraph song.
 Or pity's notes, in luxury of tears,
 As modest want the tale of woe reveals;
 While conscious virtue all the strain endears,
 And heaven-born piety her sanction seals.

THE VOWELS.

A TALE.

'Twas where the birch and sounding thong are plied,
 The noisy domicile of pedant pride,
 Where ignorance her dark'ning vapour throws,
 And cruelty directs the thick'ning blows;
 Upon a time, Sir A-be-ce the great,
 In all the pedagogic powers elate,
 His awful chair of state resolves to mount,
 And call the trembling vowels to account.

First enter'd A, a grave, broad, solemn wight,
But, ah! deform'd, dishonest to the sight!
His twisted head look'd backward on his way,
And flagrant from the scourge he grunted, *ai!*

Reluctant, E stalk'd in; with piteous race
The jostling tears ran down his honest face!
That name, that well-worn name, and all his *own*,
Pale he surrenders at the tyrant's throne;
The Pedant stifles keen the Roman sound
Not all his mongrel diphthongs can compound;
And next the title following close behind,
He to the nameless, ghastly wretch assign'd.

The cobweb'd Gothic dome resounded, Y?
In sullen vengeance, I, disdain'd reply:
The pedant swung his felon cudgel round,
And knock'd the groaning vowel to the ground!

In rueful apprehension enter'd O,
The wailing minstrel of despairing woe;
Th' Inquisitor of Spain the most expert,
Might there have learnt new mysteries of his art;
So grim, deform'd, with horrors entering U,

His dearest friend and brother scarcely knew!
As trembling U stood staring all aghast,
The pedant on his left hand clutch'd him fast,
In helpless infants' tears he dipp'd his right,
Baptiz'd him *eu*, and kick'd him from his sight.

VERSES TO JOHN RANKINE.

ANE day, as Death, that gruesome carle,
Was driving to the tither warl'
A mixtie-maxtie, motley squad,
And mony a guilt-bespotted lad—
Black gowns of each denomination,
And thieves of every rank and station,
From him that wears the star and garter,
To him that wintles in a halter:
Asham'd himsel' to see the wretches,
He mutters, gloyrin' at the bitches,
"By G—, I'll not be seen behint them,
Nor 'mang the sp'ritual core present them,
Without, at least, an honest man,
To grace this d—'d infernal clan."
By Adamhill a glance he threw,
"L—d God!" quoth he, "I have it now,
There's just the man I want, i' faith!"
And quickly stoppit Rankine's breath.

ON SENSIBILITY.

TO MY DEAR AND MUCH-HONOURED FRIEND, MRS. DUNLOP,
OF DUNLOP.

SENSIBILITY how charming,
Thou, my friend, can truly tell;
But distress with horrors arming,
Thou hast also known too well!

Fairest flower, behold the lily,
Blooming in the sunny ray:
Let the blast sweep o'er the valley,
See it prostrate on the clay.

Hear the woodlark charm the forest,
Telling o'er his little joys;
Hapless bird! a prey the surest,
To each pirate of the skies.

Dearly bought, the hidden treasure,
Finer feelings can bestow;
Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure,
Thrill the deepest notes of woe.

Address

SPOKEN BY MISS FONTENELLE ON HER BENEFIT
NIGHT.

STILL anxious to secure your partial favour,
And not less anxious, sure, this night than ever,
A Prologue, Epilogue, or some such matter,
"Twould vamp my bill, said I, if nothing better;
So sought a poet, roosted near the skies,
Told him I came to feast my curious eyes;
Said, nothing like his works was ever printed;
And last, my Prologue-business silyly hinted.
"Ma'am, let me tell you," quoth my man of rhymes,
"I know your bent—these are no laughing times:
Can you—but Miss, I own I have my fears—
Dissolve in sighs—and sentimental tears,
With laden breath and solemn rounded sentence,
Rouse from his sluggish slumbers fell Repentance;
Paint Vengeance as he takes his horrid stand,
Waving on high the desolating braid,
Calling the storms to bear him o'er a guilty land?"

I could no more—askance the creature eyeing,
D'ye think, said I, this face was made for crying?
I'll laugh, that's poz—nay more, the world shall know it;
And so, your servant, gloomy Master Poet!
Firm as my creed, Sirs, 'tis my fixed belief,
That misery's another word for grief;
I also think—so may I be a bride!—
That so much laughter, so much life enjoy'd.

Thou man of crazy care and ceaseless sigh,
 Still under bleak Misfortune's blasting eye;
 Doom'd to that sorest task of man alive—
 To make three guineas do the work of five;
 Laugh in Misfortune's face—the beldam witch!—
 Say you'll be merry, tho' you can't be rich.

Thou other man of care, the wretch in love,
 Who long with jiltish arts and airs hast strove;
 Who, as the boughs all temptingly project,
 Measur'st in desperate thought—a rope—thy neck—
 Or, where the beetling cliff o'erhangs the deep,
 Peerest to meditate the healing leap:
 Would'st thou be cur'd, thou silly, moping elf!
 Laugh at her follies—laugh e'en at thyself:
 Learn to despise those frowns, now so terrific,
 And love a kinder—that's your grand specific.

To sum up all, be merry, I advise;
 And as we're merry, may we still be wise.

To Chloris

'Tis Friendship's pledge, my young fair friend,
 Nor thou the gift refuse,
 Nor with unwilling ear attend
 The moralising muse.

Since thou, in all thy youth and charms,
 Must bid the world adieu,
 (A world 'gainst peace in constant arms)
 To join the friendly few.

Since thy gay morn of life's o'ereast,
 Chill came the tempest's lower;
 (And ne'er misfortune's eastern blast
 Did nip a fairer flower.)

Since life's gay scenes must charm no more,
 Still much is left behind;
 Still nobler wealth hast thou in store—
 The comforts of the mind!

Thine is the self-approving glow,
 On conscious honour's part;
 And, dearest gift of heaven below,
 Thine friendship's truest heart.

The joy's refined of sense and taste,
 With every muse to rove:
 And doubly were the poet blest,
 These joys could he improve.

Address to the Shade of Thomson,
ON CROWNING HIS BUST AT EDNAM, ROXBURGH-
SHIRE, WITH BAYS.

While virgin spring, by Eden's flood,
Unfolds her tender mantle green,
Or pranks the sod in frolic mood,
Or tunes Eolian strains between :

While Summer, with a matron grace,
Retreats to Dryburgh's cooling shade,
Yet oft delighted, stops to trace
The progress of the spiky blade :

While Autumn, benefactor kind,
By Tweed erects his aged head,
And sees with self-approving mind,
Each creature on his bounty fed :

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 :

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.

BALLADS ON MR. HERON'S ELECTIONS.

[BALLAD FIRST.]

WHOM you will send to London town,
To Parliament and a' that ?
Or wha in a' the country round
The best deserves to fa' that ?
For a' that, and a' that,
Thro' Galloway and a' that ;
Where is the laird or belted knight
That best deserves to fa' that ?

Wha sees Kerroughtree's open yett,
And wha is't never saw that ?
Wha ever wi' Kerroughtree met
And has a doubt of a' that ?
For a' that, and a' that,
Here's Heron yet, for a' that !
The independent patriot,
The honest man and a' that.

Tho wit and worth in either sex,
 St. Mary's Isle can shaw that;
 Wi' dukes and Lords let Selkirk mix,
 And weel does Selkirk fa' that.
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Here's Heron yet, for a' that!
 The independent commoner
 Shall be the man for a' that.

But why should we to nobles jouk?
 And is't against the law that?
 For why, a lord may be a gouk,
 Wi' ribbon, star, and a' that.
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Here's Heron yet for a' that!
 A lord may be a lousy loon,
 Wi' ribbon, star, and a' that.

A beardless boy comes o'er the hills,
 Wi' uncle's purse and a' that;
 But we'll hae ane frae 'mang oursels,
 A man we ken, and a' that,
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Here's Heron yet for a' that!
 For we're not to be bought and sold
 Like naigs and nowt, and a' that

Then let us drink the Stewartry,
 Kerroughtree's laird, and a' that,
 Our representative to be,
 For weel he's worthy a' that.
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Here's Heron yet, for a' that!
 A House of Commons such as he,
 They would be blest that saw that.

[BALLAD SECOND.]

The Election.

FY, let us a' to Kircudbright,
 For there will be bickerin' there;
 For Murray's light-horse are to muster,
 And oh, how the heroes will swear!
 And there will be Murray commander,
 And Gordon the battle to win;
 Like brothers they'll stand by each other,
 Sae knit in alliance an' sin.

And there will be black-lippit Johnnie,
 The tongue o' the trump to them a';
 An' he get na hell for his haddin'
 The deil gets na justice ava';

And there will be Kempleton's birkie,
 A boy no sae black at the bane,
 But, as for his fine nabob fortune,
 We'll e'en let the subject alane.

And there will be Wigton's new sheriff;
 Dame Justice fu' brawlie has sped,
 She's gotten the heart of a Busby,
 But, Lord, what's become of the head?
 And there will be Cardoness, Esquire,
 Sae mighty in Cardoness' eyes;
 A wight that will weather damnation,
 For the devil the prey will despise.

And there will be Douglasses doughty,
 New christ'ning towns far and near;
 Abjuring their democrat doings,
 By kissing the — o' a peer;
 And there will be Kenmure sae gen'rous,
 Whose honour is proof to the storm,
 To save them from stark reprobation,
 He lent, then, his name to the firm.

But we winna mention Redcastle,
 The body, e'en let him escape!
 He'd venture the gallows for siller,
 An' 'twere na the cost o' the rape.
 And where is our king's lord lieutenant,
 Sae fam'd for his gratefu' return?
 The billie is getting his questions,
 To say in St. Stephen's the morn.

And there will be lads o' the gospel,
 Muirhead, wha's as good as he's true;
 And there will be Buittle's apostle,
 Wha's more o' the black than the blue:
 And there will be folk from St. Mary's,
 A house o' great merit and note,
 The deil ane but honours them highly—
 The deil ane will gi'e him his vote.

And there will be healthy young Richard,
 Dame Fortune should hing by the neck,
 For prodigal, thriftless, bestowing,
 His merit had won him respect:
 And there will be rich brother nabobs,
 Tho' nabobs yet men of the first,
 And there will be Collieston's whiskers,
 And Quintin, o' lads not the warst.

And there will be stamp-office Johnnie,
 Tak tent how you purchase a dram;
 And there will be gay Cassencarrie,
 And there will be gleg Colonel Tam.

And there will be trusty Kerroughtree,
 Whose honour was ever his law,
 If the virtues were packed in a parcel,
 His worth might be sample for a'.

And can we forget the old major,
 Wha'll ne'er be forgot in the Greys,
 Our flatt'ry we'll keep for some other,
 Him only 'tis justice to praise.
 And there will be maiden Kilkerran,
 And also Barskimming's guid knight,
 And there will be roarin' Birtwhistle,
 Wha, luckily, roars in the right.

And there frae the Niddesdale borders,
 Will mingle the Maxwells in droves;
 Tough Johnnie, stanch Geordie, and Walie
 That griens for the fishes and loaves;
 And there will be Logan Mac Douall,
 Sculdudd'ry and he will be there,
 And also the wild Scot of Galloway,
 Sodgerin' gunpowder Blair.

Then hey the chase interest o' Broughton.
 And hey for the blessings 'twill bring!
 It may send Balmaghie to the Commons,
 In Sodom 'twould make him a king;
 And hey for the sanctified Murray,
 Our land who wi' chapels has stor'd;
 He founder'd his horse among harlots,
 But gied the auld naig to the Lord.

[BALLAD THIRD.]

An Excellent New Song,

TUNE—*Buy broom besoms.*

WHA will buy my troggin,
 Fine election ware;
 Broken trade o' Broughton,
 A' in high repair.
 Buy braw troggin,
 Frae the banks o' Dee;
 Who wants troggin
 Let him come to me,

There's a noble Earl's
 Fame and high renown,
 For an auld sang—
 It's thought the gudes were strown,
 Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here's the worth of Broughton,
 In a needle's e'e :
 Here's a reputation
 Tint by Balmaghie,
 Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here's an honest conscience
 Might a prince adorn ;
 Frae the downs o' Tinwald—
 So was never worn.
 Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here its stuff and lining,
 Cardoness's head ;
 Fine for a sad ^{lead} ~~lead~~
 lead.
 Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here's a little wadset
 Buittle's scrap o' truth,
 Pawn'd in a gin shop
 Quenching holy drouth.
 Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here's armorial bearings,
 Frae the manse o' Urr ;
 The crest an auld crab-apple,
 Rotten at the core.
 Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here is Satan's picture,
 Like a bizzard gled,
 Pouncing poor Redcastle
 Sprawlin' as a taed.
 Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here's the worth and wisdom
 Collieston can boast ;
 By a thievish midge
 They had been nearly lost.
 Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here is Murray's fragments
 O' the ten commands ;
 Gifted by black Jock
 To get them aff his hands.
 Buy braw troggin, &c.

Saw ye e'er sic troggin ?
 If to buy ye're slack,
 Hornie's turmin' chapman—
 He'll buy a' the pack.
 Buy braw troggin
 Frae the banks o' Dee :
 Wha' wants troggin
 Let him come to me.

On Life.

ADDRESSED TO COLONEL DE PEYSTEP.
DUMFRIES, 1796.

My honoured colonel, deep I feel
Your interest in the poets weal:
Ah! now sma' heart ha'e I to speel
The steep Parnassus,
Surrounded thus by bolus pill,
And potion glasses.

Oh what a canty war'd were it,
Would pain an' care and sickness spare it.
And fortune favour worth and merit,
As they deserve!
(And aye a rowth roast beef and claret;
Syne wina wad starve?)

Dame Life, tho' fiction out may trick her,
And in paste gems and frippery deck her;
Oh! flickering, feeble; and unsicker,
I've found her still
Eye wavering like the willow-wicker,
'Tween good and ill.

Then that curst carmagroie, auld Satan,
Watches like baudrons by a rattan,
Our zinfu' saul to get a claut on
Wi' the fire;
Syne, whip! his tail y'e'll na'er cast saut on—
He's aff like fire.

Auld Nick! auld Nick! it is na fair,
First shewing us the tempting ware,
Bright wines and bonnie lasses rare,
To put us daft;
Syne weave, unseen, thy spider snare
O' hell's damned waft.

Poor man, the flie, aft bizzes by,
And aft as chance he comes thee nigh,
Thy auld damu'd elbow yeuks wi' joy,
And hellish pleasure;
Already in thy fancy's eye,
Thy sicker treasure!

Soon heel's-o'er-gowdie! in he gangs,
And like a sheep-head on a tangs,
Thy girning laugh enjoys his pangs
And murd'ring wrestle,
As, dangling in the wind, he hangs
A gibbet's tassel.

But lest you think I am uncivil,
 To plague you with this draunting drivel,
 Abjuring a' intentions evil,
 I quat' my pen :
 The Lord preserve us a' frae the devil !
 Amen ! Amen !

Inscription

FOR AN ALTAR TO INDEPENDENCE.

THOU of an independent mind,
 With soul resolv'd, with soul resign'd ;
 Prepar'd Power's proudest frown to brave,
 Who wilt not be, nor have a slave ;
 Virtue alone who dost revere.
 Thy own reproach alone dost fear,
 Approach this shrine, and worship here.

On the Death of a Favourite Child.

Oh sweet be thy sleep in the land of the grave,
 My dear little angel, for ever ;
 For ever—oh no ! let not man be a slave ;
 His hopes from existence to sever.

Though cold be the clay where thou pillow'st thy head,
 In the dark, silent mansions of sorrow,
 The spring shall return to thy low, narrow bed,
 Like the beam of the day-star to-morrow.

The flower-stem shall bloom like thy sweet seraph form,
 'Ere the spoiler had nipt thee in blossom,
 When thou shrunk'st frae the scowl of the loud winter storm
 And nestled thee close to that bosom.

Oh still I behold thee, all lovely in death,
 Reclined on the lap of thy mother ;
 When the tear trickled bright, when the short, stifled breath,
 Told how dear ye were aye to each other.

My child, thou'art gone to the home of thy rest,
 Where suffering no longer can harm ye,
 Where the songs of the good, where the hymns of the blest,
 Through an endless existence shall charm thee.

While he, thy fond parent, must sighing sojourn,
 Though the dire desert regions of sorrow,
 O'er the hope and misfortune of being to mourn,
 And sigh for this life's latest morrow

To Mr. Mitchell,

COLLECTOR OF EXCISE, DUMFRIES, 1769

FRIEND of the Poet, tried and leal,
Wha, wanting thee, might beg or steal;
Alack! alack! the meikle diel

Wi' a' his witches
Are at it, skelpin' jig and reel,
In my poor pouches!

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

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

POSTSCRIPT.

Ye've heard this while how I've been licket,
And by fell death was nearly nicket;
Grim loan! ye got me by the fecket,
And sair me sheuk;
But oy good luck I lap a wicket,
And turn'd a neuk.

But by that health, I've got a shore o't.,
And by that life, I've promised mair o't,
My hale and weel, I'll tak a care o't,
A tentier way;
Then fareweil folly, hide and hair o't,
For ance and aye!

THE RUINED MAID'S LAMENT.

Oh, meikle do I rue, fause love,
Oh sairly do I rue,
That e'er I heard your flattering tongue,
That e'er your face I knew.

Oh! I ha'e tent my rosy cheeks,
my waist sae sma';
And I ha'e lost my lightsome heart,
That little wist a fa'.

Now I maun thole the scornfu' sneer
 O' mony a saucy quean;
 When gin the truth were a' but kent,
 Her life's been warse than mine.

Whene'er my father thinks on me,
 He stares into the wa';
 My mither, she has ta'en the bed
 Wi' thinkin' on my fa'.

Whene'er I hear my father's foot,
 My heart wad burst wi' pain;
 Whene'er I meet my mither's e'e,
 My tears rin down like rain.

Alas! sae sweet a tree as love
 Sic bitter fruit should bear!
 Alas! that e'er a bonnie face
 Should draw a sauty tear!

* * * *

THE DEAN OF THE FACULTY.

A NEW BALLAD.

DIRE was the hate at auld Harlaw,
 That Scot to Scot did carry;
 And dire the discord Langside saw,
 For beauteous hapless Mary:
 But Scot with Scot ne'er met so hot,
 Or were more in fury seen, Sir,
 Than 'twixt Hal and Bob for the famous job—
 Who should be faculty's Dean, Sir.

This Hal for genus, wit, and lore,
 Among the first was number'd;
 But pious Bob, 'mid learning's store,
 Commandment ten remember'd.
 Yet simple Bob the victory got,
 And won his heart's desire;
 Which shows that Heaven can boil the pot,
 Though the devil's — in the fire.

Squire Hal besides had in this case
 Pretensions rather brassy,
 For talents to deserve a place
 Are qualifications saucy;
 So their worships of the "Faculty"
 Quite sick of merit's rudeness,
 Chose one who should owe it all, d'ye see,
 To their gratis grace and goodness.

As once on Pisgah purg'd was the sight
 Of a son of Circumcision,
 So may be, on this Pisgah height,
 Bob's purblind, mental vision :
 Nay, Bobby's mouth may be open'd yet
 Till for eloquence you hail him,
 And swear he has the Angel met
 That met the Ass of Balaam.

 VERSES

ON THE DESTRUCTION OF THE WOODS NEAR DRUMLANZIG.

As on the banks o' wandering Nith,
 Ane smiling simmer-morn I strayed,
 And traced its bonnie howes and haughs,
 Where linties sang and lambkins play'd ;
 I sat me down upon a craig
 And drank my fill o' fancy's dream,
 When from the eddying deep below,
 Uprose the genius of the stream.

Dark, like the frowning rock, his brow,
 And troubled, like his wintry wave,
 And deep, as sighs the boding wind
 Among his caves, the sigh he gave—
 "And ye came here, my son," he cried,
 "To wander in my birken shade?
 To muse some favourite Scottish theme,
 Or sing some favourite Scottish maid.

"There was a time, it's nae lang syne,
 Ye might ha'e seen me in my pride,
 When a' my banks sae bravely saw
 Their woody pictures in my tide ;
 When hanging beech and spreading elm
 Shaded my stream sae clear and cool ;
 And stately oaks their twisted arms
 Threw broad and dark across the pool !

"When glinting, through the trees, appeared
 The wee white cot aboon the mill,
 And peacefu' rose its ingle reek,
 That slowly curled up the hill.
 But now the cot is bare and cauld,
 Its branchy shelter's lost and gane,
 And scarce a stunted birk is left
 To shiver in the blast is lane."

"Alas!" said I, "what ruefu' chance
 Has twin'd ye o' your stately trees?"

Has laid your rocky bosom bare?
 Has stripp'd the cleeding o' your braes?
 Was it the bitter eastern blast,
 That scatters blight in early spring?
 Or was't the wil'fire scorched their boughs,
 Or canker-worm wi' secret sting?
 Nae eastlin blast," the sprite replied:
 "It blew na here sac fierce and fell,
 And on my dry and wholesome banks
 Nae canker-worms gat leave to dwell;
 Man! cruel man!" the genius sigh'd—
 As through the clif's he sank him down,—
 "The worm that gnaw'd my bonnie trees,
 That reptile wears a ducal crown."

On the Duke of Queensberry.

How shall I sing Drumlanrig's Grace—
 Discarded remnant of a race
 Once great in martial story?
 His forbears' virtues all contrasted—
 The very name of Douglas blasted—
 His that inverted glory.
 Hate, envy, oft the Douglas bore;
 But he has superadded more,
 And sunk them in contempt;
 Follies and crimes have stain'd the name,
 But, Queensberry, thine the virgin claim,
 From aught that's good exempt.

VERSES TO JOHN M'MURDO, ESQ.

[WITH A PRESENT OF BOOKS.]

OH, could I give thee India's wealth
 As I this trifle send,
 Because thy joy in both would be
 To share them with a friend.
 But golden sands did never grace
 The Heliconian stream;
 Then take what gold could never buy—
 An honest Bard's esteem.

ON MR. M'MURDO.

INSCRIBED ON A PANE OF GLASS IN HIS HOUSE.

BLEST be M'Murdo to his latest day!
 No envious cloud o'ercast his evening ray;

No wrinkle furrowed by the hand of care,
Nor ever sorrow add one silver hair!
Oh, may no son the father's honour stain,
Nor ever daughter give the mother pain!

Impromptu to Willie Stewart.

YOU'RE welcome, Willie Stewart,
You're welcome, Willie Stewart,
There's ne'er a flower that blooms in May,
That's half's sae welcome's thou art.

Come, bumpers high, express your joy,
The bowl we mair renew it;
The tappit-hen gae bring her ben,
To welcome Willie Stewart.

May foes be strang, and friends be slack,
Ilk action may be ruc it;
May woman on him turn her back,
That wrangs thee, Willie Stewart.

To Miss Jessy Lewis,

[WITH A PRESENT OF BOOKS.]

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

Tibbie, I ha'e seen the Day.

TUNE—*Invercauld's Reel.*

OH Tibbie, I ha'e seen the day
Ye wad na been sae shy;
For lack o' gear ye slighted me,
But, trowth, I care na by.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Montgomery's Peggy.

TUNE—*Galla-Water.*

ALTHO' my bed were in yon muir
Among the heather, in my plaidie,
Yet happy, happy would I be,
Had I my dear Montgomery's Peggy.
When o'er the hill beat surly storms,
And winter nights were dark and rainy,
I'd seek some dell, and in my arms
I'd shelter dear Montgomery's Peggy.
Were I a baron proud and high,
And horse and servants waiting ready,
Then a 'twad gi'e o' joy to me,
The sharin't with Montgomery's Peggy

Bonny Peggy Alison.

TUNE—*Braes o' Balquhiddier.*

CHORUS.

I'll kiss thee yet, yet,
And I'll kiss the o'er again;
And I'll kiss thee, yet, yet,
My bonnie Peggy Alison;

Ilk care and fear, when thou art near,
 I never mair defy them, O;
 Young kings upon their hansel throne
 Are no sae blest as I am, O!

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

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

Here's to thy health, my bonnie Lass.

TUNE—*Laggan Burn.*

HERE's to thy health, my bonnie lass,
 Guid night, and joy be wi' thee;
 I'll come nae mair to thy bower-door,
 To tell thee that I loe thee:
 Oh dinna think, my pretty pink,
 But I can live without thee;
 I vow and swear I dinna care
 How lang ye look about ye.

Thou'rt aye sae free informing me
 Thou hast nae mind to marry,
 I'll be as free informing thee
 Nae time ha'e I to tarry.
 I ken thy friends try iika means,
 Frae wedlock to delay thee,
 Depending on some higher chance—
 But fortune may betray thee.

I ken they scorn my low estate,
 But that does never grieve me;
 But I'm as free as any he,
 Sma' siller will relieve me.
 I count my health my greatest wealth.
 Sae long as I'll enjoy it;
 I'll fear nae scant, I'll bode nae want,
 As lang's I get employment.

But far-off fowls ha'e feathers fair,
 And aye until ye try them,
 Tho' they seem fair, still have a care,
 They may prove worse than I am.
 But at twilit night, when the moon shines bright
 My dear, I'll come and see thee;
 For the man that lo'es his mistress weel,
 Nae travel makes him weary.

Young Peggy.

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

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

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

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

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

JOHN BARLEYCORN.

A BALLAD.

THERE were three kings into the east,
 Three kings both great and high,
 And they ha'e sworn a solemn oath
 John Barleycorn should die.

The took a plough and plough'd him dOWN,
 Put clods upon his head;
 And they ha'e sworn a solemn oath
 John Barleycorn was dead.

But the cheerful spring came kindly on,
And show'rs began to fall,
John Barleycorn got up again,
And sore surpris'd them all.

The sultry suns of summer came,
And he grew thick and strong,
His head weel arm'd wi' pointed spears,
That no one should him wrong.

The sober autumn entered mild,
When he grew wan and pale;
His bending joints and drooping head
Show'd he began to fail.

His colour sicken'd more and more,
He faded into age,
And then his enemies began
To show their deadly rage.

They've ta'en a weapon, long and sharp,
And cut him by the knee;
They tied him fast upon a cart,
Like a rogue for forgerie.

They laid him down upon his back,
And cudgel'd him full sore;
They hung him up before the storm,
And turn'd him o'er and o'er.

They filled up a darksome pit
With water to the brim:
They heaved in John Barleycorn,
There let him sink or swim.

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.

They wasted o'er a scorching flame
The marrow of his bones;
But a miller used him warst of all,
For he crush'd him 'tween two stones.

And they ha'e ta'en his very heart's blood
And drunk it round and round;
And still the more and more they drank,
Their joy did more abound.

John Barleycorn was a hero bold,
Of noble enterprise;
For if you do but taste his blood,
"Twill make your courage rise.

"Twill make a man forget his woe,
"Twill heighten all his joy;

"Twill make the widow's heart to sing
 Tho' the tear were in her eye.
 Then let us toast John Barleycorn,
 Each man a glass in hand,
 And may his great posterity
 Ne'er fail in old Scotland!

The Rigs o' Barley.

TUNE—*Corn Rigs are bonnie*

It was upon a Lammas night,
 When corn rigs are bonnie,
 Beneath the moon's unclouded light,
 I heft awa to Annie :
 The time flew by with tentless heed,
 Till 'tween the late and early,
 Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed
 To see me through the barley.

The sky was blue, the wind was still,
 The moon was shining clearly ;
 I sat her down wi' right good will
 Among the rigs o' barley ;
 I kent her heart was a' my ain,
 I lov'd her most sincerely ;
 I kiss'd her owre and owre again,
 Among the rigs o' barley.

I lock'd her in my fond embrace,
 Her heart was beating rarely ;
 My blessings on that happy place,
 Among 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
 Among the rigs o' barley.

I ha'e been blythe wi' comrades dear,
 I ha'e been merry drinkin' ;
 I ha'e been joyfu', gath'ring gear,
 I ha'e been happy thinkin' :
 But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,
 Tho' three times doubl'd fairly,
 That happy night was worth them a'
 Among the rigs o' barley.

CHORUS.

Corn rigs and barley rigs,
 And corn rigs are bonnie ;
 I'll ne'er forget that happy night
 Among the rigs wi' Annie.

*The Ploughman,*TUNE—*Up wi' the Ploughman.*

THE ploughman he's a bonnie lad,
 His mind is ever true, jo;
 His garters knit below his knee,
 His bonnet it is blue, jo,
 Then up wi' my ploughman lad,
 And hey, my merry ploughman!
 Of a' the trades that I do ken,
 Commend me to the ploughman.

My ploughman he comes hame at e'en,
 He's aften wet and weary;
 Cast aff the wat, put on the dry,
 And gae to bed, my dearie!

I will wash my ploughman's hose
 And I will dress his o'erlay;
 I will mak my ploughman's bed,
 And cheer him late and early.

I ha'e been east, I ha'e been west,
 I ha'e been at St. Johnston;
 The bonniest sight that e'er I saw
 Was the ploughman laddie dancin'.

Snaw-white stockings on his legs,
 And siller buckles glancin';
 A guid blue bonnet on his head—
 And oh, but he was handsome!

Commend me to the barn-yard,
 And at the corn-mou, man;
 I never gat my coggie fou,
 Till I meet wi' the ploughman.

SONG COMPOSED IN AUGUST.

TUNE—*I had a horse, I had nae mair.*

Now westling winds and slaughtering guns
 Bring autumn's pleasant weather;
 The moorcock springs, on whirring wing,
 Among the blooming heather:
 Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain,
 Delights the weary farmer,
 And the moon shines bright, when I rove at night,
 To muse upon my charmer.

The patridge loves the fruitful fells,
 The plover loves the mountains;
 The woodcock haunts the lonely dells,
 The soaring hern the fountains;

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

Thus ev'ry kind their pleasure find,
 The savage and the tender,
 Some social join, and leagues combine;
 Some solitary wander:
 Avaunt, away! the cruel sway,
 Tyrannic man's dominion;
 The sportman's joy, the murd'ring cry
 The flutt'ring gory pinion.

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

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

YON WILD MOSSY MOUNTAINS

TUNE—*Yon wild mossy Mountains.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

My Nannie, O.

TUNE—*My Nannie, O.*

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

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

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

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

A country lad is my degree,
 And few there be that ken me, O;
 But what care I how few they be?
 I'm welcome aye to Nannie, O.

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

Our old guidman delights to view
 His sheep and kye thrive bonnie, O;
 But I'm as blythe that hands his pleugh,
 And ha'e nae care but Nannie, O.
 Come weal, come woe, I care nae by,
 I'll tak what Heav'n will sen' me, O;
 Nae ither care in life have I,
 But live and love my Nannie, O.

GREEN GROW THE RASHES.

TUNE—*Green grow the Rashes.*

CHORUS.

Green grow the rashes, O!
 Green grow the rashes, O!
 The sweetest hours that e'er I spend
 Are spent among the lasses, O.
 There's nought but care on ev'ry han',
 In every hour that passes, O:
 What signifies the life o' man,
 An 'twere na for the lasses, O.
 The warly race may riches chase,
 And riches still may fly them, O;
 And tho' at last they catch them fast,
 Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.
 But gi'e me a canny hour at e'en,
 My arms about my dearie, O;
 And warl'ly cares, and warl'ly men,
 May a' gae tapsalteerie, O.
 For you sae douce, ye sneer at this,
 Ye're nought but senseless asses, O:
 The wisest man the warl' e'er saw,
 He dearly lov'd the lasses, O.
 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.

THE CURE FOR ALL CARE.

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

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.

The peer I don't envy, I give him his bough;
 I scorn not the peasant, tho' ever so low;
 But a club of good fellows, like those that are here,
 And a bottle like this, are my glory and care.

Here passes the squire on his brother—his horse;
 There centum per centum, the cit with his purse;
 But see you The Crown, how it waves in the air!
 There a big-bellied bottle still eases my care.

The wife of my bosom, alas! she did die;
 For sweet consolation to church I did fly;
 I found that old Solomon proved it fair,
 That a big-bellied bottle's a cure for all care.

I once was persuaded a venture to make;
 A letter inform'd me that all was to wreck;—
 But the pursy old landlord just waddled up stairs,
 With a glorious bottle that ended my cares.

"Life's cares they are comforts"—a maxim laid down
 By the bard, what dy'e call him, that wore the black gown;
 And, faith, I agree with th' old prig to a hair;
 For a big-bellied bottle's a heav'n 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!

ON CESSNOCK BANKS.

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

On Cressnock banks there lives a lass,
 Could I describe her shape and mien;
 The graces of her weel-faur'd face,
 And the glancin' of her sparklin' een!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

But it's not her air, her form, her face,
 Tho' matching beauty's fabled queen,
 But the mind that shines in every grace,
 And chiefly in her sparklin' een.

The Highland Lassie.

TUNE—*The Deuks dang o'er my Daddy!*

NÆ gentle dames, tho' e'er sae fair,
 Shall ever be my muse's care;
 Their titles a' are empty show,
 Gi'e me my Highland lassie, O.
 Within the glen sae bushy, O,
 Aboon the plains sae rushy, O,
 I sit me down wi' right good will,
 To sing my Highland lassie, O.

Oh were you hills and vallies mine,
 You palace and you garden fine,
 The world then the love should know,
 I bear my Highland lassie, O.

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

Altho' thro' foreign climes I range,
 I know her heart will never change,
 For her bosom burns with honour's gl^ory,
 My faithful Highland lassie, O.

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

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

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

POWERS CELESTIAL.

TUNE—*Blue Bonnets.*

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

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

FROM THEE, ELIZA.

TUNE—*Gilderoy, or Donald.*

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

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

MENIE.

TUNE—*Johnny's grey Brecks.*

AGAIN rejoicing nature sees
 Her robe assume its vernal hues,
 Her leafy locks wave in the breeze,
 All freshly steep'd in morning dews.
 And maun I still on Menie doat,
 And bear the scorn that's in her ee?
 For it's jet, jet black, and like a hawk,
 And winna let a body be.

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

The merry ploughboy cheers his team,
 Wi' joy the tentie seedsman stalks;
 But life to me's a weary dream,
 A dream of ane that never wauks.

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

The shepherd steeks his faulding slap,
 And owre the moorland whistles shrill;
 Wi' wild, unequal, wand'ring step,
 I meet him on the dewy hill.

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

Come, Winter, with thine angry howl,
 And raging bend the naked tree:
 Thy gloom will soothe my cheerless soul,
 When nature all is sad like me!

THE FAREWELL.

TO THE BRETHREN OF ST. JAMES'S LODGE, TARBOLTON,

TUNE—*Good Night, and joy be wi' you a'!*

ADIEU! a heart-warm, fond adieu!
 Dear brothers of the mystic tie!
 Ye favour'd, ye enlighten'd few,
 Companions of my social joy;
 Tho' I to foreign lands must hie,
 Pursuing Fortune's slipp'ry ba'.
 With melting heart and brimful eye,
 I'll mind you still, though far awa'.

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 mem'ry on my heart shall write
 Those happy scenes when far awa'.

May freedom, harmony, and love
 Unite you in the grand design,
 Beneath the Omniscient Eye above,
 The Glorious Architect divine!
 That you may keep th' unerring line,
 Still rising by the plummet's law.
 Till order bright completely shine,
 Shall be my prayer when far awa'.

And you, farewell, whose merits claim,
 Justly, that highest badge to wear!
 Heav'n 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'.

THE BRAES O' BALLOCHMYLE.

TUNE—*The Braes o' Ballochmyle.*

THE Catrine woods were yellow seen,
 The flowers decay'd on Catrine lea,
 Nae lav'rock sang on hillock green,
 But nature sicken'd on the ee.
 Thro' faded groves Maria sang,
 Hersel' in beauty's bloom the while,
 And aye the wild-wood echoes rang,
 Fareweel the braes o' Ballochmyle.

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

THE LASS O' BALLOCHMYLE.

TUNE—*Miss Forbes's Farewell to Banff*

'T WAS even—the dewy fields were green,
 On ev'ry blade the pearlies hang,
 The zephyr wanton'd round the bean,
 And bore its fragrant sweets along:
 In every glen the mavis sang,
 All nature list'n'ing seem'd the while,
 Except where greenwood echoes rang
 Among the braes o' Ballöchmyle.

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

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

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

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

THE GLOOMY NIGHT IS GATHERING FAST

TUNE—*Roslin Castle.*

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

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

'Tis not the surging billows' roar,
 'Tis not that fatal, deadly shore,
 Tho' death in every shape appear,
 The wretched have no more to fear !
 But round my heart the ties are bound,
 That heart transpierc'd wi' many a wound,
 These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,
 To leave the bonny banks of Ayr.

Farewell, old Coila's hills and dales,
 Her heathy moors and winding vales ;
 To 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.

THE BANKS O' DOON.

TUNE—*Caledonian Hunt's Delight.*

YE banks and brpes o' bonnie Doon,
 How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair;
 How can ye chant, ye little birds,
 And I sae weary fu' o' care?
 Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,
 That wanton'st thro' the flow'ring thorn,
 Thou mind'st me o' departed joys,
 Departed—never to return!

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

THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY.

TUNE—*The Birks of Abergeldy.*

CHORUS.

BONNIE lassie, will ye go,
 Will ye go, will ye go;
 Bonnie lassie, will ye go,
 To the birks of Abergeldy?

Now simmer blinks on flow'ry braes,
 And o'er the crystal streamlet plays,
 Come, let us spend the lightsome days
 In the birks of Abergeldy.

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

The braes ascend, like lofty wa's,
 The foamy stream, deep-roaring fa's,
 O'erhung wi' fragrant, spreading shaws,
 The birks of Abergeldy.

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

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

I'm owre Young to Marry Yet.

TUNE—*I'm owre young to marry yet.*

I AM my mammy's ae bairn,
 Wi' unco folk I weary, Sir,
 And if I gang to your house,
 I'm fley'd 'twill make me eerie, Sir.

I'm owre young to marry yet,
 I'm owre young to marry yet;
 I'm owre young—'twad be a sin
 To take me frae my mammy yet.

Hallowmas is come and gane,
 The nights are lang in winter, Sir;
 And you and I in wedlock's bands,
 In troth, I dare not venture, Sir.
 I'm owre young. &c.

Fu' loud and shrill the frosty wind
 Blaws thro' the leafless timmer, Sir;
 But if ye come this gate again,
 I'll aulder be gin simmer, Sir.
 I'm owre young, &c.

Macpherson's Farewell.

TUNE—*M' Pherson's Rant.*

FAREWELL, ye dungeons dark and strong,
 The wretch's destinie;
 Macpherson's time will not be long
 On yonder gallows-tree.
 Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
 Sae dauntingly gaed he;
 He play'd a spring, and danc'd it round,
 Below the gallows-tree

Oh, what is death, but parting breath?—
 On many a bloody plain
 I've dar'd his face, and in this place
 I scorn him yet again;

Untie the bands from off my hands,
 And bring to me my sword;
 And there's no man in all Scotland,
 But I'll brave him at a word.

I've liv'd a life of sturt and strife;
 I die by treacherie;
 It burns my heart I must depart
 And not avenged be.

Now farewell light, thou sunshine bright,
 And all beneath the sky!
 May coward shame distain his name,
 The wretch that dares not die!

How long and dreary is the Night.

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

When I think on the happy days
 I spent wi' you, my dearie,
 And now what lands between us lie,
 How can I be but eerie!

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours,
 As ye were wae and weary!
 It was na sae ye glinted by,
 When I was wi' my dearie.
 It was na sae ye glinted by,
 When I was wi' my dearie.

Here's a health to them that's awa

TUNE—*Here's a Health to them that's awa.*

HERE's a health to them that's awa,
 Here's a health to them that's awa;
 And wha wiuna wish guid luck to our cause,
 May never guid luck be their fa'!
 It's good to be merry and wise,
 It's good to be honest and true,
 It's guid to support Caledonia's cause,
 And bide by the buff and the blue.

Here's a health to them that's awa,
 Here's a health to them that's awa;
 Here's a health to Charlie, the chief o' the clan,
 Altho' that his ban'd be sma'.

May liberty meet with success!
 May prudence protect her frae evil!
 May tyrants and tyranny tane in the mist,
 And wander their way to the devil!

Here's a health to them that's awa,
 Here's a health to them that's awa;
 Here's a health to Tamme, the Norland laddie,
 That lives at the lug o' the law;
 Here's freedom to him that wad read!
 Here's freedom to him that wad write;
 There's nae ever fear'd that the truth should be heard,
 But they wham the truth wad indite.

Here's a health to them that's awa,
 Here's a health to them that's awa;
 Here's Chieftain M'Leod, a Chieftain worth gow'd,
 Tho' bred amang mountains o' snaw!
 Here's friends on both sides of the Forth,
 And friends on both sides of the Tweed;
 And wha wad betray old Albion's rights,
 May they never eat of her bread.

STRATHALLAN'S LAMENT.

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

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

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

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

THE BANKS OF THE DEVON.

TUNE—*Bhannerach dhon na chri.*

How pleasant the banks of the clear winding Devon,
 With green spreading bushes and flowers blooming fair!
 But the bonniest flower on the banks of the Devon
 Was once a sweet bud on the braes of the Ayr.

Mild be the sun on this sweet blushing flower
 In the gay rosy morn, as it bathes in the dew;
 And gentle the fall of the soft vernal shower,
 That steals on the evening each leaf to renew.
 Oh spare the dear blossom, ye orient breezes;
 With chill hoary wing, as ye usher the dawn;
 And far be thou distant, thou reptile that seizes
 The verdure and pride of the garden and lawn!
 Let Bourbon exult in his gay gilded Lilies,
 And England, triumphant, display her proud Rose
 A fairer than either adorns the green vallies,
 Where Devon, sweet Devon, meandering flows.

BRAVING ANGRY WINTER'S STORMS.

TUNE—*Neil Gow's Lamentation for Abercainry.*

WHERE, braving angry winter's storms,
 The lofty Ochils rise,
 Far in their shade my Peggy's charms
 First blest my wondering eyes.

As one, who by some savage stream,
 A lonely gem surveys,
 Astonish'd, doubly marks its beam,
 With art's most polish'd blaze.

Blest be the wild sequester'd shade,
 And blest the day and hour,
 Where Peggy's charms I first survey'd,
 When first I felt their pow'r!

The tyrant death, with grim control,
 May seize my fleeting breath;
 But tearing Peggy from my soul
 Must be a stronger death.

*My Peggy's Face.*TUNE—*My Peggy's Face.*

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

The lily's hue, the rose's dye,
 The kindling lustre of an eye.

Who but owns their magic sway!
 Who but knows they all decay!
 The tender thrill, the pitying tear,
 The gen'rous purpose, nobly dear,
 The gentle look that rage disarms—
 These are all immortal charms.

Raving Winds around her Blowing.

TUNE—*Macgregor of Ruara's Lament.*

Raving winds around her blowing,
 Yellow leaves the woodlands strowing,
 By a river hoarsely roaring,
 Isabella stray'd deploring—
 "Farewell hours that late did measure
 Sunshine days of joy and pleasure;
 Hail, thou gloomy night of sorrow,
 Cheerless night that knows no morrow!

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

HIGHLAND HARRY.

My Harry was a gallant gay,
 Fu' stately strode he on the plain,
 But now he's banish'd far away,
 I'll never see him back again.
 Oh for him back again;
 Oh for him back again!
 I wad gi'e a' Knockhaspie's land
 For Highland Harry back again.

When a' the lave gae to their bed,
 I wander dowie up the glen:
 I sit me down and greet my fill,
 And aye I wish him back again.
 Oh were some villains hangit high,
 And ilka body had their ain!
 Then I might see the joyfu' sight,
 My Highland Harry back again.

MUSING ON THE ROARING OCEAN.

TUNE—*Druimion Dubh.*

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

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

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

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

BLYTHE WAS SHE.

TUNE—*Andro and his Cutty Gun.*

CHORUS.

Blythe, blythe and merry was she
Blythe was she, butt and ben:
Blythe by the banks of Ern,
And blythe in Glentwrit glen.

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

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

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

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

THE GALLANT WEAVER.

TUNE—*The Weavers' March.*

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

Oh, I had woovers aucht or nine,
 They gied me rings and ribbons fine;
 And I was fear'd my heart would tina
 And I gied it to the weaver.

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

While birds rejoice in leafy bowers;
 While bees delight in op'ning flowers!
 While corn grows green in simmer show'rs,
 I'll love my gallant weaver.

THE BLUDE-RED ROSE AT YULE MAY BLAW.

TUNE—*To dauntou me.*

THE blude-red rose at Yule may blaw,
 The simmier lilies bloom in snaw,
 The frost may freeze the deepest sea;
 But an auld man shall never dauntou me.

To dauntou me, and me so young,
 Wi' his fause heart and flatt'ring tongue,
 That is the thing you ne'er shall see;
 For an auld man shall never dauntou me.

For a' his meal and a' his maut,
 For a' his fresh beef and his saut,
 For a' his gold and white monie,
 An auld man shall never dauntou me.

His gear may buy him kye and yowes,
 His gear may buy him glens and knowes;
 But me he shall not buy nor fee,
 For an auld man shall never dauntou me.

He hirples twa-fold as he dow,
 Wi' his toothless gab and his auld beld pow,
 And the ra'n rains down from his red bleer'd ee—
 That auld man shall never dauntou me.

A Rose-bud by my Early Walk.

TUNE—*The Rose-bud.*

A ROSE-BUD by my early walk,
 Adown a corn-enclosed bawk,
 Sae gently bent its thorny stalk,
 All on a dewy morning.
 'Ere twice the shades o' dawn are fled,
 In a' its crimson glory spread,
 And drooping rich the dewy head,
 It scents the early morning.

Within the bush, her covert nest,
 A little linnet fondly prest,
 The dew sat chilly on her breast,
 Sae early in the morning.
 She soon shall see her tender brood,
 The pride, the pleasure o' the wood,
 Among the fresh green leaves bedew'd
 Awake the early morning.

So thou, dear bird, young Jeany fair!
 On trembling string or vocal air,
 Shall sweetly pay the tender care
 That tends thy early morning.
 So thou, sweet rose-bud, young and gay,
 Shalt beauteous blaze upon the day,
 And bless the parent's evening ray
 That watch'd thy early morning.

BONNIE CASTLE GORDON.

TUNE—*Morag.*

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

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

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

WHEN JANUAR' WIND.

TUNE—*The Lass that made the Bed to Me*

WHEN Januar' wind was blawing cauld,
 As to the north I took my way,
 The mirksome night did me enfauld,
 I knew na where to lodge till day.

By my good luck a maid I met,
 Just in the middle o' my care;
 And kindly she did me invite
 To walk into a chamber fair.

I bow'd fu' low unto this maid,
 And thank'd her for her courtesie,
 I bow'd fu' low unto this maid,
 And bade her mak a bed to me.

She made the bed baith large and wide,
 Wi' twa wliite hands she spread it down,
 She put the cup to her rosy lips,
 And drank, "Young man, now sleep ye soun."

She snatch'd the candle in her hand,
 And frae my chamber went wi' speed;
 But I call'd her quickly back again,
 To lay some mair below my head.

A cod she laid below my head,
 And served me wi' due respect;
 And to salute her wi' a kiss,
 I put my arms about her neck.

"Haud aff your hands, young man," she says
 "And dinna sae uncivil be:
 If ye ha'e ony love for me,
 Oh wrang na my virginity!"

Her hair was like the links o' gowd,
 Her teeth were like the ivorie;
 Her cheeks like lilies dipt in wine,
 The lass that made the bed to me.

Her bosom was the driven snaw,
 Twa drifted heaps sae fair to see;
 Her lips the polish'd marble stane,
 The lass that made the bed to me.

I kiss'd her owre and owre again,
 And aye she wist na what to say;
 I laid her 'tween me and the wa'—
 The lassie thought na lang till day.

Upon the morrow when we rose,
 I thank'd her for her courtesie;
 But aye she blush'd, and aye she sigh'd,
 And said, "Alas! ye've ruin'd me."

I clasp'd her waist, and kiss'd her syne,
 While the tear stood twinklin' in her ee;
 I said, "My lassie, dinna cry,
 For ye aye shall mak the bed to me."

She took her mither's Holland sheets,
 And made them a' in sarks to me:
 Blythe and merry may she be,
 The lass that made the bed to me.

The bonnie lass made the bed to me,
 The braw lass made the bed to me:
 I'll ne'er forget till the day I die,
 The lass that made the bed to me.

THE YOUNG HIGHLAND ROVER.

TUNE—*Morag.*

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

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

Bonnie Ann.

AIR—*Ye gallants bright.*

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

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

BLOOMING NELLY.

TUNE—*On a Bank of Flowers.*

ON a bank of flowers, in a summer day,
 For summer lightly drest,
 The youthful blooming Nelly lay,
 With love and sleep opprest :
 When Willie, wand'ring through the wood
 Who for her favour oft had sued,
 He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,
 He trembled where he stood.

Her closed eyes, like weapons sheath'd,
 Were seal'd in soft repose ;
 Her lips still as she fragrant breath'd
 It richer dy'd the rose.
 The springing lilies sweetly prest,
 Wild—wanton, kiss'd her rival breast ;
 He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,
 His bosom ill at rest.

Her robes light waving in the breeze,
 Her tender limbs embrace ;
 Her lovely form, her native ease,
 All harmony and grace :
 Tumultuous tides his pulses roll,
 A faltering, ardent kiss he stole ;
 He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd—
 And sigh'd his very soul.

As flies the partridge from the brake,
 On fear-inspired wings,
 So Nelly starting, half awake,
 Away affrighted springs:

But Willie followed, as he should,
 He overtook her in the wood;
 He vow'd, he pray'd, he found the maid
 Forgiving all and good.

MY BONNIE MARY.

TUNE—Go Fetch to me a Pint o' Wine.

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

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

Ane Fond Kiss.

TUNE—Rory Dall's Port.

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

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

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

The Smiling Spring.

TUNE—*The Bonnie Bell.*

THE smiling Spring comes in rejoicing,
 And surly Winter grinly flies ;
 Now crystal clear are the falling waters,
 And bonnie blue are the sunny skies.
 Fresh o'er the mountains breaks forth the morning.
 The ev'ning gilds the ocean's swell ;
 All creatures joy in the sun's returning,
 And I rejoice in my bonnie Bell.
 The flowery Spring leads sunny summer,
 And yellow Autumn presses near,
 Then in his turn comes gloomy winter,
 Till smiling spring appear.
 Thus seasons dancing, life advancing,
 Old Time and Nature their changes tell,
 But never ranging, still unchanging,
 I adore my bonnie Bell.

The Lazy Mist.

TUNE—*The Lazy Mist.*

The lazy mist hangs from the brow of the hill,
 Concealing the course of the dark-winding rill ;
 How languid the scenes, late so sprightly, appear !
 As Autumn to Winter resigns the pale year.
 The forests are leafless, the meadows are brown,
 And all the gay toppery of summer is flown :
 Apart let me wander, apart let me muse,
 How quick time is flying, how keen fate pursues !
 How long I have liv'd—but how much liv'd in vain !
 How little of life's scanty span may remain !
 What aspects old Time in his progress has worn ;
 What ties cruel fate in my bosom has torn !
 How foolish, or worse, till our summit is gain'd !
 And downward, how weaken'd, how darken'd, how pain'd !
 This life's not worth having, with all it can give—
 For something beyond it poor man sure must live !

Of a' the Airts the Wind can Blaw.

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

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

Oh blaw ye westlin winds, blaw saft
 Among the leafy trees,
 Wi' balmy gale, frae hill and dale
 Bring hame the laden bees;
 And bring the lassie back to me
 That's aye sae neat and clean;
 Ane smile o' her wad banish care,
 Sae charming is my Jean!

What sighs and vows among the knowes
 Ha'e passed atween us twa!
 How fond to meet, how wae to part,
 That night she gaed awa!
 The powers aboon can only ken,
 To whom the heart is seen,
 That nane can be sae dear to me
 As my sweet lovely Jean.

Oh, were I on Parnassus' hill.

TUNE—*My Love is lost to me.*

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

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

By night, by day, a-field, at hame,
 The thoughts o' thee my breast inflame;
 And aye I muse and sing thy name—

 I only live to love thee.
 Tho' I were doom'd to wander on
 Beyond the sea, beyond the sun,
 Till my last weary sand was run;
 Till then—and then I love thee.

The Chevalier's Lament.

TUNE—*Captain O'Kean.*

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

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

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

TUNE—*Faillte na Misog.*

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
 My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
 Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe—
 My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
 The birth-place of valour, the country of worth;
 Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
 The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high covered with snow;
 Farewell to the straths and green valleys below;
 Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods;
 Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
 My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer:
 Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe—
 My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

John Anderson.

TUNE—*John Anderson my jo.*

JOHN Anderson my jo, John,
 When we were first acquaint,
 Your locks were like the raven,
 Your bonnie brow was brent;
 But now your brow is bald, John,
 Your locks are like the snaw;
 But blessings on your trosty pow,
 John Anderson my jo.

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

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

TUNE—*Death of Captain Cook.*

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

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

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

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

Young Jockey.

TUNE—*Young Jockey.*

YOUNG Jockey was the blythest lad
 In a' our town or here awa:
 Fu' blythe he whistled at the gaud,
 Fu' lightly danc'd he in the ha'.
 He roosed my een, sa bonnie blue,
 He roosed my waist, sae genty sma',
 And aye my heart came to my mou'
 When ne'er a body heard or saw.

My jockey toils upon the plain,
 Thro' wind and weet, through frost and snaw,
 And o'er the lea I leuk fu' fain,
 When Jockey's owsen hameward ca'
 And aye the night come round again,
 When in his arms he takes me a',
 And aye he vows he'll be my ain,
 As lang's he has a breath to draw.

The Day Returns.

TUNE—*Seventh of November.*

THE day returns, my bosom burns,
 The blissful day we twa did meet,
 Tho' winter wild in tempest toil'd,
 Ne'er summer sun was half sae sweet.
 Than a' the pride that loads the tide,
 And crosses o'er the sultry line;
 Than kingly robes, than crowns and globes,
 Heav'n gave me more—it made thee mine.

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

Oh, Willie Brewed.

TUNE—*Willie Brew'd a Peck o' Maut.*

OH, Willie brew'd a peck o' maut,
 And Rob and Allan came to pree,
 Three blyther hearts, that lee-lang night,
 Ye wad na find in Christendie,
 We are na fou', we're no that fou',
 But just a drappie in our ee;
 The cock may craw, the day may daw,
 And aye we'll taste the barley bree.

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

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

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

I GAED A WAEFU' GATE YESTREEN.

TUNE—*The Blue-eyed Lass.*

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

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

The banks of Nith.

TUNE—*Robie donna Gorach.*

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

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

MY HEART IS A-BREAKING, DEAR TITTIE.

TUNE—*Tam Glen.*

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

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

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

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

My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,
 He'll gi'e me guid hunder marks ten;
 But, if it's ordained I maun take him,
 Oh, wha will I get but Tam Glen?

Yestreen at the valentine's dealing,
 My heart to my mou' gaed a sten;
 For thrice I drew ane without failing,
 And thrice it was written—Tam Glen.

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

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

THERE'LL NEVER BE PEACE.

TUNE—*There are few guid fellows when Willie's awa.*

By yon castle wa,' at the close of the day,
 I heard a man sing though his head it was grey;
 And as he was singing, the tears down came—
 There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.
 The church is in ruins, the state is in jars;
 Delusions, oppressions, and murderous wars;
 We darena weel say't, though we ken wha's to blame—
 There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword,
 And now I greet round their green beds in the yerd.
 It brak the sweet heart of my faithfu' old dame—
 There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.
 Now life is a burthen that bows me down,
 Since I tint my bairns, and he tint his crown;
 But till my last moments my words are the same—
 There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame!

Meikle thinks my Love.

TUNE—*My Tocher's the Jewel.*

OH meikle thinks my luvie o' my beauty,
 And meikle thinks my love o' my kin;
 But little thinks my luvie I ken brawlie,
 My tocher's the jewel has charms for him.

It's a' for the apple he'll nourish the tree,
 It's a' for the hinny he'll cherish the bee,
 My laddie's sae meikle in luv wi' the siller,
 He canna ha'e luv to spare for me.
 Your proffer o' luv's an arle-penny,
 My tocher's the bargain ye wad buy;
 But an' ye be crafty, I am cunniu',
 Sae ye wi' another your fortune maun try.
 Ye're like to the timmer o' yon rotten wood,
 Ye're like to the bark o' yon rotten tree;
 Ye'll slip frae me like a knotless thread,
 And ye'll crack your credit wi' mae nor me.

HOW CAN I BE BLYTHE AND GLAD.

TUNE—*The Bonnie Lad that's far awa.*

OH, how can I be blythe and glad—
 Or how can I gang brisk and braw,
 When the bonnie lad that I lo'e best
 Is owre the hills and far awa?
 When the bonnie lad that I lo'e best,
 Is owre the hills and far awa?

It's no the frosty winter wind,
 It's no the driving drift and snaw;
 But aye the tear comes in my ee,
 To think on him that's far awa.
 But aye the tear comes in my ee,
 To think on him that's far awa.

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

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

I DO CONFESS THOU ART SAE FAIR.

I DO confess thou art sae fair,
 I wad been owre the lugs in love,
 Had I na found the slightest prayer
 That lips can speak thy heart could move.

I do confess thee sweet, but find
 Thou art sae thriftless o' thy sweets,
 Thy favours are the silly wind,
 That kisses ilka thing it meets.
 See yonder rose-bud, rich in dew,
 Amang its native briers sae coy;
 How sune it tines its scent and hue
 When pou'd and worn a common toy!
 Sic fate, ere lang, shall thee betide,
 Tho' thou may gaily bloom awhile!
 Yet sune thou shalt be thrown aside
 Like ony common weed and vile.

Hunting Song.

TUNE—*I red you beware at the hunting.*

THE heather was blooming, the meadows were maww,
 Our lads gaed a-hunting ane day at the dawn,
 Owre moors and owre mosses and mony a glen,
 At length they discovered a bonnie moor hen.
 I red you beware at the hunting, young men;
 I red you beware at the hunting, young men;
 Tak some on the wing, and some as they spring,
 But cannily steal on the bonnie moor hen.
 Sweet brushing the dew from the brown heather bells;
 Her colours betrayed her on yon mossy fells;
 Her plumage out-lustred the pride o' the spring,
 And oh! as she wantoned gay on the wing.
 I red you beware, &c.
 Auld Phœbus himsel' as he peep'd o'er the hill,
 In spite at her plumage he tried his skill;
 He levelled his rays where she basked on the brae—
 His rays were outshone, and but marked where she lay.
 I red you beware, &c.
 They hunted the valley, they hunted the hill;
 The best o' our lads, wi' the best o' their skill;
 But still as the fairest she sat in their sight,
 Then, whirr! she was over, a mile at a flight.
 I red you beware, &c.

WHAT CAN A YOUNG LASSIE.

TUNE—*What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man.*

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

Bad luck to the penny that tempted my minnie,
To sell her poor Jenny for siller and lan'!

He's always compleenin' frae mornin' to e'enin',
He hoasts and he hirples the weary day lang;
He's doyl't and he's dozin', his bluid it is frozen,
Oh, dreary's the night wi' a crazy auld man!
He's doyl't and he's dozin', his bluid it is frozen,
Oh, dreary's the night wi' a crazy auld man!

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

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

The Bonnie Wee Thing.

TUNE—*Bonnie wee thing.*

BONNIE wee thing, cannie wee thing,
Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine,
I wad wear thee in my bosom,
Lest my jewel I should tine.
Wishfully I look and languish,
In that bonnie face o' thine;
My heart it stounds wi' anguish,
Lest my wee thing be na mine.

(Wit, and grace, and love, and beauty,)
In ane constellation shine;
To adore thee is my duty,
Goddess o' this soul o' mine!
Bonnie wee thing, cannie wee thing,
Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine
I wad wear thee in my bosom,
Lest my jewel I should tine!

Lovely Davies.

TUNE—*Miss Muir.*

O how shall I, unskilfu', try
 The poet's occupation,
 The tunefu' powers, in happy hours,
 That whispers inspiration?
 Even they maun dare an effort mair
 Than aught they ever gave us,
 Or they rehearse, in equal verse,
 The charms o' lovely Davies.

Each eye it cheers, when she appears,
 Like Phœbus in the morning,
 When past the shower, and ev'ry flower
 The garden is adorning.
 As the wretch looks o'er Siberia's shore,
 When winter-bound the wave is;
 Sae droops our heart when we maun part
 Frae charming lovely Davies.

Her smile's a gift, frae 'boon the lift,
 That maks us mair than princes;
 A scepter'd hand, a king's command,
 Is in her darting glances;
 The man in arms, 'gainst female charms,
 Even he her willing slave is;
 He hugs his chain, and owns the reign
 Of conquering lovely Davies.

My muse to dream of such a theme,
 Her feeble powers surrender;
 The eagle's gaze alone surveys
 The sun's meridian splendour:
 I wad in vain essay the strain,
 The deed too daring brave is;
 I'll drap the lyre, and mute admire
 The charms o' lovely Davies.

OH, FOR ANE-AND-TWENTY, TAM

TUNE—*The Moudiewort.*

CHORUS.

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

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

A gleib o' lan', a claut o' gear,
 Was left me by my auntie, Tam;
 At kith or kin I need nae spier,
 An' I saw ane-and-twenty, Tam.
 They'll ha'e me wed a wealthy coof,
 Tho' I mysel' ha'e plenty, Tam;
 But hear'st thou, laddie—there's my loof—
 I'm thine at ane-and-twenty, Tam.

KENMURE'S ON AND AWA.

TUNE—*Kenmure's on and awa, Willie.*

Oh Kenmure's on and far awa, Willie!
 Oh Kenmure's on and awa!
 And Kenmure's lord's the bravest lord,
 That ever Galloway saw.

Success to Kenmure's band, Willie!
 Success to Kenmure's band;
 There's ne'er a heart that fears a Whig,
 That rides by Kenmure's hand.
 Here's Kenmure's health in wine;
 Here's Kenmure's health in wine;
 There ne'er was a coward o' Kenmure's blude
 Nor yet o' Gordon's line.

Oh Kenmure's lads are men, Willie!
 Oh Kenmure's lads are men;
 Their hearts and swords are metal true—
 And that their faes shall ken.

They'll live or die wi' fame, Willie!
 They'll live or die wi' fame;
 But soon, wi' sounding victorie,
 May Kenmure's lord come hame.

Here's him that's far awa, Willie!
 Here's him that's far awa!
 And here's the flower that I love best—
 The rose that's like the snaw!

BESS AND HER SPINNING-WHEEL.

TUNE—*The sweet lass that lo'es me.*

Oh leeze me on my spinning-wheel,
 Oh leeze me on my rock and reel;
 Fra tap to tae that cleeds me bien,
 And haps me flael and warm at e'en!
 And sit me down and sing and spin,
 While laigh descends the simmer sun,
 Blest wi' content, and milk and meal—
 Oh leeze me on my spinning-wheel!—

On ilka hand the burnies trot,
 And meet below my theekit cot;
 The scented birk and hawthorn white,
 Across the pole their arms unite,
 Alike to screen the birdies' nest,
 And little fishes' caller rest:
 The sun blinks kindly in the biel',
 Where blythe I turn my spinning-wheel.

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

Wi' sma' to sell, and less to buy,
 Aboon distress, below envy,
 Oh wha wad leave this humble state,
 For a' the pride of a' the great?
 Amid their flaring, idle toys,
 Amid their cumbrous, dinsome joys,
 Can they the peace and pleasure fee.
 Of Bessie at her spinning-wheel?

OH, LUVE WILL VENTURE IN.

TUNE—*The Posie.*

Oh luve will venture in where it daurna well be seen;
 Oh luve will venture in where wisdom ance has been;
 But I will down yon river rove, among the woods sae green—
 And a' to pu' a posie to my ain dear May.

The primrose I will pu', the firstling o' the year,
 And I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my dear;
 For she's the pink o' womankind, and blooms without a peer—
 And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

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

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

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

TO SIMMER WHEN THE HAY WAS MAWN.

TUNE—*The Country Lass.*

IN simmer, when the hay was mawn,
 And corn wav'd green in ilka field,
 While claver blooms white o'er the lea,
 And roses blaw in ilka bield;
 Blythe Bessie in the milking shiel,
 Says—"I'll be wed, come o't what will.
 Out spak a dame in wrinkeld eild—
 "O' guid advisement comes nae ill.

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

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

"Oh thoughtless lassie, life's a faught
 The canniest gate, the strife is sair;
 But aye fou han't is fetchin best,
 And hungry care's an unco care:
 But some will spend, and some will spare,
 And wilfu' folk maun ha'e their will;
 Syne as ye brew, my maiden fair,
 Keep mind that ye maun drink the rill."

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

TURN AGAIN, THOU FAIR ELIZA.

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

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

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

 Willie Wastle.

TUNE—*The Eight Men of Moidart.*

WILLIE Wastle dwalt on Tweed,
 The spot they called it Linkum-doddie;
 Willie was a wabster guid,
 Cou'd stown a clew wi' ony bodie,
 He had a wife was dour and din,
 Oh Tinkler Madgie was her mither,
 Sic a wife as Willie had,
 I wad na gi'e a button for her.

She has an e'e—she has but ane,
 The cat has twa the very colour:
 Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump,
 A clapper tongue wad deave a miller;
 A whiskin beard about her mou',
 Her nose and chin they threaten ither—
 Sic a wife as Willie had,
 I wadna gi'e a button for her.

She's bough-hough'd, she's hein-shinn'd,
 Ane limpin' leg, a hand-breed shorter.
 She's twisted right, she's twisted left
 To balance fair in ilka quarter:
She has a hump npon her breast,
 The twin o' that upon her shoulther,
 Sic a wife as Willie had,
 I wad na gi'e a button for her.

Auld bandrons by the ingle sits,
 And wi' her loof her face a-washin';
 But Willie's wife is nae sae trig,
 She dights her grunzie wi' a hushion;
 Her walie nieves like midden-creels,
 Her face wad fyle the Logan-Water,
 Sic a wife as Willie had,
 I wad na gi'e a button for her.

SUCH A PARCEL OF ROGUES IN A NATION.

TUNE—*Parcel of Rogues in a Nation.*

FAREWHEEL to a' our Scottish fame,
 Fareweel our ancient glory,
 Fareweel even to the Scottish name,
 Sae famous in martial story.
 Now sark rins o'er the Solway sands,
 And Tweed rins to the ocean,
 To mark where England's province stands:—
 Such a parcel of rogues in a nation!

What force or guile could not subdue,
 Thro' many warlike ages,
 Is wrought now by a coward few,
 For hireling traitors' wages.
 The English steel we could disdain,
 Secure in valour's station;
 But English gold has been our bane:—
 Such a parcel of rogues in a nation!

Oh would I had not seen the day
 That treason thus could fell us,
 My auld grey head had lien in clay,
 Wi' Bruce and loyal Wallace!
 But pith and power, till my last hour,
 I'll make this declaration;
 We're bought and sold for English gold—
 Such a parcel of rogues in a nation!

SONG OF DEATH.

TUNE—*Oran and Diog.*

Scene—A field of battle.—Time of the day, evening.—The wounded and dying of the victorious army are supposed to join in the following song :—

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

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

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

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

SHE'S FAIR AND FAUSE.

TUNE—*She's fair and fause.*

SHE's fair and fause that causes my smart,
I lo'ed her meikle and lang ;
She's broken her vow, she's broken my heart,
And I may e'en gae hang.

A coof cam in wi' routh o' gear,
And I ha'e tint my dearest dear ;
But woman is but warld's gear,
Sae let the bonnie lassie gang.

Whae'er ye be that woman love,
To this be never blind,
Nae ferlie 'tis tho' fickle she prove,
A woman has't by kind.

FLOW GENTLY, SWEET AFTON.

TUNE—*The yellow-haired Laddie.*

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among the green braes,
 Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;
 My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
 Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Thou stock-dove, whose echo resounds thro' the glen,
 Ye wild-whistling blackbirds, in yon thorny den,
 Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear,
 I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills,
 Far mark'd with the courses of clear winding rills;
 There daily I wander as noon rises high,
 My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green vallies below;
 Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow;
 There oft as mild evening weeps over the lea,
 The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
 And winds by the cot where my Mary resides;
 How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
 As gathering sweet flow'rets she stems thy clear wave

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
 Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays!
 My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
 Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

THE LOVELY LASS OF INVERNESS.

TUNE—*Lass of Inverness.*

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

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

A RED, RED ROSE.

TUNE—*Graham's Strathspey.*

OH, my luve's like a red, red rose
 That's newly sprung in June:
 Oh, my luve's like the melodie,
 That's sweetly play'd in tune.
 As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
 So deep in luve am I:
 And I will luve thee still, my dear,
 Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
 And the rocks melt wi' the sun;
 I will luve thee still, my dear,
 While the sands o' life shall run.
 And fare thee weel, my only luve!
 And fare thee weel a while!
 And I will come again, my luve,
 Tho' it were ten thousand mile.

LOUIS, WHAT RECK I BY THEE

TUNE—*Louis, what reck I by thee.*

LOUIS, what reck I by thee,
 Or Geordie on his ocean?
 Dyvor, beggar louns to me—
 I reign in Jeanie's bosom.
 Let her crown my love her law,
 And in her breast enthrone me:
 Kings and nations—swith, awa!
 Reif randies, I disown ye!

THE EXCISEMAN.

TUNE—*The deil cam fiddling through the town.*

The deil cam fiddling through the town,
 And danced awa wi' the Exciseman,
 And iika wife cries—"Auld Mahoun,
 I wish you luck o' the prize man!"
 The deil's awa, the deil's awa,
 The deil's awa wi' the Exciseman;
 He's danc'd awa, he's danc'd awa,
 He's danc'd awa wi' the Exciseman.

We'll mak our maut, we'll brew our drink,
 We'll dance and sing, and rejoice, man;
 And mony braw thanks to the meikle black deil
 That danc'd awa wi' the Exciseman.

The deil's awa, the deil's awa,
 The deil's awa wi' the Exciseman :
 He's danc'd awa, he's danc'd awa,
 He's danc'd awa wi' the Exciseman.

There's threesome reels, there's foursome reels,
 There's hornpipes and strathspeys, man ;
 But the ae best dance e'er cam to the land
 Was—the deil's awa wi' the Exciseman.
 The deil's awa, the deil's awa,
 The deil's awa wi' the Exciseman ;
 He's danc'd awa, he's danc'd awa,
 He' danc'd awa wi' the Exciseman.

SOMEBODY.

TUNE—*For the sake o' somebody.*

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

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

I'LL AYE CA' IN BY YON TOWN.

TUNE—*Ill gae nae mair to yon town.*

I'll ave ca' in by yon town,
 And by yon garden green, again ;
 I'll aye ca' in by yon town,
 And see my bonnie Jean again.
 There's nane sall ken, there's nane sall guess,
 What brings me back the gate again,
 But she, my fairest faithfu' lass,
 And stowlins we sall meet again.
 She'll wander by the aiken tree,
 When trystin-time draws near again !
 And when her lovely form I see,
 Oh, haith, she's doubly dear again !

I'll aye ca' in by yon town,
 And by yon garden green again;
 I'll aye ca' in by yon town,
 And see my bonnie Jean again.

WILT THOU BE MY DEARIE ?

AIR—The Sutor's Dochter.

WILT thou be my dearie ?
 When sorrow wrings the 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.

Lassie, say thou lo'es me ;
 Or if thou wilt nae 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.

OH, WAT YE WHA'S IN YON TOWN.

TUNE—I'll gae nae mair to yon town.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

If angry fate is sworn my foe,
 And suffering I am doom'd to bear;
 I careless quit aught else below,
 But spare me, spare me, Lucy dear!

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

BUT LATELY SEEN.

TUNE—*The Water of Life.*

BUT lately seen in gladsome green,
 The woods rejoiced the day;
 Thro' gentle showers the laughing flowers,
 In double pride were gay;
 But now our joys are fled
 On winter blasts awa!
 Yet maiden May, in rich array,
 Again shall bring them a'.

But my white pow, nae kindly thowe
 Shall melt the snaws of age;
 My trunk of eild, but buss or beild,
 Sinks in Time's wintry rage.
 Oh! age has weary days,
 And nights o' sleepless pain!
 Thou golden time o' youthfu' prime,
 Why comes thou not again?

COULD AUGHT OF SONG.

TUNE—*Could aught of Song.*

COULD aught of song declare my pains,
 Could artful numbers move thee,
 The muse should tell, in labour'd strains,
 Oh Mary, how I love thee!

They who but feign a wounded heart
 May teach the lyre to languish;
 But what avails the pride of art,
 When wastes the soul with anguish?

Then let the sudden bursting sigh
 The heart-felt pang discover;
 And in the keen, yet tender eye,
 Oh read th' imploring lover!
 For well I know thy gentle mind
 Disdains art's gay disguising;
 Beyond what fancy e'er refin'd,
 The voice of nature prizing.

OH, STEER HER UP.

TUNE—*Oh steer her up, and haud her gaun*

OH steer her up and haud her gaun—
 Her mother's at the mill, Jo;
 And gif she winna take a man,
 E'en let her take her will, Jo;
 First shore her wi' a kindly kiss,
 And ca' another gill, Jo,
 And gif she take the thing amiss,
 E'en let her flyte her fill, Jo.
 Oh steer her up, and be na blate;
 And gif she take it ill, Jo,
 Then lea'e the lassie till her fate,
 And time na longer spill, Jo:
 Ne'er break your heart for ane rebute,
 But think upon it still, Jo;
 Then gif the lassie winna do't,
 Ye'll find anither will, Jo.

IT WAS A' FOR OUR RIGHTFU' KING.

TUNE—*It was for our rightfu' king.*

It was a' for our rightfu' king
 We left fair Scotland's strand;
 It was a' for our rightfu' king
 We e'er saw Irish land,
 My dear:
 We e'er saw Irish land.
 Now a' is done that men can do,
 And a' is done in vain;
 My love and native land farewell,
 For I maun cross the main,
 My dear;
 For I maun cross the main.

He turned him right and round about
 Upon the Irish shore ;
 And gave his bridle-reins a shake,
 With adieu for evermore,
 My dear ;
 With adieu for evermore.

The sodger from the wars returns,
 The sailor frae the main ;
 But I ha'e parted frae my love,
 Never to meet again,
 My dear ;
 Never to meet again.

When day is gane, and night is come,
 And a' folk bound to sleep ;
 I think on him that's far awa',
 The lee-lang night and weep,
 My dear ;
 The lee-lang night and weep.

• OH WHA IS SHE THAT LO'ES ME

TUNE—*Morag.*

OH wha is she that lo'es me,
 And has my heart a-keeping ?
 Oh sweet is she that lo'es me,
 As dew's o' simmer weeping,
 In tears the rose-buds steeping !
 Oh that's the lassie o' my heart,
 My lassie ever dearer ;
 Oh that's the queen o' womankind,
 And ne'er a ane to peer her.

If thou shalt meet a lassie,
 In grace and beauty charming,
 That e'en thy chosen lassie,
 Erewhile thy breast sae warming,
 Had ne'er sic powers alarming.

If thou hadst heard her talking,
 And thy attentions plighted,
 That ilka body talking,
 But her by thee is slighted,
 And thou art all delighted.

If thou hast met this fair one ;
 When frae her thou hast parted,
 If every other fair one,
 But her, thou hast deserted,
 And thou art broken-hearted ;
 Oh that's the lassie o' my heart,
 My lassie ever dearer ;
 Oh that's the queen o' womankind,
 And ne'er a ane to peer her

CALEDONIA.

TUNE—*Caledonian Hunt's Delight.*

THERE was once a day—but old Time then was young—

That brave Caledonia, the chief of her line,
From some of your northern deities sprung,
(Who knows not that brave Caledonia's divine?)

From Tweed to the Orcades was her domain,
To hunt, or to pasture, or do what she would,
Her heav'nly relations there fixed her reign,
And pledg'd her their godheads to warrant it good.

A lambkin in peace, but a lion in war,
The pride of her kindred the heroine grew;
Her grandsire, old Odin, triumphantly swore,
"Whoe'er shall provoke thee, th' encounter shall rue!"
With tillage or pasture at times she would sport,
To feed her fair flocks by her green rustling corn;
But chiefly the woods were her fav'rite resort,
Her darling amusement the hounds and the horn.

Long quiet she reign'd, till thitherward steers
A flight of bold eagles from Adria's strand;
Repeated, successive, for many long years,
They darken'd the air, and they plunder'd the land;
Their pounces were murder, and terror their cry,
They conquer'd and ruin'd a world beside;
She took to her hills, and her arrows let fly—
The daring invaders they fled or they died.

The fell harpy raven took wing from the north,
The scourge of the seas, and the dread of the shore;
The wild Scandinavian boar issued forth
To wanton in carnage, and wallow in gore;
O'er countries and kingdoms their fury prevail'd,
No arts could appease them, no arms could repel;
But brave Caledonia in vain they assail'd,
As Largs well can witness and Luncartie tell.

Theameleon-savage disturb'd her repose,
With tumult, disquiet, rebellion, and strife;
Provok'd beyond bearing, at last she arose,
And robb'd him at once of his hopes and his life:
The Anglian lion, the terror of France,
Oft prowling, ensanguin'd the Tweed's silver flood:
But, taught by the bright Caledonian lance,
He learned to fear in his own native wood.

Thus bold, independent, unconquer'd, and free,
Her bright course of glory for ever shall run;
For brave Caledonia immortal must be;
I'll prove it from Euclid as clear as the sun:
Rectangle-triangle the figure we'll choose,
The upright is Chance, and old Time is the base;
But brave Caledonia's the hypotheneuse;
Then, ergo, she'll match them, and match them always.

OH, LAY THY LOOF IN MINE, LASS.

TUNE—*Cordwainer's March.*

OH, lay thy loof in mine, lass,
 In mine, lass, in mine, lass ;
 And swear on thy white hand, lass,
 That thou wilt be my ain.

A slave to love's unbounded sway,
 He aft has wrought me meikle wae ;
 But now he is my deadly fae,
 Unless thou be my ain.

There's mony a lass has broke my rest,
 That for a blink I ha'e lo'ed best ;
 But thou art queen within my breast,
 For ever to remain.

Oh, lay thy loof in mine, lass,
 In mine, lass, in mine, lass ;
 And swear on thy right hand, lass
 That thou wilt be my ain.

ANNA, THY CHARMS.

TUNE—*Bonnie Mary.*

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

GLOOMY DECEMBER.

TUNE—*Wandering Willie.*

ANCE mair I hail thee, thou gloomy December !
 Ance mair I hail thee wi' sorrow and care ;
 Sad was the parting thou makes me remember,
 Parting wi' Nancy, oh ! ne'er to meet mair.
 Fond lovers' parting is sweet painful pleasure,
 Hope beaming mild on the soft parting hour ;
 But the dire feeling, oh farewell for ever,
 Is anguish unmingl'd and agony pure.
 Wild as the winter now tearing the forest,
 Till the last leaf o' the summer is flown ;
 Such is the tempest has shaken my bosom,
 Since my last hope and last comfort is gone.

Still as I hail thee, thou gloomy December,
 Still shall I hail thee wi' sorrow and care;
 For sad was the parting thou makes me remember,
 Parting wi' Nancy, oh! ne'er to meet mair!

OH MALLY'S MEEK, MALLY'S SWEET.

OH, Mally's meek, Mally's sweet,
 Mally's modest and discreet,
 Mally's rare, Mally's fair,
 Mally's every way complete.

As I was walking up the street,
 A barefit maid I chanc'd to meet;
 But, oh, the road was very hard
 For that fair maiden's tender feet.

It were mair meet that those fine feet
 Were weel lac'd up in silken shoon,
 And 'twere more fit that she should sit
 Within your chariot gilt aboon.

Her yellow hair, beyond compare,
 Comes trinkling down her swan-white neck
 And her two eyes like stars in skies,
 Wad keep a sinking ship frae wreck.

CASSILLIS' BANKS.

Now bank and brae are claith'd in green,
 And scatter'd cowslips sweetly spring,
 By Girvan's fairy-haunted stream
 The birdies flit on wanton wing.
 To Cassillis' banks, when e'ening fa's,
 There wi' my Mary let me flee,
 There catch her ilka glance of love,
 The bonnie blink o' Mary's e'e!

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

MY LADY'S GOWN, THERE'S GAIRS UPON'T.

TUNE—*Gregg's Pipes.*

My lady's gown, there's gairs upon't,
 And gowden flowers sae rare upon't;
 But Jenny's jumps and jirkinet,
 My lord thinks mickle mair upon't.

My lord a-hunting he is gane,
 But hounds or hawks wi' him are nane;
 By Colin's cottage lies his game,
 If Colin's Jenny be at hame.

My lady's white, my lady's red,
 And kith and kin o' Cassillis' bluid;
 But her ten-pun lands o' tocher guid
 Were a' the charms his lordship lo'ed.

Out owre yon muir, out owre yon moss,
 Where gor-cocks thro' the heather pass,
 There wons auld Colin's bonnie lass,
 A lily in a wilderness.

Sae sweetly move her gentle limbs,
 Like music notes o' lovers' hymns;
 The diamond dew is her een sae blue,
 Where laughing love sae wanton swims.

My lady's dink, my lady's drest,
 The flower and fancy o' the west;
 But the lassie that a man lo'es best,
 Oh, that's the lass to make him blest.

THE FETE CHAMPETRE.

TUNE—*Killicrankie.*

Oh wha will to St. Stephen's house,
 To do our errands there, man?
 Oh wha will to St. Stephen's house,
 O' th' merry lads of Ayr, man?
 Or will we send a man o' law?
 Or will we send a sodger?
 Or him wha led o'er Scotland a'
 The meikle Ursa-Major?

Come, we will court a noble lord,
 Or buy a score o' lairds, man?
 For worth and honour pawn their word,
 Their vote shall be Glencaird's, man?
 Ane gi'es them coin, ane gi'es them wine,
 Anither gi'es them clatter;
 Anbank, wha guess'd the ladies' taste,
 He gi'es a Fête Champetre.

When Love and Beauty heard the news,
 The gay green woods amang, man ;
 Where, gath'ring flow'rs and busking bow'rs,
 They heard the blackbird's sang, man :
 A vow, they seal'd it with a kiss,
 Sir Politics to fetter,
 As theirs alone, the patent bliss,
 To hold a Fête Champetre.

Then mounted Mirth, on gleesome wing,
 Owre hill and dale she flew, man ;
 Ilk wimpling burn, ilk crystal spring,
 Ilk glen and shaw she knew, man :
 She summon'd every social sprite,
 That sports by wood or water.
 On th' bonnie banks of Ayr to meet,
 And keep this Fête Champetre.

Cauld Boreas, wi' his boisterous crew,
 Were bound to stakes like kye, man ;
 And Cynthia's car, o' silver fu',
 Clamb up the starry sky, man :
 Reflected beams dwell in the streams,
 Or down the current shatter ;
 The western breeze steals through the trees
 To view this Fête Champetre.

How many a robe sae gaily floats,
 What sparkling jewels glance, man ;
 To Harmony's enchanting notes,
 As moves the mazy dance, man.
 The echoing wood, the winding flood,
 Like Paradise did glitter,
 When angels met, at Adam's yett,
 To hold their Fête Champetra.

When Politics came there to mix
 And make his ether-stane, man ;
 He circl'd round the magic ground,
 But entrance found he nane, man :
 He blushed for shame, he quat his name,
 Ecreswore it, every letter,
 Wi' humble prayer to join and share
 This festive Fête Champetre.

THE DUMFRIES VOLUNTEERS.

TUNE—Push about the Jorum.

Does haughty Gaul invasion threat ?
 Then let the loons beware, Sir ;
 There's wooden walls upon our seas,
 And volunteers on shore, Sir.

The Nith shall run to Corsicon,
 And Criffel sink in Solway,
 'Ere we permit a foreign foe
 On British ground to rally!
 Fal de ral, &c.

Oh, let us not like snarling tykes,
 In wrangling be divided;
 Till, slap, come in an unco loon,
 And wi' a rung decide it.
 Be Britain still to Britain true,
 Among oursels united;
 For never, but by British hands
 Maun British wrangs be righted.
 Fal de ral, &c.

The kettle o' the kirk and state,
 Perhaps a claut may fail in't;
 But deil a foreign tinkler loon
 Shall ever ca' a nail in't.
 Our father's bluid the kettle bought
 And wha wad dare to spoil it;
 By Heaven, the sacrilegious dog
 Shall fuel be to boil it.
 Fal de ral, &c.

The wretch that wad a tyrant own,
 And the wretch his true-born brother,
 Who would set the *mob* aboon the *throne*,
 May they be daun'd together!
 Who will not sing "God save the King,"
 Shall hang as high's the steeple;
 But while we sing, "God save the King,"
 We'll ne'er forget the People.
 Fal de ral, &c.

OH, WERT THOU IN THE CAULD BLAST.

TUNE—*Lass o' Livistone.*

OH, wert thou in the cauld blast
 On yorder lea, on yonder lea,
 My plaidie to the angry airt,
 I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee;
 Or did misfortune's bitter storms
 Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,
 Thy bield should be my bosom,
 To share it a', to share it a'.
 Or were I in the wildest waste,
 Sae black and bare, sae black and bare,
 The desert were a Paradise,
 If thou wert there, if thou wert there.
 Or were I monarch o' the globe,
 Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign,
 The brightest jewel in my crown
 Wad be my queen, wad be my queen.

LOVELY POLLY STEWART.

TUNE—*Ye're welcome, Charlie Stewart!*

OH, lovely Polly Stewart!

Oh, charming Polly Stewart!

There's not a flower that blooms in May.

That's half so fair as thou art.

The flower it blows, it fades and fa's,

And art can ne'er renew it;

But worth and truth eternal youth

Will give to Polly Stewart.

May he whose arms shall fauld thy charms

Possess a leal and true heart;

To him be given to ken the Heaven

He grasps in Polly Stewart.

Oh lovely Polly Stewart!

Oh charming Polly Stewart!

There's ne'er a flower that blooms in May

That's half so sweet as thou art.

YESTREEN I HAD A PINT OF WINE

TUNE—*The Banks of Banna.*

YESTREEN I had a pint of wine,

A place where body saw na';

Yestreen lay on this breast o' mine

The golden locks of Anna.

The hungry Jew in wilderness

Rejoicing o'er his manna,

Was naething to my hinny bliss

Upon the lips of Anna.

Ye monarchs tak the east and west,

Frae Indus to Savannah,

Gi'e me within my straining grasp

The melting form of Anna.

There I'll despise imperial charms,

An empress or sultana,

While dying raptures in her arms

I give and take my Anna.

Awa, thou flaunting god of day!

Awa, thou pale Diana!

Ilk star gae hide thy twinkling ray,

When I'm to meet my Anna.

Come, in thy raven plumage, night!

Sun, moon, and stars withdrawn a',

And bring an angel pen to write

My transports wi' my Anna.

THE LEA RIG.

TUNE—*The Lea Rig.*

WHEN o'er the hill the eastern star
Tells bughtin time is near, my jo;
And owsen frae the furrow'd field,
Return sae dowf and weary O;
Down by the burn, where scented birks
With dew are hanging clear, my jo,
I'll meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie O.

In mirkest glen, at midnight hour,
I'd rove, and ne'er be eerie O,
If thro' that glen I gaed to thee,
My ain kind dearie O,
Altho' 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.

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 steal, my jo.
Gi'e me the hour of gloamin grey,
It maks my heart sae cheery O,
To meet thee on the lea-rig,
My aind kind dearie O.

Bonnie Leslie.

TUNE—*The Collier's Bonnie Lassie*

OH, saw ye bonnie Lesley,
As she gaed owre the border?
She's gane, like Alexander,
To spread her conquests further.

To see her is to love her,
And love but her for ever;
For Nature made her what she is,
And never made anither!

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

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."

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

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

WILL YE GO TO THE INDIES, MY MARY ?

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

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.

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

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

MY WIFE'S A WINSOME WEE THING.

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

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

Oh leeze me on, my wee thing,
 My bonnie, blythesome, wee thing;
 Sae lang's I hae my wee thing,
 I'll think my lot divine.

Tho' world's care we share o't,
 And may see meikle mair o't;
 Wi' her I'll blythely bear it,
 And ne'er a word repine

Highland Mary.

Tune—Katherine Ogie.

Ye banks and braes, and streams around
 The castle o' Montgomery,
 Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
 Your waters never drumlie!
 There simmer first unfauld her robes,
 And there the langest tarry;
 For there I took the last fareweel
 O' my sweet Highland Mary.

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

Wi' mony a vow and lock'd embrace,
 Our parting was fu' tender;
 And, pledging aft to meet again,
 We tore 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!

Oh pale, pale now those rosy lips,
 I aft ha'e kiss'd sae fondly;
 And clos'd 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.

THREE's auld Rob Morris, that wons in yon glen,
 He's the king o' guid fellows and wale o' auld men;
 He has goud in his coffers, he has owsen and kine
 And ane bonnie lassie, his d arling and mine.

She's fresh as the morning, the fairest in May;
 She's sweet as the ev'ning among the new hay;
 As blythe and as artless as the lambs on the lea,
 And dear to my heart as the light of my e'e.

But, oh, she's an heiress, auld Robin's a laird,
 And my daddie has nought but a còt-house and yard;
 A wooer like me maunna hope to come speed,
 The wounds I must hide that will soon be my dead.

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

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

Duncan Gray.

DUNCAN GRAY came here to woo,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
 On blythe 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.

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 een baith bleert and blin',
 Spake o' lowpin' owre a linn;
 Ha, ha, &c.

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—to France for me!
 Ha, ha, &c.

How it come 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 een, they speak sic things
 Ha, ha, &c.

Duncan was a lad o' grace,
 Ha, ha, &c.
 Maggie's was a piteous case,
 Ha, ha, &c.

Duncan could na be her death,
 Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath;
 Now they're crouse and canty baith;
 Ha, ha, &c.

Poortith Cauld.

TUNE—*I had a Horse.*

Oh, 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 sac sweet a flower as love,
 Depend on Fortune's shining?

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

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

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.

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

Gala Water.

THERE'S braw, braw lads on Yarrow braes,
That wander thro' the blooming heather;
But Yarrow braes, nor Ettrick shaws,
Can match the lads o' Gala Water.

But there is ane, a secret ane,
Aboon them a' I lo'e him better;
And I'll be his and he'll be mine,
The bonnie lad o' Gala Water.

Altho' his daddie was nae laird,
And tho' I hae nae meikle tocher;
Yet rich in kindness, truest love,
We'll tent our flocks by Gala water.

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.

On mirk, mirk is this midnight hour,
And loud the tempests roar;
A waefu' wanderer seeks thy tower,
Lord Gregory ope thy door.

An exile frae her father's ha',
And a' for loving thee;
At least some *pity* on me shaw,
If *love* it may na be.

Lord Gregory, mind'st thou not the grove
By bonnie Irwine side,
Where first I ow'd that virgin-love
I lang, lang had denied?

How aften did thou pledge and vow
Thou wad for aye be mine;
And my foud heart, itsel' sae true,
It ne'er mistrusted thine.

Hard is thy heart, Lord Gregory,
And flinty is thy breast:
Thou dart of Heaven that flashest by,
Oh wilt thou give me rest?

Ye mustering thunders from above
Your willing victim see;
But spare and pardon my fause love,
His wrangs to Heaven and me.

Mary Morison.

TUNE—*Bide ye yet.*

Oh 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 blythely wad I bide the stoure,
 A weary slave frae sun to sun,
 Could I the rich reward secure,
 The lovely Mary Morison.

Yestreen when to the trembling string,
 The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha',
 To thee my fancy took its wing,
 I sat, but neither heard nor saw.
 Tho' this was fair, and that was braw,
 And yon the toast of a' the town,
 I sigh'd, and said, amang them a'
 "Ye are na Mary Morison."

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.

HERE awa, there awa, wandering Willie,
 Here awa, there awa, haud awa hame ;
 Come to my bosom, my ain only dearie,
 Tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the same.

Winter-winds blew loud and cauld at our parting,
 Fears for my Willie brought tears in my e'e ;
 Welcome now simmer, and welcome my Willie,
 The simmer to nature, my Willie to me.

Rest, ye wild storms, in the cave of your slumber,
 How your dread howlink a lover alarms !
 Wauken, ye breezes ! row gently, ye billows !
 And waft my dear laddie ance more to my arms !

But oh, if he's faithless, and minds na his Nannie,
 Flow still between us thou wide-roaring main !
 May I never see it, may I never trow it,
 But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain !

The Soldier's Return.

AIR—*The mill, mill O.*

WHEN wild war's deadly blast was blaw'd,
 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 but honest sodger.

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

At length I reach'd the 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 een was swelling.

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 served my king and country lang—
 Take pity on a sodger."

Sae wistfully she gaz'd on me,
 And lovlier was than ever ;
 Quo' she, "A sodger ance I lo'ed,
 Forget him shall I never :
 Our humble cot and hamely fare
 Ye reely may partake o't ;
 That gallant badge, the dear cockade,
 Ye're welcome for the sake o't ;

She gaz'd—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.

The wars are o'er, and I'm come hame,
And find thee still true-hearted!
Tho' poor in gear, we're rich in love,
And mair we'll 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."

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.

Blythe ha'e I been on yon hill.

TUNE—*Liggerum Cosh.*

BLYTHE ha'e I been on yon hill,
As the lambs before me;
Careless ilka thought and free,
As the breeze flew o'er me:
Now nae longer sport and play,
Mirth or sang can please me;
Lesley is sae fair and coy,
Care and anguish seize me.

Heavy, heavy is the task,
Hopeless love declaring:
Trembling, I dow nocht glow'r,
Sighing, dumb, despairing!
If she winna ease the thraws
In my bosom swelling,
Underneath the grass-green sod,
Soon maun be my dwelling

Logan Brass.

TUNE—*Logan Water.*

OH Logan, sweetly didst thou glide
That day I was my Willie's bride;
And years sinsyne ha'e o'er us run,
Like Logan to the simmer sun.

But now thy flow'ry banks appear
Like drumlie winter, dark and drear,
While my dear lad maun face his face,
Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

Again the merry month o' May
Has made our hills and vallies gay;
The birds rejoice in leafy bowers,
The bees hum round the breathing flowers.
Blythe 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.

Within yon milk-white hawthorn bush,
Amang her nestlings sits the thrush;
Her faithfu' mate will share her toil,
Or wi' his songs 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.

Oh, wae upon you, men o' state,
That brethren rouse to deadly hate!
As ye make many a fond heart mourn,
Sae may it on your heads return!
How can your flinty hearts enjoy
The widow's tear, the orphan's cry?
But soon may peace bring happy days,
And Willie hame to Logan braes.

Oh, gin my Lane were yon red Rose.

AIR—*Hugie Graham.*

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'!

Oh there beyond expression blest,
I'd feast on beauty a' the night!
Seald on her silk-soft faulds to rest,
Till fley'd awa by Phœbus' light.

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—

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.

BONNIE JEAN.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

But did na Jenny's heart loup light,
And did na joy blink in her e'e,
As Robie tould a tale of love
Ae e'ening on the lily lea?

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

“ Oh, Jeany 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?”

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

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

MEG O' THE MILL.

AIR—Oh, bonnie lass will you lie in a Barrack?

OH, ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten?
 And ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten?
 She has gotten a cof wi' a claut o' siller,
 And broken the heart o' the barley miller.

The miller was strappin', the miller was ruddy;
 A heart like a lord, and a hue like a lady;
 The laird was a widdiefu', bleerit knurl;—
 She's left the guidfellow and ta'en the churl.

The miller he hecht her a heart leal and loving;
 The laird did address her wi' matter more moving;
 A fine pacing horse, with a clear chained bridle,
 A whip by her side, and a bonnie side-saddle.

Oh wae on the siller it is sae prevailing;
 And wae on the love that is fixed on a mailen!
 A tocher's na word in a true lover's parle,
 But gi'e me my love, and a fig for the warl'!

OPEN THE DOOR TO ME, OH!

OH, open the door, some pity to show,
 Oh, open the door to me, oh!
 Though thou hast been false, I'll ever prove
 Oh, open the door to me, oh!

Cauld is the blast upon my pale cheek,
 But cauldier thy love for me, oh;
 The frost that freezes the life at my heart,
 Is nought to my pains frae thee, oh!

The wan moon is setting behind the white wave,
 And time is setting with me, oh;
 False friends, false love, farewell! for mair
 I'll ne'er trouble them, nor thee, oh!"

She has open'd the door, she has open'd it wide,
 She sees his pale corse on the plain, oh!
 "My true love!" she cried, and sank down by his side,
 Never to rise again, oh!

Young Jessie.

TUNE—*Bonnie Dundee.*

TRUE-hearted was he, the sad swain o' the Yarrow,
 And fair are the maids on the banks of the Ayr,
 But by the sweet side o' the Nith's winding river,
 Are lovers as faithful, and maidens as fair :
 To equal young Jessie seek Scotland all over,
 To equal young Jessie you seek it in vain :
 Grace, beauty, and elegance fetter her lover,
 And maidenly modesty fixes the chain.

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,
 Enthron'd in her een he delivers his law ;
 And still to her charms she alone is a stranger
 Her modest demeanour's the jewel of a'.

ADOWN WINDING NITH I DID WANDER.

TUNE—*The Mocking of Geordie's Byre.*

ADOWN winding Nith I did wander,
 To mark the sweet flowers as they spring ;
 Adown winding Nith I did wander,
 Of Phillis to muse and to sing.

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.

The daisy amus'd my fond fancy,
 So artless, so simple, so wild ;
 Thou emblem, said I, o' my Phillis,
 For she is simplicity's child.

The rosebud's the blush o' my charmer,
 Her sweet balmy lip when 'tis prest ;
 How fair and how pure is the lily,
 But fairer and purer her breast.

Yon knot of gay flowers in the arbour,
 They ne'er with my Phillis can vie ;
 Her breath is the breath of the woodbine,
 It's dew-drop o' diamond her eye.

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

But beauty, how frail and how fleeting,
 The bloom of a fine summer's day !
 While worth in the mind of my Phillis
 Will flourish without a decay.

HAD I A CAVE.

TUNE—*Robin Adair.*

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

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

PHILLIS THE FAIR.

TUNE—*Robin Adair.*

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

In each bird's careless song
 Glad did I share ;
 While yon wild 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.

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.

BY ALLAN STREAM I CHANC'D TO ROVE.

TUNE—*Allan Water.*

By Allan stream I chanc'd to rove,
 While Phœbus sank beyond Benleddi;
 The winds were whisp'ring thro' the grove,
 The yellow corn was waving ready:
 I listen'd to a lover's sang,
 And thought on youthfu' pleasures mony,
 And aye the wild-wood echoes rang—
 Oh, dearly do I love thee, Annie!

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

The haunt o' spring's the primrose brae,
 The simmer joys the flocks to follow!
 How cheery thro' her shortening day,
 Is autumn in her weeds o' yellow!
 But can they melt the glowing heart,
 Or chain the soul in speechless pleasure?
 Or thro' each nerve the rapture dart,
 Like meeting her, our bosom's treasure?

COME, LET ME TAKE THEE TO MY BREAST.

AIR—*Could Kail.*

COME, let me take thee to my breast,
 And pledge we ne'er shall sunder;
 And I shall spurn as vilest dust
 The world's wealth and grandeur:
 And do I hear my Jeanie own
 That equal transports move her?
 I ask for dearest life alone
 That I may live to love her.

Thus in my arms, wi' all thy charms,
 I'll clasp my countless treasure:
 I'll seek nae mair o' heaven to share,
 Than sic a moment's pleasure:
 And by thy een sae bonnie blue,
 I swear I'm thine for ever;
 And on thy lips I seal my vow,
 And break it shall I never!

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

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

Oh, whistle and I'll come to you, my lad,
 Oh, whistle and I'll come to you, my lad;
 Tho' father and mither, and a' should go mad,
 Oh, whistle and I'll come to you, my lad.

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

At kirk, or at market, whene'er ye meet me,
 Gang by me as tho' that ye car'd nae a flie;
 But steal me a blink o' your bonnie black e'e,
 Yet look as ye were na looking at me.
 Yet look, &c.

Aye vow and protest that ye care na for me,
 And whiles ye may lightly my beauty a wee
 But court nae anither, tho' joking ye be,
 For fear that she wile your fancy frae me.
 For fear, &c.

Dainty Davie.

TUNE—*Dainty Davie.*

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.

The crystal waters round us fa',
 The merry birds are lovers true,
 The scented breezes round us blow
 A-wandering wi' my Davie.

When purple morning starts the hare,
 To steal upon the early fare,
 Then thro' the dews I will repair,
 To meet my faithfu' Davie.

When dew is dripping in the west,
 The curtain draws of nature's rest,
 I flee to his arms I lo'e best,
 And that's my ain dear Davie.

BRUCE'S ADDRESS.

TUNE—*Hey Tuttie Taittie.*

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

Now's the day, and now's the hour,
 See the front of battle lour;
 See approach proud Edward's pow'r
 Chains and slavery!

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!

Wha for Scotland's king and law
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
 Freemen stand, or freemen fa',
 Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains,
 By your sons in servile chains,
 We will drain our dearest veins,
 But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
 Tyrants fall in every foe!
 Liberty's in every blow!—
 Let us do, or die!

BEHOLD THE HOUR

TUNE—*Oran Gaoil.*

BEHOLD the hour, the boat arrive;
 Thou goest, thou darling of my heart
 Sever'd from thee, can I survive?
 But fate has will'd, and we must part.

I'll often greet this surging swell,
 Yon distant isle will often hail;
 "E'en here I took my last farewell;
 There latest mark'd her vanish'd sail."

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 thro' thy sweets she loves to stray;
 Oh, tell me, does she muse on me?

Auld Lang Syne.

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

CHORUS.

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

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

We twa ha'e paid't i' the burn,
 Frae mornin' sun till dine;
 But seas between us braid ha'e roar'd,
 Sin auld lang syne.

And here's a hand, my trusty fere,
 And gi'es a hand o' thine;
 And we'll take a right guid willie-waught,
 For auld lang syne.

And surely ye'll be your pint stoup,
 And surely I'll be mine;
 And we'll take a cup o' kindness yet
 For auld lang syne.

WHERE ARE THE JOYS?

TUNE—*Saw ye my Father?*

Where are the joys I have met in the morning,
That danc'd to the lark's early song?
Where is the peace that awaited my wand'ring
At evening the wild woods among?

No more a-winding the course of yon river,
And marking sweet flow'rets so fair:
No more I trace the light footsteps of pleasure,
But sorrow and sad-sighing care.

Is it that summer's forsaken our vallies,
And grim surly winter is near?
No, no! the bees humming round the gay roses,
Proclaim it the pride o' the year.

Fain would I hide what I fear to discover,
Yet long, long too well have I known,
All that has caused this wreck in my bosom,
Is Jenny, fair Jenny alone.

Time cannot aid me, my griefs are immortal,
Nor hope dare a comfort bestow:
Come then, enamour'd and fond of my anguish,
Enjoyment I'll seek in my woe.

THOU HAST LEFT ME EVER.

TUNE—*Fee him, Father.*

THOU hast left me ever, Jamie, thou hast left me ever;
Thou hast left me ever, Jamie, thou hast left me ever;
Aften last 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.

Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie, thou hast me forsaken;
Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie, thou hast me forsaken;
Thou canst love anither jo, while my heart is breaking:
Soon my weary een I'll close—never mair to waken, Jamie,
Ne'er mair to waken.

DELUDED SWAIN, THE PLEASURE.

TUNE—*The Collier's Bonnie Lassie.*

DELUDED swain, the pleasure
The fickle fair can give thee,
Is but a fairy treasure—
Thy hopes will soon deceive thee.

The billows on the ocean,
 The breezes idly roaming,
 The clouds' uncertain motion,
 They are but types of woman.

Oh! art thou not ashamed
 To doat upon a feature?
 If man thou would'st be named,
 Despise the silly creature.

Go, find an honest fellow!
 Good claret set before thee:
 Hold on till thou art mellow,
 And then to bed in glory.

THINE AM I, MY FAITHFUL FAIR

TUNE—*Liggeram Cosh (the Quaker's Wife)*

THINE am I, my faithful fair,
 Thine, my lovely Nancy:
 Ev'ry pulse along my veins,
 Ev'ry roving fancy.

To thy bosom lay my heart,
 There to throb and languish:
 'ho' despair had wrung its core,
 That would heal its anguish.

Take away those rosy lips,
 Rich with balmy treasure;
 Turn away thine eyes of love,
 Lest I die with pleasure.

What is life when wanting love?
 Night without a morning:
 Love's the cloudless summer sun,
 Nature gay adorning.

MY SPOUSE, NANCY.

TUNE—*My Jo Janet.*

"HUSBAND, husband, cease your strife,
 No longer idly rave, Sir;
 Tho' I am your wedded wife,
 Yet I'm not your slave, Sir.

One of two must still obey,
 Nancy, Nancy;
 Is it man, or woman, say,
 My spouse, Nancy?

"If 'tis still the lordly word,
Service and obedience ;
I'll desert my sovereign lord,
And so good-bye allegiance !"

"Sad will I be, so bereft,
Nancy, Nancy,
Yet I'll try to make a shift,
My spouse, Nancy."

"My poor heart then break it must,
My last hour I'm near it :
When you lay me in the dust,
Think, think how you will bear it."

"I will hope and trust in Heaven,
Nancy, Nancy ;
Strength to bear it will be given,
My spouse, Nancy."

"Well, Sir, from the silent dead,
Still I'll try to daunt you ;
Ever round your midnight bed
Horrid sprites shall haunt you."

"I'll wed another like my dear,
Nancy, Nancy ;
Then all hell will fly for fear,
My spouse, Nancy."

THE BANKS OF CREE.

TUNE—*The Banks of Cree.*

HERE is the glen, and here the bower,
All underneath the birchin shade ;
The village-bell has toll'd the hour,
Oh, what can stay my lovely maid ?

'Tis not Maria's whispering call,
'Tis but the balmy-breathing gale,
Mix'd with some warbler's dying fall,
The dewy stars of eve to hail.

It is Maria's voice I hear !—
So calls the woodlark in the grove,
His little faithful mate to cheer !
At once 'tis music and 'tis love.

And art thou come ?—and art thou true ?
Oh, welcome dear to love and me,
And let us all our vows renew,
Along the flowery banks of Cree.

ON THE SEAS AND FAR AWAY.

TUNE—*O'er the Hills, &c.*

How can my poor heart be glad,
 When absent from my sailor lad?
 How can I the thought forego,
 He's on the seas to meet the foe?
 Let me wander, let me rove,
 Still my heart is with my love;
 Nightly dreams and thoughts by day
 Are with him that's far awa.

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

When in summer's noon I faint,
 As weary flocks around me pant,
 Haply in the scorching sun
 My sailor's thund'ring at his gun
 Bullets spare my only joy!
 Bullets spare my darling boy!
 Fate do with me what you may
 Spare but him that's far away!

At the starless midnight hour,
 When winter rules with boundless power
 As the storms the forest tear,
 And thunders rend the howling air,
 Listening to the doubling roar,
 Surging on the rocky shore,
 All I can—I weep and pray,
 For his weal that's far away.

Peace, thy olive wand extend,
 And bid wild war his ravage end,
 Man with brother man to meet,
 And as a brother kindly greet:
 Then may Heaven with prosperous gales
 Fill my sailor's welcome sails,
 To my arms their charge convey,
 My dear lad that's far away.

Ca' the Yowes to the Knowes.

CHORUS.

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

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

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

Yonder Clouden's silent towers,
Where at moonshine, midnight hours,
O'er the dewy bending flowers,
Faries dance sae cheerie.

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

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

While waters wimple to the sea;
While day blinks in the lifts sae hie;
Till clay-could death shall blin' my e'e
Ye shall be my dearie.

SHE SAYS SHE LO'ES ME BEST OF A'.

TUNE—*Onah's Lock*.

SAE flaxen were her ringlets,
Her eyebrows of a darker hue,
Bewitchingly o'er-arching,
Twa laughing een o' bonnie blue,
Her smiling, sae, so kind,
Would make a wretch forget his woe;
What pleasure, what treasure,
Unto these rosy lips to grow:
Such was my Chloris' bonnie face,
When first her bonnie face I saw.
And aye my Chloris' dearest cheer,
She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Like harmony her motion;
Her pretty ankle is a spy,
Betraying fair proportion,
Wad make a saint forget the sky.

Sae warming, sae charming,
 Her faultless form and graceful air;
 Ilk feature—auld nature
 Declared that she could do nae mair.
 Hers are the willing chains o' love,
 By conquering beauty's sovereign law;
 And aye my Chloris' dearest charm,
 She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Let others love the city,
 And gaudy show at sunny noon;
 Gi'e me the lonely valley,
 The dewy eve and rising moon:
 Fair beaming, and streaming,
 Her silver light the boughs amang;
 While falling, recalling,
 The amorous thrush concludes his sang:
 There dearest Chloris, wilt thou rove
 By wimpling burn and leafy shaw,
 And hear my vows o' truth and love,
 And say thou lo'es me best of a'!

SAW YE MY PHILLY?

When she cam ben she bobb'd.

Oh, saw ye my dear, my Philly?
 Oh, saw ye my dear, my Philly?
 She's down i' the grove, she's wi' a new love,
 She winna come hame to her Willy.

What says she, my dearest, my Philly?
 What says she, my dearest, my Philly?
 She lets thee to wit that she has thee forgot,
 And for ever disowns thee her Willy.

Oh, had I ne'er seen thee, my Philly!
 Oh, had I ne'er seen thee, my Philly!
 As light as the air, and fause as thou's fair
 Thou's broken the heart o' thy Willy.

HOW LONG AND DREARY IS THE

Done—Could kail in Aberdeen.

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

CHORUS.

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

When I think on the lightsome days,
 I spent wi' thee, my dearie,
 And now wha' seas between us roar,
 How can I be but eerie?
 For oh! &c.

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

LET NOT WOMAN E'ER COMPLAIN.

TUNE—*Duncan Gray.*

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;
 Ladics, would it not be strange,
 Man should then a monster prove?

Mark the winds, and mark the skies;
 Ocean's ebb, and ocean's flow,
 Sun and moon but set to rise,
 Round and round the seasons go.

Why then ack of silly man
 To oppose great Nature's plan?
 We'll be constant while we can—
 You can be na more, you know.

SLEEP'ST THOU, OR WAK'ST THOU?

TUNE—*Deil tak the Wars.*

Sleep'st thou, or wak'st thou, fairest creature?
 Rosy morn now lifts his eye,
 Numbering ilka bud which nature
 Waters with the tears of joy:
 Now thro' the leafy woods,
 And by the reeking floods

Wild Nature's tenants, freely, gladly stray:
 The lintwhite in his bower
 Chants o'er the breathing flower,
 The lav'rock to the sky
 Ascends wi' sangs o' joy,
 While the sun and thou arise to bless the day.

Phœbus gilding the brow o' morning,
 Banishes ilk darksome shade,
 Nature gladd'ning and a'orning;
 Such to me, my lovely maid.
 When absent from 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.

MY CHLORIS, MARK HOW GREEN THE GROVES

TUNE—My Lodging is on the cold ground.

MY Chloris, mark how green the groves,
 The priory banks how fair;
 The balmy gales awake the flowers
 And wave thy flaxen hair.

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

Let minstrels sweep the skillfu' string
 In lordly lighted ha',
 The shepherd stops his simple reed,
 Blythe in the birken shaw.

The princely revel may survey
 Our rustic dance wi' scorn,
 But are their hearts as light as ours
 Beneath the milk-white thorn?

The shepherd in the flowery glen,
 In shepherd's phrase will woo;
 The courtier tells a finer tale,
 But is his heart as true?

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

IT WAS THE CHARMING MONTH OF MAY.

TUNE—*Dainty Davie.*

It was the charming month of May,
When all the flow'rs were fresh and gay,
One morning, by the break of day,
The youthful, charming Chloe,—
From peaceful slumber she arose,
Girt on her mantle and her hose,
And o'er the flow'ry mead she goes,—
The youthful, charming Chloe.

CHORUS.

Lovely was she by the dawn,
Youthful Chloe, charming Chloe;
Tripping o'er the pearly lawn,
The youthful, charming Chloe.
The feather'd people, you might see,
Perch'd all around on every tree,
In notes of sweetest melody,
They hail the charming Chloe;
Till, painting gay the eastern skies,
The glorious sun began to rise,
Outrival'd by the radiant eyes
Of youthful, charming Chloe.
Lovely was she, &c.

FAREWELL, THOU STREAM THAT WINDING
FLOWS.

TUNE—*Nancy's to the Greenwood gane.*

FAREWELL, thou stream, that winding flows
Around Eliza's dwelling;
Oh, mem'ry spare the cruel throes
Within my bosom swelling:
Condemn'd to drag a hopeless chain,
And yet in secret languish,
To feel a fire in every vein,
Nor dare disclose my anguish.

Love's veriest wretch, unseen, unknown,
I fain my griefs would cover;
The bursting sigh, th' unweeting groan,
Betray the hapless lover.
I know thou doom'st me to despair
Nor wilt, nor canst relieve me;
But, oh, Eliza, hear one prayer,
For pity's sake forgive me!

The music of thy voice I heard,
 Nor wist while it enslav'd me;
 I saw thine eyes, yet nothing fear'd,
 Till fears no more had sav'd me.
 The unwary sailor thus aghast,
 The wheeling torrent viewing,
 'Midst circling horrors sinks at last
 In overwhelming ruin.

LASSIE WI' THE LINTWHITE LOCKS.

TUNE—*Rothiemurche's Rant.*

CHORUS.

LASSIE with the lintwhite locks,
 Bonnie lassie, artless lassie,
 Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks,
 Wilt thou be my dearie O?

Now nature cleeds the flowery lea,
 And a' is young and sweet like thee;
 Oh, wilt thou share its joy wi' me,
 And say thou'lt be my dearie O?
 Lassie wi' the lintwhite locks, &c.

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.
 Lassie wi' the lintwhite locks, &c.

When Cynthia lights, wi' silver ray,
 The weary shearer's hameward way,
 'Hro' yellow waving fields we'll stray,
 And talk of love, my dearie O.
 Lassie wi' the lintwhite locks, &c.

And when the howling wintry blast
 Insturbs my lassie's midnight rest,
 Enclasped to my faithful breast,
 I'll comfort thee, my dearie O.
 Lassie with the lintwhite locks, &c.

Philly and Willy.

TUNE—*The Sow's Tail.*

WILLY.

OH, Philly, happy be the day
 When roving thro' the gather'd hay,
 My youthful heart was stown away,
 And by thy charms, my Philly

PHILLY.

Oh Willy, aye I bless the grove
Where first I own'd my maiden love,
Whilst thou didst pledge the pow'rs above
To be my ain dear Willy.

WILLY.

As songsters of the early year
Are ilka day more sweet to hear,
So ilka day to me mair dear
And charming is my Philly.

PHILLY.

As on the briar the budding rose
Still richer breathes and fairer blows,
So in my tender bosom grows
The love I bear my Willy.

WILLY.

The milder sun and bluer sky
That crown my harvest cares wi' joy,
Were ne'er sae welcome in my eye
As is a sight o' Philly.

PHILLY.

The little swallow's wanton wing,
Tho' wafting o'er the flow'ry spring,
Did ne'er to me sic tidings bring,
As meeting o' my Willy.

WILLY.

The bee that through the sunny hour
Sips nectar in the opening flower.
Compar'd wi' my delight is poor,
Upon the lips o' Philly.

PHILLY.

The woodbine in the dewy weet,
When evening shades in silence meet,
Is nocht sae fragrant or sae sweet
As is a kiss o' Willy.

WILLY.

Let fortune's wheel at random rin,
And fools may tine, and knaves may win
My thoughts are a' bound up in ane,
And that's my ain dear Philly.

PHILLY.

What's a' the joys that gowd can gi'e?
I care na wealth a single flie;
The lad I love's the lad for me,
And that's my ain dear Willie.

Contented wi' Little.

TUNE—*Lumps o Pudding.*

CONTENTED wi' little, and cantie wi' mair,
 Whene'er I forgather wi' sorrow and care,
 I gi'e them a skelp as they're creepin' along,
 Wi' a cog o' guid swats, and an auld Scottish sang.
 I whiles claw the elbow o' troublesome thought;
 But man is a sodger, and life is a faught:
 My mirth and good-humour are coin in my pouch,
 And my freedom's my lairdship nae monarch dare touch.
 A towmond o' trouble, should that be my fa',
 A night o' guid fellowship sowthers it a':
 When at the blythe end of our journey at last,
 Wha the deil ever thinks o' the road he has past?
 Blind chance, let her snapper and stoyte on her way;
 Be't to me, be't frae me, e'en let the jade gae;
 Come ease, or come travail—come pleasure or pain,
 My warst ward 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?
 Is this thy plighted, fond regard,
 Thus cruelly to part, my Katy?
 Is this thy faithful swain's reward—
 An aching, broken heart, my Katy?
 Farewell! and ne'er such sorrows tear
 That fickle heart o' thine, my Katy!
 Thou mayst find those will love thee dear
 But not a love like mine, my Katy.

For a' that and a' that.

Is there, for honest poverty,
 That hangs his head, and a' that,
 The coward slave we pass him by,
 We dare be poor for a' that.
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Our toil's obscure, and a' that,
 The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
 The man's the goud for a' that.

'What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
 Wear hoddin grey, and a' that;
 Gi'e fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
 A man's a man for a' that;
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Their tinsel show, and a' that;
 The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
 Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
 Wha struts, and stares, and a' that;
 Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
 He's but a coof for a' that:
 For a' that, and a' that,
 His riband, star, and a' that,
 The man of independent mind,
 He looks and laughs at a' that.

A 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 ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray, that come it may,
 As come it will for a' that,
 That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth
 May bear the gree, and a' that:
 For a' that, and a' that,
 It's coming yet, for a' that,
 That man to man, the world o'er,
 Shall brothers be for a' that.

My Nannie's awa.

TUNE—*There'll never be peace, &c.*

Now in her green mantle blythe 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.

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.

Thou lav'rock that springs frae the dews o' the lawn,
 The shepherd to warn o' the grey-breaking dawn,
 And thou mellow mavis that hails the night-fa'
 Give over for pity—my Nannie's awa.

Come autumn, sae pensive, in yellow and grey,
 And soothe me wi' tidings o' nature's decay;
 The dark, dreary winter, and wild-driving snaw,
 Alane can delight me—now Nannie's awa.

Craigieburn Wood.

TUNE—*Craigieburn Wood.*

SWEET fa's the eve on Craigieburn,
 And blythe awakes the morrow;
 But a' the pride o' spring's return
 Can yield me nocht but sorrow.

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?

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.

If thou refuse to pity me,
 If thou shalt love anither
 When you green leaves fade frae the tree,
 Around my grave they'll wither.

OH LASSIE, ART THOU SLEEPING YET?

TUNE—*Let me in this ane Night.*

OH 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 ane night,
 This ane, ane, ane night;
 For pity's sake this ane night,
 Oh rise and let me in, Jo!

Thou hear'st the winter wind and weet,
 Nae star blinks thro' the driving sleet;
 Tak pity on my weary feet,
 And shield me frae the rain, jo.

The bitter blast that round me blaws
 Unheeded howls, unheeded fa's;
 The cauldness o' thy heart's the cause
 Of a' my griet and pain, jo.

Reply to the Foregoing.

OH tell me na o' wind and rain,
 Upbraid me na wi' could disdain;
 Gae back the gait ye cam again,
 I winna let you in, jo!

CHORUS.

I tell you now this ane night,
 This ane, aue, ane night;
 And ance for a' this ane night,
 I winna let you in, jo.

The snellest blast, at mirkest hours,
 That round the pathless wand'rer pours,
 Is nocht to what poor she endures,
 That's trusted faithless man, jo.

The sweetest flower that deck'd the mead,
 Now trodden like the vilest weed;
 Let simple maid the lesson read,
 The weird may be her ain, jo.

The bird that charm'd his summer day,
 Is now the cruel fowler's prey;
 Let witless, trusting, woman say
 How aft her fate's the same, jo.

Address to the Woodlark.

TUNE—*Where'll Bonnie Ann lie? or, Loch-Eroch Sida.*

OH stay, sweet warbling wook-lark, stay
 Nor quit me for the trembling spray,
 A hapless lover courts thy lay,
 Thy soothing, fond complaining.

Again, again that tender part,
 That I may catch thy melting art;
 For surely that wad touch her heart,
 Wha kills me wi' disdain.

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.

Thou tells o' never-ending care;
 Oh 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.*

CHORUS.

LONG, long the night,
Heavy comes the morrow,
While my soul's delight
Is on her bed of sorrow.

Can I cease to care,
Can I cease to languish,
While my darling fair
Is on the couch of anguish?

Every hope is fled,
Every fear is terror;
Slumber even I dread,
Every dream is horror.

Hear me, Pow's divine!
Oh! in pity hear me!
Take aught else of mine,
But my Chloris spare me!

Their Groves o' Sweet Myrtle.

TUNE—*Humours of Glen.*

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.

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.

Tho' rich in the breeze, in their gay sunny vallies,
And cauld Caledonia's blast on the wave;
Their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt the proud palace,
What are they?—the haunt of the tyrant and slave!

The slave's spicy forests, and gold-bubbling fountains,
The brave Caledonian views with disdain;
He wanders as free as the winds of his mountains,
Save love's willing fetters—the chains of his Jean.

HOW CRUEL ARE THE PARENTS.

ALTERED FROM AN OLD SCOTTISH SONG.

TUNE—*John Anderson my Jo.*

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.

The rav'ning hawk pursuing
 The trembling dove thus flies,
 To shun inpelling ruin
 Awhile her pinion tries
 Till of escape despairing,
 No shelter or retreat,
 She trusts the ruthless falconer,
 And drops beneath his feet!

TWAS NA HER BONNIE BLUE E'E WAS MY RUIN.

TUNE—*Laddie, lie near me.*

'TWAS na her bonnie blue e'e was my ruin;
 Fair tho' 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.

Sair do I fear that to hope is denied me,
 Sair do I fear that despair maun abide me;
 But tho' fell fortune should fate us to sever,
 Queen shall she be in my bosom for ever.

Mary, I'm thine wi' a passion sincerest,
 And thou hast plighted me love the dearest!
 And thou'rt the angel that never can alter,
 Sooner the sun in his motion would falter.

MARK YON POMP OF COURTLY FASHION.

TUNE—*Deil tak the Wars.*

MARK yonder pomp of courtly fashion,
 Round the wealthy, titled bride;
 But when compar'd 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 polished jewel's blaze
 May draw the wond'ring gaze,
 And courtly grandeur bright
 The fancy may delight,
 But never, never can come near the heart.

But did you see my dearest Chloris,
 In simplicity's array;
 Lovely as yonder sweet opening flower is,
 Shrinking from the gaze of day.
 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 thro' ev'ry vein Love's raptures roll.

OH, THIS IS NO MY AIN LASSIE.

TUNE—*This is no my ain House.*

OH this is no my ain lassie,
 Fair tho' the lassie be!
 Oh weel ken I my ain lassie,
 Kind love is in her e'e.

I see a form, I see a face,
 Ye weel may wi' the fairest place;
 It wants, to me, the witching grace,
 The kind love that's in her e'e.

She's bonnie, blooming, straight, and tall,
 And lang has had my heart in thrall;
 And aye it charms my very saul,
 The kind love that's in her e'e.

A thief sae pawkie is my Jean,
 To steal a blink by a' unseen;
 But gleg as light as lovers' een,
 When kind love is in the e'e.

It may escape the courtly sparks,
 It may escape the learned clerks,
 But weel the watching lover marks
 The kind love that's in her e'e.

NOW SPRING HAS CLAD THE GROVE IN GREEN.

Now spring has clad the grove in green,
 And strew'd the lea wi' flowers ;
 The turrow'd, waving corn is seen
 Rejoice in fostering showers ;
 While ilka thing in nature join
 Their sorrows to forego,
 Oh why thus all alone are mine
 The weary steps of woe !

The trout within yon wimpling burn
 Glides swift—a silver dart,
 And safe beneath the shady thorn
 Defies the angler's art.
 My life was ance that careless stream,
 That wanton trout was I ;
 But love, wi' unrelenting beam,
 Has scorch'd my fountains dry.

The little flow'ret's peaceful lot,
 In yonder cliff that grows,
 Which, save the linnet's flight, I wot,
 Nae ruder visit knows,
 Was mine ; till love has o'er me past,
 And blighted a' my bloom,
 And now beneath the with'ring blast
 My youth and joy consume.

The waken'd lav'rock warbling springs,
 And claims the early sky,
 Winnowing blythe her dewy wings
 In morning's rosy eye.
 As little reck'd I sorrow's power,
 Until the flowery snare
 O' witching love, in luckless hour,
 Made me the thrall o' care.

Oh had my fate been Greenland snows
 Or Afric's burning zone,
 Wi' man and nature leagu'd my foes,
 So Peggy ne'er I'd known !
 The wretch whose doom is, " hope nae mair,
 What tongue lis woes can tell ?
 Within whose bosom, save despair,
 Nae kinder spirits dwell.

OH BONNIE WAS YON ROSY BRIER.

Oh bonnie was yon rosy brier,
 That blooms so far frae haunt o' man ;
 And bonnie she, and ah ! how dear !
 It shaded frae the e'enin' sun.

Yon rosebuds in the morning dew,
 How pure amang the leaves sae green;
 But purer was the lover's vow
 They witness'd in their shade yestreen.

All in its rude and prickly bower,
 That crimson rose, how sweet and fair:
 But love is far a sweeter flower
 Amid life's thorny path o' care.

The pathless wild and wimpling burn,
 Wi' Chloris in my arms, be mine;
 And I the world, nor wish, nor scorn,
 Its joys and griefs alike resign.

FORLORN MY LOVE, NO COMFORT NEAR.

TUNE—*Let me in this ane Night.*

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

CHORUS.

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

Around me scowls a wintry sky,
 That blasts each bud of hope and joy;
 And shelter, shade, nor home have I,
 Save in those arms of thine, love.

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

But dreary tho' the moments fleet,
 Oh let me think we yet shall meet!
 The only ray of solace sweet
 Can on thy Chloris shine, love.

HEY FOR A LASS WI' A TOCHER.

TUNE—*Balinamona ora.*

AWA wi' your witchcraft o' beauty's alarms,
 The slender bit beauty you grasp in your arms;
 Oh, gi'e me the lass that has acres o' charms,
 Oh, gi'e me the lass wi' the weel-stockit farms.

CHORUS.

Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher, then hey for a lass wi' a tocher
Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher—the nice yellow guineas fer me,

Your beauty's a flower, in the morning that blows,
And withers the faster, the faster it grows;
But the rapturous charm o' the bonnie green knowes,
Ilk spring they're new deckit wi' bonnie white yowes.

And e'en when this beauty your bosom has blest,
The brightest o' beauty may cloy when possessit;
But the sweet yellow darlings wi' Geordie imprest,
The langer ye ha'e them, the mair they're carest.

LAST MAY A BRAW WOOPER.

TUNE—*The Lothian Lassie.*

LAST May a braw wooer cam down the lang glen,
And sair with his love he did deave me;
I said there was naething I hated like men—
The deuce gae wi'm to believe me, believe me,
The deuce gae wi'm to believe me.

He spak o' the darts o' my bonny black een,
And vow'd for my love he was dying;
I said he might die when he liked for Jean—
The Lord forgi'e me for lying, for lying,
The Lord forgi'e me for lying.

A well-stocked mailen, himsel' for the laird,
And marriage aff-hand were his proffers;
I never loot on that I kenn'd it, or car'd,
But thought I maun ha'e waur offers, waur offers,
But I thought I might ha'e waur offers.

But what wad ye think?—in a fortnight or less,
The deil tak his taste to gae near her!
He up the lang loan to my black cousin Bess,
Guess ye how, the jad! I could bear her, could bear her
Guess ye how, the jad! I could bear her.

But a' the niest week as I fretted wi' care,
I gaed to the tryst at Dalgarnock,
And wha but my fine fickle lover was there,
I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock, a warlock,
I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock.

But owre my left shouther I ga'e him a blink,
Lest neibors might say I was saucy;
My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,
And vow'd I was his dear lassie, dear lassie,
And vow'd I was his dear lassie.

I spier'd for my cousin fu' coontly and sweet,
 Gin she had recovered her hearing',
 And how her new shoon fit her auld shachl't feet,
 But, heavens! how he fell a swearin', a-swearin',
 But, heavens! how he fell a-swearin'.

He begged, for guid'sake, I wad be his wife,
 Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow:
 So e'en to preserve the poor body in life,
 I think I maun wed him to-morrow, to-morrow,
 I think I maun wed him to-morrow.

Fragment.

TUNE—*The Caledonian Hunt's Delight.*

WHY, why tell thy lover,
 Bliss he never must enjoy?
 Why, why undeceive him,
 And give all his hopes the lie?

Oh why, while fancy, raptur'd slumbers,
 Chloris, Chloris all the theme,
 Why, why wouldst thou cruel,
 Wake thy lover from his dream?

Jessy.

CHORUS.

HERE's a health to ane I lo'e dear!
 Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear!
 Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lover's meet,
 And soft as their parting tear—Jessy!

Altho' thou maun never be mine,
 Altho' even hope is denied:
 'Tis sweeter for thee despairing,
 Then aught in the world beside—Jessy!

I mourn thro' the gay, gaudy day,
 As hopeless, I muse on thy charms;
 But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber,
 For then I am lock't in thy arms—Jessy!

I guess by the dear angel smile,
 I guess by the love rolling e'e;
 But why urge the tender confession,
 'Gainst fortune's fell cruel decree—Jessy.

FAIREST MAID ON DEVON BANKS.

TUNE—*Rothiemurche*.

CHORUS.

FAIREST maid on Devon banks,
 Crystal Devon, winding Devon,
 Wilt thou lay that frown aside,
 And smile as thou were wont to do.

Full well thou know'st I love thee dear,
 Could'st thou to malice lend an ear?
 Oh, did not love exclaim, "Forbear,
 Nor use a faithfu' lover so?"

Then come, thou fairest of the fair,
 Those wonted smiles, oh let me share!
 And, by thy beauteous self I swear,
 No love but thine my heart shall know

HANDSOME NELL.

OH once I lov'd a bonnie lass,
 Aye, I love her still;
 And whilst that honour warms my breast,
 I'll love my handsome Nell.

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

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

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

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

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

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

MY FATHER WAS A FARMER.

TUNE—*The Weaver and his Shuttle, O.*

My father was a farmer upon the Carrick border, O,
 And carefully he bred me in decency and order, O;
 He bade me act a manly yart, though I had ne'er a farthing, O,
 For without an honest manly heart, no man was worth regard-
 ing, O.

Then out into the world my course I did determine, O; [O:
 Tho' to be rich was not my wish, yet to be great was charming
 My talents they were not the worst, nor yet my education, O.
 Resolved was I, at least to try, to mend my situation, O.

In many a way, and vain essay, I courted fortune's favour, O;
 Some cause unseen still stept between, to frustrate each endea-
 vour, O.

Sometimes by foes I was o'erpower'd, sometimes by friends
 forsaken, O.

And when my hope was at the top, I still was worst mistaken, O.

Then sore harass'd, and tir'd at last, with fortune's vain delu-
 sion, O, [O—

I dropt my schemes, like idle dreams, and came to this conclusion,
 The past was bad, and the future hid; its good or ill untried, O;
 But the present hour was in my pow'r, and so I would enjoy it, O.

No help, nor hope, nor view had I, nor person to befriend me, O;
 So I must toil, and sweat and broil, and labour to sustain me, O;
 To plough and sow, and reap and mow, my father bred me early,
 O; [O.

For one, he said, to labour bred, was a match for fortune fairly,

Thus all obscure, unknown, and poor, thro' life I'm doom'd to
 wander, O,

Till down my weary bones I lay, in everlasting slumber, O,
 No view nor care, but shun whate'er might breed me pain or
 sorrow, O!

I live to-day as well's I may, regardless of to-morrow, O.

But cheerful still, I am as well, as a monarch in a palace, O,
 Tho' fortune's frown still hunts me down, with all her wonted
 malice, O:

I make indeed my daily bread, but ne'er can make it farther, O;
 But as daily bread is all I need, I do not much regard her, O.

When sometimes by my labour I earn a little money, O,
 Some unforeseen misfortune comes gen'rally upon me, O;
 Mischance, mistake, or by neglect, or my good-natur'd folly, O;
 But come what will, I've sworn it still, I'll ne'er be melancholy, O.

All you who follow wealth and power wi' unremitting ardour, O,
The more in this you look for bliss, you leave your view the farther, O:

Had you the wealth Potosi boasts, or nations to adore you, O,
A cheerful, honest-hearted clown I will prefer before you, O.

Up in the Morning early.

TUNE—*Cold blows the Wind.*

CHORUS.

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

Cauld blaws the wind frae east to west,
The drift is driving sairly;
Sae loud and shrill I hear the blast,
I'm sure it's winter fairly.

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

Hey, the Dusty Miller

TUNE—*The Dusty Miller.*

HEY, the dusty miller,
And his dusty coat;
He will win a shilling.
Or he spend a groat.
Dusty was the coat,
Dusty was the colour,
Dusty was the kiss
That I got frae the miller.

Hey the dusty miller,
And his dusty sack;
Leeze me on the calling
Fills the dusty peck—
Fills the dusty peck,
Brings the dusty siller;
I wad gi'e my coatie
For the dusty miller.

Robin.

TUNE—*Dainty Davie.*

THERE was a lad was born in Kyle,
 But whatna day o' whatna style
 I doubt its hardly worth the while
 To be sae nice wi' Robin.
 Robin was a rovin' boy,
 Rantin' rovin', rantin' rovin',
 Robin was a rovin' boy,
 Rantin' rovin' Robin.

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

The gossip keekit in his loof,
 Quo scho, wha lives will see the proof,
 This waley boy will be nae coof;
 I think we'll ca' him Robin.

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

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

THE BELLES OF MAUCHLINE.

In Mauchline there dwells six proper young belles,
 The pride of the place and its neighbourhood a',
 Their carriage and dress, a stranger would guess,
 In London or Paris they'd gotten it a'.
 Miss Miller is fine, Miss Markland's divine,
 Miss Smith she has wit, and Miss Betty is braw,
 There's beauty and fortune to get wi' Miss Morton,
 But Armour's the jewel for me o' them a'.

Her Flowing Locks.

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

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

THE SONS OF OLD KILLIE.

TUNE—*Shawenboy.*

YE sons of old Killie, assembled by Willie,
 To follow the noble vocation,
 Your thrifty old mother has scarce such another
 To sit in that honoured station.
 I've little to say, but only to pray,
 As praying's the ton of your fashion;
 A prayer from the muse you well may excuse,
 'Tis seldom her favorite passion.

Ye powers who preside o'er the wind and the tide,
 Who marked each element's border;
 Who formed this frame with beneficent aim,
 Whose sovereign statute is order;
 Within this dear mansion may wayward contention
 Or withered envy ne'er enter:
 May secrecy round be the mystical bound,
 And brotherly love be the centre.

The Joyful Widower.

TUNE—*Maggy Lauder.*

I married with a scolding wife,
 The fourteenth of November;
 She made me weary of my life,
 By one unruly member.

Long did I bear the heavy yoke,
 And many griefs attended;
 But to my comfort be it spoke,
 Now, now her life is ended.

We lived full one-and-twenty years,
 A man and wife together;
 At length from me her course she steer'd,
 And gone I know not whither:
 Would I could guess, I do profess,
 I speak and do not flatter,
 Of all the women in the world,
 I never could come at her.

Her body is bestowed well,
 A handsome grave does hide her;
 But sure her soul is not in hell,
 The deil would ne'er abide her!

I rather think she is aloft,
 And imitating thunder;
 For why?—methinks I hear her voice
 Tearing the clouds assunder!

O, Where did you Get.

TUNE—*Bonnie Dundee.*

O, **WHARE** did you get that hauver meal bannock?
 Oh silly blind body, oh dinna ye see?
 I gat it frae a brisk young sodger laddie,
 Between Saint Johnston and bonnie Dundee,
 Oh, gin I saw the laddie that ga'e me't!
 Aft has he doudled me upon his knee;
 May Heaven protect my bonnie Scots laddie,
 And send him safe hame to his babie and me!
 My blessin's upon thy sweet wee lippie,
 My blessin's upon thy bonnie e'e-bree!
 Thy smiles are sae like my blythe sodger laddie,
 Thou's aye the dearer and dearer to me!
 But I'll big a bower on yon bonnie banks,
 Where Tay rins wimplin' by sae clear;
 And I'll cleed thee in the tartan sae fine,
 And mak thee a man like thy daddie dear.

There was a Lass.

TUNE—*Duncan Davison..*

THERE was a lass, they ca'd her Meg,
 And she held o'er the moors to spin;
 There was a lad that follow'd her,
 They ca'd him Duncan Davison.
 The mōor was driegh, and meg was skeigh,
 Her favour Duncan could na win;
 For wi' the rock she wad him knock,
 And aye she slook the temper-pin.
 As o'er the moor they lightly foor,
 A burn was clear, a glen was green,
 Upon the banks they eas'd their shanks,
 And aye she set the wheel between;
 But Duncan swore a haly aith
 That Meg should be a bride the morn,
 Then Meg took up her spinnin' graith,
 And flung them a' out o'er the burn.
 We'll big a house—a wee, wee house,
 And we will live like king and queen,
 Sae blythe and merry we will be
 When we sit by the wheel at eer.

A man may drink and no be drunk ;
 A man may fight and no be slain ;
 A man may kiss a bonnie lass,
 And aye be welcome back again.

Landlady, count the Lawin.

TUNE—*Hey tuttie, taittie.*

LANDLADY, count the lawin,
 The day is near the dawin ;
 Ye're a' blind drunk, boys,
 And I'm but jolly fou.
 Hey tuttie, taittie,
 How tuttie, taittie—
 Wha's fou now ?

Cog, an ye were aye fou,
 Cog, an ye were aye fou,
 I wad sit and sing to you,
 If ye were aye fou.

Weel may ye a' be !
 Ill may we never see !
 God bless the king, boys
 And the companie !

Rattlin' Roarin' Willie.

TUNE—*Rattlin' Roarin' Willie.*

OH, rattlin' roarin' Willie,
 Oh, he held to the fair,
 And for to sell his fiddle,
 And buy some other ware ;
 But parting wi' his fiddle,
 The saut tear blin't his e'e ;
 And rattlin' roarin' Willie,
 Ye're welcome hame to me !

Oh Willie, come sell your fiddle,
 Oh sell your fiddle sae fine ;
 Oh Willie, come sell your fiddle,
 And buy a pint o' wine.
 If I should sell my fiddle,
 The warl would think I was mad ;
 For mony a rantin' day
 My fiddle and I ha'e had.

As I cam by Crochallan,
 I cannily keekit ben—
 Ratlin' roarin' Willie
 Was sitting at yon board en'—

Sitting at yon board ne',
 And amang guid companie
 Ratlin' roarin' Willie,
 Ye're welcome hame to me

Simmer's a Pleasant Time.

TUNE—*Aye Waukin, O.*

SIMMER's a pleasant time,
 Flow'rs of every colour;
 The water rins o'er the heugh,
 And I long for my true lover.

Aye waukin O,
 Waukin still and weary
 Sleep I can get nane
 For thinking on my dearie.

When I sleep I dream,
 When I wauk I'm eerie:
 Sleep I can get nane
 For thinking on my dearie.

Lanely night comes on,
 A' the lave are sleeping;
 I think on my bonnie lad,
 And bleer my een wi' greetin

My Love she's but a Lassie yet

TUNE—*Lady Baulinscoth's Reel.*

MY love she's but a lassie yet,
 My love she's but a lassie yet,
 We'll let her stand a year or twa,
 She'll no be half sae saucy yet.
 I rue the day I sought her, O,
 I rue the day I sought her, O;
 Wha gets her needs na say she's woo'd
 But he may say he's bought her, O!

Come, draw a drap o' the best o't yet,
 Come, draw a drap o' the best o't yet;
 Gae seek for pleasure where ye will,
 But here I never miss'd it yet.
 We're a' dry wi' drinking o't,
 We're a' dry wi' drinking o't;
 The minister kiss'd the fiddler's wife,
 And could na preach for thinking o't.

THE CAPTAIN'S LADY.

TUNE—*Oh Mount and Go.*

CHORUS.

Oh mount and go,
Mount and make you ready;
Oh mount and go,
And be the captain's lady.

When the drums do beat,
And the cannons rattle,
Thou shalt sit in state,
And see thy love in battle.

When the vanquish'd foe
Sues for peace and quiet,
To the shades we'll go,
And in love enjoy it.

FIRST WHEN MAGGY WAS MY CARE

TUNE—*Whistle o'er the lave o't.*

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

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

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

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

THERE'S A YOUTH IN THIS CITY.

To a Gaelic air.

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

For beauty and fortune the laddie's been courtin';
 Weel-featur'd, wee-tocher'd, weel-mounted, and braw;
 But chiefly the siller, that gars him gang till her,
 The penny's the jewel that beautifies a'.
 There's Meg with the mailen that fain wad a-haen him;
 And Susan, whose daddie was laird o' the ha';
 There's lang-tocher'd Nancy maist fetters his fancy—
 But the laddie's dear sel' he lo'es dearest of a'.

OH, AYE MY WIFE SHE DANG ME.

TUNE—*My Wife she dang me.*

Oh aye my wife she dang me,
 And aft my wife did bang me,
 If ye gi'e a woman a' her will,
 Guid faith, she'll soon o'ergang ye.
 On peace and rest my mind was bent,
 And fool I was I married;
 But never honest man's intent
 As cursedly miscarried.
 Some sa'r o' comfort still at last,
 When a' my days are done, man;
 My pains o' hell ou earth are past,
 I'm sure o' bliss aboon, man.
 Oh aye my wife she dang me,
 And aft my wife did bang me,
 If ye gi'e a woman a' her will
 Guid faith, she'll soon o'ergang ye.

EPPIE ADAIR.

TUNE—*My Eppie.*

AND oh! my Eppie,
 My jewel, my Eppie!
 Wha wadna be happy
 Wi' Eppie Adair?
 By love, and by beauty
 By law, and by duty
 I swear to be true to
 My Eppie Adair!

And oh! my Eppie,
 My jewel, my Eppie,
 Wha wadna be happy
 Wi' Eppie Adair?
 A' pleasure exile me,
 Dishonour defile me,
 If e'er I beguile thee,
 My Eppie Adair!

THE BATTLE OF SHERRIFF-MUIR.

TUNE—*Cameronian Rant.*

“ Oh cam ye here the fight to shun,
 Or herd the sheep wi’ me, man ?
 Or where ye at the Sherra-muir,
 And did the battle see, man ? ”
 “ I saw the battle sair and tough,
 And reekin’ red ran mony a sheugh,
 My heart for fear, gaed sough for sough,
 To hear the thuds, and see the cluds,
 O’ clans frae woods in tartan duds,
 Wha glaum’d at kingdoms three, man.

The red-coat lads, wi’ black cockades,
 To meet them were na slow, man ;
 They rush’d and push’d, and bluid ontgush’d,
 And mony a bonk did fa’, man :
 The great Argyle led on his files,
 I wat they glanc’d for twenty miles,
 They hack’d and hash’d, while broadswords clash’d,
 And thro’ they dash’d, and hew’d, and smash’d,
 Till fey men died awa, man.

But had you seen the philabegs,
 And skyrin tartan trews, man ;
 When in the teeth they dar’d our Whigs,
 And covenant true blues, man ;
 In lines extended lang and large,
 When bayonets oppos’d the targe,
 And thousands hasten’d to the charge,
 Wi’ Highland wrath they frae the sheath
 Drew blades o’ death, till, out o’ breath,
 They fled like frightened doos, man.”

“ Oh how deil, Tam, can that be true ?
 The chase gaed frae the north, man ;
 I saw myself they did pursue
 The horsemen back to Forth, man ;
 And at Dunblane, in my ain sight,
 They took the brig with a’ their might,
 And straight to Stirling wing’d their flight.
 But, cursed lot ! the gates were shut ;
 And mony a huntit, poor red-coat,
 For fear amaist did swarf, man ! ”

“ My sister Kate cam up the gate,
 Wi’ crowdie unto me, man ;
 She swore she saw some rebels run
 Frae Perth unto Dundee, man :
 Their left-hand general had nae skill,
 The Angus lads had nae good will

That day their neighbor's blood to spill;
 For fear, by foes, that they should lose
 Their cogs o' brose—all crying woes;
 And so it goes, you see, man.

They've lost some gallant gentlemen
 Among the Highland clans, man;
 I fear my lord Panmure is slain,
 Or fallen in Whiggish hands, man:
 Now wad ye sing this double fight,
 Some fell for wrang, and some for right;
 But mony bade the world guid night;
 Then ye may tell, how pell and mell,
 By red claymores, and muskets' knell,
 Wi' dying yell the Tories fell,
 And Whigs to hell did flee, man.

THE HIGHLAND WIDOW'S LAMENT.

Oh! I am come to the low countrie,
 Och-on, och-on, och-rie!
 Without a penny in my purse,
 To buy a meal to me.

It was na sae in the Highland hills,
 Och-on, och-on, och-rie!
 Nae woman in the country wide
 Sae happy was as me.

For then I had a score o' kye,
 Och-on, och-on, och-rie!
 Feeding on yon hills so high,
 And giving milk to me.

And there I had three score o' yowes,
 Och-on, och-on, och-rie!
 Skipping on yon bonnie knowes,
 And casting woo' to me.

I was the happiest of a' the clan,
 Sair, sair may I repine;
 For Donald was the bravest lad,
 And Donald he was mine.

Till Charlie Stewart cam at last,
 Sae far to set us free;
 My Donald's arm was wanted then,
 For Scotland and for me.

Their wae fu' fate what need I tell?
 Right to the wrang did yield:
 My Donald and his country fell
 Upon Culloden's field.

Oh! I am come to the low countrie,
Och-on, och-on, och-rie!
Nae woman in the world wide
Sae wretched now as me.

WHARE HA'E YE BEEN?

TUNE—*Killicrankie.*

WHARE ha'e ye been sae braw, lad?
Where ha'e ye been sae brankie, O?
Oh where ha'e ye been sae braw, lad?
Cam ye by Killicrankie, O?
An ye had been whare I ha'e been,
Ye wad na been sae cantie, O;
An ye had seen what I ha'e seen,
On the braes of Killicrankie, O.

I fought at land, I fought at sea;
At hame I fought my auntie, O:
But I met the devil and Dundee,
On the braes of Killicrankie, O.
The bauld Pitcur fell in a furr,
And Clavers got a clankie, O;
Or I had fed on Athole gled,
On the braes o' Killicrankie, O.

THENIEL MENZIE'S BONNIE MARY

TUNE—*The Russian's Rant.*

IN coming by the brig o' Dye,
At Darlet we a blink did tarry;
As day was dawin in the sky,
We drank a health to bonnie Mary.
Theniel Menzie's bonnie Mary,
Theniel Menzie's bonnie Mary;
Charlie Gregor tint his plaidie,
Kissing Theniel's bonnie Mary.

Her een sae bright, her brow sae white,
Her haffet locks as brown's a berry;
And aye they dimpl'd wi' a smile,
The rosy cheeks o' bonnie Mary.
We lap and danc'd the lee-lang day,
Till piper lads were wae and weary;
But Charlie gat the spring to pay,
For kissing Theniel's bonnie Mary.

FRAE THE FRIENDS AND LAND I LOVE.

AIR—*Carron Side.*

FRAE the friends and land I love
 Driv'n by fortune's felly spite,
 Frae my best belov'd I rove,
 Never mair to taste delight:
 Never mair maun hope to find
 Ease frae toil, relief frae care;
 When remembrance racks the mind,
 Pleasures but unveil despair.

Brightest climes shall mirk appear,
 Desert ilka blooming shore,
 Till the Fates, nae mair severe,
 Friendship, love, and peace restore
 Till Revenge, wi' laurell'd head,
 Bring our banished hame again;
 And ilka loyal bonnie lad
 Cross the sea and win his ain.

GANE IS THE DAY.

TUNE—*Guidwife, Count the Lawin.*

GANE is the day, and mirks the night,
 But we'll ne'er stray for fau't o' light;
 For ale and brandy's stars and moon,
 And bluid-red wine's the rising sun.

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

There's wealth and ease for gentlemen,
 And simple folk maun fight and fen;
 But here we're a' in ae accord,
 For ilka man that's drunk's a lord.

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

THE TITHER MORN.

TUNE—*To a Highland air.*

THE tither morn, when I forlorn,
 Aneath an aik sat moaning,
 I did na trow, I'd see my jo,
 Beside me, gain the gloaming.

But he sae trig, lap o'er the rig,
 And dawtlingly did cheer me,
 When I, what reck, did least expect'
 To see my lad so near me.

His bonnet he, a thought ajee,
 Cock'd sprush when first he clasp'd me,
 And I, I wat, wi' fainness grat,
 While in his grips he press'd me.
 Deil tak the war I late and air,
 Ha'e wish'd since Jock departed;
 But now as glad I'm wi' my lad,
 As short syne broken-hearted.

Fu' aft at e'en wi' dancing keen,
 When a' were blythe and merry,
 I car'd na by, sae sad was I,
 In absence o' my dearie.
 But, praise be blest, my mind's at rest
 I'm happy wi' my Johnny;
 At kirk and fair, I'se aye be there,
 And be as canty's ony.

COME BOAT ME O'ER TO CHARLIE

TUNE—*O'er the Water to Charlie.*

COME boat me o'er, come row me o'er,
 Come boat me o'er to Charlie;
 I'll gi'e John Ross another bawbee,
 To boat me o'er to Charlie.
 We'll o'er the water and o'er the sea,
 We'll o'er the water to Charlie;
 Come weal, come woe, we'll gather and go,
 And live or die wi' Charlie.

I lo'e well my Charlie's name,
 Tho' some there be abhor him;
 But, oh! to see auld nick gaun hame,
 And Charlie's face before him!

I swear and vow, by moon and stars,
 And sun, that shines so early,
 If I had twenty thousand lives,
 I'd die as aft for Charlie.

IT IS NA, JEAN, THY BONNIE FACE.

TUNE—*The Maid's Complaint.*

It is na, Jean, thy bonnie face,
 Nor shape that I admire,
 Altho' thy beauty and thy grace
 Might weel awake desire.

Something in ilka part of thee,
 To praise, to love, I find ;
 But dear as is thy form to me,
 Still dearer is thy mind.

Nae mair ungen'rous wish I ha'e,
 Nor stronger in my breast,
 Than if I canna mak thee sae,
 At least to see thee blest.
 Content am I, if Heaven shall give
 But happiness to thee :
 And as wi' thee I'd wish to live,
 For thee I'd bear to die.

I HA'E A WIFE O' MY AIN.

TUNE—*Naebody.*

I HA'E a wife o' my ain—
 I'll partake wi' naebody ;
 I'll tak cuckold frae nane,
 I'll gi'e cuckold to naebody.
 I ha'e a penny to spend,
 There—thanks to naebody ;
 I ha'e naething to lend,
 I'll borrow frae naebody.

I am naebody's lord—
 I'll be slave to naebody ;
 I ha'e a guid braid sword,
 I'll tak dunts frae naebody
 I'll be merry and free,
 I'll be sad for naebody ;
 If naebody care for me,
 I'll care for naebody.

WITHSDALE'S WELCOME HOME

THE noble Maxwells and their powers
 Are coming o'er the border,
 And they'll gae bigg Terreagle's towers
 And set them a' in order,
 And they declare Terreagle's fair,
 For their abode they chuse it ;
 There's no a heart in a' the land,
 But's lighter at the news o't.

Tho' stars in skies may disappear
 And angry tempests gather,
 The happy hour may soon be near
 That brings us pleasant weathe'r

The weary night o' care and grief
 May ha'e a joyful morrow;
 So dawning day has brought relief—
 Fareweel our night o' sorrow!

MY COLLIER LADDIE.

TUNE—*The Collier Laddie.*

WHERE live ye my bonnie lass?
 And tell me what they ca' ye;
 My name, she says, is mistress Jean,
 And I follow the Collier Laddie.
 My name she says, is mistress Jean,
 And I follow the Collier Laddie.

See you not yon hills and dales,
 The sun shines on sae brawlie!
 They a' are mine, and they shall be thine
 Gin ye'll leave your Collier Laddie,
 They a' are mine, and they shall be thine
 Gin ye'll leave your Collier Laddie.

Ye shall gang in gay attire,
 Weel busket up sae gaudy;
 And ane to wait on every hand,
 Gin ye'll leave your Collier Laddie.
 And ane to wait on every hand,
 Gin ye'll leave your Collier Laddie.

Tho' ye had a' the sun shines on,
 And the earth conceals sae lowly;
 I wad turn my back on you and it a',
 And embrace my Collier Laddie,
 I wad turn my back on you and it a',
 And embrace my Collier Laddie.

I can win my five pennies in a day,
 And spend it at night fu' brawlie;
 And make my bed in the Collier's neuk,
 And lie down wi' my Collier Laddie,
 And make my bed in the Collier's neuk,
 And lie down wi' my Collier Laddie.

Luve for luve is the bargain for me,
 Tho' the wee cot-house should haud me;
 And the world before me to win my bread,
 And fair fa' my Collier Laddie.
 And the world before me to win my bread,
 And fair fa' my Collier Laddie.

AS I WAS A-WANDERING.

TUNE—*Rinn Meudial mo Mhealladh.*

As I was a-wandering, ane midsummer e'enin',
 The pipers and youngsters were making their game;
 Among them I spied my faithless fause lover,
 Which bled a' the wounds o' my dolour again.
 Weel, since he has left me, my pleasure gae wi' him;
 I may be distress'd, but I winna complain,
 I flatter my fancy I may get anither,
 My heart it shall never be broken for ane.
 I couldna get sleeping till dawin fôr greetin',
 The tears trickled down like the hail and the rain;
 Had I na got greetin', my heart wad a broken,
 For oh! love forsaken's a tormenting pain.
 Although he has left me for greed o' the siller,
 I dinna envy him the gains he can win;
 I rather wad bear a' the lade o' my sorrow
 Than ever ha'e acted sae faithless to him.

YE JACOBITES BY NAME.

TUNE—*Ye Jacobites by name.*

YE Jacobites by name, give an ear, give an ear;
 Ye Jacobites by name, give an ear;
 Ye Jacobites by name,
 Your fautes I will proclaim,
 Your doctrines I maun blame—
 You shall hear.
 What is right and what is wrang, by the law, by the law
 What is right and what is wrang by the law?
 What is right and what is wrang by the law?
 A short sword and a lang,
 A weak arm, and a strang
 For to draw.
 What makes heroic strife fam'd afar, fam'd afar?
 What makes heroic strife fam'd afar?
 What makes heroic strife?
 To whet th' assassin's knife,
 Or hunt a parent's life,
 Wi' bluidie wai.
 Then let your schemes alone, in the state, in the state;
 Then let your schemes alone in the state;
 Then let your schemes alone,
 Adore the rising sun,
 And leave a man undone
 To his fate.

LADY MARY ANN.

TUNE—*Craigtown's Growing.*

Oh, Lady Mary Ann looked o'er the castle wa';
She saw three bonnie boys playing at the ba';
The youngest he was the flower amang them a'—
My bonnie laddie's young, but he's growin' yet.

Oh father! oh father! an ye think it fit,
We'll send him a year to the college yet:
We'll sew a green ribbon round about his hat,
And that will let them ken he's to marry yet.

Lady Mary Ann was a flower i' the dew,
Sweet was its smell, and bonnie was its hue;
And the langer it blossom'd the sweeter it grew:
For the lily in the bud will be bounnier yet.

Young Charlie Cochrane was the sprout of an aik;
Bonnie and bloomin' and straught was its make,
The sun took delight to shine for its sake,
And it will be the brag o' the forest yet.

The simmer is gane when the leaves they were green,
And the days are awa that we ha'e seen;
But far better days I trust will come again,
For my bonnie laddie's young, but he's growin' yet.

OUT OVER THE FORTH.

TUNE—*Charlie Gordon's Welcome Hame.*

Out over the Forth I took to the north,
But what is the north and its Highlands to me?
The south nor the east gi'es ease to my breast,
The far foreign land, or the wild-rolling sea.

But I look to the west when I gae to rest,
That happy my dreams and my slumbers may be;
For far in the west lives he I lo'e best,
The laird that is dear to my babie and me.

JOCKEY'S TA'EN THE PARTING KISS.

TUNE—*Jockey's ta'en the Parting Kiss.*

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

Spare my luv, ye winds that blaw,
 Plashy sleets and beating rain!
 Spare my luv, thou feathery snaw,
 Drifting o'er the frozen plain.

When the shades of evening creep
 O'er the day's fair, gladsome e'e,
 Sound and safely may he sleep,
 Sweetly blythe his waukening be
 He will think on her he loves,
 Fondly he'll repeat her name;
 For where'er he distant roves,
 Jockey's heart is still at hame.

THE CARLES O' DYSART.

TUNE—*Hey ca' thro'.*

UP wi' the carles o' Dysart,
 And the lads o' Buckhaven,
 And the kimmers o' Largo,
 And the lasses o' Leven.

Hey, ca' thro', ca' thro',
 For we ha'e mickle ado;
 Hey, ca' thro', ca' thro',
 For we ha'e mickle ado.

We ha'e tales to tell,
 And we ha'e sangs to sing;
 And we ha'e pennies to spend,
 And we ha'e pints to bring.

We'll live a' our days,
 And them that come behin',
 Let them do the like,
 And spend the gear they win

LADY ONLIE.

TUNE—*The Russian's Rant.*

A' the lads o' Thornie-bank,
 When they gae to the shore o' Bucky,
 They'll step in and tak a pint
 Wi' Lady Onlie, honest Lucky!
 Lady Onlie, honest Lucky,
 Brews good ale at shore o' Bucky!
 I wish her sale for her guid ale,
 The best on a' the shore of Bucky.

Her house sae clean, her curch sae clean,
 I wat she is a dainty chucky ;
 And cheerlie blinks the ingle-gleed
 Of Lady Onlie, honest Lucky !
 Lady Onlie, honest Lucky,
 Brews guid ale at shore o' Bucky ;
 I wish her sale for her guid ale,
 The best on a' the shore o' Bucky

YOUNG JAMIE, PRIDE OF A' THE PLAIN.

TUNE—*The Carlin o' the Glen.*

YOUNG Jamie, pride of a' the plain,
 Sae gallant and sae gay a swain,
 Thro' a' our lasses he did rove,
 And reign'd resistless king of love :
 But now with sighs and starting tears,
 He strays amang the woods and briers ;
 Or in the glens and rocky caves
 His sad complaining dowie raves.

I, wha sae late did range and rove,
 And chang'd with every moon my love,
 I little thought the time was near,
 Repentance I should buy sae dear :
 The slighted maids my torment see,
 And laugh at a' the pangs I dree ;
 While she, my cruel, scornfu' fair
 Forbids me e'er to see her mair !

JENNY'S A' WAT, POOR BODY.

TUNE—*Coming thro' the Rye.*

COMING thro' the rye, poor body,
 Coming through the rye,
 She draiglet a' her petticoatie,
 Coming thro' the rye.
 Jenny's a' wat, poor body,
 Jenny's seldom dry ;
 She draiglet a' her petticoatie,
 Coming through the rye.
 Gin a body meet a body
 Coming thro' the rye,
 Gin a body kiss a body,
 Need a body cry ?
 Gin a body meet a body
 Coming thro' the glen,
 Gin a body kiss a body
 Need the warld ken ?

THE CARDIN' O'T.

TUNE—*Salt-fish and Dumplings.*

I COFT a stane o' haslock woo',
 To make a wat to Johnny o't;
 For Johnny is my only jo,
 I lo'e him best of ony yet.
 The cardin' o't, the spinnin' o't,
 The warpin' o't, the winnin' o't;
 When ilka ell cast me a groat,
 The tailor staw the linin' o't.

For tho' his locks be lyart grey,
 And though his brow be held aboon;
 Yet I ha'e seen him on a day,
 The pride of a' the parishen.

TO THEE, LOVED NITH.

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

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

SAE FAR AWA.

TUNE—*Dalkeith Maiden Bridge.*

OH, sad and heavy should I part,
 But for her sake sae far awa,
 Unknowing what my way may thwart
 My native land sae far awa.
 Thou that of a' things Maker art,
 That form'd this fair sae far awa,
 Gi'e body strength, then I'll ne'er start
 At this my way sae far awa.

How true is love to pure desert,
 So love to her, sae far awa:
 And nocht can heal my bosom's smart,
 While, oh! she is sae far awa.
 Nane other love, nane other dart,
 I feel but her's, sae far awa;
 But fairer never touch'd a heart
 Than her's, the fair sae far awa.

WAE IS MY HEART.

TUNE—*Wae is my Heart.*

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

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

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

AMANG THE TREES.

TUNE—*The King of France he rade a Race.*

AMANG the trees where humming bees
 At buds and flowers were hinging, O,
 Auld Caledon drew out her drone,
 And to her pipe was singing, O;
 'Twas pibroch, sang, strathspey, or reels,
 She dirl'd them aff fu' clearly, O,
 When there cam a yell o' foreign squeels,
 That dang her tapsalterie, O.

Their capon craws, and queer ha, ha's,
 They made our lugs grow eerie, O;
 The hungry bike did scrape and pike
 Till we were wae and weary, O.
 But a royal ghaist, wha ance was cased,
 A prisoner aughteen year awa,
 He fir'd a fiddler in the north
 That dang them tapsalterie, O.

THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.

TUNE—*If thou'll play me Fair Play.*

THE bonniest lad that e'er I saw,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
 Wore a plaid, and was fu' braw,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie;
 His loyal heart was firm and true,
 Bonnie Highland laddie.

Trumpets sound, and cannons roar,
 Bonnie lassie, Lowland lassie;
 And a' the hills wi' echoes roar,
 Bonnie Lowland lassie.
 Glory, honour, now invite,
 Bonnie lassie, Lowland lassie,
 For freedom and my king to fight,
 Bonnie Lowland lassie.
 The sun a backward course shall take,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
 'Ere aught thy manly courage shake.
 Bonnie Highland laddie.
 Go! for yourself procure renown,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie;
 And for your lawful king and crown,
 Bonnie Highland laddie.

BANNOCKS O' BARLEY.

TUNE—*The Killogie.*

BANNOCKS o' bear meal,
 Bannocks o' barley,
 Here's to the Highlandman's
 Bannocks o' barley.
 Wha in a brulzie
 Will first cry a parley?
 Never the lads wi'
 The bannocks o' barley.
 Bannocks o' bear meal,
 Bannocks o' barley;
 Here's to the lads wi'
 The bannocks o' barley!
 Wha in his wae-days
 Were loyal to Charlie?
 Wha but the lads wi'
 The bannocks o' barley?

ROBIN SHURE IN HAIRST.

CHORUS.

ROBIN shure in hairst,
 I shure wi' him;
 Fient a henk had I,
 Yet I stuck by him.
 I gaed up to Dunse,
 To warp a web o' plaiden;
 At his daddie's yett,
 Wha met me but Robin?

Was na Robin bauld,
Though I was a cotter,
Play'd me sic a trick,
And me the ells's dochter?

Robin promis'd me
A' my winter vittel:
Fient haet he had but three
Goose feathers and a wittle.

SWEETEST MAY.

SWEETEST May, let love inspire thee;
Take a heart which he desires thee;
As thy constant slave regard it;
For its faith and truth reward it.

Proof o' shot to birth or money,
Not the wealthy but the bonnie;
Not high-born, but noble-minded
In love's silken band can bind it.

THE LASS OF ECCLEFECHAN.

TUNE—*Jacky Latin.*

GAT ye me, oh gat ye me,
Oh gat ye me wi' naething,
Rock and reel, and spiunnin' wheel,
A mickle quarter basin.
Bye attour, my gutcher has
A hich house and a laigh ane,
A' forbye my bonnie sel',
The lass of Ecclefechan.

Oh haud your tongue now, Luckie Laing,
Oh haud your tongue and jannier;
I held the gate till you I met,
Syne I began to wander:
I tint my whistle and my sang,
I tint my peace and pleasure;
But your green graff, now, Luckie Laing,
Wad airt me to my treasure.

HERE'S A BOTTLE AND AN HONEST FRIEND.

HERE'S a bottle and an honest friend,
Wha wad ye wish for mair, man?
Wha kens, before his life may end,
What his share may be o' care, man?

Then catch the moments as they fly,
 And use them as ye ought, man :—
 Believe me, happiness is shy,
 And comes na aye when sought, man.

ON A PLOUGHMAN.

As I was a-wand'ring ane morning in spring,
 I heard a young ploughman sae sweetly to sing ;
 And as he was singing these words, he did say,
 There's na life like the ploughman's in the month o' sweet May,
 The lav'rock in the morning she'll rise frae her nest,
 And mount to the air wi' the dew on her breast,
 And wi' the merry ploughman she'll whistle and sing,
 And at night she'll return to her nest back again.

THE WEARY PUND O' TOW.

TUNE—*The Weary Pund o' Tow.*

THE weary pund, the weary pund,
 The weary pund o' tow :
 I think my wife will end her life
 Before she spin her tow.

I bought my wife a stane o' lint,
 As guid as e'er did grow ;
 And a' that she has made o' that,
 Is ane poor pund o' tow.

There sat a bottle in a bole,
 Beyont the ingle lowe,
 And aye she took the tither souk,
 To drouk the stowrie tow.

Quoth I, for shame, ye dirty dame,
 Gae spin your tap o' tow !
 She took the rock, and wi' a knock
 She brak it o'er my pow.

At last her feet—I sang to see't—
 Gaed foremost o'er the knowe ;
 And 'ere I wad anither jad,
 I'll wallop in a tow.

THE LADDIES BY THE BANKS O' NITH.

TUNE—*Up and waur them a'.*

THE laddies by the banks o' Nith,
 Wad trust his Grace wi' a', Jamie,
 But he'll sair them as he sair'd the king,
 Turn tail and rin awa, Jamie.

Up and waur them a' Jamie,
 Up and waur them a';
 The Johnstones la'e the guidin' o't,
 Ye turncoat whigs, awa.

The day he stude his country's friend,
 Or gied her faes a claw, Jamie,
 Or frae puir man a blessin' wan,
 That day the duke ne'er saw, Jamie.

But wha is he, his country's boast?
 Like him there is na twa, Jamie;
 There's no callant tents the kye,
 But kens o' Westerha', Jamie.

To end this wark, here's Whistlebirck,
 Lang may his whistle blaw, Jamie;
 And Maxwell true o' sterling blue,
 And we'll be Johnstones a', Jamie.

Epigrams, &c.

ON CAPTAIN GROSE,

THE CELEBRATED ANTIQUARY.

THE Devil got notice that GROSE was a-dying,
 So whip! at the summons, old Satan came flying;
 But when he approach'd where poor FRANCIS lay moaning,
 And saw each bed-post with its burden a-groaning,
 Astonish'd, confounded, cried Satan, "By——
 I'll want 'im, 'ere I take such a damnable load,"

ON A HENPECKED COUNTRY SQUIRE

ON death, hadst thou but spar'd his life,
 Whom we this day lament,
 We freely wad exchang'd the wife,
 And a' been weel content.

E'en as he is, cauld in his graff,
 The swap we yet will do't;
 Tak thou the carlin's carcase aff,
 Thou'se get the saul to boot.

ANOTHER ON HIS WIDOW.

ONE Queen Artemisia, as old stories tell,
 When deprived of her husband she loved so well,
 In respect for the love and affection he show'd her,
 She reduc'd him to dust, and she drank off the powder.

But Queen Netherplace, of a different complexion,
 When call'd on to order the fun'ral direction,
 Would have ate her dead lord, on a slender pretence,
 Not to show her respect, but—to save the expense!

ON ELPHINSTONE'S

TRANSLATIONS OF MARTIAL'S EPIGRAMS.

OH thou, whom poesy abhors,
 Whom prose has turned out of doors,
 Heard'st thou that groan—proceed no further;
 'Twas laurell'd Martial roaring murther!

ON MISS J. SCOTT, OF AYR.

OH! had each SCOT of ancient times,
 Been JEANY SCOTT, as thou art,
 The bravest heart on English ground
 Had yielded like a coward.

ON AN ILLITERATE GENTLEMAN,

WHO HAD A FINE LIBRARY.

FREE through the leaves, ye maggots, make your windings
 But for the owner's sake, oh spare the bindings!

WRITTEN

UNDER THE PICTURE OF MISS BURNS.

CEASE, ye prudes, your envious railings,
 Lovely Burns has charms—confess:
 True it is, she had one failing—
 Had a woman ever less?

WRITTEN

ON A WINDOW OF THE INN AT CARRON.

We cam na here to view your warks
 In hopes to be mair wise;
 But only, lest we gang to hell,
 It may be nae surprise:
 But whan we tirl'd at your door,
 Your porter dought na hear us;
 Sae may, should we to hell's yetts come,
 Your billy Satan sair us!

WRITTEN ON A PANE OF GLASS

IN THE INN AT MOFFAT.

ASK why God made the gem so small,
 And why so huge the granite?
 Because God meant mankind should set
 The higher value on it.

FRAGMENT.

THOU black-headed eagle
 As keen as a beagle,
 He hunted owre height and owre howe;
 But fell in a trap
 On the braes of Gemappe,
 E'en let him come out as he dowe.

ON INCIVILITY SHEWN HIM AT INVERNARY.

WHOE'ER he be that sojourns here,
 I pity much his case,
 Unless he come to wait upon
 The Lord their God, his Grace.
 There's naething here but Highland pride,
 And Highland scab and hunger;
 If Providence has sent me here,
 'Twas surely in His anger.

HIGHLAND HOSPITALITY.

WHEN Death's dark stream I ferry o'er,
 A time that surely shall come,
 In Heaven itself I'll ask no more,
 Than just a Highland welcome.

LINES ON MISS KEMBLE.

KEMBLE, thou cur'st my unbelief,
 Of Moses and his rod;
 At Yarico's sweet notes of grief
 The rock with tears had flow'd.

ON THE KIRK AT LAMINGTON.

A cauld day December blew,
 A cauld kirk, and in't but few;
 A caulder minister never spak—
 They'll a' be warm 'ere I come back.

THE SOLEMN LEAGUE AND COVENANT.

THE solemn League and Covenant
Cost Scotland blood—cost Scotland tears :
But it seal'd freedom's sacred cause—
If thou'rt a slave, indulge thy sneers.

ON A CERTAIN PARSON'S LOOKS.

THAT there is falsehood in his looks
I must and will deny ;
They say their master is a knave—
And sure they do not lie.

ON SEEING THE BEAUTIFUL SEAT OF THE
EARL OF * * * * *

WHAT dost thou in that mansion fair ?—
Flit, * * * *, and find
Some narrow, dirty, dungeon cave,
The picture of thy mind !

ON THE EARL OF * * * * *

No Stewart art thou, * * * *,
The Stewarts all were brave ;
Besides, the Stewarts were but fools,
Not one of them a knave.

On the Same.

BRIGHT ran thy line, oh * * * *,
Thro' many a far-fam'd sire !
So ran the far-fam'd Roman way,
So ended in a mire.

On the Same.

ON THE AUTHOR BEING THREATENED WITH HIS
VENGEANCE.

SPARE me thy vengeance, * * * *,
In quiet let me live ;
I ask no kindness at thy hand,
For thou hast none to give.

ON AN EMPTY FELLOW

WHO IN COMPANY ENGROSSED THE CONVERSATION WITH
AN ACCOUNT OF HIS GREAT CONNEXIONS.

No more of your titled acquaintances boast,
And what nobles and gentles you've seen ;
An insect is still but an insect at most,
Tho' it crawl on the curl of a Queen !

WRITTEN ON A PANE OF GLASS,

On the occasion of a National Thanksgiving for a Naval Victory.

YE hypocrites ! are these your pranks ?—
To murder men, and gi'e God thanks !
For shame ! gi'e o'er, proceed no further—
God won't accept your thanks for murder !

THE TRUE LOYAL NATIVES.

YE true "Loyal Natives," attend to my song,
In uproar and riot rejoice the night long ;
From envy and hatred your corps is exempt,
But where is your shield from the darts of contempt ?

INSCRIPTION ON A GOBLET.

THERE's death in the cup—sae beware !
Nay more—there is danger in touching ;
But wha can avoid the fell snare ?
The man and his wine's so bewitching !

EXTEMPORE ON MR SYME.

No more of your guests, be they titled or not,
And cookery the first in the nation ;
Who is proof to thy personal converse and wit
Is proof to all other temptation.

TO MR. SYME.

WITH A PRESENT OF A DOZEN OF PORTER

OH, had the malt thy strength of mind,
Or hops the flavour of thy wit,
'Twere drink for first of human kind,
A gift that e'en for Syme were fit.

THE CREED OF POVERTY.

IN politics if thou would'st mix,
And mean thy fortunes be,
Bear this in mind—be deaf and blind,
Let great folk hear and see.

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S POCKET-BOOK.

GRANT me, indulgent Heaven, that I may live
To see the miscreants feel the pains they give,
Deal freedom's sacred treasures free as air,
Till slave and despot be but things which were.

TO JOHN TAYLOR.

WITH Pegasus upon a day,
 Apollo weary flying,
 Through frosty hills the journey lay,
 On foot the way was plying.

Poor slip-shod giddy Pegasus
 Was but a sorry walker,
 To Vulcan then Apollo goes,
 To get a frosty calker.

Obliging Vulcan fell to work,
 Threw by his coat and bonnet,
 And did Sol's business in a crack;
 Sol paid him with a sonnet.

Ye Vulcan's sons of Wanlockhead,
 Pity my sad disaster;
 My Pegasus is poorly shod—
 I'll pay you like my master.

TO MISS FONTENELLE.

SWEET naïveté of feature,
 Simple, wild, enchanting elf,
 Not to thee, but, thanks to Nature,
 Thou art acting but thyself.

Wert thou awkward, stiff, affected,
 Spurning nature, torturing art;
 Loves and graces all rejected,
 Then indeed thou'dst act a part.

THE TOAST

INSTEAD of a song, boys, I'll give you a toast—
 Here's the memory of those on the twelfth that we lost!
 That we lost, did I say? nay, by Heaven, that we found;
 For their fame it shall last while the world goes round.
 The next in succession, I'll give you—the King!
 Whoe'er would betray him, on high may he swing;
 And here's the grand fabric, our free Constitution,
 As built on the base of the great Revolution;
 And longer with politics not to be cramm'd,
 Be Anarchy curs'd, and be Tyranny damn'd;
 And who would to Liberty e'er prove disloyal,
 May his son be a hangman, and he his first trial.

EXCISEMAN UNIVERSAL.

WRITTEN ON A WINDOW.

YE men of wit and wealth, why all this sneering
 'Gainst poor Excisemen? give the cause a hearing:

What are your landlords' rent-rolls? teasing ledgers :
 What premiers—what? even monarchs' mighty gaugers :
 Nay, what are priests, those seeming godly wise men?
 What are tney, pray, but spiritual Excisemen?

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.

ON JESSY LEWARS.

TALK not to me of savages
 From Afric's burning sun ;
 No savage e'er could rend my heart,
 As, Jessy, thou hast done.
 But Jessy's lovely hand in mine,
 A mutual faith to plight,
 Not even to view the heavenly choir
 Would be so blest a sight.

Toast to the Same.

FILL me with rosy wine,
 Call a toast—a toast divine ;
 Give the poet's darling flame,
 Lovely Jessy be the name ;
 Then thou mayest freely boast
 Thou hast given a peerless toast.

Epitaph on the Same.

SAY, sages, what's the charm on earth
 Can turn death's dart aside?
 It is not purity and worth,
 Else Jessy had not died.

To the Same.

BUT rarely seen since Nature's birth,
 The natives of the sky ;
 Yet still one seraph's left on earth,
 For Jessy did not die.

GRACES BEFORE MEAT.

SOME ha'e meat, and canna eat,
 And some would eat that want it,
 But we ha'e meat, and we can eat,
 Sae let the Lord be thankit.

OH Thou, who kindly dost provide
 For every creature's want !
 We bless Thee, God of Nature wide,
 For all thy goodness lent ;
 And, if it please Thee, heavenly Guide,
 May never worse be sent :
 But whether granted or denied,
 Lord, bless us with content ! *Amen !*

OH Thou, in whom we live and move,
 Who mad'st the sea and shore ;
 Thy goodness constantly we prove,
 And grateful would adore.
 And if it please Thee, Power above,
 Still grant us, with such store,
 The friend we trust, the fair we love,
 And we desire no more.

Epitaphs.

ON THE AUTHOR'S FATHER.

OH 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 gen'rous 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 ev'n his failings lean'd to virtue's side."

ON A HENPECK'D COUNTRY SQUIRE.

As father Adam was fool'd,
 A case that's still too common,
 Here lies a man a woman rul'd,
 The devil rul'd the woman.

ON A CELEBRATED RULING ELDER.

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

ON A NOISY POLEMIC.

BELOW these stanes lie Jamie's bances;
 Oh Death, it's my opinion
 Thou ne'er took such a bleth'rin bitch
 Into thy dark dominion!

ON WEE JOHNNY.

HIC JACET WEE JOHNNY.

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

ON JOHN DOVE,

INNKEEPER, MAUCHLINE.

HERE lies Johnny Pidgeon!
 What was his religion?
 Wha e'er desires to ken,
 To some other warl'
 Maun follow the carl,
 For here Johnny Pidgeon had nane
 Strong ale was abluition—
 Small beer, persecution,
 A dram was *memento mori*.
 But a full flowing bowl
 Was the joy of his soul,
 And port was celestial glory.

FOR ROBERT AIKIN, ESQ.

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

ON A FRIEND.

AN honest man here lies at rest
 As e'er God with his image blest!
 The friend of man the friend of truth;
 The friend of age, and guide of youth;
 Few hearts like his, with virtue warm'd,
 Few heads with knowledge so inform'd;
 If there's another world, he lives in bliss;
 If there is none, he made the best of *this*.

FOR GAVIN HAMILTON.

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

ON WAT.

Sic a reptile was Wat,
 Sic a miscreant slave,
 That the very worms damn'd him
 When laid in his grave.
 "In his flesh there's a famino,"
 A starv'd reptile cries;
 "And his heart is rank poison,"
 Another replies..

ON A SCHOOLMASTER,

IN CLEISH PARISH, FIFESHIRE.

HERE lie Willie Michie's banes,
 Oh Satan, when ye tak him,
 Gi'e him the schoolin' of your weans;
 For clever deils he'll mak 'em!

ON MR. W. CRUICKSHANKS.

HONEST Will's to Heaven gane,
 And mony shall lament him;
 His faults they a' in Latin lay,
 In English nane e'er kent them.

FOR WILLIAM NICOL.

YE maggots feed on Nicol's brain,
 For few sic feasts you've gotten;
 You've got a prize o' Willie's heart,
 For deil a bit ot's rotten.

ON W———.

STOP thief! dame Nature cried to Death,
 As Willie drew his latest breath;
 You have my choicest model ta'en
 How shall I make a fool again?

On the Same.

REST gently, turf, upon his breast,
 His chicken heart's so tender;—
 But rear huge castles on his head,
 His skull will prop them nder.

ON GABRIEL RICHARDSON,

BREWER, DUMFRIES.

HERE Brewer Gabriel's fire's extinct,
And empty all his barrels;
He's blest—if as he brew'd he din'd—
In upright honest morals.

ON JOHN BUSHBY,

WRITER, DUMFRIES.

HERE lies John Bushby, honest man!
Cheat him, devil, if you can.

ON THE POET'S DAUGHTER.

HERE lies a rose, a budding rose,
Blasted before its bloom;
Whose innocence did sweets disclose
Beyond that flower's perfume.

To those who for her loss are griev'd,
This consolation's given—
She's from this world of woe reliev'd,
And blooms a rose in Heaven.

ON A PICTURE,

REPRESENTING JACOB'S DREAM.

DEAR —, I'll gi'e you some advice,
You'll tak it no uncivil:
You shouldna paint at angels mair,
But try and paint the d—l.

To paint an angel's kittle wark,
Wi' auld Nick there's less danger;
It's easy draw a weel-kent face,
But a wee weel a stranger.

Notes to the Poems.

Page 111. *The Death of Poor Mailie*.—According to Gilbert Burns, this poem may be dated anteriorly to 1784. The subjoined is his account of the circumstance of which these lines are a faithful record :—"Robert had, partly by way of frolic, bought an ewe and two lambs from a neighbour, and she was tethered in a field adjoining the house at Lochlee. He and I were going out with our teams, and our two younger brothers to drive for us, at midday, when Hugh Wilson, (the *Hughoc* of the poem, who was a neighbouring farmer's herdmate,) a curious-looking, awkward boy, clad in plaiding, came up to us, with much anxiety in his face, with the information that the ewe had entangled herself in the tether, and was lying in the ditch, Robert was much tickled with Hughoc's appearance and postures on the occasion. Poor Mailie was set to rights, and when we returned from the plough in the evening, he repeated to me her death and dying words, pretty much in the way they now stand."

Page 114. *Epistle to Davie*.—This Davie was Mr. David Sillar, of whom we have had occasion to speak as a brother rhymster of Burns. He was one of the intimates of the Bachelor's Club, at Tarbolton, to which he had been introduced in 1788. In his subsequent career he became connected with the borough of Irvine, first as a teacher, and afterwards as a Bailie ; and he survived to the advanced age of seventy years. He died on the 2nd of May, 1830.

Page 114. *Is only but to beg*.—The tolerated beggar was a species of travelling historian, traditionist, bard, or jester, according to the humour of his respective audiences, and he was expected to earn the bounty of his hearers by entertaining them.

Page 116. *Ye ha'e your Meg*.—Meg, or, more properly, Margaret Orr, of whom Burns speaks so familiarly, was nursery-maid in the establishment of Mrs. Stewart, of Stair. In Sillar's visits to his Meg, he was not unfrequently accompanied by Burns, who would supply verses for the songs of other female servants ; some of these accidentally fell, in manuscript, into the hands of Mrs. Stewart, who was so struck with their beauty, that she desired that, upon his next visit, the author should be presented to her. He was accordingly introduced, and Mrs. Stewart is numbered amongst the first friends whom Burns's genius had secured amongst those of superior rank.

Page 119. *Lang syne, in Eden's happy yard*.—The original manuscript affords the subjoined version of these lines :

Lang syne in Eden's happy scene,
 When strapping Adam's days were green,
 And Eve was like my bonnie Jean,
 My dearest part,
 A dancin' sweet, young, handsome quean,
 O' guileless heart.

Page 122. *Halloween*.—The author's own notes have been appended to the references throughout this poem; not but that the spells of this characteristic festival are now very generally understood. "It is thought to be a night when all the superhuman beings who people space, and earth, and air, in search of mischief, revel at midnight: and it is also a grand anniversary of the more beneficent tribe of fairies, whose occupation is to baffle each evil genius in his wicked pursuit. R. B.

Page 123. *Their stocks maun a' be sought ance*.—The first ceremony of Halloween is, pulling each a *stock* or plant of kail. They must go out hand in hand, with eyes shut, and pull the first they meet with; its being big or little, straight or crooked, is prophetic of the size and shape of the grand object of all their spells—the husband or wife. If any *yird*, or earth, stick to the root, that is *tocher*, or fortune; and the taste of the *custoc*, or heart of the stem, is indicative of the natural temper or disposition. Lastly, the stems, or, as they are called, the *runts*, are placed above the cornice of the door; and the Christian names of those whom chance brings into the house, are, according to the order in which the runts were placed, the names in question.

Page 123. *And pou their stalks o' corn*.—They go to the barnyard, and pull each, at three several times, a stalk of oats. If the third stalk wants a *top pickle*, or grain at the top of the stalk, the lady will be wedded, but not a maid. R. B.

Page 123. *When kuitling in the 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*.

Page 123. *The auld guidwife's well-hoordet 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. R. B.

Page 124. *And in the blue-clue throws then*.—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 clue off the old one, and, towards the latter end, something will hold the thread; demand "Wha hauds?" that is, who holds? An answer will be returned from the kiln-pot, by naming the Christian and surname of your future spouse. R. B.

Page 124. *I'll eat the apple at the glass*.—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 peeping over your shoulder.

Page 125. *Ife gat hemp-seed, I mind it weel.*—Steal out, unperceived, and sow a handful of hempseed, harrowing it with anything you can conveniently draw after you. Repeat, now and then, "Hemp-seed I saw thee; hemp-seed I saw thee; and him (or her) that is to be my true love, come after me and pou thee." Look over your left shoulder, and you will see the appearance of the person invoked, in the attitude of pulling hemp. Some traditions say, "Come after me, and shaw thee," that is, show thyself: in which case it simply appears. R. B.

Page 126. *Meg fain wad to the barn ha'e gaen.*—This charm must likewise be performed unperceived and alone. You go to the barn, and open both doors, taking them off the hinges, if possible; for there is danger that the being about to appear may shut the doors and do you some mischief. Then take that instrument used in winnowing the corn, which, in our country dialect, we call a wecht, and go through all the attitudes of letting down corn against the wind. Repeat it three times, and the third time an apparition will pass through the barn, in at the windy door and out at the other, having both the figure in question, and the appearance or retinue, marking the employment or station in life. R. B.

Page 126. *It clane'd the stack he faddom't thrice.*—Take an opportunity of going, unnoticed, to a bean-stack, and fathom it three times round. The last fathom of the last time you will catch in your arms the appearance of your future conjugal yoke fellow. R. B.

Page 126. *Where three lairds' lands 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. R. B.

Page 127. *The luggies three are rang'd.*—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 fortells with equal certainty no marriage at all. It is repeated three times, and every time the arrangement of the dishes is altered. R. B.

Page 127. *Fu' blythe that night.*—Burns has omitted, amongst the other ceremonies of Halloween, that of ducking for apples in tubs of water. Few of those of which the poet has furnished particulars are now observed. The lottery of dishes, the pulling kail stalks, and the ducking for apples, comprising the whole, or nearly the whole, of the frolicsome enchantments now in common observance.

Page 138. *Death and Dr. Hornbook.*—Hornbook's career seems to have borne out his claim to some more elevated occupation than the ownership of a shop of all wares, the duties of

an obscure dispenser, or those of a wretched parish schoolmaster. Such were his occupations at Tarbolton, where first he was engaged as a teacher. He subsequently stocked a small store of grocery and general wares, to which, after some poring over medical books, he also added the drugs in more ordinary demand. This last acquisition was of the more consequence, as there was no medical man in the place; and Hornbook having started up into a medical authority, pompously paraded his knowledge and skill at a Mason meeting at Tarbolton, in the presence of Burns, and thus suggested this poem. Hornbook subsequently settled in Glasgow, and outlived the poet nearly half a century.

Page 139. *And toddlin' down on Willie's Mill*.—Willie's Mill was the name of a mill just out of the village of Tarbolton, on the road to Mossiel, and on a small stream called the Faile. It was occupied by Mr. William Muir, an intimate friend of the Burns's, and one of the subscribers to the first Edinburgh edition of Robert's poems.

Page 154. *The Jolly Beggars*.—The authenticity of this poem has been very erroneously doubted. It was written by Burns in 1785, but was not published in his own editions, probably because he had retained no copy of it, clearly not that he thought it unworthy of him. In 1801, this piece appeared in a small volume, published at Glasgow, by Messrs. Brash and Reid, under the unpretending title of *Poems ascribed to Robert Burns*. All the more recent authorities have been convinced of its authenticity, which, in fact, appears to be incontestably established by the style; and Mr. Chambers has furnished some particulars respecting the incident to which it is attributable. The following is the anecdote:—

“It is understood to have been founded on the poet's observation of an actual scene which one night met his eye, when, in company with his friends John Richmond and James Smith, he dropped accidentally, at a late hour, into a very humble hostelry in Mauchline, the landlady of which was a Mrs. Gibson, more familiarly named Poesie Nancy. After witnessing much jollity amongst a company who, by day, appeared abroad as miserable beggars, the three young men came away, Burns professing to have been greatly delighted with the scene, but more particularly with the gleesome behaviour of an old maimed soldier. In the course of a few days he recited a part of the poem to Richmond, who has informed the present Editor, that, to the best of his recollection, it contained, in its original complete form, songs by a sweep and a sailor, which do not now appear. The landlady of the house was mother to Racer Jess, alluded to in the *Holy Fair*, and her house was at the left hand side of the opening of the *Cowgate*, mentioned in the same poem, and opposite to the church. An account of the house, and the characters who frequented it, and the scenes which used to take place in it, is given in *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, No. 2. A lithographic fac-simile of the original manuscript of the *Jolly Beggars* has been published.”

Sir Walter Scott, with some taint of a prudery, which occasionally exposed him to the charge of affectation, has, however

been liberal enough in his remarks on this poem, to attach a defence to his own censure. Subjoined is his own criticism *totidem verbis* :—

“ In one or two passages of the *Jolly Beggars*, the muse has slightly trespassed on decorum, where, in the language of Scottish song,

‘ High kilted was she,
As she gaed owre the lea.’

Something, however, is to be allowed to the nature of the subject, and something to the education of the poet : and if from veneration to the names of Swift and Dryden, we tolerate the grossness of the one and the indelicacy of the other, the respect due to that of Burns may surely claim indulgence for a few light strokes of broad humour.”

Page 154. *Just like an aumos dish*.—An allusion to the large wooden dish or platter, carried by mendicants in Scotland, to receive broken food.

Page 161. *Man was made to mourn*.—Several of the poems were produced for the purpose of bringing forward some favorite sentiment of the author. He used to remark to me, that he could not well conceive a more mortifying picture of human life than a man seeking work. In casting about in his mind how this sentiment might be brought forward, the Elegy, *Man was made to Mourn*, was composed.—GILBERT BURNS.

Page 163. *To a Mouse*.—This exquisite poem was actually composed at the plough tail, and suggested by an incident which occurred to the poet whilst at work. Burns was handling the plough, and John Blane, one of the farm servants, (who many years since remembered the incident,) was driving, at the same time holding in his hand the pattle, or pettle, (a small wooden spud with which the ploughshare was scraped at the commencement of every fresh furrow,) when suddenly a mouse started from the furrow, and was running across the field closely pursued by Blane, pattle in hand, who had started in chase. Burns, however, called his driver back, and very calmly asked him “ What hurt the mouse had done him, that he should wish to kill it.” From that moment Burns remained moody and silent during the rest of the day, and woke Blane at night (for they were bedfellows,) to repeat to him the lines which the incident of the day had suggested.

Page 164. *The curlers quat their roaring play*.—Curling is a very boisterous game, played on the ice, when sufficiently strong, and which consists in the trundling of flattened, smooth round stones. The players are divided into sides.

Page 164. *Ben i' the spence*.—The parlour of the farm-house at Mossiel, namely, the only apartment besides the kitchen. This little apartment still exists in the state in which it was when the poet described it as the scene of his vision of Corla. “ Though in every respect humble, and partly occupied by fixed beds, it does not appear uncomfortable. Every consideration however, sinks beneath the one intense feeling, that here, within these four walls, warmed at this little fireplace, and lighted by this little window, (it has but one,) lived one of the most extra

ordinary men; here wrote some of the most celebrated poems of modern times.—*Chambers's Journal*, No. 93.

Page 166. *His country's saviour*.—Alluding to the great William Wallace, the hero of Scottish independence.

Page 166. *The chief on Sark, who glorious fell*.—The Laird of Craigie, also, of the family of Wallace, who held the second command at the battle fought in 1448, on the banks of Sark, and gained by the Scottish troops, under Douglas, Earl of Ormond, and Wallace, Laird of Craigie; and in which the desperate valour, and masterly skill of the latter, were chiefly instrumental in securing the victory. The Laird of Craigie was mortally wounded in the engagement.

Page 170. *The Author's earnest cry and prayer*.—Towards the close of the year 1785, loud complaints were made by the Scottish distillers respecting the vexatious and oppressive manner in which the Excise laws were enforced at their establishments—such rigour, they said, being exercised at the instigation of the London distillers, who looked with jealousy on the success of their northern brethren. So great was the severity of the Excise, that many distillers were obliged to abandon the trade, and the price of barley was beginning to be affected. Illicit distillation was also found to be alarmingly on the increase. In consequence of the earnest remonstrances of the distillers, backed by the county gentlemen, an act was passed in the session of 1786, (alluded to by the Author,) whereby the duties on low wines, spirits, &c., were discontinued, and an annual tax imposed on stills, according to their capacity. This act gave general satisfaction. It seems to have been during the general outcry against fiscal oppression, at the end of 1785, or beginning of 1786, that the poem was composed.

Page 171. *Or gab like Boswell*.—James Boswell, well known to the party politicians of Ayrshire, as one of the orators at their meetings, but better known to the world at large as the *shadow* and biographer of Dr. Johnson.

Page 173. *And drink his health in old Nanse Tinnock's*.—A worthy old hostess of the Author's in Mauchline, where he sometimes studied politics over a glass of guid auld Scotch drink. Nanse's story was different. On seeing the poem, she declared that the poet had never been but once or twice in her house.

Page 175. *Aft clad in massy siller weed*.—The vulgar name of beer having been repudiated, and the more refined cognomen of "*ale*" being substituted for such decoctions of malt as grace the tables of the great in silver tankards.

Page 177. *Thee, Ferintosh, oh sadly lost*.—The Scottish Parliament passed an Act, in the year 1690, empowering Forbes of Colloiden to distil whisky free of duty, on his manor of Ferintosh, of Cromartyshire, in consideration of his services, and of the losses which he had sustained in the public service at the period of the Revolution. The immense wealth to which such an immunity opened the way, gradually stimulated the successors of the Forbes to the distillation of so immense a quantity of the spirit, that by degrees *Ferintosh* became a bye-word

signifying whisky. This privilege was abolished by the Act of the British Parliament, passed in 1785, and which regulated the Scotch distilleries in general. But a provision was reserved in that Act to the effect, that the Lords of the Treasury should indemnify the present proprietor of the barony for the immense deterioration of his estate, and that if the Lords of the Treasury should fail to settle the matter fairly, it should be submitted to a jury in the Scottish Court of Exchequer. Accordingly, after futile attempts at redress from the Treasury, Mr. Duncan Forbes prosecuted his claim, proving that the right had actually produced £1,000 a-year to his family, and might have been productive of seven times as much; and the jury awarded him the substantial sum of £21,580 as compensation, on the 29th of November, 1785.

Page 193. *Inscribed to Robert Aiken, Esq.*—Mr. Aiken was one of the first persons moving in the higher orders of society who noticed the remarkable talents of Robert Burns, and whose patronage and countenance upheld the poet, and promoted the success of his subsequently brilliant career. He was somewhat distinguished amongst his professional colleagues (being a lawyer,) for the superior intellectual qualifications which he possessed, and amongst his friends for the unaffected generosity of his character.

Page 188. *I lang ha'e thought, my youthful friend.*—The friend to whom this poem is addressed, was Mr. Andrew Aiken, the son of Mr. Aiken, of Ayr, to whom the *Cotter's Saturday Night* is dedicated, and who had been taught by his father to venerate the genius and character of his lowly but illustrious fellow-countryman. Mr. Andrew Aiken survived fifty years after Burns, and died at St. Petersburg, after a very successful mercantile career into which he had early embarked at Liverpool.

Page 190. *Expect na, Sir, in this narration.*—The first person of respectable rank and good education who took any notice of Burns, was Mr. Gavin Hamilton, writer, in Mauchline, from whom he took his farm of Mossgiel on a sub-lease. Mr. Hamilton lived in what is called the Castle of Mauchline, a half fortified old mansion near the church, forming the only remains of the ancient priory. He was the son of a gentleman who had practised the same profession in the same place, and was in every respect a most estimable member of society—generous, affable, and humane. Unfortunately, his religious practice did not square with the notions of the then minister of Mauchline, the *Daddy Auld* of Burns, who, in 1785, is found in the session records to have summoned him for rebuke on the four following charges:—Unnecessary absence from church for five consecutive Sundays (apparently the result of some dispute about a poor's rate); 2. Setting out on a journey to Carrick on a Sunday; 3. Habitual, if not total, neglect of family worship; 4. Writing an abusive letter to the Session, in reference to some of their former proceedings respecting him. Strange though this prosecution may seem, it was strictly accordant with the right, assumed by the Scottish clergy at that period, to enquire into the private habits of parishioners: and as it is universally

allowed that Mr. Auld's designs in the matter were purely religious, it is impossible to speak of it disrespectfully. It was, however, unfortunately mixed up with some personal motives in the members of the Session, which were so apparent to the Presbytery, to which Mr. Hamilton appealed, that the reverend body ordered the proceedings to be stopped, and all notice of them expunged from the records. A description of the sufferings of the Mauchline Session, while orator Aiken was exposing them before the Presbytery, is to be found in *Holy Willie's Prayer*. Partly from antipathy to the high orthodox party, but more from friendship for Mr. Hamilton, whom he regarded as a worthy and enlightened man, persecuted by narrow-witted bigots, Burns threw his partizan muse into the quarrel, and produced several poems, that just mentioned amongst the rest, in which it is but too apparent that religion itself suffers in common with those whom he holds up as abusing it.

Page 196. *The Two Dogs*.—The tale of the *Two Dogs* was composed after the resolution of publishing was nearly taken. Robert had a dog, which he called Luath, that was a great favorite. The dog had been killed by the wanton cruelty of some person, the night before my father's death. Robert said to me that he should like to confer such an immortality as he could bestow on his own friend Luath, and that he had a great mind to introduce something into the book under the title of Stanzas to the Memory of a Quadruped Friend; but this plan was given up for the poem as it now stands. Caesar was merely the creature of the poet's imagination, created for the purpose of holding chat with his favorite Luath."—GILBERT BURNS. Allan Cunningham mentions, that John Wilson, printer, Kilmarnock, on undertaking the first edition of the Poems, suggested the propriety of placing a piece of a grave nature at the beginning, and that Burns, acting on the hint, composed or completed the *Two Dogs* in walking home to Moss-giel. Its exact date is fixed at February, 1786, by a letter of the Poet to John Richmond.

Page 202. *The Lament*.—In the early part of 1786, when the friends of his Jean forced her to break the nuptial engagement into which he had clandestinely entered with her, and took legal steps to force him to find security for the maintenance of her expected offspring—in this dismal time, when nothing but ruin seemed before him—our bard poured forth, as in the name of another, the following eloquent effusion of indignation and grief.

Page 204. *And own His work indeed divine*.—Allusion is here made to Miss Eliza Burnet, the *beauty* of her day in Edinburgh, daughter of the eccentric scholar and philosopher, Lord Monboddo. Burns was several times entertained by his lordship at his house in St. John-street, Canongate, where the lady resided. He speaks of her in a letter in the following terms:—"There has not been anything nearly like her in all the combinations of beauty, grace, and goodness, the Great Creator has formed, since Milton's Eve on the first day of her existence." It may be curious to learn what was thought of

this lovely woman by a man of a very different sort from Burns—namely, Hugh Chisholm, one of the seven broken men (usually called robbers) who kept Prince Charles in their cave in Inverness-shire for several weeks during his hidings, resisting the temptation of thirty thousand pounds to give him up. This man, when far advanced in life, was brought on a visit to Edinburgh, where it was remarked he would never allow any one to shake his right hand, that member having been rendered sacred, in his estimation, by the grasp of the Prince. Being taken to sup at Lord Monboddo's, old Hugh sat most of the time gazing abstractedly on Miss Burnet, and being asked afterwards what he thought of her, he exclaimed, in a burst of his eloquent native tongue, which can be but poorly rendered in English, "She is the finest *animal* I ever beheld." Yet an enviously minute inquirer, in the letter-press accompanying the reprint of *Kay's Portraits*, states that she had one blemish, though one not apt to be observed—*bad teeth*. She died in 1790, of consumption, at the age of twenty-five, and the poet wrote an elegy upon her.—CHAMBERS.

Page 206. *And Wallace Tower had sworn the fact was true.*—The ancient Wallace Tower, which fell into a dangerous state of repair, was ultimately pulled down, and replaced by a new tower, which is still known by the same name.. The Old Wallace Tower was an incongruous building, partaking of the rude commixture of several styles of architecture, and from it rose a slender spire, which, though by no means in exact keeping with the basement, certainly contributed to the picturesque aspect of the building. The new tower stands upon the same foundation in the High-street of Ayr.

Page 206. *Swift as the gos drive on the wheeling hare.*—The falcon, or as it is commonly called, the Gos-hawk. The imagery of this passage is as beautiful as the expression.

Page 307. *Or haunted Garpal draws his feeble source.*—Generally, as the rapid enlightenment of the Scottish people has dispelled the superstitions which were wont to hang about some localities, even to the charm and poetical imagery with which such superstitions served at times to invest them, the spirits of Garpal Water are yet acknowledged to retain their supremacy, and the spot is as firmly believed to be haunted, by many of the peasants, as it was of old.

Page 209. *Next follow'd Courage with his martial stride.*—A complimentary allusion to Captain Hugh Montgomery, otherwise called *Sodger Hugh* by Burns, (who subsequently succeeded to the Earldom of Eglinton), and whose family seat of Coilsfield is situated on the Faile, or Feal, a small stream which falls into the river Ayr, at no great distance.

Page 209. *A female form came from the towers of Stair.*—In the foregoing notes, on the *Epistle to Davie*, the introduction of Burns to Mrs. Stewart, of Stair, has been detailed. The present passage is a complimentary allusion to the same lady.

Page 213. *A Tale.*—"I look on *Tam o' Shanter* as my standard performance in the poetical line."—BURNS.

"When my father fewed his little property near Alloway Kirk, the wall of the churchyard had gone to ruin, and cattle had free liberty of pasture in it. My father and two or three neighbours joined in an application to the town-council of Ayr, who were superiors of the adjoining land, for liberty to rebuild it, and raised by subscription a sum for enclosing this ancient cemetery with a wall: hence he came to consider it as his burial-place, and we learned that reverence for it people generally have for the burial-place of their ancestors. My brother was living in Ellisland, when Captain Grose, on his periprinations through Scotland, staid some time at Carse-house in the neighbourhood, with Captain Robert Riddel, of Glenriddel, a particular friend of my brother's. The antiquary and the poet were 'unco pack and thick thegither.' Robert requested of Captain Grose, when he should come to Ayrshire, that he would make a drawing of Alloway Kirk, as it was the burial-place of his father, where he himself had a sort of claim to lay down his bones when they should be no longer serviceable to him; and added, by way of encouragement, that it was the scene of many a good story of witches and apparitions, of which he knew the captain was very fond. The captain agreed to the request, provided the poet would furnish a witch story, to be printed along with it. 'Tam o' Shanter' was produced on this occasion, and was first published in 'Grose's Antiquities of Scotland.'"—GILBERT BURNS.

It was while spending his nineteenth summer in the parish of Kirkoswald, in Carrick, that the poet became acquainted with the characters and circumstances afterwards introduced into Tam o' Shanter. The hero was an honest farmer, named Douglas Graham, who lived at Shanter, between Turnberry and Colzean. His wife, Helen M'Taggart, was much addicted to superstitious beliefs. Graham, dealing much in malt, went to Ayr every market day, whither he was frequently accompanied by a shoemaking neighbour, John Davidson, who dealt a little in leather. The two would often linger to a late hour in the taverns at the market town. One night, when riding home more than usually late by himself, in a storm of wind and rain, Graham, in passing over Brown Carrick Hill, near the Bridge of Doon, lost his bonnet, which contained the money he had drawn that day at the market. To avoid the scolding of his wife, he imposed upon her credulity with a story of witches seen at Alloway Kirk, but did not the less return to the Carrick Hill, to seek for his money, which he had the satisfaction to find, with his bonnet, in a plantation near the road. Burns, hearing Graham's story told between jest and earnest among the smugglers of the Carrick shore, retained it in his memory, till, at a comparatively late period of his career, he wove from it one of the most admired of his poems. Douglas Graham and John Davidson, the originals of Tam o' Shanter and Souter Johnnie, have long reposed in the churchyard of Kirkoswald, where the former had a handsome monument, bearing a very pious inscription.—CHAMBERS.

Page 217. *And win the key-stane o' the brig.*—It is well known that witches, or any other evil spirits, have no power to

follow a poor wight any farther than the middle of the nearest running stream. And, at the same time, it may not be superfluous to hint to the benighted traveller, that when he is unfortunate enough to fall in with the wierd sisters, or with bogies, on his road, — whatever be the danger of going forward, it is far less than that of retreat.—BURNS.

Page 217. *Tragic Fragment*.—"In my early years nothing less would serve me than courting the tragic muse. I was, I think, about eighteen or nineteen when I sketched the outlines of a tragedy, forsooth: but the bursting of a cloud of family misfortunes, which had for sometime threatened us, prevented my farther progress. In those days I never wrote down anything; so, except a speech or two, the whole has escaped my memory. These lines, which I most distinctly remember, were the exclamation from a great character—great in occasional instances of generosity and daring at times in villanies. He is supposed to meet with a child of misery, and to burst out into this rhapsody,"—BURNS.

Page 218. *Winter, a Dirge*.—"There is scarcely any earthly object gives me more—I do not know if I should call it pleasure—but something which exalts me—something which enraptures me—than to walk on the sheltered side of a wood or plantation, in a cloudy winter's day, and hear the stormy wind howling amongst the trees, and raving over the plain. It is my best season of devotion; my mind is rapt in a kind of enthusiasm to Him, who, in the pompous language of the Hebrew bard, "Walks on the wings of the wind." In one of these seasons, just after a train of misfortunes, I composed *Winter, a Dirge*.—BURNS. According to Gilbert Burns, this is one of Burns's earliest pieces, and he has assigned 1784 as its date.

Page 218. *Prayer under the pressure of Violent Anguish*.—"There was a period of my life that my spirit was well nigh broken by repeated losses and disasters, which threatened, and indeed effected, the utter ruin of my fortune. My body, too, was attacked by that most dreadful distemper, a hypochondria, or confirmed melancholy. In this wretched state, the recollection of which makes me shudder, I hung my harp on the willow trees, except in some lucid intervals, in one of which I composed these lines."—BURNS.

Page 221. *The Two Herds*.—"At the time when Burns was beginning to exercise his powers as a poet, theological controversy raged amongst the clergy and laity of his native country. The prominent points related to the doctrines of Original Sin and the Trinity; a scarcely subordinate one referred to the right of patronage. Burns took the moderate and liberal side, and seems to have delighted in doing all he could to torment the zealous party, who were designated the *Auld Lights*. The first of his poetic offspring that saw the light was a burlesque lamentation on a quarrel between two reverend Calvinists, which he circulated anonymously, and which, "with a certain description of the clergy, as well as laity, met with roars of applause. This was the *Two Herds*. The heroes of the piece were the Rev. Alexander Moodie, minister of Riccarton, and the Rev. John Russell,

minister of a chapel of ease, at Kilmarnock, both of them eminent as leaders of the Auld Light party. In riding home together they got into a warm dispute regarding some point of doctrine, or of discipline, which led to a rupture that appeared nearly incurable. They appear to have afterwards quarrelled about a question of parish boundaries; and when the point was debated in the Presbytery of Irvine, in presence of a great multitude of the people (including Burns), they lost temper entirely and "abused each other," says Mr. Lockhart, "with a fiery vehemence of personal invective such as has been long banished from all popular assemblies, wherein the laws or courtesy are enforced by those of a certain unwritten code." Allan Cunningham gives a popular story of this quarrel having ultimately come to blows; but if such had been the case, the poet would certainly have adverted to it:—CHAMBERS.

Page 226. *Your dreams and tricks*.—"A certain humorous dream of his was then making some noise in the country side."—BURNS. Mr. Cunningham gives the following account of the dream—"Lord K., it is said, was in the practice of calling all his familiar acquaintances *brutes*. 'Well, ye brute, how are ye to day?' was his usual mode of salutation. Once, in company, his lordship, having indulged in this rudeness more than his wont, turned to Rankine and exclaimed, 'Brute, are ye dumb? have ye no queer sly story to tell us?' 'I have nae story,' said Rankine; 'but last night I had an odd dream.' 'Out with it, by all means,' said the other. 'Aweel, ye see,' said Rankine, 'I dreamed I was dead, and that for keeping other than gude company on earth, I was sent down stairs. When I knocked at the low door, wha should open it but the deil; he was in a rough humour, and said, 'Wha may ye be, and what's your name?' 'My name,' quoth I, 'is John Rankine, and my dwelling-place was Adam-hill.' 'Gae wa' wi' ye,' quoth Satan, 'ye canna be here; ye're anc' o' Lord K.'s brutes—hell's fou o' them already.'" This sharp rebuke, it is said, polished for the future his lordship's speech.

Page 227. *And filled them fou*.—Some occurrence is evidently here alluded to. We have heard the following account of it, but cannot vouch for its correctness:—A noted zealot of the opposite party (the name of Holy Willie has been mentioned, but more probably, from the context, the individual must have been a clergyman), calling on Mr. Rankine on business, the latter invited him to take a glass. With much entreaty the visitor was prevailed on to make a very small modicum of toddy. The stranger remarking that the liquor proved very strong, Mr. Rankine pointed out, as any other landlord would have done, that a little more hot water might improve it. The kettle was accordingly resorted to, but still the liquor appeared over-potent. Again he filled up. Still no diminution of strength. All this time he was sipping and sipping. By and bye the liquor began to appear only too weak. To cut short a tale, the reluctant guest ended by tumbling dead drunk on the floor. The trick played upon him requires, of course, no explanation.—CHAMBERS.

Page 231. *The American War*.—All the allusions contained

in this poem are of such a nature and refer to such public events as will be readily understood: and there is something exceedingly humorous in the exposition of the views and remarks of the peasantry respecting the great leaders, or great events, which happen to become matters of notoriety.

Page 235. *To a Louse*.—An incident which actually occurred, and which was witnessed by Burns, at Mauchline, in December, 1785.

Page 235. *But Miss's fine Lunardi! fie!*—The fashions in those days, as in these, were apt to receive denominations from persons or events which had created general sensation. In our time we have our Kossuth, or Klapka hats and the like. Lunardi had made several balloon ascents during the summer of 1785, in Scotland, and as these excited much interest at the time, Lunardi's name was *suivant les règles*, appended to various articles of dress, and to bonnets amongst others.

Page 239. *Willie Chalmers*.—A writer in Ayr, and a particular friend of the poet, Mr. Chalmers, asked Burns to write a poetic epistle in his behalf to a young lady whom he admired. Burns, who had seen the lady, but was scarcely acquainted with her, complied by penning the above.

Page 240. *Lines written on a Bank-Note*.—"These verses, in the handwriting of Burns, are copied from a bank-note, in the possession of Mr. F. Gracie, of Dumfries. The note is of the Bank of Scotland, and is dated so far back as 1st March, 1780. The lines exhibit the strong marks of the poet's vigorous pen, and are evidently an extempore effusion of his characteristic feelings. They bear internal proof of having been written at that interesting period of his life, when he was on the point of leaving the country on account of the unfavourable manner in which his proposals for marrying his 'bonny Jean' (his future wife), were at first received by her parents."—MOTHERWELL.

Page 240. *To a Kiss*.—There is some doubt as to the authenticity of these pretty lines. It has been averred upon very good authority that the manuscript, in the handwriting of Robert Burns, is yet extant, and in the possession of Mr. A——. At any rate, as the verses are not unworthy of the bard of Ayr, they may be accepted. They were first published at Liverpool, in a periodical called the *Kaleidoscope*.

Page 241. *Verses written under Violent Grief*.—These verses appear to have been written in the distressing summer of 1786, when the poet's prospects were at the dreariest, and the very wife of his fondest affections had forsaken him. From the time, and other circumstances, we may conjecture that the present alluded to was a copy of the Kilmarnock edition of the poems, then newly published. The verses appeared in the *Sun* newspaper, April, 1823.—CHAMBERS.

Page 241. *Verses left in the room where he slept*.—"The first time Robert heard the spinnet played upon was at the house of Dr. Laurie, minister of Loudon, (about October, 1786). Dr. L. had several daughters—one of them played; the father and mother led down the dance; the rest of the sisters, the brother, the poet, and the other guests, mixed in it. It was a delightful family

scene for our poet, then lately introduced to the world. His mind was roused to a poetic enthusiasm, and the stanzas were left in the room where he slept."—GILBERT BURNS. Dr. Laurie was the medium through which Dr. Blacklock transmitted the letter, by which Burns was arrested on his flight to the West Indies, and induced to go to Edinburgh. This letter has since been in the possession of the Rev. Mr. Balfour Graham, minister of North Berwick, who is connected with the family by marriage. Dr. Laurie, and his son, who was his successor in the pastoral charge of the parish, are both deceased.

Page 244. *Epistle to Major Logan*.—Major Logan, a retired military officer, still remembered in Ayrshire for his wit and humour—of which two specimens may be given. Asked by an Ayr hostess if he would have the water to the glass of spirits she was bringing to him on his order, he said, with a grin, "No, I would rather you took the water out o't." Visited on his deathbed by Mr. Cuthill, one of the ministers of Ayr, who remarked that it would take *fortitude* to support such sufferings as he was visited with; "Aye," said the poor wit, "it would take *fiftitude*." At the time when the above letter was addressed to him, Major Logan lived at Parkhouse, in Ayrshire, with his mother and sister, the Miss Logan to whom Burns presented a copy of Beattie's Poems, with verses. The major was a capital violinist.

Page 246. *On a Scotch Bard, gone to the West Indies*.—With the characteristic humour with which he wrote the elegy and epitaph of Thomas Samson and his own elegy, Burns wrote this address to himself, when he anticipated his departure for the West Indies, and before the brilliant career of his reception at Edinburgh had fixed his views as to life.

Page 249. *To a Haggis*.—The haggis is a dish peculiar to Scotland, though supposed to be of French extraction. It is composed of minced offal of mutton, mixed with oatmeal and suet, and boiled in a sheep's stomach. When made in *Elspa's* way, with "a curn o' spice" (see the *Gentle Shepherd*), it is an agreeable, albeit a somewhat heavy dish, always providing that no horror be felt at the idea of its preparation.

Page 270. *Extempore to Captain Riddel, on returning a Newspaper*.—Captain Riddel had, in the course of poring over a newspaper, fallen upon some critical remarks respecting some production of Burns, and had accordingly despatched the paper to the poet, that he might have an opportunity of observing what was said of him. And it was in returning this paper that Burns accompanied it with the comical note in verse, entitled an "Extempore to Captain Riddel."

Page 273. *Ode, Sacred to the Memory of Mrs. Oswald*.—"In January last, 1789, on my road to Ayrshire, I had to put up at Bailie Wigham's, in Sanquhar, the only tolerable inn in the place. The frost was keen, and the grim evening and howling wind were ushering in a night of snow and drift. My horse and I were both much fatigued with the labours of the day, and just as my friend the Bailie and I were bidding defiance to the storm over a smoking bowl, in wheels the funeral pageantry

of the late Mrs. Oswald; and poor I am forced to brave all the terrors of the tempestuous night, and jade my horse—my young favourite horse, whom I had just christened Pegasus—further on through the wildest hills and moors of Ayrshire to the next inn! The powers of poetry and prose sunk under me when I would describe what I felt. Suffice it to say, that when a good fire at New Cummock had so far recovered my frozen sinews, I sat down and wrote the enclosed ode.”—ROBERT BURNS.

Page 276. *On seeing a Wounded Hare limp by me, which a fellow had just shot.*—Mr. Cunningham mentions that the poor animal, whose sufferings excited this burst of indignation on the part of the poet, was shot by a lad named James Thompson, son of a farmer near Ellisland. Burns who was walking beside the Nith at the moment, execrated the young man, and spoke of throwing him into the water.

Page 277. *Muirland Jock.*—Mr. John Shepherd, of Muirkirk. The statistical account of Muirkirk, contributed by this gentleman to Sir John Sinclair’s work, is above the average in intelligence, and very agreeably written. He had, however, an unfortunate habit of saying rude things, which he mistook for wit, and thus laid himself open to Burns’s satire.

Page 280. *Delia.*—This small piece, which was an imitation, was forwarded to the *Star* Newspaper for publication in the month of May, 1789; and it was in recompense for this contribution, that Burns was put on the free list, and supplied with the paper gratuitously, which, however, he received very irregularly. In allusion to the very uncertain manner in which the paper was delivered to him, he addressed the subjoined lines, on one occasion, to the publisher:—

Dear Peter, dear Peter,
We poor sons of metre
Are often negleckit, ye ken;
For instance, your sheet, man,
Tho’ glad I’m to see’t, man,
I get it no ane day in ten.

Page 280. *Sketch — New Year’s Day* — Mrs. Dunlop, daughter and heiress of Sir Thomas Wallace, of Craigie, and at this time the widow of John Dunlop, of Dunlop, in Ayrshire, and resident at the last-mentioned place, became acquainted with Burns on the publication of his poems at Kilmarnock, and was ever after his steady friend. She was a woman of excellent understanding and heart, with a considerable taste for elegant literature. She died in 1815, at the age of eighty-four.

Page 290. *Oh for a throat like huge Mons-meg.*—A piece of ordnance, of extraordinary structure and magnitude, founded in the reign of James IV. of Scotland, about the end of the fifteenth century, and which is still exhibited, though in an infirm state, in Edinburgh castle. The diameter of the mouth is twenty inches.

Page 291. *The muffled murtherer of Charles.*—The executioner of Charles I of England, who, as was the custom, was sked.

Page 301 *Monody on a Lady famed for her Caprice*.—The Maria of this lampoon, and that which follows, was Mrs. Riddel, of Woodlee park, a lady of poetical talent and taste, with whom the poet was generally on the best terms, but who had temporarily repudiated him from her society, in consequence of an act of rudeness committed by him when elevated with liquor. She is the lady alluded to by Dr. Currie, of whom Burns, amongst his last days at Brow, asked if she had any commands for the other world, and who wrote the beautiful paper on his death, which first appeared in the *Dumfries Journal*, and was afterwards transferred entire to Currie's Memoir.

Page 317. *To Chloris*.—The heroine of several of his songs. Her name was Jean Lorimer, her father being a farmer at Kemeys-Hall, near Dumfries. Burns seems to have formed an acquaintance with her during his stay at Ellisland, as there is still a pane in the eastern room of that house, bearing her name, and that of her lover, John Gillespie, inscribed by her own hand, during a visit she paid there. She afterwards formed an unfortunate alliance with a Mr. Whelpdale, from whom she soon separated. At the time when the following stanzas were addressed to her, she was living in retirement at Dumfries, under depression of spirits, the consequence of her recent domestic unhappiness. Further information respecting this elegant but unfortunate woman is given elsewhere.

Page 321. *Wha will buy my troggin*.—Troggin is a term applied in Scotland to the various wares carried about by hawkers, who, in the same provincialism, are called *troggers*.

Page 322. *The crest, an auld Crab-apple*.—Burns here alludes to a brother wit, the Rev. Mr. Muirhead, minister of Urr, in Galloway. The hit applied very well, for Muirhead was a wind-dried, unhealthy looking little man, very proud of his genealogy, and ambitious of being acknowledged, on all occasions, as the chief of the *Muirheads*! He was not disposed, however, to sit down with the affront: on the contrary, he replied to it in a virulent diatribe, which may be presented as remarkable specimen of clerical and poetical irritability; and curious, moreover, as perhaps the only contemporary satire upon Burns of which the world has ever heard, except the immortal "trimming letter" from a tailor. Dr. Muirhead's *jeu d'esprit* is in the shape of a translation from Martial's ode, *Ad Vacerram*.

"Vacerras, shabby son of whore,
Why do thy patrons keep thee poor?
Thou art a sycophant and traitor,
A liar, and calumnator,
Who conscience (hadst thou that) wouldst sell,
Nay, lave the common sewers of hell
For whiky. Like most precious imp,
Thou art a gauger, rhymster, pimp.—
How comes it, then, Vacerras, that
Thou still art poor as a church rat?" —

CHAMBERS.

Page 322. *Lines on the Destruction of the Woods near Drumlanrig*.—The Duke of Queensberry stripped his domains

of *Drumlanrig*, in Dumfries-shire, and *Neidpath*, in Peebles-shire, of all the wood fit for being cut, in order to enrich the Countess of Yarmouth, whom he supposed to be his daughter.

Page 328. *On the Duke of Queensberry*.—Burns was one day being rallied by a friend for wasting his satirical shafts on persons, unworthy of his notice, and was reminded that there were such persons (distinguished by rank and circumstance) as the Duke of Queensberry, on whom his biting rhapsodies might more advantageously be expended. He immediately improvised these lines.

Page 328. *Impromptu on Willie Stewart*.—"Sir Walter Scott possessed a tumbler, on which these lines written by Burns, on the arrival of a friend, Mr. W. Stewart, factor to a gentleman of Nithsdale. The landlady being very wrath at what she considered the disfigurement of her glass, a gentleman present appeased her by paying down a shilling, and carried off the relic."—LOCKHART.

Page 329. *Tibbie, I ha'e seen the Day*.—According to Burns himself this song was written when he was about seventeen years old, in honour of a damsel named Isabella Steven, who lived in the neighbourhood of Lochlee.

Page 330. *Montgomery's Peggy*.—The old ballad, *Mc Millan's Peggy*, was the model of this song. The heroine of the piece was a young lady educated in a manner somewhat superior to the peasantry in general, and on whom Burns practised to display his tact in captivating, until, by degrees, he fell in love in earnest, and then discovered that the object of this first sport, then earnest, was previously engaged. "It cost me," says he, *some heartaches to get rid of the affair*."

Page 334. *The Rigs o' Barley*.—Anne Blair, and Anne Ronald, daughters of farmers in Tarbolton parish, and the latter of whom became Mrs. Paterson, of Aikenbrae, have each been spoken of in their native district as the heroine of this song. The poet's family was intimate with Mr. Ronald, when residing at Lochlee, and even after they had removed to Mossiel. Mr. Gilbert Burns was at one time considered as a wooer of one of the Misses Ronald. We learn from Mr. Cunningham that Mr. Ronald liked the conversation of the poet very much, and would sometimes sit late with him; on which one of the girls—probably not Anne—remarked that "she could na see aught about Robert Burns that would tempt her to sit up wi' him till twal o'clock at night."

Page 335. *Song Composed in August*.—This song was composed in honour of Margaret Thompson, who lived in a cottage adjoining the Village School of Kirkoswald, where Burns was completing his education, when nineteen years old. Burns himself gives the following account of the matter:—This Miss Thompson afterwards married a Mr. Nielson, and settled with him in the town of Ayr. "A charming fillette," says Burns in speaking of her, "who lived next door to the school, overset my trigonometry, and sent me off at a tangent from the sphere of my studies. I, however, struggled on with my sines and cosines for a few days more; but stepping into the garden one

harming noon to take the sun's altitude, there I met my angel,

——— Like Proserpine gathering flowers,
Herself a fairer flower.

It was in vain to think of doing any more good at school. The remaining week I staid I did nothing but craze the faculties of my soul about her, or steal out to meet her."

Page 336. *Yon Wild Mossy Mountains*.—"This tune is by Oswald; and the words relate to some part of my private history, which it is of no consequence to the world to know"—BURNS.

Page 340. *The Highland Lassie*.—The "Highland Lassie," celebrated in this song, was the Mary Campbell, to whom Burns was at one time engaged, and devotedly attached, and whose premature death, in fact, prevented her becoming Mrs. Burns.

Page 344. *The Braes o' Ballochmyle*.—"Composed on the amiable and excellent family of Whitefoord's leaving Ballochmyle, when Sir John's misfortunes obliged him to sell the estate."—BURNS. Maria was Miss Whitefoord, afterwards Mrs. Cranstone. The purchaser of the property was Claud Alexander, Esq., whose sister Burns has celebrated as the Bonnie Lass of Ballochmyle.

Page 344. *The Lass o' Ballochmyle*.—The origin of this beautiful song was the accidental meeting of Miss Wilhelmina Alexander, in the grounds attached to the mansion of Ballochmyle, the property of her brother, Mr. Claude Alexander. The song was written in 1786, and immediately forwarded by Burns to Miss Alexander, whose delicacy kept it unknown for the time.

Page 345. *The Gloomy Night is Gathering Fast*.—"I composed this song as I conveyed my chest so far on the road to Greenock, where I was to embark in a few days for Jamaica, November, 1786). I meant it as a farewell dirge to my native land."—BURNS.

Professor Walker gives the following account relating to this song. "I requested him (Burns) to communicate some of his unpublished poems, and he recited his farewell song to the Banks of Ayr, introducing it with a description of the circumstances under which it was composed, more striking than the poem itself. He had left Dr. Laurie's family, after a visit which he expected to be the last, and on his way home, had to cross a wide stretch of solitary moor. His mind was strongly affected by parting for ever with a scene where he had tasted so much elegant and social pleasure; and depressed by the contrasted gloom of his prospects, the aspect of nature harmonised with his feelings; it was a lowering and heavy evening in the end of Autumn. The wind was up, and whistled through the rushes and long spear grass which bent before it. The clouds were driving before the sky; and cold pelting showers at intervals added discomfort of body to cheerlessness of mind. Under these circumstances, and in this frame, Burns composed this poem.

Page 346. *The Banks o' Doon*.—This song relates to an incident in real life. The unfortunate heroine was a beautiful woman, daughter to a landed gentleman of Carrick and niece

to the baronet. Her lover was a landed gentleman of Wigtonshire. A mother without the sanction of matrimony, and deserted by her lover, she died of a broken heart. On the subsequent death of her brother, her younger sister inherited the family property but not without opposition from an unexpected quarter. The seducer and deserter of the deceased lady now appeared in a court of law, to endeavour to establish the fact of a secret marriage with her, so as to entitle him to succeed to her brother's estate, as the father and heir of her deceased child, whose claim, of course, would have been preferable to that of the younger sister, if his legitimacy could have been proved. In this attempt, the seducer, it is gratifying to add, was not successful.

Page 347. *Macpherson's Farewell*.—James Macpherson was a noted Highland freebooter, of uncommon personal strength, and an excellent performer on the violin. After holding the counties of Aberdeen, Banff, and Moray, in fear for some years, he was seized by Duff, of Braco, ancestor of the Earl of Fife, and tried before the sheriff of Banffshire, (November 7, 1700), along with certain gipsies who had been taken in his company. In the prison, while he lay under sentence of death, he composed a song, and an appropriate air, the former commencing thus:—

“I’ve spent my time in rioting,
Debauch’d my health and strength;
I squandered fast as pillage came,
And fell to shame at length.
But dantonly and wantonly,
And rantonly I’ll gae;
I’ll play a tune, and dance it roun’,
Beneath the gallows tree.”

When brought to the place of execution, on the gallows-hill of Banff, (Nov. 16), he played the tune on his violin, and then asked if any friend present would accept the instrument as a gift at his hands. No one coming forward, he indignantly broke the violin on his knee, and threw away the fragments; after which he submitted to his fate. The traditionary accounts of Macpherson's immense prowess are justified by his sword, which is still preserved in Duff House, at Banff, and is an implement of great length and weight—as well as by his bones, which were found a few years ago, and were allowed by all who saw them to be much stronger than the bones of ordinary men.

The verses of Burns—justly called by Mr. Lockhart “a grand lyric,”—were designed as an improvement on those of the freebooter, preserving the same air. In the edition of the poet's works, superintended by Messrs. Hogg and Motherwell, (Glasgow, 1834), the reader will find ample information on the subject of Macpherson and his “Rant.”

Page 349. *The Banks of the Devon*.—These verses were composed on a charming girl, a Miss Charlotte Hamilton, who was since married to M’Kitrick Adair, Esq., physician. She is sister of my worthy friend, Gavin Hamilton, of Mauchline, and was born on the banks of Ayr, but was, at the time I

wrote these lines, residing at Harvieston, in Clackmannanshire, on the banks of the little river Devon."—BURNS. It was in the course of a short tour, in company with Dr. Adair, August, 1787, that the poet saw Miss Hamilton, at Harvieston. Introducing his fellow-traveller to the family, he was the means of bringing about an union, from which, says Mr. Adair, in 1830, "I have derived, and expect to derive further happiness."

Page 355. *When Januar' Wind*.—In imitation of a song of which that consummate libertine, Charles II., was the hero.

Page 358. *Anc Fond Kiss*.—These lines, which were found amongst the papers of Mrs. McLehose, were evidently addressed to her, and allude to the parting scene between the poet and his Clarinda. "These exquisitely affecting stanzas contain the essence of a thousand love tales."—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Page 360. *Of a' the Airts the Wind can Blaw*.—The tune of this song was composed by Marshall, who for many years served in the capacity of butler to the Duke of Gordon, and to whose genius we are indebted for some of the most exquisite of Scottish airs. Of the words Burns gives the following brief account. "This song I composed out of compliment to Mrs. Burns.—N.B. It was the honeymoon."

Page 362. *To Mary in Heaven*.—"This celebrated poem was composed by Burns, in September, 1789, on the anniversary of the day on which he heard of the death of his early love, Mary Campbell. According to Mrs. Burns, he spent that day, though labouring under cold, in the usual work of the harvest, and apparently in excellent spirits. But, as the twilight deepened, he appeared to grow 'very sad about something,' and at length wandered out into the barn-yard, to which his wife, in her anxiety, followed him, entreating him in vain to observe that frost had set in, and to return to the fireside. On being again and again requested to do so, he promised compliance—but still remained where he was, striding up and down slowly, and contemplating the sky, which was singularly clear and starry. At last Mrs. Burns found him stretched on a mass of straw contemplating a beautiful planet, 'that shone like another moon,' and prevailed on him to come in. He immediately, on entering the house, called for his desk, and wrote, exactly as they now stand, with all the ease of one copying from memory, these sublime and pathetic verses."

Glossary.

A.

Abeigh. At a shy distance
 Abread. Abroad, in sight
 Abreed. In breadth
 Ae. One
 Aft. Oft
 Aften. often
 Agley. Off the right line, wrong
 Aiblins. Perhaps
 Airn. Own
 Aiver. An old horse
 Aizle. A hot cinder
 Alake. Alas
 Arent. Over against
 Ase. Ashes
 Asteer. Abroad, stirring
 Auldfarran, or Auldfarrant.
 Sagacious, cunning, prudent
 Ava. At all
 Awn. The beard of barley, &c.
 Awnie. Bearded
 Ayont. Beyond

B.

Ba'. Ball
 Backets. Ash board.
 Backlins. Comin', coming back
 Baide. Endured, did stay
 Baggie. The bell
 Baimie. Having large bones
 Ban. To swear
 Bane. Bone
 Bannock. A kind of thick cake
 Batts. Botts
 Baudrons. A cat
 Baws'nt. Stripe down the face
 Bear. Barley
 Beet. To add fuel to fire
 Belyve. By and bye
 Ben. In, inner room
 Beuk. A book
 Bicker. A kind of wooden dish
 Bie, or Bield. Shelter
 Bien. Wealthy, plentiful
 Big. To build

Biggin. Building a house
 Biggit. Built
 Bill. A bull
 Billie. A brother, a youth
 Bing. A heap of grain
 Birk. Birch
 Birkie. A clever fellow
 Birring. The noise of partridges, &c. when they spring
 Bit. Crisis, nick of time
 Bizz. A bustle, to buzz
 Blastie. A term of contempt
 Blastit. Blasted
 Blate. Bashful, sheepish
 Blather. Bladder
 Blaud. A flat piece of anything, to slap
 Blellum. Idle, talking fellow
 Blether. To talk idly, nonsense
 Blink. A little while, a smiling look, to look kindly
 Blinker. A term of contempt
 Blue-gown. One of those beggars who get annually, on the king's birth-day, a blue cloak or gown, with a badge
 Blype. A shred, a large piece
 Bock. To vomit
 Bocked. Gushed, vomitted
 Bodle. A small old coin
 Boord. A board
 Boortree. The shrub elder
 Bood, or buid. Behoved
 Botch. An angry tumour
 Bow-kail. Cabbage
 Bowt. Bended, crooked
 Brae. A declivity, a precipice
 Brainage. To run rashly
 Brang't. Reeled forward
 Brash. A sudden illness
 Brats. Coarse clothes, rags, &c.
 Brattle. A short race, hurry
 Braxie. A diseased sheep
 Breckens. Fern
 Breef. An invulnerable, or irresistible spell

Brie. Juice, liquid
 Brig. A bridge
 Brock. A badger
 Bruilzie. A broil, a combustion
 Brunt. Did burn, burnt
 Brust. To burst, burst
 Buchan-bullers. The boiling
 of the sea among the rocks
 Buirdly. Stout made
 Bum-clock. A humming bee-
 tle that flies in the summer
 Brummle. To blunder
 Brummler. A blunderer
 Bunker. A window-seat
 Bure. Did bear
 But. Without
 But an' ben. Outer and inner
 apartment
 Byke. A bee-hive
 Byre. A cow stable, a shippen

C.

Caff. Chaff
 Caird. Atinker
 Cairn. A loose heap of stones
 Cannilie. Dextrously, gently
 Cantie, or canty, Cheerful,
 merry
 Cantrip. A charm, a spell
 Careerin. Cheerfully
 Carl. An old man
 Carlin. A stout old woman
 Castock. Stalk of a cabbage
 Caudron. A cauldron
 Cauk and keel. Chalk and red
 clay
 Chaup. A stroke, a blow
 Cheekit. Checked
 Cheep. A chirp, to chirp
 Chiel, or cheel. A young fellow
 Chimla, or chimlie. A fire-
 grate, fire-place
 Chimla-lug. The fire-side
 Chuffle. Fat-faced
 Clachan. A small village
 about a church, a hamlet
 Clarkit. Wrote
 Clash. An idle tale, the story
 of the day
 Claught. Snatched at
 Claut. To clean, to scrape
 Clauted. Scraped
 Cleed. To clothe
 Cleekit. Having caught

Clinkambell. Who rings the
 church bell
 Clips. Shears
 Clishmaclaver. Idle talk
 Clood. The hoof of a cow, &c.
 Clootie. Old name for the devil
 Clour. Swelling after a blow
 Coila. From *Kyle*, a district of
 Ayrshire
 Collic. A general and some-
 times a particular name for
 country curs
 Coof. A blockhead, a ninny
 Cookit. Appeared and dis-
 appeared by fits
 Coost. Did cast
 Coot or Kuit. The ankle
 Cootie. A wooden dish, fowls
 with feathered legs
 Corbies. A species of the crow
 Corn't. Fed with oats
 Couthie. Kind, loving
 Cowe. To terrify, to keep under
 Cowp. To barter, to tumble
 over, a gang
 Cowpit. Tumbled
 Cowte. A colt
 Crack. Conversation
 Frachin'. Conversation
 Craft or croft. A field
 Crambo-clink, or crambo-jingle.
 Rhymes, doggerel verses
 Cranreuch. The hoar frost
 Crap. A crop, to crop
 Creel. A basket
 Crood, or croud. To coo
 Croon. A hollow moan
 Crouchie. Crook-backed
 Crowdie. A composition of
 oatmeal and boiled water
 Crummock. A cow with crook-
 ed horns
 Crump. Hard and brittle
 Crunt. A blow on the head
 Cuif. Blockhead, ninny
 Cummock. A short staff
 Curmurring. Murmuring
 Curpin. The crupper

D.

Daffin. Merriment
 Daimen. Rare, now and then
 Daud. To thrash, to abuse
 Daur. To dare

Dawd. A large piece
 Daurg, or daurk. A day's labour
 Dautit, or Dautet. Fondled
 Deave. To deafen
 Deleerit. Delirious
 Dight. Cleaned from chaff
 Dinna. Do not
 Ding. To worst, to push
 Dirl. A slight tremulous pain
 Disjaskit. Jaded, worn out
 Doited. Stupefied, hebetated
 Donsie. Unlucky
 Dool. Sorrow; to sing dool
 Dorty. Saucy, nice
 Dought. Was, or were able
 Doure. Stout, durable, sullen
 Dow. Am, or are able, can
 Dowff. Pithless, wanting force
 Dowie. Worn with grief
 Downa. Am, or are not able
 Dreigh. Tedious, long about it
 Droddum. The breech
 Drumly. Muddy
 Drummock. Meal and water
 Drunt. Pet, sour humour
 Dush. To push as a ram
 Dusht. Pushed by a ram, &c.

E.

Ee. The eye
 Een. The eyes
 Eerie. Frighted
 Eild. Old age
 Elbuck. The elbow
 Eldritch. Ghastly, frightful
 Ettle. To try, attempt
 Eydent. Diligent

F.

Faddom't. Fathomed
 Faiket. Unknown
 Fairin. A fairing, a present
 Farl. A cake of bread
 Fash. Trouble, care
 Fasten-e'en. Fasten even.
 Fawsont. Decent, seemly
 Feal. A field, smooth
 Feck. Many, plenty
 Feckfu'. Large, brawny, stout
 Feg. Fig
 Feid. Feud, enmity
 Fend. To live comfortably
 Ferlie, or Ferley. To wonder

Fient. Fiend, a pretty oath
 Fier. Sound, healthy
 Fisle. To fidget, to bustle
 Fleesh. A fleece
 Fleg. A random blow
 Fletherin. Flattering
 Flether. To decoy
 Fley. To scare, to frighten
 Flinders. Shreds
 Flisk. To fret at the yoke
 Flshkit. Fretted
 Forbears. Forefathers
 Forbye. Besides
 Forfairn. Distressed, jaded
 Forjaskit. Fatigued, jaded
 Fon'. Full, drunk
 Foughten. Troubled
 Fouth. Plenty, enough
 Fow. A bushel, &c.
 Fuff. To blow intermittently
 Fur. A furrow
 Fyke. Trifling cares
 Fyle. To soil, to dirty
 Fyl't. Soiled, dirtied

G.

Gae. To go; gae'd, went
 Garten. A garter
 Gar. To make, to force to
 Gash. Wise, sagacious
 Gaucy. Jolly, large
 Gear. Riches, goods
 Geck. Toss the head in scorn
 Ged. A pike
 Geordie. A guinea
 Gillie. Diminutive of gill
 Gin. If, against
 Glaikit. Inattentive, foolish
 Glaive. A sword
 Gleg. Sharp, ready
 Gley. A squint, to squint
 Gloaming. The twilight
 Graith. Accoutrements
 Greusome. Loathesomely

H.

Haffet. The side of the head
 Haffins. Nearly half
 Hag. A scurvy gulf in mosses and moors
 Hallan. A partition wall
 Haggis. A kind of minced pudding, boiled in the stomach of a cow or sheep
 Harn. Very coarse linen

Haughs. Low-lying lands
 Haur! To drag, to peel
 Haverel. A half-witted person
 Havins. Good manners
 Hawkie. Cow with white face
 Hech! Oh! strange
 Hecht. Foretold
 Hengh. Crag, a coal-pit
 Hilch. A hobble, to halt
 Hirple. To walk lamely
 Histie. Dry, chapt, barren
 Hool. Outer-skin, or case
 Hoolie. Slowly, leisurely
 Host, or hoast. To cough
 Hotch'd. Turned topsy-turvy
 Houghmagandie. Something improper
 Hov'd. Heav'd, swelled
 Howdie. Midwife
 Howe. A hollow or dell
 Howebackit. Sunk in the back
 Howk. To dig
 Howkit. Digged
 Hoyse. To pull upwards
 Hoyte. To amble crazily
 Hughoc. Diminutive of Hugh
 Hurchoon. A hedgehog
 Hurdies. The loins

I.

Icker. An ear of corn
 Ier-oe. A great-grandchild
 Ingine. Genius, ingenuity
 Ingle. Fire, fire-place

J.

Jauk. To dally, to trifle
 Jaukin'. Trifling, dallying
 Jaup. A jerk of water
 Jaupit. Soiled with mud
 Jillet. A giddy girl, a jilt
 Jink. To dodge
 Jocteleg. A kind of knife
 Jouk. To stoop
 Jow. To jow; a verb which includes motior and pealing sound of a large bell
 Jumlie. Muddy
 Jundie. To justle

K.

Kae. A daw
 Kail. A kind of broth
 Kail-runt. Stem of colewort

Kain. Fowls, &c., paid as rent
 Kebbuck. A cheese
 Keek. A peep, to peep
 Keunin. A small matter
 Ket. Matted, hairy
 Kiurgh. Carking, anxiety
 Kilt. To truss up the clothes
 Kimmer. A young girl
 Kin'. Kind
 Kirn. The harvest supper
 Knaggle. Like knags
 Kuowe. A small round hillock
 Kuittle. To cuddle
 Kuittlin'. To cuddle
 Kye. Cows

L.

Laigh. Low
 Lallans. Lowland dialect
 Lampit. Shell-fish
 Lan'. Land, estate
 Lane. Lone, lane, thy lane, &c.
 Laverock. The lark
 Leal. Loyal, true, faithful
 Leeze me. I am happy in thee
 Lilt. A ballad, to tune
 Lift. Sky
 Limmer. A kept mistress
 Linn. A waterfall
 Lintwhite, lintie. A linnet
 Loan. The place of milking
 Loof. The palm of the hand
 Loot. Did let
 Looves. The plural of loaf
 Lum. The chimney
 Lunt. A column of smoke
 Luntin'. Smoking
 Lyart. Of a mixed colour

M.

Maun. Must
 Melvie. To soil with meal
 Mense. Good manners
 Merle. The blackbird
 Messin. A small dog
 Midden. A dunghill
 Mim. Prim, affectedly, meek
 Mislear'd. Mischievous
 Moop. To nibble as a sheep

N.

Nappy. Brisk ale, to be tipsy
 Niffer. An exchange, to barter
 Nit. A nut.

O.

Ourie. Shivering, drooping
 Outlers. Cattle not housed
 Owre. Ovre, too

P.

Painch. Paunch
 Patrick. A partridge
 Pang. To cram
 Panky. Cunning, sly
 Pech. To fetch the breath short
 Pechan. The crop, the stomach
 Pine. Pain, uneasiness
 Placad. Public proclamation
 Plackless. Penniless
 Pliskie. A trick
 Poussie. A hare, or cat
 Preen. A pin
 Prent. Printing
 Prie. To taste
 Priggin'. Cheapening
 Primisie. Demure, precise
 Provoses. Provosts

Q.

Quat. To quit
 Quak. To quake

R.

Raible. To rattle nonsense
 Ramfeezl'd. Fatigued
 Ram-stam. Thoughtless
 Ratton. A rat
 Raucle. Rash, stout, fearless
 Raught. Reached
 Rax. To stretch
 Ream. Cream, to cream
 Reaming. Brimful, frothing
 Reck. To heed
 Rede. Counsel, to counsel
 Red-wud. Stark mad
 Rec. Half tipsy, in high spirits
 Reisle. A rousing
 Rest. To stand restive
 Rief. Reef, plenty
 Rip. Handful of unthrashed
 corn
 Risxit. Noise like the tearing
 of roots
 Roen. A shred
 Roepit. Hoarse with cold
 Row. To roll, or wrap
 Rowte. To low, to bellow
 Rozet. Rosin

Rung. A cudgel
 Runt. Stem of a cabbage

S.

Sark. Shirt
 Saugh. Willow
 Saumont. Salmon
 Scone. A thin cake of bread
 Screed. A rent, to tear
 Srieve. To glide swiftly
 Scrimp. To scamp
 Scunner. To loathe
 Shaird. A shred
 Sheugh. A ditch, a sluice
 Shog. To push off on one side
 Shool. A shovel
 Shore. To threaten
 Skellum. A worthless fellow
 Skelp. To strike, to slap, to
 walk with a tripping step
 Skeigh. Proud, high-mettled
 Skirling. Shrieking, crying
 Sklent. Slant, to run aslant
 Skreigh. To scream
 Slee. Sly, sleest, slyest
 Sleekit. Sleek, sly
 Sliddery. Slippery
 Smeddum. Dust, powder
 Smoor. To smother
 Snash. Low abuse
 Sned. To lop, to cut off
 Sneeshin. Snuff
 Snell. Sharp, biting
 Snick. The latchet of a door
 Snoove. To go smoothly
 Snowk. To scent as a dog
 Sonsie. Sweet looks, jolly
 Soom. To swim
 Souple. Flexible, swift
 Souter. A shoemaker
 Sowp. A spoonful
 Sowth. To try over a tune
 Sowther. Solder, to solder
 Spae. To prophesy
 Spaul. The loin bone
 Spairge. To dash, to soil
 Spaviet. Having the spavin
 Speat. A sweeping torrent
 Speel. To climb
 Spence. The parlour in a
 country house
 Spier. To ask, to inquire
 Spleuchan. A tobacco pouch
 Sprattle. To scramble

Squattle. To sprawl
 Stacher. To stagger
 Stannrel. A blockhead
 Staw. Did steal, to surfeit
 Steeli. To cram the belly
 Steek. To shut, a stitch
 Steer. To molest, to stir
 Stell. A still
 Sten. To bound, or rise
 Sten't. Reared
 Stents. Dues of any kind
 Stey. Steep, steepest
 Stick an' Stow. Altogether
 Stimpert. The eighth part of
 a Winchester bushel
 Stirk. A cow a year old
 Stoor. Sounding hollow
 Stoure. Dust in motion
 Stowlins. By stealth
 Stroan. To spout
 Studdie. An anvil
 Swaird. Sward
 Swat. Did sweat
 Swatch. A sample
 Swats. Drink, good ale
 Swith. Get away

T.

Tangle. A sea-weed
 Tapetless, Heedless, foolish
 Tarry-brecks. A sailor
 Taupie. A thoughtless girl
 Teat. A small quantity
 Tent. To take heed
 Thairms. Small guts
 Thraw. To sprain, to twist
 Thud. Loud intermittent noise
 Tine. To lose; tint, lost
 Tip. A ram.
 Tittle. To whisper
 Tocher. A marriage portion
 Tod. A fox
 Toom. Empty
 Toun. A hamlet, a farm-house
 Tout. The blast of a horn

Twin. To part
 Tyke. A dog

W.

Wair. To lay out, to expend
 Wale. Choice, to choose
 Wal'd. Chose, chosen
 Walie. Ample, large, jolly
 Wanchansie. Unlucky
 Wastrie. Prodigality
 Wattle. A twig, a wand
 Wauble. To sing, to reel
 Waukrife. Not apt to sleep
 Weet. Rain, wetness
 Whaizle. To wheeze
 Wheep. To fly nimbly
 Whid. A lie
 Whitter. A draught of liquor
 Whunstone. A whinstane
 Whyles. Sometimes
 Withoutten. Without
 Waurestfu'. Restless
 Wat. Wet; I wat, I know
 Wiel. A small whirlpool
 Wimple. To meander
 Winze. An oath
 Wiss. To wish
 Wordy. Worthly
 Worset. Worsted.
 Wrack. To tease, to vex
 Wud. Mad, distracted
 Wumble. A wimble
 Wyliecoat. A flannel vest
 Wyte. Blame, to blame

Y.

Yeans. Longs much
 Yerk. To lash, to jerk
 Yill. Ale
 Yird. Earth
 Yokin. Yokin, about
 Yont. Beyond
 Yowe. An ewe
 Yowie. Diminutive of yowe
 Yule. Christmas



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